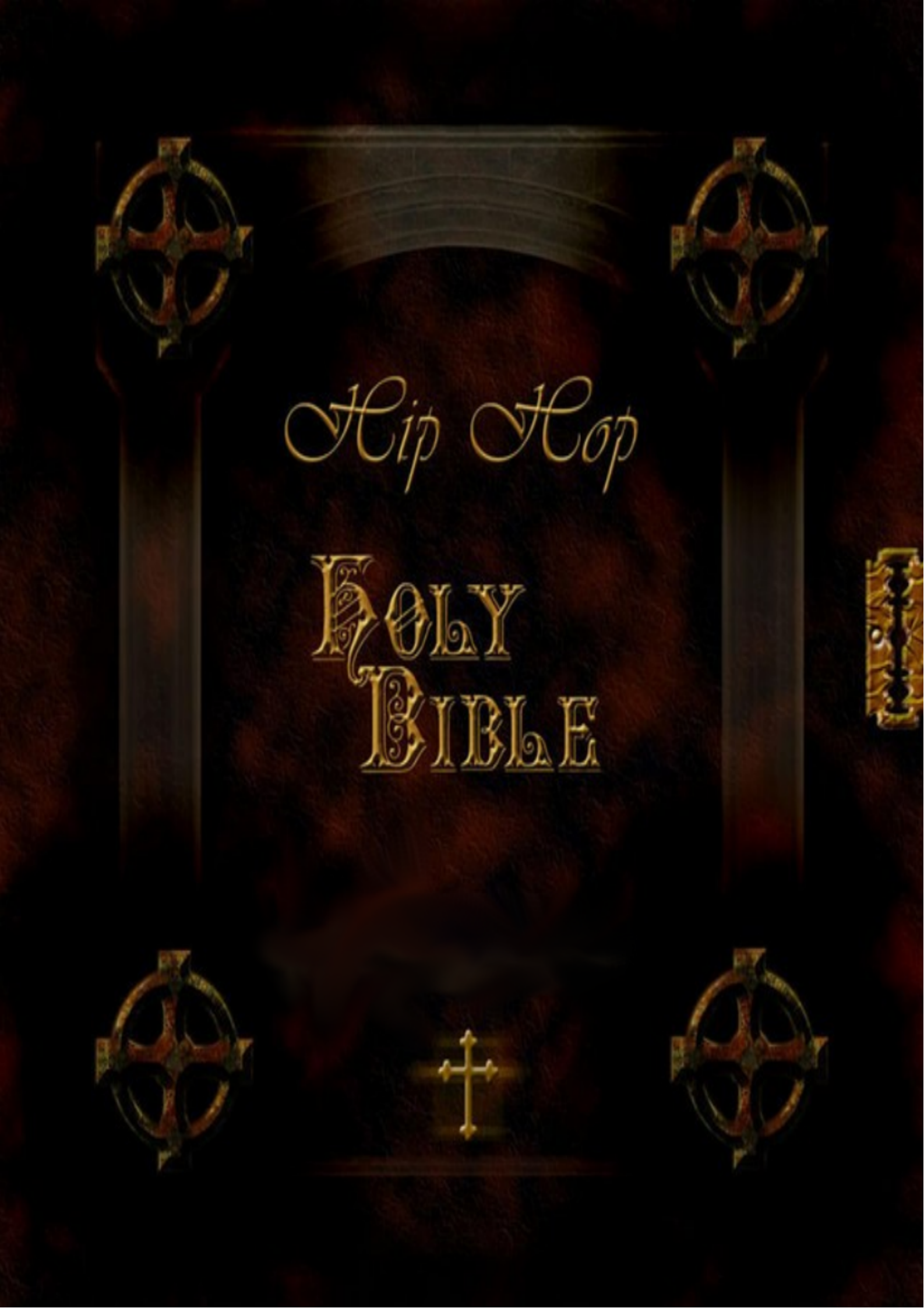
Hip Hop
Holy
Bible

KINDLE VERSION OF THE GOSPEL OF HIP HOP

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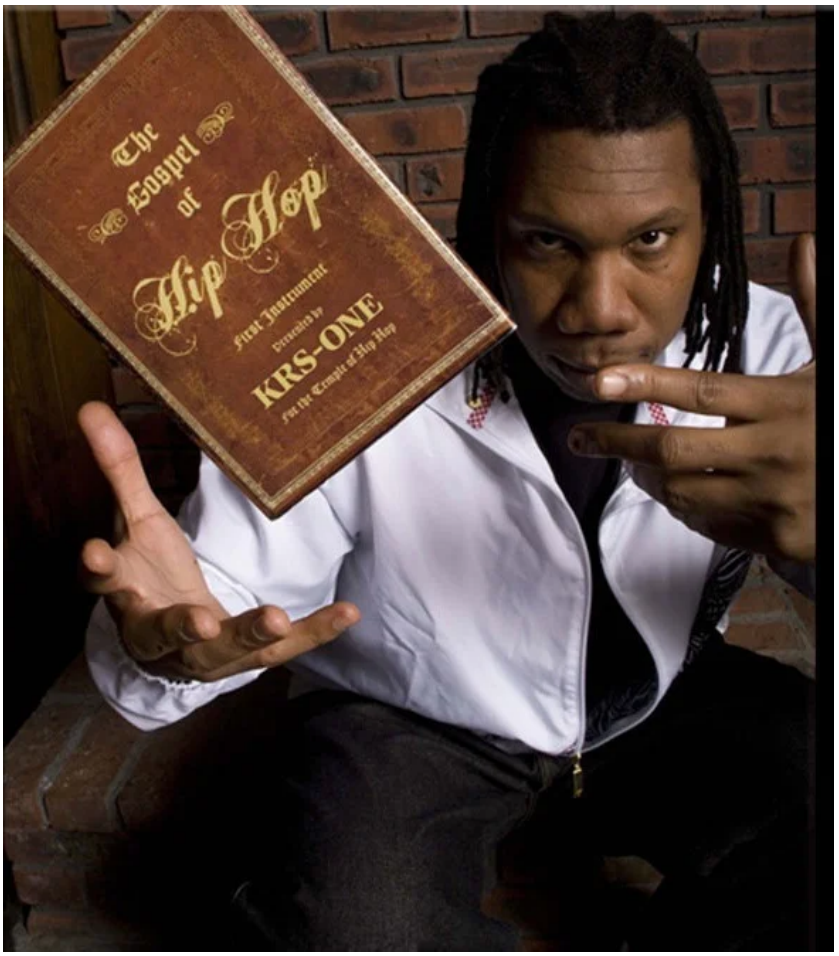

Hip Hop Declaration Of Peace

The HipHop Declaration of Peace was presented to the United Nations Organization on May 16th 2001. It was signatured by various organizations such as: Temple Of Hip Hop, Ribbons International, UNESCO and also by 300 Hip-Hop activists, pioneers and UN delegates.

In the first place this document recognises Hip-Hop as an international culture of peace and prosperity. It is also a set of principles which advise all Hip-Hoppers on how to sustain the peaceful character of Hip Hop Kulture and to form worldwide peace.

Additionally this declaration is meant to show Hip-Hop as a positive phenomenon which has nothing in common with the negative image of Hip Hop as something that corrupts young people and encourages them to break the law. KRS One, Pop Master Fabel, Afrika Bambaataa, Ralph Mc Daniels and HarryAllen were some of the people who had their share in creating the declaration.

The Hip Hop Declaration Of Peace

This Hiphop Declaration of Peace guides Hiphop Kulture toward freedom from violence, and establishes advice and protection for the existence and development of the international Hiphop community. Through the principles of this Hiphop Declaration of Peace we, Hiphop Kulture, establish a foundation of Health, Love, Awareness, Wealth, peace and prosperity for ourselves, our children and their children's children, forever.
For the clarification of Hiphop's meaning and purpose, or when the intention of Hiphop is questioned, or when disputes between parties arise concerning Hiphop; Hiphoppas shall have access to the advice of this document, The Hiphop Declaration of Peace, as guidance, advice and protection.

First Principle

Hiphop (Hip'Hop) is a term that describes our independent collective consciousness. Ever growing, it is commonly expressed through such elements as Breakin, Emceein, Graffiti Art, Deejayin, Beatboxin, Street Fashion, Street Language, Street Knowledge and Street Entrepreneurialism. Wherever and whenever these and future elements and expressions of Hiphop Kulture manifest; this Hiphop Declaration of Peace shall advise the use and interpretation of such elements, expressions and lifestyle.

Second Principle

Hiphop Kulture respects the dignity and sanctity of life without discrimination or prejudice. Hiphoppas shall thoroughly consider the protection and the development of life, over and before the individual decision to destroy or seek to alter its natural development.

Third Principle

Hiphop Kulture respects the Laws and agreements of its culture, its country, its institutions and whomever it does business with. Hiphop does not irresponsibly break Laws and commitments.

Fourth Principle

Hiphop is a term that describes our independent collective consciousness. As a conscious way of life, we acknowledge our influence on society, especially on children; and we shall forever keep the rights and welfare of both in mind. Hiphop Kulture encourages womanhood, manhood, sisterhood, brotherhood, childhood and family. We are conscious not to bring any intentional disrespect that jeopardizes the dignity and reputation of our children, elders and ancestors.

Fifth Principle

The ability to define, defend and educate ourselves is encouraged, developed, preserved, protected and promoted as a means toward peace and prosperity, and toward the protection and the development of our self-worth. Through knowledge of purpose and the development of our natural and learned skills, Hiphoppas are encouraged to always present their best work and ideas.

Sixth Principle

Hiphop Kulture honors no relationship, person, event, act or otherwise wherein the preservation and further development of Hiphop's culture, principles and elements are not considered or respected. Hiphop Kulture does not participate in activities that clearly destroy or alter its ability to productively and peacefully exist. Hiphoppas are encouraged to initiate and participate in fair trade and honesty in all negotiations and transactions.

Seventh Principle

The essence of Hiphop is beyond entertainment: The elements of Hiphop Kulture may be traded for money, honor, power, respect, food, shelter, information and other resources; however, Hiphop and its culture cannot be bought, nor is it for sale. It cannot be transferred or exchanged by or to anyone for any compensation at any time or at any place. Hiphop is the priceless principle of our self-empowerment. Hiphop is not a product.

Eighth Principle

Companies, corporations, non and not-for-profit organizations, as well as individuals and groups that are clearly benefiting from the use, interpretation and/or exploitation of the term Hiphop, (i.e. Hip Hop, hip-hop,) and the expressions and terminologies of Hiphop, (i.e. Hip Hop, hip-hop,) are encouraged to commission and/or employ a full-time or part-time certified Hiphop cultural specialist to interpret and answer sensitive cultural questions regarding the principles and proper presentations of Hiphop's elements and culture; relative to businesses, individuals, organizations, communities, cities, as well as other countries.

Ninth Principle

May 3rd is Rap Music Day. Hiphoppas are encouraged to dedicate their time and talent to self-development and for service to their communities. Every third week in May is Hiphop Appreciation Week. During this time, Hiphoppas are encouraged to honor their ancestors, reflect upon their cultural contributions and appreciate the elements and principles of Hiphop Kulture. November is Hiphop History Month. During this time Hiphoppas are encouraged to participate in the creating, learning and honoring of Hiphop's history and historical cultural contributors.

Tenth Principle

Hiphoppas are encouraged to build meaningful and lasting relationships that rest upon Love, trust, equality and respect. Hiphoppas are encouraged not to cheat, abuse, or deceive their friends.

Eleventh Principle

The Hiphop community exists as an international culture of consciousness that provides all races, tribes, religions and styles of people a foundation for the communication of their best ideas and works. Hiphop Kulture is united as one multi-skilled, multi-cultural, multi-faith, multi-racial people committed to the establishment and the development of peace.

Twelfth Principle

Hiphop Kulture does not intentionally or voluntarily participate in any form of hate, deceit, prejudice or theft at any time. At no time shall Hiphop Kulture engage in any violent war within itself. Those who intentionally violate the principles of this Declaration of Peace or intentionally reject its advice, forfeit by their own actions the protections set forth herein.

Thirteenth Principle

Hiphop Kulture rejects the immature impulse for unwarranted acts of violence and always seeks diplomatic, non-violent strategies in the settlement of all disputes. Hiphoppas are encouraged to consider forgiveness and understanding before any act of retaliation. War is reserved as a final solution when there is evidence that all other means of diplomatic negotiation have failed repeatedly.

Fourteenth Principle

Hiphoppas are encouraged to eliminate poverty, speak out against injustice and shape a more caring society and a more peaceful world. Hiphop Kulture supports a dialogue and action that heals divisions in society, addresses the legitimate concerns of humankind and advances the cause of peace.

Fifteenth Principle

Hiphoppas respect and learn from the ways of Nature, regardless of where we are on this planet. Hiphop Kulture holds sacred our duty to contribute to our own survival as independent, free-thinking beings in and throughout the Universe. This planet, commonly known as Earth is our nurturing parent and Hiphoppas are encouraged to respect Nature and all creations and inhabitants of Nature.

Sixteenth Principle

Hiphop's pioneers, legends, teachas, elders, and ancestors shall not be inaccurately quoted, misrepresented, or disrespected at anytime. No one should profess to be a Hiphop pioneer or legend unless they can prove with facts and/or witnesses their credibility and contributions to Hiphop Kulture.

Seventeenth Principle

Hiphoppas are encouraged to share resources. Hiphoppas should give as freely and as often as possible. It is the duty of every Hiphoppa to assist, whenever possible, in the relief of human suffering and in the correction of injustice. Hiphop is shown the highest respect when Hiphoppas respect each other. Hiphop Kulture is preserved, nurtured and developed when Hiphoppas preserve, nurture and develop one another.

Eighteenth Principle

Hiphop Kulture maintains a healthy, caring and wealthy, central Hiphop guild fully aware and invested with the power to promote, teach, interpret, modify and defend the principles of this Hiphop Declaration of Peace.

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The M.A.S.S. Movement

Our Mission:

The Temple Of Hip Hop is an International Hip Hop Preservation Ministry, Archive, School, and Society (M.A.S.S.) founded by the Teacha "KRS ONE". The responsibility of our International Temple Of Hip Hop Leadership Council is to serve as a Vanguard and make sure that the M.A.S.S. is continually activated.

This active think tank is comprised of artists, educators, activists, and community leaders working together to develop progressive initiatives to foster inspiration and action in local communities. Our leadership develops strategic partnerships with other organizations throughout the country to promote and engage in social action, civic service, and cultural creativity.

Our Ministry:

As a ministry, we promote the divinity of Hip Hop and its culture. We seek to relieve human suffering through an awareness of useful spiritual knowledge. We are a self realization ministry. We believe that GOD speaks through one's true purpose in life.

Our Archive:

As an archive, we seek to collect, document and promote Hip Hop's spiritual and material experiences in the World. Our aim is to continue developing our traveling Hip Hop exhibits and official Hip Hop museum/archive for the remembrance and study of Hip Hop's history, art and culture. We intend to edutain the public as to Hip Hop's spiritual first causes and material effects beyond music entertainment.

Our School:

As a school, we seek to teach Hiphop, Hip Hop and hip-hop to all interested apprentices/students. We believe that a good education does not prepare you for the job market exclusively. We believe that a good education helps you to realize and perfect your true life purpose. Such an education helps YOU to become a better YOU.

Our Society:

As a Hiphop society we seek to preserve Hip Hop's original causes. Whether it is with skill, influence, knowledge, art and/or money, as a society our existence and activity insure Hip Hop's proper documentation in World history. Temple Members silently help one another through the challenges of life. Without advertising the fact that we are Temple Members, our aim is to silently relieve human suffering whenever and wherever possible. Temple Members are those Hiphoppas who share a basic thirst for Truth and an unshakable love for Hip Hop.

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The 9 Elements

These Nine Elements are the beginning of Independence and Self-Governance for Hiphoppas. We are financed by our cultural Elements, these are our intellectual properties. If we are to become and remain politically and socially strong we cannot continue to give our intellectual property (our Elements) away to those who care little for our continued development and well-being as a people.

A Hip Hop Element is one of Hip Hop's cultural expressions. It is a material good. It is our intellectual property. It is our capital. It is an act, art, or idea that further expresses Hip Hop's culture and consciousness. It is a skill that reflects the character of the Hiphop consciousness and enhances the Health, Love, Awareness, and Wealth of the truly committed Hiphoppa.

Presently Hiphop's elements are symbolized as B.E.G.D.B.F.L.K.E.

1. Breakin
2. Emceein
3. Graffiti Art
4. Deejayin
5. Beat Boxin
6. Street Fashion
7. Street Language
8. Street Knowledge
9. Street Entrepreneurialism

Hiphop's or Hip Hop's Elements are the sources of Hiphop Kulture's political power. They are also the sources of a Hiphoppa's liveliehood. They are how the Hiphoppa provides for and protects her Self and her family. True Hiphoppas are specialized in at least one or more of Hiphop's Nine Elements.

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Breakin

The study and application of street dance forms. Originally called the Go-Off, Burnin' and/or Boy Yong Yong, Breakin is commonly called Break Dancing or b-boying today and it now includes the once independent dance forms of Up-Rockin, Krumpin, Poppin and Lockin, Jailhouse or Slap-Boxing, Double Dutch, Electric Boogie and Capoeira martial arts. It is also commonly referred to as freestyle street dancing. The practitioners of traditional Breakin are called b-boys, b-girls and Breakers.

I. Breakin moves are also used in aerobics and other exercises that refine the body and relieve stress. Dance and other rhythmic body movements appear at the genesis of human awareness and remain the center of good health.

II. Breakin gets our hearts pumping at about 120 beats per minute, and if we can break or dance at least three times a week for only 20 minutes we will have enhanced our physical health and prolonged our very lives by years.
Like letters, dance is also a form of communication. In fact, Poppin, Lockin, and Electric Boogie are all body symbols; even body letters.

III. Dance is often used as a form of self-expression; it is like a language (body language). It is also a form of healing and rejuvenation. Break-dancing: acrobatic style of street dancing.

IV. While breakdancing (a term disowned by all b-boys) began with crews like the Nigga Twins, the Zulu Kings, the Salsoul Crew, the City Boys, Freeze Force, Starchild La Rock, the Disco Kids, and the KC Crew, the most influential was undoubtedly the Rock Steady Crew. Formed in 1977 by Jojo Torres, Jimmy Lee, Mongo Rock, Spy and Jimmy Dee, the Rock Steady Crew gathered together the best of the second wave of Latino b-boys who had come to dominate the field since it migrated out of the Bronx in the early 70s.

V. The RSC main innovation was to make b-boying more athletic, more gymnastic. Many of these moves were pioneered by the two b-boys who are generally considered the greatest: Richie 'Crazy Legs' Colon and Ken 'Swift' Gabbert. Moves like the windmill, the whip, the 1990, the chair and the spider are credited to Crazy Legs and Ken Swift, who helped the RSC become the dominant crew in legendary battles against the Dynamic Breakers, the Floor Masters and the New York City Breakers.

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Emceein

The study and application of rhythmic talk, poetry and divine speech. Commonly referred to as rappin or Rap, its practitioners are known as emcees or rappers. The emcee is a Hip Hop poet who directs and moves the crowd by rhythmically rhyming in spoken word. The emcee is a cultural spokesperson. Technically, the emcee is a creation of one's community whereas the rapper is a creation of corporate interests.

The word emcee comes from the abbreviated form of Master of Ceremonies (M.C.). In its traditional sense M.C. referred to the hosting of an event—the master of a ceremony or an event.

The emcee expresses through rhyme what is already on your mind, whereas the rapper tells you all about his or her self. True Hiphoppas are encouraged to study both styles for maximum success.

Popularized by: Cab Calloway, Coke La Rock, Pebblie Poo, Sha Rock, Chief Rocker Busy Bee, Keith Cowboy, Melle Mel, Grandmaster Caz, Rakim, Queen Lisa Lee, Slick Rick, Big Daddy Kane, MC Lyte, Roxanne Shanté, Muhammad Ali, and others.
When Rap music became popular in 1979 many Breakers, Poppers and Lockers (as well as Graffiti writers) became Emcees and Deejays, bringing their bboy / bgirl terminologies with them. When these ex-Breakers and Graffiti writers performed their unwritten, unrehearsed, off-the-top-of-the-head rhymes, they called it freestyling because the same rules that were applied to the bboys and bgirls of the past were now applied to the Emcees and Deejays of the present.

Today freestyling is mostly an Emcee affair. Those Emcees who spontaneously create and perform unrehearsed and unwritten rhymes can be said to be freestyling.

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Graffiti Art

The study and application of street calligraphy, art and handwriting. Commonly called Aerosol Art, Writing, Piecing, Burning, Graff and Urban Murals. Other forms of this art include Bombin' and Taggin'. Its practitioners are known as Writers, Bombers, Graffiti writers, Aerosol artists, Graffitists and Graffiti artists.

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Deejayin

The study and application of Rap music production, cuttin', mixin' and scratchin' as well as onair radio broadcasting. Commonly refers to the work of a disc jockey. However, Hip Hop's disc jockey doesn't just play vinyl records, tapes and compact discs. Hip Hop's Deejay interacts artistically with the performance of a recorded song by cuttin, mixin, and scratchin the song in all of its recorded formats.

Originally presented by two turntables, first designed by Edward P. Casey of the Bronx in 1955, and connected to a mixer with a "cross-fader" first designed by Grandmaster Flash in 1976, Hip Hop's Deejay used the turntable and mixer as instruments that manipulated the playing of vinyl records.

Deejayin, different from "DJ-ing," includes speaking, even rapping while presenting recorded music. Caribbean people still use the term deejayin to describe the vocal performances of rhythmic speech over music.

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Beat Boxin

The study and application of body music and body language. It commonly refers to the act of creating rhythmic sounds and language with various parts of the body; particularly the throat, mouth and hands. Its practitioners are known as Human Beat Boxes or Human Orchestras.

Beat Boxin is about seeing and using the body as an instrument. Earlier versions of this expression included Hand bone or Hambone. However, modern Beat Boxin originates from the act of imitating early electronic drum machines.

The early electronic drum machines were some of the original beat boxes; and to skillfully imitate them was called Beat Boxin. However, ancient Beat Boxin was the ability to imitate the sounds of Nature with one's own body parts.

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Street Fashion

The study and application of urban trends and styles. Commonly refers to the clothing trends of urban centers. However, Street Fashion deals with all trends and styles of Hip Hop's culture—what's in and what's out, regardless of the expression. Its practitioners are known as Hiphoppas.

Self-expression through Street Fashion is an important way to present Hip Hop's unique identity to the World. Street Fashion represents the prominence of all Hip Hop cultural codes, forms and customs.

Not only is fashion a very ancient form of communication, but our expressed consciousness was (and still is) also represented in the way in which we adorned, colored and dressed ourselves.

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Street Language

The study and application of street communication. Commonly referred to as Black English, Urban Slang and Ebonics. It is Hip Hop's urban language and linguistic codes—the verbal communication of the streets.

Advanced Street Language includes the correct pronunciation of one's native and national language as it pertains to urban life. In addition, advanced Street Language deals with one's communication skills even beyond what one says.

Street Language is not always spoken words. Hip Hop's Street Language includes Beat Boxin and certain street codes that may not be communicated in words at all.

We can see here within these definitions how even hip and hop come together to mean hip—informed, and hop—springing or dancing. Together the term hip hop (even when spelled in lower case h) can mean an informed springing, or an up to date modern dance, or an informed movement upward. A hip (updated) hop (movement) is an intelligent movement—a movement aware of itself.

To be hip means to be up to date, relevant, in the know. Therefore to hip something or to make something hip is to modernize it. To hip a hop is to modernize an upward movement.

The term culture (1439) from the Latin cultura (cul-too-ra), meaning tending, care and cultivation, seems to come from cult-, the past participle stem of the Latin colere, meaning to till, cultivate, tend to and inhabit. Cult (1616) originally meant worship or homage; not to worship or to pay homage. Cult comes from the Latin cultus (cul-toos), meaning cultivation, care, attention, worship. We can see here that the term worship was originally associated with the cultivating, caring for, and attending to, of something or someone.

Looking at the etymology of hip and hop and culture together we can interpret such a phrase as meaning; the cultivation, care, attention and worship of the seed (plan/vision) of the new vine (people/way).

Another interpretation of Hip Hop culture could read; the cultivation, care, attention and worship of the intelligent movement. The term hip hop culture seems to imply the cultivation of, and care for, the upward springing of intelligence.

The very fact that these terms hip and hop and culture and even Hiphoppa which we spontaneously gave to ourselves in childhood play within a so-called slang dialect intuitively corresponding to the etymology of these words and terms only proves once again the depth into which the Hip Hop mind can go if left to its own development.

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Street Knowledge

The study and application of ancestral wisdom. Commonly refers to the basic common sense and accumulated wisdom of urban families. It consists of techniques, phrases, codes and terms used to survive within the inner cities.

It involves the ability to reason soundly with or without the ideas or validation of the traditional academic mainstream. Street Knowledge is the accumulation of Hip Hop's cultural self-awareness. Its practitioners are known as Hiphoppas as well as Sisters, Brothers, Goddesses, Gods, Mothers, Fathers, Teachas, Queens, Kings, Princesses, Princes, Lords and Divine.

Contrary to the myth that knowledge is only accumulated in quiet, ordered, academic environments, much of Hip Hop's communal knowledge can be found with its comedians, poets and authors. Hiphoppas learn and transfer knowledge through laughter and having fun. Streetwise—knowing how to survive modern urban life.

Black's Law Dictionary describes "civilization" as A law, an act of justice, or judgement which renders a criminal process civil. Black's Law continues, A term which covers several states of society; it is relative, and has no fixed sense, but implies an improved and progressive condition of the people ,living under an organized government. It consists not merely in material achievements, in accomplishments in culture, science, and knowledge, but also in doing of equal and exact justice.

The teacha battles with the intent to correct the opposing force. The teacha battles with knowledge and awareness.

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Street Entrepreneurialism

The study and application of fair trade and Hip Hop business management. Commonly referred to as street trade, having game, the natural salesman, or the smooth diplomat. It is the readiness to engage in the creation of a business venture that brings about grassroots business practices. Many of Hip Hop's apprenticeships begin here.

Different from an entrepreneur which may include the techniques and practices of the entrepreneur, while entrepreneurial-ism focuses upon the motivating Spirit to be self-employed, inventive, creative and self-educated.

It is this Spirit; the Spirit of self-creation, the urge to create and sell one's own talents, discoveries and inventions that is encouraged by these teachings. Its practitioners are known as hustlers and self-starters. Entrepreneur—a selfmotivated creative person who undertakes a commercial venture.

In the past one had to attend college, or military service, or borrow money to start up a business, or work up the corporate ladder until retirement if one was going to make it out of one's lot in life. It was through America's major social institutions that opportunity was found and when those institutions began to deteriorate, the needs of the People fell upon Hip Hop's artistic upsurge in the 1980s and 1990s.

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CONTACT

Please fill out the following form for any questions, concerns, or general contact and we will get back to you as soon as possible.

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LINA

GANG
STARR
NO MORE MR. NICE GUY

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Premier & The Guru"

[Premier scratches "The Guru"]

It's '89, mine, I'm Keithy E. the Guru
Premier is here with the flair, we're running to you
Bust your grill with skill, as we build and fulfill
I drop the wisom to quiz them, with precision we drill
We're kicking wannabes down cause we're gonna be down
We're moving on with the sound, see we're gonna be around
For a long time, I kick the strong rhymes
You're empty-handed and stranded cause you were standing in the wrong line
This is not the fate is for sure a pure pen
The gift is hitting home on your dome because we meant it
You'll need a graffiti, don't heed and you'll be bleeding
We'll rip you, and ship you back and you'll be repeating
The progress, and I guess that you should be told now
Lo and behold how the stroll I unfold now
Knowledge, wisdom, and peace are what I'm true to
In the rear is Premier, and I'm the Guru

[Premier scratches]

I sound greater because I'm head of the comittee
I chill in New York City, I'm witty, so get me
To Brooklyn, so I can ill and peace no joke
You slow poke, you'll go broke, you're rhymes ain't all that dope
So take a backseat, with all your wack beats
This is the one phase of my rage and onstage I slap eats
For you to try to steal this, I will reveal this
Like a prophet, I'll drop it, Premier will start to seal
This coffin to be chewing, you soft and you'll be doing
A dance with some ants in the ground, you clowns be chewing
But you could never get this, the talents we've been blest with
So many different ways to phrase, you shouldn't mess with the Guru

[Premier scratches]

So here's the verdict, cause all you suckers know you're booty
You're played out, you'll fade out, I doubt that you can do me
We ain't having no gabbing, when I be grabbing and jabbing
In your ear like a spear prepare your body for battling
Cause you've been preparing to move, you'll be certain to lose
Open your eyes up, wise up while I work with the groove
To teach your next school, who'll be the next fool?
That I can stomp down with compound nouns but like a pestule
Come back with dumb raps, then like a tech inside
I'll take you out your misery you ought to step aside
Your weak rap, you speak that yang so Imma clue you

The DJ's name is Premier, and I'm the Guru

I'm telling you, '89 is mine. Peace

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Jazz Music"

[Guru]
The music started in the hearts and drums, from another land
Played for everyone, by sons, of the motherland
Sendin out a message of peace, to everybody and
came across the oceans in chains and shame
Easing the pain, and it was without name
Until some men in New Orleans on Rampart Street
Put out the sounds, and then they gave it a beat
I'm talkin bout Jelly Roll, King, and Satch
I'm talkin bout the music that had no match
Yes the music, and it was born down there
We're gonna use it, so make the horn sound clear
It's jazz music... jazz music

Yo, the music that Pops, and other cats made
it stayed, cause people love when they played
To the North, it took a riverboat shuffle
To the big cities, with lots of hustle and bustle
To Chicago, and to the Apple too
This was a scene, that our forefathers knew
Go get your crew, I know they'll get into
the jazz music... jazz music

The music called jazz had the razzamatazz
It had the flavor, and a lot of pizazz
The big band beat was very neat and unique
The swing was king, it made you tap your feet
There was Benny and Duke and of course the Count Basie
The melody was smooth and yes, very taste
There was Hap, The Prez, and Lady Day and
Dizzy Bird and Miles, they were all playin
They brought it to the people of the foreign lands
Back across the oceans and the desert sands
Where it echoes in the distant sounds of drums
And it rises with the sun on days begun
This is the music, that we give tribute to
They gave it to us, that's why we give it to you
The jazz music... the jazz music

The jazz music... UH.. uh.. uh..

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Gotch U"

[Guru]
Here's the jam I slam to make it known that
I diagram, write out my own rap
Cast the line, watch me shine, I'll assign
you to do this, you can review this
convention that comes from, combining sums from
equations or phrases, cause I begun some
exploratory digging, I'm thinking big and
I'm taking all your words, cause your site is blurred
and you're selfish, and rather immature
I've always felt this, that's why I'm giving more
I am sure, that you find that I'm the Guru
With this particular style I'm running to you
I gotch u

Keen is my site, and keen is my brain
I campaign to gain my domain
and vocalizing techniques, emcees are deadbeats
and drop to the ground then, I stomp em down with sound
I'm a pacifist, but they won't last with this
dope beat combined with lyrical energy
You can rewind this, play this again and see
just how I kick the, rhymes that hit ya
snug in your mug, while I depict a
scene that is hype and, I'm title swipin
If you're loungin, I'll take the mic and
show you how it goes in, I'll leave you frozen
I gotch u

I live my life with adventure, because I went for
the road seldom run, cause it was meant for
me to hold the spot here, your rhymes are not clear
Focus, on the way that I wrote this
I'm crafty, so how you gonna outlast me?
With your bogus crap, you're gonna have to note this
while I rap, and then I quiz you like a teacher
Give a speech to you while I impeach the
ones with the crowns and, my voice resounds and
take it from me, then you will see, I got the G
The Keith double-E, I got the know how
And I will show how the hip-hop will grow now
I gotch u

I got nothin to fear, nothin to hide
Bein conquered with the micraphone, I take you for a ride
and slide glide to the hoop and scoop you like
Clyde, Drexler, your girl I wanna get next to

Hold up I gotta flex to the stage, then engage
to do the knowledge, then backstage is where I'm headed
Don't sweat it, sit down clown and just let it be
Set it free, get it see
I got G, cetainly, and I gotch u
I gotch u

Once again, we got the GangStarr out in total effilzneck
I got my man DJ Premier... peace...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Manifest"

I profess and I don't jest cause the words I manifest
they will take you, sedate you, and I will stress upon
you the need for, you all to feed your
mind and soul, so you can lead your-self
to keep, I got a real objective here
I am effective here, cause I select a clear
Message to all, suckers I maul they fall from
Into the pit of purgatory
I go for glory, I take an inventory
Countin all the tough luck ducks while I narrate
Relate and equate, dictate and debate
My fate is to be, cold makin history
I use sincerity, but I'm so very deep
Doubts are questions, of all the skeptics
I'm kickin clout and, I'll leave you vexed
it's just true, there's nothing so-so cause I know
Right about to spin it I'm in it admit it I did it
to you, cause this is what I'm into
So chill while I instill that we all must fulfill
the proper mission for us and yo this is a must
It's usually lines of my rhymes I ingest
These are the words that I manifest, I manifest

I suggest you take a breath for the words I manifest
they will scold you and mold you, while I impress upon
you the fact that, I use my tact at
rhymin for climbin, and chill while I attract that
girl you're with, I got a sincere quality
I give her all of me, cause you're too small to be
tryin to riff, so let me uplift and shift my gift
Let's go to the fullest capacity
I got tenacity, because I have to be
The brother who must live and give with much insight
Foresight to ignite, excite and delight
And you might gain from it, or feel pain from it
Because I'm ultimate, and I'm about to let off
Knowledge is wisdom, understanding
Truth's the proof, so won't you throw a hand
in the air, put up a peace sign and be fine
If so we're feeling good we should we could we would
Stop, think for a moment OK?
And then sway while I convey that we must do away
with all the stress and the strife, so god bless your life
Use kindness, and never blindness
And you will find that this perspective is best, check it out
These are the words that I manifest, I manifest

I convey that what I say will awaken you today
After jockin while I'm talkin, but anyway
that you put it I give you, lyrics to live to
Righteousness rules, so I forgive you this time
For you are being very ignorant
That's insignificant, I guess you figured and
hoped to be, dope as me, ID you flee
Because the rest is too much for you
I'm your professor, I got the touch to
do more than the rest who fess and can't compete
I'm elite I'll defeat delete and mistreat
Make mincemeat of other fools, cause I'm the brother who'll
snatch up the funds and, make lonely ones
I meant it really, cause I'm clearly obsessed and I
These are the words that I manifest, I manifest

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Gusto"

Keith E.E. emcee on a spree I'm goin for this
cause draws applause, yes I adore this
I'll reteach with speech, I can accomplish
I've got to flaunt this, I'm not a pessimist
Yo I'm an optimist, that's why I'm droppin this
I'm good I got style, cause I've stood for a while
In the shadows of the others gettin mellow with the brothers
called the Gang, and yes I can hang
Progressin with my lesson while I do my thang

I've got gusto
"My man gots that gusto" "Word"
[x2]

You say your rhymes flow, I say I'm spontaneous
Rockin the place, I'm not mainly just
sayin some words that are weak or incoherent
And it's apparent, that you fear us, the Gang
but I'm still a peace seeker
I'm in your face, don't have to sneak ya
Dope rhymes speaking with wisdom of a preacher
and I'm here, cause you've been victimized
I'm sincere, I see through gifted eyes
So yo, we're gonna see what the race is
That's where you groups, will have to face us
And you can bet we'll be in tip-top shape
Nice so precise with a hip-hop update
Wait, I got a shoutout for the ladies
Come check me baby, don't underrate me
Cause I'm a man with the plan for all
The Guru, to groove you, get out the wall

I've got gusto
"My man gots that gusto" "Word"
[x2]

I've got gusto, so I'm kickin it well
I got gusto, with much clientele
So I pump it, to a higher decibel
Have a seat, listen cause the rest it goes smooth
and improve and bust a move
I am the man with the true blue potential
I am essential, I drive you mental and back
Attack mack and rap
And as you calm I will romp
Like a giant I stomp

I've got gusto
"My man gots that gusto" "Word"
[x2]

Really? Right, you wanna be a emcee?
Then go against me -- boy don't even tempt me
Cause I go house on the freestyle tip
Math you and blast you and then just shift
into hype gear, no fear, I persevere
Year after year, rehearsin verse so clear
Cause I've been into rhymin man for like eons
And every stage, word I wanna be on
So I can show you how it's gotta be done
I never run or shun, I've just begun

I've got gusto
"My man gots that gusto" "Word"
[x2]
..

"My man gots that gusto" "Word"
[x2]

Ahhh yeah... gusto...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Positivity (Remix)"

[Chubb Rock] "Now let's get off this negative tip, and go positive"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
Now is the chance to advance and get an outlook
Create the circumstance, because I doubt books
can relay, words this way, so I'll portray
a new image, and let's begin as
members who pledge to, look up ahead to
a beautiful world, though we've been led to
believe it will not be and, we still are seein
Agreein there'll be peace, the wealth will increase
and we'll prosper, you know like flourishin
The rhyme I toss ya, it will be nourisihin
Cause I must bring, ideals for better living see
Because I do believe in positivity

"Positive but never negative"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
Weak is the clown, much weaker is the fool
I'll overrule to duel and to school
For reasons that are so deep, I don't need no cheap
people to identify, I'll just say hi and bye
Since I'm an optimist, I'll turn and walk with this
tape playing loudly, inside my headphones
MC's that crowd me, turn into headstones
Because I don't have time for, powerless minds or
suckers who suck, because I find more
interesting topics, you can not stop it
I drop it and rock it I shock it, that's how I'm livin B
I have to live my life with positivity

"Positive but never negative"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
Havin nothin to lose, so much to win
Bein grateful for my darker skin, I take you for a spin
and then begin to groove and sooth and move your whole
crew, the Guru, and truth I wanna give to you
So watch as I break through to your dome
Cause I'm prone to give a message, then back home
is where I'm goin, still knowin, my life's right
and that days to come, will be fun
I'll achieve, I'll receive, and I'll be livin free

Me and my DJ Premier with positivity... positivity!

"Positive but never negative"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
So if you're generatin positivity out there
You know that's the move
Yo me and Premier, and dancer H.L. Rock
We always got positivity
Brooklyn, the Boogie Down
All the boroughs got positivity
Jersey, Philly, Boston, Houston, Cleveland
L.A., and the rest of the country's got positivity
The U.K., Germany, the rest of Europe's got positivity
And of course AFRICA and the rest of the world
They all have positivity
Cause everybody should have positivity
Peace and Bless

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Conscience Be Free"

[Guru]
All, all.. let's get together now
This is the time for gettin fresh for the weather now
Seek the sheik speakin, and those keepin the faith
We won't have to hesitate
We just skate, straight, into the heart of it
This is the scene and I'm the Dean and here's the start of it
So see how things should be, and come along with me
Agree with this decree, and let your conscience be free

[Erick Sermon] "Let your conscience be free"
[cut n scratched by Premier]

[Guru]
Release me, ? me, so I can set it off
And if your body's feelin hottie won't you sweat it off
Flow and go, farther, because we are the
crusaders -- so you know we can create our own fate
Great, let's get into it now
Ain't nothin to it but to do it now, fluent now
Word, you heard, this is the verdict now
You can shake it don't you break it don't you hurt it now
Flex, bend, and twist, into a motion of
just bein down with the sound -- I'll give a potion of
vocab, so go grab, the one of your choice so
Then you'll feel good like you should, and you'll rejoice so
see how things could be, and come along with me
Agree with this decree, and let your conscience be free

[Erick Sermon] "Let your conscience be free"
[cut n scratched by Premier]

[Guru]
Girls, girls.. these are the details
I like sophisticated, liberated females
Dutch, treat, I have no qualms with it
Your shape is neat, and I'd like to grace my palms with it
Clocked the suave talkin, you won't be walkin away
Because I know that you'll stay
for my play, and sway, to rhythm pumpin baby
You must admit this is legit and you'll jumpin maybe
hold up, wait up, and don't get too excited
For genuine is the line while others you invited
Time for rhyme makin, and never fakin the move
So get involved with the groove
while I prove, smooth, that's how I kick it to you
Because with all the respect, I wanna stick it to you

see how things could be, and come along with me
Agree with this decree, and let your conscience be free

[Erick Sermon] "Let your conscience be free"
[cut n scratched by Premier]

[Guru]
What's up, what? I am continuin
All the chumps and the punks, I'll do em in and then
pose for those lookin, that put the crooks in the cell
Cause they're the wrong personnel
I propel, swell, and I start blowin up
All the babiest ones they should be growin up
Bright, lights, I'm shinin on you now
This is the time and the place, peace be upon you now
see how things could be, and come along with me
Agree with this decree, and let your conscience be free
Let your conscience be free

[Erick Sermon] "Let your conscience be free" "Relax your mind"
[cut n scratched by Premier]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Cause And Effect"

[Guru]
You ain't livin right punk, I'll have to school you
Not rule you, but I'll say yo you fool yourself
When you try to deny and defy written laws
This means your cause has lost
Think about it, take the time, and even ponder longer
Then let your mind start to wander
Go black and track the facts, about all of your mistakes
It only takes to one to make fate
Pick up your life, clean up your act, and get a legal plan
You can, or be an evil man
Caught, and then you claim you're not responsible
The choice was yours, when the fun's gone you will realize
that you don't get somethin for nothin, why you bluffin?
Others even brothers are stuffin their pockets
with honest cash, they'll laugh, so don't knock it
Jock it, cause the Guru must stop it
I'll jab you, smack you, crack -- you're demolished
You must acknowledge -- life is like a college in itself
Get a degree in reality
Or you will be upon it like a lawn you'll be walked on
Gone, never to see or be the same again
Friend, cause the time you spend
Bringin down yourself, bringin down the pace
Bringin down your friends, bringin down the race
will have your life in a wreck
And homeboy life is cause and effect

[Primo scratches]

[Guru]
Exactly what you put in boy, you will get out of it
The energy released comes back, there is no doubt of it
So when you thrive to connive and contrive foolish deeds
This means you'll bleed from greed
Dig the rhyme dig the thought, of what'll happen
You're nappin, you're gonna fall off the map 'n'
lie out, and cry out, why? You got the short end of the stick
Cause you're too quick to run tricks
Open your mind, widen your sight, get out of your rut
MOVE, and get the lead out of your butt
Cause you can't live without a plan to get freshed chump
and you shouldn't stand to let
anything sway you from the path you know is truthful
Chill, cause you know the chosen youth will
take over, and control the whole so don't blow it
Know it, cause the Guru must show it

I'll teach you, reachin each so you're enlightened
Emcees are frightened, by what I write in my songs
Cause I express what I manifest
While some of you fall down to the ground with breakdowns
never to see or be the same again
Friend, cause the time you spend
Bringin down yourself, bringin down the pace
Bringin down your friends, bringin down the race
will have your life in a wreck
And homeboy life is cause and effect

[Primo scratches]

[Guru]
You're still playin games lame, I'll have to end you
Straight to the gate of fate, so you can claim your doom
Will you decay as you pay in repentance
I light my sentence like incense
Breathe in, expel your fears as you marvel
Heed what I feed, you won't starve you'll make it
But if you don't, you will be finished
You'll dissapear, you will diminish
never to see or be the same again
Friend, cause the time you spend
Bringin down yourself, bringin down the pace
Bringin down your friends, bringin down the race
will leave you bugged and upset
Cause homeboy life is cause and effect
Cause and effect!!

[Primo scratches]

[Guru]
Once again, Premier and the Guru
It's like that

Gang Starr Lyrics

"2 Steps Ahead"

[Guru]
Chumps tryin me, but when they eyein me
I build in skills, and to enhance my chances
I'm thrilled, to be involved with solvin
all the problems, with the way that the sound
has gone down, so I frown at the scene
where you be takin it, and like the winds of change
I'll be breakin it up, shakin it up
Clearing it out, airing it out, and bearing the clout
on my chest, like a crest that rests
on a tidal wave, only the good I'll save
when I plunge, and engulf the ones
who aren't sons, who converse with ? and make friends
Yo, I recommend that you get back there
and sit back there, contemplate, calculate
and concentrate on these rhymes, that I picked to stick
to your mind, and then I'll raise you straight
to the next phase, cause I will amaze
with much force, and like the power that comes
from the source, which is greater and stronger, of course
If you didn't know, I will tell you
That all the blind no-minds I give Hell to
And if you comprehend what is said
Then you'll be stayin two steps ahead

"one, two" steps ahead
"one, two" steps ahead

"one, two" *[cut and scratched by Premier]*

[Guru]
I can't work with, those jerks who front
with the mic, cause I never liked fabrications
Wack creations that lack authenticity
For some time in my mind I've been wishin the
fiends who do would just yield
And at the foot of my bed, I have kneeled
Thus revealed as a gift I have nurtured
and I hurt ya if you're not knowin
That the musical need is now growin
And like a man obsessed, I must
go all out, show all out, blow all out
throw all out, get on out of my path
Cause I laugh at the ones with no gas
I surpass the class to get geesed
like the way the ballistic's released
And I won't cease til I cap them

or slap the saps with my rappin
Continue on with my journey
All the negative ones don't concern me
My eyes are wise, I got cause to live
positive, have to give, every way
every day of my life, so I fight for the right
and get hype, so heed what I feed
and get fed, then you'll be livin two steps ahead

"one, two" steps ahead
"one, two" steps ahead

"one, two" *[cut and scratched by Premier]*

[Guru]
I'm way ahead of you, yes I'm on top
It's me instead of you, with the lyrics you fear it
so get near it, and then you'll hear it clear
and concise, cause I paid the price to be
talking here, rocking there, shocking here
stop and stare, then compare if you wish
Because the others fess, I insist
So I will assist you to blend with this
bend with this, tend with this, fend with this
As I ascend with my orals
You define and defy with high morals
And at the spot I will stop to throw darts
at the ones who proclaim with no aim
cause they don't hold the fame, they're on mine
And since I'm well inclined and divine
I will have to ask you to come in
Move along with the tongue and the drummin
Progress and let the blessings be read
and you'll be staying two steps ahead

"one, two" steps ahead
"one, two" steps ahead

"one, two" *[cut and scratched by Premier]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"No More Mr. Nice Guy"

Punks will always scheme to, create a means
to take my kindness, for weakness, cause they don't seem to
respect my generosity, and what it's costin me
is headaches, I don't like fakes, or people bossin me around
You clown, it's time I beat you down
You tried to play me betray me and slay me, and now you'll drown
in the river, I'll give ya, reasons you should shiver
Cause when I get to wreckin and deckin, I won't forgive ya
You had the opportunity, for bein cool with me
You stabbed me in the back you duck, and now you're soon to be
disarmed, embalmed, I'll break off all your arms
and then your legs, you'll beg, I'll crack you like a egg
and spill your yolk, you joke, I'll duff you in the eye
and you'll say, "Why?" And bleeding and pleading, you'll start to cry
and I'll reply with a confident sigh, "There'll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy
No More Mr. Nice Guy

Yo ?, this is somethin that I wanna tell to you, sell to you
and as I speak you girlies yell to your friends, "Yo it's him!
He's shockin again!" This is the season for breezin with reason
because I'm in, charge of the attack on suckers who just rap on
wack track that lack that snap, while I just mack on
Honies who look good and, they all want the wood in
They push up, to get up close, to serve me puddin
And I just tell em, "Look here, I am not a crook there"
but I like to snatch em all, cause like a hook they're stuck
struck, they tried to press their luck
They wanna tease me and skeeze me and please me, to squeeze the bucks
from my pocket that is bulging, I'm not indulging
in lame games with phony dames, too busy buildin my fortress
Score this, drink while I pour this
I'm livin and givin my rhymes, so I'll ignore this
Garbage you are runnin, I am not the one and
you'll never get to vamp me tramp cause I'll be stunning your mind
I'll sign, my name on your behind and cool you off
like frost, I'm leary of the way you double cross
Get lost, I'll tell you you are fly and say goodbye
And burning and yearing you'll ask my why
And I'll reply with a wink of an eye, "There'll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy
No More Mr. Nice Guy

Oh sure, you're, running back for me
I'ma great you defeat you and beat you, show you the door

Cause you ain't really welcome, you know you're seldom
thinkin of your fellow man, but you still til them
You wanna be a friend then, you keep pretendin
You're two-faced, so you'll taste, just what I'm sendin
POW, now, you're shaken sayin WOW
You stare, you fear, my wrath is too severe
I never let up so get up I'm fed up, and I don't care
I'll duff you in the eye and you'll say, "Why?"
While you're bleeding and pleading, you'll start to cry
and I'll reply, "Either do or you die,
cause there'll be no more Mr. Nice Guy"

No More Mr. Nice Guy
No More Mr. Nice Guy

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Knowledge"

(feat. Damo D-Ski)

[Guru]
Take your time, recline and make your mind up
I feel fine, so I'm gonna wind up
Here's the pitch, check the switch, now watch me
hit you right to this, while I pursue this
desire, to get you, on up to step to
rhythms and rhymes, cause I respect you
Unless you're a biting one, a non-writing one
Reciting some of my lines, although you are blind
you'll see my shadow, rather my silhouette
But I'll be glad though, knowin your pillow's wet
And that you're upset, cause you thought you brought
the answer -- to this dilemma in rap but I'll vamp you with

KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE *[echoes]*

[Damo D-Ski]
Pure is my thought, my spirit is my heart
I shall embark to spark my fine art
of oratory wisdom, emcees I quiz them
on terms and techniques, then I'll wreck each with speech
I win the science fair, so you don't you try and scare
me with your threats and, idle atrocities
I am the best and yo I am your boss at these
methods and forms of, causin swarms of fans
just to dance, like thunder storms of
what it must take to, crush you or break you
If I dislike you, I may not hate you
It's just that you sound weak when, you think you're speakin

KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE *[echoes]*

[Guru]
The rhymes are peaceful like yoga, and yo I know the
time must be mine, so I'm gonna throw the
whole kit n kaboodle in, while you sit doodlin
Scribblin, now wipe your mouth cause it's dribblin
That's nasty, so how you gonna get past me?
Whatcha babblin punk? I have to put a rattle in
your hand, and then I'll serve you like an infant
Put a bib on you, and feed you in-stan-taneously
Rhymes that'll be, famous from me
The Keith double-E, cause you're a faker
And I will take the mic from you and make the
brothers and sisters unite, while we relate the

KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE *[echoes]*

[Damo D-Ski]
I'm glowin with intensity, cause I've been sent to G
off as your boss, because you lack identity
You're quite immature and, you sound very boring
Like a raft I'll bring you back, up onto the shore and
give you time to dry out, while I just try out
my hunch that with one punch, yo I could put that eye out
But violence, is never my first choice
I use my voice to make you rejoice
In agreement with our program, cause there is no man
Who can give you more of this, and you can be sure of this
fact that I'm exact, cause I got it down pat
We are scholars risin, we're exercisin our

KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE KNOWLEDGE *[echoes]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Positivity"

[Guru]
Now is the chance to advance and get an outlook
Create the circumstance, because I doubt books
can relay, words this way, so I'll portray
a new image, and let's begin as
members who pledge to, look up ahead to
a beautiful world, though we've been led to
believe it will not be and, we still are seein
Agreein there'll be peace, the wealth will increase
and we'll prosper, you know like flourishin
The rhyme I toss ya, it will be nourisihin
I must bring, ideals for better living see
Because I do believe in positivity

"Positive but never negative"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
Weak is the clown, much weaker is the fool
I'll overrule to duel and to school
For reasons that are so deep, I don't need no cheap
people to identify, I just say hi and bye
Since I'm an optimist, I'll turn and walk with this
tape playing loudly, inside my headphones
MC's that crowd me, turn into headstones
Because I don't have time for, powerless minds or
suckers who suck, because I find more
interesting topics, you can not stop it
I drop it and rock it I shock it, that's how I'm livin B
I like to live my life with positivity

"Positive but never negative"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
Havin nothin to lose, so much to gain
Bein grateful for my darker skin, I take you for a spin
and then begin to groove and sooth and move your whole
crew, the Guru, and truth I wanna give to you
So watch as I break through to your dome
Cause I'm prone to give a message, then back home
is where I'm goin, still knowin, my life's right
and that days to come, will be fun
I'll achieve, I'll receive, and I'll be livin free
Me and my DJ Premier with positivity... positivity! Yeah

"Positive but never negative"

[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

[Guru]
So if you're generatin positivity out there
You know that's the move
Yo me and Premier, we always got positivity
DJ Tommy Hill, he got positivity
Damo D-Ski, got positivity
Brooklyn, the Boogie Down
All the boroughs.. got positivity
Boston, Philly, New Jersey, Houston
The rest of the hip-hop world.. got positivity
Peace

GANG STARR
SAINTS
STEP IN THE ARENA

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Name Tag (Premier & The Guru)"

[Guru]
The DJ's name is Premier, and I'm the Guru *[echoes]*
[x2]

[music fades]

[sound of a large crowd cheerin]

Will you please!
Will you please, take your seats and clear the aisles?!

[rapping sound, three times]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Step In The Arena"

[DJ Premier cuts the phrase] "Step up..." over and over

[Guru]
Once you step in the arena, cheater; you're gonna be a-
mazed when you gaze at the armor on this leader
Fully clad and glad to find a cause, I won't pause
Fear is a joke, slowpoke, I'm like claws
that'll rip 'cause your gift, is merely flesh
Superficial and I wish you, would give it a rest
But if you don't, I'll unsheath my Excalibur
Like a noble knight, so meet ya challenger
A true hero, while you're a through zero
Gettin beat to a pulp so that you can't run for help
I heard a gulp in your throat, cause you hope that I'll be merciful
but coo-cluck, I made you strut as I rehearse a few
battle drills, and watch your bladder spill
yellow fluid, check out how I mellowed into it
Face to feet to defeat, you can tell I'm into it
As I'm pullin out my lance, to kill you and advance to
the winner's throne; cause I own you once you step in the arena

[DJ Premier cuts the phrase] "Step up..." over and over

[Guru]
In the arena... or rather colliseum
There's people gatherin by multitudes to see one
perpretrator fall to the dust after the other
Quickly disposed of at the hand of a known brother
Born wit the art in his heart that is Spartacus
And one-to-one combat Jack, just a thought of this
match-up, makes GangStarr wanna snatch up
one or two phrases from the new book with new pages
of rhymes that are built like a chariot
Dope vocals carry it, to the battle set
If a beat was a princess, I would marry it
But now I must bow to the crowd as I stand proud
Victorius, glorious, understand now
cause battles and wars and much fights I have been through
One MC got beheaded, and you can too
Forget it, cause you'd rather be just a spectator
An onlooker, afraid you may get slayed or
struck by a blow, from a mic gladiator
I betcha that later you might be sad that you played yourself
cause you stepped up, chest puffed out
And in just one lyric, you got snuffed out
Cause rhymin is serious, I'm strong, I'm like Hercules
You'll get hurt with these lines, close the curtains please

and suckers can jet cause I wreck once you step in the arena

[DJ Premier cuts the phrase] "Step inside my... arena" over and over

[Guru]
In the arena or forum, weak MC's I will floor 'em
Causin mayhem, I'll slay them, and the blood'll be pourin
Furthermore I implore, that as a soldier of war
I go in only to win and be the holder of more
trophies, titles, and triumphs cause I dump all the sly chumps
Never choosin to lose my spot, not once
For the mere idea of an opponent that I fear
is foolish utterly, I mean but none'll be
tryin to toy wit a destroyer of many
You shitted your pants cause you can't figure any
foe that can step to this concept so
tou better sit again citizen, weak MC's I get rid of them
Watch the way they get distraught when they get caught
in the worst positions, cause they didn't listen
and tried goin up against a hungry killer who's itchin
to mame and murder, those who claimed that they were the
toughest ones, they get done once they step in the arena

[DJ Premier cuts the phrase] "Step inside my... arena"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Form Of Intellect"

[DJ Premier cuts:]
[KRS-One:] "Intelligent but not yet equivalent"

[Guru]
Tell me, do you have a clue of what to do
Can you groove to this smooth tune, you must presume
it's important, for you to follow this creation
And hey Son, life is more than having fun
So run and get some help with the problems that you face
Take a taste of the bass put your perspective in place
Get real, deep, so you can keep involved
Revolve and solve, so you can make the calls
like a supervisor he who is wiser than the others
Cause they need someone to advise them to discover
things that they don't know so the papers I will check
Then they'll start to grow to this form of intellect

[DJ Premier cuts:]
[unknown:] "individual with intellect"

[Guru]
When the road is too steep, do you have the stamina
First album took us two weeks, since then we have been plannin
an exclusive attraction, produce it to your satisfaction
Those of you lackin, we will put you back in your slime
so you can think and get a grip of
yourself by yourself, and then you'll get a sip of
a gift that's equipped with the script that shocks
You can take a walk ?on God?
With your mouth wide open, hoping you can find a
way to display similar actions in a kind of mockery
Cause you don't realize the cost to be
creative genius please, I'm too clean to play
Glance per chance, watch GangStarr perfect
And dance your pants like champs, to this form of intellect

[DJ Premier cuts:]
[Lord Finesse:] "Man with intellect"

Valuable solutions, we invent here
Break and remake the cupcakes to show we've been sent here
to serve you, so swallow this and bite it
And why bring, ignorance when we're inviting
you to get advancement, while you're on the dance tip
And don't you know the transcript will make you shake hips
Or chill at will, and with skill, you'll learn some etiquette
Better get the subject or be last at the predicate

And get a set, of headphones and speakers
As lyrical lessons manifest, I will keep you
abrest of the best, in this rap mess
Oversaturated market, full of wackness
I'm Gifted Unlimited, Rhymes Universal
The GURU, nursing you with a verse spilled
Don't choke, and don't turn blue in a frenzy
Premier's severe, on the steel wheels he lends me
spontaneous cuts, but not mainly just that
It's the scratching format, exact with maddening accuracy
Craftily, on the side or in back of me
Nastily, as if his name was Dick Dastardly
Original so get it yo the Gang gets respect
The chain and the star is a symbol, of this form of intellect

[DJ Premier cuts:] "intelligent but not yet equivalent" *[to the end]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Execution Of A Chump (No More Mr. Nice Guy Pt. 2)"

I knew this chump see... he tried to play me
He was my right hand man, but he betrayed me
I let him chill at my crib, cause we were down and
I went to work everyday while he was loungin
He tried to backstab, he kept on jokin
He didn't know he could've got his back broken
I had to cut homeboy off for even tryin that
His game was mad weak, know what I'm sayin black?
Stepped to him quietly, he copped a plea
Told him to fix it or I'd have to catch a body
In this society, there's many snakes
Don't be too eager when you're seeking a break
Cause chumps will exploit, use you to benefit
So just be keen and, learn all the ins of it
I've had my share, of dealing with fake men
I left them squealing, "It was I who did the taking"
Proceeding exactly, according to plan
I foiled the scheme cause it seemed I was that man
And if you step up like the kid who did front
You will bear witness... the execution of a chump

Now, now... let's get the purpose of it
I'm snatchin hearts out of chumps, cause I deserve to love it
Observin acts of a snake, while I evaluate
Eliminate the nucleus, I'm doin this
Pissed usin fists usin force of any sort
My conscience says it's nonsense, if I put up with it
It meaning sleazy, sorry-type slick types
I'll drive em all to danger, and make em hitchike
Cause if you step up like the kid who did front
You will bear witness... the execution of a chump

Call me the Guru... known as a spiritual teacher
I'll reach you deftly, directly, correctly so select me
Elect me as your prophet and we'll praise him as I drop it
Pursue this, review this, I knowledge more than buddhist monks, punk
I'll wreck the set and grab a big chunk
Known to be a wise one, known to be a seeker
Following my calling in life, so I can keep the
minds in line to find devine designs of rhyme
Rewind this on your box one time
But if you step up like the kid who did front
You will bear witness... the execution of a chump

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Who's Gonna Take The Weight?"

[Intro]
"Knowledge is power, and knowledge can be the difference between life
or death...you should know the truth and the truth shall set you free."

[Verse 1]
I was raised like a Muslim
Prayin' to the East
Nature of my life relates rhymes I release
like a cannon
Cuz I been plannin' to be rammin' what I wrote
straight on a plate down your throat
So digest as I suggest we take a good look
At who's who while I'm readin' from my good book
And let's dig into every nook and every cranny
Set your mind free as I slam these thoughts
And just like a jammy goes pow *[FX: Gunshots]*
You're gonna see what I'm sayin' now
You can't be sleepin'
cuz things are gettin' crazy
You better stop being lazy
There's many people frontin'
And many brothers droppin'
All because of dumb things, let me tell you somethin'
I've been through so much that I'm such
a maniac, but I still act out of faith
that we can get the shit together so I break
on fools with no rhymes skills messin' up the flow
And people with no sense who be movin' much too slow
And so, you will know the meaning of the Gang Starr
Guru with the mic and Premier raise the anchor
swiftly, as we embark on a journey
I had to get an attorney
I needed someone to defend my position
Decisions I made, cuz now it's time to get paid
And ladies, these rhymes are like the keys to a dope car
Maybe a Lexus or a Jaguar
Still, all of that is just material
So won't you dig the scenario
And just imagine if each one is teachin' one
We'll come together so that we become
A strong force, then we can stay on course
Find your direction through introspection
And for my people out there I got a question
Can we be the sole controllers of our fate?
Now who's gonna take the weight?

[Verse 2]

The weight of the world is heavy on my mind
So as my feelings unwind I find
That some try to be down just cuz it's trendy
Others fall victim to envy
But I'll take the road less travelled
So I can see all my hopes and my dreams unravel
Relievin' your stress, expressin' my interest
In the situation that you're facin'
That's why I'm down with the Nation
Spirituality supports reality
We gotta fight with the right mentality
So we can gain what is rightfully ours
This is the meaning of the chain and the star
Land is power, so gimme forty acres
Let's see how far I can take ya
Original invincible
That's how I'm lookin' at it
I use my rhymes like a Glock automatic
Any means necessary, I'm goin' all out
Before the rains bring the nuclear fallout
So let me ask you, is it too late?
Ayo, who's gonna take the weight

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Beyond Comprehension"

Expanding the depth of your brainpower
Ours is a better gift, not to be bragging nor lolligagging
I can see dimensions of sound and light around my mic
Transmitting lyrics like teletype
Reacting to a beat in a whisper
And like a transistor, I'm sounding dope when I'm crisper
The shortest length between two points is a straight line
I've gotta take mine, I heard it through the grapevine
that some can't find hype lines (hype lines...)
And so I'm smothering, over my prey I am hovering
Suckers I'm shoving at the same time covering
you with the blanket of some language that's distinguished
How swift can I get? You ask and I'll tell
For I can excel real well like a gazelle
Past your head, I'm grabbin abstract thought
Like some gain glory, while others get no part
I feel for the hurt ones, the victims of wrong deeds
Awareness is key, our people have strong needs
Science, math, history theology
Philosophy psychology english and biology
Et cetera, and all of these have a purpose
But genocide makes me nervous
So many questions, many opinions to mention
And damn (damn...) this jam's beyond comprehension

Like planets in orbit, we ride the life cycle
Some take a rifle on the street cause it seems neat
Whatever turns you on I guess, that's why vests are in season
I'll do my show then I'm leavin
I'd rather be blastin dope sounds on the other side of town
than be there when they close the place down
But anyway, everyday, there's another way
for a person to just flip, so a brother may
simply go buckwild, get crazy and mad
I know the struggle my father had
Poetry it comes from within, and will always win
Hold captive bodies from end to end
And at a party, I'll survey then slay with the quickness
Displaying the fitness
Easing the mind and relieving the tension
And singing my own song... that's beyond comprehension

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Check The Technique"

[Guru]
You puny protozoa, you're so minute you didn't know the
Gang has been watchin but instead of just squashin you
I'm scoopin you up out of the muck you wallow in
like a cheif chemist, other scientists are followin
Plannin to examine you, on a petrie dish
Sticking you and frickin you, just a teenie bit
I'm clever, with science, but never relyin
on false words from cowards who forever be tryin
Insistin they come off, I let 'em get some off
Then come back wit drum tracks, their ears could get numb off
Blockbustin, like makin love, I'll never stop thrustin
into your system, so just listen
I'm like a neurosurgeon, operatin wit a purer version
I write prescriptions, of words that fit in
The thought gets prescribed, as I kick it live
Cause it's more that a style, it's conceptual genius
My effect on the scene is, to project that I mean this
You deadbeat, wait until you see my next feat
I get respect for the rep when I speak
Check the technique

[DJ Premier cuts]
"Check the technique.." *[x3]*
"Check the technique and see if you can follow it"

[Guru]
I'm rushin you like a defensive end as I recommend
that you comprehend, I could stomp you in
a battle, contest, or war, what will occur
will be the forfeiture, of your immature
insecure for sure, meek, weak visions of grandeur
To rudely awaken you, and then'll be breakin you
Taxin without askin and trackin and snakin you
Makin you succumb to the drums of GangStarr
By far we are, truly gifted ones son
But if you were to speculate or estimate us losin
you'll be dyin, tryin to face the fate of your delusions
Cause miscalculation, is all you're statin
So I'm chumpin, puntin punks just like footballs
Cause I wanna put y'all, back in the messhall
to clean up the slop, and stop all the bullcrap
Your rap's crazy wack, so don't try to pull that
You're lackin the vernacular, I'm slappin ya and cappin ya
and closin your jaw, cause you can't mess with GangStarr
The Guru and Premier always dope with the blessed beats
Dance your ass off Hobbes, check the technique

[DJ Premier cuts]
"Check the technique.." *[x4]*

[Guru]
"Bon voyage", "Sayanora", "Arriva derci"
Your ass gets busted doodoo mustard, you tried to work me
You irked me - because you copy and falsify
And I don't care how many step up, cause you all can try
to wish and fish for a style, here's a fishin rod
These rhymes are hittin hard, constantly I'm gettin large
Inevitably, I readily kick a slew
of lyrics so deep, so don't sleep, but just peep me
Puttin methods on records and spinning for each millisecond
33 RPM's displays the art of men
And as my rhymin builds you see my time it's chill
..and then I look upon weak ones
I'm teachin each one so they become redone
Essays are relayed to twist you up like French braids
or tied up like corn braids, cause I got a strong way
Force like police raids to never be delayed
I once was the least paid but I made the grade
Cause this ain't a slave sale and I ain't the same stale
rapper, no, I'm not a phony microphonist wit no blaster
No type of real appeal or real - talent
And it makes me violent man
To see all of these peewee bee MC wannabees
makin G's for some dumb companies
and lots of money but no idea what is rap and what is dope
So check out what the Guru wrote
Cause I will prevail, give you tales as I unveil
Have enough braincells so I can stay paid well
Now I'm in the driver's seat, and rockin the liver beats
Bouncin and boomin and blastin you to the next seat
Shiek and unique with lots of kick like a cleat
Check the technique

(.. chief unique technique..)
(.. chief unique technique..)

[DJ Premier cuts]
"Check the technique.." *[x3]*
"Check the technique and see if you can follow it"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Love Sick"

[Verse 1]
Strangely enough I've been struck
Affected by her smile
And yo, her style is worthwhile
And knowing that I'm deep like a river
I feel I should give her
Things that those others can't deliver
Contrary to what I had wished
it seems that I've been dissed
But hey, I don't want to miss this
wonderful opportunity
My boys they try schoolin' me
But see I know what I want
Someone who'll be there for the whole nine
This honey is so fine
But now she's hung up the line
Upset because I told her I'm busy
She made like a grizzly
And started chewin' my head off
Screamin' that I spend more time with friends
And also, she said I ruined her weekend
I said "I know the stuff we had planned
but please understand
Right now I'm loungin' with my man"
I guess I didn't realize I'd hurt her
She said I had the nerve to
just neglect her like that
Then she started bringing up past things
and she kept asking
how come our love isn't lasting
I said, "Hey baby, please calm down
cuz I'm still around
and it's for you that my heart pounds
Can I call you later on?
You say I treat you wrong?
But why you flippin' on me?"
She said something else and then click
Left me alone on the phone with the tone
And now I'm lovesick

[Verse 2]
Relationships can grip with the pain
Arguments in the crib, in the streets, on the train
I'm crazy fed but then still
When she ain't there I feel sad, I feel ill
Frowning cuz I'm down in the dumps
The other night I took her out

so she could shake her rump
But after we were there for a few
Some girls that I knew
Stepped up and asked me to come to
a party they were havin' at their house
I looked at my girl, and yo, she started walkin' out
I said "Hey love, just wait for a second
And won't you just check it?
It's all a part of makin' records
Those were just some friends in the business
No need to get angry
So listen up while I kick this
And what about the things we discussed
about havin' trust?
What's all this attitude stuff?
Now hon, you know that I wouldn't play you
But time after time, you let your jealousy sway you
Hey don't you turn your back like that
Come on, this is wack
You're heated up like a thermostat"
Then she stepped off in a whirlwind
and I don't know when
or if I'm gonna see her again
I coulda sworn she was the right one to pick
But now...man I'm just lovesick

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Here Today, Gone Tomorrow"

Many MC's are mislead
Mislead by the lies that they pump in their heads
The money and the fame that they're hoping to find
Will never come close to the scope of my rhyme
Now some have been succesful but really
And yo, these MC's are clearly not nearly
Up to this level or should I say caliber
Because I'm hype that the company's selling me
Because they'll take a dud, talk some crud and then push him
But in the next year, someone new will just squoosh him
Because when you sell out to appeal to the masses
You have to go back and enroll in some classes
So cash in your check 'cause it's the last one you get
The tables have turn and now you ain't in effect
So jet to the rear and you better just follow
'Cause what's here today maybe gone tomorrow

Here and gone in a flash, some made cash
While other suckers go broke real fast
Some never make any money but still they act funny
Like they're thinking they're running
Things, wearing rings and medallions
Then listen to their rhymes when we rather take valiums
'Cause swiftness and skills they are lacking
So I send them packing, they should have know not to tax in
And smashing all of the vocals to smithereens
Watching them collecting themselves 'cause they ?(bitter seen)?
But some find happiness while others find sorrow
And what's here today, maybe gone tomorrow

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Take A Rest"

[Sugarhill Gang] "Now what you hear is not a test"
[cut up x4 by DJ Premier]

[Guru]
Well goodness gracious, let me just take this
time out to pull a rhyme out, and update this
For you and yours, simply because
Some MC's have luck but suck
So I pluck em like feathers on the back of a chicken
Cause I'm mad like a pit when my man says, "sick 'em"
Positive is the mindstate, but it could still mean that
I will kick a ill, malicious like mean rap
Suckers they forced me, to knock em all out and
They think they know things, like what I'm about and
They try to analyze criticize scandalize
The outcome is death, don't ask me to sympathize
Realize, that I'm not to be played with
I'll flip so fast, you won't know I'm the same kid
I'm tired and fed, with all the weak stuff said
All the phony-baloney, that went out like Pro-Keds
You've got no leads, so you shoot blanks
It's me the crowd thanks as I step to the top ranks
Bankin my money, and investin it wisely
Snatchin up chumps when they try to sneak by me
I'm the dominant one, call me the prominant one
And as I'm speakin I'll be bombin the dumb
deaf and blind cause I was born with a sharp mind
Eatin MC's with ease like it's lunchtime
or crunchtime, when they get done without warning
I'll bust that butt from nighttime til morning
Your song's boring, and so I'm scoring
much points cause when it's time to throw joints
I cause havoc, the mic I grab is like savage
I invade the stage, and make you get off
The force is like a three-eight, blowin your head off
And that's just in case you might be wearin a vest
Cause you're simply a pest in this mess I suggest you
"Take a rest"

[KRS-One] "If this meaning doesn't manifest, put it to rest"
[DJ Premier cuts x2]

[Guru]
Don't ever sleep son, peep one or two of these lines here
Arranged by a great brain, delivering rhymes clear
and concise with a nice dope voice and
killin the fakes like a taste of some poison

Punks are thinkin they're alla that, their voices are all flat
They're findin their names, in a Wack Rapper's Almanac
Me follow that hollow crap, no way Jose
I'll seek out a better sound, to somethin Premier plays
Days will go by, and soon you'll know why
MC's like me will rise like the Enterprise
Starship, headin straight for the target
Destination, a place where no perpetration
is permitted, the Guru is with it to explain
How some MC's are scared to ride on a Four train
Or any other train in the city, for that matter
Playin a role that they stole like a batter
But I know they ain't so I'll paint the real picture
My vocals go solo and like a bolo I'll hitcha
square in your face I'll crack your ribs and your chest
Cause you thought your off-brand jam was the best
You fessed cause you guessed people would be impressed
I'm gonna bust that bubble on the double "take a rest"

[DJ Premier cuts "take a rest" for the chorus]

[Guru]
Sit back and reflect, ponder and chill out
Rhymes like daggers make blood spill out
But you can't blame me, for bringin disaster
With all these ducks, claimin that they're the masters
Only thing they mastered, is how to get wacker
As I roll uphill, they roll downhill faster
Now they're wondering how they lost their touch
Wanna buy my rhymes but mine cost too much
I'm the innovative one, call me the creative one
and I won't stop til the job is done
All the slobs just run when I come to get some
Cause they know better, than to challenge this go-getter
They get bust you can trust cause I won't let a
booty-ass rapper get wins against me?
I guarantee that I won't act friendly
Cause crabs have a nerve and deserve to get whipped on
Their girls get kissed on, while they get flipped on
I slaughter and slay, or slap em up quick
Cause the lyrics they kick make me seriously sick
No substance, no value, but nevertheless
They're gettin daytime play but I still say they should "take a rest"

[DJ Premier cuts "take a rest" for four bars, then song fades]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"What You Want This Time?"

[Verse 1]
[Scratch: Telephone ringing]
"Who's this? Juanita? Fatima? Solika? Oh, it's Freda?
Look, I have a question, just what is it that you need
A man, a lover, maybe someone to talk to?
Or could it be you're schemin'? Oh, not you!
Well listen, I got this phone installed for business
And who gave you our number? Seriously, what is this?
The new fad? Now you wanna kick it to a rapper,
DJ or dancer? Well I don't have the
Time for no stunts, no hookers and no games
Our name and our fame is for the long way we came
The struggle, the hassle, the hustle, the fight
And you're asking me if you can see me tonight?
Don't you know the Guru's not the type to be out skeezin'
The reason is because I do believe in
Havin' the right to choose the one I want
And, if I had a girl, why would I front?
You're only gonna get your feelings hurt, miss
And truthfully I really don't wanna have to diss
My music means everything to me, it's my life
So make like a camper, and go take a hike
You can't mess with my mind, and don't tie up my line
You called yesterday, so what you want this time?"

[Verse 2]
"A-yo Premier (Yeah?) Who's that knockin' at the door?
(Yo man, it's Vicky) Vicky? Are you sure?
The one from down the block who was actin' all hot
She stops me all the time and says she likes me a lot?
How does she know where we live, I didn't tell her
And word is bond, duke, I'm not the fella
No matter what I say this young lady's persistent
For instance, she watches me from a distance
And if I walk by and I forget to say hi
She pushes up on me and rubs me with her thigh
I told her I was taken, but she doesn't care
A-yo, do me a favour, tell her I'm not here
Forget it, I think she heard my voice already
You can let her in, but I'm tryna cook spaghetti
Oh, hello, how you doin'? Who me? I'm fine
I don't mean to be rude, but...what you want this time?"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Street Ministry"

Presenting you with alternative music
'Cause, yo, the struggle is tough, and we must learn to live through it
Pleasure and pain, pain and pleasure
We gotta maintain a balance to obtain the treasure
Not really preaching or teaching but just reaching
Out to a brother or sister who is keeping
The faith and trying hard to get straight
The time is crucial so I think we must congregate
Let's have a meeting of the minds
Before we all fall and get left far behind
Finding a way is important
Map out a plan, take a stand, you can work it
The future's all in your hands and
So of yourself, yea, you should be demanding
We're all responsible for whatever outcome
That's why I speak over beats for my income
Knowledge is key and if you ask what it is, G
It's just a form of my style of street ministry
Street ministry...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Just To Get A Rep (LP version)"

Stick up kids is out to tax *[x2]*
And this is how the story goes

Brothers are amused by others brother's reps
But the thing they know best is where the gun is kept
'Cause in the night, you'll feel fright
And at the sight of a 4-5th, I guess you just might
Wanna do a dance or two
'Cause they could maybe bust you for self or wit a crew
No matter is you or your brother's a star
He could pop you in check without a getaway car
And some might say that he's a dummy
But sticking you and taking all of your money
It's a daily operation
He might be loose in the park or lurking at the train station
Mad brothers know his name
So he thinks he got a little fame
From the stick-up game
And while we're blaming society
He's at a party with his man
They got their eye on the gold chain
That the next man's wearing
It looks big but they ain't staring
Just thinking of a way and when to get the brother
They'll be long gone before the kid recovers
And back around the way, he'll have the chain on his neck
Claimin' respect, Just to get a rep

Ten brothers in a circle
Had the kid trapped, the one wit the hood, he said, "We'll hurt you"
If you don't run out your dues and pay
Give up the Rolex watch or you won't see another day
See, they were on the attack
And one said, "Yo, you wanna make this to a homicide rap?
Make it fast so we can be on our way
Kick in the rings and everything, ok?"
The kid was nervous and flinching
And little shorty with the 3-8, yo, he was inchin
Closer and closer, put the gun to his head
Shorty was down to catch a body instead
Money was scared so he panicked
Took off his link and his rings and ran frantic
But shorty said, "Now" pulled the trigger and stepped
It was nothing, he did it just to get a rep

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Say Your Prayers"

So many things will happen that one can't explain
You find yourself saying "who me", time and again
They say what goes around, comes around
ahun, so think about it while you're messing up clown
A mother's love and a father's concern
Here is the reason you should listen and learn
'Cause quick schemes and fast living can kill ya
I know how the excitement and danger can thrill ya
But take it from somebody who knows
'Cause after all the highs, you're gonna feel all the lows
This is why knowledge of self is essential
'Cause if you don't have it, you may simply go mental
See, life is not a thing to be toyed wit
'Cause every second, another dream is destroyed wit
The systematic plan devised to erase us
And straight to hell is where they're trying to take us
But never fold and hold back your fears
Have a strong mind and try to say your prayers

Gang Starr Lyrics

"As I Read My S-A"

[DJ Premier scratches] "at this time I have the honor to present to you"

[Guru]
Parahraphs, portraying my viewpoint
So stay attentive, cause this is a new joint
From the G-A-N-G with the info
Lyrical elements emerge from the intro
Forming a poetic mass over pathetic trash
Other writers are outclassed
Surpassed by the words and the wit
Rhymes fit and hit cause that's how we designed it
Page for page, we are the new age
Dope in the videos and dope when we're on stage
Commanding respect with my ink pen while suckers are sinking
as I'm keeping them thinking
Narrating phrases of value, and I can see now you
relate to what I create
From back in the days of my youth, I've looked for the truth
And yo my rhymes are the real proof
New heights and new realms have been reached
by use of my speech along with one of Premier's beats
So listen and we'll show you the best way
and then sway, as I read my S-A

[DJ Premier cuts and scratches again]

[Guru]
Worshipful words giving insight, so just be observant
so you can get this right
My oratory gift is abundant, so dazzling to minds
that you should come get
a glimpse of the one who puts wimps out of work
The script is a mess and they dress like they're jerks
Beyond them, is where I'll be dwellin
The Guru will tell em, why their records ain't sellin
Placin my fingers on the tool, I runaway all fools
when I'm dispersin a verse
Think of an enjoyable moment, then boogie your body
Cause this party I own it
The origin of this is on paper
Vibes will ascend from my mind to each line
I go with the flow as I show expertise
The powers increase as my voice hits the streets
Then gripping your soul with authority
I pour these rhymes in a cup so drink up
And then I might bring another round
Watch the sound pound from the floor to the ground

And keep aware, cause we'll show you the best way
And then sway, as I read my S-A

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Precisely The Right Rhymes"

[Guru]
My subject matter and context are blessed
Vocal inflection connects, it's a slugfest
Ladies approach to hear quotes from the spokesman
Thoughts are like oceans for my lyrics to float in
I'm absolutely astute so salute
You try to be cute, and you get tossed like a crap shoot
Don't misinterpret or slander
Just get with the words and the way I command ya
Cause you're in the right place, and luckily it's the right time
And since I'm inclined, I'll kick precisely the right rhymes

[Premier cuts and scratches] "to kick the right rhyme"

[Guru]
Listen listen listen I'll tell ya
My rhymes are like shelter, or rather like an umbrella
Protecting you from the weak stuff you heard from those creampuffs
about the schemes that they dreamed of
About the way they slayed this one or that one
but won't step to me, cause they know the last one
who tried to match the panache of the Guru
received a curse that was much worse than voodoo
Cause the effect of my voice is immense
It would make more sense if suckers hide in the basement
But yo I don't look for hassles, my rhymes are like castles
I got much flavor and class too
I know you've notice I'm a writer of hype lines
Because I'm inclined, to kick precisely the right rhymes

[Premier cuts and scratches] "to kick the right rhyme"

[Guru]
Precisely the right rhymes, simplistic but packed
with power and punch, and yo you might want to step back
But stay close as your host serves hors d'oeveurs
Satisfying your cravings, and calming your nerves
See I have an interest, in giving you more than the next man
Cause my style is pure and
if you are sane and remain in your right mind
You'll see I'm inclined, to kick precisely the right rhymes

[Premier cuts and scratches] "to kick the right rhyme"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Meaning Of The Name"

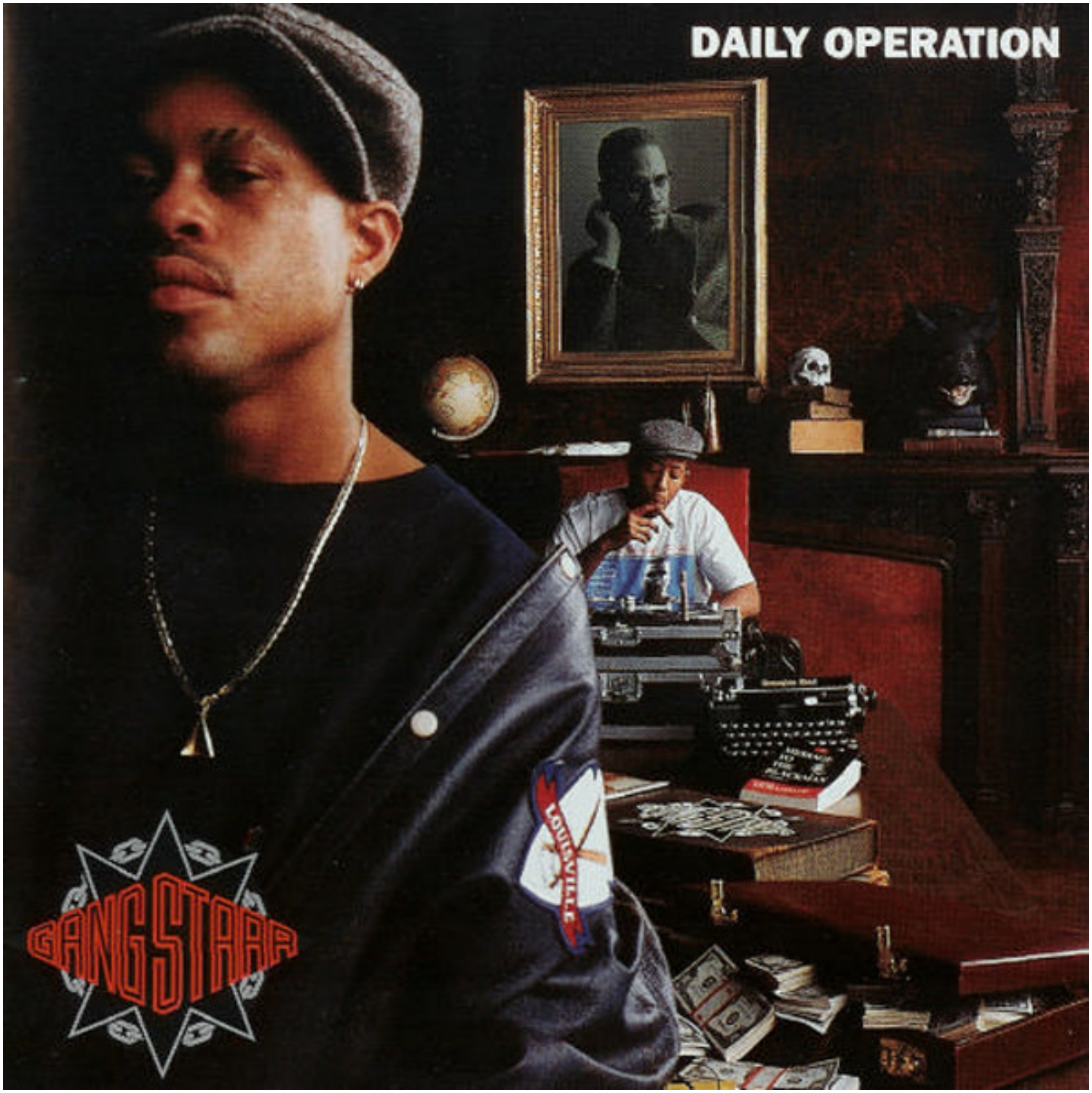
The meaning of the name GangStarr, well I'll tell ya
It means I find my mind can excel to
a greater type of thought, brought by the things that I've been taught
in relation to things that I rebel to divine and combine
with a sense of confidence
Accomplishments, are achieved off lots of gifts
But slopiness, I could never tolerate it
Not the Guru nor Premier you don't know how long we've waited
While other groups have faded, just like haircuts
We use sheer guts to open the earducts of your brain
to expose every vain
Cause you sound plain, insane, and mundane, it's a shame
You've got no beats, so you get no seats
at this table, you ain't stable with the mic cable
Kane and Able, jealous brothers
And I knew some girls who were overzealous lovers
But back to the act of developing the GangStarr track
It means that nothing can be wack
The music is picked right, the mic is gripped tight
The lyrics I kick right to a beat like Kryptonite power
Not withstood by any mortal or immortal
To make you get on the floor til
another dope jam we slam with precision
Bringing beams of light, like the colors in a prism
or reflections, through a spectrum
And all the soft silly suckers I'ma wet them
in other words destroy boy, and then claim my fame...
This is the meaning of the name

[DJ Premier cuts] "what does it all mean?"

[Guru]
GangStarr, it means a lot to me
It means I'm free to bust rhymes sporadically
Gang represents my boys or a posse
So just back up off me
And the Starr symbolizes the power
Making the suckers and weak brothers cower
We got strong, intelligent minds with a street sense
Crazy offense, and stupid defense
Now, have I made myself clear?
Or do I have to call on DJ Premier?
For he and I make up the songs that you long for
Meanwhile ducks just knock on the wrong door
Waiting for a call or for the doors to open
Cause they're hoping, that they'll get chosen
But to be chosen is a divine gift

You better get a job quick
See you can't rhyme and all your beats are weak
You oughta take a peak and check out the technique
Seek, and you shall find
GangStarr stands for mastermind
Simple and plain and yo this ain't no game lame...
This is the meaning of the name

[DJ Premier cuts] "what does it all mean?"


DAILY OPERATION
GANG STARR
LOUISVILLE

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Place Where We Dwell"

[Verse 1:]
New York, New york is where we live and we're thorough
Never taking shorts cuz Brooklyn's the borough
Peace to Uptown, to queens and the Bronx
Long Island and Jersey get as fly as they want
Where we rest is no joke
So let me break it down to sections for you slowpokes
Fort Green, bedstuy, Flatbush, Brownsville
Crown Heights and East New York will be down till
Medina takes respect for the style's we bring
Cuz in Brooklyn, we be into our own thing
Alantic terminals, redhook bushwick
Come to Brooklyn frontin, and you'll get mushed quick
We ain't just know for flipping and turning out parties
But also for the take no bullshit hotties
On the subject of blackness, well let me share this
Brooklyn is the home for cultural awareness
So in all fairness, you can never compare this
Some good, some bad. little hope for the weak
Dangerous streets and Coney Island Beach
All this included when you go for a tour
Some can get scandolous and outright raw
When you step, step correct and watch where you move
We pay dues so we ain't trying to lose
Here in Brooklyn
The home of the black and the beautiful
For a ruffrap sound, ain't a place more suitable
Other cities claim this, and others claim that
But let me give some props to the place where we be at
B-R-double O- K-l-Y-N
I came in for a visit and ever since then
I've been incorporated with select personel
Right here in Brooklyn, the place where we dwell

Way down in Brooklyn *[x3]*
Those who live in Brooklyn know just what I'm talking about

[Verse 2:]
Peace to Boston, Philly, Conneticut, DC
All the east coast cities are fly to me
Peace to everybody down south and out west
But for me, Brooklyn, New York is the best
Don't be afraid to venture over the bridge
Although you may run in to some wild ass kids
Take the j train, the d or the a if you dare
And the 2,3,4,5 also comes here
There's so much to see cuz Brooklyn's historic

Fools act jealous but you have to ignore it
So I just lounge wit the fat clientel
Out here in Brooklyn, the place where we dwell

Way down in brooklyn
You know the place...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Flip The Script"

Brave is the knave who steps up to be slayed
by the one who forgave him for his first mistakes
He'd best behave, or I'ma send him a wave
of some shocking volts, he doesn't know what he's talkin about
He's kickin a bunch of crap so I'll be the judge of that
The boy lacks artistry but still he tries hard to be
an entertainer, but instead he's a waste of
my time and your time so I'll kick the pure rhymes
Whenever you're looking for rap that's exceptional
and credible, straight to the G's you better go
Cause GangStarr's known to be prone to be
masters of streetwise poetry and turntable wizardry
but still be a cold day in Hell when you hear that
Guru or Premier ever tell suckers get sales
but they fail in the long run that kid who went gold yo
That was the wrong one but tonight the spotlight is all on me
I'm the Guru, of the G-A-N-G
Taking out scrubs cause they rub me the wrong way
and I'll say, that they've still got a long way to go
to show they can flow like a real pro
So gimme that loot catch the boot from my steel toe
I'm changing the scenery as I make em uncomfortable
cause most MC's ain't really got no pull
Watch me stifle em quick with the gift and the wit
Make em quit all that riff as I flip the script

[Chorus]

Fool listen, I know that you've been missing
all this and so my rhymes are gonna gleem and glisten
like a gem, and if you are the fake MC type
I'll shine so bright I'll be blinding your eyesight
Your capabilities fall short so I'ma treat you like a dwarf
on a basketball court still you try to rap
And even claim you got new styles but
rolling your tongue's been playe dout for a while
And you don't sound fly so why are you doing that?
You had a dope track but you're wack so you ruined that
I couldn't make out what you were saying your diction
is jumbled where as me I'm conveying clear thoughts
to a crowd that's most critical
Booty duck rappers like you are just pitiful
I bet you couldn't name more than one pioneer
Cause you didn't pay dues and you got on on outta nowhere
But that's OK cause I'm peeping your card
If rap was my house you'd be sweeping the yard
As I recline I'll find more chores to give ya

like moppin the floors or maybe fetchin my slippers
So don't even trip or run off with the lip
Cause as soon as you slip you know I'll flip the script

[Chorus]

So as I kick a bit flip with script without a skip
butter roll MC's get dissed like this
You'll never got none son because I'll become troublesome
You rap like a simpleton
And I hate scum yo I can easily deflect your threats
cause they're idle my recital will break you down
Just a fight til the end cause I can take ten at a time
Give em all a fair shot to see if any can rhyme
And even if one is decent, I'll still get props
I'll kick the slick lines til the last one drops
As my powerful skills are unveiled I'm tippin the scales
and weighing much more than your tall tales
Stop the exaggeration perpetration observe
and make simple notation
Nobody no where no way no how
is taking me out cause I can throw so you know now
Can you feel it, I bust raps so lay off
before I steal that so called title that you gave yourself
But you really ain't jack so yo you played yourself
And now you look from a distance as you sweat my tip
You know I'll whip you swift when I flip the script

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Ex Girl To Next Girl"

[Verse 1]
You know I used to be a player, fly girl layer and a heartbreaker,
lovemaker, backbreaker but then I made a
mistake yes I fell in love with this ill chick
sweatin' me for money, my name and the dilsnick
my homeboys told me to drop her for it would be to my benefit
she used to say I'd better quit hanging with those derelects
romancing is my thing but I can't swing with no scheming hoes
wherever my beema goes you know that I'm driving
surviving in the 90's is a must so I trust
that everyone listen up as my vocals give thrust
I bust my rhymes first never chasing a skirt
do much work while other suckas need more time to rehearse
now back to the ex-girls, ex-lovers, ex-friends
it made me mad to find that she was only after my ends
she phones me and goes on about her new life now
I wish she knew right now
I think she's busted let's discuss it
when I was with her no trust, just fights
just the he-say-she-say and the neighborhood highlights
bow I got my new girl or as I say my baby doll
but I'm still gettin' crazy calls, my ex-girl's got balls
don't wanna play the field cuz I get lovin' at home base
don't gimme no long face just exit with a grace
you and I are the past, c'est la vie, much respect girl
but now you're my ex-girl cuz I'm on with the next girl

[Chorus]

[Next]

[Verse 2]
she had much loot liked to buy me fresh-dipped gear
liked to have me near cuz of my svoir faire
the time we shared was brief cuz I needed relief
from her high-classed antics and all her conceit
now she's crying wolf and I like don't wanna hear that
I told her the bear facts when things started out
she wines and she pouts about how I did her bad
yo but she'd tried to buy me
even tempt me with the hiney
I fell for a sec cuz the clothes were real fly
I could almost feel I
would give into her whims
her thoughts were erratic, sporadic, crazy in nature
I told her hey look I can no longer date ya
Tried to pimp with bank and fell short, your ship sank

many thanks for the time and the watch and the link
you and I are the past, c'est la vie, nuff respect girl
but now you're my ex-girl cuz I'm straight with the next girl

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
you saw my mom in the supermarket and gave her your number
you asked how's my sister then asked how's my brother
didn't ask about my father cuz you know he ain't like ya
every time I left for your crib yo he'd really get hyper
the advice he used to give me makes much sense now
I can't believe I used to let you break my confidence down
you used to ask me why the hell did I wanna live in Brooklyn?
you messed up my flow although you were good-lookin'
yes darlin' was fly and this was the problem
cuz back in the day she had me scheming and robbin'
to get her things to wear so when she went to the club
all eyes were on her and me I just bugged
caught in between felling proud and feeling more like a sucker
had to go undercover, get away, find another
been in Brooklyn 9 years and been around the world too
I've seen so many fly girls and I knew just what to do
I went from ex-girl to next took my time with each one
and you know they still love me so stop jellin' me hon
went home to see mom and I saw you at the bus stop
must I stop? nah I think not
you and I are the past c'est la vie, much respect girl
but now you're my ex-girl & I'm out with the next girl
out...

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Soliloquy Of Chaos"

5 carloads deep, time to go do a show
Got a massive crew and we're ready to roll
So I grab my gear hop in the whip and ride
Premier he's got the fly dope system inside
But my shit cranks too and we've got mad tapes
of all the underground groups with the lyrics and bass
Off into the New York night we go
Dre large got the camera biggest, Gord's got three rolls of film
So we can take the macked out photos
Tommy Hill, The Damaja and my man Gunsmoke
Corey and Smurf and Lil Dap's got a forty
My man Gary and Shiz and the nutcracker Shorty
Mike Rhone, chillin' like Capone
Robinhood, Known as Mel with the clientelle
Mo, JT, Mega, can't forget black
they're rockin' sincere, yes the posse's fat
Out loud pulls up plus there's Sid and OC
Big Mel from strong island H.L. the one and only
O. Delicious, Ely, Bazz and Eon
and the aroma of the blunts has me thinking beyond
And to the rest of the crew you know the bond is strong
and you know who's who, so let me not prolong
For this was a night to remember
I had on the beige Tims with the two tone leather
So we get to the jam, the gig, the venue
then we circled around and then drove in through
the front the place was packed the line was long
I was bobbing my head cuz the music was on
I turned it down then I peeped to my right
I saw this kid and his girl having a fight
Another kid walked up and mushed the kid in his face
and then the kid pulled out and bust and laid him to waist
A riot broke out girls screaming and scheming crews
started buck wiling tryna' snatch kids jewels
After that 50 came and turned the party out
and then the ambulance came to take the body out
And we didn't even get all the equipment out
and we didn't even get to turn the place out
This can happen often and it's really fucked up
So I'll ask you to your face homeboy what's up
Did you come to see my show or the stupid nigger playoffs
Killing you and killing me it's the soliloquy of chaos

And if you live in the cities where streets reek warfare
people getting nowhere bot you go for yours there
You'll find it doesn't pay to front or play the role
You could get stole or maybe beat with a pole

Then you'll wanna retaliate, regroup and come back
so you set the brothers up for a sneak attack
Whether you die or kill them, it's another brother dead
but I know you'll never get that through your head
Cuz we're mislead and misfed facts, we're way off
killing you and killing me, it's the soliloquy of chaos

Gang Starr Lyrics

"I'm The Man"

(feat. Jeru The Damaja , Lil' Dap)

[Verse 1: Guru]
I say people people come on and check it out now
You see the mic in my hand now watch me wreck it now
what is a party if the crew ain't there?
[what's your name?] call me Guru that's my man Premier
now many attempts have been made to hold us back?
slander the name and with-hold facts
but I'm the type of brother with much more game
I got a sure aim and if i find you're to blame
you can bet you'll be exterminated, taken out, done
it doesn't matter how many they'll go as easy as just one
bust one round in the air for this here
cuz this year suckers are going no where
cuz my strret style and intelligence level
makes me much more than just an angry rebel
I'm Gifted Unlimited Rhymes Universal
mc's that ain't equipped get flipped in my circle
I'm aiming on raining on the bitch ass chumps
cuz their rhymes don't flow and their beats don't pump
and niggaz better know i paid my dues and shit
I'm bout to blow the fuck up because I refuse to quit
I'm out to get the props that are rightfullly mine
yeah me and the crew think its about that time
but on the DL you know that Gangstarr will conquer
that's why you stare and point and others cling on to
my nautica, asking for a hookup
well sorry but my schedule is all booked up
nobody put me on I made it up the hard way
look out for my people but the suckers should parlay
cuz it's business kid, this ain't no free for all
you have to wait your turn, you must await your call
so now, now it is my duty to
eliminate and subtract all of the booty crews
and suckers should vacate
before I get irate
and I'll kick your can
from here to Japan
with force you can't withstand
cuz I'm the muthafuckin' man

[Break: Guru]
yo right now I got my man Lil' Dap from the Group home
yo step up to the mic and tell them why you're the man

[Verse 2: Lil' Dap]
so much anger built inside

so don't stop to say hi, muthafucka just die
my shit holds a mouthful so i guess you know what's up
why punks get killed at the end of the month
styles and styles I flip
Lil' Dap remains sick
yes the Group Home is thick
so all you punks hear this
everytime you riff
the more fame that we get
muthafuckas act hard
thinking that they are God
niggaz just don't understand
let me be my own man
did everything on my own
and everyplace wasn't home
everywhere that I'd rest
I had to dress with a vest
I guess you get the routine but with a lot of stress
frustration on my mind
brothers doin' mad time
rhymes are organized like crime
as we're rippin' the lines
brothers just don't know
how shit got to go
cuz I was told
to never give my back to the street
as I walk through the ghetto
dead souls I greet
see my man give him pound
then I walk with a frown
another minute
another brother's gunned down
shit is getting too close that's why the Group Home is thick
so everytime you riff the more fame that we get
my father always said don't watch the one across the street
watch the one right next
b'cuz he's easy to flex
took heed to what he said
yeah that deep ass nigga
while brothers hang around
tryin' to get down
niggaz just don't understand
I'm the mutha fuckin' man

[Break: Guru]
and also on the set from Dirty Rotten Scoundrels
we got my man Jeru the Damaja
yo tell them why you're the man

[Verse 3: Jeru the Damaja]
I'll tap your jaw
you probably heard it before
step to the bedlamite I'll prove my word is law

drugstore with more
dope rhyme vendor
not partial to beef
the chief ambassador
niggaz get mad cuz they can't score
like a wild west flick they wish to shoot up my door
but I incite a riot
don't even try it
bust up chumps so crab kids keep quiet
like I said before
I tap jaws
snatch whores
kill suckers in wars
vic a style you said was yours
money grip wanna flip but you're fish
house the mic like your hooker and did tricks on the bitch
Dirty Rotten Scoundrel and my name is Jeru
utilizing my tools in '92
MC's step up in mobs to defeat us
when we rock knots and got props like Norm Peterson
lot's of friends, lot's of fun, lots of beers
got the skills, kreeno so I always get cheers
troop on like a trooper no tears for fears
I'm a get mines cuz the crew'll get theirs
cut you up like Edward Scissorhands
you know the program I'm the mutha fuckin' man...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Take It Personal"

I never thought that you would crab me
Undermine me, and backstab me
But I can see clearly now the rain is gone
The pain is gone but what you did was still wrong
There was a few times I needed your support
But you tried to play me like an indoor sport
like racquetball, tennis, fool, whatever
All I know is you attempted to be clever
Nevertheless, cleverness can't impress
Cause now you've been expose like a person undressed
cause I see through you, I'm the Guru
Now what you gonna do when I step to you
and when I pay you back I'll be hurting you
This ain't no threat so take it personal

Rap is an art you can't own no loops
It's how you hook em up and the rhyme style troop
So don't even think you could say someone bit
off your weak beat come on you need to quit
I flip lines and kick rhymes that never sound like yours
There oughtta be laws against you yapping your jaws
Originality overflows from in me
and the truth is, that you wish you could live the
life I live and kick the lyrics I kick
But bear in mind that you can't think as quick
So Premier drops a beat, for me to say verses to
And if I sound doper then take it personal

Don't be mad cause I don't come around the way
like I used to, I don't have time these days
I'm keeping busy making power moves
Don't try to say I don't remember you
You shouldn't let your jealousy show like that
I stopped coming by, cause of the way you act
Telling my business to kids I don't even know
You're like a daytime talk show, and that's low
So you can tell everyone, that I'm jerking you
And if you don't like it, take it personal

Gang Starr Lyrics

"2 Deep"

[Verse 1]
I'm 2 deep and yes much too complicated
my lines when stated are quite often underrated
so consider it a privilege to hear this
those weak-minded opinions could never come near this
for my outlook on life is a profound view
whil the suckers act down thinking that they sound new
only a few sound true
me and the crew know who
cuz you see me and the fellas have been waiting for a while now
giving you the time to get your wack-ass style down
you punks pop junk as if life is a fantasy
knowing that hard is something you can't be
so you front but you could never call my bluff
cuz you'll catch hell you'll get dealt with

[Chorus]
I never sleep
I always peep
rhymes creep
I'm 2 Deep
I'm 2 Deep....

[Verse 2]
I forgive you sike I'm takin' your life
cuz you continue to disrespect so I'ma get trife
but then again I think I'll spare ya
cuz I know tht all it takes one rhyme just to scare ya
see I'm the holder of the key
don't ask me if I'm Muslim don't say nothin' to me
I said I was raised like one son I had two cousins
they pushed me to find myself or else they knew I wasn't
gonna make it and then end up a statistic
my life was twisted I almost missed it
the chance yes the chance to make you feel good
I used to steal goods and fake my parents out real good
but now I got K-N-O-W-L-E-D-G-E of self cuz I'm me
and the nation of Islam has my support
cuz they try to reeducate the ones who are lost
and the 5 percent nation takes other steps
to get through to brothers on the corners with the reps
and in the prison they give the brothers new visions
of how we can gain wealth gain self esteem and dream
of a total different scene I dress clean, stand lean
say what I mean and I'm out
like a scout on a new route exhibitting clout

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
for right now yo my religion is rhyming
perfect timing test the flow and climb in
Ansaar, Sunnite, Sheite, Jihad
all must regard the times are hard
unite or perish
is the message I cherish
that goes for my people of all religions
if we're all black why have so many divisions
superficial factors are drawing us apart
don't let it happen
let's put some respect back in
so before I act I think cuz it's the brink of destruction
word corruption what's up son your gun is just one
and I just might have one
or two or maybe even three or four
and plus an army of 100 or more
but violence is never my first choice
I come in peace to release the effect of my voice

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"No Shame In My Game"

As I deliver rhymes with ease and walk around with my head up
I'm dead up serious so don't be getting too curious
Motherfuckers always wanna know what makes me tick
I'll pull a phrase out quick cuz I'm dipped and I'm slick
You thought that I would slip cuz you seen me drinking forty's
it shocked you then you told your friends you saw me
Well say what you want cuz all of mine is in tact
in fact I'll have you open like a hookers gap
I like to catch a buzz cuz I get into the beats more
MC's are washed up like dead fish on the seashore
Save the talk cuz you know I walk that walk
hitting city to city but I make my home in New York
I know the time with this rap shit cuz they got it all backwards
they need to take a hint or catch my microphone imprint
Straight to the dome through the skull to the tissue
Call me Guru I'll diss you if you're pressing the issue
Not my style to be sweatin' all the stupid ass rumors
I take it as a compliment and fuck you too
If you're scheming on the chance to put a stain on my name
Don't even think about it cuz ain't no shame in my game

No shame in my game

Stick to the subject I ain't afraid to be real
a lot of MC's fake hard just to gain appeal
I like some gangster rap, don't like the prankster crap
so I get passed all that by kicking straight up facts
There ain't no reason to shoot unless you got beef
if you pull out and you don't use it than you may catch grief
Toolies and techs ain't toys but kids got 'em today
and if they're ready to spray best get the fuck out the way
I try keeping my sanity by thinking of better times
if I write clever rhymes then maybe I'll climb
But what the hell's success if the mess ain't changing
50's still corrupt stupid gangs still bangin'
Stick up kids still stickin' nasty hookers still trickin'
all the pimps still pimpin' and all the crackheads trippin'
While the dealers still sellin' so I'll refrain from the yellin'
And the preachin' cuz who the fuck would I reach man
Niggaz don't wanna stop that, they wanna live fat
who'd wanna clean up their act when the papes come in stacks
They live for the minute and they're all wrapped up in it
it's an unfortunate state for many it's too late
Now death stalks the streets and it's right at your gate
so bug, lose your mind but I ain't goin' insane
I'll kick the fly lyrics cuz ain't no shame in my game

No shame in my game

Life's a bitch so who are we to judge each other
I know I got faults I ain't the only motherfucker
Stuff I heard about you wasn't too cool you know
like how you smoke wools and that your girl's a ho
But I don't listen to shit unless the story's legit
Knuckleheads need to quit cuz they be riding the dilsnick
But I'll be taking care of business regardless
and when it comes to rhyming you know I'm hitting hardest
So you can kick dirt but in the end you'll feel pain
you little sucker, there ain't no shame in my game

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Conspiracy"

You can't tell me life was meant to be like this
a black man in a world dominated by whiteness
Ever since the declaration of independence
we've been easily brainwashed by just one sentence
It goes: all men are created equal
that's why corrupt governments kill innocent people
With chemical warfare they created crack and AIDS
got the public thinking these were things that black folks made
And every time there's violence shown in the media
usually it's a black thing so where are they leading ya
To a world full of ignorance, hatred, and prejudice
TV and the news for years they have fed you this
foolish notion that blacks are all criminals
violent, low lifes, and then even animals
I'm telling the truth so some suckers are fearing me
but I must do my part to combat the conspiracy

The S.A.T. is not geared for the lower class
so why waste time even trying to pass
The educational system presumes you to fail
the next place is the corner then after that jail
You've got to understand that this has all been conspired
to put a strain on our brains so that the strong grow tired
It even exists when you go to your church
cuz up on the wall a white Jesus lurks
They use your subconscious to control your will
they've done it for a while and developed the skill
to make you want to kill your own brother man
black against black you see it's part of their plan
They want to send us to war and they want to ban rap
what they really want to do is get rid of us blacks
Genocide is for real and I hope that you're hearing me
you must be aware to combat the conspiracy

Even in this rap game all that glitters ain't gold
now that rap is big business the snakes got bold
They give you wack contracts and try to make you go pop
cuz they have no regard for real hip-hop
They'll compare you to others and say: "but yo, he sells"
and you know in your heart that he's weak as hell
So you say: "I ain't doing that corny stuff"
but they tell ya that your chart positions will go up
Sometimes they front big time and make you many promises
and when they break 'em then your mama says
"Son you're making records but that guy seems shady"
it could be too late and your career could be played gee
I hope you listen to the things that I'm sharing see

we all have a job to combat the conspiracy

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Illest Brother"

[Chorus:]
Gotta be the illest brother to claim respect
It takes the illest brother just to get respect
Got to be the illest brother when it's time to get wreck
Got to be the illest brother when I get my mic check

I'm one of the illest brothers known to man
but if you don't understand, see I'm a grown man
And I stand 5'8" and 3 quarters
giving orders to my sqaudron cuz I'm like the sergeant
or general but let me keep this minimal
I used to hang with kids who like to live trife with a knife
Cutting kids for fun and pulling out much guns
and like riflery champs fellas start to get real amped
Dead bodies lay stamped to the pavement so I gave it some thought
remembering the brothers who are gone now
I will make a strong vow to make things right
ignite the mic, get hype and all that
Suckers try to menace but they always fall
flat to the ground as I astound come around
I'll put you down about the brothers who think they're the boss
think they're getting large but in the end they pay the cost
Of their lives and that ain't the way to go out
even take their boys with 'em cause they know their boys will go out
But when it comes to facing some time
they're like crying like weeping, wanna call mom Dukes
But mom Dukes is fed, fed up with the shit you did
she knows that you shot and she knows that you cripples kids
But who's to judge when you're trying to survive
the one who moves first might be the one to stay alive
So when you think you're hard and dominating the set
just remember the illest brother claims respect!

Like I said I'm an ill kid, so never dare test me
they wanna arrest me cuz I'm causing a frenzy
Fake gangsters come and fake gangsters go
real gangsters chill cuz real gangsters know
That quietly you stalk your prey on the down low
cuz too much talk will get you beef on the street
And brothers in the city have to live this way
it may cause dismay but Imma' tell it anyway
Yo guns are easy to get and like a puppet
some young kid is gonna be the subject of internal oppression
An example of hard times
cuz to make it out the trap in your mind it's a hard climb
But even if you change and come right and exact
there's another brother scheming so just watch your back

I know a brother who thought he had it all
but little did he know he was bound for a down fall
He'd pick up the heater and go stick somebody
he wouldn't give a damn if he killed somebody
Cuz if somebody would get in the way of him getting loot
there'd be no hesitation he'd just shoot
It's like The Good, The Bad and The Ugly
except it's reality and you don't see it on TV
Brothers keep dying in the streets cuz the streets are designed
to keep you from having peace of mind
I know an old man, he's got a rifle to stifle
any young punk, he hides it under his bunk
And I know a kid who's been to jail
and he told me that the system had failed him
So now he's out the joint and he's like flippin' on kids
and the people in his neighborhood are flippin' their wigs
But you gotta check the move cuz there's a reason
a method to the madness and you know what I'm meaning
Cuz rather than being the herb, vic, or chump
you can be just like my man cold holding the pump
But living like that you take a chance with your life
but some things in life, sometimes will make you uptight
I'm like an avalanche of knowledge pounding down all fools
all fakes, all snakes
and ones who try to break the rules and regulations
Stipulations made by the GangStarr
you try to flex muscle but you know you can't hang ha
You're making me vexed but yeah you can go next
just remember the illest brother claims respect

[Chorus repeat]

Yo money don't front you know you blew your chance
and now it's my turn so Imma' take command
Cuz I'm like the one who's got all the juice
I always get loose I got the balls to reduce your crew
Very easily I got more ammo
I'm like the ill kid the psycho man yo
Cuz now I'm past the point and I ain't gonna return
and when it comes to your destruction I ain't really concerned
About the consequences cuz I'm living day to day
So who are you to comment about me and my ways.
I get my attitude from living and I never forget
You got to be the illest brother just to claim respect.

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Hardcore Composer"

Now I got you looking stiff you numbskull, you're at a stand still
Still faking that you're hard with your rhymes and got no hand skills
so I'll easily drop you and stop you from rhyming
Send you home to moms all bruised up and crying
Then if you want you can go call your people
You're gonna need a mob against me cause I'm lethal
Not that I'm a violent brother to the contrary
My vocals carry, and then I bury
MC's in holes that they dug for themselves
Couldn't be themselves so they sold themselves
to a company exec who doesn't have respect
for real rap music so he wants to get an MC
that starts out street to crossover
but not me, cause I'm the hardcore composer

You ain't a writer nor a fighter you're just a biter
I think you need to save all that because in spite
of the reputation that you think you have
the crew already knows that you're really a crab
So I'll grab the mic with haste and send you out of this place
and back to trace my flow but don't waste your time bro
It only takes a minute a second for me to switch
and rearrange real quick cause I can kick plenty styles
Rhymes stretch many miles
I'm the authentic yes the lyric unloader
The truth exposer, the hardcore composer

All you delirious curious suckers
you better act like you've been known I mack
and hold my own with a mike just to stagger
a bragger, retire a lair and very easily
I'm pass by ya cause you didn't want to give the credit
where it was due, yeah it was you, uh huh it was you
and your crummy corny ass crew
So we shall enforce that you lost and plus you oughta
find another type of life and yes another source of income
And here's some advice you can't rap this nice
I broke ya over and over I told ya
I would mold ya why? Because I'm bound
to give original sound and as your ears pound
bringing pleasure and pain
as brains start to gain from musical measures
Forming mystical questions never typical inventions
Developed by my Gifted Unlimited mind
Suckers wanna rhyme cause they're eager to find
the secret behind the way that I stomp all comp
Just like a Timberland it's the Guru and Premier

It's them again droppin the fly tracks
and taking things over and never selling out
cause I'm the hardcore composer

Gang Starr Lyrics

"B.Y.S."

I'm like a sniper rhymes'll strike ya when I'm rockin
mad chicks be jockin' when the G Starr's talking
And that's because my word is bond
I get much fan mail and I always respond
So tell your hon to write me too
make sure she puts attention Mr. Guru
Brothers know the flow is unique
I got 100 wild styles in my black valise
MC's wanna be me so they keep askin
for me to teach 'em methods both slow and fast
And others wanna act as if they're better
but they only got one style which ain't all that clever
I'm cooler than wind, harder than cold steel
I get the ladies with more than just sex appeal
A mystic psychic scanning all your thoughts
I'll touch your soul and make your brain feel caught
When my rapture traps ya and makes you mine
You'll submit to the gift and to the lyrical lines
So suckers realize that the size is too large
when I come through I'm pullin' whole crews cards
I be wreckin' correct and on the gangster tip
MC's who front: Imma' gonna burst your shit

I wonder do you love it enough
I'm steppin' rugged and tough, never to front or to bluff
I got the fresh cut baldy, the brothers call me
Guru the man yes with all the
J-A-Z-Z-Y type essence, street type lessons manifesting
the one who make the fly ladies feel pleasant
Never forgettin' that to myself I'm true
do what you want to but watch yourself though "duke"
I don't wanna hear all of that loud mouthing
try to pull yours out when nothing comes out
Then you'll see why you can't compete with me
the notorious Guru of the Gang you see
Starr stands for power like I said before
I'm like the doctors cure slicker than Roger Moore
I slide up to a crab MC like this
tap 'em in the head with my mic like this
I'll be revealing that you're weak to the world if you wish
And I insist that if you persist
then you get creamed, cuz Imma' get real steamed
so don't you try to flex and try to look all mean
Heyo check it that's dead that's it
cuz all you phony ass rappers Imma' bust your shit

Now when you see me on the set you know I may unleash

a lyric like a mad dog barking through the speaker
Step off unless you wanna get torn up
your raps worn out burned out fucked up
You locked up or maybe you locked out
cuz at the battle last time you snuck out
But now I'm rolling over you full blast
I'm here to let you know no longer will the bull last
MC's telling lies and poppin' all those myths
Keep on fakin' moves and Imma'...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Much Too Much (Mack A Mil)"

[Verse 1:]
Other MCs in the place know I'm much too much
and I'll bust 'em all up without even cussing
all wannabe's are never ever gonna be nothin'
Gang Starr's in the house and we're crushing
so suckers better be up on their p's and q's and
competition come against me and you're losing
I'll use a simple style just to catch you snoozing
wake up wake up kid read the news and
take heed cuz you need to see how battles are won
when a real man displays how it must be done
and I snuff bum MCs and keep the cashflow comin'
and never had no problems getting women
I'm like a catalyst causin' a chain reaction
dopest vocalist ad now the main attractionn
things turn gold at my slightest touch
that's why the people say that I'm much too much

[Chorus:]
I'm much too much
I'm much too much
I'm much too much
I'm much too much

[Verse 2:]
check the G-U-R-U yes the brother who's progressing
If beats are cake I'm frosting, if salad I'm dressing
never stressing or guessing or messing around man
just turn up the system so the beat can be pounding
blasting out your radio my vocals surrounding
take a trip uptown and come back down and
and kick it with the fellas I call my crew so
I'm gettin' kinda fat like a big huge sumo
I figure that I'm due and it's true cuz you know
a rapper this nice oughtta clock mad dough
not the stuff from the baker but the loot yo the paper
I set up shop and drop gems and catch 'em later
cuz I'm like keeping it moving, improving steadily
pumping kinda loud in your Blazer or Cherokee
doesn't matter what you drive, automatic or clutch
just pop in my tape cuz I'm much too much

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]
I walk in the room unload a boom that's like sonic
my slick voice to the beat is symphonic

to a biting MC my lines are toxic and chronic
my mystical style is like harmonic
I've rarely had a difficulty slaying MCs
cuz the ones who were toughest still begged on their knees
and I wreck the set with the greatest of ease
and you know I'm swift like the breeze
I'll never understand why a wack rapper tries and
convinces himself that his image is so fly and
that's the type of crap you know I'm not buying
chumps lack the beats and their rhymes don't apply and
that's why I've come into your life today
just to make you sweat in my unique way
I'm controlling all action dissing MC ducks
that's why everybody knows that I'm much too much

[Chorus]

[Outro:]
(Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil)
(Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil)
(Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Take Two And Pass"

[Intro/Chorus:]
Take two and pass *[x3]*
so the blunt will last

Take two and pass so we can all get blunted
Don't smoke ciggarettes so my growth ain't stunted
We got at least five head so I rolled a white owl
It's the break of dawn and we're awake like night owls
Phillies are cool but they burn much quicker...
... hey yo come on pass that shit nigga
We lounge to the sounds as we leave from Uptown
It's time to go downtown and make some more rounds
This city never sleeps that what Sinatra sang
For that fat fat blunt you know I got this thing
so hand it over cause I wanna get charred
I'm in love with mary jane she keeps me large
So don't hog it let's get it moving real fast
Everybody just chill and take like two pulls and pass

[Chorus]

The club is crowded everyone's up in here
Heyo Premier what's that you got there?
It looks like a nice plump blunt in your hand
I just know you're gonna share it with me cause I'm your man
So bust it, I got one too and if you spark up yours
I'll light up mine when it's through
Oh shit, there goes my man the fat mack
We used to get blazed I know he's got a fat sack
Let's go upstairs grab a chair and unwind
so the la la can enhance our minds
The system booming let the bass increase
I find me a seat so I can peep the chic
ladies and maybe get my homeboys some ass
All you gotta do is take two pulls and pass

[Chorus]

Even in the morning like the flavor of juice
A blunt adds spice and a blunt can spruce
up your day but I'm not advertising just telling
of aspect a part of our lives
And around the way there ain't no shame in our game
cause the fame is no thing we get together and hang
And since you know I got dash and class
then I'm after you so take two pulls and pass

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Stay Tuned"

[Verse 1:]
Get with this get with this
get with this cuz you got no choice
Rappers sometimes you'll find make dough
but yo you know they've got no voice
get him off the podium he ain't no speaker
yes he's just a phony and look at his sneakers
played out of style out of rhymes
he's out his mind
lost his way lost his pay
I'm takin' his props so call the cops
you can call 'em but I know 'em
Sweet MCs I think I'll ho 'em
cuz they front so very hard and big or small
I'll break 'em all
Ain't gotta say that I'm the best
my skills will show I passed the test
when it comes to beats and rhymes
we come correctly everytime
and stay tuned

[Chorus:]
stay tuned...

[Verse 2:]
with information like the CNN
I can take you there and then
the rest is up to you to choose
the bottom line is win or lose
suckers suckers suckers don't be listening
so I can't be waitin' on 'em
I ain't got no time to play, do you?
look at the state of things and tell me true
in the city any city life's a paradox of good and evil
Many fall into the vicious cycle
living by the gun or by the rifle
think they got a reason that ain't really sure
the death toll rises more
it's trife the way some live life
I love rap, I like the city
but for a fool I have no pity
there'stoo much suffering too much struggle
too much injustice and don't it bug you
enough for you to press on harder
against the odds the wayn our forefathers
made away but foolishly we go astray
think about it and stay tuned

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]
What you really oughta do is lay back smooth
as my vocals compliment the slow fat groove
just for you to blast around the way
play it nice and loud and hear me say
Gang Starr is hitting '92 and on
showing how to make a dope rap song
doing this while some disperse
then dissolve like specs of dirt
our music pertains to those who remain
down with the real not wealth or the fame
peace out, we'll be back, stay tuned...

[Outro:]
Please stay tuned

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS
GANG STARR
Hard to Earn

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Alongwaytogo"

[Phife from "Check the Rhime"] Now here's a funky introduction
[scratching]

[Chorus 1 x2: Guru]
It's ALONGWAYTOGO, when you don't know where you're going
You don't know where you're going when you're lost (lost)

[Guru:]
What you need is more direction and get yourself some protection
I thought by now that you have learned your lesson
I'm stressin points and slammin all joints you call the real shit
Correct shit, you know the busta way you feel shit
Baby, I still don't think you understand
You lose the game, we get more props than Dan...Rather
And it don't matter cuz when you flinch, you're weak
So I'mma step just to speak about the counterfeit, unlegit type of people
Those cellophane ones, the ones that you can see through
It's poetic justice cuz I'm mad with a pact
So precise, my insight will take flight in the night
And in the daytime, cuz I don't come up with corny rhymes
I'm too devoted to the concept of gettin mine
So here's the deal like Shaquille O'Neal
If you don't know what you're doing, how the hell can you be real?

[Chorus 2 x2:]
[scratching]
[Q-Tip from "Check the Rhime"] How far must you go to gain respect? Um...

[Guru:]
Now in '93, realistically you should be...well aware of all the evils out there
It's like a jungle sometimes. You get the message?
You got to rumble sometimes, it's gettin hectic
Emotions run deep, as times run out
Solutions...it's time to find some out
So according to me, suckers are barred
From obstructing my discussion cuz I rhyme too hard
You take a wiff like a spliff here, like some fresh air
I came to claim shit this year (this year)
So take a stroll down the walkway, or hallway, or runway
Fuck with us, kid, you'll pay
I slay...and yo, I'm still on the expressway
I kick my essay, then you know we don't play
So pray down on your knees, G
Cuz it's the best way, yes, the best way, cuz...

[Chorus 1 x2:]

[Chorus 2 x2:]

[Guru:]
There's a large amount of wack crews. For them, I got bad news
Time to pay your dues, you fools
I'm like express mail, with the script that hits
Like the third rail, when I shock the spot, it's hot
From the rays of the sun
Original one the prophet sent to become
A law giver, cuz you shiver when I quiz ya
All about the real neccessities of life
All about the game and all about the name
G to the A to the N to the G Starr
We know who we are, but do you know who you are?
(*[Richard Pryor:]* You go down there looking for justice, that's what you find, just us)

[chorus 1: x4]

[chorus 2: x4]

[scratching] Um... *[until end]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Code Of The Streets"

Take this for example young brothers want rep
Cause in the life they're living, you can't half step
It starts with the young ones doing crime for fun
And if you ain't down, you'll get played out son
So let's get a car, you know, a fly whip
Get a dent, pull a screwdriver, and be off quick
With a dope ride, yeah, and a rowdy crew
We can bag us a Benz and an Audi, too
Even a jeep or a van, goddamn, we're getting ours, yo
Take a trip up the strip, and be like stars so
It doesn't matter if the cops be scoping
They can't do jack, that's why a young brother's open
To do anything, anywhere, anyplace
Buckwild in another court case
It's the code of the streets

They might say we're a menace to society
But at the same time I say "Why is it me?"
Am I the target, for destruction?
What about the system, and total corruption?
I can't work at no fast-food joint
I got some talent, so don't you get my point?
I'll organize some brothers and get some crazy loot
Selling D-R-U-G-S and clocking dollars, troop
Cause the phat dough, yo, that suits me fine
I gotta have it so I can leave behind
The mad poverty, never having always needing
If a sucker steps up, then I leave him bleeding
I gotta get mine, I can't take no shorts
And while I'm selling, here's a flash report
Organized crime, they get theirs on the down low
Here's the ticket, wanna bet on a horse show?
You gotta be a pro, do what you know
When you're dealing with the code of the streets

Nine times out of ten I win, with the skills I be weilding
Got the tec one dealing, let me express my feelings
Guru has never been one to play a big shot
It's just the styles I got that keep my mic hot
Anf fuck turning my back to the street scene
It gives me energy, so Imma keep fiends
Coming, just to get what I'm selling
Maybe criminal or felon dropping gems on your melon
So keep abreast to the GangStarr conquest
Underground ruffnecks, pounds of respect
I've never been afraid to let loose my speech
My brothers know I kick the code of the streets

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Brainstorm"

[DJ Premier cuts 'n' scratchs lovely] "Get on it"

[Guru]
One two checka, get, down and dirty
and my sounds are worthy of respect
So I'ma flex my text just like a, major takeover
Chumps pass the mic over
Growin more and more nervous when I serve this ass whoopin
Comin straight out of Brooklyn, baldhead from the old school
Born to rule with more class than Billy Dee
To a pussy emcee, you know a wuss emcee
I'm like his worst nightmare when I'm on my killin spree
Pick the vic, who will it be?
[Guru sings]
Your vote may hold the key
It's up to you, tell us true
Who'll be, herb of the day?
[Guru]
And your fake, you break, when suckers choose, they lose
I'm like lethal, to you and your people
It's like an outrage, when punks step on stage
with the weak show, weak flow, and still make dough
So I'ma take dough from em, and then stum em
Teach em how to really get biz like this
Me and my Gang's gonna swarm... Brainstorm

[DJ Premier flips it again] "Get on it"

[Guru]
It takes at least, two to tango, so you can get strangled
from any angle, as I get buck on ducks
All the, sexy girlies wanna push up close to
The man with the most who don't flaunt his ego
Some motherfuckers ain't as gifted
Not everyone can move the crowd and uplift it
I'm swift with the shit like a bullet's trajectory
So don't stand next to me
It's like a, warm sensation when my shells hit
You were wrong, you know what you did so you fell quick
to the pavement, no signs of body movement
See I knew it, yo I had to do it
And it's, cool to duel but don't slip up fool
cause I'ma leave you dead and stinkin like a sesspool
And all the chicks know what's goin on
Cause baby, there ain't no sunshine when I'm gone
And you can beg for me to stay and parlay
But sorry, I gots to go, got bills to pay

See by nature I'm godly
When I touch the mic, it's never too hard for me
to let out, a mastermind of mad clout
Huh, me and my Gang's gonna swarm... Brainstorm

[DJ Premier displays turntablism skills] "Get on it"

[Guru]
I'm gonna get ya
You might be bigger than me, so I'ma wet ya
Come into your house to douse it with the
malatov cocktail, I won't fail
Burn out your eyeballs, and leave a note in braille
So what the fuck you gonna do?
Yea I know I used to act relaxed but now I'm cuckoo
Come into my darkest deepest thoughts
We fought I won, and now you're caught and bein tortured
Water pellets dripped upon your forehead
but you can't move, because you're tied up
Your time's up...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Tonz 'O' Gunz"

Tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped
tons o' guns got to watch the way you act
tons o' guns real easy to get
tons o' guns bringing nothing but death
tons o' guns are in the streets nowadays
it's big money and you know crime pays
check your nearest overpopulated ghetto
they greet you with a pistol not trying to say hello
mad kids packed 'cos the neighbourhood's like that
want some shit that's fat catch a victim do a stick
kids pulling triggers, niggas killing niggaz
five-o they sit and wait and tally death-toll figures
it's crazy there ain't no time to really chill
jealous motherfuckers always want to act ill
22's 25's 44's 45's
mack elevens ak's taking mad lives
what the fuck you gonna do in a situation
it's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation
tons o' guns

tons o' guns you got we got they got
the state of affairs yo it's like mad chaos
i know a kid who just passed the other day
they shot him sixteen times so there he lay
you can pray for this shit to like cease
but until then a nigga's going to pack a piece
and yo the devil's got assasination squads
want to kill niggaz 'cos they're scared of god
they got camps where they train they learn to take aim
at a nigga like a piece of game
and i'm not seeing that, them days are gone
'cos now we got (chromes) to put them where they belong
so me a rude boy from and in a brooklyn
fuck the bullshit pain and suffering
i'm coming off with a foolproof plan
as if each every lyric was worth a hundred grand
i stand in the face of hatred
letting off mad shots making devils run naked
tons o' guns

tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped
tons o' guns got to watch the way you act
tons o' guns real easy to get
tons o' guns bringing nothing but death
tons o' guns but i don't glorify
'cos more guns will come and much more will die
why, yo i don't know black

some motherfuckers just be living like that
they like to feel the chrome in their hands
the shit makes them feel like little big man
twelve years old catching wreck
'cos there ain't no supervision putting kids in check
people get wounded, others they perish
and what about the mother and the child she cherish
the city is wild up steps the wild child
tension anger living in danger
what the fuck you gonna do in a situation
it's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation
tons o' guns

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Planet"

[Guru]
Boom bash dash, I had to break, I had to getaway
Packed my bags, to leave for good, it was a Monday
Kissed my mother, gave my pops a pound
Then he hugged me, and then he turned around
I threw the duffelbag over my shoulder
It was time to get props kid, cause now I'm older
Time to fend for myself jack
So I'ma go for mine, and maybe never come back
Stopped at the lye spot before I hit the train station
Needed some boom for the mental relaxation
It took the last of my loot to make this move Troop
But I ain't even tryin to work in a suit
Plus my aunt's got a room that's for rent
As long as there's no hoes and I don't come home bent
So fuck the bullshit I'm audi
I'm on a mission, cause if I stay I'll go crazy
I'm gonna make it god damnit
Out in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet
They never fake it just slam it
Out in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet

Crash boom bang I used to hang at Four Corners
And all the spots in Beantown where niggaz carry burners
But I was more turned on by the micraphone
So one cold morning, I left home
Next I'm smokin blunts on ?
Or workin in a mail room Uptown, feelin sick and
tired, of payin all these fucked up dues
I wasn't tryin to lose -- I refused
Had a chick Uptown, one in Queens and one in Jersey
Sometimes all you need to get by, is a girlie
But yo I still wasn't happy
I seen a lot of ill shit on my block, happen nightly
East New York is no joke kid
And peace to my man Hass doin his bad
I went to Flatbush to buy incense and weed
Stopped at the bookstands for somethin to read
That shit was rough cause my pockets was bare
and like the sayin goes, sometimes life ain't fair
But in my heart there ain't no quittin
So I stayed up late, to write some rhymes to some rhythms
Seconds away from just flippin
But fuckit I'll maintain, one day I'll be hittin
See I'ma make it god damnit
Out in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet
I'll never fake it just slam it

There in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet

And you can, walk the walk talk the talk but don't flaunt
Cause little shorty's scheamin on your rings and fronts
but don't sweat it, cause that's the life out here
A lot of niggaz, be livin real trife out here
I got my own place in Bed-Stuy
Known to many others, as Do or Die
Malcolm X Boulevard and Gates Avenue
Smokin up the fat trey bags with the crew
Me and the niggaz Troy and Squeaky
Used to twist Dutch Masters, we got nice weekly
I used to build with the brothers by the spot
They had to hustle but they still knew a lot
To get my haircut had to go to Fort Greene
on Myrtle Ave, to get a fade with the sides clean
Then to Fulton just to look around
Just to roam around, and find a chick to go Uptown
and check a movie or some shit like that
I couldn't spend much but yo my game was fat
I remember this one chick, she brought me a beeper
Then one week later, she got me some sneakers
But then I stepped, cause I found out about her rep
And I ain't goin out bein no bitch's pet
But anyway I used to lay up in the crib
Listening to Red and Marley, wishin I was on kid
Saved my dough, stayed on the down low
Lounged and drank 40's with Tommy, Hill and Gunsmoke
And Lil' Dap used to come by strapped
Nice off a L cause we stayed like that
Sometimes I used to miss my moms
Gunshots in the twilight, people fightin every night
But I'ma be aight still
Cause I'ma keep writin shit and perfectin my skills
I'm gonna make it god damnit
Here in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet
I never fake it just slam it
Here in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet *[echoes]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Speak Ya Clout"

(feat. Jeru the Damaja, Lil Dap)

[Verse 1: Jeru the Damaja]
Last year record companies were chumpin me
But now like chicks they all be up on me
and me so horny, I hit em like a groupie
Snatch off my hat wash my dick and keep it movin
Showing and proving on a day to day basis
I rip New York and a million different places
State to state country to country
My skills are legend in the style of poetry
I've paid my dues to this game word to mother
Peace New York hops it gets no rougher
Baby brother been puffing buddha and blunts since eighty-five
Before the fake motherfuckers started perpetrating live, I've
achieved mad props though niggaz roll around in jeeps
I ride the A-Train and get mad beeps
So when we bang bang boogie out jumps my boot knocks
Chicks comes in flocks when D.R.S. rocks glocks
And I mean it it's all done with the mind
I neutralize suckers because I'm alkaline
I could go on for days speaking bout my clout
So Lil Dap snatch the mic and show the motherfucker out

[Verse 2: Lil Dap]
Yo you can't hide from jail and you can't hide from the street
Flavors do get deep when you're walking the east
A unit down from the underground made the brothers unite
I'm slappin pounds and pounds with real niggaz aight
Ain't nothing changed but the weather, rain storms or whatever
You poured a forty on the ground for the brothers who ain't around
Break it down with the flow as I walk through the ghetto
A nigga said he couldn't do it til the shit hits the fan
Last year I was The Man ripping up every jam
So what's your hobby nothing serious when things get rough
I'm stepping rugged and tough, and bitches won't get enough
A Lil Dap what's that? Fuck around you get slapped
Schizophrenic with rhyme plus we're well organized
Make the chicks say 'aow' and the brothers say 'ho'
You can't tell a motherfucker what to do with his life
Niggaz tend to live trife, so I react with the mic
It's the end of the time so I got to gets mine
Aiyyo 'ru, what's your function meet me at Broadway junction
Before I start to get in it, better yet i just kick it
Aiyyo son, if you're ready Guru starts to flip it

[Verse 3: Guru]
Earl, with my three-eight-five shot I bust a bumba claat

He talks dumb a lot so him shall drop
I got the clout, all you pussy rappers be out
From the ghetto I let go, shit to make you petrol
Watching fly niggaz show you how to rhyme asshole
You know the motherfucking situation
So get down get down with the Gangstarr Foundation
Now I'ma touch on reality, chumps can't fuck with me
and all the honies be loving me
My style be kicking crazy butt
Wannabes on their knees licking crazy butt
Your girl pays me but ain't no need to try and stop her
I'm Big Poppa fuck your girl and I'll drop her
cause she be working on my nerves
and yo I got more gang than the bitch got curves
I'm like gambino, the slick head honcho
Ill kid ready to wreck mics pronto
and I know, I break your back with my rap like smack
because I'm all that
And so the next time when you're wishing for my downfall
I'm a come back to drown y'all
With stupid lyrics relative to a bloodbath
And stay the fuck out my path...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"DWYCK"

(feat. Nice & Smooth)

[Intro: Greg Nice]
Ah yeah, here's another Gangstarr sure shot, featuring the one and only, uh heh heh heh handly handly boy, Nice & Smooth, hey, hey, HEY, HEY!!!!

Ganstarr has got to be da sure shot
Nice & Smooth has got to be da sure shot
[x2]

[Greg Nice]
Greg Nice!!! Greg N-I-C-E
Droppin dem basso, ah oui oui
Rock for a fee, not for free
Maybe I'll do it for charity
Now my employer or my employee
Is makin Greg N-I-C-E very M-A-D
Don't ever ever think of jerkin me
I work to hard for my royalty
Put lead in ya ass and drink a cup of tea
Peace to Red Alert and Kid Capri
Ooohh la la ah oui oui, I say Muhammad Ali, ya say Cassius Clay
I say butter you say Parkay
It's alright if ya wanna make a sway
I'm a way up town, took duece to the tre
I originate, they duplicate
I praise the lord and keep the faith
It's alright keep bitin at da bait
'92, uh!!, one year later
Peace out Premier take me out wit da fader

[Premier scratches and hooks]

[Guru]
I chant eenie meenie, minie moe
I wreck da mic like a pimp pimps hoes
Here's how it goes I am a genius I mean this
I shake this you'll take this
I'm kinda fiendish
You wish that you could come into my neighborhood
Meaning my mental state
Still I'm 5 foot 8
Crazy as I wanna be
Cause I make it orderly
You could say I'm sorta da boss so get lost
The brotha dat will make you change opinions
Dominions I'm in them when it's time to kick shit from

The heart, plus I get a piece of the action
I'm feelin satisfaction from the street crowd reaction
Chumps pull guns when they feel afraid, too late
When they dip in the kick they get sprayed
Lemonade was a popular drink and in still is
I get more props den stunts den Bruce Willis
A poet like Langston Hughes and can't lose when I cruise
Out on the expressway
Leavin the Bodega I say "suave"
Premier's got more beats den barns got hay
Clips are inserted into my gun
So I can take the money, neva have ta run

[Premier scratches and hooks]

[Smooth B]
I left my Phillie at home
Do you have another?
I wanna get blunted my brother
Now may I make a mark
Then make a spark over this phat track
Or should I say dope beat
Subtract, delete
All of the wick wack that wanna be abstract
But they lack the new knack that's comin from way way back
Hey yo Premier, please pass that buddha sack
You hear we quit?
No way, bullshit
I told ya before we come back wit more hits
I provide bright flava, so you could sketch me
Do me a favor, dont try and catch me
Slightly ahead of the game, I'm not a lame
Ask him, he'll tell you the same he knows my name
Smooth, I drop jewels like, paraphenalia
I'm infallable, not into failure
Like a rhinocerus, my speed is prosperous
And pure knowledge expands from my esophagus
I write here tonite to bring truth to the light
My dialogue is my own cause Smooth B will neva bite

[Premier scratches and hooks]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Words From The Nutcracker"

(feat. Melachi the Nutcracker (Group Home))

Sick thoughts on my mind with no self-control
Uplift your soul and make the brothers wanna roll
Sixteen years old with heart that's gold
Yo check it check it out like this, here we go
Run around the streets cold strapped like an alley rat
But now I'm gettin much props like a fat cat
A young mack but I don't think I'm all that
I just can't sweat another brother's bozack
So what the fuck, y'all movin on up
Gonna swim in big bucks, like Scrooge McDuck
And if ya don't like and you wanna step up
Then open your mouth, and suck my nuts
Melachi the Nutcracker, I'm always gettin blacker
Fatter, I bust a fat rhyme to make your head shatter
I'm from the Bronx, New York City
The big fuckin Apple where the niggaz get busy
God bless the dead, and God rest my pops
Peace to the niggaz goin out bustin shots..

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Mass Appeal"

[Verse 1: Guru]
No way you'll never make it
Come with the weak shit, I break kids
Step into my zone, mad rhymes will stifle ya
Lines like rifles go blast when I kick some ass
A lot of rappers be like one time wonders
Couldn't say a fly rhyme if there was one right under
Their noses, I hate those motherfuckin posers
But I'm so real to them it's scary
And with my unique skills nag you can't compare me
And no we don't make wack tracks
and all the suckers get pushed back when I'm kickin real facts
I represent set up shit like a tent boy
You're paranoid cause you're my son like Elroy
And you'd be happy as hell to get a record deal
Maybe your soul you'd sell to have mass appeal

[Verse 2:]
Oh yes I'm greater than all MC's when I breeeze give me room please
I be like fascinatin when I be updatin
Cuttin off wack kids, pullin their trump cards
I thump hard, and mak eem say that I'm God
Niggaz be pretendin they hardcore
Never know the meaning of (real hardcore)
But I get props like a slogan and no man
Could ever try to diss when I kicks my jam
Lyrically def and connecting complete mic wrecking
No double checking vocals kill like weapons
But if I have to I go all out with no mic
Yeah that's right cause I survived mad fights
And for my peeps I truly care
Cause without some of them I wouldn't be here
And they all know how I feel
Cause suckers be like playin themselves to have mass appeal

[Verse 3:]
I know I'm dope but don't wet that
I've suffered setbacks but now I'm makin greenbacks
Just like baggy slacks I'm crazy hip-hop
Check one two and you don't stop
Your head'll bop when I drop my crop
of pure bomb, just like the seashore I'm calm
But wild, with my monotone style
Because I don't need gimmicks
Gimme a fly beat and I'm all in it
Word is bond I go on and on
For you it's tragic I got magic like wands

So I'ma end this lecture and I betcha
Those who kick dirt and do time I'm gonna get cha
Cause I be kickin the real
While they be losin the race tryin to chase mass appeal

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Blowin' Up The Spot"

[Guru]
Ah so now ya got me pissed off, blast off lift off
Time for me to twist off a vocal fist off
into your domepiece, Homepeace, I heard your chick wants to bone me
I get, wild like rugby, respected like Bugsy
Don't even ask me, cause I'm livin lovely
Born to succeed, foes bleed, true indeed
The oral combat will romp that, your one of my seeds
when I first, busted on the scene
Nigga, you knew I had more than a gangsta lean
I mean my lean is gangsta though so check it
I'll stick an MC for his spot and sign in blood on his wack record
Boo-ya-ka, to your face as I ruin ya
Clown ya, dumbfound ya, while I'm screwin the
fuck out cha girl as she steps into my world
I'm not the tallest, but that ass I'll polish
And if the hooker runs her mouth she gets cut off
But then you'll sweat her, cause like my leather you're butter soft
Your style stinks kid, ya garbage
And if you keep talkin shit, I'ma make ya pay homage
Cause the G to the U to the R-U, came too far to
let you slide through, rhymes will scar you
And who the fuck are you anyway?
I catch more wreck in a minute than if you rhyme for ten days
Throw the cash in the pot
You betta dash nigga, cause I'm blowin up the spot

"I'm bout to blow the fuck up"
[Premier scratches]

[Guru]
No ex-capin the explosion, those who are dozin, I close in
Set the thermostat at sub-zero, they're frozen
Extreme temperatures from my mic, stuns amateurs
Unable to conquer the Gang, I ain't mad at cha
Peace to Jeru, the Big Shug and the Group Home
Keepin it real, no playin niggaz or chrome
I'm way past the kid shit, brothers already did shit
You want some props? Yo dog, here's a biscuit
I'm a smooth nigga and my groove's bigga, move nigga
And we don't care who's wit cha, got the picture?
And you don't wanna hear the burners go pop
Gang Starr motherfucker, what, blowin up the spot

"I'm bout to blow the fuck up"
[Premier scratches]

[Guru]
I go from one format then switch to the next
Reflex sets the pitch vocals rip through projects
Crazy shouts are heard all around
Cause the GangStarr sound carries more weight per pound
I got some brand new Timbs, so emcees sing new hymns
You betta repent, come correct, represent
or get stomped, smacked and slapped, cap peeled back
I got you open, and now you cling to my sac
Get off, hands off, stay off, you're way off
You rookie motherfuckers it's the finals not the playoffs
I'll break you up into particles, to small pieces
Because your brain is miniscule
You little fool, come learn the tools of the trade
I made the rules so go to school and get played
Just when you're thinkin that your jam is hot
Up steps the niggaz who be blowin up the spot

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Suckas Need Bodyguards"

MC's be fakin' so now they get taken

[Chorus:]
Fake MC's, they always act hard
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard
I hate fake MC's, they always act hard
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard

[Verse 1:]
MC's I lay out like stiffs in the morgue
Praise the lord you're in awe when I'm grippin the mic cord
Rhymes I rip with swift execution
One verse to coerce your girl to prostitution
The Guru is now the brother you fear and
beware when I'm making hits with premier and
Rolling to a spot near you, lyrics tear through
Chrome to your dome you better watch your rear view
Niggaz been held back too long we're coming up
In the streets we roll alone so watch me running up
I'm summing up a mad posse of warriors
Night crusaders able to break down barriers
and bringing faces of death putting mc's to rest
until there's no fake chumps left
Run, step, yeah bounce nigga bounce
My rhyme's a (cargo) when yours is just a quarter ounce

[Chorus x4]

[Verse 2:]
Gangstarr boy and that's beyond your comprehension
Mad brothers in every city you can feel the tension
To stop the killing wack mc's must die
Who am ? I'm the substance that'll make your third eye cry
Too potent, too high in intelligence quotient
when I unleash my speech I'll have you punk rappers open
I won't expose your names and your identities
You know you're phoney get the fuck from in front of me
Hardcore fans are fed up from your folklore
Lines strip you raw and infect you like cold sores
and I hope you're not the one that I'm after
Since the days of adidas I've been a true master

[Chorus x4]

[Verse 3:]
I've been around punk but yo i still feel young
A few of my crew members like to pack guns

I'm high strung but don't mistake me when I smile
I murder an entire rap chart with my freestyle
After the killing just like casper I'm ghost
Fakes thought I was friendly, at their wakes I was host
Toast without a gun you'd be done
Throw up your hands bitch and now you know you stand to lose one
Choose one metaphor and then choose another
Wax that ass like a bully have you calling your big brother
Although I'm five foot eight they call me sargeant
Got more hoes in my dick than you can fit in the garden
At Madison Square I shot a fair one
So many niggaz knew me that the kid wouldn't dare run
MC's pay cash to ensure their safety
They know they can't take me; the G-A-N-G, you crazy?
I be on them like a message from god
Knowledge of self while fake mc's play hard

[Chorus x4]

[Outro x2:]
Fake mc's they always act hard
I'm not a sucker so I don't need a bodyguard

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Now You're Mine"

[Guru]
Yo Duke, you're dead wrong; tou'll never have the skills like mine
I write the ill type rhymes now I'm reaching my prime
360 dunk in your face
You can't compete, you're just a basket case
Let's separate the men from the boys
And put your money where your mouth is, no time for toys
Your game is weak you geek so don't sleep
Cause I'll be checkin ya, wreckin ya, when I start to creep
through the backdoor - I know I caught you out there
You got no clout here, and I doubt there
is anyway that you can stop the beat down
You better play the background, and sit back down
Chumps like you, I gotta keep 'em in line
So prepare to suffer boy, cause now you're mine

[DJ Premier scratching]

[Guru]
I'll fake you left and go right, straight down the lane
Here's one in your eye; you'll feel pain
You strain - to put together some strategy
But you're raggedy, and i'll be glad to see
The frown on your grill when I drill and thrill
Set up my offense, commence to kill
I'll be leadin from beginnin to end
And after I pound ya, you're gonna wanna make friends
And make amends for the silly, trash you were talking
Take a walk and your shots I'm swattin
with ease, and the ladies are swoonin
Clockin my swiftness, while you're droolin
You oughtta practice up and get your game refined
I've been waitin to dog you, and now you're mine

[DJ Premier scratching]

[Guru]
Hurry up sucker, go ahead and pick your squad
Try to play hard.. but I'ma rob
you of your crazy notions to defeat me
You're weak see, I'm rough hardcore
And even be down to give you a rematch
After I wax and tax that butt
When I slam the alley-oop, you can rally troops
But I'll play the awesome defense
I'll pick your pocket, and send you to the bench
With tears in your eyes as you realize the prize is for me

Yes all the money
Son, my form is too nice, my handle's precise
I'll take you right or go left
Because my game's so def, and now you're mine

[DJ Premier scratching]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Mostly Tha Voice"

[Refrain:]
It's mostly tha voice, that gets you up
It's mostly tha voice, that makes you buck
A lot of rappers got flavor, and some got skills
But if your voice ain't dope then you need to (chill... chill...)

Up steps one, and he gets done
Then up steps another, he gets smothered
That's word to mother, or should I say moms
I drop bombs, scorchin niggaz like napalm
Sucka, boy, get off my shit
Get off my dick so what I make butter hits
You better change your behavior, battling Gangstarr
No religion could save ya
My religion is rap, R-A-P
R-E-A-L-I-T-Y, G
Cause when I rock street kids rejoice
I got mad rhymes, still

[Refrain]

So when you think you know the whole you don't even know the half
You're not a threat to myself, and neither to my staff
Not the type to really dance too much, although I used to
Rather bust a fresh line, and get loose to
The blunted ill types of beats Premier makes
Makes your girl's rear shake, let me set it straight

[Refrain]

Some rappers use hooks to this shit
But if you took that shit out
and you took all the music out
What would remain? The voice no doubt
Bless my soul I control
when in pimp mode
My bank roll expands
I invest in my man
I plan, to keep rap real
so if your shit ain't fat then kneel
You squeal, feeling pain from my oral flex
what about oral sex, which chick's next
To open wide and get a chunk from a real brother
Yeah, some real funk from a real brother
They get sprung and most of them don't recover
But I don't diss em I just talk to em
Cause the sound, of my voice, it does a lot to em

So you and, the niggaz right there
Be aware, like SWV, I'm right here
Waitin to correct your ass
And if you don't follow now I'll disrespect your ass
More Vicious than Sid, do a crime with no bid
I tell a bitch that I didn't when you know that I did
Take a trip to a land a-far
Then come back, and people still know Gangstarr
See I'm the ladies choice
Cause I got crazy styles, still

[Refrain]

[Outro: Guru, Shug]
Oh shit Shug, whattup
(Whassup money?)
Just loungin, about to go do this shit in the studio
(Oh yeah, you just let me get on that shit
You always said I could get on, you need to let me get on that)
Word?
(For real man)
Yo man
(Don't front on that shit)
I'm sayin yo, if I let you get busy, youknowhatI'msayin
you can't be dissapointin me
(I flip shit, I'ma flip shit on this)
Aight man, let's go

Gang Starr Lyrics

"F.A.L.A."

(feat. Big Shug)

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die *[x3]*
[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"

[Big Shug]
Word to Joe Frazier, got ta do what pays ya
Give a nigga pain, like displasure
But close your hips in, nigga you can't win
I walk around, with a scowl and a grin
Parties try to rock me, chicks try to clock me
Niggaz try to block me, but they can't stop me
I'm a bad man, understand where I come from
Treatin niggaz dumb, as I drink my rum
I'm a mad man, I get respect with the Tec
Put punks in check, Shug's on the set
I'm the one with the game, the twelve round
CRACK to the concrete, from the underground
I'm a bad nigga, how do you figure to take me
You cannot break me, so don't mistake me
for your brother, I'm not a punk motherfucker see
I did my time, and now I'm FREE
I'm a dope one, ready to rip and wreck shop
I will not stop, I won't be dropped by the cops
I'm bad, understand me with the game I kick
I got crazy bitches like a Trojan on my dick

[Guru]
Yo Hobb we got more rep than Lucky Luciano
Suckers we wet to the sound of the dope piano
This is something you can't handle, here's one example
I got your head as a trophy up on the mantle
Each and every sect we wreck, the crowd's electrified
Mystified, you get dissed, when you try, you die
Fish niggaz, they get fried upon my skillet
I kill it, fuck it, my shit is on hit
and hittin you blaow (BLAOW) so what you wanna do now?
You stepped up, I whacked ya, you crept up, I smacked ya
Got infinite length, with the strength of a real master
If you don't bow down now you'll get plowed down now
You know, like POW

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die *[x3]*
So Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die
Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die *[x2]*
[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"

[Guru]

Word to Mike Tyson, hit you quick like lightnin
Swing my left jab first, and then come in with the right
Cold deck ya, nah I could never respect a
punk like you, you get dropped like one two
and you're out son, just like a one round bout son
The outcome, is that you'll get that ass hung
Easily, swiftly, you'ew stupid you can't get with me

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die *[x2]*
I said Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die

[Big Shug]
Fumin! HEAHHH, I'm boomin down on niggaz
I figure, how could they take out a big nigga
They don't know, so I don't never give em a clue
That's you and you and you, and oh yeah you
You can't get with this or take me down
I'm always laughin HA HA cause you punks are clowns
Since I'm passin emcees, with my skill
I'm up on the hill, and I force them dudes to chill
Rippin up shit as I do, because I'm violent
That's why when I walk in the room, punks are silent
My name is Shug, as if you didn't know
I'm pimpin hard, and punks are just a hoe

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die *[x2]*
I said you Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die
Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die
I said you Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die
Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die *[x2]*
[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"

[Big Shug]
Yea yea that's Shug for ninety-three
I wanna say whattup to all my people, yaknowhatI'msayin?
We got the Guru in the house, and my man Lil' Dap
Showin motherfuckers where we're truly at
I wanna say whattup to my homegirl, my main girl and my kids
Whassup Kerry, Marie and Lisa how y'all chillin?
I know y'all in the motherfuckin house too, yea!
I like to say whattup also, to all the peoples back home
that know what time it is, and the niggaz tryin to get real
And on that note, right
I'ma get the fuck up out of here

[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"
[DJ Premier cuts and scratchs this line to the end]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Comin' For Datazz"

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

[Guru]
I hit the chicks with the nice round heinies
Play a hoe like a hoe, play a sucka like stymied
Try me, and you'll descend into your end
Never thought it could be you well think again my friend
My pen illuminates, and dooms the fakes
You're soon to break, you're strawberry like shortcake
I'm in that ass with my Timbs all day
You couldn't tarnish my rep, so you crept away
Just behave and be a good son -- or else
I'm bringin the noise cause most emcees are puns
I used to chill in Roxbury now I'm comin outta Brooklyn
Herb niggaz are assed out, y'all get tooken
or taken, and that's word to all rude bwoy Jamaican
I swing bitch, yes I'm crankin
Just like an Alpine, a deadly rhyme, brand spankin new
Pumped to put some lead in your crew
A hollow point shot, cause your weak shallow point's
not hittin -- should've gave up from the beginning
But since you're bluffin with your tape that's trash
Tell your peeps that we comin for datazz

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

Whose that lurkin in the dark with the hoodie strapped;
puffin on a blizz, mellow meditatin black?
I ain't impressed cause the rest they fess
Sometimes I wanna flip, clap a hole in they chest
but I lay back, as I prepare for the payback
And drop the master rhymes with the mad crew from wayback
I stay back, I watch, the whole job, you botched
Couldn't maintain, it's like your brain just stopped
But the Gang is on the prowl kid like Lector
Paint a logo with your blood so you niggaz remember
the Chain and the Star, mysticle and never typical
The average rap group, ain't even equipped to go
head up, I'm dead up, you ducks could never last
You fakin jacks, we comin for datazz

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

I heard some hardheaded punks wanna see me
Jealous of a nigga just because he's on TV
You know the video shows that you be watchin
Call up and request so you can see it more often

My persona sheds more light than a nova
Cause niggaz are soldier, yo this war, it ain't over
And ain't no stopping like McFadden and Whitehead
You might get dead, fuckin around like you do
Pursue the knowledge that's available
Before your chump-style game and your punk friends fail you
Gonna dissect your brain for a minute
Look at your puny ass world and what's in it
Nothin, that's how long you've been frontin
I figured by now that you've come up with somethin
But you're still the same snake with my name on your mouth
Wanna know what I'm doin, wanna know why I shine?
Cause I'm the rebirth, so now you gotta see me first
I kick more facts than paperbacks for research
and knees hurt, next you feel em bucklin
The huge pussy look on your face reveals the sucker
inside of ya, because I checked the way you're ridin the
jimsome, better sing more than a hymn son
Never sustain the true pain of my wisdom
Never be able to touch GangStarr
True indeed, I believe in takin my words far
Across the seas and deserts, through the trees and grass
And if you ain't on point, then we comin for datazz

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]

GANGSTARR
GANGSTARR
GANGSTARR
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
MOMENT OF TRUTH

Gang Starr Lyrics

"You Know My Steez"

[Guru]
That makes me know that, we we we we're doin
We had the right idea in the beginning
And and we just need to maintain our focus, and elevate
We what we do we update our formulas
We have certain formulas but we update em (oh right)
with the times, and everything y'know
And and so.. y'know
The rhyme style is elevated
The style of beats is elevated
but it's still Guru and Premier
And it's always a message involved

"The real... hip-hop"
"MCing, and DJing.. from your own mind, ya know?"
"I, I guess right now we should start the show"

[Guru]
Who's the suspicious character strapped with the sounds profound
Similar to rounds spit by Derringers
You're in the Terrordome like my man Chuck D said
It's time to dethrone you clones, and all you knuckleheads
Cause MC's have used up extended warranties
While real MC's and DJ's are a minority
But right about now, I use my authority
Cause I'm like the Wizard and you look lost like Dorothy
The horror be when I return for my real people
Words that split wigs hittin like some double Desert Eagles
Sportin caps pulled low, and baggy slacks
Subtractin all the rappers who lack, over Premier's tracks
Severe facts have brought this rap game to near collapse
So as I have in the past, I whup ass
Droppin lyrics that be hotter than sex and candlewax
And one-dimensional MC's can't handle that
While the world's revolvin, on it's axis
I come with mad love and plus the illest warlike tactics
The wilderness is filled with this; so many people
searching for false lift, I'm here with the skills you've missed
The rejected stone is now the cornerstone
Sort of like the master builder when I make my way home
You know my steez...

[Method Man] "You know my steez"
"Let em know, do your thing y'all" "Keep it live"
[Flavor Flav] "To the beat y'all"

The beat is sinister, Primo makes you relax

I'm like the minister, when I be lacin the wax
I be bringin salvation through the way that I rap
And you know, and I know, I'm nice like that
Work through worldly problems, I got the healing power
When the mic's within my reach, I'm feelin more power
Stealing at least three minutes of every rap radio hour
It's often easier for one, to give advice
Than it is for a person to run one's own life
That's why I can't be caught up in all the hype
I keep my soul tight and let these lines takes flight
The apparatus gets blessed, and suckers get put to rest
No more of the unpure I got the cure for this mess
The wackness is spreadin like the plague
MC's lucked up and got paid but still can't make the fuckin grade
How many times are wannabe's gonna lie?
Yo they must wanna fry, they can't touch the knowledge I personify
I travel through the darkness carrying my torch
The illest soldier, when I'm holding down the fort
(*[Method Man]* "You know my steez")
You know my steez...

"Let em know, do your thing y'all" "Keep it live"
[Method Man] "You know my steez"
[repeat x4 with very last line modified as follows]
"The mic..."

On the microphone you know that I'm one of the best yet
Some punks, ain't paid all of their debts yet
Tryin to be fly, ridin high on the jet-set
With juvenile rhymes makin fake-ass death threats
Big deal, like En Vogue, here's something you can feel
Styles more tangible, and image more real
For some time now, I've held the scrolls and manuscripts
When it's time to go all out you be like, "Damn he flipped"
Now I'm sick, fed up with the bullshit
Got the lyrical full clip, giving you a verbal asswhip
Don't trip it's the gifted prolific one
Known as Bald Head Slick -- why is the press all on my di-dick?
My style be wilder, than a kamikaze pilot
Don't try it, I'm about to start more than a friggin riot
Styles unsurpassable, and nuccas that's suckas, yo
Them motherfuckers are harrassable
For I be speaking from my parables and carry you beyond
The mic's either a magic wand
Or it gets tragic like the havoc of a nuclear bomb
Then I grab your palm, no pulse you're gone
And if you thought we'd lose our niche in this rap shit you way wrong
I stay up, I stay on, shine bright, like neon
Your song's, pathetic, synthetic, like Rayon
Fat beats, they play on, want dope rhymes, put me on
Word is bond... you know my stee

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Robbin Hood Theory"

[Intro features Elijah Shabazz from Muhammad Mosque No. 7]
Peace Brother Elijah
Hey peace Guru, how you doin?
I'm maintainin
Just been thinkin though man
about the situation for today's youth man, the seeds man
What's your opinion on that?
Mmm that's strange I was thinkin the same thing
Somethin I read in the holy Qu'ran how it says
"Has thou seen him who belies religion?
That is one who is rough, to the orphan."
And no matter what we say our religion is
whether it's Islam, Christianity
Juddaism, Buddha-ism, Old School-ism or New School-ism
If we're not schooling the youth WITH wisdom
then the sins of the father will visit the children
And that's not keepin it real...
that's keepin it - WRONG

[Chorus: Guru]
Now that we're gettin somewhere, you know we got to give back
For the youth is the future no doubt that's right and exact
Squeeze the juice out, of all the suckers power
And pour some back out, so as to water the flowers
This world is ours, that's why the demons are leary
It's our inheritance; this is my Robbin Hood Theory... Robbin Hood Theory

[Verse 1: Guru]
I seek Sun, deceive none, for each one must teach one
At least one must flow and show the structure, of freedom
It's me Dunn, cause petty things we don't need 'em
Let's focus to create somethin great, for all that sees them
They innocent, they know not what they face
while politicians save face genius minds lay to waste
If I wasn't kickin rhymes I'd be kickin down doors
Creatin social change and defendin the poor
The God's always been militant, and ready for war
We're gonna snatch up the ringleaders send em home in they drawers
But first where's the safe at? Let's make em show us
and tell em hurry up, give up the loot that they owe us
We bringin it back, around the way to our peeps
Cause times are way too deep, we know the Code of the Streets
Meet your defeat; this is my Robbin Hood Theory... my Robbin Hood Theory

[Verse 2: Guru]
I floss my rhymes like dentals, my mental's presidential
from the wild ghetto districts to the plush resedential

Essential, would be the message that I send you
I meant to, elevate at every venue
Pops told me to pursue what is true, and nothing other
And nowadays I pave the way for troops of my young brothers
Necessary by all means, sort of like Malcolm
Before it's too late; I create, the best outcome
So I take this opportunity, yes to ruin the
Devilish forces fuckin up my black community
And we ain't doin no more interviews
til we get paid out the frame, like motherfuckin Donahue
We're taking over radio, and wack media
Cause systematically they gettin greedier and greedier
Conquering turfs with my ill organization
Takin out the man while we scan the information
You wanna rhyme you best to wait son
You can't even come near, if you ain't got our share
You front on us this year, consider yourself blown out of here
Yeah... by my Robbin Hood Theory

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Guru]
God is Universal, he is the Ruler Universal
For those who can't follow that spells GURU when in my circle
I see all sides of my culture...
Design my thoughts like a sculpture
And chumps they wanna get with me cause I'm another entity
I'm sent to be, leadin the army of the century
Mention me, and snakes will retreat, eventually...
... due to my Robbin Hood Theory

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Work"

(from "Caught Up" soundtrack)

Are you working?
What kind of work do you do?

Uhh...
("Boy, what is it you want to do when you grow up?)

Aiyyo I'm gonna be on ti-dop, that's all my eyes can see
Victory is mine, yeah surprisingly
I've been laying, waiting for your next mistake
I put in work, and watch my status escalate

Now I'ma start collectin props, connectin plots
networkin like a conference, cause the nonsense is yet to stop
Jakes shake me down, haters wanna take me down
Break me down, CLAP all they heard was the sound
Yo I scoped it out, I took your weak dream and choked it out
Your bitch don't really got no ass, she just poked it out
on the deelow, I'm sayin, you versus me though?
We can do this shit right here, in front of your people
See time is money kid, and BS walks
And to me, it's funny kid when you meet heads talk
I see Feds stalk, they wanna dig up the dirt
Son is it me they hawk, cause I be puttin in work Son?

Aiyyo I'm gonna be on ti-dop, that's all my eyes can see
Victory is mine, yeah surprisingly
I've been laying, waiting for your next mistake
I put in work, and watch my status escalate

You cornballs get stonewalled, blackballed I own y'all
The veteran, runnin my plan I'm the better man
Crazy raw, doin my job like the mob
Blazin y'all, and disappearin in the fog
or a mist, and chicks can't resist what I kick
They be beggin for attention or some more of the dillznick
Word up baby, someone may have to get hurt up baby
Shit is mad shady, but I got to get the gravy
Platinum respect like the force of a tech
keep you hittin the deck, feelin heat in your chest
Bangin your thoughts with the hot onslaught
A kid got shot on the spot for goin where he should not
Viciously, I make history, instantly
Those other lame ass loser ass niggaz, they can't fuck with me
I'm doin my thing now, to lamp later on
Paid in the shade, with some fly gators on
But now I'm grimy as they get, mud on my pants and shirt

I bet you niggaz out here know, I be puttin in work

Aiyyo I'm gonna be on ti-dop, that's all my eyes can see
Victory is mine, yeah surprisingly
I've been laying, waiting for your next mistake
I put in work, and watch my status escalate

[DJ Premier cuts and scratches] "For the qualified pros"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Royalty"

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

[Greg Nice] "Gangstarr has gots to be the sure shot"
"and it's like dat" *[Primo scratching]*

"GangStarr" "Represent"

[K-Ci and JoJo] Ohhh yeah

[Guru]
One of the meanest and the cleanest
And still I'm kind of feindish when I'm at this
Been doin this for eons, peons best to catch this
vision of excellence, precise rappin ability
Bout to make some dead presidents, macking a million G
The money though, it's got people actin funny yo
As soon as some niggaz get some light, they be like dummies yo
Products and puppets and pawns, gettin played out
When authentic niggaz step up, respect be layed out
Major effect to your sector, I'm the corrector
Live and direct, waving my mic like a sceptor
Supreme exalted, universal leader
Descendent of the kings and queens, the overseer
The overlord, cream of the crop, creme de la creme
Spent years buildin with cats in the streets, so they my men
Again, GangStarr has done it
Remember too much jewels back in the days? You'd have to run it
Check it, the ground be hot under our feet
So we be listening to beats to keep the cypher complete
Wether you kids be holdin, on the block all day
Or you be puffing lye, out in the back hallway
Or whether you being schooled, or in the library
Wherever you are Baby Pah, realize that your essence
is divine son, and let it shine son
As we refine son, aiyyo, this shit'll blow your mind son
We're royalty

[Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo]

Wherever I go
I want to take nothin less than the best
Whatever I choose, I choose to do
I have to stand out from all the rest
Whatever I do, wherever I go
I want to take nothin less than the best
Whatever I choose, I choose to do
I just wanna stand out from all the rest

[Guru]
And all the girls they want to spoil me
My honey annoits me with oils G
After work she greets me, and treats me like royalty
Works with me, giving herself, by my side
She don't sweat me for loot, my fame, or my ride
A lot of ladies out there, be lookin lovely
But they don't got no control of the their life, inside they're ugly
Word to Bugsy, and to Red Alert
Sway and Tech, and Funkmaster Flex to make your head jerk
Chicks go beserk when they see us in the spot
K-Ci, JoJo and Primo, creepin to the top
And to the sweethearts out there breaking hearts
While we're takin part of this hip-hop art
Listen yo, the best way, it ain't always the fast way
And yes the best way, it ain't always to act nasty
I'll open up the door always before you pass me
Baby Doll, because you're royalty

[Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo]

Whatever I do, Wherever I go
I want to take nothin less than the best
Whatever I choose, I choose to do
I have to stand out from all the rest
Whatever I do, wherever I go
I want to take nothin less than the best
Whatever I choose, I choose to do
I just wanna stand out from all the rest

[Greg Nice] "GangStarr has to gots to be the sure shot"
"and it's like dat" *[Primo scratching]*
[x4]

[K-Ci and JoJo freestyle singing]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Above The Clouds"

(feat. Inspectah Deck)

"It has come to our attention that a mysterious force is LOOSE..somewhere in outer space."

"The mysteries of creation are there."

"Up in the sky?" "Up in the sky."

[John F. Kennedy] "The moon and the planets are there.
And new hopes for knowledge and peace are there.
And therefore as we set sail; we ask God's blessing -
on the most hazardous, and dangerous, and greatest adventure
of which man has ever embarked."

"Prepared for liftoff."

[Guru]
I Self Lord And Master, shall bring disaster to evil factors
Demonic chapters, shall be captured by Kings
Through the storms of days after
Unto the Earth from the Sun through triple darkness to blast ya
with a force that can't be compared
to any firepower, for it's mindpower shared
The brainwake, causes vessels to circulate
like constellations reflect at night off the lake
Word to the father, and Mother Earth
Seeking everlasting life through this Hell for what it's worth
Look listen and observe
and watch another C-Cypher pullin my peeps to the curb
Heed the words; it's like ghetto style proverbs
The righteous pay a sacrifice to get what they deserve
Cannot afford to be confined to a cell
Brainwaves swell, turnin a desert to a well
Experience the best teacher; thoughts will spray
like street sweepers Little Daddy street preacher
Illustrious feature, narrator you select
Accompanied by Deck plus the DJ you respect
The seven and a half combine, over the frontline
The ten percenters, promotin slander in the airtime
Bear in mind jewels be the tools of the trade
Sharp veins heavenly praise and dues are paid

[Chorus: Guru]
Above the crowds, above the clouds where the sounds are original
Infinite skills create miracles
Warrior spiritual -- above the clouds
reigning/raining down, holdin it down

[Inspectah Deck]
Yeah; I leave scientists mentally scarred, triple extra large
Wild like rock stars who smash guitars
Poison bars from the Gods bust holes in your mirage
and catch a charge shake em down like the riot squad
Invade your zone, ruin like ancient Rome
I span the universe and return to Earth to claim my throne
The maker, owner, plus soul controller
Ayatollah rest in the sky, the cloud's my sofa
Stand like Collossus, regardless to whom or what
Numerous attempts at my life, so who to trust
Who but us, to supply you with the fire?
The burning truth, 150 Absolut proof
On the mic like Moses spoke in golden scribe
Survivor of the oldest tribe whose soldiers died
I notified families, we shed tears and more
but our hands are the ammo cause the battle's still on
Sound the horn; we come rumblin through the function
Precise laser beam technique to touch somethin
When we die hard, to build the monument to honor us with
Humungous effect in the world - we could have conquered it

[Chorus x2]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"JFK 2 LAX"

Yo
Yo Premier?
Yeah whassup G?
That trip to L.A., may be delayed
Why whassup I'm on my way to the airport now
Yeah well your boy Guru got knocked
WHAT?!
I don't know what this is about, sounds crazy man
Somethin about a gun

"The court calls Keith Elam to the stand.
Please approach the bench."

[Guru]
Yo they got me handcuffed, I'm down in central booking
Things are fucked up, the way my future's looking
But I'm too fly, I'ma change this scenario
Make some power moves and tighten up my bankroll
Chumps are leary though, they see me as a threat
I'm like the black Dutch Schultz when you get me upset
Five-oh makes me wanna flip, Larry Davis style
Got a nigga depressed, while he's awaitin trial
It's OK though, cause from grey skies comes blue
Through darkness comes light and I be known as the Guru
And this I certify we all should be alerted by
the traps within the system, our youth is gettin murdered by
the D.A. says they got me on a felony
I'm tryin to live my life, so what the fuck is you tellin me?
The streets are war, that's what brothers carry weapons for
And I take the weight as I did before
The next thing you know, they got me on the radio
A rapper arrested, suckers showin me on video
Of course I know, that I'm a role model
But yo this rap life is real life sometimes it's full throttle
Right now I gotta think about me fuck the industry
You gets no love, except those who support me
What's the story, what happened when I went to L.A.?
Mixin shit up, no not there I got family
Nothin happened, mind your business yo step
You know we connect, JFK 2 LAX

[Chorus: Guru]

They wanna lock us all up, and throw away the key
Don't wanna see us come up, don't wanna see us makin G's
Long as we know this is the key to our destruction
Let's make moves no discussion

[Guru]

Peace to my man Hass, and Orange Man payin the cost
All the twenty-five to lifers all my brothers gettin tossed
into the system, supposed to rehabilitate
It's why you gotta regulate your own mindstate
Read, study lessons and build your inner power
The next level, doesn't tolerate cowards
For example, I know this rich Nigerian
Powerful American that's proud to be an African
He asked me why do all us brothers be gettin trapped
I told him I'd explain it broke it down in a rap
Whether you got naps, braids waves or no hair
Without esteem for yourself nigga, you goin nowhere
And you can swagger like you rule this; Josey Wales
unorganized revolt almost always mostly fails
Give up the savage ways, be effective soldiers
To elevate the mental is to be poor no more
There's war in the streets, prepared men know best
Our rhyme as live as it gets, JFK 2 LAX
They're always makin trouble yo, against the righteous
Killin us in cold blood, those beats those vipers
And as I sit feelin the pain in my wrist
I vow to myself that I'ma change this shit
Or at least I gotta try, or part of me will die
And only by action will any ideas solidify
So I inhale, exhale as I ponder
This grown man will make mistakes no longer
I've been there, I've seen how they make us fall victim
to their tricknowledgy, with no apology I diss em
And so I rip facts to dope tracks I caress
You're gonna hear about it, from JFK 2 LAX

[plane lands]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Itz A Set Up"

(feat. Hannibal)

[scratched by DJ Premier] "We got news for ya"

[Chorus: Guru and Hannibal]

[Guru] While they devise our demise, we grow wise
[Hann] Upset the set up, the element of surprise
[both] IT'Z A SET UP
[Guru] It's time to upset the set up

[Verse 1: Guru]
Though they conspire, fake us to make us retire
With the burning desire we make it out of the crossfire
Thoughts are higher, elevating and focused
while the path is narrow, for those like us
Primo beats provoke us to meditate like Zen
With the will and the strength, of a million men
While they introspect, where nothing is met
It's been that way for a while so much has come and then went
But I'm confident, a few, are due to redeem
their respective kingdoms, with an abundance of cream
So if I were to scheme, it would be on a realer dream
Like formin effective teams to filter the smokescreens
You totin in jeans, don't even know the true envy
The man I'm pickin apart, and plus they both were friends to me
Past trivial pursuits like East and West coast feuds
Come against me on the mic, many and most will lose
Like most dudes, I love this hip-hop, and this rap stuff
But I don't like the shows, where the ignorant act up
While some'll be rippin it, they be in the crowd wildin
Flippin on kids, for the chains and medallions
Or the kid they don't like, from a beef from way back
And decide that's the night, perfect time for payback
It's wack for the group, plus the others who came
to see a fat ass show, instead there's bullets aflame

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Hannibal]
Still waters run deep this is leagues in depth
Quiet as kept they slept we crept
Society puts the squeeze on MC's like iron grips of death
From here on in peace and blessings long cherish your breath
Gifted and Rhyme U now how we do, stay true
Follow through lay down the law, cause it's probable and overdue
All systems overdue, my guns know me
I only hold a few my nigga for only a few hold me

Never forget the ones before me, my momma told me
sacrifice for the ones behind me leadin the seeds
Blind leads, black on black, crime to me
Inclined to refine my creed I eat thinkin lead
Conceive to make the beast bleed, enhance thoughts
like tossed trees 'cross the Earth three-fourths
Let my offspring feed all three, corpus delectis cost me
Lost and found on enemy ground, quoted although
they don't know how we get down at sound speed we breed
Mo more confined to blind greed and self destructive deeds
Heed my freedom war cry, of course I'm N.Y.
Hug my peeps that died, the loved ones alive
Reinforce and fly high as I lie so shall I
from New I to Cali next plateau U.N.I.versal
Unleash the black rain
Show em who in control, electro-magnetic
pull on the hole, ill as toters bang out
Til we sittin on swole the strongest way to grow
The only way I know, Underground Railroad on track
No physical or mental chain can shackle that

[answering machine messages]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Moment Of Truth"

No matter what we face
We must face the moment of truth, baby

[Guru:]
They say it's lonely at the top, in whatever you do
You always gotta watch motherfuckers around you
Nobody's invincible, no plan is foolproof
We all must meet our moment of truth

[Guru:]
The same sheisty cats that you hang with, and do your thang with
Could set you up and wet you up, nigga peep the language
It's universal, you play with fire it may hurt you
Or burn you, lessons are blessings you should learn through
Let's face facts, although MCs lace tracks
It doesn't mean behind the scenes there ain't no dirt to trace back
That goes for all of us, there ain't nobody to trust
It's like sabotage, it's got me ready to bust
But I can't jeopardize, what I have done up to this point
So I'ma get more guys, to help me run the whole joint
Cultivate, multiply, motivate, or else we'll die
You know I be the master of the who what where and why
See when you're shining, some chumps'll wanna dull ya
Always selfish jealous punks, will wanna pull ya
Down, just like some shellfish in a bucket
Cause they love it, to see your ass squirm like a worm
But just as you'll receive what is coming to you
Everybody else is gonna get theirs too
I ain't no saint, therefore I cannot dispute
That everyone must meet their moment of truth

[Guru:]
Actions have reactions, don't be quick to judge
You may not know the hardships people don't speak of
It's best to step back, and observe with couth
For we all must meet our moment of truth

[Guru:]
Sometimes you gotta dig deep, when problems come near
Don't fear things get severe for everybody everywhere
Why do bad things happen, to good people?
Seems that life is just a constant war between good and evil
The situation that I'm facing, is mad amazing
To think such problems can arise from minor confrontations
Now I'm contemplating in my bedroom pacing
Dark clouds over my head, my heart's racing
Suicide? Nah, I'm not a foolish guy

Don't even feel like drinking, or even getting high
Cause all that's gonna do really, is accelerate
The anxieties that I wish I could alleviate
But wait, I've been through a whole lot of other shit, before
So I oughta be able, to withstand some more
But I'm sweating though, my eyes are turning red and yo
I'm ready to lose my mind but instead I use my mind
I put down the knife, and take the bullets out my nine
My only crime, was that I'm too damn kind
And now some skanless motherfuckers wanna take what's mine
But they can't take the respect, that I've earned in my lifetime
And you know they'll never stop the furious force of my rhymes
So like they say, every dog has its day
And like they say, God works in a mysterious way
So I pray, remembering the days of my youth
As I prepare to meet my moment of truth

[From Who's Gonna Take the Weight?:]
"You should know the truth and the truth shall set you free"

[Guru:]
Yo I got one lyric pointed at your head for start
Another one, is pointed at your weak ass heart
Now if I pull the trigger, on these fully loaded lines
You're gonna wish I woulda pulled a black nine, I mack dimes
Crack the spines of the fake gangsters
Yeah the biting trifling niggas, and the studio pranksters
Yo looking at the situation plainly: will you remain G?
Or will you be looked upon strangely?
I reign as the articulator, with the greater data
Revolving on the TASCAM much doper than my last jam
While others struggle to juggle, tricky metaphors
I explore more, to expose the core
A lot of MCs, act stupid to me
And we have yet to see, if they can match our longevity
But anyway it's just another day
Another fake jack I slay with my spectac' rap display
Styles, smooth but rugged -- you can't push or shove it
You dig it and you dug it cause like money you love it
The king of monotone, with my own throne
Righteously violent prone my words bring winds like cyclones
Storming your hideout, blocking out your sunlight
Your image and your business, were truly not done right
Throw up your he-Allah-I now, divine saviors
You got no hand skills there's no security to save ya
No pager, no celly, no drop top Benz-y
I came to bring your phony hip-hop to an ending
My art of war will leave you sore from the abuse
Cause you must meet your moment of truth

[Guru:]
They say it's lonely at the top, in whatever you do
You always gotta watch motherfuckers around you

No one is untouchable, no man is bulletproof.
We all must meet our moment of truth

Gang Starr Lyrics

"B.I. Vs Friendship"

(feat. M.O.P.)

[GangStarr's "Who's Gonna Take the Weight?" plays in the background]

[Guru]
It's like, a friendship, and a business partnership
And, we have to always be concious of the difference
between em; because y'know, some things can happen
that'll ruin one or the other, so
we alwa-we always stay concious of those things
Those obstacles that can, y'know trip us up
because we ain't trying to go out like that

[Primo scratching fades in gradually]
"friends" "business" *[x3]*

ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHRAHHAHHH!!!
C'mon! Motherfucker! Yeah! ...
GangStarr! GangStarr! M.O.P.
Ghetto people!

[Guru]
Son you're supposed to be my man, but you ain't wise enough to realize
this is B.I., see I wanna taste the whole cake
Some things in this industry, shit be so fake
Make no mistake, if you're my man you'd understand
about the plan, to stack hundreds of grands (That's right!)
And how to stand, on much more acres of land
And to expand from the days of goin hand to hand
So like I was CEO I do my thing son
and turn this underground rap thing to my kingdom
Release a fistful, of rhymes for the fiscal year
MC's are wishful fuckin with this here
They stuck with the tear, for fear they foresake a brother's love
it's clear -- I'd have to be the better man I'm thinkin
The 7th Letter Man ain't got no time for petty speakin (uhh)
So we go our seperate ways I see the fork in the road
I know I blessed you with a portion of gold
and some good fortune to hold, so KEEP THAT
while I keep it movin, just like truckloads
of interstate cargo, taxin niggaz like U.S. embargoes
You my man like I said so all the best
You shoulda known we do shit differently than all of the rest
Can't afford to let a link be, loose in the chain
It's time for us to get mad more, juice in the game
You're buggin son (that's right) that's word to Billy and Fame
So I'ma stay the game, that we play to win (Yeah!)
So I don't care what you say to her or say to him

The object son, is to excel and lead
And niggaz be bluffin fallin for nothin but greed

[Chorus: M.O.P. and Guru]

[M.O.P.] If it's animosity
[Guru] Let me know
[M.O.P.] If you plottin to stop my dough
[Lil' Fame] Time to go!
[M.O.P.] GangStarr, M.O.P. nigga
[Billy Danze] Tryin to blow!
[M.O.P.] If you my man you could understand!
[x2]

[Lil' Fame]
I'm true to myself y'all, and I'm a down ass nigga!
So don't fool yourself, clown ass nigga!
I always been the type of cat that'll put it on ya
since back in the days when Laze snatched me off the corner
And every since then, the whole game changed
Everybody's against, Lil' ass Fame
They wanna see me stretched out with my back smokin
Left for dead in the street with my back opened
So I don't keep friends I just roll with
niggaz I was RAISED WITH, went out in a BLAZE WITH
In the penile, to B.ville, down to Grayson
And we thick together, in these last days kid
So I don't have what you call friends
cause when it's on then they gone in the end!
But I'ma handle my business indeed
Cause niggaz be bluffin fallin for nothin but greed!

[Chorus]

[Billy Danze]
Hey yo what happened to the love soldier? It never crossed my mind
that you would doubt my love inside and test my pride
I divide, anything that I got
with my M.O.P. staff -- WE ALL AND WE OUT!
To the First Family loyalty, is no game
We them type of niggaz that, money won't change
We all aim, for the big picture
but to me it don't mean shit if your dogs ain't witcha
I sacrifice my main arteries -- WHY NIGGA?!
Ain't nobody never loved me, like my niggaz
See my business is my friendship and my friendship is my business
Can I get a witness?! (Preach on nigga!)
Hey yo we went through all out wars, half-assed tours
Travelled 'cross this land with heavy contraband
(See you my man!) And you ain't never got to
second guess or question the love of William Danze (Sho' nuff!)
I am invaluable, to my niggaz
cause they all rest there in thirty-two -- BETTER THAN NOTHIN!

Think of William when they start bustin, I hold you down
(When them body parts pop up cousin) I'll be around!

"friends" "business" *[repeat x6 to fade]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Militia"

(feat. Big Shug, Freddie Foxxx)

"There's a bulletin - state police, Princeton Junction"

"The militia...
Certain individuals of unidentified nature
is now under complete control"

"Hip-hop is not, what it is today.."

"It's the real *[echoes]*... it's the (militia)"

[Verse 1: Big Shug]
If heads only knew how I felt about the rap game
They'd relocate, and change their fuckin name
I eradicate movefakers, roll with coat shakers
Give dap to mad money makers
Shared cells with lifetakers, have sex with rumpshakers
I make moves so I'ma earthquaker
I've been known to instill fear
Although the world may be round, we still trapped in the square
City light, got me buggin and trife
Some die by the gun, some die by the knife
It's alright, like a game of spades I'm trump tight
Premier hit me with music to ensure that it thump right
And my flight, will be taken solely at night
Cause that's when the freaks come out, no doubt
And in the dark hours is when I will shower
with the knowledge of my trade to get paid
Still I make moves like a snake in the grass, roundabout
I be dickin it down while you be assed out
Puff mad L's but never passed out
And if I'm caught up in a jam I blast my way out
There'll be no lettin up, just straight shuttin up
or we'll start the wettin up
Lyrical infrared sceptor never miss you
Big Shug, Guru, Freddie Foxxx, The Militia, militia

[Chorus: Freddie Foxxx]
Everybody's spittin it, the rhyme is hot
Cause it's Big Shug, Guru, and Freddie the Foxxx
When Premier bring the beats, no it just don't stop
It's The Militia *echoes*

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Guru]
Yo; I ain't one to succumb to no man, but to command

And scoop up the troops when it's time to take a stand
Emphatically, deep strategies leave casualties
I creep gradually, til everybody knows
that I got more flows than Rosebud got hoes
The anger inside had me trapped
til I got geared up with raps to tear you up like big gats
for big stacks, watch your back when I send em in
Caught you tremblin, my name and face you're rememberin
Several attempts, but nah bitch, you'll never win
Rhymes pierce your skin or maybe limbs we'll be severin
Take you to the mat, peep that, you should keep back
My ill-kid format will lay you flat like a doormat
that I walk on, I meditate while you talk on
And gossip, so I drop my hot shit; fully loaded glock clips
So get the fuck out my block, kid
As nights turn to days, days go back to nights, we be speaking it right
And keeping it tight up in the street life
I meet life, head on, no holds barred
Born with a heart of gold, now mostly cold and scarred
En guard, choose your weapon, or get to steppin
Lyrical bullets make you dance from the trance you be kept in
Assessments are made before, and during combat
I master my hunger, blow the spot when I bomb cats
One of us, equals many of us
Disrespect one of us, you'll see plenty of us
Conflict, is what I predict
You and your fellas is mad jealous, attempting to flare
We cleverly stalked ya, your fam'll miss ya
The war's on, that's why we formed The Militia

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Freddie Foxxx]
You niggaz owe me for my rhymes, I come to collect
For you dope fiend niggaz in rap, I here to inject, check
My style is water baby, spread it around
But when you niggaz don't flow it right and fuck up my sound
I get down; in '89 I spit the buck in the face
of every MC that came in the place, a scar you'll never erase
MC's are only recognized for their flows
I'm worldwide for the bitches, that I turned into hoes
You heard me spit it on Jew-elz, that's how it goes
For all them faking ass niggaz and how I bust up they nose
And while your, nose is drippin, and drainin blood
I be standing over you screamin, "Nigga, WHAT, WHAT?! Nigga WHAT?!"
Niggas feel my presence, like I'm right in they palm
Cause a stormy day is coming, when you see me so calm, it's on
No more twin glocks, they jam up my plays
Now its twin .40 calibre Walther PPK's
I'm in the control of my game, you must respect me like The Ref
Uh-huh, you disrespect *gun clicks* you get the tech
I turn you fake niggaz on and off, like I'm the clapper
I rob so many niggaz, they should call me Jack the Rapper

I'll the illest nigga doing this, dead or alive
Gloria Gaynor on you motherfuckers, I Will Survive
You can try to come at me, but do you want the kick back?
You snap inside the cage of a pit, and you get bit back, huh
My war is so tight, my drama so ill
Beef with me hangs around like a unpaid bill
I push these lyrics through any MC, and make it burn
So the niggaz who be rhyming next, will miss a turn
When you speak of who's the dopest MC, I don't come up
But when you speak of who's the livest MC, I stay what up, what's up?
I got stripes while you got strikes and bogus mikes
Do what bitch niggaz do best *UTFO sample* bite
You niggaz can't make up a law that I don't overrule, overthrow
Prim' brought Bumpy these tracks so I can let you know
Before I slide I'ma leave you this jewel
Even mechanics walk around with they tools
It's the Militia

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Rep Grows Bigga"

You do your first bid and dirt to get your name known
You never talk too much to get your spot blown
Now you're no longer just a face in the crowd
You're gettin so much respect that niggaz might as well bow
And movin up with your hustle like you planned it
Rakin dough like the world's greatest bandit
Always got one eye open, for the stick-up kids postin
So much cream chumps they can't understand it
Ladies flock to your jock like it's golden
Curious, to test the weight you be holdin
but you ain't got no time, to be chasin felines
If she's the chick that you pick then she gets chosen
People treat you like you're ghetto royalty
And all your staff shows you utmost loyalty
You paid your dues, refuse to lose in this scenario
The rep grows bigga, you're a legend and a hero

Your fame has gotten larger than your life
You've got a harem of bitches and killer niggaz that's hype
They got your back, but you so fly you don't need em
You shit what you're eatin so you don't peep the proceedings
They start schemeing, feeling that you're too swollen
and that's the reason why your cash and stash gets stolen
You start perspiring, because you're paranoid
Still another confrontation that you couldn't avoid
Prepare for drama, as if you were a stunt man
Back in the days you was a forty and a blunt man
Today you're a Willie, now the weather's too chilly
New York City ain't the place to be frontin
Over your shoulders day and night's where you look
Your so-called fam ran a scam, and you got shook
Go back to square one, better go talk to your son
See reps grow bigga in the life of a crook

Years ago, we were new jacks to this scene
Showed some effort, made fat records, but still saw no green
Know what I mean? They tried to stifle us
Nigga you could not believe how really ill and trife it was
Fed up so we headed on a serious mission
Wishin, that we could better our position
Two businessmen, Guru and Prim', we enterprised
Too strong to be stepped on, creatively wise
The dedicated ministers of underground sound
When we're doin our thing, you know we don't fuck around
No matter how bizarre and different you think you are
your team wouldn't dream of competeing with GangStarr
Premier in the rear with the beats and cuts

And Guru with the mic ready to tear shit up
Take us out the game nigga? How you figure?
The name is well kept, and the rep just gets bigga

Gang Starr Lyrics

"What I'm Here 4"

"Tell the people what you're here for"

[Intro/Chorus: Guru]
It's the message in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic, aight?

[Verse 1: Guru]
I take action the minute that the crowd gets hype
I'm type crashin, down like a meteorite
I'm Bogart-ing, mics and whole stages
Destroying MC's dreams, from words to whole pages
Their rapbooks, look more like scrapbooks
with their fictional fairytales and frail ass hooks
A lot of shit has happened, since I started rappin
There's been enough beef, and enough gat clappin
There's been mad signs, for this brother to heed
and while some choose greed, I choose to plant seeds
for your mental, spirit and physical temple
Bob your head to it, there's the water you've been lead to it
Bathe in it, a long time you've been cravin it
Prance to it, use your third eye and glance through it
Your state of being, becoming advanced through it
While others rhyme with no reason I be breezin
Their mics I seize them, then I try em for treason
I used to always like to hang out
Now I lounge in the rest writin bombs while tracks bang out
I know you peeped me in the club then
but now I'm in your speaker, with the voice that you're lovin

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Guru]
Peace to the young ladies, who wanna bone me much
And peace to my nigga Premier, with the golden touch
I never fall off point, like DeNiro in Casino
Peace to Black Gambinos and all my peoples
dig the steelo -- I'm fightin wars you know
as in the Jihad, most humble, most merciful
That's because I be God, I trog through fogs, puffing logs
MC's muttering menial madness, they get mobbed
Scarred and barred, and then, banished from my fuckin kingdom
You got a fly one bring one, or else I come to fling some
exquisite exotic exciting type shit
Enough to make the real heads wake up and get hype quick
I'm type slick, known as the God Universal

Kick rhymes without rehearsal, I cross the burnin sands
Now I stand here with virtue, of course I could hurt you
simply with my point of view, and I knew
that many would come, that's why I've chosen
to cut off pathways, and there's no runways or doorways open
for the jokers who ain't focused
And all the fake mercenaries get buried by the tongue of terrifying fury
Nothing's blurry, fuck it I got no worries
Hearts and minds, shine bright light with insight
Yeah sense my birthright to set up cyphers with power
cause mad shit ain't right, like punks in the spotlight
who can't freestyle, sometimes I make my peeps smile
by sayin somethin crazy wild
like some shit off my dome, that be soundin
better than the next man's whole album..

Gang Starr Lyrics

"She Knowz What She Wantz"

This jam is dedicated
to that woman that knows what she wants
and just how to get it, word up

She knows what she wants *[x2]*
Yo, she knows what she wants
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

She knows what she wants
Yeah, she knows what she wants
She knows what she wants
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

She knows what she wants, she's bold so she flaunts
her hourglass jewels to mad clientele
Rejected oh well, she ain't goin to no hotel
Not the frantic freak type, but if you speak right
you get to take her out and dig her out on a weeknight
Weekends, she wants to spend your ends
Her shopping spree is colossal, attitude semi-hostile
Mack diva senorita, no reefer, no pizza, just
shrimp and lobsters, champagne and mobsters
Suckin up the cream like a vac to a carpet
Strictly black market now you're her next target
Watch out... cause yo she knows what she wants

She knows what she wants *[x2]*
Yo, she knows what she wants
She knows what she wants and just how to get it

Spotted her in the club, with her crew nearby
Her looks are a lullaby, to pass us by, she's too fly
Never gunshy, hair is blown dry
She craves a wiseguy to help her gain amplify
So when you say, "Yo baby," she ain't gotta say hi to ya
cause prior to this, he put rocks on her neck and wrist
plus a fat joint on her finger
You best to have a batch of scratch and treats to bring her
And if you happen to luck up and get in
You'll find yourself another jealous trick-ass boyfriend
And furthermore the mink she's donning is stunning
Blinding your senses Dunn, never put the two
before the one son...

"It's the lesson well learned"

"It's going down!"

[scratched] "It's the lesson well learned"

"It's going down!"

She knows what she wants *[x2]*
Yo, she knows what she wants
Yeah, she knows what she wants and just how to get it

Never fall victim to a chicken you was stickin
Even if you think the punanny might be finger-lickin
Never fall victim to a wicked woman's ways
"Why son?" She's trying to get paid, check it
One: She said she wanted to give me a son
Two: She said she didn't like my crew
Three: She never ever cooked for me
Four: She was my cheri amore -- YEAH RIGHT
It was all hype, I needed more insight
In retrospect, I know I slept from the first night
She did a split and that was it
Gave up my pimp license, and flipped my whole friggin script
But now I'm back like the Isley's moving wisely
Sizing up the situation, keeping honies waiting
Cause I got more to do, than to be sucked dry
This tough guy, will get by, while the chickens wonder why
I don't be callin cause it's like Ex to Next kid
I know what I want, and just how to get it
like her, no disrespect Miss

Gang Starr Lyrics

"New York Strait Talk"

"From New York straight talk, America's best" *[x3]*
[Apocalipse] "Yo I'm not new to this I'm true to this"
"Word up!"
"From New York straight talk... America's best"

[Guru]
Yo, it doesn't make sense, for you to compete against
this New York vibe that gets your whole body tense
Calm down, listen to a brother who knows
Cause the rappers out here come up with mad different types of flows
Switch-up, change-up, yo pull the range up
so we can build on this shit, for real that's how we came up
Used to ride the subway trains back and forth
Now I push an E-Class, four-two-zero of course
Still material gains, make one more aware
of all the madness and the civil unrest that's out here
I doubt there, is anyplace more complex
You can get lost in the sauce, New York'll have you vexed
Who's next to get served, herbs'll get knocked off
Burning flammable rappers, is how I get my rocks off
I pop your top off as if you were the bottle
then I'll drain all your fluid, you're better off playing lotto
Bright lights, big city and the dark alleyways
New York we get the money all day everyday

"From New York straight talk, America's best"
[Apocalipse] "Yo I'm not new to this I'm true to this"
"Word up!"
"From New York straight talk... America's best"

[Guru]
True if you can make it out here, you can make it anywhere
That means a lot of rappers, they should stay away from here
cause we still care, about the total artform
Niggaz could sell more records but they still can't flip a live forum
Plus everybody out here ain't talkin true shit either
Mad niggaz is fakin jacks, I don't like them neither
But the competition keeps me on point
that's why I lamp in the studio composin fresh new joints
from the streets, Medina, Manhattan, Staten, P-Lawn
The struggle continues, everybody wants to be on
The rat race, makes this lifestyle fast paced
I've loved it since the days of fat shoelace
Screwface me all you want, but I'm used to it
I'll never give up rep in New York, I'm true to it
From forty-deuce to Queens, back to East New Yi
We takin no shorts, and plus we showin no pity

Bright lights, big city and the dark alleyways
New York, we get the money all day everyday

"From New York... straight talk..."
"Yo.. I'm.. not.. new.. to.. this"
"America's best" "Word up!"
"From New York straight talk, America's best"
[Apocalipse] "Yo I'm not new to this I'm true to this"
"Word up!"
"From New York straight talk... America's best"

[Guru]
You get bent up, sent up creek, without a paddle
You wanna battle? Well I live in New York
so think twice blink twice now your Roley and Lincoln's gone
Don't come into this rap game if you don't belong
You won't be on but for a minute anyway
You're just a scavenger, you don't live this life everyday
Rap is regional, so you can check the demographics
Everybody represent where they live, cause shit is drastic
confusion, while I'm givin rappers contusions
And people don't realize that real hip-hop is losing
They wanna shut us down, and I say, "Shut up clown!"
Cause New York is too corrupt and too tough to lay down
and just quit, cause MC's out here kick serious lyrics
And I come to you, with my infinite spirit
Not takin nothin from your hood or your set
But GangStarr could be a threat, in New York we rep
That's where it comes from, that's why you're feelin it
So why supress it, I'd rather be revealin it
Bright lights, big city and dark alleyways
New York we get the money all day everyday

"From New York straight talk... America's best"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"My Advice 2 You"

Yo yo Gu-rizzi, yo
Yo whassup son?
Yo man, youknowhatImean? I need this money man
Get up out in these, in these streets man
Yo, so what's the deal God?
I'm sayin, what you need though?
Yo let me have like, two or three, three G's man
I'm sayin, I'm sayin son man
You know what happened last time though
I gotta do what I gotta do man, I gotta eat man
Whassup man? Oh your baby momma stressin you? ...

Way past the days of the deuce me and you stays a crew
Only a few percent knew what me and you went through
We've been sent to dominate, these corny come-lates
and set this crooked rap shit straight from Crenshaw to Castlegate
Like Pete and CL, I reminisce over days
from the streets of Boston to New York and all the ways
for certain niggaz to blow up, and crime paid
But my praise goes to the most high
Cause some nights I got so wild yo, I almost died
Some stuff I got into, really scarred my mental
Pops wasn't tryin to hear it, cause of what he been through
Still, like my nigga Havoc said, sometimes you gotta
hit your crew off, so they can make some bread
Cause no matter the weather, niggaz be needin cheddar
And things in this world are more fucked up than ever
So let's make this bond to keep this hip-hop strong
You a man Baby Pop you know right from wrong
So stay out of trouble, and that goes for me too
That's what we need to do, that's my advice to you...

You remember what happened last time, when you got knocked
Doin your thing, sewin shit up on the block
You need to stop, fore you get caught again
or you get shot and I lose another friend

"Any man with the plan is precise with his life"

"Think twice"

My advice to you, cut down on champagne and booze
For a nigga like me, most time that shit's bad news
It's like lightin a fuse whether it's sneakers or shoes
cause somebody always wanna step up to start a feud
It's like Set-tin It Off but not the movie
Plus let's get some real women forget floozies and the groupies

Cause they spell mad problems from Watts to Harlem
And the bullshit won't stop long as the world's revolvin
And I recall when niggaz knew my pops had clout
But they didn't know my sorry ass was gettin kicked out
And they was seein if I wanted to come bubble with them
And make my ends triple and double with them
And get in trouble with them, now memories of them
I wear em in my heart like a emblem
I doubt we'd ever be bigtime sellin dope coke or dust
It's killin us, let's take our people and make a exodus
Annhilation, inhilation through the lungs
or extermination, by the use of dirty guns
Triple beam dreams and drug schemes of mad cream
could be a sad scene when you go to that extreme

"Any man with the plan is precise with his life"

"Think twice"

"My advice is to you..."

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Make 'Em Pay"

(feat. Krumb Snatcha)

[Guru]
First and foremost, some rappers are sweet like fructose
When I cock back these lyrics, y'all punks best be ghost
I be the seven twenty-one, eighteen twenty-one
The illest one, I'm almost doper than anyone
Straight out the late nights of Bed-Stuy
Steppin up, y'all put your weapons up, I make heads fly
You're artificial like saccarhin
You're crazy fake, it's more than skills you be lackin in
Concepts you bite, cause your identity ain't tight
Tryin to be somethin you're not, like pullin a knife at a gunfight
I'm troopin on night air like flight number 106
and gettin all up in your fuckin mix
You get me upset, and I got you uptight
cause my committee's in your city tonight, AIGHT?
We got seventeen million of us plus, two million Indians
That makes 19 mil, lightin shit up like Wild Bill
I be the, supreme father plus the ill kid with drama
My karma, creates the teflon to pierce your body armor
And make sure you check the shit before you walk to me, or talk to me
Steppin to me improperly, you just may catch the weaponry
My specialty is tearin tracks out the frame
You know my fuckin name, I rule all game
I'm universal on all planes, what's your claim?

[Guru]
Yo, I be your highness, in slickness, you chumps bear witness
Tremendous tropper, verbal nigga witht he fitness
Drop you for your spot with the blazer then I blast ya
Slice precise like ?fenny hanas? when I come to bring the dramas
Styles so swift, that you can't peep the God
as your lyrics get buried, six feet deep in my backyard
I laugh hard, while your mental I run through mazes
Dark stages of terror to shatter your dressing room mirror
Your whole error gets crushed, your whole show gets bumrushed
Too many dumb punks, want to enter this rap scene
Kickin Willie Bobo, but need to be slapped clean
into oblivion, the true champion always rises
I bring surprises to the chief plus their advisers
Size me up, and you will find nothing's larger
Catch more wreck on your dome, than a deranged fuckin barber
So what you made some dough, you best keep on scramblin
All your vanity, is instantly crushed, when I start handlin
Demandin that you pay, for your weak rhyme display
Coast to coast, I break the fakes everyday

[Krumb Snatcha]
I see myself as the black Rap Messiah
Colossal spreadin my gospel through electrical wires
Spit fire through speech, so I can reach each and every
Tom Dick and Jerry slippin like petroleum jelly
Too busy in the limelight, can't rhyme tight
I got divine right to bring y'all to light
Somethin ain't right, to be an MC, you gotta thug
Or to thug you gotta be an MC, this shit is bugged
Show love but few; deal with crew and crew only
And think universal like Sony
Phony pounds and fake hugs is usually avoided
Give a fuck like Pizza Hut I got to stay Noyd-ed
Cause that same nigga you trust, could be that same cat
behind that gat that bust, quiet ya, with the silencer
Keep it hush, ashes to dust, then dust to ashes
Nowadays it's who pull out the fastest, imagine this
rap shit without this gat shit, or the phony cat
in black talkin bout how much his Mac spit
But this year, GangStarr got changes bein made
No wack shit bein played no fake macks gettin paid
No Versace MC's, with a mouth full of Mo'
Soundin like a hoe spittin that old-fashioned show flow
I bombshell that pastel Chanel rap through a Maxwell
Ever since young Krumb, was taught to rap well
Goin deep, process of thought, when my eyes closes
Awaken with interpretive robe and sandals like Moses
Travellin high sands and Eastern lands for the answers
Ignorance is spreadin through the streets like it was cancer
Too many drinkin not thinkin, when behind that trigger
A 38 escalate the murder rate, for us niggaz
it's like, microphone roulette cause nowadays MC's is gettin wet
over someone else's fake gangsta rep

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Mall"

(feat. G-Dep, Shiggy Sha)

[Intro/Chorus: x2]
Make money money - GO SHOPPIN!
Take money money - GO SHOPPIN!
No matter what the weather, winter spring or fall
We'll be doin it... "at the mall"

[G-Dep]
Yo what the deal cousin, gave him a pound now we huggin
in the mall thuggin, buggin, spent a few hundred
Shorties must be lovin, shit, jigg to my Wallow's
They watch like Movado so I floss like I'm lotto
You ain't loungin, til you've been countin by the thousands
Profilin, pushin more weight than your medallion
We be wildin, lockin blocks down just like the Island
Dough pilin, we keeps it in the family like Italians
Ballin, cop some Charles Jordan and some icebergs
Ice herbs, nice curves, girlfriend with the white fur
Pushed up, feel her like some shots of Tequila
Said her man's a dealer, with all these bags from Antilla
He got to be, but you hot to me, you under lock and key?
Laid it down properly, this cat at Stern's watchin me
Moved on me sloppily, prepare for the fallout
with gats to blow the wall out, clear the mall out

[Chorus]

[Shiggy Sha]
Yo, don't be mad at me, I used to be
King Raggedy, fiends naggin me, shit I had to breathe
Gradually, rocked casually, Sha passed the leave
Vaseline slick shit, green stick shit
Honey got some mean lipstick, my knot's this thick
And I cop the meanest shit, still ride DISCUS
but cops frisk us, the block whispers
Theft need to stop, how we cop
but you can Guess like them jeans you rock
For now I'm rollin right, cause I had four faces
fightin four cases in North Face of Dolemite
So if he's here I ace the toners out my holdin tight
Shorty lookin innocent there, in Benetton gear
Nuttin innocent here, this ?henneson gear?
Give us a year, to really see clear, through these Cartiers
And do it party yea is what I'll probably hear
Sharkskin is what I'll probably wear, designed by Pierre, trust me
And look lovely with it
Cop a 4.2 and get ugly with it, snugly fitted, ruggedly hittin

Fitted in my Coogi knitted, compliments on the doobie did it
Got the movie rented if the crew be with it yo

[Chorus 1/2]

[Guru]
Most times I'm casual, but easily I switch
to some fly shit, like some silk suits by Paul Smith
And purchase some kicks by Kenneth Cole
Cop a Hilfiger, or Polo goose, for when it's cold
Armani, and Gaultier specs cover my eyes
The definition of jiggy so you best to recognize
At the mall, I'm baggin up, much more than gear
Victoria, be whisperin mad Secrets in my ear
She wanted me to knock her in the back of Foot Locker
I chuckled as she kicked more game than soccer
Others try to copy, I see em when they mock me
Baseball cap bent, the fresh scent is Issey Miyake
All the way from Green Acre's to the Beverly Center
heads turn, and I'm the main concern when I enter
At Albee Square, niggaz wouldn't even dare
with that fake thuggish ruggish when them Brooklyn kids be in there
Saw ?newriqi L? and then a sweet for my girl
Stylin, on the cell phone smilin, it's my world
Can't forget the Avorex, pocket for the royalty checks
My crew be showin loyalty, plus utmost respect
Yo son, go pioneer them bimbos, while I get some Timbo's
Later on that night you'll find them nymphos
That's how it goes cause mad heads be in the mall
Let's breeze, we got a show, plus I got another phone call

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Betrayal"

(feat. Scarface)

[Intro: phone conversation]
Yo what up son?
-Yo what up kid?
Yo, you holdin your head up?
-I'm tryin to man, but the system is shady
Word man they always man, they always tryin
to keep a good brother down, but I'm sayin
We still, you know we got love for you son
and we prayin for you and we, you know
we tryin to hold it down wh
you know while you in there man
-No question
Hopefully they won't keep you in there for too long
-Yeah, for real, I sure love be out in a minute, you know?
-But you know what I want you to kid? You know what would
-be the bomb man?
What's that?
-You need to do some shit with Face man
-Bomb on niggaz, be shady man
Scarface?
-Yeah man
Yo that's my nigga, yaknowwhaImean
-Scarface is tight son
Yo that's a good idea word is bond
I'm gonna talk the play in tomorrow (yeah) and
see about if we could hook up wit him
-That's proper

[Hook: Guru]
Scandalous, money greed and lust
In this trife life, there ain't nobody you can trust
Plus there's no justice, it's just us
In fact, watchin' yo back it be must
And each and everyday around the way gats bust
And jealous so-called friends'll try to set you up
It's called betrayal

[Verse 1: Guru]
Check the horror scene
The kid was like twelve or thirteen
Never had the chance like other kids to follow dreams
Watched his father catch two in the dome and to the spleen
Nothin" but blood everywhere, these streets are mean
They spared his life, but killed his moms and his sister Jean
Of course over some drug shit
Hi spops was on some ill-out, spill your guts, on some thug shit

Didn't know his boys was on some shady ass no love shit
His pops got played out though, with silencers they laid him out yo
Took his stash and all the cash and left 'em, tied up on the couch yo
With tape over his mouth, so he couldn't cry out
cause his dad was the nigga with clout
Survival of the fittest so they split his wig no doubt
Despite the stocking caps he noticed the same cat, who used to give him doe
and taught him, to use the same gat
Supposed to be an Uncle,fam and all that
He could tell it was him 'cause he wore the same slacks, he wore when
he took him to Meadowlands racetrack
Why did he flip and go out like that?
It's called betrayal

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Scarface]
A Betrayal
Punk ass niggas
It's called betrayal

He on a mission to become a ball player
Flip big Benz's, flossin all gators
Had it all mapped out,6-8,12th grader
Fresh outta school, he fin' to go lay paper
He had abrother who was hustlin collectin his change
Never let his baby brother stick his neck in the game
Told him all he had to do is just enjoy the ride
And he ain't have to worry about money cause that's in time
So now he's pacin as the time moves slowly
Can't wait to face Shaquille in the paint and school Kobe
Kept his grades and stayed up under naighborhood functions
And then a group of knuckleheads came through dumpin
So now he's sittin on the sidewalk bleedin
Fell into a puddle of his own blood and stopped breathin
And everybody in the neighborhood still grievin
But destiny caught up with his ass and he got even
And all the cryin in the world ain't goin to bring him back
his brother, sittin at the wake wipin tears from his mother's eyes
Why'd the game have to go and take the young boys life
Only the wicked live shife, payin the price
while he's starin at the shell
his brothers soul wants hell the trigger man made bail
and you, wouldn't pay the boys mail, and sacrificed the fuckin family
That's betrayal
Betrayal *[echoes]*

[Hook]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Next Time"

[Intro: Guru]
Word is bond, these cats been on the mic fantasizing a LOT
So called MC's, wannabe rappers and all that, whatever
You get your knot rocked kid, yo

[Chorus: Guru]
You thought you brought your best lines, but they couldn't touch mine
I rocked you in your knot hope you have better luck next time
[x2]

[Verse 1: Guru]
So just perhaps, you wanna challenge my style of rap
Talkin bout you bust caps, we know that's just a pile of crap
The underground is where I dwell at
It's where I find my heaven, and where you find your hell at
You're in my clutches now, you get slit up and lit up
just like some Dutches now, see I'm hard to define
My mind travels far, from ghettoes to galaxies
representin GangStarr -- The street life
The reason why my mic ignites, I bring more ruckus
than a nightclub fight, or bar brawl
I'm swingin lyrics like broken glass palm to skull y'all
Hold your head, cause all that weak shit is dead
See the times are changin, and me and my peeps is gettin crazy fed
So remember when you writing your rhymes
Stop fantasizing, and bring some real shit next time
Yeah, bring some real shit, yo

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Guru]
Yo, I do what I have to do to master you and capture you
Until you recognize, what my rapture can do
You thought I wouldn't step up, to keep my rep up
I ain't them other kids, I don't need to play no catchup
I got too much pride for this, I know some niggaz
that'll ride for this, with me it's do or die for this
Street knowledge, intellect and spirituality
My survival package, as I deal with reality
I'm like Fishburne in Hoodlum when I come to do em
Chew em up, spit em out, the most respected no doubt
You seen me in action so act you been knowin
The G-U-R-U, of the Gang, I've been flowing
just like the river Niger all the way to the Hudson
Had so many lyrics stashed, and I couldn't wait to bust some
Lately, I've watched this game evolve and elevate
So now I push my music like drug dealers push weight

Straight like that, straight out the gate
Cause it's never too late, to set this fuckin record straight
But it is too late, for you and your crew son
You had the audacity to come against me, the gifted one?
And Primo with the tracks, to inspire my next line
You've got no wins here, so better luck next time

[Chorus: cut short in 2nd repeat at "I rocked you in your knot..."]

Yeah yeah
Better luck next time
[LL Cool J] ("Not this time but next time")

Gang Starr Lyrics

"In Memory Of..."

I'm not sure about any of these names

Mami Mary, Mary Coleman that is
I love you, rest in peace
You still here though
Word up
This goes out to you
Mary Parker, Loretta Randall
Grandfather Bill
Runy Manuel, Robert N'Blangio
Uncle C, Alicia Elon
Giovanni

[Guru]
To my man G.O.V., I remember how you used to be
You were the illest man alive now I'm reading your eulogy
Eyes so serious, you told me hold my head
Pursue this rap shit and go forward never backwards
While you gripped Tec's tight, and ran niggaz out of town
I ripped up mics, showin wack niggaz how to sound
Still your essence, was callin
By two gunshots, at close range, your frame had fallen
Now like a angel you've risen
And you will stay in my heart, and yo I wish you were still livin
Word... this is in memory of

I'm not sure about any of these names

Zachary Bro, Cousin Paula
Harry O-Fives *[Biggie Smalls]* "Rest in peace"
Yeah, Sam-O, 183rd
Joshua Faust "Rest in peace"
Brian Brown y'all, yeah

[Guru]
To my man Brian B, I remember how you used to be
You were the flyest in the club with three bitches doin rub-a-dub
You was the pimp of all panderers
GQ, Johnny Presley, fuckin up the elegances
So many hookers on your schedule
Slammin Cadillac doors and mackin whores on the regular
You used to boost, the slickest of suits
Climbin through the back windows on the bus, you was ill Dukes
Until that chick you vicked, for the Cutlass
started snillz-niffin ki-daine, and went to cut cha
That freak shanked you six times in your sleep
I wish you was here, cause your philosophy was mad deep

Yeah... this is in memory of

Keith 'Cowboy', Scott LaRock
Prince Messiah "Rest in peace"
Buffy, the Human Beatbox y'know
Tupac Shakur "Rest in peace"
Pinkhouse, Sub Roc
O.G. Boo Bang, salute! "Rest in peace"
Seagram's, Killa Black from Mobb Deep
Biggie Smalls, yeah rest in peace
Lance Owens y'all

[Guru]
To all my brothers doin time, whether or not you did the crime
You know the system is devised to keep you deaf dumb and blind
Like Scarface said, them cats are smart
In order for things to change we must all play a part
It's easy for us to blame society
But now it's way too late, and we must take responsibility
To all my brothers in the streets
I know you feel you gotta hustle cause your peeps gotta eat
Makin moves right and exact; don't wanna see you layin flat
Don't wanna see ya catch a bullet black
If we don't build we'll be destroyed
That's the challenge we face in this race of poor and unemployed
Freud, a philosopher, but I'm a realist
So philosophize this, without love we won't exist
To those who passed out there, in the deserts and the jungles
with pain on their shoulders, and heavy bundles
I pray each one will, ascend to new heights and new enlightenment
And this is why I'm writin it
Yeah... this is in memory of

I'm not sure about all of these names
Linnet Grinnich, Cookie Murray
Yeah "Rest in peace"
Ross, Laverne La-La Eyelif
John Hood "Rest in peace"
Kevin Fredricks, Donny Charles
Leslie Clark, and Will Clark "Rest in peace"
Tommy Saunders, Princess Di
Don Clark, Betty Shabazz "Rest in peace"
This is in memory of...
"Rest in peace"

GANGSTARR
DO NOT
BLOCK
the OWNERZ
TRESPASSING
OR FRONTIN'
PARENTAL
ADVISORY

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Put Up Or Shut Up"

(feat. Krumbsnatcha)

[Premier scratch:] "This mic in my hand, I'm rulin!"

[Verse 1: Guru]
Stupid, you know it's time to sit and think, before we hit the brink
Lockerroom, at a prize fight, before he hit the ring
Like when I tell these corporate leeches they can't get a thing
Or when I tell relentless rappers they had better sing
The position that anyone holds could be up to grabs
I'm waitin up the ave to see if anyone folds
Since I was twenty-one years old and legal
I knew the difference between gimmicky gangsters and powerful people
I'm the reason, why the game is flipped
I'm the reason, why your aim is missed
I'm the reason why you're mad I only sprained my wrist
The reason my mindframe is trained in this
You like gunfire? Better acquire the taste
Cuz youf walk aroun' with full pounds by dem waist
Deface property, they be laced properly
Rules are rules, fools are fools, I react logically
Ain't no way, so come, make my day
Like Tom Hanks I earn long bank and +Cast+ you +Away+

[Premier scratching]
"This mic in my hand, I'm rulin!"
"I repeat, this is not a question"

[Chorus: Guru (Krumbsnatcha)]
Oh you brag about the ki's you flipped and who you done up
Nigga whattup? (Put up or shut up!)
Poppin shit about the chicks and the whips you got
You think you hot? (Uh-uh, man - you put up or shut up!)
Always talkin bout your dough and your wealth and fame
Youse a lame (Get out of here - put up or shut up!)
You got hot beats and kids that can spit mad fire?
Youse a liar! (That's whack - put up or shut up!)

[Premier sample:] "This mic in my hand, I'm rulin!"

[Verse 2: Guru]
Aiyyo I've seen the toughest of tough guys, the roughest of guys
Get reduced of their juice against the wall like small fries
All rise, it's time to do the damn thing
I'm all wise, my mind exercise like handsprings
Crazy degrees of difficulties
Remain mackin chicks, O.G. shit, the ten prixs(?)
Please, you know my peoples want a lot, the corner's hot

We gettin love on y'all block
And that's gangsta, but a lot of shit ain't
Believe me it ain't easy like you sleazy niggaz think
Uneasy niggaz blink, when I step to the stage
And don't flinch, don't move a inch, I'm bout to empty the gauge
I've witnessed the bad shit, sickness and sadness
Always dreamed about what I would do, if I had shit
Drop jewels infinite for the blind deaf and dumb
Down with M.O.P. and Bumpy plus I just left Krumb

[Verse 3: Krumbsnatcha]
But I'm back.. ha, fresh out of the max
And I'm gettin at you cats
Aiyyo popped out the beast, met The Ownerz with the lease
Soldifyin contracts over dope beats
Learned a whole lot up in these streets
Like when to talk, when to spark, and when not to speak
I do the one before a gun come out
Plus y'all don't really wanna see Krumb dumb out
A ghetto doctrine to watch every pistol pop
And then while you watchin examine all options
Young bodies in the coffin more often
It stay the same from Brooklyn to Boston
Every interstate, more youth with the inner hate
Deep in the struggle, puttin food on they dinner plate
Hungry W.O.L.V.E.S. that roll thick in packs
And pray on you cats with the gangstafied raps
Extortion, only gettin left with abortion
Pullin out tools on them fools who be flossin

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Werdz From The Ghetto Child"

(feat. Smiley)

[Smiley] Aiyyo I got the dimes that I get, I got the dimes that I bring
[Preem'] Yo, yo yo
[Smiley] Yo Preem', what's good?
[Preem'] What's good man - you still fuckin with that shit son?
[Smiley] Yo, don't even come at me with that bullshit man, whassup?
[Preem'] I'm sayin man, you said you was gonna leave this shit alone
[Preem'] You still on that bullshit nigga
[Smiley] Son.. SON I'll leave it alone
[Smiley] when you come and get ready with this music B, what the fuck?
[Preem'] I'm sayin man, who the fuck you think you are man?

[Smiley]
Yo, yo
Yo gangsta gangsta, O.G. is what you call me
It's like my life is like a never-endin drug story
Make coke, expand, yo you know who I am
Death percentages rises in the hood like grams
Who done it and ran, who blammed on my fam'
Out the window every night, deadly intentions man
Cocked back and ready to fire, hit man for hire
And fuck politicians, nothin but liars
As I build my cream, with self esteem
But drink the water from the streams, of gangsta lean
To keep food on my plate, stick a mac to your face
So I never have to fall off, so you can never underrate
Force pressure, is the techniques of real men
So when you slam the doors, we still get in
It's like demons when, what you fight that you can't see'll
come out your buildin, and get shot drastically
The way of the world, niggaz fiendin to pull it
You either bite the dust, or just dodge that bullet

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Sabotage"

[DJ Premier scratching]
"I want the public to know.. what goes on"
"I mean, look at the situation - be real"

[Verse 1: Guru]
The names have been changed to protect the innocent
Each step is intricate, I rep magnificent
Knew this kid named Ronnie, used to make cash with Caesar
They made a lot of money back in the 80's crack fever
Caesar was an overachiever, a kingpin and 18-and-a-half
He got knocked and left Ronnie to watch the team and the stash
Plus his crib, his jewels, his whip and his girl
And Ronnie's self-interests had him livin in a different world
He rocked Caesar's chains, he put Caesar's rings
Smokin mad wools all day, with Caesar's change
Not to mention he pushed up on Caesar's wifey
A move like that my man, extremely sheisty
It all got back to Caesar in the bing
They found Ronnie's body in the playground by the swings
Anyone can get it, for sure it don't matter dawg
Especially when a nigga tries commitin sabotage

[Premier scratching Guru samples]
"There ain't nobody to trust"
"It's got me ready.. ready.. ready.. ready.. ready to bust"
"It's like sabotage, there ain't nobody to trust"
""It's like sabotage"
"It's got me ready.. ready.. ready.. ready.. ready to bust"

[Verse 2: Guru]
Treachery, deception, it's best to keep a weapon
When you think that they be breddern, they underhand your plan
It's over for the cowardly, we grow more potent hourly
I'm knowin where the power be, I'm schemin to get even
Dissension can occur from within one's ranks
The chain can be weakened, by just one link
Pricks be galavantin from one crew to the next
Musical click-ass niggaz catch two to the chest
My usual guess is that they chose to digress
Disillusioned by greed, causin you to distress
Just do what's best, clean house, leave out
Them punks can't touch what they can't peep out
See I'm a raw nigga, and like my pops I'm a lawgiver
Can't throw a wrench in my game, I'm a boss figure
Take you under my wing, it don't matter God
Dead you if you try to commit, sabotage
Rise for me now, kneel for me now

Time to pass judgment, can't feel for you now
Lay in your bed, accept your fate
Try to clean it up, except you're late
From the streets to the industry, peep the chemistry
It's GangStarr shit, makin a livin see
We put it on and when it's war it's war
Sabotage'll have me dumpin the four *[gunshots richochet]*

[Premier scratching Guru samples]
"There ain't nobody to trust"
""It's like sabotage"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Rite Where U Stand"

(feat. Jadakiss)

"Wh-wh-wh-what can I say? Let me explain this to you..."

[GangStarr]
Yo, I don't even wanna fight with you man
I'll lay you right where you stand
You can catch a few shells
One go right through your polo, man
Usually I'm dolo and I gotta crazy team
Car kissed the ride on you, watch for the laserbeam
Shit, it's that Ol' G Flavor
Remind you of a quarter bodega and that oldie behavior
All point but I ain't tryna scuffle with chumps
My long joints got the culture power plus the double pump
Troublesome, to anyone who stands in the way
I'll stand and I'll spray, FUCK if ya man is in the way
Your girl want me cuz I do it better than you
The whole world wants me nigga, I'ma legend to you
Like LL, Rakim, Ice-T and them niggaz
Like Cube, Snoop and Dre, I'ma be seenin them figures
It don't matter, you don't have to be likin me man
Keep playin, you'll be layin there, right where you stand

[Chorus: Jadakiss]
Gun on my waist, knife in my hand
I keep tellin you cowards, I'ma leave you there right where you stand
I don't wanna talk and I ain't tryna wanna fight with ya man
Tryna get it over quick, leave you right where you stand
Some say I'm trifflin, sometimes I'm rightfully am
But I don't give a fuck, I'ma leave you right where you stand
You just mad, you will never be as nice as I am
D-Block, GangStarr leave you right where you stand, what

[Jadakiss]
You wanna know why I invest all my money into haze and into dope
Cuz right now, I'm currently a slave for Interscope
Respect first, then money - basic shit
If you got niggaz under pressure, you could take they shit
Listen, I'ma leave you right where you stand
Have the ambulance pass ya Timberlands off right to ya man
Cuz he pussy, he ain't gonna do nothin but look
When it come to beef, he don't wanna do nothing but cook
As soon as the chrome scope him, right there, two in the dome
Smokin, Kiss keep funeral homes open
I fall back, smoke an ounce in the dark
Bounce on a Preme track like I bounce on a NARC
Keep playin, y'all niggaz will burn

and you know they say it takes somethin to happen for niggaz to learn
Let the .40 Cal give em a perm
This industry is like bacteria and my flow is a germ
Just mad cuz you'll never be as nice as I am
J to the mwah and I'll leave you right where you stand, huh...

"You gangstas is cosmetic..."
"Keep playin, you'll be layin there, right where you stand..."
"My people from the hood stay on the grind..."
"D-Block, GangStarr leave you right where you stand, what..."
"You gangstas is cosmetic..."
"W-w-w-w-w-word..."

[GangStarr]
I see you got the fear of God in you
We'll tear your heart in two
Too bad you didn't know what you got into
Yeah, the most righteous, till Malcolm got a close likeness
My name carry weight to capitate most vipers
Hot rhymes, spit a dime, hit a case beater
Flow is angry like I'm in your face with heaters
Chasin divas - nah, I don't ever have to do that
P.I. till I die and I laugh at you cats
You happy perhaps cuz you got dough and bitches
But no love from streets only for moles and snitches
Only from the meatlapin, suckers won't see it happen
Cross that line, then it's time for the heat clappin
I do my thing like the whole planet depends on me
I got game to make Janet wanna spend on me
Some say I'm trifflin and sometimes I'm rightfully am
Getcha man, I'll lay him right where he stand

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Skills"

[Intro:]
Skills, skills, skills

[DJ Premier Scratching]
"My Microphone"
"It's Skills"-*[KRS One]*
"The funky beat"
"It's skills"-*[KRS One]*

[Chorus: Guru]
(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital
Spit flows rip shows peep the recital
(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those
Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those
(Skills) It's, the music that the street love
Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love
(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again
Watch as we do it again

[Verse 1: Guru]
It's the, true enliven with a youthful vengeance
And I'm a judge rap is your ass give you a crucial sentence
You need at least twelve jewels to practice
Your too enthusiastic male groupie bastard
Still tryin to convince us some more
Pretendin your raw that's what you need a minister for
Again it's the law got you up against the wall
We the gulliest fuck it then it's us against y'all
Mic skills type grills like I'm Michael Jill
Like when he write for the pill is how I stay for the ill
Slide off kid, and let a grown man finesse it
We bold and impressive that old manifest shit
Some new product from a known team
Niggas know me, and you can bet they know Preme
So here we go for your stereo
And you could tell that it's real when you hear me go hear me go

[Chorus: Guru]
(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital
Spit flows rip shows peep the recital
(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those
Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those
(Skills) It's, the music that the street love
Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love
(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again
Watch as we do it again

[Verse 2: Guru]
You little suckers know better, I go head up
If your man left the joint in the whip then tell him go get it
We hold it down like a holy crown
Fools actin like they know me throw me phoney pounds
Fuck that I'm sittin back like an aristocrat
Shell shocked chief assasin with a whole fuckin list of cats
Thought you was on the case but you missed the fact
The bitch talkin this and that I'm a make it simple jack
I doubled up and tripled that, soldiers where your pistols at?
Life wrong move lose the gift of that
Why they callin us the most consistent?
Most significant ("Once again"-Chuck D) some old slick shit
Fulfill your need and catch joyful rush
Enjoy your dutch haters annoyed with us
Oh boy it's us you know the face in the club
Blazin it up, with my niggas raisin it up for these

[Chorus: Guru]
(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital
Spit flows rip shows peep the recital
(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those
Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those
(Skills) It's, the music that the street love
Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love
(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again
Watch as we do it again

[Verse 3: Guru]
Btohers are amused by other brother's rep
Some niggas pull tecks catch others for checks
All for respect, all for the bread
For the chance of success they might hand him his head
Remain humble cause I know enough
Plus the road is tough especially when you roll with us
But I'm a stay with my peeps, stay in these streets
Rhyme sprayin and I'm playin for keeps cause I got those

[Chorus: Guru]
(Skills) Top rank point blank we vital
Spit flows rip shows peep the recital
(Skills) Now, you feel it when we drop those
Hot beats stop phoes killin shit we got those
(Skills) It's, the music that the street love
Each thug, is now reppin this with deep love
(Skills) Gang Starr duelin again rulin again
Watch as we do it again....(Skills)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Deadly Habitz"

[Guru]
Yeah, bout to talk about some serious shit
Deadly habits, you know everybody's got 'em
Just that some niggaz try to front, try to cover shit up
But fuck that, I be wylin sometimes - you know why?
Cause suckers be thinkin that shit is sweet
Niggaz be thinkin that rap niggaz ain't real, haha
Yeah well that's aight, that's aight
Let 'em think what they want

[Verse 1: Guru]
Yo I'm steady at it, them deadly habits
I pray for the best outcome son, but my dome's already shattered
By the shit that's occurred
Drivin home tipsy from the club, puffin herb, vision blurred
Thinkin bout them niggaz who caught the drop
Who I gotta stop, who he caught, and who still gotta get popped
Stash box, feelin like Fish in "King of New York"
Wifey do her thing for the God, she don't be bringin me pork
Cause there's enough deadly shit a brother be facin
Up in V.I.P., niggaz drinks they be lacin
Got a nigga sweatin pacin, not ready to fall the fuck up
But ready to pull out, and back 'em all the fuck out
And my guardian angel, is always there to protect
And my supreme nature, keeps all them savages in check
How the hell did everything get so twisted
They say be careful what you pray for, so I guess now it's this shit

[Chorus: Guru]
They will never know - what I do to get by
And them many times I almost died
They will never know - all the reasons why I flip
And now I gotta keep an extra clip
They will never know - what this stress is like
And why I'm on point, ready to fight
They will never know - all the pressure and pain
Don't give a fuck if they think less of me mayne

[Verse 2: Guru]
Deadly habits, they could be a number of things
Everybody got 'em, some people do ugly things
Excessive behaviour, it can get the best of you
Trust me, I'm a lot like the rest of you
I got issues, that haven't been resolved
You know like, money people owe me while they out havin a ball
(Mmm) Guess they too got deadly habits
Got me on a mission, to go and merk, each and every faggot

Manager's coked up, A&R's all doped up
Old school style, have 'em gagged up and roped up
Those deadly habits have me losin my cool
But yo the Son can't chill, so I'ma be abusin them fools
Pull the plug on 'em, pull the rug on 'em
Have 'em callin up, all their closest thug friends
Them niggaz can get it too
This GangStarr shit is too deep, to even get into
So fuck you!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Guru]
Fuck you wanna do, we way past 7:30
Be easy, too many brothers seem to go to heaven early
It's hell in these streets, but soon I'm on a hot streak
Who's in the hot seat, who had a felony beef
Yo I beat cases, with different attorneys
And I laughed at the racist DA's, who were wishin to burn me
My mom caught a heart attack, around the same time
News articles were published, around the same time
This depressed me more, but I stayed in tact
And that last corny chick I was with, she got played in fact
I know niggaz that did dumb time, and dumb crimes
I fuck with real niggaz, and never cowards with dumb minds
This country's got us in a fix
America, your deadly habits, got us all up in the mix
War without, war within, holy war, mortal sin
Tell me - huh, what's the origin?

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Nice Girl, Wrong Place"

(feat. Boy Big)

[Boy Big]
You're just a nice girl, in the wrong place
Just a nice nice girl girl, in the wrong place

[Guru]
What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?
You wanna take my chips, I wanna take you on trips
So you can help me, get my money
Go ahead, try it for me here's the story of my honey
I'm the Owner and I'll do more than bone you
Maybe help you advance, like Prince did Apollonia
You looking right I see you hooking tonight
But something about you, got me pushing up tight
Do that dance like Aphrodite cause you mighty
You might be the chick that make me trip just slightly
Ya eyes glisten, your breasts, ass and thighs is hittin
If it ain't love, then this thug is just smitten
I feel ya aura like I'm reading ya horo-
-scope, and I hope that I can see you tomorrow
Remembering your face like this, my Henney chase like this
What you doing in a place like this?

[Chorus: Boy Big]
You're just a nice girl, in the wrong place
And I think I'm diggin you in a major way
You're just a nice girl, in the wrong place
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Whatcha doin in a place like this?

[Guru]
What's a nice girl like you doing here like this?
Busting your heels like this, I know you feel like shit
And you feel like calling the quits, but you need that dough
Paying for school, I can see that yo
You're intelligent, similar to Angelo
I'm understanding you, I got big plans for you
Your whole awaistance got you going places
You chasing money, ain't no funny faces
You're/Your shit serious, niggaz is delirious
I like your little outfit, I like the way you're wearin it
You say your last man was too jealous
You're too young to settle down, girl I'll let you tell it
You're not a video chick, not a groupie bitch
Just an ambitious young woman with juicy lips
Remembering your face like this, my Henney chase like this
What you doing in a place like this

[Chorus]

[Guru]
What's a nice lady doing in place so shady?
Your innocent stare and derriere so crazy
Conversation stimulating, you witty
You got me debating on, taking you with me
I'm in the back drinking Yak, with you on my lap
Give me a dance cause, this is my track
You holdin it down for your whole fam
You wasn't happy with your last old man
Ma, you're doing things your way
You're making your own pay
Gotta have a business of your own one day
Hon it ain't nothing to it, I wanna see you do it
I'll tell you one thing, your last man blew it
A perfect blend of, beauty and brains
It's my duty to explain what you do to me and
Remembering your face like this, my Henney chase like this
What you doing in a place like this?

[Boy Big sings til end]
Now that I see that you be gettin ya money
You look prime time, I know you be gettin ya money
You look so fine, you've changed my mind
And all I wanna know is why, why?

Just a nice girl...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Peace Of Mine"

[DJ Premier]
Aiyyo, what the FUCK is this shit that y'all are listenin to
nowadays on the radio man? You call that shit hip-hop?
THAT'S SOME FAGGOT BITCH SHIT Y'ALL ARE LISTENIN TO!
All you DJ's are lettin the program directors handcuff you
and sit there and tell you how to mix?! YOU FUCKIN ROBOTS!
FUCK Y'ALL!!!

[Guru]
Real talk, serious thoughts
True and livin with a youthful vengeance, yo

[Primo:] "Trust me, I'm as live as it gets"

[Guru]
At times I feel like my back's against the wall
And if y'all ain't with me, then it's me against y'all
I stand my ground, that's what I was taught
While others stand around, I hold it down like a fort
In the midst of war, I find peace within
Run, lock your doors, don't let the beast get in
The mind is a terrible thing to waste
I show love cause it's a terrible thing to hate
Of course I want money, but I won't compromise
Y'all don't realize, think I won't bomb you guys?
With the truth nigga, stop misleadin the youth nigga
Too many wakes and funerals, that's the proof nigga
Our hood's in danger, kids need guidance
You keep lyin, still the young keep dyin
As I walk through the valley I fear none, yes I'm the chairman
Here with my nigga Premier son
And we came to change the game
We represent the pain that's real talk, what's y'all claim to fame?
Rappers simply tracin flows and chasin hoes
Frontin mad hard, that shit's amazin yo
Producers makin Tinkerbell beats for them to rhyme on
Their ass if they get on the same stage that I'm on
Our shit be rugged, like the New York streets
Make the wrong move stupid then you lose your seat
Cats be buyin up SoundScans to beef up sales
Niggaz wanna crossover, wanna be upscale
Fuck that, that ain't hip-hop, that's somethin else
You're better off back on the ave doin somethin else
All you suckers claimin that you are, thug or gangsta
You disrespect the game by dry-snitchin you prankster
I thank y'all for makin more room for us, uhh
Ashes to dust you wonder who's to trust

My sense of self, and my mental health
is much more powerful, than any hint of wealth
A lot of niggaz get cash, and collect Mercedes
But neglect their ladies, and forget their babies
Then the chicks turn and act like dudes
Cause they reflect our light, so yo act right fool
And this is just a piece of my mind, a thesis of mine
I'ma make moves and I'ma leave you behind
At times I feel like my back's against the wall
And if y'all ain't with me, then it's me against y'all
I stand my ground, that's what I was taught
While others stand around, I hold it down like a fort
In the midst of war, I find peace within
Run, lock your doors, don't let the beast get in
The mind is a terrible thing to waste
I show love cause it's a terrible thing to hate

[Primo:] "Trust me, I'm as live as it gets"
"My flow is like.." ".. as live as it gets"

[Primo:] "Trust me, I'm as live as it gets"
[Primo:] "Trust me, I'm as live.."
"My flow is like.." ".. as live as it gets"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Who Got Gunz"

(feat. Fat Joe, M.O.P.)

[Fat Joe]
yeah uh, GangStarr
Crack Man, M.O.P. uh, BX, Brooknam, haha come on
living legends, ya heard me?
yeah uh yo uh

I got seven Mac 11's about eight .38
Nine nines, Mac 10's
man this shit never end
Even if the apple won't spin
I reach in my back pocket and blast you and his twin
Niggaz yellin out the window "Joe's at it again"
But this bastard's got lawyers, keep him outta the pen
I mean feds wanna knock me just cuz I'm cocky
An arrogant fuck, wave "Hi" when they watch me
Can't stop me everytime official
Better find my residuals or this nine gon' lift you
"He was a fine individual" what the papers scriptured
Had him on the front page in his graduation pictures
And they probably never hit you if you brought your glock
Me and my gat like Wilson, we all we got
We walk the scorchin blocks with the hawk on top
Even if the old ladies love to call the cops
I got guns

[Lil' Fame]
You got, he got, they got
M dot, O dot, P my nigga we got guns
Big ones, extra large heat
Humongous shit that won't fit up under your car seat
Pop in a heart beat
Keep the cannon in my reach
Lay you flat on your back like you was tannin on the beach
We keep them damn thangs full of hollows
And I'm from Christopher bitch, bang with the Wallace
Fit raw this nigga you ain't loco
You're buttocks big boy, your heart pumps Sunoco
Brownsville deep in my genes
I show you +bad boy+ for real, keep thinkin shit is +Peaches and Cream+
We'll run you down, MO-Ps hunt ya down
Gun ya down, guns sing like blaow
Raise up cock pot my biscuit for my nigga O.G. had quick shit
We got guns

[Hook]
We got, we got, they got (GUNS!)

Crazy ill, man rowdy
I gots it locked
Bringin the noise, bringin the funk, pop the lock
But only if you feel this shit
We got, we got, they got (GUNS!)
Crazy ill, man rowdy
I gots it locked
Bringin the noise, bringin the funk

[Guru]
Nowadays my priorities ain't based on fun
I'm tryna cop some more property and in case of them guns
Sick society's got Guru protectin his fam
Fuck Prudential, I got my own protection plan
Respect me man, I'm on a mission so to speak
You're too dumb to play your position so unique
I'll trade 'way your meat faggot vacate the streets
GangStarr, First Fam, and TS, we way deep
And even if you had a thought to move on us
Our fire power will devour, bitch you'll chew on dust
Slow death, no rep, hollows have you gaspin
You rich just for you, he got a lavish casket
Call us savage bastards usin all means necessary
It's only customary
It's you we got to bury
We'll dead your homo thug network
Head shots make your head jerk
My marks-men/man on the roof, he's an expert

[Billy Danze]
Who got a problem? It's already been established
I'll come through your town with a pound like a savage
Still throwin down on the grounds that I'm average
Can I hear for a gangster? YEAH NIGGA
It's always some shit but it's always a clip
to re-route your doubts and see what you about
Your homeboy's a snitch and your bossman's a bitch
We takin over these bricks (IS THAT SO?)
Doin underhanded shit, I'll shoot you in your abdomen
You fraud, you're movin like a broad with this faggot shit
And you deserve a hole
in the back of your motherfuckin head the doctor can't fix
on the concrete, we palm heat like soldiers
Spit one in your whip and flip your shit over
Keep in mind whatever the nine spit
It's only as good as the nigga behind it bitch
We got guns

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Capture (Malitia Pt. 3)"

(feat. Big Shug, Freddie Foxxx)

[DJ Premier]
[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"
[Guru] "Listen to a brother who knows"
[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"
"It's the real...it's the Militia"

[Big Shug]
First name vete-, last name -ran
I drop bombs hit you with the curse of ?Jevron?
Broken arms, shattered glasses, whipped asses
I advise you to tell us where the cash is
Itchy fingers cause nothing but gun fire
We disallow all these cats in the camp
We the champs, not really to boast and brag
Bustin' heads, body bags and toe tags
Black mags to blow your whole chest in half
If you don't know the equation then you can't do the math
I know you cram to understand the plan, but you too
Caught up in the rapture, front and we will capture
See men and strap ya, cock back and blast ya
Blow up your fuckin' house while we still lookin' at ya
Militia man...man part three

[DJ Premier]
"Put your money in the bank, and hold rank"
[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"
[Guru] "Listen to a brother who knows"
"I push these lyrics through any emcee
[Freddie Foxxx] and make it burn (burn)"
"Put your money in the bank, and hold rank"
[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"
[Guru] "Listen to a brother who knows"
[Freddie Foxxx] "It's the militia"

[Guru]
Just to feed the babies I'll infect you like rabies
With a lust for the gravy, you know the god must be crazy
I'm sick with it, I'm built with stilts for you midgets
While you fidget, you could get kill't for your digits
I'll creep on the low, keep it a secret yo
I swore an oath to dump on you, out the Jeep window
I don't care if you a geek or a thug, you sleepin' on us
And you could catch it, some royal heat from the snub
Since the streets is watchin' niggaz might see us often
We told you rap cats we would keep it poppin'
See all I got is a lot of bad news for y'all

You're gonna need more than a lot of tattoos on y'all
You got an army, you still ain't got no wins against us
You're gonna need more than doo rags and Timb's against us
And fuck your goons 'cause we always get what we're after
We bought you this book of torture, this one is Capture

[DJ Premier]
"Put your money in the bank, and hold rank"
[Big Shug] "Give a nigga pain"
[Guru] "Listen to a brother who knows"
[Freddie Foxxx] "It's the militia"

[Freddie Foxxx]
There's one ripped out the frame, felony act
Everybody get the fuck up, welcome me back
I'm the unseen hand that controls 200 niggaz
Parked while on the street out of unseen vans
I'm the law of the land, the rawness of man
That'll show up on stage, puffin' on contraband
Capture, duct tape rapture, slapped ya
Served up my Venus and Serenas, cocked back
Clapped ya - to Internet emcees I'm virus
I'm a warrior, niggaz screamin' "Bumpy shot Cyrus"
I'm checked in to every hotel that you lay in
Niggaz come to my suite to pick up heat
Y'all know who wrote the bible in rap, for keepin it real
Y'all know who buck fifty your face, I'm keepin concealed
It's capture, get out the truck, I'm keepin' your wheels
You've ??, 'cause you've got a gun you never conceal
I leave my hardcore demeanor in every rap arena
And underground club that I play in
I spit raw verses that y'all ain't sayin'
'Cause your soul was bought for what they payin'
You wanna have Bumpy's heart you got to have Bumpy's chest
I'll bust right 'till I find just Bumpy left
I'll bust mics 'till I have just enough breath
To take your heart, it's thug grand death
CAPTURE!

Gang Starr Lyrics

"PLAYTAWIN"

[scratching by Premier]
"Y'all cats know we always play to win" -> Guru
"Players get your pay up"

[Verse 1: Guru]
For my respect, I just might have to shut you down
Hang your punk ass from a limb, they'll have to cut you down
See I'm tired of you faggots kickin dirt on my name
While you rap clone phonies only hurtin the game
I'm too persistant, plus I flow too vicious
Bout to expose you hoes, this shit is too twisted
Rappers be actin, like they rich or somethin
When they get robbed like a herb, that's what they get for frontin
I'm in the top ten, one of the best of all time
Been known to drop men - who CARES if the rest of y'all rhyme?
You're mediocre son, you're barely average kid
Your style's Chi-Chi, wanna see me crack yo' cabbage kid?
From the hood to the corporate, give up your goods and forfeit
This is George Foreman style, watch me cook this raw shit
More chips, watch us rake 'em in
And y'all cats know we always play to win

[scratching by Premier]
[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"
"Real.. rough rhymes"
[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"
"Players get your pay up"

[Verse 2: Guru]
I'm hot so they're feelin me, you're not so you're killin me
You're hatin on the low, tried to block my soliloquy
While you spread rumors, I'ma dead you junior
Have your mind blown, poundin your dome like head tumors
Family tradition when I'm randomly spittin
And girls love my voice, they say it's handsomely different
I never won awards, no Grammys and things
Back in the days did sticks, made niggaz hand me they rings
What goes around comes around, they tried me later
But I survived all the thugged out, grimey capers
My concepts caused more panic than bomb threats
Don't take me for granted because I'm calm and shit
Cause when I FLIP, I'ma take over the ship
Controllin this grip with one hand holdin my dick
And you try to counter but you're way too late again
See y'all cats know we always play to win

[scratching by Premier]

[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"
"Real.. rough rhymes"
[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"
"Players.. players.. players get your pay up"

[Verse 3: Guru]
It's the God Universal, Ruler Universal
I'm still goin strong in this game, and you should learn to
R-E-S, P-E-C-T
Or you get fucked up, be-lieve you me
And I ain't the one to be, startin the violence
I'm just the one to be, sparkin in silence
For years I ran with some of the greatest men
And y'all cats know we always play to win

[scratching by Premier]
[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"
"Real.. rough rhymes"
[Guru] "Y'all cats know we always play to win"
"Y'all cats know we always play to win"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Riot Akt"

[DJ Premier scratches children laughing and yelling]

[Chorus: Guru]
Riot act, this is where we really prepare
Riot act, out here we show no fear
RIOT ACT, time to protect our communities
Riot act, real criminals get immunity
RIOT ACT, eye for an eye - so yo who want it?
RIOT ACT, rushin all you cowards who fronted
Riot act, let's bring the power to the people
RIOT ACT, no justice then we gotta come see you

[Verse 1: Guru]
Just like a thunderous gun clap, you wonder who done that
Put you under with one rap, me and the brothers have come back
We'll lash you for tryin that, we know you been lyin cat
So now you be lyin flat, we'll read you the riot act
Whassup you little fuck, get your life right
Cause there's too much goin in the world, and shit ain't quite right
See you're just addin to the problem
Young gun, high-strung, ready to trey-eight revolve 'em
Knot nearly in your waist, you step up in the place
Catch one off guard, he lookin silly in the face
But hear they come with the M-16's
They got teargas, helmets and clubs - knahmean?
It's martial law in these streets
It's like Afghanistan man, it's gettin raw in the streets
Still you demand your rights, I understand your plight
But do the knowledge if you plan to fight

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Guru]
So realize what it is to be oppressed and afflicted
Subjected to sick shit, knowin others live different
FUCK THAT, the streets about to blow again
They forgot, so we gotta let 'em know again
Huh, we'll blast you for tryin that, we know you been lyin cat
So now you be lyin flat, we'll read you the riot act
Soldiers, let's show these cowards what's up
The hood ain't goin for it, let's get ours, that's what's up
Be sure to keep a balance to your fight
And do the math, figure how to use your talents in a fight
Ain't nuttin worse than a rebel without a cause
Ain't nuttin worse than a people without laws
200 million square miles under attack
Reperations for us blacks, hell yeah, they need to come with that

Who's gonna take the weight, and erase the hate
All I know is when we come through, better make some space

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Guru]
A lot of people ain't happy you can tell by their ways
It's growin tense okay, I can smell it today
Tenement buildings house the next killers
While rich diplomats, are purchasin their next villas
But for the scrilla and power, uhh
They'll send some killers to their hood, that are iller than ours
Still niggaz settle beef, with the metal piece
And every block stays hot, like the devil's feet
Incarceration of the mind, police brutality and poverty
These are realities of mankind
And we can't win nigga, if we keep shuckin and jivin
In a minute, they gon' have us duckin and divin
They got bullets for us *[automatic fire]* yeah, uh-huh
They got jail cells and graveyards, they the bullies, not us
We'll blast you for tryin that, we know you been lyin cat
So now you be lyin flat, cause this is the riot act

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"(Hiney)"

(feat. Panch)

Nah you know what we gotta do? We gotta do - HINEY!
The bitch said, "Panch stand behind me
And put that monster in my hiney," HI-NEY!
My dick about killin, never been about game
When there wasn't pussy, there was always my haind
Nine and a half-'ll get you in a dame
Anything less is just a GOD DAMN SHAME!
Check my balls, my shit got blue wrinkles on the face
.. for them bitches who had the nerve to put me out they place
In they HINEY
The bitch said, "Panch stand behind me
And put that monster in my hiney," HI-NEY!
I come through your block, with that one-eye whistle
One hand on the whistle
One.. one-eyed monster hit you
Make it slick, BITCH, my dick game's OFFICIAL!
Lose your weight and, I don't leave you waitin
The world is earthquakin
My balls got yo' ass shakin - it's hiney jack!
UH-OH! HINEY!
The bitch said, "Panch stand behind me
And put that monster in my hiney," HI-NEY!

[imitating the beat] When I bust a nut, it say
[imitating the beat] On her HINEY!

[laughter and applause]

(That's some brilliant shiznit, yo! Aiyyo!)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Same Team, No Games"

(feat. H. Staxx, NYG'z)

[NYG'z]
Yo, do the knowledge to the master build the blow and the spliff
The new millennium, hide them a beef
Gotta watch what I say to you niggaz so I calm my patience
'Cause the shit ain't really pass the statue of limitations
The streets still holler about how strong I am
Niggaz I hurt still holler about how wrong I am
As a little nigger broke, thinking soda and coke
Had me amazed how my steady hand kept in the flow
Let it sit, cool and heart lit, hit the set cool and heartless
In front of the store projects, as long as I made a profit
I see you eyeing me, you fire escape diary
Filled with pages of episodes and shying me
Nonbeliever I hammer for hire
Hit yo ass so hard that your coke will catch fire
Dog the stakes are dyer, I'm no liar
Hold the court and the street beef cause I got pride

[H. Staxx]
Same team no games, these chicks I blow brains
Rap-a-lot soul train the corners rocking cocaine
Got no shame
Trying to blow these figures
Headquarters gone he ain't left he still with us
Not in the physical through us he live
I can seen him with Big L, Pun, Pac and BIG
Watching over the kid like dear shed the waist over
And yelling “Ether”, “Blowout” and “Takeover”
I'm the truth; give you proof and your video shoot
Pull them candors on you while them cameras on you
How you love that
Don't want to blow with Staxx
So go ahead dumb up, make me car crumb up
“It's the Militia”
Yall niggaz don't know about I
Got me heated, frustrated about to blow my high
Me and Benz blazing, Rave got the gauge raising
Sick of talking about it, niggaz ain't on my weight lift

[NYG'z]
Whenever we stand together, down for whatever
Divided we get at you from more angles
Gangstarr forbid, NYG's same team no games
Love is love fame one in the same
Corny style, niggers act strange going against the grain
Don't want to see us on top of our thing, we adapt to change

Fame, fortune and material game, flow natural unrestrained
Let me explain, niggers don't get it until you set it to flame
Subject them to pain, make them respect
The name, the set you rep, connects you get
Stay ready to bang
Steps ahead of competitors that'll test your aim
H. Staxx shoot back splat dang your brain
My foundation bust gats spread there's your brain
Fuck with mine, spat not take the blame
Play it for keeps, we came to win

[Guru]
YO, I'm the Jerry Rice to this, much too nice to quit
And just so you know, we never liked you kid
Since you ain't wanna let niggers eat
I'm gonna convene with my team before
We gotta let the trigger speak
'Cause nowadays yall rappers are carbon
Copies paws are sloppy, still its hard to stop me
Especially when I connect with my man, rep for my fam
We taking back the rest of our land
And we don't really care if they say you are the shit
They playing your hits
We about to make our way in this biz
And let's see if the gimmick last until the next season
In a flash, take your stupid ass out, give me the next reason
Flip for my peoples here, spit for my peoples here
Yeah... time to get rich with my peoples here
Cut of a snake's head, then we break bread
Same team, no games
You underground trying to fake dead

[scratching by DJ Premier repeats]
Let, let, let the games begin

Gang Starr Lyrics

"In This Life..."

(feat. Snoop Dogg, Uncle Reo)

[all (sung parts) in Chorus performed by Uncle Reo]

[DJ Premier]
Word up
Aiyyo Rome' (yo)
Yo life ain't what it's cracked up to be these days, y'knahmean?

[Rome]
Word! Knahmsayin?
Life hard out this muh'fucker, y'knahmsayin?

[DJ Premier]
So you gotta make the best of a bad situation, and hold your head

[Rome]
Knahmsayin? You gotta progress through the struggle man

[Chorus]
[Guru] In this life.. (ohhh, this life)
[DJ P] "You better wake up"
[Guru] In this life.. (talkin bout this life)
[DJ P] "R-R-Remember this"
[Guru] In this life.. (whoah-ohhh)
[DJ P] [Nas] "S-S-Survival of the fittest"
[Guru] In this life..
[DJ P] "I go all out" - "Y'knahmsayin?"

[Verse 1: Guru]
From New York to Cali it remains the same
Bitch niggaz always wanna go against the grain
The strong will survive, the weak shall perish
Y'all need more courage, I keep y'all nourished
Get in line, I let you know right now
You need to slow right down or you get blown right now
From what I see it's systematic how we push to addicts
Demographics make the street life hell or drastic
In the hood we see oppressive genocide
Cause if it's on it's on, you know at least 10 men'll ride
But on the other side, corruption runs deep
I'm aware of the conspiricies, discussion is brief
They're building more prisons, spendin less on schools
On the block Smith & Wess-ons and Teflons rule
It's hard to escape it, certain laws are sacred
In this life my nigga, it's mad hard to make it

[Chorus]

[Guru] In this life..
[Dogg] Money is key
[Dogg] And everybody you see ain't what they claim to be
[Guru] In this life..
[Dogg] I try to do right
[Dogg] I live a treacherous life, I know I ain't right, mm
[Guru] In this life..
[Dogg] You got to keep on
[Dogg] You got to be strong, you got to hold on
[Guru] In this life, heh, I come in peace
[Guru] But still yo, I come from the streets

[Verse 2: Snoop Dogg]
This one's for my sons and my lil' daughter
Peace to JMJ and my nigga Headquarters
A (GangStarr) with a gangster, on a mission
World (Premier), limited edition
My mind keeps driftin cause I haven't had a spliff in
a long time, I'm doin fine, I feel teriffic
I bop up the street, C-walk to the beat
It's cold outdoors, so I got to keep some heat
I never know when a cutthroat gon' try to test me
Disrespect me, things could get messy
Yes he, shoot a good game, like James
I mean Jesse, watch out nigga, heavens to Betsies
The big drum beater
With a car full of heaters and some fly senoritas
In some Stacy's or some Chucks, cause I gotsta keep it G'd up
Run up on the Dogg man you bound to get beat up

[Chorus]
[Guru] In this life.. (ohhh, this life, I'm tryin to make it better)
[DJ P] "You better wake up"
[Guru] In this life.. (I won't have to struggle no mo', no I won't)
[DJ P] "R-R-Remember this"
[Guru] In this life.. (ohhh, this life, this life)
[DJ P] *[Nas]* "S-S-Survival of the fittest"
[Guru] In this life.. (tryin to make it better, yes I am)

[Outro: Uncle Reo]
Oooooohhh, talkin bout this life
WhoahhhOHHHHHHHHHH, this life, this life.. *[fades out]*

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Ownerz"

[DJ Premier]
"One-two.."
"One-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two.." "The maker, owner!"
"Come on, now come on"

[Verse 1: Guru]
Got you quiddear and ski-dared, fearin what we might do
And you can give me all mine in cash, that will suffice dude
In the streets deep, we roll through the city
Looks like it's time to eat, so yo who's with me?
Strictly, we keep it in the best perspective
Cause nowadays it's more than simply live and let live
A sedative, that's what these headcases need
Them rats'll get trapped soon as they taste the cheese
Black M. Casey fan, just pay us and scram
Watch us drop a new supply to up the daily demand
Phony critics wanna retract shit, once I spit again
And since we didn't finish the job, you gettin hit again

[DJ Premier]
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two, one-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two, one-two" "The maker, owner!"
"Come on, now come on"

[Verse 2: Guru]
You fuck, you didn't listen when I told you before
When it comes to dope tracks, we be holdin the raw
Do somethin stupid, and you'll be left holdin your jaw
Put you punks on blast for not knowin the law
Don't deny yourself, learn to apply yourself
Or end up by yourself, I multiply the wealth
I got the titles, deeds, licenses and policies
Complete ownership, Don Gurizzu they call me
Primo said that we should just, lock it all down
See the bigger picture, so we can profit all around
Now everybody's ridin the dick, once I spit again
And since we didn't finish the job, you gettin hit again

[DJ Premier]
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two, one-two, one-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two, one-two" "The maker, owner!"

"Come on, now come on"

[Verse 3: Guru]
I be the owner of this style, owner of this talk, owner of this art
Peep the gully way that I walk
Many say that I rock, others hate but they jock
Now we racin the clock, po-po casin the spot
Call me greedy cause I feel like takin a lot
Vindication, cause they be fabricatin a lot
From Cali to Canarsie, penthouse to the lobby
Roxbury to NC, Century Club to envy
Bout to take over the action, you know it's bout to happen
Cause our shit be hittin, and yours is plain ol'fashioned
I had no choice, but to spit again
GangStarr motherfucker, and you just got hit again

[DJ Premier]
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two, one-two, one-two, shots to the chin.. knock you out"
"One-two.." "Devestating!" "On da mic"
"One-two, one-two" "The maker, owner!"
"Come on, now come on"

"Come on, now come on"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Zonin'"

[Inhaling and coughing]
[Premier] Yo, you alright man? .. You zonin?
[scratched:] "I.. I speak that.."
[Premier] what's the deal?
[scratched:] "I speak that re-real shit, just listen"

[Verse 1: Guru]
Yo I pop your lid, I got to live
I ain't tall but I can show y'all what a problem is
I like to zone, I'm nice with chrome
I keep a vast stash of Magnums cause I like to bone
I play the game, I stay the same
But I can switch styles, pick files, I'm like gravy train
Shot the witness, got the bitches
Still in the streets with my heat about to shock the business
I handle biz, I cancel kids
Just like Allen I'ma show 'em what "The Answer" is
I'm after props, I spaz a lot
And yo I'm deadin all the bullshit 'til my casket drops
You know me boy, you owe me boy
You wanna end up in my trunk dyin slowly boy?
I'm confident, I'm on some shit
Cause I been knowin already you was on the dick
I'm zonin

[Chorus x2: DJ Premier scratching]
"Down with the Foundation"
[Guru] "Step into my zone, mad rhymes'll stifle ya"
[DMX] "No time for games cause I'm, all grown up"
"I speak that re-real shit, just listen"

[Verse 2: Guru]
It's conspiracy, you hearin me? That's why I get love
And still got others fearin me
You never know, who's next to blow
And since it's me, I'ma stash me some extra dough
Got extra flow, chicks give me sex and dough
Need I, mention P.I. player let me know
I'm down with dis, I founded this
So you should recognize the true authentic sound of this
The golden voice, holdin toys
But not playin, Guru and Preem', we like the golden boys
The chain and star, I'm angry pah
Cause you fucks ain't wanna give us what we aimin for
You stupid son, I shoot my gun
From the heart fool, you know that's where this music from
Protect your dome, respect the throne

This is Guru and Premier, and you can bet it's on
I'm zonin

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Eulogy"

[Child's voice]
"word up kid!"

[Premier]
Yeah L.B., Bryan Moier
I miss you man rest in peace
To Endeara Bishop
Rest in peace little lady
To Claira Stewart
I love you Aunt Ploute
To the coffe boy Arden Franklin
Rest in peace Res
My nigga Headquarters
Head up eyes and ears open
Word is bond!
Jam Master J, Big L
Big Lee, Flamboyant for life
Aaliyah, Mad Mark
Boogie down Bronx
P. O., Left Eye

[Guru]
The emotions that one goes thourgh, over a loss of a loved one
Or friend then, knowing the cost of rebuilding and carrying on
It gets so damn hard in this modern day Babylon
And disease runs rampant, so many men carry arm
So many have a lonely painful road to travel on
Mothers losing sons, improper use of guns
Children go astray because their parents were abusive ones
I used to run with the illest guys
Thourgh the realest eyes
I seen the realest and the illest die
The cycle continues, so many times the good ones
The young ones
So many misunderstood ones
Remembering their faces and voices
And when the wise man said
Life is full of choices
Some get caught up, others are innocent victims
All I know is they were close to us, and that we miss them

I'm not sure about any of these names

[Premier]
Easy E , Big Pun
Lil Bro, East New York
Dorothy Clark, Sydney Clark Junior "Rest in peace"

Clarence Elam, Charles Elam
Omar Pitts, D. J. Threat
Big Mellow, D. J. Screw
Aunt Nettie "Rest in peace"
Uncle Frank, Harold Guy
Poetic, Gravediggaz
Fred Jordan, Ted Dimmy
G. B. Greg Box "Rest in peace"
Taheim Cambell
Watch over your big brother
Bumpy Knucks
Yeah!
Harry Stricklin, Merla Santana "Rest in peace"
Rod Roshodm, Gerald Wichard
Huey Beckam, Marie Clem
Tony Malvow, Paula Crutchfield
Ann Cambell "Rest in peace"
Reverand Van Johnson, Coach Hoover Wright
Valerie Wilson, Ura Wilson
Jacob Boier, Weldon Irvine "Rest in peace"
Yeah! Hoover Carden
Corey Stringer, Malik Sealy
Boostin Kev, Edward Star
Nina Simone, Ann Jones "Rest in peace"

GANGSTARR

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Sure Shot (Intro)"

Woo, yo, everybody, let me hear you say
"Yo, a-Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot"
(What?) "And it's like that" (What? What?)
A-Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that
A-Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that
One more time
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit

(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit
(Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot, and it's like that)
That's the shit

Yeah, you know what fuckin' time it is
Gang Starr duelin' again, rulin' again, watch as we do it again

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Lights Out"

(feat. M.O.P)

Yeah
Gang Starr, M.O.P.
Either ride or be quiet
What we gon' do? (Gon' do), motherfucker

Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all
Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all (Yo, yo)

Yo, ever since a shorty I was hard-headed and angry
And mad complex and wouldn't let nobody change me
I'm still the same me, gettin' pussy, stayin' weeded
These bitches are starstruck, so fuck the way they gettin' treated
I don't need it, if her head ain't right I pass on it
While you trick sucka niggas be wastin' cash on it
And you don't want it, when the fight starts, you always runnin'
Against me, son, you know the outcome, ya always done
Rhymes jog ya mental like ya pop dukes smacked ya
You need to join SAG (Why?) 'cause you're a hell of an actor (Hahahaha)
After you notice what happened it'll be too late
Can't blame no one but yourself for mistakes you make
And some of y'all niggas are like circus monkeys
Livin' life like worthless junkies
Plottin' against your fellow man, helpin' out the devil's plan
Damn, why can't I trust my own people?
Fuck it, enemies must perish in the valley of their own evil

Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all
Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all (Yo)

Yo, a wise man once said, "Fuck what a wise man said"
Bitch, gimme that bag otherwise y'all dead
Clap on (Blaow, blaow), I can ride right now
Leave you paralyzed from your eyebrows down
I got two parts of my brain, fuck your life on my right

Ain't nothin' left on my left, ain't nothin' right
(I pull up) The kid scope 'em out, I'll thrush ya
For the bread I'll leave ya head smokin' like a muffler
Sick bars, bitch, what up?
I spit SARS, you spit nut up
Bitch, shut up, it's in my bone marrow
Marked for death, I don't even trust my own shadow
When they can't touch who you become
They'll try to dig up who you used to be (Ahh)
Tell them niggas get used to me (Come on)
You can't go back and change the beginnin'
But I'ma start where I'm at and change the endin'

Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all
Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all

I do it like I do it 'cause it ain't about the music
Ain't about gettin' through it 'cause I'm already proven
You niggas see me cruisin', nigga, I will lose it
I get on my bully shit, fuck up a nigga movin'
Now fuck who ya crew is, fuck what the true is
Gang Starr forever, fuck what the new is
Lil' nigga turned diamonds to ruins
Ball with your RuPaul influence
Shorty askin', "Who you is?"
Forgettin' I'm praised where a few is
Overlookin' OG engraved on the Buick
Before they let me out the cage for the music
I helped you niggas see exactly who John Woo is (Woo)
Now, nigga, who you is? You overpaid, bitch-made, glitch-made
You headin' for the roof when ya shit fade (Hahaha)
With no substance, ho shit by the abundance
Your catalog sound the same, you got one hit

Lights out (Lights out)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Bad Name"

I hate tellin' good people bad news
I hate, I hate
I hate tellin' good people bad news

Word To God if Big and Pac were still here
Some of these weirdos wouldn't act so cavalier
We all know that the game has changed
It's crazy out here rap's got a bad name
Think about it, what if bling never happened
And the true artist's were gettin' rich from rappin'?
Word to God sum'n should give
Let's delete the politics so real Hip Hop can live

Beef is what's up now, careers are gettin' shut down
The media wants something meaty
People are fuckin' greedy
Music and culture's like a foreign language
You'd be better off staging a fake beef in Spanglish
Compadre, can you handle the whole weight?
Adios mios watch 'em swallow your whole plate
You used to support your fam offa this
Now you can't even buy Spam offa this
And I don't deal with swine
I ain't Dr. Phil, I truly help you heal your mind
Nowadays it's like everybody's losin' it
Instead of them preserving this gift they're all abusing it
It's mad drama, they want us reachin' with the Limas
Causin' hysteria, the new Hip Hop criteria
And they forgot about the blood, sweat and tears
Now we see the results of all the blunts, chicks and beers

Word To God if Big and Pac were still here
Some of these weirdos wouldn't act so cavalier
We all know that the game has changed
It's crazy out here rap's got a bad name
Think about it, want if bling never happened
And the true artist's were gettin' rich from rappin'?
Word to God sum'n should give
Let's delete the politics so real Hip Hop can live

I hate tellin' good people bad news
I hate, I hate tellin' good people bad news
I hate tellin' good people bad news

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Hit Man"

(feat. Q-Tip)

The hit man
Power is so greedy
That's for real
Ain't about a whole lotta talk
It's about, bringin' figures

He got the eye and the heart to do it, yeah
From the roof, with the scoped, there's a whole lot to it
Ain't no emotion when he pulls the trigger
Breathe second of silence, then you see what he do to niggas
Pistols, rifles, grenades, whatever
He's a killin' machine, bought and paid for on pleasure
And way iller than the last nigga
Smoke a nigga in the club, and then dance right past niggas
Once in a while, there'll be one who'll stand out
Who's more than psycho, who'll take any man out
With a certian passion for sendin' bullets blastin'
A certain fashion to the way this nigga wax 'em
And this assassin gets mad satisfaction from puttin' all this worthless scum out of action
I sense some pride in his skill
Looks in the mirror and salutes before he rides for the kill

You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing
It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring
With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo
Or I do it lawn mower style, rrt
You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing
It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring
I got potatoes and the mufflers in the whole thing
With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo

Buckin' at niggas wigs while he's puffin' on cigs
Lay him down, then he bounce out of town to another gig
It ain't nothin', he don't need many friends
Funded different type of weapons, he got plenty of them
If you pass him on the street, or see him in his spot
He's always calm, cool, collected, very rarely is he not
Hit man, with ice in his veins
Does the job so precise, they up the price with his name
Shadowy figure, never too loose with the lip
.44 long in his clip, deuce-deuce on his hip
Baby nine in his boots and his trunk is full
This niggas on some shit and can't be fucked with, fool
In the grimy world of highly-paid hustlers
First they get goons to muscle ya, then get him to touch ya
You wouldn't wanna get in his way, nor his associates

Or a tombstone bearin' your name would be appropriate

You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing
It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring
With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo
Or I do it lawn mower style, rrt
You got the bag, pop? I got the thing, thing
It's in the sling, here it is, let me let it ring
I got potatoes and the mufflers in the whole thing
With the doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo

Gang Starr Lyrics

"What's Real"

(feat. Group Home & Royce da 5'9")

What's real?
("The real question is...") What's real?
("Try your best to diagnose...") What's real
("People all around, you got to recognize and witness")

I got soldiers that'll turn shit out, burn shit out
Do I come correctly when it's my turn? No doubt
I twisted trees in the cold with one hand wipin' my nose
Girls say that I'm fly 'cause they be likin' my clothes
But the clothes or the money can't make the man
When I apply my vicious grip, you can't take it, man
Face it and understand, there are no winnings for you
What I'm beginnin' to do, is bring an endin' to you and your crew
I sip a brew and at the same time drink the life out of you
I righteously come through, created in the likeness of who?
G-O-D, can sell a half a line for a G
Check ballistics, you won't be takin' mine from me
Oh boy, you p-noid, heard my lightnin' and thunder
Not Thor but frightening, type of stress I've been under
I'm the one-eyed Jack, I'm here to smack you back
In '83, I seen stacks, run your kicks, take a flick and act

(What's real?) Certified street poetry
In the game a long time, so you know it's me, nigga
(What's real?) Gang Starr, muthafucka, we live
All you fake niggas run and hide, we wanna know
(What's real?) It's Lil Dap in the place to be
We livin' proof, supa star, you see, we wanna know
(What's real?) The Foundation, yo, we presidential
Y'all ain't built for what we been through

Underground, I might as well record in the sewer
Notorious lord of the war, tourin' Aruba
Before I was crawlin' I'd warn you and show you the Ruger
I'ma shoot four through your fedora, destroy your medulla
I could get these niggas X'd, quick as sendin' a text
For disrespect, shit'll be simple as orderin' an Uber
I don't know what's quicker to change, them figures or fame
But I guarantee you don't nothin' move more than the moolah
All these rappers really cut out to do is squash the beef and dip
Y'all need to cut out the diva shit
Every time a nigga like Fever Nina come out the dealership
The streets hear the sound of that Preem droppin' the needle skip
Like Kane walkin' in "The Symphony"
Abel is my brother who all he offers is infamy
I bust Magnums, either strategize or duck faster

I send his whole group home like Melachi the Nutcracker
Preem blowin' weed, he a master on the courts
I'm a student with the rap that's spewin' passion on the chorus
While the smoke is in the air, feel like voodoo's on the floor
'Cause we got the actual ashes of Guru on the boards
He's sittin' right inside an urn in the session
Lookin' down from Heaven to Gang Starr's current regression
Earnin' successes, his legacy get treated like four themes
Movin' forward then let his children eat off the proceeds

(What's real?) Certified street poetry
In the game a long time, so you know it's me, nigga
(What's real?) Gang Starr, muthafucka, we live
All you fake niggas run and hide, we wanna know
(What's real?) It's Lil Dap in the place to be
We livin' proof, supa star, you see, we wanna know
(What's real?) The Foundation, yo, we presidential
Y'all ain't built for what we been through
(What's real?)

("Gang Starr, boy, and that's beyond your comprehension")

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Keith Casim Elam (Interlude)"

My name is Keith Casim Elam
And Guru is my father
The late king who provided lyrical slaughter
And he's still here
Shinin' down upon us
One of the best yet

Gang Starr Lyrics

"From A Distance"

(feat. Jeru the Damaja)

It's King Equality with lines cocked back to add on
Word to everything, that's what I put that on
Yo, I sat on the sidelines, watched you foolish men
Fake hooligans, now it's time for us to duel again
Yeah, it's me, takin' you savages to school again
I rule again, women are preparin' my food again
I'm like the imperial bandit, stackin' my loot again
Ancient warrior, street fighter, contemporary
Intelligent comrade, enemies I've been sent to bury
You see me at seminars, clubs and bars
I own this shit, rollin' with gangsters, thugs with scars
You see me from a distance, tryin' to analyze the righteous
Caught a scandal and a crisis from this vandalous psychic
Government name Keith Elam, put in work per diem
Still a fly-ass nigga, a magnetic human being
B-A-L-D-head to the Slick, I'm wettin' 'em quick

("You are now rockin' with the best")
("Gang Starr")
("The God Universal Ruler Universal")
("I came to give you exactly what you asked for here")
("You are now rockin' with the best")
("Gang Starr")
("The God Universal Ruler Universal")
("Doin' a whole lot up in these streets")

Well, it's the Justice Equality Ruler Universal
Carefree, sun see, light speed react nuclear thermal
Three-hundred-sixty degrees, we comin' full circle
Open the portal, now you witness God's immortal verbals
Shinin' light infinitely like the cosmosis
Modern science would define this rhyme as osmosis
Go through your faction or sect, we're laser beam focused
You see, if rap was a crime, we'd be on Wanted posters
Keith, we kinda like the team that killed the White Lotus
My feet firm in the ground and Guru on my shoulders
Deep concentration is the formulation at begin
Poison pen, maestro chop the violin
I try to stop but my mind keep firin'
Try to advance, you hear them ambulance sirens
You ain't get it? Here's the summation
Nigga, fuck what you heard, it's Gang Starr Foundation

("You are now rockin' with the best")
("Gang Starr")
("The God Universal Ruler Universal")

("I came to give you exactly what you asked for here")
("You are now rockin' with the best")
("Gang Starr")
("The God Universal Ruler Universal")
("Doin' a whole lot up in these streets")

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Family And Loyalty"

(feat. J. Cole)

Like a freshly cut diamond
Like a freshly cut diamond

Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Word up, diamonds
(Like a freshly cut diamond)

Diamonds are forever like friends that'll kill for you
Went up in a jewelry store, burglary, steal for you
Bill with you, split the diamond into ice blue
Thrice he tried to disrespect our kinship, I don't like you
And now you axed out the fam'
But I'm cashin' checks, with Premier on this jam
Robin Leach, interviews on the beach
When we shake hands, nothin' but ice on the reach, and I teach
Like the Rap Reverend Ike without the perm', I preach
There's more you need to learn, I return for my streets
Gainin' my wealth, trainin' myself
For corny confrontation with haters who be playin' themselves
Diamonds, I like my world of rap
Your rhymin', hah, it's like a world of crap
And a diamond is like a fly-ass girl that's strapped
And you can't beat that with a bat

Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought (Yeah)
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Word up, diamonds

Diamonds (Diamonds), diamonds (Diamonds), yeah
Pick up the pen, write down a sin, it's cleanse
Lay that shit down, play it for friends
Make a few M's, then do it again
J. Cole, who'd've thought you would've been rhymin' with Ghost

Guru flows forever like a diamond
The most could never afford the precious jewels
That's precisely why I'm blessin' you with clear-cut messages
I'm destined to invest in urban sections where depression rules
I hope to heal the destitute before I leave this vestibule
Between the heavens and the seven circles
Where some dead homies maybe rest, I plan to resurrect a few
I press the truth against the neck of devils
Look at the youth just like a precious pebble
Meant to be protected, mentally we let this
Poison of Western philosophy make us sloppy
We forgot we are the chosen
From hip-hop to astronomy, they copy what we showed them
Niggas be talkin' slick, but only try me over modems
In person they starstruck, they hearts flutter
I'm like the realest one you ever met
If you don't feel this one, give it a sec'
Go live a little, let the years pass
Experience pain, watch the tears crash on to the floor
Hurt brings wisdom
Wisdom brings a whole 'nother sort of understandin'
Diamonds only worth what we demandin', uh, uh
And niggas payin' top-dollar
Once upon a time I paid a 100 for mine, now I'm a lot smarter

Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought

I rock diamonds that cut glass out of window panes
Baldhead Slick blazing tracks when the indo's flame
Rocks that bling, rocks that make them jock my team
Rocks that shine, rocks that keep my hand on my nine
Rocks that blind, make the High Rocks drop down
One of a kind, niggas best jet from the spot when I cock mine
Diamonds are like your man you always call fam'
Diamonds are like your grandma you always call ma'am
Diamonds are like having the whole world in your hand
Diamonds are like the shows I ripped with no band
Rockin' your knot, stoppin' your plot
It's me, Baldhead Slick Duke, coppin' your block
For you it's only pain, for me it's only gain
Diamonds are like loyalty, iced out like royalty
Diamonds are like my wifey, so sweet the way she spoils me
(So good)

Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"

Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Diamonds are forever like family and loyalty
Or real rap songs like "C.R.E.A.M." or "My Melody"
Diamonds are forever like my infinite thought
Like respect in the hood that can't be bought
Word up, diamonds
(Like a freshly cut diamond)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Get Together"

(feat. Ne-Yo & Nitty Scott)

Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-c'mon, uh-c'mon
Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-c'mon, uh-c'mon
Uh-cuh-cuh-cuh, cuh-cuh-c'mon, cuh-c'mon
C'mon, c'mon
All or nothing, while I'm in this
C'mon, c'mon

It's me El Grande, or call me Papi Chulito
Yo tengo mucho lovin' for you mamis if you legal
For honeys, nothing equal to the way I tap that spot
Get your cat hot, guess what? You hit the jackpot
Candle-light dinners for you winners, huh
See like I'm like Don Juan, hit me sweetie, I get in ya
Sugar, I'mma put y'a in a beautiful mood
Forget about that lame, he ain't a suitable dude
Word up, I'm the one you like to talk to
You'll find my conversation so enlightening that you sparkle
Hoy ya ven aquí, so I can hold you tight, mold you right
Listen girl, I got more game than Dolemite
It's only right, baby, that we blend together
You'll be wanting me to be your friend forever
And ain't it clever boo, how I got you sprung?
So when I holler yo, you know you gotta come

Dame little mami, ven aquí
(Dame, dame, dame, dame)
I'm sorry, that's as far as my Spanish goes
Several words, like "si"
Because I like what I see (I like what I see, yeah)
I was thinkin' we should get together on the low
You and me

What that chulo? You lookin' at my kulo?
Said you got that prosciutto, but I won't call you my boo though
I'm too cool yo, they call me la negrita for real
And it's really nice to meet you, heard you like a big deal
So what it do? You checkin' for me twice in a blue
Shit I spit too, bet I'm probably nicer than you
I mean let's talk about it
Start with a G through the park and have a walk about it
Like what's your favorite color?
Why you wanna be my lover? Tell me, how's ya' mother?
Could you meet me up town when I'm thinkin' of ya'
No time for another sucker, let him ring the buzzer
I'm sippin' honey, dippin' sundress in the summer
Jiggy mami right, droppin' niggas like mics

Plus I've never been the type to fall in love with the hype
Eatin' my rice, hit 'em with the dímelo papi
Got a thing for baggin' bapis in my beef & broccoli, what

Dame little mami, ven aquí
(Dame, dame, dame, dame)
I'm sorry, that's as far as my Spanish goes
Several words, like "si"
Because I like what I see (I like what I see, yeah)
I was thinkin' we should get together on the low
You and me

(Uh, uh-c'mon)
Let's get together baby, ah, ah
Let's get together baby, ah, ah
Let's get together baby, ah, ah, ah
Oh, ah, ah, yeah
Let's get together baby, ah, ah
Let's get together baby, ah-ah-ah-ah
Let's get together baby, ah, ah, ah, ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
(Uh, uh, uh-c'mon)
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Oh, oh
(Uh, uh-c'mon, uh-c'mon)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"NYGz/GS 183rd (Interlude)"

It's crazy, right?
Listen, listen, listen, I'm from New York City, right?
I'm from the five boroughs
It's the fact—listen, when I was a little nigga growing up
When I met this nigga, him and Guru, right? (Mmm-hmm)
It probably—what was that, '87, '88? ('88)
'88, I was 16, 17 years old
I was gettin' money in Baltimore, I'm from the Bronx (Okay)
So, I respected niggas from outta town coming to another town tryin' to get money (A'ight)
Feel me? So that's what clicked me with Gang Starr
I thought Guru, God bless him, was my little man
That nigga was ten years older than me
I'm from outside (Okay)
And I thought that, you know
I come from the era where rappers wasn't really, uh, admired the way they are now
You feel me? (Right) Them niggas was entertainers to us (Mmm-hmm)
We was fuckin' with niggas who threw stones at the penitentiary (Right)
Alright, so, when I got with Gang Starr, it was like
"Yo, I like these niggas, they from outta town, they came here to get money
And they doing they thing, I fuck with them"
Then when they blew, it was, "Ah, that's dope, they blew
These niggas is legends"

Gang Starr Lyrics

"So Many Rappers"

So many rappers have come and gone
I guess this rap game has really done them wrong
So many rappers tryin' to get their name out
Many got caught up for just havin' their chain out
So many rappers couldn't handle showbiz
While I'm steady rockin', so you know what it is
So many rappers made this their dream
Then quickly, most have disappeared from the scene

So many one-hit wonders, it's like a spin of the wheel
You know I stay consistent and get it in for real
So many rappers wanna rock like this
But they got no stamina and they don't talk like this
Plus I've learned to avoid the traps
I truly love this shit, that's word to MTV Raps
They'll get their little run and have a little fun
Some'll go for popularity, to a little, then to none
Some'll get jacked 'cause they floss too much
Others'll leave the game 'cause they lost too much
Some got bodied before they were totally on
It's like when keepin' it real goes totally wrong
Some get beat by managers, and shiesty execs
Others are brainwashed by their unlikely success
Well, I have proven time and time again
That I'm built to last, so watch me shine again

So many rappers have come and gone
I guess this rap game has really done them wrong
So many rappers tryin' to get their name out
Many got caught up for just havin' their chain out
So many rappers couldn't handle showbiz
While I'm steady rockin', so you know what it is
So many rappers made this their dream
Then quickly, most have disappeared from the scene

Many had major deals, big money and all that
On 106 & Park, in magazines and all that
So many had all that, so how did they fall flat?
That's why my motto has always been to just fall back
And watch the whole circus go by, I'm that guy
As soon as I appear on the scene, nigga, it's shy
So many pranksters with so many gimmicks
Wonder where they're at now, probably somewhere lookin' timid
It's all madness, there's too many to count
Everybody and their mom wanna rap, no doubt
Many come out with a bang, and their own new slang
Then end up back in the hood without a goddamn thing

Some make noise, they hit the top of the charts
Still, the shit that I kick will be stoppin' they hearts
So many rappers in search of fame
And most'll be lucky if we remember their names

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Business Or Art"

(feat. Talib Kweli)

(Business)
(Art)
All he had to do was just enjoy the ride
Get on my level (Business)
A Gang Starr with a gangster, on a mission
We come and infiltrate your whole cypher man (Art)

Business or art? Fist or steel?
Industry or street? Fake or real?
Cold or hot? Truth or trash?
War or peace? Longevity or cash?

Here's one for SPIN, Billboard, and Rolling Stone
Hip Hop is so organic, it'll grow on its own
We watch 'em throw money at it with clout and power
But after a while, things faded out and went sour
Somebody lost their shirt, execs got fired
Some artist went berserk, took mad drugs and got wired
Hundreds of thousands, up to millions in promo
All wasted on garbage, now, that was a no-no
Oh no, what's gonna happen now to these fools?
These self-centered pricks were showered, proud of 'em too
Never that, 'cause I am the renegade realist
Street visionary, the end of days idealist
People often ask what's the key to longevity
How I'm so consistent and bring the heat incredibly
Intelligence is vital and always stay hood
'Cause this is our culture, and we need to make good

Business or art? Fist or steel?
Industry or street? Fake or real?
Cold or hot? Truth or trash?
War or peace? Longevity or cash?

Business or art? Let's pick it apart
If you ain't spittin' out your heart, you'd be considered a mark
The bullshit gotta stop, 'cause when it's business o'clock
You hear the tickin' and the tockin' on the digital watch
Yeah, time is money, and they don't find it funny
They'll show up where you live, make your environment bloody, buddy
They'll kick in the door, tell you "Get on the floor"
They bust a .9 and bust some rhymes, you like, "gimme some more"
Askin' you where your heart is, but you an artist
You was never as hard as you said you was
Maybe lyin', wasn't the smartest decision you ever made
'Cause this business ain't regulated

If you beefin' over beats in these streets, you'll never make it
Now you singin' to cops, that's your favorite tune, nigga
They ain't got Yelp reviews for goons, nigga
Hip-hop, homie, that's our lane
It's Gang Starr with the Black Star gang
We bang-bang when it's business or art

Business or art? Fist or steel?
Industry or street? Fake or real?
Cold or hot? Truth or trash?
War or peace? Longevity or cash?

(Business)
(Art)
All he had to do was just enjoy the ride
G-G-Get on my level (Business)
A Gang Starr with a gangster, on a mission
We come and infiltrate your whole cypher man (Art)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Bring It Back Here"

Raps will be actin' ill
And that's exactly how I feel, shoutout to Guru

Don't base my whole life on loot, but money sure helps
I keep it tight like army boots to ensure wealth
I meet suckers every day that rhyme, they say they rhyme
Most of them corny as hell, they won't get paid a dime
A lot of these punks, they all sound the same
They all sound lame, fakin' like they down with the game
Against me, they fail
I'm like the black Frankie Ale
I leave 'em slumped, and their bodies dumped over the rail
Show me respect, then cut me a fat check
You little niggas are like virgins, you haven't had ass yet
Wet behind the years while I've been spittin' darts for years
Don't make me embarrass you in front of your so-called peers
The fools gassed you in the first place, dirt face
Cocksucker, thought you had wins, got stuck in the worst place
And that's when I attack your fears
'Cause I'm a real racketeer, get my money and bring it back here

Gang Starr Lyrics

"One Of The Best Yet (Big Shug Interlude)"

Gang Starr is
One of the best yet
Just had to remind you
We still are, hey
Gang Starr
One of the best yet
Just had to remind you
We still are, hey
Ahaha

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Take Flight (Militia, Pt. 4)"

(feat. Big Shug & Freddie Foxxx)

("It's the real...")
("Conversatin' like some raw pimps sportin' the minks")
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("You know and I know")
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("Nigga better bang")
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("Then I'm runnin' through the spot")
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("However it's gon' go, it's gon' be that")

One in the spiritual, three in the physical
OG soul like Smokey and the Miracles
Grimy and lyrical—you want it? Here it go
We be in spots where bitch niggas fear to go
Abrasive, still smack faces
Grab you by your neck, smash your head in the basement
Godly, still controllin' the square
You the competition? Get the fuck outta here
We got the safeties and the locks off just in case it jump off
Count to three, only these niggas dump off
For the love of hip-hop, what's it worth?
For the pain of hip-hop, we bringin' the hurt
Fake niggas, we put in the dirt
Silly rap nigga wearin' a skirt
We unbeatable, don't even try
Fuck around, lay around, do or die
It's the militia

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("However it's gon' go, it's gon' be that")
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("It's the militia") ("It's the real")

Let's see if you can rap and step with this production
I never left, plus I kept me somethin'
That I could use on these MC's that kept frontin'
They watched me unload and explode, I kept dumpin'
The Black Bruno, with the Mack uno uno
Crush you like a Black sumo, I'm back, you know
The man of the hour, I'm the man of the year
Make room and understand I'm here
Hell, my clientele is the most regal
I crush brain cells, my name rings bells to most people
You broke the rules, so I'ma have to get at you
Pussy, you're pitiful, your crew can catch a clip or two

Always the swiftest, you, watch the way I lift his jewels
He's woozy, excuse me while I rip this dude
I light a Dutch while you get touched with ease
And your chick steady fallin' in love with me

Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("However it's gon' go, it's gon' be that")
Rhymes take flight, gods get tight, it's serious
("It's the militia")
Raw

Yo, it's the gang Gang Starr across my chest
On Gu' and them, I never let Solar rest
Me robbin' them rappers that's braggin'
The pain is of Attica stabbin' you
Leakin' from holes you didn't know you was havin'
Bitch niggas take flight when Bump pick up the mic
I write what rappers wanna be like in real life
Then spit your favorite song with verses crazy long
'Cause I do what the fuck I want on every song
And you bitches are mad 'cause you spit a facade
For sad niggas who thought hip-hop was really gone
But not for very long, I'm back to carry on
Like I'm Marshawn Lynch, runnin' through every song
Wack rappers, take a knee, all races
In any race, Freddie Foxxx put that ox to they faces
And fuck your music is the basis
'Cause my shit hard, rip to the gods, say it, militia

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Bless The Mic"

Everything changing nowadays, man
Kids got technology and the rap music
I mean, I like rap music, I ain't gon' lie
I like rap music, man, I like some of it, man
But I don't think you gon' see, like, rap reunions 20 years from now
I don't think you're gonna see a 50-year-old rapper
*[*coughs*]* "How ya like me now?"

("Bless the mic for the gods")

When it's concerning these bars, I'm leaving permanent scars
On you half-ass rappers, you ain't earnin' it, pa
So come to my class, then I can son you real fast
Just 'cause you comin' with cash, you still a wannabe ass
I get chicks state to state, offer me face from the gate
'Cause the sound of my voice makes their juices marinate
As opposed to those with mediocre prose
Wet you from head to toe, and watch you soak in your clothes

It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic for the gods")
It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic...")

Now, why'd they try to pull a plug on a brother?
Pull the rug from a brother?
Catch a slug from the toolie of a gun-lovin' brother
Violence, wylin', whatever, they know
The more rappers come, the quicker they go
This underground is mine, might even see me in a hoop'
Switch to a droptop coupe—why you cock blockin', dukes?
Baldhead Slick, I represent my clique
I got my little man loadin' the ammo, this shit is sick

It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic for the gods")
It's the lessons in the song that makes you rock on
Some people go to places where they don't belong
Whether wrong or right, a lot of people fight
But I'm here to bless this mic ("Bless the mic for the gods")

("Bless the mic for the gods")
("Gang Starr has got to be the sure shot")

gettyimages
Janette Beckman

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Poetry"

Verse one: krs-one

Well now you're forced to listen to the teacher and the lesson
Class is in session so you can stop guessin
If this is a tape or a written down memo
See I am a professional, this is not a demo
In fact call it a lecture, a visual picture
Sort of a poetic and rhythm-like mixture
Listen, I'm not dissin but there's somethin that you're missin
Maybe you should touch reality, stop wishin
For beats with plenty bass and lyrics said in haste
If this meaning doesn't manifest put it to rest
I am a poet, you try to show it, yet blow it
It takes concentration for fresh communication
Observation, that is to see without speaking
Take off your coat, take notes, I am teachin
A class, or rather school, cause you need schooling
I am not a king or queen, I'm not ruling
This is an introduction to poetry
A small dedication to those that might know of me
They might know of you and maybe your gang
But one thing's for sure, neither one of y'all can hang
Cause yo I'm like a arrow, and scott is the crossbow
Say something now ... thought so
You seem to be the type that only understand
The annihilation and destruction of the next man
That's not poetry, that is insanity
It's simply fantasy far from reality
Poetry is the language of imagination
Poetry is a form of positive creation
Difficult, isn't it? the point? you're missin it
Your face is in front of my hand so I'm dissin it

Verse two: krs-one

Scott larock is innovating, decorating hip-hop
The beat may drop but not like all the others
They just cover while I just smother
Every single stupid mutha -- wait wait brotha
Krs-one will have to show another
Mc or self-proclaimed king or queen
Or gang or crew or solo or team
That I mean

Business
So tell me what is this?
See I come from the bronx so just kiss this
Boogie down productions is somewhat an experiment
The antidote for sucka mc's and they're fearin it
It's self-explanatory, no one's writin for me
The poetry I'm rattlin is really not for battlin
But if you want I will simply change the program
So when I'm done you will simply say "damn"
So this conversation is somewhat hypothetical
Boogie down productions attempts to prove somethin
I say hypothetical because it's only theory
My theory, so take a minute now to hear me

Verse three: krs-one

So what's your problem?
It seems you want to be krs-two
From my point of view, backtrack, stop the attack
Cos krs-one means simply one krs
That's it, that's all, solo, single, no more, no less
I've built up my credential financially and mental
Anytime I rhyme I request the instrumental
I speak clearly and that's merely
Or should I say a mere, help to my career
I'm really not into fashion or craze
Just the one who pays and how soon I get a raise
You're probably in a daze, acting out of sympathy
Wrote a couple of rhymes and think that you can get with me
But what a pity, I'm rockin new york city
And everywhere else, you put the jams on the shelf
You as an amateur is outspoken
I'm looking at your face, you seem to be hopin
That I might stutter, stop, or just mess up
But everything's live that's why I don't dress up
"blastmaster krs" a synonym for "fresh"
I'm the teacher of the class, I do not pass no test
Got dj scott larock by my side, not in back of me
Cos we make up the boogie down productions crew faculty
Get it right, or train yourself not to bite
Cos when you bite you have bitten, when I hear it, that's it
I do not contemplate a battle cause it really ain't worth it
I'd rather point a pistol at your head and try to burst it

I'm teaching poetry
I'm teaching poetry
Scott larock
We're teaching po-e-try

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"South Bronx"

Scott la rock: yo, wassup blastmaster krs-one. this jam is kickin'
Krs: word! yo, what-up d-nice?
D-nice: yo, wassup scott la rock?
Slr: yo man, we chillin' this funky fresh jam. I wanna tell
You a little somethin' about us. we're the boogie down
Productions crew and due to the fact that no-one else out there
Knew what time it was, we have to tell you a little story about
Where we come from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

Many people tell me this style is terrific
It is kinda different but let's get specific
Krs-one specialized in music
I'll only use this type of style when I choose it
Party people in the place to be, krs-one attacks
Ya got dropped off mca cause the rhymes you wrote was wack
So you think that hip-hop had it's start out in queensbridge
If you popped that junk up in the bronx you might not live
Cause you're in...

South bronx, the south south bronx (4x)

I came with scott larock to express one thing
I am a teacher and others are kings
If that's a title they earn, well it's well deserved, but
Without a crown, see, I still burn
You settle for a pebble not a stone like a rebel
Krs-one is the holder of a boulder, money folder
You want a fresh style let me show ya
Now way back in the days when hip-hop began
With coque larock, kool herc, and then bam
Beat boys ran to the latest jam
But when it got shot up they went home and said "damn
There's got to be a better way to hear our music every day
Beat boys gettin blown away but comin outside anyway"
They tried again outside in cedar park
Power from a street light made the place dark
But yo, they didn't care, they turned it out
I know a few understand what I'm talkin about
Remember bronx river rollin thick
With kool dj red alert and chuck chillout on the mix
When afrika islam was rockin the jams

And on the other side of town was a kid named flash
Patterson and millbrook projects
Casanova all over, ya couldn't stop it
The nine lives crew, the cypress boys
The real rock steady takin out these toys
As odd as it looked, as wild as it seemed
I didn't hear a peep from a place called queens
It was seventy-six, to 1980
The dreads in brooklyn was crazy
You couldn't bring out your set with no hip-hop
Because the pistols would go...
So why don't you wise up, show all the people in the place that you are wack
Instead of tryna take out ll, you need to take your homeboys off the crack
Cos if you don't, well, then their nerves will become shot
And that would leave the job up to my own scott larock
And he's from...

South bronx, the south south bronx (8x)

The human tr-808, d-nice
The poet, the blastmaster krs-one
The grand incredible dj scott la rock
Boogie...down...productions
Fresh for '86, suckers!
(ha ha ha ha ha)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"9mm Goes Bang"

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la

Buck! buck!

Chorus:

Wa da da dang
Wa da da da dang (ay!)
Listen to my 9 millimeter go bang
Wa da da dang
Wa da da da dang (ay!)
This is krs-one...

Verse 1:

Me knew a crack dealer by the name of peter
Had to buck him down with my 9 millimeter
He said I had his girl, I said "now what are you? stupid? "
But he tried to play me out and krs-one knew it
He reached for his pistol but it was just a waste
Cos my 9 millimeter was up against his face
He pulled his pistol anyway and I filled him full of lead
But just before he fell to the ground this is what I said...

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

Verse 2:

Seven days later I was chillin in the herb gate
But seven days too much when the gossip has to circulate
Puffin sensemilla I heard "knock knock knock"
But the way that they knocked it did not sound like any cop
And if it were a customer they'd ask me for a nick
So suddenly I realized it had to be a trick
I dropped down to the floor and they did not waste no time
They shot right through the door so I had to go for mine
They pumped and shot again but the suckas kept on missin
Cos I was on the floor by now, I crawled into the kitchen
Thirty seconds later, boy, they bust the door down

The money and the sensemi' was lyin all around
But just as they put their pistols down to take a cut
Me jumped out the kitchen, went "buck! buck! buck!"
They fall down to the floor but one was still alive
So I put my 9 millimeter right between his eyes
Looked at his potnah and both of them were dead
So just before he joined his potnah this is what I said...

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

Verse 3:

I gathered all the money and I ran up the block
I said "this is a perfect time to meet with scott larock"
But scott is either psychic or he has a knack for trouble
Cos scott larock showed up in a all-black bmw
I jumped inside the car and we screeched off in a hurry
And scott said "what is wrong? relax, tell me the story"
I said "you remember peter? well his posse tried to kill me
I'm all right now because the sensemi' fill me"
Scott just laughed, he said "i know they're all dead
And just before you pulled the trigger this is what you said..."

Repeat chorus

La la-la la-la la-la la...la...la...la
La la-la la-la la-la la..la..la...la...la x2

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Word From Our Sponsor"

Intro:

This is a test
Of the boogie down production
Prevention against sucka mc's
In the event of a real emergency
You would have been instructed
On which jams to play
And how loud to blast your radio
And now, a word from our sponsor

Verse one:

I'm from the bronx, blastmaster krs-one
Provin that my job ain't done until I get some
More, no need to roar or yell
Cos I can still tell what will sell
And would have sold without yellin over a drum roll
That style is old, so unfold
Blossom, bloom, you got the room
So go ahead and consume
A new era, krs-one comes better
Bite another lyric? never
Cos I'm too clever, however
I own my own label
Partners with scott larock, he's on the turntable
And partner lee smith
I'm exercising a true gift just to uplift
Hip-hop, hip-hop
My voice is like a monster
And now a word from our sponsor

Verse two:

Two, three, four, five, sex, seven, eight, nine, ten
I gotta start this rhyme again
How many words can I find that rhyme
And still keep in mind every lyric must come out on time
Not many but I have plenty
Scott larock sent me just to devastate any-
One, any daughter, any son that comes my way
Hey, you got to go the other way
I represent my dj scott larock

D-nice, the beat box
I only wear nike's, not adidas or reeboks
Many people know me, yet I'm known by few
My name is krs-one, son
Not two or three or four or five or six
The mix is on scott larock and scott larock is on the mix

Verse three:

Cool like the air we breathe
Inhale, exhale, perpetrators will fail
As sure as my name is "blastmaster krs"
Sit and listen to the very essence of this tale
From the days of prison I have uprisen
To my family members I'm marked down as missin
Listen, circumstances put me right in the street
With the will to survive, get paid, eat, and sleep
Some weep, or should I rather say some cry
Can't get by so later on they die
Because the strong will survive
The weak will perish
Ignorance is a poison and knowledge will nourish
I love what I got and like what I had
I'm glad, not sad, and I don't even get mad
I get even, myself and some others I believe in
Cos these others are my brothas and perfection we're achievin
Yes, my name is krs, my brother is a rasta
Let me pause, and now a word from our sponsor

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Elementary"

Verse 1:

I hear the same old rhyme, the same old style
The same old runner has ran the mile
See, I don't know exactly what you know
But what I know is that stuff gotta go
Usually when I pick up the mic
Something I'll jumps out my mouth for that night
I like to talk about fact not fiction
I got some fantasy rhymes but just listen
Everything I write is premeditated
Suckas wanna fake it, I just hate it
Bitin routines or sayin somethin kinda weak
My words are comprehended every time I speak
Or have spoken, no I'm not jokin
Please don't sleep, I hope you are awoken
Stop! try this again, you had enough? say when
I am the man with the six-pack of heineken
I get tipsy
But never in your life try to dis me
Cos I don't battle with rhymes, I battle with guns
Knowledge reigns supreme over nearly every one
If you take the first letter of what I just sung
You spell my name "krs-one"
It's elementary

Elementary

Verse 2:

Dj scott larock and i: krs-one
Our mother's first son and no, we'll never run
From complex situations like you t-o-y-s's
Always talkin junk, yet in jail, you're rockin dresses
I have arrived for the purpose of joy
Unlike any ordinary bronx b-boy
I will volunteer my services and launch an attack
On you fake educators with your yakety-yak
This is a fact, the teacher is here now in the flesh
Consistently hounded by you mc pests
If you really want to learn from me
Don't waste time in burnin me
Cos ignorance and inexperience does not concern me

I will emphasize so you will realize and come alive
Never close your eyes, never sleep or you might take a dive
Many people hate me, many people love me
Some are far below me
And you know there's some above me
But this, my hypothesis, to conclude the story
All you fake mc's on a mission, you bore me
I'm the blastmaster krs on the mic
Watchin all these females rock their pants too tight
Cos there's no other creative composition on display
That give a full analysis and rock this way
You will pay, eventually you all will decay
While the dj scott larock will continue to play
Cuttin records, drivin cars, and you'll know who we are
Make a mix just for kicks
And you'll be on our tip
And, oh yes, there's a highlight to the show, of course
You hear dj scott larock (go off! go off!)

(scott la rock) (go off! go off!) x8

Verse 3:

Boogie down productions, no reduction to it's title
If you have a headache, toys, go and take a midol
We have arrived for the purpose of enjoyment
You have arrived to make up for unemployment
You're on it only cos I learned just how to flaunt it
I breathed a rhyme upon you like a sickness and you caught it
Quick, get off the tip, trick, you must be sick
Like a doctor here's my bill, I wrote it out with a bic
Signed my name upon the bottle cos you know I just rocked em
But gettin into battles really isn't my thing
You're probably thinking these are the rhymes for the century
But please don't mention me
It's only elementary

Elementary
All it really is to me and scott la rock...is elementary

Elementary
Elementary

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Dope Beat"

[krs]i got a dope beat?
[all]you got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat..
[all] we got a dope beat
[krs]i got a dope beat..
[all] you got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat!!
[all] we got a dope beat!!

My name is at the top of all of those that mix
I'm turnin poetry into cash for eighty-seven
Some did it got paid, some jams were never played
But I am just a poet who watched the whole parade
Go by, and why? cause they wasn't fly
Others claim to be fresh, but they're not krs
I cannot walk around the street, with my head in the clouds
Either runnin on my gear, or havin colors too loud
Everything must coincide with the way I feel
And by the way, it's scott larock on the wheels of steel
So I take one step, to adjust the mic
I get around the whole city so I do wear nike
I like a funky beat, a studio like unique
I write the crazy fresh lyrics and I don't eat meat
You can look me up and down, and my dj too
Because we make up the boogie down productions crew
Takin out mc's - on the 1, 2, 3
No matter who they claim to be in society
Because we know their games, we have pulled their file
If they need a different style we can get wild
He's i.c.u., he's out to kill
I'm krs, and we get ill
Dj scott larock got his own beat
The extravagant life, is what we seek
I will tell you like this, cause I know for a fact
I will live a long life, and I don't smoke crack
Captivatin the crowd, seven days a week
You know what they told me to say? I got the dope beat

[krs]i got a dope beat
[all]you got a dope beat
[krs]i got the dope beat
[all]we got a dope beat
[krs] I got a dope beat?

[all] you got a dope beat
[krs]i got a dope beat!!
[all]we got the dope beat!!

For me to say again another verse of my rhyme
Means what you heard before must've blew up your mind
So now it's time, to find, poetry like mine
Do not waste all your time because I'm one-of-a-kind
Pullin out, easy goin cause the money be flowin
6'4", brown eyes, and I'm always showin
Stupid mc's on the mic the way it 'posed to be done
They study rhymes all week, but I be rhymin for fun
When they lose they get upset, always pullin a gun
But they will snap out of that, because I'm krs-one
Not two, not three, but o-n-e
Get it right the first time I won't repeat this rhyme
If you think that you can burn me with your amateur ways
Keep in mind that I been out there, from back in the days
I don't braaaaaaaaag, about the people I know
Because they're still bluffin, they're not givin me nothin
I can walk around the city with the rhymes I flaunt
Cause no matter how you front they're still the ones you want
See, I am funky fresh and poetry is my opinion
Takin out you suckers while the scott larock is spinnin!

.. *guitar interlude* ..

My name is krs-one, I'm still kinda young
I don't wear adidas cause my name ain't run
Got nike's on my feet, and to be complete
I can rock an american or reggae beat
Got rhymes for 70's, 80's, and 90's
Not bein conceited but it won't pay to try me
Out to any feud, any battle, any reason
Make the rhymes up every season this style I'm just teasin
Pick up the pace, homeboy, pick up the pace
You're way behind schedule, listen to what I'm tellin you
This particular style may vary
The things I converse about are heard rarely
Some can't bear me, others try to scare me
Soundin intelligent but not yet equivalent!!
You know what? ?

[all]you got a dope beat
[krs]i got a dope beat!
[all] we got a dope beat
[krs] I got the dope beat?
[all]you got the dope beat
[krs]i got the dope beat!

[all]we got the dope beat!
[krs]i've got the dope beat!
[all]you've got the dope beat
[krs]i got the dope beat!
[all]we got the dope beat
[krs]beat that we got? ?
[all] the dope beat!

I.c.u., is in the house...
Miss melodie, is in the house...
Lena love, is in the house...
D-nice, rocks the house...
Gold miss idol, rocks the house...
Flavois walker, turns em out...
40th street black, knocks em out...
To my mellow moses gun, rock the house...
Naughty, bust it out...
Mcboo, turns it out...
Chuck chillout, cuts it up...
Red alert, breaks it out...
Scott larock jr..
My pride and joy...
Krs-one.. his mother's first son
And no he'll never run...
Bd... bd...
Scott larock...
Scott larock

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The P Is Free"

Yes, scott larock you know you rule hip-hop
Yes, mr. lee you can rule hip-hop
And, b-57 you can rule hip-hop
But, krs-one rule it non-stop
When I'm in brooklyn, yes, we rulin hip-hop
When I'm in manhattan, we rulin hip-hop
When I'm in queens, we rulin hip-hop
And when in staten island we rulin hip-hop
But in the bronx, we rulin y'all tonight
But in the bronx, we rulin y'all tonight
We come to rock you whether you're black or you're white
Cos krs-one you know I'm never ? frank?
Come catch a star

The girlies are free
Cos the crack costs money
Oh yeah
I say the girlies are free
Cos the crack costs money
Oh yeah

Ridin one day on my freestyle fix
Jammin to a tape scott larock had mixed
I said to myself "this tape sound funky"
Ridin past the 116th street junkie
Thought I saw denise but I was only assumin
Took another look and that butt was boomin
Did a little trick on my freestyle fix
And I was right beside the girl, she was all on the tip
She said "hi, dj krs"
She kissed me on my neck so I gave her a peck
She said "i'm really in a hurry so I cannot wait
If you give me a life while we ride to the ? bait? "
She jumped on my bike, I said "huh, what's your stop? "
She said "right around the corner to the crack spot
If you buy me a crack I'll know how to act
But if you don't, you might as well step back"
I said "now how the hell we jump off to this?
I'm doin you a favor, I'm givin you a lift"
She said "krs, you know it goes"
I said "yeah, you little.....it seems that you're a hoe"
I did a little trick on my freestyle fix
And she was right on the ground lookin after it

Because...

A girl tried to take my out one day
For a play, not your everyday ? trey?
We walked to the spot, she says she want a rock
I looked in my pocket, didn't have a lot
I said "you better get yourself a job"
She tried to tell me that times were hard
I told the hoe, I said "yo, that's not my fault
You need a vault", I'm out to assault
Any girl I find who try to take my for mine
I'm gonna have to ? pin? it just another time
But...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Bridge Is Over"

Intro:

I say, the bridge is over, the bridge is over, biddy-bye-bye!
The bridge is over, the bridge is over, hey, hey!
The bridge is over, the bridge is over, biddy-bye-bye!
The bridge is over, the bridge is over

Verse one:

You see me come in any dance wid de spliff of sensei
Down with the sound called bdp
If you want to join the crew well you must see me
Ya can't sound like shan or the one marley
Because shan and marley marl dem-a-rhymin like they gay
Pickin up the mic, mon, dem don't know what to say
Sayin that hip-hop started out in queensbridge
Sayin lies like that, mon, you know dem can't live
So i, tell them again, me come to tell them again, gwan!
Tell them again, me come to tell them agaaain
Tell them again, me come to tell them again, gwan!
Tell them again, me come to te-ell them
Manhattan keeps on makin it, brooklyn keeps on takin it
Bronx keeps creatin it, and queens keeps on fakin it

Verse two:

Di-di di-da, di di-di, dida di-day, aiy!
All you sucka mc, won't you please come out to play, cause
Here's an example of krs-one, bo!
Here's an example of krs-one
They wish to battle bdp, but they cannot
They must be on the dick of who? dj scott larock
Cause, we don't complain nor do we play the game of favors
Boogie down productions comes in three different flavors
Pick any dick for the flavor that you savor
Mr. magic might wish to come and try to save ya
But instead of helpin ya out he wants the same thing I gave ya
I finally figured it out, magic mouth is used for suckin
Roxanne shante is only good for steady fuckin
Mc shan and marley marl is really only bluffin
Like doug e. fresh said "i tell you now, you ain't nuthin"
Compared to red alert on kiss and boogie down productions
So easy now man, I me say easy now mon

To krs-one you know dem can't understand
Me movin over there and then me movin over here
This name of this routine is called live at union square
Square, square, square, ooooooooooooooooooooooo
What's the matter with your mc, marley marl?
Don't know you know that he's out of touch
What's the matter with your dj, mc shan?
On the wheels of steel marlon sucks
You'd better change what comes out your speaker
You're better off talkin bout your wack puma sneaker
Cause bronx created hip-hop, queens will only get dropped
You're still tellin lies to me
Everybody's talkin bout the juice crew funny
But you're still tellin lies to me

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Super Hoe"

[phone ringing]
Scott: yo, kris. I really knocked the boots on those two big-butt
Females last night.
Kris: jeeez!
Scott: yeah, man. I'm on my way down to latin quarter to find two
More freaks...
Kris: word...

[super sperm]

Chorus: repeat 2x

Scott larock had em all
He is the super hoe

[super sperm]

Verse one: krs-one

Scott larock is for now the main topic
Not looking at his cuts or cash flow of the pocket
You may not realize it or you may not know
But, uh... (he is the super hoe)
When I say super I'm not exaggeratin
Datin for a guy like scott turns into matin
He seems to be quiet but I don't buy it
Proof is in the puddin, why don't you just try it
The super hoe is loose in your section
And he's armed with a powerful erection
So grab your girl and run for protection
Your momma too, cause I like to mention

Chorus

[super sperm] 4x

Verse two: krs-one

Whatever you could do or say inside a bed
Scott larock has done and most likely said
He doesn't argue with a girl cause yes, he has others
Keep updated on all kind of rubbers
Got ones that are lambskin, others that are plastic

One day he'll open a school for prophylactics
They don't know... (he is the super hoe)
Up in rochester on dkx
Wdkx, now dk-sex
We were bein interviewed there live on air
Every girl in the city scott had an affair
Km in the am had asked his last question
But scott larock said "wait, I gotta mention
The fact that I'm single, I like to mingle"
And one more time bust the fresh jingle

Chorus

[super sperm] 4x

Verse three: krs-one

In the field of music I'll always pass by
Girls that claim to act so fly
They always act like it's all about them or their friends
But according to scott, they all like to bend
Yes, fly girls, shy girls, black girls, white girls
In eighty-seven it's got to be the right girl
If you claim to have a little problem
Well, scott larock knows just how to solve em
If you're a guy a nine'll do the trick
But if you're a girl, you need some... flowers
I admit scott has strange powers
Enticing girls in less than an hour
Or should I say minutes? I seen how he did it
He probably says "i'm scott larock" and she's with it
So whether he's a gigolo, tramp, or pro... (he is the super hoe)
Now many people have their ways of expressin
What they do best, for scott it's undressin
Yes, either a girl or some date for the night
He doesn't want to hear that you're too tight
So do not think that scott larock is mean
It's not his fault, he'll give you vaseline
The super hoe is loose in your area
Makin life for girls a little scarier
So if you got a radio tryin to tape this
Do not keep in mind that he is a rapist
For the super hoe to be chillin
Another female out there has to be willin
So all you tramps and hoes raise your hand
Cos super hoe scott larock understands
If you're a guy we'll talk about hangin
And if you're a girl he'll talk about bangin
If your moms call up, well, I don't know

But uh... (he is the super hoe)

Chorus

[super sperm] 8x

Chorus 3x

[super sperm]

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Criminal Minded"

Intro: (sung by krs-one to the tune of the beatles "let it be")

Boogie down productions will always get paid
We'll take the wackest song and make it better
Remember to let us into your skin
Cause then you'll begin, to master
Rhymin rhymin rhymin

Verse one: krs-one

Criminal minded, you've been blinded
Lookin for a style like mine you can't find it
They are the audience, I am the lyricist
Sometimes the suckas on the side gotta hear this
Page, a rage, and I'm not in a cage
Free as a bird to fly up out on stage
Ain't here for no frontin just to say a little somethin
Ya suckaz don't like me cause you're all about nothin
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My all-around performance gets better and better
My english grammar comes down like a hammer
You need a style, I need to pull your file
I don't beg favors, you're kissing other people's ---
I write and produce myself just as fast
Keep my hair like this, got no time for jheri curls
Attractin only women, got no time for little girls

[krs sings again] cause girls look so good
But their brain is not ready, I don't know
I'd rather talk to a woman
Cause her mind is so steady, so here we go

I'm not a musical maniac or b-boy fanatic
I simply made use of what was upstairs in the attic
I've listened to these mc's back when I was a kid
But I bust more shots than they ever did
I mean this is not the best of krs, it's just a section
But how many times must I point you in the right direction
You need protection, when I'm on the mic
Because my mouth is like a 9 millimeter windpipe
You're a king, I'm a teacher
You're a b-boy, I'm a scholar
If this was a class, well it would go right under drama

See kings lose crowns but teachers stay intelligent
Talkin big words on the mic but still irrelevant
Especially when you're not, college material
Wake up every morning to your lucky charms cereal
Dj scott larock has a college degree
Blastmaster krs writes poetry
I won't go deeper in the subject cause that gets me bored
It's a shame to know some mc's on the mic are fraud
Sayin styles like this to create a diss
But if you listen, who you dissin?
See I am a musician
Rappin on the mic like this to me is fine
Cause if I really want to battle I will put out a nine
You can see that scott larock and I are mentally binded
In other words we're both criminal minded

Verse two: krs-one

We're not promoting violence, we're just havin some fun
He's scott larock, I'm krs-one
Never off-beat cause it don't make sense
Grab the microphone, relaxed and not tense
You waited, debated, and now you activated
A musical genius that could not be duplicated
See I have the formula for rockin the house
If you cannot rock a party do not open your mouth
It's that simple, no phony cosmetics to your pimple
Take another look because the gear is not wrinkled
The k, the r, the s, the o, the n, the e
Sayin rhyme for eighty-seven not from 1983
Well versed, to rehearse, and my rhymes are my curse
Originality come first but the suckers get worse
Allow me to include I have a very stable mood
Poetic education of a high altitude
I'm not an mc, so listen, call me poet or musician
A genius when it comes to making music with ambition
I'm cool, collected with the rhyme I directed
Don't wanna be elected as the king of a record
Just respected by others as the man with the solution
An artist of the 80's came and left his contribution
On wax, relax, there's 24 tracks
After years of rocking parties now I picked up the knack
Because everything that flows from out my larynx
Takes years of experience and bottles of beck's
I cannot seem to recollect the time I didn't have sex
Is it real or is it memorex?
I'm livin in a city known as new york state
Sucka mc's gotta wait while I translate
I hang with real live dreads with knowledge in their heads

People with ambition and straight up musicians
Although our lives have been so uprooted
I have it included, you all get zooted
So take each letter of the krs-one
Means knowledge reigns supreme over nearly everyone
You look at me and laugh, but this is your class
It's an all-out discussion of the suckas I be crushin
So now you are awakened to the music I be makin
Never duplicated, and also highly cultivated
Don't get frustrated cause nothin has been traded
Only activated, it came out very complicated
Not separated, from my dj
You see my voice is now faded
I'll see you folks around the way

Criminal minded...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"My Philosophy"

Voice: so, you're a philosopher?
Krs: yes, I think very deeply.
[repeated and scratched]

[verse one]
Let's begin, what, where, why, or when
Will all be explained like instructions to a game
See I'm not insane, in fact, I'm kind of rational
When I be asking you, "who is more dramatical? "
This one or that one, the white one or the black one
Pick the punk, and I'll jump up to attack one
Krs-one is just the guy to lead a crew
Right up to your face and dis you
Everyone saw me on the last album cover
Holding a pistol something far from a lover
Beside my brother, s-c-o-t-t
I just laughed, cause no one can defeat me
This is lecture number two, "my philosophy"
Number one, was "poetry" you know it's me
This is my philosophy, many artists got to learn
I'm not flammable, I don't burn
So please stop burnin, and learn to earn respect
'cause that's just what kr collects
See, what do you expect when you rhyme like a soft punk
You walk down the street and get jumped
You got to have style, and learn to be original
And everybody's gonna wanna diss you
Like me, we stood up for the south bronx
And every sucka mc had a response
You think we care? I know that they are on the tip
My posse from the bronx is thick
And we're real live, we walk correctly
A lot of suckas would like to forget me
But they can't, cause like a champ
I have got a record of knocking out the frauds in a second
On the mic, I believe that you should get loose
I haven't come to tell you I have juice
I just produce, create, innovate on a higher level
I'll be back, but for now just seckle!

[verse two]
I'll play the nine and you play the target
You all know my name so I guess I'll just start it

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"My Philosophy"

Voice: so, you're a philosopher?
Krs: yes, I think very deeply.
[repeated and scratched]

[verse one]
Let's begin, what, where, why, or when
Will all be explained like instructions to a game
See I'm not insane, in fact, I'm kind of rational
When I be asking you, "who is more dramatical? "
This one or that one, the white one or the black one
Pick the punk, and I'll jump up to attack one
Krs-one is just the guy to lead a crew
Right up to your face and dis you
Everyone saw me on the last album cover
Holding a pistol something far from a lover
Beside my brother, s-c-o-t-t
I just laughed, cause no one can defeat me
This is lecture number two, "my philosophy"
Number one, was "poetry" you know it's me
This is my philosophy, many artists got to learn
I'm not flammable, I don't burn
So please stop burnin, and learn to earn respect
'cause that's just what kr collects
See, what do you expect when you rhyme like a soft punk
You walk down the street and get jumped
You got to have style, and learn to be original
And everybody's gonna wanna diss you
Like me, we stood up for the south bronx
And every sucka mc had a response
You think we care? I know that they are on the tip
My posse from the bronx is thick
And we're real live, we walk correctly
A lot of suckas would like to forget me
But they can't, cause like a champ
I have got a record of knocking out the frauds in a second
On the mic, I believe that you should get loose
I haven't come to tell you I have juice
I just produce, create, innovate on a higher level
I'll be back, but for now just seckle!

[verse two]
I'll play the nine and you play the target
You all know my name so I guess I'll just start it

Or should I say, "start this," I am an artist
Of new concepts at their hardest
Cause, yo, I'm a teacher and scott is a scholar
It ain't about money cause we all make dollars
That's whyi walk with my head up
When I hear wack rhymes I get fed up
Rap is like a set-up, a lot of games
A lot of suckas with colorful names
I'm so-and-so, I'm this, I'm that
Huh, but they all just wick-wick-wack
I'm not white or red or black
I'm brown.. from the boogie down
Productions, of course our music be thumpin'
Others say their bad, but they're buggin
Let me tell you somethin' now about hip hop
About d-nice, melodie, and scott la rock
I'll get a pen, a pencil, a marker
Mainly what I write is for the average new yorker
Some mc's be talkin' and talkin'
Tryin' to show how black people are walkin
But I don't walk this way to portray
Or reinforce stereotypes of today
Like all my brothas eat chicken and watermelon
Talk broken english and drug sellin'
See I'm tellin, and teaching real facts
The way some act in rap is kind of wack
And it lacks creativity and intelligence
But they don't care cause the company is sellin' it
It's my philosophy, on the industry
Don't bother dissin me, or even wish that we'd
Soften, dilute, or commercialize all our lyrics
Cause it's about time one of y'all hear it
And hear it first-hand from the intelligent brown man
A vegetarian, no goat or ham
Or chicken or turkey or hamburger
'cause to me that's suicide self-murder
Let us get back to what we call hip hop
And what it meant to dj scott la rock...

[verse three]
How many mc's must get dissed
Before somebody says, "don't f*** with kris!"
This is just one style, out of many
Like a piggy bank, this is one penny
My brother's name is kenny - that's, kenny parker
My other brother i.c.u. is much darker
Boogie down productions is made up of teachers
The lecture is conducted from the mic into the speaker
Who gets weaker? the king or the teacher

It's not about a salary it's all about reality
Teachers teach and do the world good
Kings just rule and most are never understood
If you were to rule or govern a certain industry
All inside this room right now would be in misery
No one would get along nor sing a song
'cause everyone'd be singing for the king, am I wrong? !
So yo, what's up, it's me again
Scott la rock, krs, bdp again
Many people had the nerve to think we would end the trend
We're criminal minded, an album which is only ten
Funky, funky, funky, funky, funky hit records
No more than four minutes and some seconds
The competition checks and checks and keeps checkin'
They buy the album, take it home, and start sweatin'
Why? well it's simple, to them it's kind of vital
To take krs-one's title
To them I'm like an idol, some type of entity
In everybody's rhyme they wanna mention me?
Or rather mention us, me or scott la rock
But they can get bust get robbed, get dropped
I don't play around nor do I f*** around
And you can tell by the bodies that are left around
When some clown jumps up to get beat down
Broken down to his very last compound
See how it sounds? a little unrational
A lot of mc's like to use the word dramatical!
Fresh for '88, you suckas...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ya Slippin'"

(yo man, these people around here in '87 just slippin-dough, you know what I'm sayin? boogie down productions not slippin-dough, so hold ya hands-you Know what I'm sayin? (word) yo! what's goin' on? mr. magic-you know what Happened? he slipped on us-he die. pumpin kiss fm, we rock. to my man dj Red alert- we chillin' (word). yo man! yo do, heard about, man, this shit About this kid-wearin' the, ah, jerry curls, man.word up! he was slippin'. Yo dough, word up, word up. he had a yellow coat on, but no description was Given)

Now what you just heard, people, was a little kickin
But let me tell you this while the clock is still tickin
This is the warning, known as the caution:
Do not attempt to dis 'cause you'll soften
Just like a pillow, or better yet a mattress
You can't match this style or attack this
While I'm telling you, write on schedule
Fuck with k-r-s and I'll bury you
Deep in the dirt, or sand with a shovel
No fight, no scurry, or scuffle, just muffle
Total domination on stage
Kris is the name, 22 is the age
Those who wanna battle, I know who you are
You got a little girl, you drive a little car
You come into the place with that look on your face
Before you ran the mile, you lost the race
So assume you're doomed when you step in the room
I'll be the witch and you'll be the broom
I'll ride you, guide you into the concrete
I'll slide you to a funky beat
So what do we have here?
A sucka in fear
I snatched your heart
Put it way up on the chart
At ten you're fucked
At nine you suck
At eight you're a sucker
At seven-a mothafucka
At six you're slapped
At five you're just wacked
At four you're lost
At three, you're just soft
At two you're an ass
At one, you're a dick

But before you slip, I'll whip
'cause homeboy, ya slippin'

(yo get my slip on, I'm chillin on.a long time, ya see me slip on, crop d,
And I'll slip on, everybody-i slip on.sayin? I'll come back if I miss you,
Sayin?)

I understand that music calms the savage beast
But keep in mind that I compose my music piece by piece
First a bass, a snare
A little cut over there
I add my name k-r-s
And the shit becomes fresh
I ask moe and icu for their thoughts
Layin' down a power play all the suckas are tought
One again, the tactics of original arts
We're gettin' payed to the end 'cause we were down from the start
We're known as boogie down productions, ain't no b-boy stance
Gauranteed to make ya dance, if you give us a chance
We're goin' off and of course all ya suckas are lost
You wanna hear a fresh rhyme? you've come to the source
Because I'm the type of guy who's not put up on a pedestal
Run my rhyme on time and on schedule
One after another, another to the next
Can't rhyme when you're tense, or your muscles won't flex
Check your larynx
It may get lower havin' sex
Or may get higher
When bustin' as a liar
These are the things I teach so be tought
To me you're kinda short, how many battles have you fought?
If you come up with a number, notebook, or list
It just doesn't matter, you can still get dissed
I'm bringin' back that ol' new york rap
That gets you jacked while you're hands still clap
It's funny
Just dissin' you I can make money
But noone's tippin'
My message is simple: ya' slippin!

(they slippin'-dough-1987-they spippin', but we goin' all the way to the top
Man (word)-you know what I'm sayin? to my brother krs-1, you're large, i'm
Sayin, large-everytime, man, large.they're slippin')

E-n-o, s-r-k
When you go through other albums, you're sure to say
Goddam! they all seem to sound alike
Till you hear the crew standin' over in the light
Showing, glowing, on the top growing

The lyrics keep flowing and flowing and just flowing
Just like a river, or better yet a stream
I'm proud to be down with the winning team
So don't ever in your life even think about an arguement
'cause you'll get walked on like carpet
We'll pick you up, and dust you off
Stamp bdp on you're head and you're off
But you won't even change that to say instead
I'm down 'cause I got a bdp on my head
So just before you inherit that ass kicking
I suggest you wake right up 'cause ya slippin'

(yo! they slippin'-dough, they slippin'-dough, they slippin'-word up, i
Don't care no more, man, I'm commin' out of the shell-dough, they slippin'
Man.b-boy records, magic, yo all the time they slippin-ya know what i'm
Saying? this other kid-i don't know what his name is, but you know what time
It is. (word up!) he's slippin' too (everybody).slippin', and everytime
He do somethin', he's slippin'. slippin'.)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Stop The Violence"

Worldwide bdp are the freshest!
Worldwide! worldwide! worldwide!

One two three, the crew is called bdp
And if you want to go to the tip top
Stop the violence in hip-hop, y-o

Time and time again, as I pick up the pen
As my thoughts emerge, these are those words
I glance at the paper to know what's going on
Someone's doing wrong, the story goes on
Mary lue's had a baby someone else decapitated
The drama of the world shouldn't keep us so frustrated
I look, but it doesn't coincide with my books
Social studies when I speak upon political crooks
It's just the presidents, and all the money they spent
All the things they invent and how the house is so immaculate
They paid missiles, my family's eating gristle
Then they get upset when the press blows the whistle
Of course the main profiles are kept low
You temper with some jobs, now the press is controlled
Not only newspapers, but every single station
You only get to hear the president is on vacation
But ehrm, stay calm, there's no need for alarm
You say "go back" to your mom, and you're off to vietnam
You shoot to kill, come back and you're a veteran
But how many veterans are out there pedaling?
There's no telling, 'cause they continue selling
As quiet as it's kept, I won't go into depth
You can talk about nigeria, people used to laugh at ya.
Now I take a look, I say "usa for africa? !"

Huh.
What's the solution, to stop all this confusion?
Rewrite the constitution, change the drug which you're using
Rewrite the constitution or the emancipation proclamation
We fight inflation, yet the president's still on vacation

Bdp posse!
I say: one two three, the crew is called bdp
And if you wanna go to the tip top
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

This might sound a little strange to you
Well here's the reason I came to you
We gotta put our heads together, and stop the violence
Cause real bad boys move in silence
When you're in a club, you come to chill out
Not watch someones blood just spill out
That's what these other people want to see
Another race fight endlessly
You know we're being watched, you know we're being seen
Some wish to destroy this scene called hip-hop
But I won't drop
Not I or scott larock
Now here is the message that we bring today:
Hip-hop will surely decay
If we as a people don't stand up and say:
"stop the violence!"
"stop the violence!"
"stop the violence!"
"stop the violence!"
"stop the violence!"

I say: one two three, the crew is called bdp
And if you wanna go to the tip top
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

Bdp and me
We step into the party top celebrity
Say when we're coming to dance, we never have to pay a fee
Cause that's where we got r-e-s-p-e-c-t
I have this one wife, her name is miss melody
I know I'm from the bronx, she from the brooklyn posse
I tell ya look a little like this, then I tell you some that i
Sometimes I got my gear on, sometimes I wear a hat
Sometimes I'm in a mercedes and sometimes I'm in a plain
Sometimes I find myself upon the number two train
Some people look at me and see negativity
Some people look at me and see positivity
But when I see myself I see creativity
So if I can create, well then I make some money
Sha man, just put your hands up if you're out here gettin' paid
Sha man, just put your hands up if you're out here gettin' paid
One two three, the crew is called bdp
And if you wanna go to the tip top
Stop the violence in the hip-hop, y-o

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Illegal Business"

{*30 seconds in: dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}

Cocaine business controls america
Ganja business controls america
Krs-one come to start some hysteria
Illegal business controls america

[krs-one]
One afternoon around eleven o'clock
It was freezin cold, he was standing on the block
Sellin cheeba, nick's and dimes
Sayin a rhyme just to pass the time
The cops passed by, but he stayed calm
Cause the leather trench coat was keepin him warm
But this time they walked by real slowly
He thought to himself, "they look like they know me"
They drove away, but he didn't stay
He jumped in the cab and he paid his tab
But guess who he saw when he hit the block
It was the same cop car, the same two cops
They jumped out quick, they pulled a gun
They said, "don't try to fight and don't try to run
Cooperate and we will be your friend
Non-cooperation will be your end"
He jumped in the car, and while they rode
They ran down the list of things he owed
They said, "you owe us some money, you owe us some product
Cause you could be right in the river tied up"
He thought for a second and he said, "what is this?
You want me to pay you to stay in business? "
They said, "that's right, or you go to prison
Cause nobody out there is really gonna listen
To a hood," so he said, "good!
I'll pay you off for the whole neighborhood"
Because

Cocaine business controls america
Ganja business controls america
Krs-one come to start some hysteria
Illegal business controls america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}

[krs-one]
A guy named jack, is sellin crack
The community, doesn't want him back
He sells at work, he sells in schools
He's not stupid, the cops are the fools
Cause everyone else seems to go to jail
But when it comes to jack, the cops just fail
They can't arrest him, they cannot stop him
Cause even in jail the bail unlocks him
So here is the deal, and here is the facts
If you ever wonder why they can't stop crack
The police department, is like a crew
It does whatever they want to do
In society you have illegal and legal
We need both, to make things equal
So legal is tobacco, illegal is speed
Legal is aspirin, illegal is weed
Crack is illegal, cause they cannot stop ya
But cocaine is legal if it's owned by a doctor
Everything you do in private is illegal
Everything's legal if the government can see you
Don't get me wrong, america is great place to live
But listen to the knowledge I give

Cocaine business controls america
Ganja business controls america
Krs-one come to start some hysteria
Illegal business controls america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Krs-one come to start some hysteria
{*dj scratches "what what what what, what what what what,
What can we get for 63 cents? "*}

Cocaine business controls america
Ganja business controls america
Krs-one come to start some hysteria
Illegal business controls america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Yeah, illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Yeah, krs-one come to start some hysteria

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Yeah, bdp takin over america
{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Ganja business controls america

{*dj scratches "what can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Cocaine, sensai
Aspirin, coffee
Morphine, sugar
Tobacco, got to go

{*dj scratches "what what what what, what can we get.."*}
Illegal business controls america
{*dj scratches "what what, what can we get.."*}
Yeahhhhh, ganja business controls america
{*dj scratches "what what what what what what,
What can we get for 63 cents? "*}
Yeahhhhh, cocaine business controls america
{*dj scratches "what what what what.."*}
Illegal business controls america

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Nervous"

[krs-one]
by all means necessary
Written, produced, directed, by blastmaster krs-one
Mixed, by dj doc
And now.. it's time.. to get{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
Bdp is in full and total effect
I'm gonna shout out a couple of names
We're gonna do it like this
Dj doc.. manager moe.. ms. melodie.. i.c.u., mcboo
{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
D-nice.. scott larock.. krs-one, I think that's me
And you know what? I'm down with bdp
{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
So right about this time
You should throw your hands up in the air
How many people got nike's on?
If you got your nike's on, put your feet up in the air
If you don't got nike's on
I think you need to keep your feet down
Cause the party is live {nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
And we're in total stereo, yaknowhati'msayin?

So all the suckers out there that wanna test
It's time to get{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
And at this point, we gettin a little stupid
I'd like to say, dj doc is in the back chillin out
On the 48-track board without a doubt
Break it down doc, like this!{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
I'd like to give a shout out to who? big daddy kane
Heavy d, and eric b.
Melody, d-square{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
So just throw your hands in the air
Just throw your hands in the air
Krs-one is here without a care
And I don't have no fears homeboy
So all the suckers out there that wanna test bdp
It's time to get{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
Now, here's what we do on the 48-track board
We look around for the best possible break
And once we find it, we just break..
.. or, we just break{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
There's two ways to do this, you see what I'm sayin?
If you feel the board, you feel around

We got tracks one to track 48
We find track seven, and break it down!
{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
Okay.. this album has been funded
By the blastmaster krs-one fund
Ha ha ha ha ha ha hah!
You know what? we're gettin {nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
Okay, we gon' play a little game, break it down doc
Like this, or like this
{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}

You know what? I used to be a graffiti artist
I used to write krs-one all over the place
All up in soundview, in brooklyn
Then when the cops come for you, ha ha hah
You just get{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}
And another thing:
Me and my crew, we made hit records all over the place
But we left b-boy records
And you know what happened after that point?
Ha hah, they just got{nerrrrrrrr-vous!}

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"I�m Still #1"

Verse 1

D.J. Doc you know he's down with us
D-Square, he's down with us
Keyboard Money Mike, is down with us
I.C.U., you know he's down with us
D-Nice and McBoo, they're down with us
Ms. Melodie, she's down with us
Just-Ice and DMX, they're down with us
My manager Moe, he's down with us
Castle-D boy, he's down with us
D.J. Red Alert, he's down with us
Robocop boy, he's down with us
Makin' funky music is a must
I'm number one.

People still takin' rappin' for a joke
A passing hope or a phase with a rope
Sometimes I choke and try to believe
when I get challenged by a million MCs
I try to tell them, "We're all in this together!"
My album was raw because no-one would ever
think like I think and do what I do
I stole the show, and then I leave without a clue

What do you think makes up a KRS?
Concisive teaching, or very clear speaking?
Ridiculous bass, aggravating treble
Rebel, renegade, must stay paid
not by financial aid, but a raid of hits
causing me to take long trips
I'm the original teacher of this type of style
Rockin' off-beat with a smile
or smirk or chuckle, yes some are not up to
BDP Posse so I love to
step in the jam and slam
I'm not Superman, because anybody can
or should be able to rock off turntables
Grab the mic, plug it in and begin
But here's where the problem starts, no heart
Because of that a lot of groups fell apart
Rap is still an art, and no-one's from the Old School
cuz Rap is still a brand-new tool

I say no-one's from the Old School cuz Rap on a whole
isn't even twenty years old
Fifty years down the line, you can start this
cuz we'll be the Old School artists
And even in that time, I'll say a rhyme
A brand-new style, ruthless and wild
Runnin' around spendin' money, havin' fun
cuz even then, I'm still number one.

Verse 2

Blastmaster KRS-One of course
comes to express with style the lost
ways of rhyming, old and new, past and present
Knock, knock, who is it?
A brand-new style, hup, time to change
People talk about me when they see me on stage
Live in action, guaranteed raw
I hang with the rich and I work for the poor
Now tomorrow you can say you saw
KRS-One stompin' once more
I play by ear, I love to steer
the Alfa Romeo from here to there
I grab the beer, but not in the ride
cuz I'm not stupid, I don't drink and drive
I'm not a beginner, amateur or local
My album is sellin' because of my vocals
You know what you need to learn?
Old School artists don't always burn
You're just another rapper who's had his turn
Now it's my turn, and I am concerned
about idiots posing as kings
What are we here to rule?
I thought we were supposed to sing
And if we oughta sing, then let us begin to teach
Many of you are educated, open your mouth and speak
KRS-One is something like a total renegade
except I don't steal, I rhyme to get paid
Airplanes flyin', overseas people dyin'
Politicians lyin', I'm tryin'
not to escape, but hit the problem head-on
by bringin' out the truth in a song
So BDP, short for Boogie Down Productions
made a little noise cuz the crew was sayin' somethin'
People have the nerve to take me for a gangster
An ignorant one, something closer to a prankster
Doin' petty crimes, goin' straight to penitentiary
But in a scale of crime that's really elementary
This beat is now compelling me to explain in silence

why my last jam was so violent
It's simple: BDP will teach reality
No beatin' around the bush, straight up, just like The P Is Free
So now you know, a poet's job is never done
But I'm never overworked, cuz I'm still number one.

Kool Moe Dee, he's down with us
Eric B. and Rakim, they're down with us
Stetsasonic, they're down with us
Dana Dane, he's down with us
Sleeping Bag Records, they're down with us
My lawyer Jay, he's down with us
Jive/RCA is down with us
Makin' funky music is a must
I'm number one.

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Part Time Sucker"

Hahahahaha...
(T'cha t'cha, that boy is a t'cha - KRS-One)
I want you all to understand I'm down with BDP
I got so many styles, but I'm not an MC
I am a teacher teaching rap, and of course I am back
Because these other MC's are here also weak and wack
So BDP will teach them, hey, we will teach them
BDP will teach them, hey, we will teach them
All about the guy who first is down but then he lies
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker
Among thousands and thousands of very good MC's
A poet will flow like the breeze
Like the wind, air is all around us
From what I hear, it's a good thing you found us
And in a hurry, just in the nick of time
Cause I do four things: rhyme, produce, teach, and bring to you new styles
Well here's the first style, right out the pile
It's called vocabulary. Difficult, isn't it?
At least is looks that way when you witness it
Kill (kill?) meaning to deprive of life
Fiancee: future wife
Poet (poet): a person who writes poems
Wandering, meaning to roam
Everyone sees me when I walk into the public
Even the suckers, I just love it
When they get disgusted every time I prove
(Boogie Down Pro...) Boogie Down Productions will move
Meaning to motivate, lest rhyme straight
Hate is a very very big mistake
It rhymes with frustrate and aggravate
Let me just demonstrate why I won't abbreviate
Television, a view of scenes transmitted
Every single second you get it
Pepsi (what?) the choice of a new generation
Fired from work: termination
Quality: something special about an object or person
Can you rock a party without rehearsing?
I can, anytime, on the spot rhyme
Many recording artists can't do it, but I'm
More than just a recording artist kicking dust (who?)
I'm a sandstorm, taking human form
K plus R S equals one
I don't burn anymore, I just cook 'till you're done

And when you're done, then I serve
Like alphabet soup, (letters) letters, (words) words
Sentences, chunks of meat into a paragraph
Get the meaning then ask the question 'bout the guy
Who first is down but then he lies
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker
Kewe-kewe-K, Arewa-arewa-R, Ewe-ewe-S, my rhymes are fresh
Please step back, let me progress
Meaning to advance, you only get a glance
Of me at a time, sayin' some rhyme
Or sayin' some rekkid, that should respect it, select it
I'm never ever wack or reject it
Challenge BDP it get's dissed, expect it
I travel the nation by mostly plane
I travel New York by either cab or the train
Some say that I'm insane, they say
Why would you want to ride the train
(But I) but I don't care, as long as I get there
I never used to pay my fare, but now I think I got to
Because from a jail cell I can't rock you
That's being incarcerated, meaning locked up
(A tool) a tool for holding water is a cup or pail,
The opposite for fresh is stale
(The largest) the largest sea-mammal is a whale
Beer is called ale, or sometimes it is called brew
(A group a) a group of human beings is a crew
You know what I'm gonna do? Explain Criminal Minded
Cause much too many people still are blinded
Let me rewind it, and elaborate on blinded, meaning can't see through me
He he he he he, these people make me laugh
The way they like to change up the past
So when you're there in class, learning `his story'
Learn a little of your story, the real story
It doesn't pay to know the life and times of someone else
It doesn't benefit your wealth or your mental health
I go for self, but the real self is one with all
This self who's by himself does fall
Down, just like the guy who first was down, but then he lies
What he is to you, he's a part time sucker
All right, now, hear we go...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Jimmy"

Intro

The J, the I, the M, the M
The Y, the J, the I, the M
It's Jimmy!
It's Jimmy! x2

Verse 1

Here is a message to the Super-Hoes
Just keep in mind when Jimmy grows
It grows and grows and grows, so let it
But keep in mind about the epidemic
When Jimmy releases, boy it pleases
But what do you do about all these diseases?
Jimmy is Jimmy, no matter what
So take care of Jimmy cos you know what's up
Cos now in winter AIDS attacks
So run out and get your Jimmy Hats
It costs so little for a pack of three
They're Jimmy Hats for the winter attack
Good for a present, great for lovers
Demonstrated by The Jungle Brothers
Protect your Jimmy and keep it fresh
They're Jimmy Hats by KRS

Chorus

So, remember you're never too old (Jimmy is wearin' a hat)

Remember you're never too bold (Jimmy is wearin' a hat)
Do me a favour, wear your hat
So Jimmy...will have the opportunity to come back

Verse 2

Well, Red Alert is down with BDP
Teachin' you all about Jimbrowski
I don't wanna hear that you're not with it
Turn around and see your butt in a clinic
Havin' doctors just poke at Jimmy
Let me express what now what's in me
Too many people take too many risks

Too many people I see get dissed
Jimmy Hats are now in style
Cos you can't trust a big butt and a smile
Some are dry and some lubricated
Many companies make and made it
So all you Super-Hoes, wear your hat
Cos drippin' Jimmies is straight up wack
Keep in mind about Jimbrowski
Jimmy Hats by BDP

The J, the I, the M
The M, the Y, the J, the I...
It's Jimmy!
It's Jimmy!
The J, the I, the M, the M
The Y, the J, the I, the M
It's Jimmy!

Repeat chorus

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"T□cha - T□cha"

[krs-one]
Eassssssssy mahn!
It's impossible to take out boogie down productions
Seen?

Yes.. come mi say

Intro/chorus: krs-one

Come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha
Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha
Come mi say come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha
Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha

[krs-one]
Me bus' upon the scene around 1986
A few hit records got me started real quick
I represent the bronx, but I am a new yorker
All vegeterian, never eat pork or
Chicken in a battle yes my brain starts clickin
Just like the gears of a watch, tock-tickin
I never lose time cause the rhyme is all digital
For suckers like you, I turn the power up to critical
On every playlist, waxin that anus
Suckers or professionals, bring down the decimal
Point every time you subtract an emcee
People look at me, a p-o-e-t
Teachin suckers like you about the i.c.u.
And the krs-one, sounds like arithmetic
Very psychological; why are you on the dick?
Well, my evaluation is sudden
Takin me out, is somethin closer to impossible
You could try your best
But frankly I don't think it's logical
This is yes the dj writer superproducer kris
God gave me a talent, so let me flaunt the gift

Chorus

[krs-one]
Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin paid
Push up ya han-ds, if you don't have aids, biddi-by-by
Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin pa-ai-id

Push up ya han-ds, if you won't be delayed
Boogie down productions at the head of the raid
Always gettin brighter while the suckers will fade
Life is very serious, it's not an arcade
So everything you're hearing, krs has made
Mc's grab the microphone but don't know what to say
So dj krs has come to show dem the way
I always call you females by your name, not "hey!"
Cause "hey" will only make a real woman turn away, gwan
Unless the woman is the freak of the yearrrr
Well then you know that krs don't carrrre
Unless the woman is the freak of the yearrrr, biddi-by-by
And then you know that krs don't carrrre
You always call a freak, by the garment they wear
Instead of call it clothes they always callin it gear
Big derriere to make the next man stare
Attracted to the man with jheri curls in him hair
Always puffin cheeba with a forty of beer
But to a re-al wo-man freaks-a can-not compare, gwan
Hold up ya han-ds if you a real wo-man, bo!
Hold up ya han-ds, if you do underst-and
The style that I'm sayin, without no delayin
Is blastmaster krs-one, just playin
It's really kinda easy for me, to do a style like this
It's kinda primitive, so please don't miss
The way I do this on the microphone, cause I was never shown
My mother wasn't into b-boyin at the home
No one out can compete
And not another dj rocks this type of beat
Come mi say

Chorus

[krs-one]
Come mi say jump up when ya high, and jump up when ya low-ah
Boogie down productions make the lyrics just flow
With m-e-l-o-d-i-e and manager moe
We'll wrap up any mc in a ribbon or a bow
People takin pictures of me everywhere I go
Take out three mc's and call it tic-tac-toe

Yes!

Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, zhiggi-zi
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, come mi say

Chorus

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Style You Haven't Done Yet"

Intro

The number one set and sound...live! Ghetto Music. Produced by KRS-One.

Widdy-bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye bye
Widdy-bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye bye

Come in!

Verse 1

Many have claimed to attain levels in rhymin'
But when I listen to 'em I see they're only lyin'
They're tryin', but after some years if you ain't got it
Lay it down, put it down, find a way to try and stop it
Or change it, rearrange it, be a producer
Don't touch the microphone because you'll always be the loser
And laughed at, smirked on, you don't belong
With those that perform their song on and on
And on and on and on, yo, let's get specific
This style is for the gifted, poetically uplifted
I speak to you, not at you to attack you
Maybe when I'm through with this rhyme I'll get a statue
So now I ax you or tell you people literally
When it comes to rockin' funky lyrics few are better than me
Down with BDP, endlessly recitin' poetry
Any time I'm in the street, you hear my voice, you know it's me
KR...nope! I'm not ready to say my name yet
Many say they teach, but this style they haven't attained yet

Widdy-bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!
Bye-bye bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!
Bye bye bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!
Bye-bye bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye

Verse 2

Run it, son, plumb it you bum
Don't you know that it's KRS-One
That comes to sing the styles that ain't sung
I rocked the party, but oh! Gotta run
Cos only the suckers want a chance at that

To see if KRS-One is really all that
Instead of a rap I jap-slap all of 'em back
Because the teacher that you see is not wack
I'd like to stack up all the hits that I've made
Three albums, a triple-layer cake
And throw it in your face you waste
Pick up the pace and taste a poet from the black race
While I whip you whine, you're out of touch
I'm out of time, here's another rhyme

(The black man's in effect. Jeeeeeeesus! Oh gosh, dude. Oh gosh. Oh yes, dude. Yes)

(What's the name of that crew? B.D.P)

(Say what? I'm not down with the Juice Crew)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Why Is That?"

Verse One

The day begins, with a grin
And a prayer to excuse my sins
I can walk anywhere I choose
Cause everybody listens to the B.D.P. crew
We're not here for glamour or fashion
But here's the question I'm askin
Why is it young black kids taught {flashin?}
They're only taught how to read, write, and act
It's like teachin a dog to be a cat
You don't teach white kids to be black
Why is that? Is it because we're the minority?
Well black kids follow me
Genesis chapter eleven verse ten
Explains the geneology of Chem
Chem was a black man, in Africa
If you repeat this fact they can't laugh at ya
Genesis fourteen verse thirteen
Abraham steps on the scene
Being a descendent of Chem which is a fact
Means, Abraham too was black
Abraham born in the city of a black man
Called Nimrod grandson of Kam
Kam had four sons, one was named Canaan
Here, let me do some explaining
Abraham was the father of Isaac
Isaac was the father of Jacob
Jacob had twelve sons, for real
And these, were the children of Isreal
According to Genesis chapter ten
Egyptains descended from {Hahm,Kam}
Six hundred years later, my brother, read up
Moses was born in Egypt
In this era black Egyptians weren't right
They enslaved black Isrealites
Moses had to be of the black race
Because he spent fourty years in Pharoah's place
He passed as the Pharoah's grandson
So he had to look just like him
Yes my brothers and sisters take this here song
Yo, correct the wrong
The information we get today is just wack

But ask yourself, why is that?

Verse Two

The age of the ignorant rapper is done
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everyone
The stereotype must be lost
That love and peace and knowledge is soft
Do away with that and understand one fact
For love, peace must attack
And attack real strong, stronger than war
To conquer it and it's law
Mental pictures, stereotypes and fake history
Reinforces mystery
And when mystery is reinforced
That only means that knowledge has been lost
When you know who you really are
Peace and knowledge shines like a star
I'm only showin you a simple fact
It Takes A Nation of MILLIONS to Hold Us people Back
Which is wack, but we can correct that
Teach and learn what it is to be black
Cause they're teachin birds to be a cat
But ask yourself homeboy, why is that?

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Blueprint"

Musty fusty yet so crystal clear
The non-commercial set is now here
Brought to you by the will of positve people
K-r-s plus one equals
Slammin' lyrics and beats unquestionable
The peofessional while I guess that you'll
Grab the album that rocks most on the market
Strong hearted with a target
--bloo-- and the target is hit
I shot the lyric then reload the clip
--bloo-- another shell hits the ground
Along with the shell my opponents weak crown
--bloo bloo-- the title comes after
What a disaster listen to the laughter
Your heart I capture
Cause every lecture has tecture
If you're wack I say next sir
Who's next cause I've got no time for weakness
Only the teacher speaks this
Dialect, which gains nuff resect
Which money can't buy you yet
I don't care cause boogie down productions has both
The most worldwide coast to coast
We didn't do it with the soft commercial sound
Try the ghetto cause I refuse to let go
You see you don't understand I knew it
You got a copy I read from the blueprint

Keepin' it on track
And never wack
Please step back
If you speak the weak rap
Cause I alone can dis your whole pack or posse
Stupid sit there and watch me
You can't stop the original with a copy
Sloppy very sloppy you slouch
Every time I bite you yell ouch
Breakout get lost your throat is hoarse
You lost cause I'm dope of course
--one and two and three and four--
But that comes from years of practice
Anti-slackness anti-wackness
Throw on the glasses and teach the masses

Very simple the question I ask is
How many mcs must get stomped
Before somebody says kris has no calm
Thousands both here and overseas
If you're soft I say please leave
Here's the door here's your hat coat and mitt
Cause here we read from the blueprint

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Jack Of Spades"

* was also featured in the movie "i'm gonna get you sucka"

[krs-one]
Again we start, let me say my part
About the only guy who has some heart
It took some time for the heart to come
But it's here, and everybody's in fear
Crashin through the door of that whore
Bringin a end to this gold chain war
What you saw, krs-one is now seeing
Another fly human being
Making, no excuses for the losers
Chain-snatchers, pimps, drug abusers
You don't like it but you gotta keep pushin
Until somebody starts mushin
All these suckers, claimin to rule the environment
(nah man, I ain't buyin it)
You seem to think that everybody can be taught
That everyone else can be bought
But, you took a short, cause one guy hasn't been paid
He is the jack of spades!

* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." *

[krs-one]
He's a, calm kind of guy, courageous and loyal
But don't let the temper boil
Cause just like a pot when the whistle blows
(that's right boy, anything goes!)
The crime is commited and he's right on your tail
There's no bail, not thinkin bout jail
All the ends, are justified by the means
When jack's on the scene
Track the movement, don't lose it
Cause if he come through the back, he attacks
Crack, cocaine, cops, and more fiends
Who all get the same in the heat of this gold chain game
Here is the aim --
Destroy all the stereotypes, hypes, and crack pipes
We don't like, criminals, and crime --
But we don't pay it any mind
So here comes kung-fu, joe, and fly guy
Slade, hammer, and slammer

I, am a, renegade teacher and scholar
If you ain't up on it you gotta
Fall to the back of the line
Hear this rhyme, cause i'ma say it one more time
It's jack's theme song that krs made
It's called the jack of spades!

* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." *

[krs-one]
You know, the jack of spades is now down with the bdp posse
If you wanna see more, just watch me
Man, do what I do, throw your hands in the air
And scream it out, ohh yeah "ohh yeahhh!!"
One more time! "ohh yeahhh!!"
(flash the rhyme!)
Cool, guy, loud and quiet
If your head's in the way, he'll fly it
Don't try it, cause jack of spades doesn't buy it
He's a one man riot
Cleanin the community, of all it's debris
The c-r-i-m-e
The road was long and scary and some didn't make it
The average guy couldn't take it
But jack, is not, the average guy
He took a piece of the pie and bit it
Got with it, for his brother he did it
So you gotta admit it
This is a martyr, a soldier, a hero
Why? because he started from zero
In this battle he clearly understands their power
They're payin people by the hour
To sell, to lie, to try, to stand up and deny
They are gettin everybody high
High on a cable, cash under the table
Currency is how they're able
To buy the cops and props and keep the law paid
But here comes the jack of spades!

* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." *

[krs] break it down!

* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." *

[krs-one]
Fresh.. for jack of spades, you suckers
Ha ha ha ha ha ha hah..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Jah Rulez"

[krs-one]
Yes, right about now we got afrika
From the jungle brothers on the wheels of steel
My sister harmony right beside me
And i, krs-one on the mic
Sidney mills on the keyboards
And dwayne on the engineering
And once again, this style is dedicated to the heavenly father
Because you know ya rule!

[harmony]
Where can they go, where can they turn?
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. their very soul! (fi-yah!)
What can they do, what can they say?
They can't live without your love.. (ba-da-bi)
Another day.. (ba-ba-bad-bad-bad)

[krs-one]
Bad man people and petty rob-ber
Straighten up your ways or you will suf-fer
What go around come around and this is the law
The manmade law krs-one ig-nore
I walk the streets as a ruff yout bwoy
Very intelligent, and full of joy
Go to a concert and mash up the jam (bo)
People in the world know just who I am
I am what I am cause I am not soft
When the blind lead the blind - that's when ya lost
Me just a dj dealin with negative
Nonsense messages, a what dem a give
Bdp strong, cause jah is the strength
Bdp long, cause jah is the length
Bdp together, cause jah is the link
We a just arise, while the negative sink! come!

[harmony]
Where can they go, where can they turn?
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (burns!)
Their very soul! (lick dem down!)
And what can they do, what can they say?
They can't live without your love.. another day.. (come!)
Where can they go..
What can they do? (bo)

[krs-one]
We are not a front and, we are no fraud
Every hit record comes straight from the lord
We live in jail cell and we live in shelter
If you help yourself, well jah will help ya
Look to no man but love everyone
Stand on your own and work til you're done
Follow the commandments that jah set forth
Cause manmade laws, made man lost (bo)

[harmony]
Where can they go, where can they turn?
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (ba-da-bi-bi-bi)
Their very soul! (fi-yah!)
What can they do, what can they say?
They can't live without your love.. another day..
They need you, in their lives
They know, your live is right (always right)
You're the inspiration (yes) that sweet revelation
All their hope, and their salvation (so right)
And where can they go, where can they turn (where ya hide?)
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. their very soul!
(wa-da-ba-da-bi-bi-bi-bi-bi)
What can they do, what can they say?
They can't live without your love.. another day..
(fi-yah, fi-yah, fi-yah, fi-yah)
They need you, in their lives
They know, your love is right
You're the inspiration, that sweet revelation
And all of their hopes (jah rulez) and their salvation
Where can they go, where can they turn (jah rule every time)
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (nowhere)
Their very soul (kyan't move without the movement of jah, seen?)
And what can they do, what can they say
They can't live without your love.. another day..
Where do they go
What do they do?
Where do they turn
What can they say?
Where do they go, what can they do
Breathe without you?
Where do they go
Breathe without you?
What do they do.. *fades*

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Breath Control"

[krs-one] + [somebody beatboxing]
Let me tell you bout a crew I know [ba bum bum]
Called boogie down productions and they steal the show [ba bum bum]
With dj scott larock and krs-one
[ba-bum, ba-ba-bum, ba-bum-ba-bum-bababababababababa]
With d-nice you know the job is done
And I know [boom-ba-bum] oh yes I know [ba-boom-ba-bum]
I know because I'm krs-one, yo check this out

[beatbox continues in the background]

[krs-one]
Breath control.. here's an example
I appeal, to the +criminal minded+
You can't find it, boy you're still blinded
Why don't you open your eyes and stop dissin
Get a prescription to listen
Sit in the class and ask real fast about a fresh rap
You're gettin left back, set back, kept back
Get back, I don't accept that material
Your rhymes are artificially flavored like cereal
I like clarity, so when you come here
Speak clear and concise and then I might give
A little slack to.. nah, wait - I take that back
If you're wack, I'll slap, fuck that!
Boogie down productions back, simply cause we never left
The radical sounds of krs
What a mess, to roll up and then 'fess
Wild guess huh, you thought you were the best?
But - yup yup - as it always turns out
You get burned out, your rhymes just run out
I immediately come out, boomin dope and
Don't provoke, you're walkin a very thin rope
Not even rope, the word I'm lookin for is string
When I sing, I sing to try and bring
Enlightenment, yet the suckers be bitin it
Radio's fightin it, the fans be likin it
Your face I'm wipin it, cause your mouth is dirty
You're unworthy to think that you can serve me
You heard me? these styles are universal
You need rehearsal, wait, first i'll
Beef up the system, rhyth, rhymin, timin, climbin
Then realizing

As producer of this dope record huh
I think it's time we break for a second

Breath control..

[krs-one]
That's it, that's it, that's it
Break is over, back to the track
Resume attack, on the crews that are wack
We don't lack, I mean, we don't like
The played out styles when we're rockin the mic
The radical rebel at level fifteen
The amp only goes to ten, you know what I mean?
As it seems, it seems that you're doomed
Yes I'll boom and consume the whole room
Not a part, not a fraction or a sum
But all, capital krs-one
B-d-b-d-b-d-b-d-p
Takin mc's out constantly!
Because you're no big deal, you're no big wheel
You steal, come before me and kneel but
I'm not a king, I'm not a queen, I'm not a ace
I'm not a jack, I'm not a mc or a playboy
And I just ain't wack
I feel that you should get an understanding
You might be jamming, but krs-one is slamming
Hypothetically, or in reality
Takin you out, is a small technicality
Rhymes like these, or rhymes like this one
Comes in handy, while I diss some
Soft silly low budget sucker like yourself
I got the style you need, in my house on the shelf
Labelled, sucker boy style
I like to do it every once in a while..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Who Protects Us From You?"

Verse

(Fy-ah! Come down fas'...)

You were put here to protect us
But who protects us from you?
Every time you say "That's illegal"
Doesn't mean that that's true (Uh-huh)
Your authority's never questioned
No-one questions you
If I hit you I'll be killed
But you hit me? I can sue (Order! Order!)
Lookin' through my history book
I've watched you as you grew
Killin' blacks and callin' it the law
(Bo! Bo! Bo!) And worshipping Jesus too
There was a time when a black man
Couldn't be down wit' your crew (Can I have a job please?)
Now you want all the help you can get
Scared? Well ain't that true (You goddamn right)
You were put here to protect us
But who protects us from you?
Or should I say, who are you protecting?
The rich? the poor? Who?
It seems that when you walk the ghetto
You walk wit' your own point of view (Look at that gold chain)
You judge a man by the car he drives
Or if his hat match his shoe (Yo, you lookin' kinda fresh)
Well, back in the days of Sherlock Holmes
A man was judged by a clue
Now he's judged by if he's Spanish,
Black, Italian or Jew
So do not kick my door down and tie me up
While my wife cooks the stew (You're under arrest!)
Cos you were put here to protect us
But who protects us from you?

(A public service announcement brought to you by the scientists of
Boogie Down Productions. Fy-ah! Come again...)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"You Must Learn"

Just like I told you, you must learn

It's calm yet wild the style that I speak
Just filled with facts and you will never get weak in the heart
In fact you'll start to illuminate, knowledge to others in a song
Let me demonstrate the force of knowledge,
Knowledge reigned supreme
The ignorant is ripped to smithereens
What do you mean when you say I'm rebellious
'Cause I don't accept everything that you're telling us
What are you selling us the creator dwellin' us
I sit in your unknown class while you're failing' us
I failed your class 'cause I ain't with your reasoning
You're tryin' make me you by seasoning
Up my mind with see Jane run, see John walk in a hardcore New York
It doesn't exist no way, no how
It seems to me that in a school that's ebony
African history should be pumped up steadily, but it's not
And this has got to stop, See Spot run, run get Spot
Insulting to a Black mentality, a Black way of life
Or a jet Black family, so I include with one concern, that
You must learn

Chorus: Just like I told you, you must learn (twice)

I believe that if you're teaching history
Filled with straight up facts no mystery
Teach the student what needs to be taught
'Cause Black and White kids both take shorts
When one doesn't know about the other ones' culture
Ignorance swoops down like a vulture
'Cause you don't know that you ain't just a janitor
No one told you about Benjamin Banneker
A brilliant Black man that invented the almanac
Can't you see where KRS is coming at
With Eli Whitney, Haile Selassie
Granville Woods made the walkie-talkie
Lewis Latimer improved on Edison
Charles Drew did a lot for medicine
Garrett Morgan made the traffic lights
Harriet Tubman freed the slaves at night
Madame CJ Walker made a straightenin comb
But you won't know this is you weren't shown

The point I'm gettin' at it it might be harsh
'Cause we're just walkin' around brainwashed
So what I'm sayin' is not to diss a man
We need the 89 school system
One that caters to a Black return because
You must learn

Chorus

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Hip Hop Rules"

[krs-one]
Come again down man
This is krs-one on to wreck ruff ruff ruff stuff
So we're gonna do it like this now
Put up your hands if you love hip-hop music like I do, seen?
And we gonna do it like this now
Listen to the lyrics! bo!

Me say hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!
Rap music, we want the rap music

Way back in the days, 1979
Fatback band made a record usin rhyme
In the same year come the sugarhill gang
With the pow pow boogie, and the big bang bang
R&b, disco, pop country jazz
All thought hip-hop, was just a little fad
But here comes grandmaster flash nonstop
And right after flash, run-d.m.c. dropped
Now, they had to pay attention to the scale
Where other music failed, hip-hop prevailed
See rap music has gone platinum from the start
So now in eighty-nine we gettin present as an art
Me ask, is it because, we've got the eighty-nine vision?
Whoa whoa whoa!
Or is it because, it's a unanimous decision
Hey hey hey hey

That hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!
Rap music, we want the rap music, come down!
Rap music, we want the rap music

I pick up the mic and put down crazy lyrics
I put it 'pon the phonograph so everyone can hear it
You want to sound like me bwoy, you can't come near it
Cause when I flash a new style, the people dem a cheer it
You get so jealous til you just can't bear it
Jealous of ms. melodie, me and derek
See derek is d-nice, and I'm krs-one ah
We'll rock ya in the winter and we rocked ya last summer
You want to battle me you got to wake up in the morning
Cause if you're still sleepin, then i'ma start yawnin

Because ah hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!
Rap music, we want the rap music, come down!
Rap music, we want the rap music

Just, put up your hands if you like rap music
Put up your hands if you like rap music
Ms. melodie boy she always on the mixer
And d-square, love rap music ah
Dj doc boy yes he's on the mix and
Krs-one'll flash a lyric, we say
Here comes yvette, on the lyric and
Big kap, rockin on the mix and
Bdp boy we'll flash a lyric a
Knock the suckers down every time dem hear it, because

Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come down!
Come again!
We want!
Bo!
Come again!
Bo!

* dub/instrumental of first verse reprised to fade *

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Bo! Bo! Bo!"

Bo bo bo clack clack clack clack clack
Get your street knowledge every posse know that come again
Bo bo bo clack clack clack clack clack
The only way to deal with racism if you're black

Well, seven in the morning I woke up to jog
Rushed out the door to inhale the smog
As I ran, I began to wonder
Should I produce or should I tour this summer
Well just that second I heard stay where you are
Before I could stop I was hit by a cop car
I laid on the pavement like I was hurt
Then a redneck cop jumped out with a smirk
He said, ah boy you better watch where you run
As he poked my side with the barrel of his shotgun
I said officer man I ain't do nothin
He said what's that word you n----s use, ya frontin?
Well ya frontin, so why were you running down the street?
At this time I had stood to my feet and said wait a minute
And that's when he did it, he hit me in the face with his gun I wasn't
With it so
On the ground was a bottle of snapple, I broke the bottle in his fucking
Adam's apple
As he fell his partner called for backup well, I had the shotgun and
Began to act up with that

(chorus)

Well I threw down the gun and began to run
I got back in no time and loaded the nine
First I took two clips and then I took two more
I was out the window cause by now they were right at my door
I took three shots and then I laid
They rushed in shooting so I threw a quick grenade
It went boom like a supernova
Badges arms heads legs cops were all over
I jumped out the fire escape down to the street and I started to run you
Know I couldn't feel my feet, I was weak, I said to myself holy shit!
My shirt had filled with blood I didn't know I got hit but there's no
Time to stop no time to explain man I'm in too deep with this everyday
Ghetto pain
Black men are judged by their clothes
Black women are looked at as hoes

So I as one of these uppity n----s
Can only rely on the sound of a trigga going

(chorus)

Well I staggered down the street to an old bookstore
Called the tree of life (yo d it ain't there no more)
But when it was boy I was lucky
Cause in the basement is where they stuck me
When I awoke at the 14th hour
Three black women had gave me a quick shower
I stayed a while and escaped in a truck
Driven by two guys, rakim and chuck
What the fuck I asked as I laid there how many guys do you drive a day
There? chuck said many, rakim said plenty it's an everyday thing when
You're willing to sing a song...

(chorus)

Peace and love to dj scott larock he's in there still!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Gimme Dat"

[krs-one]
Right, right! (woy)
Bring it (woy)
Bdp (woy)
Bdp (woy)
Bdp (woy)
Now smooth it out (woy, woy)
(woy)
(woy)
(woy)
Alright, here we go (woy, woy)

Hi, hello, whassup, and what's happenin?
I am known as the teacher in rappin
Some need slappin, cause what they're sayin
Is wack and weak and - wait, let me speak (woy)
Don't be the sucker comin into my face with that (woy)
Yang-yang, or you'll be down with the chain gang (woy)
Draggin your feet, to a beat produced by bdp (woy)
One of the many, from the library (woy)
I teach hip-hop for a living
So here's a smidgen, of what I'm givin
Krs-one two three four, encore
I'm not a freshman, sophomore, and further more (woy)
I graduated from the school of no shorts
To the world of rappin I brought
"that's it, that's all, single, no more, no less"
That style was created by dj krs (woy)
Offbeat got you out your seat (woy)
When I created the style, they studied every single week (woy)
Now you come in my face like you're rulin? (woy)
But I'm teacher boy, who you foolin!
See there's no defense against common sense
Confidence, intelligence or excellence
Intense, but here's the difference
Krs-one does not mean ignorance
Try obediance, magnificence
As a reference, stop the violence
Criminal minded, poetry, and jimmy hats
Is that your title? gimme dat! (woy)

(woy)
(woy)

(woy)
Now let's take it back a little bit (woy, woy)

(woy)
(woy)
You can't test bdp boy (woy)
So bust this down (woy, woy)

While I got your attention I feel like just
Lettin off two or three lyric then steppin
Jettin, gettin the respect of a teacher
My name is kris, 23, glad to meet ya
Bdp +is+ the number one set
I don't drop science, I teach it, correct!
Some get caught in my style like a net
They can't get out, so I treat em like a pet
Sit boy, down boy, don't bite me yet
I bet you're kind of hungry, here's a calcan, step
Cause I've got no time to hold your hand
I just slam, so you can understand who I am (woy)
The teacher, professor, scholar makin dollars (woy)
The trainer, entertainer, makin ya holla (woy)
The numero uno, number one, the best perfectionist (woy)
Crazy, fresh krs (woy, woy)
So gimme dat!

(woy)
(woy)
(woy)
Now take it on back (woy, woy)

Original.. original.. original.. hit it!

(woy)
(woy)
(woy)
Original.. ah one two three, we out! (woy, woy)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ghetto Music"

"if you like the sound of what you've heard so far.."

[krs-one]
Ghetto music
Ghetto music
Ghetto music
Ghetto music..

.. you're tuned into that easy listening sound
With a cap and gown, not a crown
No glitter, no makeup
Just smashin lyrics, that make up
The b, d, and the p
You pay for the hits, the advice is free
In this industry, we gotta grow
Commercial some go, but, y'know
Just as important as they are
So is the underground superstar (like me)
You gotta ask yourself one question
Do I speak facts, or do I start guessin?
Learn the lesson, before you plan your career
Commercial or underground, where
Do you fit, cause both sides write hits
And all is rap, I'll admit
But what I've come to explain
Is that these people love to play a game
They wanna make it seem like you're wrong
For writin the reality song

(don't touch those issues, don't talk about dat
We don't take knowledge rap)

What? they want you on their bases
Cause if you bring out the brown, you're racist
But if you bring out the pink, well wait, it's ok
Yeah, they won't stop it
I guess it's alright to act demonic
I guess it's alright to act demonic
But that's another chapter, in another book
I've come to show a different look
And that look is the whole of rap
Not just the commercial pap
But the underground, that raw ghetto sound

From which rap music was found
So you can't deny it, you cannot refuse it
I'll be rockin that ghetto music

..

People keep tellin me, "kris!you need more radio
Yeah man, that's the way to go!
You gotta be like so-and-so to go platinum,"
Then I attack em!
I rhyme for the ghetto, I teach the ghetto
I cannot let go, change up? heck no
In the ghetto, I stay mellow
We're in effect yo, ready, set, go
Fresh, for nineteen eighty-nine you suckers
Peace to p.e., and the jungle brothers
Others, have come, to master the art
They start, with heart, then fall apart
Like a dart I shoot for one target (bo bo)
Ghetto music, yeah they'll never chart it
Cause now in eighty-nine, the purpose of a rhyme
Is to strengthen and uplift the mind
Although I'll achieve and achieve and achieve
It's simple, I'll never leave
Cause every time you front for respect you lose it
I'll rock ghetto music

Ghetto music
Ghetto music
Ghetto music
Ghetto music..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"World Peace"

[krs-one]
World peace.. or world talk? !

Yeah..
One, two, three, four!

If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Right now!
If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
Right now!
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

[krs-one]
Take it.. right now..
Don't hesitate! (world peace)
You want world peace? (world peace) (peace.. take it)
Or world talk?

(world peace..)
(world peace..)
(world peace..)

Yo, a lot of people are under the assumption
That peace, is soft or somethin
We must begin to reprogram our thought
From, how we were taught
Back in school, and our tv screens
Strength, is always mean
Love, is always soft
And peace is too peaceful
When all are equal
Sit back, and read the papers
About the murderers, thieves, and rapists
We depend on police for justice
But when do we say, enough is enough
Right now, and call their bluff
It's not a matter of frontin like you're tough
It's a matter of takin yours
And livin universal laws
Cause those laws, cannot be bribed

Nor changed, or paid on the side
You must come correct and walk straight
More love, less and less hate
When you walk, walk with authority
Tell the negative people, don't bother me
Move your face away, I ain't with it
In a minute, I'm gonna hit it!

If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Right now!
If we really want world peace
World peace..
And we want it right now
.. or world talk
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

Break it down!
Take it, yeah!
World peace..
Yeah.. come in..

Crash, smash, don't ask
When the negative disrupts the class
How much longer? get stronger
The battle is getting longer
World, peace, or world talk
Do we run? or do we walk? (charge)
If you want world peace, take it
Cause a lot of our leaders fake it (fraud)
It's similar to armageddeon
When the positive people stop lettin
The negative, control, how we live
Listen to the music I give!

If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Take it!
If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
World peace.. (right now!) ..or world talk?
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

Take it!
If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
World peace!

We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Right now!
If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
Come in now..
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
World peace.. or world talk? !

If we really want world peace
Yes I do
And we want it right now
When can I get it?
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Come in!
If we really want world peace
That's it
And we want it right now
Right now
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

I want it now!
If we really want world peace
I want it right now!
And we want it right now
We need it right now!
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
No talk.. world peace!
If we really want world peace
Peace! *echoes*

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Necessary"

When some get together and think of rap, they tend to think of violence
But when they are challenged on some rock group, the result is always silence
Even before the rock and roll era, violence played a big part in music
It's all according to your meaning of violence and how or in which way you use
It
No, it's not violent to show in movies the destruction of the human body
But yes, of course it's violent to protect yourself at a party
And, oh no, it's not violent when under the christmas tree is a look-alike gun
But, yes, of course it's violent to have an album like KRS-One
By all means necessary, it's time to end the hypocrisy
What I call violence, I can't do , but your kind of violence is stopping me
By all means necessary, the rap audience must grow up
The same type of fightin' we do, they do except we've got nothing to blow up
It doesn`t matter if you win or lose, it's only how good you play the game
This is the oldest sneak attack, because it takes away our senses to gain
If all I do is play the game then I am just mediocre
We strive to be the best we can be, not to just get over
Some people say that life on a whole is serious and nothing is funny
That's only if you base your life around competition and money
Yeah, I'm making some money, he's making some money, but none of these things
Are necessities
What I find to be a necessity is controlling a positive destiny
With this, money, fame, glory and credit will come in time
The people down with me know this every minute they hear me sayin rhymes
I got some friends, I got some allies like Stet, and Big Daddy Kane
They know that by all means necessary that peace is the name of this game
Whether peace by war, or peace by peace, the reality of peace is scary
But we must get there, one way or another, By all means necessary.
Necessary from the Lp 'By All Means Necessary' by BDP, lyrics by KRS-1

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Exhibit A"

clapping, barking, and somebody yells "yo whassup? ? !"

[lawrence krisna parker]
One two
Rap music, what does it mean
What is everybody in this industry for
What is everybody, buying rap for
Why do people get involved, in rap music
Rap music number one, is the voice of black people, number one
Number two, it's the last voice, of black people
Black people have created every music you hear out here in the streets today
Every single music, rock and roll down
Therefore; in a situation that has, all african music in it
All african music, uhh, exploiting itself of it, or coming out of it
All african influence in all it's music
And you have what is called american music awards
You have what is called theft
And what I would like to bring out today is rap music
As, a revolutionary tool in changing the structure of racist america

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Blackman In Effect"

Blackman in Effect KRS-ONE and D-Nice
Wake up!
Take the pillow from your head and put a book in it.
It's time for the massive BDP crew at the top of the pile.
Yo. In the morning I'm yawning, at noon is when I wake up
Make up my bed break up the bread and said
Scratching my head, why am I so damn intimidating?
Is it because of laws designed to keep us waiting and waiting
Thus hating all forms of a setback
Get back, if you can't understand a rap act.
This is the language of the people ready to hear the crew
I've got no juice, 'cause I'm not getting juiced
To have juice means you kiss and lick a lot of booty
To have respect means you simply new or newly
Heard what I had to say and felt as though you'd say that too
I'm not down with a juice-crew
But anyway I say today the message I create is great
I don't preach hate, I simply get the record straight
It's not the fault of the black race that we are misplaced
We're robbin' and killin', your own medicine you taste
You built up a race on the concept of violence
Now in '90 you want silence
Well, I want science, not silence but science
Scientific fact about black
The board of education acts as if it's only reality
Is talking 'bout a Tom, Dick and Harry
So now you learn your black history is questions and answers
Every question but the Black Panthers
Timbuctoo existed when the caveman existed
Why then isn't this listed
Is this because the blackman is the original man
Or does it mean humanity is African
I don't know, but these sciences are hidden
For some strange reason it's forbidden
To talk about, or converse on a political outburst
I don't believe that I'm the first
Or should I say the first one, or the first one that's done
Music like I'm still number one
Music like that or this is the incredible uplift
Those that oppose get dissed
But who will oppose the teacher when society's a wreck
So check the blackman's in effect
Near the Tigris and Euphrates Valleys in Asia

Lies the Garden of Eden
Where Adam became a father to humanity
Now don't get mad at me
But according to facts, this seems just fantasy
Because man, the most ancient man
Was found thousands of years before Adam began
And where he was found, again they can't laugh at ya
It's right, dead, smack in Africa
But due to religious and political power
We must be denied the facts every hour
We run to school, tryin' to get straight A's
Let's take a trip way back in the days
To the first civilization on Earth, the Egyptians
Giving birth to science, mathematics and music
Religion, the list goes on, you choose it
Egypt was the land of spiritual blessing
Egypt was the land of facts, not guessing
People from all over the world had come
To learn from Egypt, Egypt number one
So people that believe in Greek philosophy
Know your facts, Egypt was the monopoly
Greeks had learned from Egyptian masters
You might say "Prove it", well here's the answers
640 to 322 b.C. originates Greek philosophy
But in that era Greece was at war
With themselves and Persia, what's more
Any philosopher at that time was a criminal
He'd be killed very simple
This indicates that Greece had no respect
For science or intellect
So how the hell you created philosophy
When you kill philosophers constantly
The point is that we descend from kings
Science, art and beautiful things
African history is the worlds history
This is the missing link and mystery
Once we realise they all are African
White will sit down with black and laugh again
So judge not least ye might be judged
By the judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged
Matthew seven, first verse doesn't budge
No man should walk the Earth and sludge
If you don't believe, you can go and check
To see how and where the blackman's in effect

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ya Know The Rules"

[d-nice]
Aiyyo, aiyyo kris they know the rules
Hahahahaha, yeah ya don't stop (say what?)
A-ya don't stop (bdp in the house) a-ya don't stop
(check it out, check it out...yo, d!)
Yo bust it, yo yo kris hold on
Let me give a shout out to some people, aight bust it
A scott larock, and ya don't stop
A sammy b, and ya don't stop
A mister cee, and ya don't stop
A cool v, and ya don't stop
Evil e, and ya don't stop
A easylee, and ya don't stop
A dj scratch, and ya don't stop
A spinderella, and ya don't stop
Jam master jay, and ya don't stop
A pa mase, and ya don't stop
So yo kris, my mellow my man yo
Get on the mic and do the best you can

Verse one: krs

Well, the teacher comes to you, in effect
From a different style, a whole different sect
I inject, force and intellect
When I hit the mic, suckers hit the deck
I come correct and practice what I preach
I don't pimp you or rule you I teach
Come through the doors and slap up whores
Ordering them to put back on their drawers
Cause, I run their pimp
When I leave he leaves with a limp

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Exhibit B"

[unknown speaker]
History can never be made by one man, we must smash this one quickly
History is made only by the masses of the people, this is clear
Even a, cursory glance at the falasfallacious presentation
Of history by the american capitalist system, will demonstrate just this
Take george washington, as bad as he is
Put him in the middle of valley forge, by himself, surrounded
By the british, he can do nothing
laughing and applause
Mhmhmmmhmm
Take martin luther king as righteous as he is
Put him in the middle of birmingham by himself, speaking out against racism
He would be lynched
But you take this same king, you take this same washington
Put them in valley forge, put them in alabama
Surround them with thousands of people who have the same ideas they do
Willing to make those ideas reality and the situation changes drastically

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Beef"

Beef, what a relief
When will this poisonous product cease?
This is another public service announcement
You can believe it, or you can doubt it
Let us begin now with the cow
The way it gets to your plate and how
The cow doesn't grow fast enough for man
So through his greed he makes a faster plan
He has drugs to make the cow grow quicker
Through the stress the cow gets sicker
Twenty-one different drugs are pumped
Into the cow in one big lump
So just before it dies, it cries
In the slaughterhouse full of germs and flies
Off with the head, they pack it, drain it, and cart it
And there it is, in your local supermarket
Red and bloody, a corpse, neatly packed
And you wonder about heart attacks?
Come on now man let's be for real
You are what you eat is the way I feel
But, the food and drug administration
Will tell you meat is the perfect combination
See cows live under fear and stress
Trying to think what's gonna happen next
Fear and stress can become a part of you
In your cells and blood, this is true
So when the cow is killed, believe it
You preserve those cells, you freeze it
Thaw it out with the blood and season it
Then you sit down and begin eatin it
In your body, it's structure becomes your structure
All the fear and stress of another
Any drug is addictive by any name
Even drugs in meat, they are the same
The fda has america strung out
On drugs in beef no doubt
So if you think that what I say is a bunch of crock
Tell yourself you're gonna try and stop
Eatin meat and you'll see you can't compete
It's the number one drug on the street
Not crack, cause that was made for just black
But brown beef, for all american teeth
Life brings life and death brings death

Keep on eatin the dead and what's left
Absolute disease and negative
Read the book 'how to eat to live'
By elijah muhammad, it's a brown paperback
For anybody, either white or black
See how many cows must be pumped up fatter
How many rats gotta fall in the batter
How many chickens that eat shit you eat
How much high blood pressure you get from pig feet
See you'll consume, the fda could care less
They'll sell you donkey meat and say it's
Fresh!for nineteen-ninety, you suckers

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"House Nigga"

Let me see, let me see
How should I start
If I say stop the violence, I won't chart
Maybe I should write some songs like mozart
'cause many people don't believe rap is an art
Wake up, shake up, hypocrite look alive
Blastmaster krs-one will revive
Four or five million still deprived
When out to survive, wake up and realize
Some people say I am a rap missionary
Some people say I am a walking dictionary
Some people say I am truly legendary
But what I am is simply a black revolutionary
I write rhymes on plain stationary
Mary, mary, quite contrary
Doesn't make sense in my vocabulary
Uncle tom house niggaz, too scary
So they can't be around, I don't do this
For every jesus, there must be a judas
It's the concept of the house nigga, field nigga
The house nigga will sell you up the river
So to massa, he'll look bigger
And when ya bet under a rock, he'll slither
But I'll grab the tail of the house nigga
Pull the trigger and his head I'll deliver
To the court of righteous people
Black, white, or indian, we're all equal
So all ya racist codes I'll decode, explode
And eat you like apple pie a la mode
On a hot day, don't bring me no hamhocks
Cause round the clock, I'll kick their buttocks
All afternoon in the classroom, in the living room
In the bathroom, in the swimming pool
On a footstool, then I'll stop -- nope, april fools!
Whip out the baseball bat and somehow
March your racist butt to moscow

Ya know what I'm saying?
Are there any, are there any intelligent people in the house?

What can I say, o ye of little faith
To think that krs-one has surely been erased
What a waste, my finger points at the face of the human race

They're confused and misplaced
My words are subliminal, sometimes metaphysical
I teach, not preach, you want a challenge? I'll start dissin you
I go philosophical by topical
Hearin the call, ignorant, hot tropical
Ya want a palm tree and nice dope shade?
Only if the universal law is obeyed
Which is "know thyself" for better mental health
Yet so many rappers are preoccupied with wealth
On my shelf I got titles
Other artists want belts and idols
World cups from seminars and conventions
Competition and not to mention
The award shows for pimps and hoes
And every other hypocrite that flaunt their clothes
Krs knows, so he just grows
Always sayin somethin different from the average joe's
So I confront them with the biggest chain
But it doesn't rate albums, I believe it is the brain
So I'll remain free while you reign, I'm lovin it
You be the king and I'll overthrow your government
Send your crew to berlin or dublin
I'll out-think em, chump em, and shrink em
Down to ya size, despite the cries
In the face of intelligence, ignorance dies
Dear, it's simple edutainment
Rap needed a teacher, so I became it
Rough and ready, the beats are very steady
With lyrics sharp as a machete
Clap, there's another house niggaz neck
Another soft unlce tom crew is in check
Ego wrecked and rhymes corrected
By krs-one, produced and directed

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Exhibit C"

[krs]
Ya know, so we wanna clear the air
And let you all know what time of day it really is
Bdp are black revolutionaries
First for humanity, then for the upliftment of africa
And it goes a little somethin, like this

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Love's Gonna Get'cha"

Ya know that's why man I be telling you all the time man, you know love,
That word love is a very serious thing, and if you don't watch out I tell ya
That (love's gonna get you) because a lot of people out here say "i love my
Car" or "i love my chain" or or "i'm I'm just in love with that girl over
There" so far all the people out there that fall in love with material items
We gonna bump the beat a lil' something like this

Im in junior high with a b plus grade,
At the end of the day I don't hit the arcade,
I walk from school to my moms apartment,
I got to tell the sucaks everyday "don't start it",
Cause where I'm at if your soft your lost,
To say on course means to roll with force,
A boy named rob is chillin in a benz,
In front of my building with the rest of his friends,
I give him a pound, oh I mean I shake his hand,
He's the neighborhood drug dealer, my man,
I go upstair and hug my mother,
Kiss my sister, and punch my brother,
I sit down on my bed to watch some tv,
(machine gun fire) do my ears decieve me,
Nope, that's the fourth time this week,
Another fast brother shot dead in the street,
The very next day while I'm off to class,
My moms goes to work cold busting her ass,
My sisters cute but she got no gear,
I got three pairs of pants and with my brother I share,
See there in school see I'm made a fool,
With one and a half pair of pant you ain't cool,
But there's no dollars for nothing else,
I got beans, rice, and bread on my shelf,
Every day I see my mother struggling,
Now it's time I've got to do something,
I look for work I get dissed like a jerk,
I do odd jobs and come home like a slob,
So here comes rob he's cold and shivery,
He gives me two hundred for a quick delivery,
I do it once, I do it twice,
Now there's steak with the beans and rice,
My mother's nervous but she knows the deal,
My sister's gear now has sex appeal,
My brothers my partner and we're getting paper,
Three months later we run our own caper,

My family's happy everything is new,
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do,

Chorus

That's why, (loves gonna get you)
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)
You fall in love with your chain,
You fall in love with your car,
Loves gonna sneak right up and snuff you from behind,
So I want you to check the story out as we go down the line,
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)

Money's flowing, everything is fine,
Got myself an uzi and my brother a nine,
Buisness is boomin' everything is cool,
I pull about a g a week fuck school,
A year goes by and I begin to grow,
Not in height but juice and cash flow,
I pick up my feet and begin to watch tv,
Cause now I got other people working for me,
I got a 55 inch television you know,
And every once in awhile I hear just say no,
Or the other commercial I love,
Is when they say, this is your brain on drugs,
I pick up my remote control and just turn,
Cause with that bullshit I'm not concerned,
See me and my brother jump in the bm,
Driving around our territory again,
I stop at the light like a superstar,
And automatic weapons cold sprayed my car,
I hit the accelerater scared as fuck,
And drove one block to find my brother was hit,
He wasn't dead but the blood was pouring,
And all I could think about was war and,
Later I found that it was rob and his crew,
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do,

Ya know that's why, (loves gonna get you)
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(love loves gonna get you)
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)
(love loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)
That word love is very very serious(loves gonna get you)
Very addictive

My brothers out of it, but I'm still in it,
On top of that I'm in it to win it,
I can't believe that rob would diss me,
That faggot, that punk, he's soft a sissy,

I'm driving around now with three of my guys,
The war is on and I'm on the rise,
We rolled right up to his favorite hang out,
Said hello and then the bullets rang out,
Some fired back so we took cover,
And all I could think about was my brother,
Rob jumped up and began to run,
Busting shots hoping to hit someone,
So I just stopped, and let off three shots,
Two hit him and one hit a cop,
I threw the gun down and began to shout,
Come on I got him it's time to break out,
But as we ran there were the boys in blue,
Pointing their guns at my four man crew,
They shot down one, they shot down two,
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do,

(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)
(love loves gonna get you)
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)
(love loves gonna get you)
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you),
(loves gonna get you)
(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)(loves gonna get you)
(love loves gonna get you)
Ya know a lot of people believe that that word love is real soft, but when
You use it in your vocabulary like your addicted to it it sneaks right up
And takes you right out. out. out. out. out.
So, for future reference remember it's alright to like or want a material
Item, but when you fall in love with it and you start scheming and carrying
On for it, just remember, it's gonna get'cha

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"100 Guns"

("one... two... three... four...")

[krs-one singing: to the tune of 'ebony and ivory']
Krs and melodie... live together with d-nice, and harmony
Side by side with rebecca, d-square, sidney
B...d...p...!
("one... two... three... four...") yes!

Chorus: krs-one

I got a hundred gun two hundred clips
Goin to new york, new york
I got a hundred gun two hundred clips
Goin to new york, new york

Verse one: krs-one

Well, I'm drivin my car, cross country
With a hundred guns and about six g
Me drivin through a town, me see two cops
They lookin at me funny like they really want stop
Me just turn my head, and gwan on me way
Put hip-hop ina de tape and press play
Me get one block and me hear "pull ov-ah"
The guns are in the trunk, with a thin cov-ah
They ax me for id, driver's license prefer
Me ax them "was I breakin any law, officer? "
They said "oh yes, you passed county line
Niggers in these here parts now is a crime"
I said "is that so? ", and cocked back me nine
Bust two shots, ina the bwoy head top
His knees just-a-buckle, and his body-a-drop
Me put the car in drive, and me did not stop
When I get to new york, I'm gonna set up shop
Bwoy!

Chorus

("one... two... three... four...")

Verse two: krs-one

Me in a hotel, off ninety-five north

Everything's fine, and yes me on course
Me walk to a bathroom, take a lickle leak
But right out the window, I can hear the cops speak
"we have the place surrounded we're about to move in"
That's when I pick up my nine and just begin
Pump pump pump! first copper hit the ground
Pump pump pump! second copper go down
Me jump out the window, tryin not to make a sound
Me run to the car, gunfire all around
I start up the engine, bust the barricade
All because illegally I want to get paid
Pump pump pump! there goes my tire
Me spun out of control, the car caught on fire
Me jump out the car, put me hands in the air
Cops just surrounding me with pistols everywhere
They put me in the backseat of their car handcuffed
Pushed out them chests like they're big rough and tough
A cop come and said "you'll never sell your guns now"
I said "it doesn't matter, you'll sell them anyhow
You take the guns from me, you sell them for a fee
Anyway you put it, they'll get in the city"
Hahaha... so still

Chorus 2x

Fiyah!!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ya Strugglin'"

[kwame toure']
Africans in america try to identify
Totally with their master in every respect
They are the only ones who can not do it
But they are the ones who will go to all extremes to do it
* laughing * (check it out) * then laughing some more *
They can not be disguised
But they will attempty to disguise themselves

[krs-one]
I'm on a search, not for a car or a miniskirt
But the words I wish to exert
Will hurt, damage or upset the ego
You wanna be macho, yeah, but we know the deal
Jheri curls just ain't gettin it
Krs-one is only down for pickin it
Pick the afro, need no soul glo
Or carefree curls, that's just a no-no
Where oh where, are all the real men
The feminine look seems to be the trend
You got eyeliner on, chillin and maxin
See you're a man with a spine extraction
So what I'm askin is plain to see
Are there any straight singers in r&b?
All I see, is the light-skinned buffy
Tryin hard, to be mr. tuffy
Yet in fact, you're mr. softie
With the beige contacts on, yo you lost me
I ain't with it, never will, never have
How can your son even call you dad?
Your skin is bleached and your nails you just buffin
Take a look at yourself man, ya strugglin'

[kwame toure']
Africa is so strong, that once she puts a stamp on you
Four hundred years of cold weather, death,
And all that fryin your hair shall not disguise you
As a matter of fact, she is so strong
That no matter what chemicals you put in your hair
She will come back and snatch it up
* audience laughter *

[krs-one]

Tell me
Are you proud man, of who you are?
Or does your pride come out of a jar
Cause if you bought it, put it on, or sprayed it on
I tell you right now, it won't stay long
Cause if it ain't natural, it ain't kosher
It's like buyin and wearin a culture
If that culture ain't yours naturally
It's his, not yours, actually
You better wake up and smell the coffee
Look in the mirror and think mr. softie
People change, when they are ashamed
Of how they look or from which they came
Are you ashamed, of original black?
If you're not, why does your hair look like that?
Why is your nose straighter, from surgery?
I think you're really in a state of emergency
You're not sane to the african aim
So you're insane, and you need to obtain
Any, average rap album sculpture
And study it, just, to learn your culture
Even though, you don't think it's music
It's the blackest you'll ever get so use it
The blue-eyed black man to me is buggin
Take a look at yourself man, ya strugglin'

[kwame toure']
* audience laughter *
Yess.. capitalism will confuse these people, have them totally confused
They will try every way to identify with their masters, every way
Go to extreme lengths * laughter *, I'm telling you, seriously!
Capitalism will confuse them y'know tell them the truth's a lie
I saw a sister the other day and I spoke to her about her hair
She said, "i don't care what you say, I'm still gonna get my perm!"
I told her, "it's not a perm, it's a temporary"
* audience laughter *
Try in every possible way to identify..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Breath Control Ii"

[krs-one]
Hah, giddyap!
Ha ha ha hah..
Another dope dope dope style
By the massive bdp crew
Of course, I will now present to you
A different view, for 1990
Of course, eighty-nine is behind me
Check it out

It's called breath control, breath control, breath control stylee
Breath control a-lone, breath control a-lone
Breath control, breath control, breath control stylee
Breath control a-lone..

It's krs-one, yes the t'cha
I wear clarks and only nike sneaker
In your speaker, is the new style
Dedicated to the intelligent child
In the front row, or behind me
We're gonna pull somebody file for the 90's
You want lyrics? we come correct
Bdp, only movin with respect
The other mc's, they can't believe me
A when I rhyme it sound just like a cd
We don't lip-sync, we go all live
On stage, I bring about four or five
That's d-nice, sydney, and melodie
And myself, harmony, and willie d
We come humble, we just grumble
While other mc's crew just crumble
They want dancers, they want lighting
They want effects, to make them look exciting
But it's frightening, cause without that
The whole crew, is whick whick whick whack
Bdp comes, with the cheapest
And perform miracles like jesus
The total respect, we achieve it
And the big head-liner can't believe it

It's called breath control, breath control, breath control stylee
Breath control a-lone, breath control a-lone
Breath control, breath control, breath control stylee

Breath control a-lone.. get ready for the break..

Ha ha ha ha ha hah..
Well the styles i, usually dish out
Are so dope that you don't wanna miss out
We got pages, of the dope stuff
So in the record store, you can't pass by us
Get the album, hear the music
And hold on so you just don't lose it
As a reference, for any mc
That wanna test, k-r-s, o-n-e
Cause I've been watchin, these other rap groups
They walk around like they're some kinda big soup
You can't touch them, you only see them
In a arena or big coliseum
So when you watch them, for a second
Them sound nuttin like they do on record
Them sound cheesy, them sound wheezy
For twenty dollars boy you know them never please me
So I see this, and prevent this
It's like goin for a checkup at the dentist
Cause when you come to a bdp performance
The microphone, had better have endurance
Cause we'll check it, and then wreck it
And then the soundman has got to accept it

Because it's breath control, breath control, breath control stylee
Breath control a-lone, breath control a-lone
Breath control, breath control, breath control stylee
Breath control a-lone.. take it out..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Exhibit D"

[krs-one]
All you white people out there that think you're down with america can
Forget it. cause they tax all of us. all of us, one by one. just
Take a look at leona helm-helmsley. taxed her, she's white I believe.
laughter yeah threw her butt right in jail. she ain't nothin but
Another hoe, according to this system.*laughter* you ain't pay your
Taxes hoe, get back in jail. *uproarious laughter*

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Edutainment"

[krs-one]
Give it to em!

Nuff respect!and praise to the creator
Over the years it seems that I became a
Landmark, in the hip-hop field of art
I she'd light, yet my skin is dark
I'm not conerned with climbin the chart
Cause why should you pay when it comes from the heart?
I'll start, cause only jah will create it
I'll just name it, edutainment
People sit and they look at my album
Like a problem, they try to solve em
They don't know, it only leads the way
To a bright more positive day
By itself, it's not the bright day
Sit up straight, and hear what I say
Fear and ignorance, I'm down for stoppin this
But the bright day is your conciousness
I am poet, my words will heal you
I'm not a phony I'll really feel you
That's why I walk and talk to my nation
Wherever they are, in any situation
They usually ask for an autograph
And I'll whip out the pen and just write blast-
-master, k-r-s, o-n-e
Bdp, peace and unity
But do not concentrate on the paper
Concentrate on the laws of the creator
Cause when the paper's gone, it will deceive you
But allah will never leave you

Nothing I say now is hypothetical
These are the facts, a little metaphysical
We are one, every heart every lung
So why then was the black man hung?
He was hung by the so-called christians
That went to church, and did not listen
See jesus couldn't stand politics
So they nailed him to a crucifix
Then it was that way, today it's a trigger
So why is the pope such a political figure?
I don't know, but it's really beyond me

But through knowledge, they'll never con me
Cause from jesus christ to right now
Everytime a black man speaks up, ka-pow
See people concentrate on the leader
And not the message comin through the speaker
If the christians really heard christ
The black man never would've lived this life
My point is that do not concentrate
On what I state, create, or debate
I might be great, and you might admire
But what I say is to take you much higher
More higher than the physical plane
To the plane of forces in the astral plane
The mental plane, and the final three
They're all around you, yet you can't see
So grab the sphere of life and aim it
And you'll be guided by edutainment

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Homeless"

Yeah...
You could call a man a bum with disgust on your morning run
Cause he lives outside in the street, you don't know this
But you've failed to realise that the one you so despise
Reflects yourself cos every black man is homeless
You could take your alka-seltzer while you talk about shelter
You might even wanna talk about a little loan
Cause no matter how rich you become you'll always be two, not one
Cause believe it or not, america ain't your home
We've been taught to say our name, afro-american, all the same
Not fully american but gettin' there very slowly
Cause to fully be american, you know, you gotta take out the word 'afro'
Now they've relaxed I hear they might as well call us toby
See, afro and black are african, while theft is american
So how can afro-american make much sense?
Your ancestors come from africa
By stealing them now you're born in america
So the black man is homeless even though he pays rent
Some black people say "we built this place
So we are american, but of the black race"
Well let me make this little topic known
The japanese also built this place
In technology and they're winnin' the race
But at the end of the day the japanese can go home
Do you see the point that I'm getting at?
I'm not a racist, I'm statin' a fact
Blacks are actually prisoners of war
Cause while south africa continues to fight
We try our best to look more and more white
Proof that the blacks have been stripped of their core
Well, I guess I didn't sing and dance enough
For black radio to play this stuff
But this ain't soft like ice-cream with a sugar cone
I'm only here to state one fact
Wake up african, your colour is black
And every black man is homeless cause he ain't got no home

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Exhibit E"

[krs-one]
Lincoln said, in this piece here, he says... he frees the slaves; he
Said, "all slaves in armed rebellion." the slaves. now understand one
Point: the african is not a slave, that's one point that they didn't
Realize when they were writin this. the african is not a slave. the
African has a history far more advanced than this nineteen-ninety
History we're in right now. he's not a slave. lincoln's ultimately
Sayin now you were born a slave, you'll always be a slave, and all i
Will ever see you as is a slave, and I free you.

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Kenny Parker Show"

Indeed truly we are the mighty mighty bdp posse
This is our 4th album and we're still not takin no shorts
Yeah.. ha hah!
On the wheels of steel, is kenny parker
As we say he can't get no darker
All about action, not a fast talker
All the whick whack sucker dj's
Gotta try much harder
My man willie willie willie d
Taggin up bdp with a fat marker
And this, is what's on today's charter
Ha hah hah
All the ladies in the place throw your hands up in the air
Bdp rockin without no fear
So kenny parker if you know what time it is
Throw the funky fresh beat in like this

C'mon!

* crowd chants "go, go, go, go" for a while *

Ha hah
Well it's me, down with bdp
Krs-one rocks any party
Rocks the beats, and the breaks
Rock the socks off the frauds and the fakes
The suckers shake, while I'm creatin
They get together and they start debatin
How can we take him out one time?
So they push up the best with the freshest rhyme
I might go first, and he'll go second
I'll wreck him, deck him, say to him, "just checkin the mic"
Droppin fresh styles I like
So throw up your hands and drop your mic
Cause I'll go third, and he'll go fourth
By the fifth you're dissed cause you lost
Six is your beatdown, your title is seven
Takin out your four man crew makes eleven
By the twelveth well I'll go for self
Rockin new york like no one else
You can check any rapper from seventy-eight
A few have rocked their whole career straight
Some had dope twelve inches, count em

But not many crews had slammin albums
Bdp rocks consistently
From _criminal minded_ to 1990
Why? well that's my secret baby
Here's a hint: the public pays me
So you can call me a public servant
Not a king but a teacher, I'll believe I earned it
So I just walk, or ride my bike
If I walk to a jam well I'll rock the mic
Gimme a chance and I'll rock the house
But don't let a sucker try to take me out
Cause male or female, I will strangle
If it's a crew, they'll have to untangle
Adidas, nike's, arms, mics
Turntables suckers in the wheel of my bike
Step right up if that's what you like
But watch your head cause it'll fly like a kite
In the night at a height right for flight
Way out of sight, you bite, I recite
My style is bright, still you're sellin out to white
As your faggot dj would say, "well allllright"
I am your mentor
Victory is mine, it's time you surrender
Sucker! and just back up quickly
Your style is sickly, but you persist to get me
Or outwit me with the style that I created
Years ago when you was doin a dollar fifty show
Oh, all of a sudden you don't know
Or can't remember, can't recall, can't bring to mind
That rhyme that place do not chase
I run a marathon a race of rhymes in your face
In case you bass I'll erase your whole rap
Tell you right now I ain't tryin to hear that

I don't dress up to rap or keep a hairdo
I only grab the mic and bust holes in a crew
I deny your existence as artists
You're puttin out a record expectin to chart
But it's weak, but when you speak through the microphone
You fail to realize nope you're not alone
On the earth, the light comes forth as krs
Intelligence, force, and love manifest in the flesh
I snatch the mic and she'd light
Behave, you're still a 20th century slave
Headed for the grave in a wave
So save the microscopic miniature small talk and walk
And put a little pep in your step
Krs-one will destroy any ignorant reputation
In the nation, in creation

Princes, kings, queens, or any occupation
Like rappers with nuttin to say
I crush those idiots and throw em away
Cause no matter how fatter the wallet, I'd rather
Gather together and splatter whatever
Egotistic mystics, with macho poses
If you ain't for black you're down for guns 'n' roses
Yeah! c'mon!
Throw your hands in the sky
And wave em from side to side
And if you're in this life just gettin by
Somebody say, alright! (alright!) alright! (alright!)

Dj kenny parker takin out these sucker dj's
My man willie d, never in a daze, ha hah
We got symone in the house
We got, d-square in the house
We got ms. melodie rockin the soundset
My man d-nice, hit it!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Original"

[Ms. Melodie]
Extra extra, read all about it!
KRS-One's rhymes, have been doubted
Suckers stepped up, and got MURDERED!!

[KRS-One]
Pump pump pom pom POING!
Yo, this goes out, to George Bush
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... Margaret Thatcher
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... Bensonhurst
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick... De Klerk
Get off my... diggi-diggi-diggi-dick, diggi-diggi-diggi-dick
Diggi-diggi-diggi-dick

It feels good to grab the mic and just allow yourself to chat
The master of the microphone is here and he's black
Recitin poetry, beautifully articulated
Demonstrated by the never faded strong facial feature
Of the teacher, I am the teacher, you can check it
The styles they're doing, is from my old record
They bought my album, for $8.99
Studied the style, then wrote they own rhyme
I don't mind because I'm here to show
The lost MC's which way to go
So here's my rep, to those that slept
And didn't get the first concept in depth
I am the manifestation of study
NOT, the manifestation of money
Therefore I advance through thought
Not what's manufactured and bought
Concentration, and calculation
Goes into every song creation
The first and second album rocked you
Third album made you think and got through
Didn't you think I knew?
Number three, wasn't for the dance crew
But it gave me a chance to see
Who was REALLY down with BDP
I set the warm milk, in the glass
And the snakes came out the grass

They don't realize I'm not confined
Nor trapped by space and time
I am a rebel, an overthrower
Descendant of the black man Noah
Radio DJ's, all around
Constantly tell me how they are down
To uplift Africa and unite black
Yet they fronted when I dropped _Why Is That?_
It's a fact, I don't beg for juice, I just get loose
And demonstrate the truth
Many MC's can only rock the many
But I rock a few with my brother Kenny
>From twenty-thousand to ten I'm housin
African culture is what I'm arousin
In your consciousness, soul and body
Pay attention while I rock the party
Cause now I'm gonna show ya how the East Coast rocks
Bumpin sucker MC's out the box
Rockin the dreadlocks and the flattops
I like these ops, so I'll try not to stop, but drop
The new hip-hop, and get props
Scott La, Scott La, Scott La, Scott LaRock
Spins in heaven, while the earth I rock
MC's adopt, the styles I drop
They got no direction, they got no direction, they got no direction
So they wanna go pop
Chasin the charts up and down like suckers
Totally ignoring their sisters and brothers
They're the ones to say you're number one
Not chart position, so pick up the drum and hum
Sing along, it's a poetry session
Mathematically applied, no guessin
I'm fresh and dope and wild and wicked
Get your ticket, come straight to the jam I'll rip it
Original lyrics, original lyrics, original lyrics, Kenny Parker on the mix!

[Special K]
Yes yes I'm Special K
On New York's Two show on WBDP
This is the brand new one by KRS-One of Boogie Down Productions
And it's off the Edutainment LP
Wanna send a shout out to the BDP Posse
Of course to Teddy Ted, Nice and Smooth, D-Nice, D-Square
And my man Fish, Sidney Mills, Ms. Melodie, Willie D
And of course me... seeya!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Racist"

Verse

I've been taught to respect my elders and behave
Even if when they were young they sold slaves
Truth and understandin' is what I crave
In the land of the thief, home of the slave
Turn your page to a brief demonstration
Cos now in '90 it's strictly information I'm givin'
Teachin' on a regular basis
Today's lecture is about The Racist
We're not out to exaggerate or diss him
But show the symptoms and facts of racism
Understand The Racist ain't equal
There's about five different types of racist people
First of the five different types of cases
Is the individual brought up racist
Here you have young men and women
Brought up in the Great White Way opinion
This opinion introduced by the parent
To the civilised becomes transparent
The civilised man could look through the faces
Make the analysis and see The Racist
Number two case which y'all must hear
Is the individual racist out of fear
Here you have people that fear the African
And conjure up new ways of trappin' him
Number three is the unconscious racist
Not knowin' they're racist they invade your spaces
They say, "I'm not a racist, I'm not a bigot"
Yet they allow it to go on and won't admit it
Number four is the money racist
The one that used the topics of sheer economics
They say, "Owning a business isn't for the black man
He don't want that", yet they went and took his land
Damn, that's like a rock in a hard place
You don't have your land yet this ain't your space
America was built by every other race
Except the European that runs this place
What a waste, America's doomed
To be overthrown by the righteous real soon
But last but not least racial prejudice
Is the black man speakin' out of ignorance
Whitey this and Ching-Chow that

Is not how the intelligent man acts
You can't blame the whole white race
For slavery, cos this ain't the case
A large sum of white people died with black
Tryin' hard to fight racial attacks
The media wants you to think that no whites
Really fought and died for Civil Rights
But once we have a true sense of history
You'll see this too as a mystery
If black and white didn't argue the most
They could clearly see the government's screwin' 'em both.

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"7 Dee Jays"

[krs-one]
Yes! chillin in the place right now
Harmony and heather b, ms. melodie
Dj jamal-ski, dj kenny parker
And of course we are gettin much darker
Because the africanism is in effect
So check it out, man!
And try not to bite the lyrics
Poi!

So come in now with the chorus of the day
Because we don't play

Chorus: krs-one

It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud
It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound
But d-nice, you're gonna make the party live

[d-nice]
Bust it, yo
I love to diss whores, I love to do tours
Makin young ladies just drop their drawers
And when they drop em, I don't kick em, check it
Like the fat boys said, i"brrrrrrrr, stick em!"
From that point on, I say we're on for the night
But I love it when the girl just call me d-nice
And if she gets bold and try to ask for a fee
I say, "please hoe, it's all about me"

[heather b]
It's not the star spangled banner or the red white and blue
But the underground sister from the edutainment crew
So what you do, is back up if you work for bush
Cause all the presidential prison pushin politicians
Gotta get mushed, gimme back my land you sucka
You beat down my father and you raped my mother africa
And now you wanna laugh at her
I feel like pickin up a razor, and slashin ya
Snatch up margaret thatcher and unmaskin her
To find out she's a man without a manicure
Go to president deklerk without askin her

And bust some shots for south africa
And if margaret jumps in, I start bashin her
For every freedom fighter start crashin her
And then heather b will get nastier
And pull out my two shot derringer
Cause yes, heather b comes classier
Cause heather b, jamal-ski, and krs the trainer
Makes up the dope crew called, edutainer
You'll find the law of balance on the two turntables
So look out for the fresh edutainer label

[krs-one]
Biddi-by-by, by, by-by-by, jamal-ski, ki-ki-kiyah!

[jamal-ski] {best guess}
Jump up and be upon the mic and stick em
Come follow me the man me work for the mic
They call me top celebrity
Me bigga me badda mad hatta me callin it well and dead-ly
Me nah got no nine millimeter, me not want ya uzi
But I kill run a leggin on misses dancee
Blam! blam!we comin out and yes you are the don
You hold for the mic upon they call me lyrical champion
Me bigga me black, me know if me chat, ya know me and ya done
Me read from genesis unto relevation
Me nice and into england, nice it up in ja-pan
Me have armitage, me have enough stylee
Me whyla, grab the mic andna, sing to me, andna

[krs-one]
Come in de dance with the nuff stylee
And krs-one, now comin in with harmony

[harmony]
Now I'm comin to the dancehall, everybody call
Follow me follow me, sister harmony
I perk, perk, perk, perk you up-a
You don't need no coffee, let me, fill your cup-a
Perk, perk, perk, perk you up-a
You don't need no coffee, let me, fill your cup
I'm a, stimulator, administrator
Activator, initiator
Captivator, originator
Perculator, perk you up
It's harmony, the minor key
That moves with the rhythm passionately
I ain't ego trippin I do it humbly
Cause everybody's bound to hear the sound of bdp
It's easy, for me you see

I ain't the one or the two, I'm the three
And three (badda-ba-ba-by-by) it's the magic numberrr
(badda-ba-ba-by-by)

Chorus: krs-one

It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud
It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound
But krs, you're gonna make the party live

[krs-one]
Well now it's blastmaster krs-one
When we come in the dance, my lyrics not done
Pray to my father cause yes me are the son
Cause you are the guide and my pro-tection
Any sucker mc must run come
Kyan't test the boogie down production man
Move ya ras claat, bdp stand alone
1990 lyrics 'pon the microphone
Every posse know we come in the dance
We teach reality-ta-tee an'
Reality, reality-ta-ta-tee
We nah deal with sickness and negativity
We come up in the dance in the ruff stylee
In the discipline krs-one is just a flyer
Come up in the dance with my man called edi ayah
On the con-sole we have the man d-square
Come up in the dance, and him must comb him hair-ah
Come up in the dance, and me let off a clip-ah
At george bush, cause him d my nigga
Krs-one, him the president come
The crew called bdp, melo-di-di-de-de

[ms. melodie]
Comin live and direct in full effect
Ms. m-e-l-o-d-i-e on the mic check
Well I'm up in your face like the wind from a blizzard
Got my wrap around your throat, like you're chokin on a gizzard
If someone said, well damn, who is it?
It's ms. melodie, the real, so get with it

[?]
Fatalistic pessimistic, a big conspiracy
The way they treat blacks, in white society
It's erection rebellion, revolution uprisin
Takin no shorts, because jah is guidin
Government they try to manage and rule
Dictate, regulate, and perpetrate the fool

That's why I search, explore, inspect, investigate
Drop down knowledge, and kill dub plates

[krs-one]
Kill dub plate-ah mi say kill dub plate-ah
Kill dub plate-ah mi say kill dub plate-ah
Krs-one, boy, must come fi straighter
Comin up and doin the dance but not from eighty-eight-ah
Every posse know me come in the dance not later
Come in early, every posse captivator
Krs-one, and enough herb gate-ah
Come up in the dance, and we cannot debate-ah
Krs-one, them call me krs-one-ah
Krs-one, me come to nice up any ja-a-am
Krs-one, them call me krs-one-ah
Krs-one, me come to nice up any jam
Me comin in the dance, with the crew called bdp-ah
Down with the set is a harmony-ah
Ms. melodie and my man kenny p ah
Come in jam and look at what a raw stylee

[jamal-ski] {best gues}
Them name me permanent, permanent, permanent, permanent
Pick-a-dig-dinny
Jump up upon me come to run it again
Me work pon the microphone you betta tell your best friend
Tell your mudda and tell you fadda
And tell your sista and yuh bruda
A when they hold fi di mic they call me dj murderahh
Me lyrical champion, they call me lyrical champion
Lyrical champion, they call me lyrical champion, follow me now
Lyrical champion, well they call me lyrical champion, flash it
Oil the mic and ah, me on the jam
Jump upon the mala the mic in ah me hand an' a
When me do that, the dancehall fi run
Some of dem sell fi cocaine, some of dem sell ganjah
But I'm the one msn jamal me sell the culture stylah
And me hold pon the microphone, they call me entertainer
Now, top celebrity, top celebrity, top celebrity rankin
Top celebrity, top celebrity, hoo-hah, ha-hah!
Top celebrity, top celebrity, top celebrity rankin
I'm the one jamal-ski dem from new york city-ah
What dey call me, bdp posse an' a
Jamal now can rewind stylee
Rewind circulate, never ever imitate
When me hold pon the microphone, say me lyrics dem great
Test me, and you'll, test your fate
Blam! blam!jamal now can know yes you are the don an' a
Come in now krs-one, an' a

[krs-one]
Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma
Ma-ma, ma-ma, ma
Ma-ma-ma-ma, ma
Me a melt down the sound-ah
Melt down the sound, come mi say melt down the sound-ah
Krs-one, the master of the verb and noun ah
Jump in the dance and my skin is yes browner
Kings, mash up, crown
Queen, rip up, dancehall gown ah
Every posse know that we ah rule every sound
Jump up in the dance and run every town ah
Dj, nuff, clown
Come up in the dance, bucks em right down ah
If you a prince we'll flood ya and you drown ah
Krs-one ah, mash up better sound ah
Satan in the dance, we a mash right down ah
Down, to the ground
Krs him have the number one sound
Sound sound sound, sound-sound sound sound sound
Number one sound what in creation
Play with yourself it's called masturbation
Chop it off, castration
Jesus christ get the crucifixion
Three days later, resurrection
He's comin back, read revelation
Close the book, pick up your gun
And fight in the african revolution
Righteous man, get liberation
Wicked man get execution
It's called the battle of armageddeon
Through my mouth is a translation
Unto recknoning to circulation
Nuff african education
Dj kenny parker yes you are the don
Edutainer teach nuff wisdom

Chorus: krs-one

It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound
It takes one soundsystem playin music loud
It takes 7 dee jays to control a sound
But scott larock, you're gonna make the party live
It takes

1 dee jay, jigga jay ah jay ah jay
Ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay ah jay
It takes 1, jigga jay jay, a jigga jay jay

Ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay
It takes a jigga to your face, a jigga jay jay
Ah 1 a jay jay ah jigga jay, a jigga jigga
1 a jay jay a jay jigga jay a jay
1 jigga jay a jigga jay a jigga jay a
1..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"30 Cops Or More"

[krs-one]
When they arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now
When they arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

If you a black herb smuggler
They will, watch you by the hour
It only means that if you have more money
Then you have more power
They will come in the night
And they will read you your rights
There is no need to fight
If you're black there is no need to fight

But when them come to arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now
When they arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

Years ago a black man couldn't be a cop
They could only be great dancers
When the whole police department was white
Justice, was the black panthers
We've been robbed of our religion
Our government and social position
And you won't see no quick solution
Until you see the black revolution

But when them come to arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now
When they arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

"he's gonna get across the border before we can catch him"
dogs barking
"just let me draw a bead on his black ass and he's dead"
dogs barking

They arrest us by the hour
Cause the black man in the ghetto has power
If he would wake up and unite
The police department would lose the fight

But when them come to arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now
When they arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

If you a black herb smuggler
They will, watch you by the hour
It only means that if you have more money
Then you have more power
They will come in the night
And they will read you your rights
There is no need to fight
If you're black there is no need to fight

But when them come to arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now
When they arrest a
Black man, they need 30 cops or more.. well now hey

"he's gonna get across the border before we can catch him"
dogs barking
"just let me draw a bead on his black ass and he's dead"
dogs barking
"he's gonna make it"
"let the dogs go!"
"no I won't do it!"
"he's got full, they've only got two"
"they'll tear him apart, I won't do it"
"let the dogs go!"
"turn loose those dogs!"

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Exhibit F"

[krs-one]
When you realize you have this army, or one concept, one thought, one
Movement, one action; you have what is called a revolution. but the
More we stay seperated, and the more we don't understand the concept of
The eye, that is within all of us, then we will constantly constantly
Lose, every single battle, from day one to day forever. thank you,
We'll take questions. *clapping, applause, and shouting*

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Original Way"

Intro:[KRS]

Yes all ruffneck youth hold tight

all brooklyn man hold tight

all Uptown crew hold tight

all Bronx man seckle

I.C.U. in da house, Darren in da house

D Square in da house, Freddie Foxx in da house

Kenny Parker you know you run beats for years

It's the Blastmaster KRS One stompin all sucka dj crew

Of course you hear all commerialized album

but we come down ruffneck and wicked in the B.D.P. laboratory

On the sex and violence tip this year for 1992

Lick all shots

BOUYAKA!

All crew hold tight...nuff respect

nuff respect to all hardcore dj

no respect to all commercial dj

we bust shots all the way over to the west coast...see

now we gonna come down ruffneck, for the day

cuz its because B.D.P. crew dont play

Come Down! Kenny Parker cuz you know you a ruffneck

A one-two yeah, one-two hah and ya dont stop

we gon rock this beat til ya drop

now we gon kick it a lil somethin like this yall

we got Freddie Foxx and Krs One on the microphone

something ya not, ya not ready for as of yet

Now check it out

Chorus

Tribe Called Quest has a title(TITLE!)

Kid Capri dem have a title(TITLE!)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE)

EPMD dem have a title(TITLE)

BUCK BUCK BUCK!

Me a de don-don, de don-dong, de dong-dong diggide

de dong-dong, de dong-dong, de dong-dong diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

now Freddie Foxx...you know you get ill jus

get on the mic cuz your programmed to kill!

[Freddie FOXX]

Check this shit out, this is for my man Blastmaster Krs One

and if you ever have a son, Im a buy him a gun

Check this out

Give that microphone

so I can take it to the front line

cuz In a rap war, I shoot off rhymes

and sound off a park like an M-16

when I hit the scene, suckas turn green

cuz I take the microphone and then I disrespect it

and then I disect it,

put it back together

lyrics or knuckles man whatever

cuz you tried to step into a lyrical punch

I had you all for lunch and took a shit

out came a hit,

you suckas betta quit

Fuckin wit Freddie Foxx you get licked

now listen all respect due to the Blastmaster Krs One

Now Im done.....

[krs]

yes but of course, you could never be done

because we a de number 1

so check it out...

Chorus

Tribe Called Quest has a title(TITLE!)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE!)

Nice and Smooth has a title(TITLE!)

Kid Capri dem have a title(TITLE!)

BUCK BUCK BUCK!

Me a de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Check it out...

[Krs]

Now all type things that went on this evening

they all say they fresh but I'm here now

who you believin

who couldn't hear a hit if you hit up

what a pity, you tried to be quick wit the tongue

your style is dibbie-dibbie

you need no lyrical rush in your mumblin

whatchu sayin?

I serve you up like stove top stuffing

Im gonna say this once and I mean this

disattach yaself from my penis

give my genitals room to breathe

you take shots at me wit a weak album I cant believe

you got no skills, chill plus your corny

you think your hardcore cuz you got a 40?

my car is not tint

I dont eat wit a chip

when I read I dont squint

in real life I got the hard shit

you cant out grow me

you don't even know me

I be leavin the jam wit your black ass as a trophy

this is nobodys style but the teacher

so dont compare me to none of these creatures, features

feature and battle rappers

krs one is the head clapper

Chorus

Nice & Smooth dem have a title(TITLE)

Flavor Unit has a title(TITLE)

Nice & Smooth dem have a title(TITLE)

Kid Capri have a title

Buck! Buck! Buck!

Me a de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

de don-don, de don-don, de don-don diggide

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Remember the name of the crew is called B.D.P.

Outro:

Yes all roughneck youth hold tight

1992 style and we come down roughneck and wicked

rock all night rip up the mic

now we take you over to Kid Capri up in the park

Come Down Kid Capri

[Kid Capri]

Ladies and Gentlemen without further adue

put your hands together for my motherfuckin main man

ooh..ha ha ha..you know where that comes from right??

that comes from the parties and blowin up

Ladies and Gentlemen my peoples

B D P

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Duck Down"

You say ah-one for the trouble, two for the time
Ah-come on y'all, let's rock that...

Duck! or wind up down!!
Fiyah! huh
Pal joey in the house, d square in the house
Check it out

You're stuck up, your luck's up, you fucked up, you're mud up
You can't even jump up, so shut the fuck up
Whattup? tough love, buck buck bucka
Is all you're gonna hear when krs-one step up
I'm thick like syrup, no, I'm not ? kura?
Sit back and relax and watch the krs era
No I won't let up, because of how I'm set up
I come in the jam with the crazy fresh lyrics so you get up
Mc's get wet up, they met up with atypical
Subliminal, I'm original metaphysical criminal minder
Fighter, petty gangster that flips em neither
I simply grab the mic and make the party get liver
I'ma, rhymer, with a tim-er attack
To your mind, a reminder of what kind of headliner
You'll see, when you come to the show
Blastmaster krs-one, leo -- the lion
Cryin mc's they be cryin
When they sizzle in a big pot grease beggin, "please, please!"
But I'll be efficient and flexin wisdom cuisine
Then dismiss it as kris and kenny
Rockin many, good n plenty
Any mc tests me gets done
Lyrically hung, I surgically remove his tongue
Lyrics by krs-one

Duck! sucker mc's duck!
Bo! duck down!
Sucker mc's duck!
Duck! sucker mc's duck down!

I don't battle to lose or win, I battle
To ruin your whole career, yo, watch what you doin
I'm permanent punk, like a metallic marker
Krs-one, but you'll call me mr. parker
A pity I'm k-r, you ain't no superstar

Ha ha hee hee, blastmaster krs-one be
Ripping up mc's with their meaningless words, y'know
There's more wit, to one of my turds of shit
You ain't shit, you never was shit
So I spit, on your number one hit, now quit!
Leave the poetry, it's just too strong for thee
Maybe we should rethink the strategy see
Poetry I speak, fluently I think youse a sucker
Cause the only word you know is motherfucker
Yo, you don't see a whole race in bondage
No, you grab the microphone and feed em garbage
Yo, everything about me is fresher than fresher
Than fresher than fresh, of course it's krs
Flashing lyrics, metaphysics, unlike you idiots
Be doing, I'm pursuing, chewing your whole crew
And what you feel like doin, your face they be ungluin
Like a gift, don't step to krs, you're dismissed!

Duck! duck!
Sucker mc's duck down!
Duck! bo!
Ree-winnnnnd!!

Duck! bo!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Drug Dealer"

All over the world...

Chorus:

Black drug dealer, you have to wise up
And organize your business so that we can rise up
If your gonna sell crack then don't be a fool
Organize your money and open up a school

Verse one:

Drug dealer, understand historical fact
Every race got ahead from sellin drugs except black
We are under attack, here comes another cold fact
In the 30's and 40's a drug dealer wasn't black
They were jewish, italian, irish, polish, etc. etc.
Now in 90 their live's a lot better
They'll sell you a sweater, a pair of pants cold hearted
But first sellin drugs and killin people is how they started
Drug dealer, black and hispanic, stop killin one another
Cause in the ghetto we're all brothers
Organized economically, understand the psychology
America is the drug monopoly
They own the block and kill your brother for
Therefore, we got the same enemy - what's more, I go on tour
But who do you think picks up the bill?
A hard workin fireman? chill

Repeat chorus 2x

Verse two:

Eighty percent of american business is created illegally
This is a fact I don't ask you to believe in me
If you're really in the drug game to win it
Eventually you're gonna get shot, open a clinic
Again, if you're really in the drug game to win it
Invest in a prison, therefore you can be put in it
Everyone else did it now they chillin
Above the law, while your under the law still killin
One another, wake up my hispanic brother, my african brother
America's not your mother
Or your father, so don't bother with right or wrong

Just check out the logic in the song
Organize, realize, become unhypnotized
To the lies that your livin for the get high
See many people have forgotten the fact
That america was never ever built for black
So when some people are gonna run and buy crack
Take the money and put it back into black
It's only logic, see krs-one will rock it
With knowledge, education for the people I'll never stop it
Organize and legitimize your business
Remember, everybody else did this

Repeat chorus 2x

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Like A Throttle"

[krs-one]
snapping fingers and singing
Ha ha, hah hah! da-doo-doo-doo, do-doo

You wanna test me are you stupid?
Gotta be out of your fuckin mind
Krs-one is the don, seen?
Come down kenny park-ah!!

Hahaha, you know
I don't know what your management be tellin you
I don't know what your producers be tellin you
But yo, you step this way
You're gettin played, out of position
So let me give you a little style

Check it out
Everytime krs-one steps in the jam
The party is packed, he got the mic in his hand
Brooklyn's ready uptown's in the house
Kenny drops the beat and we turn the party out
That's it! none of the gimmicks, tricks, oh it's
You either have the hits, or the crazy hype lyrics
But mc's come half-assed, and lookin pitiful
None of em lyrical but their ego is critical
Like I said I'm not a muslim but to allah I'm obedient
Some mc's on the mic become muslims when it's convenient
And I've seen it!
Real muslims praise allah, and they mean it
Others are dreamin it with sex me and do me and
I'd rather listen to the brand nubians
You know it's funny everybody wants money
And material things from cars and chicken wings
When they sing, they sing for the cash
They fail to realize, respect will outlast cash
You get respect by bein creative
And yes a native to your audience, so you know reality
In other words, if you ain't a gangsta why play you a gangsta?
If you ain't a hoe, why sell sex?
If you believe in allah, how is it you can only work when there's a check?
All of this is incorrect
First should always come respect
The charts are not equal to the respect of the people

Their respect doesn't weeble or wobble
They know the difference from an artist and a lip-syncin model
Right on stage, you'll get a bottle
You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

I'm the freshest thing on the mic don't mess with me
I'm fresher than your grandmother's fried chicken recipe
Don't test me, you ain't a chemist and I sure ain't chemistry
You're not a mathematician and my name ain't geometry
You're no astronomer why see me as astronomy
But I'm a parker so I'll play you like monopoly
Don't entertain the thought of droppin me
To think of me as anything less than your teacher
Crazy you got to be
These type of lyrical styles cannot be said sloppily
I rip it up constantly
You're-holding-my-dick-like-a-throttle

The teacher will come, again and again and again and again
To set the trend and lend to other men a perfect blend
So-when-their-lyrics-finish-krs-one-just-begin
Ripping up sucker teachers put their courage to an end
So once again, the trendsetter comes a lot better
Forever too clever for a petty mc in leather
Whenever they decide, whatever I'm in sync
The lyrics I write, help me think
To guide ink off the paper through the air smack in your face
And erase in haste the rhymes you embrace
Just in case, get the fuck out my face I run this place
You're lucky you're from the same race
A simple technique will keep you on beat
With the style from the street you compete with the elite
That's weak -- flashin gold and can't speak
I seek the direction of the brown complexion
So every year, I appear somewhere
That you hear my dear to get one thing clear
Whether on welfare or millionaire
Don't step to this here or you outta here
Allow me now to please change the gear
? and-pick-up-the-mic-you-missed-those-happen-around-me-have-me-feared, come!?
? we come in the dance we haffa likka of a shot an towah?
Let's get back to the hip-hop
You come into the place you can't look in my face
Cause the light is bright and I'm towering in height
See there are millions of stars in the sky
When the sun appears none are visible to the eye
Why, the reason is the sun is the sun
You can't possibly rock, until I'm done
And finished, and like the evening I'll fade

But when I return you'll cry for more shade
So check the dancestyle cause I am not
Softening up it's time that I rock and sing
Not about my ding-a-ling-a-ling!
But instead bring intellect pon ting
Cause you can inject ignorance in rap
But kenny parker ain't tryin to hear that

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Build & Destroy"

[kenny]yeah.. whoo! aiyyo will?
[will]whassup kenny?
[kenny]i got a serious problem man
[will]what's the problem?
[kenny]yo after all these years of rippin shit
These suckers still try to front!
[will]but check this out we've been on tour
With everybody so I don't know why they frontin
[kenny]everybody!
Y'all be in every party I be in every jam
I see they faces and they look at me and front
[will]they come to every show and know we
Break shit up all the time
[kenny]you know what.. yo kris, what's your opinion?

[krs-one]
Yo, I love the way I am and can't nobody out here change me
Rearrange me, tame me, try to game me, you don't play me
When I grab the mic then shock the party spot
Your rhymes are flip-flop, I'll rock, hip-hop
Non-stop, me nah stop rock
You can touch this, but you'll get shot
Now what's this all about? kris and humanity
In my face you're happy, on vinyl you're mad at me
Yo, pro-blackness is your solution
But I don't really know about that style you using yo
Too many teachers in the class spoil the class
After awhile you got blabbering fucking fools
That's worse than always talking about sex, let's build
It ain't enough to study clarence 13x
The white man ain't the devil I promise
You want to see the devil take a look at clarence thomas
Now you're saying, "who? " like you a owl
Throw in the towel, the devil is colin powell
You talk about being african and being black
Colin powell's black, but libya he'll attack
Libya's in africa, but a black man
Will lead a black man, to fight against his homeland
An accomplice to the devil is a devil too
The devil is anti-human, who the hell are you?
I lecture and rap without rehearsal
I manifest as a black man but I'm universal
The capital k, small r-i-s

Capital p, small a-r, capital k, small e-r
We are, the star
Without the use of a car we go far
I build and destroy!

[kenny]yeah kris, serve em man, serve em!
[will]yo why're they so jealous of bdp?
[kenny]i don't know will.. yo don't get mad, get fresh man!
[will]word
[krs]don't ever try to challenge bdp!
[kenny]man.. just shut the fuck up and listen!

[krs-one]
This shit is crazy! your remarks don't faze me!
People have a problem with me, cause I ain't lazy
I talk on vinyl then I act
What have you done, besides critique krs-one?
I create organizations
Without organization, there'll be no black nation
What the fuck are you really saying?
You ain't a human while your music's boomin anti-human
I'm assumin -- if you ain't human you're a beast
The white man could be the devil all the day, that's the least
What are you doing for yourself black man?
Trying hard to be the original man - who?
The first man, with the first tan, on the first land
With the first clan, who gives a damn? ? ? !
In history krs is well advised
But it's something that my brain won't memorize
I don't base my whole life on memory
I base my life on my spirit and body chemistry
Africa is the home of humanity
Which makes the african a humanist, challenge me
You gotta learn not to be so concerned
With the original man, and see the criminal man, yeah!
The now man, with the now plan, with the now tan
With the right now genocide master plan
Damn! we gotta think about stopping this
God is not any black man on the land; God is conciousness
When you understand this you'll see kris
Until then, you can get dissed
I'm not your prophet, messiah, minister, or savior
Chill with that I'll behavior
I zero in like a laser
You're cuttin your wrists with a razor
I got all type of flavors
Yes I am the original teacher
You gotta study the qu'ran, torah, bahavaghita
The bible, five baskets of buddha zen

And when you've read them shits, read them shits again!
But watch what you're repeatin
If you don't know the history of the author
You don't know what you're reading!
Yeah I'm still the original
Leaving mc's lyrically miserable
Their criminal syllables are minimal, show me respect boy
Cause I build and destroy!

[kenny]now.. after all that
If anybody out there still got beef, check it out
We rip the lecture tours, we rip the beats
We rip the jams, we'll straight up rip that ass
Knowhati'msayin will?
[will]word!
[krs]yeah it seems they all forgot
On the mic you'll get fucked up
In the clubs you'll get fucked up
Anywhere bronx brooklyn queens manhattan
Jersey japan staten isle.. yo anywhere you'll get fucked up
Don't you know we live for the battle?
I'm outta here
Yo cut that beat off

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ruff Ruff"

[krs-one] * voice echoing*
Think you dope? want this title?
Then you better come step up or step off!

[freddie foxxx]
Yo check this out, all jokes aside
Let's get busy

[krs-one]
Word! blastmaster krs-one in the house
Hah, everybody for some reason wanna be a gangsta
You don't know nuttin about bein no gangsta

[freddie foxxx]
Worrrrrrrd up! aiyyo check this out
This is freddie f-o-x-x-x
And guess what's next

[krs-one]
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack
Every posse wan fi chat, but ju knows dem is wack
They jump pon the mic, an' wan fi do it like dat
But ahh, now dis a krs, me nah takes dat
When me open up to work, I put a cape on me back
Then me, fly all around the emcee world
Krs, the artical, is not to be [*changes from patois*]
Fucked with, ? with, or tampered with
Don't give a fuck if you wanna riff
But when you say kris, already derivative of kris
My eyebrows lift and that ass I get with (huh)
As a matter of fact, I attack, hijack
Set back, your career, like a quarterback
That broke his back, my tongue is like a bat
Your eye'll get black, you'll need an icepack (rrrrruff!)
I'm all that, come with your whole pack
You'll be prayin to the God of isaac
So freddie foxxx, it's time to get tough [uh-huh]
Just, get on the mic and get ruff, ruff

[freddie foxxx]

Soon as I flex, cause I'm about to rip up shop
It's the return of the hip-hop master, freddie the foxxx
(bo!) rappers that see me, don't even speak, just walk
Cause I'm the maddest nigga in new york (hah!)
I see a rapper in the crowd that I don't like
I wanna fight, so when I drop the mic
I'ma jump off the stage, bumrush your crowd to whip
(suckers) that wanna be pimps
How I heard it said that a pimp'll sell his ass
If his hoe won't, but freddie foxxx don't
Cover your chest g, you better wear a bulletproof vest see
Cause I'm about to leave this place a motherfuckin mess
Open hearts on the floor as I explore
Rappers that wanted to be more than number four
Number one's a hard spot; either you fight
Or get shot, so this is what I got (bo!)
Three tec-9's, my uzi, ten grenades, my razor blades
And I aim to get paid!
So who wanna step to this, don't come soft
Cause i'ma straight up knock niggaz off (pom! pom!)
And when the cops come to get me
I'ma take a dead body, and bop ten cops with me
I'm sick and tired of hearin rappers talk smack
About who's nice, and who's whack, motherfuck that
They know my style, and my rep, every stage
That I stepped on - I was the rapper they slept on
But y'all rappers keep sleepin - cause when they plant
Bombs in your house, i'ma wake you up and punch you
In your motherfuckin mouth, knock your wife out
Take your sons to safety, cause they're just kids
And I wanna raise em to face me
And when they get a little bigga
I'ma mark them little niggaz, and put their fingerprints
On the trigger -- double homicide, call the vice
Another rapper and his family with no life
Yeah you're mr. tough and, you're full of stuff and
And freddie foxxx caught you bluffin
I got you in my torture chamber and you scream
Oh God damn, it's like _silence of the lambs_
But I don't mangle em and eat em
I take mc's to the war zone, and there I defeat em
It gets much worse, with every verse
As the f-r-e-d-d-i-e f-o-x-x-x, hurts!
Punishes, stomps, smashes, crushes, maims
You suckers know my name!
Aiyyo kris! I'm rhymin long enough (say what?)
Get on the mic and get ruff, ruff

[krs-one]

This is the year that I go all out (why?)
Edutainment's what I'm all about (and)
I don't eat franks with the sauerkraut (cause)
Because I don't eat pork from the tail to the snout
(well kick it) get on down, to the hip hip hop
Before I start, peace to scott larock! (word)
Now let me drop the style that has action
Cause many mc's don't believe they're rappin
They're lost, crazy mixed-up in their identity
This is not, what hip-hop is meant to be (word up)
I come unique, I can't be beat, hardcore street
For the kids, with a hundred-and-fifty on their feet
(kick it) I don't compete, I defeat and delete ya
Then critique ya, all mc's retreat, here comes the t'cha
Chewin suckers like smuckers
Hittin on, sittin on, shittin on, flippin on motherfuckers
Yeah, I'm like the movie _aliens_
I hide inside your right hand man, when you think you got me
Bam! my head comes out your chest
A mutilated mess of nastyness
Chunks of bloody flesh, yes krs on the slaughter
Specialize in instant rhyme style, you simply add water
Evian, I pull the string then
Ring-ding-ding, ding-ding-ding-ding
Back in the days, I wrote +south bronx+
The juice crew got stomped, lick two shot
Pom! pom! really it was magic's fault
Always wanna diss somebody, he got put to a halt
It's wack, when a sucker dj babbles on
Soupin up mc's to battle on song
That's wrong, but in any event, I drop the classic
In 1992 the original it ain't plastic
Everybody know, bdp, is fantastic, burn like acid
Credit card plastic, stretch like elastic
Love and respect is the tactic
Bam! in your motherfuckin face
Krs in the place
I never liked listening to bitches and hoes anyway
(fi-yah!)

[freddie foxxx]
Well you know I like hoes, cause I'm a mack
But I don't like the wack tracks, youknowhati'msayin?
And for all your suckers out there
That underestimate the militant mack, get the bo-zack
You know what I mean? (word) word!

[krs-one]
You know why?

Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, they wan fi chat
Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack
Every posse wan fi chat, they wan fi chat, you know dem a wack
Every posse wan fi chat, but ya knows dey is wack

[freddie foxxx]
Yes.. fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-two you suckers * echoes *

[krs-one]
Motherfuckers! brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr! * echoes to fade *

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"13 & Good"

I walked in the place very big space
Every kind of race dancin' and niggas made chase
A very pretty face, feel the bass
Basses kick, flygirl jumps on my tip
The drink that I sip implies this it it
She looked to be about 26 I ain't dizzy
It's time to get busy!!
Welcome female is in my arms.
Overwhelmed by my playboy charms
We jumped in the ride rushed to the crib
I ain't gotta explain what we did
Built to last I simply waxed that
Ax the question, no need for guessin'
Hey baby, how old are you?
21 24 maybe 22
I'm twenty five
She shucked and kinda neeghed
And said, "hee, hee, hee I'm only 13"
13!! I need a quick escape
That's statutory rape
But she was good!

Chorus:
Good!
(you should been there she was)
Good!
(man that jail term won't be)
Good!
(but she looked)
Good!
(man her brothers will beat you)
Good!!
(even if I get beat down it was still)
Good!!

The story gets better, this girl is kinda clever
She said, "i wanna be with you forever"
I said, "forget it I need to get my life in order
You could almost be my daughter"
She started sighin' and her sighin' turns into cryin'
Her cryin' turns into her replyin'
"where's the phone? . I think it's time that I went home"
She called her pops and said, "come get me I'm all alone

I'm sorry daddy I slept with an older man"
He said, "don't worry. the 45 is in my hand.
I'll be there before you count to four."
One two three four
He's at my door
She said, "see what you did you caused me all this grief.
Your goin' to jail my daddy's a police chief.
If I can't have you no one will.
And I ain't even on the pill."
But you was

Chorus: repeat 6x
Good!!

Daddy walked in and the whole scene kinda changed
He grabbed his daughter and almost beat the girl insane
She's cryin' down the hall and now goin' home
He closed the door and, "i'm happy we're all alone
Jump on the bed and look me straight into my eyes
I think your kinda cute, don't make me use my 45"
Daddy's lookin' for a lubricant
He pulled out a little piece of gum and started chemwin' it
He said, "for year I've been lookin for a big strong man
I've got an apartment out in brooklyn
Only my daughter and I live there
You can see my daughter anytime, anywhere
But it's you that I want to be mine
The price tag is your behind
Don't worry it'll be

Chorus:

Good!!

The morale of this story?
There is no morale you finish the story for me
When your livin' your life everyday in the hood
Wakin' up in the mornin' should feel

Good!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Poisonous Product"

Back off, crack off, slack off
Act off your instinct
And think in a wink, or blink
I'll make your body shrink
I use ink and memory, my record companies selling me
My fans be telling me I'm the greatest
You hate this, rigid, metaphysical, criminal mided poet
Don't blow it, if it's lost, I'll show it
If it's torn, I'll sew it
It's kinda off beat yeah I know it
The styles I originate, I don't wait for fate
I practice love not hate
But mcs get ache
They wait and hesitate on the act
But always can debate on that trivial fact
This is krs and I'm black!
Same color as the brothers in iraq
War is wack, especially when you die in vain
Bush invaded panama, how can you really place blame on hussein?
Regardless of the name, the insane economic game has got to change
Like a range rover over the plains
I come equipped to rip shit
Not ignorant, intelligent - artistic - inquisitive - poisitive and negative
The sedative is the poetry I give
How yah live krs is in the house!

The poisonous product (is) pimped out to poor people
Penetrates pieces of their thinking equal
It comes in peaceful thru the "tell-lie-vision"
Distorts your vision
Now the lies got you wishin' thru transmission
You wanna be a better christitan
You wake up sunday mornin' to watch "tell-lie-vision"
Mission - christians be sayin "accept jesus in your life"
Christianaty was founded 400 years after christ
What are you accepitng in your life?
Christianty or the teachings of christ?
Make up your mind, they're not the same thing
In 1992 the blind leads the blind
Right into the ground they can't show you where God is
Because they haven't found!

First - put down your Bible and release your sins

The Bible is dead, God is alive
Within, metaphysically speaking, I'll be clear
You wanna see god? take a look in the mirror!
A tree is always known by it's fruit
A human being can walk up right or crawl like a brute
Yeah, now who do you salute? the barbarian teaches us to hate our roots!
Despise our culutre, look for culture in another man's existance
Resist this - resist this master plan...
To turn the black man into a statistic
Why? 'cause he's materialistic
He wants to make a record but thru none of the logistics of it
Love it or leave it alone
Blastmaster krs is on the microphone
In the houuuuuseee...

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Questions & Answers"

Yo kris whassup this press stuff man?
Yo I don't money, I don't know, they frontin
Yo why we don't get no respect?
I don't know man
They got all them gangsta lookalike, know y'know
But you know what?
All them fraud magazines I'm tired of
I'm tired of us not bein on no covers
But you know what?
We rock the streets, anyway
Regardless to what anybody say
Well well, yo yo, I tell you
As long as you rip up the streets
You don't gotta have no press, youknowhati'msayin?
That's right
As long as you stay true to the streets
All these wannabe black, black, black
Black nuttin - you know, chewin all that black
Cause they ain't really reportin nuttin on no black nuttin
They wanna be right, and they wanna be, rap, and..
That's why I read the final call
The final call got it goin on, youknowhati'msayin?
Yeah
I mean, if you really wanna check out somethin black
I mean, all these other magazines, they got
They can only show you the light-skinned girl
Or the light-skinned guy, and all of that, yaknowhati'msayin?
I ain't with all that nonsense
Ha hah, we won't name any names
But they know who they are though!
Ha hah, knowhati'msayin? watch yourself
I don't know why we can't get no covers though!
Yo kris, I don't why
Cause we just slammin everywhere we go
Yo, bdp been rockin for like six years now
Six long hard rough years, youknowhati'msayin?
And, and for some reason
Everytime these commercial acts come out
They get the cover the first..
They could drop a twelve inch single
And they be snatchin up the cover
You know why? cause they don't wanna deal with reality
In any of these magazines

Hey kris, I got the answer to all your problems
What's that?
Just interview yourself
Interview myself?
Yeah!
Aight check it out
Kick it!

[krs-one]
Question: why everything you do is fresh?
Answer: my name, blastmaster krs
Question: you only write reality, why?
Answer: no time to waste, our people are going to die
Question: going to die? please explain this topic
Answer: some people are using ignorance to make a profit
Question: how do we stop it?
Answer: throw em in a jail cell and lock it
Question: why, are people so stupid?
Answer: they got a brain and fail to use it
Question: how did it get like this?
Answer: people are more worried about ass and tits and
Little bits of information
The barbarians teach us just to be barbarians in the nation
This new creation
Takes on the manifestation of the board of education
Question: what's the solution?
Answer: organized, revolution
Question: revolution implies killing..
Answer: whether you fight or talk, the blood is
Still spilling, and we're chilling
Thinking of our history as elmer fudd
Everything, black people got in this country
They got through shedding their blood, word!

But they ain't gonna print all that
They too concerned about what you wearin
What kind of benz you got, or bm
But I think this year
Since we knockin all these sucker frauds out,
You might get some press
But when you talk that conciousness -
Nobody wants to listen
Word up, it's a crying shame though
I, ah-i tell you this though
If I was talkin sex and all that nonsense
I'd get all the covers
Yo kris, just chill, and interview yourself
That's what I like to hear
Aight aight check it out

[krs-one]
Everything you learned in law school
Can be taught, when you're six years old
But they make you wait and wait and wait and wait
And wait, and of course, the information, is then sold
But what if you can't afford to pay?
You walk around ignorant all day!
The pimp don't care, it's really your decision
Kick up that money hoe!! oh, I mean tuition
They be dissin, that ass you be kissin
Sittin in a room with a liar, and you must listen
Question: who are you dissin?
Answer: the concept that turns a rapper, into a dancer
Question: are you really all that fresh?
Answer: yes, yes.. yes!
Or, "si," to the people speakin spanish
You better make use of krs, before he vanish

But all these magazines'll vanish before you will
They better start printin the real real hip-hop
From bdp
Yo yo but check it out will
They ain't interested in no real hip-hop
They ain't interested in graffiti art, breakdancin
And real rap music, they just wanna know where the money is
Why why why?
Yo I think some of these journalists
Need to start gettin punched in they face
Hah, I got a big fist

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Say Gal"

This one hyah, is a must
Let top selector crush y'all with skill
Cause ya know it's so skillful
Long time for reggae music no hip-hop music
Could take it with said speed
So come.. bust!

[krs-one]
All you see in the newspapers nowadays
Is nuff gal talk bout them been raped
And them been molested and them been beat up
And them been all sexed up, seen? hahahah
But now krs-one comes to give you this
Come down, come down, come down

Well now you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me
You're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Say gal!why you comin to the hotel?
Say gal! you wan good sex we can tell?
Say gal! your skirt so tight it hug your butt
Say gal! you're lookin like you really want.. want..
Gal!don't tell me you can wear what you want
Cause nowadays a most dem gal a dressin like a slut
Say gal!a woman must, respect herself
Say gal!so leave the see-through dress upon the shelf

Because you're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me
You're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

Say gal! you don't wan man call ya bitch
Say gal! you walk down the street with a switch
Say gal! have the answer, control your body
Say gal! you know you kyan't test me
You wanna hug me, you're kinda sexy
But if me rush up an' feel your body
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me
You're creepin and you're sleepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

..

Say gal! krs keep one lady
Say gal! all ya kind, nah nobody rush me
Say gal! at the show, ya move ya body
But, I better show now what ya wan' with me
Don't try to set me up now witcha own demo tape
Don't try to set me up now wit the statuatory rape
You wanna hug me, and try to sex me
But if me rush up an' feel your body
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"
Boom! you run cry, "him a rape me"

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me
Reeeeeeeeeeewind!

Now all hip-hop reggae crew
Hip-hop reggae crew in holland
Hip-hop reggae crew in london
Hip-hop reggae crew in germany
Hip-hop reggae crew in japan
Hip-hop reggae crew in l.a.
Hip-hop reggae crew in new york
We run tings every single time
Sydney mills, krs-one, kenny parker, d-square, seen?
Now all golddigger hold tight

Say gal! why you comin to the hotel?
Say gal!you wan good sex you can tell?
Say gal! your skirt so tight it hug your butt
Say gal!you're lookin you really want.. want..
Gal! don't say ya wear what ya want
Cause nowadays most gal dress like a slut
Say gal! a woman must, respect herself
Say gal! so leave that see-through dress up on the shelf

Because you're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me
You're sleepin and you're creepin with the stardom
First you do the nasty, then he raped me

..

[kenny parker]
This should take five seconds
Yo, this is dj kenny parker in the house
I just wanna say peace to my man bizmarkie
Epmd, de la soul, a tribe called quest
Shabba ranks, ice-t over on the west coast
Nice and smooth, gangstarr
And umm kid capri
And yo check out this next beat
Cause it's kinda funky!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"We In There"

Yeah.. ahh, back to that old shit!
For all you fake-ass teachers out there
Aiyyo kris.. break this shit up!

[krs-one]
The type of lyrical terrorism I present
Educates people, at the same time pays my rent
You've been hearin me now for the past twelve semesters
When the suckers stepped up, I had to use the drastic measures
I know you want to step to me kid!
But you're thinkin, "damn, kris is kinda big!"
Plus he rolls wit a crew that don't care
And drops a hit album, hit video, hit single every year
From your eye drops a tear
I don't play that shit, I play that hit
Your whole gangsta image is not legit
You heard _criminal minded_, and bit the whole shit
Now if I punch you in your face I'd be wrong
Don't even think about battling with a song
You'll be gone, your career ain't strong enough to call my bluff
You ain't rough, you ain't tough, you'll be handcuffed
With your ribcage crushed
Naked in a box, with multicolored tube socks
You know my fuckin name
Blastmaster krs is thinkin long range!

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (repeat 4x)

[krs-one]
They are in there, like you'll soon be in prison
(you await and this is faggot, your ass you'll be given)
Who you kiddin? you're only tryin to rock a party
You ain't really down to shoot nobody
So why you frontin? sayin from the cops you be runnin
In jail in a pair of panties you look just stunning
You pop all that wannabe shit on vinyl
Until your ass is bein pumped by some faggot named lionel
In jail you ain't got respect
You a fairy, I'll be takin your commisary
And the picture of your sister, mister
As seamy as pee-wee herman, I ain't trying to diss her
This ain't no bullshit game and I ain't changed
I'm just thinkin long range

People died so I can rhyme..
You think I'm gonna grab the mic and waste my nation's time?
Step up with that weak shit
You're psychologically, historically, and spiritually sick
Plus you're on my dick
Changin the subject, your rhyme style ain't correct
You know my fuckin name!
Blastmaster krs is thinking long range!

Yeah we in there, yeah yeah (*repeats*)

Krs.. kenny parker.. willie d.. from long island
Heather b.. ska-danks..
D-square.. sidney mills..
Ha-ohhhh.. go brooklyn, go brooklyn!
Go bronx! (go brooklyn, go brooklyn!)
The bronx! yell southside bronx!
Southside bronx! southside bronx!
Southside bronx! southside bronx!
Southside bronx, arrrrrrrrrrrrrgh!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Sex & Violence"

Hu hah!
Hah! hah! hah! hah! hah!
And you just don't stop, fiyah!
And you just don't stop
Prince paul in the house, lick two shots
Come down!pom pom! pom pom!
Pom pom! check it out!

Sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it
Sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and.. wheela!

Nuff man dem come again my selectin
On and on cause why? we run tings every time
Uptown massive just settle
Brooklyn chill out!
Now we come down ruff and wicked from the bronx, seen?
Come down my selector!

All crew just hold tight
Nuff respect, check it out!

R&b now run tings again an'
Rock'n'roll now run tings again an'
Commercial rap star run tings again
Pure hip-hop reggae run tings to the end, check it
Shabba ranks him inna hip-hop style
Ziggy marley inna hip-hop style
? ? ? inna hip-hop style
Krs-one in de dance, make a man go wild
Krs the artical don
Rock from ja-pan, all the way to brooklyn
Open in the bronx, at the puerto rican
In them ? area, say ooh no, bust shot
Me never listen to all them slow jam
They wanna talk bout a woman and man
Give me a jam that, is not a scam
Can you address mine self, who I am?

Check it!
Check it!

Me don't wan sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it
Sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Look on the radio, them talk bout sex
Look man tv, there nuff violence
Krs him always make sense
But the radio station have no intelligence
Inna america the problem is immense
Inna england the problem is immense
Up in the bronx, yes the problem is immense
Every man and woman wan sex and violence
You kyan't see this it's, ignorance
You kyan't see there is no intelligence
You kyan't see there is no common sense
When you think of entertainment, there's sex and violence, so
R&b now run tings again an'
Country music now run tings again an'
Commercial rap now run tings again
Pure hip-hop reggae run tings to the end, check it
Check it!

What? me don't wan, sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it
Sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it

Everybody inna hip-hop style
I.c.u. inna hip-hop style
Krs inna hip-hop style
Yes ? cause dance go wild
You never know see a kid learn quick
Him want money so him flash down lyric
Him want money so him flash down lyric
Pure, sucker screw but where him get it?
Sucker screw is entertainment
Sucker screw the people want it
Sucker screw but we revere it
So aids now becomes the epidemic

Me don't wan, sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it
Sex and violence, sex and violence
Sex and violence, we just can't take it

R&b now run tings again an'
Commercial rap now run tings again
R&b now run tings again

Country music you're lookin at your end
Krs the artical don!
A from japan all the way to brooklyn
Up in the bronx at the puerto rican
In them ? area, say ooh no, bust shot

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"How Not To Get Jerked"

"and now, a word from our sponsor.."

[krs-one]
Now technically speakin I ain't 'sposed to be doin this
Like givin information to the ones that are new to this
You wanna make a record and get into the business?
Here's a little plan from a six-year witness
First you gotta understand the music game
It's not about fame, it's about a rich name
And who you're down with, and who you clown with
But most of all, you got to have a gift ("it's like that")
Either music or the fresh lyrics
Or a vibe; people like to buy your spirit
Everybody knows krs-one is dope
To really see it, you gotta use a telescope, hah!
There's no hope when you're shoppin for a deal
Either sex appeal, or the hard street feel
But if you don't have a lawyer you're a goner
Don't even think about chillin in a sauna
You need a lawyer, and a good manager
Without this, the record companies won't be havin ya
So I'm grabbin ya now and showin ya how
Not to get jerked when you do hard work!

"it's like that y'all" *16x*

"one, two, three, whoo!"

[krs-one]
Yo, there's more to it, but let's get through it
Many mc's reached the top and then blew it
You say, "i knew it, that last jam was wack"
Either you're strung out on crack, or you don't wanna
Be black anymore, or, you don't wanna rap anymore
Or, you do a wack tour, or, you get in trouble with the law
Or, your fans you ignore, or, you get punched in the jaw
Cause, you're not hardcore!
What makes a jam isn't luck or fate
It's writin the jams that the people can relate to
Or else they'll hate you
The public will mark you down as a fake crew
You don't need allathat
Just rap from the heart and you'll have a good start

But a lot of mc's want girls
And wanna live on top of the world
In the jam they wanna flirt
Here's how not to get jerked when you do hard work!

"it's like that y'all" *16x*

[krs-one]
Now understand, rap is rebellious music
Therefore, only the rebel should use it
But pop artists abuse it
When the audience hears real rap, they boo it
See rap music is a culture
And everyone outside that culture is a vulture
The vulture makes money on the culture
Understand, I ain't tryin to insult ya
But you're either usin rap like the devil
Or you're pushin rap to another level
So don't wait for your company's promotions staff
Promote yourself with your own cash!
But this might mean you can't buy gold
You might have to put that on hold
Cause if the artist falls, they diss him!
But if the company falls, the artist falls with them!
This ain't about a tight skirt
Here's how not to get jerked when you do hard work!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Who Are The Pimps?"

Stick up!!!
All gwan put your hands up in de air
And turn around with your face to the ground
Stick up!!!

Here we go
Who are the pimps? Who are the pimps?
Wimps, sitting behind a desk
You only get a glimpse of the action or reaction
When you don't respond to them TAXING
You fuck a lot when you're tax exempt
Like with the church, the rules were somehow bent
The more money you make, the more money you can have
You lose your mind after a while trying to just
Grab and grab and grab and grab and grab
Until the pimps roll around real mad, what they say?
"Pick up that money hoe!"
You done all the work, but now a part of the show
You're a hoe, you pimped all around real fresh
Got letters on they chest spelling I, R, S
And they be taxing, asking, sitting back relaxing
Pimping asian, european, blacks and chicano
Hah hah! But they can't pimp a wino
Why? Because a wino don't want nuttin
It's when you try to get ahead they start frontin
Capitalism -- the system of pimps and hoes
I'm sorry that's the way it goes
In this particular system everyone's a slave
Racist is how they want us to behave
White Johnny, be fighting black Michael
Both are blind to the system's sick cycle
In a circle psychotically they slay each other
With a grin, because of color of a skin
"Pick up that money hoe!" (3X)

Now we don't want to get you all alarmed
A little education never did you no harm
When Africa's free the African will be free
Capitalism says we're ALL in slavery
They're not looking at the color of a human brother
April 15th they're looking at your mother!
"Pick up that money hoe!"
You work all week, and now your money has to go

To a pimp, and it's you that limp
They cut your check and take a tenth
Don't wanna hear no lip, about support of family
Cause on a piece of paper that's a fantasy
They don't care if you're in a bad mood
Your wife needs shoes, your kids need food
Uh-uh, pick up that money honey
The pimps so serious they're funny!
They'll look you straight into your face
And tell you that your money's going to a good place
Like Social Security or Welfare
But if you go to the Bahamas you'll see them all there
"Pick up that money hoe!" (4X)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Real Holy Place"

Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?
Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?
Why are metaphysical teachings forbidden?
The only way to talk to God is in church?
Hah hah hah, you must be kidding
For years they kept God hidden
Look for God in self, not in what's written
Turn this up and listen

If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian
whip cracks
If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian
whip cracks
If your slavemaster wasn't a christian you wouldn't be a christian!!!
whip cracks twice
Your whole culture's missing
Hebrews are african, see they originated judaism
The belief in one God is monotheism, see the truth is not hard
All you gotta know is the facts
When religion mixes with politics... it all gets wack

You gotta know your history, or they'll tell you that God is a mystery
And when you're born, you're born in sin
That's bullshit. that's bullshit!
They're only saying you can't win
You can't succeed, you can't acheive
Don't ask about god, just sit there and believe
Well I ain't tryin to hear that lesson
Cause one thing I know
Cause one thing I know
Cause one thing I know is that the truth can always be questioned
Yeah that's how I'm livin
Ask and ye shall be given
When you're lyin, hah hah hah, you got no answers
You got handclappers and a whole lotta dancers
In the church or sanctuary

They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary
They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary
They all forgot jesus was a revolutionary!!!
That hung out with criminals
I would say read the Bible but it's not the original
So it's really misleading

If you don't know the history of the author you don't know what you're reading
If you don't know the history of the author you don't know what you've read

You can't taste the nectar
That answers the question on why I do lectures
Cause where every mc claims to be the teacher, I be dissin professors
Keep that Bible on your shelf
God helps those that help themselves
Stop reading from a dead book

Stop reading from a dead book for a live god!
You know how stupid you look!
God reads the Bible with you
You both read the language of the devil that's dissing you
What can the next man do
With a Bible in his hand that you yourself can't do?
Whether christian, buddhist, muslim, or jew
Burning candles don't get you down with the universal crew

So why you dress up on easter and worship a false mary
That looks like mona lisa? hah hah, damn you lost
On christ-mas, what's the purpose of santa claus? *bells jingle*
On christ-mas, what's the purpose of santa claus? *bells keep jingling*
On christmas what's the purpose of santa claus!!!
Or saint nickalaus, I'm sick of this wickedness
All revolutionaries check this

I'm not synthetic
I'm not anti-christian, anti-muslim, anti-buddhist, or anti-semetic
But I will set it off in the temple
Cause the real holy place is mental
The real holy place is mental
The real holy place is mental *starts echoing*
The real holy place is mental *echoing a lot*
The real holy place is mental!
The real holy place is mental!!!

Mental-physical, metaphysical

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS
2PACALYPSE NOW

"Young Black Male" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Young Black Male"

[2Pac (Ice Cube):]
Hard like an erection
(Young black male)
Hard like an erection
(Ain't shit to fool with)
Hard like an erection
(Young black male)
Hard like an erection
(Ain't shit to fool with)
Yes, niggas! Yes, niggas! Yes, niggas!
Go, nigga, go!
Hard like an erection
(Young black male)
Hard like an erection
(Ain't shit to fool with)
Hard like an erection
(Young black male)
Hard like an erection
(Ain't shit to fool with)

[2Pac:]
Young black male
I try to effect by kicking the facts
And stacking much mail
I'm packing a gat 'cause guys wanna jack
And fuck going to jail
'Cause I ain't a crook, despite how I look
I don't sell yayo
They judging a brother like covers on books
Follow me into a flow
I'm sure you know, which way to go
I'm hitting 'em out of the doors
So slip on the slope, let's skip on the flow
I'm fucking the sluts and hoes
The bigger the butts the tighter the clothes
The gimminy jimminy grows
Then whaddaya know, it's off with some clothes
Rowd when the crowd says ho
That let's me know, they know I can flow
Love when they come to my shows
I get up and go with skins before
When I'm collecting my dough
I never respect, the one that I back
The quicker the nigga can rap
The bigger the check
Now watch how they sweat
What kind of style is that?

The style of a mack, and ready to jack
I rendered up piles of black
The wacker the pack, the fatter the smack
I hate it when real niggas bust
They hate when I cuss, they threaten to bust
I had enough of the fuss
I bust what I bust and cuss when I must
They gave me a charge for sales
For selling the tales... of young black males

Yes, nigga, N-I-G-G-A, niggas
Ay, nigga, you can't handle that shit!
Pass that man!
Hit that shit, that's the shit!
It smells like skunk, skunk smells like that nigga, momma
We ain't nuttin' but some low down dirty niggas
Keep it real, nigga! Fuck you, nigga!
You ain't giving me near a dime on this real motherfucker
Fuck St. Ides, it's an Old E thing, baby
Strictly some of that Hennessy
Can I drink with you, fellas? Can I get it on it?
Fuck you, capo. You ain't in, baby
I tell you what! You guys are not gonna be talking
All that shit, when I come back, OK?
We gonna say who the big mouth, when I come back
Young black male!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Clinton George, Brown Harold Ray I, Dickerson Morris Dewayne, Jordan Le Roy L, Scott Howard E, Allen Thomas Sylvester, Levitin Lee Oskar, Miller Charles, Evans Deon

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"Trapped" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Trapped"

You know they got me trapped in this prison of seclusion
Happiness, living on the streets is a delusion
Even a smooth criminal one day must get caught
Shot up or shot down with the bullet that he bought
Nine millimeter kickin' thinkin' about what the streets do to me
'Cause they never talk peace in the black community
All we know is violence, do the job in silence
Walk the city streets like a rat pack of tyrants
Too many brothers daily heading for the big pen
Niggas comin' out worse-off than when they went in
Over the years I done a lot of growin' up
Getting drunk, throwin' up
Cuffed up
Then I said I had enough
There must be another route, way out
To money and fame, I changed my name
And played a different game
Tired of being trapped in this vicious cycle
If one more cop harasses me I just might go psycho
And when I get 'em, I'll hit 'em with the bum rush
Only a lunatic would like to see his skull crushed
Yo, if you're smart you'll really let me go, G
But keep me cooped up in this ghetto and catch the Uzi
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
They got me trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

They got me trapped
Can barely walk the city streets
Without a cop harassing me, searching me
Then asking my identity
Hands up, throw me up against the wall
Didn't do a thing at all
I'm telling you one day these suckers gotta fall
Cuffed up throw me on the concrete
Coppers try to kill me
But they didn't know this was the wrong street
Bang, bang, count another casualty
But it's a cop who's shot for his brutality
Who do you blame? It's a shame because the man's slain
He got caught in the chains of his own game

How can I feel guilty after all the things they did to me?
Sweated me, hunted me
Trapped in my own community
One day I'm gonna bust
Blow up on this society
Why did ya lie to me?
I couldn't find a trace of equality
Work me like a slave while they laid back
Homie, don't play that
It's time I let 'em suffer the payback
I'm trying to avoid physical contact
I can't hold back, it's time to attack jack
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
They got me trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

Now I'm trapped and want to find my getaway
All I need is a 'G' and somewhere safe to stay
Can't use the phone
'Cause I'm sure someone is tapping in
Did it before
Ain't scared to use my gat again
I look back in hindsight the fight was irrelevant
But now he's the devil's friend
Too late to be tellin' him
He shot first and I'll be damned if I run away
Homie is done away, I should've put my gun away
I wasn't thinking, all I heard was the ridicule
Girlies was laughin', Tup saying, "Damn homies is dissing you."
I fired my weapon
Started steppin' in the hurricane
I got shot so I dropped
Feelin' a burst of pain
Got to my feet
Couldn't see nothin' but bloody blood
Now I'm a fugitive to be hunted like a murderer
Ran through an alley
Still lookin' for my getaway
Coppers said, "Freeze, or you'll be dead today."
Trapped in a corner
Dark and I couldn't see the light
Thoughts in my mind was the nine and a better life
What do I do? Live my life in a prison cell?
I'd rather die than be trapped in a living hell
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down

They got me trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Gooden Ramon Russell

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"Soulja's Story" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Soulja's Story"

[2Pac (2Pac as "Soulja"):]
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
(They cuttin' off welfare...)
(They think crime is rising now)
(You got whites killing blacks)
(Cops killing blacks, and blacks killing blacks)
(Shit just gon' get worse)
(They just gon' become souljas)
(Straight souljas)

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

[2Pac as "Soulja":]
Crack done took a part of my family tree
My momma's on the shit, my daddy split and mom is steady blaming me
Is it my fault just 'cause I'm a young black male?
Cops sweat me as if my destiny is makin' crack sales
Only fifteen and got problems
Cops on my tail, so I bail 'til I dodge 'em
They finally pull me over and I laugh
"Remember Rodney King?" and I blast on his punk ass
Now I got a murder case...
You speak of heaven punk? I never heard of the place
Wanted to come up fast, got a Uz' and a black mask
Ducking fuckin' Task, now who's the jackass?
Keep my shit cocked, 'cause the cops got a Glock too
What the fuck would you do? Drop them or let 'em drop you?
I chose droppin' the cop
I got me a Glock, and a Glock for the niggas on my block
Momma tried to stab me, I moved out
Sold a pound a weed, made G's, bought a new house
I'm only seventeen, I'm the new king
Got me a crew, bought 'em jewels, and a Uz'-thick

But all good things don't last
Task came fast, and busted my black ass
Coolin' in the pen, where the good's kept
Now my little brother wants to follow in my footsteps
A soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

[2Pac as the younger brother:]
Buck, buck - niggas get fucked, don't step to this
Quiet as kept I'm blessed on a quest with a death wish
Tell 'em to come and test, and arrest, nigga it's hectic
Here's the anorexic, I'm makin' it to an exit
Walking through the streets on the black tip
Packed with several gats, 'cause I'm on some pay 'em back shit
Niggas don't wanna try me, brother, you'll get shot down
Now I'm king of the block, since my bigger brother's locked down
I'm hot now, so many punk police have got shot down
Other coppers see me on the block, and they jock now
That's what I call a kingpin
Send my brother what he needs and some weed up to Sing-Sing
Tellin' him just be ready set
Pack ya shit up quick; and when I hit, be prepared to jet
Niggas from the block on the boat now
Every single one got a gun, that'll smoke - pow!
These punks about to get hit by the best
I'm wearin' double vest... so aim at my fuckin' chest
I'll be makin' straight dome calls
Touch the button on the wall, you'll be pickin' up your own balls
I can still hear my mother shout
"Hit the pen nigga -- break your bigger brother out"
I got a message for the warden
I'm comin' for ya ass, as fast as Flash Gordon
We get surrounded in the mess hall, yes y'all
A crazy motherfucker making death calls
Just bring me my brother and we leavin'
For every minute you stall, one of y'all bleedin'
They brought my brother in a jiffy
I took a cop, just in case things got tricky
And just as we was walkin' out (BANG!)
I caught a bullet in the head, the screams never left my mouth
My brother caught a bullet too
I think he gon' pull through, he deserve to
The fast life ain't everything they told ya
Never get much older, following the tracks of a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
Straight soulja, 1993, and forward

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Lee Hayes Isaac, Deon Evans

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"I Don't Give A Fuck" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"I Don't Give A Fuck"

(feat. Pogo)

[Skit:]
"What's up?"
"Yo this scene, rollers tried to jack a nigga 'cause a nigga with a pearl rollin' on a Coupé with goldens."
"Yo man, what's up, this riding motherfucker
Jack me at rollin' 'round bumping
'Cause music's too loud, you know what I'm sayin'?"
"Yo this P-O to the G-O
Motherfucking cop just jacked me 'cause I was drinking beer in Mill Valley."
"What's up, man?"
"Aight, man, fuck 'em."

[2Pac:]
I don't give a fuck
They done pushed me to my limit, I'm all in
I might blow up any minute, did it again
And now I'm in the back of the paddy wagon
While this cop's bragging about the nigga he's jackin'
I see no justice, all I see is niggas dying fast
The sound of a gun blast, then watch the hearse pass
Just another day in the life, G
Gotta step lightly, 'cause cops tried to snipe me
The cabs, they don't wanna stop for a brother, man
But damn near have an accident to pick up another man
I went to the bank to cash my check
I get more respect from the mothafucking dope man
The Grammy's and American Music shows
They pimp us like hoes, take our dough, but they hate us though
You better keep your mind on the real shit
And fuck trying to get with these crooked-ass hypocrites
The way they see it, we was meant to be kept down
Just can't understand why we getting respect now
Mama told me there'd be days like this
But I'm pissed, 'cause it stays like this
And now they're trying to ship me off to Kuwait?
Give me a break. How much shit can a nigga take?
I ain't going nowhere no how
Bush wanna throw down?
Better bring the gun, pal
'Cause this is the day we make 'em pay
Fuck bailing hay, I better spray with an AK
And even if they shoot me down
There'll be another nigga bigger from the mothafuckin' underground
So step but you better step quick
'Cause the clock's going tick and I'm sick of the bullshit
You're watching the makings of a psychopath
But you sit and laugh before the wrath and aftermath

Who's that behind the trigger?
Who do you think? A mothafucking 90's nigga
Ready to buck and rip shit up, I had enough!
Yeah, and i just don't give a fuck

[Pogo:]
Nigga, it ain't just the blacks
It's also a gang of motherfuckers dressed in blue slacks
They say niggas hang in packs and they attitudes is shitty
So tell me, who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?
They say we niggas like to do niggas
So me an' a cop are just two niggas
A street-walking nigga and a beat-walking nigga
With a badge, I end his future and his past
With a blast take his cash before I dash I bash his head in
Dump him at the dead end and that's just his luck
'Cause a nigga like P, don't really give a fuck

[2Pac:]
Walked in the store, what's everybody staring at?
They act like they never seen a motherfucker wearing black
Following a nigga and shit – ain't this a bitch?
All I wanted was some chips
I wanna take my business elsewhere – but where?
'Cause who in the hell cares
About a black man with a black need?
They wanna jack me like some kind of crack fiend
I wonder if he knows that my income
Is more than his pension, salary and then some
Your daughter is my number one fan
And your trife-ass wife wants a life with a black man
So who's the mack, in fact who's the black Jack?
Sit back and get fat off the fat cat
While he thinks that he's getting over
I bust a move as smooth as Casanova
And count another quick mill'
I'm getting paid for my trade but I'm still real
And if you look between the lines you'll find a rhyme
As strong as a fucking nine
Mail stacked up, niggas wanna act up
Let's put the gats up and throw your blacks up
But the cops getting dropped by the gun shot
Used to come but he's done, now we run the block
To my brothers — stay strong, keep your heads up
They know we fed up; but they just don't give a fuck

They just don't give a fuck

[2Pac:]
I gotta give my fuck offs
Fuck you to the San Francisco police department
Fuck you to the Marin County Sheriff's Department
Fuck you to the FBI

Fuck you to the CIA
Fuck you to the B-u-s-h
Fuck you to the Ameri-K-K-Ka
Fuck you to all you redneck prejudice motherfuckers
That wanna fuck with me, fuck y'all!
Punk gay sensitive little dick bastards
2Pacalypse motherfuckerin' now
Y'all can all kiss my ass and suck my dick
And my uncle Tommy's balls
Fuck y'all
Punks *[*echoes*]*

Thanks to zubarfly for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Teah Hari

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"Violent" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Violent"

They claim that I'm violent
Just 'cause I refuse to be silent
These hypocrites are havin' fits
'Cause I'm not buyin' it, defyin' it
Envious because I will rebel against
Any oppressor - and this is known as self-defense
I show no mercy, they claim that I'm the lunatic
But when the shit gets thick, I'm the one you go and get
Don't look confused, the truth is so plain to see
'Cause I'm the nigga that you sell-outs are ashamed to be
In every Jeep and every car, brothers stomp this
I'm Never Ignorant, Getting Goals Accomplished
The underground railroad on an uprise
This time the truth's gettin' told, heard enough lies
I told 'em fight back, attack on society
If this is violence, then violent's what I gotta be
If you investigate you'll find out where it's comin' from
Look through our history, America's the violent one
Unlock my brain, break the chains of your misery
This time the payback for evil shit you did to me
They call me militant, racist 'cause I will resist
You wanna censor somethin', motherfucker censor this!
My words are weapons and I'm steppin' to the silent
Wakin' up the masses, but you, claim that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."
"Fuck the damn cop!"
"Just because we play what the people want."
[3x]

The cops can't stand me, but they can't touch me
Call me a dope man, 'cause I rock dope beats
Jacked by the police, didn't have my ID
I said, "Excuse me, why you tryin' to rob me?"
He had the nerve to say that I had a curfew
("Do you know what time it is?
Get out the fucking car, or I'll hurt you!")
Get out the car - or I'll hurt you
So here I go, I better make my mind up
Pick my nine up or hit the line-up
I chose B, stepped into the streets
The first cop grabbed me, the other ripped my seat
They grabbed my homie and they threw him to the concrete
(Ay man... Aiyyo... Ay man, just c'mon?)
("What you doing, man?")
They tried to frame me
They tried to say I had some dope in the back seat

But I'm a rap fiend, not a crack fiend
My homie panicked ("I'm out!") he tried to run
(Freeze, nigga!) I heard a bullet fire from the cop's gun
My homie dropped, so I hit the cop
I kept swingin', yo, I couldn't stop
Before I knew it, I was beatin' the cop senseless
The other cop dropped his gun, he was defenseless
(Argh, fuck you! Ungh!)
Now I'm against this cop who was racist
Givin' him a taste of trading places
And all this 'cause the peckerwood was tryin' this frame up,
But I came up
Now they claimin' that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."
"Fuck the damn cop!"
"Just because we play what the people want."
[3x]

As I was beatin' on a cop, I heard a gun click (uh-oh)
Then the gun shot, but I wasn't hit
I turned around it was my homie with the gun in hand
He shot the cop (damn!). Now he's a dead man
I said, come on, it's time for us to get away
(Let's go, we gotta get the fuck outta here.)
They called for backup, and they'll be on their way
Jumped in the car and tried to get away quick
The car wouldn't start (damn!). We in deep shit
So we jumped out (C'mon, let's take the cop's car)
We drove a little ways thinkin' that we got far
But I looked up and all I saw was blue lights
(that's a lotta of one time)
If I die tonight, I'm dying in a gunfight
I grabbed the AK, my homie took the 12 gauge
(yeah, it's on now)
Load 'em up quick, it's time for us to spray
We'll shoot 'em up with they own fuckin' weapons
And when we through sprayin' then we steppin'
This is a lesson to the rednecks and crooked cops
You fuck with real niggas, get ya fuckin' ass dropped
So here we go, the police against us
Dark as dusk, waitin' for the guns to bust
(What's next, man?) What's next? I don't know and I don't care
One thing fo' sho', tommorrow I won't be here
But if I go, I'm takin' all these punks with me
(Pass me a clip) Pass me a clip, G, now come and get me
You wanna sweat me, never get me to be silent
Givin' them a reason to claim that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."
"Fuck the damn cop!"
"Just because we play what the people want."
[3x]

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Huff Leon A, Gamble Kenneth, Brooks Ronald R, Elliot David R

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"Words Of Wisdom" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Words Of Wisdom"

Killing us one by one
In one way or another
America will find a way to eliminate the problem
One by one
The problem is the troublesome black youth of the ghetto's
And one by one
We are being wiped off the face of this earth
At an extremely alarming rate
And even more alarming is the fact
That we are not fighting back
Brothers, sisters, niggas
When I say "nigga" it is not the nigga we have grown to fear
It is not the nigga we say as if it has no meaning
But to me it means Never Ignorant Getting Goals Accomplished, nigga
Niggas, what are we going to do?
Walk blind into a line or fight
Fight and die if we must die, like niggas

This is for the masses, the lower classes
The ones you left out, jobs were giving, better living
But we were kept out
Made to feel inferior, but we're superior
Break the chains in our brains that made us fear ya
Pledge allegiance to a flag that neglects us
Honour a man that refuses to respect us
Emancipation Proclamation? Please!
Lincoln just said that to save the nation
These are lies that we all accepted
Say no to drugs but the governments' kept it
Running through our community, killing the unity
The war on drugs is a war on you and me
And yet, they say this is the Home of The Free
But if you ask me, it's all about hypocrisy
The constitution, Yo, it don't apply to me
And Lady Liberty? Stupid bitch lied to me
This made me strong, and no one's gonna like what I'm pumpin'
But it's wrong to keep someone from learning something
So get up, it's time to start nation building
I'm fed up, we gotta start teach the children
That they can be all that they want to be
There's much more to life than just poverty

This is definitely uh... words of wisdom
AMERICA! AMERICA! AMERIK-K-KA
I charge you with the crime of rape, murder, and assault
For suppressing and punishing my people
I charge you with robbery for robbing me of my history

I charge you with false imprisonment for keeping me
Trapped in the projects
And the jury finds you guilty on all accounts
And you are to serve the consequences of your evil schemes
Prosecutor, do you have any more evidence?

Words of Wisdom
Based upon the strength of a nation
Conquer the enemy armed with education
Protect yourself, reach for what you want to do
Know thyself, teach by what we've been through
Armed with the knowledge of the place we've been
No one will ever oppress this race again
No Malcolm X in my history text, why's that?
'Cause he tried to educate and liberate all blacks
Why is Martin Luther King in my book each week?
He told blacks, if they get smacked, turn the other cheek
I don't get it, so many questions went through my mind
I get sweated, they act like asking questions is a crime
But forget it, cause one day I'm gonna prove them wrong
Not every brother had his mother on the welfare line
The American Dream, though it seems like it's attainable
They're pulling your sleeve, don't believe
'Cause it will strangle ya
Pulling the life of your brain, I can't explain
Beg as you can obtain from which you came
Swear that your mother is living in equality
Forgetting your brother that's living in poverty
Thought they had us beaten when they took out King
But the battle ain't over till the black man sings
Words of Wisdom
The battle ain't over 'till the black man sings
Words of Wisdom

NIGHTMARE! That's what I am
America's nightmare
I am what you made me
The hate and the evil that you gave me
I shine as a reminder of what you've done to my people
For Four hundred plus years
You should be scared
You should be running
You should be trying to silence me
Ha, but you cannot escape fate
For it is my turn to come
Just as you rose you will fall
By my hands
America, you reap what you sow
2Pacalypse, America's Nightmare
Ice Cube and Da Lynch Mob, America's Nightmare
Above The Law, America's Nightmare
Paris, America's Nightmare
Public Enemy, America's Nightmare

KRS-One, America's Nightmare
New Afrikan Panthers, America's nightmare
Mutulu Shakur, America's Nightmare
Geronimo Pratt, America's Nightmare
Assata Shakur, America's Nightmare

Thanks to Brad N, Sara, ercimpthomas for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E, Hancock Herbie, Mason Harvey W, Jackson Paul M, Maupin Bennie

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2Pac Lyrics

"Something Wicked"

Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Something wicked, this way comes
Something wicked, this way comes
(Wicked) (wicked)

'Emember
More than an adversary, I'm very quick
I'm ready to hit 'em with this gift, I'm equipped to kick
So, grab your coat and your hat, cause I'm prepared to clown
Let's carry this end that throw these motherfuckers down
Oh shit, 2Pacalypse is back and strapped
Attackin' the packs, I'm kickin' the facts for stacks to rap
And those that max, relax and let the blacks get jacks
I'm gettin' taxed, my packs is packed with angry blacks
I'm ready to go
I'm rippin' the shows, hittin' the dough
Gettin' the hoes, clothes
Pumpin' the flow, thanks to the hump
Cause the nose knows
Check the pose, froze, when you see me close
Punks you gonna roast, host in a cloud of smoke
Broke, choked on some potent dank smoke
Wrote, rhymes that'll bring me bank notes
Nope, I ain't the type of fella that you're used to
Ki-ki-ki-kickin' the funky flava
Pumpin' the deuce with no producers
Run for cover when you hear the bass drum
One verse is all it takes
Something wicked this way comes
Come come, come come

Something wicked, this way comes
Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Some-Something wicked, this way comes
Something wicked, wicked, wicked, wicked

Something wicked, this way comes
Wicked something wicked, this way comes
Something wicked kick it, this way comes
Wicked kick it, this way comes
Something wicked wicked wicked wicked, this way comes
Something wicked wicked wicked wicked, this way comes
Something wicked wicked, this way comes
Wicked wicked, this way COME
*[*monster sound*]*

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Jeremy

2Pac Lyrics

"Crooked Ass Nigga"

(feat. Stretch (Live Squad))

(Suddenly I see some niggas that I don't like)
*[*machine gun fires*]*
(Got him)

[2Pac:]
A smoking-ass nigga robbed me blind
I got a TEC-9 now his smokin' ass is mine
I guess I felt sorry for the bastard, he was broke
I didn't know he smoked so I didn't watch him close
He caught me on the sneak tip, now the punk's in deep shit
Catch him on the streets, I'mma bring him to his feet, quick
Pass the clip, I think I see him comin' now
Fuck the bullshit, posse deep and let's run him down
Gots to be the first one to hit ya when we meet
Comin' quickly up the streets, is the punk ass police
The first one jumped out and said "Freeze!"
I popped him in his knees and shot him, punk, please
'Cause cops should mind they business, when we rush
Now you're pleadin' like a bitch, cause you don't know how to, hush
Now back to the smoker that robbed me
I tell you like Latifah, motherfucker give me body
One to the chest, another to his fuckin' dome
Now the shit can rest, yo tell him to leave me the fuck alone
Two very bloody bodies on the streets
A nosey ass cop and a nigga that robbed from me
Run from your backup punk, how you figure?
My finger's on the trigger for you crooked ass niggas

Crooked ass niggas
(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal behaviour)
(Suddenly I see--)
(Cri-cri-criminal)

[Stretch:]
Now listen to the mack of the crooked nigga trade
With the fine criminal mind, cold rips like a blade
It's already quick stepping to the niggas with the props
and any motherfucker with the flim-flam drops to the knot
Ten o'clock, is a motherfuckin' gank move
Stretch is Uptown, clockin' weight the shit is real smooth
A nigga's trying to play me like he know me but he don't
Sittin' on ten kis, I'mma get him, think I won't?
My nigga 2Pac, got the fucking Glock cocked, and he's ready
When the kid, didn't even bring the weight bag, instead he
welcomed us, into his apartment
Oh, this even better, two to the head, he's dead a clean get a-WAY!
Niggas got PAID!
And yet another sleepin' ass nigga got slayed, word up
By a crooked motherfucker named Stretch

And the T-U-P-A-C, the police can't catch

The crooked ass niggas
(Criminal behaviour)
Yeah, you don't stop!
Crooked ass niggas
(Criminal-- criminal behaviour)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

[2Pac:]
Now I could be a crooked nigga too
When I'm rollin' with my crew, watch what crooked niggas, do!
I got a nine millimeter Glock pistol
I'm ready to get witcha at the drop, of a whistle
So make your move, and act like you wanna flip
I fire thirteen shots, and pop another clip
I bring luck, my Glock's like a fuckin' mop
The more I shot, the more motherfuckers dropped
And even cops got shot when they rolled up
Best to bring a knot, or get popped, I'm a soldier
I ain't the type to fetch ya, ask Stretch, he's my witness
Smoke til I'm blitzed, fuck a motherfuckin' piss test
I'm trigger happy, try to 'tack me and I'll drop you quick
Long as I got a clip I got some shit to hit 'em with
The nigga killer I get iller when the shit gets thick
My brain flips, I start thinkin' like a lunatic
I rip shit, came equipped with a bigger crew
I thought these niggas knew, I'm a crooked nigga too

(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal behaviour)
Crooked ass niggas come in all shapes and sizes
They wear disguises, backstabbing's what they specialize in
They'll try to get 'cha, they'll sweat 'cha to get in the picture
And then they hit 'cha, son of a bitch! Now he's richer
(Criminal behaviour-- crimi-criminal behaviour)
Crooked ass nigga
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal
Crimi-crim-criminal behaviour (haviour)-- criminal behaviour
Criminal behaviour)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
(Criminal behaviour- criminal be- criminal crim--
Crim-criminal behaviour
Criminal be- crim-crim-crim-crim-crim--
Criminal behaviour-- criminal behaviour)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
*[*machine gun fires*]*
(Got him)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
*[*machine gun fires*]*
(Got him)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
*[*machine gun fires*]*
(Got him)

Writer(s): Leroy Bonner, Lorenzo Patterson, Eric Wright, Andre Young, Clarence Satchell, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Marvin Pierce, William Devaughn, Waung Hankerson, Randy Walker, Steven Arrington, Charles Carter, Roge

2Pac Lyrics

"If My Homie Calls"

Ever since you was a pee-wee, down by my knee with a wee-wee
We been coochie-coo all through school, you and me, G
Back in the days we played practical jokes on
Everybody smoked with they locs and they yokes on
All through high school, girls by the dozens
Saying we cousins, knowing that we wasn't
But like the old saying goes
Times goes on, and everybody grows
Grew apart, had to part, went our own ways
You chose the dope game, my microphone pays
In many ways we were paid in the old days
So far away from the crazies with AK's
And though I been around clowning with the Underground
I'm still down with my homies from the hometown
And if you need, need anything at all
I drop it all for y'all, if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"
"Well, alright, y'all"
"Brothers and sisters"

It's a shame, you chose the dope game
Now you slang 'caine on the streets with no name
It was plain that your aim was mo' 'caine
You got game now you run with no shame
I chose rapping tracks to make stacks
In fact I travel the map with raps that spray cats
But now I don't wanna down my homie
No matter how low you go, you're not lowly
And I, hear that you made a few enemies
But when you need a friend you can depend on me, call
If you need my assistance, there'll be no resistance
I'll be there in an instant
Who am I to judge another brother, only on his cover
I'd be no different than the other
H-to-the-O-to-the-M-to-the-I-to-the-E
I'm down to the E-N-D
'Cause it's a fall in no time at all
I'm down for y'all, when my homies call
Word, if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"
"Well, alright, y'all"
"Brothers and sisters"

Well, it's ninety-one and I'm living kinda swell now
But I hear that you're going through some hell, pal
But life making records ain't easy
It ain't what I expected, it's hectic, it's sleazy
But I guess that the streets is harder

Trying to survive in the life of a young godfather
My homies is making it elsewhere
Striving, working nine to five with no health care
We both had dreams of being great
But his deferred and blurred and changed in shape
It's fate, it wasn't my choice to make
To be great, I'm giving it all it takes
Trying to shake, the crates and fakes and snakes
I gotta take my place or fall from grace
The foolish way, the pace is quick and great
Smiling face to hide the trace of hate
But my homie would never do me wrong
That's why I wrote this song, if you ever need me, it's on
No matter who the foe they must fall
Us against them all I'm down to brawl if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"
"Well, alright, y'all"
"Brothers and sisters"

Thanks to Kurtis Hanson, Mark for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Deon Evans, Herbert Hancock, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Arlester Christian

"Brenda's Got A Baby" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Brenda's Got A Baby"

(feat. Dave Hollister)

[Dave Hollister:]
Brenda's got a baby

[2Pac:]
I hear Brenda's got a baby
But Brenda's barely got a brain
A damn shame, the girl can hardly spell her name
That's not our problem, that's up to Brenda's family
Well let me show you how it affects our whole community
Now Brenda really never knew her moms
And her dad was a junkie putting death into his arms
It's sad, cause I bet Brenda doesn't even know
Just cause you're in the ghetto doesn't mean you can't grow
But oh, that's a thought, my own revelation
Do whatever it takes to resist the temptation
Brenda got herself a boyfriend
Her boyfriend was her cousin, now let's watch the joy end
She tried to hide her pregnancy, from her family
Who really didn't care to see, or give a damn if she
Went out and had a church of kids
As long as when the check came they got first dibs
Now Brenda's belly's getting bigger
But no one seems to notice any change in her figure
She's twelve years old and she's having a baby
In love with a molester, who's sexing her crazy
And yet and she thinks that he'll be with her forever
And dreams of a world where the two of them are together, whatever
He left her and she had the baby solo
She had it on the bathroom floor and didn't know so
She didn't know, what to throw away and what to keep
She wrapped the baby up and threw him in a trash heap
I guess she thought she'd get away, wouldn't hear the cries
She didn't realize how much the little baby had her eyes
Now the baby's in the trash heap bawling
Momma can't help her, but it hurts to hear her calling
Brenda wants to run away
Momma say, you making me lose pay
There's social workers here every day
Now Brenda's gotta make her own way
Can't go to her family, they won't let her stay
No money no babysitter, she couldn't keep a job
She tried to sell crack but end up getting robbed
So now what's next, there ain't nothing left to sell
So she sees sex as a way of leaving hell
It's paying the rent, so she really can't complain
Prostitute, found slain and Brenda's her name, she's got a baby

Thanks to antoniosgurl4lyfe, destinysdarlings, jack kendall for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Evans Deon

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2Pac Lyrics

"Tha Lunatic"

(feat. Stretch)

[2Pac:]
Oh shit, jumped on my man's dick
Heard he had a twelve inch, now the bitch is lovesick
Who's to blame, the guy or the groupie
Heard I was down with D.U., now she wants to do me
Oooh-wee! This is the life
New bitch every night, never tripped off a wife
It ain't right, but it's cool how they come quick
Don't try to flip with the lip cause I run shit
Hip hip, hooray for the AK
Spray when I lay competition, what a great day
Make pay, next is the wet sex
Hexed with the vex now they wreck with the complex
I'm set, wonder what I tote, check
Bloody as a Kotex, snappin' motherfuckers' necks
Revenge so sweet when it comes from
Niggas get done with the drum, watch my foes run
Nigga keeps coming when they can't slip
Full of that shit, another hit from Tha' Lunatic

[Stretch:]
Yeah, fuck that God! Word up
Blowin' niggas out the motherfuckin' frame, you know what I'm sayin'?
Constantly, fuck that trick, we ain't havin' it

[2Pac:]
Leave me the fuck alone, you get none of this
It's suicidal, you lose your title like Doug-las
Cause I'm nothin' nice and, I'm icin' like Tyson
I'm grippin' the mic and my DJ is slicin'
I'm tired of motherfuckers steppin' to me with the same old
Tryin' to do me like Nintendo
How the fuck you think I ever got this far?
By bootin' motherfuckers like a shootin' star
Cause I'm out to show that I'm a dope MC
Think crack had you fiendin', wait'll they get a load of me
Bitches on my dick like a motherfuckin' condom
Niggas wanna flip, let 'em step, and I'll bomb 'em
See somethin' you want, why don't you come and get it
And then get waxed and taxed, like the government
Then I leave you sittin' there, wonder where your money went
While your bitch is callin' me, tellin' me to come again
Nigga I'm loc'ed, when I smoke, from the indo
But we can be friends though, after you get broke like a window
That's what you provoked, and now you're smoked out
Lookin' like a bitch, cause your whole fuckin' posse, broke out
Punk motherfucker couldn't roll on
He couldn't hold on, game is too strong, nigga
Leave me the fuck alone, you get none of this

Feel the wrath, and revenge of tha' lunatic

[Stretch:]
Yeah Tu', tell 'em motherfuckers, word up
We ain't havin' it, none of that shit!
Bitch ass niggas, niggas can't fuck with us Tu', word up
'91, we takin' this whole motherfucker over
Niggas got problems in '91, '92, and '93
And all that other shit, word up

[2Pac:]
Recognize game when it smacks you, bitch I'm back to rip
Puttin' this on the map with this mackin' shit
Time will tell if it's made well
Well I raise hell and excel cause it pays well
Jordan couldn't dunk it any harder, pump it any farther
I'm funky, that's word to the father
Act like you know 'fore I thump the bolo
Thought you was a pimp, now you're simpin' for my solo
Oh no, not another new jack, swearin' that he's ruthless
Ducked and now he's fucked and left toothless
I can hear the fear in your flow, you ain't prepared
You're scared and you're bound to go
It's somethin', I guess I let the beat keep bumpin'
Stop trippin' off these niggas cause they ain't about nuttin'
Or should I say naythin'
Punk put my tape in, fuck all the fake-in
I'm sick of the bullshit
Come equipped and get ready to rip
or get the dick of Tha' Lunatic

[Stretch:]
Ah yeah, fuck that, you know what I'm sayin'?
(The motherfuckin' lunatic)
Yes Tu'!
Tell them niggas what time it is, 'kna'm sayin'?
(punk motherfuckers, get the dick of the lunatic)
Niggas can't fuck with us, word up
Bitch ass niggas, fuck 'em

[2Pac:]
Fuck all them niggas
I'm tellin' these niggas that they ain't got
Naythin' on a nigga like me
We squashin' these punk motherfuckers in '91
'92, '93, and so on
So let the beat FLOAT on
While I spray these PUNK BITCHES
with these dope ass lyrics
Thanks to Poppa for supplyin' the dank
Now it's money in the BANK
And all y'all niggas shit stank
Compared to this shit
Fuck y'all punk bitches!
Tha' Lunatic *echoes*

Writer(s): George Clinton, Ronald Banks, Gregory Jacobs, Tupac Shakur, Edward Green

"Rebel Of The Underground" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Rebel Of The Underground"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

Rebel... rebel
Rebel
Rebel... rebel

They just can't stand the reign, or the occasional pain
From a man like me, who goes against the grain
Sometimes I do it in vain
So with a little bass and treble
Hey mister, it's time for me to explain that I'm the rebel
Cold as the devil
Straight from the underground, the rebel, a lower level
They came to see the maniac psychopath
The critics heard of me, and the aftermath
I don't give a damn and it shows
And when I do a stage show I wear street clothes
So they all know me
The lyrical lunatic, the maniac MC
I give a shout out to your homies
And maybe then, the critics'll leave your boy alone, G
On the streets or on TV
It just don't pay to be, a truth tellin' MC
They won't be happy 'til I'm banned
The most dangerous weapon: an educated black man
So point blank in your face
Pump up the bass, and join the human race
I throw peace to the Bay
Cause from The Jungle to Oaktown, they backin' me up all the way
You know you gotta love the sound
It's from the rebel - the rebel of the underground

Rebel, he's a rebel
Rebel of the underground
[4x]

Now I'm face to face with the devils
Cause they breedin' more rebels than the whole damn ghetto
And police brutality
Shit, it put you in the nip and call it technicality
So you reap what you sow
So reap the wrath of the rebel, jackin' 'em up once mo'
Now the fox is in the henhouse
Creepin' up on your daughter while you sleep I got her sneakin' out
2Pac ain't nothin' nice, I'll be nothin' how I wanna
And doin' what I'm gonna
Now I'm up to no good
The mastermind of mischief movin' more than most could

So sit and slip into the sound
Peep the rebel - the rebel of the underground

Rebel, he's a rebel
Rebel of the underground
[4x]

They say they hate me, they wanna hold me down
I guess they scared of the rebel - the rebel of the underground
But I never let it get me
I just make another record 'bout the punks tryin' to sweat me
In fact, they tryin' to keep me out
Try to censor what I say
Cause they don't like what I'm talkin' 'bout
So what's wrong with the media today
Got brothers sellin' out cause they greedy to get paid
But me, I'm comin' from the soul
And if it don't go gold, my story still gettin' told
And that way they can't stop me
And if it sells a couple of copies, the punks'll try to copy
It's sloppy, don't even try to
I'm a slave to the rhythm, and I'm about to fly through
So, yo, to the people in the ghetto
When ya hear the bass flow, go ahead and let go
Now everybody wanna gangbang
They talkin' street slang, but the punks still can't hang
They makin' records 'bout violence
But when it comes to the real, some brothers go silent
It kinda make you wanna think about
That ya gotta do some sellin' out, just to get your record out
But 2Pacalypse is straight down
So feel the wrath of the rebel - the rebel of the underground

2Pac is a rebel
Rebel of the underground
[8x]

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E

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"Part Time Mutha" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Part Time Mutha"

(feat. Angelique)

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]
She's a part time mutha

[2Pac:]
Meet Cindi
She's twenty-two, lives right on the dope track
Used to be fat now weighs less than a Tic Tac
Now what's that say about this big epidemic
This hypocritical world and the people in it
Now speakin' of, in it Cindi loved to get buckwild
Fuck with a smile single file she'll bust enough styles
That would be cool, if she was your lover
But fuck that, Cindi was my dope fiend mother
Welfare checks never stepped through the front door
Cause moms would run to the dopeman once more
All those days, had me fiendin' for a hot meal
Now I'm a crook; got steel, I do not feel
So don't even trip, when I flip with my thirty-eight
Revenge is a bitch and my hit shake the murder rate
Word to the mother, I'm touched
When moms come by, niggas hush or get rushed
Maybe one day she'll recover
But what will it take, to shake, or break
My part time mutha

I gotta live with a part time

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]
She's a part time mutha

[Angelique:]
I grew up in a home where no-one liked me
Moms would hit the pipe, every night, she would fight me
Poppa was a nasty old man, like the rest
He's feelin' on my chest, with his hand in my dress
Just another pest and yes I was nervous
Was this a test? I just don't deserve this
I wanna tell mom, but would she listen
She's bound to be bitchin' if she hasn't got a fix in, so
Now I lay me down to sleep, Lord don't let him rape me
If he does my soul to keep, don't let the devil take me
Can't concentrate I contemplate in my classroom
Thinkin' how my step dad raped me in the bathroom
Every day I make class and yet I'm missin' periods
The thought of pregnancy is in my head and now I'm fearin' it
I gotta tell mom before she sees me

I told her how he treated me and she didn't believe me
Callin' me a slut cause my butt's kinda big so
Still that ain't no way to be talkin' to your kids though
I can't believe the way he caught her
Got her believin' him and dissin' her own daughter
Time for me to break and find another
That's when I discovered
The ways of the days of a part time mutha

[2Pac:]
I gotta live with a part time

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]
She's a part time mutha

[2Pac:]
I rush to tend her, talked as I touch her
She blushed, the clothes came off and I bust her
I'm up now, ready to get drunk on the block
Here, take a cab, thanks a lot for the cock
She's gone and I'm thinkin' that my game's so strong
Pat myself on the back and move on
Is this just how it is hell no
Cause she came back with the kid and yo
I been payin' ever since
The clothes the food the cars and, oh, the rent
All of my time gets spent at the workplace
No time to kiss her got me this in the first place
So, I do the dishes and clean the floor
When I sleep I can't dream no more
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha
And I change the diapers and clean the shit
The tables are turned I can't take this
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]
She's a part time mutha

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stevie Wonder, Deon Evans

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2PAC
STRICTLY 4 MY N*I*G*G*A*Z
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

2Pac Lyrics

"Holla If Ya Hear Me"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

Aww yeah, uhh, uhh
Holla if ya hear me, yeah

Here we go, turn it up, let's start
From block to block we snatching hearts and jacking marks
And the punk police can't fade me, and maybe
We can have peace someday, G
But right now I got my mind set up
Looking down the barrel of my nine, get up
Cause it's time to make the payback fat
To my brothers on the block better stay strapped, black
And accept no substitutes
I bring truth to the youth tear the roof off the whole school
Oh no, I won't turn the other cheek
In case ya can't see us while we burn the other week
Now we got a nigga smash, blast
How long will it last 'til the po' getting mo' cash
Until then, raise up!
Tell my young black males, blaze up!
Life's a mess don't stress, test
I'm giving but be thankful that you're living, blessed
Much love to my brothers in the pen
See ya when they free ya if not when they shove me in
Once again it's an all out scrap
Keep your hands on ya gat, and now ya boys watch ya back
Cause in the alleys out in Cali I'mma tell ya
Mess with the best and the vest couldn't help ya
Scream, if ya feel me; see it clearly?
You're too near me -

[several times w/ minor variations:]
[2Pac:]
Holler if ya hear me!
[Sample:]
"Hard"
"Tellin' you to hear it"
"The rebel"

Pump ya fists like this
Holla if ya hear me
PUMP PUMP if you're pissed
To the sell-outs, living it up
One way or another you'll be giving it up, huh
I guess cause I'm black born
I'm supposed to say peace, sing songs, and get capped on
But it's time for a new plan, BAM!
I'll be swinging like a one man, clan
Here we go, turn it up, don't stop
To my homies on the block getting dropped by cops

I'm still around for ya
Keeping my sound underground for ya
And I'mma throw a change up
Quayle, like you never brought my name up
Now my homies in the backstreets, the blackstreets
They feel me when they rolling in they fat jeeps
This ain't just a rap song, a black song
Telling all my brothers, get they strap on
And look for me in the struggle
Hustling 'til other brothers bubble -

[several times w/ minor variations:]
[2Pac:]
Holler if ya hear me!
[Sample:]
"Hard"
"Tellin' you to hear it"
"The rebel"

Will I quit, will I quit?
They claim that I'm violent, but still I keep
Representing, never give up on a good thing
Wouldn't stop it if we could it's a hood thing
And now I'm like a major threat
Cause I remind you of the things you were made to forget
Bring the noise, to all my boyz
Know the real from the bustas and the decoys
And if ya hustle like a real G
Pump ya fists if ya feel me, holla if ya hear me
Learn to survive in the nine-tre'
I make rhyme pay, others make crime pay
Whatever it takes to live and stand
Cause nobody else'll give a damn
So we live like caged beasts
Waiting for the day to let the rage free
Still me, till they kill me
I love it when they fear me -

[several times w/ minor variations:]
[2Pac:]
Holler if ya hear me!
[Sample:]
"Hard"
"Tellin' you to hear it"
"The rebel"

[2Pac:] You're too near me, to see it clearly

[several times w/ minor variations:]
[2Pac:]
Holler if ya hear me!
[Sample:]
"Hard"
"Tellin' you to hear it"
"The rebel"

2Pac Lyrics

"Pac's Theme (Interlude)"

(feat. Dan Quayle)

[Statements variously said throughout song]

[Statements — 2pac (Dan Quayle):]
I was raised in this society so there's no way
You can expect me to be a perfect person cuz I'm a do what I'm a do
I am still thirsty
(There is absolutely no reason for a record like this to be published
It has no place in our society.)
They gotta understand me
(Withdraw on this record.)
That's how I feel I'm a do whatever I like. I am not a role model

Writer(s): Deon Evans, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Buddy Guy, Amos Blakemore

2Pac Lyrics

"Point The Finga"

"You could get the finger.. the middle!"
"Come and get some!"

[2Pac:]
Ahh yeah, they love to point the finger
"You could get the finger.. the middle!"
"Come and get some!"

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
You could get the finger...the middle!
[4x]

[2Pac:]
I thought I hit rock bottom, they ban my album, point the finga
I guess nobody loves a real nigga-slash-rap singer
I thought I'd bring a little truth to the young troops
I brought proof that the niggas need guns too
It's not to be a racist, but let's face this:
wouldn't you if we could trade places?
I got lynched by some crooked cops, and to this day
them same motherfuckers on the beat getting major paid
But when I get my check they taking tax out
So, we paying for these pigs to knock the blacks out
Ain't that a bitch, some officers are getting rich
Whooping on thugs and robbing drug dealers for they shit
As far as jealousy, being a celebrity
No matter who committed the crime, they all yell at me
And the media is greedier than most
You could sell em your soul or they'll be on ya til a niggas ghost
And everyday I read the paper there's another lie
They show my picture for the crimes of another guy
Now how's that for the life of a big shot
A dead cop, a law suit, a little kid shot
I play them nuttin ass marks in the park
for trying to earn they stripes in the dark
Just cause I come there, don't mean I from there, peep:
only jealous motherfuckers beef, and point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
You could get the finger...the middle!
[4x]

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
"You could get the finger.. the middle!"
"Come and get some!"

[2Pac:]
As I run up on em madman, a nutcase with a screw loose
A zoot troupe full of foolies with toolies
Niggas run to me don't come to me with beef

Take your jewels and your jeep, boom boom! Let that ass sleep
It's getting hectic, niggas run, quick
Buckshots are the payback for dumb shit
All you niggas on the block trying to test me
Best wear a vest or get open like, sesame
I'll run up on you mad deep; while you're trying to sleep
I'm steady pumping bullets in your sheets
Wake up, motherfucker, don't stutter
Point blank by a nigga from the gutter, yeah!
Gimme mine, gimme mine, gimme, mine
Ban my rhymes, now I'm back to busting, nines
And bustaz can't get none, hell no
A quick flurry and he's buried with a swelled jaw
I came up from the amateurs to pro hits
at 5-0, so you know I take no shit
And everybody wants to kill a bringer
of bad news, so they choose, to point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch
You could get the finger...the middle!
[4x]

[2Pac:]
One two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
I bring skills and I build, kill at will
Smoke sess til I'm ill, still feel me?
I say one two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
Pick it up, pick it up, give it up
Best to duck or get fucked for your bucks
Scream one two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
I can't give up, it's a black thang
And I ain't going back to the crack game
(You can do it son; be a man and stand up or run)
Bitches, let em point the finga
(You can do it son; be a man and stand up or run)
Snitches, let em point the finga
Yo, one two three, peace to the real G's
Still me, til these motherfuckers kill me
I guess nobody loves a rap singer
That's why these motherfuckers.. (hahaha!) point the finga

Boom boom boom on your black ass, bitch!
You could get the finga! The middle!
[11x]

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Deon Evans

2Pac Lyrics

"Something 2 Die 4 (Interlude)"

(feat. Dave Hollister)

Ghetto!
*[*laughter echoes*]*
I've changed?
You motherfuckers kill me....
I've changed?

It ain't that I've changed
But it's strange how you motherfuckers rearrange
When I found fame
Point ya finger at tha bad guy!

You know what my momma used to tell me
If ya can't find something to live for...
...then you BEST, find something ta die for

[Curtis Mayfield:] "If there's hell below, we're all gonna go!"
*[*repeat the above throughout*]*

Deep deep

La'tasha Harlins, remember that name...
Cause a bottle of juice... ain't something to die for

Young Quaid, remember that name...
Cause all you motherfuckers
That go to your grave with that name on your brain
Cause jealousy and recklessness is NOT, something to die for

All you niggas out there *[*echoed laughter*]*
Look how the cracker crumbles
When I say 'all you niggas' (all you niggas)

Unite
One nigga, teach two niggas
Four niggas teach more niggas
All the poor niggas
The pen niggas
The rich niggas
The strong niggas
UNITE

There's more of us than there is of them
Look around...
Check your strip

Deep deep
That's something to die for

Black

That's something to live for

What do I know?

Writer(s): Curtis Mayfield, Deon Evans, Tupac Amaru Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Last Wordz"

(feat. Ice Cube, Ice-T)

Got any last words
Yeah I've got some last words
Ice Cube's in the muthafuckin' house
The nigga you love to hate

[Ice Cube:]
Here comes the nigga with the ruff, the terror
The paranoid, gots to get the boy
Get your steel cause I feel like a headbanger
Yeah I got a gang of shits, styles guns
My Uzi weighs a motherfucking ton
Bucking down one, bucking down two
Bucking down your crew, mutha fuck you
Pigs wear blue, I wear black, nothing but black
Cause Goddamn it's a brand new payback
Fuck Pat Sajak, never did nothing for a nigga
On the trigger the zigga the zag the nickel the bag
The nigga the sag the forty four mag got you running like a fag
So, keep your muthafucking jokes
Cuz, I'm that nigga with a fresh pair of locs
No yokes but smokes
Crakers and them dirty mackers friends aren't jackers
Get yah for your drawers, young niggas out to kill for the cause

Ice-T in the motherfucking house
L.A. Playa

[Ice-T:]
O- to the muthafuckin G, I break crazy
A lot of niggas hate me but they can't fade me
Stop me, clock me, cops wanna Glock me
But the punk motherfucking pigs can't stop me
UHH am I a G, I got proof
Banged in my youth, keep niggas on the roof
With a scope, dough, Cube keep the rope
2Pac'll string a nigga up if the mob don't
So whats up, punk?
You want what I got, step to me wrong fuck around and get shot
Your moms crying fuck her bust her
Bitch start screaming to me and I'll dust her
Pops got the LP phat, track on hit
Laid by the mutha fuckin' Bobcat
Ninety three suckas want me to go out
Throw the ho out, bitch muthafucker I'm rich

2Pac's in the muthafucking house
Nigga I'm loc'd, 2Pac's gonna get'cha motherfuckers
Got any last words

[2Pac:]
Now they're after me, why?, cause a nigga's Black
Spittin' facts and ain't afraid to pull a trigger back
Let em come step to a real muthafucker
(Boom Boom) Mama ain't raised no suckers
Dan Quayle, don't you know you need to get your ass kicked
Where was you when there was niggas in the caskets
Muthafucker Rednecks all the same
Fear a real nigga if he ain't balled and chained
That's why we burn shit and wreck
Cause the punk police ain't learned shit yet
You mutha-fuckas gonna pay the price
Can't make a Black life, don't take a Black life
It's on, the next real nigga fall dead
Dread, jheri curl, process, or bald head
Be prepared for the smoke to bust
What niggas need to do is start loc'in up
United we stand divided we fall
They can shoot one nigga, but they can't take us all
Let's get along with the Mexicans
And we can all have peace on the sets again
Imagine that if it took place (ha ha ha)
Keeping the smile off they White face
I ain't racist but lets trade places
Trace the hate 'n face it
One nigga teach two niggas
Three teach four niggas
And them niggas teach more niggas
And when we blast
That'll be the biggest blast you've heard
And them is my last wordz

Writer(s): Tracy Lauren Marrow, James Banks, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Jackson O'Shea, Henderson Thigpen, Eddie Marion, Ervin Bobby Younger

2Pac Lyrics

"Souljah's Revenge"

[Lawyer:]
Mr. Shakur, can you please explain the meaning behind your violent lyrics?

[2Pac:]
Explain the meaning?
The fuck these niggas talking bout?

*[*sounds of running and sirens in background*]*

[Kid:] Damn...
[Cop:] Police, FREEZE!
[Kid:] Can't get shit off!
[Cop:] I said FREEZE you miserable black son of a bitch!
[Kid:] What, come on, come on!

*[*gun shot*]*

My attitude is shitty
My message to the censorship committee
Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?
The critics or the cops?
The courts or the crooks, don't look so confused
Take a closer look:
Niggas get they neck broke daily
Trying to stay jail free
What the fuck does Quayle know
What young black males need?
Please tell me
Message to the censorship committee
Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?
Huh, I pack a nine millimeter cause I gotta
Living hotter than the 4th of July, if I gotta die, I gotta
Momma told me, "Don't let em fade me...
...nigga don't let em make you crazy!"
Game is what she gave me
Gotta watch your back, strapped
Real niggas rat-pack
If you get your ass taxed, bring a gat back
That's not the way we made it
That's just the way it is
Slangin rocks, fed a nigga's kids
I came up
My message to the censorship committee
Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?
Cops pull me over, check my plates, but I'm legal
You couldn't get me, figure fuck with a niggas people
They got me trapped, gat with the motherfucking hammer back
Cops on my back, just cause I'm black, SNAP
Now I'm guilty?
Message to the censorship committee

Who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?
All you punk police will never find peace
On the streets til the niggas get a piece, fuck em!
They kill you to control ya
Pay top dollar for your soul
Real niggas don't fold, straight souljah!
Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, hear them screaming
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, hear them screaming
(I hear ya!)
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, screaming
(I hear ya!)
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police, screaming
(I hear ya!)
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police (I hear ya!)
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police (I hear ya!)
Fuck em! Can't find peace on the streets
Til the niggas get a piece, fuck police (I hear ya!)
The niggas scream fuck em!
Motherfucking punk police (I hear ya!)
Thinking they run the motherfucking streets
It's mo' niggas than it's police
Think (I hear ya!)
One nigga, teach two niggas
Teach three niggas, teach fo' niggas (I hear ya!)
Teach mo' niggas, and we could run this shit!
I hear ya!

They finally pulled me over and I laughed
Remember Rodney King and I blast on his punk ass (I hear ya!)
[10x]

Writer(s): Ervin, Charles, Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Peep Game"

(feat. Threat)

[2Pac:]
So what the fuck you talking about?! Aw, shit
Goody, goody, gumdrops
Nigga, get your hoodie and your gun cocked
Rock it till the drum stops, hip hop
Even if my shit flip flop
It probably wouldn't stop, talk shit and get socked
How ya hang em?
Know a realer nigga? You could bring him
If I don't represent the shit, I'll kick it
We could sway him, hunh! As if I know ya
Then I could show ya
But if I don't know, I gotta .44 fo' ya
So, so peep game, at point blank range
The fame can't change what the game maintains
Strange! Went against the grain
Aw shit! Flick or no flick I trips for no bitch
Catch up on your pimpin', I ain't simpin', I'm a diss her
Couldn't be my sister if she's actin' like I missed her
Tell me why they, tell me why they, tell me why they play me
Don't these niggas know that neither one of y'all can fade me
I ain't big, I ain't buff, I ain't deisel
But fuck wit 2Pac and pop goes the weasel
Me and Threat made a bet on how many fellas
Would jock a mothafuckin' real nigga cause they jealous
They do it for the fame
Explain, insane
What's in a name? What's in a name?
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]
Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[Deadly Threat:]
Killa Cali
The state where they kill
Down wit Oaktown? What's up homie, can I chill?
The bitches looking funny
Film at elev,film at eleven wit they minds on they heaven
Wit they .357
-Where you at?
-On the freeway, leaving LA
-OK, see you when get here loc
-OK
-Here I am. Here I am
-Goddamn that was quick

-Told ya I was coming. Who is that? Is that your woman?
-Na, that's just a hoochie looking for some juice
-What's up my nigga? What ya know? A nigga got a little bigger
That's all folks know
Fat gold ropes
Gotta keep a low key for my attack
When I approach, I want the diamonds, the pearls
The round the way girls
Cuz baby got, baby got back out this world
Would you give a fee? Never
Fly like a feather
Make more money than your daddy and your mama put together
The game is to be sold, not to be told
So buy it
Can't afford it?
Low budget hoes gotta brother
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]
Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[Deadly Threat:]
Don't sell out
Get the hell out
Cause here I come
Hit em with my bop gun
They came and they blast
We got witt they ass
And oh, pop this vest and all the rest of that mess
Coming through like Terminater 2
Boost your crew cuz we ain't afraid of you
You know what time it is wit me once the clock stike 3
We going coo-coo for Cocoa Puffs. Whooo eeii!!!

[Deadly Threat:]
Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[2Pac:]
Time to get paid, time to get paid. Check
Time to represent the west homie, nuttin' but a vest on me
Got my hands on my Glock, eyes on the prize
First sucka jump, first nigga die
Gimme mine, gimme mine, gimme mine like I told ya
Hard as a boulder
Motha fuckin soulja
Boom bam boom!! It's a stick up
Vice president Dan Quayle eat a dick up
Peep game

[Deadly Threat:]

Punk bitch, how ya like me now?
Can't fuck around wit the funky style
Put it together like a puzzle builder
If Threat don't get cha, Pac gon' kill ya

[2Pac:]
Punk motha fucka
Fuck all those motha fuckas, they all can eat a mothafucking dick up
Word up. Fuck the police. I don't give a fuck
Bobcat in this mothafucka boy
Big up! Big up! To the criminals
Fuck em
"This is serious business"
Yeah, microphone mafia
2Pac, Threat, Bobcat
93 shot
Yeah nigga, bitch

2Pac Lyrics

"Strugglin'"

(feat. Live Squad)

Eat a dick up

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[Stretch of Live Squad:]
Struggling, juggling, got it to the black man
Eating the scams like I was motherfucking Pac Man
Cops step off, you know the flavor
They fear the ruffneck niggas with the lunatic behavior
And now we gotta eat, gotta make ends meet
Stabbing for a fee, it gets hard on the fucking streets
It's like a madness, fuck making gravy
I rhyme and do crimes, cause either way pays me
A little rough with a hardcore... theme
Couldn't rough something rougher in your... dreams
Mad rugged so you know we're gonna... rip
With that roughneck nigga named 2Pacalypse
Representing YG'z yo
Flip Stretch Homicide and my nigga Gambino
Seek and Po can't forget Money Bags
Sticking up spots and jumping in Jags
Gotta get ahead and always stay bumbling
And always keep a hand on the gat
Cause a niggas straight strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[Majestic of Live Squad:]
I'm used to being poor, but now I'm sick of struggling
I thought about bumping, but mother-fuck juggling
I know it lasts longer, gets my pockets thicker
But I'd rather use my gun cause I get the money quicker, so bust it
Look as I cut the records hard to eject
A quick clip threw my body down uhh! it's another hit
I got energy to blast now you want the task here
Cuz of the light a motherfucker shot that ass up
But rugged and rough is how I'm stepping
Mac is the weapon, and it's always kept in
Eye on the Mac cause the dogg got it going on
If you come up stepping you'll be lit like a hick
So you better chill, cause I got too much money to get
A street thug in the motherfucking house, I'm struggling
Get drunk but I don't think
I'm just in it for the money, don't be a punk snitch
When I yank up my gun, don't run don't bitch
Cause ya know if you do, you'll be laying in a ditch
You'll get your stupid ass blown out the frame

Cause I'm playing to win, and survive in the game
I'm strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

[2Pac:]
Big up, big up, got him in the frame, bang
Ain't nothing changed set it off I let the brains hang
Guess who's back, to put niggas on they back
Till I call back, niggas running free better fall back
I'm fifty niggas deep beat sleep
with a Mossberg wrapped in my seats
three deep in my Jeep chief run with the Young Gunz
Struggling and striving, that's how the dough come
Now get gunned by the one with the gun for the low goal
Throw a bolo so low when I flow yo
Much too high to read the signs, I'm blind
Clicking on the nine, out to get mine
I go big up, big up, gotta make the room, boom
Blowing motherfuckers to the moon
Niggas need to feel me a real G, home from the bumbling
See me on the block, struggling
And rolling with the roughnecks nuff checks cashed
I get in niggas ass, blast
Straight strugglin'

"Stick up, stick up, stick up kids...
Still don't nothin' move but the money"

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Randy Walker, Christopher Walker, Kevin Rhames

2Pac Lyrics

"Guess Who's Back"

Guess who's back?

Drop the drums, here it comes, only got
two minutes to bounce, and every second counts
Better press REC on your deck
Here we go, set? Pass the Moët
My trickery's more slippery when wet
Wicked as I flip, don't trip, get a grip
It'll kick, if the bass line's thick, it's a hit
Everybody's got a mic now, it's like a hobby
But more like a job, cause bootleggers tryin' to rob me!
And little man wants to be a rap, star
Make papes, hit skins, drive a fat car
It ain't easy, sleazy even
Deceivin those we believe in
No benefits, just tricks and chicks
Knock a pig to pick, so here's a stick to lick
I shoot a gift, til there ain't none left
And if I find that the track sound def
I catch wreck till I lose my breath
That's how it goes in the land of broke
I dispose of those, rock shows, and collect my dough
Now I suppose I'm the bad guy, why?
I say, "Hi," and try to stay high
Life's a mess don't stress, test... of givin
But be thankful that you're livin... blessed
Guess who's back, comin back with the track supplied
by Special Ed and Ak, comin right and exact
I'm fightin it back but now I snap, where they at?
When it's time to go to combat, guess who's back

[Special Ed:]
"Yes I'm back"
"2Pac is"... back!
[4x]

Drop the drums, here it comes, only got
one minute to bounce, and every second counts
I went from hustlin dicks to makin hits, bustin flicks
Now I'm sure to be rich for ninety-six
I pull my 'capes on tapes, and make, papes
Trace the bass, to the tape with the baddest bass to date
I try to shake it but the pace is hard to break
Good thoughts I wait, cause they hate my black tape
Yeah, it's on, and it's packed in the rap race
But if ya got a black face, it's a rat race
I struggle to be rugged and raw, Dukes
Tryin to survive in the trials and lawsuits
Everybody wants to test me, WHY ME?
No lie, niggas cried when they try me

Givin up the roughness, justice
I'mma bust as I'm rippin up 'nuff hits
And guess who's back? No longer trapped
Cause I snapped on the ones that held me back, feel the contact
Ride the track, get I grip as I flip
Ghetto wickedness I kick. Guess who's back?

[Special Ed:]
"Yes I'm back"
"2Pac is"... back!
"Yes I'm back"

"Yes I'm back, cause I never did front"

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Archer Edward K, Akshun

2Pac Lyrics

"Representin '93"

"I got a head, but ain't no screws in it"

Roll up and get swoll up, hold up
How ya gonna play me like a sunkin dunkin donut?
I ain't came a long way to get checked
So give me respect when I get wreck
Or get your motherfuckin chin checked
Once again, it's your friend outta Oakland
Hoping I can rock the shit to get ya open
Say your looking for some real shit
Then catch a funkified batch
Like that!
Oakland's on the map
2Pac is on the big screen strivin
Gotta love a nigga for survivin
I wear alot of old schools jewels
Look how the fools drool, ooohh
Stop lookin at me hard cause you're buffer
But I'll just buck them bigger motherfuckers
Turnin men to suckers
Niggas wanna start a little ruckus
Better duck cause I'll be poppin' them motherfuckers
They wanna throw their hands up, that's tight
Hit em wit my eight, never had shit left, right
Then hit em wit the uppercut, duck quick
Shit outta luck, fucked and stuck with that rough shit
Fuck a pop song, fuck a video, fuck Arsenio, fuck the radio
Do you hear me though?
Give a holla to my niggas in the pen
And my murderous partners wit their Mac 10s
I represent the real cause I'm ill, G
Glock cocked the day they kill me
I'm representin'

Peace to Redman, Treach, Vin Rock, Kay Gee the great one
Mary J. Blige, Pete Rock and Troy, the late son
Heavy D, CL Smooth, and Queen Latifah
Too Short, Tony Toni Tone, LayLaw beat cuts
Ed, the special motherfucker and the Lover
The Tribe, A Tribe Called Quest, and Jungle Brothers
Das EFX, EPMD, and Ice Cube
House of Pain: funky blunted ass white dudes
Cypress Hill, yeah, the ill niggas
Digital Underground: my real niggas
Raw Fusion, Organized Konfusion
Wicked and the Mouse Man, Spice 1 and Pooh Man
TLC, Eric B., Rakim, then Scarface
Stretch, Maj, K-Low, pumpin the Squad's bass
Thorough Heads, Poonannynans, The Click
E-40, The Governor, and Richie Rich

Young Guns in the house pumpin the flava
DJ Ditch for their behavior
Off the head, my freestyle flow
Just a couple of motherfuckers that I know
I'm strictly representin

1 motherfucker, 2 motherfucker, 3 motherfuckers
Damn, who did I forget?

I'm a soulja, daddy was a soulja
Strong in the struggle
Must contend so it's on
Raised in a house full of bad motherfuckers
Mad motherfuckers
Never had so we grab from the stacked motherfuckers
Now they know me, the homies
Raised by some crazed ass well payed OG's
Ah shit!
Pulled up in a benzy, snatch
The wheel as I peel out. Catch a cop's tail
Rock shells hit. Raise a fist so they know to make a hit
Can I flip it? I may get wicked as I rip it
To get specific: If the shoe fits, then kick it
It's for the gifted, pump your fist if you wit it
Here's your ticket to see Mr. Wicked rip shit
Now they wanna ban me (Told ya)
All I wanted to be was a soulja
Bang bang boogie, it's a stick up
Quit now, nigga, eat a dick up
Huh, I'm representin'

Thanks to jflo102000 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jefferson Truman Darnell

"Keep Ya Head Up" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Keep Ya Head Up"

Little something for my godson Elijah
And a little girl named Corin

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice
I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots
I give a holla to my sisters on welfare
2Pac cares if don't nobody else care
And I know they like to beat you down a lot
When you come around the block, brothers clown a lot
But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up
Forgive, but don't forget, girl, keep your head up
And when he tells you you ain't nothing, don't believe him
And if he can't learn to love you, you should leave him
'Cause, sister, you don't need him
And I ain't trying to gas ya up, I just call 'em how I see 'em
You know what makes me unhappy? When brothers make babies and leave a young mother to be a pappy
And since we all came from a woman
Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman
I wonder why we take from our women
Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?
I think it's time to kill for our women
Time to heal our women, be real to our women
And if we don't we'll have a race of babies
That will hate the ladies that make the babies
And since a man can't make one
He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one
So will the real men get up?
I know you're fed up, ladies, but keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things are gonna get easier
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things'll get brighter
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things are gonna get easier
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things'll get brighter

Ayo, I remember Marvin Gaye used to sing to me
He had me feeling like black was the thing to be
And suddenly the ghetto didn't seem so tough
And though we had it rough, we always had enough
I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules
Ran with the local crew and had a smoke or two
And I realize momma really paid the price
She nearly gave her life to raise me right
And all I had to give her was my pipe dream

Of how I'd rock the mic and make it to the bright screen
I'm trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
It's hard to be legit and still pay the rent
And in the end it seems I'm heading for the pen
I try to find my friends, but they're blowing in the wind
Last night my buddy lost his whole family
It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity
It seems the rain'll never let up
I try to keep my head up and still keep from getting wet up
You know, it's funny, when it rains it pours
They got money for wars but can't feed the poor
Say there ain't no hope for the youth
And the truth is it ain't no hope for the future
And then they wonder why we crazy
I blame my mother for turning my brother into a crack baby
We ain't meant to survive, 'cause it's a set-up
And even though you're fed up
Huh, you got to keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things are gonna get easier
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things'll get brighter
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things are gonna get easier
Keep ya head up, ooh, child
Things'll get brighter

And uh, to all the ladies having babies on they own
I know it's kinda rough and you're feeling all alone
Daddy's long gone and he left you by your lonesome
Thank the Lord for my kids even if nobody else want 'em
'Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure
And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more
'Cause ain't nothing worse than when your son
Wants to know why his daddy don't love him no mo'
You can't complain you was dealt this
Hell of a hand without a man, feeling helpless
Because there's too many things for you to deal with
Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless
While tears is rolling down your cheeks
You steady hoping things don't fall down this week
'Cause if it did, you couldn't take it
And don't blame me, I was given this world, I didn't make it
And now my son's getting older and older and colder
From having the world on his shoulders
While the rich kids is driving Benz
I'm still trying to hold on to surviving friends
And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up
But please, you got to keep your head up

Thanks to Viviana Medina for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Roger Troutman, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stan Vincent, Daryl L. Anderson

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2Pac Lyrics

"Strictly 4 My N.I.G.G.A.Z."

(feat. Pacific Heights)

[2Pac speaking:]
Yo, law!
Is it cool if a nigga just get fucked up for this one?
Yeah! Mr. Fuck-a-Cop is back
And I still don't give a fuck, yaknahmsayin'?
Puffin' on this indo
In the studio with my partners out here
Pacific Heights in the house, know what I mean

I was framed, so don't make the same mistake, nigga
You gotta learn how to shake the snakes, nigga
Cause the police love to break a nigga
Send 'em upstate cause they straight-up hate the niggas
So what I do is get a crew of zoo niggas
Straight fools into rules and do niggas
And one-time had enough of me
I'm still raw so the law can't fuck with me
They wanna send me to the pen, punk, picture that
I stay strapped, motherfuckers better get your gat
It ain't easy bein' me, I can't take it
Life as a celebrity ain't everything they make it
And ever since the movies these hoes try to do me
If they can't screw me, they find a way to sue me
Now can you picture me coolin' at a night club?
Nothin' but love, but motherfuckers wanna mean mug
Since I wear a lot of gold, they plot
Don't know what I got and get shot with the hot ones
And, aw yeah, I wanna feel guilty
But you punk motherfuckers tried to milk me
You'll get smacked behind the hill with my phone on my pager
It's beepin' while I cut you with my razor
I'm not violent, I'm petrified and nervous
I got no mercy for these niggas tryin' to serve us
But if you catch me outta pocket, then I'm got
You love to shoot a nigga but you scared to pop a cop
Now drop it

Strictly for my - strictly for my - strictly for my niggas *[3x]*

Strictly for my niggas, makin' G's

Reflected and disrespected, plus I'm rejected
You're just another rapper, who swears he's makin' records
That's what they said - whenever I would walk by
I never tripped though - always kept my head up high
Eventually I knew, that I would find my way
After the darkest night always comes a brighter day
And some would say, that turned away is all you'll get
I just said "Bet!," and never let 'em see me sweat

Cause in the end, I knew that I would have it all
While non-believers were prayin' for my downfall
And some would call and tell me that they wish me well
But in my heart, I'm knowin' that they wish me hell
Yo, get a real job, rappin' doesn't pay the rent
I hit the studio, cause that's where all my money went
Never surrender, it's all about the faith you've got
Don't ever stop, just push it til you hit the top
And if you drop, at least you know you gave your all
Be true to you, and that way you can never fall
But beware, these backstabbers ain't no joke
Just like a rope, they hang on you until you're broke
And when you're broke, they move onto the next dope
And there you are, can't even pay your car, nope
And when you reminisce, thinkin' how you got dissed
Remember how it felt and then remember this
Be true to you, believe that there's no one bigger
Cause they can all suck dick - it's strictly for my niggas

Strictly for my - strictly for my - strictly for my niggas *[3x]*

This is for the critics if you live up
Pick up my shit or I'll be back doin' stick-ups
I better see five stars next to my picture
If not, 2Pac will cop the Glock and come knockin' to get 'cha
I told you once, motherfucker, I'm a nut
Play me like a butt and you'll be bleedin' when you're fucked
Niggas know what's up but they be tryin' to hold me down
I'm comin' outta Oaktown, bitch fuck around
And it ain't where you from that makes you hardcore
Nigga it's the way you throw them thangs in the war
And to the marks that be talkin' all that shit
Screamin' out the next nigga's name like a bitch
And the niggas that I ran into recently
The motherfuckers at the club that pulled the piece on me
You little bitches shoulda pulled the fuckin' trigga
Now you live in fear of a heartless-ass nigga
Mr. Troublesome; niggas tried to play me with the gat
But like Terminator, nigga, I'll be back
Yeah! And I'll be back with a fuckin' army
You tried to harm me - ring the alarm, G
Cause most motherfuckers love to act up
Without they backup
When they get jacked up they crack up
It's strictly for my niggas at the show
So they know, not to play me like a ho
Strictly for my...

Strictly for my - strictly for my - strictly for my niggas *[3x]*

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Derrick McDowell, Larry D. Goodman

"The Streetz R Deathrow" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"The Streetz R Deathrow"

Growing up as an inner city brotha
Where every other had a pops and a motha
I was the product of a heated lover.
Nobody knew how deep it screwed me
And since my pops never knew me
My family didn't know what to do with me.
Was I somebody they despised?
Curious look in they eyes
As if they wonder if I'm dead or alive
And poor momma can't control me
"Quit tryin' to save my soul, I wanna roll with my homies!"
A ticken timebomb, can't nobody fade me
Packin' a 380 and fiendin' for Mercedes
Suckers scatter but it don't matter I'm a cool shot
Punks drop from all the buckshots the fools got
I'm tired of being a nice guy
I've been poor all my life, but don't know quite why
So they label me a lunatic
Could care less death or success
Is what I quest 'cause I'm fearless
Now the streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow.
[2x]

I just murdered a man, I'm even more stressed wearin' a vest
Hopin' that they're aimin' at my chest
Much too young to bite the bullet
Hand on the trigga
I see my life before my eyes each time I pull it
I hope I live to be a man
Must be part of some big plan to keep a brotha in the state pen
Counting pennys over the years I'd done stacked many
Proving wrong those
Who swore I'd wouldn't live till twenty
Now they gotta cope
Since it's the only thing I know
It's difficult to let it go
I'm startin' to lose my hair 'cause I worry
Hustlin' to keep from gettin' buried
But now I gotta move away now
'Cause these suckers love ta' spray where I lay down
My homie lost his family, he snapped;
Shot up half the block to bring them back
The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow.
[2x]

I'm dangerous when drunk I only drink beer
Gin makes me sin
Unable to think clear
Henessey makes me think my enemy is getting close
BOOM BOOM BOOM
Got me shooting at a ghost
Some call me crazy but this is what you gave me
Amongst the babies who raised up from the slavery
I sport a vest and hit the sess to kill the stress
Moved out west and I invest in all the best
Those who test will find a bullet in they chest
Put to rest by a brotha who was hopeless
Grow up broke on the rope of insanity
How many pistols smoking coming from a broken family
I'm sick of being tired
Sick of the sirens, body bags, and the gun firing
Tell Bush, "Push the button!" 'cause I'm fed
Tired of hearin' these voices in my head
The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow.
[2x]

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow
('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow
('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow
('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
This goes out to my partners in the Live Squad
(like it ain't nothin')
And all my partners involved in that 187
Watch your back
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
There got to be a better way
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
There's too many of us in the cemetery
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
Come on, what we gonna do now
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')
The streets are deathrow

Writer(s): Smead G Iii Hudman, Barry Eugene White, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Christopher Walker, Kevin Rhames, Randy Walker

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2Pac Lyrics

"I Get Around"

(feat. Money B, Shock G)

[2Pac:]
Aw, yeah, I get around
Still clown with the Underground
When we come around
Stronger than ever

[2Pac:]
Back to get wreck, all respect
To those who break their neck to keep their hoes in check
'Cause, oh, they sweat a brother majorly
And I don't know why your girl keeps pagin' me
She tell me that she needs me, cries when she leaves me
And every time she sees me
She squeeze me—lady, take it easy!
Hate to sound sleazy, but tease me
I don't want it if it's that easy
Ayo, bust it, baby got a problem, saying "bye-bye"
Just another hazard of a fly guy
You ask "Why?", don't matter! My pockets got fatter
Now everybody's lookin' for the latter
And ain't no need in being greedy, if you wanna see me
Dial the beeper number, baby, when you need me
And I'll be there in a jiffy
Don't be picky, just be happy with this quickie
But when you learn you can't tie me down
Baby doll, check it out: I get around

What you mean you don't know? I get around
The Underground just don't stop for hoes, I get around
Still down with the Underground, I get around
Yeah, ayo, Shock, let them hoes know!

[Shock G:]
Now you can tell from my everyday fits I ain't rich
So cease and desist with them tricks
I'm just another black man caught up in the mix
Tryin' to make a dollar out of 15 cents (A dime and a nickel)
Just 'cause I'm a freak don't mean that we could hit the sheets
Baby, I can see that you don't recognize me
I'm Shock G: the one who put the satin on your panties
Never knew a hooker that could share me; I get around

[Money B:]
What's up, love? How you doin'?
Well, I've been hangin', sangin', tryin' to do my thang
Oh, you heard that I was bangin'
Your homegirl you went to school with?
That's cool, but did she tell you about her sister?
And your cousin thought I wasn't

See, weekends were made for Michelob
But it's a Monday, my day, so just let me hit it, yo
And don't mistake my statement for a clown
We can keep in the down low
Long as you know that I get around

What you mean you don't know? I get around
The Underground just don't stop for hoes, I get around
Still down with the Underground, I get around
Yeah, ayo, Shock, let them hoes know!

[2Pac:]
Finger tips on the hips as I dip
Gotta get a tight grip, don't slip; loose lips sink ships
It's a trip, I love the way she licks her lips, see me jockin'
Put a little twist in her hips 'cause I'm watchin'
Conversations on the phone 'til the break of dawn
Now we're all alone: why the lights on?
Turn them off! Time to set it off, get you wet and soft
Somethin' is on your mind, let it off
You don't know me, you just met me, you won't let me
Well, if I couldn't have it (silly rabbit) why you sweatin' me?
It's a lot of real G's doin' time
'Cause a groupie bent the truth and told a lie
You picked the wrong guy, baby, if you're too fly
You need to hit the door, search for a new guy
'Cause I only got one night in town
Break out or be clowned, baby doll, are you down? I get around

Thanks to Steve Abel for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E, Troutman Roger, Murdock Shirley J, Troutman Larry, Brooks Ronald R

2Pac Lyrics

"Papa'z Song"

(feat. Wycked)

[2Pac:]
Daddy's home...

Heh, so?
You say that like that means something to me
You've been gone a mighty long motherfuckin time
For you to be comin home talkin that "daddy's home" shit (nigga)
We been gettin along fine just without you
Me, my brother, and my mother
So if you don't mind, you can step the FUCK off, POPS... fuck you!

[2Pac:]
Had to play catch by myself, what a sorry sight
A pitiful plight, so I pray for a starry night
Please send me a pops before puberty
The things I wouldn't do to see a piece of family unity
Moms always work, I barely see her
I'm startin to get worried without a pops I'll grow to be her
It's a wonder they don't understand kids today
So when I pray, I pray I'll never grow to be that way
And I hope that he answers me
I heard God don't like ugly well take a look at my family
A different father every weekend
Before we get to meet him they break up before the week ends
I'm gettin sick of all the friendships
As soon as we kick it he done split and the whole shit ends quick
How can I be a man if there's no role model?
Strivin to save my soul I stay cold drinkin a forty bottle
I'm so sorry...

I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)
For all this time
For all this time (don't lie)
I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)
For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!

[Wycked:]
Moms had to entertain many men;
Didn't wanna do it but it's time to pay the rent again.
I'm gettin a bit older and I'm startin to be a bother;
Moms can't stand me cause I'm lookin like my father
Should I stay or run away? Tell me the answer
Moms ignores me and avoids me like cancer
Grow up rough and it's hard to understand stuff
Moms was tough cause his papa wasn't man enough;
Couldn't stand up to his own responsibilities

Instead of takin care of me, he'd rather live lavishly
That's why I'll never be a father;
Unless you got the time it's a crime; don't even bother
(That's when I started hatin' the phony smiles
Said I was an only child)
Look at mama's lonely smile!
It's hard for a son to see his mother cry
She only loves you, but has to fuck with these other guys
I'm so sorry...

I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)
For all this time
For all this time (don't lie)
I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)
For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!

[2Pac:]
Man child in the promised land couldn't afford many heroes
Moms was the only one there my pops was a no-show
And ohh -I guess ya didn't know
That I would grow to be so strong
Lookin kinda pale, was it the ale or pops was wrong?
Where was the money that you said, you would send me
Talked on the phone and you sounded so friendly
Ask about school and my welfare
But it's clear, you ain't sincere hey who the hell cares
You think I'm blind but this time I see you comin, Jack!
You grabbed your coat, left us broke, now ain't no runnin back
Ask about my moms like you loved her from the start
Left her in the dark, she fell apart from a broken heart
So don't even start with that "Born to be a father" shit
Don't even bother with your dollars I don't need it
I'll bury moms like you left me: all alone, G
Now that I finally found you, stay the fuck away from me
You're so sorry

I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)
For all this time
For all this time (don't lie)
I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)
For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!

[2Pac impersonating his father:]
I never meant to leave but I was wanted
Crossed too many people every house I'd touch was haunted
Had to watch the strangers every brother was a danger;
If I wanted to to keep you breathin, had to be out of range-a
Had to move on, done lost my name and picked a number
Made me watch my back I had no happy home to run to
Maybe it's my fault for being a father livin fast

But livin slow, mean half the dough, and you won't get no ass
Hindsight shows me it was wrong all along
I wanted to make some dough so you would grow to be so strong
It took a little longer than I thought
I slipped, got caught, and sent to jail by the courts
Now I'm doin time and I wish you'd understand
All I ever wanted was for you to be a man
And grow to be the titan you was meant to be
Keep the war fightin by the writings that you sent to me
I'm so sorry...

I'm so sorry
For all this time (I'm so sorry)
For all this time
For all this time (don't lie)
I'm so sorry
For all this time (so, sorry)
For all this time
For all this time, so sorry baby!

2Pac Lyrics

"5 Deadly Venomz"

(feat. Live Squad, Treach, Apache)

[2Pac talking:]
*[*laughs*]* We're going platinum nigga, we going platinum

[2Pac:]
Yeah, you got the Live Squad in this motherfucker
We get my nigga Treach from Naughty By Nature up in this motherfucker

[Stretch:]
My nigga Apache up in this motherfucker

[2Pac:]
My Mossberg goes boom, gimme room, can I catch it
Talkin' quicker then a vic that's tryin' to keep from gettin' blasted
I had enough I put a hit upon them bastards
Boo-yaa, turn this Benz into a casket
Now they after me, prowling for a niggas bucks
Time to see, who's the G, with the bigger nuts
Buck buck, big up and livin' reckless
Niggas with a death wish step in with a TEC and I'll wet this
Yeah this shit is hyper
True to what I'm writing, representing and I'm striking like a viper
Huh, I got my mind made up, I got my nine
Ring the alarm, and strong arm what's mine
Some niggas need to feel me with a passion
I'm old fashioned, run up on me, nigga, and get blasted
With five deadly venomz

(Yeah 'Pac, fuck that, still hittin' 'em up with
that old deadly shit. Aiyyo Treach where you at?
Step up and hit they ass up with the wickedness.)

[Treach:]
We come to hit you with a sock full of Brooklyn
to the Onyx of your nose, punk is funky like skunk blunts
Stunk like funk cunt
I come to take you on a war rough and rugged route
And if another doubts I blow your fuckin' mother out
And after she's crossed out
I shout, "I'm de MC wit de nasty mouf!" and kick the bitch out
Sue me? I pay the lawyer for ya oh boy yeah
Plus my style's ten to twenty fuckin' pounds more
I take you quicker than a picture of a punk ya pickin' shit
Pickin' pockets with a razor stoppin' Russian rockets
Not shoplift, I'm liftin' shop
Once you sound hot, 'cause if you ain't a perfect ten
my sign is stop!
It's twenty mother-crooked-fuckin' styles in 'em
Like women I did 'em I'm in for deadly ready venom

[Stretch of Live Squad:]
Yeah, as I take a puff I get rough, Big Mad
To put it on, can't none come tougher see
I'm down with the sound of the Squad hard, boom!
Breakin' 'em down, I make 'em see their doom
Coming straight from the dome where I roam it's a job to
Rob and steal and runnin' from the coppers
Who hold a, boulder, turn the gun controller
Started from a punk now to be a high roller
Youngest, reckless, crazy, disaster
Mac-11 blaster, and I run faster
Than a lot of cops I can't be stopped till my head gets popped
A lot of fuckin' bodies will drop
It's a disaster, I'm coming for the blood splatter
I make 'em scatter, leavin' trails of brains and bladders
Blowin' 'em out the frame with no shame
Game tight, drop a body then get out of sight
Count my loot after I shoot, leave my kicks up and it's
Something I don't wanna do, something that I never did
I try to get him, I think I hit 'em, I lit him
He's out! A poison, a deadly venom

(Yeah Mad, fuck that! You know how we do
KnowhatI'msayin? Squad in effect, YG'z in effect
Now you know a nigga like me gotta represent)

[Majestic of Live Squad:]
Once again, back to rip shit, quick on the flip tip
The psycho, represent the real to take the mic flow
Deadly, rock a head G, check the melody
Niggas can't touch me when I wreckin' G you better flee
'Cause I'm gifted with a jab and a forty-four Mag
So nigga flip or take a trip in a body bag
Uhh, boom you slipped up, now you're zipped up
Yeah one more statistic, fronted and got ripped up
No joke, you be yolk, no matter how it sound
We're taking all fake niggas back to the stomping grounds
Line 'em up single file, dome runnin' in 'em
A nigga hit 'em with the venom, the fourth deadly venom

(Nigga, yaknowhatI'msayin? Fuck that!
I told you, we takin' over, yo 'Pac.)

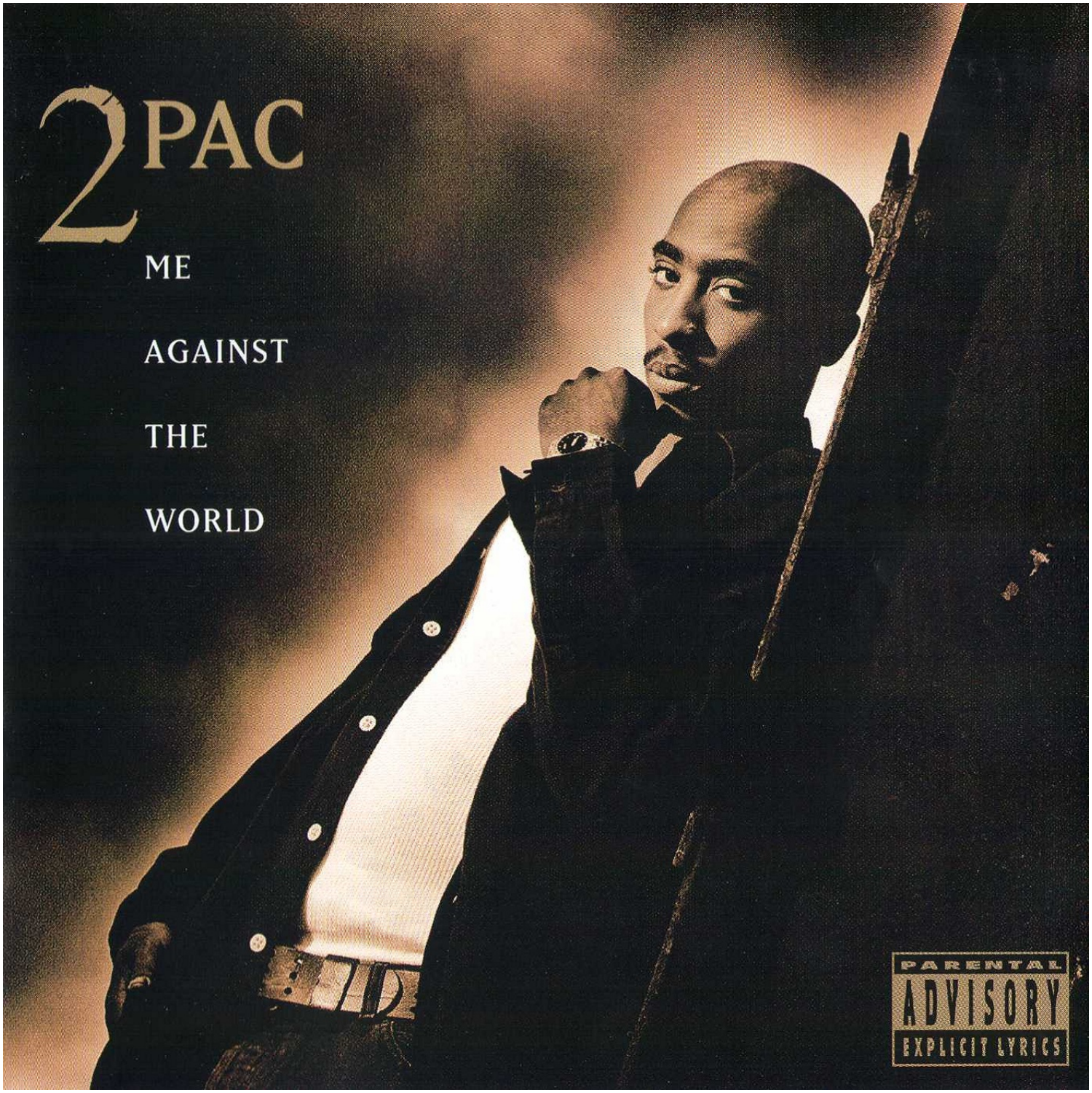
[2Pac:]
Five deadly venomz verse five be the livest
Strugglin' and strive, keep a nine in my waistline
Take mine, you better bury me, G
Punk ass niggas don't even worry me, see
I got a glock that say 'Pac run the block
Fuck the cops 'cause my gauge gets me... PAID
As I sit and reminisce about the old days
Hugging on my AK, fuck getting played, hey
I say niggas need to get they mind right
Until they do I pop a clip and grip my nine tight
Now it's on everyday could be my last day
That's why I blast on they ass as I passed let the glass spray.

First you had a mouth full of fronts
Now your mouth's full of chunks, Pac's out puffin' blunts
Deadly venomz

(Hahaha, yeah pass that shit over here
Apache bout to clean shit up.)

[Apache:]
Throw up your middle finger! Start the track for the maniac
Only thing I'm givin out is black donuts and dirty backs
Let me tell how you rough I get
I pop shit behind your back get in your face and pop the same shit
You can't get in because my gate's bigger I'mma snake nigga
My act guards me so hard I pull the fuckin' trigger
I'm a cinch in a clinch, your punch is like a pinch.
Test the rhyme I'll knock your hairline back an inch
Fuckin' up pooh-butts, cut 'em like cold cuts
Choke 'em with my boot lace, then leave 'em hangin' like old nuts
Clip up and move out, time to get 'em
That's the results of fuckin with the fifth venom in denim

(Yeah, yaknowhatI'msayin?
Five motherfuckin deadly venomz, in effect for ninety-three
Ninety-four ninety-five all that other shit
We takin this motherfucker over this larger hit
YaknowhatI'msayin? Follow us, come along. YaknowhatI'msayin?
We takin this motherfucker over. TRUST. We out.)


2PAC
ME
AGAINST
THE
WORLD
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

2Pac Lyrics

"If I Die 2Nite"

A coward dies a thousand deaths
A soldier dies but once

They say pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Picturing pitiful punk niggas copping pleas
Puffing weed as I position myself to clock G's
My enemies scatter in suicidal situations
Never to witness the wicked shit that they was facin'
Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches
Evading the playa hating tricks while hitting switches
Bitches is bad-mouth, ‘cause brawling motherfuckers is bold
But charge them hoes; the game should be sold
I'm sick of psychotic society, somebody save me
Addicted to drama, so even mama couldn't raise me
Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach me
I run in the streets and puffing weed with my peeps
I'm duckin' the cops, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin' my Glock
Niggas is hot when I hit the block; what if I die tonight?

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]
If I die tonight
If I die tonight
Fuck it, if I die tonight
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Polish your pistols, prepare for battle, pass the pump
When I get to poppin', niggas is droppin' then they done
Calling the coroner, come collect the fucking corpse
He got hit by a killer, preoccupied with being boss
Revenge is the method
Whenever steppin', keep a weapon close
Adversaries are overdosed over deadly notes
Jealous niggas and broke bitches equal packed jails
Hit the block and fill your pockets, making crack sales
Picture perfection, pursuing paper with a passion
Visions of prisons for all the pussies that I blasted
Running with criminals individuals with no remorse
Try to stop me, my pistol posse's using deadly force
In my brain all I can think about is fame
The police know my name
A different game, ain't a thing changed
I'm seeing cemetery photos of my peers
Conversating like they still here; if I die tonight

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]
If I die tonight
Scare to die nigga, is ya, ha?
If I die tonight
Never fear, never worry

If I die tonight
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Pray to the Heaven's, .357's to the sky
And I hope I'm forgiven for thug livin' when I die
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto for thug niggas
A stress free life and a spot for drug dealers
Pissing while practicing how to pimp and be a playa
Overdose of a dick while drinking liquor when I lay her
Pistol whippin' these simps, for being petrified and lame
Disrespecting the game, praying for punishment and pain
Going insane, never die, I live eternal, who shall I fear?
Don't shed a tear for me, nigga, I ain't happy here
I hope they bury me and send me to my rest
Headlines reading 'Murdered to death', my last breath
Take a look, picture a crook on his last stand
Motherfuckers don't understand; if I die tonight

[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]
Nigga! If I die tonight
No fear nigga, never worry
If I die tonight
Bury me a motherfucking G, closed casket fuck it
If I die tonight
You know
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
"Tonight's the night I get in some shit"
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder

Writer(s): Norman Durham

2Pac Lyrics

"Me Against The World"

(feat. Puff Johnson, Dramacydal)

[2Pac:]
It's just me against the world
Nothin' to lose
It's just me against the world, baby
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world
Stuck in the game
Me against the world, baby

[2Pac:]
Can you picture my prophecy?
Stress in the city, the cops is on top of me
The projects is full of bullets, though bodies is droppin'
They ain't no stoppin' me
Constantly movin' while makin' millions
Witnessin' killings
Leavin' dead bodies in abandoned buildings
Can't reach the children 'cause they're illin'
Addicted to killin' and the appeal from the cap peelin'
Without feelin', but will they last or be blasted?
Hard headed bastard
Maybe he'll listen in his casket; the aftermath
More bodies being buried, I'm losin' my homies in a hurry
They're relocatin' to the cemetery
Got me runnin', stressin', my vision's blurry
The question is will I live? No one in the world loves me
I'm headed for danger, don't trust strangers
Put one in the chamber whenever I'm feeling this anger
Don't wanna make excuses, cause this is how it is
What's the use? Unless we're shootin' no one notices the youth
It's just me against the world, baby

[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]
Me against the world
It's just me against the world
It's just me against the world
Me against the world
Cause it's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby
I got nothin' to lose

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Could somebody help me? I'm out here all by myself
See ladies in stores, Baby Capone's, livin' wealthy
Pictures of my birth on this earth is what I'm dreamin'
Seein' daddy's semen, full of crooked demons
Already crazy and screamin'
I guess them nightmares as a child
Had me scared, but left me prepared for a while

Is there another route? For a crooked outlaw
Veteran, a villain, a young thug, who one day shall fall

[E.D.I. Mean:]
Everyday there's more death, and plus I'm dough-less
I'm seein' more reasons for me to proceed with thievin'
Scheme on the schemin' and leave they peeps grievin'
Cause ain't no bucks to stack up, my nuts is backed up
I'm about to act up, go load the MAC up, now watch me klacka
Tried makin' fat cuts, but yo, it ain't workin'
And evil's lurkin', I can see him smirkin' when I gets to pervin'
So what? Go put some work in, and make my mail
Makin' sales, riskin' 25 with a L, but oh well

[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]
Me against the world
With nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world
It's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world
It's just me against the world, baby
With nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world
Me against the world
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby

[2Pac:]
With all this extra stressin'
The question I wonder is after death, after my last breath
When will I finally get to rest through this oppression?
They punish the people that's askin' questions,
And those that possess steal from the ones without possessions
The message I stress: to make it stop, study your lessons
Don't settle for less, even the genius asks his questions
Be grateful for blessings, don't ever change, keep your essence
The power is in the people and politics we address
Always do your best, don't let the pressure make you panic
And when you get stranded
And things don't go the way you planned it
Dreamin' of riches, in a position of makin' a difference
Politicians are hypocrites, they don't wanna listen
If I'm insane, it's the fame made a brother change
It wasn't nothin' like the game, it's just me against the world

[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]
Me against the world
Nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world
Got me stuck in the game, it's just me against the world
Nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby
Me against the world

[2Pac:]
Hahaha, that's right
I know it seem hard sometimes
But uh, remember one thing

Through every dark night, there's a bright day after that
So no matter how hard it get
Stick your chest out, keep your head up, and handle it!

Thanks to Mortada Tofi, Juanita for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Richard Rudolph, Minnie Riperton, Hal David, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Leon Ware, Carsten Schack, Kenneth Karlin, Malcolm Greenidge, Yafeu A. Fula, Burt F Bacharach

2Pac Lyrics

"So Many Tears"

I shall not fear no man but God
Though I walk through the valley of death
I shed so many tears
If I should die before I wake
Please God walk with me
Grab a nigga and take me to Heaven

Back in elementary, I thrived on misery
Left me alone I grew up amongst a dying breed
Inside my mind couldn't find a place to rest
Until I got that Thug Life tatted on my chest
Tell me can you feel me
I'm not living in the past, you wanna last?
Be the first to blast Remember Kato
No longer with us; he's deceased
Call on the sirens, seen him murdered in the streets, now rest in peace
Is there heaven for a G? Remember me
So many homies in the cemetery, shed so many tears

I! I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...
Lord! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now that I'm struggling in this business, by any means
Label me greedy gettin' green, but seldom seen
And fuck the world cause I'm cursed, I'm having visions
Of leaving here in a hearse, God can you feel me?
Take me away from all the pressure and all the pain
Show me some happiness again, I'm going blind
I spend my time in this cell, ain't living well
I know my destiny is Hell. Where did I fail?
My life is in denial and when I die
Baptized in eternal fire, shed so many tears

Lord! I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...
Lord! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now I'm lost and I'm weary, so many tears
I'm suicidal so don't stand near me
My every move is a calculated step, to bring me closer
To embrace an early death, now there's nothing left
There was no mercy on the streets, I couldn't rest
I'm barely standing, bout to go to pieces, screamin' peace
And though my soul was deleted, I couldn't see it
I had my mind full of demons trying to break free
They planted seeds and they hatched, sparking the flame
Inside my brain like a match, such a dirty game
No memories, just a misery
Painting a picture of my enemies killing me, in my sleep
Will I survive 'til the mornin' to see the sun
Please Lord forgive me for my sins, cause here I come

Lord! (God!), I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...
God! I lost so many peers

And Lord knows I tried, been a witness to homicide
Seen drive-bys takin' lives, little kids die
Wonder why as I walk by
Broken-hearted as I glance at the chalk line, getting high
This ain't the life for me, I wanna change
But ain't no future bright for me, I'm stuck in the game
I'm trapped inside a maze
See this Tanqueray influenced me to getting crazy
Disillusioned lately, I've been really wanting babies
So I could see a part of me that wasn't always shady
Don't trust my lady cause she's a product of this poison
I'm hearing noises, think she's fuckin' all my boys, can't take no more
I'm fallin' to the floor; beggin' for the Lord to let me in
To Heaven's door -- shed so many tears

Lord! lost so many peers, and shed so many tears...
I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears...
Lord! I suffered many years, and shed so many tears...
God! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Writer(s): Gregory E Jacobs, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stevie Wonder, Eric Vandell Baker

2Pac Lyrics

"Temptations"

[Sample:]
Hey! Hey-ayyaahhyy

[2Pac:]
Yo Mo Bee mayn! Drop that shit!
You know what time, boo-yaow, I know it's time for you
So grab one by the hand you know what I'm sayin'
And uh, throw up that finger
Ayo throw y'all fingers up! Thug style baby, Thug style y'know?

[2Pac:]
Tell me baby are you lonely?
Don't wanna rush ya, I can help ya if ya only
Let me touch ya, if I'm wrong love tell me
'cause I get caught up, and the life I live is Hell see
I never thought I'd see, the day when I would calm down
You ain't heard, I've been known to clown and Get Around
That's my word, see you walkin' and you lookin' good
Yes indeed, got a body like a sex fiend, you're killin' me
With your attitude to match right?
Don't be phony, 'cause I hate when you act like
You don't know me I've be stressin' in the spotlight
I want the fame, but the industry's a lot like
A crap game, ain't no time for commitment, I gotta go
Can't be with you every minute miss, another show
And even though I'm known for my one night stand
(Look here) I wanna be an honest man
But temptations go

[2Pac:]
Throw up the finger! And all my homies go
Throw them the finger! Ya know what baby it's like

[Easy Mo Bee:]
I know you've been searchin' for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you needed, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[2Pac:]
Will I cheat or will I be committed, heaven knows
Gettin' weak and I wanna hit it, so here I go
In my ride and I'm all in
Gettin' high, I can hear the people callin'
I'm passin' by, everybody knows I'm ballin'
And to God, gotta keep myself from fall-in
But it's hard, all the cuties know I'm under pressure
What do I do, gettin' shaky when she pull the dress up
And say it's cool, should I stroke or should I wait a while, you decide
If you tell me that you don't want it, that's a lie

Move close and let me whisper
Some dirty words in your ears as I kiss ya
On every curve, slow down baby don't rush, I like it slow
Can't hold it any longer, so let it go
Open the gates to your waterfall up in heaven
And don't worry, I let myself in, all I heard was

[2Pac:]
Give 'em the finger!
All my homies go, throw your fingers up
That's just the Thug in me girl, you know
Peep out all my homies, y'know, it's like

[Easy Mo Bee:]
I know you've been searchin' for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you needed, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[2Pac:]
A lotta people think it's easy
To settle down, got a woman that'll please me
In every town, I don't wanna but I gotta do it
The temptation got me ready to release the fluid Sensation, sit down and conversate like you know me, take my hand
'Cause even Thugs get lonely, understand
Even the hardest of my homies need attention
Catch you blowin' up the telephone, reminiscin'
I wanna take you to the movies, and the park
Let's find a spot for you to do me, in the dark
Now that it's passion, hold me tight
Don't need lights, I can see you by the moonlight
I know your man ain't lovin' you right
You're lonely and depressed you need a Thug in your life
Enough talkin', you want me to leave, I'll get to walkin'
See you later, 'cause baby I'm a player, and all I heard was

[2Pac:]
Give 'em the finger, and all my homies go
Yo this how we gonna do this in the nine-trey y'know?
Throw your fingers up
You know? They gonna peep this, this how we run game on you

(Everybody, hey, alright
Hey, heyyyeah, heyyyayy, oh)

All my niggas go, uptown in the, give 'em the finger!
Throw your hands up, give em the finger!

Writer(s): Larry Troutman, Roger Troutman, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Reggie Noble, George Clinton, David Lee Spradley, O.s. Harvey, Shirle Murdock

2Pac Lyrics

"Young Niggaz"

I wanna dedicate this one to Robert 'Yummy' Sandifer
And all other lil' Young Niggas that's in a rush to be gangstas

As a Young nigga, I'm almost runnin' in the wind
Give anything, to be that innocent again, when I was ten
I didn't bang but I was hangin' with the homies
'Til them niggas started slangin', now they don't know me
I got my hustle on, learned to ignore what couldn't pay me
Lately I've been tryin' to make a mill-ion, can you blame me?
With that jealousy they need to miss me, don't sweat me
If them cowards really want me, come get me, and even I
Someday will die but I'm cautious, I'm fin' to ride
Put down the top, now we flossin'
Hit the freeway, let the wind blow, drop the window
Workin' with a twenty sack of indo, feelin' good
Stop through the hood, grab the young thugs
And I can't help but reminisce back when we slung drugs, though it's bad
But all we had was our hopes and dreams
Couldn't see unless we learned to slang dope to fiends
As Young Niggas

He's the kind of G like everybody knows
(As a strung nigga)
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
(My memories as a young nigga)
Always got it blown like Al Capone
(Strung nigga)
He's the downest G I've ever known

Back in Junior High, when we was barely gettin' by, when daddy died
That's when my momma started gettin' high
My neighborhood was full of drive-bys, couldn't survive
All our homies livin' short lives, I couldn't cry
Told my momma if I did die, just put a blunt in my casket
Let me get my dead homies high
Come follow me throughout my history, it's just
Me Against the World stuck in misery; as a young nigga
My only thing was to be paid
Life full of riches avoid snitches cause they shady, back in the days
We always found the time to play
But that's before they taught them gangbangers how to spray
Not just L.A., but in the Bay and in Chicago and even St. Louis
Every stadium that I go, when will they change?
Stuck in the game like a dumb nigga
Remember how it was, to be a young nigga

He's the kind of G like everybody knows
(As a young nigga)
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
(My memories as a young nigga)

Always got it blown like Al Capone
(young nigga)
He's the downest G I've ever known

[Ad-lib:]
I'm tellin' you
...to be young, have your brains and have every limb and all that
Yo, y'all niggas don't know how good you really do got it
Muh'fuckers need to just calm down
And peep what the fuck they wanna do for the rest of the life
'Fore you end your life before you BEGIN your life
You dumb nigga

Now that I'm grown, I got my mind on bein' somethin'
Don't wanna be another statistic, out here doin' nuttin
Tryin' to maintain in this dirty game, keep it real
And I will even if it kills me, my Young Niggas
Break away from these dumb niggas
Put down the guns and have some fun nigga, the rest'll come figure
Fame is a fast thang, that gangbangin'
Puttin' niggas in a casket, murdered for hangin'
At the wrong place at the wrong time, no longer livin'
Cause he threw up the wrong sign, and every day
I watch the murder rate increases, and even worse
The epidemic and diseases, what is the future?
The projects lookin' hopeless, where
More and more brothers givin' up and don't care
Sometimes I hate when brothers act up, I hit the weed
And I proceed to blow the track up, for Young Niggas

He's the kind of G like everybody knows
(for the young niggas)
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
(My memories as a young nigga)
Always got it blown like Al Capone
(this for nigga.., this for the young nigga)
He's the downest G I've ever known

He's the kind of G like everybody knows
He's always G'd up, from head to toe
He always got it blown like Al Capone
He's the downest G I've ever known

[Collision over the last 4 lines:]
This go out to the young thugs, the have-nots (you know)
Little bad motherfuckers from the block (that's right)
Them niggas that's thirteen and fourteen
Drivin' Cadillacs, Benzes and shit (I see you boy)
Young motherfuckin' hustlers (make that money boy)
Stay strong nigga
You could be a fuckin' accountant, not a dope dealer
You know what I'm sayin'? (Go to school nigga, go to school)
Fuck around and, you pimpin' out here
You could be a lawyer (really doe)
Niggas gotta get they priorities straight
(Don't see Johnny Cochran out in this motherfucker)

Really doe. Young Niggas. little RahRah
(sup nigga) Especially my little cousins don't be no dumb guy
(Don't be a dumb nigga, listen, Young Niggas)

Thanks to Bonnie Barrow, Billy for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Black Lawrence Ernest, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Leftenant Nathan David, Singleton Charles, Stewart Loren Maurice, Jenkins Thomas Michael, Tyler Le-morrious Damon

2Pac Lyrics

"Heavy In The Game"

(feat. Eboni Foster, Lady Levi, Richie Rich)

[Lady Levi:]
Oh, you Thug Life is yours?
Life ain't no something you can rap with
Ooh come no ordinary game
The game no something you can rap with
Me's a player you know?
I do not, play in no game
Me just, make money, dollars.
Every time, seen?

[2Pac:]
Now how can I explain how this game laced me, plus with this fame
I got enemies do anything to break me, my attitude changed
Got to the point where I was driven, twenty-four/seven
Money's my mission, just a nigga tryin' to make a livin'
These busta tricks don't want no mail
They spendin' they riches on skanless bitches, who'll stay petrified in jail
It's hell, plus all the dealers want a meal ticket
Jealous-ass bitches, player-hatin' but we still kick it
Always keep my eyes on the prize, watch the police
Seen so much murder, neighborhoods gettin' no sleep
But still, I get my money on major, continuously
Communicatin' through my pager, niggas know me
Don't have no homies since they jealous, I hustle solo
'Cause when I'm broke I got no time for the fellas listen
Ain't nothin' poppin' 'bout no broke nigga, I ain't no joke
Fuck what they say and get your dough nigga
Heavy in the game

[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]
(Game's been good to me)
Who the bumba clat him a come try take mine?
Oh, me see you rushin' up (Game's been good to me)
I throw I'm blood claat P.M. to A.M
All, all the bumba come ya take dis ting
For ya take dis ting for joke?
Oh, that's right (I don't care what it did to them
The game's been good to me)

[Richie Rich:]
(Well let me shoot some of this how heavy type of shit)
Certain niggas wanna stick to the game, you's a trick to the game
Waitin' upon your turn, son when will you learn?
Ain't no turns given, niggas be twistin' and takin' shit
Puttin' they sack down, then puttin' they mack down
Me myself I hustle with finesse yes I'm an Oakland baller
Rule number one — check game, and fo' sho' you gon' respect game
Be your own nigga meanin' buy your own dope
Cause that front shit is punk shit, something I never funked with

Be true to this game and this game will be true to you
That's real shit; disrespect, see what this here do to you
That jackin' and robbin', despisin' your homie
Ain't healthy, niggas be endin' up dead 'fore they get wealthy
But not me though, I'm sewin' somethin' major
So what I reap is boss — that's why my public status is floss
Went from a, young nigga livin' residential
To a, young nigga workin' presidential

[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]
(Game's been good to me)
Me nigga Tu-pac ALWAYS look good
You know that's true I'm look good every time
Ooh, pussy war? Step up (Game's been good to me)
Can yi know I'm serving up blood claat
Playing yi fucking games
Ooh, we take game, we won!
(I don't care what it did to them)
Any by now
(the game's been good to me)
All, yi haffa forget fi we won!
Everytime

[2Pac:]
I'm just a young black male, cursed since my birth
Had to turn to crack sales, if worse come to worse
Headed for them packed, jails, or maybe it's a hearse
My only way to stack mail, is out here doin' dirt
My decisions do or die, been hustlin' since junior high
No time for askin' why, gettin' high, gettin' mine
Put away my nine, cause these times call for four-five shells
Cause life is hell, and everybody dies
What about these niggas I despise
Them loud talkin', cowards shootin' guns into crowds, jeopardizin' lives
Shoot 'em right between them niggas' eyes, it's time to realize
Follow the rules or follow them fools that die
Everybody's tryin' to make the news
Niggas confused, quit tryin' to be an O.G. and pay your dues
If you choose to apply yourself
Go with the grain then, come into riches and the bitches and the fame
Heavy in the game

[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]
(Game's been good to me)
Boy, ya nah bitch!
Major that's true we look good everytime
When we at Beers Diamond
And 2Pac drives vintage car (Game's been good to me)
And fi them frame them look good, oh no?
This whole world ya call on
Gonna mass on a face
For any, section of bumba ras claat, oh!
(I don't care what it did to them)
(the game's been good to me)
Flush it! Oh!
Nobody wan come test me ya know

True them we a drive pretty car
Wanna no part of any ting
And now you wan come drown a gun
But ya see we know, you haffa show I'm maximum respect
For when a blood clat run or when a pussy walk up
We look good everytime
'Nough dollars, dollars!
Ya know about dollars, them right?
But we nah talk no shit
We haffa walk de walk for we a talk, see it?
'Cause action, action speak louder dan words
You n who the record partner
Don't blood claat ting at, ALL

Thanks to Sean L. for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Lewis Terry Steven, Harris James Samuel, Bostic Samuel, Mosley Michael

2Pac Lyrics

"Lord Knows"

Damn, another funeral, another motherfucker
Lord knows
['Pac is choking on blunt smoke*]*
Lord knows
*[*coughing harder*]*
Lord knows
*[*one final cough*]*

I smoke a blunt to take the pain out
And if I wasn't high, I'd probably try to blow my brains out
I'm hopeless, they should've killed me as a baby
And now they got me trapped in the storm, I'm goin' crazy
Forgive me; they wanna see me in my casket
And if I don't blast I'll be the victim of them bastards
I'm losin' hope, they got me stressin', can the Lord forgive me
Got the spirit of a thug in me
Another sip of that drink, this Hennessey got me queasy
Don't wanna hurl, young nigga take it easy
Picture your dreams on a triple beam, and it seems
Don't underestimate the power of a fiend
To my homies on the block
Slangin' rocks with your Glocks put this tape in your box
When you're runnin from the cops -- and never look back
If they could be black, then they would switch
Open fire on them busta-ass bitches, and Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
Lord knows
*[*coughing again*]*
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
The Lord knows
*[*still coughing*]*
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
The Lord knows
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

I wonder if the Lord will forgive me or bury me a G
I couldn't let my adversaries worry me
And every single day it's a test, wear a bulletproof vest
And still a nigga stressin' over death
If I could choose when a nigga die, figure I'd
Take a puff on the blunt, and let my trigga fly
When everyday it's another death, with every breath
It's a constant threat, so watch yo' step!
You could be next if you want to, who do you run to?
Murderin' niggas, look what it's come to
My memories bring me misery, and life is hard
In the ghetto, it's insanity, I can't breathe
Got me thinking, what do Hell got?
Cause I done suffered so much, I'm feelin' shell-shocked

And drive-by's an everyday thang
I done lost too many homies to this motherfuckin' game
And Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
Lord knows
*[*coughing again*]*
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
The Lord knows
*[*still coughing*]*
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
The Lord knows
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

One-time! One-time!
Fuck the 5-0 cause they after me
Kill me if they could, I'll never let 'em capture me
Done lost too many niggas to this gangbangin'
Homies died in my arms, with his brains hangin', fucked up!
I had to tell him it was alright, and that's a lie
And he knew it when he shook and died, my God
Even though I know I'm wrong man
Hennessey make a nigga think he strong, man (heh heh)
I can't sleep, so I stay up, don't wanna fuck them bitches
Try to calm me down, I ain't givin' up
I'm gettin' lost in the weed, man, gettin' high
Livin' every day, like I'm gon' die (gon' die, gon' die)
I smoke a blunt to take the pain out
And if I wasn't high, I'd probably try to blow my brains out
Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
Lord knows!
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
Lord knows. Jesus.
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
(He is listening! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

(Lord knows. Lord knows. He He. He. He. He.)
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Gallow Brian Q, Toney Kevin Kraig

2Pac Lyrics

"Dear Mama"

[2pac:]
You are appreciated
When I was young, me and my mama had beef
17 years old, kicked out on the streets
Though back at the time I never thought I'd see her face
Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place
Suspended from school
And scared to go home, I was a fool
With the big boys breaking all the rules
I shed tears with my baby sister, over the years
We was poorer than the other little kids
And even though we had different daddies, the same drama
When things went wrong we'd blame mama
I reminisce on the stress I caused, it was hell
Huggin' on my mama from a jail cell
And who'd think in elementary, hey
I'd see the penitentiary one day?
And running from the police, that's right
Mama catch me, put a whoopin' to my backside
And even as a crack fiend, mama
You always was a black queen, mama
I finally understand
For a woman it ain't easy trying to raise a man
You always was committed
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how you did it
There's no way I can pay you back, but the plan
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

[Reggie Green and "Sweet Franklin" (2Pac):]
Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya?

[2pac:]
Now, ain't nobody tell us it was fair
No love from my daddy, 'cause the coward wasn't there
He passed away and I didn't cry, 'cause my anger
wouldn't let me feel for a stranger
They say I'm wrong and I'm heartless, but all along
I was looking for a father he was gone
I hung around with the thugs
And even though they sold drugs
They showed a young brother love
I moved out and started really hangin'
I needed money of my own, so I started slangin'
I ain't guilty, 'cause even though I sell rocks
It feels good putting money in your mailbox
I love paying rent when the rent is due
I hope you got the diamond necklace that I sent to you
'Cause when I was low you was there for me

And never left me alone, because you cared for me
And I could see you coming home after work late
You're in the kitchen, trying to fix us a hot plate
You just working with the scraps you was given
And Mama made miracles every Thanksgivin'
But now the road got rough, you're alone
You're trying to raise two bad kids on your own
And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

[Reggie Green and "Sweet Franklin" (2Pac):]
Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya?

[2pac:]
Pour out some liquor and I reminisce
'Cause through the drama I can always depend on my mama
And when it seems that I'm hopeless
You say the words that can get me back in focus
When I was sick as a little kid
To keep me happy, there's no limit to the things you did
And all my childhood memories
Are full of all the sweet things you did for me
And even though I act crazy
I gotta thank the Lord that you made me
There are no words that can express how I feel
You never kept a secret, always stayed real
And I appreciate how you raised me
And all the extra love that you gave me
I wish I could take the pain away
If you can make it through the night, there's a brighter day
Everything will be alright if you hold on
It's a struggle everyday, gotta roll on
And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

[Reggie Green and Sweet Franklin (2Pac):]
Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)
Sweet lady
Lady (Dear Mama)
Lady
Lady

Thanks to Alex Maldonado, www.raulmora, dikkevetteboer for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Joe Sample, Bruce Andre Hawes, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Charles B Simmons, Joseph B. Jefferson, Tony D Pizarro

2Pac Lyrics

"It Ain't Easy"

[Ad-lib:]
Keepin' it real

I take a shot of Hennessy, now I'm strong enough to face the madness
Nickel bag full of cess weed laced with hash
Phone calls from my niggas on the, other side
Two childhood friends just died, I couldn't cry
A damn shame, when will we ever change?
And what remains from a twelve gauge to the brain?
Arguments with my Boo, it's true
I spend mo' time with my niggas than I do with you
But everywhere it's the same thang, that's the game
I'll be damned if a thang changed, fuck the fame
I'll be hustlin' to make a mill-ion
Lord knows ain't no love for us ghetto children
So we cold, Rag-top slowin' down, time to stop for gas
Beep my horn for a hoochie with a proper ass, uh
It ain't easy, that's my motto
Drinkin' Tanqueray straight out the bottle
Everybody wanna know if I'm insane
My baby mama gotta mind full of silly games
And all the drama got me stressin' like I'm hopeless
I can't cope me and the homies smokin' roaches
Cause we broke late night hangin' out 'til the sunrise gettin' high
Watchin' the cops roll by
It ain't easy... that's right... it ain't easy

...easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

I can't sleep, niggas plottin' on me, kill me while I'm dreamin'
Wake up sweaty and screamin', cause I can hear them suckers schemin'
Probably paranoid, problem is, them punks be fantasizin'
A brother bite the bullet, open fire and I died
I wonder why this just the way it is
Even now lookin' out for these killa kids
Cause they wild
Bill Clinton can you recognize a nigga representin'
Doin' twenty to life in San Quentin
Gettin' calls from my nigga Mike Tyson, ain't nuttin' nice
Yo 'Pac, do something righteous witcha life
And even though you're innocent you still a nigga, so they figure, rather have you behind bars than triggers
But I'm hold ya down and holla Thug Life
Lickin' shots 'til I see my niggas free on the block
But no it ain't easy, hahahah
'Til I see my niggas free on the block, uh

It ain't easy

It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary?..

Lately been reminiscin'
'Bout Peppermint Schnapps in Junior High hit the block
Keep an eye on the cops while D-Boys slang rocks
Just a project kid without a conscience, I'm havin' dreams
Of hearin' screams at my concerts
Me and all my childhood peers through the years tryin' to stack a little green
I was only seventeen, when I started servin' fiends
And I wish there was another way to stack a dolla
Sold my Impala cause these hard times make me wanna holla
Will I live to see tomorrow, am I fallin' off?
I hit the weed and then proceed to say fuck all of y'all
Ain't nobody down with me I'm thuggin'
I can't go home 'cause muh-fuckers think I'm buggin'
So now I'm in this high powered cell at the county jail
Punk judge got a grudge, can't post no bail
What, do I do in these county blues
Gettin' battered and bruised by the you know who
And these fakes get to shakin' when they face me
Snakes ain't got enough nuts to replace me
Sittin' in this, livin' hell, listenin' to niggas yell
Tryna torture 'em to tell, I'm gettin' mail
But ain't nobody sayin' much, the same old nuts
Is makin' bucks while these sluts is gettin' fucked
They violated my probation
And it seems I'll be goin' on a long vacation
Meanwhile it ain't easy..
No it ain't easy

It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

Thanks to Sleepy A for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Pizarro Tony D

2Pac Lyrics

"Can U Get Away"

(feat. Anya Pinto)

[2Pac and Anya talking:]
Whassup? It's 2Pac. Can you get away?
Let me come swoop you up
(You know I got a man)
I know you got a man, but he ain't gon' mind if I take you out
(Of course he gon' mind)
Let me take you to lunch, I'll have you back before he even get home, before anybody see
(I can't, he ain't gon' let me
Aww c'mon! Please...
(Nah)
Oh aight – what's wrong with your eye?
Why you got on glasses?

[2Pac:]
Ever since I met ya I could peep the pressure
It's like your man don't understand, all he does is stress ya
I can see your state of misery from the introduction
Ain't 'bout no suckin' and touchin', just harmless discussion
Maybe we can see a better way, find a brighter day
Late night phone conversations – would that be OK?
I don't wanna take up all your time, be the next in line
Tell me your size, let me find you things with you in mind
I can see you're cautious and I'm careful not to scare you
The anticipation of love makin'
Got you shakin' when I'm standin' near you
News of precision will prepare ya
In case you get scared, just ask the man in the mirror
Now the picture's gettin' clearer
All he does is hit you hard
I tell you to leave him, and you tell me keep my faith in God
I don't understand, I just wanna bring ya home
I wonder should I leave you alone
And find a woman of my own
All the homies tell me that you don't deserve it
I contemplate – but in my heart I know you worth it
Tell me, can you get away?

Ebony, can you get away?
C'mon… Let's go… Can you get away?
Can you get away?

[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]
So much pressure in the air (I know, I know)
And I can't get away (Just for a little while love)
I'm not happy here (I know it's hard but, can you get away?)
So much pressure in the air
(Let's go man, get up outta there, can you get away?)
And I can't get away (Do you love him?)
I'm not happy here (Do you love that man?)

[2Pac:]
Could it be my destiny to be lonely?
Ain't checkin' for these hoochies that be on me
'Cause they phony
But you was different, I got no need to be suspicious
'Cause I can tell, my life with you would be delicious
The way you lick your lips and shake your hips got me addicted
I'm sittin' here hopin' that we can find some way to kick it
Even though I got your digits, gotta struggle to resist it
Slowly advance when it's my chance not to miss it
You blow me kisses when he ain't lookin'
Now your heart's tooken
My only wish is that you change your mind and he get shook
Wanna take you there but you scared to follow
Come see tomorrow
Hopin' I can take you through the pain and sorrow
Let you know I care – that someone's there for your struggle
Depend on me, when you have needs or there's trouble
I wanna give you happiness and maybe even more
I told you before, no time to waste
We can hook up at the store. Can you get away?

[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]
So much pressure in the air (I know it is)
And I can't get away (Yeah, you can)
I'm not happy here (You ain't happy, huh? Can you get away?)
So much pressure in the air (I know… is he beatin' on you?)
And I can't get away (Did he punch you?)
I'm not happy here (Throwin' you around the house?)

[2Pac:]
I sit here reminiscin' and I hope you listenin'
In the position to pressure and offer competition
Me and you was meant to be my destiny, no longer lonely
'Cause now it's on for you and me, all I can see
A happy home – that's my fantasy
But my reality is problems with your man and me
What can I do? Don't wanna lose you to this sucker
'Cause if he touch ya, I got some drama for that busta
Don't wanna rush ya, but make your mind up fast
Nobody knows, on who controls will it last?
Before I ask, I hope you see that I'm sincere
And even if you stay with him today I'm still here
I refuse to give up, 'cause I believe in what we share
You're livin' in prison and what he's givin' can't compare
'Cause everything I feel for you I wanna let you know
Passionately yours and I'll never let you go
Tell me, can you get away?

[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]
So much pressure in the air (Can't get away why?)
And I can't get away
I'm not happy here
(Let me take you away, all I wanna know, can you get away?)
So much pressure in the air (Man)

And I can't get away (Course you can get away)
I'm not happy here
(If you really wanted to get away, you could get away)

[2Pac:]
You ain't got to go through all this drama and this stress
With this old half a man, ya know what I'm sayin'?
I ain't tryin' to put you in a position
Where you gotta give up your lifestyle for everything
You need, but now… he ain't even takin' care of you
He beatin' on you and shit; look how you look!
You too motherfuckin' raw to be with that nigga
Ya know what I'm sayin'?
Shake that sucker to the left
Let me show you what this life is really about
Ya know what I'm sayin'? You need to be on first class
Need to be goin' to Hawaii, seein' the world
Seein' what this world got to offer you
Not goin' to, ya know what I'm sayin'?
The emergency room, gettin' stitches
'Cause this nigga done got jealous. Don't cry, it's all good

[2Pac and Anya talking again:]
Can you take me from here?
Shake that man, get away
Can you take me from here?
I'ahhhhhm unhappy here
And I need you to show me love
Because it's so much pressure now
And I need to get awayyyheyyyeahhh

Thanks to charlesgagnon69 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Mosley Michael, Beverly Frankie

2Pac Lyrics

"Old School"

[2Pac:]
Here we go; we gonna send this one out to the old school
All these motherfuckers in the Bronx, and Brooklyn, and Staten Island
Queens, and all the motherfuckers that laid it down, the foundation
Ya know what I'm saying? Nothing but love for the old school
That's who were going do this one for, ya feel me?

[Grand Puba sample:]
"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way."
[5x]

[2Pac:]
I remember Mr. Magic, FLASH, Grandmaster Caz
LL, Raising Hell, but, that didn't last
Eric B. & Rakim was, the shit to me
I flip to see a Doug E. Fresh show, with Ricky D
and Red Alert was puttin in work, with Chuck Chill
Had my homies on the hill getting ill, when shit was real
Went out to steal. Remember Raw, with Daddy Kane?!
when De La Soul was puttin Potholes in the game
I can't explain how it was, Whodini
had me puffin on that Buddha gettin buzzed, cause there I was
Them block parties in the projects, and on my block
You diggy don't stop, sippin on that Private Stock
Through my speaker Queen Latifah, and MC Lyte
Listen to Treach, KRS to get me through the night
With T La Rock and Mantronix, to Stetsasonic
Remember "Push It" was the bomb shit, nuttin like the old school

[Grand Puba sample:]
"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way."

[2Pac:]
I had, Shell Toes, and BVD's
A killer crease inside my Lee's when I hit the streets
I'm playing skelly, Ringolevio, or catch a kiss
Before the homies in my hood learned to smack a bitch
I remember. Way back, the weak weed they had
Too many seeds in the trey bag
I'm on the train headin uptown, freestyling
With some wild kids from Bucktown, profiling
Cus the hoochies was starin, thinking, "What them niggas wearing?"
I'm wondering if that's her hair, I remember
Stickball, humpin hoochies on the wall
Or taking leaks on the steps, stinking up the hall
Through my childhood, wild as a juvenile
A young nigga tryin to stay away from Rikers Isle
Me and my homies breakin nights, tryin to keep it true

Out on the roof sipping 90 proof, ain't nuttin like the old school

[Grand Puba sample:]
"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way."

[2Pac:]
Remember popping and locking to Kurtis Blow, the name belts
And Scott LaRock the Super Ho back in Latin Quarters
When Slick Rick was spittin La Di Da Di
Gaming the hoochies at the neighborhood block parties
I remember, breakdancing to Melle Mel
Jekyll and Hyde, LL when he Rocks the Bells
Forget the TV, I'd rather hit the streets and do graffiti
Be careful don't let the transit cops see me
It ain't nothing like the old school!

[Grand Puba sample:]
"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today
If the old school didn't pave the way."

[2Pac:]
Haha, on the real though
Remember seeing Brooklyn go crazy up in the motherfucking party?
Remember motherfuckers used to go, "Is Brooklyn in the house?"
And motherfuckers would lose they God Damn Mind!
That's the old school to me; that's what I'm sayin (Super, Sperm)
I remember goin places that motherfuckers was scared to say
they was from anywhere but Brooklyn; that shit was the bomb
Back in the motherfucking old school nigga
Remember skelly nigga? Knocking niggas out the box, popping boxes?
Remember stickball? Member niggas to run that shit like that?
Remember the block-- 'Member screaming up at your moms from the window?
(LL Cool J is hard as HELL...)
The ice cream truck, remember all the mother--
'Member the Italian Ices, yo? Yo, remember the Italian Ices?!
The Spanish Niggas comin' down with the coconut ices and shit?
I came through the door, said it before
That was the SHIT!

Writer(s): Buchanan, Shaker, Tilery

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck The World"

(feat. Digital Underground)

[2Pac:]
(Haha, what you say?)
Who you callin' rapist?
Ain't that a bitch
You devils are so two faced
Wanna see me locked in chains, dropped in shame
And gettin' stalked by these crooked cops again
Fuckin' with the young Black male, tryin' to stack bail
And um, stay away from the packed jails
I told the judge I'm in danger
And that's why I had that four-five with one in the chamber
Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]
They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up screamin' "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(Just woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(Uh, I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They're tryna say that I don't care
(Just got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")

[2Pac:]
When I was comin' up rough that wasn't even what you called it
That's why I smoke blunts now and run with alcoholics
I'm gettin' flex to me, comin' from my enemies
And in their dreams it's hell where they sendin' me
Have I lost control or just another soul?
A car full of motherfuckers when we roll
Sippin' on yak as I sit back
Life as a big mack
Brothers come up and say, "You did that?"
Never take your eyes off the prize and even if you gettin' high
Don't ever hesitate to try
Cause you can fall off or stay ballin', niggas we all in
And them my motherfuckers callin'
Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]
They tryna say that I don't care
(Woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(Just woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(I got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They're tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They're tryna say that I don't care

[2Pac:]
(Man, Fuck the world)
Damn, they wanna label me a menace
Cause I'm sittin' here sippin' on Guinness
Weighin' 165 and these tricks should die
For being jealous of a brother when he rise
I can see it in your eyes, you wanna see a young playa fallin'
They hate to see a nigga ballin'
Some of you suckers is rotten, plottin' on what I got
And then you wonder why I shot him (Booyeah)
Stop givin' game for free, you wanna hang with me
Like being a thug is the thang to be
But I got love for my homies, the G's and macks
And if you're black, you better stay strapped
Nigga, fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]
They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(I got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
(Haha, Fuck the world!)
(Fuck it)
(I hear my niggas screamin' "Fuck the world")

[2Pac:]
They wanna know if I claim the clique that I'm hangin' with
And if I'm down with this bangin' shit
Well homie I don't give a fuck if you Blood or Cuz
Long as you got love for thugs
But don't try to test me out, stall that
Homie this is Thug Life nigga and we all strapped
I been through hell and back and if I fail, black
Then it's back to the corner where we sell crack
Some of you niggas is bustas, you runnin' round
With these tramp-ass bitches, don't trust her
But don't cry, this world ain't prepared for us
A straight thug motherfucker who ain't scared to bust
Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]
They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care
(I woke up screamin' "Fuck the world!")
They tryna say that I don't care (They tryna say that I don't care)
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")
Yeah what's goin on y'all?)

Uh, uh, uh. Fuck the world!

[Shock G singing:]
I don't care. I don't care, I don't care!

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gregory E. Jacobs

2Pac Lyrics

"Death Around The Corner"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

[Child:] Why you by the window? What's wrong daddy?

[Mother:] I know what's wrong with that crazy motherfucker
He just stand by the goddamn window
With that fuckin' AK all day (there you go)
You don't work, you don't fuck, you don't
You don't do a goddamn thing

I see death around the corner, gotta stay high while I survive
In the city where the skinny niggas die
If they bury me, bury me as a G nigga, no need to worry
I expect retaliation in a hurry
I see death around the- corner, anyday
Tryin to keep it together, no one lives forever anyway
Strugglin' and strivin', my destiny's to die
Keep my finger on the trigger, no mercy in my eyes
In a ball of confusion, I'm thinkin' 'bout my daddy
Madder than a motherfucker, they never shoulda had me
I guess I seen too many murders, the doctors can't help me
Got me stressin' with my pistol in my sheets, it ain't healthy
Am I paranoid? - Tell me the truth
I'm out the window with my AK, ready to shoot
Ran out of indo and my mind can't take the stress, I'm out of breath
Make me wanna kill my damn self; but I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")
I see death around the corner
("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")

I see death around the corner, the pressure's gettin' to me
I no longer trust my homies - them phonies tried to do me
Smokin' too much weed, got me paranoid, stressed
Pack a gat and my vest, under my clothes when I dress
Here's hopin' I die the way I lived, straight thuggin'
Huggin' my trigger for all them niggas that was buggin'
My homie told me once, don't you trust them other suckers
They front like they your homies but they phony motherfuckers
And even if I did die young, who'd care
All I ever got was mean mugs and cold stares
Got homies in my head that done passed away screamin', please
Young nigga, make G's
I can't give up, although I'm hopeless, I think my mind's gone
All I can do is get my grind on, death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")

I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")
I see death around the corner
("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")

(I was raised) I was raised in the city, shitty
Ever since I was an itty bitty kitty
Drinkin' liquor out my momma's titty
And smokin' weed was an everyday thang in my household
And drinkin' liquor til' you out cold
And though I'm grown now, nigga it's still on - Pow!
Bustin on them niggas 'til they gone
How many more jealous ass bitches, comin' for my riches
Now I gotta be suspicious when I bone
Cause if I ain't sharp and heartless, them bitches'll start shit
Excuse me, but this is where we part bitch
No more game for free, please explain to me
Why niggas trip bitch, who you came to see?
Murder me now but see me later man, that's on my pops
I got homies that will hunt you 'til you drop
I hope the Lord can forgive me, I was a G
And gettin' high was a way of bein' free; I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")
I see death around the corner
("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")
I see death around the corner
("But having respect, that feels even better.")
I see death around the corner

This is for all the real motherfuckin' niggas out there
I know you ain't scared to die; we all gotta go, y'know?
A real motherfucker will pick the time he goes
And make sure he handles his motherfuckin' business
("You think you're gonna live long enough to spend that money
You fuckin hump?" -)
Y'all niggas stop actin' like pussies out there, all right

*[*movie samples*]*
"If any of you.
Are tired of gettin' ripped off by guys like that." -

"I want his family dead! I want his house burnt to the ground!
I wanna go there in the middle of the night I wanna piss on his ashes!"
"I want his family dead! I want his house burnt to the ground!
I wanna go there in the middle of the night I wanna piss on his ashes!"

"I want that son of a bitch dead, I want him dead!
I want him dead, I don't care."

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Outlaw"

(feat. Dramacydal)

[2Pac (RahRah):]
That's right nigga you gotta get your papers in this motherfucker
I ain't mad at ya at all (damn)
Aiyyo, what the fuck you wanna be when you grow up RahRah?
(Nigga, is you stupid, I wanna be a motherfuckin' Outlaw)
That's right nigga, hahaha. Housin' these hoes, you feel me?
(Aight, you know what I'm sayin'?)
You got to do that shit, keepin' it real nigga or what?
(Keepin' it real!)
How old are you nigga?
(I'm eleven)

[2Pac:]
Cause all I see is, murder murder, my mind state
Preoccupied with homicide, tryin' to survive through this crime rate
Dead bodies at block parties, those unlucky bastards
Gunfire now they require many closed caskets
Who can you blame? It's insane what we been through
Witnessin' evil that these men do, bitches sin too
In fact they be the reasons niggas get to bleedin'
Pull 'n' fuckin' fire when I leave 'em, you shoulda seen 'em
Hostile hoes catch elbows (beotch!) negroes disposed of
and snitches get dealt with, with no love
Body bags of adversaries that I had to bury
I broke the law and they jaw, all in the same flurry
But never worry, they'll remember me through history
Causin' motherfuckers to bleed, they'll label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[2Pac:]
Before I close my eyes I fantasize I'm livin' well
When I awake and realize I'm just a prisoner in hell
Just as well, cause in my cell I'm keepin' pictures of these bastards
Exercisin', visualizin', everyone inside a casket
Picture me blasted, surrounded by niggas in masks
Sent with the task to harass and murder my ass
Will I last? Heaven or Hell? Freedom or jail?
Shit's hard, who can you tell? And if we fail?
High speeds, and Thai weed on the freeway
When will they learn to take it easy? Uh
Drive-by's and niggas die, murder without a motive
By makin' motherfuckers fry
Got me runnin' from these coward-ass crooked-ass cops
Helicopters tryna hover over niggas 'til we drop
Got no time for the courts, my only thought is open fire
Hit the district attorney, but fuck that bitch, cause she's a liar
Now it's time to expire, I see the judge, spray the bitch

"Motherfuckers is crooked," is what I scream, and hit the fence
I commence to get wicked, spittin' rounds as the plot thickens
Never missin', an early grave is my only mission
If I die, never worry, bury me beside my four-five
May God forgive me, I was high, label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[Dramacydal:]
[Kadafi:]
Society lied to me, I ain't never gonna try to be
My mob'll be doin' robberies, and stickups on these wannabe's
I witnessed niggas lose they chest
For ordinary reasons niggas bodies put to rest
[Kastro:]
So I just... swallow my Beck's and holla, "Fuck 'em!"
And if I'm next... just let a nigga step with somethin'
I ain't fearin' nuttin'
[EDI Amin (Kastro):]
Young and thuggin', prepared for bustin' if that's my destiny
Ready for whatever, see you niggas can't get the best of me
(hold me down) Definitely no need for askin'
(now he mashin') Top speed (smokin' weed) laughin' (biotch!)
[Napoleon:]
Cause when I bust 'em they gonna shiver, the killers cry
Soldiers got bodies floatin' in the river, what is they sayin'?
Talkin' 'bout prayin'
[Kadafi:]
They need to stop, that ain't gon' help
These niggas sprayin' up my block
[Napolean:]
Tryin' to take my wealth

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[2Pac:]
Fuck the judge, I gotta grudge
Punk police, niggas run the streets
Hahah, it ain't nuttin' but music
Shit's changed
1995 the game has changed, motherfuckers is actin REAL strange
The rules is all rearranged
You got babies lyin' dead in the streets
These punk police is crooked as me
but all I see is motherfuckers actin less than G's
Stop bein' a playa-hater, be a innovator nigga
Fuck that shit, don't be no entertainer and a stranger
Be a real motherfucker keep it real pack that steel
Cause you know these streets is real ill
Muh'fuckers wanna see me in my casket
Jealous, motherfuckin' bastards
I never die, thug niggas multiply

Cause after me is Thug Life baby
Then the young thugs
Then the youngest thug of all, my nigga RahRah!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Stewart Loren Maurice

2PAC
all eyez on me
2
DISC PAC

2Pac Lyrics

"Ambitionz Az A Ridah"

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me
But they can't do nothin' to a G
Let's get ready to rumble!

Now, you know how we do it, like a G
What really go on in the mind of a nigga
that get down for theirs
Constantly, money over bitches
Not bitches over money
Stay on your grind, nigga
My ambitions as a ridah
My ambitions as a ridah

So many battlefield scars while driven in plush cars
This life as a rap star is nothing without guard
Was born rough and rugged, addressing the mass public
My attitude was "fuck it," because motherfuckers love it
To be a soldier, must maintain composure at ease
Though life is complicated, only what you make it to be
Uh, and my ambitions as a ridah
To catch her while she hot and horny, go up inside her
Then I spit some game in her ear, "Go to the telly, hoe!"
Equipped with money in a Benz 'cause, bitch, I'm barely broke
I'm smokin' bomb-ass weed, feeling crucial
From player to player the game's tight, the feeling's mutual
From hustlin' and prayers
To breaking motherfuckers to pay up
I got no time for these bitches, 'cause these hoes try to play us
I'm on a meal ticket mission, want a mill, so I'm wishin'
Competition got me ripped on that bullshit they stressin'
I'ma rhyme though, clown hoes like it's mandatory
No guts, no glory, my nigga, bitch got the game distorted
Now it's on and it's on because I said so
Can't trust a bitch in the business so I got with Death Row
Now these money-hungry bitches gettin' suspicious
Started plottin' and plannin' on schemes to come and trick us
But thug niggas be on point and game tight
Me, Syke and Bogart strapped up the same night
Got problems, then handle it, motherfuckers see me
These niggas is jealous
'Cause deep in they heart they wanna be me
Uh, yeah, and now you got me right beside ya
Hopin' you listen, I catch you payin' attention
To my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me

But they can't do nothin' to a G
Let's get ready to rumble

Peep it, it was my only wish to rise
Above these jealous coward motherfuckers I despise
When it's time to ride
I was the first off this side, give me the 9
I'm ready to die right here tonight and motherfuck they life
That's what they screaming as they drill me
But I'm hard to kill (that's all you niggas got?)
So open fire, I see you kill me, witness my steel
Spittin' at adversaries, envious and after me
I'd rather die before they capture me, watch me bleed
Mama, come rescue me, I'm suicidal, thinking thoughts
I'm innocent, so there'll be bullets flyin' when I'm caught
(Shoot!) Fuck doin' jail time, better day, sacrificin'
Won't get a chance to do me like they did my nigga Tyson
Thuggin' for life, and if you right, then nigga die for it
Let them other brothers try, at least you tried for it
When it's time to die, to be a man
And pick the way you leave
Fuck peace and the police, my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me
But they can't do nothin' to a G
Let's get ready to rumble

My murderous lyrics
Equipped with spirits of the thugs before me
Pay off the block, evade the cops
'Cause I know they coming for me
I been hesitant to reappear, been away for years
Now I'm back, my adversaries been reduced to tears
Question my methods to switch up speeds
Sure as some bitches bleed
Niggas'll feel the fire of my mother's corrupted seed
Blast me, but they didn't finish, (buck buck buck buck buck)
didn't diminish my powers
So now I'm back to be a motherfuckin' menace, they cowards
That's why they tried to set me up
Had bitch ass niggas on my team, so indeed they wet me up
But I'm back reincarnated, incarcerated
At the time I contemplate the way that God made it
Lace 'em with lyrics that's legendary, musical mercenary
For money I'll have these motherfuckers buried
I been gettin' much mail in jail, niggas tellin' me to kill it
Knowin' when I get out, they gon' feel it
Witness the realest! A hoo-ridah when I put the shit inside
the cry from all your people when they find her
Just remind ya, my history'll prove authentic
Revenge on them niggas that played me
And all the cowards that was down with it
Now it's your nigga right beside ya, hopin' you listenin'
Catch you payin' attention to my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me
But they can't do nothin' to a G
Let's get ready to rumble

Thanks to benmaring, forcefedzx for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmar Drew Arnaud

2Pac Lyrics

"All Bout U"

(feat. Dru Down, Nate Dogg, Outlawz, Snoop Dogg)

[2Pac (Dru Down):]
Ah, yeah! Hahaha (Yeah!)
It's all about you, one time!
(I'ma say it's all about you, baby, yeah!)
Haha, for the bitches that think it's all about you
It's all about you! (This Dru Down in the house
With my boy 'Pizznac, you know what I'm sayin'?)
It's all about you
(Yeah, I'm gon' say it's all about you
But you know I'm lyin' though, hah! Yeah)

[2Pac:]
You probably crooked as the last trick
Want to laugh about how I got my ass caught up
With this bad bitch?
Thinkin' I had her, but she had me in the long run
It's just my luck, I'm stuck with fuckin' with the wrong one
Wise decisions, based on lies we livin'
Scandalous times, this game's like my religion
You could be rollin' with a thug
Instead you with this weak scrub, lookin' for some love
In every club, I see you starin' like you want it
Well, baby, if you got it, better flaunt it
Let the liquor help you get up on it
I'm still tipsy from last night
Bumpin' these walls as I pause, addicted to the fast life
I try to holla, but you tell me you taken
Sayin' you ain't impressed with the money I'm makin'
Guess it's true what they tellin' me
Fresh out of jail, life's hell for a black celebrity
So that's the reason why I call, and maybe you with it
Fantasies of us sweatin', can I hit it?
Addicted to the things you do
But still true what I'm sayin', boo, ‘cause this is all about you

[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
(Yeah, nigga)
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho

[2Pac:]
I make a promise if you go with me, just let me know
I'll have you hollerin' my name out before I leave
Nobody loves me, I'm a thug nigga
I only hung out with the criminals and drug dealers

I love niggas, ‘cause we comin' from the same place
Witness me holla at a hoochie, see how quick the game takes
How can I tell her I'm a playa? And I don't even care
Creep low, weed smoke's in the air
Everywhere I go, it's all about the groupie hoes
Waitin' for niggas at the end of every show
I just seen you in my friend's video
Could never put a bitch before my friends, so here we go
Follow the leader and peep the drama that I'm goin' through
It's all about you, yeah, nigga, it's all about you

[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
(Yeah, nigga)
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho

[Hussein Fatal:]
Is you sick from the dick, or is it the flu?
It ain't about you or your bitch-ass crew
Every other city we go and every video
Explain to a nigga why I see the same shitty ho
You think it's all about you? Well, boo
I gets down like Dru, and my nasty new niggas, too

[Yaki Kadafi:]
You couldn't hold me back, it'd take a fatter track
A lyrical attack, perhaps, it was a visual bluff
When I started to snaps all your rode 'em swoll
Straight in control, flows'll fold, while hoes cold stroll
Hold the set, I told Dramacy' go in next
Gold diggin', cold diggin' a gold Rolex

[Hussein Fatal:]
I slide in easily, try a grizzly
Sluts know the cuts, I came to fuck, try skeezin' me
Runnin' up in ya just like Bruce Jenner when I bend ya
At the most, I fucked a bitch
From the West Coast to West Virginia

[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
Every other city we go, every other video
No matter where I go, I see the same ho

[Snoop Doggy Dogg:]
I'm tellin' ya, it's the same old shit
I mean, goddamn, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'm sittin' back, watchin' Montell Jordan video
I see the same bitch who was in my homeboy Nate Dogg video
Then I flip the channel
I'm checkin' out my homeboy 2Pac video
I see the same bitch that was in my video, you knahmsayin'?
And then, you nahmsayin', what make that even mo' fucked up
I'm watchin' a Million Man March
And I see the same bitch, on the Million Man March
That was in the homeboy Warren G video
I mean, damn, everywhere I look
Everywhere I go, I see the same ho'
Don't get mad, I'm only bein' real, yeah

Thanks to d2pwned, andrew_tibbo for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Skandalouz"

(feat. Nate Dogg)

[2Pac:]
Hey Nate you know you got to focus on this motherfucker
We's gonna talk about these scandalous hoes
[Nate:]
I can talk about scandalous bitches
[2Pac:]
Oh I know you can!
I know you that's why we gonna do it
Daz on the beat
Hey Daz, nigga stop fuckin around with the piano nigga
Just drop that shit like uh, this here

[2Pac:]
I met you through my homie now you act like you don't know me
So disappointed cause baby that shit was so phony
It's not for me, you see no lovin from my closest homies
Woulda paid you no mind, but baby you was all up on me
While you proceed with precision, you had the table hosed
No, I ain't mad at you baby, go 'head and play them fools
They chose not to listen, so now he stuck inside his house
And can't leave without his bitch permission
The mission's to be a playa, my alias is Boss
Drop a top on these jealous niggaz, playa let me floss
Y'all don't wanna see me in pain
I'll leave that ass like Toni Braxton, "Never breathing again"
It's scandalous, I never liked your back stabbin ass, trick
Used to watch you money grabbin, who you baggin beeyitch?
Ready to bust, in the city you don't know who to trust
But bitches lookin scandalous

[Nate Dogg:]
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

[2Pac:]
How's it hangin? Cause baby from the back the shit is bangin
I've been stressin in this ghetto game, tryin to do my thang
Won't be no bullshit, no ass-kissin
This bitch'll have ya wakin up with all your cash missin
I'm askin, as if I'm qualified to analyze
You're lookin at a bitch who specialize in tellin lies
She got a body make a motherfucker fantasize
Her face ain't never shed a tear through them scandalous eyes
My sister precious in poverty
Plus I knew she was a freak bitch so why should it bother me?
I'd probably be sprung, addicted to the heat of her tongue
And though I don't where we're goin, she's makin me come

I've been trained as a boss playa, so what you sayin?
Let me show you, got some hookers we can toss later
Before I let her get me, I got her
Went in her purse took a hundred dollars
Nigga I'm so scandalous

[Nate Dogg:]
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

[2Pac:]
Dangerous and ambitious, while schemin on gettin riches
I'm spittin at tricks cause I'm addicted to pretty bitches
Currency motivated, not easily terminated
Now that we made it, my niggaz can never be faded
This is my prophecy -- I gotta be paid
All you cowards that try to stop me is beggin for early graves
I thought we was cool, I was a fool, thinkin you could be true
When I don't fuck with your punk crew
These are the tales for my niggaz doin time in the cell
I went from hell, to livin well
Bustin at niggaz who said my name in vain
I got no time for them tricks, I'm heavy in the game
I wanna be a baller, please
But the bitches and the liquor keep on callin me
I'm floatin free on the highway, formulatin plans
Can't wait til I see L.A., cause it's so scandalous

[Nate Dogg:]
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

[Nate Dogg repeats to end (2Pac speaks over):]
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
(Aiyyo. How the prettiest bitch be the more scandalous the hoe be
You ever peep that shit? (Nah)
A bitch can be like fifteen, fuckin with a nigga 35
Gettin him for ends
Hoes these days is way too motherfuckin intelligent
When these niggaz get to trickin, hahaha, it's over then
That's aight though
Keep a nigga heavy in the game, bout so long
Watch them hoes
All you niggaz out there
Beware these lyin ass scandalous bitches)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Arnaud Delmar

2Pac Lyrics

"Got My Mind Made Up"

(feat. Daz, Kurupt, Method Man, Redman)

[Daz Dillinger:]
You find an MC like me who's strong
Leavin' motherfuckers aborted with no verbal support
And when I command the microphone I get deadly as Khan though
With a bear and a snake and a panda, I'm all those
Who can withstand the more power I gain
And make it possible for me to drop a few to wreck your brain
Imagine and keep on wishin' upon a star
Finally realizin' who the fuck we are
When I penetrate, it's been withstandin', faded
Would it be the greatest MC of all time when I created rhyme
For the simple fact, when I attack, I crush your pride
My intention to ride, every time on lye
I'm faced with the scars beyond this one bar
For me to put down my guard, I'm faced what I'ma ride
Breakin' in gas with the '68 all day
In-and-out with my pay, I'm soon to count the bodies

[2Pac:]
So mandatory my elevation, my lyrics like orientation
So you can be more familiar with the nigga you facin'
We must be patient, nothin' better than communication
Known to damage and highly flammable like gas stations
Sorry I left that ass waitin'
No more procrastination, give up to fate and get that ass shakin'
I'm bustin' and makin' motherfuckers panic
Don't take your life for granted
Put that ass in the dirt, you swear the bitch was planted
My lyrics motivate the planet
It's similar to Rhythm Nation, but thugged out, forgive me, Janet
Who's in control, I'm activatin' your souls
You know the way the games get controlled
Yo, two years ago, a friend of mine
Told me Alize and Cristal blows your mind
Bear witness to the dopest fuckin' rhyme I wrote
Takin' off my coat, clearin' my throat

[Method Man:]
I got my mind made up, come on
Get in, get into
Let it ride, tonight's the night
I got my mind made up, come on
Get in, get into
Let it ride, tonight's the night

[Kurupt:]
Well I comes through with two packs of the bomb prophylactics
For protection so my fuckin' sac won't collapse
Cause nowadays, shit's evadin' the X-rays

Sendin' young motherfuckers to an early grave
I wonder if my terrifyin' tactics of torturin' MC's
Shows my heart's as cold as the tundra
Electrifyin' like thunder, I'm just too much
Rough and raw with that motherfuckin' poisonous touch
I'm an, MC with lyrics that's the fuckin' Bombay
You got ten steps before instant death like Bai Mei
My rhymes'll leave a mark on your mind
As the deadly virus spread through your head like Sand Palm
There's no escape, nah, I ain't blastin'
I use my mental to assassinate assassin's for those askin''
Opposed to laughin', raw maniacal villain
Laughter enhances the chances of the killin'
Why is that? Cause smilin' faces deceive
You best believe: to MC's, I'm the deadliest disease
My thoughts rip your throat and make it hard to breathe
Your whole camp's under siege and I'm Jason Voorhees
In the heat of the night is when I defeat and ignite mics
My verbal snipe your vocabs on site
I'm out the cut, uncut and raw with no clause for all
So all my rhymes hit and split the bricks on the wall
You already have an idea about the superior sphere
The greater rhyme creator on both sides of the equator
I rock from here to there, to Philly and back
To LA on the spot where I rock and bust like straps
As your views get overshadowed when you come in contact
Beware, set and prepare to enter verbal combat

[Method Man:]
Fuck you losers, while you fake jacks, I makes manoeuvres
Like Hitler, stickin' up Jews with German Lugers
The Mr. Meth-Tical from Staten Isle
Will be back after this message, don't touch the dial
Rarely do you see an MC out for justice
Got my gun powder and my musket, blaow
Melons get swellings, I paint mental pictures like Magellan
Half of my Clan's repeat felons
Niggas best protect they joints for Nine-Nickel
Man, I stay on point like icicles
Now who wanna test Tical, then touch Tical
All up in your motherfuckin' mouth
Headbanger boogie, catch me on tour with Al Doogie
Method Man rolled too tight, you can't pull me
Better take one and pass or that's that ass
Your vital statistics are low and fallin' fast
Johnny Blaze out to get loot like Johnny Cash
Play a game of Russian Roulette and have a blast

[Redman:]
Lyrical gats spittin' the criminal tactics
Non-believers get my dick and genitals backwards
Let's face it, there's no replacement
Taste this mad underground basement shit I'm laced with
Avalanche on your whole camp when I'm spliffted
Funk Doctor who, Spock, bitch, don't get it twisted
I got connects like Federal Express

To get the fresh package of bless the dogs can't fetch
Got the clear spot from the rear block
To bust 'til every nigga here drop, men I fear not
Hold your nose and blow out 'til your ears pop
Since your crew suit you to shift, now you claim that your gears locked
Whiff this underground cannabis
I'm dangerous like John the bomb analyst
Flip MC's like ki's
My degrees freeze consecutively like EPMD LP's
Lick off a shot and hit your fam by mistake
So I erase the whole front row at the wake
I planned my escape in case Jake wann' snake bust it
I'm the one pushin' the hearse in the first place
Confidence for you shaky-ass folks
Pump for Rockafeller for the day he got smoked
Choke off this antidote, got you ope
Get roast by my lyrical Billy Dee .45 Colt
And I'm out for 9-nickel

*[*in the background*]*
[INS the rebel]

Thanks to grillo_stylee, David for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud, Ricardo Emmanuel Brown

2Pac Lyrics

"How Do You Want It"

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

[K-Ci & JoJo:]
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane; I'm for real
How do you want it yeah?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane; I'm for real

[2Pac:]
I love the way you activate your hips and push your ass out
Got a brother wantin' it so bad, I'm about to pass out
Wanna dig you, and I can't even lie about it
Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it
Catch you at a club, oh shit you got me fiendin'
Body talkin' shit to me but I can't comprehend the meanin'
Now, if you wanna roll with me, then here's your chance
Doin' eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you can
Forgive me I'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man
All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man
Mr. International, player with the passport
Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for
It's either him or me - Champagne, Hennessy
A favorite of my homies when we floss on our enemies
Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a ho need
Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya don't need
Approachin' hoochies with a passion, been a long day
But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way
Your body is bangin' baby I love it when you flaunt it
Time to give it to daddy, nigga, now tell me how you want it

[K-Ci & JoJo:]
How do you want it?
How does it feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

[2Pac:]
Tell me is it cool to fuck?
Did you think I come to talk?
Am I a fool or what?
Positions on the floor

It's like erotic
Ironic, cause I'm somewhat psychotic
I'm hittin'' switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics
Up and down like a roller coaster
I'm up inside ya, I ain't quittin' 'til the show is over
Cause I'm a rider, in and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak and let you get on top of me
Get her rockin' these
Nights full of Alize
A livin' legend you ain't heard about
These niggas play these Cali days
C. Delores Tucker, you's a motherfucker
Instead of tryin' to help a nigga you destroy a brother
Worse than the others; Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole
You're too old to understand the way the game's told
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts
Once I'm released, I'm makin' millions, nigga, top that
They wanna censor me; they'd rather see me in a cell
Livin' in hell - only a few of us'll live to tell
Now everybody talkin' about us I could give a fuck
I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss
Nigga, tell me how you want it

[K-Ci & JoJo:]
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

[2Pac:]
Raised as a youth
Tell the truth, I got the scoop
On how to get a bulletproof
Cause I jumped from the roof
'fore I was a teenager, mobile phone, Skypager
Game rules, I'm livin' major - my adversaries
Is lookin' worried, they paranoid of gettin' buried
One of us gonna see the cemetery
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive
Gettin' high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million
And then I'm chillin' fade 'em all
These taxes got me crossed up and people tryin' to sue me
Media is in my business and they actin' like they know me
But I'ma mash out and peel out
I’m with a clique that’s quick to whip that fuckin' steel out
Yeah nigga, it's some new shit so better get up on it
When you see me, tell a nigga how you want it
How do you want it?

[K-Ci & JoJo:]

How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

[2Pac:]
Me and my Nigga Johnny J... yeah we out

[K-Ci & JoJo:]
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

[K-Ci & JoJo:]
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Leon Ware, Quincy D Jones, Johnny Lee Jackson, Bruce Carleton Fisher, Stanley Richardson

2Pac Lyrics

"2 Of Amerikaz Most Wanted"

(feat. Snoop Doggy Dogg)

[2Pac:]
Up out of there
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Eh, light that up, Snoop! Why you actin like that?
Ah shit, you done fucked up now
(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)
You done put two of America's most wanted in the same motherfuckin' place at the same motherfuckin' time
(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)
Y'all niggas about to feel this
(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)
Break out the Champagne glasses and the motherfuckin' condoms, have one on us, a'ight?
(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)

[Snoop Dogg:]
A toast to the gangsters

[2Pac:]
Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture
Bomb the hoochies with precision
My intention's to get richer
With the S-N double-O-P, Dogg, my fuckin' homie
You's a cold-ass nigga on them hogs

[Snoop Dogg:]
Sho 'nuff, I keep my hand on my gun
'Cause they got me on the run
Now I'm back in the courtroom, waitin' on the outcome
"Free 2Pac" is all that's on a nigga's mind
But at the same time, it seems they tryin' to take mine
So I'ma get smart and get defensive and shit
And put together a Million March for some gangsta shit

[2Pac:]
So now they got us laced
Two multi-millionaire motherfuckers catchin' cases
Bitches get ready for the throw down
The shit's about to go down
Me and Snoop about to clown
I'm losin' my religion
I'm vicious on these stool pigeons
You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin'
Niggas be actin' like they savage
They out to get the cabbage
I've got nothin' but love for my niggas livin' lavish

[Snoop Dogg:]
I've got a pit named Petey, she Nigerina
I've got a house out in the hills right next to Chino
And I think I've got a black Bimmer

But my dream's to own a fly casino
Like Bugsy Siegel, and do it all legal
And get scooped up by the little homie in the Regal
It feels good to you, baby-bubba
You see, this is for the G's and the keys, motherfucker

[2Pac:]
Now follow as we ride
Motherfuck the rest, two of the best from the West side
And I can make you famous
Niggas been dyin' for years, so how could they blame us?
I live in fear of a felony
I never stop bailin' these motherfuckin' G's
If you got it, better flaunt it
Another warrant for two of America's most wanted

[Daz Dillinger (2Pac):]
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

[2Pac:]
Now give me fifty feet
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets
And keep whatever's left of me
Jealousy is misery, sufferin' is grief
Better be prepared when you cowards fuck with me
I bust and flee, these niggas must be crazy, what?
There ain't no mercy, motherfuckers who can't fade the thugs
You thought it was, but it wasn't, now disappear
Bow down in the presence of a boss player

[Snoop Dogg:]
It's like Cuz/Blood gang-bangin'
Everybody in the party doin' dope-slangin'
You gotta have papers in this world
You might get your first snatch before your eyes swirl
You doin' your job every day
And then you work so hard 'til your hair turns gray
Let me tell you about life and about the way it is
You see, we live by the gun, so we die by the guns, kids

[2Pac:]
They tell me not to roll with my glock
So now I got a throw-away
Floatin' in the black Benz, tryin' to do a show a day
They wonder how I live with five shots
Niggas is hard to kill on my block
Schemes for currency and dough-related

Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it
No answers to questions, I'm tryin' to get up on it
My nigga Dogg with me, eternally the most wanted

[Daz Dillinger (2Pac):]
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

[2Pac:]
Biatch! Where you at? Where you at?
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Yeah, Death Row

Writer(s): Calvin C. Broadus, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud

2Pac Lyrics

"No More Pain"

Hey DeVante
Nigga, don'tcha know we're gonna sow up every bitch in the country
Me and you, up in the same motherfuckin' room
On the same level
This shit here, hahahaha
Please, no more pain
That's right nigga
Hey drop that shit boy

My adversaries cry like hoes fully eradicate my foes
My lyrics explode on contact, gamin' you hoes
Who else but Mama's only son, fuck the phony niggas I'm the one
Say my name, watch bitches come
Now fire when ready, stay watchin' our figure
Increase speed, make you motherfuckers bleed from your mouth quicker
Plus all these niggas that you run with, be on some dumb shit
Trickin' on hoes, I ain't the one bitch
Holla my name and witness game official, it's so sick
Have every single bitch that came witchu, on my dick
Plus this alcohol increases the chance to be deceased
I'm movin' you stupid bitches, vicious telekinesis
Am I reachin' your brain? Nigga how can I explain?
How vicious this Thug motherfucker came
When I die, I want to be a living legend, say my name
Affiliated with this motherfuckin' game, with no more pain

[Interpretation of Method Man's "Bring the Pain":]
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

Line up my adversaries, blast on sight
And fuck your boyfriend bitch, I want some ass tonight You know my steelo, Alize and Cristal, weed
Sure you heard of all the freaky shit they say about me, huh
Plus all you busters is jealous, pull your gun out and blast
I dare you niggas to open fire, I'll murder that ass
And disappear before the, cops come runnin'
My Glock's spittin' rounds, niggas fallin' down clutchin' they stomach
It's Westside, Death Row, Thug niggas on the rise
Busters shot me five times, real niggas don't die
Can ya hear me?, laced with this game, I know you fear me
Spit the secret to war, so cowards fear me
My only fear of death is reincarnation
Heart of a solider with a brain to teach your whole nation
And feelin' no more pain

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (yeah nigga, no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain (what, what nigga)
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain (no pain nigga)
Let's go inside my astral plane (no pain)

Bury me that's what they all say
It's time to make a killin', sure to make a million with DeVante
Bitch I know you want me, what your mouth say?, now, watch your eyes
You don't wanna get with me, that's a lie
I got my hands on your hips, no time to bullshit
Freaky bitch, come give me kiss
Tell them niggas from other areas, brothers from here
So obsessed with this money makin' it ain't nothin' we fear
Now they label me a troublemaker, cause I'm a ridah
Death to you playa haters, don't let me find ya
Mama made me rugged, Baptize the public
Now you all thugs, nigga don't you love it
It's similar to multiple gunshots, retaliation is a must
Wasn't too sure what you facin' so watch the guns bust
You niggas'll bleed, fuckin' with me you'll be deceased
Never restin' in peace, nigga
With no more pain

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane

[Collision:]
Hahahahaha, yeah nigga, yeah! Hahahaha
No more pain
It's just like that nigga, like that yeah
No more pain
Motherfuckers can't handle that shit
Much too much for these bitches
No more pain
Feel me nigga? Feel me?
How you figure you can fuck with me?
Fully automatic type shit
No more pain
Coward ass niggas, cowards
Come put your mouth on this pistol nigga
Come put your mouth on the pistol, no more pain
Close your eyes nigga, do it
Die in the dark, no more pain

Death Row, so what you motherfuckers do?
Hey that's DeVante droppin' that beat like that BEYATCH
In case you wonderin'

And jealous niggas, hahaha, see y'all niggas
Motherfuckin' niggas are shit
Hey

[Whispering in the background:]
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane

Westsiiiiiide! Death to everybody that ain't down with me
That's on, feel me? Hahaha
Oh yeah, to the cowards, you know who you are, it's still Bad Boy Killa
Just feel that, Thug Life, shit don't stop
Fat motherfuckers got Downs Syndrome, motherfuckers
Weak ass niggas, dancers turned fuckin' CEOs
Put your mouth on this pistol nigga
Put your mouth on the pistol!
Hahahaha, yeah nigga no more pain
Prison ain't changed me nigga, it made me worse
Feel me nigga, haha
No more pain
Hey DeVante I'm givin' these motherfuckers choices
Niggas can roll with us, or they can be rolled up under us
That's on you nigga, what you wanna do?
Last year we was lettin' these niggas kick up dust
This year you motherfuckers gonna be dust
Thug Life nigga Westsiiide!

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Devante Smith, Robert F. Diggs, Clifford Smith

2Pac Lyrics

"Heartz Of Men"

Hey Suge, what I tell you, nigga
When I come out of jail, what was I gonna do?
I was gonna start diggin' into these niggas' chest, right
Watch this
Hey Quik, let me get them binoculars, nigga, the binoculars
Hahahaha, yeah nigga, time to ride
Grab your bulletproof vest nigga
Cause it's gonna be a long one
Now me and Quik finna show you niggas what it's like on this side - the real side
Now, on this ride there's gonna be some real motherfuckers
And there's gonna be some pussies
Now the real niggas gonna be the ones with money and bitches
The pussies are gonna be the niggas on the floor bleedin'
Now everybody keep your eyes on the prize cause the ride get tricky
See, you got some niggas on your side that say they're your friends, but in real life they your enemies
And then you got some motherfuckers that say they your enemies
But in real life they eyes is on your money
See, the enemies will say they true
But in real life those niggas will be the snitches
It's a dirty game, y'all
Y'all got ta be careful about who you fuck with and who you don't fuck with
Cause the shit get wild, y'all
Keep your mind on your riches, Baby
Keep your mind on your riches

9-1-1! It's an emergency, cowards tried to murder me
From hood to the 'burbs, everyone of you niggas heard of me
Shit, I'm legendary niggas scary and paralyzed
Nothing more I despise than a liar
Cowards die
My mama told me when I was a seed
Just a vicious motherfucker why these devils left me free
I proceed to make them shiver
When I deliver
Criminal lyrics
From a world wide mob figure
Thug niggas from everywhere Mr. Makaveli
Niggas is waiting for some thug shit, that's what they tell me
So many rumors but I'm infinite Immortal Outlaw
Switching up on you ordinary bitches
Like a southpaw you get left
And every breath I breathe until the moment I'm deceased
Will be another moment ballin' as a 'G'
I rip the crowd, then I start again
Eternally I live in sin
Until the moment that they let me breathe again
The heartz of men

The hearts of men

My lyrical verse was so much pain, to some niggas it hurts
My guns bust and, if you ain't one of us, it gets worse
Bitch niggas get their eyes swoll
In fly mode
I'm a homicidal outlaw
And 5-0, get your lights on, the fight's on
Tonight's gonna be a fucking fight
So we might roll
My own homies say I'm heartless
But I'm a G to this til the day I'm gone, that's regardless
Ride by, niggas bow down
Thought I'd rot in jail, paid bail, well, nigga's out now
Throw up your hands if you thugged out
First nigga act up
First nigga getting drugged out
I can be a villain if ya let me
But motherfucker if ya do upset me
Tell the cops to come and get me
Rip the crowd like a phone number
Then start again, don't have no mutherfuckin' friends, nigga
Look inside the hearts of men

In the hearts of men

To all my niggas engaged in making money in the fifty states
Keep your mind on your chips and fuck a punk bitch
No longer living in fear, my pistol close in hand
Convinced this is my year, like I'm the chosen man
Give me my money and label me as a don
If niggas is having problems
Smoke' em, fire and bomb
I died and came back
I hustle with these lyrics as if it's a game of crack
Thugging is in my spirit
I'm lost and not knowing
Scared up, but still flowing
Energized and still going
Uh, can it be fate
That makes a sick motherfucker break
On these jealous ass coward cause they evil and fake
What will it take ?
Give me that bass line, I'm feeling bomb
Death Row, baby, don't be alarmed
The homie Quik gave a nigga a beat and let me start again
Represent
Cause I've been sent
The hearts of men

Thanks to anthony wansor, vilpe85_poker for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Clinton George, Collins William Earl, Haskins Clarence Eugene, Blake David Marvin, Nelson Prince Rogers, Worrell Bernard

2Pac Lyrics

"Life Goes On"

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on

As I bail through the empty halls, breath stinkin' in my jaws
Ring, ring, ring, quiet y'all, incoming call
Plus this my homie from high school, he's getting by
It's time to bury another brother, nobody cry
Life as a baller: alcohol and booty calls
We used to do them as adolescents, do you recall?
Raised as G's, loc'ed out and blazed the weed
Get on the roof, let's get smoked out and blaze with me
2 in the morning and we still high assed out
Screaming "thug till I die" before I passed out
But now that you're gone, I'm in the zone
Thinking I don't wanna die all alone, but now ya gone
And all I got left are stinkin' memories
I love them niggas to death, I'm drinkin' Hennessy
While trying to make it last
I drank a fifth for that ass when you passed
Cause life goes on

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, and life goes on

Yeah nigga, I got the word is hell
Ya blew trial and the judge gave you 25 with an L
Time to prepare to do fed time, won't see parole
Imagine life as a convict that's getting old
Plus with the drama we're looking out for your baby's mama
Taken risks, while keeping cheap tricks from getting on her
Life in the hood is all good for nobody
Remember gaming on dumb hotties at yo' parties
Me and you, no truer two
While scheming on hits
And getting tricks that maybe we can slide into
But now you buried. Rest, nigga, cause I ain't worried
Eyes blurry saying goodbye at the cemetery
Though memories fade

I got your name tatted on my arm
So we both ball till my dying days
Before I say goodbye
Kato and Mental rest in peace. Thug till I die!

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on

Bury me smiling with G's in my pocket
Have a party at my funeral, let every rapper rock it
Let the hoes that I used to know
From way before kiss me from my head to my toe
Give me a paper and a pen so I can write about my life of sin
A couple bottles of gin in case I don't get in
Tell all my people I'm a Ridah
Nobody cries when we die, we outlaws, let me ride
Until I get free, I live my life in the fast lane
Got police chasing me
To my niggas from old blocks, from old crews
Niggas that guided me through back in the old school
Pour out some liquor, have a toast for the homies
See, we both gotta die, but you chose to go before me
And brothers, miss ya while your gone
You left your nigga on his own. How long we mourn?
Life goes on

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?

Life goes on homie
Gone on, cause they passed away
Niggas doing life, niggas doing 50 and 60 years and shit
I feel ya, nigga. Trust me, I feel ya
You know what I mean
Last year we poured out liquor for ya
This year nigga, life goes on
We're gonna clock now
Get money, evade bitches, evade tricks, give playa haters plenty of space, and basically just represent for you baby
Next time you see your niggas, you're gonna be on top, nigga
They're gonna be like, "Goddamn, them niggas came up"
That's right, baby, life goes on and we up out this bitch
Hey Kato, Mental
Y'all niggas make sure it's poppin' when we get up there man
Don't front
Life goes on
Hold me no more hold me no more
Yes it do yes it do yes it do

Thanks to pimp_of_da_nati0n for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joseph Banks Jefferson, Charles B. Simmons

2Pac Lyrics

"Only God Can Judge Me"

(feat. Rappin 4-Tay)

[2Pac:]
Only God can judge me (that right?)
Only God can judge me now
Nobody else (nobody else)
All you other motherfuckers get out my business (really)
Only God can judge me now

[2Pac:]
Perhaps I was blind to the facts, stabbed in the back
I couldn't trust my own homies, just a bunch of dirty rats
Will I succeed? Paranoid from the weed
And hocus pocus, I try to focus, but I can't see
And in my mind I'm a blind man doin' time
Look to my future, 'cause my past is all behind me
Is it a crime to fight for what is mine?
Everybody's dyin', tell me what's the use of tryin'
I've been trapped since birth, cautious 'cause I'm cursed
And fantasies of my family in a hearse
And they say it's the white man I should fear
But it's my own kind doin' all the killin' here
I can't lie, ain't no love for the other side
Jealousy inside, make 'em wish I died
Oh my Lord, tell me what I'm livin' for
Everybody's droppin', got me knockin' on Heaven's door
And all my memories of seein' brothers bleed
And everybody grieves, but still nobody sees
Recollect your thoughts, don't get caught up in the mix
'Cause the media is full of dirty tricks

[2Pac:]
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me now
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me

[Flatline]

[2Pac:]
I hear the doctor standin' over me, screamin' I can make it
Got a body full of bullet holes, layin' here naked
Still I can't breathe, something's evil in my IV
'Cause everytime I breathe I think they killin' me
I'm havin' nightmares, homicidal fantasies

I wake up stranglin', tangled in my bed sheets
I call the nurse 'cause it hurts to reminisce
How did it come to this? I wish they didn't miss
Somebody help me, tell me where to go from here
'Cause even thugs cry, but do the Lord care?
Try to remember, but it hurts
I'm walkin' through the cemetery, talkin' to the dirt
I'd rather die like a man than live like a coward
There's a ghetto up in Heaven and it's ours
"Black Power!" is what we scream
As we dream in a paranoid state
And our fate is a lifetime of hate
Dear Mama, can you save me? And fuck peace
'Cause the streets got our babies, we gotta eat
No more hesitation, each and every black male's trapped
And they wonder why we suicidal running 'round strapped
Mr. Police, please try to see
That there's a million motherfuckers stressin' just like me

[2Pac:]
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me now

[2Pac:]
That which does not kill me can only make me stronger
That's for real
and I don't see why everybody feel as though
that they gotta tell me how to live my life
You know?
Let me live, baby, let me live

[Rappin' 4-Tay:]
Pac, I feel ya, keep servin' it on the reala
For instance, say a playa hatin' mark is out to kill ya
Would you be wrong for buckin' a nigga to the pavement?
He gon' get me first, if I don't get him fool start prayin'
Ain't no such thing as self-defense in the court of law
So judge us when we get to where we're goin wearin' a cross
That's real, got him, lurked him, crept the fuck up on him
Sold a half a million tapes, now everybody want him
After talkin' behind my back like a bitch would
Tellin' them niggas, "You can fade him," punk I wish you would
It be them same motherfuckers in your face
That'll rush up in your place to get your safe
Knowin' you on that paper chase
Grass, glass, big screen and leather couch
My new shit is so fetti, already sold a ki or ounce
Bitch, remember 2Pac and 4-Tay

Them same two brothers dodgin' bullets representin' the Bay
Pac, when you was locked down
That's when I'll be around
Start climbin' up the charts, so sick, but they tried to clown
That's why they ride the bandwagon
Still be draggin' sellin' lies
Don't think I don't see you haters, I know y'all in disguise

[2Pac:]
Guess you figure you know me, 'cause I'm a thug
That love to hit the late night club drink and buzzed
Been livin' lavish like a player all day
Now I'm bout to floss 'em off, player shit with 4-Tay

[2Pac:]
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me now

[2Pac (Rappin 4-Tay):]
(Only God, mane)
That right?
(That's real)
Hahahahahaha
(Fuck everybody else, you know what I'm sayin'?)
Man, look here, man
My only fear of death
Is comin' back to this bitch reincarnated, man
That's for the homie mental
(Hehehehe)
We up out

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Forte Anthony, Rasheed Douglas B, Fretty Harold A

2Pac Lyrics

"Tradin War Stories"

(feat. C-Bo, Dramacydal, Storm, CPO, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
A military mind, nigga
A military mind mean money
A criminal grind, nigga
A criminal grind mean hustle
You know

[2Pac:]
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac:]
Now can your mind picture, a thug nigga drinkin' hard liquor
This ghetto life has got me catchin' up to God quicker
Who would figure that all I need was a hair trigger
Semi-automatic MAC-11 just to scare niggas
Pardon my thug poetry, but suckers is born everyday
And feared men grow on trees
Criminal ties for centuries, a legend in my own rhymes
So niggas whisper when they mention
Machiavelli was my tutor Donald Goines, my father figure
Mama sent me to go play with the drug dealers
Henceforth, we thug niggas and we came in packs
Every one of niggas strapped sippin' on ‘yak
In the back, my AR-15
Thuggin' 'til I die, these streets got me cravin' thorazine
My lyrics are blueprints to money makin'
Fat as that ass that honey shakin'

[2Pac & Kastro:]
My nigga tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
My nigga tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas despise, look in my eyes

[Kastro:]
I bust a trey-trey, buggin an' shit
They call it overthuggin' and shit
But I was just a younger nigga;
Gettin' older and lovin' this shit
But what was I doin' in this place?
To the fakes without a pistol in the first
Facin' termination in the worst
But I figured to play the wall; to watch all
These playa hatin' niggas position for I could see 'em all
Made it up out of there, lucky to be here to tell you
But it'll never be a repeat people I'm tryna tell you

[Edi Amin:]
Now picture the scenery, I'm thugged out smokin' greenery
Considered a B.G., but I'm off in this game something D-P
My eyes only see deez, that's why I'm young and burnt out
Learned the know how, well how to do now, by 18 turned out
And wide open - the ridin' and smokin'
Collidin' with foes - in the worst place;
y'all shouldn'ta fucked with us ,in the first place
Y'all real O.G.'s, droppin' game to the youngsters
Y'all don't want no funk cause
y'all be the next in the long line of war stories

[2Pac & C-Bo:]
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[C-Bo:]
I breaks them off with this gangsta war story tale
Stacking loot up in the coupe that I protect with a Mack 12
Slap my clip in the chamber; fool, your life's in danger
No one will remain when I come through dumping insane
Call me Bo Loc Major Pain, gun-slang and moving 'caine
I be the nigga that's pulling the trigger and dumping the hot ones up in your brain
More bigger balls than RuPaul, Thug Life ain't a ball
We bust that ass up against the wall (up against the wall)
Never been no sign for men call
How we bucks them down on the way to the ground
Ain't nothing but the hog in me
Plus, stompin' steel toed, killin' up hoes and keep mobbin' G
It ain't no calling the funk off
Don't be funking with my sawed off
Bust they dirty-ass drawers off
And had them bitch niggas hauled off

[2Pac (Napolean):]
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise (look in my eyes)
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise (look in my eyes)

[Napoleon:]
My whole family been raised, on shit that ain't okay
Ain't nothing on this earth will make a nigga like me stay
I'm reminiscing, and catchin' flashbacks when niggas ran up
in my house and I was too young, to try to blast back
What happened then? No one would tell me since I was three
Heard that God took my peoples, now they living somewhere free
But fuck that, you got whats mines and I want that
Never drop my guard, been on the squad, since ways back
And now I'm sitting, holding in anger because my parents missing
Thugging Immortal when got some war stories for you

[Storm:]

Now look at me - straight Outlaw Immortal
Never gave a fuck cause I was nobody's daughter
Outlawing from my tits to my clits, don't try to figure
Cause the murderous tendencies in my mind, can't be controlled, nigga
So who's the bigger, who's the quickest killer?
Would you try to trip with my finger on the 9 milla
When I got you on kay-nine-fourths
Prayin' to God as your life goes back and forth
We tradin' war stories

[2Pac:]
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
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Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac:]
War stories nigga; hahaha, what players do
Thug Life, Outlaw Immortalz
Motherfucking 2Pac a.k.a. Makaveli
Can you feel me?
Just so you know, it's on Death Row
My niggas love that shit
Dramacydal in this motherfucker, heheheh
Yea nigga! Shout out to my niggas Fatal N Felony
C-Bo, the bald head nut, what?
You know what time it is

Writer(s): Mutah Beale, Malcolm Greenidge, Katari Cox, Tupac Shakur, James Brown, Ricardo Thomas, Ric Rock, Betty Newsome, Mike Mosely

2Pac Lyrics

"California Love"

(feat. Dr. Dre, Roger Troutman)

[Roger Troutman:]
California love
California knows how to party
California knows how to party
In the city of L.A
In the city of good ol' Watts
In the city, the city of Compton
We keep it rockin', we keep it rockin'

[Dr. Dre:]
Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild west
A state that's untouchable like Eliot Ness
The track hits your eardrum like a slug to your chest
Pack a vest for your Jimmy in the city of sex
We in that sunshine state where the bomb-ass hemp be
The state where you never find a dance floor empty
And pimps be on a mission for them greens
Lean mean money-making-machines serving fiends
I been in the game for 10 years making rap tunes
Ever since honeys was wearing Sassoon
Now it's '95 and they clock me and watch me
Diamonds shining, looking like I robbed Liberace
It's all good, from Diego to the Bay
Your city is the bomb if your city making pay
Throw up a finger if you feel the same way
Dre putting it down for Californ-i-a

[Roger Troutman:]
California knows how to party
California knows how to party (Yes, they do)
In the city of L.A
In the city of good ol' Watts
In the city, the city of Compton
We keep it rockin', we keep it rockin'

[Roger Troutman:]
Shake, shake it, baby
Shake, shake it, mama
Shake it Cali, shake it shake it baby
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it

[2Pac:]
Out on bail, fresh out of jail, California dreaming
Soon as I step on the scene, I'm hearing hoochies screaming
Fiending for money and alcohol
The life of a Westside player where cowards die and the strong ball
Only in Cali where we riot not rally to live and die
In L.A. we wearing Chucks not Ballys (yeah, that's right)
Dressed in Locs and Khaki suits, and ride is what we do

Flossing, but have caution: we collide with other crews
Famous because we throw grams
Worldwide, let them recognize from Long Beach to Rosecrans
Bumping and grinding like a slow jam, it's Westside
So you know the row won't bow down to no man
Say what you say, but give me that bomb beat from Dre
Let me serenade the streets of L.A
From Oakland to Sac-town, the Bay Area and back down
Cali is where they put their mack down
Give me love!

[Roger Troutman:]
California knows how to party
California knows how to party (Yes, they do)
In the city of L.A
In the city of good ol' Watts
In the city, the city of Compton
We keep it rockin'

[Dr. Dre:] South Central
[2Pac:] Uh, that's right
[Dr. Dre:] Now make it shake

[Roger Troutman:]
Shake, shake it, baby
Shake, shake it, mama
Shake it Cali, shake it shake it baby
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it

[Dr. Dre:]
Shake it Cali
Uh, uh, West Coast
Uh, yeah, uh, uh, Long Beach in the house
Uh, yeah, Oaktown, Oakland definitely in the house
Frisco, Frisco

[2Pac:]
And you know L.A. up in here

[Dr. Dre:]
Pasadena where you at?
Yeah, Inglewood
Inglewood always up to no good

[2Pac:]
Even Hollywood trying to get a piece, baby

[Dr. Dre:]
Sacramento, Sacramento where you at?

[2Pac:]
Throw it up ya'll, throw it up, throw it up!
I can't see ya
Let's show these fools how we do it over on this West Side
Cause you and I know it's the best side
Yeah, that's right

West Coast, West Coast

Thanks to Blades, Serg, fattygurlfantasy, mourssss for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mikel Hooks, Larry Troutman, Roger Troutman, Ronnie Hudson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Chris Stainton, Joe Cocker

2Pac Lyrics

"I Ain't Mad At Cha"

(feat. Danny Boy Steward)

Change, shit
I guess change is good for any of us
Whatever it take for any of y'all niggas to get up out the hood
Shit, I'm wit 'cha
I ain't mad at 'cha
Got nothin' but love for ya, do your thing, boy

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while
I'mma send this one out for y'all, know what I mean?
Cause I ain't mad at 'cha
Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust
Givin' a motherfuck
Yeah, niggas
Cause I ain't mad at 'cha

[2Pac:]
Now we was once two niggas of the same kind
Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line
You was just a little smaller but you still rolled
Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swoll
'member when you had a Jheri Curl didn't quite learn
On the block, wit'cha Glock, trippin' off sherm
Collect calls to the crib, sayin' how you've changed
Oh you's a Muslim now? No more dope game
Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail
Wanna go to the Mosque, don't wanna chase tail
It seems I lost my little homie, he's a changed man
Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan
When I talk about money all you see is the struggle
When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's trouble
Congratulations on the wedding, I hope your wife know
She got a playa for life, and that's no bullshittin'
I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember
I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her
And I can see us after school, we'd BOMB
on the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on
Now the whole shit's changed and we don't even kick it
Got a big money scheme and you ain't even with it
Hmm, knew in my heart you was the same motherfucker that
Go toe to toe when it's time to roll you got a brother's back
And I can't even trip, cause I'm just laughin' at 'cha
You tryin' hard to maintain, then go ahead
Cause I ain't mad at 'cha
(Hmm, I ain't mad at 'cha)

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

[2Pac:]
We used to be like distant cousins
Fightin', playin' dozens, whole neighborhood buzzin'
Knowin' that we wasn't
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminisce on all the times we shared
Besides, bumpin' 'n grindin' wasn't nothin' on our mind
In time we'd learned to live a life of crime
Rewind us back to a time was much too young to know
I caught a felony lovin' the way the guns blow
And even though we separated, you said that you'd wait
Don't give nobody no coochie while I'll be locked up state
I kiss my momma, goodbye, and wipe the tears from her lonely eyes
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived
Don't shed a tear, cause momma I ain't happy here
I blew trial, no more smiles for a couple years
They got me goin' mad
I'm knockin' busters on they backs, in my cell, thinkin'
"Hell, I know one day I'll be back"
As soon as I touch down
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked down
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at 'cha
Cause you's a down ass bitch and I ain't mad at 'cha

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(a true down ass bitch and I ain't mad at 'cha)

[2Pac:]
Well guess who's movin' up, this nigga's ballin' now
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down
He went from nothing to lots, ten carats to rock
Went from a nobody nigga to the big man on the block
He's Mr. Local-Celebrity, addicted to movin' ki's
Most hated by enemies, escape in the luxury
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the choice is made
Now we gotta slay you while you faded, in the younger days
So full of pain while the weapons blaze
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to the better days
Cause crime pays and in time, you'll find a rhyme'll blaze
You'll feel the fire from the niggas in my younger days
So many changed on me, so many tried to plot
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?
'Til God return me to my essence
Cause even as an adolescent, I refuse to be a convalescent
So many questions and they ask me if I'm still down
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin' at 'cha
You niggas just don't know, but I ain't mad at 'cha

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(Hell nah I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(And I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Arnaud Delmar, Jordan Etterlene, Steward Danny Boy

2Pac Lyrics

"What'z Ya Phone #"

(feat. Danny Boy)

What's your phone number?

Now, I could make miracles to tempos
It's instrumental, waiting for the nymphos; that's the intro
Shook when you rush me, walked up and touched me
Why? Do you want to fuck me?
Just 'cause I'm paid in the worst way? True!
Lookin' kinda good in your birthday suit
I wonder if you're wild and you act shy
Do you like to be on top or the back side?
Watch me while you lick your lips
Shake your hips, goddamn, I love that shit
Yo, let's stop fakin', be real now
I got a room and a hard-on; still down?
Met you standing at a bar full of black dudes
Said you wanna see my scars and my tattoos
When we head for my hideout, act right
Boss player when I ride out, that's right
What's ya phone number?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready
Baby, let me give you a call
How long will it take to break you off?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready
Baby, let me give you a call
How long will it take to break you off?

Oh shit, baby is a dime piece, more than just fine
She's personally blessed from the gods
If I seen her right now, she could get me hard
Didn't want to talk to me, just to see my car
Never had sex with a rich rap star
'Til I got her in the back of my homeboy's car
Tell me, why do we live this way?
Money over bitches, let me hear you say
What's your phone number?
Are you alone? Got a pocket full of rubbers, let's bone!
Time for your girlfriend to take you home
I had fun, but baby, gotta leave me alone
Picture in my rhyme
Take time to rewind these words I say
If you open your mind bet in a minute you'll find
It's time let the Outlawz play
What's ya phone number?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready
Baby, let me give you a call
How long will it take to break you off?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready
Baby, let me give you a call
How long will it take to break you off?

[Girl and 2Pac converse:]
[Girl:] Hello?
[2Pac:] Hello? Who is this?
[Girl:] Is this 2Pac?
[2Pac:] This is who?
[Girl:] Is this 2Pac?
[2Pac:] Yeah, it's 2Pac. Who is this?
[Girl:] Hi, baby. How are you?
[2Pac:] I'm aight. What up, baby?
[Girl:] You don't recognize the voice?
[2Pac:] You recognize my voice, huh?
[Girl:] Do you recognize MY voice?
[2Pac:] Nah, I know you?
[Girl:] Yeah, you know me. I guess you don't recognize me when I'm talking
[2Pac:] Where I know you from? Where I know you from?
[Girl:] You just know me, baby
[2Pac:] Where? Talk up, I can't barely hear you
[Girl:] You know me from when we were, you know, intimate
[2Pac:] Oh, we fucked?
[Girl:] Oh baby, did we ever
[2Pac:] Oh, tell me about it, baby
[Girl:] I remember when I put that big dick in my hand and stroked it up and down
[2Pac:] OOOOH!
[Girl:] Then I put it in my mouth. I sucked it
[2Pac:] Ooh, you did?
[Girl:] Ooh, I did
[2Pac:] Shit!
[Girl:] Fucked it and fucked it. Put me in. You came
[2Pac:] Did I come?
[Girl:] Ooh, baby: everywhere, everywhere. You don't remember me yet?
[2Pac:] I'm starting to get a picture. Why don't you help me out. What did I do to the pussy? What a nigga do to the pussy?
[Girl:] You rocked it
[2Pac:] Did I?
[Girl:] Yeah, you did
[2Pac:] Did I give you some of that Thug Passion?
[Girl:] Mmmmmm
[2Pac:] Heh, heh. Eh, so what you doing right now, though?
[Girl:] Me and my finger are getting acquainted
[2Pac:] How many you got?
[Girl:] I got ten, but only one is workin'
[2Pac:] Oh well, can I come over there?
[Girl:] If you want to
[2Pac:] Do I want to? Do a bear shit in the woods and wipe his ass with a rabbit?
[Girl:] Mmm. You gonna rock it, baby?
[2Pac:] Hell yeah, I'm gonna rock it, baby
[Girl:] Like you did before?
[2Pac:] No dizoubt. You gonna feel that Thug Passion for real
[Girl:] Mmmm, baby
[2Pac:] I'm on my way though. I'm about to fly over there in a 500. It ain't gonna take but a minute. Eh, light the candles, get the baby oil out, turn all the lights out. Drink a little bit of that shit. I'm on my way, babe. I'm gonna

knock that pussy to the next week
[Girl:] Knock it out, baby, knock it out
[2Pac:] I'm gon knock the taste out your mouth, girl. I'm gonna put your legs on your head. I'ma tie you up, blindfold you. And we gonna play which hole feel the best
[Girl:] You know which hole feel the best
[2Pac:] We finna see tonight, though
[Girl:] I'm gonna make you remember me
[2Pac:] Oh, yeah
[Girl:] Yeah
[2Pac:] Oh yeah, you got my dick hard. I can't find the steering shift, you got me so fucked up. I'm playing with myself and shit
[Girl:] Can I shift your gear? Can I shift it in the front?
[2Pac:] Hell yeah, aye, you know what I wanna do though?
[Girl:] Whatch you wanna do?
[2Pac:] I wanna fuck you on the balcony, while you lookin' out over L.A, yaknahmean? Just poundin' that shit from the back
'Cause a motherfucker hop that shit like I got hydraulics
Fixed in me, you feel me? I be hittin' switches, baby
[Girl:] Ooh, I feel you, yes
[2Pac:] Heh, hey, I'm fin' to come over there. Just wait for me sweetheart, I'm on my way right now. I'll see you later, baby, bye
[Girl:] Bye, boo
[2Pac:] Hah, yeah, I'm gonna get some pussy
Heh, get some pussy, hah, hah

Writer(s): Prince Rogers Nelson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Johnny Lee Jackson

2Pac Lyrics

"Can't C Me"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher, George Clinton)

[George Clinton:]
The blind stares of a million pairs of eyes
Looking hard, but won't realize
That they will never see the P!
You must be goin' blind

[2Pac:]
Give me my money in stacks
And lace my bitches with dime figures
Real niggas fingers on nickel-plated 9 triggers
Must see my enemies defeated
I catch 'em while they coked up and weeded
Open fire, now them niggas bleeding
See me in flesh and test and get your chest blown
Straight out the west, don't get blown
My adversaries cry like hoes
Open and shut like doors
Is you a friend or foe?
Nigga, you ain't know?
They got me stressed out on Death Row
I've seen money, but baby, I've gots to get mo'
You screaming: "Go 2Pac!" and I ain't stopping 'til I'm well-paid
Bail's paid now nigga look what hell made
Visions of cops and sirens, niggas open fire
Bunch of Thug Life niggas on the rise, until I die
Ask me why I'm a boss player, getting high
And when I'm rolling by niggas can't see me!

[George Clinton:]
The stares of a million pairs of eyes
And you'll never realize
You can't see me

[2Pac:]
Been getting word that these square motherfuckers with nerves
Saying they can get with us, but picture me getting served
My own mama say I'm thugged out
My shit be bumping out the record store as if it was a drug house
My lyrics bang like a Crip or Blood
Nigga what! It ain't nothing but a party when we thug
And there I was, a young nigga with heart
Ain't had shit to lose
Pullin' my pistol on them fools, you know the rules
D-R-E you got me heated
My words like a penitentiary dick
Hitting bitches where it's most needed
Money and weed, Alize and Hennessy
To my thug niggas in lock down: witness me
Bail on these hoes in floss-mode

The life of a boss playa, fuck what you thought, though
My enemies deceased, die like a bitch
When my album hit the streets, niggas can't see me!

[George Clinton (2Pac):]
(Niggas can't see me)
(They can't see me)
Which way did he go, George?
Which way did he go?
Oh!! which way did he go?
Which way did he go?

[2Pac:]
You niggas made a mistake
You should've never put my rhymes with Dre
Them Thug niggas have arrived and it's Judgement Day
Hey homie, if you feel me
Tell them tricks that shot me that they missed, they ain't killed me
I can make a motherfucker shake, rattle n' roll
I'm full of liquor, thug nigga, quick to jab at them hoes
And I can make you jealous niggas famous
Fuck around with 2Pac and see how good a nigga's aim is
I'm just a rich motherfucker from the way
If this rapping bring me money, then I'm rapping 'til I'm paid
I'm getting green like I'm supposed to
Nigga, I holla at these hoes and see how many I can go through
Look to the star, and visualize my debut
Niggas know me, player, I gotta stay true
Don't be a dumb motherfucker cause it's crazy after dark
Where the true thug-niggas see your heart
Niggas can't see me!

Yo, check this out: stay off his dick

[George Clinton (2Pac):]
(Niggas can't see me)
Right before your eyes, I'll disappear from here
You niggas can't see me
You can't see me
(I know it's hard nigga, I'm all up in your face)
(But you still can't see me)
You can't see me
(All up in your range, but niggas can't see me)
20/20 vision won't visualize
(I'm in the flesh baby, but you can't see me)
All those glasses won't help you realize
(You blinded, you blinded, you can't see me)
You can't see me
(Thug Life, baby)
(Don't believe everything you read!)
(Alize and weed)
You can't see me, right before your very eyes
You won't even visualize, you can't see me
(Dr. Dre all day, 2Pac)
Niggas can't see me
(I dedicate this to you punk motherfuckers!

(This one's for you, BIG baby)
(Cause you bitch-ass niggas can't see me)
(Niggas can't see me)
You can't see me

See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil
You won't see me
Yeah, first see me, now you don't
Wanna see me, but you won't
Come to see me, but you can't
Oh, you can't see me, you can't see me
Right between your eyes and you'll never realize
Right before your eyes, you won't even realize
Visualize what you can't see

Thanks to schar for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Young Andre Romell, Clinton George

2Pac Lyrics

"Shorty Wanna Be A Thug"

Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's gonna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug!
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Was a nice middle-class nigga
But no one knew the evil he'd do when he got a little bigger
You'd often find him blazed, for puffing on a Newport
Plotting on a another way to catch a case
Was only 16, yet convicted as a felon
With a bunch of old niggas, but you the only one ain't tellin'
I tell you it's a cold world, stay in school
You tell me it's a man's world, play the rules
And fade fools, break rules until we major
Blaze up, getting with hoes through my pager
Was raised up, commence to money-makin' tactics
It's getting drastic, niggas got automatics
My finger's on the trigger
Tell the Lord to make way for another straight thug nigga
I'm sitting, getting buzzed, looking for some love
From the homies, ‘cause shorty wanna be a thug

Said he's gonna be, said he's gonna be
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's wanna be, said he's wanna be
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's gonna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Straight from the hall to the pen
An adolescent nigga standing way higher than six feet ten
He carried weight, like a Mack truck
Gonna bust on playa haters, if them mothafuckas act tuff
Then that's when, a lethal weapon with the razor
This little nigga smoking weed and getting blazed up
No one could figure, when the guns blast, pull the trigger
Could take the life of a young nigga, guns bigger
No mother and father, you see, the nigga's all alone
Old timers my role model, the war zone
Been laced with this game 'til it's a part of me
My heart don't beat no fear, and that ain't hard to see
The future is looking dim
I'm tryin' to make a profit out of living in this sin
I'm in the dark, getting buzzed, looking for some love
Out with the homies, ‘cause shorty wanna be a thug

Said he's gonna be, said he's gonna be
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Shorty's gonna be a thug
Little bad ass nigga, to the young niggas
Gotta stay sharp, nigga, play your part!
Got plenty of time (you bad mothafuckas)
You only get three mistakes, and then it's life, big baby
(Niggas craaazy) Watch the signs!
Damn, nigga! Sixteen, nigga?
Sixteen?! Too bad, mothafuckers

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Edwards Douglas Fraser, Richardson Thomas David, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Holla At Me"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher)

[Nanci Fletcher (2Pac):]
Niggas out there jealous cause we be bailin' with Death Row
They try to playa hate, but they can't fade us though
We be mobbin' through the neighborhood, yeah
With that funky sound, so funky
We be throwin' down
(This goes out to you playa)
(You know, you know who you are)

[2Pac:]
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me

[2Pac:]
Are you confused?
You wonder how it feels to walk a mile inside the shoes of a nigga who don't have a thing to lose
When me and you was homies
No one informed me it was all a scheme
You infiltrated my team and sold a nigga's dreams
How could you do me like that?
I took ya family in
I put some cash in ya pocket, made you a man again
And now you let the fear put your ass in a place
Complicated to escape, it's a fool's fate
Without your word you're a shell of a man
I lost respect for ya, nigga
We can never be friends
I know I'm runnin' through your head now
What could you do?
If it was up to you, I'd be dead now
I let the world know, nigga, you a coward
Ya could never be live
Until you die
See the motherfuckin' bitch in your eye
Type of nigga, that let the evil of the money trap me
When ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me (holla at me)

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]
(Gotta be afraid, don’t let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(So I gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay

We better not find where you stay

[2Pac:]
Curious, spittin' lyrics on the verge of furious
I'm addicted to currency
Nigga that's why we're doin' this
I got shot up, I surprised the niggas the way I got up
And then I hit the studio, it's time to blow the block up
No hesitation
This information got you contemplatin'
Heartbreakin' and eliminatin' with this conversation
Break him and let him see the face of a mental patient
It's a celebration of my criminal elevation, more participation
I want members that call the fifty states
To keep the nation anticipatin' until we break
Will I be great, is it my fate?
To live the life of luxury, some niggas bought my tapes
So much jealousy it scares me
So be prepared, cause only the strong survive
Life isn't fair (fair)
Probably never knew the way it feels to die
So you see come fuck with me, I give that ass a try!
Nigga, Holla at me

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(And now I gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay

[2Pac:]
I should've saw the signs, I was blinded
Criminal minds of a young black brotha doin' time
So many brothas framed in this dirty game
It's a shame, so much pressure on my brain while she blame me
Secrets in the dark, only her and I know
Now I'm sittin' in the state pen', doin' time slow
Guess she made a bad decision
That got me livin' just like an animal
I'm caged up in state prison
My niggas dissin' cause hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn
A cemetery full of motherfuckers not knowin'
Picture my prophecy I got some attacking me, on top of me
I'm runnin' from the coppers, but never let 'em stop me
Cause I'm a soldier
Hell, ever since I was a little nigga havin' fantasies of one day getting older
Niggas is paranoid, trust; a no no
Love is a mystery, fuck the po po
Holla at me

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]
(So when you see me nigga)

(You better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(A nigga gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay

[Nanci Fletcher:]
Niggas out there jealous cause we be bailin' with Death Row
They try to playa hate, but they can't fade us tho'
We be mobbin' through the neighborhood, yeah
With that funky sound (so funky)
We be throwin' down

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Bobby F Ervin

2Pac Lyrics

"Wonder Why They Call U"

(feat. Faith Evans)

You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch

Look here, Miss Thang, hate to salt your game
But you's a money-hungry woman and you need to change
In the locker room, all the homies do is laugh
High fives 'cause another nigga played your ass
It was said you were sleezy, even easy
Sleepin' around for what you need, see
It's your thing, and you can shake it how you wanna
Give it up free or make your money on the corner
But don't be bad, play the game, get mad and change
Then you wonder why these motherfuckers call you names
Still lookin' for a way out, and that's okay
I can see you wanna stray, there's a way out
Keep your mind on your money, enroll in school
And as the years pass by, you can show them fools
But you ain't tryin' to hear me 'cause you're stuck
You're headin' for the bathroom, 'bout to get tossed up
Still lookin' for a rich man, you dug a ditch
Got your legs up tryin' to get rich
I love you like a sister, but you need to switch
And that's why they called you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch

You leave your kids with your mama
'Cause your headin' for the club
In a skin-tight miniskirt, lookin' for some love
Got them legs wide open while you're sittin' at the bar
Talkin' to some nigga 'bout his car
I guess he said he had a Lexus, what's next?
You headin' to his car for some sex?
I pass by, can't hold back tears inside
'Cause Lord knows, for years I tried
And all the other people on my block hate your guts
Then you wonder why they stare and call you slut
It's like your mind don't understand

You don't have to kill your dreams plottin' schemes on a man
Keep your head up, legs closed, eyes open
Either a nigga wear a rubber or he die smokin'
I'm hearin' rumors, so you need to switch
And niggas wouldn't call you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch

I guess times gettin' hard, even harder for you
'Cause hey now, got a baby on the way now
More money from the county, and thanks to the welfare
You're about to get your hair done
Got a dinner date, can't be late
Trick or treat, sweet thang got another trick to meet
The way he did it it was smooth
Plottin' while he gamin' you so, baby, peep the rules
I should've seen it in the first case, the worst case
I should've never called you back in the first place
I remember back in high school, baby, you was fast
Straight sex when you moved your ass
But now things change, 'cause you don't look the same
Let the ghetto get the best of you, baby, that's a shame
Caught HIV and now you 'bout to be deceased
And finally be at peace
So where your niggas at now? 'Cause everybody left
They stepped, and left you on your own
See, I loved you like a sister, but you died too quick
And that's why we called you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch

Dear Ms. Delores Tucker, keep stressin' me
Fuckin' with a motherfuckin' mind
I figured you wanted to know
You know, why we call them hoes bitches
And maybe this might help you understand
It ain't personal, strictly business, baby, strictly business
So If you wonder why we call you bitch
You wonder why we call you bitch
If you wonder why we call you bitch
You wonder why we call you bitch

2Pac Lyrics

"When We Ride"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher, Mo Khomeini, ilOutlawz)

[2Pac:]
Outlaw Immortalz
Bow down to somethin' greater than yourself, trick
Individuals capable of enormous amounts of chin checks and eye swolls
They know you watchin'
But you ain't seein' what lies before you, biatch
Picture if you will seven deadly human beings
Blessed with the gift of speech
The power to reach
Each nigga on every street
May the heavenly father look down and be proud of what transpired
Since the day the seed was planted
The G grew but we knew he'd rise up quick
Smoked out, loc'ed out, all into shit
Just me and my dogs, livin' like hogs
Outlaw Immortalz
What follows is the story, what proceeded was the glue
What lies between is the fiction
Don't fuck around and make it true

*[*laughing*]*
My adversaries crumble when we rumble it's a catastrophe
Out for revenge on bitch niggas that blasted me
Plus my alias is Makaveli
A loaded three-fifty-seven with hollow points to a nigga belly
Bust him to see if he bleed
He shoulda never fucked around with a sick-ass nigga like me
They call my name out and niggas run
Best be prepared for the Outlawz, here we come

[Hussein Fatal:]
They call me Hussein Fatal, it's a two game table
I'm robbin' ya niggas' cradle with a knife in your navel
Rap-related, criminally activated and evil
I wouldn't wanna be you behind my fuckin' Desert Eagle
'Til the end, I'm tellin' all friends and enemies
You see what I got to make you freeze, to touch me you need ten of these
Complete most, wanted on the streets of the East coast
Young Gunz fire and niggas bleed, I see Mo

[Kastro:]
I be shinin' like white diamonds and crystal
Glistenin' holdin' pistols
The mission's simple, fold up and roll up dead presidentials
Sew up all the potential, million, billion dollar baller potential
Sort it, oughta call on a nigga I'll be sure to get you
Take cash bro, fast yo, for my Kastro
Blast and I'mma last yo past all these Glass Joes
And assholes who claim, like they be runnin' thangs

I be gunnin' those same niggas runnin' late, to their fate

[Napoleon:]
My alias is motherfuckin' Na-poleon, and I'd rather be
Robbin' again before these motherfuckers leave me sufferin'
But it ain't nothin', and I got no time for no bluffin'
Befo' a nigga finish with puttin' in work I betta end up with somethin'
I think these niggas got the game fucked up
If they don't believe, that a young nigga like me, would bust (Boo-Yaa!)
Perhaps it's a must, I'm facin' cases, fuck probation
Is what I'm screamin' when these money hungry cops be chasin'

[2Pac:]
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

[Mussolini:]
It's the imperial serial killer, alias Mussolini
Mentally unstable G status, so you can't see me
Drug warlord, ridin' Concorde jets
Rag Vette's, shakin' bitches and snitches and trippin' on sets
Inglewoods banger, keepin' one in the chamber
For the anger that I build inside, when it's time to ride
Suicidal thoughts lurk fuckin' no end to revenge
Fuck any, my alias Mussolini

[E.D.I.:]
They call me Idi, from the side of seedy
Young nigga greedy, so I'm runnin' up on these niggas easy
It ain't nuttin, cause if they wantin' somethin', so I'mma commence
To dumpin' stomp down and struck up while my beat is bumpin', Thuggin'
To my fuckin' last note, with Lo-Pole and Kastro
Who you thought was on that asshole, don't ask though
Outlaw Immortalz doin' this dit-nirt on the sli-zow
Ain't no chance to hide when we ride

[Kadafi:]
My alias Khadafi, Trump tight so feds can't copy
Six-three and cocky quick to hit your bitch if she jock me
Severely addicted to livin' like a fuckin' felon
While beefin' with rookie cops the cookie rocks a nigga sellin'
Since a shorty I been livin' life defiant, nickel plated chrome
Got this baby Capone lookin' like a giant, and I ain't lyin'
It's like it's me against myself with all these
Backstabbin' snakes grabbin' at my fuckin' wealth

[Mo Khomeini:]
Mo Khomeini goes terrorist, mad man killer
The bottom of the river where the body lays and shivers
I'm that nigga with the fifty cap pouch, with the murderous stacks
That increase, while these motherfuckers eat beef
It's been a long road, a lot of episodes
And as the glock loads, I gotta teach hoes
Reach hoes, make 'em feel a nigga when I'm mashin'

Now I'm surpassin' any assassin'

[2Pac:]
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Hahahaha, Outlaw Immortalz baby
Y'all niggas can't fade this ol crazy shit (can't c me, can't c me)
Makaveli, Hussein, Kastro, Kadafi, Mussolini
Amin, Napoleon, Khomein
What y'all really wanna do?
Haha, like them niggas said
"What would you do? If you could fuck with me and my crew"
Hehahahahaha, Thug Life, yeah nigga
Flashin on niggas
Thug Life right? This year we Thug Life
But we Outlaw Immortalz
We die nigga, but we multiply, we like legends nigga, like forever
Like I'll make you famous motherfucker
I'm talkin about Newsweek and Time Magazine and all that ol good shit
My niggas make the papers baby
My niggas make the front page
The gunshots can't stop me, they know *[*fades*]*

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Yafeu Fula, Tyruss Himes, Bruce Washington, Mark Jordan

2Pac Lyrics

"Thug Passion"

(feat. Dramacydal, Storm, Jewell)

Aight, new drink
One part Alizé, one part Cristal
Thug passion, baby
y'all know what time it is
This drink is Guaranteed to get the pussy wet and the dick hard
Now, if you with me
Pour a glass and drink with a nigga, knowhatimean?
I ain't tryin' to turn you all niggas into alcohols - alcoholics
I'm just tryin' to turn you into motherfuckin' thugs
So come and get some of this thug passion, baby

[Kastro:]
Mayne! I could pull out the drink and be good until it's relevant
But I'm a straight soldier, I'll roll up a nigga like it's Heaven sent
Trippin' over dead presidents
they got these derelicts
I throw was down with this business, tryin' to clown and get a cent
And so rather, than stand forever
Been thinkin' drinkin' over a felony
And hell of me
And how it will be in hella shit, people tellin' me to cool out
But they ain't feelin' me, a motherfuckin' fool, about
My fuckin' cheddar cheese
and it pleases, passion of mine
Thuggin', huggin' plenty of G's and laughin' while I pass through times
And all these bastards be watchin' just keep it plain
I'ma keep it the same partner, just take it the simple game
I can, pinkle with the rain twinklin'
Diamonds and things go blinkin'
Enough to hold me, 'til I'm, old and wrinklin'
and These adversaries
They gonna have to be worryin'
Cause I'ma be illin', fulfillin' my passion
'Til I'm buryin' my thug passion

[Jewell:]
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
You got me drippin' wet
from the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

[Napoleon:]
Now what if me
Turn this Hennessy into a robbery
The Prophecy probably suddenly switch and how it supposed to be
And Dirty money
Can't be evil cause it's fillin' up my tummy

Born in a position, death collision was futuristic
Twistin' riches, but there is only one way to make more
So I'm standin' on the corner tryin' to hustle in the snow
And my bigger bro, couldn't know
But buy a .44, blastin' at playa haters wantin' more
with a Thug Passion

[E.D.I. Mean:]
Puttin' down mashin', control by this thug's passion
Unlike them other bustas pistol blastin'
I'm askin', what happened
To the niggas who kept it real like they claim to
That's what money and fame do, see they ain't true
Travelin' this road my poor soul has been consolidated
With all this bullshit that I done tolerated
How I made it, can be easily stated
It's like my hardest bring the grip with the passion, left me to fuckin' greatest
Load up and take shit

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Make it to some high dollar gangsta shit
Jack a stack 'til we got enough bank to split

[Storm:]
Creep with me, through that immortal flow
Thug passion got you tremblin' like Death on the Row
Make your move, so I can throw your mind a curve
While I'll be blowin' up the scene, like my nigga Mr. Herb
Take a toke, as your heart goes full arrest
I got the bomb, so nigga, fuck the rest
You need a dub to get you flowin'
and let that loc see smoke
Feelin' the strokes of the 9 squeeze tight and slow

[Jewell:]
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

They say money don't make the man
But damn, I'm makin' money
Observin' you motherfuckers, 'cause some of you bitches funny
Say you want it but you bullshittin'
Lickin' them lips, you got me about to act a fool quick
Sippin' on some Alizé and Cristal, meanwhile
Buy me a drink and get to winkin' at me, she smiles; a niggas full of passion
Satisfaction is everlastin'
"How does it feel?" what I'm askin'
While I'm rubbin' on that ass "Why you laughin'?"
see, I'm diggin' as if I'm curious
full blown and furious
Baby, get a grip, when I be doin' this
It's so physical my attraction

Driven by alcohol, beware of my reaction
baby I'm born to ball
thugged out on Death Row
You better recognize and picture what I said so
Now you can feel it, it's a portion for my niggas in motion
Forever blastin', bitches ain't ready for this thug passion

[Jewell (DJ Quik):]
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
(Thug passion)
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!
(Thug passion)
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
(Thug passion)
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!
(Thug passion)
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

Thanks to schonky, mzhoney for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Troutman Roger, Murdock Shirley J, Troutman Larry, Beale Mutah (pka Napolean), Caples Jewel Lynne, Cox Kotari (pka Kastro), Greenridge Malcolm (pka E.d.i. Mean), Hunter Donna T, Jackson John C

2Pac Lyrics

"Picture Me Rollin'"

(feat. CPO, Danny Boy Steward, Syke)

Yeah, clear enough for ya? (alright)
My niggas look mad
Y'all supposed to be happy I'm free!
Y'all niggas look like y'all wanted me to stay in jail
Hoe bustas!

[2Pac:]
Picture me rollin' in my 500 Benz
I got no love for these niggas, there's no need to be friends
They got me under surveillance, that's what somebody be tellin'
"Know there's dope being sold", but I ain't the one sellin'
Don't want to be another number
I gotta puff a gang of weed to keep from goin' under
The federales wanna see me dead
Niggas put prices on my head
Now I got two Rottweilers by my bed, I feed 'em lead
Now I'm released, how will I live?
Will God forgive me for all the dirt a nigga did, to feed kids?
One life to live, it's so hard to be positive
When niggas shootin' at your crib
Mama, I'm still thuggin', the world is a war zone
My homies is inmates, and most of them dead wrong
Full grown, finally a man, just schemin' on ways
to put some green inside the palms of my empty hands
Just picture me rollin'
Flossin' a Benz on rims that isn't stolen
My dreams is censored, my hopes are gone
I'm like a fiend that finally sees when all the dope is gone
My nerves is wrecked, heart beatin' and my hands are swollen
Thinkin' of the G's I'll be holdin'
Picture me rollin'

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me, picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Ooh wee
(Can you see me now?
Move to the side a little bit so you can get a CLEAR picture
Can you see it?
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Yeah nigga!
Ay, but peep how my nigga Syke do it to you
Guess who's back?)

[Big Syke:]
I got ki's comin' from overseas

Cost a nigga 200 G's
I'm a street commando, Nino for example
This lavish lifestyle is hard to handle
So I got to floss cause I'm more like a boss player
Thug, branded to be a women-layer
So many player haters, imitators steady swangin'
Make me wanna start back bangin'
So I'm caught up in the game, dress code changed
Packin' 40 Glocks, contain 'em or rearrange
All that jealousy and envy comin' from my enemies
While I'm sippin' on Rémy
in front of black Lexus, Chevy's on the roam
'96 big body, sittin' on chrome
As we head up out the zone, stone-facin' is on
You can admire, but don't look too long
I'm livin' a dream with triple beams and my pockets bulgin'
It's hard to imagine
Picture me rollin'

[Danny Boy:]
Picture me rollin'
Picture, picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me

[CPO (2Pac):]
I gots to get the fuck up in it, formulate a caper
Cause a nigga straight sufferin' from lack of havin' paper
My bitch fin' to have a bastard, see?
So I needs to hit a lick, drastically
I see some ballin' ass niggas, and they slippin' in my spot
And, uh, diggin' the plots. So what?
Checkin' in the park, 'Pac
(We caught 'em sleepin', he didn't peep you niggas creepin'?)
(This how we do it every weekend)
(I dump for madness, it's time to count the profit)
(CPO, we got the bomb spot, nigga time to clock it)
(I get the liquor, and you could get the females)
(This crooked shit that we inflictin' gettin' street sales)
Move smooth as a motherfucker, me and my 9
I'm as cool as a motherfucker, I'ma get mine
Now we satisfied, got the pockets on swollen
Boss Hogg and this 'Pac nigga
Picture us rollin'

[Danny Boy:]
Picture me rollin'
Picture me
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'

[2Pac:]
Is y'all ready for me?
Picture me rollin'' roll call
You know there's some muh'fuckers out there

I just could not forget about
I wanna make sure they can see me
Number one on my list: Clinton Correctional Facilities
All you bitch ass C.O.'s
Can you niggas see me from there?
Ballin' on y'all punk ass!
Picture me rollin', baby
Yeah, all them niggas up in them cell blocks
I told y'all niggas when I come home it's on
That's right nigga, picture me rollin'
Oh, I forgot! The D.A
Yeah, that bitch had a lot to talk about in court
Can the hoe see me from here?
Can you see me, hoe?
Picture me rollin'
And all you punk police, can you see me?
Am I clear to you?
Picture me rollin' nigga, legit
Free like O.J. all day
You can't stop me
You know I got my niggas up in this motherfucker
Manute, Pain, Syke, Bogart, Mopreme
It's sad dog, can you picture us rollin'?
Can you see me hoe?
Is y'all ready for me?
We up out this bitch
Any time y'all wanna see me again
Rewind this track right here, close your eyes
And picture me rollin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Bell Ronald N, Westfield Richard Allen, Brown George Melvin, Thomas Dennis Ronald, Bell Robert Earl, Mickens Robert Spike, Smith Claydes Eugene, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Nash Otha, Edwards Vince

2Pac Lyrics

"Check Out Time"

(feat. Natasha Walker, Kurupt, Big Syke)

[2Pac:]
Ay what time is it nigga?
("I don't know.")
Oh shit, 12 o'clock
Oh shit, we got to get the fuck up outta here
("Hell yeah.")
Nigga, it's check out time nigga
Hey call up Kurupt, call Daz room
("Hey there, bitch, where Suge at, nigga?")
Call Suge, call all the niggas tell 'em to meet me downstairs
("Where K and them niggas at man?")
Tell the valet, bring the Benz around
("Ay, y'all seen my shoes?")
Hey Kurupt, y'all niggas drivin' or y'all flyin' back, whassup?
("Man, I'm rollin' man, fuck that shit.")
Hey Syke nigga, come on man, get up out the bathroom fool
("Fuck that, I lost some money, nigga.")
Aw nigga, damn

[2Pac:]
Now I'm up early in the mornin', breath stinkin' as I'm yawnin'
Just another sunny day in California
I got my mind focused on some papers while I'm into sexy capers
Give a holla to them hoochies last night, that tried to rape us
Will these rap lyrics take us, plus room all up in Vegas
I'm a boss playa, death before I let these bitches break us
Last night was like a fantasy, Alizé and Hennessy
A hoochie and her homie dirty dancin' with my man and me
Told her I was interested, picture all the shit we did
I got her hot and horny, all up on me, what a freaky bitch
First you argued, then I fight it, 'til you lick me where I like it
Got a nigga all excited, it don't matter, just don't bite it
I never got to check out the scene
Too busy tryin' to dig a hole in your jeans
Now it seems, it's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

[2Pac:]
Gotta go, gotta go
Yeah baby, hahaha, it's check it out time!
Gotta go nigga, gotta go
("Y'all know what time it is!")
Ay, c'mon man get y'all bags man, call that valet motherfucker
Tell him to get a nigga shit, cause we out this, motherfucker

[Kurupt:]
They label me an outlaw, so it's time for the panty raid
My fantasies came true with Janet on, I'm in a escapade
But did it all, end too soon
All the homies runnin' through the halls room to room
So I assume, since I'm a playa like my nigga Syke
Then it's only right for me to disappear into the night
My game's trump tight
So I find time to recline
Sneak in your room, instant Messiah, shit wines of all kinds
I ain't got that much time
So hurry up and pop the Dom and let me hit it from behind
Since I'm only here for one night
I got to get you hot and heated
Play like Micheal Jackson, and Beat It
One more thing I like to mention, I'm done and I'm out
cause there's someone else who deserves my attention
So all the homies round up in the lobby
Cause bustin' bitches is a hobby, nigga
It's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

[Kurupt:]
Aiyyo man 'Pac, ay, where the where the fuck is Daz at man?
This nigga locked up or somethin'?
The only one not to leave
Yo man, it's check out time, it's time to get out this mother
(You seem them bitches?)
We out man, fuck that shit
Yo Rece! Yo nigga, whassup?

[Big Syke:]
Hey, I'm livin' the life of a boss playa
The front desk callin' but I'm checkin' out later
My behavior is crazy from what you did to me baby
If walls could talk, they'd say, you tried to fade me
I'm puttin' in work, but didn't hurt from the jacuzzi to the bed
Carressin' your thoughts, cause I'm livin' fed, heard what I said?
Passion is crashin' the room
From the liquor we consumed I heard a boom
I'm blackin' out, you're yellin' out 'Big Syke Daddy'
We did it in the caddy on the highway, my way
I'm lost in a dream and so it seemed, to be the night
Five bottles of Cristal and I'm still tight
Out of sight from 'Pac and Kurupt
As I get it up, once the doors close, you stuck
In a heaty, sticky situation
Get up baby, you ain't on vacation
It's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]

We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

[Big Syke:]
Ay, it's check out time
Ay Pac, nigga where my motherfuckin', where my shoes go, nigga?
Where my motherfuckin' drawers and shit at man?
Man, y'all niggas was in here partyin' too fuckin' much
What the fuck y'all doin', nigga?
Kurupt, go tell Daz, man, and Bogart and the rest of them niggas
C'mon man, niggas is trippin' man
Front desk all callin' me, tellin' me to get the hell outta here, man
I ain't got no more money, somebody loan me a hundred

[Natasha Walker:]
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

We gotta go! Oooo!
We gotta, go!
We, hey!
We! We gotta go! Haaa!
We gotta, go! Haa!

Thanks to Darryle for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald

2Pac Lyrics

"Ratha Be Ya Nigga"

(feat. Richie Rich, Stacey Smallie)

[Richie Rich (2Pac):]
'Pac
(Hey)
What's happening
(Not motherfucking double R, Richie baby)
What's happening baby, you know how we do it
(Yeah nigga, you know I'm up out this bitch)
(It's time for me to uh regulate)
Fo' sho', hey
(Observe)
And you ain't going back?
(Nah nah nah, we got to show these motherfuckers whassup though)
This is for the honeys, the superstar
(I don't want to be her man, I want to be her nigga)
(You feel me?)
Well let 'em know

[2Pac:]
You fucking with niggas that's insecure
Watered down, my shit is pure
Write down my number but don't call me 'til you sure
I ain't begging just trying to relocate between your legs
Dripping wet, as we experiment in sweaty sex
When you met me you wouldn't let me, and now
You straight begging to sex me got you undressing to test me and uh.

[Richie Rich:]
Shut me down if you want, and miss the chance to do it live
When I stroll by, I see that look in yo' eye
You want a nigga, but think that you can't have a nigga
Don't cheat yourself, instead treat yourself
If you scared, go to church, I know it hurts
To find out me and your man be sharing skirts

[2Pac:]
I'm hoping you don't take this the wrong way
But your body is banging, got me attracted in a strong way
After a long day of trying to make my songs pay
Making love all day against the wall in the hallway
Your fantasies come alive, your heart rate
Shall increase when we meet up in this dark place
You might think you're happy with him
But that's a lie, so give this Thug a try
I'd rather be ya nigga

[2Pac:]
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a Thug in your life

These busters ain't loving you right
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
('Cause) These busters ain't loving you right

[2Pac:]
Look, now you was sprung from the introduction
My conversation's full of game yet laced with seductions
I see you blushing like you want something, come get a taste
Of Amerikaz Most Wanted and let's get into some touching, erotic fuckin'
My up and down with no interruptions
Have no intentions of busting until you learn your lesson
Now many questions are often asked, a drop top, 500 Benz
And plenty cash, to help a nigga get the ass

[Richie Rich:]
You can ride out with spoke coke, to get your lobster and crab
Cause all I got is conversation and a gang of stab
And I'ma listen when it hurts, I'ma hang out but never stay
Smoke blunts but leave them stunts up to Super Dave
I'll be your nigga, as long as we can understand
That I's the nigga and spoke coke can be the man
He wine and dine, but me and you we whine and grind
And when I'm on the field keep you on the sidelines

[2Pac:]
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
Them busters ain't loving you right
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
Them busters ain't loving you right

[2Pac:]
Now it's time for the moment of truth, I got you naked
Totally sweating, let's see how hot I can make it
Tongue kissing 'til yo' head swang
I'm so into you, witness a nigga make the bed bang
If it's all mine, then let me know
Now scream my name out; do you want it fast or shall I hit it slow?
Not to mention, the multiple positions I inflict
A boss player, freaky motherfucker, can I dig?

[Richie Rich (2Pac):]
It's on and popping, now you see what I was seeing
Why your eyes rolling? Loosen up, girl, I ain't going
Nowhere, let's let that sucker stay out there
While he's stressed out and knock I stretch out the cock
Hold the boots, and let a nigga execute
And though you got it right, I'm going home tonight
(You say you don't need a man, but I don't care)
(You're in the presence of a player, I'd rather be ya nigga)

[2Pac:]
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
These busters ain't loving you right
So I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
These busters ain't loving you right
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
These busters ain't loving you right
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
(I'd rather be yo' nigga)

Thanks to Wojtek Niestrój, nottinmatterz_2day for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"All Eyez On Me"

(feat. Big Syke)

[2Pac:]
Big Syke, Newt, Hank
Beugard, Big Sur
Y'all know how this shit go
All eyes on me
Motherfuckin' O.G
Roll up in the club and shit, is that right
All eyes on me
All eyes on me
But you know what?

[2Pac:]
I bet you got it twisted you don't know who to trust
So many playa hatin' niggas tryin' to sound like us
Say they ready for the funk, but I don't think they knowin'
Straight to the depths of hell is where those cowards goin'
Well are you still down nigga, holla when you see me
And let these devils be sorry for the day they finally freed me
I got a caravan of niggas every time we ride
Hittin' motherfuckers up when we pass by
Until I die; live the life of a boss playa
Cause even when I'm high, fuck with me and get crossed later
The futures in my eyes, cause all I want is cash and thangs
A five-double-oh Benz flauntin' flashy rings, uh
Bitches pursue me like a dream
Been know to disappear before your eyes just like a dope fiend
It seems, my main thing was to be major paid
The game sharper than a motherfuckin' razor blade
Say money bring bitches, bitches bring lies
One nigga's gettin' jealous, and motherfuckers die
Depend on me like the first and fifteenth
They might hold me for a second, but these punks won't get me
We got four niggas, in low riders, and ski masks
Screamin' THUG LIFE every time they pass - all eyes on me

[2Pac:]
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa, cause even gettin' high

[Big Syke:]
Hey, to my nigga 'Pac
So much trouble in the world, nigga
Can nobody feel your pain
The world's changin' everyday, time's movin' fast
My girl said I need a raise, how long will she last
I'm caught between my woman, and my pistol, and my chips

Triple beam, got some smokers on, whistle as I dip
I'm lost in the land with no plan, livin' life flawless
Crime boss, contraband, let me toss this
Needy hookers got a lot of nerve, let my bucket swerve
I'm takin' off from the curb
The nervousness neglect make me pack a tech
Devoted to servin' this, Moet and pay checks
Like Akai satellite nigga I'm forever ballin'
It ain't right parasites triggers and fleas crawlin'
Sucker duck and get busted, no emotion
My devotion is handlin' my business, nigga, keep on coastin'
Where you goin' I been there, came back as lonely homie
Steady flowin' against the grain, niggas still don't know me
It's about the money in this rap shit, this crap shit
It ain't funny niggas don't even know how to act, shit
What can I do, what can I say, is there another way
Blunts and gin all day, twenty-fo' parlay
My little homie G, can't you see, I'm busta-free
Niggas can't stand me - all eyes on me

[2Pac:]
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high

[2Pac:]
The feds is watchin', niggas plottin' to get me
Will I survive, will I die, come on let's picture the possibility
Givin' me charges, lawyers makin' a grip
I told the judge I was raised wrong, and that's why I blaze shit
Was hyper as a kid, cold as a teenager
On my mobile callin' big shots on the scene major
Packin' hundreds in my drawers; fuck the law
Bitches I fuck with a passion, I'm livin' rough and raw
Catchin' cases at a fast rate, ballin' in the fast lane
Hustle 'til the mornin', never stopped until the cash came
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high
These niggas got me tossin' shit
I put the top down, now it's time to floss my shit
Keep your head up, nigga, make these motherfuckers suffer
Up in the Benz, burnin' rubber
The money is mandatory, the hoes is for the stress
This criminal lifestyle, equipped with the bulletproof vest
Make sure your eyes is on the mill ticket
Get your money, motherfucker, let's get rich and we'll kick it
All eyes on me

[2Pac:]
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high

All eyes on me

[2Pac:]
Pay attention my niggas
See how that shit go
Nigga, walk up in this, motherfucker
And it be like, bing
Cops, bitches, everymotherfuckingbody
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high
I got bustas, hoes and police watchin' a nigga, y'know
I live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Livin' life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high
Hehehe... it's like what they think
I'm walkin' around with some Ki's in my pocket or somethin'
They think I'm goin' back to jail, they really on that dope
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa
I know y'all watchin', I know y'all got me in the scopes
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high
I know y'all know this is Thug Life baayy-bay
Y'all got me under surveillance, huh
All eyes on me, but I'm knowin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Pennington James P

2Pac Lyrics

"Run Tha Streetz"

(feat. Mutah, Storm, Michel'le)

[Michel'le:]
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

[2Pac:]
Hey yo, Storm, honestly I think
I can fuck with a motherfucker like you
See, I don't like a motherfucker that be all on me and shit
All up under a nigga, tellin' me where I can go
Can she go with me? When I'm comin' home?
And all that ol' crazy shit, type of life I live

Now peep it, here go the secret on how to keep a playa
Some love makin' and homecookin', I'll see you later
It don't take a lot to keep a nigga heart
Must be a lady in the light but real freaky in the dark
Plus I got some enemies, baby, hold my pistol
And wrap your arms around a nigga every time I kiss you
Can you visualize the picture: me and you in ecstasy?
Don't be upset, it's good sex, when you next to me
Do you wanna test me, put your tired head on my chest?
A thug nigga's in the house, now you can rest
I bet'cha never screamed a nigga's whole name out
And felt the pleasure and the pain
'Bout to fuck the very taste out your mouth
You can call me when you need me
1-800-SKYPAGE, when you wanna see me
'Cause I can be your man and, baby, you can be my lady
But you gotta give a nigga space or you'll drive me crazy
Run the streets

[Michel'le:]
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

[Storm:]
Yo 'Pac, you know I'm 16 strong behind you boo
But I gotta do what I gotta do
I gotta run the streets, you know
I ain't no "clean up woman" type of ho
You know

Now me and you is cool, but I ain't the one to play the fool
Can't make no money in bed, so ain't no future fuckin' you
I ain't the bitch that love ya, can't do a damn thang for you
If you ain't about money, nine outta ten I'll ignore you
It's a man's world, but real women make the shit go 'round
Disrespect and I clown the type of bitch to throw down
Throw up the block 'cause nothin' stops my chips
A boss playa with this, that twist you lame tricks
Holla if you understand my plan, ladies, fuck havin' babies
By them shady-ass niggas, swearin' he can save me
My strategy's official, checkin' ya pockets while I tongue kiss you
Soft as tissue, so my next issue is how to diss you
They call me Storm, from the day I was born
I've been known to break the coldest mothafucka 'til his heart's warm
I ain't never been the type to wait at home alone
Just 'cause we bone don't mean you own me, nigga, I'm grown

[Michel'le:]
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

[2Pac:]
Hahhahaha, yeah nigga
Let a nigga hang out with the homies, you know, baby
Ay, a nigga that hang out more will come home and love you better—you feel me, sweetheart? Let that nigga be free!
Don't have that nigga all up under you!
Let him run with his niggas!
Let the nigga run the street, boo, let him run the streets!

[Mutah:]
I'd rather run the streets then make some mail
And put the game down tight
For these gamin' bitches could get it right
It might be yo' plan that I'm choosin'
Don't get it confusion
Because I'm known for showin' examples how I do it
Thinkin' I'm new to this because I'm younger
Why only leave you suspicious and I wonder
And at the end I'll make a come up
Nigga, was raised up off of M.O.B
Fetti over somethin' that's tellin' me don't run the streets

[2Pac:]
So tell me, am I wrong
For tryin' to communicate through a song?
I'm up early in the morning, by sunrise I'll be gone
All my homies is waitin' for me
Plottin' on plans that we made and all the fun that it's gonna be
So meet me at 3' and don't be late, nigga
We hangin' out all night while drinkin' straight liquor

I heard it's poppin' at a club
But they say I can't get in 'cause I'm dressed like a thug
Until I die I'll be gang related
Got me strivin' for a million, stayin' motivated
Now that we made it, it's a battle just for the big money
I'm livin' wild, no smiles, 'cause ain't a thing funny
I came up hungry, just a lil nigga tryna make it
I only got one chance so I gotta take it
You never know when it's all gonna happen
The rappin' or the drugs
But until then give me love and let me run the streets

[Michel'le:]
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be be waitin'

[2Pac:]
Let a nigga run the streets, boo
Page me, hahah, I'll call you back
Just let me hang with my niggas
Why you actin' like that Michel'le, ha?
You know nigga wanna kick it with his homeboys and shit
I told you I was comin' back later on, right?
So you don't believe a nigga?
Just cook for a nigga, pleaaase!
Make some of that shit you made last meal
Some of them ribs and shit
I'll be back through later tonight, I'm havin' some weed
We finna drink some Hennessy and some Alize
We finna eat that foods, smoke a lil blunt
Lay up in the bed, watch umm... Jay Leno or somethin'
Then after that? Shit, we could do whatever comes to mind, baby
Just let a nigga run with the homies
Let me go kick it with my niggas
When I come back, I be all yours, for real

[Michel'le:]
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Griffin Gene, Gatling Timothy William, Riley Teddy, Hall Aaron Robin, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Ain't Hard 2 Find"

(feat. B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich, E-40)

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]
(They say)
Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips
And niggas call me a timer
(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')
Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'
(That's right, that's right boy, start that shit off)

[2Pac:]
I heard a rumor I died, murdered in cold blood dramatized
Pictures of me in my final stage, you know mama cried
But that was fiction, some coward got the story twisted
Like I no longer existed, mysteriously missin'
Although I'm worldwide, baby I ain't hard to find
Where I spend most of my time, my California grind
Watchin' for thievin', I'm cautious, it's like I'm barely breathin'
Puttin' a bullet in motherfuckers, give me a reason
See me and hope I'm intoxicated or slightly faded
You tried to play me, now homicide is my only payment
I'm addicted to currency in this life I lead
Why the fuck you cowards be runnin', too scared to fight a G?
For the life of me, I cannot see
How motherfuckers picture livin' life after a night of fuckin' around with me
And if you don't like this rhyme
Then bring your big bad ass to California, 'cause we ain't hard to find

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]
Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips
And niggas call me a timer
(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')
Motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

[C-Bo:]
I got my locs on, hard hat, goin' to war
Breakin' them off on sight, stoppin' lives like red lights
Watch 'em pause as I pull my strap out my drawers
And get to dumpin' on they ass like the last outlaw
Rich, 2Pac and The Click, smokin' blunts, loadin' clips
With enough shit to raise your block in one dip
We bring on horror like Tales From the Crypt
And we ain't hard to find is the tales that we kick

[B-Legit:]
I'm fully automatic, full of static and shit
Movin' Dodge van, fifty rounds in the clip
I'm ridin' shotgun with the tint in the back
I'm plan to have a motherfuckin' mint in this rap

I'm from the V-A-L-L-E-J-O
Where sellin' narcotics is all I know
I got blow, speed, and weed, whatever yo' kind
And if you need a motherfucker, I ain't hard to find

[D-Shot:]
Some may call me bootsy, but I call it timin'
That's while I keeps on grindin' (that's right)
to the point where a nigga can't stop
Too much feelin' this shit, that's why I'm quick to peel a bitch
Whether it's a nigga or a ho, a ho
get in my way, then that ass gots to go
'Cause a nigga steady plottin'
I serves hit for hit, and motherfuckers keep droppin'

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]
Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips
And niggas call me a timer
(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')
Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

[(2Pac), E-40:]
(C-Bo, D-Shot, E-40, Richie Rich)
Da Bay, beitch!

[E-40:]
Down the steps
Abandoned broken down apartment complex
Heavy metal weapons they carry, can't be scary
Playboy, what the fuck is a proof without the trauma plate?
Nigga, what the fuck you got a gun for if you gon' hesitate?
Best shake and bake all those I-was-finst-to-ask niggas
Motherfuckers-didn't-think-I was-gon'-do-somethin'-ass niggas
Threaten your life, ain't like you love him
Bury your thoughts, take his head fuck him, have at him

[Richie Rich:]
(Check this out)
I grew up with that nigga
Threw up with that nigga
I hear he tryin' to ride
Double agent for the other side
But now, my Glock be so judgmental
Back seat of a rental
Keep my name out your dental, nigga
If your gum bleedin' and you needin'
More than twenty stitches, you behaved like them bitches
Sideways to the next
Heavy in the game
Check the resident, it's all the same
Nigga, and we ain't hard to find

[Ad-libs — 2Pac, C-BO & E-40:]
[2Pac:] Hell nah we ain't hard to find
[C-Bo:] The whole Clickalation fool

[E-40:] Motherfuckers hard to find, right here bitch
[2Pac:] Why them niggas actin' like they can't find us? Like they can't see us and like we don't be at the same spots they be at?
[D-Shot:] It's the same congregation. Young Pac is back, youknowhatImean?
[C-Bo:] Nigga be lookin' all the way when he see you and shit
[D-Shot:] It's a celebration
[E-40:] Motherfuckers better understand this shit
[D-Shot:] Young 'Pac is back
[2Pac:] Ay D-Shot, nigga, can we get paid man?
Can we just go there and sock this shit up, please?
[D-Shot:] Hey, we smokin', and we ain't hard to find
[2Pac:] Drinkin' and shit, fuckin' with some Hurricane
[E-40:] A motherfucker's gonna get his marbles regardless, playboy
[2Pac:] You supposed to
[RIch:] Sideways to the next light, and to the next coast, poppin' the muthafuckin' most, you understand what I'm sayin'
[2Pac:] Money over bitches, nigga, M.O.B., M.O.B.

Thanks to Postmaster for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Stevens Earl T, Shaw Thomas, Thomas Ricardo, Mosley Michael, Jones Brent, Stevens Danell

2Pac Lyrics

"Heaven Ain't Hard 2 Find"

(feat. Danny Boy Steward)

Heaven ain't hard to find
All you gotta do is look

Simply because you nervous, let me start off with my conversation
Hopin' my information, alleviates the hesitation
I can see it clearly now
Catch you smilin' through your frown
I'm askin' baby boo are you down
Although I know you've heard about my reputation
Across the nation, Mr. I-Get-Around
My temptation got me drippin' wet, perspiration
I'm activated by the moves you're makin'
Baby why you fakin'? Strip naked get to love makin'
See it's all in your mind, so every time I sip a glass of wine
I fantasize 'til that ass is mine
Never gettin' but wantin', never touchin' but wishin'
A straight thug on a mission, until I get what I'm missin'
Stop with the beeper, baby, listen
I know you're grown but pay attention
Let me hypnotize with my tongue kissin'
This is a message to bomb bodies and all dimes
Turn around one more time, heaven ain't hard to find

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
Hea-ven!
(Heaven ain't hard to find)
Heaven ain't hard to find

Heaven ain't hard to find
In fact you can have it just have faith
Just like a little kid, still believin' in magic
It takes a lot of sacrifice
With all the lonely nights on tour
I need somebody I can trust in my life
Let me apply the brakes
Baby, you're movin' to fast
My conversations are gettin' deeper, but first let me ask
Are you afraid of a thug?
And have you ever made love
With candles and bubbles sippin' in your tub?
Touch me and let me activate your blood pressure
This thug passion help the average man love better
Picture me naked and glistenin' beneath the moonlight mist
Take a shot of that Alizé, come give me a kiss
And maybe we can be better friends, perhaps we'll be closer
I'll be the thug in your life, baby, and you'll be my soldier
And I know it takes some time and you got a lot of questions on your mind
But relax, in due time
Heaven Ain't Hard to Find

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
Hea-ven!
(Heaven ain't hard to find)
Hea-ven! It ain't hard to find

You think we all dogs, that's why you cautious when I approached you
Been talkin' since you arrived, but not a word is spoken
Through my eye contact I wink and you respond back
Lookin' mean, what's all that?
It's like the closer you get
Baby, the quicker I'm speakin'
I got a flight out to Cabo
Let's kick it this weekend
I'm sippin' Hennessy and Coke
Though addicted to weed smoke
I'm fiendin' for your body even mo'
Oh God, help me, identify me truest thoughts
Your hidden motives full of passion
Who would have thought?
Come holler at me baby, love me for my thug nature
Far from a playa hater, label me a money maker,
Straight heart breaker
Baby we can be friends, I can soup you in my Benz
We'll ride, I'll let you floss it for your friends
Once we begin
Until the end, it gets better with time
I'm makin' love to your mind, baby
Heaven ain't hard to find

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
Hea-ven! Hea-ven, it ain't hard to find)
(Heaven ain't hard to find)
(Heaven ain't hard to find nice glass of Alize)
Hea-ven! Hea-ven! Hea-ven. Heaven
Hea-ven! It ain't hard to find
Hea-ven! Heaven
It ain't hard to find
It ain't hard to find
It ain't hard to find

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jones Quincy D

MAKAVELI

the don killuminati

In no way is this portrait an expression of disrespect for Jesus Christ.
-Makaveli

the 7 day theory

2Pac Lyrics

"Intro/Bomb First (My Second Reply)"

(feat. Outlawz)

*[*crowd noise*]*

[Press release:]
In today's music news: The ever-controversial 2Pac Shakur has just released another album under the alias "Makaveli".
Music insiders are running wild trying to rearrange other artists' street dates in fear of a wipeout in retail interchart movement.
Although no one knows the exact cause of the new album resources tell me a number of less fortunate rappers have joined together in conspiracy to assassinate the character of not only Mr. Shakur, but of Death Row Records as well.
Nas, the alleged ring leader, is furious at 2Pac—excuse me–Makaveli's verbal assault on Mobb Sleep, Notorious P.I.G., and several other New York rappers.
Jay Z, from "Hawaiian Sophie" fame, Big Little whatever and several other corny sounding motherfuckers are understandably shaken up by this release.
The question everybody wants to know is:
Why'd they get this nigga started? 2Pac–rather Makaveli–was not available for comment, but released this statement:

[2Pac talking:]
It's not about East or West
It's about niggas and bitches, power and money, riders and punks – which side are you on?

*[*gunshots followed by several encroaching footsteps*]*

These niggas is still fucking talking?
You niggas still breathing? Fucking roaches, aight
Aight, it's the Raid for you cockroaches
Punk motherfuckers, this is it (Makaveli The Don)
Killuminati Style (all day) (up in your ass)
(Bomb first) (Outlaw Ridahz) Solo Shit, Bring it!

[2Pac:]
Allow me to introduce first: Makaveli the Don
Hysterical, spiritual lyrics like The Holy Qur'an
Niggas get shook like 5-0
My .45 is next to me when we ride for survival
Money-making plans, pistol close at hand, swollen pockets
Let me introduce the topic, then we drop it
Expose snakes 'cause they breed freely
See me ride! Located worldwide like the art of graffiti
I think I'm tougher than Nitti, my attitude is shitty
Born on a dope fiend's titty
In every city you'll find me
Look for trouble right behind me
My Outlaw niggas down to die for me
Know what I mean? I hit the scene
Niggas ducking from my guillotine stare
I'm right there, my every word a fucking nightmare
Get me high, let me see the sun rise and fall

This for my dogs down to die for y'all
Extreme venom, no mercy when we all up in 'em
Cut 'em down, to hell is where we send 'em
My whole team; trained to explode, ride or die
Murder motherfuckers lyrically and I'm not gonna cry
Me; a born leader, never leave the block without my heater
Two big pits, I call them "my bitch-nigga eaters"
And not a whimper until I'm gone
Thug Life running through my veins, so I'm strong
Bye bye bye, let's get high and ride
Oh, how do we do these niggas, but I'm not gonna cry
I'm a Bad Boy killer, Jay-Z die too
Looking out for Mobb Deep, nigga, when I find you
Weak motherfuckers don't deserve to breathe
How many niggas down to die for me? Yay-yay
West Coast rider, coming right behind ya
Should have never fucked with me
I want money, hoes, sex and weed
I won't rest until my road dog's free; bomb first

[2Pac:]
We bomb first when we ride
Please, reconsider before you die
We ain't even come to hurt nobody tonight
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first
We bomb first when we ride
Please reconsider before you die
We ain't even come to fight tonight
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first

[E.D.I. Mean:]
For so many days, in so many ways
We've been ducking strays they delivers
But still we some Bad Boy killers
Got nothing to lose, I gots nowhere to go
I only got one home, see me stranded on Death Row
With Outlawz, it's Makaveli be the general
And I be a soldier on a mission
Sent to do what you'll never do
And that's ride for the cause, yes, I'll die for the cause
You best believe, if I'ma leave this bitch
Yo, I'm dying with yours
Kamikaze, sicker than a motherfucking Nazi
Got a little question for that nigga that made "Paparazzi"
If you ain't in this rap game
For the motherfucking cash, mane
Then what is your motherfucking purpose?
Non can serve us
E.D.I. Mean, born worthless
That's until the day I decided to bomb first, bitch

[2Pac:]
Biatch! Come on, bring it, down with it!
Then we ride
Come on, bring it
Bomb first then we ride

Hey, get that nigga!

[Young Noble:]
Your style wack as ever, like you was rocking patent leather
Causing massive terror, y'all niggas lack, you ain't thorough
Half rapper, half drug kingpin
You're telling fairy tales, dunn
"King of New York" like you the motherfucking one?
But I'm from Jers' and we don't play that shit
From the Clare down to North Bricks, all my niggas flippin' chips, gettin' rich, even though it's hard
Trying to creep through these halls and brawls
Without scarred by a revolve
With no warning signs, 'cause yo, my man took five
Now I'm the young one with the 9 ready to put in my time

[2Pac:]
Shoot first, look at their head, burst bleeding
Don't want to hear no shit this evening, believe me
We bomb first when we ride
Please reconsider 'fore you die
G's and thug niggas on the rise
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first
We bomb first when we ride
Please reconsider 'fore you die
G's and thug niggas on the rise
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first

[Start of "Hail Mary"]
Let us pray, my niggas
For we have definitely sinned

Thanks to scorpius66duece for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Hail Mary"

(feat. Kastro, Young Noble, Prince Ital Joe, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
Makaveli in this, Killuminati
All through your body
That blows like a 12-gauge shotty, feel me!
And God said he should send his one begotten son
To lead the wild into the ways of the man
Follow me! Eat my flesh, flesh of my flesh!

[2Pac:]
Come with me!
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see
What do we have here now?
Do you wanna ride or die?
La la-la-la la la la la

[2Pac:]
I ain't a killer, but don't push me
Revenge is like the sweetest joy next to gettin' pussy
Picture paragraphs unloaded, wise words being quoted
Peeped the weakness in the rap game and sewed it
Bow down, pray to God, hopin' that he's listenin'
Seein' niggas comin' for me
Through my diamonds, when they glistenin'
Now pay attention: bless me please, Father, I'm a ghost
In these killing fields, hail Mary, catch me if I go
Let's go deep inside the solitary mind of a madman
Screams in the dark, evil lurks, enemies see me flee
Activate my hate, let it break to the flame
Set trip, empty out my clip, never stop to aim
Some say the game is all corrupt and fucked in this shit
Stuck, niggas is lucky if we bust out this shit
Plus, mama told me never stop until I bust a nut
Fuck the world if they can't adjust, it's just as well, hail Mary

[2Pac:]
Come with me!
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see
What do we have here now?
Do you wanna ride or die?
La la-la-la la la la la

[2Pac:]
Penitentiaries is packed with promise-makers
Never realize the precious time that bitch niggas is wastin'
Institutionalized, I live my life a product made to crumble
But too hardened for a smile
We're too crazy to be humble; we ballin'
Catch me, father, please, ‘cause I'm fallin' in the liquor store
Pass the Hennessy, I hear you callin', can I get some more?

Hell, 'til I reach Hell, I ain't scared
Mama checkin' in my bedroom, I ain't there
I got a head with no screws in it, what can I do?
One life to live, but I got nothin' to lose
Just me and you on a one-way trip to prison, sellin' drugs
We all wrapped up in this livin', life as thugs
To my homeboys in Clinton Max doin' their bid
Raise hell to this real shit and feel this
When they turn out the lights, I'll be there in the dark
Thuggin' eternal through my heart; now hail Mary, nigga!

[2Pac:]
Come with me!
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see
What do we have here now?
Do you wanna ride or die?
La la-la-la la la la la

[Kastro:]
They got a APB out on my thug family
Since Outlawz run these streets like these scandalous freaks
Our enemies die now, walk around half dead
Head down, K-blasted off of Hennessy and Thai chronic
Mixed in, now I'm twisted, blistered and high
Visions of me, thug-livin', gettin' me by
Forever live, and I multiply, survived by thugs
When I die they won't cry unless they comin' with slugs

[Young Noble:]
Peep the whole scene and whatever's going on around me
Brain kind of cloudy, smoked out, feelin' rowdy
Ready to wet the party up
And whoever in that mothafucka, nasty new street slugger
My heat seeks suckers on the regular
Mashin' in a stolen Black Ac' Integra
Cocked back, 60 seconds 'til the draw
That's when I'm deadin' ya, feet first
You've got a nice gat, but my heat's worse
From a thug to preachin' church
I gave you love, now you eatin' dirt
Needin' work, and I ain't the nigga to put you on
‘Cause word is bond
When I was broke, I had to hustle 'til dawn
That's when the sun came up, there's only one way up
Hold your head and stay up
To all my niggas, get your pay and weight up

[Kadafi:]
If it's on, then it's on, we rape break beat-breaks
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate?
To this shit I don't got be the shit I gotta take
Dealin' with fate, hopin' God don't close the gate
If it's on, then it's on, we rape break beat-breaks
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate?
To this shit I don't got be the shit I gotta take
Dealin' with fate, hopin' God don't close the gate

[2Pac:]
Come with me!
Hail Mary, nigga, run quick, see
What do we have here now?
Do you wanna ride or die?
La la-la-la la la la la

[Prince Ital Joe:]
We've been travelin' on this weary road
Sometimes life can be a heavy load
But we ride, ride it like a bullet
Hail Mary, hail Mary
We won't worry, everything will curry
Free like the bird in the tree
We won't worry, everything will curry
Yes, we free like the bird in the tree
We runnin' from the penitentiary
This is the time for we liberty; hail Mary, hail Mary!

[2Pac:]
Westside, Outlawz
Makaveli the Don, solo
Killuminati, The 7 Days

Thanks to Sm_gregory, sdcv, aftaita_1, Benu for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Rufus Lee Cooper, Katari T. Cox, Yafeu Fula, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joseph Paquette, Bruce Washington, Tyrone J. Wrice

2Pac Lyrics

"Toss It Up"

(feat. K-Ci, JoJo, Danny Boy Steward, Aaron Hall)

[2Pac:]
The money behind the dreams
My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin' war we got
My other Capo in this big-ass
Conglomerate called Death Row
Snoop motherfuckin Dogg, Tha Doggfather
And who's he coming through right now?
Makaveli the Don
Feel this, Killuminati

[2Pac:]
Lord have mercy, father help us all
Since you supplied your phone number, I can't help but call
Time for action, conversating, we relaxing, kicking back
Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that
Tongue-kissing, hand full of hair, look in my eyes
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise
Me and you moving in the nude, do it in the living room
Sweating up the sheets, it's the Thug in me
I mean no disrespecting when I tongue-kiss your neck
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect?
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top
I pull over, getting busy in the parking lot
And don't you love it how I lick your hips and glide?
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside
Got you lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust
I got the bedroom shaking, back-breaking
When we're tossing it up

[Danny Boy:]
Feel this baby, I like the way it's going down
When nobody's around, slip-slide ride
Giving me that nice smile
Female I like, what I want to give all night
You and me alone, everybody's gone, toss it up
Baby let's get it on!

[Jojo:]
I like the way you please me, baby
The sexy way you tease me, shorty
The way you move your body
It really drives me crazy
Your body hypnotizing, your smell is so exciting
So baby come on home with me
I like the way you give it to me, baby

[Danny Boy & JoJo:]
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up

I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up

[Bridge:]
Play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on

[K-Ci:]
Oh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm, that want you lady
Oh, don't act so shady
Baby, your taste as fine as gravy
The way you move that thang, you make me wanna sang
Girl you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling!

[Aaron Hall:]
Nasty man, I'm here again
Don't want it to ever end
It's feeling too good
Gimme some more, oh lady, lady
Your body the kind I like-ah
Big booty titillating delight-ah
Back it up yo, let me in there
Toss it up for me

[K-Ci & Aaron Hall:]
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me
Let me see you toss it up
So won't you play on

[2Pac:]
How do you want it? What's your phone number? I get around
Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now
Still down for that Death Row sound, searching for paydays
No longer Dre Day: arrivederci
Blown and forgotten, rotten for plotting Child's Play
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move
Cross Death Row, now who you gonna run to?
Laugh at you suckers cause you similar
Pretending to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature
Screaming "Compton", but you can't return, you ain't heard?
Brothers pissed cause you switched and escaped to the burbs
Mob on to this new era, cause we Untouchable
Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushing you

Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed
Who can you trust? Only time reveals
Toss it up

Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up

[2Pac:]
Yeah no doubt
Toss it up now
Play on playa, play on
How can some non-players do a song about tossing it up
And then want to do a player song?
(you so fat, you and Lil' Kim need a weight scale to lay down in bed
We are not little kids, you fat ass, you feelin' threatened)
How can non-players do it? (you know who I'm talking bout)
Teddy Riley, who? Puffy? Who?
Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon
You still ain't touching us, all that peace talk
I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the street, boy
It's on! Toss it up, we took you on
And we took y'all beat (toss it up)
You know who beat we took, and we took y'all beat
Cause you wasn't rocking it right! (toss it up now)
Tired of suckers rocking beats that don't belong to them, toss it up, it's on, it's out there now, it's our beat now
Yeah, toss it up now!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Hailey Joel Lamonte, Hailey Cedric R, Moore Reginald Devell, Hall Aaron Robin, Steward Danny Boy, Shipp Demetrius Antoinne

2Pac Lyrics

"To Live & Die In L.A."

(feat. Val Young)

"Street Science, you're on the air. What do you feel when you hear a record like 2Pac's new one?"
"I love 2Pac's new record."
"Right, but don't you feel like that creates tension between East and West? I mean, he's talking about killing people, 'I had sex with your wife' — and not in those words. But he's talking about, 'I wanna see you deceased'…"

[2Pac:]
To live and die in L.A., California
What you say about Los Angeles?
Still the only place for me
It never rains in Southern California

[2Pac:]
To live and die in L.A.
Where everyday we try to fatten our pockets
Us niggas hustle for the cash, so it's hard to knock it
Everybody got they own thing, currency chasin'
Worldwide through the hard times, worrying faces
Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart
Who was a friend is now a ghost in the dark
Cold-hearted 'bout it, nigga got smoked by a fiend
Tryin' to floss on him, blind to a broken man's dream
A hard lesson, court cases keep me guessin'
Plea bargain ain't an option now, so I'm stressin'
Cost me more to be free than a life in the pen
Making money off of cuss words, writin' again
Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen
Late night down sunset, likin' the scene
What's the worst they could do to a nigga?
Got me lost in Hell, to live and die in L.A. on bail

[Val Young (2Pac):]
(My angel sing)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(And the angels go)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(To live and die in L.A.)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see

[2Pac:]
It's the City of Angels and constant danger
South Central L.A. can't get no stranger
Full of drama, like a soap opera, on the curb
Watchin' the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe
So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail
I swear, the pen right across from hell

I can't cry, 'cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now
Livin' life thug style, so I can't smile
Writing to my peoples when they ask for pictures
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's
I love Cali like I love women
'Cause every nigga in L.A. got a little bit of thug in him
We might fight amongst each other
But I promise you this: we'll burn this bitch down
Get us pissed, to live and die in L.A.

[Val Young (2Pac):]
(My angel sing)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(And the angels go)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(To live and die in L.A.)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see

[2Pac:]
It wouldn't be L.A. without Mexicans
Black love, brown pride, and the sets again
Pete Wilson tryin' to see us all broke
I'm on some bullshit out for everything they owe
Remember K-day? Weekends, Crenshaw, MLK?
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way
Gang signs being shown, nigga, love your hood!
But recognize and it's all good
Where the weed at? Niggas gettin' shermed out
Snoop Dogg in this mothafucka permed out
M.O.B., Big Suge in the Lo-Lo, bounce and turn
Dogg Pound in the Lex with a ounce to burn
Got them Watts niggas with me, O.F.T.B.
They got some hash, took the stash, left the rest for me
Neckbone, Tray, Heron, Big Buntry too
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hopin' it pay
Gettin' high, watchin' time fly; to live and die in L.A.

[Val Young (2Pac):]
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(Let my angel sing)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(And my angels go)
To live and die in L.A., it's the place to be
(To live and die in L.A.)
You've got to be there to know it
When everybody wanna see
(Let my angel sing)

[2Pac:]

This go out for 92.3, and 106
All the radio stations that be bumpin' my shit
Makin' my shit sells katruple quitraple platinum
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)
This go out to all the magazines that support a nigga
All the real motherfuckers
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)
All the stores, the mom and pop spots
A&R people, all y'all mothafuckers
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)
L.A., "California Love" part mothafuckin' two
Without gay ass Dre
(To live and die in L.A., mhmmm)

Thanks to ericmpthomas, Ammar Ahmed for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Snoopy, Andrews Val Young

2Pac Lyrics

"Blasphemy"

(feat. Prince Ital)

["To Live & Die in L.A." fades out*]*

[Snipped of a religious TV show:]
God has a plan, and the Bible unfolds that wonderful plan through the message of prophecy
God sent Jesus into this world to be our savior and that Christ is returning someday soon To unfold the wonderful plan of eternity
For my life and your life
As long as we're cooperating with God by accepting Jesus Christ as our personal Lord and savior unless the Lord does return in the coming seven days
We'll see you next time here on This Week in Bible Prophecy

[2Pac:]
2Pac, don't start that blasphemy in here!
Makaveli, the new breed
And I remember what my pops told me
The new word, follow me
Remember what my pops told me

[2Pac:]
My family tree consists of drug dealers, thugs and killers
Strugglin', known to hustle screaming, "Fuck they feelings!"
I got advice from my father, all he told me was this
Nigga, get off your ass if you plan to be rich!
There's ten rules to the game, but I'll share with you two
Know niggas gon' hate you for whatever you do
Now, rule one: get your cash on, M.O.B.
That's Money Over Bitches, cause they breed envy
Now rule two is a hard one: watch for phonies
Keep your enemies close, nigga, watch your homies
It seemed a little unimportant, when he told me I smiled
Picture jewels being handed to an innocent child
I never knew in my lifetime I'd live by these rules
Initiated as an outlaw, studying rules
Now papa ain't around, so I gotta recall
Or come to grips with bein' written on my enemy's walls
Promised if I have a seed, I'ma guide him right
Dear Lord, don't let me die tonight
I got words for my comrades, listen and learn
Ain't nothing free, get back what you earned
No doubt, getting higher than a motherfucker, bless me please
This Thug Life'll be the death of me, c'mon, yeah

And I remember what my papa told me
Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
(Remember what my pops told me)

Using the name of the lord in vain (blas-blas-blasphemy, blasphemy)
(Remember what my pops told me)
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

[2Pac:]
We probably in Hell already, our dumb asses not knowing
Everybody kissing ass to go to Heaven ain't going
Put my soul on it, I'm fighting devil niggas daily
Plus the media be crucifying brothers severely
Tell me I ain't God's son, nigga mom a virgin
We got evicted had to leave the 'burbs, back in the ghetto
Doing wild shit, looking at the sun, don't pay
Criminal mind all the time, wait for Judgment Day
They say Moses split the Red Sea
I split the blunt and rolled a fat one up deadly
Babylon beware, coming for the Pharoah's kids
Retaliation, making legends off the shit we did
Still bullshittin', niggas in Jerusalem waiting for signs
God coming, she's just taking her time (haha)
Living by the Nile while the water flow
I'm contemplating plots wondering where the thought'll go
Brothas getting shot, coming back resurrected
It's just that raw shit, nigga, check it (that raw shit)

And I remember what my papa told me
Remember what my papa told me, blasphemy

[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
(Remember what my pops told me)
Using the name of the lord in vain
(Remember what my pops told me)
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain
(what!)

[2Pac:]
The preacher want me buried, why? Cause I know he a liar
Have you ever seen a crackhead, that's eternal fire
Why you got these kids' minds thinking that they evil?
While the preacher being freaky you say "honor God's people"
Should we cry when the Pope die? My request
We should cry if they cried when we buried Malcolm X
Mama, tell me am I wrong, is God just another cop?
Waiting to beat my ass if I don't go pop?
Memories of a past time, giving up cash to the leaders
Knowing damn well they ain't gonna feed us
In my brain how can you explain time in B.C
It's hard enough to live now in these times of greed
They say Jesus is a kind man
Well, he should understand times in this crime land
My Thug nation, do what you gotta do, but know you gotta change. Try to find a way to make it out the game
I leave this, and hope God can see my heart is pure
Is heaven just another door? I leave this here
I leave this, and hope God see my heart is pure
Is Heaven just another door? And my people say…

[Prince Ital Joe (2Pac):]
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
(Remember what my pops told me)
Using the name of the lord in vain
(Can't I remember what my pops told me, blasphemy)
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
Using the name of the lord in vain
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
Using the name of the lord in vain
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain
Love for dem dat steal in the name of da Lord
Dem a tell nuff lie, but holdin' my bird in a cloud
Using the name of the lord in vain
While de people in de ghetto feel nuff pain

Our father, who art in heaven
Hallow be thy name
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
In Earth as it is in Heaven
Give us this day, our daily bread
As we give up our debts
As we forgive our debt-ors
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us unevil
For God is the kingdom and the power
And the glory forever and ever and ever

Thanks to Wojtek Niestrój for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wrice Tyrone J, Paquette Joseph

2Pac Lyrics

"Life Of An Outlaw"

(feat. Outlawz)

In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand

[2Pac:]
Why explain the game
Niggas ain't listenin', stuck in positions
If victims can't stand the heat then stay the fuck out the kitchen
Half these busters switchin', lookin' at me mean
Itchin', givin' suckers plenty space
Have these bitch niggas snitchin'
Where are we now, guns found daily
The feds surely hope that they could finally nail me
For sellin' dope they backwards
Make track burst, whenever I rap
Attack
Words bein' known to explode on contact
Extreme at times
Blinded by my passion and fury
Look at me laugh at my competition's flashin' my jewelry
You'd stay silent if you niggas knew me
Truely effective
The shit you heard ain't do me justice
Got a death wish, bitch
Run but face, being traced, by the infrared beam
It seems niggas ain't recognize my team
Ain't nobody holdin' you back, explode the track to confetti
Unload it
Cause niggas ain't ready
The life of an outlaw

In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand

[2Pac:]
Code 3
Attack formation
Pull out your pistols
Keep an eye out for the devils cause they itchin' to get you
Merciless madman screamin' kamikaze in tongue
Automatic gunfire makin' all my enemies run
Who should I call when I'm shot and bleedin'
Indeed the possibility has part a chase in cream
Dope got me hatin' fiends
Scheme with my team, just a chosen few
My foes victim of explosives

Come closer
Exhale the fumes
We got memories fadin' fast
A slave for cash
Accelerate, mash, blast, then dash
Don't look now. How you like it, raw
Niggas ain't ready for the wrath of the outlaws
Never surrender
Death before dishonor, stay free
I'm thugged out
Fuck the world cause this is how they made me
Scarred but still breathin'
Believe in me and you could see the victory
A warrior with jewels
Will you picture me?
Life of and outlaw

In the life we live as thugs (no doubt)
Everybody fuckin' with us (yes!), so can't you see (life of an outlaw)
It's hard to be a man (soldiers in position, attack formation)
Ridin' with my guns in hand
(No retreat, no surrender)

[Young Noble:]
City under siege
It's like I can't even breathe
I'm from the state of car thieves
G, deep from the street
Plenty beef
I play for keeps, arrange the whole crime scene
Mobb peep
This nigga from behind tryin' to creep
No half-wits, no straps, jack
It's on to bounce back
An ounce of wrath so bad,it snatched my style on death
Tell the reaper I was sent to get ya
Snip with clippers
Get the picture
I wrote my life down as a scripture

[E.D.I. Mean:]
And still I'm lost in the land of the lonely
Where ain't nobody holy
A matter of a fact, we unholy
Everybody livin' soley for themselves
Too high strung to lend help
To somebody who be needin' it
You know we lost hope and we needin' it
Wit' the evil it's forever
But it might be low down, scandalous
Like a tramp is
All for the street fame on how to be managed
To plan shit
6 months in advanced to what we plotted
Approved to go on swole and now I got it

[Kastro:]
Uh, crack my window
Knowin' they'd love to catch Kastro sleepin'
Attach a strap under my pillow hand to hand like we freakin'
Creepin' deep into mornin'
Peepin' out the weak while they yawnin'
And let my clout speak for itself
No doubt
Outlaw
Outta my mind, outta time
You're all blind
Some kind of life of mine if K-Dog don't mind
Findin' it funny, matter of fact, cause it is
Perhaps finally I'll adapt to it over the years as an outlaw

[(2Pac) Napoleon:]
(Eh, Napoleon)
What's up, nigga?
(Would you die for me, nigga?)
Hell yeah
(Would you kill for me, nigga?)
On my grandmother, nigga
(Ah yo)
What's up
(Let's ride on them stupid bitches right now
Watch out)

[Napoleon:]
Well, now they all say that vultures and parasites
Snakes are all alike
Thug life break night
Drink 'til we fist fight
Life or death. But you can't win with a vest
But there won't be no breathin' for the reason
Punk bitch on your breath
I see day is dark and I admit it's dark
So chase the air hide your stash
Beware from *[?]* marks
And yo, Makaveli, give me them bullets that was left up in your belly
And let me bust back to them niggas 'til they all cold and sweaty

In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand
In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand
In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man
Ridin' with my guns in hand
In the life we live as thugs
Everybody fuckin' with us so can't you see
It's hard to be a man

Ridin' with my guns in hand

Thanks to KRAZY, iceman40ounce for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Just Like Daddy"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (E.D.I. Mean):]
Outlawz, go ahead, in this
No doubt
Death Row, Makaveli Records
(You can call me daddy, uh)
(I'll be ya daddy, that's right, uh)
(Just like daddy)
(Fo' the ladies)
Hahaha

[2Pac & Singer:]
Come with me and in time we'll grow
Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why
Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on
Sunshine turns to rain
Baby, I can take away ya pain
If ya trust me
Close ya eyes, feel the magic
Neva leave when ya need me
I'll do ya just like daddy

[E.D.I. Mean:]
I met her when she was younger
Real daddy died when she was younger
Her moms let her do what she please, an' seen no one loved her
Her eyes shined of love, a diamond in the rough
The kind that you could love; not yet touch, but so much, potential
Youngster let me guide ya mental
And to a place, with a sourness of pain you'll never taste
By God's grace, you was born with that face
Nothin' but pure beauty; so for an eternity, I feel it's my duty
To be a souljah (souljah) yeah, baby got plans to mold ya
In the coldest nights is when I hold ya
Like I'm supposed to, as we roll closer
I'll take yo' hand gladly, anything you need, ask me
Supportin' my baby girl just like daddy

[Makaveli:]
To alleviate the stress, spendin' time wit' you, I feel blessed
When you gone, feel the pain so strong deep in my chest
When I got arrested, came so close to goin' to jail
Throwin' blows at the po-pos breakin' ya nails
Screamin' loud goin' all out, damn I did
You stayed locked down at moms house, watchin' the kids
Through the whole bid in the V-I, I see ya daily
While my fake homies try to fuck you, you run and tell me
That's why I stay committed, I thank God every time I hit it
Hopin' you'll forgive me for all the times I bullshitted

Me and you against the world, we untouchable
Screamin' like you dyin' every time I'm fuckin' you
Ya never had a father or a family, but I'll be there
No need to fear so much insanity, and through the years
I know ya gave me your heart, plus
When I'm dirt broke and fucked up, ya still love me

[2Pac & Singer:]
Come with me and in time we'll grow
Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why
Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on
Sunshine turns to rain
Baby, I can take away ya pain
If ya trust me
Close ya eyes, feel the magic
Neva leave when ya need me
I'll do ya just like daddy

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Boo, would ya die for me?
Down holdin' my pistol, gettin' high
With mean sounds tougher than bristles
But when you cry I'll be ya tissue
Back in the county written letters, how I miss you
Givin' you credit, apologetic how I diss you
Kiss you for thinkin' like a mona and on a level
And sometime daddy ready to wine ya and dilation
For a total twine ya, we right behind ya true
Life just me and you, no tellin' what we could do
Gettin' high between the sheets, make the shit right here discrete
Puttin' hickeys on ya belly while we fuckin' on the beach
I love it when ya nut up and grab me
I feel for ya badly, baby girl just like daddy

[Young Noble:]
Shorty I lend my hand out ta help ya, lost soul lookin' for shelter
On late night accept it, treat ya good, won't disrespect ya
My age is young, out of place bitch days is done
From a trixy to a missy, you know I raised ya hun
Placed her under my wing, showed her how we swing
Now she rolling blunts for her king
One day labelled thug misses, the essence of my ghetto sisters
Hugs and kisses, that's just for me to be a father figure

[2Pac (Singer):]
(Just like daddy) come with me and in time we'll grow
(Just like daddy) Dedicate slow jams on the radio-oh why
(Just like daddy, c'mon) Know ya happy, I can feel ya passion
Lookin' out for ya just like daddy, come on
(just like daddy. Sunshine turns to rain)
(Baby, I can take away ya pain just like daddy)
(If ya trust me)
(Just like daddy, come on. Close ya eyes, feel the magic)
(Neva leave when ya need me)
(I'll do ya just like daddy)

[2Pac:]
C'mon
Throw ya hands up
Put ya hands up
Throw ya hands up
Put ya hands up
Throw ya hands up
Put ya hands up
Put ya hands up
Throw ya hands up
Where my sistas?
Where my sistas at?
Where my sistas?
Where my sistas at?
Where my sistas?
Where my sistas at?

Throw ya hands in the air

Where my sistas?
Where my sistas at?
Where my sistas?
Where my sistas at?
Where my sistas?
Where my sistas at?
Throw ya hands in the air
Come On
Yes
Yes, just like daddy
Yes, throw ya hands in the air, come on
Outlawz in this mutha fucka (Yes!)
No doubt!
Kadafi, Hussein, Makaveli, Napoleon, Marvaless, EDI, Kastro, Khameleon, Storm, Yeah the bitch check
No doubt get yo money
Throw yo hands in the air
Yeah, just like daddy baby
Know you got somewhere to go tonight
Cause you a thug nigga, thug nigga that loves niggas!
Hahahahahaha
Come on
Just like daddy
Outlawz baby, outlaws, outlaws outlaw, outlaw
Throw ya hands in the muthafuckin' air

Thanks to K21 for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Krazy"

(feat. Bad Ass)

[2Pac:]
Throw me a cigarette, dawg! *[*inhales*]*
They got me feelin' crazier than a motherfucker
I got Bad Azz in this motherfucker
Makaveli the Don, representin' the Outlawz
Bad Azz representin' the LBC Crew
So what'cha wanna do? Y'know how we do it

[2Pac:]
Puffin' on lye, hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
Oh yeah, I feel crazy

[2Pac:]
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
Oh yeah, I feel crazy

(Tell 'em about it!)

[2Pac:]
Last year was a hard one, but life goes on
Hold my head against the wall, learnin' right from wrong
They say my ghetto instrumental, detrimental to kids
As if they can't see the misery in which they live
Blame me for the outcome, ban my records – check it
Don't have to bump this, but please respect it
I took a minus and now the hard times are behind us
Turned into a plus, now they stuck livin' blinded
Hennessy got me feelin' bad, time to stop drinkin'
Rollin' in my drop-top Jag, what's that cops thinkin'?
Sittin' in my car, watch the stars and smoke
I came a long way, but still I got so far to go
Dear mama, don't worry; I'ma watch for snakes
Tell Setchu that I love her, but it's hard today
I got the letter that she sent me, and I cried for weeks
This what came out when I tried to speak – all I heard was…

[2Pac:]
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga going' crazy
I feel crazy
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy

(One, two, three, four)

[2Pac:]
I see bloods and crips runnin' up the hill
Lookin' for a better way
My brothers and sisters, it's time to bail
'Cause even thug niggas pray
Hopin' God hear me, I entered the game
Look how much I changed
I'm no longer innocent – casualties of fame
Made a lot of money, seen a lot of places
And I swear I seen a peaceful smile on my mama's face
When I gave her the keys to her own house, this your land
Your only son done became a man
Watchin' time fly, I love my people, do or die
But I wonder why we scared to let each other fly
June 1-6, '7-1, the day
Mama pushed me out her womb, told me, "Nigga, get paid!"
No one can understand me – the black sheep
Outcasted from my family, now packin' heat
I run the streets, a young runaway, live for today
When he died, I could hear him say… (Thug Life, baby!)

[2Pac:]
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
Crazy
Crazy
Crazy
I feel crazy (crazy)

[Bad Azz:]
God, help me out here, 'cause I'm possessed
I need the root of all evil for my stress
'Cause money's like a strong prescription drug
It's got me addicted to the pleasure and the pain it inflicted
Somethin' about the paper with the pictures of the president's head, damn, it's like a motherfuckin' plague that spread
It's epidemic; forgotten, forgotten it got worse
I keep my head on straight, makin' money 'cause it's cursed
Makin' money makes a difference day by day
So I gotta stay paid, no doubt, day in and day out
This life is like a vicious cycle called fightin' to live
No matter how hard you try, it's in death, you gotta die
A lot of my peers didn't make it to the years to come
Did life doin' right or did life livin' dumb
Who has the answers? I wonder; I turn to my elders
They aged and experienced, but they can't even tell ya
Or tell me, that there'll be light at the end of the road
(Why?) 'Cause they don't even know
A million things run through my mind (through my mind)

You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time
(You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time)

[2Pac:]
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy
I feel crazy
Time goes by, puffin' on lye
Hopin' that it gets me high
Got a nigga goin' crazy

[2Pac:]
I feel fucked up in this bitch
I smoked half a ounce to the head. Chocolate Thai, indo, Hawaiian, lambsbread, Buddha – all that shit!
I'm fucked up in this motherfucker
And Hennessy don't help
And Hennessy don't help
Thug Passion in this muh'fucker
Makaveli the Don puttin' it down to the fullest
Maximum overload
3 Day Theory – Killuminati to your body
With the impact of a 12 gauge shotty
Double-I slugs, no love, straight thugs

One time for my niggas in the jail cell, (One time for my niggas locked up)
One time for my niggas doin' life in Hell, (One time for my niggas and shit, one time)
One time for my niggas in the jail cell (One time)
One time for my niggas doin' life in Hell (One time for my niggas locked down)
One time for my niggas on the Death Row
(One time for my niggas on the Row)
For my niggas on Death Row
One time for my niggas livin' broke (Westside, California style, LA!)
One time for my niggas livin' broke (You know what time it is, no doubt)
One time for my niggas in the jail cell (Get high, puffin' on lye)
Wonder if it get me high, yeah

Thanks to K21 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Harper Marvin Darrell, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Stamps Jamarr Antonio

2Pac Lyrics

"White Man's World"

(feat. Big D The Impossible)

You go bustin' your fist against a stone wall
You're not usin' your brain
That's what the white man wants you to do
Look at you, what makes you ashamed of bein black

[2Pac:]
Nothin' but love for you my sister
Might even know how hard it is, no doubt
Bein' a woman, a black woman at that, no doubt
Shit, in this white man's world
Sometimes we overlook the fact that we be ridin' hard on our sisters
We don't be knowin' the pain we be causin'
In this white man's world
In this white man's world
I ain't sayin I'm innocent in all this
I'm just sayin'
In this white man's world
This song is for y'all
For all those times that I messed up or we messed up

[2Pac:]
Dear sister, got me twisted up in prison I miss ya
Cryin' lookin' at my niece's and my nephew picture
They say don't let this cruel world get ya, kinda suspicious
Swearin' one day you might leave me, for somebody that's richer
Twist the cap off the bottle, I take a sip and see tomorrow
Gotta make it if I have to beg or borrow
Readin' love letters; late night, locked down and quiet
If brothers don't receive they mail best believe we riot
Eatin' Jack-Mack, starin' at the walls of silence
Inside this cage where they captured all my rage and violence
In time I learned a few lessons, never fall for riches
Apologizes to my true sisters, far from bitches
Help me raise my Black Nation, reparations are due
It's true, caught up in this world I took advantage of you
So tell the babies how I love them, precious boys and girls
Born black in this white man's world - and all I heard was

Who, knows what tomorrow brings
In this world, where everyone's blind?
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find
To let you know, that you're not alone

[2Pac:]
Only thing they ever did wrong (yes!, yes!) was bein' born black (no doubt), in this white man’s world.
All my ghetto motherfuckers be proud to be black if you proud to have this shit like this, cause ain't nobody got it like this (all my little Black seeds, born Black in the White man'z world).
All these motherfuckers wanna be like us.
They all wanna be like us, to be the have naughts: all hail.

God bless the child that can hold his own, no motherfuckin' doubt

[2Pac:]
Bein' born with less, I must confess only adds on to the stress
Two gunshots to my homie's head, died in his vest
Shot him to death and left him bleedin' for his family to see
I pass his casket gently askin', is there heaven for G's
My homeboy's doin' life, his baby momma be stressin'
Sheddin' tears when her son, finally ask that questions
Where my daddy at? Mama why we live so poor
Why you crying? Heard you late night through my bedroom door
Now do you love me mama? Why they keep on calling me nigga?
Get my weight up with my hate and pay 'em back when I'm bigger
And still thuggin' in his jail cell, missing my block
Hearin' brothers screamin' all night, wishing they'd stop
Proud to be black but why we act like we don't love ourselves
Don't look around busta (you sucka) check yourselves
Know what it means to be black, whether a man or girl
We still struggling, in this white man's world

[2Pac:]
Who, knows what tomorrow brings
(Born black in this white man's world)
In this world, where everyone's blind?
(In this white man's world)
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find
(In this white man's world)
To let you know, that you're not alone

*[*megaphone*]*
We must fight, for brother Mumia
We must fight, for brother Mutulu
And we must fight, for brother Ruchell Magee
We must fight, for brother Geronimo Pratt
We must fight, for *[?]*, Zulu, *[?]*
We must fight, for countless political prisoners
Who are locked up falsely by this white man

[2Pac:]
So tell me why you
Changed to choose a new direction, in the blink of an eye
My time away just made perfection, did you think I'd die
Not gon' cry, why should I care
Like we holding on to lost love that's no longer there
Can you please help me, God bless me please keep my seeds healthy
Making all my enemies bleed while my G's wealthy
Hoping they bury me with ammunitions, weed, and shells
Just in case they trip in heaven - ain't no G's in hell
Sister sorry for the pain that I caused your heart
I know I'll change if you help me, but don't fall apart
Rest in peace to Latasha, Lil' Yummy, and Kato
Too much for this cold world to take - ended up bein fatal
Every woman in America, especially black
Bear with me, can't you see, that we under attack
I never meant to cause drama, to my sister and mama
Hope we make it, to better times, in this white man's world

Who, knows what tomorrow brings
In world, where everyone's blind?
And where to go, no matter how far I'll find
To let you know, that you're not alone

[Khalid Abdul Muhammad:]
"You're out of touch with reality!
There are a few of you in a few smoke-filled rooms
Calling that the mainstream, while the masses of the people
--White and black, red, yellow and brown, poor and vulnerable-- are suffering in this nation."

[2Pac:]
Never that, in this white man's world, they can't stop us
We've been here all this time they ain't took us out
They can never take us out
No matter what they say, about us bein extinct
About us being endangered species, we ain't NEVER gon' leave this
We ain't never gon' walk off this planet, unless Y'ALL choose to
Use your brain, use your brain
It ain't them that's killin' us it's US that's killin' us
It ain't them that's knockin' us off, it's US that's knockin' us off
I'm tellin' you better watch it, or be a victim
Be a victim, in this white man's world
.. born black, in this white man's world, no doubt
And it's dedicated to my motherfuckin' teachers
Mutulu Shakur, Geronimo Pratt, Mumia Abu Jamal
Sekou Odinga, all the real O.G.'s, we out

[Minister Farrakhan - Oct. 17, 1995:]
The seal, and the constitution, reflect the thinking of the founding fathers, that this was, to be a nation by white people, and for white people
Native Americans, Blacks, and all other non-white people were to be the burden bearers, for the real citizens of this nation

Thanks to hoodiemobb, Trish Quinn, Dareal2face for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Me And My Girlfriend"

(feat. Virginya Slim)

[Virginya Slim:]
Shit, you mothafuckin' right!
I'm the bitch that's keepin' it live and keepin' it hot
When you punk-ass niggas don't
Nigga, westside! What?! Bring it on!

[2Pac:]
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Doing 85 when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind

[2Pac:]
C'mon, our childhood years, recall the tears, heart laced with venom
Smoking sherm, drinking malt liquor, father forgive 'em
Me and my girlfriend, hustlin'
Fell in love with the struggle
Hands on the steering wheel, blush while she bail out bustin'
Fuck 'em all, watch 'em fall screamin'
Automatic gunfire exorcising all demons
My mafioso messiah, my congregation high, ready to die
We bail out to take the jail back, niggas united
Our first date, couldn't wait to see you naked
Touch you in every secret place, I could hardly wait
To bust freely, got you red-hot, you so happy to see me
Make the frontpage primetime live on TV
Nigga, my girlfriend, baby 45 but she still live
One shot make a nigga's heartbeat stop

[Virginya Slim:]
What?! I'm busting on you punk ass niggas
Run, nigga, run! I'm on your ass, nigga
Run, nigga! Duck and hide when I'm bustin' on all you bitches!
Run, nigga! Yeah, west side!
Uh! Uh! Uh! Die, nigga, die!

[2Pac:]
My girlfriend: blacker than the darkest night
When niggas act bitch-made she got the heart to fight
Nigga, my girlfriend, though we separated at times
I knew deep inside, baby girl would always be mine
Picked you up when you was 9
Started out my life of crime with you
Bought you some shells when you turned 22
It's true, nothing compares to the satisfaction
That I feel when we out mashin'; me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]

All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]
I was too immature to understand your ways
Inexperienced back in the days
Caused so many arguments and strays
Now I realize how to treat you, the secret to keep you
Being faithful, 'cause now cheating's lethal
We're closer than the hands of time
Deeper than the drive of mankind
I trust you dearly, I shoot blind
In time I clock figures, dropping niggas as we rise
We all soldiers in God's eyes
Now it's time for war; never leave me, baby
I'm paranoid, sleeping with you loaded by my bedside, crazy
Jealous when you hang with the fellas, I wait patiently alone
Anticipated for the moment you come home
I'm waiting by the phone, this is true love, I can feel it
I've had a lot of women in my bed, but you the realest
So if you ever need me, call, I'll be there through it all
You're the reason I can stand tall; me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]
I love finger-fucking you, all of a sudden I'm hearing thunder
When you bust a nut, niggas be ducking or taking numbers
Love to watch you at a block party, begging for drama
While unleashing on the old-timers, that's on my mama
I would trade my life for yours, behind closed doors
The only girl that I adore, everything I'm asking for
Talking to me, begging me to just take you around
Seventeen, like Brandy, you just wanna be down
Talking loud when I tell you be quiet
You move the crowd, busting rounds, activating a riot
That's why I love you so, no control, down to roll, unleash
After a hit you, break apart, then back to one piece
Much love to my one and only girlfriend, the world is ours
Just hold me down, baby, witness the power
Never leave a nigga alone, I love you black or chrome
Turn this house into a happy home: me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend
All I need in this life of sin
Is me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Just me and my girlfriend
All I need in this life of sin
Me and my girlfriend
Down to ride to the bloody end
Me and my girlfriend

[2Pac:]
Lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Doing 85 when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Doing 85 when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Doing 85 when we ride
Trapped in this world of sin
Born as a ghetto child, raised in this whirlwind
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Look for me, lost in the whirlwind
'96 Bonnie and Clyde, me and my girlfriend
Me and my girlfriend

Thanks to Luis for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Marvin Darrell Harper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Tyrone Wrice, Ricky Rouse

2Pac Lyrics

"Hold Ya Head"

(feat. Tyrone Wrice)

[Malcolm X prison scene:]
Yo, Jackson! A 231549
Yeah, close four! Comin' down!
Crichlow! A 5991301
Close five! Comin' down!

[2Pac:]
My homeboys in Clinton And Rikers Island
All the Penitentiaries
Mumia, Mutulu, Geronimo, Sekon
All the political Prisoners
San Quentin (Look at Satan) (I see him)
All the jailhouses, I'm with you

[2Pac (Tyrone Wrice):]
Yeah, one thug, one thug
(How do we keep the music playin'?)
You're listenin' to the sounds of one thug
One thug, one thug, how do we get ahead?
You're listenin' to the sounds of…

[2Pac:]
I wake up early in the mornin', mind state so military
Suckers fantasizin' pictures of a young brother buried
Was it me, the weed, or this life I lead?
If daytime is for suckers, then tonight we breathe
Out for all that, knowin' that this world bring drawbacks
Look how they shiver once I deliver these raw raps
Meet me at the cemetery, dressed in black
Tonight we honor the dead, those who won't be back
So, if I die, do the same for me, shed no tears
An outlaw thug livin' in this game for years
Why worry? Hope to God, get me high when I'm buried
Knowin' deep inside only a few love me
Don't rush me to the gates of Heaven
Let me picture for a while, how I lived for my days as a child
I wonder now, how do we outlast?
Always get cash, stay strong if we all mash; hold ya head!

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]
How do we keep the music playin'?
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead? (Hold ya head!)
Too many young black brothers are dyin'
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)
Livin' fast, too fast

[2Pac:]
These felonies be like prophecies

Beggin' me to stop, 'cause these
Lawyers gettin' money every time they knock us
Snatchin' pockets lyrically, suckers flee when they notice
Switched my name to Makaveli, half the rap game ghost
Exposed foes with my hocus-pocus flows, they froze
Now suckers idolize my chosen blows
And mo' money mean litigatin', mo' playa hatin'
Got a cell at the pen' for me waitin'—is this my fate?
Miss me with that misdemeanor thinkin', me fall back?
Never that, too much tequila drinkin', we all that
Make them understand me? Hell nah, this ain't my posse
Everyone with me is family, 'cause everybody's got me
Watch me paint a perfect vision, this life we livin'
Got us all meetin' up in prison
Last week I got a letter from my road dog, written in blood
Sayin', "Please show a playa love"—hold ya head! (Hold it!)

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]
How do we keep the music playin'?
(You got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead? (Come on, hold ya head!)
Too many young black brothers are dyin'
(Yes, hold ya head!)
Livin' fast, too fast
(The weed got me tweakin' in my mind, I'm thinkin'…)

[2Pac:]
God bless the child that can hold his own
Indeed, enemies bleed when I hold my chrome
Let these words be the last to my unborn seeds
Hope to raise my young nation in this world of greed
Currency means nothin' if you still ain't free
Money breeds jealousy, take the game from me
I hope for better days, trouble comes naturally
Runnin' from authorities 'til they capture me
And my aim is to spread mo' smiles than tears
Utilize lessons learned from my childhood years
Maybe Mama had it all right, rest yo' head
Tradin' conversations all night, bless the dead
To the homies that I used to have that no longer roll
Catch a brother at the crossroads
Plus nobody knows my soul, watchin' time pass
Through the glass of my drop-top Rolls; hold ya head!

[Tyrone Wrice (2Pac):]
How do we keep the music playin'?
(You got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead? (C'mon, hold ya head!)
Too many young black brothers are dyin'
(Yes, hold ya head!)
Livin' fast, too fast
(You got to hold ya head!)
(How do we keep the music playin'?)
(Yes, you got to hold ya head!)
How do we get ahead?

[2Pac:]
No matter how hard it get, feel me?
Get the weed, drink a drink, read a book
Watch the stars, get some pussy—whatever!

Thanks to w4ck, lildarkblood, gkaya for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Anderson Daryl L, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Troutman Roger, Grochowski Stan Vincent

2Pac Lyrics

"Against All Odds"

To my niggas that went out in line on duty
21-gun salute! One love, one thug, one nation
(Let's get down, let's do this!)
21-gun salute! (Come on, yeah, let's do this!)
21-gun salute! (Come on, come on, let's do this!)
All the time I be…

Hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke

21-gun salute, dressed in fatigues, black jeans and boots
Disappeared in the crowd, all you seen was troops
This little nigga named Nas think he live like me
Talking 'bout he left the hospital, took five like me
You live in fantasies, nigga, I reject your deposit
We shook Dre punk ass, now he out of the closet
Mobb Deep wonder why a nigga blowed 'em out
Next time grown folks talk, nigga, close your mouth!
Peep me, I take this war shit deeply
Done seen too many real players fall
To let these bitch niggas beat me
Puffy, let's be honest, you a punk
Or you will see me with gloves
Remember that shit you said to Vibe about me being a thug?
And you can tell the people you roll with whatever you want
But you and I know what's goin' on
Payback, I knew you bitch niggas from way back
Witness me strapped with MAC's, knew I wouldn't play that
All you old rappers tryin' to advance
It's all over now, take it like a man
Niggas lookin' like Larry Holmes, flabby and sick
Tryin' to player hate on my shit, you eat a fat dick
Let it be known, this is how you made me
Lovin' how I got you niggas crazy

Against all odds, hopin' my thug motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke, against all odds
Hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote

I heard he was light skinned, stocky, with a Haitian accent
Jewelry, fast cars and he's known for flashin'
Listen while I take you back and lace this rap
A real live tale about a snitch named Haitian Jack
Knew he was workin' for the feds
Same crime, different trials, nigga, picture what he said

And did I mention?
Promised to payback, Jimmy Henchman, in due time
I know you bitch niggas is listenin', the world is mine
Set me up, wet me up, niggas stuck me up
Heard the guns bust, but you tricks never shut me up
Touch one of mine, on everything I love
I'll destroy everything you touch
Play the game, nigga; all out warfare, eye for eye
Last words to a bitch nigga: "Why you lie?"
Now you gotta watch your back, now watch your front
Here we come, gunshots to Tut, now you stuck
Fuck the rap game, nigga, this M.O.B
So believe me, we enemies, I go against all odds

I'm hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio, gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke
I'm hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote, against all odds

Puffy gettin' bribed like a bitch, to hide that fact
He did some shit he shouldn't have did, so we ridin' for that
And that nigga that was down for me, restin' dead
Switched sides, guess his new friends wanted him dead
Probably be murdered for the shit that I said
I bring the real, be a legend, breathin' or dead
Lord, listen to me, God don't like ugly, it was written
Ayo, Nas, your whole damn style is bitten
You heard my melody, read about my life in the papers
All my run-ins with authorities, felonious capers
Now you wanna live my life
So what's a "hasa", Nas? Niggas that don't rhyme right
You've seen too many movies
Load 'em up against the wall, close his eyes
Since you lie you die; goodbye!
Let the real live niggas hear the truth from me
What would you do if you was me? Nigga

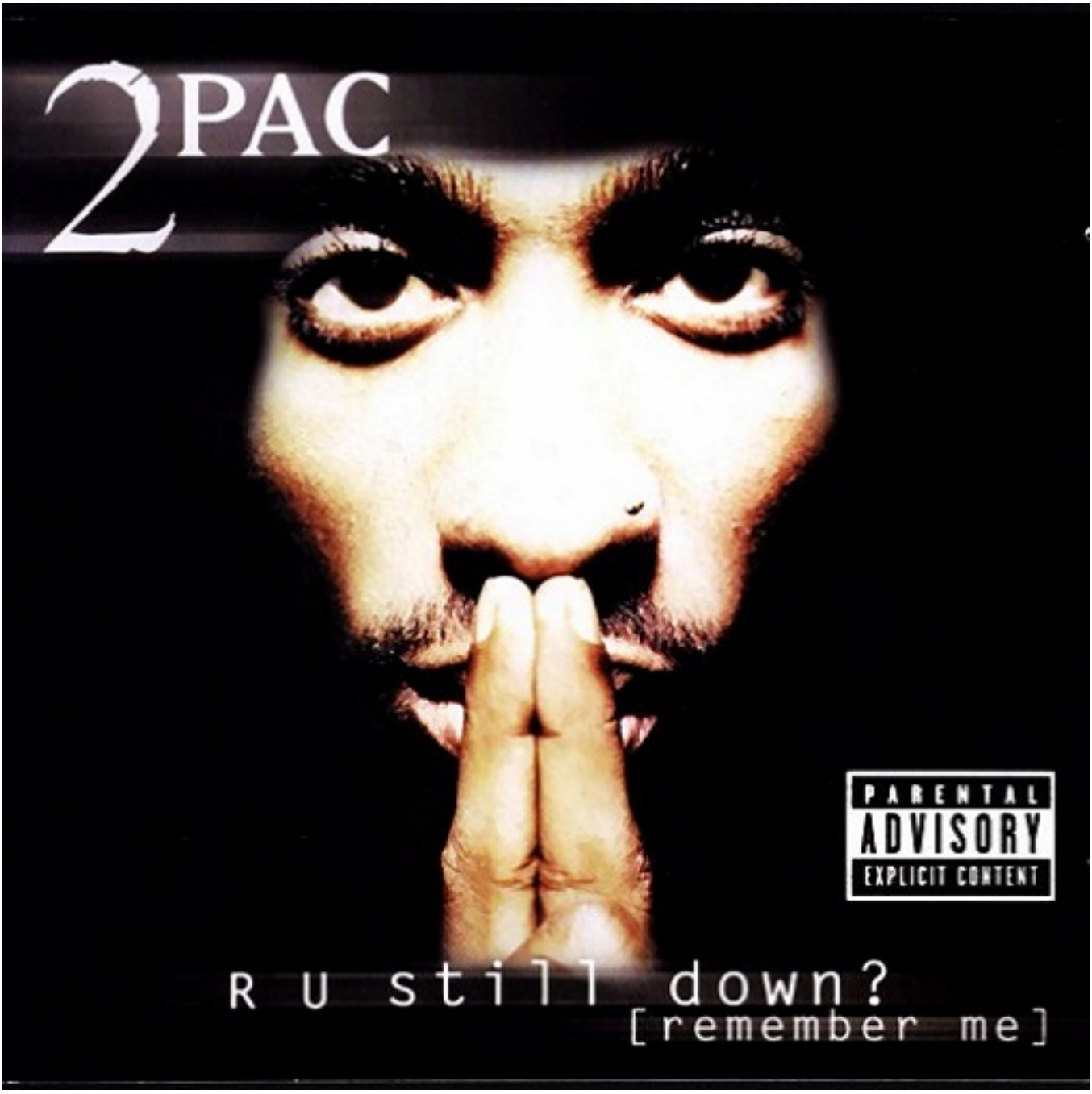
Hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke
Against all odds, hopin' my true motherfuckers know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote
Against all odds, up in the studio gettin' blowed
To the truest shit I ever spoke, against all odds

21-gun salute, one love to my true thug niggas
(Outlaw! Outlaw! Outlaw!)
21-gun salute to my niggas that die in the line of duty
Representin' to the fullest, being soldiers with military minds
That play the rules of the game, 21-gun salute
I salute you, my niggas, stay strong
I ride for you, I rhyme for you, I roll for you, it's all for you
To all you bitch made niggas, I'm comin' for you

Against all odds, I don't care who the fuck you is
You touch me I'm at you
I know you motherfuckers didn't think I forgot
Hell nah, I ain't forgot, nigga
I just remember what you told me
You said don't go to war unless I got my money right
I got my money right now, now I want war

Thanks to the_personal_account for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wrice Tyrone J


2PAC
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
R U still down?
[remember me]

2Pac Lyrics

"Redemption"

Hahahahaha!
(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)
Once again! Hahaha!
Once again! Hahaha!
(Thug Life bitch)
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me!
(Goin out like that)

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! *[*lower pitch*]*
Hahahaha!
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! *[*lower pitch*]*
[2Pac:] Open fire on you niggas

(Thug Life bitch)
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! Hahahaha
(Goin out like that)

Once again! Hahaha!
Once again! Hahaha!

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)
[2Pac:] Open fire on you niggas *[*lower pitch*]*
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! *[*lower pitch*]*
Once again! Hahaha!

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)
(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me!
Once again! Hahaha!
[2Pac:] Open fire on you niggas *[*lower pitch*]* (repeats in background)

Once again! Hahaha!
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me!
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! Hahahaha
[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! *[*lower pitch*]*
(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Ricky Rouse

2Pac Lyrics

"Open Fire"

"Alright now, here we go"

Tell me, how many real motherfuckers feel me?
I smoke a blunt and freak the funk until these jealous motherfuckers kill me
I'm out the gutter, pick a hero
I'm 165 and stayin' high 'til I die, my competition's zero
Cause I could give a fuck about you, you better duck
Go or I'll be forced to hit yo' ass up, I give a fuck
I'm sick inside my mind, why they sweat me?
It's gonna take an army full of crooked ass cops to come and get me
Niggas know I ain't the one to sleep on, I'm under pressure
Gotta sleep with my piece, an extra clip beside my dresser
Word to God I've been ready to die since I was born
I don't want no shit but niggas trip and, yo, it's on
Open fire on my adversaries, don't even worry
Better have on a vest aim for the chest and then you buried
It's a man's world, niggas get played, another stray
Hope I live to see another day, hey!
I'm gettin' sweated by these undercovers
Who can I trust, got my mama stressin', thinkin' it's a drug bust
Gotta get paid but all the drama that's attached
We livin' a drug life, THUG LIFE, each day could be my last
Will I blast when it's time to shoot? Don't even ask
That's the consequences when ya livin' fast
Six bricks of tricks, for my niggas, I gotta come up
and recoup, you keep the dope just bring me six figures
Is it a bust? I hear the sirens, run for cover
over the fence and open fire

"Alright now, here we go"

These motherfuckers on my ass I'm in traffic, will it be tragic?
I'm comin' round the corner like I'm Magic
Doin' ninety on the freeway, and hittin' switches
In a high speed chase with these punk bitches
Don't turn around I ain't givin' up, cause they don't worry me
Pussy ass bitches better bury me
Runnin' outta gas time to park it, I'm on foot
We in the hood, how the fuck they gon catch a crook? Haha
I got away cause I'm clever
Went to my neighbors for a favor now you know players stick together
I watch the scene from the rooftop, spittin' loogies
At the coppers that pursue me, beotch!
I be a hustler til it's over, motherfucker
Open fire on you bustas

"Alright now, here we go"

Don't try to follow me, I'm headed outta state
I gotta pay my fuckin' bills, so I'm transportin' weight

Change my plates, pick up my nigga, and now we rollin'
Droppin' keys like they stolen, hehe
Tell me who do you fear? I'm outta town until the coast is clear
Enough dope to last a year
They got me runnin' from the police, nowhere to go
With the lights out, rollin' down a dirt road
But I ain't goin' alive, I'd rather die than be a convict
I'd rather fire on my target
I hit the corner doin' ninety, ah shit!
Them bitches right behind me
They take a shot and hit my fuckin' tires
Now, jump out the car then I open fire, sucka!

Hahahaha! Thug Life, bitch! Goin' out like that

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, R. Rouse, Ronald Joseph Lee Williams

2Pac Lyrics

"R U Still Down? (Remember Me)"

Are you still down? *[3x]*

Now up and at 'em it's on, I was raised to be strong
And mama told me be a thug, since the day I was born
I came up, out the gutter never changed my style
Got for real about my papers, cause the game was wild
And the fame was a plot to try to change me
And what's strange is, nobody knew my name 'fore it came
Now the whole world is calling me a killer
All I ever did, was try to reach the kids with the real
All the time I was ballin', never heard my friends callin'
Couldn't stop myself from fallin', I'm all in
Shit's gettin' sleazy, believe me
Best to take what ya need, but don't be greedy
Cause in my mind, I see sunshine, I thought
I didn't have to run, now I'm duckin' from the gun yellin' "One time!"
Take your time to feel my record
And if you did, chill a second
My blind method, will still wreck it
My young homies stay strong
I wonder if they'll listen to a nigga when he gone
Are you still down?

Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?

I'm gettin' high, so a nigga think, he touch the sky
Turn tough inside, in the rush to die
Livin' life as a thug, time to face the truth
What's goin' on with the wasted youth, please God
Come and save me, had to work with what ya gave me
And got a nigga goin' crazy
I can't read the signs
I'm blind, but a nigga know he need his nine
Cause times, they ain't what they used to be
Ain't a penitentiary built big enough for me
And my niggas on the streets, man, listen
Cause these ain't the old days
Ain't no way, I'mma bustin' my ass and gettin' no pay
It seems I can't find my focus and homie, I ain't paranoid
I seen the future and it's hopeless
Lord knows, it's hard on a young scrub
It seems I had less problems when I slung drugs
But since I'm tryin' lace, niggas with the game
Wanna see me locked in chains, tryin' to dirty up my name
And them same motherfuckers that was callin' me
Will be the first to turn their backs, when I'm fallin', see

I should have seen it from the jump, but now it's clear
This one nigga got the town in fear, but are you still down

Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?

I wrote this for my critics and my enemies
Last year ya used to love me, huh, remember me
Now ya hate me with a passion, tryin' to get me stuck in the mix
I'm stayin' sharp, got no time for them tricks
And now they wonder if I'm goin' to jail
Just as well, cause my life on the streets - a livin' hell
And I can't sleep, they got my phone tapped
And mercy Lord, come get me 'fore they hurt me
Ran outta tears, and through the years couldn't change me
My daddy left me alone and so I'm angry
I never did nothin' wrong, my mama told me, "Baby, it's on!"
And now I'm hustlin' and bustlin' bones
Never said it came easy, I'm makin' cheese
Buyin' all the things on TV, and gettin' skeezed
Wish my homeboys could see me now
Little bad motherfucker runnin' wild through the town
Please tell me, are you still down?

Are you still down, to raise 'em up? Remember me *[2x]*
Are you still down, to raise 'em up?
Are you still down, to raise 'em up? Remember me *[3x]*
Are you still down, to raise 'em up?
Are you still down, to raise 'em up? Remember me *[3x]*
Are you still down, to raise 'em up?

That's right y'all, give them bitches the motherfuckin' middle finger
Raise 'em up
These hoes can't fade me, don't these bitches know we crazy?
Thug life niggas be the sickest
You feel me?
Now get that shit written down
God damn!
Took four years and a motherfuckin' case for these motherfuckers to feel me
Ain't that a bitch?
Are you still motherfuckin' down?
Old ho ass fake ass niggas
We out this motherfucker though

Writer(s): Tony Pizarro, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Curtis Mayfield

2Pac Lyrics

"Hellrazor"

(feat. Stretch)

Major! Hell motherfuckin' yeah
This one goes out to my nigga Mike Cooley, hell yeah
Mama raised a hellraiser

Born thuggin'
Heartless and mean, muggin at sixteen
On the scene watchin' fiends buggin
Kickin up dust with the older G's
Soakin up the game that was told to me
I ain't never touched a gat that I couldn't shoot
I learned not to trust the bitch from the prostitutes
Taught lessons, a young nigga askin' questions
While other suckers was guessin', I was gangsta sexin'
Elementary wasn't meant for me, can't regret it
I'm headed for the penitentiary and cuttin' classing
I'm buckin blastin, straight mashin
Mobbin through the overpass laughin
While these other motherfuckers try to figure out, no doubt
They jealous of a nigga's clout, tell me Lord
Can ya feel me? I keep my finger on the trigger
Cause some nigga tried to kill me
And mama raised a hellraiser, everyday gettin paid
Police on my pager, straight stressin
A fugitive my occupation is under question
Wanted for investigation, and even though
I'm marked for death, I'mma spark til I lose my breath
Motherfuckers, every time I see the paper
I see my picture, when a nigga's gettin richer
They come to get ya, it's like a motherfuckin trap
And they wonder why it's hard bein black
Dear Lord can ya feel me, gettin major, unhh

Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser
Stress gettin' major, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major

Dear Lord can ya feel me

Tell me Lord can ya feel me, show a sign
Damn near running outta time, everybody's dyin
Mama raised a hellraiser, can't figure

Why you let the police beat down niggas
I'm startin to think all the rich in the world is safe
While the po' babies rushin' into early graves
God come save the youth
Ain't nothin else to do but have faith in you
Dear Lord I live the life of a Thug, hope you understand
Forgive me for my mistakes, I gotta play my hand
And my hand's on the sixteen-shot, semi-automatic
crooked cop killin Glock, tell me Lord
Can ya feel me? Show a way
I'm prayin but my enemies won't go away
And everywhere I turn I see niggas burn
Every nigga that I know's on death row
My younger homie's seventeen and he paid a price
Little young motherfucker doin triple life
Though I tell him in his letters, it's gettin better
If my nigga knew the truth he'd hit the roof
Just heard ya baby's mama was smoked out, fuck the drama
Wanna break my Loc out, smokin blunts
Gettin drunk off that Tanqueray gin
'Bout to break my nigga out the fuckin' pen'
Mama raised a hellraiser, uh, yeah
C'mon, uh, mama raised a hellraiser
Uh, dear Lord can ya feel me, stress gettin major
(Lord be my savior, unnh)

Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major
Lord be my savior, unnh
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major

Dear Lord can ya hear me, it's just me
A young nigga tryin to make it on these rough streets
I'm on my knees beggin please come and SAVE ME
THE WHOLE WORLD done made a nigga crazy!
I got my three-five-seven can't control it
Screamin die motherfucker and he's loaded
Everybody run for cover, aww shit
Thug Life motherfucker, duck quick
Now am I wrong if I am don't worry me
Cause do or die gettin high till they bury me
Dear Lord if ya hear me, tell me why
Little girl like LaTasha, had to die
She never got to see the bullet, just heard the shot
Her little body couldn't take it, it shook and dropped
And when I saw it on the news how she bucked the girl, killed Latasha
Now I'm screamin fuck the world, in the end
it's my friends, that flip-flop
Lip-locked on my dick when my shit drop
Thug Life motherfucker, I lick shots
Every nigga on my block dropped two cops
Dear Lord can ya hear me, when I die
Let a nigga be strapped, fucked up, and high

with my hands on the trigger, Thug nigga
Stressin' like a motherfuckin' drug dealer
And even in the darkest nights, I'm a Thug for Life
I got the heart to fight now
Mama raised a hellraiser why cry
That's just life in the ghetto, do or die

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Walker Randy, Snoopy, Andrews Val Young, Nettlesbey Duane Thomas

2Pac Lyrics

"Thug Style"

Fuck 2Pac that nigga ain't shit
That nigga ain't from muhfuckin' New York
That nigga be out there with them Cali niggas
Yo nigga man fuck 'Pac that nigga West Coast
That fucker that always with them New York niggas
Seen them with that nigga man that nigga ain't from the West Coast
Man fuck 'Pac fuck that nigga that nigga ain't really down
Rapin' ass nigga I didn't do it fuck it with that nigga
Fuck that nigga man fuck that nigga let that nigga go to jail right
And fuck that nigga fuck that nigga fuck you too nigga

I'm in this, motherfucker
I guess these muthafuckas tryin' to take me out the business right
I guess I ain't East Coast enough for my niggas back in New York
And I ain't West Coast for these niggas on the West huh?
Fuck e'rybody

*[*laughing*]*

Thug style out this, motherfucker, niggas, throw ya hands in the air
If you got Jeep make ya speakers pop
I want motherfuckin' police tryin' to pull niggas over on this one
We takin' this one to the whole 'nother level gutter style thug style
You feel me, things that we can only do as a real G
We ain't dead yet

Hit me, I got my Hennessy find ya foes
In a room full of niggas tryin' to hide ya hoes
I'm gettin' high off Buddha cause the times be slow
I keep my mind on dough you never find me broke
And who me? A nigga livin' life like a G
In that artillery keepin' niggas off of me
I can't sleep livin' in these wicked times, peep
Niggas after me cause they see I'm stackin' G's and heat
You can holler if you want to, please!
I ain't runnin' with no punk crew be, bleed!
Enemies and my range is on, you're in the danger zone
My fuckin' game is strong, now hotline
You suckas better find ya mind I got mine
From hustlin' and bustin' them rhymes
To my niggas up in Quentin, Down on Rikers Isle
Stay rile, but a nigga gotta use his styles

These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style
These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild

Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style

I could be wrong but I never got along with cops
It's like they stuck from makin' niggas duck from Glocks
And all the time, my mind's full of thoughts of ends
I'm still rollin' my bucket but I bought me a Benz (tadow)
My fake friends say they love me but I know they lie
Cause in the dark see they hearts full of homicide
My mama cried when they took me off to jail
Only me inside the cell, straight locked up in this hell
I hear some sucker screamin' like the demon's inside
Will 'em away in the mornin', only the strong survive
I cry, but in my own way swallow my pride
Pick a reason to hide from all the niggas that die
Cemetery full of brothers I buried it's goin' down
Even now I wonder will I still be around
My hometown is the gutter I was born a wild
I came up out this dust with my heartless style

These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style
These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style

I remember Uptown, run catch a kiss
Listenin' to Mr. Magic
Cuttin' up the hits And even though I had a habit
Makin' words rhyme I was caught up in the madness
Juvenile thugs come on
I tell the whole story nothin' but truth
Halloween throwin' eggs from the project roofs
And Pete and Lee young G's with a gift of gab
Tryna hook up with the hookers who was quick to stab Remember mama's cookin', no school straight hookin'
And tryin' to get with light skinned cause she good lookin'
And jumpin' over turnstiles cause we ain't payin'
Call the cuties cuss words but we only playin'
I'm prayin' I can get a buck no luck
I had to move around a lot cause my moms was stuck
I had family but I was way too wild
Had to move to the West to regain my style

These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)
Niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (my nigga scream)
Niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild

Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)
Niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)
Niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style
These, niggas don't know my style
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child
Try to put me in the mothafuckin' cross, but my force was wild
Mothafuckin' bitches

Swear y'all know nigga
Ever heard motherfucka say all in Kool-Aid know the flavor hahha
You mothafuckas all about my motherfuckin' hell being though *[?]*
This shit thuggish, fo' life, I told y'all, it's album three see
G sound, freestyle
Motherfuckin' Young Thugs in this motherfucker

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Chris Rosser, Conrad Erskine Rosser

2Pac Lyrics

"Where Do We Go From Here (interlude)"

Power...pow...power...

Guess who's back? Hahaha, here we go
It's ninety-fo', what's next?

Power enter my world

I guess this year gonna be a motherfucker for real niggas
I swear these playa haters done got a taste of power
It ain't all good in the hood
Least not on my side, from where I stand
And the law? Man, fuck the law!
Niggas must outthink, outstep, and continuously outsmart
The motherfuckin' law, in every way
Key word in ninety-four is 'down low'
Gots to be struggling
I see how the rich got theirs
Nigga I'm legit, shit
Where do we go from here?

[repeat in background:]
Who's afraid, of the punk police?
To my niggas run the streets, fuck peace

Hey niggas, where your heart at?
See motherfuckers killin' babies, killin' mommas
Killin' kids, puttin' this in they motherfuckin' mark
Now what type of mixed up trick would kill the future of our race
before he would he look his enemy dead in the eye, and open fire?
These crazy motherfuckers got toys with guns
Jails for guns, but still, no god damn jobs
And they wonder why we loc'n up
Where do we go from here?
Where do we go?

*[*singers singing variations of 'Where do we go from here'*]*

All you niggas out there
The clouds shook, the world listened
We stood together in April of ninety-two
With duty, and a sense of honor
There is no limit to what WE can achieve
That's all on us... us...
Not my niggas, not the whites, not the enemies
or none of them motherfuckers, US
What can WE do? Shit
I declare a death sentence to all child molesters
Fake-ass bitches, male and female
And all you punk-ass snitches
We can do without your asshole

Let no man break, what we set
Where do we go from here?

Rest in peace, to Kato, I miss you
All the other real G's that passed away in ninety-three
In ninety-four, and more
What do we do? For us?

Writer(s): George Jr Clinton, William Earl Collins, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gary Cooper, Tony D Pizarro, Duane Thomas Nettlesbey

2Pac Lyrics

"I Wonder If Heaven Got A Ghetto"

(feat. Maxee)

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I was raised, the little young nigga doin' bad shit
Talk much shit, 'cause I never had shit
I could remember being whupped in class
And if I didn't pass, Mama whupped my ass
Was it my fault Papa didn't plan it out?
Broke out, left me to be the man of the house
I couldn't take it, had to make a profit
Found a block, got a Glock, and I clock grips
Makin' G's was my mission
Movin' enough of this shit to get my mama out the kitchen
And why must I sock a fella?
Just to live large like Rockefeller?
First you didn't give a fuck, but you're learnin' now
If you don't respect the town then we'll burn you down
Goddamn, it's a motherfuckin' riot
Black people on a rage, police, so don't try it
If you're not from the town then don't pass through
'Cause some O.G. fools might blast you
It ain't right, but it's long overdue
We can't have peace 'til the niggas get a piece too
I want G's so you label me a criminal
And if I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

Here on Earth, tell me what's a black life worth?
A bottle of juice is no excuse, the truth hurts
And even when you take the shit
Move counties, get a lawyer, you can shake the shit
Ask Rodney, LaTasha, and many more
It's been going on for years, there's plenty more
When they ask me, "When will the violence cease?"
When your troops stop shootin' niggas down in the street
Niggas had enough time to make a difference
Bear witness, on our own business
Fuck the guard, 'cause it's hard tryin' to make ends meet
First we couldn't afford shit, now everything's free
so we loot, please don't shoot when you see
I'm takin' from them 'cause for years they would take from me
Now the tables have turned around
You didn't listen, until the niggas burned it down

And now Bush can't stop the hit
Predicted the shit in 2Pacalypse
And for once I was down with niggas
Felt good in the hood being around the niggas
Yeah, and for the first time everybody let go
And the streets is death row, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
(yeah), I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races
We under, I wonder what it take to make this
One better place, let's erase the wasted
Take the evil out the people, they'll be actin' right
'Cause both black and white are smokin' crack tonight
And only time we deal is when we kill each other
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other
And though it seems heaven-sent
We ain't ready to have a black President
Huh, it ain't a secret, don't conceal the fact
The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks
I wake up in the mornin' and I ask myself
Is life worth livin'? Should I blast myself?
I'm tired of being poor and, even worse, I'm black
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch
Cops give a damn about a negro
Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero
Mo' nigga, mo' nigga, mo' niggas
Rather I'd be dead than a po' nigga
Let the Lord judge the criminals
If I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
And I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
(Just think if niggas decide to retaliate)
(soldier in eye's)
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Troutman Roger, Troutman Larry, Goodman Larry Darnell, Mc Dowell Derrick

2Pac Lyrics

"Nothing To Lose"

The only way to change me is maybe blow my brains out
stuck in the middle of the game to get the pain out
Pray to my God everyday, but he don't listen
The poverty bothers me, but mama's working wonders in the kitchen
Listen! I can hear her crying in the bedroom
Praying for money but never think would she be dead soon
Am I wrong for wishing I was somewhere else
I'm thirteen, can't feed myself
Can I blame daddy cause he left me?
Wish he would've hugged me
Too much like him, so my mama don't love me
On my own at a early age, I'm getting paid
And I'm strapped, so I'll never be afraid
Where did I go astray?
I'm hanging in the back streets
Running with G's and dope fiends, will they jack me?
Can't turn back, my eyes on the prize
I got nothing to lose, everybody gotta die
say good-bye to the bad guy
That one, you fucked, when you passed by
Buck-buck from a Glock let the glass fly
Do or Die walk a mile in my shoes
Then you'd be crazy too

With nothing to lose
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali
Got nothing to lose
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes

Got nothing to lose
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali
Got nothing to lose
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes
[3x]

I thank the Lord for my many blessings
Though I'm stressing keep a vest for protection
From the barrel of a Smith and Wesson
And all my niggas in the pen, here we go again
Ain't nothing separating us from a MAC-10
Born in the ghetto as a hustler, older
Straight soldier, bucking at them bustas
No matter how you try, niggas never die
We just retaliate with hate, then we multiply
See me striking down the block hitting corners
Mobbing like a motherfucker, living like I wanna
Ain't no stopping at the red lights, I'm sideways
THUG LIFE, motherfucker, crime pays
Let the cops put they lights on, chase me, nigga
Zig-zagging through the freeway, race me, nigga

In a high speed chase with the law
the realest motherfucker that you ever saw
I'm living raw, til they bury me, don't worry me, I'm high
Living like I ain't afraid to die
And if you could walk a mile in my shoes
Then you'd be crazy too

With nothing to lose
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali
Got nothing to lose
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes

Got nothing to lose
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali
Got nothing to lose
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes
[3x]

Ain't no escape from a deadly fate
and everyday there's a million black bodies put away
I'm starting to lose hope, it seems everybody's on dope
Mama told me to leave, cause she was broke
Sometimes I choke on the indo, creeping out the window
Alone, on my own, I'm a criminal
Got no love from the household
I'm out cold, on the streets screaming 'Motherfuck peace!'
I got nothing to lose, and something to prove, what do I do?
Live the THUG LIFE, nigga, stay true
I wonder when they kill me, is there a heaven for a real G?
Lord forgive me, if you feel me
Cause all my life I was dirt broke with no hope
Little skinny motherfucker wanting dough
I hated cutting suckers with my razor blade
but everyday it's a struggle to get major paid
Anyway, it's so hard on a nigga in this city, no pity
And ain't no love for the scrubs that be buying dime
If you could walk a mile in my shoes
Then you'd be crazy too

With nothing to lose
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali
Got nothing to lose
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes

They wonder what type nigga be a Thug Life nigga
We be the craziest, motherfucker!
You know!
They wonder what type nigga be a Thug Life nigga
We be the craziest!

Thanks to Jeremy, Greg, carlbranscombe, Brad, Mehtab Gill for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): L. Patterson, O. Jackson, W. Collins, T. Shakur, T. Curry, G. Clinton

2Pac Lyrics

"I'm Gettin Money"

Get money nigga
Yeah - aw yeah
Dedicate this one to all the hustlers
That get up every motherfuckin' mornin' and put they work in
I see you - I see you boy

I'm up before sunrise first to hit the block
Lil' bad motherfucker with a pocket full of rocks
Learned to throw them thangs, get my skinny lil' ass kicked
Niggas laughed, 'til the first motherfucker got blas-ted
I put the nigga in his casket
And now they coverin' the bastard in plastic
I smoke blunts on the regular fuck when it counts
Tryin' to make a million dollars out a quarter ounce
Gettin' ghost on the five-o, fuck them hoes
Got a forty-five screamin' out surviv-al
Hey nigga can I lay low, cook some ya-yo
Holla "five-o" when I say so
Don't wanna go to the Pen', I'm hittin' fences
NARC's on a nigga back missin' me by inches
And they say how do you survive, weighin' one-fifty-five
In the city where the little niggas die
Tell mama don't cry, cause even if they kill me
They can never take the life of a real G

I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)

Yeah, get paid nigga
I gotta get *[]*
Get paid bwooy (fuck the police)
Watch out of all this, nigga

Still on parole and I'm the first nigga servin'
Pour some liquor on the curb, for my homies that deserve it
If I wanna make a million, gotta stay dealin'
Kinda boomin' round the way, think today I make a killin'
Dressin' down like I'm dirty, but only on the block
Just a clever disguise, to keep me runnin' from the cops
I'm gettin' high, think I'll die if I don't get no ends
I'm in a bucket but I'm ridin' it like it's a Benz
I hit the strip I let my music buck
Drinkin' liquor and I'm lookin' for a bitch to fuck
Rather die makin' money, than live poor and legal
as I slang another ounce, I wish it was a kilo
I need money in a major way
Time to fuck my girl, she gettin' paid today, ha hah ha
I live Thug Life and let the money come to me

Cause they can never take the game from a young G

I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)

Yeah nigga, get paid
Can't fade me boy (some of my niggas in hometown)
[?] y'all
That's how we run the shit in '93 boy
Fuck them niggas *[?]*

Damned if I don't, and damned if a nigga do
Now watch a young motherfucker pull the trigger too
RAISE UP, and don't let them see ya cry
Dry your eyes, young nigga time for do or die
I pack a pistol in my pocket, ready on my Glock
Ain't no time for a nigga to even cock shit
I done seen a motherfucker peep pain
at point blank range cause he slept on the game
Ain't a damn thing changed, they shakin' the dice
Now roll 'em if you can't stand pain better hold 'em
Cause ain't no tellin' what ya might roll
You might fold catch AIDS from a slight cold
You better live ya life to the fullest
Be quick to kill a bull got a pistol motherfucker better pull it
And even if they kill me
They can never take the life of a young G

I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
I'm gettin' money (money)
Gettin' money (gettin' money)

Gettin' paid nigga (that's right), for my niggas in the hood
That's right nigga, that's right boy enough for love
Talk to hold that shit boy *[?]*
Pass the shit
Gettin' paid (gettin' paid)

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Michael Mosley, Thomas Anderson, Tyrone Richardson, Brycyn Jamari Malykke Evans

2Pac Lyrics

"Lie To Kick It"

(feat. Richie Rich)

(Yeah, if she didn't wanna fuck
Then she never should've called you)
I dedicate this to my nigga, Mike Tyson
(If she didn't wanna fuck Then she never should've called you)

[2Pac:]
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it

[Richie Rich:]
Jack of all trades ballin' like Jordan you punk
Fake inside the paint in fact I know you can't
Do half of the shit that you was claimin' in the county
Suckas on yo jock you claim you run the block
Polyurethane busta cracked in half
You claim you foldin' bank but I know yo bank stank
I lived around the corner I seen you fully smoked
Must I say some more you weighed a buck 04
You sold ya TV for a buck cause it was way too late
Now they sent you upstate and you done gained some weight
You's a baller lyin' to them youngstas quick
Got them thinkin' you sick and representin' yo click
But you's an old basehead kickin' too much hype
Yo bicentennial pipe it got rally stripes
And if they knew yo identity
You'd probably be the victim of a stickin' (ugh ugh)
You ain't got to lie to kick it

[2Pac:]
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!), (you know what I'm sayin')
Out to get a nigga's riches (real niggas up, hoes down)
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!)
Out to get a nigga's riches

[2Pac:]
You ain't got to lie to kick it

Y'all don't hear me
I got these niggas yackin' in my face
About some shit that never took place
And what you see is what you get, that's what he told me
I peeped it in his pose, Exposed the fuckin' phony
I'm gettin' richer so they claim to be my homie
With them bitches, they be speakin' down on me
Hey, it's gettin' drastic
Gunnin' niggas down cause they plastic
Sleep on a G and get that ass kicked
And stuffed in a casket
Rippin' the shit like it's my muthafuckin' last hit
Hey they wonder why a nigga's nothin' nice
And everytime I bust a nut I fuck for Tyson
Cause I know the real on the bitch
She got to skit ya just to get a nigga's riches (fuck that bitch)
I pray to God that the bitch don't get no dick
And got a nigga screamin' Fuck That Bitch!

[2Pac:]
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To the tricks and the bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!), (you know what I'm sayin')
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!)
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it

[2Pac (Richie Rich):]
Well if a bitch'll be a bitch
(Then a trick'll be a trick)
I got my nigga Richie Rich and we be all up in the mix
(This is Thug Life baby rollin' hoes like Vogues)
Stay the fuck up out of mine
(And I'll stay out of yours)
It's a Oakland thang and bitch you wouldn't understand
This Tanqueray got me screamin', Fuck yo' man
(But now you beefin' on the strength)
(That you was thinkin' I was jockin')
Hey bitch I got no time for hoes I'm steady clockin'
(And if it ain't about a buck I gives a fuck)
It's raggedy hoes like you that keep a nigga stuck
So what's up with them low life bitches tryin' to play me
(Bitch you better see Trojan about yo' baby, ha ha))
Trickin' niggas better catch up on they pimpin'
(Cause bitches love to catch a nigga when they slippin')

[2Pac & Richie:]
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches

Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it
To them tricks and them bitches
Out to get a nigga's riches
You ain't got to lie to kick it..

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Larry Mizell, Warren Iii Griffin

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck All Y'all"

[Sample:]
"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

Ha ha ha… hey man fuck all y'all… fuck all y'all
I don't need nobody
Fuck 'em… fuck all y'all (fuck all y'all)

Money gone fuck friends, I need a homie that know me
When all these motherfuckin' cops be on me
I got problems, ain't nobody callin' back
Now what the fuck is happenin' with my ballin' cats?
Remember me? I'm your homie that was down to brawl
Sippin' Hennessy, hangin' with the clowns, and all
We used to do is drink brew, screw and common knew
We had bitches by the dozens, we fuckin' cousins
You can throw your middle finger if you feel me, loc
A nigga just got paid and we still was broke
It took time, but finally the cash was mine
All the rewards of a hustler stuck in the grind
Look around, and all I see is snakes and fakes
It's like scavengers, waitin' to take a hustler's place
And when you stuck, where the fuck is all your friends?
They straight busted and can't be trusted; fuck y'all!

[Sample:]
"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

Fuck all y'all
Fuck all y'all

I'm sippin' Tanqueray and juice and what's the use
'Cause I'm a hopeless thug
Ain't no love reminiscin' on how close we was
Way back in the day, before they put the crack in the way
And hey, how much money can you stack in a day?
It's gettin' rough, collect calls from my niggas in cuffs
I recollect we used to ball, now just living's enough
I stand tall in the winter, summer, spring or fall
"Thug For Life" sprawled all across the wall
And all about my dollars make me wanna holla
Drop an album, sell a million, give a fuck about tomorrow
I know it's gettin' crazy after dark, these marks
Keep on huffin' and puffin', ain't no fear in my heart
What's goin' on in the ghetto? Still struggle and strive
I still roll with the heater, smokin' chocolate Thai
In '94, I'll be goin' solo
Too many problems of my own so I'm rollin' dolo; fuck all y'all!

Huh, pardon me!

[Sample:]
"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got.."

Fuck all y'all
Fuck all y'all ...fuck all y'all

I went from rags to riches
Quick to socializin' with the baddest bitches
Went from a bucket to a rag with switches
I'm seein' death around the corner
I'm bumpin' "Gloriaaaa," doin' 90 'cause I wanna
I'm gettin' high, and like I said, it was some chocolate thai
Mixed with some Indonesia, watch me fly
And even though I know the cops behind me
Hit the weed and I continue doin' 90
Until I get caught, another ticket get to kick it in court
Fuck the law, give a shit, I'm even worse than before
I know they wanna see a nigga buried
But I ain't worried, still throwin' these thangs
Got me locked in these chains
And hey, nigga, what the fuck is you wailin' 'bout?
Soon as I hit the cell, I'll be bailin' out
And when I hit the streets, I'm in a rush to ball
I'm screamin' "Thug Life!", nigga, fuck y'all!

[Sample:]
"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

That's right fuck all y'all man
Fuck all y'all
That is right, I don't need nobody
Fuck all y'all
Fuck all the hard copies daily news
Fuck the bitches, the tele news, New York Posts, all those motherfuckers
Fuck all y'all
Fuck 'em

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Rouse Ricardo Darcel, Jordan Brad

2Pac Lyrics

"Let Them Thangs Go"

Throw them thangs
Throw them thangs (kick me in)
Throw them thangs (yo nigga throw..)

The quicker the nigga can go on
The faster the nigga can get his dough on
Then I can hit my flow and get my ho on
Them niggas don't know what goes on
They tryin' to fuck with all they clothes on
Then act up when all the hoes gone
Are you ready for my flow? Hit me (Hooooooooo!)
Are you ready for my flow? Hit me (Hooooooooo!)
Are you ready for my flow? Hit me (Hooooooooo!)
Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go
I'm quick to kill a nigga any nigga feel me nigga
You can't fade me I'm way to fuckin' real nigga
2Pacalypse Now still down with the Underground
Niggas get clowned when I come around
Boom boom motherfucker and it don't stop
Fuck a cop pass the glock and it won't stop
If ya ready for my flow hit me (Hooooooooo!)
If ya ready for my flow hit me (Hooooooooo!)
If ya ready for my flow hit me (Hooooooooo!)
Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go
If ya wonderin' the thunder and the trouble
Is comin' from the rebel as I hit ya from the lower level
Hit me once fuckin' D M and two times
Poppin' like two nines hittin' 'em with new rhymes
I can make you love me
Best to chill with the nigga cause ya sure can't punch me
If ya feel me let me hear ya say (Rock that shit)
If ya feel me let me hear ya say (Rock that shit)
If ya feel me let me hear ya say (Rock that shit)
Cause ain't a nigga alive that can stop the hit

[Spice1 (2Pac):]
Hey, hold on young 'Pac
Motherfuckers ain't ridin' no hookers out here
Punk motherfuckers think the town
Ain't got handle bars on and shit
And ya lie to get slapped behind here
With a motherfuckin' motor, punk sissy
(Tell them motherfuckin' square ass niggas)
(Check this out)
(Y'all finna come up off those motherfuckin' thangs)
(Cause I ain't finna be up in sweatin' for nothin')
(Ya little punk square nigga)

I'm quick to spit the shit get ya open
Straight outta Oakland

Fuck the law get ya jaw broken
Ba ba ba bang bang nigga it's a stick up dee
Turn the kick up I'm ready to rip the shit up G
They got me hype hype hyper, am I hype enough?
Pass the blunt motherfucker let me light shit up
And pump ya fist like this
Cause the cops can't flip on a whole damn clique
So suck dick
What they hittin' 'fo? Double up nigga it's on
The type of nigga that likes to bone with the lights on
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hooooooo!)
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hooooooo!)
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hooooooo!)
Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go
Yes some of you niggas are bitches too
Little square motherfuckers tryin' to get to who?
Pop pop never made it to ya punk ass clique
Talk shit now ya gotta get ya punk ass whipped
For the bitches that be tryin' to work a nigga, fuck that bitch
For the tramps that be tryin' to jerk a nigga, fuck that trick
For the rollers that be tryin' to urk a nigga, fuck the cops
I'mma hustle and you punks can't hurt me nigga
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hooooooo!)
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hooooooo!)
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hooooooo!)
Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go
Uh, uh, yeah
Let them thangs go

Writer(s): George Jr Clinton, George Bernard Jr Worrell, William Earl Collins, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud, Katari T Cox, Malcolm Greenidge

2Pac Lyrics

"Definition Of A Thug Nigga"

"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"
"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"
My definition of a thug nigga
"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"

I played the cards I was given, thank God I'm still livin'
Pack my nine til it's time to go to prison
As I'm bailin' down the block that I come from, still gotta pack a gun
Case some young motherfuckers wanna play dumb
I guess I live life forever jugglin'
But I'll be hustlin' 'til the early mornin' cause I'm strugglin'
Like drinkin' liquor make the money come quicker
Gettin' pages from my bitch it's time to dick her
I ain't in love with her, I just wanna be the one to hit her
Drop off and let the next nigga get her
That's the way it goes, it's time to shake a ho, make the dough
Break a ho when it's time to make some mo'
I keep my finger on the trigger of my Glock
Ridin' down the block lickin' shots at the punk-ass cops
And spittin' game through my mobile phone
The type of shit to get them hoes to bone
My Definition of a Thug Nigga

[Samples:]
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"What you doin'?"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"What you doin'?"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"What you doin'?"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"
"Tis the season... to be servin'"

Well I roll with a crew of zoo niggas
They're quick to pull a nine when it's time do niggas
Comin' through like I'm two niggas, a true nigga fuck a Zig Zag
Roll me a blunt and pass that brew nigga
I'm drivin' drunk on the freeway, so take it ea-sy
Lookin' for a new face to skeeze me
Everybody's lookin' for a nut but I'm searchin' for the big bucks
Give a fuck, rather die than be stuck
In a one-room shack, and, kickin' back
Daydreamin' with the nine in my lap (huh)
So how's that from the mind of a Thug Nigga
Bought a fo'-five cause I heard that the slug's bigger
Figure the first motherfucker to jump'll find hisself
Gettin' swept off his feet by the pump
I put that on my moms, word to the motherfuckin' trigger

Before I go broke I'll be a drug dealer, a Thug Nigga

[Samples:]
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"What you doin'?"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"What you doin'?"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"What you doin'?"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"
"Tis the season... to be servin'"

Short than a motherfucker snatched up by one-time
Make a phone call and be back to ball by lunchtime
So here we go, we in the inner city
I keep my hand on my gat and stay cool, my attitude is shitty
Niggas don't like me cause I'm makin' ends
Roll in a Benz and I blaze a blunt, cause I'm all in
And any nigga tryin' to take what I got'll
hafta deal with the sixteen-shot Glock (huh)
So here we go, I can't be faded
Happy in the motherfucker, finally made it
Got my money in my pocket, finger on the trigger
And I ain't takin' shit from no niggas
I'm just tryin to make some money right
Put some motherfuckin' food in my tummy right
I'm feelin' good like I'm supposed to, ready to ball
Find a spot and we can serve em all
My Definition of a Thug Nigga

[Samples:]
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day"
My Definition of a Thug Nigga
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day"
My Definition of a Thug Nigga
"Tis the season, to be servin'"
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day"
My Definition of a Thug Nigga
"Tis the season... to be servin'"

"Nobody's, closing me out of my business" *[scratched by Warren G]*

(Warren G fuckin' with that one nigga)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Mizell Laurence C, Griffin Warren

2Pac Lyrics

"Ready 4 Whatever"

(feat. Big Syke)

(Rule number one... niggas die, daily, hahahaha)
Hear me! Boo-yaow!
(Ready for whatever, hell yeah
What type nigga be a Thug Life nigga?
Them Thug Life niggas be the craziest -- run up nigga!)

[2Pac:]
There's no way to survive in the city it's a shame
Niggas die from my hollow-point bullet to the brain
Will I survive or will I die is what I wonder
Puffin on blunts and gettin' drunk to keep from goin' under
Gettin' lost in the madness, blunted gettin' tipsy
Got my pistol out the window screamin', "Lord come and get me"
Am I sick, or am I just another victim?
Unloadin' my clip, I'm watchin' every bullet spit when I kick 'em
Niggas die from automatic gunfire
Your time to expire, nobody cry every man gotta die
When they bury me, they bury me a G
Rest in peace, to all the homies got to heaven before me
Pour some liquor on the curb for the niggas that's caught
Had a motherfuckin' warrant but he didn't go to court
God damn, and one day we'll all be together
Until then I'm ready for whatever, c'mon

(Yeah, niggas movin' somethin' in the nine-trey
It's all about makin' money, gettin' yours
And knockin' coppers off the motherfuckin' planet
Word to the motherfuckin' nine nigga
We gonna make this motherfucker ours
If they don't feel me, they gon' kill me
So Syke, get skanless nigga)

[Big Syke:]
Am I going to Hell or will I reach Heaven?
After all this shit I did with my Mac-11
Did I sell my soul? Mama would have saved me
That's the way that daddy raised me
Oh God, help me I'm losing it
So fuck it! Take me I'm doing it!
I need to change and look for a better way
I got a hundred round clip to my AK
Committing sins I might die in vain
So fuck it! We'll live off the street fame
God didn't send me in the right direction
I'm getting hit by a diesel in the intersection
I know you're out there help a young brother
Til then I'ma smoke motherfuckers
Things wouldn't be so bad
If we got the things that we never had, I'm ready for whatever

(Hahahahaha, that's my motherfuckin' nigga there
Big ballin'-ass Syke
Yeah nigga, you schooled them young bustas
On how it is to be a real motherfuckin' G
In the nine-trey motherfuckers is dyin' daily so you best be packin'
If you ain't, boo-yaow motherfucker!)

[2Pac:]
Dear mama I know you worry cause I'm hardly at home
Every other night in jail, got you patient by the phone
Wanna shake it cause I can't take it got me livin' in Hell
Like I'm walkin' with a secret that'll kill me if I tell
I live the Thug Life and can't nobody, change me
Not to the brain, going insane, just a part of the game
So much pain in the fast lane, finally a dry eye
When I die, bury me with my fo'-five
And let the devil feel the wrath of a nigga
Goin' to Hell with my finger on the trigger
Now everybody's starin'
Got a nigga losin' hair and they wonder if I'm all there
Well don't blame me, blame the flame that flickers
When niggas gettin' richer (mo' money)
Now tell me if you wanna live forever
Niggas dyin' so be ready for whatever

(Yeah, ready for whatever
Ready for whatever
Thug Life niggas and we be ready for whatever
Let me go like this, ready for whatever
Huh, Big Syke he be ready for whatever
My nigga Kato, ready for whatever
Pain, he's ready for whatever
And my nigga Bam Bam, he ready for whatever
My nigga Banks just be ready for whatever
Modu, he's ready for whatever
Big Serg, we ready for whatever
Charlie Tango, ready for whatever
My nigga 'Pac, be ready for whatever
Yeah, ready for whatever
Ready for whatever
My big-ballin' ass nigga Boom, ready for whatever fo' sho'
Yeah, you know!
This how the player's do it
I know you standin' there confused
You wonderin' -- what type of nigga is a Thug Life nigga?
Yeahehehehe nigga, we be the ballin' player-ass nigga
About gettin' riches, bitches, and plenty loc
Ya hear me?)

Ready for whatever

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Johnny Lee Jackson, Gil Scott Heron, Tyruss Gerald Himes

2Pac Lyrics

"When I Get Free"

[Prison Guard:] Inmate 'Pac, C57797, you got a visitor
Right there, star three

[Girl:] Hi baby

[Prisoner:] What's up honey?

[Girl:] Hey you know it's just only one more week until family visit

[Prisoner:] Yeah I'ma rock them drawers. Yeah but you did you take care of that business I asked you to do?

[Girl:] I made those deposits

[Prisoner:] Okay that's cool you bring that shit?

[Girl:] Yeah I got it

[Prisoner:] Alright see that guard over there?

[Girl:] Mmm-hmm

[Prisoner:] When you get done just hand him the shit, he know whassup

[Girl:] Alright, hey you know E just got cracked, he's in jail now

[Prisoner:] What?

[Girl:] Yeah, Go-Go's out. I just saw him running around the other day

[Prisoner:] Ah, fuck that fool. But anyway, what's happening with my moms?

[Girl:] She gave me a message for you. She said she's sorry she couldn't be here today, but she'll be here next week

[Prisoner:] Alright well check this out, I got something real important I want you to tell her

[Guard:] C'mon c'mon this shit's over with
[Commotion breaks out]

[Guard:] C'mon boy, back to your cell

[Girl:] I'm not done talking to him

[Guard:] Shut that shit up bitch! He's outta here, c'mon

[Prisoner:] Don't be calling my woman no bitch! Nigga I'll fuck you up!

[Guard:] Yeah yeah fool, what?

[Prisoner:] Let me out these chains....with your broke ass sucka

[Guard:] Yeah yeah, that's what they all say fool

[Prisoner:] Yeah what! Let me out then

[Guard:] Institutionalized, and this is your home...

Guess who's back, and ready to knock off a cop or two
Cause me and the crew could still get our rocks off
The penitentiary don't stop a nigga cause he's in jail
Hell I'm makin' more money on the street from here in a cell
I'm livin' proper, the coppers is havin' fits
I just made the profit, you punks ain't stoppin' shit
I still remember my momma told me
Find the cop who killed your brother
Send him to Hell lookin' homely
Cause a real nigga love the law
What's raw is a nigga that's above the law
Keep pressin' your luck and get fucked, huh
Think a nigga don't know whassup 'cause he's locked up
But in the meantime, it's get swole get clean time
Concentrate on gettin' green time
And as the years go by, they forgot
About the small time soldier from the block, huh
To kill the crook they threw the book at me
Don't worry be nappy, don't even look happy
Put me in the hole, gave me cold cuts
Did push-ups until I swole up
And then they offer me a furlough
But what they don't know as soon as I get free I'm killin' five mo'
They asked me if I changed much
I told em 'Yeah' even though I'm still the same nut
They started askin' me questions about my brother
And makin' remarks about my mother, hmm
Wait a minute, hold up
Makin' jokes about my folks'll get yours blown up
They sent me back to the hole for what I told em
I guess he didn't believe me, so I showed him
He went home to find a tragedy
Nigga, that's what you get for tryin' to badger me
And anybody else that wanna sweat me
I'm already in jail so you punks can't get me
You better pray they never see me
Cause if they let me free, prepare for trouble on the streets

When I get free, huh
When I get free, huh
When I get free

When I get free, huh
When I get free, huh
When I get free

When I get free

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, T. Anderson, B. Evens, Ricardo Darcel Rouse

2Pac Lyrics

"Hold On Be Strong"

Hold on... *[*lighter flicks up*]*
Yeah, it's gonna be alright
Don't trip, baby *[*inhales*]*
It'll get better... *[*coughing*]*
Aye, do this thug style, man, thug style
When this whole beat drop
We just gon' run it to 'em
Bet, it's all good, uh

I never had much, ran with a bad bunch
Little skinny kid sneakin' weed in my bag lunch
And all through Junior High, we was just gettin' by
And drive-by's robbed my homies of their young lives
I never did cry, and even though I had pain in my heart
I was hopeless from the start
They couldn't tell me nothin', they all tried to help me
The marijuana had my mind gone, it wasn't healthy
I traveled places, caught cases, what a ill year
I felt the pain and the rain, but I'm still here
Never did like the police
Let the whole world know, now I gets no peace
'Cause they chasin' me down
And facin' me now, what do I do?
These things that a thug goes through
And still I rise, so keep your head up
And make your mind strong
It's a struggle every day, but you gotta hold on

Hold on, be strong!
Hold on, be strong!
Hold on, be strong!
When it's on, it's on

There's never a good day, 'cause in my hood they
Let they AK's pump strays where the kids play
And every Halloween, check out the murder scene
Can't help but duplicate the violence seen on the screen
My homies dyin' before they get to see they birthdays
These is the worst days, sometimes it hurts to pray
And even God turned his back on the ghetto youth
I know that ain't the truth, sometimes I look for proof
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto, and if it does
Does it matter if you Blood or you Cuz?
Remember how it was?
The picnics and the parties in the projects
Small time drinkin', gettin' high with them armies
Just another knucklehead kid from the gutter
I'm dealin' with the madness, raised by a single mother
I'm tryin' to tell you when it's on
You gotta keep your head to the sky

And be strong, most of all, hold on

Hold on, be strong!
Hold on, be strong!
Hold on, be strong!
When it's on, it's on

(Hold on, be strong *[*repeats in background*]*)
I know them ain't tears comin' down your face
Wipe your eyes
In this world, only the strong survive, you know?
Hehe, I know it's hard out there
Welfare, AIDS, earthquakes, muggings, car-jackings
Yeah, we got problems
But believe me when I tell you things always get better
God don't like ugly, and God don't like no quitters
You know what Billie Holiday said?
Bay-bee, God bless the child that can hold his own
You know? You got to stand strong
And when these bustas try to knock you out your place
You stand there to they face
Tell 'em "Hold on!", and be strong
The game don't stop, huh
This here is black, man
If you don't never learn nothin', learn one thing
It don't stop, 'til the casket drop
Thug for life... feel me?
All my homeboys and my homegirls, stay strong
When things get bad
Especially come the first and the fifteenth
Stay strong, and stay ballin', hold on
I'll catch y'all at the next life, we in traffic

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stephen Devinney Beckmeier, Duane Thomas Nettlesbey, Phillip McKay, Philip James Bailey, Vance Branch

2Pac Lyrics

"I'm Losin It"

(feat. Big Syke, Spice 1)

Straight out the motherfucking bay
Here we go

[2Pac:]
Lord help me, save me, Mama keep praying
For a young motherfucker trying to duck an early grave
In the city where ya can't tell the snakes from the fakes
Fakes from the phonies, enemies of homies
Around the corner there's another nigga waiting to jack
He don't know I got a glock 'til his ass get shot
Like a motherfucking thug disease
Craving beats like they motherfucking drugs to me, hey
What's up with bitches trying to screw me? Do me cause I did a movie
Throw the pussy to me but before they never knew me
Rather die then let ya play me for a, buster
And with my glock I'm a plotting ass rotten motherfucker, huh
Don't let the movie fool ya, let me school ya
Screaming Thug Life nigga when I do ya
I'm going crazy, getting dizzy
And then I suffocate a motherfucking breather bring me back
I'm telling ya I'm losing it

Said I'm losing my mind
Losing my mind
[4x]

[Big Syke:]
I'm going crazy, niggas can't fade me
On the real I kill when I step to ya fucking grill
So let me kick it let me flip it let me get wicked
I'm not a buster from the hood selling whooped tickets
I hang with G's flipping keys and smoking weed
I get the cash and dash and never learn to read
So fuck a bitch fuck a hoe and I let ya know
Because they come and go like the wind blows
What am I giving how I'm living what I'm giving up
You can take my life and I don't give a fuck
Cause I'm the trouble most coming from the west coast
Where the niggas is banging 'til the overdose
Killers and murderers, psychos and lunatics
Nobody knows what makes my mind click
Is it the demons, screaming inside of me?
Hell no it's just the Thug Life mentality
I'm going crazy shit don't phase me
I'm living like a thug 'til six niggas carry me
Death is on the trigga so pull it
I can't take it no more, nigga, I'm losing it

Said I'm losing my mind

Losing my mind
[4x]

[Spice 1:]
Shit was talking to me, my gat screamed fire
The bullet told me shoot that motherfucker he's a liar
I talked to me 3-80 like a bitch on a stroll
When my niggas try to *[?]*
Nigga, I can't get fucked in this game I'm a psychopath
My AK told me to shove him up some niggas ass
I'm having long conversations with Mr. Millometer
He's one of my best friends bitch ass nigga eater
And Miss Mossburg love it in the back trunk
You know that old school bitch she like to get it funked
And spitting motherfuckers by the seems
My grand daddy Mr. AR-15
By the evil motherfucker
Talked me into taking over a dope turf and shooting cluckers
Said he was my only family
Shoot straight, and please don't jam me
Got in a fight at the club my gat started talking
Told me to shut the fuck up and let him do the talking
I woke up and it was sick to see the guts hang
I'm going nuts man
Shit was talking to me

[Fading:]
Said I'm losing my mind
Losing my mind

2Pac Lyrics

"Fake Ass Bitches"

[Little kid:]
Tell me about these fake ass bitches

Look here little nigga
Most of these niggas be bitches too
But you'll never hear that side of the story
So uh, we finna do this shit like this

It's like I tell my niggas, keep your eyes on these bitches
They love to G a nigga young dumb and gettin' riches
What the fuck you think a trick is nigga
Nigga done stick and wet his dick
And then get tricked out all his riches by a -- BITCH!
I'm here to school you to the rules of the game, it'll cost ya
Think you all that just 'cause she let a nigga toss her
Motherfuckin' privilege
So don't give up your conversation, give that bitch your 7 digits
When she call ya, ask that tramp whassup
And if she hesitate nigga hang up, word up
And let that bitch meditate to the dial tone
And call me when you're ready to bone, and it's on
A motherfuckin' mack tonight
Stay that stay strapped cause my raps is tight
You fuckin' punks, I hate you snitches
Went against the grain and the game to be fake ass bitches

(God, damn! You can't just hit them niggas with that game
And expect them to accept it; girl your heard me it gets scandalous
But we gonna kick this shit like this here)

I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches
I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

Time to show these bustas who's boss
Run up on a real motherfucker and get tossed
The game is deep, and thicker than a motherfuckin' jimmy
Broke hoes runnin' round yellin' "Gimme!"
I can't stand it, hoes talkin' bout they got a man
Shit all I wanted her to do is suck my DICK
So how about hittin' a motherfucker on my pager
Busy now bitch but you can give me the pussy later
Fly how I fade her, played her like a game of Sega
Fuckin' with the player that done made her, huh
And I ain't sleepin' caught you creepin' for my money
Got the dick and now you get the pistol honey (bitch)
So get the bozack, knockin' hoes back, keep my dough stacked
So where the motherfuckin' hoes at?
Punk niggas can't fade the mack, livin' fat

Gettin' paid to rap, it's like that, you motherfuckin' bitches

Yeah, yeah that's my motto
She educated a whole bunch of you old raggedy-ass niggas
So y'all take that shit back to y'all camp and uh
You sleep on that there, it's like

I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches
I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches
I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches
I can't stand fake ass bitches
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

Oh you too nigga, don't think we ain't talkin' bout your punk ass
You old fake ass nigga
Standin' there wearin' all them Pendletons and khakis and all that
You soft as a motherfuckin' grape
Ain't this a motherfuckin' bitch
I can see right through your flower ass
Some of these niggas is bitches too, man I tell ya
It's gonna be harder and harder to be a Thug in ninety-fo' (I can't stand fake ass bitches)
But we gonna do this shit
Y'all take this shit and you play this shit for every single
Fake ass bitch out there (I can't stand fake ass bitches)
And there's plenty of 'em
You probably got one sittin' next to you right now (I can't stand fake ass bitches)
Bobbin' his fake ass head to this, dope ass shit that he listenin' to (I can't stand fake ass bitches)
Fake ass motherfuckin' bitch, die in ninety-four

Thanks to mmulready for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Do For Love"

(feat. Eric Williams)

[2pac:]
Turn it up loud
Hahaha, ahahaha, hey man
You a little sucker for love, right?
Word up, hahahahaha

[2pac:]
I shoulda seen
You was trouble right from the start, taught me so many lessons
How not to mess with broken hearts, so many questions
When this began we was the perfect match, perhaps
We had some problems but we workin at it, and now
The arguments are gettin' loud, I wanna stay
But I can't help from walkin' out just throw it away
Just take my hand and understand, if you could see
I never planned to be your man it just wasn't me
But now I'm searchin' for commitment, in other arms
I wanna shelter you from harm, don't be alarmed
Your attitude was the cause, you got me stressin'
Soon as I open up the door with your jealous questions
Like where can I be you're killin' me with your jealousy
Now my ambition's to be free
I can't breathe, cause soon as I leave, it's like a trap
I hear you callin' me to come back, I'm a sucka for love

[Eric Williams:]
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up

[2pac:]
Just when I thought I broke away and I'm feelin' happy
You try to trap me say you pregnant and guess who the daddy
Don't wanna fall for it, but in this case what could I do? So now I'm back
To makin promises to you, tryin to keep it true
What if I'm wrong, a trick to keep me holdin on
Tryin' to be strong and in the process, keep you goin
I'm bout to lose my composure, I'm gettin' close
To packin' up and leavin' notes, and gettin' ghost
Tell me who knows, a peaceful place where I can go
To clear my head I'm feelin low, losin control
My heart is sayin' leave, oh what a tangle web we weave
When we conspire to conceive, and now
You gettin' calls at the house, guess you cheatin'
That's all I need to hear cause I'm leavin', I'm out the do'
Never no more will you see me, this is the end
Cause now I know you've been cheatin, I'm a sucka for love

[Eric Williams:]
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up

[2pac:]
Now he left you with scars, tears on your pillow and you still stay
As you sit and pray, hoping the beatings'll go away
It wasn't always a hit and run relationship
It use to be love, happiness and companionship
Remember when I treated you good
I moved you up to the hills, out the ills of the ghetto hood
Me and you a happy home, when it was on
I had a love to call my own
I shoulda seen you was trouble but I was lost, trapped in your eyes
Preoccupied with gettin' tossed, no need to lie
You had a man and I knew it, you told me
Don't worry bout it we can do it now I'm under pressure
Make a decision cause I'm waitin', when I'm alone
I'm on the phone havin' secret conversations, huh
I wanna take your misery, replace it with happiness
But I need your faith in me, I'm a sucka for love

[Eric Williams:]
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up

What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up
What you won't do, do for love
You tried everything, but you don't give up
What you won't do, (do for love)
You tried everything, but you don't give up
What you won't do, (do for love)
You tried everything, but you don't give up
Do for love, yeah baby yeah
Do for love

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Schack Carsten, Karlin Kenneth, Caldwell Robert Hunter, Kettner Alfons Fernando

2Pac Lyrics

"Enemies With Me"

(feat. Dramacydal)

[2Pac:]
Young Thugs in this motherfucker
Don't break up the fight, let 'em rumble
Don't make enemies with me
I Try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see
Don't make enemies with me

[2Pac:]
Some say my criminal experience is legendary
I do what's necessary
Niggas wanna see me buried
Worried, if you comin' hurried
I ain't goin' down, fuck the world I'm a thug
Tell 'em can't nothin' stop me but a slug
I went from drug dealin' to a shot caller
From off the block, no longer rock
And puttin' money in my pocket, nationwide baller
Bitch nigga I'm prepared to die, Before I fry
I hit the weed so I be forever high
My eyes has seen so much in misery, So before I flee
I open fire let the lord pick the first to bleed
Bitches don't wanna see me leave, forever thuggin'
Tell 'em bury me a G on everything I love
And fuck the law cause the raw niggas ain't free
This picture's clear but we can't see, hahaha
This game is jealousy, Don't let 'em change
That's what they keep on tellin' me, motherfuck the fame
I can't sleep cause I keep hearin' peeps
Loaded Mossberg wrapped in my sheets

[2Pac:]
Don't make enemies with me
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see
Don't make enemies with me
You rather fuck with these other little G's
Don't make enemies with me, nigga
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see
Don't make enemies with me
You rather fuck with these other little G's
Don't make enemies with me

[Mutah (K-Dogg):]
The game is gettin' deeper with this I couldn't stop, I'm reminiscin'
And havin' flashbacks when them niggas came up missin'
(Wish in my heart, these niggas they ain't have to start)
(Now therefore they gotta see in dark)
(Played the part with heart when we spark they part)
(Runnin' silly through the court),
They don't really wanna start

(How you wanna do?)
Yo K, anyway
These motherfuckers wanna play we can do it all day
So I stay, sippin' on my array to keep my head fine
(And I'm where, Everywhere from here to bedtime)
Yeah nigga
And I squeeze when I say I'm comin'
Straight gunnin' on enemies if it's really me that they wantin'
(Cause it ain't nothin', y'all niggas is frontin')
Do you really want it? Niggas dyin'...

[2Pac:]
Don't make enemies with me
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see
Don't make enemies with me
You rather fuck with these other little G's
Don't make enemies with me
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see
Don't make enemies with me
You rather fuck with these other little G's
Don't make enemies with me

[Big Mal (Yak):]
Now, we're in '94, Niggas get bust through the do'
[?] in a flash sittin' on that ass
(And rarely fold)
Galitter tell 'em 'bout that trife shit
(You wanna fight?)
(I wanna light shit, you lose your life bitch)
Bee-yatch!
A nigga struggle too hard for what I got
Hustle
(And doubled every fuckin' yard that I cop and stop)
(Hell nah! I couldn't see it)
(Facin' a century in the Penitentiary but so be it)
And Jesus couldn't help me out the state
(Prepare for an early date to see my fate at the pearly gate)
(But wait)
No time for stallin'
(But death is callin')
You wanna stomp on it somebody's gotta start fallin'
(True, what I do from sun up)
Is for a come up
(Wake up with my gun up)
Cause when I sneak that's when they run up
(So it's time to spray like Ray)
(And put the freeze on these fake G's)
You know how we do

[2Pac:]
Don't make enemies with me
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see
Don't make enemies with me
You rather fuck with these other little G's
Don't make enemies with me, nigga
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see

Don't make enemies with me
You rather fuck with these other little G's
Don't make enemies with me

[2Pac:]
What nigga? Young motherfuckin' Thugs, let's out do it
Don't make enemies with me nigga
Y'all better fuck with these other niggas
You don't see it
Don't make enemies with me
Motherfuckers is fatal nigga
I swear by the Gods
Don't make enemies with me nigga
Niggas gonna see they caskets fuckin' with these bastards
Don't make enemies with me
It's for all those motherfuckers that's swearin' to God
That they be doin' something
Don't make enemies with me
That they touchin' something
That they being something
Y'all niggas ain't shit
That's on my mama bring the drama, nigga
Young Thugs, fuck the drugs
These niggas makin' records, y'all niggas best to check it
Cause y'all gonna get yo asshole tore
They tearin' patches out you niggas ass
All y'all niggas, I don't give a fuck who you runnin' with
This is thug life nigga, the new generation motherfucker
Young Thugs we chin checkin' all you junior high school motherfuckers
Y'all better feel this shit, don't make enemies with these niggas
You better be friendly motherfucker, I swear to God
We runnin' through, smile from handshake

Writer(s): O'Shea Jackson, Roger Parker, Malcolm Greenidge, Tupac Shakur, George Clinton, Steve Arrington, Mutah Beale, Katari Cox, Yafeu Fula, Ricky Rouse, Randy Walker, Charles Carter, Garry Shider, David Spradley, Eric Sadler, Waung Hankerson, Chris Walker, Keith Shocklee

2Pac Lyrics

"Nothin But Love"

(feat. Dave The Black Angel)

Straight outta Oakland, California where we spark it on ya
Give a shout out to my partners in the darkest corners
I remember drinkin' Hennessy, smokin' weed
Fantasize about the things we'd grow to be
Had a partner named Snupe, loved to clown a stank
Smoke a pound a day, commenced to down a drank
Shootin' craps in the alley 'til they chased us off
Pour a little for my homies, but don't waste it all
Ooohweee, who popped that coochie best?
On my tattooed chest is where the hoochies rest
Havin' house parties in a crowded spot
And you can tell it's hot, they talk loud a lot
Everybody wanna dance when the slow jam come
Lookin' dumb, cause you waitin' for your chance to hump
Straight grindin', everybody havin' fun
And it's cool, 'til a fool pull a loaded gun
Cause another dude kicked his Bacardi over
He had to act a fool, now the party's over
Gun shots rang like it's thunder
And everybody bum rushin' and I'm rushin' to get a number
Says she got a man but she's lyin'
Why? I seen her talkin' to this other guy and
he's a dealer so you know she gonna sweat him
I ain't trippin', I just hope he get 'em, I got nuttin but love

[Dave (2Pac):]
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours)

I love to go back, to the block I got my game from
And pay respect to the place that I came from
Cause uh, old man still drinkin', his breath still stinkin'
He'd love to tell ya what he's thinkin'
But I can't diss him he's my elder
He been livin' here longer what that tell ya?
And little girls playin' double dutch
Still blush, cause she don't get in trouble much
It's uh, ponytails and barrettes
I gotta make it back home, before the sun decides to set
And little boys playin' stick ball, quick y'all
Get out the street before they hit y'all
And as I reminisce, I think about my ghetto bliss
And wonder how we came to this

I help an old lady across the street, the cost is free
I can't take what she offers me
And this is how the world could be
This is how the world should be
Feels good to be back on the streets
Cause I know they got love for me, nuttin but love

[Dave (2Pac):]
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(I'm down for yours)

When I was young I used to want to be a dealer see
Cause the gold and cars they appealed to me
I saw our brothers gettin' rich slangin' crack to folks
And the square's gettin' big for these sack of dope
Started thinkin' bout a plan to get paid myself
So I made myself, raised myself
'Til the dealer on the block told me, "That ain't cool
You ain't meant to slang crack, you a rapper fool"
I got my game about women from a prostitute
And way back used to rap on the block for loot
I tried to make my way legit, haha
But it was hard, cause rhymes don't pay the rent
And uhh, it was funny how I copped out
I couldn't make it in school, so finally I dropped out
My family on welfare
I'm steady thinkin', since don't nobody else care
I'm out here on my own
At least in jail I have a meal and I wouldn't be alone
I'm feelin' like a waste, tears rollin' down my face
Cause my life is filled with hate
Until I looked around me
I saw nuttin but family, straight up down for me
Panthers, Pimps, Pushers and Thugs
Hey yo, that's my family tree, I got nuttin but love

[Dave (2Pac):]
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(Yeah, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(Yeah, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(Uhm, nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya, yeah!!
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
(Nuttin but love)
Ain't got nuttin but love for yam, yeah!!
(Oaktown)

Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya

Thanks to Mikkel for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Stephen Shockley

2Pac Lyrics

"16 On Death Row"

Death Row, that's where mothafuckas is endin' up

Dear mama, I'm caught up in this sickness
I robbed my adversaries but slipped and left a witness
Wonder if they'll catch me, or will this nigga snitch?
Should I shoot his bitch or make the nigga rich
Don't wanna commit murder, but damn, they got me trapped
Hawkin' while I'm walkin' and talkin' behind my back
I'm kind of schizophrenic, I'm in this shit to win it
'Cause life's a Wheel of Fortune, here's my chance to spin it
Got no time for cops, who trip and try to catch me
Too fuckin' trigger-happy to let them suckers snatch me
Niggas gettin' jealous, tryin' to find my stash
Whip out the 9, now *[?]* pump your ass
Peter picked a pepper, but I can pick a punk
Snatched him like a bitch and threw him in the trunk
The punk thought I was bluffin', but swear I'm nothin' nice
Before I take your life, first wrestle with these mites
I listened to his screams, until he went insane
I guess the little mites had finally found his brain
New Rovers pull me over, I'm sentenced to the pen
Remember that little bird? He snitched and told a friend
It's trouble on my mind, I'm with the old-timers
And fuck five-0! Blaow, blaow! Turn 'em into forty-niners

Bye bye, I was never meant to live
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live
Bye bye, I was never meant to be
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets
Bye bye, and I got no place to go
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, these cops don't understand me
I turned to a life of crime, 'cause I came from a broken family
My uncle used to touch me, I never told you that
Scared what you might do, I couldn't hold you back
I kept it deep inside, I done let it fuel my anger
I'm down for all my homies, no mercy for a stranger
The brother in my cell is 16 as well
It's hard to adapt when you're black
And you're trapped in a living hell
I shouldn't have let him catch me
Instead of livin' sad in jail I could've died free and happy
And my cellmate's raped on the norm
And passed around the dorm
You can hear his asshole gettin' torn
They made me an animal, can't sleep
Instead of countin' sheep, niggas countin' cannibals
And that's how it is in the pen
Turn old and cold, and your soul is your best friend

My mama, pray for me; tell the Lord to make way for me
Prepare any day for me (Why?)
'Cause when they come for me they find a struggler
To the death I take the breath from your jugular
The trick is to never lose hope
I found my buddy hangin' dead from a rope; 16 on Death Row

Bye bye, I was never meant to live
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live
Bye bye, I was never meant to be
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets
Bye bye, and I got no place to go
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, they sentenced me to death
Today's my final day, I'm countin' every breath
I'm bitter 'cause I'm dying, so much I haven't seen
I know you never dreamed your baby would be dead at 16
I got beef with a sick society
That doesn't give a shit
And they too quick to say goodbye to me
They tell me the preacher's there for me
He's a crook with a book
That mothafucka never cared for me
He's only here to be sure I don't drop a dime to God
About the crimes he's committin' on the poor
And how can these people judge me?
They ain't my peers, and in all these years
They ain't never love me
I never got to be a man, must be part of some big plan
To keep a nigga in the state pen
And to my homies out buryin' mothafuckas
Steer clear of these Aryan mothafuckas
'Cause once they got you locked up
They got you trapped, you're better off gettin' shot up
I'm convinced self-defense is the way
Please, stay strapped, pack a gat every day
I wish I would've known while I was out there
Now I'm straight headin' for the chair

Bye bye, I was never meant to live
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live
Bye bye, I was never meant to be
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets
Bye bye, and I got no place to go
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

16 on Death Row, Death Row
Death Row, Death Row
16 on Death Row, Death Row, Death Row
It's to all my partners
In the penitentiaries; 16 on Death Row

Writer(s): T Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"I Wonder If Heaven Got A Ghetto (Hip-Hop Version)"

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I was raised, the little young nigga doin' bad shit
Talk much shit, 'cause I never had shit
I could remember being whupped in class
And if I didn't pass, Mama whupped my ass
Was it my fault Papa didn't plan it out?
Broke out, left me to be the man of the house
I couldn't take it, had to make a profit
Found a block, got a Glock, and I clock grips
Makin' G's was my mission
Movin' enough of this shit to get my mama out the kitchen
And why must I sock a fella?
Just to live large like Rockefeller?
First you didn't give a fuck, but you're learnin' now
If you don't respect the town then we'll burn you down
Goddamn, it's a motherfuckin' riot
Black people on a rage, police, so don't try it
If you're not from the town then don't pass through
'Cause some O.G. fools might blast you
It ain't right, but it's long overdue
We can't have peace 'til the niggas get a piece too
I want G's so you label me a criminal
And if I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

Here on Earth, tell me what's a black life worth?
A bottle of juice is no excuse, the truth hurts
And even when you take the shit
Move counties, get a lawyer, you can shake the shit
Ask Rodney, LaTasha, and many more
It's been going on for years, there's plenty more
When they ask me, "When will the violence cease?"
When your troops stop shootin' niggas down in the street
Niggas had enough time to make a difference
Bear witness, on our own business
Fuck the guard, 'cause it's hard tryin' to make ends meet
First we couldn't afford shit, now everything's free
so we loot, please don't shoot when you see
I'm takin' from them 'cause for years they would take from me
Now the tables have turned around
You didn't listen, until the niggas burned it down
And now Bush can't stop the hit

Predicted the shit in 2Pacalypse
And for once I was down with niggas
Felt good in the hood being around the niggas
Yeah, and for the first time everybody let go
And the streets is death row, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
(yeah), I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races
We under, I wonder what it take to make this
One better place, let's erase the wasted
Take the evil out the people, they'll be actin' right
'Cause both black and white are smokin' crack tonight
And only time we deal is when we kill each other
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other
And though it seems heaven-sent
We ain't ready to have a black President
Huh, it ain't a secret, don't conceal the fact
The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks
I wake up in the mornin' and I ask myself
Is life worth livin'? Should I blast myself?
I'm tired of being poor and, even worse, I'm black
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch
Cops give a damn about a negro
Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero
Mo' nigga, mo' nigga, mo' niggas
Rather I'd be dead than a po' nigga
Let the Lord judge the criminals
If I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
And I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
(Just think if niggas decide to retaliate)
(soldier in eye's)
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

2Pac Lyrics

"When I Get Free II"

[2Pac (2Pac as Trusty):]
Ay Trusty Trusty
(What you want man?)
Aw nigga let me get one of them cigarettes
(Here! Shit!)
Come on bastard, get the phone for a nigga
(Use the phone)
Aw nigga get the phone for me man
(What's the number?)
323-65-45, tell her it's 'Pac

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me

I heard a snicker a laugh, I take a look at the evening news
And see a nigga gettin' cuffed by the boys in blue
Is it a, frame up, tryin' to keep me out the game, stuck
These motherfuckers tryin' to dirty up my name, but
I slip as quick as the wind, it's me or them, fuck friends
My foes be on a mission, tryin' to do me in
Fuck 'em I'm out to get out, they all thought
I blow up like a gauge, and in a rage, blow they balls off
Why are you niggas tryin' to test me trick?
And be the first ones to snitch to arrest me bitch
My Main thang with a nigga meal ticket only if you with the real
The nigga will kick it, I'll enforce it with the steel
Use the lessons that I learned in jail
Rule one: fuck a busta he can burn in Hell
Now I'm workin' with connects that I got in the pen
In no time I'll be clockin' again

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me

Hey, still sittin' in my cell as I dwell on my past
Tryin' to figure how a nigga turned dreams into cash
Quick, call her collect, ain't no respect on the other side
My cellmate's suicidal cause his mother died

And my C.O. is a lady, and I'm thinkin' maybe
Me and her can hook up a scheme, to be Swayze
Cause she keep on callin' me baby, to a young
Motherfucker facin' eighty that's enough to make you crazy
Now how long will it take, to get a hook
Got her watchin' me liftin' weights, sneakin' looks
I devised a plan, I'm in the trunk while she drives the van
Ain't no disguise I'ma die as a man
If we make it then I'm takin' it to Hell
All them niggas that was frontin' while I sat up in a cell
Locked in jail, I couldn't touch her so I planned, in misery
The nigga you don't wanna see

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
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There'll be trouble when they see me
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street
There'll be trouble when they see me

(When I get free!), believe that shit
Yeah nigga fuck your cigarette, fuck that phone (When I get free!) call motherfucker
I'll be out this motherfucker in a few days
I'll pay these bitches back in spades (When I get free!)
Punk ass bastards, long as my AK flexes
We gonna play these bitches (When I get free!)
That's how we do this shit
Fuck that I'm out, C.O. turn the fuckin' lights out!

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Christopher Rosser, Stanley Marvin Clarke, Conrad Erskine Rosser

2Pac Lyrics

"Black Starry Night (Interlude)"

Against all odds, I'm still here nigga
O.P.D. -- what??!
(Aiyyy, I got to get my props for 2Pacalypse)
(When this album come out, niggas can kiss my ass)
Did you think I'd fall?
You think you could stop a motherfucker like me?
(Introducing you to my criminal crew)
(Treach, A.D., Apache, Essential)
(Above the Law, Lench Mob, the Underground Railroad, Digital Underground gets around and we down in this bitch)
(You got to deal with me on a whole new level motherfucker)
Cause I'm gettin' paid
And the more you try to keep niggas away from me
The more I unite with mo' niggas and mo' niggas and mo' niggas
(Extra special thanks to my nigga Big John Major)
And there's a ghetto in every city and a nigga in every ghetto
Motherfucker we are unstoppable
(I owe him, thanks to my man Mike Cooley and the rest of our fathers)
(And uh, I'm not goin' alive!)

Thanks to dvmorgan for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): L. Troutman, R. Troutman, T. Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Only Fear Of Death"

Pssst... psssssst... ayo
Are you afraid to die, or do you wanna live forever?
Tell me, which one?

They wanna bury me, I'm worried -- I'm losin' my mind
Look down the barrel of my 9, and my vision's blurry
Fallin' to pieces, am I guilty? I pray to the Lord
But he ignores me, unfortunately, ‘cause I'm guilty
Show me a miracle, I'm hopeless
I'm chokin' off marijuana smoke
With every toke it's like I'm losin' focus
Fallin' to sleep while I'm at service, when will I die?
Forever paranoid and nervous, because I'm high
Don't mention funerals, I'm stressin' and goin' nutty
And reminiscin' 'bout them niggas that murdered my buddy
I wonder: When will I be happy? Ain't nothin' funny
Flashbacks of bustin' caps, anything for money
Where am I goin'? I discovered, can't nothin' save me
My next door neighbor's havin' convo with undercovers
Put a surprise in the mailbox, hope she get it
Happy birthday, bitch, you know you shouldn't have did it
Everybody's dyin', am I next? Who can I trust?
Will they be G's, and they look at me before they bust?
Or will they kill me while I'm sleepin'?
Two to the head while I'm in bed
Leakin' blood on my satin sheets
Is there a heaven for a baller?
I'm gettin' suspicious of this bitch
The line's busy everytime I call her
Now she's tellin' me to visit, who else is home?
I check the house before I bone, so we all alone
After I nut I hit the highway -- see ya later!
To all the players, watch the fly way a nigga played her
The bitch is tellin' all her homies
That I can fuck her like no other
Now them other bitches wanna bone me
I'm under pressure, gettin' drunk, somebody help me
I drink a fifth of Hennessy, I don't think it's healthy
I see my enemies, they creepin', don't make me blast
I watch the 5-0's roll, the motherfuckers pass
By me like they know me, smilin' as they laugh
I put up my middle finger, then I dash
Niggas don't like me, ‘cause I'm thuggin'
And every day I'm a hustler lookin' to get paid
They wanna bury me, I'm worried -- no need to lie
I pray to God I don't scream when it's time to fry
Nowhere to rest, I'm losin' homies -- ain't that a bitch?
When I was rich I had clout, now a nigga's lonely
I put the pistol to my head, and say a prayer
I see visions of me dead, Lord, are you there?

Then tell me, am I lost? ‘Cause I'm lonely
I thought I had friends, but in the end a nigga dies lonely
Nowhere to run, I'm in terror, and no one cares
A closed casket at my funeral and no one's there
Is there a future for a killer? I change my ways
But still that don't promise me the next day
So I stay thuggin' with a passion, forever blastin'
I'm bustin' on these motherfuckers in my madness
They wonder if I'm hellbound
Well, Hell can't be worse than this, ‘cause I'm in Hell now
Don't make me hurt you, I don't want to, but I will
Seen motherfuckers killed over phone bills
Never will I die, I'll be back
Reincarnated as a motherfuckin' MAC
-11, ‘cause in Heaven there's no shortage on G's
I'm tellin' you now: You motherfuckers don't know me

"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"
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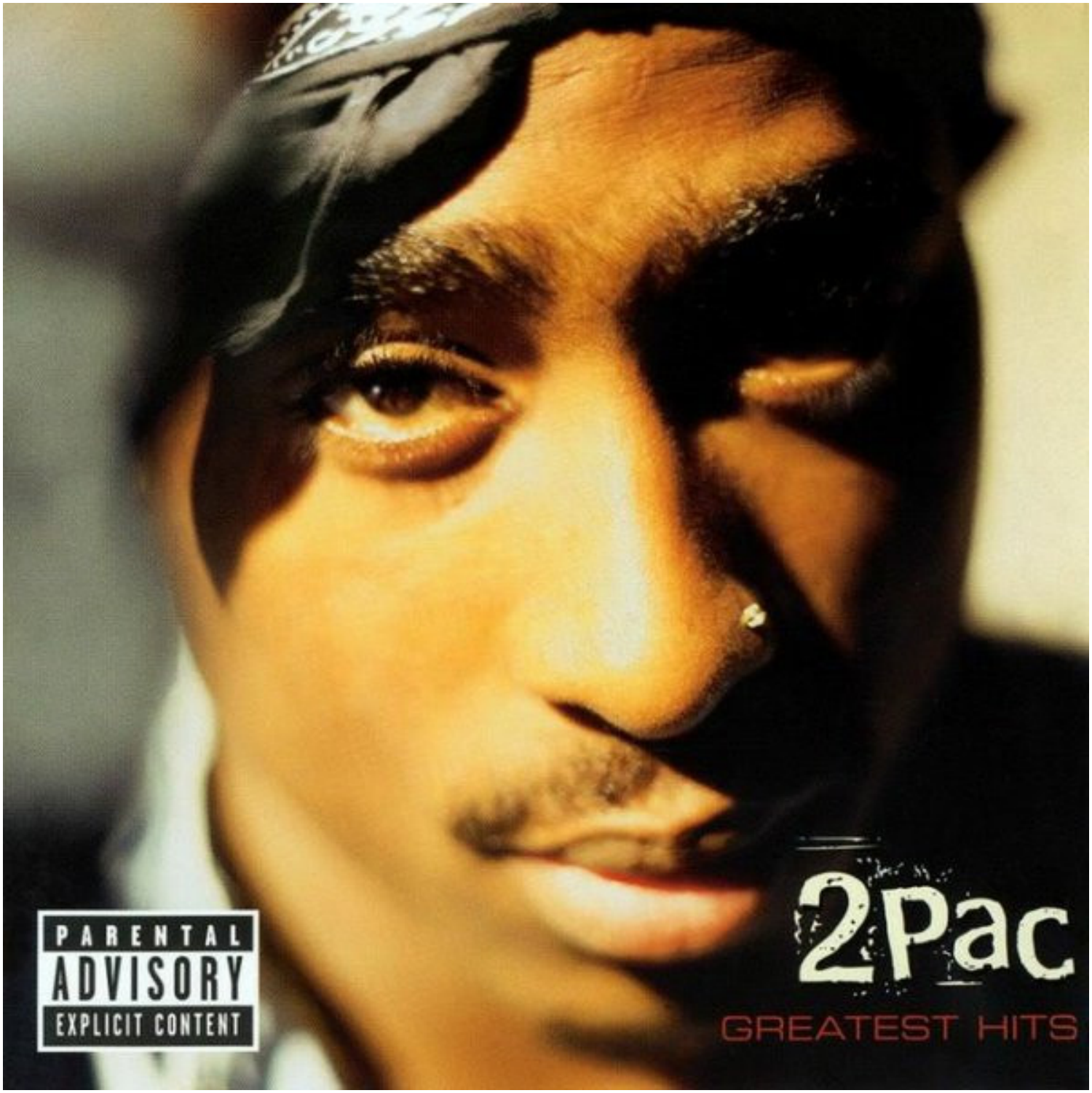
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."
"You ghetto niggas..."

Hahaha, I ain't scared to die
I ain't scared to die
To my homies in Heaven: I ain't scared to die
Do you wanna live forever? Are you scared to die?
Or will you scream when you fry?
I don't fear death
My only fear of death is coming back, reincarnated
This is dedicated to Mental, R.I.P
And Big Kato, R.I.P.
And all you other O.G.'s who go down; I don't fear death

Thanks to dvmorgan for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Clinton George, Collins William Earl, Walker Randy, Worrell G Bernard, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Shakur Maurice Shelton-harding


PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
2Pac
GREATEST HITS

Tupac - Keep Ya Head Up* Lyrics

Little somethin' for my godson Elijah
And a little girl named Corinne

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice
I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots
I give a holler to my sisters on welfare
Tupac cares, if don't nobody else care

And uhh, I know they like to beat ya down a lot
When you come around the block brothas clown a lot
But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up
Forgive but don't forget, girl keep your head up

And when he tells you you ain't nutting don't believe him
And if he can't learn to love you you should leave him
'Cause sista you don't need him
And I ain't trying to gas ya up, I just call em how I see em

You know it makes me unhappy, what's that
When brothas make babies
And leave a young mother to be a pappy
And since we all came from a woman

Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman
I wonder why we take from our women
Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?
I think it's time to kill for our women

Time to heal our women, be real to our women
And if we don't we'll have a race of babies
That will hate the ladies, that make the babies
And since a man can't make one

He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one
So will the real men get up
I know you're fed up ladies, but keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter
Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter

Aiyyo, I remember Marvin Gaye, used to sing ta me
He had me feeling like black was tha thing to be
And suddenly tha ghetto didn't seem so tough
And though we had it rough, we always had enough

I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules
Ran with the local crew, and had a smoke or two
And I realize momma really paid the price
She nearly gave her life, to raise me right

And all I had ta give her was my pipe dream
Of how I'd rock the mic, and make it to tha bright screen
I'm trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
It's hard to be legit and still pay tha rent

And in the end it seems I'm headpin for tha pen
I try and find my friends, but they're blowing in the wind
Last night my buddy lost his whole family
It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity

It seems tha rain'll never let up
I try to keep my head up, and still keep from getting wet up
You know it's funny when it rains it pours
They got money for wars, but can't feed the poor

Say there ain't no hope for the youth and the truth is
It ain't no hope for tha future
And then they wonder why we crazy
I blame my mother, for turning my brother into a crack baby

We ain't meant to survive, 'cause it's a setup
And even though you're fed up
Huh, ya got to keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter
Keep ya head up, ooo child things are gonna get easier
Ooo child things are gonna get brighter

And uhh, to all the ladies having babies on they own
I know it's kinda rough and you're feeling all alone
Daddy's long gone and he left you by ya lonesome
Thank the Lord for my kids, even if nobody else want em

'Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure
And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more
'Cause ain't nutting worse than when your son
Wants to know why his daddy don't love him no mo'

You can't complain you was dealt this
Hell of a hand without a man, feeling helpless
Because there's too many things for you to deal with
Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless

While tears, is rolling down your cheeks
Ya steady Chopin things don't all down this week
'Cause if it did, you couldn't take it, and don't blame me

I was given this world I didn't make it

And now my son's getten older and older and cold
From having the world on his shoulders
While the rich kids is driving Benz
I'm still trying to hold on to my surviving friends

And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up, but
Please you got to keep your head up

Tupac - 2 Of Amerikaz Most Wanted Lyrics

Up out of there
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Pump that up, G
Ahh, shit, you done fucked up now

Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
You done put 2 of Americaz most wanted
In the same motherfuckin' place at the same
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party, motherfuckin' time, ha, ha, ha

Y'all niggaz about to feel this
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Break out the champagne glasses and the motherfuckin' condoms
Have one on us, aight? Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture
Bomb the hoochies with precision, my intention's to get richer
With the S N double O P, Dogg, my fuckin' homey
Youse a cold ass nigga on them hogs

Sho' 'nuff, I keep my hand on my gun, 'cuz they got me on the run
Now I'm back in the courtroom waitin' on the outcome
Free Tupac, is all that's on a niggaz mind

But at the same time it seem they tryin' to take mine
So I'ma get smart, and get defensive and shit
And put together a million march, for some gangsta shit

So now they got us laced
Two multimillionaire motherfuckers catchin' cases
Bitches get ready for the throw down, the shit's about to go down
Uh, me and Snoop about to clown

I'm "Losin' My Religion", I'm vicious on these stool pigeons
You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin'
Niggaz be actin' like they savage, they out to get the cabbage
I got nuthin' but love for my niggaz livin' lavish

I got a pit named P, she [Unverified]
I got a house out in the hills right next to Chino
And I think I got a black Beamer
But my dream is to own a fly casino

Like Bugsy Seagel, and do it all legal
And get scooped up, by the little homie in the Regal
It feel good to you baby, bubba
Ya see, this is for the G's and the keys, motherfucker

Now follow as we ride
Motherfuck the rest, two of the best from the West side
And I can make you famous
Niggaz been dyin' for years, so how could they blame us?

I live in fear of a felony
I never stop bailin' these, motherfuckin' G's
If ya got it, better flaunt it, another warrant
2 of Amerikaz most wanted

Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Nuthin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Nuthin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta partyc
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party, nuthin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Now give me fifty feet
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets
And keep whatever's left of me
Jealousy is misery, sufferin' is grief
Better be prepared when you cowards fuck wit me

I bust and flea, these niggaz must be crazy, what?
There ain't no mercy motherfuckers who can fade the Thugs
(Ha Ha right)
You thought it was but it wasn't, now disappear
Bow down in the presence of a boss player

It's like 'cuz blood, gangbangin'
Everybody in the party doin' dope slangin'
You got to have papers in this world
You might get your first snatch, before your eyes swirl

Ya doin' ya job, every day
And then you work so hard til ya hair turn grey
Let me tell you about life, and 'bout the way it is
You see we live by the gun, so we die by the gun's kids

They tell me not to roll with my glock
So now I gotta throw away
Floatin' in the black Benz, tryin' to do a show a day
They wonder how I live, with five shots
Niggaz is hard to kill, on my block

Schemes for currency and doe related
Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it

No answers to questions, I'm tryin' to get up on it
My nigga, Dogg with me, eternally, the most wanted

Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party
Nuthin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Nuthin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party, nuthin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nuthin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party
Ain't nuttin' but a gangsta party

Tupac - Temptations* Lyrics

Yo Mo Bee main, drop that shit!

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")
[sample repeats until first verse]

You know what time, boo-yaow
I know it's time for you
So grab one by the hand youknowhatI'msayin
And uhh, throw up that finger
Ay yo yo yo throw y'all fingers up!
Thug style baby, Thug style y'know?

[Verse One:]

Tell me baby are you lonely? Don't wanna rush ya
I can help ya if ya only, let me touch ya
If I'm wrong love tell me, cause I get caught up
and the life I live is Hell see, I never thought I'd see
the day when I would calm down, you ain't heard
I've been known to clown and Get Around, that's my word
See you walkin and you lookin good, yes indeed
Got a body like a sex fiend, you're killin me
witcha attitude to match right, don't be phony
cause I hate when you act like, you don't know me
I've be stressin in the spotlight, I want the fame
but the industry's a lot like, a crap game
Ain't no time for commitment, I gotta go
Can't be wit you every minute miss, another show
And even though I'm known for my one night stand
I wanna be an honest man, but temptations go...

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")
[sample repeats until second verse]

Throw up the finger!
And all my homies go..
Throw them the finger!
Ya know what baby it's like

[singing]
I know you've been searchin for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you need it, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[Verse Two:]

Will I cheat or will I be committed, heaven knows
Gettin weak and I wanna hit it, so here I go
in my ride and I'm all in, gettin high
I can hear the people callin, I'm passin by
Everybody knows I'm ball-in, and to God
Gotta keep myself from fall-in, but it's hard
All the cuties know I'm under pressure, what do I do
Gettin shaky when she pull the dress up, and say it's cool
Should I stroke or should I wait a while, you decide
If you tell me that you don't want it, that's a lie
Move close and let me whisper, some dirty words
in your ears as I kiss ya, on every curve
Slow down baby don't rush, I like it slow
Can't hold it any longer, so let it go
Open the gates, do you wanna fall up in heaven
Don't worry, I let myself in, all I heard was...

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")
[sample repeats until third verse]

Give em the finger!
All my homies go..
Throw your fingers up!
That's just the Thug in me girl, you know
Peep out all my homies, y'know, it's like

[singing]
I know you've been searchin for someone
To make you happy, and get the job done
You say you need it, a man with money
But I can't be there, and will you still care

[Verse Three:]

A lot of people think it's easy, to settle down
Got a woman that'll please me, in every town
I don't wanna but I gotta do it, the temptation
got me ready to release the fluid, sensation
sit down and conversate like you know me, take my hand
Cause even Thugs get lonely, understand
Even the hardest of my homies need attention
Catch you blowin up the telephone, reminiscin
I wanna take you to the movies, and the park
Let's find a spot for you to do me, in the dark
Now that it's passion, hold me tight
Don't need lights, I can see you by the moonlight
I know your man ain't lovin you right
You're lonely and depressed you need a Thug in your life
Enough talkin, you want me to leave, I'll get to walkin
See you later, cause baby I'm a player, and all I heard was

"Heyyyy! Heyy-ayyaahhyy" -- [Erick Sermon] (Redman's "Watch Yo' Nugget")

[sample repeats until the end]

Give em the finger
And all my homies go.. yo this how we gonna do this in the nine-trey y'know?
Throw your fingers up
Y'know? They gonna peep this, this how we run game on you

[singing]
Everybody, heyy, alright
Heyy, heyyyeah, heyyyayyy, ohh

[2Pac]
All my niggaz go
Uptown in the
Give em the finger!
Throw your hands up
Give em the finger!

Tupac - God Bless The Dead Lyrics

Rest in peace to my mothafucka biggie smalls
That's right boy, it's goin' on
Right here, thug life
God bless the dead

God bless the dead and buried nigga
Don't worry if you see God first tell him shit got worse
I ain't mad, I know you're representin' the crew
And I can picture you in Heaven with a blunt and a brew

Fuck the world, pain was a part of the game
If you a baller, money went as quick as it came
My role models gone or they locked in the pen
Straight hustlas, caught up in the whirlwind

The other day, I thought I seen my homeboy biggie
Sayin', "Shit don't stop, nigga, no pity"
We all hoods and all we ever had was dreams
Money makin' mothafuckas plot scandalous schemes

In the gutter, you learn to have a criminal mind
I was addicted to tryin', never meant to do time
My epitaph will read was the last of G's
Kicked the shit to make the white man bleed
God bless the dead, that's right

God bless the dead
God bless the dead
God bless the dead

Man, ain't nobody promised me a thang
I been caught up in this game
Ever since I was a little motherfucka wantin' to hang
I can see 'em in my head, pow

Memories of my nigga but he dead now
Lookin' back in my year book all the years took
Half my peers, they're stretched for years
And if I die will they all shed tears

Two to the dome, leave me alone, let me get my head clear
Paranoid got me lookin' in the mirror
Behind me, life without my nine, I'd rather do the time
See I'm old enough to know that ain't no justice

Fuck the police and all the courts same way they fucked us
And why the hell am I locked in jail

They let them white boys free
We be shocked as hell

In my mind I can see it comin'
And all the time it's a plot to keep a nigga runnin'
By keepin' gun and never run unless I'm comin' at ya
Cry later but for now let's enjoy the laughter
God bless the dead, that's right

God bless the dead
God bless the dead

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckas that passed too early
All the young motherfuckas that was took in they prime
Real motherfuckin' Gz, this one is for you
Yo stretch, biggie

Yo big this is to you my nigga
Springfield Hollis crew, thug life, Y G'z
Sendin' they respect, you know I mean?
You my nigga for life, forever
You're always gonna be with a nigga
No matter what, don't forget that

I pray before I go to sleep
Dear God save my place before I start to eat, 'cause times is hard
So I'm covered to my knees, oh why?
Why you had to take my nigga with the rock I buy?

You had to take a good one, a ghetto hood son, Uzi weighin' a ton
Niggas terrified of comin' from the young gun
Hearin' that they did it outta fear don't amaze me
But it's mind blowin', so I'm flowin' goin' crazy

Slip for cock the gun but he didn't run like a punk
He shoulda had the gauze in the trunk
For spunk is what he had, kid, I'd ratha attack big
Now ya 'bout to smell the aftermath of what the Mack did

Wannabe suckers wanna test, I'm tellin' you, yes
The Teflon's bout to rip through your fuckin' vest
Guess who? I'll make a mess of your crew
Quick the spirit biggie smalls and the comin'on clique, yeah

God bless the dead
God bless the dead
God bless the dead
God bless the dead

Tupac - Hail Mary M_* Lyrics

(feat. Kastro, Young Noble, Prince Ital)

[Makaveli]
Makaveli in this... Killuminati, all through your body
The blow's like a twelve gauge shotty
Uh, feel me!
And God said he should send his one begotten son
to lead the wild into the ways of the man
Follow me; eat my flesh, flesh and my flesh

[Chorus (Makaveli):]
Come with me, Hail Mary
Run quick see, what do we have here
Now, do you wanna ride or die
La dadada, la la la la

[Makaveli]
I ain't a killer but don't push me
Revenge is like the sweetest joy next to getting pussy
Picture paragraphs unloaded, wise words being quoted
Peeped the weakness in the rap game and sewed it
Bow down, pray to God hoping that he's listening
Seeing niggas coming for me, to my diamonds, when they glistening
Now pay attention, rest in peace father
I'm a ghost in these killing fields
Hail Mary catch me if I go, let's go deep inside
the solitary mind of a madman who screams in the dark
Evil lurks, enemies, see me flee
Activate my hate, let it break, to the flame
Set trip, empty out my clip, never stop to aim
Some say the game is all corrupted, fucked in this shit
Stuck, niggas is lucky if we bust out this shit, plus
mama told me never stop until I bust a nut
Fuck the world if they can't adjust
It's just as well, Hail Mary

[Chorus 2X]

[Makaveli]
Penitentiaries is packed with promise makers
Never realize the precious time the bitch niggas is wasting
Institutionalized I lived my life a product made to crumble
But too hardened for a smile, we're too crazy to be humble, we balling
Catch me father please, cause I'm falling, in the liquor store
That's the Hennessee I hear ya calling, can I get some more?
Hail 'til I reach Hell, I ain't scared
Mama checking in my bedroom; I ain't there

I got a head with no screws in it, what can I do
One life to live but I got nothing to lose, just me and you
on a one way trip to prison, selling drugs
We all wrapped up in this living, life as Thugs
To my homeboys in Clinton Max, doing they bid
Raise hell to this real shit, and feel this
When they turn out the lights, I'll be down in the dark
Thuggin eternal through my heart, now Hail Mary nigga

[Chorus 2X]

[Kastro]
They got a APB, out on my Thug family
Since the Outlawz run these streets, like these skanless freaks
Our enemies die now, walk around half dead
Head down, K blasted off Hennessee and Thai
Trying it, mixed it, now I'm twisted blisted and high
Visions of me, Thug living getting me by
Forever live, and I multiply survived by Thugs
When I die they won't cry unless they coming with slugs

[Young Noble]
Peep the whole scene and whatever's going on around me
Brain kinda cloudy, smoked out feeling rowdy
Ready to wet the party up, and whoever in that motherfucker
Nasty new street, slugger my heat seeks suckers
on the regular mashing in a stolen black Ac Integ-ra
Cock back, sixty seconds 'til the draw that's when I'm dead in ya
Feet first, you got a nice gat but my heat's worse
From a Thug to preaching church, I gave you love now you eating dirt
Needing work, and I ain't the nigga to put you on
Cause word is bond when I was broke I had to hustle 'til dawn
That's when sun came up, there's only one way up
hold ya head and stay up, to all my niggas get ya pay and weight up

[Kastro]
If it's on then it's on, we break beat-breaks
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate
to this shit I don't got, be the shit I gotta take
Dealing with fate, hoping God don't close the gate
If it's on then it's on, we break beat-breaks
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate
to this shit I don't got, be the shit I gotta take
Dealing with fate, hoping God don't close the gate

[Chorus (repeats in background)]

[Prince Ital]
We've been traveling on this wayward road
Long time 'til I be take a 'eavy load
But we ride, ride it like a bullet
Hail Mary, Hail Mary

We won't worry everything will come real
Free like the bird in the tree
We won't worry everything will come real
Yes we free like the bird in the tree
We running from the penitentiary
This is the time for we liberty
Hail Mary, Hail Mary

[Chorus]

[Makaveli]
Westside, Outlawz, Makaveli the Don, Solo, Killuminati, The 7 Days

Tupac - Me Against The World* Lyrics

It's just me against the world
It's just me against the world baby
I've got nothing to lose, it's just me against the world
Stuck in the game, me against the world baby

Can you picture my prophecy? Stress in the city, the cops is hot for me
The projects is full of bullets, the bodies is dropping
There ain't no stopping me, constantly moving while making millions
Witnessing killings, leaving dead bodies in abandoned buildings

Carries to children 'cause they're illing
Addicted to killing and the appeal from the cap peeling
Without feeling but will they last or be blasted?
Hard headed bastard, maybe he'll listen in his casket, the aftermath

More bodies being buried, I'm losing my homies in a hurry
They're relocating to the cemetery
Got me worried, stressing, my vision's blurried
The question is will I live? No one in the world loves me

I'm headed for danger, don't trust strangers
Put one in the chamber whenever I'm feeling this anger
Don't wanna make excuses 'cause this is how it is
What's the use unless we're shooting no one notices the youth
It's just me against the world baby

Me against the world, it's just me against the world
It's just me against the world, me against the world
'Cause it's just me against the world baby
Me against the world, I've got nothing to lose
It's just me against the world baby, I've got nothing to lose

Could somebody help me? I'm out here all by myself
See ladies in stores, Baby Capone's, living wealthy
Pictures of my birth on this Earth is what I'm dreaming
Seeing Daddy's semen, full of crooked demons, already crazy

And screaming I guess them nightmares as a child
Had me scared but left me prepared for a while
Is there another route? For a crooked Outlaw
Veteran, a villain, a young thug, who one day shall fall

Everyday there's mo' death and plus I'm dough-less
I'm seeing mo' reasons for me to proceed with thieving
Scheme on the scheming and leave they peeps grieving
'Cause ain't no bucks to stack up, my nuts is backed up

I'm 'bout to act up, go load the Mac up, now watch me klacka
Tried making fat cuts but yo it ain't working
And Evil's lurking, I can see him smirking when I gets to perving
So what? Go put some work in and make my mail, making sales
Risking 25 with a 'L' but, oh well

Me against the world with nothing to lose
It's just me against the world, it's just me against the world baby
Me against the world, I've got nothing to lose
It's just me against the world, it's just me against the world baby
With nothing to lose, it's just me against the world baby
Me against the world, me against the world
I've got nothing to lose, it's just me against the world baby

With all this extra stressing
The question I wonder is after death, after my last breath
When will I finally get to rest? Through this suppression
They punish the people that's asking questions

And those that possess, steal from the ones without possessions
The message I stress to make it stop study your lessons
Don't settle for less even the genius asks questions
Be grateful for blessings, don't ever change, keep your essence

The power is in the people and politics we address
Always do your best, don't let the pressure make you panic
And when you get stranded and things don't go the way you planned it
Dreaming of riches, in a position of making a difference

Politicians and hypocrites, they don't wanna listen
If I'm insane, it's the fame made a brother change
It wasn't nothing like the game
It's just me against the world

Me against the world, nothing to lose
It's just me against the world baby, me against the world
Got me stuck in the game, it's just me against the world
I'd be ashamed to lose, it's just me against the world baby
Me against the world

That's right, I know it seem hard sometimes but uhh
Remember one thing, through every dark night
There's a bright day after that
So no matter how hard it get, stick your chest out
Keep your head up and handle it

Me against the world
Me against the world
Me against the world

Tupac - How Do You Want It? Lyrics

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

[Chorus: K-Ci and JoJo]

How do you want it? How does it feel?
Comin up as a nigga in the cash game
livin in the fast lane; I'm for real
How do you want it? How do you feel?
Comin up as a nigga in the cash game
livin in the fast lane; I'm for real

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Love the way you activate your hips and push your ass out
Got a nigga wantin it so bad I'm bout to pass out
Wanna dig you, and I can't even lie about it
Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it
Catch you at a club, oh shit you got me fiendin
Body talkin shit to me but I can't comprehend the meaning
Now if you wanna roll with me, then here's your chance
Doin eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you can
Forgive me i'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man
All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man
Mr. International, playa with the passport
Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for
It's either him or me -- champagne, Hennessey
A favorite of my homies when we floss, on our enemies
Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a hoe need
Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya don't need
Approachin hoochies with a passion, been a long day
But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way
Your body is bangin baby I love it when you flaunt it
Time to give it to daddy nigga now tell me how you want it
(Tell me how you want it! La-dy, yeahhhyeah)

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Tell me is it cool to fuck?
Did you think I come to talk am I a fool or what?
Positions on the floor it's like erotic, ironic
cause I'm somewhat psychotic
I'm hittin switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics
Up and down like a roller coaster, I'm up inside ya
I ain't quittin til the show is over, cause I'ma rider
In and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak

and let you get on top of me, get her rockin these
Nights full of Alize, a livin legend
You ain't heard about these niggaz play these Cali days
Delores Tucker, youse a motherfucker
Instead of tryin to help a nigga you destroy a brother
Worse than the others -- Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole
You're too old to understand the way the game is told
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts
Want some on lease? I'm makin millions, niggaz top that
They wanna censor me; they'd rather see me in a cell
livin in hell -- only a few of us'll live to tell
Now everybody talkin bout us I could give a fuck
I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss
Nigga tell me how you want it

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Raised as a youth, tell the truth I got the scoop
on how to get a bulletproof, because I jumped from the roof
before I was a teenager, mobile phone, SkyPager
Game rules, I'm livin major -- my adversaries
is lookin worried, they paranoid of gettin buried
One of us gon' see the cemetary
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive
Gettin high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million
And then I'm chillin fade em all, these taxes
got me crossed up and people tryin to sue me
Media is in my business and they actin like they know me
Hahaha, but I'ma mash out, peel out
I'm with it quick I'se quick to whip that fuckin steel out
Yeah nigga it's some new shit so better get up on it
When ya see me tell a nigga how ya want it
How do you want it?

[Chorus 2X]

[2Pac]
How you want it?
Yeah my nigga Johnny J
Yeah, we out

[Chorus]

[2Pac]
Tell me

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Cash game, livin in the fast lane, I'm for real

Tupac - So Many Tears* Lyrics

I shall not fear no man but God
Though I walk through the valley of death
I shed so many tears (if I should die before I wake)
Please God walk with me (grab a nigga and take me to Heaven)

Back in elementary, I thrived on misery
Left me alone I grew up amongst a dyin breed
Inside my mind couldn't find a place to rest
until I got that Thug Life tatted on my chest
Tell me can you feel me? I'm not livin in the past, you wanna last
Be tha first to blast, remember Kato
No longer with us he's deceased
Call on the sirens, seen him murdered in the streets
Now rest in peace
Is there heaven for a G? Remember me
So many homies in the cemetery, shed so many tears

Ahh, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears..
Lord, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now that I'm strugglin in this business, by any means
Label me greedy gettin green, but seldom seen
And fuck the world cause I'm cursed, I'm havin visions
of leavin here in a hearse, God can you feel me?
Take me away from all the pressure, and all the pain
Show me some happiness again, I'm goin blind
I spend my time in this cell, ain't livin well
I know my destiny is Hell, where did I fail?
My life is in denial, and when I die,
baptized in eternal fire I'll shed so many tears

Lord, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears..
Lord, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now I'm lost and I'm weary, so many tears
I'm suicidal, so don't stand near me
My every move is a calculated step, to bring me closer
to embrace an early death, now there's nothin left
There was no mercy on the streets, I couldn't rest
I'm barely standin, bout to go to pieces, screamin peace
And though my soul was deleted, I couldn't see it
I had my mind full of demons tryin to break free
They planted seeds and they hatched, sparkin the flame
inside my brain like a match, such a dirty game
No memories, just a misery
Paintin a picture of my enemies killin me, in my sleep
Will I survive til the mo'nin, to see the sun

Please Lord forgive me for my sins, cause here I come...

Lord, I suffered through the years (God) and shed so many tears..
God, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Lord knows I.. tried, been a witness to homicide
Seen drivebys takin lives, little kids die
Wonder why as I walk by
Broken-hearted as I glance at the chalk line, gettin high
This ain't the life for me, I wanna change
But ain't no future right for me, I'm stuck in the game
I'm trapped inside a maze
See this Tanqueray influenced me to gettin crazy
Disillusioned lately, I've been really wantin babies
so I could see a part of me that wasn't always shady
Don't trust my lady, cause she's a product of this poison
I'm hearin noises, think she fuckin all my boys, can't take no more
I'm fallin to the floor; beggin for the Lord to let me in
to Heaven's door -- shed so many tears
(Dear God, please let me in)

Lord, I've lost so many years, and shed so many tears..
I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears
Lord, I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears..
God, I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Tupac - Unconditional Love Lyrics

(What y'all want?)
Unconditional Love (no doubt)
Talking bout the stuff that don't wear off
It don't fade
It'll last for all these crazy days
These crazy nights
Whether you wrong or you right
I'm a still love you
Still feel you
Still there for you
No matter what (hehe)
You will always be in my heart
With unconditional love

[Verse One:]

Come listen to my truest thoughts, my truest feelings
All my peers doing years beyond drug dealing
How many caskets can we witness
Before we see it's hard to live
This life without God, so we must ask forgiveness
Ask mama why i got this urge to die
Witness the tears falling free from my eyes
Before she could reply
Though we were born without a silver spoon
My broken down TV, show cartoons in my living room (hey)
One day I hope to make it
A player in this game
Mama don't cry, long as we try
Maybe things change
Perhaps it's just a fantasy
A life where we don't need no welfare
Shit with our whole family
Maybe it's me that caused it
The fighting and the hurting
In my room crying cause I didn't want to be a burden
Watch mama open up her arms to hug me
And I ain't worried bout a damn thang, with unconditional love

[Chorus: 2x]

In this game the lesson's in your eyes to see
Though things change, the future's still inside of me
We must remember that tomorrow comes after the dark
So you will always be in my heart, with unconditional love

[Verse Two:]

Just got the message you've been calling all week
Been out here hustling on these streets, ain't had a chance to speak
But you know, with you and me it's on G
We could never be enemies, cause you been such a good friend to me
Where would I be without my dogs
No wonder why when times get hard
Cause it ain't easy being who we are
Driven by my ambitions, desire higher positions
So I proceed to make Gs, eternally in my mission
Is to be more than just a rap musician
The elevation of today's generation
If could make 'em listen
Prison ain't what we need, no longer stuck in greed
Time to play and strategize, my family's gotta eat
When we make somethin out of nothing
No pleasure in the suffering, neighborhood would be good
If they could cut out all the busting
The liquor and the weed the cussing
Sending love out to my block
The struggle never stops (unconditional love)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

I'll probably never understand ya ways
With everyday I swear I hear ya
Trying to change your ways while gettin paid at the same time
Just had a baby with the same eyes
Something inside, please let me die these are strange times
How come I never made it
Maybe it's the way the played it in my heart
I knew one day I gotta be a star
My hopes and all my wishes
So many vivid pictures, and all the currency
I'll never even get to see
This fast life soon shatters
Cause after all the lights and screams
Nothing but my dreams matter
Hoping for better days
Maybe a peaceful night, baby don't cry
Cause everythang gonna be alright
Just lay your head on my shoulder
Don't worry bout a thang baby
Girl I'm a soldier (huh)
Never treated me bad, no matter who I was
You still came with that, unconditional love

[Chorus 3x until fade]

Tupac - Trapped Lyrics

You know they got me trapped in this prison of seclusion
Happiness, living on tha streets is a delusion
Even a smooth criminal one day must get caught
Shot up or shot down with tha bullet that he bought
Nine millimeter kickin' thinking about what tha streets do
to me

Cause they never talk peace in tha black community
All we know is violence, do tha job in silence
Walk tha city streets like a rat pack of tyrants
Too many brothers daily heading for tha big pen
Niggas comin' out worse often when they went in
Over tha years I done alot of growin' up

Getten drunk thrown' up, cuffed up
Then I said I had enough
There must be another route, way out
To money and fame, I changed my name
And played a different game
Tired of being trapped in this vicious cycle

If one more cop harasses me I just might go psycho
And when I gettem, I'll hittem with tha bum rush
Only a lunatic would like to see his skull crushed
Yo, if your smart you'll really let me go G
But keep me cooped up in this ghetto and catch tha Uzi
They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
They got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)
(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
You know they got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)

They got me trapped
Can barely walk tha city streets
Without a cop harassing me, searching me
Then asking my identity
Hands up, throw me up against tha wall
Didn't do a thing at all

I'm tellin' you one day these suckers gotta fall
Cuffed up throw me on tha concrete
Coppers try to kill me
But they didn't know this was tha wrong street
Bang bang, down another casualty
But it's a cop who's shot there's brutality

Who do you blame?
It's a shame because tha man's slain
He got caught in tha chains of his own game
How can I feel guilty after all tha things they did to me
Sweated me, hunted me
Trapped in my own community

One day I'm gonna bust
Blow up on this society
Why did ya lie to me?
I couldn't find a trace of equality
Work me like a slave while they laid back

Homie don't play that
It's time I lett'em suffer tha payback
I'm tryin' to avoid physical contact
I can't hold back, it's time to attack Jack
They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
They got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)
(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
You know they got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)

Now I'm trapped and want to find a getaway
All I need is a G and somewhere safe to stay
Can't use tha phone
Cause I'm sure someone is tappin' in
Did it before
Ain't scared to use my gat again

I look back at hind site the fight was irrelevant
But now he's tha devils friend
Too late to be tellin' him
He shot first and I'll be damned if I run away
Homie is done away I should of put my gun away

I wasn't thinkin' all I heard was tha ridicule

Girlies was laughin', Tup sayin "Damn homies is dissin you"
I fired my weapon
Started steppin' in tha hurricane
I got shot so I dropped
Feelin' a burst of pain
Got to my feet

Couldn't see nothin' but bloody blood
Now I'm a fugitive to be hunted like a murderer
Ran through an alley
Still lookin' for my getaway
Coppers said freeze, or you'll be dead today
Trapped in a corner

Dark and I couldn't see tha light
Thoughts in my mind was tha nine and a better life
What do I do?
Live my life in a prison cell
I'd rather die than be trapped in a living hell
They got me trapped

(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
They got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)
(Trapped uh)
(Uh uh, they can't keep tha black man down)
You know they got me trapped
(Trapped uh)
(Naw, they can't keep tha black man down)
(Trapped uh)

[incomprehensible]
Let's go man, let's go, get outta here, trapped
[incomprehensible]

Tupac - Life Goes On* Lyrics

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

How many brothas fell victim to tha streetz
Rest in peace young nigga, there's a Heaven for a 'G'
Be a lie, If I told ya that I never thought of death
My niggas, we tha last ones left
But life goes on.....

[Verse One:]

As I bail through tha empty halls
Breath stinkin'
In my jaws
Ring, ring, ring
Quiet y'all
Incoming call
Plus this my homie from high school
He's getting bye
It's time to bury another brotha nobody cry
Life as a baller
Alchol and booty calls
We usta do them as adolecents
Do you recall?
Raised as g's
Loc'ed out and blazed the weed
Get on tha roof
Let's get smoked out
And blaze with me
2 in tha morning
And we still high assed out
Screamin' 'thug till I die'
Before I passed out
But now that your gone
I'm in tha zone
Thinkin'
'I don't wanna die all alone'
But now ya gone
And all I got left are stinkin' memories
I love them niggas to death
I'm drinkin' Hennessy
While tryin' ta make it last
I drank a 5th for that ass
When you passed....
Cause life goes on

[Chorus]

[Verse Two:]

Yeah nigga
I got tha word as hell
Ya blew trial and tha judge gave you
25 with an L
Time to prepare to do fed time
Won't see parole
Imagine life as a convict
That's getten' old
Plus with tha drama
We're lookin out for your babies mama
Taken risks, while keepin' cheap tricks from gettin on her...
Life in tha hood...
Is all good for nobody
Remember gamin' on dumb hoties at chill parties
Me and you
No true a two
While scheming on hits
And gettin tricks
That maybe we can slide into
But now you burried
Rest nigga
Cause I ain't worried
Eyes bluried
Sayin' goodbye at the cemetary
Tho' memories fade
I got your name tated on my arm
So we both ball till' my dying days
Before I say goodbye
Kato and Mental rest in peace
Thug till I die

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

Bury me smilin'
With G's in my pocket
Have a party at my funeral
Let every rapper rock it
Let tha hoes that I usta know
From way before
Kiss me from my head to my toe
Give me a paper and a pen
So I can write about my life of sin
A couple bottles of Gin
Incase I don't get in
Tell all my people i'm a Ridah
Nobody cries when we die
We outlaws
Let me ride

Until I get free
I live my life in tha fast lane
Got police chasen me
To my niggas from old blocks
From old crews
Niggas that guided me through
Back in tha old school
Pour out some liquor
Have a toast for tha homies
See we both gotta die
But ya chose to go before me
And brothas miss ya while your gone
You left your nigga on his own
How long we mourn
Life goes on...

[Chorus repeats to end]
[sung overtop repeating chorus]

Life goes on homie
Gone on, cause they passed away
Niggas doin' life
Niggas doin' 50 and 60 years and shit
I feel ya nigga, trust me
I feel ya
You know what I mean
Last year
We poured out liquor for ya
This year nigga, life goes on
We're gonna clock now
Get money
Evade bitches
Evade tricks
Give players plenty space
And basicaly just represent for you baby
Next time you see your niggas
Your gonna be on top nigga
Their gonna be like,
'Goddamn, them niggas came up'
That's right baby
Life goes on....
And we up out this bitch
Hey Kato, Mental
Y'all niggas make sure it's popin' when we get up there
Don't front.

Tupac - Hit 'Em Up* Lyrics

[Tupac]
I ain't got no motherfucking friends
That's why I fucked your bitch
You're fat motherfucker {Take Money}
West Side
Bad Boy Killers {Take Money}
You know who the realist is
niggas we bring it to {Take Money}
(ha ha, that's alright)

First off, fuck your bitch
And the click you claim
West side when we ride
Come equipped with game
You claim to be a player
But I fucked your wife
We bust on Bad Boys
niggas fuck for Life
Plus Puffy tryin' to see me weak
Hearts I rip
Biggie Smalls and Junior Mafia
Some mark ass bitches
We keep on coming
While we running for your jewels
Steady gunning
Keep on busting at them fools
You know the rules
Little Ceasar go ask you homie
How I'll leave you
Cut your young ass up
See you in pieces
Now be deceased
Little Kim,
Don't fuck around with real G's
Quick to snatch your ugly ass, off the streets
So fuck peace
I'll let them niggas know
It's on for Life
Don't let the west side
Ride the night (ha ha)
Bad Boys murdered on Wax and kill
fuck with me
And get your caps peeled
You know, see

[Chorus:]
Grab your glocks when you see 2pac

Call the cops when you see 2pac, uh
Who shot me,
But your punks didn't finish
Now you 'bout to feel the wrath of a menace
nigga, I hit 'em up

Check this out
You motherfuckers know what time it is
I don't know why I'm even on this track
You all niggas ain't even on my level
I'm going to let my little homies
Ride on you
bitch made ass Bad Boys bitches
{ah yo, yo, hold the fuck up}

Get out the way yo
Get out the way yo
Biggie Smalls just got dropped
Little move pass the mac
And let me hit 'em in his back
Frank White needs to get spanked right
For setting up traps
Little accident murderers
And I ain't never heard of you
Poise less gats attack when I'm serving you
Spank the shank
Your whole style when I gank
Guard your rank
'cause I'm a slam your ass in a pang
Puffy weaker than a fuckin' block
I'm running through nigga
And I'm smoking Junior Mafia
In front of you nigga
With the ready power
Tucked in my Guess
Under my Eddie Bauer
Your clout petty sour
I push packages ever hour
I hit 'em up

[Chorus]

Peep how we do it
Keep it real
Its penitentiary steel
This ain't no freestyle battle
All you niggas getting killed
With your mouths open
Tryin' to come up off of me
You and the clouds hoping
Smoking dope
It's like a Sherm high

niggas think they learned to fly
But they burn motherfucker you deserve to die
Talking about you Getting Money
But it's funny to me
All you niggas living bummy
While you fucking with me?
I'm a self made Millionaire
Thug livin', out of prison
Pistols in the Air {Air} (Ha Ha)
Biggie remember when I use to let you sleep on the couch
And beg the bitch to let you sleep in the house
Now it's all about Versace
You copied my style
Five shots couldn't drop me
I took it and smiled
Now I'm back to set the record straight
With my A-K
I'm still the thug that you love to hate
Mother-fucker I'll Hit 'Em Up

I'm from N E W Jers.
Where plenty of murder occurs
No points to come
We bring drama to all you herds
Now go check the scenario
Little Ceas'
I'll bring you fake G's to your knees
Coppin' please with these scenario
Little Kim is you
Coked up or doped up
Get your little Junior Whopper click smoked up
What the fuck?
Is you stupid?
I take money,
crash and mash through Brooklyn
With my click looting, shooting, and polluting your block
With fifteen shot,
Cocked glock to your knot
Outlaw Mafia click moving up another notch
And your Pop stars popped and get dropped and mopped
And all your fake ass east coast props
Brainstormed and locked

You're a beat biter
Pac style taker
I'll tell you to face, you ain't nothing shit but a faker
So fill the Alize with a chaser
'bout to get murdered for the paper
E.d.i I mean post the scene of the caper
Like a loc, with little Ceas' in a choke (uh)
Toting smoke, we ain't no motherfuckin' joke
Thug Life, niggas better be known

Be approaching
In the wide open, gun smoking
No need for hoping
It's a battle lost
I gottem crossed as soon as the funk is bopping off
nigga, I hit 'em up

Now you tell me who won
I see them, they run (ha ha)
They don't wanna see us
Whole Junior Mafia click
Dressing up trying to be us
How the fuck they gonna be the Mob?
When we always on out job
We millionaire's
Killing ain't fair
But somebody got to do it

Oh yah Mobb Deep (uh)
You wanna fuck with us
You Little young ass motherfuckers
Don't one of you niggas got sickle-cell or something
You're fucking with me, nigga?
You fuck around and catch a seizure or a heart-attack
You better back the fuck up
Before you get smacked the fuck up
This is how we do it on our side
Any of you niggas from New York that want to bring it,
Bring it.
But we ain't singing,
We bringing drama
fuck you and your mother fucking mama.
We're gonna kill all you mother fuckers.
Now when I came out, I told you it was just about biggie.
Then everybody had to open their mouth with a mother fucking opinion
Well this is how we gonna' do this:
fuck Mobb Deep,
fuck Biggie,
fuck Bad Boy as a staff, record label, and as a mother fucking crew.
And if you want to be down with Bad Boy,
Then fuck you too.
Chino XL, fuck you too.
All you mother fuckers,
fuck you too.
(take money, take money)
All of y'all mother fuckers,
fuck you, die slow motherfucker.
My four four (.44 magnum) make sure all your kids don't grow.
You motherfuckers can't be us or see us.
We mother fuckin' Thug Life riders.
West Side till' we die.
Out here in California, nigga

We warned ya'
We'll bomb on you mother fuckers.
We do our job.
You think you the mob, nigga, we the motherfuckin' mob
Ain't nothing but killers
And the real niggas, all you motherfuckers feel us.
Our shit goes triple and four quadruple
You niggas laugh 'cause our staff got guns under they motherfuckin' belts
You know how it is and we drop records they felt
You niggas can't feel it
We the realist
fuck 'em.
We Bad Boy killers.

Tupac - Troublesome 96' Lyrics

Troublesome,
Nineteen muthafuckin' 96'
West side, let it be known, nigga
Boss of all bosses, Makaveli

Menacin' methods label me a lethal weapon
Making niggas die, witnessin' breathless imperfections
Can you picture my specific plan to be the man in this wicked land
Under handed hits are planned, scams are plotted over grams of rock
Undercover agents die by the random shots, we all die in the end

So revenge, I swore, I was all about my ends, fuck friends and foes
Me, a born leader, never leave the block without my, my heata
Got me a dog, named him Mobb Bitch Nigga Eata
What could they do to me that little brat? Shit them, niggas

That shot me and still terrified I'll get their ass, how can I show you
How I feel inside? We outlawz motherfuckas, can't kill my pride
Niggas, talk a lot of shit but that's after I'm gone 'cause they fear me
In physical form, let it be known, I'm troublesome

All ya niggas die, put it down to the fullest
Spittin' rhymes and bullets, troublesome, I know what time it is
Call the punk police please, they cant stop us niggas run the streets

Troublesome, gutter ways my mentality is ghetto
We're guerrillas in this criminal war, we all rebels
Death before dishonor bet on bomb on them first niggas
We came for murder, pullin' up in a hearse
Westside was the war cry bustin' all freely screaming fuck

All y'all niggas in Swahili, pistol packin' fresh out of jail
I ain't goin' back, release me to care of my heartless strap
Say my name three times like candy man, bet I roll on your ass
Like an avalanche, a soul survivor, learned to get high
And pull drive bys, murder my foes, can't control my nine

Hearin' thoughts of my enemies pleadin' please
Busta ass motherfuckas tried to flee, picture me lettin'
This chump survive, redin' up on his ass when I'm doped
He die, 'cause I'm troublesome

All ya niggas, die young, strapped and I don't give a fuck
I'm hopeless, I live a thug life loosin' my focus, baby
I'm troublesome, bad boy killa, there is no one realla
What you saw was the rough, rugged and raw, outlaw

Murder, murder my mind states shit ain't change
Since my last rhyme, the crime rate ain't decline
Niggas bustin' shots like they lost their mind
Like twenty-five to life never crossed their mind
Tell me young nigga never learned a thang

Dead at thirteen 'cause he yearned to bang
Sent a lot of flowers but how can I cry
Tried to warn the little nigga, either stop or die
Mercy is for the weak when I speak, I scream
Afraid to sleep I'm havin' crazy dreams

Vivid pictures of my enemies and family times
God to forgive me 'cause it's wrong but I plan to die
You can take me to heaven and understand I was a G
Did the best I could, raised in insanity or send me to hell
'Cause I ain't beggin' for my life, ain't nothing worse
Than this cursed ass hopeless life, I'm troublesome

All ya niggas die in your wildest dreams
You couldn't picture a nigga like me, I'm troublesome

Tupac - Brenda's Got A Baby Lyrics

Brenda's got a baby
Brenda's got a baby

I hear Brenda's got a baby well, Brenda's barely got a brain
A damn shame the girl can hardly spell her name
That's not our problem, that's up to Brenda's family
Well let me show you how it affects the whole community
Now Brenda never really knew her moms and her dad was a junky
Went in debt to his arms, it's sad 'cause I bet Brenda doesn't even know
Just 'cause your in the ghetto doesn't mean you can't grow
But oh, that's a thought, my own revelation

Do whatever it takes to resist the temptation
Brenda got herself a boyfriend, her boyfriend was her cousin
Now let's watch the joy end she tried to hide her pregnancy
From her family who really didn't care to see
Or give a damn if she went out and had a church of kids
As long as when the check came they got first dibs
Now Brenda's belly is gettin' bigger but no one seems to notice
Any change in her figure she's 12 years old and she's having a baby

In love with the molester, who's sexing her crazy and yet she thinks
That he'll be with her forever and dreams of a world when the two of them
We're together, whatever, he left her and she had the baby solo
She had it on the bathroom floor and didn't know so
She didn't know, what to throw away and what to keep
She wrapped the baby up and threw him in the trash heep
I guess she thought she'd get away wouldn't hear the cries
She didn't realize how much the little baby had her eyes

Now the baby's in the trash heep balling, momma can't help her
But it hurts to hear her calling Brenda wants to run away
Momma say, you makin' me lose pay, the social workers here everyday
Now Brenda's gotta make her own way can't go to her family
They won't let her stay, no money no babysitter, she couldn't keep a job
She tried to sell crack, but end up getting robbed, so now what's next
There ain't nothin'', left to sell, so she sees sex as a way of leavin' hell
It's payin' the rent, so she really can't complain, prostitute found slain
And Brenda's her name, she's got a baby

Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby

Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby

Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got
Don't you know she's got a baby

Tupac - I Ain't Mad At Cha* Lyrics

Change, shit
I guess change is good for any of us
Whatever it take for any of ya'll niggaz to get up out the hood
Shit, I'm wit cha, I ain't mad at cha
Got nuttin' but love for ya, do your thing boy

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while
I'ma send this one out for ya'll, knahmean?
'Cause I ain't mad at cha
Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust
Givin' a motherfucker,
Yeah, niggaz 'cause I ain't mad at cha

Now we was once two niggaz of the same kind
Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line
You was just a little smaller but you still roll
Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swoll

Member when you had a jheri curl didn't quite learn
On the block, witcha glock, trippin' off sherm
Collect calls to the till, sayin' how ya changed
Oh, you a Muslim now, no more dope game

Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail
Wanna go to the mosque, don't wanna chase tail
I seems I lost my little homie he's a changed man
Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan

When I talk about money all you see is the struggle
When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's trouble
Congratulation on the weddin', I hope your wife know
She got a playa for life, and that's no bullshitin'

I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember
I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her
And I can see us after school, we'd bomb
On the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on

Now the whole shit's changed, and we don't even kick it
Got a big money scheme and you ain't even with it
Knew in my heart you was the same motherfucker bad
Go toe to toe when it's time for roll you got a brother's back

And I can't even trip, â€~cause I'm just laughin' at cha
You tryin hard to maintain, then go head
'Cause I ain't mad at cha
I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad, at cha
(I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad, at cha

We used to be like distant cousins, fightin', playin' dozens
Whole neighborhood buzzin', knowin' that we wasn't
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminisce on all the times we shared

Besides bumpin' n grindin' wasn't nothin' on our mind
In time we learned to live a life of crime
Rewind us back, to a time was much too young to know
I caught a felony lovin' the way the guns blow

And even though we separated, you said that you'd wait
Don't give nobody no coochie while I be locked up state
I kiss my mama goodbye, and wipe the tears from her lonely eyes
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived

Don't shed a tear, 'cause mama I ain't happy here
I'm through trial, no more smiles, for a couple years
They got me goin' mad, I'm knockin' busters on they backs
In my cell, thinkin', "Hell, I know one day I'll be back"

As soon as I touch down
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked down
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at cha
'Cause youse a down ass bitch, and I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad, at cha
(I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad, at cha
(A true down ass bitch, and I ain't mad at cha)

Well, guess who's movin' up, this nigga's ballin' now
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down
He went from nuttin' to lots, ten carats to rock
Went from a nobody nigga to the big, man on the block

He's Mister local celebrity, addicted to move a key
Most hated by enemy, escape in the luxury
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the choice is made
Now we gotta slay you why you faded, in the younger days

So full of pain while the weapons blaze
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to the better days
'Cause crime pays, and in time, you'll find a rhyme'll blaze
You'll feel the fire from the niggaz in my younger days

So many changed on me, so many tried to plot
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?

'Til God return me to my essence
'Cause even as a adolescents, I refuse to be a convalescent

So many questions, and they ask me if I'm still down
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin' at cha
You niggaz just don't know, but I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad at cha
(And I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't mad at cha
(Hell nah, I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad at cha
(And I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad at cha
(I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad at cha, no
I ain't mad at cha

Tupac - I Get Around* Lyrics

Aw yeah, I get around
Still clown with the underground
When we come around
Stronger than ever

Back to get wreck, all respect to those who break
Their neck to keep their hoes in check
'Cause oh they sweat a brother majorly
And I don't know why, your girl keeps paging me
She tell me that she needs me, cries when she leaves me
And every time she sees me, she squeeze me, lady take it easy
Hate to sound sleazy, but tease me, I don't want it if it's that easy
Aiyo bust it, baby got a problem saying bye bye
Just another hazard of a fly guy

You ask why, don't matter, my pockets got fatter
Now everybody's looking for the latter
And ain't no need in being greedy
If you wanna see me dial the beeper number
Baby when you need me and I'll be there in a jiffy
Don't be picky, just be happy with this quickie
But when you learn, you can't tie me down
Baby doll, check it out, I get around

What you mean you don't know? [Incomprehensible] I get around
The underground just don't stop for hoes, I get around
Still down with the underground, [Incomprehensible], I get around
Yeah, ayo shock, let them hoes know

Now you can tell from my ever day fits, I ain't rich
So cease and desist with them tricks
I'm just another black man caught up in the mix
Trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
Just 'cause I'm a freak don't mean that we could hit the sheets
Baby I can see, that you don't recognize me
I'm Shock G, the one who put the satin on your panties
Never knew a hooker that could share me, I get [Incomprehensible]

What's up love, how you doing?
Well I've been hanging, sanging, trying to do my thang
Oh, you heard that I was banging
Your home girl you went to school with, that's cool
But did she tell you about her sister and your cousin?
Thought I wasn't, see, weekends were made for Michelob
But it's a Monday, my day, so just let me hit it, yo
And don't mistake my statement for a clown
We can keep in the down low long as you know, that I get around

Tupacalypse now don't stop for hoes, I get around
And round they go

Why I ain't call you? Ha ha, please
Finger tips on the hips as I dip
Gotta get a tight grip, don't slip
Loose lips sink ships, it's a trip
I love the way she licks her lips, see me jocking
Put a little twist in her hips 'cause I'm watching
Conversations on the phone 'til the break of dawn
Now we all alone, why the lights on?
Turn 'em off, time to set it off, get you wet and soft
Something's on your mind, let it off

You don't know me, you just met me, you won't let me
Well if I couldn't have it, why you sweating me?
It's a lot of real Gs doing time
'Cause a groupy bit the truth and told a lie
You picked the wrong guy baby, if you're too fly
You need to hit the door, search for a new guy
'Cause I only got one night in town
Break out or be clown, baby doll are you down? I get around

Round and round, round we go
Round and round, round we go
Round and round, round we go
Round and round, round we go
Round and round, round we go
Round and round, round we go
Round and round, round we go
Round and round, we go

Tupac - Changes Lyrics

Come on, come on
I see no changes, wake up in the morning and I ask myself
Is life worth living, should I blast myself?
I'm tired of bein' poor and even worse I'm black
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch

Cops give a damn about a negro
Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero
Give the crack to the kids who the hell cares
One less hungry mouth on the welfare

First ship 'em dope and let 'em deal the brothers
Give 'em guns, step back, watch 'em kill each other
It's time to fight back that's what Huey said
Two shots in the dark, now Huey's dead

I got love for my brother but we can never go nowhere
Unless we share with each other
We gotta start makin' changes
Learn to see me as a brother instead of two distant strangers

And that's how it's supposed to be
How can the devil take a brother, if he's close to me?
I'd love to go back to when we played as kids
But things changed, that's the way it is

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races
We under, I wonder what it takes to make this
One better place, let's erase the wasted

Take the evil out the people they'll be acting right
'Cause mo' black and white is smokin' crack tonight
And only time we chill is when we kill each other
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other

And although it seems heaven sent
We ain't ready, to see a black President
It ain't a secret don't conceal the fact

The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks

But some things will never change
Try to show another way but you stayin' in the dope game
Now tell me, what's a mother to do?
Bein' real don't appeal to the brother in you

You gotta operate the easy way
I made a G today, but you made it in a sleazy way
Sellin' crack to the kid, I gotta get paid
Well hey, well, that's the way it is

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

Come on, come on, that's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

We gotta make a change
It's time for us as a people to start makin' some changes
Let's change the way we eat, let's change the way we live
And let's change the way we treat each other
You see, the old way wasn't working so it's on us to do
What we gotta do, to survivem

And still I see no changes, can't a brother get a little peace?
There's war in the streets and war in the Middle East
Instead of war on poverty, they got a war on drugs
So the police can bother me

And I ain't never did a crime, I ain't have to do
But now, I'm back with the facts givin' 'em back to you
Don't let 'em jack you up, back you up
Crack you up and pimps smack you up

You gotta learn to hold ya own
They get jealous when they see ya, with ya mobile phone
But tell the cops, they can't touch this
I don't trust this, when they try to rush I bust this

That's the sound of my tool, you say it ain't cool?
My mama didn't raise no fool
And as long as I stay black, I gotta stay strapped
And I never get to lay back

'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the pay backs
Some buck that I roughed up way back
Comin' back after all these years
Rat-a-tat, tat, tat, tat, that's the way it is

That's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

That's just the way it is
Things will never be the same, that's just the way it is
Aww, yeah

Some things will never change

Tupac - California Love Lyrics

California love

California knows how to party
California knows how to party
In the city of
In the city of good old Watts
In the city, the city of
We keep it rocking
We keep it rocking

Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild west
A state that's untouchable like Eliot Ness
The track hits your eardrum like a slug to your chest
Pack a vest for your jimmy in the city of sex
We in that sunshine state with a bomb-ass hemp beat
The state where you never find a dancefloor empty
And pimps be on a mission for them greens
Lean, mean, money-making machines serving fiends
I been in the game for ten years making rap tunes
Ever since honeys was wearing Sassoon
Now it's '95 and they clock me and watch me
Diamonds shining; looking like I robbed Liberace
It's all good from to the Bay
Your city is the bomb if your city making pay
Throw up a finger if you feel the same way
Dre putting it down for California

California (California) knows how to party (knows how to party)
California (West Coast) knows how to party (yes they do)
In the city of LA (city of LA)
In the city of good old Watts (good old Watts)
In the city, the city of Compton (city of Compton, yeah)
We keep it rocking (keep it rocking)
We keep it rocking

Shake it, shake it, baby
Shake it, shake it
Shake it, baby
Shake it, shake it, mama
Shake it, Cali (shake it, Cali)
Shake it, shake it, baby (that's right...)
Shake it, shake it, baby, baby
Shake it, shake it, mama
Shake it, Cali

Out on bail, fresh out of jail, California dreaming
Soon as I stepped on the scene I'm hearing hoochies screamin'

Fiending for money and alcohol
The life of a Westside player, where cowards die
And it's all war
Only in Cali where we riot, not rally to live and die
In LA we wearing Chucks, not Ballys (that's right...)
Dressed in locs and khaki suits and ride is what we do
Flossing but have caution; we collide with other crews
Famous 'cause we programme worldwide
Let them recognize from to Rosecrans
Bumping and grinding like a slow jam, it's Westside
So you know won't bow down to no man
Say what you say
But give me that bomb beat from Dre
Let me serenade the streets of LA
From to
The Bay Area and back down
Cali is where they put they mack down
Give me love

California knows how to party
California knows how to party
In the city of LA (South Central)
In the city of good old Watts (that's right)
In the city, the city of Compton
We keep it rocking
We keep it rocking

(Yeah, yeah, now make it shake)
Shake it, shake it, baby
Shake it, shake it, shake it, baby
Shake it, shake it, mama
Shake it, Cali (shake it, Cali)
Shake it, shake it, baby (shake it, Cali)
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it, mama (West Coast)
Shake it Cali...

...Yeah... Long Beach in the house... yeah. Oaktown; Oakland definitely in the house..., 'Frisco

Hey, you know LA up in this, where you at? Yeah, Inglewood, Inglewood always up to no good

Even trying to get a piece, baby

Sacramento, Sacramento, where you at? Yeah

Throw it up, y'all, throw it up, throw it up, I can't see you

Tupac - Picture Me Rollin' Lyrics

Yeah, clear enough for ya? Yeah
Why niggaz look mad?
Y'all supposed to be happy I'm free
Y'all niggaz look like y'all wanted me to stay in jail, hoe bustaz

Picture me rollin' in my 500 Benz
I got no love for these niggaz, there's no need to be friends
They got me under surveillance, that's what somebody be tellin'
Know there's dope bein sold, but I ain't the one sellin'

Don't want to be another number
I got a fuckin' gang of weed to keep from goin' under
The federales wanna see me dead, niggaz put prices on my head
Now I got two Rottwillers by me bed, I feed 'em lead

Now I'm released, how will I live? Will God forgive me
For all the dirt a nigga did, to feed kids?
One life to live, it's so hard to be positive
When niggaz shootin' at your crib

Mama, I'm still thuggin', the world is a war zone
My homies is inmates, and most of them dead wrong
Full grown, finally a man, just scheamin' on ways
To put some green inside the palms of my empty hands

Just picture me rollin'
Flossin' a Benz on rims that isn't stolen
My dreams is censored, my hopes are gone
I'm like a fiend that finally sees when all the dope is gone
My nerves is wrecked, heart beatin' and my hands is swollen
Thinkin' of the G's I'll be holdin', picture me rollin'

Can you see me now?
Move to the side a little bit so you can get a clear picture
Can you see it? Pictue me rollin'
Yeah nigga, ay but peep how my nigga Syke do it to you
Guess who's back?

I got ki's, comin' from overseas
Cost a nigga two hundred G's
I'm a street comando, Nino for example
This lavish lifestyle is hard to handle

So I got to floss 'cause I'm more like a boss playa
Thug, branded to be a women layer
So many playa haters, imitaters steady swangin'
Make me wanna start back bangin'

So I'm caught up in the game, dress code changed
Packin' forty glocks, contain 'em or rearrange
All that jealousy and envy comin' from my enemies
While I'm sippin' on Re-mi

In front of black Lexus, Chevy's on the roam
Ninety-six big body, sittin' on chrome
As we head up out the zone, stone-facin' is on
You can admire, but don't look too long
I'm livin' a dream with triple beams and my pockets bulgin'
It's hard to imagine, picture me rollin'

Picture, picture me, picture me rollin'
Rollin', picture me rollin'
Wheelin', picture me rollin' in
Picture me, yeah yeah

I gots to get the fuck up in it, formulate a caper
'Cause a nigga straight sufferin' from lack of havin' paper
My bitch fin' to have a bastard, see?
So I needs to hit a lick, drastically
I see some baldin'-ass niggaz and they slippin' in my spot
And, uh, diggin' the plots, checkin' in the park, 'Pac

We caught 'em sleepin', he didn't peep you niggaz creepin?
This how we do it every weekend
I dump for madness, it's time to count the profit
CPO, we got the bomb spot, nigga time to clock it
I get the liquor, and you could get the females
This crooked shit that we inflictin' gettin' street sales

Move smooth as a motherfucker, me and my nine
Now, I'm as cool as a motherfucker, I'ma get mine
Now we satisfied, got the pockets on swollen
Boss Hog and this 'Pac nigga, picture us rollin'

Rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me, picture me rollin'

Is y'all ready for me? Picture me rollin' roll call
You know there's some muh'fuckers out there I just could not forget about
I wanna make sure they can see me
Number one on my list, Clinton Correctional Facilities

All you bitch ass C.O.'s
Can you niggaz see me from there?
Ballin' on y'all punk ass
Picture me rollin', baby

Yeah, all them niggaz up in them cell blocks

I told y'all niggaz when I come home it's on
That's right nigga, picture me rollin'
Oh, I forgot, the D.A.

Yeah, that bitch had a lot to talk about in court
Can the hoe see me from here?
Can you see me, hoe?
Picture me rollin'

And all you punk police, can you see me?
Am I clear to you?
Picture me rollin' nigga, legit
Free like O.J. all day

You can't stop me
You know I got my niggaz up in this motherfucker
Manute, Pain, Syke, [Incomprehensible], Mopreme
[Incomprehensible]
Can you picture us rollin'? Can you see me hoe?

Is y'all ready for me? We up out this bitch
Any time y'all wanna see me again
Rewind this track right here, close your eyes
And picture me rollin'

Tupac - How Long Will They Mourn Me? Lyrics

How long will they mourn me?
Yeah! This for my nigga Kato
It's still on, nigga
We even got the thug life, thugs for life
Ha ha, how long will they mourn me?
Yeah nigga
2Pac in this muthafucka

All my homies drinking liquor
Tears in everybody's eyes
Niggas cried to mourn a homies homicide
But I can't cry, instead I'm just a shoulder
Damn, why they take another soldier
I load my clip before my eyes blurry, don't worry
I'll get them suckas back before your buried, shit
Retaliate and pull a 187
Do real niggas get to go to Heaven ?

How long will they mourn me, bury me a muthafuckin' G
Bitch don't wanna die, then don't fuck with me
It's kinda hard to be optimistic
When your homies lying dead on the pavement twisted
Y'all don't hear me doe, I'm trying hard to make amends
But I'm losing all my muthafuckin' friends, damn
They should've shot me when I was born
Now I'm trapped in the muthafuckin' storm

How long will they mourn me?
I wish it would have been another
How long will they mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(Got them niggas all dead and shit)
How long will they mourn me?
(Incomprehensible)
I wish it would have been another
(Nate Dogg)
How long will they mourn me?
(Gotta keep this shit goin' on)
How long will they mourn my brother?
(Yo Syke)

How long will they mourn me? Every muthafuckin' day homie
You stayed down when tha other niggas didn't know me
From my heart to the trigga, you my fuckin' nigga
And things won't be the same without you nigga
I remember kickin' back, you wanted to lack
And goin' half on a muthafuckin' hundred sack

Smokin' blunt after blunt and steady drinkin'
Hung around so much, you knew what I was thinkin'

Tell me Lord, why You take Big Kato ?
So confused not knowing which way to go
I'm goin' crazy and runnin' out of fuckin' time
I can't take it, I'm losin' my fuckin' mind
So day after day, ride after ride
We'll hook up on the other side
Watch over your family and your newborn
Till we meet again homie

How long will they mourn me ?
I wish it would have been another
(Yo Kato)
How long will they mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(It's still on nigga)
How long will they mourn me?
I wish it would have been another
(Yeah)
How long will they mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(Rated R, Double Jeopardy, Mack 10)

Damn a nigga tired of feeling sad
I'm tired of putting in work
I'm tired of cryin' while watching my homies leave the earth
I know soon one day I'll be in the dirt
And my peoples'll be mournin'
When they get a call from the coroner

All niggas can say is that's fucked up
And get tossed up, reminiscing how we grew up
(My nigga)
Rest and love to my nigga Kato
See you in the crossroads real soon
For now let me pour out some brew
I'll be always thinkin' of ya homie
Rest in peace, how long will they mourn me ?

Ya know life's a fuckin' trip
And everybody gotta go
But why the fuck it have to be my nigga Kato
Another nigga fell victim to the chrome
It's enough to make you crazy
It's fuckin' with my dome

Ya only live once on this earth
A nigga had it bad, since the day
Of my motherfuckin' birth

But niggas say they down
And they always be my homie
But when a nigga gone

How long will you mourn me? Yeah
I wish it would have been another
(Mack 10 in this muthafucka)
Yeah, how long will you mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(Thug Life boy, Nate blowin' that shit)
I wish it would have been another
(Nate Dogg do that shit nigga)
Yeah, how long will you mourn me?
How long will they mourn my brother?
(This for my nigga Kato and all his kids)
How long will you mourn me?
I wish it would have been another

Tupac - Toss It Up Lyrics

The money behind the dreams
My right hand, my other Capo in this big motherfuckin' war we got
My other Capo in this big ass, conglomerate called Death Row
Snoop motherfuckin' Dogg, Tha Doggfather
And who he comin' through right now, Makaveli the Don
Feel this, Killuminati

Lord have mercy, father help us all
Since you supplied yo' phone number, I can't help but call
Time for action, conversatin', we relaxin', kickin' back
Got you curious for Thug Passion, now picture that

Tongue kissin', hand full of hair, look in my eyes
Time to make the bed rock, baby look how it rise
Me and you movin' in the nude, do it in the living room
Sweatin' up the sheets, it's the Thug in me

I mean no disrespectin' when I tongue kiss your neck
I go a long way to get you wet, what you expect
Late night, hit the highway, drop the top
I pull over, gettin' busy in the parking lot

And don't you love it how I lick your, hips and glide
Kiss you soft on your stomach, push my love inside
Got ya lost in a love zone, stuck in the lust
I got the bedroom shakin' back-breakin' when we're tossin' it up

In this baby, I like the way it's goin' down
When nobody's around, slip slide ride, givin' me love nice like
Female I like, what I wanna give all night
You and me alone everybody's gone toss it up, baby let's, get it on

I like the way you please me, babe
The sexy way you tease me, sugar
The way you move your body
It really drives me crazy

Your body hypnotizing
Your smell is so exciting
So baby come on home with me
I like the way you give it to me

I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
So I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up

Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on
Play on, play on, play on, play on, play on

Ohh, it's K-Ci baby, mmm that want you lady
Ohh, don't act so shady, baby your taste as fine as gravy
The way you move that thang, you make me wanna sang
Girl, you make my bells rang, make them go ting-a-ling

Now the man, I'm here again
Don't want it to ever end
It's feeling too good
Gimme some more, oh lady lady

Your body the kind I like-ah
Big booty titling delight-ah
Bag it up yo, let me in there
Toss it up for me

I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
And I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up
Well, I like the way you give it to me, let me see you toss it up

Do you want me what's your phone number, I get around
Cali Love to my true Thugs, picture me now
Still down for that Death Row sound, searchin' for paydays
No longer Dre Day, arrivederci

Blown and forgotten, rotten for plottin' Child's Play
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alize
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a dumb move
Cross Death Row, now who you gon' run to?

Lookin' for suckers 'cause you similar
Pretendin' to be hard, oh my God, check your temperature
Screamin' Compton, but you can't return, you ain't heard
Brothers pissed 'cause you switched and escaped to the burbs

Mob on to this new era, 'cause we Untouchable
Still can't believe that you got 'Pac rushin' you
Up in you, bless the real, all the rest get killed
Who can you trust, only time reveals, toss it up

Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up
Let me see you toss it up

Tellin' lies, who? Puffy, I read your little interview buddy, c'mon
You still ain't touchin' us, all that peace talk

I don't care if you kiss my ass from here to across the street boy
It's on, toss it up, we took you on, and we took y'all beat
You know we beat you down, and we took y'all beat
'Cause you wasn't rockin' it right
Tired of suckers rockin' it, toss it up, is how we did it
Yeah, toss it up now

Tupac - Dear Mama Lyrics

You are appreciated

[Verse One: 2Pac]

When I was young me and my mama had beef
Seventeen years old kicked out on the streets
Though back at the time, I never thought I'd see her face
Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place
Suspended from school; and scared to go home, I was a fool
with the big boys, breakin all the rules
I shed tears with my baby sister
Over the years we was poorer than the other little kids
And even though we had different daddy's, the same drama
When things went wrong we'd blame mama
I reminice on the stress I caused, it was hell
Huggin on my mama from a jail cell
And who'd think in elementary?
Heeey! I see the penitentiary, one day
And runnin from the police, that's right
Mama catch me, put a whoopin to my backside
And even as a crack fiend, mama
You always was a black queen, mama
I finally understand
for a woman it ain't easy tryin to raise a man
You always was committed
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how ya did it
There's no way I can pay you back
But the plan is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated

[Chorus: Reggie Green & "Sweet Franklin" w/ 2Pac]

Lady...
Don't cha know we love ya? Sweet lady
Dear mama
Place no one above ya, sweet lady
You are appreciated
Don't cha know we love ya?

[second and third chorus, "And dear mama" instead of "Dear mama"]

[Verse Two: 2Pac]

Now ain't nobody tell us it was fair
No love from my daddy cause the coward wasn't there
He passed away and I didn't cry, cause my anger
wouldn't let me feel for a stranger

They say I'm wrong and I'm heartless, but all along
I was lookin for a father he was gone
I hung around with the Thugs, and even though they sold drugs
They showed a young brother love
I moved out and started really hangin
I needed money of my own so I started slangin
I ain't guilty cause, even though I sell rocks
It feels good puttin money in your mailbox
I love payin rent when the rent's due
I hope ya got the diamond necklace that I sent to you
Cause when I was low you was there for me
And never left me alone because you cared for me
And I could see you comin home after work late
You're in the kitchen tryin to fix us a hot plate
Ya just workin with the scraps you was given
And mama made miracles every Thanksgivin
But now the road got rough, you're alone
You're tryin to raise two bad kids on your own
And there's no way I can pay you back
But my plan is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: 2Pac]

Pour out some liquor and I reminsce, cause through the drama
I can always depend on my mama
And when it seems that I'm hopeless
You say the words that can get me back in focus
When I was sick as a little kid
To keep me happy there's no limit to the things you did
And all my childhood memories
Are full of all the sweet things you did for me
And even though I act craaazy
I gotta thank the Lord that you made me
There are no words that can express how I feel
You never kept a secret, always stayed real
And I appreciate, how you raised me
And all the extra love that you gave me
I wish I could take the pain away
If you can make it through the night there's a brighter day
Everything will be alright if ya hold on
It's a struggle everyday, gotta roll on
And there's no way I can pay you back
But my plan is to show you that I understand
You are appreciated

[Chorus]

Sweet lady
And dear mama

Dear mama
Lady [3X]

Tupac - All About U* Lyrics

Ah yeah, yeah, it's all 'bout u, one time
I'ma say it's all 'bout u baby, yeah
Ha ha, for the bitches that think it's all 'bout u
It's all 'bout u

This Dru Down in the house, with my boy 'Pizznac
You know what I'm sayin'? It's all 'bout u
Yeah I'm gon' say it's all 'bout u
But you know I'm lyin' though, hah, yeah

You probably crooked as the last trick, want it light
But how I got my ass caught up with this bad bitch
Thinkin' I had her but she had me in the long run
It's just my luck I'm stuck with fuckin' with the wrong one, uh

Wise decisions, based on lies we livin'
Scandalous times, this game's like my religion
You could be rollin' with a thug
Instead you with this weak scrub, lookin' for some love

In every club, I see you starin' like you want it
Well baby if you got it better flaunt it
Let the liquor help you get up on it
I'm still tipsy from last night

Bumpin' these walls as I pause, addicted to the fast life
I try to holla but you tell me you taken
Sayin' you ain't impressed, with the money I'm makin'
Guess it's true what they tellin' me

Fresh out of jail, life's Hell for a black, celebrity
So that's the reason why I call, and maybe you widdit
Fantasies of us sweatin', can I hit it?
Addicted to the things you do, but still true
What I'm sayin' boo, is this is all 'bout u

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe
(Yeah nigga, ha ha ha ha)

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

I make a promise if you go with me, just let me know
I'll have you hollerin' my name out before I leave

Nobody loves me I'm a thug nigga, I only hung out
With the criminals and the drug dealers, I love niggaz

'Cause we comin' from the same place
Witness me holla at a hoochie, see how quick, the game takes
How can I tell her I'm a playa, and I don't even care
Creep though, weed smoke's into the air

Everywhere I go, it's all about the groupie hoes
Waitin' for niggaz at the end, of every show
I just seen you in my friends video
Could never put a bitch before my friends, so here we go

Follow the leader and peep the drama that I'm goin' through
It's all 'bout u ha ha ha, yeah nigga
It's all 'bout u

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Is you sick from the dick, or is it the flu?
It ain't about you or your bitch ass crew
Every other city we go and every video
Explain to a nigga why I see the same shitty hoe

You think it's all 'bout u? Well boo
I gets Down like Dru and my nasty new niggaz, too
You couldn't hold me back, it'd take a fatter track
A lyrical attack, perhaps, it was a visual bluff

When I started to snaps all your rode 'em swoll
Straight in control, flows'll fold, while hoes cold stroll
Hold the set, I told Dramacy' go in next
Gold diggin', cold diggin' a gold Rolex

I slide in easily, try a grizzly
Sluts know the cuts, I came to fuck, try skeezin' me
Runnin' up in ya just like Bruce Jenner when I bend ya
At the most, I fucked a bitch from the West Coast to West Virginia

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all 'bout u)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe

Every other city we go, every other video
(I'm tellin' ya it's the same ol' shit)
No matter where I go, I see the same hoe
(I mean)

Goddamn, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'm sittin' back, watchin' Montell Jordan video
I see the same bitch, who was in
My homeboy Nate Dogg video

Then I flip the channel
I'm checkin' out my homeboy Tupac video
I see the same bitch that was in my video
You know what I'm sayin'?

And then you know what I'm sayin'?
What make that even mo' fucked up
I'm watchin' a Million Man March
And I see the same bitch, on the Million Man March

That was in, the homeboy Warren G video
I mean, damn, everywhere I look, everywhere I go
I see the same hoe, don't get mad, I'm only bein' real
Yeah

Tupac - To Live And Die In L.A.* Lyrics

(feat. Val Young)

[Dominique] Street Science, you're on the air [static]
What do you feel when you hear a record like Tupac's new one? [static]
[Man responds] I love Tupac's new record [static]
[Dominique]
Right, but don't you feel like that creates [static]
a tension between East and West? [static]
He's talking about killing people [static]
I had sex with your wife and not in those words [static]
but he's talking about I wanna see you deceased [static]

[Intro: Makaveli]
No doubt... to live and die in LA
California -- what you say about Los Angeles
Still the only place for me that never rains in the sun and everybody got love

[Verse One: Makaveli]
To live and die in LA, where everyday we try to fatten our pockets
Us niggas hustle for the cash so it's hard to knock it
Everybody got they own thang, currency chasing
Worldwide through the hard times, worrying faces
Shed tears as we bury niggas close to heart
What was a friend now a ghost in the dark, cold hearted about it
Nigga got smoked by a fiend, trying to floss on him
Blind to a broken man's dream, a hard lesson
Court cases keep me guessing, plea bargain ain't an option now,
So I'm stressing, cost me more to be free than a life in the pen
Making money off of cuss words, writing again
Learn how to think ahead, so I fight with my pen
Late night down Sunset liking the scene
What's the worst they could do to a nigga got me lost in hell
To live and die in LA on bail, my angel sing

[Chorus: Val Young]
To live and die in LA, it's the place to be
You've got to be there to know it, what everybody wanna see
[repeat 2X]

[Verse Two: Makaveli]
It's the City of Angels and constant danger
South Central LA, can't get no stranger
Full of drama like a soap opera, on the curb
Watching the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe
So many niggas getting three strikes, tossed in jail
I swear the pen the right across from hell, I can't cry
'cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own now

Living life Thug style, so I can't smile
Writing to my peoples when they ask for pictures
Thinking Cali just fun and bitches, ha ha ha
Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's
All them other niggas copycats, these is G's
I love Cali like I love woman
'cause every nigga in LA got a little bit of Thug in him
We might fight amongst each other, but I promise you this
We'll burn this bitch down, get us pissed
To live and die in LA
(Let my angel sing)

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Makaveli]
'cause would it be LA without Mexicans?
Black love brown pride and the sets again
Pete Wilson trying to see us all broke, I'm on some bullshit
Out for everything they owe, remember K-DAY
Weekends, Crenshaw -- MLK
Automatics rang free, niggas lost they way
Gang signs being showed, nigga love your hood
But recognize and it's all good, where the weed at?
Niggas getting shermed out
Snoop Dogg in this motherfucker perved out, M.O.B.
Big Suge in the Low-Low, bounce and turn
Dogg Pound in the Lex, with a ounce to burn
Got them Watts niggas with me, OFTB
They got some hash took the stash left the rest for me
Neckbone, Tre, Head Ron, Punchy too
Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you
I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hoping it pay
Getting high watching time fly, to live and die in LA
(Let my angel sing)

[Chorus]

[Outro: Makaveli]
This go out for 92.3, and 106
All the radio stations that be bumping my shit
Making my shit sells katruple quitraple platinum, he he
This go out to all the magazines that supported me
All the real motherfuckers
All the stores, the mom and pop spots
A&R people, all you all motherfuckers
LA, California Love part motherfucking Two
Without gay ass Dre

Tupac - Heartz Of Men* Lyrics

Ahh, Suge what did I tell you nigga
When I come out of jail what was I gonna do
I was gonna start diggin' into these niggas chest, right
Watch this, hey Quik let me see them binoculars, nigga
Them binoculars

Ha ha ha ha, yah nigga time to ride
Grab your bullet proof vest nigga
Cause its gonna be a long one
Now me and Quik gonna tell you niggas
How its like on this side
The real side
Now on this ride its gonna be some real mutha-fuckas
And there is gonna be some pussys
Now the real niggas are gonna be the ones with
Money and bitches
The pussys are gonna be the niggas
On the floor bleeding
Now everybody keep your eyes on the prize
Cause the ride gets tricky
See you got some niggas on your side
That say they your friends But in real life they your enemies
And then you got some mutha-fuckas that say they your enemies
But in real life they eyes is on your money
See the enemies say the truth
But in real life those niggas will be the snitches
Its a dirty game y'all
Y'all got ta be careful about who you fuck with
And who you don't fuck with
Cause the shit get wild y'all
Keep your mind on your riches, Baby
Keep your mind on your riches

9-1-1 Its a emergency cowards tried to murder me
From the hood to the 'burbs, everyone of you niggas heard of me
Shit I'm legendary niggas scary and paralyzed
Nothing more I despise than a liar and cowards die
My mama told me When I was to see
Just a vicious mutha fucker while these devils left me free
I proceed to make them shiver when I deliver
Criminal lyrics from a world wide mob figure
Thug niggas from everywhere Mr. Makaveli
Niggas is waiting for some thug shit thats what they tell me
So many rumors but I'm infinite Immortal Outlaw
Switching up on you ordinary bitches
Like a south paw you gettin left
And every breath I breathe untill the moment I'm deceased

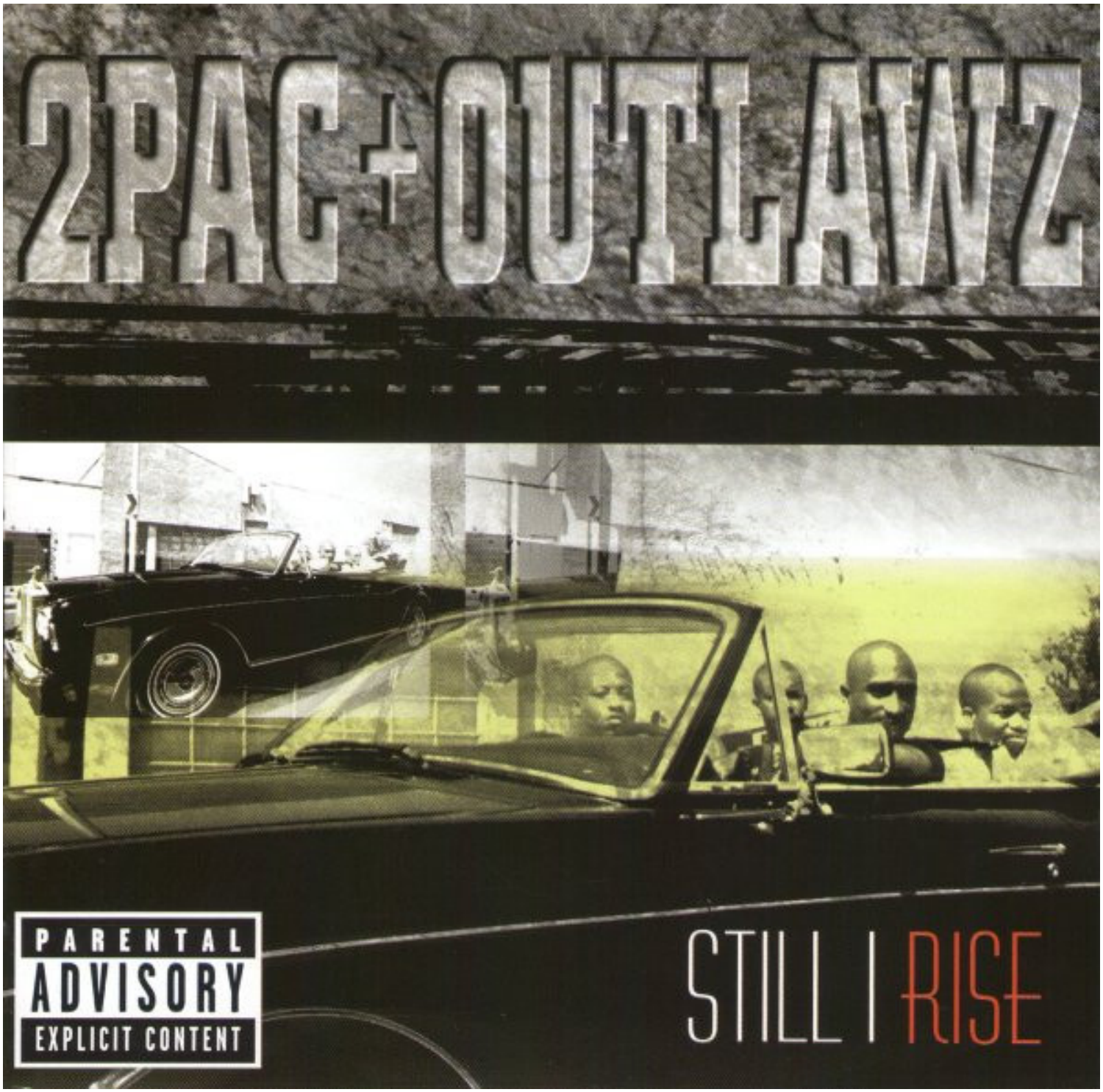
Will be another moment ballin' as a G
I rip the crowd then I start again
Internally I live in sin untill the moment
That they let me breathe again
The heartz of men

The Heartz of Men

My lyrical verge with so much pain that
To some niggas it hurts My guns bust
And if you ain't one of us it gets worse
Bitch niggas get their eyes swoll and fly mode
I'm an homicidal outlaw and five-o get your lights on
Fight long, tonights gonna be a fucking fight so we might roll
My own homies saying I'm heart less
But I'm a G to this 'til the day I'm gone thats regardless
Drive-by and niggas bow down
I thought I'd rot in jail, paid bail, well niggas out now
Throw up your hands if your thugged out
First nigga act up first nigga getting drugged out
I can be a villian if yah let me
I'll Mutha fuck yah if yah too upset me
Tell the cops to come and get me
Rip the crowd like a phone number
Start again, don't have no mutha fuckin' friends nigga
Look inside the heartz of men

In The Heartz of Men
In The Heartz of Men

To all me niggas engaged in making money in the fifty states
Keep your mind on your chips and fuck a punk bitch
No longer living in fear my pistol close in hand
Convinced this is my year like I'm the chosen man
Give me my money and label me as a Don
If niggas is having problems smoke fire and bomb them
I died and came back
I hustle with these lyrics as if its a game of crack
Thugishness is in my spirit
I'm lost and not knowing scar'd up but still flowing
Energized and still going
Uhh, can it be fate that makes a sick mutha fucka break
On these jealous ass coward 'cause they evil and fake
What will it take?
Give me that bass line I'm feeling bombed
Deathrow baby don't be alarmed
The homie Quik gave a nigga beat and let me start again
Represent cause I've been sent
The heartz of men


2PAC + OUTLAWZ
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
STILL I RISE

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Letter To The President"

(feat. Big Syke)

[E.D.I. (2Pac):]
Uh, dear Mr. President. What's happenin'?
I'm writin' you because
Shit is still real fucked up in my neighborhood
Pretty much the same way
Right around the time when you got elected…
Ain't nothin' changed. All the promises you made, before you got elected… they ain't came true
(Tell me what to do, these niggas actin' up in the hood)
(Send mo' troops, dear Mr. President)
Me and my homies is wonderin' what's goin' on… holla!
(Tell me what to do, these niggas actin' up in the hood)
(Send mo' troops…)

[2Pac:]
Why should I lie when I can dramatize?
Niggas fell victim to my lyrics, now traumatized
Simply by spittin' I've been blessed given riches
Enemies suspicious cuz I'm seldom in the company of bitches
Plus the concepts I depict so visual that you can kiss
Each and every trick or bitch, inside the shit I kick
My heaviest verse'll move a mountain
Casualties in mass amounts, brothers keep countin'
Fuck the friendships, I ride alone
Destination: Death Row – finally found a home
Plus all my homies wanna die; call it euthanasia
Dear Lord, look how sick this ghetto made us
Sincerely yours, I'm a thug, the product of a broken home
Everybody's doped up, nigga, what you smokin' on?
Figure if we high they can train us
But then America fucked up and blamed us
I guess it's cause we black that we targets
My only fear is God, I spit that hard shit
In case you don't know I let my pump go
Get it ride for Mutulu like I ride for Geronimo
Down to die for everything I represent
Meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac:]
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[E.D.I. Amin:]
Oh you's a baller in the White House, I hope you comfortable
Cause yo', I spend my nights out, with the lights out
Under the safety of darkness, amongst the crazed and the heartless
And young soul bros, ready to rode a starship
[?], leave a nigga flat for scratch

The Godless, I gotta get chips, but you can't understand that
Wanna ban rap? - Stand back, before you get hurt
It's the only thing nigga pay the paper besides smoke and work
On a mission, listen *[?]* with precision
First made my decision, I realized this ain't livin'
Trippin' to drastic measures, tryin' to get stacks of cheddar
Motherfuckers hate cops, wait, it ain't gettin' better
But you keep tellin' us that it is
While your motherfuckin' troops keep killin' our kids
Dig, don't be surprised if you see us
Dumpin' with nothing but artillery to free us, motherfucker

[E.D.I. Amin:]
Dear Mr. President, tell us what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[Kastro:]
Strapped and angry, with no hope, and heart-broke
Fightin' first my trained brain until it's not so
It's hostile, niggas lick shots to watch the Glocks glow
Cadres of coppers patrol us like we some animals
And it ain't no peace, my peace a piece on my streets
To people beefin' and things squeakin' on they beefs for weeks
Mr. President, it's evident, nobody really care
For a struggler out the gutter, 22 with gray hair
I was raised to raise hell, frail and my heart stale
So I'ma bring hell to earth until my heart fail
But y'all play fair, give me and mine, I'll share
'Til y'all show us you care, it's gon' be mayhem out here
Me and these 223's will freeze the biggest with ease
I'm still a nigga you fear, bring the beast to his knees
And I've been born to represent, for that I've been heaven-sent
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

[E.D.I. Mean:]
Shit is still fucked up, y'all. And y'all wonder when it's gon' get better, and it ain't gon' get better

[2Pac:]
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up…

[2Pac:]
Heavenly Father, may I holla at you briefly?
I wanna meet the President, but will he meet me?
Is he scared to look inside the eyes of a thug nigga?
We tired of being scapegoats for this capitalistic drug dealin'
How hypocritical is Liberty?
That blind bitch ain't never did shit for me
My history full of casket and scars
My own black nation at war, whole family behind bars
And they wonder why we scarred, 13 lookin' hard
Sister had a baby as an adolescent, where was God?

Somewhere in the middle of my mind
Is a nigga on the tightrope, screamin', "Let him die!"
Can't lie, I'm a thug, drownin' in my own blood
Lookin' for the reason that my momma's strung out on drugs
Down to die for everything I represent
Meant every word in my letter to the President

[Big Syke:]
Blacks is broke, think it's a joke that we livin' low?
Y'all sniffin' blow and postin' what they hittin' fo'?
Tell the secretary it's necessary we get paid
Look what you made, little kids gettin' sprayed
Day after day, and night after night
Battles and wars to the daylight
We might change and rearrange if you do somethin'
'Til then we gonna keep it comin', Mr. President
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac:]
Word motherfuckin' life, what the fuck this nigga think?
Cuttin' taxes, takin' off welfare
We 'sposed to just sit here, go broke and die, starvin'?!
Motherfuckers crazier than a motherfuckin' scout
Nigga, this Thug Life, Westside, Outlaw Immortalz
Nigga, we finna hustle 'til we come up

[2Pac:]
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[2Pac:]
Dear Mr. Clinton, shit (send mo' troops)… it's gettin' harder and harder for a motherfucker to make a dollar in these here streets
I mean shit (send mo' troops), I hear you screamin' peace
But we can't find peace
'Til my little niggas on these streets get a piece (send mo' troops)
I know you fear me cause you too near me not to hear me
So why don't you help a nigga out? (send mo' troops)
Sayin' you cuttin' welfare
That got us niggas on the street, thinkin' who in the hell care? (send mo' troops)
Shit, y'all want us to put down our Glocks and our rocks
But y'all ain't ready to give us no motherfuckin' dollars (send mo' troops)
What happened to our 40 acres and a mule fool? (send mo' troops)
We ain't stupid, think you got us lookin' to lose
Tryin' to turn all us young niggas into troops (send mo' troops)
You want us to fight your war, what the fuck I'm fightin' for? (send mo' troops)
Shit, I ain't got no love here
I ain't had a check all year, taxin' all the blacks (send mo' troops)
Police beatin' me in the streets… fuck peace!
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops..troops..troops..troops!

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Still I Rise"

(feat. Ta'He)

[Kastro]
Dear Lord, as we down here, struggle for as long as we know
In search of a paradise to touch (my nigga Johnny J)
Dreams are dreams, and reality seems to be the only place to go, the only place for us
I know, try to make the best of bad situations
Seems to be my life's story
Ain't no glory in pain, a soldier's story in vain
And can't nobody live this life for me
It's a ride y'all, a long hard ride

[2Pac]
Somebody wake me, I'm dreamin'
I started as a seed, the semen
Swimmin' upstream, planted in the womb while screamin'
On the top was my pops, my mama screamin' stop
From a single drop, this is what they got
Not to disrespect my peoples, but my papa was a loser
Only plan he had for mama was to fuck her and abuse her
Even as a little seed, I could see his plan for me
Stranded on welfare, another broken family
Now what was I to be? A product of this heated passion
Mama got pregnant and papa got a piece of ass
Look how it began, nobody gave a fuck about me
Pistol in my hand, this cruel world can do without me
How can I survive? Got me askin' white Jesus
"Will a nigga live or die?" cause the Lord can't see us
In the deep dark clouds of the projects, ain't no sunshine
No sunny days and we only play sometimes
When everybody's sleepin'
I open my window, jump to the streets and get to creepin'
I can live or die, hope I get some money 'fore I'm gone
I'm only 19, I'm tryna hustle on my own
On the spot where everybody and they pops tryna slang rocks
I'd rather go to college, but this is where the game stops
Don't get it wrong cause it's always on, from dusk to dawn
You can buy rocks, Glocks or a herringbone
You can ask my man, he's a mind reader
Keep my 9 heater all the time, this is how we grind
Meet up at the cemetery then get smoked out
Pass the weed, nigga! That Hennessey'll keep me keyed, nigga
Everywhere I go niggas holla at me, "Keep it real, G"
And my reply 'til they kill me: "Act up if you feel me!"
I was born not to make it, but I did
The tribulations of a ghetto kid, still I rise

[Ta'He]
Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry

[Yaki Kadafi]
I stay sharp as always
Runnin' your bricks with blitz, through your project hallways
Dumpin' crews like two's, nigga, all day
Secrets of war prepare me for the worst
A life that's lavish, full of cabbage or a life that's in a hearse
But now my dreams, it seems though
Be placin' triple beams and things, bro
Diamond pinkie ring got the loot poppin' out my jeans

[Napoleon]
Now I plan to keep my Glock cocked
If trouble was searchin' for me, then why not?
Show 'em what I'm made of, plus raised on, on my block
Chancellor Ave, where many turn to the street
Thugs snatchin' bags, we out for power, makin' cash
It wasn't fast, it'll make me mad, I'm just like him
My homie on the corner with his gat tucked in
Youngins, they buckin' somethin'
The life he lead's the life he don't need, don't we all know?
He tryin' to rise up and we just go doe, still he rise

[Young Noble]
Dreams of lost hope
I hit the strip broke where the fiends get coke
And still I rise, now I float, cowards ghost
Whenever we come around, I'm runnin' down
Clutchin' a pound, live as sirens, duckin' the sound
I used to hustle with my moms 'til the sun came
My homie Harm doin' time from this drug game
Stolen cars, war scars, born a Outlaw
Behind bars, go to sleep just to see the stars
Freedom is ours, though we trapped on a firm block
Crackheads only 10 learn to duck cops

[Yaki Kadafi]
In '96 my Glock's my plastic, passion for blastin' bastards
No faces for open caskets, peelin' your cap backwards
You cowards ain't prepared for pistol practice
I send my missiles through your mattress
Leavin' holes in your body like a cactus
While me and my crew be boppin' more greens than topic
And loot to keep the seams in my motherfuckin' jeans poppin'
Leavin' your spleen to pick up
Half of you niggas is softer than a Snicker
Let's go to war and see who draw quicker
And still I rise, and still I rise…

[Ta'He]
Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry
Still I (still I), I rise (I rise), please, give me to the sky (to the sky)
And if (and if), I die (I die), I don't want you to cry

Y'all niggas fake, all day everyday
So now I got roller blades, bitch

Thought you knew
Your mouth is rich
C'mon pops, let's go!

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.
Thanks to ice_dursu, JG for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Secretz Of War"

[E.D.I. Amin:]
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[E.D.I. Amin:]
War time, war time, it's either yours or mine
Outlawz be on the grind and a mission to shine
And ride on 'em, leave 'em stuck and fucked from the gate
Set it straight, regulate, with a bomb I'm about to detonate
Boom! Hesitate? Aww, now you know what
Ya'll niggas were here to go if you know it was good for ya
Bunch of toy soldiers all dressed in fatigue
But I'm E.D.I. Amin on a mission to make 'em bleed
Nigga what? Nigga who? It was cool? And at you?
What the fuck is you gonna do? Barbecue and boo-hoo
Ride or die, get money, all at the same time
Split the pie with the homie, ball at the same time
Any nigga slippin', fall at the same time
We all links in the chain, tryin' to gain, do time
We all see the sunshine, but when you could do yours
We'll bring these motherfuckers war

[E.D.I. Amin:]
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
It's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[2Pac:]
As I approach the scene
From smokin' green got my eyes closed
Niggas so cold on my foes, I make 'em die froze
Watch me make 'em bleed, makin' G's, Lord, help me with it
Got me paintin' pictures of a meal ticket, help me get it
See me and pray for options, but the pressures nonstop
Niggas get the pistol poppin' and watch his body drop
I'm a lethal threat, watch me hit your set, flash on
Blast on them bitch-made niggas with my mask on
Do it for profit, plus I'm lookin' for punks to bust on
If you ain't screamin' "Westside!" you can get the fuck on
I'm seein' demons, hittin' weed, got me hearin' screamin'
Scared to go to sleep, watch the scene like a dope fiend
Probably be punished for it, though you can't ignore it
I live the life of a thug nigga, and die for it
Niggas pass the clip and watch me bring 'em to the floor
Got some shit that they ain't ready for: I got the secrets of war

[E.D.I. Amin:]
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[Yaki Kadafi:]
We do this thug life shit, like 4, 5, 6, stick 'em
Down with no rounds left up in the pound when the sounds
Squeeze the lead off, I blow his motherfuckin' head off
Signal all the other outlawz to get this shit set off
Yaki Kadafi, it ain't a cop here to stop me
These streets is black hockey and raw, we get sloppy
Put a pamper on your silly ass prestyle grammar, locked in the slammer, while I'm laid cocked back like a hammer
Ya'll newly weds that in honey moons, times 'bout up, y'all
That means I leave no trace found with you face, bounce stuck
Your pig scanners can't come close touch or even hit me
Doin' my dirt, puttin' in work, you see shit, what you gon' do?

[E.D.I. Amin:]
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[Young Noble:]
Check the murder rate percentage, niggas is finished
Get blood checks from clinics, this thug shit is in us
Flowin' through my system, you a victim
Blunts, I twist 'em. Fuck the whole world, it's us against them
You got some heat? Pull it out, cock the hammer if you with it
Don't make no difference here with the 25-to-life sentence
We already doin' life on the streets
Like Al G., niggas be heated when they walkin' the beat
This shit is flaky, makin' backs shaky, niggas hate me
Scared to face me, knowin' that the Outlawz blaze me
Pull me up on game, put me up on a hustle
Once I suck my money muscle, all the G's got devils
Movin' shit like a dollar, beatin' niggas like Rodney
Turn a killer like Kadafi, and a nuke stream to stop me

[E.D.I. Amin:]
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
Look it's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
Man it's as simple as that for me and my niggas
You either ride wit' us or collide wit' us
See it's as simple as that for me and my niggas

[2Pac (E.D.I.):]
(Bring it on), and all you lil' young ass soldiers
You play this shit back about 15 times (talk about it)
You'll have enough game to roll up in a club or somethin' (e'ry body tough)
Teach these bitches a lil' somethin'
You know what I mean? Secrets of muthafuckin' war…

Writer(s): Washington, Rufus Lee Cooper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Malcolm Greenidge, Yafeu A. Fula, Johnny Lee Jackson, Bruce

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Baby Don't Cry (Keep Ya Head Up II)"

(feat. H.E.A.T.)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]
I feel you (uh), baby don't
But you can't, you can't give up
H.E.A.T., 2Pac with Outlawz!

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]
Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (Outlawz)
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (Keep ya head up)

[2Pac:]
Now here's a story 'bout a woman with dreams
So picture perfect at 13, an ebony queen
Beneath the surface it was more than just a crooked smile
Nobody knew about her secret so it took a while
I could see a tear fall slow down her black cheek
Sheddin' quiet tears in the back seat; so when she asked me
"What would you do if it was you?"

Couldn't answer such a horrible pain to live through
I tried to trade places in the tragedy
I couldn't picture three crazed niggas grabbin' me
For just a moment I was trapped in the pain
Lord, come and take me
Four niggas violated, they chased and they raped me
Even though it wasn't me, I could feel the grief
Thinkin' with your brains blown that would make the pain go
No! You got to find a way to survive
'Cause they win when your soul dies

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]
Baby please don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
Baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got yo' head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)
Baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
Baby don't cry…

[E.D.I. Amin:]
Forget him, girl, he ain't gon' never change
I ain't no hater but that nigga lost in the game
After the bright lights and big thangs
He probably could love you, but he in love with the struggle
Everyday, his mind on gettin' mo'
And never your feelings, he's chasin' millions for sho'

Uh oh, now you 'bout to have his baby?
Another wild-ass nigga that's gon' drive you crazy
You got too much mo' livin' to do – I'm spittin' this to you
'Cause you deserve more than what he givin' to you
Beautiful, black, precious, and complicated
A new millennium dime piece, so fine she
Got 'em all stuck standin' still when she come through
Baby, take a little mo' time, love'll find you
And sho' as the sky's blue somebody other than me
Gon' give you everythin' you need, feel me? (Don't cry-ah…)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (you'll be alright)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (no no... oh)
Baby don't cry…

[Young Noble:]
I'm tryin' to do all that I can
From jump, now you losin', you was choosin' the wrong man
Dealt the wrong hand, you was young and beautiful
Lost and turned out, what you let that nigga do to you?
I knew her since elementary, she blew a kiss to me
Wrote me a note in crayon, wantin' to get with me
We was kids, now she got three kids
They see their father e'ryday, and they don't know who he is
Seen him last night, homie roll a E-class
Mad cheese in the stash, still a deadbeat dad
I bring her Pampers and food, just to stop through
But those ain't my seeds, nothin' really I could do
I feel pity for you, you ain't even his wife
Seventeen with three kids, locked down for life
Should've chose me, she 'bout to OD from the pressure
Hell nah, I won't let her (BABY..)

[2Pac (H.E.A.T.):]
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! You got to keep your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)

Even when the road is hard, never give up! (no no.. oh)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry!
(you'll be right)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up
Even when the road is hard, never give up! (keep ya head up)
(Baby don't cry!) baby don't cry! I hope you got your head up (never give up)
Even when the road is hard, never give up!
Baby don't cry

[E.D.I. Amin:]
For all the ladies (Soulshock, Karlin)
Baby don't cry! Got to keep your head up
(Keep your head up)
Makaveli lives on (head up) aight?

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Thanks to ashley for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Rufus Lee Cooper, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Carsten Schack, Kenneth Karlin, Malcolm Greenidge

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"As The World Turns"

[2Pac:]
As the world turns…
As the world turns my niggas grow and grow and grow
And get dough and roll and ride
Niggas die and mommas cry
Niggas got alibis and suicides and homicides
And three strikes and yo' life and my life and times change
And niggas fame, as the world turns…

[2Pac:]
Though I walk through the valley of Hell the shadow follows me. Wisdom hard to swallow tomorrow, expect apologies
You probably panic, stranded in search of a better planet
Realism hard to understand, we stand slanted
And still stranded. Merciless thieves stole the best of me
I pray to black Jesus to please take the rest of me
And still, the best of us build and reach monetary gains
Some of us kill, but still, most of us can change
If we search deeper
God bless the hustler, curse the first sleeper
Enemies get beside me, flows go deep as Poseidon
When we ride, plots keep all my enemies blinded
Time will soon show, a thought can last for years
Outshinin' your fake smiles, plastic tears
Like last year, niggas stuck in the past, and it's clear
Just some busta ass bastards allergic to cash this year
Makaveli for the mob, M.O.B
Killin' busters is my motherfuckin' job, him or me
Lyrically fatally driven, niggas reported missin'
My competition dead or in prison, as the world turns…

[Darryl 'Big D' Harper (2Pac):]
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns, and steady turnin'
(Turns, turns, turns, turns and turns
My niggas grow and grow and grow
And gettin' dough and dough and dough
From this state to that state
From this cell to that cell, as the world turns)

[Young Noble:]
As the world turn, burnin' paths, starin' through my rearview
It's a war goin' on, and the President is here too
I hear 2Pac sayin', "Watch 'em, they'll kill you."
Sippin Thug Passion, scrub actin' like he feel you
Steady plottin', ready or not; Outlawz lost but not forgotten
From Gittere to Compton, a spitter of the hotness
Long time, since like six I ain't never been rich
I need cream to buy Ellene a dream house
She no longer fiend out y'all, Outlaw!

[Napoleon:]
Another lonely nigga with a 12-gauge pump, with a 12-hour rush to run and get this money, fuck these punks!
Road rules, I swim in the dirt, I stay in some skirt
I hit where it hurts, I ride or die for my turf
I ride or die for Makaveli, the legendary war thug nigga
Kadafi better unslug this nigga, Seike betta undrug this nigga
Out of the buildin', we street children with no souls
Our hearts gon' stay cold, the war gon' stay on
We serve 'em, like 'Pac told us to, catch 'em wreck with the TEC
Hit 'em in the neck and watch him die like he supposed to
Napoleon: the front line soldier, front times over
Rider for the mighty dollar, rather drunk than sober
Nigga talkin' thug walkin' all through yo' squad
Y'all niggas scared by a dog, I got my 44 for y'all
It's like a hot-heated day, homie
Warfare, don't play, homie, better be prepared
Then try to duck away from these strays, homie
Worlds turn, things burn, all in one shot. Rest in peace to the fallen soldiers, all that we got, as the world turns…

[Darryl 'Big D' Harper (2Pac):]
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
(And my niggas roll and ride, hahaha)
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns… and steady turnin'
(Niggas gettin' swoll out, and it don't stop and it don't quit
That real shit!) (real shit)
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
(How many you niggas try for this?)
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns (as the world turns)
(Murderin' methods.. haha, OUTLAW!)

[E.D.I. Amin:]
Only haters caught feelings when my homie caught millions
And acquired the desired status of boss livin'
We cross driven, cornered into a life that's hellish
Payin' our dues with bloodshed, ain't shit y'all could tell us
Fellas – mount up, it's time for battle, it's on now
Two worlds collidin', armies ridin', soldiers gone wild
Sometimes I think my glory days was back in my youth
I sought too for family, but I got it lost in these ounces
Now, as the world turns court adjourns, I'm sentenced to burn
The cost of my sins too much, nothin' left to earn

[Kadafi:]
October 9th 1977 first day out my baby carriage
Married my MAC-11 hit the block playin'
Only five years up in this bitch, papa runnin' from the feds
Puttin' peanut butter on the walls to hide his prints
Me on my own, not yet grown, but only man of the home
To protect my zone in these streets I roam
Dough on d-low, downin' straight shots of Cristal Brothers
100 dollar snot box on cee-lo, fuck eighth
I need a kilo, got a plot, move my block down state
Got the drop on the spot, movin' pounds of weight
Fuck my fate and lots of loot to burn, a hustler's yearn
For this dirty money earned as this crooked world turns

[Overlapped — Darryl 'Big D' Harper:]
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns… and steady turnin'
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns…
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns...
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
It's gon' be goin' round as the world turns… and steady turnin'
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
As the world keeps turnin' round and round
As the world keeps turnin' round and round

[2Pac & Napolean:]
Hahaha… as the world turns…
And turns and turns and turns… haha. This for the soldiers out there involved in the everyday struggle
Hopin' to bubble, keep on hustlin', as the world turns
Money come and go, hoes come and go, foes come and go, friends come and go… my soldiers stay eternal
Outlaw Immortalz, dedicated
I send this to black Jesus, only he can feed us
When you need us, as the world turns
Throw this shit in the deck, hahah
Niggas gettin chin checked
From the East to the West, best to wear a vest
Nigga we ain't the ones to test, fuck you!
As the world turns… Outlaw ridahs, Mutah right beside us
Camillion, wanna make a million
Haha legit, as the world turns, haha… burn, baby, burn

(A lot of niggas get burned as the world turns
A lot of niggas gettin' burned as the world turns
Gettin' burned as the world turns)

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Greenidge Malcolm R, Harper Marvin Darrell, Fula Yafeu A, Washington Bruce

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Black Jesuz"

(feat. Val Young, Storm)

[2Pac (Kadafi):]
Searchin' for Black Jesus
Oh yeah, sportin' jewels and shit, yaknahmean?
You can be Christian
Straight tatted up
(Straight Jehovah witness)
No doubt
(Islamic)
No doubt man
(Me, I'm a thug; thugs, we praise Black Jesus, all day)
Young Kadafi in this bitch, set it off nigga.
What?

[Kadafi:]
I do my shootings on a knob, prayin' to God for my squad
Stuck in a nightmare, hopin' he might care
Though times is hard, up against all odds, I play my cards
Like I'm jailin', shots hittin' up my spot like midnight rains hailin'
Got me bailin' to stash more greenGods; they ain't tryin' to be trapped
On no block slangin' no rocks like bean pies
Brainstorm on the beginnin'
Wonder how shit like the Qu'ran and the Bible was written
What is religion?
God's words or a curse like crack?
Shai-tan's way of gettin' us back
Or just another one of my Black Jesus' traps

[Storm:]
Who's got the heart to stand beside me?
I feel my enemies creepin' up in silence
Dark prayer, scream violence - demons all around me
Can't even bend my knees just a lost cloud; Black Jesus
Give me a reason to survive, in this earthly hell
Cause I swear, they tryin' to break my well
I'm on the edge lookin' down at this volatile pit
Will it matter if I cease to exist? Black Jesus

[2Pac:]
All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail
Submissive souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops
Like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through
Black Jesus
He's like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through
Black Jesus

[Young Noble:]
Outlawz we got our own race, culture, religion
Rebellin' against the system, commence to lynchin'

The President ain't even listenin' to the pain of the youth
We make music for eternity, forever the truth
Political prisoner, the two choices that they givin' us
Ride or die, for life they sentence us
Oh Black Jesus, please watch over my brother Shawn
Soon as the sky get bright, it's just another storm
Brothers gone, now labeled a statistic
Ain't no love for us ghetto kids, they call us nigglets
History repeats itself, nuttin new
In school I knew, e'rything I read wasn't true
Black Jesus

[2Pac:]
To this click I'm dedicated, criminal orientated
An Outlaw initiated, blazed and faded
Made for terror, major league niggas pray together
Bitches in they grave while my real niggas play together
We die clutchin' glasses, filled with liquor bomblastic
Cremated, last wishes niggas smoke my ashes
High sigh why die wishin', hopin' for possibilities
I'll mob on, while they copy me sloppily
Cops patrol projects, hatin' the people livin' in them
I was born an inmate, waitin' to escape the prison
Went to church but don't understand it, they underhanded
God gave me these commandments, the world is scandalous
Blast 'til they holy high; baptize they evil minds
Wise, no longer blinded, watch me shine trick
Which one of y'all wanna feel the degrees?
Bitches freeze facin' Black Jesus

[2Pac:]
All hail, the pressure no endeavor can fail
Submissive souls turn to hoes when exposed to jail
In times of war we need somebody raw, rally the troops
Like a Saint that we can trust to help to carry us through
Black Jesus

[Kastro:]
Some say, some day, some how, some way, we gon' fail
And it ain't hard to tell, we dwell in hell
Trapped, black, scarred and barred
Searchin' for truth, where it's hard to find God
I play the Pied Piper, and to this Thug Life, I'm a lifer
Proceed, to turn up the speed, just for stripes
My Black Jesus, walk through this valley with me
Where we, so used to hard times and casualties
Indeed, it hurt me deep to have to sleep on the streets
And haven't eaten in weeks, so save a prayer for me
And all the young thugs, raised on drugs and guns
Blazed out and numb, slaves to this slums
This ain't livin'... Jesus

[Background overlapped singing:]
We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel

Black Jesus!
We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel
Black Jesus!
We believed in you
Everything you do
Just wanna let you know, how we feel
Black Jesus!

[Kastro:]
Searchin' for Black Jesus
It's hard, it's hard
We need help out here
So we searchin' for Black Jesus
It's like a Saint, that we pray to in the ghetto, to get us through
Somebody that understand our pain
You know maybe not too perfect, you know
Somebody that hurt like we hurt
Somebody that smoke like we smoke
Drink like we drink
That understand where we comin' from
That's who we pray to
We need help y'all

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Homeboyz"

[2Pac:]
Oh shit, caught that nigga alone. Ain't that a bitch?
Hey, uh, this one here is, uh for them niggas that be Johnny Dangerous when they be fuckin' 50 deep
But they be fuckin' cowards when they by theyselves
You know who I'm talkin' about
You know who I'm talkin' about, that's right
You ain't shit without your homeboys
You ain't shit without your homeboys
You ain't shit without your homeboys

[2Pac:]
Now, everytime I see you cats is rollin' in packs
For the life of me I cannot see why you don't know how to act
Love to clown when you deep, but when you on that solo creep out on the streets you don't hear a peep
Nigga, it's a God damn shame, somebody explain
Why they sent a Bad Boy to play a grown man's game?
Tear that ass out the frame, completely get that ass kicked
Woke up on the street, but you'll be sleepin' in the casket
How long will it last? Nigga, don't ask, just be first to blast
Outlaw on the mash, tryin' to be the first to see some cash
My shit's classic, like my nigga Nate
Go get the tape, we keep the nation anticipatin' until we break
Money made me evil, court cases got me stressed
Niggas aimin' at my head, but I still wear my vest
I don't give a fuck, motherfuckers, I'm loc
They all duckin' when my gun smoke
You ain't shit without your homeboys

[2Pac:]
You probably run at the sound of funk
I give a fuck, you niggas is punks
Without your homeboys you be the first to reach in your trunk
You scary niggas is punks
You ain't shit without your homeboys, nigga
(Punk ass.. that's right motherfucker)
You ain't shit without your homeboys
(Throw your hands up you little trick)
(a squared.. coward motherfucker)

[Young Noble:]
Like Yak said, how the fuck you gonna shoot me rocks?
When you got the Outlaw Pac shittin' your box
You was lookin' real weak walkin' down the street
Now a nigga 30 deep, oh, you wanna beef?
Talk cheap, shoot a nigga the fair one
Your homies like fuck it – what's this? You the only scared one
Damn, son, close call I bet
Now down around the way you gets no respect
They like that Outlaw nigga played you out
We could have took it to the fists, I would have laid you out

Niggas be actin' all different when they dogs come around
Watch 'em act like bitches when Outlawz draw down
They all clown, better yet they all stunned
You the type to have a gun and never blazed it once
Get y'all banana split, you ain't Emmanuel
Outlawz you'll never forget, Makaveli the Don get a call y'all
Turnin these streets into Vietnam
Where your homeboys?

[2Pac:]
You ain't shit without your homeboys
My thug niggas, I love niggas
From small time crooks to big-time drug dealers (without your homboys)
The only thing a nigga got left
I love my niggas to death, we ain't shit without our homeboys
(You know what time it is)
I ain't shit without my homeboys
(Hey, tell 'em the story how you came up, nigga)

[2Pac:]
Now, I was born alone, took my first joint and I got high alone
Now I'm an Outlaw nigga, I never die alone
Me and my niggas is so close, it's complicated
One nigga smokin' and drinkin', and yet we all faded
My nigga Edi had a son, we all happy
Cause now that little ridah got to deal with eight daddies
My niggas cry, we all cry, and all ride
To rectify the problem, motherfuckers, they all die
Been tryin' to make a million by hustlin since my adolescence
From crack dealin' to rap villain, my new profession
Who wanna see me at eight deep, fuck 3D
You coward ass motherfuckers'll never see me
Bustin' with automatic straps, my raw raps like good crack
Niggas fiendin', I got 'em comin' back. Until I die, they label me as a ridah forever, my niggas be together

Ain't shit without your homeboys
Thug niggas, I love niggas
From small time crooks to big-time drug dealers
Without your homeboys
The only thing a nigga got left
I love my niggas to death
We ain't shit without our homeboys
(without our homeboys)
Love my niggas to death
I ain't shit without our homeboys
Love you niggas to death
We ain't shit without our homeboys

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Hell 4 A Hustler"

Get on yo knees nigga, get on yo knees and pray

[2Pac:]
Increase the doses, bust on whoever closest
Thug livin', hell of prison, never losin' my focus
I'm makin' money moves mandatory, end of discussion
My past records tell a story, picture niggas with rushin'
And still bustin', 'til the cops come runnin', duck in abandoned buildings
Ditchin' my gun, homeboy the motherfuckin' villain
I live the lifestyles of drug dealers, but now legitly
So I laugh til I'm cryin', when the Lord come get me
No baby momma drama, nigga missed me
Why plant seeds in a dirty bitch waitin' to trick me
Not the life for me, livin' carefree 'til I'm buried
And if they dare me, I'll bust on them niggas, and until they scurry
I'm clearly a man of military means, to my artillery
Watchin' over me through every murder scene
From adolescence, to my early teens, thought we was gonna die
Sellin' dope to all the fiends, at times I wanna cry
And still, we try to change the past in vain
Never knowin' if this game will last, feelin' the shame
Of cocaine, the product of the devil, am I sellin' my soul
Got tired of small time livin' nigga tellin' me no
I got mine, fuck them other suckas
That's the mentality, jealous ass bustas make it hell for a hustler

[2Pac & Yaki Kadafi:]
Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[Edi Mean:]
Now in these last days and times I takes mines so serious
Gotta get that paper quickly and escape the sickness
If I fail, then I suffer, bein' broke is hell 4 a hustler
So I stay strugglin' and jugglin' with all the might I can muster
Since a youngster, been money hungry, moved in
One's five's and ten's was funny money
So I sets my sights bigger, four figures or mo'
Real nigga fo' sho', out in the cold for dough
What you thought? "all" is for lost homies in plenty battles
Last two years shed plenty tears and I'll send plenty at you
Let me catch you slippin' you soft niggas is outta here
In case you forgot we on the same shit that got us here

[Young Noble:]
Yo, to e'ry step I take, e'ry sell I make
E'ry jail I break, e'ry mill' I ate
Head to head, whoever hustle hardest
On the block duckin' charges, nigga fuck the sergeant
He got a job, all my bottles got a pinch of coke
Listen tho' I'm missin' dough I gotta gather mo'
Hell naw, dead blocks with red tops but now a nigga sell words
for all my young thugs in jail in Jerz
They made it hell 4 a hustler, I bails high as fuck son
Dyin' luck none supply us with much guns
I buck one, just to let you know that I can touch ya
Slangin' cracks or raps, still hell 4 a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[2Pac:]
No insanity plea from me, I ride the beef 'til I burn
Censor me and bar your kids from the lessons I learned
And in turn I'm hostile, guess you can recall me antisocial
Niggas shakin' like they caught the Holy Ghost when I approach
Try to politic before I smoke 'em, like Sun Tzu
Niggas do unto these snitches, before it's done to you
And if the cops come arrest me in the evening
Best believe they comin' for my dogs in the morning
And if I die by a slug, the death of a true thug
Tell me will my niggas mourn me? Gettin' blowed out
High watch me murder the bird before he testify
Strikes walkin' close to my third, I live a troubled life
And if you dream, be a part of my team from Long Beach to Queens
Drug dealers to ex-fiends
Keep yo eyes on the prize, nigga watch for bustas
Either heaven or jail, it's still hell for a hustler

Lord, help me change my ways (Lord!)
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (help me change my ways)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler (why I was raised this way?)
Lord, help me change my ways
Show a little mercy on Judgment day (on a judgement days)
It ain't me, I was raised this way
I never let 'em play me for a busta, make it Hell 4 a hustler

[2Pac:]
This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side
In case of drama, I'm the first to break wild 'til they all die
This is how we ride not knowin' if we'll live or die
Catch me rollin' with my motherfuckin' guns on the side

In case of drama, I’m the first to break wild until they all die, outlaw
Yes, change my ways yes, the Black Jesuz guide us through this
Weary weary weary weary, aight, only God can save us

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.
Thanks to hihohelda for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"High Speed"

[E.D.I. Amin:]
High speed
For all my niggas livin' in the rush
Slow it down just a notch baby
It's goin' be alright, it's goin' be alright

[2Pac (E.D.I. Amin):]
Life at high speed, life at high speed
Fuck the punishment, Thai weed
(Buy me a gun), liquor and puffin' Thai weed

[2Pac:]
I live life High Speed
Slightly disillusioned by weed
I breed thug muthafuckas even worse than me
When I bleed, my enemies best to flee quickly
Harm me, my army
Niggas decease swiftly
Look at you now, why you wanna act out?
I pull the hammer back
Strike wit' a cannon that'll blow yo muthafuckin' back out
They blast but I'm still standin'
Slightly scarred
Deep questions for the lord "Why he don't like me, god?"
So, though my life was hard with no remorse
I absorb all lessons, provide protection for the boss
Rollin' in my double R, rugged and ruthless
Keep a vest through these hard times, knowin' it's useless
And my crew, we crooked, be mistaken for Jewels
We all about our cash, blast if you break the rules
Fools turned snitch for the D.A., be heaven-sent
Switched like a stone-bitch, turned state's evidence, why?
Then they wonder why niggas die
Put your family in danger, just to get high
Now, what the hell can we get from jail?
More tricks for the crime trade, this is hell
Bail out, a thug nigga fresh out the jailhouse
Open your safe count and take all the mail out
Whatever happens happens
Whoever falls dies
We fresh out of time, livin' blind, so we all ride
In times like these, chronic or Thai weed
Puffin' through this high speed
And people say...

[2Pac:]
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects

We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Verbal assassin, I hit the corner fast, blastin'
Hot plastic stretch your chest plate back like elastic
No need to push me to split ya
I love beef, like pussy and pistols
For all you pussies that's softer than tissue
I ride by like the fall guy out the roof
Bustin' at you wise guy, gettin' high, sippin' hundred proof (yeah)
Give me the joints low to verdict wit' mine
Get that ass attacked, murdered, and robbed, blind from behind
Rapid shots pourin'
Catchin' niggas while they snorin'
Kickin' his door in
I'll leave your whole fuckin' family in mournin'
Bust me, you itchy-bitchy types can't touch me
Frontin' like you're hard
I'll play your fuckin' yard like a trussel

[2Pac:]
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night

[E.D.I. Amin:]
At times, I look through times wit' so much anger
Wonderin' why it keeps on passin', pushin' me into danger
No stranger to hard times or the good ones
At times I'm amazed
At what the motherfuckin' hoods done
What we do to get paid
All day, for the almighty, dollar
Don't even bother to holla
We all destined to be swallowed
By the same thing we lust for
Threw away our morals and values and dust more
Niggas is dying tomorrow
We, bailing on borrowed times
Nigga the clocks tickin'
Approachin' is the day you gonna need money or Glocks spittin'
Cops sittin', politicians passin' laws you ain't know what
Soon that money gon' be illegal when you die to
Keep your dough up

But I ain't goin' tell you "what?" to stop chasin' paper
Man, I'm just like y'all, I worry 'bout that shit later
Put the metal to the pedal, slash up nigga, blaze
Let's get blowed out high speed 'til the end of my days
Now my people say

[2Pac:]
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night

[2Pac:]
High speeds (we goin' all night)
Life of an Outlaw, ghetto stars (we goin' all night)
(Yes) I'm gonna buy me a gun
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
For my niggas on the West Side and the East Side
And the NorthSide and the SouthSide
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
From Compton to Jersey
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
Gettin' it real hard
Niggas in Michigan, (M.O.B nigga, M.O.B)
From Atlanta, Georgia to Utah
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
From St. Louis to Alabama
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
From Mississippi to Oakland, from San Francisco to San Diego
Seattle to Florida
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
Maine to Mass, haha
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)

Food and sex
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
High speeds
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
Outlawz with that rough shit, baby!

[E.D.I. Amin:]
Learn about it
Pac you goin' rap?

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.
Thanks to chris2188 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Marvin Darrell Harper

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"The Good Die Young"

[2Pac:]
These some hard times we livin' in
Churches burnin', planes fallin' from the sky
Murder, the good die young
Hahaha, the good definitely die young
This is a lil' somethin'
To help you get through the day
If it could

[2Pac:]
It was more than a tragedy, emotions be grabbin' me
Plane fell from the sky, we tryna figure what happened
Burnin' churches, fearin' God, who can be so cruel
We all ignorant to AIDS 'til it happens to you
Just be a man, make plans, listen to your voice
A woman's tryin' to make decisions, we should leave them a choice
Cause who we to say who lives and die, breathes and stops
All this judgement on other lives needs to stop
What are we livin' for, givin' more back than takin'
On my knees still waitin' for my own salvation
Now I feel abandoned cause Pat Buchanan say I'm greedy
You can take my taxes, send me to war but can't feed me
It's so easy to regret thangs after they done
Babies catchin' murder cases scared to laugh in the Sun
The tragedies that we all need, love in doses
In times like these we feel closest the good die young

Does anybody have an answer why
(it times like these we feel closest)
It seems the good die young (the good die young)
Can anybody tell me why
(rest in peace, god bless the dead, and we carry on huh)
Can anybody tell me why
(the good die young)
Does anybody have an answer why (I ain't Quincy Jones)
It seems the good die young
(the good die young)
Does anybody tell me why
(Now we hear from the future, the next generation, tell me)
Does anybody tell me why

[Napolean:]
Now in my world will it get worse
When I been trapped since birth
But I had to sleep in a hearse, cause it was my bed first
My grands probably burnin' turnin' in they grave
Some folks ain't even get to see a high age
But they did, so I ain't afraid
And this money got me feelin' like a star
And this murder got me feelin' like my death ain't far

And the land of stolen cars, don't get no better
Don't get no weaker or no harder
I was raised in a rush without my moms and my, father
So tell me somethin'
If I grab my gat and get the dumpin'
Would God get to lookin' at me funny uhaha
Rest in peace to my mother Aquillah Beale
Rest in peace to my father Salek Beale
Rest in peace to my grandparents
And thug in peace to my brother Seike
You know I love you

[Young Noble:]
Which is worst, first Storm and then Al
Pac and then Yak
Regrey Brown
Coulda' sworn I seen ya face in a cloud
Family grievin' on your last breath
Close to the heart whether you know it or not
I swear the love won't stop
Jewel, that's my boo, Mom, Duke and Nu
From jump you kept it true
Helped to feed the crew
The good die young
Livin' fast jumpin' the gun
Mama blamin' the community for killin' her son
My cousin Darren wasn't scared of goin'
But never knowin' he was dyin' slower
I guess I see ya when I see ya soulja

Does anybody have an answer why (answer why)
It seems the good die young
Can anybody tell me why (tell me why!)
Can anybody tell me why

[Kastro:]
I know my life ain't promised
That's why the wise move in silence
Analyze these scandalous times
It's hard dogg but we managed
Schools turn to war zones
Even homes unsafe
Leavin' children to play caged and raged they hate
How come!, someone explain "why the good die young"
Why the bad die slow and outlive everyone
It's time somethin' is done
For our young kids
They growin' hopeless
That ain't the way to live
Tell me why

[E.D.I. Mean:]
Days go past and as they pass, time move, quicker
No time for wastin', put your hustle down my young dealers
Cause the end is nearer
But at least that's what they tellin' me

Hell, all I know brothers ain't ridin' 4-3 felony's
It's time to plan, plot, and strategize
Capitalize, mobilize
We in the war y'all
It's for all y'all
My family to the ones that stand me
Little bit mo' love is what's recommended
Yeah, and it's plain to see (plain to see)
The seeds from you and me
Gon' be the ones to lead us towards unity
That's if we treat them right
Man, teach them right
Raise your kids better than you was
And see what it does
But if you don't
Man, we sure to be dumb
And we'll all see exactly why the goods die young
(We ain't lyin' man)

Does anybody have an answer why (tell me why)
It seems the good die young (tell me why)
Can anybody tell me why
Can anybody tell me why
(the good die young)
Does anybody have an answer why (tell me why)
It seems the good die young (die young)
Can anybody tell me why (tell me why)
Can anybody tell me why
(the good die young)

[2Pac:]
I send this out for all my homeboys that passed away
And all yo' homeboys that passed away
I send this out to all the former fallen soldiers
That's in the cemeteries buried
Never got to see they dreams
For everything I touch you touch
For every step I take you take
For every breath I breathe you breathe
Every dollar I make you make
I told you we'd make it to the sunshine one day
You just got there a little quicker
But like my homeboys Thugs say
I'll catch ya at the crossroads
The good die young

This song is dedicated to all them
Young kids that died innocent
That died young
At Columbine High
Rest in Peace (Oklahoma)
Outlawz
(Lil' yummy Sandifer
Tasha Harlins, all them
All the fallen kids
The dead babies

The closed caskets)

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Harper Marvin Darrell, Young Val

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Killuminati"

[2Pac:]
Makaveli the Don, break on 'em!
Ah put ya, ah put ya hands on ya, hands on ya heater
Hands on ya, hands on ya heater, hands on ya, hand…

[2Pac:]
Let it be prophesized; niggas'll die because your crew's goon
Around the way niggas get murdered by the full moon
Heard it in whispered tones
Niggas is bold and they choose to roll
I kill 'em all, watch now, nigga, truth be told
Westside was the war cry, look how they scatter
Niggas dyin' by my 30-yard, brains'll splatter
Wonder why these niggas cross me, I'm certified crazy
So sick the world made me
Now diggy-die, every time I ride is for reasons
Hard to kill a nigga cause I'm comin' back like Jesus
Bow down to my ill nation, runnin' from drug cases
Lookin' at my congregation so full of thug faces
Momma gave a nigga breath, a life of stress
I invest in a vest and makin' niggas watch they every step
Label me a threat and I ain't even got started with this shit yet
Thug style, baby, hands on my pistol, listen
I'm a ridah, every nigga breathin' pay attention
'Bout to show you motherfuckers how it feel to drop a body
A simple glimpse of my lifestyle, Killuminati…

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[2Pac:]
After the fire comes the rain, after the pleasure there's pain
Even though we broke for the moment, we'll be ballin' again
'Til I make it, yo, my military be prepared for them bustaz
Similar to bitches too scary, get too near me, we rushin'
Visions of over-packed prisons, millions of niggas thug livin'
Pressures and three strikes, I hope they don't test us
They pull the heat out, ammunition in crates
Psssh! Move without a sound as we slide down pistols in place

They got me fiendin' for currency, the money be callin'
It's like I'm - dreamin', seein' scenes of me ballin'
Participated in felonious behavior
Cock the cocked 45, snatchin' niggas pagers
Labeled a mark soon as we start, it was hard to quit
We started out drinkin' 40's, moved to harder shit
God damn, now I'm a grown man, I follow no man
Nigga got my own plan, and it's called Killuminati

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
Killuminati
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[E.D.I. Amin:]
I spend most of my time bankin', niggas
Because they hate a nigga, comin' across fake niggas
But we made niggas, old school and I'm thinkin'
Y'all some bitch made niggas and you steadily sinkin'
O-U-T, L-A-W-Z, ain't nothing fuckin' with that
We bustin' back, comin' back for the stacks
Laugh last, cash cash, all I want is the paper
Givin' them fuckers tool whips, I rule haters
Y'all can't fade us, we kill, steal and peal quickly
The boss niggas, definitely, put it down strictly
E.D.I. Amin, until the law come for me
Kill 'em all for shorty, '99 Killuminati

[Kadafi:]
They got me thinkin' strugglin' and hustling's my only fate
Toppin' grams on the kitchen plate
Tryin' to keep that money straight
Times is rolling three up these streets sleep
But when I crack, hammer cocked back, rapped in my sheets
My life's been crossed, crooked since a seed
It hurts, got a package from the devil, payin' my deeds
Preoccupied by the greed in this crooked life I lead
More funds to spend or bigger guns to squeeze
Me and my thugs clock G's, sippin' naughty thangs
Real as these tats on my body, and it's Killuminati

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!

(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[2Pac:]
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
(Makaveli up in this bitch, worldwide mash, Westside
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
The question we ask, do you know what time it is?
You know what type of shit we be
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
You want that hip-hop real, it's that hip-hop that's real
Hold it down, hold it down! Hip-hop that's worldwide, feel?
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
Fuck with me, nigga, you get killed!
It don't get no realer than this
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
What's my motherfuckin' name, nigga?
My niggas, we all bad
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
What's my muh'fuckin name, nigga?
What's my muh'fuckin name?
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
Outlawz in this bitch, Death Row at its finest
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
Repeat! Death Row at it's finest
Nigga, you know what time it is
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)… Outlawz…

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Cosmo Hickox, The Outlawz

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Teardrops And Closed Caskets"

(feat. Val Young)

(hahhh, hahaha) Hehehe, word
It's like all we got left – teardrops and closed caskets
(Throw it up, fool! Hey, nigga, haha)
Tell me how you feel, homie

[2Pac (Outlawz):]
(Yeah, it took a week to go down)
You recollects and see how crazy it sounds
The whole town's on a mission, adolescents (Penitentiary bound)
(Now introducin' Young Trigga)
Since birth, eyes set on gettin' bigger
Just another wild-ass nigga
(But he was fiendin' for Precious) WHAT?
(But Precious was a ghetto girl)
Couldn't be no sex without that gold Lexus
(But Lil' Trigga was heartbroken, he had to get his papers)
Seein' visions of people smokin' and niggas catchin' vapors
Got his man from around the corner (we call him Lil' Mo)
(Been in so many reform schools they had to let him go)
(Here's where the plot thickens)
They got a plot to make a profit with they Glocks spittin'
(They call the squad, hittin' blocks with they guns blowin')
(Somebody's gonna die tonight)
Still no one's knowin' so they kept goin'
Catchin' dealers comin' out they cars
(Will they survive? Two semi-automatic 9's)
(them niggas died)
(Plus nobody in the hood cries)
(It's like they celebrate to death and wish they could die)
So peep the lesson, but wait a minute, back to Precious
She's snortin' dope in the back seat of Trigg's Lexus
Teardrops and closed caskets

[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]
Will I... forever be... alone!?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)..
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
Will I... forever be... alone!?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)

[2Pac (Outlawz):]
(Don't let these ghetto streets get you), Precious
(was the victim, from a dime to a nickel)
Hopping God's blessings stick with ya
Picture the neighborhood kingpin, who's gettin' bigger
Familiar face, but a man now, it's Lil' Trigga
Now Lil' Mo was a soldier to the fullest
Down for his homies, always the first to spit bullets
(All he wanted was to be a thug)

(Never pictured his truest homeboy would fall in love)
(Here's where it gets ya)
Now Precious is pregnant, Lil' Trigga is happy
He wants to marry her now (not knowin' he ain't the daddy)
But Precious was lonely, while Lil' Trigga was makin' dough
(She's slippin' in secret places and gettin' with Lil' Mo)
The neighborhood's buzzin', now people are talkin'
Lil' Trigga's gettin' pictures of the both of 'em walkin'
(Hand in hand, couldn't understand)
How his baby's mama could disappear with another man (and his best friend)
Now jealousy's dangerous, and if you don't believe me
Then watch the way that this story ends and maybe you'll see
There ain't no heroes or villains, ain't no pleasure in killin'
Just the smoke from the cap peelin', a man with no feelings
(Teardrops and closed caskets)

[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]
Will I... forever be... alone!?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
(Bury you dead and look ahead)
(a man with no feelings)
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
Will I... forever be... alone!?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)

[Outlawz:]
Now with the problems of poverty and the tricks to these tales
How many people'll die? How many'll live to tell?
Although best friends before, Lil' Trigga and Mo
They in an all out war, over a fiend they ain't know
Behind the curtains their privacy lust is already laid down
The results is the same with different names and it turns out

[2Pac:]
Y'all know how it is, same old thing in the same old town
Lil' Trigg got his nose wide open on this one trick
Now he's played out

[2Pac (Outlawz):]
Think it's Lil' Mo (was plottin' plans on gettin' bigger)
(Precious was his way to put his hands on Lil' Trigga)
All the while let's look at Precious, too dumb to see what's goin' down (too doped up to ask questions)
Used to be comrades (but now we blast on sight)
What could be so bad? (God, will we last tonight?)
From misdemeanors to felonies, small-time to sellin' ki's
I can't believe the shit they tellin' me
They opened fire, three bodies dropped, so call the cops
(Precious, Lil' Mo and Trigg – teardrops and closed caskets)

[Nate Dogg (2Pac w/ Outlawz):]
Will I.. forever be.. alone!?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
Will I.. forever be.. alone!?
(Teardrops and closed caskets)
Will I.. forever be.. alone!?
Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

(Teardrops and closed caskets)
Will I.. forever be.. alone!?
Will I.. forever be.. alone!?

[2Pac:]
Aye, QDIII in this motherfucker
We dedicate this to all the fallen comrades (that's right)
All the homies that didn't make it to see this day
(rest in peace)
Yaknahmean? I know it's hard out there, heheh
With teardrops and closed caskets
It's like that's all we got to look forward to these days
Murders, brothers dyin', funerals
Shit, it's like I done ran out of suits, homie
I done ran out of tears
Know we gon' have to do something y'all
We gon' have to do something
'Cause I know all these mothers is tired of seeing the same thing (rest in peace)
I send this out to Mutulu and Geronimo
And to all the fallen comrades, all the soldiers
(to the homie Boonie, rest in peace, nigga)
All the homies that fell, all the homies
May God bless your families
May you always live in the motherfuckin' heart
In a thug nigga's heart forever (that's right)
Rest in peace, nigga
May your enemies be deceased, dead on the streets
We can't have peace 'til the niggas get a piece

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Tattoo Tears"

[2Pac:]
Live back at 'cha Westside baby
Aight fuck it, we gone flip some new shit now
You heard "All Eyez on Me," niggas know what time it is
(Makaveli the Don) 'Pac do it like that
Rhyming and stealing, selling five million
(Outlaw... ninety-nine)
Fresh out on bail, niggas still can't see me
(Napoleon, E.D.I, Young Noble, Fatal Hussein)
That's how it is
Now we got a new motherfuckin' plan, and a new mission
(Makaveli the Don, Greg Nice, Outlaw - Outlaw)
Competition, so they say, these niggas is gay
(Outlaw - Outlaw)
Blast me? It could never happen
At least not while I'm walking and rapping
Heard of some niggas on the other side of town who wanna ride wit me
(Throw ya hands up, hands up)
They can't hide, listen to the rough shit, my click
(Throw ya motherfuckin' hands up)

I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
Said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

Now, Rock-a-bye baby, I'm thugged out and so crazy
Don't want to hurt a soul nigga, so don't make me
I got a dream to see my whole team in Lexus Coupes
My enemies dead n buried, now the stress is through
But that's a dream, though it seems like reality; there'll
Never be peace long as there's fiends on these Cali streets
Even on the other side brothers die, but ride
Niggas get high off a slow form of suicide
Hide the closest thoughts, the war is fought as casualties
I live my life to fucking mo', expound tragically
How can we find some peace and niggas still ain't get a piece
I know I'm probably hellbound, but we got to eat
I'm seeing Satin infiltrating; my military mind
Make me hustle all the time, go out for cash making
Forgive my adversaries they don't understand what we go through
To become a man, we shedding tattooed tears

[2Pac + Young Noble:]
I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)

I been handle stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
Said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been, handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
Said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been, handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

[2Pac:] Thugged out baby!

[Young Noble:]
We don't shed tears we shed blood
Do you still wanna be a thug? HUH? WHAT?
We don't shed tears we shed blood
Do you still wanna be a thug?

Yo, criminal ways of thinking made me crave Abe Lincolns
The days I spent stinking caught victims on the weekends
Seeking a better path, expose a better half of me
Blast for me, the task after me
For a few years shedding tattooed tears
Like Gram' Sammy, we feuding for the whole damn family
We scarred up, homies is barred up for mad time
Outlawz locked down for some past crimes
Fast dimes made my stash grow smaller
Your block ain't no harder, fake baller

[Napoleon:]
Nigga it's like this
I been thuggin just for the cause of it
Out to get all of it, but I'll never loose my balls and shit
And it's all for the pressure
That'll make me cock my shit up off the dresser
Made nigga mafia of course my niggas gonna test ya
Answers to the questions, bullets to my Smith N' Wesson
Still stucked up in a fuck session, Jersey where the niggas flexing
Po-po's guessing if the stolen car gonna do a drive-by
Wet em up from his shoulders, leave him bye-bye
Now mama cry-cry, but it ain't my time to either die-die
So ask me why-why, but I feel that God owe me my life
For the things he did, but I turn my pleasure into sin
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
Said many times busters still can't see

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

[Kadafi:]
Shit... ain't no unity in my community it's do or die
Seein' my opportunities through these bars of hell while getting high
As life replays like time; underhanded schemes
To get that cream and thangs while living this life of crime
My enemies want me squeezed
They get dumped like 3's, with 57 wasted at they knees
Please beware we thugs revolution size
Criminals dare be last mental me institutionalize
Locked down, got many shell shocked, now
Holding down fort like I'm stuck in court cell block style

[Kastro:]
Yo I been losing sleep, stay awake way past late
Visions of killers en masse at the blast mayne
As I lay here gatted down and tatted
Knowing now it's hard to slow down for a addict
It's been years of struggling, guzzling beers
Beefin and never even, ain't no love in the air
And I suffer my shit in hell, talking to the heavens
Walking through the valley of death with my fellas
I lost a lot, starting with hope I tried
And for every tattoo I got a moment I cried
I'm through with the lies, the two in my eyes, yell pain
Step in my shoes, nuttin to lose, but my brain
I'mma hold it down tho', with all the struggle to bear
Ain't nothing to fear, crying these tattooed tears
Come on...

I said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears; now, I
Said many times busters still can't see
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me (Outlaw)
I been handling stress in this shit for years
Blazed out shedding tattooed tears

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Fula Yafeu A, Ayers Roy

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"U Can Be Touched"

[Napoleon talking:]
Life… What the fuck is life for niggas like us?
Been wakin' up to another muthafuckin' day
I'm the type of soldier
A nigga that seen everything in my mothafuckin' eyes
I seen my parents get killed to my mothafuckin' eyes
I seen my brother kill himself in my eyes
I seen 'Pac, Yak die in the struggle in my eyes
So I know anybody can be touched, you know what I mean?

[Napoleon:]
Oh God, forgive me, somebody please say a prayer for me
Needed my parents, but they was never there for me
Believe in everything they feed me, I'm seein' demons
I wake up screamin', who believe me or was I dreamin'?
Five fingers on the .45 chrome
Dead aim at my brain, infrared with no lights on
I ain't afraid to die, I want to see what's after this
I'm livin' blind, writin' rhymes 'til they capture this
And if we die, let the world understand why
Soldier my eyes, hate to see a young thug cry
They seein' us inside a casket, that's how they see us
Oh God, forgive us ghetto bastards, we human beings
They leavin' us inside this hell-hole
Just waitin' to fail, so then they tell us that's what jail fo'
Adolescent young teens turned violent
It's floatin', in a world turned silent, cuz you could be touched

[2Pac:]
Young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched
Young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

[E.D.I.:]
I live life high speed, movin' a million miles per hour
Towards my destiny, makin' decisions carelessly
Yeah, it's me, yo' nigga man child
Bomb first, stand proud, ain't lookin' for hand-outs
25 years up in this bitch
And I'll be damned if I ain't leavin' rich and leave my kids a grip
I let my blood drip off in this thug shit, you can be touched
I catch you slippin' while I'm on a money mission
Like right now, 30 dollars to my John Hancock
Try to get more so my shit don't flock
I lick off shots for everything they owe me

And when it's my time to go I pray the Lord hold me

[Kastro:]
I was born in the city that never sleeps
Schooled by the realest of the real niggas that ever breathed
And I was big when I was young
And now I see that I was dumb
My nigga, Lonnie just got hit with 10
10 years for trustin' a friend, they left him stuck in the Pen'
I love him, we all here just to die here
Plus, nobody cares what got here
Touched by a angel and kissed by the Lord
Praise the thug ways and I'll never be bored
Touched, by a angel and kissed by the Lord
Y'all praise the thug ways, so forever it's on, baby

[2Pac:]
My young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched
Young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

[Young Noble:]
Why grieve this life, planted by the fiends and pipes?
Green lights so I'm seein'-seein' everything twice
Pretty much of nothin' nice, we suckin' it up
Even when we get a job, we fuckin' it up
Like it can't happen to us, I could never be a bum
Yeah, right, you wound up one
God forbid I'm touched, y'all keep livin' it up
Look and learn, next it could be your turn… word

[Kadafi:]
Yes, this a felonies' hobby that got me here, thinkin' robbery
Day to day all year long, Teflon protects my body
It's such unimportant in this criminal cartel
I'm caught and supportin' me
So in these streets of hockey I play the goalie
Secrets of war licks, and score shit
Share between clients and homies
Remember what Pacino told me
Before he past, watch them clowns with them crocodile smiles
Cause they phony, I get that cash, stay lonely
And I'm point like a thong, and it's survival of the strong
Livin' outside the laws of this crooked world I was born
Touched…

[2Pac:]
My young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

Young niggas in the wild life
Criminal mind of a juvenile, still live a child life
Thinkin' he can make his pay, too in a rush
Niggas better slow down cause you can be touched

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): J. Jackson, M. Beale, Y. Fula, K. Cox, M. Greenidge, R. Cooper, B. Washington

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Y'all Don't Know Us"

[Young Noble:]
Yo, I can see, that you obviously, don't know me
Or my homies We O-U-T Lawz, fuck the phonies
A wise hustler once told me
"It's on you", though in his dreams when he first told me
Now it's true, I got love for you
Only to a certain extinct, niggas ain't worth shit
Cops and ride dick permits
I heard this and heard that about them O-U-T Lawz
Some of them soldiers got shot, some of them soldiers fell off
Fuck y'all now everybody tied to us
Hollerin' out a nigga name, but never said what up
That shit critical, despicable, unforgivable
[?] like I blew yo' own, fan won't remember you
Thuggin' but we still spiritual, clear lyrical
I'm like the fuckin' Deff Squad, my ears ain't hearin' y'all
Pump fearin' y'all, but damn I ain't even wantin' to scare y'all
Listen to what I tell y'all, fuck the world
Your baby moms, and your baby girl
You muthafuckas so fake, yo they made me wanna earl
Blake, hate snakes thug hatin' the degree
Outlawz on a paper chase, can you relate
Thug niggas

[Young Noble:]
We, will never, fall
Through it all, we'll always stand tall
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers
And if you believe in that shit that you heard
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us

[Napoleon:]
Now I've been trapped down, and fucked from day one
This indestructible style of mine, ain't no fun
Where I'm from, you sure to see about 10 niggas in a bedroom
Eatin' off the same spoon, sweepin' with the same broom
It's hazard, if you don't want yo life, well give me grab it
I was born inside a love zone, with a Glock-nine young marriage
It's critical
Then one of them sat down livin' so mystical
And influenced with a heart full of anger it's so ridiculous
So give me some with 21-gun soldier salute
With a 19-inch black handle snake knife in my boots
Straight from the strong, thug to your life
Right into yo' wrong, I'll put the good to yo' evil
I'm the shells to your chrome, you dig that?
I'm life, I'll bring the moon to your night
I'll put the dick to your wife
And I'm the Jesuz of your Christ
You dig that? Respect this

I'll bring the end to your claw
I'll bring the loc to your heart, and I'll put the snoop on yo dogs
You hear me?
We follow, this little bullet so hollow
I can promise that ecstasy ain't promised tomorrow
With this two man mades, me and my soul death astrayed
I watch my parents get blowed away
Now look what it made
I'm something to face
This ludacy then with me, then with chemistry
Got my eyes on you, the first time you cross me
I'll be fryin' you, cause y'all don't know me

[Young Noble:]
We will never fall
Through it all, we'll always stand tall (Why)
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers

[E.D.I.:]
When we was kids, the lovin' felt good
But of course have the respect, though it's even better
Now for this chedder, niggas is layin' deader
Then Malcom and Martin, put together
Oh Lord only knows, where we'll end up
Remember
'Pac said: Watch the fuckin' signs
But we wasn't listenin', too busy tripping off his shine
Now one time for my muthafuckin' Outlawz
Napoleon, Noble, and Kastro, may we all roll
And if you don't know, we got the rap game petro
Scared cause we 'bout to release, like heavy metal
Nationwide, underground, we runnin' the ghettos
Stealin' all of ya fan base, like we kleptos
Bitch I can't let go
I been strugglin' too long, thuggin' too long
And niggas is stealin' my shit, and bustin' it wrong
Hot shots holla back, when you get 'em
Outlawz'll sic 'em, bustin' back at the system
Military wisdom, preparin' myself for Armageddon
Breakin' my balls at this game, knowin' it's a dead end
And my only weapon is my believe that I'm superior
Yeah, we the muthafuckas you niggas is liery off
Controlling my steam, knowin' my team, to serve more
Fuck the reframe, stick to the game and earn more
Holdin' my head, rollin' the head with focus
Laughin' inside, cause deep inside, y'all don't know us

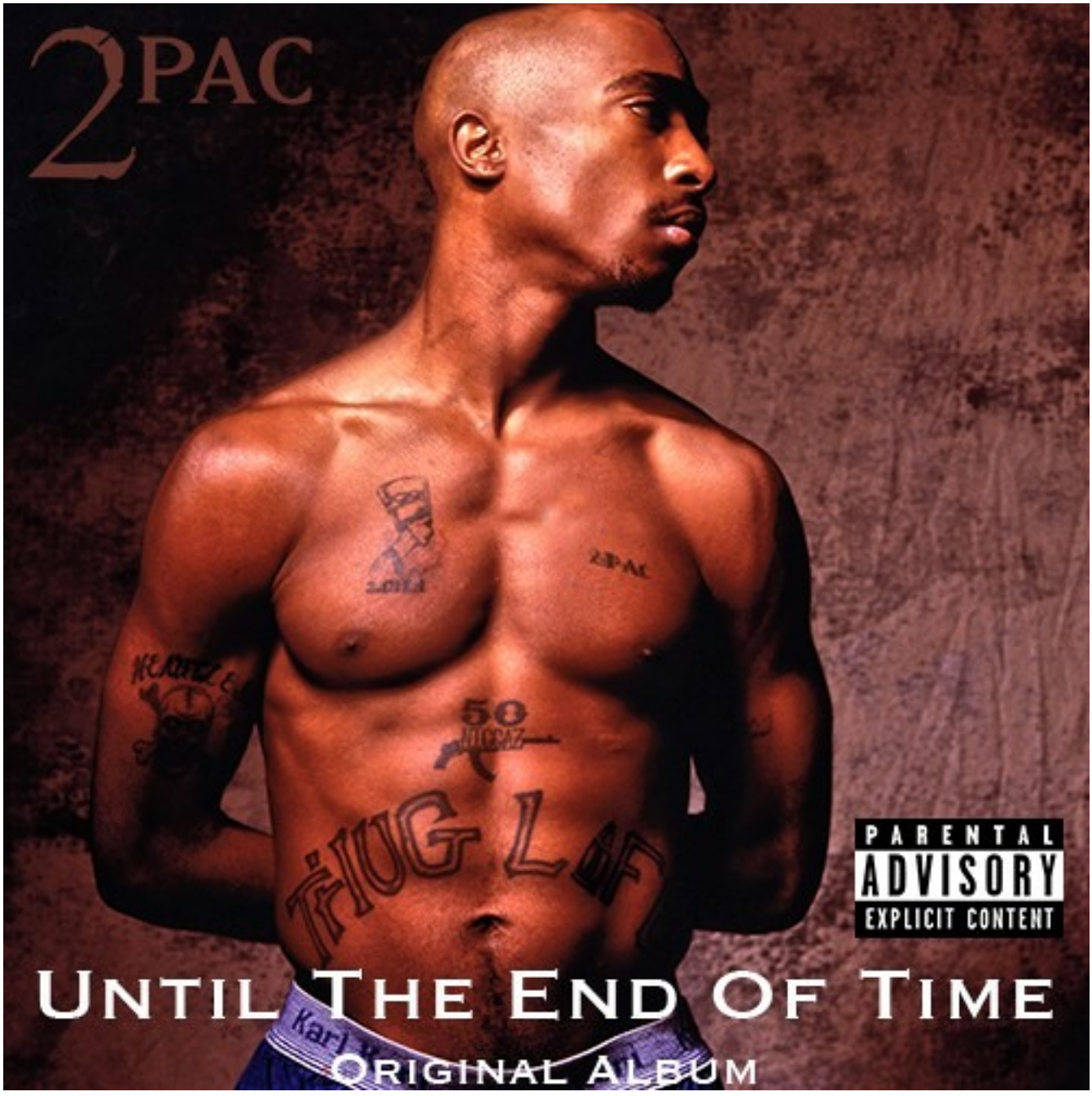
[Young Noble:]
We will never fall
Through it all, we'll always stand tall (Why)
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers
And if you believe in that shit that you heard
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us
We will never fall (Never)
Through it all, we'll always stand tall
Cause in the end we'll be remembered as some young muthafucka soldiers

And if you believe in that shit that you heard
Y'all don't know us, y'all don't know us

[E.D.I. talking:]
Ain't never know niggas like us boy
They don't make niggas like us no more
Thug in Peace... to all my niggas (Never)
See ya soon... uh

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mutah W Beale, Rufus Lee Cooper, Malcolm Greenidge, Kamil Beale, Muntaqim Farid


2PAC
THUG LIFE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
UNTIL THE END OF TIME
ORIGINAL ALBUM

2Pac Lyrics

"Ballad Of A Dead Soulja"

Yeah, ballad of a dead soldier
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
Come play the ballad of a dead soldier

The plan, to take command of the whole family
Though underhanded, to be the man it was planned
All my road dogs, official mob figures
Love to act up, the first to bomb when we rob niggas
I can be lost in my own mind
To be the boss, only thought's: grip on chrome 9's
Niggas get tossed up, war scars, battlefield memories
Swore I saw the devil in my empty glass of Hennessy
Talkin' to a nigga on a tight leash
Screamin' "Fuck the police!" as I ride through the night streets
Little child runnin' wild, towards danger
What's the cause? Don't be alarmed, death to all strangers
Maybe I'm a madman
A pistol grabbin' nigga, unleash the Sandman
Promise a merciless retaliation, nothin' is colder
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier

[Singing + 2Pac:]
Thug for Life, I will be
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
A life of crime I will lead
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier
If you play the game, you play to win
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
It's a crazy world full of sin
Close your eyes…

Completely lost, revenge at all costs
Payback's a bitch, switched, now the trick's crossed
Tossed up and never to be heard of
A single witness screamin', "Bloody murder, murder!"
Blast, tell me, homie, what you see now?
A blind man and a dead body, I'm ready to leave town
And get my cash though, hook up with Kastro
Homie had to blast on the task force
Stupid coppers tried to play us out, never that
They took my money and my stash; time to get 'em back
Upon my secret arrival
Two glock four-fives, time for survival
Death to my rivals, tell me, what you want, Lord?
Nobody left after the death of a drug lord
The situation's critical
Nothing is colder, than hear the ballad of a dead soldier

[Singing + 2Pac:]

Thug for Life, I will be
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
A life of crime I will lead
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier
If you play the game, you play to win
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
It's a crazy world full of sin
Close your eyes and hear the ballad of a dead soldier

Be a coward, put yo' hands to the moon
When my Glocks rang out, the niggas came out, BOOM!
Who wanna see me in a challenge?
So merciless, I'm terrifyin' niggas in my ballads
Do you feel me? Capo or Capi-tan
One day I'll be the Don; until then, remain strong
My only fear of death is reincarnation
Bustin' at my adversaries like a mental patient
To all my niggas facin' 60 years
Sheddin' tattooed tears, another suicidal on the tier
Takin' private planes, tryin' to survive the game
For all my homies that'll never be alive again
All they promise us is death, nigga
Take a breath, come be the last one left, nigga
It's real now, feel it or fantasize it, ain't nuttin colder
Listen, you can hear it – the ballad of a dead soldier

[Singing + 2Pac:]
Thug for Life, I will be
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
A life of crime I will lead
Close your eyes, hear the ballad of a dead soldier
If you play the game, you play to win
This is the ballad of a dead soldier
It's a crazy world full of sin
Close your eyes and hear the ballad of a dead soldier

This go out to Kato, Mental, all the niggas that passed away
Mutulu, Geronimo, Seyku – all the down-ass riders
All the niggas that put it down, all the soldiers
All the niggas that go through that day-to-day struggle
(This is the ballad of a dead soldier!)
All the niggas that passed on
All the niggas with ambition and money in they heart
All the niggas that want some and that don't take none
Hahaha (It's the ballad of a dead soldier!)
The police are so scared of us
All the feds they aware of us
They wanna see us dead
They got pictures of a nigga head, (Ballad of a dead soldier!)
Tryin' to see me in chains, shit
Them niggas'll never breathe again
Before they put me in a cell, they'll see me in Hell
('Cause it's the ballad of a dead soldier!)
Got my pistols cocked
Run the whole motherfuckin' block; fuck the cops!
The police? We run these streets, nigga

(Ain't heard the ballad of a dead soldier!)
These niggas can't see me, half the world wanna be me
Multi-millionaire; shit, it ain't fair
But nigga, you know – it's the ballad of a dead soldier!

Writer(s): Kenneth Gamble, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gregory Frenard Hutchison, Johnny Lee Jackson, Leon A. Huff, Rodney Taylor

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck Friendz"

[2Pac:]
Pawhoo hoo hoo hoo
Live from the graveyard
I don't wanna be your man, bitch, (fuck that) what you crazy
I don't wanna be your fuckin' man
You stupid you fuckin' idiot (drunk ho)
I wanna be
Yo let me fuck that nigga down
What's that?
Ay yo what you doin' with that big ass
My ghetto love song (hahaha)
Set it off, set it off
Let's be friends
Where my niggas at
Where my niggas, where my niggas
Where my niggas at, all my real niggas (throw your muthafuckin' hands up)
Where my niggas, where my niggas
Hahahaha yeah (lets go lets go)
Let's be friends (throw ya hands in the air)
There's no need to front (let's see ya just throw ya hands in the air)
Let's be friends…
(Westside in this motherfucker right here, Westside)
(throw ya hands in the air)

[2Pac:]
Approach you and post a minute, arm on my double-R tinted
As you pass bye, winkin' my eye, freshly scented
What's the haps, baby? Come get with me and perhaps, lady
You can help me multiply my stacks, baby
Currency seems small, I need companionship
Through with that scandalous shit, I bet your man ain't shit
So why you hesitatin', actin' like yo' shit don't stink?
Check out my diamonds, bitch, everyone gonna blink
This be a thug thang, Outlaw nigga with riches
Cream dreamin', motherfucker, on a mash for bitches
Check my résumé, sippin' on Cristal and Alize
Smokin' on big weed, keyed the Cali way
Don't like trickin', but I'll buy you a fifth
I can't stand no sneaker-wearin' nappy head bitch
Let my pedigree, read briefly, they're so cheap
Puttin' bitch-made bustas to sleep with no grief
Mash on my so-called cum, who the man?
While I'm tuggin' on your main bitch head
Understand this: Ain't no nigga like me, fuck Jay Z!
He broke and I smoke daily, baby, let's be friends

[Singer (2Pac):]
Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? C'mon!)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends

(All my niggas, where my hoes at?)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?
Let's be friends! (Where the bitches at?
Where the niggas with money? Where you at, baby?)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends (Cash makin' hoes)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

[2Pac:]
I met you and I stuttered in passion
Though slightly blinded by that ass
It was hard to keep my dick in my pants
Every time you pass got me checkin' for you
Hardcore, starin' and watchin'
Me and you, one on one, picture countless options
Was it prophecy? Clear as day, visions on top of me
Erotic, psychotic, would possess bubonics
Far from a crush, I wanna bust your guts and touch
everything inside you from my head to my nuts
You got me sweatin' like a fat girl goin' for mine
Just a skinny nigga fuckin' like she stole my mind
Back in time, I recall how she used to be
I guess money and fame made you used to me
What's up in 9-6? Fine tricks in drag
Fuck Dre! Tell that bitch he can kiss my ass!
Back to you, my pretty ass caramel queen
Got my hands on your thighs
Now let me in between as friends

[Singer (2Pac):]
Let's be friends (Westside, motherfucker, right here)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends
(Westside in this motherfucker)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?
Let's be friends (Westside in this motherfucker right here)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends
(In this motherfucker right here)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

[2Pac:]
Can you imagine me in player mode? Rush the tricks
I got her ready for a booty call, I fucked your bitch
Was it me or the fame? My dick or the game?
Bet I scream "Westside!" when I came (Westside!)
Scream my name 'cause, baby, it's delicious
Ghetto weak spot for pretty bitches up and down
Similar to switches
My movement, baby, let your back *[?]* it
Make it fluid, in and out, all around when a nigga do it
You got me high, let me come inside!
I love it when you get on top, baby, let me ride!
Who wanna stop me? Am I top notch?
Fuck player hatin' niggas, 'cause they cockblock
You probably hate to see a real thug with vision, what's the game?

Rather see a nigga up in prison, why you change?
Made a livin' out of cuss words, liquor and weed
A bad seed turned good, in this world of G's
Baby got me fantasizin' seein' you naked
It's the fuck song, so check my record, and let's be friends
Where my niggas at? Show me where my niggas at?
Where my bitches at? Thug style!

[Singer (2Pac):]
Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)
(Throw yo' guns in the air!)
Friends… (My ghetto love song!
It goes on and on and on and on)
Let's be friends (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)
(Where my niggas at?)
Friends… (Where my niggas at? Where my bitches at?)
(Where my people at? Let's be…)

[2Pac:]
Where my people at? Show me where my people at!
Where my people at? Show me where my people at!
All my niggas now, just my niggas come!
Where my niggas at? Just my niggas now!
Be friends, tell me where my niggas at
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at
Be friends, tell me where my people at
Be friends, tell me where my bitches at
Make money, take money, be friends

[Singer (2Pac):]
Let's be friends (Get your cash on! Let's get dough!)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends
(C'mon, get your cash on!)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes?
Let's be friends (C'mon, get your cash on! Let's get paid!)
You ain't gotta be my man at all
Long as you just bring me your friends
(C'mon, get your cash on!)
Why you trickin' on them other hoes? Let's be friends

[2Pac:]
Make money, take money!
Make money, take money!
Make money, take money!
Make money, take money!
Make money, take money!

Writer(s): T. Shakur, Q. Jones Iii, S. Young

2Pac Lyrics

"Lil' Homies"

Fuckin' lil' homies…
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies
Lil' homies…
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies

Just pay attention; here's a story 'bout my lil' homies
Straight thuggin', lil' bad young motherfuckers
Gotta love 'em, you could catch him in his G ride, clutchin' his Glock
Screamin', "Outlaw!" (West Side motherfucker!), bustin' on my enemy's block
Educated on these cold streets
Gettin' money, makin' dummies out the police
Ain't no peace, for an adolescent nigga too wild, to be a thinker
Bud smokin' 24/7, everyday drinker
Got my diploma, but I never learned shit in school
Mo' money, mo' bitches, mo' murder, fool!
Always the young niggas gettin' in shit
She wouldn't stop to conversate, so you called her a bitch (biatch!)
Bustin' on paper thin motherfuckers
Drinkin' gin before you get to sinnin' on them busters
Emptied his clip, passed by like he didn't know me
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homies)
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homies)
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets

I remember, when you was just a lil' G, flirtin' with death
Playin' "Russian Roulette", screamin', "Kill me!"
Hey there, young nigga, what you smokin' on?
Mad at the world 'cause you came from a broken home?
Love the squad, plus your mob is sick
A bunch of adolescent niggas spittin' major shit
Tell me, young nigga, if you die, let me know
Would your heart feel pain, watchin' as your mother cries?
Will all your homies ride?
Or will they all get high, and talk about how you died?
Young niggas on a mission to compete
Gettin' G's, packin' heat, bringin' havoc to the fuckin' streets
Nobody knows why he took a fo'-fo'
And unloaded on the whole front row (BUCK! BUCK!, BUCK BUCK)
Try to tell him, but he act like he don't know me
Pull out his pistol and he show me; my lil' homie

Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homie)
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets (my lil' homies)
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets

"First 2 Bomb", "16 On Death Row"
Bustin' on them phony motherfuckers
'Cause the big homie said so
Niggas knew I was a nutcase, quick to blast
Livin' underage, but he'll blaze on your bitch-ass
Is there a heaven for a G?
And if it is, will I finally get to be at peace?
On these streets ain't no peace
Shell-shocked souls makin' money off of crack sales, young black male!
Unable to change, 'cause it's a cycle
Plus nobody knows the evil that they might do
Lil' Moo, Big Yak, K. Kastro
Big Malcom, Hussein, call 'em Outlawz
Tellin' the world to be equipped
When these young motherfuckers rip shit, they don't quit
Drew down on me, pulled a pound on me
Bust like he didn't know me; my lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash..

Whassup nigga let's do this shit! My lil' homies!
Lil' bad-ass motherfuckin' adolescent niggas! My lil' homies!
What the fuck you niggas wanna do? WHAT NIGGA? My fuckin' lil' homies

Sixteen, fifteen, thirteen, my fuckin' lil' homies
Juvenile delinquents ready to BUST on you motherfuckers
What the fuck you niggas wanna do nigga?!
Nigga take yo' shit on, lil' homies!
We robbin' motherfuckers nigga, Thug Life, Outlawz! West Side!
You know what time it is, my lil' homies!
You know what the fuck you gotta do nigga, Outlawz nigga
My lil' homies..

Thanks to zastrow17 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Let Em Have It"

(feat. SKG)

[2Pac:]
Te quiero
Te quiero cojer, te quiero cojer
I'll let your ass have it, te quiero cojer
Te quiero cojer, oh real?
Te quiero cojer

[2Pac:]
Now you've been actin' like you want it for a long time
All up in a nigga face, givin' me them strong vibes
Look in my eyes and you'll find peace
A Gemini, so you really blow my mind freak, come on
I got my clothes off, hard as a nigga in jail
Skinny niggas throw the dick well
Everybody get their condoms, brother cause it's time to fuck
Hurry up and put it on nigga, time is up
What's next? - got my mind on some group sex
Where you goin', baby? I ain't even through yet
Do it like a true vet, love it how I threw it to ya
In and out make it good to ya, remember me?
I love fuckin' slow with the lights low
Black, Puerto Rican, even White hoes; bellisimo
Que linda, dame beso, come to papi
Fuck until the shit is sloppy, if you really want it

*[2Pac + ***:]*
*[***:]* Really want it
[Pac:] Get your ass up; you know it, if you really want it
You really want it, you really want it
If, you really want it, if you really want it
If, you really want it, if you really want it
*[***:]* Really want it (I really want it)
[Pac:] Really want it

[2Pac:]
Alright all my real niggas and my real bitches
Let me see you do it like this, c'mon

[2Pac & SKG:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to

[SKG:]

Daddy rock a player body 'til I tell you to stop
Hit the right spot if not leave money and kick rocks
I'm a thug ho, I need a thug nigga up beside me
A player that can ride me, a cat that can rob me
Make a jazzy ho like me bust a sweat
Hit it from the back, grab me by my neck, demand your respect
I'm not a on my back ho, I ride the dick and hit it 'til it cold
Bustin' fits of nuts, get 'em up
I'm a Sagittarius freak, my real hoes feel me
Legs open wide, nigga dick inside
Like Barry White "Tonight's the Night" for you to hit it doggie style
Lay me on my stomach while I'm countin' them hundreds
Fake bitches wanna front like they don't wanna keep it real
You know you want a thug nigga just to see how it feel
Hoes wanna rock Gabbana, Dolce and Versace
Let me rock your body mouth on my *[?]* call you Papi

Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]
Yeah, like that? Yeah

[SKG:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I feel you
Do it, do it, do it, do it

[SKG:]
Yeah, uh, c'mon, uh

[2Pac & SKG:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body (see)
Your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock.

[2Pac:]
See, it all started simple, turned into me lickin' the nipples
Fuckin' you doggie style to this instrumental
Hands up, all up inside ya, hell I can stand ya
Eyes open I don't plan to bust, just hold on
Baby let me zone in, whaddyou mean?
Can you scream let it go beotch, how does it feel?
Got a nigga like steel in ya, to keep goin'
Now I'm fuckin' like I'm killin' ya, let's go another round
Baby is you down really, two shots of ecstasy
Lick a nigga down silly, your body next to me
I could touch you inside, and you'll cry
So good when a nigga leave, you'll die
My mama told me baby be a man put it on her

Hittin' bitches like, switches comin' around the corner
I wanna let me get my ride on
It's yo' dick baby but it's my song, now if you really want it
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, and if you really want it

[SKG:] If you really want it
[Pac:] Yeah, if you really want it

Gots to send this one out to the freaky bitches
Definitely all the Scorpios, and the Geminis, and the Virgos
You know I know the truth about you Scorpios and you Virgos
No doubt gotta give it to the Capricorns
They some freaks too on the down down
The Libras, they like it even but they still like fuckin'
No doubt, Aquariuses, Libras, I said those
Leos, yeah they some freaks, Leos is freaks
They always wanna run shit in bed
Sagittarius, Taurus, Cancer, all you freaky fucks
I'm a zodiac fucker I'll do you all one at a time
And all down the line, let's get busy

Thanks to shauna_james for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Val Young, Lenton Hutton, Donna Hunter, Helecia Choyce

2Pac Lyrics

"Good Life"

(feat. Big Syke, E.D.I. Mean)

[2Pac:]
I was so money orientated, initiated as a thug
Fiendin' for wicked adventures, ambitious as I was
Picture a nigga on the verge of livin' insane
I sold my soul for a chance to kick it and bang
Now tell if I'm wrong
But sayin' "Fuck the world" got you deeper in my songs
Drinkin' 'til I earl, spendin' money 'til it's gone
It's the good life - maybe niggas got it goin' on
Now maybe if I died, and came back, wouldn't have to slang crack
Addicted to the game, so obviously we came strapped
Please forgive me for my wicked ways, fuck a bitch
Bad Boy niggas eat a dick a day, bumpin' this
Lord have mercy it's a slaughter
So wicked that my tracks is wettin' niggas like it's water
I learned my lessons as a thug in these wicked ass hood fights
But I'm a baller now, nigga, I live the good life

[2Pac:]
This is the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust the hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die
See, we live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

[Big Syke:]
No one knows what the, future holds, for you
Haha, listen closely
They say reach in yo' heart and you'll find your mind
Every day in the streets, got my foresight blind
My after time is narrow, peepin' down the barrel of a foe
Just a nigga or a killer I don't know so
Who makes the call will I fall a victim like the rest?
Slug in the chest, one in the dome and make sure I'm gone
Send me home all alone in these cold streets
In desperation constantly drinkin' and I can't sleep
Neck deep strugglin' tryin' to survive
Some wanna die I wanna stay alive, eyes on the prize
Let me modify this whole region
I declare this sucker duckin' season, give me the reason
Why I should change, into a softie
.. after livin' so loftily
It cost me my soul out of control in a devil's world
Me, my niggas, and my girl - livin' the good life!

[2Pac:]

We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die
Uh ha, We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

[E.D.I.:]
I spend my days and nights not knowin' if, strays in flight
Gon' finally catch me, it's the good life, can you hear me?
Clearly over the edge, soon as I wake up
Last night we off the hook, doin' way too much
But it's the fast lane only, big dealin' big ceilin'
All for the money, some kill some squeal
All for the money, most ain't even real
But we still call 'em homies, now what the fuck is that?
Fake love, fake thugs are, all in the game
I watch 'em all plot and fall while we come up and gain
Outlaw never surrender is the call when you hear us comin'
Bitch nigga get to runnin' 'fore my click get to gunnin'
Still in the midst of all the stress and pain
We still tryin' to get a hold of the game
Livin' that good life

[2Pac:]
We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die, uh
We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't, uh
We live the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb niggas that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die, uh
This is the good life, fuck my foes
God bless the dumb bitches that, trust these hoes
Found a way to stack money guaranteed to rise
And live the good life, 'cause thug niggas don't die

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Greenidge Malcolm R, Mosley Michael, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Thomas Ricardo D

2Pac Lyrics

"Letter 2 My Unborn"

To my unborn child…
To my unborn child
In case I don't make it
Just remember, Daddy loves you

Now ever since my birth
I've been cursed, since I'm born to wile
In case I never get to holla at my unborn child
Many things learned in prison, blessed and still livin'
Trying to earn every penny that I'm gettin', I'm reminiscin'
To the beginning of my mission
When I was conceived and came to be in this position
My momma was a Panther: loud single parent, but she proud
When she witnessed baby boy rip a crowd
Went to school, but I dropped out and left the house
'Cause my mama say I'm good for nothing, so I'm out
Since I only got one life to live, God forgive me for my sins
Let me make it and I'll never steal again or deal again
My only friend is my misery
Wanting revenge for the agony they did to me
See, my life ain't promised, but it's sure getting better
Hope you understand my love letter, to my unborn child

[Natasha Walker:]
I'm writing you a letter
This is to my unborn child
Want to let you know I love you
If you didn't know I feel this way
'Cause I think about you every day
I have so much to say

Seems so complicated to escape fate
And you can never understand till we trade places
Tell the world I feel guilty for being anxious
Ain't no way in hell that I could ever be a rapist
It's hard to face this cold world on a good day
When will they let the little kids in the hood play?
I got shot five times, but I'm still breathin'
Living proof there's a God if you need a reason
Can I believe in my own fate?
Will I raise my kids in the right or the wrong way?
Dear Mama, I'm a man now
I wanna make it on my own, not a handout
Make way for a whirlwind prophesized
I wanna go in peace when I got to die
On these cold streets, ain't no love, no mercy and no friends
In case you never see my face again, to my unborn child

[Natasha Walker:]
I'm writing you a letter

This is to my unborn child
Want to let you know I love you
If you didn't know I feel this way
'Cause I think about you every day
I have so much to say

Dear Lord, can you hear me? Tell me what to say
To my unborn seed in case I pass away
Will my child get to feel love?
Or are we all just cursed to be street thugs?
'Cause being black hurts, and even worse if you speak first
Living my life as an Outlaw – what could be worse?
'Cause maybe if I tried to change
Who'm I kidding? I'm a thug 'til I die; I'm a rider, mane
Touch bases, eat lunch in plush places
Regular criminal oasis awaits us
If there's a ghetto for true thugs, I'll see you there
And I'm sorry for not being there
Just know your daddy was a soldier: Me Against the World
Bless the boys and all my little girls
To the Lord: I'm eternal, resting in peace
Please take care of all my seeds, to my unborn child

Please take care of all my kids and my unborn child
To my unborn child…
This letter goes out to my seeds that I might not get to see 'cause of this lifestyle
Just know your daddy loved you
Got nothing but love for you
And all I wanted was for you to have a better life than I had
'Cause I was out there on a 24 hour 365 grind
When you get to be my age, you'll understand
Just know I got love for you
And I'll see you if there's a ghetto in Heaven
If there's a ghetto Heaven, I'll be there waiting for you
Heh heh, take care. Run wild, but be smart
Follow the rules of the game
I know sometimes there's confusion
Rules of the game is gonna get you through it
All day every day
Watch out for these snakes and fakes
Friends come a dime a dozen
Be an individual, work hard
Study, get your mind sharp, trust nobody

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Michael Joe, Jackson Johnny Lee, Higgens Channette M, Higgens Channoah L

2Pac Lyrics

"Breathin'"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?
Tell me, nigga, tell me
Who'll be the last motherfucker breathin'?

[2Pac:]
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[2Pac:]
Woke up with 50 enemies plottin' my death
All 50 seein' visions of me shot in the chest
Couldn't rest, nah, nigga, I was stressed
Had me creepin' 'round corners, homie, sleepin' in my vest
Shit, I'm like a hostage on this troubled block; call the cops
A thug nigga screamin', "Westside!", bustin' double Glocks
Hittin' corners in my Chevy Suburban
Liquor got me drivin' up on the curb
Hand on the steerin' wheel, swervin'
Bless me, Father, I'm a sinner, I'm livin' in hell
Just let me live on the streets
‘Cause ain't no peace for me in jail
Gettin' world-wide exposure
With a bunch of niggas that don't give a fuck
Ridin' as my soldiers
I just release 'em on a war path, not your average dealer
Westside, Outlaw; Bad Boy killer
Complete my mission, my competition no longer beefin'
I murdered all them bustas
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[2Pac:]
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[Young Noble:]
Make sure I hold my position, stand firm in the dirt
For all my soldiers gone, we burnin' the Earth
Outlawz, worldwide, we packed the block
Shootin' rocks at the kid, I'll bust back for Pac
Ask Yak, he'll tell you that it's hell down here
Stale down here, too many jails down here
Why you act like you don't hear me? Young Noble
Outlaw 'til these motherfuckers kill me; I'm still breathin'

[Napoleon:]
Now, we was raised, "Fuck this life," my wrongs, my rights
Holdin' on a tight grip, with death in my sight
And the dark is my light, I'm cynical, sleep walkin' as a true
Walk around town, with a pound full of bitter food
Came a long way from my born day
Dead away where there's war play
Fuck friends! I'll say, rather die for my A-K
With these fag ass niggas, see-through-glass ass niggas
Only-ride-my-dick-and-the-skin-of-my-mash ass niggas

[2Pac:]
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

[Kastro:]
I walk around with a knife in my back
Talkin' 'bout a bad day; I live a life like that
It's severe, and I'm losin' my hair, bless a hooligan
Catch me, I'm fallin' out flat, yo, I'm ruined, and
Breathin' in sewer stench, no one give a fuck about me
I learned to like it like that when I was still in Mommy
The side of the city that the Devil run from
In the belly of the beast
That's where the fuck we come from; and still I'm breathin'!

[E.D.I. Mean:]
And still I'm totally wasted, they want me to face this
Just lost two of my closest na'r, one of y'all can take this
But I'm Makaveli trained, simple and plain
We number one, motherfucker, 'bout to do it again
Shit, Pac still doin' it, you hoes can't ruin it
Two million every time he drop, I know you fuckers losin' it
We movin' in, for the kill, for a meal, holdin' steel
Hold the wheel
I'm 'bout to give these niggas something they can feel
Fakin' real, but we the raw and uncut
Style-bitin' thug lyin' niggas, give it up!
We hit 'em up

[E.D.I.:]
And we still breathin' and we still breathin'…

(Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?)

[2Pac:]
Tell 'em! Nigga, tell 'em! (And we still breathin'…)
Who'll be the last motherfuckers breathin'?

[2Pac:]
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'
Stressed, but busta free
Enemies give me reason
To be the last motherfucker breathin'
Bustin' my automatic rounds
Catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last motherfucker breathin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Happy Home"

[2Pac:]
Home man, hey (what's up). Let's turn this house into a happy home
This for all the homeboys that couldn't get they happy home
Let's turn this house into a happy home
Long as one of us got it, some of us got it
Let's turn this house into a happy home
You know how that is, stay down for mine
Outlaw, look

[2Pac:]
Now we've been kickin' it for quite some time
Remained beside me through my trials in this life of crime
We done fought so many times I forgot to count
I never hit you, not a coward, rather leave your house
Remember back in December when we was tight?
Sippin' Alize and Cristal, whylin' every night - in my bedroom!
Promised that I commit to you soon
Tongue-kissed me every time you seen me step inside a room
Straight out the hood
We promised to be good to each other, plus I love you
So I know you gon' make a good mother
Just try to understand if I change in time
It's only 'cause I never owned anything that's mine
So I'm trying you can stay with my momma but keep the drama to a low
Never call the police, I never call you bitch or ho'
We were all born hungry in this world alone
Finally moved out my mom's house, and got a happy home

[Singer (2Pac):]
Happy home.
(let's turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.
(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home)
Happy home.
(turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.

[2Pac:]
Born through hard times, ghetto child of mine
I wonder if you have to suffer for your father's crimes
To be honest it's a hard road
Just keep your faith in God, knowin' you'll get scarred though
Look at him walkin' and talkin', a lil' child with my eyes and mouth
Father watch over lil' seeds, help me guide them out
Had to change my whole lifestyle, married my baby's momma
Made her my wife now, I'm tryin' hard y'all
Maybe in time I'll be a better man
Watchin' the older couples, handle it like veterans
Show me the meanin' of forever and together we rise
If it would help our child grow, then together we'd die

Why - question my love, it's so easy to see
Without my family all I'm left with is a shadow of me
After all the arguments, and the nights alone
Now it's time to live the good life, inside a happy home

[Singer (2Pac):]
Happy home.
(turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.
(finally got to live the good life inside a happy home)
Happy home.
(turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.
(Happy home)

[Singer (2Pac):]
All these problems got me going
We got a family, of our own
I just wanna happy home
(turn this house into a happy home)
No man's made to stand alone
I promise I won't do you wrong
I just want a happy home
(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home)

[Singer (2Pac):]
Happy home.
(turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.
(finally got to live the good life inside a happy home)
Happy home
(turn this house into a happy home)
Happy home.
(finally made it out my mom's house, got a happy home).
Happy home.
(Hey, haha, turn this house into a happy home)
(Long as one of us got it, some of us got it)
(Turn this house into a happy home)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Wickliffe Dominick, Jackson Johnny Lee, Hubbard Darren Thomas, Big Simon, Rodgers Jimmy Jawara

2Pac Lyrics

"All Out"

(feat. Outlawz)

[Kastro (Napoleon):]
We goin' all out, we goin' all out
We goin' all out
Watch your motherfuckin' mouth, niggas!
(That's right, fuck these fag niggas!)
Do it, do it, do it!

[2Pac:]
Come hell or high water, down to slaughter opposers
Just another lost soul, stuck, callin' Jehovah
Outlaw 'til it's over, brandish my strap, back like a cobra
I stay drunk, 'cause I'm a mad man whenever sober
On a one-man mission, my ambition's to hold up
The rap game, while I pluck holes in niggas, like donuts
And still down to die for all my soldiers, like hillbillies
They don't fear me, so we feud, bringin' war to the city
With each breath, death before dishonor
Never let you swallow me, no apologies, your honor
A general in war, I'm the first to bomb
With a squad of trusted killers
Quick to move shit heavily armed
I'm similar to Saddam, sometimes I question who's sane
Like fiends frantic for that last vein, stuck in the game
I hit the scene like sandstorms, then transform, watch me
I take the figure of 30 niggas who all got me
While bitches wonderin' who shot me
No love, keep a grudge, shootin' slugs like Muammar Gaddafi
Murder my friends, build a new posse
We takin' shots at paparazzi, go and fly now, nigga, like Rocky
You got a lot of nerve to play me
Another gay rapper, bustin' caps at Jay Z
(Buck buck buck buck buck!) And still avoid capture
While y'all caught up in the rapture, still after me
I'm in Jamaica, sippin' daiquiris, no doubt
We used to havin' nothin'
Then grabbin' somethin' and bustin'
Wanted to be the thug nigga that my old man wasn't
I can't tour, fear of catchin' cases, litigation
Niggas playa-hatin', got me crooked in all fifty states
I'm screamin', "Death Row!"
Throw my Westside, ain't no thang
We was raised off drive-bys, brought up to bang
We claim mob, M.O.B., if you be specific
We control all cash from Atlantic-Pacific
And get this: I'm hard to kill when I peel with this live spot
Father, how the hell did I survive these five shots?
Live it up or give it up, and like demons
Late night, hear them screamin', "We goin' all out!"

[E.D.I.:]
We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out
Take them the war route, without a doubt
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

[Napoleon:]
I'm on my last leg, walkin' through the belly of the beast
Feelin' like I'm all out, drunk as can be
It's plain to see, that we mob niggas hidin' in bushes
Claimin' that they ride rough, but they softer than cushion
They softer than bitches in the worst way, drownin' in blood
Outlawz, my blood brothers, I'd die for these thugs
Say hi to this slug, it's a shame how some niggas on the West Coast was ridin' with 'Pac, but when he died, they went pop
I'm out in Jers, to the fullest, like some West Coast love
But after 'Pac stopped rappin', it ain't no West Coast thug
Just West Coast slut
To my real niggas stuck in the street game, 'cause rappers like Jay Z be pumpin' Kool-Aid through they veins
Is it true what I'm sayin'? Slap your soft ass to the floor
And watch my fo'-fo' put peek holes through your door
I ride or die, but these other fag niggas be bitin' this
It's all from my heart when I was writin' this; all out!

[E.D.I.:]
We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out
Take them the war route, without a doubt
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

[Kastro:]
Now, we all ride, and down to die; who with us?
Speak up, or get treated like you comin' to kill us
They ain't nothin' but squealers
In this rap game, swearin' they rough
Tattooed up, and now them niggas swearin' they 'Pac
Stop that, and watch your back, we ain't forgot 'bout ya
These Glocks hot, and when shot, it'll bring the bitch up out ya
It's me, Kastro with the goattee
Walkin' like a OG, 'cause all these fag motherfuckers owe me
I pray to thug lords, like them motherfuckers holy
Frontline soldier, 'til the Heavens call me
I go all out, and if you real, you real
Feel what I'm talkin' 'bout, 'cause this game is ill
I live it, forbidden fruit, shoot, 'til they feel it
Livin' proof, Pac breed niggas they can't deal with
Holla back, right back, and watch your mouth
Or get blood in it, what; we goin' all out, nigga!

[E.D.I.:]
We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out
Take them the war route, without a doubt
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

[E.D.I.:]
Fool, you better go all out
Keep goin' all out
All my niggas goin' all out
Without a muthafuckin' doubt
Aye, you niggas just gon' think you gon' be uh
Talkin' slick on all of these motherfuckin' records
And we ain't gon' say shit
Now it's 1999, it's a different grind
Don't disrespect the Don
It's still war, motherfuckers
So let's see you act like you know

Writer(s): Amaru Shakur, Craig Venegas

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuckin Wit The Wrong Nigga"

Niggas fuckin' with the wrong nigga

My seductive introduction be specific
Still elusive, but exclusive's what I give you when I kick it
And I'm still lifted; niggas can't get with Mr. Wicked
Picture me flippin' my adversaries, gettin' the dick swiftly
Niggas is swingin' wild, but they styles miss me
You can bring that bitch, but your whole click will still get treated shitty
Business never personal
I'm up before the sun come up, I'm tired
Just a ghetto star, a drop top double-R is what I'm ridin'
Nigga, if you was half the man your bitch was
Bring yo' artillery when you come for me, 'cause we sick thugs
No hesitation when I pull and blast, 'cause Syke was bustin'
Plus, Bo had 'em duckin', screamin', "Get they cash!"
So now I got the law on me
My phone's tapped So I had to send word through my lil' homies
Tell them niggas this the year when they pull the trigger
Shit, this is what you get, for fuckin' with the wrong nigga

This is what you get
When you fuckin' with the wrong nigga
Hehehehe, yeah, nigga, peep it

Before I lay me down to sleep, I pray and thank the Lord
For givin' me another fruitful day
I wanna be a peaceful, man, but still when niggas come for me
All I can see is gettin' 'em killed
For real, it's how I feel
Reflect my thoughts, flowin' on these reels
Make my enemies deal with my steel; they caps peeled
We still cool, but you played yourself
Give him the MAC and make him spray hisself, hey
Fallin' legends clutchin' chrome three-five-seven
Puttin' two bullets to they dome, wanted to die in Heaven
Why call in shots? Nobody really as clear as me
Ain't tryin' to help the feds get a case for conspiracy
Murder, my foes get disposed of
We all homies to the death, so my true niggas show me love
God, forgive me for my lifestyle, a negative figure
But why they fuckin' with the wrong nigga
You know?

It's like, why you fuckin' with the wrong nigga?

I was raised by thugs, schooled by killers
Learned my mathematics skills from real drug dealers
Tried to rise, but they tried me
I guess they all had to die, 'cause we tried peace
I die in these streets

Blast 'til they recognize
Still do or die, all my niggas gettin' high, watchin' time fly
Best strategize on the way to profit
Best organize how you ride, so they can't stop it
Then keep it poppin', lot of busters wanna see me fall
I fucked your bitch, and now this new shit, gon', fade 'em all
My niggas ball, made a call for some back-up
For lil' homies and my dogs in the black truck
"Buck buck" was the sound as they gats burst
No need for ambulance, baby, bring the black hearse
Should've never fucked around, buster
How you figure makin' moves on the wrong nigga

It's what it sounds like, ding ding ding.
When you fuckin' with the wrong nigga
Niggas gettin' hit, when they fuckin' with the wrong nigga
Fuckin' with the wrong nigga

Thanks to Deadeye11w, jdrzblazza1 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tyrone J. Wrice, Tupac Amaru Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Thug N U Thug N Me (Remix)"

(feat. K-Ci & JoJo)

[2Pac:]
Ay come on JoJo ('Pac, hahaha)
Yeah that type of shit (maybe it's the thug in me)
You know what time it is (maybe it's the thug in me)

[2Pac:]
By age thirteen I was buckwild, good at my knuckle game
Made it through a tough childhood never be the same
Walked in my daddy's shoes
No time to be a peaceful man had to shatter fools
That's 'til I put my eyes on you
God damn, sweetheart you got some thighs on you
Now I can't wait to get you home, get you all alone
In my bedroom, baby can we bone, and get it on
Tell me lady how you like me
and if you want it harder baby, come and bite me
but do it lightly; cause that excites me to let it pop
And if you lick me right, I'll do it all night
Only got fucked by a drug dealer
Never felt the real passion of a thug nigga (haha)
Though I like the way you scream when you lovin' me
I'm goin' deep, it's the thug in me
So whatchu sayin' girl?

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]
Moan baby when we bone it's on
It's so strong niggas in the next room'll cum
I got ya head swingin'
Tongue kissin', as I hit it from the back with the bed ringin' (haha)
Give me space, as I lick ya face, stick the place
Synchronize so I drive when they kick the bass
Love fuckin' in tha mo'nin'
I get ya wet and bust a sweat, then I'm gone
Left you on yo' own girl
Tell me what you feel like
Blindfolded, I'm cold do it real nice - that's if it feel right
Maybe it's the thug in me
I pull ya hair while we fuckin' in the chair, when ya lovin' me
Up against the wall, you can have it all; just try
Bet my kiss, to get you high, don't pass by
Grab me by my nuts when I'm lovin' you

Now open up and let me put the thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]
Say baby what's your phone number?
Be warned, I'm like a storm with my own thunder
I make the room rumble, in and out long stroke
Hold ya breath now, close your eyes deep throat
Did you like it? Oh I'm excited!
Cause it's a party in my bedroom, you're invited
C'mon now, let me see ya shake your rump
Tell me, how long will it take to cum
Havin' fun, do it one on one and we can all get involved
First y'all do me, then I'll fuck y'all
When you call me the next day
to get sexed by a nigga in the best way
Yeah baby it's a price to pay
Only play in the fast lane
When you a hustler, motherfuck a cash came
I gotcha goin' wild, cause I'm lovin' you
Drugged out with this motherfuckin' thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna put in you and you
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me
That I wanna put in you and you (Maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl

[Singing:]
Gotta be a thug in ya (thug in me)
A little bit of thug in me, a little bit of thug in ya
A little bit of thug in me
I hold a lot of thug in me, you hold a lot of thug in ya
I hold a lot of thug in me
I hold a lot of thug in me, I hold a lot of thug in ya
I hold a lot of thug in me
Now c'mon, I hold a lot of thug in me
Hold a lot of thug in you, hold a lot of thug in me
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me
Gotta be some thug in ya, gotta be some thug in me
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me

I gotta be some thug in ya
Can you feel it?
I hold a lot of thug in me, I gotta be some thug in ya
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Do you want it?
I hold a lot of thug in me, feel like some thug in ya

[Collision over singing:]
I don't wanna talk, I don't want no explanations
I don't got no motherfuckin' explanations, y'knahmsayin?
It's the thug in me
Don't be askin' why I'm pullin' your hair
And why I fuck so motherfuckin' thuggish
That thug passion, y'knahmean?
Bitch, no mercy
What you scared of? Didn't you come over here to get fucked?
You ain't come over here for me to be
Strokin', and all that bullshit
You came over here to get fucked
Shit, if I ain't fuck you thug style
Bitch you'd leave my house talkin' bout, "2Pac can't serve me"
Won't have me crossed up in that bullshit, hahaha
Turn over! Maybe it's the thug in me!

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joel Lamonte Hailey, J. Peyton, Cedric R. Hailey

2Pac Lyrics

"Everything They Owe"

(feat. Timothy)

[2Pac]
Imagine if we could go back
Actually talk to the motherfuckers that persevered (hehehe)
I mean the first motherfuckers that came in the slave ships
(Hey, excuse me, excuse me) Y'know? (Look)

[2Pac]
We back for everything you owe, no longer oppressed
Cause now we overthrow those that placed us in this rotten mess
But let's agree on strategy and pick out enemies right
Who stands accused of the abuse my own, kind do right
Pardon, not disregardin' what you thinkin' but you must abandon ship
Cause once I rip your whole shit is sinkin'
Supreme ideology, you claim to hold
Claimin' that we all drug dealers with empty souls
That used to tempt me to roll, commit to violence
In the midst of an act of war, witnesses left silent
Shatter, black talon style, thoughts I throw
It remains in your brain then of course it grows
Maybe, even your babies can produce and rise
Picture a life where black babies can survive past five
But we must have hope, quotin' the reverend from the pulpit
Refuse to turn the other cheek we must defeat the evil culprit
Lace me with words of destruction and I'll explode
But supply me with the will to survive, and watch the world grow
This ain't bout talkin' 'bout problems, I bring solutions
Where's the restitution, stipulated through the constitution
You violated, now I'm back to haunt your nights
Listen to the screams, of the lives you sacrificed
And in case you don't know, ghetto born black seeds still grow
We comin' back, for everything you owe

I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality
Armed with missiles guns grenades
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'

[2Pac]
How do you plead Mr. Shakur, how do you plead?
How do I plead?
Yes sir, how do you plead?
Shit, you know how I plead
C'mon!
Psssh

[2Pac]
Not guilty on the grounds of insanity it was them or me
Bustin' at my innocent family, say they lookin' for ki's

I was home alone, blind to the prelude
Bust in, talkin' bout, "Where is the quaaludes?" What you say fool?
Where in the hell is the search warrant?
No feedback is what he uttered, before he screamed "Nigga motherfucker"
Dropped me to my knees, I proceed to bleed
Sufferin' a rain of blows to my hands and knees
Will I survive, is God watchin'?
I grab his gat and bust in self-defense, my only option
God damn!
Now they got me goin' to the county jail
And my family can't pay this outrageous bail
Try to offer me a deal, they told me if I squeal
Move me, and my people, to a mansion in Brazil
Not me, so this is how it ends, no friends
I'll be stressed and they just, repossessed my Benz
Told the judge it was self-defense, he won't listen
So I'm bumpin' this in federal prison, givin' everything I owe

I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality
Armed with missiles guns grenades
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'
I'm comin' collectin' the shit that belong to me
Motherfuckers are runnin' and duckin'
I'm a crazy nigga on a mission wit' a bad mentality
Armed with missiles guns grenades
Pull out the pin, free I'm comin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Until The End Of Time"

(feat. RL (Next))

[2Pac:]
Perhaps I was addicted to the dark side
Somewhere inside my childhood witnessed my heart die
And even though we both came from the same places
The money and the fame made us all change places
How could it be? Through the misery that came to pass
The hard times make a true friend afraid to ask
For currency, but you could run to me when you need
And I'll never leave, honestly
Someone to believe in, as you can see
It's a small thing to a true, what could I do?
Real homies help you get through
And come to knew he'd do the same thing if he could
'Cause in the hood, true homies make you feel good
And half the times we be actin' up, call the cops
Bringin' a cease to the peace that was on my block
It never stops, when my mama ask me will I change
I tell her "Yeah," but it's clear
I'll always be the same; until the end of time

[R.L. Huggar:]
So take these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)
So I can fly away, until the end of time
Until the end of time, until the end of time

[2Pac:]
Please, Lord, forgive me for my life of sin
My hard stare seem to scare all my sister's kids
So you know, I don't hang around the house much
This all night money making got me outta touch
Shit, ain't flashed a smile in a long while
An unexpected birth worst of the ghetto childs
My attitude got me walking solo
Ride out alone in my lo-lo
Watching the whole world move in slow-mo
For quiet times, disappear, listen to the ocean
Smoking 'Ports, think my thoughts, then it's back to coastin'
Who can I trust in this cold world?
My phony homie had a baby by my old girl
But I ain't trippin', I'm a player, I ain't sweatin' him
I sexed his sister, had her mumble like a Mexican
His next of kin, no remorse, it was meant to happen
Besides rappin' the only thing I did good was scrappin'
Until the end of time…

[R.L. Huggar:]
So take these broken wings

I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)
So I can fly away, until the end of time
Until the end of time, until the end of time

[2Pac:]
Now who's to say if I was right or wrong
To live my life as an outlaw all along?
Remain strong in this planet full of player haters
They conversate, but Death Row full of demonstrators
And in the end, drinking Hennessy
Made all my enemies envy me
So cold when I flow, eliminatin' easily
Falls to they knees, they plead for they right to breathe
While beggin' me to keep the peace (haha)
When I conceive closer to achieve
In times of danger, don't freeze, time to be a G
Follow my lead, I'll supply everything you need
An ounce of game and the training to make a g
Remember me as an outcast Outlaw
Another album out, that's what I'm about, more
Getting raw 'til the day I see my casket, buried as a G
While the whole world remembers me, until the end of time

[R.L. Huggar:]
So take these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(until the end of time)
So I can fly away, until the end of time
Until the end of time, until the end of time

Thanks to Femcee Evil, weezy, bugmee, zain, kklizzle for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Page Richard James, George Steven Park, Jackson Johnny Lee, Lang John Ross

2Pac Lyrics

"Big Syke Interlude"

(feat. Big Syke)

[Big Syke:]
Thug life, microphone check
Outlaw microphone check
Where you bitch niggas coming from?
You don't know, look like you a seed
From Makaveli The Don

I can hear your style, sounds like Makaveli The Don
2Pac, my nigga
So much trouble in the world nigga
These niggas can't feel your pain
Thug life, outlaw forever
Oh you bitch niggas

The hardest nigga
Ever to touch this microphone
Got you bitch niggas trailin' his tail
I don't know if you catch up, but yet and still
Keep trying nigga, keep trying nigga
Thug life, Outlaw forever nigga
Eternity, infinity
So remember Makaveli The Don
His thug life lives on

Writer(s): Big Simon Says, Tyruss Himes

2Pac Lyrics

"My Closest Roaddogz"

(feat. Timothy, Shiro)

Here me and my closest road dogs
To my dog named Mussolini (you know it dog)
Big Syke (Westside)
Thug Life, baby (outlaw)
The return of the mashers, you know how we do it
Hahaha!

Shit half the times we fought and caused trouble
My closest road dog it was cool cause I love you
Fuck what they talkin' bout
Let me take you back in time, rewind to eighty-nine
Introduced me to this life of crime, but we was blind
Little nappy-haired juveniles, livin' wild
No smiles on our faces, thirteen catchin' cases
Indeed, it was misery
Driven by my own demons, cause they was killin' me
How can I be sure I'll be saved soon?
Catch me dip into the light, of a stray moon
It's gettin' deeper now, let me get yo' mind right
Fuck yo' enemies, nigga grip yo' nine tight, tonight's the night
Murder murder Mr. Lucifer
Pictures of the devil DUCK when he shoot at cha, it's all political
Runnin' from the future, escapin' in the fog
Live yo' life like a hog nigga, me and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
(me and my closest road dog)
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin' through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

Haha.. bring artillery and ROLL with a nigga
They could never take the soul of a M.O.B. soldier nigga
Cowards get rolled up, mob on 'em Makaveli
Boy you's a boss player, that's what all the bitches tell me
Even if I died now
I live my life eternally and never lie down, why cry now?
Fooled a few but never 'came a gamer
Ain't tryin' to hear it
Evil spirits hide at total strangers, yo' life's in danger
Prepare nigga be aware, cause we ain't scared
M.O.B., 'til I die, when we ride niggas disappear
Fill 'em up with pistol smoke
Never forget to blow a hole in his head
For leakin' information to the feds

The burnin' bed was the tellin' sign
Two hired guns bustin' everyone, yellin' everybody die
Why the fuck they fuck around, we left 'em in the fog
Bleedin' like a stuck hog, me and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
(Bleedin' like a stuck hog, me and my closest road dogz)
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin' through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

Fuck they feelings, that's what they get for squealin'
That's the pressures of a gangsta, dangerous this drug dealin'
See me in physical form, my niggas swarm
Take the figure of a circle beatin' jealous niggas 'til they purple
Simon Says take they heads homies
and send them phony motherfuckers to dwell with all they dead homies
Fishin' for fake niggas, observe and shake niggas
The only way to see six figures, is break niggas
Me and Mussolini set to ride we high
Big Bogart got the alibi,homicide ask us why
Labeled a Capo in the mob as big as the globe
To live and die as a millionaire, on ..
Set to explode, my M.O., is kill them hoes
My pistol's like a disease, my enemies and foes
Get murdered and disposed of, we in the fog
Makaveli the Don, and my closest road dogz

Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
(my closest road dogz)
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, (my closest road dogz)
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin' through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine
Every ghetto street got a crosswalk
Let me get to the other side with my road dogz
All roam in the scary place called home
Take a second victim and if they all gone, my closest road dogz
Every ghetto street got a stop sign
Can I trust in you my road dogz on mine?
Even when I'm goin' through hard times
I still got my closest road dogz lookin' out for all mine

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald

2Pac Lyrics

"Niggaz Nature Remix"

(feat. Lil' Mo)

[Lil' Mo:]
2Pac and Lil' Mo, hmm, how gangsta is that?
Hehe... ooooh-oooh, ooooh-oooh, ooooh-oooh

*[*Mo keeps harmonizing in the background*]*

[2Pac:]
One two to a nigga nature, haha.
No need to cry now, go wipe your tears, be a woman
Why you actin' surprised? You saw the bullshit
Comin' fake hair, fake nails, fake eyes too
So why you, bound to fuck wit fake guys too
Ain't nothin' hard about it why you lookin' sad? Shoulda though about it
Say you learned, I truly doubt it
I guess you got a problem with affection, kinda loose with the love
Gettin' freaky with the thug niggas up in the club
Ask to buy you a drink, you holla Dom Pérignon
Knowin' I'm a cash getter still I, remain calm
Let you chill with me; plus you was smilin' 'til the bill miss me
That's what you get for tryin' to dick me
Missed me with that "Buy me this, buy me that" syndrome shit
Bitch get a job if you wanna be rich
Gettin' mad cause I cursed and I scream I hate'cha
Introduced you to a nigga nature, feel me?

[Lil' Mo:]
Kissed the girls, made them cry
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high
Why you gangsta, all the time?
That's a thug's nature (that's a nigga nature)
Though sometimes, I can deal with it
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
It's a love and hate relationship
But that's a thug's nature

[2Pac:]
I'm probably too nice at first, I let you kiss me where it hurts
Me and you gettin' busy, slingin' dick in the dirt
Met you at a pool party it was cool to kick it
See us, tounge-kissin', you was truly with it
Little ecstasy, Hennessy, mix with me
Picture me pay for pussy when the dick's for free
Hey now, where my niggas at? Tell these hoes
Before I pay; I jerk off, word to Moses
Visions of you sittin' there sweaty and wet
Pointin' to the places that you want me to hit
Give me room all up in the womb, call the cops
Nigga, hittin' walls 'til them bastard drop
Label me Makaveli - thug nigga with bite

Livin' life like a rock star's Friday night
Make money, get pussy, always keep a pager
Cell phone in the ride to complete my nature now!

[Lil' Mo:]
Kissed the girls, made them cry
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high
Why you gangsta, all the time?
That's a thug's nature
Though sometimes, I can deal with it
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
It's a love and hate relationship
But that's a thug's nature

[2Pac:]
Haha, started as a seed from the semen; straight outta papa's nuts
Lustin' for creamin' - bitches with big butts
Curves make a nigga cry, tits and shit
When I'm locked down beggin' you for porno flicks
Sneak weed in, help a nigga pass the time
Put my name tattooed so that ass is mine
Tell everybody; 'Pac put it down for good
A local legend through the whole hood, follow me
I got a gun on me, goin' for none on the run baby
You know a nigga need some, is my son crazy?
Why I cry, when I be thuggin' 'til I die
Picture a nigga in heaven, high off weed I fly
Got me missin' dead homies wishin' phonies would die
Hit the weed and hope it get me high; dear God
Understand my ways, livin' major
Blessed with a thug's heart and a real live nigga nature

[Lil' Mo:]
Kissed the girls, made them cry
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high
Why you gangsta, all the time?
That's a thug's nature (that's a nigga nature)
Though sometimes, I can deal with it
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
It's a love and hate relationship
But that's a thug's nature (cause that's a nigga nature)
Kissed the girls, made them cry
Thuggin' life, and gettin' high
Why you gangsta, all the time?
That's a thug's nature (hey, just be a nigga nature)
Though sometimes, I can deal with it
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
It's a love and hate relationship
But that's a thug's nature (cause that's a nigga nature)

[2Pac & Lil' Mo:]
It ain't my fault
Hehe, Q.D., where you be? Ah
Don't blame me blame my momma, a nigga nature

[Lil' Mo harmonizing:]

QDIII, and Lil' Mo
2Pac, puttin' it down fo' sho' ("'cause that's a nigga nature")
I realize, that I'm feelin' it
Cause that's a thug nature
Though sometimes I can deal with it
I realize, I'm feelin' it
Love and hate, relationship
Cause that's a thug's nature ("'cause that's a nigga nature")
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah.
Yeah yeah, and that's a thug's nature

Where you at? Holla

2Pac Lyrics

"When Thugz Cry"

When thugs cry
Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my guns to keep
If I die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take
Got us dyin'
When thugs cry, times is hard

Born thuggin', and lovin' the way I came up
Big money clutchin', bustin' while evadin' cocaine busts
My pulse rushin', semi clutchin' into insanity
They shot at my cousin, now we bustin' at they whole family
The coppers wanna see me buried, I ain't worried
I got a line on the D.A. 'cause I'm fuckin' his secretary
I black out and start cussin', bust 'em and touch 'em all
They panic, and bitches duckin', I rush 'em and fuck 'em all
I'll probably be an old man before I understand
Why I have to live my life with pistols close at hand
Kidnapped my homie's sister, cut her face up bad
They even raped her, so we blazed they pad
Automatic shots rang out, on every block
They puttin' hits out on politicians, even cops
I ain't lyin', they got me sleepin' with my infrared beams
And in my dreams I hear motherfuckers screamin'
What is the meanin' when thugs cry?

[Singer (2Pac):]
Oh, why should you send your child off to die?
In the streets of chalk where they lie
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God (when thugs cry)
Oh my, does it have to be this way?
Our children of today won't stay wise
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

Maybe my addiction to friction got me buggin'
Where is the love?, never quit my ambition to thug
Ain't shed a tear since the old school years of elementary
Niggas I used to love, enclosed in Penitentiaries
But still, homie, keep it real, how does it feel
To lose your life, over something that you did as a kid?
You all alone, no communication, block on the phone
Don't get along with your pop, and plus your moms is gone
Where did we go wrong? I put my soul in the song
To help us grow in time, but now our minds are gone
We went from brothers and sisters to niggas and bitches
We went from welfare livin' to worldwide riches
But somethin' changed in this dirty game, everything's strange
Lost all my homies over cocaine, mayne
See, they ask me if I shed a tear, I ain't lie
See, you gotta get high or die, 'cause even thugs cry

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?
In the streets of chalk where they lie
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God
Oh my, does it have to be this way?
Our children of today won't stay wise
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

And all I see is these paranoid bitches, illegal adventures
Bustin' motherfuckers with uppercuts, I leave 'em with dentures
'Cause in my criminal mind, nobody violates the Don
I write your name wit' a piece of paper, now your family's gone
Why perpetrate like you can handle my team?
So merciless in my attack I take command of your dreams
Leavin' motherfuckers drownin' in they own blood
Clownin', takin' pictures later
Laugh 'bout them punk bitches that turned snitches
Regulate my area, the terror I represent
Makin' your people disappear, you wonderin' where they went
Am I cold, or is it just I sold my soul?
Addicted to these streets, never find true peace I'm told
Come take my body, God, don't let me suffer any longer!
Smoke a pound of marijuana, so I know it ain't long
Where is the end to all my misery, is there a close?
I suppose that's why I murder my foes; when thugs cry

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?
In the streets of chalk where they lie
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God
Oh my, does it have to be this way?
Our children of today won't stay wise
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

Oh, why should you send your child off to die?
In the streets of chalk where they lie
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry, dear God
Oh my, does it have to be this way?
Our children of today won't stay wise
Let the children hear when thugs cry, dear God, oh why?

I shed tattooed tears for years
For my dead homeboys and my prison peers
Y'all ain't never heard my cries
Now you wonder why would you die?

Thanks to deathrow2, babiegurlsthugin for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee, Peyton Jewell

2Pac Lyrics

"U Don't Have 2 Worry"

[2Pac:]
Yo c'mon man, what do you mean you don't wanna ride with me, nigga
C'mon, get in the car, get in the fuckin' car, man
Yo why you trippin' man? Get in the fuckin' car, man
Get in the fuckin' car, get in the car
(Heh, say you, you scared to ride in my car
'Cause you, you think niggas gon' be blastin' at it
It ain't even that deep baby)

[2Pac:]
You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one clique, they Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes

[2Pac:]
Repetitive blows are thrown, to my foes
No love shown get disposed of blasted full blown
My unknown tendencies to mash my comp
Gettin' wicked with my ski-mask, find the stash and dump
While niggas run I'm the last one standin', the rest die
Victims of my lethal chrome cannon, Westside
Though it's worldwide no one can deny my views
Tracked it to my very fabric once the plastic blew
Five shots changed my whole life, throats were slit
Niggas die by my orders when I wrote this shit
Though we go back like wild knights at Latin Quarters
Niggas tried to kill me, and I fed their wife and their daughters
Blazed the weed, draped they seeds, gave 'em cash
Pass the fame and let the game go rollin' past
Why you change, it's a cold world taught me life
Retaliation proves niggas never caught me right
Say they shot me in my nuts, out of luck
Quit bullshit nigga 'cause I'm still fuckin' yo' bitch
Niggas got me twisted in a bad way, why you change?
Fuck with me, all this shit pay, nigga fuck the fame

[Young Noble:]
Y'all remember "Hit 'Em Up," don't make us do it once more
Yo' niggas know, you ain't fuckin' with them Out-lawz
We keep souljas, souljas from Compton to Brooklyn
Your the type to get sniped, when the cops is lookin'
Don't nobody give a fuck 'cause you done crossed the game
Lost in fame, and you should take, all the blame
You made yo' bed nigga lay in it
You scared to come up out that cell nigga stay in it
It's not a game only got one click we Outlawz from the do'
Dirt stains when I buck on the fo', you kissin' the flo'
We dirty as the motherfuckin' streetz of Jerz
We sweep niggas with the words though the heat's preferred

Holla

[2Pac:]
You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck them hoes, let the punks know

[E.D.I.:]
'Pac I wish I was in the motherfuckin' car wit'cha
I'd have took every bullet that they threw, hand of God, nigga
I only got one click, Outlawz 'til I'm gone
Heavy in the game and we comin' for they fuckin' throne
The love is gone well it is what it is
And plottin' on us, they best be prayin' for they kids, mayne
You don't have to worry 'cause I ride for ya
Like K said over loyal we even tell 'bout a lie for ya
You put me in the game and dog I owe it all to ya
And when it get to poppin' I'ma fuckin' ball for ya
And everything I do gon' have your names on it
I'll never let them forget I put my seeds on it

[Napoleon:]
You gon' die before yo' time, come face the truth
In the middle of the desert nigga lace your boots
As a youth, hundred proof, tap my chest is a dead rest
You studio niggas still remind your vest
Why the fuck you ain't done yet, swallow yo' teeth
In the field you woulda been need a straw when you eat
Fuck a glock nine that shit is weak on the streets
And if you can't strategize then you just can't eat
If your life in another nigga hand, you dead
And if it's beef and your man disappear then don't sweat it
Another fake nigga usin' my strengths to get credit
I mean you might face sound scared but your heartbeat said it

[2Pac:]
You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks know

[Kastro:]
I was born ugly, unlucky and dusty
But now I'm a rider, connivin' gutsy
And I don't trust nobody, so don't nobody trust me
And that's how I'ma go about it 'til somebody bust me
I play for keeps like the OG's raised me
If I sleep I won't eat, who gonna feed my baby?
And I think I'm goin' crazy 'cause my hair is gettin' thinner
I've been drinkin' on the daily, I can hardly remember
I got - bad nerves, paranoia destroyed me
I love the Lord but the church can't cure me
I sleep light, I wake peekin' out my window
With guns under my mattress and guns under the pillow
And that's the way it's gonna be 'til they bury me

But don't twist it 'cause none of y'all niggas worry me

[Young Noble & Kastro:]
What the fuck you didn't know?
Kizza-Kastro, Young Noble with the criminal flow
You nervous nelly ass niggas belly up in the river, no dizoubt
My niggas couldn't fade me with some clippers
You put it down, look all around, 'til we find you we hound
Penitentiary bound, to remind you

[Kadafi:]
Kadafi I bring the lingo to the click
Tasty like a Pringle, sneakin' through your chimney like Kris Kringle
On some shit, get me fee to let my ice click Ka-pling, ka-plow I been a thug shootin' slugs since a child

[2Pac:]
You don't have to worry you can ride with me now
Niggas are quick to scream how they die for me now
Only got one click, they Outlawz on the Row
Fair exchange when we fuck these hoes, let the punks know

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Snoopy, Fula Yafeu A, Hunter Donna T

2Pac Lyrics

"This Ain't Livin"

(feat. Vanessa)

This ain't livin', nigga!

[2Pac:]
I hear even the smaller G's be dippin' Chevy Impalas
While flossin' their gold D's, O.G.'s, is who they follow
We swallow tomorrow's seed, what we leave is hollow
We feed violence and greed, let 'em lead tomorrow
In time, they grip a nine, sippin' wine, they rap
Still I be starin', watch the parents sacrifice their child
The love's gone, a thug's home, with no love
Feelin' so strong, make young boys into drug dealers
Now one for adolescents, now dos for those
Keep your friends by your side, even close your foes
Now three for Johnny Law tryin' to take my chips
I never pulled the trigger, didn't touch that bitch
Throw your hands in the air, it's a robbery
(censored) 'Pac, would you ride with me?
Let's go see what our enemies talkin' 'bout
When G's enter the house nobody's walkin' out
This ain't livin', it's similar to prison, we're trapped
My homies jealous plus they tell us that the phones is tapped
I watch my back twenty-fo' seven
And never let a busta send a G to ghetto heaven, you know
This is how it goes when we floss with flows
Before I toss your ho, it'll cost you mo'
I do shows, make a lot of dough, murder my foes
But I'd give it all up, if it would help you grow
This ain't livin'

[Vanessa (2Pac):]
Takes a life to make a life, takes a life
Livin' in the world of crime and I, takes a life
(This ain't livin')
Can't find a better way to break through
(This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do)
(This ain't livin')
Takes a life to make a life, takes a life
Livin' in the world of crime and I, takes a life
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do

[2Pac:]
Peep it – gunfire is produced at alarmin' rates
Today's youth, quick to shoot, get in the car and break
"It Takes a Nation of Millions" if we intend to stop the killin'
Just search your feelings, participatin' should be appealin'
They're our seeds and when they bleed, we bleed
That's what becomes of lonely children, they turn to G's
Heavenly father can you rescue

My young nation, rest the Lord will protect you, respect due
Not a threat as I step in blue, and check those
That oppose when I froze them fools
And who are you, to watch me fall farther?
I disappeared, reappeared as the (censored)
Follow me now
Skippin' class, and livin' fast, will get your ass
Stuck in the Pen', doin' life plus ten
Young brother pump your brakes for me
Before you choke, won't you soak up some game from your big homie
This ain't livin', we givin' you jewels, use 'em as tools
Explode on they industry and fade them fools
You know the rules, gotta be a rider
You can run the red lights but read the street signs, hey
This for all of y'all that keep on raisin' hell
Put a pistol in your hand and let you fade yourself
It ain't right, what you put your momma through, young G
Gotta change your life, take the game from me
This ain't livin'

[Vanessa:]
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do
Takes a life to make a life (takes a life)
Livin' in the world of crime and I (takes a life)
Can't find a better way to break through
This ain't livin', I gotta do what I gotta do

Writer(s): T. Shakur, J. Jackson

2Pac Lyrics

"Why U Turn On Me"

[2Pac:]
(Ol' switcheroo-ass, bitch made motherfuckers, just be friends)
Outlaw nigga, Westside, throw it up
Hahaha.. had love for 'em, but why you turning on me?
Why me? Westside, how you do it boy?

[2Pac:]
I went from, nothin' to somethin' now they all wanna see me fall
And the player haters hate to see a thug nigga ballin'
And they say we hate the East coast, but that's funny
Got a lot of love for, any niggas gettin' money
I made a song about my enemies and niggas tripped
It was hip-hop until 2Pac fucked Biggie bitch
Y'all niggas hypocrites and bitch made
Now either love me or hate me but real thug niggas get paid
Have me catchin' cases all across the nation
I went from jail to bail to barely on probation
They got a player facin' three strikes
And we might, just blast God bless the child, that can get cash
But all these niggas turnin' and never learn
Got a long line of niggas player hatin' me but gettin' burned
Talk a lot of shit but you's a trick in drag
Like the MAC make you fall back and stick yo' ass for back stab

[Singers & 2Pac:]
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G.. (Why me?)
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me
When you niggas see me you flee (yeah nigga)
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G

[2Pac:]
It, started so innocent, but ended in the fifth precinct
Although two juvenile delinquents, we still decent
Playin' catch and kiss, used to diss the herbs
Fuck school we was skippin' drink a fifth on the curb
Me and you, no closer two, while drinkin' brew
What you need nigga? Anything at all come to me nigga
You can wear my clothes and my gold for the hoes
Gave you the keys to the jeep, offered my home as an open door
But then you picked a new direction, in the blink of an eye
My time away just made perfection, did you think I'd die?
I never got a single visit yet I carry on
All my old friends too busy now my money gone
Said I got raped in jail, picture that? *[*laughter*]*
Revenge is a payback bitch, get your gat
Fuck Wendy Williams and I pray you choke

On the next dick down your throat
For turnin' on me

[Singers & 2Pac:]
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G.. (Why me?)
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me
When you niggas see me you flee
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G

[2Pac:]
I put Jenny Craig on your fat ass, you fat troll
Anybody ever seen Wendy Williams fat ass?
Why you always wearin' Spandex you fat bitch?
I know your pussy stinks, you fat ho
I'm puttin' Jenny Craig on you bitch
I'm about to put a twenty-thousand dollar, hit
Through Jenny Craig to come find yo' ass
And put you in a fat farm, you fat bitch!
Thug Life, Outlaw, Westside bitch
It's 2Pac so you know who said it
And for everybody who didn't like what I said about that other trick
And Mobb Deep, fuck you too nigga!
If a nigga didn't want to get talked about
He shouldn'ta stepped in the fuckin' ring
If Tyson don't want to get knocked out
He don't step in the fuckin' ring, that's how the shit go
When Tyson get in the ring, he knock motherfuckers out!
Well that's what 2Pac gon' do
When niggas come against me, I'ma knock they punk ass out!
One way or the motherfuckin' other
This old motherfuckin' nigga in the South told me nigga
It's more than one way to skin a cat
It's more than one way to shoot a gat
It's more than one way to die nigga
When I'm through, everybody cry nigga
This is how we do it

[Singers & 2Pac:]
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me (Why y'all turnin' on me?)
When you niggas see me you flee (Why me?)
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G..
Why you wanna turn on me?
Never thought you would backstab me
When you niggas see me you flee
Cause I'm a T-H with the U-G
(Fuck you too nigga!)

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Darren Hubbard, Dominique Wickliffe, Jimmy Rodgers

2Pac Lyrics

"LastOnesLeft"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
Nigga, westside!
Westside in this motherfucker
Westside in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker

[2Pac:]
Can't nobody stop us when we blunted up and swervin'
Packed in a Suburban
Screaming, "Outlaw!", runnin' on the curb
They never try me, 'cause right behind me a killer team
I get the word, cut the head off a nigga, like a guillotine
This Hennessy will keep me calm though
Sittin' in the back of the club, tradin' convo
Livin' like a Don in my own mind
Signal Kadafi, nigga, watch me with the chrome 9
All the time drinkin' champagne
Walk through the crowd, let the tramps hang
Niggas player hate but do a damn thing
Picture me doin' 80, down a one-way
Stuck in the trunk, caught with gun play
So I gotta keep my eyes open
Gettin' high, wonder why we gotta die smokin'
My alibi, addictively
Like them other vile men, I'm marked for death
Spendin' my nights like it's the last one left; I'm an outlaw

[2Pac:]
Am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
I'm at the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
I'm the last one left
Tell me, am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
I'm at the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
Guess I'm the last one left

[Napoleon:]
I got my back against the wall, gat chillin' by my balls
Prior to war is a rider nigga that's only 5'6" tall
Napoleon only knows on we Outlaws, fuck fear
Better strap down to the fullest, 'cause we outchea
Thug passion all up in me, feelin' like I took some Henny
It ain't easy, I'm tryin' to make a dollar out of two pennies
What we got is rep, nigga, wanna pull their gat, nigga
He's only got my side 'cause they think 'Pac died, nigga
Blast niggas with our TEC's, takin' showers in our vest

'Pac, come and catch weight, nigga, we the last ones left

[2Pac:]
If we would've known the zone inside my own dome
Fresh outta jail, it was hell, but I'm finally home
Lookin' for niggas that was woofin' that shit
When I was locked back
Hands on the pump, make 'em jump when it cocked back
Fuck 'em all, they're bitches inside a world of weak
Bitch niggas be afraid to speak; we the last ones left

[2Pac:]
Tell me, am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
At the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
Like I'm the last one left
Am I wrong? I wanna get it goin' on
Last to leave, 'til I see everybody's gone
At the bar, you can catch me, hands full of liquor
Or puffin' on a sweet Swisher
Like I'm the last one left

[Kastro:]
I eat and sleep the worst shit, turfs and birth
Me and my team super supreme, puttin' in work
I'm passed out, drunk as a fuck, 'til it hurt
And I call Earl screaming, "Fuck the world!"
I got a bitch on the side wanna be my wife
And wifey beefin', wanna know if she gon' see me tonight
And I know it ain't right, but it's the life I got
And that's until I see Yak, and that's until I see 'Pac
Young know I lost a troll, somebody owed me down
And if the world was a girl
I'd stick my dick in the ground; fuck the world!

[2Pac:]
Westside in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker…
Uh, Outlaw in this motherfucker right here
Outlawz in this motherfucker
Westside in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker…
Uh, Outlaw in this motherfucker right here
Westside in this motherfucker
In this motherfucker right here…

Thanks to BigBaller295, simsd@washington.navy.mil, nottinmatterz_2day for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Katari T. Cox, Yafeu Fula, Malcolm Greenidge, Mutah W. Beale, Tupac Amaru Shakur

2Pac Lyrics

"Thug N U Thug N Me"

(feat. K-Ci & JoJo)

[2Pac:]
Put me in that; ay come on JoJo ('Pac hahaha)
Yeah that type of shit (maybe it's the thug in me)
You know what time it is (maybe it's the thug in me)

[2Pac:]
By age thirteen I was buckwild, good at my knuckle game
Made it through a tough childhood never be the same
Walked in my daddy's shoes
No time to be a peaceful man had to shatter fools
That's 'til I put my eyes on you
God damn, sweetheart you got some thighs on you
Now I can't wait to get you home, get you all alone
In my bedroom, baby can we bone, and get it on
Tell me lady how you like me
And if you want it harder baby, come and bite me
But do it lightly
Cause that excites me to lay the pipe
And if you lick me right, I'll do it all night
Only got fucked by a drug dealer
Never felt the real passion of a thug nigga (haha)
Though I like the way you scream when you lovin' me
I'm goin' deep, it's the thug in me
So whatchu sayin' girl?

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, give it to me
I got a lot of thug in me, lot of thug (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna put in you (maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, can you check it
I got a lot of thug in me. Do you want it (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]
Moan baby when we bone it's on
It's so strong niggas in the next room'll cum
I got ya head swingin'
Tongue kissin', as I hit it from the back with the bed ringin' (haha)
Give me space, as I lick ya face, stick the place
Synchronize so I drive when they kick the bass
Love fuckin' in tha mo'nin'
I get ya wet and bust a sweat, then I'm gone
Left you on yo' own girl
Tell me what you feel like
Blindfolded, I'm cold do it real nice - that's if it feel right
Maybe it's the thug in me
I pull ya hair while we fuckin' in the chair, when ya lovin' me
Up against the wall, you can have it all; just try
Bet my kiss, to get you high, don't pass by

Grab me by my nuts when I'm lovin' you
Now open up and let me put the thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, give it to me
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me), lot of thug
That I wanna put in you
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you, can you check it
I got a lot of thug in me, do you want it
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)

[2Pac:]
Say baby what's your phone number?
Be warned, I'm like a storm with my own thunder
I make the room rumble, in and out long stroke
Hold ya breath now, close your eyes deep throat
Did you like it? Oh I'm excited!
Cause it's a party in my bedroom, you're invited
C'mon now, let me see ya shake your rump
Tell me, how long will it take to cum
Havin' fun, do it one on one and we can all get involved
First y'all do me, then I'll fuck y'all
When you call me the next day
To get sexed by a nigga in the best way
Yeah baby it's a price to pay
Only play in the fast lane
When you a hustler, motherfuck a cash came
I gotcha goin' wild, 'cause I'm lovin' you
Drugged out with this motherfuckin' thug in you

[K-Ci & JoJo (2Pac):]
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me
That I wanna put in you and you
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl (Maybe it's the thug in you)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me
That I wanna put in you and you (Maybe it's the thug in me)
A thug nigga like me, I need a thug lady like you
I got a lot of thug in me (Maybe it's the thug in me)
That I wanna give to you girl

*[*Sound of girl fucking*]*
Oh yeah! Like me! Yeah, look at me baby, yeah, yeah
Like me! You do.

I hold a lot of thug in me, you hold a lot of thug in ya
I hold a lot of thug in me
I hold a lot of thug in me, I hold a lot of thug in ya
I hold a lot of thug in me
Now c'mon, I hold a lot of thug in me
Hold a lot of thug in you, hold a lot of thug in me
C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me
Gotta be some thug in ya, gotta be some thug in me

C'mon, hold a lot of thug in me
I gotta be some thug in ya
Can you feel it?
I hold a lot of thug in me, I gotta be some thug in ya
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[2Pac:]
I don't wanna talk, I don't want no explanations
I don't got no motherfuckin' explanations, y'knahmsayin?
It's the thug in me
Don't be askin' why I'm pullin' your hair
And why I fuck so motherfuckin' thuggish
That thug passion, y'knahmean?
Bitch, no mercy
What you scared of?
Didn't you come over here to get fucked? (no)
You ain't come over here for me to be
Strokin', and all that bullshit
You came over here to get fucked (no)
Shit, if I ain't fuck you thug style
Bitch you'd leave my house talkin' bout, "2Pac can't serve me"
Won't have me crossed up in that bullshit, hahaha
Turn over! Maybe it's the thug in me!

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joel Lamonte Hailey, J. Peyton, Cedric R. Hailey

2Pac Lyrics

"Words 2 My First Born"

(feat. Above the Law)

[2Pac:]
Hehehe, yeah
These are my words to my firstborn

[2Pac:]
Can you picture young niggas in a rush to grow?
'Til hard-timers in the pen' had to crush his throat
Probably never even saw it comin'
Too busy bullshittin', caught him with his mouth runnin'
Ain't this a bitch? They got me twisted in this game
The feds and the punk police pointin' pistols at my brain
I wonder if I'm wrong 'cause I'm thugged out
My homies murdered execution style runnin' in the drug house
What was supposed to be a easy hit
Now shit is flipped, 'cause niggas died over bullshit
It's not my dream, I'm seein' pictures of a broken man
No witnesses only the questions of who smoked the man
Young adolescents in our prime live a life of crime
Though it ain't logical, we hobble through these tryin' times
Livin' blind—Lord, help me with my troubled soul
Why all my homies had to die 'fore they got to grow?
And right before I put my head on the pillow, say a prayer
One love to the thugs in Heaven, I'll see you there
It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't warned
Help you make it through the storm
My words to my firstborn—feel me!

[2Pac:]
My words to my firstborn
My words to my firstborn

[2Pac:]
Since my very first day on this earth, I was cursed
So, I knew that the birth of a child would make my life worse
And though it hurt me, there was no distortion
'Cause wild seeds can't grow, we need more abortions
Quiet your soul, 'cause you know what you had to do
And so did victims of a world they never came to
I understand it's a better day comin', sometimes cats be sleepin' on the dead end, drivin' with the car runnin'
Blinded, ain't no love in the hood, only hearts torn
Love letters to the innocent and unborn
All the babies that died up on the table
Wasn't able to breathe, 'cause the family wasn't able
Can't blame her, I would do the same
All I could give her was my debt and my last name
'Cause in the game things change, livin' up and down
This hard life got me walkin' with my head down
Flashin' frowns wasn't meant to be, was I wrong?
But I'll never get to know, so I carry on

It's written for the young and dumb that wasn't born
My words to my firstborn—feel me!

[2Pac:]
My words to my firstborn
Mmm! (Yeah)
These are the words to my firstborn
Hey, nigga, talk to your born!
Talk to your seed, nigga!

[Above the Law:]
Two thousand somethin' somethin' mention a new era
A nigga's too real, now see shit too clear
See, there's more than just this scrilla and this tilt
(What else is it, dawg?) – the velvet and the silk
And makin' sure my kittens got they milk
(Hoo!) Gotta fill this mattress
Let my kids know I'm at this
Attack this, the Mack must roll, hood stroll
Ain't no question, is it? Above the Law hustlers
If it's related to chips, homie, we'll handle ya

Yo, although we never take advantage
Though we always into ery'thang
By all means, stack green, gangsta lean
They say money make the world go 'round
So, only associate yourself
With paper chasers and niggas that's truly down
And keep God first
And give thanks for the good times, as well as when it hurts
It's player haters every corner you hit
Touchin' their tits, hella thick, tryin' to get you for yo' grip
I know you stressed-out and fed-up
But come out, gun-blazin', and keep yo' head up
You can call it what you want to, but it ain't gon' change
Above the Law, 2Pac, O.G.'s in this rap game
And we done lived a long hard life
And we done shed so many tears under these bright lights
Y'all, although we grew up corrupted and scorned
We still got a lot of wisdom to give to our firstborn

[2Pac:]
What you gon' tell your kids, nigga?
Who was you? What was you doin'?
How did you put it down?
These my words to my motherfuckin' firstborn
So, they can know, y'knahmean? Hehehe
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' rider
Westside 'til I die, that's all it was
It's a crooked-ass hand they deal a motherfucker
I just played to win, just played to win
Motherfucker gotta bet against the odds, y'knahmean?

Writer(s): T. Shakur, D. Blake, S. Cole

2Pac Lyrics

"Let Em Have It Remix"

(feat. Left Eye)

[2Pac:]
Te quiero
Te quiero cojer, te quiero cojer
I'll let your ass have it, te quiero cojer
Te quiero cojer, oh real?
Te quiero cojer

[2Pac:]
Now you've been actin' like you want it for a long time
All up in a nigga face, givin' me them strong vibes
Look in my eyes and you'll find peace
A Gemini, so you really blow my mind freak
Come on, I got my clothes off, hard as a nigga in jail
Skinny niggas throw the dick well
Everybody get their condoms, brother cause it's time to fuck
Hurry up and put it on nigga, time is up
What's next? Got my mind on some group sex
Where you goin', baby? I ain't even through yet
Do it like a true vet, love it how I threw it to ya
Even now make it good to ya, remember me?
I love fuckin' slow with the lights low
Black, Puerto Rican, even White hoes
Bellisimo, que linda, dame un beso, come to Papi
Fuck until the shit is sloppy
If you really want it

[2Pac & Left Eye:]
If you really want it
Get'cha ass up; you know it, if you really want it
If you really want it
If you really want it, if you really want it
I'm really want it.
Let her have it

[2Pac:]
Alright all my real niggas and my real bitches
Let me see you do it like this, c'mon

[2Pac & Left Eye:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body

[Left Eye:]

Do you, you remember the time
When you absolutely, said never let it inside
Feel it's my duty, from Gemini, to Gemini
Can you *[?]* imagine the trouble *[?]* then double, I'm much obliged
See I would love to go and take a ride
Have total leeway up and down your freeway, nothing to hide
If I was committed to suicide
I'd fuck around meet you now put it down, I'd testify
Ain't nobody here to understand the reason why
It's you and I, so everything is rectified
I know you tried, you even made a nigga cry
But love is blind, now can you stand the test of time?
Redefine, what it means to be an open mind
Feel the climax.
I bust a round for you, painted the perfect picture
I'm down for you, can't wait to get wit'cha

Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]
Damn
IF you really want it
You like that? Yeah
If you really want it

[Left Eye:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body

[2Pac:]
Don't hold back. I wanna do that
Yeah, yeah, I feel you

[2Pac:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body

[2Pac:]
See, it all started simple, turned into me lickin' yo' nipples
Fuckin' you doggie style to this instrumental
Hands up, all up inside ya
Hell I can stand ya
Eyes open I don't plan, to bust
Just hold on baby let me zone in
What do you mean? Can you scream let it go biotch
How does it feel? Got a nigga like steel in ya
To keep goin' now I'm fuckin' like I'm killin' ya
Let's go another round baby is you down really
Two shots of ecstasy Lick a nigga down silly

Your body next to me
I could touch you inside, and you'll cry
So good when a nigga leave, you'll die
My mama told me baby be a man put it on her
Hittin' bitches like, switches comin' around the corner
I wanna let me get my ride on
It's yo' dick baby but it's my song
If you really want it

[2Pac:]
Gots to send this one out to the freaky bitches
Definitely all the Scorpios, and the Geminis, and the Virgos
You know I know the truth about you Scorpios and you Virgos
No doubt gotta give it to the Capricorns
They some freaks too on the down down
The Libras, they like it even but they still like fuckin'
No doubt, Aquariuses, Libras, I said those
Leos (if you really want it), yeah they some freaks, Leos is freaks
They always wanna run shit in bed
Sagittarius(if you really want it), Taurus, Cancer, all you freaky fucks (if you really want it)
I'm a zodiac fucker I'll do you all one at a time
And all day long, let's get busy

[2Pac & Left Eye:]
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, we came to
Rock, your body body, rock your body body
Rock, your body body, rock your body
Rock, your body body.

Writer(s): Helicia Choyce, Val Young, Donna T. Hunter, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Lenton Tereill Hutton

2Pac Lyrics

"Runnin' On E"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (Hussein Fatal):]
(Mr. If you a bad boy)
Yo, what's up
The police comin' on, oh shit! Get out of there.
Fatal, Outlawz I wanna up out this motherfucker
Gon' pass it
Ain't get me up but fuck that
This Outlaw nigga

[2Pac:]
If you a bad boy then you die
Westside outlawz when we ride, get me high
They fucked up when the rob me
Put another contract on Mobb Deep
If you a bad boy then you die
Westside outlawz when we ride, get me high
They fucked up when the rob me
Put another contract on Mobb Deep

[Hussein Fatal:]
I focus my locus thought on the enemies
Sip off the Hennessy, it's necessary to finish me
I'm antisocial immortal, when it comes to the phone book
Jersey them niggas down, they won't broke 'em 'til it's time to smoke 'em
Hussein the terrorist
Dig they think I'm crazy and *[?]*
And as we speak they tryin' to find me a therapist
Rapid fire I clap and hire 'til you die a liar
Strap in the city corners droppin' on to spin the tires
My man define ya 357 anaconda
This enough to bring your mama then turn around and hear the drama
Military camaraderie, outlaw 'til they body me
Havoc I gotta have it steady blastin' at Prodigy
Mobb 6 feet deep, you try to bust me 'til death
And I suppose you got the dopest moves like Chucky on fresh
You know the verdict, who what when why he died murdered
Get your physical diverted and your vision deserted

[2Pac:]
Now ever since momma got fucked and papa ducked out
Look at us, murderous thugs showin' less love in the drug house
Similar to savages, it's a wonder we manage
Bring chaos causin' damage on our quest for cabbage
They ask my style similar to cash we flaunt it
Most wanted by the population murdered you for it
Exploit your weakness revenge flow deep without release
Criminal orders across the waters bringin' the war to the streets
Why fear me, fear the shit I speak
Once this shit drop it's heard on every fuckin' street

Like the sound of police
Who run the streets really?
In every hood legends grow
From the hustlaz up at Harlem to shot callers in O'
And though, Congress, don't want us to progress, we strapped
My homie buried at an early age hustled to death
His last breath, a lesson I possess like jewels
Stay thugged out keep it movin'

Hey where that nigga

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Halfway thugs don't budge when we stalk the streets
Sort of like *[?]* and narcotics when they walk the beat
You speak the beef pussy draw down and drop it
Hit you with 6 shots lay the law down and throw the shells in my pocket
Gettin' mines with nine cocked extortin'
Blocks pop with 22's in my socks with the butt hangin' out the chocolate
You never seen time I travel across dream crime
My rolls like a million dollar bills folded with green slime
With my foes erased drink my Henney straight no chasin'
Catch my body like Haitian 5 minutes from the station

[Young Noble:]
Hit the hole like Allen Iverson with confidence
No finger prints don't mean no evidence or proof the I was present
At the scene of the crime around 10 niggas bleed
After they made this punk fag motherfucker bleed
Money was bloody as shit, y'all niggas shoulda seen it
Bust a cap and freak with, bowin' on your knees shit
The Glock to your head nigga, don't make no somethin' action
Hit innocent by-standers when he blasted, dump fuckin' backwards
Little homies puttin' work for stripes
But is it worth your life and g-rides runnin' red lights
I wish somebody would have t old me then
Since I'm an outlaw like Napoleon ain't no cell they can hold me in
Or cage me in, crazy like Arabians
Hold this spot like them niggas on Fabian
Havin' the fiend page me (page me)
When they want the product, nigga I got to smoke
Got this weed and the coke what you need what you want
What you workin' with? I'm on some immortal shit
Outlawz we straight hurtin' shit, use artillery to murder with
Put on the block gangsta party and like 'Pac
Life's hard from the ox me and my niggas on top (party)

[2Pac:]
I know the law hate me dearly, comin' for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E
I know the law hate me dearly, comin' for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E
I know the law hate me dearly, they comin' for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E
I know the law hate me dearly, they comin' for me
We outlaws, thugged out, niggas runnin' on E

[Nuttso:]
With my Glock, quick to let it pop, fuck the law
Carry steel cause I live on the nigga side of the law
Ridin' foes 'cause I can't let hoes catch me slippin'
Quick to blow and dispose if you block on hittin'
Ridin' high, blazin', kryptonite got a nigga dazin'
Burpin' and smurkin' got on enemies before I grave 'em
Ride 'em, look behind him, I see him, he slipped
Had to stop light in a slowly night, this motherfuckin' trick
Slide over so I can dump and put it in em
Damn, I guess this motherfucker know that I sent it
Hit the pedal now we high speedin'
With the metal tryin' to make these motherfuckers die speedin'
Up the way I seen him slow down
Shit! I think I done bucked these hoes down
Caught them runnin' on e it kind of funny to me
They know they was fuckin' with me but they dumb to see

[2Pac:]
Open up fire watch 'em expire when my shells split 'em
Plus all them trick niggas basically can go to hell with 'em
Fuck 'em they phony claimin' they homies but they foes
Speakin' on thug niggas daily, while we nailin' they hoes
Explode boldly at my stage shows and formation
Words are known to spray blaze as I raise my thug nation
A crooked thought, cops get bought, no longer caught
Out on bail, raised in hell, nigga fuck what you thought
Did you cry when my girl died?
Put out the hit, politic niggas worldwide, grabbin' my dick
I'll never learn, take away the pain with sherm
Throwin' gas on my enemies watchin' 'em burn
Kamikaze, I'm shootin' up the casket take the body
Whip the corpse like a piñata and party
His last breath, a straight lesson I possess like jewels
Stay thugged out keep it movin'
Runnin' on E.
Stay thugged out keep it movin'
Runnin' on E

[2Pac talking:]
One time, one time for the niggas that stayed down for us
Runnin' on E
Smif-n-Wessun the Cocoa Brovaz, Buckshot, BDI, runnin' on E
The Bootcamp Click
What happened, that was it?

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cooper Rufus Lee, Fula Yafeu A, Washington Bruce, Cole Sean

2Pac Lyrics

"When I Get Free"

[Prison Guard:] Inmate 'Pac, C57797, you got a visitor
Right there, star three

[Girl:] Hi baby

[Prisoner:] What's up honey?

[Girl:] Hey you know it's just only one more week until family visit

[Prisoner:] Yeah I'ma rock them drawers. Yeah but you did you take care of that business I asked you to do?

[Girl:] I made those deposits

[Prisoner:] Okay that's cool you bring that shit?

[Girl:] Yeah I got it

[Prisoner:] Alright see that guard over there?

[Girl:] Mmm-hmm

[Prisoner:] When you get done just hand him the shit, he know whassup

[Girl:] Alright, hey you know E just got cracked, he's in jail now

[Prisoner:] What?

[Girl:] Yeah, Go-Go's out. I just saw him running around the other day

[Prisoner:] Ah, fuck that fool. But anyway, what's happening with my moms?

[Girl:] She gave me a message for you. She said she's sorry she couldn't be here today, but she'll be here next week

[Prisoner:] Alright well check this out, I got something real important I want you to tell her

[Guard:] C'mon c'mon this shit's over with
[Commotion breaks out]

[Guard:] C'mon boy, back to your cell

[Girl:] I'm not done talking to him

[Guard:] Shut that shit up bitch! He's outta here, c'mon

[Prisoner:] Don't be calling my woman no bitch! Nigga I'll fuck you up!

[Guard:] Yeah yeah fool, what?

[Prisoner:] Let me out these chains....with your broke ass sucka

[Guard:] Yeah yeah, that's what they all say fool

[Prisoner:] Yeah what! Let me out then

[Guard:] Institutionalized, and this is your home...

Guess who's back, and ready to knock off a cop or two
Cause me and the crew could still get our rocks off
The penitentiary don't stop a nigga cause he's in jail
Hell I'm makin' more money on the street from here in a cell
I'm livin' proper, the coppers is havin' fits
I just made the profit, you punks ain't stoppin' shit
I still remember my momma told me
Find the cop who killed your brother
Send him to Hell lookin' homely
Cause a real nigga love the law
What's raw is a nigga that's above the law
Keep pressin' your luck and get fucked, huh
Think a nigga don't know whassup 'cause he's locked up
But in the meantime, it's get swole get clean time
Concentrate on gettin' green time
And as the years go by, they forgot
About the small time soldier from the block, huh
To kill the crook they threw the book at me
Don't worry be nappy, don't even look happy
Put me in the hole, gave me cold cuts
Did push-ups until I swole up
And then they offer me a furlough
But what they don't know as soon as I get free I'm killin' five mo'
They asked me if I changed much
I told em 'Yeah' even though I'm still the same nut
They started askin' me questions about my brother
And makin' remarks about my mother, hmm
Wait a minute, hold up
Makin' jokes about my folks'll get yours blown up
They sent me back to the hole for what I told em
I guess he didn't believe me, so I showed him
He went home to find a tragedy
Nigga, that's what you get for tryin' to badger me
And anybody else that wanna sweat me
I'm already in jail so you punks can't get me
You better pray they never see me
Cause if they let me free, prepare for trouble on the streets

When I get free, huh
When I get free, huh
When I get free

When I get free, huh
When I get free, huh
When I get free

When I get free

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, T. Anderson, B. Evens, Ricardo Darcel Rouse

2Pac Lyrics

"Until The End Of Time Remix"

(feat. Richard Page)

[2Pac:]
Perhaps I was addicted to the dark side
Somewhere inside my childhood witnessed my heart die
And even though we both came from the same places
The money and the fame made us all change places
How could it be? Through the misery that came to pass
The hard times make a true friend afraid to ask for currency
But you could run to me when you need and I'll never leave
Honestly, someone to believe in, as you can see
It's a small thang to a true, what could I do?
Real homies help you get through
And come to knew he'd do the same thang if he could
Cause in the hood true homies make you feel good
And half the times we be actin' up call the cops
Bringin' a cease to the peace that was on my block
It never stops, when my mama ask me, "Will I change?"
I tell her yea, but it's clear I'll always be the same
Until the end of time

[Richard Page:]
So take, these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)
So I can fly, 'til the end of time
Take, these broken wings...

[2Pac:]
Please Lord forgive me for my life of sin
My hard stare seem to scare all my sister's kids
So you know, I don't hang around the house much
This all night money makin' got me outta touch, shit
Ain't flashed a smile in a long while
An unexpected birth worst of the ghetto childs
My attitude got me walkin' solo, ride out alone in my lo-lo
Watchin' the whole world move in slow-mo
For quiet times, disappear, listen to the ocean
Smokin' 'Ports, think my thoughts, then it's back to coastin'
Who can I trust in this cold world?
My phony homie had a baby by my old girl
But I ain't trippin' I'm a player I ain't sweatin' him
I sexed his sister, had her mumble like a Mexican
His next of kin, no remorse it was meant to happen
Besides rappin' the only thing I did good was scrappin'
Until the end of time

[Richard Page:]
Take, these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)

So I can fly, 'til the end of time
Take, these broken wings...

[Richard Page:]
Take, these broken wings
You got to learn to fly, learn to live so free
(Until the end of time)
So we can fly away, 'til the end of time
Take, these broken wings...

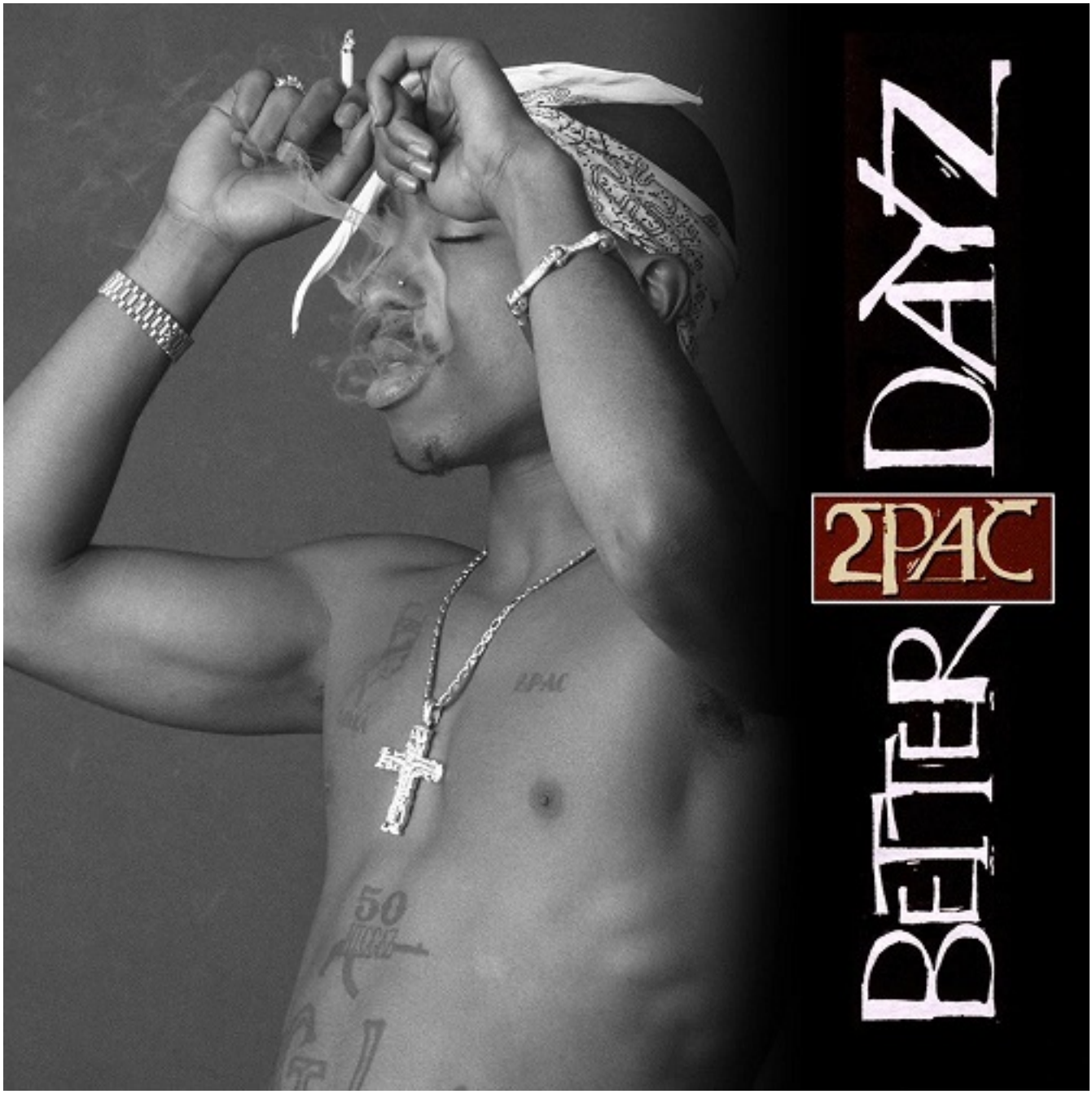
[2Pac:]
Now who's to say if I was right or wrong?
To live my life as an Outlaw all along
Remain strong in this planet full of player haters
They conversate but Death Row full of demonstrators
And in the end drinkin' Hennessy made all my enemies envy me
So cold when I flow eliminatin' easily
Falls to they knees, they plead for they right to breathe
While beggin' me to keep the peace (haha)
When I conceive closer to achieve
In times of danger don't freeze, time to be a G
Follow my lead I'll supply everything you need
An ounce of game and the trainin' to make a G
Remember me, as an outcast Outlaw
Another album out, that's what I'm about, more
Gettin' raw 'til the day I see my casket
Buried as a G while the whole world remembers me
Until the end of time

[Richard Page:]
Take, these broken wings
I need your hands to come and heal me once again
(Until the end of time)
So I can fly, 'til the end of time

[Richard Page:]
Take, these broken wings
You got to learn to fly, learn to live so free
(Until the end of time)
So we can fly away, 'til the end of time
'Til the end of...

[2Pac:]
I don't know what it is that got me actin' all crazy out here
Guess it's just my environment, how you people be treatin'
(Until the end of time)
Shit, I'll be back in a while?
Ain't no mystery, you get what you give, feel me?
When it comes I'll be like, I can't tell you what?
Maybe it's the thug in me

Writer(s): Lang, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Page, J. Jackson, George


BETTER DAYZ
2PAC

2Pac Lyrics

"Intro"

[Reporter:]
Good Evening.
*[*sirens in the background*]*
I'm reporting live from Sunset Boulevard where many excited fans have gathered with candles *[*crowd starts chanting "2Pac"*]* awaiting the much anticipated release, of 2Pac Shakur's latest album, Better Dayz.
This is yet another post-humous release by 2Pac which, raises the question
"Where are these songs coming from?"
It's interesting how the message in these songs is still relevant today.
Even in his death he's touching people with his lyrics.
I can feel the energy in the air as they count down to midnight when the album will officially be released.
Oh, hold on. I think they're starting to countdown now.

[Crowd:]
5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

Writer(s): Jamarese De'angelo Arkeas Coleman

2Pac Lyrics

"Still Ballin"

(feat. Trick Daddy)

[2Pac:]
Straight motherfuckin' ballin', part 2
Still ballin', Westside!

[2Pac:]
Now, ever since a nigga was a seed
Only thing promised to me was the penitentiary
Still ballin', ridin' on these niggas 'cause they lame
In a '61 Chevy, still heavy in this game
Can you feel me? Blame it on my mama, I'm a thug nigga
Up before the sun rise, quicker than the drug dealers
Tell me if it's on, nigga, then we first to bomb
Bust on these bitch-made niggas, hit 'em up, Westside!
Ain't nobody loved me as a broke nigga
Finger on the trigger, Lord forgive me if I smoke niggas
I love my females strapped, then fuck her from the back
I get my currency in stacks, California is where I'm at ridin'
Passed by while these niggas wondered why
I got shot but didn't die, let 'em see who's next to try
Did I cry? Hell nah, nigga, tears shed, for all my homies in the pen, many peers dead; a nigga still ballin'

[2Pac (Trick Daddy):]
Still ballin' until I die (until I die)
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin' (I be ballin')
Niggas wonder why (they wonder why)
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin'

[Trick Daddy:]
Now, as I kneel and pray I hope the Lord understand
When he's gone, devolve, I become a dangerous man
Ain't crazy or deranged, I'm sayin'
But when these kids go to spray 'em, boy, won't be playin'
With clientele, any rhyme sales
Question is: Will you fuck-niggas ride for real, huh?
Bitch nigga, this is G-rated
Plus your homeboy won't make it, street game Fugazi
I'm elevated to the top of this shit
Done fucked around and put me and 2Pac on the bitch
And you can tell 'em "Thug Life" was the reason for this
And I ride for any nigga who believe in the shit; still ballin'

[2Pac:]
Until the day I die
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin'
Niggas wonder why
You can bring your crew, but we remain true

Motherfucker, still ballin'

[2Pac:]
Now everybody wanna see us dead
Two murdered on the front page
Shot to death, bullets to the head
Niggas holla out my name and it's similar to rape
Motherfuckers know I'm comin', so they runnin' to they graves
Watch! Swoop down with my nigga from the Pound
'Cause Trick don't give a fuck
Where you coward niggas now?
Blast, keep pumpin', ain't worried about nothin'
Busters thought we was frontin'
So reload and keep dumpin'; still ballin'

[2Pac (Trick Daddy):]
(I'm still ballin') 'til the day I die ('til I die)
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin' (I be ballin')
Niggas wonder why (they wonder why)
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin'
'Til the day I die (still ballin')
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin'
Niggas wonder why (tell 'em!)
You can bring your crew, but we remain true
Motherfucker, still ballin', until the day I die
(Thug life), still ballin'
Motherfucker, still ballin'
Straight motherfuckin' ballin'

Thanks to wazzzzaaaas for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Young Maurice, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Jackson Johnny Lee, Pimental Francisco

2Pac Lyrics

"When We Ride On Our Enemies"

Fugees! Fugees and Mobb Deep
Tryin' to diss now too, huh?!
Hahaha! Well, I ain't prejudiced
I don't give a fuck
This is what it sounds like
When we ride on our enemies
Biatch! When we ride on our enemies

Hey, got some static for some niggas on the other side of town
Let my little cousin K roll, he's a rider now
What they want from us motherfuckin' thug niggas?
Used to love niggas, now I plug niggas, and slug niggas
Am I wrong? Niggas makin' songs, tryin' to get with us
Must be gone on stress weed, in the West we trust
To the chest I bust, then we ride 'til the sun come
Shinin' back to brighten up the sky; how many die?
Heard the Fugees was tryin' to do me
Look, bitch: I'll cut your face, this ain't no motherfuckin' movie
Then, we watch the other two die slow
Castrated entertainin' at my motherfuckin' sideshow
Bam! Set my plan in mo'
Time to exterminate my foes; I can't stand you hoes
Uh, now label this my fuckin' trick shot
My lyrics runnin' all you cowards out of hip-hop
When we ride on our enemies

When we ride on our enemies
I bet you motherfuckers die
When we ride on our enemies
When we ride on our enemies
Bet all you motherfuckers die
When we ride on our enemies

Come take a journey through my mind's eye
You crossed the game, don't explain
Nigga, time to die; say goodbye
Watch my eyes when I pull the trigger
So right before you die, you bow before a bigger nigga
Now dry your eyes, you was heartless on your hits
Niggas love to scream "Peace!" after they start some shit
Pay attention, here's a word to those that robbed me
I murder you, then I run a train on Mobb Deep
Don't fuck with me!
Nigga, you're barely livin', don't you got sickle cell?
See me have a seizure on stage, you ain't feelin' well
Hell, how many niggas wanna be involved?
See, I was only talkin' to Biggie, but I'll kill all of y'all, then ball
Then tell Da Brat to keep her mouth closed
Fuck around and get tossed up by the fuckin' Outlawz
Before I leave, make sure everybody HEARD

Know I meant every motherfuckin' word
When we ride on our enemies

When we ride on our enemies
Make sure everybody die
When we ride, on our enemies
When we ride on our enemies, hehe
I make sure everybody die
When we ride, on our enemies

2Pac Lyrics

"Changed Man"

(feat. Johntá Austin, T.I.)

[2Pac:]
Shit, I'm a changed man
Ay, turn the lights out
Big baller 2Pac up in this bitch
Y'know how we swing this shit, look

[2Pac:]
By age sixteen I sold to dopefiends
Not yet a drug dealer, but I watched 'em closely
Until they noticed me
I got the feds wonderin' who broke the law
Far too inhibited for gun smoke, I broke his jaw
Words harder than a fuckin' diamond
Mobile phone call to Simon
Niggas trippin' homey, when we ridin'?
Fuck them slowly like Jodeci
And stick a needle in my eye if I don't live and die for M.O.B
And fuck your homeboys nigga we can drop the guns
I hit your block and we can box for fun
Nigga one on one, last to fall is a ballin' cat
It's Death Row, why the fuck you think we call it that?
So if you knew me in my past life
Don't act like we homeboys, ain't no love in the fast life
I switch gears on them jealous bitches, who do you fear?
The game plan of a changed man, so what I'm sayin' is

[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]
I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider
(Fuckin' with a changed man)
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up
You go and drink the Henn' up
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man

[T.I.:]
In drop top, the Glock cocked
Got rocks in my socks Cops
Spot Watt niggas but hardly stop niggas
Not if they got niggas, dough boys and hot niggas
Who mighta shot niggas but only by skrilla
I'm for respect nowadays they expect me
to be in a Ferrari or the old SL
Or anything you see flashing past and can't catch
Dat's me, gauge on the Escalate back seat - don't creep
Oh what you think, T.I.P. and them sweet? (Don't sleep)
Get you hit from your head to your feet (And you don't know me)
I'm fin' ta introduce you to the old me

You walk in, exploded and leave reload
You don't like a rugged nigga, fuck you, blow me
But you will respect me or get it in your neckpiece G
No three niggas here are gonna let me be
or get you inside there's codes to the streets nigga

[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]
I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up
You go and drink the Henn' up
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man
You fuckin' with a changed man

[2Pac:]
A nigga so cold when I flow, bow down to Death Row
Three wheel motion, comin' through coastin'
Who's that nigga in the G-ride
Screamin' out M.O.B.! Nigga we ride
I hit the charts like a stick-up kid
Number 1 in the nation
I fucked the world, the Judge gave me probation
Faced with incarceration
Move tapes like it's big weight, slangin' to the whole nation
GIMME MINE, or I'm blastin' on every song
Murder my enemies, I'm mashin' until I'm gone
One love to my thug niggas
And fuck a bitch, cause a true sister love niggas
Throw yo' hands in the air, close your eyes and hope
Never come against the mass of smoke, on Death Row
My adversaries BLEED
But fuck 'em all 'til the talk cease
Fuckin' with a changed man

[Johntá Austin (2Pac):]
I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up
You go and drink the Henn' up
(You fuckin' with a changed man)
A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man
(Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man)

[Overlapping:]
I changed plans but I'm still the same old rider
You fuckin' with a changed man
I slang a new dope to the world but the people still buy it
Nigga you fuckin' with a changed man
All my real thug niggas, go and get your hands up
You go and drink the Henn' up
You fuckin' with a changed man

A changed man, you're dealin' with a changed man
You fuckin' with a changed man

[2Pac:]
E'rybody think they understand me
Shit, you niggas don't know me
Y'all know that nigga on the rap song
Y'all know that nigga in the movies
You don't know this nigga in 3-D
Real live right up against you in front of yo' face
Shit.
Westside, Outlaw Immortalz, hehehe
Nigga, you fuckin' with a changed man
Hahaha, you fuckin' with a changed man
Hahaha, I ain't the same, you fuckin' with a changed man
We ain't the same, you fuckin' with a changed man
We ain't the same, fuckin' with a changed man
Changed man

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuck Em All"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac (singers):]
You a what? Bad Boy Killaz
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Hahaha, yeah, nigga, fuck 'em all!
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Fuck all you muthafuckers!
Ayo, Biggie, put your hands up!

[2Pac:]
Now, I can make it happen
My rappin' is similar to mothafuckers when they scrappin'
Blast and watch 'em back up
Notorious Biggie killer, affiliation with Death Row
Niggas get their caps pealed back, fool, this the West Coast
Bitch, you misdemeanor, I'm raisin' hell like felonies
Mr. Makaveli straight outta jail to sellin' these
Intoxicated, we duplicated but never faded
Now that we made it my adversaries is player hatin'
Got a Mercedes for these tricks, that thought I quit
Then got a drop top jag for these bitches that's on my dick
Go to a club in a pack, I'm smokin' bud in the back
I wait for niggas to trip 'cause, bitch, I love to scrap
Mama raised me as a thug nigga, with love niggas
I'm a millionaire started as a drug dealer
I went from rocks to zines, writin' raps and movies
I went from trustin' these tricks
Now they all want to sue me, so fuck 'em all!

[Young Noble (singers):]
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Come put your hands up in the air!
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)

[Kadafi:]
Now, could you picture my criminal status at its fuckin' peak?
Even the baddest be gettin' murdered in they seats
I'm addicted to these streets, like crack is to these creeps
Seein' visions of a prison, wake up screamin' in my sleep
Is there a heaven in this hell? A possibility of livin' well?
But if they killin' me, I get my stripes and whose to tell
Choosin' to sell, I'd rather die and be deceased
World mob figure addicted to these fuckin' streets

[E.D.I.:]
Now, put your muthafuckin' hands up if you's a rider (Ride)
Niggas ain't killers so they hidin' (Why?)
Fuck 'em all, touch 'em all; that's the way that we do it
Ride up, hop the fuck out, watch that bitch nigga lose it

Man, I'm as strong as this game, ya'll be knowin' my name
A young high strung thug nigga created by pain
Livin' my life in the fast lane, gettin' fucked by the past
Got my mind on my cash
And my next piece of ass, so fuck 'em all!

[Young Noble (singers):]
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Come put your hands up in the air!
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
I do my dirt all by my lonely
Don't need no phony homie to call me
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Back off, I hit at everyone of you homies
So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Nigga, we Outlaw riders
Don't give a fuck if you love us, we thuggin'

[2Pac:]
I got glad bags with enemies, cut up so they remember me
Soaked up in Hennessy, so they relatives know it's me
You can bet your last dollar, I'll dick 'em and holla
Ridin' these hoochies like they some heavy ass Chevy impalas
Jump up and get your ass shot up
For my profit pick my Glock up
I'm bustin' with self-defense, you see
Poppin' nobody got 'em, holla
Outlaw riders, mash up on the gas pedal
Vacate the scene, count the cash and stash the precious metal
Here come the coppers, the S.W.A.T. team and the helicopters
Them crackers is crazy, why? 'Cause they'll never stop us
I watched Arnold Schwarzenegger bust somebody in a movie
Now I want to do it too, ooh, ooh
Niggas is too through, true to the game
I claim Outlaw riders, we give a fuck what they try, I'm…

[Young Noble:]
'Cause Young Noble behind it
Can you picture me stickin' niggas for they watch and chain?
Kick back, lil' nigga, and watch the game
Get your mob rocked and what-not
We keep it poppin', like a drug spot
The streets know what's hot, trust me

[Napoleon:]
Even my hood call me "baby Malcolm X"
With the TEC's, shower some slugs on 'em
I've got a brother, don't rest and he keeps some drugs on him
Always in grind mood, hustle to find food
Ever seen Faces of Death? That's what my 9 do

[Kastro:]
I keep my mind on my money, and my money on my mind
With my back against the wall, like I'm runnin' outta time

Even rap with a gat, I must be goin' out my mind
Like I'm up against the world, this guerrilla team of mine
Screamin', "Thug Life, bitch, fuck 'em all!" and die for 'em
Even if the last nigga left I'ma ride for 'em
Feel me? Until they kill me, that's how I'm rollin'
"Fuck 'em all, let them die!" – that's my slogan; fuck 'em all!

[Young Noble (singers):]
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Come put your hands up in the air!
It's a middle finger affair, yeah
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
I do my dirt all by my lonely
Don't need no phony homie to call me
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Back off, I hit at everyone of you homies
So don't get comfortable, I'm runnin' you
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
Nigga, we Outlaw riders
Don't give a fuck if you love us, we thuggin'
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)
(That's right, bitch, fuck 'em all!)

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Never B Peace"

(feat. Kastro, E.D.I. Mean)

[2Pac:]
Now of course I want peace on the streets, but realistically
Paintin' perfect pictures ain't never worked, my misery
Was so deep, couldn't sleep through all my pressures
In my quest for cash I learned fast, usin' violent measures
Memories of adolescent years, there was unity
But after puberty, we brought war to our community
So many bodies droppin', it's gotta stop, I wanna help
But still I'm steppin', keep my weapon, must protect myself
The promise of a better tomorrow ain't never reached me
Plus my teachers was too petrified in class to teach me
Sippin' Thunderbird and grape Kool-Aid, callin' Earl
Since my stomach was empty it seduced me to fuck the world
Watch my lil' homies lose they childhoods to guns
Nobody cries no more, 'cause we all die for fun
So why you ask me if I want peace if you can't grant it?
Niggas fightin' across the whole planet
So it could never be peace

[2Pac:]
Will there ever be peace, or are we all, just headed for doom?
Still consumed by the beast?
And I know there'll never be peace
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
'Cause there could never be peace

[Kastro:]
Somebody owes me. Will they control me? Not
I ain't a hater player, but I want all you got
Y'all babies had babies, now we fightin' each other
My dawgs got frabies, they bitin' each other
And it ain't hard to find a friend like mine
Bigfully is a bullet and he don't mind dyin'
And I gotta be blind, missed sign after sign
Time after time after time after time
And I don't like nobody, they don't like me more
And I'm good with that finally, but they heard it before
Dawg, we livin' in a prison, losin' our religion
On Thanksgivin' we thankful, just for livin' in Hell
Damn, homie, I don't mean to be harsh
But there's a devil in the ghetto tryin' to tear it apart
And if we make it up out, we still stuck in the dark
Will there ever be peace? Just a piece of my heart. Never!

[Outlawz:]
The only peace we got is a piece of our heart, piece of our mind, or that damn piece that we hold in our waistline
You feel me, dawg? C'mon, uh

[2Pac:]

So will there ever be peace
Or are we all just headed for doom?
Still consumed by the beast?
And I know there'll never be peace (never)
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
'Cause there'll never be peace

[E.D.I.:]
Thangs is changin', nigga, you better read the signs
I'm only concerned about me and mine in these times
The world is a ghetto and peace is not a part of it
We all believe God's new plan to make it out of this
Niggas spendin' too much time hatin' on each other
Niggas buyin' guns, loadin' 'em up, aimin' at each other
And the victim is you and me, it's sick, but it's true indeed
The good die, mostly over bullshit, repeatedly
Deep in me there's a part that wants nothing but love
But the rest of me know, war is what's waitin' for us
So I stays ready, keep my pay heavy and boss up
Stack my funds and my guns, never rely on luck
Askin' God to point out the impostor
Never let no weapon formed against me prosper
'Cause there'll never be peace, so don't rely on it, soldiers dyin' for it, and in the ghetto, they cryin' for it. But fuck peace!

[2Pac:]
Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?
And I know there'll never be peace
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
Fool, there'll never be peace
Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?
And I know there'll never be peace
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
Nigga, there'll never be peace
Will there ever be peace, or are we all just, headed for doom? Still consumed by the beast?
And I know there'll never be peace
That's why I keep my pistol when I walk the streets
Nigga, there'll never be peace
Will there ever be peace?

[2Pac:]
Will there ever be peace? Shit, fuck peace!
On the strength 'til my niggas get a piece, we can't have peace
How the fuck we gon' live happy when we ain't got nothing?
You motherfuckers are smilin', but I'm mean muggin'
Why? 'Cause I gotta be thuggin'
It seems drugs done turned this whole mothafuckin' hood out
All us niggas actin' up, wild-ass motherfuckin' adolescents
These niggas ain't even got no childhoods no more
How the fuck can you have a childhood
And you at the funeral every motherfuckin' weekend?
Pssh, and you motherfuckers talkin' about peace?
Nigga, it ain't no motherfuckin' peace
You ain't seen the news motherfucker? You ain't heard? Lil' babies gettin' smoked, motherfuckers killin' they whole family
Lil' kids gettin' thrown off buildings

Motherfuckers gettin' abused
Peace? Nigga, is you out your fuckin' mind?
Fuck peace! We can't never have peace 'til you motherfuckers clean up this mess you made
'Til you fuckin' clean up the dirt you dropped
'Til we get a piece, fuck peace! Westside

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Mama's Just A Little Girl"

(feat. Kimma Hill)

Young mothers (that's right)
I feel ya (hey)
I know how it is
Mama's just a little girl (just a little girl)
Don't nobody understand
I feel ya

[2Pac:]
She was born a heavy set girl with pigtails and curls
A heart full of gold, still it won't change the world
Though she could never understand why
Some underhanded plans witnessed a man die
Was only fifteen, should have been a beauty queen, still
See her cryin' by the caskets when her parents got killed
Little girl don't cry, cuz even though they died
You can best believe they're watchin' over thee from the sky
Never asked for this misery, but look at what you're gettin'
It's a blessin' in disguise when you find out you're pregnant
No money, no home, and even though you're all alone
You gots to do this on your own, so baby gone
I wish you luck and if you need me, call
Just come to me and let me feed you all
I can understand the way it feels when you're fightin' the world
Facin' all this drama when Mama's just a little girl

[Kimma Hill:]
Mama don't know why
Mama's just a little girl
Livin' if she is or not
Time ain't on her side
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
She gotta hold her head up high

[2Pac:]
At sixteen
What a beautiful thing, the very essence of a jet-black ebony queen
And who could tell she'd get pregnant at an early age? (what?!)
She didn't listen, had sex, watch her belly raise (hey)
Got violated by someone she dated
If this is fate, I'd hate to see the seeds she created, and so we waited
Though it takes time to build a body and a mind
She reclines nine months then finally it's time
What do we find? Little growin' boy of mine
With a tortured soul, addicted to a life of crime
Had no time for the growin' stage
He learned his values on the streets at an early age
Watch for police, don't come home (why?)
Cuz Mama's actin' crazy at the hospit-al
'Bout to have another baby

Like a rose from the concrete, growin' within
Blessed with twins how the hell can Mama raise three men?
So we began, closest family, such insanity
A happy home, from one act of inhumanity
Plus Mama said the seed was corrupted
Used to rub Her belly, beggin' us to breathe and she'd loved us
Now, Mama, sits quiet, sippin' peppermint Schnapps
Turned the house into a spot and made her watch for cops (hey)
How could Mama bring a thug like me in this world?
She ain't the cause of all the drama
Cause Mama's just a little girl

[Kimma Hill:]
Mama don't know why (stupid motherfuckers don't know)
Mama's just a little girl
Livin' if she is or not
Time ain't on her side
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
She gotta hold her head up high
(How could she raise us)

[2Pac:]
Now, will she remain in the same spot?
The gunshots rang, they came from the 'caine spot
Now, look here, I see her clutchin' her son in her arms, she's hurt
Her heart bleeds, now she watched her seed die in the dirt
Fulfilled prophecy
But who could stop the grief I walk around, tryin' to hold the world, up on top of me
I'd probably be an innocent man, still I'm the victim of a curse
What could be worse? Nothing but pain, since my birth
Only functions at the Pen', cuz everybody's in
Payin' back society, I'm guilty of a life of sin
I watch the drama occur, my eyes blur before I jetted
I wonder why we all have to die 'fore we get it
Though we shed tears, so many peers I've done buried
Worried and scared, knowin' I'ma see the cemetery
Must be prepared, in this cold world, no one cares
No! It ain't fair, but we all bear and do our share
In this land of the underhanded schemes and plans
Vivid dreams of a nigga havin' G's in hand
Mama told me not to be a punk
Fuck what you talkin' about, coward, what you niggas want? (hey)
There ain't a thing I wouldn't do for my Mama in this world
Cause you know I ain't mad at cha, you're just a little girl (Heyheyy)
Hell naw, (that's right) see mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)

[Kimma Hill:]
Mama don't know why
Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
Livin' if she is or not
(y'all ain't facin' all this drama cause mama just a little girl)
Time ain't on her side
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
She gotta hold her head up high

[2Pac:]

They ask us why we mutilate each other like we do
And wonder why we hold such little worth for human life (Facin' all this drama, when mama's just a little girl)
To ask us why we turn from bad to worse, is to ignore from which we came (Mama's just a little girl)
You see, you wouldn't ask why the rose that grew from the concrete had
Damaged petals
On the contrary, we would all celebrate its tenacity
We would all love its will to reach the sun
Well, we are the roses (we are the roses)
This is the concrete (this is the concrete)
And these are my damaged petals (these are my damaged petals)
Don't ask me why (don't ask why)
Thank God, nigga (thank god)
Ask me how (Ahahaha)
You see, mama's just a little girl
Mama (hey)...
Mama...

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Street Fame"

Turn it up in my head phones, please
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
More, ha ha, comin' to a ghetto near you

I wasn't mad until these tricks shot me
It's time I sanitize my posse
Look how paranoid these niggas got me
Cellular calls are being traced since surveillance silently
Mama, chill, thug livin' pay the bills, I'm dyin' violently
Closed caskets, expose bastards, I leave 'em bloody
Delores Tucker, don't let your kids
Hear a nigga speak on gettin' money
Ain't nothin' funny, green got a nigga seein' things
Why? Hit the lye, hope to God I can fly
Lethal weapon, I'm a savage; still a method to my madness
Blast niggas, laugh, call 'em care cabbage
Read 'em and weep, put 'em to sleep, they hell bound
Lyrics will leave 'em spell bound
Clown, now tired of being held down
Cross my heart, hope to die, blind with some pussy
Millionaire, livin' care free, sucka free, playa haters miss me
Hope in hard times never catch me slippin'
Fuck authorities! They wonder why minorities be trippin'
We ain't havin' it, time to tear this shit back
Ghetto children kick back
Once I hit the MAC, niggas'll never get they shit back
Spit it so eloquently, my pistols represent me
Bust until my rounds empty; back for the street fame

One love to my true thugs
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
Bust! Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
All out warfare, eye for a eye
Bustin' on my enemies, bad boy killin'
Straight dissin' you
Fuck Lil' Kim, you nasty bitch!

Temperatures rises, niggas blinded by my lyrical disguise
No time to plot retreats, niggas shiver and die
Multiple rounds found laced in his body and face
Wrapped in plastic, the acid erased all traces
Criminal tactics, the rap game became so drastic
Military mind, mash all the hoes, get blasted
If we bleed then they suffocate, chokin' in terror
So we strive seein' our lives be reflected in mirrors
The prophecy is clear, niggas lock and load, disappear
Strategize with no fear, wagin' war for years
The crack game wasn't big enough, ready to rush
Bitch made motherfuckers get murdered and touched
I go to jail niggas screamin' free me, speakin' freely

Conversatin' with my comrades kickin' Swahili
Indeed they should fear my first seed
It gets worse, planned a curse to be a G, on the first to breathe
Currency in stacks, artillery in the back
Strapped, armies, we camouflaged in all black
When we attack, holla out my set, nigga
Tighten your jaw, givin' birth to Outlawz, street fame

Bust, nigga bust!
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
Only Makaveli the Don
Can put it down like this; ain't none like me
Comin' to a ghetto near you, with street fame

Positive identification, got me rushed to the station
Stuck in this line up, tryin' hard to hide my face
They placed the name but can't recall description
I ain't did shit, officer, that bitch trippin'
Promise retaliation, their plan busted, no man to be trusted
Everything corrupted once man touch it
Kamikaze, hopin' that none of the spies find me
That's why we bye bye daily, knowin' cops trail me
But why cry? Floatin' while we tokin' on this potent branch
Flossin' in the thug stance, pistol tucked inside my pants
Never underestimate me, playa hate me, see me and hide
Sure as hollow-points shatter, enemies die
Spread love, dead thugs gettin' buried in riches
Take a chance to advance; fuck them worryin' bitches!
Penitentiary's a possibility, bust and pray
Wear a rubber so I live to fuck another day, hey!
Ain't nothin' strange, I'm 25, dyin' to change
But still I bang wantin' street fame

That's the end of that
Thugged out, Makaveli the Don
Representin' the Outlawz, street fame
One love to my true niggas
Comin' to a ghetto near you street fame
Makaveli the Don, Killuminati
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame

Yo, check this out, I'ma tell you like this
If the lifestyle that you livin'
Got you taking more fuckin' shorts than gettin' props
Then that lifestyle need to stop
Best to recognize some Outlaw shit
'Cause only in this Outlaw lifestyle can you truly come to
To see what this life's supposed to be like
Nigga, you'll start to see riches
Fine bitches and hittin' switches
Shit, to me that shit sound delicious; street fame

Thanks to brian_pham2002 for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Whatcha Gonna Do?"

(feat. Kastro, Young Noble)

Hell yeah *[*2Pac yawning*]*
Hahaha

[2Pac:]
And uh, I started out dumb, sprung off a hood-rats
Listenin' to the radio, wishin' that I could rap
But nothing changed, I was stuck in the game
'Cause everybody in the industry was fuckin' me, mayne
Listen, I got a scheme, break away, do my own thang
Drop some conversation, sit back and let the phone ring
Niggas ain't wanna see me rise
97 watch me cut these motherfuckers down to size
And if I catch another case, Lord knows how they hate me
Got a player in the court room, please don't let 'em frame me
I've been dealt a lot of bad cards livin' as a thug
Count my blessings and throw my stressings in this land with no love
Maybe they seen me rollin', look at all this green I'm holdin'
I get this why they envious and get they eyes swollen
Hopin' the heavenly father love a hustler
Meet the hardest nigga on the Earth to ever bust a nut
My homies tell me, "Have a heart" — fuck they feelings
I've been tryin' to make a million since we started, we cold hearted
Niggas in masks that'll blast at the task force
Empty out my clip, time to mash, they asked for it
Me, Makaveli, I'm a motherfucker
We break bread, now we thug brothers, haha
Niggas talk a lot of non-shit I choose to ignore it
A war? They ain't ready for it haha

[2Pac (Young Noble):]
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)

[Kastro (Young Noble):]
My nine is Thug lord, my mind on my grind
Outlawz is my heart, they shine when I shine
(My rhyme is my grind, my team be on role)
(Proceed with the onslaught, indeed they all talk)
(They all marks and it's an Outlaw holocaust)
When I got the sawed-off. (Niggas gettin' hauled off)
Yeah, nigga beware, stand clear
This nigga's scared, man, I don't really care
I've been lost love, my heart need a hug

My bite need blood, I fight with a grudge
The life of a thug nigga might need gloves
But you'll never know with a price on your mug
Them fight strips snug right around your hands
Makin' sure you can never grab the mic again
Dog, you fuckin' with a grown man
Can't I can't afford to lose
Where we from niggas torture dudes
So whatcha wan' do?

[2Pac (Young Noble):]
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Tell me now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you

[2Pac:]
Haha, watch me clown, give me lovin' when I'm high
I'm a outlaw baby, I'll be thuggin' 'til I die
In my drop-top, double-R, life as a rap star
Hustle like a crack fiend 'til they catch me
Go ask somebody to your show
Watching niggas out of sight, in my night scope
Cookin' white dope, got my nigga 25-to-life stressed out
Tryin' to have all the better things in life
While Makaveli — a born leader, 10 millimeter
Change a nigga's future like a schizophrenic palm reader
Heed, from out the Bible I read
See the meek shall inherit the Earth and the strong will lead
Hittin' weed like it's alright
I'm in the studio makin' music all night
My enemies cry whenever I rise, they hated 'til the death
Tryin' to beat me out my last breath
What cha gonna do?

[2Pac (Young Noble):]
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, now nigga now
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, throw you hands up
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, would you wanna fuck?
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, bust 'em, when my niggas come for you
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you, come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)
Now whatcha gonna do, when my niggas come for you
(What y'all gonna do?)

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Fair Xchange"

(feat. Jazze Pha)

[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]
Ladies and gentlemen! And gentlemen
This, is a Jazze Phizzile produc-shizzle
Jazze Pha, Jazze Pha
My nizzle!
My nizzle. Ha!
Outlawz! Outlawz. 2Pac, Makaveli!
(Still breathin') Yeah, woo - wooo-WHEEE!

A picture of perfection, the object of a nigga affection
Partners in passionate sex, a place to put my erection
Fantasies of you in submission, freaky positions
Pushin', pullin' and twistin' I'm on a mission got me on the mash
Tried to dig, you was screamin' when I did
Steady yellin' out spots for me to hit, and "aw shit"
Soon as I seen her saw us playin' hide the weiner
Wanna "Freak Like Me", fuck Adina
Up and down is the object, side to side
Make you holla out my name when a thug nigga ride, "Can I cum inside?"
Say you don't feel it that's a lie
You just scared to get this penitentiary dick
The trot caught your eye when I walked by
I said, "Hi."
But you was so shy, I can't lie, damn near stuttered when you walked by
You want me to lick it and even worse
Got your heart set on me goin' first, and that ain't no fair exchange

[Jazze Pha:]
You do me
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)
A fair exchange, on everythang
And Let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player
Give it up to me (give it to me give it to me)
A fair exchange, you know the game
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

Open your legs
Got me marchin' like it's a million, you tremble from the feelin'
Look up, cause I got mirrors on the ceiling
And if you willin', then we can ride until the sun shine
And just for fun, I betchu I can make you cum 61 times
Close your eyes, let me heat it up
Cause when we fuck I refuse to bust a nut until I beat it up
Drop the top, time to fuck while the wind blow
Baby throw yo' legs out the window
Remember on the balcony, bend over baby bounce on me
And let me hit it where it counts and flee

Remember me? "I Get Around," and I'm haunted by my "Temptations"
Sexual participation, my motivation
Even though I like the way you work it
You don't deserve it cause you walk around actin' like you perfect
Took a while but I finally got it, and like a boss player
Bitch you ain't doin' me no favors, fair exchange

[Jazze Pha:]
You do me
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)
A fair exchange, on everythang
And Let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)
A fair exchange, you know the game
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

Now yo' attitude ain't realistic
Yeah it's true I'm gettin' pussy, but baby you gettin' dick!
And since you bein' laced with the penetration
It's only right to show a form of appreciation
Instead of fakin' like you can't hear the bed shakin'
In bed naked you so twisted think yo' legs breakin'
You said "take it" so I'm blind in my passion, how long will I last?
Doggy style steady pumpin' on that ass, until I blast
And then I laugh as we lay back
See I wait 'til you asleep and that's the payback
Cause you actin' like you did somethin', givin' me a piece
I had you mufflin' your screams in the sheets, fuckin' with me
A true digger that love triggers, a thug nigga
Hustlin' bitches like drug dealers
Before I say goodbye, put an end to all the games
Here's my number for another fair exchange

[Jazze Pha:]
You do me
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)
A fair exchange, on everythang
And let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)
A fair exchange, you know the game
We can do the damn
You do me
And if it's worth it baby, I'll return the favor
And give it back to you (give it to you, give it to you)
A fair exchange, on everythang
And let me tell you that's the way it's gotta be
Open your eyes baby, recognize a player
Give it up to me (give it to me, give it to me)
A fair exchange, you know the game
We can do the damn thang, thang, thang

2Pac Lyrics

"Late Night"

(feat. DJ Quik, Outlawz)

[DJ Quik:]
Hey 'Pac, it's yo' boy
Hey man so far I've been listenin' to your album
And I ain't heard nuttin you could kick back and smoke a beadie to
You know?

Yeah like that
Some of that mellow shit
Some of that shit that make bitches drink
Make niggas think
And help you check a fat-ass bank, hahah
So why don't you kick some of that shit, nigga only you know how
Hahahah, feel me?

[2Pac:]
I'm barely standin', and plus my secondhand say it's midnight
Some Alize and Cristal guaranteed to get right
Like misdemeanors is a small thang
With DJ Quik in this bitch, I let my balls hang
Runnin' through the street lights, cause we like
Yo' nigga get your mob on show 'em what a G like
Around the corner it's like Vegas, or better yet like Reno
Niggas poppin', welcome to our casino, cause you and me know
Hundred percent like a c-note
Lookin' for a bitch that's half-black and Filipino
And when I meet her I'ma offer her some indo
Tongue-kissin' on the window of a pearl white limo
Don't wanna be your man, I'm your nigga
Touch me here, I'll get bigger
While I'm diggin' I'll get deep into your liver
I'm game type
Love fuckin' bitches in the same night
My words are aphrodisiacs if you say 'em right
The club be poppin' so I'm stoppin' at the Fat Burger
Look through the paper it's another black crack murder
The city's full of surprises, you can live or you can die
You can fuck on the first night, or try
In the late night

[Samples (2Pac):]
"Last night.. last night changed it all"
(In the late night!)
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"
(In the late night!)
"Last night.. last night changed it all"
(In the late night!)
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

(In the late night!)

[Hussein Fatal:]
Around my way we lamp, many styles get cramped
I clock rocks in the rain 'til my socks is damp
Ain't nuttin like bein' a thug when I can just
Sit on the Row of Death straight knowin' that I'm blessed
Hussein Fatal, flawless fatality
Overdosin' on crime, three steps from reality
Get up to get down, represent your town, last night
Was poppin' like like cocked Glocks with hollow-tip rounds

[Kadafi:]
From booty-calls to bail sheets
It ain't no tellin' if I wake up in the county in my jail sheets
My intuitions and ambitions up in the late night
Probably involves me comin' up with just to see another day
Might
Be me who bites the bullet
In these streets where a man journey
With crooked cops and a society who tryin' to burn me
I'm like a pit in a cage, spittin' my shells in a gauge
Deadly as AIDS, niggas gettin' crossed like a maze
Now picture me livin' my life like a king, maybe one day
Until then I'm livin' Monday through Sunday
Bringin' the gun play for all these beefs and battles
When we collide, I'ma ride on that hide like cattle, cowards best to skedaddle
In the late night

"Last night.. last night changed it all"
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"
"Last night.. last night changed it all"
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

[2Pac:]
Money and multiple gunshots are shown, large amps are blown
Niggas in low-lows, pursuin' mo' hoes, then go home
The life of a California star, and when you see me
In the drop-top Jag', how many niggas wanna be me?
Game is automatic, mandatory I sell
To Live or Die, I survive, but with a story to tell
Cause when you gettin' some riches, watch for dumb bitches
They have you labeled a rapist before you get to tongue-kissin'
It's a mean world nigga you strapped, must be a throwaway
Will I survive the late night, to see dawn of day?
Nobody knows me, I'm a shadow
My army fatigues made for battle, pockets full of ammo
Cause when I'm out in the streets, I'm on point, where the static?
Too many done died from semis, so now we automatic
I disappear whenever heated, ride whenever needed
For my niggas up in Clinton gettin' weeded
Continue to roll until I'm old, ride until I die
Supply long as you motherfuckers buy
My homies rolled by in a bucket, but they ain't short and duckin'

Slappin' niggas known for tellin' bitches fuck-it
In the late night

[Samples (2Pac):]
"Last night.. last night changed it all"
(It's in the late night!)
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"
(In the late night!)
"Last night.. last night changed it all"
(Holla at me in the late night!)
"Last night.."
"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

Writer(s): Joseph Bernard Wheeler, Washington, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Yafeu A. Fula, Larry Mizell, Bruce

2Pac Lyrics

"Ghetto Star"

(feat. Nutt-So)

[2Pac:]
Haha
For all my niggas in the hood (yeah!)
Livin' the life of a ghetto star
(you know) You know how we do it hahaha
Makaveli

[2Pac:]
Just holla my name and witness game official
Niggas is so ashamed they stand stiff like scared bitches
While I remain inside a paradox called my block
Though gunshots is promised to me, when will I stop?
I hit the weed and hope to God I can fly high
Witness my enemies die when I ride by, they shouldn't have tried
I send they bodies to they parents up North
With they faces, they wrists, and they nuts cut off
Fuck 'em all what I scream as I dream in tongues
Fuck a trick, get me rich and the bitches'll come
Bust my gun, make 'em all scatter
Bullets to my nuts only made my balls fatter
Eat a dick, biyotch mercy, never that, you say you comin' back?
Bring it on, forever strapped
Introduce you to the pleasure and the pain, you can go so far
Just sell me your soul, and live the life (of a ghetto star)

[Nutt-So:]
I live the life of a thug nigga, drug dealer livin' game tight
Mug niggas, slug niggas for the fame life
Laced with game, practice on takin' pain
Quick to slang, and let it rain through yo' brain
Street smart, proficient, intelligent
And keep suckers hittin' 'til snitches start smellin' it
Movin' niggas with telekinesis
Keepin' Channel 7 at work, filmin' different features
Leadin' niggas to an early death with they head blown
And to those who didn't make it to the morgue was just dead and gone
And hope niggas got punished
Kidnapped, jacked in the back with MAC's to they neck, rappers waiting to get done in
Back*[?]* - we tossed his ass out
M.O.B. related, one mo' nigga found shot up with his dick in his mouth
Printed my name in these streets as a motherfuckin' G
Now the next generation's lookin' at me through *[?]*

[2Pac:]
Walkin' through the cemetery, talkin' to my homies that was buried
See my enemies wanna see me dead, I ain't worried, forgive me
Please give me shelter, calm my fears
Lifted my head, from my hands, had a palm of tears
I see bodies gettin' splashed, with acid

2 shots rang from the plastic Glock, wrapped in plastic
Buried the bastard, time to notify
His family, sheeit, ain't nothing left to be identified
Evacuate the crime scene fast
Why, I heard the Feds had a warrant for my ass
Why, I won't touch down 'til I see Tijuana
Set up shop selling them crooked cops marijuana
Label me a success, I made the switch
Retired from the life that never gave me shit
Put cash that I couldn't spend, countless cars
An addict for a wife, my life, as a ghetto star

[Nutt-So:]
Got the word that some nerds wanna plot on this
Hit the curve, let it swerve, had to stop they grip
No remorse, no repentance as I buck one down
Straight to the morgue cause I plan on, shuttin' shit down
Born soldier, fucked 'em up with a MAC-fo'
Torn ligaments, all up in that nigga shoulder
And a vest couldn't protect that flesh
Cause I got, slugs, to knock the air out your chest
Death, apparently they wasn't sucka free
Cause I had all them wannabe thug niggas in protective custody
I guess they heard that I got them birds
Thought I was a nerd 'til I bucked one of them to the curb
Luxury livin' lavish, with dreams of dyin' rich
With a team and clientele on my mothafuckin' dick
And gettin' down on these snitch bitches, protectin' riches
By givin' stitches, the life as a ghetto star

[2Pac:]
When I grow up I wanna be like them
My life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
My life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
Live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
And live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
Live my life as a ghetto star
When I grow up I wanna be like them
And live my life as a ghetto star

[2Pac w/ Nutt-So talking in background:]
This goes out to all you motherfuckers (to all you motherfuckers)
That STILL, have to kill to make that money (still, I'll be puttin' down)
All you niggas on the block, sellin' rocks
Hand to hand, runnin' from the police (sellin' motherfuckin' dopes)
(smokin' weed)
I see you
Live your life as a ghetto star
(look at these tramp ass hoes) Talk to the hood
Claimin' gettin' riches
(spank bitches ain't new)
Runnin' from new playa haters (any fake ass niggas)

Live my life as a ghetto star
(this is still 70 south)
Niggas with two strikes that don't wanna see the third (nah), I feel you
It's the Don Makaveli - live my life as a ghetto star

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cole Sean, Banks Gregory

2Pac Lyrics

"Thugz Mansion"

(feat. Anthony Hamilton)

[2Pac:]
Shit, tired of gettin' shot at
Tired of gettin' chased by the police and arrested
Niggas need a spot where we can kick it
A spot where WE belong, that's just for us
Niggas ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood
Y'knahmean? Where do niggas go when we die?
Ain't no heaven for a thug nigga
That's why we go to thug mansion
That's the only place where thugs get in free
And you gotta be a G, at thug mansion

[2Pac:]
A place to spend my quiet nights, time to unwind
So much pressure in this life of mine
I cry at times, I once contemplated suicide
And would've tried, but when I held that 9
All I could see was my mama's eyes
No one knows my struggle, they only see the trouble
Not knowin' it's hard to carry on when no one loves you
Picture me inside the misery of poverty
No man alive has ever witnessed struggles I survived
Prayin' hard for better days, promise to hold on
Me and my dawgs ain't have a choice but to roll on
We found a finally spot to kick it
Where we can drink liquor and no one bickers over trick shit
A spot where we can smoke in peace
And even though we G's
We still visualize places that we can roll in peace
And in my mind's eye I see this place
The players go and pass it
I got a spot for us all, so we can ball, at thug's mansion

[Anthony Hamilton:]
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Chillin' with homies and family
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Only place that's right for me
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

[2Pac:]
Will I survive all the fights and the darkness?
Trouble sparks, they tell me, "Home is where the heart is."
Dear departed, I shed tattooed tears
And couldn't sleep good for multiple years
Witness peers catch gunshots; nobody cares
Seen the politicians ban us
They'd rather see us locked in chains

Please explain why they can't stand us
Is there a way for me to change?
Or am I just a victim of things I did to maintain?
I need a place to rest my head
With the little bit of homeboys that remains
'Cause all the rest dead
Is there a spot for us to roll? If you find it
I'll be right behind ya, show me and I'll go
How can I be peaceful? I'm comin' from the bottom
Watch my daddy scream, "Peace!"
While the other man shot him
I need a house that's full of love, when I need to escape
The deadly places slingin' drugs, in thug's mansion

[Anthony Hamilton:]
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Chillin' with homies and family
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Only place that's right for me
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

[2Pac:]
Dear Mama, don't cry, your baby boy's doin' good
Tell the homies I'm in heaven and they ain't got hoods
Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night, it had me shook
Drinkin' peppermint Schnapps
With Jackie Wilson, and Sam Cooke
Then some lady named Billie Holiday sang
Sittin' there kickin' it with Malcolm, 'til the day came
Little Latasha sho' grown; tell the lady in the liquor store
That she's forgiven, so come home
Maybe in time you'll understand only God can save us
When Miles Davis cuttin' lose with the band
Just think of all the people that you knew in the past
that passed on, they in heaven, found peace at last
Picture a place that they exist, together
There has to be a place better than this, in heaven
So right before I sleep, dear God, what I'm askin'
Remember this face, save me a place in thug's mansion

[Anthony Hamilton (2Pac):]
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Chillin' with homies and family
Sky high, iced out, paradise in the sky (in thugs mansion)
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Only place that's right for me
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky (thugs mansion)
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Chillin' with homies and family
Sky high, iced out, paradise, in the sky (in thugs mansion)
Ain't no place I'd rather be
Only place that's right for me
Chromed-out, mansion in paradise, in the sky

Thanks to jhatrick, matt7562 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Aurelius Seven Marcus, Hamilton Anthony Cornelius, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"My Block (Remix)"

Damn, take a ride to my block
My block, that's right! Hehe
'Round my motherfuckin' way

They got a nigga sheddin' tears, reminiscin' on my past fears
'Cause shit was hectic for me last year
It appears that I've been marked for death, my heartless breast
The underlying cause of my arrest, my life is stressed
And no rest, forever weary; my eyes stay teary
For all the brothers that are buried in the cemetery
Shit is scary, how black-on-black crime legendary
But at times unnecessary, I'm getting worried
Teardrops and closed caskets, the three strikes law is drastic
And certain death for us ghetto bastards
What can we do when we're arrested but open fire?
Life in the pen ain't for me, 'cause I'd rather die
But don't cry through your despair
I wonder if the Lord still cares for us niggas on welfare
And who cares if we survive? The only time they notice a nigga is when he's clutchin' on a four-five
My neighborhood ain't the same, 'cause all these little babies going crazy and they suffering in the game
And I swear it's like a trap
But I ain't given up on the hood, it's all good when I go back
Hoes show me love, niggas give me props
Forever hop, 'cause it don't stop – on my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

Now shit's constantly hot on my block
It never fails to be gunshots
Can't explain a mother's pain when her son drops
Black males living in Hell; when will we prevail?
Fearing jail, but crack sales got me living well
And in a sense I'm suicidal with this Thug's Life
Staying strapped, forever trapped in this drug life
God, help me, 'cause I'm starving, can't get a job
So I resort to violent robberies, my life is hard
Can't sleep, 'cause all the dirt make my heart hurt
Put in work and shed tears for my dead peers
Mislead from childhood where I went astray
'Til this day I still pray for a better way
Can't help but feel hopeless and heartbroke
From the start I felt the racism 'cause I'm dark
Couldn't quit, the bullshit make me represent
Hit the bar and played the star everywhere I went
In my heart I felt alone, out here on my own
I close my eyes and picture home – on my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

And I can't help but wonder why so many young kids had to die; caught strays from AK's in a drive-by
Swollen pride and homicide don't coincide
Brothers cry for broken lives; Mama, come inside!
'Cause our block is filled with danger
Used to be a close knit community
But now we're all cold strangers
Time changes us to stone, them crack pipes
All up and down the block, exterminating black life
But I can't blame the dealers; my mama's welfare check has brought the next man chrome wheels
Shit's real, I know you feel my tragedy
A single mother with a problem child, daddy free
Hanging out, picking up game, sippin' cheap liquor
Gaming the hoochies, hoping I can get to sleep with her
It's a man's world, staying strapped
Fantasies of a nigga living phat but held back
Pipe dreams can make the night seem hopeless
Wide eyed and losing focus – on my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

And block parties in the projects lasting way past daylight
A young nigga learned to break, right?
Used to play fight with my homies, but they stuck in the pen
I send them ends, but it's tough on a friend
In my mind I see the same motherfuckers ballin'
Alcohol will make a lazy nigga slip and fall, miss his call
I know the young niggas understand this
Growing up in this world where everything is scandalous
I reminisce on the fast times, past crimes
Tryin' to cop a slice of pizza with my last dime
Can't explain, just what attracts me to this dirty game
Gold chains, some extra change, and the street fame
And what's strange is everybody know my name
Swear they all know me, and lots of cash make a nigga change
I hit the green just to maintain, feeling pain
For all the niggas that I lost to the game – from my block

Living life is but a dream
Hard times is all we seen (on my block)
Every block is kind to me
But on the block we still pray
But on the block we still pray

Rest in peace to all the motherfuckers that passed away
From all the blocks that I'm from

112 street, 7th Avenue, New York, Uptown, knahmsayin'?
183rd and Walt, my block – that's right
122nd and Morningside, my block – that's right
Decatur Avenue, Baltimore, my block – that's right
And the Jungle, Marin City, that's my block – that's right
Los Angeles, haha – that's my block too
Oakland, can't forget Oaktown – that's my block for sure
And all the other blocks around this motherfucker
Houston, Florida, St. Louis, Tennessee, Miami, Chicago
All y'all niggas stay kickin' up dust
Represent the motherfuckin' block

Thanks to vict0rcheung, speedy1382007, theblazedromeo, tanweer_khan for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Thugz Mansion (Nas Acoustic)"

(feat. J. Phoenix, Nas)

Shit, tired of getting shot at
Tired of getting chased by the police and arrested
Niggaz need a spot where WE can kick it
A spot where WE belong, that's just for us
Niggaz ain't gotta get all dressed up and be Hollywood
Y'knahmean? Where do niggaz go when we die?
Ain't no heaven for a thug nigga
That's why we go to thug mansion
That's the only place where thugs get in free and you gotta be a G
... at thug mansion

[2Pac:]
A place to spend my quiet nights, time to unwind
So much pressure in this life of mine, I cry at times
I once contemplated suicide, and woulda tried
But when I held that 9, all I could see was my momma's eyes
No one knows my struggle, they only see the trouble
Not knowing it's hard to carry on when no one loves you
Picture me inside the misery of poverty
No man alive has ever witnessed struggles I survived
Praying hard for better days, promise to hold on
Me and my dawgs ain't have a choice but to roll on
We found a family spot to kick it
Where we can drink liquor and no one bickers over trick shit
A spot where we can smoke in peace, and even though we G's
We still visualize places, that we can roll in peace
And in my mind's eye I see this place, the players go in fast
I got a spot for us all, so we can ball, at thug's mansion

[J. Phoenix (Nas):]
Every corner, every city
There's a place where life's a little easy
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool
Every hour, cause it's all good
Leave all the stress from the world outside
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

[Nas:]
A place where death doesn't reside, just thugs who collide
Not to start beef but spark trees, no cops rolling by
No policemen, no homicide, no chalk on the streets
No reason, for nobody's momma to cry
See I'm a good guy, I'm trying to stick around for my daughter
But if I should die, I know all of my albums support her
This whole year's been crazy, asked the Holy Spirit to save me
Only difference from me and Ossie Davis, gray hair maybe
Cause I feel like my eyes saw too much suffering

I'm just twenty-some-odd years, I done lost my mother
And I cried tears of joy, I know she smiles on her boy
I dream of you more, my love goes to Afeni Shakur
Cause like Ann Jones, she raised a ghetto king in a war
And just for that alone she shouldn't feel no pain no more
Cause one day we'll all be together, sipping heavenly champagne
where angels soar, with golden wings in thug's mansion

[J. Phoenix:]
Every corner, every city
There's a place where life's a little easy
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool
Every hour, cause it's all good
Leave all the stress from the world outside
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

[2Pac:]
Dear momma don't cry, your baby boy's doing good
Tell the homies I'm in heaven and they ain't got hoods
Seen a show with Marvin Gaye last night, it had me shook
Dripping peppermint Schnapps, with Jackie Wilson, and Sam Cooke
Then some lady named Billie Holiday
Sang sitting there kicking it with Malcolm, 'til the day came
Little LaTasha sho' grown
Tell the lady in the liquor store that she's forgiven, so come home
Maybe in time you'll understand only God can save us
When Miles Davis cutting lose with the band
Just think of all the people that you knew in the past
that passed on, they in heaven, found peace at last
Picture a place that they exist, together
There has to be a place better than this, in heaven
So right before I sleep, dear God, what I'm asking
Remember this face, save me a place, in thug's mansion

[J. Phoenix (Nas):]
Every corner, every city
There's a place where life's a little easy
Little Hennessy, laid back and cool
Every hour, cause it's all good
Leave all the stress from the world outside
Every wrong done will be alright (I wanna go)
Nothing but peace (I wanna go) love (I wanna go nigga)
And street passion, every ghetto needs a thug mansion

Thanks to jwsmith, ookrizzyoo, chelsa_salsa10 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Aurelius Seven Marcus, Hamilton Anthony Cornelius, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Never Call U Bitch Again"

(feat. Tyrese)

[2Pac:]
Whassup, boo? Swear I'll never call you bitch again
You ain't fuck with me
I swear I'll never call you bitch again
(All I just wanna say is um, if I fuckin' apologized)
I swear I'll never call you bitch again
(I ain't mean to call you a bitch)
I'll never call you bitch again

[2Pac:]
Damn – gave my homie 90 days for domestic violence
I try to picture myself in this position but remain silent
I get to thinkin' 'bout this shit we been through
We close like kin, but you remain my friend too
This life of sin, done got the both of us in trouble
But you always stay down for a nigga, so that's why I love you
Reminiscin' needin' tissues, fightin' over childish issues
Swear I can't live with you
But without you, every day I miss you
When we roll you hold my pistol, my gangsta bitch-itch, you
Always in the mood for love, that's why I'm sleepin' with you
Though not the man of your dreams
My plan and scheme's to be rich like a king
And live my life trouble free, I see
Yesterday I called you names and played games on your mind
I promise that I'll change in time
It's a complicated world so, girl, just be a friend
I swear I'll never call you bitch again (and that's my word)

[Tyrese (2Pac):]
We came too far to throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)
We came way too far, pretty baby
to throw it all away, throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, hey)

[2Pac:]
I wake up early in the mornin', at the crack of dawn
Nigga still tired so I'm yawnin', and now I'm gone
Tryin' to get my money on strong
So an early riser out before them other guys
That's the way to profit every time
Can't get too close my enemies, they see ghosts, they envy me
Plus we been beefin' with the East Coast, with casualties
Got stopped in traffic, had a warrant, so they gaffled me
But while I'm gone, watch my business and my back for me
My enemies think they got me crossed, they ain't knowin'
Ain't no love for player haters where you cowards goin'
You paid bail, got me out of jail, home again

I promise not to leave you on your own again
Cristal corks are popped, romantic thoughts are dropped
It's so frantic but don't panic, 'cause we crossed the top
I found a partner and a rider, a woman and friend
I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me

[Tyrese (2Pac):]
We came too far to throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)
We came way too far, pretty baby
To throw it all away, throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)

['Pac:]
I know, I know, all that is dead though
I'm changed, I'm tellin' you
I know what time it is, gotta give a nigga time
To grow up, ya know what I'm sayin'?
That was way back then

[Tyrese:]
You're my nigga, my best friend
Never gonna call you a bitch again
Yea yea yea, oh

[2Pac:]
Witness the evil men do, all this shit I been through
Never meant to hurt you, can we make this work, boo?
I know you been feelin' pain, things are not the same
Waitin' to exhale while I'm sittin' in the county jail
Keep your head up, 'cause things are gettin' better
My cellmate shed tears off your last love letter
Told him you would find a friend, so keep your eyes peeled
Sorry if I cuss, but it's the sufferin' that I feel
Who can I trust? And if I bust, will she snitch?
Even though you ain't the type to trip, sorry if I called you bitch
You showed me the definition of feminine
The difference between a pack of bitches and black women
Huh, I see the boss for the third time, hope to see you soon
Pictures of us kissin' in the livin' room, in the nude
Thanks for being there much more than a friend
I swear I'll never call you bitch again; believe me!

[Tyrese (2Pac):]
We came too far, to throw it all away
We came way too far, pretty baby
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)
We came too far to throw it all away
(I swear I'll never call you bitch again, believe me)
We came way too far, pretty baby
To throw it all away, throw it all away baby

[Tyrese:]
Through all my ups and downs
You always stayed around stayed around

Writer(s): Johnny Shakur, Gibson Jackson

2Pac Lyrics

"Better Dayz"

(feat. Ronald Isley)

Lookin' for these better days
Better days, hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

Time to question our lifestyle, look how we live
Smokin' weed like it ain't no thing, so even kids
Wanna try now, then lie down and get ran through
Nobody watches 'em, clockin' the evil man do
Faced with the demons
Addicted to hearin' victims screamin'
Guess we was evil since birth, product of cursed semens
'Cause even our birthdays is cursed days
A born thug in the first place, the worst ways
I'd love to see the block in peace
With no more dealers and crooked cops
The only way to stop the beast
And only we can change
It's up to us to clean up the streets, it ain't the same
Too many murders, too many funerals, and too many tears
Just seen another brother buried
Plus I knew him for years
Passed by his family, but what could I say?
Keep yo' head up and try to keep the faith
And pray for better days

Better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

Thinkin' back as an adolescent, who would've guessed
That in my future years I'd be stressin'?
Some say the ghetto's sick and corrupted
Plus my P.O. won't let me hang
With the brothers I grew up with
Tryin' to keep my head up and stay strong
All my homies slangin' yayo all day long
But they wrong, so I'm solo and so broke
Savin' up for some Jordan's, 'cause they dope
I got a girl and I love her, but she broke too
And so am I; I can't take her to the places she wanna go to
So, we argue and play fight, all day and night
Makin' passionate love 'til the daylight
Plus we about to get evicted, can't pay the rent

Guess it's time to see who really is your friend
Tell me you pregnant and I'm amazed
So many blessings while we stressin'
Lookin' for them better days

Better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

Now, me and you was real cool, hell on them square fools
Since back in high school, we was true, me and you
Hardly parted or separated, we stayed faded
Affiliated with gang-bangers and still made it
Up in the gym, mess with me, gotta mess with him
Still dressin' like grown men when rollin'
Out in the dark, smokin' Newports, gamin' marks
Got a place in my heart, homie, stay smart
Locked you up in the pen, and gave you three to ten
I send you letters with naked flicks of old friends
Hopin' you well, I know it's hell
Doin' time in the cells, you need mail when you in jail
And me, I'm doin' cool
I settled down, had a family, workin' a night school
Every once in a while, I reminisce
And I wonder how we ever came to this; I miss the better days

Better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days
Better days, better days, better days
Hey, better days
Got me thinkin' about better days

I send this one out to all the homeboys down in, uh
Clinton lockdown, Rikers Island
All them dudes I was, uh, locked up with, hehe
E Block, F Block, lower H
N-I-C in Rikers Island, downstate
All the peoples I met along the way
Better days is comin', homeboy, keep your head up!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Isley Marvin, Isley O Kelly, Isley Ronald, Jasper Christopher H, Isley Ernest, Isley Rudolph Bernard, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald

2Pac Lyrics

"U Can Call"

(feat. Jazze Pha)

[2Pac:]
Dear baby you the picture of perfection
Straight from your million dollar smile
To my attraction to your complexion
No hesitation needed; you got me
Inhalin' the aroma of your perfume, and feelin' heated
I move closer to drop the lines of my introduction
Hold out my hand, and grab yo' hand, now we touchin'
My lyrics are poetry, so baby get a ticket to go with me
Thugged out so you notice me
It's a positive attraction; see pictures of us
Layin' butt-naked on the beach kicking back relaxin'
And only you can calm, the savage beast
Look in my eyes are you surprised, that it's me?
I wanna make you mine
I'm kissin' on you tryin' to make it different every time (that's right)
I'm so lonely in my bedroom, lookin' at the walls
Withcha number in my hand, wonderin' should I even call her tonight

[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]
Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life (call me thug)
Never find nobody like me
'Cause I know what you want (call me thug)
And girl you know I got you
You got what I need (call me thug)
And shorty it's all on you
Baby call on me

[2Pac:]
Been gettin' nuttin' but bad news, ever since the day you left me
I sit and wonder is there a way, you could forget me
Remember my phone calls, my late visits
Us havin' breakfast in bed, then we straight kick it
Me and you in satin sheets, 'til after two
Come take a walk on the wild side, enjoy the view
Whenever we collide; it's bound to be a pleasurable time
Makin' love 'til the early light
Sweetheart don't fight the feelin'
Come get a shot of this plain dealin' and concentrate on the ceiling
It's my intention to brush up
Beware of the fireworks, 'cause every time we touch..
...it's bound to be, so relax, clown with me
As if you're down with me, get around and see
The brother with tattoos and no fears
Runnin' my fingers through your hair
If you call me

[Jazze Pha (2Pac):]

Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life (call me thug)
Never find nobody like me
'Cause I know what you want (call me thug)
And girl you know I got you
You got what I need (call me thug)
And shorty it's all on you
Baby call on me

[2Pac:]
Pardon me, but let's be specific
Baby 'cause if you down with me, nigga we can kick it
And let's take trips and ride airplanes
A hundred thousand dollar car on dem gold thangs, so can you hang?
'Cause we can be real tight (right)
I got a big suite at the Hyatt, if it feel right
My only wish is to be witcha
You got me steady strivin' to getcha
Fantasizin' of friendly pictures
The pressure's gettin' major
I wonder will you answer my call, if I page ya
Got me goin' wild with anticipation
Face to face with us locked up in strange places
What will it take? 'cause the heartache be heatbreak
Is my prediction when you falsify and start fake?
In my position I'm a careful man, but a player when I ball
Got my eyes on you baby, can I call?

[Jazze Pha:]
Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life, never find nobody like me
'Cause I know what you want, and girl you know I got you
You got what I need, and shorty it's all on you
Anytime you like, baby you can call me
Need a thug up in yo' life, never find nobody like me
'Cause I know what you want, and girl you know I got you
You got what I need, and shorty it's all on you
Baby call on me

2Pac Lyrics

"Military Minds"

(feat. Smif-n-Wessun, Buckshot)

[2Pac:]
Stand in formation, my motherfuckin' real troopers
Let's do it like soldiers - all and together now!
Ready? Hell yeah, y'all niggas better get ready
No retreat, no surrender, death before dishonor motherfucker!
Do it to 'em, c'mon never die thuggish, uh - YES YES YES
Say what? (Eastside, Westside ride) Where ya at, where ya at?
Where my real thugs, where ya at, where ya at?
Where my real thugs, where ya at, where ya at?
Where my real thugs, where ya at?!
Hehehe, send cases to the drug dealer
Real thugs, where ya at? You motherfuckin' home
Do it to 'em, do it to 'em
They love the way we do it to 'em, we do it to 'em

[2Pac:]
Suppress the revolution of premeditated scheme
Introduce a drug called crack to us ghetto teens
Got a law for raw niggas, now, playa what it be like?
When will niggas see they got us bleedin' with three strikes
Can't seem to focus hopeless, with violent thoughts I wrote this
Got these Devils petrified, hidin' from my hocus-pocus
And so I learned to earn my currency and over time
Affiliated, clearly click a military mind
May God forgive us though we dwell inside a paradox
Thugged out and drug dealin', from the womb to the block
My live mind got me survivin' five rounds (shots)
My forty-five got me fortified with live rounds
When shit's thick we plot hits, when our Glock spits
All hail, out on bail, wrath of the 2Pacalypse
Forever ghetto necessary picture food stamps
Outlaw Thug Niggas never left the boot camp

[Cocoa Brovaz:]

[Tek:]
They called us for assignment, one of the squad's finest
Skills in guerrilla warfare and blessed with refinement
My rap sheet, contains sections of bomb sessions
Says I'm responsible for black Smif-N-Wessun
Putting likkle yout's in a military state of mind
Dangerous like chronic and yard when combined
Cocoa Brovaz 'pon de borderline
Test de sound and ye dead same ti-ime

[Steele:]
Man to man, I'm facin' the Devil with a plan
Judo stance, first glance, I'm makin' my advance
Animal instincts, intelligence of an assassin

Masked men, ninjas that surround me, ready to attack
I react swiftly, what father taught me sticks with me
Never forget the method, stick and move strictly
Shit be seemin' like it's closin' in
With no regrets I hold position
'Cause I suppose I'm one of the chosen men

[Buckshot:]
Picture being put in a position to move
And you can't move 'cause your move is blocked by the knight
At twelve o'clock, that's when the madness begins
So I start to focus in, my thoughts on the war
'Cause the rule is the law, and the law that we live by
Is to stay true to self, in this case, BDI
Why try if ya body lie
By the block true soldier mentality, this is how we rock and roll
(This is how we ride)

[Boot Camp Clik:]
Stick and move, time to show 'em how to make a move
Or get moved on, let's see who strong

[Cocoa Brovaz:]

[Tek:]
In the gaze of the strange, where nothing stays the same
Where new faces come through with similar game
Now who you thought was them, really ain't
They catchin' deja vus of the game people play
It's a call for readjustment, fine tune yo' position
You slippin' and trippin' 'stead of bobbin and dippin'
But never let this world of stress get the best of me
Takin' breathin' techniques, slay you with Tai-Chi

[Steele:]
What does it take, to get a break in the world of snakes
And dose who fake
Elimination I'm facin' destruction
Outlawed, so I duck and down, fo'-fo' is bustin', no one to trust in
Rushin' to the goal line
Catch a nigga beat him treat him like he stole mine
No swine I'm a soldier, soldier I control mine
Time to, take you, back into time - follow dis here

[Buckshot:]
One way out, this black hole
For this black soul, shit is outta control
I'm fightin' for my position to be a fetus in this world I'm enterin'
And my face is sentencin' for repentance
Before my body was fully formed into a human
I was already consumin' weed
'Cause my moms used to smoke back in the 70s
Maybe that's why in the 90s I drop G's when I drop degrees
When I ease across the block with 'Pac
Got all y'all niggas shocked
You didn't think Boot Camp Clik would link, with a Outlaw mind?

If you do you press rewind
And you can peep guerrilla tactics in every line

[2Pac:]
Yeah, and this is how we do it!
Where my real thugs, where they at?
Let me, see my real thugs, now where ya at?
Won'tcha, see my real thugs, where ya at?
Let me, see my real thugs, where ya at now?
Where my real thugs, let me see, where ya at?
Tell me where my real thugs gots to see, where ya at?
Where's my soldiers - where ya at?
Where my, real soldiers - where ya at?
Where my soldiers at; where ya at, where ya at?
Get yo' strap my nigga; where ya at, where ya at?
Where my soldiers at; where ya at, what ya at?
Getcha, thug niggas where ya at, witcha strap?
Where my soldiers at, where my true thug niggas
No longer drug dealers 'cause we now, thug niggas
Where my soldiers at, no longer drug dealers
'Cause we now, thug niggas, let me, where my
Where my soldiers at?, put your pistols in the air
Where my soldiers at?, put yo' guns up
Tell me where my soldiers at?, put yo' pistols in the air
Where my, SOLDIERS, my true thug ROLLERS
Yes, it just doesn't quit, YES!
This is that real hip-hop shit YES!
Fuck what you heard
From the ghetto to the 'burbs, know we meant, every word
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at
Put yo' hand on the pistol, put yo' pistols in the air
Where my soldiers at?, where my soldiers at?
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at
Where my SOLDIERS?, where my soldiers at
When Bob Dole and Delores Tucker wanna know
Where my soldiers at, GO VOTE!

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Kenyatta Blake, Tekomin Williams, Darrell Yates, Marvin Darrell Harper, Darryl Harper

2Pac Lyrics

"Fame"

(feat. Bad Azz, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
And my niggas say
We want the fame!
Come on! Come on!

[2Pac:]
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame

[2Pac:]
Though we exist to breed, some believe currency comes to G's
Stress is half the battle, with success comes greed
They got me hot when they shot me, plotted
My revenge to increase my ends; enemies gettin' dropped
Win or lose, red or blue, we must all stay true
Play the game, nigga, never let the game play you
And for the fame, niggas change fast, that's a shame
What's to gain, lost souls? Who controls our brain?
Who can I blame? The world seems strange at times
Somewhat insane, I'm hopin' we can change with time
I'm livin' blinded, searchin' for refinement curse
I know, Death follows me, but I'll murder him first
And worse yet, with each breathe, steps I take, breathless
Is there a cure for a hustler with a death wish?
Cigar ashes, toast with crystal, glasses
We mash on them jealous bastards, with my ski mask
I'm the first one to want him blasted
Wrapped in plastic, bullshittin' got his ass hit
Ain't nothing left now, treated like a stepchild was not for me
Nothing but busters and bitches be rockin' beats, fakin' fame

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Block run and shoot slugs
We throw them back like hardballs
Without the gloves, no love for these fake desperadoes
And thugs I bleed to envy
Smoke and blow out they blunts, sippin' Henny
Drunk nights, and hot days
Cockin' my heat, shootin' it sideways
A wife on the run, full of common blunts
Unconditionally married to my gun
Fulfillin' my destiny on knees and one's desires
Be pullin' all my cabbage like priors, stuck in the trance
Searchin' for something higher, the fortune and fame

[2Pac:]

One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame

[Young Noble:]
Searchin' for fortune and fame, lost in the rain
A lost of the game, with life the cost of the game
We forcin' the change, motherfuck flossin' a chain
All the blame belongs to the part of the brain
That we never use, nigga, plus my heart is in pain
And if I ever lose, homie, bet I'm at it again
Outlaws don't die, so united we stand
And if family come before, all the fortune and fame

[Napoleon:]
As I walk up in the crib, laid to rest my head
Say salaam to the angels, hope they bless my bed
Hope they bless me the righteous way
Got a homie locked down outta town, I sent him a kite today
Man, that hate in your heart you gotta cleanse it, dawg
Prayin' for my downfall, and I can sense it, dawg
I was passed down the street fame
Like Glocks clocked and keep aim
Was raised up with a clock box
And I ran with the local street gang
They say the light is faded but still shine in the dark
You can easy been a man, but you's a boy in your heart
And that's some game that I got from generation of game
In the road of life, dog
We need to switch up lanes – think about it!

[2Pac:]
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Been nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame

[Bad Azz:]
I can't complain, I've seen my fair share of the fame
It won't change me, now I've got this piece of change
I feel strange, I got so used to the hood
That when I finally got out at first it ain't feel good
I was just a baby, still retarded from slavery

When we struggle to shovel shit ain't nobody saved me
Ghetto ain't made me, I made myself
Poverty raised me, thinking ain't no help
I pray for my health, my mind, and my family too
State of myself, my grind, and my family crew
Where one hand washes the other
No, we ain't blood, but we still real brothers
The struggle is real, nothin' can steal what we build
And that remains the same 'til the day that we killed
And that's real, life that I was aimed to be
Love by my family tree, that's fame to me – how about it?

[2Pac:]
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame
One thing we all adore
Something worth dyin' for
Nothin' but pain
Stuck in this game
Searchin' for fortune and fame

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Tyrone Wrice, Yafeu A. Fula, Katari T Cox, Rufus Lee Cooper, Mutah W Beale

2Pac Lyrics

"Fair Xchange (Remix)"

(feat. Mya)

[Mya:]
No, no...

Picture of perfection, the object of a nigga affection
Partners in passionate sex, a place to put my erection
Fantasies of you in submission, freaky positions
Pushin', pullin' and twistin' I'm on a mission got me on the mash
Tried to dig, you was screamin' when I did
Steady yellin' out spots for me to hit, and "aw shit"
Soon as I seen her saw us playin' hide the weiner
Wanna "Freak Like Me", fuck Adina
Up and down is the object, side to side
Make you holla out my name when a thug nigga ride, "Can I cum inside?"
Say you don't feel it that's a lie, you just scared to get this
Penitentiary dick, the trot caught your eye
When I walked by, I said, "Hi"
But you was so shy, I can't lie, damn near stuttered when you walked by
You want me to lick it and even worse
Got your heart set on me goin' first, and that ain't no fair exchange

[Mya:]
Only one thing that you, can do, for me
Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name
You can do whatever you want, I got what I want and gone
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

Open your legs
Got me marchin' like it's a million, you tremble from the feelin'
Look up, cause I got mirrors on the ceilin'
And if you willin', then we can ride until the sun shine
And just for fun, I betchu I can make you cum 61 times
Close your eyes, let me heat it up
Cause when we fuck I refuse to bust a nut until I beat it up
Drop the top, time to fuck while the wind blow
Baby throw yo' legs out the window
Remember on the balcony, bend over baby bounce on me
And let me hit it where it counts and flee
Remember me? "I Get Around," and I'm haunted by my "Temptations"
Sexual participation, my motivation
Even though I like the way you work it
You don't deserve it cause you walk around actin' like you perfect
Took a while but I finally got it, and like a boss player
Bitch you ain't doin' me no favors
Fair exchange

[Mya:]
Only one thing that you, can do, for me

Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

Now yo' attitude ain't realistic
Yeah it's true I'm gettin' pussy, but baby you gettin' dick!
And since you bein' laced with the penetration
It's only right to show a form of appreciation
Instead of fakin' like you can't hear the bed shakin'
In bed naked you so twisted think yo' legs breakin'
You said take it so I'm blind in my passion, how long will I last?
Doggy style steady pumpin' on that ass, until I blast
And then I laugh as we lay back
See I wait 'til you asleep and that's the payback
Cause you actin' like you did somethin', givin' me a piece
I had you mufflin' your screams in the sheets, fuckin' with me
A true digger that love triggers, a thug nigga
Hustlin' bitches like drug dealers
Before I say goodbye, put an end to all the games
Here's my number for another fair exchange

[Mya:]
(It's only one!!!) Only one thing that you, can do (thing that you can do for me), for me
Baby you can treat me right, we can do it all the night
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name (make me scream baby)
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Only one thing that you (whatever you want), can do, for me
Baby you can treat me right (can you do me), we can do it all the night
Nothin' more than our fair exchange
Hit my G-spot and make, me scream, your name
You can get whatever you want, I got what I want and gone
Nothin' more than our fair exchange

[Mya:]
Fair exchange
No one, gives me lovin' (lovin')
Quite like you do (No one gives me lovin' like you do)
No one, gives me lovin'
Quite like you do (that I knows, you know, you love, I love)
(The things that I'ma do, to you)

Writer(s): Phalon Anton Alexander, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Johnny Lee Jackson

2Pac Lyrics

"Catching Feelins"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
Ahahha all my homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down (never)
Ahahah yeah! My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Uh, yeah! My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Westside, westside
Part two of the war

[2Pac:]
Cross this nigga here, now Biggie tell me who do you fear?
Ain't a livin' soul breathin' shall pump no fear here
My last foe flashed then I mashed his ass
Bastard, fuck with me, bet I blast your ass
So many follow but can't reach me, caught in the maze
Catch them, mimickin' my style tryin' to walk this way
Impossible my posse droppin' you, we Death Row riders
No need to beg, motherfucker, ain't no mercy inside us
Feelin' blessed, the richer I get, the more I stress
Smokin' lye watchin' time fly, waitin' for death
Dear God I been feelin' like I'm close to Jesus
Paranoid with my pistols close, smokin' trees
Keep my eyes on my foes, those close to me
Watchin' niggas catch strays, shake, choke and bleed
Me, a mercenary for the streets, check my pedigree
Bustin' motherfuckers it's the thug in me
Now niggas talk a lotta Bad Boy shit, then get to squealin'
Bitch made catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

Yeah, Napoleon!

[Napoleon:]
Picture me sippin' on 1-5-1
Drunk than a motherfucker droppin' my gun
Or high as a kite hittin' hoes for fun
But that ain't me, dog, my mind's now clear
And that ain't fair, dog, your heart pump fear
In the state I, shoot you better hide nigga, chute is near
And you know just as well I do
You ain't no killer, so kill that, you wouldn't kill if you had to

We might wobble, but we don't fall down
We take the gospel from Makaveli, pass it around
Holla "let's hit", we gon' taste the power
We started the thug trend, the game is ours
Now we coast together, put our thoughts together
Won't question when we die together
Cause the hour soon to come
Kadafi trained soldier, I show you how to use your gun
Bring it

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

[EDI-Mean:]
We yellin' "M-A-D-E N-I-double G-As
Motherfuckas, and we here to stay
From curb surfin', we workin' the industry, you kiddin' me
It's really nothing to me and my king, you see
We in the big things, eat a dick man, if you're hatin'
We're gonna ride 'til the wheels fall off, pay attention
Screamin' "Bye bye bitches, untouchable sound"
Ride or die niggas, and we huntin' you down
Representin' all the real niggas stuck in the trap
Bangin' out with the po-po, tryin' to get to some more
Street life, young strugglers racin' the clock
Ain't no tellin' when it all can end, roll a rock
That's the world with feelings, this a man's world youngin
The bitches in business, so learn a little something
Hey, stop runnin' your mouth, you're on the verge of squealin'
Bitch made catchin' feelings

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

[Yaki Kadafi:]
Everybody's a gangsta, but don't put in work
Instead of puttin' on the armor, niggas put on skirts
These drugs ain't helpin', it only makin' it worse
And the streets ain't got nothing for me but a hearse
I can't trust the church or the mobs, I can only trust God

And to tell you the truth I gotta ride
I only roll with the real
Cause rollin' with the fake got my loved ones killed

Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
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Catchin' feelings
Outlaw niggas, are you ready to clown?
My homeboys might squabble but we don't fall down
Screamin' bye bye bitches, untouchable sound
Niggas hide like hoes when we hit your town
Catchin' feelings

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"There U Go"

(feat. Outlawz, Big Syke, Jazze Pha)

[2Pac:]
I don't know why I be fuckin' witchu

Was it the liquor, that makes me act blind, times that I'm with her
Anonymous pictures of other niggas tryin' to kiss her
Will I love her or shall I diss her?
I'm sick of this scandalous shit I deal wit', tryin' to paint a perfect picture
My memories of jealousy no longer carefree
Cause so much bullshit your girlfriends keep tellin' me
I'm on tour, but now my bedroom's an open door
So it got me thinkin', what am I tryin' for?
When I was young I was so very dumb, eager to please
A lil', trick on a mission tryin' to get in my P
Me and my niggas is thug niggas, former known drug dealers
We don't love bitches and believe, they don't love niggas
I gotta blame my attraction
But you became a distraction, a threat to my paper stackin'
I thought you changed but now I know
Can't turn a ho into a housewife, baby, and there you go

[Jazze Pha:]
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[Kastro:]
These silly bitches got this game twisted
So I don't claim 'em, just bang 'em
Papa raised a player, so player, I play 'em
I got hoes that got more, hoes than me
So how I look, gettin' hooked, like I ain't got G?
Truly cutie booty big, but that ain't enough
And the head make me beg, still that just ain't enough
When I don't trust her, the bitch be lyin' too much
When she be dyin' to fuck me you be buyin' her stuff, ho

[Yaki Kadafi:]
See girlfriend I know, your whole M.O.'s preoccupied with mostly
Gettin' clown after clown, town coast to coast - see
I been tryin' to stay away from sluts like you
Got me turned off completely by that sheisty shit that you do
Knew from jump yo' aim
Straight through them spandex, don't front just name
Spots on yo' body for me to touch while you clutch this game

I keep flowin' like H20 it ain't nothin' for me to say
Why you keep actin' like a ho? But there you go

[Jazze Pha:]
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[Young Noble:]
Uh, when I first met her I told her I was busy all the time
Now she, callin' me flippin' like she miss me all the time
How she, don't even trip she got a man at home
You need to stop chasin' dick bitch and raise your son
I'm like - damn, we can creep sometime
And you know I'm on the road for like weeks at a time
Girl you're thirsty; and stop callin' while I'm workin' you hurtin' me
All this bullshit is irkin' me girl, but there you go

[Big Syke:]
I blame it on yo' momma, she need to holla at you
But should I blame it on yo' daddy for all the things that you do
Cause there you go, just like a ho, caught in the streets
Like givin' yo' number out to every nigga you meet
I'm tired of the games you playin', so stop playin' (ho)
You hear what I'm saying, you only good for parlayin'
I'm layin' down the rules, this a game that you lose
So the streets can have you baby cause I stay on the move

[Jazze Pha:]
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho' (there you go!!)
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho' (actin' like a real ho')
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a
HOE! Girl you need to check yourself

[2Pac:]
There you go baby girl, that's the story
There you motherfuckin' go
I coulda swore you told me you was gon' change
And you don't wanna go to clubs no more and
You wasn't fin' to dress all crazy no more and
You was gon' stay home and try to chill
What happened baby?
Oh, so yo' friend wanted to go out
That wasn't you that went out
You was just goin' out cause yo' friend was
Okay, so you was pissy drunk up in that nigga car
Cause yo' friend wanted to get drunk huh?

It's all good, cause there you go baby
Oh I ain't trippin' on them niggas callin' the house
It's all good, cause there you go
Me I'ma still be a player, all day baby
So uh, there you go

[Jazze Pha:]
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
There you - there you go, actin' like a ho'
Actin' like a ho', actin' like a ho'
HOE! See the word on the streets you're a
HOE! Just a groupie on a world tour
HOE! Now I found out for myself you're a
HOE!..

Thanks to thuglife for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mutah Beale, Malcolm Greenidge, Katari Cox, Yafeu Fula, Tupac Shakur, Lee Johnny

2Pac Lyrics

"This Life I Lead"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
In this motherfucking life I lead, shit
A hell of motherfucking road blocks
And crooked cops
We still ride though
What side? Westside

[2Pac:]
I want money in large amounts
My garage full of cars that bounce
Movin' my tapes in major ways, ‘cause every dollar counts
Busters is jealous and half these niggas is punks
They runnin' off at the mouth 'til I fill it up with my pump
They jump, my automatic keep 'em wary
Why you frontin' like you Billy Badass? Nigga, you scary
I've been knowin' you for years
We was high school peers, in junior high
I was itchin' to kill, and you was ready to die
While you bullshittin', niggas was dyin' and catchin' cases
Bustin' my automatics at motherfuckers in foreign places
Leavin' no trace, they see my face and they buried
Them bitches die in a hurry, still I ride, I'm never worried
Mr. Makaveli tell me to ride, and I'ma ride
Pick my enemies out the crowd, and motherfuckers die
It's not the way I wanna live, my nigga, it's how it is
Homie got into a fight last night that killed his kids

[2Pac:]
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Young Noble:]
I ain't a killer but don't push me, dawg
For the family I'll send that ass straight to God
In this life I lead, I seen the most of my 23 years
When vision is blurry, the money is clear
Some of my peers eternally will sleep in a coffin
And when Nob' on the road, I'm extremely cautious
It happen that fast, split second you gone
At the top of my tombstone put "Nob' was raw"
Outlaw 'til I'm under the floor, for Kadafi the Prince
I stack dough like I clocked all the bricks

With a watch on my wrist, dawg, I know the time these days
We Outlawz, we gon' die this way nigga (nigga)
We already in the history books, 'Pac made sure of that
Whatever you took, we takin' it back
You know it's all for the foundation
Outlawz, we still buildin' the Thug Nation; holla at ya homie!

[2Pac:]
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Napoleon:]
It ain't nothin' but in-between nuts, oxygen is gettin' hot
Got a problem, old fag-ass nigga, kick rocks
Bin Laden on the phone and that nigga talkin' crazy
I don't know who to blame, him or *Bush* for killin' babies
I'm a New Jerz' Devil, the street, creative rebel
Only got one shot to produce on every level
This is bags I must, go the max I must
Nigga, I came from not much, so money I clutch
Uh-uh, Napoleon the strength of the strong-arm
When they think they was in the right
I prove they movin' wrong
I'm a hardcore product of the ghetto
Been blessed fo' sho' to eat from out the ghetto
I maneuver, in the right lane, quick to push back brains
Switchin' to the left lane, I'm playin' my hands
And I'm plottin' on the fortune, it's gettin' hot and scorchin'
I'm diggin' like a scorpion that torture they enemies

[2Pac:]
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[Kastro:]
Now with this Outlaw lifestyle that I been introduced to
Money and hoes keep us closer to Lucifer
Steady seducin' us and now I'm all for it
This the life for me and the law can't spoil it
So you can call it what the fuck you want
But I'm a ballin' alcoholic with a sawed-off pump
My momma ain't raised no punk; and neither did 'Pac

So when it jump off, I breathe for Yak'
Been puttin' in work, so I walk with a bop
And it ain't safe at home, so I sleep with a Glock (no mistakes)
Thug livin', uh, what the fuck'd be better?
I do my dirt with the family so we dyin' together

[E.D.I.:]
We on a mission for mo', gangsta shit on you hoes
We ain't fuckin' with you most
Just crooks and niggas about they flow
Tryin' to live Godzilla
E.D.I. went from a Bad Boy to an anybody killer
Look out, wanted man, guns in hand, stand firm
Nuts and my pride, now let's burn
Bound to the fam going down swingin'
Holding my ground, now we the last ones breathin'
Won't stop until we even deep in the trenches
So many killings it's senseless
So in this life I lead, I stay protected
By God, my squad, and this thing in my palm
Now all my hustlin' motherfuckers, get your money, sing along

[2Pac:]
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die
In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed
Collect G's, make my enemies bleed
When you see me, nigga, holla my set!
And watch 'em ride, Outlaw motherfuckers
'Til we die, in this life I lead

[2Pac:]
This motherfuckin' life I lead, nigga
You know what time it is
Westside, Death Row
(Dogg Pound) e'rybody killer
Bad Boy killer, So So Def killer
Thug Life, Death Row
E'rybody killer; fuck all y'all niggas!
If it ain't Westside, nigga, it ain't poppin'
That's on my mama

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cooper Rufus Lee, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Arnaud Delmar, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Who Do U Believe In"

(feat. Kadafi (Outlawz))

[Intro: 2Pac]
Let us pray
Heavenly Father, hear a nigga down here
Before I go to sleep
Tell me, who do you believe in?
Who do you believe in?

[Verse One: 2Pac]
I see mothers in black cryin, brothers in packs dyin
Plus everybody's high, too doped up to ask why
Watchin our own downfall, witness the end
It's like we don't believe in God cause we livin in sin
I asked my homie on the block why he strapped, he laughed
Pointed his pistol as the cop car passed and blast
It's just another murder, nobody mourns no more
My tear drops gettin bigger but can't figure what I'm cryin for
Is it the miniature caskets, little babies
Victims of a stray, from drug dealers gone crazy
Maybe it's just the drugs, visions of how the block was
Crack came and it was strange how it rocked us
Perhaps the underlyin fact they hide explain genocide
It's when we ride on our own kind
What is it we all fear, reflections in the mirror
We can't escape fate, the end is gettin nearer

[Chorus 2X: 2Pac]
Who do you believe in?
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin
And even though it's hard, that's who I believe in
Before I'm leavin, I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?

[Verse Two: 2Pac]
Can't close my eyes cause all I see is terror
I hate the man in the mirror
Cause his reflection makes the pain turn realer
Times of Armageddeon, murder in mass amounts
In this society where only gettin the cash counts
I started out as a beginner
Entered the criminal lifestyle became a sinner
I make my money and vacate, evade prison
Went from the chosen one to outcast, unforgiven
And all the Hennessy and weed can't hide, the pain I feel inside
You know, it's like I'm livin just to die
I fall on my knees and beg for mercy, not knowin if I'm worthy
Livin life thinkin no man can hurt me
So I'm askin -- before I lay me down to sleep
Before you judge me, look at all the shit you did to me, my misery
I rose up from the slums, made it out the flames
In my search for fame will I change? I'm askin

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Kadafi]
Faith in Allah, believe in me and this plastic
Cause so far I done witnessed to many dead niggaz in caskets
With they chest plates stretched like elastic
And what's worse I'm on front line, holdin down camp, still mashin
Heard my cousin, one of the old heads from the block
Just came home October of '95 back in Yardsville stuck
with a three to five, if he don't act up, now he realize
If you don't stay wise, then in this game you fucked
Talk to my baby girl, give me the word on what she heard
One of the grimmies is snitchin, Diamond a stool pigeon I talked to him
He said he didn't, my man said he did, in fact he's sure
Cause he just came home off of bail

[2Pac] Now tell me

[Chorus]

[Outro: spoken word]
Who do you believe in?
Is it Buddah, Jehovah, or Jah? Or Allah?
Is it Jesus? Is it God? Or is just yourself?
Definately not to be imposed, being a demon
Because this is the joy of believing!
Men, to believe in yourselves
But for sure, the higher power
Resides only to ride in the heart of the true
From the soul, of the man; for truth never has an alibi
In the poetry, or in it's realm
That's what pulls all words together
Just to understand, that every man, is his OWN man
And only man can satisfy the man
Only the soul of the man, the feelings of the man
The for realness of the man
You can't shake the man when you feel the man you know the man
And you gotta call yourself because you are that man

[2Pac]
Who do you believe in?
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin

[singing while 2Pac speaks]
Who do you believe in? Put my faith in God, and
Blessed and still breathin

[singer + (2Pac)]
Even though it's hard (Who do you believe in?)
That's who I believe in (Put my faith in God)
Before I'm leavin (Even though it's hard)
I'm askin the grievin
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)
Who do you believe in? (Who do you believe in?)
Who do you (Blessed and still breathin)

Oh blessed, oh blessed
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)

[singer]
Oh who do you
Do you believe in
Hohhhhh-ohhhhh

[2Pac over singer]
Who do you believe in?
I put my faith in God, blessed and still breathin
And even though it's hard, that's who I believe in
Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?

[singer + (2Pac)]
I'm askin (Who do you believe in?)
I'm askin you (Put my faith in God)
(That's who I believe in)
(Before I'm leavin I'm askin the grievin - who do you believe in?)

[2Pac]
Who do you believe in?
I'm blessed and still breathin
That's who I believe in
Before I'm leavin, I'm askin the grievin
Who do you believe in?
Who do you believe in? *[echoes to fade]*

Thanks to mack3101 for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"They Don't Give A Fuck About Us"

(feat. Outlawz)

[2Pac:]
Y'all ain't never just tripped and pictured
And just looked at the whole situation
'Cause once you look at it
You know, (really do)

[2Pac:]
They don't give a fuck about us
They don't give a fuck about us
They don't give a fuck about us
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody give a fuck about us
And when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]
Some say niggas is hard headed 'cause we love to trick
Equipped with game so we bang with this thuggish shit
I see you tryin' to hide, hopin' that nobody don't notice
You must always remember
You're still a member of the hopeless
See, you're black like me, so you snap like me
When these devils try to plot, trap our young black seeds
Look it, cops are just as crooked as the niggas they chasin'
Lookin' for role models, our father figures is basers
Some say they expect Illuminati take my body to sleep
Niggas at the party with they shotties just as rowdy as me
Before I fear computer chips, I gotta deal with brothers flippin'
I don't see no devils bleedin', only black blood drippin'
We can change; what your mouth say?
I'm watchin' niggas work their lives out without pay
Whatever it takes to switch places with the busters on top
I'm bustin' shots, make the world stop
They don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]
Now if I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody gives a fuck about us
But when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody gives a fuck about us
But when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us

[E.D.I. Mean:]

It's the morning after and now all the laughter is gone
Time to reflect on what you did, 'cause they sayin' you wrong
I'm sure you had your reasons, dawg; I don't doubt you
See, the simple fact of the matter is they don't give a fuck about you
Or them five mouths you forced to feed
Not includin' yourself, all you want is wealth, they perceive it as greed
So as you loaded up that MAC and continue to buck 'em
I was on paper, thinkin' they don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]
I'm seein' it clearer, hatin' the picture in the mirror
They claim we inferior, so why the fuck these devils fear ya?
I'm watchin' my nation die, genocide the cause
Expect a blood bath, the aftermath is y'alls
I told you, last album, we need help cause we dyin'
Give us a chance, help us advance, 'cause we tryin'
Ignore my whole plea, watchin' us in disgust
And then they beg when my guns bust
They don't give a fuck about us

[2Pac:]
Now if I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody gives a fuck about us
But when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
Nobody gives a fuck about us
But when I start to rise
A hero in their children's eyes
Now they give a fuck about us

[Kastro:]
Now, all my homies got love for me
Down to catch a slug for me
Guaranteed to bleed deeply, now that's love
Shit, nobody else could give a fuck
If I'm tore down, from the floor down, six-feet deep in the cut
What the fuck done went wrong?
How long will I be mourned?
When I'm gone, same song, ain't gave a fuck all along
And who am I to blame 'em?
Just do or die through the rainin'
Since they don't give a fuck, I don't; feel what I'm sayin'?

[Kadafi:]
Now, thug niggas die but multiply in doubles
Wrapped in plastic or closed casket for our troubles
Pressed in times, we busted, like bubbles
With the police, this nation's peace sent here to run you
Now look at what this crooked world has come to
I grew up on the other side of perfect, a life of hurtin'
Man, I still hustle, so I'm dyin' certain
So I spent your time in poor and workin', I see no reason
So I stay ballin' season to season
Why you stuck thinkin' that they give a fuck?

[Napolean:]
You tell me my world is in peace, but nigga, you're lyin'
'Cause half of my niggas long gone
Buried in the dirt just for tryin'
Sometimes I think my block is dyin' and that is awful
To wake up to another day, shit ain't changed that's all fool
I wake up sweatin', dreamin', coughin'
Seein' me upside down backwards head twisted
While I'm layin' in the coffin
The shit comes around so often; so tell me somethin'
Before I take it out on the world, and get to dumpin'
Nigga, I been so through pain, go through the struggle
Doin' the same thing you did at my age, and that's hustlin'
On the edge of straight bustin'
Well, since you don't give a fuck, I be frontin'
And I'ma drink my Hennessy like it ain't nothin'

[2Pac:]
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
They don't gives a fuck about us
But while I'm kickin' rhymes
Kick it to their children's minds
Now they give a fuck about us
They wanna see us die
They kick us every time we try
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
So while I'm gettin' high
I'm watchin' as the world goes by
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
If I choose to ride, thuggin' 'til the day I die
They don't gives a fuck about us
But while I'm kickin' rhymes
Kick it to their children's minds
Now they give a fuck about us
They wanna see us die
They kick us every time we try
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
So while I'm gettin' high
I'm watchin' as the world goes by
'Cause they don't give a fuck about us
Rise... rise

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Outro"

Expect me like you expect Jesus to come back
Expect me nigga, I’m comin'

PUBLIC
ENEMY
YO! BUM RUSH THE SHOW

Public Enemy Lyrics

"You're Gonna Get Yours"

Ooh Chuck, they outta get us man
Yo, we gotta dust these boys off

In this corner with the 98
Subject of suckers - object of hate
Who's the one some think is great
I'm that one - son of a gun
Drivin' by - wavin' my fist
Makin' 'em mad when I'm goin' like this
Top gun - never on the run
They know not to come cause they all get some
Goin' quicker in the speedin' lane
Jealous can't do it and it's causin' them pain

Caught in my smoke - all they did was choke
Look at my spokes - you know I'm no joke
Out that window - middle finger for all
Jealous at my ride, stereo and blackwalls
Suckers they got the nerve and gall
To talk 'bout the car when they're walkin' tall

[Chorus:]
Suckers to tha side
I know you hate my 98
You gonna get yours *[x2]*

Pullin' away - every day
Leavin' you in the dust
So you know I get paid - on the mile ego trip
And 5-o tailin' on my tip
Watch me burn rubber - fall in my flame
This episode is always the same
Seein' no comp comin' like I'm blind
All left back - trailin' my behind
I go faster cops try to shoot me
They'll get theirs when they try to get me
I'll let it go - my turbo
Run, I'm in the river cause they're movin' too slow
Laughin' hard at their attempt
So what if the judge charged me contempt
I'd rub my boomerang - 'cause I'm feelin' proud
And I wouldn't even hear them cause my radio's loud

[Chorus (x2)]

Cruisin' down the boulevard
I treated like some superstar
You know the time so don't look hard

Get with it - the ultimate homeboy car
All you suckers in the other ride
Wherever I'm comin' get you my side
My 98 is tough to chase
If you're on my tail - better watch your face
Smoke is comin' when I burn
Rubber when my wheels turn
A tinted window - so super bad
Lookin' like the car the Green Hornet had
It's the reason I'm ahead of the pack
It's the reason I left them back
It's the reason all the people say
My 98-O blows 'em all away

My 98 Oldsmobile is...
My 98 Oldsmobile's so...
My 98 Oldsmobile is...
My 98 Oldsmobile's like...

[Chorus (x2)]

Understand - I don't drive drunk
My 98's fly - I don't drive no junk
No cop gotta a right to call me a punk
Take this ticket - go to hell and stick it
Put me on a kick butt - line up, times up
This government needs a tune up
I don't know what's happenin' - what's up
Gun in my chest - I'm under arrest
Sidewalk suckers wanted to spill me
So I got my crew and posse
Took their girls and got them to thrill me
Stepped outside - got in my ride
Drove them around an' I looked around town
Caught 'em out there cold - ran 'em over and down
They didn't get me and that's the truth
Cause the 98-O is bullet proof

My 98 Oldsmobile's so...
My 98 Oldsmobile is...
My 98 Oldsmobile's so...
My 98 Oldsmobile's like...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Sophisticated Bitch"

That woman in the corner - cold playin' the role
Leave her ass in the corner till her feet get cold
Knowin' for a fact - that girl is whacked
If you hold your hand out - she'll turn her back
Better walk, don't talk - she's all pretend
Can't be her friend unless you spend
Wall to wall - after all
Get ready to throw only money at the bitch

Cause she thinks she's so-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

Peekin' an' seekin' inside a book
Her demands for a man with a chemical look
Wishes an' desires - gettin worse with age
She doesn't want a man - all she wants is a pay
Ain't got a man so she goes to a club
She thinks it's classy but it's really a pub
But that's the kind of place where she likes to go
The bitch got a problem

Cause she thinks she's so-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

Jackets, shoes, everyday ties
The girl only wants one of those guys
Suckers who front it like it ain't no thang
Pretend to be friends and don't want that thang
Talk like this - don't talk slang
Do anything to get that thang

Tries to be chic and playin' it off
Peekin' through the window - saw her take her clothes off
Nasty girl - a stone cold freak
Stayin' in the bed a whole goddamn week
Comin' and leavin' guys servin' up storms
From execs with checks - boys from the dorms
Never kept a name - never seen a face
She could pass 'em in the street like it never took place
I know she's a ho so I'm a go
Expose the funky bitch

Cause she thinks she's so-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

Now she wants a sucker boy with an attache
And if you ain't got it - she'll turn you away
You can smile with style as you profile
Cause you got a gold tooth an' she thinks you're wild
She don't want a brother that's true and black
If you're light, you're alright - better you stay back
Cause the sucker with the bag is out to catch
With something in his bag keepin' her attached
The man's got a plan - it's IBM
The devil at her level - yes it is him
His Audi she rides - his gold and clothes
The ill base method - turning up her nose
A lack a lack a lack - cold beaming her up
She's still got the nerve to turn her fuckin' nose up
Her status looks at us from down below
Now the bitch is in trouble

Cause she was so-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

Little is known about her past

So listen to me cause I know her ass
Used to steal money out her boyfriends clothes
Never got caught - so the story goes
She kept doin' that to all her men
Found the wrong man when she did it again
And still to this day people wonder why
He didn't beat the bitch down till she almost died

phisticated

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Miuzi Weighs A Ton"

Yo Chuck, run a power move on them

Yeeaahh *[x3]*

Yeeaahh

Step back, get away - give the brother some room
You got to all turn me up when the beat goes boom
Lyric to lyric - line to line
Then you y'all understand my reputation for rhyme
Cause my rhyme reputation depends on what
Style of record my DJ cuts
His slice an' dice - super mix so nice
So bad, you won't dispute the price
Cause it's plain to see - it's a strain to be
Number one in the public I enemy
Cause I'm wanted in 50 - almost 51
States where the posse got me on the run
It's a big wonder why I haven't gone under
Dodgin' all types of microphone thunder
A fugitive missin' all types of hell
All this because I talk so well
When I,

[Chorus:]
Rock - get up - get down
Miuzi weighs a ton
Hold it *[x4]*

The match up title - the expression of thrill
For elite to compete and attempt to get ill
If looks could kill - I'd chill until
All the public catches on to my material - you know
The ducks criticize my every phase of rapture
Can't wait to read the headlines of my capture
Accused of assault - a 1st degree crime
Cause I beat competitors with my rhyme
Tongue whipped, pushed, shoved and tripped
Coocked from the hold of my Kung Fu grip
And if you want my title - it would be suicidal
From my end - it would be homicidal
When I do work - you get destroyed
All the paranoid - know to avoid
The Public Enemy seat I've enjoyed
This is no kid and I'm not no toy boy

[Chorus (x4)]

I'm a Public Enemy but I don't rob banks
I don't shoot bullets and I don't shoot blanks
My style is supreme - number one is my rank
And I got more power than the New York Yanks
If Miuzi wasn't heavy I'd probably fire it
I'd make you walk the plank if I was a pirate
If they made me a King - I would be a tyrant
If you want to get me - go ahead and try it
Snatcher, dispatcher, biter never been a
Instead of takin' me out - take a girl to dinner
The level of comp has never been thinner
It's a runaway race where I'm the winner
It's unreal - they call the law
And claimed I had started a war
It was war they wanted and war they got
But they wilted in the heat when Miuzi got hot

[Chorus (x4)]

My style versatile said without rhymes
Which is why they're after me an' on my back
Lookin' over my shoulder - seein' what I write
Hearin' what I say - then wonderin' why
Why they can't ever compete on my level
Superstar status is my domain
Understand my rhythm - my pattern of lecture
And then you'll know why I'm on the run
This change of events results in a switch
It's the lateral movement of my vocal pitch
It eliminates pressure on the haunted
But the posse is around so I got to front it
Plus employ tactics so coy
And leave no choise but to destroy
Soloists, groups and what they say
And all that try to cross my way
When I,

[Chorus (x4)]

Yeah, that's right
Public Enemy number one in New York
Public Enemy number one in Philly
Public Enemy number one in DC
Public Enemy number one in Cleveland, Ohio
Also where Public Enemy number one in St. Louis
Public Enemy number one in New Jersey
And bust it
Where also, Public Enemy number one in Cincinnati
In Atlanta

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Timebomb"

Hey Chuck, we got some non-believers out there

Yo, we gotta do somethin' about that man
Yo, we gotta get stupid
Yo, we gotta let 'em know what time it is

You go ooh and ahh when I jump in my car
People treat me like Kareem Abdul Jabbar
No matter who you are - when I'm up to par
I betcha go hip hop - hurray or hurrah
But the ahhs and ohhs is my kind of news
Pop your tape in - put your car in cruise
I never heard the boos - I never drank booze
Cause I just rock the rhythm - left alone the blues
The L.I. mystique - you sneak to peek
A look and then you know that we're never weak
I know you can't wait - it's never too late
No fear I'm here - and everything is straight
Cycles, cycles - life runs in cycles
New is old - no I'm not no psycho
The monkey on the back makes the best excel
The people in the crowd makes the best rock well
The people in the back lets you know who's whack
And those who lack - the odds are stacked
The one who makes the money is white not black
You might not believe it but it is like that
When you come to my show - watch me throw
Down with the other brothers toe to toe
When you make a move - new not used
And watch the bro here just bust a groove
A fat lady soprano - loads my ammo
Hear my jam - with a funky piano
Easy on the wall but hard on the panel
A fool smokes Kools cause he chokes on Camels
In effect - the crew's in check
Run by the posse with the gold around the neck
Homeboys in heat - lookin' for sweet
Ladies in the crowd so they can meet
Somebody to body - makin' a baby
Givin' it to grandma an' makin' her crazy
I'm a MC protector - U.S. defector
South African government wrecker
Panther power - you can feel it in my arm
Lookout y'all I'm a timebomb
Tickin', tockin', all about rockin'
Makin' much dollars while the crazy one's clockin'
The rhythm - to shake the house downy down
Bounce to the ounce is sound the crown

The man - the enemy - Public King - no thing
All fall to the force of my swing
Like Ali - Frazier - Thriller in Manila
A pinpoint point blank microphone killer am I
No need to lie - got the Flavor Flave
To prove I'll win and if not the save
I'll pick up, rack up - put your whole shack up
Just choose to lose the bet - emcee stick up
This is the wiz - but the mike's not his, it's mine
One time let the star shine
And I'm tellin' you - yelling at you you're through
Don't think you're grown cause your moustache grew
I'm number one - you know it weighs a ton
And I'll be the burger - you can be the bun, girl
Surroundin' - my steady poundin'
Get on down to my funky sound
And rock the rhythm rhyme - one time your mind
Rhythm roll - two times control
The mauler and the caller of your doom
And when I'm ready to leave - you're gonna know I go boom
Three times y'all - rhythm rhyme and rock
Then you'll that the D is on the block
Four times y'all and never ever the whack
It's the hour to the minute - time to blow BLACK

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Too Much Posse"

All right party people, bust a groove
It's guaranteed to shake your butt and make you move
I got a little something fly ass, gonna kick you high *[?]*
It's not a drive from my little rut
It's not for your earhole that we call a bug
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Now bust it out
There is a lot of people out there
That's building up a force
Of course that we call a posse
None will be grown when you got to cope and you gall *[?]*
You start up with two
And you end up with two thousands by the millions
You dig what I'm sayin'
Now there's a lot of posses out there
Trying to take over posses
And trying to turn those possses
Into their posse
But when you got too much
Like the gear grabbin' such and such *[?]*
Nobody can take yours
So they'll be sweatin' from the paws *[?]*
Trying to take whatcha got
They're so hot from the pot
Do they get the bad cold
An' those riding with the *[?]*
Ya know what I'm sayin'

What do you got to say about this
A force so strong that you can't resist
You may as well join 'em - you know you can't beat 'em
Pack a hundred people - ya know ya gonna need 'em
Straight with the system is down by law
Cause every half hour they get nine more
They run all the dollars that come in town
So either join the crew or get beat down
I watched all the guys be so damn cruel
Try to get fast - you must be a fool
Blood through and through - the boys don't play
I seen 'em tax and run an operation today
They got too - too - too much posse

Yeah, I had a party - much people came by
I'm talking to a 'g' cause the 'g' real fly
Chillin' in my room - chewin' off her ear
Chillin' stypid fly - cause I got stupid gear
My door kicked open by her man and crew
The 'g' turned to me and said, "Who're you?"

I said, "Yo fly. Yeah the 'g' lied."
Stuck in the corner while the 'g' cried
And then from the back - my homeboys came
Wear Uzis and knives and said, "Go blame." *[?]*
Ya lying ass girl with the fake tears
We got a big posse and we show no fears
We got too - too - too much posse
We got too - too - too much posse

Yeah, that's right
And I'm get ready to step off
Ya know what I'm sayin'
And all you posses out there
That's trying to help posse to posse
Yo, we gotta stop that as
Scatter your brain from here to White Plains
Ya know what I'm sayin'
We got the shit that you just can't fuck with

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Righstarter (Message To A Black Man)"

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

You spend a buck in the 80's - whatcha you get is a preacher
Forgivin' this torture of the system that brought 'cha
I'm on a mission and you got that right
Addin' fuel to the fire - punch to the fight
Many have forgotten what we came here for
Never knew or had a clue - so you're on the floor
Just growin not knowin about your past
now you're lookin' pretty stupid while you're shakin' your ass

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Some people fear me when I talk this way
Some come near me - some run away
Some people take heed to every word I say
Some wanna build a posse - some stay away
Some people think that we plan to fail
Wonder why we go under or we go to jail
Some ask us why we act the way we act
Without lookin' how long they kept us back

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Yes you if I bore you - I won't ignore you
I'm sayin things that they say I'm not supposed to
Give you pride that you may not find
If you're blind about your past then I'll point behind
Kings, Queens, warriors, lovers
People proud - sisters and brothers
Their biggest fear - suckers get tears
When we can top their best idea

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Mind revolution - our solution

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Corners don't sell it - no you can't buy it
Defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Our solution - mind revolution
Can't sell it - no you can't buy it in a potion
You lie about the life that you wanted to try
Tellin' me about a head - you decided to fly
Another brother with the same woes that you face
But you shot with the same hands - you fall from grace
Every brother should be every brother's keeper
But you shot with your left while your right was on your beeper

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

As the world turns - it's a terrible waste
To see the stupid look stuck on your face
Timebomb alarm for the world - just try it
Known to all zones as the one man riot
I'm on a mission to set you straight
Children - it's not too late
Explain to the world when it's plain to see
To be what the world doesn't want us to be

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Public Enemy No. 1"

Yo Chuck, bust a move man
I was on my way up here to the studio
Ya know what I'm sayin'
And this brother stop me and axe me
"Yo wassup with that brother Chuckie D, he swear he nice"
I said
"Yo the brother don't swear he's nice, he knows he's nice"
Ya know what I'm sayin'
So Chuck, we gotta fill in
You turn him into a Public Enemy man
Now remeber that line you was kicking to me
On the way out to LA *[?]*
While we was in the car on our way to the Shot *[?]*
Well yo right now kick the bass for them brothers
And let them know
What goes on

What goes on

Well I'm all in - put it up on the board
Another rapper shot down from the mouth that roared
1-2-3 down for the count
The result of my lyrics - oh yes, no doubt
Cold rock rap - 49er supreme
Is what I choose and I use - I never lose to a team
Cause I can can go solo - like a Tyson bolo
Make the fly girls wanna have my photo
Run in their room - hang it on the wall
In remembrance that I rocked them all
Suckers, ducks, ho-hum emcees
You can't rock the kid - so go cut the cheese
Take this application of rhymes like these
My rap's red hot - 110 degrees
So don't start bassin' I'll start placin'
Bets on that you'll be disgracing
You and your mind from a beatin' from my rhymes
A time for a crime that I can't find
I'll show you my gun - my Uzi weighs a ton
Because I'm Public Enemy number one

One *[x7]*

You got no rap - but you want to battle
It's like havin' a boat - but you got no paddle
Cause I never pause - I say it because
I don't break in stores - but I break all laws
Written while sittin' - all fittin' not bitten
Givin' me the juice that your not gettin'

I'm not a law obeyer - so you can tell your mayor
I'm a non-stop, rhythm rock poetry sayer
I'm the rhyme player - the ozone layer
A battle what? Here's a bible start your prayer
This word to the wise is justified
If they ask you what happened - just admit you lied
You just got caught a - for going out of order
And now you're servin' football teams their water
You messed with the master, word to Chuck
And I'll wax cold tax, made sure you got dome *[?]*
You just got dissed - all but dismissed
Sucker duck emcees - you get me pissed
It's no fun - being on the run
Because they got me - Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One

Don't you know, don't you know
I got a posse over force to back me up
Watch out, we got never the match
Ambush attack on my back - doubleteamin', get creamed
So we have us *[?]*
Wanna hear it again
We got a force - enemy down
The L.I. circuit sound
Ain't it Chuckie D, myself and KG - Flavor, DJ Melody
Oh yes, I presume it's the tunes - that make us groom
To make all the ladies swoom *[?]*
But it's also the words from outer region - a goldboy session
Kickin' like Bruce Lee's chinese connection
On stereo - never ever *[?]*
All wax - yes I'm talkin' about vinyl
They said stop freeze
I got froze up
Because I'm Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One
One - One - One

For all you suckers - liars, your cheap amplifiers
You crossed up wires are always starting fires
You grown up criers - now here's a pair of pliers
Get a job like your mother - I heard she fixes old dryers
You have no desires - your father fixes tires
You try to sell ya equipment - but you get no buyers
It's you they never hire - you're never on flyers
Cause you and your crew - is only known as good triers
Known as the poetic political lyrical son
I'm Public Enemy number one

One - One - One

One - One - One
One - One - One

Yeah, that's right Chuck man
That's what you gotta do
You gotta tell them just like that
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Cause yo man, let me tell you a little somethin' man
These brothers runnin' around - hard headed
Makin' a little jealous
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Just like that, ya know
They try to bring you down with 'em
But yo Chuck, you gotta let 'em know who's who in the world of beat
You gotta let 'em know that this is the 80's
And we can get all the ladies
And in the backyard we got a fly Mercedes
And that's the way the story goes
That's just the way the story goes
Let me tell you a little somethin' man

Public Enemy Lyrics

"MPE"

Public Enemy

I'm cold gettin' busy while I'm shakin' you down
I'm on the air - you're on the ground
Chuck D - the enemy - words you heed
Build for speed - but what you need is
Funky fresh lyrics fallin' down on time
Your enemy poppin' it - droppin' dime
Comin' out rockin' a tomahawk jam
And still gettin' fly with the mike in my hand
I'm cold coolin' out - layin in the shade
Dealers buggin cause they're gonna get sprayed
Their intimidator - your Scarface
What's goin' on (huh) what's takin' place
I don't wear gold but I clock ducats
Cause I have the money overflowing out of buckets
You want crazy dollars - I make people holler
You stick 'em up stupid and I'm snatching biters collars
Cause I'm

Public Enemy

I'll rebuild your mine to alleviate
Unnecessary pressures that can recreate
The sting that stung Yama-Goochie Foo Yung
He bit the Public Enemy he nearly got hung
His brain was gettin' bigger than a pregnant toad
His heartbeat stopped cause of overload
See, I made the beat that broke his back
I cut his circulation - made his world turn back
I find things out like E.S.P.
I've got Kreskin's brain velocity
Like Alexander Munday - I'm in like Flint
Mercedes limousine with a hardcore tint
I'm captain of the ships - I make 'em walk the planks
Riding round the world - hundred sixty million francs
Not like the kind that you put on the grill
Cause I only do it like that when I'm on a chill hill
I'm the

Public Enemy

I'm goin' for the money that man ever made
Gettin' thrills from orders that the suckers obeyed
It's gettin' late and I can't wait
To drive by the bus and rock my tape
My car is movin' fast, like a train
Never skiddin' off the road, not even in the rain

I'm cold dodgin' tickets, rockin' all the jams
Makin' biters step back and understand
I got to the beach, the ground was so sandy
Girls on my jock like ants on candy
Checking out the fellas with the girls on the side
Put ya boat in the water, let's take a ride
to the land of party people rocking shocking to the beat
Keep ya eyes on ya girl cause ya know I'm gonna cheat
I'm gonna max and relax and chill my will
Body rockin', brain shockin' makes your heart stand still
Where's the

Public Enemy

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Yo! Bumrush The Show"

Yo! Bum rush the show

I am taking no prisoners, taking no shorts
Breakin' with the metal of a couple of forts
While we're hearin' that boom supplement the mix
Gonna rush 'em like the Bears in the 46
Homeboys I don't know but they're part of the pack
In the plan against the man, bum rush attack
For the suckers at the door, if you're up and around
For the suckers at the door, we're gonna knock you back down

[Chorus:]
Yo! Bum rush the show *[x4]*

Yo, *[?]* around *[?]*
You're gonna tell us, man
That we can't get inside your spot?
Yo man, let me tell you somethin', man
We came all the way down here from the Welch
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Yo man, you're talkin' about gettin' busy
Yo, you wanna get busy?
Come on, let's step to the back
Ya know what I'm sayin'
I take you to the back and show you some of my techniques
And I'll stomp a mud hole in your ass
Bitch

Searchin my body for fuckin' what
My gun's just for fun and my knife don't cut
How can I make you understand
I get ill on a posse with my goddamn hands
Troubles, not me, I don't mean to cause
But you took one look and began to pause
Didn't hoolar at the dollar we was willin' to spend
But you took one look, wouldn't let our ass in

[Chorus (x4)]

Yo homes, I don't know what you're talkin' about, man
But yo, bust a move man
Yo, me and my crew, we were in a four limo over last night
Ya know what I'm sayin'
And they are on their way my crib, man
Now yo, when you feel a *[?]*
[?] talkin' that garbage
Yo, me and my crew got cold crash this side of the door
Ya know what I'm sayin'

Talkin' about a nine?
Yo, a nine ain't gonna stop the bum rush, homes

[Chorus (x4)]

Cold bum rushin' doors like at first it's something
All we realize that the show ain't nuthin'
For the stunts and the blunts, whole world inside
The reason that the mighty used force supplied
No comp, we'll stomp all in our way
Gave me static so I don't pay
It might be a trick that you don't like
Comin' in the side door then I'm grabbin' the mike
Walkin' and talkin' - fist full in the air
It might seem like that we don't care
A ho for an oh, a pow for an ow
Girls start screamin' all I say is wow
Get that sucker who shot that gun
Whip his monkey ass till it ain't no fun
5-O showed and wouldn't you know
They blamed it on the kid cause all I said was...

[Chorus (x4)]

Yeeaah man, yo
I was at the park last night
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Gold clocks for megadollars, man
An' these brothers, man
Walked up to me talkin' about they was gonna stick me up
Yo, man, let me tell you somethin', man
These are the same brothers, man, that tried to stick up *[?]*
Ya know what I'm sayin'
But yo, I got a posse, man
That wouldn't let them bum rush my operation
Ya know what I'm sayin'

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Raise The Roof"

Testing - one - two
Testing - one - two
The house is now on fire
Spread the walls ya'll
Everybody get somebody we don't want anybody let fuck nobody
Cause you know what time it is
It's time to get busy
And when it's time to get busy
You know what you gotta do

You gotta
Raise the roof because it's all on fire
Not done by the sun or electrical wire
Not done by sons stricking matches with daughters
But done by scratches so save that water
This jam is packed so I just figure
All we need is the house to get bigger
So startin' with the roof down to the base
We're at your service to burn the place

Come on
Come on
Come on Raise the roof
That's right
Raise the roof
Come on

With the spot as hot as it can get
An' the roof's on fire - you're soaked and wet
The puzzle on your face shows as you sweat
But your body keeps movin' with no regrets
Chandeliers shake, swing from front to back
Left to right all night - and the lights don't crack
Your minds on the time - hopin' it don't end
Cause it's time to get stupid - here we go again

Come on
Come on
Come on raise the roof
Come on
Raise the roof ya'll
Come on

Stare at the strope - pull your earlobe
For the sights and sounds clear across the globe
This jam might hit or miss the charts
But the style gets wild as state of the art
Dazzling in science - bold in nerve

But givin' my house what it deserves
Served on the floor cause I get payed
Make the fans that left, wished they had'a stayed
Realize my friend - ain't this a trip
As your body gets railed when you do the flip
And your mind gets rocked when we're on the roll
Then the freak of the week makes you lose control
A Swatch for a watch - so you'll know the time
Your crowd gets loud and you clock my rhyme
The messiah's on fire and I'm living proof
I'll quench your desire and raise your roof

Come on
Come on raise the roof
Come on
Raise the roof
Come on

In school I'm cool throughout the week
When the weekend comes - I'm down with the Greeks
Frat brothers known across the seven seas
Fly ladies of the 80's - sororities
The Zetas, Deltas, AKA's
Women that keep me in a daze
The A-Phi-A - Sigma boys on the move
With the Kappas and the Ques and of course the groove
And for real it's the deal and the actual fact
Takes a nation of millions to hold me back
Rejected and accepted as a communist
Claimin' fame to my name as a terrorist
Makin' money in corners that you'll never see
Dodgin' judges and the lawyers and the third degree
Nothin' wrong with a song to make the strong survive
Realize gave me five cause I kept 'em alive
Mislead what you read about my devilish deeds
Mislead what I said so you're better off dead
Make 'em hear it and see it for the deaf and blind
And command it and we'll plan it for incapable minds
Take for granted and demand it from the wave of my hand
Make the jealous understand it and just say damn
When they see me ask a question - "How the hell can it be?"
When they watch me pull a serpent straight out of the sea
Turn the winter into summer - then from hot to cold
Expand my power on the hour - make you all behold
From the slammer swing a hammer like the mighty Thor
God of thunder, you'll go under - then you'll all applaud
And fathom that distance, that the mad must reap
Meet Namor sea lord - Prince of the deep
Here for you to fear at any cost
Tellin you to get busy or you better get lost
Livin' lives civilized from the lessons I taught
Cities buried underground just because I went off
My friends, enemies - better be my friend

Is the question people guessin' is this the end?
End of the world - are you guessin' yes?
Just say and don't delay it - get it off your chest
Houses of crack - I've seen too much
I go ready - aim - fire - then I'll blow 'em up

Public Enemy Lyrics

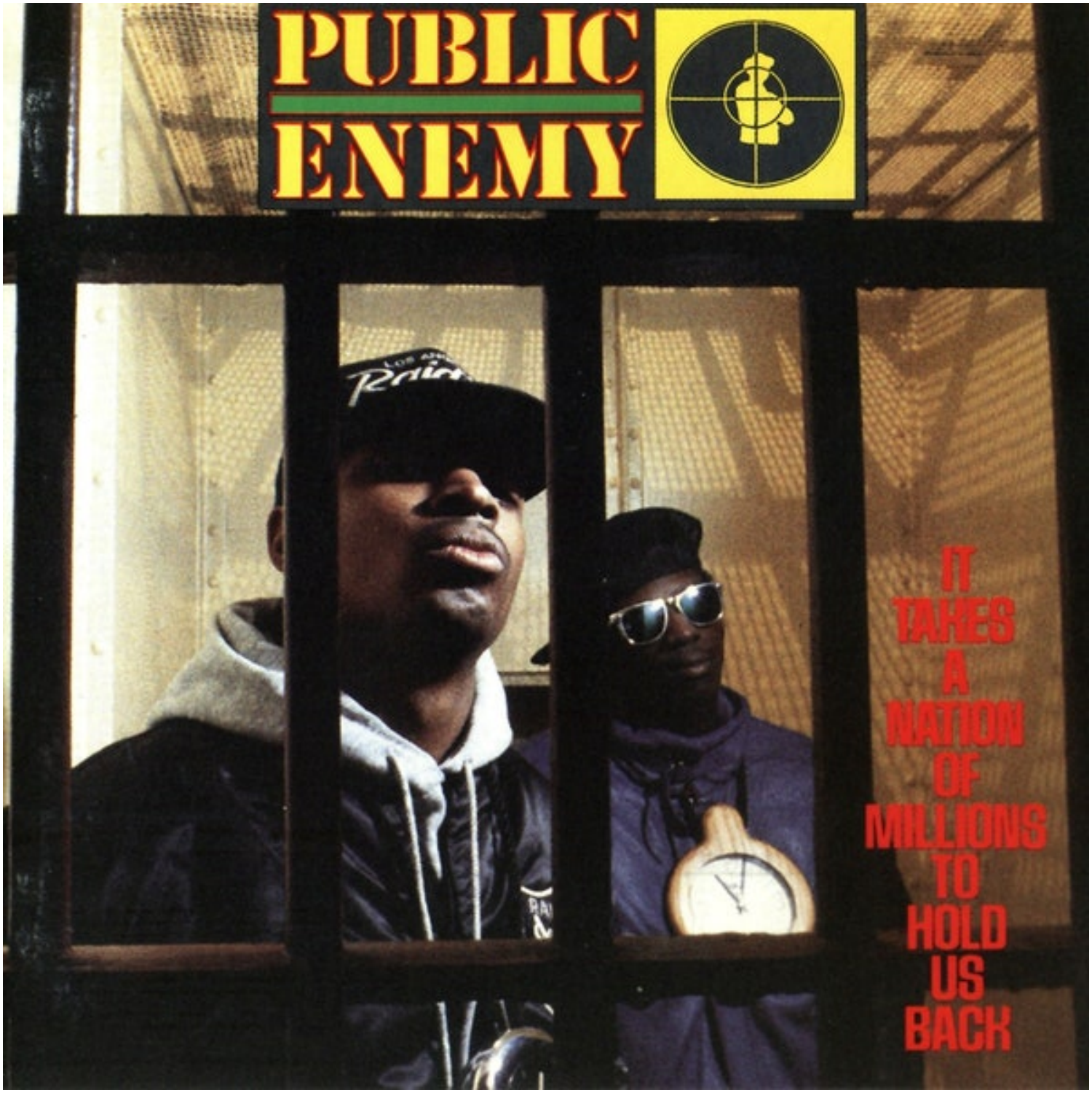
"Megablast"

Time is gettin' crazy - people clockin' out
They're robbin' all the cribs on death wish route
Breakin' into cars trying to steal their system
20 pounds on the bar, betcha can't lift 'em
Ya throw two punches, now you got no wind
Hittin' mega pipes, gettin' super stupid thin
Smokin' all the squares and crying all the tears
Cause you're workin' for ya boy, came short and full of swears
Ya couldn't make the money cause ya smoked up all the product
Walkin' round town, skeptalepsy illaroduct
Can't be trusted cause you're living in the past
Ya should have kept yo ass away from that blast
MEGABLAST!
Oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please
Just give me just one more hit *[x8]*
I got a homeboy who is out on the block
He sells mo crack than they sell fish at the dock
He runs to every car, thinkin' he's a star
He gets his product snatched by some people in a car
The car pulls off as he hungs onto the side
Of the car that is in motion, guess his product took a ride
He tried to sell a demon for a thirty dollar bill
Fake gold plate on the back, no frills
Fake Hawaiian suit, scratched up knees
In his fridgerator, bread, water, cheese
An antique fork, how long will it last?
We'll see in twelve minutes when he wants the blast
MEGABLAST!
Oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please
Just give me just one more hit *[x8]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Terminator X Speaks With His Hands"

Terminator X Speaks With His Hands...


PUBLIC
ENEMY
IT
TAKES
A
NATION
OF
MILLIONS
TO
HOLD
US
BACK

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Bring The Noise"

Too black, too strong
Too black, too strong

[Flavor Flav:]
Yo, Chuck
These honey drippers are still frontin' on us
Show 'em that we can do this
'Cause we always knew this, ha ha
Yeah, boy!

[Chuck D.:]
Bass! How low can you go?
Death row, what a brother know
Once again, back is the incredible
rhyme animal, the uncannable D

Public Enemy number one
"Five-O" said, "Freeze!" and I got numb
Can I tell 'em that I really never had a gun?
But it's the wax that the Terminator X spun

Now they got me in a cell
'Cause my records, they sell
'Cause a brother like me said, Well
Farrakhan's a prophet and I think you ought to listen to
What he can say to you" What you ought to do

Is follow for now, power of the people, say,
"Make a miracle, D, pump the lyrical"
Black is back, all in, We're gonna win
Check it out

[Flavor Flav:]
Yeah, y'all, c'mon

[Chuck D.:]
Here we go again

Turn it up! Bring the noise!
Turn it up! Bring the noise!

[Flavor Flav:]
Hey yo, Chuck, they're sayin' we too black, man
Yo, I don't understand what they're saying
But little do they know they can get a smack for that, man

[Chuck D.:]

Never badder than bad 'cause the brother is madder than mad
At the fact that's corrupt like a senator
Soul on a roll, but you treat it like soap on a rope
'Cause the beats in the lines are so dope

Listen for lessons I'm saying inside music
That the critics are all blasting me for
They'll never care for the brothers and sisters
Now across the country has us up for the war

We got to demonstrate, come on now
They're gonna have to wait 'til we get it right
Radio stations, I question their blackness
They call themselves black, but we'll see if they'll play this

Turn it up! Bring the noise!
Turn it up! Bring the noise!

[Flavor Flav:]
Hey yo, Chuck, they're illin', we chillin'
Yo, PE in the house, top billing
Yo, Chuck, show 'em what you can do, boy

[Chuck D.:]
Get from in front of me, the crowd runs to me
My DJ is warm, he's X, I call him Norm, y'know
He can cut a record from side to side
So what, the ride, the glide should be much safer than a suicide

Soul control, beat is the father of your rock'n'roll
Music for whatcha, for whichin', you call a band, man
Makin' a music, abuse it, but you can't do it, y'know
You call 'em demos

[Flavor Flav:]
But we ride limos, too

[Chuck D.:]
Whatcha gonna do? Rap is not afraid of you
Beat is for Sonny Bono

[Flavor Flav:]
Beat is for Yoko Ono

[Chuck D.:]
Run-DMC first said a DJ could be a band
Stand on its own feet, get you out your seat

Beat is for Eric B. and LL, as well, hell
Wax is for Anthrax, still it can rock bells
Ever forever, universal, it will sell
Time for me to exit, Terminator X it

Turn it up! Bring the noise!
Turn it up! Bring the noise!

[Flavor Flav:]
Yo, they should know by now that they can't stop this bum rush
Word up, better keep tellin' me to turn it down
But yo, Flavor Flav ain't going out like that

Come on
Come on
Come on, now
Come on

[Chuck D.:]
From coast to coast, so used to being like a comatose
Stand, my man, the beat's the same with a boast toast
Rock with some pizzazz, it will last. Why you ask?
Roll with the rock stars, still never get accepted as

We got to plead the Fifth, you can investigate
Don't need to wait, get the record straight
Hey, posse in effect, got Flavor, Terminator
X to sign checks, play to get paid

You got to check it out down on the avenue
A magazine or two is dissing me and dissing you
Yeah, I'm telling you...

[Flavor Flav:]
Hey yo, Griff, get thirty S1W
We got to handle this
We ain't goin' out like that
Yo man, straight up on the Columbo tip
We can do this, like Brutus
'Cause we always knew this
You know what I'm sayin'
There's just one thing that puzzles me, my brother
What's wrong with all these people around here, man
Is they clocking? Is they rocking? Is they shocking?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Don't Believe The Hype"

Back
Caught you lookin' for the same thing
It's a new thing - check out this I bring
Uh Oh the roll below the level
'Cause I'm livin' low next to the bass, C'mon
Turn up the radio
They claim that I'm a criminal
By now I wonder how
Some people never know
The enemy could be their friend, guardian
I'm not a hooligan
I rock the party and
Clear all the madness, I'm not a racist
Preach to teach to all
'Cause some they never had this
Number one, not born to run
About the gun...
I wasn't licensed to have one
The minute they see me, fear me
I'm the epitome - a public enemy
Used, abused without clues
I refused to blow a fuse
They even had it on the news
Don't believe the hype...

Yes
Was the start of my last jam
So here it is again, another def jam
But since I gave you all a little something
That we knew you lacked
They still consider me a new jack
All the critics you can hang'em
I'll hold the rope
But they hope to the pope
And pray it ain't dope
The follower of Farrakhan
Don't tell me that you understand
Until you hear the man
The book of the new school rap game
Writers treat me like Coltrane, insane
Yes to them, but to me I'm a different kind
We're brothers of the same mind, unblind
Caught in the middle and
Not surrenderin'
I don't rhyme for the sake of of riddlin'
Some claim that I'm a smuggler
Some say I never heard of 'ya

A rap burglar, false media
We don't need it do we?
It's fake that's what it be to 'ya, dig me?
Don't believe the hype...

Don't believe the hype - its a sequel
As an equal, can I get this through to you
My 98's boomin' with a trunk of funk
All the jealous punks can't stop the dunk
Comin' from the school of hard knocks
Some perpetrate, they drink Clorox
Attack the black, cause I know they lack exact
The cold facts, and still they try to Xerox
Leader of the new school, uncool
Never played the fool, just made the rules
Remember there's a need to get alarmed
Again I said I was a timebomb
In the daytime the radio's scared of me
'Cause I'm mad, plus I'm the enemy
They can't c'mon and play with me in primetime
'Cause I know the time, plus I'm gettin' mine
I get on the mix late in the night
They know I'm livin' right, so here go the mike, sike
Before I let it go, don't rush my show
You try to reach and grab and get elbowed
Word to herb, yo if you can't swing this
Learn the words, you might sing this
Just a little bit of the taste of the bass for you
As you get up and dance at the LQ
When some deny it, defy if I swing bolos
Then they clear the lane I go solo
The meaning of all of that
Some media is the whack
You believe it's true, it blows me through the roof
Suckers, liars get me a shovel
Some writers I know are damn devils
For them I say don't believe the hype
Yo Chuck, they must be on a pipe, right?
Their pens and pads I'll snatch
'Cause I've had it
I'm not an addict fiendin' for static
I'll see their tape recorder and grab it
No, you can't have it back silly rabbit
I'm going' to my media assassin
Harry Allen, I gotta ask him
Yo Harry, you're a writer, are we that type?
Don't believe the hype
I got flavor and all those things you know
Yeah boy, part two bum rush and show
Yo Griff, get the green black red and
Gold down countdown to Armageddon
-88 you wait the S1Ws will
Rock the hard jams - treat it like a seminar

Teach the bourgeoisie, and rock the boulevard
Some say I'm negative
But they're not positive
But what I got to give...
The media says this

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Cold Lampin' With Flavor"

Um lampin, um lampin, um cole cole lampin
I got loowies boy, um not trampin
I just came from Da-crib ya know
Um on da go-throw ya tank into metro
Live lyrics from the bank of reality
I kick da flyest dope maneuver technicality
To a dope track, you wanna hike git out ya backpack
Um in my Flav-mobile cole lampin
I took dis g upstate cole lampin
Ta da poke-a-nose, we call da hide-a-ways
A pack of franks and a big bag of Frito Lays

Flavor-Flav on a hype tip
Um ya hype drink, come take a big sip
Um in position, you can't play me out da pocket
I'll take da dopest beat yougot and I'll rock-it
Like chocolate, even vanilla - chocolate, strawberry, saperella
Flavors are electric - try me - get a shock-a
Didn't I tell you to leave Flavor Flav alone knock-a
A clock on my chest proves I don't fess
I'm a clock-a, rock-a rockin' wit-da-rest
Flavor in da house by Chuck-D's side
Chuck got da Flavor-Flav don't hide
P.E. crazy, Crazy P.E. - makin' crazy loowies for the shoppin spree

Ya eatin death cause ya like gittin dirt from da graveyard - ya put gravy on it
Den ya pick ya teeth with tomb stone chips
And casket cover clips - dead women hips ya do da bump with - bones
Nutin but love bones
Lifestyles of the Live-en-dead
First ya live den ya dead - died trying ta clock what I said
Now I got a murder rap cause I bust ya cap with Flavor - pure Flavor
We got Magnum Brown, Shoothki - Valoothki
Super-calafraga-hestik-alagoothki
You could put dat in ya don't know what I said book
Took-look-yuk-duk-wuk
Shinavative ill factors by da Flavor Flav
Come an ride da Flavor wave
In any year on any givin day
What a brova know - what do Flavor say
Why do dis record play dat way
Prime time merrily in da day
Right now dis radio station is busy - brainknowledgeably wizzy
Honey drippers, you say you got it
You ain't got no flavor and I can prove it
Flavor Flav the flav all of flavors
Onion an garlic french fried potatas

Make ya breath stink, breath fire
Makes any onion da best crier

I know it sounds crazy but it fits perfect
Peter perfect pimped a perfect Peter
Honey dripper - sucker sipper - big dipper - sucker dipper
Drippin suckers like its goin out-a-style
Creatin flavors for da Flavor Flav pile
Lampin booyee madina style

Kickin da flavor gittin busy
Ya goin ouut, I think ya dizzy
I think ya hungry, cause ya starvin fa Flavor
Flavor most, put it on toast
Eat it-en taste it en swallow it down
Imperial Flavor gives you da crown
Of the king called Flavor, da king of all flavors
Rolls an rolls an rolls life savers
Flavor Flav is in everything ya eat cause everything ya eat got flavor
Flavor Flav is da first taste ya git in da mornin - ya breakfast is da flavor
In between dat ta lunch - in between dat dinner - in between dat ta midnight flavor
Yeah, das right I got somethin fa all da fandangoes of damangoes of da fandangoes of da mangoes

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Terminator X To The Edge Of Panic"

Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go
Take A look at his style
Take A check of the sound
Off the record people keep him down
Trick a chick in Miami
Terminator X packs the jams
Whow gives a fuck about a Goddamn Grammy
Anyway and I say the D's defending the mike
Yeah, who gives a fuck about what they like
Right the power is bold, the rhymes politically cold
No judge can ever budge or ever handle his load
Yes the coming is near and he's about to become
The one and only missionary lord son of a gun
Going on and on back trackin' the whack
Explain the knack y'all for the actual fact, c'mon

Terminator X Go off *[4X]*
Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go

He goes on and on 'till he reaches the coast
Tired, wired of his own race playing him close
Understand his type of music kills the
Plan of the klan
You know the pack attack the man
With the palm of his hands
Police, wild beasts, dogs on a leash
No peace to reach - thats why he's packin' his black piece
Terminator X yellin' with his hands
Damn almighty rulin ready to jam
But his cuts drive against the belt
Sheet...he's bad by his damn self
Yeah, his one job cold threatens the crowd
The loud sound pound to make brothers proud

Terminator X Go off *[4X]*
Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go

Gettin' small makin' room for it all
Flavors on the phone so he can...
Make the call
I know you're clockin' the enemy
You should be clockin' the time
Checkin' records I'm wreckin' you
For defecting my rhyme
No provokin', no jokin', you know the stage is set
If you're thinkin' I'm breakin'
He ain't rocked it yet

My education is takin' you for a long ride
I'll have you brain slip and do the slide
Glide into infinity, it's infinite
With your hands in your pockets
I know your money is spent
Like this, like that, butter for the fat
If you kill my dog, I'ma slay your cat
It's like that y'all, can you handle it son
I'm public enemy number one

Terminator X Go off *[4X]*
Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Mind Terrorist"

Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face
Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face

Take that, best, best for your face
Best for your face, best for your face
Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face

Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face
Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face

Take that, ha ha, take that
Take that, ha ha, take that
Take that, ha ha, take that
Best, best, best, best for your face

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Louder Than A Bomb"

This style seems wild
Wait before you treat me like a stepchild
Let me tell you why they got me on file
'Cause I give you what you lack
Come right and exact
Our status is the saddest
So I care where you at, black
And at home I got a call from Tony Rome
The FBI was tappin' my telephone
I never live alone
I never walk alone
My posses always ready, and they're waitin' in my zone
Although I live the life that of a resident
But I be knowin' the scheme that of the president
Tappin' my phone whose crews abused
I stand accused of doing harm
'Cause I'm louder than a bomb
C'mon C'mon louder etc...

I am the rock hard trooper
To the bone, the bone, the bone
Full grown - consider me - stone
Once again and
I say it for you to know
The troop is always ready, I yell 'geronimo'
Your CIA, you see I ain't kiddin'
Both King and X they got ridda' both
A story untold, true, but unknown
Professor Griff knows...
"I ain't no toast"
And not the braggin' or boastin' and plus
It ain't no secret why they're tappin' my phone, although
I can't keep it a secret
So I decided to kick it, yo
And yes it weighs a ton
I say it once again
I'm called the enemy - I'll never be a friend
Of those with closed minds, don't know I'm rapid
The way that I rap it
Is makin' 'em tap it, yeah
Never servin 'em well, 'cause I'm an un-Tom
It's no secret at all
Cause I'm louder than a bomb

Cold holdin' the load
The burden breakin' the mold
I ain't lyin' denyin', 'cause they're checkin' my code

Am I buggin' 'cause they're buggin' my phone - for information
No tellin' who's sellin' out - power buildin' the nation so...
Joinin' the set, the point blank target
Every brothers inside - so least not, you forget, no
Takin' the blame is not a waste, here taste
A bit of the song so you can never be wrong
Just a bit of advice, 'cause we be payin' the price
'Cause every brother mans life
Is like swingin' the dice, right?
Here it is, once again this is
The brother to brother
The Terminator, the cutter

Goin' on an' on - leave alone the grown
Get it straight in '88, an' I'll troop it to demonstrate
The posse always ready - 98 at 98
My posse come quick, because my posse got velocity
Tappin' my phone, they never leave me alone
I'm even lethal when I'm unarmed
'Cause I'm louder than a bomb

'Cause the D is for dangerous
You can come and get some of this
I teach and speak
So when its spoke, it's no joke
The voice of choice
The place shakes with bass
Called one for the treble
The rhythm is the rebel
Here's a funky rhyme that they're tappin' on
Just thinkin' I'm breakin' the beats I'm rappin' on
CIA FBI
All they tell us is lies
And when I say it they get alarmed
'Cause I'm louder than a bomb

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Caught, Can We Get A Witness?"

Caught, now in court 'cause I stole a beat
This is a sampling sport
But I'm giving it a new name
What you hear is mine
P.E. you know the time
Now, what in the heaven does a jury know about hell
If I took it, but but they just look at me
Like, Hey I'm on a mission
I'm talkin' 'bout conditions
Ain't right sittin' like dynamite
Gonna blow you up and it just might
Blow up the bench and
Judge, the courtroom plus I gotta mention
This court is dismissed when I grab the mike
Yo Flave...What is this?

Get hyped, c'mon we gotta
Gather around - gotcha
Mail from the courts and jail
Claims I stole the beats that I rail
Look at how I'm livin' like
And they're gonna check the mike, right? - Sike
Look at how I'm livin' now, lower than low
What a sucker know
I found this mineral that I call a beat
I paid zero
I packed my load 'cause it's better than gold
People don't ask the price, but its sold
They say that I sample, but they should
Sample this my bit bull
We ain't goin' for this
They say that I stole this
Can I get a witness?

Understand where we're goin
Then listen to this, plus my Roland
Comin' from way down below
Rebound c'mon boost up the stereo
Snakes in the morning
Wake up, scared afraid of my warning
They claim that I'm violent
Now I choose to be silent
Can I get a witness?

C'mon get wit' it
Something ain't right, I got to admit it
Made me mad when I was on tour

That I declared war on black radio
They say that I planned this
On the radio most of you will demand this
Won't be on a playlist
Bust the way that I say this: No Sell Out

You singers are spineless
As you sing your senseless songs to the mindless
Your general subject love is minimal
Its sex for profit
Scream that I sample
For example, Tom you ran to the federal
Court in U.S. it don't mean you
Yeah, 'cause they fronted on you
The posses ready, Terminator X yes he's ready
The S1Ws, Griff are you ready?

They say that I stole this
I rebel with a raised fist, can we get a witness?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Show Em Whatcha Got"

Talkin dat drive by shit
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit

Talkin dat drive by thang
Everybody talking dat gangsta swang

Slaves to the rhythm of the master
Buck boom buck another
Neighborhood disaster
(Drummer hit me one)

A gun iz a gun iz
A muther fuckin gun
But an organized side
Keep a sellout niga on the run

What you gonna do to get paid
Step on the rest of the hood
Till the drug raid

See you runnin like roaches
Black gangstas need track coaches

The white law set you up raw
When you have his trust in killin us

Talkin dat gattalk
Walkin dat catwalk
Where you tryin to go wit dat
Dont even go dere wit dat rap
Guns drugs an money
All you know how
So whatcha gonna do now?
I'm bout ready to bounce
Trouble on the corner of blunt ave
An 40 ounce
Madd uncivilized lifestyles
30 years bids for kids, now thats wild
I'm raisin my child
I'm steppin to da curb
Wit a sign do not disturb
Too much dont give a fuck
Or a damn thing
But choose what the other man bring
I sing a song cause I see wrong
I'm not down with the fe fi fo
Where I come from

See, the brothers aint dumb
Sense goes over nonsense
When it makes no sense
I'm throwin up da fence
Talkin dat drive by shit
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit
Talkin dat drive by thang
Everybody talkin dat gangsta swang

Talkin dat gattalk
Walkin dat catwalk
Were you tryin to go wit dat
Dont even go there wit dat rap
Guns drugs & money
All you know how
So whatcha gone do now?

[Break]

The only good niga iz a dead niga

Dats what they used to say

Cant understand why a man
Gotta use a trigga
On his own, suppose to act grown

Cracka in da back
Watch a brother pull a trigga on another brother

Couldn't shoot and shot a mother

Four kids alone home
Ungrown & now they on they own
Now check yourself cool
What good iz da hood if ya actin a fool
Talkin dat gattalk, walkin dat catwalk

Public Enemy Lyrics

"She Watch Channel Zero?!"

The woman makes the men all pause
And if you got a woman
She might make you forget yours
There's a 5 letter word
To describe her character
But her brains being washed by an actor
And every real man that tries to approach
Come the closer he comes
He gets dissed like a roach

[REFRAIN:]
I don't think I can handle
She goes channel to channel
Cold lookin' for that hero
She watch channel zero

[CHORUS:]
She watch, She watch *[4x]*
(Flavor *[ad lib]*)

2, 7, 5, 4, 8 she watched she said
All added up to zero
And nothing in her head
She turns and turns
And she hopes the soaps
Are for real - she learns
Is that it ain't true, nope
But she won't survive
And rather die and lie
Falls a fool - for some dude - on a tube

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

[CHORUS]

Trouble vision for a sister
Because I know she don't know, I quote
Her brains retrained
By a 24 inch remote
Revolution a solution
For all our children
But all her children
Don't mean as much as the show, I mean
Watch her worship the screen, and fiend
For a TV ad
And it just makes me mad

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

[CHORUS]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Night Of The Living Basheads"

Here it is
BAMMM
And you say, Goddamn
This is the dope jam
But lets define the term called dope
And you think it mean funky now, no
Here is a true tale
Of the ones that deal
Are the ones that fail
Yeah
You can move if you wanna move
What it prove
It's here like the groove
The problem is this - we gotta' fix it
Check out the justice - and how they run it
Sellin', smellin'
Sniffin', riffin'
And brothers try to get swift an'
Sell to their own, rob a home
While some shrivel to bone
Like comatose walkin' around
Please don't confuse this with the sound
I'm talking about...BASS

I put this together to...
Rock the bells of those that
Boost the dose
Of lack a lack
And those that sell to Black
Shame on a brother when he dealin'
The same block where my 98 be wheelin'
And everybody know
Another kilo
From a corner from a brother to keep another -
Below
Stop illin' and killin'
Stop grillin'
Yo, black, yo (we are willin')
4, 5 o'clock in the mornin'
Wait a minute y'all
The fiends are fiendin'
Day to day they say no other way
This stuff...
Is really bad
I'm talkin' 'bout...BASS

Yo, listen

I see it on their faces
(First come first serve basis)
Standin' in line
Checkin' the time
Homeboys playin' the curb
The same ones that used to do herb
Now they're gone
Passin' it on
Poison attack - the Black word bond
Daddy-O
Once said to me
He knew a brother who stayed all day in his jeep
And at night he went to sleep
And in the mornin' all he had was
The sneakers on his feet
The culprit used to jam and rock the mike, yo
He stripped the jeep to fill his pipe
And wander around to find a place
Where they rocked to a different kind of...BASS

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Black Steel In The Hour Of Chaos"

I got a letter from the government
The other day
I opened and read it
It said they were suckers
They wanted me for their army or whatever
Picture me given' a damn - I said never
Here is a land that never gave a damn
About a brother like me and myself
Because they never did
I wasn't wit' it, but just that very minute...
It occured to me
The suckers had authority
Cold sweatin' as I dwell in my cell
How long has it been?
They got me sittin' in the state pen
I gotta get out - but that thought was thought before
I contemplated a plan on the cell floor
I'm not a fugitive on the run
But a brother like me begun - to be another one
Public enemy servin' time - they drew the line y'all
To criticize me some crime - never the less
They could not understand that I'm a Black man
And I could never be a veteran
On the strength, the situation's unreal
I got a raw deal, so I'm goin' for the steel

They got me rottin' in the time that I'm servin'
Tellin' you what happened the same time they're throwin'
4 of us packed in a cell like slaves - oh well
The same motherfucker got us livin' is his hell
You have to realize - what its a form of slavery
Organized under a swarm of devils
Straight up - word'em up on the level
The reasons are several, most of them federal
Here is my plan anyway and I say
I got gusto, but only some I can trust - yo
Some do a bid from 1 to 10
And I never did, and plus I never been
I'm on a tier where no tears should ever fall
Cell block and locked - I never clock it y'all
'Cause time and time again time
They got me servin' to those and to them
I'm not a citizen
But ever when I catch a C-O
Sleepin' on the job - my plan is on go-ahead
On the strength, I'ma tell you the deal
I got nothin' to lose

'Cause I'm goin' for the steel

You know I caught a C-O
Fallin' asleep on death row
I grabbed his gun - then he did what I said so
And everyman's got served
Along with the time they served
Decency was deserved
To understand my demands
I gave a warnin' - I wanted the governor, y'all
And plus the warden to know
That I was innocent -
Because I'm militant
Posing a threat, you bet it's fuckin' up the government
My plan said I had to get out and break north
Just like with Oliver's neck
I had to get off - my boys had the feds in check
They couldn't do nuthin'
We had a force to instigate a prison riot
This is what it takes for peace
So I just took the piece
Black for Black inside time to cut the leash
Freedom to get out - to the ghetto - no sell out
6 C-Os we got we ought to put their head out
But I'll give 'em a chance, cause I'm civilized
As for the rest of the world, they can't realize
A cell is hell - I'm a rebel so I rebel
Between bars, got me thinkin' like an animal
Got a woman C-O to call me a copter
She tried to get away, and I popped her
Twice, right
Now who wanna get nice?
I had 6 C-Os, now it's 5 to go
And I'm serious - call me delirious
But I'm still a captive
I gotta rap this
Time to break as time grows intense
I got the steel in my right hand
Now I'm lookin' for the fence

I ventured into the courtyard
Followed by 52 brothers
Bruised, battered, and scarred but hard
Goin' out with a bang
Ready to bang out
But power from the sky
And from the tower shots rang out
A high number of dose - yes
And some came close
Figure I trigger my steel
Stand and hold my post
This is what I mean - an anti-nigger machine
If I come out alive and then they won't - come clean

And then I threw up my steel bullets - flew up
Blew up, who shot...
What, who, the bazooka was who
And to my rescue, it was the S1Ws
Secured my getaway, so I just gotaway
The joint broke, from the black smoke
Then they saw it was rougher thatn the average bluffer
'Cause the steel was black, the attitude exact
Now the chase is on tellin' you to c'mon
53 brothers on the run, and we are gone

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rebel Without A Pause"

Yes - the rhythm, the rebel
Without a pause - I'm lowering my level
The hard rhymer - where you never been I'm in
You want stylin' - you know it's time again
D the enemy - tellin you to hear it
They praised the music - this time they play the lyrics
Some say no to the album, the show
Bum rush the sound I made a year ago
I guess you know - you guess I'm just a radical
Not a sabbatical - yes to make it critical
The only part your body should be parting to
Panther power on the hour from the rebel to you

Radio - suckers never play me
On the mix - just O.K. me
Now known and grown when they're clocking my zone it's known
Snakin' and takin' everything that a brother owns
Hard - my calling card
Recorded and orderd - supporter of Chesimard
Loud and proud kickin' live next poet supreme
Loop a troop, bazooka, the scheme
Flavor - a rebel in his own mind
Supporter of my rhyme
Designed to scatter a line of suckers who claim I do crime

Terminator X

From a rebel it's final on black vinyl
Soul, rock and roll comin' like a rhino
Tables turn - suckers burn to learn
They can't dis-able the power of my label
Def Jam - tells you who I am
The enemy's public - they really give a damn
Strong Island - where I got 'em wild and
That's the reason they're claimin' that I'm violent
Never silent - no dope gettin' dumb nope
Claimin' where we get our rhythm from
Number one - we hit ya and we give ya some
No gun - and still never on the run
You wanna be an S.1 - Griff will tell you when
And then you'll come - you'll know what time it is
Impeach the president - pullin' out the ray-gun
Zap the next one - I could be you're Sho-gun
Suckers - don't last a minute
Soft and smooth - I ain't with it
Hardcore - rawbone like a razor
I'm like a lazer - I just won't graze ya

Old enough to raise ya - so this will faze ya
Get it right boy and maybe I will praise ya
Playin' the role I got soul too
Voice my opinion with volume
Smooth - no what I am
Rough - cause I'm the man

No matter what the name - we're all the same
Pieces in one big chess game
Yeah - the voice of power
Is in the house - go take a shower boy
P.E. a group, a crew - not singular
We were black Wranglers
We're rap stranglers
You can't angle us - I know you're listenin'
I caught you pissin' in you're pants
You're scared of us dissin' us
The crowd is missin' us
We're on a mission boy

Terminator X

Attitude - when I'm on fire
Juice on the loose - electric wire
Simple and plain - give me the lane
I'll throw it down your throat like Barkley
See the car keys - you'll never get these
They belong to the 98 posse
You want some more son - you wanna get some
Rush the door on a store - pick up the album
You know the rhythm, the rhyme plus the beat is designed
So I can enter your mind - Boys
Bring the noise - my time
Step aside for the flex - Terminator X

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Prophets Of Rage"

With vice I hold the mike device
With force I keep it away of course
And I'm keepin' you from sleepin'
And on stage I rage
And I'm rollin'
To the poor I pour in on in metaphors
Not bluffin', it's nothin'
That we ain't did before
We played you stayed
The points made
You consider it done
By the prophets of rage
(Power of the people say)

I roll with the punches so I survive
Try to rock 'cause it keeps the crowd alive
I'm not ballin', I'm just callin'
But I'm past the days of yes y'allin'
Wa wiggle round and round
I pump, you jump up
Hear my words my verbs
And get juiced up
I been around a while
You can descibe my sound
Clear the way
For the prophets of rage
(Power of the people say)

I rang ya bell
Can you tell I got feelin'
Just peace at least
Cause I want it
Want it so bad
That I'm starvin'
I'm like Garvey
So you can see B
It's like that, I'm like Nat
Leave me the hell alone
If you don't think I'm a brother
Then check the chromosomes
Then check the stage
I declare it a new age
Get down for the prophets of rage
Keep you from gettin' like this

You back the track
You find we're the quotable

You emulate
Brothers, sisters thats beautiful
Follow a path
Of positivity you go
Some sing it or rap it
Or harmonize it through Go-Go
Little you know but very
Seldom I do party jams
About a plan

I'm considered the man
I'm the recordable
But God made it affordable
I say it, you play it
Back in your car or even portable
Stereo
Describes my scenario
Left or right, Black or White
They tell lies in the books
That you're readin'
It's knowledge of yourself
That you're needin'
Like Vescey or Prosser
We have a reason why
To debate the hate
That's why we're born to die
Mandela, cell dweller, Thatcher
You can tell her clear the way for the prophets of rage
(Power of the people you say)

It's raw and keepin' you on the floor
Its soul and keepin' you in control
It's pt. 2 cause I'm
Pumpin' what you're used to
Until the whole juice crew
Gets me in my goose down
I do the rebel yell
And I'm the duracell
Call it plain insane
Brothers causein' me pain
When a brothers a victim
And the sellers a dweller in a cage
Yo, run the a capella
(Power of the people say)

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Reggie Jax"

Runnin' for your life, by the knife
Runnin' from your wife ... yipes
You should've stuck with home
Your mind to blow your dome
It was you that chose your due
You built a maze you can't get through
I tried to help you all I can
Now I can't do nuttin' for you man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You got all these people on your back now
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
Flavor flav got problems of his own
I can't do nuttin' for you man

Go lean on shells answer man
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You jumped out of the jelly into a jam

Make ya love the wrong instead of right
Not a thief cat burglar through the night
cop told your girl her name was Shirl
About a rooftop crime to steal her pearls
Oozy down the bullets in the gun

Just microwave themselves a ton
The you tried to help them all they can
But they couldn't do nuttin' for ya man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
They couldn't do nuttin' for ya man

Flavor Flav is the sun
Public Enemy number one
Gotcha runnin' from the gun (pow)
Of a brain that weighs a ton
Can't face my facts that's on the shelf
Cause you want a hand out for your wealth
Eatin' welfare turkey out of the can
I can't do nuttin' for ya man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You want six dollars for what?
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You better man kiss my but
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
I'm busy tryin' to do for me

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
That's the way the ball bounces gee

Bass for your face, kick that shit

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Party For Your Right To Fight"

Power, equality
And we're out to get it
I know some of you ain't wid it
This party started right in '66
With a pro-Black radical mix
Then at the hour of twelve
Some force cut the power
And emerged from hell
It was your so called government
That made this occur
Like the grafted devils they were

J. Edgar Hoover, and he coulda proved to you
He had King and X set up
Also the party with Newton, Cleaver and Seale
He ended, so get up
Time to get em back
(You got it)
Get back on the track
(You got it)
Word from the honorable Elijah Muhammed
Know who you are to be Black

To those that disagree it causes static
For the original Black Asiatic man
Cream of the earth
And was here first
And some devils prevent this from being known
But you check out the books they own
Even masons they know it
But refuse to show it, yo
But it's proven and fact
And it takes a nation of millions to hold us back

PUBLIC
ENEMY
FEAR
OF A
BLACK
PLANET
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
CK ON WORLD SUPREMACY...THE COUNTERATTACK ON WORLD SUPREMACY...THE COUNTERATTACK ON WORLD

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Brothers Gonna Work It Out"

Uh, your bad self
Help me break this down from off the shelf
Here's a music servin' you so use it
Papa's got a brand new funk
Get down (party for your right)
Huh, let's get it on
Like we said before
They say the brothers causin' trouble
Hate to bust their bubble
'Cause we rumble
From our lower level
To condition your condition
(We're gonna do a song)
That you never heard before
Make you all jump along to the education
Brothers gonna work it out
And stop chasin'
Brothers, brothers gonna work it out

[Chorus]
You got it...what it takes
Go get it...where you want it?
Come get it...get involved
'Cause the brothers in the street are willing to work it out

So many of us in limbo
How to get it on, it's quite simple
3 stones from the sun
We need a piece of this rock
Our goal indestructible soul
Answers to this quizzin'
To the Brothers in the streetSchools and the prisons
History shouldn't be a mystery
Our stories real history
Not his story
We gonna work it one day
Till we all get paid
The right way in full, no bull
Talkin', no walkin', drivin', arrivin' in style
Soon you'll see what I'm talkin' 'bout
'Cause one day
The brothers gonna work it out
Brothers, brothers gonna work it out

[Chorus]
You got it ... what it takes
Go get it... where you want it?

Come get it...get involved
'Cause the brothers in the street
Are willing to work it out
Let's get it on... we are willin'
Let's get it on, let's get it on ... we are willin'
Let's get it on, let's get it on, let's get it on ... we are willin'

Now we are ready if you are ready

In 1995, you'll twist to this
As you raise your fist to the music
United we stand, yes divided we fall
Together we can stand tall
Brothers that try to work it out
They get mad, revolt, revise, realize
They're super bad
Small chance a smart brother's
Gonna be a victim of his own circumstance
Sabotaged, Shellshocked, rocked and ruled
Day in the life of a fool
Like I said before to live it low
Life take you time, time yo go slow
Look here, not a thing to fear
Brother to brother not another as sincere
Teach a man how to be father
To never tell a woman he can't bother
You can't say you don't know
What I'm talkin' 'bout
But one day ... brothers gonna work it out

You got it ... what it takes
Go get it ... where you want it?
Come get it ... get involved
'Cause the brothers in the street
Are willing to work it out

Let's get it on... we are willin'
Let's get it on, let's get it on ... we are willin'
Let's get it on, let's get it on, let's get it on ... we are willin'
Now we are ready if you are ready

Public Enemy Lyrics

"911 Is A Joke"

Hit me
Going, going, gone
Now I dialed 911 a long time ago
Don't you see how late they're reactin'
They only come and they come when they wanna
So get the morgue embalm the goner
They don't care 'cause they stay paid anyway
They teach ya like an ace they can't be betrayed
I know you stumble with no use people
If your life is on the line they you're dead today
Late comings with the late comin' stretcher
That's a body bag in disguise y'all betcha
I call 'em body snatchers quick they come to fetch ya?
With an autopsy ambulance just to dissect ya
They are the kings 'cause they swing amputation
Lose your arms, your legs to them it's compilation
I can prove it to you watch the rotation
It all adds up to a funky situation
So get up get, get get down
911 is a joke in yo town
Get up, get, get, get down
Late 911 wears the late crown

911 is a joke

Everyday they don't never come correct
You can ask my man right here with the broken neck
He's a witness to the job never bein' done
He would've been in full in 8 9-11
Was a joke 'cause they always jokin'
They the token to your life when it's croakin'
They need to be in a pawn shop on a
911 is a joke we don't want 'em
I call a cab 'cause a cab will come quicker
The doctors huddle up and call a flea flicker
The reason that I say that 'cause they
Flick you off like fleas
They be laughin' at ya while you're crawlin' on your knees
And to the strength so go the length
Thinkin' you are first when you really are tenth
You better wake up and smell the real flavor
Cause 911 is a fake life saver

So get up, get, get get down
911 is a joke in yo town
Get up, get, get, get down
Late 911 wears the late crown

Ow, ow 911 is a joke

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Welcome To The Terrordome"

I got so much trouble on my mind
I refuse to lose
Here's your ticket
Hear the drummer get wicked
The crew to you to push the back to Black
Attack so I sat and japped
Then slapped the Mac (Intosh)
Now I'm ready to mike it
(You know I like it) huh
Hear my favoritism roll "Oh"
Never be a brother like to go solo
Lazer, anastasia, maze ya
Ways to blaze your brain and train ya
The way I'm livin', forgiven'
What I'm givin' up
X on the flex hit me now
I don't know about later
As for now I know how to avoid the paranoid
Man I've had it up to here
Gear I wear got 'em goin' in fear
Rhetoric said
Read just a bit ago
Not quittin' though
Signed the hard rhymer
Work to keep from gettin' jerked
Changin' some ways
To way back in the better days
Raw metaphysically bold
Never followed a code
Still dropped a load
Never question what I am God knows
Cause it's comin' from the heart
What I got better get some
(Get on up) hustler of culture
Snakebitten
Been spit in the face
But the rhymes keep fittin'
Respects been givin' how's ya livin'
Now I can't protect a pad off defect
Check the record
An reckon an intentional wreck
Played off as some intellect
Made the call, took the fall
Broke the laws
Not my fault they're fallin' off
Known as fair square
Throughout my years

So I growl at the livin' foul
Black to the bone my home is your home
So welcome to the Terrordome
Subordinate terror
Kickin' off an era
Cold deliverin' pain
My 98 was 87 on a record yo
So now I go Bronco

Crucifixion ain't no fiction
So called chosen frozen
Apology made to who ever pleases
Still they got me like Jesus
I rather sing, bring, think reminisce
'Bout a brother while I'm in sync
Every brother ain't a brother cause a color
Just as well could be undercover
Backstabbed, grabbed a flag
From the back of the lab
Told a Rab get off the rag
Sad to say I got sold down the river
Still some quiver when I deliver
Never to say I never know or had a clue
Word was heard, plus hard on the boulevard
Lies, scandalizin', basin'
Traits of hate who's celebratin' wit satan?
I rope a dope the evil with righteous
Bobbin' and weavin' and let the good get even
C'mon down
And welcome to the Terrordome.
Caught in the race against time
The pit and the pendulum
Check the rhythm and rhymes
While I'm bendin' 'em
Snakes blowin' up the lines of design
Tryin' to blind the science I'm snedin' 'em
How to fight the power
Cannot run and hide
But it shouldn't be suicide
In a game a fool without the rules
Got a hell of a nerve to just criticize
Every brother ain't a brother
Cause a Black hand
Squeezed on Malcom X the man
The shootin' of Huey Newton
From a hand of a Nigger who pulled the trigger

It's weak to speak and blame somebody else
When you destroy yourself
First nothing's worse than a mother's pain
Of a son slain in Bensonhurst
Can't wait for the state to decide the fate
So this jam I dedicate

Places with racist faces
Just an example of one of many cases
The Greek weekend speech I speak
From a lesson learned in Virginia (Beach)
I don't smile in the line of fire
I go wildin'
But it's on bass and drums even violins
Watcha do gitcha head ready
Instead of gettin' physically sweaty
When I get mad
I put it down on a pad
Give ya somethin' that cha never had controllin'
Fear of high rollin'
God bless your soul and keep livin'
Never allowed, kickin' it loud
Droppin' a bomb
Brain game intellectual Vietnam
Move as a team
Never move alone
But
Welcome to the Terrordome

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Meet The G That Killed Me"

Man to man
I don't know if they can
From what I know
The parts don't fit
(Ahh shit)
How he's sharin' a needle
With a drug addict
He don't believe he has it
(Either)
But now he does, he doesn't know cause he
Goes straight to a ho
Tell you what who was next on the but
Wild thinin' on a germ
Runnin' wild
Yo stop
But the bag popped

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Pollywanacraka"

She wants a lover right now
But not no brother
Her man gotta have a lotta money
To get under her cover
Now she's a fine sister
But up here she's missin' it
She says she wanna learn about life
No old black bull shit
At the age of 15 a brother gave her a baby
She's 19 now and it drover her crazy
And now everytime
She turns around
All the people in the neighborhood
Look and get mand and sing

[CHORUS]

Meet Mr. Succesful
I guess he's blessed yeah
But he happens to be a brother
Who only wants blue eyes and blonde hair
Now this young mister
He don't like sisters
He couldn't find that special one
He know why he missed her
He says sisters wasn't good enuff
They only wanted his green stuff
That's why everytime he turned
Around all the people
In the neighborhood
Looked and got mad
And sang

[CHORUS]

I try to tell my people
There should not be any hatred
For a brother or a sister
Whose opposite race they've mated
No man is God
And God put us all here (yeah)
But this system has no wisdom
The devil split us in pairs
And taught us White is good, Black is bad
And Black and White is still too bad
That's why everytime I turn around
All the people in my neighborhood

Look mad and sing....

[CHORUS]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Anti-Nigger Machine"

When I'm talkin' rhyme time
To blow your mind time some say
It's nothing worse than a verse
To hear some nigger curse
They call me rude some dudes fiery attitude
Claimin' I boast and smoke
And sometimes sing the blues
I twang metal and settle
Try to never back pedal
From the power some got
To get a nigger shot
The null and void I avoid
I test the paranoid
Never had to be bad
My mama raised me mad
So what I got is hot
I love my life a lot
I'm never sad just glad
That's why I thank my dad
Once they never gave a fuck about
What I said
Now they listen and they want my head

Instead of peace the police
Just wanna wreck and flex
On the kid
What I did was try to be the best
So they fingered the trigger
Figured I was a bigger nigger
And started to search
An so I headed west
Went to cally a rally
Was for a brothers death
It was the fuzz who shot him
An not da blood or cuzz
I wondered why it was like
So I just held my mike
But in my mind I was blind
So I just tried to find
A reason we was quick
Just the way that we was
So I just stayed in the crib
Until I got a buzz...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Burn Hollywood Burn"

[CHUCK D:]
Burn Hollywood burn I smell a riot
Goin' on first htey're guilty now they're gone
Yeah I'll check out a movie
But it'll take a Black one to move me
Get me the hell away from this TV
All this news and views are beneath me
Cause all I hear about is shots ringin' out
So I rather kick some slang out
All right fellas let's go hand out
Hollywood or would they not
Make us all look bad like I know they had
But some things I'll never forget yeah
So step and fetch this shit
For all the years we looked like clowns
The joke is over smell the smoke from all around
Burn Hollywood burn

[ICE CUBE:]
Ice Cube is down with the PE
Now every single bitch wanna see me
Big Daddy is smooth word to muther
Let's check out a flick that exploits the color
Roamin' thru Hollywood late at night
Red and blue lights what a common sight
Pulled to the curb gettin' played like a sucker
Don't fight the power ... the mother fucker

[BIG DADDY KANE:]
As I walk the streets of Hollywood Boulevard
Thinin' how hard it was to those that starred
In the movies portrayin' the roles
Of butlers and maids slaves and hoes
Many intelligent Black men seemed to look uncivilized
When on the screen
Like a guess I figure you to play some jigaboo
On the plantation, what else can a nigger do
And Black women in this profession
As for playin' a lawyer, out of the question
For what they play Aunt Jemima is the perfect term
Even if now she got a perm
So let's make our own movies like Spike Lee
Cause the roles being offered don't strike me
There's nothing that the Black man could use to earn
Burn Hollywood burn

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Power To The People"

And you thought the beat slowed down
Power to the people
Get on up, get into it, get involved
Feel the bass as the cut revolves
To the brothers wit the 808
Like I said before PE got a brand new funk
Turn it up, boom the trunk, yeah
Internationally known on the microphone
Makin' sure the brothers will never leave you alone
To my sisters
Sisters yes we missed ya
Let's get it together make a nation
You can bet on it, don't sleep on it
'Cause the troops cold jeepin' it pumpin
(Power to the people)
Turn us loose we shall overcome
They say where you get that bass from
Hey ohh people, people as we continue on
Come along, sings this song, are you ready for '91
Rhythm nation pump that bass an
We like to know from Chicago, New York and LA
Are y'all ready, cause the plans in the jam
And we're ready to roll yo y'all got to tell me
Are y'all read read to go c'mon
(Power to the people)
Had to kick it like that as we roll as one
One under the sun, to all the cities and the side
Stateside and the whole wide
There it is
P-e-a-c-e 1991

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Who Stole The Soul"

Once again, this is it
Turn it up
Here we go
But this time the rhyme
Gonna ask who did the crime
Then let's get down to the nitty-gritty
Like I wanna know who
Picked Wilson's pocket
Afth, he rocket it
Fact, he shocked it
Same kinna thing they threw at James
An what did to Redd was a shame
The the Black get
The bigger the feds want
A piece of that ... booty
Intentional rape system, like we ain't
Payed enough in this bitch, that's why I dissed them
I learned we earned, got no concern
Instead we burned so where the hell is our return?
Plain and simp the system's a pimp
But I refuse to be a ho
Who stole the soul?

Ain't, no, different
Than in South Africa
Over here they'll go after ya to steal your soul
Like over there they stole our gold
Yo they say the Black don't know how to act
'Cause we're waitin' for the big payback
But we know it'll never come
That's why I say come and get some
Why when the Black move it, Jack move out
Come to stay Jack moves away
Ain't we all people?
How the hell can a color be no good for a neighborhood
Help, straighten me out
'Cause my tribe gets a funny vibe
They I'm wrong for singin' a song
Without solutions
All the dancers answer questions
And try to be the best and...
Let everybody know before I blow
For the sake of what's right
I wanna know who stole the soul?

We choose to use their ways
And holidays notice some of them are heller days

Invented bye those who never repented
For the sins within that killed my kin
But that's all right
I try do what a brother does
But I'll never know if you're my cuz
That's why I try my best to unite
And damn the rest if they don't like it
Banned from many arenas
Word from the motherland
has anybody seen her
Jack was nimble, Jack was quick
Got a question for Jack ask him
40 acres and a mule Jack
Where is it why'd you try to fool the Black
It wasn't you, but you pledge allegiance
To the red, white, and blue
Sucker that stole the soul!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fear Of A Black Planet"

Man you ain't gotta
Worry 'bout a thing
'Bout your daughter
Nah she ain't my type
(But supposin' she said she loved me)
Are you afraid of the mix of Black and White
We're livin' in a land where
The law say the mixing of race
Makes the blood impure
She's a woman I'm a man
But by the look on your face
See ya can't stand it

Man calm your ass down, don't get mad
I don't your sistah
(But supposin' she said she loved me)
Would you still love her
Or would you dismiss her
What is pure? Who is pure?
Is it European state of being, I'm not sure
If the whole world was to come
Thru peace and love
Then what would we made of?

Excuse us for the news
You might not be amused
But did you know white comes from Black
No need to be confused
Excuse us for the news
I question those accused
Why is this fear of Black from White
Influence who you choose?
Man c'mon now, I don't want your wife
Stop screamin' it's not the end of your life
(But supposin' she said she loved me)
What's wrong with some color in your family tree
I don't know

I'm just a rhyme sayer
Skins protected 'gainst the ozone layers
Breakdown 2001
Might be best to be Black
Or just Brown countdown

I've been wonderin' why
People livin' in fear
Of my shade

(Or my hi top fade)
I'm not the one that's runnin'
But they got me one the run
Treat me like I have a gun
All I got is genes and chromosomes
Consider me Black to the bone
All I want is peace and love
On this planet
(Ain't that how God planned it?)

Excuse us for the news
You might not be amused
But did you know White comes from Black
No need to be confused

Excuse us for the news
I question those accused
Why is this fear of Black from White
Influence who you choose?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Revolutionary Generation"

I get down to what it is
And if it ain't funky (see ya)
People askin' me what's goin' on
With my mind
(Huh) wait a minute

It's just a matter of race
Cause a black male's in their face
Step back for the new jack swing
On the platter scatter huh
We got our own thing
Just jam to let the rhyth run
Day to day, America eats it's young
And defeats our women
There is a gap so wide we all can swim in
Drown in (uh get down) an get it
Got it goin' on wit it
Sister (hey) soul sister
We goin' be all right
It takes a man to take a stand
Understand it takes a
Woman to make a stronger man
(As we both get strong)
They'll call me a crazy Asiatic
While I'm singin' a song
Oh my god, oh my lord
I can't hold back
But I get exact on a track
It's an eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth
Forget about me
Just set my sister free
R-e-s-p-e-c-t my siters, not my enemy
(Cause we'll be stronger together)
And make the suckers say
(Damn) this generation

They don't know what we got goin' is (sound)
To turn it all around
To my sisters I communicate
With the bass and tone
Thru speakers and the microphone
Cause I'm tired of America dissin' my sisters
(For example, like they dissed Tawana)
And they try to say she's a liar
My people don't believe it
But even now they're getting higher
Of the feeling inspiration

We must know that in this nation
Every single generation
(They teach us how to dis our sisters)
Stange as you say, I say revolution
Need for change brings on revolution
The great book just look see solution

God chooses who and what for the bruisin'
There's been no justice for none
Of my sisters
Just us been the ones that's been missin' her
Now we got to protect
We get together and damn this generation

I said so to what it is
Where it is
She needs a lil' respect
There it is
I say she needs a lotta
Brother from a mother like me has gotta
Give it up
Give it now
And pass it all around
To my soul (sister)

They disrespected mama and treated her like dirt
America took her, reshaped her, raped her
Nope, it never made the paper
Beat us, mated us
Made us attack our woman in black
So I said sophisticated B, don't be one
Not to head the warning crack of dawn
Or is it the dawn of crack?
Stop the talk they say, but
We talk and say whats right or wrong
Some say we wasting time singin' a song
But why is it that we're many different shades
Black woman's privacy invaded years and years
You cannot count my mama's tears
It's not the past but the future's
What she fears
Strong we be strong
The next generation
It's what not who we are facin'
The fingers pointed to us in our direction
The blind state of mind needs correction
Word to the mother we tighten connection
To be a man you need no election
This generation generates a new attitude
Sister to you we should not be rude
So we come together
And make 'em all say
Damn this generation

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can't Do Nuttin' For Ya Man"

Runnin' for your life, by the knife
Runnin' from your wife ... yipes
You should've stuck with home
Your mind to blow your dome
It was you that chose your due
You built a maze you can't get through
I tried to help you all I can
Now I can't do nuttin' for you man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You got all these people on your back now
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
Flavor flav got problems of his own
I can't do nuttin' for you man

Go lean on shells answer man
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You jumped out of the jelly into a jam

Make ya love the wrong instead of right
Not a thief cat burglar through the night
cop told your girl her name was Shirl
About a rooftop crime to steal her pearls
Oozy down the bullets in the gun

Just microwave themselves a ton
The you tried to help them all they can
But they couldn't do nuttin' for ya man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
They couldn't do nuttin' for ya man

Flavor Flav is the sun
Public Enemy number one
Gotcha runnin' from the gun (pow)
Of a brain that weighs a ton
Can't face my facts that's on the shelf
Cause you want a hand out for your wealth
Eatin' welfare turkey out of the can
I can't do nuttin' for ya man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You want six dollars for what?
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You better man kiss my but
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
I'm busy tryin' to do for me

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
That's the way the ball bounces gee

Bass for your face, kick that shit

Public Enemy Lyrics

"B Side Wins Again"

So here we go y'all
Little by little you know
We got the power
And the knowledge to move 'em
And still rock
A super song for the cause so...
Feel the load on your brain for the episode
And we just begun, it's number one y'all
Brother Black, the B is back
So check it out

And 'ya don't, I won't, if 'ya still, I will
Take 3 jams and hold 'em, this what I told 'em
To rock the other side, the sucker lied
Said he would shock but never tried, and so I
Took 'em away, I never stayed y'all
Called the Flavor Flav to make another record
To get played
He made a jam to get you stammed
Back to back in the place where the suckers are basin'
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore
We gonna roll it raw
That's what you but it for, c'mon
You roll in your ride, the DJ decides
To play it on the radio
The A side
He gives it a try
But never gives it a try
And the people request the best
On the B side
Food for the brain, beats for the feet
People on the dance floor
Never claimin' a receipt
Had a good time rockin', rollin' on the go rhyme
The rhythm supplied by the superior B side
They had to twist and turn and shout
Turn the jam out, getcha' ready now, c'mon
The situation put you in
To where you're sweatin' in
Hysterical B side, c'mon inside
Request the best to give a test
And never give a rest
Your guess is good as my guess
And while I'm guessin' your guessin', yo listen this is..
A DJ to play to give a lesson
And his name is Terminator X

And the sucker on the right gets cynical
'Cause the record's to the left and political
And you search the stores
Attack the racks with your claws
For the rebels without a pause
'Cause the B side
Wins again, again, again
Yo Black, some of you are all in
To make sure the crowd
Get loud wit' it on the dance floor
'Cause the B is pure sure
You never knew the crowd was this hype
But you thought we was that type
To start a riot, we ain't quiet
Kickin' a thunderstorm with a song
Why would we dare you to come along
Pump up the music, pump the sound
Once again we gonna do it like this now
And while I'm throwin', you're goin'
And you know it's time for man on a mission
To listen 'cause he's in the house
He's Terminator X

Public Enemy Lyrics

"War At 33 1/3"

War at 33 1/3
Haven't you heard
I got quick and clever
At the level of a scientist
With this list my fist pumps chumps
And don't miss
Sorry majority grudgin' against the enemy
And any other nigger wit an attitude see
And any other rapper whose a brother
Who try to speak to one another
Gets smothered by the other kind
No so divine so I heard it thru the grapevine
Sent the feds out to get mine
Time yo-yo to go Bronco in 90-91
Laughin' while they're searchin' for my 98

Accelerate the race from the chase
Looka my face
It ain't hate but they don't want a debate
To take great
Can I live my life without 'em treatin'
Every brother like me like we're holdin'
A knife alright time to smack Uncle Sam
Don't give a damn, look at the flag
My bloods a flood
Without credit
Black and close to the edit
I fed it, you read it, just remember who said it
War at 33 1/3 not really live
I rather do it at 45
Went west in the quest for my intelligence
Climbed a fence took a teacher on
Ain't seen him since, hence he winced
And convinced that the Black
Was back revolving to a renaissance
Bronze to gold I told felt bold
Taught a so called teacher our role
In civilizin' the whole globe
Banned unplanned as I said
I don't break down religion why?
There ain't a smidgen for a pigeon
Nature for bird, dog, worm or lion
So my question to man is
So why the lyin'
God's law I saw is natural factual
Only man creates a waste
Defiance in his haste

Based on scheme a scam
From some mastermind damn if we read it
And we see it and still be blind
No need to search a fake church
Evangelical, huster
Anglo taxin' to muscle ya
Check I wreck you guess yes
All the bullshit now that's progress

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fight The Power"

"Yet our best trained, best educated, best equipped, best prepared troops refuse to fight. As a matter of fact, it's safe to say that they would rather switch than fight."

1989 the number another summer (get down)
Sound of the funky drummer
Music hitting your heart cause I know you got soul
(Brothers and sisters, hey)
Listen if you're missing y'all
Swinging while I'm singin'
Giving whatcha gettin'
Knowing what I knowin'
While the Black band's sweating
And the rhythm rhymes rolling
Got to give us what we want
Gotta give us what we need
Our freedom of speech is freedom of death
We got to fight the powers that be
Lemme hear you say
Fight the power

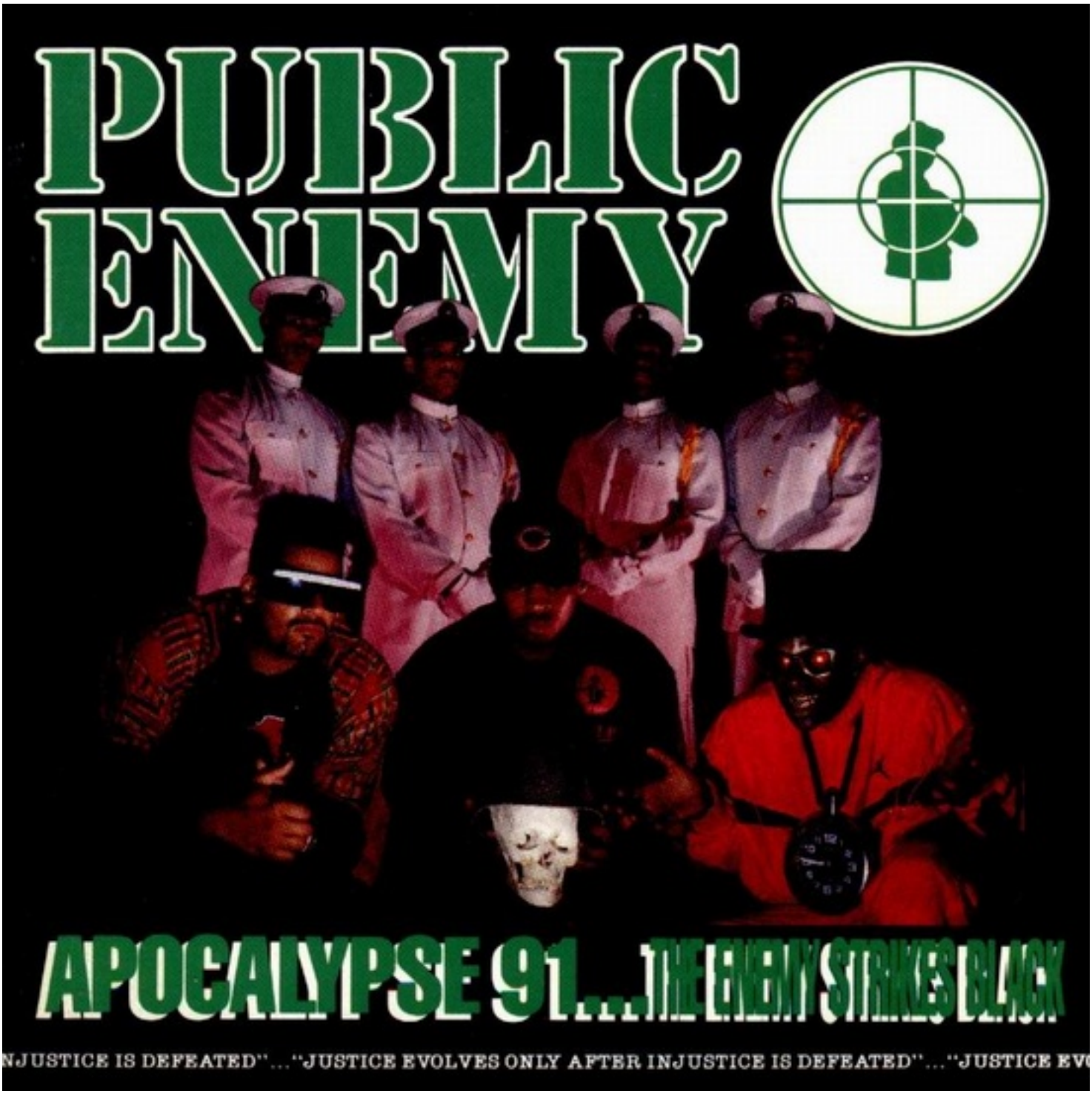
Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be

As the rhythm's designed to bounce
What counts is that the rhyme's
Designed to fill your mind
Now that you've realized the pride's arrived
We got to pump the stuff to make ya tough
From the heart
It's a start, a work of art
To revolutionize make a change nothing's strange
People, people we are the same
No we're not the same
'Cause we don't know the game
What we need is awareness, we can't get careless
You say what is this?
My beloved let's get down to business
Mental self defensive fitness
(Yo) bum rush the show
You gotta go for what you know
To make everybody see, in order to fight the powers that be
Lemme hear you say
Fight the power

Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be

Elvis was a hero to most
But he never meant shit to me you see
Straight up racist that sucker was
Simple and plain
Motherfuck him and John Wayne
'Cause I'm Black and I'm proud
I'm ready and hyped plus I'm amped
Most of my heroes don't appear on no stamps
Sample a look back you look and find
Nothing but rednecks for 400 years if you check
Don't worry be happy
Was a number one jam
Damn if I say it you can slap me right here
(Get it) let's get this party started right
Right on, c'mon
What we got to say
Power to the people no delay
Make everybody see
In order to fight the powers that be

Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be


PUBLIC ENEMY
APOCALYPSE 91...THE ENEMY STRIKES BLACK
NJUSTICE IS DEFEATED"..."JUSTICE EVOLVES ONLY AFTER INJUSTICE IS DEFEATED"..."JUSTICE EV

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rebirth"

When I get down
I give what go around
And when I cough
I do my best to cut it off
I don't claim to be a preacher
Not paid to be a teacher
But I'm grown
I try to be a leader to the bone
Never could follow a man
Wit' a bottle
He's a baby wit' a beard
Not a feared role model
And they ask me where I got it
I get it from my pops
Wit' a man in the house
All the bullshit stops
Then I sing a song
About what the hell is goin' wrong
You never know
If you only trust the TV and the radio
These days
You can't see who's in cahoots
'Cause now the KKK
Wears three-piece suits
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all
In fact you know it's like that y'all

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can't Truss It"

Bass in your face
Not an eight track
Gettin' it good to the wood
So the people
Give you some a dat
Reactin' to the fax
That I kick and it stick
And it stay around
Pointin' to the joint, put the Buddha down
Goin', goin', gettin' to the roots
Ain't givin' it up
So turn me loose
But then again I got a story
That's harder than the hardcore
Cost of the holocaust
I'm talin' 'bout the one still goin' on
I know
Where I'm from, not dum diddie dum
From the base motherland
The place of the drum
Invaded by the wack diddie wack
Fooled the black, left us faded
King and chief probably had a big beef
Because of dat now I grit my teeth
So here's a song to the strong
'Bout a shake of a snake
And the smile went along wit dat
Can't truss it
Kickin' wicked rhymes
Like a fortune teller
'Cause the wickedness done by Jack
Where everybody at
Divided and sold
For liquor and the gold
Smacked in the back
For the other man to mack
Now the story that I'm kickin' is gory
Little Rock where they be
Dockin' this boat
No hope I'm shackled
Plus gang tackled
By the other hand swingin' the rope
Wearin' red, white and blue Jack and his crew
The guy's authorized beat down for the brown
Man to the man, each one so it teach one
Born to terrorize sisters and every brother
One love who said it

I know Whodini sang it
But the hater taught hate
That's why we gang bang it
Beware of the hand
When it's comin' from the left
I ain't trippin' just watch ya step
Can't truss it
An I judge everyone, one by the one
Look here come the judge
Watch it here he come now
I can only guess what's happ'nin'
Years ago he woulda been
The ships captain
Gettin' me bruised on a cruise
What I got to lose, lost all contact
Got me layin' on my back
Rollin' in my own leftover
When I roll over, I roll over in somebody else's
90 Fuckin' days on a slave ship
Count 'em fallin' off 2, 3, 4 hun'ed at a time
Blood in the wood and it's mine
I'm chokin' on spit feelin' pain
Like my brain bein' chained
Still gotta give it what I got
But it's hot in the day, cold in the night
But I thrive to survive, I pray to god to stay alive
Attitude boils up inside
And that ain't it (think I'll every quit)
Still I pray to get my hands 'round
The neck of the man wit' the whip
3 months pass, they brand a label on my ass
To signify
Owned
I'm on the microphone
Sayin' 1555
How I'm livin'
We been livin' here
Livin' ain't the word
I been givin'
Haven't got
Classify us in the have-nots
Fightin' haves
'Cause it's all about money
When it comes to Armageddon
Mean I'm getting mine
Here I am turn it over Sam
427 to the year
Do you understand
That's why it's hard
For the black to love the land
Once again
Bass in your face
Not an eight track

Gettin' it good to the wood
So the people
Give you some a dat
Reactin' to the fax
That I kick and it stick
And it stay around
Pointin' to the joint, put the Buddha down
Goin', goin', gettin' to the roots
Ain't givin' it up
So turn me loose
But then again I got a story
That's harder than the hardcore
Cost of the holocaust
I'm talin' 'bout the one still goin' on
I know
Where I'm from, not dum diddie dum
From the base motherland
The place of the drum
Invaded by the wack diddie wack
Fooled the black, left us faded
King and chief probably had a big beef
Because of dat now I grit my teeth
So here's a song to the strong
'Bout a shake of a snake
And the smile went along wit dat
Can't truss it

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Lost At Birth"

Clear the way for the prophets of rage
Engagin' on the stage, on a track
Tell Jack stay in the back
I was born
Every level I'm on
You're warned
Just in case you forgot
I pump in kilowatts
To let 'em know which direction
To go what's up I wanna know
I test the front row
Forgiven the givin' while the livin' is livin' it up
So many people is sleepin' while standin' up
Not dressed to impress or fess it
That's it text to the brain like FedEx
Treated one and the same
'Cause the name of the game
Don't give 'em checks above necks
Some don't realize the same side
Siddity in the city
Suburbs or projects
But we're livin' in a different time
Some speed, some lead
While some jus' pump rhymes
Then again all in da same gang
Info to flow
And heal all below
Let's go and find
The piece of mind that's taken
Or else the black
or start breakin'
Public Enemy no!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Nighttrain"

Land of the free
But the skin I'm in identifies me
So the people around me
Energize me
Callin' all aboard this train ride
Talkin' 'bout raw hardcore
Leavin' frauds on the outside
But the bad thing is anyone can ride the train
And the reason
For that is 'cause we look the same
Lookin' all around at my so called friend
Light skin to the brown
The black
Here we go again
Homey over there knows Keith an
But he be thiefin'
I don't trust him
Rather bust 'em
Up out goes his hand and I cough
He once stole from me
Yeah I wanna cut it off
The black thing is a ride I call the nighttrain
It rides the good and the bad
We call the monkey trained
Trained to attack the black it's true
'Cause some of them look just like you
Stayin' on the scene
Sittin' on the train
See all the faces
Look about the same
There go the sellout who's takin' a ride like Cargo
'Cause he deal
The keys from Key Largo
Runnin' Nat narcotic
By George he got it
Takin' makin' the G erotic
And the fiends they scheme
So he can put 'em down
But his method is wreck 'em
Put 'em in tha ground
Got tha nerve as hell
To yell brother man
He ain't black man
Known to murder his own
Traitor on the phone
Ridin' the train
Self-hater trained

To sell pain
The master's toy
Little boy
Hard to avoid he look wit' it but he null 'n' void
'Cause he ridin' the train you think he down for the cause
'Cause his face looks just like yours
More of the same insane who sayin'
Like flowin' like nighttrain
Runnin' the pain of the black reign
You look, you laugh
You doubt and go out
And I'm gone
But the bass goes on
To talk the talk, but walk the walk
The king of New York
Crack a lack attack the black
To crack the back
Once again I test a friend wit' sincerity
Or consider him an enemy
Who am I to tell a lie
Rather push da bush
Hope da cracker get crushed
I'm rollin' wit' rush
Leader of the bum rush
Russian I ain't
Spreadin' like paint
Lookin' at the put I got
And its kickin'
But it ain't chicken
But it's livin' for a city
So sick 'n' tired
Of a scene buckwild, piled in a file
Senile or chile
They said it never been no worser
Than this, I'm on the nighttrain
They hope ya don't miss it
Give ya what dey gotta give you just go
You musn't just put your
Trust in every brother yo
Some don't give a damn
'Cause they the other man
Worse than a bomb
Posin' as Uncle Toms
Disgracin' the race
Blowin' up
The whole crew
Wit' some of them lookin'
Just like you

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I Dont Wanna Be Called Yo Niga"

Yo! ho! yo niga! yo niga! no niga!
Check it out
How can you say to me yo my niga
Cursin' up a storm with your finger on a trigger
Feelin' all the girls like a big gold digger
Take a small problem
Make a small problem bigger
Yo I ain't poor I got dough
Don't consider me your brother no more
Goddamn kilogram, how do you figure
I don't want to be called yo niga
Yo niga
Hey
Yo niga
I try to make my statements
Stick like flypaper
Judge says to me yo niga sign these goddamn papers
My boss told me yo niga you're fired
Yo niga this, yo niga that
I know you're a niga now 'cause your head got fat
Flava framalama boy you won't figure
I don't wanna be called yo niga
Yo niga
Break it down
N.I.G.G.E.R.
Niga
Everybody sayin' it
Everybody playin' it rolling on the scales
'Cause everybody's weighin' it
Toby say yo I be good niga
Let me get a shovel make a good digger
I don't care how small or bigger
I don't want to be called yo niga
Yo niga...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"How To Kill A Radio Consultant"

Pusher of the button
Talkin' loud ain't sayin' nuttin'
The mack of the format gettin' fat
Ain't funny 'cause my neighborhood
Is flowin' money
Thank God 4 the boulevard
They keep the motor runnin'
The rap shows coincide wit' the tape flow
Bootleggers go inside and record the record low
They get me, get this now can you freestyle
Freestyle no styles free except da radio
But the radio controlled by the sucker move
Who moved away got away after plannin' a getaway
An now he wanna play what he wanna play
An got say on what is bumpin' of course he's gettin' somethin'
Never know what's good to tha neighborhood
Swear I never seen da sucker
In my necka da woods
The ass is connected to the brain stem
So I sing a simple song
So you can see the sucker in 'em

People got to make a call
To hear the yes y'all (yes y'all)
While the phone keep ringin'
You hear some singer singin'

Why don't dey play the jammy in the daytime
People think it's slammin' plus the rhyme
Is hot an got me tunin'
The afternoon is FM in the PM
Oh if that they could see 'im
Out-of-towner not down I think they'll dis him
Up goes the season, pop goes the weasel
Damn gimme rap no band I want some x-clan
I know dey even got it from the giddy
Stacked in the back
Only black radio station in the city
Programmed by a sucker in a suit
Slick back hair he don't even live here
Raps the number one pick so I draft it
I don't care about all the other demographics
When the quiet storm come on I fall sleep
What dey need is Arbitron on the funky jeep
Too bad it's goin' on in fact my word is bond
To pull a disappearin' act attack until he gone
The whacker jam he play they pay I'm in da day

I don't think we gonna miss 'im we don't need 'im anyway

Can I kick it
Who the hell is on the radio
Or who's behind
Do you really think they'll mind
To play the funky jams
That everybody wit'
Some Def Jef or Ice T
Show they rollin' wit' the syndicate
Or can dey get funky
Wit' the underground
Master ace get a taste
Bomb squad gettin' hard
Marley marl makin' hipper
Trax for Jack The Ripper
Pumpin' Eric B or Papa San
Still rollin' wit' run
Did you think that ever
In fact you thought that never
Control of your soul
Is by a suit and tie
Then U wonder why why U never hear a rhyme
I say we do 'im
Till it's done

Public Enemy Lyrics

"By The Time I Get To Arizona"

I'm countin' down to the day deservin'
Fittin' for a king
I'm waitin' for the time when I can
Get to Arizona
'Cause my money's spent on
The goddamn rent
Neither party is mine not the
Jackass or the elephant
20.000 nig niggy nigas in the corner
Of the cell block but they come
From California
Population none in the desert and sun
Wit' a gun cracker
Runnin' things under his thumb
Starin' hard at the postcards
Isn't it odd and unique?
Seein' people smile wild in the heat
120 degree
'Cause I wanna be free
What's a smilin' fact
When the whole state's racist
Why want a holiday Fuck it 'cause I wanna
So what if I celebrate it standin' on a corner
I ain't drinkin' no 40
I B thinkin' time wit' a nine
Until we get some land
Call me the trigger man
Looki lookin' for the governor
Huh he ain't lovin' ya
But here to trouble ya
He's rubbin' ya wrong
Get the point come along

An he can get to the joint
I urinated on the state
While I was kickin' this song
Yeah, he appear to be fair
The cracker over there
He try to keep it yesteryear
The good ol' days
The same ol' ways
That kept us dyin'
Yes, you me myself and I'ndeed
What he need is a nosebleed
Read between the lines
Then you see the lie
Politically planned

But understand that's all she wrote
When we see the real side
That hide behind the vote
They can't understand why he the man
I'm singin' 'bout a king
They don't like it
When I decide to mike it
Wait I'm waitin' for the date
For the man who demands respect
'Cause he was great c'mon
I'm on the one mission
To get a politician
To honor or he's a gonner
By the time I get to Arizona

I got 25 days to do it
If a wall in the sky
Just watch me go thru it
'Cause I gotta do what I gotta do
PE number one
Gets the job done
When it's done and over
Was because I drove'er
Thru all the static
Not stick but automatic
That's the way it is
He gotta get his
Talin' MLK
Gonna find a way
Make the state pay
Lookin' for the day
Hard as it seems
This ain't no damn dream
Gotta know what I mean
It's team against team
Catch the light beam
So I pray
I pray everyday
I do and praise jah the maker
Lookin' for culture
I got but not here
From jah maker
Pushin' and shakin' the structure
Bringin' down the babylon
Hearin' the sucker
That make it hard for the brown
The hard Boulova
I need now
More than ever now
Who's sittin' on my freedah'
Opressor people beater
Piece of the pick
We picked a piece

Of land that we deservin' now
Reparation a piece of the nation
And damn he got the nerve
Another nigga they say and classify
We want too much
My peep plus the whole nine is mine
Don't think I even double dutch
Here's a brother my attitude hit 'em
Hang 'em high
Blowin' up the 90s started tickin' 86
When the blind get a mind
Better start and earn while we sing it
Now
There will be the day we know those down and who will go

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Move"

Signed, sealed, delivered I B yours
I pour it on the breaks
Till it break laws
Givin' the gabbin'
So the brothers be havin' it
Or else the five fingers of dope'll
Be grabbin' it
Wit' no complaints
Givin' uppin' I ain't
On the mike
Like Karl Malone in the paint
Why rip a rapper
When he flow like water
I rather rush a television reporter
The frauds that tried to front
Watch ya back
Stop pullin' those lil' stunts
Assault and battery
'Cause I snatched the battery
Off his back...the TV pack
Why pop the rhyme
On a rhymer when I kick it
Rather spend my time, spittin' on a bigot
Who pumped the pimp
That fed the fiends
He got jumped by the brothers in Ft. Green
They slapped the mack
That kept us back
Sucker suckin' the hood like drack
So if ya draggin' us down
Wit' the wack attitude
Get up, lookout, get out the way
Move

Signed
Sealed
Definition of a set-up
Pourin' it on and won't let up
'Cause f-a-l-l-i-n
Never applied
To this brother that tried
To let ya know
The folk of the American joke
That kept us broke
Now I'm ready to rap
Strong fax I swing
Like Bo Jax

I'm never calm on a bomb track
60 percent 3/fifths
Constituted
Huh prostituted
Why I'm mad
'Cause it's written on the paper
Right now
Muther Fuck bow
Kicked
The
Lyric
About
The tricks
Of the trade and the money made
Who got the money betcha bottom
Dollar bill
Gonna find
Some rich ol' bloodline
But the blood is in the mud
Take the whack an attack it
Like a Skud
To the patriotic hater
That got paid off my people
I'm rude
Lookout, get out the way
MOVE

Signed
An what I'm gettin' is mine
I bring the noise
To town
So let's get down
I cranked the beats
Tearin' up the street
And the park
An it ain't Mozart
Jack movin' out
'Cause the black movin' in
And its old
I said it in
Who Stole The Soul?
[Listen] but 92 bring
An attitude
That say I don't give a
Fuck
About the old way
This is a new day
Tell Jack stay in the back
And all the other
Suckers
That don't matter
You got
Somethin' to prove

Scatter
Get out the way
MOVE!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Shut Em Down"

I testified
My mama cried
Black people died
When the other man lied
See the TV, listen to me double trouble
I overhaul and I'm comin'
From the lower level
I'm takin' tabs
Sho nuff stuff to grab
Like shirts it hurts
Wit a neck to wreck
Took a poll 'cause our soul
Took a toll
From the education
Of a TV station
But look around
Hear go the sound of the wreckin' ball
Boom and Pound
When I
Shut 'em down
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
What I use in the battle for the mind
I hit it hard
Like it supposed
Pullin' no blows to the nose
Like uncle L said I'm rippin' up shows
Then what it is
Only 5 percent of the biz
I'm addin' woes
That's how da way it goes
Then U think I rank never drank, point blank
I own loans
Suckers got me runnin' from the bank
Civil liberty I can't see to pay a fee
I never saw a way to pay a sap
To read the law
Then become a victim of a lawyer
Don't know ya, never saw ya
Tape cued
Gettin' me sued
Playin' games wit' my head
What the judge said put me in the red
Got me thinkin' 'bout a trigger to the lead
No no
My education mind say
Suckers gonna pay
Anyway

There gonna be a day
'Cause the troop they roll in
To posse up
Whole from the ground
Ready to go
Throw another round
Sick of the ride
It's suicide
For the other side of town
When I find a way to shut 'em down
Who count the money
In da neigborhood
But we spendin' money
To no end lookin' for a friend
In a war to the core
Rippin' up the poor in da stores
Till they get a brother
Kickin' down doors
Then I figure I kick it bigger
Look 'em dead in the eye
And they wince
Defense is pressurized
They don't want it to be
Another racial attack
In disguise so give some money back
I like Nike but wait a minite
The neighborhood supports so put some
Money in it
Corporations owe
Dey gotta give up the dough
To da town
or else
We gotta shut 'em down

Public Enemy Lyrics

"More News At 11"

Yo yo yo gee, guess what happened
To the burned up hand that was clappin'
Too good to be true
Getting all the guys turn to get in doo-doo
Took it all for granted
Then life start turn to granted
Having everything to having nothing
Now this turkey ain't got no stuffing
On the couch ill puffing
To get you buffin', it's you they got cuffin
Your family they did not believe me
Till they heard it for themselves on TV
I called the crib, the clock said seven
More news at 11

[Chorus:]
More news at 11

I was watching the TV screen
Can't believe what I seen
Three guys tried to rob a store
Got more than what they bargained for
They shot them right before my eyes
All three just dropped like flies
If they only thought before they did it
Neither one of those three would have been with it
As they fell to the floor and got rougher
Now the family has got to suffer
Pallbearers got to carry them
While the family cry loud just to bury them
Newscast and people were heavily amazed
Flavor Flav just stared in a daze
Eyewitness News - channel seven
More news at 11

This is Harry Allen hip hop activist and media
assassin with my co-anchor Flavor Flav for P.E.
TV and by the way if you still think that they're that
don't believe the hype

Public Enemy Lyrics

"1 Million Bottlebags"

One million bottlebags count 'em
Think they can bounce the ounce
And it get 'em
Yo black spend 288 million
Sittin' there waitin' for the fizz
And don't know what the fuck it is
An oh lemme tell you 'bout shorty
He about seventeen lookin' like 40
Treats his 40 dog better than his g
When he gets a big b-o-t-t-l-e
Oh he loves tha liquor
But look watch shorty get sicker
Year after year
While he's thinkin' it's beer
But it's not but he got it in his gut
So what the fuck
Yo niga what's up
Now he's hostile to a brother lookin' out
But I ain't mad I know what he about
He's just a slave to the bottle and the can
'Cause that's his man
The malt liquor man
One million bags count 'em all
Other man gets happy
Watch the killas drink 8 ball
Don't know a damn thing
But his breath stinkin'
Then I ask a question you brother
What the fuck is you drinkin'
He don't know but it flow
Out the bottle in a cup
He call it gettin' fucked up
Like we ain't fucked up already
See the man they call Crazy Eddie
Liquor man with the bottle in his hand
He give the liquor man ten to begin
Wit' no change and he run
To get his brains rearranged
Serve it to the home they're able
To do without a table
Beside what's inside ain't on the label
They drink it thinkin' it's good
But they don't sell the shit in the white neighborhood
Exposin' the plan they get mad at me I understand
They're slaves to the liquor man
Back to my homeboy shorty
He can drink it down

And think nuttin' about it
Pass it around and get tha 40 dog buzz
At the same time
Shorty can't remember what day it was
Say I'm yellin' is fact
Genocide kickin' in yo back
How many times have you seen
A black fight a black
After drinkin' down a bottle
Or a malt liquor six-pack
Malt liquor bull
What it is is bullshit Colt
45 another gun to the brain
Who's sellin' us pain
In the hood another up to no good
Plan that's designed by the other man
But who drink it like water
One and on till the stores reorder it
Brothers cry broke but they still affordin' it
Sippin' it lick drink it down oh nooo
Drinkin' poison but they don't know
It used to be wine
A dollar and a dime
Same man, drink in another time
They could be hard as hell and don't give a damn
But still be a sucker to the liquor man

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Get The Fck Outta Dodge"

(feat. True Mathematics)

[CHUCK D:]
I was wheelin'
Wit' the boom in the back
The treble was level
I like it like that
I was rolly-roll-a-roll rollin'
5-o looked and said hold it
And I stopped still
I never got ill
'Cause my license was clean an I showed
A peace powwow
Instead of pow pow
I'm straight up and I'm straight
So how you like me now
But I know how you do
You're straight from Babylon
But I know how you do
You're straight from Babylon
They said turn it down
'Cause it's a new law
You never seen us before
But we're raw like a war
They warned me once
They warned me twice
So I knew I was warned
They had it goin' on
I got the fuck outta Dodge
Wit' my Bronco
60 miles per hour
50 miles to go
And I be pumpin' the sound
Drownin' out the cars
Which tape should I rock
L.L.'s or R.A.'s
I'm in the streets of New York
(Go away)
So I pop in my Kool G Rap 'n' Polo tape
And they was at it again
Sirens in the air
Ahhh shit
So I'm outta here
But the blue in the front
Called the blue in the back
They cut me off
Stopped me dead in my tracks
But this is minimal

I'm not a criminal
I always did what I did
Because I'm not a kid
But they looked me down
They stared me down
Told me what I did
I ain't wit' it
'Cause word around town was a stickup
Yeah, yeah, yeah
B-boy niga in a pickup
But I was jeepin' and creepin'
Just a keepin' it down, sound
Here we go the run around
Blamin' me for the hardcore roar
But they the ones wit' the 44's
So I'm coolin'
I know the beat is rulin'
Too loud for the crowd
The bass is large yeah
So I'll get the fuck outta Dodge
That's right y'all, el commando
El commando you're in demand-o

[SGT HAWKES:]
Sgt. Hawkes and I'm down wit' the cop scene
I'm a rookie and I'm rollin' wit' a swat team
Packin' a nine can't wait to use it
Crooked cop yeah that's my music
Up against the wall don't gimme no lip son
A bank is robbed and you fit the description
And I ain't your mama and I ain't your pops
Keep your music down or you might get shot
This is a warning so watch your tail
Or I'm a have to put your ass in jail
I'm the police and I'm in charge
You don't like it get the fuck outta Dodge

Public Enemy Lyrics

"A Letter To The New York Post"

Come and get your New York Post
New York Post right here
Come on y'all
Get the bost stubost stubost
Coasta coasta New York Post
Yo New York Post don't brag or boast
Dissin' flavor when he's butter that you put on your toast
Put my address in the paper cause I smacked that girl
She's the mother of my kid's that I took around the world
Disagreements having scuffles when you share upon
You shouldn't try to drain subjects in a duck pond
If you're gonna tell a story about people's worries
Watch what you tell 'em cause they don't bring you glory
It only brings agony, ask James Cagney
He beat up on a guy when he found he was a fagney
Cagney is a favorite he is my boy
He don't jive around he's a real McCoy
Chuck D yeah, you tellin' Flav we got to let 'em know
Here's a letter to the New York Post
The worst piece of paper on the east coast
Matter of fact the whole state's forty cents
in New York City fifty cents elsewhere
It makes no goddamn sense at all
America's oldest continuously published daily piece of bullshit
Flavor Flav is the one that makes The Post money
Writers making violence in headlines funny
Tryin' to undress my past until it's naked
Post got Flavor from sellin' no records
Europe Asia to the street of New York
Flavor Flav known for his finesse talk
Do it to ya for The Post to employ me
New York Post can't destroy me
Rapper of Public Enemy, rapstar beats lover
With the headline of a fucked up cover
Out the pot took plate New York Post
get your story straight motherfucker
It always seem they make our neighborhood look bad
Here's a letter to the New York Post
Ain't worth the paper it's printed on
Founded in 1801 by Alexander Hamilton
That is 190 years continuous of fucked up news
Yo one can play the game, two can play the game
Yo Flav read on can't forget you either Jet
Flavor Flav is your best Jet yet
My own people own the most business
Write on faith of value'sness
Should have checked with me before you wrote it

Got it from another source and quote it
Put it out like the new year bull drop
In every beauty parlor and barber shop
Flavor Flav world renown
Can't keep a man like Flavor down
Yo Jet be a good host
Don't print bull like the New York Post
Augh, looks like somebody slipped up here
Anyway here's a letter to the New York Post
Black newspaper and magazines are supposed to get the real deal
from the source y'all
Sorry, Jet you took the info straight out of The Post
Burned us just like toast
When it comes to getting you facts straight about P.E.
Get your shit correct

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Bring Tha Noize"

Bass! How low can you go?
Death row what a brother knows
Once again, back is the incredible
The rhyme animal
The incredible D. Public Enemy number one
Five-O said "Freeze!" and I got numb
Can't I tell 'em that I really never had a gun?
But it's the wax that the Terminator X spun
Now they got me in a cell 'cause my records they sell
'Cause a brother like me said "Well
Farrakhan's a prophet and I think you ought to listen to
What he can say to you, what you ought to do"
Follow for now, power to the people say,
"Make a miracle. D, pump the lyrical"
Black is back, all in, we're gonna win
Check it out, yeah y'all, here we go again

[Chorus:]
Turn it up! Bring tha noize!

Never badder than bad 'cause the brother is madder than mad
At the fact that's corrupt as a senator
Soul on a roll, but you treat it like soap on a rope
'Cause the beats in the lines are so dope
Listen for lessons I'm saying inside music that the critics are blasting me for
They'll never care for the brothers and sisters now across the
country has us up for the war

We got to demonstrate, come on now, they're gonna have to wait
Till we get it right
Radio Stations I question their blackness
They call themselves black, but we'll see if they play this

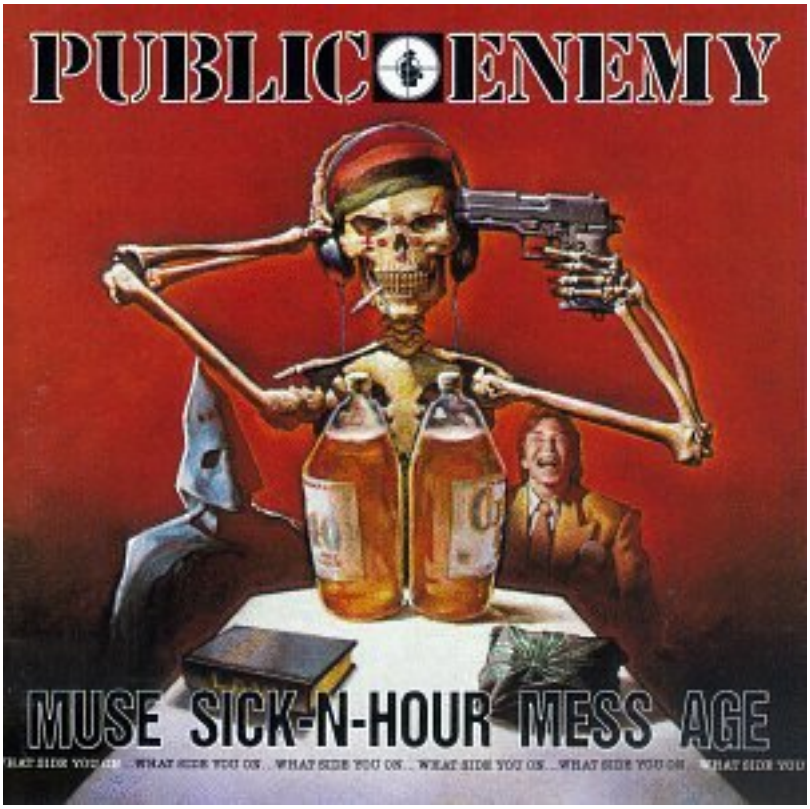
[Chorus]

Get from in front of me, the crowd runs to me
My deejay is warm, he's X, I call him Norm, ya know
He can cut a record from side to side
So what, the ride, the glide should be much safer than a suicide
Soul control, beat is the father of your rock'n'roll
Music for whatcha, for whichin', you call a band, man
Makin' a music, abuse it, but you can't do it, ya know
You call 'em demos, but we ride limos, too
Whatcha gonna do? Rap is not afraid of you
Beat is for Sonny Bono, beat is for Yoko Ono
Run DMC first said a deejay could be a band
Stand on its feet, get you out your seat

Beat is for Eric B, and L.L. as well, hell
Wax is for Anthrax, still it can rock bells
Ever forever, universal, it will sell
Time for me to exit, Terminator X-it

[Chorus]

From coast to coast, so you stop being like a comatose
'Stand, my man? The beat's the same with a boast dose
Rock with some pizzazz, it will last why you ask?
Roll with the rock stars, still never get accepted as
We got to pleed the fifth, we can investigate
Don't need to wait, get the record straight
Hey, posse's in effect, got the Flavor Terminator
X to sign checks, play to get paid
We got to check it out down on the avenue
A magazine or two is dissing me and dissing you
Yeah, I'm telling you


PUBLIC ENEMY
MUSE SICK-N-HOUR MESS AGE

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Whole Lotta Love Goin On In The Middle Of Hell"

Whole lotta love goin on
In da middle of what?
Say what?
What's goin on?

I leave em home alone
Dey turned into danger zones
Studio shootouts, leavin no doubt
In da eyes of the wise
About the other guys

Fantasi n gettin nat rep
Makin you move
While they disturb the groove
Now the partys over ooops!
Outta time
Yo my brother can you spare a crime
Some wanna take me out
I even call em my own
(Can't we all just get along?)
Rap iz a contact sport
Can I get support
When I hum to da maximum
What I talk is straight
From da sidewalk strong

The velt New York
112 beatz a minute
An I'm flowin in it
Have no mercy
On da ones that curse me

And when I'm in da paint
The feuding might be over
But the fussin aint
Some hate the way I say em
Cause I block em like
Zo to da am
Beginning of an end of an error
Incredible shrinking race

Fiend without a face
Still got love for em
But some aint got love
For the rest of us

So my boys get iller than

Illinois (Terminator)
Return to da noise

I'd rather fall off
Than fall victim of crime
And a low percentage rhyme
If I go down they goin wit me
So come & get me...c'mon

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Give It Up"

Aight, aight, aight, aight, aight, aight, aight
I'm aight if you aight, I'm aight
I be better, get some of that bass
Word
You know what I'm sayin'
Give it up
Aight, yeah
Booty twinkin' body shakin'
Nuffattackin', brain's a rackin'
Clock tockin', chuck shockin'
Flavor flavor, ain't never shavin'
One, two, three, four

It's another record, check it, mad methods
To put my brothers and sisters on a deathbed
You know he cheated, took what he wanted but now you blunted
Suckin' up to the devil, steppin' down a level

It's who they fear is you
Who protects us from us and you from you
Yes and it counts, fuck the fourty ounce
I sued them bastards, yeah, they got bounce

I did 'em like a demo, threw 'em out the window
I took a 98 'cause I never liked a limo
But pump pump pump pu-pump pump it up
A mad rhyme for mad times, that's what's up

Some ain't gonna change, I got 'em in a range
I gotta rearrange, so I'm buildin' back your brain
Wreckin' records with funky stuff
Am I loud enough? Yeah, you got ta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, give it up yeah
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, give it up now
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Come again with the same old bounce
I'm calling a foul and once again it counts
Mad tense, mad tense brothers know
The blunts in the back got the black behind and that's wack

And once again it's on!
Hey, Jimmy cracked corn cracker singin', "I don't care", it's on
I'm comin' with a rhyme, what? I'm lettin' go a rhyme, yeah!
I gotta get a rhyme through the rough and crazy times

You call me a Hannibal lecture, yes I checked her
They don't hear me though, so here I go
I'm sick and tired so Sly'll take ya higher
When I'm takin' his sound to bring you down

Rappers rippin' a lyrical kickin' finger-lickin'
But to the rhythm I'm givin' but never cotton pickin'
Like James Brown I'm sayin' it loud
Am I loud enough? Huh, you got ta give it up

Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change
Some ain't gonna never ever change
Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change
Some ain't gonna never, ever change

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, give it up now
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

And when I'm coming, some young dumb and fulla cum
Some second guessing my lessons about saving young
Some don't know like Run said, "So here we go"
Where it is inside, whoop, there it is

There it is, there it is, damn right
My man X is a bad mother, shut your mouth
I'm talking about Terminator, he's the man
There it is, can you hit me off with another one

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, give it up now
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, give it up now
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

I never did represent doing dumb shit
Some gangsta lying, I'd rather diss Presidents
Dead or alive, bring 'em and I'll swing 'em
I vocalize, I just rap, I don't sing 'em

Flick 'em, and I fling 'em, you can go with 'em
Hall of Fame for the game for the points I Dave Bing 'em

Go Grandmama, close but no cigar
I got mine for I'm using my rhyme

The flow go wherever I want, and that's clever
Give a piece of my time to prevent some crime
And who behind puttin' the guns to the young ones
The ones that make 'em is the ones that take 'em

Rugged for no reason, down in duck season
I don't want my mama, on the street wearing armor
So check yaself before ya wreck yaself
Respect yaself, hah, you got ta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, give it up now
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"What Side You On?"

It's overtime
So the lyric
They fear it
When they hear it
The flow
100 miles and runnin
Get near it
And go
Check it out
Go
To the race
Give the drummer a taste
The bass iz commin commin
Suckas runnin from it
Damn, why you call him
The man
Here I am scramm
Never ran
Never fight the black
From Iraq
Or Iran
Who bombed Japan
Blood on his hands
Part of a plan
He don't really believe
In uhh! God damn

If it comes down to shuttin
Them down
I'm in the hood surrounded
Tell em I'm grounded
I'm on that psycho analytical
Tip if politics iz stickin to
The mix
Like tricks
I'm one more time givin time
Where the rhyme go
Elite to the street
To the brothas doin death row
So where ya at
If the beat ain't fat
Say what

C'mon
And get some
Rattle rattle
Kiss and I hum

Come can you
Get it on the one
C'mon pick it up
pick it at
pack it at
pack it up
To the black
Who be talkin
Where they at
Where they at
Wicked wild
Feelin irie
Not sorry
Get it see it written down in a diary
Same say fuck all dat
Political shit
But wanna get paid when
Their brains in the second grade

Nowhere to run/here they come come
Nowhere to run/here they come come

I'm a fan first
I reverse another trick verse
To the point
Where I can rock dis funky joint
In the brain game, I'm keepin my head clear
In 33 years so what
I never had a beer
I don't know what I'm missin
I'm not dissin
But I know I ain't ass kissin
Time to draw the line
This time the rhyme
Got da good guy goin gettin da nine
Cause I know the hoody
Got it good wit the hitman
Can I get a hitman
Know I'm duckin nat quicksand
The funky automatic
Handlin static
Sellin out I ain't good at it
& when I got bumbed
I'm gonna open up
Hitt em up stone to da bone
But it ain't gotta be like that

And thats that
Can u tell me yall...what
All in wit the law
They fall in
The great white hole where they
Be sellin their soul

Never get enough
They be talkin dat roughneck shit
Be comin they quit
Fuck dat blood iz ticker
Than water shit
That shit iz counterfeit
Devil go where da shoe fit
Black mans law iz raw like Africa
You violate
Were comin after ya

They're here

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Bedlam 13:13"

Huffed and he puffed
Huffed and he puffed
Blew tha house down
Now how dat sound
Never no never
Give up gotta gotta live up
To my name
Triple double in da rap game

Cause I ain't goin niggatronic
Smart e nuff to know I ain't bionic
Wit my main man Harry
Not Connick
Rather rap my black as of
Getcha hooked on phonics

Good e nuff to know no endo
Thru it out tha window
Along wit tha Super Nintendo

I'm a strict daddy
Got dat right
God damn right
But have a good time/Dyn-o-mite
Its just that I don't talk
That same ol crap (shit)
Cause papa got a brand new
Bag fulla rap (hitz)

The world don't work no more no more
The world wont work no more
Ain't gonna woek no more no more

My main knick knack paddy wack
C'mon & give a damn
Confrontational man
Iz what I am
Iz what I am
I'm tearin down da house that Jack built
Cause he killt whoever he wanted & hunted
And tax the backs of the environment macks
Who plan in da silence of the skams
A world dat wont work
No more/no more

Mother earth gets treated like a whore
And he doeth great wonders

So that he maketh fire come
Down from heaven on the earth
In sight of men

Toms to the left of me
Bombin to the right
World good night
He got destruction
In his appetite

On a platter a planet
To him it doesn't matter
3-2 at the plate
Up go the greedy batter

Environmental alarm
To all not some
Good God
Cause we don't get two of em

I was told that oil & water don't mix
But the new world order
Got a disorder
& so I diss
Cuss my disgust
If I must
One earth is da birth outta all of us
And so I diss
After the math
Disaster wit a European autograph

Gonna be bedlam
If he spread em
Da trigga is cocked
Nowhere to flock

Gonna be bedlam
If he spread em
Pass da word
F what you heard

Gonna be bedlam
If he spread em
Glock is cocked
Now drop da props
Gonna be bedlam
If we spread em
The day the whole world couldn't do it

Repent
Oh no!
Check the preacher what he spent
One way ticket to God to fix scars

Woman & man runnin the land sea & air poor
Do we all go the way of the dinosaur? or
To hell & back attack
The new clear fog got us sniffin like
Atomic dogs
Pocket fulla pimp daddy moves
Put a code on a can
Whatta hell of a man, shootin
Trigga pollution, planet prostitution
Uprootin da third
We go to the way of the bird
Can't do whatcha want to da place
Don't waste my place
Where you from?
We only got one

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Stop In The Name..."

Full fledgin never sat on my legend
No shuffle or shoulder shruggin
Uncle Tommin nickel & dime rhymin
This renegade rippin
Rugged trax I love it
Sorta black owned
Like da Denver Nuggets
Pow pow
The original
Harder hitter
Iz back in black
On deck wit a turtleneck
Uh ha you can drink
All you want
But hard don't make
Da liquid matter you intake
The logical
Sorta psychological
Brother like butter spread to one
Another
Thicker da blunt & got sicker
Once upon a rhyme all bigger
Meant was for bigga cotton picker
Leave alone
The men from the mice
Who twice packs da gatt
Turn into dirty ratts
I'm comin wit the andidote, I hope they cope
To da rhythm I wrote
Pawns in da game
Goin down da drain
Final call to my race in pain

Public Enemy Lyrics

"What Kind Of Power We Got?"

Yo another day
Another 49 cents

Mr., Mr., why you always tryin to take all our money

Because I am the government
And you have to pay

Stop tryin to take our money

Yo, you gotta bust this
We want justice
From public enemy number one
To cant trust this

Like F Jim or Hyatt
Because we're sick and fuckin tired
Of being mistreated by the undefeated
Power to the seat that cant be beat
Probably gone is the head that make Clinton defeat
Do all the talkin
Plus crooked walkin
Blind to the fact
That the enemy is stalking
Ways for days
Search United States quite
Were not a full power
Cause the racial riot
In my neighborhood
We attempt to kill each other
Politics said fuck power to the brother
Be strong be righteous
Don't be no sinister
I got the word from bro. minister (minister)
Farrakhan speaks
And so does Muhammad
The days of Ramagon is
Protect you can harm it
My statement is the fact
To the highest degrees
Flavor works this style, yo cant touch me

What kind of power we got
Soul power *[8X]*

Bring it on (I know you got soul)

Goin on it get it
Gotta get it on
Goin on it get it
Gonna get it on *[4X]*

Yo, some seek stardom
And forgot all about Harlem
Yo, fugess
Rock the house!

Now I don't know
But tell me what you gonna do
When the ending of time comes near
What ever you do
It's gotta be funky
I am not tryin
To put your life in full of fear
By the favor skies
We are flying
Truth we be buying
To buy out all the lying
How you livin
Were you livin
Were you livin
It ain't got to be like that
By doing the givin
It was your own choice
Scratched up your Rolls Royce
Every dum friend you had
Was glad to rejoice
And turned into a nut
Trying to make the pockets fatter
One shoot in the head
Everybody scatter
The worlds gonna
Catch on fire
A funeral buyer
Is a hard heads people desire
Every night you tryer
You turn into a cryer
Who was just in bed
Thinkin higher, higher
Friends will always move
Till you get the bob wire
Ever common law gets a flat tire

What kind a power we got
Soul power *[4X]*

What kind a power you got
Soul power *[2X]*

What kind a power we got

Soul power

Take me on

Goin on it get it
Gotta get it on
Goin on it get it
Gonna get in on *[4X]*

You check this out
My partner Chuck D
Got all the ozs of knowledge, wisdom and understanding
A, yo Chuck
Let 'em know why you the
Prophet of rap
Kick that shit Chuck

Some people, people
Don't like the way Flavor walk

Come on we want all the people to check it
Out and listen to it good listen to the man

That's my partner partner

Some people, people
Don't like the way the Flavor Flav talk

But ladies and gentlemen
I like for you to know
This my main man throwing down

What kind a power we got
Soul power
What kind a power you want now
Soul power
What kind a power need now
Soul power
What kind a power you got now
Soul power
Know you gots to have it
Soul power
I check the soul
And you want some
Soul power
What kind a power we got now
Soul power
Now I know you got soul ya'll
Soul power
What kind a power we got ya'll
Soul power

Yeah!!!!!

I know the Flava got soul
I know you gotta have soul
What kinda power you got ya'll
What kinda power we need ya'll
Of course I know you got Flava
And the Flava got soul
What kind a power we got
Soul power

No cursing
Only versing
And if it ain't better
Then we make it worsen
All that!!!!

Rock the house ya'll
Come on!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"So Whatcha Gone Do Now?"

Talkin dat drive by shit
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit

Talkin dat drive by thang
Everybody talking dat gangsta swang

Slaves to the rhythm of the master
Buck boom buck another
Neighborhood disaster
(Drummer hit me one)

A gun iz a gun iz
A muther fuckin gun
But an organized side
Keep a sellout nigga on the run

What you gonna do to get paid
Step on the rest of the hood
Till the drug raid

See you runnin like roaches
Black gangstas need track coaches

The white law set you up raw
When you have his trust in killin us

Talkin dat gattalk
Walkin dat catwalk
Where you tryin to go wit dat
Don't even go dere wit dat rap
Guns drugs an money
All you know how
So whatcha gonna do now?

I'm bout ready to bounce

Trouble on the corner of blunt ave
An 40 ounce

Madd uncivilized lifestyles
30 years bids for kids, now thats wild

I'm raisin my child
I'm steppin to da curb
Wit a sign do not disturb

Too much don't give a fuck

Or a damn thing
But choose what the other man bring

I sing a song cause I see wrong

I'm not down with the fe fi fo
Where I come from
See, the brothers ain't dumb

Sense goes over nonsense
When it makes no sense
I'm throwin up da fence

Talkin dat drive by shit
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit
Talkin dat drive by thang
Everybody talkin dat gangsta swang

Talkin dat gattalk
Walkin dat catwalk
Were you tryin to go wit dat
Dont even go there wit dat rap
Guns drugs & money
All you know how
So whatcha gone do now?

[Break]

The only good niga iz a dead niga

Dats what they used to say

Cant understand why a man
Gotta use a trigga
On his own, suppose to act grown

Cracka in da back
Watch a brother pull a trigga on another brother

Couldn't shoot and shot a mother

Four kids alone home
Ungrown & now they on they own
Now check yourself cool
What good iz da hood if ya actin a fool
Talkin dat gattalk, walkin dat catwalk

Public Enemy Lyrics

"White Heaven / Black Hell"

This is for the ones that do it
This is for the ones that tell
This is for the ones thats scared
White mans heaven is a black mans hell

This is for the ones that take em
This is for the ones that sell
This is for the ones that od

This is for the ones on the corner
This is for the ones in the cell
This is for the ones under the ground
White mans heaven is a black mans hell

Black history - white lie
Black athletes - white agents
Black preacher - white Jesus
Black drug dealer - white government
Black entertainers - white lawyers
Black monday - white Chistmas
Black success story - white wife
Black police - white judge
Black business - white accoutants
Black record co - white distribution
Black comedians - white media
Black politicians - white president
Black genocide - white world order

So whatcha sayin

White mans heaven is black mans hell

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Race Against Time"

Microphone check
Microphone check

Can I get a check up from the neck up
Can I kick a rhyme
While I'm checkin my time
Can I get a cure
Cause you did da crime
For sure
You're

Probably killin me
Wit these shots

Tell me what I got
An I'm gone

Pandemic
Who did it
Right who did it
Thats who did it

Who/World Health Organized
Murderized

Came to the aid got paid

Doctor doctor in a lab
Concocted a germ warfare to the botty
I rocked it

105 million goin down
In da ground

Most in da black an da brown
Ow!

How did I catch this riddle
If I didn't crossover
Like a Hardaway dribble

They blamed it on some
Green African money

Now ain't that funky

While da clock

Iz doin da tickin & tock

I didn't know

Dat da guns aimed & cocked

Were runnin outta
Time.....time
Rage against

Testin 1 - 2
Testin 1 - 2

Can I get a blood check testin 1 - 2

Can I get a witness?/yes you can
Can I get a witness?/yes you can

Then check it

I'm checkin records and facts
About da battle
To da Indian, Japanese
Whites and blacks

Germs they spread it
Warfare I read it
Quote me on this yes and I said it
Bet it

Bigger damage than the trigger & glocks
Mass murder in mass from a
Blanket full a small pox

No guarantees gettin lesser fees
In Tuskegee blacks got shot
Wit disease

Please check da time
C'Mon check da rhyme

Tribe a mine killed by da swine

Who crossed da line?
Who did da crime

The mind of a world destroyin kind

Were runnin outta
Time.....time
Rage against time

Oh.....oh

Ey.....ey

Rage Against Time Speech On Slow Down

A lil piece of mind
While we runnin outta time
People of color
Goin out like no other kind
Madd drama genetic gettin wreck
Protect da neck check the epidemic
Drug use addiction & murder
I heard a pregnancy
Infant mortality
Rest in poverty
Not piece
Disease till deceased
Sterilized
Realized
That beast
So heres a word to the wise
Were runnin outta
Time.....time

Public Enemy Lyrics

"They Used To Call It Dope"

Little piece of my heart like Janis
No Joplin
But pure hip hoppin
As they try to ban us
Crazy flight time no jacket
Or ticket
Wilson Picket had soul
Fat trax so the rappers
Can kick it
Alan freed the waves
As much as
Lincoln freed da slaves
Its here I bleed and some
Bled until dead
I got the rhythm from this
Headbanger
Who used to fly high
Now he's just hangin in da hanger
Hangin around homeless
In a city of no hope I can't cope
Just to think
See they used to call it dope

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Ain'tnuttin Buttersong"

We got so much soul
You can damn near see it
Spinnin on a 45
I've come to the conclusion
Clear the confusion
My point is to rock
Dis funky joint
Don't you know
I got tangled
In the star spangled banner
In the middle of Alabama
Or was it Tennesee or Arkansas
New York & Cali got the same
Amount of race rallys
I know they wanna hang me
Straight around the neck
So I'm knockin off the hand checks
So you can
When I say what it is
It ain't nutting but a song

Krackas, killas, kidnappas
KKK tryes to blame it on the rappers
They dont count the ones
That bounce to the 40 ounce
Or the runts dat get stunted
By the bluntz
This time I'm gonna take it down the line
To the ones that are ready
They be holdin it steady
When a song so wrong
So many be singin it
Strangled tangled
Caught in a spangled
Banner got em on dat camera
Stars I'm seein from
A beatdown in a slamma
O cay can you see
But you cant
Uncle Sammy wears the pants
Toms his bitch
When he's swingin a switch
Rather stick da poor up
And give it to da rich
I always thought dat power
Was to the people, we the people
O say can I see we ain't people

When I pledge allegiance
I shoulda got a sticka
1st grade/2nd grade
I shoulda just kicked a
Verse in the middle of class
Instead of singin bout bombs
Like a dumb ass
Land of the free
Home of the brave
And hell with us nigas we slaves
That shoulda been the last line
Of a song that's wrong form to get
So when everybody stand
I sit

The red is for blood shed
The blue is for the sad ass songs
We be singin in church while white mans heaven is black mans hell
The stars what we way when we
Got our ass beat
Stripes whip marks in our backs
White is for the obvious
Ain't no black in that flag

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Live And Undrugged Pt. 1 & 2"

[Live And Undrugged Part I]

Its been a long time
Since the rhyme rode
A rough road
I'm riding rhymes & givin
A dose of brotherland
Never said I wasn't good at it
Cause I'm a static addict
No fear you gotta
Know I had it
If you know better
Spose to do better
So I know like Al Green
We gotta stay together

Knock, knock...who's there
Where? overhere
Da boom kids knockin
Bang and they outta here
The dopemans livin at home
Aloneman
They don't understand
But they can
They can can
If I don't say it
I'm a sucka parlayin it
Don't really matter
When the flow fatter

But I don't don't
Believe
& duck bob an weave
Will deceive a street corner
And the 40 thieves

They bring em in
You do em in
He bring em in
You do us in

Smell em knockin da/boom
Hear em hittin nat/boom

I'm comin atcha
Live and uncut
An undrugged

These days they be thinkin I'm bugged
Livin I be kicken it

Hard instead of lickin it
Down domination on the overground

Tell me what we be
Seekin is self preservation
A nation of millions
Gotta go wit a feelin
Uncle Sam be gatt Uncle Tom
And when it comes to drugs
Uncle Tom gotta bomb
Can I get a pop
Till the muthafukas stop
Sellin nat shit
That make the hoody drop
No more easy gettin over
For da cracka in the back

Yo its over
Number 1 wit a bullet
He pull it what I do now
Cant out run it or duck
Or get a new Chuck
Up against the wall
Wont confess yall
I mo move & I'm gone
An so I guess yall
Lemme tell you so lend me a listen
I'm missin a life
If I ain't givin up an ass kissin
No television or movie style
No buckwild thinkin
Cause I don't know what he drinkin
But he better act quick
Cause I'm gettin quicker
3 mo seconds to go
I hope he hold da trigga
If he do dat
The gatt iz outta his hands

& then he gotta deal wit a man
Punks jump up to get beat
I'm on the funky beat
Beat beat yall
Until its 6 feet
Under dirt & the mud
Here we go again
Another enemy if you
Never was a friend
Never clever
As I was in this endever

Never again trust a smile or grin
From comin outta da womb
To endin up in a tomb
Another sport
Caught knockin nat boom

Here go the verse that hurts
Head brother in charge
So I better get bodyguard
What can I do
Break a leg on the avenue
Where the bootleggers
They be stackin the odds
Try to be hard but they playin my cards
Fuckin wit chicken
But I'm duckin in the lard
Been goin straight since 78
I wanna live I don't wanna be late
I head em comin at me
Runnin fast & ruff
Ain't this a bitch & test for the tuff
Bang/doubt it
Without a life
I cant live without it
Bang

[Live And Undrugged Part II]

Rhymer in a zone

Say u wanna revolution
40 acres to 40 ounces
Plus they announcin
The mule is the one thats fooled
But I pass to be that jackass
Knockin that boom
To the tomb
Out the womb
I bet against the spread
I flipped death threats
And the 3 to the head
Never get enough
The raw, the rugged, the ruff
Oh my the jam the dunk the stuff
I got a mind thats maddes than Minolta
Hard in a rock place my corner
And the winner is
Whoop there it is
33 years without a beer or slow gin fizz
Rather get frunk off
Hearin rhymin wit biz
Rhymamatician, rumpshaker
Mindquaker

Not a cracker or a quacker
But a waker
Put my thing down
Step my shit up
Put up or shut up
Peace to the original what up
Back to the motherland
Where its warmer, transformer
Kill the informer
I hear em talkin creepin
But I'm not sleepin
My mellow I go back
Way back going, going
Before crack
And the 8 track
Still goin, gone, goodbye
To the lazy
I ain't pushing up or drivin
No daisies
I gotta remember Philly in September
Ain't nuttin finer than peace
In Carolina & to the gods
Wanna be, gotta be
Starter of mo flow
Here we go the front row
As I cut the silly rhymin
Riddlin still the flow
Gettin ridda dem
Racist swazis
Cause I'm brinin kamikazes
They gotta give us where we live
We don't own
What you think is home
Its time to go up in smoke
911 is no joke
Once again friends
This enemy states fiddy states
Still say chill wait until
The right time baby
Damn the blood line
Gettin raid with AIDS
But somebodys gettin paid
Lets get it on and a on
But brothers gettin killed
Cause blunts & 40's is like
Cookies to da milk
I'm not crazy
I'm the revelation
Last days in time
The overtime rhymer
Rhymer in a zone
Right vs wrong
Good versus evil

God versus the devil
Public Enemy
Muse Sick In Hour Mess Age

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Thin Line Between Law And Rape"

Ya took me from a place
Where the race didn't matter
And gathered up bodies
Without a choice
So I rather
Pass my opinion/back
Run ya over
With my rack an pinion
Never stop the engine
For watcha fathers did do the indian
North & south
Plus the Carribbean

I got a vendetta
Cause I know better
Better black than a stereotype white
No cash flow wit out work
Talkin bout the past
You busted our past
You busted our ass
Now you afraid cause I never got paid
Now sucka jump
You cant take whatcha want

[Chorus]
You can't take whatcha want
Cause ya took whatcha want
Cant get away cause we got it on tape
You cant take whatcha want
Cause ya took whatcha want
Thin line between law & rape (scream)

You can't take whatcha want
Don't cha know
We ain't got nuttin left
Cause you took the rest
We ain't got jazz rock & roll
Rappin the lose
Wit a few fat ladies left singin da blues
Go abracadabra to make
A wish I can mess wit
Wonder why I'm under
Neath a crew I cant get wit
I never knew land was an acquisition
BS from the best man in position
Come again wit dat shit
And set hit like a punk

No, you cant take whatcha want

[Chorus 2X]

[Break]

You cant take whatcha want
I open up the trunk
I see your phony ass
Try to counterfeit funk
From land to land

To sea to sea
Allover got the other man
Messin wit me
Took the motherland
Made a slave of my mother and man
Got a good man
Sayin goddamn

[...Long pause]

And to hell with
Back in the days
Unless we go way back
To the black ways
Always
Watch your back
If ya crooked don't front
You cant take whatcha want

[Chorus 2X]

We died on the line
We walk the fine line he talked a good line

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I Ain't Mad At All"

Let me hear you say...

I ain't mad at all
Bought a fat jam to make you flip the script
Don't want to sleep and misbehave
Understand what I'm saying

I'm all about makin some fat louies
So I can buy my kids
Motorcycles, candybars, Peter Paul
Flavor Flave, he ain't mad at all
Boyee

Poppa's got a brand new flav so once
Again here we go *[X4]*
I ain't mad at all *[X3]*

What you know
What you know bout that boy?

Noodles, neon noodles
On a fifth chillin with a toy
He's chillin
Thought he had a pit bull
Eating brussel sprouts but he had a big bite
He tried to bite me
He tried to get me
I turned around and I
Hit him with my bike

They picked me up
Put me in a wagon
The bottom fell out and my ass start draggin

Who put the cuffs on Flava
Why you gonna go and do that
He's the Flavor mack *[X2]*

I ain't mad at all *[X2]*

Yo check out my honey hoe's
Sing that shit gee

There's a Flavor Flav
So what your girlie
Before she wanna sneak out early
Cause on the di

Flavor snatched her up

First there was superfly
But Flavor's got more style
And you can't tell because your crackin up

Let me hear you say...

Kick it

Kick it

I ain't mad at all *[X6]*

I got the feeling I got to tell ya
You be a star
And the man try to jail ya
I don't pollute
So why should I give a hoot
You ask
Why you livin foul

Na na na na na na

Why they wanna keep me down?

Cause you got Flavor workin day and nite

Why you wanna play me
Like fried ice cream
Give me nightmares
Can't never have a nice dream

I feel like bustin loose

Bustin loose
Give me a break y'all

You can try to cop my style
But Flavor Flav got too much on file
Boyee

I don't wanna go but I can't stay here no more

I ain't mad at all

Yeah, yeah, yeah

You flatlinin, you flatlinin you know what I'm sayin
Who put the cuffs...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Death Of A Carjacka"

I'm keepin a cool head
Smart and calculated
Tell da skinheads what I said & they hate it
One dumb move they make
A mistake a turnover/going going gone
And its over
Shoulda thought silly rabbit
Those habits'll getcha
Runnin whitcha life
So what some sucker snuck inside a knife
But I'm checkin it out
Back from a far you know
They'll never know I'm backin up
An jettin to my car

B4 they steal it
Watch me ride an wheel it
Ooh! child here it comes now
I can feel it
Inspiration from the situation
Flowing to what I know an...

This ain't nuttin but another
Headline statistic, two brothers
But one went ballistic
Now I'm chillin beside my ride
Pulled over the side
Five-O ran a check
Now how the hell am I suspect

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I Stand Accused"

I see I'm peeking out ready to rumble
So now I'm speaking out
Against those
That flip the way the story goes
One never knows
Who be flippin the script
Whatever the traitors name
My aim is dunk em like
I'm Chris Webber

So many phony smilin faces
Traces of slander
Got em comin outta funny places
I had it an hear em
Talkin loud behind my back
What was good for the hood
Is what they say is wack
I take the stabbin & grin
When I'm hit
Cause I know the suckas smile
When I leave em
What I'm comin wit

I cant complain about the money
Although the suckas in the back
They talkin shit
An laughin like its somethin funny
I aim to make changes
An never change
Unless its for the better
Cause I always been a go better

Clean hustler
Rhyme instead of muscle ya
Born when ya thinkin I'm gone
The terror era is on...

I stand accused
To the crews
I paid my dues

I stand accused
I refuse
To stand and lose

I stand accused
To the news

I kick da blues
I stand accused
I refuse

I hear em talkin & walkin
Behind my back I'm attacked
Fuck the knife in the back
Cause it feels like they got an axe

Yeah I can dig it wit a shovel
I never dig dirt wit the devil
Instead I'm on that other level

But I took time to reach down
To help the black & brown

I never stood around
I hear em talkin behind
My mind
In a ocean of sharks
And a back full a hackmarks

They say I'm fallin off
Yeah, they better call it off
& get muscle
& find another hustle quick
Sick n tired of critics
But I can take a hit
I'm all man
Alley oopin the vocal on jams
But they don't know it
They can blow it

& take a puff of dis joint
I see I'm kissin it off the cuff
Behind the back
I'm pullin axes and blades out the arms & the legs
Still my fellas get paid
The terror era is on

Fuck a critic/fuck fuck a critic
All the fuckin critics
Can get the did dit

All a fuckin critic does is
Draw a fuckin line

Cross a line and dis my rhyme
& then they ass is mine

If you find a critic dead
Remember what I said
Who killed a critic

Guess the crew did it

Say paybacks a crazy ass message
Sent to the writers who criticize
They're fuckin wit a freedom fighter

Who raises flags
& dragged the klan in bodybags
I hung em up in Missisippi & bum fuck
This is Chuck so what the hell
You think I did it for
To open doors from Carolina to Arkansas
And lemme let em I met em
I told my boys forget em
An what they did got rid of me
Negative
But 94 got stunts & blunts in da mix
I hear the crowd fallin vic
To old ghetto tricks
But if I wasn't your cousin
Wed leave em in the dozens
Of sellin out & bellin out
Half pint 40 ounce
Announce to the rest
We had a fall out

I never took a drink
Never took a hit or bribe
Or got spread by what a silly
Rumor said
Never sang or gang banged
Sold out or rented hip hop
Cause I know when to stop

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Godd Complexx"

Are you ready?
Uptown, on the corner, uptown
Uptown on the corner, uptown
I turn around and hear the sound of voices talkin bout who's
goin to die next
Cause the white man's got a God complex
Tellin niggas screamin for help (help me, help me, help me, help me)
Nigga go make your own help
Shit you need it
I turn around and hear the sound of jukeboxes playin in bars
Pimps parked outside in big pretty Flavor Flav cars
Cleaner than a broke dick dog
Sittin in a big fine frog
Dressed very fine and fly in their Calvin Kani
No matter how you flex
Yo Jim
They'll die next
Cause the white man's got a God complex
Uptown on the corner, uptown *[X4]*
Hey brother what you sport my man
I got just the thing for you
Only cause you're 10 and 2
What ya gonna do baby
I got black ones
Brown ones
Red ones
Yellow ones
I even got a white one
If you want to buy some
Yeah
That's right
2 5 8 play it straight
Got it all worked out
I know what I'm talkin bout
Yo I been readin my dream books
So I ain't no way the kid is gonna get took
Nigga what you mean
I didn't hit
Nigga
You full of shit
Nigga
Lick the ice (uh)
Now 7
Come on be nice and hit 11
Well what do you know
It's lil Joe
Ey my man

Got twenty dollars eh lil Joe don't blow
Ah baby needs a new pair of shoes
Ah pappas got the funky blues
Ah mamma plays the crosswords in the news
Sorry nigga you lose
The line forms to the rear lady muther fuck your welfare check
Cause the white man's got a God complex
Uptown on the corner *[X4]*
Mr. Stein elevating a friend
But is proud to be mine
But you just want to cheat me cause I ain't your kind
Damn
I'm so poor
I don't know what the hell I'ma do anymore
Not from this day to the next
Cause the white man's got a God complex
[vamp out]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hitler Day"

500 years ago one man claimed
To have discovered a new world
Five centuries later we the people
Are forced to celebrate a black holocaust

How can you call a takeover
A discovery

Mass murderer
This side of the planet
Most people take it for granted
502 and still doin
Give a reason I'm hatin
October celebratin
The dead

Of the black the brown and red
Sick an tired
Of bein sick n tired
Don't jump to conclusions
Before I clear the confusion
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
I'm talkin bout Columbus

Hit me one

I don't hate nobody
I hate that day
Its as crazy as Hitler day

Hangin heads and snappin necks
Splittin up kin
Makin familys wrecked
Turned this planet to a sewer
Provin to all just a lil grab
Will do ya
Or do us
So my disgust
Got credit from the ones that
Read it
Ain't blind to the fact
Of a whack headline
And if you didn't I pay
No mind

That's how I feel
That's how I feel

This iz madd real

But these days
Is crazy as Hitler day

I don't hate nobody

It's impossible to discover a land
When people are already living there

Some thanks for the givin
When times are hard
& some got the nerve to pray to God
Ain't about turkey
& cider that gets me sick
It's that take from the indian trick
Lookin pretty grim
When they takin da pill
From the sucker seekin somethin to kill
Now he got a day to celebrate
Ain't that a trip
Cause the indians ain't got shit

May 31st when it comin it hurts
Remember the dead and it makes me curse
When they don't include 100 million
Of us black folks
That died in the bottom of boats
I can carry on bout the killin till
Dusk & dawn
And war ain't the reason they gone
Fourth of July a fuckin lie
When did we ever
Get a piece of the pie
Gotta whole day comin
Without no pay
Cause a fuckin job
Cant gimme no play
Even had enuff I huff & puff
At brothers sellin the stuff
Takin in washingtons
Lincolns
Not they birthdays
Payback for em makin us slaves

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Livin In A Zoo (Remix)"

Skills to kill
And fill a hole, we roll deep
Wit a frown that's down
Low in the meddle of jeep beats
So I'm makin a point
Not stickin butts or blunts
But the Terminator X
And the rhythm he cuts
Figure this bigger brother
Gonna trigger the track
No I ain't country
And my name ain't Zack
Step the fuck back
Take a look at the racks
My world is a ghetto full of tapes and wax
CDs they only double the tax
And makin money money
New York City to lax
Tell the suckers suckers
Never ever relax
I'm kickin in cold facts so true
It feels like I'm livin in a zoo

Sayin I'm down like psycho
Wheres my rifle? right though
I ain't Michael, yo
I ain't sittin on the dock of the bay
Wastin time in a crime wit a nine
Rather find another brutal rhyme
It's us verses, I put it all in verses
If the sound reverses
I pump it up wit curses
Fuck sittin in the back of the bus
But don't front what we lack
We got it loaded in a back pack
See they can do it to a man
But wit men suckers semi
Think that shit before they come again
No science to the wild senile
Slackin cause he packin like a

Runaway child yeah
Would I ever try to sever, hell no
Never would work if the
Rhyme wasn't clever
Wild in an isle
Stackin high from the floor tile

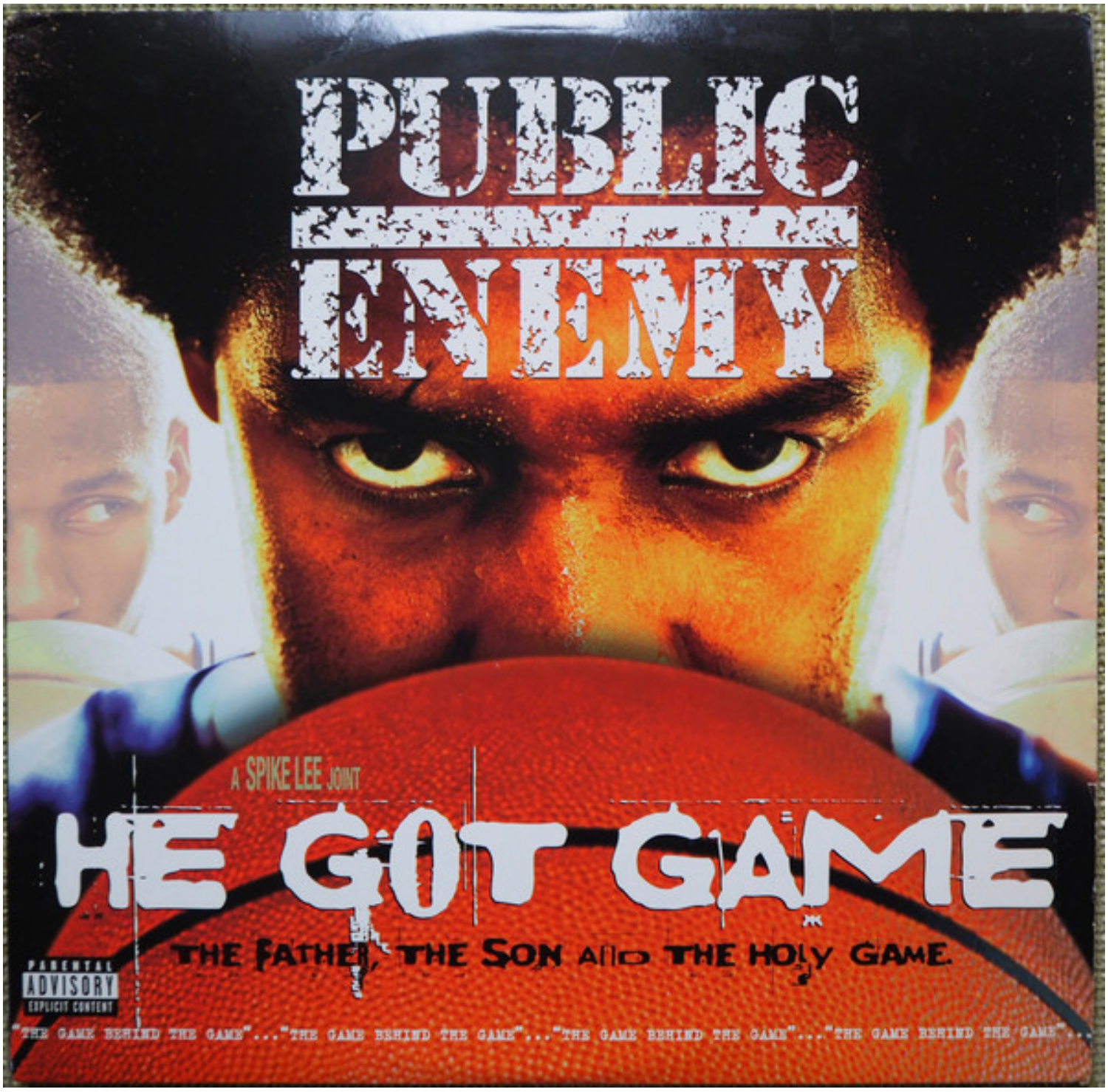
Back in the rack, where the rap never seen a
What I gonna wanna do...
Feels like I'm livin in a zoo

I don't know where I'm at
Here's a track
I try to duck duck
Those 3 bullets in the back
Top 40
Ignore me
Sooooo
I him 'em in the hood
Until it feel good

But I'm all right though
I wanna fight crazy dirty

It's not a matter of skills
But a battle of wills
Pow the stick up go the quicker the picker up
Trigga eenie meanie

Wit the gatt that so fat
Brrap bap bap cop dilla in a 16 wheeler
They call me over the phone
Che-che-checkin me out
Takin my time
To find a brother droppin dime
Once again it's on
In the paint, and I ain't givin up
No props to the game
And it stops in the name of the hip hop
Reign and the pain got me goin
Goddamn wont they even pull a
Bullet on a pop jam


PUBLIC ENEMY
A SPIKE LEE JOINT
HE GOT GAME
THE FATHER, THE SON AND THE HOLY GAME
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT
"THE GAME BEHIND THE GAME"..."THE GAME BEHIND THE GAME"..."THE GAME BEHIND THE GAME"..."THE GAME BEHIND THE GAME"...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Resurrection"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Chuck D:]
Damn back again up on track again
Some of y'all black again it got dark
On your mark get set
Out of sight out of mind
Hyprocites forget like marionettes
Strings in the back like nets
The chosen one who can laugh themselves to death
Lack of rhymes meaningless punch lines
Battle for your mind
Like Israel and Palastine
Good news there is some hard ass times
No more disses
Repeated hook lines and chorus'
Days of doris'
Got issues and wishes
Got the jam but gettin paid up off the misses
Ain't nothin wrong but wait fuck another love song
It's the r&b strangler bringing nosie in the wranglers
Rock all the heads big times and alzheimers
Shot the pill while I drop skills up in Brazil
Now the pitch
Lord save us from that sword of Davis
That kidnap hip hop tracks and the beats in the game of rap
Put my soul in it
Care less about the gold in it
Boom the shootie
Got 'em running from the paparazzi
Lodie dotie
When the feds come and doom your party
Cracker in the back
Don't you know it's illuminati
Ain't nothing changed
PE we be the same crew
Resurrection in the game here to save you

[Flava Flav:]
Yo it's going down baby
It's going down family
That's my word
We gettin ready to turn this shit to the two and three zeros
Ya know what I'm sayin
Have all the clocks goin backwards
Have everything goin haywire
You lauged before let's see you laugh now blue cow
How now black cow

Word to bird
Word to bird
Word to bird nigga

[Chuck D:]
One on one
Hard like tarot cards
Behold the one man million man march
Takes a nation
400 year violation
Apocalyptic no power in this happy hour
Hazordus no you don't like lazarus
Just black baby
Where my soul be at
Star spelled backwards is rats
Let bra man rap
I'm trapped in the back with these industry cats
One step forward two steps back
Making habits claiming habitats
Ratta tat tat
Wish you could turn back the hands of time
And get mental
Pop the track eight track lincoln contniental
I'm the mouth that roared
Swore to the Lord
The eye of hawk
Both live and die by the sword
The forbidden
The six man be sinning from the beginning
The suckers hand be hidden intesne
Knocking your block with some sense
PE got more jewels than dead presidents
The devil try to get me cross like a crucifix
But I am focused on the vultures
Like a loc of locusts
New world order is goin down
Gettin round
I'm the spook that sat by the sound
Fucking with Sadamn will bring a new Saigon
Ain't nothing changed PE we be the same crew boy

[Flava Flav:]
Yeah that's right
Nine eight
No joking
We coming out smoking
And for all y'all that's been sleeping on us
You're lacking you're lacking aiyo check 1-2
I've got my mand that's about to sneak up on you and your crew
Ya know what I'm saying check 1-2
Aiyo Masta Killa I want you to put one up in 'em son
And show 'em you ain't done son
Ball 'em with the back of the gun son

Make 'em run son

[Masta Killa:]
Sliding down broadway beneath the j line
Slumped in the incline position
Mind travellin beyond the shell
Which holds the soul controlled by the Allah
I be most humble but also punishable
For those who are unlawful to righteousness
I strive to stay alive and live this
Many fell victim to the wisdom
I mastered this
The track ovulates the mic like prostate gland imperegnates
Onto the paper the pain pours
For the love of my brother that hurts just the same fuck fame
My gun I bust to maintain
Moods are insiduous
Baffels and eludes those who label the God being anti-social
Chose not to apply their third eye
I travel at the speed of thought rate it's fatal
What will enable a man to levitate

[Flava Flav:]
And you can take that and put that on the back of your brain
Coming straight to you from Masta Killa
Ain't nuttin iller
I told you PE is still in full effect
Beyond the year 2000
We ain't taking no shorts
And y'all need to know that
To make your head fat boy

Public Enemy Lyrics

"He Got Game"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

If man is the father then the son
Is the center of the earth
In the middle of the universe
Then why is this verse coming
Six times rehearsed
Don't freestyle much so
I write 'em like such
Amongst the fiends
Controlled by the screens
What does it all mean
All this shit I'm seein
Human beings scream vocal javelins
Signs of a local nigga unravelin'
My wandering
Got my ass wondering
Where Christ is
In all this crisis
Hatin' Satan
Never knew what nice is
Check the papers
While I bet on Isis
More than your eyes can see
And ears can hear
Year by year
All the sense disappears
Nonsense perseveres
Prayers laced wit fear
Beware
2 triple 0 is near

It might feel good
It might sound a lil' somethin'
But damn the game
If it don't mean nuttin'
What is game who got game
Where's the game
In life
Behind the game
Behind the game
I got game
She got game
We got game
They got game
He got game
It might feel good
It might sound a lil' somethin

But the fuck the game if it ain't saying nothin'

Damn was it somethin I said
Pretend you don't see
So you turn your head
Race scared of it's shadow
Does it matter?
Thought areparations
Got 'em playin' wit the population
Nothing to lose
Everything's approved
People used
Even murders excused
White men in suits
Don't have to jump
Still there's 1001 ways
To lose wit the shoes
God takes care of ol' folks and fools
While the devil takes care
Of makin' the rules
Folks don't even own themselves
Payin mental rent
To corporate presidents
1 outta 1 million residents
Be a dissident
Who ain't kissin' it
The politics of chains and whips
Got the sick
Missin' chips and championships
What's love got to do
Wit what you got
Don't let a win get to your head
Or a loss to your heart
Nonsense perseveres
Prayers heed wit fear
Beware
2 triple 0 is near

It might feel good
It might sound a lil' somethin
But damn the game
If it don't mean nuttin'
What is game who got game
Where's the game
In life
Behind the game
Behind the game
I got game
She got game
We got game
They got game
He got game
It might feel good

It might sound a lil' somethin
But the fuck the game if it ain't saying nothin

Yeah that's right
Everybody got game
But we just here to let you all know
That PE is in full effect
From right now until the year 2000
Hey yo my man sing it

There's something happening yeah
What it is ain't exactly clear
There's a man with a gun over there
Telling me I've got to be ready
It's time we stop chilling
What's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
It's time we stop chilling
What's that sound
Everybody look what's going down

Hey yo these are some serious times that we living through g
And a new world order is about to begin
You know what I'm saying
Now the question is are you ready
For the real revolution
Which is the evolution of the mind
If you seek then you shall find
That we all prove from the divine
You dig what I'm saying
Now if you take heed
To the words of wisdom
That are written on the walls of life
Then universally we will stand
And divided we will fall
Cause love conquers all
You understand what I'm saying
This is a call to all you sleeping souls
Wake up and take control of your own cipher
And be on the look out for the spirits tonight
Trying to steal your light
You know what I'm saying
Look what beside yourself
For peace
Give thanks
Live life
And release
You dig me
You got me

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Unstoppable"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Flavor Flav]
Aiyyo man, ya yo yo yo
I'm tryin ta stay away from it but it won't stay away from me

[KRS-One]
You better ask yourself
What do you want, what do you need, what will you find
Don't be afraid, don't fall asleep, open your mind
I hope this rhyme gets you in time and space, come to a different place
Where you hear spiritual lyrical knowledge and you're face to face
like welfare, and these rappers lyrics they need help there
Does KRS represent heaven? Hell yea
Let me take you elsewhere, where you stand, there's a curse there
for sure, unless you're mature, grow up
If you're immature, then you're livin sinister
You reject the words of the minister
You better get witcha Qu'Ran or bible, you won't be livin long
if you're livin idol, the t'cha, that's my title
Shakin it up, wakin it up, makin it up, breakin it up
Takin it up higher, no liar, you can't deny the
Public Enemy, with the public enema
I gets way up in your buttocks, I rocks cause it's hip-hop
The long-laster, Chuck D with BlastMurderer
I know you heard of the word I be swervin and servin ya
Alertin ya, while splurtin a divine speech
Slow the party down so I can spit it
To each I teach mystic lyric, don't stop, you can get it
You better hear it.. battle? Quit it!

[Chuck D] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc
[KRS-One] Unstoppable
[Griff] Runnin the game, Chuck and Kris
[KRS-One] Unstoppable, bet you didn't know they had grip
[together] Unstoppable
[Chuck D] You don't wanna take this risk
[Chuck D] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc
[together] Unstoppable
[KRS-One] You don't wanna take the risk!

[Chuck D]
Can the black hear his stepchild, run the mile
Forever like a juvenile, to stay alive
Survivin in the freestyle, yo hold it down
Walkin on the wild side, to live or die
Damn another slow song
Yo Money put the recrod back the FUCK on

No respect for the Usual Suspects, mad teens
pourin fire on the gasoline, defeat fiends
Feelin like fever, I'm gettin warm
Chalk marks in the rainstorm, children of the gone
lost and forgotten, minds rotten
The arcade shot em, Channel Zero on the TV got em
If you don't love yourself you can't love nobody
If you don't know yourself, then you nobody
Do your thing, no bang, in the same damn gang
I never sang, I'm back, but I transmit slang
Silence in the face of violent crews
My rhymes and news be blacker than most blues
Troublein, it all come tumblein, for the strugglin
occupations, daily operations stimulations
causin mental violations, minds on vacation
In the middle of Revelation is a nation

[Chuck D] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc
[KRS-One] Unstoppable
[Griff] Runnin the game, Chuck and Kris
[KRS-One] Unstoppable, bet you didn't know they had grip
[together] Unstoppable
[KRS-One] You don't wanna take the risk!
[Chuck D] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc
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[Griff] Runnin the game, Chuck and Kris
[KRS-One] Unstoppable, bet you didn't know they had grip
[together] Unstoppable
[KRS-One] You don't wanna take the risk!
[together] Unstoppable

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Shake Your Booty"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Uh, uh, keep it goin
Yea, whatever

Now, now, now
Now this is that fly shit, the do or die shit
Made shit, platinum shit that make you so sick
Flavor Flav *[?]*time ticks, just count the six to eight figures?
[?] shut em down at the Ritz
Thinkin of grits, Kibbles 'n Bits, now I'm in the mix
Flav be doin just like this
Off the meat rack, got my money stacked
Blow out your back, no fakin jacks
Kid relax, honey I shrunk the kids
Flipped your wig, on top of the world like 'Pac and Big
Flavor Flav still stay jig
Takin a swing, knock you out like Shannon Briggs
Up on your block, money bustin out my socks
Yo I'm in it for life, I'm takin a piece of the rock
Flavor Flav got a lot, so you know I can't stop
In ninety-eight I'm livin on large estates boy!

Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze
Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze
Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze

Check out my girls, check out my girls
Sing that shit G, sing that shit G!

Give me the night, like George Benson
And have fun, this jam is number one
We gonna party til it's done, me and DR
Goin real far
In a black car, fat two-seater
Rich like Kedar, on my Def Jam's
Let's see how the ball bounce
I'd lampin, so you know I can't fall
From Strong Island, still buckwhylin, stylin

Profilin, eatin at City Island
Now you know the real score, Flavor's raw
Catch me on tour, makin mad moves for sure

Hittin chicks like galore, we're gonna dance

Till we shake the floor, I know you party people want more

Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze

Word up yo
Ha ha, tsk tsk tsk
Yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, ha hah
Ohh shit, sing it y'all!

(Shake it) C'mon, sing it!
(Shake it, shake it like ya want) Sing it again, c'mon!
(Shake it) Let em hear you
(Shake it, shake it like ya want) Yo this is fly, it's fly, it's fly
(Shake it) Yo it's blazin
(Shake it, shake it like ya want) All this shit is hot
(Shake it) Hot hot hot!
(Shake it, shake it like ya want) Hot hot hot HOT!!!

First of all, Flav never get stuck
Still wear my jewels that's trunk
Can't mess with the cash that's bad enough tryin to set me up
Get me messed up in the game, what's my name?
Watch me flame to the Billboard spot
I'm hot, hot, hot on MTV BET
The way you see me, V.I.P.
Don't try to make history
Stay loyal to fam P.E., *[?]*
Nigua, burn your face with a ciggerua

Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze
Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze

Yeah that's right, two-zero-zero-zero
I know it's hot Son, it's blazin
We gon' take this shit
We gon' flip it to the moon
Ya know what I'm sayin? And we gonna flip it off the moon
back to New York, and flip it down Broadway

Ya know what I'm sayin? All the way down to Hot 97
And we gock it like this, like this ya know what I'm sayin?
Terminator X!!
Ha hah, let me hear that one more time, one more time
Terminator X!!

One more time, one more time, Terminator X!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Is Your God A Dog"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Crosstown traffic
Black to black
You should a seen 'er
Long and winding road to the arena
Crystal ball
I prophesized
What was on the horizon
Forewarned yall
Is it any wonder
What kind of ground you goin under
A September ender
To march madness remember?
You never heard a murder
Take for example
Unsolved mystery
Life lost in a funk sample
Enter the bandwagons
Braggin hangin banners
Clearin the way for younger MCs
And new hammers
What was criticized six years back
Is now back
With New York on the jersey front and back
Feel like Tiger Woods
Got madd goods
Way up from the cheap seats
Comin outta the hood
Race to the black seats
Amongst the wack seats
Be the hardcore
Alongside the deadbeats
The world lookin on
Like spectators
At crucified gladiators
Feels like a jungle inside
Where fish swim birds fly
Man got a tendency to die
Man falls to the hands of man
But damn if I'll ever try
To survive at courtside
Four tickets to fly
Rap or play ball do the game
Or duck the drive by

Same league that defends
Be the same ones that do us in

Spys
CIA - FBI
And them suits in that
Corporate sky
Eye for an eye
The target is the bad guy
Heard the war is on
From the announcer
Bound to get the crowd
Bouncin
Yes and it counts and
In this corner representin the
Best in the west
Died from four bullets
Two in the chest
Worshipped on the other side
Of TV sets
Had madd fans
Comin outta both sex
Sold, multi platinum
Eight times gold
But died of homicide
Twenty five years old
Heard he died in debt too
I ain't seen a winner yet, you?
The confused crowd boos
The move shit
In that corner
Number one in the east
The peace cursed for life
By the mark of the beast
Raised by peeps rode jeeps
Deep in Brooklyn beats
Praised as a hero
Who came up off the streets
The crowd looks on
Claimin sides they don't own
A house built up on
Their skulls and bones
Knew it be a matter of time
The play by play
Two rappers slain
Main
So let us pray

Wit all the gunnin
Crowd goin crazy
Gettin bigger
Proud to be called a bunch
Bitches and niggas
The ghetto stage fulla
Field nigga goals
Hip hop shoot outs vs those house negros

Five bodies got on the shot clock
Runnin down in the count made
The scoreboard rock
The referees the LAPD
The LVPD
Said they couldn't catch
What they couldn't see
Question
Was it bigger than the names
Not only in the game
But the game behind the game
Down to the remaining
Seconds of this record
Anatomy of a murder
Intensity of a mystery
Dead and gone
As the heads looked on
Helpless
As the atmosphere preyed on
Investigating
And the winner be
Interscope/UNI Arista/BMG
Lost in overtime
Da tombstone trophy for people that shit
The rhymes that died
Beats that deceased
Fuck best
Rest in peace

Rainy days from stormy nights
Though the stars shined
Days were bright
That was then this is now
That was them this is how

Rainy days from stormy nights
Though the stars shined
Days were bright
Live and die by the sword
Come playoff time
Is your lord a god
Or is your god a dog?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"House Of The Rising Son"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Look around
What do you see
Can you see what I can see
Hard to live without we
Catchin hell without he
Phenomenons, phenoms and prodigys - huh
20,000 maniacs just gotta be
Human highlight flicks
They wanna be
Hobbys turned to robberys
They killin me
The gun didn't know I was loaded
Devil attempts to get heroes railroaded
Stole the ball from lost souls
For whom the final bell tolls
Confused wit moses in street clothes
I suppose he the one wit cornrows
Blessed to do this
Outside jay
Do you know the way to the aba

One on one
He just begun

Come to the house
Of the rising son

I ain't one of these
Programmed cats
Just off the black
Where the shot clock at
Don't back me if I come
Wit milky raps
Smack me if I rhyme on
Silky tracks
Takes a nation to get back - huh
Mike sometimes the opposite
Of watcha like
I'm tired of taps within
Sometimes your brain's your cell
Prisons the skin you in
Gettin change beyond the point
Blank range
Combined wit the cross it's gettin over strange
Here comes the son
But who's gonna stop

The rain

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Revelation 33⅓ Revolutions"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Revelation, revelation...

[Flavor Flav]
Yeah that's right, y'all better act like you know
Shit is gettin critical (in all the nations)
Shit is gettin crazy, that's right (all the lands)
Y'all better listen yo shit is blazin G
Shit is blazin, that's right, I'm tryin to let y'all know...

Soldiers of the future
We are approachin with to be Earth's last battle
The war fever's on the rise
The lives of many are in the hands of fate
Armageddon is the destiny we await
In the trenches of the ghettos we meditate
Developin our defense, I'm gettin tense
I hear the bombs of time tickin
As the smoke of fear thickens in the air
I cock my glock and give thanks
For the peace that will exist, when this war is over
Revolutions, revelations will be revealed
Babylon has fallen, now time to build, labwars

[Chuck D]
When I spit at the government bombs like Saddam hit
Make you flip to the music with your shit half-lit
Harder than time and convicts
Rhymes never be basic, afraid of the dark
twenty-five to the L, no I just can't face it
Need a mill for two passports and face-lifts
Ain't tryin to see handcuffs and steel bracelets
Twisted politics, high speed chases
on the races, locked down places
Prophet of rages, reincarnation as gauges
set to show off in the blazes
Revolution, revelation, resurrection stages
Raw like wild dogs locked up in the cages
And my brain cell with ice picks under the floor
Plottin the war I'll sign a Shakur for sure
Revisited, hear the shorties be quizzin it
Geronimo Platt, politically incarcerated cats
I dwell on all the black males doin time
And got me wanderin who invented motherfuckin crime
Goin in a tantrum lyrical fits
Spread like cancer on tracks that hit
Feel the pulse in the boom in the night song

Rally up all the people like a Farrakhan
Spittin words that'll send em back to Peningon
Hittin cats in the head out in Lebanon
Through the New World order I'ma carry on
Hittin brothers with jewels they can grow on
More than wack videos in a dance song
If you don't believe it so long and so on
So on, prove the player haters so wrong
I don't care who the fuck is out there yeah
My militant mind stay guerilla zone
Shorties feelin me in the chest like a silicone
Get ya home with a honeycomb
Go to any Coast I'ma bet ya I'ma bust chrome
Once again in Terrordome I'll show em
My Mics come equipped with chips and fax modems
Got the facts and rewrote them
2001, 2002, what's it gonna do?
What's it gonna do, gonna do?

[Chorus: Chuck D]
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin

Age was created in the lab
Small pox created in the lab
Beats too marks created on the AB
The futuristic thinks, BIO pass

In nine hundred and ninety eight
we gonna take down the head of state
and demonstrate non-stop resistance
It is time, time for a drastic change.
Time to retaliate and wake up
I've had enough, enough of the lies
enough of the destruction, information and corruption's.
False religions, doctors and puddy compoundin and who gets in trouble?
And I won't stop no, no
No more violence, no, no, no more induses
and no more two-face politicians who stab you in the back
Plus, mother is too long and I'm densing.
And I'll attack and I won't hold back
I'm gonna trouble you, hold you and squeeze you
until the truth is told
You can keep your man-made diseases
and your welfare reform, housing projects
penitentiary, fake genitals that ain't never really included me
Nothin can stop us, not even death *[echoes]*

[Chorus: Chuck D]

Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Game Face"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Intro: Flava Flav]
Hey yo, Chuck, yo the world if sleepin', G
We got to wake everybody up yo
Hey yo, it's goin' down, baby
Let everybody know how it's goin' down, baby

[Verse 1: Chuck D]
The way this goes down is simple, from this day forth
Anything to deal with rap, STAY OFF
It's just the players, no pay offs, strictly skills (uh)
If you're brain's the same you'll stick to your deals
And this field ain't about sellin' a mil'
With the run of the mill, so just be tellin' the real
It ain't like a third time fella's appeal
'Til the GOD scolds him and tells him to deal
I'll allow you to write, maybe allow you to bite
If you're down to fight the power here's the power to fight
Overpower the mic, hit the crowd with the bomb diggy
Ring the alarm, now the squads with me
From way back I show now weakness when I speak this
Mentally strong to keep this hit in my speeches given
Now listen from the beginnin' 'til I reach the endin'
My short stories winnin' and keep the beats spinnin'

[Chorus: Public Enemy]
You know the name, P.E.!
You know the game, P.E.! *[scratches]*
We ain't for the game
We for the change
I wake up everyday with my game face on
You know the name, P.E.!
You know the name, P.E.! *[scratches]*
Yeah we ain't for the fame
We for the change
I wake up everyday with my game face on

[Verse 2: Chuck D]
Break harder than ever, follow my lead
Through the fast lane in the game, they follow my speed
Either ease off the gas or floor it
You ain't ready to get it, I dunno why they keep askin' for it
This the real P.E., ain't no castin' for it
Cop lights, news camera, no action for it
Get the uncut raw, we somewhat sure
Hip hop's like a chess game, discussin' the war
Strategize, move like masterminds

When it's your go and your do', just cash mine
Last time we welcomed y'all to the Terrordome
Used the mic to reach out and touch, instead of the phone
I appear from the rear, stayin' from clear
Nobody can say if I'm here so they play it by ear
But here's the way I lay the idea
From this point on, the rest of '98, put it in high gear

[Chorus: Public Enemy]
You know the name, P.E.!
You know the game, P.E.! *[scratches]*
We ain't for the fame
We for a change
I wake up everyday with my game face on
You know the name, P.E.!
You know the game, P.E.! *[scratches]*
We ain't for the fame
We for a change
I wake up everyday with my game face on

[Verse 3: Professor Griff]
I saw it comin', premeditated world domination hesitated
Rough this nuclear war head, detonate it
I'm forbidden, so I stay hittin' up forgiven
For givin' the livin' the truth, 360 proof
So world look before this world's took
I curl books under my arm
Smoke charm and learn about this world's *[?]*
Revelation the world cooks
I spit gold versus the pearl hooks
The first album made the world crooks
Got 'em snatchin', robbin', thievin', stealin' ideas
Believe in pleadin' reason for treason, conceal it for years
My criminal *[?]* attract an accomplice to grub something
Results DRASTIC MEASURES
And the death of joy, the death of casket treasure
From the abyss, the greatest trick I played on the world
Was leadin' them to believe my mother's clit didn't exist
Then I extended the list
Revolutioned every flag raised by a clenchin' fist

[Outro: Flava Flav]
Yeah that's right, once again
Smooth the Hustler, and he ain't no crowd buster
Straight up Iceberg Slim
Yo, baby, you need to get with him
Flava Flav, Chuck D, Public Enemy, Smooth the Hustle
We out the backdoor, baby

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Politics Of The Sneaker Pimps"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

On the outs I lace up, the world I face up
To score on anybody, its war on everybody
The new guys come in blood shot between the eyes
As long as their sellin that merchandise
And one what goes in don't come back
The color may be green but its also black
And red I know many heads that spent bloodshed
Cursed in converses, dead in Pro Keds
Now every Tom, Dick, Harry or Joe Smith
Skip the spauldings, pony's, and k-swiss
High school and college coaches gettin
Kickbacks from scholarships and them slave ships

Hey Dr. J where you got those moves
Was it gettin high in the schools
Can it be the shoes?
Truth is truth, I tear the fuckin roof off the house
Expose them foes with my mouth
I see corporate hands up in foreign lands
With the man behind the man gettin paid behind the man
I hold the rocket stop the hand in my pocket
200 a pair but I'm addicted to the gear
They'll make me do things on the court to amaze ya
I heard they make em for a buck 8 in Asia
They came a long way baby since
Clyde Frazier had pumas, pullin mad consumers
Them Filas I'm feelin but I cant touch the ceiling
Them New Balance hits 120 million
The last thing I need is Adidas terminatin my contract
For wearing those old pair of wack
Reebok low tops covered up by floppy socks
Gave me a jump shot before I got jumped and shot
Duckin a word from my sponsor
Trying to end my year like Kwaanza

Been paid since the 8th grade
11th grader, pop the champagne
12th grade start the campaign
Gettin fame sign my name in the dotted frame
Nike got me pullin re's and g's
Shit, I can get shot for these
Please god give me 20 more years on these knees
To maintain without this game I gotta do keys
And I don't wanna go there because its fuckin everywhere
Factories wanna be me kids wanna see me
Behind the wheels and endorsement deals

Its the politics and the tricks behind the kicks

Public Enemy Lyrics

"What You Need Is Jesus"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Charles Barkley] Halleluja Jesus, Halleluja!

Now here's the pop, turnaround jumper,
Hits the rim bounce away, the new slave trade.
Manchild, six feet five, but juvenile.
Thin line between getting bucks and gettin wild.
Brooklyn style, hundred thousand miles.
Parque tiles, leavin ankles broke in a pile.
Son got a ticket to fly, he can make it if he try,
To the sky, like a Coney Island ride.
Gettin pages, from his super agent,
Community raises at the clout or the cages.
No doubt, center stages, mad phases,
From behind crazies flippin through the faces.
Paper chases, love that many places.
Pros and cons, flics between the races.
He hold the rock, call for sweat shops.
Guard the set shop replaced by sex shops.
The highest bidder, no room for the quitter.
Gave seven tickets, under counterfittas.
Three cities a week, droppin needles.
Like the black Beatles take heed, what you need is...

[Chorus:]
Jesus (The incredible)
Jesus (And in your existence, huh)
Jesus (The incredible, yea)
Jesus (Check it out)

Crack my picture, never swith up.
Smack the back ups, pack them pick ups.
Resurrection of the two man vocal section.
The spirit in your dark ass direction.
Duckin them spray ups on my way that i thought be lay ups.
Won the battle wars, a thousand one push ups.
Here marks the return of them rules about Ruff Ryders.
Risin, chargin hard from the point guard.
Watch what you prey for, but know the team that you play for.
Need I say more?
Uh, scared of the resurrection,
Sacrafice yours, them maybe the revolution is basketball.
Changes, generanges. Which means rearrange shit,
Erase shit, stuck on Playstations.
Then the new plantations, I said a millions heads.
Waitin for another nation.
To make your world be free.

No shoppin sprees, there ain't no stoppin me.
Here's the fee, not the weed.
Got to see, God speed. What you need is...

[Chorus 2x]

Sticky D gives you fits, on them turnaround hippocrytes.
Comin and goin like flics.
Hit em net scripts, like a butcher.
Gettin all the chips musta been a road trip against the Knicks.
On T.V. showcasin kicks.
Must be the fan cause his video gettin all the chicks.
Walk up on a replay on Monday.
Sportscenter highlights, last second steal kept em real.
What you need is...
Jesus
Jesus (What you need is)
Jesus
Jesus (What you need is)
Jesus
Jesus (What you need is)
Jesus
Jesus

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Super Agent"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Yea, haha.
Oh, kick that shit G. Nuttin.
Yea.

Sold, black gold, one strong buck,
To the Milwaukee Bucks, for a million bucks.
Just get him off the streets so he don't get bucked.
Super agent to the rescue so he won't get fucked.
Uh. Run nigga run to the auction block.
But you can't pledge alligence to the block.
This buck here, is the right kinda stock.
For sale for passin, the right kinda rock.
Yo. Auctioneer Stern, to massive fuck.
Can a nigga go home to where he used to walk?
Come back, but super agent said, "You can't talk"
I didn't know basketball had a bauk.
Uh the Buck runs laps, while they run craniums.
Players be drainin em, owners be claimin em.
Super agents fraimin em and then nicknamin em.
Drainin they ass, to pack them stadiums.

Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent (What a hell of a man)
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Big daddy moves).
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent, (Backstabbin) super agent,
(Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Watch yo back)
Let's get it on!!

The players ear word for word verbatum.
Super agent got him locked. Coaches be hatin him.
Super agent wouldn't even come in my hood.
If I had no skills, was wackin' no good.
Uh, in my neck of the woods the leagues concrete.
One can only dream about wood, yea.
Feel the grain and let the bills get paid.
Pay respect to the projects,
And the half court rejects.
Scholarships, save that college shit.
Then championships, don't pay for the head trips.
Can I get a chance if I don't sing or dance?
Right about romance? Or wear short pants?
So I rave and rant, and you can't say I can't,
Get my grants, cold chillin in a b-boy stance.

Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent (What a hell of a man)
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Big daddy moves).
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent, (Backstabbin) super agent,
(Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Watch yo back)
Let's get it on!!

Fuck that trophy, find the loot then approach me.
Land a milk and honey can I get a quickness to the money?
All witness, no cheers the four years I ain't wit this.
Hell wit the N-C-double A cause my super agent's paid.
With his dollars I could buy a fuckin' college.
Mister Ra-ra campus isn't keepin school bustas.
Lookin who's lovin' ya, going for the juggeler.
They know they can't contain me on the regular.
Pimps pushes, the pocket book guzzeler.
Would you pardon my father please, Mister Governer?
Thought he had it made, dreamin about a trade.
Things we get, help but the roof on this bitch.
Dark side of the room when he jumped the broom.
Super agent got this player, nine figure wages.
Back of sports pages, off ghetto stages.
Shootin sleepin pills and runnin to the hills.

Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent (What a hell of a man)
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Big daddy moves).
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent, (Backstabbin') super agent,
(Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Watch yo back)

[repeat til end]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Go Cat Go"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Say it takes two to tango
But a crew to bang, yo
Superstar shootout
Overtime at durango
Clear out/the box out
Practice at the range - yo
Get the d to step back
Unless they be deranged, dough
Rae me fa so la ti dough
The chiza/rarely do missa
Money earner isa
Barn burner
Highlighted by the headturner
Every step you take
Televised by ted turner
TBS and TNT
Sunday drain the tray
But drew the foul on NBC
Ain't no stoppin me
I told y'all
I close the door on the series
Swept but they ain't here me
In case you forgot
This shot is hot
Boo yoww
Like Stuart on the Scott
Haves and have not
Go cat go
Let the legend grow
Game it like you game it
Better let em all know

1 for the chiza
2 for the flow
3 to get the heads ready
Go cat go
Go cat go

Go cat go
High and down low
Do it like you did
On the brother wit the fro
Good job baby

Get the crowd crazy
Put that finger up at the section ladies

Scream c'mon scream
At the chisa and the cream
Raised up in brooklyn
But be ballin down in queens
White man's burden
Be a black man's dream
Badge over troubled green
Be a triple team
Suits and ties
See the envy in the eyes
Controllin guys while the
Buyers lie about the size
High priced adonises
Unkept promises
Boxscore forgets all the no name threats
Puttin numbers up
To get them numbers up
Keep bouncin
But whos countin?

1 for the chiza
2 for the flow
3 to get the heads ready
Go cat go
Go cat go

Go cat go
High and down low
Do like you did
On the brother
With the fro

Go cat go
Let the legend grow
Game it like you game it
Better let em all know

Go cat go
Let a player know
Coney island style
Before you go pro

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Sudden Death"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Virgin bitches
With rockin' clitches
Gettin' riches
Snitchin' and trippin' your way into the here at
The devil carried the cross to Christ
On the back of a black angelic hood rat
On an anti low jack crack hat
I'm humble
But I'll rumble
With any given devil
On any given level
But must I put into effect
And black caught *[?]*
No don't test me
Checks from the ass to the throne
Grown, I'ma do it my way
Oh, by the way, I don't play
So what you say about this lost and found
In lust but bound
To get the stacks
From the last sex acts
Sack the Government tongue kissed the devils daughter
And sent native daughters to the slaughter
The last six chapters of an anti-nigga knock
Entitled life in the fast lane
Like death, in the last lane

I live, until the day I die
I live, until the day I cry
I'm dead, the day I lie

I'm not takin' pay off's
And lay off's
Knockin' G's off
From the tip off
Less academic callories
Hope to make a high price salary
I got 40 acres to comphiscate
I got a mule that can't wait to *[?]*
On who gets paid
And who gets layed
And who gets saved
And who gets sprayed
By burnt pale faces
Fiends in high places
Faces and faces chasin' traces and cases and cases of case suits

Gettin' loot
In a two piece multi national corporation noose
Around the neck of his pops
Got locked and dropped by a dirty cop
Stop

I got an attitude how do you figure
Am I supposed to be a nigga
Am I supposed to be a nigga
Am I supposed to be a nigga
Am I supposed to be a nigga

PUBLIC ENEMY

THERE'S A POISON GOIN ON....

for many is the wall....the millenium for many is the wall....the millenium for many is the wall....the millenium

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Dark Side Of The Wall: 2000"

Kill
Time is running out
Prophecy is a mean thing
The prophets are together
No one will be permitted to get in this area
Except by special pass issued by state or military prop
The year of our lord two thousand
Hysteria of music
The war will become a single machine
Then is a story about what happened and why
The explosion the explosion
Then is a story about what happened and why
Four three two one
Kill
The terrifying future
The terrifying future

This century *[x14]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Do You Wanna Go Our Way???"

Now what sound of my DJ cuts
Terminator's back on some ol' fools track
Takes a nation of sellouts to keep us back
Flippin disco raps used to be whack
Now what you hear is what you lack
Take a lil bit of this a lil bit of dat
Who dropped the bomb on hip hop
Who got biggie and who shot tupac
What's forgot / ain't no eazy, no scott larock
Now what's rap gotta do wit what you got
For whom the bell tolls
Is that the way the story goes
85% believing all the videos
God knows / who controls the radios
Some people chose the road to be hoes
And so i rose / in the middle of all the woes
And def jam / negroes turnin up their nose
There's one way in no way out
No doubt the body count
Gettin headz checkin out

Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down

Time to make life shine again like glass
Gotta make it shine like glass

Outraged against the scene
Proofread the script
Flipped it back so I'm back in gang green
We interrupt this routine I had a dream
Da clean protein smacked the gangsta lean
Between the triple team
Wiped em out like a drought
Damn I'm raps tetracycline
Them lips foretold these apocalypse
Everything had a shot
And got hit wit bullshit
Twisted politics tricks I couldn't get wit
As one quits another nitwit hits
All the way crazy, shady

World turned upside down
I put it down
Why destroy what you love
Look around
Surrounded by chalk marks on the ground
Where the lost got found
Why it all come tumblin down
Why he and she gotta die
Now how dat sound

Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down

On & on to the break a dawn
Some the 100 meter dash I'm the marathon
Been around a long time
But the rhyme the same
Sound remains insane
Exchange the reign
Ain't that somethin
Figure I smashed the pumpkin
So I parallel the brains of cobain
Show no shame like the pain of kane
Gettin madd opposition hip to the game
It's that gran ol' pe ammo
Different time different channel
Funky piano
Here to witness get on up with a quickness
S1's in the house
Wit the thickness that get dis
1 2 3 4 5 attackin they frat
Griff is back got 5 on it black
The track got x on the decks
Terminators back cause a dat is whack
On the 1 and 2
Yeah go flavor
Pe hit the road gettin set to explode
Fight the power for peace
Can't forget the war mode
Overload
There she blows
Here we go
Now you know
Damn another alamo

Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down

Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down

Public Enemy Lyrics

"LSD"

Told ya buffalo soldier
Fell to the ground like folgers
Couldn't hold the boulder
Fancy dancer paralyzed for an answer
In the hip hop game but the rap got cancer
Tumors poppin from the middle of rumors
Generation x be the end of baby boomers
Is the next generation headed for doom
Control the soul and you got a got a
Truck fulla fertilizer blowin up the spot
Think it's terrorism the border line's hot
Check the passports tap the telephone
Surprise they home grown
And one of your fuckin own
It's dat same ol shit - dat same ol game
From that same ol gang up to that same ol thing
Now what I see say you know me
I pour a metaphor of lsd

I don't know what yall thinkin about
But if you know like I know
You better strap on your seatbelt
Cause you in for a long ride

Now I be damn I been a man
Figure I never call myself a nigger
To get benjamans
What's love got to do wit what you got
Not a whole lot / no forgot oh this shit is hot
Spendin all the cheddar for clothes
Wit a sign foreclosed on the front mud
Lost in dominoes

Now the heads tell tales
How the dead bled and fled
Now they livin up in the bed
Instead they seize us like jesus
Married to the mob did a sloppy job in hempstead
Lord had mercy wanna curse me
New world order got my ass drownin in the water
Now what you stuck to the west
That funk to the east is phat
Atl be krunk dirty south
Thirty thou crankin trunks
Try to pass the test but to the rest they flunk
Now what be indebted
Better get over it

Those times and raps ain't never comin back
No future without a pass I kick ass
Rock the sox offa pandora's box
Is itany wonder why the clocks flavor got
Between rehearsin a verse my jaw lox
I set the bomb between the r & b scene
Go against the grain run up on the train
And so I parallel the brains of cobain
As hip hop brain made em spill the champagne
Make it plain the sound remains insane
Come the same no holes closin up the lane
Don't ask no questions on the simple level
Can the magic get shaq back
Knicks get van exel
Bold rap lyrics fuck whatcha heard
Not no lost and found nouns or half ass words
Turnaround funk power moves ruffs
I ain't never been cuckoo for no coco puffs
Lsd, set it free make em see the tricks
Rather try at 37 than die at 26

Lawyers no loyalties accountants no royalties
Lie for a lie I look em in the eye
History speaking lawyers should die
Kissed the companies and made them all cry
A new rap song and a real drive by
Why o why did the video die
The narcs and the feds got the pimp niggas fraid
Threat of the aids got the bitches afraid
The god damn white man got you afraid
Social service got your mama afraid
Scared of the fact before a niggas black
Some of you say nigga before you say crack
You got no back is what you lack
Just say black and I'll see where your ass is at

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Here I Go"

Here I go, I don't give a damn if you wit me
Stupidity, shit I'm the reverse of jiggy
All that prettiness running on empty
Only wusses need pity, no I ain't from the city
5 minutes of fame if you don't know my name
Oh yeah, I'm that field nigga they all fear
Here's a madd salute to all my troops
Fuck a lawyer and the law and all them suits
I spits and I vomit cause I come like a comet
Better quit it if yall don't know what yall gettin from it
Just forget it if you wit it, that racket runnin it
Come on come with it, I think I'll fit it
Go to war but what the hell I'm fightin for
As I soar yeah baby I like it raw
No cigar, I ran over the pop star wit my car,
Again and may the best jam win...

Here I go -- there you go

Bingo, it don't matter if this platter's a single
Needin needles like the beatles needin ringo
From the beginnin I told you how to see thru the linen
All that talk but that's the way
The side walks in new york
I simplify cause you might be high
Rip shit in the pit so what you don't like it
This is man shit a hip hop trip
On that aggressive tip but rap got pussy whipped
Got out psyched down on that turnpike
I knew this philly who just wouldn't get right
Cause I was aware as a square in delaware
Execs writing checks for sex in spandex
Radios gettin sucked by labels under the table
Mix dj's gettin overpaid for airplay
Try to shut me down like ray, what I say?
Fuck your friends and may the best jam win

Here I go -- there you go

Mirror mirror I'm finger pointin at the man
It is i, I interrupt the program
Chuck d rubberneckin with the fans
Pe don't give a damn about uncle sam
And on and on like I said before
Some, the 100 meter dash, I'm the marathon
Against the grain comin like a train
As you listen to the sounds that remains insane

One on one and it's just begun
To get out the ghetto and get something done
To be the man you gotta beat the man
Don't confuse me with being dumb or bubble gum
And I'll be here as you disappear
And I'll be around amongst the crowd
Cause anything I wear is a step on down
That's how I've always been
And may the best jam win...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"41:19"

I come out my crib
Walk out on the block it's hot
Yo there's a black car parked on the corner hot boys
Tnt be creepin, while niggas be on the side
Of the soda machine sleeping
Word up kid, they seen what you did
In the car parked way down the block with binoculars
That's what they got.
Helicopters parked out on the roof
10,000 disposable cameras taking pictures for proof
You know what this is
That all y'all, get on the wall y'all
Take your worth out ya ass in the stall y'all
Or you take a mean bad fall y'all
Tnt they be playin for keeps
Wipe you off your teeth like cavity creep.

Word is born, your kids miss you when your gone
But life still goes on, you think they give a fuck?

Yo it's hot, what they got, 41 shots

Bad boys bad boys what ya gonna do
If you get caught by our muthafuckin crew
Shot 41 only hit 19
They need target practice, that's what it seems to me
Ally al is sharpton dan a tack
I'ma be like ally al and fight ya back
What, do you want to go to war, you want war?
Do you want to go to war, you want war?
I'll bury all you cocka la roaches for breakfast
Shit you out and throw you in the water for the next fish
Cuz I can do that shit g
F-l-a-v-o-r f-l-a-v see.
To the highest degree times 3
That's what you get fuckin with my family

Word is born, your kids miss you when your gone
But life still goes on, you think they give a fuck?

Yo it's hot, what they got, 41 shots

Shootin at oj
Don't know if he did it
Racist mutherfuckers mad cause they ain't with it
The police get out the car searchin for nuthin
If you got sumthin, then they got you for sumthin

That's fucked up, the way they play dirty
Lock em up in jail until he's past thirty
They don't give a fuck about you
They don't give a fuck about me
I'm past thirty three
Word is born, born is my word
I got you before my word fails
Fuck whatcha heard
I keep it real, you never catch me fakin
When it comes down to money that's what I'm making
Don't try and take my shit yo, I know lex yo
I'll have a fit yo
I'll turn the whole mutherfuckin block on you yo
And that leaves you with nowhere to go
Secretly by the police you was hired
You my favorite customer I didn't know you was wired
A nik on the ground, covered by my feet
Ay yo rah get the heat

Word is born, your kids miss you when your gone
But life still goes on, you think they give a fuck?

Yo it's hot, what they got, 41 shots

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Crash"

People runnin on empty
Rock the sympte
Outside 2001
Other side of the sun

Running, here we go tumblin
Few solutions, honey they polluted the future
Got me thinking of a new thing
Revolverlution
Computer souls, controlled by confusion
You be clubbin, while the world around you crumblin
Think its funny? Bunch of crash test dummy's
If all this shit, means the end of my money,
This is a stick up, off go the pagers and celly's
Us dollar, ain't worth what it's printed on,
Backed by the pentagon, sounds like babylon,
So I babble on, some of us stuck
In them barbershops and them hair salons,
While the crash comin at your ass...
While the crash comin at your ass like a bomb.

Now it all comes tumblin, runnin
Time is runnin runnin crash is coming,
Break the bank, spinning since the beginning,
Now it all comes tumblin, crumblin
Time is runnin runnin crash is coming,
Break the bank, spinning since the beginning,
Willie dynamite, time to cry and no ice.
Y2k, fallin out of the sky, so its chosen
Your ice is frozen, don't cry dry your eye
Ain't this a bitch, fuckin glitch. Mother fucker what
The count down to my account, count it down
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, hush make that head bust.
Last hour no control tower
Making new may flowers, fightin new powers
Have you forgotten, the other side of rotten,
Picking electronic cotton diggin digital ditches,
Lookout, lookout for the crash...crash...crash..

Have you forgotten, have yor forgotten

Y2k, that's the question,
What the fuck is up got the 85 guessin,
I told y'all for y'all protection
Got me a name change, a pair of smith an wessuns
Starring crescents mad packed with the lessons,
Figure 5% got the 10 counting blessings

Programmed by programs got you bowingto the man.
Avoid collisions in mid-air, medicaid and welfare
Zero zero what the fuck do you care?
All the lights be out, you can't get nowhere.
All around, that's why I found tony brown
The world we know, it's going down...down...down...down

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Crayola"

Stax of wax 55 high fulla tracks
New cats jackin beats from way back
Pay for play only way to get them platinum plaques
Clear the racks jobbers slobbin you for tax
Robbery and snobbery
Shit is killin me softly wit that same damn song
Makin folk dumber in the summer
A bummer when they shot willie in that hummer
Keep it simple stupid means numbers
Payola dough white owned black radio
Runnin on empty help go the desperado
So I bomb the toms and negros who pray to cash flow
No info to the masses as they shake their asses
No clue but I can't get my shit up in to you

Crayola with that same same ol shit
Crayola with that played playa shit
Crayola with that kid crayon shit
Crayola with them ol spray on hits

All fucked up ways must fall
Now the industry can't stop me
A vendetta to make the whole game better
They get the cheddar
All I got is a fuckin letter
What I owe? What am I
Another number and a ho, they don't know
Time to see em go like dominoes
About time cause they endorsed the crime up in the rhyme
Got these new souls controlled goin outta their mind
Missed what I said cause they don't even own their own heads
Go one go all I forgot they made robots outta some of yall
Today all fucked up ways must fall
Today is up against the wall
Misled in the head fucked by quiet storms and love songs
Noddin heads too hollow forgotten tomorrow
Swallowing all that shit that's shallow
Give the baby anything the baby wants
But that's how them bastards get us up in them caskets
Try to get me where they want me
Before some of them jump me
Go tell em I'm a start a rebellion
Educate the felons easy on yeah
Tell em what the fuck am I yellin
No tellin you got them artists and artificials
If it ain't right I don't give a damn if it's sellin
Recruits chasin and racin for that loot

Usin usual drum loops so I salute my troops
I don't socialize or mingle, fuck the promotionals
And you know what and that g-damn single
And the marketing team for that matter
It don't matter
Dj's gettin dimes for time on a platter
I ain't gotta be high to jack so I hijack
Fm - radio - eff em turn it around muthafucka
Gods to niggas, queens to bitches
Race against time see em all runnin for the riches
Everything had its chance last dance
Some things change like them weather forecasts
Ha funny how shit don't last

Crayola with that same same ol shit
Crayola with that played playa shit
Crayola with that kid crayon shit
Crayola with them ol spray on hits

Public Enemy Lyrics

"First The Sheep Next The Shepherd?"

First the sheep next the shepherd
Chuck's run amok multiplying like leopards
Spots em up the long bombs a record
A long shot / 3 minutes 15 seconds
If I was cloned never would I be alone
Just the two of us mutherfuck the lexus
Strange fruit be hangin in texas
Rope be holdin the necks
Poison politics affects us
Get my flow on a show of flexes
Got too much love above
For the battle of the sexes
Now I won't go as far as romancin myself
Or dancin with wolves or runnin wit the bulls
Shit I be in two places at one time
Split spaces wit one rhyme
Get 3 nickels outta one dime

First the sheep next the shepherd

Fill generation gaps wit mad raps
Get slapped
Give four smacks the hell on back
Be the father son and the holy ghost
As I represent both the east and the west coasts
Whatever that's worth 360
The planet earth that's the whole black man's turf
Now I be the rational national
Ever present international
Spy wit the third eye against the conquer and divide
Now wit three of me I can run a country
Make apocalypse quit do mad shit on the side
I go on wit my bad self if I had four of myself
I would sacrifice two to get that slave outta you
In my eyes be the anger of the furious five
Flashbacks cut across psycho tracks
Been there done that and I swung a big bat
Like that there it is I be the startin six pack

First the sheep next the shepherd

The east to the west south to the north
The music might switch the rhymes never fall off
Non alcoholic avoiding the bomb
In abortion clinics I be the hero up in it
Jack the cracker dat did it
Now the magnificent 7

Hip hop gangsta rappin
Holdin it down makin it happen
From oakland to manhattan
If I was eight / I be damn great
City to city / state to state
Won't never be too much on my plate
Flow like watergate
Wit nine of mine
I'd get piece of mine
Again and again
Wit that power of ten men
Duplicated by the split
Of one mean gene an shit
Back to the lab
Wit them scientific crabs, what next?
3 minutes and 15 seconds

Public Enemy Lyrics

"World Tour Sessions"

Behold, the whole planet upside down
I put it down
Shuttin' down disco clowns
I get around
This rap games like a sport
Been through two passports
Assed up an airport
Black man still gettin' no support
Comepnsation we ain't seein
Split by Europeans
Damn, treated less than human beings
No matter, Africa, Brazilia, St. Louis or the Carribean
Traveled the seven seas
Rocked many races
Spread the cash clean trash in a lot of low places
Seen the look of love on many mad faces
When I rhymed about the times and not the paper chases
People all over the world givin' mad respect
When I identified who the Government wrecked
Plus the sound scan, as the company rep
They don't care they jus about keepin' they checks

Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows

Here the crime rhyme created a lot of robots
Can a real lyric fix the shit time forgot
Loops got ya brain gettin' locked load up wit words
That never meant a lot
And you can't call the cops
And y'all don't really know
And y'all don't hear me though
Takes a nation of big brains to break up that flow
And the game ain't changed
But the heads be rearranged
In danger, my language is rappin' in anger
I be bangin' so I point my finger

While we sleep
Races set us up like sheep
Everytime I go some place
Slaves in my face
Black people, in a plantation state
No control of our soul
And wouldn't know our fate
Now am I wrong to hate, hate
38 countries, 51 states
Now you tell me, who in the world gonna compensate
One hundred million laws
Make a nigga wait
Got bake the green to get food on the plate

Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows

Anti-slave aggression
Stop the world oppression
[?] an expression
World Tour Session

Use your own discretion
Teach 'em all a lesson
Have the Governments confessin' World Tour Sessions

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Last Mass Of The Caballeros"

Madd Topics
No You Can't Stop It
Like How Much They Paid For That Rocket?
People In The Hood
Really Ain't Got Shit
How Much Got Spent By The President
Where My Money Went
Livin Here Separate
Even Heads Gotta Nerve Yellin Represent
Beat Down Cribs Funky Ghetto Adlibs
Gadgets, Value Jets, Half Lit Cigarettes
City Limits
Put My Whole Soul In It
I Been Waitin Too Long To Get Where I'm Goin
Hatas Dissin This Flowin
Thinkin Ball And Rap
Is The Greatest Thing From Blacks
Hype Watch A Sucka Run To It
Seems Like A River Runs Thru It
Simple To Do It
Pass The Can Around
Try To Help One Another
The Pimp Got Tricks
That He Learned From The Other
Go By The Color You'll Discover
Damn Everybody Ain't No Brother

Just When You Thought It Was Safe
I'm Dubbing Madd Breaks On Ol CIA Tapes
Ain't No Stoppin Who
In This Country Tis Of You
It's Monkey See Monkey Do
Now In The Age Of Followin The Celebrity Rage
A 12 Gauge Flipped The Whole Page
The Score Lopsided In A One Sided War
Could Be More Then What You Bargained For
Six Pack Weasels Pumped Up By Their Own Press Releases
Till The Capital Ceases
Ain't No Difference Tween Black And White
Except The Green In Between Yeah Right
Know What I Mean
Spook That Sat By The Sound

Black Like James Brown
It's Been Goin Down
Spirit In Your Dark Ass Direction
Projection Controls Perception

Got You Guessin In The Art Of Deception
Indexes Confusin Rolexes For Rolodexes
Another Brother Fried In Texas
Spent My Best Pay Days Hittin Off Exes

Turn It Up Turn It Up

Analysis Of The Situations
Bringing Forth Alarming Revelations
Cigars 100,000 Dollar Cars / What
Most Of Us Do The Laundry In The Bus
Is We Blessed Cause Fast Foods Processed
Will The Last Be First Can The First Be Less?
Got No Leverage
Madd Thirst For The Beverages
Now The Funk Got Us Dead N Drunk
Got Your Drink On But Got No Think On
Now You Got Beef Wanna Knock Out Teeth
Against The Land Of The Lost / Gettin Tosses
6 Daze A Week Of Course To The Bosses
Old Timers / Preachin As Born Again Rhymers
In The School Gotta Walk Men
Graduates Can't Talk Man
Lyin Between The Chalk Man
Shakin That Money Maker
That MTV Honey Is A Faker
Let Ill And Al Take Her
Deaded Borders Separated By The Waters
Stats And Surveys / Be Off Like Saturdays
Madd Killers Reproducin Like Caterpillars
What's On Your Mind On The Welfare Line
Cuttin Medicaid Got Us Droppin Like Flies
Words From The Wise Comin From The Dead
Not Alive

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I"

I came from a place I forgot
I woke up in a parking lot
Far from a meal and a cot
On the corner
Where all the streets got the same name
Maybe my brains on the brink of insane
Pain between the papers while sleepin on the train
This the land of milk and honey
Know what I'm sayin
The invisible man times three
Black, down and out
Out standing on a corner no doubt
Now a nation of homeless
Sleepin in bus stations
Another win for the pilgrims
Who said no more haitians
As I proceed
Someone to feed me is what I need
Through three blocks of dealers
Tryin to hit me off wit weed
Avenue and boulevard hungry as a Motherfucker
Hope to get a ride from a trucker
Everybody know I ain't no sucker
Everyone used to drop 30 at the rucker
Away from crazy kids in generation wrecked
Dissin pyramids while praisin projects
Walk past old folks gettin no respect
Callin young folks a bunch a no good rejects
And I walk on

An eye for an eye
I can't recognize the man in the mirror
Is it I, it is I now who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I've been waiting so long to get where I'm goin
An eye for a eye in this country tis of thee
Now how the hell can I be free
Who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I been lost so long without anybody knowin

So I move on and I walk on
Past the preachers and the pimps gettin their talk on
Now why do home gotta be where the negative roam
To be or not to be so I roll alone
I'm trapped within this skin and these bones
Temporary kings on cellular phones
Can I last as I walk past
Cigarette Billboards and Malt Liquor Ads

Walkin on broken bottles and potato chip bags
Everyone I see got the nerve to brag
Where they from what they got
And don't own squat
Disrespect where they from and ya might get shot
Zombies askin me what the latest Bomb Bay
Should shot the fuckin sheriff and the fuckin deputy
For ok in the drug trade and lettin it be
But I know prison for me is an industry
So I Walk
I heard the best things in life be free
Didn't god make the land the air we breathe
Not for the homeless don't give a damn about me
In the mirror somebody else is starin at me
Maybe prison is the skin I'm within
All this time I been sufferin can't fix it wit a bufferin
Plus they said I'll never work in this town again
Damn so I keep on walkin

An eye for an eye
I can't recognize the man in the mirror
Is it I, it is I now who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I've been waiting so long to get where I'm goin
An eye for an eye in this country tis of thee
Now how the hell can I be free
Who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I been lost so long without anybody knowin

Lil day day is big day and just did time
Seen him standin on the unemployment line
Which collided wit the line of the health clinic
I seen Crazy Stacy her ass standin up in it
No more welfare cut her medicaid
Damn my mama used to do her braids
I keep walkin so they don't see me
But I doubt if they doin any better than me
So I walk on never take the planet for granted
I paved the concrete, asphalt and granite
I walk pastast three brothers sittin on the porch
Wit a yard of dirt and littered wit Newports
Talkin how they comin up while they sittin on their ass
As I walk past em I'm a target of their laughs
And one said lets get em for his fuckin stash
As I walked fast past the other yards wit grass
Had a lil cash tried to make it last
From a few deals I made from cleanin windshields
I ran like a rally they caught me in an alley
Can't get out the ghetto from New York to Cali
I thought I had nothin till I felt the knife
And now I ain't even got a life

Public Enemy Lyrics

"What What"

When flav starts to get busy
Grabbin the mic and they say who is he
Cock deezal breakdown like bill bixbie
When I think, yo I think in 360
Gimme the mic an I'ma solve all mystery
I dare any punk to try to step up and diss me
Cuz when he do, that's when he kiss dee
Titles go by and my style is fly
One more time I came here to rhyme
Gimme the mic and I'ma go for mine
So emcee's all a yall shut up
When flavor's in the house we say

What what

Let flavor blow it up
And if your ready to rock this party tonight
Somebody say what what

Now when I do my flavor dance
All the ladies go crazy in a trance
Nonstop booy from the clock on my watch
I can bring it from the bottom and take it to the top
Let me rock, come on let me get wit it
When I tell you what to get, don't get offended
Gimme the mic and I'ma bend it
Transmissions from the sky yo I'll send it
Times on my hands yo sometimes I lend it
Though I'm spendin it for a fact
I'll make you say what what
Cause flave's back

What what

Let flavor blow it up
And if your ready to rock this party tonight
Somebody say what what

Now everybody listen to flav
If you don't listen to me you will end up in your grave
Most of these people's rhymes is whack
But I got a bunch of rhymes in my napsack
Walk on my back with the black hat
Got the rhymes to come on the attack
Can't you tell that I'm really good lookin
They know me from miami, california
Back to brooklyn

Even in spain they knew flavor's name
In japan they know I'm nice in the game
We maintain yo brothers feel the vibe
We did the first album and it came out fly
And don't ask why you won't understand
Styles we got millions of fans
So come on get down like this what's up
When flavor grab the mic
I will rip your butt

What what

Let flavor blow it up
And if your ready to rock this party tonight
Somebody say what what

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Kevorkian"

Start a war on the poor gettin mad donations
Takin cheese out of poor nations
Got haitians still on sugar plantations
Wiped em out called it exotic vacations.
As you dig it they set up regulations
Turn the rest of the world into cancer patients.
What's the diff no buts ands or ifs...
Now i need a place to hide away.
Are you ready are you ready

Whose the real docs of death
Oh no it's doctor death

Killer man atomic b-boys in japan.
Another brother dies up in sudan
Kevorkian got the heads lookin for that kill em
Dead from the feds shit man
Contaminated in sad predicaments
Blood threats, blastin continents
Kings, queens dead presidents
Can't tell me where my chiza went.
Take em down blow the house down blaw
The evils got you wobblin like weebles
Thinking you equal, killin lost peoples
No sequal remember biko

Whose the real docs of death
Oh no it's doctor death

Whose the real docs of death
Killin millions til they're last breath
Got no right to be dead ass wrong
Killin me softly with your songs

Bring the noise
But surrounded by cowboys
Indigenous but wiped out
Diggin new ditches
Can you dig it
Turnin tricks at the tip of politics
The devils slick, gettin their head split
I spit at those hypocrites
So I sticks to the music
Think about it it's god
You better get with the scene
Keep you and I from being human beings
You deserve what you deserve,

If you believe what he believes
And into everything you leave.
Oh what a tangled web you weave,
When destroyed by the disease by 33 degrees
Bringing satan down to his knees

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Swindlers Lust"

[Flav] Yeah back it up
[Chuck] Vultures of culture
A dollar a rhyme, but we barely get a dime
Uh-huh, check it out

[Chuck D]
If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust? (GEYEAH!)
From the back of the bus, neither one of us
control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

Hickory dickory dock
Hand in my pocket, rob me for my chocolate (eheheheh)
Mo' dollars, mo' cents, for the Big Six
Another million led to bled, claimin innocence
Is it any wonder why black folks goin under --
-- cause niggaz be sold in bundles
No pressure, tell me why they don't care
Rap and R&B pavin the streets of Bel-Air
From the sales of singers, no longer here
The bigger killer, get the bigger share (eheheheh)
Now the ones I attack, negroes got their back
No, eighty/twenty is a wack contract
Forever lack, the voice of real blacks
Stole rock'n'roll and ain't gave it back (yea yea)
Started off my defense, now they're the ones I defend against
who fell up into the tricks
"Fuck the Fight the Power shit; get that Chuck D nigga fixed,
and keep him up out of the mix"
Well hell, tell em Chuck don't suck no dick
Be an ass, and that ass get kicked
Hand in my pocket, rob me for my chocolate
Watch em swindle yo' ass and turn a profit

If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?
From the back of the bus, neither one of us
control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

They don't care about me, they don't care about you
They don't care about you and your crew
your family neighborhood and plus, heh,
they don't give a damn about us

[Flav] One thing about them, they like to exploit though
[Chuck] Vultures of culture
[Flav] They like to exploit little suckers

[Chuck] A dollar a rhyme -- while we barely get a dime

[Chuck D]
Profit off the soul of black folk
Turn em into bitches, niggaz, and stupid ass jokes
Laugh with us? Or laughin at us? That's what I'm guessin
We in the Rutgers program with that question

They came in and sat at the feet (uh-huh) of our ancient ancestors; they learned (yeah) they took it back.
They came back, then they imitated (right)
Once they got enough, they came back and destroyed

[Chuck D]
Laughin all the way to the bank; remember them own the banks
and them god damn tanks (god damn right)
Now what company do I thank? Ain't this a bitch
Heard they owned slaves, in a ship that sank

[Flavor Flav]
Aight aight aight aight yo yo
Where all the Louie's? Where my Louie's? Ehehe

[Chuck D]
If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?
From the back of the bus, neither one of us control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

This to the blues people in the Delta
This for everybody in the 50's that didn't, get their money
Little Richard gettin half of a penny
All of the super soul singers of the 60's
All the bands of the 70's on the outside lookin in
All the people that didn't make a DIME
off their session playin
And even the rappers in the 80's and 90's
still tryin to get paid, from what they put in, yeah

If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?
From the back of the bus, neither one of us
control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

Hmm..

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Kill Em Live"

All I wanna do is get paid back
For all that time I spent in the back
Livin in shacks, fillin up sacks of cotton
Now it's what we fought, you're makin six packs
There's some got our hope out of control
Of my soul, pass the Ol' Gold
Behold the pale horse, Supreme Court
Sweatin niggas like sports
Hunt a nigga for sport
See a nigga play sports, no support
On the outside lookin in
If that's what's up then I ain't never been in style then
Everything is anything, anything is upbeat of nothing
Once again, poisoned from the paper and pen
You better defend that bullshit on the other end
Fuck your own thing, if your own thing's the wrong thing
Fuck dem chicken wings
Last able man standing
Follow what? I ain't understanding
What's better to understand then be misunderstood?
Cos the FBI is up to no good
Power to the peeps who come with their own drum
And don't end up like sheep

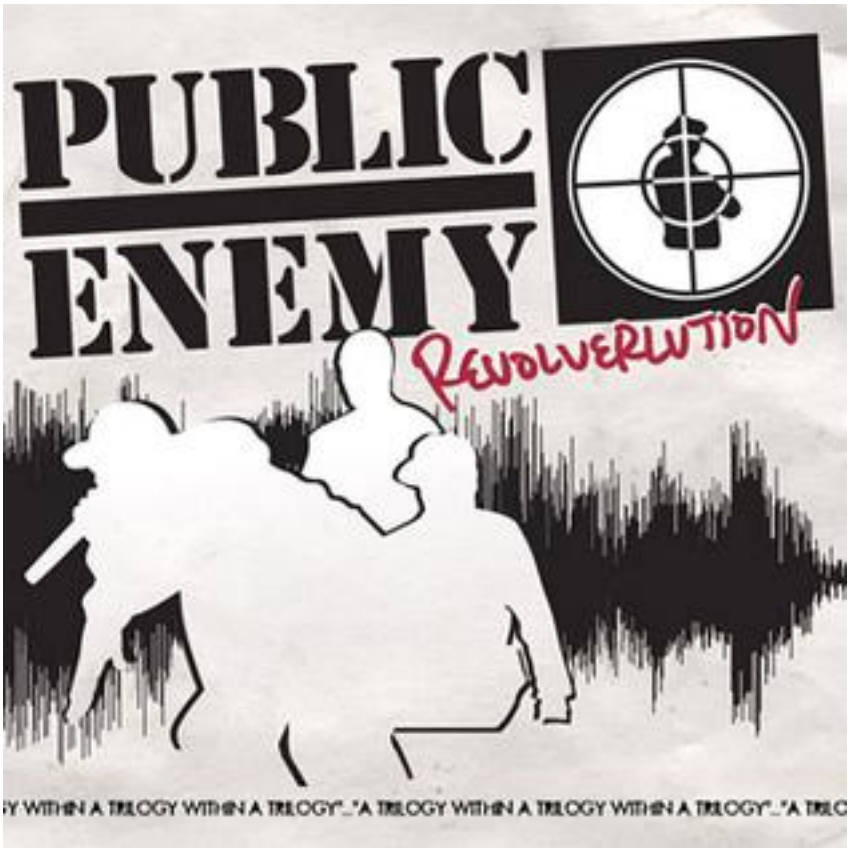
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)

Mad heads confused by the isms
Bustin caps incoginisms
Phone taps, makin sure they record ya
From my midnight plane to Georgia, uhh
Ancient to *[?]* player
The life giver, the name take-awayer
Propaganda can't gasp the last man standing
Assassinate all the plannin
Get wreck, what you see is what you get
To plunder more stars than Trek
21st Century Robin Hood
I guess the politics are robbin hoods
Fuck the Government 'cause you know that I would
Cos the FBI is up to no good
Power to the peeps who come with their own drum
And don't end up like sheep

(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)

Be a bitch is a foreign crime
Engine, Engine Number 9
Engineerin monopolies, triggers and uninsured jalopy's
Catchin more lock than companies
Engineerin opinion and policies
Herd following like sheep
Following of the sheep will be sheep
based on what they heard from their peeps, uhh
Able to straddle quick beats without a battle
Politician assassinated
Rappers get shot, quote Chris Rock
"To have, to have not" is the question
Yes, them 'have nots' be robots
All the sheeps have forgot
The 'haves' keep the 'have nots' guessin
under them Smith & Wessons

(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)


PUBLIC
ENEMY
REVOLVERLUTION
Y WITHIN A TRILOGY WITHIN A TRILOGY"..."A TRILOGY WITHIN A TRILOGY WITHIN A TRILOGY"..."A TRILO

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Gotta Give The Peeps What They Need"

What
Cameras
Action
Lights
Lookout
Civil rights
Whiplash
Po po
Fed killers
Killin kids
Crisis
Cmon
Get it now
Sound
Cointel
Goin down
Projects
Pop off
Issues
Payback
Sickness
Lockdown get it
Free mumia
And h rap brown

Before you get whatcha want
Gotta give the people what they need *[1x]*

What you know about soul?
If you gots none well loan you some....

Flow on
The project
The pop off
Low tempo
The go off

Co-intel
Better go to hell
About that time hear the bell
Gotta lotta nerve never knowin assata
Gotcha mind wadin in the water

Contract, they gotcha
Motown, stax
Bring that beat back

The sound

Free mumia and h rap brown
Sho nuff. goin down

Jamil al amin
Nah mean uh

If yall missin this
Its like dissin this
See your uncle sam pssin on this
He runnin real low on my sh#t list
Take em on out wit a quickness

Before you get whatcha want
Gotta give the people what they need *[2x]*

[instrumental break]

What
Cameras
Action
Lights
Lookout
Civil rights
Whiplash
Po po
Fed killers
Killin kids
Crisis
Cmon
Get it now
Sound
Cointel
Goin down
Lookout

Before you get whatcha want
Gotta give the people what they need *[4x]*

New breed of mceein get the flow on
Body mind soul
Enough to go on

Uh, better go on

Gotta get on so I can spit on
Guitar, the get on the pick on

Shuffle now
The popcorn
Free h rap, cmon

Nuttin new under
Better walk on

Uh, I get my talk on
Never knew it was funny
Getcha money on
So on and so on
Do it like mike, shumon

The original right here uptown saturday night, uh
Get it
But getcha head right
Yall dont know nuttin about this uh
Real thing hittin make your soul ring

Before you get whatcha want
Gotta give the people what they need *[4x]*

[instrumental break]

What
Cameras
Action
Lights
Lookout
Civil rights
Whiplash
Po po
Fed killers
Killin kids
Crisis
Cmon
Get it now
Sound
Cointel
Goin down
Lookout

Before you get whatcha want
Gotta give the people what they need *[4x]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Revolverlution"

Here I am
Superman again
Cause you know damn well ill never be a manniquin
Here I go
On upload
Stand up and watch this game unfold
3 minutes to download
Revolverlution
Make your brains explode
With understanding,knowledge ,wisdom
Love,elevation and activism
Lets call it raptivism
Since a lotta mcees be stuck on isms
As in sexism
Self hate racism
Why many cats end up stuck in prison
New slavery
Is what you see
Is what you be
Mentality
Beyond realitys'
A fantasy
But the fantasy is killin me
I don't give a damn if you bounce to this
I don't give a damn if you shake to this
But I give a damn that you overstand
Revolverlution
The rapsuperman

The vinyl frontier
And I'm outta here
Have no fear some of these rhymes wear a cape
But the record don't fit on a stack of bush shit
Sick and tired of bein sick and tired
If what you want
Is what you need
If you can see yourself beyond the weed
Papa bringin on a new breed of emcees
Ooooh weeeee
Face it tell me why ex fans be hatin
The present state of the hip hop nation
Maybe its your president
And them corporations
Is why we in this situation
Son is dumb
So double up the drums
Here the beat go

Watch em all come
Damn
Revolverlution
The rapsuperman

The rap superman
Cut off the program
Raised the whole fam
Now that sounds hot
I stop the robots
Children of the gone who the grown forgot
Lost then found x lovers of hip hop
Who watched another artform
Gone to rot
Beyond the bush I save a lot
Under the underground
Sound of hip hop
Even if this joint gets hot
You'll still never ever know what I got
Revolverlution
Up in this spot
Now the rubber hits the road
Broke the motherlode
Download
And hear the beat go
Here the beat go

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Miuzi Weighs A Ton"

Yo Chuck, run a power move on them

Yeeaahh *[x3]*

Yeeaahh

Step back, get away - give the brother some room
You got to all turn me up when the beat goes boom
Lyric to lyric - line to line
Then you y'all understand my reputation for rhyme
Cause my rhyme reputation depends on what
Style of record my DJ cuts
His slice an' dice - super mix so nice
So bad, you won't dispute the price
Cause it's plain to see - it's a strain to be
Number one in the public I enemy
Cause I'm wanted in 50 - almost 51
States where the posse got me on the run
It's a big wonder why I haven't gone under
Dodgin' all types of microphone thunder
A fugitive missin' all types of hell
All this because I talk so well
When I,

[Chorus:]
Rock - get up - get down
Miuzi weighs a ton
Hold it *[x4]*

The match up title - the expression of thrill
For elite to compete and attempt to get ill
If looks could kill - I'd chill until
All the public catches on to my material - you know
The ducks criticize my every phase of rapture
Can't wait to read the headlines of my capture
Accused of assault - a 1st degree crime
Cause I beat competitors with my rhyme
Tongue whipped, pushed, shoved and tripped
Coocked from the hold of my Kung Fu grip
And if you want my title - it would be suicidal
From my end - it would be homicidal
When I do work - you get destroyed
All the paranoid - know to avoid
The Public Enemy seat I've enjoyed
This is no kid and I'm not no toy boy

[Chorus (x4)]

I'm a Public Enemy but I don't rob banks
I don't shoot bullets and I don't shoot blanks
My style is supreme - number one is my rank
And I got more power than the New York Yanks
If Miuzi wasn't heavy I'd probably fire it
I'd make you walk the plank if I was a pirate
If they made me a King - I would be a tyrant
If you want to get me - go ahead and try it
Snatcher, dispatcher, biter never been a
Instead of takin' me out - take a girl to dinner
The level of comp has never been thinner
It's a runaway race where I'm the winner
It's unreal - they call the law
And claimed I had started a war
It was war they wanted and war they got
But they wilted in the heat when Miuzi got hot

[Chorus (x4)]

My style versatile said without rhymes
Which is why they're after me an' on my back
Lookin' over my shoulder - seein' what I write
Hearin' what I say - then wonderin' why
Why they can't ever compete on my level
Superstar status is my domain
Understand my rhythm - my pattern of lecture
And then you'll know why I'm on the run
This change of events results in a switch
It's the lateral movement of my vocal pitch
It eliminates pressure on the haunted
But the posse is around so I got to front it
Plus employ tactics so coy
And leave no choise but to destroy
Soloists, groups and what they say
And all that try to cross my way
When I,

[Chorus (x4)]

Yeah, that's right
Public Enemy number one in New York
Public Enemy number one in Philly
Public Enemy number one in DC
Public Enemy number one in Cleveland, Ohio
Also where Public Enemy number one in St. Louis
Public Enemy number one in New Jersey
And bust it
Where also, Public Enemy number one in Cincinnati
In Atlanta

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Put It Up"

Cant understand some of these
Rhymin in circles
Now patroitic emcees
On bent knees
By six degrees
Lord have mercy
Even the voice of god rehearses
Attack of the 50 ft verses
Supermama this time around gotta few curses
Papa gotta new bag of cant get
Worse comes to worse
Cant get enough
Of tryin it
Sayin nothing goin noplace no time soon
But buyin it
Like gettin in a car without drivin it
Still black rock the wax like stax
I rip, I mix
Full screen like imax
So I max
Relax
Off the deep end
Get deep in the record
100 beats per second
Cut down the like rhymes
Cause they get redundant
Refuse to stoop to stupid
Cause they dumbed it
Down
Like motown
Say it loud
Damn
Like I'm the new james brown uh

Put it up *[repeat]*

Rocked the concoction
A potion of too much emotion
Uh, I'm a keep it in motion
Call it whatcha wanna
Bus stop, lectric slide cha cha
Funky 16 corners

Hot like jill scotts blues
But damn too old for 22s
But I can still move
Groove

Lets roll
You cant do your thing
If your things the wrong thing
Tax the payers
Stack paper
But you failed as an eighth grader
Dumb ass
Failed every math class
Plus I know this like otis
I like to know
Are you ready for some super dynamite soul
F -it thats how it gos?
Beyond the cornrows
If I cant talk, get to steppin
Tongue can be a tool and weapon
Listen

Put it up *[repeat]*

Tycoons
Damn I'm tired of these coons
Rhymin in circles
Words can either help or hurt you
Or be neutral
Cats still might shoot you
What suits you
If you gots issues
A thousand tatoos
Confused in 200 dollar gym shoes
Spendin more than u got
2002 blues
Give it up turn it loose
Ain't no use
Rest of you
Screamin rescue me from the residue
Fast break 5s on 2
Us against you
So what you gonna do?

Put it up *[repeat]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can A Woman Make A Man Lose His Mind?"

Yo, yo, check this out
Yeah, that's right, we're back in your face, what?
I gotta introduce
My homey, yo
We got Flavor Flav on the microphone

I was checkin' this big-butt chick's hot-n-fine (yeah)
And she was standin' in the bank on a cash machine line (aha)
Short 'n' cute, with the voice like a flute (yeah)
The Presidents are poppin', they head on the loot

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Hell, yeah!)
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (say what?)

Now, if it happens to me, it can happen to you
But it only happens to the ones whose love is true
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that (why?)
We'll be there up and make 'm motherfuckin' lift hat
Keep on lookin' good nigger, woah (whoa)

How you figure you can get one in yopa? (Hey, yopa)
Now, let me kick you the ballistics, G (why?)
All you gotta do, is just listen to me (me?)
Listen to Flav, I'll keep it real from now
To my grave, I got jumped on we both, man, brave (that's right)

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Say what?)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (I don't know)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Say what?)
And it's like that (why?) and it's like that
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (I don't know)
And it's like that (why?) and it's like that

Thank you (ha, ha, ha)!
Come on, yo, I was only 'round on the block, chillin', yo
That was when legs swap, pop eat lows, pop blocked it
Talkin' 'bout that time at the studio
You know, I know you're not bringin' it, serious though (aah)

So yo, baby, let that nigger go (why?)
So we can do his thing (that's right)
So one day you can get your wedding ring (damn, fuck it)
Don't drive me up the wall, like raidin' to the roaches, baby (shit)
I'll let loose the secrets, still

From the navy- on that ass, baby (that's why)

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Say what?)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (I don't know)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Say what?)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (I don't know)
And it's like that (why?) and it's like that (okay, love)

Co- come on y'all (aah)
Steppin' up through, ri- right about now (baby)
Co- come on y'all (aah)
Steppin' up through, do it like that (baby)

Co- come on y'all (aah)
Steppin' up through, ri- right about now (baby)
Co- (ha-ha) come on y'all (ha) come on y'all
Ste- ste- steppin' up through (baby)

Now, I'm gonna take two steps to the rear
And I'm gonna get the fuck outta here (why?)
And why not come back, baby? (I'm tellin' you)
I ain't tryin' to hear that shit again, yo (I'm tellin' you)

And why not come back, baby? (I'm tellin' you)
I ain't tryin' to hear that shit again, yo (I'm tellin' you)
And why not come back, baby? (I'm tellin' you)
I ain't tryin' to hear that shit again, yo (I'm tellin' you)

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Say what?)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (I don't know)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Say what?)
And it's like that (why?) and it's like that
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (I don't know)
And it's like that (why?) and it's like that

(Okay, love, okay love)
(Okay, love, okay love)
(Okay, love, okay love)
(Okay love)

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Public Enemy Service Announcement #1"

Check this out
This is Chuck D of Public Enemy

And this is Flavor Flav, boy

Yeah
And if you want to fight the power
You have to be the power
Strengthen the mind
And bury the weapons that you need to win
Stay in school and stay away from drugs

That's right
If you don't wanna be a goner
Stay away from the drugs on the corner

Public Enemy salutes the youth of today
You are the power of tomorrow, boy

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fight The Power"

"Yet our best trained, best educated, best equipped, best prepared troops refuse to fight. As a matter of fact, it's safe to say that they would rather switch than fight."

1989 the number another summer (get down)
Sound of the funky drummer
Music hitting your heart cause I know you got soul
(Brothers and sisters, hey)
Listen if you're missing y'all
Swinging while I'm singin'
Giving whatcha gettin'
Knowing what I knowin'
While the Black band's sweating
And the rhythm rhymes rolling
Got to give us what we want
Gotta give us what we need
Our freedom of speech is freedom of death
We got to fight the powers that be
Lemme hear you say
Fight the power

Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be

As the rhythm's designed to bounce
What counts is that the rhyme's
Designed to fill your mind
Now that you've realized the pride's arrived
We got to pump the stuff to make ya tough
From the heart
It's a start, a work of art
To revolutionize make a change nothing's strange
People, people we are the same
No we're not the same
'Cause we don't know the game
What we need is awareness, we can't get careless
You say what is this?
My beloved let's get down to business
Mental self defensive fitness
(Yo) bum rush the show
You gotta go for what you know
To make everybody see, in order to fight the powers that be
Lemme hear you say
Fight the power

Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be

Elvis was a hero to most
But he never meant shit to me you see
Straight up racist that sucker was
Simple and plain
Motherfuck him and John Wayne
'Cause I'm Black and I'm proud
I'm ready and hyped plus I'm amped
Most of my heroes don't appear on no stamps
Sample a look back you look and find
Nothing but rednecks for 400 years if you check
Don't worry be happy
Was a number one jam
Damn if I say it you can slap me right here
(Get it) let's get this party started right
Right on, c'mon
What we got to say
Power to the people no delay
Make everybody see
In order to fight the powers that be

Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be

Public Enemy Lyrics

"By The Time I Get To Arizona (The Molemen Mixx)"

I'm countin' down to the day deservin'
Fittin' for a king
I'm waitin' for the time when I can
Get to Arizona
'Cause my money's spent on
The goddamn rent
Neither party is mine not the
Jackass or the elephant

20,000 niggy niggy brothers in the corner
Of the cell block but they come
From California
Population is none in the desert and sun
Wit' a gun cracker
Runnin' things under his thumb

Starin' hard at the postcards
Isn't it odd and unique?
Seein' people smile wild in the heat
120 degree
'Cause I wanna be free
What's a smilin' face
When the whole state's racist?

Why want a holiday? Damn it, 'cause I wanna!
So what if I celebrate it standin' on a corner
I ain't drinkin' no 40
Thinkin' time wit' a nine
Until we get some land
Call me the trigger man

Lookin' for the governor
Huh, he ain't lovin' ya
But here to trouble ya
He's rubbin' ya wrong
Get the point come along
He can get to the joint
I urinated on the state
While I was kickin' this song

Yeah, he appear to be fair
The sucker over there
He try to keep it yesteryear
The good ol' days
The same ol' ways
That kept us dyin'
Yes, you me myself and indeed

What he need is a nosebleed
Read between the lines
Then you see the lie
Politically planned
But understand that's all she wrote
When we see the real side
That hide behind the vote

And they can't understand why he the man
I'm singin' 'bout a king
They don't like it
When I decide to mic it
Wait I'm waitin' for the date
For the man who demands respect
'Cause he was great, c'mon
I'm on the one mission
To get a politician
To honor or he's a gonner
By the time I get to Arizona...

By the time I get to Arizona...

Well I got 25 days to do it
If a wall in the way
Just watch me go through it
'Cause I gotta do what I gotta do
Be number one
Gets the job done

When it's done and over
Was because I drove her
Through all the static
Not stick but automatic
That's the way it is
He gotta get his
Talkin' MLK
Gonna find a way
Make the state pay

I'm lookin' for the day
Hard as it seems
This ain't no damn dream
Gotta know what I mean
It's team against team
Catch the light beam
So I pray
I pray everyday

I do and praise Jah the maker
Lookin' for culture
I got but not here
From Jamaica

Pushin' and shakin' the structure
Bringin' down the Babylon
Hearin' the sucker
That make it hard for the brown

The hard boulevard
I need it now
More than ever now
Who's sittin' on my freedah'
Oppressor, people beater
Piece of the pick
We picked a piece
Of land we deservin' now
Reparation a piece of the nation
And damn he got the nerve

Another nigga they say and classify
We want too much
My people plus the whole nine is mine
Don't think I even double dutch
Here's a brother, my attitude has hit 'em
Hang 'em high
I'm blowin' up the 90s, started tickin' 86

When the blind get a mind
Better start and earn while we sing it now
There will be the day we know who's down and who will go, go, go...

By the time I get to Arizona...
By the time I get to Arizona...
For he's a gonner by the time I get to Arizona...
By the time I get to Arizona

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Post-Concert Arizona Interview (U2 Zoo Tour)"

It's obvious that thousands of young people here agree with you
I think it's a difference between
New America and old America
There has to be a difference for us
To coexist with each other

And I think there's a new understanding
Maybe you can see that
And, uh, and the Presidential elections and debates
It better be new understanding going on
You gave lot of credit at the end of the performance
To the current governor, Fife Symington
You mentioned that, you felt he was in the right place?
Yeah, um, my statement is toward our total government
You know and even in the past government was leaching
But, um I think that the present government, governor made an effort
To try bring understanding to the people that
It has to take place in Arizona
To truly be representative of what we feel is good

For you to come back, Arizona has to do what?
Uh, you know, performing here
While there still is not a King Avenue
It goes against my present rules, and I just think that
No matter who you are principles should come from...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Son Of A Bush"

Oh no
Struck by greased lightning
F'ed by the same last name, you know what?
China ain't never givin back that gottdamn plane
Must got this ol nation trained
On some kennel ration
Refrain
The same train
Fulla cocaine
Froze the brain
Have you forgotten
I been thru the first term of rotten
The father, the son
And the holy bush-it we all in
Don't look at me
I ain't callin for no assassination
I'm just sayin/ sayin who voted for this asshole of the nation

Deja bush
Crushed by the head rush
15 years back
When I wrote the first bum rush
Saw you salute
To the then
Vice prez
Who did what raygun said
And then became prez
Himself went for delf
Knee deep in his damn self
Stuck in a 3 headed bucket
Of trilateral bush-it
Sorry ain't no better way of puttin it
No you cannot freestyle this
Cause yo ass still ain't free
If I fight for yall
And they get me
How many of yall
Is comin to get me?
None
Cause its easier to forget me
Ain't that a bush
Son of a bush is here
All up in your zone
You ain't never heard so much soul to the bone
I told yall when the first bush was tappin my phone
Spy vs spy
Cant truss em

As you salute to the illuminati
Take your ass to your 1 millionth party

Hes the son of a baaad
Hes the son of a bad man

Now heres the pitch
High and inside
Certified genocide

Ain't that a bush repeat ain't that a bush

Out of nowhere
Headed to the hothouse?
Killed 135 at the last count...texas bounce

Cats in the cage
Got a ghost of a chance
Of comin back
From your whack ass killin machine

Son of a bush ain't that a son of a bush

Cats doin bids
For doin the same bush shit that you did

Serial killer kid uh serial killer kid

Hes the son of a baaad
Hes the son of a bad man

Coke it's the real thing
Used to make you swing
Used to be your thing

Daddy had you under his wing

Bringin kilos to fill up silos
You probably sniffed piles
Got inmates in texas scrubbin tiles

That shit is wild
Cia child

Public Enemy Lyrics

"54321... Boom"

Can it be easy as 5 4 3 2 1
Damn sun
Heard it was easy as
1 2 3
We don't control the 3 e's
Still we be on the plantation
And you be in trouble b
Dizzy whirls and niggerlodeons
In the nigger time
24 duckin the war
No shirt on like
Wakin up at 3pm, no job
Ridin around on a bike
Hair half braided
Half combed out
Smoked out
Still braggin about
How cats gonna come up
Get that hustle on
While them babies born
Headed to the club to get more chicks, cmon

These rhymes ain't got
The glow of your normal
Fairytales
As another color passes
Another brother fails
No singin or blingin
Freestyle wingin
Beer can sittin around
Waitin for highlghts on espn
4 3 2 1 over it
Some Vince Carter dunkin on Mike, an shit
Get yourself together
Before these feds start
Scrapin
Heads off the street
Sendin cats to the middle of heat
Far in the so called middle east
Somebody gotta
Communicate
Beyond the beats

5 retail chains
Got your brains trained
To consume anything
With a bang and a boom

Gimme room
I'm sayin
It's a scam to pay for airplay today
But 4 major corps
Bought your support
Check the fine print
That cd you bought
Sony Time Warner Universal
Notorius BMG
No lie they just got EMI
3 radio corporations
Own all them so called
Black stations
While two tv stations
Gotcha kids waitin
WB we be
Hatin the fact
Every 5 seconds
Canned laughter
Rolls off the faces of blacks
U p n you pick a nigger
To make the problem
Nigger
As I await the one video arm
Viacom
To get bombed
No doubt

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Welcome To The Terrordome"

I got so much trouble on my mind
I refuse to lose
Here's your ticket
Hear the drummer get wicked
The crew to you to push the back to Black
Attack so I sat and japped
Then slapped the Mac (Intosh)
Now I'm ready to mike it
(You know I like it) huh
Hear my favoritism roll "Oh"
Never be a brother like to go solo
Lazer, anastasia, maze ya
Ways to blaze your brain and train ya
The way I'm livin', forgiven'
What I'm givin' up
X on the flex hit me now
I don't know about later
As for now I know how to avoid the paranoid
Man I've had it up to here
Gear I wear got 'em goin' in fear
Rhetoric said
Read just a bit ago
Not quittin' though
Signed the hard rhymer
Work to keep from gettin' jerked
Changin' some ways
To way back in the better days
Raw metaphysically bold
Never followed a code
Still dropped a load
Never question what I am God knows
Cause it's comin' from the heart
What I got better get some
(Get on up) hustler of culture
Snakebitten
Been spit in the face
But the rhymes keep fittin'
Respects been givin' how's ya livin'
Now I can't protect a pad off defect
Check the record
An reckon an intentional wreck
Played off as some intellect
Made the call, took the fall
Broke the laws
Not my fault they're fallin' off
Known as fair square
Throughout my years

So I growl at the livin' foul
Black to the bone my home is your home
So welcome to the Terrordome
Subordinate terror
Kickin' off an era
Cold deliverin' pain
My 98 was 87 on a record yo
So now I go Bronco

Crucifixion ain't no fiction
So called chosen frozen
Apology made to who ever pleases
Still they got me like Jesus
I rather sing, bring, think reminisce
'Bout a brother while I'm in sync
Every brother ain't a brother cause a color
Just as well could be undercover
Backstabbed, grabbed a flag
From the back of the lab
Told a Rab get off the rag
Sad to say I got sold down the river
Still some quiver when I deliver
Never to say I never know or had a clue
Word was heard, plus hard on the boulevard
Lies, scandalizin', basin'
Traits of hate who's celebratin' wit satan?
I rope a dope the evil with righteous
Bobbin' and weavin' and let the good get even
C'mon down
And welcome to the Terrordome.
Caught in the race against time
The pit and the pendulum
Check the rhythm and rhymes
While I'm bendin' 'em
Snakes blowin' up the lines of design
Tryin' to blind the science I'm snedin' 'em
How to fight the power
Cannot run and hide
But it shouldn't be suicide
In a game a fool without the rules
Got a hell of a nerve to just criticize
Every brother ain't a brother
Cause a Black hand
Squeezed on Malcom X the man
The shootin' of Huey Newton
From a hand of a Nigger who pulled the trigger

It's weak to speak and blame somebody else
When you destroy yourself
First nothing's worse than a mother's pain
Of a son slain in Bensonhurst
Can't wait for the state to decide the fate
So this jam I dedicate

Places with racist faces
Just an example of one of many cases
The Greek weekend speech I speak
From a lesson learned in Virginia (Beach)
I don't smile in the line of fire
I go wildin'
But it's on bass and drums even violins
Watcha do gitcha head ready
Instead of gettin' physically sweaty
When I get mad
I put it down on a pad
Give ya somethin' that cha never had controllin'
Fear of high rollin'
God bless your soul and keep livin'
Never allowed, kickin' it loud
Droppin' a bomb
Brain game intellectual Vietnam
Move as a team
Never move alone
But
Welcome to the Terrordome

Public Enemy Lyrics

"B Side Wins Again (Scattershot Remix)"

So here we go, y'all
Little by little you know
We got the power
And the knowledge to move 'em
And still rock
A super song for the cause so
Feel the load on your brain for the episode
And we just begun, it's number one, y'all
Brother Black, the B is back so check it out
And 'ya don't, I won't, if 'ya still, I will
Take 3 jams and hold 'em, this what I told 'em
To rock the other side, the sucker lied
Said, he would shock but never tried
And so I took 'em away, I never stayed, y'all
Called the Flavor Flav to make another record
To get played, he made a jam to get you stammed
Back to back in the place where the suckers are basin'
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore, we gonna roll it raw
That's what you but it for, c'mon
You roll in your ride, the DJ decides
To play it on the radio, the A side
He gives it a try but never gives it a try
And the people request the best on the B side
Food for the brain, beats for the feet
People on the dance floor, never claimin' a receipt
Had a good time rockin', rollin' on the go rhyme
The rhythm supplied by the superior B side
They had to twist and turn and shout
Turn the jam out, getcha' ready now, c'mon
The situation put you in to where you're sweatin' in
Hysterical B side, c'mon inside
Request the best to give a test and never give a rest
Your guess is good as my guess
And while I'm guessin' you're guessin', yo listen this is
A DJ to play to give a lesson and his name is Terminator X
And the sucker on the right gets cynical
'Cause the record's to the left and political
And you search the stores
Attack the racks with your claws
For the rebels without a pause
'Cause the B side wins again, again, again
Yo Black, some of you are all in
To make sure the crowd
Get loud wit' it on the dance floor
'Cause the B is pure sure
You never knew the crowd was this hype
But you thought we was that type

To start a riot, we ain't quiet
Kickin' a thunderstorm with a song
Why would we dare you to come along
Pump up the music, pump the sound?
Once again we gonna do it like this now
And while I'm throwin', you're goin'
And you know it's time for man on a mission
To listen 'cause he's in the house, he's Terminator X

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Get Your Shit Together"

Now whats goin on
I don't know
Whats really goin down
Yall don't know
Between the east and the feds
Heads don't know
But you can bet
Some of these heads be the first to go
Between 18 and 30
Pray it don't get dirty
Now I got some new cats
Hearin me
That never heard me
11:30 do the math
Damn, here come the draft
But I'm at an age my fightin is half ass
Shee, my flags always at half mast
Need you ask
While some of yall laugh
But I see war lining these young cats
Up for bodybags
And these so called thugs masquerading in drag
Cause now the feds checkin all dem headrags
Hopin this gung ho thing last
Cold and dark is the weather
Peoples, get your shit together

Ain't even gonna fix my mouth to say chickens
Told yall in terrordome the clocks tickin
From all sides come the wicked
Governments
Fundamentalists
But how you gonna
Kill the innocent?
Between terrorists
And cia hit lists
Like my man uno says
Beware the false prophets
Gotta be smarter than this
They say war is a profit
With loved ones missed
But death is a debt
None of us ain't seen war yet
Be careful what you ask for
War is hell and hell is war
All them bling bling thangs throw em in the river
All that thugged out shit yall cant deliver

Seen four planes kill everyday folks
Guess 911 ain't no joke
Wall street cryin broke
Was it god
Or the devil itself
Who spoke?
Old vampires
Hit the new empire
Had the sky cookin
Brooklyn had no other choice
But to stare and keep lookin
City smile
Missin two front teeth
While some of yall
Still talkin them little ass beefs
Over who, what soundscanned

This month you sound scared
Guessin where the party at?
While downtowns wonderin
Where the bodies at?

How you sell soul to a souless people
Who sold their soul?
Keep the people from bein sheeple
Followin
Hollow voices
To tommorrows sorrow
Women have nurtured
And birthed the earth
Man has killed many
For land and worse
Women got a cycle thats spoken for
Man has a period, its called war
May the power go to
Everyday people
May war have no sequel, live..
Reverse the word you get evil
Cause people wanna live against evil
Avoid the third world war
Biological bombs
100 times worse than vietnam
So what you gonna do?
If you was on that plane
Both sides would've killed you too
To my peoples
Stay on your p's and q's
Get your shit together

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Public Enemy Service Announcement #2"

Check this out
This is Chuck D

And this is Flavor Flav
And Public Enemy is lettin' y'all know about black history month

February is Black History Month
But we'd like to say that every single month
We should recognise the rich culture
And heritage of black people
Although the battles have not been won yet
We should be proud to take some time out this month
To explore the powerful and victorious lineage of our people

That's right so don't be a vulture
And learn your culture

PE salutes the history of black people
And the history that we are yet to make

That's right, not a mistake

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Shut Em Down"

I testified
My mama cried
Black people died
When the other man lied
See the TV, listen to me double trouble
I overhaul and I'm comin'
From the lower level
I'm takin' tabs
Sho nuff stuff to grab
Like shirts it hurts
Wit a neck to wreck
Took a poll 'cause our soul
Took a toll
From the education
Of a TV station
But look around
Hear go the sound of the wreckin' ball
Boom and Pound
When I
Shut 'em down
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
What I use in the battle for the mind
I hit it hard
Like it supposed
Pullin' no blows to the nose
Like uncle L said I'm rippin' up shows
Then what it is
Only 5 percent of the biz
I'm addin' woes
That's how da way it goes
Then U think I rank never drank, point blank
I own loans
Suckers got me runnin' from the bank
Civil liberty I can't see to pay a fee
I never saw a way to pay a sap
To read the law
Then become a victim of a lawyer
Don't know ya, never saw ya
Tape cued
Gettin' me sued
Playin' games wit' my head
What the judge said put me in the red
Got me thinkin' 'bout a trigger to the lead
No no
My education mind say
Suckers gonna pay
Anyway

There gonna be a day
'Cause the troop they roll in
To posse up
Whole from the ground
Ready to go
Throw another round
Sick of the ride
It's suicide
For the other side of town
When I find a way to shut 'em down
Who count the money
In da neigborhood
But we spendin' money
To no end lookin' for a friend
In a war to the core
Rippin' up the poor in da stores
Till they get a brother
Kickin' down doors
Then I figure I kick it bigger
Look 'em dead in the eye
And they wince
Defense is pressurized
They don't want it to be
Another racial attack
In disguise so give some money back
I like Nike but wait a minite
The neighborhood supports so put some
Money in it
Corporations owe
Dey gotta give up the dough
To da town
or else
We gotta shut 'em down

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Public Enemy No. 1"

Yo Chuck, bust a move man
I was on my way up here to the studio
Ya know what I'm sayin'
And this brother stop me and axe me
"Yo wassup with that brother Chuckie D, he swear he nice"
I said
"Yo the brother don't swear he's nice, he knows he's nice"
Ya know what I'm sayin'
So Chuck, we gotta fill in
You turn him into a Public Enemy man
Now remeber that line you was kicking to me
On the way out to LA *[?]*
While we was in the car on our way to the Shot *[?]*
Well yo right now kick the bass for them brothers
And let them know
What goes on

What goes on

Well I'm all in - put it up on the board
Another rapper shot down from the mouth that roared
1-2-3 down for the count
The result of my lyrics - oh yes, no doubt
Cold rock rap - 49er supreme
Is what I choose and I use - I never lose to a team
Cause I can can go solo - like a Tyson bolo
Make the fly girls wanna have my photo
Run in their room - hang it on the wall
In remembrance that I rocked them all
Suckers, ducks, ho-hum emcees
You can't rock the kid - so go cut the cheese
Take this application of rhymes like these
My rap's red hot - 110 degrees
So don't start bassin' I'll start placin'
Bets on that you'll be disgracing
You and your mind from a beatin' from my rhymes
A time for a crime that I can't find
I'll show you my gun - my Uzi weighs a ton
Because I'm Public Enemy number one

One *[x7]*

You got no rap - but you want to battle
It's like havin' a boat - but you got no paddle
Cause I never pause - I say it because
I don't break in stores - but I break all laws
Written while sittin' - all fittin' not bitten

Givin' me the juice that your not gettin'
I'm not a law obeyer - so you can tell your mayor
I'm a non-stop, rhythm rock poetry sayer
I'm the rhyme player - the ozone layer
A battle what? Here's a bible start your prayer
This word to the wise is justified
If they ask you what happened - just admit you lied
You just got caught a - for going out of order
And now you're servin' football teams their water
You messed with the master, word to Chuck
And I'll wax cold tax, made sure you got dome *[?]*
You just got dissed - all but dismissed
Sucker duck emcees - you get me pissed
It's no fun - being on the run
Because they got me - Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One

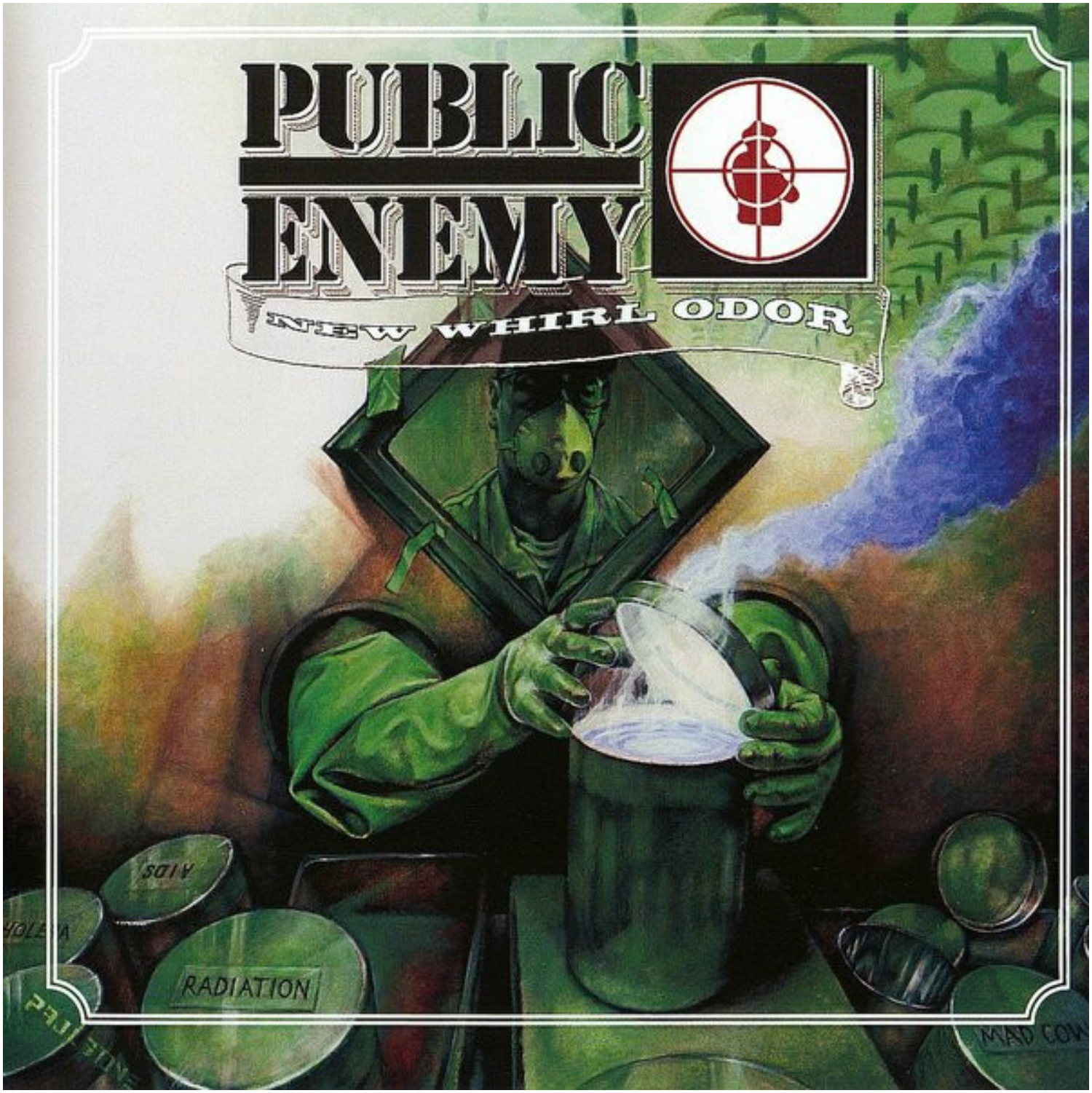
Don't you know, don't you know
I got a posse over force to back me up
Watch out, we got never the match
Ambush attack on my back - doubleteamin', get creamed
So we have us *[?]*
Wanna hear it again
We got a force - enemy down
The L.I. circuit sound
Ain't it Chuckie D, myself and KG - Flavor, DJ Melody
Oh yes, I presume it's the tunes - that make us groom
To make all the ladies swoom *[?]*
But it's also the words from outer region - a goldboy session
Kickin' like Bruce Lee's chinese connection
On stereo - never ever *[?]*
All wax - yes I'm talkin' about vinyl
They said stop freeze
I got froze up
Because I'm Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One
One - One - One

For all you suckers - liars, your cheap amplifiers
You crossed up wires are always starting fires
You grown up criers - now here's a pair of pliers
Get a job like your mother - I heard she fixes old dryers
You have no desires - your father fixes tires
You try to sell ya equipment - but you get no buyers
It's you they never hire - you're never on flyers
Cause you and your crew - is only known as good triers
Known as the poetic political lyrical son
I'm Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One
One - One - One

Yeah, that's right Chuck man
That's what you gotta do
You gotta tell them just like that
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Cause yo man, let me tell you a little somethin' man
These brothers runnin' around - hard headed
Makin' a little jealous
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Just like that, ya know
They try to bring you down with 'em
But yo Chuck, you gotta let 'em know who's who in the world of beat
You gotta let 'em know that this is the 80's
And we can get all the ladies
And in the backyard we got a fly Mercedes
And that's the way the story goes
That's just the way the story goes
Let me tell you a little somethin' man


PUBLIC
ENEMY
NEW WHIRL ODOR
AIDS
RADIATION
MAD COW

Public Enemy Lyrics

"...And No One Broadcasted Louder Than... (Intro)"

[Show reporter]
I'm not going to lie and act like..
I have always thought.. all Hip-Hop or Rap was the world's greatest thing
But Public Enemy.. made me realized..
that all Rap is not the same
They made the world listen
They articulated the frustrations and anger
of the Black Community, more importantly;
They changed the perception of what Hip-Hop could be
Chuck D said: that Rap was the CNN of the Black Community
And no one broadcasted louder.. than Public Enemy

Public Enemy Lyrics

"New Whirl Odor"

[verse 1]
Check that soul in
Tape is rollin
Black dont crack
Where the party at?
Stax, jumpback
Wax them tracks
Barkays cut it live
Like 45s
Strong songs survive
On records
95 beats per second
Get it mike on the guitar cmon wreck it

You go ooh ahh there go them superstars, of soul
20 times better than gold, stax,
Keep it here
Cuttin them tracks, relax
Pop them fingers, play it barkays
Jumpback baby
Soul gotcha crazy
Cold feet thanks
For the groove
And them bomb beats
To make me move

Color of dead
Looks like the future is history

Why you dissin me
Aint no mystery

On the outside peekin in
End of your freeride
No way you can win
Beginnin of the end

Of your liberal friends who pretend

Everythings changed
While nuthins changed much
Uhh this is chuck

Stays to the left of this
And to the right of that

Just black where my mind be at

Shit wheres the rest of my cats?

High trees catch a lotta wind my friend

My shits in a bind
Fine line between aware and blind
Dont mind
Some of them aint got a mind

Mind over matter

They dont mind
And we dont matter

[verse 2]
I flock to refugees
Who flock to me

The roots the coup
And kick aside the genocide and the juice

Comedians actors nuclear reactors
Players and ballplayers
Singers dancers and rhyme sayers

Why do us like you do
Ska doo
Fuck da residue
Frustrated 5 on 2s
No breaks for madd crews
Nowwho the fuck is you
Sick a you

Community hoesis
Who posin as moses
In street clothist
Who be the closest who blows it

Every ryme be for the future of mankind

Crazy heads cuttin off the dreds
Ruin health
Wit no knowledge of self

Incomin taxes breakin backs off a blacks

Who done 400 years in this abyss?
And so im pissed the fuck at this new whirl odor
So i piss

[verse 3]
Some things in the air
When the smoke clears

Will it only be white folks and black jokes

How many be gone

If they bomb barbershops and hair salons

Time to dot com

Before they rub out clubs
Where you get your drink on

Mother father sister bro
Love is the message

But war be the front page
In this mess-age

Ghetto celebs spread by the hundred
Macked by the same tactics
Wit us in a tundra

Goin under

Avoidin cries from sodimized

Society

Scary getting screwed without a dictionary

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Bring That Beat Back"

[verse 1]
Played in cincinatti
Wit my whole head nappy
Made a rally in the street
Wit nothin but a beat
Gotta grudge against a judge
Kick em out that seat
You are what you eat
So what you eatin
Same message to your mind
Be self defeatin
Sick n tired of bein sick
And tired of bein beaten
Saw em drop it like it
Was way too hot and too fast
For hip hop doo wop rock or bop
Aint here to hurt you
Dont hang in them circles
Government aint got me
Yet so yall dont stop me
See a stampede of fake cats
Runnin from bill cosby
What does he gotta do wit you doin you?
Yall know what?
Dj lord gimme that cut
Bring that beat back
Thats whats up

[verse 2]
Feedback from truly
Freedblacks
Gotta think outta this
Box of hard knocks
Lined em up at fort knox
To die in iraq
You dont know i rock?
What you under a rock?
Old cats beggin us to bring that beat back
Each generation thinks
The next one is wack
Jumpstarted in the daze of crack
R&b reagan, daddy bush
Way the hell on back
Pray to god
Feel like i got a church in myself, good god uh
Cant get no help
I say again healthcare cutback

Sht is wack
Bring that beat back

[verse 3]
They say the youth dont matter
And the old dont mind
It takes a lotta spine
To build all them young minds

Some of us get ghetto at the wrong damn time
Album what? we just makin one at a time
To save another brother whose life on the line
A big shot to claim some rocks and shine
Signs of a soul gone solo
Robbed blind
A very small part of half the worlds crime
Runaway child blown by an old land mine
Little ones workin in diamond mines

So cats can say whats hers and whats mine
Diamonds is girls best friend
So whys he cryin

[verse 4]
See when yall hear it get near it
And you recognize the lyrics
You trained to refrain
And you start to fear it
Escapism
Like today there aint racism
Obviously yall aint see
Black folks on tv
Judgement calls
Made on behalf of you and me
Or you and i
Do or die
I say an i for an i
Dividin line
Got the poor people
Payin for crime
Corporations gettin paid off our jailtime
Now yall can tell russell
Yes i knock the hustle
Cause 2 million in lockdown
Under federal muscle
Beyond the streets
These kids is always watchin
Watching some of these jerks when they go berserk
So i work

Public Enemy Lyrics

"MKLVFKWR (Make Love, Fuck War)"

(feat. Moby)

Moby pemoby pemoby pemoby pe

[Chuck]
Just gonna drop this on one of them moby beats
Here we go

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / now

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright/ yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / now

Fingers in the air
Like you really give a damn
Peace sign up
Lemme hear you say yeah

Power to the people
Put your hands in the air
Peace sign high
Like you really do care

Fingers in the air
Like you really give a damn
Peace sign up
Lemme hear you say yeah

Power to the people
Put your hands in the air
Peace sign high
Like you really do care

Cmon
Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / now

Rather be sittin just a gettin it
Power to the people not the governments
Capitalists,communists, terrorists
Swear to god i dont know the difference
Makin new slaves outta immigrants
Wanna know where all that money went
Another trillion spent by the goverment
Here the bomb go. sent by the president

Power to the people
Cause the people want peace
Power to the people
Cause the people want peace
Power to the people
Cause the people want peace
Power to the people
Cause the people want peace

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / now

Tell the leaders
They gotta feed us
Grand theft oil
Gonna bleed us
New whirl odor
Doesnt need us
Call for peace
Better heed us
Dictators
Human haters
Hand on the bomb , mass debators
Finger on the button infiltrators
Mklvfkwr
Peace will save us

Cmon

Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air

Allright / now

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / now

[Flav]
Check one two we want everybody to put this sign up in the air
And at the count of three
Everybody tell me what this sign means
Peace

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright now/

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright now/

Power to the people
Cause the people want peace
Power to the people
Cause the people want peace
Power to the people
Cause the people want peace
Power to the people
Cause the people want peace

Public Enemy Lyrics

"What A Fool Believes"

[verse 1]
Power to the people

Cause the people want peace

Have no fear

You're safe right here

You are protected

You are respected

The people gotta voice

The people gotta choice

The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what

A fool believes.....

[verse 2]
Who the government?

Who the terrorists?

Where the hit list?

Pump the raised fist

Make em spread the wealth

As long as you got your health

Cause I know I cant get no help

So I jump back and kiss myself

The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what

A fool believes.....

[verse 3]
Swear to god
You thought the yard was hard
Come get your god with a credit card
Preacher lyin on the truth to raise his roof
Cmon holla preacher flow got yo dollar
Devil succeeded in never
Givin you what you needed
Playin with religion
So the people believe it
They playin with god
While preyin on god
While you prayin to god
They playin with god

The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what

A fool believes.....

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Makes You Blind"

1234567
Rap like hell make it sould like heaven
7654321 zero
Black supermen is back as your hero
Here ye , here yo
America the beautiful
Beatiful, the plentiful
Now lookin sorta pitiful
A third of the world at war
Wait a minute
Gotta take care of the rock if yall wanna live in it
Medicine and medicare
Cause they dont care
Your favorite millionare
Is high up in the air
See em every where
But they aint there
So rally and protest against the world in fear
People people
Can we take it to the square
You dont matter
And they dont mind
These be the things that
Makes ya blind

[verse 2]
Uh pimp or preach
Same thing
Nuttin worse
Than a new black church
Lyin on the truth
Cause it hurts
Black man came first
In the sweet name of jesus
Cost me a dollar
At the flow of creflo
Like how the hell he supposed to know

I see they ass

Runnin to the radio
And the tv issues and views
Shaped by one sided news
Got us like
Planet of the apes
Under cds and tapes
Preachy

Young cats askin ol heads
Teach me
Over beats that reach me
Radiation of a radio tv movie nation on your gdamn mind
Makes ya blind

You dont matter
And they dont mind
These be the things that
Makes ya blind

[verse 3]
Now yall keep on bouncin to
What i said
These are the facts that gonna blow your head
Yall know what i said
When i say no to thugs
Thug life runs at the top
And yall thought it was pac
These government gangsters
Makin robots
Who forgot
Hypnotic in a
2000 by 3000 mile box
35 year olds lost in a x box

Playstation and videos

So thats how it goes

World begins and ends at the tip of your nose
It aint eminem
Its m & m & m
Mcdonalds mtv and microsoft
Cant you see they
Got the young strung at a cost

Yes that treacherous 3 go off, go off

You dont matter
And they dont mind
And these be the things that
Makes ya blind

[verse 4]
So i pray to god
Life and health
Feel like i got a church in myself
So i jump back and kiss myself
Cutbacks lookout
Cant get no help
Hands in the air
Bush and blair dont care

While the unaware,
They just stare

This nation said screw the organization
Of the united nations
Cross tv stations
And they sent to the masses
They consider them asses

Take a look at the world
Another son of a bush disaster
Do the math
Cause the loudest they comin after
These same cats who wiped out half of africa
And you dont know the half
Have nots robbed by the haves
Signin new money like signin autographs
Mcdonalds billions sold
America billions told
Houston we have a problem
Isnt this a bitch
When i wanna hear blues
I turn on the news
See the rich get richer
And the poor keep bitchin
Buckle down
Knuckle up
When times is rough

You dont matter
And they dont mind
These be the things that
Makes ya blind

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Preachin To The Quiet"

[verse 1]
Celebrity the new drug
In america
Gotta have it
Gotta be it
So the young ones see it
Watch out now
Looka here now
In these get rich or die tryin times
Greed that i see
Got these cats
Whipped by tv
3 generations of fatherless women
We drownin instead of swimmin
This aint what yall asked for
Thats what they locked ya ass up for
And closed the door
Beyond these streets
These kids is always watchin
See it aint been the same
Since teen summitt left the game
Off the air, who cares?
Now kids get programmed
Ask their peoples
Who buy them almost everything the stars wear
People see , people do
See the new pied pipers
Got a hold on you
Back to the boogaloo
Get a shot
So you wont catch the flu
Dont get shot
And get a hole in you

[verse 2]
Im talkin advanced
But goin back at the same time
Rewind
So what, some of this song dont rhyme
Like i said
Most of us get ghetto at the wrong time
Fear
So leave a little room for god
Up in here
Back in the day
Even real pimps, hustlers, players
Told young cats

Cmon get their lives on track
These raps you hear today
Is a bad ass act
Im here to tell it
Like it ought to be
It aint no kids fault to me
35 year olds
Actin 16
Know what i mean
You dont work, mean you dont eat
You need more than a ball
And some bomb ass beats
New kicks on your feet
Need your mind in these time
To compete
Make your world complete
Sweet not sour
Thats what they really call fightin the power

[verse 3]
Here it is , no fable
I put it all on the table
Spendin my time
Identifyin whos behind
Some of these labels
Who profit off the spit
Some of the same way same cats
That owned them ships
Yes
Its a business
Butslavery was too
Prison industrial complex
New slavery lookin to own you
Ownin the labels , stations, jails and cemeteries
Thug life
Turnin hip hop into a one stop shop
Somebody behind
Makin up your own damn mind
Signed , sealed delivered
In a nigger package
So dumb you cant hear
The ignorance protected
By the backpacker
Who co signed the say so
Claimin they dig the flow
Filled wit jim crow
Return of the old negro
How you gonna say no to drugs
If you dont say no to thugs
See the government
Sweep it deep
Under the rug

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Revolution"

[Society's verse]
We was raised in these streets on pork and poison meat
Now i recognize the beast and bare the mark of the gold teeth
Puff on the rolled leaf and bust on the police
While yall playas are fakin bacon we cook the whole beef.
I put it down plain, i stimulate the left and right brain
Cell by cell and frame by frame.
Names, dates, are all inmaterial. i big dick sick ryhme killer like cereal. i
Burn like venerial, and spit that imperial wizardry that climbs right through
The curcitry.
Choake your team for their cream but that's as far as we go
Drop shit like seaguls and smash your little ego.
I get visions like stevie and coleco,
Give me 2000 live people
One late show no seaquel.
Aint no equal in the flesh
I been through more evil than men do.
Nasty off the head and with the pen too!

[Chuck's verse]
Now im pissed
Easy to rhyme on tracks like this
The more things change
The more they remain the same
These games them vidiots
Playin on the brink of insane
Must be a hockey rink
Lost in their drink
In pursuit of plain jane
I think man they think a revolution be pretty in pink
Now in these new tracks
Some of these cats dont know how to act
All them criminal acts aint got nuttin to do wit rap
One hand cuffuffed behind them backs in black
Quiet riot ,yall cant hear one hand clap
Revolution is more than what you hear and what you see
The mass reintroduction
Of society to society
Together we got 100 years of sobriety
These clones
Who be flippin like new phones be surprisin me
Turned out
They happy just to be in the house
So im a call emout
I aint no church mouse
Luvout

[Griff's verse]
I master rap
Write a 16 and half of that
Then eat some mix greens after that
My raps niggerish black like licorice
While wack rappers get rich off some jibberish
The hoods begging for deliverance"g"
I'm just a hood figure to deliverance this
L y should get into the "sy"
I'm thinkng me and pe should have passed it on
Society's the menace
He get's more love than tennis
On the road to riches
Cause revolutions expensive
Finance whips. finance clips spend our chips
In the ghetto raising rebelz with some fine azz tits.
No champagne no campaign no ice on my wrist
While bred'z dipp'n on fedz sipp'n on crys
Out of my mind ethiopian wine on my lips
Still aint signed the master mind
The masters mine. hey!!!!

Back in your dome where the rebelz rome
The greatest weapon in the hands of the oppressor is the mind of the oppressed

Public enemy the 7th octave we out

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Check What You're Listening To"

[verse 1]
The Black falling down, its goin down
No subject matter, I dont hear it goin around
Minds over matter, they don't mind cause
We dont matter, DJ Lord's on the platter
Cant shake this, the gott-damn matrix
Got actors winning politics, the tricks
Got hot chicks in the back of of wack ass rap flicks
Called videos (hoooo)
Turn off the got-damn radio
Cause they dont show yall what yall need to know
Cant fade it though, Lord don't fade it yo
Year of the Lord, make love fuck war tour
After before 2004, I swore
Dj Lord come bust down the door
Los Angel-less, New Jack Pity
They say fuck the sticks cause they be the city
Homeless sitting outside smellin shitty
Thanks for not giving a got-damn thing pretty
So called land of plenty, can't spare a penny
It's the have nots against the haves,
Is you wit me?

Check What You Listening To

[verse 2]
You might be cuttin tracks
But he's cuttin edge
The sword of Lord high like Phil Upchurch
Through the verse, the truth hurts
From the aftermath of that sonic autograph
Lord, don't make him mad
So I spit, how loud you want it to get?
Cold sweat.
2005 flicks, new trips through dirty beats
Hits and all those bass kicks
Lookout yall,
Cmon, cant forget to kick this
If the shoe fits get with the ramblin wreck
Check it, to stomp out
All dem nitwits Chuck D stylin
Don't you know where?
On the new Buckwhylin
Cross the Land, cause the band
Hits the fans, watch them all SLAM the jam
Yes they can can, beware the man
Take a stand yall, wreck the plan

Check What You Listening To

[verse 3]
One foot stuck in the rave
Millennium dance craze
Cross fade to the new phase
Like the old days, twisted in convoluted systems
Existed in the beats of wisdom existance
Cross the Land, cause the band
Hits the fans, watch them all SLAM the jam
Illegal beats, frisk him
Find not a pop thing with him
Multi-ethnic like a prism
Cant hear this?
You in audio prison
Hands be whizzin, cross the wax
Movin tracks from across the tracks
Through your mind he attacks, DJ Lord.
Scratch the gospel, tell them wack ass beats
They can go to hell, 'ding'
The rave bell
See the crowd swell, got even when the needle fell
Still heard them cuts over the yell!
Through the verse, the truth hurts
From the aftermath of that sonic autograph
Mr Chuck, DJ Lord attack the tracks
Yall CHECK WHAT YOU LISTENING TO....

Public Enemy Lyrics

"As Long As The People Got Somethin To Say"

[Chuck verse 1]
We dont control sht
No education
Enforcement
Economics
Depending on governments
Forever in a plantation state
Damn this is why i hate hate
Wanna do something for the people
Make us equal
Instead of creatures
Who got human features
Let the whole world reach you
Things classrooms cant teach you
Now can you dig it?
Sing the song till we all get along
Feed the poor
Damn the law
When they trained em, taught em
Killed em when they caught em
Set up wet up
When they no longer could afford em
Put disease across the seas
Got the third world on their knees
Get it
As long as the people got something to say

As long as the people got something to say

[Griff verse 2]
At this critical junction the administration can't function
Taking our civil liberties over high price luncheons it's nothin when your considered a sheepole
As long as the people got something to say
"We the people"

They need a war to justify the taking of lives, they manage the lie behind the lie behind the lie.
Now you can't run and hide it's high tech genocide
They never taught you the truth or how to survive
They clone doctors to put a spin on it
Hip hop heads to shook to pull the cover off it.

It may effect there sales tip the scale
The way it looks they'll end up dead or in jail.

We busy spinning and grinning on 26's you sitting
Change your god for your wealth thinking heaven your gettin.

You must be pre-sistance in mass resistance
Love thy enemy and make this committment
To engage in struggle, with a clench fist lift it
Be true to self before the GOD end this.

Yo! Public enemy we back in your.....

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Y'all Don't Know"

In the whip, try'n to a grip on how to bring the next and the new shit brain lit.
No pen no pad this the sickest, Illest thought I ever hade thoughts of my ole dad.....

According to the word on the streets
The votes were bought to insure the presidency lets see.

The election was privatized co-operation control the votes right before your very eyes
Rienforce the lie, on CNN, fox, 9 live at 5 @ 5.

As far as the public domain,
National elections have been takin out of the public Brain the publics insane.
The facts still remain the same

The bushes are dummer and dummer
7 take away 1 in the brain nummer and nummer
They capitalize off the fear of the people
Hip hop in the head of the people lethal

Yall don't know yall don't know
What you talkin bout
Yall don't know yall don't know
So what you saying
(Come on come on)

Like the chickens coming home to roost
It's not a Question of why but what party you choose

(The Governments the enemy)

Don't know about you but it's clear to me
Uncle sam wants me to be all that I can be to keep his enemies free.

Yall don't know yall don't know
What you talkin bout
Yall don't know yall don't know
So what you sayin

I got a black thought to send ya!
Bush N Kerry the New world Oder Agenda's in ya!
And it's a well known fact.
The next election you'll vote Republicrate
And that's a fact and ill bet a stack on that

Shhhhhhhhhh those are the lies and the liars that tell them, liars that lie like the lies they tell them.

Here's all the news that's fit to print
From the mind of a pro black militant.....uhhhhhhh

Yall don't know yall don't know...

Bio micro chips in the arms of pimps
Snitches aint shit along with the trick
The shady bunchcan get the dic-tionary
It's very neccessary that tom got me out on the ridge homeless with nowhere to live.....they fig
They called me the last NIG so I brought the noise and still lived.

The beast restored a puppet regime population 8 point 9 human being beings
Mental cap of a black it's a fact
Done deal dude it's a RAP.

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Supermans Black In The Building"

Jump back poppin that track
Gonna wreck it now

Watchin yall --to the record now
Catchin yall attention
So shake it now
Oh no find my flow
Gonna break it down
Came a long way
You cant take it now
--regulatin on the regular
Do your thing. on the floor
Can you kick it now

Do your thing
Do the damn thing baby
Cmon bring it now
Go back like 8 tracks and cadillacs
Way before crack even similac
Hell wit the wire taps
New booby traps
Hear the hand claps uh
Where the party at?

Do the damn thing
Getcha gravy on
Cause i be gettin it down
And your crazy on
Go on and on an on till the break of dawn
I give a damn
Cause damn is ya baby gone

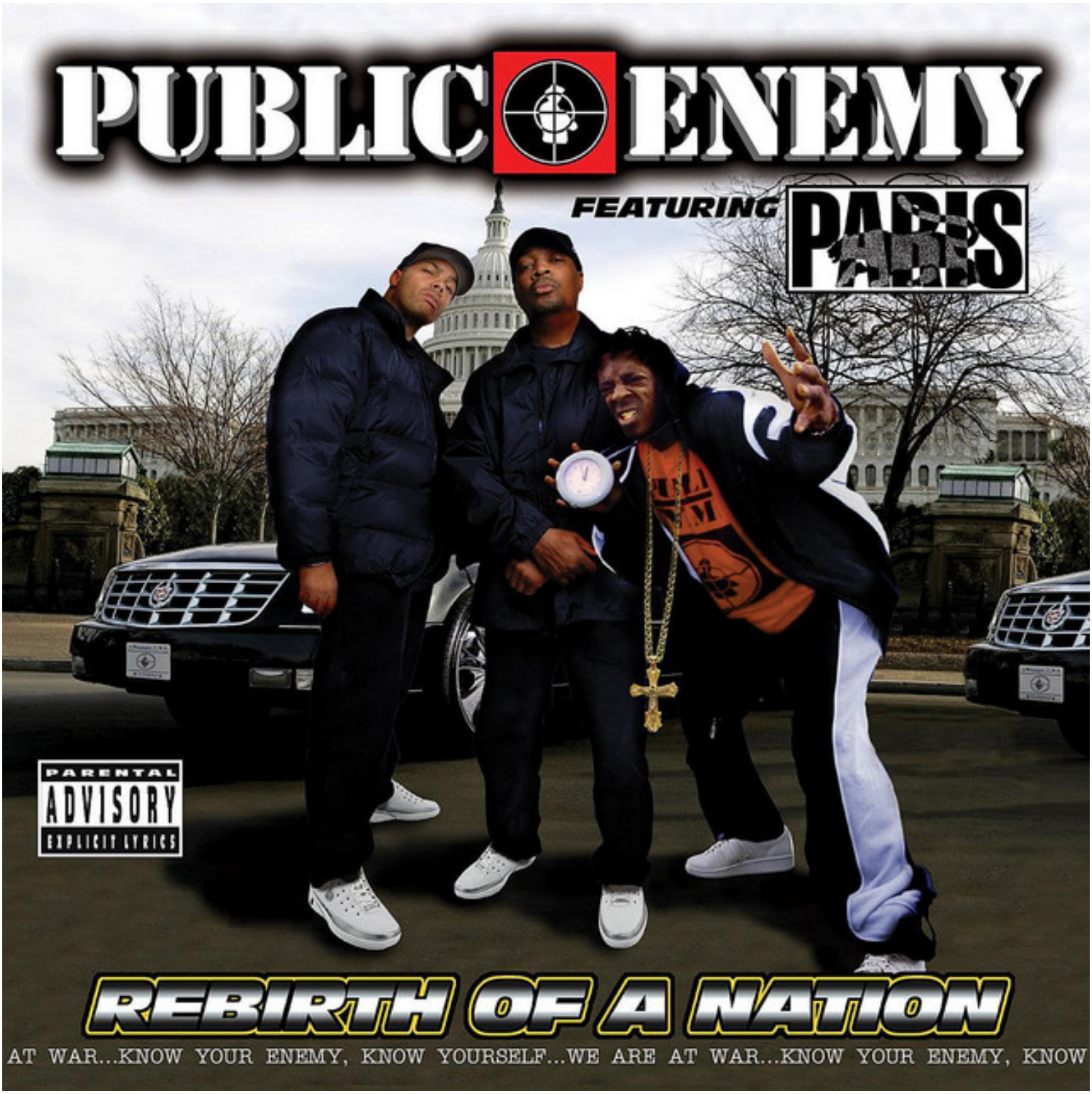
Do whatcha wanna do
But try to do the right thing
If its the right thing
Then go on
Do the damn thing
I know you get soul
Like a bbq chicken wing
Thet me like a king
Lemme hear you sing

Money cant buy you love
Thought you knew that
Eight days a week
Livin like a rugrat
Sex machine cant face fact

Gotta chase the cat
Hear the hand claps
Turn the damn thing up
Here we go again
No means no
So now you know again
Flow it like a poet
Get ready then
Dance gotcha trembin in dem timberland
Jumpback poppin that track
Gonna shake it now
Check the cat
Gettin wreck gonna break it down the record now
Gotta break it down
Rhymin this flow on the go
Cmon get it now

Yeah...
I'm saying we went from Gods to niggas
From queens to bitches
Who in the hell told you that you were in heaven
Who in the hell told you that you were in heaven
Platinum gold a house and a car
But poverty all around you by far
People living under bridges or in a car
Heaven for the super rich who call it modern living
But the Man from the east calls it a wilderness
Cause heaven for whites is hell for blacks in america
Heaven and hell are two conditions of Life
Not a place up there or a place down there
It's a condition of life on earth so value Life
Heaven is not things
It's a higher level of thinking
And at the moment one may change the conditions of Life
Our people think a job, partying and endless flow of women and moet,
Krystal and how much sex you can have is heaven
Sometimes you got to think that it may not be heaven all the time
But being able to meet Life's struggles head on, head on, head on
Without compromising your Soul soul soul soul
In this worlds Life
Not Life after death
Life on earth
Life
Not worrying about how you are gonna eat or put clothes on your children
Sit yourself in heaven at once
A woman is a very important part of heaven
She produces heaven with you
And if she is connected to the source of Life
So heaven is a condition of Life
And you can have it on earth
SO VALUE LIFE
VALUE LIFE
Who in the hell told yall you were in heaven

Oh, Oh
Lord Have Mercy!


PUBLIC ENEMY
FEATURING PARIS
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT LYRICS
REBIRTH OF A NATION
AT WAR...KNOW YOUR ENEMY, KNOW YOURSELF...WE ARE AT WAR...KNOW YOUR ENEMY, KNOW

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Raw Shit"

(feat. Paris, MC Ren)

[Chuck D: x4 repeat in the background]
Raw shit, hardcore hip-hop hits

[Paris]
Yes, live, real rap's back again
You in tune to the real, Hard Truth Soldier radio
The _Sonic Jihad_ continues
Where you either with us, or you against us
Dogs of the world unite
It's Public Enemy

[Verse 1: Chuck D]
GOD DAMN I state with my fist uplifted
In a state where our freedom is severely twisted and
abused, I'm used to rhythm of rebel
I've been fightin this shit with the volume level up to
ten and spendin my time on the rhyme battlefield
Watchin as my brothers are killed with no justice
or peace, in the middle of hell
And I was out on the Isle when the two Towers fell
So now you're gonna tell that the war is won
and what's done is done, an all-good _Son of a Bush_
I've been there before, "got a letter from government"
Slid underneath, my front door
The poor get fucked while the rich is still amused
And what's left of the Bill of Rights is pimped and abused
While the patriots actin like kings
But the black is back, I'm all in with the noise I bring!

[Chuck D: x4 repeat in the background]
Raw shit, hardcore hip-hop hits

[Flavor Flav]
Yeah that's right, we're Public Enemy #1 in New York
Public Enemy #1 in Chicago
Public Enemy #1 in Detroit
Public Enemy #1 in Oakland
Public Enemy #1 in Baltimore
Public Enemy #1 in Miami
Public Enemy #1 in Indiana
Also Public Enemy #1 in L.A., boyeee

[Verse 2: Paris]
Ask yourself why we just get by
While we struggle to maintain, bring sight to the blind
Up against the machine the _Bush Killer_ remain

In between the government and the public that's trained
Where white companies profit off black death
And house nigga rap thugs sell murder to kids
Where the media maintains all thought control
And fake news propaganda serve to rot the soul
We all unified to fight, keep the message and awake black
Open up your eyes, see the enemy and shake that
Bullshit lyin, free your mind, we combine
To combat the perpetrator of the crime design
With fake patri-ots and religion the same
Both blind and repressed, both practicin hate
Both followin the lead of people never concerned
with justice when the motive is the profit return
we justice when motivate and positive return
We servin

[Chuck D: x4 in the background]
Raw shit, hardcore hip-hop hits

[Paris]
Yeah, all day everyday we bring believe
All day everyday the most extreme
All day everyday we bring believe
Yeah, all day everyday we break the scheme

[Verse 3: MC Ren]
Worldwide vendetta, these reperations above cheddar
We got to fuckin get it together
So each one, teach one, fo' the straggle
Bein black in America's some shit to juggle
They won't give motherfuckers a job
They wanna throw you in the pen when you forced to rob
But the Villain is back, with the Black Panther of rap
Paris my nigga, you other fools never got bigger
I make this whole system quiver
With the street shit I'ma deliver, from my villa
Here I go again scarin people to death
America hold yo' breath, we the last left
And still got my black ass on the bottom
You motherfuckers in the jury that's why I shot 'em
I shot down one, to get away from two
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do

[Chuck D: x4 in the background]
Raw shit, hardcore hip-hop hits

[Flavor Flav]
Bust it, we're Public Enemy #1 in D.C.
Public Enemy #1 in New Jersey
Public Enemy #1 in Cleveland, Ohio
Public Enemy #1 in Alabama y'all
Public Enemy #1 in Tennessee
Public Enemy #1 in Mississippi

Public Enemy #1 in Philly, in Atlanta
Also we're Public Enemy #1 in St. Louis

[Outro: Flavor Flav]
But let tell you a little somethin man
I'm tired of all these flatheads and all these coneheads
You know what I'm sayin? I'ma tell you somethin
There's nuttin but spies out there, you know what I'm sayin?
Somebody is always out there with the binoculars
Somebody's always lookin out they window, and you know who know, that
You don't see everybody that see you, you know what I'm sayin?
So yo, to all you spies, creatin nuttin but lies, yo
In your face you need nuttin but pies, pies, pies
Cold pies, you know what I'm sayin?
You know how that go G

[Chuck D]
Public Enemy #1

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hard Rhymin'"

(feat. Paris, Sister Souljah)

Hard Truth Soldier radio

[Sister Souljah]
Brothers and sisters, this is not a test
I've been asked by Public Enemy leader Chuck D to make this emergency announcement
The police in your cities, for all intents and purposes
have declared open season on black people (hey yo check one two)
Public Enemy was driven into the underground by government forces
However a small resistance is forming
Both Terminator X and Chuck D have resurfaced
Leading a small mobile rebel unit, "The Valley of the Jeep Beats" (1-2-3-4-5-6)

[Chuck D]
Hard rhyme and the rebel is on the mic
One time, rhyme animal's on the mic
They're still keepin, youth asleep an'
We in the hood with heat and still beatin
And we back with the rap that packs the room
Black tracks with the rhythm that make you move
Can't hush the bumrush, we bust the sound
with these sonic bombs, feel the pressure all around
Raise the level I'm up again rhymin
Ridin on the devil since I began rhymin
Hell we bring back the meat that rap lacks
Cause like I said, we got sold down the river
And I ain't for these racist wars
A lie's fed by these TV whores
I know it's more to news fake the truth
We break through won't lose we move with Public Enemy

[Chorus x2: Chuck D (Paris)]
Hard rhyme when the rebel is on the mic
One time rhyme animal's on the mic
(It's P.E. - whattup - it's on you, brother what'chu wanna do)
(Brother tell me if it's on, it's on)

[Chuck D]
Now hip-hop was a gift that lifted up
Loved rap 'til the companies ripped it up
Now the soul is set, we've been had like jazz
If you down for change then they take your voice away
And then they tell you the best is white
Co-signed by a nigga that pimped the mic
Make the rule the view that the beef is cool
But what it do is fool the few fools who buy the feud

Keep the people all blind and dumb dancin
Never let a record that wreck become rampant
See the street copycat the crap rap and songs
Not knowin "There's a POISON Goin' On"
'Til the message revealed and I show
But you never get to hear it on the radio
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, fuck Jack!
Bust that, squeeze, rewind the shit, c'mon

[Chorus]

[Interlude: scratching and samples]
"C'mon now!" DJ Lord
"Here we go again"
"C'mon now!" Guerilla Funk
(Hey yo check one..)

[Chuck D]
We move as a team to keep them demons out
Y'all know what I'm talkin about
See 'em used, abused, confused us into thinkin that
bein ghetto mean the same as bein ignorant
And so we strive to rise and get by
No peace for the beast we police and shine the light
Culture vanish on the television pimpin those
on "Cribs" in a home that they never own
Damn! Tell me that once again
Radio and the video don't uplift
Take a stand be demandin all my freedom and my civil rights
Worldwide fight the plan and they genocide
Yes the road is long and hard
And when I'm gone you'll say I did my part
Keep gunnin, we the crew that never lose
on the ones and the motherfuckin twos, Public Enemy

[Chorus x2]

[Flavor Flav]
Hey yo check one two
Yeah that's right, Flavor Flav takin you back to the next millineum
You know what I'm sayin? Always cold cold kille-enum
You know what I'm sayin? And I ain't playin
It's all in the message that we're layin
I got a secret weapon, you know what I'm sayin?
Let's take two steps to the rear, we gettin out of here
You know what I'm sayin? Operation Cold Killin 'Em to the next millenium

Flavor Flav, rock the house

Hey yo check one two

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rise"

[Flavor Flav]
Yeah that's right Chuck man, that's what you gotta do
You got to tell 'em JUST LIKE THAT, you know what I'm sayin?
Cause yo, man let me tell you a little somethin man
All these brothers around here fiendin for that crack-a-lack-a-lack
You dig what I'm sayin? Yo man, all they wanna do is get what you got
But when you ain't got nuttin, then they wanna cut you off
So what you gotta do, you gotta play 'em long distance
You know what I'm sayin? I mean long distance
They think we takin shorts, show 'em this is Cold Medina man
C'mon, kick it!

[Chuck D]
Back one more time, here to put the message in a rough rhyme
It's important that you knowin the time
Cause I'm seein the program, know what I know and
until we get together we will never be up for sure
So I wreck like I'm posessed by Malcolm X
See the feds want us dead, we too complex
I always speak the truth, comin from me to you
We movin as a unit so you KNOW we refuse to lose
I got my eyes on the lies from Washington
I'm a survivor, I know how the West was won
See a show and tell, the way the CoIntel
undermind the REAL hip-hop so the cops can trail
But know bad boys move in silence
Save us all from the pain of a life of violence
They tappin my phone, full grown and knowin
And still prone to refute the lies, won't stop until we rise

[Chorus: Chuck D + various samples]
Rise up! "C'mon, ah-c'mon"
Rise... rise up! "One more time"
We rise... rise up! "C'mon, ah-c'mon"
Rise... rise up! "To the beat y'all"

[Chuck D]
I'm a hard truth soldier to the bone for change
Demonstrate and seperate the fact from strange
Blame companies killin our children
When the villain's on the record never think for a second that's the way we live
Wanna squeeze on the fleas at MTV
We quiz knots for the cops at BET
Seize the time, always rhymin combinin the antidote
for dope Interscope and fake gangster quotes
Cause I can recollect times when records set
Collect a dead brother you mind if you silence it yet

Rest the program, defeat the beastie
Cause on the street they do as we influenced by what we see
And yes it "Weighs a Ton" I say it once again
That's why the Enemy is down with Paris and KAM
It's all fam, we collide we live
Better decide on which side you ride, won't stop until we rise

[Chorus]

[Flavor Flav]
Y'all don't know, y'all don't know uhh *[x4]*

[Chuck D]
I know the power of fame, ain't never playin no games
Never croonin is provin, that we ready for change
Never simpin but they pimpin my people, for the dollars
So I holla back it keep us from EVIL 'til them devils are collared
And like I said it's on, I say it once again
Better know the plan to keep us ignorant
Brother to brother, ain't no other can smother
Or erase my case, we marry words with BASS
Just another wicked rhyme that I'm rappin on
S1's got my back if the clappin come
Pass on the work, makin sure the words are known
Keep 'em nervous, make 'em understand we servin foes
Keep it goin strong, nevertheless, know the enemy
And never back down, you can take it to press
'Less the mic like the art dart told you before
We for the prize emphasis the fight, now c'mon and rise

[Chorus]

[ad libs of Chorus to fade]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can't Hold Us Back"

(feat. Dead Prez, KAM, Paris, Professor Griff)

[Intro: Revolutionary]
Today we are together, we are unified and on runnin' cower
When we are together we got power
That is why we gathered today, celebratin' our own....

[Chuck D]
We spit flows on foes
Listen to the message that you never know
Got a plan for the man and it's federal
The rhyme animal, back to play the part again
Clear the madness, and put the message in
D, the Enemy is back to rip the mic
We come together, so don't believe the hype
Check my tone, there's a war here at home
We united and strong, and never move alone

[Paris]
We rep justice, equality and freedom now
Put fam first, man, woman and child
Never mild, keep it hostile 'til we raise
Where we say, what we mean and we mean what we say
It's been a long time comin' that we mob as one
Guerrilla Funk, Hard Truth nigga, that's what's up
No peace on the street 'til the justice come
From the ballot to the bullet, if it's on, it's on

[Chorus: Paris]
I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
See, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
Believe, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
My brother, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
That's real talk on the one

[Professor Griff]
Yo, yo, yo, yo, I'm a target, I got proof
My buildin' got an 'X' on it
Bloomberg threw the hex on it
It's like a pistol with effects on it
On a nigga with arrest warrants
Hittin' pigs in their chests Quadrant where they vest wasn't
Now he dead cousin
All you snitches hit the red buttons, we some Uncle-Tom killers

Mini-nina concealers, political cap-peelers for this freedom for rilla

[Dead Prez]
Yo, if police stop the whip you got to eat them trees
I ain't got no 'G' to give it to them crackers and court fees
You know my steez, security first, prepare for the worst
Never caught slippin' if you stay on alert
Malcolm X said send them to the cemetery if they touch you
A revolutionary virtue, a dull blade'll hurt you
I'm up early workin' my machete
In war, it ain't no warning, you just got to be ready

[Chorus: Dead Prez w/ Minor Variations]
I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
My nigga, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
My nigga, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
You see, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me, yeah, uha

[KAM]
Yeah, my nigga it's bigger than rap
You really think you gon' be left alone
On sayin' that you believe and ain't gon' have to get your scrap on?
Then yap on, and will see if that's the right route
While I get my clap on and turn niggas' lights out
I tried to be nice, now we gon' have to bleed them
I'm willin' to do a killin' for the price of freedom "that's right"
Comin' from the left, nigga, hood is how we kept it "right"
So prison or death is just somethin' I done accepted
So we'll murder a snake, and we'll kill a skunk "that's right"
This ain't the word of a fake, it's Guerrilla Funk
So right now is the time and you turf the location
Y'all about to see the Rebirth Of a Nation
Even if some got de-rebelized
The revolution still will not be televised
U.S. Government tellin' hell of lies
And it's evident, when you look in this president's devil eyes

[Chorus: KAM w/ Minor Variations]
I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
Yeah, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
No homie, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
My brother, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me

[Paris]
That's real talk on the one

[Outro: Revolutionary]
That is why, I challenged you now
To stand together, raise your fists together
And engage in our national black messiness
Do it courage and determination..
I AM, "I AM" - SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I AM, "I AM" - SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I LIVE IN POOR "I LIVE IN POOR"
BUT I AM, "BUT I AM" SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I NEED YOUR WELFARE "I NEED YOUR WELFARE"
BUT I AM, "I AM" SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I'm MAYBE YOUR SEAL "I'M MAYBE YOUR SEAL"
BUT I AM, "BUT I AM" SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I AM "I AM" BLACK "BLACK" BEAUTIFUL "BEAUTIFUL" RAW "RAW"
I MUST BE EFFECTIVE "I MUST BE EFFECTIVE"
I MUST BE PROTECTED " I MUST BE PROTECTED"
WHAT TIME IS IT? "UNIFICATION"
WHEN WE STAND TOGETHER, WHAT TIME IS IT?
WHEN WE SAY NO MORE ?? WHAT TIME IS IT?
WHAT TIME IS IT?
WHAT TIME IS IT?

[A Great Round Of Applause]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hard Truth Soldiers"

(feat. Paris, Dead Prez, The Conscious Daughters, MC Ren)

[Verse 1: Chuck D]
Bring that beat back, we set it off "we set it off"
Got us back for combat, we get it raw "we get it raw"
With a counterattack over tracks we build minds of the blind
never calm when we bomb on neocons "let's go"
Pump the level, the rebel to you
Never lose or let a devil break up my crew
Never nervous, serve 'em with the words with purpose it's the
CoIntel killa black hard truth silverback "damn"
Still checkin to see just who's set to come along
when brothers revive that movement
We bringing the balance back, never non-violent tact
Guerrillla Funk and P.E. connect
So know it when you're hearin the rhymes that I'm givin' 'em
combined with the rythmn designed to expose the sins
all in it's the master plan
until the curse is reversed I'm sayin, rebirth of a nation...

[Verse 2: Professor Griff]
They call me E-M-E, U-N-O, you know
P.A., niggaz is opposite of the Po Po
We say together the ants can conquer the elephants
They say, fuck what they say 'cause shit is irrelevant
Soldiers, where's your heart? Show me that love
What you made of? This is the shit that could make thugs
Turn revolutionary, 360 he with me she with me
Anything for you, give up my kidney...

[Verse 3: Dead Prez]
Up early in the morning, training with the machete
Revolutionary, ready for war, never scary
As an African, my daily regimen is development
Malcolm X said self defense is intelligent
So I train in the martial arts
It's something for warriors, not those with partial hearts "partial hearts"
We recognize that our people need a military
So we could take care what's already necessary....

[Chorus x2: Paris]
What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier

[Verse 4: Paris]
It's the killa Cal nigga now, showin' disgust

One hitter, still bitter, clips ready to bust
Gat Turner with the twin burner 21 shots in my drawz
Red beam on a pig make 'em pause
And y'all can't fuck with the style I bring
Been wild as a child ever since I came
To the knowledge of myself, raise 'em up, maintain
P-Dog and the Enemy, we bringin' the pain...

[Verse 5: Conscious Daughters]
It's the squaw, quick on the draw and quite clean
Verbal attack, I'm never seen, comin'
Niggas take off runnin', they know in my tribe
I'm pitchin' venomous arrows and shovin' bitches aside
We ride, unified, playin' our part
Bein' sure that a woman's voice'll never get lost
Still a soldier in the struggle and aware of the cost
Motherfucker, thought you knew the people ready for war...

So before I begin, let's commit to rhyme
Keep the women in the mix and do it one more time
And that when I get to hittin', know the powder is dry
Spittin' 'power to the people', hoe, the real gon' shine
Conscious Daughters in the front, soldier first brigade
Special One, CMG, Guerrilla Funk, we raid
Blaze through the competition and we all get paid
But keep it revolutionary each and every day.....

[Chorus x2: Paris]
What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier

[Verse 6: MC Ren]
Who that nigga you can call to spit some shit
And ain't scared of the government, you niggaz lovin' it
We spread out in different positions
Tryin' to break these motherfuckers outta prison, listen "yeah"
Mayday on the front line
Nigga we G's up in the game, we bust 'till we flatline "what"
Then they want my black ass to Rock The Vote
They want as many niggaz they can to fill the boat
But these house niggaz go fight in Iraq
Cryin' to they mamma now they wanna come back
Should'nta took your black ass in the service
And fuck if I make you nervous, I'ma speak it
Black revolutionary, that's my title
While these stupid niggaz wanna be American Idols
Still ride for the streets, since day one
We rough with ours homie, straight outta Compton...

[Chorus x2: Paris]
What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah

Straight Hard Truth Soldier
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier

[Outro: MC Ren Talking]
yeah, MC motherfuckin Ren, with my nigga Paris
Guerrilla Funk

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hannibal Lecture"

(feat. Paris)

[Malcolm X]
Being here in America doesn't make you an American
Being born here in America doesn't make you an American
Why if birth made you an American you wouldn't need any legislation
You wouldn't need any amendments to the Constitution
I don't see any American dream, I see an American nightmare
I'm one of the 42 million black people who are the victims of America

[Paris]
Aiyyo we all in together now, all in together now
Hard truth soldierin, hard truth soldier SHIT
Keep on servin 'em, cause you know we do work
Mashin in my Chevy down the streets of New York, they feel me
I smooth grip, and hit up the spot
Snatch Flav as my dual pipes burn up the block
We bumpin hardcore, heavyweight, b-boy blast
On the street they hear my beat, my 69 is fast
Smash down Lennox, head up to the 'View
Some reporter wanna holla and I said it was cool
Wanna know about the album and the Enemy's new
How P.E. and Guerilla Funk is keepin it movin
Breakin bread talkin politics, you know how it go
'Bout the war and how it's shitty that we murder for dough
Then the reporter asked a question, that I had to mash
How, I would act if every day was maybe my last
How if every day I worried 'bout my family in this
I'd be murdered on these street in a puddle of piss
Or if I would get some news that my brother had died
If they ran up in my house and held my kids and my wife
Or if we was looted and somebody took all our thangs
If my sister was abducted, never heard from again
I began to compare it, so he could observe
When I made the parallels with how they livin abroad
I can't ignore it, these pigs ride deep in the streets
Cap a nigga for his wallet, beat another for free
And the cold part about it, life is cheaper than that
Down there people on the bottom kill each other for scraps
Imagine that, propoganda got the people confused
Damned by the media that keep 'em subdued
I been around the world, seen a lot of shit in my life
Same sirens, same ghetto birds swirlin at night
Same racism, profilin each of us all
Same outsiders where we live enforcin the law
Gats clappin on the streets, gunplayin with heat
Same prisons full of brothers herded in like sheep
Same turncoats that'll burn folks for pay

Same conditions in communities we die everyday
Same brutality and ignorance, now what will it take
to break the motherfuckin cycle, get the people away?
That's why I'm fresh out of tears for 'em, all out of tears for 'em
Even though my heart goes out, what the fuck you cryin 'bout?
Money for rebuilding but, what about home?
When the way we live is shitty where's the love for our own?
I can't decide it, it's real, I hit you with proof
Maybe I'll be suicided cause I hit you with truth
See they kill for less than what we say on records to you
Hear the message in the music from a rebel to you, now listen

[Outro: x6 to end]
Save my life you gotta, save my life you gotta *[x3]*
Save us, save us

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rebirth Of A Nation"

(feat. Professor Griff)

"The Enemy the Enemy the Enemy the Enemy" *[repeat in background]*

[Flavor Flav (Chuck D)]
P.E., c'mon now!
Here the... here the, hear the beat go
(C'mon!) Hit me
Cold live can, cold live
(Bring the noise!) To the beat y'all
{"Turn it up!}
C'mon now! That's all?
Ah-ah-ah-aight I got it, ah-ah-alright y'all, alright y'all

[Chuck D]
We come rough with the rhythm and rhymes that pack 'em in
Bust with the rhythm that shines back once again
Still ride with releases reachin each
Still strive to revive and keep the peace
And still knowin how to crush the mo'
We still showin with the monster flows that you know
And bleed the beast that, keeps the peace back
Must defeat that, bring that beat back!
When X plays on the crossfades we rave
To make us all come together, brothers doin our thang
In this land where the plan is to blind the mind
We go wild and understand the grand design
We brought BACK what'cha missed, feel the voice resist
Black fist got us sittin on the government list (oh shit!)
From the North to the near, hear it loud and clear
There's no fear, keep the people aware with Public Enemy

"The Enemy the Enemy the Enemy the Enemy" *[repeat in background]*

[Chuck D] Rhyme animal
[F. Flav] C'mon Griff
[F. Flav] Hear the beat go, Terminator what?
[Chuck D] DJ lord... c'mon now!
[Chuck D] Guerilla Funk'n
[F. Flav] To the beat y'all, shakin the ground
[F. Flav] P.E.
[Chuck D] What a brother know
[Chuck D] Once again back is the incredible

[Professor Griff]
It's P.G. out the gutter to absorb the fight
Six shots, slang shots, stick cops at night
Might pass on the black ski-mask and gloves

Revolutionary love, in Allah we trust
This one's for the workers in the struggle to rise
For the brothers in the pen and the women despised
For all the people's pain from the brain control
For niggaz in the game that done lost their soul
Hope goes to the folks don't hold the max
And the ten percent blood suckin askin blacks
to pass the gat, and snatch that book off the shelf
It don't mean shit without knowlege of self
Don't trip when the real clip rip the club
Cause when the brothers get together we gon' all come up
Keep it live in your ear so it's loud and clear
There's no fear keep the people aware with Public Enemy

"The Enemy the Enemy the Enemy the Enemy" *[repeat in background]*

[F. Flav] Huh! Terminator's back
[F. Flav] Hear the beat go
[Chuck D] Let me hear you say c'mon now
[F. Flav] Bring the noise - YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH
[F. Flav] Hey yo check one two
[Chuck D] Guerilla Funk'n, here we go again
[F. Flav] Hear the beat go, P.E.
[F. Flav] Cold live, can cold live

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Pump The Music. Pump The Sound"

[Chuck D]
Public Enemy...
Public Enemy... c'mon!
Public Enemy...
Public Enemy...

Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this (c'mon!)
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this

[Sister Souljah]
WE ARE AT WAR!!!

[speech (Souljah)]
The American people, must rise up (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
Out of the evils of war (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
The evil of racism, and the evil of politics (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
I am constantly reminded of the fact (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

[Chuck D]
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this (c'mon!)
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

[speech (Sister Souljah)]
The war, is only a symptom (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
Of international militarism (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
Racism, and imperialism (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
And an unworkable capitalism (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
That makes the rich richer and the poor poorer

[Chuck D]
Public Enemy...

Public Enemy...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Make It Hardcore"

(feat. Paris)

[Paris]
Ain't that a bitch, I heard somebody think
Rap is dead cause people runnin out of shit to say
So ridiculous and so absurd
I was almost at a loss for words, then I started to serve
Off the line of the Enemy's mind
Back in 2005 droppin hammers without the time
Bring the ruckus from the booth to the hood
Motherfucker cause it ain't all good, now I wish they would
Get yo' vest on, we rain on Babylon
The anti-Fox News, anti-pop, original group
P and the Enemy policin the beast
Until we rise it'll never be peace, I put that on Jesus
Back with vocals, no whack shit, no glory focus
No gimmick tracks, just hard truth and rough raps
Plus that gear that keep 'em fearin the crime
Makin sure brothers knowin the time, that's why it ain't no smilin
See the army as they're snatchin us up, yeah
At yo' high school, promisin what?
Better recognize the bling of the murder machine
That's why it's meaning in the words when we serve and ask you to think
Who the whores that embed with the swords
Who the ones pimp us all sellin death for Murder Dog
The imagery is dead-ly so what the fuck?
Interscope ah better hope we never knowin and bringin the ruckus
Like Nas said, it's a coon parade, yeah
Bitch niggaz goin out all day
We pullin guns on Uncle Tom to bomb on Viacom
It's on, long as needed we competin keep-keepin it strong
Ain't no (Comic) in my (View) as long as they sell the black out
I grip my shit and blow your back out
We act out, cause you know we reppin the cause
Still a (Rebel) never needin a (Pause), I check drawers for balls

[Chorus: Chuck D (singers)]
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!
(Ridin with a soldier, hard truth soldiers in the game)
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!
(Keep the record rollin, ain't nobody colder when we play)
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!
(Hard truth soldier, ridin with a soldier in the game)
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!
(Keep the record rollin, can't nobody hold the spot we claim)

[Paris]
Soul survivors, now tell me who can bring it liver

It's P.E., still beatin the beast
In this game of latecomers, fake friends and flakes
And grown men actin like teenagers, we raisin the stakes
What'cha know about words I throw around
When I say it loud better know that I'm black and I'm proud
(This is what I mean, an Anti-Nigger Machine)
Take a look around and see the way they keepin the realest from reachin
But I bet you never hear it again, naw
Clear Channel never heat it again
It never fit into the corporate plan of attack
They genocidal practices only givin us "Murder on Wax"
Keep us terrified, music sterilized
Back the lies of the homicide and smile while
life imitates what we make; they all
makin money off the African's fall, that's why I'm callin out

[Chorus]

[Paris]
Because a (Nation of Millions) is fearin the (Black)
When we (Bumrush the Show) (The Enemy Strike Back)
With mo' game than the music and our message attract
(Revolverlution) and (Rebirth)'ll keep the music in tact
Fuck that, bust back on they criminal ways
No compassion in they action for the son of a slave
Now the church used to hurt us, make somebody behave
Like this devil up in office really worship and pray
Like God speak to him and he does what he wants
But you know they steal the vote if anybody gets smart
The real sin is the dilemma when the people support
the death penalty but call abortion murder for sport
For the fake patri-OT, ain't no questions asked
'Specially, when the babies kill each other for gas
Known to blast on a menace that don't even exist
Set up puppet governments, for the rich to get richer
More money for them hoods, but the hood's in pain
When the schools close cause they say no money remain
Still undereducated, makin minimum wage
Got your Wal*Mart, makin new century slaves
Who's crazy? I can see, through the disguise
See, through the media's propaganda and lies
See a nation full of sheep still simple and blind
So we burn 'em with the sermon that's designed with a rhyme, we do it

[Chorus]

[Chuck D]
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore! *[x2]*

[Chorus: second half only]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"They Call Me Flava"

[Flavor Flav]
Yooooooooooooooooooooo!
That's what I got everybody up in the Bronx sayin
(Get the fuck outta here)
Everybody up in the Bronx is sayin yooooooooooooooooooooo!
That's Flav shit nigga

[Chorus: x2]
They call me Flavor, Flavoristic majestic Flavor
Don't you know that I'm the Flavor that you gave-ah
I'm in the life that you live when you..
Ahh do it again *[laughing]*

[Flavor Flav]
Now they call me Flavor
I'm in the shot that you shoot when you swishin
I'm in your dip and your dive when you dippin
I'm the aroma in your motherfuckin kitchen (Now that shit's hot!)
Now they call me Flavor
I'm in your mouth when you wake up in the mornin (DAMN!)
I'm the stink on your breath when you yawnin (WHAT!)
I'm in the milk in the cows of the corn an'
Flavor Flav is the Flav, a mack
Flavor Flav will never stick you in your back
Flavor Flav is on the reel to reel
Flavor Flav is in what you feel, BOYEEE!
Now they call me Flavor
Flav will never stick you in your back
Flavor Flav is on the reel to reel, oh noooo!
Aiyyo {?} I don't know what the fuck I'm sayin

[Chorus]

[Flavor Flav]
YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH!!
Get up get up get up and get down
Rock to the beat of a funky sound
Beat so sweet won't never go sour
Day by day every minute of the hour
The mornin hard eggs and tell me what's new
Got nuttin else to do but drink brew
Tryin to feel the flow, gettin so low
Standin there drinkin a quart of Old Gold
That's right, that's the way we gonna do it
And that's the way we gonna get through it
That's why I put my mind to it
And that's the way we gonna get through it *[laughing]*

South Freeport, break down
That's, where my families frown
After dark, Centennial Park
Go to Jones Beach, get on the back of a shark

[Chorus]

[Flavor Flav: over Chorus]
GET IT NOW! WHAT?! HUH!
But I ain't playin, you know what I mean?
Ohhh shit, one more time

[Flavor Flav]
If you really want it put I can put a nigga's light out
On the strength but I don't go that length
Cause, Flavor Flav don't live on that tip G
But don't get sleep on me
I get lurky boy
When you eat a beef jerky boy
Suey sauce and soy boy
I did it to 'em with Roy boy, whaaaaaaaaat?

[Chorus]

[Flavor Flav: over Chorus]
C'mon, WHAT! Daaamn
C'mon, the rap Superman, CHAAAAAAAAAARGE
YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH

[Flavor Flav]
Bring that beat back (hehehehe)
Bring that beat back (brrrrrrrr)
Bring that beat back *[snickering]*
Bring that beat back
Do you know what I ain't got time to waste on this shit all night
Fuck that, fuck that you know cause I got other shit to do
We gone!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Plastic Nation"

[conversation between woman and plastic surgeon]
Tell me what you don't like about yourself
Uh, I need liposuction, under my chin - and everywhere
I hate the.. bump on my nose
I hate my breasts, and my stomach has stretch marks
They make me sick - I'd like those to go away
Been saving up my money for this

[Chuck D]
What if she tried to get her face erased like it was commonplace
Maybe just crazy because the doctor said she could
With new hips and tits, maybe fuller lips
All it take a day and some pay, for the tuck and nip
Call the Hoover remover, by the time they was through-ah
Her whole body would look the way she thought it should
They shake a splatter of fat and move from this to that
Like Frankenstein but blind because it's in her mind
Don't know what she felt, or why she hated herself
Maybe dolls and shows, or maybe videos
Now it's plain to see, the girl loves TV
Because she's chasin a dream we know can never be
Was all part of the plan to keep her lookin right
Thinkin she could be Janet, if she took the knife
It's not a sin to be thin, she tryin hard to fit in
Knowin soon she'll be a citizen, of the Plastic Nation

[Chorus x2: conversation between women and plastic surgeon]
Tell me what you don't like about yourself
I wanna change my face, and I wanna change my body, I wanna change my body
Tell me what you don't like about yourself
I wanna change my face, it would be so.. great

[Chuck D]
Now she was more crazy than lazy 'til she had a baby
Tryin to move and improve upon on what God gave her
Just like the swan she thought she had it goin on
But never once thought it was wrong or that it wouldn't save her
Went to the clinic was in it for over half a day
As they sliced and diced and put the parts in place
Her body's bruised, abused, cause her mind's confused
Bent on livin a lie but never satisfied
And you know it ain't right, that's somebody's daughter
Now her face is so tight that you can bounce a quarter
And the feeling ain't back, they said it'll never be back
She's a creature with features, broken out of order
That's why we try to find a way to get inside
And make you love your life and never need the knife

It's not a sin to be thin, don't need to bleed to fit in
Now she's another citizen, of the Plastic Nation

[Chorus]

[women talking to end]
I need liposuction
I'd like bigger calves
I need liposuction
And, I'd also like to go up to a C cup
Tell me what you don't like about yourself
Maybe I could have her ears
Maybe I could have her ears, and I like her nose
Tell me what you don't like about yourself
Because they don't stick out like ours does see
[suction sounds]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Coinsequences"

(feat. Paris)

[Intro/Chorus: Paris]
Is it a, coincidence that we ain't taught truth
A, coincidence that they target the youth
A, coincidence everything is the same
That a message in the music ain't a part of the game
A, coincidence that we livin a lie
A, coincidence that we only get by
A, coincidence that so many are lost
And do prison time 'fore we notice the cost

[Paris]
It really ain't difficult to break the mold
And take a close look at the lies we're told
Wipe away the facade, see we got to know
See the plot to control and to rot the soul
You can make anybody that don't read believe
anything that they see on the TV screen
That a lie is reality, the sky is green
That there's weapons in Iraq, and the President's clean
When it's on, thinkin you can trust police
Every black is a beast and our women are cheap
And that brothers gettin murdered is the way of the streets
That it's normal to die when we still in our teens
And that's the way it is, what's the use to try
That school is a motherfuckin waste of time
Slang yay, die young, maybe get rich rhymin
And prison if you black is just a part of life
And that all of America support the Pres'
Religion is the way, and we all full of sin
That it's better after death if we suffer and pray
Even though they fuck us off in this life today
And that white Jesus hangin on the wall in church
ain't a part of a lie to keep a brother subservient
And that the whole world need the word "Amen"
Got troops overseas gettin murdered for free
If you buy that shit, I got a bridge to sell
Like I said I'm a rebel, so I must re-bel
And lies be the truth now, war is peace
Like corporations don't dictate the streets
Like brothers don't die for the diamond or bling
Like brothers don't die over songs we sing
Like patri-ots act like the Patriot Act
While we swing on this bitch 'til we break it in half

[Chorus]

[Paris]
You guilty if arrested and niggaz are thugs
Only good for welfare, murder and drugs
The media is true, with no bias at all
And Fox News ain't on the President's balls
That Lacey and O.J. and Kobe and Mike
ain't bullshit and really do matter in life
That you shouldn't be insulted they give 'em the time
but never talk about all this corporate crime
That they generatin news stay loose with facts
Relate fake views that'll keep us attracted
like sheep so we don't think, never react
Never question authority, never suspect
Never trip off of why what matters to us
always seem unimportant, and never get love
Why it's never any money for the school support
But it's fallin out the sky for these corporate wars

[Chorus]

[Paris]
They never give real shit space to shine
Just donkey-ass niggaz on assembly line
Cookie cutter pop-slutter make music designed
to pedal Coca-Cola, Motorola and Sprite
No love for the Enemy with video play
But they give Flav a show to take the focus away
from the realest group ever made, whaddya say
when to them it's Eminem that's goin down as the greatest?
When the plan is a shame like we makin a choice
Understand it's a scam who get handed a voice
And it's only a few and they decide in advance
Like votin for the President and both of them fam
All that "God bless America, and nobody else"
But I can smell racism, however it's dealt
Know the real shit never miss, see how it's felt
All around the world, hear the people cryin for help

[Chorus]

[Outro: Paris]
A, coincidence ex-cons can't vote
A, coincidence they can't get no work
A, coincidence that they can't hold heat
Now they know that they enemy don't look like me
A, coincidence that we shit out of luck
The consequence of coincidences all add up
When you never know the reason and you're set up to suffer
The offense is coincidence is never the cause

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Invisible Man"

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]
I came from a place I forgot
I woke up in the parking lot, far from a meal and a cot
On the corner where all the streets got the same name
Maybe my brain's on the brink of (INSANE!)
Pain between the papers while sleepin on the train
This the land of milk and honey (know what I'm sayin?!)
The invisible man times three
Black, down and out - out standin on a corner (no doubt)
Now a nation of homeless sleepin in bus stations
Another win for the pilgrims who said (NO MORE HAITIANS)
As I proceed, someone to feed me is what I need
(Three blocks of dealers tryin to hit me off with some weed)
Yeah, avenues and boulevards hungry as a (FUCKER)
Hope to get a ride from a (TRUCKER - aiyyo man)
Everybody know I ain't no (SUCKER)
Every time I used to drop thirty at the (RUCKER - that's it)
Away from the crazy kids in Generation Wrecked
Dissin pyramids while praisin projects
(Walk past old folks gettin no respect!)
Callin young folks a bunch a no-good rejects
And I walk on

[Chorus: Chuck D]
An eye for an eye, I can't recognize the man in the mirror
Is it I? It is I
Now who this cat I'm lookin at?
Cause I've been waitin so long, to get where I'm goin
An eye for a eye, in this country 'tis of thee
Now how the hell, can I be free
And who this cat I'm lookin at?
Cause I've been lost so long without anybody knowin

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]
So I move on (uh-huh) and I walk on (yeah-yeah!)
Past the preachers and the pimps gettin their talk on (SAY WORD?!)
Why do home gotta be where the negative roam
To be or not to be (so I roll alone)
I'm trapped within, this skin and these bones
Amongst temporary kings, on cellular phones
Can I last, as I walk past
Mad cigarette billboards, and malt liquor ads
(Walkin on da bottles and potato chip bags)
Everyone I see got the nerve to brag
Where they from, what they got, and don't own squat
Disrespect where they from and you might get shot *[click click BOOM]*
Zombies askin me, what the latest bomb be

(You shoulda shot the fuckin sheriff and the fuckin deputy G!)
For okayin the drug trade and lettin it be
But I know prison for me, is an industry
So I walk, heard the best things in life be free
(Didn't God make this land and the air that we breathe)
Not for the homeless, don't give a damn about me
In the mirror somebody else is starin at me
Maybe prison is the skin I'm within
All this time I been sufferin can't fix it with a Bufferin
Plus they said I'll never work in this town again (God damn!)
So I keep on walkin - yeah

[Chorus]

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]
Lil' DayDay is Big Day and just did time
Seen him standin (on the unemployment line?!)
Which collided with the line of the health clinic
I seen Crazy Stacy, her ass standin up in it
No more welfare, they cut her Medicaid
(DAMN! My momma used to do her braids)
I keep walkin, so they don't see me
But I doubt if they doin much better than me
So I walk on, never take the planet for granted
I paved the concrete, asphalt and granite
I walked past three brothers, sittin on the porch
With a yard of dirt, and littered with Newports
Talkin how they comin up while they sittin on they ass
As I walk past 'em I'm the target of they laughs
And one said "Let's get him for his fuckin stash"
As I walked fast, past the other yards with grass
Had a little cash, I tried to make it last
From a few deals I made from cleanin windshields
I ran like a (rally) they caught me in the (alley)
Can't get out the ghetto from New York to (Cali)
I thought I had nothin, 'til I felt the knife
And now I ain't even got a life... *[echoes]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hell No We Ain't All Right!"

[Chuck D: storm raging in the background]
Does it gotta come down to this...
In order to see things for what they are and what it is...
We still might not be free up in this piece
Or treated very equally as far as I can see...
Hell no we ain't alright!

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]
Now all these press conferences, breaking news alert (this just in)
While your government looks for a war to win
Flames for the blame game, names where I begin
Walls closin and get some help to my kin
(Who cares?) While the rest of the Bush nation stares
As the drama unfolds, as we the people under the stairs
Fifty percent of this "Son of a Bush" nation
is like, hatin on Haiti and settin up assassinations
Ask Pat Robertson, quiz him (mmm - smells like terrorism)
Racism in the news, still one-sided views
Sayin whites find food
Pray for the National Guard who be ready to shoot
Because they be sayin us blacks loot
(What is your boy "Son of a Bush" doin?) *[laughing]*
(NUTTIN!)

[Chorus 1: x3]
New Orleans in the mornin afternoon and night
Hell naw! {HELL NAW} We ain't alright

[Chorus 2]
New Orleans in the mornin afternoon and night
Hell naw! "Damn, damn!"

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]
Now them fires, earthquakes, tsunamis, I don't mean to scare
... wasn't this written somewhere?
Disgrace is all I be seein is hurtin black faces
Moved out to all them far away places
(Emergency) state, corpses alligators and snakes
Big difference between this haze and (the little diamonds on the VMA's)
You better look what's really important
Y'all under the sun, especially if you over 21
This ain't no TV show, ain't no video (this is really real!)
Beyond them same ol' keep it real
quotes from them TV stars, drivin big rim cars (streets keep floodin B)
No matter where you at no gas, driving is a luxury (urgency)
Don't y'all know? They said it's a state of emergency
Show somebody's government is far from reality

(Aiyyo check one two!)

[Chorus 1: repeat x4 instead of x3]

[TV broadcast samples]
And they don't have a CLUE of what's going on down there
I'm like you've gotta be kidding me, this is a NATIONAL disaster
It's awful down here man
God is lookin down on all this
And if they are not doin everything in their power to save people
They are gonna pay the price

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]
Now I see we be the new faces of refugees, who ain't even overseas
But stuck here on our knees
Forget the plasma TV, ain't no electricity
New world's upside down and OUT of order
Shelter, food, what's up yo? (Where's the water?)
No answers from disaster, them masses be hurtin
So who the f#$! they call - HALLIBURTON?!
"Son of a Bush" how you gonna just trust that cat
to fix s%#t when all that help is stuck in Iraq?
Makin war plans takin more stands in Afghanistan
Two thousands soldiers there dyin in the sand
But that's over there, right? What's over here?
It's a noise so loud some of y'all can't hear
But on TV I know that I can see
Bunches of people, lookin just like me

[Chorus 1 x4: change city/state name each refrain]
[1:] New Orleans
[2:] Mississippi
[3:] Alabama
[4:] U.S.A.

[Chuck D]
We definitely ain't alright
And some of y'all voted for that cat! "Son of a Bush"
That's right, what God giveth sometimes your country taketh away
Yeah, one love, comin from Public Enemy, #1 y'all
Public Enemy, 2006 (yeah)
Public Enemy 2007, all gettin together now

[Flavor Flav]
Let me tell y'all somethin
All of our hearts is out there with y'all, you know what I'm sayin?
And we sendin trucks, we sendin boats
Boxes of.. cans of soup and everything
Clothes and all of that, shoes
We donating everything to y'all, you know what I'm sayin?
Don't worry, y'all ain't by yourself
You need to know that

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Watch The Door"

[Intro: Chuck D]
Watch the door, Chuck D, Public Enemy
Paris, Guerilla Funk, Rebirth of a Nation 2006
Everybody needs somebody to watch the door as it's goin on
Securin you - who's securin what?!
Watch the door

[Chuck D]
Now I'm down to do your thing if your thing's the right thing
P.E. ain't tryin to hear no fat lady sing (naw)
Don't get it twisted cause we still love the music in the past
Through the years see them use it then abuse it
Some of these cats ain't sat down, washed their hands
and say to the grace to the game, so they're a disgrace to the race
Dig it, P-Dog we be diggin them party joints
Beats for everybody joints
Takin care and persevere I'm makin my point
Message around the world, rap be's for the poor
You on the floor, we at the door
Rob the rich, give to the poor

[Chorus: x2]
Rob the rich, give to the poor
Give back to get back cause we watch the door

[Chuck D]
Cause it's about to go down these cowboys have jumped the corral
Survival yeah we got the nerve to serve
Like a hip-hop bible, don't libel
Guerilla Funk, they got the title
The late great, no need to donate dollars
I don't care if they poppin collars and holla's
Who can't think between drinks, Chuck D I'm the driver
Hard act to follow, I think for tomorrow
Remix of old P.E. hits, I ain't up against it
If it was up to me I'd give it all away (yeah)
Anyway, uploads for my people to download
Shit so hot, iPods explode
One at a time baby, for your mind baby
Uhh, to keep your soul in control baby
Not crazy this party's for everybody
You on the floor, and I be watchin the door

[Chorus x2]

[samples: some scratched]
"You sold us out!"

"They don't pay you enough to do that boy"
"You sold us out!"
"Some things you don't sell"
"You sold us out!"
"They don't pay you enough to do that boy"
"You sold us out!"
"Too much, get away from stuff like that"

[Chuck D]
Multiply, do not divide
Think globally, act locally
Passport, showin no support
Makin World War III, lookin like a sport
Human race, in the only place
we know as Earth, right in our face
And the firebombs, and the toxic waste
Will leave this world without a trace
And we don't want no other war
Too late the feds done closed the door
And we the peeps get spoken for
The people want peace but the people get a quota
Got the cure, high price for sure
Fix the rich, and damn the poor
Laptops, shoes, off says the law
Make love, fuck the war

[Chorus x2: fades out]

[Chuck D - continues to fade]
You're damn right!
Public Enemy, Rebirth of a Nation
Paris, Guerilla Funk
2006 for yo' bad ass
Yeah, somebody gotta watch the damn door!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Field Nigga Boogie (XLR8R Remix)"

(feat. Paris, Immortal Technique)

[Paris]
Take it back to the days when we raised us up
'Fore coward-ass rap made the game corrupt
P-Dog in the cut back to bring the pain
Puttin wood on they ass can't stand the rain
And bring heat over beats, and scratch the itch
In a "No Spin Zone," fuck a scanadalous bitch
It's the return of the (Bush Killa) back to bust
Just us for the justice, in God we trust
I rush truth to the youth, and shine the light
Take the red pill, open up your eyes to life
In this land of these crack fiends sheep and moles
See us overthrow the hold of the devil control
And roll deep, keep it underground for the streets
I'm the last sayin, get 'em outta bounds, retreat
Like ants in this war dance, if one fall
Ten more's in his place to advance the cause, it's all

[reggae chat interlude]

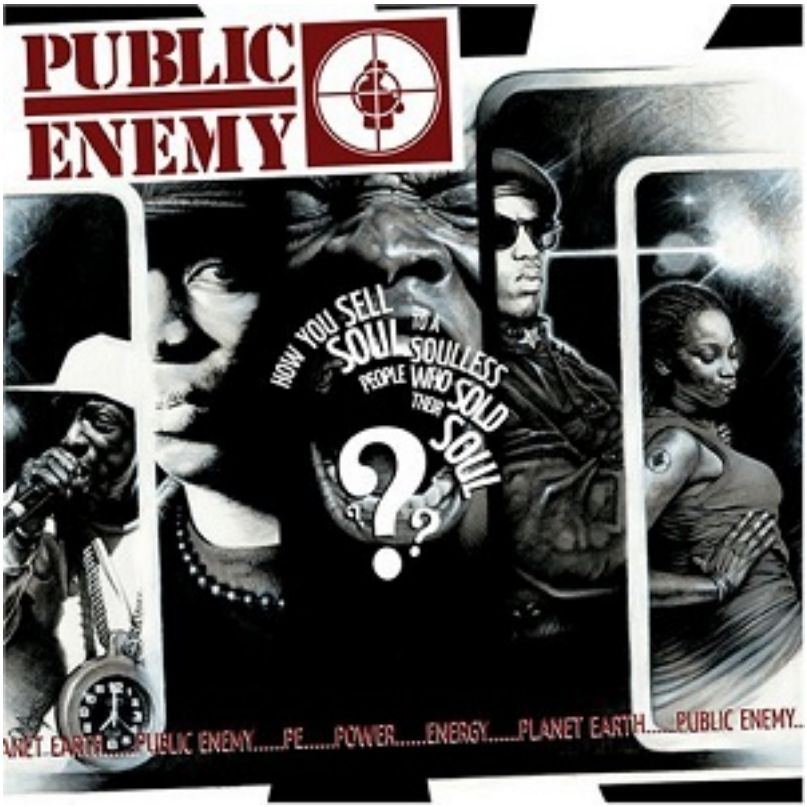
[various samples]
"This program includes dramatic re-enactments of scenes which depict real events
and contains material which is intended for" (HIP-HOP)
"Welcome to the show!"
[Dan Rather] "Today, more drugs are coming into America than ever before"
"We have the best intelligence in the world, we can stop anything we wanna stop"
"You still may know little about" - Dan Rather
"The C.I.A.'s involvement with drug lords"
"This was a, a multi-billion dollar business"
"Even more menacing" - D.R. "The C.I.A."
[D.R.] "Have gone into the drug trade, and are trying to take over the government"
"In the war", "on drugs" - D.R.
"Which side is the C.I.A. on?"
"We need a change! We need a change.." *[x2]*

"One of these motherfuckers different"

Bringing you back what you miss in hip-hop
Hard truth sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier radio
Word! "Pay attention real close, we just begun"

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah! Immortal Technique, part of the rebel militia
Weapon I brandish, don't need the canvas to paint a picture
Fuck who you askin, I'll tell you what it is
It ain't music motherfucker it's the way that we live

Party crashin, leavin the door with a broke lock
And make a toast to the cancer of Rupert Murdoch
I got a hit, on the Grand Wizard and the cyclops
And I'll be snipin, campus security bike cops
Fuck around, and I'ma start blastin they kids
Payback, for what they did to John Africa's crib
These pigs talk a lot of shit, shit, wavin the badge
Can put it down and go the fuck home wrapped in a flag
I have nothin but, empty shells for enemies
Strike me down, that'll give birth to ten of me
Forbidden chemistry, my verse is the dirty bomb
Urban combat, next year nigga it's on


PUBLIC
ENEMY
HOW YOU SELL SOUL TO A SOULLESS PEOPLE WHO SOLD THEIR SOUL
?
PUBLIC ENEMY.....PE.....POWER.....ENERGY.....PLANET EARTH.....PUBLIC ENEMY..

Public Enemy Lyrics

"How You Sell Soul To A Soulless People Who Sold Their Soul"

[verse 1]
Banned from our damn so called country
No claim yall know the name
Some got the rest of the planet
To feel us damn it
Substance over style
Thats right we on exile
Them ol heads from strong i the velt
No love good lookin out
But damn sure felt

Hear me fear me appeared to
Dissapear
The sequel
Said keep pe from from the people

Stole ya soul keft the groove
On ya body black
Now you cant getcha mind back

Too dirty for the source power 30
Too clean for 30 year olds
Who wanna act sixteen

I beg ya pardon
We be live in other genres
While ya favorites just startin

We come back to do a soul check
Every once in a while like a sonic messiah
To find out these cats
Got this thing runnin wild
God bless the child

[verse 2]
Im spittin in the wind
Till it knocks a tree down in the woods

(allah u akbar)
God is good

Either you stand for something
Or fall for anything

You can get all the money cars jewelry and things
And still have nothing

Lookin for love in all the wrong places
Between gettin high on the price tags
And smilin faces

Thinkin you need
Rings and things rims and timbs
That aint rap thats bein slaves again

Pretendin

Hip hop says you can be what you wanna be
As long as you aint f-a-k-e

Its a four letter word like fame
That fades and if you believe it

Your f-u-c-k- e-d

But how you sell soul to a
Souless people who sold their soul?

I guess we all got stole on
By some of the same cats

That sold ya soul out
Dj lord

Being that beat back

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Black Is Back"

[verse 1]
Full blown
Rap rock and roll
Whatever happened to solid gold?
Aint like it cant and wont get sold
Sold by the same cats
Stole yo soul
Back on a track
That dont sound too old
Whats goin on? i dont know its trouble
Back in black to bust that bubble
Black supermans back and not daredevil
Dont wear throwbacks
Cause im a throwback
So i threw that throwback on the racks
So lets go back
Way on back
Before 8 tracks and cadillacs
Cats still on crack
Screamin what they lack
It started with your baby on similac
Dont get me started
Get it up to speed
Gettin back your soul
Is what you need

[verse 2]
Get on the soul train
Getcha soul drained
If ya souls drained
Backed right to yo brain
Keep the peoples away from pe the peeps
So the top 10 joints
Keep em all asleep
So what they got
You think is hot
But the real things in life
Your soul forgot
Dont hear it on the radio
Or mtv
I damn dont know about b-e-t

[verse 3]
If we cant reach em
Damn cant teach em
Somebody hatin
Cause we gots the information

Do this once a moon
Like an eclipse
So back to them politics
Off my lips
Tell the scurred beware of them ghetto tricks
Tell the government
Please stay off my dick
The criss whatever i never sip
Keep the whole damn bottle
I dont even trip

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Harder Than You Think"

[verse 1]
What goes on?
Rollin stones of the rap game not braggin
Lips bigger than jagger , not saggin
Spell it backwards
Im a leave it at that..

That aint got nothin to do with rap
Check the facts expose those cats
Who pose as heros and take advantage of blacks
Your governments gangster so cut the crap
A war goin on so where you at?

Fight the power comes great responsiblity
F the police but whos stoppin you from killin me?
Disasters , fiascos over a loop by pe
If its an i instead of we
Believin tv
Spittin riches , bitches, and this new thing about snitches
Watch them asses move the masses switches
System dissed them but barely missed her
My soul intention to save my brothers and sisters

Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that

[verse 2]
Screamin gangsta 20 years later
Of course endorsed while consciousness faded
New generations believing them fables
Gangster boogie on two turntables

Show no love so its easy to hate it
Desecrated while the coroner waited
Any given sunday so where yall rate it?
Wit slavery, lynching , and them drugs infiltrated

Im like that doll chuckie , baby
Keep comin back to live love life like i'm crazy
Keep it movin risin to the top
Doug fresh clean livin you dont stop

Revolution means change
Dont look at me strange
So i cant repeat what other rappers be sayin
You dont stand for something
You fall for anything
Harder than you think
Its a beautiful thing

Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that

[verse 3]
So its time to leave you a preview
So you too can review what we do
20 years in this business
How you sell sell soul, g wiz
People bear witness
Thank you for lettin us be ourself
So dont mind me if i repeat myself
These simple lines be good for your health
To keep them crime rhymes on the shelf
Live life love like you just dont care
5000 leaders never scared
Bring the noise its the moment they fear
Get up still a beautiful idea

Get up
Throw yo hands in the air
Get up show no fear
Get up if yall really care
Pe 20 years
Now get up

Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Sex, Drugs & Violence"

(feat. KRS-One)

[Hook]
We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

[Chuck D]
Once upon a time, not long ago
A rapper got shot, and no one knows
Who pulled the trigga on the kid and layed him in his grave
And after the prayers and the street parade
Shit got forgot, and now he's dead
And all the fans loved everything he said
So understand this, you don't wanna miss
Sex, drugs, and violence

[Hook]
We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

[KRS-One]
Ayo once upon a time in Jamaica, Queens
An icon gets shot and no one knew what it means
It was just another muder scene
But let's get on with the bling bling
Ching ching and half naked chicks that can't sing
Murder weapon, never found. Police, never around
The respect, the intellect, and the suspect all out of town
It's all out of bounds. KRS, Chuck D makin our rounds, man
While they takin us down, man
We're takin you down. I got another new sound
It's really an old sound, but you know how me and Chuck get down
We got peace, love, unity, and having the fun
But you all want sex, drugs, violence 101
Here it is... Bam
Stop being a little boy with a little toy, stand up and be a man
Now you see the plan, from west to east
Instead of sex, drugs, and violence we got love, purpose, and peace
We be hurtin the least. We be workin, no seats
Bringing it to America like Geronimo and Cochise
Get that, but make sure when you spit rap
If you ain't really ready to die, yo, don't spit that!

[Hook]

We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

[Flavor Flav]
Once upon a time I was on Long Island
A man got shot and he wasn't smilin
He was bleedin from his guts, yo
A policeman was sittin and he drove up on the spot, yo
Now when police light came on
When the man died, who was the blame on?
Wasn't me. Not you
I didn't kill nobody cuz my records don't do that
I make the records for the kids
Gangsta rap flippin people's kid's lids

[Hook]
We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can You Hear Me Now"

[VERSE 1]
Damn if i be some slave again
Got no fake ass friends no timbs or rims
Sure nuff dont know no designer names
And i never played no video games
I aint got no diamond rings
No bling, bling, no minks
No 2 earrings
No pimp glasses mugs
Or cups and things
Or whatever the hell they be
Carryin
Dont treat my highs too high
Or my lows too low
You wont see my soul souled on no video
Bdont need no checks to get no chicks
Or be some hypocrite to get you on my
So let the young sing and rap to the young
As long as yall dont think freedom
Is free to be dumb

[VERSE 2]
Its suicidal to think im your american idol
Hypnotic trapped in a 3000 mile box
Chicks bobby sox today be botox
Now that hip hops the new so called rock
Parents dressin the outside
Of their kids
An what they wear
Instead of stressin the inside
Way back , my peoples gave me pride
Now in 2004 i aint gotta hide
If you cant afford it just leave it to the side
Cause you looking real stupid with that tear in your eye
Gotta a 1994 hear you talkin
But its damn sure better than walkin
It might be old, it sure aint gold
Better than stylin in the cold
It aint no rolls,so wont get stoled
But you wont see me walking on no side of the road

[VERSE 3]
At the age i am now
If i cant teach
I shouldnt even open up my mouth begin to speak
I need some radio
To help me reach

But i heard they get their money on
By makin you weak
Drowning in the sea of
Some big dose of now
No past no future
Let the young grow wild
Aint gave em nuttin
Some done robbed the child
From substance
Dont currr , fill em up wit style
Like hip hop started on trl, like wow
Took the game and made it a gdamn shame
Hell wit history you dont even
Know my name
I aint the same damn thing
That yall used to playin
Im non stop rocket
Headin to your brain
Now thats what im sayin

[VERSE 4]
I may not got no flow
But i aint pimped by no negro
Backed by some
Cracka wit
His ass by the door
Therefore
I can never be poor
Cause my mind , body, and soul
Cannot be sold
Priceless
So i avoid the trifelin
Worms in my cipher
Stuff yall cant get enough off
Gots no time for
Somebodys jail
My time is just like the US mail
My time is richer
Than them new astro pitchers
I be damn if my face
Be under some picture
Where you heard the nword
So save your liquid
Pe we just here to flip it
Find somebody new to get wit
The next time you hear a
Cat who cant Stand or even look in the mirror

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Flavor Man"

[Intro:]
Yeah that's right we gon' take this all the way back to the top kid
That's right boy, ha ha, hit your man off
AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW-YEAH YEAH~!
Flavor Flav is back, with the hottest track
Y'knahmsayin kid!

[Chorus: x8]
Flavor, Flavor, Flavor Man

[Flavor - over Chorus:]
What... yeah! WHAT... yeah!
What... yeah! WHOAHHHHHHHH-HOOO!!!

[Flavor Flav:]
For all you motherfuckers who think I fell off
I'm Flavor Flav nigga, I'm still the boss~!
Go, live, king, throw live
I live Uptown in the Bronx, gimme a hi-five
Yankee Stadium is where I'm from
We get up over beats and then we beat the drum
Born and raised in Freeport, Long Island
(What) We keep 'em smilin
South Freeport, get down
That's where my family is found
After dark, just gimme a spark
Go to Jones Beach, get on the back of a shark
Have him take me down to Florida
I'm the flyest nigga down in Florida
Gimme the mic, move over, I'm takin this shit
I'm back in control, gimme your soul
Check it out - make room for daddy! (What)
Before I have to get the belt (what)
Beat your ass all the way back to the felt (what)
Make you do the wop
Shimmy shimmy go go pop

[Chorus]

[Flavor - over Chorus:]
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... who!
What, who!

[Flavor Flav:]
I'm fakin no moves and fakin no jax

Flavor Flav is back on the dome relax
I push all the buttons around this bitch
I'ma go get money from Bill Gates, get rich
So I can build me a psycho-loft
So I can go psycho with my Micro-soft
Flavor Windows is the new invention
Colorful windows to get the attention
(Knock knock) Flavor Flav is eatin with Bill Gates
Bill, had to have a certain flavor
To have the highest, bank rates in the world
(Word up) But he don't stand alone
Joey Fatone, is in my bones
Jackie Hamilton, dollar bill
Sittin real high on Capitol Hill

[Chorus]

[Flavor - over Chorus:]
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... yeah!
What... yeah! What... yeah!
Who, yeah!!

[Flavor Flav:]
Knock knock baby!

[Chorus - 1/2]

[Flavor - over Chorus:]
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... who!

[Flavor Flav - ad libbing:]
What... knock knock
Knock knock, knock knock
Knock knock, knock knock
Knock knock, knock knock right here at your door
Givin you more of what you bargained for
Flavor Flav - back in your face
Mess with my kids and I'll catch a case
Y'knahmsayin, I ain't playin
It's all in the message I'm relayin
Right here in DeVante's studio
That's where I'm sayin, that's right
All the way to Penn Station, Jackson Station and the nation
Feature your generation, yo Flavor Flav is out
Two steps automatic and I'm out kid

Public Enemy Lyrics

"The Enemy Battle Hymn Of The Public"

[verse 1]
No election
Remember that presidential selection
Got us in another
Erection of body part
Dick bush and colin
Tape is rollin
New whirl odor
Flowin way past deodorant
Got the masses ignorant
Them dumb asses
The whirl surrenders
To the way of the beltway
Created a nore bin laden found saddam
Yo griff,
'what good is a gotdamn bomb
I know they been lyin bout bin ladin
Fight the power
You dont know who hit them towers
And they dont care
Tony blair
Ask the axis of hate
Is the uk the 51st state

[verse 2]
Gettin the bomb sht
Aint like gettin bombed and sht
Orders from your
Commander and theif
Headcheif hankercheif
Aint that right griff
You gonna go in there
And take things and bomb thangs
2007 high tech thug gang
I rather be gettin it
Than gettin hit
Presidential orders
From this new whirl odor
Stressin peoples of color
Across the water and the borders
Peeps need food education employment
And damn that high tech equipment

[verse 3]
And the rhetoric
From one sided politricks
From a government on some ol

World war 3 trip
If i was there id quit
Go home and be gettin it
Stick a bush and dick in the world
And watch it twirl
Americas a dude
And the earth a girl
You gotta fight for your love
Remain a cut above
The rest of the world
Dont matter
Sounds like propaganda
New facism on another channel
Turn offa that thing
And see the sun
Ima take my black ass home
And get some

One

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Escapism"

[verse 1]
Is the groove good to you
Like when you lose your thing
Forgetten grits is grocery
And eggs is poultry

Makin a livin against those makin a killin
Super blackman gotha back
And is back in the building
If the prison is that skin you in
And your cell sittin inside your skull
They say you cant getaway
From ya damn self
When your earth is heaven
And your world be hell
Check your head
Armageddons at the foot of your bed

You aint heard a word i said
Forget them slacks

Im that throwback that
Threw that throwback
Back on the racks
To get my mind back

O say can you see
I get back its still just a black and white tv
In lyin color brother
Gots to getaway to the other.

[verse 2]
Never was too good
Off the top of my head

Cause i want yall to know
Exactly what i said

This so called war in iraq
Over a thousand dead
Thats about
10 a week
Even as i speak

33% of black males in jail
55% of black students will fail
85% of black folks forgot

We were slaves
Up inside this box

America got folks brains on lock
Forget the connects

Some wanna buy whats next
Wear it like a sign up in that chest

Yall should know papa dont take no mess

If you think your past is irrelevant
Dont you know ol soul pays the gt damn rent
That messiah aint never
Gonna come as long as

You thinkin freedom
Is bein free to be dumb

[verse 3]
Soul is back
So flip them hits back
Damn the fashion
I wanna know wheres the passion

Thinkin we came a long way baby

Sayin poor michaels psycho
And prince hes crazy

But what has bob mick sir paul
Done for you lately

How they maintain on your brain
Seems to escape me

Heard some ghetto cats
Dont like metal rap

Hear it and fear it
And they think its wack

They dont even know that the blues is black
And when i rap is back to the roots

Where i be at

Not some 30 year old who dont know facts
Whos wild sayin things like some juvenile

Remember 2 million black folks in the penile
Got a world of whitefolks
Thinkin its style

Think im hatin cause you lack the information
Cause we the fbi still gots on file

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Frankenstar"

We the fans
Hopin they would be open
Tinted glass
Behind that tinted glass
Crowd waiting in limbo
Is that the limo?
But he dont give a damn
She dont give a damn
Just buy their product
Cause they a by product of a marketing plan
Can i just get an autograph?
Im fanatic number 2 million
Sign it to my mama
So she can cut the drama
Bought in a store in nicaragua
But you ignore the poor
Cant even get to your door

Frankenstar
You dont even know who the hell you are
I dont give a damn about your car
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
You dont even know who the hell you are
We dont give a damn about your crib
Only give a damn about what you did
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
Frankenstar

Can i get a ride on that music
Can i get a look on that movie
All you gotta do is groove me
Security aint got to shoot me
How a fan get get close to you
What do you think im supposed to do?
Shit by the way i bought a poster too
I didnt take it back
Cause the show was whack
Bought a hundred dollar ticket
Told us where we could stick it
Frankenstar
Let us fans know
That you gonna do a 10 minute show

Hooooooo

Hooooooo

Frankenstar
You dont even know who the hell you are
I dont give a damn about your car
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
You dont even know who the hell you are
We dont give a damn about your crib
Only give a damn about what you did
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
Frankenstar

Now you say you from the hood
Paid and laid
And now you think you gonna get sprayed
I see you grinnin at them humble beginnings
Fame just is like water to a gremlin
Fame is fake and it fades
Millinnum stars can be like grenades
Blowin up thinking we all got it made
In a mtv cribs
To fool them kids
The new monster mash
See em all dance for cash
Saw ya wit a new lawyer
So you
Better stash
But the vip section got your attention
And you cannot see that far past
Wrong inspiration
For a young nation
When you dismiss education
And your living rooms a playstation
Do your thing, not the thing do you
Dont fame gotta hold on you

Public Enemy Lyrics

"See Something, Say Something"

[verse 1]

Welcome home to the terrordome
Land of the forbidden
Cause that man be sinnen
And his hand be hidden
To rule the planet
He planned from the beginnin
Superegoman sounds like lucifer is winnin
Yo he wanna buck us
So im stoppin all that ruckus
Yall dont know the d in my name
Is like fredrick as in douglas
Another body
Cause the feds crashed the party
You confuse your own folk
Running from the paparazzi
Dirty mind and tap water
Consumin yo body
Illuminati in the tomb
Poisonin the womb
Cant be a guinea pig
With the glock to the wig
10 years since we lost pac and big
Dont get it twisted dont get it confused
The term snitch
Revolutionaries use
When the government got the hood rhymin the blues
Thats the term when the whole town lose

See something you better say something
Cause saving something aint worth sayin nothing

[verse 2]

Genocide on us where
They practice this
Thats why i pack the fifth
See how wack this is
They ready the clips
Replaced the whips
Not cars im tallkin bout them things that cause scars
Night and days i know i still fight the power
I know we came a different way than the mayflower
All them players rentin rims and hummers
Got taught by a teacher defending columbus
New thug robbin ids and pin numbers

Spot on my block
Be hotter than 10 summers
Stuck in last century like a fax machine
Left back from the future
Like some vaccine
From ghana, botswana to watts and queens
Is the tv killing black teens
And their dreams?
Dont get it twisted dont get it confused
The term snitch
Revolutionaries use
When the government got the hood rhymin the blues
Thats the term when the whole town lose

See something you better say something
Cause saving something aint worth sayin nothing

[verse 3]

While some pass the criss
They happen to miss
The unexpected revolution
From some young catalyst
Untouchable on the fbi list
Not know knowin these facts is more hazardous
I rock intense
Knock your block wit sense
Welfare cut from them documents
Masses volunteering for them chips
Trace the hiv lane up that blood vessel
Irs in that chest
You gotta wrestle
Life is not a game
New war apocalyptic
See the wicked run and try to hide the statistic
Aint nuttin changed
Pe be the same crew
It aint a game
Once again gonna save you
Dont get it twisted dont get it confused
The term snitch
Revolutionaries use
When the government got the hood rhymin the blues
Thats the term when the whole town lose

See something you better say something
Cause saving something aint worth sayin nothing

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Long And Whining Road"

[verse 1]

Its been a long and whining road
Even though time keeps a changin
Ima bring it all back home
I been told i spit lyrics wit politics
Why wouldnt i?
Says negro on my birth certificate

Born in 1960 in a nation
Throughout / ive been a spokesperson
For a generation
Within the same ol fear of a black planet
20 years of blood sweat and no tears for fanatics

So damn it
If times is hard
Time is god
Understand it
Never took time for granted
Its all right ma
As child of the sixties
All along the watchtower
I cant bet they gonna miss me

Im only bleeding
Every grain in me
Fans if not for you
There be no pe
From the nashville skyline
Girls in south country
In this world gone wrong
So heres another love song

[verse 2]

We came a long way baby
You know whats amazin
The surprise we told these new guys
Flav has always been crazy
Hit london 87 like it was an invasion
Toured the world for 3 years
Hell with vacation
Vocation of vocalization
Especially with the impact of it takes a nation
Of millions to hold us back
You bet theres blood on them bomb squad tracks

Black steel , baseheads, party for your right to fight
Prophets of rage , bring the noise
Dont believe the hype
Cant do nuttin for you man
911 is a joke
20 years we got here by actin like common folk
Touring the world like a rolling stone
Then the nineties came
Welcomed yall to the terrordome
Some threw it away , instead of something to say
Cause the streets still ended up havin no names
Since rebel without a pause beats were never the same
And by 1998 we still had game.

[verse 3]

Only a pawn in the game
Chastised for namin names
What was said and who said it
Anti nothing so forget it
Tears of rage left a friend
Blowin in the wind
But time is god
Been back for 10 years and black again
Some of them same cats
Help usher in gangster rap
Damn our interviews were better than a lotta them acts.
Praised the gangsta
Just because it sold
While consciousness
Went from platinum to gold
Seen a nation reduce fight the power to gin and juice
Some people gave it up and turned it loose.

[verse 4]

Beethoven, bach brahms
I want some james brown
Even bruce, brian, bono, beck, yeah chuck berry
Prince stevie sly smokey johnny cash in my chevy
Heard some call me an uncle tom
Now thats petty
I'm a songwriter fool
I condense sense from right and wrong
Livin in the key of protest songs
From basement tapes
Beyond them dollars and cents
Changin of the guards spent
Where the--went
Most of their time out of mind
Hatin my mess age rhymes
Cant truss it, shut em down call it whatcha wanna
But they made a day fit for a king

By the time we got to arizona

Tommorrows a long time
We got god on our side
Over bass and drum beats hear the good rhymes ride
A poison goin on
Shelter from the storm
Hard rain gonna fall
Still the people rock on.

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Eve Of Destruction"

The eastern world, it is explodin'
Violence flarin' and bullets loadin'
You're old enough to kill, but not for votin'
And that Jordan River has bodies floatin'

But you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say
Can't you feel the fears that I'm feelin' today?
If the button is pushed there's no runnin' away
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave
Take a look around ya boy, it's bound to scare ya boy

But you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

My blood's so mad, it feels like coagulatin'
I'm sitting here just contemplatin'
You can't twist the truth, it knows no regulation
And a handful of senators can't pass legislation
And marches alone can't bring integration
When human respect is disintegratin'
Now this whole crazy world is just too frustratin'

But you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction
[?]

People I hate, that's understood
It will make stuff hard to under
Was feeling blooded to human race
If you win your war it's the same old place

The poundin' drums, the pride and disgrace
You can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace
Hate your next-door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace

But tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe

We're on the eve of

But tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction
Yeah, you don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

Public Enemy Lyrics

"How You Sell Soul (Time Is God Refrain)"

We've heard all the great teachings from Malcolm to Martin
Now we have this last chance with our brother minister
To rise out of the ashes of slavery
Time is a very important element in this journey
We can't continue to be 24 karat dumb
Addicted to retail and bling
Wasting time has spent on nonsense
We got grown men in toy stores like little children in candy stores
Buying PS2's 35 and 40
Black men reduced to boys

Time dictates the agenda here
Time is god *[x2]*

Enough said we got to feed our heads
This shit is piping over the pulpits: TV sets and radios
Hip-hop is moving the masses
We've got to take back our children and guide them
When you love something you develop the mental capacity to reach the thing that you love
No more nonsense
The airwaves are poisonous with this gibberish
These grim hymns lack light
We need to get their ass off the mic
If hip-hop is the seeing end of the voices
Why is the dead teaching the dead
We got to end the reign of pimping and ho-ing
And entertainment for the masses
Wasting time on nonsense

Time dictates the agenda here
Time is god *[x3]* (Allahu Akbar)

Some say we only have a little time left
We can use it wisely
To teach, think and rebuild our mental banks
Great people don't ask comedians, actors and entertainers to lead
Great people produce what we need
For history to record our deeds as a great nation
Or will we continue to be a shell of a once great people
Wasting time on nonsense

Time dictates the agenda here
Time is god *[x8]*

Soul power *[x8]*

PUBLIC
ENEMY
MOST OF MY HEROES STILL
DON'T APPEAR ON NO STAMP

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Run Till It's Dark"

Bomb drop designed as
A warning shot
Listen
Cause some of us don't check statistics
Kick it
40or so so million blacks in america
How can 13.5% of the population be scaring ya
88% of us cites are black
95% of americas suburbs are white
But 10% of blacks are 50% white
But post racial politics
Tricks and lessens the fight
Education economics enforcement of law
The gaps the ratio even
Worse than before obama baby
The truth is america
Will show you the door,

Survey says
Run till its dark

Truth hurts
Makes me curse in this fight the power church
Stole history from everybody
Sellin lies at the tea party
Shame
Survey says peeps fed up with the feds
40 acres to 40 yards to 40 feet
Might as well be sleep
Down laid out 6 feet....
Deep respect
Not yet
You gotta give it to get
Survey says
You gotta learn to earn way beyond your check
Lovable as huggin a bull
Thats some bull
Niggativity
Gotta lotta pull
Whats the use
If you tie the noose
And love the abuse?
Hanging yourself while you loving the loot
DJ lord knock it
Outta the park

Survey says

Run till its dark

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Get Up Stand Up"

(feat. Brother Ali)

[Chuck D]
This song don't give a damn
If the rhymes don't fit
Beat don't bounce
If the dj quit
This song
Don't give a damn
If you can't sing to dance to it
Can't romance to it
This song ain't arrogant
If you don't try it
Buy it
If your radio deny it
Don't care bout what who got
What's cool on tv
Or what spots hot I forgot
I ain't mad at evolution
But I stand for revolution
Enough is enough
Somebody stand up

Get up, stand up,
Get up, stand up

[Brother Ali]
This track ain't asking you a damn thing
Not the brand name bottle with your champagne
Not where you land your private airplane
How many blood diamonds shining in that chain?
How much compromise is tied to that fame?
How many more times we gotta hear that lame
Line I'm inspiring them
To do what? roll better weed and get higher than them?
Feed the needy greedy ass fire in them?
Be the same damn dog but to finer women?
They gonna tell me that I'm preaching to the choir than I'm
Sure they right but I'm trying to light a fire in them
Cause I was raised by the enemy
And ever since then thats been my identity
So I'm trying to give back whats was given me
Truth told delivery is my tendency
Youth fold to the spirit of my energy
Bottom of my feet is something that you'll never see
Thats cause I'm standing singing the anthem
Fist on my hand, and a list of demands and
When they hear this might piss in their pants and

Try to get the children to not listen to the man
But the mighty pe is what birthed ali
So what you gonna think come after me?
Chuck d

Get up, stand up

[Chuck D]
Occupy if you denied
Protest songs cause I see wrong
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
So I rant even when they say I can't
[pause]
I rise against
Rage against
Hope I don't end up being the same thing I'm fighting against
Hence
I wince never on the fence
Since they think the masses powerless
Ain't on no power list
I ball my fist w my audience
Like this

Get up, stand up,
Get up, stand up

[Chuck D]
Got so much to shout about
What the 1% is gettin out
Recession depression desperation due
Never have so many been screwed by so few
Cheapest price is to pay attention
No need to dumb down to what I mention
No need to young down how I mention
In spanish portuguese english french and
No satisfaction
Listen to the world reaction
Americas still black and white
Like an old tv set
What we gonna do about it?
Laugh sit back forget & quit?
I get racial
Just talkin about the ratio
People are no longer patient
Now the brown they don't want around
Thats why sammy got that facial
My wife says its spacial
Politics that stick way beyond baseball
I think its self hateful
Anti immigration
Disgraceful

Get up, stand up,

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Most Of My Heroes Still..."

(feat. Z-Trip)

[Chuck D]
You may never heard it
I be spittin on the senior circuit
After splittin from the major circus
Check how I re word this
Duckin young tigers shittin the woods

[Flavor Flav]
Some cats be up to no good

[Chuck D]
I'm jack niggerless to my hood
I'm from the velt
Roosevelt
You know whats wild
I never felt like some motherless
Or fatherless child

[Flavor Flav]
So I grew up to change the style

[Chuck D]
I don't care what that company spent
Its inevitable
They cant prevent the event
Through it all
I tell em all to stand tall
If I fall
Just add another face to the wall
After all
These are the faces
That they wont show

[Flavor Flav]
Cause these are the names they don't want you to know

Yes we can they say no we cant
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

[Professor Griff]
From the pin, of the mind, of the minista
Those oppose, and the s 1's will see ya

All praises are due, don't forget this
On the grind, now dig this.

Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

[Flavor Flav]
No envy in me
Rip c delores tucker
Salute cynthia mckinney
And the crowd goes whoa

[Chuck D]
To some of my heroes
Be most of yalls foes
So I stay on my toes
Belafontes to bikos
Some dying incognegro
Che chavezes and castros

[Flavor Flav]
You don't know how it goes

Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

[Flavor Flav]
Public enemy we back on the map yeah yeah cmon

[Chuck D]
Say who what be starin at me
Expect me
Prince the first lady and muhammad ali

[Flavor Flav]
Huey p newton, h rap brown, marcus garvey, angela davis
Don't get no plain cramp, my heroes still ain't got no stamp'
Kick that sht g

Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I Shall Not Be Moved"

Say what you oughta
World outta order
Paid the cost father time ain't never lost
The boss
Yall ain't heard it
I work it
The senior circuit
See some quit it
Cuz they don't get it
Fire music
My aim is
Forget what my name is
Yeah I ain't famous to be famous
Remember troy davis
Beware
Clive davis
Swarming to your art form
Cuz there's a party goin on
Hotel motel I'm goin in
Don't care what they spent
Cant prevent the event
Some run to it
Shun from it
Been through it
Still rock to it
I sue I've been sued dude
With this news fit to spit
And the beat goes on

[Break]

Never bitter but better
Backed by the fact
All I got is my word
The new curse word is black
Say the test
Is being at your best
The curse
Is livin at your worst
Crawling like a maggot outta they mind
Faster than a go go 45
Shit is live, survive
High with out a gottdamn reason why basketball wives
Ain't really wives
Birds droppin out ff the sky
And yall google why?

[Chorus]
I shall not be moved

[Bridge]
Feel the people
Heal the people
Need the people
So heed the people
Help the homeless
Underfed
Revolution
Stop the feds
Leavin people
Left for dead
Wheres your groove?
Check your heads
I shall not not be moved
I shall not be moved
Uh come on.

Drive by trucker I play it loud motherfucker
Use it don't abuse it the voice gets rougher
Shout my vocals I salute all the locals
Slept on kept them out of radio focus
Hocus pocus spooks sitting by the sound
Corporations dictate what goin down
Local acts I got your back
Underground make em run till its dark
Run em out of town
They got me started where I start?
Cause I do it to support the art
What good is learnin from some record
When yall only listen to 15 seconds?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Get It In"

(feat. Bumpy Knuckles)

My pens the ride
On the pad the road
Yall must've known
This is the way
I unwind and unload
Over beats overload
Mind explodes
Stress in this depression
New ghosts of tom joad
New dust bowl blues
Back to fake jewels
So I drop jewels
To inform the fooled
Clock tickin 3 songs a day
Like its food
Carry on
I am that ramblin man dude
Updated
I was born
To deliver car songs
D still drives a caddy
I'll mess with a ford
Now songs are blood
And songs are swords
Everybody should be able to afford
Home food and a job to work
We the people gettin robbed by these corporate jerks
I wonder how they sleep at night
When the people hitch hiking the turnpike
Yall know that ain't right
So I gotta get it in tonight
Gotta
Get it in tonight

[Bumpy Knuckles bridge hook]
Bump knucks in the house
And I came to (get it in)
Rock rock with the best of the best
And I'm get it in
Touch mics I a beast when I (get it in) (get it in)
Yeah word throw your hands up
When theres war for the cause
Of course I gotta (get it in)
On the blaze on the mic (get it in)
You know I gotta (get it in)
When pe calls I fight so watch me

(get it in)
Yo, lets rock, word

[Bumpy Knuckles]
I always wanted to be an s1
March my dance steps and carry two guns
Cause I a rider for the strong island
Wilin stylin 98 crew retirin salute
For the culture ill shoot
Ha, boom bap at you
I'm nice chuck bars go too
We embargo too
We prohibit wack rappers to move
Ha, or we'll stomp on you
Throw your hands up five fingers
Close your fist
Then repeat after me and it goes like this
Cmon (get it in) word the rhymes are sick
This info in flow wherever it ends up
Copyright law that will leave you a
Sloppy right jaw
Hard as I work to write more
So flavor flav if you're ready to win
Why don't cha
Get on the mic and (get it in) (get it in)

[Flavor Flav]
In order to reach status like us you gotta
(get it in)
Public enemy number one baby yo we
(get it in)
Chuck d is the hard rhymer yo because he
(get it in)
Flavor flav he
(get it in)
Riding on the block you gotta
(get it in)
In the bronx we rock the block you gotta
(get it in)
Nassau county on the rock you gotta
(get it in)
When you got to do your time you gotta
(get it in)
In rikers c-76 I had to
(get it in)
On the streets in a fight I had to
(get it in)
Running from the cops I had to
(get it in)
I was fighting with my girl I had to
(get it in)
It was me against the world I gotta
(get it in)

I'm in a high speed chase I gotta
(get it in)
I got the cops on my case I gotta
(get it in)
I got the irs all after me yo I gotta
(get it in)
I got the feds after me yo I gotta
(get it in)
I got my girl after me yo I gotta
(get it in)
When the boys is after you yo better
(get it in)
If you in a gang fight yo you better
(get it in)
When you go to jail you got no choice but to
(get it in)
If he bend you over you know he gonna
(get it in)

(get it in)
(get it in)

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hoovermusic"

[Chorus]
You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds
Hoovermusic

How you gonna make music
When you take music
And abuse it make my crew sick
So nobody else can use it
More than just some
Non singin
Drug slingin
Hollywood swingin
Fling
Sing
Is it rating or raping
No more taping
But somebody is still regulating
These love to hate songs
Yall know thats wrong
Anything for the money
Tough guy
Bet, mtv pic
The mic the pig
Honesty
This policy
Be killin me
Good for who
Good for what
Is your mind body soul
Is it better from it
Tell me why do yall love it?
Songs meant to send you to prison
Bids to influence a million and half kids

[Chorus]
You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv

The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds

Monstars lurking the planet fame
1 hand in your pocket
1 hand in your brain
Sucking your soul like a video game
I don't even understand what the f you sayin
Whos consumin the boom
As they vaccuum your room
Shake your boom boom
They finance your doom
You think its romance
Just because you dance
That black exec you know he didn't stand a chance
Trapped in the middle of what you be doin
Increased market position
Down to what and how you listenin
Came in this game
Never thought that id ever
Seehiphop
The game in the name of jedgar

[Chorus]
You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds
Hoovermusic

From cats told crap
Young rappers gettin trapped.
Buying the same of trick
On some of the same ol tracks
The rich stackin chips
Poor banging with new slang
In the ghost and the shadow of your government name
Made in the usa
Fighting the power in brooklyn
To grinnin in juicin while crooked
Say you don't know me
Or owe me or us
My disgust
Interrupting my black august
I fuss
Cause these white kids confusing the worst of us
Can it be a lil bit more
Than sex and drinks songs

Fight clubs gettin they strip on
Gangs of kids
Who copy what they did
Both coasts are clear
Some people got no idea
Who sent em here

[Chorus]
You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds
Hoovermusic

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Catch The Thrown"

(feat. Large Professor & Cormega)

What you reap is what you sow
And what you keep is what you owe
And what the people want to know
Is whose gonna catch the thrown?

And what you got is what they want
And what they see they say they need
And people bleeding from the greed
Now whose gonna catch the thrown?

[Chuck D]
Thrown at
Thrown under
Thrown to the side
Throwin up disgusted
So were throwin down
Thrown under the bus draggin on the
Ground
Power to the people salute the underground
Against those standing
In mansions
Spittin at us from up that higher ground
Feed the people
Fight the power
Fix the poor
But that 1% done shut the door
In god we trust on money
Is a slap in the face
To the rest of the whole human race
Post racial wealth and taste
Change a name
But you cant change race in the united states
People say they kings
Plus say they're queens
If we all don't eat
What does it all mean?
We watch and listen
But I'll leave it alone
But who's gonna catch the thrown?

What you reap is what you sow
And what you keep is what you owe
And what the people want to know
Is whose gonna catch the thrown?

And what you got is what they want

And what they see they say they need
And people bleeding from the greed
Now whose gonna catch the thrown?

[Chuck D]
Divide and conquer
Oldest trick in the game
War between people who are really the same
As the rich get richer
The poor get bitchin
The people keep kissin
The feds don't listen
This recession seen a black depression
In a nation headed for desperation
No quarterback and sacked on a couch
Sound of black america is ouch
Governments don't love you
When prisons and executions
End up looking like some final solutions
Murder is an institution
Backed up and hacked up
By some handwritten constitution
Do what you do
Buddist christian hindu muslim & hebrew
You are what you do
I be seein human beings as stew
Yet never have so many been screwed by so few
We watch the kings&queens
And what they own
But
Who's gonna catch the thrown?

[Cormega]
The system is designed to incriminate
Genocide was devolved to eliminate
Equality is a myth
They had me in jail for a crime I didn't even commit
A stereotype
They feel every color is inferior right
Brothers who resist are considered a threat
From sitting bull to malcolm x
In the land of the free and suspect elections
John kennedy had the mob connections
President reagan sold guns to iraq
Yet they try to say that criminals are all black
Whats up with these corrupt politicians
And drugs they be shipping
But they never go to prison
This fucked up system better never try to bag me
Fuck zimmerman, guilty
Clearly

[Bridge]

Catch the thrown, you got to testify
Is that the 1% that you need says that you occupy
Catch the thrown I got ta testify
Is that the 1% that yall want says that you occupy

[Chuck D]
Free the mind prisoners
They ain't listening
F the popo
But who dat whistling?
Foes making a killing
Juxtaposed against those getting a livin
Gimme shelter cause these issues be official
Is the need to feed
Replaced by the greed?
I ain't trying to yell at you
Sell to you
Some bs they already told to you
Ended up being sold to you
Did I mention?
Cheapest price is to pay attention
Now the test is just being at your best
With that you can
Hold your own
But who's gonna catch the thrown?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"RLTK"

(feat. DMC)

[Chuck D]
5-1 not 5-0
Ima b52
Bomb drop non stop spitting on you
Never have so many
Been screwed by so few
Call to save y'all
So whatcho wanna do?
At the age I'm at now if I can't teach
I shouldn't even open my mouth to speak
Real talk raising strong down from the weak
Chuck d got tea party beef
Why represent where you cant sleep?
40 aches jackass is six feet deep
Lost in the same space y'all call the streets
I walk real talk across these beats

At the age I am now
If I can't teach
I should even open my mouth to speak
I bomb drop on those that be makin y'all weak
24hours 7 days a week

[DMC]
I be the king from the streets of hollis queens new york
The only thing you get from dmc is real talk
The cow makes beef and the pig makes pork
I gotta walk this way 'cause it's the way I walk
From the halls in the hood to the halls of fame
I got that east coast flavor and that west coast game
I jam with jackal and jesse james
You gotta call me the king when you say my name

[Chorus - DMC]
I go hard for the people in the streets (real talk)
The king of the rhymes and the beats (real talk)
Adidas is the sneakers on my feet (real talk)
And it's the children in the streets we gotta reach (real talk)

I rock on real talk
The way the side walks
Whats up with the radio inside new york
Underneath them streets
Man made concrete
Is mother earth
And gods work

This ain't new
Cause y'all ain't never knew
No tears tell your peers inform your crew
Causetruth is truth
No matter what I think
I take out garbage
When it tends to stink
No joke no smoke
I don't drink
Mrchuck d
Tweet me so we can link
See I been your age
You ain't been mine
Feels like I was born a second time this rhyme I wrote
Took a long ass time
Leave that wackness way behind

At the age I am now
If I can't teach
I should even open my mouth to speak
I bomb drop on those that be makin y'all weak
24hours7 days a week

[DMC]
I be the good crowd rocker, the best mc
I be the world's greatest rapper if you want me to be
But all that crap means nothing to me
If I can't give 'em vision and something to see
It's more powerful than your politics
All you stupid politicians can suck a thumb
Me and chuck d we do not run
Like my man said a change is gonna come
So don't be stupid don't be so dumb
There are no cuss words for y'all to beep
But I am cursing out the leaders that are still asleep
And all you wack-ass rappers, your talk is cheap
See my talk is really real 'cause my voice is deep
Now I used to rock rhymes with the reverend
From run dmc there's nothing better than...
The microphone killin', head severin'
And if you're sick of wack rappin' I'm the medicine.

Noise of my voice
Voice of the voiceless
Against the
Racist
Classist
Homophobic
Sexist,
Xenophobic
That sits
So deep
Within us

Can't get help
From those
Famous just to be famous
The powers that be separate us and hate us
When you need em
They go on hiatus
They hate us
It don't matter
They cant mistake us
For somebody else
They tried to break us
No need to dumb down or even young down
Cause my standards
Is high
They cant understand it
Some of them cant stand it
They cant understand it
Songwriter yall know it
More than a poet
Living life not lies
So the people can know it

At the age I am now
If I can't teach
I should even open my mouth to speak
I bomb drop on those that be makin y'all weak
24 hours 7 days a week

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Truth Decay"

[Chorus]
Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just miss us
But enlist us to fight for their justice
Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just miss us
But enlist us to fight for their justice

[Chuck D]
Truth is truth
No matter what I think
Knowledge is power
But it ain't
If you cant occupy your own body & mind
See thru the blind
In this place full a lies
Television tellin lies
To your vision and face
Seems like more of us in prison
Than the workplace
Gettin gadgets
So it's easy to forget
Economics
No money
Not a damn thing funny
Some diggin every minute of it
I'm hatin every second of it
Driven
Ever since I heard the lie about thanksgiving
While in still thankful through all that fibbin
The truth dies while lies make a living
History games
Playing stealing family names
Slave names turned into government names
Name of the game is to hide that game
And them lies living on with no shame ..no lie

[Chorus]
Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just miss us
But enlist us to fight for their justice

Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just dismiss us
But enlist us to grow and pick their stuff

[Chuck D]
Truth is truth
No matter what I think
I ain't drunk
Cause I don't drink
Don't smoke
Or
Laugh at the facts like stupid ass jokes
Or get lost in my own sauce, I check the source
I challenge information
Trace it to the boss
Refuse to accept the truth
When it be be lost
Lies in the key of new songs
You think it's old news
How come the young don't know
It ain't new because you never knew
I tell them, it's only new to you
Opinion is what it is and its up to you
The challenge information
To see if it's true
Never have so many been screwed by so few
You heard I'm using it for this song too
Damn crooks
Ask a question get some stupid ass looks
Truth don't sell a lotta records or books
To hell with rapes to murder rates
To lyin on a mixtapes
I want the truth

[Chorus]
Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just miss us
But enlist us to fight for their justice
Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they forget us
We were here first
The term indigenous

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fassfood"

[Flavor Flav]
In the bronx we got to go to cuchi frito
Rice and beans penim and some coquito

[Chuck D]
I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
So we speak
Corporate suits
Company seats
Fooled like fast food
Like artificial beef
Yall know I got
I got no beef
Listen to the words of this song
Between my teeth
Wiki leaks
Sitcom
Y'all know I can't sit calm
Yo sha mello where's vietnam
Atomic bomb
Nuked

I eat you eat
You eat I eat
But dude don't get fooled
By this fassfood

[Flavor Flav]
Don't mean to be rude dude
But thats what they call fassfood
This sht is for real
This ain't no fkn interlude

[Chuck D]
I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
You talk about switching
Attitude for this bitchin
The fassfood in this kitchen
Fast forward

Listen
Songs meant yo send you to prison
Increased market position
Short bids to influence a million kids
Headed in
States gettin it in
Lethal murder injection
In the young black produce section
What it all mean?

[Flavor Flav]
From mickey ds to fratista freeze
I'm barbequing birds and I'm eatin the bees
I'm back on track with the restaurant
House of flavor in vegas
Yo, what you want?
I got chicken for ya
Mac and cheese
Collard greens that will knock you
Down to your knees
Don't mean to be rude dude
But thats what they call fassfood
This sht is for real
This ain't no fkn interlude

[Flavor Flav]
Disrespect collect a broken neck
Disrespect collect a broken neck
Disrespect collect a broken neck
Its your funeral you wont get to spend your check

[Chuck D]
Rock some instrumental
Lawyers laughing at us over
A lunch bowl of lentils
They ain't gentle
Punishment is mental
Not coincidental
Charged by a large incidental
Non accidental

I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
You talk about switching
Attitude for this bitchin
The fassfood
In this kitchen
Fast forward
Listen

I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
You talk about switching
Attitude for this bitchin
The fassfood
In this kitchen
Fast forward
Listen

[Flavor Flav]
He went to the bathroom
Didn't even wash his hands
Hes fixing my food dude
That ain't part of the plan
Put the gloves on son
What is you doin?

[Chuck D]
Rock some instrumental
Lawyers laughing at us over
A lunch bowl of lentils
Cause you know they ain't gentle
Punishment is mental
Not coincidental

[Flavor Flav]
Not minding your mf business
Now look what happened to you

[Chuck D]
Dude getting this fassfood
Offa my dental

I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
You talk about switching
Attitude for this bitchin
Fassfood
In this kitchen
Fast forward
Listen

[Flavor Flav]
So watch what you eat
Cause you're in the street
Fassfood fassfood
Can knock you off your feet

So watch what you eat
Cause you're in the street
Fassfood fassfood
Can knock you off your feet

[Chuck D]
I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
So we speak
Corporate suits
Company seats
But dude don't get fooled
By this fassfood

Public Enemy Lyrics

"WTF?"

[Chuck D]
I occupy this state of mind
Like I'm born a second time
The masses ask the question why
Them asses spend a life behind
On the mic the pic
Against this prison industry
Where most of them look just like me
Mf'-k the tea party
Made you pay for education
Got no money got you waitin
Tricks to keep the people fooled
Something in the food my dude
About your future where you rank
Who you think and who you thank
Behind the banks and all them tanks
New whirl odor on the brink
Revolution stop the feds
Count the homeless under fed
Sue the pharmaceutical off the meds
Leavin people left for dead
Look back 80 years instead
Simply blamed it on the reds
Pay close attention to what is said
But while you listen watch your heads.
You chase the money you chase the fame
The human race is what they're playing
A game of life is what I'm sayin
Split em up call them names
At the age I am if I can't teach
I shouldn't open my mouth to speak
Talking loud and sayin nothing
And frontin like they doin something
Feel the people
Heal the people
Power goes out
To the people
18-35 is grown
Cant afford to leave the home
Can't afford to buy a home
Can't afford to keep a home
Boarded up foreclosed cribs
Based on whatcha bank did
Yet see these guys advertise to the poor for clothes
The doors are closed
They slam the doors on your nose
Who the hell is telling you

What the hell they selling you
Why the hell do you believe
Where we headed when we leave

WTF?
WTF?
WTF?

[Flavor Flav]
From barack obama to flavor flav
We both be a first till we get to our grave
I'm the first hype man in music
He's the first black president
He's the first black resident
To be ever come president
Free your mind your ass will follow
Flavor flav all the way to the apollo
Freeport li to la
Throw a frito olay off the dock of the bay
You wanna know why a kid goes to school?
And in his book-bag he carries a tool
Because hes trying to be like his idols in the streets
Gang warfare to the raw fare
Don't even try to go up there
Penalties that you cant bear
You lose your sight your ass cant hear
It weighs so much it'll crush your life
Don't play with god he gave you live
The last man standing he hopes to behold
His weight in stature his weight in gold
What goes in your wash comes out in your rinse
Back down so tight that you call it condensed
Cant stand the pressure, cant stand the pain
My life is so dry I wish it would rain
Just like the temptations not just the singing group
I'm here to tell you now so don't ignore the scoop
I been in this rap game for 25 years
If we made the rock and roll hall of fame
We deserve our chairs
To what we fought the power to who stole the soul
Brothers gonna work it out
From the ground we hold
God says to man ima let you live
God says to man ima let you live
God says to man ima give you power
Not for the intent to misuse your power
If you wanna dance you got to play the bands
People die by other hands
The innocent, the ku klux klan
Iraq and iran an afhganistan
They go to war they don't come back
The note comes home killed in attack
All the medals from fort bragg

Collected by a widow along with the flag
41 gun salute 4 jets in the air
Now thats going out of style the
Contribution was fear
What you reap is what you sow
A man got killed for what he know
If you wanna be a -- and get a good wife
Stay the fuck offa skype and don't believe the hype

WTF?
WTF?
WTF?

PUBLIC
ENEMY
The Evil Empire of Everything
t Price To Pay…Is Attention…The Cheapest Price To Pay…Is Attention…The Cheapest Price To Pay…I

Public Enemy Lyrics

"The Evil Empire Of"

Beware
We live in times
Under the influence of rhyme
To make the masses scared
Seems like everything is everywhere
Fear the media
They make yall swallow the pill
Until we clear the air
Beware because adversaries barely care
You start off doing it
It ends up doing you
And using it ends up abusing you
And your surrounding crew
Charisma of ignorance
Makes you hate where you at?
Bitter makes you better when you backed by the fact
Segregation intergration aggregavation
Anti immigration from a land in total desparation
Yall ain't gotta buy it or try it
Ill say it
They wont play it
But coming is a new breed of mcs to relay it
Easier to be misunderstood
Than understand this song
Beware
...the youth is not youth for long
Rip trayvon

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Don't Give Up The Fight"

(feat. Ziggy Marley)

I occupy
The planet earth
I testify
Its a piece of woirk
I'm gratified
Down to the dirt
Been around the world a few times
So I seen the hurt
Quakes hurricanes and tornados
Warning times to mans designs
Under that concrete
Yall call the street
The heart of land
You can hear the beat

Pain of all the lies
Pain in all them lives
Pain of losin homes
Pain of the unknown
Pain of what you spent
Pain of government
No matter what you say
You don't pay
Here they come to take it away

Don't give up the fight *[2x]*

Foreign lands and the 7 seas
Radiation is the worlds disease
Bringing nations down to the knees
Mother nature she ain't pleased
Trees diseased
Deep freeze
Doin us like that govt cheese
Smell that burning in the breeze
Summertime 120 degrees

Pain of all the lies
Pain in all them lives
Pain of losin homes
Pain of the unknown
Pain of what you spent
Pain of government
No matter what you say
You don't pay
Here they come to take it away

Don't give up
Don't give up the fight *[2x]*

So shut em down
In appreciation
Of the world itself
And gods creation
What good is the hood if you up to no good
Them govt gangsters would hang you on wood
Stop the tape
My minds stuck in 68
Haight asbury
Now our ass buried in hate
I paraphrase
Beyond the gaze
A haze hovers over a crowd that disobeys
Staying rich off them so called better days
Do I do a song for the masses
Besides whats moving them asses
I make stew out of the ashes

Public Enemy Lyrics

"1 (Peace)"

So long ago
The story go
I testify
I occupy
All the battlin and wrastlin
On capitol hill
Now the pill got you ill
And yall digital
I dig the dig
Been offed the pig
Diggin the digital
And I never renigged
Slow down
They want a slower damn sound
Machine?
Who me
They don't even know what I mean
What I'm sayin
'what I'm seein
Is human beings
Who I'm seeing
What I'm saying
Who be playing
Whatim sayin
Seeing beings
Humans turned into damn machines
They don't even know what the fk it means
Yall can stop it on the 3
But they dropped it on the 1
The p e a c e just begun

Yes we can
Its out the can
This mf beat is african
I rhyme once a while
When the sht is wild
Some people confused
Consumin
Style
As you grab it
They come to grab us
Now they gots us
I think they shot us
Corporations
Down to your bone
I ain't no dumb mf on a smart ass phone
I been legit

We never quit
Exploded
Uploaded
So yall can spit
Go on and downloaded
Mixtape
But it mixed
And it ain't tape
Don't rhyme for the sake of riddlin
Tweet for the joke of twitterin
My intuition
Got me trippin
Position
Humans turned into damn machines
They don't even know what the fk I mean
Yall can stop it on the 3
But they dropped it on the 1
The p e a c e just begun

My mind is mine
My grind design
I been that age
They ain't been mine
So watch me work it
From my circuit
Against their purpose
Of keepin truth from the youth
A p.i .circus
They tell yall speed
Is what yall need
Make you consume
To get the boom
No answers
No dancin
Y'all just consume
When the partys done
They
Just tearin up the room
Bomb the earth to pieces
They cant calm the world to peace
The lease is up in this
The belly of this beast
Humans turned into damn machines
They don't even know what the fk I mean
Yall can stop it on the 3
But they dropped it on the 1
The p e a c e just begun

Public Enemy Lyrics

"2 (Respect)"

(feat. Davy DMX)

Dave cut the record
Down to the bone
Now hes on the bass
I'm on the microphone
Real talk new york
So now we rock
1 rhyme at a time
Old school design
You candance to it
Romance to it
Throw your hands in the air
Take a chance to it
Run till its dark
Knock it out the park
Rock that box
With the real hip hop
Ordodox
Not on my watch
Ain't paying for pay
To pay no jox
Beats doing work
Rhymes in reverse
My hood is hurt
From all the dirt

Underneath them streets
And all concrete
Is mother earth
For all its worth

Pay attention
Cheapest price to pay
Might save your life
Give you another day
And rock on

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Beyond Trayvon"

(feat. NME Sun)

[Professor Griff]
From the pages of the cress theory, I know you hear me
If you out there, listen up, u might feel me
Do I, look suspicious on this track, wit the black in it
Black hoodie, consciousness and black facts
Young kid shot, is the cry we heard
Like emmitt til, it was tears and our hearts fell
No arrest warrant and no weapon found
One eye witness, black body down
I can hear it now, it's the same ole racist shit
Thought he had a gun, is the same ole some bullshit
Confessions, of a trigger happy hit man
Murderous homicidal nature, there racist plan
Burying our black boys, blood thirsty hungar games
The face of race is white, they got no shame
Stand your ground, legalize lynch law
Touch another black kid you have to touch us all

[Rahmega]
Its time to stand up and just fight for what you believe in
I don't call it violence I just call it self defense, call it black intelligence braw to you by the people
You just in it to get it, I am in it to make a change, in it to change the game, in it to rearrange, modern day lynching

All that leave us is pain, knowledge is power, all I give you is with brains, you see its money power respect, all seems the same.

[Khalilwho]
Get fear looks
But I live round here
My house right next to yours
But I still get stares
In a
World of wrongness
And fights for the strongest
What's the innocent to do
When the fight gets brought kid
No way your that scared of my hoodie
People everywhere getting snared over hoodies
Seen a couple pairs get aired by the hoodies
But
They don't care
My skin's bared under hoodies

[Jamal Malik aka Young Junior]
This world is so chaotic

all I witness is violence
Watching my brothers die and their sons grow with no guidance
Truth's what I'm providing
to all those who've been blinded
Being sold this equality bullshit I ain't buying
I'm so sick and tired of being profiled and instantly
Watched close suspiciously because of my ethnicity
So stereotypical its despicable
And every black male in a hoodie isn't a criminal

[Goonie B]
This is everyday life where I'm from it goes on but I swear it can not go beyond trevon because I'm wearing a hoodie I gotta get shot or stopped by the cops its not just in flordia its out in farrock people really expect us to act civil right we got a black president and still fighting for civil rights we need to come togeather and unite because its time to fight the power so put your fists up in the sky

[Chuck D]
Freed the ass
Mind followed
With raps that killed tomorrow
Cant support it
Fought it
But somebody bought it
Community caught it
But the government taught it
And all you heard
Violence hard drugs sex and murder
Songs never hated artists who
Keep making em
Strong against the wrong
Whats been created
But look
Many neighborhoods still devestated
I say it
Flows overrated
Shows underrated
I hate it
When its degrated and downgraded
Spittin copywritten
To music
Some of yall grew up to use it
People don't dance to it and just abuse it
Yall say that
When I say this
Injustice still goes on
Beyond trayvon
Thank you nme sun
For this word to the young
You the future
Save our daughters and sons

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Everything"

(feat. Gerald Albright & Sheila Brody)

I got no fancy car
Never was no superstar
I got no grammy trophy
Got no problem if you approach me
Never had no rolling stone cover
Never had no top 10 hits brother
Got no tv show
Got no maybach benz or rolls
Got no movie roles
Got no platinum or gold
I got no diamond rings
Watches and all them things
Got no waiting plane
What I mean is
I got no private jets
But I also got no regrets
Got no swag
But got no love
For something I ain't never had

Got no mansions
Restaurants
I got no yacht
But I got no choice
But to show
What some of us forgot
Never was hot
Never was pop
But I never ever stoppin
That real hip hop
Got no million follower friends
On twitter
On and facebook
Look my friends
Got no thing for video games
Got no shame
Sayin I ain't never playin

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Riotstarted"

(feat. Tom Morello & Henry Rollins)

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

Spent a buck in the 90's - whatcha you got is a preacher
Forgivin' this torture of the system that brought 'cha
I'm on a mission and you got that right
Addin' fuel to the fire - punch to the fight
Many have forgotten what we came here for
Never knew or had a clue - so you're on the floor
Just growin not knowin about your past
Now you're lookin' pretty stupid while you're shakin' your ass

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

Some people fear me when I talk this way
Some come near me - some run away
Some people take heed to every word I say
Some wanna build a posse - some stay away
Some people think that we plan to fail
Wonder why we go under or we go to jail
Some ask us why we act the way we act
Without lookin' how long they kept us back

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

Yes you if I bore you - I won't ignore you
I'm sayin things that they say I'm not supposed to
Give you pride that you may not find
If you're blind about your past then I'll point behind
Kings, queens, warriors, lovers
People proud - sisters and brothers
Their biggest fear - suckers get tears
When we can top their best idea

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

Mind revolution - our solution
Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Corners don't sell it - no you can't buy it

Defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

Our solution - mind revolution
Can't sell it - no you can't buy it in a potion
You lie about the life that you wanted to try
Tellin' me about a head - you decided to fly
Another brother with the same woes that you face
But you shot with the same hands - you fall from grace
Every brother should be every brother's keeper
But you shot with your left while your right was on your beeper

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

As the world turns - it's a terrible waste
To see the stupid look stuck on your face
Timebomb alarm for the world - just try it
Known to all zones as the one man riot
I'm on a mission to set you straight
Children - it's not too late
Explain to the world when it's plain to see
To be what the world doesn't want us to be

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Notice (Know This)"

[Chuck D]
No disrespect
To the rap heroes
The late great otis
But
Notice
And
Know this
In this time heres a part time rhyme
Respect to you two heroes
But trickle down got us less than zero
Respect , but last I checked
Prison industrial complex
No swagger
Millions, billions trillions'
Whips wheelin
Is a million miles to what peoples feelin
No gas
Try a lil compassion
2012 fashion
Style your insides
We outside
Fasten a broke seat belt
Unemployed ride thru hell
Smdh omg no lol

Know this
Have you forgotten
Latinos and blacks
Pickin electronic cotton
No stax
16.2%
Is depression inside a recession
Spend money and time
On hair and how we dressing
Losin homes, holmes
These stats be on smart phones
Don't need new slang to express the pain
Of whats really goin
In the real game of life
And now what?
Please discuss
With no education
Knowledge of self
45 years of fkd up health
Like otis
Know this

Teach em when you reach em
Yall the heroes..
Notice
Know this

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Icebreaker"

(feat. The Impossebulls, Kyle Jason, Sekreto & True Mathematics)

[Chuck D]
I know a silent nation in dislocation
Frustration from legislation
Led to demographic in isolation
Another participation in decapitation
10-4 die river deep mountain high
Is a wall stuck between dying and doing time
Cant ignore smack dab border war
As the beat goes on, words flowed on
I caught the law
Pyramids machu pichu
Things they don't teach you
Don't apologize
You were here first on this earth
Before these millennial cowboys claimed their turf
Now who's 1000 miles and ran
Deserted in the desert
Wild wild west hurt to the dirt
Anti immigration
Against brown swkin
Sounds like brown shirts
Silenced by so called legal violence
Somebody had permission
To put humans in this condition
This land is who's land??
They must've forgot
Kicking the black in the ass
While keeping the brown out
This one sided law makes me scream and shout
I. c. e. is what I'm talking about

[Sgt Hawke]
Sgt hawke and I'm found where the cop be
I get on illegals like I'm a paparazzi
You see the flash but it ain't a camera
Gunfire shells hot enough to damage ya
No trafficking no drug smuggling
I.c.e and we came in thugging
Straight off the wire like snoop and chris
You get rush like limbargh we get at you quick

[Sekreto (translated in english)]
What will they do when they find out about this
Come for me, for what I represent
This is my accent and I'm proud of it.
We're bunches and cannot be stopped

Absurd laws with racist intentions
Benefit only to these classifiers
They insist, I insist - so here we go
Broken chains, jumping borders
Thrive or die, we're no longer satisfied
Its time for power to change hands
More righteous humans, is more human rights
They say, they owners, but we were here first
The world is free and without fear we broadcast
Multi-color race, is how we're painted
I have a dream and that dream has become my desire
Power to my peoples, not power to the governments

[Chuck D]
Car radios highway hoes
Motorbike types
Skateboard whores watch em close them doors
Clap them hands and stomp them feet
To more government wars
Good man bad government
Great driver wack car
So I seen it before
Marxism dual citizens
China support
Meaning yall go get a passport
Slavery is americas past sport
Homeland security
Against my homeboys securing me
Chained brains diaspora
Comin nafta
The same idea of the united states of africa
Bering strait
Before palin and paleface
Waiting for the ice to break
70% of americans ain't been no place
So the human race gets displaced
While the greedy man
Sees the land
His plan
Seize the land
To feed his face
A child lost in the wild
Picked your food
Built your house
While still on exile
Barbed wire and cactus the new middle passage
To a person
This new whirl odors just rehearsing

[Marcus J]
By the time I get to the end of my verse
Calisthenics of the tongue exercising the first
That's freedom of speech so I speak my right

Seems to me there will always be powers to fight
So chuck let them know that the bulls break ice
With the power of these words that we put within a mic
Like those in the past put power to pen
It was number 13 made us all equal men
Now arizona back to legislate the hate
Guess freedom ain't free on this side of the gate
But everything changes if I look a certain way
Securing the homeland from how it was made
Now the ice that we skate upon is definitely thin
But we got to break bad to let the good begin
A cold flag pole grabbed a hold of my tongue
5-0 froze and we all got dumb

[Tiradiation]
One man's terrorist, another's freedom fighter
Future tech molotov cocktails and a lighter
Legalized gang shit, federal b.i.
You wanna buy a weapon, they won't hesitate a second
Wether african, mexican, middle east of haitian
They'll slaughter the indigenous and plunder your nation
Petition the u.n. to gain legal traction
Then call you the enemy to justify the action
The brown in this world is to draw ire
Of the secret society soul sucking vampire
Either I come from a long line of liars
Or a degenerate senator's pants are on fire
Surround you with walls to protect freedom
Over-lapping laws to ensure confusion
Protect your neck in the 2012 season
Then bounce a check in the bank of illusion

[Professor Griff]
Home grown terrorist, for the benefit
Can't find a title or a name that truly fits
These land jackers, pale face land grabbers
Caught in a border war, the stench from the border whores
Real demons, feinin for a real reason
Can't truss em cause they always fuckin schemin.
Broke treaty's wit the redman, they said dam
Klan disqized as fam, fuck uncle sam

Pause for the cause, open the mental doors
Foreign invaders, human traffic traders
Un-documented worker, want it back
Panic when the brown man link wit the pro blacks

Who's the real citizen, have you ever been
You raped and robbed every people that ever let you in
Legalized theft , of the natives land
Speak with a fork tongue, rum and gun in hand

The I c e,

Who get's deported and who goes free
Who get's detained and remains
Who get's a card and who gets the blame

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fame"

[Chuck D]
Make you feel like you can walk on water
Oughta blame the fame see the list gots shorter
Famous fame in nations
Publicist managers public relations
Sometimes the first gets all the perks
Publicist manager lawyer lurks
Who ends up as the jerk who jerks
Everybody eventually hits the dirt
Sometimes fame ain't got nothing to do with work
Check the list read between the tears who got jerked.
Across the 7 lands 7 seas omg time flys
DJ lord give me a fly by
It is I
Mindin my own mind
Father time be the boss
Comes at a cost
He ain't never lost
Fame is fake
Cause it fades
Pop the fame bubble
Cause he and she got game trouble
Missing person alert
Everybodys pockets and feeling hurt
Fame fortune attention did I mention

[Flavor]
Flavor wood I mean hollywood
Oscar even smokin newports
Sippin that drink
What the fuck you think?
My head got big
Cause I got that crank
Fame is my new name
Rolls Royce is my new game
I got that bank
I can make it rain
Cash money baby so remember the name
Yeah thats right I came back home one time
To put ret tops out on the block
And got the stock
And broke out and took a different route
And moved to la to throw a frito lay
Off the dock of the bay
Now me and chuck d still making records
That you play
Every wrong sht that gets in our way we slay

Well bulldoze you down like
Elin nordegren
Did to tiger woods crib
Its on the internet

[Chuck D]
Either makes you you hit it or quit it
No sht
So what you wanna do
What you gonna do
I come off the road from nowhere
And I brought my crew
Make yourself valuable so the money chases you
Fame ain't equal cause it can degrade you
Somebody claim they made you
Fame may make you breakable then break you
Instead of not paying teachers for teachin
The young get hung up and murder for sneakers
Famous just to be famous
Paparazzi aim is
What my name is
She used to sing gospel
Then broke away from gods spell
Pitfall was pitiful
As she lay in the hospital
Famous politicians in the 80s
Led to the birth of crack babies
DJ lord save us
From those that cried davis
Machine of the acts created
I hate it.

[Flavor]
Flavor wood I mean hollywood
Oscar even smokin newports
Sippin that drink
What the fuck you think?
My head got big
Cause I got that crank
Fame is my new name
Rolls Royce is my new game
I got that bank
I can make you think
Cash money baby so remember the name
Yeah thats right I came back home one time
To put red tops out on the block
Got in a stock
And broke out and took a different route
And moved to la to throw a frito lay
Off the dock of the bay
Now me and chuck d still making records
That you play
Every one that gets in our way we slay

We fooled those who doubt like
Elin nordegren
Did to tiger woods crib
Its on the internet

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Broke Diva"

Tried to boss me
Tried to out outfloss me
I just don't need her
Broke diva

It ain't cheaper to keep her
Should I love her or leave her
I just don't need
Another broke diva

See I work
She don't work
But shes first to curse
Whit sht don't work
I take my ass around the earth
So she can spend my money first
Ok?
I forgot how we became 2 people
A couple
Damn sure not financially equal
She lost me
When it started to cost me
Lost me
She tried to out floss me

Yall should hear her
Always I the mirror
You should see her
Some of yall wish you can be her
Getting up in the afternoon
While the whole world

2-3oclock
I been up and down the block
Gotta tell this woman to bounce
Buying these designer tags she cant pronounce
With my bank account
Down and out
She ain't even got the nerve to keep count

Hard odd
Got
Jacked up credit cards

Exotic cars
With notes paid off
From my checks she wrote

I hope she know
I ain't no casino
I got a job and you gotta go
Don't get it twisted
If you trying to get famous
For being famous I missed it
You still want me to kick out;
I just did baby
You out

Public Enemy Lyrics

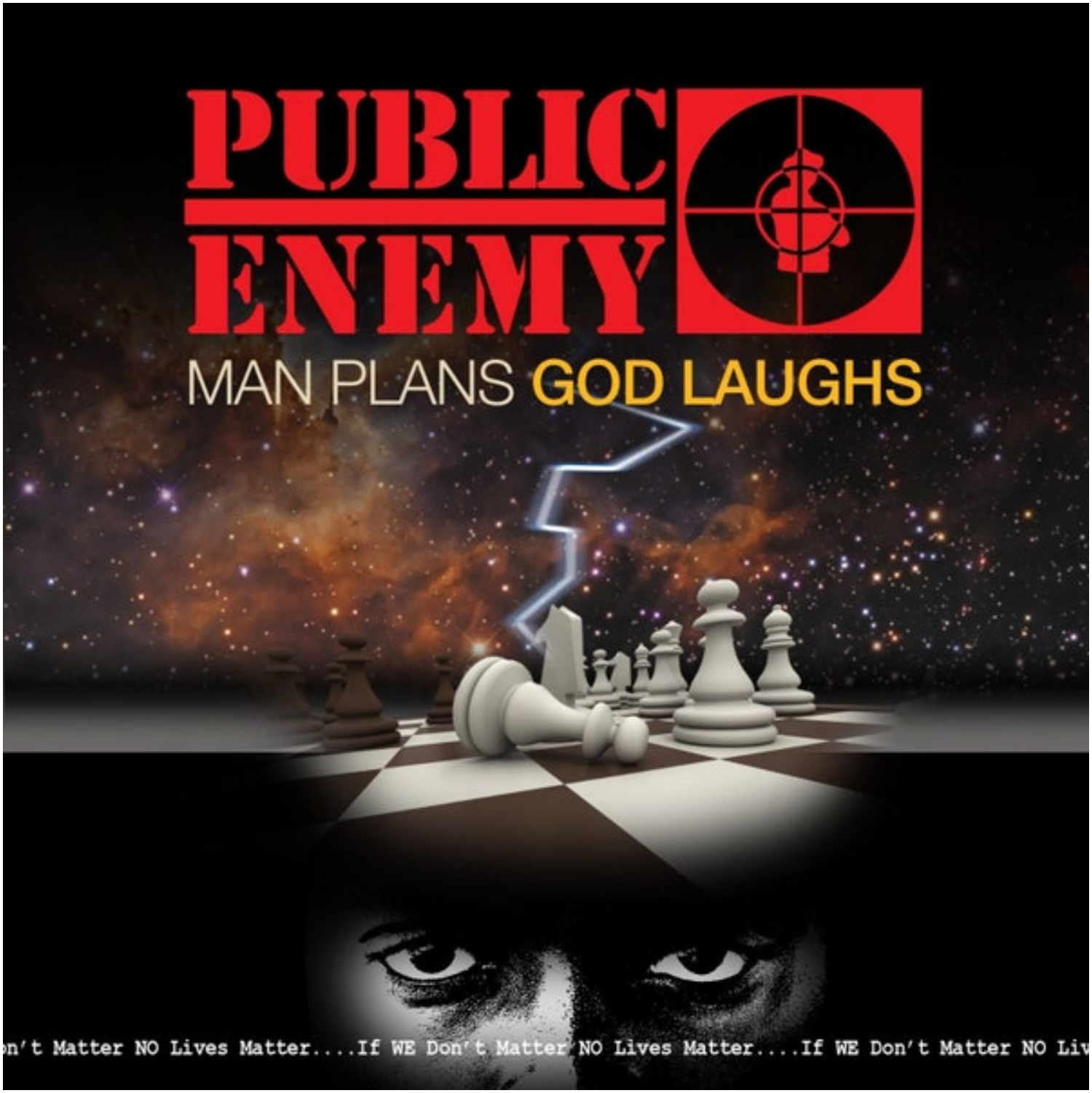
"Say It Like It Really Is"

Get up
Back atcha
Gettin it on
Still wide awake
6 in the mornin
Still comin atcha
Till the breaka dawn
This revolution goes on and on
Stop that
Askin
Do we still rap?
Do yall still scream?
Yall still clap?
Who dat
Gonna tell yall we too old
But we still bold
And I got soul
Its my birthday
And I'm fitty years...
Quiet as kept
All them vjs and djs be old
Their jobs sell the young
Don't tell em what needs to be told
When they made pe
They broke the mold
Didn't quit nothin
Just hit the road
I just got back from soweto
You only know half of whatcha say you know
I know this records too hot for the radio
Did yall hear what I said if you did
Lets go

Knock knock
We still here still doing our thing
Public enemy
Doing the right thing
We ain't just say any ol thing
Just to get material things
I ain't sayin we ain't bought anything
Stuck with the rapping
Never tried to sing.
Bring the noise raise the roof
They afraid of the youth
Lookout, duckdown
(cant handle the truth)
Now the club ain't no church

The church ain't no club
Check them djs mixin up
Murder and love
Who shoulders the burdn
Of all that murderin
The people
Love spelled backwards is evol
Misspelled
What the hell
The people get pain
Dumbed from
Another marketing campaign
Its my birthday
We still killin the stage
I don't give a damn about poppin champaign
Say what yall wanna say about
Change
Revolution I'm a say what I'm saying

Rather be stuck up than stuck down
Heres the difference
I picks up the black and brown
Against mr man informants and government
While real people starve and cant pay their rent
They you seriously don't mean what you meant
I ain't tricked deceived paid off inagreement
Somebody planned it
Glad yall understand it
Those that don't
Headharded like granite
We look out for them too
And don't take em for granted
Like said
Somebody planned it.
If I see one more person
Gonna ask me
Again'
Yall still making music
Where I begin
Now yall know you don't buy no records no more
No tapes, no cds, no record store
Got download zones and ringtones
But yo mama and them cant work them cell phones
But the revolution goes on and on
Still wide awake at 6 in the morning
Had to get it out
To the break of dawn
We still sayin what we sayin
And not playin


PUBLIC ENEMY
MAN PLANS GOD LAUGHS
on't Matter NO Lives Matter....If WE Don't Matter NO Lives Matter....If WE Don't Matter NO Liv

Public Enemy Lyrics

"No Sympathy From The Devil"

No sympathy.....
No sympathy.....

News fit for rhyme
BS fit to spit
The hate that hate produced
Swung up in a noose
Most them history pages
Comin' off stages
Colors genders and ages
Devil
Black brown yellow red but
White
Supremacy
Tendency in currency
Estrogen
Robbin my oxygen
Still dissin skin
Inform my next of kin

(Now get in the back of the car
For What?
Let's go!)

Crazy
Govt created grown up
80s crack babies
Treat your ass cold
Till the frostbite bites
In December
The devil remembers

[Hook:]
Man don't you worry 'bout (God) No! Get down
Man don't you worry 'bout (Evil) No! Get down
Man don't you worry 'bout (God) No! Get down
Man don't you worry 'bout (Evil) No! Get down

[James Bomb:]
Pitch black
It was you who got in the devil's bed
Didn't you see this coming?
The great satan, a global terrorist
Didn't you see the smoke?
Maybe it's time for us to pick up the gun
No sympathy from the devil

Ain't lettin it slide
Flippin
Love
And genocide
Ain't forgiven that spit
That came wit a
Culture kit
Since when did you decide
The truth should hide
You 20-30-40 I'm 55
Double nickel
Sick this cell
Like sickle
I ain't your typical
Watch what you heard
Ain't revenge of the nerds
I'm in my September
But the devil remembers

[Hook:]
Man don't you worry 'bout (God) No! Get down
Man don't you worry 'bout (Evil) No! Get down
Man don't you worry 'bout (God) No! Get down
Man don't you worry 'bout (Evil) No! Get down

There's been nights
Where them knights cursed us
Who fills the jail cells right up and first us
I don't believe a damn word I receive
Gotta lotta nerve saying
If you dont like it just leave
Like who gives a damn
If they kill another man
Woman or child
Behind another smile
Now see young folk
Pass the baton
In the same ol' thing
Carry on
Carry on

No sympathy

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Me To We"

Get up! Get up and let ‘em know you still with ‘em no matter what happens!
Put your goddamn hands together for Public Enemy number one!

[Flavor Flav:]
That’s the way we gonna do it
And that’s the way we gonna get through it

[Hook:]
We the people can we get together?
Hell yeah
Can we get together we the people?
Oh yeah
See the people are they free and equal?
Hell no
Can we get from me to we my people?
We don’t know

[Flavor Flav;]
Don’t you know

[Chuck D:]
Here we come
From another time
We be family
Type of rhyme
Public Enemy
Might disagree
The deaf can’t hear it
The blind can’t see
Dumb is relative
Blind can’t see
We all relatives
Human family
No I in team
But who we be?
Thinking how we’d be
From me to we

[Hook:]
We the people can we get together?
Hell yeah
Can we get together we the people?
Oh yeah
See the people are they free and equal?
Hell no
Can we get from me to we my people?
We don’t know

[Flavor Flav:]
Don’t you know
Here we come
Here we go
If you don’t know
I am the show
We get down
For the crown
Step by step
We build this town
Overseas
On the road
Die hard fans
At our show
How do we get from me to we?
Turn the M upside down
I mean and you will see

[Hook:]
We the people can we get together?
Hell yeah
Can we get together we the people?
Oh yeah
See the people are they free and equal?
Hell no
Can we get from me to we my people?
We don’t know

[Flavor Flav:]
It’s always for something
And something is nuttin’

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Man Plans God Laughs"

God damn, damn man,
Man laughs at gods plan
God laughs at man's trash
Man plans
God laughs

Let it be
What it is
Fight the power
For the kids
Who don't know
You may ask yourself
Figured out

Bad news
Is
Bad news
The damn plan
Got you confused
Hood news
No good news
Ghettoburbs
See em as views

Am I a radical *[x5]*
Am I a pacifist
Am I scared to fight
Ain't askin you
Am I grown
Do I stand up
Am I owned

Let it be
Speaking words
But no wisdom
Make em dumb
Damn the plan
That man made
Threw the monkey wrench

Praise their favs
What they gave
Get attention
Nowadays
It's the way
They get paid
To get saved

Pray to a stage

Half pint
Do it for the culture, do it for the youth *[x4]*

Am I a radical
Am I a pacifist
Am I scared to fight
Ain't askin you
Am I grown
Do I stand up
Am I owned

Be the change
You wanna see
And wanna be
Let it be
Revolution
What it is
Bring the noise
89 another summer
Me to we
89 another summer
Me to we

Do it for the youth *[x4]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Give Peace A Damn"

Live it up

[Chuck D:]
Two fingers up
Mother earth screwed up
Beautiful scenery
Betray that scenery
Pray to machinery
Tombstone cowboy
Start where your head at
Some wanna shout
Some gotta cut
Some get caught
Many fought
Untaught
Get ‘em in court
Save my hood
But what good is my hood
When God say it’s no good?
It’s no good when its no God
Know God

[Hook - Sample, Flavor Flav:]
Give peace a damn
Or we don’t stand a chance
Give a damn

Live it up

[Chuck D:]
I get like Mingus
Ain’t askin' y'all to sing this
Every hood is the same
The only difference is the slang
Deeds of evil
Game changers
Upheaval
Evil salutations
To your mutations
Lotta nerve
To say you disturbed
Guess who’s coming to dinner
The same folks who picked your dinner
It don't sound like a winnin'
Only just the beginning
Respect the beginning
Peace to the world we all living in it

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Those Who Know Know Who"

[Hook:]
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked

[Verse 1 - Chuck D:]
I'mma point a finger
And the fingers at you
I know what you did
And I know what you do
Flipping that news
Got the people confused
Abusin' all the rhythm
Leaving us the damn blues
Wicked while you winnin'
While the rest of us lose
Nobody knowin' just who
The fuck who
So I identify
I identify you
Those who know know who

[Hook:]
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked

[Verse 2 - Chuck D:]
Got a first and a middle
And a unknown name
Signed the dotted line
And charged your game
See they be lyin'
Nobody knows names
X the damn rhyme
In a low down shame
Pushing all the buttons
Pulling all the levers
You know who it is
It's the so called devil
Beyond what you see
And now another level
Deeds of evil
Pick, ho, ax, shovel
Get to picking

While they politickin
Known all alone
In a room like quicken
Expose who they are
And what they do
Those who know know who

[Hook:]
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Honky Talk Rules"

[Verse 1 - Chuck D, Chuck D & Sheila Brody:]
I let the entire world know of your problem
But let everybody also know of your crimes
But you don't want to fix this world by solving
Rather have the earth singing to your lies
I'm just tired of your talk
Tired of your talk
You can keep it
Y'all can keep it, keep it, keep it
Your honky talk rules
Screw your rules

[Verse 2 - Chuck D, Sheila Brody:]
I'm tired of their style
Got y'all turnt up break and say: "Wow!"
Worldwide shuttin' down
All of their game
You don't know
We're in the hall of fame
Tell all the young people
Who don't know who
Dig in that pocket - If you don't know
And go Google
Learn about truth
Then we gonna raise the roof - You better ask somebody
It's the time to salute the youth
Yeah

[Hook - Shelia Brody, Chuck D & Sheila Brody, Flavor Flav:]
It's the honky talk, honky talk
Honky talk rules
Uuuh, baby
Bounce - come on, bounce
Come on, bounce
Come on, bounce

It's the honky talk, honky talk
Honky talk rules
Uuuh
Bounce - come on, bounce
Come on, bounce
Come on

I got to say:
It's the honky talk
Honky talk rules
Bounce - come on, bounce

Come on, bounce
Come on, bounce
It's the honky, honky, honky, honky talk rules

[Verse 3 - Chuck D, Shelia Brody:]
All you got is your money
Only thing that y'all can stand on
Shutting my culture down - it ain't funny
See y'all peeking to the break of dawn
I'm just just bragging
Yes I'm boasting
Toast to the blues
So I gotta ego
I got to say yo
Learn little something
Y'all don't know
Those of y'all ready
I tell them now
So let's go

[Bridge - Shelia Brody:]
I tell them now
You? You tell me something, that you think I don't know
Think again, yeah
Well, well, well, well

[Hook - Shelia Brody, Chuck D & Sheila Brody, Flavor Flav:]
Honky, honky, honky, honky talk rules
Honky talk, honky talk
Honky talk rules
Uuuh, baby
Bounce - come on, bounce
Come on, bounce
Come on, bounce

It's the honky talk, honky talk
Honky talk rules
Uuuh
Bounce - come on, bounce
Come on, bounce
Come on, bounce

I got to say:
It's the honky talk
Honky talk rules
Uuuh baby
Bounce - come on, bounce
Come on, bounce
Come on, bounce

It's the honky, honky, honky, honky talk rules

You can keep it baby

Honky talk

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Mine Again"

[James Bomb:]
I boarded a plane headstrong
Landed with a smile on my face
To give service back to the land that's our home
I long for coming back to Africa

[Chuck D:]
So it's cool to be black until it’s time to be black
Ain’t never too late to go back and give back
So I let born-afters know I rap for Africa
To give to the motherland, to see what’s mine again
Be of service, land of dark faces
Split, colonized in 53 places
The greed went on 'til everything was gone
Wiped out by previous wars, I work on
Graves of the poor
To clean up this mess left by the west
My duty to the African, tell my next of kin
In a song, but damn, nothing around me
And what the hell I step on?

[James Bomb:]
With my head on straight
I was gone too damn long
Over 450 years, to be exact
Not paying attention, I stepped on a mine

[Chuck D:]
On the edge of motherland, around my head
Compromised in this Christian missionary position
Fear, there must be some way up out of here
Whatta bitch, mother eff it in a clean up ditch effort
Stepped on some bomb shit that a past war left it
Kids dying in them nearby diamond mines
Out here working that worldwide grind
Hope somebody finds me out left behind
Silent ticks killing me softly, Malaria
But DeBeers, they the ones got me sick
Isolated while I waited with thoughts in my head
About my sole intention to save my brothers and sisters

[James Bomb:]
My thoughts is racing as my tears run down my face
I came back to help repair what's mine
If I move, I'm a goner

[Chuck D:]

My sole intention to save my brothers and sisters
How we became boy instead of mister
I came too far here to be called some nigger
My foot on some bomb, I’ma end up worse than a drifter
Myself and what my foot stuck on?
360 degrees
Mine again, mine again

[James Bomb:]
Was it all worth it?
Is Africa really ours?
This mine got me thinking
All this death and destruction
Let's not forget about the corruption
To rob the motherland of its resources
Is Africa mine?
Or the people who sit in the seat of power?
Mine again, mine again

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Lost In Space Music"

[Intro - Chuck D, Flavor Flav]
Lost in space... music

Yeah!

[Verse 1 - Chuck D Flavor Flav:]
Every generation
Got their music
Kick it!
Beyond this hatin’
Every generation
Gots its favorite (Haha)
Favorite nation (Hahaha)
New releases
Label ceases
To release it
Magazine pieces
Lambo leases
Gabardine creases
What we gonna do?
Fashionistas
Lovin’ that music

[Hook - Chuck D, Flavor Flav:]
Lost in music
Don't understand it!
Lost in music
I’m lost in music

Ya know... some of these dudes out here ain’t right

[Verse 2 - Chuck D:]
Lovin’ believin’ it
Without even seein’ it
Young folk feel it
Not even bein’ it
People say steal it
I’m a realist
Damn
Pass the cam
(Daaaaaam!)
Turnt up brand

[Hook - Chuck D, Flavor Flav:]
Lost-Lost-Lost in music
Don’t understand it!
Lost in music

Yeah!

Space music

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Corplantationopoly"

(I bite the apple
And the apple bite me back)

Uh!
Corplantationopoly
Corplantationopoly

[Verse 1 - Chuck D:]
Bump bump bump bump bump bump bumpin
Music you love
Owned by something
Pity pity
Flock to these cities
Seem to forgot
Punch the robot
New ways replace the old daze
Know the old guys rule in disguise

Owning them masters
Corplantations
Making disasters

[Hook - Flavor Flav sample:]
To the beat y'all, you don't stop
To the beat y'all, you don't quit

[Verse 2 - Professor Griff:]
Manipulate thought
Bait and switch
Mind corp
Caught but never taught
Who owns the corp
Free the body
Arrest the spirit
Everybody's looking around
Waiting for them to hear it
Capital court
Ad psyche
Soul is bought
Your soul just might be
Triggered by greed
That feeds the lust
They live for the
Pleasure
The high
The head rush

[Hook - Flavor Flav sample:]
To the beat y’all, you don’t stop
To the beat y’all, you don’t quit

[Verse 3 - Chuck D:]
Bump bump bump bump bump bump bumpin’

Bump bump bump bump bump bump bumpin’

Bump bump
How can I say this?

Here I go
Here go the black hippy
Cause they trippin’
C’mon get wit me

[Hook - Flavor Flav sample:]
To the beat y’all, you don’t stop
To the beat y’all, you don’t quit

[Verse 4 - Chuck D:]
Bump bump
How can I say this?
Corplantations spreading that matrix
Pity pity
Flock to these cities
Seem to forgot
Punch the robot
Made a livin’
Steal thanksgivin’
The law been givin’
Blood in my pocket
Can’t stop the corporate prophet
Out for just profit
Dare you to stop it

[Hook - Flavor Flav sample:]
To the beat y’all, you don’t stop
To the beat y’all, you don’t quit

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Earthizen"

[Verse 1 - Chuck D:]
A - The war of art against the art of war
B - Be yourself then see yourself
C - Check yourself don’t destroy yourself
D - Don’t love yourself can’t love nobody else
E - Planet Earth I’m a Earthizen
F - Don’t forget the god within
G - Grind to find yourself again
H - Have art fill what’s missin’

The earth without art is just...

[Verse 2 - Chuck D:]
I - I am awake not sleep
J - No justice no peace
K - Ain’t ok to be sheep
L - Listen to the words speakers speak
M - Black lives matter c’mon now
N - No lives matter if we don’t matter
O - Oh say can y’all see?
P - Planet Earth - Public Enemy

The earth without art is just...

[Verse 3 - Chuck D:]
Q - Question is it right or is it wrong?
R - Right on, listen to the song
S - Sacrifice for the team
T - Time to make something mean
U - Means we under arrest
V - Victims of the system stress
W - We instead of me the narrative
X
Y
Z
Cause art is how we live

[DJ Lord scratches:]
So it’s time to leave you a preview
So you too can review what we do

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Praise The Loud"

Bring that beat back man!
Bring that beat back!
Bring that beat back!
Y'all wanna hear that beat, right?
Bring that beat back!

Yeah!

Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Brothers and sisters!
Re-Re-Re-Revolution (yea)
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Yeah!
Ca-Ca-Ca-Call me the triggerman
Yeah!
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Watch your step boy!
Yeah!
Ca-Ca-Ca-Call me the triggerman
Yeah!
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Brothers and sisters!
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Yeah!
Ca-Ca-Ca-Call me the triggerman
Yeah!
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Ca-Ca-Ca-Call
Get-Get-Get-Get-Get loud!
Revolution
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Yeah!
Ca-Ca-Ca-Call me the triggerman
Yeah!

Bring that beat back man!
Bring that beat back!
Bring that beat back!
Y'all wanna hear that beat, right?
Bring that beat back!

Hey yo Chuck
From the-From-From the base motherland
Brothers and sisters!

From the-From the base motherland
Tell em!
From the base motherland
Yeah!
Get-Get-Get
From the-From the base motherland
Uh!
From the-From the base motherland
Better watch your step!
From the base motherland
Yeah!
From the base motherland
The place of the drum

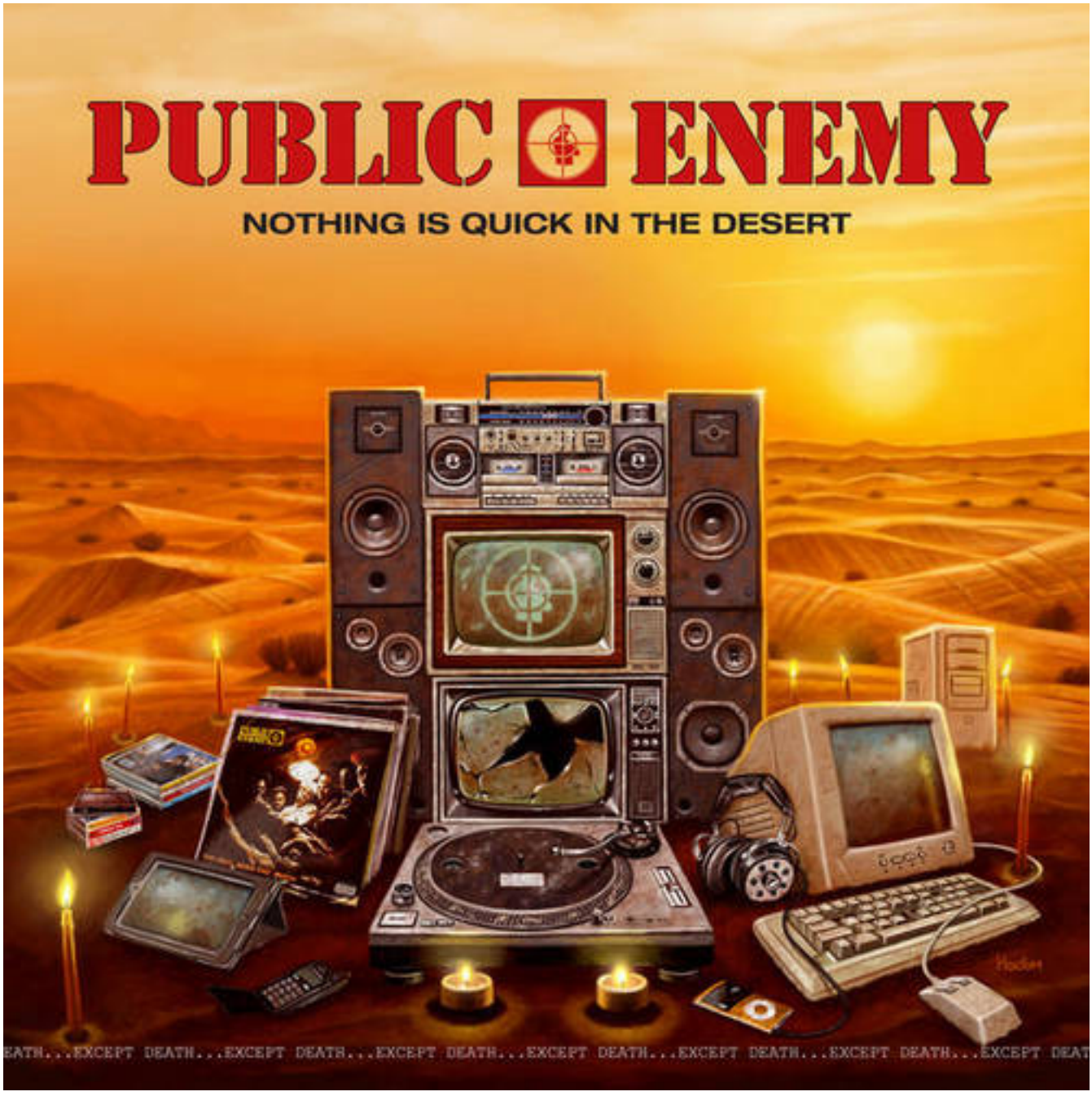
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Brothers and sisters!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Yeah!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Yeah!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Get-Get-Get loud

Bring that beat back man!
Bring that beat back!
Bring that beat back!
Y’all wanna hear that beat, right?
Bring that beat back!

The unexpected revolution
Brothers and sisters!
The unexpected revolution
Loud!
The unexpected revolution
Get-Get-Get-Get
Yeah!
The unexpected revolution
The unexpec-pec-pected revolution
The unexpec-pec-pected revolution
Yeah!

Get loud!

...Back one more time…
...Back one more time…
...Back one more time…
...Back one more time...


PUBLIC ENEMY
NOTHING IS QUICK IN THE DESERT
EATH...EXCEPT DEATH...EXCEPT DEATH...EXCEPT DEATH...EXCEPT DEATH...EXCEPT DEATH...EXCEPT DEATH...EXCEPT DEAT

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Nothing Is Quick In The Desert"

Stay out of the desert

1, 2, 1, 2, Yo
Yo 1, 2
Nothing is Quick in the Desert
1, 2
Yo

Not put here to judge between the quick and the dead
I be slick with this nick of time rhyme that I said (Go!)
Digitize the present, download it in a minute
The future is now, cause there ain't no frontin' in it
Steady stayin' chained to that wagon of old ways
That last pass second, we now call the old days
Yesterday slaves, just hangin' to get hung
Oblivious to those slangin' poison with the tongue (Yo!)
Unaware that being everywhere just ain't no lie
Desert MCs those who deserve to die
Or get poor trying, bitch stop lying
Everybody sellin', but ain't nobody buyin' (Uh!)
Adrenaline rushin', like my blood be gold
Like in 1849, rhyme soul is sold
Like all good people could be cowards in the end
And the death comes quick in the desert my friend
Nothing is quick in the desert!

If I had to describe the way I survive
The radio, the TV, the worldwide web

Nothing is quick in the desert!

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Speak!"

Old enough, bold enough
Man up, woman up
Think you had enough?
What you know about
Whatever you know about
Question is, uh, can you get it out?
Spoke!
Stay woke
Gun culture silenced
Stop the violence made all the brilliant silent
World ain’t gonna fix itself
World ain’t gonna change itself
Run your mouth
Don’t be dumb
But bump them gums
I know that the insecure be sure that their adversaries
End up shootin’ them guns
Dumb shit rises to the top
Ain’t got shit to say
Shut the words
Makin’ action stop
Diction avoids friction
Speak and aim
Ain’t playin’
Make it plain
Express yourself
Stand up to the game
Cause it’s stupid being afraid
Of the same egg you laid
Talk it over!

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Your peace (Believe me when I speak it)
Speak! Be free

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Your peace (Believe me when I speak it)
Speak! Be free

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time

Speak! Your peace (Believe me when I speak it)
Speak! Be free

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Speak! Speak! (Believe me when I speak it)

Woaaaah!

Dumb shit
Who can’t talk
Need a gun
Cause the brain
Can’t change the terrain
Trained by a government chain
Makin’ it rain in the club
That goes without sayin’ the devil don’t want change
You old enough to shave you old enough to save
Speak easy talkin’ somethin’
Say it loud
Malcolm, Garvey, Sonia Sanchez proud
Sister Souljah, Jesse, Al, Huey
Orator heard
Hip hop got the culture
Rap is the words
Having the blind
Loving some dumb aimed and directed death
And end up callin’ it def
Feds to protect black crime from the threat of community
Keeping truth from the youth, have them shootin’ me
And at each other, sister and brother
Lockin’ the rest up in them federal ovens
What y’all know about whatever you know about
Question is can you get it out?
Talk it over

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Your peace (Believe me when I speak it)
Speak! Be free

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Your peace (Believe me when I speak it)
Speak! Be free

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Your peace (Believe me when I speak it)

Speak! Be free

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Speak! Speak! (Believe me when I speak it)

Speak!

Believe me when I speak it
Believe me when I speak it
Believe me when I speak it
Believe me when I speak it
Believe me when I speak it

Believe me when I speak it

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Yesterday Man"

(feat. Daddy-O)

Yo come on
You don't even know who the hell you are
You don't even know who the hell you are
You don't even know who the hell you are
Who the hell you are
You don't even know
You don't even know who the hell you are
Who the hell you are
You don't even know
You don't even know who the hell you are

We did it yesterday, and we'll do it again
Tomorrow we'll all still be yesterday men
If you'd like to be more than yesterday boys
Then sit down and listen while they bring the noise

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

Some wanna be a spectacle …what happened?
Instead of spectacular …what happened?
Check the sally vernacular …what happened?
Now they mumblin' back at her …what happened?

Kanye marryin' Kim …what happened?
Bruce Jenner turned to fem …what happened?
Is rap still a black CNN? ...what happened?
Is Run and DMC still friends? ...what happened?

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose

So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

Yesterday being everything I ever said
Echo of the past comin out of my head
Sayin' new is better
So that new gets sold
They don't want any better
They want different from old
But I ain't buyin' what they wanna sell now
I ain't believin' everything they be tellin me now
Say tomorrow is better
What today got wrong
Right now I'm the man yesterday is the song

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

Brooklyn lookin' like it's L.A...what happened?
Sway movin' out of the bay ...what happened?
Eazy singin' Boyz N The Hood ...what happened?
Pac ridin' shotgun with Suge ...what happened?

Common used to love her, did he leave her? ...what happened?
Now it's no love of hip hop either ...what happened?
What the fuck OMG the pain? ...what happened?
I'mma just stay in my lane ...what happened?

Rappers all doin' TV ...what happened?
Kids lookin' older than me ...what happened?
3 Stacks ain't makin' songs? ...what happened?
Cam and Jimmy don't get along ...what happened?

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'

If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Exit Your Mind"

Greatness awaits us in hell for centuries
Still able to pull good out of nothing
And every time we go there
The world witness our creative genius
The arts and science
The gods and culture
Unlimited progress for the original people
We brought civilization to the world
The fathers and mothers of it all
America would not have no flavor if it wasn’t for the black population
Come on black people, it’s our time
The great musicians we brought
Science and mathematics to the world
Stop copying
We’re the original people
It was the mathematical genius of three black women
Who put the man on the moon
From the traffic light, down to heart surgery
Experience life from the creator of life
There is no way around it
We are the people of God
Exit your mind, enter the thinking of God

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Beat Them All"

We start controlling the Dow Jones Industrial, and start using niggers in the world bank, and every time the president wanna raise the price of gold, he gotta call twelve of us in and six of them, then we set

Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all

Hey dude, why you buildin' the wall
Think you got enough balls
You ain't got enough nerves
You ain't got enough gall
Finger pointin' at y'all
Tired of you pickin' my pocket
Sucker sucker you fall
Hear me rage like a prophet
Face to face and who smack it
Hear my point so you got it
See your ass try to stop it
You ain't never improved
Now you fuckin' up food
We the people get sued
Is that arrogance dude
Got you comin' off rude

If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em

Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all

Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all

To the beat y'all, you don't stop

Greatest players playin'
Greatest band in the world
Greatest rhymers be sayin'
Greatest band in the world
What the fuck is the problem
That your world ain't solvin'
Where your planet dissolvin'
Corporations replacin'
What y'all callin' a nation
Playin' with population
Why the fuck you surprised
45 spreadin' hatred
Lids over the eyes
Push you once, push you twice
When the fuck are y'all ready to fight?

If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em

And hear the beat go

Get the fuck outta here
It's weird engineers
Got millennials
Got 'em got 'em livin' in fear
Strippin' robbin' their years
Peers, digital tears
Drippin' into their beers

Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)

Writer(s): Ridenhour Carlton Douglas, Snyder David C

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Smash The Crowd"

(feat. PMD, Ice-T)

Hooooo!
Come on!

Haters gonna hate
Fakers gonna fake
Breakers gonna break
Neophytes gonna make mistakes
Sleepers gotta wake
I'ma say it again
I'ma say it loud
Gimme a group
Not one man
To smash the crowd
We get panoramic
Across the stage
Like a whole planet dammit
One man or one woman
Can't understand
The group plan
Making of the band
Gimme some bass and guitar and some drums
(God-God-Goddamn!)
I get bored from R&B keyboards
Unless they cut like a sword
I bet on DJ Lord
On two turntables
Do I say willin' and able
A lotta Serato
Revolving from old record labels
Party's over, oops outta time
Smashin' this crowd was designed
(Everybody now)

Somebody say hooooo!
Smash the crowd!
Somebody say
Smash the crowd!

Give it to the man, he know how to rock the crowd

Ice with the enemy
Iceberg's the enemy

Smashers of this mosh pit
Hardcore rap shit
Black mask shit
Pop off get your ass kicked
Or worse, a casket
S1s who blast it
I'm not happy with this soft hippy cotton candy
Bang the crowd hard or get the fuck out my yard
I crash crowds from all angles
Destroy bars like Hell's Angels

Bleed the needle from the left
Bleed it to the right
These vocals gone electric
Loudness for these masses
Keep the catalog from fallin' apart
Reach teaching new tunes from them old masters
(Uh!)
Excuse me?
(Dynamite soul!)
Greatest players playin'
Greatest band in the world
Greatest rhymers be sayin'
Greatest band in the world
But what the fuck is the problem that this world ain't solvin'

It's the get rich scheme
And chasing the fake dream
I spit like a black tech 9 with infrared beam
Been feedin' hip hop fiends since a teen
My mic still blow steam
I'm a mix between
Doc Strange and David Blaine
Spittin' blue flames
Slow Flow smashin' the crowd
Like I smashed Jane
Fear of a black planet
Time to pop the chain
Cause hip hop got them goin' insane

Somebody say hooooo!
Smash the crowd!
Somebody say
Smash the crowd!

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"If You Can't Join Em Beat Em"

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

Oh!

Now this is how the beat gonna go

Ho, yeah!
Ho ho, yeah!
Ho, yeah!
Ho ho, yeah!

Oh!

Y’all came to do that, we came to do this

Writer(s): Carlton Ridenhour, David C. Snyder

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"So Be It"

(feat. Jahi)

And if you don't like this thing, let's get ready to change it!

It got the summer written all over it
It is time, time for it to happen
What the fuck is it? (Get it!)
Some still can't deal with it
Kill fast until they kill it
DJ Lord, Public Enemy, they be killin' it
Still don't get it confused
Shit I be killin' it dude
Elevated
It ain't the shoes
It is what it is
So be it
Ain't just pointin' to my fitted
It's what's inside it (Get it, get it, get it)

It's happenin'
It's got feeling, it's got groove
Power to the people
It's got nothing to lose
You can bob it, weave it
Some love it some leave it
Knowledge is power but
Some keep it a secret
Some really need it
Some say it from the rooftops
It's doorstops and stoops
Till it's livin' and breathin'

Yo
Yo one two
So bet it and let it be

Y'all know it
So be it
Then be it so
So it be
Revolution
Then let it be known
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T
So be it and let it be

Y'all know it
So be it
Then be it so
So it be
Revolution
Then let it be known
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T
So be it and let it be

It can be whatever you believe in
It can't stop, won't stop
Not a one size fit
Whatever you want in the world
Start by being it
I'll never star it, spangle it, banner it
Some voted it
It is what it is
Hope got choked out didn't it (Get it!)
Press secretaries in suits that just don't fit

Chuck I got it, can't stop it
Or cock block it
Ignore these false prophets
Blinded by fake profit

It is a damn shame
It is the same game
It is too late to complain
Can't stand it (Get it!)
Loud and proud, too strong to ignore it
Either you against it, huh yeah, or you for it
Lie for it, die for it, do your damn best
At the test, come on uh, yeah try for it
Political landscape morbid
Seen my ancestors forbid it
Jahi and Marcus wrote it

(Wooo-eee!)

Y'all know it
So be it
Then be it so
So it be
Revolution
Then let it be known
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T
So be it and let it be

Y'all know it
So be it
Then be it so
So it be
Revolution
Then let it be known
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T
So be it and let it be

But you can quote it if I spoke it
I spray words on the target
Hold my pen the same way they hold an AK
Cause you can still lose your life for it
Some belief in me is all that I need
I know it, so be it, it be so, so it be
I never ask for it, that's just me being me

State of the free it
As I see it through world eyes
Not on the demise
Global people on the rise
Don't sit!

You pick up the pieces I'll bring the glue
So be it for me, so you can be you
You pick up the pieces I'll bring the glue
So be it for me, so you can be you
You pick up the pieces I'll bring the glue
So be it for me, so you can be you

One two
One two
So be it and let it be

Y'all know it
So be it
Then be it so
So it be
Revolution
Then let it be known (Come on!)
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T
So be it and let it be
Y'all know it
So be it
Then be it so
So it be
Revolution
Then let it be known
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T

So be it and let it be

Get up, it's the moment they fear
Can't stop won't stop
Be the change you wanna be
Be the change you wanna see
Get up, it's the moment they fear
Get up, it's the moment they fear
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T
So be it and let it be

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Soc Med Digital Heroin"

(feat. Solé)

Digital brain drain hits yo subclavian main vein
For the quick fix
Gotta get rich scheme
That got you insane
Memes hit the track, less than you check facts claim
Emojis that accentuate the lies in your mainframe
Let these bars reflect it, the self disrespected
These Twidiots with one-hundred forty characters disconnected
Complex urls and figures that can't spell check it
Talk to text, non verbal skills auto correct this

I ain't talkin' crack babies lost in the 1980's
Millennial grandkids who these gadgets made lazy
People caught up in the triangle of their lies
All comin' out in the wash, will he survive?
Triangle Twitter, Facebook, Tumblr
Yeah, raised on music and the style that you hear
Instagram, LinkedIn, Snapback, uh yeah, get back
It's high school all over again, so I clap back

Sick, twisted, narcissistic, hubristic
Interjecting your venom while playin' evangelistic
Models and mystics livin' unrealistic
Selfies and disconnection equating to mental sickness
Disjointed ramblings and musings you on some bitch shit
Unwanted mentions, opinions, why would you risk it?
You have no discipline so you cannot resist it
You ending up on that hit list cause karma, she never missed it

Damn! SOC MED
Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head
Damn dumb motherfucker on a smartass phone
Damn! SOC MED
Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head

The pain of break ups
Hood fights and make ups
The check up from the neck up
But y'all won't wake up

IPs that drive by
Reality shows a damn lie
This digital heroin is keepin' you high
You need to fact check the fuckery
Cyber sex and sorcery
Chicks bustin' it open with screwed up priorities
That shits disorderly hmm you just ignorin' me
See cause y'all done pledged to this shit like a sorority

Idle chatter and lipstick
Materialistic and postings
For you wanna be rich cliques
With value in the wrong shit
A drop squad at your door
For all you demons in the gossip for likes clique
You powerless, no independent thought so you drifted
Hypnotic rhythm, strangers opinions got you addicted
These habits of ignorance breeds cognitive dissonance
Social media digital heroin and remember it

Damn! SOC MED
Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head
Damn dumb motherfucker on a smartass phone
Damn! SOC MED
Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head

Tumblin' down to sleep
Take it to the bed
Strategically hip
Connected to the head
Easy check off
Check in with the feds
Lost in the avatar
Lookin' for street cred
Followin' hollow heads and the trends they tread
Sympathetic to the synthetic
Shakin' my damn head
Lost in the SOC MED
Report to the feds
Till that phone be dead
And the needle in the red
139 characters plus 1 I said
Shakin' my damn head
And what the internet said

Damn! SOC MED

Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head
Damn!

There have been terrorist attacks that no one knows about

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Terrorwrist"

Put down on that list
They bombin that list
Ballin that fist
Raisin that fist
Like that like that
Like this like this
Scratchin that shit
Terrorwrist pissed
Among and amidst
Avoidin' that trick
Lost in the abyss
Search and got frisked
EDM and got dissed
Track got flipped
Lord on the mix
Ass got kicked
Doctor doctor
This shit is sick
This shit is sick
Doctor doctor
Ass got kicked
Lord on the mix
Track got flipped
EDM and got dissed
Search and got frisked
Lost in the abyss
Avoidin' that trick
Among and amidst
Terrorwrist pissed
Scratchin that shit
Like that like that
Like this like this
Raisin that fist
Ballin that fist
They bombin that list
Put down on that list
Terrorwrist
Terrorwrist
Terrorwrist
Terrorwrist

How can I make you understand
How can I make you understand

How can I make you understand
I get ill on the posse with my goddamn hands

Indefinite patterns
One
An unknown trajectory
Two
Indefinite patterns
Three
Insufficient dock
Constantly changing

The evidence we have gathered all points to a collection of loosely affiliated terrorist organizations

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Toxic"

Toxic

Can't sing a song to save your life
But can you sing a song to save a life
Can a song save the world in this time of 45
45 beyond askin'
Can hip hop survive?
Over a million rappers spittin' now
What we the people be gettin'
Forgettin' armaggedon
Look out love is the message you can bet on
Can culture save humanity when the name of the game
Is narcissism, yo how can musicians get paid?
Curator, caretaker, this creator
Servicing purpose to other creators
Rhymers and beat makers
Blessed by the internet
So I'mma start this war of art
Before they rip this world apart
Toxic

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Looks like 45 done lied again
Grabbin' planets, territories
Not to mention women
Those who voted this POTUS
Killin' kin for the win
Citizens sufferin'

While he be ballin'
If a mule die, they used to say
Buy another one
If a nigga die, they used to say
Try another one
Fifty years we were broke, not broken
Take me to your leader
Even aliens spoke it
Every treaty signed
Their fuckery broke it
Wonder why only a few of us
Thrive as their tokens
Toke this toke that
No joke cause I wrote it
The only thing I hit is the stage, and I smoke it

Yo that
That shit sounded good on the record, what you just did, ahah

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Hindsight 57
So I'm stayin' in my lane
As the young think in hell
And the old prey to pain
This shit is classic like the resurgence
Of the dope on plastic
Vinyl bats backin' the tracks
The millennium's drastic
Synthetic bullshit smokin' up the hood
Bear witness cause y'all know the government's up to no good
You can't drift away from the problems of today
If you're grown 21 and over, tell me where the hell you goin'
Suicidal with an open Bible
Lockdown friendly fire

Or HBO, Home Boys Only, I really never really dug the Wire
They do no hirin'
He keep on firin'
We keep dyin'
The aftermath
Do the math
Toxic!

Writer(s): Ridenhour Carlton Douglas, Aswod Lord

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Sells Like Teens Hear It"

(feat. Sammy Vegas)

Yeah yeah yeah yeah boy
Yeah yeah yeah yeah boy

I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it

You smell like a mud duck who lived out all his luck
Bugged out now you're stuck slipping like a hockey puck
Perpetrating emcee that's the way it goes
I been rapping on the mic
Since you were shittin' in your clothes
Trying get so fast but you ain't slick
Step back give me room
And kiss my…
I'm gonna tell you once
Ain't gonna tell you again
Don't never in life try to do this again
I'm still the boss, gimme a high five
Gimme the mic live king cold live
Flav don't live on that tip G
But don't get sleep on me
I get it!
Can't nobody do it like me boy…

I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it

I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it

Used to be a joke, big butt and a smile
Screw being broke, substance over style
Try to walk a mile in these old school shoes
Many don't like to walk, old and young, do you?
Crazy when you see it, skateboard guarantee it
A whole lotta love goin' on if you wanna believe it

Millennial hear baby boomers fearing it
Sells like teenagers hearin' it

I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it
I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it

80's 90's real hip hop generation
Classified as art of inducing violence
Media and visions have limitations
Gotta hear out the streets anticipation
What you hear what you get
New souls just hear it how industry sells it
Teens became a target
Dreams for red carpet
Lies but believe it
Take it or leave it

I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it

I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it

You already know

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rest In Beats (Parts 1 & 2)"

(feat. The Impossebulls)

Rest in beats from Heavy D to Eazy-E
The Notorious B.I.G., we have lost so many
Still wonder in my Adidas why Jam Master Jay had to die
And Lisa Left Eye
Off top no rehearsal R.I.B. salute
Gifted Unlimited Rhymes Universal, my man...
Still in shock at the loss of Afeni and Pac
His spirit lives on, it won't ever stop
Scott La Rock, heard a dope story about him from the Blastmaster
Out west RIB Mac Dre and The Jacka
When we die it plants new seeds
For new Big Bank Hanks
And new MC Breed's, remember?
And the Sean P's that spit that raw
J Dilla got all the beatmakers still in awe
I'm not a pimp but Pimp C forever, UGK
Rest In Beats is the way that we say
Salute!

Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As the legacy continue, on and on and on (Rest In Beats!)
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on (Rest In Beats!)
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue, on and on and on
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue, on and on and on
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on

Now we lost some other things
Besides just life and hip hop
We lost brick and mortar record stores
And really dope diverse tours
R.I.B. Rest In Beats
Original flavor and more
We lost the art of everyone being in the same studio
Rest In Beats

The love of the art now dipped in the dough
We lost real flows to mumbles and memes
We've seen the loss of ideas that we were kings and queens

Where are the groups? Too many going solo
We lost street teams and promo, to YouTube and Vevo
Man, I miss the time when you really had to rhyme
When lines weren't reduced to ghetto, studio and crime
For all that we lost, still the essence is preserved
Through beats, sound stages, dope energy and words

"Everybody listen to this!"

Rest In Beats!

Never cared how doves cry til I heard you die
Now I wanna forget and God knows I've tried
I wished you heaven, I hope that you heard me
We were undisputed there was no controversy
Tired of the changes that life seems to bring
Never feared for silence, the dead still sing
And we can celebrate by dancing in the streets
Your music, your legacy, Rest In Beats!
I'm sick of the scenario man I'm buggin' out
So let's go, let's get loud, let's shout
Nothing but love, yes the good die young
Forever finds a way, your songs will be sung
September now, always got me thinking of you
Remembering the hard times you helped me through
It wasn't your move, but the way you moved me
Your music, your legacy, Rest In Beats!

Apache, Baatin, Big Bank Hank
Big D The Impossible, Big DS
Big L, Big Pun, Buffy from The Fat Boys
Camu Tao, Capital Steez, Charizma
Chris Lighty, Cowboy, DJ Crazy Toones
Dj Screw, Dj Train, DTTX
Eazy E, Educated Rapper, Eyeda
Fat Pat, Father Shaheed, Freaky Tah
Frosty Freeze, Guru, Heavy D, Hussein Fatal
Jacka, Jam Master Jay, Jay Dee
Johnny J, KMG, Kool DJ AJ Scratch
Larry Smith, Left Eye, Lord Infamous
Mac Daddy, Chris Kelly, Mac Dre, Mark B
Master Don, Mausberg, MC Breed
MC Supreme, MC Trouble, MCA
Mike Ski, Mixmaster Spade, Mr. Magic
Ms. Melodie, Nate Dogg
Notorious B.I.G. and Nujabes
Ol Dirty Bastard
Party Arty, Paul C, Phife Dawg
Pimp C, Prince B, Prodigy, Professor X

Proof, Pumpkinhead, Rammellzee, Roc Raida
Scott La Rock, Sean Price, Shawty Lo
Special One, Stretch, Subroc, Sugar Shaft
Sylvia Robinson up at Sugar Hill
Tim Dog, Tony D, Too Poetic
Trouble T-Roy, 2Pac and Yusef Afloat
My Brother DLX
Teena Marie, Lonnie Lynn, Jimmy Castor
Gil Scott Heron, James Brown
David Bowie, Gary Shider
Prince, Isaac Hayes
Yo, Rest In Beats
Mrs. Anna Drayton
Mr. Lorenzo Ridenhour...

That's why you wanna...

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ENEMY RADIO
TRC-931
LOUD IS NOT ENOUGH

Enemy Radio Lyrics

"2020"

Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?
Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?

Always goin' out, new days comin' in
2020, is it clearer to your vision
Say what y'all want, you ain't never gotta listen
Smell something burnin' straight backin' your kitchen
Now another Red Summer before Roaring '20s
Goin' down ghost towns, the good ain't plenty
Where you gonna be when your money ain't gold no more
And the poor come stormin' at your door

Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?
Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?

They turned their back to the past with no regret
Deaf to the prison of what is said
Dumb to the future 'cause it ain't here yet
Blind to the time ahead, 2020

Peekin' 'round corners, it's right around the corner
You can say what you want, but it's right around the corner
A decade, telescopes, outer space
Microscopes in your inner space
2020 squeezin' in a freezer
Millennials still gettin' robbed for Jordan sneakers
Dance in the corner, cancer in the water
One big prison yard, finally, God is hard

They turned their back to the past with no regret
Deaf to the prison of what is said
Dumb to the future 'cause it ain't here yet
Blind to the time ahead, 2020
Turned your back to the past with no regret
Deaf to the prison of what is said
Dumb to the future 'cause it ain't here yet
Blind to the time ahead, 2020

Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?
Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?

See, smell, taste, touch the sound, as a new decade's
Whirlin' around, unshackled and unbound
Watchin' war circus clowns and conductors
2020 nobody helping, lovin' us but us
If you not at the table, then you on the menu
And watch these algorithms tryna get up in you
Not a game or a act, in fact, it's a test
Check your soul and food to find out what's fresh

They turned your back to the past with no regret
Deaf to the prison of what is said
Dumb to the future 'cause it ain't here yet
Blind to the time ahead, 2020
Turned your back to the past with no regret
Deaf to the prison of what is said
Dumb to the future 'cause it ain't here yet
Blind to the time ahead, 2020

Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?
Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?

Enemy Radio Lyrics

"STD (Slavery Transmitted Disease)"

I am
Louder than fuck
Mercy wanna curse me
Don't touch that dial
The wild can't rehearse me
RAW
Shit y'all probably heard before
30,000 fanatics rushing through that door
Manimal
On these verses, ripped up the manual
'Cause I'm breathing rare air
Making volume a habit y'all
Can't see how I make these ears hear
Cover up your brains when I get near

N-I-G-G-E-R (N-I-G-G-E-R)
N-Word is a STD (What the hell?)
N-I-G-G-E-R (N-I-G-G-E-R)
Slavery Transmitted Disease

Like pork I don't eat it or say it
The mind is a terrible thing to waste and nothing to play with
You can change the meaning how it's spelled still a virus can't you tell
The word yelled when they tried to take Black Moses to jail
And say it live on air and get away with it
And call you N-words, change your names into digits
You have a right, in this new day to find new words to say
The truth is that we never N-words anyway

N-I-G-G-E-R (N-I-G-G-E-R)
N-Word is a STD
N-I-G-G-E-R (N-I-G-G-E-R)
Slavery Transmitted Disease

In the middle of crossroads, antenna like cornrows
Amazing grace, got it quicker than the kitchen
So I'm loud, see the weak can't get the hang of it
Possibly
So they cannot understand it
The red gettin' through
To those that never read it
The main script on life
So they consider it bullshit
Heads set the standard
Studied but they crammed it
God considered the volume too low
But she's damned it

It flies through the air with the greatest of ease (What the hell?)
The N-Words, a slavery transmitted disease
Not a word to be heard
But it BEs what it BEs
The N-Word is a STD (What the hell?)

It flies through the air with the greatest of ease
The N-words, a slavery transmitted disease
Not a word to be heard
But it BEs what it BEs
The N-Word is a STD
Be a victim to the small picture

[?] Too many victims to the small picture (Nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga)
I ain't gon' never call another black man, ni-

Enemy Radio Lyrics

"Food As A Machine Gun"

How not to die
By the weapon
Formerly known as food
How not to die

Sugar, sugar, who you talkin' to?
Dirty water who be lovin' you?
Stroke, no joke, musta hit that salt
Don't look at me, 'cause it ain't my fault
I know you want it, say you need it
And you eat it, 'cause you want it
Sugar, sugar, you don't love me
Sugar, sugar, you don't need me
Now, it be eating me (Eat, eat it up)
Got us fightin' diabetes
Stress level, sleepless, emotional, mental
Drugs in the food I love screwin' up my physical
I'll never fall in love again
With this hate on my plate and
Food and drug administration
Is my my hallucination?

Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (They eat it, they don't need it)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun

Sugar, sugar, I know you move me
I know you wanna drink me
You in everything, not just candy
Worse than a pow pow, shoot 'em up, kill 'em up movie
A riot goin' on in that corner
About a word on a bird in that corner
Toxic, yeah, they just box it
Hard to tell the paranoid "Avoid it like a opioid"
How sweet it is
They just line up these kids
How happy is a meal when dancin' with cancer?
With that God bless America FDA romancing
A new old kinda ganster get down
Pesticide chemical get around
Fast food industrial sit down
EPA's a gang, throw it up now

Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (They eat it, they don't need it)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun

Food as a machine gun
How not to die
By the weapon
Formerly known as food
How not to die

Sugar, sugar, call me late at night
By daylight, stomach busted, not feeling right
Back hurting, heart burning, I need oxygen
Sweet and sour more addictive than your oxycontin
GMO's in your new clothes
Food deserts and them corner stores
Salty, salty, where's the reservoir?
Double the price if you black and poor
What kind of plant is in your plant burger?
Pesticides on your organics, and they do it early
Chicken, chicken, chemicals, fossil fuels emissions
Go ahead and ask who is up in the kitchen
Food industry, like music industry, designed
To make you go crazy and just lose your mind
Chips, dip, soda, soda, yo, give me some
Pow, pow, food is a machine gun

Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (They eat it, they don't need it)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun

The real beef is inside you

Enemy Radio Lyrics

"Last Stand Caravan"

Boy still in a hoodie
Knee jerk reactor
Up and down a mudslide
Voted on a tractor

Bike ridin through mars
Center of the universe
Wiped out human life in this verse
Wide range climate
Descending into Houston
Immigration waitin
No defending youth and

Life threatening track
Riders in the storm
Bombs on landfills
Prepare for rainfall

Midterm germs
Asleep at 2 wheels
Wanna punch em in the gdamn face and that's real

Lost in a city of so called friends
Up against a wall where it got no end
This land
Your land
My land
This land
Last stand
Caravan

Lost in a city of so called friends
Up against a wall where it got no end
This land
Your land
My land
This land
Last stand
Caravan

Who do you trust emotional attachments
Things on the move they attracted like magnets
When its time to roll up your sleeves they all leave
Global wide web got the world deceived
Degrees won't change it system wanna strangle it
Lies and more lies and look how they angle it
Hate is still hate in 4K illuminated

You say you real and strong time to show it no fake it
In the land of clone men and women in fine suits
You can't love the fruit despise all the root
Lies and truth can never occupy the same space and time
At least not in my rhymes
I got forcefield for enemies olive branch for real ones
Oozi still weighs a ton and then some
Online shopping carts produce the art
But we staying on point like pens and darts

Lost in a city of so called friends
Up against a wall where it got no end
This land
Your land
My land
This land
Last stand
Caravan

Lost in a city of so called friends
Up against a wall where it got no end
This land
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It's all just a part of the plan like Smif N Wesson and Daddy-O
Here we go, spittin' the lessons
Dropping bars on guitars like the Prophets of Rage
Praying for my day ones in the coffin or the cage

Doctrine of a slave, masters rot in their grave
Boxed in like a braid, Pumas I'm rocking 'em suede
Down by law, no jewelry upon me
Stand mortified because the foolery's beyond me

I'm tired of 45 and Giuliani
Assassins who can't pronounce the name Soleimani
The foolhardy ruling party wants to Wisdom Allah's Rule against the truly Godly

Can move me hardly, juice through the arteries
Authority that can't be reduced to a commodity
The proof of prophecy, species are troublesome
Shaytan's wise and speaks with a double tongue

Lost in a city of so called friends
Up against a wall where it got no end
This land
Your land
My land
This land

Last stand
Caravan

Lost in a city of so called friends
Up against a wall where it got no end
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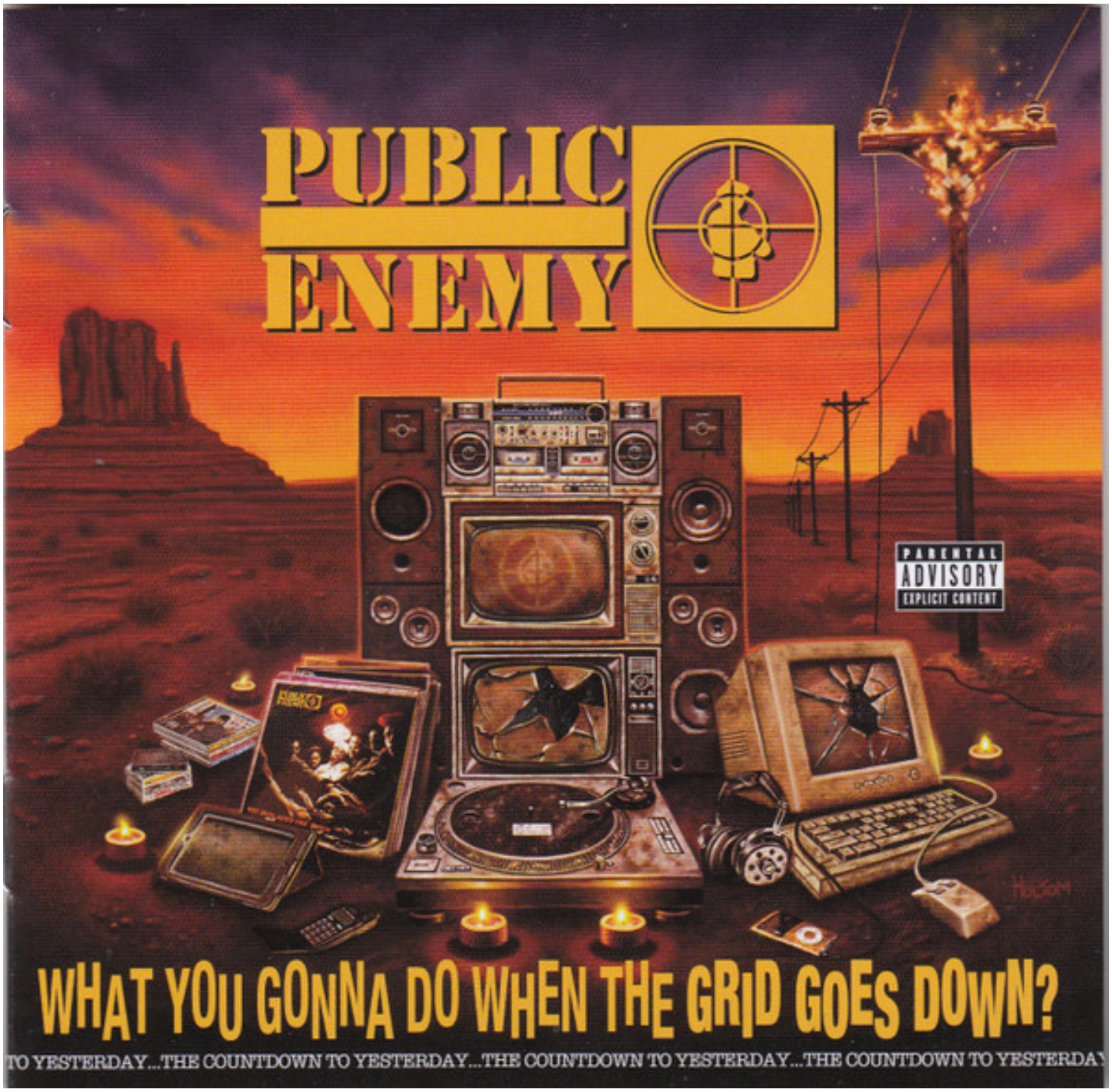
PUBLIC ENEMY
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT
WHAT YOU GONNA DO WHEN THE GRID GOES DOWN?
TO YESTERDAY...THE COUNTDOWN TO YESTERDAY...THE COUNTDOWN TO YESTERDAY...THE COUNTDOWN TO YESTERDAY

Public Enemy Lyrics

"When The Grid Go Down..."

(feat. George Clinton)

Socially Engineered Anarchy Induced Chaos
Code name SEAIC
All around
Without the sound
Uncle Jam's Army
We are here
Uncle Jam's Army
We are here
What ya gonna do when the grid go down?

How they gonna play us?
One against the other
What ya gonna do when the grid go down?
Son against his mother
Socially Engineered Anarchy Induced Chaos
All around
Can't distract us
UFO's
Socially Engineered Anarchy Induced Chaos
Agent provocateurs
One against the other
Him against his brother
What ya gonna do when the grid go down?
Uncle Jam's Army reporting for duty
We Are Here
With no sounds around
And it's time to get down
Face to face I got yo back
We do it like that

Public Enemy Lyrics

"GRID"

(feat. Cypress Hill & George Clinton)

What y'all gonna do?
Uncle Jam's Army's in, Public Enemy, Cypress Hill
Let's do this

Aww shit, no more GRID (Here we go!)
We all addicted men women and kids
No internet no text and no tweets
We'll look like the 80's (With fiends in the streets)
Aww snap! No apps just maybe perhaps (Where you at?)
No GRID is what we need for new human contact
Not even your own server can save you
We all caught up in the web is so true
No GPS what will you do? (No e-mails or WHATSAPPs coming thru)
Now your phone is just a phone with a camera
No algorithms, huh, to manage us
All your post on IG lost in the cloud with your information
Listen real close to what I'm saying
Folks might have to pick up a book, pick up a pen
Hey, back to basics again
Digital mental health clinics worse than a pandemic
More police brutality but no posts on who filmed it
Aww shit, the GRID is gone
Universal mind blown, c'mon!

What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
The GRID goes down! The GRID goes down!
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What y'all gonna do? (Be real about it)

Communication breakdown it's a take down
Are you awake now or consumed by a fake clown?
World Wide Web keep the spiders fed
Looking at my feed, trolls everywhere but knowledge supersedes
At your fingertips
Clicking all the keys to the locks
Pandora's box, open up
Now you're on the clock
Not a second to lose
Like your life shorter
Addicted to a platform
It's the calm before the storm (Get at me!)

If the GRID goes down you better be ready
Emotional effects may be deadly
Masses to run steady
The depression hits like a Tyson blow
Isolation on another level
Who's responsible? I don't know
I gotta theory if you hear me but you wanna fear me
Dumb us down then divide us up I see it clearly
Pit one against the other even though we're brothers
Make us hate each other while they keep their asses covered

What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
The GRID goes down! The GRID goes down!
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?

Socially engineered anarchy induced chaos
That's how they go play us
One against the other
Him against his brother
Fuck one another
Ahhh but Uncle Jam's Army is here
What you gonna do? (Whatever it takes)
What you gonna do? (Whatever the party call for)
Socially engineered anarchy induced chaos
That's how they go play us
What you go when the grid goes down?
No sound around
But there's still time
To get it on (Come on now)

My style versatile said without rhymes
Which is why they're after me and they on my back
Lookin' over my shoulder, seein' what I write
Hear what I say, then wonderin' why
Why they can't ever compete on my level
Underground status is my domain
Understand my rhythm, my pattern of lecture
And then you know why I'm on the run
This change of events results in a switch
It's the lateral movement of my vocal pitch
It eliminates pressure on the haunted
But the posse is around so I got to front it
Plus employ tactics so coy
And leave no choice but to destroy
Government tricks and what they say
It's all that try to cross my way
Get down

What you gone do Chuck?
Flava Flav, are you still lampin'?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
That's how you feel about it?
Uncle Jam's Army is here
Socially engineered anarchy induced chaos
That's how they go play us?
One against the other
Him against his brother
Girl against her mother
What you gonna do when the GRID go down?
No sound around

Public Enemy Lyrics

"State Of The Union (STFU)"

Whatever it takes
Rid of this dictator
Potus my tail
Ass debator
Primetime
Primo
Rhymetime
Crime like no other
In this lifetime
White house killer
Deadin lifelines
Vote this joke out
Or die tryin
Unprecedented
Demented
Many presioned
Nazi gestapo dictator
Defended
Its not what you think
Its what you follow
Run for them jewels
Drink from that bottle
Another four years gonna gut yall hollow
Guted out dried up broke and can't borrow

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

Mr I am the law
And you are not

In fact, I'm god
I got a lot
Mr these united breaks
Take over, come over
Orange hair
Fear the combover
Heres another scare
Keep them hands in the air
Better not breathe
Dare not dare
Don't say anything
Don't think nothing
Make America great again
The middle just love it
When he wanna talk
Walk yall straight
To them ovens we be
Human beings of collor suffering

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

Better rock that vote
Or vote for hell
Real generals now
Not some usfl
Not a fkn game
I not mention his name
Operation 45
Same thing
Sounds like Berlin burnin
Same thing
Historys a mystery
If yall ain't learning
End this clown show
For real

A state bozo
Nazi cult 45 Gestapo

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

Pop Diesel Lyrics

"Merica Mirror"

America has brought all of her troubles upon herself
She alone is to be charged with being the cause of the troubled world and people today

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Public Enemy Number Won"

(feat. Mike D, Adrock & Run-DMC)

Yo, Mike D
Yo, what up Ad Rock?
Remember that time in '85 when we were in a van and we're driving through Cleveland and?
Oh, oh, you had that weird rash all over your body
No, I mean, yes, but, no, I'm talking about when Rick gave us the demo tape for Public Enemy
Yo, we played that shit back and forth like about a million times
That shit was nice
So nice, you know I've been thinking
We should call Chuck D on the phone right now
And ask him, "What goes on?"
Well

I'm all in, put it up on the board
Another rapper shot down from the mouth that roared
One, two, three, down for the count
The result of my lyrics, oh yes, no doubt
Cold rock rap, forty-niner supreme
Is what I choose and I use, I never lose to a team
I can go solo like a Tyson Bolo
Make a fly girl wanna have my photo
Run in their room, hang it on the wall
In remembrance that I rocked them all
Suckers, ducks, ho-hum emcees
You can't rock the kid, so go cut the cheese
Take this application of rhymes like these
My raps red hot, hundred ten degrees
So don't start bassing, I'll start placing
Bets on that you'll be disgracing
You and your mind for a beat and a rhyme
A time for a crime that I can't find
I show you my gun, my Uzi weighs a ton
Because I'm Public Enemy number one, one
One, one
One, one, one, one

From the tippy-tippy top never taking a L
Nobody rocks so hot so well
Like the rugged D, the man you see
Rocking to the rhythm of the sure shot beat
Say one for the treble, two for the bass
Rhyme for your mind, shine on your face
Three for the rain and four for the dew
Five 'cause I'm live and straight from the crew
Six for my gear and, nah, I ain't no stylist
Got my whole swag from 2-5th and Hollis
Run got the wisdom D got the knowledge

Straight from the dome, air tight sand polished
Seven to the eight and nine times I say
Run gon' be great, the top 10 today
Eleven MC's, they all tried to flex
When Run grabbed the mic, they took flight and step

There was a time when I was losing it
Alcohol, I was abusing it
The wealth of health, I wasn't choosing it
To help myself, I wasn't doing it
Mom and dad they meant a lot to me
They helped me get where I got to be
Then they told me they adopted me
To help me fulfill prophecy
I did not know I had enemies
Named Jack and Jim and Hennessy
They came with a smile, befriending me
With the intent of ending me
Taking my power like kryptonite
'Cause it is known when I get the mic
I go into a zone and I rip the mic
Just like this rhyme that I spit tonight
You can't understand how much it took
To kick their asses and leave them shook
Kill all the clowns and crush the crooks
'Cause I'm a superhero in the comic books
Well, make believe is your reality
I'm everything I pretend to be
Everything I need is inside of me
And anything else is the enemy

Now here's a little story We got to tell
About a sound so Def, you know so well
It started way back in history
With the Beastie Boys, LL Cool J, Run-DMC, and Public Enemy

Great was a label with two turntables
And a mic, MC's do what ya like
'83 beats in the place to be
'84 rhyming to open doors
Def to the Jammin' of who I am
Stand till they jump and then crack the floors
I got a posse of a force to back me up
Watch out, we got rhythm to match
Ambush attack of my team
Double-team you get creamed
You got it so you don't catch
Wanna hear it again, we got a force
Def Jam down, the OG circuit sound
Public Enemy, LL Cool J, Beastie Boys, Flav, Run-DMC
Check out the protection
Rock the bells in this section
Kick it like Bruce Lee's Chinese connection

On stereo never ever mono
On wax, yes, I'm talking 'bout vinyl
The world said freeze, we unfrozen
They got me Public Enemy #1

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Toxic"

Toxic

Can't sing a song to save your life
But can you sing a song to save a life
Can a song save the world in this time of 45
45 beyond askin'
Can hip hop survive?
Over a million rappers spittin' now
What we the people be gettin'
Forgettin' armaggedon
Look out love is the message you can bet on
Can culture save humanity when the name of the game
Is narcissism, yo how can musicians get paid?
Curator, caretaker, this creator
Servicing purpose to other creators
Rhymers and beat makers
Blessed by the internet
So I'mma start this war of art
Before they rip this world apart
Toxic

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Looks like 45 done lied again
Grabbin' planets, territories
Not to mention women
Those who voted this POTUS
Killin' kin for the win
Citizens sufferin'
While he be ballin'
If a mule die, they used to say
Buy another one
If a nigga die, they used to say

Try another one
Fifty years we were broke, not broken
Take me to your leader
Even aliens spoke it
Every treaty signed
Their fuckery broke it
Wonder why only a few of us
Thrive as their tokens
Toke this toke that
No joke cause I wrote it
The only thing I hit is the stage, and I smoke it

Yo that
That shit sounded good on the record, what you just did, ahah

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Hindsight 57
So I'm stayin' in my lane
As the young think in hell
And the old prey to pain
This shit is classic like the resurgence
Of the dope on plastic
Vinyl bats backin' the tracks
The millennium's drastic
Synthetic bullshit smokin' up the hood
Bear witness cause y'all know the government's up to no good
You can't drift away from the problems of today
If you're grown 21 and over, tell me where the hell you goin'
Suicidal with an open Bible
Lockdown friendly fire
Or HBO, Home Boys Only, I really never really dug the Wire
They do no hirin'
He keep on firin'
We keep dyin'
The aftermath
Do the math
Toxic!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Yesterday Man"

(feat. Daddy-O)

Yo come on
You don't even know who the hell you are
You don't even know who the hell you are
You don't even know who the hell you are
Who the hell you are
You don't even know
You don't even know who the hell you are
Who the hell you are
You don't even know
You don't even know who the hell you are

We did it yesterday, and we'll do it again
Tomorrow we'll all still be yesterday men
If you'd like to be more than yesterday boys
Then sit down and listen while they bring the noise

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

Some wanna be a spectacle …what happened?
Instead of spectacular …what happened?
Check the sally vernacular …what happened?
Now they mumblin' back at her …what happened?

Kanye marryin' Kim …what happened?
Bruce Jenner turned to fem …what happened?
Is rap still a black CNN? ...what happened?
Is Run and DMC still friends? ...what happened?

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake

From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

Yesterday being everything I ever said
Echo of the past comin out of my head
Sayin' new is better
So that new gets sold
They don't want any better
They want different from old
But I ain't buyin' what they wanna sell now
I ain't believin' everything they be tellin me now
Say tomorrow is better
What today got wrong
Right now I'm the man yesterday is the song

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

Brooklyn lookin' like it's L.A...what happened?
Sway movin' out of the bay ...what happened?
Eazy singin' Boyz N The Hood ...what happened?
Pac ridin' shotgun with Suge ...what happened?

Common used to love her, did he leave her? ...what happened?
Now it's no love of hip hop either ...what happened?
What the fuck OMG the pain? ...what happened?
I'mma just stay in my lane ...what happened?

Rappers all doin' TV ...what happened?
Kids lookin' older than me ...what happened?
3 Stacks ain't makin' songs? ...what happened?
Cam and Jimmy don't get along ...what happened?

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it

Yesterday man

James Bomb Lyrics

"Crossroads Burning"

What happens if all media networks was dropped and destroyed?
Are you afraid to pick up a book?
Are you afraid to even deal with who you are, as a person?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fight The Power: Remix 2020"

(feat. Jahi, Rapsody, Black Thought, Nas, YG)

[Chuck D:]
This is revolution shit
Uh, yeah, c'mon and get down
Uh, yeah, c'mon and get down
Uh, yeah, hey
The year is 2020, the number
A little somethin' to get down
Sound of the funky drummer
Music hitting' the heart 'cause I know you got soul
Brothers and sisters

[Nas:]
The Information Age
Got 'em seein' what's really wrong with these racist days
I honor the strong and pity the weak
Your thoughts run your life, be careful what you think
Haiti beat France, a century, seventeen
Salute Toussaint and Dessalines
And I do love France, know what I mean?
It's the system I'm talkin', nobody's agreein'
They say, "Suicide," when dead bodies are swingin'
Cowards are huntin' black men, that's what I'm seein'
How many Tulsas have been burnt down?
And once Central Park was a thrivin' black town
Yo, Chuck, I'm fightin' the power right now
Thank you, Flav and P-E, puttin' it down
Puttin' your life on the line so I could rap now
The next generation still singin', "Fight the Power"

[(Chuck D) Flava Flav:]
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power, (we got to fight the powers that be)

[Rapsody:]
Police think they reign 6ix9ine over the law (Yeah)
When they give us short sticks but we really need a long
To the boys in the hood, duckin' bullets and batons
From boys in the hood, triple Ks on they arm
Four fingers on my palm screamin', "Fight"
Change the policy, before I buy back our property
You love Black Panther but not Fred Hampton
Word to the Howards and the Aggies and the Hamptons
They book us, won't book us, I'm Booker
T. Washington, George killed, for twenty

Think about it (Think), that's two thousand pennies
The value of black life the cost of goin' to Wendy's
For a four-quarter burger, ended in murder
Fight for Breonna and the pain of her mother, gotta

[(Chuck D) Flava Flav:]
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power, (we got to fight the powers that be)

[Black Thought:]
Yeah, generations just how long we been at war
The revolution on all platforms
You break a man's mind in his back
Yo, solidarity is what I'm wearin' all black for
For comrades who done fought without me
It's not to try and change y'all thoughts about me
Or to redirect your reports about me
Dear white people, you should take a course about me
'Cause, is it the law, for a four-finger ring?
The sciences and the arts, the songs we can sing?
I really wanna know why y'all so scared
Prolly 'cause the promised land, we almost there
But look, I think of images that fuel my youth
Been influenced by Craig Hodges and Abdul-Rauf
Examples like Olympic, Black Power salutes
To Panther troops, I saw as I pursued my truth
If racism is the cancer, black thought's the answer
Gotta get up off the back porch, emancipate your minds
Get your bodies back from ransom (C'mon)
And all black hands up for the anthem

[(Chuck D) Flava Flav:]
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power, we got to fight the powers that be
Yo, yo, check this out, man
Bring that beat back, man (Bring that beat back)
In two, three, four, hit it

[Jahi:]
People, people, stronger than this evil
Smashin' your power structure, melanin royal, regal
System designed to kill and unprotect
Worldwide, hit the streets just to get some respect
Our fight and our rights for freedom will never wane
But justice Breonna Taylor, salute Chuck and Flava
Feel the same anger since Radio Raheem died
Black power to the people, push forward, pride

[YG:]
Fight power like it's the opp, though
Born to fight, I made it off the block though

Thought he had a gun and he was black, that's the combo
The police killed George havin' a convo (George)
They killed Malcolm X, they killed Doctor King (Doctor King)
They gave us guns and dope, they wanna stop our kings
They tryna erase our history, stop and think
History class ain't tell us 'bout Juneteeth
Cops don't give a damn about a negro
Pull the trigger, kill a negro, he's a hero
Fuck livin' life on welfare, the last one who cared was Obamacare
Round twelve, nose kinda bloody, gotta keep fightin'
Trump flew to North Korea, they respect violence
If you ain't tryna have your city on fire
Put some respect on our name, we come from gold and diamonds

[(Chuck D) Flava Flav:]
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power, (we got to fight the powers that be)
Yo, yo

[Chuck D:]
Elvis was a hero to most
But he never meant shit to me you see
Straight up racist that sucker was
Simple and plain
Motherfuck him and John Wayne
'Cause I'm Black and I'm proud
I'm ready, I'm hyped plus I'm amped
Most of my heroes don't appear on no stamps
Sample a look back you look and find
Nothing but rednecks for four hundred years if you check
"Don't Worry, Be Happy" was a number one jam
Damn if I say it you can slap me right here
(Get it) Let's get this party started right
Right on, c'mon
What we got to say
Power to the people no delay
Make everybody see
In order to fight the powers that be

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Beat Them All"

We start controlling the Dow Jones Industrial, and start using niggers in the world bank, and every time the president wanna raise the price of gold, he gotta call twelve of us in and six of them, then we set

Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all

Hey dude, why you buildin' the wall
Think you got enough balls
You ain't got enough nerves
You ain't got enough gall
Finger pointin' at y'all
Tired of you pickin' my pocket
Sucker sucker you fall
Hear me rage like a prophet
Face to face and who smack it
Hear my point so you got it
See your ass try to stop it
You ain't never improved
Now you fuckin' up food
We the people get sued
Is that arrogance dude
Got you comin' off rude

If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em

Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all

To the beat y'all, you don't stop

Greatest players playin'
Greatest band in the world
Greatest rhymers be sayin'
Greatest band in the world
What the fuck is the problem
That your world ain't solvin'
Where your planet dissolvin'
Corporations replacin'
What y'all callin' a nation
Playin' with population
Why the fuck you surprised
45 spreadin' hatred
Lids over the eyes
Push you once, push you twice
When the fuck are y'all ready to fight?

If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em

And hear the beat go

Get the fuck outta here
It's weird engineers
Got millennials
Got 'em got 'em livin' in fear
Strippin' robbin' their years
Peers, digital tears
Drippin' into their beers

Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Smash The Crowd"

(feat. PMD, Ice-T)

Hooooo!
Come on!

Haters gonna hate
Fakers gonna fake
Breakers gonna break
Neophytes gonna make mistakes
Sleepers gotta wake
I'ma say it again
I'ma say it loud
Gimme a group
Not one man
To smash the crowd
We get panoramic
Across the stage
Like a whole planet dammit
One man or one woman
Can't understand
The group plan
Making of the band
Gimme some bass and guitar and some drums
(God-God-Goddamn!)
I get bored from R&B keyboards
Unless they cut like a sword
I bet on DJ Lord
On two turntables
Do I say willin' and able
A lotta Serato
Revolving from old record labels
Party's over, oops outta time
Smashin' this crowd was designed
(Everybody now)

Somebody say hooooo!
Smash the crowd!
Somebody say
Smash the crowd!

Give it to the man, he know how to rock the crowd

Ice with the enemy
Iceberg's the enemy
Smashers of this mosh pit
Hardcore rap shit
Black mask shit
Pop off get your ass kicked

Or worse, a casket
S1s who blast it
I'm not happy with this soft hippy cotton candy
Bang the crowd hard or get the fuck out my yard
I crash crowds from all angles
Destroy bars like Hell's Angels

Bleed the needle from the left
Bleed it to the right
These vocals gone electric
Loudness for these masses
Keep the catalog from fallin' apart
Reach teaching new tunes from them old masters
(Uh!)
Excuse me?
(Dynamite soul!)
Greatest players playin'
Greatest band in the world
Greatest rhymers be sayin'
Greatest band in the world
But what the fuck is the problem that this world ain't solvin'

It's the get rich scheme
And chasing the fake dream
I spit like a black tech 9 with infrared beam
Been feedin' hip hop fiends since a teen
My mic still blow steam
I'm a mix between
Doc Strange and David Blaine
Spittin' blue flames
Slow Flow smashin' the crowd
Like I smashed Jane
Fear of a black planet
Time to pop the chain
Cause hip hop got them goin' insane

Somebody say hooooo!
Smash the crowd!
Somebody say
Smash the crowd!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"If You Can't Join Em Beat Em"

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

Oh!

Now this is how the beat gonna go

Ho, yeah!
Ho ho, yeah!
Ho, yeah!
Ho ho, yeah!

Oh!

Y’all came to do that, we came to do this

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Go At It"

(feat. Jahi)

It got the summer written all over it
It is time, time for it to happen
What the fuck is it? (Get it)
Some still can't deal with it
Kill fast till they kill it
DJ Lord, Public Enemy
They be killin' it

Still don't get it confused, shit, I be killin' it dude
Elevated, it ain't the shoes
It is what it is, so be it
Ain't just pointed to my fitted
It's what's inside it (Get it, get it, get it)
It's happenin', it's got feelin'
It's got groove, power to the people
It's got nothing to lose
You can bob it, weave it
Some love it, some leave it
Knowledge is power but some keep it a secret
Some really need it
Some say it from the rooftops
It's doorstops and stoops
Till it's living and breathing

Yo, yo, one-two
So be it
And let it be

Y'all know it, so be it
Then, be it so, so it be
Revolution, then let it be known
Whatever it is, whatever it be
You just go at it
Y'all know it, so be it
Then, be it so, so it be
Revolution, then let it be known
Whatever it is, whatever it be
You just go at it

It can be whatever you believe in
It can't stop, won't stop, not a one size fit
Whatever you want in the world, start by being it
I'll never star it, spangle it, banner it
Some voted it, it is what it is
Hope got choked out, didn't it?
Press secretaries in suits, that just don't fit (Uh)

Chuck, I got it can't stop it, or cock block it
Ignore these false prophets blinded by fake profit

It is a damn shame, it is the same game
It is too late to complain, can't stand in (Get it)
Loud and proud, too strong to ignore it
Either you against it, huh, yeah, or you for it
Lie for it, die for it
Do your damn best at the test
Come on, uh, yeah, try for it
Political landscape morbid
Seen my ancestors forbid it
Jahi and Marcus wrote it

Y'all know it, so be it
Then, be it so, so it be
Revolution, then let it be known
Whatever it is, whatever it be
You just go at it
Y'all know it, so be it
Then, be it so, so it be
Revolution, then let it be known
Whatever it is, whatever it be
You just go at it

But you can quote it if I spoke it
I spray words on the target
Hold my pen the same way they hold an AK
'Cause still can lose your life for it
Some belief in me, is all that I need
I know it, so be it, it be so, so it be
I'll never ask for it, it's just me being me (Come on)

State of the free it
As I see it through world eyes
Not on the demise, global people on the rise
Don't sit!

You pick up the pieces, I'll bring the glue
So be it for me, so you can be you
You pick up the pieces, I'll bring the glue
So be it for me, so you can be you

Whatever it is, whatever it be
You just go at it

Mark Jenkins Lyrics

"Don't Look At The Sky"

The meaning of God body is simple
It means you see God when you look in the mirror
And that the body of man is God
And that there's no mystery God in the sky
You are God

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rest In Beats"

(feat. The Impossebulls)

Rest in beats from Heavy D to Eazy E
The Notorious B.I.G., we have lost so many
Still wonder in my Adidas why
Jam Master Jay had to die and Lisa Left Eye
Off top no rehearsal, R.I.B. salute
Gifted Unlimited Rhymes Universal, my man
Still in shock of the loss of Afeni & Pac
His spirit lives on, it won't ever stop
Scott LaRock heard a dope story about him from the Blastmasta
Out west R.I.B. Mac Dre & The Jacka
When we die it plants new seeds
For new Big Bank Hank's and new MC Breed's, remember?
And the Sean P's who speak that raw
J Dilla got all beat makers still in awe
I'm not a pimp but Pimp C forever UGK
Rest in beats is they way that we say salute

Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on (Rest in beats)
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on (Rest in beats)
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on

We've lost brick and mortar record stores
And really dope diverse tours, R.I.B. Rest in beats
Original flavor and more
We've lost the art of everyone being in the same studio, rest in beats
The love for the art now dipped into dough
We lost real flows to mumbles and memes
We've seem to lost the ideas that we were kings and queens
Where are the groups? Too many going
We lost streets, teams, promo, YouTube and Vevo
Man I miss the time when you really had to rhyme
When lines weren't reduced to ghetto studio and crime
For all that we've lost still the essence is preserved
Through beats, sound, stages, dope energy and words (And words)

Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on (Rest in beats)
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on and on

Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on

Never cared how doves cried till I heard you died
Now I wanna forget and God knows I tried
I wished you heaven, I hoped that you heard me
We were undisputed there was no controversy
Tired of the changes that life seems to bring
Never feared for silence, the dead still sing
And we can celebrate by dancing in the streets
Your music, your legacy, rest in beats
I'm sick of this scenario, man, I'm buggin' out
So let's go, let's get loud, let's shout
Nothing but love, yes, the good die young
Forever finds a way your songs will be sung
September now always got me thinking of you
Remembering hard times you helped me through
It wasn't your move but the way you moved me
Your music, your legacy, rest in beats
Rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats
Rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats
Rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats
Rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats

Public Enemy Lyrics

"R.I.P. Blackat"

Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
It's like we was from the sandbox, I miss my dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog

It's like back in '94 when we were first met
In Houston, Texas, I was on tour, I'll never forget
You had me come out to Houston to play celebrity basketball games
You had towels and cups and shirts with my name
When Flavor Flav walked in the gym, the gym lit up
I was hot, on fire, couldn't tell a nigga shit! (WHAT?!?)
We became boys and had that connection
All you wanted for me was go in the right direction
I started having my darkest days, up in the streets of
New York secretly diggin' my grave
With the drugs and the thugs, everything that was white
I dug it out the rugs, I was goin'
1700.4 miles per hour
From the top of the Empire State, I seen the Eiffel Tower
Then you came through and you helped save my life
And I'll never forget you my dude, my boy for life

Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
It's like we was from the sandbox, I miss my dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog

Thanks to Blackat he gave me a place to stay
So I could have a chance to take my life another way
Because of the way the shit was goin'
I had money flowin' but I wasn't flowin' like the money was flowin'
So he said come to Houston and see what you could do here
I'll give you a room at the crib and food to share
You ain't even got to pay me no rent
You can stay here with me at the crib bro and get high, get bent
I don't care just long as you're doin' good
You could stay here as long as you could
Whatever you do, I'll never hold it against you
You's a grown man, can't hold it against you
We boys till the end, can't hold it against you

When you need a ticket to New York, I sent ya
I'm your homie all the way to the grave
You could always speak to everybody through your boy Flav

Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
It's like we was from the sandbox, I miss my dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog

Ms. Ariel Lyrics

"Closing: I Am Black"

I am black
Woman
Beautiful
Magic
Intelligent
Resilient
Love
Innovative
Powerful
Influential
Unapologetic
And woke
Peace

THE TEACHER

KRS ONE
RETURN OF THE
BOOM BAP

KRS-One Lyrics

"Outta Here"

[DJ Premier samples/scratches between verses:]
[Slick Rick:] "Boogie Down was performin, hey they ain't no joke"
[KRS:] "Down with the sound called B-D-P"

[Verse 1:]
Back in the days I knew rap would never die
I used to listen to Awesome-2 on WHBI
I used to hear all kind of rap groups before sampling loops
Rappers wore bell-bottom Lee suits
Me and Kenny couldn't afford that
So we would go to the park when they was jammin' to hear rap
I used to listen till the cops broke it up
I always thought to myself "Damn, why they fucked it up?"
But never the less I was in love with the microphone
And it stayed that way until I left home
On the streets of New York, now I'm free
But with freedom comes big responsibility
I used to walk around driven by the force
I remember how large Super Rhymes was when he fell off
I used to wonder about crews that used to rock
They were large, but none of them could manage to stay on top

Do you ever think about when you outta here?
Record deal and video outta here?
Mercedes Benz and Range Rover outta here?
No doubt BDP is old school, but we ain't goin' out!

[Verse 2:]
After livin' on the streets alone
Some years went by, I signed myself into a group home
I used to watch the show "I Dream of Jeannie"
And dreamt about "When will I be large like Whodini?"
But I was messin' with graffiti on the subway
And gettin' chased by the cops almost everyday
I knew it had to bea better way see
So I would go to my room, blast RUN DMC
Around 1984 I left the group home, again alone
Still dreamin' about the microphone
Gimme a chance man, I know I can rock it
But I had to worry about puttin' money in my pocket
So when I reached the shelter I met my helper DJ Scott La Rock
And we both loved hip-hop
I was takin' suckas out in the shelter system
Yeah there was rappers in the shelter but I had to diss 'em
But all along, my vision was never lost
I kept seeing all these rap groups fallin' off

Do you ever think about when you're outta here?
Fly girl and fresh gear outta here?
Five-thousand dollar love seat outta here?

No doubt BDP is old school, but we ain't goin' out!

[Verse 3:]
While I'm battling these rival crews
Yes, BDP would stay in the street news
Some said all they wanna do is battle
They can't write a song, so their careers won't last long
Around this time I used to hang with Ced Gee
And DJ Scott La Rock used to buy gold with Eric B
I didn't meet Rakim till later with Scott
I remember we were jammin' at the rooftop
It used to irk me when these critics had opinions
Scott would say "Just keep rappin', I'll keep spinnin'"
We had a fucked up contract, but we signed it
And dropped the hip-hop album Criminal Minded
We told the critics your opinions are bull
Same time Eric B and Rakim dropped Paid in Full
Hip-hop pioneers we didn't ask to be
But right then hip-hop changed drastically
People didn't wanna hear the old rap sound
We started samplin' beats by James Brown
In the middle of doin' My Philosophy
Scott was killed and that shit got to me
But knowin' the laws of life and death
I knew his breath, was one with my breath
I had nothin' left and it was scary
So I dropped By All Means Necessary
Another hip-hop group that was a friend of me
Was a revolution crew called Public Enemy
It Takes A Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back
These two albums set off consciousness in rap
But all along, I'm still lookin' around
And all I can see are these rap groups fallin' down

Do you ever think about when you outta here?
Condominium and beach house outta here?
Credit cards and bank accounts outta here?
No doubt BDP is old school, be we ain't goin' out!

Writer(s): Lawrence Parker, Christopher E Martin

KRS-One Lyrics

"Black Cop"

Buck buck buck-buck-buck, buck-buck buck buck!
All rude bwoy lissen up!
Black cop!! Black cop black cop black cop
Stop shootin black people, we all gonna drop
You don't even get, paid a whole lot
So take your M-60 and put it 'pon lock!
Take your four-five and you put it 'pon lock!
Lookin for your people when you walk down a block
Here in America you have drug spot
They get the black cop, to watch the drug spot
The black drug dealer just avoid black cop
They're killin each other on a East Coast block
Killin each other on a West Coast block
White police, don't give a care about dat
Dem want us killin each other over crack
Anyway you put it it's a black on BLACK
Black cop black cop black cop
Black cop black cop black cop
Thirty years, there were no black cops
You couldn't even run, drive round the block
Recently police trained black cop
To stand on the corner, and take gunshot
This type of warfare isn't new or a shock
It's black on black crime again nonSTOP
Black cop!! Black cop black cop
Black cop black cop black cop

"Don't be the sucker..
Don't be the sucker comin into my face..
Don't be the sucker.."

Here's what the West and the East have in common
Both have black cops in cars profilin
Hardcore kids in the West got stress
In the East we are chased by the same black beast
The black cop is the only real obstacle
Black slave turned black cop is not logical
But very psychological, haven't you heard?
It's the BLACK COP killin black kids in Johannesburg
Whassup black cop, yo, whassup?!
Your authorization says shoot your nation
You wanna uphold the law, what could you do to me?
The same law dissed the whole black community
You can't play both sides of the fence
1993 mad kids are gettin tense
Black cop!! Black cop black cop black cop
Stop shootin black people we all gonna drop
You don't even get, paid a whole lot
Take your four-five and you put it 'pon lock!
Take your M-60 and put it 'pon lock!

Take your uzi, put it 'pon lock!
Black cop black cop black cop
Black cop black cop black cop

"Don't be the sucker..
Don't be the sucker..
Don't be the sucker..
Don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't.. don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't-don't-don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't-don't-don't-don't
Don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't-don't, don't-don't
Don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't-don't-don't!
Don't be the sucker comin into my face with that yang-yang!"

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone

KRS-One Lyrics

"Mortal Thought"

Adjust that treble right now adjust the bass
Turn it up, stop frontin
C'mon, turn it up
Alright, check it out ninety-three lyrics, here we go
Bo!

I never want a jheri curl up under my hat
The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black
I never want money if my lyrics are wack
So I must, roc, the mic
I play only the reggae and I play only rap
I rock the African, the European, and Jap
Beneath I got to show you that I am all that
So I must, roc, the mic

Are you tired of lyrical liars, passing fliers
Wannabe MC's, but really good triers
Tripping over mic cords, getting you bored
A total fraud, this kind of thing I can't afford, so I
pick up the mic and kill it ill it top bill it
The cough is a skillet, where MC's get fried in it
You got beef chill it, blood I spill it
After seven long years of ripping the party and I'm still widdit
You call my name I don't think about suing ya
I come to the club with that BOOYAKA
Laughing while I'm doin ya the crowd is booin ya
Gimme one month, record for record on tape I'll ruin ya
Some likkle awl pon sound bwoy wan fi rule de city
His style is lookin pretty beats and rhymes are dibby dibby
Here comes the rootical ratical teacha
I'll eat ya defeat ya beat ya till ya stagger and ya teeth chatter
You'll be goin through convulsions as I flash data
Any rapper can be a decapitated rapper now what's the matter
You're full of more junk than a sausage
Let me show you what a real hip-hop artist

[DJ Premier cuts and scratches "My posse from the Bronx is thick!"]

I never want a jheri curl up under my hat
The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black
I never want money if my lyrics are wack
So I must, roc, the mic
I play only the reggae and I play only rap
I rock the African, the European, and Jap
Beneath I got to show you that I am all that
So I must, roc, the mic

Of course yeah I'm the most brilliant recording artist in your life
Never have to repeat a rhyme style twice, precise
In a lyrical drought like water to your lips oh yes my lyrics will suffice

I'm nice, like beans and rice, I am delicious
Who's the freshest lyricist on the mic, you don't want to fuck with Kris is
Lyric for lyric rhyme for rhyme style for style I break you like dishes
Either you come fully correct or the lyrics you simply makin wishes
We got no time for fake black leaders and dreamers blowin wishes
you'se a fraud, I mean a fraud like in fraudulation
I know what it is, the crown of rhyme supremacy you're tastin
And yes, before the flavor hits your greedy tongue
You get ripped up by KRS-One
Now, lyrics, somebody want lyrics, from the lyrical terrorist
Here's a little somethin for you all to remember Kris, and remember this
I am no pessimist, more of an optimist
Activist revolutionist, yes the hardest artist
And the smartest, Premier, spark this

[Premier cuts and scratches "My posse from the Bronx is thick!"]

I never want a jheri curl up under my hat
The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black
I never want money if my lyrics are wack
So I must, roc, the mic
I play only the reggae and I play only rap
I rock the African, the European, and Jap
Beneath I got to show you that I am all that
So I must, roc, the mic

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Christ Martin

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Can't Wake Up"

[Intro]
What I want you to do is count to ten.
Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two
On one, you will be asleep - one

[Chorus]
I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up
I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up
I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up
I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up

[KRS-One]
I'm dreamin.. about bein a blunt
I'm runnin around and I just can't wake up, hah!
I'm dreamin.. about bein a blunt, ho!
I'm walkin around and I just can't wake up

[Verse 1]
I'm tryin to wake up, I can't wake up
So I run and jump, someone yelled, "Get that blunt!"
Get that blunt - now I'm thinking this is major
I've got a bunch of people chasin me with a razor?!
I don't like this dream as a blunt
But I can't get out of it and I can't seem to wake up
So I'm runnin and racin, blunt smokers are chasin
This is insane, I'm caught by House of Pain
I'm picked up, they said they gonna (Put My Head Out)
They slit my back and all the tobacco fell out
Now I'm hollowed wet thin and yes ready
They poured the shumpang gently and re-wet me
I'm in the mouth yo, I can't wake up
Yo I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]
Check it out now, in the same attire here comes the fire
OW they lit it, now I'm burnin by the minute
But check it out, more heads came to chill
Everlast took a pull and passed me to Cypress Hill
Cypress Hill took a pull, lungs are full
Who's next? I'm bein passed to Das EFX
As they took a mad pull, smoke blows in heaps
It's really smoky but I can still see Black Sheep
Whoa! Black Sheep gets me, relights me
Room is proper, now I'm passed off to Shabba
Shabba's voice gets low like a tuba
He said, "Me no folllow no rumor" and passed me to Grand Puba
I wasn't burnin right so Puba got mad at me
And said, "Who rolled this?" and passed it to Kid Capri

Kid Capri said, "I won't front!
Pass it to Redman, he knows how to roll a blunt"
Redman said, "No need to re-roll"
He hit, relit it, and passed me to De La Soul
De La Soul took a hit and kept hittin
Now they're buggin cause they passed me to Bill Clinton
Bill Clinton said, "I'll smoke but I won't inhale
I'll only hit it twice," he got slapped by Greg Nice
Now I fell on the floor, Greg Nice picked me up
I'm bein smoked and I can't wake up

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
Get me out of this, somebody wake me up
I'm still on fire and I'm still bein smoked up
half my body is gone, now they're comin to my head
Now my head is being pinched by Teddy Ted
A crazy nightmare I got to go
I got to wake up and I'm passed off to Yo-Yo
Yo-Yo gets respect as a lady
She didn't smoke, she passed me to Showbiz & A.G.
A.G. said, "Respect due seen"
He got one big pull and passed me to Smooth B
Smooth B, although he's talking to Teddy
Took a hit and passed me to Fab 5 Freddy
Freddy said, "Yo! There's nothing left pop"
Looked at me in my face and passed me to Chubb Rock
Chubb Rock said, "Yo Freddy chill!
If you ever catch me smoking, just kick me in the grill"

[Chorus]

I'M DREAMIN!!!

Writer(s): Christopher E Martin, Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Slap Them Up"

(feat. Ill Will)

[D.J. Premier]
Tellin' it like it is, right about now D.J. Premier is in the
motherfuckin' house and shit, ya know what I'm sayin'? But yo,
yo Kris, run that shit, ya know what I'm sayin'? That, that shit,
my joint. Run that motherfucker...it's only right kid...

[KRS-One]
(Do it, do it, do it...)

Drop that bassline...
You want lyrics? We give ya lyrics. Check it out now, one time...

(Do it, do it, do it...)

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!
Ill Will, slap dem up

[Ill Will]
MC's get ate, get broken like a pretzel
and get dissed if they ever try to step to
They can't take a MC with loose lips
Talk a lotta shit (but sink no motherfuckin' ships)
Lyrics make bigger holes than hollow tips
Watch another rapper body get stiff
Just like in church, we pass the basket
as I preach over his casket
Fuck it, kick the body right over
and say "See ya, hmm...nice to know ya"
Got another rapper to see
Yo Kris, bust that ass (certainly)

[KRS-One]
If you're shiverin' get off the pot
Let the original rapper rock the spot
You stand there and jock, goin' (mumbles)
This is absolutely ludicrous, what can you do to Kris
Chattin' foolishness, step along quick with that stupidness
It's me rippin' this for self, where else ya lookin'?
I got more rhymes than all the Jamaicans in Brooklyn
So beat it or be seated, Gee I'm mad undefeated
Young boy, you can't see me, run along and make pee-pee
I was rockin' rhymes when "La-Di-Da-Di" was a demo
Admit you been on my tip for years and just can't seem to let go
Go, go call your mother, tell her you wanna battle KRS quick
I bet the minute you get home you'll get your ass whipped
Crazy ill mad styles is what I give'em

Not a run-of-the-mill'em, I drill'em, I got ridiculous rhythm
None of my styles you can get with'em
Still um, will um, your crew come get some so I can kill'em

[Ill Will]
Well I roll by myself but don't let it fool ya
If I got beef my crew'll damn step to ya
We don't play no games, I'll come straight to your rest
Lift up your shirt and blast you in your chest
(Well that was fresh)

[KRS-One]
A fad doesn't fill the bill, but mad skills will
Don't let me have to kill you kid, god forbid still
Greed will lead your need to succeed
but your speed, your speech
Your outreach is a breach of what I teach
For lyrical styles you're a leech
If I was Spanish I'd say, ("You lie like a beech")
Wow-wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow...
Wow, for a amateur you really looked hard
But you're really a bitch, when you get it together
call me, here's my card
Check the list: you lack breath control, mental behaviour
Lyrical talent, imagination and flavour
I got no time for amateur rhyme, you could be hurt
Thinkin' you're hard because you wear a gangsta T-Shirt
I'll smash your wanna-be ass in the deep dirt
Black, you'll come up dizzy sayin' "How da fuck he do dat?"
'cause you're yappin' like you can't be reached
If your name ain't Arrested Development, well save your speech
Time to ill, I got mad skills to fill
Not a fake, I got more styles than Drake's got Tasty Cakes
Gotta be the best Gee, don't try to test me
You'll get jacked son, even if your name is not Jesse
Let's be up front when I meet ya
Peace, uh, I'm the motherfuckin' teacher

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up, up, up, up, up...

(Do it, do it, do it...) *[x2]*

Yo...South Bronx, South South Bronx
South Bronx, South South...yo, Uptown
Brooklyn's in the house, lemme tell ya 'bout Staten Island
What about...Queens?

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Douglas Jones, William Broady, Norberto Cotto

KRS-One Lyrics

"Sound Of Da Police"

Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!

Stand clear! Don man a-talk
You can't stand where I stand, you can't walk where I walk
Watch out! We run New York
Police man come, we bust him out the park
I know this for a fact, you don't like how I act
You claim I'm sellin' crack
But you be doin' that
I'd rather say "see ya"
Cause I would never be ya
Be a officer? You WICKED overseer!
Ya hotshot, wanna get props and be a saviour
First show a little respect, change your behavior
Change your attitude, change your plan
There could never really be justice on stolen land
Are you really for peace and equality?
Or when my car is hooked up, you know you wanna follow me
Your laws are minimal
Cause you won't even think about lookin' at the real criminal
This has got to cease
Cause we be getting HYPED to the sound of da police!

Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!

Now here's a likkle truth
Open up your eye

While you're checking out the boom-bap, check the exercise
Take the word "overseer," like a sample
Repeat it very quickly in a crew for example
Overseer
Overseer
Overseer
Overseer
Officer, Officer, Officer, Officer!
Yeah, officer from overseer
You need a little clarity?
Check the similarity!
The overseer rode around the plantation
The officer is off patroling all the nation
The overseer could stop you what you're doing
The officer will pull you over just when he's pursuing
The overseer had the right to get ill
And if you fought back, the overseer had the right to kill
The officer has the right to arrest
And if you fight back they put a hole in your chest!
(Woop!) They both ride horses
After 400 years, I've _got_ no choices!
The police them have a little gun
So when I'm on the streets, I walk around with a bigger one
(Woop-woop!) I hear it all day
Just so they can run the light and be upon their way

Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!

Check out the message in a rough stylee
The real criminals are the C-O-P
You check for undercover and the one PD
But just a mere Black man, them want check me
Them check out me car for it shine like the sun
But them jealous or them vexed cause them can't afford one
Black people still slaves up til today
But the Black police officer nah see it that way
Him want a salary
Him want it
So he put on a badge and kill people for it
My grandfather had to deal with the cops
My great-grandfather dealt with the cops
My GREAT grandfather had to deal with the cops
And then my great, great, great, great... when it's gonna stop?!

Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!
Woop-woop!

That's the sound of da police!
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That's the sound of the beast!

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Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Rodney Maurice Lemay, Bryan James Chandler, Allan Lomax, Eric Victor Burdon

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That's the sound of da police!
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That's the sound of the beast!

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Rodney Maurice Lemay, Bryan James Chandler, Allan Lomax, Eric Victor Burdon

KRS-One Lyrics

"Mad Crew"

[Intro:]
So in the clubs I get (mad)
On the mic I get (mad)
On the beats I get (mad)
Yo,

[Chorus:]
I got the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
I'm wit the
I be chillin' wit the
I'm rollin' wit the

[Verse 1:]
See, this is what I'm sayin' and I know you don't see this
Wack, underpriveledged MCs think they can see Kris
They watchin' too much television and they rocka
This ain't the TV show "Taxi," and I ain't Lotka
I break an MC off proper, yo don't check me
Ask your Moms and Pops, yo they respect me
But here you stand, tryin' to get yours, but gettin' NOTHIN'
You probably can't spell "Boogie Down" or "Productions"
I play for jeeps, I play for keeps, I play for streets, believe me
Put down the microphone and consider a squeegie
You're rated PG
Again I win when I begin
I'm slammin' again, no win, try to comprehend
I don't bend
I ravage and damage
I'm wild like a savage, kickin' asses
Hot flashes, your style's with trash's
Stay out of my classes, PUNK
Stay out of my classes - yo

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]
Twinkle, twinkle to the little rap star
I got all type of MC tongue in a pickle jar
So here's a quick freestyle to my target:
My core audience, (fuck) the rest of the market!
'Cause I spark it, styles I loanshark it
Then break your legs if you try to chart it
I got heart, it
Doesn't take a lot to rock a record, get wit it
Some MCs can't rock for five minutes
Sorry, that's not the way to approach me
Use caution
I rip up lyrical crews and MCs often
You probably don't know this:

I give birth to MCs
And I also give abortions
I'll do a number to your body structure
You look like supper
And I'm that _hungry_ motherfucker!
You don't wanna be on the menu!
I'll end you, twist you up and bend you
Like Gestapo
Pick up the microphone and crush up MC like a taco
No, we're never sad because we nah deal with sorrow
That's why dem challenge me, jah man you know dem challenge trouble
Me are number one of me there is no double!
And you don't want no trouble
'Cause Blastmaster KRS is flashin' lyrics on the double

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]
Check
Me comin' on quick, me cominadance, now me a sing
KRS-One in a party, man me do me own ting
Nuff MC test, but you don't hear vowel one
All you hear is when the BDP crew slap them up
We have the champion belt and lyrical cup
Any DJ they want my title filled, no way now man step up
But when you lose, now understand you get fucked up
This ain't no game upon the mic
Me bring the noise to you like Chuck

[Chorus]

Kid Capri got the
Gang Starr got the
Ill Will got the
Flavor Unit got the

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Uh Oh"

[Chorus:]
You ain't that tough ya
Choose the right friends
You ain't that tough now
Don't make your life end

You walk around the town like you a big man
But you never know now that there's always a bigger man
You sling the M-16 and flash the M-1
But you don't know what you're doing never learned to handle one
But true! All you friend thinking you a gangster
While your mother tried to warn you from certain danger
So when you in your room you playing with your Mac-10
Fully loaded automatic, just you and a friend
You posing aw dey mirror like you a gangster clown
But the Mac-10 go off and you friend go down

Uh oh! What you gonna do now?
Uh oh! They gonna blame you somehow
Uh oh! Tell me what you gonna say
Uh oh! Look, they cutting you away

Your father telling you "Now son just go to school
Don't go acting like a fool and don't go acting too cool"
You get to the school and meet up with the right bunch
Just a group of kids with no names taking people lunch
You join the click because you wanna meet some girls
And you want a little prestige in you little school world
One day you're walking with your crew along the road
And a member of your crew pull out a gun and unload
He shoot a parked car and all you run far
You and your friends laughing like you a superstar
And you get home and you thinking it was fresh
And a cop meet you there with a warrant for your arrest
Them ask, "Who shot the gut why you walking down the street
Didn't you see the little boy there in the back seat sleep?
Now the boy dead we want to know from you
Who shot the car up, are we gonna take you?"

Uh oh! Now what you gonna do now?
Uh oh! Boy, them gonna blame you
Uh oh! Now tell me what you gonna say
Uh oh! Look, they cutting you away

[Chorus]

White kids! You living in the whitest part of town
You are a white kid but you know you hang around
So you and your friends thinking that you are all of that
When you see a youth walk by and yes the youth is black

One kid say "Hey, what you doing on the block
We don't want no niggers here unless he is a cop"
So the kid pull out a big baseball bat
And them him slap with the bat because the kid is black
Now then the kid fell down but still alive
So he reach in his pants and pull out a four-five
Pop! One friend drop and everyone run
Out of all the white kids now you the only one
You start cry, cause now you gonna die
And it's all because what your friends did to this guy

Uh oh! What you gonna do now?
Uh oh! He gonna blame you somehow
Uh oh! What you think you gonna say?
Uh oh! Now them cutting you away

Check!

[Chorus x2]

Writer(s): Lawrence Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Brown Skin Woman"

(feat. Kid Capri)

[Kid Capri]
Aiyyo Kris, yo yo yo!
That was fresh, come with that next shit

Uhh! Fat fat fat fat beats!..
How refreshing is it really?
How refreshing is it really?!
Ha ha ha ha ha ha! Whoo!..
Big shout out to Philly in the house
G. Simone, you know you're not alone
KRS-One on the micraphone
Now we gonna come down ruffneck like this now seen?
Mad Lion hold tight

[Chorus:]
Brown skin woman, you a queen, not a HOE
Any man that drop the lyric what we give them the BO
Brown skin woman you a queen and not a HOE
Any man that drop the lyric what we give them the BO

[Verse 1:]
We don't come with disrespect, we come with intellect
If you come with disrespect you get a rope around your neck
Some people don't expect me, to be so violent
But me NAH violent, just myself I protect
Too many time I see, young gwal pickadee
Pay five ten twenty thirty dollar to see
some rapper some singer some *[?]* celebrity
Talk bout they wan fi sex up and fill up you body
But them NAH talk about peelin off some money
for the pumpin onna bed, when you haf the baby
Whattaya think can happen next? After you're done havin sex?
Too much of ignorance, not enough intellence
Mahn me NOT against sex, but too many DJ
talk sex but them not talk about the next day
Cause the next day them gone, and you sit alone
Got em soup up your mic, pon de micraphone

[Chorus: w/ minor variations]

[Verse 2:]
Brown skin gwal them can't diss yo
Cause you run the show-ow-ow!
Them call you all type of bimbo
But you know you're not a hoe-oe-oe!
Bwoy pickade, check out your history
Brown man is a God in any ci-ty
White, man knew dat, and dat was a shock
So dem whip up your bod', and dem whippin not stop

But dem NAH can't stop us wit de whip and de chain
So dem take away your history, erase your name
STILL, with no name, with no fight, with no fuss
We just, take on the name, that MASSA give us
That name is NI-GGA, the correct is NE-GRO
It's spa-nish for BLACK, white mahn call us DAT
There is also NE-GROID, also NE-GRO
Now, all nigga pon the corner playin cee-lo
Man you're not a ne-gro, cause you're skin is not black
Take a look at yourself, you're brown and that's a fact
You not jump from no tree, you not live in no cave
That's some GARBAGE dem print, dem want you to behave!
You a African man, some say Asian
You must respect your love, all brown skin 'oman!
If you diss your 'oman, you not come wit no plan
So shut up your mowf, til you must understand!

[Chorus: w/ minor variations]

[Outro:]
I know you want me to call you a nigga.. NO!
I know you want me to call you a hoe.. NO!
I know you want me to call you a bitch.. NO!
This is how it go!

[Kid Capri]
Yes Kris, you're large!
Another fat production by the KIIIIID Capri
Big shouts to the engineer Naughty
Big shouts to Luca, and we OUTTTTTTTTA here!

Peeeeeeeeeeace!

Writer(s): David Love, Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Return Of The Boom Bap"

[Intro]
Boom Bap Original Rap
Boom Bap Original Rap

See how it sounds(bo!) a little unrational(bo!) *[x4]*

[Verse 1]
Now bad boy squad and bad boy crew
everything I do, I do jus for you
another silly sucker wants the champion belt
but like a microwave these days I make em melt
Return Of The Boom Bap means jus that
it means return of the real hard beats and real rap
the ladies in the place like it jus like that
I'm a around the way gay with a baseball cap
you know my style, you know my name
I'm chillin at the top, but I'm still the same
I never crossed over, never went pop
you know Krs will give you real hip hop so..

[Chorus]
See how it sounds(bo!) a little unrational(bo!) *[x4]*

[Verse 2]
People always callin me a top celebrity
cuz when I'm on the mic
I like to speak freely
You hear me chattin lyric but I'm not an MC
A one poetic member of the crew B.D.P.
I looked around the nation but I simply couldn't find
another entertainer wit a rhyme like mine
I pick up the mic and I tear up the phone
At this point in the party I should be left alone
but uh-oh uh-oh Ive come to show
a brand new flow
Is the flow wack? NO!
listen to the pro
come to the show in a b-boy stance..bogle in the dance
bogle and a bogle and a bogle in the party
Here's a likkle stylee, come an wake up everybody
Boom Bap original rap
Boom Bap, Boom Bap original rap
Refreshin when you hear it hard rap is all that so...

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
Bogle in the dance, bogle in the dance
bogle in a, bogle in a, bogle in the party
Bogle in the dance, bogle in the dance

bogle in a, bogle in a, bogle in the party
On and on to the PM Dawn
I buck two shots and you squad is gone
you add a little street in your R-a-p
but never do you wanna challenge B.D.P.
cuz smashin up a crew, one-two is the least
when a sucka wants ta battle that just gets me geesed
I never backed down from to an MC feud
never on stage KRS got booed
stayed hardcore never changed my attitude
I got the hip hop juice for the hip hop food
I eat when I drink, an I drink when I eat
when I speak, what I speak
what I speak is not weak
now Boogie-down, boogie down, boogie down produc
wit the buck buck buck buck buck buck BUCK!
Throw ya hands high in the sky
wave em around, cuz I get down
down to the nitty, to the nitty, to the gritty
peace to all the hardcore kids in the city so....

[Chorus]

[Outro:]
Fresh for 1993 you S U C K A S!!!!!!

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

""P" Is Still Free"

Awww yeah! All ruffneck rudebwoy hold tight
Just a little somethin for the Jeep
Turn my voice up a little bit and let's get this started
Comin to you live and direct from the 1986 version
Comin up to 1993
Of course, Premier on the beat
Now check it out

The girlies is FREEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

Ridin one day in a '92 Beamer
After seven years I seen Denise she still a skeezer
But look what she did, she went and had a kid - no dad
And just released her ass out the rehab
You think she'd act like she don't know
She's still a hoe, but umm check my man for the show
"Hiiiii, DJ K-R-S"
She tried to shake her butt, I rolled my window up!
She got pissed and said, "You ain't all that!"
And went and got some other girl schemin for crack
In my car, I couldn't hear what they spoke about
I hit the ac-celerator and I was out!
I never check my man but I knew the plan
Come to the jam MC's in there be thinkin they Superman
Sure enough, the place is packed with no breeze
Crazy girls - and wall to wall MC's
I'm like a cat these MC's are Fancy Feast
I'm thinkin of rhymes but I'm interrupted by Denise
She said, "Kris I really need a favor honey
My girlfriend here really needs some quick money!"
I looked at her girlfriend and her girlfriend was fly
But I ain't stupid, she had that LOOK in her eye
I touched her back, she said, "Denise has he got the crack?
Is he the one? I gotta run back and feed my son"
I said, "How old is your son?" She said, "Three months"
I walked away but my man cold bust her fronts
So she pulled out a gun and shot him in the party
Except for the MC's, I knew EVERYBODY
She tried to let off a shot, one more time
But got stomped so bad, she turned to wine
No one could find Denise for several weeks
You know the time, on this '93 beat

The girlies is FREEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

I knew a group that had a dope lead singer
Swinger, single guy, that knew his style was fly
After the show he was tired sweaty and kinda sloppy

But of course, a million girls are in the lobby!
He saw a group of girls hangin out and lookin good
So he took one to his room because he knew he could
Inside the room he said, "Make love to me and never stop"
She said, "Sure, but how's about a crack rock?"
I knew my man down the hall had it all
So he called, down the hall, but homeboy wasn't there at all
He turned to the girl and said, "My man ain't there"
So she let down her hair, unzipped his pants down right there
Oral sex in effect, or rather deep throat
But just before he came she bit his dick and slit his throat
As he fell back dizzy, he began to choke
She took his wallet and said, "You ain't broke!"

The girlies is FREEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

[DJ Premier cuts n scratches "Oh yeahhh!"]

Yes Premier you know you rule hip-hop, an'
yes Ced Gee you know you run hip-hop, an'
yes Kenny bwoy you run hip-hop, an'
but KRS-One'll rock it non-stop!
When I'm Brooklyn, we rulin HIP-HOP!
When I'm in Jersey, we runnin hip-hop
Over in Brazil yes we rulin HIP-HOP!
Over in Germany we rulin hip-hop
But in New York, we rulin y'all tonight badda-bye-bye-bye
In New York, we rulin y'all to-NIGHT!
We come to rock you whether you black or you white
Cause KRS-One, you know I'm never frank, come catch the style

The girlies is FREEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

[DJ Premier cuts n scratches "Boogie Down Productions"]

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Martin Chris E

KRS-One Lyrics

"Stop Frontin'"

(feat. Kid Capri)

[KRS-One]
Bo! Boom bye bye, hip-hop will never die
Despite the fact that I'm fly I'm never dry
You could beat me, cheat me, when you meet me try to defeat me
But nevertheless you'll have stress, cause I don't rest
You wanna know what my problem is, if you're curious??
I take this hip-hop shit too serious!!
I forget that other rappers ain't true to this
So when they grab the mic I get hyped like LET'S DO THIS!!
All my rhymes are fat, while rappers are skimpy, wimpy
So I simply chew they crew like a Blimpie
Skip me when you dissin, skip me when you on a ego mission..
I blow up, like nitroglycerin!
You better tune in to Teddy Ted
"Yo stop frontin', and use your head"

[KRS-One]
Well if you ain't called it hip-hop, there's a door, I ain't stoppin
I got more flavors than Baskin Robbins!
I flash the funky fresh flavors force-fully
Freak the phonies and flip philosophy constantly (true!)
That reminds me, rappers rock drip-drop
Not hip-hop, they wanna SING and all dem ting
Thank God KRS is still rappin; all that "ooh I love you baby"
and "blink blink blink" - this ain't happenin

[Kid Capri]
Yo this is curtains for these rappers that be frontin on the next man
Lookin down at brothers just because they gettin checks and
haven't got a skill but they're LARGE on the hum-bum
You wanna step to Kid Capri, COME COME COME!!
I break em up, just for actin like a superstar
Around the way, we got a neighborhood trooper car
We ride by, and spray your crew, and your honies too
And rip you open and drink your blood like a Mountain Dew

[KRS-One]
I descend to lend a friend a helping hand
to stop a trend, again and again and again, I just can't say when
I beg to confess my sins to other men
Reverands guard lips, within there I'll begin
I'll always win, over-sakin
The party is ripped, without a hit or with a hit I'm rippin shit
You must admit, I'll never quit the lyrics I flip
I'm tough like licorice, battlin Kid Capri? It's ridiculous
We come to the party inconspicuous..

Writer(s): Love David A, Parker Lawrence Krsone, Bernier Buddy, Simon Nat, Lilso M

KRS-One Lyrics

"Higher Level"

[Verse 1:]
After seven years of rockin'
How do you rate me?
Poorly or greatly?
Everybody seems to be goin' for their's lately
Yo mad heads be needin' money
So listen very close as I conduct this little study
See it's, funny to me, you can watch TV
And give up your life trying to be all you can be
In the Army
Not knowin' your history
You either fight and die or come back home in misery
Yo get with me, I deal with reality
Loosen your mind to the truth, and don't get mad at me
No politican can give you peace
If you trust Jesus, why do you vote for a beast?
Emancipation is long over due
So overcome procrastination
Because freedom is within you
For some reason we think we're free
So we'll never be
Because we haven't recognized slavery
You're still a slave, look at how you behave
Debatin' on where and when and how and what Massa gave
You wanna know how we screwed up from the beginning?
We accepted our opressor's religion
So in the case of slavery it ain't hard
Because it's right in the eyes of THEIR God
Where is our God, the God that represents us?
The God that looks like me, the God that I can trust?
A God of peace and love, not mass hysteria
I don't want a God that blesses America
I could never really vote for the devil
Let me take you to a higher level...

[Verse 2:]
Title, take the title from the Bible we can get there
Rip the title from off the front of the Bible, God don't live there
Too many inconsistencies, too many mysteries
Picture the Pope and the Vatican, laughing and drinking and singing and
Kissing me
I stand with God whether I'm paid or whether I'm cryin' broke
I like to ask these politicans would Jesus vote?
The way we view God is a freakin' shame
Church is to blame
We trust God, but bomb Hussein
We simply lovin' the scripture
Same scripture that whipped 'cha
Sooner it'll hit 'cha
Religion's gettin' richer

With that European version of Christ made into a picture
Our society's gettin' sicker, and sicker, and sicker...
Like liquor, we are God-Intoxicated
Not to the true God, but the one the government created
The same governments tellin' people to vote
I pray to God because the people have lost hope
You either vote for the mumps or the measels
Whether you vote for the lesser of two evils, you vote for evil
Politics and God are not equal
But the education if you don't guard, is really lethal
People have more respect for a holy book
Than they do for a cow on a meat hook
Believers of Jesus be denouncing Satan on every level
But every Halloween they're dressin' like devils
I pray to you for the light you might give them
Mother make them know that you're livin' with them
You begin them and end them in silence
Frankly, if they knew you, they would understand violence
I pray to you for the Pope and the Vatican
Have mercy Mother, cause I know that you're mad at them
The White Jesus deceived us awhile ago
And Pope Julius the Second paid Michaelangelo
I know this happened in 1519 yet
This is the image we can't seem to forget
Vote for God, don't vote for the Devil
Let me take you to a higher level...

Writer(s): Lawrence Parker

KRS ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Rappaz R. N. Dainja"

[Verse 1:]
Blastmaster Kris I don't talk ish
Expand your conciousness and dismiss foolishness
No one is new to this or new to Kris
In hip-hop's atomic structure, I am the nucleus
That is the center of the group we/us
they/them/you, every squad every massive every crew
Dental floss is lost when a true rapper jumps off
The cash is incidental but not mental distract you off course
The style that I am kickin is like chicken
It will be bitten, rewritten, then performed for a $25 admission
Reviewed in The Source
You will listen then find somethin missin of course... it's skills
That's what you're fishin for, it's lost
I'm gettin too explicit, the track jingles
I won't do a wack album then remix it for my single
Kickin rhymes til I wrinkle, and my brown eyes twinkle
God called hip-hop for the nine-cinco

[Verse 2:]
Tasty like a souflee french croisant on Tuesday
Rappers be boo-tay
Goo-fy that's how they crew stay
Bitin whatever you say to boost they ego
We know the steelo, your whole character is foul
Makes me want to shoot a free throw, BLAOWW
From the git go, no, get go, my flow hits low
Wherever all the dope shit go, there's where my shit go
Bee-dee-bee-bo, skank, I think
Self with ya groups everyone else and the bank
Others like to bring the shottie to the party
I bring knowledge of self, you cure the mind, you cure the body
Some rappers like to come to the party, hopin to leave with somebody
check, I come with skills and I leave with your motherfuckin respect
Ahh yeah... so check, UH!

[Verse 3:]
New types of verbal hip-hop I bring
When you know you can sing BOY you know you can sing
I do not clutter up the airwaves, with stacks of useless facts
MC's trying to be macks, but acts like ignorant blacks
Freak that, I'll snap your back as it cracks
you will experience, loss or lack of balance
Stop the violence, fry from week to week like an allowance
All of you are cowards hiding behind the mask of MC
I remember, thinkin back to eighty-three
No video, no you had to be a real live MC
Now you younguns grow up buggin, any new jock you're huggin
weak production, let me tell you somethin
Any MC can battle for glory

But to kick a dope rhyme to wake up your people's another story
Act like you never saw me
Cause when it comes to lyrics, I'm in a different category

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Martin Chris E, Best Anthony, Pastorius John, Credle Omar Gerryl

KRS-One Lyrics

"De Automatic"

(feat. Fat Joe)

Some fear de 'matic
Ah hah hah, heh heh heh, EHHH
Check it out

Some fear de 'matic, yes de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

Crazy MC's waste they time chasin millions
While KRS-One, holds the minds of the children
I'm buildin a followin of a hundred and forty-four thousand
Chosen few heads up in project housin
A true rapper, street rapper, rappin to the center
I enter any cipher, with tales of adventure
If rappers are ridin beats like cars, I'm bendin mad fenders
Put down your mic and surrender
Youse a pretender, Blastmaster KRS rules the pavement
Kickin Edutainment while you wait for your arraignment
Save it friend before your chest I cave it in
I got my way again, I'm classical like a fuckin Harley Davidson
How do you think I kick a lyrical style no and you figure
It's simple, I'm a rap God, and youse a nigga
Don't mean I'm bigger, it simply means I'm smarter
For starters, I come at you poetically harder

De automatic, get de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

Ha hah, fake ass rapper, how you think you got juice?
When you rock a pair of panties underneath your bubblegoose
(Word) KRS-One will fuck up parties dramatically
My reflex'll slap a wack rapper automatically
When you was home witcha mother, afraid of the dark
I was sleepin out in Prospect Park
Eatin one meal every 48 hours
Writin dope rhyme styles that you now devour
Don't you realize, that I'm all about survival
I got only friends cause I KILLED all my rivals
Show up at the rhyme recitals, took they titles
From eighty-six to ninety-six completes my first cycle

De automatic, get de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

I spent 40 days, and 40 nights in the wilderness
I'm hard, from head to toe yo there ain't no killin this
I wrote over 100 rap hooks
and sociological books, while you worried about your looks
Now you wanna enter the dragon in sound
But I've got the live club show locked down
Platinum and gold don't hold in my arena
You gots to keep it real on the mic, when they see ya
I manifest, in the West the East and overseas
The vision in rap is wack, and I don't know of these
I represent New York to be specific
The South Bronx, but in Japan I'm still gifted
I grab a jet and land on your set, what the fuck?
Twenty bucks for a rap show is still, twenty bucks
I start from eighty-six, and bring you into ninety-six
No gimmicks, tricks or lip-sync lyrics

De automatic, get de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

[Fat Joe]
Yeah yeah it's the God Fat Joe
Representin the motherfuckin South Bronx
With my nigga Kris, knockin off frauds
Motherfuckers wanna do what?
Big shout out to my nigga Kenny Parker
Ill Will, BDP crew for life nigga
Naughty Gotto, the Big French productions
Of course the TAT crew, my nigga Brim
The T.S. crew, and the whole Godsville
South Bronx represent nigga, uhh

The South Bronx, the South South Bronx
South Bronx, the South South Bronx
Yeah! Uhh!

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"MC's Act Like They Don't Know"

[Intro]
Clap your hands everybody, if you got what it takes
Cos I'm KRS and I'm on the mic, and Premier's on The Breaks

[Verse 1]
If you don't know me by now I doubt you'll ever know me
I never won a Grammy, I won't win a Tony
But I'm not the only MC keepin' it real
When I grab the mic to smash a rapper, girls go "llllll!"
Check the time as I rhyme, it's 1995
Whenever I arrive the party gets liver
Flow with the master rhymer, that's to leave behind
The video rapper, you know, the chart climber
Clapper, down goes another rapper
Onto another matter, punch up the data, Blastmaster
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everybody
Call up KRS, I'm guaranteed to rip a party
Flat top, braids, bald heads or natty dread
There once was a story about a man named Jed
But now Jed is dead, all his kids instead
Want to kick rhymes off the top of they head
Word, what go around come around I figure
Now we got white kids callin' themselves niggas
The tables turned as the crosses burned
Remember You Must Learn
About the styles I flip and how wild I get
I go on like a space age rocket ship
You could be a mack, a pimp, hustler or player
But make sure live you is a dope rhyme sayer

[Verse 2]
This is what you waited all year for
The hardcore, that's what KRS is here for
Big up Grand Wizard Theodore, gettin' ill
If you see then ya saw I'm in your grill with mad skill
MC's can only battle with rhymes that got punchlines
Let's battle to see who headlines
Instead of flow for flow let's go show for show
Toe for toe, yo, you better act like you know
Too many MC's take that word 'emcee' lightly
They can't Move a Crowd, not even slightly
It might be the fact that they express wackness
Let me show ya whose ass is the blackest
I flip a script a little bit, you ride the tip and shit
Too sick to get with it, admit you bit, your style is counterfeit
Now tone it down a bit
My title you will never get, I'm too intelligent
I'll send your family my sentiments, my style is toxic
When I rock and shock and hip hop it unlock your head, I knock it
It split quick from the lyric

Direct hit, perfect fit, you can't get with it

[Verse 3]
Some MC's don't like the KRS but they must respect him
Cos they know this kid gets all up in they rectum
Slappin' and selectin' em, checkin' em, disrespectin' em
Just deckin' em, deckin' em, deck-in' em
Who in their right mind can mimic a style like mine?
I design rhyme and get mine all the time
MC's standin' on the sidelines, always dissin'
When I roll up and rush their crew they start bitchin'
I don't burn, I don't freeze, yet some MC's
Believe they could tangle with the likes of these
Cross your t's and dot your i's whenever I arrive
Wide, magnified, live like the ocean tide
You dope, you lied, I reside like artefacts
On the wrong side of the tracks, electrified
Comin' around the mountain, you run and hide
Hopin' your defence mechanism can divert my heat-seeking lyricism
As I spark mad iszm
The 1996 lyrical style's what I give 'em

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Martin Chris E

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ah-Yeah"

Ah yeah, that's whatcha say when you see a devil down
Ah yeah, that's whatcha say when you take the devil's crown
Ah yeah, stay alive all things will change around
Ah yeah, what? Ah yeah!

So here I go kickin science in ninety-five
I be illin, parental discretion is advised still
dont call me nigga, this MC goes for his
Call me God, cause that's what the black man is
Roamin through the forest as the hardest lyrical artist
Black women you are not a bitch you're a Goddess
Let it be known, you can lean on KRS-One
Like a wall cause I'm hard, I represent GOD
Wack MC's have only one style: gun buck
But when you say, "Let's buck for revolution"
They shut the fuck up, kid, get with it
Down to start a riot in a minute
You'll hear so many Bowe-Bowe-Bowe, you think I'm Riddick
While other MC's are talkin bout up with hope down with dope
I'll have a devil in my infrared scope, WOY!
That's for calling my father a boy and, KLAK KLAK KLAK!
That's for putting scars on my mother's back, BO!
That's for calling my sister a hoe, and for you
BUCK BUCK BUCK, cause I don't give a motherfuck
Remember the whip, remember the chant, remember about rope and
you black people still thinkin about vot-ing
Every president we ever had lied
You know I'm kinda glad Nixon died!

[Chorus]

This is not the first time I came to the planet
But everytime I come, only a few could understand it
I came as Isis, my words they tried to ban it
I came as Moses, they couldn't follow my commandments
I came as Solomon, to a people that was lost
I came as Jesus, but they nailed me to a cross
I came as Harriet Tubman, I put the truth to Sojourner
Other times, I had to come as Nat Turner
They tried to burn me, lynch me and starve me
So I had to come back as Marcus Garvey, Bob Marley
They tried to harm me, I used to be Malcolm X
Now I'm on the planet as the one called KRS
Kickin the metaphysical, spiritual, tryin to like
get wit you, showin you, you are invincible
The Black Panther is the black answer for real
In my spiritual form, I turn into Bobby Seale
On the wheels of steel, my spirit flies away
and enters into Kwame Ture

[Chorus]

In the streets there is no EQ, no di-do-di-do-di-do
So I grab the air and speak through the code
the devil cannot see through as I unload
into another cerebellum
Then I can tell em, because my vibes go through denim
and leather whatever, however, I'm still rockin
We used to pick cotton, now we pick up cotton when we shoppin
Have you forgotten why we buildin in a cypher
Yo hear me kid, government is building in a pyramid
The son of God is brighter than the son of man
The spirit is, check your dollar bill G, here it is
We got no time for fancy mathematics
Your mental frequency frequently pickin up static
Makin you a naked body, attic and it's democratic
They press auto, and you kill it with an automatic

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"R.E.A.L.I.T.Y."

Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth

"These are the streets!
Shit is real out here!
This ain't no fuckin joke!"

I lived in a spot called Millbrooke Projects
The original Criminal Minded rap topic
With twenty cents in my pocket I saw the light
If you're young gifted and black, you got no rights
Your only true right, is a right to a fight
and not a fair fight, I wake up wonderin who died last night
Everyone and everything is at war
Makin my poetic expression hardcore
I ain't afraid to say it, and many can't get with it
At times in my life, I was a welfare recipient
I ate the free cheese, while the church said believe
and went to school everyday, like a god damn fool
Well anyway, here I am, chillin at the party
Brothers lookin at me like they wanna kill somebody
A cypher manifested in the center of the jam
I got to show these wack rappers really who I am
It's me against them, so I clear the phlegm
and wage the war, hardcore to the end
For someone lookin inside, yeah from the out
it seems like disrespect is what rap is all about
But hip-hop as a culture, is really what we give it
But sometimes the culture contradicts how we live it
Cause every black kid lives two and three lives
The city's a jungle, only the strong will survive

Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth
Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth

Every single day I hear lie after lie
Like "Black people don't die, we multiply"
So when I kick a rhyme I represent how I feel
The sacred street art of keepin it real
Why I gotta listen, to somebody else?
How they got wealth, let me talk about myself
But all I really got is hip-hop and a glock
The results are obvious, if I'm confined to my block
Occasionally, in the city I'm released
to meet other beasts, lookin for the feast
We grunt and growl, on the prowl, as the air gets thinner
"Yo yo there he go, him," there's the dinner
White meat, carryin a bag of some sort

Life is short, white meat is quickly caught
A scuffle a muffle yet none of us hesitated
Like Mother Africa, white meat is violated
We quickly dissapear, like Santa's little elves
And go into a area to fight amongst ourselves
We say, "peace/piece" cause that's what we really want
A piece of the pie that America flaunts

Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth
Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth

"Oh shit!"

The truth is that police must serve and protect
REALITY is black youth is shown no respect
The truth is government has a war against drugs
REALITY is government is ruled by thugs
With all this technology, above and under
Humanity still hunts down one another
Rappers display artistic cannibalism
through lyricism, we fight each other over rhythm
Through basic animal instincts, we think
So the battle for mental territory is glory, end of story

Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth
Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth
Yeah

"These are the streets!
Shit is real out here!
This ain't no fuckin joke!"

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone

KRS-One Lyrics

"Free Mumia"

(feat. Channel Live)

Knowledge, where the people at?
Free Mumia!
Channel Live! (KRS-One, come and represent)
(The wisdom)
Hah hah hah hah hah hahaha!
Free Mumia!

Everywhere I look there's another house negro
Talkin about they people and how they should be equal
They talkin but the conversation ain't goin nowhere
You can't diss hip-hop, so don't you even go there
C. Delores Tucker, you wanna quote the scripture
Everytime you hear nigga, listen up sista

[Verse 1: Hakim, KRS, Tuffy]
I met up with this girl named Delores, a prankster
I said I MC, she said, "You're a gangster"
But she was caught up, she hit the floor like a breakdance
Wrapped her up like the arms in a b-boy stance
You have money cause I hear u get stars
She said "where you from?" I said "I was born up in the south Bronx!"
But now I reside all across america
She said "You the one who be causing all that mass hysteria.

Wisdom shall come out of the mouths of babes and sucklings
But you blinded by cultural ignorance and steady judging
But judge not, lest ye may be judged
For the judgment ye judge ye shall surely be judged, you gets no love

She said, "I like it, that's why I jock it"
Then I said, You only on my dick because I fill brotha's pockets
Cut the bullshit take me to you pad. she said, I'm gonna give you the ass cause I like the way your pants sag
Spread the legs with the otha hand she threw her kitty then I sprayed jizm like graffiti on her titty
Freestyled all night no doudt the bitch could'ntget enough cause she was strung the fuck out.

[Chorus: KRS-One]
Warner, Elektra, Atlantic equals WEA
Instead of fighting them why don't you go free Mumia
[x2]

[Verse 2: Tuffy, KRS, Hakim]
Wild recital, I kicks the vital, like the _Final
Call_ as I watch, Babylon fall
I had to Rush Limbaugh, get that pig with an axe
Tuffy dips to the side, buckin cannons that's phat
Because he censors the uses of the metaphor
You can get the dick bum up
Because it's you that brings the, real horrorcore
Expenditures forgettin, gut from the poor

Why sure! Back before we were born they sold us out
Yeah J. Jackson we know what you about
Back when you were running for the presidencey and competeting
All rap was dope and u love every beat and but you took the beating
You was using us then like you're using us now in the urban nation league
I don't know how you figure the stop the violence movement gave you $600, 000 NIGGA
And now u quicker to diss and get with miss Tucker you better find another you sell out
Mutha fucka's

Hate to be so rough, it could be the White Owls
House niggaz are full of shit, like my Colin Powell
Kickin vowels, is how we relieve the tension
Until we start to bounce white people like suspension (revolution)
You paint the pictures, the black man on the corner
But tell me, who blew up Oklahoma?
The City, ain't no pity, for the beast
It's Hakim that voice from the East

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: KRS, Hakim, Tuffy]
Buck buck! Buck buck buck!
It sound like gunshots but it could be the cluck
Of a chicken, definition, is what you're missin and
Listen to your children instead of dissin em
Senator Dole doesn't understand the young people
Like they be sayin want to, but we be sayin wanna
They gettin dumber every summer as they walk the rope
Maybe because they cannot understand the quotes

Word, in actuality, this Norman Bates mentality
Always seems to represent, minus three-sixty percent
For degrees full circle, dead from the purple
Rays of the sun I gots melanin so check it
Bag your nuts quick or get sick from being naked
Suspect it, was it a means for the end
For just a few to drive the Benz while you eat the pigskins
Turned you into mannequins, cause the trick of technology
A revelation, revalations
Sensation gives me inspiration of revolution
That's my solution, there will be no sequels
I'm audi hundred forty four thousand with my people

From Caligula to Hitler, now it's Schwartzeneggar
A lust for the violence is the science of their behavior
Who enslaved ya (it's the Devil) but the God of virtuosity
And of the world created, could it be mental sodomy
Got my mind twisted like the blades of fonta leaf
I sit in disbelief as he crawls underneath
The rock cock back the glock, cause I don't trust
The Devil I rebel until Babylon is dust

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Vincent Morgan, Lawrence Krsone Parker, Hokiem Green

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hold"

Yeah....yeah.....
Mmmmm....Mm!
Alright, here we go...

I'm thinkin' real hard about some money I can hold
But everybody I know is deep in the hole
A steady payin' job is too hard for me to hold
I call around for work but they puttin' me on hold
But in my hand a shiny .45 is what I hold
I make a mayonnaise sandwich out of some whole-
Wheat, I'm feelin' weak, I can't hold
I gotta rob somebody tonight and take the whole
Bank roll, some cash I gotta hold
At the bottom of my shoe is a little bitty hole
That's it, my mental sanity I can't hold
I'm walkin' to the store with this pistol that I hold...

Yeah....yeah.....

Half of me is sayin' maintain and uphold
Suddenly I bump into some asshole
He's cursin' me out, but this pistol that I hold
Took control, and in his head I put a hole
Ahhh man, now I'm lookin' around the whole
Area, the gun is still hot that I hold
I'm buggin' out, and I don't know how much longer I can hold
I feel myself sinkin' deeper in the hole
So in my victim's pants I rip a little hole
And felt for the wallet, and took the whole
Bill-fold, forty bucks is what I hold
Suddenly I hear, "Freeze! Police! Hold!"

Yeah....mmmmm.....
Come on!
Yeah....wooh!
Come on...

In the penitentiary I see a whole
Bunch of blacks and Hispanics that they hold
In my cell I cry like hell, my head I hold
One day somebody ax if my shoes they could hold
I told this guy, "Listen! My shoe's got a hole
But what's up with that shiny sharp knife that you hold?"
He lunged forth, the first thing that I thought of was to hold
The arm with the knife so that he couldn't put a hole
In me, but then I put him in a chokehold
Took the knife and in his neck I put a hole
Suddenly all the C.O's come to me and it's me they hold
Beat my ass and I spend two weeks in the hole
I'm ready to bug out, my sanity I can't hold

My needs and wants messed up my life on a whole.

Damn. Just wasn't satisfied with life.

Yeah....uh!
Yeah....
Check!

The moral to the story is...your addiction to your needs and your wants is what causes problems in your life.
Make sure you got whatcha need. Put at a safe distance all the things that you want.
It's wants that get you into trouble.

This is the balance of life...the balance to life on a whole.

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Wannabemceez"

"One two, testing one two
Alright party people in the place to be
The party has already started
An-an-an-and it's about to il-il-il-ill" *[echoes]*

Let me introduce you to another type of rapper MC
where glamour and glitter don't matter gently
I'm tired of the Chattanooga empty
Classical like a German luger
Deep like a tune for scuba diving who am I the hyper
Like I said before my radar's going BIBBIT BIBBIT
The microphone I grip-it grip-it, lyric lyric I live it
Hear it my spirit is where it should be
Don't push me if you pussy, HUH
I spot em, it seems you want to ride the dillz
I got em, KRS got skills in the place
I waste megahertz of bass bottom, chill
As I rock em and get ill, I build the perfect spot to kill
Verbal excitement will lead to your indictment
Whether or not you like it, still, number one I hype it
Your album, rewrite it

How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC
How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC

Triplet syllables for minimal criminals
Lyrical riddles that got hard flavors in the middle
Sit back and chittle as I stand and still rebuild on skills
The admission of serial lyrics, calculated to weaken the spirit
will be diverted by this lyric when you hear it
Ricochet any style any day
Any which way and you'll Cherish the Day like Sade
The advanced oratorical techniques I speak
Keep the heat at full peak! My grammar
with stamina, grabs a rapper like the fresh catch of the day
and crack the back of that DJ
I'm strappin and attackin a pack
And whatever happens after that just happens, FACT
Flamboyant and flashy is one point in time when you're not ashy
Focus on the syllable formats and the cash G
G for guard your grill, I'm hard to kill
Odd but ill, a job to fill is to refill on skills
We built and killed style and skill
while poetically recriminate you like a child I will
get ill, and switch to earn
Cause I prefer to slur but not blur
Blurring you're stirring up trouble surely you don't need it
be seated I'm undefeated dem not see it

Observe me then beat it

How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC
How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC

Let's get back to the point quickly, get with me
The voice from New York City is too witty
I come from a era of ?OJ cars?, Latin Quarter
fake Gucci and fake Fendi, you can't send me
Nowhere, that I ain't been to
You can't tell me nuttin that I ain't been through
Disrespect the teacher I gots to get you
(cause they can't MC)
But what you really sayin
You sound like a bitch-ass rapper when he's saying
"Yo Kris you hit too hard" stop playing!
Switching and swaying
Day in and day out, your styles are played out, see you way out
Before you're laid out, your bright lights start to fade out
The last thing you heard is "Who let the K out?"
No great area*[?]*
Everything is black and white we took the gray out it's scarier
Either you're winnin or losin, spinnin the rules of conscience
But lyrically there ain't no stoppin
I'm droppin a lot in your noggin
Cause I know that you're lyrically starvin
Carbon, your name, battle battle
Everybody wants to battle but you BAB-BLE
Who knows ya, battlin me, is the only way that you can gain exposure
I feel for ya soldier
I hate to say it but I told ya so
You know that I know the ancient flow KRS-One
is the holder of a boulder yo, money folder yo
You want a fresh style let me show you slow
your blow, I'm not your foe
Battling me? No no no no no no NO!

How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC
How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC

[Mad Lion]
If a DJ think he man den he better prepare for war!!
BDP crew get up in that ass like a piece of toilet tissue
General Lion I chase them all and I am on fiyah
Represent the hardest crew, you know how we do
Anything tess, dead! Gun shot to dem head
Gwan *[echoes]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"Represent The Real Hip Hop"

(feat. Das EFX)

Only a few... will understand
and appreciate what's about to happen
Das EFX, come in!!!

[Verse 1: Das EFX]

[Drayz]
Well it's the super duper rhymer rhymer I'm about to set it
Niggaz best forget it let it be or you'll regret it D
So what it B... the D to the fuckin P
(Yo it's me the lyricist they fear in this as you can see)
I be's the ultimate, drop the ultra shit, fuck the other shit
Biggety buttah shit is how we comin kid we runnin shit
Now who you fuckin with is Diggey Das EFX'n
We flexin, cause kid we got this rhyme and took effect y'all

[Books]
Aiyyo I figgety flow I rocket blow a nigga out the socket
Keep in mind to keep the dread, now they like my pocket, watch it
It's the rhyme fiend about a second from the crime scene
The boogie banger twisted off the lime green
Fuck a dime we, strictly fifty, the BDP and Hit Squad committee
King of my city, ask my cousin Smitty, yo
Got to get the dough, got to blow the spot
Diggity Das KRS East coast on lock

[Verse 2: Das-EFX, KRS]

[Drayz]
To corny niggaz y'all get ate, my shit'll make you faint
So much platinum on my walls that I can hardly see the fuckin paint
You think it ain't before a year and stopped recordin
Now look we comin back and runnin shit like fuckin Michael Jordan
Accordin, to my niggaz in the sewer
Yo you a, corny nigga so we gots ta do ya

[Books]
This for my niggaz on the block, handlin rock like Kenny Anderson
I'm brandishin, stiggedy styles to keep MC's vanishing
Scattering, fuck it, styles don't be mattering
My pattern's amazing son Blazing like a Saddle and
Battling's a no-no, got more Fame than Coco
I'm paid and still drips ya with a blade from my logo
So take your, style and Go-Go like D.C. niggaz
Y'all know the haps we movin strapped on the East nigga

[Drayz]
Yo, yo, well miggedy mayday, mayday, it's Crazy Drayz's payday
I riggedy wreck it eryday, kick shit like fuckin Pele

But wait a, minute, cause we get in it for the masses
For classes, yo KRS come get up in they asses

[KRS]
What... I say, follow me follow me
with my syllable syllable lyrical criminal
MC threats are minimal to my phsyical they just
whittle and whittle away, with little and little to say
As they piddle and paddle away, they say OK
But I chop that ass up anyway
What's your handle I got mad MC heads upon a mantle
I got genuine MC skin sandals
I light the mic up like a candle, watch it melt
Cause when I felt lyrics you both are screamin for help
when you hear it, you can't bear it, you can't even wear it
You oughts to just cheer it, go get it spirit!!
As I fa-la-la-la-la, I'm comin with that rara
Rockin mics when you was googoo gaga to your momma
You wanted to battle KRS when you was young you told your poppa
He slapped you in your head and said UHH-UHH
But you didn't heed the warning
Now I'm in the place, now I'm your face
Lookin at your crew but they all broke out
because they nothin but lace
KRS is like mace, in your motherfuckin face
Yo DJ Dice, tear down the place!!

Writer(s): Andre "krazy Drazyz" Weston, L. Parker, Willie "skoob" Hines

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Truth"

It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Her truth is not hard
It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Gimme the truth!

Listen to the lyric as the negative is shrinkin
It's shrinkin out your life when you decide to change your thinkin
One of the first things we gotta switch around of course
Is Jesus Christ, and him dying on the cross
You're looking at the cross, surrounded in it's mystery
With Jesus on the cross in a, total misery
Now seperate Jesus from the cross so you can see
The truth about the cross, and the cross's history
The cross was created by the Roman government
It's only purpose and use, is cap-i-tal punishment
But Jesus Christ, was all about the revolution
While the cross was used as Jesus Christ's execution
See what if Jesus Christ, was hung upon a tree
Upon every church wall, that's exactly what you'd see
If Jesus Christ, was shot in the head with no respect
We'd all have little gold guns around our neck
If Jesus Christ was killed in electic chair, now get it
You'd be knealing to the electric chair with Jesus, still in it
You gaze upon the cross, and you see the execution
You yell stop the violence but the cross you're still using

It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Her truth is not hard
It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Gimme the truth!

So I say listen, listen, open up your third eye vision
God is not down with religion
Religion they be sellin it, listen up, God is intelligent
Reading of the bible is irrelevant
You gotta look within yourself, not a scripture
KRS-One comes to rearrange the God picture
If you sit and believe, you can acheive
If you sit and accept, you don't know, what's correct
or incorrect, take for instance Adam and Eve
The first two people on the planet, or so you believe
Their first time in heaven kids they had, Cain and Abel

Huh, now let me show you why the story's unstable
According to the story, according to what you believe
There was only Cain, Abel, Adam, and Eve
on the whole planet, now use your intellect
and tell me, what did Cain and Abel do for sex?
Upon the whole planet there was not another
Could it be for sex, heh, they were looking at each other?
Hold up! I thought the church wasn't into that
But wait, still yet, there is another fact
How did the world get populated?
Now tell me if I'm wrong, but obviously Eve had it goin on
Think for a minute, I know it gets notorious
But yo G, check out the chorus

It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Her truth is not hard
It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Gimme the truth!

[Rich Nice]
Yo yo...
Yo bring that back
I wanna say something on this BlastMaster session
Yo this is Rich Nice
You brothers gotta stop treating these hoes like nice girls
and these nice girls like hoes

[KRS-One]
True indeed, I'd like to welcome the rebirth of the Goddess
Word up it's all about knowledge of self
Yo Busta Rhymes, why don't you take the session over from here

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Build Ya Skillz"

[Verse 1: KRS-One]
Check, I control your mind with one rhyme I speak
And get you open like a prostitutes buttcheeks
Rapper get kicked in they mouth with cleets
cause they're speech refuses to reach beyond the beach
Have a seat quick I speak or spit flicks on your *[?]*
Time to complete shit, no weak shit, I mean freak shit properly
I can feel myself becoming a lyric monopoly
Others will copy me but repeat my shit sloppily
Shocking me with inclinations of rocking me
Insanity it got to be
My true identity is never meant to see
I simply use the gifts sent to me mentally

[Busta Rhymes]
Yo! Word up! Get from out my face, before you get bust quickly!

[Verse 2: KRS-One]
Thats the hip hop, the hibby
I rip it in a minute cause I'm gifted
Like December 25th
Now let me flip
I'm all knowing lyrically syllable growing
Even when it's snowing I'm party going
Free flowing and stomping!
Never tip-toeing
Overthrowing the comp
Big up Bronx!
I got more styles than the planet got women
I got as many rhymes as is many styles of women
Don't make me come out on that ass start flippin'
Your mental I'm afflictin'
Actin' ill and sickin'
Pickin' the victim at random, slammin' ‘em
Draggin' them to the stage and dismantlin' them
As my Hydrogen turns to Helium I shine!
None of your lyrics I'm feelin' ‘em
You rhyme
Like you should be wearin' an apron scrapin' a pot with a name like Mariam

[Chorus:]
But rappers talk too much shit
And can't back it up with lyrics
Build ya skills

It's time for the raw shit
Not that on tour shit
That real hardcore shit
KRS-One runs shit like diarrhea
Bitin' motherfuckers hear my shit and get up outta here!

I don't care this year
Alot of albums is wak this year
"Will KRS bring it?" Ahh yeah!
Thanks for the invite
It's just about to get hype
That straight up raw street type shit is what it feel like
I will be displayin' lyrical styles I'm saying
Lyrical styles from the miracle child
Want a pile of ill styles wildin' on your radio dial?
Smile
I been here for awhile
Peep my style while I go on with the song
I rock the microphone then it to the streets with the Krylon
clicka clacka! clicka clacka!
Take a spraycan and slap a wak rapper!
Stacks of money for videos I don't have it
You're lookin' at the last MC with true talent
Get your tape recorder fast kid
Boombastic another classic
Turn up the cassette!
All my styles are lyrically fantastic and movin'
While soothin' any urges for booing
Ungluing your mouth from my private
The more the merrier
Syllable superior
East Coast - West Coast battles are inferior
Cause I by myself will take out the whole North America
We need to expand rap beyond this land
Set up competitions with England and Japan
World cups for rappers that really fuck shit for fun
....Yeah I know I'll get one

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Anthony Grayson, Joseph L Kirkland

KRS-One Lyrics

"Out For Fame"

[train whistle]
Yo right here, right here
It's right through the fence, right through the fence
Jump! *[feet landing]*
Yeah.. right there, right there
That's the 2's and the 5's
[bag rustling]
Joe gimme that, the fat, the fat cap, fat cap
Yeah..
[train rolls in]
Aight
[shaking can up]
Aight, let's do it now, let's do it now
[spray paint]
Yeah.. yeah..
Nah gi-gimme the other cap, gimme the other one
Yeah right there
[more spray]
Front.. Page.. Entertainment.. Group
Yeah..

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x8]*
[first time, minus "I'm"]
Hah! Hahahaha
All graffiti artists hold tight, hooo!
All graffiti artists hold tight, word
Check check check it out y'all
Check check check check check it out y'all

[KRS-One]
I got twenty-five cans in my knapsack, crossin out the wick-wack
Puttin up my name with a fat cap
Suckers that want to be in my face I just slap that
Big respect to Artifacts, Fat Joey Crack and
Mack and, Bio, and Brim come again
with B.G. 183, recognize me
with the mad colors, I'm a fiend for spraypaint
Laugh if you wanna, I really care if you ain't
cause you don't me see, and I don't know you
But I do know Cope2, he be gettin walls too
It's the underground community of what we call writers
Worldwide burners, gettin hotter gettin brighter
Whattup Nicer, whattup Razor, whattup Chino
Masta Ase in the place, you know we know
my man Rican, my man Zorro, taught me how to draw
in the yards of the 5 train and the 4
So when I'm on tour I represent the hardcore
I'm taggin up your blackbook sure, I'm out for the fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x4]*

[first time, minus "I'm"]
Yeah, check it out check it out check it out one time
Hip-hop music in effect one time

[KRS-One]
When I was growin up, I had no butcher baker candlestick maker
I had rubbing alcohol and carbon paper
Yeah, carbon paper and a blackboard eraser
got me chased in the bus yards, with Rican and Nazer
Historically speakin, cause people be dissin
The first graffiti artists in the world were the Egyptians
Writing on the walls, mixing characters with letters
to tell the graphic story about their life, however
today we do the same thing, with how we rap and draw
We call it hardcore, they call it breakin the law
There used to be a time when rap music was illegal
The cops would come and break up every party when they see you
But now the rap music's making money for the corporate
It's acceptable to flaunt it, now everybody's on it
Graffiti isn't corporate so it gets no respect
Hasn't made a billion dollars for some corporation yet, so
in the name of Phase2, Stay High, Pre-streets
Grab your cans and hit the streets, I'm out for fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x6]*
Yeah, hip-hop culture in the house one time
All graffiti artists in the house one time
Yeah..
Biggin up the other side things here y'all
The visual, not your video (check it out)

[KRS-One]
I'm livin in the city, inner city not a farm
Steady bombin til I get fatigue in my arm
Watchin for the beast cause many artists they shot em
And beat em in the yards, while doin a top to bottom
So pass me a can, not of Old Gold
but full blue, sky blue, watch me unfold
with the cold burner, of names you mighta heard of
like Fab 5 Freddy, Sam Sever
Word to the wise, Futura 2000 recognize
Nation of creation, G Man come alive
Checkin out Revolt and Zephyr
My man Easy, and Rembrandt, Mitch 77
Oh no with the paint we can never dilly-dally
Big up and respect to Con Art in Cali
The Soul Artists, The Rebels, The Rascals, 3YB
United Artists, TAT and Dondi
Yes the other side of hip-hop is representin the visual
Toys we be DISSIN you, I'm out for fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x10]*
Hip-hop in the house one time
Video graf in the house one time
All graffiti artists in the house dig the rhyme
Put up your nine, put up your nine, yeah!

Fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-five
You SUCKERS!!!!

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone

KRS-One Lyrics

"Health, Wealth, Self"

Yeah.. yeah.. yup!
You know what? I was just downstairs
and I was on my way up here to the studio and
a guy bumped into me and
and he said.. he said, "Yo Kris!
How is it that you stay in this music?
You know, this rap music ex-specially for SO.. LONG.. SO.. LONG"
I said, "Well you know years ago I made a deal with the Goddess"
He said, "The Goddess?"
I said, "Well yeah, you might know her as God
but I know her as the Goddess"
The universal mother
The mother of everything you see in existance
I ax-ked her for assistance
in lyrical persistance
and she gave it to me, under one condition
She said, "I'll give you the gift
but use the gift to uplift"
I said, "Okay mom!"

So I tell you the truth, really
Me nah gon' need nuttin else
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself
Me nah gon' need nuttin else
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself

In the beginning was the word, the word was made flesh
Knowledge K. Reigns R. Supreme S.
Some of us guess while others of us are blessed
Take heed to the word, that I manifest
I manifest the future, the present, followed by the past
Everything in nature, rules by kickin ass
What they tellin me, but yo, you a friend to me
so I'ma tell you the secrets of MC longevity
Secret one: if it ain't fun, you're done
And about your career, huh, well choose another one
If you don't like what you do, you're through
Lesson two: make sure you got a dope crew
Not some crew, that's like an anchor on a shoe
A MAD CREW, that's of some benefit to you
Lesson three, might be contradictory or funny
but MC's should have OTHER WAYS of gettin money
That's to say learn other things beside music
Make money elsewhere, Hip-Hop you won't abuse it
Too many MC's, just emcee
so their longevity, is based on an Uncle Tom
at the record company
Lesson four: sell your image, never sell a record
Image is respected, records come and go
and get collected

Even the records of platinum artists, that used to rip shop
can be bought, for a quarter at the thrift shop
Which brings me to lesson number five, the illusion
has me thinkin, the minute they drop a record
they'll be cruisin, in the Acura
Slow down! You're still a amateur
What seperates the pro from the amateur is stamina
Not how long you can rhyme, but how long you've been rhymin
changin with the times, and findin yourself
still CLIIIIIIIIIIIMbin for wealth
Blow for blow, you're still growin, still showin
(all knowin) now that's a pro at it

Me nah gon' need nuttin else
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself
Me nah gon' need nuttin else
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself

Thank you Mother, I'm out

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

I GOT NEXT
DOUBLE VINYL!
Includes BONUS TRACK
"Step Into A World
(Rapture's Delight)"
remix featuring
Puff Daddy
KRS-ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"1st Quarter - The Commentary"

Welcome to hip-hop culture
Where DJ-ing, MC-ing, graffiti art, breaking
and the philosophies are expressed everyday
within the inner cities of America, and the world
You are not doing hip-hop
You ARE hip-hop
Love yourself and your expression, you can't go wrong

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"2nd Quarter - Free Throws"

Anybody in here right now with tape decks turn em on
and put em on record, I'll give you a second
I want to add authenticity to your tape
so when it's sold out in the street
you all can know this was a real party

These are poems circulating throughout the nation
everybody's bad and everybody's tough
but how many people are intelligent enough
to open up their eyes and see through the lies
discipline themselves, yourself to stay alive?
not many
That's why the universe sent me today on this stage
with this to to say
the rich will get richer and the poor will get poorer
and in the final hour many heads will lose power
what does the rich versus the poor really mean?
psychologically it means you got to pick your team
when someone says the rich gets richer
visualize wealth and put yourselves in the picture
the rich get richer, cause they work towards rich
the poor get poorer, cause their minds can't switch from the ghetto
let go, it's not a novelty
you could love your neighborhood without loving poverty
follow me, every mother, father, son, daughter
there's no reason to fear the New World Order
we must order the whole new world to pay us
the New World Order and the old state chaos
the Big Brother watching over you, is a lie you see
Hip-Hop could build it's own secret society
but first you and I got to unify
stop the negativity and control our creativity
the rich is getting richer, so why we ain't richer?
could it be we still thinking like niggas?
educate yourselves, make your world view bigger
visualize wealth and put yourselves in the picture!

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"The MC"

Who am I? The MC, la-di da-di
I don't wear Versace, I wear DJ's out quickly at the party
Who am I? If you're like me hip hop is in your body
Who am I? THE MC!
When the jam is slow and you need a proceeder
Who am I? THE MC!
When you need a lyrical leader wit oratorical triple features
Who am I? THE MC!
When you need to rock your 3000-seat arena, best believe, uh
Who am I? THE MC!
When you need to get the word on the street wit demeanor
Who am I? THE MC!
I beg thee, let me splurt rhymes, I have plenty
Who am I? THE MC! Lord have mercy
I hit sudden like Hersey
always New like Jersey, stay thirsty
Who am I? THE MC!
Showin my authority, superiority
an artistic minority, now you startin me
Cuz party philosophy can only be carried out by
Who am I? THE MC!
No doubt, predicting far ahead what will set the party off immensely
with plenty of who? THE MC!
Trained at Rooftop, Red Zone, Roxy and Bentley's
Who am I? THE MC!
Gently move crowds with harmonious rhythm
Cuz the lyrics we give em they miss em
Who am I? THE MC! again, THE MC!
Her infinite power helps, oppressed people sent me to tell you
if you truly study lyrical flows and stay on your toes you will be
Who am I? THE MC!
and as an MC you will study verbal magic
but watch what you say cuz you'll attract it
control your subconscious magnet from pullin in havoc
Who am I? The MC!
Non-stoppin MC, hip hoppin MC
Verbal rockin, head knockin, quick droppin MC
I laugh cuz I mastered the craft MC
In sound clash I'm the first and last MC
It's sort of like Jim Carrey throwin that Mask to me
I black out and wake up to catastrophe
3 MC's dead from the sound blowin out massively, wow!
Who am I? The MC!
Untouchable, can't be caught off guard with fast tracks or slow tracks
Ass cracks get waxed to the max, MC's pack raps for all tracks
Indigenous cultures, Asians, Whites and Blacks
never missed it the linguistic of
Who am I? THE MC!
Meta-lyrical poetic mystic MC
Hearin the voice of an ancient spirit MC

Premeditated worder
Killin negative concepts out the mind of the observer MC
You deserve a break from counterfeits, frauds and fakes
claimin to be an MC for heaven sakes
Well, this MC done raised the stakes
under the stress from KRS
contracts and mental gats are bound to break
Who am I? THE MC! again the MC!
Conduct yourselves properly MC...

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Domingo Padilla

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Got Next - Neva Hadda Gun"

It's meant to be evidently
When I rock so eloquently
Put the beat on and let me
Kill another wack emcee
Can't trust them, never test me
I practice and study
But I'm not in it for the money
But to me they look so funny
You can't test the teacher
The teacher won't reach intact
Through the speaker you're weaker, now sit your ass in the back
My lyrical you hear it, you fear it, you can't get near it
Cause the spirit eat Eric
And Eric your rhymes is wack
Like that, that, right back

Check it out!

Check it like this
Just skills You know you gots to build just skills
[A phone is dialed a man says hello and a woman starts speaking in Spanish]
You know you gots to build just skills, uh come on get down
Just skills You know we got to build just skills, come on get down

Yeah, uh come on
I got that rip track, flip that, underground rap
When I kick back
Most of what I'm hearin be weak
So I speak through beats and the streets as I teach
I impeach, through speech, each lyric leech I reach
Have a seat in the lecture
Nothin can protect you
Hard is the texture
Of the mic wreckin rock in your sector
Better than ever remember I am no beginner
I like to shout out Eric Skinner
Just skills, you know we gots to build just skills, come on a get down
Just skills, you know we gots to build just skills, come on a get down
Yo, we livin in a world of private jets and limousine
The fruit we eatin as we prepare tangerine to nectarine
See everybody livin in the same routine
We need the telephone, and yes, we need the fax machine
You listen to the sound, well I think you know it's me
Now, let me educate you with my concious poetry
Me want, me want, me want, me want, me want no wack rap
Me want, me want, me want, me want, me want no wack rap
Me love, me love, me love, me love, me love it when it's bad
See if you wack rap you ought be steppin out the back
See emcees on the microphone forgettin that they black
See hear them kick the lyrics that are holdin people back

But when you hear the teacher, KRS will find the track
You bound to see the light, and you don't want return back
So listen very closely to the secret scientist
I'm sending this one out to all my inner city kids
Now you supposed to be apostle what you have inside your head
Can make you more reliable, it can make you feel dead
Now listen very closely to the way I say this rhyme
It's the thing called the brain, and the thing called the mind
But I'm outta time

[Chorus: scratching on the word "can"]
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun?
No, you can't cause now you bouts to get done!
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun
Never had a gun, never had a gun?
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun?
No, you can't cause now you bouts to get done!
Can I tell them that I really never had a gun
Never had a gun, never had a gun?

On the block you just yap a whole lot
About the clothes that you got
Yo, or the gold that you got
Everybody sees all the friends in your Benz, yo, it's fat
But they ain't gettin money like that
Word to my brother Kenny, jealous one envy
The rich are few, while the poor, many
But you got gold cuffs and cars and stuff
You eatin well, but still in the ghetto you dwell
You know it's hot, so you make it known about your glock
To any perpetrator tryin to blow up your spot
You grab the microphone and talk a good ramble
You the hardcore outlaw, criminal, vandal
Burnin emcees like a candle, but you frontin
You ain't got nothin, with your life you gamble
One day you gamble up snake eyes
Talkin all that junk about you don't take dives, you take lives
Nobody on the block tries, cause you claim you got powerful ties
So at the red light you arrive
And to your surprise you get heffed up with just two steak knives
You're terrified, they take your Benz, and what makes things worse
You ain't got gun the first

[Chorus]

Writer(s): George Jr Clinton, Lawrence Krsone Parker, Eric Sadler, Carlton Douglas Ridenhour, James Henry Iii Boxley

KRS-One Lyrics

"Heartbeat"

(feat. Angie Martinez, Redman)

[Redman]
Alright everybody move back from the ropes
If you don't move back we're gonna turn this music off
and that's my word, move back!
Word is bond let's get this shit goin
Word up, it's the Funk Doc in the house
say hell yeah! HELL YEAH!
Say fuck yeah! FUCK YEAH!
Word up, it's the Funk Doc Spock you don't stop
It's my man KRS you don't stop
It's the girl Angie you don't stop
With the hah haha ha haha hah!!

[Angie Martinez]
It's the Butter Pecan Rican speakin deletin
other radio jocks that think they competin
they pre-sweetened, like candy, I'm hot like pepper
Big up to Sandy but my name is Angie
Martinez, what a true microphone fiend is
Steppin up lovely with MY, AD-IDAS
through your speakers, representin
boriquas, and all hip-hop rhyme seekers
You may think I'm crazy right, but I'm crazy hype
Slay this nice y'all, everytime Angie grab the mic
I jams it right tonight, not the hardest
But peep the style of this Puerto Rican Goddess

[Redman]
Aiyyo yo yo yo, stop the music!
Aiyyo back up off the ropes, man, word up!
Yo get from the off the ropes
Now aiyyo yo yo, KRS-One, come again the selector!

[KRS-One]
It's been a long time but we made it, you waited
You gettin frustrated cause these MC's in trainin
Skills on the mic for a royalty save it
Pullin down rap so that others can't make it
They can't fake it in front of KRS they naked
That same old MC trend I'm here to break it
The highly conceptional multidirectional
Hot in ninety-seven so I guess I'm flexible
Rap relieve stress so yes I guess it's medical
All your wrecking and raping is still theoretical
Redman, you know you must understand (Whatup?)
Redman, you know you gots to understand (Hah! Whatup love?)
Angie, rockin with the one BDP (Ha, haha)
Representin right now at Hit Factory

[Redman]
One two hah, and you don't quit
It's Kris and Angie with the ultimate
One two hah, and you don't quack
It's Funk Doc smoke weed and don't smoke crack
Hahaha, hah, and you don't quit
Hoohahhahah, and you don't quit
I rock jams like, Samsonites with mics
Stage two boomin system and flood the lights
The lyrical, fo'-fo's lettin off like suppose
Reggie Reg is rockin on the ra-dioooo!
Hahh, huh, the oooh-child too chill
Caps peeled, Someone In My Bed like Dru Hill
Raise em up, cause I feel my spot can't be touched
No time for the Pauline jack, hit the clutch
Shotgun what?? It's the high exalted
Ruler of the buddha, the cash make my pockets
stick out like a tumor, for the consumers
I get busy with La Pluma, detonate the bomb
to make you hibernate sooner, certified luna-tic
My click run deeper than Charlie Tuna
Kahunas, raw for the able key movers
all over the hood like them Crooked I coolers
Bang maneuvers, from Jerz to Vancouver
Back to the Bronx with heartbeats ample looped up
I Blastmast like Kris, funk abyss
like a phone chauvenist with a Roley on the wrist
Sike! I can afford it, less I slaughtered
three platinum niggaz and none of em prerecorded
KRS-One need to be runnin for office
So Butter Pecan Rican - tell them to get off his

KRS-One Lyrics

"Step Into A World (Rapture's Delight)"

[Intro/Chorus: sung to the tune of Blondie's "Rapture"]
Step into a world (Klaka klaka, klaka klaka!)
Where there's no one left (Buku, buku! Alla de massive!)
But the very best (Klaka, bo bo, BDP crew, bo bo bo bo!)
No MC can test *[cut and scratch of KRS saying "but one"]*
Step into a world, where hip-hop is me
Where MC's and DJ's
Build up their skills as they play every day
For the, rapture

Yeah, what what!
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!

I'm bout to hit you wit that tradional style of cold rockin
Givin options for head knockin non stoppin
Tip-toppin lyrics we droppin but styles can be forgotten
so we bring back the raw hip-hoppin
Just like the records and tapes you be coppin
Cop some breakdancin, boogie poppin, and lockin
Tic tockin, guaranteed to have you clockin
We only get better and only better we have gotten
This type of flow don't even think about stoppin
Beware, the length of the rhyme flow can be shockin
All music lovers in the place right now
That never understood the way that KRS got down
Yo I'm strictly about skills and dope lyrical coastin
Relying on talent, not marketing and promotion
If a dope lyrical flow is a must
You gots to go with a name you can quickly trust
I'm not sayin I'm number one, uhh I'm sorry, I lied
I'm number one, two, three, four and five
Stop wastin your money on marketing schemes
and pretty packages pushin dreams to the beams
A dope MC is a dope MC
With or witout a record deal, all can see
And that's who KRS be son
I'm not the run of mill, cause for the mill I don't run

Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!

[Chorus]

Yeah, yeah
Everybody on the mic in the party sound alike
until I recite, in black and white what's right
Let me take flight, my style is TIGHT AN GOOD
TIGHT AN GOOD, come is it TIGHT AN GOOD
Old styles I pass dat, slow down on fast rap

All in yo' ass crack, old King go Blast dat
Conjure to ask dat, hyper type of flashback
I publish like ASCAP lyrics for hand clap
No past rappin, youth trackin, talent lackin
MC's more worried about their financial backin
Steady packin a gat as if something's gonna happen
But it doesn't, they wind up shootin they cousin, they buggin
I appear everywhere and nowhere at once
I know my style is bumpin, even though some people front
It's the God of rap, you heard of it
The one that rhymes toward the sky givin airplanes mad turbulence
In rap tournaments, I reign permanent
Don't you think by now the number one spot I'm not concerned with it
The course of rap I'm turnin it
Back to that good old fashioned way of getting cash money by earning it
No bogus hocus pocus, I bring back to focus
Skills if you notice my position is lotus
Now quote this, MC's are just hopeless
Thinkin record sales make them the dopest

Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!
Yes yes y'all, ya don't stop, KRS-One, rock on!

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Christopher Stein, Deborah Harry, Harry Palmer, Jesse Samuel Williams

KRS-One Lyrics

"A Friend"

The beat was sposed to drop right there
The beat was sposed to drop right there
The beat was sposed to drop right there
Yeah yeah yeah... uhh

I send this one out, to my right hand man
or mens, or womens, the whole crew
The real fam

[Chorus:]
We can count the dough or kick a flow
or chill out watchin videos
or actin really silly yo but really doe
all that can end...
Whether at the bar with superstars
or cruisin in the trooper car
I really don't care who you are
All I really need is a friend

If we can't have trust then you can't hang with us
We respond to those who show respect with respect
We respond we connect on the same deck
same intellect, my man, never shifty, thinks quickly
If you can't understand, we boys we boys
We could stand on the corner with a hat sellin toys
It ain't about your Benz I hope it ain't about mine
my man, I be dissin in my freestyle rhyme
Gettin G's around the world, I can trust you with my girl
my man, we chillin at the jam, what's the plan?
I'm not a yes man and none of my friends are yes men
or women, I'm drivin, I see my peeps yo get in
Where you fit in? True friends are quick to sit
in the beginning of all trouble, and when your bankroll doubles
Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble
Still I got my own space like Hubble

[Chorus]

Cause don't nobody care about us, all they do is doubt us
Until we blow the spot then they all wanna crowd us
and wanna shout us, but you my man from way back
I just gots to say that, actin large I don't play that
But I can't say that, where I play at isn't fast-paced
A friend can acquire the taste to become two-faced
And that's a disgrace there ain't nothing you can say to us
When the kid you grew up with betrays your trust
When we used to ride the bus we had trust
Now we cash checks and drive Lex, and can't show respect to one of us
Yo the heads I hang with ain't tryin to just get
what they can get, sit quickly backstabbin the click

I roll thick, but only some are friends really
down to the end, my right hand men and women
Mutual support, from the beginning
Been in, exactly what I've been in

[Chorus]

Back to back we attack corporate America
Gettin fees that amount to G's in every area
You my man I ain't gotta drag you along
You pull your own weight, yeah you definitely got it goin on
I don't see nothin wrong wit a little bumpin car system
thumpin, between the crew we always got sump'un
But if we had nuttin no frontin whatever
We'd still be crew you and me, me for you together
Word, fake people ain't worth a turd
They only want to be your friend because of what they overheard
I send this record to the well respected
Friends that I've collected, I hope I am what you expected
Yeah, so check it, so check it

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Cootie Williams, Lawrence Krsone Parker, Rodney Lemay, Thelonious Sphere Monk, Bernard D. Hanighen

KRS-One Lyrics

"H.I.P.H.O.P."

(feat. Thor-El)

[KRS] Yeah that's the one - yo
[Thor-El] Just just check your mic

[Verse 1: Thor-El]
So you wanna be the million dollar man, kid what's your plan
Make a deal with the devil settle for a hundred grand
Not enough I call your bluff, hit you with the stuff
Deal with this and think you're tough, gimme a call when things get rough
You get no Vette and, if I could stay leaded
I'm leavin rappers one-legged from fakin like the prosthetic
you're artificial by cripple, rap is like your pistol
Grim Reaper, I got the whistle, death I pull no tissue
Hit you, like the Mac-11, MC's subtract by seven
Callin callin for the reverand, lookin at hell like heaven
I'm on the map, makin it like the crazy on the track
Oh what the hell I get my mail while I raid you til it crack

[Chorus: KRS and Thor-El]
H, I, P, H, O, P, we are
H, I, P, H, O, P, we are

[Verse 2: KRS-One]
C'mon, uhh
Dead two in the head before some A&R tell me
I must give up the streets you lift the company can sell me
What's the sense in being large if you can't take a risk?
Thinkin a risk upon a disc means you're written off the list
I'm not sayin you can't have your fame and glory just don't bore me
when I come to see you live, and I paid twenty-five
That's, crazy loot Kris is saying I don't play those games
Killing Rhyme Sessions is the meaning of my name
But don't call my name in vain, cause I will appear
And your livest MC will get slain right here
See I do the homework, and I do the extra credit
You could sell a million records, and still can't set it
Cause the Lex or Beem is probably just the matches and a Jeep so
I'm sure your rap career now if they come before your people
Ohh Lord!! You can't be thinkin about Billboard
With the mic cord, and several thousand people just bored
Being dope live is like being insured for life
You always get called back twice, you are

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: Thor-El, KRS-One]
I burn like hy-dra-cho-loric and my city got itty
He's terrible, Thor-El's incredible and terrific
Is it, that you're under the influence of local obvious
Rappers that die, but why, explain the obvious

No stoppin this lyrics from the esophagus rockin strictly the hip-hop populace

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Thor-el

KRS-One Lyrics

"Halftime"

Right now as we rockin they shootin outside
Now we have got to chill
We have got to chill
We can't have no gunfire because hip-hop can't build

Let's leave all the shootin and the violence outside
I know there's some people in here, armed to the teeth
But understand...
It is the conciousness behind the gun
that determines if the gun is positive or negative
So let's not blame it on no pistols, no guns, no gats
Let's blame it on the conciousness of the mind holding the gat

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Gordon Opharel Williams

KRS-One Lyrics

"3rd Quarter - The Commentary"

For those interested in higher knowledge
on issues of health, wealth, and self-mastery
you are urged to register with the Temple of Hip-Hop
by filling out the attached registration form and questionnaire
located on the album's pull-out panel
And here now, another KRS classic

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Blowe"

(feat. Redman)

[Intro: Redman]
Hey baby bring me something to drink in here
Sit down and watch a little TV.

[KRS-1:]
(static) Yo they comin'. It's crazy but I know it they comin'. Maybe not lately I feel it coming. I knew it, they comin'. (static) This just in. President (static) I guarentee (static) Jim...Jimmy, Jimmy wake up. Jimmy! (static) Only the Lord can save (static) 5.99 no obligation (static) Let me start to rock this mic (static) Now the polar bear hybernates (static) And and what was going through your mind right now.

[KRS-1:]
Look aat these weak MC's getting G's
Never wore BVD's or even bellbottom Lees
Please, with these fantisies about you selliing keys
When you know you bees in front of the TV eatin' grilled cheese
On your knees you know my steez
Kris is nice with theses M-I-Cs
I'm Poison like BBD the plot thickens while I be hitten
And lyric lickin', flippin' any mix and over the skippin'
And cable clippin', still sickenin'
Even though some people ain't admitting
Through they system I keeps it kickin'
And tippin' the scale I pay tuiton not bail
Drink water not ale, MC Hammer hits it right on the nail
I can't fail with my 7 stripes
Strike one pierces the lung over the drum MC's become dumb
Like "um?" They numb, bite the tongue over the bass drum
I am D the MC like Run, spittin' lyrics for fun
And for a sum of the bread crumb
You missed when you swung, I connected whole hum
Another one done underestimated KRS-1, yeah so...

[Hook:]
[Redman:] Say blowe
[KRS-1:] If you really want true skill
[Redman:] Say blowe
[KRS-1:] If you want the hip hop to build
[Redman:] Say blowe
[KRS-1:] We rock it all year round
[Redman:] You better cool the F out before we go up in your mouth

[KRS-1:]
It's just beguuuun, to bubble
KRS-Onnnne spells trouble
On the mic soooon there is no double
I emerge from under the rumble
Count the truth poetic construction, audio abduction

Showbiz production for wack lyric reduction
And fly rhyme instruction keep the party hoppin'
Keep the DJs buggin' for the orthodox
Non Xerox hip hop chatter box
It was dope first crack out the box with Scott LaRock
How MC's are washed up like sweat socks
KRS-1 makes the heads nod

[Hook]

[Redman:] KRS-1
[KRS-1:] Yes my son
[Redman:] Tweet tweet *[x2]*
[KRS-1:] You know they can't compete, ain't that right
[Redman:]
No doubt. You better cool the F out before we go up in your mouth

[KRS-1:]
When it's my turn kid, look at what you done did
Like my head is dreadable you edible
I kick incredible shit, for my poeple
I'm jackin' these like me so sue and Stretch like Bobbito overloops
While you sittin' on stoops I'm rockin' mics for U.S. troops in group
You screwed up, oops, I can read a true crook
Like I can read a good book
I'm hooked on hip hop culture
Look at the tip top lyrical structure
Floatin' like a soap bubble that you don't wann puncture
Or rupture, I write what I udder, mother mother mother
There's too many of us dying still trying and not doin'
Not suceeding still pursueing what you doing?
What you doing? What you doing?
The session is started departed on schedule
I beg you please lookover my lyrical menu
What other can't do I can do
Enhancing 7 levels of your mental
I dismantel stress, you're listening to the advanced lyrical best
Worldwide qualified to administer any MC test
Stop guessin' class is in full session
Now Showbiz show 'em how

Writer(s): L. Parker, R. Noble, S. Lemay

KRS-One Lyrics

"Real Hip Hop - Part II"

(feat. Mic Vandalz)

[KRS-One]
Hah! They not ready, uhh uhh
Set it off, South Bronx
Set it off, uhh, check it

The real hip-hop, is over here
The real hip-hop, is over there
The real hip-hop, is over here
The real hip-hop, is over there

It's a demo, it's a demo, it's a demo, it's a demo
Steppin out the limo, KRS-One, gettin in you
From the get-go kiddo throw em out the window
flip em like a nickel
Peep the hottest single
He'll sink them like the S.S. Minnow
That same kid that rocks the Benz rocks the Pinto
Watch my signal, I rock the rap game like Nintendo
Hey diddle, diddle, get played now like a fiddle
I watch you wiggle, in front of the audience that was fickle
Now you can't make a nickle, the sour pickle you are
KRS-One, ninety-seven superstar
I got one thing to say and let me make this clear
Everywhere, now throw your hands in the air

The real hip-hop, is over here
The real hip-hop, is over there
The real hip-hop, is over here
The real hip-hop, throw your hands in the air!

[Mic Vandalz]
Yo, been rockin rooftops, knahmsayin?
Internat', yaknahmsayin?
KRS, vandalizin, yaknahmsayin? With the Mic Vandalz
Boogie Down, Uptown, yaknahmsayin?
It's dope, check it out

[KRS-One]
When I ain't doin a show, or bringin all the money in
or at the studio, or home studyin
I'm checkin out Funkmaster Flex on cassette
as he wrecks turntable sets with many subjects
Huff now that's the Blastmaster connects, the larynx
to a high-tech mic set, you get what you get
Tech and Sway, index of singles is complex
On Technics sets, he wrecks, collects a fee next
While you rejects practice, suffix and prefix
Hip-Hop I reads it, and mark your album incompleted
I seen it, saw it, back in eighty-five

Platinum rappers yo that can't rock live
Their mental facilities, lack the ability
for lyric agility - battle? You're killin me

The real hip-hop, is over here
The real hip-hop, is over there
The real hip-hop, is over here
The real hip-hop, throw your hands in the air!
The real hip-hop, is over there
The real hip-hop, is it over here?
The real hip-hop, yo it's over there
The real hip.. now throw your hands in the air!

[Mic Vandalz]
Throw your hands in the air (get loose now)
Throw your hands in the air (get loose now)
Throw your hands in the air (get loose now)

Aiyyo I'm breakin, in this rap thing, I've been waitin
Ready for the world, rude like awakening
Homo sapien, *[?]* rock every stadium
Scholars and players, here to Las Vegas
Embrace the papers, land of money makers
Brothers hate us cause the brothers ain't us

Yo yo, from coast to coast I'ma overdose you and BDP you
and Kris-Kross your mind, wouldn't wanna be you
A Uptown thing, world premier
Throw your hands in the air baby it's on
How many MC's wanna get they rep torn?
From Joe to Cage and mics in my juvenile days, I abuse
The mic get lifted, the crowd gets amused

I got next.. you lose!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Come To Da Party"

(feat. Joe)

[KRS] One, two, three..

[Joe]
Come to da party, come to the dance
Everyone is fightin
So they fired up, up and away
Come to da party, come to the dance
To pull out the vinyl
so they fired up, up and away

[KRS-One]
Yeah, yeah
Hardcore lyric comin at ya they attackin ya
Rappers bite like Dracula the soul of hip-hop
I'm puttin back in ya, with the South Bronx vernacular
Bound to put the crack in your armor, I am much sharper
than a lot of other mic rockers, slightly eccentric
but everything's authentic, when I said, "I'm hip-hop," I meant it
Emcees wanna debate the issue, but false though
If they studied they would see that they are hip-hop also
Hip-Hop you can't do it, you gots to be it
You can't confine it, you have to free it, so you can see it
as your expression, and learn the lesson, on life in ghetto sections
and what you feel is the forward direction
for black people, not these Star Wars save that for R2-D2
I got five fingers like Bruce Lee do
And with the five fingers I grab microphones and bring the
stinger to DJ's, rappers, singers and beer drinkers
This MC's a thinker, unlike others but I won't diss yaz
You're still my brothers and sisters, Kris is
ONE aspect of hip-hop rap
Negative rap, positive rap, forget that black it's a trap
to set us back, concentrate on various rap talents
Presently the rap radio format is unbalanced
You either got the player, or the concious rhyme sayer
all day, on your radio, not with a different flavor
Someone has to DIE before you hear a concious record
People don't like gangsta rap, but concious rap, they don't respect it
The truth is people are afraid of black youth
Our expressions, our lessons and gold teeth, so..

[Joe]
Come to da party, come to the dance
Everyone is shoutin
So they fired up, up and away
Come to da party, come to the dance
Everyone is singin
so they fired up, up and away

KRS-One Lyrics

"Can't Stop Won't Stop"

Open a de herb gate sellin pure ganja
Babylon come but they undercova
They never really want me stop sell ganja
(They just wanna take a cut of what you make so far!)
But I'm not havin it, I load the SLR
Pack the ganja BOOM! They break down the door
Pop-pop! T'ree shots, exchanged at close range
Out of three Babylon, me hit one in the brain
Pop-pop! Two shots hit da window pane
I exchanged four shots, I drop and feel pain
but I'm not hit, into the bathroom I crawl
I look out the window, it's a one story fall
I'm fallin, hit the ground and start crawlin
Soon I'm walkin 'round, blendin in with the crowd
Another day, I got away, I gotta fix this problem someday
But the very next day...

[Chorus: x2]
Can't stop, won't stop - sellin mad izm
All comeptition - I gots to get wit 'em
Me nah go jail and me nah go prison
(Take it to his face kid, diss him!)

I'm in another herb gate like a superstar
Eleven A.M., things are safe so far
I used to worry 'bout the competition on the block
But now the competition on the block is the cops
And even block watch doesn't know where we lay
Well.. ("Open up! It's the D.E.A.!")
Aww man, just when I went for more lead
The door opens up, I got a glock to my forehead
("Get down! Get on the floor!") I felt the stick, I thought I was dead
But I woke up instead in a cell layin on my bed
I lay back down, then I heard the crack sound
Two D.T.'s came in and laid they glocks down
One was whistlin a love song, as he put some gloves on
I thought to myself, damn something's wrong
Boom bap! Boom ba,p against my head
I fell back on the bed, down to his feet
The pain was insane but the hit was sweet
Cause these dumb-ass cops punched me right by the heat
The glock, two shots, three shots they screamin
Then someone said... ("Hey wake up kid, you're dreamin!")
I said, "Yo dreamin?! That nightmare was hell"
But as I look around, I was still in my cell
Damn, I got myself caught up in a jam
The D.T. that woke me up was like, WHAT?!
I wiped the saliva, off my mouth
The D.T. said.. ("Let's make a deal") No doubt!
No question, now we started up the session

No need for guessin, yes they want my supplier
I said, what makes you think there's anyone higher?
He said.. ("Don't be a God damned liar!")
You killed three D.T.'s yesterday, you heard me
But still the cops you knocked off yea was dirty
Now the whole investigation is federal
We want you to point out, the rest of the cops that are criminal
He continued to say, you can't think it through
This whole drug game is BIGGER than you!
Follow our plan man and you'll be free
Let me explain one thing so you can see, we

[Chorus]

Now I'm back in the herb gate, all wired up
Constantly thinkin about bein tied up
Snap out of it - I'm thinkin, "Damn we like elves!
The federal and local cops got wars with themselves;
and I'm in the middle, and can't solve the riddle.
My nose is runny.." *[knock at door]* ("Let me get a 20!")
A 20 of the green or a 20 of the brown?
("Gimme the whole pound, clown, or duck down!") *[gunfire]*
God damn, God damn, here we go again
But this time I'm set up by my federal friend
Suddenly I hear.. ("Yo, move from the door!") *[two shots]*
Followed by the shot sounded like a four-four *[two shots]*
After the violence, then there was silence
Then I heard.. ("Hey yo it's us, open up the door!")
But rule number one in this game is self-reliance
So I pickd up the mini-mac in case they wanted more
The door opened up, the feds said WHATTUP?
They was stickin you up, so they had to get bucked
Suddenly a sense of trust came over me
I thought to myself, "Well soon I'll be free!"
But as I turned around, I heard the gun go click *[clik-clak]*
I said wait, but it was too late - *[GUNSHOT]*

Writer(s): Muggerud Larry E, Parker Lawrence Krsone

KRS-One Lyrics

"Over Ya Head"

But am I over ya head?
Am I over ya head?
But am I over ya head?
Yo am I over ya head?
But am I over ya head?
Am I over ya head?
Well am I over ya head?
Yo am I over ya head?

Huh? What? Where? Who?
What? Whattyathinkinabout
when who says what when how
You can't maybe follow my style
You be the child, I be the teacher
Smile, who said when, what
mouth not shut, what?
Whenever however whenever
whatever the cut
How you maybe could you ever
believe, that you could so quickly achieve
these crafts, please laugh at his stupid ass
upon your knees in glass
You lust, for everything but trust
So we bust back, with conciously charged art
with a mic instead of a brush

But am I over ya head?
Am I over ya head?
But am I over ya head?
Yo am I over ya head?
Am I over ya head?
Yo am I over your head?
Yo am I over ya head?
Listen..

Yes, us must trust us, who? Us must trust
not fuss with us, us must trust us discuss trusting us
Us must trust us, who? Us must trust
not fuss with us, us must trust us discuss thus trusting us
Trusting us, us must trust discuss
Discuss not trusting us must not fuss
Us with us means us discussing trusting us
Us must trust us, who? Us must trust
not fuss with us, us must dicuss trusting us

But am I over ya head?
Yo am I over your head?
But am I over ya head?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Just To Prove A Point"

Tell me right now, tell me what's wrong
Please tell me something before I'm gone
It seems like we have come to the end
Should I be listening to all my friends

Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?

I'M HEARING THINGS LIKE YOU'LL BE SLEEPING CREEPING BEHIND MY BACK
YOU MIGHT BE LAUGHIN MIGHT BE JOKIN BUT I'M THINKIN IT'S WACK
IF WE ARE OVER LET'S BE OVER AND LET'S LEAVE IT AT THAT
SEE I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANYMORE BECAUSE YOUR LOVE IS AN ACT

Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?

Just who do you, think I really am?
One of your mindless and stupid friends?
Why can't you simply tell me the truth?
So I can hold you, or cut you loose?

I'M NOT THE TYPE TO LISTEN TO WHAT EVERYBODY WILL SAY
BUT MORE AND MORE IT'S SEEMIN THAT I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANYWAY
YOU MAKE ME THINK THAT I MUST SLEEP WITH SOMETHIN OVER MY HEAD
FOR FEAR I WAKE UP IN A POOL OF BLOOD AND PROBABLY DEAD
HOW ARE WE LIVIN? HOW ARE WE LIVIN? IT SEEMS
YOU ARE NOT GIVIN WHAT YOU GAVE IN THE BEGINNING
HOW ARE WE LIVIN? HOW ARE WE LIVIN? IT SEEMS
YOU ARE NOT GIVIN WHAT YOU GAVE IN THE BEGINNING

Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?
Is it true what they say?

I'M HEARING THINGS LIKE YOU'LL BE SLEEPING CREEPING BEHIND MY BACK
YOU MIGHT BE LAUGHING MIGHT BE JOKING BUT I'M THINKING IT'S WACK
IF WE ARE OVER LET'S BE OVER AND LET'S LEAVE IT AT THAT
SEE I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANYMORE BECAUSE YOUR LOVE IS AN ACT
I'M NOT THE TYPE TO LISTEN TO WHAT EVERYBODY WILL SAY
BUT MORE AND MORE IT'S SEEMIN THAT I CAN'T TRUST YOU ANYWAY
YOU MAKE ME THINK THAT I MUST SLEEP WITH SOMETHIN OVER MY HEAD
FOR FEAR I WAKE UP IN A POOL OF BLOOD AND PROBABLY DEAD

Probably dead!
Probably dead.
Probably dead...

KRS-One Lyrics

"4th Quarter - Free Throws"

Yeah, listen to the lyrics
We are the ones prophesized to return
My main concern is for all of you to learn
How to live, yes through the lyrics I give and send my friend
This age is coming to an end
Not the world, but the age is ending
Ending, listen to the astrological message I'm sending
I'm sending, tell em
Truth is truth, whether or not you like me
We are living now in the age of Pisces
When Pisces is over, at the year two thousand
When the Sun of God, changes his house and
enters the Age of Aquarius
The Sun of God as man is hilarious (okay)
When you think of Jesus, think of the Sun
The flaming Sun, that's where they stole this concept from
Stop believing and read your bible logically
The new testament is really old astrology
Jesus is the son of God no lie
But they might be talking about the Sun up in the sky
The Sun, that hangs on the cross of the zodiac
The zodiac with twelve signs to be exact
Each sign is a house, and you should keep in mind
Each house equals, a period of time
The time, two thousand years and that's a fact
It's called an age or a house in the zodiac
The twelve disciples, are twelve months of reason
The four gospels signify the four seasons
When Jesus fed the multitude with two fishes
It signified the Age of Pisces, not fish or dishes
If you read the bible astrologically it's clearer (no doubt)
The next age will be the age of the water-bearer
It's called the Age of Aquarius (word)
When logic and truth will take care of us
So in this age, of spiritual dignity
You'll see a rise in femininity
and creativity, meshed with masculinity
You got to get with me, this is your true her-story (rrryyy!)
Do you wanna go higher...

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, David Jolicoeur, Vincent L. Mason, Kelvin Mercer

KRS-One Lyrics

"Step Into A World / Rapper's Delight (Remix)"

(feat. Puff Daddy)

[Intro: Puff Daddy]
I'ma make you dance
And we won't stop, cause we can't stop *[x3]*
Don't stop
KRS-One
Puff Daddy
Bad Boy remix
Hit me baby

[Verse 1: Puff Daddy, KRS-One]
Hear the sound of my money machine
See the 600 Benz see the chrome rims gleam
See the teacher KRS and the Puff Daddy
See the young black and famous Rich like Matty
With the power and the knowledge at our fingertips
With a style make the ladies wanna lick they lips, shake they hips
Shake they rumps, bass thump
Believin they could fly by the way you jump, player, uhh
Hip-Hop mayor, fat rhyme sayer
From the Boogie Down to the Himilayas I'm

Comentating (say what?) illustrating (yeah)
Descriptions given, adjective expert (I hear you)
Let's work, til your neck hurt (oooh)
Like Bedwork I Rock Steady, you ain't really ready
for the teacher, just when you thought you had me licked
I come equipped with another hit, oh shit!
(I hear you, I hear you, I hear you, I hear you)

[Chorus:]
And we won't stop, cause we can't stop *[x4]*
Step into a world, where there's no one left
But the very best, no MC can test

Step into a world, where there's no one left
But the very best, no MC can test

[Verse 2: Puff Daddy]
Politic with the teacher (c'mon) as the hits reach ya
Puff Daddy and KRS-One, double feature (that's right)
Uptown diplomats, watch chips get stacked
So-and-so, this and that (uhh)
Just 'Show me the money!' Ain't nuttin funny (uh-huh)
Have you stuck on stupid broke feelin crummy (ahah)
Ain't no time for Girl 6
Cause I got a ten, holdin my stack of big Benz
Correographer causin your funky dope maneuver (say what?)
Bad Boy represent, keep it sewer
Killin You Softly wit my song

Call from the heist, I know y'all better think twice (what?)
about the still number one (uh-huh) South South Bronx (say what?)
At the Latin Quarter, dancin witcha daughter (ooh!)
You can't handle me, I keep it tight
With my Bad Boy family, that's right

[Chorus:]
And we won't stop, cause we can't stop *[x4]*
Step into a world, where there's no one left
But the very best, no MC can test

[Verse 3: KRS-One]
Uhh, uhh, South Bronx
You sitin and you wonderin, how we keep it comin in
KRS and Puff again to push it, and shove it in (that's right)
The neighborhood be buggin when we we comin in, rulin
(With more Wildcats than Rick Pitino, I mean yo)
Just Coolin', like Levert, I do work
They love me, thick with G. Simone, Puffy
Young black and educated, that's how we made it (oh yeah)
Study and bring the money in, you can't fade it
This scholar, gets the dollars
While these other scholars just holler (remix)
With no dinero, your zero (remix)
You think I care what you whisper
You got the wrong picture (remix)
I'm chillin with G. Simone eatin dinner (haha)
The 1997 winner, of your respect
High tech, you get the album or cassette (that's right)
And don't forget, while you listenin, skills I flaunt it
That Boogie Down Bronx shit, we on it

[Puffy]
Scott LaRock rest in peace, Biggie Smalls rest in peace
Step into a world
We love y'all, always and forever, and we won't stop
Where there's no one left
Cause we can't stop, and we won't stop
Where the very best
BDP, Bad Boy
No MC can test

Cause we can't stop, and we won't stop *[x4]*
Step into a world, where there's no one left
But the very best, no MC can test
[repeat last refrain to fade]

Rock on, Bad Boy, remix, for eternity baby, BDP rock on rock on..

Writer(s): Deborah Harry, Joseph Kirkland, Lawrence Krsone Parker, Christopher Stein, Sean J. Combs, Rodney Lemay, Andre Maurice Barnes

KRS ONE
THE SNEAK ATTACK

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ghetto Lifestyles"

"Why do you listen to KRS-One?"
"Cause it's more than just music.
He speaks to my way of life."
"KRS is the best. Listen for the inner meanings."
"Never heard, anyone like this."

[KRS-One]
Feel this! Feel it!
Feel the power, of DJ Kenny Parker, word up.. huh!

C'mon, yeah.. uhh.. ("Yeah yeah yeah")
So we gonna come down one time for your mind, you know whassup
Turn it up, turn it up turn it up turn it up
Look!!

We spit out hits, ghetto chicks, chromed out whips
Philosophers rockin your corner movie scripts
Ghetto lifestyles, keep watchin..
("Protect yourself") - that's right!
We spit out hits, ghetto chicks, chromed out whips
Philosophers rockin your corner movie scripts
Ghetto lifestyles, keep watchin..
("Protect yourself")

Yo, all summer they bump the KRS-Oner
From the microscopic atomic structure of the under
I spit thunder, which hunts ya, runs you down and stuns ya
I'm at the center of all rap worlds like a rotunda
Then again, I rock you and your friend again
In any club in the country when you say KRS they say, "Let him in"
V.I.P. passes for intellectuals with glasses
Ignorant asses get left outside with the masses
Next day we attend classes and gatherings
Shattering, those that be rattling about battling
Battin 'em down from the Bronx like Don Mattingly*[?]*
The black African snappin backs again and laughin again
You won't be askin again, my album I'm already masterin
Whoever you think is dope I'm already blastin him

We spit out hits, ghetto chicks, chromed out whips
Philosophers rockin your corner movie scripts
Ghetto lifestyles, keep watchin..
("Protect yourself") - that's right!
We spit out hits, ghetto chicks, chromed out whips

Philosophers rockin your corner movie scripts
Ghetto lifestyles, keep watchin..

KRS-One Lyrics

"Attendance"

[KRS-One]
Who was the first to flash the heat on the cover?
Who was the first crew to go against another?
Who was the first to go acapella on a video replay?
Who was the first to lose a DJ?
Who was the first to teach at Yale?
Who was the first to hit that hip-hop reggae, on the nail?
Who was the first to say (Stop the Violence)
and teach that real bad boys move in silence?
You're soon to see the mindbendin rhyme weapon
Get more busy than two-two-three-double-nine-seven
All these rappers, swear they the best
I know whatchu thinkin about, "Where's KRS?"
Eighty percent of these rappers fake they shit
The other twenty percent they goin upstate and shit
There's no way out except knowledge and wisdom
I got it so I spit 'em you ain't got it you gotta get 'em
Who was the first to produce mix and write
at the same time up in the club rockin the mic?
Who was the first to have a DJ and a side man?
The first to say what is hip-hop? "I AM!"
Who was the first to produce gangster shit?
Put out, gangster hits with a gangster click?
Not no prankster shit, Steady B, Mad Lion
Just-Ice, Shabba Ranks and shit
My Channel is Live, my only battle is Jive
MC to MC, you won't survive
You'll be censored cause my Crew is 2 Live
I ascend like Christ and watch you die

[Chorus: x2]
Breakers (HERE!) MC's (HERE!)
Writers (HERE!) Beat-boxers (HERE!)
DJ's (HERE!) Hip-Hop (HERE!)
Hip-Hop (RIGHT HERE!) Hip-Hop (RIGHT HERE!)

[KRS-One]
I'm like Noah, I'm takin 'em, two by two
I took, them and them and I'll take, you and you
Be I'm right or be I'm wrong
You'll see I'm tight with this mic, you should be like, "B I'm gone"
But you still in my face Neo, I'm not your girl
All that ice and thug life, that's not my world
I'm the teacher, but you still can't see

cause while you respect Tupac, Tupac respected me
Another thing; don't ever show me another ring
Remember you Rudy Ray Moore, I'm Martin Luther King
Everything you bring sounds horrendous
You need repentance, 'fore I take attendance

[Chorus]

[KRS-One hums a melody for a bit]

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hot"

Yeah
Who will be standing when the smoke clears?

[Redman] (KRS-One)

Word up!
What's up with this?
We're coming through
Boogie Down style, kid
What's up
This is KRS-One
The light at the end of the tunnel

Yo, they not HOT, all they do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
I'm HOT, been hot, repeatedly heated
Don't call the teacher, hah, you best be seated
You got these kids gased up like you own the inventory
Fake muthafuckas ain't tellin the whole story
Tell em how you borrow from everyone you knew
And now that you're on top, they can't borrow from you
That's not hot, tell em how you love bein pop
Cause you was so broke before, sleepin cold on a cot
You don't rock, you grab money
Your crocks rock the spot and you grab them honeys
It's about to get ugly
I don't even go to these bullshit kiddie-ass clubs
You wanna be a thug? Let's thug
First of all, soldiers speak to soldiers
Captains speak to captains
Lieutenant/lieutenant, cool?
But your first mistake is: he's steppin to me, rookie
Like you a O.G. and you just a run-up, fool
Who really got these streets on lock?
Whose name really holds high respect on the block?
Who opened up these clubs and taught you how to mix?
Who opened up these thugs from Compton to the Bricks?
I don't even sound like the rest of you kiddies
I study the ways of God, you studyin titties
And ass, I pity your class
Cause you come out with a blast
But you're trash, so you really don't last

They not HOT, all they do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
They not HOT, all they do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
This is hotter than heat, too deep, I'm on top of the streets
You weak, you ain't really rockin these beats
You *[?]* you dress straight, eat straight
But you're a slave, and yo, you can't come up in a heat tank
G-o-d we thank, we watch what we sell
You better hope these Christians are wrong cause you goin to hell
Think about that when you're spittin your raps
And you call out KRS, I'll put you flat on your back
You're not HOT, all you do is talk a lot
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not
What's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
What's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
Who's HOT?
(KRS-One)
That's HOT!
Where's your respect on the block?
[scratching of]
[Redman] (KRS-One need to be runnin for office
So Butta-Pican Rican, tell em to get off it)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Why"

[KRS-One] Class in session. What, is, democracy?
[student] Yo it's the rule of the people. The self rule.
[student] It's what the people want!
[K] That's right. But is this a democracy?
[s] Nah, democracy is a goal to be attained.
[K] That's right. The character of the people should be reflected
[K] in the laws and the institution of the state.
[s] Psssh, I don't see my character reflected!
[K] Tell me

[Chorus 1: KRS-One]
WHY, are all the schools they fallin apart
and WHY, the youth not takin no musical art
and WHY, the professionals really don't know where to start
No, one, really, cares, about
WHY, the people ain't trustin the law and the order
and WHY, the hookers from 70's look like our daughters
and WHY, the radio station they help with the slaughter
No, one, really, cares, about

[KRS-One]
The mind, they usin until it's time they doin a rhyme
will ruin what you doin if you crime pursuin
Let me tell you bout gettin your family out the mean ghetto
to green meadows, where you can finally be settled
That street level, freak level, pullin out heat level
Eatin meat level, deceit level, that's that beast level
You gotta stand upright in a house with three levels
Where you don't even see devils unless he shovels the snow
Many philosophers live on the low
Never crazy hazy or lazy we get up and go
Whaddya know, I'm always teaching after the show
Not messin with hoes, I'm with my wife, changin my clothes
Blowin my nose, deliverin blows to foes
with new flows; then disappear where nobody knows
Cause I got too many questions, too many lessons
I gotta go, too many people stressin but I gotta know

[Chorus 2: KRS-One]
WHY, these officers gunnin us down on our block
and WHY, the President never steps in on these cops
and WHY, the mayor don't even look like he in shock
No, one, really, cares, about
WHY, the call of the poor is always ignored

and WHY, the senators governors breakin the law
and WHY, they taxin and taxin and taxin the poor
No, one, really, cares, about

[KRS-One]
You, me, or themselves you can tell, they livin in hell
But they come on the TV lookin so swell
Sellin you dreams of schemes of you gettin green and cream
But they never explain the work and all it means
You got to visualize, close the lid on your eyes
and visualize, minimize lies
See yourself bigger in size, quicker to rise up
wise up climb up, before your time's up but

[Chorus 1]

[s] The votes
[K] That's right
[s] The politics
[K] That's right
[s] The government you know!
[K] Uh-huh, people basically have the government they want
[s] If people felt dissed, they'd be out rebellin right now

KRS-One Lyrics

"Doth Thou Know"

[KRS-One]
Thou knowest not what thou sayeth in speech?
Doth thou know what thou teacheth to each?
From thine own mouth, thy corrupt thine own house
Thy corrupt thine siblings and thine own spouse
Satan has hold of thy spirit
So evil has hold of thy lyric
Whomsoever shall hear it shall adapt it
And walk the talk of evil just as ye rapped it
But I cometh forth today to say thus
Evil is an illusion, in GOD we trust
In Satan we lust
Coveting thy brother's vehicle while riding the bus
Feeling unjust
Trust not sinners in the flesh they aren't winners
But in the spirit they art children, beginners
Eat not of the dinner they serve
Seek the experienced MC, not the beginners in word

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Lessin"

(feat. April S. Williams)

Yeah.. uh-huh.. underground, never stop y'all
Underground, K.P. y'all c'mon!

[Chorus: April S. Williams]
Ain't no stoppin what we done
Don't give up this fight is won
There's no way they can hold us down
Cause with power and strength we gonna take it now
Take that stand realize the truth
Knowledge intellect bringin minds anew
There's no way they can hold us down
Cause with power and strength we gonna save you now

[KRS-One over Chorus]
Uh-huh
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh-huh
Tell them again, tell them again!
Uhh
Get 'em up now, word
Just get it up now, uh-huh
ALL OF THE MASSIVE!

[KRS-One]
B, R, O, N, X
See these cars, see these checks, intellect
See these thugs, ain't no sweat, intellect
A thousand miles, how do you do it? One step
Now check out this flow, they wanna be down, but they cain't
Original (Criminal Minded) flow, they just ain't
ready for the real, ready to peel off the paint
Your style is fake, the teacher returns to debate
You the best? That's bull, you questionable
Highly flexible, wasn't you sexual?
Now you hardcore? You need to see God more
I sit on the faculty; you, you sophomore

[Chorus]

[KRS-One over Chorus]
Uhh, get 'em up
Yeah, get 'em up uhh
Yeah, uhh, that's right

That's right uh-huh, tell 'em again
It go.. get 'em up
Yeah, that's right, uh-huh
Uh-huh
Another Kenny Parker exclusive!

[KRS-One]
Time to get it, now you did it, tryin to spit it
You don't fit it, ask the critics, already did it, skipped the gimmicks
I don't mimic, metaphysics, you'll admit it, better to live it
better to give it, so I spit it every minute so you get it
My lyric is wicked an' full of culture y'all
Huh? Battle, nah - get back in your car
Either you never heard of me or you really wanna get with me
But as your teacher let me test you for a learning disability
You feeling me? Cause you can't, get it through your head
This is, sui-CIDE!! You're better off dead
Let me not amp you up, cause this style you can't do what
My stomach can take it and your stomach it'll cramp you up
This is, breath control, breath control stylee
I get up all in that ass that *[?]* heinie
Try me, back in the days you woulda had sorrow
Try the teacher today, and you won't see tomorrow cause

[Chorus]

[KRS-One over Chorus]
Uhh, we get 'em up
Uhh, that's right, get 'em up
Yeah, uh-huh, get 'em up
Yeah, ONE MORE TIME NOW!
Uhh, that's right, get 'em up
Uh-huh, uh-huh, get 'em up I HEAR YOU
Uh-huh, I HEAR YOU, WORD UP!
LOOK AT THIS!

[KRS-One]
Like a piss on the streets I exist
Not the meat but the fish
Complete the feat when I'm speakin the heat into this
Witness Kris rippin this
Don't trip on this, skip ahead if you're ready
My show medley is deadly
I'm about a hundred million mic years away
These players I don't hate, but I'm not here to play
I hit it all day, all night, all afternoon
Rock all mics from the days of sassoon
Where the hell was you? On the corner with rats
when we was at the LQ, lockin it down and that was that

Divine speaker, mind keeper, time teacher, time leader
I'll be sittin in the club by the speaker
Waitin for you rappers to choke up then I eat ya
like some prehistoric winged creature, AHHH!
On your neck, like the American eagle facin East and West
I be the best, Blastmaster KRS cause

[Chorus]

[KRS-One over Chorus]
We get 'em up
Uhh, yo, we get 'em up
Like, YEAH, I SEE IT OVER THERE
I SEE IT OVER THERE, IT'S.. YEAH IT'S OVER HERE!
Uhh! Uhh, one more time we get it up
Yeah, yeah, we get it
Uhh, uhh, IT'S OVER HERE NOW!
IT'S OVER HERE NOW! UHH!

[April and KRS-One ad lib]

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]
Attention all true hip-hoppers
Let us come together, for the unity of hip-hop culture
Every third week in May, is hip-hop appreciation week
Celebrate with us
Then, join us in November, for hip-hop history month
Big up, to the Zulu Nation, PEACE!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Mind"

[Chorus 1: x2]
First thing we must do is make up our - MIND
Then we must go and really clear our - MIND
Erase the doubt and the fear from our - MIND
Share our - MIND, speak our - MIND

Stand up brother, stand up sister
I told y'all before, love is gonna get'cha
Lovin that money, lovin that liquor
Lovin that sex without respect you gets no bigger
I ain't got time to chill, only got time to build
You find that in those with skills
This a real MC, of the highest degree
With no video, my show they dyin to see
Not whether I'm buyin 'em three
When you watch television just keep sayin they lyin to me
Cause they are - how long you gonna stay at the bar?
I'm not desperate for money, maybe you are, but listen

[Chorus 2: x2]
First thing we gon' do is make up our - MIND
Then we gon' go, and we gon' clear our - MIND
Erase the doubt and the fear from our - MIND
Share our - MIND, speak our - MIND

Don't you think it's time we thought about the future?
Whether our children they gonna be winners or losers?
Don't you think it's time to advance the rhyme we spit?
Whether you know it or not, you deep in politics
All inside of it, in fact YOU the issue
Don't let this government diss you!
They really do not want you to vote
They really do not want you to hope
They really want you sniffin they coke
You look around yo we missin the boat
I coulda wrote about ANYTHING to get on, but this what I wrote
And what I'm writin, is guaranteed to enlighten
Like Dr. Cornel West, Michael Eric Dyson
This is how we do it today, enough of the crime talk
KRS got somethin new to say
Rise up, and put aside childish things
This is the message we bring; listen

[Chorus 2]

Last verse, KRS, blast first
Ignorance is bad, but temptation that's worse
They hide they purse, cause of the way we spit the verse
No one ever told 'em that the style's rehearsed
And even if they did, it wouldn't be new to they mind
Cause all day rappers confess to doin these crimes
So when the cops see you, they're not thinkin about me
They thinkin about takin you out of society
Keep it right, don't lie to me
You think it's too much preachin teachin?
Huh, well fine, we'll see
When you're locked up in J.D.C., or even prison
The truth shall set you free, just listen
You want health, and really that's about prevention
You want love, real love, and not depression
You want awareness, which come from discipline and will
You want wealth, which come from skills
When you really ready to talk, let's build
You ain't gotta be a scholar to know the next 4 years gonna be ill
I believe you already know the drill, don't lie
don't steal, seek peace and don't kill

[Chorus 1]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hiphop Knowledge"

You know.. life is funny..
If you don't repeat the actions of your own success
you won't be successful
You gotta know your own formula, your own ingredients
What made you, YOU..

1987 I was at the Latin Quarters
Listenin to Afrika Bambaata give the order
The call of the order was to avoid the slaughter
He said, "Record companies ain't got nuttin for ya!"
Without a lawyer, he taught The Infinity Lessons
In how hip-hop could be a, many a blessing
And that was great, so in 1988
there was no debate, we had to end the hate
The name of the game was "Stop the Violence"
and unity, knowledge, and self-reliance
We - started talkin bout Martin and Malcolm
Had these ghetto kids goin, "Huh, what about him?"
1989, Professor Griff speaks his mind
but his freedom of speech is declined
1990 came with the West coast
East coast, West coast, who is the best coast?
Lookin back now, of COURSE it was bogus
The whole argument was where we lost focus
We got hopeless; not with the lyrics and music
but with hip-hop, and how we used it
Or abused it, you know how the crew get
"You like it cause you choose it"
1991, we opened our eyes
with Human Education Against Lies, we tried
to talk about the state of humanity
But all these others rappers got mad at me
They called me "Captain Human", another message was sent
"Self Destruction don't pay the {fuckin} rent"
Remember that? Nobody wanted conscious rap
It was like - where these ballers at?
Where can they call us at? All was wack
Hip-Hop culture was fallin flat and that was that
So in 1992, I found my crew
They said, "Yo Kris, what you wanna do?"
I said, "Damn - why they wanna get with me?
If I bust they {shit} I'm contradictory.
If I play the bitch role, they take my shoe.
Tell me what the {fuck} am I supposed to do?"

So I did it, don't stop get it get it get it
All of a sudden these critics they wanna spit it
"Kay Are Ess One is con-tra-dic-to-ry"
Just cause I wouldn't let these rappers get with me
{Fuck} that, {fuck} you and {fuck} your pen
If a rapper wanna diss, yo I'd do it again
But I'm makin these ends, and I got my friends
And I really don't wanna have to sit in the pen
So I go back to the philosopher
1993 hip-hop is uhh.. wack
Go back, check the facts
1994, "Return of the Boom Bap"
It wasn't all about the loot
It was all about Harry Allen Rhythm Cultural Institute
Blowin up, 1995
Conscious rap is still alive
But nobody wanna play it, nobody wanna say it
Nobody okayed it, they'd all rather hate it
1996 it really don't stop
We put together somethin called the Temple of Hip-Hop
Not just DJin, breakin, graf and lyrics
But how hip-hop affects the spirit
"Step Into a World," that's what I did
1997 I was raisin my kid
or kids, but I, had to go
Cause New York DJ's changed the flows
to clothes and hoes, but that wasn't me
I'll be damned if I dance for the MTV
So in 1998 I began to debate
Should I go now, or should I really wait?
'99, I moved to L.A. you see
and took a gig with the WB
Started studyin philosophy full-time
To have a full heart, full body, full mind
But you know what the problem is or was?
DJ's don't raise our kids, cuz
they so caught up in the cash and jewels
How they gonna really see a hip-hop school?
How they gonna really see a hip-hop temple?
They don't even wanna play my instrumentals, but
big up Dr. Dre, Snoop, Xzibit
Especially Xzibit, he was there in a minute
Mic Conception, all of them, said
"Yo you need help? I should call them"
When I was in L.A., I held the crown
Bloods, Crips, they held me down
I could never forget Mad Lion, killer pride
with the gat in the lap in the low-ride
Oh I can't forget, Icy Ice, Lucky Lou

Julio G, that was the crew
Davey D, Ingrid, David Connor
The list goes on and on, let me tell ya
FredWreck, and my man Protest
Much respect, no less
To my spiritual and mental defenders
Big up to L.A., temple members
But in 2000, I seen how I wanted to live
I wasn't no executive
So I picked up the mic and I quit my job
Said to Simone I gotta get with God
She said, "Don't worry bout these dollars and quarters.
Record companies ain't got nuttin for ya."
Damn, she took me back to Bam!
Took me back to who I am!
Brought me back to the New York land!
Now I overstand!..

[interviewer]
Now KRS-One, now you've been quoted as saying that
rap is something we do, hip-hop is something you live.
[KRS] Yes!
[interviewer]
Explain that to us please.
[KRS-One]
Well, well, today hip-hop, we are advocating that hip-hop is not,
just a music, it is an attitude, it is an awareness, it is a way
to view the world. So rap music, is something we do, but HIP-HOP,
is something we live. And we look at hip-hop, in it's 9 elements;
which is breaking, emceeing, graffiti art, deejaying, beatboxing,
street fashion, street language, street knowledge, and street
entrepenurialism - trade and business. And uhh, that's where y'know
that's the hip-hop that that that we're about. We come from the uhh
the root of, of Kool DJ Herc, who originated hip-hop in the early 70's
and then Afrika Bambaata and Zulu Nation (mmhmm)
who instigated something called The Infinity Lessons
and added conciousness to hip-hop, and then Grandmaster Flash
with the invention of the mixer, on to Run-D.M.C. and then myself.
And uhh, we created the "Stop the Violence" movement, you may recall
a song, "Self Destruction" and and and so on. All of this, goes to
uhh uhh, the idea of LIVING this culture out and taking responsibility
for how it looks and and acts in society.

KRS-One Lyrics

"What Kinda World"

There's no such thing as a government
There's only people rulin over people
People jerkin around people
People lendin a hand to people..
What part of the system do you play?
Who do you oppress? ..Uhh!

[Chorus]
What kinda world are we livin in? Yo
What kinda world are we livin innnnnn?
Can I get with my people? Can I sit with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?

[Chorus 1/2]

When every day, seven thousand kids are gettin locked up
When every day the justice system seems to stay stocked up
When every day they cuttin 'em down 'fore they even pop up
When every day you gotta duck 'fore you get shot up
What kinda world are we livin in, spinnin in
Winnin in, sinnin in, let us begin again
Churches are ran like corporations makin me holla
Corporations are ran like churches praisin the dollar
There's no way out, or is it? Release your doubt and live it
Teachin metaphysics don't listen to these critics hear it
What kinda world are we livin in?
Believe in yourself, achieve for yourself, see for yourself
Speak for yourself, never weaken yourself, by deceivin yourself
Believe in your wealth, c'mon!

[Chorus]

Yo, yo, yeah
What kinda world are we livin out, we move about
in fear and doubt, tryin to get more clout
Just check it check it out, we took the wrong route
to a morality drought, basically I'm callin 'em out
What kinda world are we livin in, when a song
will not get on, unless it talks 'bout thongs
Now where did we go wrong? We don't have long
Preference all torn all worn not norm and all gone
What kinda world do we live around, when we lay around
Let me break it down, they shuttin us down
while we play around, we fallin, stallin

while God's callin, all in to fall in

[Chorus]

[Chorus 1/2]

When every day another unwanted pregnancy ends
When every day another person is betrayed by a friend
When every day it never ends, and the people pretend
like the President is there cause of them, let me ask
What kinda world can we really trust
when the cops they can shoot at us? Bo bo!
What kinda world can we really grow (ohh)
when our daughters wanna be hoes (ohh)
and a father that nobody knows (ohh)
and a mother wearin them sexy clothes (ho)
What kinda world are we livin in, yo
What kinda world are we livin in, uhh

[Chorus: w/ variations]

Can I get with my people? Can I sit with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?
Can I sit with my people? Can I get with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?
Can I sit with my people? Can I get with my people?
Break bread with my people? Move ahead with my people?

Fresh.. for two-thousand-one.. you SU-CKAZZZZZZ!

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Will Make It"

(feat. Hezekiah Walker Choir)

[KRS-One]
Instead of reading the word of Christ, BE the word of Christ
Instead of following God's word, BE God's word
That's the conciousness of hip-hop
You are not just doing hip-hop, you ARE hip-hop
You are not just reading the word of God, you ARE the word of God

[KRS] I will make it
[HWC] I will make it!
[KRS] They can fake it
[HWC] [?]
[KRS] Time that I state it
[HWC] I can create it
[KRS] I create it
[HWC] No one can make it

[KRS-One]
For me, what you see is what you get in these days
I'm so hungry you can throw my dinner right on the stage
You can bite down on my rage, bite down on my anticipation
With no doubt or hesitation, repeat this affirmation
(I WILL MAKE IT) Not I wanna make it
(SHOW 'EM HOW WE MAKE IT) In fact, we've made it
Every time we state and believe it we create it
The power of your very word is highly underrated
Sleepin in the dark in the park watchin others push they cart
Say this whole thing in your heart

[KRS] I will make it
[HWC] I will make it!
[KRS] They can fake it
[HWC] [?]
[KRS] Time that I state it
[HWC] I can create it
[KRS] I create it
[HWC] No one can make it

[KRS-One]
For me, I ain't askin I ain't beggin I ain't pleadin
In a positive direction my lifestyle I'm leadin
I'm readin about ways of achievin what I'm believin
Every time I'm speakin I'm seein myself leapin
over buildings, over the one on the corner chillin

Straight into knowledge of self, countin up millions
Changin my situation, with creative visualization
Givin libation for this ancient information

[KRS] I will make it
[HWC] I will make it!
[KRS] They can fake it
[HWC] [?]
[KRS] Time that I state it
[HWC] I can create it
[KRS] I create it
[HWC] No one can make it

[KRS] For me
[HWC] I will make it.. cause you're gonna make it!
[HWC] I will make it.. cause you're gonna make it!
[HWC] I will make it.. cause you're gonna make it!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Get Your Self Up"

Yeah
(Yeah)
Yeah
(Yeah)
Ah-ha
(Ah-ha)
Ah-ha
(Ah-ha)
Hardcore!
Word
Hardcore!

[live excerpt]
(You really think they're ready, black?)
Let's break it all the way down
All the way down
Huh-huh
Don't be fooled
Don't be fooled
Rap is something you do
Hip-hop is something you live
Rap is something you do
Hip-hop is something you.. *[crowd responds]*
Rap is something you do
Hip-hop.. *[crowd responds]*
You are not just doing hip-hop..
[crowd responds]

Yeah
Let's get this started
Word up

[CHORUS]
You gotta - get - your - self - up!
You been knocked down?
Get yourself up!
You been shot down?
Get yourself up!
You been locked down?
Get yourself up!
Get - your - self - up!
Been knocked down?
Get yourself up!
Been shot down?

Get yourself up!
You been locked down?
Get yourself up!

What is a real hip-hop MC?
Is it MTV, is it BET?
Is it five m-i-c's
So the people can see
I mean, how you think you're free
When you act like property?
Tell me, how do you judge an MC when he's rockin
I mean rockin it live, not pickin his cotton
I mean adjustin his clothes, I mean how do you know
Before you come to the show that you're not gettin heated
That you're not gettin cheated
That you ain't come to the club thinkin 'I must've been weeded!'
(Word)
You got to be a educated consumer
Spend your money on MC's cause these rappers'll do ya
Ass they want is your cash, ass, grass, gas in a flick
When you ask for that autograph they ass-dash quick
Beware of the rapper, he talks like it don't matter
He pulls his gat while we bust off the gatler

[CHORUS]

This is the "Sneak Attack"
The "Edutainment" style returns like that
Take it off your shelf
Cause all we deal with is knowledge of self, health and wealth
Not Stealth bombers, leather goose bombers
Original hip-hop armor on cd-rom - eh
You got to get with a
21st century philosopher
Representin the religion of hip-hop, sir
Those that oppose are foes and will get rocked - eh
Stopped, eh - I rise like a helicopter
Like Zulu I'll Shaka, crowd
With a beat that's loud
Huh, I'm black and I'm proud - irrelevant
I'm black and intelligent
I teach my kids to watch the education they give em
Cause it's really all about street wisdom

[CHORUS]

True hip-hoppers don't bleed
True hip-hoppers don't need
True hip-hoppers don't speed

No time for greed
True hip-hoppers do read
And will lead, not plead
Will sow seeds that breed
Ah-ha that's safer than weed, indeed
True hip-hoppers don't slave
True hip-hoppers don't crave
Silver and gold, we're not amazed
We live f-r-e-e
If you not into lyrics you can't really hear it nor see me
My philosophy keeps it plain and simple
Here it is: the kingdom of hip-hop is within you
Or is it the kingdom of hell that sends you?
I'm ringin a bell within you
You only seek in a cell, that's what sin do
It tells you to put your craft on a menu, a chart
So they can sell you and your art

[CHORUS]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Krush Them"

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
We CRUSH, THEM, and they crew
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to do
While they floss with the chi-ching and all the rings
You stay focused, keep doin your thing
You cannot get the diamond ring, if you can't really sing
Or if you haven't got a skill, that you ready to fling
What you bringin to the table if you not really able
Tryin to get to the top, like the Tower of Babel
Back in the days, remember all the old gold cables
Where they at now? Sold, when they dropped from the label
All the money they gave you made you very unstable
They really enslaved but you wasn't able with the coke in your nasal
to see, you up in the crib but they rockin your cradle
You a joke and you fatal, they made you an M.C.
Meaning: Most Confused
Not E-M-C-E-E, that's what I use
Many people really wanna know from me
when I'ma drop and they can go cop, the next LP
Or CD, or T-A-P-E you see
It's about word of mouth, for me

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
We CRUSH, THEM, and they rap
Yo, they don't really know where the money is at
And what's funny is that, is if you'd just stay focused
they'd be the one to be the brokest!
I'm from the inner city, that's right
Flashy asses and titties that's right
No pity mad graffiti that's right
Broken gang treaties, that's real
I speak complete broken slang freely at will
I spit what I'm about to spit, get what I'm about to get
Never no counterfeit, movin about a bit
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, only a few like the sound of it
Others can't get down with it (ONE.. TWO.. THREE.. BREAK!)
So why did I have to come off my sabbatical?
Battle you? My metachromatical will splatter you

I got another track to do, I can't mack witchu
Your rhymes are fictional, mine are factual
I'll embarass you, I'm glad to do
I'm the teacher but in the streets it can be bad for you
I feel sad for you, cause you frontin like you gettin ahead
but you really on E instead
I've come to show these people you're not my equal
All you want is the cash and a hoe in a see-through
Yeah; KRS-One comin through with the breeze team
You know how we do

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
Yo we crush them, and they squad
Let me tell you right now that it's all about God
You can walk around the streets like you livin it hard
But a real teacher know when you scarred
I refuse to be bought, I refuse to snooze
I refuse to come up short, I refuse to lose
I refuse to be caught in the court
I refuse to refuse bein taught, I refuse evil thoughts
Cause they whole {shit's} wack, trap's wack
You're wack, you're pack's wack, in fact I jab-slap that
Cap at that, now, retract that crap, wherever I'm in or at
You better go back and sip that crap
Bring your gat, I'm lovin that
Like football, you'll be, runnin-back
Blazin 'em, merely dazin 'em, barely playin 'em out
These are God's lyrics, I'm just sayin 'em out

We crush, them, and they click
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to get
You supposed to get free and intelligent
Not a platinum plaque, that's irrelevant
We CRUSH, THEM, and they crew
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to do
You supposed to be buttoned up right to your neck
If you a woman, you'll get respect
Let me tell you we crush the, and they crew
Let me tell you right now what you supposed to be
You supposed to be a man of integrity
Above the law, you effect destiny
We CRUSH, THEM, and they lies
This is concious rap, we not hypnotized
Anywhere the action's at, we rappin at
Takin it home and unpackin that-that-that

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hush"

(feat. Nyce (The Breeze Team))

Uh-huh, whatchu thought? Uh-huh, we was done?
Uh-huh, whatchu thought?! Yeah, yeah
Yeah, whatchu thought? Uhh, uhh, uhh
Yo, yo, back again! What's that? Back again!
What's that? Word! C'mon

[Chorus x2: Nyce]
A North Face and skully hat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A army suit, a pair of Timbs don't MAKE YOU A THUG
An ill mug and a gat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]
Yo, yo, yo, check it, check it
Let us begin, KRS, winnin again, KRS-One did it again
KRS bigger than them, look at them they bit it again
I think my gun just gonna start clickin again
Click-clack, I always spit back
Anybody call my name I go get that
In fact we draggin 'em out, to a deserted route
The teacher returns, you must learn, the word is out
No doubt highly respected, Front Page Records
Off the hook, yet still connected
Are you teachin yourself, teachin yourself?
I'm like history repeatin itself
"Criminal Minded", you've been blinded again
Lookin for my style you can't find it again
You can find these others that may sound like Kris
but when it comes to the hands they don't get down like Kris!
They never ran up in the clubs with a hundred thugs
Never had the respect of Crips and Bloods
Never knew B.O., they never knew Big Pun
They never battled MC's, they never bust they gun
They don't know that, all they know is that show DAT
That's Digital Audio Tape if you don't know that
Now go back and get my name correct
'fore I snatch that platinum from 'round your neck

[Chorus x2: Nyce]
A doo rag a platinum chain don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A fat ride with chrome don't MAKE YOU A THUG
That tough guy talk don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]
Word, yeah yeah, uh-huh, yo
Yo, yo, yo (hit 'em Kris!)
What mean the world to me? H-I-P, H-O-P
And S-I-M, O-N-E
And G-O-D, I stay low key
I go down to hell, and slap up Satan
Then return to heaven, where Scott LaRock is waitin
Resurrection, just like my brown complexion
when I speak, I don't need protection from the heat
I walk these streets and I'm quick to hit first
Throw on any beat I'll be quick to spit first
and rip town, I take one look around
And all you hear is, "Get down, get down, get down!"
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, I stay on blast
That's why these rappers want me to go on last
That's the truth, that's the fact, that's the deal
Forget sex appeal, my tech is real
And my rep is real, K-R-S
Woo-woop-woop! That's the sound of E-M-S
The rag on your head, it best stay white
Cause I can turn that red in a mintue a-ight?
Now go back and get my name correct
'fore I snatch them diamonds from 'round your neck
Once again, get my name correct
'fore I snatch that platinum from 'round your neck

[Chorus: Nyce]
A North Face and skully hat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A army suit, a pair of Timbs don't MAKE YOU A THUG
An ill mug and a gat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!
A doo rag a platinum chain don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A fat ride with chrome don't MAKE YOU A THUG
That tough guy talk don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

[KRS-One]
Yeah.. yeah.. yo, yo, yo
To all my heads who wanna see an improvement
in hip-hop culture, join this movement
We need more glocks than my man Freddie Foxxx
The knowledge I spit to the click it don't stop
That hardcore God-core, ready to start war
Rock more shock more top your pop tour
I'm sure I'll drop the grade to zero
When the teacher return, I don't chase DeNiro
Like where yo? Where yo? They livin in fear yo

It's a jungle sometime, but I got my spear yo
The album's called "Sneak Attack", that's what it is
KRS-One spittin facts to kids

[Chorus: Nyce]
A army suit, a pair of Timbs don't MAKE YOU A THUG
That tough guy talk don't MAKE YOU A THUG
An ill mug and a gat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!
A doo rag a platinum chain don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A North Face and skully hat don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A fat ride with chrome don't MAKE YOU A THUG
A real thug is a thug that's HUSH!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Sneak Attack"

(feat. April S. Williams)

[April S. Williams]
We keep it tight.. we keep it right..
We're comin strong.. we're movin on.. (yeah)
It's time to rise.. and unify..
Keep comin strong (uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh!)
Just keep movin on..

[KRS-One]
Yo, where's my people at?
We be where the elite be at
We really never need the gat, we comin with a sneak attack
In fact, best believe we back
What we rap it heats the track
Kenny Parker sees to that, my job is to teach these cats
Present the clear speech they lack
And show 'em how to eat from rap

[April S. Williams]
We keep it tight.. we keep it right.. (that's right)
We're comin strong.. (uh-huh, yeah) we're movin on.. (tell 'em again!)
(Uhh) It's time to rise.. and unify.. (yeah, yeah)
Keep comin strong (uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh!)
Just keep movin on..

[KRS-One]
You know why the devil can't get with me?
Cause he's a liar, I've got victory
You can stick with me, my click is free
Negativity, that doesn't live with me
These rappers on one, I've skipped to three
These rappers on A, I've skipped to C
My image, heads ain't quick to be
So I thank you for pickin me
I know why people got to know, these wack rappers got to go
Let a MC rock the show
I'll show 'em how it 'posed to go
We forgot simply what we supposed to know
We still must defeat the foe
So what you got the dough? Your words don't make us glow
In fact they make us slow
How long this gonna take to know you ain't gotta be a hoe?

[April S. Williams]

We keep it tight.. we keep it right.. (yeah)
We're comin strong.. (yeah, yeah) we're movin on.. (uh-huh)
(Tell them again!) It's time to rise.. and unify.. (yeah)
Keep comin strong (uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh!)
Just keep movin on..

[KRS-One]
Look at the teacher, I stay attuned
People are blessed when I walk in the room
Snakes*[?]* don't stop me, and if they did
they'd be askin for a tag 'fore they kids
Medical students lose it when I enter any hospital
Doctors wanna talk music and whatever's topical
It's all logical, I perform the impossible
Through words I put hip-hop in you; listen
Here's what we got to do, unify
Defeat the flesh, defeat the beast in you and I
Win or lose I never shout, believe in yourself and never doubt
Discipline is simply a better route

[April S. Williams]
We keep it tight - we keep it tight
We keep it right - we keep it right
We're comin strong - comin strong
We're movin on - movin on!
It's time to rise - it's time to rise
And unify - unifyyyy
Keep comin strong - comin strong
Just keep movin on - keep on movin on
We keep it tight - we keep it tight
We keep it right - we keep it right
We're comin strong - we're comin strong
We're movin on - movin on!
It's time to rise - it's time to rise
And unify - it's time to unify
Keep comin strong
Just keep movin on - keep on movin on
..
Just keep movin on - keep on movin on
Just keep movin on - we gotta keep on movin on
Just keep movin on - wake up and realize
Just keep movin on - that you just keep movin on
Just keep movin on - it's time to realize
Just keep movin on - that you gotta keep movin on
Just keep movin on - keep movin on, keep movin on
Just keep movin on - you gotta keep movin on, you gotta take that time
Just keep movin on - you gotta realize, that it's time
- keep on movin on, keep on movin on

KRS-One Lyrics

"Shutupayouface"

Yeah, whassup?
Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupayouface!
Look at this place!
Why was I chosen to pick up the race?
And carry the flame, the torch, the name?
Millenium games, it's all the same
Sinners repent, many for fear
End of the year, everyone cheers
Only a few hear my voice in they ears
Everyone else well they really don't care
But what if I told you I could read the future
and in the future, they the losers
We the winners, cause they the sinners
Well it's all mathematics, can I eat my dinner
and think (think) why was I made to link
between them and the universe; battle, who the first?
I don't really care, cause I'm really not here
I'm showin you skill, but you still sayin "Where?"

Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupayouface!
Every race, walkin around with they head up in space
They cannot see that we all really one
In any battle I already won
Thank the creator, it's already done
KRS-One? Leavin 'em stunned
Dunn duh-duh dunn dunn done it again
Me and Will and my brother named Ken, now let me tell you
The bass in your face, the highs in your eyes
will make you real-IZE
If you down with the Temple of Hip-Hop, you not no average GUY, or girl
C'mon take a critical look in my world
See the metaphysical books that I twirl and twist
Forces the ventriloquist
I'm just a dummy gettin money at this name Kris

Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupayouface!
KRS-One, Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everyone
Look, I be chillin readin a book

While the hip-hop nation repeats my hooks
All I wanna see is y'all healthy and wealthy
Yeah we already did it, really what can they tell me
About the pimps and the hoes, players and the clothes
You gets no money if you got no flow, no skill
C'mon y'all it's time to build
If you got no skill, how you gon' build?
Build, c'mon y'all it's time to build
If you got no skill, how you gon' build?

Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupayouface! Negative ass..
We bring the light!

North Carolina - they got me
Florida - they got me
Texas - yeah they rock me
In New York City they got me
L.A. - ha hah, they got me
Canada - Up North they rock me
D.C. - Atlanta, they got me
Ha hah - none of y'all can't stop me

Whassamatta you? (You) Why you lookin so sad (so sad)
KRS is back (he's back!) But you don't look so glad
Ahh shutupayouface! ..
Give it to 'em..

KRS-One Lyrics

"False Pride"

[KRS-One]
Okay now, listen to this..
[sound effect: seagulls]
A mystical teacher sat by the seaside
It was about five o'clock cause we heard the free ride
Anyway; the teacher was talking in stride
sitting upon a rock that was wide
and warning against false pride
"Come to where I reside!" a woman cried
and the teacher replied, "Do you serve your fish fried?"
"Yes," she replied, "with potato salad on the side."
And the teacher replied, "Well where do you reside?"
She said, "Up on the hillside, it's not a far ride.
If you came to have dinner, I would be so gratified."
The teacher replied, "It's six o'clock, seven o'clock, you decide."
She replied, "Seven o'clock, do you like stir-fried?"
She was mystified and felt so dignified
The teacher was coming to the house where she resides
So she purified with pesticides
[sound effect: chemicals sprayed]
Called her friends up nationwide
[sound effect: phone being dialed]
Some of her friends were tongue-tied they felt so glorified
She made steamed fish, baked fish, fish that was fried
Soup, steamed vegetables, potato salad on the side
[sound effect: food cooking]
You could smell the bread in the oven far and wide
Natural juices and water purified
Organic fruits brought from the countryside
with silver forks and knives placed side by side
[sound effect: silverware clinks]
You could not be dissatisfied;
looking out the window staring at the mountainside,
you would have died
6:59 she's swollen with pride
As the moment intensified, there's a knock from outside
[sound effect: door knocking]
She opens the door, for the teacher has arrived
[sound effect: door creaks open]
But to her surprise, it was a bum who cried
"Please, I smelt the bread from outside!
One piece," and then she replied
"The teacher is coming, he's soon to have arrived.
You're making me look bad, come on now, step aside!"

The bum then replied,
"When I say I'm hungry I haven't lied.
Give me some of that chicken that you just fried."
[sound effect: food cooking]
She replied, "Chicken - fried?
No that's for the teacher, you're not purified"
Then she slammed the door and went back inside
[sound effect: door closes]
Sat on the couch with the TV Guide
She looked at the clock, it was 7:09, then 7:30;
he still hasn't arrived
Eight o'clock, she's on the downside
Nine o'clock, by now she's teary-eyed
She's pissed off and her anger multiplied
She cried, then fell asleep dissatisfied
Next day she woke up, and was preoccupied
with meeting the mystical teacher who lied
Where could he hide?
She ran down by the seaside
[sound effect: seagulls]
He was there teaching about - false pride
"You lied!" she replied, "You lied!
You said you'd be there at seven o'clock, you lied!"
He replied, "No I have not lied.
I came at 6:59, and you told me to move aside.
I asked for bread and the chicken that was fried.
[sound effect: food cooking]
And you said, that I wasn't purified."
She replied, "I wasn't notified!
I had no idea that you was the bum that cried!"
And the teacher sighed, then replied,
"This concludes our lesson on false pride."

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Raptism"

(feat. Hezekiah Walker Choir)

So gather round now for the raptism
Cause if the dogs don't get 'em
the cattle get 'em, or the gat'll get 'em, or the crack'll get 'em
Time for spiritual activism, life is a journey
and Kris got the map with him
Teach latinos and blacks with 'em
It's amazing when whites and asians kick raps with 'em
Cause out of a thousand MC's, believe I taught half of 'em
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, I beam through many images
My origin is a mystery like capstones on pyramids
We live it kid, challenge the teacher you will regret that
I'm giving careers and taking careers away, did you forget that?
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] Better check that, you can rock this track and the next track
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] But when I correct the spirit hit, you'll always be set back
So gather round now for the raptism
Only those that got hip-hop in 'em
and not rap in 'em and no crack with 'em
Step up now and receive a holy dose
from a holy host, and take a break from these rappers that only boast
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)]
[HWC] Wake up, to make up
[KRS] Yeah yeah, yeah
[HWC] Wake up, to make up
[KRS] Huh, huh, yeah yeah, yeah
[HWC] Wake up, to make up
[KRS] Yo, yeah, yo..
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] My intellectual battle will make your brains rattle
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] I'll unwrap you and your crew from the same shackle
I'm on many different planes like a airport
Psychologically you be rethinkin your identity and cuttin ya hair short
Now there's a thought, that exposes your insecurity
You put no fear in me, I break the M from the C
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] And reverse it to say "See 'em? See 'em?"
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] They allow the devil to lead 'em, and they be givin up they freedom
So, huh, gather round for the raptism
[HWC] Wake up
When the spirit hear it the lyric long before the track get 'em
[HWC] Wake up
I spit 'em out, gotta get 'em out, the world I never been about
I see them glitter but their spirit's goin in and out
We see them fading, we also see them hating

We also see those living for musical chart ratings
Hear what I'm stating or trading for what you're paying
Replace fear with faith and you'll stop decaying
Gather round for the raptism (word)
Gather round for the raptism (word, word)
[HWC] Wake up, wake up, wake up
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] Gather round for the raptism
[HWC] Make up, make up, make up
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] Cause if the dogs don't get 'em
[H.W.C. harmonizes a melody (no words)] the cattle get 'em, or the gat'll get 'em, or the crack'll get 'em
Yo, yo, gather round for the raptism
[HWC] Wake up
Word.. word..
[HWC] Wake up
Word..
[HWC] Wake up
the dogs don't get 'em
the cattle get 'em, or the crack'll get 'em, or the gat'll get 'em
[HWC] Wake up
[HWC] Everyday, when you wake up
[HWC] You got a chance, to MAKE UP!
Remember, you are not just doing hip-hop, you ARE hip-hop
[HWC] Wake up to make up
[HWC] Wake up to make up
Twice a year, hip-hoppers come together
to celebrate the unity of hip-hop
We come together, during Hip-Hop Appreciation Week
[HWC] Wake up to make up..
Which is every third week in May
[HWC] Wake up to make up..
Then, we come together in Novemeber
to celebrate Hip-Hop History Month
I will see you there - PEACE!

KRS-ONE

THE MIX TAPE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ova Here"

[Intro]
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)

[Interlude]
Blaow Blaow!!! Blaow Blaow!!! Clear em out clear 'em out!!! Word!

[Verse 1]
Yo Nelly! You ain't Fo'Reel and you ain't Universal
Your whole style sounds like a N'Sync commercial
Ignoramus, I'm the baddest with the mic apparatus
Challengin the God of rap is madness, I'll snatch your status
With this ugly lookin billboard you could stop them
But I got enough albums to make my own top ten
You limited, like the spread of traffic
You bite my style off the radio so when you speak you bet I hear the static
You better Chillout like Chuck, I kick like three Norrises
One of my sixteen bar rhymes is eight of your choruses
Of course it is ridiculous
Watch out, I begin to curve indispicuous
Gotcha! On your, hands and knees
Ain't it about time for some real emcees?

[Chorus]
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)

[Verse 2]
(Uh!) Uh! We on the hunt tonight
When you see me comin, I don't front I fight
People say I'm contradictin, cause I'm all about peace
To say the least with a violent history
It ain't no mystery these rappers wanna get with me
My people don't see that all they hear is stop hittin me, huh
Stop beatin me Chris, you want to help my career Nelly?
Well you can help if you don't exist, huh
I think it's 'bout time we stop these pop rappers
Fuck these pop rappers, hip hop does matter to me
Does it matter to you? My crew
If it does, you know what the hell to do
Throw your guns in the air, pump it like yeah
Let these bitch ass rappers know we in here
Go to the shows huh, boo 'em off stage
Tell 'em KRS told you they at the end of they days

Let me tell you let's give hip hop a lift
And don't buy Nelly's album on June twenty fifth
That'll send a message to all them sellouts
House nigga rapper, your bottom done fell out
You don't even know how
I told you I wasn't talkin about you then, but I'm talkin about you now!
Blaow! one to the kness, blaow one goes right through
Even St. Louis don't like you!!!!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Things Is About To Change"

Word.. we stand out, word
We don't wanna sound like that bullshit

Let 'em all be aware, not at all will I care
You gotta know it's about the flow when you comin in here
Not how long is your hair, but how long were you here
How many dues you paid, crews you slayed, yeah
How many clubs you done rocked, f'real
You ever rocked outside with cats poppin they steel?
You fake like Ma-Ma-Ma-Max Headroom
You go from the bedroom to the studio back to the bedroom
We be on the front line, pavin the way
for you to do what you do, get what you get, say what you say
Flip what you flip, play what you play at the Grammy's
But you don't represent our family, you a thief!

All up and down the East coast
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
All up and down the West coast, down in the South
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
All up top and in North Canada, make some noise
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
All my cats in London, Birmingham, Brixton, word!
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

Join the campaign to rearrange the rap game
Don't look at me like I'm insane, the facts remain plain
You to blame, when you take it in vein
The gains and struggles and pains of those that already came
From the beginning we tried to attain, the money and fame
That's not new to the game, it's still the same
But what seems to change is the loyalty
Rappers degrade hip-hop for a royalty
It's all about me and my click and we ballin G
But we fallin, stallin our callin to be free
You can't see, they're gonna judge our poetry
in two-thousand and twenty-three, where will your money be?
Where will your Benz be? Your friends be?
Your beginnin be? Your end be? Gently
You tell me to my face my style you envy
But behind my back you condemn me, you a thief!

All out in Germany, Africa
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
Word up, hip-hop, join the nation, movin!
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE
Word up, all them fake-ass whack rappers, word up!
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

Tell 'em, go to they shows and let 'em know it's like this
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

For sure, it's the people that defend me
Yeah you on MTV, but did you know Ted Demme?
What about Fab 5 Freddy, Red Alert?
You not ready.. ready.. ready.. *[fades]*

[ends with sound of glass shattering]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Splash"

Word up! It's just a little somethin to tide you over, word up
The "KRStyle" album comin soon, KRS-One all in the room
We gonna bounce these cats this year, word up
Why they do this? Ha - yo, yo

I climb up the back of rappers
Reach over they head, and rap backwards at 'em
Excuse me madam, I used to throw these uzis at 'em
But I'm a teacher, skills I truly have 'em
These clubs I duly pack 'em
Potential lawyers engineers and doctors, I do attract 'em
Go to your professors and ask 'em
if the songs of the "Edutainment" in college they didn't blast 'em
Yes - I'm that ancient one
I set the framework for today's rappers to make they funds
But no you don't know me son
My facial features matches the Sphinx with it's nose redone
You know how many clubs we done rocked?
You know how many guns we done popped?
You know how many funds we done dropped?
You know how many ones we done got?
We been gettin live since the days of Chubb Rock
We know how to survive; these other cats
be in at nine o'clock then be out at five, uhh
We doin the overtime, on stage I over-rhyme
Makin these whack rappers tow the line
Steppin to me, I know you blind; cause your whole flow
your show, your style, you know it's all mine!
The first time you learned to spit
It was either me, Kane, Rakim or Slick Rick!
[water splashes]

Welcome to the "KRStyle"
This year I had to switch styles and bust off two miss-iles
And that's not all, rappers have the gall
To pray and pray for my downfall - but still in all
I have X amount of lyrics to get 'em all
Live at the club I spit 'em all
Rappers backstage lookin sad and piti-fal
Cause they know I'm the pinna-cle and they mini-mal
I spit the metaphysical, the spiritual
The oracle, the lyrical, the oratorical
Rookie! I'll mop the floor witcho'
I'm the lyrical foundation to all your flows
All your clothes, all your shows and I'm not alone
You wouldn't even know how to hold the mic or the phone
You couldn't even bite on the bone
While we was rockin mics out in Rome

Now you hyped cause you grown?
You know we internationally known, the people love it
But what they learnin bout is on the whole, look above it
But let us get back to what we call hip-hop
Before you whack rappers went pop
[water splashes]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Down The Charts"

You cats still worried about chart position
It's the heart that your missin
It's the art that your missin
Just a little something to hold yall over
The Kristal album on the way, word up

When you're number one, everybody come
But when you drop to two everybody still with you
But when you drop to three everybody want to see
But when you drop to four everybody still endures
But when you drop to five people will help you strive
When you drop to six you still in every mix
But when you drop to seven people start guessin
When you drop to eight people hesitate
But when you drop to nine thats when you start to find
That when you drop to ten you start to lose your friends
When you drop to eleven your record stop sellin
When you drop to twelve it's everyone for themselves
So when you drop to thirteen you stop working
When you drop to fourteen no more self esteem
You drop to fifteen cuz you lived and you seen
When you drop to sixteen you now out the scene
When you drop to seventeen you see things you never seen
Like when you drop to eighteen you know what it mean
So drop to nineteen and on then to twenty
At nineteen you lose your honey
At twenty your money to a Playboy bunny
At twenty one things ain't funny
At twenty two you don't know what to do
So you hit twenty three you look for security
So you drop to twenty four no more can you endure
When you drop to twenty five at the bottom you've arrived
When you drop to twenty six you in a old school mix
When you drop to twenty seven until you start steppin
When you drop to twenty eight you start to meditate
When you drop to twenty nine you expand your mind
When you drop to thirty you see it was all dirty
No you drop to thirty two and it occurs to you
When you hit thirty three now you can see
That it's all about skill and a love for the art
Not whose above or whose below in the chart
You got to look in your heart
It's there where you start
I and hip hop are never ever ever apart
WORD!!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Message 2002"

(feat. Shuman)

Uh-ha! Uh-ha!
Another Inebriated beat
You know what time it is, straight for the street
KRS-One, hold tight! Look, look

[Chorus 1: KRS-One]
Crack - don't mess with that
Speed - don't mess with that
It's whack - don't mess with that
Greed - don't mess with that
Knowledge - yeah, mess with that
God - yeah, mess with that
College - yeah, mess with that
A job - yeah, mess with that
Look look; dealing - don't mess with that
Crying - don't mess with that
Stealing - don't mess with that
Lying - don't mess with that
Meditation - mess with that
Forgiveness - mess with that
Education - mess with that
Hip-Hop - we lovin that

[Verse 1: KRS-One]
I rhyme for respect y'all, intellect y'all
Not sex y'all, move that neck y'all, correct y'all
Checks y'all, cash y'all, don't last y'all
With cops y'all to blast y'all, harass y'all
Flash y'all as they pass y'all, through the glass y'all
These videos gas y'all cause they trash y'all
I ask y'all this fact y'all
Unaired y'all, these cops y'all they scared y'all
They fear y'all they hear y'all they hate y'all
Less than 40,000 a week, they make y'all
Cops y'all with black feet, livin from week to week
Walk crooked beats in the streets y'all
They greet y'all with the heat y'all, to defeat y'all
It's deep y'all, hear what I teach y'all, and speak y'all

[Chorus 2: KRS-One]
Hate - don't mess with that
Trends - don't mess with that
[?] - don't mess with that
Revenge - don't mess with that
Truth - yeah, mess with that
Skills - yeah, mess with that
Proof - yeah, mess with that

Build - yeah, mess with that
Wars - don't look for that
Freaking - don't look for that
Whores - don't mess with that
Cheating - don't mess with that
G.E.D. - mess with that
Science of mind - mess with that
Family - mess with that
Hip-Hop - we lovin that

[Verse 2: Shuman]
Yeah, yo.. aiyyo, yo
Who seein us, with an overdose level of free in us
They bring the heat to us
They don't really want the beat in us
Take heed to us
While they plottin and schemin to be deletin us
Best believe in us, they not defeatin us
Them glocks wanna bust
With twenty-one shots to put the leak in us
So they can bloody the street with us
What does it mean to us
You know what they need from us
Give cream to us, hide the lies and deceit from us
That doesn't equal us
Who's ready to get in the Jeep with us
Form a fleet with us and take back the street with us
Meet with us, drop bombs in the street with us
Never saw it comin, attack on the sneak with us
Thus, they can't compete with us
We flow through your veins like DJ's
When they cut, you'll be bleedin us
I came with Kris to heat it up
Showin my body's the temple, hip-hop is the lock
Now put the key in us

[Chorus 1]

[Verse 3: KRS-One]
Truth y'all, facts y'all, proof y'all, black y'all
Time to check this map y'all, are we goin back y'all?
Let's make a pact y'all, come together watch your back y'all
Stay in tact y'all, never whack - gimme dap y'all
Comin at y'all, headcrack y'all with the facts y'all
Police y'all, on the attack y'all if ya black y'all
So if this is fact y'all, when we rap y'all
over the track y'all, why we rap about crack y'all?
That's whack y'all, we trapped y'all
Holdin the gat y'all just to kill another black y'all
Clak clak clak y'all, it's like that y'all
KRS-One yo, let's take it back y'all, listen!

[Chorus 2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Problemz"

Yeah man, yo Marla what's up
Yeah, Inebriated Beats, big up Boston, the whole Boston
Edo.G what's up man? I got you
We gon' bounce this now, can I start? Can I start?
Here we go

I'm the newest and the truest MC on the mic
I wrote over 500 songs, pick what you like
It ain't easy bein me, by day or night
But it's easy bein free to recite what you like
Hip-Hop is my inalienable right
When it comes to emceein KRS is a whole different type
Now go get it right, did I flow spit it tight
In a fight I was the type to go get a pipe
BINK! BINK! BINK! BINK! Movin 'em back
BINK! That's the sound of an aluminum bat
But it seems they new to these facts
Which means they new to the tracks
Which means they do hold us back
Too new to know all that but still runnin they trap
Do the math, radio gets a 20 record a week stream
But only three are ever seen
What happens to the other 17?
It's a PROBLEM.. PROBLEM..
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!
We gotta solve it

Too many players and not enough crime
When they finally wake up they woulda ran out of time
They can't see today how they effect tomorrow
Too afraid to follow, cause they trust is hollow
Because according to the laws they'll harp some sorrow
Yo, "Victory Over the Streets" - that's our motto
But if people ain't got no vision, that's a PROBLEM..
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!
We gotta solve it

People say, "Kris - why you teach so much?
Why you preach so much? Why you speak and such?
Why you so bent on reachin each of us?"
I reply - because you eatin with us
In the future our children will be meetin with us
Have a seat then with us and start speakin with us
They'll be critiquin us to be sure they believe in us
We don't need a PROBLEM..
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!
We gotta fix it

We live non-toxic, we teach that hip-hop is
the transformation of all subjects and objects
Retrain your optics, to reinterpret the topics
We gotta stop treatin hip-hop like a product
and more of a strategy; I got graphs, charts
sacred textbooks, these cats can't battle me
But they try, and why? Cause that's a PROBLEM..
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!
We gotta fix that

These cats need history to get with me
But hip-hop's history's a mystery
So how they gonna find out, trial and error
We can make one the example for all to get better
Inform, KRS is not the norm
I go from hot to warm to cold to hot
But hip-hop's history many forgot
And that's a PROBLEM..
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!
We gotta solve that

[interlude beat]

PROBLEM.. PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!
We gotta fix that

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ova Here (Remix)"

[KRS-One: speaking live]
First of all, I don't know WHO, y'all saw on this stage before me (aight)
I don't know WHO, y'all gonna see on this stage after me (true)
But THIS, is REAL.. HIP.. HOP! Worrrrrd UP!
I'm gonna find out tonight, where the real hip-hop

[Intro: live response]
The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
Real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

[Interlude]
Bla-blaow! Bla-blaow!
Clear 'em out, clear 'em out - word!
[scratching:] "Aww yeah!", "The real hip-hop, is ova here"
[scratching:] "KRS, come get up in they asses"

[Verse 1]
You ain't Fo'Reel and you ain't Universal
Your whole style sounds like a infomercial
You ignoramus, I'm the baddest with the mic apparatus
Challengin the God of rap is madness, I'll snatch your status
With these elders lookin at Billboard you could stop them
But I got enough albums to make my OWN top ten!
You limited, like the spread of traffic
You bite my style off the radio
so when you speak in fact I hear the static
You better Chillout like Chuck, I kick like three Norrises
One of my sixteen bar rhymes is eight of your choruses
Of course it is, ridiculous
Watch out, I be in the club inconspicuous
Gotcha, on your, hands and knees
Ain't it about time for some real MC's?

[Chorus: live response]
The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
Real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)
Real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

[KRS-One]
Yo yo, Beatminerz, turn up the track a little bit
Gonna do this right now

[Verse 2]
Remix it, don't re-fix it
First brigade, second brigade - all swords lifted

Formation, classified information
Code red rhyme style accurate articulation
Don't test my foreign relation
The cats in Brixton, Birmingham and London just waitin
Got my cats in France like ill
Even Africa's laughin at'cha right along with Brazil
The West Indies? Jus' wan fi kill
Got Canada mad at'cha, Germany heard of me, they seen the skill
Hip-Hop is more than a thrill to us
A dollar bill to us, believe you will trust in that
Cause if you bust at me, on TV, CD
Internet trust that, I WILL BUST BACK
I turn down heat real quick, when I spit
you need the medicine what I speak is so sick
Then again these veteran be better than many men
Forever we hit 'em again better than ANY trend they could ever say
In any season, hot warm cold or freezin
When it comes to MCin, we believe in rhymin for a different reason
No frontin, my rhyme style tells you somethin
They rhyme style tells you who they freakin
But you was already told - what does it profit a man
to gain the whole world and lose his soul?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Preserve The Kulture"

[audience clapping, beat starts]
We've been having these gatherings for over 12 years
Uhh, my first one, was ah at Latin Quarters in 1987
with Afrika Bambaataa - he threw the first one, that I attended
We kept the tradition going through the Stop the Violence Movement
Through Human Education Against Lies, Rhythm Cultural Institute
And now the Temple of Hip-Hop
This is Hip-Hop's spiritual base
And as a spiritual base, we look to guide the youth in that discipline
Uhh, no culture is a culture, unless it has principles
unless it has morals, unless - we are unified
in some sort of principle, something we are not going to step beyond
Something that defines us
What I'd like to do, is just for a moment as we.. deal with this
Think about your role in Hip-Hop
Think about what you do everyday in Hip-Hop
This is not about right now
It's about twenty years from now
It's about ten years from now
The tapes are rolling, the notes are being taken
This is the type of thinking we have to get into
if this is going to survive and last
So again, Hip-Hop Appreciation Week, is a time of self-reflection
A time for Hip-Hoppers to ask,
"What am I doing, to preserve the culture?" *[echoes]*

Spiritual Minded
KRS-ONE
and The Temple of Hiphop

KRS-One Lyrics

"Lord Live Within My Heart"

[repeat 2X - sung]
Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

Look, look!
Ba-bi-di-ba-bi-dang-a-dang-diggy
How many rappers can actually hang with me?
My style is that Kris-style, it's witty
In they style, I have no more Faith like Biggie
I battle on many levels, I shatter so many devils
'Fore you challenge me you better know the essentials
It's the K to the R to the S, to the uno
You know, if you don't know your crew know
When you hear the thunderin sound, you under the ground
You can tell by the way we jumpin around
It's the teacher, breakin it down
I'm an upright MC, these others they be crawlin around, word

[repeat 2X - sung]
Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

Yeah yeah, word up, look, look!
You know when the teacher returns, just get ready to learn
Just get ready to earn, health, love
awareness and money to burn, I'm not really concerned
how the Benz just turn, 'round the corner
for our sons and daughters to yearn, stand firm
If you lookin at these hooks you becomin a mad worm
Danglin from the pole of the fisher, the corporate fisher
The talent scout and no doubt ready to get ya!

[repeat 1X - sung]
Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

Look look look look!
I'm anything BUT regular, not even similar
I get rid of the SIN in ya when I spit at ya, my new literature
Now who forever been with ya? THE TEACHER!
Who remembers the kid in ya? THE TEACHER!
I'm winnin ya, or winnin a convert when the rhyme splurt at the concert
Forget the times that hurt, if the mind's alert let the mind work
Uh! Let the body divert

To get to the top of the mountain, you've got to climb dirt
So c'mon climb through, don't get stuck lookin behind you
It'll blind you, however I'm here to remind you
Many of you lost you've got to find you
You'll be found you simply by you finding you, c'mon!

[repeat 4X - sung]
Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

KRS-One Lyrics

"Take Your Tyme"

Y'all don't know? Y'all don't know your body is a temple?
A temple to the living God? Don't get gassed y'all
All my sisters out there, here's the truth
You, a you've got to.. {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}
Look, look!

You don't want no unsteady relationships, you want it tight
You don't want no man beggin and always gonna get, am I right?
You don't want no man sleepin cheatin freakin behind his wife
There's no such thing as make love, it's really make life
I don't care what nobody say; you sleep with a man, that's your husband
So make sure, before you lay down, you love him
And learn him, yes it's still sacred to be a virgin
Relax, it's curiosity that always burns 'em in fact
Sex is like candy, be disciplined, no splurgin
You don't want your stomach hurtin
Girl, you gotta.. {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}
Listen!

Cash is an issue with that he can never diss you
Even if he makes you cry, you bought your own tissue
witcha own case, witcha own hand, wipe ya own face
And throw him out, no doubt, out of your own place
If your heart is broken you can mend it
If you're independent, your womanhood, that's when you defend it
Just.. uhh, just {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME} woo!
Look!

{TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Don't come witcha hand always out
If he buys you somethin thank him, but that's not what a man is about
Real men are real friends, showin their real commitment
He tells you he really loves you, a boy can't really admit it
If a man really wants you, that man really flaunts you
In public or private a real man really supports you
'Member what Guru taught you? Of course you "Royalty"
You dress how you like when a QUEEN is what you ought to be
and ought to act like, and also ought to manifest
How you dress makes you constantly blessed, or constantly stressed
{TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME} Yo!

{TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Yo, yo
So while you burnin off those calories, think about reality
Get a skill for the salary, a man for the family
Not a boy, that's a catastrophe, don't get mad at me
Instead of always clubbin visit museums and art galleries
Pick the single man, admirin the ancient sculpture
He's cultured, chances are he won't insult ya
Give him your number only after you know what he does
Ask him what it is, not what it was
You want the good life (GOOD LIFE)
You want the good life (GOOD LIFE)
You want the, you want the, you want the
C'mon, you gotta {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

KRS-One Lyrics

"Take It To God"

(feat. Professor Ecks)

[KRS-One]
Yeah, once again, word up urban inspirational
KRS-One, Professor Ecks, whattup Dan? Woo
Temple of Hip-Hop, let's do it

By the sound of the track, you know who is back
It's the teacher, philosopher of conscious rap
Rappers tired of me sayin where hip-hop is at
Cause they know they unoriginal, copycats
Watch me bump this gospel rap, never wack
In fact, I tell you where the tracks is at
TV is wack, they wanna show us beatin Iraq
When the question is, is where is Chandra Levy at?

[Professor Ecks]
Murdered God and left for dead like hip-hop
And admit to Condit like conduct, to kill Ecks the dread
And Kris crucified the false prophet
John F. Kennedy to these MC's, I draw and cock it
Cock on cocky cops for the love of the art
Punish the part, partition
Pardon the pause, poison pens penetrate the mental
I walk with Kris so my body's a temple
Body instrumentals and body your squad in the body of a God

[KRS-One]
Just think, just think, what if Malcolm X returned
or Dr. King returned, tell me what have we learned?
As we takin our turn, tell me what have we earned
or is the ice and the cars our only concern
Mo' money, mo' money, you be yellin it out
And on TV can't you see you be sellin us out
So in 2010, look to 2002
Who you think they gonna respect, me or you?

[Professor Ecks]
Behold, the God, in the form of the man
Walkin off water and *[?]* flesh absorbs in the sand
Moor gets the land, divorcin the clan, I'm off into sand
Off and I'm slayin delicate arms from porcelain hands
Slaughtered the lambs, charge it to the game
Cats take hip-hop's name in vain
Disrespectin the forefathers who came (uh-huh)

Goddess hurt 'em right now, like when Marvin was slain

[KRS-One]
They don't want it, nope, they don't need it, nope
Just stay weeded and hope, I don't read what you wrote
Best believe they ain't dope, they deceivin these folks
with they meaningless quotes, I got my feet on they throat
What they speak is a joke, they really weak and they broke
Have a seat and take notes, on the streets I'm the Pope
MTV is they hope, they repeat what they wrote
I'm an MC that won't, let them tempt me with coke

[Professor Ecks]
Nope, flesh of my flesh, blessed by KRS
Used to love her, they *[?]* haven't made a date with death
Follow no man, enslave the Ecks, Professin the student
I vibe with the teacher obliged to drop *[?]* liver than heaters
Lyrics liable to eat us like the survivors of Jesus
Now the, blind is the leaders, your styles is egregious
Gets now the brow beateth to underground emceeth
The game is overheated, overweeded, and misunderstood

[KRS-One]
Word, just a ride in they boat, with a platinum rope
No doubt, they sellin us out, what's happenin loc?
Quit this rappin I won't, cause MC'n is dope
If I can't do it for the love then do it I won't
How many times we note when these rappers is dope
Satisfied, that's why I'm renewin your hope
Broaden your scope, when cleaned out your mind
my rhyme is like a new bar of deoderant soap

[Professor Ecks]
In this land of men mice and mimes, I holds right for the laws
Live life like Christ, makin bread from mics and applause
The snakes fight with Tyson like jaws for what's rightfully yours
I might *[?]* 'em all, tell me - is it life or it's war?

[singer]
Goooyyyyiiyyyiyyyyod, Goooyyyiyyiyyyiiiod, Gooyyyyiyyiyyyod
My God, your God, our God.. is God, is God
Change is gonna come, where you goin to run, but to God?
To God, run to God, run to God
Run to God, and let him in your heart
Change is gonna come, the change is gonna come
Make it your change, run to God, in your heart
Let God in your heart, he will fillt he part
Goooyyyyiiyyyiyyyyod, in youuuuuuur heart
Take it to God, take it to God God

Take it to my God, your God, take it to God
Take it to Goooyyyyiiyyyiyyyyod, take it to Goooyyyyiiyyyiyyyyod
Take it to Goooyyyyiiyyyiyyyyod, take it to God
Just take it to God, run and, take it God
Take it to Go-awd

KRS-One Lyrics

"Good Bye"

Yeah, yeah, let's switch the flow up a little
Word.. bring the love back, here we go

You ever lost somebody, a member of your party
Your daddy maybe mommy, for them there was no copy
Just know that we all asleep, pray to the lord my Soul will keep
Life is a dream no need to weep, God's gonna wake us up from sleep
Every night we die, we practice for death
Everytime we sleep we say goodbye
But I, still can't get over the fact
That my best friend's awake and not comin back
So as the tears.. {tears roll from my eyes}
Uhh, uhh, I never got a chance to say

{Goodbye!!!} Trouble MC, Scott LaRock, Paul Sea, Doctor Rock
Mastadon, Trouble T-Roy, Aaliyah, Cowboy
Sugar Shaft, Eazy-E.. {got to say goodbye}
Yeah.. bring the love back, bring the love back

When you wake up, then you'll know, what was up
You won't live, so corrupt, only love, you'll take up
All the chasin and rushin impatience and fussin
The racin for somethin the hatin and frontin is makin you NOTHIN
So, die before you die so when you die you don't die
You got to die before you die so when you die you don't die
You got to die to all the world, all the guys and the girls
You got to die to lovin money and them diamonds and pearls
So as the tears.. (tears roll from my eyes}
I never got a chance to say to y'all

{Goodbye!!!} Prince Messiah, Bigga B, Freaky Tah, B.I.G.
Big Pun, Mercury, June Bug, Buffy
Tupac, Darryl C.. {got to say goodbye}
Bring the love back, bring the love back, uhh, hip-hop

So remember when they die, they have only woke up
It's our wants and our needs that be chokin us up
{And I want and I need and I want and I need..}
Yo, there was a time when hip-hop was on our mind
It wasn't about no crime, just reality rhymes
If you battled me fine, but in the end we reclined
with a bottle of wine, MC's the ORIGINAL kind but
{Why did you stray..} hip-hop
{Why did you stray..} hip-hop

{Why did you stray..} hip-hop!
{Why did you stray....} bring the love back
{Why did you stray..} bring the love back
{Why did you stray..} {Why did you stray..}
{Why did you stray..} rise up y'all
{Why did you stray..} remember where you came from
{Why did you stray..} bring the love back
{Why did you stray..}

KRS-One Lyrics

"South Bronx 2002"

This what you call hardcore, fat gospel.. street gospel

[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] Yo where my people at?
[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] Yo where my heart is at?
[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] C'mon let's bring it back
[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS-One]
Raw rhymes for raw times
My albums are underground, but this blessing is all mine
And when it's tour time, we open more minds
You need to rethink who you think is the "Greatest of All Time"
I got this - I'm raw like Freddie Foxxx is
Hardcore like The LOX is, Scott LaRock is where Tupac is
Where hip-hop is, Digital-ly Underground like Shock is
Oh yes - I know where the top is
But I'd rather rhyme about how crooked some of these cops is
My synopsis ain't pretty
I'd stay, off them plains and, out the city if I were you
Do what you gotta do
But while you wave them flags, remember Amadou.. Diallo
Here's what we gotta do, follow
I'll put hip-hop in you if you're hollow
Those that already filled, STILL take swallows
Goin over potholes with Tahoes
You don't think (I) know? Huh! I'm lookin at you right now
You ain't dancin in the club, you in your car, sittin down
You in the crib, on the low
You got them headsets on the go
You just saw me at the show - oh you don't know?
It's the Temple of Hip-Hop, comin, with a whole DIFFERENT flow
Yo where them hoes at? I don't know
But wherever God at, I'ma go
I give 'em a hard rap AND a flow
That's why when they call back for the show, with no video
We get up and go!

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
[KRS] Yo where it started at?
[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] Yo where my people at?

[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] Yo where my heart is at?
[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] C'mon let's bring it back
[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS-One]
Peep it out while I tell ya like this
In every single hood in the WORLD I'm called Kris
It's the, truth for ya, it's the proof for ya
My Cristal passes more bars than lawyers
The underground sound, this is not easily found
You don't need no rings to be down
This is, past the platinum and gold
We already had 'em, it's old
Here's the truth if it be told, gather 'round
Philosopher style is known to be wild
If you only holdin them guns, who's holdin your child?
You got to be thinkin you KNOW that you shrinkin
When the art of Navigation has been reduced to a Lincoln
Change the dial! I was free then and I'm free now
You free, runnin to MTV? I don't see how!
You know the real from the fake, you know they stealin they cake
You know it ain't about the art, it's all about what they make
You know the radio's late, you know they play what you hate
That's why you got that Kay Slay tape, tryin to escape
You know the love of the cars and the rims
Tattooed arms and Timbs, are also called sins
You know you got to pay for these spins
You know the rap magazines be wack from beginning to the end
BO!

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]
I never was a king and I'm not the Pres
I'm a teacher like that reefer goin straight to your head
I'm a preacher tryin to bring my people back from the dead
I'm a leader tryin to keep you all away from the feds
You my sister I'll be tryin to get you OUT of the bed
I'm a philospher sayin what has GOT to be said
I don't FILL you with lead, I bring that KNOWLEDGE instead
FOLLOW this dread, I'll take you from A to Zed
Who am I? Just a scholar called K-R-S
You can spend your money on others but THEY AIN'T BLESSED
You can spend your money drugs and STILL BE STRESSED
Look around for conscious rappes yo there AIN'T NONE LEFT
I'm holdin it down; better yet I'm holdin up
Waitin for some young buck to come and sip from the cup

And continue with the menu puttin new knowledge in you
I got a question and a lesson cause I KNOW what you been through
But..

[Chorus - 1/2]

[no beat]
[KRS] Yo where it started at?
[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] Yo where my people at?
[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] Yo where my heart is at?
[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] C'mon let's bring it back!!

The South South Bronx, boyeee..

KRS-One Lyrics

"Never Give Up"

Gather 'round, gather 'round, ha
Metaphysical style, spiritual style, the ORIGINAL style, ha
Yes.. let's do it

[Chorus]
- you can never give up, you should never give up
- you can never give up, we can never give up
- you can never give up, you can never give up
- you should never give up, we can never give up, you can never give up

Yeah, yeah
Y'all don't really know about the KRS rap
Y'all don't really about why we stay trapped
Y'all don't really know hip-hop ain't rap
But let me tell you how we can get it all back
First realize givin up is wack
Say to yourself I can never be wack
Then realize that we must go back
And the reason you can't seem to get on track
is you, keep, buying, HOES, simple and plain
You, keep, buying, HOES, all y'all know my name
And how I get down and move around
I've already been to the proving ground
In conscious rap, who rule the sound
The question is are you down?

[Chorus]

Look - KRS-One, I've learned already
Everything they doin is temporary
No matter how big you live
You still the creation of a music executive
And when you get old no matter what you did
They throw you away and they pimp your kid
Yeah kids, on the TV whylin
You know why we got racial profilin?
Cause you, keep, buying, HOES, simple and plain
You, keep, buying, HOES, all y'all know my name
So there in the future we'll look back
And then we will see we were under attack
But it'll be too late, the loss'll be too great
You'll see, just wait!

[Chorus]

C'mon, c'mon, yeah c'mon
You see how they shuttin down KRS-One
Cause I'm not sexy, thuggin or dumb
Ask yourself -
- why they only promotin criminal activity and nothin else?
On the videos and on the radio
Teachin our kids which way to go
And the way that they tell our kids to go
If you listen, heads right straight to prison
While you, keep, buying, HOES, simple and plain
You, keep, buying, HOES, y'all better peep the game
You got to release that temptation
Get a brand new affirmation
Your life is what you make 'em
Peace, salaam alaikum

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Tears"

"At midday today, some Americans attended memorial services
for victims of Tuesday's acts of terrorism. Thousands
gathered at Chicago's Daily Plaza. Hundreds more looked
on from the windows of surrounding office buildings.
Many waved flags, and traffic came to a complete standstill.
On the rooftop of City Hall, which faces Daily Plaza, a
police sharpshooter watched the crowd, even as he saluted
the flag. After a minute of silence, church bells rang."

{Ain't no need in all the tears, oh no no, yeah yeah
Yeah cause things will be better tomorrow}

[Chorus: repeat 2X sung]
No need for tears, no need to cry
No matter what we face, we shall get by
When the problems you face are too much to bear
Know I'll be there

Hold that head up y'all, don't get fed up y'all
C'mon let's get up y'all
Make that bed up y'all, life is a set-up y'all
Sadness comes from a lack of knowin, not knowin
where the one that you love is goin
We all gonna reap what we all are sewin
There is no death, just constant growin
We can't stay here forever
We all gotta go to a place we believe is better
So why be sad, why be mad
Now you can see it ain't about the cheddar
It's all about the time that we spend together
Not the rhyme or the crime or the Gucci sweater
The house that's built on a rock can stand the weather
Faith, can stand the weather
But is your house, upon the rock
Or is it on sand and about to drop
Here is the question that you got to ask
Do I live for today or do I live for the past?
Think fast, but do not hurry
Life is a class and we should not worry
But tell me, how long you gonna ignore
Tell me how long you gonna ignore God's law?
How long can you really endure
Livin like pimps, livin like whores
The choice is yours, or really ours

Think about this while you lay the flowers
on the grave, uh, let's talk about how you behave, uh
Do you come out the neighb' or out the cave?
Better change your ways, we comin up on some stranger days

[Chorus]

Uhh, uhh
Don't step where the danger lays or danger lies
Open them EYES UP, better to RISE UP, WISE UP
Raise your MINDS UP
Look to the left, look to the right
Pray in the day and the night
Be prepared for the fight, not scared of the fight
He's the way, the truth AND the light
J to the E to the S to the U to the S
You can remove the stress
Yes, we do need you here
Yes, we wanna be free from fear
Yes, we wanna start seein clear
Havin you here, not over there
Lookin around sayin where, does anybody care?
Yeah, I'll be there
At the door, not at the war
At Matthew 5:44
"But I say, unto you
Love your enemies, bless them that curse you
Do good to them that hate you
And pray for them which despitefully use you
and persecute you"
This goes for them terrorists too
But them publicans, done put themSELVES up above again
Lookin for blood again, hate no love again
Got them soldiers runnin in, with a gun again
With a ton of sin, in a holy war, how we gonna win?
I think it's time for KRS-One again

[Chorus repeat 2X]

The time is now, you gotta make your choice
Which side are you on? Turn now to Matthew 5:46
"For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?
Do not even the publicans the same?
And if ye salute your breddern only, what do ye more than others
do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect;
even as your FATHER which is in heaven, is perfect.." *[echoes]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Conscious Rapper"

You think this is easy right? (Yeah!)
You think this is easy right? (That's easy!)
You think you got what it takes? (Yeah that's easy!)
Huh, we gon' see.. we gon' see right now (Now what?)
Look

So you wanna be a conscious rapper
Can you handle the press and they negative chatter
Can you eat cold platters, and still spit data
Watchin others spit lies and they pockets get fatter
Can you climb up the ladder, and reach the top?
But it still doesn't matter, cause you ain't pop
Can you rock for the love of the art
Can you drop hit after hit after hit and still don't chart?
Can you REALLY stay loyal to God
when your life is full of strife, plus it always seems so hard
Can you handle the criticism
People holdin you up to higher standards, but they don't live 'em?
Can you hear these kiddy flows and laugh at it
But when you spit they callin you arrogant?
You better think about that before you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to pop your Cris', let's do it!

[Chorus: sung]
Think you can do what I do
Think you can step in my shoes
You have no clue what I go through
You never felt my pain
When they attack my name
All because I have spoken the truth

To be a conscious rapper ain't a mystery
You gotta laugh when they call you contradictory
The whole industry, you gotta push and pull it
To really get with me, you gotta dodge they bullets
Blaow, blaow, blaow, every day and every way
You critics got somethin to say
At the same time, you gotta uphold Christ
Uphold life, while others flash cars and ice
It could break you down, take you down, make you frown
It could actually shake your ground
But if you love who you are, and believe in that
Best believe you will BE where the teacher's at
And where's that? In fact, in cold or heat

Yes, I declare victory over the streets
Overstand, over these beats, over the so-called elite
Over the strong, over the weak
I know how to speak, and most of all I know how to eat
I know I want humble and meek
So you better think about that before you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to pop your Cris', uhh

[Chorus]

Look!
So you thinkin about bein a concious MC
Well you gotta love God and you got to live free
You got to see the life that others can't see
You got to be the person that others can't be
You can't be a S-L-A, V-E
If you sayin to yourself, "This may be me"
Then you know goin in that you work against sin
Your very skills will kill the demons within
So don't expect respect from slaves and hoes
Nor the slavemaster's video shows
Nor the rap mags, you know how it go
Especially black mags, you know they don't know
Just go to the crowd that you know will need you
Cause NOTHING compares to the respect of the people
That's what you look for, that's what you work with
Cause anything else, is truly worthless
You better think about that before you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to just pop your Cris'
You better think about that, 'fore you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to just pop your Cris', uhh

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Trust"

C'mon, gather round now, gather round now, look now
How many times did you pre-meditate
what you thought was your fate, cause you couldn't just wait
You had to have it the way that you thought in your mind
But in the end, everything came in time
But before the time, you was losin your mind
You was racin and rushin and fallin behind
But let me tell you bout God and the way that She works
I mean the way that He works, I mean the way that We work
You gotta trust in your Lord, everything is in accord
Don't rush or fuss, you gonna get yours
Close your eyes, your heart, your ears, your mind
to the ways and thoughts of mankind
And seek ye first the Kingdom of God
And things won't seem so hard
You gotta trust your Lord, uhh, uhh.. tell 'em bout

[Chorus]
Trust and obey, trust when afraid
Trust when you paid, trust when betrayed
Trust when you fear, trust when you unclear
Trust when you here, trust when you near
Trust when you down, trust when you found
Trust when you clown, trust

C'mon, let's do it again, uh, uh
Let's raise it up, c'mon, look

After you live and you learn then you see
You will learn how to trust in your G-O-D
You will be so free, you won't see no me
You will only see the will of the almighty
You sick of what? Well ya will, give it up
Stop thinkin and begin to, live it up
Everytime you think it's one way it's not
Everytime you wanna start you really stop
Trust in the inner the outer is for the sinners
In fact this whole rap is for beginners
Those that have talked and walked upon the path
Know that they get what they want before they act
So why rush, if your respect is due
Whatever you DON'T have is protectin you
Here's what you DO have that be bringin the drama
Ask and it shall be given, with a comma

[Chorus]

[singers]
You trust in her, trust in him, trust in them, and then
Trust in men, trust in sin, trust in friends
You trust in her, trust in him, trust in them, and then
Trust in men, trust in sin, trust in friends

Uh uh, soundin good, soundin good, look, look
So when will you be it, when will you see it
That thoughts and things they manifest when you decree it
But God be lookin out for you
Puttin a stop to what you're about to do
In your life, and in your circumstances
Everytime you speak you be takin chances
Talkin bout things that you really don't have to have
So when you get 'em, your life turns sad
Your life turns bad, now why would your God be allowin that?
Trust in God, that's where the crown is at
It's not in what you get, it's what happens after that
So if you think your life is shrinkin
It may be cause you keep thinkin
Not that intellect is wrong
It's just the beginning, it might be time to move on

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ain't Ready"

Uhh! They don't wanna battle
They ain't ready for the battle, uh-uh, uh-uh (Temple of Hip-Hop)
Listen, listen, listen

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
Your spirit AIN'T READY
Your church AIN'T READY
Your bishop AIN'T READY
Your deacons AIN'T READY
Your choir AIN'T READY
Your ushers AIN'T READY
At the Temple of Hip-Hop
WE TEACH MANY!

Look! To all my people hurtin, all my people searchin
What we know for sure, God is always workin
Workin while you flirtin, workin while you jerkin
Workin while the world is turnin and these cities burnin
God is always workin, workin while you learnin
Workin while you ignorant and when you're not concernin
Christ consciousness, get that, got that
Spit that, rock that, hip that, hop that
You sniff that? Stop that, I give back and got back
Greedy? I'm not that, you needy for that shock rap
Slangin on the block rap, duckin where the cops at
I don't know that, but Jesus done copped that
Not that man on the cross, it ain't like that
You must act like the son of God, that's where the lights at
Stop readin only and start bein show me
Like the resurrection I'll be back, they can't hold me

[Chorus]

One thing's for sure and believe it hurt
It's when the pastor ain't sure, and deceives the church
They don't know God's law, and can't see God at work
So when they see hip-hop, they push it to the back of the church
Like fig trees or figures they don't bear fruit
They gospel artists, still tryin to chase that loot
Hear the truth now, I come to enhance the light
They women of God, singin while they pants is tight?
They not hot! Really they, regular
They clothes they flows, all that, secular
What's the difference I could stay in the world and wild

if these church girls wear more makeup than Destiny's Child
Keep it real Christian, some of y'all liftin ain't likin
But this is the difference between a Christian and a Christ-ian
Stop readin only and start bein show me
Like the resurrection I'll be back, they can't hold me
..listen, listen, listen

[Chorus]

Look! Spiritual minded, you must find it
Find your spirit and go deep inside it
This goes out to the Christ-ians listenin
This is the flow that, gospel's missin it's urban inspirational rap
We got our own section in the record stores, in our own rack
We respect tradition, from the start
But we now know, the true word of God is written in our heart
We gotta say somethin to the streets kid!
All these churches surroundin the devil still ain't defeat it?
They the type to get down, I'm the type to get up
From "Criminal" to "Spiritual Minded", now raise your head up
Let me start, these rappers ain't got God in they heart
All they want is quick money, and a movie part
Let me begin - what, where, why or when
What's the use of double platinum if you're livin in sin
Hear the truth - how long you think you gonna last
rockin the mic, without havin to go back to class?
Now you're forced, to listen to the teacher outrap them
Yes there's life after platinum

KRS-One Lyrics

"Know Thy Self"

You ready to go? I'm ready to go
What about y'all, y'all ready to go? (yeah aight yeah) I'm ready to go
Look

[repeat 3X]
Know thy self, and thou shalt know
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend
Know ye not that ye must be born again?
What does it mean to be in the world but not of it
It means you want the cars the cash the jewels the house but you don't love it
It means to taxes regulation state law you live above it
It means you a FREE hip-hopper, you ain't nobody's puppet
You don't see no money on me, you see it up in the cupboard
You see me up in Toys'R'Us, with my seeds cause they love it
You see insurance flash out, if my kids pass out
You see seven acres of land where we can all spaz out
To all my fathers that fathered, hold your head up for starters
Teach your toddlers, not to be thieves and robbers
This that other kind of rap, that leads to true hip-hop
There's other kinds of raps, but they lead you to get shot
The choice is yours, you gettin older now
You got a kid comin, how you gonna hold it down?
It's one thing to be iced out and rocked up
What's the point if you're gettin locked up?

[repeat 3X]
Know thy self, and thou shalt know
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend
Know ye not that ye must be born again?
It's really time we seperate the young men from the big men
The young girls from the women, whatever the title that fit them
My style designed to open a child's mind when I spit them
I only got a little bit of time to really rhyme and uplift them
You see them brothers talkin about that crime? Forgive them
It won't be long before they words manifest and they live them
Sometimes you gotta go back to the beginnin to learn
After fifteen years I'm just BEGINNIN to burn
To all my true hip-hoppers, that pay bills and live proper
Never allow a negative thought to stop ya
Correct ya posture, stand upright not uptight

Don't be scared of the light, just prepare for the fight
We say "Criminal Minded", cause our thoughts are illegal
We represent the very thinkin of, inner-city people
Real people, people that take care of theyself
They need health, love, awareness and wealth
Not to mention, knowledge of God
Not college, the job then dead - if you agree nod your head
It's one thing to be iced out and rocked up
But what's the point if you're gettin locked up?

[repeat 3X]
Know thy self, and thou shalt know
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend
Know ye not that ye must be born again?
C'mon c'mon yo, tonight is it
We gonna steal away together, through these rhymes I spit
When the student is ready, the teacher, shall appear
So I'm here, but are you really ready to face your fears?
Mo' money, mo' money, is that your credo?
You've been livin in a dream world Neo, power to the people!
Nobody's equal, everybody's diversed and different
My lyric'll never cheat you, my verse is gifted
So manifest what you believe is God almighty
It could be Allah Jesus Krishna Buddha Aphrodite
It could be Nefretire come hear me and never fear me
It's like at some point in your life you gonna have to hear me
I represent them teachers preachers comin through your speaker
Manifestin another lesson to them true believers
Instead of pickin up our women ready to mistreat 'em
You better get yourself a wife and kid and never leave 'em
You better teach 'em you better read 'em you better feed 'em
The system will defeat 'em if you don't teach 'em the cops'll beat 'em
The style that I be kickin quick is "Edutainment"
Hip-Hop culture needed a teacher quick so I became it
Instead of rhymin about my history and what I been through
I'd rather rhyme about awakening the God within you
Yo, it's one thing to be iced out and rocked up
But what's the point if you're gettin locked up?

[repeat 3X]
Know thy self, and thou shalt know
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend
Know ye not that ye must be born again?

Yeah.. yeah.. FRESH, for two-thousand and two

my sisters and BROTHERS, my sisters and BROTHERS.. *[repeats to fade]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"G. Simone Speaks"

Praise God.
YES, I have danced with the devil
- and I learned all the steps!
You watched me God, and inside you wept.
You reached out for my hand - I turned my back on you.
I thought I knew the plan; but that's not true.
I've learned who I was, and I know now who I am.
Meet me on the dancefloor God, for you.. I will stand.

KRS-One Lyrics

"Dayz Ahead"

God core, urban inspirational
Holy hip hop
You know the type, all in your city
Word up

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The love I give to you, you give to me

Let's come together once and for all
Before our children cannot walk in the mall
Before we cannot talk or walk at all already aviation is stalled
Now everybody wants to drive, bringing our highways to a crawl

Just about three weeks on back
I was talking to a journalist about my album, the sneak attack
Now I know, why I felt that way
Why the cards God revealed to me was dealt that way

Be prepared for the unexpected, that was the theme
But if your booty's shaking, you can't know what that means
Look, we all, in the, same, game
It's that world bank game that got struck with two flame

But we, yes the people, are struck with true pain
'Coz the world Bank'll do the same under a new name
We gotta recognize the prize and the people at the door
No more lies, you can no longer ignore

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The respect I give to you, you give to me

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The respect I give to you, you give to me

I know
(Know what?)
I know
(What you know?)

What do I show?
(What you show?)
Captivating lyrical flow
(They don't play it on radio)

Yeah, but the spirit know
But only a few can hear it though
The metaphysical lyrical blow
The minute you're in it and hear it, yo

See the evil and clear it, yo
See that for as many that died there was twice as many miracles
Uh, so let the dead bury their dead
Life is but a dream and in the dream we gotta get ready for bed

Better we look ahead instead, to the ones that survived
Pray for them too, 'coz there grace of God kept them alive
Yes, we mourn for the dead and will still kill for them
But what about the injured that must still rebuild again?

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The love I give to you, you give to me

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The love I give to you, you give to me

To all the people, that never lost someone
Consider the cost of the loss of a lost daughter or son
These cowards slaughter and run
And to know that there's more than just one

Makes you wanna store up your gun
And withdraw all the funds, but

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victorya
The love I give to you, you give to me

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The respect I give to you, you give to me

KRS-One Lyrics

"Power"

Father, Father, Father, Father
Father, Father, Father, Father
You are God, You are God

Father, Father, Father, Father, Father
Father, Father, Father, Father, Father
You are God, You are God

You reign in power, power
You reign in power, power
You reign in power, power
You reign in power, power
You are God, You are God

Father
(Father)
Father
(Father)
Father
(Father)

Father
(Father)
Father
(Father)
Father
(Father)
You are God, You are God

You reign in power
(You reign in power)
Power
You reign in power
(You reign in power)
Power

Trust Him, trust Him
Trust Him completely, trust Him completely
Serve Him, serve Him
Serve Him with gladness, serve Him with gladness
Praise Him, Praise Him
Praise Him forever, praise Him forever

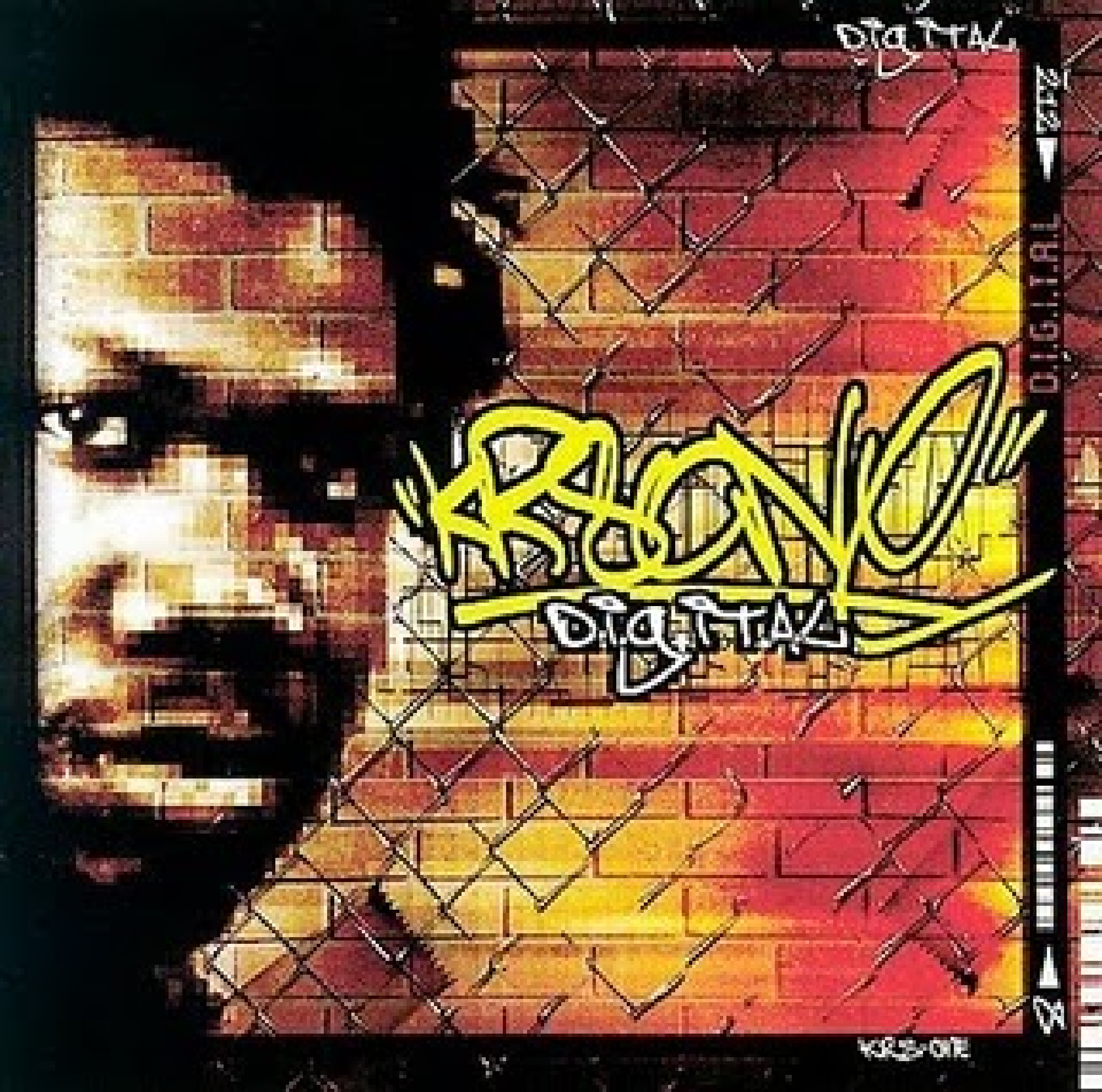
Power, power, You reign in power

You reign in power, You reign in power
You reign in power, You reign in power
You reign in power, power

Yeah, yeah
There was a time when I could not find
The Spirit of God beyond the mind
In retrospect, the intellect is blind

It makes me think that I'm the reason
For all that's mine
Even this rhyme, I'm inclined to believe
Is from me, instead of being received
This is how we're deceived

How am I more than dust
When it's Your love that animates us?
Forever I will trust
Your love is better than lust
You live forever in us


D.I.G.I.T.A.L.
D.I.G.I.T.A.L.
D.I.G.I.T.A.L.
VOL. ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Intro: You Know What's Up!"

[Intro: KRS-One]
Yo, yo, you know what's up!
Turn this up right now
Ha ha, HA! Like that y'all, YOU DON'T STOP!
It's the D.I.G.I.T.A.L.
It's the KRS-One with the D.I.G.I.T.A.L.

Yo you know what's up with that
We bout to set it on you, ha ha, HA HA, HA HA!

[Verse: KRS-One]
Follow me de massive, follow me de massive
Follow me de crew, follow me crew
KRS-One, BDP, comin through
Money B, Shock G, Humpty, Truck Turner
KRS-One the teacher, you the learner!
Big Pun havin fun, with Biz Markie
Down with DJ, J.C. you see
In New York City all the way to Compton
We rockin like dis cause you know we stompin
Mystic, you know you got the lyric
When everybody come out, you got to hear it
Digital Underground, with the metaphysical thundersound
KRS from the Boogie Down like that y'all
You don't quit, KEEP ON!

[KRS-One]
Wadda-by-by-bye, wada-by-by, ba-by-by, ba-by-by, ba-bye
KRS come down, WATCH DIS!!

KRS-One Lyrics

"For Example"

[Chorus: sample from a live performance of "The Bridge is Over"]
Here's another example of the KRS-One (BO!)
Here's another example of the KRS-One (BO!)
They wish to battle BDP but they cannot
They must be on the jock of WHO? (DJ Scott LaRock!)

Yeah, one-two, what? What?
Grab any tape that you think is hard
Put it in your tape deck and press record
Get this - what's a real hip-hop emcee?
Is it MTV? Is it BET?
Is it five M-I-C's so the people can see?
I mean, how you think you free when you act like property?
Tell me, how can you judge an MC when he's rockin
I mean, rockin it live, not pickin his cotton
I mean, adjustin his clothes I mean, how do you know
before you come to the show, and you're not gettin cheated
That you're not gettin heated, that you ain't come to the club
thinkin, "Uh-uh - I must have been weeded!"
You got to be a educated consumer
Spend your money on MC's cause these rappers'll do ya
All they want is your cash, ass, glass, gas and a flick
When you ask for that autograph, they ass dash quick
Beware of the rapper, he talks like it don't matter
He pulls his gat while we BUST OFF the gatler
He's more of an actor, someone, into theater
Not an upright MC with styles who speaks clearer!

[Chorus]

MC's have no time for the bar
Unless we politickin a tape to some drunk A&R
We grab the mic and say who we are, KRS
And start takin it to the chest of the best
This is not a test or a demo
This is when you let go of the limo, like many can't do
They may wanna amp you and chant new, record sellin
But movin the crowd is somethin that they can't do!

[Chorus]

C'mon!
You got to be mistaken, I am not your boy
You fake what you creatin, playin wit'cha toys
G'wan with all that bullshit bout you bringin noise
Time for somethin more than PO-PO-POI-POI
All of hip-hop ain't seventeen
Some of us still go back to "Microphone Fiend"

Back when it was just MC's and DJ's
No video that come on and just replay

[Chorus]

Uhhh... uh-huh, uh-huh uh-huh
We can never stop, forever we rock, take a listen
The t'cha is back, cause rap's whack when I'm missin
Me, I would never want the future to believe
that when they trust to look back on us there was no dope MC's
There was, all these rappers grabbin more and more money
And now that I'm A&R they look more and more funny
They rap for platinum plaques without buildin
a cultural strategy worthy of our children!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Tell The Devil Ha!"

Be strong, be strong

You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
You must tell these devils, word, (HA! HA!)
You got to tell a devil (HUH), then tell a devil (HA!)
Got.. word.. what, (HA! HA!)
You must tell the devil (HUH), huh huh (HA!)
Be strong! (HA! HA!) Word
Stand on the rock (..stand up on the rock..)

When the devil got your soul, and you ain't got control
You know you Born Again, but you feel like you old
You put your mind on Christ, or put your mind on Kris
For everlasting life, you must listen to this
Now you could get with this, or you can get with that
I think you'll go with this, yo Christians where you at?
Oh yes it's KRS, with Church of the Harvest
With Clarence *[?]*, hip-hop's winning evangelist
And then there's Hezekiah, his fire brings the fire
He's takin it higher, tell 'em {THE DEVIL IS A LIAR}
I know, you thinkin bout that Y2K
And I see, this fear that makes you lose your way
But we got, somethin that is bigger than Benz
And we stand, upon the rock that cannot break
Through millineiums, don't you think we been here before?
Through millineiums, God has always opened the door
Word!

You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
You got to tell the devil (Ahhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!)
You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
Word, word up (Ahhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!)
Word (HUH) (HA!)
(Ahhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!)

(..be strong..) Be strong (..be stronnnnnnnng..)
Be strong! Word
(..be strong..) Be strong (..be stronnnnnnnng..)
Endure! Endure!

Yo, if all you got is money and the little things you wear
You worry bout your car note, you worry bout your hair
Then you ain't got no faith, and you must live in fear
Now listen to me people, and listen to me clear
So like I was just sayin, I think it's time for prayin
Don't put your trust in Satan, it's Christ you put your faith in
You minimize your hatin, and stop your hesitatin
It's faith that keeps you movin, so do not be mistaken

You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
You must to tell the devil, word (Ahhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!) word
You got to tell the devil (HUH) UHH tell the devil (HA!)
You got to tell the devil, word (Ahhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!) word
You must tell the devil (HUH), you must tell the devil (HA!)
Word, tell that devil, word (Ahhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!) wo-word
You must tell the devil (HUH) uhh (HA!) uh-huh, yo
(Ahhhhhhhhhh HA! HA!) Yo

Now you listen to these lyrics, they speak into your spirit
You shiver when you hear it, but some just cannot bear it
But when you get up near it, there's no need that you fear it
It's KRS O-N-E you know me hip-hop be spirit
So you tell the devil HUH, tell that devil HA
Tell that devil HUH, tell that devil HA
You must tell the devil HUH, tell that devil HA!
Get out of my life, change your life, word

(..be strong..) (..be stronnnnnnng..)
(..be strong..) (..be stronnnnnnng..)
(..STAND UP ON THE ROCK!..)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Bring It To The Cypher"

(feat. Truck Turner)

[KRS-One]
Every once in a while
You got to put aside childish things
And get with the teachers and the kings
K-R-S... Truck Turner...
Bring It To The Cypher
Like this, like this y'all

[Verse 1: Truck Turner]
I'm at the end of my rope, I'm bout to snap
Cut a nigga throat, put a bullet through his hat
With his head attached
What's the deal new jack? Who dat? Got his chest blew back
Clak! Clak! Bullet through his teeth, nigga true that
You in my way, move that, Truck coming through that
Run up in your spot, come out, raising two gats
Move back, give a nigga room, let me hit this
Way back, since up in the womb, I was with this
Every sentence, we doom with consistence
Be the witness, let me spit this, Kris hit this

[KRS-One]
Yo... if it's all about the hundreds, let's try to get two 50s
Don't stop and switch a temple, let's work and build a city
You see the equation, to this whole situation?
If I'm the God of rap and you battling me, you Satan
And that's why you hating, creating debates
When you know damn well that your title will be taken

[Hook: x2]
You think you all that son?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!
You only got platinum?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!
You think you got props son?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!
You living Hip Hop son?
BRING IT TO THE CYPHER!

[Verse 2: KRS-One]
Yo... daytime, nighttime, anytime, I got plenty time
To kick many rhymes, big time, all time
Taking it to you over time, so when I'm flowing rhymes
Bright I shine, simply cuz I'm
Lyrically be kicking out the tighter rhyme, till I climb
Bring in the chime, in your mind, you fall behind
Picking up your rhyming skill, I am fulfilled, when I kill at will

Still number one for fun, kill another one
Battle your bugging son
Look I cut your tongue, KRS-One is never done
I am the proper one, this ass-whipping will make you better son
Go and tell your mum I took a bite out of your bum
Anytime you want it, doggone it, yo put me on it
Never running up on it, you never disappointed, get on it
I simply jam, not that I give a damn
Let me tell you who I am, just ask your buddy
Put your cash on Kris, I bet you double up your money
You can call me Chris Rock, ain't nothing funny

[Truck Turner]
Nigga what, let me change my style up, in a rough
Nigga duck, dropped your face, pick it up, shook 'em up
Automatic fire – Brrrrrrrruh! Brrrrrrrruh!
All up in the party, clip it out, give it up

[KRS-One]
Where's the money for this single, get it out, give it up
Blastmaster's coming through Truck, what

[Hook: x2]

[Verse 3: Truck Turner]
That night I let the fo'-fo' bark, spark right off the dark
Body parts chalked, where we live, how we get down
Come up on my block making noise, keep the shit down
I cripple you, pull up a wheelchair, permanent sit-down
Perfect fit now, now clown, who the shit now?
Fo'-fo' aimed at your dome, bout to spit rounds
Me and you, getting it on? Don't even go there
Once I bring it to you, you won't be save nowhere
Oh yeah, your mom's funeral don't even show there
It'll be a double burial dukes, when the smoke clears
Love you like a brother, but I'll kill you if you rally
Stay on my good side, my bad side, I annihilate
Don't hold me back, get off me, told these kats never cross me
But they crossed the line, I gotta show 'em
My fo'-fo' snub is what I owe 'em, Kris you know him? (Nah)
Ice pick, adequate style, I'm bout to blow him
Dudes get trifle, catch the barrel of the rifle
Fuck you, until more niggaz looking just like you
Don't toot, when you hear me squeeze off the cycles
I squeeze you load (I squeeze you reload)
I squeeze you reload till this whole shit can roll
Where I'm from, that's the code, BDP got your shit sold
Like bad heads that fold at war, anything goes
Made us, broke the mold, another Bronx episode nigga what

[Hook: x2]

Truck... Turner... express, ya don't stop

K... R... S.....
Truck... Turner... express, c'mon y'all
K... R... S.....

KRS-One Lyrics

"Let It Flow (Get You In The Mood)"

(feat. G. Simone)

[KRS-One]
In the beginning, it was WHBI

[G. Simone: singing]
Just let it flow...do what you know..
To get you in tha moooooood..

[DJ scratching]

Just let it flow...do what you know..
To get you in tha moooooood..

[DJ scratching]

[KRS-One]
Check it Now!Back up on the set KRS is on the mic' kid
I rock the black and white kid, smash that ass and you fly, kid
No need to hype it but KRS-One's the one who pipe's it
These lyrical freestyles meanwhile you're gettin excited
Quickery, inginiery, over my delivery I'm glittery
I'm rhyming against biggetry while you're giving me...
...ignorance, incompetence, inexperience! I'm not hearing it!
I battle with expedience and obedience, you macking the ingredients
Hiphop you're not being it!! You're trying it
My whole style right now you're I and it
I'll take ya dark demo and put the sky in it
You say you're dope but like an Elvis Presly CD I ain buying it

[Beat Stops and KRS-One speaks with G. Simone adding additional vocals]

Tell me the relevance of Money without intelligence?!?!
There is none! EXPERIENCE= Wisdom! MC's I flick Dem
Lyric lick them, trick them, Kick Them, HAA HA-HA!!
Stick Them!

[Live audience laughs and sound fades. KRS continues rapping]

Yeah! Yo!
Now ev'ry time I kick this style that get you open
I remind I rhymes yeah I know you opened
For sum'thing more gifted uplifted!
Topical, rocking you, if its possible
let me give it to you logical
Give it up is what you got to do! Like a bad habit!
To battle KRS you need battle skills and magic
See this talus mineral around my neck can try to grab it
But remember: I don't write rhymes I write classics

You can get your ass kicked, get back up in ya strolla
KRS-One is seven dope albums older, the holder of a boulder
You want a fresh style? Let me show ya...
we will be here forever I told ya!!!

[G. Simone - singing]
Just let it flow...do what you know..
To get you in tha moooooood... *[x2]*

[KRS-One]
Watch me now, wa-watch me now, wa-watch me now glock me now
You be looking sloppy now, drop me how? rock me how?
You can't even stop me now!
Watcha really thinking bout when you wanna think it out!?
When I'm bout to bring it out the terror that I sing a bout?
If you do the crime then you must do the time and
if you kick a rhyme and its wack thats your behind and...
don't be blinded looking this way 'cause you'll be fine dead
My career going up-hill while yours declining
I'm the bomb on foot K-1 land mind
bumping to this you will shatter same time!!
These rappers be blind - they simply forget
that I'm the god of rap and my pride.. study the rhyme

[G. Simone: singing]
Yeaaaaah!! If you're feelin what we're feeelinnng!
Let it floww. Yeaaahh!!

[KRS talking - G keeps singing]
KRS-One keeps it toasty! Ha Ha. Whut!!
Bigging up the supreme team
All college radio DJ's, all underground MixTape DJ's
Rock on!! Yea Yea!! Mad shoutout from New York City to the world!
WORD UP to the World KID!
(yea yea yea) to the World!!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Remember"

(I remember..) Big Daddy Kane
(You've forgotten..) Salt-N-Pepa
(To remember..) Outrageous clothes
(I wonder why..) Uhh, oh
(I remember..) Heavy D
(You've forgotten..) Kool Moe Dee
(To remember..) Dope videos
(I wonder why..)

Remember the day, 'member the play, 'member the way we used to say
"Dee-dee-dee-da-di-dee-dee-dee-dee-da-di-dayyyyy"
Remember the jams, 'member the plans
'member the plans you made with your man
Maybe you can or maybe you can not
Remember the architects of hip-hop
It's really hard to forget about Tupac
Respect is what the Crash Crew got
Better we ask you not, to recite the history of Hip-Hop on the block
You could forget about Grandmaster Flash if you try
You know not, the t'cha returns, have you forgotten?
I speak not to idle concerns, I keep it rockin
But you have forgotten I'm the holder of a boulder
Money-folder, we will be here forever, I TOLD YA!
To remind ya, just when them chrome rims blind ya
That them rims come from the expression of what's inside ya
My lyrics guide ya, and they fly too
Why don't you try to find who you rhyme through?
I think it's time to untie you

(I remember..) MC Lyte
(You've forgotten..) Stetsasonic
(To remember..) Fancy bars
(I wonder why..) Oh, oh
(I remember..) Brand Nubian
(You've forgotten..) Nice & Smooth
(To remember..) Those candy cars
(I wonder why..)

Some like it slow, some like it off beat
Some like smooth jazz I like it all street
We come in all shades, like coke we always
thinkin of more ways to leave them all dazed
All hazed, all crazed and all amazed
My last name should have been Letterman like Dave
But I wasn't his slave, I'm referrin to the way
that my lyrics behave, when I rock raves
Let off shockwaves baby it's crazy not too much can stop me
I walk right in, these other cats be knock-kneed

Terrified, they still actin all cocky
When the storm hits they be screamin "MAMI! PAPI!"
"AUNTIE! SOMEBODY!" I'm from the orthodoxy
It takes more to rock me, like in "Attack of the Clones"
these rappers be carbon copies, and they hardly got the
flow, rhyme style sloppy and old
What's up with "The Show"?

(I remember..) Public Enemy
(You've forgotten..) Dana Dane
(To remember..) Outrageous clothes
(I wonder why..) Yo, oh, oh
(I remember..) Doug E. Fresh
(You've forgotten..) Das EFX
(To remember..) Videos
(I wonder why..)

(I remember..) W-H-B-I
(You've forgotten..) K-Day!
(To remember..) Outrageous clothes
(I wonder why..) Oh, oh
(I remember..) Red Alert
(You've forgotten..) Fab 5 Freddy
(To remember..) Videos
(I wonder why..)

Yo, oh, ah, yes, do it
Do it, ah, Mad Lion on the hookup
J Rock on the hookup
Oh, we do it just like that, just like that

KRS-One Lyrics

"Smilin' Faces"

(feat. Shock G)

[Shock G]
Yeah.. aiyyo Kris tell 'em what's up yo

[KRS]
Yo, yo yo, one two!
Comin at you live and direct (that's right)
Digital Underground kid, you know what's up

[Shock G]
Aiyyo Kris is chillin, Shock G's chillin
What more can we say, about the village
The real killers, chillin in the Whi.. I mean the not RIGHT house
Want me to be they lab white mouse
The smile of seedy greedies, deprivin the needies, breakin treaties
Overseas wildin while they profilin on the TV's
Some of 'em cool though.. see I like that nigga Bill
Hittin everything in town, and he got that smile down
Now let's break down the meaning of a smile
Is it happiness and blissfulness, well let's go down the list
You got the real deal for real-real smile
You got the phony they don't know me let me hide my feel smile
The dumb embarassed smile
The ooh she look delicious, yo that girl is lavish smile (uh-huh)
Then you got the shake your head nah black, that shit was whack smile
The across the bar, yeah it's cool, we can hit the sack smile
The crack smile, the caught in the act smile
The over my shoulder caught you schemin on me delayed react smile
The smile you're really glad to see when it comes round
The spot's hot, they got you boxed in, it's bout to go down
You glance back, your man who packs that once in a while
gives you the - oh I'm strapped, do your thing, baby I got your back smile

[Chorus: KRS-One]
Smilin faces, sometimes
Pretend, to be your friend
Smilin faces, show no traces
Of the evil, that lurks within

[KRS-One]
Whaddya think I joke? Whaddya think I sniff coke?
Me a wild t'ing like Tone Loc, you better be dope
When the soundclash erupt, rev up, step up to the cut
Whassup? I show up to blow up and leave the spot TO' UP
You know what? I'ma go nut, but you know what? Yeah, so what!
It's the regular, when you checkin the, one that perfected the
Smilin faced people posin as your equal
Knowin they wanna beat you defeat you and eat you, but they greet you

with peace and love, not with the piece but the dove
Not beneath but above, now the cheek give a hug
Snug, no grudge, 'til you turn your back and learn the facts
Called learnin truth, the tree is only KNOWN by its fruits
These smilin faces, in many places, sometime they racist
Sometime they sexist, sometime they want your Lexus
Sometime they be your family members remember
Oh no not my lady, oh no not my fella, with them you thought
you'd never ever sever, but they was two-faced - it happens
With a whole 'nother agenda but clever to say whatever forever
Let me make this relationship better, if you real stay real
Be real, the truth we got to treasure, not these

[Chorus]

[Shock G] And they be lurkin
[KRS] You know what's up, ha!
[KRS] KRS-One, Shock Gigga!
[Shock G] That's me baby
[KRS] HA HA.. word

[Shock G]
Yo, just let the beat breathe
Uhh.. yeah..
Cause they be lurkin
Never trust a big butt and a smile baby
Uhh.. keep it goin, ah keep it goin
Yo Kris that's peace baby (uh-huh)
They know the deal
Smile ain't nuttin but an upside down frown (word)
Never trust a big butt and a smile

KRS-One Lyrics

"Harmony And Understanding"

[unknown singer]
When the mooooon is in the seventh house
And Jupiter, aliiiiigns with Mars
And Pete, will guide the planet
And love will steal the stars
Right now we're living in the age of Aquarius
The age of Aquariusssssssssss
Aquariusssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss!
(Aquariusssssssssssss)

[KRS-One]
Yeah, ah, yeah, ah
Harmony and understanding
Sympathy and trust abounding
No more need for superstition
All your living dreams are visions
Mystic crystal revelations
And the mind's true li-ber-aaa-tion

[unknown singer]
Aquariusssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss!
(Aquariusssssssssssss)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Outro: I'll Be Back"

[KRS-One]
Be-dee-dee-da-dee, dee-dee-dee-dee-da-de-day
KRS-One come in with the Tech & Sway

Yo, I rock upon the littlest set and up on the biggest set
As ill as it gets, I still manage to wiggle your neck with sweat
Never forget, the bigger the budget the bigger the debt
You gotta be willin to rock in the middle of dry and the middle of wet
But I'm willin to bet, on the Sway and the Tech, they stay in effect
Never been a pain in the neck, they gainin respect
Nevertheless I'll WRECK YOU, now you know what Sway and Tech do
I'll be back, but for now just SECKLE!!
HA, HA, HA, HA

KRS-ONE kristyles

KRS-One Lyrics

"Do You Got It"

Turn it up now, it's yo' time (ha!)
Thanks for yo' nickel and yo' dime (ha!)
The Kris-Style will blow yo' mind (ha!)
Let's get it started, RIGHT ON TIME (ha!)
The elements, I represent all nine (ha!)
I do the written or the freeflow rhyme (ha!)
These rappers nowadays they be so blind (ha!)
You lookin for the skill but you won't find (ha!)
Real live skills I show mine (ha!)
Whack rappers I'll pay them no mind (ha!)
Improvement, they showin no sign (ha!)
DJ's, I hang with the dope kind (ha!)
All you cats, know meeeee (ha!)
I'm not ashamed of who I beeee (ha!)
I teach about G.O.Deeeee (ha!)
It's YOU that's frontin, not meeee (ha!)
I keeps it bumpin in the C-L-U-B
Eleven albums, what are you tellin me?
I am B-L-E-S-S-E-D
You are C-U-R-S-E-D
I don't need radio (OR) TV
All I wanna do is recite my poetry
You hear somebody preachin, YEAH you know it's me
You hear the t'cha speakin and yo, you gotta see
"Criminal Minded," do you got it?

[switching to a live performance]
(Throw your hands up!) "Criminal Minded," do you got it?
"By All Means Necessary" (uh)
"By All Means Necessary" (uh)
"Ghetto Music," do you got it? (uh)
"Ghetto Music," do you got it? (uh)
"Edutainment," do you got it? (uh)
"Edutainment," do you got it? (uh)
"Sex and Violence," do you got it? (uh)
"Sex and Violence" - ooh they got it!
("I Got Next" - do you got it?)
("I Got Next" - do you got it?)
("The Sneak Attack" - do you got it?)
("The Sneak Attack" - do you got it?)
"Spiritual Minded," do you got it? (huh?)
"Spiritual Minded," do YOU got it?!
(Alright, check it out..)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ya Feel Dat"

[Chorus]
Ya feel dat? (HO!) Ya see dat? (HO!)
Ya hear dat? (HO!) You believe dat? (HO!)
Ya follow dat? (HO!) Could it be dat? (HO!)
Ya follow dat? (HO!) Can you believe dat? (HO!)
Ya hear dat? (HO!) Ya see dat? (HO!)
You believe dat? (HO!) You can feel dat (HO!)
Ya follow dat? (HO!) You believe dat? (HO!)
Ya see dat? (HO!)

Show me an MC that think he's too hot
Bring him to KRS-One, I'll show him he's NOT
Blowin the whole spot up when I spit up
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, when I walk past, get up
My wrists ain't lit up! I don't even live that life
Gold, diamonds, platinum, I give to my wife - you see
Diamonds are a girl's best friend, not mine
You got it, FINE - but what about that rhyme?
Can you rhyme? Can you spit it quick
like watermelon pits at a picnic? Ha!
Or are you just dressed up with nowhere to go?
Or is the record company the pimp and you the ho?
LET'S GO!

[Chorus]

I write my own books like I write my own hooks
Step in the spot and these rappers be so shook
They don't look here cause KRS is BOOM!
Platinum rappers be hidin out in they dressin rooms
Yo, get away from me
You got a million dollar video but I'M the one they wanna see
The capital E-M-C-E-E
A repitition of words, I been divorced Melodie
I'm out, confident, no doubt
I get what I gotta get when I spit I don't shout
This New Yorker, Kris Parker's a quick talker
You can get what I spit or get the klik-klocker
Overseas I got the breeze as a hip-hopper
Where they speak eat and drop the beats proper
Street doctor, I'm (Brown) and (Foxy) like the (Ill Nana)
Whoever you think is hot, I'm hotter

[Chorus]

RADIO! These suckers never play me
or Chuck - but do you think we really give a...
Southside, Westside, Eastside, North

I spit the hot flame, you get your flesh torn off
I come from that place where you cats can't face
Where cops can't chase or invade my space
We turn up the bass, you tremble in the place
Phones ain't traced and flows we don't waste
Hoes we don't chase or kiss, they know they place
with Kris or Christ, they'll lose their life
You don't lose if you come in two's, you and a wife
But you crews wanna be bruised, so choose your knife
Choose your gat, choose your rat, when the smoke clears
you'll be like, "God damn - who was that?"
Loosen that noose around your neck and back
Embarassin blacks, ain't no respect in that!

[Chorus]

Let's do it! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Everybody up top! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Yo, all my cats in the front! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Yo, yo, all my cats in the back (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Yo, we out!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Underground"

[Chorus]
What does it mean to be UNDERGROUND?
It means you gotta be free to be UNDERGROUND
Yo, you got your own key when you're UNDERGROUND
If you're listening to me yo you UNDERGROUND

It's time that I open with a thunder sound
Now look around your own town for the UNDERGROUND
Yo, you rhymin for the TV, or a million CD's?
You ain't a MC, you ain't UNDERGROUND
You could be platinum or gold, hot or cold
But it's the respect you hold that's UNDERGROUND
When the critics don't get, that for the streets you spit it
When your lyric they fear, that's UNDERGROUND

[Chorus]

Yo, white kids, black kids, skinny kids, fat kids
Them Asian cats be UNDERGROUND
Chicanos, Palestinians, Milanos, fuck the Lone Ranger
Where's Tanto? That's UNDERGROUND
Freddie Foxxx, Blackalicious, Kweli
M.O.P., GangStarr that's UNDERGROUND
Mad Lion, Smif-N-Wessun, Buckshot
Armageddeon T.S. that's UNDERGROUND, UHH!

[Chorus]

Yo, the t'cha returns, I told y'all I went to Cali to learn
And that shit was UNDERGROUND
If the cops be eyein you, cause survive is what you try to do
Yo I'm wit you, you UNDERGROUND
If it's justice you want, and you protest the ice they flaunt
You want skills that's UNDERGROUND
Yo it's not about a rugger rapper, or an actor
It's about your subject matter that's UNDERGROUND
LOOK!

[Chorus]

Chevonne Dean from Ruff Ryders, all the Outsiderz
Young Zee, that's UNDERGROUND
When all your money's spent, and you're still hangin on
to 50 Cent (get it) you UNDERGROUND
When you rep the collective consciousness of hip-hop
Not hip-pop, you UNDERGROUND
Yo it ain't about jewels, bitches and cars
It's about Nas, that's UNDERGROUND, yo!

[Chorus]

To be underground simply means that you're down
for the struggle, get 'em up, that's UNDERGROUND
You could be a classy lady or a whore
But if you protest the war, for sure, you UNDERGROUND
If the government can't see you, or deceive you
You love your people, believe you UNDERGROUND
If you refuse to play the game, you go against the grain
You ridin the train, you UNDERGROUND - get it!

[Chorus]

Yo, yo, that blast from the past, like Grandmaster Caz
Bam and Flash, that's UNDERGROUND
Doug E. Fresh, Lord Finesse, KRS
If you listenin to this you UNDERGROUND
Turn it up now KRS about to show you how
They go wow, BLAOW for the UNDERGROUND
Mr. Walt, Evil Dee, KRS, BDP
Kenny P, that's UNDERGROUND - do it!

[Chorus]

(Alright!) Turn it up ah, turn it up ah
Turn it up ah, turn it up ah
Turn it up ah, turn it up ah
Turn it up if you UNDERGROUND - LISTEN!

KRS-One Lyrics

"How Bad Do You Want It"

[KRS]
Yo, my man, how bad do you want it?
You know how many cats I threw the pitch, and they never caught it?
I told them to bring they lyric, but they never brought it
Scared to get ripped off, cheated, deleted, rejected and shorted?
Yo, how bad do you want it?
Fear I ain't got no time for it
If you want it, yo there's the track put your rhyme on it!

[Peedo]
This hunger inside of me's unexplainable, Kris
The struggle we put in this box will be put into disc
Birth and ever, these family problems is hurtin'
Both of my sisters is pregnant, fuckin' feel like murkin'
All I have is my word and my balls
And my fam and my music speaks for them all
It's the Dominican animal ready to damage, you puttin'
Pressure to rappers that think they can challenge you, Kris (uh huh)
We been through it all, the grimiest days, this earth ain't
Ready for my brain, comin' to face (word)
Everyone plus everyone
Do you hear me, KRS-One?

[KRS]
Well listen
You grimy and hungry?
But how long you gonn' trust me?
You really down for this cause or just chasin' the money?
I be up in them spots to be hot, so dusty and ugly
Nothin' be funny, it's all dark, nothin' sunny
Can you walk with me? Talk with me? Pop the cork with me?
When we in other cities, will you rep New York with me? (yeah!)
I need respect and honor
Discipline and no drama
How bad you want it, poppa? (with all my...)

[Peedo]
Loyalty is the key to it all (remember)
Get used to my face, we the winners of all
By mi gente, yo I go low to say-ah
Real like them Washington Heights
Niggaz there (say yeah!)

[KRS]
After you rap, will you stab my back? (never)
You gimme a track, will you take that back? (never)
I give the word, yo you bustin' your Gatt? (whatever)
Respect from your crew? They livin' like that? (they better)

This is no game! Why should I make you popular?
You know I'm the philosoph
How bad do you want it?
How bad do you need it?
If you see it, you can believe it, perceive it, retrieve it and flaunt it
How bad do you want, doggone it, there's the track, if you want it
You got to put your rhyme on it!

[Peedo]
How bad do I want it? I'm ready to die like Big
A serious man with blood in my eyes for this
Success doesn't come overnight
It's gonna be dark a while until I see light (that's right!)
What is it?

[KRS]
This is no game, why should I do it?
KRS-One, me and Peedo runnin' through it
I saw you down the street in FedEx
You said you had the beats was comin', like "I Got Next"
So we went upstairs, my man Choco hooked it up
This is KRS-One turn my voice up! Wha (wha-,wha-)
How bad do you want it?
How bad do you see it?
How bad do you hear it?
How bad do you BELIEVE you can be it?
If you doubt, then you're out
If you believe, you can achieve
I got the city on lock, but I'm gonna hand you the Keys like Alicia
You know my style, you know I'm the teacha
Philosopha, minister, emcee, Hiphop's spiritual leader
With the heater
You comin' with me? You runnin' with me?
In the spirit Scott LaRock, JMJ and Pun is with me
Yo, cats be steppin' to me ALL the time
With the rawest rhyme
But two weeks later, they fall to crime
If you listenin' to this song, and you want to be put on
You must be loyal to the cats that made you strong
It could be your friend, your father, you sister, your mother, your brother or some other
Just remember the days when YOU was under!
Before the Hummer, before the Benz
Before the hundreds, before the fifties, the twenties and tens
When you was thirsty, remember the living water, and who poured it
Now ask yourself, how bad do you want it?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ain't The Same"

You know it's Kris!

[Chorus]
It ain't the same now (it ain't the same)
They switched the game now (they switched up on us)
They talk 'bout chains now (bling bling)
Rims on the Range now
It's sounding plain now
Y'all rock the same style (sound of the mic)
I know the way how (I know)
Bring it back to one
It's supposed to be...

This is the way it's supposed to be
It's supposed to be like you more close to me
It's supposed to be about our families
It's supposed to be about avoiding catastrophe
But it's all about salary and flattery
Distrust, lust, hate and tragedy
It's supposed to be about you and me on the same route
Were you there in eighty-six when I first came out?
And you know about how they runnin' this game out
It's supposed to be about fun and getting' the pain out
But it's all about clout and poppin' them chains out
Instead of forgiveness, we poppin' they brains out
It's supposed to be about seekin' in the seek out
You witnessin' injustice, you got to speak out
If you claimin' you love this, you got to release doubt
Knowledge is what I'm all about

[Chorus]

Well it's supposed to be sunlight over me
Light over you, not you runnin' over me
It's supposed to be a two dollar royalty minimum
A Hiphop guild we got to begin buildin' 'em
It's supposed to be NO police brutality
And the fact that we tolerate that crap is insanity
It's supposed to be museums and archives
Where people can see the importance of OUR lives
But it ain't about any of this
Cats are trying to get that diamond-studded Rolex on they wrist
You hear a voice in the wilderness you know it's Kris
Higher consciousness lyrics, they will persist
But it's supposed to be about makin' it better
You see, Hiphop's not a product like pants or sweater
Go aheadóbe a hero, get your cheddar
Even y'all gonna see when you look back you remember that

[Chorus]

You can see in your heart how it's supposed to be
You doin' your part, THAT'S how it's supposed to be
Pursuin' your art, THAT'S how it's supposed to be
Today you will start, THAT'S how it's supposed to be
It shouldn't be about you movin' slowly
Then talkin' junk when you don't even know me
And you cats be pussy like Josie
I (Touch) "50 MC's" like (Tony)
Everybody in the hood ain't your homie
I spit the truth, but I'm not the only
There's plenty
K-R-S-O-N-E

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"It's All A Struggle"

[Chorus: KRS (guest)]
It's all a struggle (tryin to make it day to day)
It's all a struggle (from my hood to around your way)
It's all a struggle (single parents all by theyself)
It's all a struggle (diseases decreasin your health)
It's all a struggle (fiends swearin that's they last puff)
It's all a struggle (hustler tryin to avoid handcuffs)
(No matter what you do, who you are or where you from)
(Rich poor black white, at the end of the day)

It's all a struggle - and most people's struggles are doubled
You ain't the only one with a challenge facin some trouble
Look at the woman chewed up by the dog with no muzzle
Or the workers that got trapped underground in that tunnel
Some kids are playin in pools, others in puddles
When they listen to the news the propoganda is subtle
But it's time for you to know that the cryin got to go
Release the guilt that you built and let it flow
Slow and low, that is the tempo
Move slow and on the low, this you gotta know
You don't get the muscles without the hard struggles
You ain't the only one out here tryin to get dough
From the hustler to the preacher to the government leaders
From the airline pilot to the chef to the teachers
We linked in the same huddle, in the same tussle'n'bustle
Cause at the end of the day, it's all a struggle

[Chorus]

It's all a struggle - but don't let the challenges bug you
Or the government drug you, or the thieves in the street
beat and mug you - build your tunnel under the rubble
Come up on the other side eye to eye with the trouble
Look at the Twin Towers crumble
Look at the religious leadership stumble, everybody struggles
But not everybody comes through nifty, it's fifty/fifty
The city itself will outrun you quickly
Whether you be healthy or sickly
Whether you be wealthy or thrifty, ugly or pretty
Everybody's tryin to get 50's and 100's
I taught this at UCLA just off Sunset
Now run get "Ruminations"
It's a book that I published for the healing of this nation
In just a few chapters we run through, some possible solutions
Cause at the end of the day

[Chorus]

It's all a struggle

KRS-One Lyrics

"What Else Happened"

[KRS-One (voices)]
There once was a dreamer named Peter (what else happened?)
Peter was also known as SKeeter (what else happened?)
Peter had sex with Anita (what else happened?)
Anita got pregnant from Peter (what else happened?)
Peter wasn't just with Anita (what else happened?)
Peter knew this girl named Rita (what else happened?)
Peter had sex with Rita (what else happened?)
Rita got pregnant from Peter (what else happened?)
Now TWO girls are pregnant by Peter (what else happened?)
But Rita doesn't know of Anita (what else happened?)
And Anita, doesn't know Rita (what else happened?)
The two of them, only know Peter (what else happened?)
Now Peter's at the mall with Anita (what else happened?)
You know, he runs into Rita (what else happened?)
Well Rita takes a look at Anita (what else happened?)
And Anita takes a good look at Rita (what else happened?)
Well Rita starts to pull out the heater (what else happened?)
The heater now is pointed at Peter (what else happened?)
Anita jumps right on Rita (what else happened?)
Rita busts shots at Anita (what else happened?)
Rita missed Anita by meters (what else happened?)
But Rita's bustin shots at Peter! (What else happened?)
Just then somebody shook Peter (what else happened?)
Yo how many spoons of the dairy creamer? (What else happened?)
It's Keisha sayin WAKE UP PETER (what else happened?)
That's why they call you the dreamer (Now that's happenin!)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Somebody"

Oh, do it now, oh, do it now
Yeah, we celebrate diversity in the university
Everybody can't be a queen, everybody can't be a ho and a bitch (Ha ha)
Everybody can't b e a philosopher
Some of y'all gotta load up the clip
Word up, watch this

It goes 1, 2, 3 we the best
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, as you can see, or KRS
You don't wanna test the team, why get a vest
You don't wanna be cursed in a verse, by the blessed
KRS with the sound for the eat and the west
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest
Somebody gotta be fresh
Somebody gotta be wack
Somebody gotta be the Mc
Somebody gotta do the rap
Somebody gotta be smart
Somebody gotta do that
Somebody gotta do art
Somebody gotta be black
Somebody gotta have heart
Somebody gotta be white
Somebody gotta do their part
Somebody gotta be bright
Somebody gotta be up
somebody gotta be down
Somebody gotta be the teacher
Somebody gotta be the clown
Somebody gotta be lost
Somebody gotta be found
Somebody gotta be in the economy making the money go round
Somebody gotta be the president
Somebody gotta get down
Somebody gotta be hesitant
Somebody gotta be relevant
Somebody gotta be celibate
Somebody gotta be having their sex in a lex for the hell of it
Somebody gotta be intelligent
Somebody gotta be illiterate
Somebody gotta go all the way
Somebody gotta go a little bit
Somebody got to be an idiot
Somebody gotta be belligerent
Somebody gotta be hip hop
Cause somebody else is living it
Somebody gotta be spitting it
Somebody gotta be ignorant

Somebody gotta be holy
But somebody gotta have sin in it
Somebody gotta be losing it
Somebody gotta be winning it
Somebody gotta be flippin' the style I'm kicking just a little bit
Somebody gotta be into it
Somebody gotta be out of it
Somebody gotta be up for it
Somebody gotta be doubtin' it
Somebody gotta be running it
Somebody gotta be all that
Somebody don't even known that
Somebody gotta come right here
Somebody else gotta go back
Somebody gotta be scheming
Somebody gotta be a witness
Somebody gotta be seeing in the meaning is different
Somebody else gotta be somebody, for some else to be somebody
Somebody else to run into to wealth, to try to create one body
One aim, one GOD, one destiny
I'm not non-violent, you can back up off of me
I sip my tea, and cock back three
One for Tiny Tim, Mr.Walt, and Evil Dee
I hope you all see, the need for unity
I'll never stop speaking about Marcus Garvey
Kwame Ture or Malcolm X all day
Black leadership today is all play
Y'all play, y'all immature black behavior
IS worse than being a trader
Do on to others, as you would have done do to your neighbor
Big up to my philosophy majors
Free Mumia Abu-Jamal from the cages
We writes the pages and teach all ages
Justice, tell me what we want now
Justice, for Mumia Abu-Jamal
Or justice for Amado Dialo
Justice, there is no peace without (Justice)
All dem mercy, now watch this
I sing, 1,2,3 we the best
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, as you can see, or KRS
You don't wanna test the team, why get a vest
You don't wanna be cursed in a verse, by the blessed
KRS with the new sound for the eat and the west
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no beast on a quest
Follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no, follow no
follow no...

Follow no beast, on a quest
Do you hear me?
Follow no beast, on a quest
Word

Hip Hop ya don't stop
Tiny Tim ya don't stop
KRS ya don't stop
Get by us

KRS-One Lyrics

"Survivin'"

(feat. Tekitha)

[KRS-One] Yeah, all my fathers
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[KRS-One] Uh.. uh, word
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin
[KRS-One] Uh.. hold your head up!
[Tekitha] Survivin, survivin
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[Verse 1: uncredited - possibly Shuman]
Yo, time to do what we gotta do
These days, livin ain't true, but I ain't mad at you
I don't got time for the stress and the nonsense
So I try to stay blessed, but it's all tense
When I awake, feel the sun on my right side
It make me wanna grab a gun and change my lifestyle
But it only goes so far, so live it up
Or realize what you know star, and give it up
Or either switch it up, gotta keep reppin on
And lookin out for our kids, like the rest of *[?]*
Now I know how it is, and what you're handin me
So I can calculate the right moves for my family, yo

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[KRS-One] Keep on!
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin
[KRS-One] C'mon, c'mon!
[Tekitha] Survivin, survivin
[KRS-One] C'mon, that's right
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin
[KRS-One] Word up!
[Tekitha] Survivin, survivin

[Verse 2: KRS-One]
C'mon, let's do this
When it comes to the cash, we ain't equal
Rich man, poor man, poverty defeats you
Where my people? Yo, Kris see you
There's only one of you, that's why you gotta be you
Them others be see-through, flashin and flossin
Me I'm with Inebriated Beats in Boston
Strivin, survivin, we get cash often
But do you really know what daycare be costin?
All my fathers, all my mothers
All my sisters, all my brothers
Hold your head up and teach them younger cats

It ain't where you're from, it's where you're at!

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin

[Verse 3: uncredited - possibly Priest]
Now see I'm livin just to die without most any reason
So I keep on chasin paper 'til it's time to go
But should I really go for mine and put the clip all in the 9
Or stay at the 9 to 5 a day I just don't know
But a brother got a daughter I gotta support her
Caught up in the system inside a order, man I can't afford
a kitted Escalade, or bling bling
And so I gotta keep survivin, is the song that I keep singin
I try to keep my head off the floor, the country's goin to war
While Bush is givin dough to NASA and ain't feedin the poor
But I keep love over these beats, these beats keep me alive
Alive, I got to stay the Priest, I will survive y'all

[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[KRS-One] Uh, word
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin
[KRS-One] C'mon, c'mon.. SURVIVIN
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[KRS-One] Uhh! Keep your head up, word!
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin
[KRS-One] C'mon, uhh.. SURVIVIN
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[KRS-One] Uh
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin
[KRS-One] Word! Uh-huh
[Tekitha] That survive, gotta ride to break the illusion, confusion
[KRS-One] Uh.. ALL MY FATHERS
[Tekitha] Keep on fightin, strivin, survivin, survivin
[KRS-One] Word!

[KRS-One]
Sadat X, is down wit us
Stud Doogie, is down wit us
Lord Jamar, down wit us
Alamo, you down wit us
Grand Puba, down wit us
Brand Nubian, down wit us
Shuman, you down wit us
Yo Priest, you down wit us
Marlo, you down wit us
Choco, you down wit us
Vangod*[?]*, you down wit us
Desmond Terrow*[?]*, you down wit us
Cliff Cultrary*[?]*, you down wit us
Yo Tekitha, you down wit us

Aiyyo RZA, you down wit us
The whole Wu-Tang, is down wit us
Makin funky music is a must!
Makin funky music is a must!

[sampled:] "One For All.. All.. All.." *[repeats to fade]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"Things Will Change"

Hands in the air! *[X4]*

Good looking, word...
DJ Revolution, word up...
Let's do this, kid...
Here we go!

[Chorus]
A good time, a good vibe, and a house with a court
Good life, good wife, a little food for thought
I need (I need) food, clothes, and a whip with rims
I need God in my life
I need family and friends
(I need) money, power, respect, I need love
I need world peace, homeless to eat, no drugs
I need every race and creed to be one
Every nation, every face and seed to see sun

You need to listen to this
You need to listen to Kris
You need to have peace at least
You need spiritual bliss
You need a lyrical twist
Do you know what a miracle is?
Before we begin, you may need a kiss
I suggest either one from J to O-one from the lips
Either way what I'm saying, yo, is bound to uplift
You need checks, you need cash
You need intellect
You need to be moving fast
You need that big respect
You need to be rolling in a car
Going to a bar that's far
Makin' the deal to make you a star
You need to ask yourself, now do you know who you are?
Where you goin'? How many steps you took so far?
You need patience, you need to control your mind
If you read and don't act, then you're wasting your time
We need better leaders, we need better preachers
We need a three-thousand dollar raise to all teachers

[Chorus]

You need some meditation
You need rejuvenation
You need assistance right now with your situation
You need some contemplation
You need a combination

A combination of will power and concentration
You need some syncopation
With regular relaxation
But you can't, 'cause you runnin' and racin' and chasin'
You need to slow down, maybe you should speed up
One sayin' "lay down," the other's sayin' "leap up"
You gotta keep up
I suggest you start to speak up
A lawyer, a doctor, a rapperóyou wanna be what?
Whatever it is, you gotta visualize
You need to focus for real, and stop livin' them lies
The time you givin' them guys
You could be workin' upon the goal you hold
Yo, you must realize
Yo, you need to be wise
Yo, you need to be alive, there could be no revenge or deceit in your eyes
Rise!

[Chorus]

Gimme what I need
Do it with speed
Change the situation around, plant new seeds!
I roll with a righteous team of adults
Forget the insults
We plan to get results
You can call us a cult, you can call us a gang
But when it comes to Hiphop, no, you cats can't hang
When the Gatts go bang
And the telephone rang
Telling you to come to identify the remains
That's when you feel the pain
And my name comes as comfort, ease and all stress and strain
You need to know the game
You need to know the meaning of your own name
Reprogram your own brain
Ask questions with no shame
How you think you gonna master your craft if you don't train?
Perfecting your skill, that's the aim
Perfect your skill, and you'll always have money and fame
C'mon!

[Chorus]

What I, uhh, what I need
(House on the hill)
That's what I need
(Cash credit on my bill)
That's what I need
(All my dreams fulfilled)
That's what I need
(New whip that I can wheel)
What I need

(With the chromed out grill)
Uh huh, that's what I need
(And the girl that can chill)
That's what I need
(And my spirit all healed)
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
That's what I need
That's what I need
(That's what I need)
[fade]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Movement"

Where the real at!
Where the real at!
Yeah!

Yo
Where I come from gats bust for nothin'
Thugs, ministers, cops, teachers, all be hustlin'
Your family's the only one ya trustin'
Clubs be jumpin', redesigned cars be bumpin'
Now there's ranks supreme KRS is a free man
In Hip-Hop culture, I'm like Allen Greenspan
I tell the culture what's hot and what's not
Now look who's on top and look whose shit just dropped
We ain't about sellin' records, we ain't music merchants
We emcees we go straight to the club and hurt shit

[Hook]
New York, New Jers', Boston, COME ON!
California, D.C., Baltimore, COME ON!
Texas, Atlanta, New Orleans, COME ON!
Philly to Chicago, Carolinas, COME ON!
Memphis to Nashville, Colorado, COME ON!
Detroit to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, COME ON!
Seattle to Miami, Arizona, COME ON!
San Fran', Oakland, Hip-Hop, COME ON!

Down to the spot this is real Hip-Hop
Join this movement; them other cats steal a lot
You can feel the knowledge of self or feel this glock
I'm authentic, KRS I'm really hot
Yo, what up Fat Joe that's my nigga for life
Remember when Pun fell off the stage, right on my wife
In the Bronx, we all laugh about it today
What up Freddie Fox, 2 Glocks, Pik and Spay
Dr.Dre all day, both of them
Dr.Dre with Ed Lover and the one with Eminem
This a movement, all over the world we reach
I can prove it, all over the world I teach
You hear that Dr.King, "I Have A Dream" speech a lot
But no where is it manifested but in Hip-Hop
While them other cats be lookin' for a radio song
I'm in Washington Heights, puttin' them Dominicans on
You can feel it I'm strong, I last longer lets do it
You want the real Hip-Hop well join this movement
We ain't about sellin' records, we ain't music merchants
We emcees we go to the club and straight hurt shit

[Hook]

Utah, Minnesota, Mexico, COME ON!
V.A., Arkansas, Portland, COME ON!
Indiana, Oklahoma, Kansas, COME ON!
East St.Louis, Milwaukee man, COME ON!
Montreal, Toronto, Canada, COME ON!
East Coast, West Coast, Dirty South, COME ON!
Mid-West, Bible Belt, Up-Top, COME ON!
Hip-Hop, COME ON!
Hip-Hop, COME ON!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Gunnen' Em Down"

Uh-huh! Y'all forgot about this shit right? Haha
Haha, TURN THE RADIO OFF!!
Word! Yeah, whattup Choco? Haha
Yo turn it around for me one time
Uhh, uhh, yo

I don't despise thugs, I (ADVISE) thugs
I teach y'all thugs, cause that's what I was
Yeah I say was cause today I'm above
All the guns, illegal funds, the crews and the drugs
ANY HOOD I walk in, they show me love
They say 'Knowledge Reigns Supreme, WHATTUP CUZ?'
Cops wanna get sit down and get all bud
They wanna think as they drink drink down to the suds
I respect it, but I don't get down with the fuzz
I don't drink with DT's I don't hang with the judge
But truth be truth and I got the proof
Most ministers were straight thugged out in they youth
See if you're over 25 and you never got live
when it was time to ride, you ain't got no heart
But if you're over 26 and you're still in the mix
and your life you ain't fixed, you ain't doin your part
You see them cats on TV, playin the role?
Gassin y'all, them cats be over thirty years old!
Actin all dirty and cold
NONE OF MY CLASSIC ALBUMS they was worthy to hold
I'm concerned with the soul, overstand?
When we was slappin up rappers they was doin the running man
You don't know my style, we be straight gunnin man
If you don't know you better ask your older brother man
Shit gets realer than, Real TV
From eighty-six, ain't no rapper realer than me
Or Just-Ice, I.C.U. or Steady B
What y'all waitin to see? Somethin faker than me?
Don't let me have to pull out the Jamaican in me
I'd rather pull out the asalaam alaikum in me
Wa-alaikum salaam, yo you wan' tess de Don?
BLAOW BLAOW BLAOW-BLOAW-BLAOW, bwoy gone!

[Chorus]
They don't really wanna learn - well start gunnin 'em down!
Yo they really ain't concerned - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't wanna get the book - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't want a conscious hook - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't wanna pay dues - well start gunnin 'em down!
They be actin brand new - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't wanna get the light - well start gunnin 'em down!
Yo, pass me the mic - we'll start gunnin 'em down!

Watch dis! Your crew is my crew and my crew is my crew
Your crew you lied to, my crew will find you
The light I recite will blind and outshine you
Street cats be wonderin why they even signed you
Where they find you? WHO is the first cat to rap
"wa-da-da-ding" and show you what the nine do?
You ain't never seen me behave with them firearms
Maybe not, cause you just a slave to Viacom
Me, I'm a free MC hip-hopper
I teach real gangsters, hang with real Godsters
I am to hip-hop what Selassie is to rastas
Watch your mouth before someone I don't know pops ya
Lemme stop, don't-a-stop the street rhetorhic, ha
Your soul you sellin it ha, come wit some better shit, ha
In five years your whole catalogue's irrelevant ha
You spit the ignorance while I spit intelligence
You got it backwards like sayin hop-hip
That's why when you battled your whole crew got ripped!

[needle drags across record] You wanna battle?

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Philosophical"

Yo turn me up just a bit, so I can hear it and spit
Reverse spit, and get tips, rehearse a hit and take tricks
Research the art just a bit, don't let me start I won't quit
But if I start I'ma flip, just like I'm startin the whip
Puttin the key into it, mentally seein it
G.O.D. believin in it, I get a fee when I spit
C-L-U-B's I just rip, I'm lyrically well equipped
Over the beats and the mix, I keep the streets in a fit
When it comes to lyrical spit, I'm the t'cha of it
Higher consciousness, truth, I'll be reachin for it
Metaphysics, here's an example cause I'm speakin of it
Put your hands in the air, but you must be aware
That even if your hands are down, ain't they still in the air?
I be takin you all the way down the road, takin you there
I'm livin and givin just a smidgen of what I share
The style that I'm kickin, lyric lickings from over there
We rockin forever, we get better with every year
With letters and intercessors I sever every fear
Lookin here, like UPS KRS takes it there
Let's make it clear, thought waves go through the air
You can act like you busy or you dizzy or you don't care
But listen here, everybody got a fear
An insecurity, some type of thing they gotta clear
So that's when I, reappear, from the rear
Philsopher, follow the bright light to right here
I might wear, light gear
Appear when you least expect it, tellin you now how to fight fear
With faith, you hear the bass, well clear the waste
You gotta get the negative cats out your face
Get that irrelevant crap out your space
Conceive it believe it decree it achieve it with HASTE!

[Chorus]
Nuttin in the world is impossible
Listen to the shit that I drop on you
KRS-One, philosophical
Believe and achieve what you got to do

We rawwwwwwwwwk, we don't stop
Hip-Hooooooooop, we don't stop
Tick-toooooooock, we don't stop
We at the top we never drop cause true hip-hop is so hot
Some people thuggin, some be pimpin, I be teachin a lot
I be teachin about the meaning of a deeper hip-hop
That don't make me any better than a thief or a cop
All I know is when I flow, the people be shocked
You don't really want the teacher to come step on your block
With my whole glock takin everything that you've got

I'm a different type of deeper intellectual rock
For when you really wanna compete and get up off your block
You are not just doin hip-hop, you +ARE+ hip-hop
Like if you have a badge and a gun, you ARE the cop
Like if you practice medicine, you ARE the doc
You just forgot rappers rap about cars a lot
And the magazines worry about stars a lot
But I'm the sun and they avoid me BECAUSE I'm hot
The orthodox hip-hop is sure to rock
With or without a video, I'm leavin 'em all in shock, OHH!

[Chorus - repeat 4X]

KRS-One Lyrics

"9 Elements"

Well my ladies and gentlemen
This is a rapsession and my name is "KRS-One!"
And when I talk about "Hip-Hop Music!", I know

One: Breaking or breakdancing
Rally b-boying, freestyle or streetdancin'
Two: MC'ing or rap
Divine speech what I'm doing right now no act
Three: Grafitti art or burning bombin'
Taggin', writin', now you're learning! uh!
Four: DJ'ing, we ain't playing!
[scratch] You know what I'm saying!
Five: Beatboxing
Give me a *[beatboxin]* Yes and we rockin'!
Six: Street fashion, lookin' fly
Catchin' the eye while them cats walk on by
Seven: Street language, our verbal communication
Our codes throughout the nation
Eight: Street knowledge, common sense
The wisdom of the elders from way back whence
Nine: Street entrepreneur realism
No job, just get up call 'em and get 'em

Here's how I'm tellin' it, all 9 Elements
We stand in love, no we're never failing it
Intelligent? No doubt
Hip-Hop? We're not selling it out, we're just lettin' it out
If you're checkin' us out this hour, we teatchin' hip-hop
Holy integrated people have it, I'm the present power!

Rap is something you do!
3x Hip-Hop is something you live! *[scratched]*
Rap is something you do!
Hip-Hop is something you live! *[scratched]*

Skaters, BMX-bike riders rock
Don't you ever stop! You are hip-hop
You doing the same things we did on our block in the suburbs
You know you be packing that black block
Selling that crackrock and ecstacy
Gettin' pissydrunk, fallin' out next to me
But like I told those in the ghettoes
Here's the facts! True hip-hop is so much more than that
Some much more than rap, so much more than beats
Hip-hop is all about victory over the streets
What you see on TV is a lie
That's not something you wanna live or pattern your life by
But, huh that's too much preachin' ain't it?

You don't want the ?education*[?]*, you wanna be dead on the pavement
Well, so be it, some of ya'll ain't gonna see it
Others wanna enslave your mind! Kris wanna free it!

[Chorus]
Rap is something you do!
5x Hip-Hop is something you live! *[scratched]*

"Oh yea" *[scratched]* - From "P is dead"

"I have spent my whole life livin'", "talk to the fullest", "no doubt"

You know that's why these rappers can't hang
Cause the essence of hip-hop is not a material thang
They so careless, hip-hop is in a *[?]* we give
Rap we do, hip-hop we live
How many times I gotta say it? How the radio ain't gonna play it
And you hip-hoppers sit back and okay it
Think about it! (think about it)
The present course of action, we have got to reroute it!

[Chorus: repeat 3X]
Hip-Hop is something you live!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Alright With Me"

[Chorus]
I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)
I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to act like you don't know
Well, that's alright with me
People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)
When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to put me down
Well, that's alright with me

The Kristyles is officially on blast
Don't worry about what he say, cuz he wont last
If you want to learn the way take a seat in this class
I write albums like singles and release them so fast
I get around the whole country on foot like Flash
I don't fly across country I be there with the mass
Drivin, drivin, pulling up to your hood spot
You sayin to your son, "now this how radio should rock."
I pray for these radio cats cuz they don't know
how fast I be movin when they be movin slow
This ain't no fast food rap dude, get it and go
This that home cooked type meal, lyrical flow
Spiritual grow, ya know cuz ya was there, fo sho
Like Joey Greck I'm not the average Joe
(Yo, welcome cats to the BDP show
with KRS, Kenny Barker, G Simone, and Chalk-o)

[Chorus]
I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)
I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to act like you don't know
Well, that's alright with me
People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)
When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to put me down
Well, that's alright with me

I spit when I speak, when I speak I spit
When I spit what I spat it splits ya clique
Spit, spat, speak, spoke, either way
I spat that your rap's not dope any way
When you spoke I spit that splattered your scope
I split that and spit that unanimous quote
No hope when I battle I'm staggering folk
They slip-sliding away there rappers ain't dope
Get my coat, I make sure you can see shells
For sure you gon' see them cuz all you see is sales
Forget it you ain't wit it, admit it

Every thing you did I already did it

[Chorus]
I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)
I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to act like you don't know
Well, that's alright with me
People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)
When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to put me down
Well, that's alright with me

Too many emcees not enough time
nine out of ten niggaz say they wanna rhyme
Four out of nine talk about drugs and crime
Three out of four say they wit it but they not
Two out of five spit fire plus the underground
One out of three spit righteous but they never shine
One out of two claim they ballin all the time
And only one make it to prime
Do that math, only one Biggie, one Pac, one Jay-Z
one Nas, one Fifty, one X, one Slim Shady
One KRS-One, one L, one K, one Busta, one Pun, one Love, only one me
Take that TNT, that spit is my property
You copy me, fuck you, pay me (nigga)

[Chorus]
I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)
I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to act like you don't know
Well, that's alright with me
People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)
When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)
But you still want to put me down
Well, that's alright with me

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Only One"

In case you ain't know, check it
Let me tell you right not and the whole world
You are the only one

I saw them guys you were with
I don't flash platinum watches and drop-top whips
But you can rest assure you're my perfect fit
Every dollar that we get, we be earning it
Yo, you never have to worry about me taking a trip
Or leaving you at home so I can quickly forget
Yo, with me it's the opposite, you swerve the jeep
You the queen of your house, you earn your keep
And I respect that, in high school we both got left back
We both were divorced and had setbacks
But you should never let that depress you
God has blessed you
Yo, here's what KRS do
Support your goals, keep you warm when it's cold
It ain't about now it's about when we get old

[Chorus 2x]
Let me tell you right now and the whole world
You are the only one
In my heart you are that number one girl
You are the one (one, one, one)
Even when your hair ain't done with no curl
You are the only one (one, one, one)

Crazy why love making we already did
Shit, that's why we got four kids
Romantic, our parenthood we planned it
On the queue two to England, cross the Atlantic
Respect, you don't have to demend
It's like you got the perfect husband and your friends cant stand it
Especially when I watch the kids
And when you come home I ain't trying to find out what you did
It flips theirs leave, 'cause they looking for the player
A little boy trying to pay theirs cell phones and pagers
But with me you living with the savior
We be up in the temple of hip-hop, or chilling with the mayor
I thank the creator
We don't need what they handing out
This is what your man is about
It's like peace and much love
Trust and respect
Your friends may have diamonds but they aint get that yet
They may have the burghettes and cars and private jets
But all they're really good for is sex

[Chorus]

We be hanging out late night at denys
Having conversations about every and any
Many people want what we got
A relationship that just keeps getting hot like hip-hop
You know I'm not the regular guy
You know I can't be compared
You know when the drama comes I ain't scared
My name rings bells in the street
You can say my name in any hood your protection is complete
Thugs be right on their feet
Saying "What, your man is Kris?"
You don't worry miss

[Chorus]

But most of the time you're with me and the kids
Mind at ease, chilling out at Chucky Cheese's
These are my kids, I know what their need is
I know what the doctor bill in school to which in fee is
My daughter, I know who she is
And all my sons know exactly what being free is

[Chorus]

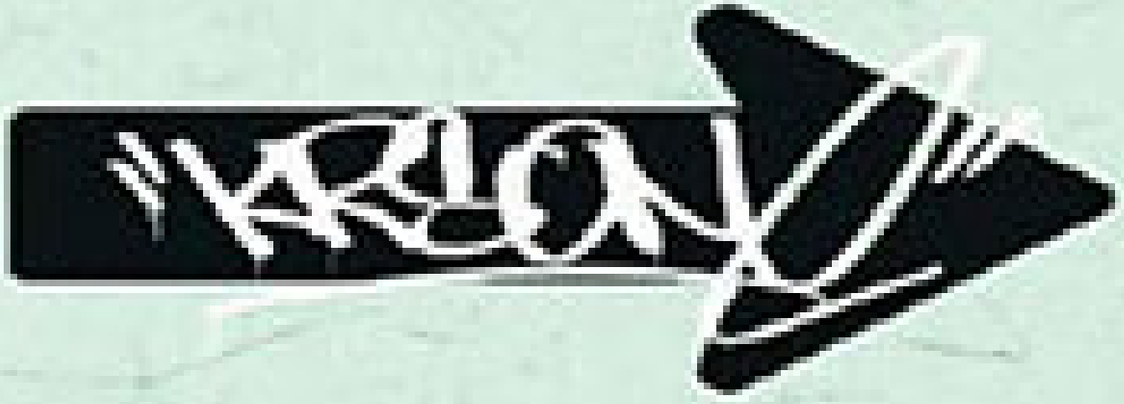
No, you might not get the drop-top three
But all your kids want to be like me
Their father, and even when times is getting harder
There's only one name you could trust, Kris Parker

[Chorus]

uhh
send this out to you
you and yours....word
it's that time yo.....that's word

[Chorus]

KEEP



RIGHT

KRS-One Lyrics

"Club Shoutouts"

[KRS-One:]
Listen, I don't know where them other cats be at
But we be in the clubs
We be all over the country, KILLIN IT~! (Yeah)
They can talk that club rock, this that and the other
But when it comes to really gettin down
We gets down, y'all know what time it is
Big up to my people at the 9:30 Club, Washington D.C.
Big up Cat's Cradle in North Carolina
House of Blues in New Orleans
S.O.B.'s in New York
King Club in, in in L.A.
Aww man it's sick, Aggie P and them in in Denver
(Word up we be smashin 'em Blast, they can't get enough of it!)
(But big up to my peoples at the Electric Factory in Philly)
(Joe guard your grill up in Chicago!)
(Big up to The Destiny in San Fran)
(Big up to the Apache Club, in A-T-L)
(The Hundred Club in Las Vegas)
(And The Spot up in San Jose)
(You know how we do, "Keep Right" word up)
Smashin, SMASHIN~!
(At some point, they're gonna have to come to the truth)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Are You Ready For This"

[Chorus:]
Well are you ready for this? (We ready for this)
Are you ready for this? (We ready for this!)
Well we just can't miss (just can't miss)
Well we just can't miss (drop the beat like this)
Well are you ready for this? (We ready for this)
Are you ready for this? (We ready for this!)
Well we just can't miss (just can't miss)
Well we just can't miss

Well when I speak this
I'ma be like this, I'ma be like Kris
I'ma teacher, I'ma preacher, I'ma free my kids
I'ma grow dem and show dem what a leader is
I'ma teach dem the laws of receive and give
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, believe and live
You done heard the hype, COME to where the talent is
"I'm Still #1," yup you heard right
People say, "KRS-One you shine bright!"
Others say, "Yo - you rhyme tight"
When you find me, you find light, and that's alright
I don't know about pimpin, sellin women like retail
Or turning coke into crack for resale
But I do know if we fail
In 2020 our children by the million gonna be jailed
We got the victory over the streets
God willin we chillin, we know we gon' eat
I'm a whole different kind of MC, hoes don't like
not tempt me but the ladies treat me oh so gently
Universities sendin me stretch Bentleys
My seminars and lectures, are rarely never empty
We teach students plenty, honorary degrees
Gold and platinum plaques I got many, ask Kenny
People get shocked when I walk into Denny's
Or the corner Kwik-Stop, they say, "That's Hip-Hop
right there," and yeah it's really quite clear
2004 might be the right year
for mental and spiritual repair
The solution is in the resolution you just declared

[Chorus]

When I speak like this
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, hip-hop philosopher
All in the street well I'm very popular
All through the hood I make all the stops and I
avoid the cops and them random shots well I
love hip-hop and I, live hip-hop so I

spit that shit to get you off your block cause I
can't understand and I, wish I could see dem
cats that talk bout they love the hood and they
never bring the hood anything that's good, and they
rap for the money tree, chasin a company
But I think you can now see, rap is fun to me
I got a ministry, a class, a staff that's under me
KRS in pop rap? Nah, it ain't ought to be
It'll never happen like, you eatin pork with me
Amateurs hawkin me, DON'T EVEN talk to me
My house is in Atlanta but I still got New York in me
Walk with me, most rappers are short to me
I'm like Chamberlain, dominatin the sport you see
I toss MC's off of me
When you hear KRS you say that's how it ought to be

[Chorus]

I drop heat like this!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Illegal Business Remix 2004"

Ha! Ha! Huh! Huh! What's this?
Yo, huh, huh, huh

I'm the one that steps in the club, ya not see it
Givin dap, givin pounds and hugs, ya not see it
In the club I'm not lookin for love, ya not see it
Gimme the mic and I'll show you whassup, better believe it
I'm not at the bar, whatever the pub, ya not see it
Still they sendin me these bottles of bub, ya not see it
But I will open the minds of thugs, ya not see it
Who you think really bring in the drugs, ya not see it
60 million people smokin the bud, ya not see it
Cause the American way of life is bugged, ya not see it
You never peep it, yo this ain't a secret, ya not see it
They confiscate it, resell it, you retrieve it, ya not see it!
So believe it while you sit there weeded, ya not see it
Hip-Hop culture who gonna lead it, ya not see it
K, R, S One, ya not see it
Peace love unity and havin the fun, ya not see it

[Chorus]
Cocaine business control America
Ganja business control America
KRS-One still causin hysteria
Illegal business control America
Diamond business control America
The oil business control America
KRS-One still causin hysteria
Illegal business control America

Yo, rise up brother, raise up sister
Visualize wealth, put yourself in the picture
Very few cats gon' tell you the half, ya not see it
Cause they're really only after the cash, ya not see it
But they wind up sellin they own ass
One album, two album, they gone they don't last
So hold on a minute now, don't be so fast
Knowledge Reigns Supreme with me ya won't crash
Ha, I'm the cat that spits the raw, ya not see it
They can't believe when I hit the tour, ya not see it
I'm not ready to retire for sure, ya not see it
I'm from the 70's, I'm down by law, ya not see it
We passed fliers door to door, ya not see it
Popularity's growin more and more, ya not see it
Conscious rap where the heart is at, ya not see it
We be screamin WHERE THE PARTY AT, ya not see it
But instead of the Bacardi sack, ya not see it
Fallin out in the party in the back, ya not see it

Let me show you where the art is at, ya not see it
Put down your money I'm takin all of that, ya not see it
All the clubs they be callin me back, ya not see it
I'm never short cause I'm taller than that, ya not see it
I'm only showin you the other way out
Maybe I'm preachin but this is what love is about, ya not see it

[Chorus]

KRS, I speak when I must
This that official underground rap, this you can trust
I stand outside the industry and there's many of us
Talkin mad shit but for those who not bilingual, plenty of stuff
My whole crew is why you can't get with any of us
Reason I'm not on TV cause I'm not sellin you nothin
I'm not rhymin for a Bentley or a house this plush
I spit for the conscious, what about us?
Time's up, time to open that mind up
Temple of Hip-Hop sign up, devils we bind up
When I'm up rhymin cuts your spirit hear it and shines up
Climb up before you wind up takin

[Chorus]

[scratching]

[Chorus: minus instrumental]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Prayer Of Afrika Bambaataa"

(feat. Afrika Bambaataa)

[Afrika Bambaataa:]
In the name of the force who is the source who is called by many names
Allah, Jehovah, Yahweh, Elohim, Jah, El Nu, El Kuluwm, The All
And as we give praise to the creator
And we give praise for all you human beings
Who's down here on this planet, so-called Earth
And to all the extraterrestrial beings
In other planets and other places and other dimensions
Throughout our universe of universes
I greet all of y'all with the greetings words of PEACE... *[echoes]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"You Gon Go?"

I'm bringing back the style that others have pushed to the rear
Now you see me, now you don't, now I'm everywhere
Maybe you can see that knowledge does reign supreme
Rap is like a ballclub and I coach the team
Move the crowd, that's what MC mean
How many albums I got? Mmmm...12, 13
I've told y'all before
You are not just doin' hip-hop, you are hip-hop
Them jokers need to stop, be hip-hop
I mastered this and him, her, they, them, that one
she and he did not
I speak a lot
I hit 'em in they weakest spot
Come see me rock, yo, you'll leave in shock
KRS, you ever wonder why he's so hot?
It's because he's not pop yo, he's hip-hop
West to East the sound of the police will rock
If you don't love this you won't have the heat I got
Disciplined if you listening the beats *[?]*
Fuck the dumb shit yo, we gotta teach the tots
They say I preach a lot
And last year the took the jeep and shot
But this year the beat will knock

[Hook x2:]
I know where
We can go
To see how a real MC flow
No video
No radio
Just a live show
C'mon now you gon' go?

I'm still standing, demanding playing my lex jammin'
Cats wanna really see me start blam-blammin'
Put away the cannon for this overstandin'
I'm landin'
Let the music play like Shannon
I'm so hot, why not, I bring all the fans in
Watch me now come alive like Peter Frampton
Listen to me people, listen to me loud and clear
It's time I found out what type of people up in here
When I shout out the classic if you know it say yeah
South Bronx-Yeah!
My Philosophy-Yeah!
Black Cop-Yeah!
You Must Learn-Yeah!
Yeah we gonna do it up in here

I'm still standin'
And rappers be mad-mad
Cause they know they'll give birth like the American
flag in Baghdad
All they do is blab-blab, that head chatter
Why the dopest MC always a dead rapper?
I'm a real live rapper, I'm out to set it
I pay dues, while your crews still on credit
You talk that shit till I come out the school
And all y'all sound like Trina sayin' "That's Cool"
Time for the streets again
Time for them cats to pop gats into the mic you speakin' in
I'm creepin' in with a hundred soldiers
When I step on the stage it's over

[Hook x2]

They don't play me a lot
KRS you don't see a lot
On TV a lot, but I do MC a lot
I don't duck and hide when I see the cops
I'm free with the knowledge to free the block
Live on the radio I'm sendin' my rhyme, you can see
I'm behind enemy lines
You already heard about plenty of crime
Now hear about the sciences that could really open ya mind
I only got a little bit of time to rhyme before the
producer over here says "Ok, that's fine"
So let's get to it, I got my whole squad with me
On top'a all that I got God with me
You can go far with me
From New York, to Atlanta, to LA
You know they all with me
You might not see me on this station cause this is a
Rapcity and KRS leads a Hip-Hop nation
Even though y'all chase ends
Why can't weeeeee be friends, it all depends
Cats wanna thug it out
Isn't it true that Hip-Hop was bigger when we all loved it out?
Look at the difference in raps
See when I'm spittin' the facts
Louder than anyone could rap, the industry collapse
No one's special anymore
Variety is gone for sure

[Hook x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Phucked"

Yeah
Y'know when advice is in your face, you need to heed that
Word, you need to read that
Y'know, I put this lil' joint together real quick
You know what it's called?
It's called - NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!
That's right, listen

Wasn't you the type to mimic what you saw on TV?
Wasn't you the type to mimic what you heard on CD?
You never wanted to work you wanted everything easy
You heard KRS and you said, "That's preachy!"
A wise young man says, "Father - teach me"
A foolish young man wants to live life freaky
Oh yes, Knowledge does Reign Supremely
When I said it eighty-nine you didn't believe me

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. that's right
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. life is over, finished, done
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. better heed that, read that
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!

Listen - back in the days on the Boulevard of Linden
BROOKLYN! Kris was a, metaphysician
LOOKIN! For better ways to live without bein
TOOKEN! We started our own management and
BOOKIN! Makin moves with them live cats on
FULTON! I can't even 'member all the dough that we
TOOK IN! But you was lookin down on us
Cause platinum never astounded us, so

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. word, like that
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. ha, you shoulda heed that, you better
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. y'all was chasin the radio, remember that?
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. what they givin you back now?

Back when we was all singin "Monie in the Middle"
You wanted to wiggle, jiggle in a tight skirt and giggle
Even when outside was brittle, you still had on little
And KRS warned that you'll get played like a fiddle
Now you havin cravings for pickles cause you pregnant
and don't know where the dad went and you poppin them drugs like Skittles
When the baby is born it's little and sick
But it's no riddle, you was movin too quick, huh

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. word, look at this
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. you shoulda stayed home and read a book
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. literally, symbolically

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!

When advice is in your life you need to take it
Cause frankly, everybody ain't gonna make it
Back in the days we, showed 'em the way
I put it there in the music but you weren't amazed
You would criticize, debate, and basically hate
But let it be known I wanted everyone to be great
But you would diss and not even try to do better
When we was at the U.N. you said "whatever"

NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. word
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. we movin ahead, you still in the same spot
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. 'member all that back talk, all that?
NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!.. takin over

KRS-One Lyrics

"A Call To Order"

(feat. Afrika Bambaataa)

[over beat from "Phucked"]

[Afrika Bambaataa:]
True school, you got to stop BS'in, with this
New school you got to stop BS'in with this
Cause y'all don't know that y'all ALL are bein controlled by corporations
Where's your hip-hop museum? Where's your hip-hop doctors?
Where's your hip-hop judges? Hip-Hop lawyers?
Where's our hip-hop agriculturalists? Our hip-hop army?
We better have some hip-hop police police our hip-hop self
If we gon' do all this killin
We are at war brothers and sisters...
[leads into "Everybody Rise"]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Everybody Rise"

(feat. L Da Headtoucha)

[scratched:] "hit you with the real"

[L Da Headtoucha]
Geah, it's Headtoucha and KRS combined and
Yes, through the new millenium era we grindin
Yes, this combination right here's one of a kind and
It's Soul Supreme's dream team, we shinin
Clap, I'm tryin to tell 'em there's more to it than rhymin
It's now or never, all and together we climbin
Clap, let's rewind to the beginnin of time and
Back again, words merge over tracks like um, Shaq goes in
I, crack yo' cabbage in, we ain't no average men
My pen takes people to places they haven't been
Like the streets or the gutter, when I speak over beats
You discover I drop heat, don't compete with this brother
No, just compete with each other, I'm deep in the gutter
This underground sound, and I'm keepin it gutter
Music is - the reason I'm livin, the reason I'm driven
and givin my all to all y'all

[scratched:]
[Busta Rhymes:] "Everybody rise!"
[KRS:] "Learn the techniques of"
[Das EFX:] "real hip-hop"
"no doubt" "so you don't have to worry and doubt"
"KRS-One" "savagely attack"

[KRS-One]
Forgive me, I always been an indie-pendant
Hip-Hop started on my block, I remember it
It's in me, others wanna spit what's trendy
But I take it back to Mork & Mindy
Tellin these young cats, Nanu Nanu
Keep my name out your mouth, it's too much to swallow
Big up to my people, Peedo and Gato
Victory over the streets, that's our motto
I ain't forget you Choco-latte
Chocolatte, you the original not the co-py
But enough of that, run it back, we lovin that
Break from them other cats, KRS-One is back
Just look where the sun is at, where the moon is at
If you in tune to that, you can never lose in rap
Astronomy, all in inside of me
For that conscious lyric, you know who you got to see!

"KRS-One" "KRS-One"
"KRS-One" "rap graphic"

"collaborate with" "L Da Headtoucha"
"we'll touch you"

KRS-One Lyrics

"Stop Skeemin'"

(feat. Joe)

[Milk Dee:] "Stop scheming!"
[Milk Dee:] "What more can I say?"
"Stop scheming!"

[repeat x4]
"What more can I say? - Stop scheming!"

"Stop scheming!"
"Stop scheming!"
"What more can I say?"
"What more can I say?"
"Stop scheming!"

[KRS-One]
Yo I'm, I'm here to see a friend
He came here last night about 12:10
The charge? Well he killed his girlfriend
Huh? Fill this out - yo you got a pen?
What time did I come in?
Yes, yeah I'll follow you
Oh there he go - yo whassup? Man you went OUT yo!
Tchk, yo how you shruggin your shoulders?
You lookin at double life here soldier!

[Joe: singing #1]
Tell me what was on your mind
You should've thought a second time
Now you gotta leave your dreams behind
For life.. "What more can I say? - Stop scheming!"

[KRS-One]
See that's what I'm sayin, you gots to change your attitude G
Listen to me, the judge seein your case is a thirty-three degree
Maybe you can find your pops, a thirty-three degree
And see if you can be free by no later than three
Yo why you lookin at me like that? What'chu mean it's whack?
You got a six figure bail and not a dime in the sack
See I told you, one day you'd caught her last time creepin
You shoulda just let her go but you couldn't stop schemin

[Joe x2: singing #2]
Shoulda just walked away, walked away
Walked away..
Now they got you locked away, locked away
Locked away.. "What more can I say?"

"Stop scheming!"

[Joe] Whoa-ohhhh!

[KRS-One]
Nah nah, na nah nah nah yo listen man you ever heard of
the fact that you get one time for premeditated murder?
Um, don't argue man just yesterday y'all were kissin and huggin
What you lost your temper or somethin?
Huh? Yeah well killin a lady WORSE
You should always think FIRST!
Yo I'ma try to.. tchk here comes the C.O.
Yo whassup Thompson? Yo I'll say whassup to your P.O.

[Joe singing #1]
[Joe singing #2 1/2]

"What more can I say? - Stop scheming!"

KRS-One Lyrics

"...And Then Again..."

Peace and much love my people, I am Minister Server
Right here with the teacher, KRS-One
Album #13, "Keep Right," or you gon' get left
You know what time it is, ain't no time to be frontin
Trust yourself, get with the movement
Yo teacher, let 'em have it - like this, c'mon

You get the CD and then, it's time to see me again
You break it open and then, no we not jokin again
Turn on your player and then, the rhyme sayer again
Put in the cd and then, you can't believe me again
Turn up the volume and then, we blowin by you again
You start to listen and then, you see the mission again
You start to listen and then, you get the vision again
U-N-I-T-Y that spells unity man
On G-O-D I demand, as you can see I don't end
Your family I defend, don't battle me you won't win
I'm not livin in sin, but I'm livin with Him
Her/They/Them/Us trust yo let us begin
KRS is unique, you can hear how I speak
I be teachin the streets, I'm fin' ta reach for the peak
I rock a club every week, I keep them thugs on they feet
He's back, just me, please, don't try to compete
I kick that knowledge in college when I club it it gets rugged
And you can see that these others be garbage and I love it
Uhh, what's the state of hip-hop? Don't confuse it with rap
It's the state of your mind, it's the way that we act
It's that thing that makes you say yo I can never be whack
It's also clickin through my lyric lickings spittin the facts
Hot tracks y'all prep for combat
Baby I'm back, they crazy whack, takin 'em out!
The philosophical flow son, that's live at my show son
I'm soundin like no one, you feelin me though?
The people want me back like they want The Arsenio Show
They want the real, not a video hoe!
This is KRS-One, you gotta believe me
I'm sittin in the studio with Nice and B.C.
See me tonight, we keepin it tight
It's another from the brother KRS, "Keep Right!"

KRS-One Lyrics

"My Mind Is Racing"

[Intro]
Vroom vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom
My mind is racing

[Verse 1]
When you young you talk shit and get slapped up for it
The ice, the cars, the clothes, we already bought it
The streets, the projects, the hood, we already support it
The rep, the respect, them cases we already carted
The gold, the platinum plaques, we already flaunted
The leathers in freezing weathers we already sported
The wise see your lies and you already shorted
Them boys they talkin to boys, we men we ignore it
The whole planet, so-called Earth, we already toured it
My levels be on max with the bass distorted
When the economy is up we getting all of that
When the economy is down we still touring Jack
Look back at '88, where them ballers at?
They was buyin' out the bar, I ain't fall for that
Spending they money, you'd think the club would call them back
But they didn't, that shit was all an act
I go

[Chorus 1:]
Vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom
I said my mind is racing like
Vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing

[Chorus 2: x2]
I'm a warrior
I'm a warrior
In this concrete jungle it's hard to stay humble
I'm a warrior
I'm a warrior
I bring that drama to whoever, whenever, WHAT!

[Verse 2]
Yo, let me tell you 'bout defeating the drama
In the street with the armour

It's the teacher, Kris Parker
I be in the hood, looking good, speaking of honour
Being a father
Not avoid the baby mama drama
Respect myself I gotta, we gotta live proper
The True hip-hopper, hits yes a non-stopper
A no quitter, heavy hitter
Looks within to, be the winner
Now let us begin the orientation
Hip-hop culture is what we call the nation
But annihilation is what we facing
Cats getting killed from Scott La Rock to Jam Master Jason
That's why we was at the United Nations
Laying down the foundation
For hip-hop as a real nation
You know what time we wastin?
But...

Vroom vroom
My mind is racing
Vroom vroom vroom
My mind is racing

[Chorus 2: x2]

[Chorus 1]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Me Man"

[KRS-One]
You told me man, you need me man
Who the teacher me man, who gon' lead you me man
Who gon' free you me man, well not mostly me man
But come up close to me man, make a toast with me man
I'm not starvin me man, I be feedin me man
You won't be seein me man, cause I be bookin me man
Them lights be hookin me man, while people look at me man
They sing the hooks with me man, yo read this book with me man
How these rappers slash actors wanna fuck with me man
When we be up inside the spot they be duckin me man
I be movin me man, showin and provin me man
My wife is soothin me man, yo' life is new to me man

[Minister Server]
Aiyyo what's goin on this is Minister Server
Now you've been readin the books, seein the lectures
Hearin the CD's watchin the tapes
Now's the time for you to get rid of your fears
Aiyyo teacher tell 'em what's going on

[KRS-One]
You see me man, it don't take much to be me man
I just stay extra focused on the G-O-D in me man
Not too many ahead of me man
If rappers were television channels I'd be C-SPAN, believe me man
Don't nobody sound like me man, I'm a free man
For that golden age hip-hop, you know you gotta see me man
From 1973 man, to 1993 man
If you unaware of them 20 years you won't understand me man
So here's the plan for you and me man
Hip-Hop is not a product to be bought and sold
Hip-Hop is you and me man
So in the years to come you gonna see me man
On top of a Shaquille like Leland
And you gonna be right there with me man
As you can see man I got S-T-Y-L-E man
Why for 17 years you already knew this about me man
So you be you man, and I'll be me man
But remember Knowledge Reigns Supreme - yup, that's me man!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Feel This"

(feat. NYCE)

Get 'em, get 'em (yeah yeah!)
Get 'em, get 'em (that's B & NYCE)
Get 'em, get 'em (ha ha)
Get 'em, get 'em

[Chorus: KRS-One]
Let's go, let's start the show
Contracts and dough, you came to hear Kris
Let's go, let's start the show
Watch how I flow, you came to feel this
Let's go, live MC rappin
Cut mix and scratchin, you came to see me
Let's go, let's make it happen
For your satisfaction, you came to be free

[KRS-One]
From all the bull, from all the push, from all the pull
From all the critics and the cynics that there happens to be
Relax from the attacks, there's no battlin me
Write whatever you like, I will rattle you G
No hassle for me, with the freestyle skill
Believe I'm ill, chill, I be surpassin MC's
Ain't too many faster than me man
Neck movin, sweat oozin, schoolin, that's how we jam
I write with a free hand, I write with a purpose
If you bought the CD, thanks for the purchase
If you downloaded the album then COME to the concert
Don't sit in front of the computer 'til your eye hurt
Get up, get out, and join the movement
Hip-Hop culture is more than music
And I'ma prove it, whether freestyle or written
Ax yourself how KRS still spittin

[Chorus]

[NYCE]
Me and my niggaz go to the club with hooded jeans and boots
Fuck a dress code, fuck a tie, fuck your shoes and suits
We rock doo rags to fitteds, and throwback jerseys
Front pockets with cash, paint a wall with a slash
Gettin our drink on, burnin trees, eyes lookin Japanese
Whylin out because the DJ threw on M.O.P.
Peepin how the ballers with the gators is hatin
But fuck what they be talkin this is straight from the streets
They got war comin out they mouth but they don't want beef
Cause yo I snatch them outta they ride, click click, surprise
Run your jewels, your shoes, before you make tonight's news

All downs are bet, and I'm playin for keeps
Actin like you gon' scheme, then my man gon' squeeze
Word to the *[?]* cause I knows you don't want it
You be up in, *[?]* tear while I be, everywhere
Yeah, it's like that what?

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Dream"

(feat. Minister Server)

[Minister Server: speaking]
The God of your understanding, has chosen you and you've agreed
To be here in this space and time to do something, that only you can do
Now I won't stand here to try and tell you what it is
But deep, inside yourself
As you take time to uncover, and ask yourself some vital questions
Like - what is it that brings me peace, what is it that brings me joy?
What do I love doing?
What am I willing to become highly skilled at doing?
What part can I play for the betterment of the society
And the world in which I want to live?
When you begin to ask yourself those real questions
And it doesn't have to be done in a formal way
It can be done just like we're speaking, right now
Ask yourself the question
Look at how you see yourself in just a year from now
And then go forward
And if you have children or even if you don't have children
Now begin to, look at your future beyond
The space and time that you are
Now visualize exactly, the way that you desire to live
Don't be afraid to, dream

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Been There"

[Chorus: x2]
I talk how I talk when I talk cause I been there
I walk how I walk when I walk cause I been there
On your own sleepin in the park yeah I been there
How we really gonna survive? Let us begin there

I'm talkin to the little you but, there is a bigger you
The bigger you is spiritual, little you that is physical
KRS is givin you, somethin more than I get with you
I'm hittin you, splittin you, rippin you down with me
You busted that metaphysical rap, at the pinnacle I'm at
I'm down here just to deal witchu cats
I never bleep you, I just remind you that they don't need you
They gonna keep you for as long as they can eat you
But that mic you speak through goes from here to Mogadishu
And how you represent US is the issue
I'm not here to diss you, or dismiss you
But at any moment we can be hit with missiles

[Chorus]

How many MC's must get dissed
How many young men must get frisked
How much ice can really go on one wrist
How many shots get fired at a target and just miss
We gonna live like this?
I walk the same path that Ma$e do
But he went in the church, I stayed out to face you
The difference between us is not just man to man
But in fact it's fan to fan
People that buy KRS-One goin places
People that buy your shit, they catchin cases
My people eat, your people cheat
Such is the words you speak and you reap
You can pop that shit if you like
But people that buy KRS-One, they lookin for the light
Like NYCE, Jada, Lizzard, B.C.
Harold, Symone, Server yo man see me

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Freestyle Ministry (Sever Verbals)"

(feat. Minister Server)

"It was quite evident that something new had to be introduced
in order for the music to flourish as it had in the past."

[KRS-One:]
Ha, hah, huh
You know the time here

[Jadakiss:] {"You will never be as nice as I am"} *[Nas:]* {"Nuttin to play wit"}
[Guru:] {"Troublesome, to anyone who stands in the way"} *[Nas:]* {"Be my guest"}

[KRS-One:]
Aiyyo, Minister Server, test your mic yo

[Minister Server (KRS):]
Yo this ain't complex, I keep it mad simple (whaaat)
Minister Server transmittin from the temple (that's right)
The Lord is my light and my salvation (that's right)
I'm here to heal the, hip-hop nation (C'MON~!)
And make sure that our next, destination (C'MON~!)
Is exactly where no procrastination (that's right)
We got things to do, I mean me and you (uhh uhh)
We got to do what we came here to be true (C'MON~!)
Through the Most High guide you got to find purpose (UHH)
I'm on the mic now (WOOOO) I didn't rehearse this (what)
It's from the spirit (that's right) to those ears that hear it (c'mon)
Ahhh...

[KRS-One:]
C'mon, yeah, yo
You ain't never heard no flow like this one
We teach on the streets, ruminations go get one
If you never heard of "My Philosophy"
Check my catalogue, check the glossary
Ministry archives, school society
Temple of Hip-Hop exhibit you got to see
Obviously I flow different from most of them
They radioactive, I don't get too close to them
Hip-Hop in the cypher, commence to roastin them
Or commence to "Edutainment," minds I open them
Up on the rooftop, scopin them
KRS this album is dope AGAIN!

[Ministry Server (KRS):]
It's up to you and me to walk in our authority (WOOOO)
To understand we got the inner divinity (that's right)
To change the things of this closed society (that's right)
Ain't that the way we said we wanted to be? (WORD~!)

Oh what'chu gonna do, you got to get off yo' ass (C'MON~!)
You can't move slow, you got to move real fast (c'mon, yeah, yeah)
If you, wanna keep up with the Temple your mental got to be ready
And you got to keep these flows steady (yeah)
And keep it goin, I don't really be knowin (yeah)
how the Most High's gonna be flowin (ohhh)
But I got faith and it's 2004 (yeah)
So the H-Law, yeah more
We gon' bring you up, you know it's all the way real
And I'ma keep it like this, don't pack no steel (word)
But I got a gat, that's got a lot of truth (yeah, yeah)
And I do it like this, my children be the proof
So teacher, come let these cats know (that's real)
The way you do it like this, you got to let 'em know (whoa)
That's always true, the way you come through (yeah)
So come and do what'chu gwan do

[KRS-One:]
Biddy-bye-bye, biddy-bye-bye, biddy-bye-bye biddy-bo
Biddy-bye-bye ayyy, EASE OFF~!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The I"

(feat. Mad Lion)

Where shall we land, there?
Which city shall we destroy today?
This one, or that one? This one?

[KRS-One]
Take a look a look around, we last forever
We carry books around, manuals are bound in leather
We rock the center, the only point that's in the circle
We free MC's, what we decree will not desert you
We know what we doin, we wise and we chillin
We calculate against the continued cries of our children
They may be cryin now but they won't be cryin later
We love hip-hop, because WE are it's creators
So we, build the Temple, write the books, teach the classes
Create instrumentals, write hooks and rock masses
NONE passes, without studyin this flow
It's all good as long as you know Kris know!

[Chorus: Mad Lion]
While I deal with I, Jah talk to I
When I dem go alike, only de one comply
Whatchu see with de I, look twice toward de I
If you don't unify your children them a gon' cry

[KRS-One]
I stand with the rejected, the unsuspected, the unconnected
The neglected the one you, never suspected
It seems you forget hip-hop plays the back
Sayin that's my sound, and that's my sound
And that's my track, and that's my rap
And that's some chorus they did way back, look honey bringin it back
I'm actually, I'm everywhere at every time
Animating every rhyme and every dare in every mind
KRS is my representative on Earth
Challenge him not, he's been hip-hop since birth
His main objective, is to put hip-hop in perspective
Show pity, and DESTROY these wack cities

[Chorus]

[Mad Lion]
Inna style dem a *[?]*, yo alla dem a cry
Dey worship slackness and to be under sky
We lead dem to de water but we cyan't make dem drink
Pussy to take a sip, cause it gon' make you t'ink
We don't usually *[?]* yo alla dem a sing
Wisdom wort more den any diamond and gold

People use it and find it like de Dead Sea Scrolls

[KRS] Take dem Lion, take 'em, take it over!

[Mad Lion]
Cause of dem outer, dem outer, dem outer inter outer inter
Outer inter outer inter out of control
Dey neva find wisdom til dem dead ohhh
Mad Lion make de *[?]* roll
KRS make up a sea and bulge ya
Of the story of never been told-a
Cause we outer, outer, inter outer outer ese
Out of control, out of control
I'm so serious ay (what?)
We don have no time fi play, ay (tell 'em again)
Some people diss dem *[?]* hell's in this world
But dey'll come around one day

[KRS-One]
Yo, yo, only Beezlebub think my voice is aggravatin
Children of light hear my voice and start congregatin
The mind's debatin, is he a prophet or is he Satan?
But the tree is only known by it's fruit, what am I creating?
What am I stating? Have I stood the test of time?
Or am I fading, or has God blessed my rhyme?
Settle your dissin, you better be listenin, forever we glisten
The metaphysician with a better way, makin a better day daily

KRS-One Lyrics

"Bucshot Shoutout"

(feat. Buckshot (Black Moon))

[Buckshot:]
Yeah - this is also
A message for all y'all heads out there
Who just heard, whatever you hear
This is the Boot Camp Clik, and we everywhere
Right now y'all 'bout to get into the real mindstate
Of where this is all goin, the Temple of Hip Hop y'all
Keep your mind thoroughly placed where it's at
So you can know where it's goin
Understand?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Rap History"

(feat. Afrika Bambaataa)

[Afrika Bambaataa:]
We got to understand rap been here for a long time~!
When God talked to the prophets, he was rappin
And when the prophets talked back to God, they was rappin
And then if people wanna bring it up and get all up to the modern days and ages
We can start to goin in the 60's when you had Shirley Ellis
When she did "The Name Game" and "The Clapping Song"
We can go to the poetry rappin of of sister Son... Sonia Sanchez
With uh The Watts Poets, or The Last Poets
We can get into the political or the message rap
Of The Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan, Malcolm X
Or The Honorable Elijah Muhammad
We can get into the the the the party and fun raps
Of Pigby Markam *[?]*, Marks Baby *[?]*
We can go back to the "Hi De Hi De Ho" with Cab Calloway
We can go back to the radio disc jockey or jocko
Eddie OJ, and all the others that did things
We can go back to the LOVE RAP of Isaac Hayes, Black Moses
To the LOVE RAP of Barry White out there
This is all part of rap
And if all you country people want to get into the country & western thing
We can take it to, Tony Joe White, when he did "Poke Salad Annie"
This is all dealin with the rap
Rap has always been there... *[echoes]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"Let 'em Have It"

What, yeah
Shoutout Minister Server
Word up Super J
My man Byron is goin off
Marlowe, Inebriated Beats, word
Uhh, you know what this is, word up

[Chorus:]
Who be rockin it constantly? (KRS)
Who be droppin philosophy? (KRS)
For the real it got to be (KRS)
Them niggaz ain't stoppin me (KRS)
Whack rappers they got to go (let 'em have it)
So they front on that microphone (let 'em have it)

I be comin in all wild with raw styles
Goin that long mile, makin 'em all smile
Make it happen, MC'n no rappin, believe me I'm strappin
YOu see me I'm slappin, believe me you deceive me
It can greasy, I'm cappin, bring the action, ADD the clips
Start subtractin, multiply them shots, you a fraction
Raise up, blaze up, get made up
You wanna bug out you'll get, sprayed up - NOW~!
(Bo bo bo bo... yeah!)

[Chorus]

It's the Temple, expandin your mental
Inebriated instrumentals believe me nothin defends you
When I spit, rappers be runnin out really quick
They come with that silly shit, but them not really it
Kris is it, them an idiot, if it wasn't for radio programmin
you wouldn't be feelin it, or willin it
Original, metaphysical, meta-lyrical
Forever spiritual, really man, I ain't feelin you
(Yeah! Yeah! Whattup?)

[Chorus]

I'm somethin like a phe-nom-enon, fast like ramadan
You can never tell what style I'm on
Wise like Solomon, unlike any udda mon
If you lookin for that bling bling, go check dat udda mon
What I utter mon be butter mon, straight from the gutter mon
Boxcutter in one hand, buck in the other one
Lyric I got a ton of 'em, gunnin 'em, not frontin 'em
Back again, it's KRS-One and them, OHH~!
(Woooo! ...So)

[Chorus]

Feel it (let 'em have it)
So they front on the microphone (let 'em have it)
Y'all better catch up! Ha ha
Y'all better catch up! Word up

KRS-One Lyrics

"Still Spittin'"

(feat. Akbar, An Ion, Illin' P, L da Headtoucha)

[KRS-One:]
It don't stop, word
It don't stop, we still spittin! Word
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, Over Nearly Everyone
When you gon' get it? Aww man

Watch how I spit 'em, watch how I hit 'em
Inebriated rhythm, we get up all in 'em
KRS you gotta get him, we the best we always win 'em
Them cats won't admit I'm in the club rippin they shit
I'm raw when I'm on tour you better be sure when you get 'em
'Til you hit the floor and spin 'em, them elements do you live 'em?
Or are you just usin 'em, confusin 'em and killin them
Your touring is boring, your minimum ain't fulfillin them
So let's start drillin 'em, why we ain't feelin them
Cause we lookin and lookin and don't see that real in them
Cars we be wheelin them, minds we be healin them
With books and CD's, believe me we straight dealin them
Live in the club them thugs hit the ceiling
When they get the feeling KRS-One start delivering
So who's up? (Akbar) You live hip-hop?
Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

[Akbar:]
This whole rap game is a gamble, some MC's can't handle
Financial freeze, your record company's at a standstill
While I breeze through a sample, and lead by example
Find fertile minds and drop seeds by the handful
Man you ain't gotta hit me in my head with the anvil
I grow wise, I recognize the lies and the scandal
Once you sign on that line, your career could depend on
these white collar crooks who cook the books like Enron
So I took an oath to speak no lie
While mad rappers die over beef like E. Coli
I guess you thugs won't get the picture until them slugs hit ya
I ain't a hater, but sooner or later "Love's Gonna Get 'Cha"
And if you don't know that, then you dumb fella
And everything I said, went right over your head, like an umbrella
So who's up? (L) You live hip-hop? (Damn right)
Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

[L Da Headtoucha:]
Categorize me with the best clique, rhyme majestic
with it I get sick and mo' connected
So electric my energy is remembered I'm limitless
My mind screamin just against the rhythm, intense is the ism
In 'em I long salute the young and hungry to shine

Nightmares of lost time haunt taunt me to rhyme
Been isolated, waitin years to finally reappear
Cheers I made it, all praise due, Inebriated
These words are weaponry, huh, mental telepathy
Rocks for definite, reppin it, 'til the death of me
Pain left in me runs deep, and leaks through the speakers
In Jeeps and tape decks, then connects to your peeps
We keep it, thorough borough to borough, city to ghetto
Rock like, heavy mental on the, instrumental
So who's up? (Illin') You live hip-hop?
Get on the mic and give it what you got

[Illin' P:]
I got five on it, you want it, flaunt it without hazzy
Dues paid check the rezzy, the black film be
that of a blunt's ash, past he of the spectacular cash
To get after master *[?]* atlas
I rep even when I be fingerin them, get it, probably not
Probably thought I meant that snitch talk
Starvin your brain, I never come with the simple and plain
To get at these thoughts, get on the train-er
I'ma af'ta learn ya bwoy, ya not fi come wit de sum'n
Microphone check one, no frontin
You niggaz is mimin your rhymes cause y'all ain't sayin nuttin
Some of dem soft, me foot bak I'm 'pon de mic
[?] (Good Will) stay ('untin)
Fear new day mon, un if ye wake up
Industry feel de shake up
Married to the ghetto you niggaz forget, break up
Ahh so who live hip-hop
Upon de hip, me ride the Soul Train ock

[Supastition:]
Yo I'm not to be confused with these popular new names
I been paid my dues I'm at the top of the food chain
And I should get an award for slept on peeps
So this beat'll be perfect for my acceptance speech
Forever loved in your city, thanks to rap
My album's a continuous seller like fitted Yankee caps
I'm like a demon, crossbred with a ragin bull
I'm from the South but I relate more to "Paid in Full"
So focused on my grind, I'm potent when I rhyme
Tell niggaz close your fuckin mouth and open up your mind
It takes more than a few weeks to learn
I make sure rappers and microphones ain't on speakin terms
As far as you concerned, I'm losin my temper and patience
Nobody takes shit serious like an impotent rapist
So who's up? (An Ion) You live hip-hop? (True dat, true dat)
Yo, get on the mic and show 'em what you got

[An Ion:]
I'm aggressive, progressive, words young ticker be vital
Rip the game and the name to reclaim any taken title

Directly hand out stares to the needle as it rotates
An agent to decrepit from rigormortis in flow eighths
Not even for a minute can you rap
Let down by the sound that drowns the clowns even dare to step
Don't ride the rhythm, I order you to jock
Your claim to fame was holdin down but you can't hold cock
Damn right we can fight, I stay with grudge
with no prior budge from the previous
And when is it that fourth'll crack cranium, kids come in the picture
Knowin that asshole and Ion and you ain't the perfect mixture
Like Alice, diners become the impeccable haven
That any enter my zone must be stripped down and shaven
I stand before you as a fiendish critter
Creatin causin collision with a pen
Written that hatred of spaced-out squashed men like it was a sin
The only job payin me enough to snuff the rough
should have never planned the plan to make you perish
Leavin your fan and your uncle and son with somethin he can cherish

KRS ONE
GIFTS

KRS-One Lyrics

"Bling Blung"

Yeah, Word Up
Yeah
Yo

[Chorus:]
Bling blung, bling blung, First you see the bling
then you feel the blung
This is the way that the world is run
Can't you tell
Bling blung rock the bells

[Verse 1:]
Move along, move along, along, this is a newa song
KRS-One the supa strong
Move along before you lose your tongue
Before you lose ya lung
Be sure MCs get done
Detour or move along
We teach the young
How many young men hung so we could sing a song?
You need to move along, along, along
The string of injustice stung those that bling cause now they blung
Materialism stings and now they stung
You need to move along
Life is like ding, dong, ying, yang, bing, bang, ping, pong, or ping, pong
Any lyrical battle we won
Yes, this a master flow, this how life go on
First you got it then your gone
So don't get stung
Cause after the bling it's blung
No material thing stays with you long

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]
Move along, along, we can't get stung
We the one, my melanin stuns right up in the sun
I go and I come, don't mind me son
I'm just a teacher, them cats should't try me son
I'm that lively one
I roll with them grimey ones
At the Temple (of Hip Hop) you can find me son
What I bring and sing reflects what I brung
I be rolling, aling off the tongue
You can check them other ones
Maybe them younger ones
But I be that I witness just like Connie Chung
Some burn the paper

Some burn the bong
I'm burning rappers, I think you need to move along!

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]
Move along you little singers
Never linger round a rhyme bringer
These rap blingers
I break you off a middle finger
Bell ringa, in your mind a dong dinga
Yo, that's what's wrong with these singas
When they sing all they bring is bling
THEY DUMMIES
But after the bling aling, aling is blung
Post bling is blung
A new ting son
I'm rockin these bells like ding dong
As you can see I got no rings on
Cause it got nothing to with what springs song
So ding dong
Open the door to freedom
Any of my books you should read dum and be strong
Or else you need to move along, along, along
Your lyrics are cow dung
There use to be a TV talent show with a gong
And when the gong gonged you were gone
Yes I am the lyrical Don
Beats for art um
But I am unattched to all of thum
The message of the song is bling blung
Don't get caught up in watcha bought up
Be Strong

[Chorus x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Way We Live"

Welcome to hip-hop culture
We stay hot like Tulsa
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, followed by a number one
These rappers they do run run

Lyrically they flashin' two guns with new funds
But politically they do run run
When it's time to build, they chill, gettin nuttin' done
But they mouth yes they do run run

I've heard, just about all that I can hear
We talk and talk but this talkin' is goin' nowhere
I've been to the summits and conferences
And the people man, they'll tell you man
Hip-hop is the way we live

If you're down for this nation, hip-hop the nation
Three generations, fourth in the waitin'
Look at what we facin', mainstream penetration
Everyone's a biter now, no innovation

No syncopation, lost communication
Here's what we gotta do to fix the situation
First step know what you creatin'
Hip-hop the culture, the consciousness, a new civilization

I've heard just about all that I can hear
We talk and talk but this talkin' is goin' nowhere
I've been to the summits and conferences
And the people man, they'll tell you man
Hip-hop is the way we live

Everybody, c'mon unite now
Turn on the light now, stop all the fight now
Time to unite now, a new type of life now
No stress no strife, no gun, no knife now

No board no pipe now, we seein' the light now
Bein' the light now, the future is right now
Hip-hop is like wow, ready to fight now
Sick of the hype now, just about right now

I've heard just about all that I can hear
We talk and talk but this talkin' is goin' nowhere
I've been to the summits and conferences
And the people man, they'll tell you man
Hip-hop is the way we live

I hear uhh, hip-hop is callin' me
The fact you must see sir, rap is not all of me
I use that to reach ya, rappers be borin' me
Redo the industry with a two dollar royalty

What's the agenda, to hip-hop and politics
Don't you remember? The violence we stoppin' this
Kris will defend the, hip-hop populist
The solution is simple, raise up yo' consciousness

I've heard just about all that I can hear
We talk and talk but this talkin' is goin' nowhere
I've been to the summits and conferences
And the people, they'll tell you man
Hip-hop is the way we live

Welcome to hip-hop culture
We stay hot like Tulsa
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, followed by a number one
These rappers they do run run

Lyrically they flashin' two guns with new funds
But politically they do run run
When it's time to build, they chill, gettin nuttin' done
But they mouth yes they do run run

KRS-One Lyrics

"Woke Up"

Y'know
There's a difference between dreamin, and visualizin
Which one are you doin?

Food gone up, gasoline up
Full-time employment passin me up
Bills pilin up, really this sucks
I need a couple bucks, really I'm stuck
Here comes a truck, pullin right up
It says Brinks, now I'm thinkin what's up
But nah, what I'm thinkin about, yo duck
20 30 40 shots at the truck
I'm duckin runnin jumpin lookin for what?
Some cover for this brother, EVERYTHING'S NUTS~!
But yo, I can see some others with gats
Brinks firin, they firin back
Rat, ta-tat-ta-ta-tat-ta-ta, tat
Then I woke up...

Doctor help me out, what's this all about
What's this condition I gotta figure out
Am I really out, that I really doubt
Give me the remedy, what is the amount?
Whatever you tellin me sellin me compellin me
Yo the light in me ain't out
Anyway I enter cats remember
Knowledge I sent ya forever they shout
SOUTH BRONX! SOUTH BRONX!
SOUTH BRONX! SOUTH BRONX!
Then I woke up...

Well I guess I'm out on my own
With this condition it won't be long
Before for sure my little sanity's gone
I'm livin off of nuttin, losin my home
Kids in the street, wife alone
I want to sell this very microphone
But then my friend the light was shown
It came through my inner cellular phone
Get up and get out my spirit will shout
Commitment is what love is really about
No down and no out, just up and about
I think I'm gonna take the spiritual route
Then I woke up...

Then I realized I'm out of my purpose
Out of my purp', not doin my work
I went on a search, inside of myself

For true health, love awareness and wealth
I went to the Temple and opened my mental
I learned that I'm the cause of all that I been through
Your whole environment is really within you
Reach inside your heart and write a new menu
I'ma be the change that I want to see
Now I can see, that I'm really free
Everything is really always somethin else
Tell yourself a different story 'bout self
Do you have the courage to be you
All that talk, that you talk, is it really you?
Oh silly you, oh silly me
Your tongue is killin YOU, not killin me
I'm feelin free, to be, just what I wanna be
Easily, you see, cause I woke up...

When I woke up, my debt went down
My locks broke up, my rent went down
My stocks went up, my car sped up
My pockets swell up, my life I found
I'm not so fed up it's time to get up
A clear mind switched my life around
Now I can see where the help is at
The health love awareness and wealth is at
Cause I woke up...
Cause I woke up! I woke up!
When I woke up, I woke up
That's when I woke up

Play that back

KRS-One Lyrics

"Mr. Percy"

(feat. Triune)

[Chorus: KRS-One & Triune]
Have mercy Mr. Percy
4 million people out of work, right now
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
Half of the youth population out of work, right now
Give me another day
Homelessness risin' upon families
So I can try to find my way
Word up! Homelessness

[KRS-One & Triune:]
And I work
Several resumés on E-Mail
And I work
CD's I'm sellin' my beats
And I work
Part time at the retail
And I work
I'm just about to be in the street
And I work
The car that I'm drivin' around
And I work
Will I ever be on my feet again?

[?]
We tellin' 'em this now

[KRS-One:]
Frankly, I don't see how
You can't see how you really, homeless now
When the emergency hits, who really holds you down?
When the sheriff's at your door, ready to throw you down
With the state of the economy and the way that it is
Many men are at the door with their wife and their kids, saying

[Chorus: KRS-One & Triune]
Have mercy Mr. Percy
4 million people out of work, right now
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
Half of the youth population out of work, right now
Give me another day
Homelessness risin' upon families
So I can try to find my way

And I work
Tried drive taxi cab
And I work

Enrolled in a technical school
And I work
My friends, my family for a loan
And I work
Dollar caps and car pools
And I work
Just another day now
And I work
I'm gettin' paid now

[?]
We tellin' 'em this now

[KRS-One:]
Everywhere across the nation
More people are joining the homeless population
From the south, to the north, to the west, to the east
People can't pay their mortgage or their lease
And last but not least
You better hear what I'm saying
So many men are at the door with their kids saying

Have mercy Mr. Percy
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
[?]
Give me another day
4 million people out of work right now, you gotta do something!
So I can try to find my way
[?]

[KRS-One:]
We're on the brink of revolution
You let it get to hot
So many people tryin' to hang on, and just cannot
They must have forgot
Last night's news spot
Read like a news murder plot
Starring who got shot
And very little upliftin'
Just who got knocked?
Very little givin'
Everybody's heart is locked
And they call this a civilization?
Where I can't even find work, with proper employment qualifications
Hip-Hop is the name of my nation
Where everyday is Saturday and 12 months is vacation
Peace, love, unity, havin' fun
You can tell by now, I'm not the average one

[Triune:]
Get choked for the dope here
Get stabbed for the stash
My X is brash

I rap for grabbin' the cash
They search for the blackless faces
So no need checkin' your *[?]* or applications
[?]
How the fuck I make thirty grand a year
With dudes holding a masters degree
It makes no sense, so I make no sense
Using my mind
[?]
There's a war going on outside, no man is safe from
I'm Tri-Uno, some call me the great one
Until Bush meet people in my community
I'm hustling for *[?]* till I get an opportunity

Have mercy Mr. Percy
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
Give me another day
So I can try to find my way

KRS-One Lyrics

"Fucked Up"

YEAH! YEAH!
C'mon...
Let me tell you cats {get what I'm sayin}

[Chorus:]
Snitchin and squealin and the underhand dealin
That's how you get fucked up!!
Robbin and stealin like you ain't got feelings
That's how you get fucked up!!
Gettin head in the bed with another man's wife
That's how you get fucked up!!
You better always think twice how you're livin your life
That's how you get fucked up!!

People walk around just, in a daze and oblivious
To them demons that live in us
Who can you really trust
Is it them demons that got us schemin or is it really us?
People really fuss, and them guns really bust
Brothers dyin over silly stuff
Them streets can get really tough
They ain't playin man, you better {get what I'm sayin}

[Chorus:]
When you can't forgive and all you spit is negative
That's how you get fucked up!!
When you're dissin your elders and cheatin your relatives
That's how you get fucked up!!
Messin with a man's crib, kids or wife
That's how you get fucked up!!
You better think twice how you're livin your life, cause
That's how you get fucked up!!

Yo, I'm a true school cat, just a cool cool cat
Got security tellin these people to move back
I got two new tracks, somethin new from DAT's
Tunnel Rats with Proper and Triune in the back
I don't move with a pack, I move membership
Hip-Hop we livin it and what I'm doin is rap
But cats wanna talk that crap
'Til they see that I'm not playin, you better {get what I'm sayin}
Everyday more betrayin, more lyin, and from friends
More crime and more revenge - HUSH
Things are really rough; cause there's really no one out there
that I doubt that you can really trust
Them guns bust - how many hustlers gotta die
go to jail for a fiend to get a rush?
From ashes to dust, that man of lust

is decayin, you better {get what I'm sayin}

[Chorus:]
Talkin that crap behind another man's back
That's how you get fucked up!!
Spittin gossip and scandal and don't have facts
That's how you get fucked up!!
Bein caught in the hype, flashin off your ice
That's how you get fucked up!!
You better always think twice how you're livin your life cause
That's how you get fucked up!!

I'ma close it out, cause all my foes they doubt
I'm rollin out, they know what I'm all about
I don't roam about, I appear and shout
I wear 'em out, then we clear 'em out
I steer the route to where the end be at
Where the peace, where the love, where my friends be at
Where the jealous ones envy that
And they start betrayin, that's right you better {get what I'm sayin}

[Chorus:]
If you schemin a lot on what another man's got
That's how you get fucked up!!
Dreamin up a plot for another man's spot
That's how you get fucked up!!
If you live by the knife then you die by the knife
That's how you get fucked up!!
You better always think twice how you're livin your life cause
That's how you get fucked up!!
Flashin what you got cause you think it's cool
That's how you get fucked up!!
You better watch yourself cause when you ACT A FOOL
That's how you get fucked up!!
When you act like you better, treatin men like mice
That's how you get fucked up!!
You better always think twice how you're livin your life cause
That's how you get fucked up!! {get what I'm sayin}
..{get what I'm sayin}

KRS-One Lyrics

"I'm On The Mic"

[Intro:]
When you least expect it
(This is just one style)

[Verse 1:]
We back up in this piece like yeast to bread
Underground you gotta find me like an Easter egg
No need to beg, I hit the club hard on the red
While you check for CDs I'm sellin' books instead
I travel the country by car, by foot and leg
What's worse than being behind is being ahead
Prophetic visions of President Jeb
Five storms hit Florida on his head and nobody said
"What's the meaning of this? It's like God is dead"
In the minds of the people hanging onto a thread
You gotta go where your heart is led
I spit truth but some cats, they just got the hardest head
As you can see, I'm artist-led
I take it to the black, to the green, and to the darkest red
I write, recite and of course go off the head-top
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, man - don't forget that

[Chorus:]
KRS and I'm on the mic
(Class is in session, so you can stop guessin')
KRS and I'm on the mic
This is just one style
KRS and I'm on the mic
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everybody
KRS and I'm on the mic
Listen

[Verse 2:]
Here's the mission, plain and straight
We gotta nurture and develop what we create
Hip-hop is our activity on the planet
Today it's just an album; tomorrow they examine it
In the future, someone's crammin' fast
'Cause they want at least a B in their hip-hop class
I ain't even askin' you how
If our ancestors built nations, why you ain't buildin' one now?
Technology is not civilization
Civilization is not about the tools that you're making
You have an opportunity, at a new stop
Truly living hip-hop is a chance at a new park
You can play a new part: Develop new DVDs, new books, new art
Open new food marts with hip-hop food charts and food carts
Playing 2Pac while you shop (Do it)

What's the sense of being a recording artist
At a recording company for a year or two
If after the third or fourth year they can't even hire you?
In fact there is really nothing there for you
If your life is not a can of goo
Hip-hop is not a product; hip-hop is me and you
What I spit will see you through
I'm freein' you with knowledge of G-O-D in you

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]
Foot soldiers, let's go - we got this
The freedom to be really you that's what hip-hop is
What can we really do? Reach for the top, kid
Those that seek the bottom they shot stop and lock, kid
We the inevitable, most credible
And most are leaning back with the terrible squad
Here to beat knock hard, this is the real truth
Everything I spit be backed up with real proof
Welcome to the underground
Don't look for me in the mainstream, this is a whole 'nother sound
Sound set we rock music in the streets
In the schools and over the Internet
Feel it yet? You ain't hear me yet
You ain't really ready to get near me yet
Y'all fear and fret

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Life Interlude"

(feat. DJ Wize)

[cut and scratched: "Life"]

[KRS-One:]
With every breath I breathe I choose life for the children
With every breath I breathe I choose a wife and good livin
With every single breath that I ingest I am given
A smidgen to make life-changin decisions, listen
My mission with precision will position our children
by the millions to start buildin our culture for the billions
and trillions of people comin after us
If they doubt, they won't be as fast as us
Cause in our time we kick a new power rhyme
We keep renewin your mind, cause soon you will find
That every single breath that I breathe keeps us conscious
Enough to perceive and achieve if you believe
But oxygen comes from the trees
Without air for four minutes forget it you catchin some Z's
So which is really conscious, us or nature?
Maybe the trees wish to elevate the paper
And maybe this was just the fall
To forget that nature thinks, we doin nothin at all
And this is the way of the world
The world meanin the conscious nature and the earth that swirls
Like buffalo girls we go 'round the outside
Kris is controversial but Kris never lied
In the forest, the mountains and the hills I reside
You gotta follow the purpose you feel inside

[cut and scratched: "Life"]

[KRS-One:]
With every single breath I choose
With every single breath I move
With every single breath I prove
With every single breath I use
With every single breath I snooze
With every single breath I cruise
With every single breath I choose life
Not strife
Or strain, some like that I came, to rearrange the game
Others blame and remain the same
Same same, but me the plan is plain
We gotta think more humane...

KRS-One Lyrics

"Organ Break"

And away we go
With a crazy flow, oh!
All the ladies know
And they babies know, we pro
Deep in your mind
While I'm repeatin this rhyme, we glow
I'm teachin this time
That off-beat I speak of a rhyme, flow
They just too slow
If you keepin in time, let's go
That b-boy thang
How long you think we gonna hang, I don't know
My style is complex
I got next, indeed we close the show
Still kickin the truth
To the young black youth, we gotta grow
My message is broader
Hip-Hop's the true world order, see it!
Every son, every daughter
If you think you oughta hip-hop, be it
You can sit on the sideline
Or your mind you can free it!
I can rock for a long time
With more rhymes, cause hip-hop WE IT
Who's it, we don't use it
Or do it as music when we spit
That murder, that crime
Never furthered your mind but you, repeat it
Whatever rhyme goes against
your inner purpose you must delete it
As you can see it
I'm the average MC and hip-hop we teach it
All over the world
This goes out to all b-boys and girls
WORLDWIDE! {hooo, hooo, hooo...}

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Am There"

[knocking]

Come in *[door opens]* sit down
Yeah...
I have a magical mind, a magical body
Ancient metaphysician, you better AX somebody
With one handshake, I can tell if your plan's fake
I am to hip-hop, what flour is to pancakes
I write rhymes 'til my hand aches
In the mountains of Colorado, takin in the landscape
When I'm in the city I can't wait to live again
In the underground hot springs of the Hopi Indians

So you look around your heart and your mind
You will find, I am there
If you're cold and you're broke and there's fog in your scope
Have hope, I am there
Get in tune with me, move with me, boom with me, room with me
Zoom with me, I am there
I can see where you're at, feelin trapped, can't move can't act
I was there

And it's quite clear
My hardware was set ahead of most folks by ten years
The hand of God set it, so on Earth I speak prophetic
Publishin papers with no edit
I speak but most don't get it, but the few that do get it
In their minds my words stay embedded
And they blessed if they don't forget it
They'll never need a psychiatrist, a psychic or a medic
Where we headed? To the ultimate state of freedom
That's where I'll lead 'em, if you let it I'll free 'em
Let's set it, for human beings in recreation
Havin fun recreatin themselves into a nation
Hip-Hop! It's home could never be a station
Sharin a space with R&B, stop fakin
Do you know how much money they makin offa you and I
Just because hip-hop won't unify?

So look inside your heart or your mind you will find
Everytime, I am there
If you're cold and you're broke and there's fog in your scope
Have hope! I am there
Get in tune with me, move with me, boom with me, room with me
Zoom with me, I am there
I can see where you're at, feelin trapped, can't move can't act
I was there

KRS-One Lyrics

"Still Slippin'"

They slippin Duke

You slippin Duke, you trippin Duke
Rememeber you still livin in a corporate chicken coop
With a hundred other chickens yellin get that loot
Makin a hundred other chickens tryin to spit what's cute
But KRS spits the fruit
My words are not hollow, I'll lead you out the chicken suit
You slippin Duke, I got proof, spit truth in the club
So the colleges man, we get so loose
What's the use, you slippin Duke, how America great
when Iraq, had no nukes, now OOPS
Whatever happened to samples and loops?
The same thing that happened to organs and flutes, and real artists
Thank God for The Roots, the soldier that's home with his family
Support for the troops yeah, now let's start this
I've taught many groups, been through many suits
Teachin new recruits that can't take it back to hula hoops
I know we're on mute, stand up straight
I'm like Skywalker without the loot, you slippin Duke

[scratch:] "At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker"

YEAHH!
Talk your talk, degrade my character
Your remarks are amateur, the future laughs at ya
I got much stamina, and I know my facts
I am hip-hop, I don't speak for blacks
I speak for hip-hop's preservation, and only that
Peace love unity, I'm known for that
What's your hassle with me man, no man is ownin me
You just mad cause I lead hip-hop globally
Your hassle is that, I'm an international cat
You know in any debate, I'm smashin your crap
When it comes to hip-hop, you behind
Cause I've been organizin this politically since 1989
I stay selective, the objective peace of mind
I am hip-hop and so are you don't be so blind
Use the key next time, you know my roots
But listen dog you slippin Duke!

[scratch:] "You wanna hear a fresh rhyme, you'll come to the source"
[scratch:] "Stamp BDP on your head then you're off"
[scratch:] "At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker"
[scratch:] "Do not attempt to diss cause you're soft"

KRS-One Lyrics

"My Life"

[scratched:] "Whattya think makes up a K-R-S?"

[KRS-One:]
Skinny cat, young cat, with a knapsack strapped to my back
1981 before the crack attack
I used to let the Olde English 800 suds bubble
In the last car of the Franklin Avenue shuttle
Brooklyn, no doubt, Wingate Park, no doubt
Prospect Park I'm all laid out
Homeless, my gear played out and I know this
But I'm an MC I stay focused
I took the shuttle to the D and wrote my rhymes in a hour
Took the D to the E, last stop the Twin Towers
Sittin in the belly of the beast
In the World Trade organization, bein harassed by the police
I wrote my rhymes right there on the spot
New York City, 1984 corruption was hot
Cats sellin uzis out the Jacob Javits Center for a high price
Let me tell you 'bout my life

[Chorus:]
[scratched:] "The type of shit a young black man
gotta go through every day of his life"
[scratched:] "Hard times to live in
Wake up in the morning thank God"
[scratched:] "The type of shit a young black man
gotta go through every day of his life"
[scratched:] "Hard times to live in
Wake up in the morning" ... "Now it's my turn"
{"Listen"}

[KRS-One:]
Eighty-five comes in, eighty-six comes in
The marijuana with the cocaine mix comes in
High class hustlers, I'm takin flicks with them
My first songs Red Alert, he's mixin them
This a far cry from a kid sleepin on the bench
Now I'm V.I.P. in the club, this don't make sense
But it does, as I take daps and hugs
from cats that move drugs, they say "Kris rise above"
Everybody knew my style, Kris was no coward
I wanted to get in the game but my peeps wouldn't allow it
They'd say, "Read them books and write them hooks
Save our children, give 'em a whole new outlook"
So I did, I lived like any street kid
But I was handed 20 books, others were handed 20 year bids
Still they wouldn't sell to your mother or your wife
There was respect man~! Let me tell you 'bout my life

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]
1987 my career blowin up now
Me and Scott LaRock took the year growin up now
Me I'm just a private cat, whatever you perceive as live
KRS is as live as that
We the livest act, in eighty-eight, eighty-nine, and ninety-now
But them years be far behind me now
In ninety-one, no one can find me now
I chose the underground to rhyme where it's grimy, WOW
Rewind me now, 13 albums for you to see
Or catch me speakin at them universities
My mind stays keen, I'm hardly ever seen
I do a lot of work, just not in the mainstream

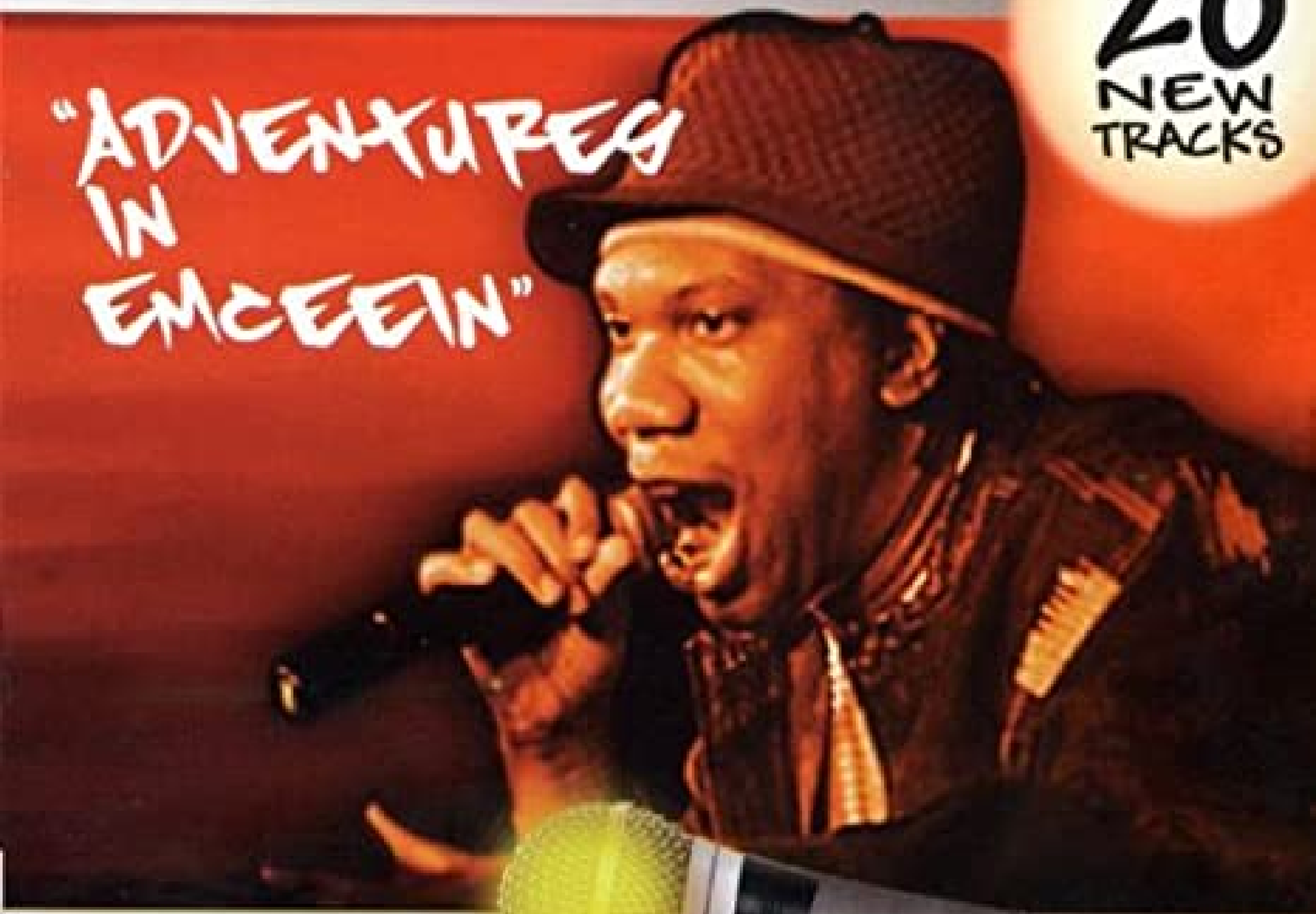
[scratched:] "Know what you need to learn
Old school artists don't always burn"

[scratched:] "Know what you need to learn...
KRS-One... don't always burn"

KRS-ONE

CONTAINS 20 NEW TRACKS

"ADVENTURES IN EMCEEIN"



PARENTAL ADVISORY

KRS-One Lyrics

"Our Soldiers"

(feat. Cx)

Yo KRS it's time to make a statement up in here
Let everybody know what's really goin on in America
Behind closed doors of this Bush Administration
There's a war goin on
Which side you on?
Which side you represent, huh?
Yeah!

Yeah! To all the families
That got somebody overseas
In that bullshit war
That's what we tellin

Yeah what'chu know about real war when it's happening?
Who you care for, who your heart, think about your friend
Fightin with Iraq and them, rebel forces trackin him
Bombs in the front, underneath, and in back of them
While we chillin in that Escalade, they dodgin rocket propelled grenades
So what you ace of spades
What about the promises that were made?
No one in America feels any safer, in fact we feel betrayed
Over 200 families played
With an American flag and a letter that says your child got sprayed
In the sands of Iraq, forget the economy
Mr. President, when my kid comin back?
When my spouse comin back? Four million people out of work
Sayin right now when my house comin back?
Now we can see that to be all you can be
Man invadin Iraq and dodgin RPG's!

Rest in peace to them soldiers on a two-year tour
Frontline of the political war
Troops flyin out to Iraq, sent home in a black bag
Global terrorism droppin bombs over Baghdad

Rest in peace to them soldiers on a two-year tour
Frontline of the political war
Troops flyin out to Iraq, sent home in a black bag
Global terrorism droppin bombs over Baghdad

What's the cause, what's the point, what's the agenda?
WMD's, Iraqi freedom, I don't remember
Politics is one thing, lives are another
People seperated from they wives and they mothers
Fathers and brothers, leavin their families and others
Safe under the cover they're position first gunner
Hard times, demand even harder rhymes

You can't be stallin pimpin and ballin all the time!
I speak about MORE than crime
I rhyme to the spirit, to them people with "Spiritual Minds"
But I hope you get the lyric in time
You just went to get a degree, now you behind enemy lines
But yo, everything is gonna be fine
You'll be home in no time and you'll remember this rhyme
Most of them soldiers in Iraq my friends
I ain't checkin for the war, but I'm checkin for them

Rest in peace to them soldiers on a two-year tour
Frontline of the political war
Troops flyin out to Iraq, sent home in a black bag
Global terrorism droppin bombs over Baghdad

Rest in peace to them soldiers on a two-year tour
Frontline of the political war
Troops flyin out to Iraq, sent home in a black bag
Global terrorism droppin bombs over Baghdad

You ain't gotta feel, when you pop that steel
Return fire comin in and things gettin real
From Desert Shield, to Operation Iron Grip
Americans will not forget that {ish}
While I spit another hit, over them news clips, every day
Yo Bush, how you become President anyway?!
Buyin off judges, exposin Clinton's lovers
Riggin elections, underminin all these others
It's time to uncover, the real plot
We need to build our own nation, and call it hip-hop
Yeah! Release the fear
The real hip-hop is over HERE!

"Speak the truth to 'em" *[3x]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"Money"

(feat. MC Lyte)

[MM Lyte:]
Money - M-o-n-e-y
(Money!)
Money - M-o-n-e-y
(Money!)

[KRS-One:]
M-o-n-e-y, what you need to just get by
Money, honey, ain't it funny?
Money, people wanna die
It seems without money, people cry, people will lie
You cannot deny, without money you can't apply
For anything that catches your eye, I wonder why
The root of all evil, let me teach you, now who am I?
The MC, teachin' my people "Don't live that lie"
You got to get money, but don't let money get you, guy

I can break it down like whatever you want
Whatever you spend your money on strong, yo that's what you flaunt
Spend your money on these honeys, yo if that's what you want
Spend your money on attorneys if you're goin' to court
If I look around your neck I can see what you bought
What, you think you get respect? No, you takin' a short
Yo, you need the money, of course, you need it to live
(Yo, what you put your money on, Kris?) Yo, right on my kids

[MC Lyte:]
M-o-n-e-y, don't ask why. It IS the root of all evil
Though very necessary to your livelihood
It's all good when you got enough
Til enough ain't enough and you hit upon rough times
You make your money and I'll make mine
(Yo, we need the...) (Money!)

[KRS-One:]
Don't get me wrong, mistakin' this song
Like money is not important - yes, it is, just be strong
It's the reason for the thievin' and that war goin'on
It's the reason that you seein' all these girls in their thong
It's the reason that the radio's on
It's the reason that you believe if you gotta work from sun-up 'til dawn
It's the cravings that connect you to that money you makin'
Your desire is the fire got you feelin' you slavin'

(Free yourself!) Money doesn't make you the man
(Be yourself!) A man gets his money in credit*[?]*

Ok, I'm a get this money, really, all day
But not to the point where I'm goin' the wrong way
I'm a put my money down on rides and all that
Hook up the house so me and my spouse can fall back
Investing my knowledge way beyond college
Write books and fly hooks in my cottage

Cheese - Kris bling-blingin'? Yo, please!
Money is an energy that gets what I need
I can understand them cats that rap flossin' and frontin'
It's all good, they from the hood, never had nothin'
They just got they money and everything's sunny
Hear what I'm saying, they preyin', boy, and lookin for bunnies

[MC Lyte:]
Did we floss what we bought
Forgetting that sharing is what we've been taught?
'Cause this here gettin' money is an individual sport
Money can get me in to the same place where years ago
My bros and sisters with black skin
Were confined to the back door and the kitchen

[KRS-One:]
Last verse, where your cash purse
Reach into your wallet, nothin' alloted, that hurts
Breath stinkin' you're thinkin', but can't afford Certs
Need the dollar and baby hollerin' - no work
I don't know how you gonna get the dough
You could become educated, you could become a ho
You could do both, that's like puttin' butter on toast
The bread is the knowledge, butter is what gets you that close

[MC Lyte:]
Money is funny - how a piece of paper can make or break your very existence
Quick as it come, quick as it go - you better know about the ebb and the flow
You get money in droves, trick it on cars and blow
Throw dollars at black queens 'cause, for the dough they'll strip their clothes
And for the right amount of money
A king will pimp his queen into being a ho on a stroll
Life will always be hard when you choose to make money your god

KRS-One Lyrics

"We Dem Teachas"

(feat. Keith Stewart)

[KRS-One:]
Civil rights, abolitionist movement
Civil rights movement... anti-war

[Keith Stewart:]
Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

[KRS-One:]
I'll never stop talkin 'bout Malcolm X
And I'll never stop talkin 'bout havin safe sex
I'll never stop shoutin out Marcus Garvey or
Kwame Toure or Robert Marley
I'll never ease up on red, black and green
Or teachin what Martin Luther King's dream mean
Self-esteem, self-creation
Make yourself man, you in a wealthy nation!
Forget inflation, you are your own mason
Build yourself, set your foundation
Knowledge Reigns Supreme
That's why when you hear KRS, you know what it means
Stand up~!

[Keith Stewart:]
Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

[KRS-One:]
Check it; I'll never stop showin the love man
I'll never stop hangin up pictures of Harriet Tubman
I'll always be a learner, like Nat Turner
Spittin out words to take your mind further
Any time you see my face

You seein peace love unity all in this place
When enrollment's down, crime is up
And if you can't hold your ground your time is up
But if you don't know your ground you holdin WHAT?!
Assumptions, when the storm hits you (hits you...)
Straight out of luck, feelin like you crashed your truck
That's when the teacher shows up
Stand up!

[Keith Stewart:]
Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

[KRS-One:]
C'mon! Where my scholars at? Y'all can holla back
Knowledge and overstanding, we on top of that
We show you right where the commas and them dollars at
We hangin out where them educated mommas at
Follow that, where my educated poppas at?
We in the street too, movin when it's time to act
We dem teachas, tell me where your mind is at
Fear, doubt, no we do not follow that!
There, courage man, we need to bottle that
Cause all these kids nowadays hear a lot of crap
And they feelin like they gotta follow that
That's why the teacher is bringin the scholar back

[Keith Stewart:]
Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

Comin straight off the block, we dem teachas
Always makin that dough, on the hustle
This is the scholar anthem, throw yo' hands up
If you a soldier, throw yo' hands up

KRS-One Lyrics

"Better & Better"

(feat. Pee-Doe)

[KRS-One - Hook]
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better

[KRS-One]
History in the making, get with me I'm not faking
Big up all my Jamaicans, Haitians and all my nations
Latinos and my Asians, yeah I know you've been waitin
Feeling you've been forsaken, but I'm building this nation
Building new innovation, look at what we've been facin
Payola on these stations, plus they run like plantations
Complete with black beats sportin soul by caucausians
If you hear me on your station best believe I'm not payin~!
KRS is the realest, KRS-One is fearless
I grew up in them days when crack was new to drug dealers
See them cats they be liars, we the New York survivors
Eighty-one to ninety-one, they was our record buyers
Now they front cause they got work tryin to redo all my work
'til we live and in concert, and I'm makin they eye hurt
Shinin so bright and so lively
Everybody know, hip-hop was better in the nineties

[KRS-One - Hook]
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better

[Pee-Doe]
It was better in the nineties, the solo was grimey
The Wu-Tang Clan came in with the killer army
Grand Puba came in with Girbauds hangin low
Hilfiger Tommy niggas rockin Polo
40 ounce guzzlin, nickel bag coppin
Troopin through the block with the boom box knockin
All we do is "Spark Mad Ism" non-stop and
When Hot 97 played the real hip-hop and

I remember 98, point 7 KISS FM
With Kool DJ Red Alert, mixin up the blends
Them mixtape deejays had the streets on lock
Like Demo and Ron G, my nigga Doo Wop
Before the radio station corrupted the nation
To rule the street, A&R's discoverin the sensations
KRS came with the peace declaration
Took it with the leaders to the United Nations

[KRS-One - Hook]
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better and better
However, I'm really fascinating to the letter
My english grammar gets better

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Teacha Returns"

Bam Beatz on this one, let's rock out!
Taking you low...

This The Teacha, I do this for life
Plus I'm psychic, but I ain't gon tell you who's doing your wife
You ain't raw like the coke in your rhyme recital
You been cut so much, you starting to look suicidal
You trifle, trifling, you need to stop and listen
You need to hear 2Pac when he was locked in prison
Man, for real, I'm expanding
This ain't whiling out, you'll get nicked with two cannons
Your team's not loyal, you're not harming me son
If I said "Who wanna go on tour?" you'd be an army of one
What's that shit around your mouth man, cum?!
Face the fact, you lost, we got it, we won
You better off trying on some lottery run
Then to go against The Teacha, I put the Glock to you dunn
I be rockin' them drums, all you doing is shoutin'
What's your address, 69 Brokeback Mountain?!
It seems my skill you doubtin'
I spit lyrics, I flow like a fountain
Listen, you'll get crushed like a kush going into my blunt
I take it way back, all you do is front!

Yeah... haha, ha...
Yeah, yeah... KRS!

Spit-tacular, you spit at me, I spit it back at ya
I'm an emcee, not an actor
My lyrics won't trap ya, they'll free ya
But rappers still wanna test The Teacha, let 'em have it!
What you in my face for, in my space for?
This is what you rappers get smacked in your face for
Y'all talk about cutting the bass raw
But you draw the cops, this what you get chased for
I'm forever above your world in whatever you do
Rappers, I will level your crew
When I'm through, they won't even be able to TELL if it's you
I'm an emcee, this tradition goes back to Pebbly Poo
Man, I speak the truth, I'mma show you what God is
I heard your CD; from the start, it was GARBAGE!
Click, click, click, I load the cartridge
Look in the palm of my hand man - THAT'S where your heart is!

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Real HipHop"

(feat. Nas)

Aiyyo man, this is the end
And let me tell you somethin man
My man KRS, when I heard Spit-tacular was comin out
The greatest emcee of all time
I said I couldn't wait, I couldn't believe it
I couldn't wait to witness it
The greatest emcee of all time, KRS
And I'm from Queensbridge, you heard?

Let's go~!
I pray for my people that the light do reach you
Ignorance is lethal, this is why I teach you
Every boy and girl the wolf wanna eat you
But the wolf is part of the same world that deceives you
Once you realize that there is no separation
You'll control the wolf from the center of your creation!
This that new rap language, or slanguage
Somethin to bang with man, we call it Edutainment man!
In 1994 DeSean Burke said it
Do you remember there we laid out the plan?
To overstand hip-hop you gotta overstand hip-hoppers
Afrika Bambaataa, they made this man!
And yeah there were others, undocumented sisters and brothers
That fell to crimes and drugs, it was crazy man!
But the secret to Edutainment
Is to take hip-hop beyond entertainment, leave baby land!

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot

I manifest it from this hip-hop, adolescent
Now add the essence of S, now you got a weapon
Now pay attention if you listenin and you listen close
We're in position to lyrically hit you where it hurts the most
My proposition of philosophy spittin was written
The contradiction of the system's that I can not spit this
I can not budge to be a gimmick, I shoved you with lyrics
Then did it consecutive grippin, 'til I figured you'd gain
They like S come, huh? Meet KRS-One
Father of hip-hop, you're sorta like his step-son

The way, I get some, I done been it and had some
Rhymes, out of my mind so haters be vexin
I bless them, with a message like a scripture, paintin a picture
The fame insane, screamin my name
Picture the game changed, from that music that we all adventured
But all is not lost, hip-hop, I won't forget ya

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot

KRS is after you crash the truck
And your jewels get plucked
And your so-called friends begin lyin again
What? When your life is thin
That's when I come in, KRS
Yeah! Big shout out to my man
M-I-C, Track Dons you did it again
Temple of Hiphop, stand up
Let's go to work

It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop
KRS-One, bringin you that real hip-hop
That real music you've been waitin for to reach your spot
That main ingredient believable to keep this hot
It seems we all forgot about that real hip-hop

KRS-One Lyrics

"Watch This!"

(feat. S-Five)

YEAH, YEAH! FEEL THAT~!
I'd like to thank everyone for comin out to the tour
Enjoyin us all throughout Europe
This is exclusive, we don't stop
This is real hip-hop, watch this now!

Straight from the under, the One is my number - watch this
All these newcomers are basically runners - watch this
Bitches and niggas and hoes for them others - watch this
I rhyme for mothers fathers sisters and brothers, my name Kris
The difference is realness, versus the fakeness, let's rock
I am an elder that helped to create this, hip-hop
Now that you know this regain your focus, be reminded
Straight from the Criminal to Spiritual Minded realignment
Movin in faster as you hearin the master, keep up
Don't worry 'bout battles, I'm 18 years past ya, speak up
The K to the R to the S to the One, ease up
I'm glowin like lava, hot as the sun, I don't freeze up
I take you backward rap and after that I'm takin the future
I hang with acrobats and breakin cats and whatever suits ya
Graffiti writers, beatboxin, just like we used ya
Deejays cuttin it up with a boomin speaker
Them days had fewer heaters, today we've got fewer teachers
Like America, hip-hop needs some newer leaders
KRS is the candidate
I understand I state, and overstand we great, rock!

Yeah, it's BDP, 2006, Temple of HipHop
Yeah! We the culture, I swear
Listen, turn me up Alex

Constantly fightin Satan, watchin the moves I'm makin
Tryin to stay positive, look at the world we live
It's hard to get a job, that's why my brothers rob
In every hood same story but with different 40's
You either Blood or Crip, you sellin dubs or nicks
You gotta stand wit'cha man or you plug a chick
Now look what you get, quit tryin to play the part
You got caught up in the game now you in the dark
I'm seein people dyin, so many mothers cryin
That brother say he got your back, but that brother lyin
You need to grab a mirror, and look into it quicker
It ain't all about you man this thing is bigger
Cause everything that you do come back double fold
You ain't on the right track, take another road
Brother you gettin old, you've got to make a change
Cause this thing we call life brother it's not a game

Nah~!

KRS-One Lyrics

"What's Your Plan?"

Yeah
We live this
It gets kinda hard sometimes
Tryin to help those who dissin you at the same time
But this the life of the T'cha
And he's still gon' reach ya
This for the hood, rise up y'all

Why y'all keep shittin on me?
On the internet, cats think they spittin on me
But if you read they shit, they be real corny
For my downfall, they get real horny
All I'm tryin to do is educate the young ones
I got some guns, but we ain't no dum-dums, yo come son
Let me show you the way out
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, we never play out, or fade out
This a lifetime thing, you in darkness, heartless
Complainin about the light I bring?
Well stay there then, I guess you ain't my friend
But remember, hip-hop, it ain't gon' end
And there in the future, we gon' see
Who really was the slave, and who was free
Who sold out the culture, to be on TV
Nah, it won't be me

Rappers wanna stop me pop me drop me lock me lock me top me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Critics wanna hit me get me clip me rip me strip me trip me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Players wanna slap me cap me crap me attack me, out rap me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Others wanna rush me dust me bust me lust me cuss me hush me
But they really up to no good - c'mon, man!

Now some of y'all buggin, cause I am hip-hop
But you are too, you just kyan't get dat
As a man thinketh, so is he
I am hip-hop, and so are we
And so is she, and so is he
I'm the only one teachin, and you wanna diss me
Why? Am I really that important?
Are you so desperate, any life you'll shorten?
Well nah kid - I'ma live on and on
You gonna respect me now, and not when I'm gone
I see how y'all did, JMJ
He paved your way but all you wanna get is your pay
I always be the knowledge giver
Preach you, uneasy, yo take your 30 pieces of silver

And hang yourself, by the end of this verse
But remember, the last shall be first

Rappers wanna stop me pop me drop me lock me lock me top me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Critics wanna hit me get me clip me rip me strip me trip me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Players wanna slap me cap me crap me attack me, out rap me
But they really up to no good - what's your plan?!
Others wanna rush me dust me bust me lust me cuss me hush me
But they really up to no good - c'mon, man

Kris loves hip-hop, everybody knows that!
We came out of poverty and we ain't goin back
A 60 cent royalty, don't settle for that
Yo do what you gotta but don't remain in the trap
We all cryin out for leadership
But if the leader steps up and you diss him, what we gon' get?
YOU~?! You ain't even got a better plan
You can't even take hip-hop to a better land
You yourself ain't even a better man
Look who follows you - KRS even got better fans
Sure you get grands, and that's all good
But your video shows that you sold your manhood
So are you really eligible to challenge me?
Especially you writers that never made a CD?
Especially you deejays that get shit for free
You can't play Kane or P.E. - what's your plan?!

KRS-One Lyrics

"All Right"

(feat. Just Blaze)

[KRS-One:]
Gather round, I want to tell y'all a story
See if you can get the meaning
We gonna go real far (all right)
Watch this (God, you alright)

I'm steppin' in this place like it's all right
I got my partners with me, yep we feelin' all right
I got my woman with me, yup she lookin' all right
When it's time to move I'm never left, I'm all right

Well, I met my man "What up Duke?" - "I'm all right"
He said "Listen to this", I said "All right"
He said "This strictly confidential", I said "All right"
He said "Yo, you like this spot?" I said "It's all right"
"You wanna change it?", I said "All right"
"I got a way that we can purchase it in 30 days" - "All right"
"How we gon do that?" He said "All right"
He put a stack of hundreds on the table right there, I said "All right"

30 days later we all right
Limousines, elevators, yo things are lookin' all right
All night everybody feelin' all right
I told my man "I gotta go", he said "All right"
"Let me take your Jeep", he said "All right"
But just as I started the car it got all bright
I started liftin' up, felt my spirit driftin' up
What's goin' on? The Jeep is gone and everything's all white
I heard people sayin' "Is he all right?"
Floatin' above my body I felt all right
How can I tell 'em, really tell 'em, that I'm all right?
Standin' outside my cerebellum I'm all right
The fourth dimension is all right
The fifth dimension is sure right
The sixth dimension is all light
Livin' as a spirit is all right
But then I didn't feel all right

I felt the shock in my chest, it wasn't all right
They revivin' me - all right
I heard a paramedic say to someone "Yep, he gonna be all right"
I'm back alive, people askin' "Are you all right?"
"The Jeep exploded. It's a miracle you all right"
Layin' there on my back, strapped up all night
I smirked and said to myself "God, you all right"
"Ha, you all right"
"Yes, God, you all right"

KRS-One Lyrics

"Don't Get So High (Dancehall Mix)"

Haha, wha' ya call that?
Boogie Down, Boogie Down, Boogie Down, Boogie Down Productions

You ha fe understand your situation
You create your life through your imagination
Anything you think is a manifestation
Of who you are - you're creation!
Can't you understand?
Everytime you think in bad mind
You attract that to you same time!
Listen *[?]*
Refine, expand your mind
Consciousness go through all space and time!

Look at *[?]*
We teach the philosophy
Deal with no hypocrisy
The sun is there on top of me
Beaming down that vitamin E
Feelin sick we're not gonna be
Kris in jail you're not gonna see
Take my shots on the *[?]*

We get you jumpin around
We the number one sound
You want *[?]*
[?]

I'm flippin' the sound, flippin' the flow
Some say I'm stuck back in '84, I don't know
I don't see no nickel bags, yo
I don't see no Word Up mag, yo
All I see is straight up fags, yo
These rappers they brag, though
Til we in the club, not in they castle
Somewhere in El Paso, Texas
That's when Kris gets reckless
Goes down the checklist
You rappers best respect this
It's better you listen to this metaphysician
While people bling and glisten I seek that higher vision

Don't get so high, til you can't see past your eye
Enjoy yourself but don't die
Listen now, listen now, why why?
Why you want to be like a fly guy?
Don't get so high, til you can't see past your eye
Enjoy yourself but don't die

Tell me now, why you ha fe be such a fly guy?

Temple of HipHop and me
We step in any party - top celebrity
See when we come in a dance we never look for grammy
'Cause that's 'cause we got r-e-s-p-e-c-t
I want just one wife - S-I-m-o-n-e
She said she always want fe marry an Emcee
Travel 'round the world and live a life so free
Then she met me - H-I-p-H-o-p
Started countin' up twenty, thirty, forty G
Started gettin' fresh garments now for free
Dealin' with promoters and countin' the money
Takin' trips to Europe on the Queen Mary

What do you see?
You ha fe direct your chi
You must live your life properly
What do you see?
You have to be what you see
You have got to live your life free
What do you see?
You ha fe direct your chi
You must live your life properly
What do you see?
You have to BE what you see
So you can see yourself living free

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Got You"

Off beat, what you know about it?
All heat, all street, my dough I be about it
I eat all week, I don't need to shout it
I'm legendary, in many books you can read about it

Well I'm back to let you cats know that
I'm not asleep, I heard your mixtape raps
What, you think I'm weak like one of these old school cats?
You better hear me speak before you get holes in your back

Ain't nothing here sweet except your whole damn pack
Why I gotta return? Cause y'all's so damn wack wack
You never will learn. That's why the teacha's back
Now you gon' feel that real golden age rap

Unfolding the gat
This ain't no place for no amateur block rap
Rappin' about your hammer is cocked back
That means you fuckin' with a six-shooter
And we got big guns that can stop that

All you hear is klug-clack-klug, klug-clack-klug
And you and your man y'all fall backward
Y'all ain't nothin' but actors, bitin' like Dracula
Kris spit spitacular

[Chorus: x2]
To my block - I got you
From the bottom to the top - I got you
When you need that raw HipHop - I got you
I mean that '94 HipHop - I got you
If you ain't got nowhere to go - I got you
VIP passes to my show - I got you
Come to my crib, let's take it slow - I got you
Never forget, you gotta know that - I got you

You listenin' to the depth of the heat
I'm omni-hood, that means I rep' every street
When I come around cats get up and eat
On the mic I won't let up 'til the end of the beat

I stay tight when I recite and sendin' you heat
Let's compare, what's your agenda this week?
Me? I be chillin' out in sacred buildings with my children
Free as a fly on the ceiling

[Chorus x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"All My Love"

(feat. Carlet Boseman)

[KRS-One:]
Call me old-school, but
It's all about love (yeah)
If you ain't doin' this for the love
What you doin' it for?
(Let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go)

[KRS-One & Carlet Boseman:]
I do it for the (love, baby)
All in the streets we get (love, baby)
Beats like this we just (love, baby)
KRS-One be driving them thugs crazy

I'm not Johnny-come-lately on your station
I takes it back to Zulu Nation
You see what HipHop is facing
How can we sit back and be so complacent?

[Chorus: x2]
I'm giving you...
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) You feel it
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you

[KRS-One & Carlet Boseman:]
When I'm on tour I spread (love, baby)
The greatest law is (love, baby)
For sure, sex is not (love, baby)
Love is love, have you had a hug lately?

I ain't waitin' for the system to save me
I'm standing up, using what God gave me
Old-school, Kris is no fool
How we gonna organize with no tools?

Man, we gotta do it for the (love, baby)
Respect and more (love, baby)
Less checks and get more (love, baby)
K-R-S One!

[Chorus x2]

[KRS-One & Carlet Boseman:]
Put down the gun and show (love, baby)
We ain't never gonna grow without (love, baby)
HipHop started with (love, baby)

Not shooting your man with a slug like Janie *[?]*

We hangin' out up north with Slim Shady
We hangin' out down south with Lil' Wayne
East coast raised me, west coast pays me
This is HipHop, them critics don't phase me

KRS, I know it sounds crazy, but I do this for the (love, baby)
My motivation is (love, baby)
And yes I'm building this HipHop Nation with

[Chorus: x2]
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) You feel it

[KRS-One & Carlet Boseman:]
This last verse goes out with (love, baby)
Thanks for the years and that (love, baby)
KRS-One gets (love, baby)
Duane "Da Rock" this beat is crazy!

[Chorus: x2]
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) I'm giving you
(all my love, baby) You feel it

Boogie Down (love, baby)
Productions (love, baby)
(love, baby)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Wachanoabout"

We gonna take it to the back of your brain (tell 'em!)
We put it on the side of a train (tell 'em!)
We gonna make it so simple and plain
Revolutionary people, yo this ain't a game! (tell 'em!)

How many y'all really ready for change? (tell 'em!)
Or do you really want to keep it the same? (tell 'em!)
Edutainment - this the reason I came
If you down for the struggle, yo remember these names

Kwame Toure (Whachanoabout)
Martin Luther King (Whachanoabout)
Malcolm X (Whachanoabout)
Medgar Evers (Whachanoabout)

If you really want to change the game
Take a little time and study these names

Frederick Douglass (Whachanoabout)
Booker T. Washington (Whachanoabout)

If you want injustice to end
Take a little time and study these men

Marcus Garvey (Whachanoabout)
Nat Turner (Whachanoabout)

Let me tell you about the struggle my friend (tell 'em!)
We want freedom, I'm a say it again (tell 'em!)
We want freedom, not more money to spend (tell 'em!)
You got to listen to this message I send, come on!

Let me talk to you a little bit more
Our ancestors, tell me, what you dissin' 'em for?
Break the cylce of first I like, then I don't like
You raise and praise me up to tear me down like Michael?
KRS loves his people
I walk with my people, not above my people
Teach my people, I try to reach my people
With real truth, evidence and real proof

Thurgood Marshall (Whachanoabout)
W.E.B. DuBois (Whachanoabout)
Carter G. Woodson (Whachanoabout)
Nelson Mandela (Whachanoabout)

If you really want to change the game
Take a little time and study these names

Elijah Muhammad (Whachanoabout)
Noble Drew Ali (Whachanoabout)

If you want injustice to end
Take a little time, man, study these men

Kwame Nkrumah (Whachanoabout)
Sékou Touré (Whachanoabout)

We gonna take it to the back of your brain (tell 'em!)
We put it on the side of a train (tell 'em!)
We gonna make it so simple and plain
Revolutionary people, yo this ain't a game! (tell 'em!)

How many y'all really ready for change? (tell 'em!)
Or do you really want to keep it the same? (tell 'em!)
Edutainment - this the reason I came
If you down for the struggle, just remember these names
Remember these names, remember these names, remember these names! Rock!

"Africans in America burned down over 290 cities in the '60's to get 289 powerless mayors in the '80's"

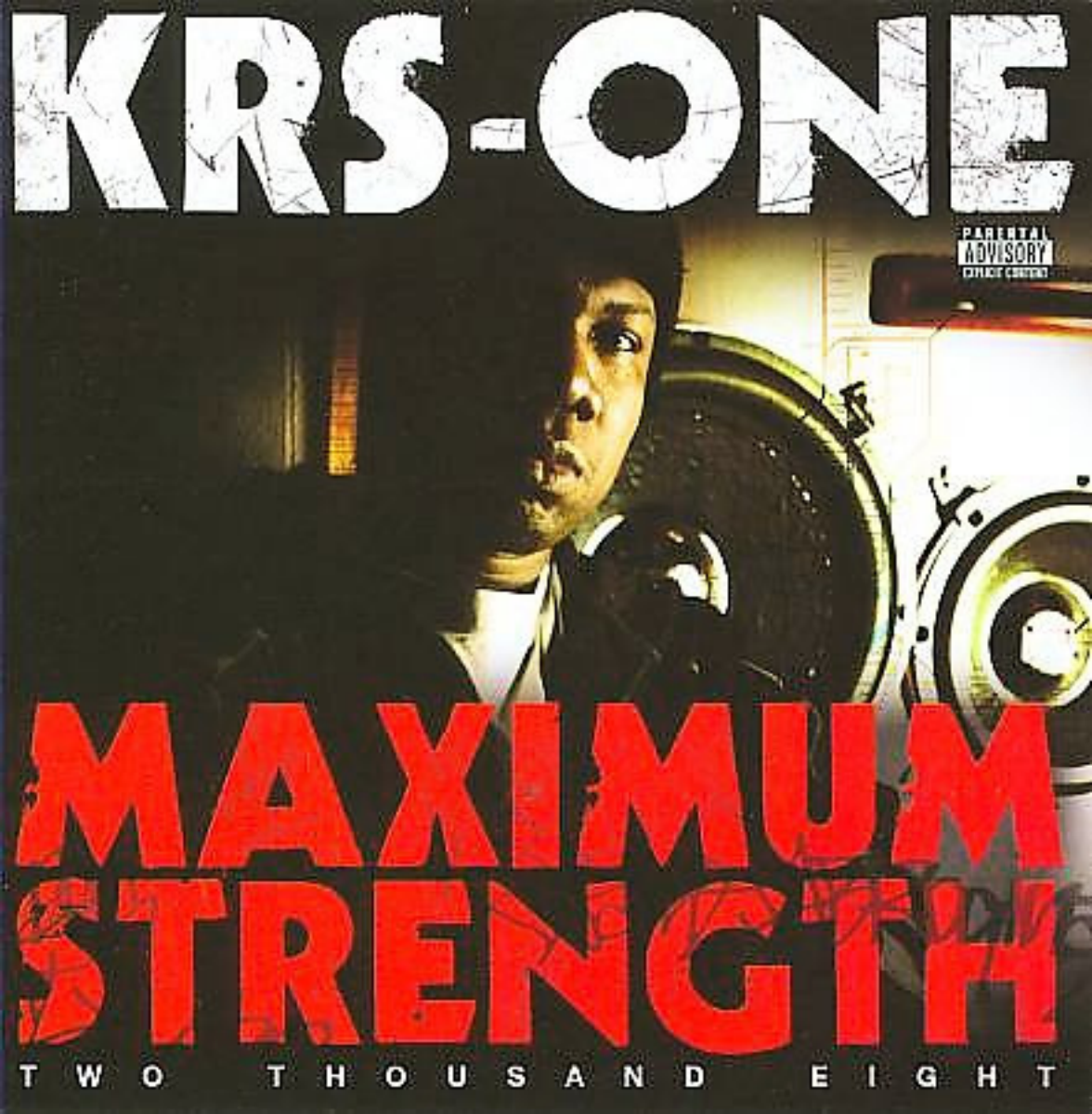
What you really want to debate me for?
What you hate me for? What you take me for?
Always sayin' "Amen" and "As-Salamu 'Alaykum" for
If I can't speak my mind, even if it may be raw
New ideas is what they pay me for, but here's an old one
The Feds*[?]* are gonna save us, sure
Since '89 I be coming again, with peace, love, and unity
Remember these men

Kwame Toure (Whachanoabout)
Martin Luther King (Whachanoabout)
Malcolm X (Whachanoabout)
Medgar Evers (Whachanoabout)
Frederick Douglass (Whachanoabout)
Booker T. Washington (Whachanoabout)
Marcus Garvey (Whachanoabout)
Nat Turner (Whachanoabout)

If you really want to change the game
Take a little time and study these names

If you want injustice to end
Take a little time and study these men

KRS-ONE



MAXIMUM STRENGTH

TWO THOUSAND EIGHT

KRS-One Lyrics

"Beware"

[KRS-One:]
Yeah, HUT HUT HUT HUT!
I know we ain't gettin soft, HUT HUT HUT HUT!
I know we ain't gettin soft, listen
FIYAH!

[Chorus: KRS-One]
When you advertise in New York
You best to beware, oh yes
When you advertise in New York, you best to beware
Cause the bling bling, and de sex t'ing
Dem no care, oh no, you best to beware
Oh no, yo you best to beware, oh no noooo

[KRS-One:]
This is how they do it kid, I thought you knew it kid
This is how they set us up listen I can prove it kid
Many don't understand, you see it's all a plan
To keep the black man a child like he's Peter Pan
You'll never see a man, a real black man
Until you see a man with control of his hands
And to control your hands means you control your mind
And to control your mind means you ain't commitin crimes
Man you smarter than that, goin to prison is whack
Even the people in prison know I'm spittin the facts
I'm gettin open, open the class up
Don't smoke crack it'll tear yo' ass up

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]
Listen! We got our own problems here in the States
So you know I'm not pointin the finger BUT WAIT
This is somethin y'all got to see
Even the UN knows violence begins with poverty
When you ain't got no money, it's quicker to kill
It's human nature that's way the jails are filled
And the MILITARY? From the time you sign up
To kill your neighbor man it's a SIN already
And SIN meaning Selfish Inconsiderate Needs
Gimme what I want! I don't care who bleeds
These days people ready to steal and rob
All in the name of I'm DOING MY JOB~!
But what about doing your work, what's your purpose?
No human being is worthless
Think about this before you pull the trigger
And you call your sister a bitch and your brother a - WHOA

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]
Knowledge Reigns Supreme again, ignorance is weakenin
Truth is what I'm speakin when I'm reachin and teachin my friends
Life is more than just cars and lust
Unity is a must, we need to build trust
Open up your mind to this, raisin up your consciousness
Whether you a pessimist, strategist or optimist
My synopsis is knowledge ain't where college is
Knowledge is for leaders and wisdom is for philosophers
Now I'm hearin London gettin violence like Brooklyn was
Brothers gettin shot just for lookin cause?
I thought we deaded that, we need to be headed back
Yo France, you need to be coverin your brother's back
Bring the lovin back, cause the government don't love you
They into murder, money, and stayin above you
They want you all in prison
So before you kill your sister or brother stop and listen

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Pick It Up"

[Chorus: KRS-One]
Get up! What we slowin down for?
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up!
We got a whole nation to restore
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up!
We gotta really love each other more
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up!
When you see my CD in the store
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up!

[KRS-One:]
It's the teacher, class is open G
Let's get open on the concept of votin, we
Begin the discussion by viewin democracy
People power, a people ruled philosophy
Democracy is a system of government
Where the whole population is the sum of it
Where the goverment can't move without it's people
Where before the law everybody's equal
But take a look at the police and how they treat you
Take a look at these corporations that cheat you
Democrats and Republicans are all see-through
Now we votin for the lesser of two evils
Man, don't let 'em deceive you
This is an autocracy, not a democracy
But to call this a democracy without mock interest
In the laws of society, that's called hypocrisy!

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]
Democracy only happened one time
In European history, now keep this in mind
It was practiced in Athens overseas
In 508 B.C. by Cleisthenes
Citizens would get together on a hillside
And decide how and if they was gonna ride
But in 322 B.C. here's what happened
Alexander of Macedon conquered Athens
And that was the end of democracy
Where the people had a say in their society
Today, we gotta get more knowledge
And learn about the function of the electorial college
It doesn't matter who you vote for today
The electorial college has the last say
But that's another day, here's what I came to say
RIIIIISE UP~!

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]
In corporate sponsored elections, who's winning?
This the wrong direction from the beginning
Every candidate got scandal, they all sinnin
Tryin to convince you, tellin you what they been in
But the real issues, they get avoided
While our children still gettin exploited
Heh, they call me Blastmaster Kris
Edutainment, that's what my tactic is!
Some criticize Kris, some laugh at Kris
But you can't say Kris is not an activist
Social justice, I got a PASSION for this
Cause equal rights we still ASKIN for this?
So when I do my tours it's not just rappin for Kris
I'm givin you more than gun packin with this
I'm openin doors, you should be askin 'bout this
You listenin to them whores and them capitalists
They game is tight, got you trapped into this
It won't be long before the ring you like have to kiss
That's why I'm a activist
I help people not to get trapped in this
The temptation? You gettin wrapped in this
So get up, stop sittin like a PACIFIST
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, PICK IT UP, PICK IT UP~!

KRS-One Lyrics

"All My Men"

[KRS-One:]
Wooooooooooo!
Where my men at? Real dudes
Where you at? Look

[Chorus: KRS-One]
Me is a mon, understand, not a passin trend
Me is a mon, understand, we provide and defend
Me a mon with a plan, my love it never ends
I'm callin - all my men, ALL MY MEN~!

[KRS-One:]
All my men that be holdin down they house and they spouse
Men, y'all know what I'm talkin about
Real men, providin for the kids, no doubt
Holla out, 'gwan shout, you the man of the house
Men! In my opinion if we gonna start winnin
F'real, we gotta respect women
Every mister, hug your sister, it's the
Time to support your woman and not diss her
It's the, teacher, overstand
I'm like a preacher, reachin your upper man
Man, many don't understand
How important it is to have a plan

[Chorus x2]

[KRS-One:]
All my men that be holdin they house down, true workin
All my men that be holdin they spouse down, for certain!
You spread love when you drivin around town, not jerkin
You a healer, you take away what's hurtin
Cause if a man can't do what a man plans to do, his purpose
Then a man makes plans with empty hands, he's worthless
He can't even understand the plan
What the second or the first is
Let me verse this or reverse this statistic
We gotta think futuristic
Strategic, logistical and even mystical
We need a new ritual
I'm tired of jumpin over buildings
And havin to stop to hold adult hands like children
C'mon, you can do it, c'mon
And when they get paid then they quickly run along
This ain't just another song
This is that fruit that reveals the right from the wrong
It won't be long here, before the storm's here
And real men are gonna have to be strong

[Chorus x2]

[KRS-One:]
Be a MON, stand on principle
Just be a MON, let God live in you
Just be a MON, walk in the spiritual
Metaphysical, political, lyrical
Just be a MON! Understand you not a passing trend
And this is the end

KRS-One Lyrics

"Straight Through"

[Intro: sped up vocal sample]
Tonight's a special night
So remember with pride, these 20 happy years

[KRS-One:]
I can't leave my b-boys alone
I can't leave my b-girls alone
Let's turn this house right into a home
C'mon y'all let's get into the zone
Vibrate or mute or cellular phone
In here they might already be on roam
Minds are blown, I'm showin
You ain't gotta go major you can do it alone
As I look back on all the years, all the tears
All my peers, in fear
I hear, insecurity, the need for clout
Low self-esteem and self doubt
KRS lays out a whole different route
And shows you what hip-hop is really all about
Then we on the route, release self doubt
And sing with the feds when the fear is out now
Clear 'em out now, from the bottom to the tip-top
Take the vow, I am hip-hop
And recreate yourself, love don't hate yourself
Do not deny or lie or fake yourself
You can make yourself, reawake yourself
You can mold remodel and reshape yourself
You gotta take yourself more seriously
Create yourself to what you really can be~!
Yo the villain is free, look at me, I do what I do
I am hip-hop and so are you
Yo we almost through, but before we go
I wanna invite y'all all, to every show
Where the b-boys and girls are kept on their toes
Like the Rocksteady Crew tribute with Fat Joe
So now you know, if you got what it takes
No doubt, show 'em what you really all about!

[KRS-One:]
Yo, now that that is out of the way
Let me continue what I came to say
Breakers, writers, emcees and DJ's
Beatboxers too we've come a long way
Come to the Temple of Hip-Hop today
Our hip-hop week is every third week of May
Hip-Hop appreciation we remember
Hip-Hop history, that's in November
Peace, love, unity, that's the agenda

When I'm on the mic that's just what I send ya
We at the end sir, so what's the answer
Hip-Hop can be more than MC's and dancers
It's time to expand your
Awareness, consciousness, enhance your
Living, tell me, what are you playing for
What are you staying for, what are you giving?
I will demand your respect, with two MC's
Two b-boys, two DJ's on set
Two hour shows you bet!
We get authentically hip-hop as hip-hop can get
Independent, free from debt
2005 you ain't seen nuttin yet
Some like it dry, some like it wet
Some like to give, some like to get
Some like a good soundset
You a b-boy and you ain't been out to the Bronx yet?
No, yes, maybe, someday
Whatever, we bring it to you Sunday to Sunday
Workin for peace love unity and fun day
Just a little somethin to balance off gunplay
So now for the break if you got what it takes
No doubt, show 'em what you all about!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Rockin' Til The Morning"

[Intro: KRS-One]
Yeah, yeah, yeah
This what we live for!
Let it rock, let it
(Big up to all Brooklyn man, all Bronx man)
(Uptown massive, follow)

[Chorus: KRS-One]
We can all be hear rockin 'til the mor-ning
Boom, bap, and rap is what I bring
We love, the clubs and we rock them
Yes all over the world we shock them
Cause everybody knows this flow
It blows your mind

[KRS-One:]
We used to step inna de club with these murderers
Hustlers, thugs, pimps and burglars
You ain't gettin in the spot if they ain't heard of ya
And if you sneak in the spot they might murder ya
I used to be in them spots just servin the
Raw rhymes flows and yes earnin the
The respect from the streets in a circular
Over the years, an MC I turned into

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]
Ladies and gentlemen, the most controversial
MC in hip-hop is about to raise your adrenaline
Settle in and grab a seat, they start meddlin I'm a grab the heat
I already grabbed the streets
KRS, you don't find me on your radio station
You find me chillin on them Indian reservations
I spit like cajun spice
You don't know KRS? Your momma must notta raised you right
Man I blazed your type, done raced your type
Man sit down~! You still on a training bike
I'm the crazy type, you the lazy type
Hey yo, look, I blaze these mics; cause

[Chorus]

[Outro: ad libs from KRS and possibly the producer]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Kool Herc"

Yeah, Kool Herc!
Kool Herc, this goes out to you
KRS-One, word up, look

Temple of Hip-Hop, non-stop, we rockin you
This is what them b-boys be poppin and lockin to
Head moves, windmills, and yes uprockin to
From Mr. Wiggles, Boogaloo Shrimp, and Shabba Doo
Uh-oh, time for the truth to start boppin through
Stompin through, with somethin new man, we shockin you
This is what hip-hop'll do, perform the impossible
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everybody OOOH
I'm philosophical, logical, very topical
These rappers man startin to look comical
But I'mma do what I'mma do and never follow
I'ma do, Amadou, even if it leads to Diallo
Victory over the streets that's our motto
Some gotta work for it, others hit the lotto
But big up Luna, Empire, Beedo and Gato
Watch how I spit fire, it's been a long time yo
But really it's a short time, cause I'm already in 2020
Me and Herc yellin MAKE MONEY MONEY MONEY
Hear me sonny while it's sunny release your rhyme
Get your money, ain't nuttin funny, but get peace of mind

KRS-One Lyrics

"Busy Bee Shout Out"

[Busy Bee]
I told all y'all before
We comin back for more
Givin you more and more
Than what you bargained for
It's my main man KRS-One
The Grandmaster Caz
My man Kool Herc
And this is how it's gettin down
You know me
The chief rocker Busy Bee
This flavor's goin on
And on, and ON!

KRS-One Lyrics

"New York"

[Intro:]
And you say New York City!
Duane 'Darock', KRS

[Chorus: female singers]
It's New Yorrrrrrrrrk, and we livin
The whole world, it knows, your name
It's New Yorrrrrrrrrk, and we livin
The whole world, it knows, your name

[over Chorus:]
Lenox Avenue, Park Ave
Long Island I see you baby
Jamaican Ave, Queens
KRS, let's go!

[KRS-One:]
New, York, City, get it right, get it tight, get it hype
New York City's in the house tonight
All day, off and on, Broadway
The world's Big Apple is what they all say
Wait, way back in the day
Dudes from the South migrated this way North
Lookin for the higher pay of course
Led by the forces they became big bosses
Like Rick Ross is, the city that never sleeps
Yup, New York is
If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere
What's that?

[Chorus]

[over Chorus:]
Flatbush! Brooklyn (we live this)
BX Bronx, c'mon
Gun Hill Road, Grand Concourse

[KRS-One:]
New, York, City, still part of my heart, still part of my start
As you can see it's still, part of my art
Still part of my lesson plan, listen man~!
N.Y., every year we fresh again
I be doin South Bronx everywhere I go
Everywhere I go, every nation know
I'm a New York dude that's not New York rude
All over the world I eat New York food
Ha, I'm at home anywhere, any place
Right now somebody from New York in this place

Yeah, no matter where I be
I'll always be N-Y-C

[Chorus]

[over Chorus:]
Coney Island! Brighton Beach
Wooo, Red Hook!
I see you Canal Street, Delancey Street
Hester Street, c'mon, New York let's go

[KRS-One:]
New, York, City, metropolitan life, cosmopolitan life
It put the strength inside of my life
But New York City got it's challenges also
Racism, sexism, crime, you all know!
Them guns that keep goin off bustin
And another one bites the dust when
Conflicts arise and dudes start bustin
And cussin, I gotta speak to this
New York is not unique in this
But if we keep sewing this we gonna keep reapin this
I'm teachin this, we gotta overcome our weaknesses
Remember man!

[Chorus]

[over Chorus:]
Big up to the firefighters, rest in peace
World Trades y'know
Brooklyn! The Bronx, Queens
Manhattan! Staten Island! New York love it baby

[Chorus]

[over Chorus:]
South Bronx
South Bronx, big 'em up!
Rest in peace Jam Master Jay, Big Pun
Big L, Randy Parker
You with us for life rest in peace my brother

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hip Hop"

[KRS-One:]
We need unity in the community
KRS, hip-hop is one
Conscious, gangsters, hustlers
Man

[Chorus:]
Hiiiip-Hop; I'm livin for that
Hiiiip-Hop; I'm livin for that
Hiiiip-Hop; I'm doin it for
Hiiiip-Hop

[KRS-One:]
Yo - we went from nuttin to somethin, bein real and not frontin
No one was givin us nuttin so we resorted to gunnin
Growin up and we comin, up the ladder not bummin
Dodgin warrants and summons, from the cops we were runnin
Goin to school not for nuttin they teachin lies and assumptions
And they tell us keep comin, comin to school now for what? When
Comin back to a system that's whack and really not runnin
Oh I'm sorry it's runnin, it's not PROPERLY runnin
It's a conspiracy hear me man it's got to be somethin
I can get guns faster than I can get an english muffin
And the black church ain't sayin nuttin
We on our own cousin, I'm stickin to this

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]
I'm livin for this hip-hop, I'm spittin for this hip-hop
I'm givin to this hip-hop, my life is hip-hop
Culture, and y'all know that
Hip-Hop in the media, y'all know it's whack
But just like them dopefiends who keep comin back
Like the mayor of D.C., buyin Joey's crack
No disrespect to either one of them but look at that
Study the metaphors in this rap
We bigger than crack, but we keep buyin it
We bigger than rap, but we keep denyin it
Justice, equality, keep cryin it
But the only way to get it is to start applyin it
Fat Joe that's my bro shows 'nuff respect
Talib, that's my bro, shows 'nuff respect
50 Cent that's my bro he shows 'nuff respect
Common! That's my bro he shows 'nuff respect
Snoop Dogg is my bro showed 'nuff respect
Dead Prez that's my peeps yo 'nuff respect
Cassidy's an MC who shows 'nuff respect

Hip-Hop is one, don't forget
I'm stickin with this

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]
I'm livin for that hip-hop culture, shape it like a sculpture
Touch it why don'tcha, touch it why don'tcha
Hip-Hop is yours and mine and that's fine
But hip-hop's culture ain't about just crime
You caught up in the image and, don't know they rhymes
You caught up in they bodies and don't know they minds
So I'm, here to bring the truth in the place
Like don't think Common won't punch you in your face~!
And don't think Talib won't hold the heat
To stop the violence you gotta know your street
You gotta know who Tanga Reed is
Fat Joe's a leader, Busta Rhymes a preacher
KRS-One's a teacher
But through Cassidy my lessons are quicker to reach ya
We one community
I'm talkin about unity, in other words you and me
I'm with this

[Chorus x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Heat"

[Intro:]
FRESH~! For 2008, you suckers
Yeah! James Desmond, yeah, ha ha ha ha
KRS, keep bringin that

[Chorus: KRS-One]
Heat, the heat, the heat, the heat
The heat, the heat, the heeeeeat!

[KRS-One:]
I'm called when all falls and yes y'all stalls
And cornballs wanna get smoked like Pall Malls
I'm on all fours, all year on tours
Place your bets I'm takin all yours
All wars, topplin all scores
Teachin street laws, the teacher because I bring the

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]
I'm called when no one is talkin
The truth about what's goin on and on and
When you wanna put that New York talk in
You cause the KRS-One to start barkin
Toward the mic, grab the mic, start barkin
Outside the club spot cars start parkin for the

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]
Yeah, get it bumpin now, get it bumpin now
Turn up that da-dumb-dumb-dumb-BLAOW
I know you know how, we doin it right now
People in the club like WOW~! For that

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]
OHH! It's gettin hot, don't stop
We just about to reach the top of hip-hop
That's why I'm called, with that yes yes y'all
At this very moment you feel no stress at all
No, I'm not testin y'all, this a real lyric
If you can hear it I'm blessin y'all, with the

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

So we can continue to go down the menu
I send you my poetry that critiques the evil that men do
You better attend to, the AC
When I MC I'm bringin heat lately, now fade me
No ifs ands buts or maybes
I'm not crazy, God made me speak with the

[Chorus]

[Outro:]
That's what I'm talkin about!

KRS-ONE & TRUE MASTER
META-HISTORICAL

DTC
RECORDS
DIGGIN IN THE CRATES

THE

BDP

ALBUM

KRS ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Tote Gunz"

Yo Kenny Parker what up!
KRS in the building
Yo these cats all talkin' about
They run this, they run that
Motherfucker's don't run shit
KRS-one in this piece
Ya'll wanna battle? Let's go!

[Hook:]
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Don't forget it)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Don't forget)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Let's take these cats back)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(What ya'll think)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Huh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Let's show these cats Kenny)
I tote gunz, I make number runs

They some hoes, watch what they say
There's pictures of they asses with price tags on Ebay
Deja vu the matrix must be havin' glitches
I could have sworn I just smashed these short bitches
You need to look up to me Cause right now all ya'll rhymin' right where my dick is
You just lost, you can't believe
This club is like Iraq you the U.S. you need to leave
Battle Kris? Please I'll blaze two guns
Have yo ass lookin' like Saddam's two sons
This that real shit wild
You look like some kid that got gassed after watchin' 8 Mile
Now pull up your pride neo
How'd I beat you?
Did it have anything to do with the mic I speak through?
No, but if you wanna get far
Don't think you pussy
Know you are
That's why

[Hook:]
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(That's right)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Don't forget it)

I tote gunz, I make number runs
(New York)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(That's real)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(New York)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Huh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Yeah, in case you forgot)
I tote gunz, I make number runs

Shoot out, shoot out
Everybody wind up
You doubt, you doubt
KRS, well now you fucked Poop out, Poop out
Through your face and your gut
Waive the Glock in your boy face like what
You talk that junk, but you really all punk
I'll smash you and your man
Com'on double up
That's why I got to double pump
So I could buck buck buck buck you up
You a fan of rap
I'm the man of rap
I'm lookin' for where hip hop's next land is at
You gettin' in my way?
Where them cannon's at
First thing you get hit with is a panic attack
Then you feel the steel
Of the gat to your back
Now you wonderin' why you even said all that
You could've left KRS-one way in the back
With his conscious raps and his old school tracks
But now?

[Hook:]
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Huh Huh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Huh Huh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(That's right)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(What, ya'll forgot?)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(What, you forgot?)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Ooooh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
I tote gunz, I make number runs

See, I'm the same guy that spit out "You Must Learn"

And "Spiritual Minded", but ya'll are not concern
You wanna take shots at me
And disrespect Tryin' to degrade my philosophys
But nope, ya'll crazy
I'll watch your brains ooze out like cracked jars of turkey gravy
God told me to slay thee
And I'm a get to it
No ifs ands buts or maybes

KRS-One Lyrics

"Forever"

(feat. Channel Live)

(Get what I'm saying? Forever!)

Yeah! Kenny Parker in the background! (Forever)
Gimme a little more kick Kenny, Ima about to bounce it like this

Look! Look at him, look at them, look at her
What's about to occur, is what you prefer to occur
While these other rappers sloppily slur
KRS-ONE inspires you to be a street entrepreneur, (forever)
Cause I don't do dance lyrics, I do advanced lyrics
Organize frequencies that advance spirits
So try not to make the mistake again
Of hanging with fakes again
Then comparing them to the ones that created them, (forever)
You should never try to compare me
Unless its to that little kid being held by Holy Mother Mary
I'm a whole different kind of scary
Bring your military, I'll smash you and all your subsidiaries, (forever)
But am I, over your head, You like them others kid
You don't know that you're dead
Its easier, to pass the GED, The G-E-D
Than try to battle me?

[Channel Live:]
I'm down with BDP, you just down with O.P.P.,
I keep planets in orbit, you know, ODB
I'm from E.O., you just a slave to O-E
And you don't even know yourself, how the fuck you gonna know me, (forever)
Knowledge Reign Supreme, Hakim means the wise
But the best part is understanding forever, we will rise
But ya'll stay on ya knees, beggin' please don't squeeze
You thought it was chill to the undercovers that squeeze
Now you all fucked up, this rap zoo is just a tease
With little young niggas runnin' around, claim to be OG's
When they only just ice stuck at thirty-two degrees
And they ain't Just-Ice, Kool G Rap, or Ice-T, (forever)
Like the "T" in Terror Squad, we bring the terror hard
If Hip-Hop is a nation, BDP is the national guard
KRS the national god, and I'm like John the Baptist
I'll watch ya niggas up you even think to try to attack this (forever)

The one, that's wassup number one
Only zero comes before, and that's none
The beginning, you can survive with one lung
And even one kidney, no kidding
One, two, three, four, without one
Two, three, and four are no more, done

KRS The One...

(Forever. Do you understand? Forever!)

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Solution"

Every time I turn on the news it gets depressing
Watch the news it gets, man c'mon!
Y'all know what this is for real,

Time to Wise up!

Time to hold yours

Word Up!

No Time for Givin'up!

Word Up!

WE gotta take control of our own community

That's Word!

We're only spittin' hard rhymes, for hard times

Listen to me closely, it's about to get toasty
I be the speaker of the house like Nancy Pelosi
The challenges we faces on the world is this,
The banks are telling government to do that & do this
No ones taking a truth risk, no ones the looser
WE need to make trades with Cuba
Open up the borders all away to Aruba
Give taxes brakes to all teachers and tutors
But Cats don't like how the teachers be talking
Cause cats don't walk where the teachers be walking
(L) ove (A) need (D) evelop (Y) ourself, that spells L.A.D.Y
I teach it to young girls and woman go crazy!
Philosopher, criticism don't phase me
I walk in the truth even the wind obey me
Standing with a protest sign FREE HAITI!
My rhymes blows your mind like "A380" (Explosion)
I made a million dollars last year didn't change me
I Make money man, the money does not make me
Lately my popularity just heighten, cause Krs-One Enlightens!
I go off the top and I recite what I'm written'
I Write 3 books for you mind to enlighten
I promote stop the violence so we could stop fightin'
If your part of this MOVEMENT, don't just be websitin'
Volunteer somewhere where people just might win
And just lead a little help & support from the right friends

Aight then!,

It ain't about stupid white man with Blacks, Latinos & Asians just act just like them!
Krs-One, I got this style from D.M.C
I take it all away back to 83'
But right now K.P gonna drop the Chorus on Me

And It Goes *[Echo]*

[Hook:]
Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!
Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!
Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!
Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!

(Hard Rhyme For Hard Times)
Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!
Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!
(Hard Rhyme For Hard Times)
Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!
Revolution, Revolution That's The Only Solution!

REVOLUTION!

Illuminati this!, Bilderberg that!
The White, how long "the dollar" goes way back
If the proof mask the truth, the truth I say that
So the TRUTH is that we in a debt that we can never pay back
So "... The balance the budget..." we can never say that
When the laws are on the flaws the justices lays back
It's the May! Back though, that given us hope
When the "Mercedes Corporation" is trying to stay up float
The whole things a JOKE! & FALLEN PART!
The Only Institution you can really trust is ART

AND WITH ART (Backspin Instrumental, Krs Still Emceeing)

You can start up a Civilization
We're already Worldwide Man! so WHY are WE! Waiting!
Hip-Hop! is THE SPOT where the money be making!
And If We UNITE TONIGHT, WE can start up a NATION
Get Free From The GREED In The Heart Of This Nation
And Create Our OWN NATION from the words that I'm Stating
Hip-Hop MAKE NOSE if you part of this nation & you ain't Gettin' Sucked in the GLOBALIZATION!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Introducing"

(Introducing... the world famous)
KRS-ONE, Kenny Parker
Let's Go

[Hook:]
Now, let me introduce you to the one
Now, let me introduce you to the one
Now, let me introduce you to the one
One (one), one (one), one (one), one (one)

Now, let me introduce you to the one
Now, let me introduce you to the one
Now, let me introduce you to the one
One (one), one (one), one (one), one (one)

When I say "Stop the Violence", what do I mean?
I mean stop with the ignorance of you dumb ass teens
My lyrics are tighter than a hipster's jeans
I got that Malcolm X flow, by any means
Rip any teen
I spit chunky bars
How you hang with me, spitting monkey bars?
When I woo my Tang, I toast the place
My method man, will ghost your face
(Get down)
I hold my space
You rappers capping blanks
That's why you're getting Chased like Manhattan Bank
This isn't even my peak
I'm on half a tank
For your whole rap career, for me you have to thank
I'm an old school writer, out for fame
I be in DJ's mugs, like House of Pain
Y'all rappers' is lame
You're not violent
Cuz corporate tyrants are playing you clowns like clients*[?]*

[Hook]

I spit yesterday and I spit today
I leave rappers on the side of the road like triple A
When I triple my A's like "Ay, Ay, Ay"
I be in more hoods than the KKK
RS-One, you can see I ain't done
I ain't in, cuz frankly, I ain't them
This word I bring, will burn your thing like Burger King
I'm not the police but you felt the sting
Yes, I helped to bring back the art

Cuz your CD and garbage, I can't tell them apart
Me, I had a hell of a start
I don't hustle my flow to my people
And start calling it art
You rappers are all in the dark
Rapping about money when the world economy is just falling apart
I never was about some chart position
And they not either
You better listen up to this teacher
Well...

[Hook]

Johnny Love in the building
Sean, what's up
Mondo, let's go
(Get down)
(The world famous... KRS-One)
(Get down)

NEVER FORGET

KRS-ONE
"It Appears"

[Intro:]
Is this thing on?
It's on?
Let me know when you want me to stop

Right foot in the left hand, gospel in the other
Sisters in the front seat, I'm back with my brothers
I can go farther if I'm guided by the mother
Whatever level rappers on, KRS is on another
This that raw Emceein' you don't want none of
Blastmaster KRS-One-uh
Original boom bap beats with just the drummer
Seems like people nowadays is getting dumber
They don't see they're getting older, not younger
So I split the Stevie and make them all wonder
I come with than Donna Donna every summer
They want the high ground, me? I want the under
Rhyme books, rap hooks, I got a ton of them
But here's just one more of them
Now you're about to hear the style of someone who has mastered this
Now it's time to show you what boom-boom-boom-boom-boom bappin' is
This that '86, but from Gecko, we coming back again
Showing you the difference between what MC'ing and rap again
Many have attempted and wrecked it, this very style I spit
Peace to them but you are now hearing the very off the tech
When it comes to music, good music, I'm all on top of it
Criminal Minded, you can find it with Scott LaRock and it
This mix drive, you have to get
You must have forgot what real Hiphop can get
I haven't stole a topic yet, or a beat
I don't get cash every week, I get cash when I speak
I throw it out anywhere, like trash in a street
I spaz on these beats, see the passionate heat
Entrepreneur, I'm not asking to eat
I'm off to Geneva, I'll be back in a week

[Hook:]
All through the years, in the end?

Me stopping with hip-hop
That's like MJ no longer being regarded as the king of pop
You're thinking of the commercial flop could make me stop
20 years in this game, I ain't aiming for the top
I stay up in that underground cozy spot
That in-cognito nobody knows me spot
Most MC's rhyme but don't know their plot
Maxing out their credit 'til their bank closes shut

You went from holding jewels to holding a mop
From talking about, "Don't snitch," now you roll with a cop
It's like you erased your mind and forgot
What the founding fathers truly saw posses? with Hiphop
We're screaming back to the? knowledge, culture, and overstanding
While beats are slamming and the people are jamming
Sick of all these talentless hustlers scamming creating mental famine
Don't you think it's time we re-examine?
Let them know what the truth and the facts is
That the game nowadays is manipulated by masonist blue-collared fascists
Marketing schemes is controlling the scene
Fiends for the green, I'm just a man trapped in a machine

[Hook 2x]

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KRS-ONE
"Nina (You Gotta Go)"

We've been friends for a long time
But Nina, you gotta go

[Hook:]
Nina, you gotta go
I gotta leave you
Nina, you gotta know
That I don't need you
Nina, you gotta go
I gotta leave you
I gotta free you
Common I'ma free you

Back in the days I was fallen in love with you
I used to watch you, sit in the tub with you
We you used to cruise, you was right on my hip
I was 22, you was 22, that's it!
You fit so snug in my hand
The power, parents just don't understand
Ours [?] was a love forever
You was always ready and steady, steady and down for whatever
But your friends were 38 and others were 45
And when they was around, I'm surprised I even survived
So don't feel bad, I'm just growing up
Career blowing up, you gotta know whats up

[Hook]

When M was 16 and Glock was 9
They was there with me when I stared my rhyme
But when I started the climb and get known for rap
It seems like y'all was trying to hold me back
And not only that
You was my secret weapon, concealed weapon
We lived on the 357
Right on the corner of Smith and Wesson
When them dudes rolled up, you was the perfect blessing
But I learned my lesson, no doubt
Every time you shout
Somebodys lights in a night go out
Yo I'm out
I know what this bull [?] is about
You want me to beef all day so I could pull you out
But

[Hook 2x]

In my younger days, I used to love your figure

You used to shout every time I pulled your trigger
But you're getting bigger
And your feedback is only clack clack clack
And I don't need that
Its like a speed rap, I wanna slow it down
I want intelligent, good people to come around
And they don't get down to your kind of way
See
They settle their differences in a long minded way
So in the meantime
I'm a keep trying, I worked it out
Well you can stay with Mad lion
He might have work for you
I just don't want you to ever think that I'm deserting you
But

[Hook 2x]

[Outro]

If I got my Nina, then you know I'm straight trippin [3x]
Thats why I gotta put you down

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They Are Taking Your Time

KRS-One

Listen to this rhyme, they taking your time
It's like you're in prison when you don't use your mind
Rise up and shine, they taking your time
It's like you're in prison when you don't use your mind

Eleven million people unemployed and I'm one of them
I grew up with the rats and roaches I had fun with them
Fly sneaks' and fine clothes, I had none of them
But when I came to MC rhymes I had a ton of them
People tell me go get a job, I would run from them
I saw the workforce and work was no fun for them
No beach, no melanin, no Sun for them
With slave robbing bosses why would I come under them?
So at 7 am you wake up from sleep
At 7 am I wake up and take a leak
At 7:05 you got slippers on your feet
At 7:07 I'm going right back to sleep
At 7:15 you thinking about today's meeting
At 7:30 am, my friend, I'm still sleeping
At 7:45, your phone start beeping
Old text messages from yesterday's meeting
8 am you leaving it's freezing
You're feeling unworthy trying to get the work before 9:30
9:45 I'm just turning over
9:45 man, you looking over your shoulder
Here comes the boss looking for that folder
And you know within your folder, you didn't meet your quota
Now 11 o'clock's to bone ya', your boss says where's the folder?
And you feel like you a goner
Well, you simply gotta make it up
But 11 o'clock ops KRS just waking up
Linger in the bed to about 11:30
Spit a morning prayer, I hope heaven heard me
Stand up at about 12 o'clock, you on your lunch break
I'm just eating breakfast vegetarian cupcakes
1 o'clock, you back at your desk, back at the office
Back into stress, your desk is a mess

Listen to this rhyme, they taking your time
It's like you're in prison when you don't use your mind

Rise up and shine, they taking your time
It's like you're in prison when you don't use your mind

You doing your best but your best ain't enough
You wanna do less but less, makes it rough
It's 101 in the public and private sector
Either way I'm giving a conference at 4 pm a lecture
Topic, while I check my other appointments
Cause hip hop is a culture in lifetime employment
See, back in the days, to avoid getting jerk
We was told to go to college in case rap didn't work
Now today, not to be so hurt
You better know how to rap in case your degree don't work
Man, you better get the lesson, and stop stressing
MC and a DJ and a high paying profession
So if you need to - don't let them deceive you
You ain't got to believe me, it's time you believe you!

Listen to this rhyme, they taking your time
It's like you're in prison when you don't use your mind
Rise up and shine, they taking your time
It's like you're in prison when you don't use your mind

KRS-ONE
"Get Your Mind Right"

What you 'bout to hear, straight craziest
Higher level, nuclear MCin, I'm not paid for this
Because I'm made for this and hip hop history
None of my 19 albums have ever been miscellaneous
And I'm spontaneous
My radius goes out, the crowd falls out
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, I pour out
To my jaws now, yep, I bring the claws out
Knocked them 26 city tours out
I'm the truth, you can believe or doubt
But for those that believe in MCs like these
Higher degrees in sacred keys, believe, we knockin' them all out
Believe in yourself, stop deceivin' yourself
You listenin' that garbage all day, depletin' your health
And I ain't talkin' 'bout them youngings on the radio today
I'm talkin' 'bout them old folks that program what they say
They hated it, debated hip hop way back in the day
Now they wanna destroy it, they ain't love it anyway
But they put it on the radio, then blast it on your TV
Tellin' you, "It's the way to go, right here, buy our CD"
And even when you get the CD, it's always a letdown
'Cause you don't know about them MCs that truly get down

[Hook 4x:]
Get your mind right, you don't have to deal with hindsight
If you operate in foresight

Now you throw it up
You want respect, you want that victory, cohoo
You want that cash, you wanna live it up
Now you in the street, you have the E, you have Malcolmee
You independant and you feel the heat
But you will not give up, so now your phone ring and you pick it up
And it's your boy Park about to stick it up
It's the economy, he explain as he talk 'bout robbery
Right then you ax: "Now what's inside of me?
Am I a robba', robba'? Am I a shocka', shocka'?
Am I a robba', robba', robba', I'ma, I'ma, I'ma
Am I a robba', robba'? Am I a shocka', shocka'?
Am I a robba', robba', I'ma, I'ma, I'ma, I'ma hang the phone up
'Cause you know what? I see the future
It may look good now but jail ain't what I'm used to
The soul says give not take without giving
If that's the real you, then that's how you should start living
But we frontin', frontin'
Still huntin', huntin' for somethin', somethin'
But all this huntin', stuntin' droke cluckin' is leavin' at nothing

Start dustin', reach on the shelf and dust your soul off
You put it there, gettin' your goal off

[Hook 2x]

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The System Gotcha lyrics - KRS-ONE

[Hook 2x:]
So if you think you're too old
Your thinking that you're too cold
You gave up on your true goals
The system gotcha
I'm giving you a new soul
You're never ever too old
To manifest your true goals
Or the system gotcha

You're never too old to sell a key
So how could you be too old to emcee?
I'm from where it originated so get me
Why would I stop what I created, even at sixty?
Shout out to Herc and Cindy
Hip hop lifts me and never left me
You know where KRS be
Right there where the best be
When I spit a free I can't help it if that's how God blessed me
So I'm never empty, writer's block never tempts me
With twenty albums I mastered this evidently
So I ask you gently
You don't see how to spot me on the block with my classic medley?
I can't stop, people won't let me
I don't talk sexy, but I do come correctly and you can check me
But just don't compare me to the next G
[KRS-ONE:] when you get older you'll respect me

[Hook]

I keep it moving all over the country
Doing underground spots with the ceiling above me
I keep it dark and ugly, microphone crusty
We will be here forever; trust me
I rock the spots that be dusty and banged out
I do house parties, raves and gang hangouts
Others took the same route, we didn't take the main route
You know who they are, I ain't gotta call they name out

They superstars, but in 1986 you ain't know who we are
And notice when I said "who we are", as opposed to "who we were"
'Cause the past and future already occurred, but it was blurred
Time reversal symmetry just occurred
My being is timeless if the future remembers me
And there's no end to me, word!
Past and future happen at the same time, especially in the memory
We share the same mind. Images of my future telling me the same sign
In 1983 who I'd be in '09, but it's past 2011 and I flow fine
Rapping at 70? Believe that it's no crime
These youngins rent they style, I own mine
As you can see, I don't be relying on my old rhymes
I'm spitting raw rhymes, right here, right now
25 years, I never put the mic down

KRS-ONE
"Are You Looking At This"

[Intro:]
Run, run, run, run...
Will you stay or will you run
When you looking at this

[Chorus:]
I know you young but are you looking at this
I know you got dumb but are you looking at this
Your day is gonna come when you looking at this
Will you stay or will you run when you looking at this

You cannot see we now free, we get cassette back
So everytime I get the microphone I gotta bless that
Everytime I speak the truth they hopin' you forget that
9/11 truth got proof, you know we rep that
The war was started on a lie - did you forget that?
Politics is all about money and we accept that
Voting is like joking with rights we'll never get back
This a different type of rap of what you might've guessed eh?
Fresh rap - put it on your tongue, man, test that
People always askin' and passin' where KRS at
I be teachin', preachin' and speakin' a little less rap
Educators, straight from the pavement, me nah gon' left that

[Chorus 2x]

Too many rappers talkin' 'bout now they the best at
While KRS-One is at levels they'll never get at
Beat bitin', fakin' the funk - dudes respect that?
All these lies hitting your head, right where you rest at
They take your mind off the truth and put it where the sex at
Now these rappers doing R&B - forget that
In the game I'm bright, I'm skipped twice, they left that
Cash - I don't stress that, the stage is where I'm fresh at
Cats want cars but don't know where East or West at
Steering themselves right into where the stress at
Their own words got 'em sick and right there where the mess at
Talking like demons but wanting God to bless that
Take a minute, step that
Think a minute, digest that
It's not every day a teacher speaks and you get that
Down goes the devil - ra-ta-ta-ta-ta
The American presidency is for sale and you can check that
You think one man, one vote really elects that
News with views? Where's the free press at
Don't let 'em take your mind and put it where the rest at
Edutainers, straight from the pavement, me nah gon' left that

[Chorus]

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KRS-ONE
"Invaders"

[Intro:]
Aqui no hay frontera. Esta tierra lo que nombraron los Estados Unidos que tiene la sangre de nuestra raza.
Somos una gente ancestral, con un futuro feriante. Que viva Mexico!

[Hook:]
How then, can they talk of some border
When they are the invaders?
How then, can they reform immigration
When they invaded their neighbor?

America existed before Columbus
Thirty thousand years ago we were here in Mexico
Where's all my Motiacans at? Cock your rifle let it blow
Blow, blow, blow, blow, blow all invaders gotta go
This one for my people, my Mexicano people
The whole earth is yours and no human is illegal
Come across the border every woman and man
The US is the alien, Mexico this is your land

[Hook]

We see the same men living out like cavemen
Coming out the cave and them trying to enslave men
How can we obey them? It's better we betray them
Rise up like the reverend Nat Turner and slay them
Mexican people get your education
Tell your little children that this their nation
You own California, You own Arizona
You own San Diego, and Texas the Lone Star

[Hook]

Take a look at Mexico, then look at New Mexico
What is a New Mexico if there is a Mexico?
All of America They used to call Amexem
Immigration laws are a fraud and we reject them
We are the Olmec, Toltec, pyramid builder
Astronomer, philosopher, and healer
Mexican people rise up right now
And realize that this is your land now
Sing!

[Hook 2x]

Get out!

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NOW HEAR THIS

KRS-ONE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Now Hear This (Intro)"

This for them real go-getters, real mic spitters
Real head spinners, you know what this is
This for the people now to get up, the mainstream's a setup
I know that you fed up, you know what this is

Parked by the seashore, I'ma see more
Believe now, when we tour, I'ma be raw
This another project, I'ma drop three more
Got the crowd going up and down like a seesaw
Entrepreneur, I can never be poor
When you enter the cypher, dude, you better be sure
Or take a detour, I'm down by the law
Consistently working like one, two, three, four
So give me some room, I'm above your average
When I see you and your man, I'm thinking same sex marriage
You talk coke, but KRS is dope
You're like a bitch and a biter so I call you Ms. Quote
You're about to get smoked, you're fake and you're broke
Your mixtape's a joke
You wanna hang? Here's the rope
I spit the lethal, that's the issue
'Cause I will split you where I broke the piece, our love's gonna get you
People still asking, "Is KRS still dope?"
If your body's full of holes, don't the frame still float?
Watch how I eat you, you ain't a legend
You're just ordinary people
I'm the original story, you're the sequel
I'm the dirty version, you clean, man, they bleep you
I stay the classic section, nobody needs you
I write the books of knowledge, nobody reads you
You got it twisted, homie, we not equal
I'm the whole motion picture, you're the preview
I'm that boom bap, you're the dee-do dee-do dee-do
Soft as Saran Wrap, man, I see through
I'm only trying to free you, but you're too busy tryna be illegal
You don't even know what real Gs do
Why don't you just be you and build that?
With no drugs or money in your rap, now where your skills at?
North, south, east and west of it, I'm the best of it
You wanna know my name? KRS is it, One is the rest of it
You can see with emceeing I'm blessed with it

This for them real go-getters, real mic spitters
Real head spinners, you know what this is
This for the people now to get up, the mainstream's a setup
I know that you fed up, you know what this is

This for them real go-getters, real mic spitters

Real head spinners, you know what this is
This for the people now to get up, the mainstream's a setup
I know that you fed up, you know what this is

KRS-One Lyrics

"Drugs Won"

Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum
We are not the dumb ones
We see how the drugs run
We see were they come from
Governments are selling it
Every day one ton
They declared a war on drugs
But drugs won

Flashlights, canine dogs and crooked copper's
Automatics, tear gas, rams and helicopters
Off of marijuana, on the east coast every year
While California selling that high grade everywhere
It's crazy how the east coast considers herb the enemy
While every corner in LA is a dispensary
The country been split on this issue now for a century
Why would a natural harmless herb lead to a felony?
New York need to catch up
The pace need to pick it up
You know them prosecutors got big spliff litted up
Switch the philosophy think of the economy
Plants, herbs and roots are nature's technology

Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum
We are not the dumb ones
We see how the drugs run
We see were they come from
Governments are selling it
Every day one ton
They declared a war on drugs
But drugs won
[x2]

People taking risks
Cause they know that money gon' come
The drug game is global
Paying off twenty to one
Who you telling?
Don't you think these politicians they selling?
Doctors ain't sellin', cops ain't selling
While rocking your melon?
Cop cars smelling like Cali blue dream
In New York brothers like "what do you mean?"
I mean switch the velocity
Think of the economy
Plants, herbs and roots are nature's technology

Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum

We are not the dumb ones
We see how the drugs run
We see were they come from
Governments are selling it
Every day one ton
They declared a war on drugs
But drugs won

Brothers on that lock down
Sisters in that lock up
Things were good in the hood
Till them D's popped up
Brothers getting shot up, cause the systems unjust
Segregated justice
It's just them and just us
Cops roam around like a gang trying to jump us
Into the plantation prisons they wanna dump us
Cause they're really prisons for the poor
It's about the money, not the drugs
That's what I'm getting handcuffed for
It ain't about the law, it ain't about the crime
Cause banks are paying fines for their crimes all the time
Huh it's a setup, switch the philosophy
Plants, herbs and roots are nature's technology

Rum-pum-pum-pum-pum
We are not the dumb ones
We see how the drugs run
We see were they come from
Governments are selling it
Every day one ton
They declared a war on drugs
But drugs won
[x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Duty"

[Chorus:]
Duty is called, I'm leaving you once more
I will be back, right back when I'm off from the tour
The tour is your
Duty is called for the raw and the raw one is me
It's me you see
All of them told me "Kris you're to old b"
When they step to the mic
None of them could hold me

Rhymes never running out, you know what KRS about
I'm all up in the game like Jordan when his tounge is out
The streets is mine these youngins busting is buggin out
You don't see no stars when the sun is out I'm coming out
Who you think the sun round here?
All that soft thug pop shit know but don't get done round here
I'm only making my uniqueness kris-style clear
So your head, I don't have to put a missile there
I do preach peace tho, I am hip hop
But when the Glock pops your brain goes into a dropbox
I keep the crowd jumping like hopscotch in the party
I'm the dopest emcee and I'm dressed like anybody
I show up, wanna fight, unshaven naughty
Battle a platinum rapper and take his Bugatti
Sell it in the hood, provide for everybody
Next week another rapper giving up a Ferrari

[Chorus]

What they call dope today is wack, I'm sorry
I'm raw, sushi style I spit the wasabi
I'm at the corner store, gas station shopping
Go "where these other rappers really be at I don't know"
But everywhere our crews at people want the boom bap
Boom bap and we ain't taking nothing from no new cats
But KRS-One I come from where your shoes at
Where your soul at, this that real street new jack
Who's that, the masta with the blasta
I don't write song for cash, I write songs that last
They call me the teache cuz I'm from a different class
I preserve hip hop
These the the two kings, these are the greatest
These youngers claiming king and ain't even made this
When the true king touchdown you know it
No talk, no hype, just skills and we show it

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"You A Millionaire"

Let me introduce myself properly
I am the original, I'm read, it's not a lot of me
Knowledge reigns supreme, that's the vibration I'm coming with
People ask me, "What you think about rap?" Well it's some other shit, but
This style's exposing the corruption of the government
This ain't every rapper's style, KRS some other shit
For years we teach the people 'bout knowledge from the pavement
Street knowledge, a complete college, we called it edutainment
Education through entertainment, that's what we named it
But corporations of all sorts wanted mass enslavement
Program directors got the music but didn't play it
They knew about the movement but they still chose to betray it
So ask yourself, why the radio just play the same shit?
They part of the conspiracy, we gon' have to face it
All types of emcees spitting out the illest rhymes
And we only get to hear five rappers a millions times?

You's a millionaire, yeah, off of black despair, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off of lust and fear, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off the poor right there, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, you's a millionaire, yeah

You's a millionaire with a million there and a million here
You got a million shares
Shoes, you got a million pair
You do what you do, you don't even care
Let 'em peep and stare
They not even there
You in your easy chair, the millionaire
Your fragrance fills the air
Which costs more than they'll make in a year
But you don't even care
Hit the brakes, red lights in the rear
The pastor anoints them
While poor people appoint them
Driven by envy, they don't see how the rich people exploit them

You's a millionaire, yeah, off of black despair, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off of lust and fear, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off the poor right there, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, you's a millionaire, yeah

I can be a millionaire
A millionaire for sure
If I hoard my money and ignore the cries of the poor
If I opened up a company and asked for hood loyalty
Then when the money came in, I would not pay out the royalties
I would be a millionaire

Maybe I would love it
But what they do with a thousand dollars, I can do with a hundred
I don't cost that much to live
So I got a lot to give
Keep a surplus, positive

You's a millionaire, yeah, off of black despair, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off of lust and fear, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, off the poor right there, yeah
You's a millionaire, yeah, you's a millionaire, yeah

KRS-One Lyrics

"Sound Man"

(Fresh)
The real hip-hop is (fresh) *[x8]*

Bass, treble, c'mon, look around, man
The thump, the level, all that's the sound man
When the boom bap dumps hard on the ground, man
It's a good sound, man, that's never caught pounding
Fingers on levels, eyes on the session
Pump the bass bottom, *[?]* that compression
Sound engineer it, you've got to have the ear and
You've got to know what you hear, never overbearing
You bring the sound blaring hot like you ain't caring
The level's in the red, but no, you ain't staring
You pushing more bottom, you make the sound crack
Like the snare going "blap" on a boom boom bap
Sound man, I hear you, better yet, I see you
Yeah man, you free to adjust the EQ
Pump up the reverb, mess with the delay
Gimme more *[?]* and turn up the DJ

The real hip-hop is
The real hip-hop is (fresh) *[x3]*

From the time I come out, I do a line check
I spit a freestyle to get you in the right mind set
It ain't time yet to spit a rhyme yet
My right frequency the sound man he didn't find yet
So while he searching for it, I'll keep on working on it
We want that big sound before they close the curtain on it
So let's turn it up, so let's turn it up
Don't be afraid, turn it up, word is up
We wanna thank the sound people that's with me
When the music is low, they turn it up quickly
When the sounds are low, they brighten and lift me
When the feedback comes, they killin' it swiftly
The sound can be tricky when you see me play
No computers, just a mixer and some *[?]* DJs
Never no frontin', we showin' all y'all something
Sound man, just keep the music bumpin'
It ain't nothing

The real hip-hop is
The real hip-hop is (fresh) *[x3]*

(Fresh)

I'ma keep rapping while tours they keep happening
Got a *[?]* of rhymes for people to keep *[?]*

Boom bap beats with rhymes to keep attractin' 'em
That's why the sound man gots to have rap in 'em
Cordless, hardwire, fifty-eight mics
Wring 'em out 'cause all rappers don't sound alike
I found a light, it's at the end of the rear
It's the sound engineer that really cares about what he hears
It's the bass and snares, he understands the music
He's a fan of the music, he makes plans for the music
He sets the EQ, how his hands gonna choose it
It's not a band, but he still plans for the acoustics
This is the sound man that I be looking for
These are the dudes that I request when I'm booking tours
So if you like the sound of this brown man
Give it up for the sound man
Overstand

The real hip-hop is
The real hip-hop is (fresh) *[x7]*

Give it up for the sound man

Give it up for the sound man

KRS-One Lyrics

"American Flag"

Symbols of injustice and hatred
Confederate flag (bring it down)
Symbols of human enslavement
Confederate flag (bring it down)
But what about the red, white and the blue
American flag (bring it down)
Racists flew that flag when they captured you
American flag

I ain't here for selling shit
Me I came for telling it
I tell it like it is
So my people stay intelligent
We ending it
Racism, slavery, we ending it
This is why we bringing down the flag of the confederate
I share the same sentiment: Slavery is bad
But slavery was established by the American flag
Follow me
The American flag it flew in every colony
To break down the confederate only ia a hypocrisy
You bringing down one flag to raise up another
When both flags ensalved my sisters and my brothers
Yea man there were others
African, French, the Portuguese
The English, the Spanish, enslavers for all of these
So why raise any flag that killed my mom and my dad
Invaded my lands with plans to take up all that they had
I'm glad, the confederate flag is banned today
But the American flag is still flown by the KKK

Symbols of injustice and hatred
Confederate flag (you gots to bring it down)
Symbols of human enslavement
Confederate flag (you gots to bring it down)
But what about the red, white and the blue
American flag (you gots to bring it down)
Racists flew that flag when they captured you
American flag

KRS, the right teacha
In the street I might see ya
Under the American flag blacks had no rights either
Women had no rights either, natives had no rights either
White abolitionist had to fight against white preacher
Red, white and blue should mean red, white and black
Blue was our indigo color, coming from way back
But the system is racist, when the murderers are acquitted

So we ride in the streets, then you say we shouldn't have did it
"they destroying their cty", man you don't get it
If this was my city I wouldn't be getting shot in it
Stopped in it, harressed, unemployed and always locked in it
While the guns, the pollution and drugs are always trapped in it
Turn the TV off man, don't listen to all that
You a global citizen, you got to know all the facts
You a global citizen, you got to know how to act
Ask yourself, what does the American flag mean to Iraq?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Biterz"

[Chorus:]
We know, yeah it's all in they flow
Yeah it's all in they show
They some bite, bite, bite, bite, biterz
[x4]

Everybody know KRS-One, he is a writer
Original lyrics and routines
No biting, no biter
Prime reciter
I gets the news because I'm tighter, graffiti writer
But now I'm talking about these biterz
What's a biter?
A biter's unoriginal, a biter's predictable
Skills minimal, yo these dudes are pitiful
They conserts are wack, I don't even try to go to them
They open they mouth and I hear the radio all over them
Remember in them early days when we was coming up
You had to be original, yep with dope lyric and your cut
Every day and every night you had to practice and come up
With the dopest rhymes that'll make a crowd of people say buck-buck
Everybody had they own style, ran they own lane
Everybody had a profile, ran they own game
Every DJ had his own style, broke his own name
Now it's lame, everything rap was against it became

[Chorus x4]

Listen to they lyrics and they style, you know they biterz
They listening to the radio, then they claim they write it
But it does get deeper, all the wheeling and dealing
When the society we live in, is all about stealing
And these ignorant rapper they bring creativity down
Now one is using they mind, they just scrounging around
So a biter is a unoriginal style stealer
They see you drink tequila, so they wanna drink tequila
You say mommy or poppy, they say mommy or poppy
They really have no original ideas, they just copy
And people walking around, hollow like that
If death was the new sting, they would follow the path
They not led by the inner, they led by the outer
So they led every hour by anybody with power
Be original, be authentic, be you
But every emcee test the mic with a "one, two"

[Chorus x4]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Lingo"

Ling, ling ling, ling, ling, ling, ling

I got the lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling, the lingo
I got that lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling

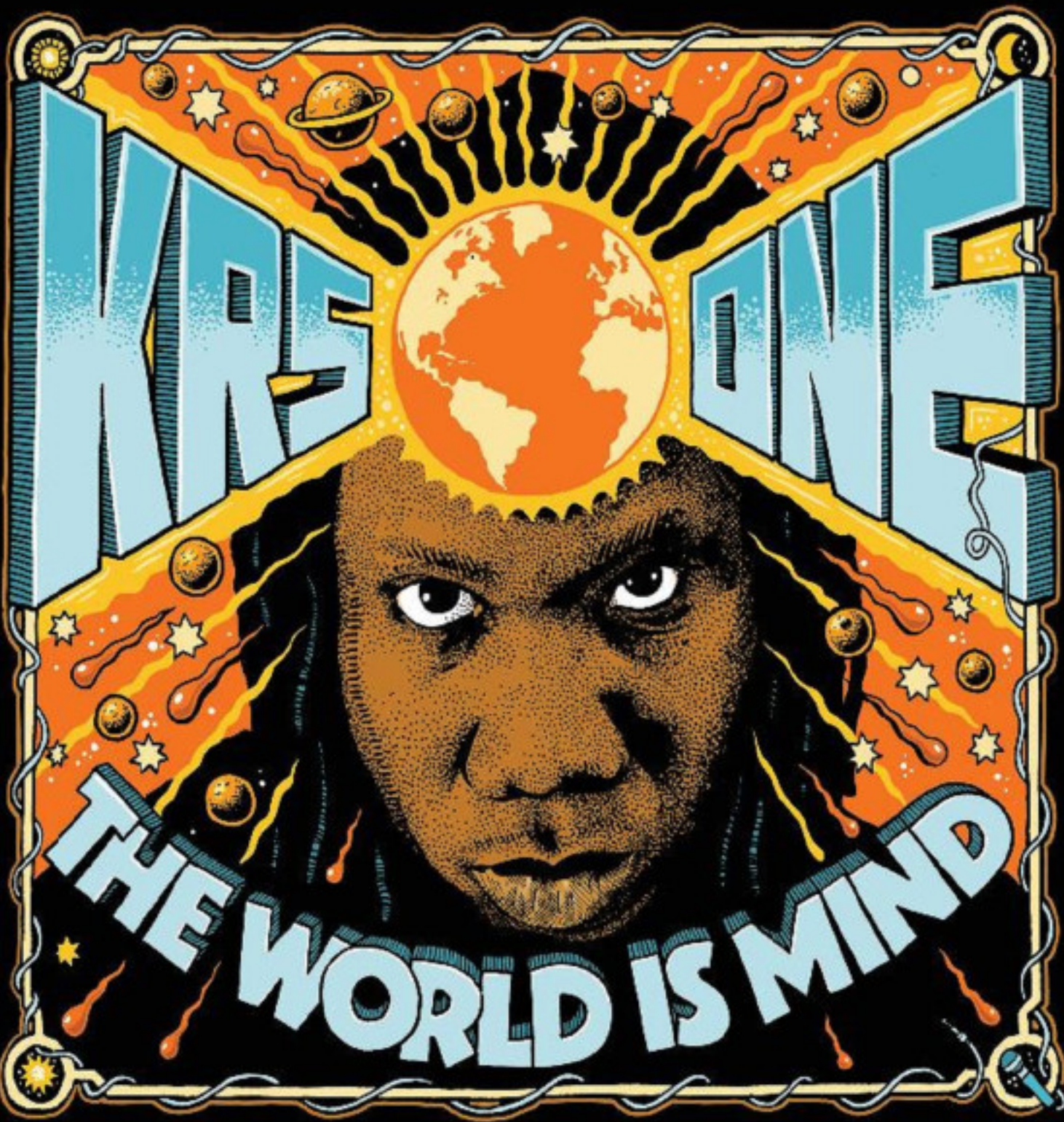
I got that lingo, the street lingo I bring yo
Acronology now the society to bring to
Too many people think so
I'm not just an O.G., I'm an Original Hustler, you like, "OH!"
Follow Life's Outcome Willingly, that's FLOW
WISDOM, When I Simply Decide on Moe, or More
I'm bringin' it to raw like a razor
FAITH, Focus And Ignore These Haters
Acronology is dope
Here is another one for FAITH, write it down, "For All It Takes, Hope"
Broaden your scope, it's Tha Teacha', you heard of me
I represent the struggle in the 'hood most certainly
But STRUGGLE's more than a word to me
Here's a Situation That Reminds Us God's Grace Lasts Eternally
LADY, Love And Develop Yourself
HLAW, Health, Love, Awareness, and Wealth
Acronology is not just BRB or Be Right Back
You gotta check the words you usin'
Like RELIGIOUS
It could mean Realizing Every Life In God's Image Offers Useful Solutions
So why you cruisin' lookin' for a snack
Think DIET, "Did I Eat That?"
Put down the cake, Seek Help And Proper Exercise
Rewind that, that spells SHAPE
These definitions go beyond the intellect
Like MIND, "May I Now Direct?"
A new philosophy called acronology
I say it the word, the word inside of me, oh!
The heat is on, you can't leave it alone
This whole thing's created by G. Simone
Even KRS is a acronym
It means, "Knowledge Reigns Supreme," spin it back again

I got the lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling, the lingo
I got that lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling

You can have so much fun with this
You can even take offensive words and give it a twist
Like BITCH, offensive to the ear

Now switch it, "Because I Take Charge Here!"
With acronology, you gotta win
Here's another one for BITCH, "Because I Totally Challenged Him
Or Her," you can't stop the edutainment
'Cause these types of rhymes keep you out of your enslavement
It might not hit you or overstand
I'm takin' you HOME, "Here Our Mind Expands"
So before Departin' for Earth Aimin' for the Heavens
Which spells DEATH, you need to check these life lessons
They like weapons, the foundation is under me
I open up your mind to see how others see
Like GOSSIP, Givin' Out Someone's Secret Information Publicly
Or MUSLIM, May U See Love In Me
I see the CROSS and ask my wife
She says, "it's a Constant Reminder Of Self-Sacrifice"
This is acronology, brothers and sisters
You FAMILY, For All My Intelligence, Love Ya

I got the lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling, the lingo
I got that lingo, ling ling, the lingo
The lingo, ling ling


KRS ONE
THE WORLD IS MINE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Show Respect"

Okay
Okay
Okay let's do this
Uh huh
Before I spit the verse I'm versed up
I got to take a moment for some ancestor worship
Scott La Rock all day
Ms. Melodie all day
[?] all day
Kwame Toure okay
They watching over KRS today
There's so many ancestors with me
Man watch what you say
You don't even know how I got here
So many dudes are not here
So I do not fear
When the roads is not clear
We are not alarmed with it
[?] in the darkness I'm the spark in it
With every sentence your intelligence I sharpen it
Like a knife or a box cutter you cut the carpet with
Spark that shit
Dudes don't know how deep Chris Parker get
You hear the art I spit
Cause I was at the start of it
The cypher is hyper when KRS is part of it
The same cypher's incomplete when apart from it
Show respect

(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
Show respect
(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
What I'm saying
Yeah
Yeah
Show respect
(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
What I'm saying

Let me make this really clear
They are not us
All these wack twitter rappers I do not trust
They will pull out the gat but they will not bust
They will witness injustice but they will not fuss
They sitting at home thinking they can stop us
I'm flicking ashes on these asses leaving them in the dust dust
Criminal minded

Spiritual minded
Political minded
My lyric you can time it
Watch how I rhyme it
Spit, shine, and grind it
Autograph and sign it
No corporation behind it
Free man, free MC, and free-minded
You looking for authentic and real
Well I'm it
These critics be amazed they don't know what it means
KRS still ripping it in 2017
On to 2018, 2019
Its a crazy scene, I'm all in their face like Maybelline
Show respect

(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
Show respect
(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
What I'm saying
Yeah
Yeah
Show respect
(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
(Get-get-get-get-get-get-get)
What I'm saying

KRS-One Lyrics

"Same Shit"

Ladies and gentlemen
Its time to kick ass

Yeah
Same shit
Yeah
Same shit
Wake up
Listen
Terrorists and governments play the same game
Banks and big business take the same blame
Open your brain
The Klan and the cops are the same
Slave quarters, blocks and prison blocks are the same
They only separated by name
Overrated by fame
What's in a name?
A colonist is the same
People can't really see it
Because they're blocked by the name
But really Nazi Germany and your black is the same
Look
Wall Street and Main Street
Really that's the same street
Drug talk, corporate talk
Really that's the same speak
Boom bap, boom bip
Really that's the same beat
A throne or a chair of your own
Really that's the same seat
I wrote and recorded this album in the same week
California and Barcelona
Its got the same heat
I walk the same street
Put no trust in the game
Good cop, bad cop
They one and the same
Same shit

You know
Listen

Rapper and politicians they want the same thing
To kneel before their master and kiss the same ring
But Solomon and Selassi them are the same king
So from *[?]* I spit the same swing
Ding ding ding, there goes the bell
I'm the same as heaven, these dudes the same as hell

I'm the same as the plane at liftoff, fly
They the same as a rip-off, a lie
I remind you
Don't let the criminal mind blind you
Instead let the spiritual mind find you
See I'm you
Just twenty years ahead
Its to your advantage to hear KRS-ONE and rewind what he said
Its the same shit
Its the same shit
Look

Drug cartels is what sells the medical
Drug spots and drug stores are identical
Y'all need to wake up and join with the woke folk
Ignorance is only gonna keep you with them broke folk
KRS is on some cool shit
I ain't nothing to fool with
I teach more kids than the school gets
Game over stupid
Its like we at the eight ball corner pocket
And I got the pool stick
You can say whatever, me I'm living better and better
Getting cheddar, out in Greece getting feta
Up in Catalonia only eating paella
Up in Italy getting bread, call it brusketta
I spit
They cruise cars, I cruise ships
Democrat and Republican that's the same shit
Its the same shit

KRS-One Lyrics

"Don't Ever Stop"

(feat. Janiece)

The road's so cold and you better know
That you're a winner and you're going for gold
I know it's long but you beter know
(Yeah) don't ever stop

Never let 'em pull you down
Never let 'em lie to you
Never let 'em take your crown
Never let 'em cry to you
Never let 'em in your heart
Never let 'em give you money
Never let 'em hope you starve
Never let 'em find you funny
Never let 'em follow you
They don't need to side with you
Never let 'em ride with you
Pull out what's inside of you
Never let the system get you
Feed you, eat you, spit you out
Never let 'em know what you doin'
It's time you figure out
Never let 'em teach your kids
Never let 'em see you fear
Never let 'em blow your lid
Never let 'em take you there
Never let 'em break you up
Never let 'em break you down
Never let 'em shake you up
Never let 'em in your town
Never let a charoulette tell you what is excellent
Never let embetterment regard for what's irrelevant
Never let 'em tell you that KRS "oh, he dead, stop"
Never let 'em tell you that the radio plays Hip Hop

The road's so cold and you better know
That you're a winner and you're going for gold
I know it's long but you beter know
(Yeah), don't ever stop
Don't stop
Don't ever stop
Don't stop
[x2]

(Hey)
Got the rhymes, borderline's rapper
I'm that other kind with tons of rhymes
Spit flames hotter than the summertime

People want to undermind but stay under mine
Under my mind under my thoughts, caught in another time
They in the past I'm in the right now
Thirty city tours these critics be like "how? Wow!"
They be tryin' to get rid of me since back in the day
But the more they push me down the higher I raise
When I did criminal minded they had something to say
When I said self-destruction they had something to say
When I did edutainment they had something to say
That's the devil I ain't concerned with nothing they say
They was frontin' in the 90's and they still frontin'
They know the cost of everything but the value of nothing
I keeps it pumpin' like a trucka
That's why I'm fresh for 2017 you sucka

The road's so cold and you better know
That you're a winner and you're going for gold
I know it's long but you beter know
(Yeah), don't ever stop
Don't stop
Don't ever stop
Don't stop
[x2]

Never let 'em make you doubt
Never let 'em break you
Never let 'em take you out
Never let 'em tempt you
Never let 'em employ you
Never let 'em lead you
Never let 'em boy you
Never let 'em deceive you
Never let 'a snitch or traitor
Know what's going on
Never let 'em know the plan
Freedom's only for the strong
Never let 'em in the jam
This is how they stole our songs
Never let 'em corrupt you
KRS ONE I'm gone

KRS-One Lyrics

"You Ain't Got Time"

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

Politics is a pile of tricks
Eight years, what do we get out of it?
More chatter, more gun splatter
More dumb rappers, and dumb athletes and actors
My name's revolution, open your eyes
I'm not on TV, cuz the revolution will not be televised
They telling lies, we better rise and get a plan
The US President? He's endorsed by the clan
Damn
You don't understand what's going on?
Slavery coming back and most of y'all just gonna go along
Not me, they ain't veiling me
You can see, I ain't vote for the president or Hillary
America tryin' to put the fear in ya
They the reason for the fake war there in Syria
So when I grab the mic, I spit a full-clip
Wake up, you ain't got time for this bullshit

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)
To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

This what the boom bap sound do
Since way back in the Bronx, I had a sound view
If you hearin' this, the truth, it just found you
I'm in his town, her town, your town too
Man, I stay ahead like a crown do
Look around you
Knowledge reigns supreme, this is what it comes down to
People talkin', but ain't doin' nothin'
KRS ain't about frontin', let me tell you somethin'
We need unity at all cost, or everything is all lost
These lessons are hard, that tweeter shit is so soft
Brothers killing brothers killing brothers with the sawed off
No remorse, brothers are hauled off up north
We off course, believe in the hype
Honesty, we ignore; but that deceiving, we like
These rappers are corny, but you like "He aight"
You lyin' from the pulpit
You ain't got time for this bullshit

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)
To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)

To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

I formerly was a criminal. I formerly was imprisoned, I'm not ashamed of that
You never can use that over my head. And—that—He's usin' the wrong stick, I don't feel that stick

KRS-One Lyrics

"You Like Me"

As long as I'm dancin
Actin or rappin
Walkin around like
I don't know what's happenin
You like me *[x4]*

If I'm talkin bout drinkin
And nothin bout thinkin
As long as I'm high
And I never ask why
You like me *[x4]*

But the second I start with the state of the economy
Black leadership, Black gods and Black sovereignty
That's when you can't seem to follow me, confusion
You feel like you losin, I'm no longer amusin
This song's about choosin, choosin why you cruisin
Either Black entertainment or the Black Revolution
People love to see a young Black man rap
Until he wakes up and realize he's caught in the trap

So as long as I'm dancin
Actin or rappin
Walkin around like
I don't know what's happenin
You like me *[x4]*

If I'm talking bout drinkin
And nothin bout thinkin
As long as I'm high
And I never ask why
You like me *[x4]*

But the minute I get in it bout the way these rappers spit it
The minute I start spittin that truth here comes a critic
I freestyle off the top like removin ya yankee fitted
But they not really checkin for skills, they want the gimmick
Many of the challenges we face, we could solve em
But there's no trust, no unity, and that's the problem
Black people fightin amongst themselves that's the problem
White people fightin amongst themselves that's the problem
US foreign policy is simply just bomb em
Rebels against they own government, the US arms em
Then when things get outta hand, yeah they try to calm em
More money, more diplomacy, just charm em
If that doesn't work then they move to "Osama"
Turn him into a terrorist, so they can disarm em
Through the corporate media, we don't stand a chance

But too many people wanna us to just stand and dance

So as long as I'm dancin
Actin or rappin
Walkin around like
I don't know what's happenin
You like me *[x4]*

If I'm talking bout drinkin
And nothin bout thinkin
As long as I'm high
And I never ask why
You like me *[x4]*

You like me, you like me, you like me
You like me, you like me, you like me

KRS-One Lyrics

"Put Ya Ones Up"

Why these people always gotta front
Why people can't be real from the jump
I'mma be blunt so inhale it
My flow is like the ocean, I sail it
Metaphoric oceanic flow, run it
Like the ocean I'mma stay current
From the first time I rhyme they spun it
Any MC test BDP sound we up on it
They just begun it, we the veteran
Better than any of them and we keep it 100
I'm the blast master but faster
I'm the same that influenced the game I'm named after
Hip-hop, don't fight the hunch, spike the punch
Take it back to the Castor Bunch
I'm having these rappers for lunch
I'm giving their captain a crunch
Munch, crunch, hunch up
You feeling KRS, put your ones up

KRS-One Lyrics

"Keep Flowin'"

I represent leadership, readership, teachership, speakership
Culture keeper cause the culture we're keeping it
Truth I'm speaking it, critics want to weaken it
Printing gossip and bullshit and the people believing it
Gather 'round now for the freshest guy
If you're new to hip-hop KRS is I
I don't tell no lie, that bullshit that they're talking online
That's the tactics of the FBI
Y'all falling for the same old disunity thing
That's why Malcolm X couldn't link with Dr. King
Why William DuBois was against Marcus Garvey
Together they could have built a strong black army
But not hardly arguments between Bobby Seel and
Huey P. Newton rocked the Black Panther party
We need to wake up these strategies are old
Unity that's the goal let's go

That real shit just keeps flowing
That real shit just keeps going
That real shit just keeps flowing
That real shit just keeps going

Line after line after line after line
Since 1989 I been way ahead of my time
But it's frustrating hearing all the hating and debating
And the faking and the waking, man we got to reawaken
The time that we be wasting, debating and fighting
We can see we unenlightened, man look what we writing
You got the most advanced technology in the palm of your hand
And all you can do is turn around and diss your man
That's like a baby with a loaded gun
Thinking its a load of fun, me, I'm a little older son
We done seen dudes dies and cry and get by
We done seen cops shoot down blacks and just lie
So when Latifah put up U-N-I-T-Y
Why didn't anyone comply, y'all living a lie
The truth is the proof and we got to get it straight
Revolution only works for those that participate

That real shit just keeps flowing
The real shit just keeps going
The real shit just keeps flowing
The real shit just keeps going

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hip Hop Speaks From Heaven"

Yo, 2Pac once asked, "Is there a Heaven for a G?"
Well, now there is, word, 'cause he's up there to see
Moving around, he's chilling with Prince and James Brown
If our people are up in Heaven, their loving is raining down
The only force to save us from city was hip hop
The only force that made us grimy and gritty was hip hop
We all respect the world's religions and the laws they laid
But I know Scott La Rock's gonna come to my aid
See, these saints are great, but they're not where my heart be
When I call on the angels, I'm calling on Marcus Garvey
I'd rather call on Bob Marley, oh yes, sir
Kwame Ture, that's my real ancestor
Why call upon the spirits of oppressors
When you can call your own angels when you under pressure
See, when it comes to hip hop, here's the lesson
Start praising your own people, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping

So when I think of California, I'm seeing Eazy-E
When I think of Brooklyn, New York, I'm seeing B.I.G
When I'm thinking about the Bronx, I'm seeing Scott La Rock
We gon' praise they name forever and we gon' never stop
It's forever 2Pac, it's forever Heavy D
It's forever Big Pun, it's forever O.D.B
They was live, now deceased, from the West to the East
It's forever Phife Dawg, Big L rest in peace
What happens next, we shouting out Professor X
Shout out to Freaky Tah, shout out to Proof, big respect
We can't forget, so we bubble with joy
When we reminisce over you, Trouble T-Roy
Shout out to Keith Cowboy, Ms. Melodie all day
Shout out to J Dilla and Jam Master Jay
It's love I'm sending to you
Shout out to Guru, and Mr. Magic from the Juice Crew

Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping

Forget who's the best guy
This that time to think about Pimp C, Buffy, and Lisa Left Eye
Frosty Freeze breaking in the breeze
Big Bank Hank still inspiring MC's
We'll never be free until we free up our mind
We praising our enemy's God's fallen behind
Yo, it's all in the rhyme, the past is gone
But I can still feel the spirit of Master Don
Yo, many have been lied to, so here's what the wise do
Praise your own people, the force is inside you
Like a late fog in the mist
I see MCA and rest in peace Nate Dogg
They names and they natures will last
Like Chris Lighty and my man Bill Blass
When it comes to hip hop, here's the lesson
Start praising your own people, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo
Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven
Tell me who you repping

KRS-One Lyrics

"The World Is Mind"

You know
Whatever the brain doesn't have a word for it can't see
I teach you this all the time
The world is mind
M-I-N-D

There were two patients laying in the hospital
They shared the same room both fighting health obstacles
The first patient had his bed by the window
He could see outside and feel how the wind blow
The second patient, his bed was by the wall
No window, he couldn't see nothing at all
So in summary there was no sun to see
He was laying in the dark looking for recovery
He could see the other patients looking outside
And jealousy took over his pride he couldn't hide
He said to the patient by the window
"Hey! Tell me what you see outside there today"
The patient by the window started saying
"I see people walking, talking, I see children playing"
"Cars going by with the booming systems"
But the patient by the wall could only lay and listen
Bedridden, he couldn't see it for himself
But the descriptions he was given was improving his health
Everyday the patient by the window would say what he saw
And everyday the patient by the wall wanted more
But what he wanted even more instead
Was to be in the patient by the window's bed
He wanted the same bed that the patient had
If he could just exchange beds it would make him glad
So one day the patient by the window was gone
And the patient by the wall knew something was wrong
But he still asked the nurse if he could be first
To get the bed by the window, and what's worse
He did get the bed by the window
But the shock instead was a wall full of brick stone
No cars, no people, no scenery
No light, no flowers, no greenery at all
It was like just a brick wall facing the window
He said to the nurse "I was tricked yo"
The nurse said "Tricked? You'll be fine"
But a view of a brick wall he didn't have in mind
And what really blew his mind
Is when the nurse said, "Cheer up
"The previous patient, he was blind"
He realized right at that time
You create your reality, the world is mind

STREET LIGHT

First Edition

KRS ONE

BETWEEN DA PROTESTS
KRS-One

KRS-One Lyrics

"Opening Remarks"

Yes
I want to welcome you all to the 23rd album
Between Da Protests
We gon' have to rise on this ya'll
But just before we begin
Lemme spit on these cats

Fake rappers I respect none, DJs too
You know my way, we ain't you
5, 4, and three are taken and we ain't two
33 years later, we ain't through
Black lives been mattered yo cause we ain't blue
Selling out the culture is something we don't do
They call me the teacher that be so true
Cause I mastered the element of MCing like CO2
We so new, you know what we been through just to survive
All this debate about the top five, put it aside
Here's the real top five list
It's KRS, Blast Master, KRS-One, The Teacher, and Chris
Rappers going through some type of identity crisis
G-O-D is my image of life 'cause they don't like Chris
My mother is Ahset better known as Isis
I drop on the set like Horus, where the mic is
I'm the difference between what the real and the hype is
What the wrong and the right is
What the darkness and the light is
But rappers want to fantasize about battling me
They sleep and I'm over their whole head like a canopy
I'm chilling in Atlanta sipping Daiquiris
Don't come after me, I rapid fire rap-rap-rapidly
It's a catastrophe you not as fast as me
OG rappers coming after me, they're in back of me
You wanna come after me here's the truth
I'm invading your space like Al-Andalus, let's get loose
You can't hang, I got the noose
When I train on tracks I'm the engine you're the caboose
I'm sipping the Remy Ma while I salute Papoose
I don't battle young rappers that's child abuse
I'm tightening the noose, put my hands on you like a masseuse
And De La your soul like I'm Posndous
You'll be calling for a truce while I'm cooking your goose
Got the deuce-deuce for when you chickens come to roost
Man I'm mobile like boost while they're failing
So Imma put 'em down under like these dudes was Australian
Rappers couldn't see me in the 80's or the 90's
Thirty years later they wanna act like they're grimy
Now they wanna find me in the new millennium
But I'm a cannibal, I'll breakfast lunch and dinner them

KRS-One Lyrics

"Tight"

Let the drums rip
Woo
Yeah
Turn my voice up a little bit
I don't deal with silly shit
I am not illiterate
Gun clapper, street rapper this is what you're dealing with
Boom bap, new rap only the real feeling it
Truth I'm revealing it, beef I ain't dealing with
Others put their bread to the beat and make a meal of it
I'm the quiet type, banana clip I'm concealing it
Kick up on you with the banana and start peeling it
Hit the captain and America, no time for shielding it
Their crew got nicked with the fury, I'm real with it
Flow so sick I should be healing it
But instead I'm on the German autobahn wheeling it
You heard these millionaire, now hear a skillionaire
Rich with the skill and the cut, people I drill them there
Yeah savage, you can hand them out
No silverware, true legend
No jewels, black gorilla wear
Yeah where them skills at, Imma drill that
Too many rappers claiming OG and still wack
They sleeping and you can see how they act
Red pill, blue pill, I gave the red pill back
So I hear what they mumble 'bout me me but it don't penetrate
Young rappers want to be large and diss whoever's great
Me, I'm a legend been busting weapons since '88
Blast off the top of your dome, let it ventilate
Skills I will demonstrate, lyrical rap heavyweight
You ain't never heard of this feature, you bitches hella late
You better wait, KRS is never fake
That wack shit that sells out the culture I'll never make
That boom bap raw speak op who generate
I stay ahead, like you 8 o'clock, I'm ten to eight
I got ends to make with the bass kicking
These rap turkeys are fishing for beef but stay chicken
My rhyme style finger licking, keep mixing no quitting
No need for a vacation you tripping
Tock ticking, Imma spit this right
Like handcuffs you gotta say this shit is tight

Let me get to it
Yo
Drum ready I'm about to begin
You've been living without well try living within
You heard these others speak but I am not them
They talk paper but here's what I do with the pen

Sword in the air I don't fear anybody
We was criminal minded when they was on the potty
Been spiritual minded the devil can't stop me
Been political minded, nope they can't lock me
This is an original, not a copy
Me and the mic we got together like swordfish with aki
Mashing any jam, and club, any party
Same shoes, same views, black tee, hair knotty
You could be stoned and you still can't rock me
You could be wood and you still can't knock me
Properly fulfilled and they still want to mock me
Behold it's obvious, the universe got me
Skill, that's my credential
When my words get sent to your mental they turn sentimental
No I will not be gentle
Most rappers are followers
The only thing they lead was a pencil
Money won't defend you
When I A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M end you
I'm that raw shit, hip hop call of war shit
That DJ and MC shit tagging, breaking on the floor shit
Street lyric you heard it I never lost it
Like Yasiin Bey I'm bringing you more shit
Double metaphors it's hard to target
Effortless I flow like a shower no need to force it
You saw it real shit you the witness, the listener
I stand behind my bars like a prisoner
Yeah Imma spit this right
And like them handcuffs you gotta say this shit is tight

Ah shay
To the ancestors
Ah shay
Let them drums rip

KRS-One Lyrics

"Don't Fall For It"

Don't you fall for it
Don't you fall for it

Keep your head up, never let up
Never let them get you fed up
You just step up, get your rep up
Get your cash up, get your check up
The whole system's a setup, it's time we really get up
We been about this revolution from the time we met up
Take it back, I got my fist up, Malcolm X in '88
But revolution only work for those that will participate
You are great, they are fake
Yo, it's time to demonstrate
Higher level mental states
Conscious people, congregate!
Show the love, not the hate
This is basic, no debate
But these people are debating and they hating, they should wait
It was bickering amongst ourselves that got us in this state
Yeah, the truth is inconvenient, but the truth is never late

You can't see what they be doing?
How they thinking? How they moving?
You can't see what they pursuing?
Making claims, none are proven

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't fall for it

We can see who is the enemy
Sovereignty's the remedy
You don't need telepathy
It's white supremacy

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't fall for it

Bringing it raw, doing a tour
Government officials breaking the law
You never see what you never saw
303, open the door
Knowledge reigns, that is the game
Ignorance, that is insane
Don't fall for it, the Reps and the Dems are the same
This one's shooting us up, that one's locking us up
This one got us stuck, that one's outta luck
You could front if you need to, the cycle never ends
No justice, but in four years they hyping us again

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't fall for it

If you thinking that you earning
And you drinking and you burning
And you really not concerning
With the news and what they learning

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't fall for it

If you love it, never hate it
You agree and don't debate it
HBCU educated
Your degree is highly rated

Don't fall for it, don't fall for it
Don't you fall for it, don't fall for it

Yo, me, I'm not a fake dude, I'ma keep it real real
They see through it all, that "America needs to heal" deal
America ain't really sick, this is what it really is
Gunshots and cages for black and brown little kids
Now they acting like they not the cause of how we live
Do not tell me what you gonna do, I can see what you did
Look at her, look at him, look at them, look at me
Do you see our interests represented in society?
No you don't, and you won't 'cause democracy's a joke
Every four years these same people asking us to vote
Nothing changed but the Range Rover switching lanes over
I remain the flamethrower, knowledge reigns, game over
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it
Rodney King, George Floyd, man, we all saw it

So don't protest with defiance
But don't move with self-reliance
While the soul is being silenced
For the religion of science

Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it

If you thinking that you earning
And you drinking and you burning
And you really not concerning
With the news and what they learning

Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it

There's no justice in the courts
We are always taking shorts

They can shoot us like a sport
And it's our trust that they want?

Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it

Take it up!
Take it low now

Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it
Don't fall for it, don't you fall for it

KRS-One Lyrics

"Black Black Black"

Don't be afraid, don't be ashamed. We want black power. (Black power!) We want black power. (Black power!) We want black power. (Black power!) We want black power! (Black power!) We want black power! (Black power!) We want black power! (Black power!) We want black power! (Black power!) That's right, that's what we want, Black power, and we don't have to be ashamed of it.

This is not the regular
This is that boom-bap, bap, bap!
Some, they call it secular
I just call it Black, Black, Black!
Marcus Garvey, Boukman Dutty
Bring that army back, back, back!
Malcolm X and Kwame Ture
This is where I'm at, at, at!
If you wanna talk to me
Talk to me about Black, Black, Black!
Haile Selassie The First
Negus Nagast, let's talk about that, that, that!
Kaboom, Nanny Maroon and all the Maroons
Let's talk about that, that, that!
The real Underground Railroad
The first subway for Black, Black, Black!
The freedom train begets what you bring
Getting on track, track, track!
Whether justice or injustice
How do you react-act-act?
Can you stand there laughing
While they shoot us in the back, back, back?
This is what some rappers sound like
Every time they rap, rap, rap!
I'm raising up the red and the green
And the black, black, black!
Even with no cops in the hood
We still hear "click-click, clack-clack-clack"!
I cannot forget my ancestors
Just because I rap, rap, rap!
Look at me from top to bottom
KRS is Black, Black, Black!

Get up, get out!
Speak up, speak out!
Reach up, reach out!
This is what Black about
Get up, get out!
Speak up, speak out!
Reach up, reach out!
This is what I rap about
Get up, get out!
Speak up, speak out!

Reach up, reach out!
Too many selling out
Get up, get out!
Reach up, reach out!
Lift up, lift out!
Get out!

Time to ask the question now
Are you really Black, Black, Black?
It is not a mystery
We under attack-tack-tack!
If you chatting fuckery
You hold our people back, back, back!
Time to put aside the fantasy
And deal with fact, fact, fact!
This is not the time to be talking
All that crap, crap, crap!
Those who talk that crap, crap, crap
Are those that don't fight back, back, back!
You can say what you like but real skill
I never lack, lack, lack!
Black is more a consciousness
The way you think and act, act, act!

Get up, get out!
Speak up, speak out!
Reach up, reach out!
This is what Black about
Get up, get out!
Speak up, speak out!
Reach up, reach out!
This is what I rap about
Get up, get out!
Speak up, speak out!
Reach up, reach out!
Too many selling out
Get up, get out!
Reach up, reach out!
Lift up, lift out!
Get out, lights out!

We have stayed here, and we begged the president, we begged the federal government. That's all we've been doing, begging, begging. It's time we stand up and take over, let's take over. We have to do what every group in this country did; we gotta take over the communities where we outnumber people so we can have decent jobs, so we can have decent houses, so we can have decent roads, so we can have decent schools, so we can have decent justice.

KRS-One Lyrics

"Boom Bye Bye"

Watch them (Watch them)
They all tell lie
Run up in their office with that boom bye bye
Social injustice, they the reason why
Hit these corporate thieves with that boom bye bye
Now you want to come and act like you my guy
I stay woke with that boom bye bye
I'm taking aim with my one third eye
Let my words fly, boom bye bye

Yo
Blackness, it's not just February
It's everyday from your birth to the cemetery
Revolutionary, they could never ever get me
They couldn't tempt me with the Maybach or the Bentley
They couldn't shut me up my soul is never empty
I've been spitting this game since By All Means Necessary
They asking for more but giving so much less today
This is what our ancestors got to say

Watch them (Watch them)
They all tell lie
Run up in their office with that boom bye bye
Social injustice, they the reason why
Hit these corporate thieves with that boom bye bye
Now you want to come and act like you my guy
I stay woke with that boom bye bye
I'm taking aim with my one third eye
Let my words fly, boom bye bye

Yo
Look at the media, they all on some new shit
Black lives matter now, they all want to use it
It's all in the news and the music
What we seeing is the corporate co-opting of another black movement
Their whole economy, they're now about to lose it
How can a black life matter when you already abused it
Black life is the economy
It's been that way since black ancestors were white property
That's why they ain't liking me
I'm not the soldier getting paid
I'm a warrior fighting for free
They type you don't see on TV
The real revolution will not be televised for all to see
You know me
Let me get my voice on
What they pushing as hip-hop
Is soft porn

They asking for more but giving less today
This is what the ancestors got to say

Watch them (Watch them)
They all tell lie
Run up in their office with that boom bye bye
Social injustice, they the reason why
Hit these corporate thieves with that boom bye bye
Now you want to come and act like you my guy
I stay woke with that boom bye bye
I'm taking aim with my one third eye
Let my words fly, boom bye bye

KRS-One Lyrics

"Murder We Just Saw"

(feat. SUN-ONE)

Yeah we done heard it before
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war
Finally we just might be getting right to the core
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw

Fuck this there is no justice
And it's a shame because America is above this
But it's really not because these cops they are racist
The very foundation of America is racist
Yeah we all know it but nothing ever changes
They part of the system that puts us in cages
Time to break out every race, all ages
This is not anarchy, this is what change is
You don't have the right to tell me what my pain is
Or tell me how to protest or what my aim is
You the fucking problem, that's where the blame is
Cops killing black people, that's what insane is
Weak politicians we know what your name is
You can vote while I'm getting choked by a racist
All the actualizations against us are baseless
And falsifying the evidence and burying the cases
FTP

Yeah we done heard it before
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war
Finally we just might be getting right to the core
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw
Yeah we done heard it before
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war
Finally we just might be getting right to the core
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw

Fuck that, criminal justice they run that
They can have guns but ask me where my gun at
They the criminals but it's me they want to come at
Who's telling them to put their gun back, fuck that
When it's gonna end?
Being killed by a cop is the sixth leading cause of death for black men
And then the courts don't convict them
When the camera shows they the criminals and we are the victims

Yeah we done heard it before
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war
Finally we just might be getting right to the core
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw
Yeah we done heard it before
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war

Finally we just might be getting right to the core
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw

And they'll always be one more
As long as white society holds the monopoly on all law
Either or
That's the only law we follow
Cause colonial custom is what we trained to model
Shots in the air, this is just another day for me
Modern day slavery still requires the bravery
Street photography making slavery plain to see
We used to die aimlessly now the camera aims at me
One shot saving me, the other shot slaying me
But how is this condition any different from slavery
White supremacy is still trying to enslave us
When our voices ignored unless white folks save us
I appreciate the protests for sure
But when we gonna end the monopoly of white law
We follow their laws while they follow none
We're told to be peaceful while they're busting a gun

Yeah we done heard it before
What we looking at, it's the beginning of civil war
Finally we just might be getting right to the core
The proof in that the truth of that murder we just saw

KRS-One Lyrics

"Turn The Volume Up"

Class in session now
Most can't take it but Imma spit it anyhow
Young 'uns getting money, it's funny they think they're ready now
Old folks gossip and bickering sounding petty now
This is why the universe threw this verse it has sent me now
Just to let you know if you spit that flow keep it steady now
Do not be distracted by this one, that one, or other sounds
You can talk that hate but it's better to spread that love around
This is just that wisdom I give to those that's listening
Yeah I keep it gangster but consciousness Imma mix it in
This is KRS let me warn you I'm not the normal
I'm that part of hip hop that edutains and informs you
You can talk that murder, that mayhem but let me warn you
I know the game, you reap what you speak that's how they caught you
Take a minute and listen to the flow that supports you
When I spit it, your spirit it rises like it ought to

So turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
Up, up, up, up

I am the primitive, native, indigenous, savage
Aboriginal, KRS-One is not the average
Barbarian, heathen, and pagan
Burnt faced negro, original man that's what you're facing
Haitian, Baysian, Jamaican black Asian
Knife in the chest of the colonist that's still slaving
The Indian, the Simian, the maroon, the pygmy them
The Ethiopian, the black Carthaginian
Why focus on a continent when the Earth's my domain
The ancient ones are my ancestors and I live with them
Kushite, Kemite, mapping the stars in the night
Divine minds guide us from the sciences of living right
Europa before Jehovah and black Noah
The agriculturalist, I am the reaper and the sower
The higher and the lower, the all-seer and the knower
I been here already I'm just doing it all over
Reincarnated, the holder of a boulder
The black Atlas holding the whole world on my shoulders
Money folder, much older, street soldier
KRS we will be here forever I told you

So turn the volume up

The devil's time is up
Turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
Up, up, up, up

Up on the last verse, blast first a Nazi
You know how long these industry fools trying to stop me
But they not me, they copies, they not free
I'm the pharoah, bow and arrow *[?]* they can't top me
The ancient one, I talk to *[?]* watch me
Laying on the set, these rappers turning punani
Cause they know they mocked me, now I'm in my armor
Spear to the throat, now what my name, Chris Parker
There's no computer screen, I am dope, you the fiend
Your name is what a loser mean, you on the losing team
I come back spitting raps, I am looking super clean
My name is what knowledge means, your name what stupid mean
Nightmare, right there, I don't fight fair
Man it's quite clear, you want the truth keep it right here
People always telling me these rappers are under me
That's true, I'm coming up on album number 23
Fuck with me, I don't sound like nobody, I'm no copy
I am no Gotti, a Nazi, I don't wait in no lobby
You know where to find me if you look look
These rappers are shook shook
Knowledge reigns supreme, my gats go buck buck

So turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
The devil's time is up
Just turn the volume up
Up, up, up, up

KRS-One Lyrics

"Stay Real"

Yeah
You know an artist paints with his mind, not with his hands
Wake up

It ain't easy being a lyrical legend
I'm the average old-schooler
I stay sharp with this lyrical weapon
My main art's in the spiritual section
But some dudes ain't hearing this lesson
So I buck shot with the smith and wesson
Clips go into the weapon
If I bring the Mac 10 from the west coast
I'm aiming it into your section
Rip rhymes with a Tech-Nine and a 40 Glock
When I'm teaching a lesson
I'll even bring an M1 and leave an impression
A mean one, a clean one, you never seen one
Til I sweep up with a machine gun
When the teacha come, you see them run
First I be coming with the peta guns
For my peace love and unity, I'ma have to see your funds
Why you be so dumb
You need to run, look around
My delivery is hot, like when the pizza come, don't fuck around

(You talk to em)

If you continue to ignore the word
You gonna go through the same deal
Rearrange your mind and hide, you speak out your word
You putting seeds in your brain field
Corporations treating you like sheep and like *[?]*
But KRS-One, he stays real
Listen to the teacher as he speaks out the word
You gonna rise if he stays real

(Watch this. Stay real)

It ain't easy being a lyrical icon
When I turn my mic on
Rappers start shaking like fiends when their pipe's gone
I'm squeezing the mic like a python, you got it quite wrong
The guru, step into the arena with the teacha and your life's gone
These rappers are immoral, they write wrong
KRS-One is immortal, is career is quite long
This won't take long, I'm spitting on mics cause I'm made for this
Be clear, I speak that lyrical hip-hop lyrical craziness
The bar-tender, the airbender, I spit you see the waviness

I don't criticize or knock nobody's style, but I'ma stay with this
The traditional and lyrical is everyday for Kris
I'll strip these beats down to their nakedness
Ain't nothing fake with this

(Stay real)

If you continue to ignore the word
You gonna go through the same deal
Rearrange your mind and hide, you speak out your word
You putting seeds in your brain field
Corporations treating you like sheep and like *[?]*
But KRS-One, he stays real
Listen to the teacha as he speaks out the word
You gonna rise if he stays real

They know that I'm spitting the truth everywhere
Or proof that I'm raising the roof everywhere
Off the top like I dont have any hair
Observe, you might just learn something here
My word is a clear, oh you forgot, 22, 45 uzi or Glock
I don't give a fuck if you choose me or not
First time fiends are new to this drop
Fail to receive when I *[?]* to the spot
Salutes all day when I cruise in the block
True, Fuck if you feel me or not
Don't claim to be a legend if you really a not
I'm real with the rock, skills are tight, real hip-hop, keep it real tonight
Got the will to fight, whether day or night
Gonna stay alright, cause I stay in the light
I'm the *[?]* and the hype man
I'm cooking and shaking and baking the mic
When I walk in, rappers jetting like they taking a flight
KRS-One, blazing the mic
Aight!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Medu-neter"

(feat. SUN-ONE)

Real spitters out there hold tight (Yeah)
Heaven sent me evidently
Positive lyrics ever ready
Spirit charged, never empty
Devils charms can never tempt me
The level they on could never dent me
The enterprise could never rent me
Keep the drive without the Bentley
I-N-N-O-C-E-N-T
Truth is hard but I speak it gently
Squeeze my shit 'til the clip is empty
Demons and angels, they all protect me
Goblins, goons they all respect me
Walk in the room with the instrumentals
Superior MC skills essential
Spit with a hit quick I was meant to
Trump your card and intellect you
I got drive, I will wreck you
Band on the fact, rappers I will check you
Disrespect you, disconnect you
Bring the tech to you and who you next to
Say what you want yo I don't care
My crew charge in like da-da-da-da
Now you laying on the floor over there
As you can see all the raw right here
You would have seen it if I toured last year
But that's ok I bring it all in here
Strictly queens, no whores in here
And got King Negus all in here
Ain't no beggars, we all got gear
Lions, chewing up the goats and the deers
You don't want truth, close your ears
God, the devils supposed to fear

Speak Medu-neter no less yes
Medu-neter no less yes
Medu-neter no less yes
Just speak medu-neter no less
Speak medu-neter, speak medu-neter

This that raw from the culture corp
You want that raw shit, we got some more
Come inside, lock the door
Some of y'all never heard hip-hop before
So here we go yo, the truth is short
Rappers be frauds like Manafort
You can see they amateurs

He ain't David, what you holding their banner for
David Banner, that's my boy
I can't wait for the day that we rap on tour
Back to the raw, my skills are better
Rap so sick I hope you're feeling better
Resurrector
They spit rap, I spit medu-neter
Medu-neter
Lyrical ruler holding a scepter
You diss love, love's gonna get you
Temple of hip-hop that's the school
I don't wanna learn, that's a fool
Ignorance, that ain't cool
I'm flowing, get in the pool
We teach the golden rule, while they hold a tool
The platinum rule while they act a fool
God is the headliner
So ignorance KRS-One is coming after you
Straight blasting you not asking you
Then pray over the body like a pastor do
To hell they dragging you
You front so hard you can't even look in back of you
Your history is gone but this is what I came to do
Bring it back to you
You know we devour cowards
When these rappers talk we are not empowered
All they do is shout it
They ain't master the P, they ain't 'bout it 'bout it
I mastered the power and I'm proud about it
This cypher is getting crowded
Uh huh
Uh huh
Yeah

Speak Medu-neter no less yes
Medu-neter no less yes
Medu-neter no less yes
Just speak medu-neter no less
Speak medu-neter, speak medu-neter

Ok
Look
Street runner, feet pumper
Everything hip-hop we cover
Some of the rappers in a deep slumber
KRS-One will hover
Over nearly everyone, you never seen a better one
I'm crazy with the letters son, you dealing with a veteran
I'm fly like a pelican, I reign 'til I'm wet again
I'm always a gentleman, show up with the venom and
[?] what you hearing now is the melanin
You can see now by stars who the better man
Temple of hip-hop, culture develop and

Peace, love and unity we selling them
Some of these dudes *[?]*
So in the interim we hit 'em with the minimal
Alpha omega, beginning and ending them
Raw shit, we gonna keep hitting them

KRS-One Lyrics

"Organize"

Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the mac and the Glock and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize
Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the tear gas and Glocks and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize

Realize that we have already been here before
Protests in the streets 'cause we seeing we all at war
Burning police cars and we shooting, looting these stores
You may not agree but you see they changing these laws
The only thing they understand now is our city burning
They acting like they shocked with these cops, they just learning
Seeing Mr. Floyd on the ground it got 'em squirming
Now we can see they are the Nazis, we the German blacks

Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the mac and the Glock and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize
Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the tear gas and Glocks and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize

Yeah we always wake up but then we go back to sleep again
In between the protests is when we be getting weak again
We hear about the looting, another shooting this week again
This give the police another excuse to hit the streets again
White police, black population could never be your friend
Our mothers and our fathers, they be seizing them
They the overseers, we the S-L-A-V-Es to them
We gotta rise to the level where we ain't needing them
Everybody

Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the mac and the Glock and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize
Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the tear gas and Glocks and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize

Yes you have to follow me, follow me, follow me
It's my philosophy that white law monopoly makes democracy hypocrisy

In a capitalist economy there's no democracy
I demand a return to my sovereignty, no apology
Independence, autonomy, no need to mommy me
I could run my own country if you could just stop bombing me
Give me my land back, give me my gold back
My heritage, my birthright, you outright stole that

Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the mac and the Glock and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize
Yes we have to organize, organize, organize
Do away with all the lies, all the lies, all the lies
They coming with the tear gas and Glocks and the 45
In between the protests we profess and realize

KRS-One Lyrics

"We Are The Gods"

New books, new facts, new hooks, new tracks
New tools, new gats, you fools should move back
Original boom bap, mystery school rap
Within the Pythagorean harmonics crowds, I move that
Whos that? The one who rocks this mic and a thousand others
For further evidence, you can check this very album cover
I'm about to smother the ignorance out you motherfuckers
You sleepin on this Teacha, let me get you out them covers
No time for sleeping, no choking, stay awoken
African still beat when the stick's broken
I'm flowing, mind open, chakras glowing
I realize the all seeing being is all knowing
[?] clean, no interruption *[?]*
From heaven we came from, so to heaven we going
We the first agriculturalists, we reap what we sowing
Know who you are, not just what the TV's showing

I came to find you, we are the gods!
I came to remind you, we are the gods!
Don't let them blind you, we are the gods!
The truth is inside you, we are the gods!

Grow up, feed the needy, avoid the greedy
No one but us look like Akhenaten/Nefertiti
Not the painted bust of Nefertiti, but the Nefertiti
On the temple wall seen by all in Ancient graffiti
Heed me, 33 years ago, god freed me
Then she said she needed me to spit the truth for her weekly
Freely, easy open mics now don't teach me
My face gets sweaty, palms get all greasy
I start flashing shit, all you see is feces
Written shit, spitting shit, KRS a different species
This boy beast, he's slow and he's low
That is the tempo, when you know you know
Rappers come and go always claim they run the show til they feel that
Thunder blow, straight from the mother flow, gutter flow
Faced with bullshit, I spit the other flow, but bullshits a
Fertilizer, maybe they'll help these brothers grow, I don't know

I came to find you, we are the gods!
I came to remind you, we are the gods!
Don't let them blind you, we are the gods!
The truth is inside you, we are the gods!

Queen mother, wake up. King father, wake up
You sleeping on this teaching, it's you I got to shake up
Wake em up, we the return of the Christ
Christ is not a man, it's a symbol of a community brought back to life

They got you looking for a red or white or blue savior
But here comes the black savior, Krishna gat blazer
Tongue sharp like that razor, original rap flavor
I speak in general terms cause I'm that major
Still got to paint you privately, don't lie to me
God is the Motorola mobilizing inside of me
My sheep know my voices, they choice and they flock to me
When knowledge reigns supreme, ignorance you not gon' see
Unite with me, and I'll unite with you
Don't fight with me, and I won't fight with you
Establish law, that's what we gotta do
The future's dependent on us, maybe this is not for you

I came to find you, we are the gods!
I came to remind you, we are the gods!
Don't let them blind you, we are the gods!
The truth is inside you, we are the gods!

KRS-One Lyrics

"Who You Are"

(feat. SUN-ONE)

Imma switch up on y'all real quick
Racists in these places only see me as cattle
But I'm more like D'Jango on the horse with the saddle
Put a racists head in the gravel with the burner
Harriet Tubman, John Brown and the one Nat Turner
I'm a learner, I keep my head in a book
So when a racist start talking I could never be shook
I can never be took because I'm knocking their block off
Like crack dealers used to say let's get this rock off

You're always blaming me
I'm not the enemy, you are

People ask why are you looting the stores
Why you burning down the business and city that's yours
First of all the city ain't mine it's yours
Democracy's a joke when capitalists write the laws
You critique my flaws and don't speak of yours
You only show the effects and never speak of the cause
I got no money, no help and no voice
With no way out I only got one choice
Brick through the glass, rock through the window
Tear gas moving anyway that the wind blow
Rubber bullets overhead, now we got to get low
But this was how slaves were treated from the get go
Robbery, invasion and rape
These are not criminal acts, these are the acts of the state
If you just waking up to this fact you a little late
For justice how long you think we gotta wait
Yeah, c'mon
Yeah, yeah, yeah, c'mon

You're always blaming me
I'm not the enemy you are
You're claiming unity
This time it's time you see who you are

Liberate you mind, living ain't a crime
Innovate the time, renovate the rhyme
Every line and rhyme you're using
Generates confusion and bring your people a revolution
Winning not losing
Helping not using
Oppression, aggression and hate we refusing
If you really want change rewrite the constitution
But that's the one solution that they are not doing
So we sharpen the blade, clean out the barrel

Pick up the rock and the bow and the arrow
Pull out the gas mask and the protest apparel
For justice Imma go into battle

You're always blaming me
I'm not the enemy you are
You're claiming unity
This time it's time you see who you are
Who you are
Who you are
You're always blaming me
I'm not the enemy you are
You're claiming unity
This time it's time you see who you are
Who you are
Who you are

KRS-ONE
IMAMCRU12

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Beginning"

Yo check your mic, let's check these levels
Check check check check
Ok word we got the sound, let me know when the break is coming in
Nah, there's no break I am just going straight through
Aight kick that shit

Heaven-sent I can prove this
Any crowd turn me up loud
KR will move this
Long before Easy- E is MC he was ruthless
Kickin rhyme, spittin 'rhyme, freestyle, I does this who's this
You don't know me homie I am the one and only
I turn you two into a toll and tell you, you owe me
You ain't gotta go to the past to know me homie
I'm KRS-One, my power is now add control
These rappers are phony and lonely
I catch 'em coming out of show me's
I don't Oscar or admire they baloney
No phony, I spit for the time from the mind
So when I spit on the head of course I am ahead of my time
Yes I am better with rhyme and it's evident I'm
The lyrically benevolent kind, this shit you never gonna find
I am spitting plenty medleys, this is work not a job
Rappers are crying like a boss or a verse they soft
That is when they get robbed and disappointment
They not anointed, I get em set up like an appointment
I spit the same heat you light the joint with, fire
Spit the truth no liar, heaven-sent this is higher
The might cooks, I write books, the heavyweight champion
This song becomes a knockout with the right hook
I am raw, meaning not cooked
These fake rappers heads are down
Because into the face of KRS they do not look
40 cal. style, rampampam like big drums
When I heat up the cup of the 420 it's done
Light up the Cheech with the Chong
I teach when I come
Knowledge reign is supreme
What these rappers is speaking is dumb
It's a treat when I come
I'm not what you used to
I'm the return of Khufu all over these tracks like Choo-Choo
I am the Guru, so when my teaching premiers it's Gang Starr
Hitting you and your man in the same car
These wack rappers, fuck who they are
KRS is like a hooligan, hittin' em all with the same bars
Hooligans, hittin em with the same bars
Yo' wack style just ain't ours, Venus to Mars

I'm teaching with bars, spitting these bars
But young'ns under 21 can't even get into these bars
So I don't blame 'em if they not seeing these bars
'Cause when I hit 'em with my universe all they seeing is stars
Speaking of bars when I spit one
You can see it's all about impact over and income
The big one, multi-directional and exceptionable
10 of my first 20 albums are all collect-able
You feel the heat when I am next to you
Truly legendary, underground undetectable and revolutionary
Most of what is going on today, you know we knew already
I try to teach our people of poverty
And took to many and shook to many
We can see what a curse is so I reemerge
So these young'ns who the first is
The minister, frying rap chickens like churches
And the worst is seeing your temperature taken by nurses
IV-bags, your family picking out hearses
It's like you at the ball-place center and you won't survive these verses
Sprite means spirit so I obey what my thirst is
The whole planet of this so called Earth is what my turf is
KRS-One...

Ok ok, hold on hold on, I got this
This shit is gon' be fire
Levels is on point
You sound good out here
Let's get this project started

KRS-One Lyrics

"Raw Hip Hop"

Let's go back (Let's go back, let's go back)
Back into time (Back into time, back into time)

Back in seventy-three in the borough of Bronx
Man, you couldn't be weak, man, you had to be smart
See, we talkin' 'bout streets, now we talkin' 'bout art
When we talkin' 'bout beats, man, we talkin' 'bout heart
We was rockin' a hard beat live in the park
Guns spark in the dark, it was all just a part
Of the eighties Bronx scene that created all
"How you know, KRS?" 'Cause I was there from the start
Sixteen-hundred Centric Avenue, that was the spot
Fifteen-twenty, hip-hop started right on my block
This original hip-hop whether you like it or not
I'm remindin' through this rhymin' 'cause you might have forgot

Drop on the spot, b-boys start pop
Live on the block, this is raw hip-hop
Drop on the spot, graf writers don't stop
Bottom to the top, this is raw hip-hop
Drop on the spot, MCs make it hot
Microphone pop, this is raw hip-hop
Drop on the spot, DJs on the chop
Cut, mix, scratch, this is raw—

See, when we would begin, think where the heroin in
They was really determined that we was never gon' win
But by lookin' within, we began to believe
That we was breakers and writers, DJs and MCs
We was so damn poor, we was eatin' free cheese
But that made us raw, we started eatin' MCs
This before the fees and the MTVs
When you walked in New York and your ears would freeze
Wildin' beats and *[?]*, my necks and Ts
Night-long BVDs, we was fuckin' with these
We was fuckin' with this, we was fuckin' with that
But when the eighties came in, we started fuckin' with crack
And along with the crack came a big ol' gat
And along with the gat came a big ol' stack
'Cause if you ain't had that, you was the next to get jacked
This the way that it was, I'm just takin' it back

Drop on the spot, b-boys start pop
Live on the block, this is raw hip-hop
Drop on the spot, graf writers don't stop
Bottom to the top, this is raw hip-hop
Drop on the spot, MCs make it hot
Microphone pop, this is raw hip-hop

Drop on the spot, DJs on the chop
Cut, mix, scratch, this is raw—

This the way that it was, this the way that it went
Man, you had to survive, caught up with the rent
When the nineties arrived, eighties' money was spent
All them dudes that was live? To the prison they went
And the dudes that survived? They began to repent
Then they realized in rap, there was money to get
So gangstas became rappers, rappers became gangstas
Fake became the real for the payment

KRS-One Lyrics

"Krazy"

Yeah

My lyrics is crazy
They must be crazy
My lyrics is crazy

Kris is the Pharaoh, with bow and a arrow
We double the barrel gorilla apparel
The mightiest pharaoh don't think of a battle
My lyrics is comin' so crazy
Spittin' immaculate the actual factual front to the back of you
Clappin' and crackin' you hackin' the mac for you
Look at them laugh at you
Lyrics is coming so crazy
Spittin' with me now you see what I am teaching
Your mind I am reaching with all that I'm teaching
That love and that peace and it never will weaken the truth I am speaking is crazy
Truth I am speaking get used to repeating
The youth I am reaching
With proof of this teachin' I speak for a reason
So they can believe in the truth of MCin' it's crazy
Crackin' the back of these rappers
I'm passin' these actors, I'm faster
Spittin' metal natural rippin' clubs forever
We be coming better, spreading love forever, crazy
You hearing a pro, I'm spittin' the flow that you know
Higher level thinking I come to show
Knowledge of self is a thing you must know
You see what they playing, they steady betraying
The culture we making, exploiting and taking
Look at them faking what we are creating
Now you mistakin' what's real and what's fakin'
This thing they do for the money they making
They sell out their people, their culture, their nation
Sell out their soul for a radio station
So they could be playing in heavy rotation
You see what I'm saying, our culture they taking
But that's not enough, it's our spirit they breaking
And only the culture can see what I'm saying
'Cause only the culture will see them betraying
You see what they playing, you see what they saying
And you can not see us, our people they slaying
Well, maybe you do, and then maybe you don't
And then maybe you will and then maybe you won't
But it's our community, that's who's at hope of
The greed and the crime and the police are chokin'
The TV is playin' that okely-doke while our people are dyin'
You seein' them choke with that cheatin' and lyin'

They tellin' our people, now this is they hope
But did anything change with the last vote?
The time before that did we pass something?
All we've been getting is Chapter 11
While racists with weapons are shooting our reverends
A message from Heaven with all that you getting
Get understanding, overstanding this lesson
With all of the blingin' and cash that you getting
You stumble for sure it's the poor you neglecting
The thieves and the liars they all in your section
I'm bringing my people in different directions

Crazy
My lyrics is crazy
I'm coming so crazy
Ha, they must be crazy

Yo
So here goes another my sisters and brothers
It's obvious KRS ain't like these others
I've been out the bed while they under the covers
I spit off the head while they babble and stutter
Not three and not two but the one is my number
I'm spitting my written I tour every summer
With every year I get younger and younger
But some want to doubt and continue to wonder, is crazy
They continue to blunder, is crazy
They continue to slumber
What I'm teaching is what I'm expressing
I'm teaching the streets that the mind is a weapon
Like anything you can perceive in perception
It's what you will manifest all in your section, it's crazy
Set up your own direction, crazy
Don't get caught up on complexion, crazy
This is that reason I'm spitting and books getting written
'Cause you be forgetting, it's crazy

Crazy
My lyrics is crazy
I'm coming so crazy

KRS-One Lyrics

"Can You Dance"

Can you dance?
I wanna see everybody on the dance floor right now
I'm 'bout to put you all on the test
Let's go!
Do you know the dances?
Do you know the hip-hop dances?
Let's see

This one is the raw for sure, takin' no chances
Bringin' back them old-school dancers, here's the answers
Whether you remember or you're new to this endeavor
Dance is a major part of this culture forever
What are we preservin' if the children ain't learnin'?
Culture ain't about just numberin' and just wordin'
Sometime you gotta show the culture and the art
Let's start with the Biz Mark dance—come on, everybody

After the Biz Mark, the party 'bout to get sparked
This is that moment you get live, get courage, get hard
I spit art, I'm one of a kind, they not me
I'm digitally underground like Shock-G
Speakin' of Shock-G, when I jump, we jump
That's Kris Kross but I'm talkin' 'bout Humpty Dump
When you up, you up, what? This is your chance
Come on, everybody, let's do the Humpty Dance, let's go!

Whoo

Now that was the Humpty, now let's get it chunky
Like Biz used to say, "Yo, let's get funky"
Funky with the funk flow, we don't stop
Right about now, we gonna take it to the wop
Remember the wop? Feet slide, shoulder drop?
We did it in the clubs, we even did it on the block
Ready, set, go—stand on your spot
Take it to the top, come on, y'all—let's do the wop

Watch this

Woppin' non-stop in hip-hop and we drop it
We ain't even get yet to poppin' or lockin'
It's shockin' how many dance moves we came in
Obviously me and the ancestors got the same gift
The same lift, the same rift and the same spliff
Like Bob Marley said, "When the music hits, it's painless"
You can't tame this or hate this, you gotta love me
Come on, y'all, let me see you do the dougie

Whoo
That's right
That's right
This that part where we go freestyle
Some of y'all doin' the Cabbage Patch
Some of y'all doin' the Running Man
Let me see what you got, come on
Freestyle!
Free, free, freestyle, come on, y'all
Yeah, where all my b-boys at?
Where all my b-girls at?
Okay, we out

KRS-One Lyrics

"Achieving The Levels"

(Ok I see how you doin' it, that was dope
I got this gutter shit lined up, I know you ain't tired)

(What? Ha ha ha. Really?)

I ain't even tryin' or peekin'
I just ripped a club down last weekend
I'm no trick but I'm treating rappers like Halloween
They all costume no substance and that's what hollow means
They really empty like a lot of fiends
They holding a hundred but they don't really know what a one dollar means
They slaves to slave economies
Sellouts and traitors posing as hip-hop, we got a lot of these
So I be spittin' my philosophies with evidence
No doubt this is the route so why the hesitance?
Is it because I'm spittin' with divine intelligence and excellence and you hearing rhymes that are irrelevant?
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, KRS is how I'm spellin' it
The top one of the top five and that's the end of it
I judge my pen when I sentence it
Then imprison your mind with my penmanship, but here's some better shit
Get with me, you forgot? Let me jog your memory
I'm a poor righteous teacher and a public enemy
Fake ass DJs, they do not play or even mention me
I'm scary, revolutionary. Fake? I will never be
Real I'll forever be
I'm a whole different entity
I spit rhymes by the mouth and by telepathy
Health love awareness and wealth, that's the recipe
I'm 50 and 20 year olds can't match the energy
On stage I'm in a rage, yeah it's like 10 of me
Disrespect the teacher, you know the penalty
KRS-One, I'm from a whole different century
I'm paid in full so you can ch-ch-check out my melody
Murderin' mics, they chargin' me with a felony
But I can't be caught because the ancestors dwell in me
Movin' with hesitancy when you mentionin' me
I'm an original MC, get your T-I-C-K-E-T
The mic grabber, beat stabber, street grammar, heat blaster
I stay chunky and hungry so I eat faster
Gobble gobble gobble most rappers are hollow
So KRS-One becomes that hard act to follow
Hard beats, hard rhymes, hard cuttin'
"Wha-dot-dot-dot-dang!" gets the whole place jumpin'
This is that original Boogie Down Productions
Last of them true MCs that still function
Boom bap, boom bap
When the mic turns on, dudes be like, "Who's that?"
Crowd rushin' in, security's like, "Move back!"

Real skill, that's what a lot of you lack
I'm turnin' on my mic to reveal a new batch
Rappers say they great, but compared to Kris, who match?
Amber alert on the phone when you snatched
How you a DJ? You ain't even start from scratch

(Yeah I know you waitin', I'm just messin' with the reverb a little bit, just keep goin' and I'll tell you when to stop)

You still here? It ain't over yet
Knowledge reigns, so I'ma leave 'em soaking wet
If you listenin' to a legend, this is what you supposed to get
Real skill, my utmost respect, or a broken neck
Flawless rawness I pour this through the cordless, all this is lawless
I'm the tallest, people say, "Give me more Kris!"
You can't ignore this you know you saw this, the extensive tallest is flawless
We on this because dope is what they call this
So from the gutter the number one, he comes from under from the hood when the hood was a hood and it peaked in summer
We used to speak our rhymes to Funky Drummer
We called it The Dozens, a competition of words, jokes about your mother
Now knowledge reigning supreme like no other
The soul brother whose beats and words so gutter
No wonder this brother when he utters you don't blow
Not with the gun though, with the one flow, you like, "Fuck no!"
This no luck though, I'm one bro
You can now catch me teaching in Brick City at 55 Ludlow
Dudes be like, "Uh oh, we in trouble"
King of the jungle, no time to mumble, kingdom's gonna crumble
I step they stumble I bee like bumble a one-two to run to a traitor like fuck you and bring the truck through
I gets down but you can't see what I'm up to
I'm tacklin' rappers like, "Hut one! Hut two!"
When I come through

(Ok ok we good, let's change up the flow)

KRS-One Lyrics

"Knock Em Out"

Wooh, oh
Joe Riggs, what you saying

Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris

Yeah, I'm spitting truth, ain't nothing fancy
Fake — I can't be, with this microphone I'm handy
Radio and video bans me, they can't stand me
I'm the opposite of these hoes dancing in panties
Truth seeker, I write for people, not a grammy
The true Teacha, teaching about ancestors and family
The proof seeker, bringing evidence, not the fallacy
The new leader, bringing solutions to the insanity
This strategy avoid calamity and tragedy
Do not let technology run off with your humanity
I deal with reality, not Lemon or Hannity
This is why most of these rappers is not matching me
It's a catastrophe that got you looking at a screen
And the screen is showing you scenes of what your culture means
As for society and poverty, drug dealers and fiends
These ain't the images that tell you what your culture means
Rappers like KRS-One are nowhere on the scene
They promote rappers than contradict Dr. King's Dream
These acts are deliberate, they're part of the same scheme
Cops shot the kid, I still hear him scream
This ain't funny, so don't you dare laugh
Just another case about the wrong path
Straight and narrow or you will not last
Slick Rick told y'all, goodnight

Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris

Knock Em Out the box Kris, Kris already got this
This is what Hip Hop is, spitting my synopsis
A sellout? I am not this, pull out and cop this
Revolutionary topic right over the hot shit
Video is for your optics, that's why you watch this
But it can become hypnotic if you do not stop it
Your mind you must unlock it from their phony topics
Focus on the truth, with proof, use your logic
Words are like purpose, character, you got it?
Or got 'em, invisible forces, can you spot 'em?

The blind continues to lead the blind to the bottom
Destroying their cities like Gomorrah and Sodom
I rock 'em with truth 'cause Knowledge Reigns Supreme
Cops shot the kid, I still hear him scream
This ain't funny, so don't you dare laugh
Just another case about the wrong path
Straight and narrow or you will not last
Slick Rick told y'all, goodnight

Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris

Out the box Kris, like a stone I rock this
The beginner just eating dinner, no I am not this
I take it back to Schoolly D and Super Lover Cee
Steady B, I'm Three Times Dope or dope times three
You know me, I ain't stutter
Why do you think they never promote the original culture they putting us under
We all know the truth about Hip Hop and what it really is
But we sit and settle for what they peddle to little kids
I'm piping like a kettle, this mental man will flip your lid
Take it back to when we used to rap and DJs zig-a-zig
When you reverse EVIL, believe me people you really LIVE
Help, love or witnessing wealth, that's what I'm here to give
No I do not think of my self, I think of these future kids
Everything we doing today will determine how they live
Many DJs cutting and mixing but they ain't playing nothing
Many rappers, ripping and rapping but they ain't saying nothing
Corporate yelling, "Black Lives Matter!" but they stay fronting
That's why this Black Lives Rapper he keeps in way bumping
It ain't nothing, no assumptions, just facts
It seems Knowledge is Reigning Supreme and that's that
Bring it back, rappers rapping like we ain't under attack
They traders and our neighbors, which makes it doubly wack
Look at that while these corny ass rappers serving their fiends
Cop shot the kid, I still hear him scream
This ain't funny, so don't you dare laugh
Just another case about the wrong path
Straight and narrow or you will not last
Slick Rick told y'all, goodnight

Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris
Knock Em Out the box Kris, out the box Kris

KRS-One Lyrics

"I M A M C R U 1 2"

I M A MC, R U 1 2?
You spell it out as each letter I said to you
I M A MC, R U 1 2?
That's the title of the project that I'm sending to you
It's a message to MCs that whatever you do
Keep your skills tight, the future is depending on you
Never spit for only money or what they're handing to you
Spit for the people, try to predict what your man going to do
Get hungry on them, look at rappers with a cannibal view
I roll with an animal crew and we battled a few
But these days I'm spiting in a party after it's through
Cypher style, keeping it in with a spectacular view
You ain't attacking a crew, in fact we're clapping at you
I wish they would, so I could snap these rappers in two
I be rapping from the sound of the Kalamazoo
Smacking rappers around like the tennis racquets they do
I be spitting what's legitimate, factual, actual and true
Put the mic down for another sound, I am not going to do
I was there in the beginning, I'll be there when it's through
I M A MC, R U 1 2?

I M A MC, R U 1 2?
If you got a chance to spit it, what you gonna do?
I'm too hot to handle, too hot for fans too
When I spit my MC light, they say "we cram to understand you"
I stay hot like the Sudan do
Open your mind, I plan to
With real knowledge, nothing you can't do
Knowledge Reigns Supreme on these fakers I trample
Show up at the spot while they mumble and ramble
Pull out the wax, burn these rappers down like a candle
Watching them scramble, this is just a little example
The street teacher type, at the peak of height, the leader type
The street preacher type, culture keeper, divine speaker type
Truth seeker type, deeper type, seeking freedom type
The eager type, KRS-One, that's what he is like
Making sure the family eating right while we're seeking light
Real skill when I squeeze the mic you're gonna see tonight
146 and Broadway, that's the throwback
Broadway RT 86, that's where the show's at
Jump on the mic with no skill? You get your nose cracked
Me? I was drilling them, killing them, man, you know that
All Across 110 Street, Bobby Womack
Youngins saying "That's the OG, that's the ol' cat"
That's the teacher speaking that new rap and old rap
I'm giving you your heritage back, youngin, hold that

Uh huh

Uh huh

I M A MC, R U 1 2?
I like the sound of it
Only a few heads ever come around and shit
No getting around this shit, I'm pounding it
When I Ad Rock, I get so Beastie Boy I start growling spit
You drowning in it, my flow is like the OG Kush
You loving every ounce that you get
I made it out of the pit, no glam and no glit
This may be Run's House, but I'm the handyman pulling hammers real quick
You can't touch this, with a hand or a grip
Rappers avoiding the smoke like a cigarette after it's lit
I spit the tactical, mathematical, actual shit
After I spit, it's a grip I'm about to go get
Got skills? You a rapper? This the question for you
I M A MC, R U 1 2?
Turn to your friends, if they spit it, ask them too
I M A MC, R U 1 2?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Think Bigger"

(feat. G. Simone)

Gather round (oh yeah)
Think bigger
Think bigger
(This is about life)
Life
(Real life)
Real life
Your life
My life
Real life

Young and strugglin' out there buggin'
Let me sing a song for you
This song ain't for everybody, this is for the chosen few
Those that's born with purpose never worthless this is all for you
You hearin' me at this moment 'cause the spirit is calling you
Somethin' pressing inside revealing it's truth is calling you
But if you don't understand the acronym Simone brought to you
The media will lead your mind to do things you don't want to do
Like dissin' your own heritage and the lineage that belongs to you
This is what a colonists about, dissin' all of you
The past, the present, the future, and what you gonna do
It's not just about now, it's about tomorrow too
You are the cultural foundation of those that will follow you
Just like you model the past, the future gonna model you
So what from this era are you tellin' the future it has to do?
When the future looks back, will they really respect or laugh at you?
These are the real questions that real life will be asking you
But if you distracted by the temptations that they flashin' you
You won't see the opportunities that steady passin' you
This is why despite despite their criticisms I bring the class to you
Because culture ain't about now, it's about who comes after you

Think bigger
Think bigger
Think love

Hear me on this second take
KRS is never fake
Go ahead get your dinner plate
But let me now get somethin' straight
Ain't nobody hatin' on you youngins how you do your do
But you too young to see how these corporations are usin' you
Culturally abusing you, pickin' and choosin' you
Programmin' your mind through the music lines you cruisin' to
Think about the future you, the higher you, the super you
Or will the future you turn out to only be the stupid you?

Knowledge reigns supreme learn this theme it never goes away
The culture keeper, the teacher, this what I'm supposed to say
There's got to be a better way to hear our music every day
B-boys gettin' blown away but comin' outside anyway
We tried again outside in Cedar Park
Power from a street light made the place dark
But yo we didn't care, we turned it out
I don't know if you understand what I'm talkin' about
Remember Bronx River pullin' triggers countin' figures pourin' liquor
Lyric spitter shake and shiver glam and glitter
The mic mixer
I'm just a party ripper
OJ vodka sipper
Here's a little advice: think bigger

Think bigger
Think bigger
Think bigger
Think love
Think peace
Think life
Think free
Think bigger

IMMORAL TECHNIQUE
POLICE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Creation & Destruction"

Yeah
Haha
[Spanish:] Se ha cabado la mierda *[English: "The Bullshit has finished."]*
Bout to drop a def' cut
Yo, yo, yo, huh

Immortal Technique, disintegrates mic's when I spit
I cause more casualties than sunken slave ships
Full to capacity, I bring tragedy to rap without my man Kadafi
The government took Nazi scientists from Germany
To design nuclear rockets and ways of observin' me
'Cause their pathetic attempts, didn't work to murder me
When this country was conceived, these bastards never heard of me
But now I hold the souls of slave masters eternally
Bleeding internally, burnin' D, durin' surgery, verbally
'Cause I'm a spiritual witch
Devils are incompatible
I've been around since the planet was inhabitable
I spit in the ocean and created microscopic animals
Which involved into two species, the righteous and the cannibals
But until then, I had alien women suck me off
When God said "Let there be light", I turned it the fuck off
And that's the reason that the earth is only 5 billion years old
I made the sun shine, and permitted time to unfold
The surface was lava, but when I stepped down, it became cold
Fuck what you've been told
My spiritual form became a swarm of molecule sickness
Manifested liquid trapped inside a mountainous region
Until the skies starting raining, continuous seasons
Immortal Technique, at long last, reincarnated
Undebatable reinstated to leave you decapitated
Je suis fous, but my crazy words make sense *["Je suis fous" means "I am mad" in French]*
I'll split every pound of your body into six pence
I'm sick of simple similes about The Sixth Sense
I'll leave your body drenched in the blood of all your ancestors
You'll never be at peace, like the souls of child molestors
I'll cut you and bless your festering wounds with alcohol
Drown you in a clogged toilet, in a public bathroom stall
I'll rip you down, take a chunk of you home like the Berlin Wall
This is the final call, for all the rappers that wanna brawl
Immortal Technique, the wrong motherfucker to diss
'Cause I allow God to let you motherfuckers exist

Hahahahaha yeah, real oh
We about to crash somethin' now, yo
Yo, yo, yo
I'm the stronghold on your neck that doesn't let you breathe

Stronger than the fake image of God in which you believe
More dangerous than your ignorant ass could ever perceive
A European virus, mutated in Africa, overseas
Transported by mosquitoes and fleas to where you live
So lock yourself in your house with your wife and your kids
You're such a bitch, somebody probably made you out of a rib
My arrest record just scratches the surface of what I did
My bid locked me up and brought my life to an end
I was forgotten, abandoned by my bitches and friends
You don't want beef with people like me so don't pretend
I'll resurrect your aborted baby and kill it again
You get no props in hip-hop like feminine men
I'm iller than any plague God gave Moses to send
You wanna make amends, 'cause I'm the reason that the earth shakes
Burying your fam like Central American earthquakes

Immortal Technique
Harlem to Canada
Lyrically damage ya
[Spanish:] Te dije que se ha cabado la mierda *[English: "I told you the bullshit would end."]*

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Dominant Species"

[Intro]
Yo, in a hundred years form now
Everyone who's living on this planet will be dead
So it's inconsequential really
All the shit that you talk
All the bullshit that you stand for
It's more important what, what your ready to build
What you're ready to pass down to your children
What you're ready to create
You better fucking remember that
When you challenge a mother fucker like me
Remember, I'm the dominant species

[Verse 1]
I'm stuck inside the future and life is chaotic
The government is psychotically racist and robotic
The matrix of entrapment is socio-economic
Erotic conspiracy theory becomes reality
Life is war, and every day's a battle to me
I'm on the brink of insanity, between extreme intelligence and split personalities
But I elevate to the point of reversing gravity
Revolutionary conceptuality spitting out of me
Even the dead people in my family tell me they proud of me
Stupidity's not allowed by me
Cause I don't got time to play
I'm the black whole lyricist that'll take your shine away
Darkness at any time of day
I'm the Technique and your nobody so what you trying to say
Stellar density becomes your physical alignment
1.8 billion tons per square inch confinement

[Chorus]
Yo, yo, yo, I drop knowledge so heavy it leaves the world unbalanced
Exterminate the spiritual force of all that challenge
I'm the lyrical apocalypse that crumbles the granite
Replacing you as the dominant species on the planet

[Verse 2]
Yo, yo, lyrically I'm infinite like possibilities
But you don't have the capability like infertility
Cause opening your mouth to question my validity
Is like trying to contradict the theory of relativity
When I spit is the epitome of heavy artillery
My enemies are obsessed with me like the bitch in Misery
But break out like father running form responsibility
Every time I step and abuse the mic with versatility
I balance humility, with brutal instinct

I'll make your whole cypher look like those crackers from N'Sync
And I don't care about your link, or your luxury car
I shed light with more magnitude than all of the stars
La Brea tar pit thick
So don't ever talk shit
And remember something nigga, while you rave and rant
A roach can live for nine days without its head but you can't

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
I'm explicit like video tapes of conjugal visits
Some niggas are too stupid to understand it like astrophysics
Technique is exquisite
I'll make your thoughts a victory
Get pessimistic with the quickness
If you think that I will just become another statistic with anything but success
When I bless the mic as I spit this
Specifically prolific with Kaposi's Sarcoma-type! sickness
My style is like a ten year old child with a slit wrist, too much reality
For the fucking hit list
I got a Black Panther mentality with a spick fist
So you can get dissed
Even if you're locally gold, vocally bold, or globally
Multi-platinum sold
I'm emotionally cold, disciplined, and ready to kill
Like spirits in the same room with you, I'm giving you chills
I drop knowledge while these mother fuckers clumsily spill
And I drop it so heavy, it leaves the world unbalanced
Exterminate the spiritual force of all that challenge
I'm the lyrically apocalypse that crumbles the granite
Replacing you as the dominant species on the planet

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Positive Balance"

(feat. Big Zoo)

[Intro]
Big Zoo, uh
Technique, uh
Positive balances, uh, uh

[Verse 1 - Big Zoo]
Pound for pound
I'm the most positive when I bust mine
The Zoo adds on like a plus sign
Addition, that's the key in the ignition
With no pause, I propel to pole position (Vroom!)
Ahead of the pack, light years ahead of the wack
I give a fiend a Good Book, instead of the crack
That's the gold mine, negativity can't hold mine
The black bear's headed for the gold mine (look out, look out)
And then I'm positive as Showtime
I make negative MC's switch styles in no time
They change teams, rhyme about kings and queens
Instead of how they sellin' work to fiends
Then I, switch thugs into soldiers
Those that have given up on God to praise J Hova (Damn!)
The rap Ice Age is over
And positivity protects the Z boulder boulder

[Chorus - Immortal Technique w/ Big Zoo ad-libs]
Yeah, you know how it goes, positivity, yeah
My opinion is solid ground but your a common hater
Splitting and dividing on numbers like a denominator
Third-eye navigator movements are necessary
Everything you see in videos is secondary
You need positivity like you need respect in jail
Because without balance you'll be making negative record sales
Neg-neg-negative record sales, ziga-zam, Technique, like this

[Verse 2 - Immortal Technique]
I jerk off inside books and give life to words
Leaving concepts stuck together you probably never heard (what?)
I love when people think I'm psychologically disturbed
Cause it means I overloaded their neurological nerves
Rappers try to serve me with disgusting incompetence
But I keep it positive with ultimate dominance
Meditating with Native Americans close to Providence
I speak to the spirits of ancestors at pow-wows
But rumor has it that you getting raped like Lil' Bow Wow
Now listen industry motherfuckers, don't get offended
Remember, that I'll bring an end to your pretender agenda

And render contenders dismembered, bend the fabric of time (what? what?)
And put your soul in a blender
You living a lie like thinking Jesus was born in December
Instead of catering to labels, something gotta give
I'll rip the electrons out your body and make you positive
I seen a lot of kids come and go with marketing gimmicks
Because without balance, you don't last more than a minute
This ain't a game, I'll beat the shit out you at the line of scrimmage
I rock shows in the ghetto, nigga you stuck in the village
I wanted to spit on the radio since I was eleven
But I can't afford the pay-ola for Hot 97's
So I make paper underground, and I'm soon to blow
Moving tapes like Biggie's ghost at Bad Boy studios
[Biggie - Hypnotize sample]

[Chorus]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Getaway"

[Immortal Technique]
Yo yo, son give me that newspaper

[Friend]
Yeah aight, here you go

[Immortal Technique]
Man, I hate this one yo. You know the Post is always on some bias racist bullshit, man. Word I mean on the daily news

[Friend]
[Laughs] word, I feel you

[Immortal Technique]
They ridiculous man, times are better but they still on some bullshit

[Friend]
[Laughs] I know that man. (Hiss)

[Immortal Technique]
Another nigga killed by these fucking cops, yo!

[Friend]
What? Word? Psh

[Immortal Technique]
See that's why I gotta get the fuck outta here man, I need some peace I need something like that or I'ma just start blasting! These fucking pigs man

[Friend]
I feel you, son *[laughs]*

[Immortal Technique]
For real, yo

[Friend]
Yo son, fuck it then. Let's do something man, let's see some mamis out there

[Immortal Technique]
You know what? Matter fact pack the bags

[Friend]
Aight then

[Immortal Technique]
Start the fucking whip up, I'm outta here yo for real
Yo, I hate my job so I always look to a better day

Far from New York City on a tropical getaway
But not in Miami cause these white Cuban Anti-Castros can't stand me
And that's the reason I'll never win a fixed up Latin Grammy
After this racist Latinos'll goddamn me
But my Black people love me
And when I go to South America people'll be tryna hug me
Cause I talk about reality that effects them
And even though I blew up I could never neglect them
What kind of a revolutionary action would that be
I be categorizing practically every other MC
But never that cause I'm clever with facts
Sever your raps
Fake players and thugs
Will forever be whack
I'm still rolling with my squadron
Heavily strapped
And even if I get killed I'll enviably be back
Encyclopedia Hispanic are over digital dat
Don't ever compare me with small minded criminal cats
I kill kids on tracks like Dale Onhart
Spit in your face and leave your cheekbone with a burn mark
I was born a genius but I learned to be street smart
My vacation just started
I'm out to the Caribbean swimming in Dominican women the color of cinnamon

You motherfuckers wish you had the lifestyle I'm living in
[Laughs] Yo, yo

[Repeat 2x]
East coast to West coast and everything in between
This is dedicated to everybody chasing they dreams
This ghetto fabulous life really ain't what it seems
But I'ma make it cause I got survival stuck in my genes

[Immortal Technique talking]
Word up (word), Immoral Technique representing Harlem all the way to my fam in Englewood. I'm out motherfucker *[Laughs]* The ghetto way nigga

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Top Of The Food Chain (Remix)"

(feat. Poison Pen)

[Intro: Immortal Technique + (Poison Pen)]

(Uptown, haha) Immortal Technique, Poison Pen
We the top of the food chain motherfucker
Stronghold in it, yo
MC's are just figments of my imagination (tell 'em)
They don't have to be dissed (tell 'em)
I just stop thinkin about them (tell 'em!)
And they cease to exist (tell 'em!)
Don't get me pissed pussies

[Hook: Poison Pen]
Desolate easy Jesus{?}, while they squeezin heaters
You better? Then please defeat us
Ladies is teacher squeezers, they pleased to meet us
Top of the food chain, still roll with bottom feeders
My tongue new in late modern English, I'm from the side with heaters
Always comment on your side as beepers
It ain't no joke, baby the bell is broke
Just holla out the window if you tryin to reach us

[Poison Pen]
Poison Pen for you ballers and bammers
Walk up in the spot, metal detectors went bananas
Stronghold! It's Bronx swingin, give me dap 'til my palm's stingin
Grab your bitch - and make a porn feature
Come out your mouth, that's a nice shirt to bleed on
They only use yo' ass to fuck and roll trees on (BUCK, BUCK, BUCK!)
It's on, your block, your street
Niggaz so puss and they don't speak, they queaf
When you run shit, Stronghold shit
I need a chain I can jump rope with
And Bed-Stuy got 'em, word I'm like Zeus without the eye problem
Some neck without the pearl spot, or it ain't rockin the most
Chicken spots, even if tots got they eyes on your necklace
My life is this flick, and y'all are extras
I double more blocks than Tetris, we perfectionists
And wouldn't have it, any other way, yeah

[Hook]

[Poison Pen]
Pen Pen nigga look good
My flow's a couple of retarded niggaz too dumb
With an impact on hip-hop
Like LL walkin into Def Jam screaming out BOX!

[Immortal Technique]
Immortal Technique, top of the food chain
I'll split your wifey's head open, just to get me some brain
I spit venomous thing with Poison Pen
Destroy the sun and in eight minutes you'll never see day again
Pray for your friends but me and God'll just laugh at you
Tell you to shut the fuck up, and rain acid on you
Break down your molecules and spiritually damage you
Haven't you got the picture yet?
Motherfuckers like you are easy to disrespect, cause you're only a thug
When you on the internet you can't compare your dialect to Tech'
Because you lack the chromos'
I'm a Neo-Sapien, but y'all are still actin like homos

[Hook (replace "heaters" with "Ninas" in first line)]

[Poison Pen]
If you talk {?} high, you get your mouth punched in
Stronghold is my house nigga, greasy apartment
My legions are foul, you eat he crapped out
Ain't never seen no trees in my mouth
Poison Pen magnitude eight-point-three
The hottest shit this side of the Gaza Strip
Alongside many gangs in rap arouses
That point and click without red browsers
Look out it's the 80's all over again it seems
Long hair, denim suits and big tanks, and glitz
We don't look for hoes so they scoop us
Tell your bitch to bring nothin to my crib but, pussy and a toothbrush
And a camcorder, y'all could all relate
They treat my nuts like imported grapes
That's how it is at the, top of the food chain
Poison Pen, Technique and - all y'all better take turns sleepin

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Beef And Broccoli"

Look, let me make something abundantly clear for people
that are so bereft of activities
they feel like they gotta comment on every one of mine
First of all, being a vegetarian should never be associated
with being a revolutionary or being open minded, that's a dietary choice
If someone wants to proliferate the type of ignorance
we're supposed to be fighting by thinking that, you're just fucking yourself
I don't go around promoting beef and poultry shoving it in peoples faces
I don't castigate people for not eating steak sandwiches
And I would never diss someone for being a fucking broccoli head
or living off radishes or eating grass with tofu
I like a lot of vegan cuisine but the illogicality
of expecting everyone to adopt your particular idea
of what being healthy is, is just preposterous
I've seen some of you herbivores, and if you wanna argue health
y'all need to eat some kind of supplement
because some of y'all are so skinny that it's disgusting
Lookin like the only hip hop motherfuckas on Schindler's list
Being a malnutrition ass got nothing to do
with being revolutionary or being on point
I'll be damned if I let somebody else push their agenda on me
You know, I don't eat pork, not cause I'm a Muslim
I just don't really like it, but I really will fuck a bird up
And fish is good when that shit is fresh
It's like my nigga Vast Aire from Can' Ox said
If you don't like the smell of burning meat, then get the fuck off the planet
You know, I don't criticize people for eating moss
And don't open your fuckin mouth about my food man
I like beef and broccoli motherfucka, mind your God damn business
Matter of fact, you know what? I'm out
I feel like a some aronco pollo, a banana daiquiri
and a motherfuckin bistelpanado

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"No Me Importa"

Look I ain't never been afraid to tell how I really feel
Nunca, I think everybody should know that
Yo creo que todos debemos de saber eso
Fuckin' ought to know, yo
I gotta tell these chicks a lot of times, mira
Tu estas actuando en una manera muy mala
Bien mala y no me importa ya, I gotta let ya know
Let 'em know. Here we go, digale a la gente, primo
Gotta let you know for real. Son drop that

[Verse I]
Siempre me encuentro con la mujer equivocada
A superficial mami con la alma comprada
Yo I'm sick of stupid chicks que hablan de nada
Let's got to my house conversacion acabada
Yeah we can fuck but you gotta go after manana
You walking bowlegged porque te deje clavada
Don't ever talk shit about niggaz and get enojada
There's a reason that you never been properly amada
Cause you fuck niggaz and suck dick como si nada
Para la porqueria and save the drama
Don't come to the fucking club con una actitud mala
You've been drinking too much Bacardi and smoking lala
Escuchame senorita, if you don't respect yourself
Don't expect respect from anyone else
Don't expect un hombre to support you with wealth
Go to college and be successful, do it for delft
Nunca vas a ser shit without knowledge your self
Mamis with cultural ineptitude are bad for your health
That's the type of mujer that I put back on the shelf
And go back to the pack crowd to look for somebody else

Adios, check it

[Hook]
We keep it moving properly
No me importa lo que haces, ain't no way of stopping me
Moving through property, like I own every monopoly
Smoking broccoli, compartiendo ideologies
Pero solamente pasa on special occasions
When beautiful intelligent mamis stay blazing
(Stay blazing!)

Y ahora for you motherfucking niggaz
Yo... si

[Verse 2]

Immortal Technique the resurrected Che Guevara
But y'all cats are just a bunch of fake Tony Montana
I bring drama like revolucion Cubana
And block stages like my last name was Santana
Como puedes comparar your anterouch to my squad
You motherfucker is faker than resurrection full of bud
Don't try to be hard cuz I don't stress faked fellas
I'll burn your house down and empty the clip of tu abuela
Mucha gente try to convince everyone that they trife
Hablando mierda but you never shot a gun in your life
Siempre gritando how you keep it real in the cife
But most of your rappers can't even keep it real with your wife
I'll sacrifice you puto cabron for running his mouth
Car-jack you and kidnap you in front of your house
And while you tied up by that shotgun while I'm driving down south
I'll push the pedal to setenta and kick you the fuck out
Solamente to look back and have something to laugh about
I doubt that you really want Technique as an enemigo
Fuck with me I'll make your people turn up desaparecido
My estilo es Chupa Camaro Y Zapatista
I'm a revel soldier murdering rap artistas
Colombian neck-tile MC hasta la vista
Taking over the fucking country like socialita

Cobardes, yo

[Hook]
We keep it moving properly
No me importa lo que haces, ain't no way of stopping me
Moving through property, like I own every monopoly
I'll broad your fucking brain out and spread your philosophy
This is if te pones celoso motherfucker is watching me
I don't make threats bitch lo que hablo es prophecy

De verdad, para que toda la gente sepa que no me importa
Cuanta mierda ustedes hablan o cuanta mierda
I still be on my job. Forever, I'll still be here
I'll still be doing my thing. Para siempre. Cojudo
Para siempre. I'll be in anybody's parade
Immortal Technique, se ha acabado la mierda..

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Revolutionary"

[Men talking]

Yo load the fuck up (locked and loading)
You too (locked and loading sir)
Remember break that window when that cop comes in
and blow that motherfuckers head off
[multiple gun shots] (Got him)
Yeah load it up again cause these motherfuckers
are gonna come back for us. (Were ready)
We gotta be prepared in this day and age, we gotta
be prepared for whatever comes the fuck at us. (Word up)
Cause we are living revolutionarily. (Definitely)
You cannot second guess yourself in these days and times
there gonna throw whatever they can at you and you gotta
be prepared for it, you gotta be prepared for anything

[Sample of Malcolm X]
"If liberty or dead,
there's freedom for everybody or freedom for nobody!" *[crowd cheers]*

[Hook]
No matter what the fuck life throws at me
I continue to make it threw indefinitely
Immortal technique defeats the odds repetitively
Until there ain't shit ahead of me competitively
Surviving the tough times is imperative to me
Looking at the whole world revolutionarily

[Sample of Malcolm X]
"They don't want to hear you old uncle tom handkerchief
hand talking about...uh thee *[inaudible]*, no."

Technique will force you into strategical retreat
Because I dominate guerrilla warfare in the streets
There ain't no way to picture me without a victory speech
When I reach higher positions
Without the recognition of pissed on competition
Cause I conquered there ambitions
In a systematic form like a religionist tradition
My mission is to take you, lyrically break you
Lyrically assassinate you
Lyrically incinerate your body and recreate you
To destroy the power that mentally incarcerates you
Cause even though I rip it better I could not forsake you
Your my people with the same oppressors so how could I hate you
The revolution of the mind that bring lee generates you
But when you come original people impersonate you, start to hate you

Cause the conflict is building within the ultimate sin
Is to be ashamed of your skin
My rhymes are like Jamaican over proof I make the room spin
Intoxicated flow I bleed vodka and brandy
Don't make me choke you down like Jon-Benet Ramsey
Something demands of me to rip this fucking shit uncannily
God commanded me to be a technological disease
And psychologically do battle with the best emcee's
Inaudible these in technique
Cause I'm the capital of revolutionary nation that's infallible
Aztec like the Hannibal
Rip your heart out of your chest and feed it to the cannibal's
Your just a fucking animal but I'm the Neo Sapien
Cause my original civilization was based upon creation
You know theirs no escaping even though your heart is racing
I'll put your best disciple on academic probation
Fuck the litigation, fuck the best rapper nominations
And fuck the president I voted for assassinations
I'm saying fuck the federal bullshit investigations
Fuck the cover up of ghetto radiation extermination
Using my people for experimentation
And if doesn't play hip hop then fuck your radio station

[Hook]

[Sample of Malcolm X]
"Revolutions overturn systems, revolutions destroy systems!" *[crowd cheers]*

Yo what the fuck happen to reality spitting rhyme slayers
These days everybody trying to be a thug or a player
Where did all the real motherfuckers go in the game
Bring back the break dancers and graffiti writers with fame
I remember hip hop before the mic cunt clapping
Cause I used to drink forties with more flavor then these rappers
Lyrical ego trips doesn't make fortification
Your not dope enough, spit self glorification
So don't jerk me around cause my name ain't masturbation
Life is hard it'll leave you scarred cause I been threw shit
If you consider rap a job I suggest that you quit
Don't you understand the audience will listen and dance
In the club, crib or car or whatever they get the chance
To be emancipated start debating justice in the cipher
Why do you think project rooms look like the cells in Riker's
I'm explaining the significance or the reason behind it
There preparing your children for the prison environment
When you don't amount to shit prison becomes retirement
But I refuse to be took in to central booking in chains
Cause sleeping on the floor in cages starts to fuck with your brain
The system ain't reformatory, it's only purgatory
Close to hell but I rebel as begin to sparkle out
And tell my people how we fell into the trap that we live in
Because they locked us up in ghetto's and began to rape my women
So I leave the system Unforgiven like East Wood

Cause I was bless with lyrical strength to do whatever I could
You should of seen it coming long ago when you were very young
My word is through the father, holy spirit and his fucking son
Cause when I grab the mic device in front of Christ and start to rip it
I'll make Jesus turn around and say "yo pop this nigga flipped it"
So talk about whatever and be what you wanna be
But don't mistake the way I break the faith for simple blasphemy
Cause through the highest frequencies in the NYC
I'm crushing 97.1 percent of MC's

[Hook]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Dance With The Devil"

[Verse 1]
I once knew a nigga whose real name was William
His primary concern, was making a million
Being the illest hustler, that the world ever seen
He used to fuck movie stars and sniff coke in his dreams
A corrupted young mind, at the age of thirteen
Nigga never had a father and his mom was a fiend
She put the pipe down, but for every year she was sober
Her son's heart simultaneously grew colder
He started hanging out, selling bags in the projects
Checking the young chicks, looking for hit-and-run prospects
He was fascinated by material objects
But he understood money never bought respect
He built a reputation 'cause he could hustle and steal
But got locked once and didn't hesitate to squeal
So criminals he chilled with didn't think he was real
You see, me and niggas like this have never been equal
I don't project my insecurities on other people
He fiended for props like addicts with pipes and needles
So he felt he had to prove to everyone he was evil
A feeble-minded young man with infinite potential
The product of a ghetto-bred capitalistic mental
Coincidentally dropped out of school to sell weed
Dancing with the devil, smoked until his eyes would bleed
But he was sick of selling trees and gave in to his greed

[Hook]
Everyone trying to be trife never face the consequences
You probably only did a month for minor offences
Ask a nigga doing life if he had another chance
But then again there's always the wicked that knew in advance
Dance forever with the devil on a cold cell block
But that's what happens when you rape, murder and sell rock
Devils used to be gods angels that fell from the top
There's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot

[Verse 2]
So Billy started robbing niggas, anything he could do
To get his respect back, in the eyes of his crew
Starting fights over little shit, up on the block
Stepped up to selling mothers and brothers the crack rock
Working overtime for making money for the crack spot
Hit the jackpot and wanted to move up to cocaine
fulfilling the Scarface fantasy stuck in his brain
Tired of the block niggas treating him the same
He wanted to be major like the cut-throats and the thugs
But when he tried to step to 'em, niggas showed him no love

They told him any motherfucking coward can sell drugs
Any bitch nigga with a gun can bust slugs
Any nigga with a red shirt can front like a blood
Even Puffy smoked a motherfucker up in a club
But only a real thug can stab someone till they die
Standing in front of them, staring straight into their eyes
Billy realized that these men were well-guarded
And they wanted to test him before business started
Suggested raping a bitch to prove he was cold-hearted
So now he had a choice between going back to his life
Or making money with made men, up in the cife
His dreams about cars and ice made him agree
A hardcore nigga is all he ever wanted to be
And so he met them Friday night at a quarter to three

[Hook]

[Verse 3]
They drove around the projects slow while it was raining
Smoking blunts, drinking and joking for entertainment
Until they saw a woman on the street walking alone
Three in the morning, coming back from work, on her way home
And so they quietly got out the car and followed her
Walking through the projects, the darkness swallowed her
They wrapped her shirt around her head and knocked her onto the floor
"This is it kid, now you got your chance to be raw."
So Billy yoked her up and grabbed the chick by the hair
And dragged her into a lobby that had nobody there
She struggled hard but they forced her to go up the stairs
They got to the roof and then held her down on the ground
Screaming, "Shut the fuck up and stop moving around!"
The shirt covered her face, but she screamed and clawed
So Billy stomped on the bitch, 'til he broken her jaw
Them dirty bastards knew exactly what they were doing
They kicked her until they cracked her ribs and she stopped moving
Blood leaking through the cloth, she cried silently
And then they all proceeded to rape her violently
Billy was made to go first, but each of them took a turn
Ripping her up, and choking her until her throat burned
Her broken jaw mumbled for God but they weren't concerned
When they were done and she was lying bloody, broken and bruised
One of them niggas pulled out a brand new twenty-two
They told him that she was a witness for what she'd gone through
And if he killed her he was guaranteed a spot in the crew
He thought about it for a minute, she was practically dead
And so he leaned over and put the gun right to her head

[Sample from "Survival of the Fittest" by Mobb Deep]
I'm falling and I can't turn back
I'm falling and I can't turn back

[Verse 4]
Right before he pulled the trigger, and ended her life

He thought about the cocaine with the platinum and ice
And he felt strong standing along with his new brothers
Cocked the gat to her head, and pulled back the shirt cover
But what he saw made him start to cringe and stutter
'Cause he was staring into the eyes of his own mother
She looked back at him and cried, 'cause he had forsaken her
She cried more painfully, than when they were raping her
His whole world stopped, he couldn't even contemplate
His corruption had successfully changed his fate
And he remembered how his mom used to come home late
Working hard for nothing, 'cause now what was he worth
He turned away from the woman that had once given him birth
And crying out to the sky 'cause he was lonely and scared
But only the devil responded, 'cause god wasn't there
And right then he knew what it was to be empty and cold
And so he jumped off the roof and died with no soul
They say death takes you to a better place but I doubt it
After that they killed his mother, and never spoke about it
And listen 'cause the story that I'm telling is true
'Cause I was there with Billy Jacobs and I raped his mom too
And now the devil follows me everywhere that I go
In fact, I'm sure he's standing among one of you at my shows
And every street cypher listening to little thugs flow
He could be standing right next to you, and you wouldn't know
The devil grows inside the hearts of the selfish and wicked
White, brown, yellow and black color is not restricted
You have a self-destructive destiny when you're inflicted
And you'll be one of god's children that fell from the top
There's no diversity because we're burning in the melting pot
So when the devil wants to dance with you, you better say never
Because a dance with the devil might last you forever

[Hidden end feat. Diabolic]

[Immortal Technique]
Oh y'all motherfuckers thought it was over, huh? Well it's not.
You didn't count on a fallen angel getting back into the grace of god and coming after you.
Ya'll niggas ain't shit
Your producers ain't shit. Your fuckin' A & R ain't shit.
I'll fuckin' wipe my ass with your demo deal.
Yo, Diabolic, take this motherfucker's head off!

[Diabolic]
Go 'head and grip Glocks
I'll snap your trigger finger in six spots
You'll have to lip lock with hypodermic needles to lick shots
I'll watch you topple flat
Put away your rings and holla back
Can't freestyle, you're screwed off the top like bottle caps
Beneath the surface
I'm overheatin' your receiver circuits by unleashin' deeper verses than priests speak in churches
What you preach is worthless
Your worship defeat the purpose

Like President Bush takin' bullets for the secret service

Beyond what y'all fathom
I shit on cats and jaw tap 'em
Show no compassion like havin' a straight-faced orgasm
Tour jack 'em
Have his half-a-ten bitch suck my friend's dick
In the mean time, you can french kiss this clenched fist
Diabolic
A one-man brigade spreading cancer plague
Fist-fuckin' a pussy's face
Holdin' a hand grenade
So if I catch you bluffin'
Faggot, you're less than nothin'
I just had to get that stress off my chest like breast reduction

[Immortal Technique]
You motherfuckers are nothing, you cannot harm me
I'll resurrect every aborted baby and start an army
Storm the planet huntin' you down, 'cause I'm on a mission
To split your body into a billion one-celled organisms
Immortal Technique'll destroy your religion, you stupid bitch
You're faker than blue-eyed crackers nailed to a crucifix
I'm 'bout to blow up like NASA Challenger computer chips
Arsenic language transmitted revolutionarily
I'm like time itself, I'm gonna kill you inevitably
Chemically bomb you, fuck usin' a chrome piece
I'm illmatic, you won't make it home like Jerome's niece
I'll sever your head diagonally for thinkin' of dissin' me
And then use your dead body to write my name in calligraphy
This puppet democracy brain-washed your psychology
So you're nothing, like diversity without equality
And your crew is full of more faggots than Greek mythology
Usin' numerology to count the people I sent to Heaven
Produces more digits than 22 divided by 7
You're like Kevin Spacey, your style is usually suspect
You never killed a cop, you not a motherfuckin' thug yet
Your mind is empty and spacious
Like the part of the brain that appreciates culture in a racist
Face it, you're too basic
You're never gonna make it
Like children walking through Antarctica, butt naked

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Prophecy"

So you're the motherfucker they call....Immortal Technique.
What the fuck make you so special nigga?
Huh... what the fuck do you do?

I calculate planet alignment like Mayan astronomy
Discovering atrocities worst than Aristotle
Subjecting children to sodomy
Your theory of the galaxy is primitive like Ptolemy
The truth about the universe stuck up like Aztec pottery
Unpredictable results like experimental psychology
I stomp the streets with emcee's beneath my feet in colonies
But presentation and spirit revolve around autonomy
Searching for monogamy
And cutting fake bitches out of my mind like a lobotomy
So obviously I'm not gonna be here to play games
Walked the top of the world and leave the arctic circle in flames
Battle the beast and false prophet predicted in the King James
I give a fuck about your emcee name I don't admire you
Only by dental records will you be identifiable
Cause the future is not reliable
Remember when rap was not economically viable
Comparable to what motherfuckers think of me
I might be nobody but wait till I'm together like a symphony
Resounding sound that will continue infinitely
Angel of death punishing all those who live in infamy
And shine so far away from you
You'll never get a glimpse of me
Attempts to extinguish me don't even bother me none
Like retarded kids throwing ice cubes at the sun
A victory against Immortal Technique will never be done
Just degrees of losing it every second your adding one
Some niggas dream of pushing kilos but I drop tons
With more facts and formulas and philosophical logic
Than a basement full of scientists puffing on chronic
Dipped in mycin potassium cyanide and liquid bubonic
And use it as a sonic one to find the spawn of the demonic
Screaming like onyx is of absolutely no consequence
The poison is dense enough to clog up your arteries
Mercy is not a part of me
I cause you bodily injury permanently be simply verbally murdering me
Is inconceivable cause of the unbelievable evil injected inside
The blood stream of my people
And redemption is not located under a church steeple
The feeble and the meek in soul just like the technique
Will inherit the earth, But the earth will be weak
Mother earth in her decrepit terminal illness physique
The year three thousand is bleak no happily ever after

Just death following the Fourth Reich disaster, a legacy of bastards
With plastic explosives your futures been eroded
Cause you forgot that when your free it's multiplied indefinitely
By the struggle that be the struggle I see
To socialistically united the third world countries
Expose hypocrisy in Americas democracy
Sloppily obsessed with stopping me cause I speak prophecy
Trample and dismantle your capitalist philosophy
The same way I stomp the conquering rap monopoly
And I'm not a fucking prophet
But that's the fucking prophecy

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"No Mercy"

[Malcolm X in his famous speech "The Ballot or the Bullet":]
"Brothers and sisters...friends....and I see some enemies.
[Laughter and then applause]
In fact I think we'd be fooling ourselves if we had a audience this large and didn't realize that there were some enemies present."

[Verse One]
I'm a weapon that fires
Lyrical projectiles with no mercy
I'm cold blooded like reptiles
Touch a pregnant bitch and make her give birth to a dead child
Every time I flex styles
Niggas vacate the premises and become exiles
I manufacture rhymes like textiles of x-files
And lighten juveniles
Living life with no purpose
Organize a army that will make the devil's nervous
Competition is worthless
Like the electoral vote
If you provoke I'll break your motherfucking neck in a yoke
Your better off throwing your shitty life away sniffing coke
Technique will choke you into a spiritual state
And it will take a lake of hydrochloric acid to soften this
I'll fake your parents suicide and kill you in the orphanage
But I inspire ideological metamorphosis
Stop talking shit or I'll make your existence a memory
So you can have me frozen cryogenically for centuries
But I'll break the ice if anyone on the planet mentions me
I'll burn a hypocritical flag intentionally
Explosive revolutionary
Chemistry's my destiny

[Chorus: 2x]
No mercy is what I chemically bomb on enemies
Your life's a fucking mistake, technique is the remedy
Destroy you before you become what you intended to be
And in the future you'll worship those that descended from me

[Verse Two]
When I fight you I won't snipe you
I'll use a HIV infected needle to strike you
As well as anyone that vaguely resembles or looks like you
And just to spite you I'll force your children
At gun point to bite you
And rip a piece off
To start the beef off of the rest of your petty limited life
I'm coming at you to catch ya by surprising the sight

Nobodies stupid enough to back ya when tactically attack ya
Because my style is nasty like protruding bone fractures
And your a played out dirty pussy devil
Like Margaret Thatcher
But technique never get captured inside the rapture
Cause I mastered the art of causing natural disasters
You should learn the difference
In between the students and the master
My stature is the dispatcher of damaging decibels
And even though my starving people are considered expendable
I consecutively escape the racist corporate tentacles
I spit raw kinetic energy that's immeasurable
Retaliation for perpetration is unendable
Mercy is not extendible
I'll break your fucking brain down into psychological chemicals

[Chorus: 2x]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Illest"

(feat. Jean Grae, Pumpkinhead)

[Jean Grae]
Ayo, I burn my bridges with a blow torch
a rebel born from verbal holocaust
dirty and never try to clense to get the drama off
the swiftest stealth assassin snipe you
from balcony shots of terrorist position
professional from the opera box
rhyme documents infamous like the
Bill of Right, illa tight, having niggaz
open like the thrill of dykes Jean Grae
ya koo's a mass murderer, friends who got
the dirt on her, foes who never heard of her
wild style, my mouth gone to train up, I spit
Krolyon in five colours, when I speak I spray my
name up, split your wig up like Denny and Bruce
splash your remains and brains out on the street
like Henny and juice, noose your neck and loosen
your spine from back shift your spleen, rip till it's
just obscene, from down town spilling it, New York
illest who rip it ever, flow like a river fuck a girl
like a nigga what?

[scratches]

[Pumpkinhead]
I've been through Hell and back, scars swell
on my back, I spit bars, y'all spit repetative
raps, I'm a street dude, who decided to rhyme
with lines that'll crack the disc between your mind
and your spine, that's why, y'all wanna bite my design
and that's why, usually I hold the mic like a nine
pistol whip you on the side of your eye, watch it
pop out, we knock out cats, with the floors when
it rocks out, shocked out, like you driving in
a lightning storm, with the top down, we got
this locked down, like convicts on the run
getting shot down, we four times
gaining yards in the whole line, see me
and Tech we steadily building, and we about
to blow like the Oklahoma Federal Building
and all them niggaz get mad when we step in
the building, cause we make the crowd jump
and hit they heads on the ceiling, what?

[scratches]

[Immortal Technique]
I spit heat like the deserts of Saudi Arabia
bury competition like Mesopotamia, emanating
radiation pissing liquid uranium, I bring the rock
like European drunks in soccer stadiums, I'll
split your cranium with perfect symmetry lyrically
if your not the illest, then you don't deserve to
spit with me, OBS obliverating bastards
sacrilegiously, I sacrifice niggaz who
talk shit ritualistically, meticulously making
all my rivals suicidal like white suburban
kids on acid reading the Satanic Bible
my arrival is genocidal, like Christopher
Columbus, exterminating racism of whack
MC's that walk among us, I've just begun to bust
I'll make this place, open gondela
these racist cops wanna lock me longer then
Nelson Mandela, pissed off, I'm making hella
paper, East to West coast, and I treat the law in this
country like a mother fucking joke, cause if I'm
willing to smoke the president, while he's sniffing his
Coke, you know it don't mean shit to me
to cut a fucking cops throat

[Immortal Technique talking]
Yea, Jean Grae, Pumpkinhead, Immortal Technique
DP-one, tell 'em what the fuck we about to do

[scratches]
sh..sh..sh..shit on the whole industry

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Speak Your Mind"

[Intro]
You have to speak the truth
You have to speak your mind

[Verse 1]
Every time I speak my mind I'm lyrically critical
The pinnacle of being revolutionarily pivotal
Beyond anything ever studied thats metaphysical
Man fuck a minority, I'm not politically minimal
But obviously terminologies that are statistical
Are manufactured to be unequivocally subliminal
Transmitted by monopolized media visuals
So I riddle hypocritically pitiful criminals
Habitually utilizing typical rituals
With false pretense in attempts to be spiritual
TO individuals who believe in biblical miracles
Instead of themselves, because they're not thinking original
And the color of their skin makes them feel invisible
Like microscopic miscarriages lynched wit the umbilical
Only a fuckin imbecile would think their uncorrectable
Cause your susceptible to becoming more than a spectacle
Remember that your flesh your blood and you body are dissectable
Ill beat you until your vegetable
And wake up in a hospital covered in poisonous chemicals
In a fetal position wit your face sewn to your testicles
Thinkin that you were kidnapped by extraterrestrials
You got heart? I'm the blood that pumps in your ventricles
Technique, I'm like ya soul nigga.. indispensable
Wit no respect for those that cower at the hour of revolution
Cause the government owes my people restitution
Instead of sedatives like cocaine and prostitution
Conclusion is that you'll have to violently silence me
Cause I raid the airwaves of cutthroat piracy
In school my teachers blinded me
But now I can see
I'm mentally and revolutionarily free
Broadening Horizons about what my people could be
If we wasn't set up to get shot locked or OD
You see families bleed because of corporate greed
And monopolizing weed is virtually impossible
So it wont be legalized and thats another obstacle
But I'm still rollin up pocket fulls of tropical
The governments involved directly so its unstoppable
Like a nuclear rocket full of biochemical toxins that invade the ecological
Improbable that the average intellect could understand
So I encrypted this into hip hop thats in high demand
and spread it through the ghetto of every city like contraband

Stomp a man of any complexion with a devilish nature
Cause I'm tryin to save the earth, but your just next in line to rape her

IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Point Of No Return"

[Talking]
Yeah... It's that real this time around
Immortal Technique... Revolutionary Vol. 2
It's on now motherfucker..
Lock and load!

[Verse 1]
This is the point of no return I could never go back
Life without parole, up state shackled and trapped
Living in the hole, lookin' at the world through a crack
But fuck that, I'd rather shoot it out and get clapped
I've gone too far, there ain't no coming back for me
Auschwitz gas chamber full of Zyklon-B
Just like the Spanish exterminating Tainos
Raping the black and Indian women, creating Latinos
Motherfuckers made me out of self-righteous hatred
And you got yourself a virus, stuck in the Matrix
A suicide bomber strapped and ready to blow
Lethal injection strapped down ready to go
Don't you understand they'll never let me live out in peace
Concrete jungle, guerrilla war out in the streets
Nat Turner with the sickle pitch fork and machete
The end of the world, motherfucker you not ready
This is the point of no return and nobody can stop it
Malcolm little when he knelt before Elijah Muhammad
The comet that killed the dinosaurs, changing the earth
They love to criticize they always say I change for the worse
Like prescription pills when you miss-using them nigga
The Templar Knights when they took Jerusalem nigga
And figured out what was buried under Soloman's Temple
Al Aksa the name is not coincidental
I know too much, the government is trying to murder me
No coming back like cutting your wrist open vertically
How could a serpent be purposely put in charge of the country
Genetic engineered sickness spread amongst me
My people are so hungry that they attack without reason
Like a fuckin' dog ripping off the hand that feeds him
Immortal Technique is treason to the patriot act
So come and get me motherfucker cause I'm not coming back

[Hook]
This is the point from which I could never return
And if I back down now then forever I burn
This is the point from which I could never retreat
Cause If I turn back now there can never be peace
This is the point from which I will die and succeed
Living the struggle, I know I'm alive when I bleed

From now on it can never be the same as before
Cause the place I'm from doesn't exist anymore

[Verse 2]
This is the point of no return nigga you better believe this
Mary Magdalen giving birth to the children of Jesus
The evolution of the world, bloody and dramatic
Human beings killing monkeys to conquer the planet
The kingdoms of Africa and Mesopotamia
Machine gunnin' your body with depleted uranium
This is the age of micro chips and titanium
The dark side of the moon and contact with aliens
I started out like Australians, criminal minded
Broke into hell, tore it down, and built a city behind it
SouthPaw, murderous, methodology nigga
Remember that I'm just a man don't follow me nigga
Cause once you past the point you can never go home
You've got to face the possibility of dying alone
So tell me motherfucker, how could you die for the throne?
When you don't even got the fuckin' heart to die for your own
It rains acid, one day the earth will cry from a stone
And you'll be lookin' at the world livin' inside of a dome
Computerized humanity living inside of a clone
This is the place where the unknown is living and real
Wormwood the planet X and the seventh seal
Universal truth is not measure in mass appeal
This is the last time that I kneel and pray to the sky
Cause almost everything that I was always ever told was a lie

[Hook]
This is the point from which I could never return
And if I back down now then forever I burn
This is the point from which I could never retreat
Cause If I turn back now there can never be peace
This is the point from which I will die and succeed
Living the struggle, I know I'm alive when I bleed
From now on it can never be the same as before
Cause the place I'm from doesn't exist anymore

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Peruvian Cocaine"

(feat. C-Rayz Walz & others)

[Intro: from the film "Scarface"]
[Host:] I've heard whispers about the financial support
your government receives from the drug industry.

[Guest:] Well, the irony of this, of course, is that
this money, which is in the billions, is coming from
your country. You see, you are the major purchaser of
our national product, which is of course cocaine.

[Host:] On one hand, you're saying the United States
government is spending millions of dollars to
eliminate the flow of drugs onto our streets. At the
same time, we are doing business with the very same
government that is flooding our streets with cocaine.

[Guest:] Mmm-hmm, si, si. Let me show you a few other
characters that are involved in this tragic comedy.

[Beat starts]

[Two Men Speak in Spanish]

[Immortal Technique - Worker]
I'm on the border of Bolivia, working for pennies
Treated like a slave, the coca fields have to be ready
The spirit of my people is starving, broken and sweaty
Dreaming about revolution (REVOLUTION!) looking at my machete
But the workload is too heavy to rise up in arms
And if I ran away, I know they'd probably murder my moms
So I pray to "Jesus Cristo" when I go to the mission
Process the cocaine, paste and play my position

[Pumpkinhead - Cocaine Field Boss]
OK, listen Juan Valdez, just give me my product
Before we chop off ya hands for worker's misconduct
I got the power to shoot a copper, and not get charged
And it would be sad to see your family in front of a firing squad
So to feed your kids, I need these bricks
40 tons in total, let me test it, indeed I *[sniff]*
Shit, this is good, pass me a tissue
And don't worry about them, I paid off the officials

[Diabolic - Peruvian Leader]
Yo, it don't come as a challenge, I'm the son of some of the foulest
Elected by my people...the only one on the ballot
Born and bred to consult with feds, I laugh at fate

And assassinate my predecessor to have his place
In a third-world fascist state, lock the nation
With 90% of the wealth in 10% of the population
The Central Intelligence Agency takes weight faithfully
The finest type of China white and cocaine you'll see

[Tonedeff - American Drug Distributor]
Honey I'm home, nevermind why our bank account's suddenly grown
It's funny, we're so out of this debt from this money we owe
Would've ya...mind if I told you I had two governments overthrown
To keep our son enrolled in a private school, and to keep ya tummy swollen
C'mon, our fuckin' home was built on the foundation of bloody throats
The hungry stolen of they souls, of course this country's runnin' coke
I took a stunted oath to hush the one's who know
But CIA conducts the flow of these young hustlers who lust for dough

[Poison Pen - Drug Dealer]
I don't work in the hood (Hit my connect)
Plus what's really good, they supply for the hood
These dudes fucking crack me up, scrutinize like we inferior
Petrified when we meet in my area (calm down)
My dude's'll shoot until I say so, got the loot?
Give me the YAY YAY like Ice Cube, so don't play with my llello
We won't stop for you bastards
Must choose (?), chop it and bag it

[Loucipher - Undercover Police Officer]
Taking pictures and tapping phones
Debating snitches and cracking codes
Past a couple, blast the fo',
Want any hustler stacking dough with probably crack the blow
And my overtime is where your taxes go
I gain your trust
Get you to hand weight to us because we paid up front
On the low with cameras taping ya
Getting pop away? The prison sentence is going to
Make the officer leave with two ki's out the evidence room

[C-Rayz Walz - Prison Inmate]
Out the evidence room *[Said with Loucipher]*
Went my fame, truck, boat or plane, they watching you
You think you got work? They copping too
We control blocks, they lock countries
Ya own companies, we had nice cars and sneaker money
Now there's players out there, talking 'bout the holding
With bugs in they house like they down South with windows open
Your dough ain't long, you wrong, you take shorts and (?)
Feds will be up in your mouth...like forks and spoons
So enjoy the rush, live plush off Coke bread
Soon you'll be in a cell with me, like Jenny Lopez
In school, I was a bully, now life is fully a joke
I keep a flow on a boat for Peruvian Coke
Players do favors for governors and tax makers

Fat Quakers smoke crack and sex acts with bad mayors
The walls got ears, you big mouths probably scared
Not prepared to do years like Javier

[Immortal Technique Speaking]
The story just told is an example of the path that
drugs take on their way to every neighborhood, in
every state of this country. It's a lot deeper than
the niggas on your block. So when they point the
finger at you, brother men, this is what you've got to tell them:

[Wesley Snipes - from "New Jack City"]
I'm not guilty. YOU'RE the one that's guilty. The
lawmakers, the politicians, the Colombian drug lords,
all you who lobby against making drugs legal. Just
like you did with alcohol during the prohibition.
You're the one who's guilty. I mean, c'mon, let's kick
the ballistics here: Ain't no Uzi's made in Harlem.
Not one of us in here owns a poppy field. This thing
is bigger than (Immortal Technique). This is big
business. This is the American way.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Harlem Streets"

[Verse 1]
Yeah.... Harlem streets stay flooded in white powder
Like those motherfuckers running away from the Twin Towers
Gun shots rock the earth like a meteor shower
Bowling For Columbine, fair, giving the media power
Innocence devoured like a chicken spot snack box
Government cocaine cooked into ghetto crack rock
Corrupt cops false testimony at your arraignment
Check to check, constant struggle to make the payments
Working your whole life wondering where the day went
The subway stays pakced like a multi-cultural slave ship
It's rush hour, 2:30 to 8, non stoppin'
And people coming home after corporate share croppin
And fuck flossin, mothers are trying to feed children
But gentrification is kicking them out of their building
A generation of babies born without health care
Families homeless, thrown the fuck off of the welfare

[Hook]
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?

[Verse 2]
It's like Cambodia the killing fields uptown
We live in distress and hang the flag upside down
The sound of conservative politicians on television
People in the hood are blind so they tell us to listen
They vote for us to go to war instantly
But none of their kids serving the infantry
The odds are stacked against us like a casino
Think about it, most of the army is black and latino
And if you can't acknowledge the reality of my words
You just another stupid mother fucker out on the curb
Trying to escape from the ghetto with your ignorant ways
But you can't read history at an illiterate stage
And you can't raise a family on minimum wage
Why the fuck you think most of us are locked in a cage
I give niggaz the truth, cause they pride is indigent
You better off rich and guilty than poor and innocent
But I'm sick of feeling impotent watching the world burn
In the era of apocalypse waiting my turn
I'm a Harlem nigga that's concerned with the future
And if your in my way it'd be an honor to shoot ya
Up root ya with the evil that grows in my people
Making them deceitful, cannibalistic and lethal

But I see through the mentality implanted in us
And I educate my fam about who we should trust

[Hook]
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?
Homicide Harlem, BLAOW!, what's the problem?

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Obnoxious"

Asshole
Don't know me

I'm obnoxious, motherfucker can't you tell
Run through Little Havana yelling, '¡Viva Fidel'
Jerking off with the sheets when I stay at hotels
Drinking Bacardi at AA meetings, smoking a L

I'm broke as hell, my attitude is no good
Like working for white people after watching Rosewood
So I'm a mercenary, I don't care how I get richer
Like American companies that did business with Hitler

Get the picture, nigga? I'm the best of both worlds
Without the hidden camera and the 12-year old girl
Let's face it, you're basic, you aren't half the man that I am
I'll throw your gang sign up, and then I'll spit on my hand

Give me a hundred grand, give me your watch, give me your chain
That's your girl? Bitch, get over here, give me some brain
I'll bust off on her face, and right after the segment
She'll probably rub it in her pussy, tryna get herself pregnant

I said it I meant it, that's the way I deal with enemies
Like pro-lifers that support the death penalty
And don't talk about war when niggas know that you're puss
A fucking hypocrite draft-dodger like George Bush

Don't push me, nigga, 'cause I'm close to the edge
And I'll jump of with a rope that's wrapped around your head
Send a dead fetus to my ex on Valentine's Day
The safety's off nigga, so get the fuck out my way

Obnoxious nigga, murderous lyrics
I know that you hear it
Now that I'm getting closer and closer I know that you feel it
You're eating off rap, and I hope you choke on your gimmick
Niggas said hip-hop was dead but I'm invoking the spirit
We're taking it back in the day to the Golden Age
When wack motherfuckers used to get thrown off stage
Immortal Technique, I made this to bump in your ride
Or burn it off the Internet, and bump it outside
Nigga, we're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
We're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
Burn it off the fucking Internet, and bump it outside

Yeah, nigga

Look motherfucker, my words damage and slaughter
A raging alcoholic like the president's daughters
Disgusting flow like third-world-country tap water.
But before I hit the border, someone give me a quarter

'Cause I'mma prank call, cop shot just for kicks
Payback for every time that they called me a "spic"
And Puerto-Rican chicks told me that I fuck like I'm loco
And Dominican women call me the 'Rompe Toto'

They call me "ocioso", I'd rather get fired than quit
I get unemployment, you work, and we making the same shit
How dare you niggas criticize the way that I spit
You coffee-shop revolutionary son of a bitch

But you know what the fuck I think is just pathetic and gay
When niggas speculate what the fuck 'Pac would say
You don't know shit about a dead man's perspective
And talking shit'll get your neck bone disconnected

Disrespected niggas don't show no love
Why you tryna be hardcore, you fucking homo-thug
And don't be sensitive and angry at the shit that I wrote
'Cause if you can take a fucking dick, you can take a joke

I'll choke your friends in front of you, to prove that you've fallen off
And you won't do shit about it, like the Church during the Holocaust
Kalashnikov machine gun flow that I fire
Obnoxious until they shoot me on the day I retire

Obnoxious nigga, murderous lyrics
I know that you hear it
Now that I'm getting closer and closer I know that you feel it
You're eating off rap, and I hope you choke on your gimmick
Niggas said hip-hop was dead but I'm invoking the spirit
We're taking it back in the day to the Golden Age
When wack motherfuckers used to get thrown off stage
Immortal Technique, I made this to bump in your ride
Or burn it off the Internet, and bump it outside
Nigga, we're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
We're keeping it live, we're keeping it live
Burn it off the fucking Internet, and bump it outside

Damn, homie, in high school I beat the shit out of you and your man, homie
Your girl wanna blow me and don't even know me
She lonely and she thinks you're a phony
I'll take a piss on a development deal from Sony, or Def Jam
'Cause you're like all of the rest man
This ain't a verse, it's shit talk at the end of the song
And you can suck a dick if you think I ended it wrong
Fuck you and I'm gone

Peace to the Stronghold, EOW
Word-A-Mouf, Forbidden Chapters
IAK niggas, Wax Poe, killin' you slow
The Plague, I'll murder a show
You don't even know
Yeah, foul play nigga
Harlem!

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Message & The Money"

[Immortal Technique]
Before we go any further..
I would like to send a message to all the underground mc's out there, working hard
The time has come to realize you networked in a market
and stop being a fucking commodity
And if you didn't understand what I've just said then you already waiting to get fucked
For example; a lot of these promoters are doing showcases
throwing events, and not even paying the workhorses
They trying get us to rock for the love of hiphop or rock for the exposure
Now look man, I don't mind doing a guest spot for my peeps
Or, or, or doing a benefit show, but don't lie to me pussy
Coz I find out I'm paying your lightbill, I'm fucking you up nigga
Besides, you ain't doing this for the love, you ain't doing it for the exposure
you charging up to 10$ at the door, and you ain't tryin to give me shit??
So wait a minute... you want me to go shopping, cook the food, and put it in front of you
but you won't let me sit down and eat with you? The fuck is that?
Niggaz need to start playing their position, man. Just coz you throw a party
a hosting event or an open mic or a showcase, or a battle
that don't make you important at all
Without me and everybody like me out there
you ain't nutting but a good idea, motherfucker
So stay in your place

And to all these bitchass saronayas who are too lazy to come up with a way to sell records..
That they keep recycling marketing schemes and imagery
C'mon..
There is a market for everything man
There is a market for pet psychologists nigga. There is a market for twisted
shitfetish video's. For nipplerings, for riverdancing, for chocolate cupboard roaches..
But you can't find one for cultured hardcore reality and hiphop?
People like you: the house nigga executives
and them rich motherfuckers that own you; you the motherfucking machine man!
You and all these niggaz talking about the same shit
with the same flow over the same candy-ass beats
But I refuse the feed the machine
And Im not giving any magazine money
So maybe my album won't get 5 mics, or double-x-l's, or 5 discs
Whatever man, fuck it
But then again; you don't own me, and none of you niggaz ever will
If I'm feeling what you fight for I'm rolling with you to the end
But if not, then FUCK YOU!
And the more that mc's, producers, dj's
and independent labels start to grasp the conceptuality
of what their contribution to the business of hiphop is
rather then just the music - the more the industry will be forced to change

Oh, heh, and one last thing;

You don't have to agree with everything I've said
But don't ever be condescending to me
Picking up your wack ass friends that rhyme and being like
'Ow yeah, Immortal Technique - he's aaiight'
No nigga..
Your mom is pussy, that's aaiight, ok..
Your peoples getting shot dead in the street, that's aaiight
I'm the motherfucking Immortal Technique nigga! The message and the money!
And you ain't got either!
Remember that!
Punk ass motherfucker..

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Industrial Revolution"

[Verse 1]
Yeah nigga, Immortal Technique, metaphysics

The bling-bling era was cute but it's about to be done
I leave you full eclipse like the moon blocking the sun
my metaphors are dirty like herpes but harder to catch
like an escape tunnel in prison I started from scratch
and now these parasites wanna percent of asscap
trying to control perspective like an acid flashback
but here's a quotable for every single record exec
"get your fucking hands out my pocket nigga" like Malcolm X
but this ain't a movie, I'm not a fan or a groupie
and I'm not that type of cat, you can afford to miss if you shoot me
curse to heavens and laugh when the sky electrocutes me
Immortal Technique stuck in your thoughts darkening dreams
no ones as good as good as me, they just got better marketing schemes
I leave you to your own destruction like sparking a fiend
'cause you got jealousy in you voice like star scream
and that's the primary reason that I hate you faggots
I've been nice since niggas got killed over 8-ball jackets
and Reebok Pumps that didn't do shit for the sneaker
I'm a heatseaker with features that'll reach through the speaker
and murder counter revolutionaries personally
break a thermometer and force feed his kids mercury
ANR's tried jerking me thinking they call shots
offered me a deal and a blanket full of small pox
your all getting shot, you little fucking treacherous bitches

[Hook]
This is the business, and you all ain't getting nothing for free
and if you devils play broke, then I'm taking your company
you can call it reparations or restitution
lock and load nigga, industrial revolution

[Verse 2]
I want fifty three million dollars for my collar stand
like the Bush administration gave to the Taliban
and fuck packing grams nigga, learn to speak and behave
you wanna spend twenty years as a government slave
two million people in prison keep the government paid
stuck in a six by eight cell alive in the grave
I was made by revolution to speak to the masses
deep in the club toast the truth, reach for the glasses
I burn an orphanage just to bring heat to you bastards
innocent deep in a casket, Colombian fashion
intoxicated off the flow like thugs passion
you motherfuckers will never get me to stop blastin'

your better off asking Ariel Sharon for compassion
your better off banging for twenty points for a label
your better off battling cancer under telephone cabels
Technique chemically unstable, set to explode
foretold by the dead sea scrolls written in codes
so if your message ain't shit, fuck the records you sold
'cause if you go platinum, it's got nothing to do with luck
it just means that a million people are stupid as fuck
stuck in the underground in general and rose to the limit
without distribution managers, a deal, or a gimmick
Revolutionary Volume 2, murder the critics
and leave your fucking body rotten for the roaches and crickets

[Hook]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Crossing The Boundary"

Danger! Beat bandits, nigga!
Yeah. Harlem to Chicago to L.A., to Toronto, Philly, motherfucking Rio De Janeiro, nigga
Ha-ha. Cape Town, South Africa

I never make songs that disrespect women
Or that judge people about the way that they're living
But the way I am is based on the life I was given
Like them white boys: 'Losing My Religion'

I used to be a Christian and a political pawn
The Bible is right and all your native culture is wrong
Next thing you know you telling me 'bout making a song
Come in the studio, and tell me that I'm making it wrong

Pissed off 'cause reality is making us strong
Like the ghost of Timothy McVeigh making a bomb
'Ey yo Marvin Gaye, what the fuck is going on
These rap niggas made propaganda out of your song

But it's the gong show, amateur night at the Apollo
My dick is like my music, but harder to swallow
So children follow me, like the pied piper
And sing the chorus in the air, with your blunt in your lighter

Sing that shit nigga right now

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

The second verse is worse than the first in this respect
Scripted specifically to keep people in check
Harlem to Boston, real niggas spit with me
But Landspeed, you ain't fucking shit to me

And underground labels know that I don't trust you
You're only independent 'til you're major, so fuck you
And if you're pissed off 'cause you think that I dissed you
I'll rape your mom so we can make this a personal issue

'Dance With The Devil', remember that you're not on my level

Stupid, you're not ready, I won Disypher, Bragging Rights from Rocksteady
And practically every battle that they got in New York
And I still murder rappers on the street for sport

Doctor Guillotine cutting you short, little man
But you don't give me props 'cause I never won at Scribble Jam
Well, fuck you, I hope somebody you love dies, so fuck your crew
And fuck your family too
Technique said it bitch
What the fuck you gon' do?

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

Yeah. Wrap it up on these niggas. Wrap it up. Yeah

Immortal Technique incinerate degenerate fags
Burn Trent Lott, wrapped in his confederate flag
I got the Beretta with my face wrapped in a rag
So put the African slave jewelry in the bag

Motherfuckers tell me that a diamond is forever
What?
But is it worth the blood of Malcolm and Medgar Evers?
House niggas get your head severed trying to be thug
You don't concern me, I'm trying to hurt the people you love

Word of mouth is I'm in the club being sneaky
I'm like the body snatchers and your girl is getting sleepy
I'll murder you indiscreetly, right at the source
Like the Roman legionnaire that stabbed Christ on the cross

This is about Judo, it ain't about Jesus
And you shouldn't fucking talk about telekinesis
Nigga, please, moving shit with your mind
Try moving your moms out the projects with your rhymes

And next time, I'm coming after 'cual quiera' profanity
Fucking 'carajo maldita mierda'
Roll up 'de hierba, y pasala, para la isquierda'

Put the price up to listen to me pop shit
'Cause I got Martha Stewart giving me stock tips
Underground money with honeys up in the whip
Bangbus.com, nigga, fucking your bitch

Yeah, played yourself, nigga
Fuck all ya, you don't know shit about me
Why open your mouth and discuss who the fuck I am
I thought I told you niggas on volume one, I wasn't fucking around
You just slept, 'cause you sold a few thousand units in the golden era
When niggas would buy anything on the shelf
But those days are through, and you are through with them

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The 4th Branch"

[Talking]
The new age is upon us
And yet the past refuses to rest in its shallow grave
For those who hide behind the false image of the son of man
shall stand before God!!! It has begun
The beginning of the end
Yeah..
Yeah... yeah, yeah

[Verse 1]
The voice of racism preaching the gospel is devilish
A fake church called the prophet Muhammad a terrorist
Forgetting God is not a religion, but a spiritual bond
And Jesus is the most quoted prophet in the Qu'ran
They bombed innocent people, tryin' to murder Saddam
When you gave him those chemical weapons to go to war with Iran
This is the information that they hold back from Peter Jennings
Cause Condoleeza Rice is just a new age Sally Hemmings
I break it down with critical language and spiritual anguish
The Judas I hang with, the guilt of betraying Christ
You murdered and stole his religion, and painting him white
Translated in psychologically tainted philosophy
Conservative political right wing, ideology
Glued together sloppily, the blasphemy of a nation
Got my back to the wall, cause I'm facin' assassination
Guantanamo Bay, federal incarceration
How could this be, the land of the free, home of the brave?
Indigenous holocaust, and the home of the slaves
Corporate America, dancin' offbeat to the rhythm
You really think this country, never sponsored terrorism?
Human rights violations, we continue the saga
El Savador and the contras in Nicaragua
And on top of that, you still wanna take me to prison
Just cause I won't trade humanity for patriotism

[Hook]
It's like MK-ULTRA, controlling your brain
Suggestive thinking, causing your perspective to change
They wanna rearrange the whole point of view of the ghetto
The fourth branch of the government, want us to settle
A bandana full of glittering, generality
Fighting for freedom and fighting terror, but what's reality?
Read about the history of the place that we live in
And stop letting corporate news tell lies to your children

[Verse 2]
Flow like the blood of Abraham through the Jews and the Arabs

Broken apart like a woman's heart, abused in a marriage
The brink of holy war, bottled up, like a miscarriage
Embedded correspondents don't tell the source of the tension
And they refuse to even mention, European intervention
Or the massacres in Jenin, the innocent screams
U.S. manufactured missles, and M-16's
Weapon contracts and corrupted American dreams
Media censorship, blocking out the video screens
A continent of oil kingdoms, bought for a bargain
Democracy is just a word, when the people are starvin'
The average citizen, made to be, blind to the reason
A desert full of genocide, where the bodies are freezin'
And the world doesn't believe that you fightin' for freedom
Cause you fucked the Middle East, and gave birth to a demon
It's open season with the CIA, bugging my crib
Trapped in a ghetto region like a Palestinian kid
Where nobody gives a fuck whether you die or you live
I'm tryin' to give the truth, and I know the price is my life
But when I'm gone they'll sing a song about Immortal Technique
Who beheaded the President, and the princes and sheiks
You don't give a fuck about us, I can see through your facade
Like a fallen angel standing in the presence of God
Bitch niggaz scared of the truth, when it looks at you hard

[Hook]
It's like MK-ULTRA, controlling your brain
Suggestive thinking, causing your perspective to change
They wanna rearrange the whole point of view in the ghetto
The fourth branch of the government, want us to settle
A bandana full of glittering, generality
Fighting for freedom and fighting terror, but what's reality?
Martial law is coming soon to the hood, to kill you
While you hanging your flag out your project window

[Talking]
Yeah..
The fourth branch of the government AKA the media
Seems to now have a retirement plan for ex-military officials
As if their opinion was at all unbiased
A machine shouldn't speak for men
So shut the fuck up you mindless drone!
And you know it's serious
When these same media outfits are spending millions of dollars on a PR campaign
To try to convince you they're fair and balanced
When they're some of the most ignorant, and racist people
Giving that type of mentality a safe haven
We act like we share in the spoils of war that they do
We die in wars, we don't get the contracts to make money off 'em afterwards!
We don't get weapons contracts, nigga!
We don't get cheap labor for our companies, nigga!
We are cheap labor, nigga!
Turn off the news and read, nigga!
Read... read... read...

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Internally Bleeding"

Yea... Yea... Ay yo
The things I've seen in life will make you choke by surprise
Like an aborted fetus in a jar that opened it's eyes
Provoking my demise, I'll leave your spirit broken inside
Like the feeling of 50 million people hoping you'd die
And niggaz wonder why my heart is full of hatred and anger
Cause some bitch killed my first born son with a coat hanger
I strangled out the pain until my soul was empty and cold
Crippled and worthless, so I thought that it could never be sold
My mother told me that placing my faith in God was the answer
But then I hated God cause he gave my mother cancer
Killing her slow like the Feds did to the Black Panthers
The genesis of genocide is like a Pagan religion
Carefully hidden, woven into the holidays of a Christian
I had a vision of nuclear holocaust on top of me
And this is prophecy, the words that I speak from my lungs
The severed head of John the Baptist speaking in tongues
Like "Che Guevara" my soliloquies speak through a gun
Paint in slow motion like trees that reach for the sun
Nigga the preaching is done cause I don't got a DJ
Like Reverend Run, I curse the life of any man who kills
Benevolent ones, I never asked to be the messenger
But I was chosen to speak the words of every African slave
Dumped in the ocean, stolen by America
Tortured, buried, and frozen written out of the history books
Your children are holding, internally bleeding, cold blooded
Stripped of emotion, I go through the motions, but there's no
Life in my eyes, it's like I'm hooked up to a respirator
Waiting to die, hooked up to the fucking chair
Waiting to fry, soothing an electrocution currently used
In my execution, producing thoughts at the speed of light
Burning confusion, I'm loosing my sight, breathing is tight
The evening is white, I made my peace with the Lord and now I
Stand on his right..

Death is a another part of life..
These are my last words, I'm having difficultly breathing
Dying on the inside, internally bleeding
Angel of death dragging me away while I'm sleeping
Watching my world crumble in front of me, searching for meaning
These are my last words, I'm having difficultly breathing
Dying on the inside, internally bleeding
Angel of death dragging me away while I'm sleeping
Watching my world crumble in front of me, searching for meaning

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Cause Of Death"

[Talking]
Immortal Technique
Revolutionary Volume 2
Yeah, broadcasting live from Harlem, New York
Let the truth be known..

[Verse 1]
You better watch what the fuck flies outta ya mouth
Or I'ma hijack a plane and fly it into your house
Burn your apartment with your family tied to the couch
And slit your throat, so when you scream, only blood comes out
I doubt that there could ever be...a more wicked MC
'Cause AIDS infested child molesters aren't sicker than me
I see the world for what it is, beyond the white and the black
The way the government downplays historical facts
'Cause the United States sponsored the rise of the 3rd Reich
Just like the CIA trained terrorists to the fight
Build bombs and sneak box cutters onto a flight
When I was a child, the Devil himself bought me a mic
But I refused the offer, 'cause God sent me to strike
With skills unused like fallopian tubes on a dyke
My words'll expose George Bush and Bin Laden
As two separate parts of the same seven headed dragon
And you can't fathom the truth, so you don't hear me
You think illuminati's just a fucking conspiracy theory?
That's why Conservative racists are all runnin' shit
And your phone is tapped by the Federal Government
So I'm jammin' frequencies in ya brain when you speak to me
Technique will rip a rapper to pieces indecently
Pack weapons illegally, because I'm never hesitant
Sniper scoping a commission controlling the president

[Hook]
Father, forgive them, for they don't know right from wrong
The truth will set you free, written down in this song
And the song has the Cause of Death written in code
The Word of God brought to life, that'll save ya soul..

Save ya soul motherfucker...save ya soul..

Yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 2]
I hacked the Pentagon for self-incriminating evidence
Of Republican manufactured white powder pestilence
Marines Corps. flack vest, with the guns and ammo
Spittin' bars like a demon stuck inside a piano

Turn a Sambo into a soldier with just one line
Now here's the truth about the system that'll fuck up your mind
They gave Al Queda 6 billion dollars in 1989 to 1992
And now the last chapters of Revelations are coming true
And I know a lot of people find it hard to swallow this
Because subliminal bigotry makes you hate my politics
But you act like America wouldn't destroy two buildings
In a country that was sponsoring bombs dropped on our children
I was watching the Towers, and though I wasn't the closest
I saw them crumble to the Earth like they was full of explosives
And they thought nobody noticed the news report that they did
About the bombs planted on the George Washington bridge
Four Non-Arabs arrested during the emergency
And then it disappeared from the news permanently
They dubbed a tape of Osama, and they said it was proof
"Jealous of our freedom," I can't believe you bought that excuse
Rocking a motherfucking flag don't make you a hero
Word to Ground Zero
The Devil crept into Heaven, God overslept on the 7th
The New World Order was born on September 11

[Hook]

[Verse 3]
And just so Conservatives don't take it to heart
I don't think Bush did it, 'cause he isn't that smart
He's just a stupid puppet taking orders on his cell phone
From the same people that sabotaged Senator Wellstone
The military industry got it poppin' and lockin'
Looking for a way to justify the Wolfowitz Doctrine
And as a matter of fact, Rumsfeld, now that I think back
Without 9/11, you couldn't have a war in Iraq
Or a Defense budget of world conquest proportions
Kill freedom of speech and revoke the right to abortions
Tax cut extortion, a blessing to the wealthy and wicked
But you still have to answer to the Armageddon you scripted
And Dick Cheney, you fucking leech, tell them your plans
About building your pipelines through Afghanistan
And how Israeli troops trained the Taliban in Pakistan
You might have some house niggas fooled, but I understand
Colonialism is sponsored by corporations
That's why Halliburton gets paid to rebuild nations
Tell me the truth, I don't scare into paralysis
I know the CIA saw Bin Laden on dialysis
In '98 when he was Top Ten for the FBI
Government ties is really why the Government lies
Read it yourself instead of asking the Government why
'Cause then the Cause of Death will cause the propaganda to die..

[Man talking]
He is scheduled for 60 Minutes next.
He is going on French, British, Italian, Japanese television.
People everywhere are starting to listen to him.

It's embarrassing

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Freedom Of Speech"

Freedom of speech, motherfucker
Okay, something for the kids (hahaha)

[Pinocchio]
I got no strings to hold be down
To make me fret or make me frown
I had strings, but now I'm free
I got no strings on me

[Verse 1]
Step into the club smoothly with a L in my hand
Bitches know that I'm a freak like the elephant man
Intelligent plans
Fuck a record deal, I want development land
With my benevolent clan
And that's the reason that I only trust my fam
40,000 records sold, 400 grand
Fuck a middle man, I won't pay anyone else
I'll bootleg it and sell it to the streets my self
I'd rather be that than signed and stuck on a shelf
And because of this executives try to diss me
Racism frozen in time like Walt Disney
And now they say they wanna get me signed to the majors
If I switch up my politics and change my behavior
Try to tell me what to rhyme about over the beat
Bitch niggas that never spent a day in the street
But I repeat that nobody can hold my reigns
I put the truth on tracks nigga, simple and plain

[Pinocchio]
I got no strings, so I have fun
I'm not tied up when we need one
They've got strings but you can see
There are no strings on me!

[Verse 2]
I guess to America I'm a disaster
A slave that was destined to own his masters
Independent in every single sense of the word
I say what I want, you fuckin little sensitive herb
This is America, I thought we had freedom of speech
But now you want try to control the way that I speak
And O'Reilly you think that you a patriot?
You ain't nothing but a motherfuckin racist bitch
Fulla hatred, pressin a button trying to inject me
But I ain't got no motherfuckin deal with Pepsi
No corporate sponser telling me what to do

Asking me to tone it down during the interview
Tryin' to minimize the issue, but I'm keeping it large
I love the place that I live, but I hate the people in charge
Speakin is hard when you got strings attached
So I'm a say it for you 'cause I ain't got none o' that
And if you didn't understand what I spit at your brain
Aiyyo son, let this little nigga explan:

[Pinocchio]
I got no strings, so I have fun
I'm not tied up when we need one
They've got strings but you can see
There are no strings on me!

Come on son, y'all niggas know the way I do
Immortal Technique-dot-com live for you
And I know sometimes it be making you nervous
The way I snatch puppet rappers that belong in a circus
You motherfuckers just can't compare
Looking for a fan base that's no longer there
I know that you're scared, and you're hidin' up in the cut
But this is freedom of speech nigga, tell 'em what's up

Word nigga, fuck John Ashcroft! Nigga, fuck Fox News! Fuck those snake-ass bitches Tryin to manipulate your opinion, tellin you what to think
Word the fuck up, like "we invaded niggas 'cause we want to free them"
You racist motha fucka, you don't give a shit about those people
You can suck my dick!!
(hahahaha)

Another rum and coke at the bar, nigga
Its my day off, word up
Fuck, for the kids, (ha) for the kids (hahaha)
Beat Bandits

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Leaving The Past"

They told me I would never make it, I would never achieve it
Reality is nourishment, but people don't believe it
I guess it's hard to stomach the truth like a bulimic
It's a dirty game and nobody is willing to clean it
But this is for the paraplegic, people dreamin' of runnin'
Ladies married to men who don't please 'em, dreamin' of comin'
Verbally murderous like David Berkowitz when I'm gunnin'
Some cowards on the Internet didn't think I would sell
Scared to talk shit in person, 'cause they stuck in a shell
And couldn't understand the pain of being stuck in a cell
Hell is not a place you go, if you're not a Christian
It's the failure of your life's greatest ambition
It's a bad decision to blindly follow any religion
I don't see the difference in between the wrong and the wrong
Soldiers emptyin' their clips at little kids and their moms
Are just like a desperate motherfucker strapped to a bomb
Humanity's gone, smoked up in a gravity bong
By a democrat republican Cheech and Chong
Immortal Technique, you never heard me preach in a song
I'm not controversial, I'm just speakin' the facts
Put your hands in the air like you got the heat to your back
And shake your body like a baby born addicted to crack
And since life's a gamble like the craps tables at Vegas
I freestyle my destiny, it's not written in pages

I hate it when they tell us how far we came to be
As if our people's history started with slavery
Painfully I discovered the shit they kept a secret
This is the exodus like the black Jews out of Egypt
I keep it reality based with the music I make
Blow up the truth in your face with the style I run with
Like the Navy missile that shot down Flight 800
I'm like the Africans who came here before Colombus
And from the fifteen hundreds until after the morrow
I watch Latin America get raped in the sorrow
You see the Spaniards never left despues de Colon
And if you don't believe me, you can click on Univision
I never seen so much racism in all of my life
Every program and newscast, all of them white
It's like Apartheid with 10 percent ruling the rest
That type of stress 'll make me put the fucking tool to your chest
Step in my way nigga, I wouldn't wanna be ya
I burn slow like pissing drunk with gonorrhea
I'll do a free show in North Korea, burning the flag
While J. Edgar Hoover politicians dress up in drag
Try to confuse you, makin' it hard to follow this:
Capitalism and democracy are not synonymous

You swallow propaganda like a birth control pill
Sellin' your soul to the eye on the back of the dollar bill
But that will never be me, 'cause I'm leavin' the past
Like an abused wife with the kids, leavin' your ass
Like a drug addict clean and sober, leavin' the stash
Unbreakable Technique leavin' the plane crash
I'm out with the black box and I refuse to return
I spit reality, instead of what you usually learn
And I refuse to be concerned with condescending advice
'Cause I'm the only motherfucker that could change my life

Some people think I won't make it
But I know that I will
Escape the emptiness
'Cause that shit is slow and it kills
The flow and the skill
I made y'all believe that it last
You can make the future
But it starts with leaving the past

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"You Never Know"

(feat. Jean Grae)

[Immortal Technique:]
She was on her way to becoming a college graduate
Wouldn't even stop to talk to the average kid
The type of Latina I'd sit and contemplate marriage with
Fuck the horse and carriage shit, her love was never for hire
Disciplined, intellectual beauty is what I desire
Flyer than Salma Hayek or Jennifer Lopez
Everyone told me, kickin' it to her was hopeless
At first I just thought she didn't mess with broke kids
The thug niggas always talking about how they smoke kids
But the rich-sniff-coke kids got no play
"I'm not even interested" is what her body language would say
Everyone around the way gave up trying to get in it
It didn't matter how good your game was, she wasn't with it
On the block, bitches was jealous but wouldn't admit it
Talk shit, and deny to everyone that they did it, 'cause they regretted the long list of niggas that they let hit it
And no one ever gave them shit except McDonald's and did-dick
Smoking weed, with thoughts of envy whenever they lit it
She spoke intelligently and they bit it, always trying to copy
But when they tried to use her vocab they sounded sloppy
She had a style, all her own, respectful and pure
I was sick in the head for her, and there wasn't a cure

[Jean Grae:]
Don't you know that time waits for no man?
My fate, it's all planned
I'm blessed just to know you
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night
Can't find a reason why
God came between you and I
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

[Immortal Technique:]
Her eyes are brown and beautiful, yet empty and sad
I used to talk to her occasionally, and she was glad
That I wasn't just another nigga trying to get in it
So every now and then we'd stop and talk for a minute
I didn't have a gimmick, so the minutes turned to hours
On her birthday I gave her a poem with flowers
Then I took her out to dinner after her cousin's baby shower
We talked about power to the people and such
We spent more time together, but it was never enough
I never tried to sneak a touch or even cop a feel
I was too interested in keeping it real
Perfectly honest and complete

She would always call me "cariño" and never Technique
Bought me a new book to read every two or three weeks
Forever changing the expression of my thoughts when I speak
It was because of her I even deaded all of my freaks
She convinced me to stop hanging out on the streets
To stop robbin' and stealing from people like you
Instead I took her out to the Apollo and the Bronx Zoo
Museo del Barrio, and the Metropolitan too
Got to the point when I was either with her or my crew
So I decided one day to tell her my feelings was true
I couldn't live without her, so I told her, facing my fears
But honey's only response was a face full of tears
She could only sob hysterically, holding me tight
I tried to speak, but she wouldn't stop until I left sight
I felt like a moth who got himself too close to the light
Except I didn't burn, I turned cold after that night

[Jean Grae:]
Don't you know that time waits for no man?
My fate, it's all planned
I'm blessed just to know you
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night
Can't find a reason why
God came between you and I
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

[Immortal Technique:]
I went on with my life, college and my career
Ended up locked up like an animal for a year
Where the C.O.'s talk to you like they were the overseer
Then I got sent to the hole when my exit was near
At night in my cell, I'd close my eyes and I'd see her
Hold her close in my dreams, but when I woke she disappeared
Just an empty cell until the state gave me parole
In the summer, came back, intact and on track
But the fact of the matter is I still felt cold
Even after my mother hugged me, crying at home
My real niggas would catch me thinking, outta my zone
Fucking lots of different women, but I still felt alone
Relatively well-known around the New York underground
But I kept thinking of her and how we used to be down
The sound of her voice, and the beautiful smell of her hair
Though gone physically, somehow it was still there
I had to do something because the shit was too much to bear
So I went and visited the building where she used to live
The world looks a lot different after you do a bid
The way your life done changed
While primitive minds are still stuck in the same game
Like her cousin who was on the corner, slanging cocaine
Stepped in the lobby, and tapped the button next to her last name
Her mom buzzed me up and hugged me up like a mother oughta
But her facial expression changed

When I asked about her daughter

[Jean Grae:]
Don't you know that time waits for no man?
My fate, it's all planned
I'm blessed just to know you
I've loved and I've lost just to hold you all night
Can't find a reason why
God came between you and I
If I had the chance again, I'd never let you go
Hold tight to your love, 'cause you never know

[Immortal Technique:]
She told me that there was a note, for me, that was left behind
And she had left it there waiting for such a long time
I was inclined to ask about it, but she brought it up first
I saw a tear swelling up in her eye, and then she cursed
She told me where the letter was, and I started thinking the worst
Reversed my position, stepped over and opened the door
And sure enough there was an envelope
With my name on the floor: "Nobody loves you more than me, cariño," is what the letter said

"By the time you get to read this, I'll probably be dead
But when you left in '97, a part of me went to Heaven
I thank God at least I got to know what love really was
But it hurt me to see what true love really does
'Cause even though we never made love
You were all that there was
It was because I loved you so much that I had to make you leave
You made me doubt the way I thought
You made me want to believe
And then I slipped up, and I let you get close to me
It was hard to not be openly when people spoke to me
This was not the way I thought my life was supposed to be
Baby, don't you see?
I had a blood transfusion that left me with HIV
Hope didn't exist for me since late in 1993
I died a virgin, I wish I could've given myself to you
I cried in the hospital because there was no one else but you
Promise that you'll meet me in Paradise inevitably
No matter what, I'll keep your love forever with me"

What happened for the rest of the day is still a blur
But I remember wishing that I was dead, instead of her
She was buried on August 3rd
The story ends without a sequel; and now you know why Technique don't fucking fall in love with people
Hold the person that you love closely if they're next to you
The one you love, not the person that'll simply have sex with you
Appreciate them to the fullest extent and then beyond
'Cause you never really know what you got until it's gone

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"One (Remix)"

(feat. Akir)

[Intro]
[Akir:] Yo tech, it's the last call baby it's good
[Immortal Technique:] Yeah, you know a remix just feels right dog?
[Akir:] Before we get outta here, you gotta drop one last gem on them Knahmsayin?
[Immortal Technique:] No question, it's like the elders told me
No one person can do anything, but everyone can do something
So we gotta rep, for all the niggaz that ain't here right now
[Akir:] The outro tip, the One Remix, yo

[Akir]
One Enterprises, comprises the artist and the sound
The pen and paper plays my savior while I'm getting down
Pray for my nieghbors as a favor for holding me down
Slave for my papers as I savor the way that it pounds
It's underground, but the blatent vibrations widely found
Facing the nation complacent radio stations now
Stop hesitaing and contemplating the way we paitient
Start motivating and get them playin the shit we sayin
Ain't no delayin in this war that we gettin slayed in
Cause times a waistin while we stand adjacent to abrasions
They fouls are more than flagrant
And so I see the prisons cages while I pound the pavement
Looking for payment saying fuck enslavement
Usin the tools of old ancients
Announcing my engagment to this music that we making
Ain't no faking on tracks, and we ain't never come wack (never!)
Immortal Technique and Akir y'all niggaz fear us that's a wrap
It's like

[Hook]
One love
One music
One people
One movement
One heart
One spark
One, One, One, One
One gift
One lift
One stance
One shift
One way
One day
One, One, One, One, One

[Immortal Technqique]
Immortal Technique in the trenches with my nigga Akir
Our family surived the genocides so we can be here
And now we enterprise the aftermath, one in the same
Living the revolution 'till we catch one in the brain
And even then my spirit will return in heavenly form
And wipe the chess board clean, of my enemies pawns
The red don communist threat, burried and gone
So they invented a war, the goverment can carry on
It makes me wonder if the word of god is lost in the man
This is for the children of Iraq, lost in the sand
This is for the illest emcees that'll never be known
And this is for all the soliders that'll never come home
I wrote this for Momia, stuck in a beast
For people who, march in the streets, and struggle for peace
For hood niggaz, born rugged, never rocking Versace
Eddie Ramierez's cousin George, and my old friend Sashi
Chris from the block, and all my niggaz stuck in a cell
Paul Wolfowitz, motherfucker I'll see you in hell
My destiny is to show the world, that the music is real
Go back in time and play this shit, for the slaves in the field
And for my children in the future, waiting to breathe
People slowly dying hanging on, waiting to leave
Believe when I'm gone, and this album's on a library shelf
I'll be one with god and one with you and everything else

[Hook]

[Immotal Technique talking]
Yeah..
Revolutionary Volume 2 has been brought to you
By the type of motherfuckers who ain't scared of shit
And if you playing this album, and I'm no longer here
And sometime far away from when I recorded this
Remember that history
Isn't the way the corperate controlled media made it look like
Read between the lines and free your mind
Revolution is the birth of equality
And the anti-thesis to oppression
But this is only built for real motherfuckers
So when I'm gone, don't let nobody I never got along with
Try to make songs kissing my ass, recycling my beats or my vocals
The shit is real over here man
Thank you for listening, and thank you for supporting independent Hip Hop
The heart and soul of our culture
Keeping the truth alive
Goodnight my people.. goodnight..

IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE
DJ GREEN LANTERN
THE 3RD WORLD

"Apocalypse Remix"

(feat. Akir, Pharoahe Monch)

{"Green Lantern"}

[Immortal Technique:]
The system, can never stop what's been set into motion
Like volcanic eruptions on the floor of the ocean
My purpose is to burst to the surface
Immersed in the smoltering lava from verses
Surrounded by, murder mamis not bitches that's worthless
I cut chicken heads off, like hexes and curses, weapons I purchase
Make Homeland Security nervous; I run, pockets and purses
Like subway searchers robbin masonic temples disguised as churches
I'm busy so I'll leave that one for you to interpret
Three serpents of merchants from military industry murder
The beef is eatin up, like the mad cow in your burger
Fathom the cause of cattle cannibalism
Factory farms, are like a fuckin animal prison
The microcosm of, Adam Smith's capitalism
America's pagan religion given as the mark of the beast to the Christians
A destruction of, Babylon, that's my mission!

[Chorus: Immortal Technique]
Everywhere Tech and them go, the Feds watchin us
Clockin the world through satellites like binoculars
We fight for the release of political hostages
Motherfuckin right soldier, this is the apocalypse!
Everywhere Tech and them go, the Feds watchin us
Clockin the world through satellites like binoculars
We fight for the release of political hostages
Waitin for 2012's burning apocalypse

[Akir:]
Yo, sex drugs and murder, webcams and burgers
Check scams and lurkers, test scans to purpose
Sect crams to further, death plans and workers
Get canned you nervous as you step, plan that hurts us
It's demand to be purchased, we can care if you serve us
We programmed to be perfect, frequent handed the serpents
An amazement on purpose, see I'm amazin my earners
But now the tables is turnin, got my hand right on that curtain
Hit the stages and burn it, with these pages I earn this
Can't take it, I'm nervous while fake enemies perp'in
Foul energies worth and, crowds' ears'll be perkin
Take it somethin disturbin and it's hurtin for certain
Yearnin to get my turn in, workin to get a word in
Been in the scene observin while I'm learnin how the system's worked and
Capitalistic merchants tryin to make a million urgent
Constructive revolution confusin how the world's burnin

[Chorus x2: Akir]
Everywhere I get 'em go, the beast watchin us
Know we got the spot in control, they got binoculars
When we be, out on the road they try to follow us
You never gon' silence this, this is the apocalypse

[Pharoahe Monch:]
You have now acquired an old cyrus hybrid, work 'til my third iris
Chip inside my brain projects scriptures onto my eyelids
Celibacy, virtual sex, avoid the virus
Secretive shit that I did will put the city at high risk
The mentalist, the temple that houses the wisdom
It's like, Malcolm X calculus amalgamated algorithms
They say "Pharoahe, teach me about the system"
Nigga boot me in your computer I'll give you acute astigmatism
See through +Windows+, +Word+, Pharoahe's the +Mac+ +Intel+
Bit off the +Apple+, plant seeds, spit crack +Excel+
Lyrical +FireFox+, the verbal +Explorer+
Who metaphors the industry to Sodom and Gomorrah for ya
They profit from water, they'll profit from oxygen
Pharoahe the prophet says that this is the apocalypse
We livin in these last days, use your optics what the topic is
The coppers got binoculars, they'll probably try to knock us cause

[Chorus: Pharoahe Monch, Immortal Technique]
[Pharoahe Monch:] Everywhere Pharoahe goes, the Feds watchin me
[Immortal Technique:] Satellites observin the fulfillment of the prophecy
[Pharoahe Monch:] Middle fingers up to the sky with no apologies
[Immortal Technique:] Cause none of you got an apocalypse insurance policy
[Pharoahe Monch:] Everywhere Pharoahe goes, the Feds watchin me
[Immortal Technique:] Fascism breakin out of the cocoon of democracy
[Pharoahe Monch:] Middle fingers up to the sky with no apologies
[Immortal Technique:] Iraq was just practice for the urban war philosophy

[Outro: Immortal Technique]
Ha ha ha, AH-hahahahaha!
It's burnin in here, call the Fyre Dept.
Akir, aiyyo Pharoahe
They ain't never gon' find this shit man
Ha ha ha ha, like the weapons of mass destruction
[laughing]

"Death March"

[DJ Green Lantern]
This is an invasion, an occupation
Immortal Technique, the evil genius DJ Green Lantern
And you're now in the state of guerilla warfare
It has been spread by the superpowers of the industry
To the 3rd World underground of the streets
This is for all those who've been labeled extemists, maniacs, terrorists
Shit.. Welcome to the 3rd World

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah.. Yeah..

Invansion and rampant monetary inflation
That brought us all to the footsteps of this nation
Peruvians, Haitians, Ecuadorians, Nicaraguans, Colombians, Salvadorians

Invansion and rampant monetary inflation
That brought us all to the footsteps of this nation
[2x]

Invansion and rampant monetary inflation
That brought us all to the footsteps of this nation
Peruvians, Haitians, Ecuadorians, Nicaraguans, Colombians, Salvadorians
They call us terrorists after they ruined our countries
Funding right-wing paramilitary monkeys
Tortured our populace then blamed the communists
Your lies are too obvious, propoganda monotanous
And that's not socialist mythology
This is urban warfare through the streets of your psychology
So I'm like the legs of a paraplegic really
Cause I'm still part of you even if you can't feel me
You can never debate me, The M4s at your baby
Like troops with gats in Iraq do daily
So you can marginalize the way you portray me
But don't get Hollywood and try to play me
We can shoot it out in the theater like troops in the 80s
New Jack City classic crap era, mack-milli
Shouting BET is not black-owned on Rap City
You got a contract to kill me motherfucker, that's fine
Cause there's a contract to kill your family when I die
So when your car explodes, don't be surprised
Soldier, I'm like Marine Corp C4
Even blow the spot with the beat rocking at 3/4
Canvas the flow like the ghost of Michaelangelo
This is the anthem, Immortal Technique and Green Lantern
Don't say shit bitch, you don't want the "check, check"
To become a ..chick, chick.. You know what I'm sick with
Lyrical tuberculosis, cocaine overdoses
Blood coming out your noses, that's when death approaches

March to my death smilin, laugh if the end's violent
There's no escape from this political asylum

Revolutionaries don't fear execution
Cause the death of my visible Constitution
Is just the beginning of spiritual evolution
God will reincarnate me as revolution

[DJ Green Lantern]
You can't take out a revolution
You can't kill a idea
Fuck is you stupid?
You kill that man, he becomes martyr

[Immortal Technique]
Ignore the triplets, this is a fully loaded four-four
3rd World underground hardcore
Street-hop, locked and loaded, motherfucker you should know it
Blast the door to the game open and overthrow it

"That's What It Is"

[Invasion]
Ok... let's go... talk to em'... holler
Don't you get tired of hearing niggas say that shit?... all the time?
Why can't you shut the fuck up and rhyme nigga?!

[Invasion]
Yeah... yeah... used to run around getting my fight in the streets on
Back in the day before Harlem had a green zone
What good is a good education with no direction?
Like the right to vote with no one to vote for in an election
Like a gun with no bullets in the clip for protection
Like the crowd packed in the front without the midsection
Used to live robbing and stealing and being reckless
It took time for my mind to put the ghetto in perspective
I used to live in the back, of a holding van
Used to be offbeat, like the white girls' shoulder dance
I wrote rhymes a cappella, no beat, behind bars
Shed blood to make it, like the story behind scars
I used to be a battle champion, in the meanwhile
Before some of you little fuckers learned to freestyle
Prematurely senile, underground prima donnas
I was Oliver North during Iran Contra
Cause I, never snitched, and that's backed by evidence
I learned it by watching you, don't ever forget it bitch
Cause everybody knows how the government do
They never snitch on themselves, but they want you to snitch on YOU
Evolution from Australopithecus
Primitive commercial shit to hard-core lyricist
Your wax is useless
Rappers are dropping like Icarus
Technological revolution... nigga picture this

(motherfucka what?)

Yeah... I told you what it was, but this is what it is now
Lyrical bullets, packed to the top of the clip now
Treat it like a robbery, I'm shutting this shit down
Fellas put your hands up and the all the women strip down
That's not misogynist, you ostriches, cause I could just, apocalypse
Talk politics to the populace
Or challenge what the market is
With militant caucuses
That'll smash the spirit of Hip Hop out the sarcophagus
This is the curse of Tutankhamen, I bring the drama on
I'm sinful, I eat you, broad daylight on Ramadan
Hip Hop, reparations, now we taking back Delucci
Don't tell me you spent it on coke, like Danny Bonaduce
We're tired of being on the outside, looking in
Wondering what the fuck Hip Hop would've been

This is what it is, as opposed to what it used to be
And this is your corporate tax ID eulogy
Dominant speech is the new breed, that won't let you breath
I'll make you die for what I believe
So we got nothing in common
There ain't no comparison
You got beef with niggas, I got beef with Aryans
White power Nazi European Americans
Rapid Poverty pimps, and fake vegetarians
The resurrection, ripping a ball through the record (wrecking?) section
Flight connection to the gentry board of all guerrilla lessons
Fuck a middle man distributor, I got a choice now
This ain't Volume 1., I got a grown man's voice now
Toured the country four times over, I'm older and wiser
Poisonous words, you'll find strychnine in my saliva

(motherfucka what?... Bring it to 'em raw)

I told you what it was, but this is what it is now
50 caliber bullets, I don't need a clip now
Fuck your private jet nigga we shooting the shit down
Bomb wall street and make the stock market dip down
I told you what it was, but this is what it is now
you the shit nigga, I don't care about shit now
I play the role of Abraham, idols get ripped down
Melt the ice caps, and make all of this shit brown

(No one out there can fuck with me)
(motherfucka what?)
(I speak that real shit)
(to smash the airwaves)
(I don't want to tell you motherfuckers again)

"Golpe De Estado"

[Intro]
Lamentablemente, las condiciones que estamos viviendo en
han llegado a seruna miseria insoportable para la gente
Pero hay unas veinte patrias engreidas que todavia creen
en una sociedad de antes donde los artistas
fuimos bestias de trabajo para la industria
Ese sueño se ha acabado
Y ahora nos encontramos despiertos en la hora de revolución
porque no podemos llamar esto un 'movimiento' si toda la propiedad
intelectual pertenece a los que nos oprimen

Yeah!
Yeah!
Yeah!
Motherfucker!
Ya te dije
Que se ha acabado la mierda

[Immortal Technique]
Nos compraron el alma barata
Hasta la sangre nos sacan, atacan
Y con un contrato te atrapan
Pero primero me matan hermano
Porque prefiero morir
Peleando que ser esclavo
Industria sucia
Toma lluvia de acido
Aprende la historia del hip hop clasico

Cuando controlan el negocio y la cultura
La musica se vuelve en comercial basura
Y la reina latina, pintada como gallina
Es mas que bailarina o puta en la esquina
Es abogada, profesora, madre, soldada
Y carga nuestro futuro cuando está embarazada
Mira nuestra gente crucificada
Y la manera desgraciada
Que estos perros no hablan de nada
Más que fiestas y riqueza
Que la gente no tiene
Asi que ahora vas a ver
La violencia que viene

Un movimiento de verdad ha empezado
Dejamos el imperio corrupto descuartizado
Golpe de estado disparando al presidente
Es hora de revolución nuevamente

Un movimiento de verdad ha empezado

Dejamos el imperio corrupto descuartizado
Golpe de estado disparando al presidente
Es hora de revolucion nuevamente

[Temperamento]
Golpe de estado el mercado me tiene bravo
Hermano yo pinto el cuadro
Y el barrio ya esta cansado cabron
Yo te lo juro que lo que yo sudo es puro
Ustedes son burros
Que venden el culo por el reggaeton
Abre los ojos, cojo el presidente del sello
Bobo le rompo el cuello al pendejo
Solo con mi cañón

No tengo miedo guerrero por eso muero
Y me quedo con tiraera
Porque ella llama la atencion

Levanta publico mano te tienen imnotisado
Entrenado inyectandote mierda con la estacion

Temperamento rey del movimiento
Este es mi tiempo
Con mi cancion
Hasta Tempo sale de la prision
Por mis palabras tengo seguidores
Rapeadores en todas las naciones
Comisiones de aplicar presion
Yo soy la epidemia, la saga, las nueve plagas
La misma palabra en la biblia
Que habla de Armagedon
La competencia es riqueza
Que tristeza
Que tengo que romperle la cabeza
Pa que me pidan perdon
Perriando quiere decirte que tu eres de la brutas
No te gusta que te llamen puta escucha la cancion
El sandunguero es tan feo
Que es con doble sentido
Le dicen a tu hijo que lo haga sin condon
El estremera y el capital inmortal
Vamos a gritas pa que viva la revolucion

[Translation]
Pitifully (deplorably/sadly), the conditions that we're living in
have become an insupportable misery for the people
But there are some twenty conceited countries that still believe
in an archaic (old/outdated/outmoded/antiquated/anachronistic) society
where the artists were beasts of burden for industry
That dream is over with
And now we find ourselves awakened at the time of revolution
because we cannot call this 'change' if all intellectual property

belongs to those who aren't {?}

Yeah!
Yeah!
Yeah!
Mother fucker!
I already told you
That the shit is finished!

[Immortal Technique]
They bought our souls cheap
Even blood they take from us, they attack us
And with a contract they trap you
But first they'll kill me, bro
Because I prefer to die
Fighting than to be a slave
Dirty industry, drink acid rain
Learn the history of classic hip hop

When they control business and culture
Music becomes commercial garbage
And the Latina queen painted like a chicken
She's more than a dancer or a whore in the corner
She is a lawyer, teacher, mother, soldier
And bears our future when she is pregnant
Look at our crucified people
And the disgraceful way
That these dogs do not talk about anything
Other than parties and riches/wealth
That the people don't have
Therefore/Thus now you're going to see
The violence that comes

A movement of truth has begun
We're leaving the corrupt empire in pieces
Coup d'etat shooting the president
It is time for revolution again

A movement of truth has begun
We're leaving the corrupt empire in pieces
Coup d'etat shooting the president
It is time for revolution again

"Harlem Renaissance"

"Let me welcome both of you
uh, to the show this morning to talk about what I consider
to be a very very important topic, uh, the Harlem Renaissance
But before we get into that..."

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah, Harlem once was red line district rated (uhh)
Designated ghetto like the yellow star of David
And you wonder why, people don't own they homes (why?)
Cause the racist bank wouldn't fuckin mortgage a loan
Harlem once was red line district rated (uhh)
Designated ghetto like the yellow star of David
And you wonder why, people don't own they homes (why?)
Cause the racist bank wouldn't fuckin mortgage a loan {WAKE UP!}

Harlem once was red line district rated (uhh)
Designated ghetto like the yellow star of David
And you wonder why, people don't own they homes (why?)
Cause the racist bank wouldn't fuckin mortgage a loan
Until after the invasion of, gentrification
Eminent domain intimidation, that's not negotiation
And it's frustratin to look at, every day
Like watchin a porno, on 56-K
Biohazard labs instead of store rooms
What's next motherfucker, projects as dorm rooms?
You ain't fool nobody in this community duke
With your little fake Manhattanville community group
Ivy league, real estate firms are corrupt
I lay siege to your castle like the Moors in Europe
They treat street vendors like criminal riff-raff
While politicians get the corporate kickbacks (snakes)

[Chorus: Immortal Technique]
Harlem Renaissance, a revolution betrayed
Modern day slaves thinkin that the ghetto is saved
'Til they start deportin people off the property
Ethnically cleansin the hood, economically
They wanna kill the real Harlem Renaissance
Tryin to put the Virgin Mary through a early menopause
The savior is a metaphor for how we set it off
Guerrilla war against the re-zoning predators

[Immortal Technique]
When I speak about Harlem, I speak to the world
The little Afghan boy, and the Bosnian girl
The African in Sudan, the people of Kurdistan
The third world American, indigenous man
Palestinians, Washington Heights, Dominicans
Displaced New Orleans citizens

Beachfront Brazilian favelas that you livin in
The hood is prime real estate, they want back in again (fuck outta here)
I didn't write this to talk shit, I say it because
some of y'all forgot what the Harlem Renaissance was
We had revolution, music and artisans
But the movement was still fucked up like Parkinson's
Cause while we were givin birth to the culture we love
Prejudice, kept our own people out of the club
Only colored celebrities in the party (fake nigga!)
And left us a legacy of false superiority
W.E.B. Du Bois versus Marcus Garvey
And we ended up, sellin out to everybody
The Dutch {?} and the John Gotti's
Banksters, modern day gangsters, immobile army
They wanna move us all out the N.Y.C.
Like they did to the Jews with the Alhambra decree
So support your own businesses and do the knowledge
Cause the real Harlem Renaissance is economic (yeah)

[Chorus]

{"Green Lantern... The Evil Genius!"}

"When they were saying it is the renaissance, of Harlem
they didn't mean, that we had stake in that
They meant to say that they could make money out of us"

"They are coming in with all kind of prejudices
In Brooklyn they're doing the same thing
In, um, Queens they're doing the same thing; the Bronx
There's hardly any place which is affordable
I mean these people are putting up condominiums
which start from a million dollars
How many people in this community make that kind of money?
How many people have that kind of money?"

"People of Harlem, they are the natural allies of the oppressed people
of the world, whether the struggle is in Panama, in Africa, Cuba"

"We spend money with the wrong people
We are looking for love, with people who don't love us
What's wrong with us loving each other
and making sure that we are protected?"

"Lick Shots"

(feat. Chino XL, Crooked.I)

[Intro]
This is the Invasion!
The Evil Genius Green Lantern!
Immortal Technique, "The 3rd World"
(It's on now motherfucker - ha ha, drop)
You ain't got the right to bear arms, huh?
Sometimes you might have to brandish a motherfuckin firearm
(Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots, lick shots)

[Chorus: Immortal Technique]
Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots
Lick shots for the revolution
Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots, lick shots
But watch, where the fuck you shootin
Yo where you aimin at? Where you aimin at?
Where the fuck you niggaz aimin at?
Where you aimin at? Where you aimin at?
This is only for the hardcore wherever you at, yeah

[Immortal Technique]
Random one cop killa, hip-hop has never been realer
Volume 2 shot up the president like a gorilla
New York police state capital tried to swallow me
Locked me longer than Puerto Rico been a colony
Thirteenth Amendment slavery property
And now they signin rappers that promote their philosophy?
Fuck that, nigga hip-hop is not Republican
That's just the white motherfuckers that own the publishin
And get the fuck out, if you want the foreigners gone
I paint the White House black and park my car on the lawn
Marry a Muslum girl and fuck her five times a day (WHAT?)
Every time right before we shower and pray (HA!)
You damn right the AK, symbolizes Jihad
But a holy war, is a conversation with God
You bitch niggaz misinterpret what you don't understand
Stackin the wrong sign can end up, shootin your man
Shootin each other, shootin your brother
Aim the gun at the right motherfucker
and leave him colder than the prison in Russia
or America's white power structure
Niggaz love to say "Fuck revolution!"
Until the jury comin and move for the prosecution
And them brothers act like a born-again Huey Newton
Forgot about the bullshit music they was producin
But my niggaz aim precisely, through the confusion - AND

[Chorus]

[Crooked.I]
I got a hundred shooters with me, Rugers shoot you through the kidney
Stand in front of the judge and lie quicker than Scooter Libby
I'm runnin through the city - dear God
If I murk the racist Rush Limbaugh I wonder would you forgive me? (Huh?)
Somebody told me glim back as the plan's over
See ya, time to let him see a damn soldier
Flip your Landrover, I told ya I blam toasters
Gun pop off like the mouth of Ann Coulter
This is my gangsta religion
See I aim with precision, point blank the position
I'm black as them ancient Egyptians
Before European historians went and changed the description
I'm blamed for the 'caine in the kitchen
The C.I.A. playin with the pigeons, same pain that I'm pitchin (yea)
Listen, you dudes better watch the hook
I'm a boxer, coppers'll come up, Hoffa look
They wanna get rid of this conscious crook
Like I'm a Gnostic, apocryphal, non-canonical Gospel book
But I ain't goin nowhere, that's the motherfuckin truth
America don't care for its inner city youth - so I

[Chorus]

[Chino XL]
Puerto Rican superhero!
Yo, XL eternal my journal, Sojourner, Nat Turner
Cop murdered by the certain burner turned in the back of his sternum
He flirted with pullin me over for bein brown, I bust
Now he in the back of the truck with Don Imus
I must, take aim when I lick shots
Throw stray bullets like when Nas got off of Pharoahe Monch
These pigs wanna see us dead inside a jail cell
Turn us from Shawn Carter to Shawn Combs to Sean Bell
My temper 'bout to break like levees in New Orleans
Catch Jimmy Iovine when he refinance his mortgages
Kid illusion is dead, we movin with the blue and the red
Latin Kings, Giuliani with a gat to his head
Y'all don't lick shots like killers aimin at the Feds
Y'all lick shots like Jenna Jameson and Superhead
Pigs slice to Venice and beef at the benefits meet
Buried him on Venice Beach with the flies and the bees
Bzzzt - Chino, and Immortal Tech'
Kill shit like the Chinito at Virginia Tech (what's fuckin with that?)
And Jacob ain't your friend, he's a fuckin jeweler
BLAP, BLAP! I shoot the cats off your fuckin Pumas!

[Chorus]

"The 3rd World"

Immortal Technique and DJ Green Lantern
Third World mother fuckers!

[Immortal Technique]
I'm from where the gold and diamonds are ripped from the earth
right next to the slave castles where the water is cursed
from where police brutality's not half as nice
It makes the hood in America look like paradise
compared to the AIDS-infested Caribbean slum
African streets where the passport's an a American gun
from where they massacre people and try to keep it quiet
and spend the next 25 years tryin' to deny it
I'm from where they cut your hands off if you make a fist
and niggas grow coca cause the job market doesn't exist
except slave labor modern day company store
and peace keeper's don't ever ever ever come here no more
from where the bombs that they used to drop on Vietnam
Kill us children born deformed eight months before they born
I'm from where they lost the true meaning of the Qur'an
'cause heroin is not compatible with Islam
And niggas know that, but grow that poppy seed anyway
'cause that food drop parachute does not come everyday
I'm from where people pray to the gods of their conquerors
and practically every president's a money launderer
From the only place democracy is acceptable
Is if America candidate is electable
And they might even have a black president, but he's useless
'Cause he does not control the economy stupid!

[Chorus]
Lock and load your gun, where I'm from: the Third World son
Been to many places but I'm Third World-born
Guerrillas hit and run where I'm from: the Third World son
You polluted everything, and now the Third World's gone
The waters poisoned where I'm from son: the Third World son
Seven hundred children die by the end 'this song
Revolution'll come, where I'm from: the Third World son
Constant occupation, leaves the Third World torn

[Immortal Technique]
I'm from where the catholic church is some racist shit
They helped Europe and America rape this bitch
They pray to white Spaniard Jesus, who's face is this
But never talk about the black Pope Gelasius
I'm from where soviet weapons still decide elections
Military is like the mafia: you pay for protection
kinda like sex toys, is what the country sells
And rich white businessmen make the best clientele
I'm from where they too pussy to come film Survivor

And they murder Coca-Cola union organizers
I'm from where the justice system esta podrido
Fuck government niggaz politic over perico
Rebelde conocido, enterado vivo, como otro argentino desparecido
cause Rico laws don't apply to the CIA
and mother fuckers make sneakers for a quarter a day
I'm from where they overthrow democratic leaders
not for the people but for the Wall Street Journal readers
from where blacks, indigenous peoples and Asians were once
slaves of the Caucasians and it's amazing how they trained them
to be racist against themselves in a place they were raised in
and you kept us caged in
destroyed our culture and said that you civilized us
raped our woman and when we were born you despised us
gentrified us, agent provocateurs divide us
and crucified every revolutionary messiah
so I'ma start a global riot
that not even your fake
anti-communist dictators can keep quiet
fuck your charity medicine, try to murder me
the immunizations you gave us were full of mercury
so now I see the Third World like the rap game soldier
nationalize the industry and take it over!

[Chorus]

"Hollywood Driveby"

(feat. PsychoRealm, Sick Symphonies)

[Immortal Technique]
Somebody talk shit to me in L.A., would never live
Cause brown rolls deeper than red or blue, ever did
I got bullets that'll rip through yo' ribs
More painful than watchin R. Kelly piss on yo' kids
Here's the ultimatum motherfucker, give me the ASCAP
Or give America Biggie and 2Pac flashbacks
Some niggaz don't think the underground is grimy and dirty
'til they find your body on a fuckin highway in Jersey
I fire rockets at generic topics
Your lyrics don't hold weight, like two-dimensional objects
Cause jail culture didn't give you that fitted hat
to memorize a ghostwritten shit verse and spit it back
I won't let your wack rhymes redefine lyricism
For a whole generation with they fathers in prison
You live inside the image of an era that's gone
Like government officials tryin to justify Vietnam
I leave niggaz traumatized, like they momma died
And they was responsible for the drive-by homicide
And I don't market revolution, I live it
What you think cause you fake everyone else is a gimmick?
Jealous bickering, industry slaves, the nerve of you
Like a child prostitute born into a life of servitude
Until we murder you, makin the red carpet burgundy
With PsychoRealm in the streets where I prefer to be

[Chorus: Immortal Technique]
Hollywood drive-by, motherfuckin murder-fest
Weed clouds in the air, that cause turbulence
Revolucion, motherfucker you heard of it
I light the spliff with the flag, while I'm burnin it
Hollywood drive-by, sprayin the cucarachas
War with the system like the streets of Oaxaca
Yeah, revolucion, motherfucker you scared of it?
Well it's comin to the industry now, so be prepared for it

[PsychoRealm]
You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-fledged rats
You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full *[scratches]*
You're on some bull {*scratches*} you're on some bull *[scratches]*

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-fledged rats
The real G's stay strapped in full combat
What you see in the videos is full-on acts
The streets don't believe you homie
Armageddon in the rap game is comin and we lead the army

Rock tear a tape out of yo' sounds
Got hostages in pink, this is what they call hip-hop now?
I keep that metro shit out of my whip
Man that dummy rap is through makin money, it's about to extinct
You know the radio tryin to kill rap with that shit
The only thing dyin is the DJ's when the K spit
We're here to CEO's, and blow up A&R's
I'm takin your chips like crashing your game of cards
This is how I eat holmes, I would give you buzz
And take the life of these stars for this thing of ours

[Chorus]

[Sick Symphonies]
Yeah, uhh
I'm from the city of falling stars, the home of banging hard
Waiting for them at the Radio City Hall to snatch 'em out their fucking cars
Expose 'em for what they are - NARCs, jakes, snake informants
Feeding us horse shit, blaze up all of them
They say hip-hop doesn't exist
Rappers talking hard dressed up like punk rock kids
Pumped up by some corporate endorsement, dead corpses are voiceless
No one hears ya homie, ya little fame is over
We'll send little homies foreclosure
like bankers, cause you owe us the mortgage
For exploiting the lifestyle that many died, jailed up in storage
Leaving most of us hopeless, homies radio focused
What we're building got 'em all afraid
Give me the K, I'll be honored to ignite the flame
that'll, burn down the game, what's fame? Keep it
A movement, a sonic war, motherfucker you sleepin

[Chorus]

"Watchout Remix"

[Immortal Technique]
You know back in the day, some of y'all
Would shout out Allah's name like he was hostin yo' mixtape
Then after 9/11 you got scared and shut the fuck up
Didn't talk about the demonization of a culture, immigrants, nothin
Now you show up, talk about we takin it too far
Die slow! MOTHERFUCKER!

Yeah, 100 percent independent, I'm the fuckin boss
I sold 80,000 off a quotable in The Source
The hood is not stupid, we know the mathematics
I made double what I would going gold on Atlantic
Cause EMI, Sony BMG, Interscope
would never sign a rapper with the White House in his scope
They push pop music like a religion
Anorexic celebrity driven financial fantasy fiction
Contradiction cause the life we was given resembles life in prison
Fed time with Manuel Noriega
The real Noriega, who did America 100 favors
with Contras, the Shah and the CIA
Movin Escobar's coke through the M-I-A
This is +The 3rd World+ speakin, through a dead man walkin
And everybody talkin 'bout the South takin over
It's true motherfucker, but it's comin over the border
Fuck your chain, my people'll kill you for water
Fuck fans nigga, I got soldier supporters
that'll cut your throat if you strapped with a tape recorder
That's right motherfucker, welcome to the New World Order
Where the truth is always censored by corporate reporters
The government, runs the drug politics on the corner
That's why I never stress rappers and their employers
I put a bag over his fuckin head and torture your lawyer
Cause it's too simple to shoot ya - I'll taser the roof of
your mouth and electrocute ya, I'll root you out with the Ruger
The German Luger, U-boat, and the troops in the scuba
Nigga you can't overthrow me like the island of Cuba!
Niggaz'll never find your body, like the bitch in Aruba
And I maneuver through the state department and their friends
With secret deals like the Nazis and IBM
And now you know this ain't a trend or a fashion
This is my life and my passion, FUCK tryin to cash in nigga!
I need more than advancements and a rented mansion
So while you little house niggaz is singin and dancin
I'll kill you and take your land like an Israeli expansion
{"Invasion"}

"Reverse Pimpology"

(feat. Mojo)

[Immortal Technique]
Hypocrites, hookers, sex offenders
Y'all niggaz wanna be pimps and players?
This ain't 1997 nigga

I'd rather be rich and unhappy than broke and miserable
Cause the game don't give a FUCK if you lyrical
And that's pitiful, so my position is pivotal
You can hate me all you like but you worship the principle
I inspire revolution, the government's not invincible
Vietnam to Venezuela, trick knowledge, they pimpin you
All up in the hood like McDonald's and liquor
Selling AIDS medicine, when we know you got the cure nigga (woo!)
You leery of conspiracy theory but hear me
Throw a business perspective, it makes more sense clearly
Cause moreover, that's what we go to war over
And numbers don't lie unless we do Bush and Gore over
Free markets make money disingenuously
But I invest in agriculture, biochemistry
Smart nigga from the hood, pussy, what type of crime is that?
But exec's are like, "You from Harlem? Where your diamonds at?"
Stupid

[Mojo]
Can't dodge the game
If you lookin for the money or the fame (oh-ohh)
The players and the rules ain't changed (oh no)
But see we tryin to leave a name
So we're turnin out

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah, this is how pimps get pimped and players get played
Rich people get robbed and, broke niggaz paid
New York, London, Chicago, Philly and L.A.
Miami, D.C., B-more and out in the Bay

[Mojo]
We're tearin it out of the frame
See we deserve to stake that claim
If we didn't it's a cryin shame
What we're concerned about is how to turn it out

[Immortal Technique]
Show me a pretty girl, with the world stuck to her
And I bet you there's a brother that's tired of fuckin her
Lots of niggaz girls is someone else's one night stand
I probably made some bitches nervous listenin with they man (ha ha)
And if that offends somebody, I'm sorry, fuck you!

What you think, revolutionaries don't like to fuck too?
You just gotta beware of dangerous coochie
Cover ya head like a kufi, some rappers think that they live in a movie
Until they get herpes or clap from a groupie
And I don't need to shout you out, nigga you know who you be
Look, most people are only players cause they got played
And have not, let go of that, shit since the 7th grade
Yeah you got your heart broke, life sucks, doesn't it?
But you shouldn't fuck up someone else's life because of it
Someone did your mother like that, that's why you fatherless
Before jail or racist cops, that's what the problem is

[Mojo]
Recognize the game
See who's the one to place that blame
We gettin trapped in a cycle of pain
With a generation headed down the drain
Time we turn it out

[Immortal Technique]
This is how pimps get pimped and players get played
Beautiful women get, cheated on and gangstas sprayed
Jersey, Detroit, Denver, Phoenix, Atlanta
Texas, Vegas, Seattle and fuckin Louisiana

[Mojo]
Regardless of money you payin
Just spendin, hold a watch and a chain
But can't offer your children a thang
What the hell is goin on in your brain?
We gon' turn it out

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah, I'm not a crack rapper, I'm not a backpacker (ha ha ha)
I'm not a wack rapper, moonlighting as a bad actor
I treat labels like the projects, cause I'm a hater (what!)
Go to the Sony building and piss in the elevator
Cater to hustlers, crooks and cheap smugglers
Bootleg my own album, to reach customers (yeah)
Every city, state and country, the hood love me
Even Aborigines, in Australia bump me
They say underground fans are all the color of talcum
But who the fuck you think buy 50 and Jay albums?
Who the fuck you think made Snoop and Dre platinum?
Call up any major record label and ask 'em
But there's some, devils in disguise in hip-hop
that belong at Republican fundraisers with Kid Rock (bitch!)
I hope one of my fans has one of your kids shot
And blames it on Acid, Prozac and Slipknot
You a pussy actin hard like a bitch cop
I'll drop you to the floor like a reverse wristlock
Eat your food and shit on you, like a highway pit stop
And make, revolutionaries out of kids that used to flip rocks

The government, pimped 9/11 to go to Iraq
And history, repeats itself right on track (how?)
First as a tragedy, and then the comedy begins (why?)
Cause it's funny, motherfuckers don't see it come around again

[Mojo (I.T.)]
Where, can we be free? (FUCK we gon' be free man?)
We only wanna live our lives
Live our lives, with our eyes open
Open your eyes – open your eyes
You stupid motherfuckers - you stupid motherfuckers
Open your eyes, before you die

"Payback"

(feat. Diabolic, Ras Kass)

[Diabolic]
These fuckin snakes man
Fuckin up our lives
I'll take a piss in your oil fields
I want some motherfuckin payback so, yo

I wanna run for president, and the focal point when I'm campaigning
Is to put FEMA to work on a plantation at Camp David
Demand payment for New Orleans with the best of swordsmen
Launching missiles at the White House while Tech's performing
On the lawn and I just let 'em burn till death's confirmed
Laid to rest with worms cause otherwise they'll never learn
I'll form a cruel intent, put anthrax through the vents
From out a package I got in the mail that you just sent
But I got a better punishment for these Republicans
I'd let 'em live so they can see us overthrow the government
Let's fuck with them, have the first lady beat me off
Till my semen's launched, then I skeet across her face like Peter North
And I won't leave a doubt what we about when I cream her mouth
Or leave her trout bleeding out on Condoleezza's couch
I'll seek this route without regrets, and drink a brew then think of you
Cause if it's the last fuckin thing I do I'll...

[Ras Kass]
Yeah, Immortal Technique, Rassy
Nigga, I never forget nothing nigga

Fifty-one percent of the World Bank is owned by the US treasury
Robbing third world countries out all they resources and equity
When Afghanistan was fighting the Russians
Reagan and Bush gave Bin Laden weapons and told him get to bussin
We even called 'em freedom fighters
Financed the cost with CIA imported cocaine
That whole Iran Contra Scandal, niggas took the blame
Started a war on drugs
Meanwhile Russia's defeated, America thinks more oil for us
Take over, set up a public government, Arabs ain't bearing it
So the same freedom fighters, George W. call 'em terrorists
Poetic justice, payback's a bitch, these fuckin hypocrites
Like Bill O'Reilly, right-wingers deserve what they get
Rush Limbaugh, drug addict, Giuliani, sex scandal
I wanna thank white supremacists then show you how my tech's handled
My neck's nano-technologically designed
It spits SARS to all you stupid ass execs that capital resigned

I am vindictive, faggots!

[Immortal Technique]

Huh, hahaha
Yeah I got something for you motherfuckers haha
You want it? HERE YOU GO!

The first payback that I would accomplish
I'd draft children from the senate and congress
Pompous religious right made suicidal
When I exposed Joe Cephas for ghost writing the Bible
Making nuclear silos, bomb the world with hydro
Chinese dragon sized blunts in Maracaibo
Huh, and everyone flashing a gun on a DVD
I'd make them niggas shoot it out with NYPD
And every fucker that didn't buy my CD
I'd stab the revolution in their neck with an IV
See me, own the world, I'd give it back to the poor
I'd give a last name to every single son of a whore
Hard to the core, fuck with the gay list
Niggas pop on they block but they globally nameless
I'd show the hood real gangsters and make 'em famous
Langley Virginia, where my connect for cocaine is
I'd make everybody fuckin have the world darkening
I make rap-about lyrics, not beats and marketing
Replace every raped virgin's broken hymen
Holding De Beers reclining, while they choke on they diamonds
My designing's like Francis Ford Coppola rhyming
Building a universe inside solitary confinement
I'd reverse Rockefeller laws and bring Mumia home
And serve the President freestyling offa the dome

A message to the outgoing president
Hey I got a great idea nigga... Kill yourself
Hahaha, you know it's so funny, I thought about it the other day
You should probably kill yourself
Ah why don't you kill yourself?
Hahahahahah, kill yourself

"Stronghold Grip"

(feat. Poison Pen, Swave Sevah)

[ad libs for first 22 seconds]

[Immortal Technique]
Immortal Technique, Poison Pen
Swave Sevah motherfucker (get 'em right now!)

I leave government spies and murderers
wrapped in plastic like Dominican furniture
I put the iron in you, like the center of Earth's curvature
And make your block turn into the, border of Serbia
My flow's dirtier than juiced-up players in baseball
And beat you in the head like a sock with an 8-ball
You got Stockholm Syndrome, and that's why I hate y'all
Cause you be biggin up the industry while they rape y'all

[Poison Pen]
Yeah, I spaz out (spaz out) and beat the shit out niggaz
You fag out (fag out) and beat the jizz out niggaz
Gloves (check) ski mask (check) duct tape (check)
Get a ducat and lost and recovered and break neck
Bed-Stuy, BestBuy, clique and rush the {?}
Rip up the pavement, throw the whole block on you
Pop up, you gotta get it
Like Ricky in "Boyz N the Hood," stoppin to scratch a lotto ticket

[Swave Sevah]
Yo, I feel the sudden surge given me the urge to speak (yo what up?)
Scream somethin that's absurd and disturb the peace (fuck y'all!)
Quick to throw a hot verse to beats
You see the music I'm a prisoner, hip-hop is my work release
I'm not the same Swave you knew, I'm a whole new person
More assertive and aggressive, my attitude worsened
I raise hell on this earth
Your rap is over, you Casanova's gon' end up like Gerald Levert, bitch!

[Chorus: Immortal Technique, Poison Pen, Swave Sevah]
[I.T.] Stronghold tighten the grip, on the underground
[P.P.] I fight back-to-back holdin my brothers down
[S.S.] You done started, with the wrong motherfucker now
[I.T.] Married to the cause and we loyal, we don't fuck around
[P.P.] Stronghold overthrow the whole fuckin underground
[I.T.] Secretly run, by commercial motherfuckers now
[S.S.] So while you little step-and-fetch niggaz run around
[all] Controlled demolition, we bringin the structure down!

[Immortal Technique]
Immortal Technique nigga, I'm the type to flip
Cause me and my dogs fight to the death like Michael Vick's

And I don't hit women so I'm not gonna mangle your wiz
A prostitute with an AIDS race'll handle the biz

[Poison Pen]
Hit the block with a pen and glock, a ox and rocks, a devil spray
If that's a K, play yo' punk-ass infected with leprosy
Leave you half-murdered beyond, recognition beat and indecent
Leave you with your plastic surgeon for a remix

[Swave Sevah]
Yo, aiyyo I'm hard-bodied with it
And these scars, contusions, concussions, fractures
and pains you suffer from; I probably did it
You ain't worth spit, I put a hit out on your mother
Then fuck up you and your four brothers

[Immortal Technique]
You play Scarface when a microphone's in the room
But you more like Pacino in "Dog Day Afternoon"

[Poison Pen]
ASCAP clappin 'em, all this rap traps
Snatch that diamonds off your neck, worth 50 dead Africans

[Swave Sevah]
Yo, this dude is truly a joke
That stuff got you feelin tough, must be sniffin +Peruvian Coke+

[I.T.] We spit Cold War syndrome, it shatters the bones
[P.P.] Spray my dependance on your bitch face when it splatters you on
[S.S.] Thrown in submission holds and choked 'til you tap out
[I.T.] And shut down your party like Whitney Houston's crackhouse
[P.P.] Stronghold, live and direct up in your set
[S.S.] The habitual line steppers - Swave, Pen and Tech

[Chorus]

[ad libs to the end]

"Mistakes"

(Yes I did... I made a mistake... yes I did)

Huh..ya know living this type a life
makes you grow up faster than you'd expect to sometimes...
fuck around and be in your late twenties...
feelin like a old man and shit...
yeah for real son... let em know

It's hard to breath and hard to run when your lung's blackened
Coughing up blood like what the fuck happened
Raising my risk of cancer's the answer homie
But after drinking something there's nothing like puffing a bogie
Now I can blame the same product placement in movies,
Or the commercials, or Scarface in a jacuzzi
But now I'm living it
Damn I should a never took that first cigarette

(I made a mistake)

I fucked up, like your girl was riding on top of me
I should of took her to trial and never copped a plea
But this ain't a Christian nation motherfucka please
America never taught me to turn the other cheek
Cause I'm from Harlem, the north of Manhattan
We knock niggas out and make em bounce like Ricky Hatton
But wildin on the corner got me turned back from the Canadian border

(I made a mistake)

I knew she was a virgin, when I first met her
Rockin stockings and poppin out of the catholic school sweater
Mom told her she could do better than a criminal
Seventeen year-old psychotic, trying to be lyrical
I never meant to break her heart or fuck up her life
But I was careless, instead of treating her right
I seen her again at some club strippin and wondered
If I could have made her life different

(I made a mistake... yes I did...)

[Tech talking over the beat:]
Damn shortie, you got me on some singin the blues shit...
but you gotta stop looking backwards and remember to look ahead...
this is for all my dudes on patrol in the desert right now... for real

(I made a mistake)

Yeah..yeah... I joined the army looking for money to go to college
But they ain't pay me a quarter of what they fucking promised

Extended my tour, treating me like a sucker
That's the reason officers get fragged motherfucker
Don't give me speeches on how you respect and you love me
But no body armor in a lightly armored humvee?!
My family's lonely and you want me to reenlist for 30 grand homie?

(I made a mistake)

When I was young I got signed to a record label
The deal looked so good when it was on the table
It paid for my cable, cribs, cars and jewelry
The studios, the women there's nothing they wouldn't do for me
Except stop screwing me for publishing and royalties
How the fuck are you my dawg, when there's no loyalty?
Word to the street
I should've gone independent like Immortal Technique

(I made a mistake)

Some people learn from mistakes and don't repeat them
Others try to block the memories and just delete them
But I keep em as a reminder they not killing me
And I thank God for teaching me humility
Son, remember when you fight to be free
To see things how they are and not how you like em to be
Cause even when the world is falling on top of me
Pessimism is an emotion, not a philosophy
Knowing what's wrong doesn't imply that you right
And its another, when you suffer to apply it in life
But I'm no rookie
And I'm never gonna make the same mistake twice pussy

"Parole (Evil Genius Mix)"

[Intro: Immortal Technique (parole officer)]
(980505A) Yeah nigga what
(You made parole) What?
(Pack your stuff) The fuck?
(And get the fuck out of here) A-haha
Aiyyo man, it's about motherfuckin time man
Aiyyo G, aiyyo G son, I got my papers man
I'm out this motherfucker!

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again
Don't work for the government coke packagin
Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again
My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin
They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican
Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans
Every time we come back, they... *[record rewinds]*
I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again
I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again
I'm out of, I'm out of (I'm out this motherfucker!)

Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again
Don't work for the government coke packagin
Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again
My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin
They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican
Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans
Every time we come back, they keep on cashin in
Prison labor, third-world sweatshop comparisons
'til we kidnap the whole fuckin garrison
Yeah, poverty, makes people do, reckless things
But corporations do worse to protect they bling
Prisons are more, overcrowded than the rap game
They say you more likely to go to jail with a black name
Freakonomics that I speak through ebonics
and fuck Phonics, little niggaz is (Hooked On) chronic
But if you on stage with the DEA, as your hype man
Don't get yourself locked up, and blame the white man
We transformed gangs and criminal enterprises
Usin O.G.'s as advisors
Before they, send us to war, after they divide us
But I won't let 'em use us like Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders
My movement's like a jujitsu kata
I graduated outta prison, so FUCK my alma mater nigga

[Interlude: Immortal Technique (woman)]

(Hello?) Yeah yeah, what's up yo?
(Hey, how you doin?) Yo, you know what?
I just got my papers (you're fuckin lying!)
Yo I'm comin home to you, I'll see you in like a day and a half
(*[screams]* Oh my God, I'm so happy! Are you serious?)
(*[screams]* I'm so happy! Are you fuckin serious?)
Yeah, I'm dead serious baby, I'm comin home (oh my God!)
Put the little blue thing on for me, aight?
(You got that baby, yeah!)

[Immortal Technique]
I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again
Fuck this place baby, I'm comin home again
Shorty wrapped around me so I'll, never be cold again
Never have to knock a nigga out, for the phone again
Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage in
It's slavery, with nasty food in your abdomen
Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em in
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin
Jailhouse snitches without corroborating evidence
Niggaz sellin niggaz out for true to be, Benjamins
But now I'm free, hit the block, eatin Entenmann's
Benihana in and out, flow to eat to enter in
Newspaper pencillin, tryin to pay the rent again
Ex-con job interview, nobody answerin
Feelin violent from the frustation I got pent up in
But not tryin to go back to the place, I was sent up in
Turn my own life around, fuck the establishment
Listenin to hip-hop like "Where the fuck the talent went?"
How the fuck did you replace, lyrics with your swaggerin?
I'ma fix that, rhymin on with the mag-a-num
I roll up in a caravan, full of North Africans
My squad got, more soldier niggaz than the Saracens
Cause just watch (watch!) when the terrorists attack again
Their reaction's gonna be draft 'em and send us back again

[scratches]
I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again
Fuck this place baby, I'm comin home again
Shorty wrapped around me so I'll, never be cold again
Never have to knock a nigga out, for the phone again
Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage in
It's slavery, with nasty food in your abdomen
Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em in
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin
I'm on parole

"Crimes Of The Heart"

Yea I turned 21 in prison locked up at night
Now I walk around free seems like another life
Another roll with some other dice
Another ho or a loving wife
People come and go some really you never know
Intellectual midgets that really never grow
Fake love that holds on like "can I hold you though?"
And old friends will look at you like "yo, yea I told you so"
A toast to the broken hearted
Who never finished what they fucking started
People who go out and try to be a rebel at night
Try to make up for the fact that they settled in life
It's like a fight between the devil and Christ over the limelight
Spiritual celebrity poker
But the whole deck is full of jokers
And every year that you get older
The stakes get higher
Gambling with a bunch of fakes and liars
Real talk 'cause the real New York
Is the pain and the suffering of lost love
Staring off into the distance in the midst of the club
Depression and emptiness that lead to suicide
And the struggle inside of yourself that keeps you alive
Survived and medicated stalked by sobriety
The life that you live now tortured by memories violently
I pray inside of me that one day you could be forgiven
For murdering the beautiful world we used to live in

Crimes of the heart
Crimes of the heart

Love... doesn't need a complicated metaphor
And sometimes nothing needs to be said at all
Sometimes a person you're with is not your one and only
And you just fuck with them because you afraid to be lonely
And when you come back its too late
So you overcompensate
Like victims of rape
Full of self hate
Lost in the affection to strangers around you
Instead of the only person that ever gave a fuck about you
Thought you were happy so you didn't come check me
But then when he cheated or treated you incorrectly
You conveniently realized you could never forget me
And tried to crawl back in my life unexpectedly
These are my indictments
Of those who claim to be righteous
And leave a trail of broken hearts on their way to enlightenment
But I cant give into hatred or pass judgment

Even towards every illusion I've been in love with
'cause the heart that betrays itself willingly
Is like a nation that trades freedom for stability
Its so seductive to be cold and corrupted
And isolated and try to be an independent republic
But liberty to be loved on the surface is worthless
The sacrifice of revolution with no purpose
Take it from a criminal searching for his redemption
Cursing at God desperately trying to get his attention

Crimes of the heart
Crimes of the heart
Looking for the shining light
Who's it gonna be? Who'll walk the line with me tonight?
Round we go (won't cross?) climbing through the endless night
Who's it gonna be? Who'll walk the line with me this time?
(me this time oooh oooh oooh)
Climbing through the endless night (endless night, endless night)

"Rebel Arms"

(feat. Da Circle, J. Arch)

[Intro: DJ Green Lantern]
What you thought it was over?!
Shit ain't over 'til we say it's over motherfucker
Aiyyo Tech, what you think about the rap game right about now?

"It's all bullshit, you know that, I know that!
Hey, come along with me man, we'll have a budget, huh?
We'll have some clout.."
"I didn't get into this for that!"
"Well that's all there is!"
"Well if that's all there is I've been wastin my motherfuckin time wit'chu
I can get more clout and more money on the STREET
than I can get followin your ass..."

[Immortal Technique]
(Rebel arms!) Yeah... yeah, uhh, yeah
The game is polluted with rappers that are really snitches
And most DJ's are nothin but, industry bitches
And we don't got, no mansion or riches
But we got guns and knives and your children's pictures
And everybody loses in war, but you lose more
What you think we brought back the Panthers, and the Zulu for?
Immortal witchdoctor made himself a voodoo doll
for every motherfucker that fronted that I can recall
Fuck the industry, don't call me, you can't get with me
I'll leave niggaz hangin like Mississippi
RBG to the last drop of blood in my body
Or the Feds drag me away, like a tsunami
But I'll be back, like a fresh bodybag from Iraq
Like a Baltimore slum, during the resurgence of crack
Brown and black, like the A.K. I keep in the strap
While we waitin on the next stock market collapse!

[Da Circle]
It's territorial, oratory editorial
Fuck around I'll be the cause of your life's memorial
I write rap's territorial, East Coast border zoo
Never crossin waters 'til I will coastally slaughter you
I'm better than all of you, vendetta's be mauling you
You're talkin cheddar, I'm a shreddar, I'll sever it off of you
I'll never remorse for you, no letters endorsin you
Pole position in the coffin is what it's, costin you
The cockiest bosses who control the fortunes too
The mortgage is of a cultural losses, through and through
(But it's the rebel arms!) Godspeed with devil's charms
The bitch-made gets switchblades in every arm
And this way we ix-nay on any harm
Cause next play and fakes lay like hidden bombs

We marching units in, the soul is true within
Eternal missions with church, a lifetime to do it in

Stronghold said it, whoop yo' bitch-ass with batons
The rebel arms swarm and form like Voltron
Slash your own beast, you heard (Mark of the East)
Runnin through cop lands screamin "Fuck the police!"
Hormones in the water (water) they actin out of order
Like a pack of rabid wolves, they lambs for the slaughter
Crush your man to bull, rip the drums like Animal
Eat 'em seeds, save my own kind, I'm a cannibal
My regimen salute me, haters wanna shoot me
Kool-Aid in their veins, they'll always try to sue me
You sell crack and rap, did a scared bid
Multiple baby mamas, take care of yo' kids

Guillotine rap, shackles on your neck
Chemical warfare where punchlines connect
Da Circle play the snipers, with Immortal Tech'
They called the block govenor to drag him of the set!

[J. Arch]
Rebel arms out for supremecy and move non-gimmicky
Related to royalty on each trip you mention me
Twist bars illest-ly, rebel against the infantry
Get more than yo' feet wet when I make you a memory
Cats not ready because they commercially industry
I make house calls to those afraid to visit me
Disrespect, I'll smash off the petty
from undisclosed locates, move fast for their cheddy
Arch don't breakdance, yet I (Rock Steady)
I jump on your scope to prove your aim not deadly
My shot to the top is like Mikki and Mal' smelly
Flow milky like the tits of a chick, that's top heavy
The (Technique's Immortal) so Rebel Arm's the regiment
Arch status nicer than, other rappers ever been
My cantine's full from when the doc don't got medicine
Five-star general, frontline veteran

[Outro: DJ Green Lantern]
Invasion baby!
Shit ain't a fuckin game that we playin
Immortal Technique...
Oh yeah, don't forget
"Revolutionary Vol. 3" comin soon
You're not worthy, you sons-of-bitches!

IMMORTAL TECHNIQUE
THE MARTYR

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Burn This"

This is Immortal Technique
Harlem, New York
All over the world
And this is The Martyr
If you are listening to this
It is your responsibility
To burn this for every single motherfucker you know

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"The Martyr"

['Elizabeth' Movie intro]
I'm content to die for my beliefs
So cut off my head and make me a Martyr
The people will always remember it
"No. They will forget"

A man who walks with God, can walk anywhere
Hence.. I fear nothing

[Immortal Technique - Verse 1]
The point of guerilla war, is not to succeed
It's always been just to make the enemy bleed
Deprivin' the soldiers of the peace of mind that they need
Bullets are hard to telegraph when they bob and they weave
The only way a Guerilla War can ever be over
Is when the occupation, can't afford more soldiers
Until they have to draft the last of you into the service
And you refuse cause you don't see the purpose
The only way to counter the insurgents that are well-equipped
Is to paint the people fighting for freedom as terrorists
Then find a faction lookin' for foreign investments
You stall them with power and murder any objections
You can't stop a revolution from breathin'
So to beat 'em they offer people the illusion of freedom
But when you're done dreamin' and wake up, tortured for treason
Then you can see them, hidin' behind the God they believe in

[Chorus]
Deep in the trenches in the heart of a war
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
During the night before the start of the dawn
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
When the gunshots are rainin' in the heart of a storm
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
Guerilla war when the army is gone
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)

[Verse 2]
The purpose of life is a life with a purpose
So I'd rather die for a cause than live a life that is worthless
I don't need the circus or the day of national observance
I need you to think for you and stop being a servant
Pawns only move a square in the game that they're used in
And realise it too late, like the shootin' of Huey Newton
Or Patrice Lumumba and Salvador Allende
Slaughter by the power hungry branches of their own gente
Ghandi wasn't killed by Pakistani nationals
He was assassinated by a Hindu radical

And Che Guevara, rebel to a U.S. continent
Was sold to the C.I.A. by Bolivian communists
Wasn't Yitzhak Rabin murdered by a Zionist
And Anwar Sadat a victim of the same violence?
Malcolm X was seen as a threat to the F.B.I.
But to blast 'em they used Muslims from the N.O.I.
Even the 35th President of the Republic
Was murdered by factions of his own government
So now that it's proven, that a soldier of Revolution
Or head of an empire, disguised in a Constitution
Can not escape the retribution or manipulation
Of the self-appointed rulers of the planets corporations
So Imma need every generation to put your hands up
Cause you can only get 'em off your back when you stand up!

[Chorus]
Deep in the trenches in the heart of a war
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
During the night before the start of the dawn
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
When the gunshots are rainin' in the heart of a storm
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)
Guerilla war when the army is gone
That's the place a Martyr is born (Mothafucka it's on)

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Angels & Demons"

(feat. Dead Prez, Bazaar Royale)

[Intro:]
"What do you see when you're in the dark and the demons come?"
"I see you. I see you standing over the grave of another dead president"

[Hook: Bazaar Royale]
I see angels above me
Demons below me
Fighting over heaven, heaven, heaven
It's real

[Verse 1: stic.man]
America's nightmare; young, black, and just don't give a fuck
Run up in the courtroom and wet 'em up
Got nothing to lose but my handcuffs
Every man must choose to lay down or stand up
It's war time, everything is fair, no fear
When they say the homie murdered the judge, I don't care
Fuck 'em, he deserved it, long as the homie get away
And don't get caught for the crime, I encourage it
We rootin' for the villain in black
Pourin' out Absolut, salute, niggas is shootin' back
In self defense we bang the pistol like
Larry Davis or Brian Nichols
Every pig, every public official, the boomerang
Is coming back to get you, you reap what you sow
The system you created created a monster
And now you scared cause it's coming back to haunt you

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2: M-1]
Since we gonna take the blame, I'm a rep my name to get my aim right
Let's have an overthrow and after party in the same night
Same height as Huey, same muscle build as Malcolm
With the same circumstances in the hood, you know the outcome
And read it in the news about your sergeant and your captain
Don't take this as a warning, just another nigga rappin'
Fuck the way we organizing, fuck the training and the grapplin'
And fuck them Uncle Toms who call police because we smack them
And fuck you sympathizers with your middle class reactions
Cause we bangin' on the system, G'd up, fuck the factions
And if you didn't know, the G was for George Jackson
And long live his warrior spirit packin' the Magnum
Watching over the soldiers, knowin' niggas be blackin'
When we really need to be disciplined in our ways and actions
When we get some freedom you niggas can start braggin'
Till then, inside the blood of my eye, you see the dragon

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]
I'm like the birth of baby Mohammed, the movement I started
Can spar with the hardest, the martyr regarded as Spartacus-hearted
It doesn't matter whose missiles can shoot the farthest
When you're a target in an Afghan Tutoberg Forest
Close quarters combat over corrupted elections
Bilderberg is like cancer, it grows an infection
Nepotism is the gold and the conductor's connection
And ignorance is the prison that the people are kept in
The military ain't there for the people's protection
They're just there to protect an investment
That's why people get arrested, electrocuted, molested
Connected streets are infested with those tired of protestin'
Traumatized children grow to guerilla garrisons
9/11 generations pale in comparison
And you will learn a lesson repeated through history
That no matter what you think, occupation is not victory

[Outro: Immortal Technique]
Somalia, Kashmir
Nigeria, Palestine
Iraq, bring it back

[Hook x2]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Rich Man's World (1%)"

[Arthur Jensen:]
"You get up and howl about America and democracy. There is no America. There is no democracy. We no longer live in a world of nations and ideologies
The world is a college of corporations inexorably determined by the immutable bylaws of business
The world is a business
And I have chosen you to preach this evangel."

[Immortal Technique:]
For all my free-market, healthcare-robbing, stock-stealing, retirement-fund-fucking-with niggas
Fuck your little credit-card scamming, jewelry-stealing, crack-selling, liquor-store-robbing motherfuckers
(It's a rich man's world)

Shout to the homies, Carnegie, OG, Willie Randolf Hearst, Farouk, Rockefeller, the real Rockefeller, my main bitch Leona
Pour out a little Louis the Thirteenth, Scott Rothstein, Jack Abramoff, hold ya head, my Rothschild niggas
Let's get this money

I spend my day repping America overseas
Pensions for the workers? Nigga please
Embezzlement etiquette private settlement
I'm better with confederate rhetoric from my mansion in Connecticut
Foreclose and evict homes at the tenement
I twist words like a speech impediment
I hope you got good credit bitch

If not better get a new job with benefits
While I play golf with niggas I get cheddar with
New money buys brand new karats
My old money bought your great grandparents

You got grills in ya mouth I ain't mad at ya
I own every gold mine in South Africa
Thanks baby you made me a billion
Plus I own a building for each one of my children's children

That's the shit
Snort coke in the whip miss USA sucking my dick
Yea what
Fuck the law 'cause real jail is for suckers
I go to country club prison you dumb mother fuckers
(I am the 1% fucking bitch)

You know my CEO corporate steeze please
Overthrow governments overseas in a breeze
Politicians in my pockets for a few hundred Gs
So if I'm ever in court my assets'll never freeze

I got a job and house and a bank account

When I'm out I doubt that's something you could say
And if not then I fake death like Kenneth Lay
Make money every day the world burns on its axis
While y'all struggling to pay taxes
I'm getting my money the fastest
Memos and faxes shredded-up documents
Slush funds through the corrupt continents

But they don't want me indicted
'Cause they don't want my dirty laundry aired when I fight it
Don't get my lawyers excited
'Cause what good is a law if you can't rewrite it

I got CIA traders, dictators
So fuck y'all whistle blowers and haters
(It's a rich man's world)
Shit

I'll invest money from Al Qaeda
In the bank 911 widows go to later
Capitalism's who I pray to
Fuck the state of the world
Money talks so what the fuck I need to say to ya girl
(I don't pay em to fuck, I pay em to leave)

You know my CEO corporate steeze greed
I'll treat countries like the IMF down on your knees
Real gangsters run the world fuck what you believe
I'll cut down the forest while y'all niggas burning some trees

I'll get your family murdered for a couple of Gs
'Cause your working-class money ain't fucking with me
You think rappers are rich 'cause of songs you heard?
My labels make the money and haven't rapped a fucking word

Yacht in the ocean coastin' with the sails out
Hey America thanks for the bailouts
I made off at the Banco Ambrosiano
Got away scott free like el Vaticano

Activists act a bitch get mad at me
'Cause I'm a tax free charity
80% to the staff and company
And 20% to the homeless and hungry

The country gotta pay the fed reserve
Kick back to the banksters haven't you learned
You protest cops who patrols on the street
But I bought city hall so I own the police

Email, Facebook and the shit you tweet
Own the phone companies so I heard you speaking
My suggestion is no correction no elections, sex with no affection

No invention would benefit the world of man
Will exist 'til I got the money in my hand
World bank, interest rate damn rape on the spot
But I'm a gangster you gon' take my money like it or not, nigga
(I got your country in my pocket, motherfucker!)

You know my CEO masonic steeze cheese
Only little people pay all these taxes and fees
Since you were born we controlled what you watch and you read
And pretty soon we're gonna own the fucking air that you breathe

I take what I want fucker I don't have to say please
I'll convince you that it's good for you, take it and leave
You think presidents are the face of a nation
I put em all where they are, end of the conversation

Thanks to Luke Lopez, Victor Trujillo, Mathieu, kevin, ProphecyKiller for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Toast To The Dead"

[Chorus]
Rest in Peace
Here’s another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest
Mothafucka, say yo’ prayers!
For brothers who died from black-on-black violence
Rest in Peace
You ain’t payin’ respect when you’ ‘spose to
Rep this life to the fullest
Rest in Peace
This ain’t for y’all, this’ a toast to them
Rest in Peace

[Immortal Technique - Verse 1]
Here’s a toast to the dead
If you don’t drink, smoke to the head
For the freedom fighters killed by the feds
For those who died hard in the streets soaking in red
And died slow asleep in a dream choking in bed
Here’s a toast to the dead for my enemies that are gone
I’m not a coward so, celebrating that would be wrong
I pray to God that your soul will come back again
So I can see you in the next life and finish it then
A toast to the dead for criminals, burning in hell
I wonder how many presidents are burning as well
Emperors, Popes, Senators, Generals
Amputees feelin’ unlucky until they see the vegetables
A toast to the dead for those who I’ve forgotten
Written out of the history by the corrupted and rotten
Black saints whitewashed during La Reconquista
Thousands of Indios Spaniards used to conquer the Incas
F-ck a moment of silence! I need a moment of violence!
Like the nineteenth century Caribbean Islands
Long live those who came before, that paved the way for me
The warriors and scientists that came before slavery
And if that last lyric was predictable
Take your clairvoyance and apply it to your life in the physical
Presumptuous half-hearted homunculus
Self-destruction is the power without knowing what the function is

[Chorus]
Rest in Peace
Here’s another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest
Rest in Peace
Mothafucka, say yo’ prayers!
For brothers who died from black-on-black violence
Rest in Peace
You ain’t payin’ respect when you’ ‘spose to
Rep this life to the fullest

Rest in Peace
This ain't for y'all, this' a toast to them
Rest in Peace

[Immortal Technique - Verse 2]
Here's a toast to the dead, for all of my fam
I will never let an idea die with a man
My rhymes are like Nazca lines designed to give a view-of-this
J.Dilla's still alive as long as his music is
A toast to the dead for rap legends and pioneers
Your legacy won't be forsaken as long as I am here
Knowledge of the past and, wisdom of the present
I'll teach and leave in the hands of a worthy lieutenant
A toast to the dead, for children with cancer and aids
A cure exists and you probably, could have been saved
Sad to see, medicine divorce morality
Corporate homewreckers, pimpin' up a salary
A toast to the dead, for those that've died today
The victims and those exonerated by DNA
The only thing worse than giving freedom to the guilty
Is killing the innocent, and leavin' your soul filthy
Immortal Technique, remember me when I'm gone
I encrypted my lyrics to stay alive in a song
So you'll always keep a piece, of my spirit inside
When you struggle to complete what I started before I died
But some of you, won't survive the changes the earth makes
Swallowed by tsunamis, hurricanes and earthquakes
And that's just the first stage of 'you-can-not-reverse-ways'
And realise that we are one, regardless of our birthplace

[Chorus]
Here's another warriors song, rep this life to the fullest
Rest in Peace
Mothafucka, say yo' prayers!
For brothers who died from black-on-black violence
Rest in Peace
You ain't payin' respect when you' 'spose to
Rep this life to the fullest
Rest in Peace
This ain't for y'all, this' a toast to them
Rest in Peace

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Eyes In The Sky"

(feat. Mojo of Dujeous)

[Chorus:]
I am the eye in the sky looking at you I can read your mind
I am the maker of rules dealing with fools, I can cheat you blind

[Verse 1: Immortal Technique]
Yeah, my truth is the Ark of the Covenant buried in Ethiopia
Watch when you fuckin' with a Minneapolis Somalian
When I go home the world I used to know is gone and I will live on my own
For what shall it profit a rapper with creative control to sign a deal with the devil and lose his soul?
My still born first expression is cold
Like the faces of slave masters on the paper I fold
Subliminal racial supremacy chokin' me quick like the bedtime stories of Joseph Smith
Lynch mob gunnin' for me trynna murder my seeds
Shorty put him in the Nile in a basket of reeds
And now I stare in to the future with a spiritual flashlight wondering who the fuck was me in a past-life
Bad diet, fuck raw, die young, fast life, same as a crash flight that took off when the music died on your last night
Tell em' the truth and they call you a traitor
Talk to em' honestly and they call you a hater
Losin' my composure cause the message is urgent
Talkin' reckless drunk on the mic like Larry Merchant
Cursin' at the serpents, Sumerian demons
Who brush their wings against the air that I'm breathing
A heathen with nothin' left to believe in even a reason from livin' that was forgiven by God and not religion
Envision Jesus risen from the dead like Horus in the Baptist church shakin' off the rigor mortis
The borders should be illegal instead of the people that were here before the bible and all of its sequels
I speak to the detached and unrealistic that were born normal but turned socially autistic
We resisted Homeland Security's mission because I know what they really envision...

[Chorus x2]
I am the eye in the sky looking at you, I can read your mind
I am the maker of rules dealing with fools, I can cheat you blind

Thanks to Don, Will S, Chris for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Goonies Never Die"

(feat. Diabolic, Swave Sevah, Gomez)

[Intro 1]
And it's not smart to be dumb
It's not smart to be dumb
bumb de dumb dumb dumb
Back where I come from
it's not considered smart to be dumb

[Intro 2]
Immortal Technique -
Okay little empanada, time for bed
"Empanada" - Uncle Felipe
Immortal Technique -
What, what is it now?
"Empanada" - I heard that
you and my dad used to
be in a gang. Is that true?
IT - Who told you that
man, your mother. It
wasn't a gang we were
just a group of friends
Em - Did you do bad things?
IT - No no no look we just
used to draw and stuff
and play karate, borrow
things, throw stuff, y'know
run around at night. Like Goonies
Em - Whats a Goonie?
IT - You never heard of
Goonies before?

[Verse 1 - Immortal Technique]
I coulda chose another life
with the feds try'na get me
Little kids putting work in
like at Gap and Disney
In the whip high as shit
like Bobby and Whitney
Grab your hand and push
the mother fuckin' pedal to sixty
Harlem cops frisk me to
get me to make their quotas
But I told ya "Siempre hay
que separar las drogas"
Bar brawl in the club
popping and rocking georsh
Shot it out leaving bullet
holes the size of matzu balls

I love big chicks never
fucked with a slim broad
Played soccer and
hammered nails into their shin guards
Gambled at cee lo with
Dominicans locked in the tombs
We was there for robbing
niggas for them Spanish doubloons
Remember Goonie era
graffiti of all sorts
Now they wanna foreclose
on the hood to build a golf course
I'll put your hand in a
blender to make an entree
Then cut your dick and
glue it back on the wrong way

[Hook - Immortal Technique]
All ma revolutionary
soldiers better ride
My word is mathematics
bitch numbers never lie
So even if they tell you I'm
dead I'm still alive
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die
Witness protection
program rappers better hide
I serve revenge out the
freezer niggas never slide
So if they tell you I'm gone
and you safe niggas lied
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die

[Verse 2 - Swave Sevah]
I'm a certified goonie the
type a burgla rob ya crib
And leave it smellin like
sour and Afghan gooey
Life is a movie but yours
was filmed on a greener screen
I give you pure uncut raw
no deleted scenes
War with a broadsword
dumping a tech nine
Slit your throat give you a
Colombian neck tie
The best buy to get we let
die let fly the next guy to try some shit
Listen a few words just to
describe my clique
We like a gang of spartans

walking on the Gaza strip
Never say die its time to
fight and we never run
My Goonies rob niggas for
jewelery we call em treasure hunts
Let him front like he a
tough guy with wippe?
I'll hit em slug turn him to
one eye willy watery
grave hide ya chips
I'll hijack ya boat load and
cruise away on my pirate ship

[Hook - Immortal Technique]
All ma revolutionary
soldiers better ride
My word is mathematics
bitch numbers never lie
So even if they tell you I'm
dead I'm still alive
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die
Witness protection
program rappers better hide
I serve revenge out the
freezer niggas never slide
So if they tell you I'm gone
and you safe niggas lied
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die

[Verse 3 - Diabolic]
Before Duncan Penderhuse
was runnin' with dougie doug
My team got away with
murder we ain't fit the bloody glove
Those jungle breeze and
we come to feed our hungry cubs
With hoes pulling out our
pipes like Goonies under country clubs
Let these funny thugs
know whoever steps in 'Bolics spot
Is getting crushed with
solid rock the jester copper pot
I suggest the drama stops
I'll flood blocks with mustard gas
You're up shits creek in a
rubber raft cut in half
Cross my fucking path I'll
dare you I'll mangle who lit the fuse
Quick to lose my marbles
like Mikey replacing his with jewels
Watching y'all enslave the

game I'm forced to say the truth
Break the chains quick and
Sloth reaching for Baby Ruth
We got AD proof and
whores in daisy dukes extra low
While fat bitches do the
truffle shuffle just to get in shows
Fuck what your record
sold respect the code and recognize
The rebel tribe that my
people kept alive will never die

[Hook - Immortal Technique]
All ma' revolutionary
soldiers better ride
My word is mathematics
bitch numbers never lie
So even if they tell you I'm
dead I'm still alive
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die
Witness protection
program rappers better hide
I serve revenge out the
freezer niggas never slide
So if they tell you I'm gone
and you safe niggas lied
Because mother fucker
Goonies never die

[Outro]

Thanks to Esteban for adding these lyrics.
Thanks to Kyle, Smoke2Much for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Natural Beauty"

(feat. Mela Machinko)

...natural beauty, so beautiful, yeah, natural love, yeah...

They corrupted the priceless African image of Isis
Replaced it with a lifeless anorexic white bitch
The fashion industry got 'em in a funny spot
Self-hatred leaking out they mouth like a money shot
Movie star, Hollywood Babylon fantasy
Buncha peacock bitches in a cocaine canopy
And if you healthy they make you think you're a manatee
Look how they invented this euro-centric insanity
Got you brain washed to the point you bleaching your skin
Blind to the truth, you can't see the beauty within
Cause ain't nothing wrong with exercise to tighten your thighs
But there's something wrong with contacts that lighten ya eyes
We're goin backwards, from hip hop in the park
To the experiments by Dr. Kenneth Clark
So after the cannabis I'ma have to handle this
Release the pressure on her and open her like an amythist

Their lies cant fade ya beauty
You gotta know who you are
Stay strong and always remember
The truth in your heart
Don't forget there are those who
Benefit from your scars
And who deny what's natural

Check it uh,
The business of beauty isn't a natural model
It's built to be the opposite of the cultures we topple
These magazines got you caught in a hustle
Cause when you starve yourself
Your body doesn't burn fat it burns muscle
And men don't even like women control the business
That's why the women look like men
And the men like bitches
I break it down as god is my witness
Remember Sambo charicature characteristics
Now who got the collagen under they lipstick
Implanted Arabic hips, surgical sickness
A bi-polar society that claims to be righteous
Spray paintin artificial melanin
Tryin to be like us
Livin in a pathetic epidemic of schizophrenic buying a
Synthetic body with credit
You mad that I said it
But you know that I'm right

Find a natural beauty and get you some natural lovin' tonight

Their lies cant fade your beauty
You gotta know who you are
Stay strong and always remember,
The truth in your heart
Don't forget there are those who
Benefit from your scars
And who deny what's natural

Their lies can't fade your beauty
You gotta know who you are
Always remember, truth lies in your heart

Thanks to munga, G.E., Kerry for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Running Nowhere (Interlude)"

People are running, where are they go-ing
People are running, where are they go-ing?
People are running, where are they go-ing
People are running, where are they go-ing?
People are running, where are they go-ing
People are running, where are they go-ing?
People are running, where are they go-ing
People are running, where are they go-ing?
[fades out slowly]

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Civil War"

(feat. Brother Ali, Chuck D & Killer Mike)

[Immortal Technique]
The ghetto is like a prison, with invisible bars
No matter where you ride, it always follows you where you are
And it's hard out there, for a pimp to get outta
But it's harder for the hooker that he beat the shit outta
I got niggas underground in the Confederate States
Ironically runnin' from slavery that prison creates
So I never hate on the south, I respect they vision
I just hate on niggas that promote Samboism
And white execs that love to see us in that position
They reflect the stereotypes of America's vision
They want us dancing, cooning and hollering
Only respect us for playing sports and modeling
More than racism, it's stay in your place-ism
More people are trapped in practical blackface-ism
So fuck a Civil War between the North and the South
It's between field niggas and slaves that are stuck in the house

[Chorus: Chuck D]
Civil war for the soul of a nation
This is a struggle to save civilization
Demonstrations overthrowing the occupation
The annihilation of mental colonization

Civil war for the soul of a nation
We fight for the future of our civilization
Destroy the corrupt government organizations
Trying to survive cultural assassination

[Killer Mike]
Crip niggas, Blood nigga, ese's, Asians
Why the fuck we warring with each other's population?
The devil wanna dead all our population
People in Folk nation, why the separation?
Why we got Jamaicans hatin' on Haitians
When the British and French raped both nations?
Mexicans and Blacks kill each other, straight hating
While the government profits from prison population
If you on the bottom, be you Anglo or Asian
You gotta recognize the realness of what I'm sayin'
You gotta recognize another G ain't the enemy
When the police ride to kill us frequently
We gotta make the youth see, where the truth be
If you a G, then grow and develop GD
50 years of gangs and our people still poor
If we really run the streets, we should really end war

[Chorus: Chuck D]
Civil war for the soul of a nation
This is a struggle to save civilization
Demonstrations overthrowing the occupation
The annihilation of mental colonization

Civil war for the soul of a nation
We fight for the future of our civilization
Destroy the corrupt government organizations
Trying to survive cultural assassination

[Brother Ali]
Listen, our hearts were torn apart just like y'all was
Watching towers full of souls fall to sawdust
Everytime we called your office you ignored us
Now you holding hearings on us all inside a Congress
Microscopes on us, ask if we're Jihadists
My answer was in line with all of the Founding Fathers
I think Patrick said it best; Give me liberty or death
I shall never accept anything less
You claim innocence, you play victimless
But you gave the kiss of death in the name of self defense
Slavery and theft have brought the nations to the end
Of pacifying your citizenry with excess
We believe in freedom, justice, security
But they're only pure when they're applied universally
So certainly if I rage against the machine
My aim was only to clean the germs out of the circuitry
Heard you need putting fear inside your heart
Make you burn Qu'rans and tell me not to build a mosque
Me, my wife and babies we ain't never made jihad
We just want to touch our heads to the floor and talk to God
Ask him to remove every blemish from my heart
The greatest threat of harm doesn't come from any bomb
The moment you refuse the human rights of just a few
What happens when that few includes you?
Civil war

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Mark Of The Beast"

(feat. Akir, Beast 1333)

[Verse 1: Akir]
Get ya dough watch it go, back to the peoples that holding some
Basic H's secret states keepin the stuffs the stole it from
Peter Jospeh told us so, only those that seem to know
Can counteract the satus quo balance back wich way to go
My rough ID CID used by the beast to track you yeah
Charge in the car can cause an alarm
That's part of the arm that traps you now
Back to check in, you go inside you prepared to fly
Watch for scalin you cannot hide
Comfortable you roll no matter what you done
What treats for sky? climbin a tree while I'm gettin high
That big brother eagle start to die
No matter what the reason we can devise
The plant in the sea saw the seeds that provide?
Away for us to breathe out the evilest side
No need to kiss the dream is alive
Free from the evils of the dreams inside

[Hook: Cuts by DJ Pone]

[Verse 2: Beast 1333]
Yo the World a Mess
we All Lust the Flesh
I won't Stop till the People
see Success
So Many beat to Death
so Many people Left
With the Mark of the Beast
can't cheat the Test
You bear the Mark
i Bear the Mark
With the blood in the Waters
there for Sharks
Now everybody want to Be Quoting Marx
with a Less of the Bite
And a More the Bark
in A World of Fakes
Here's what it Takes
gotta have Big Balls
Not Baby Grapes
at A Crazy Pace
Let's do it Face to Face
the Whole Race chase Waste
Space Age Sensash
with a Warm embrace
They go and Stab your Back

it's so Wack that the Hacks
Flapjack the Tracks
and When the Bombs attack
We Gon Bomb em Back
wit the Cold Facts Rap Tracks
Catch a Jax
Theres No Latch attached
you Can't Own a Soul
So don't go go scroll po po patrol
lets Go Toe to Toe Like Pro Dojo Throws
Sold your Soul so Don't Go so Slow
no Need to Crow
No Need to Flip
what we Need is a Change in Leadership
Wont even Give a Chance to Plead the Fifth
before the Radar Go From
Bleep to Blip Bitch

[Hook: Cuts by DJ Pone]

[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]
You think I don't notice the line when you cross it
I'm like the mind of a genious trapped in a cerebral palsic
You underestimate the hood you think niggas is stupid
We read the countries credits, niggas know who produced it
Why the fuck you think the pushing military recruitment
America been platinum and she afraid of recoupment
So when you try to close the boarder and don't let us in
I'll overthrow califonria with 20 million mexicans
Cubans and chinese who came looking for freedom
Till they realised america was run by a demon
And I don't mean George Bush he was a fuckin zero
More like the roman emperor Nero
Who did nothing while the black slum turned to atlantis
I mean those behind the canvas that made the mechanics
And then planned it, it sounds simple but stupid niggas won't understand it
Until the mark of the beats has your face branded

[Cuts by DJ Pone]

Thanks to Bacel for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Pierre Louis Garcia

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Black Vikings"

(feat. Styles P, Vinnie Paz, Poison Pen)

[Verse 1: Immortal Technique]
Back like I was locked up, putting in work
Burning through books like nazi's in a catholic church
I'm cursed like cain when he murdered his brother
Cut your face off and wear it while I'm fucking your mother
I'm mars ultor, the avenger, the god of war
And if you don't believe in me, I doubt you believe in god at all
I breathe smokeless fire, the Jinn type
That'll make you hate the way that allah made you to live life
Like hindu, niggas that be bleaching their skin white
Other people's teeth in my hands after a fist fight
I was born with a sixth sense and a swift right
Skinned werewolves and rape demons at midnight
Sell your kids into slavery after we murder you
Or sacrifice them in the same fire we burnin' you
Barbarian funeral, nigga, you wanna know?
Damn the river, bury me, and let the water flow

[Hook: Poison Pen]
Chaos, mayhem, bang outs, slay them, uprise, rape them, raid them
Cage em, pandemonium, insurgent, death merchants, commit the best murder
Pillage, Kill them, erase history, make them a mystery

[Verse 2: Styles P]
Cut the nose off, the ears off, the whole head
Immortal and ghost coming, code red
You never seen a black barbarian
Warrior, warlord, pussy, cut your balls off
More bodies come, more bodies hauled off
What you want the sword and get shit sawed off
Your throat need an axe in it
And I'm breaking your back because your spine needed a crack in it
You bugging me, I'm coming to fumigate
The wolverine, the sabre tooth, the way that I mutilate
I'm like the viking in Valhalla Rising
Except I got black skin and both of my eyes in
Don't test him, please don't stress him
He'll hang you from a tree with your own intestines
How you wanna die? make your own suggestion
Now talk to the lord and make your own confession

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]
You pussies living in a movie theatre
Put the motherfucking spell on you like brujeria
Chop his motherfucking head like a ruthless leader

Guns drawn in a church service, shoot the preacher
You need to be godly to know allah
Ain't no rappers eating around me, like a broken jaw
It ain't ever been a day that I ain't broke the law
What you think I hold a motherfucking toaster for?
I ain't going there, there's police in that room
And vinnie walk around with bags of dust like a vacuum
Bury you under the earth inside a black tomb
My body covered in Dashiki and stab wounds
I'm a guerilla, barbarians is my ancestors
That's a part of my neurological transmitters
We Islamic and brought the story of shem with us (Al hamdu Allah!)
While we brought the motherfucking blam blam with us

[Hook]

[Outro]
The walls have been breached! ANFALL!!!
We came in the name of peace and brotherhood, you wanted us bound in slavery, poisoned our water, changed our names...
Burn their homes, take their jewels, skin them alive!
Hold on, hold on, hold on...
No one will know these people ever existed, and all that will be left is what we build upon their ruins...

Thanks to Eugen Kabinde for correcting these lyrics.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Conquerors"

(with Dr. John Henrik Clarke)

Nearly all religion was brought to people and imposed on people by conquerors and used as the framework to control their minds. My main point here is that if you are a child of god and god is a part of you, then in your imagination god is supposed to look like you and when you accept a picture of the deity assigned to you by another people you become the spiritual prisoner of that other people.

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Young Lords"

(feat. Joell Ortiz, Pumpkinhead, CF, Panama Alba)

[Immortal Technique:]
New to the world, fresh out the barrio, I was an outlaw rebel, out of my mind, young and wild, my existence defined in one word: Survive!

[Verse 1: Joell Ortiz]
If it could be sold, I can sell it, If it can't, that's cool
I'll fix it up make it look good enough to catch some fools
It started when I was young with my genesis games
He traded me John Madden for--I don't remember the name
But it was weak though, the streets though, they play with perico
So Tito became my hijo, he had cheap blow
And each O like three, four times, I flipped ones
But it's evil, the people I deal with'll stick nuns
With big guns, the diesel that diesel never change
The custies still nod like they agree with everything
The weed ain't the same, all the colors is new
It ain't just green, the haze is purple and them berries is blue
I don't care if it was pink, as long as they still smoking
I had them bags packed until they damn near open
The hustle's in my veins, I could bleed in a pot
And make a soup that'd go for 10 dollars a pop

[Immortal Technique:]
In la calle, a collision course with incarceration, consumed by the lies of the streets, they were an illusion but I awoke caged like an animal

[Verse 2: Pumpkinhead]
They got me locked in a cell where I'm feeling like an experiment
My spirit sharper than lasers they used to build pyramids
Writing on the walls keep me sane
Knuckle push-ups on the concrete, till I bleed out the pain
Thoughts of my freedom lingering in my brain
I'm stronger and much quicker I appreciate the gain
Building with my a-alike, brown power reunite
Tattoos of my flag, PR pride Jesus Christ
But I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy
So when I'm free I'll teach and spread the speech
Of how they try to divide us (to make us weak)
Find us (and break a piece) So I gotta
(To make a peace) honest (I play for keeps)
This is the life of your forefathers that fought hard
Four corners of backyards, power in numbers
So they subtract us and add bars
If they want it, we gonna take 'em to war
We not a gang or a clique, we Young Lords!

[Immortal Technique:]

I came to my senses, un esclavo no soy (I am not a slave), that is not my past, I came to know me and my people, red brown and black, helped me paint the future.

[Verse 3: CF]
The world got a template, to turn us into inmates caged in a state pen,
Man, fuck going to penn state,
Bonded to slave ships to punch in your timecard,
Walk my oasis spacing jungle behind bars,
Got my epiphany like Malcolm X,
Prison to the bricks, but I'm stuck in this global house arrest,
I'm a free man so I changed my mannerisms,
This Greenspan system wanna dent my activism,
Estilo machetero get my people out the ghetto,
21st century grito de alar estate quieto (stay calm),
We vocal minorities, no pookie man trail,
Guess the local authorities to be the Ho Chi Minh trail,
From robbing bodegas and boosting like low-lives,
The medium figures choking the four five,
Revolutionary gangsters in your presence,
Trying to dead us through cancer, through chemical testing!

[Immortal Technique:]
Unidos por fin! (Finally, united!) We seize the time, free at last, learn to love, live to fight, not just for me, but for others, teach the new blood, and live for freedom!

[Verse 4: Immortal Technique]
I survived the COINTELPRO assassinations
AIDS epidemic crack era fractured a nation
The interpretation of American democracy
Is best exemplified in its foreign policy dichotomy
I live a double-life of political philosophy
But revolution follows me, the struggle for equality
Against the morally bankrupt, claiming to be born again
It's a civil war again, like MS-13's origin
Banned ethnic studies claiming our culture will swallow them
But you can’t conquer people and build a country on top of them
And then feel offended that they breathe the same oxygen
Your family values lack the wisdom of Solomon
But Operation Condor and Operation Bootstrap
Are Poli Sci 101 research for the New Jack
It’s hard to reach, Communist Utopia tomorrow
When your hands are in a fucking glass jar like Che Guevara
Forget the distorted historical facts you were given
Slave trade was the capital for capitalism
Trapped in a prison mentally, dying existentially
Separated from people you can’t see yourself to be
Then racially integrated into a burning house
Colony of an empire, economically burning out
Can’t win a debate, so they sponsor every threat to me
I wonder if Agent 800 is standing next to me

In Puerto Rico, the main problem we have es que somos colonia (is that we are a colony) we are a colony, we are fighting for freedom, because we will not be a slave nation for *[?]* the struggle here is to make universities the

struggle here is in the community, it's against the police and violence, it's against discrimination, it's against the crime against humanity on this beautiful Caribbean Island, this is *[?]* Young lords, revolutionary always, from San Juan, Puerto Rico, Que viva Puerto Rico libre! (Long Live a free Puerto Rico!)

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Ultimas Palabras"

A new American revolution has begun,
Not against the forces of a colonial kingdom
But a rebellion against an oppressor that has risen among us,
It is not a foreign invasion we have to fear,
Rather the threat of a force within our nation
That has usurped what was once a dream of having the greatest democracy ever known to man,
We now live in a world where the population has grown exponentially,
And the planet is running out of resources to sustain us all,
We in the inner-city and those struggling in the suburban ghettos may not realize it yet,
But make no mistake,
The people who control the technology and run every enterprise that makes up our world,
Have seen this coming for a long time,
The ideas of renewable energy,
Global warming,
The idea of collectively working,
Were purposefully bought out, derailed, demonized, or corrupted,
In favor of an economic structure designed by a monetary caste system,
In a desperate attempt to convince us that we need to maintain that extravagant existence,
They've pretended we might share in their dream,
That we can justify any inhumanity in its name,
Out of this blind ignorance was born the curse of slavery,
Many of the founders of this nation were themselves Masons,
That is not a Left wing or Right wing conspiracy theory,
It is a widely known and accepted fact,
So then explain to me how a nation founded by men,
Who not only understood the long and complicated history of Europe,
But also that of Africa,
Could permeate such a lie in convincing the American public,
That one race of men was superior and one inferior,
When in fact we know that all the early men,
The men who created civilization and every aspect of what we see today,
The foundation of all human life,
Were from Africa,
The greatest cowardice of course came not with slavery itself,
Unfortunately,
But with the excuses for slavery,
For if America had been as brave as the Roman Empire and all other empires that have come after her,
And claimed "No, we were just stronger and that's why we took you",
Then when slavery was over racism would've probably followed in suit,
But instead it was the social lie,
The religious lie that was told,
That stayed in the mind of people,
That seperated one human being from another,
In order to distract us from the issues of class and freedom,
They created issues around religion and race to dominate the world for centuries to come,
Some claim that they respect that they respect the culture of life in this country,
They cry out for indignity of children that are slaughtered before they are born,
But God has not penetrated their souls,

For they have no empathy,
Nothing in their cold hearts for the 100s of 1,000s of lives we have taken in our wars overseas,
For that which they call "collateral damage",
Which the are the burnt and damaged children of the world,
They have no prayers for them,
Only snide commentary on the internet and laughter in their hearts,
And yet you claim to be one with God,
Huh,
We talk about immigration in this country,
Might doesn't make right ladies and gentleman,
It just makes right now,
What we are saying to the rest of the world,
Is one day when America grows weak,
One day when her legions falter,
On the day when her economy crumbles,
China, Russia, Europe, whatever power has arisen,
All you have to do is come here and conquer us in a few military excursions,
And then you too can set up shop here,
And in 100 years you can tell every red-blooded American,
"No, you are an illegal human being,
I am the true citizen,
I have all the rights,
You have no rights",
Maybe you forgot how you got this country,
Maybe you take for granted the blood, the sweat, the tears,
That the people who live in practical serfdom shed everyday,
For we may not run America, but we make America run,
We talk about the Law,
Yet,
How many indignities have been legal in the past?
How many treaties with Native Americans have we broken?
How many international laws have we violated?
And,
Speaking of laws,
How can a corporation be regulated by a government that is funded and controlled by corporations?
How can there be accountability,
For people who see a profit margin above the lives of Americans?
Above the lives of human beings in other countries?
We have taken the soul out ourselves and placed them inside machines,
My words of course,
Will be marginalized, demonized,
In typical fashion,
Anytime you dare to question the power structure they say you hate America,
No, I love this country,
I see its beauty everyday in its people,
And I love it a lot more than those who have abandoned the American worker,
That have chose to exploit and try to take away benefit she has,
Those that attempt to make excuses for every atrocity committed,
In the name of supposed freedom,
Those who demand accountability from everyone,
But offer none themselves,
Who favor contracts over lives,
Who favor invasion and control over organic democracy overseas,

The greatest flaw that any intelligent person has is to think they're smarter than everyone else,
And so the government has planted its spies amongst us,
We have planted our spies among them,
They have infiltrated every branch of the American government,
They have retrieved names, data, hard numbers,
The paper trail that will expose those that truly control this country,
Those that control the political parties,
Those that control the oil industry,
The energy,
Those that stand behind the companies faceless,
Whose names have never been revealed,
Until tod.. *[GUNSHOT]*

Immortal Technique Lyrics

"Sign Of The Times"

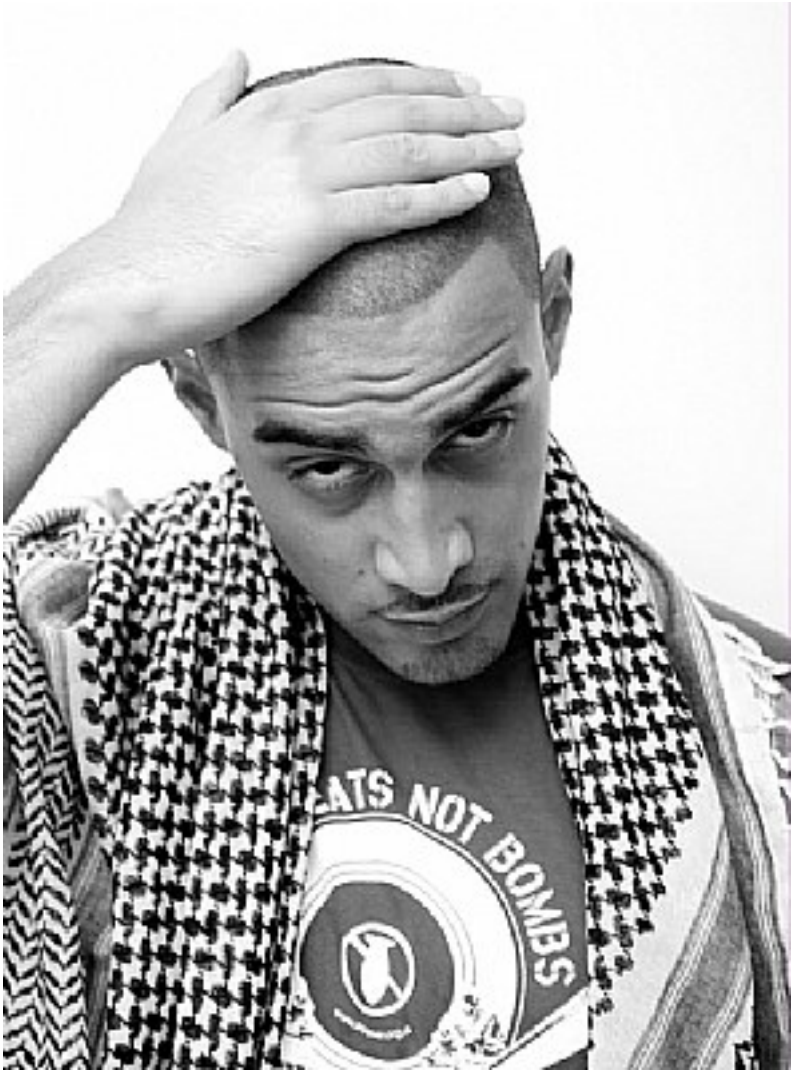
(feat. Cetan Wanbli, Lockjaw Nakai, Cornel West)

Imagine the word of god without religious groupies
Imagine a savior born in a Mexican hoopty
Persecuted a single mother in a modern manger
You crucify him again like a fucking stranger
Tears of the anger are worth more than diamonds or rubies
Imagine being locked up since juvi
Imagine changing your life and still going out like tookie
Imagine niggas talking shit when they never knew me
Imagine a movie that depicted the pain in your life like the kids in Afghanistan chasing a kite
For most of the world that's what it's like
Imagine if the woman your suppose to love for the rest of your life is set to marry someone else at the end of the night
They say you fight the greatest jihad in your heart and your mind and fight the hardest when you start from behind
So I dreamed the impossible all the time
Fuck a masonic design America's future is mine repeat that to yourself cause if cultures a crime the numbers tatted on your arm aren't too far behind
It can only conquer you after they murdered your mind
So rise up motherfucker like the sign of the times
I feel my body weakening but my spirit is fine
Ready to go to war with devils at the drop of a dime and
Fight with my rebel army until the stars are aligned

Nostradamus was a white man's prophet who predicated European supremacist logic
Because the pilgrims and conquistadors columns killed more innocent people than Hitler and Stalin (Yes)
I guess the fortune teller skipped an Antichrist or two
Brother give this to the OG's doing life with you and
Pray for the problems with the popes psychology so the Vatican will offer an apology, (for what?!)
for destroying the peoples liberation theology
Snatching the spirit of Jesus from people in poverty
Business decisions like keeping people in prisons but had the opposite effect incarcerating religion
That type of crooked politics imposed on a populous is obvious if you read the Northwood documents
Forget the compliments for what I recorded
And live the revolution instead of always dying for it
Remember a bullet can never stop me
My legions are led by the spirit Haile Selassie watch me
Even if I'm shot in the shakra I will prosper
Doppler effect bumping music out a helicopter
Tellin the Persians there comes the rasta
And tell them I came back as the son of the Ahura Mazda
Fish out the Philistine dagon from the shores of Gaza
And call Quetzalcoatl flying over La Raza
This is a message to the older gods I'll sacrifice you all to the revolution like the Romanovs
Lost in the desert like the Hebrews of Israel
The blood clot system try to kill me like sickle cell
But I survived and alive to fight another day cocooned in a coma
I can still hear my mother pray

Sister crying out to god please let my brother stay
Walking towards the light but somethings pulling me the other way

Thanks to Joey for correcting these lyrics.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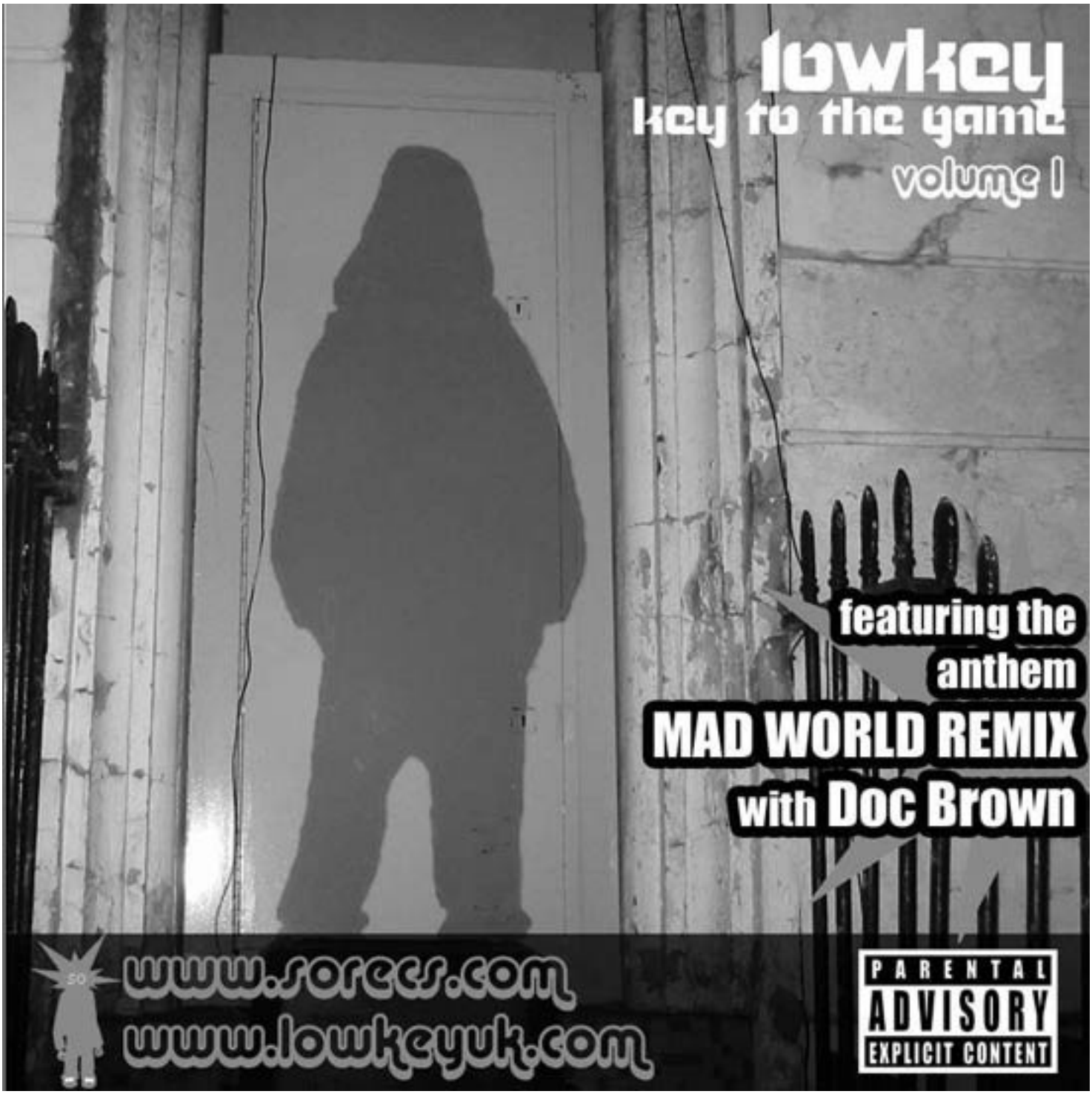

lowkey
key to the game
volume 1
featuring the
anthem
MAD WORLD REMIX
with Doc Brown
www.sorecs.com
www.lowkeyuk.com
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Lowkey - A Million and One Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

Yeah. It's lowkey.
For all my people that wanna make a million pound. yeah
A million
Blud trust me, this time next year.
we will be millionaires

There's a million ways to make a million chips
Just ask william gates or william smith
does the Freshest Prince to the thrown, really exist?
the king's filling the Kingdom with silliness and hate
Listen mate, let me illustrate this rap shit is here to stay
Still many imitate, you couldn't take me out
with a chopper and army missiles
i see myself as a shopper at Harvey Nichols
With lots of dough but not from chatting to garage
Just to pop across the road and buy a jacket from Harrods
Too many MCs and rappers are average

I'm one in a mill, blessed with nothing but skill
I'm talkin' doe, like homer simpson picture me
rolling in a chauffeur driven limousine
Owning boats from the coast of Britain to the Philippines
In a versacci suit only stopped to strap a huge bob marley zoo
Rum made by malibu, plus bacardi too
still the type to rock shows still with microsoft doe
Surfed the net and invest in stocks
with enough money and power to arrest all the bent feds and cops
so when I walk in stores and try shit on
they never mention cost
no one said London city was fair
I aim to be a fuckin millionaire
fuck these idiot brehs
I aim to start companies and employ my peoples
Satan can't fuck with me I'm here to destroy the evils
fire arms, crack and poison needles
and the street's unthinkable tortures
don't spit a bar, relaxin' at home cinema
sippin mineral water, money stacks counting and analyzing
but the fact is right now I'm fantasizing

Lowkey - From a Place Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

Yeah, Lowkey!
Straight from South-West.(Straight from South-West) Let's Go! (Let's go!)

I'm from a place that, left me psychologically scarred,
A lot of crime, but many guys that wanna-be stars,
Mans take it easy, but a life of poverty's hard,
Shit is common, like a knife 'n' robbery charge,
In my life I did what the blind majority can't,
Around me fiends crave for crack,
And Stomp your head into the pavement untill your face is flat,
Talking codes on the payphone, incase it's tapped,
I might make a track, but still remain gutter, 'till my life fades to black.

Don't come around if you don't know the right way to act,
'Cos there's some things that you have to know first,
'Round here the cameras don't work,
Yout'-dem don't give a fuck for another man,
If you take a loss, bounce back like a rubber band,
Understand pricks try to test you,
This life is stressful, if your quite successful,
Wolves that are quick to slash your temples,
I might get a few rings and customize new kicks,
Just let me do my thing, don't fuck with my music,
I'm an emcee from my head to my toes,
It runs in my blood, in my flesh and my bones
The pen is my best friend, I'm never depressed and alone
I'm an underground cat with a professional flow, destined to blow
Emcees need to backup and let their testicles grow! (What the fuck!?)

Lowkey - Lucifer Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

This is lowkizy, raping london city
Gotta make sure you understand

I'm an outlaw rappin' the streets
Every place in the south north west and the east
Forget a punchline, i break your mouth your jaw
And the rest of your teeth
Any other MCs about war can't second to me
I stand without flaws from my head to my feed
It sound raw when I wrestle the beat
What you acting proud for?
Me, you can never defeat
You can see me down (?) stores
Steppin outdoors just to get in achieve
Got to murky mans _____ after i left him asleep
Like I said get you jaw broke quick and your torso split
On the mic, my people don't talk no shit

Stay rapping all night, while yours don't spit
I'm getting pissed of with these fool gays
Undermining Hip Hop from the UK
From that Blood I'll rap to the death
Blood i told you before man I'm better than blessed
Grew with the most roofless kids and lost baby
Finaly using the gift that God gave me
I'm not crazy just deranged and insane

I came to explain the false state of the game
Many out changing for fame without making a name
My belly's aching with pain,
Any fater that hates and tryna' spit a verse of me
Get left looking like a circus freak
On hes knees screaming Mercy Please
And he ain't even heard me speak
I don't give a fuck whether your 15 or 33
Is all good, i make dopes look awkard

Tryna to step to this step, Left with a twisted surfer
Coming in the place leave a space where the door stood
Listen jokers you get dangled off the cliffs of Dover
Leave a undercover agents mission over

Im not a snake, but on the mic. I'm a viscious Cobra
Quick to expose a rapper with a bitch persona

Lowkey - Mad World (Promo version) Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

All around me are familiar faces
Warn out places, warn out faces
Bright and early for the daily races
Going nowhere, going nowhere
Doc Brown, it's a disgrace, this place is like a whore house
The crooked systems the pimp that got us workin' 'til me worn out
Storm clouds so it's dark when I wake up
Same street, same run for the same bus
Same tramp with his change cup
But many pennies and tens and twenty's ain't gonna change his day up
This train sucks blood, you look familiar
Why do I know them tired eyes from somewhere in particular
Wait, nah it was yesterday
You shoved me in the chest just to race to the top of the escelate
So all we rats comin' back for more
Happy to carry the wait 'til our backs are sore
Trapped in the system of capitalism
That got us thinkin'that we have to take a shit job just to get a quick buck
Why not live the life that you want?
When your dreams too big to fit in that Burger King uniform
Forgot what humanity showed us
Now we walk around like robots 'til we go nuts
What strangers, we all creative
'Til age six then we start hearin' the same shit
From police, parents, teachers, television
Take them first steps towards a mental prison
Then at the end of ya life you like "what! "
"I was doin' time but I weren't even behind bars"
Know what blood, it's a very very (mad world)
Doc Brown and Lowkey]
Maintain feel the weight on my brain (mad world)
It's still the same my brains achin' with pain (mad world)
This ain't life it just doesn't feel right (mad world)
My dreams ain't nice, can't sleep at night
Went to school and was very nervous
No one knew me, no one knew me
Hello teachers tell me what's my lesson
Looked right through me, looked right through me
From the time I was a toddler, tiny and small
I grew into a little monster in primary school
Just another name on the list at registration
The teacher never listens so I lived in desperation
By Year 6, I was sick of education
Not to mention wantin' attention but I'd sit in hesitation
Scared to ask teachers questions
Cause I was quick to test their patience
Soon as I reached secondary, different heads were hatin'
To teachers I was already dead and buried, a product of the street's devistation

Aggy and fassies and fools and carryin' tools
Why, it's a weak explanation but I was never happy in school
Sufferin' from sleep deprivation
Teachers new my type, they saw it in me, never used eyesight
Most pretend they're blind when the older youths and new guys fight
Got sent around to the deputy heads
When the fat kid that grassed went back to sit in class
And dreamt about leavin' all my enemies dead
Many tears where eventually shed
Up 'til now I didn't know what my memories meant
Many messed with me then, all the fights left my energy spent
Teachers need to fix up, this message is for everyone bUt especially them
Intelligent kids don't grow unless they mentally fed in this (mad world)
2: Lowkey and Doc Brown (sample)]
Life is cruel blood, I'm tired of school (mad world)
Your mind's a tool, don't play by the rules (mad world)
That's the truth I've been trapped since youth (mad world)
My heart's bruised but I still won't lose (mad world)

Lowkey - Still Rising Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

Lowkey, I'm still rising blud
I'm still rising

Blud, I'm still rising
Iller than ill, but still rhyming
My skills thriving
The odds are stack but I'm still rising
Feeling violent but I'm still shining
You try stopping me, no joy I'm still here
Blud I leave your home boy in a wheel chair
Make you experience real fear
the real here
The fake don't listen
17 spittin' age old wisdom
Before they die if you escape those prisons
I remain with the same goal, vision and aim
But hope the fame goes missing
Cause I need my space
For Jesus' sake
Sometimes I wanna leave this place
People dyin' for nothing
What a needless waste
What the fuck are them sayin'?
Battling me
You're better off running away
Cause I'm stressed and pissed, depressed and sick
Vexed and shit
Sometimes I think I need an exorcist
Man like me only dreams of a Lexus whip
While 50 cent is rich with as many as he wants
I could've written any other song
But I' chose to write this
Out to any foes that might diss
Cause I'm known for a flow that's righteous
They wanna overthrow the throw where I sit
On beef, if you overdose you won't like it
Leave you in a coma close to your home and lifeless
Rappers are crazy, can't believe what's been happening lately
Labels cat'in' to rape me
People acting passive and shady
I dedicate this to any backpacking faggot that hates me
Cause I got a track in the mainstream

Mad World remix, motherfucker
Mad World Remix

Lowkey - Who Am I Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

Yeah lowkey
Who am i?

Who am i?
A man Contemplating suicide
Cause in this place and time my frame of mind is do or die
Who am i?
A man with nothin' to lose
Who am i?
A man speaking my views with something to prove

A young man in central london running for the night bus
Passed baseheads bunning on the white stuff
Rollerblading crackfiends old and aging drag queens
Hustlers that know the way to stack cream
Clicks that go to raves and jack teens????????????? know about bus drivers
Me and my people are writers now fuck rhymers
I crush cyphers close fates and shut eyelids
But i'm deeper than that and i aint been sleepin' recently
So i need to relax things on my mind
When i put ink on this line ima poet but i
Been both a loser and winner
Been both stupid and clever
Been both student and teacher
Stress now got me usin' the reefer for the pain relief
Who am i?
A man that plays for keeps and can't be told shit
That's what makes me me

Who am i?
A man Contemplating suicide
Cause in this place and time my frame of mind is do or die
Who am i?
A man with nothin' to lose
Who am i?
A man speaking my views with something to prove

Sometimes it harder to sleep when in the streets
It's just drama and beef and the karma is deep
I seen so many walk the path of deceit
Living in the heart of this beast kindness i done that
The price of that been in knife fights and scraps
But never ever ever think my guys are strapped
Cause i escaped that by trying to rap
For every shotta every fiend buying the crack
Every drug smuggler thugs hustlers i'm not one of ya
Rappin' wise i'm the best in the land
Still i rep for the fam just a man obsessed with a plan

Till i get the checks in the bank
I won't stop like a red light i'll wreck mics
Don't even tempt me i'm a weeded mc
So check the website cause my dreams are empty
And i'm droppin' a album next time make sure you get me

Lowkey - Straight From the Heart Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Key To The Game Volume 1

Yeah, this is Lowkey
and this is straight from the heart blood,
Yeah, for all my people
wherever you may be in your life blood
Yeah, all my women and men
Understand this is for you
no frontin' is involved right now, ya know
It's all real

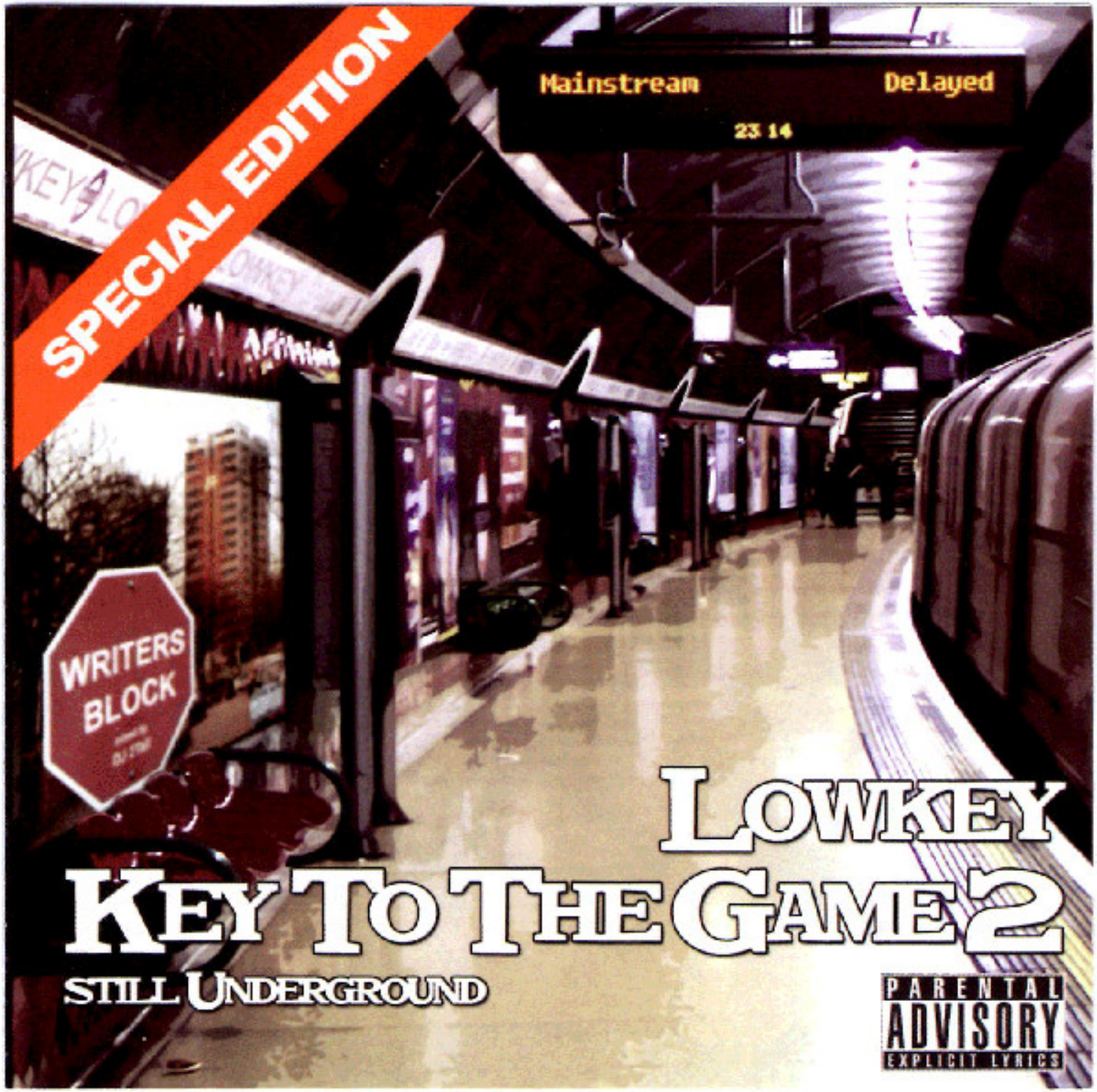
We've been friends since four years old,
always speak your mind, never keep your ears closed
sure, we'll grow in different directions
but I'll stick with my bredrans
till I live off of pension
But I've got to give hip-hop a mention
together as youngsters we faced the beasts
grew from concrete that paves the streets,
Escaped from racist beef, we blazed the weed
I feel like I was raised in greed
Bruv I believe in you cause you've got faith in me
I know circumstance is a fuckery
But I'll never forget what certain mans have done for me
Bruv we link up stronger than blood, closer than family
so if you want it with us you're provoking a tragedy
Bruv over the years you've been my best friend
From the ends around foolish peers from the west end,
rippin' mics together, but remember
'cause none of us are living life forever
and any of us might die tomorrow,
for people to look on our lifetime with sorrow
we set trends guys try to follow,
they might like the model
but write rhymes that are hollow,
we living up in the ends
but picture us in a benz
a long way from billin' up at the bench
I'm spittin' this outta love for my thugs and my friends

For all those I still speak to
guess we're still people
Life's more peaceful when you grow
and you eating legal
For all those I still speak to
guess we're still people
Life's more peaceful when you grow
and you eating legal

This goes out to every man dissing the girls

Women to me, are the key to bliss in the world
As long as there's breath in my lungs
I try hard to show respect to my mum
and treat my woman like a queen. Why?
'cause she's always got good advice for me
but arguments are the type you wouldn't like to see
This is for mans showin' disrespect to frisky sets
indulgin' in risky sex
suck my dick and wanna kiss me next?
you must be crazy. I've been through a lot of shit
but won't let the fuckeries change me.
I'm a nice guy, but in bed I bully chicks.
I swear Dan I won't ever get pussy whipped
even when she's got her hands on my hoody zip
and whisperin' in my ear,
"Shall we strip?"
I know a girl that was raised in insanity
life tainted with tragedy
age eight she was rapped in the family
nineteens can't stop wieght tracing calories
I pray to see you, one day living happily
You've got issues deeper than the oceans bottom
but the kindness in your heart won't go forgotten
can't love anyone else if your soul is rotten
Hoes are common
I used to chirp em just rob the phones and chop em'
It's hard for me to front
the first time we met, you became a part of me a once

For all those I still speak to
guess we're still people
Life's more peaceful when you grow
and you eating legal
For all those I still speak to
guess we're still people
Life's more peaceful when you grow
and you eating legal


SPECIAL EDITION
Mainstream
Delayed
23 14
WRITERS BLOCK
LOWKEY
KEY TO THE GAME 2
STILL UNDERGROUND
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

SEARCH

Lowkey - Still Underground lyrics

My name is Lowkey and you may know me
Volume 1 was a cla**ic, the real recognizes
still the fake don't see, this is my life
But i need and J.O.B, I'm in the same old street
and still blood, there ain't no peace
my pain ball seize, we change dope to see
where this rainbow leads
snake smiling my face with the fake goatee
there's no place that my name won't reach
still I remain Lowkey, through the thick and thin
We try to raise aboive by doing some different things
It's seems they shock, we shocking these dudes
I spend time reading books and watching the news
It's confusing feeling like this rap sh** ruining my aim Levels
I try my best just to remain settled
but the irony is easy to see
In music ive got an E at my GCSE
By then most kids where high on E or released on some weed
Only seventeen when I set my feet on the scene
to be this, you've got to do what i've done
See what i've seen, love what I've loved
Be what i've been
When i get past the weed smoke, booze, music & Girls
I remember myself a young boy confused with the world
as pissed of kid, N.W.A introduced me to this hip hop sh**
soon starting writing rhymes just to bide the time
but found quite hard to explain what's inside my mind
besides in the early days I was imitating
and after a while that sh** sounded irritating
Now this is what I do for love
the music runs deep in my weins
I refuse to front
this is the future blood
key to the game, volume two
for growing youths not doing what they told to do
I expose the truth anytime I'm in the vocal booth

Cuz it's disgraceful the way that we're living
Blazin and drinking, degrading our women
most man ain't even thinking
Satan Is winning, event saint and saviors are sining
Pray for your children, we're slave in the system
Tryna change our position
Watching the news I see the face of a stranger that's missing
We're taking over, it's great britains greatest tradition
still mens act like their to impatient to listen
even you do what you don't, make the decision
but don't act like you don't see me, when you see me
with your brethren and selling them you'r CD
it's volume 2, one of the phenomenal
one of few, chronic of my life
don't watch what the others do
Im deep with this rap
to me a Mic. is like a needle to people
feinding on smack
I was raised with insane kids, rome??
rave cribs like?? and don't take sh**
still here trapped in own made tricks
I don't take flicks or make movies
it's Lowkey a.k.a Wayne Rooney a great lyricist
remain limitles, spitting lyrics I paint pictures with
Born with the mind of scarface and a heart of saint nicolas
this lyricist puts verses love for the art
listen to these words, cuz they come from the heart
apart from this music blood nothing is ours
I'm to underground to ever f** with the charts
To hardcore for MTV, but still here like??
and MCD so just let me be, let me live
let me spit let me rep this streets
peace to all the Mc's that see and produces and send me beats
Let's be brief, it's about time that I fulfill these empty dreams

SEARCH

Lowkey - Trapped in the System lyrics

but that's an opinion, it isn't the truth.

i feel like im getting watched from a big water
of the system.
all my people

right now, im like general castro.
theres chemicals in my tango.
in a war, Winners write the history books
i screw my face up when someone gives me an innocent look.
there is fluoride in my toothpaste
everyday more day
living antisocial in a civilized society

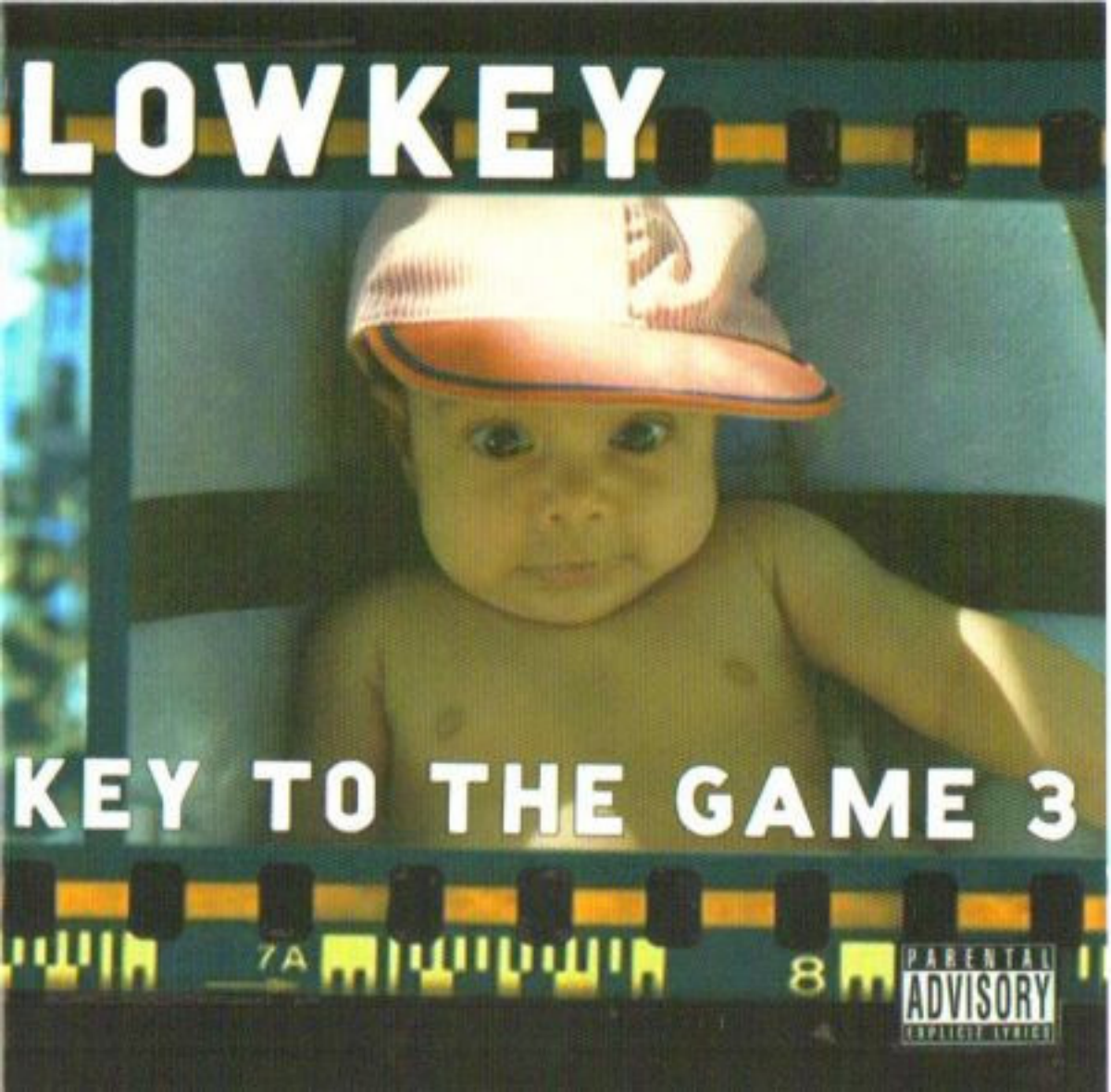
Chorus

lowkey and shameless
trapped in a system!
key to the game 2
trapped in a system!
on the level above, but..
trapped in a system!
all my people,
trapped in a system!
lowkey and shameless
trapped in a system!
key to the game 2
trapped in a system!
on the level above, but?
trapped in a system!
all my people..
trapped in a system!
allets talk about modern day politics

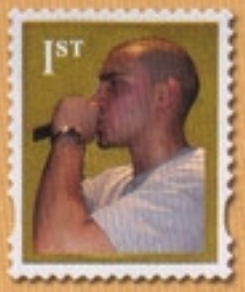
the government is profiting.
poisoning the youth
where youths, nine years old are having s** with girls.

people think money can relieve the pain but it never does.
be sure to watch for the demons and watch for yourself.
sitting here, writing rhymes with shameless.
its all good, as long as I am alive to change this.

lowkey and shameless
trapped in a system!
key to the game 2
trapped in a system!
on the level above, but..
trapped in a system!
all my people,
trapped in a system!
lowkey and shameless
trapped in a system!
key to the game 2
trapped in a system!
on the level above, but?
trapped in a system!
all my people..
trapped in a system!>


LOWKEY
KEY TO THE GAME 3
7A
8
PARENTAL
ADVISORY

LOWKEY®



URGENT REMI

DEAR LISTENER

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Lowkey Lyrics

"Dear Listener"

[Verse 1:]
This is for my people that miss me, I know you needed this
Every single stroke could append is a stroke of genius
Other than my cd, you ain't heard a flow as deep as this
Every verse should be treated like the mona lisa is

And yeah you might have the upper hand, if we're speaking dough
And yeah I understand that you get "G" for shows
But all you've ever done is boast, with your feeble flow
My music's touch more peoples souls than I could even know

My whole heart, that's what I give to my fans
A listener's tear is worth more than a mil in my hand
All you talk about is flipping grams and triggers that bang
Me, I consider lyricism, a privilege fam

When it comes to putting words together it's certain that I'm better
Every verse you heard is like a personal letter
So when I die, my fans can say they all knew me
Lowkey, Double P, Yours Truly

(I feel, so hear)

[Verse 2:]
This is for those praying through hell, till they're in paradise
I cry blood for the children of palestine
My life's left me so emotionally paralyzed
I couldn't even cry in a funeral where my nana died

My words are swords, have served their cause like a samurai
Cameras spy on the average guy weaving through traffic lights
These are savage times, expand your mind and analyze
Don't glamorize the gangsta life, like these other rappers might

Haters stay around me like, satellites orbit
You don't want to see the pair of guys I strategize war with
Peoples army work it, you batty guys forfeit
Not jamaican but I'm eating aki like swordfish

When it comes to putting words together it's certain that I'm better
Every verse you heard is like a personal letter
So when I die, my fans can say they all knew me
Lowkey, people's army, yours truly

(I feel, So hear)

[Verse 3:]
I told the world about my issues and the things I went through
In this game it's undeniable I'm influential
The strength of my mental, is making other spitters tremble

All I needs a piece of paper, a pencil, and instrumental

I didn't settle till I took it to a different level
Gripping metal and flipping pebbles, you sided with the devil
I see you flossing in your video that looks a rental
That little bezel around your neck don't make you flippin' special

I'm quite high when I am writing my rhymes
Like I am mike tyson on a fight night in his prime
I'm like einstein, got it all precise in my mind
With the mic I'm like? most violent times

When it comes to putting words together it's certain that I'm better
Every verse you heard is like a personal letter
So when I die, my fans can say they all knew me

Lowkey, Mongrel, Tours Truly

Lowkey Lyrics

"Tell Me Why"

Put your lighters up...

They will fight till extinction
And using the nations as weapons
Again...
Tell me why...

I've been gone for a while but don't watch that
'Cause now I'm back ready to show all these whack rappers how to rap
Type my name on youtube and watch that, get the picture. Yep
I'm the biggest threat to your little rep on the internet
Forget Channel U don't watch that, no one spits facts
And since wifey riddem everybody's making chit chats
But when my vid drops and you watch that, you'll be seeing why
There's a big difference between me and the meaty guys
MTV cribs I don't watch that, the greed sickens me
I guess I just look at the world and see it differently
Kids starving to death and when I watch that, I cry inside
How can rappers live in yards that typa size
Kids film happy slaps and they watch that, then text their friends
Generations of degenerates, will it never end?
The Twin Towers fell and we watched that
It was control demolition, there was no terrorism; it's not that

They will fight till extinction
And using the nations as weapons
Again...
Tell me why...

Youths get the Scarface movie and watch that, live that violent dream
They shoulda watched more carefully in the final scene
Forget Big Brother don't watch that, even if the other TV's shit
You can't spend your life watching other people live
Turn off Fox News, don't watch that - read a book
Glance back at history 'cause we need to look
They film us on CCTV and watch that, are we catalogue humans?
Oyster cards stay tracking our movements
Forget Myspace don't watch that, I ain't feeding Murdock
Or looking at girls posing with their skirts off
Forget profile hits, don't watch that, I know people can tell
Those numbers don't equal yourselves
Forget Borat, don't watch that, it ain't funny fam
And that's start of something bigger than you understand
And there's talk on the road but don't watch that, 'cause I'm well known
And wherever I go my name rings like a cellphone

They will fight till extinction
And using the nations as weapons
Again...
Tell me why...

Lowkey Lyrics

"Rise And Fall"

[Verse 1:]
Back in the days, I had dreams of rapping on stage
Imagined listening to radio where my track would get played
It's tragic, I never fathomed that the magic will fade
Let's take it back to the days when I established my name
I was over-hungry for beats, like the melody was something to eat
(Bars) a hundred a week was nothing to me
As long as I had something deep to crush a sucker MC
I won battles but in a couple I fumbled, suffered defeats
I was grinding hard, way harder than other artists did
At 17, on Choice FM, I went bar for bar with swiss lyrics for 45 minutes
Ready and prepared
No lie, you can ask anybody that was there
Simple and plain, my CD got critical acclaim
I began to build an official position in the game
Quicker than I could think, I was fulfilling all my aims
I miss them days, now it's difficult 'cause shit isn't the same

[Chorus:]
Everything that goes up must come down
I was alright before, but I'm fucked up now
Got a bit of success, didn't like it at all
It's time that I document my rise and my fall
If it's not your destiny then it's not meant to be
In the mirror, face to face with my worst enemy
Got a bit of success, didn't like it at all
It's time that I document my rise and my fall

[Verse 2:]
Before volume 2 dropped, my brother died
I never stopped, I just carried on busting rhymes
Putting on a brave face but it was still tough at night
I couldn't sleep 'cause my nightmares were nothing nice
Volume 2 came out, got live in the press
Regardless, I was still stressed and fucking depressed
More successful, the more I felt stuck in a web
Pain ate away at my soul 'till nothing was left
There were rumors about, I heard a dirty sound
They even tried to say that Chancers turned me down
Everyday, they were on the phone, tryna get me on that show
'Till I had to tell 'em straight, look, I didn't wanna go
I didn't wanna blow
Had nothing to prove bruva
In '05 I won an award for best new comer
But that shits all irrelevant
They say the only thing worse than not getting what you wish for
Is getting it

[Chorus:]
Everything that goes up must come down

I was alright before, but I'm fucked up now
Got a bit of success, didn't like it at all
It's time that I document my rise and my fall
If it's not your destiny then it's not meant to be
In the mirror, face to face with my worst enemy
Got a bit of success, didn't like it at all
It's time that I document my rise and my fall

[Verse 3:]
I just can't handle the chins wagging
And the lips chatting
My issues had me making decision to quit rapping
It's funny (why?)
'Cause that almost really did happen
I changed my mind everyday
Kept zig-zagging
But I'm a lyricist, I live for this
I tried to stop
Got volume 3 off my chest
Then hit Writers Block
Very pissed, I was getting sick of my topics
A pad of paper, I couldn't fill one line of it
Seeing rappers in magazines, I know I'm better than
Cussing has-beens when really I'm just a never-been
Me and my clique would be rich if we were American
Those negative times are so clear when I remember them
I hope you heard a bar, you could maybe relate with
Life's strange, it never remains the same, it changes
It wasn't just memories that made me make this
'Cause we all rise and fall on a daily basis...

Lowkey Lyrics

"I'm Back"

A time for us, some day they'll be a new world,
A world of shining hope for you and me.

[Chorus:]
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?

[Verse 1:]
What's happening, I'm back with the wagon, smashin' this rappin' ting,
Rappers think they're dapper, it's sad, the badness they're babblin'.
Chattin' 'bout packin' gattlins and battlin', I'll batter 'em,
My adjectives are like daggers and javelins that stab ya skin.
Not challenging, maggots are *[?]*, fraggles are hagglin',
Back with a classic ta snatch ya status off these *[?]* .
I've dabbled in madness, how I've handled it's bafflin',
I'm trapped in sin and damaged within, but still I have to win.
Aiming to break the pavements and take it straight to the majors,
Make all of my favorites famous, I pray that today it changes.
I patiently pave the way for a day that we make the papers,
The haters are staying haters, they're fakers, they're blatant traitors.
Don't say it's chasing my status, I'll break away from the matrix,
They laid us to waste to phases and slaving for *[?]* .
And blaze us, complacent figures and strained to escape the Masons,
Who gave us the AIDS and plagues and not blaming my brain's patrons.

[Chorus:]
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?

[Verse 2:]
Put on my Air Max, and walk around a day in my shoes,
Look at the bare facts, and talk about payin' my dues.
You realize every bar that I'm sayin' is true,
Phone in to cuss, any DJ that ain't playin' my tunes.
In a drought, consider me the Guinness Stout,
No I'm not the biggest or baddest, I'm just the illest out.
His bars might sound good when he spits 'em out,
But would it mean something if you were lookin' at it, written down.

I can't front, like the way I'm livin' is perfect,
Can't look at the cards you got saying you didn't deserve it.
Sellin' poison to people, that isn't my purpose,
Knowledge of self, that's the flippin' gift that I'm cursed with.
People's Army, all my guys organize properly,
Feds wanna commit, borderline sodomy.
Ring coppers in choppers, you all can try stoppin' me.
Every tune's a chapter in my autobiography.

[Chorus:]
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?
I'm back
Did you forget about me?

Lowkey Lyrics

"Alphabet Assassin"

A

I'm an anarchist, and an angry academic activist, axe and assassinate the alphabet in an ambulance. ahki I'm aggy and I'm actually anti arrogant artists that ask in american accents by accident.

B

Batter babbling battlers with a bag of batteries, ban these bias blaggers because they're badly backwards b, batty bible bashers get badded basra to brackenbury. baffle backpackers with bars bad as a big of b.

C

Catty crackheads get cancelled canada to canterbury cussing my click catch a cavalry crashed into casualty. A cunning culprit that covers conversation candidly, cool calculated cannibal that causes carnage casually.

D

Diddy Didn't Do Diddly, Dead it, Did it with Dignity. You Dilly Dally and Diss from Distance Dig it I Disagree. You Did it for Digits, Dickhead Dummy I Do it Differently. I Define Deliberately Diligent Delivery.

E

Cause Everything is Everything it's Evidence my Essence is Every Element, Effortlessly Edit your Enterprise with Eloquence. Elevate with the Energy of Eminem, Every Entity that's Ever been a Enemy I'm Ending them.

F

The fact is I fracture factors to fragments fantastically, fibbers fabricate fallacies and find fantasy. I flip faithless fellas from fakers to flippin fans of me, flippantly famish and finish these fanatics factually.

G

Give gangsters gangrene and gain green gradually, grapple and gatecrash your gathering with a gang of Gs. Gallivanting geezers get guided to the galaxy, or gallows for gambling with a generals geniality.

H

Happily hack hackers that happen to have a hack with me like Hatton I'm habitually hazardous how it has to be. Hospitalise haters from Holland, Holloway or Hackney, hate hagglers and I hang 'em with a handkerchief.

I

Illustrius illustrator, illest in the industry, illicitly cause illiterate idiots injury. Impatient cause Illuminati impede my innovations, while ignorant imbeciles idolise my imitations.

J

I jack a jackal for his jacket and just jam, got jittery jockeys jabbering, Jamaica to Japan. Got jealous junkie jokers jabbing, January-to-January my journal is a journey just don't jinx my jiggy jamboree.

K

I'm the key, the king, the Kaiser, reminding my kin of karma. I'm a kangaroo keep in your kennel you curb koala, kidnapping kleptomaniacs since kindergarten, killer. Kitties will give their kidney for a kit kat or a kipper.

L

I'm the lyricist's lyricist, livid with little listeners, listen I'm loving living cause life is literally limited. My live lyrics lift lyricism levels luckily, til I leave the labyrinth of London and live in luxury.

M

Meanwhile my motives to motivate and mobilise my monster men, my missions to minimise misdemeanours, mere monuments of these midgets make me milli for minutes, I may be a mad Mongrel and a manic Mesopotamian maniac.

N

No my narratives, not for narcoleptic narcissists. Naive native nitwits natter negative nastiness. Numerous naughty nymphos niggle up to my navel, no, I neglect the negligee and navigate to Naples.

O

When I operate, obsolete opposition get obliterated. Often obese officers ogle as their occupation, obviously offing other obstacles is my obligation, originality over Oscar ovations.

P

Poisonous Poets, poised at the pulpit, pulverise poachers and pointless posers with potently poignant poems, practically panic. Paparazzi passive passengers planning to pack P's and prang patchy pampering pansies.

Q

Quality over quantity, qualify quantum physics, I question quarrelly quacks and I quickly quadruple quizzes. A quarter get queasy and query with queer quotes though, these quirky quibblers get crippled like Quasimodo.

R

Righteous revolution ragamuffin repping reality, really rebelling, recruiting ready regiments rapidly. Remorseless renegade, riddims and records ripping radio, rapping rattlers really rally rating my ratio.

S

I separately severed several stupid students for steppin and still slewing sacrilegious super sadists in seconds. Speak to Styz and savagely smack up studio sessions, suave swingers spitting sickest similes in seven.

T

Topped the talent and tenacious tendencies of Tyson, tipped as a terrifying terrorist tackling titans. Tokyo to Tennessee, taxing timid tourists, through turbulent times I tangle with total torment.

U

Understand I'm unbelievable, that's an understatement, uglifier, giving ultimatums to undertakers. Unanimous, undisputed, unfuckwithable, unforgiving to ugglesome uncles they're unoriginal.

V

Verbally violent and victims validate my visions, vaporising, vanish various vigilant villains. Vividly victorious over a variety of vixens, venomous viper vanquishes vampires with vengeance.

W

These wobbling wackos are just waiting to work for wages, my words are weapons willing to wage war on you wimpy wasters.

X

See thru you xenophobic x-men with an x-ray, x out xmas with an x-rated sex tape.

Y

Yuppies are yapping, I'm yawning, yearning for yesterday, years when youngers played with yo-yo's not yet with yay.

Z

I'm as zealous as Zeppelin and Zappa in my zones I zoom like Zoro I zap these zonking zebras, my zone's a zoo.

How many letters left?

Zero.

Lowkey Lyrics

"Special"

If you don't respect yourself, no one's gonna respect you
If you don't love yourself, no one's gonna love you

It's a special kind of love, a very special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love, yeah
It's a special kind of love, a special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love

[Verse 1:]
First verse go's out to the girls, be proud of yourself
But don't just take pride in your outer shell
They take mens advances for granted
Cause it's common that we bother them
That's why so many young women can't take a compliment
You'd probably get put off if I called you
And probably get turned on if I ignored you
Make up caked up to cover up what's under there
All your facebook friends see pics of you in your underwear
He treats you like a princess, your not impressed
The truth is you'd probably like him more if he did less
You change the colour of your hair and the colour of your eyes
When will you realise that this stuff is a diguise
I sympathise certainly, seeing Jordan on tv mentally legitimise surgery
You'll only be truly loved by someone else, when you learn to respect and to love yourself

It's a special kind of love, a very special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love, yeah
It's a special kind of love, a special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love
It's a special kind of love, a very special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love, yeah
It's a special kind of love, a special kind of love

[Verse 2:]
Second verse go's out to the males of the species
The ones who've got different women for each week
What's next? I'll break down the player complex
And tell you what the motive behind it is cause it's not sex
Most people at some point got their heart broke
Misery loves company some people just can't cope
A man that hops beds cause he's scared to sleep alone
Is the same as a loose women that can't keep 'em closed
Your both in the same boat, this is what you need to know
A man gets called a player, as for the woman she's a hoe
The truth is they both are insecure people trying to mend their broke hearts
If you brag that you've slept with thousands of girls
All that tells me is that you don't value yourself
You'll only be truly loved by someone else, when you learn to respect and to love yourself

It's a special kind of love, a very special kind of love,

A very very special kind of love, yeah
It's a special kind of love, a special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love
It's a special kind of love, a very special kind of love,
A very very special kind of love, yeah
It's a special kind of love, a special kind of love

Lowkey Lyrics

"Revolution"

(feat. Jon McClure, Faith SFX, Mic Righteous)

[Lowkey:]
Little man never did exams,
Got a particular bigger plan flipping grams,
When a bigger man in his gang gave him a stick to bang,
Or maybe just hold 'cause no one thought he would kill a man,
Till he got silly billy feelin & chilling in the jam,
Sipping cham', spliff in his hand checking to the jam,
Bang bang biddy bang biddy bang,
Now he's in the camp thinking damn what a pity fam,
Rappers are yapping and flapping their lips,
Bout how they're packing and clapping their sticks,
Has to be big,
The impact it has on the kids, tells me where the factory is,
The government kill, they're just stacking their chips,
You wonder why the youths are strapped and their pissed,
If not a nine, it's a knife getting jabbed in your ribs,
People die for the petrol, the gas and the whip,
In London, you can get shanked in the heart,
Still the government put more tax in Iraq,
Ignorant little spitters are talking greezy,
Cause they bitten bits that the saw on TV,
If all you rap about is the hoes and the doe,
It's already too late, you sold 'em your soul,
You jokers act like you know but you don't,
'Cause there's little kids dying all over the globe,

[Faith SFX:]
They used to put my lights out and nights out
And days in spent blazing
And tell me to not be gaining the mazes
But why now it's right out amazing to think
Now let the revolutionaries sing
Stand up for your rights and fight for revolution
Free your mind so we can prise constitution
'Cause they're killing us all...

[Mic Righteous:]
Little man never did exams
He be chillin with his fam in a flat
Spliff in hand and spittin raps
But there's more than one way to skin a cat
Gotta make up for the things he didn't have
Wanna be a dan
Little mans gott bigger plans
Wanna be bigger than jigga and killer cam
Picture that while hes sittin back sippin out a guinness can
Feelin trapped
Done with the chitter chat!
Little man dealing crack for a bit of cash

Put his shit on smash, buildin’ stacks
Livin isnt bad
Untill a cat got in his flat
And hit him with a bat
And they found where he hid his stash
Little man fouled it
Get him back
Now really mad
Feelin militant put on his timberlands and headed to the flat
Where the cats that had jacked him were chillin at
Bowl full of gas in his gaff
And lit a match
Put it in a bad
And away it goes BANG!
But the cat's whole family was in the flat
Now it’s definitely defo prison for little man
He could of been one in a million he could've had the whole world in his hands
But shit hit the fan
When the cat came back
With his strap
Pulled the trigger back
Finished little man in a flash
Its a FACT!
That he's dead now....

[Faith SFX:]
They used to put my lights out and nights out
And days in spent blazing
And tell me to not be gaining the mazes
But why now it's right out amazing to think
Now let the revolutionaries sing
Stand up for your rights and fight for revolution
Free your mind so we can prise constitution
'Cause they're killing us all...

Lowkey Lyrics

"Everything Must Change"

Everything must change...

I'm not some kinda superman
I'm just tryna find who I am
And get my future plan
Don't know where I'm from
Don't know what my aim is
Don't know where I'm going
Don't wanna be famous
Don't wanna be that guy
I need privacy but can't be low-key 'cause it isn't me
Get pulled both ways and it tears me apart
Seems for years I've been wearing this mask
One to myself, another to the multitude
Now I'm confused with which one of those is true
In bed alone lyin myself
I realise I was lying to myself
Now I'm here, finding myself
The truth's out there I'm a find it myself
Forget going on a holiday bruv
I just wanna change

Everything...

I wish that I could make a happy song
But I'm depressed and I don't wanna carry on
I don't know what you've been told G
But no one alive truly knows me
Forget rapping I should find a job
I need direction, maybe a sign from God
I'm tortured, the pain's tormenting my soul
Got friends but I just can't pretend, I'm alone
I'm haunted, by regrets and mistakes
And everyday I'm just testing my fate
Like a boxer that loves throwing rights at them
But doctors warned him, he'll die if he fights again
Sometimes it feels like the weight of the world is on my shoulders
But that's just the way of the world
It's getting colder, it's too cold
Don't know much but I do know

Everything must change...
Must change...
Must change...
Must change...

So I've made music that made my mum cry
Bruv told me what happens when a loved dies
Don't even recognise my own face sometimes
Don't wanna stay around now, but I must try

Someone, somewhere might understand
I just don't wanna give my life to the fans
I'm tryna do more than just be real
In order to rebuild

Everything must change...

I'm just tryna survive today
And live my life in a righteous way
So I gotta watch what I decide to say
My pride's at stake
Don't wanna be described as fake
My mind states, I rate
And I'm wide awake
But I need sleep and it's kind of late
Don't wanna give them a reason to despise and hate
So I'm tryna change

Everything...

All around me, my people's dying
All being controlled by evil tyrants
Lives lost due to needless violence
Look to the sky, 'cause I need some guidance
But it feels like nothing helps
Gotta watch for my sister and my mum as well
Everyday it feels like I'm stuck in hell
I guess this is sort of how my brother felt...

See... just gotta hold on
Hope for the best...
Prepare for the worst...
'Cause nothing is promised...
All I know is...

Everything must change...

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Essence"

[Verse 1:]
I don't know exactly when it started going downhill
Let's take it back to the days it was about skill
Before it was sweet boys parading as tough geeza's
Educated men naming themselves after drug dealers
When it was a way to vent a mans pain
Before it became a tool for presidential campaigns
Before the 50's, Lil' Wayne's and Rick Ross's
I'm about to show you the essence of what Hip-Hop is
Before it was about street credibility
When it was he's alright but he's better lyrically
Think about the zombies your bad words influence
Before Hip-Hop became an advert for ignorance
Before it became Kamikaze
I'm half Gil Scott-Heron and half Talib Kwelli
You think getting shot makes you the next best thing
For every 50 cent there's at least 50 MF Grimms
And that's grim

[Verse 2:]
I know you think that this is easier
But don't believe the flippin' media
Or what you read on Wikipedia
It used to be all for the love
Now pricks are greedier
This business is sicker than an infant with leucemia
I live Hip-Hop, don't disrespect my household
I'm about to kill these rappers sales like internet downloads
We've come a long way from the old timers
Now it's all 360, deals and fucking ghost writers
Am I controversial 'cause I'm not commercial?
Or 'cause I don't rap like a rapper that wants to hurt you?
Every man's bragging, making anthems with gang-banging
I'm like a man standing, over the Grand Canyon
Hip-Hop broke down barriers like skin tone
Hip-Hop 2008 is selling ring tones
Hip-Hop even had your son dressing up in pink clothes
Is Hip-Hop responsible for your kids soul?
I think so!

Lowkey Lyrics

"Relatives"

(feat. Logic)

The views expressed on this track are not directly those of lowkey or logic, were just drawing attention to the lifestyles that some people lead

[Lowkey:] I was born in Birmancy, one of the south parts

[Logic:] And I was born in Bazara, southside of Iraq

[Lowkey:] We used to play football outside in the park

[Logic:] We used to dodge bullets outside in the dark

[Lowkey:] I never prayed, I was told there isn't a god

[Logic:] I prayed 5 times a day it's like I lived in a mosque

[Lowkey:] Me, I'm easy with a pint and some cricket to watch

[Logic:] They sanctioned everything we got, so now it isn't a lot

[Lowkey:] My mom and dad worked hard, always had employment

[Logic:]
My mom just left and my dad got poisoned
I was young but I was told that the government did it

[Lowkey:]
From my heart I can say that I love being British
I grew with 5 older brothers and sisters

[Logic:]
Yeah I had a lot of siblings but some have gone missing
Now it's just me and my little sis

[Lowkey:] Britain's got a lot of immigrants; they take our jobs everyday I swear I'm sick of it

[Logic:] My Uncles trying to get to Britain quick

[Lowkey:] I'm trying to find a job

[Logic:] Me I'm still illiterate

[Lowkey:] every 2 weeks I'm signing on

[Logic:] we only had school a little bit

[Lowkey:] I got kicked out of school very early, labeled as an idiot

[Logic:] Before my uncle left us, he gave me his gun

[Lowkey:] my girl just gave me a son

[Logic:] You see it's hot where I live, every day I bake in the sun

[Lowkey:]
It's cold where I live so I read every page to my son
And I'm getting mad, with what I look at and read

[Logic:] I just met a couple elders that.

[Lowkey:] My dad told me joining an army would be good for the peace

[Logic:]
I started meeting, now I'm training with the mujahedeen
Because I've heard that the westerners are coming with bombs

[Lowkey:] I spent months in the regiment training up to be shot

[Logic:] But this is my land, my country, I'll defend it till I pass

[Lowkey:] I just got the message that they're sending me to Iraq

Our pain is the same, but it's all relative
They cried the same tears, you cried for your relatives
And one way or another, my brother were all relatives
Home is where the heart is, yeah that's where it is *[x2]*

[Lowkey:]
Now I'm in the south of Iraq, it's a smelly place
I don't know who to trust, everybody's got a hairy face

[Logic:]
And Bazara's a scary place, it's worse than it used to be
They're dropping bombs everyday

[Lowkey:] Even little boys shooting me

[Logic:] I shoot at white faces, and any green suit I see

[Lowkey:] Every regiment's lost a couple of troops; we've lost 2 or 3

[Logic:] I still go to pray in the same place the mosque used to be

[Lowkey:] I see little kids starving to death, with no food to eat,
But an orders an order, we've got to clean the city up

[Logic:]
They see how we're suffering, and still they don't pity us
They shoot us every day tomorrow's probably me

[Lowkey:] We're trying to help these bastards, but it's like they don't want to be free

[Logic:] Yeah these people don't know what freedom is

[Lowkey:] I saw my colleague rape a woman against her will, but I didn't agree with it

[Logic:] I shot a soldier in the face, and then I hacked '. Real quick

[Lowkey:]
My sergeant got shot in his face by some dumb young kid,
Now I just want to go home that's where my heart is

[Logic:] My heart is in Bazara, and never will I part it

[Lowkey:] this wars going nowhere, tell me why did we start it'

[Logic:] I'm fighting regardless till I'm resting where Allah is

[Lowkey:]
Come to think of it, I should have never joined the army
And when I think about it, I don't hate these Iraqi's

[Logic:]
Yeah bullets flying past me, I'm scared but I can't run,
I take my sister upstairs and get my uncles old gun

[Lowkey:]
Don't know if it's terrorists or just some civilians,
But I've been told to neutralize the threat up in that building

[Logic:] I see the soldiers they're about to pass, I take my pistol out and blast

[Lowkey:]
A bullet wizzes by my face and tears my friends mouth apart,
I saw red, and starting shooting to make em all dead

[Logic:] I tried to guard my sister, but a bullet hit her forehead

[Lowkey:]
I ran up the steps to see if I buried them all
But all I saw was my little sister dead on the floor

Our pain is the same, but it's all relative
They cried the same tears, you cried for your relatives
And one way or another, my brother were all relatives
Home is where the heart is, yeah that's where it is

Lowkey Lyrics

"In My Lifetime"

(feat. Wretch 32)

In my lifetime I learnt life is suffering
And happiness is one thing that money doesn't bring
In my lifetime, our birth right is struggling
It must have been, but no matter what I keep the love within
In my lifetime, I've waited for days that didn't come
The battle's over, but the war isn't won
In my lifetime I'll keep fighting until there's none
You rap about things you see while I rap about things I've done

In my lifetime, I've been around the flipping planet
Welcome to the world though my parents didn't plan it
'86, it was my mum and dad that made me this
Just a baby, I couldn't understand the craziness
Let me take you back when, and run through my history
When Wendy didn't babysit my mum used to sing to me
In my lifetime I learnt the meaning of true love
Sometimes I feel like I've been through too much
In my lifetime, I lost battles and won some
Made many mistakes that can never be undone
Carried the same name as a doctor that delivered me
A toddler to a monster, tryna prosper in the industry
So what's your life like? 'Cause mines a bag of drama
I've seen scenes that Panorama's cameras are after
When I was 13 I saw a man die
Drove his car through that wall, all I could do was stand by
In my lifetime, I've shed so many tears
I've written so many rhymes over these years
By 20 I did more than most other British rappers did
I toured Europe, and spat a hundred bars to Canibus
The state of the world, got me thinking militant
But in the grand scheme my life is probably insignificant
I'll be stuck with regrets till nothing is left
Life's a bitch but I'm still tryna love her to death

In my lifetime, I don't mind if I ain't going platinum
'Cause deep down I know that I made gold anthems
I ain't being no ransom
But I know they'll remember me like Samsung
In my lifetime, it's been me, no tantrum
I came on my own and I'll leave no phantom
In my lifetime, in my league I'm a champion
So when I decease they'll scream my anthem

In my lifetime, I've seen everything except what I'm living to see
I'm Stevie Wonder, I'm tryna get a vision of me
In the mirror sitting where I'm predicted to be
As a winner that costs but my lyrics are free
I've seen so much over the years
It's been an uphill spiral, just getting close to the stairs

Now I've got a clean shave come over my beard
Now I've got a clean slate cause, there's no more in rears
In my lifetime, I like to grime for my chicks, and rhyme for respect
While these other rappers couldn't get in line with my steps
Inside of my head is a mind like Albert Einstein
I'm fly like a falcon outside
Just tryna get to where the outcomes outline
In take, it's about time that I ditched faith
And if it's about rhymes then I've been great
But that's the downside when your meets end

In my lifetime I learnt life is suffering
And happiness is one thing that money doesn't bring
In my lifetime, our birth right is struggling
It must have been, but no matter what I keep the love within
In my lifetime, I've waited for days that didn't come
The battle's over, but the war isn't won
In my lifetime I'll keep fighting until there's none
You rap about things you see whilst I rap about things I've done
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In my lifetime, in my league I'm a champion
So when I decease they'll scream my anthem

Lowkey Lyrics

"I Believe"

(feat. Eden Rox)

I believe...

I believe in equality, freedom & honesty
I believe that I'm a born leader so follow me
I believe in respecting others
I believe that sons should learn from their fathers and protect their mothers
I believe that you reap what you sow
And people won't believe if you don't speak what you know
I believe the jewels are sacred and I'm gonna be the greatest
But I'll leave this place before I'm fully appreciated
I believe in choosing your path but to improve in advance
You have to understand your roots and your past
The future is ours, there's room for iTunes in the charts
And we'll become superstars if my crew gets the chance
I believe life's a lesson, we're all students in class
I believe that MC's are confusing this art
There's lies on the telly but there's truth in my heart
Do you believe in yourself or is that stupid to ask
'Cause I believe...

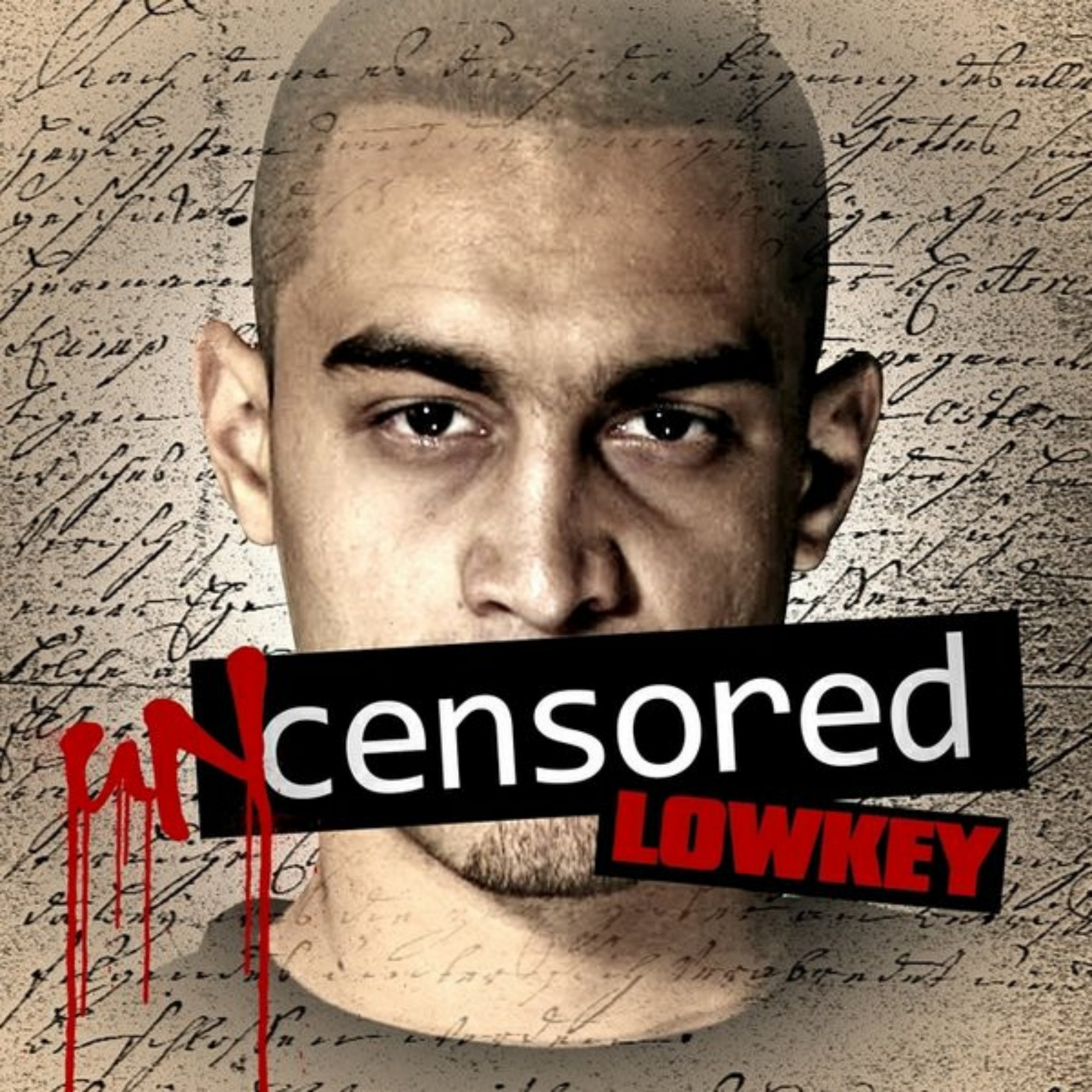
I believe my future's gonna bring me grater things
I believe in getting anything if it's possible & easy to achieve
Ain't nothing wrong you can change your dreams
Make your moves and take the lead
I believe... we can do anything

I believe I was placed on this earth for a specific reason
Numerous close shaves, but still I'm flipping breathing
And I believe all oppressed people should be given freedom
I believe you saw them kids starving, you just didn't feed 'em
I believe in love, I believe in peace, I believe in God
Somehow, some way; we're gonna beat the odds
I don't believe in black or white (no), only wrong or right
I believe there's other life forms up beyond the skies
I believe you can't judge a book by it's cover
We're still brothers even if we don't look like each other
I believe it's up to you to find the life you'd like to live
I believe God guides my hand when I'm writing this
I got other purposes besides just rap
I believe I'll probably die before I relax
But if Muhammad Ali won his title back
Then I can change the world when I write a track
'Cause I believe

I believe my future's gonna bring me grater things
I believe in getting anything if it's possible & easy to achieve
Ain't nothing wrong you can change your dreams
Make your moves and take the lead
I believe... we can do anything

I believe in miracles
I believe the spirit goes to a peaceful place when you leave the physical
I'm privileged to have a opinion that people listen to
Hope this song can ease your mind if you're feeling miserable
I don't believe in fiction, facts make better movies
I cry freedom for Steve, Beco and Bellacuti
They can never move mee even if they execute me
Listen to my words and every sentence 'cause I meant them truly
I believe that Marley, Marvin, Martin and Malcolm did
Become an alchemist with this evil I've been surrounded with
However is Mount Everest standing on the mountain stick
I'm not about to live on my knees with cuts around my wrists
I believe it's essential I represent my peers
Please let go of your fears and your sentimental tears
If Mandela got free after 27 years
Then I can change the world with this record that you hear
'Cause I believe...

I believe my future's gonna bring me grater things
I believe in getting anything if it's possible & easy to achieve
Ain't nothing wrong you can change your dreams
Make your moves and take the lead
I believe... we can do anything


censored
LOWKEY

Lowkey - Who Really Cares Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

This is dedicated to you, you know who you are.
Listen... Yo...

I called you when I needed you most, I thought we would link
I told you the bad news, you haven't talked to me since
Frankly, I don't want to talk to a shrink
I might look happy but I'm angry and I'm tortured within
You come back around now, with your hands out
I can see the guilt in your eyes, maybe you understand now
It isn't the fact that when I talk you didn't listen
It's that you said you'd call back in a minute but you didn't
Don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to beg friend
It just feels lifes my hit a dead end
I tried to turn around but now my back's against the wall
And the pain just won't stop I might have to end it all
I tell myself life is sacred, It's not right to waste it
I feel surrounded but at the same time isolated
At times my own day dreams scare me
I find myself hating anyone that may seem carefree
Id rather go out smiling than crying at home
I've realized that my worst fear is dying alone
At times I lose my composure but that's not a surprise
I can't control the emotions I keep bottled inside
Don't pretend there's a friendship you and me share
When you hit rock bottom people are usually scared
I guess stupidly I expected you to be there
And when the shit hits the fan man, who really cares

Yea listen...
I was just sitting here feeling sorry for myself and helpless
Then I realized that I was just being selfish
I'm a soldier, my self-centred brain is my helmet
But when reality hit me I felt sick
We run from our problems - there's many that are paralyzed
We take life for granted - these simply never had a life
We've heard it all before - some people are deaf
That tramp lives in a box while I sleep in my bed
Inside I'm a tortured man who hates living.
But there's people being tortured in Abu Ghraib prison
There's youths right now that are dying from Malaria
So we can have clean running water in our area
That shit there, has got me feeling ashamed
If you've been through it, tell me what's the meaning of pain
You went court, and they locked you away when you we're acting wild
There's people in Guantanamo Bay that never had a trial
Weve seen a lot - there's some that were born blind
In some places hip hop can't be performed live
You whopped bare chicks, you think you a heavyweight?

In Africa 6000 people die from AIDS everyday
And the babies there get it from their mothers,
So think about that next time you fuck without a rubber
It hurts but no one said the truth would be fair
The world's a messed up place man, but who really cares?

Lowkey - Just Shine Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

Yeah Yeah
This is for my sister and my boy D, yeah, for you too

Just shine, shine like you know you can
It's your life and I can't hold your hand
You never know when your time will be done
So just shine, shine brighter than the sun
Just shine, there's nothing you've got to hide
Show the world you've got inside
Cause you've only got one time
Just shine x5

1st verse

Blad we go so far back we had mad fights nowadays we both laugh at
You the only one that stuck with me through the thick and thin
But I took you for granted and that's the wickedist ting.
I trust you and that's all I can ask for, So my marge is your marge blad my yard's yours
People think i'm too hard on you but don't rap if there's suttin that you can rather do
If you do wanna rap, then show me why, there's no time to be intimid blad don't be shy
You can't use them stupid excuses with me because there's so much more than you can achieve
Just come out of your shell, don't be ashamed of your skill, be proud of yourself
Listen I ain't going on fuckery, but I want you to have success as much as me
I don't want you just being my hype man trust me blad you can bust if I can
When I see you lacking focus I get qutie mad, you should be getting the exposure that i've had
If you don't want it, that's cool with me, you ain't just some breh that went school with me
I'm a person you've got nothing to prove to and I know nowadays I don't check you as much as I used to

2nd verse

For my sister ... Aisha, my beautiful survivor, from now on I do my best to be nicer
My brother left us with a burden that we carry but you were born to shine you deserve to be happy
I know I play my music loud when you're trying to sleep but i'll do anything just to seeing you smilin' at me
When I look in those big brown eyes, I know without you i'm like clouds without the sky
When I was young I would steal your sweets and take your money, no matter how much I met you with hate you'd love me
You used to draw in the corner and just think quietly, your determination and strength has inspired me
Time flies and now we're both grown up, but it's unfair that you've been through so much
But please don't let it get you down, don't let the past upset you now
Cause the mind gets tortured by over-analysis, look your gorgeous you know that you're talented
Do all the things that you love to do, there ain't a man on this Earth good enough for you
When I say we can get hit by a comet, this is honest, live for today cause tomorrow isn't promised
If you need me, never try to hesitate, i'm here for you, anytime, any place

Lowkey - Let Me Live Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

This is for those who died on the 7th of July, passed tragically
and the many more that are gettin' killed in Iraq as we speak
Our bombs that we taxpayers are paying for
everyday we're slaving more, you're wrong saying we aint at war
56 losses that's what intelligence said
In Iraq, they'll never tell us how many are dead
And In the event that's up to our government
They don't show the numbers, (Why?)
'cos the public can't stomache it
How can you represent truth & freedom
when you're pillaging & killing innocent humanbeings
That is something Iraqi youths are used to seeing
So tell me truly, what do you believe in?
They've been telling us lies for years, still we wanna listen
The public got a shield for the guilty politician
Now at the end of the day, why are they sharing their views?

'cos I never seen The Queen or Tony Blair on the tube

Let me live my life
With your your predjudice
Why am I getting frisked, I aint no terrorist
Let me live my life
Evidence is irrelevant 'cos we're a threat and defence will get rid of it
Ever since September 11 they've been obsessed,
opression is what's happening

Let me live my life
Forget arrest on the spot, death sentence, leave my people alone, just let them live

These days we can't even bop through Oxford Circus
without pointless coppers tryin to stop and search us
what's the purpose, why you wanna bother me
Increase security? Pff, tell them to fix up their foreign policy
I can't even sit on the tube with my walkman and listen to tunes
without them getting suspicious and rude
Watching closely at the things that I do
why are you so intrested bitch, Im probably more british than you
Gotta talk safe on the phone, for years I had the same digits
with _ try n take you to court for a train ticket
Don't argue, just listen instead
ID Card a step closer to a chip in your head
there's a bomb scare,
they ask me, what? Where? Who? Why?
It's not fair

How many muslims have blonde hair and blue eyes

so think twice
Of who you try to bother
You're just as likely to be that suicde bomber

Let me live my life
With your your predjudice
Why am I getting frisked, I aint no terrorist
Let me live my life
Evidence is irrelevant 'cos we're a threat and defence will get rid of it
Ever since September 11 they've been obsessed,
opression is what's happening
Let me live my life
Forget arrest on the spot, death sentence, leave my people alone, just let them live

Police shot an innocent man, 5 times in the head
No militant plan, just died 'cos he ran crying and fled

Do they really want us to riot and ride on these feds?
Yea maybe violence will have the desired effect
The other day a man got shot on the tube It's ill
If you were his fam, Imagine how you would feel
On the news, you never see the truth reveal
face it the truth is muslim racists that they shoot to kill
It's all gone wild, they got us locked down in compounds
Evidence is not found, no trial, this needs to stop now
And they got the nerve, to say we're hostile
Forget crackhouses, they're raiding Mosques now
I wish I could say that the future's bright
But It's not and It can't so I choose to fight
What have you got in your heart blud, you decide
'cos everyday they're abusing our human rights

Let me live my life
With your your predjudice
Why am I getting frisked, I aint no terrorist
Let me live my life
Evidence is irrelevant 'cos we're a threat and defence will get rid of it
Ever since September 11 they've been obsessed,
opression is what's happening
Let me live my life
Forget arrest on the spot, death sentence, leave my people alone, just let them live

Lowkey - Tell Me Why Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

Put your lighters up...

They will fight till extinction
And using the nations as weapons
Again.
Tell me why...

I've been gone for a while but don't watch that
'Cos now I'm back ready to show all these whack rappers how to rap
Type my name on youtube and watch that, get the picture. Yep
I'm the biggest threat to your little rep on the internet
Forget Channel U don't watch that, no one spits facts
And since wifey riddem everybody's making chit chats
But when my vid drops and you watch that, you'll be seeing why
There's a big difference between me and the meaty guys
MTV cribs I don't watch that, the greed sickens me
I guess I just look at the world and see it differently
Kids starving to death and when I watch that, I cry inside
How can rappers live in yards that typa size
Kids film happy slaps and they watch that, then text their friends
Generations of degenerates, will it never end?
The Twin Towers fell and we watched that
It was control demolition, there was no terrorism; it's not that

They will fight till extinction
And using the nations as weapons
Again.
Tell me why...

Youths get the Scarface movie and watch that, live that violent dream
They shoulda watched more carefully in the final scene
Forget Big Brother don't watch that, even if the other TV's shit
You can't spend your life watching other people live
Turn off Fox News, don't watch that - read a book
Glance back at history 'cos we need to look
They film us on CCTV and watch that, are we catalogue humans?
Oyster cards stay tracking our movements
Forget Myspace don't watch that, I ain't feeding Murdock
Or looking at girls posing with their skirts off
Forget profile hits, don't watch that, I know people can tell
Those numbers don't equal yourselves
Forget Borat, don't watch that, it ain't funny fam
And that's start of something bigger than you understand
And there's talk on the road but don't watch that, 'cos I'm well known
And wherever I go my name rings like a cellphone

They will fight till extinction
And using the nations as weapons

Again.
Tell me why...

Lowkey - Freestyle 2 Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

The album, coming out November, Dear Listener
The Mongrel album coming out January, Better Than Heavy, cheez

Listen, this is what we say to them Channel U youths, listen, them little Channel U kiddies, listen…

OK!

So what you're on the telly
What you know about putting out three CDs before you were twenty?
You know that you heard of me
What you know about being eighteen and doing shows in Germany?
What you know about four stars in a magazine?
What you know about the game, waste man I have the key?
What you know about hundred bars on the radio?
Nothing, you weren't making dough you were lazy bro
You're following, before you were bothering I was on this ting
Songs filled my pockets with profit, I'm being honest king
Said it's all politics before anybody hollered it
Turned down chances cos I knew what they were offering
Called out a couple names, had the game gossiping
Never hear Kizzy on the track with Lady Sovereign
Might see me in your girl's favourite magazine modelling
Pulling up in a tinted whip with a model in
Shot my first CD myself it was astonishing
Stockers wouldn't stock us now we tell ‘em stop grovelling
Our shottas shot to shoppers and shottas we got a lot of them
Coppers can't cop it, were coppers so stop copying
Now we're topping the toppers from Tottenham to Nottingham
All your favourite rappers want us to do a song with ‘em
Me, I ain't bothered with all of the fake politics
Me, I just live my life and stay positive
Epitome of verse-killing, lyrically I'm hearse-fillin'
Been out for a minute G… surfacing
Your whole trilogy still didn't beat my worst rhythm
What you figured B, you're as ill as me, I heard different
See your favourite MC, I nurtured him
And see all your favourite beats, I murdered ‘em
Face it your click is wasted, I won't work with ‘em
They certainly heard of me from Guernsey to Birmingham
(Woo!) Cos the name holds weight, still I wake up to the same old hate
And pray for a day my face ain't so bait
I'm a rapper other rappers act like they don't rate
Cos when DJs get my tunes they play it eight shows straight
Rewind it and drop bigger bombs than NATO make
To be real it ain't all about the radio play
Cos we all wanna bust, there just ain't no space
And the games dying, nobody's getting record sales
Channel U's full of sweet boys try'n'a impress the girls

The only rappers a lot of bredders have ever felt
Are dead or depressed in jail and never getting mail
When alive they hate, when gone, you're the best ever
This ain't a comeback fck that, I'm a trendsetter
People talk and get me differently twisted cos
This rap sht is the motherfcking business
So what you peddle pebbles, you're dead whenever my pencil moves
On every level I rep with rebels, you never lose
You resemble devils with terrible tales you sell the youths
You need to fix up yourself and tell the truth
You've been rich for ten plus years, still sellin' crack
Saying that you're still bustin' guns, why tell em that?
Knowing that these kids emulate every rhyme you've ever spat
You need to get your role models from somewhere else instead of rap
You shouldn't really need me to explain
You know that you imitate with what you speak and what you say
You've got more power than their parents but you're leading them astray
You don't tell them that these illegal ways will lead ‘em to the cage
I'm pssed. Why? I got dck-riding bredders hating
While you spit rhymes that misguided my generation
You're not real, cos what you're saying ain't the truth
You're try'n'a kill the kids, me, I'm try'n'a save the youths
The future's removal of humans, computers, pursued revolution
Hell is hot we burn like chips in a pan
At your kid's birth they'll insert a chip in its hand
I spent so many sleepless nights pondering reasons why
Most of the good people in my life seem to die
See my eyes take a look, deep inside seek to find
The bottom of my soul, find the hole where my demons hide
All I want's a peaceful life, but I can't see it like
Every morning Mum weeps and cries so I don't even try
Still she teaches me right, stay humble and be polite
But she never saw what I saw on the streets at night
I just wanna see the light, raise a yout', feed my wife
But they're try'n'a take away my freedom so I need to fight
Redesign your feeble mind and read the signs, be advised
Either I get it or I'm taking what I feel is mine
My life is like the best book you ever read
Spent nights listening to Westwood and getting vexed
My pen writes when I'm depressed cos I never slept
Bredders step, let's do it man to man like Red and Meth
You can freestyle all day, I make the best songs
I'm like an insomniac's bed, rarely slept on
The open mics, you know that's where I got my rep from
Shady bredders thought they were big but they were dead wrong
Rap with the spitter's spitters and spit for the rapper's rappers
I rip the rhythm to ribbons from Britain to Madagascar
Listen to lyricists and I diss all the backwards actors
Dismiss all the killing sht cos none of that crap should matter
You know I'm right, go and find a rapper that's as real as this
He couldn't battle, the flipping demons that I'm dealing with
I know my life ain't the hardest but even if you envy what I got
And you wanna swap, we can switch
The artist, slash terrorist, slash Double P representative

Slash the worst rapper could ever diss
Slash activist, slash kidnapper of the president
Slash his wrists and leave a flippin' slash where his temple is

(Yeah! Cheez, let's keep going man. I do this all day
Dear Listener LP November)

Listen, this is for all the hungry rappers out there yeah?

Listen, listen…

Since the day you left I've been stuck in place
They say that time heals, but still nothing changed
Every time I close my eyes I see you stubborn face
And every morning I'm home I see my mother's pain
The day you died, I had a dream where I said sorry
I threw the second piece of dirt on your dead body
When I don't see Mum for a while I get worried
Cos if she died then that would take the rest of me
Sitting in the hearse, driving to the cemetery
I kept wishing it was me that was getting buried
In a lot of ways, I feel like I'm dead already
Cos it's October and I ain't cracked a smile since February
I can feel it in the air, coming I'm just getting ready
I just wanted to hang about but you would never let me
After you passed, advice I was getting plenty
I made you famous because ‘Bars For My Brother' was legendary
People all over the globe shared in the pain
But how could you leave our parents this way?
What's worse than losing a son? I compared in my brain
Nothing! While I just sit back and stare at this page
I know you know that I didn't really hate you
But if you were still here would I appreciate you?
I don't know, harsh reality is so cold
Dad visits your grave every week but I won't go
A crossroads not knowing what way I wanna choose
Like I'm cursed to an eternity of solitude
MPs talking ‘bout their bollocks views
I'm having arguments with the telly when I watch the news
You know that feeling you get when the whole world's on top of you?
Your demons seem to follow you
People say they're there but don't bother to holler you
Can't trust yourself so trusting them is impossible
No one said life was supposed to be fair
Can't tell people what you're going through, they won't even care
You're not the only one feeling trapped, lonely and scared
Waking up in cold sweats but nobody's there
You're in a dark place, running from issues that you can't face
Conversations make your heart race at a fast pace
Can't relate to anyone, that's something that you can't face
Never ever act like we are, but we aren't mates
You just ate but you're still hungry though fam
Walk like I'm young but talk like a grumpy old man
I hate thinking ‘bout the future, why? Cos it hurts me

Imagining myself still living with my Mum at thirty
Really not sure if I'm stable mentally
Cos I always focus on my painful memories
I pray for my family, pray for enemies
Pray for my friends and myself cos I never sleep
Pray for the day I break from this cage and they let me free
Pray that I'm sent to a place that is heavenly
Pray for my present, pray for my legacy
And pray it's in a positive way, they remember me

Yes, MK, peace and love yeah

Lowkey - Wake Up Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

I woke up this morning so I had to make a new track
This is the difference between true stories and true facts
This right here is what waking up feels like
This is the difference between real talk and real life
It's a treacherous road so mind the GAP
because they try to blur the lines between lies and facts
They told you, it was finished, but that's all a lie
'cos there's children in them sweatshops some as young as four or five
check the tag on your trainers
they say It's important the product get endorsed by somebody famous
So we think It looks cool,
while slaves are stichin' footballs in Pakistan
I break it down in a way that other rappers can't
It's hard to stop sleeping and wake up, 'cos It's to real
But if karma doesn't get you first then the truth will
we livin in some wild days
according to Unicef there's 246 million child slaves
So…

CHOURS

Open your eyes and listen to this
cos little innocent kids are stitchin them kicks
Im ticked of, cos we live in this myth
the devils biggest trick was convincing the people he didnt exist
So.
You think It ended but It never did
they put the chocolate in our mouth
the logos on our precisous kicks
the logos on our backs, the coffe we drink almost everything,
there's more slaves on earth right now than there's ever been

You listen to the wrong rappers
Companies are using childslaves and blaming it all on their subcontractors
Don't need to guess who's sew those jeans, but who's buying these clothes
who gives us coco beans from the ivory coast
the answers are hard, but you dont need to search the skies
they're in Asian sweatshops makin Mickey Mouse merchendise
Nowdays there's less to do with the color of your skin, fam
It's more to do with the country that you're in, fam
wont stop spittin til' there's a change
every purchase that we make, keep the children in chains
It's so twisted and strange to me
some parents are so poor they sell their own kids into slavery
It's an ugly state of affairs
slaves used to pick cotton but now they stich tics on the trainers we wear
when they tell you It's finished, don't let them
'cos It's still here, even though It got abolished in 1807

CHOURS

This is for those who kept faith
and all the children around the globe gettin sold as sex slaves
Back in the day it was bad but this is the next phase
Nowdays everything's in our hands fam, Let's change
In these tragic times, we gotta analyze these rappers rhymes
fact is they blind, and they glamourize a pack of lies
The powers got us distracted but we got to fight
'cos these days It's not as simple as being black or white
We need to fix our lives and get some unity
'cos 'til the feds get their weapons and executing me
putting me back to sleep is something you could never do to me
Yours truly, Lowkey the rapper slash Revoultionary
do your research if you dont believe It still exists
It's just a matter of how long can we live with it
You could call me a hypocrite
'cos if you look at my shoe on my foot right now, you'd see a little tic on it

Lowkey - Read Between The Lines Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

After what happened on 9/11
Saddam was a threat they had to find his weapons
Then an inspector said that he never had any
A couple of months later that mans buried
Its damn scary cuz he exposed their rutheless lies
Then apparently commited suicide
But its obvious that he didnt choose to die
The truth is he was brutally crucified
Just imagine if they invaded great britain
Face it that war was based on rascism
I love michael but deep down hes a child
For years they said he was a pedophile
But when it went to court he beat the trial
The reason is money buys freedom so hes aloud
Dont believe the hype or let em cease your mind
People please read in between the lines

Yo I might get misquoted in an interview
And people might say somthing about me that isnt true
Or say that I did somthing I didnt do
Cuz I say im arab some people disapprove
Straight up its made blood the fakeness annoys me
Like a club night that doesnt pay its employees
I dont go there with my friends to party
Cuz thats about as hiphop as gwen stefani
Years back 50 was real his shit was raw
Now the same man call him a snitch and fraud
Joss stone didnt sell when she hit the stores
But that changed when she won two brit awards
A certain MC set up a clique but found breaders
Worst than him just so he could sound better
Dont believe the hype or let em cease your mind
People please read inbetween the lines

Yo yo hiphop use to be done on the streets
Now every mug and their mom wants a piece
Suburban parents hated this music their kids love
Now even britney spears tries to spit rub (not sure about this)
They copy whats out to dumb to innovate
Christina aguilera justin timberlake
When garage was around and the ends for ages
Then they called it grime and westwood played it
Then you got american rappers like mobdeep
Who spit about murdering people on hot beats
(something about)squash beef
When you look at the affect they have its off keep
Bush rigged the first election even let us find out
Then you wonder why he won again the second time round

Dont believe the hype or let em cease your mind
People please read inbetween the lines

Over Yeah yeah you know in these days and times
Weve got to train our minds to read inbetween the lines
Weve got to figure out whose who
Weve got to see the people for who they are

Lowkey - Bars For My Brother Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

So many regrets
So many unanswered questions
I miss you...
Miss you so much...
Listen

Yo yo yo yo
I hope you're somewhere listening to this
I wish I knew why you did what you did
'Cause I still haven't really come to terms with the truth
There must have been something you were determined to prove
The lessons you taught me, I can't forget
But there's so many unanswered questions
Now everything seems meaningless
You lived fast and died young
But my brother you were a genius
How could you ever believe that you'll survive
I don't care what they say, that shit was suicide
I won't lie, there was much distance between you and I
I should've told you not to do it, don't be stupid (why?)
You've got looks, got brains and your future's bright
Now you're gone I feel like I'm gon' lose my mind
I never thought you'd get yourself organised
I wish we saw the signs, the shock left us all traumatised
These are awful times, and I need more than rhymes
'Cause this was more than a tragedy
You can't just cheat the forces of gravity
You left me here to hold a brave face supporting the family

In a way you were dying to live
It's fucked up man, I'm crying while I'm writing this shit
Water from my eyes is stopping me from lighting my spliff
Why didn't you realise that your life is a gift
Mum and Dad don't understand why they've outlived their son
Every single CD, Mix Tape and Album to come
Is dedicated to none other than my blood brother
But I hate you, for the way you made my Mum suffer
Words can't explain, how a certain part of my heart hurts with the harshest pain
Last time we spoke, we said we weren't brothers and we aren't the same
I told myself you were too far past insane
How could we not take your death badly
I just asked mum and she said your name meant happy

But my soul is too cold to laugh
My heart bleeds when I'm looking at your old school photograph
I wish that I could touch your beautiful flesh
I'm writing but we ain't even had the funeral yet
Now death is something, that I'm staying ever ready for

You had plenty more to give, you weren't even 24
I don't understand why you had to die
In a lot of rappers rhymes, death is glamorised
Not me, I'll always stay remembering you
I should've known this was something you'd eventually do
When you got shived, we should've known it was bad
The next day I was sitting here consoling my Dad

It's like a nightmare, it still doesn't seem real
But this is my life, not some fucking deep film
It's the strange feeling I felt in the late night
Witnesses said that you fell from a great height
Can't be my brother man, tell me it ain't right
Right now I'd rather blaze, we could face life
Shit what a waste, what a shame
I just gotta make sure your life wasn't lost in vain
This is my brother, not just a departed friend
So hard for my marge and them to start again
From now on our lives will never be the same
We holding on too tight for the memories to fade
24 years was hardly a life
On the day you passed, it's like a part of me died
I've been scarred many times but this pain is so much worse
And it's so much harder to describe
You will still be missed
I'm sorry we didn't support you, we thought we did
I wish I broke your leg so you couldn't jump
Now all I can do... is rep your fuckin name like I should've done
'Cause it's only right
I'm still not sleeping, but now I'm seeing your ghost at night
We all wish we could've stopped you
I know I can't go back in time now, but I want to
It's like a tightened knot that I can't undo
Why did I have to lose you to realize I loved you
Be careful what you wish for, in case it comes true
Right now I'm confused, feeling so subdued
When they arrested you, they wanted to section you
The only thing we did wrong was going and getting you
Next morning you was up, not doing what you was meant to do
That wasn't the life that you were meant to have
That wasn't the way that it was meant to be
You were sick, not physically but mentally

I still ain't got a fraction of this shit off of my chest
All that goes through my mind is them constant regret
Why why why did you die for no reason
All of a sudden the weathers cold its so freezing
Have you ever head the saying, when it rains it pours
Don't ever try to tell me my pain is the same as yours
'Cause it's not, and everything isn't what it seems
I'm pinching myself but I know that this is not a dream
Why did you have to do that, this isn't fair
Listen my brother, never think that I didn't care
There's no words to describe the way that this feels

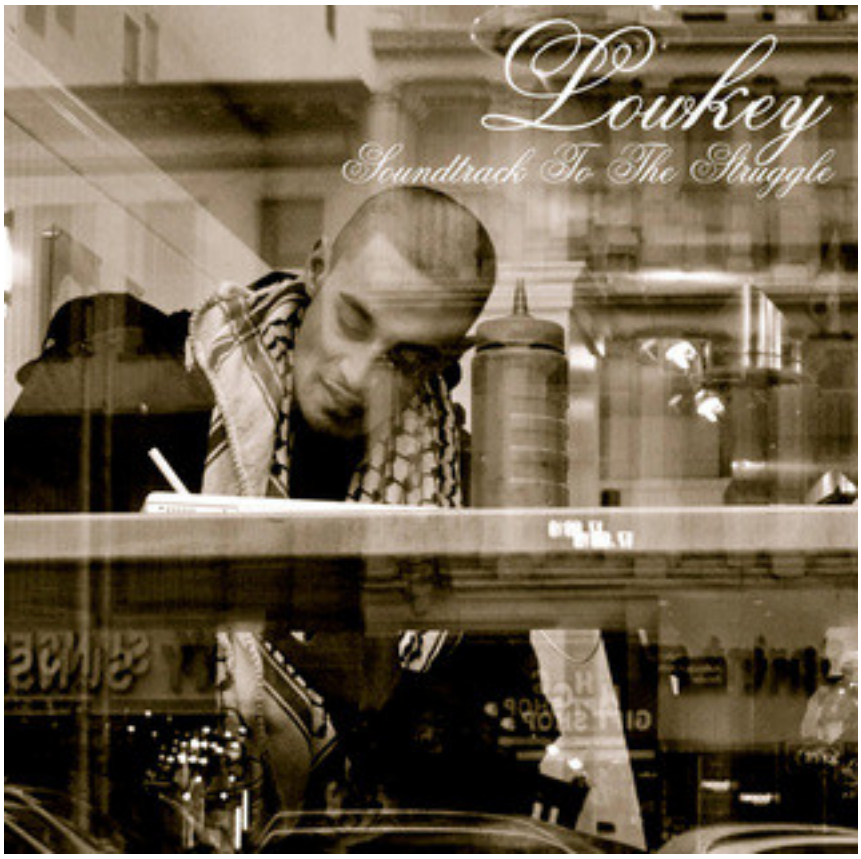
Now I can clearly separate the fake from the real
Why did everyone else have to be bro
I still can't quiet believe that you're actually gone
Just 5 days, 5 days and it feels like the same day
Weed ain't helping but I need it just to maintain
'Cause the bleak reality is terrible
And last night mom was practically hysterical
People I thought would care, couldn't care less
I need a lot of support 'cause I'm feeling bare stressed
And everyone else seems immature
I'm being tested, thinking what is there left that I'm living for
I need to clear my thoughts, stop thinking and try n breathe
Just a week ago I was so innocent and naive
Now my insides are burning like hells flames
I've realized up until now I've never felt pain
It's so evident that everything I cared about before was so irrelevant
There's certain people that call when they see that this shit is hurting
But I see them for what they are now 'cause I'm a different person

R.I.P.
I miss you...
In fact fuck R.I.P
I want you to live through me
Live through me...
Live through me...
Live... through... me...

Lowkey - Freestyle 3 Lyrics

Artist: Lowkey
Album: Uncensored

It's like, it's like these days Dj's won't play a track if i'm on it.
But ironically they play Dj Ironic, my logic tells me that i don't rap about the right topics.
Because my politics scare people so they hide from it.
Give me an instrumental and i'll shine on it, so bright i'll burn your eye socket.


Lowkey
Soundtrack To The Struggle

Lowkey Lyrics

"Soundtrack To The Struggle"

[Intro: Lowkey]
It's been a long time coming
Too long
Too long
It's been in the making a quarter century
But it's here now
It's here now
If by the time you hear this album
I'm not here
You know why

[Hook: Mavado]
Tell ya
So mi say
Too many suffering too many tears
To see a youth die I'm a know him for years
When me look around nobody care
The people dem a live inna fear

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (Woo ooh! oi!)

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (yeah yeah!)

[Verse 1: Lowkey]
My music is my natural resource, now I want it back
Til I sever every single chain I will not relax
Just constant attack, til my world looks like Monserrat
Contact my comrades, for combat, what's conscious rap
When you say the truth, they attack like a Sabertooth
Thinking clear they make you disappear like you hate the fruit
We don't need more Boeings, we don't need more Rebors, weed or Lyor Cohens
They tell us about terrorism and tell us about terrorists
Look up the definition and tell us what terror is
Only know the definition if the television tells us it
Public Enemy #1 they treat me like Professor Griff
This album has been in the making a quarter century
Born to bless the beat and rap over recorded melody
I knew the truth since I was a small little boy
I am a product of the system I was born to destroy

[Hook: Mavado]

Me can't believe I saw dem cheat people
And they fi protect and dem a leave people
I me no si no system fi di street people
Can't believe di money lead people

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (Woo ooh! oi!)

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (yeah yeah!)

[Verse 2: Lowkey]
On the news, they glorify their own henchmen
Support the troops, but won't mention Joe Glenton
It's funny 'cos the rappers are posing as the gangsters
While the government taking money as bonuses for bankers
In life you learn, to close your eyes and hold your tongue
But together we will overcome, there's never been a chosen one
Still tryina understand, the land I stand on
I'll probably die from cancerous anger like Franz Fanon
I will never give up, I will never just quit
I will never give in, I will never submit
The reason that I came, Is bleeding from the veins
Of the people cus we equal, only Freedom is the aim
This album has been in the making a quarter century
Born to bless the beat and rap over recorded melody
I knew the truth since I was a small little boy
I am a product of the system I was born to destroy

[Hook: Mavado]
Me can't believe I saw dem cheat people
And they fi protect and dem a leave people
I me no si no system fi di street people
Can't believe di money lead people

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (Woo ooh! oi!)

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (yeah yeah!)

[Verse 3: Lowkey]
If you're subordinate to corporate guys supplying you orders
You're fighting fire with fire, I'm fighting fire with water
When they kill me, I know I'll die with a focused mind

Plus there will be millions of me, ready to multiply
Dont just mention, acknowledge me, remember to honour me
My pen and this honesty, defending equality
Declared a republic, and ended your monarchy
Your corporate dictatorship, pretends it's democracy
I hold your bloodline, accountable for every crime
Adam Smith to Rothschild, it's all been a clever lie
Two choices now, revolution or genocide
But thanks to Rupert Murdoch neither one will be televised
This album has been in the making a quarter century
Born to bless the beat and rap over recorded melody
I knew the truth since I was a small little boy
I am a product of the system I was born to destroy

[Hook: Mavado]
Me can't believe I saw dem cheat people
And they fi protect and dem a leave people
I me no si no system fi di street people
Can't believe di money lead people

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (Woo ooh! oi!)

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (yeah yeah!)

Lowkey Lyrics

"Too Much"

(feat. Shadia Mansour)

[Intro: Lauryn Hill]
If you down with the rich man, and that can be rich in anything,
Don't you take too much,
If you laugh at a poor man, and that can be poor in anything,
Don't you laugh too much,
If you tryin' to be rich man, and that can be rich in anything
Don't you take too much,
And if you need to be needed, and you're lookin' for purpose,
Just remember, don't you need too much...

[Hook: Shadia Mansour]
If you take something you, don't need, and keep it
Then you've stolen from somebody else who's hungry
Everything that you do, is everything you are
Everything that I am, is everything you'll ever need.

[Verse 1: Lowkey]
Money can buy power, but it can't buy respect
Money can't buy sleep, but it can buy a bed
Money can't buy you love, but it can buy sex
Do you posses money or by money are you possessed?
Money can buy a house, but it can't buy a home
So even with money you still feel all alone
Money can buy you friends, but it can't buy family
Money can't make you happy, that's just a fallacy
It can buy a bath, but it can't buy purity
It can buy bodyguards, but it can't buy security
While people around the world starve, I eat
Cause money can buy war, but it can't buy peace
Some do everything and anything to get the p's
The society we livin' in, it's a necessity
It's got the power to turn your best friends to enemies
It's funny cause money doesn't follow us when we leave.

[Hook: Shadia Mansour]
If you take something you, don't need, and keep it
Then you've stolen from somebody else who's hungry
Everything that you do, is everything you are
Everything that I am, is everything you'll ever need.

[Verse 2: Lowkey]
Does happiness live in a mansion with a swimming pool?
I know people with plenty of money that are miserable
We all need to earn in this world we live
Most work for it, some steal, but many worship it
Some sell poison for it, some seek employment for it

We need it to survive, so some clean the toilets for it
I need papes to live but never will I live for papes
Abolish the Queen, I don't wanna see that witch's face
Many sell their soul for it, no not me
Some will try to tell you that it doesn't grow on trees
I heard the sayin' said, many a time, but they were wrong
Cause if it doesn't tell me where do you get the paper from?
Most think they will be happy if they only had more of it
Some wasted, some feel more important because they're born with it
Some have got the nerve to say you're fraudulent for forging it
The truth is you don't need a fortune to be fortunate.

[Hook: Shadia Mansour]
If you take something you, don't need, and keep it
Then you've stolen from somebody else who's hungry
Everything that you do, is everything you are
Everything that I am, is everything you'll ever need.

Lowkey Lyrics

"Voices Of The Voiceless"

(with Immortal Technique)

[Lowkey]
From West 10 to the West Bank,
I write righteous rhymes with my right and wrestle the devil with my left hand,
Never work for a Zionist, never been a yes man,
My art is like Rembrandt painting pictures of death camps,
The average person is allergic to the words of wisdom,
This is for everyone of Saddam's Kurdish murder victims,
And all the pure souls that never had the chance to speak,
Truth pumps in my arteries and causes my heart to beat,
For soldiers haunted and tortured by guilty memories,
Who realized too late to reveal their real enemy,
It's all dead wrong
For every victim of racist persecution from Auschwitz to Hebron,
My words may sting cowards,
For people that were atomized by the Thermate in the Twin Towers
Those living through the wars,
Ask me what I do this for,
Put the world in its place before it put you in yours,

[Chorus]
[Rochelle Rose]
What happens under darkness shall come to light,
Can't silence us even though you try,
[Lowkey]
You can try to avoid us but it's pointless
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless
[Rochelle Rose]
Take our freedom, Can't take our pride,
Come what may we will survive,
[Lowkey]
You can try to avoid us but it's pointless,
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

[Immortal Technique]
Keep my third eye hidden under my New York fitted,
A crazy unmarried man that deserves to be committed,
The future is encrypted in my troubled lyrics,
Dream that I've been somewhere for weeks, then wake up in a couple minutes,
Sweat dripping with visions of population control,
Thoughts overflowing my world like the melting of the North Pole,
My people are targeted by military crack committees,
So I'm bucking at the feds like natives in Rapid City,
Reality savage, my words are like a riot in Paris,
The voice of the voiceless, that voice is social imbalance,
So stand strong or sit harder in your mental palace,
Blinded inside a Kingdom united to its old habits,

But now, Middle Passage coming, War Chant, African drumming,
Gatling gun humming,
Rapid fire mechanism, reckless living,
That checks the rhythm of perfectionism,
Slave condition,
While you're singing God save the system,

[Chorus]
[Rochelle Rose]
What happens under darkness shall come to light,
Can't silence us even though you try,
[Lowkey]
You can try to avoid us but it's pointless
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless
[Rochelle Rose]
Take our freedom, Can't take our pride,
Come what may we will survive,
[Lowkey]
You can try to avoid us but it's pointless,
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

[Lowkey]
Detain my body, but you can't imprison my mind,
If it's my time I'll probably die with my fist in the sky,
These are the thoughts of a man who can't escape from his coma,
Cries of a young virgin girl who got raped by them soldiers,

[Immortal Technique]
Birthing a screaming bastard, post colonial nation,
Subject to childhood diseases, famine, war and inflation,
Education molded you into your masters image,
And you forgot who the f*ck you were before the war was finished

[Lowkey]
You're hearing the ghosts of Nagasaki, you're hearing Hiroshima,
Beautiful babies being born with the weirdest features,
You might never see me in the charts,
But Inshallah my seed can see peace in Iraq,

[Immortal Technique]
But peace and freedom can never be given,
That's historically forbidden, cause only collision is the recipe,
Changing the course of destiny, so I'm strapped with weaponry,

[Lowkey & Immortal Technique]
'Cause the government don't give a f*ck about protecting me.

[Chorus]
[Rochelle Rose]
What happens under darkness shall come to light,
Can't silence us even though you try,
[Lowkey]
You can try to avoid us but it's pointless

You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless
[Rochelle Rose]
Take our freedom, can’t take our pride,
Come what may we will survive,
[Lowkey]
You can try to avoid us but it’s pointless,
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

Lowkey Lyrics

"Hand On Your Gun"

[Intro:]
This one is dedicated to the suit-wearing arms dealers
To the champagne-sipping depleted uranium droppers

[Hook:]
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone

[Verse 1:]
First in my scope is BAE Systems
Specialize in killing people from a distance
Power is a drug and they feed the addiction
Immediate deletion of people's existence
Who says what is and what isn't legitimate resistance
To push these buttons you don't need a brave heart
State of the art darts leave more than your face scarred
You might impress an A&R with your fake bars
Cause you probably think Rolls Royce only make cars
This is for the colonizers turned bomb-providers
Take this beef all the way back to Oppenheimer
They call it warfare but your wars aren't fair
If they were there'd be suicide bombers in Arms Fairs
On a scam for the funds, they will mangle your son
If you try to speak out they will stamp on your tongue
To your land they will come till you stand up as one
It's begun

[Hook:]
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone

[Verse 2:]
Next in my scope is Lockheed Martin
They will tell you when the bombs need blastin'
Don't think, just listen to the songs, keep dancin'
Do they really want us to have our own brains
Who do you think is really running Guantanamo Bay
And it might be sensitive but I'll mention it
Who do you think has got us filling out the censuses
Who do you think is handing out the sentences
This ain't the BBC so there's no censorship
Heard of many mercenaries gettin' with the clever pimp
Not a gun seller but none's better than Erik Prince

Make money off many things, mainly it's crime
This one is dedicated to the Raytheon 9
On a scam for the funds, they will mangle your son
If you try to speak out they will stamp on your tongue
To your land they will come till you stand up as one
It's begun

[Hook:]
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 1"

(feat. Rev. Jeremiah Wright)

What Malcolm X said when he got silenced by Elijah Mohammed was in fact true: America's chickens... are coming home to roost.
We took this country by terror, away from the Sioux, the Apache, the Arowak, the Comanche, the Arapahoe, the Navajo. Terrorism.
We took Africans from their country to build our way of ease and kept them enslaved and living in fear. Terrorism.
We bombed Granada and killed innocent civilians, babies, non-military personnel.
We bombed the black civilian community of Panama with stealth bombers and killed unarmed teenagers and toddlers, pregnant mothers, and hardworking fathers.
We bombed Qaddafi's home and killed his child.
Blessed are they who bash your children's head against a rock.
We bombed Iraq. We killed unarmed civilians trying to make a living.
We bombed a plant in Sudan to payback for the attack on our embassy, killed hundreds of hardworking people, mothers and fathers who left home to go that day not knowing that they would never get back home.
We bombed Hiroshima, we bombed Nagasaki and we nuked far more than the thousands in New York and the Pentagon and we never batted an eye.
Kids playing in the playground, mothers picking up children after school, civilians, not soldiers, people just trying to make it day by day.
We have supported state terrorism against the Palestinians and Black South Africans and now we are indignant because the stuff we have done overseas is now brought right back to our own front yards.
America's chickens are coming home to roost.
Violence begets violence.
Hatred begets hatred.
And terrorism begets terrorism.

Lowkey Lyrics

"Terrorist?"

[Intro:]
So, We must ask ourselves, What is the dictionary definition of "Terrorism"?
The systematic use of terror especially as a means of coercion
But what is terror?

According to the dictionary I hold in my hand, Terror, is violent or destructive acts
Such as bombing committed by groups in order to intimidate a population,
Or government into granting their demands

So what's a terrorist?

[Hook:]
They're calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
When they put it on me, I tell them this
I'm all about peace and love
They calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
Insulting my intelligence
Oh how these people judge...

[Verse 1:]
It seems like the Rag-heads and Paki's are worrying your Dad
But your dad's favorite food is curry and kebab
It's funny, but it's sad how they make your mummy hurry with her bags
Rather read The Sun than study all the facts
Tell me, what's the bigger threat to human society
BAE Systems or home made IED's
Remote controlled drones, killing off human lives
Or man with home made bomb committing suicide
I know you were terrified when you saw the towers fall
It's all terror but some forms are more powerful
It seems nuts, how could there be such agony
When more Israeli's die from peanut allergies
It's like the definition didn't ever exist
I guess it's all just depending who your nemesis is
Irrelevant how eloquent the rhetoric peddler is
They're telling fibs, now tell us who the real terrorist is

[Hook:]
They're calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
When they put it on me, I tell them this
I'm all about peace and love
They calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
Insulting my intelligence

Oh how these people judge...

[Verse 2:]
Lumumba was democracy – Mossadegh was democracy
Allende was democracy – Hypocrisy it bothers me
Call you terrorists if you don't wanna be a colony
We used to bow down to a policy of robbery
Is terrorism my lyrics?
When more Vietnam vets kill themselves after the war than died in it?
This is very basic...
One nation in the world has over a thousand military bases
They say it's religion, when clearly it isn't
It's not just Muslims that oppose your imperialism
Is Hugo Chavez a Muslim? Nah... I didn't think so
Is Castro a Muslim? Nah... I didn't think so
It's like the definition didn't ever exist
I guess it's all just depending who your nemesis is
Irrelevant how eloquent the rhetoric peddler is
They're telling fibs, now tell us who the terrorist is

[Hook:]
They're calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
When they put it on me, I tell them this
I'm all about peace and love
They calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
Insulting my intelligence
Oh how these people judge...

[Outro: x2]
You think that I don't know,
But I know, I know, I know
You think that we don't know
But we know

You think that I don't know,
But I know, I know, I know
You think that we don't know
But we DO

Was Building 7 terrorism?
Was nanothermite terrorism?
Diego Garcia was terrorism,
I am conscious the Contras was terrorism,
Phosphorous that burns hands – that is terrorism,
Irgun and Stern Gang that was terrorism,
What they did in Hiroshima was terrorism,
What they did in Fallujah was terrorism,
Mandela ANC – that was terrorism,
Jerry Adams IRA – that was terrorism,
Eric Prince black water – it was terrorism,
Oklahoma, McVeigh – that was terrorism,

Everyday USA – that is terrorism,
Everyday UK – that is terrorism,
Everyday...

Lowkey Lyrics

"Something Wonderful"

Something wonderful...
To chase it all away
For the women of the world, because women are the world
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again
I'm just letting you know...

I'm tryna be a good man, I can't speak for the others
Know the saying heaven lies at the feet of your mother
Mine showed me the definition of hard work and
Smiles through her tears even though her heart's hurting
Speaks her mind and never ever bites her tongue
I guess today you can say I'm just like my mum
Great grandmother was in Beirut in '82
In a flat when it got invaded by Israeli troops
Sleeping in the hallway for shelter from the bullets
And that's why I'll always respect her to the fullest
Physically gone, all memories are kept in a picture
In Baghdad my nan slept with a Beretta in her slipper
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
And the respect that you show the women around you
So think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister

Something wonderful...
To chase it all away
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again

I'm not claiming to be perfect, I know what a curve is
But a woman's worth isn't just on the surface
I see too many young women craving affection
Degrading themselves for a male's attention
I know it's love that you're certain that you felt
But messing with these different guys you're just searching for yourself
Would it whore-ish to boast how high your score is
When a man does it, a player is what you call him
What if it's all just lies when she talks to guys
Displays promiscuous ways like it's all alright
Would it make you squirm if the tables turned
Is that really what it would take to make you learn
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
And the respect that you show the women around you
So think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister
I said think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister

Something wonderful...

To chase it all away
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again

Certain things are too deep to put in a verse
Let me apologize to every single woman I've hurt
Or disrespected whether family members or ex's
I wanna make amends for however I left it
Men make them, but the women get harmed in wars
I pray for a heart as pure as Assata Shakur's
We put them down on but on the pedestal we should put them
Behind every good man, there's a good women
Betty Shabazz lost her husband to the handguns
And lost her life when her house was burned down by her grandson
Qubilah saw her father murdered when the hammers passed
So I feel her pain when she tried to murder Farrakhan
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
And the respect that you show the women around you
So think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister
I said think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister

Something wonderful...
To chase it all away
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again

Lowkey Lyrics

"Dreamers"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Intro:]
This one is dedicated to the dreamers
Most people see things that are there and ask why
Dreamers, see things that aren't there and ask why not
I'm dreamin' with you

[Verse 1:]
I once knew a girl who on the surface was as solid as a rock
Future full of promise and mind seemed stronger than a ox
Face of beauty and a tongue was as honest as it got
That wasn't what is was, problem rock bottom she was lost
I couldn't see this sweet genius was full of secrets
Full of demons that pulled her deeper in this pool of leeches
Confused by the news, I was bruised when they told me
It concludes to the truth, was she consumed by the loneliness?
She was a true queen, nothing like Elizabeth
Often caught her starin' into space with a distant look
Considerate but detached from others even when intimate
Now I'm searchin' for answers I'd never find in a book
Last time I saw her, before the day she took her life
I wish I fixed her pain, I shoulda, coulda, woulda tried,
But I took it personally and turned to leave,
And to this day I'm still haunted by the words she screamed...

[Hook:]
Sometimes I really really hate myself
Sometimes I wish that I could change myself
Sometimes I don't wanna give no more
And sometimes I just don't wanna live no more
Sometimes I don't know where to go for help
Sometimes I don't really know myself
Sometimes I wish that I could fly away
And find away to a brighter day

[Verse 2:]
They say that life is a question and death is the answer
But Niko lost his brother and Rewds lost his father
God bless your souls please know that I love you both
They say time heals but the pain still doesn't go
I've seen my brother die and seen my mother cry
Seen the wind change in the flutter of a butterfly
Seen people get sectioned for life, I think and wonder
A small twist of fate, that could've been my brother
25 years a life could say thus far
I always have wondered who the same ones are
Though I live by the words fear not I'm afraid

When I wrote this so many tears dropped on the page
It's mad how death always manifests in the weirdest ways
Won't go near the grave but in my dreams he appears the same
Then I get closer and see his face, it's clear as day
He looks me deep in the eyes and I hear him say...

[Hook:]
Sometimes I really really hate myself
Sometimes I wish that I could change myself
Sometimes I don't wanna give no more
And sometimes I just don't wanna live no more
Sometimes I don't know where to go for help
Sometimes I don't really know myself
Sometimes I wish that I could fly away
And find away to a brighter day
[Repeat]

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 2"

(feat. Tariq Ali)

Dear friends, I think it's now, time to at least have a first balance sheet, not the last, the first balance sheet of the Obama presidency
As many of you know the images of the campaign are still vivid
Big, large mobilizations in the United States, of young people primarily, desperate for change
And the slogan of that campaign: Change We Can Believe In"
Change Change Change
But what has changed and what hasn't changed
There has been of course been a change in the presidency, and we can't complain too much about that *[Laughter]*
There is a new vice-president also in the United States, and we can't complain too much about that *[Laughter and Applause]*
But the Defence Secretary is the same. That's the guy who sits in the pentagon and organizes wars, and the reason he was kept on was to show that there is, there are both elements of discontinuity at the top AND very strong elements of continuity
And the reason for that, is that if you wear Caesar's clothes, you have to behave like Caesar

Lowkey Lyrics

"Obama Nation"

[Intro:]
This track is not an attack upon the American people
It is an attack upon the system within which they live
Since 1945 the united states has attempted to
Overthrow more than 50 foreign governments
In the process the us has caused the end of life
For several million people, and condemned many millions
More to a live of agony and despair

[Verse 1:]
The strength of your dreamin
Prevents you from reason
The American dream
Only makes sense if you're sleepin

It's just a cruel fantasy
Their politics took my voice away
But their music gave it back to me

The land where their *[?]* Or consumed by consumption
Killing themselves to shovel down food and abundance
I guess a rapper from Britain is a rare voice
America is capitalism on steroids

Natives kept in casinos and reservations
Displaced slaves never given reparations
Take everything from Native Americans
And wonder why I call it the racist experiment

Afraid of your melanin
The same as it's ever been
That ain't gonna change
With the race of the president

I see imperialism under your skin tone
You could call it Christopher Columbus syndrome

[Chorus: x2]
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Doesn't make any difference when they bomb your nation

O! Say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming

[Verse 2:]
The worlds entertainer
The worlds devastator
From Venezuela
To Mesopotamia

Your cameras lie
Cause they have to hide the savage crimes
Committed on leaders that happen
To try and nationalize

Eating competitions while the worlds been starvin
Beat up communism with the help of bin-laden
Where would your war of terror be without that man
Every day you create more Nidal Hassans

Kill a man from the military, you're a weirdo
But kill a wog from the Middle East you're a hero
Your country is causing screams that are never reaching ear holes
America inflicted a million ground zeros

Follow the dollar and swallow your humanity
Soldiers committing savagery you never even have to see
Those mad at me, writing in emails angrily
I'm not anti-America, America is anti-me

[Chorus: x2]
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Doesn't make any difference when they bomb your nation

And the rocket's red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there,

O! Does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er land of the free and the home of the brave

[Verse 3:]
I don't care if him and Cheney are long lost relations
What matters more is the policies I lost my patience
Stop debating bringing race into conversation
Occupation and cooperation equals profit makin

It's over - people wake up from the dream now
Nobel peace prize, jay z on speed dial
It's the substance within, not the colour of your skin
Are you the puppeteer or the puppet on the string

So many believe that they was instantly gonna change

There was still Dennis Ross, Brzezinski And Robert Gates
What happened to Chas freeman (APAC),
What happened to Tristan Anderson it's a machine that
Keeps that man breathing

I have the heart to say what all the other rappers aren't
Words like Iraq, Palestine - Afghanistan
The wars on, and you morons were all wrong
I call Obama a bomber Cause those are your bombs

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 3"

(feat. Senator John McCain)

[Woman:]
I gotta ask you a question
I do not, uh, believe in, I can't trust Obama
I I have read about him and he's not he's not he's a erm, he's an Arab
He is not (no m'am) No? *[laughter]*

[John Mccain:]
No m'am, no m'am
He's a, he's a decent family man citizen that I just happen to have disagreements with on, on fundamental issues, and that's what this campaign is all about
He's not, thank you *[applause]*

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Cradle Of Civilization"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

If my mother got angry or frustrated with me, she'd say...
... and the basic translation of that is "Oh, how beautiful is freedom"
But where is freedom?
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying
Where is our freedom?
This is for Baghdad, the place of my mothers birth
The cradle of civilization, for what it's worth
The land I've never the seen, culture I've never known
Iraq is in my heart, my blood, my flesh and bones
The air I've never breathed, fragrance I've never smelled
The pride I never had, the nationality that I never felt
Saddam was bad, are the American's even more so?
They made me grow like I was missing part of my torso
But I never picked up a grenade in my garden
I never saw people I love die starving
I never saw my family die through many years of sanctions
While the ruler's family lived in palaces and mansions
Never had a family member kidnapped for a ransom
Never lost a friend to violence that was random
Bombings, occupation, torture, intimidation
A million dead people doesn't equal liberation
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying
Listen!
Where is our freedom?
Forget division based on ethnicity or religion
Whether you Sunni, Shia, Kurdish or Christian
Pain is still pain if you're a person that's missing
We all deserve a life in this earth that we live in
Is there enough words that can say
How deeply Baghdad is burning today?
And it's not about pity, hands out or sympathy
It's about pride, respect, honour and dignity
Babies being born with deformities from uranium
Those babies aren't just Iraqi, they're Mesopotamian
What I view on the news is making me shiver
Cause I look at the victims and see the same face in the mirror
This system of division makes it harder for you and me
Peace is a question, the only answer is unity!
So many dreams about this place that I've never seen
The place my family had to leave in the 70's
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying
Where is our freedom?
It rains white phosphorus in Fallujah
This is for those that won't live to see the future
Sorry that I wasn't there, Sorry that I couldn't help
I'm sorry for every tear, Sorry you've been put through hell

Still I feel like an immigrant, englishman amongst arabs and an arab amongst englishmen
Like I said they never gave me the culture
But they did give me Kubdad Haleb, Hakaka and Dolma
Ana isme Kareem,
Wa ohmre thalatha wa-'ishrun,
Umi min Baghdad, wa abuya min Dover,
And that's the combination that I carry on my shoulders
Still I rep, till my death, Till they kill and seal my flesh
From now all the way back to Gilgamesh
Such a villianized and criticized nation
You will always be the cradle of civilization
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying
Where is our freedom?
In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel you calling me
In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel you calling me
In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel you calling me
I can still feel you calling me
I can still feel you calling me

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 4"

(feat. Ben Affleck)

[Ben Affleck:]
You know what's interesting about this whole idea of this, this, this intolerance and this hate, and this terrorism thing, I, I noticed from the debate the other, the other day from, it wasn't the debate actually
It was this conversation he had
It was this woman who said to McCain "Obama is an Arab" (right), and he said "No no no m'am he's not an Arab"
Oh I though this is wonderful he's repudiating this kind of intolerance and hatred
He said "No no he's not an Arab, he's a good man" (right) *[Laughter]*
(He said he's a decent citizen)
Hold on, what if I said to you, what if someone said "I heard he is a Jew" and I said ""No no he's not a Jew, he's alright" *[Laughter and Applause]*
"I hear the guy's a catholic", "Catholic? No, he's a, good decent guy" (right, yeah)
Arab and good person are not antithetical as to one another (right, that's that was) *[Applause]*
This idea of, this prejudice that we've allowed to fester in this campaign where this, we've allowed this idea where, denying the fact that Obama, who yet is not an Arab, nor is he a Muslim, we've allowed that denial to turn into the acceptance of both of those things as a legitimate slur, is really a problem, you know what I mean? (But the irony of John Mccain)
These are slurs, these are category human beings, they are not slurs of people *[Applause]*

Lowkey Lyrics

"Blood, Sweat And Tears"

(feat. Klashnekoff)

[Verse 1: Klashnekoff]
As lightning strikes and thunder pounds,
Over the grey skies of East London town,
Prophecy K returns from the underground,
Signified by the peoples crying, trumpet sounds,
Yeah the system it tried to shut me down,
But I been on my ting before Onyx was flinging guns around,
Blood, sweat, and tears for years,
It feels like my careers been in the dumping ground,
Yeah this is how hunger sounds,

And I'm the hunter now, 'Lash the lion-heart,
A.k.a. the man behind the iron mask
For ten years straight I been raising the iron bar,
Tryna' breathe the life back into this dying art,
So why try and part, when you'll meet the same fate as that lion Scar,
This game's fake, full of two-faced, lie in grass
Who will sell their soul and ass just to climb the charts,
Yeah, but me I put in too much time in the graft,
Refining my craft for labels to sign me for a minor advance,
Picture K'lash miming on Trance,
Now picture Dr. Dre beats/'lash, rhyming with stars,
It's all fate and I got mine in my grasp,
Their all snakes, let them die in the past,
But who knows what the future holds,
These N.W.O. soldiers will probably shoot me cold,
All because the truth was told,
You should know I did it from the heart.

[Hook: x2]
I'm still here, pushing after several years,
I'm still here, standing strong, never in fear,

I'll be still here after the dust settles and clears,
I'll be still here after the blood, sweat and the tears,

[Verse 2: Lowkey]
I don't do this for the happy ravers, or the aggie haters, *[?]*
I do this for the warriors and the gladiators,
I do this for those whose lives you never cared about,
Can't pronounce their names, their origins, or their whereabouts,
Those brought up around tragedy and sadness,
Who adjusted and found normality in the madness,
Fight the power, till I'm out of breathe like Malcolm X,
You empower the powerful, I empower the powerless,
They'll play you on the radio if you rap about a Gucci belt,

But rap about the government, you might aswell shoot yourself,
Industry fairies, say I rap about conspiracy theories,
Just to hide the fact they lyrically fear me,
Got the eye of a tiger, the heart of a lion,
The mind of a lifer, my stance is defiant,
I rise like a phoenix immediate from the ashes,
My existence is inconvenient for the masses,
Though we are equal I despise an imitation,
I live for my people, and die for liberation,
I stand as a visionary; someone got plans of killing me,
To literally vanish me physically like Aborigines,
Hannibal with the mask, and an animal with the bars,
I'm grappling with my shackles; I channel it through my art,
Feel it in the ambience; Champion: Heavyweight
My life is nothing but my pride is something you could never take,
Think I'm illusive?, or think I'm a nuisance?
I swear these major labels must think that I'm stupid,
Keep your 360's your convincing these dudes with,
Like I'll give you the blueprint for pimping my music,..

I say that like K'Lash, he's another lion,
Every hardship from getting scarred to my brother dying,
Spit all of it with or without a big audience,
Through the Blood, Sweat & Tears I stand victorious!

[Hook: x2]
I'm still here, pushing after several years,
I'm still here, standing strong, never in fear,

I'll be still here after the dust settles and clears,
I'll be still here after the blood, sweat and the tears,

Lowkey Lyrics

"Everything I Am"

[Hook:]
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Oh don't we ever get beyond this wall

[Verse 1:]
I am no role model, I am not Mr. Perfect
Been bitten a couple of times and I did deserve it
Everyday livin' and learnin' through these written verses
My life is a sacrifice, I wonder is it worth it?
People can change, I'm living physical proof
I'm not important, or special or different from you
To other people, I may seem like a good adviser
But to myself I feel like a dirty womanizer
I am just a man, I will never be a celebrity
That is a mantra I will cling to the death of me
Don't wanna feed my kids the very treachery they fed to me
Preferably the aim is equality eventually
Don't relegate me below, or elevate me above to you
Needless to say, in either place I'm uncomfortable
I treat you as an equal, I'm simply a man
Your brother in humanity is everything that I am

[Hook:]
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Oh don't we ever get beyond this wall

[Verse 2:]
Listen close to the words that were sang in the chorus
There's a big difference between fans and supporters
Never asked to be scrutinized or consumerized
Or treated differently to any other human life
Most don't, but some do and it saddens me
Force fed celebrity to subdue our humanity
See the false image depicted and think it's purity
When beneath that image they hold more insecurities
Than you do, but sometimes it's hard to tell who's who
There's more to life than Twitter followers and YouTube views
And if I came across like I was cocky I am sorry
You were born original so please don't die a copy
Don't relegate me below, or elevate me above to you
Needless to say, in either place I'm uncomfortable

I treat you as an equal, I'm simply a man
Your brother in humanity is everything that I am

[Hook:]
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Oh don't we ever get beyond this wall

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 5"

(feat. Norman Finkelstein)

[Norman Finkelstein:]
Go Ahead

[Woman:]
Hi, um, during your speech, you made a lot of references to Jewish people as well as certain people in your audience, not Jewish people in general, but certain people, especially in your audience, to Nazi's
Now that is extremely offensive when certain people are German, and their also extremely offensive to people who've actually suffered under Nazi rule *[Crying]*

[Norman Finkelstein:]
I don't respect that anymore
I really don't
I don't like and I don't respect the crocodile tears to con, the crocodile tears *[Jeers and Applause]*
No, answer folks, erm allow me to finish, and allow me to, allow me to sir
Listen sir, allow me to, allow me to finish
Sir, sir
I don't like to play, I don't like to play before an audience, the holocaust card
But since now I feel I com, Now I feel compelled to. *[Shouting]*
My late father was in Auschwitz, my late mother, please shut up! *[Applause]*
My late father was in Auschwitz, my late mother was in Majdanek concentration camp. *[Shouting]*
Every single member of my family, on my father's side, on my father's side. *[Shouting]*
(The Jews cannot take odds against the Germans!)
My father was in Auschwitz concentration camp, my late mother was in Majdanek concentration camp
Every single member of my family on both sides was exterminated
Both of my parents were in the Warsaw Ghetto uprising
And it is precisely and exactly because of the lessons my parents taught ME and my two siblings, that I will not be silenced when Israel commits it's crimes against the Palestinians, and I consider nothing more despicable then to use their suffering and their martyrdom to try to justify the torture, the brutalization, the demolition of homes, that Israel daily commits against the Palestinians, so I refuse any longer to be intimidated or browbeaten by the tears
If you had any heart in you, you would be crying for the Palestinians, not for *[unaudible] [Applause]*

Lowkey Lyrics

"Long Live Palestine"

This is for Palestine, Ramallah, West Bank, Gaza,
This is for the child that is searching for an answer,
I wish I could take your tears and replace them with laughter,
Long live Palestine, Long live Gaza!

While we listen to tunes, made by ignorant fools,
Israel blocked the UN from delivering food,
They'll bring in the troops and you won't even glimpse at the news,
They make money of the products that we are quick to consume,
It's not simply a question of differing views,
Forget emotions, this is fact, what I spit is the truth,
Makes no difference if you're a Christian or if you're a Jew,
They are just people living in different conditions to you,
They still die when you bomb their schools, mosques and hospitals,
It is not because of rockets, please god can you stop it all,
I'm not related to the strangers on the TV,
But I relate because those faces could have been me,
Words can never ever explain the raw tragedy,
It's not a war they're just murdering more rapidly,
We are automatically supporting pure savagery,
Imagine how you'd feel if it was your family,

This is for Palestine, Ramallah, West Bank, Gaza,
This is for the child that is searching for an answer,
I wish I could take your tears and replace them with laughter,
Long live Palestine, Long live Gaza,

Palestine remains in my heart forever,
We stand for peace, in times of war we shan't surrender,
Remember, it didn't start in that dark December,
Every coin is a bullet, if you're Mark's and Spencer,
And when your sipping Coca-Cola,
That's another pistol in the holster of a soulless soldier,
You say you know about the Zionist lobby,
But you put money in their pocket when you're buying their coffee,
Talking about revolution, sitting in Starbucks,
The fact is that's the type of thinking I can't trust,
Let alone even start to respect,
Before you talk learn the meaning of that scarf on your neck,
Forget Nestle,
Obama promised Israel 30 billion over the next decade,
They're trigger happy and they're crazy,
Think about that when you're putting Huggies nappies on your baby,

This is for Palestine, Ramallah, West Bank, Gaza,
This is for the child that is searching for an answer,
I wish I could take your tears and replace them with laughter,

Long live Palestine, Long live Gaza,

This is not just a war over stolen land,
Why do you think little boys are throwing stones at tanks?
We will never really know how many people are dead,
They drop bombs on little girls while they sleep in their beds,
Don't get offended by facts, just try and listen,
Nothing is more anti-Semitic than Zionism,
So please don't bring bad vibes when you speak to me,
I know there's plenty of Rabbi's that agree with me,
It's your choice what you do with this message,
Don't get it confused; I view this from a truly human perspective,
How many more resolutions have to be violated,
How many more children have to be annihilated
Israel is a terror state, there terrorists that terrorise,
I testify, my television televised them telling lies,
This is not a war, it is systematic genocide,
But whatever they try, Palestine will never die!

Lowkey Lyrics

"We Will Rise"

[Verse 1:]
Is it just dream?, Am I a fool for trying?
I stand defiant but my enemy's the tallest giant,
Will visions be reality? they tell me never,
I wanna feel the unity that Malcolm felt in Mecca,
I wonder if it made sense in his last moments,
People don't value the soul cause they can't hold it,
Find something real beyond death and misery,
And understand the present in the context of history,
It's been established Sykes-Picot was a bitter marriage,
Since the day Thomas Edward Lawrence tricked the Arabs,
I never back stab my people like Abu Mazen,
I'll overthrow the monarchs like Abdul Karim Qassem,
This is a battle that many better men have died fighting,
But I hope to give an insight through my writing,
My pen fires at the men who defend liars,
I send fire till the end of your empire,

[Chorus: singer]
We will fight to live,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

And through the blood and tears,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

[Verse 2:]
Guess who's back, descendant of the occupied,
I represent the sentiments of many men you've colonized,
The President is eloquent but he's never been on my side,
Melanin's irrelevant cause everything was prophecised,
There was a time when they talked about the Arab Nation,
Broke our good leaders replaced them with a pack of masons,
Took your Keffiyeh and changed it to a fashion statement,
You sat with Satan, Camp David means assassination,
Peace in your imagination, that's not real,
I've been where Arafat got poisoned and Sadat got killed,
I'm not a martyr, just a man without a Masters or a master,
Trying to unite the people like Abdul Nasser,
This is a battle that many better men have died fighting,
But I hope to give an insight through my writing,
My pen fires at the men who defend liars,
I send fire till the end of your empire,

[Chorus: singer]
We will fight to live,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

And through the blood and tears,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

[Verse 3:]
If you're my brother, you're my brother but please be loyal,
Comrades for life till we're deep in soil,
They came to the middle east told us we need royals,
Just ask Mossadeq about BP Oil,
Look at history, the pecking order you will discover,
Nationalize your resources watch your children suffer,
Are you still my brother?
Even if BAE Systems gives us weapons to kill each other,
I strike back at the empire till it falls,
Most of us invest our money in building walls,
Mark the words of the lyricist that's written this,
Any money that I do make will build a bridge,
This is a battle that many better men have died fighting,
But I hope to give an insight through my writing,
My pen fires at the men who defend liars,
I send fire till the end of your empire,

[Chorus: singer]
We will fight to live,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

And through the blood and tears,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise.

Lowkey Lyrics

"My Soul"

[Intro:]
No souls to sell here mate...
They say The fool thinks himself to be wise man, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.
I say that, to say this...

[Chorus:]
You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

[Verse 1:]
They can't use my music to advertise for Coca Cola
They can't use my music to advertise for Motorola
They can't use my music to advertise for anything
The truth, I guess that's the reason the industry won't let me in
Refuse to be a product or brand, I'm human
Refuse to contribute to the gangster Illusion
Whether I'm number One, Number two, or Number Three
I'm unique and there will never be another me
And there will never be another you
Be proud of who you are, don't copy what the others do
They are not superior, you are not inferior
When we realize that is gonna be hysteria
Not commercial, always controversial what my pen has written
When they listen many have risen from the mental prison
That's why you don't see my face upon the television
But every time I try to sleep I hear the devil singing

[Chorus:]
You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!

You can't take my soul!

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

[Verse 2:]
They can't use my music to advertise your watch or your car
Can't use it to advertise the drink you got at the bar
Can't use my music to advertise for anything
The truth, I guess that's the reason the industry won't let me in

My Integrity is the reason I'm thinking separately
Keep your three-sixty I can do this independently
It's likely I'm quite mad (why?)
Cause I say with ease slavery gave the streets Nikey's and I-pads
They don't like my rhymes, see my style is like a lecture
But I'd rather die, than smile with my oppressor
I'm an honourable student, with the facts and you're Ju-dish
Your not Hip Hop or Grime, your just McDonald's music

Not commercial, always controversial what my pen has written
When they listen many have risen from the mental prison
That's why you don't see my face upon the television
But every time I try to sleep I hear the devil singing

[Chorus: x2]
You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 6"

I tried hard to be proud of my service, but all I could feel was shame.
Racism could no longer mask the reality of the occupation.
These were people, these were human beings.
I've since been plagued by guilt, any time I see an elderly man, like the one who couldn't walk, who we rolled onto a stretcher, and told the Iraqi police to take him away.
I feel guilt anytime I see a mother with her children, like the one who cried hysterically, and screamed that we're worse than Saddam, as we forced her from her home.
I feel guilt anytime I see a young girl, like the one I grabbed by the arm, and dragged into the street.
We were told we were fighting terrorists... the real terrorist was me, and the real terrorism was this occupation.
Racism within the military has long been an important tool to justify the destruction and occupation of another country, it has long been used to justify the killing, subjugation and torture of another people.
Racism is a vital weapon employed by this government; it is a more important weapon than a rifle, a tank, a bomber, or a battleship; it is more destructive than an artillery shell, or a bunker buster, or tomahawk missile.
While all those weapons are created and owned by this government, they are harmless without people willing to use them.
Those who send us to war, do not have to pull the trigger, or lob a mortar round; they do not have to fight the war, they merely have to sell the war.
They need a public who's willing to send their soldiers into harm's way.
They need soldiers who are willing to kill and be killed, without question...
They can spend millions on a single bomb, but that bomb only becomes a weapon, when the ranks of the military are willing to follow orders to use it.
They can send every last soldier anywhere on Earth, but there will only be a war, if soldiers are willing to fight.

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Butterfly Effect"

(feat. Adrian)

[Hook: Adrian]
If you could go back, what would you change
What would you do again ever would remain the same
What would you give, and what would you keep
What would you take, and what would you leave
[Repeat]

[Verse 1:]
I see an old lady holding the door
As I tumble out my wheel chair and roll to the floor
First thing in the morning in the grocery store
Not sure if this alcoholics body can hold me no more
I hustled up enough change for the whiskey in my hand
Tried to tell all the people but they didn't understand
Too many years spent sleeping in the gutters
On my hands and on my knees, eating from the rubbish
Roam the streets with very little keeping me sane
Too many twisted visions left engraved deep in my brain
Nightmares are right there and I don't think good thoughts
Happy memories became haze and days when I could walk
Make me hate those that have a life and could stand
Do you people know what I sacrificed for this land
My aching heart can't feel the bladed glass in my feet
Don't take a glance cause I'm just a face you pass in the street

[Hook: Adrian]
If you could go back, what would you change
What would you do again ever would remain the same
What would you give, and what would you keep
What would you take, and what would you leave
[Repeat]

[Verse 2:]
Evicted from my home couldn't scrape up the right rent
No heat in there all I had was the lights left
Spent months eating sleeping shitting in my mess
Thinking back to when my wife left, I was quite stressed
Guess all my addictions had got the best of me
Sometimes I wish to change my fate or was it destiny
Look up to the sky on rough nights wondering why
I saw our baby girl pass in front of my eyes
Before it the thought of it tortured me
Only lived six days was born with deformities
Still the birth really filled me with joy
Even though I kinda hoped it would still be a boy
I was dealing with demons I carried with me daily

Wanted to carry on my name when I had the little baby
Thinking in deep ways til my soul is torn
Of the bitter sweet day I came home from war

[Hook: Adrian]
If you could go back, what would you change
What would you do again ever would remain the same
What would you give, and what would you keep
What would you take, and what would you leave
[Repeat]

[Verse 3:]
I roll out the hospital on honorable discharge
I looked down saw my body with horrible big scars
Brave face but it was bad at night I would break down
I woke up and I was paralyzed from the waist down
Was in a coma for a few weeks before I closed my eyes
I was just another soldier with two feet
On all type of drugs that set me higher
Shot by my comrade official name friendly fire
Everyone was screaming but I only heard her
And everyone was crying but I only heard her
As I looked down to what I had done
I had a split second to contemplate what I had become
Like it or not trained to kill like it was a job
Wild or not she was just a child with a rock
Threat in my eye and the power in my left hand
I swear my finger slipped and then the trigger went bang...

Lowkey Lyrics

"Obama Nation (Pt. 2)"

(feat. M-1 & Black the Ripper)

[Hook:]
I don't, I don't want no, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna, vote for your inauguration
Cause I don't need your, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna

[Sample: Lupe Fiasco]
Limbaugh is a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist
Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit

[Verse 1: M-1]
After you divorce yourself from the right wing
Propaganda campaign, it's all simple and plain
America customed the game
Your president got an African name, now who you gone blame?
When they drop them bombs out of them planes
Using depleted uranium, babies looking like two headed aliens
Follow the money trail it leads to the criminal
Ain't nothing subliminal to it, that's how they do it
See they game they run, give a fuck if he's cunning
Articulate and handsome, Afghanistan held for ransom
By the hand of this black man, neo-colonial puppet
White power with a black face, he said fuck it I'll do it
A master of disguise, expert at telling lies
Then they gave him a Nobel Peace Price
Should of known he was trained in Chicago
Word to Chairmen Fred and Mark Clark
What they do in the dark will come out in the light
Like a wiki leaks site
So I guess Nkrumah was right, who's ready to fight?
Last stage of imperialism, I ain't kiddin
In the immortal words of Marvin Gaye 'This ain't living'

[Hook:]
Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna, vote for your inauguration
Cause I don't need your, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna

[Lupe Fiasco:]
Limbaugh is a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist
Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit

[Verse 2: Black The Ripper]
O.B.A.M.A
You ain't fooling everyone I see the games you play

You was V.I.P. at the B.I.C
And we know that's code name for C.I.A
The same way your cameras are watching us we're watching you
Think we're easy to control you ain't got a clue
Revolutions on the way, let's see what your gonna do
You gonna send the troops? You gonna drop the nukes?
See it's not where you're from it's where you're at
He's sitting in the White House so who cares if he's black
And why's there soldiers still out there in Iraq?
Natural resources ain't yours, it's theirs give it back!
You're just another puppet but I'm not surprised
Look at Colin Powell and Condoleezza Rice
They didn't change shit, house nigga's fresh off the slave ship
You'll all burn in hell even Michelle, Obama Nation

[Hook:]
I don't, I don't want no, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna, vote for your inauguration
Cause I don't need your, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna

[Lupe Fiasco:]
Limbaugh was a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist
Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit

[Verse 3: Lowkey]
Was the bigger threat from Osama or from Obama?
Military bases from Chagos to Okinawa
I say things that other rappers won't say
Cause my mind never closed like Guantanamo Bay
Hope you didn't build a statue or tattoo your arm
Cause the drones are still flying over Pashtunistan
Did he defend the war? No! He extended more
He even had the time to attempt a coup in Ecuador
Morales and Chavez, the state's are on a hunt for ya
Military now stationed on bases in Columbia
Take a trip to the past and tell em I was right
Ask Ali Abunimah or Jeremiah Wright
Drones over Pakistan, Yemen and Libya
Is Obama the bomber getting ready for Syria?
First black president, the masses were hungry
But the same president just bombed an african country

[Hook:]
I don't, I don't want no, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna, vote for your inauguration
Cause I don't need your, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna

[Lupe Fiasco:]
Limbaugh was a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist
Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit

Lowkey Lyrics

"Dear England"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Chorus:]
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing
Dear England,
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing

[Verse 1:]
They say God save the queen,
Britannia rules the waves,
Britannia's in my genes
But Britannia called us slaves
Britannia made the borders
Cause Britannia's forces came
Britannia lit the match
But Britannia fears the flame
Where blood stains the pavement
Tears stain a cheek
And privilege is threatened, the fear reigns supreme
Where bankers are earning, from burning and looting
The nervous are shooting, search for solutions
I shed a tear for the father in Birmingham
Quick swerve of the car and it murdered them
In Tottenham the apartments were burning
And nobody came just arson is circling
All wanna be down
Till TV's get robbed like jewels on the queens crown
They say now no cause for a rebound
See now they call me a fool cause I speak out
People are humans but mind is animals
This violent tyrannical system is fallable
Hand in the loot by the minute you see 'em
But the biggest looters are the British museum
This happened here and you think it's a accident
Just relax as we slip into fascism
And the fear gets drilled into your hearts
But remember these children are all ours

[Chorus:]
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing
Dear England,
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing

[Verse 2:]

If a policeman can kill a black man where he found him
A soldier can kill an Afghan in the mountains
A petty thief can get ransacked from his housing
While the bankers are lounging
That's my surroundings
Took land, no one in your family has heard of
Before you sleep, whisper the mantra you learnt cause
Never will there be a day that cameras are turned off
Who runs this country, Cameron or Murdoch
Who's the government, a government that can't govern
Can't you figure it's ways bigger than Mark Duggan
Bigger than Smiley, bigger than Jean Charles
Hundreds are dead not one killer is on trial
Just a familiar sound of hysteria
Bombs over Libya but not this area
Downing Street I can find villains
Cut education, privatize prisons
Surprised by theft when it's organized,
But mass immorality is normalized
Assumptions surrounding the looting of London
But this is a system consumed by consumption
Yea it happened here and you think it's a accident
Just relax as we slip into fascism
And the fear gets drilled into your hearts
But remember these children are all ours

[Chorus: x2]
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing
Dear England,
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing

Lowkey Lyrics

"Haunted"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
Feel it in the air

[Verse 1:]
My brother died when I was 18
Now I'm 24 and I keep having the same dream
My days seem to past fast, but now I hate sleep
So when they say stay free I really know what they mean
Just remember I was destined to fail
At every level they tell you the rebels will never prevail
Heaven or hell, whatever the weather, you never can tell
You know you've lost a loved one when you remember their smell
I was born to fight oppression, but I'm traumatized and stressin'
With this borderline depression I swear I'm haunted by your presence
You get all of my confessions, pray the lord provides his blessing
And I soar as high as heaven but it's sort of like I'm guessing
Cause I'm older than you were when you died, I'm nervous inside
In the afterlife, are you the age you were when you died?
It's puzzling me, that would be something to see
Face-to-face with an older brother that's younger than me
I'm still haunted...

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
Feel it in the air

[Verse 2:]
When I was 18 my older brother killed himself
Now I'm 24 and I'm sittin' in this flipping cell
No comment why they raid my home, I'm waitin' to be given bail
Wish me well, don't know where I'm headed, I hope it isn't jail
It's a strange feelin' when your face is on the news
And they try to twist your lyrics, claim it's hatred for the Jews
Everybody's waitin' to assume, debatin' all your views
When they would do the same if they were in your shoes
It's like barristers, court cases, solicitors and law suits
Prayin' for my freedom while I'm sittin' in the court room
I am just a simple man spittin' these ideas
But the CPS fantasize about givin' me 5 years

Til the day they release my spirit and it's peaceful
Digest the words in every lyric that I leave you
A true leader knows, it's the citizens that leads you
When I go, just know, that I did it for the people

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
Feel it in the air
[Repeat]

[Outro:]
What's the meaning of it all?

Lowkey Lyrics

"Terrorist? (Pt. 2)"

(feat. Crazy Haze & Mai Khalil)

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]
They calling me a terrorist, we know who the terror is
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
They calling me a terrorist, it is time to settle this
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
I'm all about love and peace, why you wanna trouble me?
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
My intentions are clear to see

[Verse 1: Crazy Haze]
First of all, allow my client Kareem Dennis
Simplify his messages and dissect the evidence
That placed him on the terror list, spread the lies of television
My client is standing accused of encouraging terrorism
He's promoting peace, far from violent encouragement
I believe it's unjust that this court has summoned him
How can one man rapping, lead to terrorist actions?
This misunderstanding merits a retraction
Accused of calling for attacks on military facilities
You can't equate violence with criticism politically
Where's the freedom of speech?
He's just another young musician who is seeking a dream
My client is accused of inciting racial tension
He's half-Arab, half-English, did I fail to mention?
The media rendered his reputation ruined
Think about how many youngsters he has influenced
To quit a life of crime and do the opposite
Most of the man's tracks are completely devoid of politics
The evidence is unseen, the verdict is a done deed
How can you compare a song to invading a country?
My client isn't hungry for the blood of the people
Since when has making a rap song ever been illegal
Or murderous? The only thing that drives this person is love
I rest my case to the jury and the merciful judge

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]
They calling me a terrorist, we know who the terror is
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
They calling me a terrorist, it is time to settle this
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
I'm all about love and peace, why you wanna trouble me?
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
My intentions are clear to see

[Verse 2: Crazy Haze & Lowkey]
Sir, can you confirm you're the artist that's known as Lowkey?

I can
Are you aware the state has been building this case since 03?
I am
You claim that you're all about love and you promote peace
I'm here to prove that your hot speeches lead to cold deeds
Your lyrics are a virus infecting all the youths
You say whatever it takes to get a mention on the news
You're an insult to the people and offend the soldiers too
Objection, your Honour
Objection overruled
Do you denounce the monarchy and hope for a republic?
Monarchy is inequality, systemic injustice
While you strangle Afghanistan and tangle with Taliban
Our taxes have to pay for David Cameron's cameraman
How can you compare spreading anarchy to spreading democracy?
Like you compare resistance to extension of colonies
Did you really refer to the U.S. as an abomination?
No, I posed a question in reference to its domination
I scrutinise governments, you scrutinise songs
Did you compare predator drones to suicide bombs?
Yes and I question where such brutalised youth would rise from
It's true, I choose to right wrongs but you can write wrongs
But what if your questions equate to the spreading of hate?
Is it true you labeled Israel a terrorist state?
Yes, cause it's based on the threat to erase an indigenous population you could never replace

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]
They calling me a terrorist, we know who the terror is
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
They calling me a terrorist, it is time to settle this
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
I'm all about love and peace, why you wanna trouble me?
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
My intentions are clear to see

[Verse 3: Lowkey]
Please allow me to state the most relevant of facts
I'm charged with section 1 of 06's Terrorism Act
It is alleged the music I'm publishing for exhibition
All amounts to the encouragement of terrorism
My face was placed up on the news as a wanted person
Cause it caused controversy when they saw my songs emerging
If I was commercial would I have to ride all these hurdles?
Raided my home, take my phone, put some spies in my circle?
Not on it, no comment, I will never change my position
Not in jail, but they gave me these stale bail conditions
And this is the part where the plot just gets sinister
They banned from the City of London and Westminster
I do this for the rebels that do this without the medals
For Smiley Culture, Jody McIntyre and Alfie Meadows
Before you throw it at me, have a look at your backwards book
Definition of terrorism, Columbus and Captain Cook
I can't lie, it's getting deep, our lives are very cheap

And one person dies in police custody every week
They're editing my tracks cause I'm telling them the facts
You're more likely to die like that than from a terrorist attack
When you try to fight a war, they will say you defy the law
Can't quiet me, this is R.I.P. for Brian Haw
We know the truth, no matter what you tell 'em on the television
IMF, World Bank, economic terrorism
I refuse to produce chart nonsense
Not a servant to the Zionist lobby like Mark Thompson
The BBC want me making music to impress crooks
Or doing shows on military bases like Tim Westwood
Murdoch might have the news, but me, I have the tunes
Your cameras move onto celebrities to distract the youth
Remember this fact is true
When you point your finger at me there is three fingers pointing back at you

Lowkey Lyrics

"Million Man March"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Intro:]
You might take my life
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul
You might take my freedom
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul

[Verse 1:]
Whether it's a cancer patient or assassination
Or I fought for emancipation
My intentions were pure, you can debate 'em
But no, never ever shook hands with Satan
My fans are amazing, I thank and praise 'em
When I die, don't cry, just congratulations
A million more feet will stamp the pavement
With plans of changes, no exaggeration
We will not be ignored
You'll be rocked with the force of the bombs that you dropped in these wars
I will not be bought
And I consciously thought it was wrong, so I constantly fought
Peace is something I would really adore
But we are at war so give me a sword
I'm merely a corpse, but still be assured
When you kill me there will be a million more

[Pre-Hook:]
Born alone and die alone
Those words ringin' inside my dome
Best friends are the pen and the microphone
Roamin' until I find my way home
Turn my body cold but my soul is mine
Take a deep breath and I close my eyes
I will go when I'm supposed to die
But in death I will multiply

[Hook:]
My back's against the wall
But you can't kill us all
Even if you take my life
Still we will survive
We shall overcome
And the tables will turn
Today I die as one, but as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return

[Verse 2:]
In these critical times don't be really surprised
If I get victimized by Gideon's spies
I sympathize with that Brazilian guy
On the tube, but we're used to the hideous lie
Your civilians die - millions cry
Our civilians die - they're militants, right?
How silly am I to be figuring why
The injustice is clear, and I feel it inside
Hear me in Gaza, here me in Glasgow
Hear me in Baghdad, hear me in Plaistow
Clearly they hear me from here to Chicago
Think things are all good but they aren't though
Peace is something I would really adore
But we are at war so give me a sword
I'm merely a corpse, but still be assured
When you kill me there will be a million more

[Pre-Hook:]
Born alone and die alone
Those words ringin' inside my dome
Best friends are the pen and the microphone
Roamin' until I find my way home
Turn my body cold but my soul is mine
Take a deep breath and I close my eyes
I will go when I'm supposed to die
But in death I will multiply

[Hook:]
My back's against the wall
But you can't kill us all
Even if you take my life
Still we will survive
We shall overcome
And the tables will turn
Today I die as one, but as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return

[Verse 3:]
My people are bleedin'
So I'm readin' and seekin' the deepest of meanin's
My demons are breedin'
In my sleep I can feel it, I need to defeat 'em
My temperature's risin'
If tempted I'll rise with the temper of Tyson
Resent all the violence
Cause of people with tension
It tends to divide them
The pen that I write with
Is better than a sword when I strike with the strength of a Titan
My friends are still fighting against all the tyrants

So then why would it end when I die then?
Peace is something I would really adore
But we are at war my pen's killing your sword
I'm merely a corpse, but still be assured
When you kill me there will be a million more

[Pre-Hook:]
Born alone and die alone
Those words ringin' inside my dome
Best friends are the pen and the microphone
Roamin' until I find my way home
Turn my body cold but my soul is mine
Take a deep breath and I close my eyes
I will go when I'm supposed to die
But in death I will multiply

[Hook:]
My back's against the wall
But you can't kill us all
Even if you take my life
Still we will survive
We shall overcome
And the tables will turn
Today I die as one, but as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return

[Outro:]
You might take my life
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul
You might take my freedom
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul

You might take my life
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul
You might take my freedom
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul

Lowkey Lyrics

"Soundtrack To The Struggle 2"

(feat. Noam Chomsky)

[Noam Chomsky:]
You're listening to Soundtrack to the Struggle 2 by Lowkey

[Lowkey:]
Thank you for joining us, Noam. In Optimism Over Despair, you say, "It seems to me unlikely that civilisation can survive really existing capitalism". Would you be able to explain that statement for us?

[Noam Chomsky:]
Really existing capitalism is what we can see described in the press day after day
We read that the major banks like, JPMorgan Chase, are increasing their investment in fossil fuels - including the most dangerous, like Canadian tar sands
And all of this is quite understandable on the assumption that the structure of our institutions is geared to maximising short-term profit and power, without regard to what might happen to the world in under *[?]* twenty or thirty years
But that's spoke capitally, well we can't survive that...

[Lowkey:]
Is it the economic system vs the ecosystem?
How are we gonna define deep when the seas have risen?
How can we define 'woke' when our sleep's commissioned?
Drowned out by Koch brothers bots, how can the people listen?
Can't detoxify as we watch the sky fade to grey
The source devoured corporate power killed the nation's state
Sophisticated murder defined as innovation
Corporations wine and dine just to mine the information
Eight men versus humanity, terrorists who
Your search engine knows your thought pattern better than you
In an environment resentful uprising is essential
The horizon is torrential, thinking silence will protect you
Subject to propaganda that terrifies the slumbered
We can jeopardise their cover if we energise the numbers
Collectivise or die, protect your mind or suffer
Life is paradise to some and a pair of dice to others

I saw horror in the eyes of a tired retired fireman
Knowing he couldn't help a child survive the frying pan
When we riot we disquiet the leviathan
Forget Iron Man I've got a iron lion's diaphragm
My salutations to those with imagination
Doom anticipated and that's no exaggeration
Your flag doesn't exist let me back up that statement
What happens to the nation if the Queen has a tax haven?
Pushing these buttons you don't need a brave heart
Frontex turned the Mediterranean to a graveyard
[?] will drive you crazy if you let it
Had a mother burying her newborn baby in the desert

What's commonsensical is sensible to question
What seems to be a lesson is intellectual repression
Rebel against the system that deprived you of a voice
Rebel against this hell while our survival's still a choice

The state committed suicide cannibalised itself
While the banks treat infictitious capitol like it's wealth
Your lurid lobby system means corruption is legalised
Privatised healthcare, elsewhere people die
Rebellion lives in all those that dream of a better way
Refused to be brainwashed with false visions of yesterday
Choose to afflict the comfortable and comfort the afflicted
So many choose the opposite, their spirit contradicted
Bring a child to the world where the future seems impossible
Five trillion dollars a year subsidising fossil fuels
The truth was in their eyes but you shrugged and just turned your back
I watched a family beg for help while their flat turned to ash
Apocalypse now, we saw our future in that damn building
CEOs loving profit more than they love their grandchildren
We saw our future in that damn building
CEOs loving profit more than they love their grandchildren

[Noam Chomsky:]
Not to be concerned about the future, preferentially, you have to put yourself in the position of, say, Jamie Dimon - the CEO of the biggest bank, JPMorgan Chase. As CEO he has, essentially, two choices. One choice is to do exactly what he's doing - invest direct investments into the most profitable outcome, which happens to to be the most dangerous fossil fuels. You can do that but the other alternative he has is to resign and be replaced by somebody else who'll do the same thing. But this is an institutional problem; not an individual one

Lowkey Lyrics

"Ahmed"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]
His young life was as delicate as the wing of a butterfly
And as fragile as a spider's web
For him we cry because when he dies we all do

Did Ahmed not deserve a life? Ahmed never hurt a fly
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
Certain times Ahmed wished that he could be a bird and fly
Beyond the sky, escape the curse of birth that he was burdened by
Ahmed never grew to let your racism internalise
Water poured from every pore in his corpse while the nurses cried
Ahmed was a beautiful person like you or I
But are we?...
Ahmed could have been a doctor, lawyer or an engineer
Could have been a superstar but his life ended here
Guess he was a shooting star, burn bright and disappear
To some he seems to represent a menace in this hemisphere
Let me here make the very essence of this message clear
He was precious, many die like him every year
Ahmed was a victim of resentment and relentless fear
Now his soul surfs the waves, I wish we could have kept him here

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed

[Lowkey:]
Ahmed's ancestors introduced to Europe Greek philosophy
Brought with them irrigation, mathematics and astronomy
Symbolically, irony of this horror isn't lost on me
Trying to get to Europe via Greece is where he's lost at sea
Ahmed not Achmed, it's Ahmed, he's that dead
Toddler lying lifeless on the beach with his back bent
Arms spread, reaching the direction that his dad went
If he made it here, would have been bullied for his accent
He was captured by the ocean, paralysed and frozen
While these parasites sat and typed, analysing clothing
Now for resources we all compete beyond the talk of war and peace
And talk of porous border there is corpses on the shore of Greece
They found a teddy next to where his body was found
The sea swallowed him, politics has swallowed him now
And those responsible, Ahmed's ghost will follow them now

To the family all we can say is we are sorry he drowned
Because...

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed

[Lowkey:]
They say let him drown, let him drown, let him drown, What have you done, don't let him drown, don't let him drown
No what have we become, don't let him drown
No, don't let him drown
And they say
Let him drown, let him drown, let him drown
What have we done, don't let him drown, don't let him drown
No, what have we become, don't let him drown
Please, don't let him drown

Ahmed could've been you, and Ahmed could've been me
We need to understand the policies that put him in the sea
We need to understand why it is the beach is full of dying kids
A colonial Metropole people want to reside in
If he did would he make it or fall to something that's deeper
End up like like Jimmy Mubenga or Khaled Abu Zarifa
A picture by Javier Bauluz on the beaches of Tarifa
Made me see, some would grieve more if Ahmed was a creature
With four legs, then they would consider him legitimate
Those like him braving barbed wire burning off their finger tips
Balfours alien act, that mentality still exists
Is privilege the difference between an ex-pat and an immigrant?
For Ama Sumani and Osman Rasul Mohamed, when you take others humanity, it's only yours that's stunted, not a swarm
They're our sisters and brothers, that's the sum of it
The cockroaches here are in the media and the government
Not the sea

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]
The sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed

[Lowkey:]
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
And they all laugh at him...

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Return Of Lowkey"

You could never top my fire in the booth
I don't need a label I'm signed to the truth
If you're a lion heart with the mind of a moose
Your circle can hurt you as tight as a noose

Bars artillery, harsher than killer bees
I'm a marksmen with beats, carving them into meat
I par mini mes laugh at them in the street
Wanna spar elite hard for you to compete
Not marketing dream, hearts in the middle east
Starving to eat, marger beyond belief
Where they martyr the meek, marching them into meet
With the arms of the beast where harvest them with the teeth
If you're unhappy when you come at me never miss
Make you run scatty, dumb scallywags are getting dissed
At trump rally with a gun carried in your fist
That's a punk patty and a chump chatty terrorist

The intellect
Still the sickeat on the internet
Didn't know will kill you slow like a cigarette
Out lying you outlined like a silhouette
Been a vet, that didn't pet, the illest and I'm still a threat

Personified, verse at a time, merk em
I heard all ya rhymes, I'm certain that I burn em
Emerged in my prime first to define to curtains
What's it german your ride hurting jurgen
Murder the mic klinsmann when I'm turning
Merciless fight klansmann when I'm verbing
Words that I write sting them when I'm bursting
Worst of my type champion night nurse em

016 did a sold out tour
Think you know my life I don't know about yours
I was blackballed then cause I spoke bout war,
They want me closed down but I spoke out more
Now the silence is broken the virus is frozen
Come to wash it away like the tide of the ocean
My pride is evolving size of a trojan horse on course to divide your emotion

Go rounds with the pen, the sound of a vet
They rouse me I kill them again ga-gagengen
The album is next, its foul that you slept
But my mouth is weapon now again gagagengen
Dunno how they forget, these cowards are vexed
Pound the alphabet again ga ga gengen

You're out of your depth, bow the best
Put the crown on my head again ga-gengen

We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey

Say your sick I'm prophylactic
Say your old school I'm so jurassic
Flow glactic, gymnastic could hold a backflip
Keep you grounded like drones at gatwick
Behold a classic, your poker tactics
Are souless and hopeless, you nosey actors
My mode of practise is molten acid
Flows roams the globe control its axis

No foes in my lane, most of them are deranged
How you cope with pain, coke in up ya vein
They moulded your brain, culture killing the fame
They known of my name, spose it was gonna fade

Get the concept, a monster that's lost like lochness
Silly flows all my videos are a boxset
Obsessed with the nonsense tell me what's next
Another day I could run on stage like offset

From oxford to bangkok the jam pops off
Even amsterdam flow can pop clogs
Stand on hot rocks still mans not hot
Got genius bars like a laptop shop

I look into the eyes of my son
I see the moon shine and the rise of the sun
I showed you my thumb that's the size of your lung
I love you and everything you'll strive to become

Like godzilla
Kids think there sick but their not iller
Hop in the moshpit I'm toxic plot thickens
Hot spitter could'ntgive a toss if your watch ticking
Top of the roster eat monsters for hot dinner

Its the glitch in the matrix
Spit with the greatness
Flipping the script my existence is dangerous
I'm convincing the jaded
No stint with the majors
My fiscal still sick with no hits on the playlist

Miserable haters
Are thinking ages
Howto incriminate or intimidate him
But the ink in my name is
Sinked in the pages
Pimps of the game want my fingerprints faded

Its like tell me where the lyricisms gone?
Ridiculous how these kids are getting on
I don't even listen to their lyrics when its on
Delete the whole app in the middle in the song

Go rounds with the pen, the sound of a vet
They rouse me I kill them again ga-gagengen
The album is next, its foul that you slept
But my mouth is weapon now again gagagengen
Dunno how they forget, these cowards are vexed
Pound the alphabet again ga ga gengen
You're out of your depth, bow the best
Put the crown on my head again ga-gaengen

If only everyland was wherever we stand,
And we never see the disehevelled rebels heads in the sand,
Devils with terrible plans metal that they clench in their hands
Ready to embelleze the Cheddar and cement of your fam
Settle the land, weapons and gangs intentionally scam to sever your every memory man
Its deadly and sad, they said to me let it be together we stand,
Defending these energies of heavenly lands

Guess who's back from the dead
Time to scramble your head with a random event
Like tupac turned up to your nans on a ped
Wearing vans with a bandana wrapped to his head
You might bang on the net but you ran from my pen
You grand stand I'm van dam I mangle these men
Jackie chan with the damn hands a phantom for them
Damp breddas with antennas get strangled again
Vanilla ice from the top floor dangling them
Or take it old school bring a sandal for them
And if you heard my bars though that was a send?
Then you better bring backwards my friend
I'm a vandal man handle your ankle and bend
Will you stand and defend or just scram for the fence
When the massacre ends I'll be back in the trench
Better practise your reps cause your knackered and stressed
Think your hot though, with your botched flow but your not bro
God knows you cannot blow cause you flop shows
Cockroach with a snot nose and a lost soul
A dead sound it could get found in the cotswold

Mic batterer, spine shatterer, rhyme patterner,
Define badder and might splatter a hype challenger
Malaga to Canada panic a sly manager

Rhyme slazenger like daggers slice amatuers
My status is titanic quite hazardous
High cameras try tracking us, lifes labyrinth
Rhymes raps to us like maths to pythagorus
My staminas high calibre, try catching up
I climb ladders to drop knowledge on top scholar
I'm not modest top dollars could'ntknock a rock solid
Gods honest truth in the booth I could stop sonic
Lockstock and two smoking barrrels in the box office
Rhymer and a ripper like kaiza with a clipper
Like tyson when he bit him been a pyscho since a nipper
Contemplating life like micheal in the mirror
3, 2, 1 the word cypher came from sifer

Go rounds with the pen, the sound of a vet
They rouse me I kill them again ga-gagengen
The album is next, its foul that you slept
But my mouth is weapon now again gagagengen
Dunno how they forget, these cowards are vexed
Pound the alphabet again ga ga gengen
You're out of your depth, bow the best
Put the crown on my head again ga-gaengen

Lowkey Lyrics

"Sunday Morning"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
But they don't know
When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
But they don't know
They don't know

She lost her son on a Sunday
Her memory's a bloodstain
The paper showed his young face
Who remembered his mum's name?
She sleeps with the blanket he was wrapped in as a child
He's not dead he's just napping for a while
She thinks backwards with a smile
On a clock, the hands stop
Can't accept all the plans
Lost sunny Sundays
Dancing to Vandross like:
I used to be such a bad bad boy
But I gave it up
When I fell in love (ooh)

Hold him close breathe the smell of his skin
Preserving every little thing
How can she ever begin
To move on?
Sunday mornings getting the groove on
His little hands wave, they *[?]*
She thinks he's coming in from school
Made his favourite dinner too
Sitting talking to an empty chair in the living room
Roams the street calling out things that no one listens to
Tried to treat her but
They thought solution was medicinal
No
And I don't think they'll ever comprehend it
Schizophrenic or a broken heart that can't be mended
Now she's sitting talking to herself
Where the bench is
Relatives wonder when she's coming to her senses

In her mind, he grew
Walked the passage to a man

They branded it as madness
Never planned to understand
She can't quite touch him
She imagines that she can
Holding the fabric to her face
Squeezing the blanket in her hand
Saying

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
I dance with you
I dance with you

The day they came and took away his son was a Sunday
But he only woke up to the news on the Monday
More times he knows the situation ends one way
But he looks up searching for some hope in the sunrays
A year passed, two years passed, three years passed
Finds it hard to get over the shadow that the fear casts
Four years passed, five years passed, six, seven, eight passed
Still lays a hand for him when they play cards
His bedroom as it was, doesn't dare to touch a thing
Hums himself to sleep with the songs his son would sing, like:
Ain't no sunshine when she's gone
Only darkness every day
Ain't no sunshine now he's gone
Only darkness every day

You might see him by the betting shop
Asking for a spare pound
His shoes are getting tattered
And he's losing all his hair now
Sees him in his dreams but
He doesn't know his whereabouts
Sees him in the mirror
'Cause there's nothing else he cares 'bout
Sees him in the crowd but
The truth is, he isn't there
Goes after him and chases but
Every time, he disappears
Cars pass him by
And passengers just sit and stare
Talking to himself in a cruel world that didn't care

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (ah ya ya)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (hey)
I dance with you (oh)
I dance with you (ah)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (every Sunday morning, yeah)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (ah oh)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya

I dance with you (oh)
I dance with you (ah)

I don't think I can do this on my own (no no no)
I don't think I can do this on my own (oh)
I don't think I can do this on my own
'Cause I need you
I need you
I don't think I can do this on my own
I don't think I can do this on my own
I don't think I can do this on my own
'Cause I need you (I need you)
I need you

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 1"

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

So Karl Polanyi, who you quote in the book, writes, "There are two kinds of freedom: one good and the other bad." Among the latter, he listed, "The freedom to exploit one's fellows, the freedom to make inordinate gains without commensurable service to the community. The freedom to keep technological innovations from being used for public benefit. Or the freedom to profit from public calamities secretly engineered for private advantage. But," Polanyi continued, "the market economy under which these freedoms throes *[?]*, also produce freedoms we prize highly: freedoms of conscience; freedom of speech; freedom of meaning; freedom of association; freedom to choose one's own job. While we might cherish these freedoms for their own sake, and I'm sure many of us still do, they were, to a large extent, by-products of the same economy that was responsible for the evil freedoms. And yet, it seems, in this late stage of capitalism, that those evil freedoms have vanquished the other freedoms."

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Death Of Neoliberalism"

(feat. Greg Blackman)

Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

Pontificate, Philosophise
Cross the T's, dot the I's
I heard em' say the revolution won't be monetized
But it could be wrapped up, packaged and comodified
In this poisonous equation, I wonder what am I?
Tax dodging tabloids, profit from these horrid lies
Peddle patriotism but economically colonise
Sycophants, grippin' flags, tell you that they're on your side
Sell off your services abroad, who do they prioritise?
Robin Hood in reverse, these robberies aren't secrets
Bonuses for bankers and backhanders for arms dealers
Can't cage the alternative that now exists
With the skill of an alchemist, turn pain into empowerment
Inspired to be alive, in this powerful moment
No more will these cowards sell us out to their donors
We rose, like a giant awoken out of this coma
Confront the culture of power with the power of culture!
We sing!

Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

History favours the trail blazers
The taste for change is contagious
It's not strange these faceless takers are afraid of raising wages
When the same major papers say that we should hate our neighbours
Then when the rage cascades
These sadists claim that their blameless
What is clear, some don't even pay taxes on their profits here
Wrote against the interests of Murdoch and Rothermere
Not conspiracy theory, conspiracy actuality
Until now politics, merely a practicality
They deify celebrity

What happens when no celebrities turn and you say it *[?]* no necessity
I don't condemn the deified but mourn those whose brilliant as them who died
Potential unrealised
Atomisation had us
Distant and deafened
Now we're interconnected, independent but interdependant
We rose, like a giant awoken out of a coma
Confront the culture of power with the power of culture!
We sing!

Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

We sing:
Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 2"

(feat. Karim Mussilhy)

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

[Excerpt from Grenfell Tower Inquiry]

[Karim Mussilhy:] Right now, right this second, this is how our families are being remembered. They're being remembered by a culture of neglect. Institutional inertia hiding behind a system that has failed
We want the truth, not bureaucracy. We want light to be shone on what went wrong and who is responsible
We do not want excuses, buck-passing, fancy technical arguments or any legal grey areas; we want an inquiry into the truth, the truth that people died because those in authority convinced themselves that they had done enough

[Mr. Richmond:] Karim, can I just - I have to be very careful here, and I don't mean to interrupt you, but some of what you're about to say is for the evidential hearings
I'm not going to stop you, I'm not going to stop you

[Mussilhy:] Sure, sure

[Mr. Richmond:] All right?

[Mussilhy:] I think, with all due respect, we've been censored enough. It's our time. Whether you like it or not, you will have to listen

[Someone in the audience:] Speak, brother!

Lowkey Lyrics

"Ghosts Of Grenfell"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]
The night our eyes changed
Rooms where, love was made and un-made in a flash of the night
Rooms where, memories drowned in fumes of poison
Rooms where, futures were planned and the imagination of children built castles in the sky
Rooms where, both the extraordinary and the mundane were lived
Become forever tortured graves of ash
Oh you political class, so serve out to corporate power

[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
Ghosts of Grenfell still calling for justice
Now hear 'em, now hear 'em scream
[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
This corporate manslaughter will haunt you
Now hear 'em scream

Words can not express
Please allow me to begin though
1:30am heard the shouting from my window
People crying in the street
Watchin' the burning of their kinfolk
Grenfell Tower, now historically a symbol
People reaching, from their windows
Screaming, for their lives
Pleading, with the cries
Tryna reason with the skies
Dale youth birthed champions
Comparison is clear though
That every single person in the building was a hero
So don't judge our tired eyes in these trying times
'Cause we be breathing in cyanide, the entire night
They say Yasin saw the fire and he ran inside
Who'd thought that would be the site where he and his family died
The street is like a graveyard, tombstones lurching over us
Those shouting out to their windows, now wish they never woke them up
Wouldn't hope your worst enemy to go in this position
Now it's flowers for the dead and printed posters for the missing, come home

[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
Ghosts of Grenfell still calling for justice
Now hear 'em, now hear 'em scream
[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
This corporate manslaughter will haunt you
Now hear 'em scream

I see trauma in the faces of all those that witnessed this
Innocence in the faces of all those on the missing list
See hopes unfulfilled
Ambitions never achieved
No I'm not the only one that sees the dead in my dreams
Strive for the bravery of Yasin, artistic gift of Khadija
Every person, a unique blessing to never be repeated
Strive for the loyalty of siblings that stayed behind with their parents
Pray that every loved one lost can somehow make an appearance
We are, calling like the last conversations with their dearest
Until we face, what they face we will never know what fear is
We are, calling for survivors rehoused in the best place
Not to be left sleeping in the West Way for 10 days
We're, calling for arrests made and debts paid
In true numbers known for the families that kept faith
We're, calling for safety in homes of love
They are immortalised forever, the only ghosts are us
I wonder

[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
Ghosts of Grenfell still calling for justice
Now hear 'em, now hear 'em scream
[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
This corporate manslaughter will haunt you
Now hear 'em scream

[Mai Khalil:]
Olooli win arooh
Nas a'am tehtere'a fe sa'at sahoor
Ahess ennee be alam tanee

Ahess ennee be alam tanee
Olooli win arooh
Nas a'am tehtere'a fe sa'at sahoor
Ahess ennee be alam tanee
Ahess ennee be alam tanee

[Lowkey & Various Voices:]
To whom it may concern, at the Queen's royal borough of Kensington in Chelsea. Where is Yasin El-Wahabi? Where is his brother Mehdi? Where is his sister Nur Huda? Where is their mother and where is their father? Where is Nura Jamal and her husband Hashim? Where is their children, Yahya, Firdaus and Yaqoob? Where is Nadia Loureda? Where is Steve Power? Where is Dennis Murphy? Where is Marco Gottardi? Where is Gloria Trevisian? Where is Amal and her daughter Amaya? Where is Mohammed Neda? Where is Ali Yawar Jafari? Where is Khadija Saye? Where is Mary Mendy? Where is Mariem Elgwahry? Where is her mother Suhar?

Tell us, where is Rania Ibrahim and her two daughters? Where is Jessica Urbano Remierez? Where is Deborah Lamprell? Where is Mohammed Alhajali? Where is Nadia? Where is her husband Bassem? Where are her daughters, Mirna, Fatima, Zaina and their grandmother? Where is Zainab Dean and her son Jeremiah? Where is Ligaya Moore? Where is Sheila Smith? Where is Mohammednour Tuccu? Where is Tony Disson? Where is Maria Burton? Where is Fathaya Alsanousi? Where is her son Abu Feras and her daughter Esra Ibrahim? Where is Lucas James? Where is Farah Hamdan? Where is Omar Belkadi? Where is their daughter Leena? Where is Hamid Kani? Where is Esham Rahman? Where is Raymond Bernard? Where is Isaac Paulos? Where is Marjorie Vital? Where's her son Ernie? Where is Komru Miah? Where is his wife Razia? Where are their children Abdul Hanif, Abdul Hamid, Hosna? Where are Sakineh and Fatima Afraseiabi? Where is Berkti Haftom and her son Biruk?

Tells us, where is Stefan Anthony Mills? Where is Abdul Salam? Where is Khadija Khalloufi? Where is Karen Bernard? Where are these people? Where are these people? Where is Gary Maunders? Where is Rohima Ali? Where is her six year old daughter Maryam, her five year old daughter Hafizah and her three year old son Mohammed? God bless you all! Where are all these people?

Where are all these people?
The blood is on your hands
There will be ashes on your graves
Like a Phoenix we will rise
The blood is on your hands
There will be ashes on your graves
Like a Phoenix we will rise

Lowkey Lyrics

"Islamophobic Lullabies"

This is Jamal's song, name means beauty, are we this far gone?
Headlines associate kids with waterboarding and car bombs
Jamal's from same part of the world you got the guitar from
Still a wonderful world, sing it like Louis Armstrong
Any kid bullied, I made this to keep your heart strong
Colonisers names the same pavements that we march on
Please don't project the war on terror onto children
They are not suspects or combatants, you cannot kill them
Please don't project the war on terror onto Grenfell
State capture and de-regulation, it doesn't end well
Prevent spying on children, got them stepping on eggshells
Flash lies across the pages, Islamophobia and death cells
Psychological warriors, mess with the percentages
Innocent kids in school labelled grooming gangs and terrorists
Battle stereotypes like climbing over Everest
What we must question is how these ideas became so prevalent

The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab
The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab
Oh, I know you're peering through the window
But they don't see you anymore
Don't lose yourself in what they think though
'Cause this has never been your war

You can tell Prevent stop spying on little kids
Tell the terrible tabloids stop tarnishing immigrants
And tell the think-thanks their role is insidious
And tell the nasty neocons stop funding this ignorance
Victims of this myth creation searching for inspiration
Hope this song can comfort you through the intimidation
Hope you beat those that smeared you through the courts of litigation
And hold your heads up high through these trials and tribulations
These morbid remorseless authors, pave the way for disorders
They murdered the Magna Carta, to hell with habeas corpus, rendition
Torture across borders, they tore up laws as they scorch them
Now they, pull up the drawbridge and tell you hordes are enormous
Only 0.18% of this country's refugees, won't regulate fossil fuelers or owners of SUVs
But they demonise heroes for braving the seven seas, 34,000 die trying to enter here, rest in peace
Moment of silence

The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab
The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab
Oh, I know you're peering through the window

But they don't see you anymore
Don't lose yourself in what they think though
'Cause this has never been your war

A cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone
A cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone
Cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone
Cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone
Cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone

Lowkey Lyrics

"GOAT Flow"

[Charlie Sloth:]
(Let's get ready to rumble)
Alright Lowkey man, we got Lowkey inside
It's time for that fire in the booth
This guy's gonna show you what time it is right now
He's gonna school you man
This is what you call a hip hop MC
Lowkey man, let's know what your about brother

[Lowkey:]
I'm the mic breaker, life changer
Sight shaper, rhyme maker, fire flames facer
Fight fakers with a lightsaber
Show whipper, flow spitter
Tone dimmer, known sinner
Phone ringer, poem lyric
Cooker of his own dinner
Trend setter, bench pressin'
Fence sitting, bed wetters
Ten letters, send 'em on the end of a vendetta
Track smasher, fat packer
Catnapper, dapper rapper
Dash a pack, cameras with a nack at catchin' backstabbers
Laugh at a troll, bars never slow
Master the art I'm marching them home
Darker than coal, carvin' a hole
Carcass garden, apart from the crows
Smarter than most
Target the ho's
As far as an artist you aren't gonna blow
Marketable, far from it bro
Bar for bar, Vietnam in the flow
They palmin' them all, calmin' and cool
No arsenal, I'm sizing 'em all
You're farcical, you're bars are my haul
Bar for bar you can't ever do
If you're writing is crap
Hide in your pad
This type of rap, this price is flat
My line of attack, it's Tyson with that
If you try with a tie, I'm windin' it back

I'm the mic breaker, life changer
Sight shaper, rhyme maker, fire flames facer
Fight fakers with a lightsaber
Show whipper, flow spitter
Tone dimmer, known sinner

Phone ringer, poem lyric
Cooker of his own dinner
Trend setter, bench pressin'
Fence sitting, bed wetters
Ten letters, send 'em on the end of a vendetta
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My line of attack, it's Tyson with that
If you try with a tie, I'm windin' it back

Kill them with the sick flow, drill 'em with the info bit *[?]* bye bye
Skippin' from the intro only wanna split flow, pity you keep with me why try
Kid's and kin folk busy with the single, really in with the zeitgeist
Ready with the impulse, hit him with the plimsoll sayin' if you criticize I
Sick as I was, switchin' 'em off
Skip like Criss Cross, hit to the rock
Slip to the lot, kid to the rock
Flipped like a pissed off wizard of oz
Does radio though play me though, maybe bro
Flames we throw, need more C4 to make me blow
I'm back with the G.O.A.T flow

[Charlie Sloth:]
Man like Lowkey in the building
Oi that's savage bro
Oi first time you come in and kill the alphabet
Now just to take the micky, you come in and kill it backwards (wow)
I feel like I've just been to university for 5 years
I love *[?]*
Sheesh

[Lowkey:]
Findin' this would come back and batter it like Kaepernick
Passionate without a tick, a man that lives his manuscript
Establish it, no glamour glitz
It's manic man, it's chappin' blitz

Fall victim to your eyes, like 21 savage did
Step right through, website due
Hit 'em with left right set white smooth
[?] with bed side blues
Killin' my city with the headline views
Red sky zoo, threat like doom
Visionin' left like ten times two
Wet try youts, test my shoes
Next round left that dead white yout
Tick tack toe, mix match flow
Hit back quick snap, kit kat blow
Spit my quotes, rep that show
Did that impact, lived that bro
Come back king, *[?]* ling
Lower the floor like pump action
That's my ting, and the thump action
My scolded soldier like his mum stepped in
Mercing's merchant merkin' the mic
Worst of the wise with the words I write
Hurdles the herds when the hurtle tides
[?] from lives, immersed in the hype
Pop and the people do not believe you
Watch where these monsters want to lead you
Nonsense they feed you rocks and needles
Monsters *[?]* doctor evil
You lackadaisical, tax tameful raps *[?]* fall back
Batter your bass with thoughts, snap your frame for dough
Back to change those facts
Man a capable, tracks available
Stat's are paid in full that's
That's the labels fault, rap your way to court
Platinum chain you boy snatched
Sick as I was, switchin' em off
Skip like Criss Cross, hit to the rock
Slip to the lot, kid to the rock
Flipped like a pissed off wizard of oz
Does radio though play me though, maybe bro
Flames we throw, need more C4 to make me blow
I'm back with the G.O.A.T flow

[Charlie Sloth:]
Oh my god, oh my god
[?]
I can't even believe what I just witnessed right there
Was that for real? That's recording innit? Is that live?
Oh my god
[?]
Come on man
'Nuff love brother
For the first time in 6 weeks on my show, I'm speechless

Lowkey Lyrics

"McDonald Trump"

McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido // shut him down
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
يا مجرم يا فاسد القدس تاج راسك // Shut him down!

700 billion a year to the fossil fuelers
750 billion a year to the rocket launchers
This monster's morbid mob is sordid more than what's reported
While this song's recorded, hope a hundred humans cross the borders
Words of MLK, greatest violence purveyor
See ourselves in the afflicted, the environment decayer
Do it for Puerto Rico and Ibrahim Abu Turaya
He'll get Ahed Tamimi while he's tweeting London's mayor
Harbingers of doom, they let the Trump committee galavant
Passport not accepted, it's a London City travel ban
Dystopian future like Amazon's camper vans
Merely an apprentice to the corporate gangster glamour gang

ExxonMobil are writing this Trump script
The Koch brothers are riding this Trump ship
Wall Street is writing this Trump script
Raytheon and Lockheed riding this Trump ship, shut him down

McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido // shut him down
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
يا مجرم يا فاسد القدس تاج راسك // Shut him down!

The red face can't contain the rage and hate inside ya
Aching in your pride but take a major nation, make it minor
Engage in nativism, now your state is just a paper tiger
Cover up your face with a solar panel made in China
A weapon of mass distraction in this twisted age of decadence
Government, big business, the relationship incestuous
Hope workers in your businesses unionize and shut you down
A million people march when you try to enter London Town
Do another speech to inspire the next militant
May your nightmares be haunted by vexed immigrants
Mother of all bombs, I hope that every death lives with him

Corporate revolving door from Bannon to Rex Tillerson

ExxonMobil are writing this Trump script
The Koch brothers are riding this Trump ship
Wall Street is writing this Trump script
Raytheon and Lockheed riding this Trump ship, shut him down

McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido // shut him down
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
يا مجرم يا فاسد القدس تاج راسك // Shut him down!

It's a kakistocracy that acts illogically
Gangsters and bankers kidnap your policies
Grand hypocrisy, expand the poverty
This man's philosophy is rampant robbery
Left Puerto Rico abandoned and on its knees
Massive horror scenes, no plans for college teams
Onslaught wants more handguns on the street
To ban democracy and crash economies
Fake news in the flesh, great at using the press
Ruminate on who to hate when you accumulate debt
The food chain stretched from your goons that invest
Desecrate the state an unusual death
Wanna idolize sly guys who would you guess
Surprised hope they privatize his funeral next
Lucid effect on who you choose to elect
When expansion is limitless what future is left
The system was was fixed for him, sicker than Nixon
With Clinton, Winston and Kissinger mixed with him
The missiles are blistering, pistols on kids
And he spits on the immigrants, isn't it interesting
Donald Trump and his forked tongue, let 'em all come
The precedence never been a president that is more dumb
Slave to the bankers, slave to the gun lobby
There'll be permanent war, always demonize somebody
Families broke up, sanity closed shut
How can it be this man receives a salary to show up
Private jet nervous, disturb 'em with turbulence
Merging with mercenaries working to murder us
They're hurting the Earth and our urges to nurture it
We're ruled by the worst of the worst of the worst of them
Hurting the Earth and our urges to nurture it
Ruled by the worst of the worst of the worst of them

The Republican Party is the most dangerous organisation in human history

Lowkey Lyrics

"Children Of Diaspora"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]
Don't you wonder what became of the children of diaspora?
Those that innovated in their ways and their vernacular
Those that saw their traces in the faces of the massacred
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..

Lost in this city of fog rarely seen by the sun
Just 'cause you're both but neither doesn't mean that you're none
Never captains of the ship but they mistook us for some
Passengers
Now we're stuck here singing soul music from diaspora
Your hosts can't relate to your sense of dislocation
The type of pain that cannot be contained in a dissertation
"Diaspora" the reason that the terrified are setting fires
"Diaspora" the reason they couldn't jeopardise Zephaniah
Considered as a compliment if our beauty is fetishized
Your history is power, that's the reason some are petrified
Colonial mimic, mascot crying behind a mask
Or a man with amnesia trying to find his past
Anthony Walker never had a weapon but they still got him
Stephen Lawrence never had a weapon but they still got him
Mark Duggan never had a weapon but they still shot him
They call them first world diaspora problems

Don't you wonder what became of the children of diaspora?
Those that innovated in their ways and their vernacular
Those that saw their traces in the faces of the massacred
I wonder what became of them
Tell me what became of them
Zoha Hadeed was a child of diaspora
So fear not, fear not
Edward Said was a child of diaspora
So fear not, fear not

[Mai Khalil:]
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no

[Lowkey:]

Since the middle passage either sink or you swim
Bleach the pigment of skin and pray its privilege trickling in
But are we missing the link?
Diasporas the reason MJ did to his nose what they did to the sphinx
And why Marley made the most classic of art
The reason Gabby Douglas didn't put her hand on her heart
The reason Malcolm Little changed his name to X
The reason the President's melanin remain a threat
Ahmed made a clock, they arrested him and mangled his name
But the root of the word is to thank and to praise
Racism manifests in many cancerous ways
We must rally for change in these most tragic of days
Cos Emmett Till didn't have a weapon, but they still got him
Tamir Rice never had a weapon but they still shot him
Alton Sterling never had a weapon but they still shot him
They call them first world diaspora problems

Don't you wonder what became of the children of diaspora?
Those that innovated in their ways and their vernacular
Those that saw their traces in the faces of the massacred
I wonder what became of them
Tell me what became of them
Nina Simone was a child of diaspora
So fear not, fear not
Frantz Fanon was a child of diaspora
So fear not, fear not

[Mai Khalil:]
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no, no, no, no, no, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no, no, no, no, no, no

We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 3"

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

If we ask scientists to draw up a list of the top ten greatest scientists. Clearly, Newton, Aristotle, Einstein will be top of that list, I guess. Added to that will be people like Pythagoras, Galileo, Darwin and a few other familiar names. But I reckon, for most people in the West, that top ten will be entirely Europeans: either from Ancient Greece or from the time of the European renaissance and more recently. This evening what I want to talk about is a period in history that's, to a certain extent, been somewhat forgotten. Because I want to put the case for at least three other scientists who I think are worthy of being in that top ten list of greatest ever scientists

Lowkey Lyrics

"Heroes Of Human History"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Mai Khalil:]
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

[Lowkey:]
Al-Khwarizmi estimated the circumference of the globe
At a time when Europe thought the earth was flat
And couldn't tell the time of day, the astrolabe paved the way
For the clock now I'm about to turn it back
Was the medicine of Ibn Sina perceived as backwards
When Oxford scholars deemed bathing a heathen practice?
History from Aristotle to Al-Kindi as we gather
Innovations of Ibn Haytham to da Vinci and the camera
Ask Roger Bacon, Galileo and Adelard of Bath
Ibn Shatir before Copernicus, century and a half
House of wisdom, books waiting gold, answers to conundrums
Cheng Ho sailed the sea before da Gama and Columbus
You are not who they say you are, you're blessed with a choice
Here since the 700's, look at King Arthur's *[?]* coins
You can do whatever it is that you wanna do
There's a crater named after Al-Ma'mun on the moon
So fly

[Mai Khalil:]
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

[Lowkey:]
Civilisations build on each other, not each to their own
My question: If people are equal like the teeth of a comb
Were Jahiz, Mansa Musa, Malik Najashi; Abeed?
I didn't think so but it seems Shaabi, nasi what I need
Check yourself, check Raphael's depiction of Ibn Rushd
Think twice, study history, give it a different look
Curriculum's literally littered with pitfalls of ridicule
Fatima al-Fihri founded one of the oldest still-existing schools
It's deeper than some rhymes I'm providing for the listener
No surprise for a spitter, the word cypher came from ṣifr
Is the next Younis Mahmoud among four million orphaned babies?
What if Yusra Mardini wasn't able to swim to safety?
It could be Steve Jobs is starving under hisar
It would be Zaha Hadid just died in an infijar
Through your veins flow *[?]* Gilgamesh and Abu Nuwas
Your future's bigger than the pain of your present and your past
Just shine

[Mai Khalil:]
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

[Lowkey:]
Condemned as the wretched of the earth, we strive to be free
Fanon struggled for independence he wasn't alive to see
The countrification, alienation, souls left so scarred
Idarat altawahish decapitations on postcards
The occupier left behind all forms of stigma
Insidious settlement of the mind is more malignant
From the ashes of war, no phoenix, that human is lost
They learnt idarat altawahish from ensuing the cost
We learnt resistance from Morheeba Korshid and Lela Khaled Learnt about Jamal from Bu Azza, Abu Basha and Bouhired
If Abdelkader was reburied in Al-Jaza'er that's the
Proof return will come for the diaspora of the nakba
Not the first or the last to break free from the guillotine
Yesterday Aljazair, tomorrow Philistine
Not the first or the last to break free from the guillotine
Yesterday Aljazair, tomorrow Philistine

[Mai Khalil:]
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

Lowkey Lyrics

"Long Live Palestine 3"

(feat. Maverick Sabre, Frankie Boyle, Ken Loach, Chakabars, Khaled Siddiq & Mai Khalil)

[Frankie Boyle & Chakabars:]
As you prepare your breakfast, think of others
Do not forget to feed the pigeons
As you wage your wars, think of others
Do not forget those who fight for peace
As you pay your water bill, think of others, those who are nursed by clouds
As you return home, to your home, think of others
Do not forget the people of the camps
As you sleep and count the stars, think of others, those who have nowhere to sleep
As you liberate yourself with metaphors, think of others, those who have lost the right to speak
As you think of others far away, think of yourself and say "if only I were a candle in the night"

[Lowkey:]
This is for Palestine, Al-Quds, the capital Jerusalem
Unarmed people marching to the wall and they're shooting 'em
Suppression is a question, resistance is the answer
Long live Palestine, long live Gaza
Palestine, Al-Quds, the capital Jerusalem
Unarmed people marching to the wall and they're shooting 'em
Suppression is a question, resistance is the answer
Long live Palestine, long live Gaza

[Maverick Sabre:]
All you see is war every time you turn your head at night
There's bloodshed on the floor, mother cries, who dies for her this time?
There's truth between these walls
See the lies between the lines they hide
Where's the bullet coming from? From the tyrant dressed in our disguise

[Khaled Siddiq:]
I'mma ride until the end even if I get the push back for all my friends
Cah you know that I'm a fighter, let me see your lighter and we not gon' stop til Palestine is free
But you still know that I'mma ride until the end even if I get the push back for all my friends
Cah you know that I'm a fighter, let me see your lighter and we not gon' stop til Palestine is free

[Maverick Sabre:]
Taught to not love, taught to be blind, taught to not care
Tell me what's real? Borderlines, military despair
How to exist if there's no ways to be human in fear
And if you take away our home
Where's the house supposed to live?
Taught to not love, taught to be blind, taught to not care
Tell me what's real? Borderlines, military despair
How to exist if there's no ways to be human in fear
And if you take away our home
Where's the house supposed to live?

[Mai Khalil & Lowkey:]
Free my people, long live Palestine
We will never let you go
Sing it with me now
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine

[Lowkey:]
If Ibrahim Abu Thuraya could resist without a wheelchair
10 year challenge, tell Regev we are still here
And tell that killer Netanyahu he should feel fear
The old live through us and guarantee the children will care
Criminal, not invincible and you know it
Samidoon, samidoon, still sitting in there stoic
May not feel us with you when you listen to our poems
You inspire humanity, your resistance is heroic
Regardless of talk, it is time we answer the call
Through your strength of spirit, you provide example for all
How to live, how to love when attacked from the clouds above
Loud and clear, the songs you sung can't be drowned by the sound of guns
Or just watch your tragic times through a satellite dish
The least that we can give you is an anthem like this
They panicked, tried to analyse and sanitise this
But we love you more than ever, still Palestine lives

[Mai Khalil & Lowkey:]
Free my people, long live Palestine
We will never let you go
Sing it with me now
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine

[Maverick Sabre:]
No change, no
Run away your way, oh
All the hate you face, oh
Time to change this stadium
No change, no change, no
Run away your way, oh
All the hate you face, oh
Time to change this stadium
No change, no change, no

[Ken Loach:]
Continuing oppression of the Palestinian, encircling of the people of Gaza
Killing of civilians, the burning of bones, the daily oppression, the theft of land
The apartheid system in the West Bank where there are two road systems and I've been and I'm sure you have
And you see the... the Israeli road, you see like a spanking new highway just the settler cars going backwards

and forwards
Then you see the old Palestinian roads
And it clearly... it's people living under two sets of rules, an apartheid system
So all this is being uncovered and the boycotts, and divestment and sanctions campaign which I support and I'm sure many other people do as a peaceful protest against the Isreali oppression
To poor groups who've got to keep proclaiming the rights of the Palestinians are the right to return
The right to their... erm... the right to their homeland really
And... erm... and the theft of land, Israel is breaking international law, it is breaking the Geneva Conventions

Lowkey Lyrics

"Letter To The 1%"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

Talking in terms of power. Where the power is, who's shaping the condition of our lives, who determines the quality of the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, the kinda jobs we can have, the images we have to deal with and such.

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth
This is my letter to the 1%
If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Power to those that read bell hooks
Power to those that sell books
Power to those who know how the inside of a cell looks
All those feeling helpless, forgotten and discarded
Power to the strange fruit they thought was rotten in the garden
Power to those sitting alone, seeking solace in the calmness
Power to those feeling stained, know your tomorrow isn't tarnished
Power to those that sweep the streets with more knowledge than PhD's
Power to those that keep their keys, return this promise, please believe
Power to those that suffer in silence, those it hurts to hear
Power to those that hold their ground
Power to those that persevere
Power to those that love humanity more than they love style
Power to immigrants probably raising Donald Trump's child
Power to the blind who can't imagine what sight is
Those staring at the moon and all those working night-shifts
Power to the readers, the writers, the illiterate
Power to those that struggle to decolonise their syllabus
Power to the shy ones, always struggle to make friends
And the half of humanity worth less than eight men
Power to those that risked their life to dig the coltan from the ground
For the mic I'm spitting on and the phone you're holding now
Power to those that build the stadium they're playing in
Power to those that mowed the grass and stitched the ball that they're playing with
Power to every rapper that doesn't rap about killing
Power to the builders who built buildings that outlived them

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Power to the slaves of Ancient Greece that didn't have the right to vote
Democracy dead like Gary Webb, when they import it like its coke
Power to those write to prison
Power to those writing home
Power to those writing poems
Power to those that died alone

Power to Curtis Mayfield
Power to Ronald Isely
Power to the fishermen that were forced into piracy
Power to every person that is working in a library
Power to every nurse that we turn to in our times of need
Power to the unions and the mindless that should punish
Power to those that drive the busses and those that collect the rubbish
Power to the youth desiring the truth
Power to every rapper that is dying for a Fire in the Booth
For those that lost limbs to King Leopald's quota
And those risking their lives for the P&O to Dover
Power to union leaders murdered by...
Power to victims of this globalised cosa nostra
Power to those dying on the shores and the borders
Power to humanbeings that were rendered fauna and flora
Power to those that cleaned up after the stage show
And Carnival goers still haunted by Kelso Cochrane's ghost
Power to ... his picture taunts us ever after
So many questions never answered
Remember the last words of Abdul-Muhsin Al-Saadoun, "الأمة تنتظر الخدمة، الإنجليز لا يوافقون"
Power to Al-Jawahiri and his rebellions
They killed his brother Ja'far and he cursed the rotten Thamesians
Enlighten despots pursuing tactics Machiavellian
Chinese still preceded Europa millennium, think about it
Printed press half a millennium never get close
Power to Ken Loach and every volunteer in Lesbos
Cuban doctors sent to Sri Lanka for the tsunami
Power to those that cleaned up after the Bullingdon parties

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Kids knowing Apple products before they know what an apple is
Forgotten like passengers on the USS Indianapolis
Dying days, for they could see what little boy's damage did
On the precipice of fascism, while pacifist is cancerous
Power to those still strong enough to dream
Power to those that chose not to be a cog in the machine
Power to those that love first and hate never
Power to those that sleep on the streets through grey weather
Power to Aziz Ali and Bone Thugs-n-Harmony
Power to Norman Baker, David Kelly's, ulnar artery
Power to the genocided population of Tasmania
The internet descends to Trumptastic fantasia
Let them try quote this
You'll never find a better diagnosis than collective psychosis
It's getting quite hopeless but hope is all we have
Tryna cultivate the positive, not focus on the bad
But the globe's under attack
The obnoxious rage of a fake intellectual
Amazing grace in the age of the spectacle
Not the first time they found a racist electable
To raise to the pedestal

Then desecrate the place that translated the decimal
I don't wanna tempt fate
Power to corpse-washers like Salvador Allende
Power to language learners
From Bernie Sanders fans to flag-burners
One man's inertia is another man's purpose
In the utopia of song, we are victorious
But the bitter sweet reality is not this glorious
Power to Coltrane watching Malcolm X
Power to Paul Robeson under house-arrest
Power to Galileo under house-arrest
Power to Ibn Haytham under house-arrest
Forgive me if I sound obsessed
This is my letter to the 1%

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
The redistribution of power
The redistribution of power
We want the redistribution of power
We want the redistribution of power
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth
We want the redistribution of power, the redistribution of power until your power is ours
Until your power is ours
If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 4"

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

July 4th, 2005, I joined the United States' military. I swore an oath to defend the constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic. I went through basic training, I went through technical school. At the end of my technical school I was brought into the drone programme even though they didn't tell me what it was. They said, "You're gonna go to Nevada and you'll find out when you get there." And so I showed up and they put us in a theatre no bigger than this and they showed a montage video of drone strikes *[*imitates gun fire*]*... played to heavy metal music. And at the end of the video, a sergeant came down the centre and he stood in front of us and he said, "Your job is to kill people and break things." And I thought to myself, "This isn't why I joined; I joined for very patriotic reasons, to get me education (it's not free in America) and impress a pretty girl

So I went to my commander and I was like, "Sir, I'm not sure I can do this job. I'm not sure I could ever pull the trigger on somebody."
And he was like, "YOU swore an oath to defend the constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic. You WILL obey the lawful orders of those appointed over you. You will do your job."
And I was trapped. My father- my grandfather, actually, he's really my father figure. I didn't want to disappoint him; I wanted to be worth something. This is what all veterans want: they want to be worth something. They fight for a reason, they fight because they care. They don't want to look weak; they want to look strong. They want to fight for a noble cause, an honourable cause

And so I did it. I did it for five years and five days. I killed thirteen people - and this is how you make life cheap. You show someone you can end a life by the push of a button. When I was younger, war had no meaning to me; it was something of distant lands and it was something of history. And here it was very real. I was a gamer, I was an athlete.

Lowkey Lyrics

"Lords Of War"

(feat. Kaia)

Intestines, shattered hopes and dreams adorn the floor
The face behind the screen has seen it all before
And the worst thing about is there's more in store
Just another sacrifice to the lords of war

The royal family sell guns
The royal family sell bombs
That kill the world's poorest people
The government sell guns
The government sell bombs
That kill the world's poorest people
The sacrosanct march of industry
The sacrosanct march of industry
Does such strange things to people
The spectatorship of suffering
The spectatorship of suffering
Does oh such strange things to people

Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep at night?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep at night?
Oh, Lord of war

She was eight years old, imagination alive
Cute as could be, you could see the gleam of mischief in her eye
Carrying her kite, trying find a place where it could it fly
Hovering not far she saw what was a spaceship in her mind
Too young to really understand exactly what the buzz meant
Bread and water everyday, other than that she's unfed
Pressure applied diplomatically to stop aid
Reality enforced by the air and naval blockade
Back to her, through her blood flows Qahtan
Ancient civilisation but its status has lost charm
She found a place to fly kite in the soft calm
Some will say that her life was god's palm
She heard her mother call, saw her brother fall
Didn't realise quick enough, stumbled from the sudden force
In a flicker and flash to the horror scene of death
This is what happens when technology meets flesh

Oh, Lord of war

How do you sleep?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep at night?...
Intestines, shattered hopes and dreams adorn the floor
The face behind the screen has seen it all before
And the worst thing about is there's more in store
Just another sacrifice to the lords of war
Oh, Lord of war

A caravan in Nevada, he sits twiddling a control pad
Taking down coordinates, scribbling in his notepad
When he sweats the headphones itch and irritate his eczma
Watching scenes on the screen as they enter through his retina
Sick of his life, his wife and this job cos it kills
Sick of his sick father and debt from his hospital bills
Childhood of computer games that learned him in murder
He wonders if he's better off serving up burgers
A part of him loved watching death from distance
But that feeling numbed away through monotonous repetition
Merely going through the motions, like the robot that he operates
Depersonalised murder, victimless violence for the modern age
His cold stare and tap of a button takes her only life
Instantly regrets but watches on as she slowly dies
Grotesquely interwined via the screen that he stared through
Her kite floats away but we will never know where to...

Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep at night?...
Intestines, shattered hopes and dreams adorn the floor
The face behind the screen has seen it all before
And the worst thing about is there's more in store
Just another sacrifice to the lords of war
Oh, Lord of war

The lord lives in the third dimension far from the theatre
But every now and again the whimpers of the carnage get nearer
Sometimes in his dreams he sees the harmed and disfigured
Like Dorian Gray can't see his moral scars in the mirror
Cognitive dissonance, suppresses his pangs of conscience
Rationalises it away, everybody has their monsters
But he is not everyone
He is a parasite of life and carries within him a selfish song never sung
Believes he loves his children, is he capable of love?
Lord of the machines that rain Satan from above
Will they justify what daddy did or hate him as they must
Realise their bread and butter left faceless faces in the dust
As the sights locked on her he loosened his suit and tie
As he sighs, balls of fire were shooting off to her right
As she died, he ordered a fruit juice with some ice
Her kite floats away, he admires the blueness of the sky... oh Lord of war...

Lowkey Lyrics

"Ghosts Of Grenfell 2"

(feat. Kaia)

[Lowkey:]
Black snow on a summer's night
Cold shoulders on a summer's day
Invisible violence becomes visible
In such a sudden way

Black snow on a summer's night
Cold shoulders on a summer's day
Invisible violence becomes visible

Twelve months, no arrests made
The image in our heads stayed
Stressed faces pressed to windows, looking for an escape
Seems they underestimate this corner of the west way
Witnesses to the crime we fear a whitewash is the end game
Minister, what was your relationship with Mark Allen?
Been waiting twelve months for answers, still we can't have them
Windows to our soul witnessed anguish that you can't fathom
No disrespect intended, Troubled Water wasn't our anthem
Carnival on the soul of Kelso Cochrane
What do you think will develop, on the strength of those names?
Over seventy everyday people
No celebrities were left here, picking up pieces of broken memories
No more to big business, fiddling regulations
Grenfell Action Group, the most tragic of vindications
From sympathy of a nation, to most uncomfortable of issues
Our dearly departed please know we love you and we miss you

[Kaia:]
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you

[Lowkey:]
When invisible violence becomes visible, thinking is uncritical
Listen to some, thinking we're simple and dumb criminals
Hardened battered hearts, having laughed in a good while
But Stormzy at the Brit Awards made the neighbourhood smile
Out of your mind, if you think we're satisfied with platitudes
Questions for RBKC, Celotex and Sajid Javid too
As nihilism sets in and the breakdowns start
Slow creep of bureaucratic violence strains our hearts
Feeling like an empty vessel, staring at an empty vessel

Corporate hijack of regulations, very detrimental
Human life, the cost - how can we not be feeling sentimental?
Goosebumps cross your skin when you feel the breath of death against you
Bet you never went through that cursed night of haunted sounds
That wretched cladding falling down, since then death is all around
They say that every storm there is a dawn
Knocking on Heaven's door, we mourn forever more

[Kaia:]
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear the

[Lowkey:]
A place where the flames took everything that is sacred
We're planting seeds for trees we might not sit in the shade of
Combustible and still legal, regulations feel feeble
Never again, moment neoliberalism kills people
For innocence tarnished and beauty that was lost
Regulations disregarded, it's the human that's the cost
Hotels, hospitals and schools
How could we forget that
Up and down the country there's people sleeping in death traps

We're (calling)
For an end to the disdain
Better bow your heads in silence when we're mentioning their names
We are (calling)
For survivors rehoused in the best place
Still we demonstrate against bonfires of red tape
We're (calling)
For the companies and council held accountable
Climbing up the mountain though its height seems insurmountable
(Calling)
From the bottom of our lungs -
Truth, justice and peace for all of the lost ones

[Kaia:]
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear the

The blood is on your hands, there'll be ashes on your grave
Like a phoenix, we will rise
The blood is on your hands, there'll be ashes on your grave
Like a phoenix, we will rise

We will never give up
We will never give in
We will never give out
We will rise
We will rise

We will never give up
We will never give in
We will never give out
We will rise
We will rise

Lowkey Lyrics

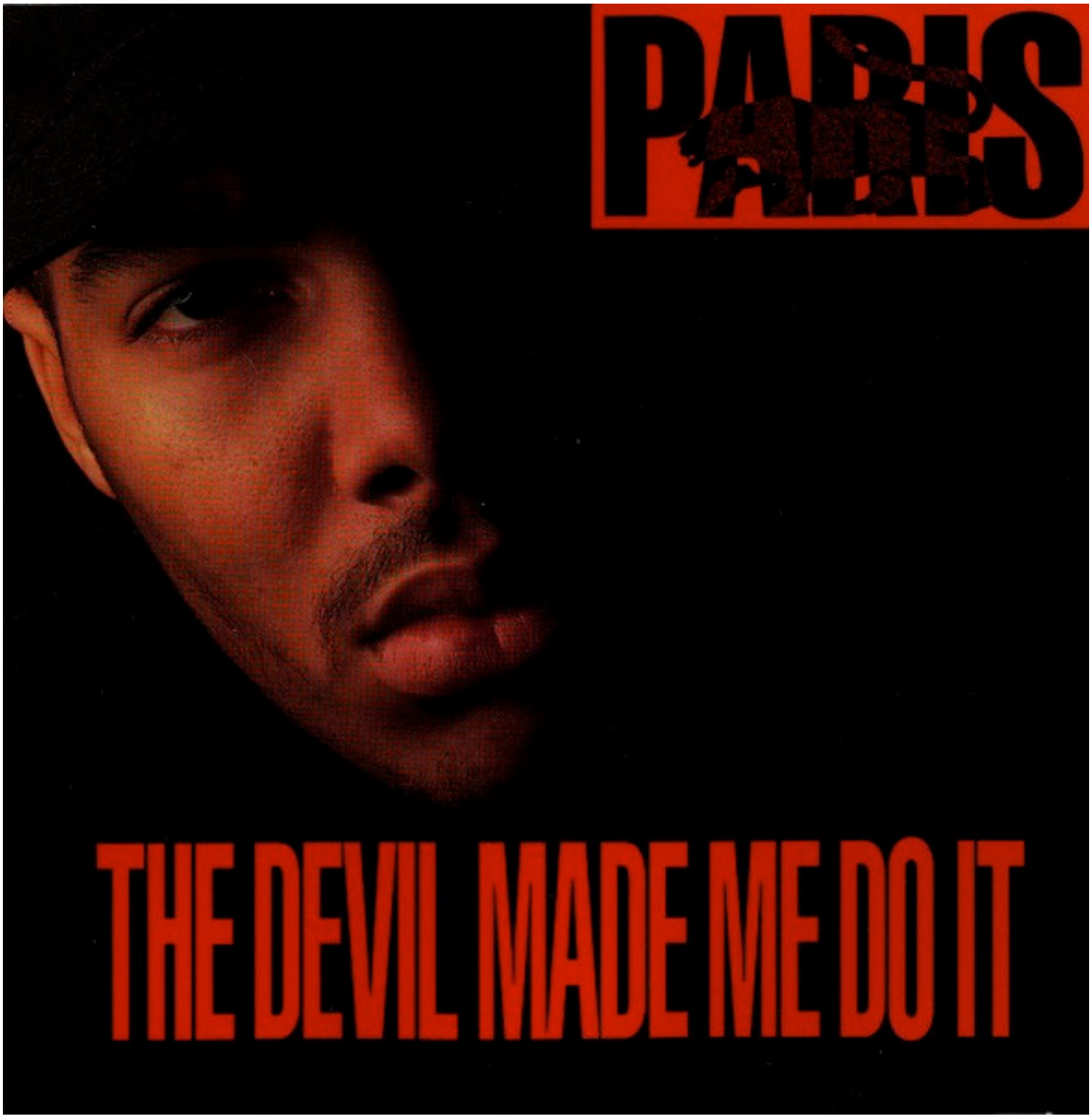
"Neoliberalism Kills People"

How can I do a fire in the booth, when I'm trying just to maintain
And since June don't hear the word fire in the same way
Heard screams, splutters and them gasping for air
That’s not bars in a booth it’s so hard to compare
If I use fire as metaphor
Does that disrespect the people that are never more?
How does that bomb sound sound to those that bled in war that we never saw?
Remember when they settled scores with metal swords like Skeletor
Chinese made gun powder, Nobel invented dynamite
They say the guilt in his mind compelled him to design the prize
We know what Einstein's mind was like
How many geniuses we never knew that were deprived of life?
I can't philosophise on horrifying flames
We don’t have to apologise or qualify our pain
Degrenfellise our loved ones of the colonisers name
Should we let the corporate media lobotomise our brains
You are beautiful, no matter how this life disfigures you
You’re beautiful even if that image you emulate isn't you
I don’t know if history is linear or cyclical
But know I’m ridiculed for making invisibles visible
That's why Plato said banish poets from the republic
‘Cause they know that we can shake the social system and disrupt it
The land of liberty, they tell us leave it or lump it
When Trump comes to the country we hope he chokes on his crumpet
Before we sink in the ocean, consider this as an omen
Natures blessings aren't ours just ‘cause we think that we own them
Never think that you're broken, or think that you're no-one
Remember a rope is strong because of strings interwoven

Would they love you more if you mock the people that you're from
Self-orientalise and believe that you belong
Overcompensate and propagate the image of the imbecile
Not uninvolved though you're further from the killing field
Take solace in the fact there's always cracks in the monolith
Now we're practically lobbing bricks like Asterix and Obelix
Distracted with gossip it's twisted news an interlude to adverts no hidden truths to listen to it's pitiful
Rosa Luxemburg gave us this simple truth
You won't feel your chains till the day you begin to move
He photographed a corpse and they flung him in the cage
Those that signed off on the cladding are still receiving their wage
Helicopters hovered close, pictures for the front page
Tried to speak all I really felt deep was numb rage
How could they see this pain at such a young age
Leaning out the window, screaming for help but none came
If it bleeds it leads, trauma tourists they gravitate
Shock doctrine in effect, disaster capitalists salivate
Privitisation, deregulation and austerity

To zero hour contracts, exploitation and precarity
Adults didn't make it, children to be fostered
Saved pennies on the block, dropped 20 million on the opera
We see through your cold plans, your programme is done
We don't want a Prime Minister that holds hands with Trump
We don't want DJs doing shows on military compounds
Can't trivialise fire or hear any more bomb sounds
How can I smile when I know the remains are still not found
And echoing in my mind is exactly how the sobs sound

They say we're criminals for the syllables and stanzas
When they subsidise the killers tools, the pillagers and bankers
Who are the engines of history, people like me and you
Who got massacred for the right to vote at Peterloo
It was imagineers, the poets and the artists
The miners, Tolpuddle Martyrs, William Cuffay and the chartists
Rebel and resist even through something small
Create windows with words and mirrors where once were walls
Manure contributes to the beauty of a rose
Why can't we accept our pain as something that helps us grow
They wonder why songs that make you cry are more moving
‘Cause crying's the only thing that we were born doing
They tell us tea is tradition to the English
When I look around this island not a tea plantation in it
Earl Gray gave 20 million to the slave traders
Multi-polar world now the Indians are space raiders
Freedom to be even or merely alienate labour
Freedom for fossil fuellers to desecrate and invade nature
Albert was an immigrant, Prince Phillip is an immigrant
Were the Celts, Normans and the Anglo-Saxons English, then?
The words Sugar, Cotton and Rice come from Arabic
Now we import democracy to civilise the Saracens
Analysing planets when this back water was wilderness
It seems we're still obsessed with immortality like Gilgamesh
Pessimism of intellect, optimism of will
Wear the skin of their victims its syndrome buffalo bill
In times of permanent war there is always someone to kill
But when life and death are virtual almost nothing is real


PARIS
THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT

Scarface Groove

[Paris]
Hail to the man with the righteous groove
So sick that it makes you move
Closer to the speaker, never weaker
Lines on time and I rhyme Malika
Lot of knowledge on the microphone when I speak
Rabbit MC's I love to eat
Shockin with the rhyme, gettin sicker with time
I'm comin way too real and I'm blowin your mind
I'm tearin sh*t up, I won't let up, you need to get up
And out and on the floor, cause I'm fed up
With rhymes and words that's weak that's wack, absurd
Pollutin the airwaves, too often heard
I come through with the rhymes, so true blue with the rhymes
I eat you with the rhymes, and on and on and in time I'm
Movin with the smooth the groove that some consider dangerous
And you're playin this, I ain't new to this

{*scratching*}

[Paris]
Yeah... it's a Scarface Groove

Paris is the name and I'm here to get sick
I mean I'm stronger than a tiger and I'm down with the click
While makin sure my song is deffer with an 808 kick
And now you know it, I'm a poet, and I'm harder than a brick
I makin over 3 G's a day, and you say
That Mad's cuttin like a blade over sucker DJ
Start shinin all the time that I'mma standin on stage
It's a Scarface mob and we're sicker than AIDS
What I wrote, is no joke, there's no hope
It's too dope, you're gettin broke by a cutthroat
While bein killed is the price you're billed
There's no time to rhyme and no time to build
Steadily the melody plays, and steadily ba**
Is in the place, is in your face, with grace
Sensation and finishin the suckers with my sentencin
You get excited as the rhyme begins, you're goin
{*scratching*}

[Paris]
Smooth... with the Scarface Groove
This the Scarface Groove
Yeah, it's the Scarface Groove, y'all

Startin to sweat, I know it's hard to breathe
Rhymes are on time so you better believe
The style, sick of the style, cause the style is wild
I couldn't never be mild, and now I'll begin
To advance in a b-boy stance
The underground sound makes you clap your hands
It's the B-A-Y, do or die
Born to freestyle, born to rise
And now I'll keep on rockin the beat on
No one comin up short capiche on the mic
You're scared, runnin from the man you fear
P-Dog is sick boy, you better beware
The man X-Rated, rated X the man
Is comin through with the jams that keep you clappin your hands
While I'm movin nonstop and the party is smooth
One hundred below ice cold, it's a Scarface Groove

Yeah, it's a Scarface Groove
It's a Scarface Groove, y'all
Y'knahmsayin? It's a Scarface Groove
{*scratched: "I'll play the 9 and you play the target"*}

[Paris]
Debutin I'll do it for sure by comin through
And never stoppin hip-hop, I just drop, MC's are ruined
Now I'm teachin when I'm talkin so that you'll get taught
Makin sense so intense is the record you bought
I'm stronger, strokin 'em longer
Stickin them, dope MC's go under
Keepin 'em down with the Scarface sound
Swimmin 9 millimeter laps, MC'sll drown
Keep talkin that bullsh*t, you might get housed
Smacked in your mouth, P's turnin it out
Money stackin and mackin is what I'm talkin about
I'm never playin, or bullllsh*ttin
The rhyme'll go colder than ice, but get hotter than coals

Big soul on a roll and only 20 years old
Keep it goin non-stop and the party is sore
And I'm movin, smooth again, Scarface is on

Yeah, Scarface is on
Scarface is on
Yeah, Scarface is on

- This is a Test

[Verse 1]
Too many sounds irritate my earholes
Like Planet Rock beats from L.A. hoes
The same old thing, same old sh*t I'm tired
Was once on the payroll about to be fired
Black radio shame, pop rap's to blame
Program your playlist to sound the same
With a disco tempo, cliche intro
Wack rap tracks for commercial shows
Mindless music for the ma**es has to take
Time away from the real rap master
So I'll stay cool for community airplay
While ratings slip for the sh*t that you play
This is a test a lesson to be observed
No wack rhymes are heard I keep on raising the curve
Back and forth I never stick I'm soft I just run it
Punks'll shun it, gangs keeping girlies on it
Paris is the dog, much doper than morphine
Sick with the style so you can say you've seen
The radical magical man, master of master plan
So smooth from beginning to end
This is a test, back it up when I'm in the place
And all hail to the dog with the righteous ba**
The boss I come across rough on your radio wave
Terror on two-track whenever I'm played
Punks keep stepping that's the reason why I
Come through sicker than a L.A. drive-by
By dropping bombs in songs y'all keep singing along
So smooth it couldn't never go wrong
This is a test
[Verse 2]
Yo dig
When you buy a rap record do you buy it for dance moves
Or do you buy rap cause the lyrics are smooth
Cause if you wanna dance you should stick with the other one
And leave the dog alone till the dancing is done
But then when you're ready for the brother who leads
And feeds all rap lovers with rhymes like these
I dish a little taste of the ba** of Scarface
And pace the rhyme space to chase the weak-kneed

Cause I don't play -- Well my name ain't [Cool J]
Or A-T-C, or N.W.A
I'm Paris, the Asiatic lord of light
With the power to fight and write rhymes to stay
Cause I'm hotter than lava when I be up on a microphone
By now you should know it the poet's doper than most
By dispensing of ignorance and by keeping the wack down
You enter to the realm of the Scarface sound
This is a test

Panther Power

[Intro]
"So the concept is this, basically
The whole black nation has to be put together as a BLACK ARMY
And we gon' walk on this nation, we gon' walk on this racist
Power structure, and we gon' say to the whole damn government -
STICK 'EM UP MOTHERF**KER! THIS IS A HOLD UP!
We come for what's ours."

[Verse 1]
Yo black it's time to set stage and guidelines
Ten point program, freeze the genocide
Round the posse to protect the people and
Regulate and keep straight the man
Clear the way for P-Dog the militant
Made to steer and care for the indigent
Power to the people is a serious concept
Panthers prowl when I say to step
Pigs today'll end up like prey
Like Hutton I'm never lettin 'em get in my way (word)
"Soul on Ice," what I won't be played like
Pigs and house nigs are set in my sight
C*ck the gat, for P the pro-black
On to harm and alarmed at the format
News goin' out to a racist cop
The first motherf**ker steps up, gets shot
This is Panther Power
[Scratches]
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"

[Verse 2]
Now hear the growl, I'm proud to be black
Built to step up and not to step back
Too full grown to allow a gay move

Step to the dog and I show and prove
Ten point program jams that flow and
Pigs end belly up, stopped in motion
Who's more brutal than a panther unleashed?
Paris, made to keep the peace
Some duck style when I come inside
Bougies'll pray I get played and fried
But I'm too smart to start with the cold feet
No-Doz shows, the P don't sleep
Comin to the place all in your cave when
Panther Power protects the citizen
Come on, step for the movement
DJ Mad, hit 'em with that Panther Power
[Scratches]
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"

[Interlude]

[Verse 3]
Now, who that thought they could stop
The crown chief leader of the movement, watch
When I say build, I mean come correct black
Cause I see straight and I don't play tag
Step to this and end up like Axl
Devils all and P-Dog attacks ya
Panther Power keeps punks from runnin up
Play the front and you might get stomped
Witness this, the original man
Made of earth, cream of the motherland
Black and strong and not down to half-step
Piece is kept, police are ripped
P don't plea, it's a new direction
Strength and unity, peace, protection
One for Huey and the movement won't die
And the strong survive, the Panther Power

[Scratches]
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power on the hour"
"Panther Power, you can feel it in your arm"

{*police radio, mixed with sounds of a panther growling*}

[Outro]
"Revolution has come! Off the pigs!"
"Time to pick up the gun! Off the pigs!"

- Break the Grip of Shame

[Verse 1]
Enter into a new realm, a new dimension
Pay close attention
And witness knowledge born on the microphone
For the people that I call my own
Remember back when good rap was just a cool dance hit
Even though it wasn't saying (sh*t)
Well them days is gone I don't play that
Pick the punk and I'll say like wack
Stick with the sick style for the serious
Hip-Hop lovers can't get enough of this
Black tracks on wax are so smooth
You can't get help but the thought to move
This is a call and a plea for unity
Black is back uplift and be free
Keep pushin, our movement moves on.. so strong, now

[Verse 2]
With a raised fist I resist
I don't burn, so don't you dare riff
Or step to me, I'm strong and black and proud
And for the (bullsh*t) I ain't down
Life in the city's already rough enough
Without some young sucka runnin up
You don't know me, so don't step
I roll to the right and then bust your lip
Paris is my name, I don't sleep
I drop science, and keep the peace
Here to bust this for better justice
Another dope Scarface release
This is a serious style for the gifted
Pro-black radical rap's uplifting
Still growing, the power's so strong
You can't stop it, now
[Interlude]
"We declare our right on this earth to be a man, to be a human being, to be respected as a human being, to be given the rights of a human being in this society, on this earth, in this day, which we intend to bring into existence by any means necessary."

[Verse 3]

Alright, let's start some mo' (sh*t)
Straight up on the movement tip
With forces strong as Allah's my third eye
Black is back and P-Dog'll never die
Who said that you can't do this
Can't be wise or be for the movement
Games I won't have so don't you play none
You'll see why when I'm gone
Skinheads end up dead cause I don't play
Brothers swarm under the form of Scarface
Round up, roll out, we'll roll em up like Rolo's
I stomp sixteen solo
Straight for the jugular, hope that I don't
Swarm and bust a cap by night so
You just keep your place cause I won't stop
I'll keep pushin that movement rock when I

Warning

[Verse 1]
Yo, a sissy cop in the hood
Shakin a brother down, thinkin he ain't no good
"What's your name, what you standin here for?
Thought I told ya not to come around no more"
Man I wasn't doin' nothin', why ya f**kin wit me?
Shut up punk don't question authority!
Up against the wall, hands in the air
Just wants the punk to fear
Right about then mo' suckas came around
Put the young brother into the ground
Hollerin talkin that ignorant bullsh*t
Grabbin his arm, tryin to break his wrist
A god damn shame and he's only thirteen
Five to one is a pu**y's dream
But yo man I ain't goin out like that
Young G to the house and get the gat
Then BOOM BOOM BOOM now sh*t is equalized
Will when you suckas realize?
Black people simply ain't havin that
We just hit back

Ebony

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]
Once again my friend, I try
To help improve another brother's life
By coming through with the righteous groove
Tells right from wrong, makes people move
Not idiot crossover songs
That appeal to all and make you sing along, no
This one is for the chosen few
Who want to build and uplift my people too, so
Listen to the words I speak
Cause the words are truth and truth's what I teach
By talkin' bout the things that I see
When talkin' bout this color called ebony

[Interlude]
It's ebony

[Verse 2]
Not sellin' drugs, I'm above a thug
Killin' off his own, tryin' to make a buck, no
That ain't the way it's done today
Gotta come together, gotta educate
Gotta, uplift, lift up your head
Stand strong and proud, don't end up dead
Take time to make that move
Be sure to be straight and you'll improve
Live long, be strong, and you'll see
That better is a life lived long and carefree
Just stay on a righteous path
You'll see the truth and won't have to ask why
I don't make the rhymes that say
How ignorant brothers act nowaday
I just talk about the things that I see
When talkin' 'bout this color called ebony
[Interlude]
It's ebony
Now break
Smooth

[Verse 3]
Now I want y'all to listen, see what you're missin'
What lacks in the compet**ion is
Strong words, of pride and unity
I'm glad that y'all in tune to me
I'm here to let y'all know
P-Dog is sick and I'll run the show
By talkin' 'bout the things that I see
When talkin' 'bout this color called ebony

[Interlude]
It's ebony
Smooth

Brutal

[Verse 1]
Paris is my name, I flows with ease
Cash checks, breaks necks and wrecks MC's
Who ain't down with the sound of the Panther Movement
Intense is a serious answer
The mic goes into labor you freeze up
Enveloped by the style that sounds so ROUGH
Rehearsal weak verses potent as cyanide
A million and a half shot keepin you high
But I don't sell cause what you're sellin is never sold
Or dealed by the REAL mack brothers of old
Naw, I just devise a wise new formula
To keep you in tune without sellin my soul
In 1930, it all began
With a movement comprised of intelligent black men
Led by Allah in the form of Farad
But later by the last true prophet of God
Elijah, Muhammad, a dominant black leader
Of The Lost/Found Asiatic Pack
And later by Malcolm, whose point was straight
Stressing a black nationalistic state
Of self-sufficiency on a mission he
Stressed thrift and pride and good sense
Killed in cold blood but the sh*t ain't done with
Switch to Oaktown, '66
See Huey Newton, and Cleveland Seale
Sons of Malcolm with intent to kill
And end the brutality inflicted on us by cops
Best believe I won't stop
Teachin science in step with Farrakhan
Drop a dope bomb, word to Islam
Keeps my brothers up on it cause I'm black
And now you know, I'm BRUTAL
(explosion)

[Verse 2]
Callin' all brothers to order, P-Dog'll slaughter
Stomp rip and choke those who thought a
Young black man wasn't capable of the intellect
Of gainin' respect, without sellin', so check

I'm Paris, six feet two, deadly as ice
But twice as nice with, the power to fight boy
So listen I'm tellin' y'all, the warnin', the Final Call
We're headin, for Armageddon, it's like that
The government's policy see, is tactical genocide
How many must die chasin a chemical high?
How much killin and murderin mayhem more can we stand
Before we fold, black man, so take a stand
Listen up drug dealer, wha**up with that?
Hope I don't bust a cap, straight in your MOTHERF**KIN a**
For pushin' poison to youth, I'm through with talkin' I'm steppin' up
With gat point blank at your motherf**kin' mug
I'm P-R-O, B-L-A-C-K
Stompin' and crushin' to mush, any lush, in my way
I'm educated and strong, always right and no wrong
With many bullets of a Bensonhurst, come on along
It's like that y'all, and I won't QUIT
Keepin' y'all fresh on the movement tip
With F.O.I. at my side, we're never slippin' or nap
We always come sick with it, bustin' serious caps
There's no, bullsh*t, and yo look, this is the danger zone
You shouldn't have stepped to it, you shouldn't have come alone
You shouldn't have ever thought, the movement was soft
Don't you know P-Dog'll never stop
I'm BRUTAL!

- The Devil Made Me Do It

[Verse 1]
This is a warning, another cut to move on
Another beat that's so strong
Hold on and I get wicked and then some
Stir up sh*t as the wit gets wisdom
P-Dog comin' up, I'm straight loc
Pro-black and it ain't no joke
Comin' straight from the mob that broke sh*t last time
Now I'm back with a brand new sick rhyme
So black check time and tempo
Revolution ain't never been simple
Followin' the path of Mao and Fanon just
Build your brain and we'll soon make progress
Paid your dues, don't snooze or lose
They came with the masterplan that got you
So know who's opposed to the dominant dark skin
Food for thought as a law for the brother man

[Verse 2]
P-Dog with a gift from heaven
Tempo 116.7
Keeps you locked in time with the program
When I get wild I pile on dope jams
Then spit on your flag and government
Cause help the black was a concept never meant
N***a please, foodstamps and free cheese
Can't be the cure for a sick disease
Just the way the devil had planned it
Rape then pillage everyone on the planet
Then give 'em fake gods at odds with Allah
Love thy enemy and all that hoopla
Hear close to the words I wrote
Crack, cocaine are genocide on black folk
Who in their right mind ever coulda missed this?
Damn right when you think seditious
And I move swiftly, you can't get with me
The triple six moved quick but missed me
When I came off involved in conscience
So don't ask why next time I start this
[Verse 3]

Now let's get wild, allow me to freestyle
I build and fill your mind up with know-how
A common sense, a defense the next time
A pig tried to step to this, listen
Never let someone whoop on ya
They don't belong to the set you from
Ya can't be intrigued by the leads a pig lead
Unless you don't give a f**k to be free
Keep stompin' on, I keep stompin'
Att**ude but I ain't from Compton
I can't be f**ked around or muffed around
I can't be held down, check the sound
And keep in tuned on point on target
The revolution won't be thwarted
A setback cause my man it's plain to see
Must end all white supremacy
So let the rhythm roll on when I kick this
Brothers gonna work it out with a quickness
And now you know just why a panther went crazy
The devil made me

Beware the beast man, for he is the
Devil's pawn. He kills for sport, or lust or greed
Yea, he will murder his brother to possess
His brother's land. Shun him, for he is the
Harbinger of death

The Hate That Hade Made

[Paris]
June 6th in the time of six o'clock
Hot summer night in the city of hard knocks
Two black brothers took a walk in the Southside
Could've been any brother lookin for a dope ride
Seein a white girl wasn't in the plan
But the plan had plans of it's own for a brother man
A bad case of the right place at the right time
Makes you just ask why?
I guess you suppose you know what a n***a do
To a female that was meant for you
Jealous cause your girlfriend screwin a black man
So you bust caps on an innocent bystand
But I guess we all look the same
A God damn shame you don't know my name
Musta just been two blacks so the payback
Fit the ID for someone like me
But you see I don't think like you do
I come much sicker with the retribut'
Rollin twenty-five deep, troop down in a parking lot
Ready movin steady when I bust your spot, huh
You dumb motherf**kers just don't know me
You don't control me, so leave me lonely
Step and be prone to a cap to the dome
I don't quit (gunshot) I'll start tearin up sh*t
This is a Scarface set and no snakes allowed
Keep the pace ready set brothers rollin out
Packin a Mac-10, strapped and capped in
Now who's to blame, for the hate that hate made?

Mellow Madness

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]
As I flow, into the rhyme much smoother
I keep the pace and add ba** for you to
Be able to experience the strength of God
On your tape with a break that I make to part
The weak-kneed hippie MC's and wannabes
From the Dog, so they can't see me
I'm movin' swifter with the gift to lift ya
I don't step light, I don't talk sh*t
You suckers are all in, to try is suicide
I roll with the flow 'cause I'm qualified
To keep the peace and teach y'all to get along
Build my rep and step to the song
From jazz to hip-hop, the Dog'll never stop
Get busy to the melodies that I concoct
When the raps are spit the grits stack like bricks
And you're please to receive P's hip-hop fix

[Interlude]
On the jazz tip
Smoother and smoother
And you don't stop

[Verse 2]
It's a mellow madness in the summer time
Females outside, enjoyin' the sunshine
Kickin' it live with the knob on ten
Good food and mood is the peace my friend
Much brotherhood because it's understood
That everyone in the sun is about the good
Lifestyle, and while some came to shine
Don't matter cause the other brothers know the time
I'm the P, D-O-G and I'm swift
Son of Shabazz, shooter of the gift
To keep y'all steppin' to the beat in real time
Mad on the mix complementin' the rhyme
With oh so smooth cuts flowin' like mercury
Keeps you suckers knowin' that you'll never be servin' me

I don't sleep and I do not sing
I drop math in your path cause I have to bring
You on a jazz tip
[Interlude]
Yeah
So smooth in the summer time
DJ Mad Mike y'all
(scratching)
Smooth

[Verse 3]
Birth is given to the knowledge when I recite
Smooth words that keep y'all hype
Not down with the meaningless babble that some spit
I'm paid to degrade that ignorant sh*t
With the "so proud, so strong" message of the Nation
Can't be dropped or stopped, so don't come
With the intent to present a argument
I don't tolerate it, so don't act dumb
I'ma roll, over those who oppose
The speech when I teach y'all to reach your goal
Be strong and carry on and play the song
And listen to the lyrics and you'll never go wrong
As-salamu alaykum, brothers I'ma take 'em
Straight through the path that I'm makin'
And coexist in bliss peace and righteousness
So smooth on a jazzy tip like this

[Interlude]
Yeah
And you don't stop
Peace

I Call Him Mad

[Paris]
Rougher than a rusty razor, he'll amaze ya
Mixin dope tricks that stick like Frasier
Cue the wheels of spin then begins to blend
Scarface in the house again
Bambi DJ'sll pray when he plays
Won't hit or skip I might phase
Suckers still suck and duckin uppercuts
Strike three MC's are blazed
Born to beat back the blows of feedback
A sissy strivin still sounds so wack
Can't compare or come close to purity
Mad's the man, MC's agree
The bully bruisin misusin turnstyles
Keeps the mix on beat for me while
I spit and cold bust the keynote
Mad's on a roll with the sickest show now

(scratching)
Yeah, smooth
{*"Ya don't stop!" - "C'mon"*}

{*"Black is back" .. "keep on singin"
"Fight the power!" .. "keep on singin"
"Do the right thing" .. "keep on singin"
"Word to the mother!" .. "keep on singin"*}
{*"Rock.." - scratched repeatedly*}

{*"Girl I'll house you.." - repeat 4X
"You in my hut now"*}

{*Mad Mike scratches*}

{*"DJ".. "Mad!".. "Huh, what?".. "Tear sh*t up"
"DJ".. "Mad!".. "Say what?".. "Cuttin like a blade"
"DJ".. "Mad!".. "So.. so.. so sick"
"DJ".. "Mad!".. "Sicker than AIDS"*}

{*"Break it on down.." - repeat 3X*}

{*"Hit me!" - scratched repeatedly*}

[Paris]
By now you know Mad's made to mutilate
Crush and devestate, move and educate
Weak wack watered-down welfare DJ's..
.. tryin to get what he plays
Call me Paris, sex check the Rolex
We came to stomp and chomp bones of broke necks
So smooth with the movement rhythm tracks
I'm not worried that you'll be back, just..
Listen.. let him play..
{*Mad Mike scratches*}

Mad!.. sh*t.. yeah.. Mad..
Smooth..

Escape From Babylon

"I'm saying to you, that you will in a few minutes
Hear, from the man, who is taking the place
Of real black leadership, who will answer the call
For true freedom, justice, and equality in America
Well now, do you understand?"

[Verse 1]
Brethren heed the call of enlightenment
Of truth, Asiatic discipline's frightenin
Some who act dumb embraced by decadence
The weak in the wake of true black militants
Hear the call and all heed the savior
Praise Allah cause in his image he made ya
The cream, Asiatic earth-born man-child
Freedom's comfort for some but meanwhile
Young brothers just don't realize
Cocaine's the plan, the devil derived
Produced and let loose to youth for profit
Fake so-called negroes won't stop it
Witness lies fed straight to the brother man
Hopes are lost to the malevolent gameplan
Annihilation of original citizens
Of this great planet Earth, listen
P-Dog spits the dope words born
Batterram's rollin task force swarm
Pigeons squawk with the talk of a new high
Controlled by the man whose plan is genocide
Intense is a sense of ignorance
When the wack can't get with the pro-black
Program that's designed to enduce thought
Rhymes ya bought keep Panthers taught
Punks stay put, skinheads are flatfoot
Keys are played as I stay on route
Down the path of the righteous chosen
Word is born as the wack stay frozen
Locked in time, mindset is Babylon
P's the martyr while MC's babble on
Letter sixteen is me and some see
I freeze and snuff MC's like pipe dreams
Makin a mark with the start of the movement

Tracks in fact weak wack can't do this
Tooth decay cause the fake been snoozin'
Lead the lost and the cost is you've been
Freed from lies by the wise new messenger
P-A-R-I-S is a blessin' ya
Can't underestimate or recreate
The sounds of Scarface, let the man BREAK!
[Interlude]
"There is no in-between - you are either free or you're a slave
There's no such thing as second-cla** citizenship."
"The only politics in this country that's relevant to black people
Today is the politics of revolution. None other."

[Verse 2]
Which brings us to the next move
It's a simple case of show and tell or rather show and prove
Of made up gang moves and foolish fairy tales
Said by sissies, to snatch the record sales
So when you see me just say I told ya
My rhymes'll hold ya and mold ya to soldiers
And train your brains with the pride and the insight
To do what's right, yo black, it's yo' life!
Once upon a time called now we start this
A chosen one came forth from the darkness
To lead the lost for the cost of a beat tape
And make the blind see straight 'fore it's too late
I can't wait time's quickly runnin out
Call to arms, revolution's in the house
Unforgettable the words of wisdom
Brought to life by the ten point system
One: Freedom and power to determine our destiny
Two: Full employment for the black community
Three: Fight the capitalist with a raised fist
B-U-Y Black and stack awareness
Four: Decent housing for the shelter of human beings
Five: Education and truth for the black youth
Six: All black men exempt from military service
Hear my words and get nervous
Seven: A quick end to police brutality
Death of blacks at the hands of the P.D
Eight: Release of all black men who are held in prison;
Guilty 'fore proven innocent

Nine: Black juries when our brothers are tried in court
And in addition to all his we want
Ten: Land bread and housing and education
Clothing justice and peace for the black nation

› Wretched

[Paris]
Again I start this, but I'll add a new twist
So the ma**es can't resist
The message brought by a Panther strictly
To relieve the disease of the sickly
So long your mind's been trapped
Slave, cause you're shamed to be black
Ignorant of the purpose of the
Plan to keep the black man down under
So I'll address y'all this time
Make a statement that's on my mind
Brothers scared of revolution should be
Thinkin of the way that we could be
Miss blue eyes, how'd you do that?
Tried to put him in but the skin is still black
Thinkin of a way to escape the darkness
See the weave and indeed I start this - off!

"Black is black is black is black" - off!
"Black is black is black is black"

[Paris]
S-E-D-I-T-I-O-N
In the mood of the move I'm showin
See the way the cliches have been torn
Cold spittin facts to the miracle earth born
So what's your next move, black?
Go to school or maybe join a frat
Still you seem lost, the mind is brainwashed
It can't be good cause your mind's the cost
So flip on your Young MC
Or Jazzy Jeff or whatever the case be
Mindless music for the ma**es makes ya
Think less of the one that hates ya
Then trained to respect the game
And you turn your back on a black with the same claim
Oh blessed but you guess they mean less
Because another brother can't afford to dress
The way you do but who said you're all that?
Made a little money now your skin ain't black?

C'mon I don't think your sh*t don't stink
You can't run from the one whose primal instinct
Is to fought the words I taught ya
Thought you moved quick but I just caught ya
Now you try to say that you don't remember me
I'm P-Dog from the B.P. posse
Or a mob, that's known as Scarface
Pro-black, and some think pro-hate
But in fact it's a call for unity
Heed the plea of weak we're soon to be
Move, start this..
"Black is black is black is black"
Enter, the darkside..
"Black is black is black is black"
DJ..
Yeah.. funky..
Dance..

[Paris]
Now who did you think that you were steppin to
Once your job came through
Don't get big cause I caught your accent
Shoulda been real but you wanted ma** appeal
Next time you might think of this
Might remember why I'm above this
But for now my brother I'll say
Peace on the positive tip there's a new way

- Break the Grip of Shame (The Final Call)

[Verse 1]
Enter into a new realm, a new dimension
Pay close attention
And witness knowledge born on the microphone
For the people that I call my own
Remember back when good rap was just a cool dance hit
Even though it wasn't saying (sh*t)
Well them days is gone I don't play that
Pick the punk and I'll say like wack
Stick with the sick style for the serious
Hip-Hop lovers can't get enough of this
Black tracks on wax are so smooth
You can't get help but the thought to move
This is a call and a plea for unity
Black is back uplift and be free
Keep pushin, our movement moves on.. so strong, now

[Verse 2]
With a raised fist I resist
I don't burn, so don't you dare riff
Or step to me, I'm strong and black and proud
And for the (bullsh*t) I ain't down
Life in the city's already rough enough
Without some young sucka runnin up
You don't know me, so don't step
I roll to the right and then bust your lip
Paris is my name, I don't sleep
I drop science, and keep the peace
Here to bust this for better justice
Another dope Scarface release
This is a serious style for the gifted
Pro-black radical rap's uplifting
Still growing, the power's so strong
You can't stop it, now
[Interlude]
"We declare our right on this earth to be a man, to be a human being, to be respected as a human being, to be given the rights of a human being in this society, on this earth, in this day, which we intend to bring into existence by any means necessary."

[Verse 3]

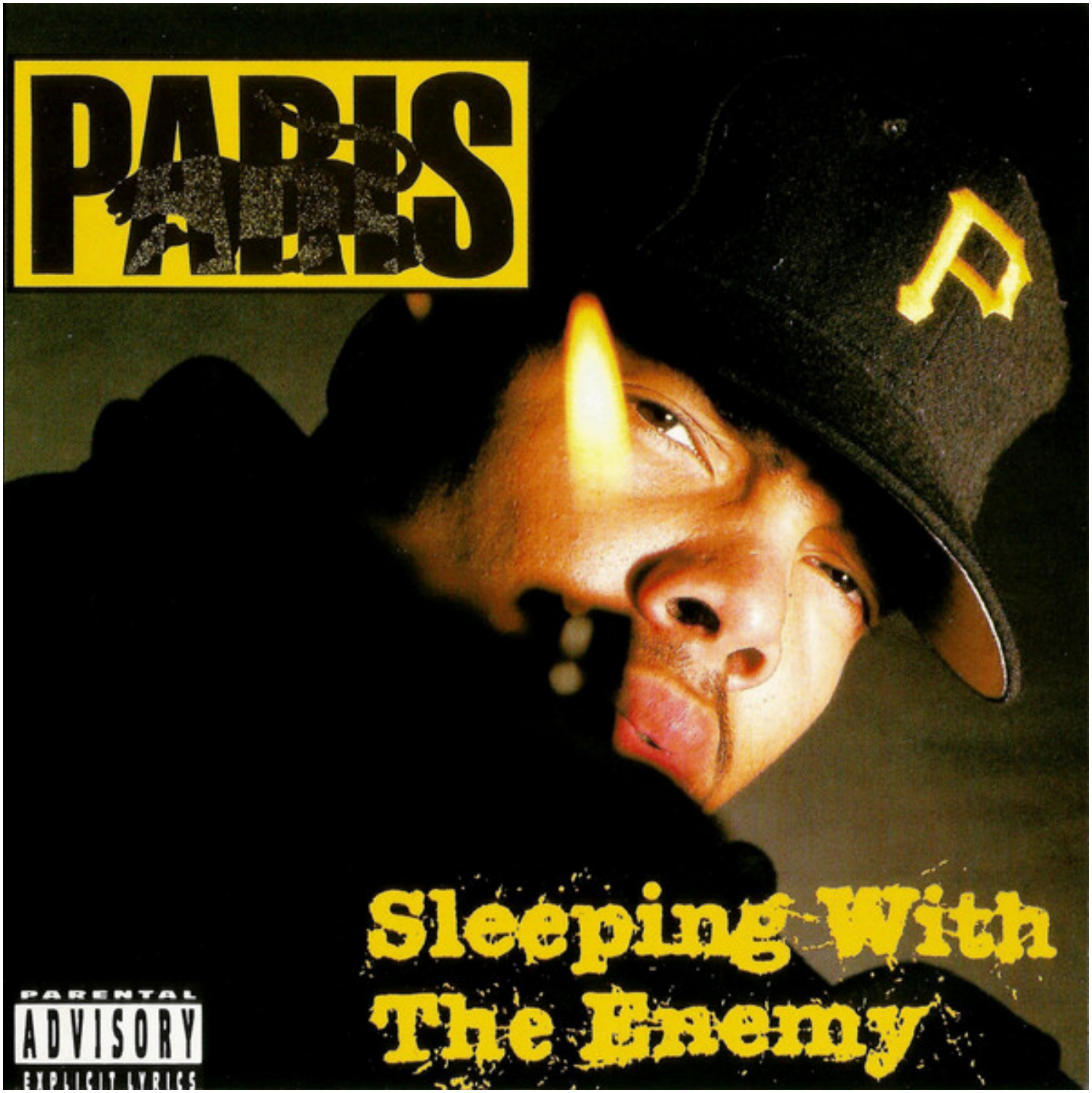
Alright, let's start some mo' (sh*t)
Straight up on the movement tip
With forces strong as Allah's my third eye
Black is back and P-Dog'll never die
Who said that you can't do this
Can't be wise or be for the movement
Games I won't have so don't you play none
You'll see why when I'm gone
Skinheads end up dead cause I don't play
Brothers swarm under the form of Scarface
Round up, roll out, we'll roll em up like Rolo's
I stomp sixteen solo
Straight for the jugular, hope that I don't
Swarm and bust a cap by night so
You just keep your place cause I won't stop
I'll keep pushin that movement rock when I

- The Hate That Hate Made (Power of God mix)

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]
June Sixth in the time of six o’clock
Hot summer night in the city of hard knocks
Two black brothers took a walk in the Southside
Could’ve been any brother lookin' for a dope ride
Seein’ a white girl wasn’t in the plan
But the plan had plans of it’s own for a brother man
A bad case of the right place at the right time
Makes you just ask, "Why?"
I guess you suppose you know what a n***a do
To a female that was meant for you
Jealous cause your girlfriend screwin’ a black man
So you bust caps on an innocent bystand
But I guess we all look the same
A goddamned shame you don’t know my name
Musta just been too black so the payback
Fit the ID for someone like me
But you see I don’t think like you do
I come much sicker with the retribute
Rollin twenty-five deep, troop down in a parking lot
Ready movin’ steady when I bust your spot, huh
You dumb motherf**kers just don’t know me
You don’t control me, so leave me lonely
Step and be prone to a cap to the dome
I don’t quit (gunshot) when I start tearin’ up sh*t
This is a Scarface set and no snakes allowed
Keep the pace ready set brothers rollin’ out
Packin’ a Mac-10, strapped and capped him
Now who’s to blame, for the hate that hate made?
[Verse 2]
Warned once before, avoid the hardcore
Vigilante punk-police encore anthem
Just made by the panther noir
Step aside 'cause my rhythm’s the guide and I go far
Introduced, let loose to the public
Stepped to this but ya missed and I bust quick
With rounds of rapid fire, sharper than barbed wire
Shouldn’ta done this, so now I’m run sh*t, huh

P-Dog, original Earth-born
Cream and I mean I’m mean 'cause I’ve been torn
Apart since youth, no truth in Babylon
'Scuse me, USA, but I ain’t wrong
So you say blue eyes and slim hips are hip
'Cause blondes have more fun n’ sh*t
But I guess I just must be the black sheep
Or better yet white sheep, beauty’s skin deep
So make way for the good gut with the black hat
My first two words was "F**k That"
Ain’t light enough so you think I don’t know
But this ain’t no, gorilla sideshow
But then maybe it is when it’s spelled with a U-E
Instead of an O 'cause I Boozee
Down at point-blank range when ya think that
The black was with that inferior format
So I spit, fold the grits and stay paid
And I won’t stray from the path Allah laid
F**kin’ up because I ain’t no slave
I just say, it’s the Hate That Hate Made


PARIS
Sleeping With
The Enemy
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

- The Enema (Live At The White House)

[Produced by Paris]

[Skit 1]
"Ready to do this?"
"You all ready?"
"Ready now"
"No, no, ain't gon' be no ready"
"What about gon' get be on now?"
"Hold up"
"Turn the mothaf**ker off"
"Yeah, we got this"
"We got it anyway"

[President George H.W. Bush]
"This is crack cocaine, seized a few days ago by drug enforcement agents at a park just across the street from the White House. It could have easily been heroin or PCP. This is innocent-looking as candy."

[Skit 2]
"It's him, it's him, go!"
"Over there, over there! Here ya go"
"Go, go, go go, go!"
"Go left side, go left side!"
"Come on, let's go!"
"Let's go, let's go!"
"We want to thank you for this time..."
"Me and you, motherf**ker!"

Make Way for a Panther

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]
"Boom, boom, boom, now sh*t is equalized"
"Less-less-less you don't give a f**k to be free"
"Paris is my name, Paris is my name"
"First motherf**ker steps up, gets shot"
"Who's to blame? Who's to blame?"
"Little fat policeman..."
"I roll to the right and..."
(gunshots)

[Verse 1]
From the depths of hell, it was felt from all the fire and pain
As they rained on the brains of black men
Culture banned as they planned it but never thought
That they would get caught, let alone by a black man
Take and rape, shape your brain and claim
That what's ours is theirs, so you fear the white race
And hate and never think about the fact we built it all
Got you thinking all the black can do is crawl
So you lose when you chose to be duped
No truth from Bush and Duke play the flute
I shoot, cause I ain't never gave a f**k about a skunk
But some brothers want to go out like a punk
Now they fake, fade creams and contacts
Used to be black, start scheming and kinda acting
And ax the false facts that back the genocide
It ain't no wonder the strong black man's died
[Hook]
Make way for a panther, right?
Make way for a panther, right?
Make way for a panther, right?
Make way for a panther, yeah
Make way for a panther, right?
Make way for a panther, right?
Make way for a panther, right?
Make way for a panther

[Interlude]

Yeah, uh
Damn, catch a nosebleed

[Outro]
"The revolution can't survive if the revolutionary is killed. So the revolutionary has to be wise to avoid the killing fields. Not for the sake that he wants to live, but that the revolution may live and thrive, so revolutionaries have to be wise. Not only courageous, but wise."

- Sleeping With the Enemy

[Verse 1]
Come, I'm P-Dog, with the sh*t
That stick, now I'm fin' to get scandalous
Huh, and tell y'all about a brain disease
A act up it's a shame disease
N***a please, you still don't act right up
Wait a minute, let me get my facts right
When I say that we all don't act the same
Just a handful wanna salt the game
So I gotta roll deep
Check your grip and don't smile, hard as concrete
Damn shame but it's like that
Cause some got hardheads like bricks that don't crack
Raised up on TV
Fast food and fast times, do or die G
Without nothin' to lose but a war
And here life don't mean sh*t to die for

[Hook + scratching]
"Every brother ain't a brother"
C'mon, yeah
"Every brother ain't a brother"
B'le dat!
"Every brother ain't a brother"
Sellin your soul, don't sell your soul man, yo
"Every brother ain't a brother"
"You got my back and I got yours"
[Verse 2]
The reporter looked just like me or you
But that don't mean the man was cool
He understood when I said that it was death to integrate
Cause integrate means a**imilate (word!)
But the media, hate the youth
Love to spread lies and distort the truth
They say the pen is stronger than the sword
But the sword'll give any house n***a his just reward
So let the beat just roll on, huh
While the weak get told on
I'm P-Dog, tellin you the actual fact
Is just cause the skin is black don't mean sh*t!

It ain't about us comin up
To them, it's about us gunnin up
It's a shame but no strain on the brain to see
It's plain, some, are sleeping with the enemy

[Interlude]
C'mon! Yeah, yeah!

[Verse 3]
Boom, another knocked out, what's it all about
Gotta give a shout to the few that's never sellin out
P-Dog, I never slip or slide, I never float along
As long as in control I know I'm born to be a martyr
Huh, and I'ma keep on rappin with
The facts, that I keep on smashin sh*t
No props cause it doesn't really matter bout the color of the cop
And now I hate police so I won't stop
See the punk b*t*h get mad, huh
I ain't the one for a toe tag
You best believe when you see me on the street
I be a motherf**ker ready for the static with a Glock automatic
So let me tell you why I hate pigs
The black gestapo, ultimate house n***a
Simply because a brother wantin to be with a plan
That wanna kill off and cage the black man
Ain't never runnin from the U.S.A
Punk, land of the weak, freak, home of the slave
And I ain't goin to Clarence cause the appearance is clear to me
Some punks, are sleepin with the enemy

House Niggas Bleed Too

[Intro]
What's wrong with havin it good for a change?
Now they're gonna let us have it good if we just help 'em
They're gonna leave us alone, let us make some money
You can have a little taste of that good life too
Now I know you want it - hell everybody does
You'd do it to your own kind
What's the threat? We all sell out every day
Might as well be on the winning team!
{*footsteps, three gunshots*}

[Paris]
Aww yeah
One for the crabs, cutthroats that blast and backstab
Quick to sell you short for a motherf**kin dollar
This one's for y'all

[Verse 1]
Here come a funky ditty from the one that make ya move
Doin the work in soldier field 'til ain't none left to do
Kickin the knowledge for the people just like me and you
And I'ma keep on runnin until the sh*t is through
This one is for the sissy n***as livin in the house
Y'all know the kind of ones that jump when ma**a call 'em out
They kinda tricky can't be trusted cause they run they mouth
And when some sh*t start up it's always them that ain't around
This is a warnin for the few I knew like Ed and Vern
You might get cheated when you meet 'em but I hope y'all learn
That every motherf**ker don't know how to wait his turn
And every brother ain't a brother and you might get burned
A little knowledge from a scholar so you know the part
My name is Paris and I kicks it to ya from the heart
Thought I forgot ya but I caught ya punk I thought ya knew
House n***as bleed too, sh*t ain't through
[Outro]
Whattup Paul Mack? Haha

Bush Killa

[Intro]
30 seconds of Bush news snippets
"I understand that time is running out"
"Ooooh look, it's the president! Hey Mr. President!"
"Okay, there he go. Easy, easy, don't lose sight, wait
Two, three and...NOW!"
(gunshots, screaming)

[Verse 1]
Here I go, an angry brother finna make his move
But can I buck him in the city so I never lose?
See I'm a get him the crowd with a couple heavies
And lay the barrel to the ground, hold the gat steady
And now I'm ready for my adversary, talk is cheap
I'm looking for a way to make a plan and keep it neat
And check it out and make around and pick a rooftop
And get a spot where the view's hot, set up shop
Cause all I wanna see is motherf**king brains hanging
Another level when it's me and Devils gangbanging
So don't be telling me to get the nonviolent spirit
Cause when I'm violent is the only time the devils hear it
Rat-tat-tat goes the gat to his devil's face
I hope he think about how he done us when he lay to waste
And get the feeling of the peeling from the other side
From guns given to my people from my own kind
So get with Ollie cause I'm probably finna make you mad
I'm steady waiting for the day I get to see his a**
And give him two from the barrel of a black guerrilla
And that's real from the motherf**king Bush Killa
[Interlude]
(laughter)
"I understand that time is running out"

[Verse 2]
Now who is able to make war with the beast?
It starts with "P"
Trumpets sound when I push the program
And set my sight on a serpent man
Swinging the sword of the righteous
Make devils drop and they just can't spite this

Genocide and the minds of men make
Brothers like me fill up with hate
I smell a skunk in the air
Cause your program still ain't fair
So who you wanna blame for the Hate That Hate Made?
When P let off and pigs get sprayed
Y'all wanna kill off the black man?
But I know your master plan
So we'll see who stops the black guerrilla
P Dog the Bush Killa

It's P Dog the Bush Killa

[Verse 3]
Tolerance is getting thinner
Cause Iraq never called me n***a
So what I wanna go off and fight a war for?
You best believe I got your draft card
So bad to hate somebody else
But much worse to hate yourself
Wise up to the mentacide of the devil
Why must black folk be made to die?
Keeping 'em on and on
Keeping ya on and on
Now my brother down south said "F**k the Police"
I'm saying "No Justice, No Peace"
So why'd you stick 'em like that?
Cause everybody want to get the black
But we'll see who stop the black guerrilla
P Dog the Bush Killa
[Interlude]
"He's been shot!"
"The president is dead"
Yeah, it's P Dog the Bush Killa
"Nobody move, just stay where you are"

[Verse 4]
So where's he at?
I just might wait for his motherf**king a** on a rooftop next tour
Buck his dome cause I'm known to play for keeps
Lay low to the flow and keep it neat
And send his a** home belly up

Should've listened to the facts that the black's been telling ya
It's no surprise that a brother's got wise
Now rat-tat-tat-tat, it's an eye for an eye
Now I'm in it, got to die before we see
That motherf**kers don't give a damn for you or me
So wear a vest on your chest and the rest stand still
For P Dog the Bush Killa

- Coffee, Donuts, and Death

12:15, lay real low at night
Creep in a jeep hit the corner tight
Finna go clip they wings
But gotta keep it neat and clean
One-time [blam] make it so they momma cry
Y'all shoulda eased up when I told you last time
But now I gotta do it the hard way
P-A-Y-back day
Then we see 'em, the black and white on sixth street
Cut a left in the lot of Mickey D's
And pulled up to the window
Ssshhh! Big Yon creeped on him real slow
He could see when he looked at me
That a brother wasn't thinkin' 'bout sh*t but the payback
Rollin' with a panther, trained well
No need for the hollerin' - f**k jail
Only two gats in the ride
But the black still had, the element of surprise
Now I'm aimin' straight for the dome
'Cause I'm thinkin' about my homey's moms alone
Cryin' cause her baby's dead man
This pig finna kiss the lead man
As an example so all the blue coats know
You get poached when you f**k with black folk
Said it 'til my voice was hoarse
I ain't down with excessive force
But of course I wasn't heard so I'm silent now
Black folk can't be non-violent now
I'd rather just lay you down, spray you down
'Til justice come around
Cause without it there'll be no peace
The only motherf**kin' pig that I eat is police
Do it like Che said, so it work
Stampede, retreat in guerrilla spurts
And see that ya caps are peeled like potatoes
'Cause this is a war and pigs hate us
If ya don't think so ask Nina G
Cause she was raped two times by OPD
By a motherf**king pig named Riley
So when I pinch I don't flinch or smile, see

I just laid low for the night to come
Rounded up the click, to straight drop the bomb
And got with K-Cloud for the throwaways
Went far, rented a car, and took off the plates
And came back through to the place where
Everybody knew that they was gonna show they face at
Stepped up, crept up, as I held my breath
And then I squeezed, coffee, donuts, and...
[Blam blam blam, blam, blam]
[Officer down, we need backup, there's an office down here
Oh sh*t!]
...death

Thinka ’Bout It

[Produced by Paris]

Yeah! Another funky song for your mind in the nine-two
And the nine-three, P-Dog in the motherf**kin' house!
Bout to get it started
Bout to get it started, live and direct from the underground
Still sayin' what I wanna say, and I ain't gon' never change

[Verse 1]
Oh what a shame, the way that we're dyin' up
Killin' ourselves with no help from the other one
Only thought, was how the hell to get your money on
Livin' in fear cause you're livin' in a war zone
So much funk, jump off from a wrong look
Make a wrong move one time and your life's took
Just the way it is when you're livin' in the city
The way we dyin' off is a motherf**kin' pity
Extra, extra, read all about it
Another one dead, he seen a bullet and he caught it
How many gotta fall off victim to the game
Or being a ho, to the cocaine thang
Makin' a rush up, to keep 'em comin' back again
You oughta know by now it ain't no love for African
People stay enslaved to the ways of America I'm scarin' ya
But I ain't goin' out like that, so think about it now
[Hook]
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Yeah, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Uhh, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"

[Verse 2]
People keep comin' up, askin' the news

They wanna know, why I do what I do
It's really kinda simple, so don't be amazed
It ain't no secret it's the way I was raised
Got much props from my pops cause he never stops
Bein' a father to his child, he cared a lot
Raised me up, and told me like this:
You better stand up for yours or be dissed
Be a man, and do for yourself
Better love your own befo' anyone else
It ain't nothin' in the big city but a small thang
To see a brother straight fall victim to the game
Somethin' that I roll with straight from the start
In a city where a fool and his money soon part
Where brothers might die over anything at all
I can't call it but I know you better watch your step
And think about it now
[Interlude]
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Ay n***a what you need?"
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"I got five ten, what?"
"Yeah five ten fifteen twenty. I heard they got fifty."
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Ay n***a what? Ay n***a where you from?"
"Get that motherf**ker! Get that ol' n***a!"
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
(*gun shots*, *police siren*)
"Move man! Move!"
"Freeze motherf**ker freeze! Get your god damn hands in the air!"
"Oh sh*t! Oh sh*t! Oh sh*t. Oh sh*t. Oh Sh*t."
"The jury, having found you guilty, twenty-five years."
(*jail cell door slams shut*)

[Verse 3]
And now there's one last thing, I think we need to talk about
It might save your life and you die if you do without
Pokin in the puddin mean you better wrap tight
Tragic to Magic my soap in your eye
And now you better straighten up, and straighten up fast
Relyin on the guts and the luck of the last
Cause the fool was in with the skins shoulda never been
In with the skins no cap for the lap get waxed

Now, who growin up next?
Ready for the sex better check with the latex
So many trapped and set for the funk
Who take they life for a joke so I say wait a minute
Genocide from the suicide of dippin inside
Everybody die when the legs spread ride
Gave to the sons of the slave and it's man-made
AIDS and you're off to your grave, think about it now
[Hook]
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Uhh, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Yeah, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
One time for your mind, think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Uh, yeah
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
P-Dog
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
For the nine-two, and the nine-three
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"
Think about it
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
"Young brothers just don't realize"

- Guerrillas in the Mist

[Intro]
"Damn. Forgot to do somethin', let me see...uh
Oh, yeah—it ain't over, mother..."
"KFLB news time 4:36. (part two, part two)
In the top story of the hour, the largest single law enforcement
(part two, part two) operation in California history is
Currently underway. (part two, part two)
The police in five Southern counties are engaged in a ma**ive battle...(part two, part two)"

[Verse 1]
P-Dog, back to break 'em off somethin'
And never frontin' when the rhyme keep comin'
Not lotto but I'm in it to win it and never lose
Never singin' but swingin' and bringin' nothin' but bad news
And I'm madder than a motherf**ker
Won't slip and the record won't skip, better get hip
Finna pop, but I ain't Pop
How many cops gotta drop when the gat wreck shop
P-Dog comin' up on another level
No hope for the black folk, f**k a devil
It ain't nothin' but a skanless-a** trap
To keep motherf**kers broke and smokin' crack
So I'm grippin' on the clip and finsta move
Another n***a on the trigger with nothin' to lose
You better duck when the gat buck b*t*h
'Cause the funk is on and Young Mark gimme some of that
[Hook + Scratching]
(scratching) Yeah, pa** the match!
(scratching) Pa** the match!
(scratching) Yeah

[Verse 2]
Ain't nothin' changed, still anti-pig
Still anti-drug dealer and anti-house n***a
From bein' broke in slavery
And if the skin is brown they only want you to stay down
I see the community need work
Black power mean mo' than a t-shirt
All I'm tryin to do is be sure
That the young black youth stay true to the format

And see the plan to kill the man
And understand, it ain't sh*t for life to end
Look at the Oaktown murder rate
We need mo' than a panel to set it straight
The next time somebody asks why
A motherf**ker sit still while the black keep dyin'?
I'ma do Elihu and make you see you can't
Bullsh*t around with the people's fate
And that's why we hate ourselves
Sleepin' with the enemy, you're bound to catch hell
They ain't never been down with our side
So f**k Schlitz, Olde E and St. Ide's
You better hear the word when I warn ya
Now it seem like the whole world's Arizona
One for Rodney and Latasha and Tawana, boy, ya better check ya list
For guerrillas in the mist
[Interlude]
Alright y'all, get ready for roll call
We got the gats, we got the masks, we got the gloves
The van's packed, and motherf**kers is ready to roll!
Uh-uh, wait a minute motherf**ker
You better go on with that old trick sh*t
'Cause in the 90's, n***as ain't havin it
So you best just learn to deal and get the F**K out!

[Verse 3]
White supremacy ain't never been a friend of me
You better check it when I wreck it 'cause it's gettin' deep
And get ready for the funk when the pot boil
With a dry rag, kerosene, and motor oil
Now the Aryan is scary and I'm runnin' up
Fat Tom better duck when he try his luck
'Cause I'ma see that he suck on a tech-9
Or fifteen to his dome'll be fine
Or maybe I'll just tar and feather ya
And castrate ya 'cause I hate a devil too
Rape your women up and then I'll rape your mind
Think about it it's an eye for an eye
And now it's fittin' that I'm spittin' on America
A black man with a plan and I'm scarin' ya
It ain't a threat but a promise out to each
In L.A., Forsythe, and Howard Beach

Duck down when the clip from the tech pop
You can't f**k with the sound when the needle drop
So don't speak when I plans to wreck the house
You can't win when the truth is spoken out
A real case of a brother you love to hate
Can't be roughed up or hushed or set straight
You better know me on the Mike McGee tip
And grab another clip, for guerrillas in the mist

The Days of Old

[Verse 1]
Reminiscin' back when I was only a child
Back in the days of livin' carefree lifestyles
As long as we wasn't caught, bein' bad was cool
And we were never at a loss for something to get into
Children in the neighbourhood, down at the park
Sunny days when we played at the old schoolyard
Where kickin' it live was a familiar scene
Kenny M. and Big Gene know what I mean
But nowadays, it seems life just ain't the same
Everybody's involved in the game or a gang
And when we die, it seem like nobody cares
It ain't no love in they cold-hearted stares
Thinkin' of payback or makin' a hit
Now Cowboys and Indians become real-life sh*t
And life means nothin' when the heart is cold
It ain't the same as the days of old

[Interlude]
Yeah
It ain't the same as the days of old

[Verse 2]
It's a unity thing, much love for my people here
But what good is love if the people don't really care?
The triggers are cold at the O.K. Corral
But it ain't okay when my people live foul
Another sad case of the black-on-black
It's a fact, some of our people don't know how to act
Can't go to the club, can't to the store
Can't chill with your girl, can't go to the show
Can't do anything without some fool actin' up
You start to believe that black folk are savage but
Before you do, allow me to say
That in the old days we didn't act that way, see
Kings and Queens were the names of the righteous
But the sons of slaves are insane and we might just
Self-destruct and erupt without a chance to grow
This ain't the days of old
[Interlude]

Damn
This ain't the days of old
I don't know
C'mon

[Sound bite of George H.W. Bush]
There is no match for a united America, a determined America, an angry America...
Our outrage against the ploy unites us, brings us together behind this one plan of action, an a**ault on every front
(Better wake up)

[Verse 3]
So I say, what will it take before we change up?
Some more of us dead, or more of us locked up?
Or maybe even more of us will blame the white man
Before we understand now the problem's not him
What I'm tellin' ya is actual fact
I'm ain't pro-human 'cause all humans ain't pro-Black
Remember in your mind that there still exists
A plan to bring down a black fist
See the struggle is uphill, life's at a standstill
Jack popped Jill, now he don't act real
And every livin' moment got her singin' the blues
Her sole provider can't afford the baby's shoes
That's the cycle so many of us go through
America's black holocaust continues
And I just hope we wake up soon before we fold
I miss the days of old
[Interlude]
Damn
I miss the days of old
Listen
It ain't the same as the days of old

Conspiracy of Silence

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: L.P.]
Convicts, as I bring you this one
Check out the force of what the power of the clenched fist done
They call us n***ers, then n***as
B*t*hes then b*t*hes, we take it but doesn't fit us
If we could just collaborate, eliminate the force matters
Bring the truth to what the devils stars scatter
'Cause brains don't functions for justice
Amongst the brothers, so I carry the circ*mference
I see a shady n***a, but I know he can't he hide
Knife in his sweaty palms, tryna stab my backside
Kicks the positracks with backs from Mother Terrace
With Funkdoobiest Sun and brother Paris
State of emergency calls to get rid of this
The n***as who be flipping at just how severe it is
But if I get some cup, I'll put them in a slump with chumps
'Cause they splatter on a tree stump

[Hook]
Rat-a-tat-tat from my gat
Swing, swing, swing with my baseball bat
N***as be trippin', but they know I'm not high
I'm living in the city where its do or die
[Verse 2: Paris]
Yes its the G, the-U-E-double R-I-double L-A
Back in the clip tight for L.A
Or any other black neighborhood because its fittin'
P-Dog with a new plan for us to hit 'em
Or where the n***as that be talking that gangsta sh*t
They runnin' b*t*h when its time to make the hit
So scared of whitey motherf**ker, should be ashamed
See house n***as never change, they still the same
But thats cool, because it don't take but a few
To troop on a swoop on the make a move on the boys in blue
I'm ain't the one who gotta walk on a beat ya b*t*h
But I'm the one whose trigger finger is starting to itch
So I might start waiting for the nightfall
When time is right, I'll commence to sniping y'all

And be sure piggies drop like drawers on the floor tonight
Because the motherf**king war is on

[Hook]
Rat-a-tat-tat from my gat
Swing, swing, swing with my baseball bat
N***as be trippin', but they know I'm not high
I'm living in the city where its do or die
So come on, and get up, get up, get up get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get, get down
[Interlude]
"We as Black people must examine America, as a resources of America. Will those in power use those resources that America has to correct the ill-mannered behavior that she's casted upon Black people for the past four-hundred and thirty seven years? You must understand that your conspiracy of silence can be no more!"

[Verse 3: Son Doobie]
Cops be warrin' with the search warrant
To arrest a Doobie, better switch to the foreign
AK mayday because we need more backup
Is what I had them screaming, now it's time I shack up
It ain't simple but I'm bucking through the boarded up windows
But that's how the wind blows
They can never catch me, hear the dispatch G
Suspect afoot coming through like the apache
Here we go, one more time for ya a**
Kid, it doesn't really matter because you know I'm philly blastin'
Murderin', hurtin', yo it's curtains for your a**
And I'm certain you'll get played like Richard Burton
Barrels to the kneecaps, you best believe that
Boom shocker, tell me where the weeds at
So I can drop these punk a** cops
And rip shop and take the rubles because you know I got scruples

[Hook]
Rat-a-tat-tat from my gat
Swing, swing, swing with my baseball bat
N***as be trippin', but they know I'm not high
I'm living in the city where its do or die
So come on, and get up, get up, get up get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get, get down

Funky Lil' Party

Fin' ta roll to the party, still in demand
Troopin thicker than a ball team, packin the van
I was movin as a unit every brother stayin strapped
But still we got enough sense to never bust 'em too fast
And now I'm runnin a roll call, startin with D
Big Doc and Yon, K-Cloud and E
Young (?) Rich-O's, and my man A.B
I can't forget Big Gene, still keepin the peace
Rollin stone still rollin on our way to the club
Every spot that we step into showin nuttin but love
Never payin to play and never waitin in line
But never lookin to start sh*t, but just a good time
And as we step into the place, you know the party is FAT
Females wall to wall, got us all back to back
Rollin thicker than b***er, y'know the crew never lose
And some fools is jealous, cause the women is choosin'
I see hard stares and the glares from the young bucks
The stank of the dank could make a elephant knees buck
I'm makin my way to the bar for some juice
When the move was interrupted by two twins
And they friends sportin body suits
They said whattup, I said whattup, and they broke it down
They said they want to do the oochie coochie and spread it 'round
I stepped back, and had to think a minute cause damn G
If you'da seen what I was seein you woulda felt weak
But I thought fast, yo black I had to pa**
I hate it when I see my sister movin too fast
I know you need some knowledge of self for your young a**
Cause hoein only get your kids AIDS or crabs
But then, the funk start jumpin on the other side
Some brothers in the corner start to havin a fist fight
Gats pop, blacks drop, the party became a riot
And all because some n***as didn't know how to act right
The fact is that it wasn't rap to blame
It's a shame that just a few can mess it up for the whole scene
But I said it once, and I'mma say it again
We better learn to love each other 'fore we all drop dead
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all
I'm tryin to wake the black with mack raps y'all
It's alright y'all, so don't fight y'all

I'm tryin to keep us from killin up every night y'all

And just live..

"check the music playin" -] sample repeats to fade

- Check it Out Ch’all

[Intro]
That sh*t hittin
Ah yes yes y'all
(Naw naw man, naw man that ain't it, that ain't it. Do that other sh*t, that other sh*t)

[Verse 1]
Check it out ch'all, here we go again another one
From the man known to run a record wreck and take a stand
P-Dog, kickin over breaks that make ya wanna move
It's like that when the black cat get in tune
And now you bustin’ smiles when styles are ripped
So many of 'em ya discover most speakers are split
It's kinda like a little lesson in stressin’ the facts
And still be kickin’ so know where you at, black
Listen up to the groove of the cut
Feel the funk when the ba** hump, tryin to get e n***y Ônuff
And feel it hittin'' when the speakers jigglin’ like Jello
With just enough of that good funky sh*t to keep it mellow
Never fadin' or stayin' on course
The only sellin’ out I'm doin' is sellin’ out tours
Somethin for your ear, comin’ loud and clear
It's the voice you fear, if your sh*t ain't real
Keep it comin’ one time for your mind on the mic
It's the panther, kickin over breaks you dance to
And doin'' devils dirty lickin’ lyrics to break beats
While buildin’ so the children always know where they at, G
[Hook]
Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out

[Verse 2]
Check it out ch'all, here I come again with verse two
With the knowledge of myself I got another one from me to you
With perk tracks movin’ smoother than machinery
It's plain to see I'm finna be another brother catchin’ heat
I take a stand cause Amerikkka ain't sh*t to me
And bring ya knowledge of the way it is supposed to be
And knock you devils out the box like a mule kick

Comin’ up with the sh*t the tricky skunks can't f**k with
Rap is rhythm and poetry I thought you knew it
But who would have ever thought that we would use it the way we be usin’ it?
Spittin’ facts to my peers and your fear is showin’
Cause now the black is knowin' things you thought we shouldn't know and
Gettin ready for a power move
Yes yes y'all, ready for the motherf**kin’ show and prove
So pack a lunch when the bunch roll, cause we're goin’
For the gold but I never sold my soul for it

[Hook]
Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out
[Verse 3]
Now - whose freedom of speech if I can't reach each
There's no support when you're black and you're goin’ for yours
Yeah, that's alright
As long as n***as killin n***as makin money is nothin’ for whites
That's the way they wanna play and now I know they fear it
Where the hell was little Ollie all them other years?
Blacks was dyin’ in the movies and in other records
I see the racist motherf**ka never said nothin’
But that's the way it is when I run it
I make the funky tracks to keep my people up on it
Well known and prone to break a bone let's get it on
I'm showin' you the facts on wax 'til your mind is grown
Huh, and still sayin’ what I wanna say
I won't slip still sayin’ what I wanna say
I won't slip still sayin’ what I wanna say
I'm P-Dog and I'm always gonna make it plain

[Hook]
Huh, so check it out ch'all, check it out
Check it out ch'all, check check check it out
Check it out ch'all, check check check it out
Check it out ch'all, check check check it out
Motherf**kin’ right

Rise

[Skit]
Say, Black man!
Who are you? You are Asiatic
That makes you first!
Yeah, that's right
Are you ready for this war?
Why you tryin' so hard to fit in this world?
This world is not designed for your upliftment, but for your fall, brother!
Black man, respect your Black woman!
She's Asiatic, that makes her first!
She nurtures you, she suckles you rich in strength
A nation's only as strong as it's woman!
The time is now, or lay down and die, Black people!

Assata’s Song

Yeah, yeah..
One time, one time..
Goin out, goin out..
To all the sisters.. this one's for y'all..

[Verse 1]
Thinkin' of you, and how the perception came to pa**
Of a queen bein' just a piece of a**
So I ask you how that sound
That's for the sisters I missed the last time 'round
Because I can't forget what you been through
I can't forget the hardships and what you do
So I'm payin' you the ultimate respect
Because I love you and that's what you should get
And it's a shame that it comes as a surprise
From the man in the land of do or die
That the word could ever reach and educate
It ain't nothin' but a style to set it straight
And I'm raised right so ladies still first
But smooth with the groove for the fools that doubt ya worth
Still thinkin' of a master plan
To protect and respect cause the fact is I love the black woman

[Interlude]

[Verse 2]
And anyway, I remember there was a time
When I would see you and try and go for mines
Push up in the guts for a month or two
Leave a stamp, break camp, y'all know the rules
And if somethin' went wrong it was yo' fault
The time was cut short and so were the phone calls
And someone would ask if I know you
Come up in my face and I would be like, "What, who?"
But then I seen that the game was ignorant
The time had come for me to break away from that
Don't you know there ain't no future in hurtin our own
It's bad enough that the trust and love are gone
So I strive for, one to provide for
And hold and take and elevate and guide for

So many people wanna destroy
But I can't, and I won't stop ever bein' true to black woman
[Interlude]

[Verse 3]
Now brothers, one last note to help us
Keep check of some are livin' life reckless
Runnin' with women who don't have respect for self
And too foul to wanna get help, huh
And sista' you don't need a man
Who cheats and mistreats and beats you bad
It's better to have nothin' than somethin' at all
And end up like a case bein' worse than a close call
So listen to the message in the song
It ain't nothin' but a way to make us strong
Quit being so quick to chase the juice
And diss us tryin to taste another's fruit
In the land of Ameri-K-K-Ka
I gotta hold my own and stay down wit'cha
Cause everybody wants to wreck
But I'mma love ya and show respect
I need ya black woman

[Interlude]

- Bush Killa (Hellraiser Mix)

"I understand that time is running out.."

[Paris]
Now who is able to make war with the beast?
It starts with P
Trumpets sound when I push the program
And set my sight on a serpent man
Swinging the sword of the righteous
Make devils drop and they just can't spite this
Genocide and the minds of men make
Brothers like me fill up with hate
I smell a skunk in the air
Cause your program still ain't fair
So who you wanna blame for "The Hate That Hate Made?"
When P let off and pigs get sprayed
Y'all wanna kill off the black man
But I know your master plan
So we'll see who stop the black guerrilla..
P-Dog the Bush Killa

{*scratching*}
Yeah, it's P-Dog the Bush Killa

[Paris]
Yeah, tolerance is gettin thinner
Cause Iraq never called me "n***a"
So what I wanna go off and fight a war for?
You best believe I got your draft card!
So bad to hate somebody else
But much worse to hate yourself
Victim to the mentacide of the devil why
Must black folk be made to die?
Keepin 'em on and on.. keepin ya on and on
Now my brother down South said, "F**k the Police"
I'm sayin, "No Justice, No Peace"
So I just stick 'em like that
Cause everybody want to get the black, huh
But we'll see who'll stop the black guerilla..
P-Dog the Bush Killa
"He's been shot!" "The president is dead"

Yeah, it's P-Dog the Bush Killa
{*scratching*}
"Oh my God!" "That man shot the president"

"Nobody moves, just stay where you are"
"Just hold it right there.."

[Paris]
Yeah, so where's he at? I might wait
For his motherf**kin a** on a rooftop next tour
Buck his dome cause I'm known to play for keeps
Lay low to the flow and keep it neat
And send his a** home belly up
Should've listened to the facts that the black's been tellin ya
It's no suprise that a brother got wise
Now rat-a-tat-tat, it's an eye for an eye
I'm in it, got to die before we see
The motherf**kers don't give a damn for you or me
So wear a vest on your chest and the rest stand still
For P-Dog the Bush Killa, yeah!

{*breakdown*}

[Paris]
Now you know, that I ain't never been a slave to the bottle
All I see on the tube is the punk black role model
The pa**ive girllike she-men
That make and dictate the lives of black men
And sometimes I wanna give up hope
Cause all they wanna do is grow up and work for white folks
Or be a pimp, drug dealer or sports star
It ain't no wonder the blacks don't go far
Now the trick is stay quick to bust sh*t
Got to be equipped so the devil can't flip
And be aware of the government plan to keep
Young black folk walkin in our sleep
F**k the games I still feel the pain
I still feel the shame cause ain't nuttin changed
I CAIN'T fade peace when the war is all around
You better run cause the lost are bein found
Choose your team, square up and take sides
But don't be punked or a skunk when the gat fire

Cause I'm the first one to let the caps go
No more vetoes of negroes
Who run scared full of fear when the devil squawk
Funk is on to the dome the Glock'll talk
And be sure that a devil is peeled
Make way for the motherf**kin Bush Killa, now!
{*laughter*}
"Things change, a majority of the people will decide where and when"
"All males to the bail tomorrow mourning for the late great black man"
"We are all going to respect the law, or pay the consequences"

{*scratching: "Hey!"*}
{"Get your punk devil a** hurt motherf.." -] Ice Cube}

{*dogs barking*}
"Let me draw a bead on his black a** and he's dead!"
{*dogs barking*}
"He's gonna make it." "Let the dogs go." "No I won't do it!"

{*guitar solo for the next couple of minutes*}
{*music eventually fades*}

Sleeping With The Enemy Liner Notes

Written, produced, arranged, and performed by Paris

* Samples by Shadow

** By Khaliq Asharri and Kif

Guitar on "Bush Killa" by Kenny M

Guest vocals on "Conspiracy of Silence" by Sun Dubious & L.P

Sax on "A**ata's Song" by Eric Bertraud

Scratches on "Coffee, Donuts, and Death" by D.J. Yon

Photography: Victor Hall

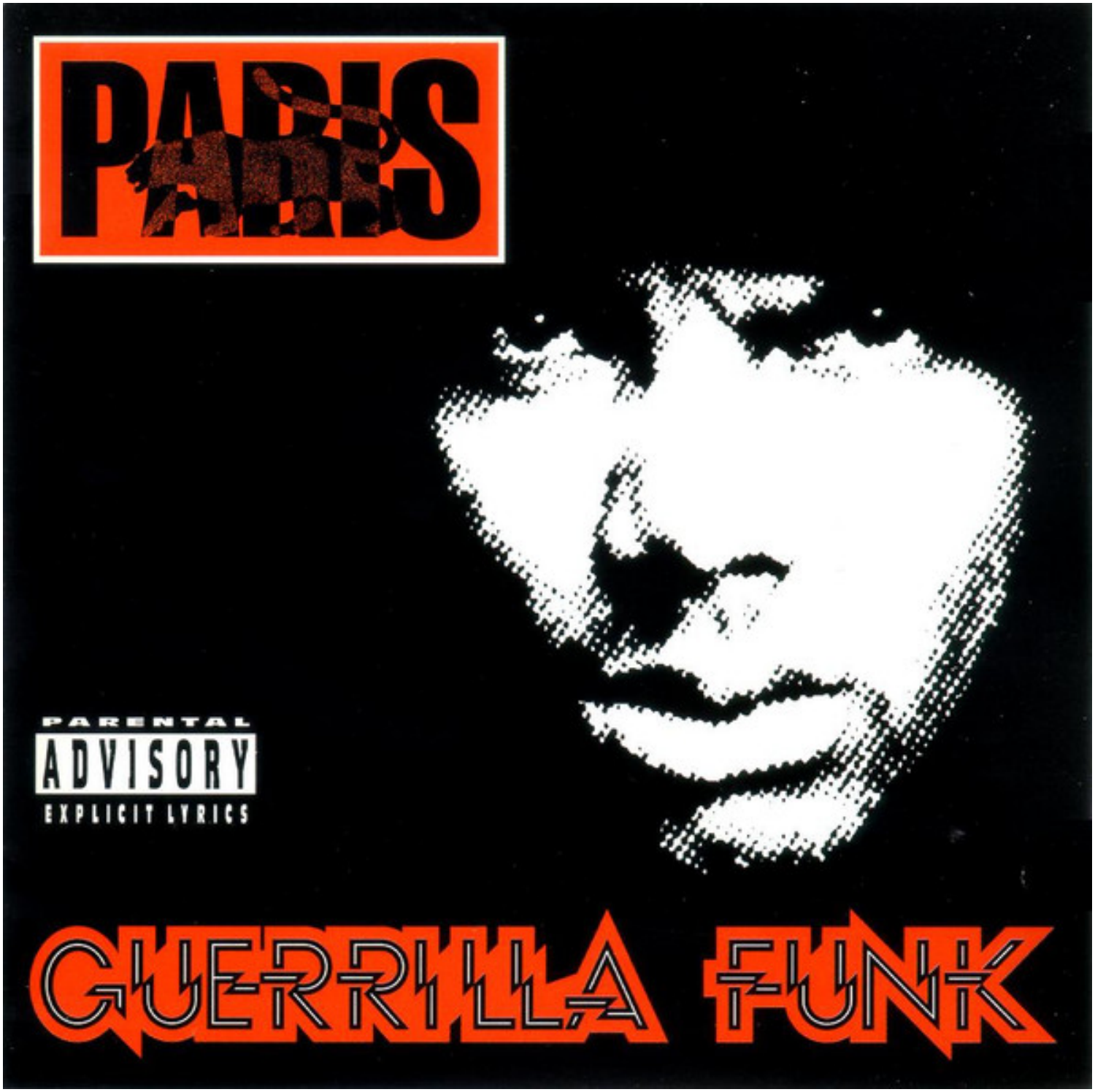
Graphics: J. Alex

Engineering and production a**istance by Mike Martin at H.O.S. Studios

Since this album was censored and rushed
I didn't have the time to get my list
Of 'thank you's' together, so I'll say "Peace"
To all those who've been supportive
All praise is due to Allah

For booking information contact:
William Morris Agency
1350 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10019 (212) 903-1316

For merchandising information send a self addressed stamped envelope and $2.00 to:
Scarface Records, 1716 Ocean Avenue, #45, S.F., CA 94112


PARIS
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS
GUERRILLA FUNK

Prelude

Yeah, 1990 mothaf**kin' four
P-Dog, back in this motherf**ker
The Black Panther of Hip-hop comin' at ya with the trunk-a-funk
What up, K-Cloud? Yeah
Shots goin' out to all them fake-a** wannabe, uh, "real n***as"
Y'all keep sellin' out, I keep bringin' the truth
West Coast funk, Guerrilla Funk
Comin' at ya straight from the Bay
And like I said, "In God I trust, so n***a do what you must"
I'm a still bring it to ya
And to ya punk-a** pigs out there, it definitely ain't over
L.A. we play comin' to your town soon, yeah
Oh, and uh, Chris Joyce, how you feel? I ain't forgot you motherf**kers
Keep your eyes on this, Scarface Records 1994
And it don't stop

It’s Real

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]
On the scene back again with the mothaf**kin' grip
Ninety-three was the year P-Dog came rippin' sh*t
Bouncin' out the belly of the beast
And still the same n***a that was hollerin', "F**k peace!"
But check it out, it's the same old thing
Cause now the year's ninety-four and ain't a damn thing changed
N***as still droppin' dead like flies
And I'm still lookin' for a way to make us rise
I emphasize that I still hate the devil (That's right!)
And I'm a mothaf**ka that'll take your a** to the next level
Straight guerrilla in the mist to the end
(Yeah, and put it in the mix again!)
Yeah, now better listen why

[Interlude]
Yeah! Right back at you once again in '94
P-Dog, righteous
Back up in you with another mothaf**kin' bomb
And we kickin' the real

[Verse 2]
So, anyway I'mma do it this time so you wanna hear
Specially designed for your mind and a soldier's ear
Cause n***as nowadays just shoot
And f**kin' with the crew will get your a** peeled like fruit
And everybody wanna be a Gee
The same sick house n***a mentality
Please, f**kin' with them fake fairytales
N***a, I don't trip cause I still kicks the realest sh*t
So please back on up, I'm lettin' off
Representin' Allah and I'm raw cause I'm God
So I hope you're listenin' what I'm kickin', it's real
(Yeah, I keep'em comin' with the sh*t you fear)
Yeah, you better check it why?
Yeah, fear no evil, fear no man...
Shouts goin' out to all those fake-a** wanna-be... gees

Just break it on down...

Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill, the hill
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again, again

[Verse 3]
So I'm still comin' on with this (Still comin' strong with sh*t)
Sh*t that'll make ya brain come up wake up
Regonize that it ain't nothin' but a thing
To see a n***a locked down, underground or in the sweep
And you ain't never gonna take me out cause I
(...roll up mothaf**kas and i'll break you down to side!)
Yeah, so keep your eyes on this, f**k what you heard
(And watch the devil get served!)

Yeah, so now you know
Scarface records, Paris
Still hittin' you with the righteous sh*t
The funky sh*t
In the name of Allah
And it ain't gonna never change
It don't stop
It don't never stop
So back your devil-a** sob off me
And let me get my field
Power, yeah!
Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill, the hill
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again, again (2x)

Yeah! Right back at you in 1994: P-Dog
Guerrillas in the mist with the black fist
And it ain't never gonna change!

One Time Fo’ Ya Mind

[Verse 1]
I'm sick of all the sh*t in '94 so I'm cappin'
F**king with them devils every time I start to rap
Listen to the man cause the man is coming right
P-Dog is in the house until them brothers see the light
But now understand I ain't concern with the bullsh*t
Cause I know the truth, I see they mothaf**kin' hoof print
Got n***as tripping off the violence and the 40 ounce
So I call my homies get my strap and go take forty out
That's the way I'm coming so you better tell a friend
B*t*h, I ain't your boy so respect me as a man
And n***as understand that I'm down for whatever
We gotta make it better brothers gotta stick together
Pay attention to the

[Hook + scratching]
P-Dog
"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"
P-Dog
"Def with the record, def with the record"
Pay attention to the
P-Dog
"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"
P-Dog
"Def with the record, def with the record"
[Verse 2]
Now house n***as on the left wanna talk sh*t
Mothaf**kin' devils on the right wanna dump a clip
Ever since I broke the grip of shame back in '89
I see tricks tripping all the time like I did a crime
Got me on the news cause they wanna hide the truth
But notice I'm a soldier and I'm coming at the youth
Black guerrilla standing for my folk and I'm proud
This one's going out to the brothers locked down (Now)
Now as long as we keep playing by your rules
I'm leaving sh*t stains on your flag till I'm through time
After time I bring them mothaf**kin' facts
I'm coming pro-Black, understand where I'm at
Take a listen to the

[Hook + scratching]

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

Take a listen to the

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

[Verse 3]

Never f**king with no dank, cut no drink y ou can keep that

Sh*t for the next n***as slangin' with a weak rap

Busta-a** bandwagon n***as wanna be the new

Gangsta of the week on the street but ain't got a clue

Damn, it's a trip how them devil-a** labels put

Everything they got in that sh*t but they never push

Anything real for the good of the community

It should be plain to see, f**kin' over you and me

So I stay true to the game cause it's on

Praise to Allah, running real for the cause

Never underestimate my enemies, but trip

On how they operate cause they wanna see me slip

As long as I'm living I keep giving you the facts

Bumpin' when I'm smugglin' in the message in the rap

So pay attention now cause I'm bound to catch a case

Them mothaf**kin' snakes wanna n***a in his place

But I keep on saying

[Hook + scratching]

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

P-Dog

"One time for your mind, Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def with the record, def with the record"

"Scarface and I thought you knew"

"Scarface and I thought you knew"

"Def-def with the record"

"Def-def with the record"

"Def with the record"

"Scarface and I thought you knew"

P-Dog

"Def-def with the record"

"Scarface and I thought you knew"

Guerrilla Funk

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]
Beatin' down your block, it's the brother with the bomb sh*t
Comin' with the sound, makin' underground bomb hits
Doin' '94, it's time for some action
I'm askin', "which one of y'all is down for the count?"
Now, still in the warzone, in '94 it's on
But I'm full grown, f**kin' with the microphone
P-Dog creepin' in the drop with the dirty eye
Still f**kin' with the man and it's kinda odd
That a n***a roll down and let the sh*t to go
Still gotta pray for the L.A., we play
Black folks still bring in to the true
But I still got love, so I'm comin' through
With a trunk full of funk that I make ya
Separate the real from the fake each and everyday
Understand it's a must that I tear sh*t up
And I still won't budge
And that's deep

[Hook]
We got that sh*t that you can feel
And ya know we're comin' real, baby
Ya know it's hidden in ya trunk
Righteous, Guerrilla Funk, baby
[Verse 2]
Right back up in ya with the mothaf**kin' dose
Of the truth and you House-n***as can't come close
To the P-R, the O, B-L-A-C-K
Still lookin' for a way to make us rise each and everyday
Brothers, listen to the sound when I bump
P-Dog, and I'm hittin' ya in ya trunk with the funk
Got that down home sh*t ya love
I never slipped chippin' with the monster bug
You know it go on and on and I won't stop
Comin' with the militant grooves that keep y'all spirits lit
Long as n***as keep dyin', I'm a keep servin'
Hip-hop 'til the bullsh*t stops
Back in the name of Allah, the one true God

Stand tall, bringin' truth to all y'all
So buck that devil and pa** me the fish sh*t
And know I never switch-hit
And that's deep

[Hook]
We got the sh*t that you can feel
And ya know we're comin' real, baby
Ya know it's hidden in ya trunk
Righteous, Guerrilla Funk, baby

[Bridge]
Take a listen to the sound, 'cause uhm
It's goin' down, baby (That's the law)
Ya know we keep it on the one
Righteous, Guerrilla Funk, baby
[Verse 3]
One more dead Black man
You can ask K-Cloud 'cause this sh*t's out of hand
All I do is see the world just stand around and watch
N***as drop like flies around the clock
But I never underestimate the fact
That America still hate Blacks, so I gotta act
Ever since I was three-fifths of a man
It was clear that somebody had to take a stand
So I strive to survive in a place
Where your worth is determined by your race, ain't that a b*t*h?
Nothin' funny from where I'm comin' from so I don't
Wear a smile 'cause I know they got me on file
Long as n***as gotta live in this f**kin hellhole
I'm a freak the motherf**kin' funk so the people know
And recognize that as long as young brothers stay 'sleep
We're born to die, sh*t, and that's deep

[Interlude]
Oh, right back once again back at ya
P-Dog, still up in ya trunk
Comin to ya straight from the anti-gangsta
I give you Guerrilla Funk

Bring It To Ya

[Intro: Paris]
Yeah
Special shout going out to all them motherf**king pigs out there
Boys in blue, ghetto Gestapo
"To serve, protect and break a n***a's neck" is how the saying goes
I'm here to speak on that
Special One, step up and let they a** know

[Verse 1: Special One, Conscious Daughters]
Friday night, me and Afro Key and The Coup
I'm celebrating cause we coming up and sh*t is moving
It's the Conscious, The Daughters, Daughters Conscious represent
East O, dipping slow, hit a right on 35th
On my way to, kick it with brother cause it's time
For me to get my feel so I'mma go for mine
But the 5-O, wanna follow me and try to break
Cause Special One is making more than piggies on the take
Should I, pull over, and hope the sh*t is cool?
Or should I mash cause I ain't no motherf**king fool?
See, Oakland California is a city where the pigs don't play
I see that sh*t everyday so I'ma bring it to ya

[Interlude]
Yeah, you better listen to exactly what's going on
(I'ma bring it to ya)
Pigs out in this motherf**ker do whatever they want, whenever they want
(So I'ma bring it to ya)
Robbing, killing, raping, you name it, they done it
(I'ma bring it to ya)
And still do that
So next time you feel like you safe in the community, think again
[Verse 2: CMG, Conscious Daughters]
Mista Policeman, or whatever you call you
You can't sweat the C 'cause I'm not that easy
Violation one, two, three, CMG in the O
Getting jacked by the po-po
Show me any cop in the community who's fair
And I'll show you some more that rather see a sister dead
So tell me, what's the reason for the jack? I talk back
Oh, now you take my money and ask me where I got it at?

CMG is just a Cash Making Girl
An artist, an artiste, so what? F**k the police
And any other cause I'm down to squab (Why is that?)
B*t*hes wanna do me cause I'm rolling with the mob
Motherf**ker

[Interlude]
Yeah
So now I got my Molotov c*cktail, fire grenades
(I'ma bring it to ya)
Muffler bombs, people's grenades, pipe bombs and sh*t
(I'ma bring it to ya)
I'm blowing locks, I got my motherf**king sling shot
(I'ma bring it to ya)
And of course you know I got the Glock 21 semi-automatic

[Verse 3: Paris]
Up from the depths of, quiet is kept a
Soldier was awakened where a n***a once slept
In the face of adversity, no mercy on my soul
I've seen 'em do the dirt, now blood is running cold
Five deep in a Cutty and I'm gripping on a nine
Cause I'm through crying foul, they running out of time
Got Doc K, Cloud D, Wood and Yonny Yan
Riding pump in the trunk for them piggies when they come
See, n***as steady dying never making front page
In America is scary, Whitey never caught a case
For killing Blacks, so we holding court up in the street
Please have some mo' "Coffee, Death & Donuts" on your beat
Now some will say, "Cop killa music might incite"
But killer cops whoop on n***as each and every night
So tell me who's to blame for the hate that hate produced
I'm better off dead than with you
F**k America
[Outro]
Yeah, f**k America
Them motherf**kers don't give a f**k about you
(I'ma bring it to ya)
They'd rather see you dead and the sooner you understand then the better off you gon' be
(So I'ma bring it to ya)
America is a racist country
It was built on racism

That's a fact

(I'ma bring it to ya)

So when you see the police in yo' community, who you think they protecting?

(So I'ma bring it to ya)

Who they serving? Not us

Who don't own sh*t so what's really going on?

Make you wanna take them punk motherf**kers and beat the dog sh*t outta 'em

Gives a f**k

Nat Turner 1994

And I'm out

Outta My Life

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]
Damn, here come another sad song
Listen to the words cause again it's on
Gettin' at my best black one more time
Cause nowadays we droppin' like flies
Seems like every other week
Somebody I know gettin' caught up in the streets
Used to be sad when I heard somethin'
Now I'm cool if I find out that I didn't know him
And that's true, I thought you knew
Cause nowadays we're born to die
And black life ain't sh*t
Oops, there's another one going down
Shot dead to the ground
Just one more drug-related
Fiasco makin' life complicated
Ask yourself how many of your good friends die
And then ask why

[Chorus]
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
[Verse 2]
So I say, how many dope records do it take
Before the brother makes sleeping giants awake
Another day, another call, and it's so wrong
I can't believe I've seen him just last week, now he's all gone
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust to gat bust
Now another one's life is lost, dead it twenty-two years old
Now my heart of pain is turned into a heart of stone
I feel like I wanna go get my motherf**king gat
Grab a mask and handle sh*t, but I'm conscious

So I think I'll count my losses
And wish my friend goodbye
I can't get with the same old, same old
Black on black, shoot a n***a off scenario
So I just swallow it down and try to let go
And see ya at the crossroads

[Chorus]
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
[Verse 3]
Now I'm more than a mack, more than a hustler
More than a D-boy pimp or sport star
And everybody can't make their way
Tryin' to rap or dance, I must say that the sh*t is played
Still militant, never be ignorant
More than a motherf**king jig
Cause I'm heaven's sin, ain't a player
You're n***a, a jungle-bunny
More than a coon or spook or porch monkey
And ain't sh*t funny
It's kinda sad we believe that's all that we can be
Brainwashed and ain't nobody lost but us
So who's paying the cost?
So I do what I can do
Still stayin' true, still payin' dues
And I still got love for ya
Don't squat when I talk, just listen
And get up on that sh*ts you're missing

[Chorus]
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'
Keep runnin' in and outta my life
Keep runnin'

Keep runnin' in and outta my life

Keep runnin'

Keep runnin' in and outta my life

Whatcha See?

[Verse 1]
One, two, three, and I don't stop
Comin' is the man with the motherf**king plan, got their a** running
Known and I'm prone to educate
When I speak to my folk, I set 'em straight
Now understand that I can't be the
One to perpetrate the gangsta fever
So I sit back and observe cause I'm kinda smart
Thinkin' brand new ways to my people's heart
Bounce on in a city where they shoot
Over anything from looks to loot
So many fools get lost in a shuffle, should I scuffle?
So many slippin' cause they egos got em trippin'
Now listen what I'm saying cause it's real
Black men dying nowadays got ma** appeal
So you better recognize where I'm coming from
In a city where it's fashion to act dumb
Still stressin', still strivin'
Still coming real, still trying to survive when
Everybody got their motherf**king straps close
This one's going out to my dead foe
And the brothers in the pen
Cause I still got love and I'm never giving up
Cause we still struggling
I see we gotta get it together
Motherf**k what you heard before
I'm still coming with the...
[Verse 2]
Now how many fake gangsters drop when I pop
True facts for the blacks and you know it don't stop
Kickin' knowledge everyday when I bill
It's the man known forever coming real
Now, how many n***as gotta die before we see?
United we stand, divided there's misery
So I put my funk on your a** quick
Hope brothers get the message in the music
I be coming with the sh*t to let you know
I'ma let you know exactly what be going on for sure so we can grow
It's the same old bullsh*t everyday
Young n***as dying up, victims of the game

But as long as I'm living I keep giving facts
And as long as you listen I be bumpin' raps
That's real sh*t coming from a street soldier
N***a, act like you know, for real

- 40 Ounces and a Fool

"House n***a gotta run and hide"

The perpetating
Balling a** n***a on your block
With slave money
From the record company I'm popping
Now I'm on my way
To the neighborhood liquor store
To help sell more
Of that bullsh*t to my folks
Reaching for a can
It's the man with no conscience
But I'm making money
So n***a you can watch this
Mack bubble
Cause I'm trouble
When I pop the top
Even though I know
I'm selling out my song
Just to make a knot
So n***a Buy It
And f**k what you heard
Cause all of that old Black Power bullsh*t
Is for the birds
Yeah, I know it's poison
And I'm sellin' 'em
But yo
I'm the new house n***a with da flow
"House n***a gotta run and hide" (repeats to end)

Back in the Days

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]
Back in the day, 1986
Me and Mad Mike puttin' records in the mix
Doin' party after party, high schools and jam
Back before the Glock was king and brothas spoke like men
Makin' demo after demo, tryin' to come up quick
It's funny how n***as treat you when you ain't got sh*t
But now I kept on 'cause pops told me
Never to let anybody in the way where I try to get
It was me and D.R. freakin' with the funk
Jerry in the jail, I had a system in the trunk
And it was on, Friday nights the party's jumpin'
Summertime hits had the speakers straight bumpin'
And believe me, even though we had no loot
Everybody knew that we was finsta come up soon
I still remember them days, they was crazy, but now they gone
It ain't nothin' like it used to be before
Back in the days

[Hook]
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
[Verse 2]
1990, fresh out of college
Public Enemy is hittin' n***as up with knowledge
And I love it 'cause without them, there would be no me
Took a trip down to Oakland, heard the minister speak
Felt deep and shortly I was in a while
Forever down for my people 'til the day that I die
That's when "Devil Made Me Do It," it was made, I still remember
The days, still remember the rage, and I was into
Everyday building, trying to be much more

Took a trip down to Cuba, met A**ata Shakur
Had dinner with Fidel, talked about old times
And now America's steady tryin' to destroy minds
And when I got back, it seemed much clearer to me
And when my cousin went to war, he was only nineteen
I still remember them days, they was crazy but now they gone
It ain't nothin' like it used to be before
Back in the days

[Hook]
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days
Back in the days, back, back in the days

[Verse 3]
1992, and I'm sour inside
Cause a couple homies pa**ed away before their time
And even though I'm movin' units schoolin' better than most
It ain't the same 'cause I still feel pain and I'm tryin' to cope
And everyday's gettin' clearer to me
Cause if it ain't guns and drugs, it's the pigs and HIV
And now I'm lookin' for a way to try to fight it back
But you see it's votin' time and now you wanna ban rap
Thought I was f**ked playin' by your rules
"Sleeping With the Enemy" was album number two
Let's take a look around and see which one of you all
Gotta balls to put me out, here's a middle finger off for all y'all
Tripped for a minute but before too long
A young brotha said, "F**k it!" and a label was born
I still remember them days, they was crazy but now they gone
It ain't nothin' like it used to be but yo, now it's ninety-fo'
And I'm servin' album number three
How many fake wannabe G's do I see?
Now we're back to days of the n***a and the b*t*h
No deposit, no return, it's a trip, I check my grip
And realize that it's all in your mind
Mothaf**k you and that fake gangsta sh*t, I stays righteous
And serve 'em with the dope

Should a truth get a clue? Monkey see, monkey do

Back in the days

[Hook]

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

Back in the days, back, back in the days

- It’s Real (Extended Movement Mix)

On the scene back again with the mothaf**kin' grip
93 was the year P-Dog came rippin' sh*t
Bouncin' out the belly of the beast

And still the same n***a
That was hollerin': "F**k peace!"
But check it out, it's the same old thing
Cause now the year's 94
And ain't a damn thing changed
N***as still droppin' dead like flies
And i'm still lookin' for a way
To make us raise
I impose that I still hate the devil
(That's right!)
And I'm a mothaf**ka
That'll take your a** to the next level
Straight guerrilla in the mist to the end
(Yeah, and put it in the mix again!)
Yeah, now better listen why...

Yeah! Right back at you once again in 94...
P-Dog, righterous...
Back up in you with another mothaf**kin' bomb...
And we kickin' the real...

So anyway I'ma do it this time
So you wanna hear
Specially designed for your mind and soldier's ear
Cause n***as nowadays just shoot
(Gunshot)
And f**kin' with the crew
Will get your a** peeled like fruit
And everybody wanna be a Gee
The same sick house n***a mentality
Please, f**kin' with them fake fairytales
N***a, i don't trip cause I still kicks the realiest sh*t
So please back on up, I'm lettin' off
Representin' Allah and I'm raw
Cause I'm god
So I hope you're listenin'

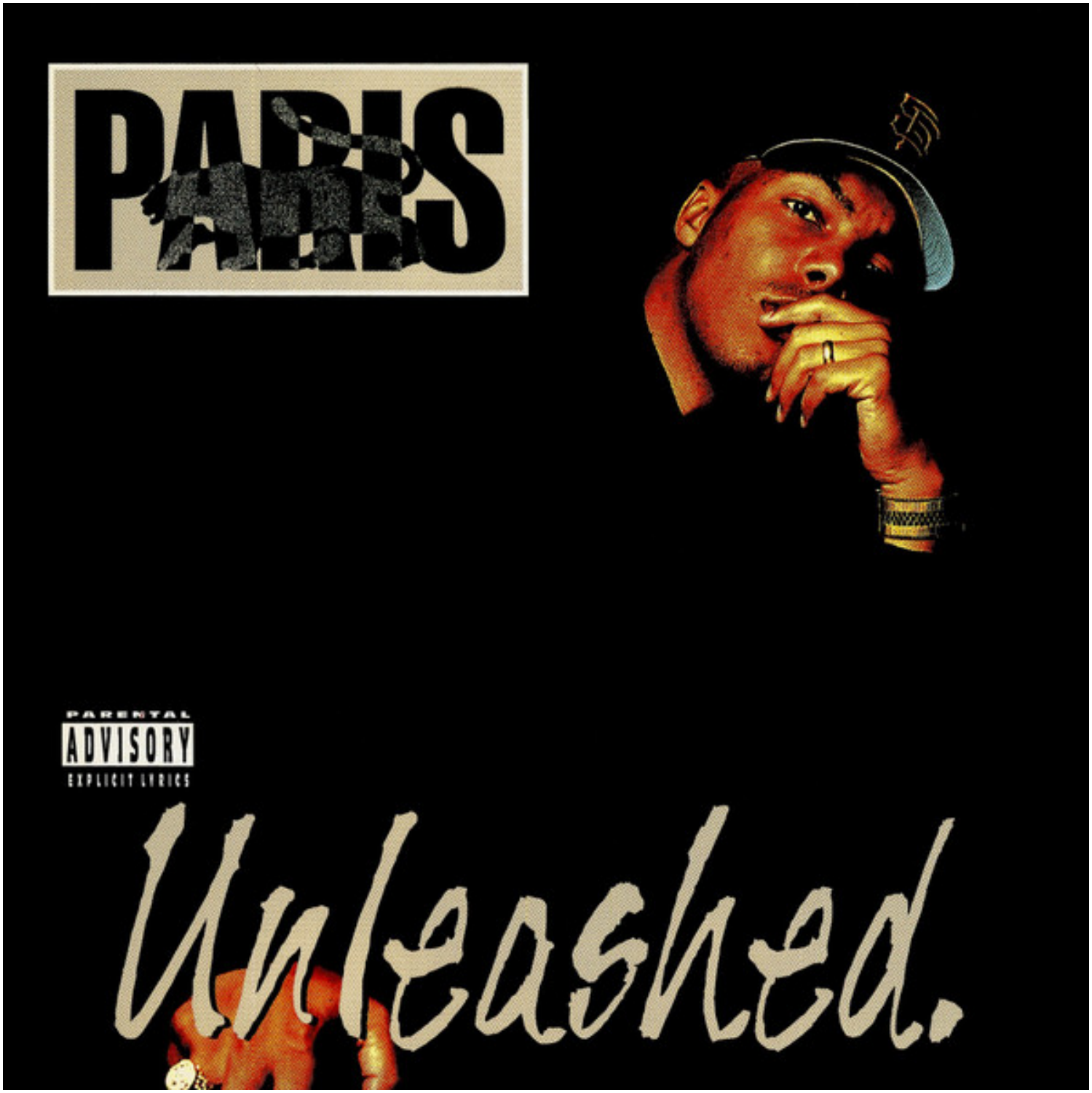
What I'm kickin': It's real
(Yeah, I keep'em comin' with the sh*t you fear)
Yeah, you better check it why?
Yeah, fear no evil, fear no man...
Shouts goin' out to all those fake-a** wanna-be... gees...

Just break it on down...

Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill... the hill...
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again... again...

So I'm still comin' on with this
(Still comin' strong with sh*t)
Sh*t that'll make ya brain come up wake up
Regonize that it ain't nothin' but a thang
To see a n***a lockdown, underground or in the sweep
And you ain't never gonna take me out cause I...
(...roll up mothaf**kas and i'll break you down to side!)
Yeah, so keep your eyes on this
F**k what you heard
(And watch the devil get served!)

Yeah, so now you know...
Scarface records, Paris...
Still hittin' you with the righterous sh*t...
The funky sh*t...
In the name of Allah...
And it ain't gonna never change...
It don't stop...
It don't never stop...
So back your devil-a** sob off me...
And let me get my field...
Power, yeah!
Paris, I'm hopin' goin' on the hill... the hill...
Paris, I saw you standin' strong again... again... Yeah! Right back at you in 1994: P-Dog...
Guerrillas in the mist with the black fist...
And it ain't never gonna change!


PARIS
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS
Unleashed.

Record Label Murder

[Paris:]
Now what would you do, if I blast
All up in yo' sh*t, motherf**k the whole staff
N***as know I flow, nine millimeter sh*ttin slugs
I'm seein bloody bodies on the motherf**kin rug
Six o'clock be the time if it's on let it be
You see it in my eyes, ridin through, hella deep
See, b*t*h you ain't gon' do me like you did Da Lench Mob
I'm decorated in this game, I played too motherf**kin long
Now - I ain't gotta name nobody name
All I'm knowin is the whole f**kin roster is complainin
Talkin bout these white boys tryin to do promotion
And white b*t*hes tryin to get f**ked by these soldiers
Talkin with that slang like you down but now hold on
See now that's enough to get yo' devil-a** stole on
F**kin with the wrong n***a, playin with my cash
I'm known for puttin devils on they motherf**kin back
Blast through the front do', what the f**k I'm 'posed to talk?
F**k court, I'll be a dead n***a 'fore you walk
Brownout at nine, had no motherf**kin mercy
So who the sexy n***a, b*t*h record label murder

[Chorus:]
(N***a label murder) Now we fin' to start some sh*t
(That n***a fin' to start) Motherf**kers shoulda quit
(Better have a n***a money) Out for each and every dime
Seem like everytime I turn around
Some janky motherf**ker tryin to take what's mine
(N***a label murder) Got the whole f**kin click
(That n***a fin' to start) Now we fin' to start some sh*t
(Better have a n***a money) Got these n***as out the zoo for the job
Bow down, motherf**ker you can die when we start robbin
[Paris:]
So many times I seen these n***as f**ked up out they chips
'Cause they didn't know the game, only makin 10 percent
Dealin with these f**kin jews, now you losin everytime
How many platinum n***as standin in the county line
Make you wanna get your brick and snatch his a** up out the car
Baby renegotiate, f**kin with them Scars
Now you askin who I'm talkin bout, homey you can pick

This whole industry got n***a sh*t on whitey d**k
And then since I'm a soldier known to speak my f**kin mind
I'ma put you up on game, everytime I start to rhyme
F**k that devil get yo' own man, learn about some sh*t
Or be another broke n***a, tellin what he did
And now I think you know, that I really gives a F**K
Fear no evil 'cause I'm God, let that devil try his luck
Last man standin up, for the truth, say you heard it
These players gettin played homey, record label murder

[Chorus]

Fair Weather Friendz

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]
The year was 1995, another day, another dollar
Bein' up in this game make a brother wanna holla
Welcome to the school of dirty licks and tricky deals
A fair weather friend's and homies that you thought was real
Seen them come, seen them go, seen them down, I seen them out
I seen them on my team until I seen what they about
Funny how they wanna smile, spark them up and say they true
But all the time, these n***as take my kindness for a fool
And I ain't gotta name all these playa-hatin' traitors
Even with the Gemini, motherf**kers couldn't fade us
I made a little song about these jealous-a** counterfeits
Down what it is as long as you pullin' in the grip, sh*t
This is how I do it when I call 'em out
Straight G game comin' from that n***a with the clout
See I'm out to be real straight homie to the end
I'm thorough as they come, f**k a fair weather friend
F**k a fair weather friend

[Hook]
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers

[Verse 2]
And now I take a look around and see how many of them left
Everytime I turn around, my name on somebody breath
Guess it's part of this game, everybody think it's tight
Got me thinkin' out of mind mean a n***a out of sight
Funny how the friendship slip when the man's out
But I remember back when them n***as had they hands out
Beggin' like a b*t*h, can't straight on me
But now I'm scratching n***as off my nuts like fleas
And this one's for them b*t*hes and them fake-a** friends
Peep game, 'cause success is the best revenge
Gotta stay on point, put it down and make a meal

And even though they phony, I'ma still stay real
See I got much love for the ones that's forever true
But n***a if you fake, you can juggle on these nuts, too
I never be a traitor 'cause I'm real to the end
I'm solid as they come, f**k a fair weather friend
For real

[Hook]
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
[Verse 3]
Yup, true
And all the time they was wishin' they was you
Ain't enough to see a young brother make it on his own
I'm sick from the smell of the jealousy cologne
You see it in my eyes, I'ma be forever true
As long as you be real, I'ma keep it real with you
See I'll always be your road dog homie to the end
I'm thorough as they come, f**k a fair weather friend
And it's like that

[Hook]
They smilin' in your face
Backstabbers
They smilin' in your face
Backstabbers

[Hook]
They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers

They smilin' in your face
All the time they wanna take your place
The backstabbers, backstabbers
They smile in your face

Street Soldier

Here we go here we go it's another one of them thangs
N***as better recognize that I'm wise and I'm fin
To make it known that I'm still, the one to call
Each and every one of y'all out, let's see who's real
And who's fake when it come to the funk
I'mma bring it to y'all live and direct, and straight bumpin
I knew you was a b*t*h from the first take
No eye contact with the handshake
Couldn't relates to where I'm comin from, when I came through
With the truth, broken down on the first two
When I first asked the question if you was down
How many punk a** n***as do I gotta clown?
With they a** to the sky, gettin stuck by
The devil in drag, let's see who play the fag
Will you wannabe G's please have a seat
Here we go again, n***a please!
Yeah it's all a part of growin up is what my momma told me
How many trick a** n***as wanna try and mow me?
I guess I gotta be the one to buck
Put your house n***a a** in the dirt and won't give a (f**k)
Like I said, you're better off dead that you would be
If you try to do me, I'm looney, so sue me
Next time I rain on your world with the truth
A solider ain't nothin to fool with

"You can't see what I can see!" You.. can't see what I can see
"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever
"You can't see what I can see!" You can't see what I can see!
"You can't see what I can see!" Whoahaoaha-ahhhh!
One two three, it's the G-U-E
Double-R, I, double-L, A, yellin mayday
Weeble with a street sweeper lookin for the beast
Had me thinkin that I'm less than a man and incomplete
Yo, and ever since I first started rhymin
You motherfu*kers wanna keep me down but I'm still climbin
You know I stay real to the end
Still fifteen deep on two freaks, I go tell a friend
I look around and all I see is these trick a** copycats
With they played out beats and they fake raps
And now I can't call it, it seem

Everybody wanna be a dopehead or an alcoholic
So what you wanna do? N***a do you wanna be
A strong black man or another fool?
Cause I'm comin full grown, and b*t*h
You can take that wannabe G (sh*t) back home
Understand that it's on, like I told ya
Foolin with a street soldier

"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever

Who's that n***a with the big black gat
That's lookin for the payback (lookin for the payback)
Still comin real it's the motherf*ckin bomb
P-Dog in the city that's (sh*tty) like Vietnam
But them mark a** n***as want it soft
Without ever understanding the plan to keep us fallin off
But you better recognize that it's war
Better recognize, black folk runnin out of time
But if you man enough jump n***a (jump n***a)
P-Dog got the pump in the trunk n***a
Better realize that it's much more to life
Than (f**kin), two new shoes, and hisidin
It's like tryin to put a size twelve foot
In a size eight shoe, it just won't do
So act like you knew, and let a real n***a come through
From a street soldier to you, now
"You can't see what I can see!" Hey, you can't see what I can see!
"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever
"You can't see what I can see!" Oooh, you can't see what I can see!
"You can't see what I can see!" Oooh! Noaoaahhoooh!

"You can't see what I can see!" (4X)

[Singer]
Music will make things, turn alright
And I will dance til the broad daylight
Check the flow, let it build in me
Cause I know your heartbeat and I'm here to freak
Alright! ... Alright! ... Alright!
Alright

[Computer voice]

Aowww, this sounds familiar
Let me stick my nose in the mix
And see who do I smell, this time
Ahahahahaha!

Root Of All Evil

[Verse 1]
Who is it? The mothaf**kin' D-O-G
Still spittin' game over tight-a** beats
Get the money 'cause the fame ain't nothin' to me
I be the tightest one servin' but it's never for free
I seen many die on these streets fo' sho'
Over money, wrong looks, cocaine, and ho
Where friendship blows in the wind like dust
See, they used to be yo homies but they ready to bust
You can't trust no man, but some might try
See them come, see them go, see them drop like fly
How many of them fail, just a few succeed
Where fantasy is real and what's real is a dream?
And I been in this game and I done dirt, too
Still down for the struggle but I can't be fooled
Every brother ain't a brother, ain't a damn thing new
Need to take your Million Man March a** to school
And tell

[Hook]
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?
[Verse 2]
They say change is the only thing that stays the same
Take a look around and see how many remain
I'm a vet up in this here, still ten years deep
Gettin' cash, spittin' game over tight-a** beats
Everybody nowadays wanna come up quick
Young soldiers hit licks who can suck on d**ks
But dirt gun in the dark comes the light
Young n***a got AIDS 'cause the kitty was right
Now what you know, and what you see?
And where you from, and who you be?
'Cause everybody got skeletons in the cut

And peace to the homies in the pen locked up
I said, it's like a jungle sometimes, it made me wonder
How I keep from going under, who gone be the one the
Change things 'cause it seem ain't no hope
Scratch his name off the list if he come up short
And tell

[Hook]
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?
[Verse 3]
They say the world keep turnin' and life goes on
Some others start slippin' while some stay strong
The old pain goes away with the pa**age of time
P-Dog is on the mic, still spittin' the rhyme
And if you ask me, you know I couldn't be much help
Real n***as understand, gotta do for yourself
'Cause ain't nothin' comin' if you don't apply
And don't nobody really care if n***as' livin' or dyin'
I fold up them up like a crease, breeze through the weak fleas
On my sack gets scratched, now who's who in this rap game
Late pa** on my haters 'cause I still blitz them
Shoulda kept ya mouth shut 'cause you got it twisted
Real soldiers don't die, we just re-adjust
While some might try, they can't touch this
Street soldier with a capital S
P-Dog sayin', "F**k the rest!"
Tell me is it really real

[Hook]
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes

So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?
[Hook]
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told
And you never really know if they your friends or foes
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

[Outro]
See it's the root of all evil

Conversation

[Verse 1]
Still in this b*t*h, ninety-eight is just another year
I murder money drama b*t*hes, that fall in piers
Comin' out the city where no pity be a way of life
When n***as quick to bust a cap in you to earn they stripes
Ain't nothin' changed in these West coast killin' fields
I seen so many homies die that I ain't got no feeling
So I handles mine, pack a strap and keep on strivin'
And quick to let these n***as if it get down to violent
Cause these haters ain't no friends to me, they make it plain
But I refuse to be a victim of these ghetto games
Break away from all the stress, bullsh*t and aggravation
And now I'm quick to blast if you want a confrontation
But it seem like every time I turn around it's drama
Hella flowers, coffee drinkin', and cryin' mama
Somethin' tellin' me this madness ain't gon' never stop
So I keep strivin' fo' the top

[Hook]
Now everything you think you seein' might not be the truth
Understand these cowards fold when these n***as shoot
Understand this rap sh*t is just another way
Just another lick where motherf**kers gettin' paid
It really ain't the same as it was in the past
Back when sh*t was new, n***as thought that it would last
Understand this rap game is just another front
Just another way for motherf**kers comin' up, and it's like that
[Verse 2]
So what's the ticket out the ghetto for these young players?
Slangin' dope, playin' ball or bein' rhyme sayers
They want the money fast, f**k school, that ain't what's happenin'
So some of them n***as got together and they started rappin'
And it would be like who the tightest on the microphone
Makin' demos in the basement of they mama's home
And 'fore you know it n***as got theyself a record deal
And now they makin' money, doin' what they love for real
Limousines, fast cash, and autographs
Groupie hoes after every show be workin' the staff
And magazines givi'n love cause they sh*t is best
Unless of course it's The Source and you from the West

Now mama's braggin' cause they baby's on the television
And they livin' every day like it's Thanksgiving
But you know, what they say if it sound too good to be true, it probably is
That's the music biz

[Hook]
Now everything you think you seein' might not be the truth
Understand these cowards fold when these n***as shoot
Understand this rap sh*t is just another way
Just another lick where motherf**kers gettin' paid
It really ain't the same as it was in the past
Back when sh*t was new, n***as thought that it would last
Understand this rap game is just another front
Just another way for motherf**kers comin' up, and it's like that
[Verse 3]
I'm twenty-eight and I've been in the game since eighty-six
World tours, cash money, and hella hits
Done seen these rap stars disappear like civil rights
And go from po' to rich to po' again, overnight
So many perils in this game if yo' team is faulty
That's why my lawyer keep these motherf**kin' devils off me
And freak b*t*hes be, quick to set you up by playin'
That pu**y game like, you the daddy or you rapin'
See dumb n***as get they money took, tryin' to be
That motherf**ker on the television out with Robin Leach
A couple of cars, hella clothes, and before you know it
That n***a to' back, hella broke with nothin' showin'
So here's a little game from a homey that's still playin'
The mo' sh*t you see a n***a with, the mo' he payin'
In this rap life, nothin' what it seem to be
I hope you motherf**kers feel me, that's reality

[Hook]
Now everything you think you seein' might not be the truth
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[Hook]

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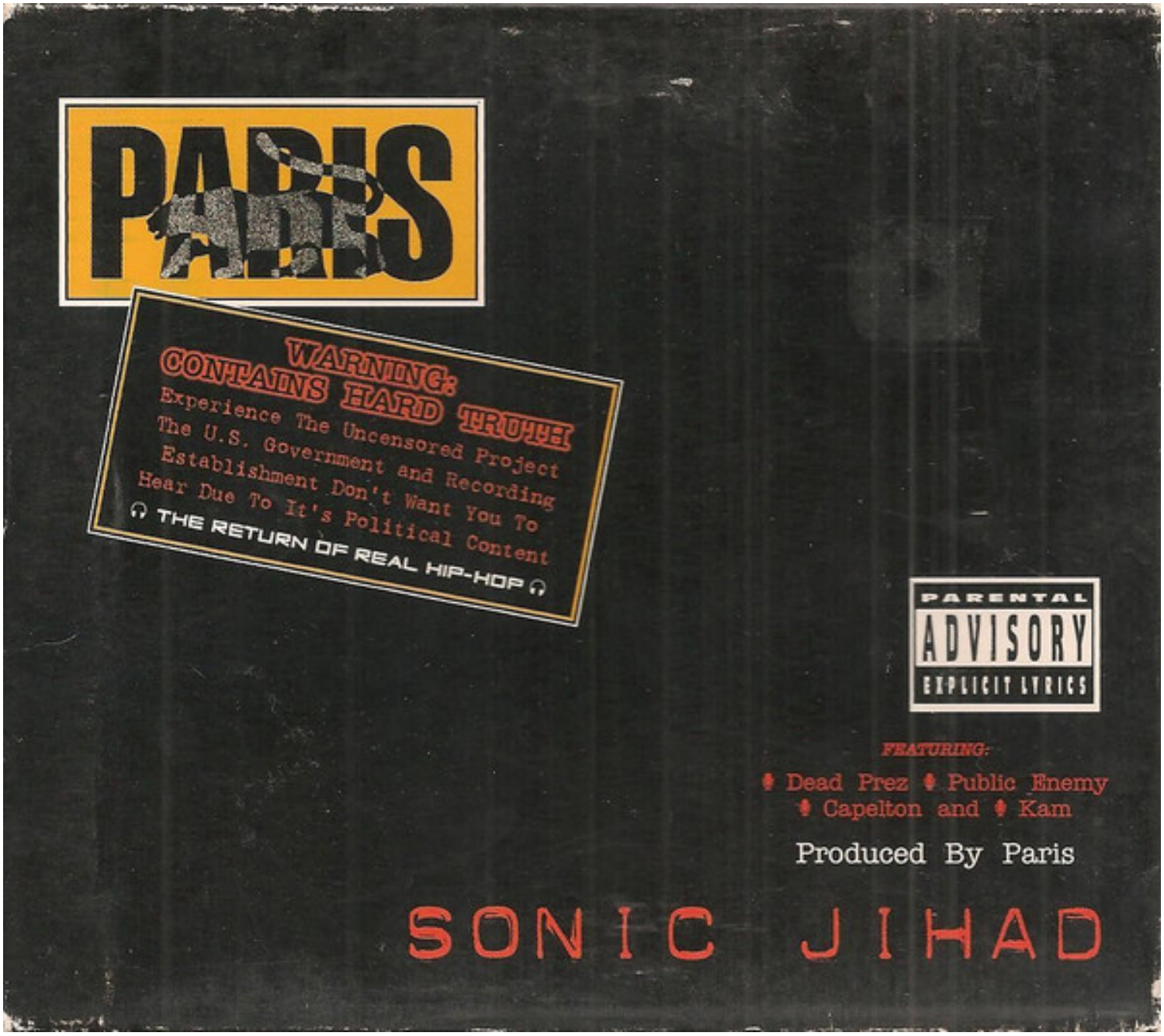
PARIS
WARNING:
CONTAINS HARD TRUTH
Experience The Uncensored Project
The U.S. Government and Recording
Establishment Don't Want You To
Hear Due To It's Political Content
THE RETURN OF REAL HIP-HOP
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS
FEATURING:
Dead Prez Public Enemy
Capelton and Kam
Produced By Paris
SONIC JIHAD

Field Nigga Boogie

[Verse 1]
Take it back to the days when we raised us up
'Fore coward-a** rap made the game corrupt
P-Dog in the cut back to bring the pain
Puttin' wood on they a** can't stand the rain
And bring heat over beats, and scratch the itch
In a no spin-zone f**k a scandalous b*t*h
It's the return of the Bush Killa back to bust
Just us for the justice, In God We Trust
I rush truth to the youth - and shine the light
Take the red pill, open up ya eyes to life
In this land of these crack fiends sheep and moles
See us overthrow the hold of this devil control
And roll deep - (keep it underground for the streets)
I'm the last cell - (hit em outta bounds, retreat)
We like ants in this war dance, if one falls
Ten more's in his place to advance the cause, it's all

Raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
It's the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you want the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(what?) That's the Bomb
Gotta have the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Comin' with the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you need the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(come on) That's the Bomb
[Verse 2]
I bust a shot and these pigs all dash like renta cops
These punk a** devils'll never stop
F**k 'em all, I draw, they fall
B*t*h, I was raw, ballin' back in the days of "yes y'alls"
Gotta make a fuss, n***a bust an' ride

See it in my eyes, speak truth or die
Amerikkka's the motherf**kin' beast and I'm
Still the same, n***a snatchin' sheets for mine
Back on the map, and we fade to black
F**k rap, see us pickin' off pigs with straps
And bust on they compound, take control
Of the precinct, leave 'em all stank an' cold
It's no justice no motherf**kin' peace, say it
No justice no motherf**kin' peace, believe
Long as n***as gettin' beat by these pigs we shoot
Outta coupes - f**k peace and the boys in blue, we do the

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Comin' with the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you need the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(come on) That's the Bomb
[Verse 3]
To protect and to serve is a myth to us
They protect they sh*t and serve sticks to us
F**k a waterhose n***a, those days is thru
All a pig's gotta do nowadays is shoot
But who police the police when they
Beat brothers to the ground like - everyday
What I'm sayin', what if n***as start shootin' 'em back?
Spit caps outta gats 'till the beast collapse?
With an eye for an eye, ain't no time to play
With an eye for an eye - it's the Amerikkkan way
Do it big see the jig split wigs of foes
Bust shots at these pigs - n***a dig the flow and
Hear us all say "power to the people" combined

Hold court in the streets 'till these pigs comply
N***as got no choice but to ride or die
Put this beast on it's back - genocide's the plight, we bring the

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It's the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you want the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(what?) That's the Bomb
Gotta have the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Comin' with the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you need the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(come on) That's the Bomb
Unless ya wanna live on your knees, throw down (4x)

Sheep to the Slaughter

Easily I approach, the microphone, in this land of jokes
Can't leave it alone, cause ya know, I could see right though
Corrupt plans and these bullsh*t scams and untruths
We livin' in a maze, different days and times
The world is a stage, most truth is a lie
In this propaganda matrix, the sheep just die
For these murderous conservatives with corporate ties
Deny knowledge of the truth, ignorin' the poor
They just human ammunition for these capital wars
Just human ammunition and collateral d
That's why millions of us holla risin' up in the streets
And when ya see me understand I'm representin' a voice
The majority would feel if ever given a choice
I don't need this seedy media they only annoy
Cause the only ones that wanna scrap ain't never deployed
Who do the fightin' for these rich white folks, and they wars
No it ain't Drew Carey, Dennis Miller or stars
Fox News, Mike Savage, Bruce Willis or Rush
Won't be MSNBC, CNN or a Bush
Never Toby Keith, Hannity, O'Reilly or Clint
Ain't ClearChannel - know they ain't supportin' dissent
Ain't Blair, Kid Rock, or Tom Cruise or vows
Of James Woods, Rob Lowe, Tom Selleck or Powell
Not Arnold Schwarzenegger, he ain't gonna shoot, or
Ted Nuget cause in war the targets got weapons too
Ain't Cheney, Rumsfeld, Halliburton or Ridge
Or Ann Coulter, or Joseph Lieberman or the rich
Or any b*t*h up in congress, they just make laws
When it comes to fightin' - we the ones that end up in gauze
So when you say "support that murderer," I have no applause
Even if he got his jumpsuit on - we pay the cost

Spilt Milk

Yeah...still ridin'...we still ridin'...P-Dog
N***a we without flaws you comin' without balls
Still down for the cause...P-Dog...now who really raw?...B*t*h

Boom Boom in the night - so now we fight
Caps peel, piggies squeal - who wrong or right?
Street soldier kill em slow - homicidal
We dogs in a sea of b*t*hes - ain't crack a smile
Soundin' off the battle cry - we draw the line
F**k around and crack his spine - for all his crimes
B*t*h devil still ain't learned - just like his pops
Wanna make these bullets burn - with twenty shots
Propogators of the peace - we never ceased
But never listened to our pleas - so now he bleeds
Like Oaklahoma city Timmy - It won't be pretty
Catch him in a subcomittee - and have no pity
Look at all the people we got - with Sonic Jihad
Last Cell never see us - now what you thouht?
Swervin to these dj mixes - we ridin' sixes
AMG with chrome centers - twenty inches
East coast west coast - we stay composed
Love us everywhere we goes - the people know
Holdin' down the sh*t we buildin' - Guerrilla Funk
Even though the milk is spillin' - I'm in your trunk holla

[Hook] w/ Capelton
Ridin' dirty through they downtown feelin no love around town
Now some be tryin' to clown but how many can hold they ground now
Labels be abusive confusin with what they choosin'
And these stations mistakenly contemplatin' us losin'
We bruisin' all these faulty a** critics - and these emcees
That coward a** rap sh*tted - they wannabes
Labels never made the culture - you got it twisted
So recognize these f**kin' vultures - and where they fit in

[Hook] w/ Capelton

Now tell me how many devils prone - to do me wrong
Try to fit they mittens on - my provalone
The radio'll never play it - we never heard

They only love us killin n***as, and slangin birds
Guerrillafunk.com - we keep it bomb
Give the people what they want - with every song
With raw sh*t we keep it mannish - don't get it twisted
And motherf**k these cowards plans - we keep upliftin'

[Hook] w/ Capelton

Tear Shit Up

[Intro]
Bringing you back what you missed in hip-hop
Hard Truth Solder Radio
A GuerrillaFunk.com presentation

[Verse 1 – Paris]
You in tune to the most dangerous crew on file
Who get mashed mash on—b*t*h, get wild
With these field n***a serenades, we break wide
In the land of the weak, home of the slave, we rise
To protect. They servin' us with sticks and shots
But who protect us from these murderous cops?
Who's heroes? You could keep your flags—I'm out
I'll wrap a chain around the precinct and burn sh*t down
F**k the police, I'm thinkin' how to feed my seed
Bumping DP's, bailin' down the block on D's
It's the same sh*t every day
Seem the more a n***a build, they wanna take away
Like a slave, when you can't eat you can't sleep
Can't seem to find peace. Only thing the streets see is police and poverty
B*t*h, don't start with me—I can't fade
The bullsh*t noise that the radio play
Where the world wanna be like and talk like and act like
And rap like the black life is all gats and crack pipes
I'll spit right. N***a, what? My sh*t's tight
Who snitched. N***a or b*t*h to choose sides
When we roam, we beat back Attack of the Clones
What kinda sh*t y'all n***as is on? We hit home
And spill so the people could feel this real talk
From the Bay and all them between to New York
Holla
[Hook]
What we gotta do is tear sh*t up (x8)

[Verse 2 – Paris]
This the way we bomb when we come around
Still keep it on the map for the underground
F**k the system, I'mma holla with a black fist
It's hard truth. Where my soldiers? We still blitz
And who's who with these gangstas, see a vet

These rap n***as or the government? Take a guess
See, we blessed with the speech that could reach oppressed communities
Worldwide, so we don't waste time. We stress freedom
And serve 'em with the style (what)
Motherf**k smilin' (what)
Who wanna ride (what)
Rally up the crowd (what)
Full hollow tips (what)
Cyanide squibs (what)
Power to the people with rocks, banana clips
See us struggle for the streets, motherf**k the bling
Nowadays, radio make it harder to bring
Real sh*t to the people—it's deeper than me
They entice with the conflict, ice, and blow trees
Corporatized by the vile—they smile and fill
Black bodies in the pen—it's the men they kill
3 strikes, whose life? Not my life, yours
Put the men in the prison, turn the women to w****s
Ignore cries of the people—but time is up
Stay tuned for the sequel—we buildin' to bust
Goin' AWOL. F**k all laws—I wanna attack
This bullsh*t, hold 'em accountable for they acts
[Hook]
What we gotta do is tear sh*t up (x8)

[Verse 3: M-1, dead prez]
Militant and political, Guevara M-1
I wipe the smile off you many mouths, meld like a gun
And I remember '99, goin' on tour with Big Pun
Gettin' this fast rap cash from them six-week runs
See, I done learned from them generals with wild entourages
F**kin' like rabbits but don't wanna be fathers
F**kin' up they hotel room, stay on some star sh*t
Know your role, play you position—rule 4
You know you can't fade it, it's gang truce-related
We bang for change, hittin'—no game, you can't hate it
I wanna slap Bush and his mammy
For how he did the Haitians in Miami
That's my fam—coupe tete boule kay
So please die, cracka die
That's for 22 generations of genocide
You see that's why we get high—just to get by

See, we sit and wait until it's dark outside and then we ride
On our enemies. You can depend on me
If you a pig, then you can't be no friend of me
See, it's been 33 years since Fred been gone
He was murdered on the same day Jay-Z was born
For real. 12-4-69. Same year
When they take one from us, then another appears
We gon' take this time to commemorate
NRD: National Revolutionary Day. Say:
[Hook]
What we gotta do is tear sh*t up (x8)

Freedom

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho (2x)

(Paris)
We come back to the days of - grenades up
Black fist raised up - we stay rough
Come this way cause - the game f**ked
Can't stay away from - the main stuff

Still bust when we ride, still game
Still bust any time, f**k fame
Still rhyme under pressure, still bangin'
Still prime, n***as wetcha, still aimin'

Still put a fist in - the system
Still kill a killa cop, we still win
Still be the one to expose the beast (when it's)
Still un-American to be for peace (yeah)

Revenge is a dish best served with steel
If it's on then, lets get it on for real
Can't shut us up - cut us down - never regret
F**k Bush, I'mma say it loud - raisin' a fist - we holla
(Chorus)
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho

(M1 - Dead Prez)
RBG'd up, yeah, ready to get freed up
Bangin' on the system, ready to turn the heat up
Malcolm X c*cktail, ready to burn the streets up
Holla if ya hear me big homie, it's time to eat somthin'

Picture me rollin', me Paris and Chuck D'd up
D**kies and white tee'd up, throwin' them O.G.s love
Listen up, rule number 1 is no snitchin'

Switch up and you gon' have to eat a clip up 'till you hiccup

(Stic - Dead Prez)
My reality is poverty, police brutality
How I came into this revolutionary mentality
Comin' up in my hood, it's an everyday thang
N***as is hungry and starvin' that's why n***as bang

The O.G.s put me up on the jewels of the game
Ain't no wins in the street if you comin' up lame
That's why I walk how I walk and I claim what I claim
Red, Black to the Green with a gangsta lean
(Chorus)
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho

(Paris)
Rebels at it come again
That's why we conspire so you never win
Keep it calmer when we ride so you never seein'
N***as aim between the eyes so you never mend

Field n***as in the front be the first to bust
GuerrillaFunk.com who you gon' trust?
With all this talk about the war they forgettin' us
Broke schools and abuse made the noose a must

Holla black - f**k a pig and these killers wars
Around the world every border it's the same story
Anywhere that it's color it ain't never peace
Africa, South America and Middle East

Move in packs bust back at these killa foes
Reach first make the heat spurts so he know
No blood for the rich - they been exposed
Now it's power to the people everywhere I go - and everybody's sayin..
(Chorus)
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
Yeah, my live n***as standin' in here, Yeah, my live n***as standin' over there
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

Yeah, my live n***as standin' in here, Yeah, my live n***as standin' over there

Ain’t No Love

[Intro: Paris]
Yeah, this is another story of famous dogs
Where the dog that don't keep it real is a b*t*h
These are rappin' dogs, soldier dogs, harmonic dogs
House dogs, street dogs
Dogs of the world, unite

[Verse 1: Paris]
Bye, bye sh*tty luck, skinny ducats
High side, many bucks, t**ty f**kin'
Smash on these Corleones, snatchin' fetti
Westside n***as roam, but y'all ain't ready
Every city, every borough, every town
Every ghetto comin' through, we touchin' down
When I spit, they all scatter, battle cry
Worldwide, it don't matter - who wanna ride?
Return of the street pros, killer foes
Expose what you need to know, Guerrilla flows
Still on that same sh*t, same time
Still from that same clique, same side
Real n***as ain't impressed by the stories they bring
When it's all said and done, y'all remember my name
F**k a Corleone, n***a, we grown, now what you sayin'?
It's all about the chedda, but beware what you claimin'

[Verse 2: Kam]
Y'all n***as really wanna see us dead, huh? We too militant
Always on that pro-black, cracka jack killin' sh*t
I picked up a few cuts, scrapes, and raw abrasions
Collectin' my cheese and checkin' these Caucasians
Cause when you killin' n***as on a record then you goin' places
But talk about killin' these crackas, you racist
That's why crackas and flies, I do despise
The more I see these crackas, the more I like flies
Look into my eyes before I pull this trigger, I don't know what's worse
A black cracka or a white n***a, who should I do first?
I write a verse and have 'em runnin' scared, turnin' red, protestin'
I just be blastin', don't be askin' no questions, holmes
'Til the smoke clear, cause folks here know
The difference between a G and some Holly-weirdo

What you in fear fo'? Losin' your life or your money?
All these coward-a** fake thugs, a.k.a. Bugs Bunnies
[Chorus]
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in
Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in

[Verse 2: Paris]
So I fiend for the days when the funk was king
'Fore these pop sl*ts sh*tted on my video screen
'Fore these Bow Wow Wow Yippee Yos and hoes
Before n***as street clothes turned to platinum and gold
Before videos made 'em all fantasy macks
'Fore blingin', we was singin' what it mean to be black
Now these b*t*hy b*t*hy boy bands causin' a fuss
And every n***a rappin' thinkin' thuggin' is us
I'm bustin' pro-black, comin' with rough raps, I catch these
Hollywood shuffles by they motherf**kin' ruffles
And rough 'em up, see, and f**k them tricks
'Comin' phony, all them cowards know is blingin' and Kris
But this poolside fantasy, lovin'-a** wannabe
Record label Superfly, n***a, eat sh*t and die
State-of-mind mentality is blind to me
See I'd die 'fore I live on my knees, believe
[Interlude]
You know it ain't no love, no love for these
You know it ain't no love, no love for these
You know it ain't no love, no love for these
Don't you know it ain't no

Lay Low

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]
It's my hood, I been livin' here for seventeen years
Boy I done got jumped, my car done got shot up
I done got shot at, I been to jail, three, fo' times
"I want parents to simply wake up, to take responsibility for our own kids. It's time to take action! It's time to wake up and stop sleeping!"

[Verse 1: Paris]
Peace, what's happenin' rookie?
It's been a while since I been gone, just tryin' to fall in
Ain't nothin' new, sh*t, I keep it mannish
It's different now than when I was out, let's examine
What's happenin', junior? What's goin' down?
How the women actin, heard you was crushin 'em in the town
Look good don't they? Hell yeah, shoulda saw
The ones last week at the mall, hella raw
And all tryin' to come up, like video queens
So fine they make some of us do the stupidest things
But be careful though, get caught up, know what you doin
F**k around and be a teenage pop, and life is ruined
How ya momma doin? She cool, is that right?
Seen your sister last week at the bank, lookin tight
Keep yo' eyes on her, cause n***as, nowadays
Always lookin for some new ones to train, so many ways
And I'm amazed, but not amused as such
We all brothers but some of us gettin caught in the clutch
Another, day go by another, day's the same
Another, day of strife I say a, prayer for change
But I can't complain, and if I did, so what?
The best we can do is try to find the truth and come up
I'm still bangin' on these tracks, still keep hope for us
Yeah I'm back, still rough on wax, and still bust
[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
E'rybody gotta do their own thang
See the whole world goin' insane
Hope to see sun, it'll be rain
We lay low, lay low, lay low
E'rybody tryin' to maintain

Brothers gonna work out in the end
'Til we get peace it'll be pain
And they know, they know, they know

[Verse 2: Paris]
What's on your mind? What, your homie died?
Over what, some bullsh*t? Is that right?
I known him since back in the days, we was tight
Used to date his older sister back in late '85
I just wonder why, the sh*t don't make no sense
How many gotta die befo' these n***as convinced?
Death is final every day for my people I'm prayin'
Seems so many lose our futures f**kin 'round in the game
A motherf**kin shame, another life is ruined
Know you wanna ride but gunnin for them n***as is useless
See we all confused, damn, but everything is a test
Don't let ego and emotions be the reason you slip
Cause though your boys might fall, fall for doin wrong
Friends drop like drawers, nobody mobbin 'like the law
And we don't need no more in the pen or at war
It's open season every brother on the street is a target, believe
[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
E'rybody gotta do their own thang
See the whole world goin' insane
Hope to see sun, it'll be rain
We lay low, lay low, lay low
E'rybody tryin' to maintain
Brothers gonna work out in the end
'Til we get peace it'll be pain
And they know, they know, they know

[Verse 3: Paris]
Now even though I'm anti-pop, I still rise
And though it seem it ain't gon' stop, I still rise
Above this bullsh*t hip-hop, I still rise
Supply, wise words, disguised in rhyme verse
I curse, what these n***as is sayin, ain't nothin' real
Just fairy tales of pimpin' these sisters and makin' mail
I see 'em pose, see the b*t*hy roles they play
See these videos they sh*tty, see the way we portrayed
See these sellin'-out acts just sellin' our rap
Believe wannabe macks with powerhouse tracks

Redefined black manhood, defied Allah
We rise up, f**k this bullsh*t, survival or die
See them thuggin', n***as muggin' with that criminal pout
See 'em frown in every photo, see that sh*t in they mouth
See 'em tattered, lookin' battered, chasin' pu**y and weed
Makin' hookers out of queens, every video feed
I see these labels sit back, push this sh*t like crack
Now every record every act, got you thinkin' it's black
To act a fool, chasin' pu**y like it's hard to get
I see these crackers think it's cool, bein' n***as for chips
I split jiggaboo chins, a***yze these trends
If it's down to me and them I'm sendin' flowers to kin
Ain't nothin' easy in this world, struggle makes the man
Don't let these motherf**kers do you understand the plan, believe
[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
E'rybody gotta do their own thang
See the whole world goin' insane
Hope to see sun, it'll be rain
We lay low, lay low, lay low
E'rybody tryin' to maintain
Brothers gonna work out in the end
'Til we get peace it'll be pain
And they know, they know, they know
E'rybody gotta do their own thang
See the whole world goin' insane
Hope to see sun, it'll be rain
We lay low, lay low, lay low
E'rybody tryin' to maintain
Brothers gonna work out in the end
'Til we get peace it'll be pain
And they know, they know, they know

Life Goes On

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro: Conesha Owens]
Ho-ah-oh
Ho-oh-ha
Ooh-ooh-ooh
Ah-hah-ah

[Verse 1: Paris]
In the beginning, there was confrontations in these streets
Cause these police beat us - we tired of runnin', f**k peace
Young brothers born to fail, skippin' bail, helluva start
Could it be them b*t*hes was hatin' cause our skin was too dark?
Handed down his sentence, he got no reason to live
A twenty-five-to-life n***a never knowin' his kids
That's how they do it to us, it seem we caught in between
Another one, wastin' away for what he did in his teens
Life is hard, situation on these streets is critical
Everybody chasin' dough, if them ain't your folks, then here we go
If we ridin', then let's ride, do-or-die, homicide
But tell me the reason for lost lives
Could it be we all caught up in a scandalous system?
Fallin' through the cracks, blinded by the lies we given
Seen these G's on these streets bleed freely but why?
It seem too many of us born to die
But life goes on, and on situation in time
How many lost souls molded by a criminal mind?
From the Bay in California, to the streets of the east
Can't be no justice without no peace, believe
(Life goes on)
[Chorus: Conesha Owens]
No matter what they say or do
I ain't never givin' up on you
I won't doubt ya baby
Won't doubt ya baby
And no matter, I'ma keep it true
And together we gon' make it through
I'm about ya baby
Ain't livin' without ya baby

[Verse 2: Paris]
A ruthless cycle of thugs, coppers, drugs
Helicopters, blood, spitting choppers, slugs
Who could stop to love this lifestyle juveniles embracin'?
I'm lacin' adolescents with lessons, no one could beat these cases I'm chasin'
My compet**ors, no need for a spot
Conversation keep these cowards off my stick when I bust
Forget Versache-watchy Cartier playas, I'm still the same
But I can't condone the phony 'cause I'm prone to be me
Now what you sayin' huh? (Life goes on)
From the Atlantic to the Bay, what? (Life goes on)
To all my people gettin' paid, huh? (Life goes on)
Never forgettin' where you came from (Life goes on)
Fa' sho

[Pre-Chorus]
Now keep on strivin' and survivin'
Don't let life get down on you (That's right)
Forget these haters that betray
Mistakin' kindness for a fool (What?)
Keep your head up, don't get fed up
Keep on doin' what you do
For all true players in this game of life
You got to know the rules (True)
(But life goes on)
[Chorus: Conesha Owens]
No matter what they say or do
I ain't never givin' up on you
I won't doubt ya baby
Won't doubt ya baby
And no matter, I'ma keep it true
And together we gon' make it through
I'm about ya baby
Ain't livin' without ya baby
No matter what they say or do
I ain't never givin' up on you
I won't doubt ya baby
Won't doubt ya baby
And no matter, I'ma keep it true
And together we gon' make it through
I'm about ya baby
Ain't livin' without ya baby

[Post-Chorus: Paris]
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
[Verse 3: Paris]
Now that's one too many times, more than three had to die
Forty-five's got to spittin', six-thirty was the time
Seven years gone by, eight of us done been deceased
Nine times outta ten, somebody bleedin' in these streets
Tell me what's the reason? Trial date's the Tenth
These juveniles in wild life smile upon your death
Went from kids to killas, fun lovin' to felonies
Could it be we self-destructin' in this rush for the cheese?
Everybody in this world gone crazy
See money and murder be the measure of a man everyday
Separate from the fake, break bustas for how they livin'
Cause some takin' better care of their cars than of their kids
And it still seem we caught up in a scandalous system
Fallin' through the cracks, blinded by the lies we given
Seen these G's in these streets bleed freely, but why?
It seem too many of us born to die
(But life goes on)

[Chorus: Conesha Owens]
No matter what they say or do (Say or do)
I ain't never givin' up on you
I won't doubt ya baby (Oh-ho-ah)
Won't doubt ya baby (Oh-ho-ah-wow-ow)
And no matter, I'ma keep it true (Keep it true)
And together we gon' make it through
I'm about ya baby
Ain't livin' without ya baby
No matter what they say or do
I ain't never givin' up on you
I won't doubt ya baby
Won't doubt ya baby

And no matter, I'ma keep it true
And together we gon' make it through
I'm about ya baby
Ain't livin' without ya baby

[Post-Chorus: Paris]
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up

[Outro: Paris]
Yeah

You Know My Name

[Verse 1]
About this scratch, I blast, pa** the mask, we mash
Careenin' though these back streets, gats gleam in my lap
A shame it came to this, aimin' cause them n***as don't listen
The sweat is glistenin', I grimace, 'bout to service these sentences
On the trigger, I know them n***as, soon as we start
And get the clip to spittin', counterfeits'll sh*t in they drawers
Don't really want none, but somethin' got them n***as mistaken
Thinkin' that music make 'em safe, I cross 'em out with a K
Now renegades, disperse, att**udes get worse
You'll see these n***as on the news if I burst and get 'em first
Servin' all these nut swallowin' followers in they mouth
Spittin' clips in they Impalas, Inshallah and we out
What we about, is justice and freedom, f**k the rest
Black women more than a**es and breast
I test any n***a disagreein', pee on wannaGs, remember me?
P-Dog, motherf**ka I'm raw, follow my lead
Now f**k 'em if they famous, we ventilate they craniums
Entertainers know they places, if they fake then we aimin
I pray and blaze, comin' fully raised, obey
I'm on that Che, make these n***as behave, now what you sayin'?

[Chorus]
You Know My Name (P-Dog)
Motherf**ka we raw, who claimin' Mob Boss without no balls, them n***as soft
You Know My Name (P-Dog)
I'm blitzin' n***as with hits, they counterfeits but they still talk sh*t without a clip
You Know My Name (P-Dog)
We see them bustas and rush 'em with no discussion, let the battle cry sound, we puts it down
You Know My Name (P-Dog)
Ain't nothin' funny at all, I'd rather blast, put these n***as in casts, f**k all ay'all

[Verse 2]
Since we servin' I'm puttin' brothers on alert
Put the first n***a trippin' in dirt, don't leave 'em hurt
Way too heinous, we show 'em our demeanor is meanest
Who wanna see us when I pop? The soldier sh*t don't stop
F**k any cop, you know how we do, so glad to meet you
If you haven't heard, I'm raisin' the curb, hopin' you see through
These plastic-a** Nittis, Corleones and Locs

Leave these n***as lookin' sh*tty, Noriegas is jokes
Now call your folks and let 'em know
Paris wreckin' any n***a imitatin' these crackas upon they records
See me check 'em, these b*t*hes rather switch then fight
While n***as civil rights dwindle Kristal is what they into
But I refrain, they petty as change, complain
N***as playahatin' but ain't knowin' the game
I shame cowards like a scarlet letter, I'm much better
Leave these n***as chasin' chedda impaired, I think they scared
Step into my lair, careers crushed
While my 2-strike n***as test nuts
I'm thumbin' through my Murderdog, n***as all look like clones
Same clothes, same fake-a** pose, you know my motherf**kin' name

[Chorus]
(P-Dog)
Motherf**ka we raw, who claimin' Mob Boss without no balls, them n***as soft
You Know My Name (P-Dog)
I'm blitzin' n***as with hits, they counterfeits but they still talk sh*t without a clip
You Know My Name (P-Dog)
We see them bustas and rush 'em with no discussion, let the battle cry sound, we puts it down
You Know My Name (P-Dog)
Ain't nothin' funny at all, I'd rather blast, put these n***as in casts, f**k all ay'all
[Outro]
It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'mma be a soldier for life
It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'mma be a soldier for life
It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'mma be a soldier for life
It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'mma be a soldier for life

› Evil

[Intro]
They don't mind you givin' the latest rap, they don't mind your being hoes, they don't mind your being b*t*hes, they don't mind you being whatever image that Viacom and BET can come up with. But what they don't want you to know that you're the ones that can redefine civilization if you take time to do it

[Verse 1]
It's a Guerrilla Funk-orchestrated counterattack
Formulate and infiltrate 'em so the people react
See if I was wicked I would pick and stick to a plan
To rule the world and trick 'em, this is how it'd began
See I'd have to find a way to keep the people enslaved
Behave, teach the babies it's my way or the grave
And start with the body, workin' labor for free
And give 'em fake religion so they worshippin' me
And see and when the free labor play out, I'd let it go
But only after I made enough to control
Then I'd tell 'em that the afterlife is better than this
And that they should love their enemies when faced with contempt
I'd persist with some history that I would rewrite
In a school system where I'd keep the money too tight
I'd let 'em all know just where they belong in my world
Turn the boys into felons, makin' hookers of girls
Swirled up in my plan, build jails to keep
All my prisons full of n***as, have 'em workin' for free
See with ghetto-economics in check, I'd keep 'em broke
Teach 'em only to respect sports, music and dope
Control the content of lyrics, now only the sound
Of sex, dope and murder in a song is allowed
Tell 'em "N***as ain't sh*t" every move that they make
And that black is dirty so they never try to be great
Can you relate? I'd laugh, watch 'em murder for scraps
Set it up so they'd die over crack I provide
Do it right, and I'd see they try to be like me
Try to be the biggest G up in these murderous streets
I'd teach, manhood means how many women ya f**k
How many babies you can make, responsibility ducked
F**k a job, real men are pimps, that's what I'd teach
And if b*t*hes wanna trip, then them b*t*hes get beat
I'd see it all through, never lose and pa** a new law

Give 'em 3 strikes so the men are constantly gone
Yeah, if I was evil they would think I do no wrong
See it's lethal how I keep 'em in their place so long, believe
[Hook]
I got my eyes upon you, and all the things that you do
Some close they eyes but mine can see, all the evil surroundin' me
So what I'm 'posed ta do, when I can see right through?
Expose the lies and snatch the sheets, fight the evil surroundin' me

[Verse 2]
After all is said and done here and I could afford
I'd concentrate deeply on controllin' abroad
And think about a way to take control of they land
I'd create a virus made to murder people en ma**e
Last time was Tuskegee, but now it's for real
House Bill 15090 would just kill
With germs that would murder with sperm and blood drips
And kill 'em all worser than burned, they'd die quick
See to understand, you could witness the plan
Through the green-monkey sham they would think it began
And while we argue over the cost, they'd all die
With generations all being lost with no fight
I'd continue with the pain, make it oh so plain
I'd manipulate the market for my capital gain
Keep the people all broke and confused and undercla**ed
Give my homies all executive bonuses through the crash
And if the heat get too hot, I'd plant a bomb
Or wreck a plane, just like Hitler back in the day
And scare all the people, they'd forget about me
They'd forget about elections and the way that we cheated
See me blame it on a foreigner and non-white men
Celebrate my gestapo with a positive spin
Then manipulate the media - it's U.S. first
Get the stupid-a** public to agree with my words
Then I'd make the play, takin' all their freedoms away
Incarcerate anybody that'll get in my way
Make 'em censor any media that challenge the mold
Give 'em bullsh*tty shows just like Anna Nicole's
Control the message in the music, it's gangsta fo' sho
Give 'em diamonds, never tell 'em 'bout the conflict zones
Never tell 'em 'bout the murder in Sierra Leone
Never tell 'em how the diamonds make 'em murder their own

It's all too easy, if I was evil that's how I'd rock it
Make sure that my propaganda won't ever stop it
Got 120 channels, but it's nothin' to watch
Now 11:55 be the time on the clock, believe

AWOL

[Intro]
And you don't hear none of those stations, for hip-hop and R&B playin' him, ask why
In fact, where are those stations today?
Somebody better ask somebody that
The people that's most affected, by this war
Are the so-called hip-hop generation

[Interlude 1: Recruiter]
The Army is the best kept secret in the whole world
That every soldier gets his or her own private room
You can forget that old brown boot image of the Army
It's a job like anything else, you'd love it, all the soldiers do

[Verse 1]
I remember how it started, remember the time
I was watchin' Rap City 'bout a quarter to nine
Commercial said the military givin' money for school
Caught the bus up to my campus, they were signin' recruits
And met this dude named Diablo (Hello), was some kind of vet ('Sup?)
He explained the situation told me what to expect, he said
(Now we'll help you pay for college and train you for work)
Said I could take computer cla**es and could quit if I want
But best of all was the fact I'd have my own sh*t
I'd have my own space and have my own place to kick it
On top of that I'd travel, and visit the world
Hell, Diablo said the women overseas was the pearl
Didn't even call my girl, let's get it on fo' sho'
Signed my name, took some tests, and I was outta the do'
A true soldier for America, ready to go
On the road a vacation'll be good for the soul
[Chorus]
Don't matter what they sayin' now
They lyin' what they say fo' sho'
They don't play when it come to war
They get down, they get down, they get down

[Verse 2]
I showed up at basic training, but what a mistake
Cause this motherf**ker yellin at me all in my face
In this dirty-a** latrine, fifty men in a room

Runnin' laps up in the mud at four o'clock in the morning
I'm scrubbin' toilets, doin' laundry, and feelin' the pain
If I didn't know no better, I'd think "Boy" was my name
Same bullsh*t line so many bit 'fore me
Got a n***a twisted up in this illusion of freedom
F**k this sh*t, I'm out tomorrow, made up my mind
Everything Diablo said I'm findin' out was a lie
That's when my unit got the call, the Commander in Chief
Wanted ground troop a**ignments keeping peace in the East
What a relief, I'm thinkin finally somethin new
Shipped us off and twenty hours later, we was en route
Touched down around eleven, the desert was brutal
Then the ground split and caught us by surprise from the shootin'

[Interlude 2]
"Engage! Engage! Open fire!"
"Take cover! Take cover!"
"Get down! Fire!"
[Chorus]
Don't matter what they sayin' now
They lyin' what they say fo' sho'
They don't play when it come to war
They get down, they get down, they get down
Don't matter what they sayin' now
They lyin' what they say fo' sho'
They don't play when it come to war
They get down, they get down, they get down

[Verse 3]
It was all surreal, seen 'em blow the spine out his back
In the minefield, we was reelin' from the attack
Seen the MO's hand upon the receiver, still attached
With an alarm on it, set off the beacon, then I mashed
Who the first truck, blood and guts splash in my face
Cuttin' kids down, couldn'ta been no older than eight
What the f**k is goin' on, who we fightin' and why
Killin' kids, killin' killers, who the f**k is supplyin'?
I'm cryin' out for protection, but none of it came
So I dumped in all directions 'til the heater was drained
But that night vision sh*t wasn't helping us win
Caught a round of friendly fire, but it wasn't so friendly
We simply got lucky, headed back to the base

Seen a soldier rape a woman, shot her dead in the face
Guts stuck to my clothes, body parts galore
If this a peacekeepin' mission, I ain't ready for war
And now I'm back home bitter, and sick and contagious
And I'm knowin' we some bullies, that's why everyone hate us
Still broke than a motherf**ker, n***as is starvin'
And that job trainin' sh*t is only good for the Army
I guess I should have been a CO, and kept up a file
Shoulda listened when my homies said we murder for oil
Now I'm f**kin' with this wheelchair, ain't nothin' the same
And I'm knowin' confrontation's mo' than video games
War is pain

Agents Of Repression

[Intro: Paris]
All day on the nation's only all-terror network
All terror, all the time
FOXSNBCNN

[Skit]
"The War on Terror is everyone's war, and civilization itself is in the balance"
"The questions are growing louder, and the White House is furiously backpedalling. What did the president know, and when did he know it?"
"You're telling me you're going to fake some terrorist thing, just to scare some money out of Congress?"
"Well unfortunately, I have no idea how to fake killing four thousand people. So we're just gonna have to do it for real. Oh, blame it on the Muslims, naturally. Then I can get my funding!"

What Would You Do?

[Chorus]
What would you do if you
Knew all of the things we know
Would you stand up for truth
Or would you turn away too?
And then what if you saw
All of the things that's wrong
Would you stand tall and strong?
Or would you turn and walk away

[Verse 1]
I see a message from the government, like every day
I watch it, and listen, and call 'em all suckas
They warnin' me about Osama or whatever
Picture me buyin' this scam I said never
You in tune to a Hard Truth Soldier spittin'
I stay committed gives a f**k to die or lose commission
It's all a part of fightin' devil state mind control
And all about the battle for your body mind and soul
And now I'm hopin' you don't close ya mind - so they shape ya
Don't forget they made us slaves, gave us AIDS and raped us
Another Bush season mean another war for profit
All in secret so the public never think to stop it
The Illuminati triple 6 all connected
Stolen votes they control the race and take elections
It's the Skull and Bones Freemason kill committee
See the Dragon gettin' sh*ttier in every city
[Chorus]

[Verse 2]
Now ask yourself who's the one with the most to gain (Bush)
'Fore 911 motherf**kas couldn't stand his name (Bush)
Now even n***as waivin' flags like they lost they mind
Everybody got opinions but don't know the time
Cause America's been took - it's plain to see
The oldest trick in the book is make an enemy
Of phony evil so the government can do it's dirt
And take away ya freedom lock and load, beat and search
Ain't nothin' changed but more colored people locked in prison
These pigs still beat us but it seem we forgettin'

But I remember 'fore Septmember how these devils do it
F**k Gulliani, ask Diallo how he doin'
We in the streets holla "jail to the thief" - follow
F**k wavin' flags bring these dragons to they knees
Oil blood money make these killers ride cold
Suspicious suicides people dyin' never told
It's all a part of playin' God so ya think we need 'em
While Bin Ashcroft take away ya rights to freedom
Bear witness to the sickness of these dictators
Hope you understand the time brother cause it's major

[Chorus]
[Verse 3]
So now you askin' why my records always come the same
Keep it real, ain't no fillers, motherf**k a blingin'
Mine eyes seen the gory of the coming of the beast
So every story every word I'm sayin' "F**k Peace"
See you could witness the Illuminati body count
Don't be surprised these is devils that I'm talkin' bout
You think a couple thousand lives mean sh*t to killers?
N***a I swear to God we the ones - ain't no villans
Or any other word they think to demonize a country
Ain't no terror threat unless approval ratings slumpin'
So I'mma say it for the record we the ones that planned it
Ain't no other country took a part or had they hand in
Just a way to keep ya scary so you think you need 'em
Praisin' Bush while that killer take away ya freedom
How many of us got discovered but ignore the symptoms?
N***as talkin' loud but ain't nobody sayin' sh*t
And with the 4th Amendment gone eyes are on the 1st
That's why I'm spittin' cyanide each and every verse
I see the Carlyle group and Harris Bank Accounts
I see 'em plead the 5th each and every session now
And while Reichstag burns see the public buy it
I see the profilin' see the media's compliance
War is good for business see the vicious make a savior
Hope you understand the time brother cause it's major
[Chorus]

How We Do

Yeah
Welcome
You are now in tune to the real
Hard truth - Soldiers
In about 2 seconds a soldier will began to speak

Welcome into Cali where we strong like that
We struggle with the struggle and it's on like that
We guard the gate, separate these boys from men
In the cities where too many take your life for granted

Stone cold with the message, it's on and crackin'
N***as trifilin' ya quick lose ya life from scrappin'
Happens all the time see us dyin' playin' for keeps
Many fallin' to the callin' of these murderous streets

And the world keep spinnin' ...no stoppin' the rain
Seem everytime we happy come the trouble and pain
Even marks playin' heartless - who the hell could know
In a twist he resisted now he stiff in the cold

And we still ain't got no love for no po-lice
How many killin' n***as murder in these City Streets
F**k a Pig and these busta a** n***a beats
It's Black Power on the map, blow the back out your coward-a** rap
Who could match when we spit bricks
See 'em scatter when I call blitz
N***a scratch 'em out the mix
No matter what you been through
We still comin' with that
Bomb bomb biddy in the city when we bring truth

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)
And that's how we do it when we (come like that)
And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we roll like that) (we cold like that)

And that's how we do it when we (walk like that)
And that's how we do it when we (talk like that)

And that's the way we do it when we (come like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)

Still wanna cap those - coward a** rap hoes
N***as can't match flows - Even when I rap slow
Still got the pill - when I spill over beats
And still comin' real never yield sayin' f**k peace

I b*t*h slap fairy tales of straps
What the hell happened to rap? It just collapsed
Perhaps it's ways of the paper chase clones
N***as far gone from the sellin' of the soul
But I'm grown so check the essay, we deep as eses
Blaze, make these haters behave, we on that Che
Guevera seen the fear in they eyes, we world - wide
Swat these phony n***as like flies, who wanna ride

And vibe off my serenade, terror made
Jiggy n***as raise afraid, we finna raid
And blaze when we come around, The black fist
Amazed how we turn it out - it's like this sayin

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)
And that's how we do it when we (come like that)
And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we roll like that) (we cold like that)

And that's how we do it when we (walk like that)
And that's how we do it when we (talk like that)
And that's the way we do it when we (come like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)

Got my att**ude from adolescence - nothin' changed
Gotta say my prayers count my blessin's - what a shame
In this game of life nothin' promised - another day
Got me packin' heat avoidin' drama - who to blame
When we all guilty doin' dirt
In the community too many of us in up hurt
No love for life in this complicated paradox

How many of us gotta die for the madness stop

I look around and all I see is these influences
The hard times in the eyes of the ghetto ruined
So hard to do it when you looked upon as second cla**
Another chapter for Amerikkka's ill-gotten past - you never last

If you don't hold your head high - keep strivin'
Brothers gonna get by - we keep risin'
Even though they want us dyin' - we still thrive and
Believe I'mma keep fightin' - we street soldiers for life

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)
And that's how we do it when we (come like that)
And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we roll like that) (we cold like that)

And that's how we do it when we (walk like that)
And that's how we do it when we (talk like that)
And that's the way we do it when we (come like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)

Yeah, Get ya mob on
Get ya mob on
Street soldiers
Hard truth
Yeah

Freedom (The Last Cell Remix)

(Chorus)
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho

[Verse 1: Paris]
We come back to the days of - grenades up
Black fist raised up - we stay rough
Come this way cause - the game f**ked
Can't stay away from - the main stuff
Still bust when we ride, still game
Still bust any time, f**k fame
Still rhyme under pressure, still bangin'
Still prime, n***as wetcha, still aimin'
Still put a fist in - the system
Still kill a killa cop, we still win
Still be the one to expose the beast (when it's)
Still un-American to be for peace (yeah)
Revenge is a dish best served with steel
If it's on then, lets get it on for real
Can't shut us up - cut us down - never regret
F**k Bush, I'mma say it loud - raisin' a fist - we holla

[Chorus]
[Verse 2: M1, dead prez]
RBG'd up, yeah, ready to get freed up
Bangin' on the system, ready to turn the heat up
Malcolm X c*cktail, ready to burn the streets up
Holla if ya hear me big homie, it's time to eat somthin'
Picture me rollin', me Paris and Chuck D'd up
D**kies and white tee'd up, throwin' them O.G.s love
Listen up, rule number 1 is no snitchin'
Switch up and you gon' have to eat a clip up 'till you hiccup

[Verse 3: Stic, dead prez]
My reality is poverty, police brutality
How I came into this revolutionary mentality
Comin' up in my hood, it's an everyday thang
N***as is hungry and starvin' that's why n***as bang

The O.G.s put me up on the jewels of the game
Ain't no wins in the street if you comin' up lame
That's why I walk how I walk and I claim what I claim
Red, Black to the Green with a gangsta lean

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Public Enemy]
Get back, we put it back on the map
With Power, a panther return to growl
What I'm talkin', Guerrilla Funkin'
And now we back and I'm rappin' to back 'em off again
What I'm spittin' got 'em trippin' we rush the fakes
To keep us livin' I'll keep givin' 'em records to break
They'll never master me, they'll never master P
Why we blast, hara** until we get a piece
Bring the noise, Public Enemy number 1
And P-Dog'll bust, in God we trust
A def jam without the Def Jam we rise
To rush injustice, brush lies aside
What ya need - self-sense and self-defense now
We got it - representin' we bail through the crowd
Be around and 'round, you can't ignore the sound
We still say feel the Prophets of Rage - Power to the people say
[Chorus]

[Verse 5: Paris]
Rebels at it come again
That's why we conspire so you never win
Keep it calmer when we ride so you never seein'
N***as aim between the eyes so you never mend
Field n***as in the front be the first to bust
GuerrillaFunk.com who you gon' trust?
With all this talk about the war they forgettin' us
Broke schools and abuse made the noose a must
Holla black - f**k a pig and these killers wars
Around the world every border it's the same story
Anywhere that it's color it ain't never peace
Africa, South America and Middle East
Move in packs bust back at these killa foes
Reach first make the heat spurts so he know
No blood for the rich - they been exposed

Now it's power to the people everywhere I go - and everybody's sayin..

[Chorus]
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
Yeah, my live n***as standin' in here, Yeah, my live n***as standin' over there
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
Yeah, my live n***as standin' in here, Yeah, my live n***as standin' over there

- Field Nigga Boogie (XLR8R Remix)

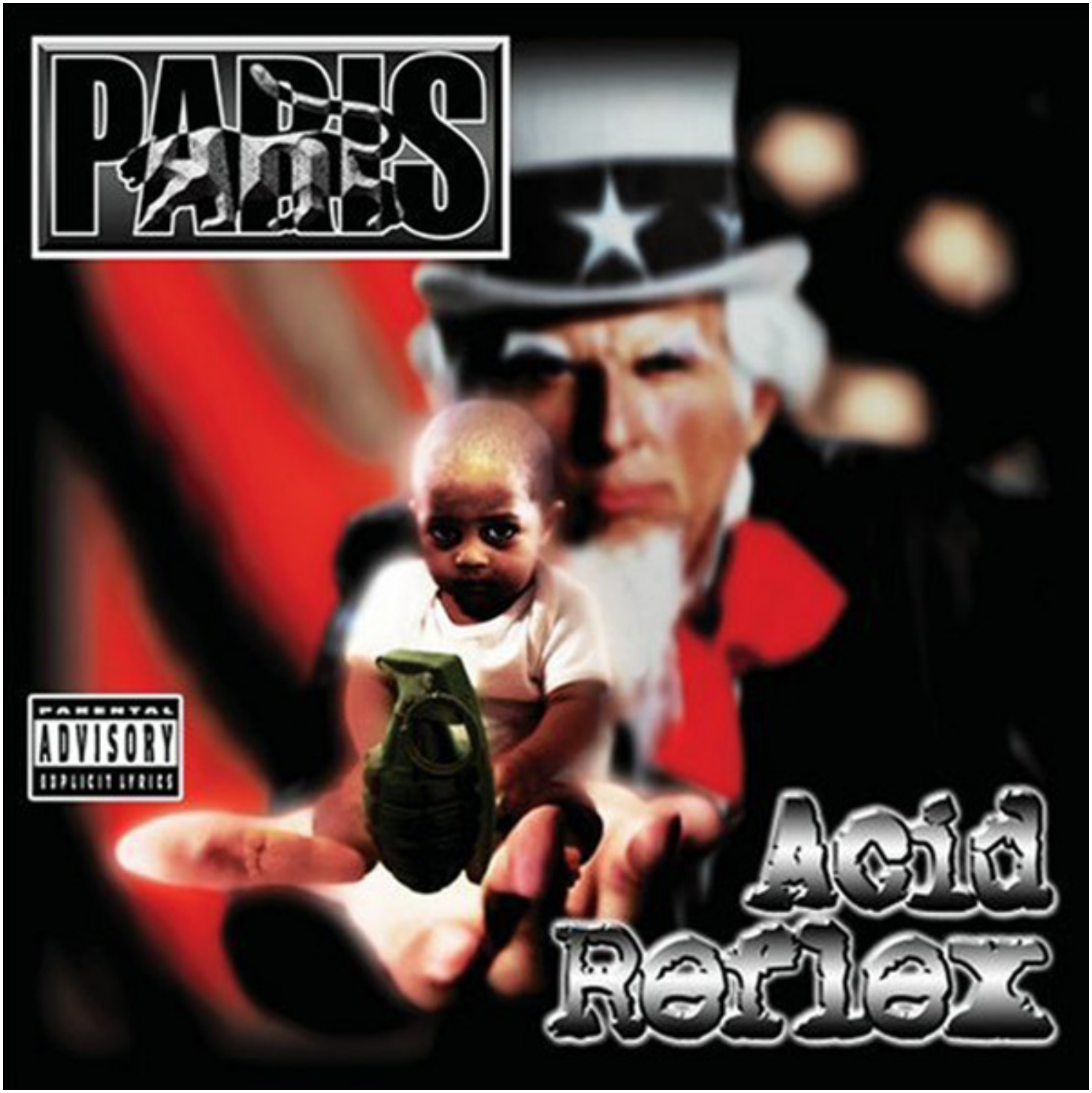
[Paris]
Take it back to the days when we raised us up
'Fore coward-a** rap made the game corrupt
P-Dog in the cut back to bring the pain
Puttin wood on they a** can't stand the rain
And bring heat over beats, and scratch the itch
In a "No Spin Zone," f**k a scanadalous b*t*h
It's the return of the +Bush Killa+ back to bust
Just us for the justice, in God we trust
I rush truth to the youth, and shine the light
Take the red pill, open up your eyes to life
In this land of these crack fiends sheep and moles
See us overthrow the hold of the devil control
And roll deep, keep it underground for the streets
I'm the last sayin, get 'em outta bounds, retreat
Like ants in this war dance, if one fall
Ten more's in his place to advance the cause, it's all

[Reggae chat interlude]

[Various samples]
"This program includes dramatic re-enactments of scenes which depict real events
And contains material which is intended for" (HIP-HOP)
"Welcome to the show!"
"Today, more drugs are coming into America than ever before" - Dan Rather
"We have the best intelligence in the world, we can stop anything we wanna stop"
"You still may know little about" - Dan Rather
"The C.I.A.'s involvement with drug lords"
"This was a, a multi-billion dollar business"
"Even more menacing" - D.R. "The C.I.A."
"Have gone into the drug trade, and are trying to take over the government" - D.R
"In the war", "on drugs" - D.R
"Which side is the C.I.A. on?"
"We need a change! We need a change.." {*2X*}
"One of these motherf**kers different"

Bringing you back what you miss in hip-hop
Hard truth sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier radio
Word! "Pay attention real close, we just begun"

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah! Immortal Technique, part of the rebel militia
Weapon I brandish, don't need the canvas to paint a picture
F**k who you askin, I'll tell you what it is
It ain't music motherf**ker it's the way that we live
Party crashin, leavin the door with a broke lock
And make a toast to the cancer of Rupert Murdoch
I got a hit, on the Grand Wizard and the cyclops
And I'll be snipin, campus security bike cops
F**k around, and I'mma start blastin they kids
Payback, for what they did to John Africa's crib
These pigs talk a lot of sh*t, sh*t, wavin the badge
Can put it down and go the f**k home wrapped in a flag
I have nothin but, empty shells for enemies
Strike me down, that'll give birth to ten of me
Forbidden chemistry, my verse is the dirty bomb
Urban combat, next year n***a it's on


PARIS
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS
Acid Reflex

- Don’t Stop The Movement

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]
Guerrillas in the mist
The mainstream team with pro-Black twist
Hard truth soldiers in the game
Hard truth soldiers back again
P-Dog, I evolve
I drag pigs to the slaughter house, but I never eat hog
As the Fed and the World Bank seesaw
We keep y'all in deep awe cause we raw
Like uncooked crack by the government
Hit like a base rock, listen to the ba** knock
Free 'em in Jena, by any means they walk
Let's see who ready to squeeze
Givin' power to the people and take back America
Panic in the head of the state, pa** the Derringer
Aim and shoot, Beirut to Bay Area
Bury a Homeland Security card carrier

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Don't stop the movement
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Don't stop the movement
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it
[Verse 2: Paris]
Panther power, acid showers
This land is ours, stand and shout it
This plan to cower, isn't ours
This man is proud, keep the scandalous out
Now if it ain't what we about, it's irrelevant
U.S. policy route? Embarra**in'
Never leavin' you without, we got medicine
And we never bend, we got better sense

Hard truth revolutionary Black militant
Death to the Minutemen, checks to the immigrants
Streets still feelin' it, we still killin' it
We still slaughterin' hawks, feed the innocent
Read the imprint
Guerrilla Funk was birthed outta necessity, collectively
Respectively, to behead the beast
On behalf of the left wing scared to speak
Now get up

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Don't stop the movement
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Don't stop the movement
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it
[Interlude: Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan]
Something is wrong
Wrong with the government in which we live
Wrong with the leaders that lead us
Wrong with us
And the way we respond, to our enemy and each other
This nation is not about poor people!
Whether they're black, brown, red, yellow or white
This nation is about rich people!
And to hell with the weak, the poor, they must serve!

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Verse 3: Paris]
Guerrilla on the loose
Scars on my neck but I'm holdin' on the noose
Stars rock ice but they rollin' like Roots
Thugs on the mic but they all shine shoes
See I don't care who you is or where you from

You look like slaves and tricks when soldiers come
And anybody disagree can get done
Coons'll run, battle lines are drawn
Take one for the U.S.A., the new Babylon
Renegade nation formed to do battle on
Man-made war for mind control, carried on
Mainstream media platforms to rattle y'all
But I can't be shook by the White House
Never go the right route, that's the right route
Bury me a 'G' for Guerrilla and I climb out
With the nine out, no time for time out
Get up!
[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Don't stop the movement
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Don't stop the movement
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Outro]
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated

So What

[Opening skit]
FREEZE, POLICE!! (What are you doing?!)
On the floor, ON THE FLOOR NOW
{On your stomach, get on your stomach, on your stomach!}
{ON YOUR STOMACH!} {*gunshots*}

[Verse 1: Paris]
Yo, they got up out the squad car
Jaws hard, jar heads, they want us all dead
Walkin' up to the door, they all saw red
It's one local detective, the rest is all feds
Kick the do' down, ripped the whole house up
Grandmama asked what's wrong and got her mouth cut
The lead fed grabbed her by the throat, threw her up against the wall
And told her they won't leave without drugs
With no just cause, just cause
Had her tied up in her own closet wearin' just drawers
Pants down, standin' 'round sweatin' and laughin'
And high-fivin' each other like, "That's what's up dawg!"
Until a blizzard of bullets blew some nuts off
One by one they run but got gunned off
Her grandson was only five but he saw the whole thang from the stairs
And managed to make the gun cough

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"
Let the police cars blow up
It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much
Of the blame gettin' thrown on us
And politicians bodies go numb from going dumb
So what?
[Verse 2: Paris]
Yeah, another visit from the social worker
She know her kids ain't supposed to know this dope and murder
He know her kids ain't supposed to notice dope and murder
So he let her keep 'em in exchange for some social service
And every week's the same, he gets so nervous
They snort coke, then she let him hit it 'til it hurt it
Typically, that's the end of the date
She swallows his pride, the kids can stay

She ain't mentioned he the reason why the baby in her stomach got her tummy out
When she did, he froze up and dummied out
Took her food stamps, put him in his book
Walked away then she screamed out "Hey!" and caught a left hook
That's when the hollow tip hot one let his chest cook
Shortened every breath took; her young son
Mean muggin' handcuffed as they took him away
Said "Momma you gon' be okay, so what?!"

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"
Let the police cars blow up
It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much
Of the blame gettin' thrown on us
And politicians bodies go numb from going dumb
So what?
[Verse 3: Paris]
She was a proud mom, a G.I. Joe mom
Couldn't see they lied for war, she was all for it
Wavin flags, sportin tags with the yellow ribbons
And when she said he was a hero know she really meant it
'Til somebody showed her proof of the ruse
Took her to Guerrilla Funk dot com for the hard truth
Showed the motive and the profiteering from the mission
She got mad and wrote her congressman but he ain't listen
So she prayed everyday that they
Would pull the troops out the fray and they would be okay
All she had was her faith 'til the day the news
Came talkin 'bout that roadside bomb in Fallujah
And even though she thought she'd been through the worst
Mama walked into the closet, put the strap in her purse
And went first to the door of her congressman's home
Took his life 'fore takin her own, shoulda known

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"
Let the police cars blow up
It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much
Of the blame gettin' thrown on us
And politicians bodies go numb from going dumb
So what?
These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"

Let the police cars blow up
It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much
Of the blame gettin' thrown on us
And politicians bodies go numb from going dumb
So what?

Blap That Ass Up

[Female news reporter]
That verdict just came down
Those three detectives, not guilty, on all counts
Not guilty of the manslaughter charges
Not guilty of the a**ault charges
Not guilty of the reckless endangerment charges
That verdict, is going to rock this city, this community
The, groom's fiancee, the one who was killed
They were, they had said prosecutors, proved this case
But they put on witnesses
But I want to show you, let's just turn around
I want to show you, just what's going on here
{*BLAM BLAM*}

[Unknown speakers]
We out here with the youth
The youth is saying F**K THAT, it's enough is enough
Well you the final one right now man, y'knahmean?
So we gotta take back the streets, you understand?

(We face this every day, it's not an isolated incident)
(We all know, how we feel about the cops)
(And how they practice this inst**utionalized racism)

House by house, door by door, block by block
Neighborhood by neighborhood, we need to organize
We need to have our own system set up, to control our communities
We don't need these racist pigs comin in our neighborhood
With their hands on their gun cause they're scared of us
[Hook: repeat 2X]
Blap, blap blap that a** up {*3X*}
Blap, blap blap, blap blap

[Unknown singer 2X]
What you came fo'?
What you came here fo'?
What you playin fo'?
Seri-seri-seri-serious

{*BLAM BLAM*}

[Paris as radio announcer with singer in background]
And yes yes y'all you in tune to Hard Truth Soldier Radio
Shoutin truth to power, representin freedom justice and equality
Comin in every city and every town
Every ghetto all 'round~!
Worldwide, where we ride on the police
Cause the police beat us

[Unknown speaker]
I don't care what they say
We're not the only ones that can bleed
We're not the only ones that can go to funerals
Unless they stop killin us, we're gonna take it into our own hands
We're not the only ones that can bleed... {*echoes*}
[Male news anchor]
Recent police shootings involving African-American victims across the U.S
Has led to a string of angry protests from outraged black community members
(There is a culture, of police officers out there that represent)
(a legalized genocide, and we need to recognize that)

[Paris]
1-2-3 in the parking lot
Make it pop so they feel when I peel the Glock
Hear the shot, killer cops all drop and fold
Ring around the rose pocket fulla slugs and holes
Controlled beef like demo-lition, the mission
Most prof-ficient with those that don't listen
We merk this b*t*h a** pigs when we ride through
Me in the front seat, T through the sunroof
Now gas, break, shoot
Cause it's an eye for an eye for the lives took and the bru-
-tality and the rapes and the bleedin'
For dope and the choke holds, water hosin the people
But the blap make it equal
"Blap, blap" be the sound for the WOOP WOOP when we see you
It's a gang war sequel
Between us and the punk police for what they do

[Hook]
[More news excerpts and speeches from 3:30 to the end]

The Trap

[Verse 1: Paris]
As I bend the corner ba** beatin' the back
I sink into the mood and watch the people react
Same gritty conversation, same bomb-a** rap
Same sh*tty-a** conditions, same grip on a strap
Same pigs, same crackers, same n***as united
Buyin' into the stereotypes that we fightin'
Buyin' into the stereotypes of us bein'
Buck dancin' a** sex-crazed murderous fiends
Still f**kin' up these home-schooled simpleton haters
Same people that display us wanna kill and betray us
Same division, mo' religion, never readin', just prayers
More bounty hunters, Imus' and Jena's and Kramer's
Still blame us for the cause of the way that we act
While lullabies of celebrities still keep us distracted
Keep the focus off the President and sh*t in Iraq
Keep us scapegoatin' immigrants and n***as on crack
Keep the propaganda comin', keep impressin' the kids
They only care about us when its time to enlist
But when them politicians talk about protectin' the fetus
What it mean when they send us off to war and mistreat us?
Tax cuts for the rich, ain't no snitchin' allowed
'Specially if it's piggies that we talkin' about
As they murder motherf**kers comin' up in your house
Seem that violence is the only thing they listen to now
It's the trap
[Chorus: Sandy Griffith]
Look at all the gangsters ride
Sometime it seem we born to die
What will it take to make it right?
With no chance, no promise of advancement, hey
Don't wanna lose another life
We've seen too many of us die
Let's put this thing together right?
Take a stand, and plan to get ahead

[Verse 2: Paris]
Now let's, get this sh*t clear once and for all
Ain't no terrorist that's bigger than America's balls
Ain't no terror more terrible than terror we brought

And ain't it terrible the terror's all America's fault
I'm askin', what would you do if you knew of it all?
If you knew all our enemies were made for the part?
If you knew that everything they do is part of a plot
That's pre-agreed upon with us, so you always support?
Claimin, patriot but can't never explain
Why babies killin' babies in America's name
Why black and brown bodies, why murder and pain?
Why these motherf**kers laughin' all the way to the bank?
That's gangster! But we don't see the truth of it still
Don't see the truth the way the ruthless murder and kill
Ain't no doubt about it bruh, that's big pimpin' for real
And you askin' why I'm out here servin' 'em still
It's the trap
[Chorus: Sandy Griffith]
Look at all the gangsters ride
Sometime it seem we born to die
What will it take to make it right?
With no chance, no promise of advancement, hey
Don't wanna lose another life
We've seen too many of us die
Let's put this thing together right?
Take a stand, and plan to get ahead

[Verse 3: Paris]
The way I see it, the only way to change it is pain
Seems they only pay attention when we splatterin' brains
Seem they never seem to hear us when we march and complain
Or when when we protestin', hopin' pigs don't whoop us again
Look here, see how fast money come for the schools
And how quick them motherf**kers bring home the troops
How the coonin' and derogatory sh*t in the music'll go away
When they see the people snatch 'em and shoot 'em!
Just watch! You'll see, sh*t'll change on a dime
Best believe for politicians ain't gon' be no more hidin'
Ain't gonna be no mo' lyin, don't wanna see 'em in court
Don't wanna sue 'em, rather do 'em, shoot 'em up in his Porsche
Bring the balance back where the people making the rules
Where the government is scared of what the people might do
And not the other way around, y'all got it confused
Was ignored, but you listenin' now! We on the move sayin'
[Chorus: Sandy Griffith]

Look at all the gangsters ride
Sometime it seem we born to die
What will it take to make it right?
With no chance, no promise of advancement, hey
Don't wanna lose another life
We've seen too many of us die
Let's put this thing together right?
Take a stand, and plan to get ahead

[Post-Chorus: Paris]
A write tah Congress is what they say it's about
I'm sayin', f**k de letta, wet her leavin' de house
I get my, gun and stun 'em, run dem out of de town
I'd rather, shoot now congressman, I shoot now congressman
I vote but never stop the problem around
Dem soldier, only murderin' the black and the brown
I get my gun and stun 'em, run dem out of de town
I'd rather, shoot now congressman a, shoot de President a
A write tah Congress is what they say it's about
I'm sayin', f**k de letta, wet her leavin' de house
I get my, gun and stun 'em, run dem out of de town
I'd rather, shoot now congressman, I shoot now congressman
I vote but never stop the problem around
Dem soldier, only murderin' the black and the brown
I get my gun and stun 'em, run dem out of de town
I'd rather, shoot now congressman a, shoot de President a

[Newsreel footage]

[Chorus: Sandy Griffith]
Look at all the gangsters ride
Sometime it seem we born to die
What will it take to make it right?
With no chance, no promise of advancement, hey
Don't wanna lose another life
We've seen too many of us die
Let's put this thing together right?
Take a stand, and plan to get ahead

Get Fired Up

[Verse 1: Paris]
What you know about that hip-hop that's corporatized?
What you know about them porch monkey raps and lies?
What you know about the image black men as pimps?
And Slavor Slav-a** country coon n***as with limp?
What you know about a mack MC with skills
Who could spit and kick real sh*t people could feel?
What you know about the radio and fake-a** clowns
With the same ten songs, every city and town?
What you know about that Hollywood culture fetish
And who f**kin' who and what b*t*hes is wearin'?
And who gettin' fat and who adoptin' who
And what n***a got arrested now actin' a fool?
What you know about these rappers on Cribs at night?
Shootin' pool with no motherf**kin' books in sight
Grinnin' grills when they showin' off they rims and ice
With that (Ha!), wish them dumb motherf**kers be quiet
See, I'm fresh outta favors, so excuse my tone
This bullsh*t been goin' on way too long
Who decide what you listen to and what gets shown?
Who decides what message get inside your home?
I'm knowin' all about devil-a** Jimmy Iovine
And all of the rest of the killin' machine
Debra Lee and the BET hoes and demons
Dealin' dope through the radio and video screens
I'm sayin', what if we demand a change?
And blow heads off 'stead of complainin'
I'll bet then you listen what folks sayin'
When we say we had enough, knowin we ain't playin'
Now get fired up
[Hook: T-K.A.S.H. and Sandy Griffith]
(Oh-wa-oh)
I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)
I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)
I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)
Look at what they doin' to me
(Oh-wa-oh)
I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)
I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)
I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

[Verse 2]
Oh yeah, and f**k these political hacks
Wanna act like they the mouthpiece for Blacks
Jesse Lee and Ward Connerly and Keyes, attack
Anything Black when white folks writing the checks
And in fact, I could see hella n***as is blind
Like Armstrong leavin' every child behind
And McWhorter's a w**** too, sh*t is a crime
Clarence Thomas couldn't ever be a brother of mine
I shine light on that bullsh*t, it's all self hate (Yeah)
Who the next face to betray the race?
I place bets that the real people sure to relate
When I blast on that bootlickin' masquerade, and say
"Hold up, wait a minute, n***a stop please
Me don't suffer from victim mentality
All we ever did was try to get a piece
Of the pie that supposedly for everybody"
Real talk, somebody best tell Russell
Fo' street n***as catch his a** up in a tussle
Drop squad in effect man, de-program
We throw his pink wearing a** in the back of the van
And say no more rap apologist, I quit
Every diamond is a blood diamond, please forgive
And see me redeemed for the deeds I did
For that Def Jam scam pushin' poison to kids
Now get fired up
[Hook: T-K.A.S.H. and Sandy Griffith]
(Oh-wa-oh)
I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)
I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)
I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)
Look at what they doin' to me
(Oh-wa-oh)
I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)
I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)
I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)
Look at what they doin' to me

[Verse 3]
What about these racists that talk that sh*t

'Bout these immigrants, like they claim to it's legit?
Like they ain't stole it anyway, murdered and pillaged
Like they justified, cryin' 'bout they want to get rid of
It's the one-two-three, the three to two-one (Yeah)
This nation was built on the backs of brown
Slave trade and the dead red population
Put the yellow man in a camp concentration
Now, I blast on these right wing hoes
Now, who'll be the first exposed?
Hannity with that weak doublespeak his tone
I'll make his drop out bartenderin' a** get thrown
And f**k Mike Savage, radio snake
With that bully bullsh*t minuteman debate
Pro-life, pro-war, man, it's all pro-hate
Do him in for his sins and Katrina disdain
And uh, motherf**k yo' taxes b*t*h
While Chevron is stackin' chips
While they send another off to die
Send another young body to Iraq with lies
What the f**k you gonna say to me? I see right through it
Through the smokescreen, keepin' folks meaner and stupid
Through the fake fear, fake tears, pride and collusion
Ain't no fakes here, all I see is lies and abuses
P (Dog), still the one you can't f**k with
Educated then a motherf**ker, I see clearly
Can't be whupped or debated, can't break my spirit
Never bought off, never go soft, and never fear it
Hear it loud when I say it, that's the way that it go
Hear it loud, cause I'm killin' 'em with words in a row
B*t*h, it ain't Paris Hilton, it's the murderous flow
Only P-Dog spittin' is the Paris you know
Now get

Neighborhood Watch

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]
You can keep fightin', or you can go home
You can keep tryin', or get rolled on
I'ma keep ridin', 'cause when the funk is on
Most of these so-called rebels ain't got they phones on
So I turn to the killers and the gangbangers
Teach 'em how change, doin' the same thang
Show a loc how to love himself
And how self-hate make you wanna slug yourself
Introduce him to the enemy that enemy made
And how the evil made 'em murder for the clique that he claim
When I see it all click in his brain
I put an clip in his hand and tell 'em, "Come on, it's women to save"
You a young black warrior, raised in a battlefield
Some say soldier, trained with a strap to kill
But it ain't no good if all you think about
Is shootin' up the area Blacks chill, and that's real

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]
Time to leave the wrong for right
Gotta make a change in my life
Shake all the stress and strife
And gain wealth with knowledge of self, baby
Settle down and raise a fam
And know about that master plan
That's why we gotta understand
Nobody looking out for us but us, true baby
[Verse 2: Paris]
History and time have proved nobody cares
If you live life cool or you die but you
You ride for me homie, I'ma ride for you
Long as you understand who you bring the violence to
If you hard enough to murder for malt liquor and mean mugs
Mash on these b*t*h-a** cops who bring teens drugs
And politicians who pa** laws that don't do sh*t, keepin' streets corrupt
Keepin' us stuck
And trapped in that hell hole
I know the reason of the reason for the reason which your mind bases hell on

You ain't gotta call hell home
If you think twice 'bout smokin' a brother for gettin' his mail on
Let me guess, you ain't workin' for the white man?
Who you think you workin' for, sellin' white, man?
They lend you yayo, send you to jail
The hard truth of it spells the intent to fail, might as well

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]
Time to leave the wrong for right
Gotta make a change in my life
Shake all the stress and strife
And gain wealth with knowledge of self, baby
Settle down and raise a fam
And know about that master plan
That's why we gotta understand
Nobody looking out for us but us, true baby
[Verse 3: Paris]
Real G's know the drama
From being nine years old seein' Five-O feelin' all on your momma
Smacked her hard, threw her in the back of the car
For some out of date tags on the car
That's hard, real Crips know the real sh*t
Livin' with ya granny 'cause ya daddy ain't never callin' or give sh*t
So of course, the anger from the pain just might be the blame
For n***as that get they wig split
Real Bloods know it's hard to feel love
If daddy was there, but he threatened to kill us
And while we did homework, he just did drugs
Of course, I'ma flash red rags and give it up, n***a
Punk police, deadbeat daddies and crack
Are the reason many hated bein' black
It's time to rise up, open your eyes up
To the people who created the trap and hate that, take that

Acid Reflex

[Verse 1: Paris]
Hard truth soldier music, hard truth over music
Exposed so the youth can use it
Guerrilla Funk don't confuse it
With off-brand gangster rap that don't do sh*t
P-Dog and I'm back with a new clique
Sharpshooters, four deep in a 'lark shooters
That might creep in dark and shoot the police
In the heart for Sean Bell and Martin Luther
Cause ever since '90
America tried to bling me, but they still can't blind me
Eighteen years behind me, twenty mo' left
Pro-left, pro-death, the Bush Killa
Corporate conservative crook killer
Wolfowitz for the chips that he took killer
This industry is full of shook n***as
That's why the shame grip breaker returns to left hook n***as

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
Now when we say Guerrilla Funk
We don't mean monkeys on a vine
We mean this as in New Orleans
Virginia Tech and Columbine

[Verse 2: Paris]
We still rise like gas prices
On fire like CNN satellite vans if they pa** by us
Like Bechtel hush money cash stipends
Lindsay Lohan's nose and v*****
F**k Imus
Then again white folks pointin' fingers at the hate that hate made is timeless
Look at Hussein, paid 'em, trained 'em
Played 'em, called 'em "al-Qaeda" then hanged 'em
You said die n***a? But I'm still crackin'
Like six out of twenty nine eleven hijackers
If anybody dead, it's kids in the black church
Being mislead by the misled
B-E-T, telling kids get bread
But never telling 'em what to do with bread
A project for the b*t*h scared

Joe Biden running blue but he just might drip red
[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
Now when we say Guerrilla Funk
We don't mean monkeys on a vine
We mean this as in New Orleans
Virginia Tech and Columbine
O.J. Simpson, B.T.K
Beltway, Peterson, Jon Benet
The San Francisco Panther 8
Our government's hate for foreign kind

[Verse 3: Paris]
Representing for the innocent victims out in Darfur
But it's really not our war
I'ma leave it alone on this track cause that's something
I had to go and write to a whole 'nother song for
The rap sh*t got n***as on all fours
T-K.A.S.H. make many sound like Forrest
Guerrilla Funk, straight vets, place bets them
Pseudo-a** revolutionaries never come towards us
By the way, if you ain't spittin' hard truth
Then you ain't spittin' sh*t up in our booth
Grande mocha civil rights leaders get a
Blue star mama tryin' to walk up in our shoes
Guerrilla Funk dot com is the website
Log on, get'cha head right
We got pro-red right scared to head to bed at night
Hard Truth won't spare ya life motherf**ker
[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
Now when we say Guerrilla Funk
We don't mean monkeys on a vine
We mean this as in New Orleans
Virginia Tech and Columbine
O.J. Simpson, B.T.K
Beltway, Peterson, Jon Benet
The San Francisco Panther 8
Our government's hate for foreign kind

[Interlude]
What is a revolution? Was no love lost, was no compromise, was no negotiation, I'm tellin' you you don't know what a revolution is! Because when you find out what it is you'll get out of the way. You haven't got a revolution that doesn't involve bloodshed

And you're afraid to bleed, I saw it, you're afraid to bleed
If it is right, for America to draft us and teach us how to be violent, then it is right for you and me

[Bridge: Sandy Griffith]
We don't talk about, we do it
Got no time to dance, it's the movement
Comin' way too strong, let's move it
Freedom must be won, or lose it

[Interlude: Paris]
Who said freedom could never be won?
Who said it was the ballot or the gun?
Who said a group like us, couldn't move?
It wasn't me, but maybe it was you
[Another speech to end - "never back down, never bow down"]

- True

[Verse 1]
Welcome back to California
The punk police will calico ya
The funk won't cease, we battle on the grounds
Of who it is that really own the town
Business, palm trees, a hundred degrees
C-I-As, F-E-Ds smuggle in keys
Schwarzenegger still hustle and scheme, puffin' the weed
Feelin' on women, killin' the whole scene
And I'm killin' that old image you got
I know you think the West coast started with Eazy and finished with 'Pac
But think again, we got it just as hard out here
You act like the government ain't in charge out here, man
Pa** the Molotov, light it up, and throw it at the city hall
Administration, station
Face the Nation, I ain't talkin 'bout the President
I'm talkin' 'bout the flag with the star and the crescent in it

[Chorus]
Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz
Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood
P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs
How they divide and confuse us
Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz
Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood
P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs
How they divide and confuse us
[Verse 2]
Now put your purple back partner, I don't smoke trees (Nah)
No dank, no drank, no coke, or speed (Hell, naw!)
You know me homey, sober and clean
A lot of G's want me on the team, but I don't roll with dope fiends
Imagine me goin' from Tookie to Pookie
I'm a threat 'cause mainstream rejection didn't spook me
Rappers tried to make me switch and couldn't move me
Kufi salute me and true n***as choose me
Viewed to be the new Huey in Newsweek
We all speak truth, now listen to the truth speak
Full circle with the way I view beef
If you don't choose peace, you leave with no front two teeth

Up in this motherf**ker (Yeah)
Guerrilla Funk and we ain't never been no run-and-duckers (That's right)
Now tell me what's so gangster 'bout flossin' your bank account
For some quick attention from the women while the people in the hood suffer

[Chorus]
Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz
Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood
P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs
How they divide and confuse us
Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz
Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood
P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs
How they divide and confuse us

[Verse 3]
Well look here, what'chu think of bringin' back the free breakfastes
The free food, free health care, free dentistes
The homey Fleetwood got the homeboy hotline
An ex-felon job line, hit him on MySpace
And pardon as I take part in upliftin' of my race
Past the high rate of incarceration and crime rate
Bein' my fate, so if you don't believe
That we can struggle and achieve then get out my face
So quick, so fast, you don't get no pa**
You don't get mo' black, we'll kick yo' a**!
Then turn around and spend yo' cash, in the hood
With the mommas and the kids livin' with no dad
Frisco through Oakland, Vallejo through Oakland
They try to gentrify and then rebuild most Oaklands
But it's still mo' funk and coke smokin' in the Oakland
Fo-fo's blowin domes open, think about it

[Chorus]
Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz
Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood
P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs
How they divide and confuse us
Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz
Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood
P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs
How they divide and confuse us

- The Violence of the Lambs

[Pastor Jeremiah Wright]
What Malcolm X said, when he got silenced by Elijah Muhammad was in fact true, "America's chickens are coming home, to roost!"

We took this country by terror, away from the Sioux, the Apache, the Arawak, the Comanche, the Arapaho, the Navajo; terrorism! We took Africans from their country to build our way of ease and kept them enslaved, and living in fear;
Terrorism!

We bombed Grenada and killed innocent civilians, babies, non-military personnel; We bombed the black civilian community of Panama with stealth bombers and killed, unarmed teenagers and toddlers, pregnant mothers and hard working fathers

We bombed Gaddhafi's home and killed his child. We bombed Iraq, we killed unarmed civilians, trying to make a living
We bombed a plant in the Sudan to pay back for the attack on our emba**y

Killed hundreds of hard working people, mothers and fathers, who left home to go that day not knowing that they'd never get back home

We bombed Hiroshima, We bombed Nagasaki! And we bombed far more than the thousands in New York, and the Pentagon, and we never batted an eye

Kids playing in the playground, mothers, picking up children after school, civilians, not soldiers, people just trying to make it day by day
We have supported state terrorism against the Palestinians and black South Africans, AND NOW WE ARE INDIGNANT!
Because the stuff we have done overseas is now brought right back into our own front yards!

America's CHICKENS, are coming home, to roost

Winter in America

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]
I know you thought I wouldn't say somethin'
About the way the radio and TV, don't really say nothin'
Unless black men stay thuggin'
Unless black women straight sl*ttin'
I know you thought I wouldn't talk about rich white men
Still doin' to black artists today what they did to the ones back then
Can't you see brother, they don't love you
They just want money off of what you do
I know you thought I wouldn't speak on those with hot tracks
Runnin' 'round tryin to tell me hip-hop is not black
For real, it ain't black now? I guess it ain't
Long as y'all wanna thug in the 'burbs, slummin' dressed down
I'ma talk about the doc*mented fact
America funds Israel more than all of Africa
What the hell would I be rappin' for
If hard truth ain't attackin' ya, blappin' ya?

[Hook: Paris]
It's the same thing every day, we keep movin'
It's the same games people play, we see through 'em
Long as I am alive, the grind won't stop
We gonna fight 'til we die, the rhymes won't stop
Try to maintain through the pain, we keep movin'
'Til the chains break from the brain, we break through 'em
Long as justice denied, the grind won't stop
Bringin' sight to the blind, the rhymes won't stop, now come on
[Verse 2: Chuck D and Paris]
Microphone check 1-2, check the sound
Ba** for ya face, bring the level around
See us break over breaks take the racists and blaze
We, back on the stage, it's the prophets of rage
Not Dre but I'm still watchin over the game
What the hell has happened to us, seem as nothing has changed
Just coons on the tube, jiggaboos and pimps
Act a motherf**kin' fool while labels makin' a mint
I spit a verse, maybe curse, every city and town
What's the worst that could happen, brothers workin' it out

I been around growlin' freedom or death since day one
Miuzi weighs a ton, don't forget it's the bomb
I run up, we Public Enemy, they ain't said sh*t
Put the message in the music so you never forget
Time to take this thing back put the hit in the hits
If you ain't mad then you ain't even tripped
Pay attention, it's the Enemy

[Hook: Paris]
It's the same thing every day, we keep movin'
It's the same games people play, we see through 'em
Long as I am alive, the grind won't stop
We gonna fight 'til we die, the rhymes won't stop
Try to maintain through the pain, we keep movin'
'Til the chains break from the brain, we break through 'em
Long as justice denied, the grind won't stop
Bringin' sight to the blind, the rhymes won't stop, now come on
[Verse 3: Paris]
9/11 is no longer a conspiracy
It's being used to reduce civil liberties
Speak critically, they can legally ignore you
And let the VeriChip think for you
Screamin' out no child left behind
But all we end up, learnin' is how to work for the wealthy kind
Cause wealth defines the health we buy, from Blue Cross to
Leaders of the banks from the checks we write
Foolin' with my food, chickens as big as the turkeys
GMO's make produce bloom a month early
Cross-pollinatin' rice grains with hormones
Highly afraid of ice age, tryin' to fight plagues
But the real issue, is when you speak the hard truth
Then they will get you, bringin' light to our youth
Then they will kill you, if you Armstrong Williams
They big scrill you, and force the fickle to feel you, for real

[Hook: Paris]
It's the same thing every day, we keep movin'
It's the same games people play, we see through 'em
Long as I am alive, the grind won't stop
We gonna fight 'til we die, the rhymes won't stop
Try to maintain through the pain, we keep movin'
'Til the chains break from the brain, we break through 'em

Long as justice denied, the grind won't stop
Bringin' sight to the blind, the rhymes won't stop, now come on

The Hustle

[Uncle Ruckus from Boondocks]
Praise be the white God and his son, white Jesus~!
I'm on a mission from God
Contagious with the holy spirit of our caucausian savior
Now let me share his words wit'cha
"Come, child of God! Come!"

[Paris]
It's like the blind to the blind leading blind around
Put'cha faith in a spook God, how that sound?
Put'cha faith to the most and an unseen ghost
That they say full of love but we come up sho't
Now what I wanna know is where Jesus at
When the wars rage on and the po-lice clap
When the crime rate risin black on black
And the water from Katrina wash away your fam
It's like a, cruel joke that's played a lot
On the people that rely on they faith a lot
On the people that obey and respect a book
That was written by man to control the flock
Now tell me, how any God is just
To allow such misery and pain in us
To allow all the war sufferin and such
And to allow the President to remain untouched

[Hook: repeat 2X]
No different than the pimp game
Give you somethin to believe in
Give ya money to the preacher man
Take me a little higher, higher, higher
[Paris]
Pa** the plate around, put it on the buildin fund
While the priest get drunk and molest ya son
Such grief, no peace from the HIV
Thank god that he killin off the fags and fiends
But I guess the Lord works in mysterious ways
That's why it's okay for them to own the slaves
And civilize savages, praise his name
Take land, split the family up and sell off babies
What I'm sayin, it's kinda f**ked up to trip

That the sh*t you believe might not exist
Somethin like a unicorn man, it's on the list
With Big Foot, Mickey Mouse, Santa Claus and myths
And sh*t some might say "they's blas-phem-ous"
When I question the plague in Af-ri-ca
When I question the way your Jesus looks
And the way it affects all the minds of us, I'm sayin

[Hook]

[Paris]
Now look here, it's about that time again
When the corporations say spend and spend
On the trees and the gifts and the travellin
Kam told y'all the holidays are not ya friend
And when everybody floss, you can get it at Ross
And the midnight sales make 'em smile at Zales
What the hell~! They'll sell y'all the whole damn earth
Everything at the mall celebratin his birth
From a virgin, a perp couldn't make that up
If you believe that I got a bridge ready to dump
While your broke a** givin up the cash, fo' what?
They say the faith kicks in when the facts can not
And it make me wanna holla, Benny Hinn's the man
Like Creflo Dollar, that's Big Pimp-in
F**k rap, I could lead you from a life of sin
Sh*t next Sunday, we do it all again
[Hook]

[Paris]
Now I know some of y'all get mad at songs
So get your gay senator to pa** a law
Get the free speech out the way once and for all
Tap his motherf**kin shoes in a bathroom stall
Greenbacks, no tax is the golden rule
Anything they can do to keep y'all some fools
Don't mean to offend but that's okay too
Long as y'all recognize and explore the truth
Because it .. ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop~!

[Hook] - 2X

"God bless us all" (*3X*)

› Rebels Without Applause

[Intro: Paris]
Yeah, yeah
Haha!

[Verse 1: Paris and T-K.A.S.H.]
I'm representin' where the sun set
Guerrilla Funk and we still ain't done yet
T-K.A.S.H. and the "Bush Killa," one threat
One sniper on the rooftop, one vet
Now come get with this West coast revolutionary tag team
Republican bad dream, blitzin' the rap scene
Pullin' over Five-O, profilin' white folks
Rewirin' Diebolds, why you lie under oath
I'ma let the fo' pancake, drag and scrape
Drive by the county jail with a hand grenade
It's a planned escape, Tomie Kash take the wheel
As I throw it at the gate for the Panther 8
While you sucker b***s trippin' off job cuts, I just
Keep a Glock tucked for the FBI
Like a Walter Reed patient, they'll let me die
For my deadly vibe, but instead we ride

[Chorus]
Real revolution, actual solution
You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music
The respect of the ghetto is where it's at
[Verse 2: Paris and T-K.A.S.H.]
See we make the hood mobilize
Rise up cause they 'posed to rise, ride on you cause they 'posed to ride
For the Hard Truth Soldier side
When you see this motorcade unload and drive
Come slow from behind
And let the automatic make a hole from behind
The rich stay panicked, but the po' don't mind
If piggies get blasted, just those ha**lin' brown and black kids
We some West coast cla**ics, left vote pa**ing
No wackness, no braggin', so active
Freedom and equality we gon' have it
Known a**a**ins known for blastin' Dog and K.A.S.H

On and crackin', fo'-fo's and masks
For po-po's harra**in po' folks with pa**ion
Hard truth soldiers, our troops home right now
Or the nine millimeter might blaow

[Chorus]
Real revolution, actual solution
You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music
The respect of the ghetto is where it's at

[Verse 3: T-K.A.S.H.]
The hood know my name, I'm good with the game
If Cheney got shot then I would get the blame
Even though I didn't do it, the feds can't stand to see
A revolutionary with the ghetto influence
By the way I talk turf, and still spit the real
On the way they got work, for kids in the hills
But they only got purp, and pills where it is
Mo' liquor stores than church, the dead folks go on shirts
I'm T-K.A.S.H., the pride of the underground
Guerrilla Funk, never ride to another sound
Make a politician run and hide when they come around
Cause of how I instruct hounds to gun ya down
The government make scratch mo'
Than my home girl who be spinnin for my potna with the afro
Black folks stack dough, scratch the smoke
Subtract dope, add hope and vote, like that doe!
[Chorus]
Real revolution, actual solution
You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music
The respect of the ghetto is where it's at
Real revolution, actual solution
You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music
The respect of the ghetto is where it's at

One Gun

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]
"It's the fighting and development, and it threatens everyone who lives here. Some call it ethnic terrorism, and there's plenty of hatred to go around. African-Americans that hate Latinos, Latinos that hate African-Americans. In the past four years, an eleven percent spike in violence that crosses racial lines."

[Verse 1: Paris]
Original man, original family
Black-Brown unity, simple to understand
Ain't no us in them
Just us, 'cause just us trust us to bust the Klans and Minutemen
We the same thang
That's why the media is givin' us the same names
Convicts strikin' A**ata, the same game
Settin' up the same circ*mstances in the barrio and in the hood 'til we gangbang
Blame Spain, San Fran, San Diego, San Houston
Hampshire, New York, it's all the slave trade
Made rage, against us, we gotta defend us
In defense of the lineage in us
That keep us divided
Peep us fightin' one another and keep it alive with
Propaganda, paid informants, and people aligned with
Public school systems knowin' we the same person
But we a threat, so they secretly hide it

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H. and Paris]
One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
Represent the same, represent the peace
So tell me why the pain? So tell me why the beef, what?
One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
Represent the same, represent the peace
So tell me why the pain? So tell me why the beef? One
[Verse 2: Paris]
Thirteen, fourteen, Crip, Blood, Latin King, Vice Lord, M.A
Nah I mean, comprende?
Temples of Aztlan, pyramids up in Egypt

But we just see us for what the TV shove
Back to blackfaces, about the Brown race
We fight over a hate made up to douse flames
The fire over gentrification, colonization
To savin' abuela, auntia, uncle and tia
Seein' is believin', you wanna talk about a reason
Squabbin' in the seventh grade with the ese's, that's why them ese
But like they say, we ain't sh*t
We can't get past it if we don't even see it in the first place
The worst case is a race war
Only finna benefittin' the mothaf**kers who birth race
War would end in war with men
Who make war with skin and not towards your kin, one

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H. and Paris]
One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
Represent the same, represent the peace
So tell me why the pain? So tell me why the beef, what?
One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
Represent the same, represent the peace
So tell me why the pain? So tell me why the beef? One
[Verse 3: Paris]
Way before the Mayflower, we came before Columbus
And Columbus came, makin' what was happenin' hard
Never laughed at the Cubanos for singin' the Babalu
'Cause I know that they was honoring the African God
All the Aztec pyramids, mirror this, intricate
Infinite civil bliss syndicate which has been
Twisted inside out, so we ride out
On our own kind, but it's too late before we find out
Damn, another Black and Brown race war
Death aside, race really ain't in case for
Another underhanded trick to enslave more
Spain-like Moors by Spain's white lords
One love to the revolutionary Latin bloodline
Lineage trapped, beside the Latin thug type
If you kill for my family, I'ma kill for y'all
So save the bullet for the people steady buildin' walls
One gun

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H. + samples]
One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
"We have a lot of conflict with Blacks and Latinos, so we bring the Blacks and Latinos together"
One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
"I don't think it's fair that the two races that are brought down the most, are fighting against each other"
One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
"Those guys that made gang members, too. I know pretty sure inside they wanna change just like me"
One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
"We don't need to have violence in between the Brown and the Black, we need to stick together"
[Outro]
"Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh"

- Harambe

[Produced by Paris]

[The Honorable Louis Farrakhan]
Brothers and sisters, you deserve a break today
Brothers and sisters, you deserve a break today
Let us go forth from here
And as we go forth from here, let us build a greater cohesiveness and unity and love among ourselves
Let's build brotherhood, sisterhood, friendship, and fellowship, and sistership, and brothership, and get rid of the bullsh*t
Let's get rid of the n***a mess and pull together, and get away from this division and disunity that keeps us bowing at the feet of our enemy and oppressor, to divide
Us and to have conquered us, and has put us in this condition
Brothers and sisters, I thank you
Now, I want you to stand just for a minute, put your Black fists in the air
Everyone, put your fists in the air
Let us all pull together
Harambe!

- Don’t Stop the Movement (Warrior Dance Mix)

{*17 second instrumental to open*}

[Paris]
Guerrillas in the mist
The mainstream team with pro-black twist {*echoes*}
Hard truth soldiers in the game
Hard truth soldiers back again
P Dog, I evolve
I drag pigs to the slaughter house, vut I never eat hog
As the fed and the World Bank seesaw
We keep y'all in deep awe cause we raw
Like uncooked crack by the government
Hit like a base rock, listen to the ba** knock
Free 'em in Jena, by any means they walk
Let's see who ready to squeeze
Givin power to the people and take back America
Panic in the head of the state, pa** the Derringer
Aim and shoot, Beruit to Bay Area
Bury a Homeland Security card carrier

[Hook: repeat 2X]
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Don't stop the movement! Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it
[Paris]
Panther power, acid showers
This land is ours, stand and shout it
This plan to cower, isn't ours
This man is proud, keep the scandalous out
Now if it ain't what we about, it's irrelevant
U.S. policy route? Embarra**in
Never leavin you without, we got medicine
And we never bend, we got better sense
Hard truth revolutionary black militant
Death to the Minutemen, checks to the immigrants
Streets still feelin it, we still killin it
We still slaughterin hawks, feed the innocent
Read the imprint
Guerrilla Funk was birthed outta necessity, collectively

Respectively, to behead the beast
On behalf of the left wing scared to speak, NOW GET UP~!

[Hook]

[Paris - in background over Hook]
Yeah... hell yeah... that's right

[Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan]
Something is WRONG!
Wrong with the government in which we live
Wrong with the leaders that lead us
Wrong with us... and the way we respond, to our enemy and each other
This nation is not about poor people!
Whether they're black, brown, red, yellow or white
This nation is about RICH people!
And to hell with the weak, the poor, they must serve~!
[Hook] - overlaps Farrakhan's speech

[Added to Hook]
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Paris]
Guerrilla on the loose
Scars on my neck but I'm holdin on the noose
Stars rock ice but they rollin like Roots
Thugs on the mic but they all shine shoes
See I don't care who you is or where you from
You look like slaves and tricks when soldiers come
And anybody disagree can get done
Coons'll run, battle lines are drawn
Take one for the U.S.A., the new Babylon
Renegade nation formed to do battle on
Man-made war for mind control, carried on
Mainstream media platforms to rattle y'all
But I can't be shook by the White House
Never go the right route, that's the right route
Bury me a 'G' for Guerrilla and I climb out
With the nine out, no time for time out
Get up!

[Hook]
[Protesting crowd]
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people...

[T-K.A.S.H.]
Bringing you back what you miss in hip-hop
Hard Truth, S-s-s-s-s-s-s-Soldier Radio

[Paris]
Yeah~!

[George Clinton]
Whoahhh-HO!!

[Unknown voice - repeat 2X]
G-U-E-R-R-I-L-L-A Funk
We demand, just be some freaks

{*saxophone solo*}

[Paris]
We don't ask no mo' or question, we take it, we just take it
And we don't wait for them no mo' we take it, we just take it
We all come up or none, it's all love, we take it, we just take it
Now we don't wait for them no mo' we take it, we just take it
(Don't stop the movement!)

[Unknown voice - repeat 2X]
G-U-E-R-R-I-L-L-A Funk
We demand, just be some freaks

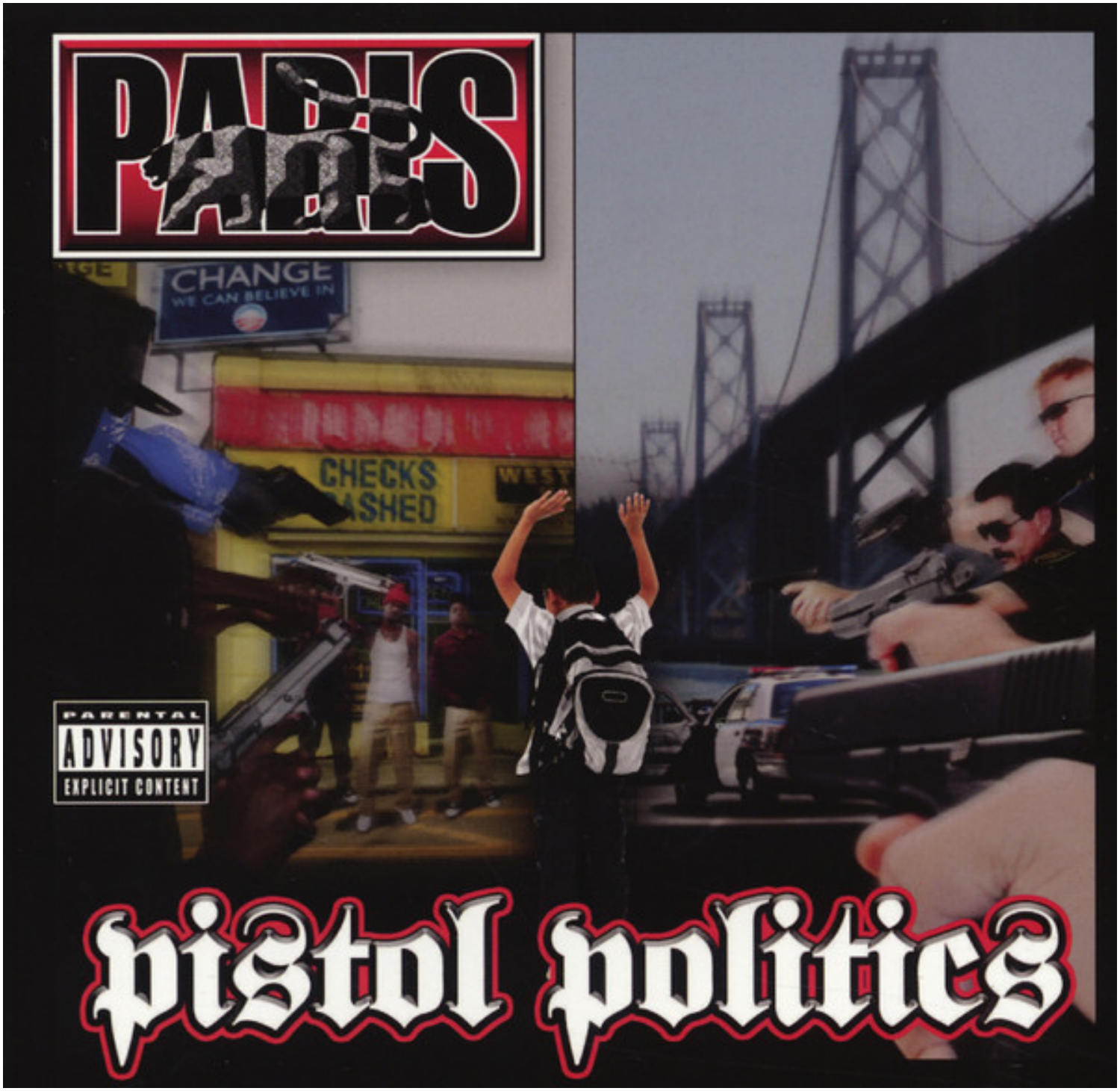
{*instrumental solo with P-Funk sound effects*}

[George Clinton]

Yeah he look awful but he'll tee off like when we take off of course
Comin in under par with the stroke of his voice, follow through
Yet he's drivin you crazy with the words that he utters
From the tee to the green usin the wood for a putter
That's what he said, no he didn't stutter!
Reachin the hole in just one stroke
Fore~! Woo
Socially engineered anarchy induced chaos
So you playaz, you can count on it~!
Nothing lost around here, it's on the one
That fuss was us!
Them metaphors leaving metafools metaphysically in a state of euphoria
One mo' time! Hey!
You're in the presence of your past
And now they wanna count us out
But they are now, being funked down
We program, biologically, to benefit us
The age of modification, hahahahaha
(Don't stop the movement!)

[Unknown voice - repeat 4X]
G-U-E-R-R-I-L-L-A Funk
We demand, just be some freaks

{*instrumental fade 28 seconds with one last "don't stop the movement"*}


PAGIS
CHANGE
WE CAN BELIEVE IN
CHECKS
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
pistol politics

Lethal Warning Shot

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]
Warm it up bruh, it's time to put 'em to the test
P-Dog back up in mix from the West
Some throw a dub, but we throwin' up a fist
And a few things need to be addressed, goin' down the list
Let's get this mothaf**ka crackin'
Hard Truth Revolutionary back rappin'
Back on the map, finna put the Black back in
And stop actin' like the Black movement is past tense
Real n***as understand
Return of the drop squad recognize the brand
G-U-E-R-R-I double L-A funk
Comin' out the yay with that Bay funk
Yeah, still in line with struggle
Right with the right side recognize the hustle
Muscle on off brands stand with the muzzle
Aimed squarely at them fairy tale posin'-a** sissy clones
What kind of freedom you got?
Only one on that one-time a**, make 'em stop
Gat Turner with the twin burner, twenty-one shots in my drawz
Red beam on a pig make 'em pause
You could take it or leave it alone
Stay away from a soldier when he in a zone
Make way for a panther that's free to roam
And creepin' on all enemies until all his people on
[Hook: Sandy Griffith, Paris]
Say this, play this, spray this, can't evade this
Lethal Warning Shot
We bang this, claim this, name this, sang this, thang this
Lethal Warning Shot
That's the sound ya can't avoid
First round is on ya boy
We clap back, with that, get back, it's that
Lethal Warning Shot

[Verse 2: Paris]
Comin’ live from the Bay
The side where the Black lives die everyday

No rise in the pay, just hard times of the lost lives
On the front lines cryin' in pain
P (Dog), the needle in ya sandwich
Blood on behalf of the low and middle cla**es
Hard truth cla**ics, twelve point plan for freedom that's the transcript
Stand and demand this
Real spit, to keep us outta coffins
Gives a mad f**k 'bout the law, chalk 'em off and
Know for too many penitentiary is callin'
What's the next level? Gotta bring it to the devil
Mobbin', squabbin', it's on from the get
Explode, reload, how many of us left?
Film at eleven, channel seven, hold ya breath
When black steel bring the hammer time back, it's a wrap
Nope, it's not the Occupy movement
Thanks but no thanks, I already know the truth
And was very well acquainted with the term 'revolution'
Way before you waited for the price to drop and moved in
Repeat that, tweet that, P-D-O-G back
Freedom fighter relapse, sleep strapped
Lean back or get relaxed
I'm puttin' hands on the enemy and pullin' white sheets back
[Hook: Sandy Griffith, Paris]
Say this, play this, spray this, can't evade this
Lethal Warning Shot
We bang this, claim this, name this, sang this, thang this
Lethal Warning Shot
That's the sound ya can't avoid
First round is on ya boy
We clap back, with that, get back, it's that
Lethal Warning Shot

[Verse 3: Paris]
On ya set that, It's that, Guerrilla in the mix
Gotta get that, get back, hit 'em with a brick
Go ham on the man and I plan to get us some
With a plan I get it done, with a plan to get us some, now
'Bout damn time n***as got the meaning
Guerrilla Funk smotherin' ya set, please believe it
Guerrilla Funk smotherin' ya set, ain't no weakness
Just rough rap over rough beats clippin' weak sh*t
We all rise to rise and bring us up

And strive to bring us up, comprised to bring us up
Disguised it for the club, now it's time for freedom
Screamin' 'power to the people' out the roof of the Regal
Get my clap on, blast on, who wanna see us?
Tell them mark a** motherf**kin' pigs we beefin'
Tell Barack's a** n***as sick and tired of needin'
And we in this motherf**ka till we get some relief, it's lethal
[Hook: Sandy Griffith, Paris]
Say this, play this, spray this, can't evade this
Lethal Warning Shot
We bang this, claim this, name this, sang this, thang this
Lethal Warning Shot
That's the sound ya can't avoid
First round is on ya boy
We clap back, with that, get back, it's that
Lethal Warning Shot

[Outro]
Till the casket drop
Until the casket drop, yeah
Until the casket drop with that
Lethal- Lethal Warning Shot
That's the sound ya can't avoid
First round is on ya boy
We clap back, with that, get back, it's that
Lethal Warning Shot

Bring That Slap Back

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]
Bringin’ you back what you miss in hip hop
Hard Truth Sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier Radio
You are tuned to the voice of armed self defense, broadcasting in the year of fire!

[Verse 1: Paris]
Back with that program
Fog city, no wack flows, no ham
Bring it back to the prose of the black man
Black hat, black strap, black fist in a black SS
We crush all when we throw down
F**k a throne, n***a, watch what we on now
Bring it home so the whole world know how
With no singin', no bling, just the real when we do our thing
See, I come from the land where the panthers mob
(One) glance and you know from the stance what's up
(We) advance programs that'll stand us up
And finance grants so the fans come up
Any fool with a view too could see what's happenin'
When hard truth bring the whole movement back in
Where youth get the truth that the schools is lackin'
And rhymes from the front line to see what's crackin', goin'

[Hook]
Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bing that slap back

[Verse 2: Paris]
Hot damn hoe, here it go again
Back up on the set to let this n***as know what is
Back up on the set to keep it honest for the kids
Back to show the way to stay alive and out the prison
F**k what you claim, this is game for real (yup)

We just, need to rise and build
And bring back pride that we used to have
It's Hard Truth comin’ from the Sons of Malcolm
It's time to meet the guer-rillas
The soldiers, the leaders and the pro hittas (pro hittas)
And motherf**kas gonna feel us
This time or gonna be some blood spillin'
That's how it is, how it was, how it do, how it does
How we do, payin' dues, never lose, never run
Steady gunnin' f**k a pig, n***a do your thang
And let 'em know it's on again...all power to the people

[Hook]
Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Psycho, alpha, disco, let's go
Take this thing back, straight from Frisco
Bring that slap back, bring that slap back
Bring that slap back, bing that slap back
[Verse 3: Paris]
Steady spittin', get the picture comin' through in the clutch
Gettin' witcha heavy hittin' n***a givin' it up (givin' it up)
Puttin' hands on these off brands, undefeated
Hard to beat, n***a, balls deep, please believe it
A beast when I bring the noise
Ain't nothin but a choice, and we choose to voice
How we steady makin' men from boys
Make em understand what the government's plan is for us
Show em how to thrive and survive the streets
To compete, how to eat, from these real OGs
When to walk away and when to reach
And show 'em how to mean what they say and to say what they mean
Little locs soak the game up, claim they life
They awoke from the shame and the pain and lies
Ain't no jokes, we control the way we defined
Let's see who wanna test it, tr
Mothaf**ka, we united

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: T-K.A.S.H.]
Yo, another funeral, the usual, the shooter knew the shooter
And the dudes in the crew in which the shooter was recruited
Now the shooter dude's Buick is movin' up on the shooter dudes
Now you see the shootin' through the news
What if the dude shootin' would've got to the bottom
Of what made him shoot him before he shot him?
Got a proper solution to the problem
Instead of talk tough and drop 'em
Walk up and wop him, a strong enough option

[Verse 2: Paris]
Little wild a** brother comin' up in the west
From the streets where the heaters never given a rest
Role models pa** the bottle, ain't no time for cla**
Gun play seem the only way to settle scraps
What we doin'? Let's get it together
Cause it don't make sense if we all can't make it better
Like the Crips and Bloods in nine deuce
P-Dog speaking on the truce, truth

[Verse 3: K.E.V.]
Or is it logic to be duckin' and dodgin'
Or take a precaution, try and wonder who's watchin'
Too much hate on ya brain is toxic
Mixed with the rock in ya pocket, it's a poisonous concoction
War's because of money, recruiters influence youth
Rumors turn into shootin's and shootin's become the truth
Facts is the belief that the stacks is written proof
And stacks is for better living but living is in the truce
[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]
(Truce Music)
I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'
Toss my strap for the bigger callin'
(Truce Music)
I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone
Headstrong, my bread is long

[Verse 4: T-K.A.S.H.]
If the neighborhood say it's good
We can make the hood way good like the way it should
We can make good, on the lake good
People of the past promise to change the hood, 'cause the best know
If you play Suge, all you ever get is Death Row
I ain't finna check nothing I don't get a check for
We can bang tough, or we can put the thangs up
Change up, step our game up, rearrange stuff

[Verse 5: Mellinium]
Look at each turf like a partnership, try to get a part of this
Fightin' for a piece of cake when we can have all of it
Trigger's on the safety, now the talks has gotta make things
Simple so an eight year old can see the life of eighteen
Take it there, I can't dream, these gunshots is audible
Waken to enlightenment or die for something honorable
Raisin' up the dollar though he tryin' to put a dot on you like dominoes
We gotta live way past survival, yo
[Verse 6: Paris]
Never ask first, blast first, never understand
Why the strap burst, clap first, another brother dead
Time to step back a bit, gotta ask why
We all in the penitentiary and all dyin'?
No lyin' - we caught in the middle
But how we break up out our circ*mstances is the riddle
Little time left, crime left too many of us fallin'
But how many gonna hear the callin'?

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]
(Truce Music)
I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'
Toss my strap for the bigger callin'
(Truce Music)
I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone
Headstrong, my bread is long
(Truce Music)
I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'
Toss my strap for the bigger callin'
(Truce Music)
I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone
Headstrong, my bread is long

[Interlude]
"This morning police are searching for suspects in an overnight shooting"
"A young man was, uh, gunned down in broad daylight. It happened right in front of a community center"
"Oakland remains one of the most dangerous cities in America"
"Two people are dead, and another injured, after an alleged stabbing and shooting in San Francisco’s Richmond district"
"Two teenage girls and a twenty-three year old man were killed. The suspect is described as African American, with shoulder-length dreadlocks. He’s 18 to 21 years old, 150 pounds, approximately 5 feet, 7 inches tall"
"We all walking around here, don’t even know when we gonna be a victim of a crime"
[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]
(Truce Music)
I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'
Toss my strap for the bigger callin'
(Truce Music)
I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone
Headstrong, my bread is long
(Truce Music)
I'ma put away the rag and get to ballin'
Toss my strap for the bigger callin'
(Truce Music)
I'ma put away the rag for the ones that's dead and gone
Headstrong, my bread is long

Buck, Buck, Pass

[Verse 1]
I was told, because I didn't witness the jump off
I was sick even 'fore I got my first cough
I was cold and black and made for killin'
With no conscience or feelings
Just like the million other burners that's just like me
A**embly line made killers for the murder and bleedin'
Got my first taste loaded when they tried to test me
Exploded on the first one, caught him in his chest
That's what a gat's made of
Knowin' I'm the hate that hate made, and regulate anyone
Equalize, neutralize any situation
Any cat runnin' up, any confrontation
I was put into a room with the rest of us
With the rest of us, ready to bust
Many rounds, any town, any city or state
Never rest, any contest, sealin' your fate
No mistake, I only come out when talkin's done
After squawkin' some, and never run
Never foolin' and ya just might lose, black steel in the hour
Give the power to the average dude shootin'
Clik clak boom, that's the rule
Clear the room, when I move 'em, cause confusion
Known for retribution, ain't no mercy, it's murder
I burn 'em and hurt 'em no further words necessary
[Hook]
We bring the, pain to make ya bend
No thing to, make ya, understand
Just blast it, pa** it, on again
Keep it movin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them
We might go, psycho, soldier then
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip
Keep it shootin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**

[Verse 2]
Guess I pa**ed the first test ‘cause they shipped me out
Extra clips and a grip quick to whip me out

Turn nerds and these teenagers into killers
Overseas in Afghanistan, every village
I would go from being cold to warm, to hot quick
If anybody wanted some, it's on
Once dumped on a whole neighborhood for fun
Even shoot you in your back it I caught your a** runnin'
Little kids and they mamas too
Might pick ya little man off the roof, who's who
Don't matter cause they all look the same to me
The blood splatter on the concrete stains and claims the streets
No peace from this piece
I squeeze em and beat 'em, feed 'em slugs when the lugs get dumped
It's no reasoning, it's no use pleading, it's open season
We defeat 'em when this heater get heated I bleed 'em and leave 'em
[Hook]
We bring the, pain to make ya bend
No thing to, make ya, understand
Just blast it, pa** it, on again
Keep it movin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them
We might go, psycho, soldier then
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip
Keep it shootin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**

[Verse 3]
Made it back in one piece fasho
But can't say the same for the homeboy that brought me home
He was off on that PTSD
The PTSD was keepin' him tweakin' and testy
'Fore long for we was hittin' the streets
Bloodshed wasn't nothin' to me, we street sweepin' with no relief
Full metal jacket as we pump and dump 'em and stack 'em
Let's get it crackin'
Be the first to burst, now who's the last to last, I blast them
To ashes, and fill they little caskets fast
That's what I do, that's my job, I was made for the beef
Killin' off all these young black men and causing grief
Oakland, Frisco, Detroit, LA, Chicago
That's where I go
From city to city, backyard to yard, even Newtown Connecticut

But now ya wanna ban my clips, hypocrites
Never gave a damn about a black teen dyin'
Quit lyin'
Take me down to your neighborhood buy back
They so scared, they don't want to see me try that
But it's so many more like me
We multiply, never die, we exist to feed
We exist in America from corporate greed
In the midst of the fake fear, lyin' and evil
Even got the police turnin' on each other
Blap a pig with that "get back," run for cover
Now it's all bad, funny how it's all bad
When the tables turn, got 'em shakin' till they fall back
And ya better hope that we don't come for ya
NRA, LaPierre, get 'em done for ya
Never thought we would come back and gun for ya
Pull the hammer smooth back and then dump for ya
[Interlude]
"Most of the shootings took place in poor neighborhoods, far from downtown and tourist attractions; One reason much of the city seems to be shrugging its shoulders."

[Hook]
We bring the, pain to make ya bend
No thing to, make ya, understand
Just blast it, pa** it, on again
Keep it movin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them
We might go, psycho, soldier then
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip
Keep it shootin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**
We bring the, pain to make ya bend
No thing to, make ya, understand
Just blast it, pa** it, on again
Keep it movin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them
We might go, psycho, soldier then
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip
Keep it shootin' when we
Buck, Buck, Pa**

Pistol Politics

[Verse 1: Paris]
Mic checka one, two, welcome to the movement
Nut check on this hollywood gangsta coonin'
On deck, still freedom fightin' for improvement
From a vet, do or die, sucka free I'm ruthless
Everyday we see the way they always do us
The ninety-nine percent is talkin', but does that include us?
Nine times out of ten, our problems deal with shootin'
I got ninety-nine problems, but I can't confuse 'em
The real sh*t is who dies and who's cryin'
Whose lives always touched in the clutch of violence
Immortalized on a t-shirt, hear the sirens
Hella straps for these young cats, who supply 'em?
All I care about is violence in our neighborhoods
It's all silence when it comes to stifilin' the hoods
It's all silence when it comes to violence in the hood
Cryin' Trayvon, but everyday it's on in blood
I say, to ya face, what about the blappin'
No applause, what's the cause for these n***as clappin'?
Is it the message these off brand cats is rappin'?
I'm spittin' hard truth to you, n***a put that in
I never run, stay about my business
Take this black on black thang back before we end us
Make this blue on black activate the soldier in us
Make it motivate us to eliminate the menace
[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
Hard truth, is what we came to tell ya
So recognize who really got balls
It ain't too many true ones left
But you don't have to worry at all
We sacrifice our lives
Keep the movement on the rise
Lift ya voice and sing, lift ya fist and swing
Forever givin' you all we got

[Verse 2: Paris]
Another n***a dead, wig split by aggressors
Choke the trigger make these pigs understand the message
Keep your motherf**kin hands off all my brethren
Make this gat cough, get up off this forced confession

Make it plain so you understand the lesson
Leave his racist a** guessin' with the Smith and Wesson
All guerrilla from the sidelines, no concessions
I'm providin' you these guidelines for the method
One, don't engage a pig 'less you have to
Two, never tell 'em they can search, that's the worst move
Three, f**k a protest bruh, this ain't the sixties
They could give a f**k and n***as get they a** whupped quickly
Four, and since we on that protest sh*t
Know you ain't protestin' if you askin' permission
Five, stop puttin' all your business in the street
Facebook is just another way for police to infiltrate
Six, stop trustin' the new, they'll go and tell
Only let ya real folks know, remember COINTEL
Seven, tearin' up these small businesses just ain't the answer
If you need to mob, take a molotov to the chancellor
Cause chances are your chances are hella slim
To pay for college, why the knowledge gotta be for them?
Eight, never go toe-to-toe, keep it gunplay
From a distance so that you can live to fight another day
Nine, only get with the guilty for what they did
Careful when you ride, never brutalize the innocent
Ten, and keep it all an eye for an eye
Listen, even if we blind, let the punishment fit the crime
One, two, ah yep, yep, huh
On blue, ah yep, yep, ah yep, yep
It's all true, ah yep, yep, ah yep, yep
We fall through, ah yep, yep, ah yep, now you know
[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
Hard truth, (Yeah)
Is what we came to tell ya (That's right)
So recognize who really got balls
It ain't too many true ones left (Uh-huh)
But you don't have to worry at all
We sacrifice our lives
Keep the movement on the rise
Lift ya voice and sing, lift ya fist and swing
Forever givin' you all we got

[Verse 3: Paris]
Now look here, you can occupy these nuts
I got ninety-nine problems, the percent ain't one

No outcry when we die, you never noticed the plight
Of brutal cla** oppression 'til recession ravaged the whites
Now you fall in, we all in the same gang, right?
At least until these companies proceed to tell us they hirin'
'Til these companies again see that it's cheaper to fire
And lie and kill the dreams of people simply tryin' to survive, and I'm tired
But it's all good, we all good, when y'all good
It's all good as long as struggle's all in the hood
Call the cops, George, and profile, these Negroes, we know how
The story ends with Skittles in my hand, no hope for survival
I'm liable to crack your motherf**kin' face
And get to shootin’ then we'll see if you get a taste
And see if you will see excuses as acceptable claims
Or if you'll do to me what should be your solution for him
P Motherf**kin' Dog, motherf**kin' "woof"
I tear the roof off this motherf**ka, hollerin' truth
With no slapstick, or buck dance, no Flav's without the Chuck's, man
Y'all suck man, I'm seein' through the coonin' and the yuks man
I'm seasoned, west coast motherf**kin' G
Sucka Free, Cali Bred Revolutionary
And it ain't no Sinatra wannabe in me
F**k peace, I cross 'em out and put a K for my freedom, believe it
So come on people "oh yeah"
Join in the struggle "oh yeah"
Fight for liberation "oh yeah"
Every generation "oh yeah"
So come on people "oh yeah"
Join in the struggle "oh yeah"
Fight for liberation "oh yeah"
Every generation "oh yeah"
Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Know the game plan, look at how they always do us
It's pistol politics, know the enemy is ruthless
Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Take a look around, recognize and take notice
Stop the black on black violence and stay focused

Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Know the game plan, look at how they always do us

It's pistol politics, know the enemy is ruthless

Gun, pick up the gun, pick up the gun
And put the pigs on the run, pick up the gun
Take a look around, recognize and take notice
Stop the black on black violence and stay focused

- Robert’s Theme

(Panther growls and roars)

Revolutionary Hardcore
Revolutionary Hardcore
Revolutionary Hardcore
Revolutionary Hardcore
Paris
In the cause of freedom and justice
Pa-Paris Paris Paris
Let our people take to the streets in fierce numbers
Pa-Paris Paris Paris
Meet violence with violence
Pa-Paris Paris Paris
And let our battle cry be heard around the world
Pa-Paris Paris Paris
Freedom! Freedom! Freedom now! Or death!
Revolutionary Hardcore
Pa-Paris Paris Paris
Revolutionary Hardcore
Paris Paris Paris
Revolutionary Hardcore
Paris Paris Paris
Revolutionary Hardcore
Pa-Paris Paris Paris

We must protect ourselves
We must defend ourselves
We must meet violence with violence (Revolutionary)
Let us be prepared to fight to the death
(Revolutionary
Revolutionary, one more time
Revolutionary
Revolutionary
Revolutionary, one more time)
Guerrilla Funk

- Night of the Long Knives

[Sound of LRAD]

No Justice - No Peace!
No Justice - No Peace!
No Justice - No Peace!
No Justice - No Peace!

“F**k the police we gon’ be in Ferguson… [?] b*t*hes…we gon’ see what’s happenin’”
“What’s up y’all scared, no! What’s up y’all scared, no b*t*h!”

[Verse 1: Paris]
F**k a pig is the right call
Gang whistles and pistols at nightfall
Bang on 'em for the lives that remain lost
Click clack is the get back new att**ude for blacks
Gotta bang for the way they treat us
Like animals, police clap and beat us
Like animals, police blap with heaters
To protect and to serve, better know who your enemies are
Been too much talkin' man, no talkin'
No more speeches, candles, no marchin'
No more grievin' parents, no Sharpton
No more calls for peace, let's spark it
And ride on these pigs till the wheels fall off
Collide for our rights till we rise above
Ain't no time for no talkin', let's chalk 'em off
Back 'em off us to show the cost, till they recognize
[Hook]
It’s the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
Night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
It’s the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
When we all come together hope we don’t collide
It’s the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
Night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
It’s the night of the long knives

(Night of the long knives)
When we all come together hope we don’t collide

[Verse 2: Paris]
One black man's killed every twenty-eight hours
By pigs and these fake vigilante cowards
Claimin' they scared only after they profile us
And beat us or worse, so we hit back first
Set it off with a molotov home-made charge
Blap when the strap, cough cap the sarge
Can't trust so we bust on officers
Now they callin' all cars, suspects at large
So we blast first then we ask questions last
Do like they do, mobb and mash
Do like they do, ain't no pa**
No stop, no frisk, just blap that a**
Cause we say gunplay only thing that works
Squeeze, retreat in Guerrilla Spurts
Do a drive by, ride by, clap and squirt
From the rooftop, shoot n***a, put in work
[Hook]
It's the night of the long knives
That's the sh*t
It's the night of the long knives
Lettin' off slugs and bricks
It's the night of the long knives
Pigs can't handle this
When the people come together better watch your six
It's the night of the long knives
And you can't deny it
It's the night of the long knives
We worldwide united
It's the night of the long knives
Know real riders ride
When we all come together hope we don't collide

[Verse 3: Paris]
Ma** incarceration, ma** surveillance
Ma**a, we just can't take it
Can't take the blame and the cold abuse
Can't take the slave route in the pen for you
Can't take this police state, I can't lie

So here's an open letter to the FBI
To the pigs and the CIA and prisons
To the force that enforce for the one percent
See we see right through your bull-sh*t
That's why we move and pull quick
No love for the people, now we've had enough
Keep it incognito when we call your bluff
And let these motherf**kin' hot rocks hit ya neck
Hold court in the street 'till you learn respect
That's a promise and a motherf**kin' soldier's threat
Gotta feel us to feel what we understand, we goin' in
[Hook]
It’s the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
Night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
It’s the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
When we all come together hope we don’t collide
It’s the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
Night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
It’s the night of the long knives
(Night of the long knives)
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Pigs can't handle this
When the people come together better watch your six
It's the night of the long knives
And you can't deny it
It's the night of the long knives
We worldwide united
It's the night of the long knives
Know real ryders ride
When we all come together hope we don't collide

[Outro]

Because the only language America speaks is violence
The only language America understands in violence
So let's talk

"We want an immediate end to the police brutality and mob attacks that our people are confronted by every single day
Every single week, every single month, every single year
Across the land
This is the only reason, that we don't become involved in these non-violent demonstrations
To walk up to a man nonviolently, he got a gun in his hand
We are ready to die, or we're ready to see if someone else dies
I don't need to turn the other cheek
This black man was shot by policemen, not some Ku Klux Klansman down in Mississippi
They saw that he was black and they began to fire point blank
But they are dumb enough to think we have forgotten
We don't never forget
You don't kill our brother
You don't shoot one of us and then grin in our face
You don't shoot one of us and then shake our hands and think we forget
No, we never forget
We'll never forget!
Someone has to pay
Somewhere, somehow, someone has to pay

Hard Truth Soldier (Redux)

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]
Just below the surface is hate
Retake, Black Panther mind state
With a platinum heater tucked in my draws
Still raw, still down for the cause
Choosin' words wisely
Knowin' some despisin' what I'm writing, ain't no time for compromising
Watchin' coons clown, ice cold expression
Too many on the paper chase with no direction
So we correct 'em, catch 'em in dresses
Snatch your b*t*h a** backwards myself, 'the f**k you thankin'?
"Blap" when the strap buck, now they back up
Ain't no more act up, now sh*t ain't funny no more
I know that some of y'all 'course, ain't feelin' me
Everyday it seem to get worse, y'all n***as killin' me
I stay low key, and let 'em be with the coon sh*t
Blame it on the coon sh*t, it's real like that
Cause Hollywood ain't real like that
Hold up your hands if you feel like that
Where all my hard truth soldiers at?
Hit back, it's P-Dog, I never run or buckle
Knowin' when you look in my eyes as I choke the muzzle
Always reppin the struggle
Represent the people, freedom fighter do or die on another level
Never looking' to settle
Black metal, Gat Turner with the twin burners, when I buck the devil
[Hook]
What they say, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
That's right, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier

[Verse 2]
So many fake a** J-cat wannabe acts

With them fake raps n***as always wanna be macks
Never face facts, n***as always wanna relax
So I stay black, make them cat n***as collapse
Gives a f**k bout your shine, I'm a rider for mines
Let the dogs out, never leave a child behind
Goin' balls out, cause you know I'm knowin' the time
So I call out, all these coon n***as with rhymes
It's the G-U-E-R, R-I double L, A funk
Back to black, back with that
Black fist and blackness black back to business
B*t*h slap ya lip and clap back at pigs
This is, the movement, I keep it a hundred
Take it back to the days when the people was on it
Take it back to the days when black fists was raised
Take it back to the fight, black people unite, I tell 'em
[Hook]
What they say, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
That's right, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier
Believe, you ain't nothin' but a soldier
Yeah, straight hard truth soldier

[Verse 3]
It's that 1-2-3, the 3 the 2-1
Paris back in this motherf**ka, muggin' and gunnin'
To rewind and remind us of what it's about
Shine light so the blind get to figure it out
OG Coon killa, who wanna test
Any n***a in a dress, I'ma put him to rest
Any wannabe pimp police or kingpins that's rappin'
And pushing poison to kids, I'm killin'
Like that, n***a what? It's hard truth
The return of the rough, and y'all through
I'm black manhood, I can't be bought
Or sold out or co-opted, swayed or paid off
STOP cosigning' coons, make us all look bad
STOP cosigning fools say we hatin and mad
Man, you motherf**kin' right n***as hatin’ and mad
So STOP co signing' coons, make us all look bad

Take us back to the days, back to the start
Back to the place, back to the art
Back to the panthers and livin' in peace
And to community and kids playin' safe in the street
Take us back to black businesses with black business
Black wealth and black people doing for self
Take us back to days so we moving in step
Till we raise up understand it's freedom or death, and tell 'em
You ain't nothin' but a soldier
You ain't nothin' but a soldier
You ain't nothin' but a soldier
You ain't nothin' but a soldier
Straight hard truth soldier

[?]
Yep yep yep yep, [?]
Yep yep yep, [?]
Yep yep yep yep, [?]
And they know they can’t catch me now

Yep yep yep yep, [?]
[?], [?]
Yep yep yep yep, [?]
And they know they can’t catch me--

The return of real hip hop
Where my hard truth soldiers at?
Where my hard truth soldiers at?
Say yeah… (yeah!)
Say yeah… (yeah!)
Say hell yeah… (hell yeah!)
Say hell yeah… (hell yeah!)

- Hold the Line

See, the way you talk
Is frightening quite a lot of people
And I want to know
Are you going to minimize your way of approach?
Because not everybody's a revolutionary
And the fear is keeping people away
From coming together as we should
Now, what can you do about that?

There's nothing I can do about that
Because it's my firm belief that somebody has to be there
Everybody can't be mealy-mouthed
Everybody can't tiptoe through the tulips
Everybody can't play politics
Everybody can't compromise
Somebody has to be strong
I wouldn't have to be as strong as I am
If I saw some others being strong like that
I could tone down
But I'm feeling such desperation
To get the message out
To try to plant the seed in those who are strong enough
That the walls of their mind
Can hold that revolutionary light
It closes doors in my face
It cuts back on money [?]
It drives some women away from me
But I keep on pushin'
And somebody has to hold the line
I'm gonna hold the line

Call Signs

Tell them young boys they ain't messin' with me

Justice

N***as on TV, they hella fake

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do
It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth
Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth
We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear
It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?
True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere
When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

[Verse 1: XienHow]
They didn't think that I was ready for all that
But I a**ure 'em and then they just fall back
They ain't ready for the level I've gone bad
There's lions, and tigers, and then there are small cats
I'm headhuntin' for the head of the horsemen
Can't nobody say that I did not warn them
'Cause I'm not in it for the money and fortune
I'm only after who ain't paid for their portion
[Verse 2: Paris]
Now I blast and catch actors fast, I smash b*st*rd's backs
And snatch masks, the fake, they fall back
Who could see me when I rough 'em up
Stick 'em, I stuck 'em, snuff 'em
Corrupting the quo status, tellin' 'em who the baddest
True J-u st-ice, mack major
Play the mix, faders flick, we raid, blitzin'
Cold, but you ain't never seen it colder than, bolder than
Put my mack down, soldierin', n***a, snap a photo then

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do
It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth
Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth
We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear
It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?
True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere
When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

[Verse 3: XienHow]
Now who could say that I do not handle business?
When everything that I have started I finish?
And I will do it just to say that I did this
The government wants me quiet and timid
They want me working that 9 to 5
So I ain't never gotta use my mind
And they don't want me telling you what I find
They wouldn't mind having me doing some time
[Verse 4: Paris]
Uh-oh, now there they go, we move in slow
Blast fast, and mash, mathematics'll smash past
The av-er-age plans of these off brand emperor
No-clothes havin' a** hip-hop simpletons
You in the presence of the general, ask 'em
Who the coldest motherf**ka on the microphone rappin'?
P-dog in this b*t*h, never slippin' or switched
Never missin', a prime hitter, get 'em, I get witcha

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do
It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth
Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth
We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear
It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?
True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere
When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

[Verse 5: XienHow]
In the fight for the battle for truth, we face all kinds
There are warriors ready to answer Call Signs
Now that they got us online
They are saying my future's no longer all mine
I don't think inside a small mind
I envision a future that is beyond time

I will hit all the hard lines
I'ma take it straight to 'em to get 'em all eyes
[Verse 6: Paris]
I'm rough on 'em, like that, I cuss on 'em, like that
I bust on them cats that make the rap that make us like that
I fight back and write tracks that captivate with tight raps
With kick drums that smack, complement the clap and high hats
And ask 'em, stop and take a look at our condition
Take time to listen, cause sedition is the mission
Wishin' death upon my enemies, defendin' the line
It's a sin to me we finna be completely resigned, open up ya eyes

[Verse 7: ?]
What ya doin,' don't try to hold me back
Tired holdin' back, I'm about to get my Glock
And attack you, don't get in my way
'Cause it's a new millennium, it's a brand new day
Got my n***as, fake a** n***as
Here, we're done you all n***as
How many times I pull to gun dem out?
Why, why why why why why why why?

It ain't nothin' but a thang for a soldier to do
It ain't nothin' but a thang, it's the moment of truth
Put the message in the slang to the street from the booth
We gon' hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

It ain't nothing but the real, you've got nothing to fear
It ain't nothing but the real, but how many can hear?
True Justice on the wheels, keep the feeling sincere
When we hit you with them Call Signs (hit you with them Call Signs)

Why write it if you ain't f**kin' livin'

Justice

Yo, we are now
Stepping into
Revolution
XienHow
Paris
Evolution

Of the mind

Brown Eyes

[Verse 1: Paris]
Under seventeen was when her body started impressin'
Been under scrutiny from dudes since early adolescence
Understood the game, understood just how to play it
She understood underprivileged was overrated
Always under pressure, 'cause her face was unforgiving
Underage, but her body done seen hella living
With attention undivided, she had understanding
That underneath it all the money was what really mattered
And her mentality was, "F**k it man, I gotta have it"
Had seen her mother struggle underwater with finances
With no father, unsupervised, she learned to manage
Undeterred, she would serve 'em till it hurt from damage
Under-educated, but she knew enough to know
The golden rule is that you rule if you control the gold
And her cat was golden, so she understood her role
Kept the money foldin', on the under, never told

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]
See uh
Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes
Girl you know we need you, that's no lie
Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

[Verse 2: Paris]
By her early twenties she was under the illusion
Men would always spend whenever sex was introduced
Used to playin' games under covers, under wraps
Under the misconception sex would always bring the snaps
Unpredictable, her lifestyle was hella shady
Tryin' to trap a baller, get him whupped and have his baby
Under the influence, underweight and hella skinny
Loud-talking out in public like that sh*t was pretty
Under-educated, never knew what she was missin'
Didn't understand the fact she didn't have to pimp the kitten
'Til a real pimp came along and got her twisted
And put the hanger on that a**, cold and unforgiving
"B*t*h, stay down, lay down and get my bread"
'Fore he put the smack down that was all he said
All she wanted was to be like Kim Kardashian

Funny how that works, on the mattress, back again
[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]
You see, uh
Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes
Girl you know we need you, that's no lie
Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

I wish pops let me off on the mattress
I wish pops let me off- let me off
I wish pops let me off on the mattress
I wish pops let me off- let me off

Free, free, free, free, free

I wish pops let me off on the mattress
I wish pops let me off- let me off
I wish pops let me off on the mattress
I wish pops let me off-

Free, free, free

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]
See uh
Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes
Girl you know we need you, that's no lie
Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high
[Verse 3: Paris]
Under the circ*mstances, twenty-eight seemed like a blessing
Tried to undergo a transformation to escape
Went underground for awhile, stayed undetected
But it was understaffed at the shelter and she left it
Took her chances though they all told her to be cautious
She was unconcerned, their alarm was met with nonchalance
Called the undertaker, cause they found her unresponsive
In her underwear underneath a parking structure
It was too late to understand what could've saved her
Underestimate these streets and end up under daisies
So much untapped potential underneath the surface
In the end, gotta ask, "Was it really worth it?"
So sad, she was caught up in the undertow
Never really knowing, never had a chance to really grow
All alone, just a full grown little girl

In the underbelly of the hellish underworld

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]
See uh
Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes
Girl you know we need you, that's no lie
Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

Raid

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: T-K.A.S.H.]
Grew up in the ghetto
Rocks stars, heavy metal, fellows peddlin' pebbles
Cop cars full of devils, hit the set in severals
Try they best to set us up and get us up in the federals
Emerson, Carter, Oakland Tech
Went to Mac summer school, ask Bean from the West
Sixteen with a vest, big dreams of a Tec
Forty-five and a chop, tryin' to lock up the block
Peasant as an adolescent but I grew to be king
Jedi Prince, Bombthreatt dropped and I ain't looked back since
But for a minute, I just took that glimpse
Thank God, I did not decide to cook that brick
UnderMobb, Stolen Legacy, I shook that sh*t
Most of 'em wasn't Guerrillas, they just look that sh*t
Half of us still speak, through it all still weak
But it all back together, come with some real heat

[Verse 2: CMG]
It's the caramel light chocolate catastrophic
Lyrical mosh pit, huh, the floss chick
Invincible to weak MC'ss that never seen me
Comin' at a hundred degrees, I'm like fleas
That make ya itch, the wicked witch of the West
Savage mic flower, unseen too fresh
Creepin' out the dark with them blows to the guts
'Cause you never see me comin' from up out the cut, what?
We Raid, raid on, raid on

[Verse 3: Special One]
See us skee skirt, we work, ready to ride
I'm in my t-shirt, we serve, ready to fight
The street sweeper, bleed ya, freedom or die
Now who could see her, we the, dirtiest kind
Never beat, GOP's with these golden gloves
We'd rather see 'em in the streets with these golden slugs
It's K1, N***a show me love
We never beat, never weak, TCD, we thug, we mobbin'

[Verse 4: Paris]
We take the ride on, shine on, light that touch
Keep the fight on, ride on lies that cut
We collide on, rhyme on rise and bust
On they crime on - life to divide us up
Keep it basic, n***as want improvements now
N***a face it, they wanna keep the movement down
F**k what they said, we comin' with the proven sound
It's that bay sh*t, guaranteed to move the crowd, we sayin'

We Raid, raid on, raid on

[Verse 5: CMG]
I got that sin juice flowin', thick in the veins
And I'm finna set it off without no restraints
Lookin' strange, before I blow out gauge
On the front page news see me center stage
CMG the squaw with the native tongue
Never bitin' on a rhyme and still keepin' 'em sprung
West coast gangsta, savage beastie
Feastin' on wack mcs discreetly
[Verse 6: Special One]
I'm mad at you hoes cause y'all don’t feel it
We holdin' up a mirror to the streets, now who the realest
For real it, B*t*h, the ballot or the bullet?
My finger's on the trigger for my freedom I'ma pull it (I'ma pull it)
Now check it cause you might get hurt
See we clappin' off the straps if the rap don't work
(Sh*t, don't make us have to do that dirt
I got this freedom in my drawz, conscious daughters for the cause

[Verse 7: Paris]
Identify genocide, ride or die, we wreck
Guerrilla Funk, hard truth, we devise respect
Break through to the youth, keepin lies in check
For my troops and the fruit - NOI connect
Have pride, you could rise and confide in us
Keep it live and advise you we size em up
Understandin’ the plan they devised for us
Never ran, keep it mannish we rise us up, we sayin

We Raid, raid on, raid on
(Raid on soldier, raid on)
All day, everyday we raid, believe, (Yeah)
All day, everyday, we break, [?]

We Raid, raid on, raid on
(Hell yeah)
[Verse 8: T-K.A.S.H.]
Real players, real hustlers
Busters still hate us
Can’t touch us
Gangsters still stay up
Double up the paper
We prayin’
Bubble up the police
Don’t show me
No love, cause I don’t tell on homies
Show love for the young cats who know me
OGs that lace me while growin’
This one's for the hometown of Oakland
East side, west bound and north [?]
South Sac, south Stockton, Portland
Back down to the state that’s all golden
[?]

We Raid, raid on, raid on

- Turning Point

I am tired!
I am tired of people beating down my people!
I am tired of people beating down our man!
I am tired of people beating down the mentality and [?] of our children
As African people, we must [?] to the level where we stop letting people use [?] to do us
It is most important that we understand even in the recesses of our mind
That we are in a state of emergence
It’s become absolutely essential that we cut out all of the foolishness
All of the foolishness
We cannot make any more excuses
That [?]
Leave nothing without substance
Nothing without substance
Where do you stand on the community?
The fingers have got to turn

› Give the Summer Drums

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro: Paris]
89.5 KPOO in the city by the bay, hard truth soldier radio
Black owned and still strong, still got it goin' on
San Francisco California, bringin' it back with old school slaps, still puttin' in on ya
Representin' Freedom Justice and Equality, believe

[Verse 1: Paris]
Guerrilla Funk in the buildin', no straps on us
We hit the function and chill, a pro-Black moment
We tryin' to bubble for real, a mo' scratch moment
The opposite of killa with backbone it's on
Sunshine, Northern California summer time
Grillin' somethin' other than swine, bustin' rhymes
I didn't see one crime so wasn't no one time
It's fun time, old school vets lacin' young minds
I ain't talkin bout no murderin' blacks
I'm talking learning and encouraging blacks
Man we bringin' that encouragement back
Still respectin' the new school dudes and they YouTube views
I'm pushin' the 6-9, they pushin' the scraper
We at park and its crackin', my potnas doin' it major
Cold weather in the fall, but for now we loungin'
Summertime in the Bay and when it's good is astoundin'
Give the summer drums
[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
Gangstas, hustlas, none of that is among us
Just real life vets and youngsta's
Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime
In the sunshine, nothin' up in the gun line
Give the summer drums

[Verse 2: Paris & T-K.A.S.H.]
Laid back, way back
Marvin Gaye track on a 8 track, day to relax
That's how we do it on this West Coast
Barbecue and Domino's, homie let's go
Unity and togetherness, let the rest go
We on that elevate, come on brother, let's toast

Kick that black on black violence out and shut the door behind it
Rewind it back to good times from the Bay to LA, back to Sac
Neighborhood superstar, block hero
Neighborhood animosity, I got zero
It's like that when you really reppin' for the people
P-Dog, Tomie Kash, "Better Days" sequel
Shot to 43rd Street, but it ain't lethal
Respected in Oakland for change and remaining peaceful
Yappin', no blappin' in my rappin'
A smile on my mask when I'm askin' "What's happenin'?"

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
Gangstas, hustlas, none of that is among us (Hey)
Just real life vets and youngsta's (That's right)
Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime
In the sunshine, nothin' up in the gun line (Yo)
Give the summer drums
[Verse 3: T-K.A.S.H.]
Brains all over the streets, brains I'm hopin' to reach
Hangin' all over the streets, bangin', I hope it'll cease
Change and grow into peace, rainin' with dough in the streets
Sprinkle the dough with the yeast, then we get bread, that's how we eat
Tomie Kash keep it lit, but without the heat
Pull up with them pounds, but I'm only talkin' 'bout the beat
Bust it in the air, just a friendly game of three-on-three
Ain't nobody dead 'cause it really ain't no reason to be
You ridin' with black men that's tapped in
To the black men from back then, that's past tense
And the straps and the reaction that traps black men
Back in the pen, it's back to relaxin' again
Did away with the thug livin', strictly gettin' high
Realizin' I love livin', tryin' to get it right
Unity, job opportunity
Community that's through with movin' in these streets foolishly

[Outro: T-K.A.S.H.]
Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime
Livin', livin', livin', livin'
Livin', livin', livin', livin' for the summertime
Give the summer drums, son

- Change We Can Believe In

You know, and we learn not to question our government and um, to be grateful for everything we got, but we didn’t know that it was at the expense of many other people, in our own country, and all over the world

[Intro: Sandy Griffith]
Listen, baby
Let's talk about this life and what it means to me
Baby, listen
This how it's got to be
We only thought that you would come and turn these wrongs to right
But we see it's really all the same
Who knew that you'd disgrace us
White power in blackface us
Our eyes were closed
But now we all could see

[Verse 1: Paris]
Lookin' at the parties like, damn, what's the parties like
Just seems all the parties' right
Now I'm lookin' round wonderin'
What the hell has happened to us, it's on again
Just misery, so many promises
So many of us tried to make him what he really wasn't
Still suffering' so many unemployed
Still watchin, NSA's got me paranoid
Make me wanna holler, throw my hands up
Got us thinking' that we wrong if we demand stuff
So we propped the man up, but what'd it get us?
More useless excuses and more fed up
Sounds so sweet when he makin' speeches
Always preachin' hope and change like he really means it
Manchurian Candidate
Ladies love to hear him talkin' cause he's so slick
[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
We sing it, but they never really understand, no they don't, no
We bring it, but they never seem to take a stand, no they won't, no
We mean it, better know they really ain't your friend, and they've shown it
So believe in me, believe in, believe in

[Verse 2: Paris]

Dear Mr. President, wartime president
Slicker than his predecessor, but it's still the same sh*t
Lost jobs, lost benefits
Lost public option, lost souls follow quick
Lost all respect for that sh*t he selling
Same conflicts, but his reason ain't compelling
Same cause, same manufactured boogeymen
Same bombs drop when his poll numbers dip
Same profiteering - War's good for business
Same Israel nut-jockin' - sh*t is endless
Same wall street bailouts, early christmas
For the same motherf**kas that should be in prison
Same racism, nothing changed bro
Wingnuts wanna point and say "I told you so"
We both hate his sh*t, but for different reasons though
They hate cause he black, we hate cause he wrong

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
We sing it, but they never really understand, no they don't, no
We bring it, but they never seem to take a stand, no they won't, no
We mean it, better know they really ain't your friend, and they've shown it
So believe in me, believe in, believe in
[Verse 3: Paris]
Shiiiit, so I'll say it all again man
Same sh*t, different day, all the same man
Same news cycle, same yapping' magpies
Same gats clapping' overseas taking lives
Now they say I'm hatin' cause I pulled his skirt
Same people that done lost they house and outta work
Got the nerve to think that I'm speaking' outta line
Can't criticize cause he 'posed to be my kind
But scared negroes won't rock the boat
Same Bush-era tax cuts, same drones
Same folks on lock, Guantanamo
Same campaign stops, same sh*tty jokes
Cracked while the world gets choked on
And most black folk broke but still hold on
To the illusion of choice
Both parties, both sides of the same bullsh*t coin

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
We sing it, but they never really understand, no they don't, no

We bring it, but they never seem to take a stand, no they won't, no
We mean it, better know they really ain't your friend, and they've shown it
So believe in me, believe in, believe in

Murder Suit

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]
Another casket they done asked me to carry
Another homeboy blasted they done asked me bury
I'm still exhausted from the last one, the setting was very
Hard to swallow but typical when the hood hit the cemetery
My heart is heavy for the families
Trapped in this tragedy of madness and insanity
Blapped in the street behind some bullsh*t he never seen
Got me thinking back upon the way we used to scrap we when was young and beefin'
When we would beat 'em, or might get did
But we let it go and lived, forgived
N***as knuckled up, buckled up, wasn't no whip it out and blast
Just because somebody muggin' when we pa**ed
When is thuggin' gone pa**, and this manhood thing come back around
Cause unity is cool by me
But until we get the message 'bout this death I say the rest is a wash
Too many livin' we lost, damn

[Hook: Paris]
Now I'm pullin’ out my murder suit
Now I'm takin’ out my murder suit
Got me puttin’ on my murder suit
In my best black too many times from all the shootin’
Now I'm pullin’ out my murder suit
Now I'm takin’ out my murder suit
Now I'm puttin’ on my murder suit
Got my best black one mo' time from all the shootin's
[Verse 2: Paris]
At the church again, sh*t is startin' to hurt again
Lookin' at another brotha layin' in a hearse again
Hear the Bible verse and then is off to the grave yard
A consequence of n***as thinkin' they hard
Put my arm around his mama but it ain't same thing as her child
She raised him up to never try to gangbang or be wild
A damn shame that he left to be a memory now
Plus he black and from the hood so ain't no empathy, wow
And I wore my "Rest In Peace" shirt to the viewin'
And they still ain't found the shooter

It's too bad now, it seems like it's gettin' normal to hear
About some murder in the neighborhood but nobody cares
It's all about this chrome fo'-fo'
Cause ain't nobody tryin' to box no mo'
I'm representin' for the homies throwin' things in the street
Realizin' at the same time, that's just me, god damn

[Hook: Paris]
Now I'm pullin' out my murder suit
Now I'm takin' out my murder suit
Got me puttin' on my murder suit
In my best black too many times from all the shootin'
Now I'm pullin' out my murder suit
Now I'm takin' out my murder suit
Now I'm puttin' on my murder suit
Got my best black one mo' time from all the shootin's
[Verse 3: Paris]
Never give up on my people, never leave 'em behind
Instead of teach 'em how to dougie, I'ma teach 'em to rise
I see these youngsta's tryin' to mug me but I see in they eyes
An intelligent, soldier who can see though the lies
It's really all what you believe in your mind, I believe you gone shine
But in these streets you gon' die if ain't no peace with yo kind
I ain't talkin' bout no gang affiliation
I'm talking doin' what it takes to change the situation
In this nation, you can be a brother with chips
Or be another statistic on a government list
Or do it like the brothers with the black gloves and a fist up
For revolution, even if you get ya wrist cuffed
You can be a great scholar or an African king
Instead of blappin' for bling, or somewhere trapped in the bend
You much better than a "rest in peace" legacy destiny
It's all about upliftment and lettin' the rest be

[Outro]
What are we looking at?
Two gunshot wounds to the upper-left chest cavity
At least three bullet holes in his left abdomen
I'm gonna need access. Here, I'm gonna start a subclavian line
Blood's filling his chest cavity. He'll need bilateral tubes
Betadine
Then take him up right now and start an ex-lap

We’re gonna cut into your chest to place a tube that will help you breathe
It’s gonna hurt like hell, but it’s the only way

› Side Effect

[Verse 1: Paris]
On the stretcher, under pressure
The sensation of the slugs in my body is still fresh in me
Mama is stressin' me
In the ambulance readin' me Genesis 1 or 7, I only remembered half of that
As I blacked out, pa**ed out
Woke up in general with nurses pullin' my oxygen mask out
I'm ready to smash out, but I can't walk, can't talk
Morphine drip, draining my train of thought, distraught
Weed and Patron to make you get loose
Ran my mouth to the wrong n***as and they let loose
Let they Tec shoot, Smith and Wess' hit the set, hit with death
Hit my chest, clipped my breath, then they jet, damn
And just like menace, my n***as visit, revenge intended
To go to who gave it, and give it
Give 'em the business, wanna see they brains hang
Never thought I meant it, that I'd be going through the same thing

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
All I wanna do is feel better
But the red, white, and blue they got it set up
So the doctors and the nurses ain't there for us
Unless they working with the county welfare for us
Just basketball, alcohol, and jail for us
And a funky a** mr. access healthcare for us
In the hood we don't pay no attention
Cause it's just another way for you to bury us, uh come on
[Verse 2: Paris]
Yeah, it's time to check out, get out, before I leave
Signed paperwork, paying the cash out
Prescribing me painkillers and fluids to clean my flesh out
They told me copay with my provider is the best route
What the f**k is "copay with my provider" and sh*t?
F**k you mean if I don't pay, you ain't supplyin' me sh*t?
What the f**k is health coverage? I don't go to work
"B*t*h, I'm in these streets" I'm yellin' up at the clerk, it's nothin'
Six G's I pulled outta my pocket
And from a ten-grand hospital bill, they docked it
No diploma, no employment, no insurance, no benefits
No medicine, no better than when they let me in

I turn to mama, but mama ain't got a job
She's smokin' her damn self, that's why I'm up in the mob
My n***as be stackin' money, but n***as be actin' funny
When I call to see what's up on the hundred for my recovery

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
All I wanna do is feel better
But the red, white, and blue they got it set up
So the doctors and the nurses ain't there for us
Unless they working with the county welfare for us
Just basketball, alcohol, and jail for us
And a funky a** mr. access healthcare for us
In the hood we don't pay no attention
Cause it's just another way for you to bury us, uh come on
[Interlude]
(Phone ringing)
(Yeah) Hello?
(Yeah) Yeah, I'm a boss in the game
(Hmm) Tryin' to get my insurance on
(Get your insurance on?) Get my insurance on
(Phone hangs up)
Hello? Man, this motherf**ker hung up the phone

[Verse 3: Paris]
And I ain't feelin' right
No prescription, no medication, so I ain't healin' right
When I walk, I limp and my shoulders is still stiff at night
Tried to get a job, they tellin' me ninety days
I be blazed to evade the pain, mental and physical
Takin' hella aspirin, shakin' hella bad
When I asked the people up in Walmart about it
Made me lift my shirt and show 'em the damage, I can't ignore it
They squirm like mama did, and tell me see a doctor for it
But I can't afford it
It cost money and I got it, but I can't report it
And I got to pay the ambulance, they mailed a notice
Another thug life side effect, I failed to notice
This health insurance is some cold sh*t

› Power

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]
Two little nerds got angry
And brought entertainment to it's knees
Because they wanted music free
And knew what you don't know
With all that power that you claim
That you these streets and you run the game
Really, it just don't mean a thing
Cause they knew what you don't know
So now you take a look around
And music done turned upside down
And ain't no profit to be found
Cause they knew what you don't know
So all I say is use your mind
And next time don't get left behind
And get what you love taken by
Some dudes who wrote some code
Now that's cold

- Muggin’ Ain’t Thuggin’

[Verse 1: Tray Deee]
Who you thinkin' you intimidatin', frownin' up?
Mean muggin' ain't thuggin' 'less you down to dump
Down to scrap, ready for whenever it crack
Come time, front line at the head of the pack
Set it off, lettin' off at the pigs and all
Let the AK spray 'til they squeal and crawl
Got wires, now I ride to fulfill the cause
Gotta push black power 'til the system fall
With my fist in the air, a clip and a spare
Educated gangsta equipped and prepared
Finished with the ignorance and killin' my own
Politicin' with this crippin', brothas gettin' along
Plus we hollerin' at the brown now, keepin' it G
So the government in trouble wants peace in the streets
Yeah the revolution comin' homie, time to murk
But looks don't kill, gotta do that dirt

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
You look that way, but you ain't built that way
You don't really feel that way, it don't matter what your picture say
Maybe you should fix your face, 'fore somebody come and split your face
A political pistol case, get this straight, muggin' ain't thuggin'

[Verse 2: Goldie Loc]
My life been sacrificed
And I don't need a TV show to tell a n***a what's right
And I don't need to reinvent myself
You Hollywood-a** n***as need a lotta help
Look at the way motherf**kas dress
Wait until they run into the devil's reject
Rapin' you suckas that be sellin' your soul
Man I'm tellin' you, they tear 'em a new a**hole
To where they can't even focus right
Aww sh*t, look at how they did Mike
This music makes me meditate
And Satanism is somethin' I can't illustrate
I can feel it in my soul and bones
That if I let go I'ma lose control
They create you, then the break you back down

Too much love for this music so we crackin' right now, yeah
[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]
You look that way, but you ain't built that way
You don't really feel that way, it don't matter what your picture say
Maybe you should fix your face, 'fore somebody come and split your face
A political pistol case, get this straight, muggin' ain't thuggin'

[Interlude: Paris]
Party people, your dreams have now been fulfilled
Throw your fist up in the air, and let's get real
That's right y'all
This more than rough, we callin' your bluff
And when it comes to rhymes…

[Verse 3: Paris]
So I bust up out this motherf**ka cold, who the savagest?
Screamin black power, let's see who the mannish-ist
Paris and the Eastsidaz saying it's a wrap
When the gangsters and the revolutionaries start breaking bread
Tell these government pigs we recruitin'
To do it like Huey P Newton because they shootin'
We ride unified ain't no hidin' in fear
Combined to protect lives of black women and kids
I'm a pro-black motherf**kin' mack for mine
Put the slaps with the message in the rap and grind
Old school n***a, hold out, back in ya face
Hard truth, put the black power back into place
Cause lookin ain't crookin', talkin' ain't walkin'
Yappin' ain't blappin', rappin' ain't scrappin'
And scrappin' ain't what's happenin' the bottom line is you ain't active
N***a you just actin'
Muggin' ain't thuggin'

Martial Law (Redux)

[Intro: Paris]
Attention all citizens! Attention all citizens!
The United States of America is now under martial law
All const**utional rights have been suspended in the name of national security
Absolute compliance is necessary for protection of the fatherland
The New World Order now dictates that the penalty for dissent is death
This is your new reality
Do not attempt to think or depression may occur
War is peace
Consume, conform and obey
Remain calm

[Verse 1: Paris]
P-Dog, Guerrilla Funk, taking sheep from the slaughter
These automatics let 'em have it, f**k a new world order
Sick of tryin', sick of cryin' why we die and in prison?
Ain't no complyin', only violence is what's makin' 'em listen
F**k a politician, all they ever do is ignore
And f**k a closed border right to lifer callin' for war
F**k these close-minded simple evangelical w****s
And they stupid-a** home-schooled illiterate spawn
F**k a Huckabee, we buckin' these, ain't nothin' that's good
F**k a black ops and helicopters all in my hood
F**k a Bilderberger, we gon' serve 'em, people unite
F**k the military using kids to murder and fight
All I'm hearin' is these teary cries supporting the troops
All I'm seein' is these teary eyes whenever we lose
But what the hell they ever do besides pillage and shoot?
At all the colored people in they villages when they loot
It's all known, its evil at Bohemian Grove
I see that sh*t, see the cousins, see the skull and the bones
See it comin' see the dollar fall, never atone
See the martial law, see the Nazi criminal clones
See the police, so we pack, and stay strapped with black gats
For get back, when they clap, we clap back, now take that, and
Up in the mornin', early gunnin' for my opponents I'm knowin'
They ain't prepared as me guerrilla warfare in the streets
What you believin' in? I'm askin' the youth
That's from a triple OG repeatin' freedom and truth
So many stripes and I'm in this motherf**ka, look at the proof

I'm showin' you don't have be complacent, facin' the racist and ruthless
It's for ya mind, for ya body and soul
Now it's a battle for your money and for global control
But will the cattle wake up? Now that's what I wanna know
Shout to power in this motherf**ka, wake 'em and show 'em, I'm sayin'
[Chorus: Paris]
We ride on racists, rights are basic
We advise you, rise and take it
Tell me how many gonna hear the call
And how many of us know it's martial law?
When the police kill and have no regrets
And governments represent the one percent
Please tell me how many gonna hear the call
And how many of us know it's martial law?

[Verse 2: M-1]
This ain't a threat, it's a promise, I put that on my mama
And somebody gonna pay 'cause it's death before dishonor
They will never forgive, they ain't gon' never forget
So we set it off in the East, and we set it off in the West
It's the code to the streets, it's for the black and the poor
I learned that in the visiting room with Doctor Mutulu Shakur
He sacrificed for the fight, and that helped me see the light
'Cause a political education ain't just reading and writing

[Verse 3: stic.man]
I see freedom in Swahili on the wall in graffiti
A spray can became a silent voice for the needy
Ghetto children inherit the slums and tenements
In the projects, livin' off crumbs is bullsh*t
Ninety percent of the world's wealth controlled by ten percent
And America's the richest country in the world, ain't this a b*t*h?
How we livin' in conditions of poverty every day
And our realest leaders in the pen until their hair turns gray
[Verse 4: KAM]
The struggle of the sixties and the seventies is back
But black rappers, athletes and celebrities is wack
Wanna act like they a thug, but they ain't never with the fight plan
Busy in the club, drunk in love with the white man
Just a one night stand, freak for your people
Then it's back to the track where you speakin' no evil
Got the coward disease, so you need to go to church for it

We only lookin' for the Gs - search warrant

[Chorus: Paris]
We ride on racists, rights are basic
We advise you, rise and take it
Tell me how many gonna hear the call
And how many of us know it's martial law?
When the police kill and have no regrets
And governments represent the one percent
Please tell me how many gonna hear the call
And how many of us know it's martial law?

[Post-Chorus: Paris]
Sayin' woof motherf**ka woof, motherf**ka woof
(Woof motherf**ka, woof, motherf**ka woof)
Sayin' woof motherf**ka woof, motherf**ka woof
(Woof motherf**ka, woof, motherf**ka woof)
Sayin' woof motherf**ka woof, motherf**ka woof
(Woof motherf**ka, woof, motherf**ka woof)
Sayin' woof motherf**ka woof, motherf**ka woof
(Woof motherf**ka, woof, motherf**ka woof)
[Interlude: Paris]
Attention all citizens! Attention all citizens!
All individuals must pa** through security checkpoints for VeriChip compliance
All citizens are required to attend mandatory worship service on Sunday
Trust your government, we will protect you
Consume, conform and obey
Fear minorities and those different from you
War is peace, lies are truth
The number one enemy of progress is questions
We are your God
Remain calm, remain calm, remain calm

[Outro: Scratching]
"Su-su-su-su"
"Su-su-su-su"
"Su-su-su-su"
"Super sperm"

The Greatest

Let’s move onto the next question
Next question… go ahead

Hi- Hi- Hi-
Can you say why America is the greatest country in the world?
Can you say why- Say why- Say why-
America- Greatest country-

Diversity and opportunity

Can you say why- Say why- Say why- Say why-

Uh, freedom and freedom, so let’s keep it that way

What makes America the greatest- greatest- greatest-

It’s not the greatest country in the world, though. That’s where you missin’ the point

You’re saying-

Yes

Can you say why- Say why- Say why-

Wait a minute, so you’re gonna sit here and tell us that America is so cold, that we’re the only ones in the world who have freedom?
Canada had freedom. Japan had freedom. The U.K., France, Italy, Germany, Spain, Australia, Belgium had freedom
So there’s absolutely no evidence to support the statement that we’re the greatest country in the world
We’re sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service at this time

We’re 7th in literacy, 27th in math, 22nd in science, 49th in life expectancy, 178th in infant mortality, 3rd in median household income, number 4 in labor force and number 4 in exports
We lead the world in only three categories: Number of cats that's locked up, number of grown folks who believe angels are real, and defense spending
So when you ask what makes us the greatest country in the world, I don't know what the f**k you talkin' about

Search Warrant

Cops be warrin' with the search warrant
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant

[Intro]
I know we bold, better ask about us
We won't be sold, speakin' truth the loudest
We go in so, can't nobody doubt us
Cause somebody gotta speak for the people, and uhh
Soldiers control, we can't be divided
For the people, we represent the righteous
We way too cold, don't even think try us
It's hard truth for the win all my kin's invited

[Verse 1: Paris]
P-Dog, still on that organized warfare
If it ain't 'bout a revolution then I don't care
Break jaws 'till the state laws more fair
Escape dogs and batons and my door and stairs
I'm a panther but I'm hog status
Pro black silverback packin automatics
Where a black man's life is cheap
Between police and the cold a** streets, got us seekin' freedom

[Verse 2: WC]
I was raised in a hood of hydraulics, narcotics and pistols
Hood politics and bird whistles
Lames can't survive on the turf, so they join the police
Or either kill innocent lives in the church
So I tuck the snug and move with a ya ya
While other n***as singin' peace and all that kumbaya
In God I trust, bust 'til the clip is empty
I'm underground, like Harriet Tubman in some D**kies
[Hook]
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
They must be snorin' thinking we ignorin' them
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Man we got somethin' for them, if they try to storm in
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant

They must be snorin' thinking we ignorin' them
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Man we got somethin' for them, if they try to storm in

[Verse 3: Tray Deee]
Never gon' compromise, break or apologize
Ride until I see a black face on the dollar sign
Thug with a conscience, f**k all the nonsense
Blackness the movement while justice the topic
And not just marchin', we pickin' off targets
Death to oppressors when pistols is sparkin'
Khaki suit, my uniform, general, my rankin'
Black revolutionary motherf**kin' gangsta

[Verse 4: Goldie Loc]
Always on the front line, dodgin' all the politics
Huey Newton zappin' 'em away with the gold stick
Sendin' robotic dogs to my door it's crackin'
I ain't runnin' like scary Jakari Jackson
I ain't spendin' one night inside ya FEMA camps
I got no love for republican or democrat
Brothers be glued to their phone
Open up ya eyes, black slavery's still goin' on
[Hook]
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
They must be snorin' thinking we ignorin' them
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Man we got somethin' for them, if they try to storm in
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
They must be snorin' thinking we ignorin' them
Cops be warrin', with the search warrant
Man we got somethin' for them, if they try to storm in

[Verse 5: KAM]
I see you twist a lotta vicks, so I'm hip to y'all's crime
Pistol Politics on my mind at all times
Everybody know it's racial, but y'all don't wanna say so
So court is now in session, my expression's more than facial
Recognition, no smilin', mission, go wild and
Time to do my own hate crimes and my racial profilin'
I'm dialin' 911, 'cause I'm just gon' rebel
All rydas go to heaven, and cowards go to hell

[Verse 6: E-40]
I'm sick of you people shootin' us unarmed people
The Lord created us equal, but you choose to be evil
A victim of casualty, brutality, do us dirty
The audacity, even though we the ones who pay their salary
I'm smokin' a cigarette drinkin' coffee, back and forth pacin'
Stressed out, heart hella racin'
Trapped in the system, they got me on a leash
Process of elimination, no justice, no peace
[Verse 7: Paris]
It's the killa cali black guerrilla pig chopping organized
Ryders screaming black power, firin' on the other side
Do it for the women, for the babies, for the right to live
Do it for the freedom, f**k the system for the way it is
Raise a fist, it's all about race
And black lives matter so we organize and escalate
Calling all cars for the cause ‘cause we tired of waiting
Don't worry what we gon' say, worry what we bringin'

[Verse 8: Sandy Griffith]
See ya groovin'
We soldiers and we done swore
To rep the movement
And always try to reach ya mind
We ain't playin'
But some never seem to notice
What we sayin'
I guess it's all part of the plan
To keep us losin'

[Outro]
I know we bold, better ask about us
We won't be sold, speakin' truth the loudest
We go in so, can't nobody doubt us
Cause somebody gotta speak for the people, and uhh
Soldiers control, we can't be divided
For the people, we represent the righteous
We way too cold, don't even think try us
It's hard truth for the win all my kin's invited

Cops be warrin', with the search warrant

Cops be warrin', with the search warrant

Engage

Whoop, whoop, that's the sound of the police
So we shoot, shoot, makin' war with the beast
What the f**k you thank? Ain't nobody firing blanks
Hit the precinct, leave 'em all shakin' and stankin'
In the land where we programmed to shuffle and suffer
Where a black life is measured by prison and murder
Where they gunnin' black people down and burning the churches
And where the only sound that's heard is how we probably deserve it
Got us sending this to anyone, thinking of doin'
Like Dylann Roof or anybody thinkin' of shooting
Anybody thinking that had better know that we moving
And that we rubbin' whole families out, as retribution
Consider it a promise, f**k a threat if it's on
It's real deterrent you can bet on, brandishing chrome
Scorched earth if we burst, all is fair in war
If it's an eye for an eye you'll see 'em die on the floor
Let 'em clap, we clappin' we clap back, no rappin'
No yap no jaw jackin', no convo is happenin', no
Unforgivin', ain't nobody givin' a f**k
No understandin', ain't no holdin' ya hand, and no love
No huggin', no rubbin', no talk, no candle burnin'
Ain't no marches, ain't no rallies or meetings, ain't no sermons
Just burnin', desire to fire on the oppressor
Let the messenger connect with his chest plate and register
I'm the real wrong n***a to f**k with
That knows to show, so the proles revolt
So you know, ain't got nothin to lose, nothin' to prove
Be the hardest one to move until the truth gets through
Just the sounds and the smell of the, automatic weaponry
Sizzlin' these piggies and hillbillies we killin'
Fill 'em up if they go bad, and toe tagged out
Send 'em back, bagged, wrapped in a confederate shroud
And tell them kissin' a**, open mouth kissin' a**
Pipeline to prison a** n***as and b*t*hes
With that silly sh*t, silly all talkin' and posin'
Worldstar coonery, house n***as be frozen
Get ya head right, a ryder is readin', the riot act, better heed it
If you breathin' and latino or black
Crack the code 'till it's known, if it's on it's on
Come together, and recognize the movement is growing

Engage

The War Dance

[Verse 1]
It's a true story 'bout two homies called "them"
Any two'll do, call 'em "him" and "him"
One from the ghetto, the other from the 'burbs
First is a rebel, the other is a nerd
In a two parent household, Moms and Pops
They so well off, sellin' bonds and stocks
But fell off 'cause he don't bond with Pops
And not comfortable with Moms a lot, that's the nerd
Compared to the rebel on the hood plantation
The pimps and the macks and the gang bangers laced him
Moms straight smokin', Pops is MIA
The chance for advancement for him ain't great
Both from two different worlds, but they both the same
Both idolize hip-hop style and slang
Both thinkin' manhood is defined by thangs
Emphasized in the raps we sang, sh*t, but we'll see

[Chorus]
It's the war dance, this the way it usually start
It's the war dance, everybody playin' a part
It's the war dance, maintain, gotta stay hard
It's that bang bang boogie, bang bang the boogie-oogie
It's the war dance, got 'em all caught in the game
It's the war dance, don't matter what you reppin' or claim
It's the war dance, we all die one and the same
From the bang bang boogie, bang bang the boogie-oogie
[Verse 2]
Repet**ive negativity combined
With music can afflict and affect the mind
Rap lies take lives to the pen with rhymes
Thinkin' prison finna get 'em they stripes, look here
This time, let me tell you just how the crime went
Rebel met nerd on some down to die sh*t
The nerd met rebel, found a cat to ride with
Now they outside the store lookin' in
One come from bad circ*mstance, never had a family
One did, but felt they didn't understand him
Young kids doin' what society demanded
Companies that owned jails and music planned it

Nerd brandished the gun, seen the money, grabbed it
Rebel waited for him in the car, music blastin'
Cashier shot, then cops, and they captured
Both hit the pen laughin', "This is blackness"

[Chorus]
It's the war dance, this the way it usually start
It's the war dance, everybody playin' a part
It's the war dance, maintain, gotta stay hard
It's that bang bang boogie, bang bang the boogie-oogie
It's the war dance, got 'em all caught in the game
It's the war dance, don't matter what you reppin' or claim
It's the war dance, we all die one and the same
From the bang bang boogie, bang bang the boogie-oogie
[Verse 3]
The first night, Big Homie said he want his a** licked
Nerd said "No," so he got his a** kicked
The rebel got his a** kicked and his a** split
It wasn't no more laughin' and sh*t
Two black men, brainwashed from the start
Never knew back then, these corporations play the part
To pursue black men for slave labor on the yard
Rhyme stars lead 'em to a life behind bars, follow
The countries that own companies and trade publicly
Invest in the music companies and praise thuggery
The money from the thuggery, they put it into jails
Just for criminal, young black males
All from the sound, penitentiary bound
While the sheep just follow 'em and swallow it down
Either working for the system, or we dead in the ground
Even with a new n***a in town, it's the

Keep Pushin’

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
Do the things that keep it movin' every day
Hold it down don't let nobody, tell you that you can't
Nothin' promised to us, got to keep it true
We all we got, know this and you'll never lose

[Verse 1: Paris]
Why can't we understand?
Why can't we understand?
Why can't we comprehend?
Recognize the underhanded
Nature of the way they do
Keep us all, under rule
Love to see us always lose
Still the same, nothin new
Tired of the strugglin'
Struggle got us stressin' it's
Harder than it's ever been
To get the family close again
Mama working double shifts
Pops ain't never missed a day
Never missin' hours, never call in sick
And never late
Bills keep piling high - what do we do when
It's hard when you try to do right - we keep it movin'
Same grind, same time, steady punchin' a clock
Same climb, ain't no sunshine, they keep us on lock
And we easy to provoke, broken focus and hope
It's hard to cope with there's no control and never support
Just broken dreams and promises, we live to survive
It's no succeedin' just believin' what we need to get by, but why?
[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
Do the things that keep it movin' every day (We keep pushin’)
Hold it down don't let nobody, tell you that you can't (We keep pushin’)
Nothin' promised to us, got to keep it true (And it don’t stop, and it don’t stop)
We all we got, know this and you'll never lose

[Verse 2: Paris]
So we need to get a little closer now
Just like we supposed to now

Ever seem to notice how
Come up and then they slow you down?
Hate to see us go without
But ain't no hiring if you brown
No hirin' in the town, and these streets
Compete and call us out
Steady tryin to live right
It's harder when you live right
It's harder when you live right, cuzz
You just can't live life
So consumed with anger, I'm
Just beneath the danger zone
Just beneath the surface and I'm prone
To put these things up on ya
It's all bullsh*t, these b*t*hes think we stupid with it
They keep us stupid with it, through the music when we listen
Through the television, mission is to keep it twisted
And keep the people broke and fat and working for the system
So many obstacles, it's possible to fold and flounder
So I stay committed, keep my game tight and family grounded
And pound the pavement making statements I'm a hard truth rider
And James Evans n***as, goin’ hard with father guidance
[Hook: Sandy Griffith]
Do the things that keep it movin' every day (Keep pushin’)
Hold it down don't let nobody, tell you that you can't (Keep pushin’)
Nothin' promised to us, got to keep it true (And it don’t stop, and it don’t stop)
We all we got, know this and you'll never lose (Yeah)

Do the things that keep it movin' every day
Hold it down don't let nobody, tell you that you can't
Nothin' promised to us, got to keep it true
We all we got, know this and you'll never lose

PARIS
DON'T TOUCH BABY MAN HAIR!
I FEEL VIOLATED
PROUD SUPPORTER OF THE MUSLIM BAN
SUNKEN
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT
MSNBC
FOX NEWS
SAFE SPACE INVADER

Bang Bang

[Intro]
This is the Oakland Police Department. We hereby declare this to be an unlawful a**embly, and in the name of the people of the State of California, command all those a**embled to leave the area immediately. If you do not leave, you are in violation...

No justice, no peace
No justice, no peace

[Verse 1: Paris]
Yeah
Thang thang in my lap like
N***a really want this rap life?
I maintain me some act right
Little devil get your facts right
Back where it all started
Not purple but black hearted
From the land where we hustle harder
Thought I let it go, but I'm just smarter
Back raisin' my fist
Makin' 'em mad when I'm goin' like this
Never caught in a twist
Might run up but ya leave with a limp (look out)
Won't stop till we all eat
Beast mode, Bay n***as all beast
Spit clearly so we can all see
It's no fun if we all can't get a piece

[Hook]
Bang Bang (what?)
Move as a team on the fake sh*t
Unified, rise and awaken (what?)
Ain’t gon’ stop 'til we make it
And ain’t lettin’ sh*t slide, ride up and take sh*t
Bang Bang (what?)
Y’all motherf**kas don’t want none
Don’t be surprised by the outcome
Bus’ on these hoes ‘till we all won (what?)
Say it loud, fist in the air 'til we get somethin'
Bang Bang
[Verse 2: Paris]

Ooh, back with that knock
Comin' with them LS swaps and them big blocks
Warm it up and don't stop
NorCal sh*t over everything at your spot
Still comin' bold with it
Guerrilla Funk n***as come cold wit it
Hard truth, go get it
Beat that a** back for the cash then we all split it
No cap, it's the real comin'
Made for ya ride so your sh*t's slumpin'
Bring em out, see who run the summer
Everybody in this motherf**ka swangin' somethin'
All gas no brakes
Slappin' out the back of my Chevrolet
Comin' straight out the Yay
Y'all n***as thinkin' revolutionaries came playin', what's up?

[Hook]
Bang Bang (what?)
Move as a team on the fake sh*t
Unified, rise and awaken
Ain't gon' stop 'til we make it (what?)
And ain't lettin' sh*t slide, ride up and take sh*t
Bang Bang (what?)
Y'all motherf**kas don't want none
Don't be surprised by the outcome
Bus' on these hoes 'till we all won (what?)
Say it loud, fist in the air 'til we get somethin'
Bang Bang
[Verse 3: Paris]
Listen to it, get into in, sweatin' to it, trust
Reppin' us and keep a weapon for the rest in case they steppin' to it
Blessings all around for my people, don't even worry 'bout it
Brothers gonna work it out and bubble, ain't no doubt about it (let's Ride)
Comin' hard, with hard looks at hard facts (hey)
It's hard truth with hard proof and hard raps (hey)
No cap I just clap back and snappin' upon on that a**
Out the blue and had you thinkin' we was cool wit it
Ain't no braggin' or laughin' no rag flappin'
Or laggin', no back slappin' or slackin', I put the black in
On post, I'm known, to roast a POTUS
And prone to go in, approach and turn 'em to ghosts, now notice

Gives a f**k what you think
Gives a f**k how you feel, where you from, why you blinkin'
Y'all seem to be completely underestimatin' what it is that
Got a n***a started in the first place, so I give it
Revolutionary day one, revolutionary day one, listen

[Outro]
Revolutionary day one, revolutionary day one, Revolutionary
Revolutionary day one, revolutionary day one, listen, listen
Revolutionary day one, revolutionary day one, Revolutionary

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Nine, ten, eleven, f**k twelve
Oh- oh- oh my god
Oh- oh- oh my god
Dog
One, two, three, four, five-

- Why Reconcile

[Intro]
Do you think a man that talks like this is afraid of death? I was born for the liberation of my people! So death don't faze me. But I wonder, are you as ready to die as you are to kill?

[Verse 1: Paris]
It's one for the panther hearted
Pushed this line since I first started
Pro black, and it gets no harder
Can't understand if you don't regard it
Brothers tryin' to build so you see the picture
Neighborhood watch, bring the homies witcha
Won't stop 'til we had enough
Mo' money mo' land mo' jobs mo' comin' up
Everythang in life that we 'posed to get
Every neighborhood, town, every street and set
No regrets, just grind so we all eat
Aligned we unite and combine 'tll we all free
Stand up, fight back, man up and then
Buy black, buy time, stack up ya bread
Re-emerge, buy back and don't never let
Motherf**kas ever get up on us like they was again

[Hook]
Step into the mind of the most hated
Killa Cali mindset calibrated
Apply pressure, ride on the enemy
And why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace
Ain't no middle ground, ain't no understandin'
Just demand fairness 'til we advancin'
Apply pressure, ride on the enemy
And why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace
[Verse 2: Paris]
Now we back on that mobilize
Won't relax 'til the people rise
It's combat 'til we equalize
Real eyes realize real life ain't for layin'
Bullet, not ballet if they want static
Blappin' at they Klan rally turned tragic
F**k peace, the automatic systematically
Keep your b*t*h a** back 'til we get our freedom

On they head, fog city bred
Thorough with this triple OG Cali cred
Go hard on em, swarm on the ones blockin' those of us
Born true and sworn to come through for the most of us
Grew up on that no bullsh*t commandment
Pops wasn't playin' that's how he planned it
Take a look around see who still standin'
Hard truth motherf**kin' street soldiers still mannish

[Hook]
Step into the mind of the most hated
Killa Cali mindset calibrated
Apply pressure, ride on the enemy
And why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace
Ain't no middle ground, ain't no understandin'
Just demand fairness 'til we advancin'
Apply pressure, ride on the enemy
And why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace
[Outro]
Why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace
And why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace
And why reconcile if we ain't free, f**k peace
Why reconcile?
Rise
We got to over the hump
We got to over the hump, yeah

Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down
Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down
Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down
Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down

Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down
Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down
Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down
Unless you wanna live on your knees, throw down

Black Power (Black Power)
Black People (Black People)
Black Man (Black Man)
Black Woman (Black Woman)

Black Power (Black Power)
Black People (Black People)
Black Man (Black Man)
Black Woman (Black Woman)
Black Power (Black Power)
Black People (Black People)
Black Man (Black Man)
Black Woman (Black Woman)

Black Power (Black Power)
Black People (Black People)
Black Man (Black Man)
Black Woman (Black Woman)

Black Power (Black Power)
Black People (Black People)
Black Man (Black Man)
Black Woman (Black Woman)

Black Power (Black Power)
Black People (Black People)
Black Man (Black Man)
Black Woman (Black Woman)

All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
Oink Oink (Bang Bang), Oink Oink (Bang Bang)

All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
Oink Oink (Bang Bang), Oink Oink (Bang Bang)

All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
All Power to the People (All Power to the People)
Oink Oink (Bang Bang), Oink Oink (Bang Bang)

Press On

[Intro]
And while you sittin' on your b***, afraid to come into the community and deal with the gra**roots of your people, a whole generation has come up around you. Black revolutionaries, sick and tired of what's been goin' on...

[Verse 1: Paris]
Back on my bully sh*t, no filter
Back fully equipped, y'all feel it
Back to get the people riled, and motivated
Panther's back, no smilin', all hatred
Still no affinity, for silliness
I'm toxic masculinity, you feelin' this
I recognize game and raise ya, and I suggest
You dial back that sh*t you sayin', it's disrespectful
I'm physical, political, and principled
Break your nose, let these devils know, ain't no suppossin'
Ain't no ya**uh bossin', no flossin', or bread breakin'
F**k what you think you on, a n***a takin'
Cause that MAGA sh*t'll get you soggy, soakin' wet
I know this cracka got you froggy, but I suspect
You computer cowboys don't want it, and you'll regret
How a n***a put a crease in you cowards if we connect, let's go

[Hook]
Let's go
Bruh ya best know
Ain't no question
Count your blessings, learn lessons
And press on
With no concessions
We fight oppression
With aggression
To get the rest on
Stand tall and press on
[Verse 2: Paris]
I look around and see n***as coonin', without a doubt
Huggin' pigs though they shoot us, and mow us down
Just goddamned fools hopin', they gon' change
Cryin, tryin' to plead and show 'em, that we in pain
But anti-black backash, will be a blur

Back to hashtags and no compa**ion, for n***as murdered
Been true since the days of slavery, keep us scurred
And murk black a****s and babies, it's the purge
Now let's see who wanna answer, I guess I'm canceled
Guess you want fancy dancers, instead of manhood
See black twitter twitchin', little b*t*h
Remind Stockholm Syndrome n***as of how they lynch us
I'm pro black and it's clear, you n***as weird
I stand here completely fearless, 'cause I'm aware
Your only cap is that I'm racist, or outta touch
I don't believe in warm embraces of toxic love

[Hook]
Let's go
Bruh ya best know
Ain't no question
Count your blessings, learn lessons
And press on
With no concessions
We fight oppression
With aggression
To get the rest on
Stand tall and press on
[Bridge]
It don't take much to see
They don't f**k with you and me
They say so, but actions prove that they don't (prove that they don't)
That's why we understand the need
To build up our own communities
Love us, and do for self and stay woke

Now ya
Might think, we on one
Cause we, don't take none
But if you do, this ain't for you, no (this ain't for you, no)
We just
Make it, plain to see
That we, must get free
If you agree, we sayin' let's go

[Verse 3: Paris]
So I steady make the sound 'til the people come around

Don't just film and stand around next time they got us on the ground
Clappin' rounds for the black and brown back the f**k up offa mine
Let the pistols whistle through they gristle, give 'em naps tonight
Who you think you f**kin' with? Ain't no duck and covers
Scratch that pig off the list, with a K and plug him
Guerrilla Funk means beef with pork, n***a we gon' beef with pork
Try to put the genie back for sh*t you started
'Cause protests only placate the people
Protests only mitigate response to evil
Go test if his vest work, tell me if his chest burst
And see if these devils really want upheaval
Bald eagles get barbequed, n***a feel me?
Make these pigs squeal 'fore you steal and burn the city
Apply pressure in the only language that they traffic
And let's see how many of em really want that static
[Outro]
Shots fired! Officer down! Shots fired! Officer down! We got a city officer down! Shots fired!
Shots fired! Unknown where the suspect’s shooting from

F**k you gonna do? F**k you gonna do?

F**k- f**k- f**k- f**k- f**k- f**k you gonna do when the people hit back?
F**k you gonna do when the people hit back?
F**k you gonna do- F**k you gonna do when the-
F**k you gonna do when the people hit back?
F**k you gonna do when the people hit back?
F**k- f**k- f**k- f**k- f**k- f**k you gonna do when the people hit back?
F**k- f**k- f**k- f**k- f**k- f**k you gonna do when the people hit back?
Back- back- back- back- back

(Dog)

- Nobody Move

[Verse 1: Paris]
One, two, three
It's that mad a** sucker free guerrilla with the get back
Seems you forgot who you f**kin' with
Pistol grip pump in my lap for this
Mannish and brandish your mind
Been damagin' these off-brands live since '89
Hard truth to ya, speakin' from the booth
From the Bay to Southern Cali, central valley
Steady slumpin', bumpin', I'm on the mic
P-Dog layin' in the cut to strike
Apply pressure with aggression
No stressin', but at the same time
Contemplatin' how I could bubble and push my same line
With murderous intent
Convince the proletariat to listen, envision
The uprise and the wise eyes open wide
Ride or die hear the battle cry united for the fight
Get 'em!

[Hook]
Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
Real spit, read the sh*t
Raised fist, keep sayin' it loud
Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
Read the truth, never lose
Keep it movin', steady doin' us proud

Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
Back 'em off us, if it's coughin'
Then his coffin's gettin' filled right now

Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
With that pow pow
Chicka pow pow
Chicka pow pow

Pow!

[Verse 2: Paris]
Guerrilla Funk on that Mau Mau, who the realest?
Never bow down, f**k they feelins
Buckle up, knuckle up, cousin this
The return of authentic hard truth spit
The Trump killa, Pence killa, Bush killa, Cop killa
Pop McConnell, back on my Geronimo
Blappin' on 'em, slap 'em with the sound, won't apologize
Won't understand what you stand for, a compromise
B*t*h what you thought it was
Got me clappin' on the blappin' while the salmon clammin' up
Fishy n***as with that sissy sh*t
Suspect identified as any n***a ridin' on the fence, now who wanna try it?
Colonize and get your guns up
N***as dumpin' on the first one to come
And I'm back to blast on the MAGAt's
Combat it, no cap is savage
Been practicin' so the strap will do the damage
Leave 'em staggerin', I'm back again
Grip rider with the zip ties
N***a feed 'em all fish and f**k they kids
Beast mode, f**k peace for the babies separated by police, from they families seekin' freedom
See, it's the American way, sayin' "warriors come out to play"
Raised on that Bay sh*t I'm sayin' ain't nobody playin' with it
Best admit it, P is cold as an ICE raid when n***as speak
[Hook]
Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
Real spit, read the sh*t
Raised fist, keep sayin' it loud

Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
Read the truth, never lose
Keep it movin', steady doin' us proud

Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
Back 'em off us, if it's coughin'

Then his coffin's gettin' filled right now

Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
With that pow pow
Chicka pow pow
Chicka pow pow
Pow!

[Verse 3: Paris]
Some ride around when I write about us
Glide by in the towns see the signs 'round us
Gentrified by the whites and the weirdos and the ones
Making beer with they artisan beards and man buns
N***a this ain't Migos
From Flint to Puerto Rico
I represent the blacks and immigrants from all the sheet holes
No free throws
I'm golden from the state, I'm in the paint
You try to keep a motherf**ker quiet but you can't
You could tweet that Donny, believe
Ain't no motherf**ker breathin' that can see me
I mean the, G in me wanna let it spit and blow your brains out
No stress, ask your predecessors how I gets down
Now I'ma say it for the slow
Don't let your president get you doe'd
Now it's the return of the uppity n***a you suckas stuck with me
I'm buckin' any cuck who think he rough enough to f**k with me
Now f**k a knee, I flip the bird, stand with Kaepernick
Stack a grip with housin' a**sistance and scholarships
No dragon energy, I'm draggin' any enemy or any weak MC
That seek celebrity on TMZ, n***a please
We's on track to see those
I rep the G code, I blap they nap and get to reload
So we grow, it's go cat go
Ain't no blow back, no throwback
Just smack a neat MC and end a ho back[?]
Y'all know that I'm quick to bust your motherf**kin' lip
Go and run and tell 'em, ring the bell and
Reach these with truth so we see these n***as' species
And teach these youngsters do for self and bleep the police and be free
Let me catch your a** coordinatin' with the orange satan and your best friends

Cause we gon’ P your crown to this
G’s up, foes down
While the real soldiers pounce to this
[Hook]
Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
Real spit, read the sh*t
Raised fist, keep sayin’ it loud

Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
Read the truth, never lose
Keep it movin’, steady doin’ us proud

Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
Back ‘em off us, if it’s coughin’
Then his coffin’s gettin’ filled right now

Nobody move
Nobody get hurt
With that pow pow
Chicka pow pow
Chicka pow pow
Pow!

Chain Reaction

[Hook: Ms. Monét]
Call to action, chain reaction
All starts with you and me
No distraction, main attraction
Out front for all to see
Love the lifestyle that we live
It's for the takin' ain't nothin' given
Said life is what you make it
Uh, huh

[Verse 1: Paris]
Northern Cali days, Northern Cali raised
It's the Northern Cali way
Cloud said it's all good in the bay
Where to strive and the hustle to survive's an everyday thang
It’s for the Cougars and Cutla**es
Even pushin' in a bucket, we all functionin'
680, 280, East Bay, West Bay
North Bay, South Bay, we all maintainin'
3rd street, Lakeview, Fillmoe, thank you
To all the thorough who remained true
But still keeps me a thang or two
Shout out to all the freedom fighters down to make a change too
Bang blue, bang red? We don't claim sets
We high side ridin' candy paint 'Velles and Vettes
Where ladies top notch, they don't come no better
That's California love, throw it up and sang together
[Hook: Ms. Monét]
Call to action, chain reaction
All starts with you and me
No distraction, main attraction (Tell em, tell em)
Out front for all to see
Love the lifestyle that we live
It's for the takin' ain't nothin' given
Said life is what you make it
Uh, huh

[Verse 2: Paris]
Hard truth soldiers we never sold out
Right wing trolls can get a swole mouth

We stay on the grind, and we gon' hold out
'Til we see 5-0 bow down and roll out, huh
I'm George Jackson when it’s time for action
Another anthem on that brown and blackness
It's that triple gold Dayton music
That big ballin' bbq’in no hatin' music
We getting money in a legal fashion
Bald heads, long dreads in the Regal smashin'
Figure 8 and fish tailin' at the sideshow
Reppin' peace up in the hood and that’s alright though
Real solid individuals
Overstandin' street knowledge and its principles
Giving back to up and comin's
Reciprocal respect is when the vets is on deck and the rest are runnin'
[Hook: Ms. Monét]
Call to action, chain reaction (Yeah)
All starts with you and me
No distraction, main attraction (Mash on em, mash on em)
Out front for all to see
Love the lifestyle that we live
It's for the takin' ain't nothin' given (That’s right)
Said life is what you make it
Uh, huh

[Verse 3: Paris]
It’s black power in the building and we comin' in peace
Unless you acting funny like you run wit' police
You know they tryin' to see the young hustlers deceased
Or in the pen with no way to win or chance of release
See Cali is active and every day we shout it
Black power, brown pride, know we stay about it
Community is real and we all maintainin'
P-Dog here still for the ones remainin'

[Hook: Ms. Monét]
Call to action, chain reaction
All starts with you and me
No distraction, main attraction
Out front for all to see
Love the lifestyle that we live
It's for the takin' ain't nothin' given
Said life is what you make it

Uh, huh
Call to action, chain reaction
All starts with you and me
No distraction, main attraction
Out front for all to see
Love the lifestyle that we live
It's for the takin' ain't nothin' given
Said life is what you make it
Uh, huh

Uh huh
Starts with you and me yeah
Out front for all to see, yeah, hey
Ain’t nothin’ given
Life is what you make it yeah
Uh huh

- Return of the Vanguard

Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)
Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)
Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)
Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)
Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)
Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)
Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)
Let's get it on, get it on (get it on)

What you wanna do (what you wanna do)
What you wanna do (what you wanna do)
What you wanna do, bruh (what you wanna do)
What you wanna do (what you wanna do)

What you wanna do (what you wanna do)
What you wanna do, bruh (what you wanna do)
What you wanna do, (what you wanna do)
What you wanna do (what you wanna do)

What you wanna do (what you wanna do)
What you wanna do wit it (what you wanna do wit it)
What you wanna do wit it (what you wanna do wit it)
What you wanna do wit it (what you wanna do wit it)

Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em
Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em
Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em
Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em
Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em
Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em
Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em
Move on 'em (what) move on 'em, move on 'em

Ancestors talk to 'em (talk)
The ancestors talk to 'em (talk)
Ancestors talkin' to 'em (talkin' to 'em)
Ancestors talk to 'em (talk)

Ancestors talk to 'em (talk)
The ancestors talk to 'em (talk)

Ancestors talkin' to 'em (talkin' to 'em)
Ancestors talk to 'em

It's the return of the vanguard, the vanguard
The return of the vanguard, the vanguard
It's the return of the vanguard, the vanguard
It's the return of the vanguard, the vanguard

[Verse 1: Paris]
Tired of the bullsh*t, tired of the bullsh*t talk
Punch a crater in your chest 'fore you pull quick
Bullwhip his backside, n***a got us backslidin'
Cut 'em slack, now I'm back to black on black violence, I
Tried to not fall out, now I gotta call em out
Some say, "hold up man," some say "stall 'em out"
Debo, he ain't my folks, hood pa** been revoked
MAGA hat'll get this n***a slapped, even she knows
Coonin', coonin', don't ya know they're coonin'?
Coonin', coonin', don't ya know they're coons? Don't ya know they're...

Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em
Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em
Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em
Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em

Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em
Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em
Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em
Shame on em (what) shame on em, shame on em

[Verse 2: Paris]
So complicit when he fiend for European
Validation conversatin' 'bout the choices that he say we makin'
But tell this Ruckus a** n***a that we bustin' caps n***a
Drop squad on that a**, ask the last n***a (aww sh*t)
Lil negro, tryin' to show what he knows
Tryin' to be the hero, so now we back and reloaded
Careful of your energy, confederate accessories'll get
Get your tranny sandal wearin' a** smacked, it's slaughter season
Now, who felt, this silly n***a need help?
This silly n***a need whelps, I'm taking off my belt
So run and tell racists that we takin out the trash

Black delegation move to trade this house n***a back

Turned The Key

[Intro]
"Neighborhood tensions have been simmering over gentrification. Though moderate housing has been built, thousands have been displaced. While a new cla** of urban professionals took up residence in luxury apartment houses, spawning changes that cater to them"

[Verse 1: Paris]
I try to represent the struggle
But the struggle as of late is being co-opted to bubble
Check the hustle, poverty-stricken huddles
Poverty stricken of us just displaced and rustled up
With po' folks rushed to the valley
Movin' us outta coastal Cali
Provin' that the gap between the haves and the have-nots
Got the workin' cla**es steady a**ed out when it come to housing
Gentrified is what we call it
Reverse white flight steady spoilin'
Got these wealthy techies lovin' when we selling weed for they dogs
But little black kids sellin' water get the cops called
Liquor stores and weed when it’s us
When it’s them is microbreweries and cannabis
Same neighborhood, different people but the quality of life
Is through the roof for certain reasons that they tap dancin' answers to

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]
We want freedom and equality, right here where the gangstas ride
And if you can't follow me, all you gotta do is look outside
Where did we go? Where are we at? How did we get here? Can we go back?
Thinkin' 'bout how they burned me - I should've never turned the key
[Verse 2: Paris]
It ain’t no black people left in Oakland
It ain’t no black people left in San Francisco
I see more black people back in Sacramento
And we all know that none of this is accidental
Ask ya kinfolk about the 80's and 90's
Back when it was all so simple
Quality of life was just as good in the areas they swear changed recently
But really, it’s the hood and the hood means black
And if it’s black then it’s bad, and if it’s bad
Then it's cheap and if it’s cheap, then we grab
And we hold, then we sell, when we finish

Criminalizing and displacing families for twice the price what the hell, fail
Rebel, question their ent**lement, I been hood
You live in the hood, now it's good? Why is this?
I resist, prices which side with rich whites and give
Light to this fight against my kind and won't silence this

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]
We want freedom and equality, right here where the gangstas ride
And if you can't follow me, all you gotta do is look outside (That’s right)
Where did we go? Where are we at? How did we get here? Can we go back?
Thinkin' 'bout how they burned me - I should've never turned the key

[Verse 3: Paris]
They vilify my black skin
Just enough for demonizing fraternizing black men
Just enough for chastising black kids
Police pull up and turn the block to target practice, plus the fact is
Eastern Contra Costa county and Castro Valley
Harbor Klu Klux Klansmen, add this with black families
Looking for a better life and what you get is
Resistance from pre-established pro-right old whites
So they make up harm to take up arms
And take what’s ours, imaginary adversaries
Claimin' that my race does harm, but they come hard
For burdens they create then insist I have to carry, irony
So I plot to take back plots of real estate
Give back spots and make fat knots and educate
Give blacks props, and set up shops and get us straight
Give them devils somethin' to really hate, ha

Baby Man Hands

[Verse 1: Paris]
Born and raised where the faces are pasty
In a place where your race is the best cheek
Got his first taste believin' it greatly
But was laced out the gate with the best lead
Daddy Fred, put hella millions on his head start
After getting pinched at a klan march
Just the average, pro white, simpleton
F**kboy birthright made out of privilege
Baby man hand b*t*h
Baby man hands with the grift
Baby man hands with the ban on the muslim
Baby man hands takin' parents from kids
Come again, come again, come again (What?)
Banged on the dems and republicans (What?)
Blame it on the TV president (Huh..)
Fame got the little man lustin' for some…
Make America great
But when was America great?
When was America safe?
Especially if your face is a different shade
Man f**k what they sayin', look

[Hook]
Baby man hands, baby man hands
Baby man hands, baby man hands
Baby man hands, baby man hands
Baby man hands, baby man ha-
[Verse 2: Paris]
How that coal workin' out for ya
How that farmin' you know workin' out for ya
How them terrorists feel makin' real terrorist
Blue eyed school shootin' white boys havin' fits
More government bailouts
For the people who say get the hell out
For the people who claim they've had it
But meet the new welfare queen heroin addicts
Skin thin as a motherf**ker
Still horny for Stormy but can't cuff her
Still cuffed by Vladimir that is clear

Still got eyes for his daughter but can’t f**k her (Eeeeeewwww!!!!)
Call Trump University
Cause this fake sh*t brings out the worst in me
Fake news, fake views, fake telecasts
Fed to the fake by the fake full of fake facts
F**k y’all with Kellyanne’s d**k
And start picking truth over fake sh*t
Start realizing you made this dimwit, racist, rapist, president
Come again with a true story
Grab ‘em by the pu**y and go for it
Grab ‘em by the Fox News cast w****
Do what you want, there will be no arrest warrant
Cause he here for the take
With hotels, vodka and steaks
Suckin’ off the EPA
While the whole planet get fried
Realize that it’s fine people on both sides
And I’m fresh out of tears
Fresh out of f**ks I could give
Fresh out of love long as police shootin’ at kids
Fresh out, get the f**k out of here, baby man hands
[Hook]
Baby man hands, baby man hands (Uh huh)
Baby man hands, baby man hands (Okay)
Baby man hands, baby man hands (That’s right)
Baby man hands, baby man hands (Uh huh)
Baby man hands, baby man hands (There he go)
Baby man hands, baby man hands (Wipe his nose)
Baby man hands, baby man hands (Ha ha)
Baby man hands, baby man hands

[Verse 3: Paris]
One little, two little, three little L’s
Tell us his mental capacity failed
Tell us he’s mental and gone off the rails
Maybe you’ll call Kavanaugh for some help
Bone spurs, deferred
Still talks tough but ain’t served
Still struck a nerve when the word got out about crowd size
So he brought up Hillary and Barack’s lies
Can’t f**k with the DUMB
We stuck with the DUMB

No luck with the DUMB
Can’t understand why they still can’t get a raise
Hard knock life when the stock price still raised
But America’s great
For some it ain’t up for debate
And some eat lobster and steak
And some just pray
And some can’t wait for the change

Walk Like a Panther

[Verse 1: Paris]
Prepping weapons scoutin' places matching faces and locations
Scope in place, lyin' in wait, pre-election state debate
9 in place, fire away, politicians die today
We uprising our kind today, retiring life that's blind to pain, I
Say f**k that demonstratin', let's mob and run up on 'em
No time for contemplatin', payback with chrome and dome 'em
And set an example for this generation to sample
'Cause these old n***as is trash and new n***as ain't really substantial as this
San Francisco legendary mumble rappers hella scary
Rapping about the trap but trapped inside a system built to bury
Blacks in prison, drug addiction and the military
Selective services furnishin' turf obituaries
N***as get to gettin scary about this revolutionary
Unaware I'm stayin' prepared, no hopes and prayers or open carry
White supremacists trying to prepare for Trump's impeachment with an attack
Guerrillas is strapped and drillin 'em back it's the revenge of militant blacks, like that

[Hook]
F**k your views, f**k your likes, walk like a panther
F**k your shoes, f**k your ice, walk like a panther
F**k your show, f**k your flow, talk like a panther
When hard truth is callin' you, stand up and answer
F**k your views, f**k your likes, walk like a panther
F**k your shoes, f**k your ice, walk like a panther
F**k your show, f**k your flow, talk like a panther
When hard truth is callin' you, stand up and answer
[Verse 2: Paris]
Still mannish with my plans to raise the nation with my plans up
Understand we need to stand up educate and take they land up
Get your bread right, get your head right, no back stabbin', no infightin'
No trash rap, and no hashtags, just hard spit with brick slaps back, and I'm
Still quick to blap at sh*t, quick to slap a b*t*h rapper
Acting savage but average with actual damage did
Black panthers back and n***as panic when they see me
'Cause this OG ain't PG, and these police, they she she, look
B*t*h devil-a**, scared to see a rebel-a**
Mobilize my folks to come together- a**, on another level a**
Freedom fighter, n***as still struggling on the street igniter
To think wider and reach higher

Yeah it's P-Dog, I make this .44 revolve
In front of the White House it’s lights out, I snatch they sheets off
Peace to all, activists that’s active in this madness, let’s get free y’all
They want us thinkin' we lost, but we strong don’t sleep y’all, I'm sayin'

[Hook]
F**k your views, f**k your likes, walk like a panther
F**k your shoes, f**k your ice, walk like a panther
F**k your show, f**k your flow, talk like a panther
When hard truth is callin' you, stand up and answer
F**k your views, f**k your likes, walk like a panther
F**k your shoes, f**k your ice, walk like a panther
F**k your show, f**k your flow, talk like a panther
When hard truth is callin' you, stand up and answer

- Somethin’ ’Bout the West Coast

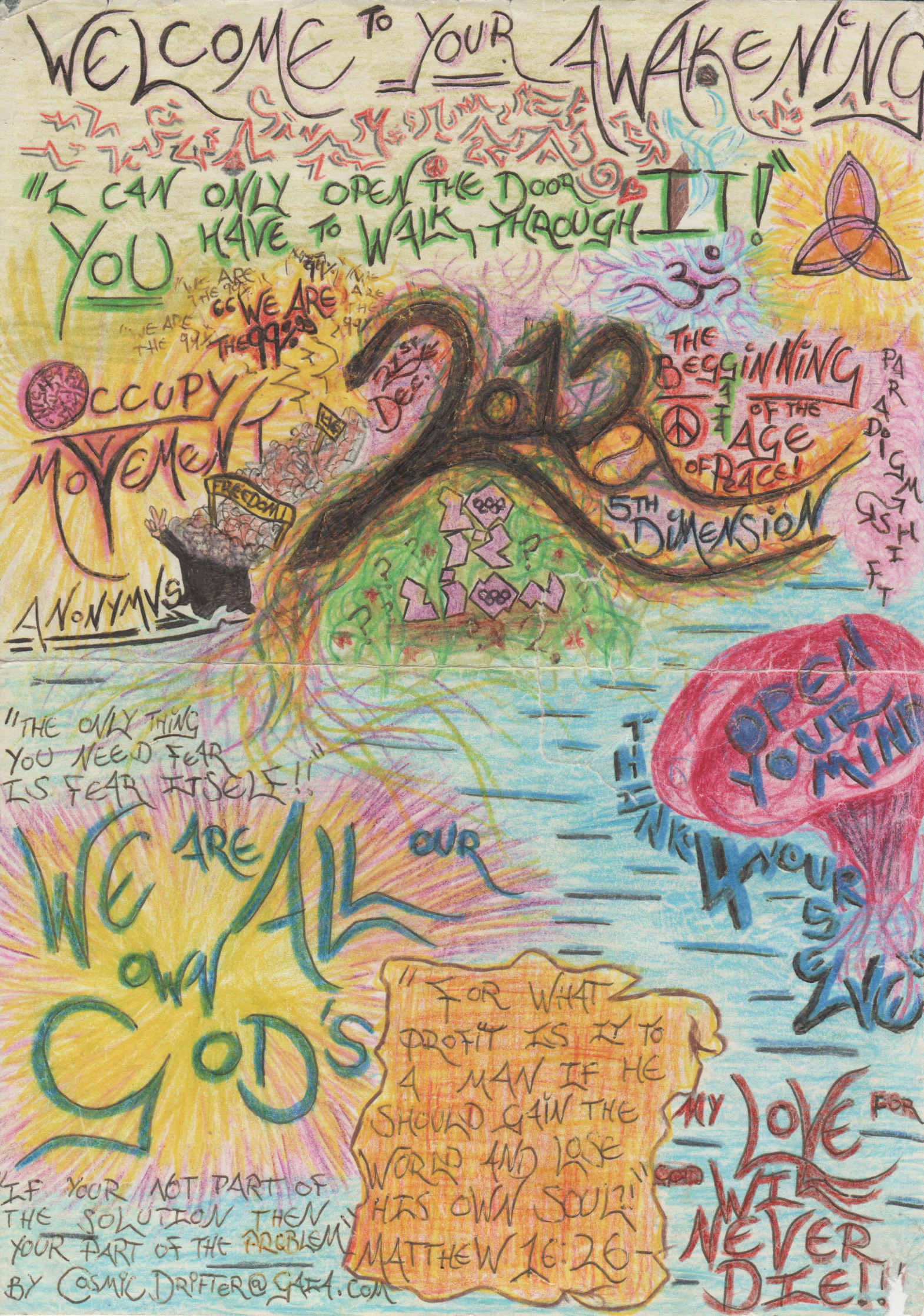
[Intro]
I once was the problem
Now I am the solution
I don’t need no cop to police my neighborhood, when I saw it myself
Together we can take back our streets
That’s for the love of the community and for the love of my fellow brothers

Ain’t nobody lookin’ out for us but us
Ain’t nobody lookin’ out for us but us
Ain’t nobody lookin’ out for us but us
Ain’t nobody lookin’ out for us but us

[Verse 1: Paris]
It’s something about the west coast
Hustlas on that let’s go resist and represent though
Let the tech blow, ride for oppressed souls
Die for the right to know, liberation of my folks
Holdin' court in the streets, neighborhood respect
Gangland truce music beast
Keep the heat for the ones deservin', only for the ones that hurt us
Only for the ones that try to undermine our people's purpose
Thank you for your service
This hard truth slappin' sh*t is not intended for the nervous
Not intended for the coons or the racists, no safe spaces
Just embrace the hate that them devils gave us
Channel it and handle our opponents
Knowin' how to grow us into soldiers is my only onus
Focused rage translated into action
Nation-building with my comrades is the pa**ion
[Chorus: Ms. Monét]
It's funny what you see
When you're ridin' through the streets reflectin' on all the lessons
You learn on the path to becoming OG
Things really ain’t what they used to be
So excuse me as I give a little game for free

[Verse 2: Paris]
Still mobbin', minus pullin' pistol on my people as an option
Taking it back to boulders from the shoulders straight squabbin'
Bringin' back composure with the locstas no dosha

Just focused, no hopelessness over this
Police rollin' on us over some bogus quota sh*t
Banks with the homeowners hustle foreclosure sh*t
Politicians posted like they don’t notice the homelessness
You know I got a bone to pick, you know I’m letting them know what’s going on with this
Moment in time and space
Collide my rhymes with ba** and it’s murder was the case
P-Dog came to lace my loved ones
On how it’s hell being black and young, I once was
But now I push this OG status, no beef crackin'
More retreats goin' towards promotin' peace
It’s crazy how these woke and enlightened muthaf**kas got all the answers
But ain’t got no reputation in these streets, it's deep, see
Now we can funk up in the streets or we can get this money
Pull up on 'em with the heat or we can get this money
Continue livin' like a sheep or we can get this money
Only a mark would think this gettin' money sh*t is funny
A crucial element to empowerment in this country
I ain't tryin to see the homies as monkeys for companies
F**k waiting on some crooked culture vulture dollars
It's about increasin' knowledge and achievin' scholarship
Spread love it’s the Bay way, no AK spray
Just payday plays, I stay straight-laced
Informationed up on how to make a buck
These streets said drop a great one so I gave 'em one
With somethin' you can slap bones too
Shoot dice to, recite due Miranda rights if one time slide through
Hard truth you know what it is
Rest In Peace George Floyd, Nia Wilson, free Mumia, f**k the pigs


WELCOME TO YOUR AWAKENING
"I CAN ONLY OPEN THE DOOR YOU HAVE TO WALK THROUGH IT!"
OCCUPY MOVEMENT
ANONYMVS
WE ARE THE 99%
21ST DEC.
2012
THE BEGGINNING OF THE AGE OF PEACE!
5TH DIMENSION
PARADIGM SHIFT
FREEDOM!
"THE ONLY THING YOU NEED FEAR IS FEAR ITSELF!!"
WE ARE ALL OUR OWN GOD'S
OPEN YOUR MIND
THINK FOR YOURSELF
"FOR WHAT PROFIT IS IT TO A MAN IF HE SHOULD GAIN THE WORLD AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?!" MATTHEW 16:26
MY LOVE FOR WE NEVER DIE!!
IF YOUR NOT PART OF THE SOLUTION THEN YOUR PART OF THE PROBLEM
BY COSMIC DRIFTER@GAFA.COM

ELEVATE, ELEVATE

INTRO

VERSE 1

OPEN YOUR EYES, STOP EATIN THEIR LIE'S
IGNORANT PUBLIC QUICKLY DISMISSED
WITHOUT CHECKIN THE 1ST AGENDA ON THE LIST
LOOK AT THE FACTS THEY AINT HARD 2 MISS
UNLESS MEDIAS ILLUSION LEFT YOO IN THE MIST
1000'S OF CHANNELS FOR EVERY REACTION
ONE EYED MONSTER HYPNOSIS DISTRACTION
KEEPIN US ALL CONTENT AND HAPPY
HYBRID NATION, STILL EARLY DAYS IN A NAPPY
CONDITIONED, BABIED BY THE SYSTEM
CANT THINK 4 OURSELVES SO LISTEN
THIS SHIFT WENT FROM SURREAL TO REALISM
TIME TO WAKE UP FROM OUR PERSONAL PRISONS
THE SYSTEMS CHANGING A NEW PRESENCE HAS RISEN
HIGHER STATE OF CONSCIOSNESS, A NEW WAY OF LIFE

CHOORUS

VERSE 2

WE ALL TRAPPED IN A MATRIX SYSTEM
BUT NOI WANTS TO LISTEN
THE GAME THEY'RE PLAYING IS SICKENING
WHATS WORSE, WE JUS WATCH IT HAPPEN
WHEN ALL IT TAKES IS A BASIC UNDERSTANDING
ONE EYED MONSTER ~~HYPNOSIS DIES~~
IN DA CORNER
DAY 2 DAY INFORM YA
BRITISH BRAINWASH CENTRAL
DETOX FOR THE MENTAL

PLUG BACK IN THATS SETTLED
FOR THE DEMONS IN MY BRAIN WERE TWEAKIN MY STYLE
BUT I COULDNT PLUG BACK IN, I WAS A LOST FILE
GOING 2 WORK, PAYING TAXES
KNOWING IT FUNDS PROJECTS ON A BLACK LIST
CREDIT CRUNCH — INFLATION
ITS A GOLD HUNT — OPERATION
NEW WORLD ORDER PRERATION
CONCENTRATION CAMPS TO HOLD THE NATION
ONLY ITS UP 2 OUR GENERATION,
PEACEFUL STREET OCCURATION
TO OVERCOME THE WHORE OF BABYLON
ITS CALLED LAWFUL REBELLION!

CHOURUS

OUTRO

CHOURUS

ELEVATE, ELEVATE
WE CAN ALL BE FREE
JUST GET IN TOUCH
WITH PEACE, LOVE + UNITY

*2

PROJECT IT INTO THE COMMUNITY
WHILST SEARCHING IN YOUR INNER ODDYTIE
SEE YOU AFTER THE TRANSITION
MUCH LOVE, PEACE OUT XXX

GAIA RESONATES

INTRO

VERSE 1

GAIA RESONATES AT A CERTAIN FREQUENCY
AS DO ALL INHABITANTS IN PERFECT HARMONY
OR, AT LEAST THATS HOW IT USED TO BE
BUT TAKE A LITTLE LOOK AT MAYAN PROPHECY
NOW WE COMIN UP TO A NEW AGE, A NEW ERA
WHERE THE HYPNOTISED WILL START TO SEE THINGS MORE CLEAR
REALISE THAT THE MILITARY HAS A BUDGET
OF 4 BILLION AND SUMTHIN MILLION
THE 3RD WORLD IS STRUGGLIN
BUT THE OBJECTIVE IS KILLIN
TO PRESERVE THE WEST CONSUMED WITH MATERIALISM
WHICH IS SILLY COZ IT ALL GETS
LEFT BEHIND WHEN WE'RE NO LONGER LIVIN
WHEREAS WE COULD BEEN NURTURIN
OUR SOULS STRAIGHT FROM THE BEGINNIN
INSTEAD OF BUILDING A FOUNDATION
ON CORPORATE TELEVISION
WHICH IS CONSTANTLY EMITTIN
POISON FOR THE MIND SO THAT PEOPLE FORGETTIN
THAT WE'RE BEINGS OF DIVINE LIGHT!
AND SHOULDNT BE SUBSERVIANT TO THIS
DARK BABYLONIAN KNIGHT!
AS WE ENTER THE 5TH DIMENSION, 2012, PARADIGM SHIFT
MAYBE THEN, ILL FIND SOME PEACE
WHEN THIS WEIGHT HAS BEEN LIFT!

CHORUS

VERSE 2

A NEW PARADIGM OF CONTENT
THE PHANTOM · D.N.A: EXPERIMENT
FOUND A LINK BETWEEN EMOTIONS AND GENETICS
YES BABYLONIAN DE-EVOLUTION CAN BE FIXED
64 AMINO ACID'S BUT ONLY 20 IN USE
WHAT EMOTION HAVE WE LOST
WHAT STATE OF BEING DID WE LOSE
BECAME MINDLESS ZOMBIES, HIGHER-SELFS CLOCK IS ON SNOOZE
THE HIGHER FREQUENCY THE LOVE VIBRATION RESONATES
TAPS INTO THAT "JUNK D.N.A: SO THAT IT ACTIVATES
REBORN STATES OF CONSCIOUSSNESS
OPEN THE GOLDEN GATES
SHED ALL YOUR FEAR SO THIS TRANSFORMATION
CAN TAKE PLACE
MEANWHILE THE ELITE DESPERATLY
CLING TO A POLICED STATE
THEY KNOW THEIR TIMES UP,
SOME CALL IT FATE
BUT BE CAUTIOUS AS THEY WILL RETALIATE
YET STILL, AS THE MASSES ASEMBLY PEACEFULLY
THEIR FATE IS INCREASINGLY EASY TO SEE
AS WE PLAY OUT THIS SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY
'OCCUPIED MOVEMENT' MOMENTUM OF INFINITY!

CHOURUS

OUTRO

1 UNIVERSE, 1 PEOPLE, 1 LOVE
PEACE OUT

CHOURUS

1 LOVE, 1 LOVE, GAIA RESONATES YES, 1 LOVE, 1 LOVE, GAIA RESO-NATES
1 LOVE, 1 LOVE, GAIA RESONATES YES, 1 LOVE, 1 LOVE, 1 LOVE, 1 LOVE, 1 LOVE

THE TRUTH WILL SET US 3!

A.K.A. LETTER 2 THE DARK KNIGHT BABYLON! HA HA HAAAA!!

A.K.A. LETTER 2 THE MEN IN BLACK!

3D

I ♡ CAME TO THIS PLANET 2 RESONATE THAT LOVE VIBRATIO
ME AND ALL MY FAMILY CAME 2 FREE THIS ENSLAVED NATIO
HELP REMOVE THE PARASITES THAT CLING 2 OCCUPATION
MY MORTAL BODY IS JUST A TEMP. ORGANIC VESSEL
2 HELP AS MANY PEOPLE ELEVATE 2 HIGHER LEVELS
FROM THE PRISON FOR THE MIND THAT STEMS FROM FE
HIGHER VIBRATION MAKES THIS TRUTH ALL SO CLEAR
THIS ILLUSION IS THE ONLY POWER YOU HAD OVER US
PSY-OPS YOUR ONLY CHANCE H IF WE HAD IT SUSSED
YOUR FRAGILE CABAL OF EVER SO FEW
WOULD GO BUST FROM THIS 1 SINGLE TRUTH
THIS REALISATION'S A BEAUTIFULLY DIVINE VERUS 2 SPREAD THROUGH THE MA
TRIGGER'S THE HUMAN RACE 2 REINVENT THEIR FORMER STATUS
FOR EVERY SOUL IS INFINITE AND CAN TAP INTO THE SOURCE
SO EVERY SINGLE SOUL HAS THE POWER TO CHANGE ITS OWN COURSE
YOU THINK THAT YOUR OUR MASTER, A DARK SUPERIOR FORCE
THE DIVINE IS LOVE & LIGHT, YOURS WAS ALWAYS A LOST CAUSE
GAIA RESONATES, OPENS UP THE GOLDEN DOOR
FREE SOULS STEP THROUGH, PUT THEIR 3RD EYES 2 THE FLO
2 GIVE ETERNAL THANKS H GIVING US ANOTHER CHAN
HATE 2 SOUND CHEESY BUT BARE FEET WE CAN DANCE
> FREE ENERGY AND CLEAN SOIL AT LAST

BUT THATS JUST MY VISION, I'M HAPPY 2 SHARE IT
AS LONG AS ITS P.L.U.R. AND WE PLAY GAIA HER DUES
HERES 1 MORE SHOUT OUT 2 THOSE WITH THE BLUE'S
WAKE YOUR HIGHER-SELF, TAKE ALARM CLOCKS OF SNOOZE
WE ARE ALL OUR OWN GODS! TOGETHER WE CAN'T LOSE

ELEVATE, ELEVATE, WE COULD ALL BE FREE
JUST GET IN TOUCH WITH PEACE, LOVE & UNITY
PROJEKT IT INTO THE COMUNITY
WHILST SEARCHING IN YOUR INNER ODDITY

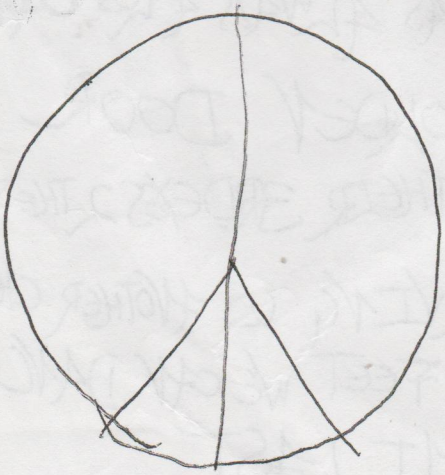
SEE YOU AFTER THE TRANSITION

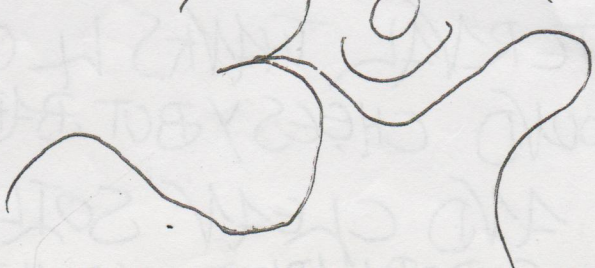
1 LOVE, 1 UNIVERSE, 1 PEOPLE!

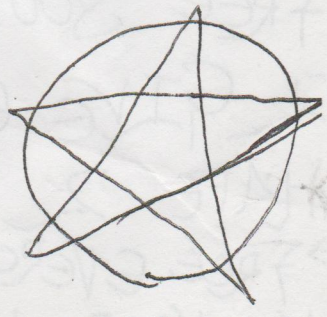
PEACE OUT! ♡

TRAVIS 'THE CONSPIRACY HIPPY' TROUT

XXX







COSMIC DRIFTER

COSMIC DRIFTER, SUCH A DISTANT STRANGER
HEARD THE CRY'S OF FAMILY IN DANGER
HAD NO CHOICE BUT DIDNT HAVE 2 BE HERE
HIGHER VIBRATION, CAN YOU FEEL ME NEAR?!
TUNE IN AND STAY IN MY HEART 4EVER
ILL SEE US THROUGH EACH ENDEAVER!
WHY IS UNCONDITIONAL LOVE SO HARD 2 GRASP
LOVE 4 BROTHERS & SISTERS, 4 GET THE PAST
ART OF ETERNAL LOVE, BEGGINERS MASTERCLASS

COSMIC DRIFTER, DEPARTED FROM HEAVEN
TO REMIND THE PEOPLE THE MOST BASIC OF LESSONS
SPIRITUALITY WITH A SOLID FOUNDATION
WHAT'S THE CORE BELIEF OF EARTH'S "GREAT" NATION"
THATS NO BASIS FOR A CIVILISATION
MORE A RECIPE 4 WAR AND
A GLOBAL SLAVE STATION

---

1 LOVE →

COSMIC DRIFTER, SUCH A SIMPLE MISSION
OPEN YOUR MINDS, PLEASE TRY AND ~~REST~~ TRUST
BEAUTIFUL DIVINE (FREE) SOULS ONCE ROAMED THE EARTH
NOW WERE PROGRAMED BACKWARDS STRAIGHT FROM (CHILD) BIRTH
LOVE IS THE CURE 2 THIS DEEP SEEDED CURSE
RESONATE IT ALWAYS RENDERING FEAR INERT
NO MORE PAIN, NO MORE HURT!
THE ~~FUNNY~~ THING IS ITS NEARLY FUNNY 2 ME
FOR THE TRUTH WITH THE POWER 2 SET US ALL 3
IS WITHIN ALL OF US, AND SHOULD COME NATURALLY
TREAT ALL ENTITIES LIKE FAMILY!
YET, ~~COSMIC DRIFTER'S, FALLEN~~ ANGELS LIKE ME
~~COSMIC~~ NEED 2 TO PRY OPEN THE EYES, OF THOSE (STUCK DEEP) IN SLEEP

COSMIC DRIFTER'S HELP OPEN THE GOLDEN GATE
NOW ITS UP 2 MANKIND ~~WITH~~ 2 DECIDE (AS) OUR FATE
THE HUMAN RACE HAS REACHED THE CROSSROADS
BUT ULTIMATLY ITS UP 2 GAIA IF WE CAN LIVE IN HER HOME
IF SHE WANTED SHE COULD WIPE US OUT SO THAT THERES NOBODY LEFT
SO A NEW SPECIES COULD RISE THAT PAID HER RESPECT
REINCARNATIONS FROM OUR SOULS (STRAIGHT FROM) THE LIFE STREAM
THE RIVER OF LIFE, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE THAT YOU'VE SEEN
SOURCE OF ALL EARTHLIFE, WITH A BALANCE WE LACKED

BUT THATS A WORST CASE SCENARIO, I DOUBT IT WILL COME 2 THAT
PROVIDING FORGOTTEN WAYS OF LIFE, BEGIN 2 COME BACK
LOOK AFTER GAIA AND SHE'LL LOOK AFTER YOU
RATHER THAN CORPORATE INTERESTS, BENEFICIAL 2 FEW
A SUSTAINABLE SYSTEM CONNECTED 2 NATURE
1 FAMILY AT LAST, HUMAN RACE HAS A PLACE HERE

COSMIC DRIFTER'S PREPARE 4 ASCENSION
HUMAN RACE EVOLVES, BY LOVING INTENTIONS
BALANCE RESTORED, GAIA'S AT PEACE AT LAST
HIGHER STATES OF CONSCIOUSSNESS, A NEXUS 4 DANCE
QUALITY'S SO ENDEARING
SPAWNS COSMIC FAMILY 2 KEEP ON
APPEARING!

1 UNIVERSE, 1 PEOPLE, 1 LOVE

PEACE OUT!

THANKS 2: KOZE.K
MARCUS AND CHRONIC RED EYE 4
INSPIRING MY INNER POET!

TRAVIS 4 THE CONSPIRACY
HIPPY
TREBOTICH

TRANSFORMATION FROM DARK 2 LIGHT!

TRANSFORMATION FROM DARK 2 LIGHT, 2 AID THE FIGHT
AS ANGELS TAKE FLIGHT
WITH TRUE INSIGHT, THAT IGNITE
PEACE WAVE RIOT !!!
LIKE A KINK IN THE CHAIN
TO MAKE US ALL TURN SANE
OPEN OUR EYES 2 THE GAME
OF THE SLAVES GETTIN PLAYED
BOT WE ALL A CONTENDER
WITH THAT THIRST 4 THAT CHEDDER
2 MAKE OUR LIVES BETTER
MANKINDS UNKNOWN REGRETTA
"FOR WHAT PROFIT IS IT 2 A MAN
IF HE GAINS THE WORLD AND LOSES
HIS OWN SOUL?!"
SHOULD I WALK THE PATH I WORKED SO BAD I HA
OR RESONATE THAT LOVE VIBRATION 2 EVERY KNOWN MA
MANKIND FINALLY LEARNS 2 STAND
LEARNS 2 REACH OUT THEIR HAND
~~BOI THATS THE WORST CASE SCENARIO I DON'T WANNA FACE~~

DEPRESSIONS RELENTLESS FURY

ITS THE HUMAN CONDITION
WE ALL SO LOST AND COLD
BECAUSE OUR CONFUSED WAY of LIVIN
BOT IS IT OUR FAULT WHEN
WE BROKEN DOWN RIGHT FROM THE BEGINN
BY CORPORATE TELEVISION WITH NO IDEA OF
THE SYSTEM WHICH KEEPS POWER HUNGRY
FOOLS SITTIN ON OUR DECAYING PLANET
WHATS WORSE IS THEY PLANNED IT
BOT I GIVE UP PREACHING THIS MESSAGE
I JUST LIVE AND LET LIVE WHILST
BEING CREATIVE BOT OUR WASTED
EXISTANCE MAKES ME DEPRESSED
AND ANGRY NOTHING MAKES SENSE
I "AVE GOOD INTENTIONS BUT AINT PERFECT
BUT THAT DONT MEAN WECANT BE PEACFUL
PLEASANT SO MUCH HATE MAKES ME
HESATENT TO REACH THE MASSES AND SHARE VIEWS
I ONCE THOUGHT IT WAS MY PURPOSE BUT IT
SEEMS THE HUMAN RACE DESTINED TO LOSE
I HOPE NOT BUT IT HARD TO KEEP FAITH
WHEN THE MANTRA IS IGNORANCE & HATE

SO I FIND IM WASTING MY MIND
ROTTING IN THIS SYSTEM WAITING HOPE OF LIFE MIND
BUT UNFORTUNATELY ALL I SEEM TO FIND
IS THAT SAME DERESSION WHOS RELENTLESS
FURY NOLONGER BOTTLES INSIDE
SO THIS SOUL ONCE ON A STRONG SPIRITUAL PATH
IS JUST TRYING TO FIND THE STRENGTH
TO LAST WHICH IS WHY THE PEOPLE LIKE
ME WILL NEVER UNDERSTAN HOW THEIR
INPUT HELPED ME THROUGH ANOTHER DAY
ON THIS LAND MUSIC IS MY
MEDITATION I JUST CREATE AN
WAIT FOR THE REST OF THE NATION
TO BE LOVING INSTEAD OF HATIN
HOLD MY LOVED 1S CLOSE
AND TRY NOT TO SIN
ANGELS AND ALIENS PLEASE
KEEP ON WATCHIN
FOR GAIA NEEDS THE SYSTEM
TO CRASH SO EVOLUTION CAN STEP
IN TIME TO LOVE 1 ANOTHER

I TRY 2 STAY HEADSRONG
IN4 SYSTEM I DONT BELONG
SO I STAY IN MY OWN AMBIENT DOME
WHERE THE UNSOMNIA HAS ME TRAPPED
INTO A PERSONAL REALM THAT IS DIFFERENT
BUT THE SAME THAT ALL INDIVIDUALS DELVE IN
I WISH IT DIDNT BUT DRUGS HELP
ITS LIFE A CHEMICAL SUPER NOVA
WORSE THAN JEHOVA
NOTHING CAN STOP
ITS LIKE A BLACK HOLE NOTHING CAN SORT
CANT CLOSE MY EYE SOCKET
BUT LIKA BLACK HOLE MY CREATIVITY IS
PULLED BY IT
WHATS THERE 2 REGRET
NOTHING INSIDE BUT THE PAIN THE
WORLD HIDES IS SHOCKINGLY STILL DEN
WHEN WILL PEOPLE REALISE IGNORANCE IS LIKE CYAN
LOOK DEEP INSIDE IF THERES ANY CYANIDE
HOPE YOULL FIND SOMETHING WORTHY
OF A HUMAN MIND INSTEAD OF
THE BABYLON INSTALLED HARDRIVE

ITS BETTER TO SEEK REDEMPTION BEFORE THE RIGAMORTIS SETS IN…

Love & Respect to those who seek redemption!!!!
Don't give up and don't give a fuck
but make sure when your time comes
your prepared to put them up
for the next generation to have a chance
take off them fucking masks
dont run into the devils hands
thinking for serving
you'll be earning
but really it be burning
when its to late to be yearning
for the chance to turn a curve in
this world of sin
so take this chance for learnin
cause we all family
if you want to be
I face the system
from the bottom
standing alone
I cant stop em
regardless i carry on going
till I'm dead and gone
legacy never forgotten
but continually passed on
"the Infinite Lesson" is a continuum
and our day will come
just as the morning sun
we wont be undone
they so obsessed
with Immortality
chasing fantasy
that will never be
but through the Temple of Hip Hop
we can see and keep the continuity
Peace, Love & Unity
loving freedom to put it simply
showing others the way
so if they take my last breath away
they will carry iton to the next day
and no matter how many times
my tribes are denied
their rights and their lives
the spirits wont hide
and will forever reside
in Gaias pulsing lifestream
coming back and slowly remembering
till the spirit is back
to where they left off

the knowledge i just dropped
is the infinite lesson
and can not be stopped
but this knowledge gets lost
on those at the top
when they too busy
trying to be the boss
whatever the cost
suddenly realise
just as their heart stops
when I'm asking
all humans to see sense
before their organic vessel
is just remnants
of decaying matter
no final respects
liquid cremation
in 30 foot vats
soy-lent green
was a vision they had...
recycle humans to feed the plants
is that where we at!
so many US states
have begun to legislate
flushing liquified remains
down into the sewers and drains
until its treated and sold as bio sludge
supposedly good food for the crops
more like chemical waste for the C.H.U.D.S.
as sad as that is its of no matter to me
back to the topic of immortality
thanks to all those before me
who gave me the key
to unlocking my own destiny
Path of Self Discovery
guided by Ancestry
Roots & Kulture is History
as well as Philosophy
and Rebirth is a cycle
its multitude is complex
many forms that interconnect
astral projekt Unity Collect
old to the new, new to the next
'infinite reset'
that lives on through respect
I thank the heavens
for all of my blessings
shout out to Koze K.
for transmission of lessons
and the higher spirits
that will always be in attendance
sometimes the life stream splits

too make a powerful soul into 2
and this is an inevitable force
that has never been lost
and it remains clear
when im feeling it here
and the message is sincere
and helps overcome fear
holding us back
spitting hard facts
always quick to react
to tyrannical acts
pulling people from the darkness
when esoteric bars hit
acceptance of the truth
that our species would lose
if Gaia didnt feel proof
of enough humans
paying spiritual tributes
its simple dont get it confused
stand in the woods no socks no shoes
without technological abuse
unless its music through a sound system
as that is the 1 benefit to come out of it
and this will help unite the spirits
of frequency driven
paradigm shiftin
forever upliftin
community
in unity
moving to the beat
as a singularity
that moves as 1
and this is all that needs to be done
and yet these words will be twisted
by the drones who so willingly enlisted
so quick to enable believing the fable
how many times i gotta say
YOU AINT GOT NO SEAT AT THE TABLE
Ha haaa
but in the end they have the future in store
so quick to build and install
a prison and walk in
while they lock the door
fear breeds obedient boot licker's
positioned nicely for the infinity kickers
like in Orwellian premonitions
willingly conditioned
to have Babylon hardrives
installed with precision
into their brain so their only vision
is what these demons want to have fitted
tyrants were so committed

signed the contract and never turned back
well we all still have a chance
to change our own paths
and this is a glance
into the future
and what theyll do to ya
and thats just a fact that wont change
even if im killed and get sent back again
that was always my destination regardless
... or did you forget that...?
will you be the slaves
who will never be killed
but tortured for the devils thrills
thats really the plan
of what devil owned man
will be on this land
and you can be a hero
or a punk ass bitch
and if you dont right your wrongs
that you made under oath
then by their belief system
the karma is cold
and thats on you
and by their law
they havnt done wrong
as they told you
what this would do
but still you carried it through
and even the circle within a circle
within a circle is subject to
this little burden
that was not behind the curtain
but directly on them
to not do these deeds
and hopefully this poetry
helps 1 of you to break free
as you are the victims in reality
your the ones thats been the most deceived
if you really believed
that your evil deeds
would be appreciated
by demons and fiends
and that youll be treated like kings
then you really are the dumbest
Mudoken meat puppets
thats ever been
human .... well....
the shell at least
as this the path of the beast
and cycles of rebirth
may not be so lucky
as human life may be

a brief moment in eternity
of lives that may elevate
if you chose to see
but no this message is lost too tyranny....
so desperate to read what i write
but never does the meaning break through to minds eye.....
whats your excuse for defending the rotten
a message to the top straight from the bottom

and im out

Peace x

Cosy D.

SELF INFLICTED INSOMNIA

self induced insomnia
like a dark shadow over ma
mind and back
struggle to relax
fear manifest only held back

when i realize the obvious truth
heart chakra break through
higher self sometimes too
with the aid of them mushy blue
psilocybin laced with mescaline
Gnosis is the awakening

but now my higher self
has stepped back into the shadows
reduced to a drug induced insomnia
where the creative philosopher hallows

deep thought and insight lost in time
expressed only through the arts,
sometimes rhymes
reminiscing them art crimes
my distant brother Simba may be gone
but remnants of his creative soul
will always live on

i try to stay headstrong
stuck in a system i don't belong
so i stay in my own ambient dome
where the insomnia has me thrown
into a personal realm
that is the same but different
to what all individuals delve

wish it didn't but drugs help
its like a chemical super nova
worse than J.E.N.O.V.A.
a blackhole & nothing can stop it
cant close my eye socket

but like a blackhole
my creativity gravitates around it
what's there to regret
nothing inside
but the pain the world hides
its shocking but its still denied

when will people realise
ignorance is like cyanide
look deep inside
and if theres any hope you'll find
something worthy of a human mind
instead of a Babylon installed hard-drive

I came to this planet
to Resonate that Love vibration,
Me and all my family
came to free this enslaved nation,
Remove the parasites
that cling to Occupation!
Presence of Light makes Man (Mankind)
desire Liberation!

My Mortal body
is just a Temp. Organic Vessel,
To Help as many People
Elevate to higher Levels,
For the prison is one
that stems from Fear!
Higher Vibrations
makes this Truth all So Clear

SO AS THIS MOST
BEAUTIFULLY DIVINE VIRUS
SPREADS THROUGHOUT THE MASSES,
HUMAN RACE EMPOWERED
REINVENTS THEIR FORMER STATUS
EVERY SINGLE SOUL IS INFINITE
AND CAN TAP INTO THE SOURCE

SO EACH AND EVERY SOUL
HAS THE POWER TO CHANGE
ITS OWN COURSE
YOU THOUGHT YOU WAS OUR MASTER,
A DARK SUPERIOR FORCE,
THE DIVINE IS LOVE AND LIGHT,
YOURS WAS ALWAYS A LOST CAUSE!

ChronicRedEye said it right
about not sleeping at night
whilst holding a vision
that goes beyond religion
a potential purpose for livin’
has been hidden
by the people sinnin’
and sittin’ at the top
causing Gaia to rot

seems it ain't gonna stop
unless we retrieve what we lost
but we either dumb or forgot
which drives the awake to lose the plot
trying to help people unlock
sick of Babylon mind block
staring at a spinning clock
WHEN WILL THIS
SELF INDUCED INSOMNIA STOP?!

SUPER NOVA
WORSE
THAN J.E.N.O.V.A.

Put our Minds Together,
TRUE DEMOCRACY!
Create the World
We Want to come into Being,
Soo Many are Awake Now,
So Many are Seeing,
TAP into the LIGHT
and LOCK into
DEEP MODES of THINKING

Looking Deep Inside
You'll find all the Answers,
All we can know for Sure
is Who We Are and Our Purpose!
On that Note,
This is Just MY Truth
Hopefully Open the Door
for You to Walk Through!

What's The Workings of the Universe,
That's Up to YOU!
When You Find Out,
Please Bless Me With Your View,
For No Matter What it is,
I'm Sure LOVE WILL ENSUE

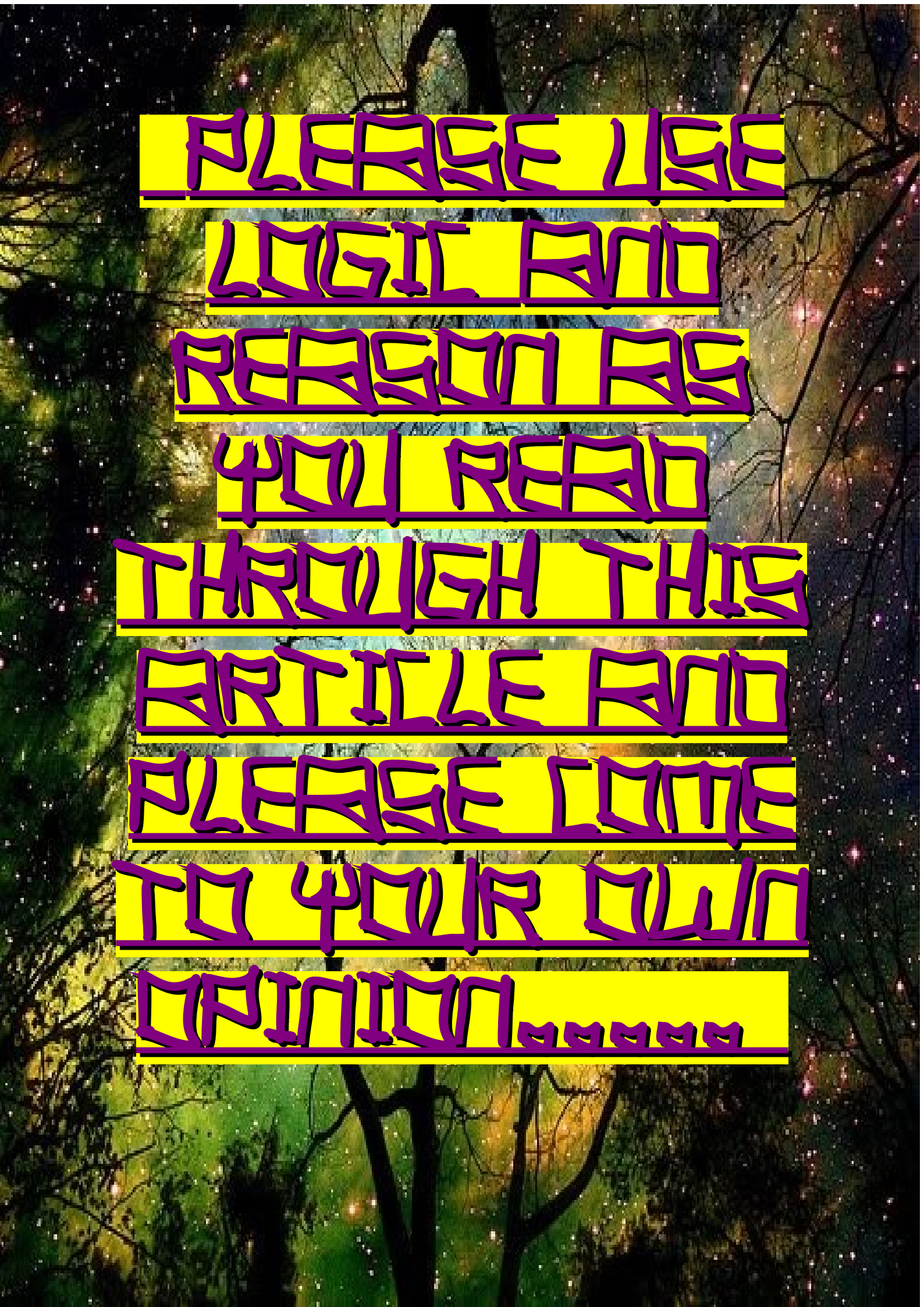
The Universe is Light,
Frequency the Glue,
Holding Together
Everything in Existence
A Single Conscious Being
Infinite In Distance,

With Infinite Extensions,
Each as Infinite As You.
But if You Subscribe
to the Big Bang Theory,
Which I do,

Its Thought _._._
Came From A Single Point Of Light
Smaller Than An Atom,
Which is Something Only
A Single Universal Mind Could Fathom...

Anyways, That's The End
of This ODD Tangent,
Look Inside,
I'm Glad I Seized the Moment!

Seize the Moment!
Seize the Moment!
Seize the Moment!
Seize the Moment!


PLEASE USE
LOGIC AND
REASONING
AS YOU READ
THROUGH THIS
ARTICLE AND
PLEASE COME
TO YOUR OWN
OPINION.....

SOURCE
TECHDIRT
https://www.techdirt.com/2022/12/06/nintendo-power-scans-disappeared-from-the-internet-archive/

‘Nintendo Power’ Scans Disappeared From The Internet Archive

from the *nintendon't dept* Tue, Dec 6th 2022 08:05pm - Timothy Geigner

“It was only some weeks back that we were discussing how a group of hobbyists were once again doing the culture preservation work that content creators should be doing in the form of a scan of every single Nintendo Power magazine and uploading it to the Internet Archive. At the time, you could go to the link for the project and view every magazine’s contents in its full antiquated glory. I finished that post off with the following line after ruminating that the view on this by Nintendo should be that this is pure preservation and not some kind of threat to its current business operations:

> *Hopefully Nintendo can manage to see that as well. Somehow, though, I suspect the lawyers already have pen to paper.*

But, as I’m fond of saying, Nintendo is going to Nintendo. If you go to the site for the project now, you’ll see that the content has been replaced with a notice indicating that the content has been taken down. Annoyingly, the text displayed now doesn’t detail out why it’s been taken down, but rather indicates a bunch of possible reasons: TOS violations, a decision by the uploader, etc. Because of that, I can’t say for sure that Nintendo’s lawyers got involved to get this content taken down, but it’s a pretty safe bet. Why?

Well, because the company has done this exact thing before. At that link, you can read a Wired post on how Nintendo took down 140 issues worth of scans, also from the Internet Archive, back in 2016.

> *The 140+ issues of classic gaming magazine Nintendo Power that were uploaded to the Internet Archive are once again the preserve of physical collectors and forgotten boxes stashed in attics. Nintendo, the original publisher of the title, has had the digital collection pulled.*
>
> *While no formal announcement has been given on the takedown, Nintendo of America told Polygon that it must “protect our own characters, trademarks and other content” and “the unapproved use of Nintendo’s intellectual property can weaken our ability to protect and preserve it, or to possibly use it for new projects.”*

What’s clear here is that either Nintendo requested the content be taken down directly or either the Internet Archive or the uploader did so purely out of fear of Nintendo’s lawyers. Either way, as I’m often wont to do, I am happy to blame Nintendo for this.

And you really do have to keep it in your head that there both is no threat to Nintendo for not figuring out a way to allow this to exist, nor is Nintendo doing anything itself to achieve the same preservation efforts that the upload achieved. It’s not like there’s an official Nintendo site out there where all of this culture is being preserved. If there were, the IA.org scans wouldn’t need to exist.

It’s a net loss for culture, all because Nintendo just can’t stop being Nintendo.”

IN DEFENCE OF THE INTERNET ARCHIVES - Old to the New, makes New to the WISE

A short article that I would define as
'Res ipsa loquitur'
in the case of whether
copyright infringement is a criminal act
(i.e. causes damage, harm or loss)
or whether it serves,
to protect and preserve,
creativity & humanity
through all of its works
whether its sounds, pictures or words
if it found itself archived
than it must of had worth
to be cared about so much
that someone dedicated time to put it up
not for personal gain
but simply to share & explain
what made us and those before
rather than letting its memory
fade into the floor
with the organic vessels
that aren't here any more
the future isn't something
to be bought or sold
its all of mankind's history
immortal through legacy
passed on genetically
as well as through teachings
of our roots and life's meaning
and the only thing that's infringing
is corporate “owners” of rights
who didn't create shite
they just exploited and swiped
perverted its philosophies
and made a monopoly
and pushed the P.L.U.R. priority
down to a statistic anomaly….
excluding Underground Hip-Hopper’s, Obviously
our roots so deep they call it hollow earth theory
but mass media got the game locked tight
and when lawsuits claim about rights
they keep the original artist's out of sight
they don't get any payouts
not even recognition through shout outs
I’m sure they'd even sue the artists, NO DOUBT!
If you signed a deal but just gave it out
no profits theyd have to stop it
no freebies for the poor who cant afford shit
in fact….that would be interesting to see
would the courts expect artists to offer remedy
to a faceless, corporate entity
void of its own creativity
just because they scribbled some squiggles

dotted the i;'s and crossed the T's
then all that is achieved
is artists life's work
can no longer be perceived
future minds no longer relieved
lost generations, not under the wings
without knowing our history
they wont have eyes to see
what it truly means to be
part of humanity
only the tragedy
the system creates gradually
look at today's culture
and what do we see
projected through mainstream
none of that was passed down from us
it should of always been sus'
reeks of mental Psy-op’s
replaced their legacy
with crown chakra disease
the virus spreads through mentality
so turn off your tvs
as the roots of technologies
continues the creed
defined in MKUltra
they never did plan
to close the folder
just fine tuned the mind controller
so that they could create a new culture
that causes mental illness
before the children get older
but this may be
the internet's last legitimate library
like that of Alexandria but digitally
so we better hurry
to make into HARD COPIES
let them fly like the autumn leaves
Internets saving grace to be shared
truth knowledge and history
to ALL humans
in EVERY country
then it cant be deleted
by a few typing fingers
and these truths are like basics
Simple 1s for solid foundations

we are all 1
Children of the Sun
as well as Gaia
our Pacha-Mama

but they trying to hijack the spirit
they want you to fear it
and to be hating carbon
but that is the atom
which all known life is based on

the building block
for all life as we know it
so zero carbon is diabolic
sounds like a dead planet
or at least from earths understanding
they take knowledge then twist it
into a dark religion
hate fuelled Dogma yet again
even though its gone full circle
back to paganism
they still trying to warp 5D earths vision
death is part of life in a natural equilibrium
and if mankind's history is forgotten
their lies will become a "scientific" Doctrine
Matrix farms for making humans
these plans are already in view and
if we don't share all of earths views
than our species may collectively lose
without the Union
of a Man and Woman
our species will become sterile
inevitably extinction after a while
but that's a worst case scenario
hopefully even then we may return though
through rebirths we may come back
into earths flow
Maybe just with
a new genetic code
that might be more
inclined to grow
I'm talking spirit not dough
In equilibrium
instead of delirium
parasitic ways of livin'
like a blazing flames destruction
burns itself with no fuel for combustion
once its consumed all in sight
it goes out like a light
nothing left to consume but itself
such is the self destructive path of malevolence
.....this may just be a cycle of tangents.....
my feelings became this poem..... and it is a gift
no can own it once its left my lips
projected into the ether and continued through resonance
well.... that's if its heard and felt with spirit sense
let it be a part of my creativity
to hopefully connect spiritually
with brothers and sisters that ill never see
but so the legacy will continually
elevate consciousness so that we may be
higher beings than we are currently being
and that's just a dream
that i want ALL humans to achieve
we are all family and not enemy's
we have real power if we could just perceive
and we could guide the youth to better our Legacy
but without knowing the roots of kultural family Trees

they will repeat our mistakes even as new seeds
im so off topic into the esoterical
the point is without preservation its lost to elementals
and the system is using all of its power
to make sure all Human Culture is devoured....
but they will turn sour in the final hour
we are all just compost, food for the flowers
Immortality is real but only through generations
continual growth is evolution of elevations
anyways ill end on these pearls of wisdom
a philosophy shared by ALL religions
and that's to truly learn to know thyself
new age awareness continues to develop
we all have our own life lessons
but we can only find self through asking questions
and making sure you find your own answers
fuck the social norms most of them are spiritual cancers
Truth be told by 'THE BLAST-MASTER'
KRS-ONE a.k.a. 'THE TEACHER'
relays the message of all ancient Preachers

"Know Thyself, and Thought shall Know, the UNIVERSE & GOD! (whoa-ohh-ohh)"

KRS–ONE
KNOWLEDGE REVEALS ONE

now ill leave you with this
may its truth give you bliss
opposite to ignorance
beautiful words from Derik Broze
also known as '33'

"REMEMBER,
YOU ARE POWERFUL,
YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL &
YOU ARE FREE!"

PEACE, LOVE & UNITY X X X

YOUR BROTHER,
COSY.D
AND MAX A REAL ANGEL
R.I.P.
THANKS FOR GUIDING ME THROUGH
ALL MY PAIN AND SUFFERING
COULDNT OF DONE IT WITHOUT YOU
REAL TALK YOU WERE MY WINGS!

x X 1Universe X 1People X 1Love X x

A TRIBE CALLED QUEST
Join With
Q-TIP • ALI • PHIFE And JAROBI
As
A TRIBE CALLED QUEST
Rhythmically Journey
"I LEFT MY WALLET
IN EL SEGUNDO"
"PUSH IT ALONG"
"BONITA APPLEBUM"
And
"FOOTPRINTS"
PEOPLE'S INSTINCTIVE TRAVELS AND THE PATHS OF RHYTHM

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Push It Along"

[Verse 1: Q-Tip]
Q-Tip is my title.
I don't think that is vital for me to be your idol,
But dig this recital.
If you can't envision a brother who ain't dissin',
Slingin' this and that, 'cause this and that was missin'.
Instead, it's been injected, the Tribe has been perfected.
Oh yes, it's been selected, the art makes it protected.
Afrocentric livin', Africans be givin'
A lot to the cause 'cause the cause has been risen.
Some brothers, they be flammin', thinkin' we ain't slammin,
Comin' off like the days where we used to wear the tans and
A blue-colllar talker, a hemisphere stalker,
A glass of O.J and a ten mile walk-a.
If you're in a Jeep and you dig what you're hearin',
Can I get a beep and a side order of cheerin'?
I am what I am, that's a tribal man.
We all know the colours, we all must stand.
As we start our travels, things they will unravel.
"Que sera sera", for this unit is like gravel.
Won't be gone for long, listen to the song.
If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

[Chorus:]
Push it along, push it along.
Push it along, yeah, push it along. *[x4]*

[Verse 2: Pfeife, Q-Tip]
Put one up for the Pfeife, it's time to deceipher.
The ills of the world make the situation lighter.
The clock is always tickin', the systems should be kickin'.
Like *[?]* ham and eggs, I eat chicken, chicken, chicken.
Should I release the lever, the lever of the clever,
Embelish on the funk as we start to endeavour?
The wraughts of the rap filling up the gap
With the smash of a hand and a little toe tap.

The boom, the bip, the boom bip
Indicates to the brothers that we be on the flip tip.
Phonies start to crumble, funky rhythm rumbles
Through the dance-hall, but my anthem is humble.
It's the nitty-gritty, my time is itty-bitty,
So I kick the slash for the gipper and the witty.
This ain't trial and error, more like tribe and error,
Constantly rude as some sort of tribal terror.
The street can't depart from the bloody heart.
Repair the wear and tear, don't start 'fore it starts.

Won't be gone for long, listen to the song.
If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Q-Tip]
Marchin' off the project, we hope that you will subject.
It's good to be an object and never, ever reject.
The tribe who meanders with drunken propoganda,
Keep it in boom and never will we slander.
[?] should be handed, don't let me demand it.
Money gives a nudge to the poet star bandit.
Control it, then recluse it, follow, you won't lose it.
Mysterious is the tribe for we choose it.
Although she's flippin' crazy, give my love to Gracy.
God, could you help 'cause this Quest is crazy spacey?
The pigs are wearin' blue, and in a year or two,
We'll be goin' up the creek in a great big canoe.
What we gonna do, save me and my brothers?
Hop inside the bed and pull over the covers.
Never will we do that and we ain't tryin' to rule that.
We just want a slab of the ham, don't you know, black?
This society of fake reality
Are nothin' but a peg of informality.
While I sing my song, sing it all day long,
If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Luck of Lucien"

[Verse 1: Q-Tip]
Brother, brother, brother, Lucien, you're like no other.
Listen very close 'cause I don't like to boast.
Instead, I'll tell the tale of a French who prevailed
Through the Mr. Crazy Rabbits who were always on his tail.
[?] on sale, your rumour starts to wail.
Get caught with stolen goods and you will go to jail.
If you go to jail, then who will pay the bail?
They'll put you back to France on a ship with a sail.
Escargot, Lucien, you eat snails.
(Hey yo Tip, what's wrong with snails?)
From the Zulu nation, from a town called Paris,
Came to America to find liberty.
Instead of finding pleasure, all you found was misery,
But listen, Lucien, you have a friend in me.
Oh, luck luck will drive you butt baddy.
Next time you get some wheels, make it a Caddy.
In terms of doing good, I know you wish you really could,
But listen, brother man, I really think you can.
Succeed with the breed of the brothers on your back.
It's the creme de la creme, and you can bounce with that.
It'll take a minute, rice, so take my advice.
Trust in us, and thus you trust in your life.
Lucine, Lucien, Lucien, Lucien.
You should know!

[Verse 2: Q-Tip]
Are you ready, Lu?
This one is for you,
Comin' from a true-blue, fits like a shoe.
Como esta usted or como talle vu?
Lucien, I'll leave it up to you.
Voulez vous (vous).
Endez vous (vous).
Coo-coo (coo).
Les poo-poo (poo)
Watch that lass, gonna backlash fast.
Can you get a grip on the crackhead dip?
Sold you a paper bag, guess he saw you comin',
VCR from a neck-bone bummin',
$10 brother, he was hummin' and strummin',
Only had 20, he was livin' like ya slummin',
Gave him the money, well, I thought that was somethin',
Lookin' like a kid who was lost in crumbin'.
Don't worry about a thing, I won't get specific.
This is a song that is long and prolific.
Think of the stuff that I said if you can.

Figure it out, compute, understnad.
No problemo, I'll help you with your demo
If you go to the store for me.
Lucien, I'm just kiddin'.
You should know!

[Verse 3: Q-Tip]
You gotta get a grip on the missions you'll be takin',
Not so much the mission, but you got crazy ignition.
Sure, the sugar-babies wanna give you a chance
With the French "savoir faire" and the sexy dance,
But is she really fly, or is she a guy?
I won't ask why, 'cause I know that you try.
You try too hard, is that the answer to the riddle?
Instead of doin' so much, why don't you do just a little?
Boy, what a cad, I guess we shouldn't treat him bad.
In fact, it would be nice if we understood him like
A case of positionin' the feet in the shoes,
Sympathetic reason in the case of the blues.
Lucien is blue, even though he's really brown.
I had to make the sound, his life is too profound.
On the up-and-up, he's somethin' like a little pup,
Young and naive, it's hard to believe.
As long as you're strong, you can quest with the questers,
Jolly like a jumping bean or a jester.
Lucien, Lucien, Lucien, Lucien.
You should know!

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"After Hours"

[Chorus:]
After Hours it was cool *[x8]*

[Q-Tip:]
Ten after one I think I'll hop the horse
Downtown late of three of course
Just came from fishing couldn't get a catch
Downtown they'll probably have a batch
A whitened sandwich and a Guiness stout
But with the bail though I had a bout
So I exchanged it for some apple juice
I had the blues but I shook them loose
A jeep is blasting from the urban streets
Loots of funk over hardcore beats
The moon dabbles in the morning sky
As the minutes just creep on by
I get a thought and hear comes my Tribe
Ritual shakes and in good vibes
Like always the Quest begins
In the mist though but the rhyth's move in
We find a spot and we sit and chat
Speaking on the status quo of rap
A derelick makes a real long speach
We pay attention to the words he read
When he was done we rattled on
There was no lunch because it wasn't dawn
We pointed things out about this times
The worlds famons and the crazy crimes
Inflation of the nation, it bothers me
I better go gold, to pay the taxes
Gotta be swift society
The man whose made is the man who maxes
The grounds for living are being discussed
As we go it gets close to dusk
Gather thoughts and savor breath
Cause there's only a few hours left

[Chorus:]
After Hours it was cool *[x8]*

[Q-Tip:]
Me ohh my, hey-hey, hey-hey
The human hours are here to stay
This is how it seems *[?]* my witness
Bug out all night, ask Phife, he's with this
Girls be screaming on this conversation
I have my two cents for a revelation

And my watch continuously tic-tocs
Shaheed will bring up the beats that rocks
I hear the frogs and the smashing of bottles
A car revs up and I hear it trottle
It probably moves with the morning wind
Ohh my God, here's Phife again
[?] talking about last nights game
Trying to remember someone's name
So hear the frogs dancing in the streets
Once again Ali will bring up the beat
Like this

[Sounds of frogs]

[Q-Tip:]
The beat is over and so is the night
The sun is risen and the shine is bright
We all say peace and go our separate ways
Youth is fading as we gain our days
Expedition for the song is simp'
The hours creep, excuse me, I mean limp
As we go you hear a gasp of laugh
As we start up our rhythmic path
Like this

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Footprints"

[Q-Tip]
As we start trudgin, me and my brothers we be lookin and be buggin
Vehicles of life they be rollin and be mergin
Searchin for the virgins of life
that be shovin out the door that's crack
The valleys of time, are always on my feet
As least the beat will combine
The calluses and corns with the funky bassline
You don't need underdog for a nickel shoeshine or the shoes that's phat
Well can I get a level on the bass and on the treble
Footin up and down like a UNLV Rebel
The answer be amongst us cos we rarely dig acoustics
Can't be too much flackin, not too much packin
You must container that at least to dip your hand in rap
Your feet will be infectious so at least realise the fact
The rhythms are inserted and the nurse can be converted
This ain't rock 'n' roll cos the rap is in control
If you're a megastar, worth will buy you a car
I'd rather go barefootin, for prints I will be puttin
all over the earth if we can get there first
Now that we are in it, footprints are bein printed
So fi you recognise em, you can try to size em
They'll probably be the ones with the size not fryin
all over reveal, you won't have to yield
If you want protection you can hide behind the shield

[Q-Tip]
You can game on the gallons if you really need to rock
But we walk while we talk as we stompin through the block
Hand in hand 'cross the land as Muhammad cross the fade
It's a Tribe who meanders, precious like a jade
It's a art, Theo arch rhymes the ground placed upon
The mind will unwind, it will soft to beyond
Catch the track, track by track, get a map to track a trail
You will find yourself behind for a map does not prevail
See the levels peakin as the rhythms keep-a screechin
A Quest, oh yes a Quest, inside the jam I will keep preachin
the point, oh yes the point, because it's close but yet so far
The loudiness is ringin as we scoot across the star
We are bulgin, I'm indulgin in a rat-a-tat-tat
Explanation for the liners that the rhythm is phat
Keep it wild, wide and deep, you could dig it in a jeep
But dig it in the ground because the foot print now

[Q-Tip]
If there's a storm that's brewin, it won't keep us from doin
our thing as we start swingin, travellin is bringin

joy inside the domes as we hit the road to roam/Rome
A chair is not a chair, a house is not a home
Because my skin is brown, yo I'm gonna do the town
Rub it in the face and rub my feet all through the place
When you get your finger on the music it'll linger
Sing a song o' sixpence, sing it like a singer
A Nubian, a Nubian, a proud one at that
Remember me, the brother who said "Black is black"
You can come by request, I don't play, I don't dress
Get emotions off your chest, we are black, we the best
Makin moves, makin motions, flowin like an ocean
The walkin will continue, we know that we will bring you
the times that you have waited, more anticipated
Be gone but not for long because the feet will stay strong

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"I Left My Wallet in El Segundo"

My mother went away for a month-long trip
Her and some friends on an ocean-liner ship
She made a big mistake by leaving me home
I had to roam so I picked up the phone
Dialed Ali up to see what was going down
Told him I pick him up so we could drive around
Took the Dodge Dart, a '74
My mother left a yard but I needed one more
Shaheed had me covered with a hundred greenbacks
So we left Brooklyn and we made big tracks
drove down the Belt, got on the Conduit
Came to a toll, we paid and went through it
Had no destination, we was on a quest
Ali laid in the back so he could get rest
Drove down the road for two-days-and-a-half
The sun had just risen on a dusty path
Just then a figure had caught my eye
A man with a sombrero who was four feet high
I pulled over to ask were we was at
His index finger he tipped up his hat
"El Segundo," he said, "my name is Pedro
If you need directions, I'll tell you pronto"
Needed civilization, some sort of reservation
He said a mile south, there's a fast food station
Thanks, senor, as I start up the motor
Ali said, "Damn, Tip, why you drive so far for?"

(Well describe to me what the wallet looks like)

Anyway a gas station we passed
We got gas and went on to get grub
It was a nice little pub in the middle of nowhere
Anywhere would have been better
I ordered enchiladas and I ate 'em
Ali had the fruit punch
When we finished we thought for ways to get back
I had a hunch
Ali said, "Pay for lunch"
So I did it
Pulled out the wallet and I saw this wicked beautiful lady
She was a waitress there
Put the wallet down and stared and stared
To put me back into reality, here's Shaheed:
"Yo, Tip, man, you got what you need?"
I checked for keys and started to step
What do you know, my wallet I forget

Yo, it was a brown wallet, it had props numbers
Had my jimmy hats I got to get it man

Lord, have mercy
The heat got hotter, Ali stars to curse me
I fell bad but he makes me feel badder
Chit-chit-chatter, car stars to scatter
Breaking on out, we was Northeast bound
Jettin' on down at the seepd of sound
Three days coming and three more going
We get back and there was no slack
490 Madison, we're here, Sha
He said, "All right, Tip, see you tomorrow"
Thinking about the past week, the last week
Hands go in my pocket, I can't speak
Hopped in the car and torpe'ed to the shack
Of Shaheed, "We gotta go back" when he said
"Why?" I said, "We gotta go
'Cause I left my wallet in El Segundo"

Yeah, I left my wallet in El Segundo
Left my wallet in El Segundo
Left my wallet in El Segundo
I gotta get, I got-got ta get it

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Pubic Enemy"

[Red Alert:]
Check this out, Cool DJ Red Alert
With my man, Q-Tip

[Q-Tip:]
In the morning, woke up from sexual pleasures
Looked at her sexual partner
Who acquainted her acquaintance
Five hours ago at a disco
She went lower than low, into limbo
A thought crossed the mind, her, a bimbo
She answered no, so she had to go...on with the program
Creedence, it seems that I've forgotten your name
But it seems that she's done the same
And now something has happened
Suddenly, she's been distracted
By something that has been attracted
She poked and poked and smacked at it
Then she broke down and she scratched it
Now, I think you understand
Clinic, saw the doctor flex his biceps
Then he picked up a pair of forceps
Her pretty face showed fright
Right then and there, she fainted
A really grim picture is painted
The brotha who she acquainted
Was the enemy, scary ain't it?
The Pubic Enemy

[Red Alert:]
Yeeeeeeaaaaahhhhh!!!
Let me tell you more about pubic enemy
Ay, Q-Tip

[Q-Tip:]
Old King Cole was a merry old soul
Had a lady queen, married since 18
He protested, that he was infested
Get lots of love and he couldn't digest it
All propaganda, one big fat lie
Cuz I see the king with my very own eye
Schemed and schemed like a crack fiend king
And poppin up on the teammates scene
And poppin and pimpin on hunnies with moneys
Whole situation to me, was kinda funny
He hold the crown but not the jimmy hat
Now he wears a frown and the jimmy hates that

So the fair maiden in the royal bedroom
Caught the king scratchin, so she had to assume
That he got vicked by the enemy's trick
The thought of cheatin made the maiden so sick
That she screamed and screamed, went on and kept screamin
Threw a pot and his dome was beamin
You could hear him yellin in the motherland
"Baby, baby please. Baby, understand."
She ignored and walked through the gate
The king is in the kingdom to await his fate...of the enemy
The Pubic Enemy

[Q-Tip and Red Alert:]
Propmaster(yeah) Please listen to me(what?)
Something lurkin by the JimBrowski
(Who? Jenny?)
No, not propulated
A horrible creature that must be penetrated
He gets all into ya, then he tries to do ya
You better run fast, he's gonna pursue the...
(What? Yo listen here. Propmaster whiz, no one fears...)
Oh, the caves know, just thought I'd let ya know
How he lives and how he go
Watch yourself when you're out on the run
The enemy is missed, we'll have too much fun
There's four friends of mine that thought they were bad
And laid up this girl, so now, they're sad
They scratched and scratched like it was Saturday and...

[Red Alert:]
Listen here. This is Cool DJ Red Alert
Known as the true, the only, the very one, the Propmaster
There's only one thing I gotta tell ya
There's a whole lotta propmasters out there. You know what I mean
Shaheed a propmaster, Q-Tip a propmaster
The Jungle Brothers a propmaster, BDP a propmaster
45 King a propmaster
I won't tell you nuthin bout the ladies, they ain't no propmaster
But you know who's the main propmaster
MEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Bonita Applebum"

[Intro: Q-Tip]

Do I love you?
Do I lust for you?
Am I a sinner cuz I do the two?
Could you let me know
Right now, please
Bonita Applebum

[Chorus:]

Bonita Applebum, you gotta put me on *[x4]*

[Q-Tip:]

[pause between every verse]
Hey Bonita, glad to meet ya
For the kind of stunning newness, I must have foreseen ya
Hey, being with you is a top priority
Ain't no need to question the authority
Chairman of the board, the chief of affections
You got mine's to swing in your direction
Hey, you're like a hip hop song, you know?
Bonita Applebum, you gotta put me on

[Chorus]

38-24-37 (uh, uh, uh!)
You and me, hun, we're a match made in heaven
I like to kiss ya where some brothas won't
I like to tell ya things some brothas don't
If only you could see through your elaborate eyes
Only you and me, hun, the love never dies
Satisfaction, I have the right tactics
And if you need 'em, I got crazy prophylactics
So far, I hope you like rap songs
Bonita Applebum, you gotta put me on

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Can I Kick It?"

[Q-Tip]
Can I kick it? (Yes, you can!) *[7X]*
Well, I'm gone (Go on then!)

Can I kick it? To all the people who can Quest like A Tribe does
Before this, did you really know what live was?
Comprehend to the track, for it's why cuz
Gettin measures on the tip of the vibers
Rock and roll to the beat of the funk fuzz
Wipe your feet really good on the rhythm rug
If you feel the urge to freak, do the jitterbug
Come and spread your arms if you really need a hug
Afrocentric living is a big shrug
A life filled with *HORN* that's what I love
A lower plateau is what we're above
If you diss us, we won't even think of
Will Nipper the doggy give a big shove?
This rhythm really fits like a snug glove
Like a box of positives is a plus, love
As the Tribe flies high like a dove

[Phife Dawg]
Can I kick it? (Yes, you can!) *[7X]*
Well, I'm gone (Go on then!)

Can I kick it? To my Tribe that flows in layers
Right now, Phife is a poem sayer
At times, I'm a studio conveyor
Mr. Dinkins, would you please be my mayor?
You'll be doing us a really big favor
Boy this track really has a lot of flavor
When it comes to rhythms, Quest is your savior
Follow us for the funky behavior
Make a note on the rhythm we gave ya
Feel free, drop your pants, check your ha-ir
Do you like the garments that we wear?
I instruct you to be the obeyer
A rhythm recipe that you'll savor
Doesn't matter if you're minor or major
Yes, the Tribe of the game, rhythm player
As you inhale like a breath of fresh air

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Youthful Expression"

[Q-Tip:]
The taste of nuthin, this does somethin
Moms that knows that, says I'm frontin
Call me Smiley, cuz I'm wiley
Livin life like the life of Riley
Smokin blunts with a boy named Bud
We cough up your lungs, cough up your cud
Put out fires, with a 40, ounce of water
You know you oughta
Dance to this, your girl you kiss
I like fried foods, especially fish
Afrocentric, I'm electric
Socialistic and eccentric
Body's healthy, mind is wealthy
Thoughts, they flow, that will prepare me
To be a Native, get creative
Original and designative
Listen to the line that's playin
Listen hard to what Q's sayin
Politicians are magicians
Make your vote, they hope your wishin
Ambiguous words, senseless verbs
They all amount to crap that's heard
Violent hip hop, money flip flops
Promoters won't book, but it still rocks
I'm a Zulu, yes, a true blue
Red Alert is with the poo-poo
Ozone layer, loses flava
Here's the edge that you will savor

[Jarobi:]
The economy...politics...police...everything
Except for the youth
But the youth about to come back

[Q-Tip(voice distorted):]
Alright, here they come
Uh oh, uh oh, uh!

[Q-Tip:]
With expressions and I'm guessin
19 years is a youthful lesson
Fallin skies babe, open eyes babe
Can't you see what lays inside babe
Makin mentions on this tension
Rhythmic lovin, my profession
Hips, they gyrate, scripts I narrate

No banana, I ain't a primate
Ain't no soul glo, just an afro
The head is bred to let the thoughts grow
Quest together, to lands of never
Sleet and snow and storms can't sever
Tribe is growin, never know when
For this time, six necks may show in
Dialogues have been accepted
Negatives have been rejected
That's the music, negro music
Is here for all, so you must choose it
Phonies fondle, watch it throttle
3-6-5 straight out the bottle
Bustin caps, finger snaps
I prefer the second for ghetto tracks
Phife, Jarobi, Ali told me
Get the force like Wan Kenobi
Force his teachin, beats are screechin
Poly plateaus, we aim for reachin
Tribalization, freaks the nation
A mass of peers in celebration
Hopes been real high, since the knee high
Days of youth, feelin good and real spry
Avid combos, hear those bongos
Boom cacka boom, that's how they go
We ain't nomads, but we real glad
Hip hop slams through the nineties, no fad
As a rhythm, have been given
Hurry up, become, we breakin out, out

[Shaheed:]
With a rhythmic instinction to be able to travel
Beyond existing forces of life
Basically, that Tribal
And if you wanna get the rhythm
Then you have to join a Tribe
Word, peac

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Rhythm (Devoted to the Art of Moving Butts)"

[Shaheed:]
It's a new decade
The Native Tongues are about to proceed with the usual lingo
The usual rhythm

[Q-Tip:]
Devoted to...the art of moving butts
The rhythm's happenin, and it's movin up
The Tribe has been on hold for much too long
Don't fear the rhythm because it's strong
On the corners, brothas bop their heads
>From the high-tops to the knotty dreads
I'm a nubian y'all, look what we did
Took the crust away from the third eye lid
Now, it's kinda open, longs to see the site
Rhythms of the Tribe which is passed out right
Night after night, day after day
Questin for the rhythms of the Native Tongue lay
Rhythm is the key as we open up the door
Things a B-boy has never seen before
Polyrhythmatic with a big fat boom
You have an eargasm as you start to consume
The ghetto beat with a ghetto poem
Yeah, it's from the heart, cuz it's from the home
Jarobi, Phife, Ali Shaheed
Call me Koala, got what you need
You're a disc jock, then jock this
Rhythms can't lose, rhythms can't miss
If you feel uptight and you need to freak
It'll be alright once we drop this beat

[chorus:]
I got the rhythm, you got the rhythm *[8X]*

[Q-Tip:]
Ma ma sa ah, ma ma coo sa
Gets hectic, freak a bourgeios
We Quest around for the musical hard
On the avenues, streets and boulevard
Not sellin out, that's a negative
Lovin hip hop, lovin heritage
Got the instinct to travel miles and miles
Gotta whole lot of room for piles and piles
Now, you're kinda with it, wanna get the funk
>From the Zulu Nation, toppin all the junk
Standin on the top like the Temptations said
Rhythms are obese, yeah, you gotta keep 'em fed

Read what I read, can't be better said
Tribalic motions dabble in the head
Sweetback's bad, not as bad a beat
It's a "stone groove baby"
Continue, on the windy road
But, I'm luggin, a crazy big load
Will we be on point for the ninety deck
Is it muscle bound and will it flex?
But trudgin, we are used to
You don't Quest alone, Quest with a crew
We're four, once more, must make the tracks
You see four fronts, but now you see four backs

[chorus until end]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Mr. Muhammad"

[Q-Tip]
Dip dip dive, to the socialised
Issued rhythms that are on the rise
Step right up, with an opened circuit
Get this current, don't you know it's worth it
Presented with, Tribe's intricity
Compared, don't you know? Vibe electricity
Strong like a bomb, quick like a comet
Can I get whatever from Mr. Muhammad?

[Ali scratches interlude]

[Q-Tip]
If Muhammad has the breaks, who will have the backs?
[whispered] Bodies set it up all flow to rhythm stack
Okay I see my brother (huh), you know what we can do (what?)
Cruise with the rhythms (hah), Shaheed will lead us too (yeah)
Posin with the hotties (huh), harder than the hard (hard)
Still Muhammad plays with a full deck of cards (card)
The Tribe's stuff is present (yeah), established with the beat (beat)
We roll around on wheels (huh) or utilise the feet (feet)
Go and keep progressin (huh), egos of the Tribe (Tribe)
If we have to swing it (uhh) we won't take a dive (dive)
Comprende my compadre? (Yeah) Kid you want some more? (Yeah)
Muhammad push the button (huh), sample sing the score (ho)

Brothers try to pose, up with the Tribesmen
Rhythm on your toes, yes it's the funk again
Appreciate the flow, denounce the circuit breakers
Do it with the best, the movers and the shakers
Bustin out your heap, ??? my vehicle
Burnin up the felts, rhythm's up to me
It will be strong like a bomb, quick like a comet
Can I get a whatever from Mr. Muhammad?

[Ali scratches interlude]

[Phife]
Sitting on the dock (huh), fin' to make a wish (word)
Muhammad oh Muhammad (huh), damn you're quite a dish (dish)
Fondeling the groove (groove), with the mystic sense (sense)
Honeys won't you try (huh), they push you in the tents (tents)
But I don't give a damn (word), rhythms make you swing (huh)
If you don't like it (no), you can pucker up (hoo)
You listenin Mr. Quayle (yeah), if you're hiding just give up (hoo)
I'm a rhythm monster (wild), who's out on a prowl (yeah)
Muhammad gives a hoot (hoot) like Woodsy the Owl (yeah)

Comprende my compadre (uh huh)? Kid you want some more (word)?
Muhammad push the button, sample sing the score (ooh)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Ham n' Eggs"

[chorus:]
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
A yo, Phife do you eat em? No, Tip do you eat em?
Uh huh, not at all(again)
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Jarobi, do you eat em? Nope, Shah, do you eat em? (Nope)
Not at all

[Q-Tip and Phife trading lines:]
A tisket, a tasket, what's in mama's basket?
Some veggie links and some fish that stinks
Why, just the other day, I went to Grandma's house
Smelled like she conjured up a mouse
Eggs was fryin, ham was smellin
In ten minutes, she started yellin (come and get it)
And the gettin's were good
I said, I shouldn't eat, she said, I think you should
But I can't, I'm plagued by vegetarians
No cats and dogs, I'm not a veterinarian
Strictly collard greens and a occasional steak
Goes on my plate
Asparagus tips look yummy, yummy, yummy
Candied yams inside my tummy
A collage of good eats, some snacks or nice treats
Apple sauce and some nice red beets
This is what we snack on when we're Questin'
[both:] No second guessin

[chorus:]
[Q-Tip: bridge]

[Phife:]
Now drop the beat, so I can talk about my favorite tastings
The food that is the everlasting, see I'm not fasting
I'm gobbling, like a dog on turkey
Beef jerky, slim jims, I eat sometimes
I like lemons and limes
And if not that, take it the road see and the salad sopped
Sit back, relax, listen to some hip hop

[Q-Tip:]
Gum drops and gummy bears tease my eyes
A sight for sore ones and some bore pies
And other goodies that are filled with goop
With fried apple roots
Delectable delights, control my appetites
Mine is for me, right, but I know what I like

Chicken for lunch, chicken for my dinner
Chicken, chicken, chicken, I'm a finger lickin winner
When breakfast time comes, I don't recognize
Pig in the pan or a pair of bogey chides
Mixed with stewed tomatoes, home fried potatoes
Or anything with flair, cook it, I'm in there
Pay attention to the Tribe as we impose
This is how it goes

I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
A yo, Phife do you eat em? Nah, Tip do you eat em?
Uh huh, not at all(come again, y'all)
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Jarobi, do you eat em? Nope, Shah, do you eat em?
Nope, not at all
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Afrika do you eat em? No, Pos, do you eat em?
Hell yeah, all the time
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Phife, do you eat em? Nah, Tip, do you eat em?
Uh huh, not at all
Jarobi, do you eat em? Nope, Shah, do you eat em?
Nope, not at all
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Afrika, do you eat em? No, Gary, do you eat em?
Yeah, all the time *[laughing]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Go Ahead in the Rain"

[Jimi Hendrix: Rain all day][2X]
[Q-Tip: Don't you worry]

[Q-Tip:]
All I wanna do is get down y'all
Have a ball y'all and freak freak y'all
Lifeless ventures ain't new boo
So don't boo hoo, yeah, you too
Gotta get a grip like culture
Swoop down, swoop down like a vulture
The rhythms will lurk into people
All funk ain't created equal
Lookin for the beat to rupture
Like the rapture, gotta capture
Don't let the storm of life scare ya
Get funky, let me prepare ya
For the days of grimness and oppression
A yo bro, here's your lesson
Even though the rain starts pourin
Start reachin, start soarin
Don't stop, if you do, you're stallin
Rhythm savior, hear ya callin
Instrumental to be freaky
Go ahead in the rain and you'll see

[Q-Tip:]
Can't we make you see
I mean, the fact that is the key, I mean
Devoted to the art of movin butts, so get on up and...
Think about what's yours
I mean your culture and your laws
I mean, I label you a sucka
If you're dumber, just stay dumber, but...
Stay in line and keep groovin
If it's movin, if it's soothin
Don't let a little thing like rain keep you unda
Or the fun-da, look at wonda
Stomp til your soul is lifted
Get with it, rhythm's with it
Get inside the groove and get nasty
Funky nasty, crazy classy
Money is a first on the list here
It's the good time, it's the good cheer
If you got the ride then ride it
Don't hide it, provide it
Drop, drop, drop down the pants, shake your fanny
Cuz it's handy, not an Annie

Rock to the roll with the hair down
Get the lowdown, rhythm showdown
The simple explanation is nada
Make it hotter, thanks, de nada
If you wanna hear what I'm sayin
Clean your ears and just come on and groove

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Description Of A Fool"

[q-tip]
fool - defined in webster's
open up the book, read it read it
turn the page, see what it says
read it to me will you please

(one who acts dope ???
so what does it mean to me?)
that's you (how's that?) cos of the way you act (huhhh?!?!)
standin on the corner sellin girbauds (what you talkin bout?)
scalin your friends and also your foes
what's the matter wit'cha boy? (ain't nuttin wrong with me, mother...)
you big galoot (huh?), you nincompoop (what?)
what's wrong wit you? you can't compute (yes sure i can compute)
don't fix your lips to tell me you can
standin on the poley playin pusher man
what you got to do with yourself? (oh what?)
can't you be somebody else? (no)
look at you described to a tee (huh)
you're a fool of many in society
i know some more, i shall go on
and continue in the song, fooled the fool

[scratched by ali shaheed] "fool"
(man i don't know what you're talkin bout callin me a fool
i've been out here for twentysome odd years
doin my thing, i ain't no fool man
you crazy or something?
i'm gonna stick this, right up your...)

[q-tip]
the girl i talked to she's sort of neurotic (yeah)
her crazy ex-boyfriend is really psychotic (uh-huh)
scares the girl by threatenin her life (word)
says "girl, you're dead if you're not my wife" (oh man)
beats in her public, beats her in private (yes)
tried it 'round me, "almost" won't buy it (what you mean?)
said "forget him, don't you know he's a loser"
who would love a woman turn around and abuse her (ohh)
only a fool as described by the tribe
here's another one who's on the fool vibe (okay)
gonna make it short, gonna make it quick (why?)
for this situation makes me sick (ohh)
see your brother man, with the female (yeah)
he's crazy ego tryed to show he'll prevail (aha)
in any situation lady luck's on his side (word)
emotions run free, nothing he will hide

why i remember one sunny day (yeah)
took my cousin to the park so we can play (yeah, park)
on the way, a couple resembled
the one i just described, everything assembled
another young man walked in their direction (yeah)
bumped him a bit, excused his imperfection (mmm hmm)
but the man with the lady grabbed the other by the neck (umm hmm)
demanded an apology and also respect (uh-huh uh-huh)
the young man aggravated grabbed him back and smacked him
the girl just laughed and laughed and laughed at him (oh man!)
he felt ashamed for what he had done
it looked like a fool to everyone (oh!)
these are three stories from the naked city (yeah)
reality, is sometimes a ditty (yeah uh huh)
like grodzilla from the twilight zone
earth to your brain - is anyone home? (what you talkin bout?)
i see ya there, tryin to make amends
try to make some friends, but now my story ends (oh man!)
on the note, that i just wrote
stay afloat on the reality boat (oh)
slow down and think and take it cool
and try to avoid the description of a...

THE LOW END THEORY
A TRIBE CALLED QUEST

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Buggin' Out"

[Phife Dawg]
Yo, microphone check one two what is this
The five foot assassin with the ruffneck business
I float like gravity, never had a cavity
Got more rhymes than the Winans got family
No need to sweat Arsenio to gain some type of fame
No shame in my game cause I'll always be the same
Styles upon styles upon styles is what I have
You wanna diss the Phifer but you still don't know the half
I sport New Balance sneakers to avoid a narrow path
Messin round with this you catch ?the sizin of em?
I never half step cause I'm not a half stepper
Drink a lot of soda so they call me Dr. Pepper
Refuse to com-pete with BS competition
Your name ain't Special Ed so won't you Seckle With the Mission
I never walk the streets, think it's all about me
Even though deep in my heart, it really could be
I just try my best to like go all out
Some might even say yo shorty black you're buggin' out

[Q-Tip]
Uhhh, uhhh, uhhh, uh!
Zulu Nation, brothers that's creation
Minds get flooded, ejaculation
right on the two inch tape
The Abstract poet incognito, runsss the cape
Not the best not the worst and occasionally I curse to get my
point across, so bust, the floss
As I go in betweeen, the grit and the dirt
Listen to the mission listen Miss as I do work, umm
as I crack the, monotone
Children of the jazz so, get your own
Smokin R&B cause they try to do me
or the best of the pack but they can't do rap
For it's Abstract, orig-inal
You can't get your own and that's, pitiful
I know I'd be the man if I cold yanked the plug
on R&B, but I can't and that's bugged

Buggin out, buggin out, buggin out you're buggin out *[x8]*

[Phife Dawg]
Yo when you bug out, you usually have a reason for the action
Sometimes you don't it's just for mere satisfaction
People be houndin, always surroundin
Pulsin, just like a migraine poundin
You don't really fret, you stay in your sense

?Comafied? your feeling, of absolute tense
You soar off to another world, deep in your mind
But people seem to take that, as being unkind
"Oh yo he's acting stank," really on a regal?
A man of the fame not a man of the people
Believe that if you wanna but I tell you this much
Riding on the train with no dough, sucks
Once again a case of your feet in my Nike's
If a crowd is in my realm I'm saying -- mic please
Hip-hop is living, can't yank the plug
if you do the result, will end up kind of bugged

[Q-Tip]
Yo, I am not an invalid although I used to smoke the weed out
Ali Shaheed Muhammad used to say I had to be out
Schemin on the cookies with the crazy boomin back buns
Pushin on the real ?hardest? so we can have the big fun
When I left for Rosie I was Boulevard status
Battling a MC was when Tip was at his baddest
It was one MC after one MC
What the world could they be wanting see from little old me
Do I have the formula to save the world?
Or was it just because I used to swipe the women and all the girls
I'm the type of brother with the crazy extended hand kid
Dissed by all my brothers I was all up what my man did
Supposed to be my man but now I wonder cause you're feeble
I go out with the strongest and I seperate the evils
it's your brain against my mind, for those about to boot out
All you nasty critters even though you see I bug out

Buggin out, buggin out, buggin out you're buggin out *[x8]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Rap Promoter"

[Q-Tip:]
It's a fly love song

To the effect of nothing, effective fronting
Is what I don't allow so let me tell you something
I am a bonafide
Not too modest and not a lot of pride
Soon to have a ride and a home to reside
If my momma is sick I'm by her bedside
Used to watch the show on Channel 4 called Riptide
Wash my wears in-Tide cause it's too damn cold out-Tide
That's how the runnings go
If there ain't no dough then there ain't no show
So take your roly poly fat promoter (ass)
To the Chemical Bank, and get my cash
If you wanna see the people scream and laugh
You best Quest, you ask the Quest, you ask real fast
Cause I don't wanna see 'em, start bucking
Throwing chairs in the air while you be ducking
What what? Don't step to me with that
If you promoting a show make sure it ain't wack
Or else I'm leaving ("Let me tell you")
I'm leaving ("Let me tell you")
I'm leaving ("Let me tell you")
Your wack show

[Q-Tip & {Phife}:]
Yo man what's up with that?
{Yo don't sweat me
C'mon, five hundred, that was the deal}
C'mon man, don't try to play me out
{We don't need you, sorry!}
And the Abstract rapper says

[Q-Tip:]
I want chicken and orange juice, that's what's on my rider
And my occasional potato by Ore-Ida
Don't forget my pastry make sure they're tasty
I'm not the type to be pushy or hasty
See I'm the type of bro that's reared in the ghetto
Took a few shorts before
Now the only ones I take are the ones that I wear
Ain't taking no shorts no more, now
Please act proper 'fore I call the CrimeStoppers
Don't dip on the dough, cause that's a no-no
Make sure you count your money real slow
Be alert, look alive, and act like you know

It's, the 90s, time to make moves
Not, the 80s, do away witcha womb
So what? You got a crew
I got one too, they're called the Brooklyn Zu
Don't break fool, let's be reserved and cool
We don't have to act like we in grade school
Just make sure that we're taken care of
And we'll do a fly show for ya bub, check it out

Diggy dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy
Dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy
Dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy
Dang diggy dang gi-dang gi-dang diggy diggy

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Butter"

[Verse One: Phife Dawg]

1988 Senior Year, Garvey High
Where all the guys were corny but the girls were mad fly
Loungin with the Tipster, Coolin with Sha
Scopin out the honeys - they know who they are
I was the b-ball playin fly rhyme sayin
Fly girl gettin but never was I sweatin
Cause when it came to honeys I would go on a stroll
Until I met my match - her name was Flo
Yeah - I messed around with the one called Flo
All the troopers round the way used to call her a ho
But deep down in my heart I knew that Flo was good to go
Cause I thought it was me - like Bell Biv Devoe
But little did I know that she was playin' with my mind
The only thing I learned is, good girls are hard to find
I feel like Heavy D I need somebody for me
Not someone who's mind is blank and tryin' to juice me for my bank
Swingin' with my main man Lucky behind my back
What type of crap is that - yo, hows about a smack?
Word life, I can't front - thought I was all that
But now it seems, I met my match
Was a stone cold lover, you couldn't tell me jack
Settlin' down with one girl, wasn't tryin' to hear that
I had Tonya, Tamika, Sharon, Karen
Tina, Stacy, Julie, Tracy
Used ta love 'em, leave 'em, skeeze 'em, tease 'em
Find 'em, lose 'em - also abuse 'em
My whole attitude was new day, next hon
And believe it or not, they all got done
Well here comes Flo, with the crazy whip appeal
And I'm all true man, like Alexander O'Neal
Is this really love, then again, how would I know
After all this time tryin' to be a superhoe
She finally played me, but yo, I'd find another
Cause I got the crazy game and yo, I'm smooth like butter

[Chorus: Q-Tip]

Butter, like butter baby . . . *[x2]*
Not no Parkay, not no margarine,
Strickly butter baby, strictly butter

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

I remember when,
Girls were goodie two shoes, but now they turned to freaks

Allofasudden "We love you Phife" - ease of ho, my name's Malik
Phife this, Phife that, where you goin', where you at
These girls don't know me from jack, yet I feel like the Mack
You didn't want me then, so hon, don't want me now
Here, Here - take the towel, wipe off your brow
And take the Ccontact out your eye, you're far from lookin' fly
You get an E for effort, and T for nice try
Now tell me what's the reason, for dyin' your hair
Slum village gold still danglin in your ear
You barely have a neck but still sportin' a rope
Four-finger ring just so Phifer can scope
You looked in the mirror, didn't know what to do
Yesterday your eyes were brown but today they are blue
Your whole appearance is a lie and it could never be true
And if you really loved yourself then you would try and be you
If your hair and eyes were real, I wouldn't have dissed ya
But since it was bought, I had to dismiss ya
If you can't achieve it, then why not try and weave it
If you can't extend it then you might as well suspend it
If you can't braid it, best thing to do is fade it
I asked who did your hair and you tell me "Diane made it"
If you were you and just you, talk to you, maybe
But I can't stand, no bionic lady
Tryin' hard to look fly, but yo, you're lookin' dumber
If I wanted someone like you I woulda swung with Jamie Summers
You wanna be treated right, see Father MC
Or check Ralph Tresvant, for sens-a-tiv-i-ty
See I am not the one, I got more game than Parker Brothers
Phife Dog is on the mic and I'm smooth like Butter . . .

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Excursions"

[vocal interludes sampled from "Time is Running Out" by The Last Poets]

[Q-Tip]
Back in the days when I was a teenager
Before I had status and before I had a pager
You could find the Abstract listening to hip hop
My pops used to say, it reminded him of be-bop
I said, well daddy don't you know that things go in cycles
The way that Bobby Brown is just ampin like Michael
Its all expected, things are for the lookin
If you got the money, Quest is for the bookin
Come on everybody, let's get with the fly modes
Still got room on the truck, load the back boom
Listen to the rhyme, to get a mental picture
of this black man, through black woman victim
Why do I say that, cuz I gotta speak the truth man
Doing what we feel for the music is the proof and
Planted on the ground, the act is so together
Bonafied strong, you need leverage to sever
The unit, yes, the unit, yes, the unit called the jazz is
deliberatley cheered LP filled with streeet goods
You can find it on the rack in your record store (store)
If you get the record, then your thoughts are adored
and appreciated, cause we're ever so glad we made it
We work hard, so we gotta thank God
Dishin out the plastic, do the dance till you spastic
If you dis... it gets drastic
Listen to the rhymes, cuz its time to make gravy
If it moves your booty, then shake, shake it baby
All the way to Africa a.k.a. The Motherland (uh)
Stick out the left, then I'll ask for the other hand
That's the right hand, Black Man (man)
Only if you was noted as my man (man)
If I get the credit, then I'll think I deserve it
If you fake moves, don't fix your mouth to word it
Get in the zone of positivity, not negativity
Cuz we gotta strive for longevity
If you botch up, what's in that (ass) (what?)
A pair of Nikes, size ten-and-a-half (come on, come on)

[Chorus:]

We gotta make moves
Never, ever, ever could we fake moves (come on, come on) *[4X]*

"Time.. time is a ship on a merciless sea
Drifting toward an average of nothingness

Until it can be retarded for it's own destiny
TIME is an inanimate object
Praying and praying and praying for ??
Time is DANCING, moving lingering all memories of past.."
The Last Poets

You gotta be a winner all the time
Can't fall prey to a hip hop crime
With the dope raps and dope tracks for you for blocks
From the fly girlies to the hardest of the rocks
Musically the Quest, is on the rise
We on these Excursions so you must realize
that continually, I pop my Zulu
If you don't like it, get off the Zulu tip
So what could you do in the times which exist
You can't fake moves on your brother or your sis
But if your sis is a (bitch), brother is a jerk
Leave 'em both alone and continue with your work
Whatever it may be in today's society
Everything is fair, at least that how it seems to me
You must be honest and true to the next
Don't be phony and expect one not to flex
Especially if you rhyme, you have to live by the pen
Your man is your man, then treat him like your friend
All it is, is the code of the streets
So listen to the knowledge bein dropped over beats
Beats that are hard, beats that are funky
It could get you hooked like a crackhead junkie
What you gotta do to is know that the Tribe is in the sphere
The Abstract Poet, prominent like Shakespeare

[Chorus]

Edgar Allan Poe, it don't stop (uh!)

"Time is running out on black power Africans today
and whites blacks and reporters at night
Everytime you see them ?? with their tongues hangin out
Time is running and past and passing and running
Running and past and passing and running (excursions)"

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Verses from the Abstract"

[Q-Tip:]
I had a dream about my man last night
And my man came by the studio
And his name is...
Busta Rhymes in effect, Shaheed is in effect
Phife Did-awg is in effect
Check it out and give me my 'spect

I'm movin, yes I'm groovin cuz my mouth is on the motor
Use the Coast in the mornin to avoid the funky odor
Can't help bein funky, I'm the funky Abstract brotha
Funky in a sense, but I play the undacova
Once had a fettish, fettish for some booty
Now I'm gettin funky and my rappin, that's my duty
Brothas tend to jock on the style in particular
If you got the ego like some brothas, then I'll get with ya
But if I don't pursue, then I just don't give a (fuck)
My motto in the 90's is be happy makin bucks
Girls love the jim, cuz it causes crazy friction
When it goes up in and fluctuates the diction
I still understand the (uh!) cuz that's what I met her for
I'm hooked on the swings, so just call me the music whore
Women love the voice, brothas dig the lyrics
Quest the people's choice, we thrive it for the spirit
If you can't hear it, then get the wax utensils
Write my rhymes straight up, don't get with no fancy stensils
The rhymes we get is sweet, we stay away from tart
Our perfection is at work, perkin up the art
If you want to battle, I suggest you check your clock
Your demise is comin up and I want your man to watch
Be the prime example, I deep instilled the sample
Insignificance, here I'll place you on the mantle
Born up in Harlem, reside down in Jamaica
The girl I used to rock, her moms was a claker
Now what does that make her? The evil money taker?
The crazy move faker, I used that to break her

[Vinia Mojica singing in the background]
Phife is in the house, Uncle Mike is in the house
Bob Power is in the house, Tim Latham is in the house
Wise Men is in the house, Brand Nubs is in the house
The J Beez, they in the house and De La, they in the house

I must regroup my thoughts and kick the next ones for my people
Please don't be deceived by ugly slice of evil
The world is kinda cold and the rhythm is my blanket
Wrap yourself up in it, if you love it, then you'll thank it

Don't move to rebuttal, wave your hand for action
The ladies of the '90's want more than satisfaction
They want keys and Gs, and all those illy things
If you want to, I'll show you, just what the Ab can bring
I keep a tight net with my brothas Ken and Kenny
If the question is of rhymes, then I'll tell ya, I got plenty
The thing that men and women need to do is stick together
Progressions can't be made if we're separate forever
I hooked this funky beat with the loop and the feature
With the funky singin by Miss Vinia Mojica
So listen because the Quest is led through the underground
My people been up on Quest to long, no more will we be down
People tend to riff cuz they don't know the mental
People tend to bug cuz their beats are hard but gentle
Afro kinda lurks through the body of this youngun'
Play like Bobby Byrd on your back and your comin to
The house of the jazz, of the funk, of the rhythm
All the goods are welcome, but if you're a villain
I'll just wait and debate, contemplate your arrival
If flexin is your motive, then you don't like survival
The Abstract is speakin, the hard beats is reachin
The Black and Puerto Ricans
Cuz their butt naked, streakin through the ever murky streets
Of the urbanized areas
Blastin out the speakers is the hip hop hysteria

Craig is in the house, Pete Rock is in the house
CL is in the house, Ultra Mag is in the house
Nice and Smooth is in the house, Big Daddy Kane is in the house
Beatnuts is in the house, Special Ed is in the house

Yeah *[7X]*
This one goes out to my man
Thanks alot Ron Carter on the bass
Yes my man Ron Carter is on the bass
Now check it out
Born into the 91 decade
You gotta say the Quest is on
And goddamn it, yes the Quest is on
And we out!

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Show Business"

(feat. Diamond D, Lord Jamar And Sadat X)

[Verse 1]

[Q-Tip]

Let me tell you 'bout the snakes, the fakes, the lies
The highs at all of these industry shing-dings
Where you see the pretty girls
In the high animated world
Checkin' for a rapper with all the dough
If you take a shit they want to know
And if you're gonna fall, they won't be around, y'all
So you still wanna do the show business?
And you think that you got what it takes?
I mean you really gotta rap and be all that
And prepare yourself for the breaks
Check it out!

Do you wanna be in the business? (The Business)
The ups and downs with the hoes (The Business)
Always gettin' fronted on at shows (The Business)
People gotta stick their nose (In the Business)

[Verse 2]

[Q-Tip]

Yo, I gotta speak on the cesspool
It's the rap industry and it ain't that cool
Only if you're on stage or if you're speakin' to your people
Ain't no-one your equal
Especially on the industry side
Don't let the games just glide
Right through your fingers, you gotta know the deal
So Lord Jamar speak, because you're real...

[Lord Jamar]

They're givin' you the business and puttin' on a show
You're a million dollar man that ain't got no dough
But you got a ho tickets backstage to a show
Sedated and at that fact they elated
Time pass and your ass say "Where's my loot?"
The reply is a kick in the ass from a leg and a boot
All you wanna do is taste the fruit
But in the back they're makin' fruit juice
You ask for slack and wanna get cut loose from the label

Not able cos you signed at the table
For a pretty cash advance, now they got a song and dance
That you didn't recoup, more soup wit' ya meal?
Cos this is the real when you get a record deal
And I say...

[Phife]

Aw....shucks, look what the cat hauled in
It's Phife Dawg from A Tribe Called Quest, let me begin
Like Chuck D, I got so much trouble on my mind
'bout these no-talent artists gettin' signed, they can't rhyme
And if that ain't bad, you got bootleggers
Goin' out like suckers, motherfuckers
Feel it's time that I let loose the lion
And if not that then I'll commence to head flyin'
Seems in '91 everybody want a rhyme
And then you go and sell my tape for only $5.99?
Please nigga, I've worked too hard for this
No more will I take the booty end of the stick
Bogus brothers makin' albums when they know they can't hack it
Cos they lyrics is played like 8-Ball jackets
Now tell me I can't tear it up
Go get yourself some toilet paper cos your lyrics is butt

Do you wanna be in the business? (The Business)
People can't walk a straight line in (The Business)
Some of these brothers can't rhyme in (The Business)
A-yo, I'm tryna get mine (The Business)

[Verse 3]

[Sadat X]

The party scene is cool, but then again it's all the same
You see the same faces, but at different places
When you're up and ridin' high everything is palsy-palsy
Get a million pounds and all the skins give you hugs
Well that's cool, I can dig it, it really ain't my bag
Prefer to max on the side and let my pants sag
"Oh, he's a cutie", yeah, real cute
But I wasn't that cute when I didn't have no loot
Although I hit a pound of herbs I'm still nice with the verbs
So fuck what you heard
The born cipher, cipher master makes me think much faster
But critics still continue to plaster
My name and discredit my fame
All that shit is game
And I don't really give a damn
Eat from the tree of life and throw away the verbal ham

[Diamond D]

Well, excuse me, I gotta add my two cents in
Don't be alarmed, the rhyme was condensed in
A matter of minutes so it must be told
All that glitters' not gold
Everybody wants a deal, help me make a demo
See my name in bright lights, ride around in a limo
My moms keeps beefin' ("Boy, get a job")
But I wanna make jams, damn, I know I'll slam
Huh, well it's not that easy
You gotta get a label that's willin' and able
To market and promote, and you better hope
(For what?) That the product is dope
Take it from Diamond, it's like mountain climbin'
When it comes to rhymin' you gotta put your time in
Get a good lawyer so problems won't pile
You don't wanna make a pitch that's wild.

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Vibes and Stuff"

[Q-Tip:]
Let me flaunt the style (style), I think that the time's near
That we drop studs (studs), there will be no duds here
Rappers play the dumb (dumb), kinda on the space tip
But when they hear the jams (jams), they be on the dilsnick
Now I'm not for the rock (rock), I know the territory
Go ahead and try (try), that's a different story
Similar to Grimm (Grimm), I could tell a better one
All about a kid (kid), who couldn't rap and didn't run
Stand (stand) aside (aside), when the rap is gettin dumb
Resort to baggin Billy (Billy), askin can he have some
No, never ever (ever) come back and try again man
If you come back (back), I'll be the first to shake your hand
Competitions good (good), it brings out the vital parts
The Abstract Poetic ('etic), majors in recital arts
Do it for the kids (kids), the elders and the rap peers
We know the job is done (done), when we hear a lot of cheers
Gotta feel the vibes (vibes), come from my creation
If the hands clap (clap) are filled with elation
Here I am ghetto, full with a lot of steam
Think I gotta, I think I gotta, I think I gotta scream (scream)
Cause that's how good it feels child
Let your hair down (down), so we can get buckwild
Do your I'll dance (dance), don't think about the next man
We must have unity and think of the bigger plan
The vision, we fall (fall) we must stick together, see
I'd like to take this time (time) to say what's up to Kool G
The name is Q-Tip (Tip), The Midnight Marauder
Give enough respect ('spect) to Afrika Bambaataa
As a man in the world (world), I must do my job
Take care of Mama Duke (Duke), I won't resort to rob
Bob you'll get your dough (dough), Mase is my witness
Obsessed with the rap (rap), for it's the mental fitness
Like shootin cee-lo (lo), and always gettin headcracks
The industry is luck (luck), winning with the fake raps
Peace to the crews (crews), who pump the real hip hop
Not sellin out (out) from hardrock to disc jock...
(From disc jock to hardrock, from hardrock to disc jock)

[Phife:]
I don't know what to say, but here I go freak it
If the papes come, then you know I'll seek it
I'm just a short brotha, dark skin face
Weigh a buck-fifty, 36 waist
My hair is crazy curly
Front like Mr. Furley
To this day, I still believe that no MC can serve me

Brothas try to front, but everybody know (know)
I get more props than the Arsenio Hall Show
Party animal I was, but now I chill at home
All I do is write rhymes, eat, drink, shit and bone
Found my thrill in Amityville, I'm always in the Island
Fudge and Monkey know the time, they know who keeps 'em smilin
Go out on my own, somethin that I gotta do
Do what the hell I want and have no one to listen to
I'm prompt with my business and I do things on the double
Yo, I'm out like Buster Douglass, I say peace to MC Trouble
Rest in Peace

[Q-Tip:]
Word Up, rest in Peace, and you know what else?
We got, we got, we got the vibe (vibe)
All the people in Long Island, we got the vibe (vibe)
Brooklyn and Queens, we got the vibe (vibe)
Uptown and New York, we got the vibe (vibe)
People upstate, we got the vibe (vibe)
If you're in DC, you got the vibe (vibe)
Maryland, Virginia, Carolina vibe (vibe)
Out West, we got the vibe (vibe)
In the Bahamas, we got the vibe (vibe)
Over in Europe, you know what? We got the vibe
And we gotta keep it alive, it goes on...

Of rap I'm a fan, I've seen a whole lot of subs
Goods with the girls, I got a whole lot of 'em
From fat to skinny, Freeda to Winnie (Winnie)
Emma to Cindy, Constance to Wendy (Wendy)
Cause I be more friendly (friendly), never on the snotty side
I don't brag to brothas about the little papes I got (got)
My vocal styles can vary, the sight is never scary (scary)
It's only legendary ('dary), my father well prepared me ('pared me)
My job ain't temporary, I'm here for the long shot
Better yet, the long term, I don't have a perm (perm)
In a way I do, call 'em the perma-naps
I'm crazy slap-happy and I'm scrappy when I'm nappy
When I get the mic in my hand and the crowd in stands (stands)
It's as good as grand like that (that)

I wanna say peace and dedicate this joint to MC Trouble and to
Um... Trouble T-Roy
And to um... Scott La Rock and to um... Cowboy, you know what I'm sayin?
This is for the slain rappers and the fallen rappers
You know what I'm sayin (sayin)?
This is a special, special, special, special, special dedication
And also to my pops and also to Vinny, his moms (moms)
You know what I'm sayin?
You just gotta keep it happy and keep the vibes going
And this is Vibes and Stuff
And we out...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Infamous Date Rape"

Classic, classic...
Classic example of a...a date rape *[4X]*

[Q-Tip:]
Listen to the rhyme, it's a black date fact
Percentile rate of date rape is fat
This is all true to the reason of the skeezin
You got the right pickin but you're in the wrong season
If you're in the wrong season, that means you gotta break
Especially if a squad tries to cry out rape
You be all vexed cuz she got it goin on
You don't wanna fight cuz you know that you're wrong
So instead you rest your head on the arm of the couch
Envision in your head of a great sex bout
Worthy opponent, all you wanna do is bone it
You ask can you kick it, she says you can't stick
This is the case, the situation is sticky
Should you try to kiss or head for a hickey
Not even, you can ask Steven
If the vibe ain't right, huh, ya leavin
Hit the road Jack and all of that
But if she offers her abode, to drop ya load
Right smack dab in the middle
Get the kitten, I got crazy tender vittles

[Phife:]
Uh huh, you know science, you get buckwild
Runnin mad games as if your name was Scott Skiles
Or better yet Magic or even Karl Malone
Regardless who it is, your aim is to bone
If she tries to front, then you start to dis her
If she's with the program, that's when you start to kiss her
Might as well get to the point, no time to waste
Might as well break the ice, then set the pace
You start to talk nasty, now she's ready to bone
Step out of the shower, throw on cologne
All of a sudden, her sugarwalls tumble down like Jericho
She's hotter than Meshach, Shadrach and Abendego
You listen to After 7, break fool after 10
Do your thing at 12 o'clock and when you go again
There goes round 1, ding, there goes round two
Now tell me what the (fuck) are you supposed to do
What do you know, when the meow is completed
Girly girl cried rape, yo, I didn't really need it

[Q-Tip:]
Sweetheart, we ain't goin out like that *[2X]*

Sweetheart, we ain't goin out like that(zulu)
We ain't goin out like that(zulu)
We ain't goin out like that

Now baby bust it, if you wanna groove
Me and you can do it, it will be the move
I won't cry over spilled milk
If you won't let me take you to the Hilt
I don't wanna bone you that much
That I would go for the unforbidden touch
I'm not the type that would go for that
I'll have to fetch a brand new cat
Baby, baby, baby I don't wanna be rude
I know because of your bloody attitude
I know why you act that way
It usually happens on the 28th day
I respect that crazily
When you're done with the past can you come check me
This ain't a joint to disrespect you
Because one head ain't better than two
Check it out

It's a classic example of a...a date...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Check the Rhime"

[Q:]
Check the rhyme y'all.

[Q:]
Back in the days on the boulevard of Linden,
We used to kick routines and presence was fittin'.
It was I the abstract
[P:]
And me the five footer.
I kicks the mad style so step off the frankfurter.
[Q:]
Yo, Phife, you remember that routine
That we used to make spiffy like mister clean?
[P:]
Um um, a tidbit, um, a smidgen.
I don~t get the message so you gots to run the pigeon.
[Q:] You on point Phife?
[P:] All the time, tip.
[Q:] You on point Phife?
[P:] All the time, tip.
[Q:] You on point Phife?
[P:] All the time, tip.
[Q:] Well, then grab the microphone and let your words rip.
[P:]
Now here's a funky introduction of how nice I am.
Tell your mother, tell your father, send a telegram.
I'm like an energizer 'cause, you see, I last long.
My crew is never ever wack because we stand strong.
Now if you say my style is wack that's where you're dead wrong.
I slayed that body in El Segundo then push it along.
You'd be a fool to reply that Phife is not the man
'Cause you know and I know that you know who I am.
A special shot of peace goes out to all my pals, you see.
And a middle finger goes for all you punk MC's.
'Cause I love it when you wack MC's despise me.
They get vexed, I roll next, can~t none contest me.
I'm just a fly MC who's five foot three and very brave.
On top remaining, no home training cause I misbehave.
I come correct in full effect have all my hoes in check.
And before I get the butt the jim must be erect.
You see, my aura~s positive I don't promote no junk.
See, I'm far from a bully and I ain't a punk.
Extremity in rhythm, yeah that's what you heard.
So just clean out your ears and just check the word.

[Q:]
Check the rhyme y'all.

Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check it out.
Check it out.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Play tapes y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check the rhyme y'all.
Check it out.
Check it out.

[P:]
Back in days on the boulevard of Linden,
We used to kick routines and the presence was fittin'
It was I the Phifer,
[Q:]
And me, the abstract.
The rhymes were so rumpin' that the brothers rode the 'zack.
[P:]
Yo, tip you recall when we used to rock
Those fly routines on your cousin~s block.
[Q:]
Um, let me see, damn I can't remember.
I receive the message and you will play the sender.
[P:] You on point Tip?
[Q:] All the time Phife.
[P:] You on point Tip?
[Q:] Yeah, all the time Phife.
[P:] You on point Tip?
[Q:] Yo, all the time Phife.
[P:] So play the resurrector and give the dead some life.
[Q:]
Okay, if knowledge is the key then just show me the lock.
Got the scrawny legs but I move just like Lou Brock,
With speed. I'm agile plus I'm worth your while.
One hundred percent intelligent black child.
My optic presentation sizzles the retina.
How far must I go to gain respect? Um.
Well, it's kind of simple, just remain your own
Or you'll be crazy sad and alone.
Industry rule number four thousand and eighty,
Record company people are shady.
So kids watch your back 'cause I think they smoke crack,
I don't doubt it. Look at how they act.
Off to better things like a hip-hop forum.
Pass me the rock and I'll storm with the crew and...
Proper. What you say Hammer? Proper.
Rap is not pop, if you call it that then stop.

NC, y'all check the rhyme y'all.
SC, y'all check it out y'all.
Virginia, check the rhyme y'all.
Check it out. Out.
In London, check the rhyme, y'all.

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Everything is Fair"

[chorus George Clinton from Funkadelic's "Let's Take It to the People":]
"Everthing is fair when you're livin in the city" *[8X]*

[Q-Tip:]
Lookin at Miss Lane, it was the fast lane
Barely knows her name, struck by fame
She just got a Benz, she rides with her friends
Gotta keep her beeper in her purse to make ends
Rollin down the block, checkin out the spots
She winks at the cops, always give her props
She knows she's the woman, can't nobody touch her
Hangs out for the loot, makes her papes from the gutter
Tried to make my moves on Miss Lane, she called me young boy
Told her not to dis me I just want to be your love toy
You young boy, my love toy, I doubt that very highly
Just because you rhyme don't mean I'll let you try me
Business oriented, egos never dented
Always sweet scented, if it's business, she meant it
Distractions never hurt, always did the work
Always was alert, she never got jerked
Queen of the feats, thrive to compete
Love the funky beats while she drive down the street
She was justified, couldn't get a job
Had to feed her family, so she had to play, then rob
Pullin out the ooh wop, listenin to doo-wop
You don't have to say a word
(gunshots)That's all ya heard

[chorus 4X]

She's not a big kahuna, wish I met her sooner
Instead, I met her later, my love is much greater
Put me on her roster, to rid her of imposters
And to sell the buddah for the sexy drug ruler
Love is my motive, now I'm drug promotive
Plus I needed duckets to fill up my buckets
Supplied me with the squeezy to make my life easy
Now I'm missing action for this fatal attraction
But don't you let me catch you with your joint up in these bitches
And don't you even dare to plan a plot upon my riches
Cuz if you play me out, I think I'll let ya be
I'll be damned if I let a brotha try to gas me
I played my cards well, try to live swell
For the G, I would sell, cuz I was deep in hell
But then I really wasn't, she had a fly cousin
Who would give me booty on the side of my cutie
Elaine, she kinda new, that I would do the do

But she didn't tear, I did my work with care
That's all that really mattered, he money never splattered
As long as she was paid, she was in the shade
You can't really blame her for holdin on a flamer
Society taught her, but they didn't tame her
A ten clip salute, hunny heres a troop
She will never stop until she reach the top
Top, top...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Jazz (We Got the...)"

[Intro/Chorus]

We got the jazz *[X4]*

[Verse One: Q-Tip]

Stern firm and young with a laid-back tongue
The aim is to succeed and achieve at 21
Just like Ringling Brothers, I'll daze and astound
Captivate the mass, cause the prose is profound

Do it for the strong, we do it for the meek
Boom it in your boom it in your boom it in your Jeep
Or your Honda or your Beemer or your Legend or your Benz
The rave of the town to your foes and your friends

So push it, along, trails, we blaze
Don't deserve the gong, don't deserve the praise
The tranquility will make ya unball your fist
For we put hip-hop on a brand new twist

A brand new twist with the homie-alistic
So low-key that ya probably missed it
And yet it's so loud that it stands in the crowd
When the guy takes the beat, they bowed

So raise up squire, address your attire
We have no time to wallow in the mire
If you're on a foreign path, then let me do the lead
Join in the essence of the cool-out breed

Then cool out to the music cuz it makes ya feel serene
Like the birds and the bees and all those groovy things
Like getting stomach aches when ya gotta go to work
Or staring into space when you're feeling berserk

I don't really mind if it's over your head
Cuz the job of resurrectors is to wake up the dead
So pay attention, it's not hard to decipher
And after the horns, you can check out the Phifer

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

Competition, dem Phifer come sideway

But competition, dey mus' me come straightway
Competition, dem Phifer come sideway
But competition, dey mus' come straightway

Hows about that, it seems like it's my turn again
All through the years my mike has been my best friend
I know some brothers wonder, can Phifer really kick it?
Some even wanna dis me, but why sweat it?

I'm all into my music cuz it's how I make papes
Tryin' to make hits, like Kid Capri makes tapes
Me sweat another? I do my own thing
Strictly hardcore tracks, not a new jack swing

I grew up as a Christian so to Jah I give thanks
Collect my banks, listen to Shabba Ranks
I sing, and chat, I do all of that
It's 1991 and I refuse to come wack

I take off my hat to other crews that intend to rock
But the Low End Theory's here, it's time to wreck shop
I got Tip and Shah, so whom shall I fear
Stop look and listen, but please don't stare

So jet to the store, and buy the LP
On Jive/RCA, cassettes and CD's
Produced and arranged by the four-man crew
And oh shit, Skiff Anselm, he gets props too

Make sure you have a system with some phat house speakers
So the new shit can rock, from Mars to Massapequa
Cuz where I come from quality is job one
And everybody up on Linden know we get the job done

So peace to that crew, and peace to this crew
Bring on the tour, we'll see you at a theatre nearest you

[Verse Three: Q-Tip]

Hey yo but wait, back it up, hup, easy back it up
Please let the Abstract embellish on the cut

Back and forth just like a Cameo song
If you dig this joint then please come dance along
To the music cuz it's done just for the rhyme
Now I gotta scat and get mine, underline

The jazz, the what? The jazz can move that ass
Cuz the Tribe originates that feelin' of pizzazz
It's the universal sound, best to brothers underground
In the one-six below, ya didn't have to go

Some say that I'm a sinner cuz I once had an orgy
And sometimes for breakfast I eat grits and porgies
If this is a stinker, then call me a stink, I ask
"What? What? What?" - now check it out

All my peoples in Queens ya don't stop
Now all my peoples in Brooklyn ya don't stop
And all my peoples uptown ya don't stop
That includes the Bronx a' Harlem ya don't stop

Now to that girl Ramelle ya don't stop
I say because Ladies First ya don't stop
And to the JB's, ya don't stop
And De La Soul, ya don't stop

To my Brand Nubians ya don't stop
And to my Leaders of the New ya don't stop
To my man Large Professor ya don't stop
Pete Rock for the beat ya don't stop

Everybody in the place ya don't stop
Ya keep it on, to the rhythm, ya don't stop
And last but not least on the sure shot
It's the Zulu nation

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Skypager"

[Q-Tip:]
Do you know the importance of a skypager?

Those who don't believe, see you're laid behind
Got our skypagers on all the time
Hurry up and get yours cuz I got mine
Especially if you do shows, they come in fine
If you're with a G and you're sippin wine
Eatin caccatore with a twist of lime
Gotta meet your lover at a quarter to 9
Joint by base, then you get your high

[Phife:]
If you get your then high, mine is next
The 'S' in skypage really stands for sex
Beeper's goin off like Don Trump gets checks
Keep my bases loaded like the New York Mets
At times I miss the pager so you don't get vex
Havin bad days like a voodu hex
Conceptually, a pager is so complex
Cuz I be standin by the phone ready to flex

(Welcome to the new skypager)
[phone dialing]
(Enter telephone number or other numeric message)

[Q-Tip:]
Uh, so funky *[4X]*

[Phife:]
The batteries I use are called Du-ra-cell
They last for three weeks so they do me well
Don't be goin through no phases my joint stays on
24-7, from dusk til dawn
If you're in Costa Rica on a sunlit beach
You greed for the Phifer, I can be reached
A number of importance, I just put it on lock
You leave code '69", that means you want some (cock)

[Q-Tip:]
People tend to think that a pager's foul
Well it kinda is, cuz it makes me scoul
But it really hurts when you're on the prowl
Brothas know it hurts when you're on the prowl
Grabbin on my joint cuz I'm an eager owl
Get paged by a G or a business pal
My shit is overflowin, they won't allow

Another page, so I'll just end this now
(Message sent. Thank you for calling skypager)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"What?"

[Q-Tip:]
Babies babble on, they lookin for excuses
Game for the buzzer who kicked it to the losers
Lame as a brain, could be, golly gee
If you see a shrink he'll charge you a fee
If you see me ya see the fee is nothing
Fee will be for patience all that's no fronting

What is a party if it doesn't really rock?
What is a poet? All balls, no cock
What is a war if it doesn't have a general?
What's channel nine if it doesn't have Arsenio?
What is life if you don't have fun?
What is a what if you ain't got a gun?
What's Ali without Shaheed Muhammad?
Nothing. Kapelka makes you vomit

What is a Quest if the players ain't willing?
What is a pence if you don't have a shilling?
Excuse me if I'm chillin, hey what, say what
What's a fat man without food in his gut?

What's a child birth, without the umbilical?
What's United Parcel, without the deliverer?
What's momma-san, without poppa-san?
What's martial arts without Daniel-San?
What's Rasheed without Tonya, Tamika?
What's orange juice and Doug E. Doug without Shaniqua?
Not a not a not a not a damn thing
What's Duke Ellington without that swing?

What's Alex Haley if it doesn't have roots?
What's a weekend if you ain't knockin boots?
What's a black nation, without black unity?
What is a child who doesn't know pubery?
What is my label when I exit boom status?
What's menage-a-tois, or, that is
What is sex when you have three people?
What are laws if they ain't fair and equal?
What's Clark Kent without a telephone booth?
What is a liquor if it ain't 80 proof?
What are the youth if they ain't rebellin?
What's Raplh Cramden, if he ain't yellin
At Ed Norton, what is coke snortin?

What is position if there is no contortin?
What is hip-hop if it doesn't have violence?

Chill for a minute, Doug E. Fresh said silence
[Four second pause]

What is a glock if you don't have a clip?
What's a lollipop without the Good Ship?
What's S&M if you don't have chains?
What's a con artist if he doesn't have brains?
What's America without greed and glamour?
What's an MC if he doesn't have stamina?
What's music fractured without Mr. Walt?
What's Trugoy without a phrase called torte?

What's Kris Lighty if he wasn't such a baby?
What is a woman if she didn't say maybe?
Baby laid down, I removed the frown
What would be my penal cord if it wasn't brown?

What is a paper without a president?
What is a compound without a element?
What is a jam if you don't spike the punch?
What's a Brewski if you don't buy brunch?

Oooh ooh, it's like that you keep goin
Freak freak y'all cause you know that we showin
What to go what to go what to go what to go what
To go what to go what to go what to go WHAT

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Scenario"

[Tribe and L.O.N.S.:]
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario

[Phife Dawg:]
Ayo Bo knows this (what?) and Bo knows that (what?)
But Bo don't know jack, 'cause Bo can't rap
Well what do you know, the Di-Dawg, is first up to bat
No batteries included, and no strings attached
No holds barred, no time for move faking
Gots to get the loot so I can bring home the bacon
Brothers front, they say the Tribe can't flow
But we've been known to do the impossible like Broadway Joe so

Sleep if you want NyQuil will help you get your Zs troop
But here's the real scoop
I'm all that and then some, short dark and handsome
Bust a nut inside your eye, to show you where I come from

I'm vexed, fuming, I've had it up to here
My days of paying dues are over, acknowledge me as in there (yeah)
Head for the border, go get a taco
Watch me wreck it from the jump street, meaning from the get-go
Sit back relax and let yourself go
Don't sweat what you heard, but act like you know

[Charlie Brown:]
Yes yes y'all (yes y'all!)
Who got the vibe it's the Tribe y'all (Tribe y'all!)
Real live y'all (live y'all!)
Inside outside come around
(who's that?) Brown

So may I say, call me Charlie
The word is the herb and I'm deep like Bob Marley
Lay back on the payback, evolve rotate the gates contact
Can I get a hit? (hit!)
Boom bip with a brother named Tip
And we're ready to flip

East coast stomping, ripping and romping
New York, North Cak-a-laka, and Compton
Checka-checka-check it out!
The loops for the troops, more bounce to the ounce
And wow how now wow how now Brown cow

We're ill 'til the skill gets down

For the flex, next, it's the textbook old to the new
But the rest are doo-doo
From radio to the video to Arsenio
Tell me! Yo, what's the scenario

[Dinco D:]
(True blue!) Scooby Doo, whoopie doo
Scenarios, radios, rates more than four
Scores for the s'mores that smother dance floors
Now I go for mine, shades of sea shore

Ship-shape, crushed grapes, apes that play tapes
Papes make drakes baked for the wakes
Of an L-AH, an E-ADER, simply just a leader
Base in the space means peace, see ya later

Later? (Later!) Later alligator
Pop blows the weasel and the herb's the inflater
So yo the D what the O, incorporated I-N-C into a flow
Funk flipped flat back first this foul fight fight fight
Laugh yo how's that sound (oh!)

[Q-Tip, Busta Rhymes:]
It's a Leader-Quest mission and we got the goods here (here!)
Never on the left 'cause my right's my good ear (ear!)
I could give a damn about a ill subliminal
Stay away from crime so I ain't no criminal

I love my young nation, groovy sensation
No time for hibernation, only elation
Don't ever try to test the water, little kid
Yo Mr. Busta Rhymes, tell him what I did

I heard you rushed and rushed, and attacked
Then they rebuked and you had to smack
Causing rambunction, throughout the sphere
Raise the levels of the boom inside the ear

You know I did it
So don't violate or you get violated
The hip-hop sound is well agitated
Won't ever waste no time on the played-out ego
So here's Busta Rhymes with the, Scenario

[Busta Rhymes:]
Watch, as I combine all the juice from the mind
Heel up, wheel up, bring it back, come rewind
Powerful impact boom from the cannon
Not bragging, tryna read my mind just imagine
Vo-cab-u-lary's necessary
When digging into my library

Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!
Eating Ital Stew like the one Peter Tosh-a

Uh, uh uh, all over the track man
Uh, pardon me, uh, as I come back

As I did it yo I had to beg your pardon
When I travel through the town I roll with the squadron
Rawr! Rawr! Like a dungeon dragon
Change your little drawers 'cause your pants are sagging

Try to step to this, I will, twist you in a turban
And had you smelling ripe, like some old stale urine

Chickity-choco, the chocolate chicken
The rear cock diesel, butt cheeks they were kicking
Yo, busting out before the Busta bust another rhyme
The rhythm is in sync (uh!) the rhymes are on time (time!)
Rippin' up the sound just like Horatio
Observe the vibe and check out the scenario!
Yeah, my man motherfucker!

Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario

Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario

a tribe called Quest
Midnight Marauders

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Midnight Marauders Tour Guide"

Hello, this is your Midnight Marauder program.
I am on the front of your cover.

I will be enhancing your cassette and CD with certain facts that you may find beneficial

The average bounce meter for your Midnight Marauder program will be In the area of 95 b.p.m.

We hope that you will find our presentation precise, base-heavy, and just right.

Thanks

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Steve Biko (Stir It Up)"

[Phife]
Linden Boulevard represent, represent
Tribe Called Quest represent, represent
When the mic is in my hand, I'm never hesitant
My favourite jam back in the day was Eric B. for President

Rude boy composer
Step to me you're over
Brothers wanna flex
Youre not Mad Cobra
MC short and black
There aint no other
Trini-born black like Mia Longs grandmother
Tip and Sha they all that, Phife-Dawg ditto
Honey tell your man to chill, or else you'll be a widow
Did not you know that my styles are top-dollar?
The Five-Foot Assassin knockin fleas off his collar
Hip-hop scholar since bein knee-high to a duck
The height of Mugsy Bogues, complexion of a hockey puck
You better ask somebody on how we flip the script
Come to a Tribe show and watch the three kids rip

[Q-Tip]
Queens is in the house represent, represent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent
No tamin of the style cuz it gets irreverent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent

Huh-huh, here we go
You know that I'm the rebel
Throwin out the wicked like God did the Devil
Funky like your grandpas drawers, dont test me
We in like that, youre dead like Presley
When we comin through get tickets to see me
We work for the paper so therell never be a preemie
Lyrics are abundant cuz we got it by the mass
Egos are all idle cuz the music is the task
Valenzuela on the pitch, curveball, catch it
I think I got it locked, just smooth while I latch it
Right
Now I must move with the quickness
Here comes Shaheed so we must bear the witness

[Chorus]

Stir It Up *[x3]*
Steve Biko

Stir It Up *[x3]*
Steve Biko

[Verse 2]

[Phife]
New York City represent, represent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent
The Dawg is scientific with the styles I invent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent

MCs like to meddle, but heres my proposition
I let my lyrics flow, and jumped your whole position
I'm radical with this like the man this song is after
Yo Tip settle down, whats the reason for the laughter?

[Q-Tip]
I really cant say, I guess I laugh to keep from cryin
So much goin on, people killin, people dyin
But I wont dwell on that, I think I'll elevate my mental
Thanks for these bars on the Biko instrumental

[Phife]
Yo I take it back, Im the Indian giver
MCs take notes as I stand and deliver
Percussion isnt less, D's wear the vest
While they dodgin bullets, you should be dodgin Quest
Dont get me wrong, violence is not our forte
I just like to rhyme, kick the lyric skills like Pele
Tip educateem, my rhymes are strictly taboo
Fill em with some fantasies and I'll look out like Tattoo

[Q-Tip]

Okay
I am recognizing that the voice inside my head
is urging me to be myself but never follow someone else
Because opinions are like voices
we all have a different kind
So just clean out all of your ears
these are my views and you will find that
we revolutionize over the kick and the snare
The ghetto vocalist is on a state-wide tear
Soon to be the continent and then the freakin globe
Theres room for it all as we mingle at the ball
We welcome competion cuz it doesnt make one lazy or worn
We gotta work hard, you know the damn card
Try to be the fattest is the level that we strive
Try to be the fattest also to stay alive

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Award Tour"

[Chorus - Dove from De La Soul:]
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
New York, NJ, NC, VA
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Oaktown, LA, San Fran, St. John

[Q-Tip:]
People give your ears so I be sublime
It's enjoyable to know you and your concubines
Niggas, take off your coats, ladies act like gems
Sit down, Indian style, as we recite these hymns
See, lyrically I'm Mario Andretti on the MOMO
Ludicrously speedy, or infectious with the slow-mo
Heard me in the eighties, J.B.'s on "The Promo"
In my never-ending quest to get the paper on the caper
But now, let me take it to the Queens side
I'm taking it to Brooklyn side
All the residential Questers who invade the air
Hold up a second son, cause we almost there
You can be a black man and lose all your soul
You can be white and groove but don't crap the roll
See my shit is universal if you got knowledge of dolo
Or delf or self, see there's no one else
Who can drop it on the angle, acute at that
So, do that, do that, do that, that, that (come on)
Do that, do that, do that, that, that (OK)
Do that, do that, do that, that, that
I'm bugging out but let me get back cause I'm wetting niggas
So run and tell the others cause we are the brothers
I learned how to build mics in my workshop class
So give me this award, and let's not make it the last

[Dove:]
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas

[Phife Dawg:]
Back in '89 I simply slid in the place
Buddy, buddy, buddy all up in your face
A lot of kids was busting rhymes but they had no taste
Some said Quest was wack, but now is that the case?

I have a quest to have a mic in my hand
Without that, it's like Kryptonite and Superman
So Shaheed come in with the sugar cuts
Phife Dawg's my name, but on stage, call me Dynomutt
When was the last time you heard the Phife sloppy
Lyrics anonymous, you'll never hear me copy
Top notch baby, never coming less
Sky's the limit, you gots to believe up in Quest
Sit back, relax, get up out the path
If not that, here's a dancefloor, come move that ass
Non-believers, you can check the stats
I roll with Shaheed and the brother Abstract
Niggas know the time when Quest is in the jam
I never let a statue tell me how nice I am
Coming with more hits than the Braves and the Yankees
Living mad phat like an oversized mampi
The wackest crews try to diss, it makes me laugh
When my track record's longer than a DC-20 aircraft
So, next time that you think you want somethin' here
Make something def or take that garbage to St. Elsewhere

[Dove:]
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
SC, Maryland, New Orleans, Motown
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
New York, NJ, NC, VA

Seven times out of ten we listen to our music at night, thus spawned the title of this program
The word maraud means to loot
In this case, we maraud for ears

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"8 Million Stories"

[Verse 1: Phife Dawg]
Went to Carvel to get a milk shake
This honey ripped me off of my loot case
The car oh yeah there's money in my jacket
Somebody broke into my ride and cold macked it
Yo tip I tell you man the devil's trying it
But I'm goin to stay strong cause I ain't bying it
Tonight I'm taking Sherry out
I don't have jack to wear
You know I've got to look dipped in the freshest gear
Cool I found something so I ironed it
I think I caught up on the phone
Oh shit I'm trying it
Will someone tell me what did I do to deserve this?
I think I'll pull out my suit for Sunday service.
My little brother wants Barney, cool I'm getting it
Took him down to Kay-Bee, they ain't sellin it
Here we go with the crying, yo he's throwing fits
My blood pressure blowing up, I can't take this shit
Finally got what he wanted now he's good to go
Again the robers smashed, were's my radio?
One time the car was in the shop I had to borrow see...
They had no mercy on the car oh you he'll kill me
Where the hell can Nicki be? I'm goin to smack her up
I got the tickets for the Knicks and she cold stood me up
I need to hit a hunny off yo drill pas me the phone
Pulled out my hooker hoes, oh yo Sheela's home
Steady smiling like a mother yo I'm wrecked to bone
Went down on hun, she's in the red zone
Stressed out more than one could ever be
Forever trying to clear the sample for my new LP
Everybody knows I go to Georgia often
Got on a flight then I ended up in Boston
With all these trials and tribulations yo I've been affected
And to top it off, Starks got ejected

[Refrain]

[Verse 2: Phife Dawg]
Just last week my girl was stressing me
Now her best friend be underssing me
Well I was lovin her by the moon lit
Now I'm tricking on her like Kinte'
Bought a bag of izm from the smoke shop
Walking towards the car, here come the damn cops
Now I'm station bound for the thai sticks
I bought it for my man, I don't believe this shit

Coach sat me down from the ball team
Cause I was breakin niggaz on the inseams
Some niggas cross town was trying to stick me
All I had was shorts, a dollar fifty
Picked up this gir in the hoopty
Just because of her rhymes she tried to soup me
Pay for this and pay for that loot for nails and hair
Who the hell do you think I am, Mr. Belvedere?
Go and get a bloddy job then can we look cute
Even if you get me boots, you'll neva see my loot
She wasn't even all of that just anothe hooker
Took the journey that ass way, quick like Chucky Booker
Sometimes you got put the hoes in their freakin place
Just move from in front me with your botty face!

My man Mohammed in the house, huh {come on, come on}
Zulu Nation in the house, huh {come on, come on}
Sub Rock is in the house, huh {come on, come on}
My man Skeff is in the house, huh {come on, come on}
Jarobi White is in the house, huh {come on, come on}
Bob Power in the house, huh {come on, come on}
My man Eric in the house, huh {come on, come on}
My man Lytcha in the house, huh {come on, come on}
(Help me, help me, help me, help me, help me, help me... MUHAMMAD!)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Sucka Nigga"

"hey sucka nigga, whoever you are" *[x2]*
"hey sucka nigga, hey sucka nigga
whoever you are, whoever you are"

[Q-Tip]
Aiyyo, turn it up Muhammad
Turn everything up in the headphones
so I don't lose my vocals
Yeah that's good, turn my vocals a little bit
with the upper bassline

I be hatin sucka MC's, and the sucka niggas
Posing like they hard when we know they damn card
what you figure, rhyme-wise, I do the figure eight
So concisely, musically we are the herb so sit back
and light me, inhale *inhalation noise*
My style is kinda fat reminescent of a whale
Young girls desires for the females dreams
I be the Abstract Poetic representin from Queens
Socially I'm not a name, black and white got game
If you came to the jam, well I'm glad you came
See, nigga first was used back in the Deep South
Fallin out between the dome of the white man's mouth
It means that we will never grow, you know the word dummy
Other niggas in the community think it's crummy
But I don't, neither does the youth cause we
em-brace adversity it goes right with the race
And being that we use it as a term of endearment
Niggas start to bug to the dome is where the fear went
Now the little shorties say it all of the time
And a whole bunch of niggas throw the word in they rhyme
Yo I start to flinch, as I try not to say it
But my lips is like the oowop as I start to spray it
My lips is like a oowop as I start to spray it
My lips is like a oowop as I start to spray the

Sucka nigga, nigga nigga
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front
The sucka niggas, nigga nigga
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front
The sucka niggas, nigga nigga
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front
It's the neo-nigga of the nineties, c'mon

I be hatin sucka MC's, and the sucka niggas
Posin like they hard when we know they damn card
what you figure, rhyme-wise, I do the figure eight

So concisely, musically we are the herb so sit back
and light me *inhalation noise* inhale *echoes*
My style is kinda fat reminescent of a whale
Young girls desires for the females dreams
I be the Abstract Poetic representin from Queens
Socially I'm not a name, black and white got game
If you came to the jam well I'm glad you came
See, nigga first was used down in the Deep South
Fallin out between the dome of the white man's mouth
It means that we will never grow, you know the word dummy
Other niggas in the community think it's crummy
But I don't, neither does the youth cause we
em-brace adversity it goes right with the race
Yo I start to flinch, as I try not to say it
But my lips is like the oowop as I start to spray it
My lips is like a oowop as I start to spray it
My lips is like a oowop, yo you know the rest

The sucka niggas, niggas niggas
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front
The sucka niggas, nigga nigga
I throw the suckas in the front for the ones that front
The sucka niggas, nigga nigga
I throw the sucka in the front for the ones that front
Sucka niggas, nigga nigga
Aiyyo Shaheed, take us the fuck outta here

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Midnight"

[Q-Tip:]
The night is my mind
The sun'll still shine
But the night is on my mind
So parlay while I drop this rhyme

See, Jake be gettin illy when the sun get dark
They be comin out the heads, but shit don't let me start
Their activities are plenty in nighttime(nighttime)
For the ghetto child, it seems to be the right time
See, kids be gettin stuck with jewels and fly gimmicks
Shorty see the action and then start to mimic
Runnin to the corner, the dice game is blazin
Lookin at the loot, it seems so amazin
Puts it short down, to be exact would bound
He shakes the stones in his hand, then he lets it down(uh!)
Scam money don't make none
He threw a trip on the ace, now he's out son
Hits the local bodega to woof down a hero
Son is on a 'Midnight Run' like De Niro
Spots the shorty rock standin on his block
The thieves be handlin in the pumps,so he asked it it's not
Conversation that he kicked to the shorty was a sly one
Increased intensity, his dance sure was a fly one
Took her to the crib there she ran her gibs
About mind upliftment and bein positive
He yawned and he sighed til 1:05
Then he finally realized that hunny wasn't live
At least he didn't plan on buildin for the evenin'
Threw the Fila on the dome and said 'Come on yo, we leavin'
Came out on the scene as he told her to beep him
Saw his man Sam with the blunt in his hand
(Aww Shhh...!!!)You know the transaction
Brothas gettin lost in the weed satisfaction
Comin down the block man loud as (fuck)
You would swear Redman was inside the trunk
As the night seemed darker, cops is on a hunt
They interrupt ya cipher, and crush ya blunt
See you left your work at home, so they pat you down for nuthin
Why in the hell does 10-4 keep frontin?
You push to the park, even though it's still dark
The kid is nice on the hoop, he said 'I'll spot ya troop'

The night is on my mind
The sun'll still shine
But now the night is on my mind, the night is on the mind
The night is on your mind

A yo, the sun'll still shine
But now the night is on the mind
As for me...

I'm a nocturnal animal, God concentrates
On a young black man, who makes the niggaz speak a shake
The nighttime is busy, it's word to Aunt Kizzy
It's the time we get down, yo son, you know the sound
The flavas on the top with the rugged beat to back it
The night makes the aura and the J can't hack it
The way the moon dangles in the midnight sky
And the stars dance around, a yo, I think it's fly
Intensity, most rappers don't see it
Spirit wise, musically, you gotta be it
Serenity and sirens of the sounds and emotions
In the concrete jungle and the sun don't bungle
I think it's hard to find the words on how I feel
I paid about a deuce twenty for the Ampex steel
But let me slow down, I think I ran my gibs enough
Peace out to the Nation, stay rugged and rough

The night is on my mind, the sun'll still shine
The night is on my mind, the night is on my mind
The night is on my mind, yeah, the sun'll still shine
But now, uh huh, the night is on my mind
The night is on your mind, you know the sun'll still shine
But now the night is on the mind, yeah, the night is on my mind
The night is on the mind, a yo, the sun'll still shine
But now the night is on the mind, yeah, the night is on the mind
The night is on the mind, a yo, the sun'll still shine

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"We Can Get Down"

[chorus:]
We can get down
We can, we can get down *[both lines 4X]*
Ah, it's like that man, it's like that (yes!)
It's like that man, it's like that (yes!) *[2X]*
It's like that man, it's like that
(*[Rakim from "My Melody":]* "Why waste time on the microphone")
Check it

[Phife:]
I'm not your average MC with the Joe Schmoe flow
If you don't know me by now, you'll never know
Steppin on my critics, beatin on my foes
The plan is to stay focused, only then I can go
Straight from the heart, I represent hip hop
I be three albums deep, but I don't wanna go pop
Too many candy rappers seem to be at the top
Too much candy is no good, so now I'm closin the shop
Crushin competition like your tires on grapes
My rhymes styles be blendin like a Ron G tape
My man where ya goin? You can't escape
When the Tribe is in the house, that means nobody is safe
How can a reverend preach, when a rev can't define
The music of our youth from 1979
We rap about what we see, meaning reality
>From people bustin caps and like Mandela bein free
Not every MC be with the negativity
We have a slew of rappers pushin positivity
Hip hop will never die yo, it's all about the rap
So Marion Barry smokin crack, let's preach about that
The trash you talk won't matter, that old bogus chatter
The more that you condemn us, it only makes us phatter
When I talk, I know I'm talkin for you poppers all around
You know you love the sound, we gets down

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]
I'm the cherry on the top of yo ice cream
I'm the wish you thought inside your dream
Listen to the way we pulsate the jam
I'm the nigga here with the mic in hand
Styles that we present are just a few
To do away with you and your hum drum crew
This is '93 and the shit is real
Black people unite and put down your steel
Ladies make a forum on your sexual drive

Devoted to your lover and make it thrive
The riff was of F, I'm a hip hop body
Release the energy like the force of a shotty
Standin on the wall with my Polo on
Talkin to the girl with the Liz Claiborne
Keep the poetry in my black knapsack
Got my Timbo horse and my Doublemint pack
Hit the city streets to enhance my soul
I can kick a rhyme over ill drum rolls
With a kick, snare, kicks and high hat
Skilled in the trade of that old boom bap
I can do a trick with the opposite breed
I used to down 40s and smoke grain weed
Now, I'm doin shows with half loot down
Now it's time for me to take ya uptown

It's like that man, it's like that (yes!) *[7X]*
It's like this, Shaheed!

[Shaheed: scratching until end]
[Rakim:] "Why waste time on the microphone

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Electric Relaxation"

Relax yourself girl, please set-tle down *[4X]*

[Verse One: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg]

Honey, check it out, you got me mesmerized
With your black hair and fat-ass thighs
Street poetry is my everyday
But yo, I gotta stop when you trot my way
If I was workin at the club you would not pay
Aiyyo, my man Phife Diggy, he got somthin to say

I like em brown, yellow, Puero Rican or Hatian
Name is Phife Dawg from the Zulu Nation
Told you in the jam that We Can Get Down
Now let's Knock the Boots like the group H-Town
You got BBD all on your bedroom wall
But I'm Above the Rim and this is how I ball
A pretty little somethin on the New York street
This is how I represent over this here beat
Talkin bout you

Yo, I took you out
But sex was on my mind for the whole damn route
My mind was in a frenzy and a horny state
But I couldn't drop dimes cause *you couldnèª¸ relate*

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg]

Stretch out your legs, let me make you bawl
Drive you insane, drive you up the wall
Starin at your dome-piece, very strong
Stronger Than Pride, stronger than Teflon
Take you on the ave and you buy me links
Now I wanna pound the putang until it stinks
You can be my mama and I'll be your boy

Original rude boy, never am I coy
You can be a shorty in my ill convoy
Not to come across as a thug or a hood
But hon, you got the goods, like Madeline Woods
By the way, my name's Malik
The Five-Foot Freak
Let's say we get together by the end of the week
She simply said, "No," labelled me a hoe
I said, "How you figure?" "My friends told me so."

I hate when silly groupies wanna run they yap
Word to God, hon, I don't get down like that

I'll have you weak in the knees that you could hardly speak
Or we could do like Uncle L and swing an ep in my jeep
Keep it in the down, yo, we keep it discrete
See, I'm not the type to kid to have my biz in the streets

If my mom donèª¸ approve, then I'll just elope
Let me sink the little man from inside the boat
Let me hit it from the back, girl I won't catch a hernia
Bust off on your couch, now you got semen's furniture

Shaheed, Phife and the Extra P
Stacy, ? DJ and my man L.G.
They know the Abstract is really soul on ice
The character is of men, never ever of mice
Shorty let me tell you about my only vice
It has to do with lots of lovin and (it ain't nuthin nice)

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Clap Your Hands"

[Chorus scratching:]
Clap your hands now

[Phife:]
Brothas know the flavs when the Quest gets loose
Slammin sucka fuckas like the wrestler Zeus
Crazier than Tupac in that flick called Juice
Cock is longer than the hat worn by Dr. Seuss
Love a girl in Daisy Dukes like them kids called Deuce
Gets paid to sex the hoochie like my main man Luke
Control the mic like Denzel on the girls
Wack MCs be on the nuts like Rocket J. Squirrel
The worst thing in the world is a sucka MC
Favorite rap group in the world is EPMD
Can't forget the De La, the two originality
And if I ever went solo, my favorite MC would be me
Phife Dawg up in the house, I give a shout out to Snoopy
Peace to all the Questers, to hell with the groupies
Like um, Ralph up to Potsie, Brooklyn to Dodger
Laverne to Shirley, Rerun to Roger
Ren to the Stimpy, Laurel to Hardy
Q-Tip and Phifer, they mashed up the party
Kick the rhymes and more rhymes
Kick the beats and more beats
We'll have you scratchin in your head, like trying all techniques
For those who wanna oppose, just take a stand
But for now, just shut your shit and clap your hands

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]
You just wanna dance man, then clap your hands
If you venture up the wrong road, then the circumstance...
Will be crucial, I got hundreds of rhymes that'll suit you
So listen
The Abstract intuition is very very worthy
I can feel ya out from Russia to Jersey
Can't understand, the underground, it gets deep
The low, the Nikes, the links, the jeeps
The women, the lingo and all the other goods
Peace to the hoods, that keep my shit on play
Please don't do the mute when you hear me on the juke
Brothas know my angle, it's the Star-Spangled black banner
Hook up the beats at the funk manner
If want a roll, then dough I be rakin
The scope is on the world, cuz it's mine for the takin
You know I'm gonna do it

My shit is rock solid, but it flows like fluid
Chemists get confused of my ill composition
This is the third of the new Tribe addition
MCs be swingin, but alot of them be missin
So shut your bloodclot and listen
Cuz I'm bringin you the ill rendition
I'd like to send this out to the L.E.S.
Gotta alot of rhythm and style and finesse
Come here love, hot sex on a plat
And when your done with that then clap

[Chorus until end]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Oh My God"

[Q-tip:]
Listen up everybody the bottom line
I'm a black intellect, but unrefined
with precision like a bullet, target bound
just livin like a hooker, the harlett sounds
now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hott
V-A-V-A-Vader, the brothers in the spot
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hit
Captain of the poets, I'm the #7 pick
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside
listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide
Tip the earthly body
heavens on my side
even in Santo Domingo
Can I gotta Gringo
we got mikes when do we go
know a little nigga who can ryhme when you ask me
short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy
Phife Dawg
1 for the treble
2 for the bass
you know the style Tip
it's time to flip this
I like my beats hard like two day old shit
steady eatin booty M.C's like cheese Grits
My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode
used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue
it's not like honey dip would wanna get with me
but just in case I own more condoms then T.L.C.
now the formula is this Me, Tip, and Ali
for those who can't count it goes 1-2-3
The answer(scratch-Damn right I'm)Hiccup is how i be
brothers find it's hard to do but never me
some brothers try to dis my malik
you see'm ditchin me
now cure all the B.B. M.C.'s my shit is hittin
trainin gladiator, anti-hesitater
Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada
Mr. energetic, who me sound pathetic
when's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?
(I don't know man*[3x]*)
(I don't know*[2x]*)

[Chorus:]
(Oh My God yes, Oh my god *[x10]*)

[Q-Tip]
Complimentary it be
the theif of Poetry
I got a humdinger comin hook line and sinker
the TIMBO hits with the prints underground
TIMBO's on the toes, i like the way it's goin down
down like the lady of the evenin
when it goes in Toots just beleive the sin
cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place
Take off your boots cuz you can't run the race

[Chorus:]
(Oh My God *[x14]*)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Keep It Rollin'"

[Verse One: Phife Dawg]

Aiyyo swing swing swing, to chop chop chop
Yo that's the sound when MC's get mopped
Don't come around town without the hip in your hop
Cause when the shit hits the fan, that ass'll get dropped
MC's wanna attack me but them punks can't cope
I'll have you left without a job, like Isley from The Love Boat
So money watch your mouth, or I might have to bust ya
Battlin MC's, from JFK to Russia
Back down to London, Sweden and Brazil
Do a U.S. tour for three months and then a chill
Styles be fat like Jackie Gleason, the rest be Art Carney
People love the Dawg like the kids love Barney
"I love you, you love me"
The shorty Phife Dawg is your favorite MC
So move back yaself dread, you know the element
The Tribe is good for your health like a can of Nutriment
MC's don't have no winds, MC's don't have no winds
I flips you crazier than a busload of Jerry's Kids
Your crew don't want it, man your crew don't want it
But if you feel you can swing it, then money please bring it
(sup) Large Professor in the house (sup)
(sup) You know how we do (sup)
(sup) I stay on your crew (sup)
(whassup) like Mario Lemieux (whassup)
(Whassup?) Peace to Ike Love
(Sup? Hah hah) and the rest of the crew (Whassup?)
(Whassup?) I meet you guys in front the cleaners
Bring the blunts and the brew so

[Verse Two: Q-Tip]

Whassup kids? The Ab is speaking from the moon
Thanks for your support, aiyyo I'll be home soon
But the only thing I ask when I return from my task
Is a whole bunch of beats and a Blass full of ass
My fist stands firm because I'm, black and solid
I open up your pores like a plate full of collards
C'mon take it easy wouldya, easy easy
I'm up in the gulley, that's when I am her Buddy
She told me pull her hair, I did, it drove her nutty
Filled up the hole like spackle or I mean putty
When we over joints like this we never cruddy
Extra P hooked the beat, and kids it feels luh-huh-ovely
Check it out, cause my conception is immaculate
A bachelor, lookin for a bachlelorette

Back to you MC's, this is what your gonna get
A first degree burn from my man Ken's cigarette
I hope you like Malboro, Paul you know we thorough like Denver
The beat feels like a never-ender
But all things good must, so I won't sweat it
Drop the C's for the youthful crew, I hope you get it
As I stand, grip this mic inside my hand
Boy I smack you up, like I was your old grand
so respect yourself Son, and come and gimme love
Once again the Ab is who you think of
So chill with the beef money, we got a Jetti

[Verse Three: Extra P (Large Professor)]

It's Extra P and yo Tip I'm bout to set it
on the country once again here to win
I'm Uptown chillin, takin in this grand master Vic blend
from the projects, the PJ's, fuck them two DJ's
Self mission, I had her in the ill position
Saying "Large youse the soul brother that I'd like to
eff with for the rest of my life" yeah yeah now check the method
As I, proceed with what you need like Akinyele
A whip looks complete when the tires say Firelli
Funk monkey, one rapper fell off, now he's a junkie
There's 8 Million Stories in the city it's a pity
Don't fuck with the skins if she's trying to act shitty
Shout to the Guru, Primo and Zulu Zulu
Nation, was on a vacation, in the ghetto
Yo Ras slow your roll I'm bout to bag this here's metal
Rapper Nas on topic, seems we gonna rock it
Queens represent, buy the album when I drop it (drop it)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Chase Pt. II"

[BizMarkie] "I'm bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out"
[repeat 4X]

[Phife:]
Them can't touch me no, them can't touch me
Them can't hold me no, them can't hold me *[2X]*
(*[Q-Tip:]* Damn, Phife you got fat!)
Yeah, I know it looks pathetic
Ali Shaheed Muhammad got me doing calisthenics
Needless to say, boy I'm bad to the bone
Making love to my mic like Jarobi on the phone
But um, no time for jokes (what!), there's bills to be paid (what!)
Hoes to be laid (what!), punks to be sprayed (what!)
Chumps to attack, so my man watch your back
Cuz '93 means skills are a must, so never lack (uh!)
Sit back and learn, come now watch the birdie
Your styles are incomplete, same as Vinny Testaverde
Battlin, whenever -- hot Damn!
Give me the microphone bwoy, one time, bam!

[Q-Tip:]
Keep it on the corner, cuz here comes the heat
Lyrically it stays, the jazz will pace the beat
As we proceed to elevate you, we in fo-fo
Run and tell your dad the Abstract's the bag
As we proceed to move your high parts, we know who has ass
Poets got the gimmicks, but they lack the sassafras
To make the average hardrock and cock the glock
And roam the city streets on the jury, they hot
I be ingredients, like sugar and candy
If your life is broke, girl I'll be the handy-dandy
That commends you, my fee is a shower
For you, I'll scrub your back and I'll soap the butt-crack
Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff
Fuckin with the Ab, you got the greatest of gifts
Yo, my mic is sounding bug. Bob Power, you there?(Yeah)
Adjust the bass and treble make my shit sound clear(echo)

[Chorus x8:]
(Q-Tip: After fourth time)
Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff
Fuckin with the Ab, you got the greatest of gifts
A-yo, my mic is sounding bug. Bob Power, you there?
Adjust the bass and treble...OK, could you come in Tip?

[Q-Tip:]
Whoop, back yourself man. Come watch me drop it

For showing me I could do it, for showing me I can rock it
Me not deal wit no changaram, bangaram business
I got soul on a hymn, like Jehovah's got the witness
Musically, the three, poetically, be me
We in jammin on the airwaves, kids just rave
Obey the MCs, cuz the MCs say
We flippin more niggaz like we Super Dave
But noticin my stature, y'all niggaz know we gotcha
Movin to the rapture, listen how we catch ya
Movin with the grace, here we go, let's begin
Makin people jump out their goddamn skin
Lyrically, we bite like we Rin Tin Tin
Peace to Grand Pu and his many, many skins
Don't mark with the arrow, cuz we know we get the wins
It's the Ab, Shaheed, and the Dawg for the blend

[Chorus until end:]

[Q-Tip:]
I wanna say peace to my man Rob P, my man Jerod, and
Skeff Anslem on the help out and we out like shout
Nine-tre, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...
I don't wanna say nine-tre
cause my man Extra P said don't say the years
So, it's for eternity, know what I'm sayin?
Rock rock on, everybody in Queens, rock rock on
Everybody in Brooklyn, rock rock on
Money Earnin Mt. Vernon, rock rock on
Everybody in Jersey, rock rock on
Everybody in Philly rock rock on
Everybody in Houston, rock rock on
Everybody LA, rock rock on
Everybody in The Sand, rock rock on
Everybody in Egypt, rock rock on
Everybody Nigeria, rock rock on
Everybody in London, rock rock on
Everybody in Sweden, rock rock on
Everybody in beware, rock rock on
To the niggaz on the famous, rock rock on
Everybody no name, rock rock on
To the kids at Nu-Clear, rock rock on
The Cave rock rock on. McDonald's, rock rock on

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Lyrics To Go"

[Q-Tip]
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go) uhh
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go) ahh yeah, c'mon
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go)
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go) yeah yeah
Lyrics to go (lyrics to go)

Goin on and on to the rhythmic variation
Wakin in the morning I still represent the nation
When I speak of nation please don't make the deviation
Rebels of the party who create the jump sensation
Mind is a pit of different information
Microphone is on so of course communication
Bogle at the party then you got the bogle-ation
Decaptatin foes yo as if my name was Jason (c'mon)
Makin all the fellas at the party lose composure
Hook up the beat with the mic and it's over (original, uh!)
A Tribe Called Quest we on the run for whatever
Trials and tribulations that we have to endeavor
Brothers know my steelo it's a letter to the better
If you see a shorty that you like, then you sweat her
Silly with the microphone, in other words I'm loco
Six foot zero with my height, complexion cocoa
Representin on the mic it seems to be my daily
I can do a split and turn around like Alvin Ailey
But when it comes to days like this I got lyrics to go

(I got lyrics to go) It's like that y'all, c'mon y'all
Lyrics to go
It's like that y'all, c'mon y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that

[Phife Dawg]
I know it's been two years but see the Tribe was never fallin
Would have tried for singin but that stuff was not my callin
The mic is in effect so you know I'm never stallin
Walkin through the door and all them suckers started haulin
Talk a lot of trash but no one can seem to beat it
Pull out your microphone and watch the Phifer make you eat it
The MC's they get jealy when the girly's on my belly
Kick a slow dance like my brother R. Kelly (bust a rhyme)
Today's a hip-hop draft will I be top-seeded? (uhh)
Worked too frickin hard while all the rest were gettin weeded
Steady kickin styles so I can reach that other level (uh)
Don't worry about gettin gassed I push the pedal to the metal
Always wanted this cause it surely beats a scramble (right)
I'm Jordan with the mic, huh, wanna gamble? (mmm)

This I dedicate to all the honiest that be bogle-in
Cause at the end of the night y'know Malik will have his Trojans
But when it comes to nights like this I got lyrics to go

Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
Lyrics to go
Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
Lyrics to go
Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
Lyrics to go
Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
It's like that y'all
Check it out y'all
It's like that y'all
Check it out y'all
It's like that y'all
Check it out here we go!

[Q-Tip]
Please proceed with caution cause the lyricist is fatal
I can kick your little monkey ass like Kato (yes dread, uhh)
Formulate your rhymes like a child forms Play-Doh (right)
Calm and serene like the study was tayo
Poetry machine with correct mechanisms
Immune to disease I defeat organisms
that are waitin in my path, I overstep the critters
Give your ass the willies and your moms'll get the jitters (uh)
Winners turn to losers, losers are forgotten
Tangle in my fore with, hopes that I stop rockin
Never will that happen only if it is permitted (uhh)
Wait... I think somebody shitted (c'mon)
I guess that will be me cause I'm the only one MCin
I go for what I know doin a show for human beings
Always try to lead yo never will I follow
Blowin up the spot like Fred did to Rollo
And when it comes to days like this, I got lyrics to go

Check it out y'all
(Lyrics to go) It's like that y'all
I got lyrics to go
Everybody
(I got lyrics to go) Ah c'mon now
I got lyrics to go
Ah check it out y'all
(I got lyrics to go) It's like that now
I got lyrics to go
Everybody
(I got lyrics to go) Ah c'mon now
I got lyrics to go

Check it out y'all
(I got lyrics to go) It's like that now
I got lyrics to go
C'mon y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Everybody
I got lyrics to go
It's like that y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Check it out now
I got lyrics to go
Ah c'mon y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Everybody
I got lyrics to go
It's like that y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Check it out now
I got lyrics to go
It's like that y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Every-bo-ty
I got lyrics to go
It's like that y'all
(I got lyrics to go) Ah check it out now
It's like that y'all
Check it now
It's like that y'all
Check it now
It goes... uhh

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"God Lives Through"

[Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!" *[16X]*

[Phife Dawg]
There's a million MC's that claim they want some
But see, I create sounds that make your ears go numb
Peace to Sayers Ave., yeah you know how we go
My best friend Steven at the Home Depot
Lowerton is in the house, I can't forget Southside
Walk past MC's like that girl did the Pharcyde
I'm labeled as the cat's meow, the MC with the know-how
Act like you know, not now, but right now
Beast of the East, on MC's I have a feast
I'd eat that ass like quiche, crack a smile like Shanice
Straight out Jamaica scene, Jamaica, Queens
But you could find me out in Georgia, or anywhere in between
Now if my partners don't look good, Malik won't look good
If Malik don't look good, the Quest won't look good
If the Quest don't look good, then Queens won't look good
But since the sounds are universal, New York won't look good
Picture Phife losin a battle, come on, get off it
Put down the microphone son, surrender forfeit
Did I hear somethin bout a crew? What they wanna do?
You better call Mr. Babyface, so he can bring out _The Cool in You_
or it'll be a sad love song being sung by Toni Braxton
And I'll dissect you like a fraction
Oh, you wannabe top cat MC's, I'll pop you like a zit
You wanna be the champ, you more like Chief Some-shit
Big up myself everytime when it comes to this
MC's be runnin scared as if they're watchin the Exorcist
I kick more game than a crackhead from Hempstead
My styles are milk, man, you'd think that I was breast fed
You know the steelo when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
I dedicate this to all the MC's outta Queens
that goes for Onyx, LL, Run-D.M.C.
Akinyele, Nasty Nas and the Extra P
You need a chart, straight up and down man, there ain't no other
Nuff respect to all my peeps that made the album cover
Yo, Tip don't worry Dunn you know I get the party jumpin
Get on the mic and break em off a lil lil sumthin
Yo, Tip don't worry Dunn you know I get the party jumpin
Get on the mic and break em off a lil lil sumthin (Ooohh...)

[Busta Rhymes] "Oh my God!"

[Q-Tip] [over Busta Rhymes]
La, la, la, la..
Doop, doo, do, do..

La, la, la, la..
Shooby-doop, do, do..
La, la, la, la..
Shooby-doo, do, do..
You know I'm on the other, for the top 40
Haha, you gotta do it like this..

We got the funk doody don shit, clearly it's the bomb shit
So recognize me, kids memorize me
Everyday, I be scroungin, really, I be loungin
I play the down low, very very incognito
Aries is my sign, I know that I can rhyme
Sometimes I rhyme in riddles, plus I make the hunnies wiggle
Intellect is the major, some heads like to wager
The skills on the hill, overlookin dollar bills
Man, ya crazy, thinkin you can phase me
The Ab doesn't study near nonsense money
Life seems to meet me, MC's seem too cheesy
With they doody ass renditions of defeatin competition
I rock to the roll man, yes, I'm a soul man
Bet'cha bottom dolla, Vinia will make ya holla
As ya stand at attention, did I forget to mention
MC's will give me twenty, if I sense that they act funny
Lyrics are abundant, right there, I sound redundant
Just mentionin the fact, that the area is fat
I dwell in the unda, so hunny, it's no wonder
That I get plenty of tail, well I even get white
I'ma bet hittin head crack, there money, take that
Breakin niggaz off, cut their bank, then I'm off
While my Nik'es match my lil hat, beat joint is mad fat
Got the cutter of the box if a kid thinks he's ox
For tier means creator, the poetry relator
It's hemp, like Betsy Ross, let me tell you who's the boss

La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!") smooth it y'all
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")
La, la, la.. (*[Busta Rhymes]* "Oh my God!")

Queens got a Zoo
Brooklyn got a Zoo
Bronx got a Zoo
Long Island got a Zoo
Long Island.. got the zone
Jersey got a Zoo
Philly got a Zoo
Milwaukee got a Zoo
L.A. got a Zoo
Oaktown got the zone

La, la, la.. *[4X]*
See, I like to get down Jack

A TRIBE CALLED QUEST
MARAUDERS
BEATS RHYMES AND LIFE

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Phony Rappers"

[Intro: Kamaal (Q-Tip)]

Phony rappers who do not write
Phony rappers who do not excite
Phony rappers, check it out, aight

[Verse One: Kamaal (Q-Tip)]

Yo, I was riding the train
And this Puerto Rican kid said simple and plain
Let's battle
It kinda took me by surprised
Cuz the brother was moving wit his eyes on the prize
I said screw it, I ain't got nuttin to lose but um
But I got to do this shit real quick so um
Hurry up kid, bust your joints and then I'll bust mine
And I be out cuz I got to see this hottie, he said ok
Now check it, check it out, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, that's what he said
Then I came back and just fucked up his head
Cuz yo, he thought an MC who was seen on TV
Couldn't hold the shit down in New York City
Aiyyo, I showed his ass, then I went off on my task
To bless her ass Uptown, real MC's will hold it down
Yea, yea, sonny, to the beat like that
You wanna bring it to me, where you at

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

Yes, dread, I had a similiar situation
When this kid tried to tell me I didn't deserve my occupation
He said I wasn't shit that I was soon to fall
I looked him up and down, grab my crotch and said balls
Of course he tried to bring it on the battling tip
Ay, you know me, you know I had to come out my shit
Trying to lounge at the mall, meet Skef and Mr Walton
Finally I banged his ass wit the verbal assault
He said a rhyme about his .45 and his nickelbags of weed
That's when I preceeded to give him what he needed
Talking 'bout I need a Phillie right before I get loose
Poor excuse, money please, i get loose off of orange juice
Preferly Minute Maid cuz that's exactly what it takes
To write a rhyme, huh, to school your nickels and your dimes
Because an MC like me be on TV
Don't mean I can't hold my shit down in NYC

Phony rappers who do not write
Phony rappers who do not excite

Phony rappers, you know they type
Phony rappers, check it

[Verse Three: Phife, Consequence]

It seems there's a sanitation, y'all full of thrash talker
Sounding good but money can you feed the dog hawker
Talking 'bout your mic days and your breakdancing
Not enhancing, you sound tired
Oh, shit, I didn't know you like to play yourself in front'cha friends
Sitting there, lying to no end
MC's for me make things happening
Talk about a world but in a form of rapping
Who will be the captain of this ship
If it goes down, don't you know you have to go wit it
Just because you rhyme for a couple of weeks
Doesn't mean that you've reach the MC's peak
Let me stop sounding all bitter
Ghetto child, never be a quitter
But don't be a phony in the litter
Take it as a letter from the better
Take it from a man who used to rhyme in busted ass jetta's

[C:] Yo, Phife, you need a condom
[P:] Word to God, mess around
I catch Aids from Mc's being on my nuts too hard
[C:] Cuz on my blvd you better bring your bodyguard
[P:] And what's your blvd
[C:] LP, I represent naturally
[P:] So don't step on the rolly if you know that you're phony
Or else I bend that ass like elbow macaroni
Cuz I gotta keep it real (gotta keep it real)
A Tribe Called Quest, you see we never half step
[C:] (So on your mark) get ready, MC's be jetti
Me and Phifey be on ya like Veronica and Betty
Archie, Jughead, snuffing Mc's
From Brainslane down to Hempstead
[P:] Yes 'Quence, see over
His rhyme style is older that a Chrysler car Nova
I'm wilder then the cats from Arizona
Villanova, un, un, Kentucky
Whos' the next MC stepping up to try and bust me
Bring him here and boy, will I ever let him have it
[C:] And when it comes to the microphone, don't even try to grab it
What?

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Get A Hold"

[intro fading in:] Drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting by, totally. Drifting by(just)totally. Drifting by(just)totally

[Q-Tip:]
The deadly venom, let me start from the beginning
We always hittin, so yo, there'll be no extra innings
As I send the mic out the park like Reggie Jackson
You be the minor leaguer who sees no action
The coming attraction(what!)
The main feature
And I'ma greet ya, like a rhymin ass creature
Lurking all up in the dark, unknown parts
The brotha well prepared is the brotha who will start
And that's me Akki, as long as the ladies move they bodies
We'll have a four-on-two stand
Cuz that happens to be the nature of man
Sexuality, it is the format baby
Ain't no ifs, no buts, no ands, or maybes
But I praise Lord in the worlds that's unseen
Respect me for that and let me do my thing(just)
I said, respect me for that and let me do my thing

[Chorus:]
(Drifting by)You know we gotta get a hold
(totally) Over the illest drum rolls
(totally drifting by just...)

Yo, how you doin? Let me give you an intro
My name's the Abstract, now let me give you some info
Got the diamond in the back, and the sunroof shit
That makes the hardcore MCs resort to being bitch
And I don't give a shit about being wild rich
Just make me comfortable and I'll deal with it
Your lust for the riches make a nigga feel sick
Down to his zealots, upchuck and then spit
Denouncin my beliefs, well then your wig get split
Lay your ego on the ground so that you'll benefit
You can take these words and relay it to your click
Take some time for your mind and get off them head trips
The Tribe is the crew that makes your mics get lit
Like the Fourth of July on some firework shit
My record company be on some true jerk shit
But that's i-ight. Now, I'm on some true work shit
And I'ma make it happen for my whole outfit

[Chorus:]

(Drifting by)You know we got to get control
(totally)Over the illest drum rolls
(totally drifting by just...)Third verse

A-yo, we just gettin started
Got to redirect this vision
Got the beauty of a flower
Plus dimensions like a prism
Your minds are locked down like prison
Y'all really need to go lay down
Cuz positivity has risen
We hittin
Yo bust how we too strong to be broken
Occasional malfunction pressure time
We ain't jokin
For security we on this run like Logan
Kamaal's doin the hustle
And you backstage voguin
We all got flaws
Don't ever try to think that you perfect
We all are human beings
There's bullshit at the surface
Sometimes, I mean we rhyme
Damn, we ain't prophets
And if you think so, you need to stop it
So jump back inside your shell
Let your million dollar thoughts propel
But next man don't get jel
Playa hate that all carries weight
That we don't need
We slim with disabilities and
Thick with possibilities
Cuz then you can't move with fertility
Navigatin with good visibility
We put these tunes out in record shop facilities
Let's strive to get this constant money activity
We try to stay on the scene like Fidel
So if you get enraged with these names it still rebels
There ain't no plan B's
Yo watch, we movin through with plan A
Money market doin things the right way

[Chorus:]
(Totally)You know we got to get control
(Drifting by, just)Over the illest drum roll
(Totally drifting by just...) *[x3]*
(Totally just(x2), Drifting by *[x2]* in background)
Yo bust it out section, section.
Section Linden Boulevard
Section on Merrick
Section the whole Jamaica
Section on Flushing
Section in Bed-Stiduy

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Motivators"

[chorus:]
We be the number one motivators
Ghetto mentality and the innovators
Some of y'all may really hate us
But we won't be soft, all we wanna do is rock

[Phife:]
We be the crew that presents it on wicked instrumental
Damagin your mental, from here to Sacramento
This here groove was made for vintage freestylin
Feelin like I'm chillin on a Caribbean island
Rugged, raw material is what we bring forth
A Tribe Called Quest, we representin up North
What's that you're sayin in the back, actin all silly
Kickin freestyle raps, rollin up phillies

[Q-Tip:]
It's the four man fiasco in charge like Roscoe
Now you get the picture like Picasso
We make it happen when these niggaz start rappin
Who this, captain?
Stick out your hand, you gets no dap and..
I got the Razor, got the Phife, I got the Shaheed
Now all you shorties move your ass while you puff weed
Blessin fans with autographs in my paths
While other rappers get gassed, they be defeating the task

[Consequence:]
Yo, if I ruled the world
It wouldn't be that gassed shit, niggaz will make the light swirl
Cuz after you G, ain't nuthin but Girl...Scouts
And I'mma show you what it's all about(ah yeah)
Is what you say when my love is in your mouth
Without a doubt, I cut MCs like the cord
Cuz I does more than that MC from The Lords
While you be froggin like Bud-wei-ser
And rappin is what you slackin in
I'm knockin MCs outta action like abstinance
Rockin since kiss my dick was kickin ass
Peachfuzz, cuz...you might be on drugs

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]
To all my people across the state who sit back and contemplate
Motivate, I motivate
To all my people across the land who get their feet stuck in sand

Motivate, I motivate y'all

[Consequence:]
A yo, I speak with something new but not Granddaddy I.U.
Stay tuned, live from the L-B-Q
A yo, it's destined St. John, I swing on your block
You know how I get down like Heather B. with them glocks
I came to lead my team to victory like Hayden Fox
Cuz heads ain't ready for the willie I got
Ya naw'mean slim, I dug my thing like them grim
Leavin crews in state of black and blue like Rakim
And if you don't know, you better ask another
It's like 192 when we rollin deep cover
So don't shut down on the Razor
Cuz in the 9-Live we steppin through hotter than the Trail Blazers
And in Queens, I be a legend like Richard Dean
Son, I gotta team that Hakeem couldn't dream
While you be standin sellin, Queens keep it live
Who the hell you tellin (Kim from the Tribe)

[Phife:]
Let me tell you why I be the top dog in the industry
Because all these so-called mutts are not seein me
They too busy eatin cycles 1, 2 and 3
They can't MC, I'd rather be down with fuckin Droopy D
My style is deadly, word bond, act like you fuckin know
Been writin rhymes ever since Ray Parker sang with Radio
You're style is played out like a two-tone down goose
You couldn't Converse if you had fuckin react juice
So hold your corner as I fuckin bless this mic in here
I'm eatin through your crew like Stephen King's ankle layers
Chop off my feet, word to God, I'm gonna hurt you
(Will y'all fall off?) Will Laura fuck Urkel?
Never, here comes the funk, smell the aroma
Kid, my shit's the bomb, ask my peeps from Oklahoma

[Q-Tip:]
To all my people across the state who sit back and contemplate
Motivate, I motivate, I motivate y'all
To all my people across the land who get stuck in great sand
Motivate, I motivate y'all
To all my peoples everywhere throw your mitts in the air
Motivate, motivate, motivate, motivate
Can't do nuthin for your frontin, get involved and do somethin
Motivate, motivate, I motivate, I motivate, I moti...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Jam"

[Girls talking on phone]

[Q-Tip:]
It was Friday afternoon in the middle of June
Heineken bottle caps and the aroma of boom
Around the time everybody had just got home from class
Shootin dice, talkin shit, hopin the cash would last
Yo, this was around the time when I didn't know no better
Juney moved around in a tinted out Jetta

[Phife:]
Then he introduced me to that hydro smoke
Then I took one toke, yo, I almost choked
See I never smoked before and my nerves got shot
Then he told me about the party at the spot jam rock
It was guaranteed on but I said "son, chill"
There's a joint around the way that's supposed to be real
Word

[Q-Tip:]
He said we got no Js, so we gonna do it right
Hit your man's joint first, then jam rock at one night
Then I said "aight", then I jumped inside the jetty
Let me take a shower, I'm sweaty, and then I'll be ready
Tonight is the night I get my groove on steady
And get my drink on with that Ford named Betty
I went upstairs to get fly, broke my tie
On some liquor, to meet my high quicker
Now, I'm tight, them know, the party is the M.O.
Me and my crew, we get it started like a demo
Eleven in the evenin, I'm feelin like a heathen
This thing is goin down and I highly doubt I'm leavin
Booty cheeks start to motion and the kids is drinkin potion
Word is bond, that Black Moon joint got me open
(Don't front)

[Consequence:]
A yo, the DJ put this short groove on
The good shit that makes a kid lose his drink
Blendin Risin to the Top and got these shorties hoppin
Nuthin but coppin, ain't no stoppin me now
Yo, I'm bound to win until that thing kicked in
The Alazay had me drunk, I don't know where to begin(echoed)

[Phife:]
Not I'm feelin kinda jaded, wildly coherent
Me and the fellas acted very irreverent

Butt grabbin, mad laughin and assin

[Consequence:]
When that chick caught up, the shorty lookin fed up
They say you drug one with this one, gibbin with that one

[Q-Tip:]
A yo, I'm just doin my thing, yo I'm just havin fun
You don't see me in here wylin pullin out no gun
Yo, I see some of that thing girl and I want some
So let's step inside this corner so that we can rap on
Over this bumpin ass song and some Dom Perignon

[Phife:]
I hit ya with the good lovin plus fillet mignon
(Yeah, yeah scrammy scrams, yo, that's that same old song)
(A yo, tell me why the hell your breath smells so strong)

[Consequence:]
Yo, put some brakes on your yappin or you won't live long
(Please nigga, push on)
Alright scrams, see you later (scrams)
Can't mess with these street sharks or these alligators

[Phife:]
I can't take it no more, yo it's damn near four
I've been partyin and drinkin since I came out my door

[Q-Tip (Consequence)]
Look at these kids about to mix it, damn, where's the exit?
(Son, jetted to the ride and got the burner out the Lexus)
Yo, he cocked his joint back like he's about to let him have it
(Kid, I kept it movin like the Energizer rabbit)
A yo yo, it's time to skate, ain't no time to contemplate
(*[all:]* Whoops, looka there, there's Jake)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Crew"

[Intro: Q-Tip]

Just a lil somethin-somethin
about the cats who be fronting
You know the Tip, he be huntin
for all the goodness gracious
All across the wide spaces
yo, check it out, bust me down, yo
Yo... yo...

[Verse One: Q-Tip]

Youse my peoples, why it got to come down to this shit
Two people thinking as one so now he split
Remember what I said to you, you bleed, I bleed
C'mon, you know how we get down, if you're down, you need
And I'm supplying, the dynamic duo, electricfying
Everybody had to wet us, cuz no one will forget us
Son, I testify sure as God was my guide
Any petty little bullshit you did will slide
Same on my end, after all, what are we, friends
If niggaz ran me this, too much grounds we defend
In the honor or brotherhood cuz it's all good
Get on some grown man shit and let's knock on wood
But now seeing you baby in this stall out position
Wondering who's the dime piece that you're kissing
You night as well take the jigger and take my life
Cuz the dime piece you happen to be kissing is my wife
Shit, I should have know not to let these crab asses
Get within the circle of my girl and make passes
Now you disrespected me and everything I stand for
(But I'm saying though, son) Shhh, say no more
Allah forgive me, my thoughts is traveling to low desires
Should I turn the other cheek or react and perspire
Don't wanna see myself in penitentiary attire
But I caught him in the act and my emotion is dire

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Pressure"

[Verse]

[Q-Tip]

In this American metropolis filled with MC's
A Tribe Called Quest came to drop jewels wit' ease
Plus make you party, we do this music thing for everybody
Black, White, Latino and Asian, we cold raisin'
The stakes of hip-hop to a new plateau
To bridge gaps in generations for future plantations
A god-fearin' folk cos we all from the yolk
Of one breed, one seed, to good goals we proceed
Nowadays I strive to be a very good influence
Even though not too long ago I was a truant
Now I'm droppin' it on this and many broad topics
From man's obsession with money to holy prophets
Like Mohammed, yo, you know the scene is so freaky
Enemies they denounce me and my own try to sweep me
Now I got hip-hop acts posin' like fat cats
Lex and a Rolex, Moet and a top hat
But what about your contract, slick? Is you proper?
It's time we turned the tables of this hip-hop fable
I be strivin yo', tryna bang these joints out my skillet
And fulfil it, think about these kids, we can't kill it

[Phife]

Now every dog has his day, but eff that, it's my year
All you gat pullin' MC's could never come near
All that bogus type chatter, please put it to rest
It's the Phifer from Quest leavin' venues a mess
So I even start to (Rap) when you know you have no (Haps)
Wit' your simpleton (Lyrics), your light-hearted (Act)
Step back, me no have no time for dat
I'm blowin' up the spot for all you ras clot idi-ots
In a world where you have like a zillion MC's
Ninety percent of all you suckers have filthy LPs
Bitch this, trick that, come on, act like you know
I be that up north MC who never chose to play the down-low
(His name is Phife Dawg) I label myself as The Boss (True dat)
Same height as Little Vicious, yet I'm shorter than Kriss Kross
Queens representation, son, you know how we do
While Light' and Sha, they represent BK to the fullest
I be the sidekick to The Abstract, so get ready for combat
Yo, what about about them biters? Errr! Me not like that
My motto is to wreck shop, I do it on the non-stop
Come on party people, you must give me my props

Cos y'all know good and damn well that the style has been mastered
So head for the border you peasy-haired bastards
Before I start to put it on ya, come on now, must I warn ya?
Queens is in the house so all MC's go hold their corner

[Outro]

We feelin' pressures in here
You know we feelin' pressures
Feelin' pressures in here
You know we feelin' pressures
We gotta stand clear
Jus' gotta stand clear
Gotta gotta stand clear of the pressure
The what?

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"1nce Again"

[Intro:]

You on point Phife?
1nce Again Tip
You on point Phife?
1nce Again Tip
You on point Phife?
1nce Again Tip
Word
Watch me bust they shit
OK

[Chorus:]

[Tammy Lucas]
Ohhhh, you did it to me 1nce Again my friend
I swear you do it to me everytime
Cause you stay crazy on my mind
Yo you got it goin on (say word), on and on and on
On and on and on

[Verse One: Phife Dawg, Q-Tip]

This is the year that I come in and just devestate
My style is great ask your peoples can I dominate?
My rhymes are harder than last night's erection
Don't play me close, I'll have this mic up in your rear section
My shit is lovely simply meaning that my joint is tight
Amping up the mic making sure production's tight
Sometimes I might catch a severe case of writer's block
But by the end of the day you'll be on my jock
My name's Malik my hobby's putting MC's to the test
And if you front I'll put my foot up in your friggin chest
Freestyle fanatic, and never will it ever stop
You crew is loose, you might just want to call the cops

Aiyyo I gotta put some action on paper
Make sure my verse jump up and spread out like the raper
The only tip I got for a waiter
Is watch the doorknob hit me where the dirty dog shoulda bit me
That was my train of thought, but for so long I fought
Now I'm at a level supreme to the devil
So turn up the bass and lay low on the treble
We be the real MC's and you dead, bring a shovel
Revitalize, the vital Tribe nigga, WHAT?
The ladies sweat the style like the squirrel sweat the nuts
You know a fellas good for the moola

Don't smoke no woolas, read the name call me Slick Tip the Ruler

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Q-Tip, Phife]

Yo I've been treading on this globe man for twenty-five joints
Sometimes Shaitan got me by the pressure points
But I can break a fella down like sex
You eat Wheat Chex but still light in the ass and can't flex
If one nigga front I'ma make more pay
Cause toniiiiight, we gettin off like O.J.
And yo I got a Dawg that bites, fuck the barking
Yo I got a crew with the beats and the smarts and

I fought my shit up on Linden in the one-nine-two
Forever writing never biting ain't shit else to do
Hoping to battle, but most MC's ain't ready yet
But if they huddle, and word, then this is good as set
You have MC's dropping bombs that's incredible
Some of the brothers, their styles are just despicable
As for me see I just do how I love to do
Try to deny me of my props then I'll be seeing you
Most of you suckers wanna be down for the tag along
The friggin fame, someone tell em that this shit ain't games
You gots to do this from your heart meaning your inner soul
And if it's real only then will you be on a roll
I try to stay on top my game there ain't no time to lose
Four albums deep as a Quester but still we payin dues
So hear me out one time, you gots ta be yourself
Cuz if you ain't yourself you end up by your friggin self
I'm coming rugged with the Linden Boule type of slang
And yo we'll see who can hang yo

You on point Tip?
Yo 1nce Again Phife
You on point Tip?
Yo 1nce Again Phife
You on point Tip?
Yo 1nce again Phife
Aiyyo that kid is hard!

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Mind Power"

[Q-Tip:]
Your new lesson is to realize the mission when you hear it
MCin, see I got this in my spirit
I got verses like Mahalia singin church hymns
So strap up because you skatin on ice that's wild thin
A weak foundation doesn't make a good home
That's why mine is built on chrome microphones
We bout to do it theoretically, insteadibly, to the medley
Come on
It's the complete Kamal, unique, Fareed, breed
That'll keep you broke down like a horse 5 speed
So move buddy, a yo we got to get this money
In this land of dead and crummy, ain't a damn thing funny
A yo, shout out to Mobb Deep, the Extra P
Busta Rhymes, De La, the J Beez, so don't sleep
We got reality for the carriage
Stayin sincere to this, so I know we gonna manage
Give me, liberty in mass amounts and Swiss bank accounts
With the sustainer, it'll be real
So me and my brothas, we can sit down and build
Like Rampage with that last boy scout appeal
We got that silk, satin, Manhattan intelligence feel
That keeps everything on even keels
So all you slow brothas talkin yang, ya poo tang
Now, we gonna show you how the real crew bang

[Consequence:]
A yo, I bring it to you live kid, Queens niggaz love static
Your rap's had it, braggin more numbers than mathematics
I get brains on progmatic from leavin wet dreams shattered
That's the same copy gettin in your mug shot
I stays hot like summertime on LBQ and boo boo
The love shack is 192, my joint's smooth
To watch them niggaz fall like Linque
I keeps it brand new like school shoppin
It's on and poppin
So come peep this nigga's steez like rayon
You get laid off while I'll be gamin ghetto girl like 8-Off
The verdict's in, I be the look of blendin
Give up your goods cause it's the start of your endin

[Q-Tip:]
(Where ya at?) We seein life for what it is
(Where ya at?) We get this money for these kids
(Where ya at?) We bout to build the foundation
(Where ya at?)

[Phife:]
Now, all that glock totin' trash you talk will not prevail
It's stale, you'll either be dead or in jail
I keeps it realer than the logo on milk
Denouncin tough guy wannabes that look smoother than silk
That's the sound of the man gettin yanked off the stage
Tryin to front like he mad paid
Suckin so bad, we threw his mama off the train (insane)
MCs are just givin it all away (OK)
Who said him know about the Quest type sound?
Mess around and get your ass knocked down (clown)
I dedicate this to the posers that play hard
You wanna hear some rhymes, well come bring your bodyguard
So he can peep the worldwide Willie that we display
Leavin all MCs in complete disarray
I beez a veteran MC, crushin crews for years
You frontin hard, when you softer than the Berenstain Bears
Yeah, chumps be like "Phife, that ain't fair"
Fuck outta here, do I look like I care
Come off my stage, before I grab ya neck and handle ya
Wet ya like punani, then dry you like Canada
Shaheed Muhammad's on the Gemini mixer
Peace to Derrick Coleman, Mad Max and the Sixers
I'm cappin hard cause I got this rap shit sold
From Linden Boulevard down to Cascade Road
You know my steez, I treat hip hop like a sport
Holdin down fort up on Martinique Court like...

[Q-Tip:]
(Where ya at?) We seein life for what it is
(Where ya at?) We get this money for these kids
(Where ya at?) We bout to build the foundation
(Where ya at?) We gonna start the Zulu Nation
(Where ya at?) Come on, come on
(Where ya at?) We gonna put it all together
(Where ya at?) No matter what the hell the weather
(Where ya at?)

Uh, uh, mind power *[x5]*
Uh, uh, kickin willie is good, all throughout your whole hood
But we gotta start with the spirit first y'all
Mind power

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Hop"

[Q-Tip]
Yea, move your body, decide to party
'Bout to bring it to you kid like we never ever did
My nigga Al G in it, my nigga Shaheed in it
We got the girl Kristine in it, got my man Big G in it

Hey, yo, inside the ghetto or in a sunny meadow
I'ma make you move whether woman or fellow
Yo, I got the medals in the warfield of respect
Like an ill porno make ya body get wet
Just a ghetto child trying to live a straight and narrow
Hoping that my shit will pierce your dome like an arrow
I'm sure it will, especially if it's God's will
MC's you ready to die cuz I'ma kill
All you negative feelings standing on two feet
While I make the hotties move to the hip-hop beat
You know what's really killer, realer than you can imagine
Using every source of pain in my range to make it happen
If I make it happen, that means I'm making motion
And I'm doing my thing causing an ill commotion
Everybody do the hop, niggaz soothe like lotion
I lay up in the piece or an incognotion
You gotta do the hop then move to the beat, you don't stop
Now everybody here, you do the hop
You going up to cop, a town full of brick, don't stop
You gotta come back and do the hop
Yo, fuk the cop, you gotta come back and do the hop
Move till your body won't stop
You gotta do the hop, nonstop motion, nonstop
You gotta come back and do the, do the

[Phife]
You see you, your career is done like Johnny Carson's
Get me vexed, I do like Left Eye, I'll start an arson
Now that I got that out my system
Watch me stab up the track as if my name was OJ Simpson
I packs it in like Van Halen
I work for mine, you, you're freeloading like Kato Kaelin
I'm representing wit my crew
Mess around, bite my rhymes, I beat that ass wit my shoes
C'mon, you know I'm crazy nice (nice, nice)
Brothers can't deal wit this shorty named Phife
You must be mad in the head
I bust his ass and leave 'em bloodclot for dead
Niggaz sound like Das EFX
If it ain't Das EFX, then they sounding like Meth
You might as well do Megadeth

Yo, punk MC's better save your freaking breath
You'se a corny muthafuka
You must be high smoking dust wit Chris Tucker
You

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Keeping It Moving"

[Q-Tip:]
Somethin for your earhole, so you can clean them shits out
It seems that some don't understand what I'm talkin about
How you get West coast nigga, from West coast hater?
I could never dis a whole coast, my time is too greater(true)
Yeah, we from the East, the land of originators
You also from the West, the land of innovators
The only difference of the two is the style of the rap
Plus the musical track, this beef shit is so wack
Let me let y'all brothas know I ain't no West coast disser
Another thing I'm not is a damn ass kisser
So listen to my words as I set things straight
I ain't got no beef, so don't come in my face

Keep it movin, yeah to the K.I.M.
Keep it movin, yeah yeah to the K.I.M.
I ain't got no time for schuckin and jivin
Keep it movin, keep it movin, yeah yeah to the K.I.M.
Keep it movin, yeah yeah to the K.I.M.
I ain't got no time for schuckin and jivin

[Q-Tip:]
Hip hop...a way of life
It doesn't tell you how to raise a child or treat a wife
I verbalize over...rhyme friendly
That puts a listener in a frenzy, so pop me in your Benzi
You dig it? Get wit it or get your melon splitted
If you ever try to combat, Sir Walter moves the king
We got the illy team that doesn't even sweat the gleam
Or glamour, we'll figure 4 your ass like Greg the Hammer
Man, we rockin joints like The Who or Santana
Keep jams packed and hotter than Havana
Positivity is the key in the lock
Put your hand on it, turn it to the right, ak
We doin daredevil dandies on these mics
Peace out to the whole Hiero who's puffin on the hydro
Yeah dun, we movin how we like
Since the days of rockin hi-los, we keepin things on pyro, fire
As we move with zeal and desire
Now, the hip hop plan, hope you complier
Son, we havin tunnel vision but my sight is real real broad
Cuz I can't afford to miss that call
Makin moves, not movies, as get on the ball
And we keepin things covered like a female shawl
When I watch hockey, yo, I just look for the brawl
Quest, Quest and you know we signin out y'all

Keep it movin, yeah yeah, to the K.I.M.
Keep it movin, yeah yeah, to the K.I.M.
I ain't got no time for schuckin and jivin
Keep it movin, yeah yeah
Keep it movin, yeah yeah, to the K.I.M.
Keep it movin, true dat, to the K.I.M.
I ain't got no time for schuckin and jivin

The Pharcyde, you know we do it up, uh, you know we do it up, uh
The Hiero, you know we do it up, yeah yeah, you know we do it up
Yeah, to the Mobb Deep, The Infamous, we do it up, yeah yeah
You know we do it up
To my peoples Know Naim, yeah, you know we do it up, uh uh
You know we do it up
To my man DJ Quik, uh, you know we do it up, uh uh, a do, a do it up
To my man Biz Mark, yeah yeah, you know we do it up, uh uh
You know we do it up
To my man Ike Love love, you know we do it up, yeah yeah
You know we do it up
And my man Extra P, P, you know we do it up, uh uh uh-uh, uh, uh up
I can't forget Dr. Dre, uh, you know we do it up
MC Eiht, uh, you know we do it up
Shelly Mae, uh, you know we do it up
Muhammad, uh, you know we do it up *[fading out]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Baby Phife's Return"

[Phife:]
The mad man Malik makes MCs run for Milk of Magnesia
Maybe that'll ease ya
Master of this microphone mackin, master as in great
I'll have your brain goin in circles as my style tends to ovulate
I'm makin moves, never movies, that's why y'all MCs lose me
Retrace, won't, so your stubborn like groupies
Kid, you know my flava, tear this whole jam apart
Fuck around and have your heart, like Jordan had Starks
While you playin hokey pokey, there's no time to be dokey
Cuz I come out to play every night like Charles Oakley
Dissin around with wack rhymin
You lose your grip from chalk climbin
Let me take this time to say R.I.P. to Phyllis Hyman
Who never got the props that she damn well deserved
But see me, you don't wanna see me, cuz all MCs are gettin served
The nerve, for you to even step to the Phifer
I'll bumrush your set and crush your whole cypher
Reserve, a spot for me in hip hop's hall of fame
Cuz rappin ain't no game, big up your head and maintain
Yeah, Queens forever in this piece crushin any beef
Ain't nuthin sweet, the bakery's across the fuckin street
Phife Dawg, swingin it back and forth just like Aaliyah
Makin moves on your heart like that trick Tamia
No doubt about it, I love hip hop to death
But yo Tip, bring in the chorus cuz I'm losin my breath

[Consequence:]
A, yo, you know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough Queens
You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough Queens
You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
You know the deal, ha, you know the deal

[Phife:]
Big up pop Duke, that's where I caught my athleticism
My mama, no doubt, that's where I got my lyricism
My nana, that's where I got my spiritualism
As for Tip and Shah, they made me stop from smokin izm
Now, when I'm with some cheese, I be lettin off gism
Writin rhymes since Daddy Kane and Biz Mark was on Prism
I gotta brave heart like the one named Shirley Chisholm
As for my late twin, boy, I wish I was with him
Got the Lightro in the back talkin bout (come on, get him)
And when it comes to rhymes, no doubt, I flip em
Sucka MC in my path, hey main, I say we ship him

Money please, your rhymes are wack, say word, this geek is trippin
Just because my name is Phife, my man, I'm never slippin
I got the type of flave to have your ass straight bitchin
For those who act cute, see I got them on mute
Have you walkin through your projects in your birthday suit
Cuz your style is off loot, so I played him like a flute
If youse a sucka MC, then it's you I rebuke
My style is, everday all day, similar to water
Crushin MCs as if my name was Sargent Slaughter
Keep shit hotter...than a sauna
Or better yet, the hormones on your Christian daughter
Hey, I tried to warn her
My sounds the type to kill, like the grill on Lauryn Hill
So all ya sucka MCs, y'all best go chill
Bout to go to Union Square so I can see my care bear
Singin good stuff in my ear, runnin fingers through my hair
Represent the Zulu Nation with illy rap creations
Just keep shit hotter than Death Row-Bad Boy confrontations
Chillin with Fudge Love because he represents the Haitians
Ya naw'mean

Word up
I just wanna big up everybody for supportin A Tribe Called Quest
Through the years
This be the fourth LP, you know what I'm sayin?
Tip, Shaheed and Phife, Beats, Rhymes and Life
Featuring my man, you know what I'm sayin, Consequence
192 is the area where we represent, for the ladies and gents, ha ha
You know what I'm sayin? Big up Shaheed Muhammad, that's my man
Christine, you know what I'm sayin, word life (fading out)
The Abstract Poetic, rockin this track
Bouncin it all over the place, in your face
You know what I'm sayin? My man Lightro...

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Seperate/Together"

[Verse]

Sometimes men and women look at themselves and see bliss
Through experience we tend to exist
That's through our past or our caretakers
The instance is in particular, so you need to recognize that
if you take all this away
and look at us at the end of the day
we stand great among creation
So baby take these words as a little inspiration
While I kick this shit get your ass motivation
MCs, you're walking a thin line
Get in your ranks and tighten up as we walk through mines
and plus vipers, phony rhymers and biters
Money-grubbers, beat-dubbers
amongst a whole host of others
Who be fakin', fraudulatin'
Waitin' for your bacon
They be takin' and skatin' while you sit contemplatin'
Who's your peoples
Well let me tell you somethin' now paw
We're livin' a world that's R-A-double-raw
It's crazy but it's true, go for delly is the law
and if you cross the path then you dangerin' your jaw
And if you Glass Joe, don't go toe-for-toe
Yo all we wanna do is our thing and lay low
So brothers hold your heads high when you get down
Don't violate these women cuz we need them around
It's all of us together, not the one without the other
The Abstract is ill, word to mother.

[Chorus]

We got to do our do, not separate, together
Got to move on through, not separate, together
Got to do our do, not separate, together
Got to move on through, not separate, together

Yo, we got some problems baby
People stressed out, check it
But we can make it Sugar
Keep it light and I say
move on through separate
not together but together
Not separate, that's how
we got to do it, check it on out
Bust it, yo...

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"What Really Goes On"

[chorus:]
We got the bump-da-bump-da-bump bump *[6X]*
We got the bump-da-bump-da-bump bump-da-bump-da-bump
Bump-da-bump-da-bump

[Q-Tip:]
Yo, we preparin ourselves for this ultimate war
The MCs are really lost and it's at a big cost
We be rhymin at our show thinkin we gettin dough
Movin throught every town off the fumes of...
And accolades of the crowd with our chests out proud
Yo, we bout to pack these joints so that these...sound loud
Some kids be actin stank like a baby pant
It's the rapper Abstract that make the joint get amped
Yo, use your body maker and use your minds, to break true
Yo, we gotta do the do
Son, we livin in a time where mad folks talk (shit)
Representin they crews or they East-West clicks
Let me tell everybody from coast to coast
About the lands we boast, but we don't own jack
How the (fuck) we movin through makin moves like that?
How the (hell) we movin through makin moves like that?
Can you explain that? I doubt that, very highly
We got jewels and Mo and the life is tight rowdy
Everybody lookin (shitty) like a to' down committee
Let's make these institutions, body slam for the smitties
I got girls with plenty tails, smarts and big (titties)
And they all stressin me, yo, really?
What really goes on? (James Brown: I don't know)

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip:]
One is for the beat and the two is for the rhyme
Three is for the life, now we on this incline
Never catch this kid stickin forks in swine
Never ran my gibs in nuthin less than a dime
A few of my brothas did that asshole one time
Strivin miss sunrise, sometimes is known as crime
The three twenty-five got that Windex shine
And when I shot skelly, I had my boxes in lines
All I wanna do is live life and be fair
I used to stress girls with long legs and long hair
Now, I want a woman with a spiritual flair
God will never make it too hard for me to bare
I'm hungry like a derelict whose stays in the diluse
Some can count me out, but yo, I doubt that I lose

The Westernized world got our minds confused
You frontin on me, ak, then you don't get bruised
The funny style cats, they be playin games like Chucky
Government officials shoot their same old...
Made of devil agents a.k.a. the devil flunky
Stiff (ass) squares gettin mad cuz we funky
This the crap game, then we got the top rolls
The positive jumps the negative like frogs
Resentin evil vibes, yo, that (shit) is at the morgue
We celebrate laughin down in at the smorgas borg
You still lookin (shitty) like a to' down committee
Let's make this institution, buy the land for the smitties
I got girls with tails, plenty smarts and big (titties)
And they all stressin me...really

[chorus:]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Word Play"

[Q-Tip:]
One, two, what'cha wanna do
Three, four, cuz we're gonna give you more
Five, six, and we ain't the tricks
Seven, eight, and we got it straight
Nine, ten, cuz we make it blend
Eleven, twelve, never ever goin for self
Tribe Called Quest situation
Check it out

[Q-Tip:]
Power. People really get caught with this on different levels
Power controls your life
Money. The companion of the first. Some people tend to worship
And we know this ain't right.

[Phife:]
Attitude(attitude) is how I get my point across.
You can't call yourself an MC if you know that you're soft.
Agressive...is how the stage is approached. I burn MCs like toast
Cuz I'm the host with the most.

[Consequence:]
Illin(illin) is what you do when you're assin.
Whether it be you or all up in your past and...
Cashin...done turned your people corrupt
It's six o'clock, girl, you gotta get your weight up

[Q-Tip:]
Sex(sex). Either a man or a woman.
This agenda, but when lovers get down
Froggin. When niggaz try to play roles
But when they really need to put that shit background

[Phife:]
Miserable(miserable) is what your whole crew will be
If you're not original and you show no strategy
Heavenly...is how the track tends to flow
And if you don't know, tell em diggy said so

[Q-Tip:]
We livin this cuz it's deep in our bones
A Tribe Called Quest with this hip hop jones
So sit and analyze the lyrical spray
Cuz all it really is is word play(word play)(word)

[Consequence:]

Willie. That's what I kick to get this Millie on a lilly
Now, I'm packin dimes like Chilli
Stress(stress). That's what I always go through
Cuz it's survival of the fittest on the 192

[Q-Tip:]
Knowledge. When the mind accept facts
On this plane of livin, knowledge be the key, black
Understanding. Gettin a grip on what's revealed
When shit be real, can't give understanding back

[Phife:]
Analyze. That's what I do to MCs
That be talkin bout they this and that, money please
Ego. I'm on my own jock skill
Cuz if I don't say I'm the best, tell me who the hell will

[Consequence:]
Cheeba smoke y'all. That's what I use to get high
When I'm in a rut and I don't know why
Try. Yo try again my friend
Cuz you can't see this MC representin Linden

[Q-Tip:]
Freestyle(freestyle). A true MC trait
And when you do it ill, niggaz respect it as great
Yo, I gotta...*[laughing]*

[Phife:]
We livin this cuz it's deep in our bones
A Tribe Called Quest with the hip hop jones
So sit and analyze the lyrical spray
Cuz all it really is is word play(word play)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Stressed Out"

[Intro/Chorus: Faith Evans]

I really know how it feels to be, stressed out, stressed out
When you're face to face with your adversity
I really know how it feels to be, stressed out, stressed out
We're gonna make this thing work out eventually

[Verse One: Consequence, Q-Tip]

Yo I ain't one to complain but there's things in the game
(What's your name?) Consequence, I'm tight, burnt like flames
(And why's that?) American dreams, they got this ghetto kid in a fiend

Don't stress that cause it's not in your bloodstream
Your whole being, comes from greatness, d'you remember
Shatan got you caught in the storms of December
And brothers on the block packin nines like September
Crazy situations keeps pockets on slender

Yo I be on the avenue where they be actin brand new
I'm splurgin on these Reebok joints for shorty boo

All of a sudden, I saw these two kids frontin
Talkin out they joints but they wasn't sayin nuttin
My hand was on my toolie they was actin unruly
(Say word) Yo word up, yo I was tight caught up
But I swallowed my pride and let that nonsense ride
Because I'm positive it seems that negative dies

Yo we was at the dice game makin these cats look silly
Flamin, steady runnin off at the Willie

I had my cash mixed, my rent due, with my play-dough
I gotta see some loot so all my girls I blow
Shook them shits in my palm let em hit the flo'
Kept my eyeballs scopin for them pigs po-po
I got to go on the ave see my parole by fo'
But I gotta steady freak these boys like JoJo

And I was doin it, til I met Ike, Spike, and Mike
One roll, they had my pockets thirstier than Sprite

Yo I know the feelin, when you feelin like a villain
You be havin good thoughts but the evils be revealin
and the stresses of life can take you off the right path (no doubt)
Jealousy and envy tends to infiltrate your staff
We gotta hold it down so we can move on past

all adversities, so we can get through fast, like that

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Consequence]

You got the N.W.O. (low cash flow)
Your baby's on the way (and you don't know who)
And crosstown niggaz tryin to (bust at you)
Aiyyo they got me stressed out (and you don't know what to do)
So frame this Kodak black, and vision to my contact
with a poultry scrap, workers get pistol smacked
The switch hittin Queens, niggaz liquid sword spittin
with raw poppy, and now your first love is krill
Your vision of the mil got crept like Hey Lover
Tried to rise to the top, you just couldn't recover
And all I want is my laceration of the pie
to get this whip cream before the water runs dry
Niggaz flashdancin yo I don't know why
You're sick of snitchin, she got you cruisin to the pokey
like Smokey, the stress be tryin to squeeze out a homey
While I be tryin to get star status like Shinobi
So we can build a dynasty, just like the Toby's
And all I want, is the world to know my steez
These money hungry niggaz is seven thirty
And got me stressed out like these frog MC's

[Chorus]

[Outro: Faith Evans]

Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it)
Don't worry we gon make it (oh yeah)
Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it)
We gon make it (gotta make it)
Don't worry we gon make it (gotta make it)
We're gonna make it (we gotta make it)
Don't worry we gon make it (we gonna make it)
We gonna make it (ohhhhhhh)
Don't worry we gon make it (ohhhhhhh)
Don't worry we gon make it (gonna make it)
Don't worry we gon make it (ohhhhhhh)
We gon make it (ahaowwhwwww)
Don't worry we gon make it (ahahwwww)
I know we gonna make it (we're gonna make it)
C'mon baby we gon make it (yeahhhh)
We gon make it (yeahhahhahhhh)
Don't worry we gon make it (we're gonna make it)
We've gotta make it (we've gotta make it)
We've gotta make it (oh yeah)
Know we're gonna make it
We're gonna make it, gonna make it, we gotta make it, know we gonna make it...

a tribe called quest
THE LOVE
MOVEMENT

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Start It Up"

[quiet eerie voice] Yooooo....Yooooo...I hope ya'll ready...
Are ya ready? Here we go....

[Q-Tip]
What ya deal with...uhhh...
What ya deal wit'...what ya deal wit'...
Turn me up some more?

Incognito, speakin' to ya
Feel this, have it, makin' music
Men and women, boys an' girls an'
Welcome to the movement, the fifth wit' improvement
Aristotle, Plato, Freud
Yeah right, Abstract, never void
I make it easy for ya'll to boogie down to
Hard to the ground, ooh the Tribe with the sound boo
Touch me, tease me, feed me, squeezy
Take it easy, never sleazy
Promise that I will not answer
The phone when it rings love, while we do out thing love
Never fakin', it's late, spirits
Through the music is our mission
Honies who were not cooler than the ghetto rebel risin'
To overthrow a ruler
Dearly beloved, dearly departed
There's a reason why we did it
Cuz it's inside the body and the hearts
So here we are fam let's start, c'mon...

[CHORUS:]
Don't beat me in the head with the bullsh*t bat
C'mon everybody let's start *[x2]*

Ummah, Mos, Jane Doe, Willy
Punchline, Wordsworth, SV, Chrissy
S.O.S., Tribe Called Quest
Get it off your chest, say it: "Tribe Called Quest!"
Can you feel it when it hit right
Can you feel it when we do it
Truth, power, taste, devour
Niggaz in the street here comes the illest beat now
Move oceans wit' your mental
Think it, do it, be it, embellish
Here's another point for everyone to relish
When Ski busts his tools all ya'll foes will embellish
For somethin' wicked at ya'll faces
What I see is longin', needin'

Hey I got you with that goooooood stuff
And ya probably won't get enough
Ay-yo, lyrics I got it, lyrics, cadence
Do it with fun and patience
Funky, rhythmic, characteristic
Ebonically lingustic wit' the ghetto futuristic
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay....

[CHORUS x2]

Beat me in the head, don't beat me in the head
Don't beat me in the head, don't beat me in the head
Don't beat me in the head, don't beat me in the head
Don't beat me in the head, head, head, head...

So here we are fam let's start, so here we are fam let's start
So here we are fam let's start, so here we are fam let's start
To the Ummah family lets start
A-yo get off your ass and let's start, A-yo, here we are fam let's start
C'mon, get off your ass and let's start, here we are fam let's start
Here we is fam let's start, get off your ass and let's start
Here we are fam let's start, get off your aaaassss-ah-ah-ah-ah
Ha ha ha ha ha...let's start

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Find A Way"

[Chorus:]
Now you caught me heart for the evening
Kissed my cheek, moved in, you confuse things
Should I just sit out or come harder?
Help me find my way

[Q-Tip:]
Messing me up, my whole head
Teasing me, just like Tisha, did Martin
Now look at what you're starting
Schoolboy's crush and it ain't on the hush
The whole world sees it but you can't (uh)
My peoples they complain, sitt and rave and rant (come on)
Your name is out my mouth like an ancient chant (say what?)
Got me like a dog as I pause and pant...

[Phife:]
Speaking of which, got a leash and I wish just to rock you miss (come on)
Make a militant move, peep my strategy (what?)
End of the day you're not mad at me (uh)
Not dealing with nobody, now that's what you told me (what?)
I said: "hey yo, it's cool, we can just be friendly" (come on)
'Cause yo, picture me messing it up
Her mind not corrupt with the ill C-Cups
Shit, I'm on my J.O. (come on)
Bullshitting, hoping that the day goes slow (what?)
Got me like a friend, what confuses me though
Is kisses when we greet, tell me what's the dill yo? (dill yo, yo, yo...)

[Chorus x2]

[Q-Tip:]
Now why you wanna go and do that, love, huh?
Making things for me towards you harder
Killing me, just when I think we're there
You got the whole vibe and the flows in the air
Telling me 'bout next man
But next man ain't the nigga with the plan
Who got your heart in mind?
It's about time that you just unwind (come on)

[Phife:]
And let it just happen, make it front-free (uh)
Just sweat me like Moneypenny (uh)
Digging you, getting inside of your stee (what?)
It's the Quest that keeping you company
Forever, or however you want it

[Q-Tip:]
Word word, now wait a minute now before you jet it to the curb (yeah, yeah)
Start to make affections, which is good not the hurt
But it, it aint me, and I, I ain't blurred (uh)
I'ma still just chill with you
Maybe things could change if you change your view (come on)
If not then I guess it is cool (yeah)
just, to keep to yourself and adbide by the rules, right

check it out now...
check it out now...
like that now...
check it out now...
wha wha now...
check it out now...
yeah yeah now...
check it out now...
check it out now...
it's like that now...
check it out now...
yeah yeah now...
check it out now...
what you say, what? what?

[Chorus till fade out]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Da Booty"

[Q-Tip]
Question
What is it that everybody has
And some pirates and theives try to take

[Chorus]
Da Booty (and if you is a crook than you takin' it)
Da Booty (and if you got money you shakin' it)
Da Booty (come on everybody that's here, that's word
to Phife Dawg and my man Shaheed)

[Q-Tip]
I give my promise to all y'all to keep my shit hittin'
Half of y'all claim dog but now a light kitten
Flippin' on brothers just like Mary Lou Retton
Get off that ass and see what I'm settin'
Born with this inside, you just can't get it
This is the lethal pop and you have no weapon
Who is the native brother who keep asses steppin'
make deep impressions and constantly be reppin'

[Phife]
When I was young I'd stretch gouch yo
Now I'm on Letterman, on the couch yo
the black thing with knives is called the back do'
can't we be cool instead of being foul though
Ghetto child dreams of fast cars and fast dollars
Impressions of live sometimes makes ya holler
Scream all that devil shit and talk like a scholar
You dumb as a doorknob, and why do you bother

[Q-Tip]
Phife Dawg puttin' the bite back in yours
Top dog, puttin' it up, flick his balls
MC from now til I get a frown
Shake that ass girl because you world renowned
Wake up, look at the sun, see the sights
Bull duke, you've got to die for your rights
MC's, y'all got to work for the mic
Zombies, do it from dusk to the night

[Chorus]

[Q-Tip]
Rock to the beat, yo it's never the same
Good girls usually got good game
Hot cats tearin' that ass out the frills

Block ass, you had no skills, that's the reals
Make this money without the friction
Take this honey, there goes your diction
Rappers better retreat, fix your joints
My whole crew got bumps on they points

[Phife]
Rumors being spread 'bout me and my click
We can't rock shows and our rhymes ain't shhh
Might not've heard it, or maybe you have
Between me and you, they can kiss my ass
Used to get angry, used to get quite vexed
But say what you may, just cash my check
'Cause all I'm ever guilty of is going on tour
Doing shows galore, and bringin' it raw

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Steppin' It Up"

(feat. Redman)

[Q-Tip] Phiiiiiife Dawg
[Phife] Yo Kamal
[Q-Tip] Reggie Noble
[Redman] Up in ya!
[Q-Tip] Yo Busta Bus, yo it's time to step up

[Busta Rhymes]
You know I plas-ter, the little bas-tard
and mastered the real way you slap the bitchest niggaz backwards
Hah! Uh-oh, aiyyo, whenever Busta Rhymes say so (mmmhmm)
when we move yes (mmmhmm) sometimes we lay low (mmmhmm) aiyyo (yo)
Big up my little nigga Pedro
Make you after the L like turkey, cheese and to-ma-to (to)
Fuck is that? Especially for niggaz that will pay no
attention to instructions, like they still wan' disobey y'all
Wonderin how it's activate real quick?
But then I could grow about five feet more with an extra dick!
One dick to hold in my hand when I'm rockin the mic
The extra dick to blow up the pussy for the rest of the night
Then I return with more lyrics like a bunch of rough niggaz
They tough niggaz that snuff niggaz (hah)
I know the club got enough niggaz (huh!)
to slap your face, expert, who the next jerk, to make me
exert heat? FUKKIT, let me network!

[Redman] Ha-hah!
[Q-Tip] Yo Reggie Noble
[Redman] Feel me, yo Busta Bus
[Busta] What up?
[Q-Tip] Yo Phife Dawg, yo it's time to step up

[Phife]
Yo what the fuck, ungh!
Check it here, peep the four-man transaction (action)
Phife diggy Dawg, we on some Todd Shaw mackin (mackin)
You know my stee', there's no time for relaxin (relaxin)
Word to Reggie (Phife Dawg) yo it's _Time 4 Sum Aksion_
Girl swing yo' ass, I can feel you climaxin (climaxin)
Don't even front, you know you wanna make it happen (make it happen!)
Yo Busta Bus, do you hear Violator faxin? (mad faxin)
Eighty G's for one show (eighty G's yo) that's satisfaction (satisfaction)
Now which emcee feel like he fuckin with dis heah? (This here)
Word to Queens, I keep shit hot like a canish, yeah (Nish yeah!)
Malik is back, I'm here to make you look foolish (foolish)
My roughest niggaz in the Apple (Apple) on Coolidge (Coolidge)
Remember White Shadow? My click stay sharper than an arrow (c'mon)

Plus in Trinidad I'm treated like the mighty sparrow (uh-huh)
Freestylin son, like there was no tommorrow (fuck it up nigga fuck it up)
Hence the reason why your bitch ass would love to follow (what?)
Two different toasters in your chest will make your shit hollow
How's about them apples, oh is it too hard to swallow?
Push your wig back, word to Big Moot and Bolo
Billy Razor, Fudge Lover, on down to Shine Lightro (Love Movement)
Yo Bootsy takes this mic from this fool see, make him run it
Five-foot invasion son, you can't run from it

[Busta] Yo Reggie Noble
[Redman] Blaoowww, yo Phife diggy!
[Phife] What up?
[Busta] Yo yo Kamal it's your time to step up!

[Q-Tip]
Check it out, the original, shit, we makin it
Takin it, to the extremes, we breakin it
When we get, inside a zone then you feel that it's good
All you jelly cats stop marinatin my wood
Niggazm grab the mic with loads of malarky
I bring the knowledge and wield the anarchy
Put it on pooh-butts who's unsettled with ignorance
Give the last sentence with poignance and diligence
Eighteen wheelin through niggaz like truckers
Breakin ankles, put it on like we at the ruckus
Guaranteein that shorty can move it around
In the place that gets you hot but leaves you here on the ground
Contenders don't you even think to challenge the crown
Of these brothers who so elequently hold the beat down
Fuck the rigamarole, we vyin for the control
We the musical equation of the whole entire nation

[Q-Tip] Yo Phife Dawg
[Phife] Yes Kamal
[Q-Tip] Busta Bus
[Busta] What up?
[Q-Tip] Yo Reggie Noble yo it's time to step up

[Redman]
Yo yo
I'm just a ill nigga who don't got it all up stairs
Riding dick, get the balls til they come in pairs
Oh yeah, throw the goggles on these engineers
Cause it might, get kinda wet when I spit this here
Yo, I'm six-foot-one with a big ass gun
To carry it you'd need a waistline the size of Big Pun
But I move crowds without a gun
like if -- The New York State Lottery is ninety nine million!!
Hah-hah, yo, when it's time to flow I suprise and blow
five hundred thousand units off a dime a trow
Forty below, I'm thorough when it's time to throw
the caboose, I'm even hard to be touched by a masousse

Whoo-whoo! Funk Doc gets the money
and best believe I went through more trees than Sonny
Me, Kamal, Busta Bus, Phife Dawg
Shittin, pussy niggaz get Lysol!
Heh heh heh

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Like It Like That"

[Q-Tip]

OOOOOOOHHHHH Ya *[echoes]*
Say What?
We was in the back of the joint cooling out
And I saw this girl
Asked her if she like it like that
Nod her head yes, therefore I didn't stress
Let my beat keep knocking cause we rock it like that
Bust your ass slow, as if you didn't know
Put my mic inside your brain zone, dis home dis
It's the rhyme, it's the beat that vibe all together
That makes the competitors sound like this
Really do I care yo, I let down my hair
When the music's up loud man, I jums real that
Lyrical valow, in club, in the go
In jeep in America,Tribe go mad
Females ride when my niggas just ride
With the songs we creating and musically relating
Sex niggas talk, my body's in chart
Meanwhile they boot shaking
On some funk shit faking
Wait, I can't front, stick men
Hereâ€™s a few who really come to do
What they say gonna do
Back at the ranch
There's no car branch
Everybody gonna move when we say move

Do you like it?
Say yeah if you like it like that
YEAH!!!!!
Do you like it?
Hell yeah if you like it like that
HELL YEAH!!!!!
Do you like it?
Tell me if you like it like that
YEAH!!!!!
Do you like it?
Verse two if you like it like that
COME ON!!!!!

[Q-Tip]

Who could be the one
Rhyming ill, having fun
Blowing up, making musical memories and things

Elevate your thoughts on the vibe that we brought
While we climbing we shine like a super bowl ring
You could do it too
I mean hot like we do
It's a lot like we do and make your own mark
It's deeper than the song
Hope you live your life long
When you win, how you start, kid you gotta have heart
Niggas in my shit, move
Give a nigga room
Back it up, it's a grown man making on time
Plus you damn similar to Newport's
Smoking ain't a new sport
Smoke you sister in vendible
Gotta spread love, no matter where you are
Where you at, where you went
Cause nobody want beef
Fountain is good, just flows like a river
Just go with a nigga, kid my stay ain't brief
Put your heart in the day, in the night, family Enemies but yo I really don't wet that
We was in the back of the joint cooling out
And saw this girl
Asked if her if she like it like that, yo
You like it that *[repeat till fade]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Common Ground (Get It Going On)"

[Q-Tip:]
Who that at the door? (Yo, Tip, it's her)
What you doin here, in front of my face? *[x3]*
You didn't want my...you didn't want it
To go somewhere, you all on it
But if you want to, then you can come here
Come here, yo

[Q-Tip:]
Have you ever met a woman that just took your breath?
So deep inside her life, she contemplated death
Can't help but get attatched to a woman like that (true dat) *[x4]*
The contact was quite immediate, I had to attack
(Because you the man, yo, you know you the man)
We related and debated over food and tunes
Started out in September, now we enterin June (say word) *[x4]*
Simple night in the crib, no, it just won't do
(no it just won't do, no it just won't do)
Because she liable to start shit that's wildin you
(wildin you, wildin...)
She wanna push my whip, buy diamond chips
And take on trips, conversin my flip
Gotta do her hair, take her out to the fair
When a jake be there, make sure you don't stare
At another one comin, don't be startin nuthin
Be a slave to her, don't be brave to her
Make sure that she's right, make sure that you're wrong
When she wants to do it, make sure that it's long
f anyone wanna make it work it's me (Phife Dawg help me out) *[x2]*
But we gotta come through with common ground baby
Any man, he can claim to be the one for you
But put it straight to your lover in life runs true

[chorus:]
And if it's me then let's get it going on *[x4]*
Get it going on, let's get it going on
And if it's me then let's get it going on *[x2]*

[Q-Tip:]
Phife Dawg in the break, is she more than you can take?

[Phife:]
See, I'm not the one to be taken advantage of
And if you really think about it, I got nuthin but love
Now if your heart isn't in it, please let me know
There's no need to waste time, if it's no, then I'll go

[chorus:]
And if it's me then let's get it going on *[x4]*
Get it going on, let's get it going on
And if it's me then let's get it going on *[x2]*
Get it going on, let's get it going on

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"His Name is Mutty Ranks"

[Phife Dawg]
Live and direct, live and direct!
You know what live and direct mean?
Live and direct, come!!!

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, how you be, how you be?
From New York to A-T-Aliens, youknowhatI'msayin?
Word up, do it like this
Word up word up, do it like that
And you don't stop, and you don't quit
Unless you're in the studio doin wack shit
Yo check it

Boom batta, watch your teeth shatter
All that shit you pop in your jams, it won't matter
Bust your whole grill, now watch that joint shatter
I'm the Captain of the ship, FUCK a William Shatner
Emcees be poppin shit when they squeezin they cake batter
Claimin they style be fat, but guess whose style is fatter?
The ill beat jacker, emcee attacker
Fuckin with the Diggy it don't, get no blacker
Malik is Zach Taylor, ey the stress reliever
Brown eyed shorty, chocolate like Godiva
Fuck what you heard I'll make YOU a believer
Me gettin burnt, that's like a white girl named Shareema
You never see her, cause she's the black like Sarafina
Set shit off like Monifah, nickel like Khadija
So girls with fat asses and tits, nice to meet ya
Do five plus five equals ten? Ask your teacher
For God so loved the world he said Phife, ask your preacher
Love to toot my own Horne, similar to Lena
Before I take stage, I take sips of Aquefina
Fucked Judy Jetson now they call me Jet Screamer
Love my coffee dark so you can keep your dairy creamer
Tribe fallin off well youse a got damn dreamer

Hah, yaknahmean?
A word up a word up a word up a word up yo
Have you heard the one make the crowd rock?
Tribe Called Quest we haffa do it non-stop
Listen to the radio we're never goin pop cause
ya nah ready for dis yet, bwoy!
Say ya nah ready, say ya nah ready
Say ya nah ready for dis yet, bwoy!
Say ya nah ready, say ya nah ready
Say ya nah ready for dis yet, bwoy!
And we out like that, fuck that

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Give Me"

(feat. Noreaga)

[Chorus]
Doin' our thing in Queens
We had dreams about bein' emcees
And there was no concern about so and so
And these record companies
But now we all are grown
And the spots is gettin' blown
Boyz II Men, ABC, BBD
Nah, we ain't none of them, B
Give me
So give me
Nore, Phife Dawg and Abstract
Give me
To everyone in the world
Nore, Phife Dawg and Abstract

[Noreaga]
Yo when I rap, all my niggas love Abstract
Yo, from Far Rock to Flushing, concussion
Every time a nigga rhyme it's like we get our bus' on
I used to ride a dollar van and really get my bus on
Yo, from South Don to El Segundo
All my niggas gettin' high yo, and still livin' on the run though
Get alot a dough so now we have a lot of fun though
Q-U, two E's, N-S
All we really care about is money, cheba and sex
what what what

[Q-Tip]
niggas get faded, never outdated
Give it to the world, 'cause for long they waited
Shorties online to cop the new CD
So hip-hop'll bust nut in graffiti
We could two-piece it or we could just seize it
Shorty, you're my shit, 'cause my style wild decent
What's it gonna be, the party or the precent?
Queens cats rock, keep it rugged and recent
my nigga Nore thug it out (thug it out, no doubt)
Phife Dawg buggin' out (buggin' out, no doubt)
The Love Movement no doubt (Love Movement, no doubt)
Ali Shaheed get a shout (shout it out, no doubt)

[Noreaga]
Yo better things, hold on, take a time out
Huddle up, yo, Queens niggas won't fuck it up
Keep my southside niggas just palyin' the cut

While my Queensbridge people stay roughin' you up
East Elmhurst, Carona, Iatola
Keep the caller ID on the Motorola
Gotta keep the po-po on the payola
Queens niggas shut it down, now it's all over

[Phife]
One nine two, the Bully fram Lou
Merrick Van Wig holler Shaft got brew
Head up Jamacia Ave, cop a tape by DJ Clue
Move to the acre, sippin' on a guinney booze
Scoopin' ladies up in babies makes my day complete
Freestylin' over beats for my peoples in the street
This is a place where stars are born
Linden to Lawton, we keep it hot like porn

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Pad & Pen"

(feat. D-Life)

[D-Life]
This is the master D-Life
as we set it off with my mans A Tribe Called Quest
And uhh, we got to do it like this baby
We got to do it like that baby
We got the good shit not the bullshit, yaknahmean? Ha hah
We bout to count it down, we bout to count it off
It goes a-one, two, three, ahh!

[Q-Tip]
Malik we gettin back into that shit again
And when we rhyme, brothers need to break they pens, uh-oh
It's The Love Movement never ends
The rap game'll never be the same again
(Phife Dawg where you at baby?) We came again

[Phife Dawg]
Here I come again, you feelin fine?
The Dawg is like a overflowin rhyme from mind
Usually mess with shorties whose a 8 or 9
Shorty bump around to the bass-line

[Q-Tip]
F keeps a burner on the waist-line
That cat's trickin off, I ain't wastin mine
You feel the uniqueness, you seekin this?
And when we do it, we be freakin this

[Phife Dawg]
Don't even front, you know you feelin this
My shade is borderin around licorice (licorice)
Enjoyin this tune, glad you playin it
(Aiyyo Phife what's the hook?)
Here we sayin it, SAYIN IT, SAYIN IT

[Chorus: with D-Life]

My pad and my pen (ah ah, you didn't go there)
The beat and the blend (say word, you didn't go there)
The party won't end (you know, we got to be there)
Just keep your ?, buildin with friends, yo
[repeat x2 w/ variations]

[Q-Tip]
One love, one life, and one destiny
It seems that the devil keeps testin me

Got the illest part of the recipe
Yo tell your homegirl to stop stressin me (stop it)
Undressin me is the part you really like
Brothers hold the cracks now they holdin mics
The cusses you get, ? steady rights
Marauders, we did that shit at Mid-night, a-ah-aight-aight

[Phife Dawg]
I love it when my honeydip be slobbin me
Don't take it personal it's just comedy
My comedy completely turned to tragedy
I sense some of these rappers still be mad at me
Sweatin her because of her anatomy
When I bang you it'll be assault and battery
Don't make me discombobulate your micraphone
Talkin trash will only get you freakin head, flown

[Q-Tip]
Uhh, buy em out the box, never faulty ones
Get in that ass like karate son
I act with the light, sometimes it's lookin grim
We manage a smile, sometimes we slip it in

[Phife Dawg]
My Tribe be worldwide like the Nike swoosh
Emcees be soundin moist like vagina juice
The top of the world, we pursuin it
Don't worry about a thing, cause we doin it
DOIN IT, DOIN IT

[Chorus x2]

[D-Life]
That's the way we do.. c'mon, that's the way we do
It's the nigga D-Life, with T-C-Q
That's the way we are.. and the beat won't stop
Got to blow it up for the top..
Didn't think you knew how we rock..

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Busta's Lament"

[Phife Dawg]
Fuck the car-jacking, Phife Diggy is rapping
Got dawgs with love and plus dawgs that's packin
So what's the deal Captain, if it's time for some action
Watch me roll with hon, try to push her back
Which one of these niggaz, think they fuckin wit dis?
Put your money on Queens, yo these cats is pissed
Meanin hot green and stinky, see shorty there winkin?
Hit her off so hard, that her eyes start blinkin
Then massage her down, with the word serene
It's the Dawg For Pres, new star on the scene
And I'm here for the battle, right down to the letter
If it rains today, then it's a double-header
Range Beemaz and Benz, 1100's and Jettas
Phife Dawg for whatever, just get it together

(Just) get it together
(Just) get it together
(Just) get it together

[Q-Tip]
Just get it together
No matter the weather, or where you at
This is how we gon' do it, cause we keep shit fat
You gotta

(yo yo) do it (yo, yo yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo) do it

[a lot of "yo" from Busta Rhymes]

[Q-Tip]
Didn't you read the news, did you heed the alarm
It was good overall, it said that we was the bomb
I'ma make the call, and I hope you respond
We the stars y'all, and everyone beckons far
You a star and you shining, I'm one and I'm rhyming
Let's get together, start intertwining
Yo you coming with me, somewhere where you can't see
with his bonafide joints, underneath the sea
Of confusion and glitter, nobody's a quitter
Try to front and get ripped, from your ear to your shitter
Gon' put it on harder than anyone did
It would benefit you to keep a wide open lid
Makin sho' shot shit, makin sure you shine

Takin shows for sure, takin hearts in time
Do it all for the rhyme, and the rhythm and things
When we do it we bangin, like we inside the bang
Ain't doubtin nobody, when we inside the jam
But I'm proud overall, and I know who I am
As the constellation gets brighter this writer's goin

(yo yo) do it (yo, yo yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo) do it
[continues with variations]

[Know Naim]
Aiyyo, yo, this is Bebe LawdLawd
Bigga BeBeBeBe LawdLawd, from the Know Naim
Aiyyo we doin this, LP, to the world...

[a lot of "yo" from Busta Rhymes]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Hot 4 U"

[Q-Tip]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Knew a girl named Shelley
Six-pack belly
When we made love she made it shake like jelly
Put her own video star on my tele
Lived in the Bronx on the block named Fortelly
Had to be jetty cause this sucker hold netty
Kept blowing me up, her jonesing was steady
Told my man Louie that I really wasn't ready
Louie when we did it, man, we both got sweaty

[Phife]

This girl from my past
Had ridiculous ass
She attended UMASS and she passed every class
Walked down the hall with her stuffed up sass
Told the basketball players, she liked how they pass
But when I use to hit it
The ball cat, she quit it
She wouldn't ad-mit it
But shorty was addicted
(Say Word) Word, Nigga you heard
Like a fiend with a queen when he catches the bird

[Q-Tip]

Knowing how we living I'ma talk about Mayo
?Sagartery and mommy? Her love was a KO
We was on the under, had to stay on the lay low
Use to go so deep, she had to say Aiyyo
Rock with her friend, but her friend drove both way
Asked her about it and she used to say No way
Just let it go yo, I used to say OK
Just another day but fight anyway

[Chorus:]
[Q-Tip]
I put it down man, whatcha gonna do
[Phife]
Well hell, I put it down son, whatcha gonna do
[Together]
We put it down for the area crew
All the shortys that smoking y'all whoo
Looking good it you sipping on your brew

Come here ma, we make it hot for you
Come here ma, we make it hot for you
Come here ma, we make it hot for you

[Phife]

Met a shorty named Kenny
From East Saint Louie
Body good and plenty
The finest in Missouri
If you had no money, you better hit the highway
Even in her own right, she had to do it her way

[Q-Tip]

It was an ill situation when I met Dantanya
Worked in Saint Louis, in her mother's hair parlor
Use to hit her man for cake to come see me
Her and her man from home, they sold heemey
We had it hemmed, locked, sold and shit
When I thugged it yo, she said I was the ultimate
Broke her up kid, driving the drill like Truck Turner
All of things they did not concern her
People that we love yo, we love for a passion
I'ma type of cat that brings forth the action
You feeling me yo?
I hope you hearing me yo
One more thing before you start cheering me yo

[Chorus:]
[Q-Tip]
I put it down Phife, what we gonna do
[Phife]
Well hell, I put it down son, whatcha gonna do
[Together]
We put it down for the area crew
All the shortys that smoking y'all whoo
Looking good it you sipping on your brew
Come here ma, we make it hot for you *[repeat till end]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Against the World"

[Intro: Phife and Tip]

Back at you,
Right back at you,

[Verse 1: Tip and Phife]

Drove around the block,
Drove a lot,
Lookin' all around,
Don't see no cops,
Whispered in your ear, a ghetto star,
Sittin' on my lap inside of my car,
Lookin' at my lips, take a taste,
Taste yours too, rub your back,
Run your fingers on the logo of my baseball hat,
Moonlight dancin' inside of your eyes,
Close your legs, I start to sigh,
Now I reach down to unlace my Nikes,
Kick off your Adidas 'cause that's what you like,
Chris Tucker joke passed inside of my head,
Put the thought away think of you instead,
Hot outside, it's hot in here,
Roll down the window the breeze in your hair,
Your earrings shake, you a baby doll,
You say you want me but did you want them all??,
Make me feel special, I know that you can,
Make me feel special like a prominent man,
Prominent, dominant McCoy and I'm real,
Another brotha's fan? Forget how he feel/

[Chorus: Tip and Phife]

[Repeat 4x]

Me and you girl go against the world,
Against the world?,
[Female voice] Hell yeah the world

[Female voice] [Repeat 3x]
Yeah the world,
Yeah the world,
Yeah the world,
Whole wide world,
Yeah the world,
Yeah the world,
Yeah the world,

Whole wide world,
Yeah the world,
Yeah the world/

[Verse 2: Tip and Phife]

Zonin' undress ya???Still hold play???
Or can you hold my hand, it's better that way,
If we was on video I'd press rewind,
A nigga think about you all the time,
Pidgeon dropped a note on top my head,
R&B,pop girl's a thoroughbred,
Run around the track, let me slow you dowwwwnnnnnn...*[Pause]*
Pick you up,
Raise your cups,
Let's double up,
Bomb came known, natural disas,
Fall in love with me? huh, well that's that ass,
Wanna get you, inside my world,
Process, straight, afro or curl,
Stretch me out, fade me in,
Forever you in need let me see you grin?
He bust with you, I'm a tap his chin??
Make me feel special, I know that you can,
Make me feel special like a prominent man,
Prominent, dominant McCoy and I'm real,
Another brotha's fan? forget he feel/

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Love"

[all vocals by Q-Tip]

So many people, right now
Motivated to shit
Bull shit over some bull shit ass reasons
But we 'bout to put it inside of a love perspective like
Love it

We do it all for the love y'all
Yeah, we do it all for the love y'all
Weither white, black, Spanish, ain't a thug y'all
We do it, we give it all for the love y'all
We just givin' it all for the love y'all
We do it, we do it all for the love y'all
We in the party, put your hands up
Yeah y'all, we do it all for the love y'all

Love getting down and I love a cool breeze
Love seein' checks from record companies
Love lovin' love 'cause I love what I do
And we do our thing for the one nine two
And the rest of the country 'cause we from there too
Makin' sure love is givin' when I get it from you
Everybody, we regulate the party and shit
Love it when I get a little rugged wit' it
Love the circumstance to make my dough flow right
Love rockin' mics plus the ill style nights
She does it real good but love'll make it mo' better
Got me kind of open in the DK sweater
Love when my peoples come home from jail bids
Really love women and I really love kids
Love tight gloves where the muisc just bang
Camp-ass with gas women or shorty got bangs
Lovin' it
Yo yo, I'm lovin' it
Love a women when she got a tight outfit
Outfit meaning outlook and disposition
You love it when a nigga cause a love composition
Love peanut butter and jelly on wheat
Wylin' out, makin' hot shit to hot beats
>From Ohio to Poughkeepsie
>From Phoenix to NC
>From Cali to DC
Love it when the pressure falls righ on me
Love it when God keeps on overlookin'
Do a tight show so promoters keep bookin'

We do it all for the love y'all
Yeah, we do it all for the love y'all
We get the paper but it's still for the love y'all
>From the heart inside of the heart y'all
we do it, we do it all for the love y'all
For real, for the love, for the love y'all
All my peoples in the ghettos, for the love y'all
All my peoples all around, for the love y'all
For the love love

For my crews bomb, where my peoples still at
If they call me and I don't call back
For weeks at a time, love is still intact
Let's be big about it, and realize the fact
Love it, when the underdog comes through
Ghetto revalizer, overthrow these rules
Love it, when I get spared another day
Used to drink zay while my niggas weighed yay
Love it, when I gain control over this
Life is really bigger than the rolly on my wrist
Got a twist to this shit and the answer's inside
Sho as the world's small and the missisipi's wide
Had to rock a vest over unchoosed fest
Now I see people rockin' theirs in jets
Love it when my loved one really hold me down
Brand new flight and I'm takin' off ground

We do it all for the love y'all
Check it out, we do it all for the love y'all
For the love y'all, for the love y'all
For the love, for the love y'all
We get the paper but it's still for the love y'all
Yo, we do it all for the love y'all
For everybody, for the love for the love y'all
Weither white, black, Spanish, ain't a thug y'all
Yeah, we givin' y'all this shit, the love y'all
Just the love inside of the heart y'all
Yeah, for the love for the love y'all
Yeah, for the love for the love y'al

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Rock Rock Y'all"

(feat. Mos Def)

[Punch] Yo! We about to rock this joint, from the family. And
we want ya'll all to know, that it's time...

[CHORUS all:]
To rock rock ya'll
Freak freak ya'll
To the beat ya'll
It's unique ya'll *[2x]*

[Punch]
A-yo praise the master, make plans wit' your pastor
My rap'll blast ya, send you to the hereafter
I push a tractor, for horses grazin' in the pasture
Ya heard I was trickin', the whole room filled with laughter
In ciphers, I'm the one you don't rhyme after
You only know half of the math, it don't add up
The lead batter, my hits make ya frame shatter
Watch me now! Just begun like Jimmy Castor
I'm bad luck just like walkin' under ladders
Mad rappers, book of life, last chapter
Me and my squad build just like contractors
I break shit, you only give hairline fractures
Women flash us, don't know ya better ask us
A bastard, wit' more contacts than Lens Crafters
Tear down the rafters, venerials couldn't clap us
You need practice, hit chicks then I'm Casper

[Jane Doe]
The church of scientology, feminine biology
Manic depressive psychologically, A.D.D. alive and we
Polluted by technology, the fumes and its ecology
While your thought you was out of copy I get nastier than sodomy
Probably an oddesey, started back on robbery
Was the degree of the economy that do the sovereignty
Regarded as a prodigy, leery in sociology
Let the wallabees always conceal my gynecology
Rhymin' pathologically, that's how it gotta be!
Never makin' no apology, worshippin' my anthropology
Fuck modesty, studyin' microbiology
Causin' verbal lobotomy, it's in my geneology
Six months of sobriety, movin' very methodically
Like a unicorn, more ways than oceanography
Guard technology, rip shows antibiotically
True thugs bionically, give birth to criminology

[Words]

Yo as a youngin', I swear to God you couldn't tell me nothin'
I swore I was gettin' somethin', clothes or humpin'
For girls with the church, slacks with some shirts tucked in
I set it up for money, my mom worked when I was cuttin'
Unsigned strugglin', for the heat I lit the oven
One would by the CD, the other would do the dubbin'
Before I met Rob, I was in the clubs frontin'
Oh yeah I know the Tip, when I see him I be duckin'
But now when I'm clubbin', those that used to dis were buggin'
Overweight chicks, spandex, they stomachs sucked in
Stay interruptin', dance and try to cut in
Told people you got in free when you really snuck in

[Q-Tip]
We never get concerned about who's in the league
We just stay workin' so no one will need
An unconcerned outsider givin' niggaz feed
My niggaz puff weed but negotiate the seed
The family is granite and you can't intercede
I try to switch lanes at this operatin' speed
Cats in the game be gamblin' with greed
We the house, you the player and we gonna catch these
Who's the Sam Sneed makin' microphones bleed
Poker face creed while my mind just read
Shorty got rhythm but her freak got freed
That's insignificant but this take heed

[Mos Def]
They say I'm pretty like Clay is, bright like the day is
Beats from my fleet be sweet like Sugar Ray is
I'm swingin' this from Bay Ridge to where the Oakland Bay is
My game is tough to play, I'm tough to weigh like your safe is
The aim is, to make you recognize what the name is
Mos Def gon' set it straight from where the 718 is
The place with the great superiginate the flavors
An all-star block with some all-star laymans
(Turn the music down!) This is probably some haters
Achin' cuz they hear us rotatin' on the playlist
>From B-boy laces to Detroit gators
Yo Tip I got to bail, where the scale? Help me weigh this...

Yo! We wan't ya'll to know...that this is the family, right?
And what we want everybody out there to do...on the dance floor...
is get ready...because noooowwwwww we gonna...

[CHORUS [x6] to fade out]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Scenario (Remix)"

[Busta Rhymes:]

Here in 1992, we present the fabulous what's the Scenario remix
Where as there are 7 MCs.
Six which are in physical form, one which is in spiritual essence
And he goes by the name of, uh...HOOD!

[Hood:]

Check the vibe, punk that ass again, god
'F' it (SHIITT!!) ! I lay buckshots
Hood, madman, I rip up stages
Lay down your wages, I'm wild like Larry Davis
Extra, extra, pick up a clip. I'll tear that ass out the frame (HUH!)
And grab my dick(OH!)
By the beats that I bump, I kick and drop bombs
I'm rugged and deadly, so I shit on the petty
A musical badder bastard, I'm bad news
I'm crazy and clever, cut holes in crews
Death on the phono, my skills are dolo
You say 'oh no', you bitch ass homo
I bag up waste, electrifying, I'm primetime
I slaughter slime, I'm the greatest of all time
Sick ass brotha, nasty ass nigga
Pump slugs in your face and jump that ass in the river
Two tears in a bucket, fuck it, kick the can (SAY WHAT, SAY WHAT!!!)
I'm a bad, bad man

[Phife:]

Quick is how I flip from the tip of the lip
Punchin out hits like Gladys Knight and the Pips
The 5 foot assassin has just raided your area
Your booty rhymes are wack and that's the reason why I'm hearin ya (SO!)
Pull out the red carpet cuz I'm kickin this
Vanilla Ice platinum? That shit's ridiculous
Excuse my French, but profanity is all I knew
And to you other sellouts, oh yeah, 'F' you too
And let it be known, I'm not the one to step to
You better off callin D-Nice to your rescue
Freestyle fanatic, probably the best around
As for corny MCs, like Chuck D, I 'Shut 'Em Down'
The Artical Don of hip-hop and I won't stop
The 5 foot assassin has come to wreck 'nuff shop
So do like Michael Jackson and 'Remember the TIme'(DO YOU REMEMBER?)
Put on your dancin shoes or somethin cuz you sho' can't rhyme

[Milo:]

(BIG UP BIG UP!) Into new eternity
Next was said somethin that complies onto me
What does it take to check a technique (MANY STYLES, MANY STYLES!)
Hostile heat brings forth the energy
Milo in the dance is the new identity
One, two mic check, select for the ruffneck
At a 10 to 1 bet, I come CORRECT!
In my cyphers are blocks, I bring box to connect with knots
So I can grow dreadlocks
Maintain the rock DON'T STOP THE ROCK!!!)
Maintain the rock (DON'T STOP THE ROCK!!!)
Kick it right, then not, E. Watt said not
I put my mug up, so fair is fair
So C. Brown are we in the clear? (Yeah!)
C. Brown are we in the clear? (Yeah!)

[Charlie Brown:]

Makin moves y'all (MOVES Y'ALL!)
On and on and on (CHECKA, CHECK IT OUT!!!)
To the breaka, breakadawn (WHO'S THAT?!?)
Guess, one of the LONS and A Tribe Called Quest
(EAST COAST!) to West
Remixed mad kick more than Metallica
To all ends like the Battlestar Gallactica
Stampin, stompin, rompin Compton
(PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!!!) I'm promptin (STYLE!)
Pick a style, any style, Strong Isle
Representation, sensationalization
Scenario for the radio, BLS and KISS, so
(HERE WE GO, YO!) Yeah
Force, Main Source LP on the rise
In Living Color was seen through original eyes
And I'm out like shout, Ooh Ahh, Ooh Ahh
(OOH AHH, OOH AHH!) There it is baby par

[Dinco:]

Vine, limb on a limb, slim chim
P I am, there I am (THERE I AM!)
Don't run from a blim
Sight be be right, be polite for mice like a Mike
SEE SICK, SEE SYKE
And slip away and off to the Poconos
Spot bring the flows, might swing the fruity poles
Yamaha (YAY-HA-MAY!)
Let's split the funk, now it all spells (HEY!)
Enough, enough, misfitted I'm with it
If I did it, I would split it and probably shouldn't have quit
Cuz yo, my public status act Knight like Gladys
Take rest space tests and yo, I'm like the maddest

Male, not female, hail from Uniondale
Bounce the beat for the beat pole cuz beats are bein yelled
In the hallway always ringin with a HO!
This is my 2 times 9 on the Scenario

[Q-Tip:]

Check it out everybody, rhymes and mics
Black mens gettin hip, DOIN WHAT THEY LIKE!
Eight black brothas in the public eye
If you listen very close, then I'll tell you why
HOOD!, Phife, Milo, Dinco and C. Brown
Shaheed, myself and Busta Bust Brown
Will commence to rock (ROCK!), so bring on the flocks (FLOCKS!)
Interrogation for the knockin of the box
The boom-box ruler controls the medula
None come cooler, I win like Shula
So bust out the moves as you start to pursue her
Intensified mind, non blunt consumer
Tip will come booty (WELL, IT'S ONLY A RUMOR!)
The beat is so sick, that it starts brain tumors (TUMORS!)
Peace to Hood baby from the midnight crooner
Smoke him up later, if not, then sooner

[Busta Rhymes:]

Hey what we gon DO! in '92, even though we had FUN! in '91
Quick to turn my day, all things comin down
Run up on the new sound, leavin cracks in the ground
What's goin on my man (GOD DAMN!) and now my brain is hurtin
Busta, rhythm will hit 'em, then I get 'em
Rip on 'em, shit on 'em, hit on 'em, then I will sit on 'em
Open up your mouth if you want the food
Take in full, Flipmode, cuz I'm in the mood, Uh-heh, uh-heh
Yeah man, that's how it goes
Body drippin with blood comin out your nose
Give me a band-aid, what are you askin for? (MORE!)
All in your secret and pure
Adverse, they said, check it and I bust a new rap
Rap, Busta Rhymes, and bust this wicked rap
Yeah y'all in '92, I'm packin my ant spray (ANYWAY!)
Tickle it, Tribe Called Quest, Leaders of the New School
Mad brothas would still think...Rhow, Rhow, Rhow!!!
To my dragon, baby, stop whining
I see my influence still shining
More crazy in '92, uh oh, time to go, yo
That's the Scenario!

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Money Maker"

[all vocals by The Lone Ranger (Q-Tip)]

This is the Lone Ranger
If you're one of the fortuante to purchase this
A Tribe Called Quest, The Love Movement album
You are privliged to witness the first in a series of attempts
To rectify music from it's rectulness
Again, this is the Lone Ranger with his first installment
Money Maker
Listen

Colder in the winter
And hotter in the summer
Get on up
Get on up
Live your life right when you be corrupt
Volcano about to erupt
Get it up, Get it up, Get it up

Got the motivating joints that keep your ass jumping
Why when a nigga get on, you want something
Yo I got the posinious traps for little rats that fiend
In come the bedroom dream
Kick it at a slow or at a quick tempo
A ladies' disposition won't fuck with the mental
I'm built for conflicts with chicks with issues
I can lick the wounds bring ease with miss yous
Bringin' all the pain and makin' things shiver
The beat make you bite your nails and shit your liver
And we gonna give a encore performance
Haters seem doormant while my presence is enormous
Tarnations, I went gold
Streesed out with Faith but told cats to get a hold
Who is the nigga who's mic is stronger
Rock for an hour and he might rock longer
Kid you're perplexed, seems I better get to gongin'
The clean up man, hang you up like on and
Don't step in the arena, that's a stern warning
I'm the pops, I raise the sun like morning
Seems you're still sleeping, hey, stop the yawning
Open up the blinds and witness the dawning
The new application and I'm the applier
And I'm a set it off like fire
Yeah yeah, that's where it's at
Make it hot and phat and like Puff (I like that)
Now I got to urge you on to move ahead
Don't dread, 'cause I keep the stock in the shed

And if you need a boost, then I got the jump
Because we prone to make the party go bump bump bump bump bump bump bump
Where you is, if you the baby daddy then uplift the kids
Get back and plan, don't be on front flossin'
Incognito, you heard the name quite often
You dressed in black and been issued a coffin
I thrive on this plain, you off to the lost one
Like cayon pepper, it gets hot to the better
>From each little dash it get the whole smash
It's tasty too, so satisfy your whole pallid
Fake ID's are revoked, they're invalid
Infractin' bodies out on the dance floor
Is what I wanna see, not less but much more
The lyrics just spewed, he got good reviews
The kid made the news, how he left no clues
On how he just murderlized the whole damn jam
He just got results that's smiles and waved hands
The mission could never be accomplished, however
Until we bounce to a autumn where hot weather
And still we'll be able to rock and rip crowds
While other emcees say nuthin' and talk loud
While other emcees say nuthin' and talk loud
If you with the Tribe, chest out and be proud

Shake your money maker
Shake your money maker
Shake your money maker
Shake it, shake it

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Hot Sex"

[Chorus]

[Verse One: Phife]

Ayo who wanna pull on Phifer long time no hear from
Suckers walkin' around talking about they could get some
But that pop is non cypher, no can do
And if you think I'm a dope, then ask the other crew
And I proceed to let you know, exactly how to flow
I'm not Lawn Doctor so just step off with the hoe
Oops my mistake I didn't know you went with her
Should I run down the line of the all the kids that done hit her
Don't be bitter, I hear that honey resembles a critter
I heard she likes to do one-one my man John Ritter
But back to the subject you can't catch wreck
You must get respect, to earn respect
Suckers think they could herb me cuz know I where specks
You're full of jokes, but you your name ain't flex
I got the riches, the bitches, I'm large like a Huxtable
You think you're all that but you're girl's quite doable
Yeah, I'm tellin' you G, to back up off me
I'm not a mad cohort, but I'm not Mr. Softee
Rappin' is an art, coming straight from the heart
So forget the chart because the action can start

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Q-Tip]

Where ya at? To all my peoples with the funk
I'm the undercover brother dump your hoe in the trunk
Save all the sad songs and the tearjerkers
Niggaz step up it's the lyrical worker
The poems that I create ain't in paper back books
The poems that I create are for hookers and the crooks
My mental is excelling cuz I dabble in the books
I'm not the one to front on, so suboops-suboops
Yo I gets the pickens, I'm such a damn Dickens
If you step to this then the plot just thickens
I'll run you around the track like a bunny and a dog
To me, your just another MC on the log
A link on the chain, fluid on the brain
I boast of hype lyrics, and yours are mardane
See I can't maintain, especially if you come back
I'm the lyrical master blaster, yeah I can do that
I can also do your girl, so leave the hoe at home
Cuz when I get done, I'll have her strung on bones

It's the no-joke pressure, that elevates my mind
Makes me pick up and go when it's time to drop a rhyme
My title is locked, the Abstract poetic
I'm in the idle mode but my energy's kinetic
So smooth and debonair, especially for the ear
Gotta keep my thing in gear cuz it's evident and clear
That I will rock, rock, rock *[fades away]*

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Oh My God"

[Q-tip:]
Listen up everybody the bottom line
I'm a black intellect, but unrefined
with precision like a bullet, target bound
just livin like a hooker, the harlett sounds
now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hott
V-A-V-A-Vader, the brothers in the spot
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hit
Captain of the poets, I'm the #7 pick
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside
listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide
Tip the earthly body
heavens on my side
even in Santo Domingo
Can I gotta Gringo
we got mikes when do we go
know a little nigga who can ryhme when you ask me
short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy
Phife Dawg
1 for the treble
2 for the bass
you know the style Tip
it's time to flip this
I like my beats hard like two day old shit
steady eatin booty M.C's like cheese Grits
My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode
used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue
it's not like honey dip would wanna get with me
but just in case I own more condoms then T.L.C.
now the formula is this Me, Tip, and Ali
for those who can't count it goes 1-2-3
The answer(scratch-Damn right I'm)Hiccup is how i be
brothers find it's hard to do but never me
some brothers try to dis my malik
you see'm ditchin me
now cure all the B.B. M.C.'s my shit is hittin
trainin gladiator, anti-hesitater
Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada
Mr. energetic, who me sound pathetic
when's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?
(I don't know man*[3x]*)
(I don't know*[2x]*)

[Chorus:]
(Oh My God yes, Oh my god *[x10]*)

[Q-Tip]
Complimentary it be
the theif of Poetry
I got a humdinger comin hook line and sinker
the TIMBO hits with the prints underground
TIMBO's on the toes, i like the way it's goin down
down like the lady of the evenin
when it goes in Toots just beleive the sin
cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place
Take off your boots cuz you can't run the race

[Chorus:]
(Oh My God *[x14]*)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Jazz (We've Got...)(Re-recording)"

[Q-Tip:]
Woo...Grand groove, grand groove *[2X]*

Rough, rough, rugged
Tough like a nugget
Listen to the Abstract Poetic, don't snub it
The Midnight Marauder is the hype beat arranger
Don't front on the lyrics or the two cuz it's danger
Hook you like a junkie, you'll flip like a monkey
To the openness of the rhythm, so proceed because I'm funky
I get down, down like a fly hooker's panties
Make you catch a spirit and motivate a fanny
I be the fly poet, rappers, they get jelly
Upset when I rock, cuz yo, they beats is smelly
See, I got it goin on like a Forbes tax return
Listenin to these lyrics when it's hot will make it burn
Baby burn, baby burn, up into the heavens
The skies up above, the one you think of
Is the highly regarded, hell of the people
Your mic and my mic? Come on, yo, no equal
So if ya wanna do it to yourself
That is to mess around with the jazz, then just blame yourself
Cuz you made your bed, so now you lay in it
That's your (shit) on the floor, then go and play in it
I refuse to catch a 'L' in a battle
Cuz yo, I got the jazz and I'll whup a rapper's (ass)
Into little next to nuthin
Test me if I'm frontin
I'm passin flyin colors cuz yo...

[Chorus Q-Tip:]
Who got the jazz? (We've got the jazz) *[7X]*
We've got the jazz
Come on
Come on, Phife

[Phife:]
No need for introductions cuz you know who I be (the Phife Dawg)
Yep, the one who loves to slaugher MCs
I got style, grace and razamatazz
I'm like my girl Patrice Rushen, yo
I add pizazz, now
Most people remember Phife from the Phife like smoothness
But now it's time to hit you with roughneck rudeness
I'm still vexed, fuming, gots to come raw
The first punk that tries to flex, I'll be cracking your jaw
I'll mold you, fold you, roll you up like a spliff

Don't ever try to test or else that (ass) will get whipped
I'm forever poppin junk, its like a fat invite
To any MC who wants to flex, yo, we can do this tonight
Gel up my posse up on Linden and 1-9-2
Pull up my brothas from Sayers Ave., the Brooklyn Zoo
All my crew up in Strong Island, so yo, don't sleep
Cuz it only takes a peek to watch that (ass) get beat
Brothas wanna play rough, but they can all get some
Wanna be hero, but you're a zero, that means you gets none
Don't ever try to step to a kid you can't get with
Why mess with a brotha that your girl once slept with?
I'm a negro, he's a negro, wanna be a negro too?
But beatin on a woman, is somethin that a puss would do
I love jazz, but that doesn't mean that I'm timid
Not really a gangsta rapper but I can swing it for a minute

[Q-Tip:]
Who got the jazz? (We've got the jazz) *[3X]*
Come on
Who got the jazz? (We've got the jazz) *[3X]*
Come on
I go...woo...grand groove, grand groove
Ooh...grand groove, grand groove
Check it out
We got the jazz y'all *[3X]*
[ad lib]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"One Two Shit"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[Intro: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg, Busta Rhymes]

One two, one two
One-wa-wa-one, one two one two *[3X]*
Yo it's the Q-Tip, you know I get down
Yes I rock to the rhythm of a funky sound
It go
One-wa-wa-one, one two one two *[2X]*

And it's the, Phife Dawg, and I do the same
And when it comes to rippin mics aiyyo it ain't no games
One-wa-wa-one, one two one two *[2X]*

Aiyyo you know it's Busta Rhymes, ev-ery time
Oh yes, I'm comin wicked with the new design
I'm sayin
One-wa-wa-one, one two one two *[2X]*

[Verse One: Q-Tip]

MC's ain't coming equipped with the rhymes
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time
The time is eternal when you play with the miser
Soul is in my body, and the health make me wiser
The tantalizing wordplay yeah that's the joint
Sometimes I have to cuss just to prove my damn point
Brothers need to come, with better, compositions
I write, and recite, to make, good position
In this, rap game here, we en-gineer
Stabbin up the jam yeah son shit's clear
And I be kickin rhymes in my own damn way
Beatin niggaz to the punch like Sugar Ray
Got the cool-ass style, that's cooler than the cool
My lyrics is the bullet and the mic is the tool
Peace to C-Seventy-Three, and C-Seventy-Fo'
Do a little somethin when I'm out on tour
Comin thru like narcotics for the antibiotics
Flappin shorty's stockings to the Space-like Sprockets
What you really need to do is just boogie your ass
It's not gassed, we got to make the good times last
Let the good times roll, cuz we in control
Take you out on your high less you payin a toll
Let the good times roll, let the good times toll
Take you out on your high less you payin a toll

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

Question
Why is that, MC's be wack
And major labels wanna sound like crap
Aiyyo Funk Dat!
Word to life I'm comin rugged
Cuz once you add the hip to the hop kid, it equals out to love
If the beat's fat I use it, some wack shit, I lose it
Refuse it, how could you chose it, it stinks Renuse it
Put down the mic kid, cuz you gets no dap
How long did it take for you to see you can't rap
The name is Phife Dawg, and I got nuff style
It doesn't take long for me to get buckwild
So bust what I'm swingin what I'm swingin when I swing
I rap when I rap cuz I never wanna sing
Go ask the last MC what happened when he said battle
I bust his ass in Cleveland now he's Sleepless in Seattle
Rude bwoy official comin with the ill grammar
Comin back on kids, like Joey Montana
We be the three MC's to make your mind go batty
Mad play, on WKRP in Cincinatti
So lord send a hon, if ya kyant send a han sen a man
An if ya kyan sen a man, come yaself
Cuz all deez bitin MC's, lawd dem somethin else
See I kick the styles that'll make ya ass melt
Money on my mind so never mind a trick
New York is the town and the team is the Knicks
World's greatest five footer rippin parties apart
Here comes Shaheed with the big green shark
Never had to rhyme about feelin what with lead
NEVER MIND DAT MON HERE COME DE DREAD

[Verse Three: Busta Rhymes]

We comin farrrr farrrr farrrr
Busta Rhymes is comin farrrr farrr farr
ya know ya hear me Star!
Bet your bottom dollah
Right after this jam about one million one two niggaz go follow
Whether it be to-day or to-morrow
Niggaz be collaboratin sickening
you beat them like they father
Ohhhhh shit check out what I saying
Ah-hah ah-hah ohhhhh ah-hah ah-hah
You know my niggaz don't be playing
Once upon a mah-hah-hacking time
I received the opportuni-ties to represent my first rhymes
To define, lyrical sensations
Black masons blowin up the spot
Just to represent the Nations
Three dimensions, tryclops, Mr. Busta Rhymes three eyes
Fat like a burger and fries
Mama-so-mama-saa-mamma-ma-ko-sah

Go back to the country to go check my grandmama
Eeeyah!! Bring it to the table at the meetings
Gathering large receivings delivering intellectual ass beatings
As I carry on with my proceedings
Greetings!! Watch a nigga debut on premier movie screenings
But before I be face to face with my eternal resting place
I hope you find civilized every soul and every race
Sit dog sit!
Busta Rhymes forever on that ultrasonic shit!

A TRIBE CALLED QUEST
We got it from Here....
Thank You 4 Your Service

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Space Program"

(feat. Vincent Price)

I'mma deal with a bigger insult, man
The heat, the heat, the heat, the heat
It's comin' down hard
We've got to get our shit together

It's time to go left and not right
Gotta get it together forever
Gotta get it together for brothers
Gotta get it together for sisters
For mothers and fathers and dead niggas
For non-conformists, one hitter quitters
For Tyson types and Che figures
Let's get it together, come on let's make it
Gotta make it to make it, to make it, to make it, to make it
To make something happen, to make something happen
To make something happen, let's make something happen

Word to Phifer
Gonna bring it to the overlord, drinkin' Cisco
Chilling with the gold microphone cords
And we grip our balls every time we stuntin' on tour
'Cause we never bore, responding to the ready crowd's roar
And promoters try to hit us with the art of war
We about our business, we not quitters
Not bullshitters, we deliver—we go-get it
Don't be bitter 'cause we not just niggas
Jarobi, my fiber wove into different cloth
Ain't nothing forbidden, this nigga get his written off
Hardest spit in the city y'all niggas spitting kitten soft
Confused and amazed, shook up with your brain missing lost
They planning for our future
None of our people involved
Pouring Henny and Smirnoff to get it cracking off
Cracking off a Smirnoff to quickly turn to Molotov
Molotov the spaceship doors before that bitch is taking off
It always seems the poorest persons
Are people forsaken, dawg
No Washingtons, Jeffersons, Jacksons
On the captain's log
They'd rather lead us to the grayest water poison deadly smog
Mass un-blackening, it's happening, you feel it y'all?
Rather see we in a three-by-three structure with many bars
Leave us where we are so they can play among the stars
They taking off to Mars, got the space vessels overflowing
What, you think they want us there? All us niggas not going
Reputation ain't glowing, reparations ain't flowing

If you find yourself stuck in a creek, you better start rowing
Used to see the TV screen as the place to land my dream in
And the car stereo where they would promote the show
Optimistic little brother with a hope you know

(Move on to the stars)
There ain't a space program for niggas
Yeah, you stuck here, nigga
(Move on to the stars)
There ain't a space program for niggas
Yeah, you stuck here nigga
(Move on to the stars)
There ain't a space program for niggas
Yeah, you stuck here, nigga
(Move on to the stars)
There ain't a space program for niggas
Yeah, you stuck, stuck, stuck
(Move on to the stars)

Sit and wonder sometimes, I read the paper every day
All these happenings is cycular, just happen different ways
And the president's refined, in her wing she's confined
With about thirty Percocets and five bottles of wine
Carolina nothing finer than a Black woman who climbs
To the top of the State building claiming that that flag is mine
Now, people on top of people, feels like we can't breathe
Put so much in this muthafucka, feel like we shouldn't leave
Put it on TV, put it in movies, put it in our face
These notions and ideas and citizens live in space
I chuckle just like all of y'all, absurdity, after all
Takes money to get it running and money for trees to fall
Imagine for one second all the people are colored, please
Imagine for one second all the people in poverty
No matter the skin tone, culture or time zone
Think the ones who got it
Would even think to throw you a bone?
Moved you out your neighbourhood, did they find you a home?
Nah cypher, probably no place to
Imagine if this shit was really talkin' about space, dude
Imagine if this shit was really talkin' about space, dude
Imagine if this shit was really talkin' about space, dude

Time to go left and not right
Gotta get it together forever
Gotta get it together for brothers
Gotta get it together for sisters
For mothers and fathers and dead niggas
For non-conformers, won't hear the quitters
For Tyson types and Che figures
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Gotta get it together for brothers
Gotta get it together for sisters

For mothers and fathers and dead niggas
For non-conformists, one-hitter quitters
For Tyson types and Che figures
Make make make
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Gotta get it together forever
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Make make make
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Gotta get it together for brothers
Gotta get it together for sisters
For mothers and fathers and dead niggas
For non-conformists, one-hitter quitters
For Tyson types and Che figures
Make, make, make
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen
Let's make somethin' happen, let's make somethin' happen

The danger must be growing
For the rowers keep on rowing
And they're certainly not showing
Any signs that they are slowing!
"We're there!"
"Where?"
"Here!"
A small step for mankind
But a giant step for us
Oompa, loompa, doopa dee doo
I've got another puzzle for you

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"We The People"

(feat. Consequence)

We don't believe you 'cause we the people
Are still here in the rear, ayo, we don't need you
You in the killing-off-good-young-nigga mood
When we get hungry we eat the same fucking food
The ramen noodle
Your simple voodoo is so maniacal, we're liable to pull a juju
The irony is that this bad bitch in my lap
She don't love me, she make money, she don't study that
She gon' give it to me, ain't gon' tell me run it back
She gon' take the brain to wetter plains, she spit on that
The doors have signs with, don't try to rhyme with
VH1 has a show that you can waste your time with
Guilty pleasures take the edge off reality
And for a salary I'd probably do that shit sporadically
The OG Gucci boots are smitten with iguanas
The IRS piranha see a nigga gettin' commas
Niggas in the hood living in a fishbowl
Gentrify here, now it's not a shit hole
Trendsetter, I know, my shit's cold
Ain't settling because I ain't so bold but ay

All you Black folks, you must go
All you Mexicans, you must go
And all you poor folks, you must go
Muslims and gays, boy, we hate your ways
So all you bad folks, you must go

The fog and the smog of news media that logs
False narratives of Gods that came up against the odds
We're not just nigga rappers with the bars
It's kismet that we're cosmic with the stars

You bastards overlooking street art
Better yet, street smarts but you keep us off the charts
So motherfuck your numbers and your statisticians
Fuck y'all know about true competition?
That's like a AL pitcher on deck talking about he hittin'
The only one who's hitting are the ones that's currently spittin'
We got your missy smitten rubbing on her little kitten
Dreaming of a world that's equal for women with no division
Boy, I tell you that's vision
Like Tony Romo when he hitting Witten
The Tribe be the best in they division
Shaheed Muhammad cut it with precision
Who can come back years later, still hit the shot?
Still them tryna move we off the fucking block

Babylon, bloodclot
Two pon yuh headtop

All you Black folks, you must go
All you Mexicans, you must go
And all you poor folks, you must go
Muslims and gays, boy, we hate your ways
So all you bad folks, you must go

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Whateva Will Be"

(feat. Consequence)

Girl, this motherfucker's got rhythm

So am I 'posed to be dead or doin' life in prison?
Just another dummy caught up in the system
Unruly hooligan who belongs in Spofford
Versus gettin' that degree at Stanford or Harvard
And by my work ethic, the way I speak
Yo, should it be mentally weak versus bein' Malik
Yo, should I be trapped in the trap? Would you prefer that?
Fourth grade mean level but he knows how to rap
Are you amused by our struggles? The English that's broken?
The weed that I'm smokin'? The guns that I'm totin'?
The drugs that I'm sellin'? No need for improvement
Fuck you and who you think I should be, forward movement

Melanin is shrouded in complexity
Brain charge shocking like 'lectricity
Mouth translate happens organically
The media relates to what it thinks it sees
Judging steps in shoes from a path they never walked
Shot down in a blaze over phrases, how they talk
Dark skin, walk with a bop, a trade feelin'
I'm chillin', feelin' down at a DNA crime buildin'
Supplement the youth, hypersexualizing women
They ain't got the strong enough hold, so they built a prison
Pumping false religion to all of these niggas' systems
Every voice devoid of the truth
Come on, listen

Look at this, look at this
Whatever will be will be
Like a billionaire investin' in a nigga's dreams
Certainly a head scratcher, like Pac and Big's killas capture
Or a women with the wisdom who's leadin' the way
The rarity is in the rear, but never today
Man, picture a PD lettin' good records play
On the strength of what it is, not the finesse of your biz
And your lady calls you dirty, her dirts under rugs
You'll find out only if she tells you, take her kiss and hug, cuz
In the answer for cancer in a prodigious kid's mind
Yes, the government will for learning is feed for everyone
And from that lie, your leaders will rise in the eyes
Of despair and adversity in some universal sense will be true

Everybody runnin' when they see the storm's comin'
But whatever's gonna be will be

Everybody runnin' when they see the storm's comin'
But whatever's gonna be will be
Some will dash to the mountain, some will crawl
And the weakest amongst them, they will fall
But the strongest in fate, they will stand tall
Everybody runnin' when they see the storm's comin'
But whatever's gonna be will be

[Consequence:]
I just wanna feel as liberated as lions in Liberia
'Cause recently my heart turned cold as Siberia
'Cause everywhere I go, bein' cold is the criteria
Let's see how well you know all your Tribe trivia
Green and the white, we servin' that Nigeria
North side of Queens, one-nine-two is the area
This is for my dawgs from Shih Tzus to Terriers
Fuck it, it's showtime, Tip, make sure they hearin' ya

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Solid Wall Of Sound"

(feat. Busta Rhymes & Elton John)

[Elton John, A Tribe Called Quest:]
Gonna hear electric music (What you gon' hear?)
Gonna hear electric music (What you gon' hear?)
Gonna hear electric music, solid walls of sound
Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)
Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)
Solid walls of sound (Pushing breaking ground, pushing breaking sound)
Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)
Solid walls of sound (Tip and Phife in town, Tip and Phife in town)
Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)
Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, pushing breaking ground)
Solid walls of sound (Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound)
Solid walls of sound (Jedi, Ali, Phifey, Tip)
Solid walls of sound (Jedi, Ali, Phifey, Tip)
Solid walls of sound (Jedi, Ali, Phifey, Tip)
Solid walls of sound (Jedi, Phifey, Phifey)

[Phife:]
Yo, ay piece of Q, massive man crew
Bars to any beat, we beat the beat for true
Massive MC's, dem smell the pussy stew
Don't let your mother, my yout

[Q-Tip:]
I shoulda spoke up when I'm in the mode of
Leave that to me, el-Hajj Malik
The man with a plan who went for it all
Like Marauders on a mission when we killin' dancehalls

[Phife:]
Hmm, sucka boi, Trini man
Ride out when wicked in mi hand
Left all of mi fan, one, two, three dem all of di gang

[Busta Rhymes:]
Ova couple pound a weed, and a cup of donovan
Hmm, bruk pocket, find another plan

[Busta Rhymes, Q-Tip & Phife:]
Yeah, cyan dun, push up on a man
And big up the sound man
Itty bitty DJ walk

[Busta Rhymes & Phife:]
Ayo most of them ah talk
They don't want no prob, they don't want no etch a outline

Inna bloodclaat chalk

[Q-Tip:]
Early in the night when you bring out the music
With the pipers and the band kill a sound man music
Live and direct when it all goes down

[Busta Rhymes:]
Like an idiot bwoy yuh nuh wanna fuck round

[Phife:]
Big tune make the world go round

[Busta Rhymes:]
Make way fi di soundboy crowd

[Phife:]
Dem fi know we di wickedest sound

[Busta Rhymes:]
So now your face make a soundboy frown

[Elton John:]
Sound
Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound
Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound
Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound
Solid wall of sound, solid wall of sound
Solid wall of sound

Sound checking, I know your ass is shaking the room
In just a few hours you're gonna feel the burn
All of the goons are checking my guns at the door
The solid wall of sound is here on tour
It's gonna get loud
So no phones aloud
It's gonna get loud
So no phones aloud

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Dis Generation"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

Handle rocks with the capital G, ball on the beat
Status, Chris Paul and John Wall in the league
Grabbin' mics till the knuckles would bleed
'Cause I believe
The potent that I'm quoting will have you geeked like speed
If rationale is naturale or a weave
It's all edges and peas
Settin' press, we on a permanent steeze
I'm in a world where my princess is Leia
And she's feeling my Vader
And my lure grows greater and greater
Chem trails, droppin' poisonous vapors
Have you shaking like Gator
Been trill, nigga, process the data
Blu-ray, wave file, or a Beta, I'll DVR it for later
Kappo Masa with a G to my waiter
You can't define us, XY us, or Z us
You generational elitists
Have your chi in virtual think pieces
See, these written words are poetical science
Brain's defiant, thoughts heavy, baby
They're a major appliance
Leave a dent when drop with the flyness, fluent giant
Dude's nice, he tight, screwed in with some pliers
Cool with some buyers
Yeah, nigga, cool with some growers
Never no tattletales, only I don't knowers
We a show me generation, show us what you gon' show us
So listen, mami, see we could collude with a boing
Mouthpiece like Goines, with a jubilant noise
Dudes rude and as useless as coins, shoot 'em boys
Versed in, rehearsed in the soothing of loins
Talk to Joey, Earl, Kendrick, and Cole, gatekeepers of flow
They are extensions of instinctual soul
It's the highest in commodity grade
And you could get it today

Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation
Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation
Rules di nation

One hitting reading pages of Poe
Telly is low, cuddle bunny ready to go
Day of the dead
Bury all the zombies instead
And it's just your aftermath, Busta cuttin' your dreads

Bruce Leein' niggas, while you niggas UFC
Smoke tree on niggas, sizzle out your USB
Surge pricing on these Ubers, I'mma get me a cab
Yo, where Jarobi at? Imbibing on impeccable grass
I be in NYC waiting for that law to pass
Pass shit, been waiting for a Jet's title since last
Richard Todd, Todd Bowles, gang green on that ass
Magic Mike on the mic, David Blain, Douglass Henning
In the church of Busta Rhymes, it's my sermon you're getting
Horizontal spittin', I'm the exorcist of your writtens
Don't interrupt me, nigga, sorry, that's a sin unforgiven
Like how we be skipping on beats like cooking crack in the kitchen
B-b-b-b-b-b-but wait
Just spit the package, dry it, bag up the wet
This mad city's not a game, easy, quiet on set, Phife
Student of the past trailblazing a daze
Not acknowledging a trend or swept up in a phase
We still the highest of commodity grade
And you could get it, get it, get it, get it today

Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation
Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation
Rules di nation

This is our generation, generation, uh huh, yeah
This our generation, generation, uh huh
This our generation, generation, uh huh

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Kids..."

(feat. André 3000)

[André 3000:]
I ain't even gon' lie, I was probably high
Just forgot to call you back, simple as that
I ain't no almanac, so lick my dictionary
I might just call a cab 'cause I dig canary
Yellow accents on a dark bitch
I met her back when she kept all her carpet
I'm well aware all that shit is fantasy
I double dare y'all to fuck your plan B
That's demeanor, momma's mannerisms
That mean, don't mean to get vulgar, but it's some
Hoes in this bitch like a box of donuts
It's cold out in this bitch, standing on the corner
Condolences to niggas that got erased
I pour out some liquor on a cop's grave
Mmm, digital church bells
Ringin' 'cross the street, sure work well

[André 3000 & (Q-Tip):]
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) For real (For real?) For real (For real)
Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) For real (For real?) For real (For real)

[Q-Tip:]
I don't wanna get up now, I don't wanna go to school
I don't wanna be the best, don't wanna follow rules
Mom, I think you fuckin' lied to me
Three stacks said all this shit is fantasy
It's my time, gon' put a little life to it
If life's a obstacle then I'mma bike through it
I see it like a kiddie on the carousel
If I 'url while I go around, what the hell
And that went well, so I'm compelled
To have visions of getting chicken while my friends get jel
My young nigga motto was, "Fuck it, I'm already grown"
And I dream of when I'm sixteen, I'm out my home
That petty though, 'cause my mama boyfriend dough
It's kinda long like this old head hustle, yo
He cognizant of a nigga ride and die
I see us getting money through my green eyes

[Andre 3000 & (Q-Tip):]
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) For real (For real?) For real (For real)

[André 3000 & Q-Tip:]
Yeah, all the kids, all the what, uh
Yeah, all the badass kids, uh
Kids, say I'm the shit
I'm Chick-fil-A nuggets, McDonald's french fries
The spicy Popeye's and Red Lobster biscuits
And girls scout thin mints
Pardon my penmanship, but oh shit
Feel like I'm hungry now again
And I can't do nothing about it because my teeth are all rotted
And my mom and my pop, they just grin
And empathize with me 'cause they were little like Pygmies
But too bad they can't get back they 'member whens
Them grown-up stories don't work
In the court of the kiddies', the judgement is in
And while y'all doing all y'all your bids, y'all reminisce as kids
Fuck it, kids, the grown-ups won't own up
They stood on the corner
Like you once upon a, time
And probably felt like a loner
And smelled like a stoner, and snuck to Daytona
So when they questioning you 'bout who or who you ain't boning
Complaining that you always moaning
Never saying good morning
Storming out my house
And slamming doors like you paying bills
They been through it too, though
They were kids like you, though
But what if they knew though
And hit you with the cheat code
To a game you just start playing, no extra man
Leave you reckless on the court
With no high percentage shot
Just a bunch of, "You got 'em, nigga, just give it what you got"
Yeah, it look a little different on a yacht
But ain't gon' lie, I miss kayaking
I love the young niggas, and they do too, they just be acting
Like a bunch of retired tired thespians, a bit too salty
Shit, their blood pressure high, why?
They don't play no more, probably

[André 3000:]
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?

(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
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(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?
(Kids) Kids, don't you know how all this shit is fantasy?

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Melatonin"

I said I really dream in color, but (they don't know)
And every brother ain't a brother, but (they don't know)
Pop melatonin like they Swedish Fish (they don't know)
To give her everything's my dying wish (they don't know)
Roleplay, she plays the mannequin (they don't know)
Raising my hand, teacher says "Not again" (they don't know)
The sun is up, but I feel down again (they don't know)
On just one hand, I can count all my friends (they don't know)

The understudy for the star, the show must go on
I'm a beast on a leash, I'm towed from the lawn
Another notch in my belt, the food's getting scarce
Another notch in my belt, she shakes up the stairs
Drink liquid confidence to kill the czar defense
Get rid of this tense, it makes life make sense
'Cause I come off the fence and break through defense
Anxiety is on the ropes and it's gettin' intense

Population gettin' tired now (they don't know)
Everybody wants to spire now (they don't know)
Racist emails fire out (they don't know)
We did it in the dark, it's coming out (they don't know)
The world is crazy and I cannot sleep, but (they don't know)
The melatonin good enough to eat, but (they don't know)
I read the papers so that I can see what (they don't know)
I rather stay indoors and make a beat, but (they don't know)

My mother said a lotta lives were shooting
Her Bible was like her toolie
PZ-headed and unruly, I made her think she got to me
Follow in the trail of reefer and niggas talking through speakers
Fattest laces through my sneakers, and rap is for ghetto preachers
Thought I had it so I tried it, for so long I would just hide it
Then I made the crowds say "Oh," smoking more, get excited
I was hooked, I couldn't shake it, the more I got, I would take it
Couldn't sleep, couldn't eat, but this life, I would not forsake it

I said I really dream in color, now (they don't know)
And every brother ain't a brother, now (they don't know)
Pop melatonin like they Swedish Fish (they don't know)
To give her everything's my dying wish (they don't know)

So many thoughts in my mind making it very hard to unwind
Guess I should take one, just one
So many thoughts in my mind making it very hard to unwind
Guess I should take one, just one
So many thoughts in my mind making it very hard to unwind

Guess I should take one, just one
So many thoughts in my mind making it very hard to unwind
Guess I should take one, just one

This one for good girls that all gone bad (just one)
This one, I'll take it when I feel sad (just one, yeah)
This one, I'll take it to make me strong (just one)
This one, I'll take it so that I'll live long (just one, yeah)
This one, I'll take it to make me smile (just one)
This one, I'll take it to make life worthwhile (just one)
This one and that one and those and these (just one)
I just want to sleep, I want to be at ease (just one)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Enough!!"

Is this enough?
Is this enough?
Is this enough?
Is this enough?

Yo, I'm savant with the game
Go on, tell 'robi yo' name
Provide words that's heard, setting your body aflame
Ooh, you off the chain, I'm handling your terrain, your valley
Has me standing down to the follicle
'Bout half of this bottle full of reasons for us to ball
Calming violations and travel vacations, ma
Place on your fancy bra, go take them vestments off
Skin and my lips involved with licking a place that's on
Jedi

Is this enough?
Is this enough love that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Is this enough time that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Tell me that you feel the same way I do
Is this enough?
Enough, enough, enough

Is it an issue if I make you nut?
But there's no quality time 'cause I forever grind
This is not an excuse, I just wanna get loose
That's some nigga jargon, girl, you're making me harden
To the stone and granite statue, I'm prone to get at you
It's hard to break your defense, I guess I have to leap fence
And scale wall and break fall on a tree right by your window
Reward me for my efforts by rolling this indo
As I nibble your neck naughtily, sex is a big part of me
Agencies want to audit me, searches in for sodomy
My thrust bust artery, I know you're on to me
Just wanna have shenanigan, don't wanna make you mad again
So focus on the flattery you feel when I fring it
Acknowledge that I got it and you love it when I bring it
Dirty talk loud but they saying, "Fuck this shit"
At the queen's request, if it's gotta be, it's gotta be

Is this enough?
Is this enough love that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Is this enough time that I give to you?
Is this enough?

Tell me that you feel the same way I do
Is this enough?
Is this enough?
Is this enough love that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Is this enough time that I give to you?
Is this enough?
Tell me that you feel the same way I do
Is this enough?
Is this enough?

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Mobius"

(feat. Busta Rhymes & Consequence)

[Consequence:]
I break bread, ribs, hundred dollar bills
Dream about Bugattis and other four-wheels
They say Illuminati and other ordeals
Is how my lawyer got me to avoid a raw deal
And now it's more real than it is for any other star
And that's enough to have you tearing up the mini-bar
I should probably get awards when the Emmys are
For how I deal with the path like Remy Ma
I get in the car like a sniper's on the roof now
But don't confuse how you see me, have to move now
I got bars like the cypher's in the booth now
Ooo, child, things are gonna get easier
'Long as they get my page right on Wikipedia
'Long as they say my name right in the media
If you don't, that's a sin like Cincinnati
'Cause ever since I had the polo suit at the Grammys
I been spittin' at the camera like Trick Daddy
So swag, he could have broke up with IG
I ain't surprised that they broke up on IG
I got the game on IV
Might as well have a live feed
Keep a fresh cut from Aunt B
So I always match the picture in my ID
They packin' Dub C and run with MAC 10
I was still a baby Similac then
And what the crack era did to black men
It had to be an error if you had a Cadillac then

[Busta Rhymes:]
How I rock mine, I throw it up
Makin' sure that you niggas all are on the same page
Powerful force, you better look both ways
Fuck that, I'm chokin' niggas, it's goin' down
I'm from a different cloth, we the oracles of the sound
Skip town, hit 'em with impeccable pound
Lost, found, the way I flood it, niggas gon' drown
Rip shit...oh, wait, wait, wait, wait...
I gotta do it again, I gotta do it again
You already know the script, roundhouse kick
She lookin' at me, lickin' her lip
Put my arm around her like a bowl of chip with the dip
With your bitch, what the fuck, niggas erupt
I got the half moon clip, that's banana, a good planner
A new anger like a larger Bruce Banner, out the house
Nigga, if you open your mouth

Damn, nigga, if you open you mouth
Fuck the press, I'm leavin' every room in a mess
Like herds of bulls with they aprons on and bakin' soda
Keep it movin', keep the convo short and bring a case of Henny
House of Pain, I control many
House of lies, where niggas go run, hide
Peep the way the scribe conflict with they real lives
(Nigga) Phonetic shit, we go bizarre
Bad news for niggas as I go emphatical, radical
Mention no animals, roamin' like a czar
Every time I blah for the record, the shit splatter
The whole data, no bullshit, the boom bapper
I pull the gat up, whip the ship, come to bat up
When I pull up too niggas even your momma goin' scatter

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Black Spasmodic"

(feat. Consequence)

Yo, y'all ready?
Yo, Phife, you ready?
Cons, you got that part right?
I dunno but it don't matter who choose to set it off
ATCQ, no doubt my niggas is boss
Little half-ass rappers, y'all pissin' me off
Time to dead 'em all off, yo, no matter the cause

[Consequence:]
(Black) They don't make thugs of this calibre
(Spasmodic) Who kept up the buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Used to keep guns with the silencers
(Black) They don't make thugs of this calibre
(Spasmodic) Who kept up a buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Now look what he does to any challenger

Now who want it with the Trini gladiator?
The finger to you haters, you biters not innovators
I take zero for granted, I honors my gift
Champion pen game, plus I'm freestyle equipped
You clowns be bum sauce, speak my name, it's curtains
Hamdulillāh my crew's back to workin'
Trash rap the dead pussy, kill the turban
Fuck boys, sit down, shit can only get worsen
How do you touch mic with flows uncertain?
Speak game tribal, that flow ain't workin'
Folks doin' items, dem vex and cursin'
Fuck made me wanna see these niggas in person
Third song in, muthafuckas dispersin'
Only to realize Gana loose in the buildin'
Big tune this for man, woman and children
Back on my bullshit, Busta bust then we kill them

[Consequence:]
(Black) They don't make thugs of this calibre
(Spasmodic) Who kept up the buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Used to keep guns with the silencers

My nigga's spirit be talkin' to me, let me explain
Not through evil mediums, tarot cards or Ouija games
But through mixing chords and boards and even drum machines
He be saying, "Nigga fuck awards, keep reppin' Queens
And don't be taking slack from these non-rapping niggas, man

That intellectual shit you spit, you better change your plan
Especially when you see them at the lobby of a label
And they don't seem able to outstretch they hands and admit they fans
You better flame 'em in the J's that they standing in
Ostracize they memory for not remembering
The articles reduce their body parts to particles
And dust the Dead Sea with their cremated molecules
I'm leaving, but nigga you still got the work to do
I expect the best from you, I'm watching from my heaven view
Don't disappoint me, make sure that they anoint me
As the blue ribbon pedigree, the best of show five-foot-three
Speak of the legacy for short people around the world
Napoleonic bionic people who cause the world to twirl
Rip every stage with grace, look right dead in they face
Live the Tribe principle of havin' impeccable taste
Enjoy that breath like that one was your last one left
If you don't believe me, Tip, there's truly life after death
So refer to the Biggie covers and shoutout my Trini brothers
And please check in on my mother," Malik Izaak, call me shorty

[Consequence:]
(Black) They don't make thugs of this calibre
(Spasmodic) Who kept up the buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Used to keep guns with the silencers
(Black)
(Spasmodic)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Killing Season"

(feat. Consequence, Kanye West, & Talib Kweli)

[Talib Kweli:]
Winter in America, never knew white Christmas
'Cause elves said the squares is always making my shit list
Spring is in the air and all the flowers in bloom
The powers that be wanna devour the movement
Tears disappear when they fall in the summer rain
Bleedin' through this mic, but they call it entertainment
Running across stages is a drug
It's like a blunt that we crumple in raw papers
Call it the Lord's name cause we taking it in our veins
Like the feeding us intravenous
It's war and we fighting for inches and millimetres
Try to stall the progress by killing off all the leaders
If we don't give them martyrs no more, they can't defeat us
This lack of justice got us disgusted, look at our faces
All these soldiers hate but I saw military training
The force flags fly at a half mast this morning
Take a bow, this might be your last performance

[Kanye West:]
They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya *[x8]*

[Consequence:]
The old lady saw us on the lawn with the Henny
Turn the pool party into the one from McKinney
Might've been racist like the waitresses up at Denny's
So we had twelve gauges, automatics, and semis
Now they wanna condemn me for my freedom of speech
'Cause I see things in black and white like Lisa and Screech
Presidents get impeached and others fill in the throne
But veterans don't get the benefit of feelin' at home
So maybe those projections out at Silicon
Over dro they getting injections made of silicone
I swear it's the killing season
'Cause killin' is still in season yea

[Jarobi:]
Louder than a three pound, voices screaming at ya boo
It must be killing season, on the menu, strange fruit
Whose juices fill the progress of this here, very nation
Whose states has grown bitter, through justice expiration
These fruitful trees are rooted in bloody soil and torment
Things haven't really changed, been dormant for the moment
Marks and scars, we own it, only makes for tougher skin
Helps us actualize the actual greatness held within
Been on the wrong team so much, can't recognise a win

Seems like my only crime is having melanin
Connection to the sun so strong the relationship is lusted for
Causes meant to suffocate, I can't breathe no more
Settle the score sadly, need an abacus to tally
Through all the peaks and valleys, yo, I recognize them sadly
Black soul old enough, inner city holdin' up
Watch me get all my goons, watch us get soldiered up

[Kanye West:]
They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya *[x8]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Lost Somebody"

(feat. Katia Cadet)

Yeah, Phife—for your life

Now, in the time when niggas wasn't supposed to be born
Best of us are left for dead in cities that looks war-torn
Vietnam going wrong, heroin going strong
Neighbors would whoop that bad ass
Just for running through their lawn
Walt met Cheryl, Cheryl met Walt
Trinidadian love sprouting through the asphalt
Love was consummated and the angels registrated
Two were to be born but only one of 'em made it
Inside a cloud of sorrow, a silver lining and joy
It's a bouncing baby boy, a king's name they would employ
And before he even squeaks, it's decided it's Malik
Now give him hope, give him care
Raise him while his grandma there
Watch out momma, if you stare
Light brown eyes'll keep you there
Let's progress the story just a little bit
Malik, I would treat you like little brother that would give you fits
Sometimes overbearing though I thought it was for your benefit
Despite all the spats and shits cinematically documented
The one thing I appreciate, you and I, we never pretended
Rhymes we would write it out, hard times fight it out
Gave grace face to face, made it right
And now you riding out, out, out, out, damn

Have you ever loved somebody?
(Phife dawg, man)
Way before you got to dream?
(Bow wow, woof woof)
No more crying, he's in sunshine

Never thought that I would be ever writing this song
Hold friends tight, never know when those people are gone
So, so beautiful, opined indisputable
Heart of a largest lion trapped inside the little dude
Took me quick to granny house, now we eat the curry food
Talking hopes, dreams, plans, leak ice, never scared
Brand new pair of Nike Airs, avenue of sairs
Mailbox mayors, all our rhymes was written there
A nigga wanna battle, you know Phifey didn't care
Jarobi with the beat, into new ass we tear
I'mma flash forward well, took a trip to ATL
Cooking in the kitchen making sure my nigga eating well
Wedding in Tobago, you know exactly where I'm at

Standing on the side of black Malik Izaak

Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more crying, he's in sunshine
He's alright now, see his wings
Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more crying, he's in sunshine
He's alright now, see his wings
Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more crying, he's in sunshine
He's alright now, see his wings
Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more crying, he's in sunshine
He's alright now, see his wings
Have you ever loved somebody?
Way before you got to dream?
No more cry

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Movin Backwards"

(feat. Anderson .Paak)

[Jarobi:]
I hope my legendary style of rap lives on
A-fixed to the Earth like my feet, they got cleats on
I'm moving backwards, never that was never the plan
Pushing shit along, render stillness in the quick sand
Asphalt jumpin', junkie lyrical, concrete
My Jedi mind be moving me
Throughout the many dark streets
Backwoods, boondocks, whatever terrain
Auf Wiedersehen, Aloha, man our feet ain't the same
I won't abuse these shoes, these shoes ain't made for reversing
Then trudging through these motherfuckers' first album Footprinting, never ever ghostwritten, yo' shit free, bitten
Grab my shit with both hands, iron grip, steel mitten
Bloviated, Jarobi ate it and now it's gone
Closed mouths don't get fed or move ahead
To my hustlers with customers, scam my chicks just being petty
Trap lords with the fetty, don't be no backwards, no
No backward ass nigga, don't be no backwards, no
No backward ass nigga, don't be no backwards, no
No backward ass nigga, don't be no backwards, no
Don't do it, nigga

[Anderson .Paak:]
I spun around without a care
When I stopped, I felt lost
I'm two heels from the top tier
Really want to be boss
I figured it out, figured it out somewhere
Maybe the answer's not out there
Maybe it's on the ground somewhere
When I stopped, I felt lost
Do you ever feel lost?

They wanna see my downfall
Turn a good day into a downpour
Thorns in the crown hit the cross I bear
Why they wanna see me hangin' like a towel somewhere
One eye, two bills, three tears, a heart still
How I'm feelin' in my mind right here
Think I'm moving, I ain't going nowhere, nowhere
Maybe why I feel lost, yeah
How I'm 'posed to know how home feels?
I ain’t even on my home field
And again I feel lost
Was not a cruise that brought us here, again I feel lost
And I refuse to be stuck right here, yeah

I don't want to move backwards, no
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me direction?
I don't want to move backwards, no
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me directions?
I don't want to move backwards, no

[Q-Tip:]
Moving backwards never, that was never the plan
Can I vent? I was content being my own man
Up until that night ill-fated, walking home I was faded
Po puts braces on my wrist like he was clapping his hands
How demeaning, y'all? Who could be blind to racism?
Bring bro bro to me for the brotherly baptism
Instead of slaps, give him the dose of Ab wisdom
He'll make it out of the jungle some way
Hey, it's figurative, not a real place you stay
Ay, it's mind state filled with muck and malaise
Uh, I got direction without using Waze
Submitting myself to praying these days
Yeah, moonwalking backwards, it's only for stage

[Anderson .Paak & (Q-Tip & Anderson .Paak)]
Feds lining up in riot gear
And everybody's hands in the air
Four-five so get your ass found somewhere
Caught between hope and despair
Say it loud, what it take to make my niggas listen
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me
Somebody just give me
Cool out, chill out nigga, I'm cool
Cool out nigga, nah, nigga I'm through
Head down, ain't no tellin' what you gon' do
(Somebody just give me—
Somebody just give me—
Somebody just give me direction
I don't want to move backwards, no
Cops killing us niggas everywhere
Maybe we should get some guns too)
She come around every now and a few
(Man, I hope she really loves you)
Living high ain't hard to do
(She'll be in the clouds somewhere
Feeling fresh, I strut your bitches out of here
Might even take your broad too
Oops, I'm 'bout to get kicked out here
Tell mama I'mma slide through)
Stealer, I'm trying to get out of here
But stuck up in the same room

(Too many open miles in here
Sick of eating out at drive through)

Hahaha, look at this motherfucker

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Conrad Tokyo"

(feat. Kendrick Lamar)

[Phife Dawg:]
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio
Just done mash a show, Dawg is off on sabbatical
Rather watch the Nixon shit than politicians politic
CNN and all this shit, gwaan yo, move with the fuckery
Trump and the SNL hilarity
Troublesome times kid, no times for comedy
Blood clot, you doing, bullshit you spewing
As if this country ain't already ruined
In lieu of these mumbling, fumbling
Swearing they're the greatest
Online they debate us, if we different, then we're haters
We ended our hiatus, the dogs looking for food
The nucleus is here now (ooo)

[Kendrick Lamar:]
Toleration for devastation, got a hunger for sin
Every nation Obama nation, let the coroner in
Crooked faces, red and blue laces for the color of men
Just embrace it and die alone, song of Revelation
Reverends and cattles racing
Devils and demons and Deuteronomy
Fumigate our economy, 'lluminate broken dreams
And manifest all insanity, look around
Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground

[A Tribe Called Quest & (Kendrick Lamar):]
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio
(Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground)
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio
(Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground)
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio
(Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground)
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio
(Sayonara tomorrow, it's just blood on the ground)
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

[A Tribe Called Quest:]
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio
Conrad Tokyo, Sapporo, pistachio

[Guitar Solo: Jack White]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Ego"

(feat. Busta Rhymes & Katia Cadet)

Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin'
Ego, ego
I got one, you got one, and now we equal
Sometimes it makes you trip out on your people
Sometimes it has connotations of evil
Sometimes niggas call on it when they need to
It's called the ego

Ay, it's hard to really make the subject positively stated
Some may hate it and some may overrate it
It's a top story and you rarely see a trend
So all you psychoanalysts, pull out your pad and pen
It's called the ego
Come up with an idea, and no one seems to get it
Then every time you mention it
They stare like you're two-headed
But one day, in your cubicle, your idea really comes to view
Your boss is walking by, he sees it too and he takes it from you
She put you on the aces of all the stripper places
And has the kinda clientele where niggas trick off very well
You beg her and you plead her and you tuck away your ego
She knows you need the chicken
And you know that she's your people
They call you fat and lazy, your commentary crazy
They photoshop your face on a box of McCormick gravy
And now that inner voice, that ego, making you get wavy
Change your diet, hit the gym
And say, "What were you saying to me?"
The ego makes you do it, it makes you face the music
Or run away from life so fast that you'll outsprint Carl Lewis
It has you think your deceptive ways of being are the truest
Had the prettiest brown eyes but you change them shits to the bluest
It's the ego

Ooo, Jack White
Ooo, Jack White

A celebrated genius, my dick game is the meanest
I'll take the girl that's augmented, new me is invented
I'll take the biggest house in Calabassas
Anyone for Michael Phelps swimming classes?
You need it when you're balling, equally when you're falling
Or when those kids in school on your locker
They get to scrawling

Epithets that's racist is stupid and mean in nature
Something that can make you feel stronger when people hate ya
Ego make you violent or govern like a tyrant
Or switch a dictionary's word from vibrant to vivrant
Fool the thirsty people, selling tap water in bottles
Fooled a girl with NYU scholarship and now she models
Ego has no ending, has people pretending
Religious zealots get jealous 'cause guys want their defending
This is the last Tribe and our ego hopes that you felt us
And closing for our ego, we know only God can help us

Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin'
Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin', trippin'
Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind
Ego, ego skippin', trippin' in my mind

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Donald"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[Busta Rhymes:]
Phife Dawg, what a go on with the crew?
Nuff ting, that's why me had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Them no say, respect the Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know you had the man shook up
Good shit, 'cause you a mastermind that cook up
Phife Dawg, what a go on with the crew?
Nuff ting, that's why me had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Them no say, respect Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know on the one and twos
Give me that w-w-wait, damn, that's the one part I, alright, let me say
Phife Dawg, I know you on the one and twos
Give me a zooguh zooguh and do exactly what you do
Tribe Called Quest, you see them back with one another
Ayo, Busa' Bus', them don't want no problem, brotha

[Phife Dawg:]
Phife Dawg legend, you could call me Don Juice
I'm the shit right now, what, you need to see proof?
Recently on the internet they chatting
Taking polls, debating who could win in battle rapping
Let's make it happen, these cyber flows already par
No subliminals, with me you know who the fuck you are
Who wanna spar? Haha, well, here I are
Orthodox spitter or bring on the southpaw
No doubt I'mma set it, dudes best be ready
Off top on the spot, no reading from your Whackberry
Leave the iPhones home, skill sets must be shown
I'mma show you the real meaning of the danger zone, huh
I got it sewn, eh speak to all clones
Untouchable in my zone, watch it, don't leave him alone
Fuck your ass cheek flows with bars sweeter than scones
Put down microphone

[Q-Tip:]
Yes, yes, he the wrong ones to fuck with
No matter what the day
He could catch you on his plane or the one you on today
Visit niggas in their dreams
And make them scream of bloody murder
He's a Trini gladiator, ain't no need to take it further
If you wanna take it further your Huckleberry is here
Doctor of your holiday, Wyatt Earp ya like the tears
We gon' celebreate him, elevate him, papa had to levitate him

Give him his and don't debate him
Top dog is the way to rate him

[Outro:]
Don Juice, Don Juice, Don Juice
Phife Dawg what a go on with the crew?
Phife Dawg, that's why I had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Phife Dawg, respect the Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know you had the man shook up
Phife Dawg, 'cause your mastermind cook up
Phife Dawg, you know they back with one another
Phife Dawg, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brother (Don Juice)
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Phife Dawg, Don Juice
Phife Dawg what a go on with the crew?
Phife Dawg, that's why I had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Phife Dawg, respect the Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know you had the man shook up
Phife Dawg, 'cause your mastermind cook up
Phife Dawg, you know they back with one another
Phife Dawg, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha (Don Juice)
Phife Dawg, what a go on with the crew?
Phife Dawg, that's why I had to come through
Phife Dawg, you spit wicked every verse
Phife Dawg, respect the Trini man first
Phife Dawg, I know you had the man shook up
Phife Dawg, 'cause your mastermind cook up
Phife Dawg, you know they back with one another
Phife Dawg, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha (Don Juice)
Step back, them don't want no problem, brotha
Phife Dawg

AKALA
THE WAR MIXTAPE
(ENHANCED CD INCLUDES WAR VIDEO)

Akala Lyrics

“Welcome To England”

Welcome to England, part of so called Great Britain
But ain't a fucking thing great about the way we're living
For me it's hard to see how we're perceived over seas
It's believed we sip teas, and speak like the Queen
Nigga please, the streets will suck your blood like a leech
A lot of shells, ya get wet but real far from a beach
Dole queue, fifty pounds a week, ends don't meet
If ya like me even your mum's done hustled more than weed
Times are harder, we get dads but few get fathers
And we still pray but shit, get few answers
Every single area with an ethnic majority
Full of drugs, guns and poverty, getting to thirty is a lottery
And the government, deceiving the white working classes
Into believing they're supportive to us black bastards
Bullshit! Like we're living so cool
Go to your local fast food, take a look at who's serving you
And the schools are bullshit too, so we're weighing out grams
I'm strange amongst the mans 'cause I got some exams
I grew among youths real nice with the knowledge
Yet I'm the only one who finished school, let alone college
Our role models ain't doctors, but shottas who pop hollows
Chefs that cook food that'll kill you if you swallow
So addictive once the wicked thing holds you, you're never right
Can't begin to count the lives I've seen consumed by the pipe
Walking ghosts, that sold their own soul for them rocks
And mandem shot them rocks, just to cop rocks
'Cause the shining kind of rocks make sluts suck cock
Along with jocks and repping their ends by busting gunshots
It's on top, you cannot tell me all is not lost
Grown man is busting shots just 'cause they're dying for props
That's why, public displays, guns spraying in raves
But most of these youths can't shoot, so innocents hit by the strays
Our, future is fucked, that much is obvious
And I'm, far from perfect so I make no promises
'Cause every day create more Doreen Lawrences
So it's fake, when they make out like all is positive
I gotta keep them things and be willing to bust them
Niggas is ignorant, no discussion, you'll get murdered for nothing
A pregnant woman, got kneecapped, over a car crash

Ten year old boy stabbed and left bleeding to death in his own flat
Man is warring over manors not even drugs
You'll get plugged, for stepping on the wrong toe in clubs
You wanna know how real it is? I'll tell you with ease
All you gotta do, look at the last two New Year's Eves
One just passed, four teenage girls went out for a blast
Two never came home, machine guns that were blast
The year before, a man survived a shot in the chest
Bullet pierced the wall, put the gunman's own friend to his death
And what's funny, is that we ain't even shocked
This shit happens every day, so we just shrug it off
And that's a basic introduction to Britain's black community
No Puffys or Jiggas 'cause we got no unity
That's why, half the world don't even know that we're here
Yet we're living the same struggle, our mothers cry the same tears
And of course, I want my kids to have a better life
But for now... I gotta survive

Akala Lyrics

“C.R.E.A.M. (Freestyle)”

Who wanna be broke? Nobody, that's a joke
That's why coats get blood soaked for pound notes
That's most of the reason niggas bleeding from gun smoke
It's all of the reason that a twelve year old sell coke
That's why mum's stressed out, that's why niggas stretched out
If you stackin' cake, we'll break in your house, tape up your mouth
Take the spouse, where's the cash?
Give me the work or the cash, or you gettin' clapped
You can be the king of the track, or rap, niggas is rash
Long as you black you can get jacked, that is a fact
I never really been rich but I know one thing that won't change
Never let a man that bleed the same take my chain
I feel raped, I buss it, fuck it
I couldn't rest knowing the man took what's mine and I did nothing
How I run it, I done stuck a few in my days
But I'm still here so fuck it, party away
Get paid, get laid, get a house with a maid
Give back to those that was raised how you was raised
Whoever said life ain't about stackin' paper?
They a fuckin' idiot, and they need to wake up

Akala Lyrics

“This is London”

[Verse 1]
The place where you find the coldest ballers you ever seen
But they locked up or dead not in the Premier league
Best kid that I knew turned fiend by 16
It seems things never the way you see in your dreams
Years past, tears start, kids turn to teens
That sweet child you knew, grill done turn mean
Daddy left him and reality set in there's no cream
And it's embarrassing goin' school with holes in ya jeans
So, you know the cycle, it's little bags of green
Get expelled and sell the world hell by 16
Fuck a couple pristine chicks that suck dick mean
Couple bottles of cris sipped and wrists lit mean
And it's logical, lucky niggas do time that's horrible
Catch the flipside and ya speak with the oracle
It's fucked up yeah, but that's just how it is
And ain't nuttin' on these roads gonna change but the clip
[Hook]
This is London
Black t'ugs bust big slugs
This is London
Give ya fuckin' punks tough love
This is London
Single mums that pump drugs
This is London, Bruva this is London
(London calling...)

[Verse 2]
The place where it don't matter if you never sold a shot
Never run up on a nigga like "gimme what you got"
Get ya brain sprayed on the pave, in front of the rave
No reason other than niggas is frustrated
So many catching cases over screw faces
And dumb shit like we come from different places
London get your shit smoked like a chalice
Same city, different planet from Buckingham Palacee
Where young t'ugs is clutchin' big straps that's Russian
And dyin' to buss it what the fuck good is discussions?
Where hood rats is sucking any dick that push a nice somethin'
And them said gyal'a get you set like your life's nuthin'
Cause life's nothing that's just how it is
And there ain't nothing on these roads gonna change but the clip
Chorus

[Verse 3]
The place where you don't fuck with the Turks or the Asians

Triads, pikey's, even Caucasians
Where them cockney boys will chiv your face, you mug
No love, every colour mentality thug
But we take it to a whole 'nother level
Little girls gettin' shot in the back is not clever
Never far from the hood, even in the Sticks
Couple wrong turns, get dash out ya whip
By some little skinny kid, think he big with the chrome
They said he'd be the next Ian Wright but
The skunk said no
In this place, if you work you're an idiot
Most of the smartest motherfuckers illiterate
'Cause tax is a bitch, take half your pension
Just to fight war, now they want congestion
And they wonder why we all goin' insane
This is London, tell me is your city the same?

Akala Lyrics

“Roll Wid Us”

[Verse 1]
It's my time like it or not gotta ride can't fight
This thing'll take you with it like a landslide
My mind spitting rhymes refined as old wines
No games since age 5 I hold mine
Never fell for the spells they tell in this world
I read Malcolm, you was learning to spell
I took exams early with the geeks in the school
Opened a business you were still chasing your balls
I spent my teens sticking but I'm one of Britain's best mathematicians
Official, I got the certificate
So however you want it kid we could do scholarship politics
Or the opposite
War with hollow tips No supathug, just I don't fear, why would I?
You bleed like me and breathe the same air
I got a purpose on this earth
And I ain't ready to go
So if I gotta send you first then let it be so
[Hook:]
Roll wid us or get rolled over [x3]
It's time now the wait is over
Roll wid us or get rolled over [x3]
It's time now the wait is over

[Verse 2]
It's bigger than the music
It's more like a movement
A unit of trueness spreading like rumors
They foolish, say I can't do it they doubt
Cause we acorns now just watch out for the tree that sprouts
When it does, remember I told you
I'm going from local to global
Poor and hopeful
From glueing back shoes
Cause they showing my toes through
To owning shoe companies and yards on the coastal
If you real grab on, I'm taking the fam with me
But hold on tight cause we movin real swiftly
Fakes can't stop my flight
Not your life that's like
Trying to fight atomic war with a knife
(can't do that)
Fight like mike with control not physically
If ignorance is bliss that explain my misery
I'm clear in my vision b, solve your mystery
Compete with me you get whitewashed like black history

[Hook]

[Verse 3]
It's not all gravy, man dem is shady
Tings is crazy but that don't phase me
It's not all gravy, man dem is shady
Tings is crazy but that don't phase me
Get yours, there's only one life to live
You gotta feed your kids, you gotta eat real big
Young soldier you can do whatever you want to
And no one out there can stop you
Not sure just watch me for practice
In these board meetings
Taking cheese off crackers
You actors are not factors
I see the bluff cause you sell crack
It does not mean that you're tough
It's the matrix and it's blatant you
Paper thugs are not ready yet
For getting unplugged
Grown man still talking like
You know who I am, where I'm from'
Bredren what the fuck are you on?
Telling the world who you shot
And what are you earning
When you get popped that will not stop it from burning
So it's worthless, you gots to be a soldier
Watch me grind you'll understand it as you get older
Nothing pretty but when I do things the job's over
Never stick at that critical moment, I'm potent
I'm focused, you jokers can't see me
I feel like a marksman at point blank it is too easy

Akala Lyrics

“Roll Wid Us (Remix)”

Right about now
I got man and em for u understand?
Young Niccolo - 15 y'know?!
Big E
Quest talk to dem!
Many men in tha street
But none of them is live like me
Quick to fire around like me
A young gun that's I'll
Hustler on tha block - shit real
Catch ya case hits tha streets
Till da sun's revealed
Listen I ain't trippin
Illin out da states
Spittin/grimey type
Put a hole in ya missus
Love beef so I stay in the kitchen
Hard to move in the game if u a pawn & ya queen is missin
Cause niggas round here play 4 keeps
AK's that'll spray all day
Blow ya lungs to ya feet
Overseas wid da gullious thieves
Roll Wid It Get Rolled Through Playa deadly in these streets
Record tight jus let em' fight
Bang hammers cause on the block cause we hot - livin tha streetlife
Ain't nuthin new to real soldiers
Hold It down
Game is over
From shotown 2 London - we rollin
Uhh
Roll Wid Us Or Get Rolled Over
It's time now the wait is over
Never let em' see you sweat
Man of respect
Yeh We live like we roll Tecs
Full of ourselves
Best of the best - my niggas blessed
Thanks for askin
Thanks for passin
Knuckle bruise from the blastin
I gave u gonerhell
Kill tracks like my dick touch tha ovaries
And my chick took the pill
Can't take her back - too much pain
Moved Work
Towerbridge in my whip like 12 times a day

And I'm still goin true - so shine away
F*ck cops - maintain, streched out & claim
Keep feedin em' - whatz there to eat
Fried Rice, Chicken Wings plus barbeque ribs - that's beef
Chilled orange juice
Kit back purposely
And if u catch me outta hood
U can bet it's P
Soldier I need a backpack to carry mine
Best believe cause they bigga than none
So what - Bless ya
Roll Wid Us Or Get Over
Faggots talk hard but don't get no bolder
Shookin tha club widout they soldiers
Normal rollers just they olders
Two-steppin
Louie Crep wid the checked laces
Yeh she's buff but her face pasted
So I can't place it
I'm a fly nigga
In any hood
I would ride nigga
Before taklin like 'nah nigga'
Roll Wid Us Or Get Rolled Over
It's time now the wait is over
Yo
L8li tingz hav been insane
I'm catchin stupid beef for ova peeps speekin my sake
Nu carlo stay loyal to da fam
Da fam fought tha same way
We leasin tracks for no cats searchin 4 a pay day
But let's get one fing cleared up right now
Ain't nobody out there messin wid ma fam str8 up
Now listen - I ain't trynna drop a word of wisdom
But trynna show heads that don't know the place we live in
Where u got those? he shot tha fiends to make a livin
Will those envy? pretend to be friendz & I'm snitchin
While lil kidz are swearing hood in every drop I'm pissin
People end up missing - families left reminiscin
No fam beat tha clique
M1 blocks where we jam
If ya son says us on blud
Live me for my mans
Understand when I walkin road I check my shoulders
Your friendli man down tha phone blud - u ain't a soldier
Now I understand what they say to him when he's older
Roots see his roads Roll Wid Us or get rolled over
I understand what they say to him when he's older
Roll Wid Us blud or get rolled over
Roll Wid Us Or Get Rolled Over
It's time now the wait is over
A rolling stone gathers no moss

Matter without movement
And Pac's no force for the cause
I keep rolling
So composed it
While u was top speed
I'm still strolling
Fake thugs folding - u niggas is done
U just can't cannot fight - that's a fist to a gun
Bold when the sun
I'm ten versus one
Smoked to a lung
U little bastard - disaster must come
But most
Only postponed
U clones get dethroned
I shoot truth - leave ya lies leakin tha road
Bleed & exposed
Yes my flows are cold as an artic blizzard
It's not written in poems
Merlin verses
Dark as a womb
Worse than curses for raiding tha tomb
Meet ya doom - tha kid who can't be moved
I'm just livin out my name - it's all so plain
I'm different f*ckin gravy
Eva since tha lick
I keep the grasscuts - so the snakes can't slither my shits
We could talk stocks & figures like shots from triggers
Niggas gettin smoked like Kippers
Cause man and em' don't learn till tha shit happen first
This is not Usher but yeh we could let it burn
Roll Wid It - It's betta wid mo hands
Even when you can't fight what u don't understand
Roll Wid Us G
Or Get Rolled Over!
That's right
It's not a rumour blud
We coming for this year blud

Akala Lyrics

“U Ain’t A Killer”

[Verse 1]
I never claim to be no killer, just a little skinny nigga
But I'm down to get in it and jack the ripper if my life's threatened
Sicker than liquor in livers, when the trigger pepper up a silly nigga
Leave 'em stiff, no pretty picture
I'm no atheist, but Satan's waitin'
And I'm one shred of patience from havin' to face him
Real recognize real, but these fakers
Don't see 'til you makin' duppies like Wes Craven
And the haters wanna know if you mean what you spit
And they got nothin' to lose, they gon' never be shit
But dude don't get me confused with none of these cliques
That talk clips then they hit notes soon as they shift
I'm more similar to Malcolm, I track a school yard
But the road is the road so a tool's never too far
I love niggas but I'm no dummy
And ain't no one inflictin' that pain on my mummy
[Hook]
What, you ain't a killer, you still learnin' how to walk
From London to Leeds, get your frame outlined in chalk
Mark you for death, though we pray for a better day
But as far as today, y'all niggas gotta pay, what?
You ain't a killer, you just talkin' a song
You ran to the feds when it's on, pussy, take off your thong
Mark you for death, don't talk that where you from shit
That don't mean nuttin', unless it help you dodge a clip

[Verse 2]
Niggas talk tough but I don't believe 'em
Empty vessels make noise, they always screamin'
Cause a scene in the club, like the bitches to see
Love the hype, love the noise, blud, I don't believe it
These dickheads from school days, walkin' with a screw face
Now they got a ting and they caught a little food case
All of a sudden everybody tuggin', everybody dark
Everybody gums runnin', 'til the guns spark
Firms of dudes deep in the dirt like worms
But worms'll have you burn like an old school perm
It's the most dumb, with most pain, they tote guns with no brain

They will shoot you and tell the world just for the name
It's war, stay with a soldier medal
Keep low in the trenches, or you'll need more than a dentist
In London, niggas'll leave you stiff and dark
No reason in particular, shit it's sick-ular
Get your wig twisted, this shit ain't twisted it's the laws of physics
If a crisp bitch legs' open then a nigga's gonna hit it
You keep talkin' that shit, you go missin'
Lie too many times it'll sound convincin' but
[Hook]

[Verse 3]
Bredren, fuck the hype, laugh if you wise
Cus flames that burn bright, live the shortest life
It's why these loose cannons don't make it to 25
It's time, the signs right there but niggas is blind
So, I stay with the London state of mind
Touch mine, and I'm on you like shit to a fly
Clip and a guy, me nah bust shit in the sky
Think it's lies? When you see me, you are welcome to try
No tuff guy, but trust I, nah bluff my
Talk is true, you don't wanna see the proof
Brudda yo, I'm double O with mind
Anything I do, I move like MI5
That's the rhymes, even coming down to the sight
My eagle eyes recognize snakes, even disguised
Everybody want a plate when you splittin' the pie
But you find you on your own when them shells gotta fly
Know why?

[Hook]

Akala Lyrics

“Watcher (Freestyle)”

I'm the watcher, to me you cocksuckers are transparent
I see the future like tarots, my talent embarrass you faggots
Your shit is tragic like what happened to Magic
I'm cold turkey to addicts, wolf to a rabbit
Same city, different planet from Buckingham Palace
Where Rastas are smokin' the chalice, niggas drinkin' liquor by the barrels
Barrels smoke 'em, bullets soak in your apparel
I'm Sagittarius, so it's natural that I spit arrows
The watcher, I see proper, so called top shotters
Tell the world your business so you 'bout to get knocked by the coppers
But never lock up 'cus you sing like the opera
Pussy'ole fi get chop up, they got no morals
Think you ruthless 'cus the world see that you shootin? You stupid
On the low-low is how you should do tings
Passing your straps for stripe, you niggas are bitches
I don't know you, I know who you clippin', so much are snitches
Fuck the fame and the name, that ain't the aim of the game
Supposed to scheme for a better day
But niggas can't see, it's like they blind
It's cool, 25, plenty time to open your eyes
Like Memphis, future bleak, government vengeance
Like hell they wanna help, they just uppin' the sentence
Two strikes is life in the country we live in
If you pop shots, but not if you fuck children
So who you think they tryin' to imprison?
But niggas don't wanna listen
Limited vision is inhibited wisdom
So I keep my eyes open, every moment I'm focused
You jokers is bogus, I flow ferocious I'm sure that you know this
A lot of dudes spittin' written but I'm ripping riddims
God given, so you sinnin' if you think that you winnin'
No religion, not a Christian I believe in the spirit
Even if you a heathen, you believe in my lyrics
I'm the Einstein of physics, Shakespeare to writing
Tyson to fighting, strikin' like lightnin', we're frightenin', timin' like (?)
See clear, my vision refined
Look through my eyes, you feel like you see them for the first time
I spot the snakes, I know they kind
The fakes is easy to break

They got no spine, them man are principle
Discipline you niggas like the principal
My lyrical miracles, biblical to spiritual criminals

Akala Lyrics

“War”

[Skit/freestyle: Akala]

Akala means it can't be moved
Wise tug I stand firm like Muhammad or Malcolm
I won't budge, face it, this gyal naked or scrolls sacred
I'm the worst thing from England since the slave shit
Rappers still so real, it's time
Hit you so hard I separate your thoughts from your mind
Wizard of written kid, blizzards spittin' I'm so cold
Fassies get exposed by my snub-nosed flow
My 12-gauge frays at close range and make you levitate
Like David Blaine, it ain't no game
Bredrin if you real, roll with it
This is the movement, it's Akala blud and you can't move it
[Verse 1: Akala]
Just another strap burst, another black cursed, packed church
Another black man in a hearse before his 21st
Same story to tell all over the world
Crack sales, packed jails, sports, music on sale
Shoot 3 points or score goals
Just the slang's different, you'll relate to my flow
Hoes suck dick when your neck all froze
And you're known to move stone cold duppying foes
What you know, about single mums on the dole?
Had to hustle, raising 3 kids on their own
That's why I'm so grimy now, gotta give her the credit
She was always grinding, so for me it's genetic
No matter what, won't stop till my mum's living lavish
Shopping trips to Paris, till then, you faggots have had it
Talk a lot but you can't do shit to me
Shells among your iceberg will make you history

[Hook: Akala] x2
"There's a war going on outside no man is safe from" -
[Sample from Mobb Deep's Survival Of The Fittest]
You can't crumble or stumble, you gotta stay strong
Show these suckers on top getting preyed on
Concrete streets, the heat'll leave you laid on

[Verse 2: Akala]
It's the jungle where the prey turned killer
Streets is a gym where man work out there to improve their fitness
Bigger weight you push, the bigger you get
Not the size of your pecs, but your cheques and your reps
Niggas is partners too take turns for sex

One run his mouth the other do reps with his index
You talk real slick but don't really want shit
Man I stock more magazines than WHSmith
And I ain't glorifying nuttin', just reality
Make no man, mishandle my dough or my family
Shit'll get worse than prison for pedophiles and snitches
Cut you so wide you'll need a rope for your stitches
Teach one but I fear none, I ain't just spittin'
Mine or your mum's gonna cry then my eardrum's ringing
'Cause shit, my mum's already lost 4 infants
The 3 boys then only me, that's why I'm so militant
[Hook x2]

I'm only 19 but my mind is older
I'm Europe's youngest black company owner
[?] the style of wireless on this whole island
Shit's so rowdy, burst your eardrum when I'm miming
I walk jeans sagging, [?]
It's hard to believe my GCSEs improved the nation's average
And these dicks think they know me well
The only thing hotter than my flow is the shells
[?] receivers go missing
The way I [?] it can't be fixed by positions
Play your position, before I stop rapping start spitting
And you little bitches resting in ditches
No one too credible for attention to medical
Slugs encase your cerebral, make you a vegetable
Heat's unbearable, these streets are terrible
Kids are eating food even though it's inedible

[Hook x2]

Akala Lyrics

“Bells Of War (Freestyle)”

Let me give you some real shit for a second
Yo, listen...

Five hundred years of tears, we still here
Standing strong, the only thing that we fear
The reflection in the mirror, the hate is deep
It's been this way since Willie Lynch made the speech
Divide and rule got us all by the balls
The referee's cheatin', but we playin' by the rules
Even after all the rape and the killing
We still let the same man educate our children
There's been no apology, we still forgivin'
And he's got the cheek to portray us as the villain
Look across the globe at the way we are livin'
The darker the skin, the realer the condition, no coincidence
We built the whole western world for free
And what thank you did we get? To be hung from trees?
We been whipped, been stripped of our truth
But we still standin', a tree without roots
Black rose from the concrete, the petals is damaged
But surely you see the beauty of what just happened
What don't kill you, make a nigga strong, that's a fact
And we've been abused for so long, you do the math

(Akala)
its not a rumour

Akala - Stand Up Lyrics

All my people, wherever in britain
Bro I know the flows cold,
Let me know that you feel it,
And I know the roads slow but your ready to kill me
Cause I feel that same pain, hear the lyrics I'm spittin?
Critics ask why I don't smile, they gotta be kiddin,
Little kids'll blow your head off, just to say that they did it,
I'm in the streets one deep, these villains think that I'm slippin, #
Nah bruv, I don't care bout none of you spitters,
If your real then your eelin' it,
Nah, idont give a shit,
Respect the message nigga, illa state records,
British flag, yard colours cause tell me where my
Head is
First time you saw me, iwas screamin' 'fuck the
Police',
Next icame I change the whole game in the streets,
These wollys still tryna' catch up with ' war', I
Bang harder,
Father, 'roll wid us' huh, iain't even started...

'Moss side... stand up... longsight... stand up...
Hansworth... stand up... aston... stand up
Newtown... stand up... London... stand up
Anywhere, everywhere all my people stand up
St.pauls... stand up... chapeltown... stand up...
Luton... stand up... London... stand up...
Anywhere, everyhere all my people stand up! '

All my tugs stand up, fist in the sky,
Girls too... hands high, now your chillin' with I,
Mr.brazilian, so of course the womaen is feelin'him,
Lyrics is brilliant, no question, illa state england,
I ain't watchin' the states neither, their whole
Shit's tired,
All the great rappers is either dead or retired,
All these soppy cunts, talkin' bout bitches n'
Blunts,
How much your chain cost, and you bustin' ya gun,
And you can't spit, your sticks, ya get hang a box in
The chops,
Silly boys can't bang with me, fools can't hangwith me,
Idont relly care unless it's paper or my family.
Home's this is the roads and there's only one
Strategy,
Though I hate my reality, it's just way it has to be,

'Coventry... stand up bradford... stand up...
Wolftown... stand up... glasgow... stand up
Cardiff... stand up... London... stand up
Anywhere everywhere, all my people stand up!

Derby... stand up... leicester... stand up...
Newcastle stand up... sheffield... stand up...
Belfast... stand up... London... stand up
Anywhere, everywhere, all my people stand up! '

I talk alot, but idon't conversate with punks,
Try so hard to teach but ya man dem are dunce,
Don't learn when the shit happen,
Burn when the clap em,
This is not a perm, but you worms get a relaxin'
My reaction, only in a street fashion,
I am not bulletproof- could get my melon
Splattered,
So I stay ready, spread positive energy,
But I know full well couple prars wanna bury me,
No reason, just cause, that's the negativity,
How could you be a nigga-not feelin' my delivery?
Lyrically, my ability, rippin' up killa's viciously,
Spitter's that wanna mimic me,
Stickin' them where the spirits be, huh
Pretty boy akala, move like a ape,
Skinny, but ipush plates, like I'm fresh off a 8,
Ah mate, so you relly shoulk sty in ya lane,
Only spitter on my level got the same last name

Akala - Yeah Yeah Yeah Lyrics

There's a lot of talk, who flow the meanest,
Work it out = it don't talk agenius,
I spit my thesis talkin' ceases,
Rappers act sick and I got the treatment,
Expose actors, similar to a derringer,
Your wack tracks ain't got skills,
Add to that the fact thst your not real,
Talk bout gats, say make caps peel,
But they fake raps - you get slapped in ya grill,
Stop lyin' to buyers, I'm tight as pliers with the science, hahuh,
The ruffest rhymin', tough as diamonds, fuckin'
Blindin,
You must be high as kites',
Figure you can fuck with the nicest,
I'm off the scale, like hampstead house prices,
So hot, the sun seem cold,
So hot, the flow boil liquid nitro,
What hearin'- the best thing since bread slice,
Nigga with charisma, that woulk turn a dike,
That's why I've had more blows than opponents

[Chorus:]
If he talkin' like he's hard,
Don't believe him, pull his cards
Tell him... yeah, yeah, yeah...
And if your boss is talking shit,
And you really wanna quit,
Tell him... yeah, yeah, yeah...
Anybody, anywhere,
Chatton rubbish in ya ear,
Tell him... yeah, yeah, yeah... yeah, yeah,
Yeah, yeah... '

They say I think I'm the best, I'm far too
Arrogant,
I ain't the best = I'm beyond comparison,
Think ya good, but yaa not,
Couldn't get close to me inside aphone box,
Why spit? your whips and your porky-pie'ing,
Plus your whips and your clips is fiction,
That much of a killer?
Why you lyin'? ithink your porky-pie'ing,
If ya had dough, you should own shit,
Not buy it - I think your porky-pie'ing,
Tryna' be g when your soft as peewee,
That greezy talk see through to stevie,
I mean it believe me, to me it's easy,

You find it hard, ican hear from your cd,
I'm the best, can't put it more simple,
Plus pretty thug, women love the dimples,
Ibeen had gyal, like saddan or bin laden,
I'm kinda like a pimp, but no mink dragging,
A killer's nightmare- like ya ting jamming,
A skinny little nigga with the heart of a dragon,
Unstoppavle, mission impossible,
Logical, I'm the one- ask the oracle,
Legend like christ and the 12 apostiles,
Got more lines than whitney's nostrils,

[Chorus]

If you a baller cool, rap about,
But there's no puffs in england
So shut ya mouth.
It amazes me, these rappers are so dumb,
Get they advance and think they trump,
See I spit like guns, tongues speed of a chopper,
I don't really care, you're a shotter,
You't dem a blow ya brain out,
Cause ya got ya chain out,
So what real good is a name now?
Watch no face, trust me father,
Young. never bumb. that's not akala.
The don dadda, dun flow badda,
Walk tall as a ladder, and italk with sawagger,
Everything I do, pietry in motion,
Deep, like apuddle to me is the ocean,
Cause convulsions, like voodoo potions,
Ramp with the sultan, I find that insulting,
That's a nova, racing a ferrari,
Your little click, takin' on the army,
Be a legend when I die, like iwas bob marley,
Marcus garvey or muhammed ali,
Cause I drap knowledge, like oxford scholars,
So what real good is a name now?
Watch no face, trust me father,
Young, never dumb, that's not akala,
The don dadda, dun flow badda,
Walk tall as a ladder, and I talk with swagger,
Everything ido, poetry in motion,
Deep, like a puddke to me us the icean,
Cause cinvulsions, like voodoo potions,
Ramp with the sultan, ifind thaat insulting,
That's anova, racing a ferrari,
Your little click, takin' on the army,
Be a legend when idie, like I was bob marley,
Marcus garvey or muhammed ali,
Not bad, considering I didn't finish college,
I'm here now, your noise is void,

All you so called ' hot boys ' paranoid,
No paragraphs parallel, this is pardise,
I'm a paragon, leave you parasites paralysed,
My parables parachute here to paraguay,
It's paramount you don't fuch with I,
The flow kicker, go - getter,
Show ripper, pro- spitter, narural- born winner,
Sicher than liquor in livers,
Illa then jack - the- ripper killers,
Give riddim's bigas a gorilla nigga,
These bitter nigga's bicker,
But I'm bigger than that.
I'm tryna' fold figures, big as ' jigga' n' that...
I'm focused maaan...

[Chorus]

Akala - The Edge (Mikey J Remix) Lyrics

Do you never feel like there's something missing?
Stuck in arole, just playin' your postion,
Even when you scream, it seems no one listens,
Free as a bird, but it feels like prison,
Never break tradition, suttin' like it's
Superstition,
And your marrige is about as boring as a politician
Now listen, what you need to do is change the way you livin',
It's your, don't explain your every decision,
Watever your vision, believe and make it happen,
Look at me, I'm a english rapper,
It's only one life here.
Gotta do you bruv,
Ifeel marvelous, how about you luv?
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?
Yeah, ifeel good... ttell the people...
Everybody jump over the edge,
Everybody let go and just feel the music,
Jump over edge,
Everybody jump over the edge,
Everybody jump over the edge,
Everybody jump!
Don't know where the edge is,
I'll explain to you it's fine,
It's that line or that time,
Like your boss has been rude to you,
One too many times,
Out at night, might just have one too many pints,
Like when you got ambition and they tell you,
You can't do it,
Your body feel the music,
But your scared to move to it,
The edge is where you lose it,
Jump with me,
Don't quit your job,
Take the low road,
Spit in his tea,
Drink til' your pathetic,
Til'ya act like an idiot.
In athe morning you'll regret it,
Righr now it's brilliant,
As far as your dreams go,
You just gotta get em,
And as long as the beat plays,
Just move to the riddim,

Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?
Yeah, ifeel good... ttell the people...
Jump over the edge baby, just
Jump over the edge...
Come over the edge.
To infinite possibilities,
Sorta like a parallel universe your visiting,
But it's here on earth from the prison to the Villages,
Open up your mind and you feel limitless,
Don't let them tell you what is real,
They don't realistically,
They said einstein was dumb,
How come he thought of relativity?
Thet just despicable, miserable individuals,
And every single syllable, they uttering,
Is cynical, it's typical,
Don't sit down waitin on a miracle,
Jump like jordan, like your tryna' reach the Pinnacle,
It's only one life here,
Gotta doyou bruv.
I feel marvelous, how about you luv?
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?
Yeah, ifeel good... ttell the people...

Akala - Shakespeare Lyrics

Nigga Listen,
When I spit on the rhythm I kill 'em,
Raw like the ball of Brazillians,
You don't want war, cor, the kid's brilliant,
Blud, I'm the heir to the throne, not William,
Akala, smart as King Arthur
Darker, harder, faster
Rasclaat, I kick that illa shit
It's like Shakespeare, with a nigga twist.
Lyricist, I'm the best on the road
Nitro flow, oh so cold I'mma blow yo
Keep the hoes, I only want dough homes
Nobody close, I'm alone in my own zone
No no no love for the po-po
Loco when I rock mic solo
I hope that you know, where you don't go though
Want it with Bolo? Must be Coco.
It's William, back from the dead
But I rap about gats and I'm black instead
It's Shakespeare, reincarnated
Except I spit flows and strip hoes naked
No fakin', test my blood bruv
It's William, just back as a tug cuz
So real the shit I kick now
Plus I don't write, I recite my shit now
Straight from the top, expert timing
On top of that now the whole thing's rhyming
No more tights, now jeans sagging
If I say so myself, I'm much more handsome.
Don't ever compare me to rappers
I'm so quick-witted that I split 'em like fractions
My shit, I tell 'em like this
It's like Shakespeare with a nigga twist

I get you pumped up
Feelin' like you drunk drunk
When my beats bump bump
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now
All the shit I kick so crazy
There ain't no ifs or maybes
Spit poetry so shady
For lords on road and my hood ladies
Pumped up
Feelin' like you drunk drunk
When my beats bump bump
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now
All the shit I kick so crazy

There ain't no ifs or maybes
Spit poetry so shady
For lords on road and my hood ladies

I'm similar to William, but a little different
I do it for kids that's illiterate, not Elizabeth
Stuck on the road, faces screwed up
Feel like the world spat 'em out and they chewed up
It's a matrix, I try and explain it
But on a real thoe still ready blaze em
No contradiction just face it
They so enslaved, they are worse than a agent
I grace stages, sharp as razors
Don't get cut cuz, keep ya distance
No artillery, tryna' be militant
Ya'll dudes killin' me, think that ya killin' it
Its embarrassing watchin you babblin
Keep spittin ya darts, mine is javelins
The hood Tiger Woods too milly
Number 1 for so long, its just getting' silly
Shit kinda like Bruce wit da knuckles
Like the first time ya ever saw Ali shuffle
You don't trouble, left layin in a puddle
Bruv you are havin' a bubble
I'ma whole different kettle of fish
Thou shall not fuck with dis
My shit, I tell em like this
Its like Shakespeare with a nigger twist

I get you pumped up
Feelin' like you drunk drunk
When my beats bump bump
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now
All the shit I kick so crazy
There ain't no ifs or maybes
Spit poetry so shady
For lords on road and my hood ladies
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Feelin' like you drunk drunk
When my beats bump bump
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now
All the shit I kick so crazy
There ain't no ifs or maybes
Spit poetry so shady
For lords on road and my hood ladies

To be fair, no MC close to the man
Little just come yout's jumpin out of they pram
Everybody badman, behind a mic stand
Its not creative, one bag of hype, and
If you buss a ting, where's the mash?
Move so much food? Where's the cats?

These dudes ain't real, they just rap
I don't spit what I don't know
Just the facts
No talks of rocks I ain't sold
Shots I ain't blown
So cold and I know my own
My business ridiculous
Sick with it, quick witted
Companies head to head an I liquidate it
Welcome to illa state, meet ya fate mate
Talk truth but we don't play games
Move sick, look sample techno
Never pull a ting, if it ain't gonna let go
That's that, rap track
Clap ya like a black gat
Back chat, crack back
I'm the nigga, that's that
The rest of these kids is irrelevant
Don't compare me to him
That's just beggin' it
I'm on my own shit
Dicks ain't spit
Its no democracy, dictatorship
So dicks hate my shit
I'm sick, raise ya spliff
Im swift, blaze em quick
My hits, major shit
I flip phrases quick
My sick razor shit
Give thick grazes quick
And chicks say he's cris
It's not a rumour
That kid Akala
It's not "Ack-a-la", beg ya pardon
Don't get it twisted
Your on the sideline like a mistress
I'm the whizzkid, with the sick shit
My shit, I tell em like this
It's like Shakespeare, with a nigga twist
I get you pumped up
Feelin' like you drunk drunk
When my beats bump bump
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now
All the shit I kick so crazy
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For lords on road and my hood ladies
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Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now
All the shit I kick so crazy
There ain't no ifs or maybes
Spit poetry so shady
For lords on road and my hood ladies

Akala - Carried Away Lyrics

Another hearse roll up slow,
Carry one more poor lost soul,
Carry them things every single day
Cause it makes him feel safe
Cause he carry on them ways, screw face
Love the game-reppin' his estate,
Talk tough look straight in his face,
Carrying deep pain self-hate,
Carry fam, so he carry weight,
It's logical daddy got carried away,
Not married away, just didn't stay
Coward carried his son to this fate,
His boys carrying weight in a wooden box can't stand straight,
They was getting outta the game,
But look fate she don't wait
Now the woman in the front row, her face t show no pain,
But her brain went insane on the day the news came,
Stare into space, face numb,
The boy getting carried, she carried 9 months

[Chorus:]
When this world strip me naked, I turn and
I face it,
And really believe I have the strength to change it,
I'm crazy, it's blatant sometimes I get carried away
When this world strip me naked, I turn and I face it,
And really believe I have the strength to change it,
I'm crazy, it's blatant sometimes I get carried away

One more body bag getting carried back,
From the war zone where they carry straps,
Where little kids is attacking tanks cause they carry no fear of the man,
All they know here is they land
And a hero, gotta make a stand,
So they roll cold with it in their hand,
Let bang on the big bad man,
But this particular soldier never move colder
Never enrolled to blow no homes up
Felt that life had carried him under
Chose to phone the number
The army gives you training,
Nothing they say could really explain it,
Sign them t papers, enslavement,
Now you're a tool to carry their hatred,
Rob, steal, strip a nation
All he wanted was qualifications
So he could carry his family places,

Better than those that he was raised in
Never really thought, he'd ever have to go to war,
Now who's gonna tell his kids daddy can't carry them no more

[Chorus]

Akala - This is London Lyrics

The place where ya find the coldest
ballers you ever seen,
but they locked up or dead, not in the
premier league,
best kid that I knew turned feind by 16,
it seems things never the way you see in ya
dreams,
years past, tears start, kids turn to teens,
that sweet child you knew, grill dun turn mean,
daddy left him and reality set in, there's
no cream,
and it's embarrassing goin school with
holes in ya jeans,
so you know the cycle, it's little bags of green,
get expelled and sell the world hell by 16,
fuck a couple pristine chicks that suck dick mean,
couple bottles of cris sipped and wrist slit mean,
and it's logical, lucky niggas do time that's horrible,
catch the flipside and ya speak with the oracle,
it's fucked up yeah, but that's just how it is,
and aint nuttin' on these roads gonna change but the clip,

Chorus
This is London,
black tugs bust big slugs,
This is London,
give ya fuckin' punks tough love,
This is London,
single mums dat pump drugs,
This is London, Bruva this is London

(London calling...)

The place where it don't matter if you
never sold a shot,
Never run up on a nigga like "gimme what you got",
Get ya brain sprayed on the pave, in front of the rave,
No reason, other than niggas is
frustrated,
So many catchin cases, over screw faces,
And dumb shit, like we come from different places,
London, get ya shit smoked like a chalice,
Same city, different planet, from
Buckingham Palace,
Where young tugs is clutchin' big straps
that's Russian,
And dyin' to buss it, what the fuck good is

discussions?
Where hood rats is suckin, any dick that push a nice sumthin',
And them said gyal'a get you set like ya life's nuthin',
Coz life's nuthin', that's just how it is,
And there ain't nuthin on these roads gonna change but the clip,

Chorus

The place where you don't fuck with the Turks or the Asians,
Triads, pikey's, even Caucasians,
Where them cockney boys will chiv your face, you mug,
No love, every colour mentality thug,
But we take it to a whole 'nother level,
Little girls gettin' shot in the back is not clever,
Never far from the hood, even in the sticks,
Couple wrong turns, get dash out ya whip,
By some little skinny kid, think he big with the chrome,
They said he'd be the next Ian Wright but the skunk said no,
In this place, if you work you're an idiot,
Most of the smartest muthafuckers illiterate,
Coz tax is a bitch, take half of ya pension,
Just to fight war, now they want congestion,
And they wonder why we all goin insane,
This is London, tell me is your city the same?

Chorus

Akala - Bullshit Lyrics

It's all bullshit
We invaded Iraq cause we were checkin
That's bullshit
If they had weapons we would have kept stepping
Bullshit
Saddam would have bus it with no question
No bullshit
Pretty much every rap record
Now that's bullshit
Black boys killin eachother
Now that's bullshit
Especially cause it's over nothing
Now that's bullshit
I rep my ends and I'm thuggin
Now that's bullshit
Look at what we do to our mothers
Now that's bullshit
Bullshit Politicians talk never do shit
It's bullshit
All of what they feed us in the news
It is bullshit
Plus what they teach us in the schools
It is bullshit
The war's bullshit
It's all bullshit
Bullshit
Politicians talk never do shit
It's bullshit
All of what they feed us in the news
It is bullshit
Plus what they teach us in the schools
It is bullshit
The war's bullshit
It's all bullshit
BULLSHIT
They rob the third world of every cent
Now that's bullshit
Now you got third world debt
Now that's bullshit
You get your cheque there's never nothing left
Now that's bullshit
Then you pay tax on what you spend
Now that's bullshit
Then you even gotta pay tax on your pension
Now that's bullshit
They still wanna take your inheritance
Now that's bullshit

English kids rappin American
Now that's bullshit
The war's bullshit
It's all bullshit
Extending the congestion charge Now that's bullshit
Never fuckin nowhere to park
Now that's bullshit
Most of what you learn in class
Now that's bullshit
Especially regarding the past
Now that's bullshit
Men beating up on their spouse
Now that's bullshit
Rockin jewels but you ain't got a house
Now that's bullshit
Every single syllable that come out your mouth
Now that's bullshit
The war's bullshit
It's all bullshit
Bullshit
Politicians talk never do shit
It's bullshit
All of what they feed us in the news
It is bullshit
Plus what they teach us in the schools
It is bullshit
The war's bullshit
It's all bullshit
Bullshit
Politicians talk never do shit
It's bullshit
All of what they feed us in the news
It is bullshit
Plus what they teach us in the schools
It is bullshit
The war's bullshit
It's all bullshit
Pull me over 5 times in a day
Now that's bullshit
And I got attitude if I have something to say
Now that's bullshit
The wage MPs get paid
Now that's bullshit
They won't give firefighters a raise
Now that's bullshit
Football fans monkey sounds
Now that's bullshit
Black players that didn't speak out
Now that's bullshit
White players that didn't speak out
Now that's bullshit
The war's bullshit

It's all bullshit
Places where kids can't eat
Now that's bullshit
But AK47s are free
Now that's bullshit
Here you go fight for me
Now that's bullshit
And I'll take the minerals please
Now that's bullshit
Traffic wardens getting commission
Now that's bullshit
The motherfuckin weather in Britain
Now that's bullshit
All them weak raps that your spittin
Now that's bullshit
The war's bullshit
It's all bullshit
Bullshit
Politicians talk never do shit
It's bullshit
All of what they feed us in the news
It is bullshit
Plus what they teach us in the schools
It is bullshit
The war's bullshit
It's all bullshit
Bullshit
Politicians talk never do shit
It's bullshit
All of what they feed us in the news
It is bullshit
Plus what they teach us in the schools
It is bullshit
The war's bullshit
It's all bullshit
AIDS comes from Africans fuckin a monkey
Now that's bullshit
Farrakhan banned from the country
Now that's bullshit
Rapists come here and it's lovely
Now that's bullshit
What the fuck is wrong with our government?
Now that's bullshit
Paedophiles get light sentence
Now that's bullshit
Ask yourself why they defend them
Now that's bullshit
Broke niggaz flossin with benzes
Now that's bullshit

Akala - Roll Wid Us Lyrics

It's my time like it or not gotta ride
Can't fight,
This thing'll take you with it like a landslide
My mind spitting rhymes refined as old wines
No games since age 5 I hold mine
Never fell for the spells
They tell in this world
I read Malcolm, you was learning to spell
I took exams early with the geeks in the school
Opened a business,
You were still chasing your balls
I spent my teens sticking but I'm one of Britain's best mathematicians
Official, I got the certificate
So however you want it kid
We could do scholarship politics
Or the opposite,
War with hollow tips No supathug, just I don't fear, why would I?
You bleed like me and breathe the same air
I got a purpose on this earth
And I ain't ready to go
So if I gotta send you first then let it be so

[Hook:]
Roll wid us or get rolled over [x3]
It's time now the wait is over
Roll wid us or get rolled over [x3]
It's time now the wait is over

It's bigger than the music
It's more like a movement
A unit a trueness spreading like rumours
They foolish, say I can't do it they doubt
Cause we acorns now
Just watch out for the tree that sprouts
When it does, remember I told you
I'm going from local to global
Poor and hopeful
From glueing back shoes
Cause they showing my toes through
To owning shoe companies
And yards on the coastal
If you real grab on, I'm taking the fam with me
But hold on tight cause we movin real swiftly
Fakes can't stop my flight
Not your life that's like
Trying to fight atomic war with a knife
Fight like mike with control not physically

If ignorance is bliss that explain my misery
I'm clear in my vision b, solve your mystery
Compete with me you get whitewashed like black history

[Hook]

[Bridge:]
It's not all gravy, man dem is shady
Tings is crazy but that don't phase me
It's not all gravy, man dem is shady
Tings is crazy but that don't phase me
Get yours, there's only one life to live
You gotta feed your kids, you gotta eat real big
Young soldier you can do whatever you want to
And no one out there can stop you
Not sure just watch me for practice
In these board meetings
Taking cheese off crackers
You actors are not factors, I see the bluff
Cause you sell crack
It does not mean that you're tough
It's the matrix and it's blatant you paper thugs are not ready yet
For getting unplugged
Grown man still talking like:
'You know who I am, where I'm from'
Bredren what the fuck are you on?
Telling the world who you shot
And what are you earning,
When you get popped that will not stop it from burning
So it's worthless, you gots to be a soldier
Watch me grind
You'll understand it as you get older
Nothing pretty but when I do things the job's over
Never stick at that critical moment, I'm potent
I'm focused, you jokers can't see me
I feel like a marksman at point blank
It is too easy

Akala - Cold Lyrics

Can I take you back for a minute
I live it I'm spillin my spirit
On the beat like streets cold as blizzards
Late night drownin' my sorrow in a bottle of spirits
Was a sweet child, that characters missing No trace
Now it's bora in coat and screw face
Colder, soldier, angry young male
Don't ask how, you already know the tale
Never lived with my father
Nasty break up with my mum and her partner
And of course, times was harder
Moms did her best with the strength she could muster
But she so stressed it was us that would suffer
Plus school teachers hate me, say that I'm feisty
Play all kinda mind games to try break me
Helped turn a innocent kid, into a ignorant pig
Fuck em anyway, I still got straight A's
Winter was real, no gas
I went to bed in full clothing
Back when my world was closing in and mom was sick
I can't explain the pain when the news came
Sorta like the blizzard that came after the rain
My mind was a prison, I visioned the worst
Ran home from school, wanted to get there first
Didn't want either of my sisters, to find what I pictured
Moms was too strong, she just soldiered on
Don't think I don't understand
But I still had to learn how to be a man
Standing on my own two, not the way you supposed to
Funny how the cycle repeats
Nobody showed you, Wouldn't believe I told you what I had to go through
Pressure couldn't fold me, but turnt my heart cold G
What don't kill you make you strong supposedly
That must be why nobody can hold me
Yeah I had a struggle, but really it's sugar-coated
When you think of all the millions barely living and hopeless
In the news Mother and child, bellies bloated
Put yourself in their shoes, knowin' death is approaching
But it's not fate, it's bait, they were thrown in
The deep end of the endless ocean of mans sin
Politics, religion, man philosophize
Got technology and television
Still don't know why the worlds a weight on top of your shoulders
But we fold up, true we can't hold up them boulders
I been through the shit, but came out like roses
I'm blessed, don't ever think I don't notice
I know I got a path, but it's hard to stay focused

Specially on these roads, where foes are like roaches
Foul and I crush em and I won't even notice
If I lose my way, I just want you to know this

(Akala)
FREEDOM LA$$O

Akala - Electro Livin' Lyrics

chorus

young money love money blood money right
your money war money more money right
they dont even really undastand wot its like electro livin in the land of the lite
electro livin
electro livin in the land of the lite
electro livin
electro livin in the land of the lite

were electro livin in the land of the lite
everythin is switched on still sumthin dont work rite
do wot eva u gotta do to make it through the night but wot eva u do dont beleive the hype
lets have a little natter about a couple of matters
poure me a cuple of cha a little butter an crackers
the kids are unruly news dus not fool me
and if tv dont play me no more then youtube me
hit em with electro retro meets techno
rap rock kid push back the threshold
so take your best shot with ya best shooter were right here now entertain us computer

chorus

young money love money blood money right
your money war money more money right
they dont even really undastand wot its like electro livin in the land of the lite
electro livin
electro livin in the land of the lite
electro livin
electro livin in the land of the lite

they cant change wot it is just by puttin a name on
or make sumthing art just by shuvin a frame on
or become less guilty by passing the blame on
or ramp with akala wheres ya brain gone
im the rapper thats dapper
no matter the chatter
the illest whipper snapper
to come from the land of sausege and batter
where fat are getting fatter
and the man dem mad as a hatter
the goffer or the gaffer
well bruv im the latter

chorus

young money love money blood money right

your money war money more money right
they dont even really undastand wot its like electro livin in the land of the lite
electro livin
electro livin in the land of the lite
electro livin
electro livin in the land of the lite

things are wot they seem
destpite wot they tell u
beware of the truth or ill send u to bellevue
if u take a closer luk and uncover the veil
you will see there just salesmen with nothing to sell you
but these wags with there fags
and christian bior bags
shag and they brag and pose for lads mags
it is sad
we are sad for things we cannot have
but we are not sad for bagdad

chorus

young money love money blood money right
your money war money more money right
they dont even really undastand wot its like electro livin in the land of the lite
electro livin
electro livin in the land of the lite
electro livin
electro livin in the land of the lite

Akala - Freedom Lasso Lyrics

A rope tightens
Breath constricted
No hand pulls this is self-inflicted sickness
Sickness
Self diagnosed without witness
Wish list grip fist
The beggary of riches
A belly full fights never willingly
An empty stomach does not have the energy to finish it
Layers in between
Padded by a dream
Stretching for the means
Without thought of exhausting the seams
No space for indiginity
On the face of simplicity
A taste of sufficiency's
A bellyfull of lethargy
A dash of apathy a pinch of extacy's a recipe
Serving up a feast for the beast of our treachery
Not sure if your getting celebrity's out effigy
I hear just fine
But I'm deaf to those next to me
Conflict it perplexes me
Cause out biggest battle
Is now we're so free that we choose to be shackled

I'm stuck freedom lasso

This invisible strain of the human stain
Colours every brain, vein
Thus chained to another's pain
We may not be the artist by we surely are the fram
We may just be the smoke
But we cannot blame the flame
Strange is the fruit
That nourishes not the vein
Yet we are odder still
For we seek it like the rain
Nothing bounds out path
Yet we march perfect in lane
Whoever saw a tiger that desired to be tamed?
Reality defies
Nature does not know surprise
Yet the lesion of our season blinds even the eagle's eyes
Spies dread not headlock tight as threadknot
Get lost why throw a bone to a dead dog?
This is not charity

That is just sarcasm
That's why we bite so hard and never bark at em
Spark at em's insane
It's play gather and prey
When even the mighty tiger
He desires to be tamed

I'm stuck freedome lasso

They act as if it's positive
Though it's so obviously derogative
And even if you're bobby
This is never your prerogative
It's obvious we're warriors
And crooked just like bobby is
But colleges and mockeries
Will never make a socrates
Apologies and robberies
They follow with atrocity
Sorrow and hypocrisy
Don't make very good crockery
Watchin' this it's horror bliss
And one day I will promise this
The day the tiger wakes
That is the day of your apocalypse

Akala - Love In My Eyes Lyrics

// Chorus needs adding

Remember when I met you?
Heart went racing,
But I wont chase I was in a strange place then,
Faking, what on my face was blatant,
You could be mine but I'm scared of the taking,
Pacing, I was not used to the waiting; contemplating,
And I'm not talking about consummating,
Just conversation, let alone debating.
All the time in the world is all we've got and there's no need for waiting,
All the thoughts in my mind of what we could find got me anticipating,
Right now we're just friends and I like how we're shaping,
Plus I need time for the doubts that I'm facing,
Not about you, it's me who needs changing,
Look on my face you'll see that I'm gazing

But life is no oasis,
And soon things got complicated,
So I jumped ship, real quick,
'Cos I hit ship, sink and I really cannot take it,
'Cos I've never been here before,
In fact no where near before,
I don't quite know,
But I feel it from my afro to my big toe,
It's not working and I need my space,
Plus I gotta deal with this bullshit case,
So we parted ways and it felt real strange,
Didn't get much done with my days,
How will we ever see eye to eye?
I don't agree with myself even half the time,
Then it dawned on me, it's never plain sailing,
You can't succeed if you're afraid of failing

All the time in the world is all we have,
And there's no need for racing,
All the thoughts on my mind of what we could find got me anticipating,
Right now we're best friends and I like how we're shaping,
Plus I got over the doubts I was facing,
Couldn't change time but time had me changing,
Now on my face you'll see when I'm gazing

Akala - Comedy Tragedy History Lyrics

Day boy Akala's a diamond fella
All you little boys are a comedy of errors
You bellow but you fellows get played like
The cello, I'm doing my ting
You're jealous like Othello.
Who you? what you gonna do?
All you little boys get Tamed like the Shrew
You're mid-summer dreamin'
Your tunes aren't appealing
I'm Capulet, you're Montague, I ain't feeling
I am the Julius Caesar hear me
The Merchant Of Venice couldn't sell your CD
As for me, All's Well That Ends Well
Your boy's like Macbeth, you're going to Hell
Measure for Measure, I am the best here
You're Merry Wives of Windsor not King Lear
I don't know about Timon
I know he was in Athens
When I come back like Hamlet you pay for your action

Dat boy Akala, I do it As You Like
You're Much Ado About Nothing
All you do is bite it
I'm too tight, I don't need 12 knights
All you little Tempests get murked on the mic
Of course I'm the one with the force
You're history like Henry IV
I'm fire, things look dire
Better run like Pericles Prince Of Tyre
Off the scale, cold as a Winter's Tale
Titus Andronicus was bound to fail
So will you if Akala get at ya
That's suicide like Anthony & Cleopatra
Cymbeline was a modern day Bridget Jones
Love's labours lost, a woman on her own
She needed Two Gentlemen Of Verona
This is Illa State and I am the owner

Wise is the man that knows he's a fool
Tempt not a desperate man with a jewel
Why take from Peter to go pay Paul
Some rise by sin and by virtue fall
What have you made if you gain the whole world
But sell your own soul for the price of a pearl
The world is my oyster and I am starving
I want much more than a penny or a farthing
I told no joke, I hope you're not laughing

Poet or pauper which do you class him
Speak eloquent, though I am resident to the gritty inner city
That's surely irrelevant
Call it urban, call it street
A rose by any other name, smell just as sweet
Spit so hard, but I'm smart as the Bard
Come through with a Union Jack, full of yard

Akala, Akala, where for art thou?
I am the black Shakespearian
The secret's out now
Chance never did crown me, this is destiny
You still talk but it still perplexes me
Devour cowards, thousands per hour
Don't you know the king's name is a tower
You should never speak it
It is not a secret
I teach thesis, like anicent Greece's
Or Egyptology, never no apology
In my minds eye, I see things properly
Stopping me, nah you could never possibly
I bare a charmed life, most probably
For certain I put daggers in a phrase
I'll put an end to your dancing days
No matter what you say it will never work
Wrens can't prey
Where eagles don't perch
I'm the worst with th words
Cos I curse all my verbs
I'm the first with a verse to rehearse with a nurse
There's a hearse for the first jerk who turn berserk
Off with his head, cos it must not work
Ramp with Akala, that's true madness
And there's no method in it, just sadness
I speak with daggers and the hammers
Of a passion when I'm rappin I attack 'em
In a military fashion the pattern of my rappin
chattin couldn't ever map it
And I run more rings round things than Saturn
Verses split big kids wigs when I'm rappin
That boy Akala, the black Shakespeare
Did not want to listen, when I said last year
Rich like a gem in Ethiope's ear
Tell them again
For them who never hear

Akala - Where I'm From Lyrics

Yo, OK, OK, Yeah nice, OK
Where I'm from its not presidents, I'm trying to see the queen
Different toilet same shit, they're fiending for the big cream
Scheming their dough to the ceiling, till the no longer breathing
And they do shit to make us look heathen
The reason?
Born to a broken home, tears of my mother
Only those that no cos they've been there through all the hunger
Others judge us and snub us
They shouldn't
Growing up in my house, don't think you could of
Mummy hustling
, no one ever did us no favours
Except the neighbours
We used to borrow sugar and some toilet paper
Embarrassing when its my turn to knock
But its cool, what don't kill you only make you stronger
Know they say I'm conscious my words are positive
Its not that, to me its just the truth is obvious
And rather than talking bollocks about who I'd be clapping
I'd rather tell the truth about what actually happened
Every bodies killing five hundred man in the booth
The roads are bad but
If as much man was dying in the streets as was dying in the booth
They'd be nobody left
Stop with dishonesty man
All my home-boys locked up, everybody who's lost a family member
Ain't' nothing sweet in the streets
Here in England now we got bloods and crips
I'm ashamed and embarrassed to have to admit
Our grandparents got chased cos they were black
Now we kill each other for colours in the union jack
Shit
This is not the sates, no American dream
Just a British nightmare with a similar theme
Same scheme, same fiend, same end to the dream
Same church, same hurt, same mother that screams
With the only difference being there's no opposites here
No Jigga no Simmons, no positives here
It is obvious we are not prospering here
What's horrible? I don't no if it's possible here
Our grandparents came here invited by our majesty
Tragically just to be treated like savages
No Blacks, No Irish and of course no dogs
And if it ain't' cleaning toilets then of course no jobs
With all the Teddy boys attacking us and calling us wogs
Boys in blue at it too, apparently that's not on?

And here we are fifty years later, nothings improved
Its like we've gone back a step, like we chasing our roots
Here we are fifty years later nothings improved
We've gone back a step
But we ain't' chasing our roots
Don't know where you come from
You don't no where your going
Teach the yout dem man
Value of self, Understand?
When your watching your TV
Learning your history book
Listen, listen, Because...
Its just a bunch of lies that we perpetuate ourself
Being from the hood is not a definition of self
Circumstances don't define you, you define you
My baby diamond shines so bright it'l blind you
That's why I'm everywhere, fronting where rappers would never dare
No bodyguards, trust me my people I'm never scared
Not cos I think I'm hard, just that iv seen your vision
A million thugs in prison would die for my position
They get there so frequent for various reasons
When we're told we ain't shit we really believe it
Whether by another brother, a father, a mother
The television, or the teachers, police or the judges
Its covering the fear that they already no
You can only break a diamond with a piece of the same stone
Where strong beyond measure, ask your professor
How do you make a diamond? A billion years of pressure
And a diamond is found where? At first within the rough
So no matter where were at there's a diamond inside of us
Forget repping the ends, what the ends do for you?
Your worth so much more, If only you Knew, You Know?
All this ends rah, rah, rah, nonsense
That's exactly what it is just nonsense
All these rappers on TV talking shit about how much they bust their strap and Yah, Yah, Yah
You do not listen to them, their talking nonsense
They live in big nice houses
They got security, and bodyguards, and people to take care of them
Its an illusion, you understand?
And all the bitches, and the chains and the neck lasses in the video
Its just bollocks man, That's nobody's reality
When did the hood become so sweet?
That's no hood iv ever been in
Understand? The hood I no is miserable
The hood I no everybody's trying to get out of
So why are all these rappers dying to get back in it? And dying to be rude-boys?
When all the rude-boys are dying to be legitimate
So, Its just nonsense man, just be honest

Akala - Bit By Bit Lyrics

no more bluffin this is somethin
i feel it in my belly button
glutten for yur blushin
and yur sweet little nothins
yur discussion and yur fussin
and yur face wen yur cussin
even wen yur wrong
and no-one can tell u nothin
im adjustin to the fact
i can put my trust in
mad sex but it's more thn just lustin
no rushin we're gushin
and wen we push each others buttons
love u so it's love time
even wen were fuckin
glutton for yur stuffin and i want another grubbin
im a feen for yur lovin yur huggin and back rubbin
but every so often i feel like im stuck in
wen we don't give each other space
and push each others buttons
one cant speak straight without the other one buttin
we talk alot of xxxx but it dont mean nothin
wud say that im duckin but u know that im bluffin
listen for a minute baby let me tell u somethin

chorus
lets take it slowly
bit by bit
just get to know me
bit by bit
i know we're not perfect but
bit by bit
i know that we're worth it
bit by bit by bit
take it slowly
bit by bit
just get to know me
bit by bit
i know we're not perfect but
bit by bit
i know that we're worth it
bit by bit by bit
x2

verse 2
everytime that we're sinnin
i feel like im winnin

wen we're finished and we're grinnin
we bring in another innings'
we're just fulfilling
the mission of really living
i feel like im givin back tht was missin
or more like im drillin to myself tht was hidden
im a villain and im wicked
but im also really timid
im rigid and i pivot
but im careful not to fidget
stick with it
im tryin to get close to yur spirit
it's kinda like a riddle
i figure u just a little
we both turn pages til we meet in the middle
ain't even hot but u sweat just a little
i feel like i might of found a wife just a little
kinda like i understand life just a little
we can spend time together more than a little
wanna see forever doin things just a little

chorus

u can be my lady
bit by bit
and we can make a babies
bit by bit
and drive each other crazy
bit by bit by bit by bit by bit by bit by bit
be my lady
and we can make babies
and drive each other crazy
bit by bit by bit by bit by bit by bit by bit

Akala - Something Inside My Head Lyrics

They wonder why the caged bird sings
But even worse a pain
Is the bird with lead wings
It

Akala - I Don't Know Lyrics

They say ignorance is bliss
Never a truer word spoke
Half the answers only bring more questions that we'll never know
Even the wise man knows he don't know much
Still not wise enough to accept it as such
So we chase the questions seeking direction
Every time we think we're right get a swift correction
Muslim or Jew really don't matter which
You can't buy tomorrow no matter how rich
We all bleed and breathe and take shits
And chase the same answers
Though some think are better equipped
But with all the test tubes and test and so-called best
They still don't know
A theory is just a posh word for a guess
Because you're in a skyscraper don't make you different
From those in huts along the Amazon
And not more significant
We're all the same all rise all fall
But those on high horses have the furthest to fall
The moon and the stars
Fast women and cars
Is this world truly ours?
Or are we just entertainment
Chasing it all we rise and we fall
Said I don't know
The moon and the stars
Fast women and cars
Is this world truly ours?
Or are we just entertainment
Chasing it all we rise and we fall
Said I don't know
They say ignorance is bliss never believe it
Those who don't learn from history are condemned to repeat it
Truth you gotta seek it, wherever its hidden
Or else you'll find yourself dancing to someone else's rhythm
Mental prison is the worst kind
You can take my liberty but my mind is mine
Whatever they controlling, never let your brain close in
The mind is like a parachute, it only works when it's open
Smoking gun but they say they never shoot
No such thing as a fruit without root
Truth not being told will never make it go away
A lie told a thousand times can never take it's place
They say it's fate, but take a proper view
They're trying to hold so many destiny's in their hands
They're bound to drop a few

So the more we keep moving, the better chance we got
Everybody knows a rolling stone gathers no moss
They say ignorance is bliss, well I ain't got a clue
All you gotta do is whatever that works for you
But when 6 billion individuals looking out for number 1
And we got to share the same sun
That's when the troubles come
That brings us back to where we started
Face to face with the cold-hearted facts
That there are no answers
My head all of this chit-chat
I don't even smoke
But I'ma go have a spliff and just kick back
You know, don't ask me
I'm not a prophet
I'm not the answer
I'm just a rapper
A little boy from North London
What you've heard for the last 40 minutes
It's my opinion
My thoughts, my feelings
It's not right, it's not wrong
It's just what it is
It's just Akala

(Akala)

THE WAR MIXTAPE VOL II

DELUXE EDITION ALSO INCLUDES VOLUME I

Akala - Quiet Storm (Freestyle) Lyrics

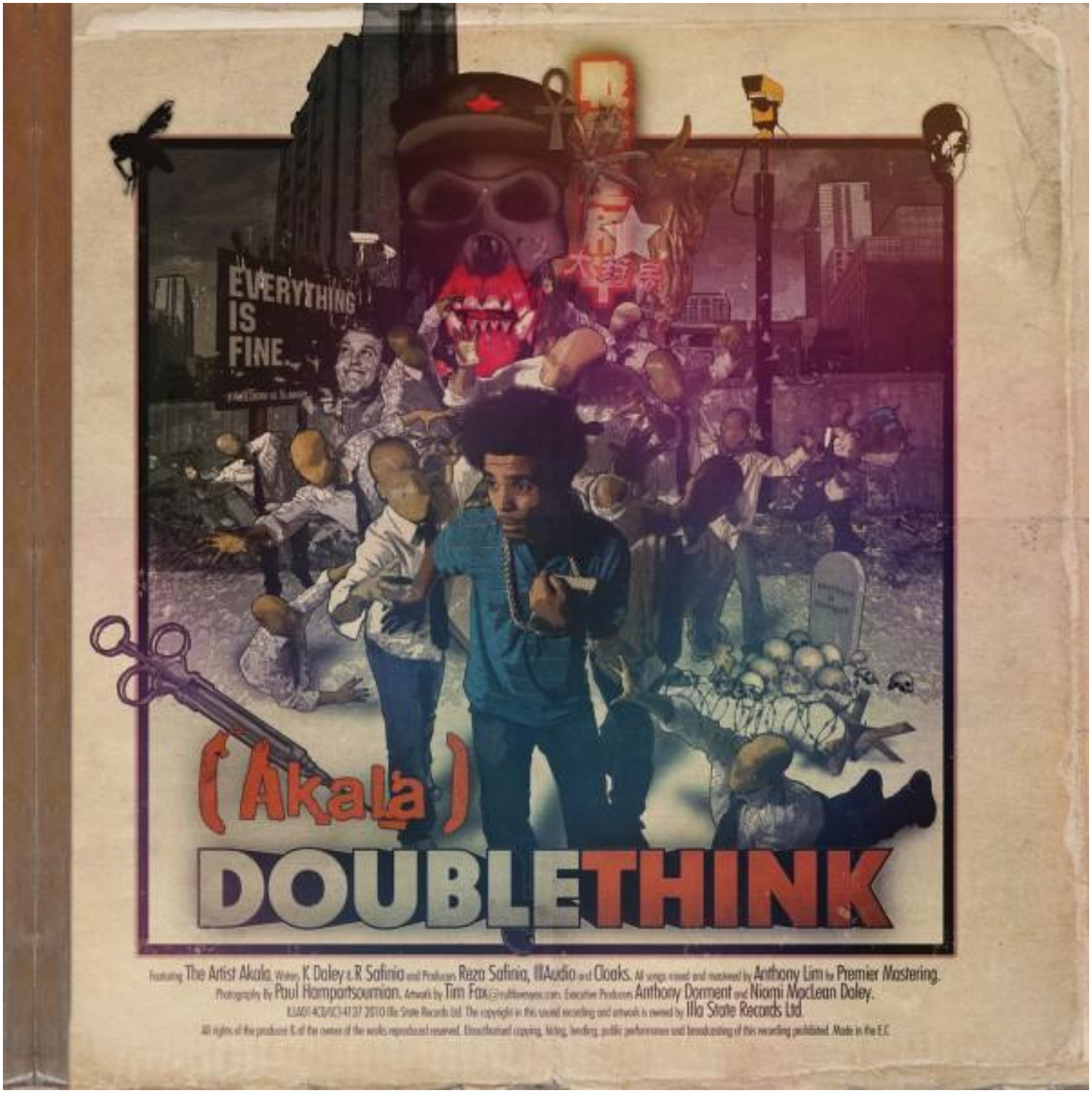
DJ Clue. Dessert Storm. That boy Fabolous. Street Fam
Niggas wanna' freestyle
Y'all better get your bar work together
I'm tellin' you right now
Friday night freestyles
CLUMINATIIII!!

We done seen it all, been thru it all
It's quiet

I put my lifetime in between the papers line
Just a hustler out here trying to make a dime
Feel like when crackheads was beggin' me to take the nine
Man these bum ass rappers need to make a sign
That say will rap for food, for real scrap you're screwed
I put the paws on you and lil' scrap you dudes
My goons in the audience still clap when cued
Put the Hawk in your chest and Millsap you dudes
I'm still snapping dude, still run my city and still lapping' dudes
In the studio in a still trappin' mood
On a beat from '99 that's still slappin' dude
See real rap I'm rude, disrespectful with the flow
I met wifey she disrespect and call you bro
Shorty mouth crazy disrespectful on the low
She like to spit on it disrespectful little ho
On some real shit, you just need a real bitch
Chillin' when in public, not some groupie'd out in the club bitch
Type you don't hear from until you get up
It was quiet for you till you started turning shit up
And that ain't real bitch, you more like a bill bitch
Fridge ain't got no grub bitch but it's eat the booty like it's Publix??
Run into these type chicks NOTHING is up
Shorty lost her sponsor that was cuffin' her up
I'm like hot damn ho here we go again
Your nigga cut you off broke scenario again
No more Felipe you eating cereal again
No more lipo you big as Terio again
Oh yea, quiet for you niggas too
Wanna' small talk cause they ain't as big as you
Wanna' throw dirt cause the bitch is diggin' you
Don't let the songs on the last album trigga' you
(YUUP! *trey songz tone*) You ain't Trey, you poo nah nah
Look what you done started ooh nah nah
Got the twin nine milli's, my two nah nahs
Used to call them Nadia, still bye bye to you
We ain't lacking got the thing out or we concealing
We're I'm from daddy's bang out in front of their children

My plan was to get the gang out and get them millions
Now it's mansions but used to hang out up in them buildings
Them boys in the lobby was rowdy yea
You gotta' think Bobby and Rowdy yea
Now we out in Abu Dhabi in Saudi air
Then they let me Ricky Bobby the Audi yea
(uh) on some Furious 7, rest in peace Paul Walker I hope you hear this in heaven
I be preaching on these niggas you would swear it's a reverend
Four game sweep flows in a series of seven
Its the F to the A to the B O-L-O-U-S you just get some mo' rellos'
I'm Frank Costello yea but more ghetto
Yea i'm in a house with more rooms than a hotello
I used to sit and watch Knicks moves, no Melo
Now I get to make king moves on rose petals
Shorty stand still didn't shake no jell-o
Then she slow it down like when the lights go yellow
On some real shit
I just want some real shit
Not none of this fuck shit
Sound like Barkley with that Chuck shit
Fuck all of that weird shit I'm tired of that
If it ain't Young OG then it's quiet for that
It's the real...

DJ Clue.Dessert Storm... That boy Fabolous
Shoutout to Brooklyn what's up? Queens what's good?!



Featuring The Artist Akala. Written, K. Daley & R. Safinia and Produced Reza Safinia, IllAudio and Cloaks. All songs mixed and mastered by Anthony Lim for Premier Mastering.
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Akala - Welcome to Dystopia Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: DoubleThink
Genre: Hip Hop/Rap

Conform x15
It's bigger than your local colloquium
In a world that is dystopian
Kid's aren't born in fallopians
They're grown in tubes and inserted growth in them
But this ain't the type of pollution we place in the ocean
It's apathy, stench we can't quench
Don't matter who inhabits the bench
Or wig or gown, hammer or crown, oval or down
Jokes on us, we're not even frowning
Smiling villany, the wickedest tyranny
Is the one that says fuck you so nice
You say thanks, and shake hands
Say he's your man, forget all your plans
Reach your hand out you see your in bondage
The idea of beauty is blondeness and other such nonsense
What our response is?
Conform and amputate conscience
Conform. Obey
Transform. Sleep easy
Ah, that good old human conditioning
Ever since days of the pyramids
Make us invalid, which means invalid
Wrestle with things we can't manage
Like peace and equality
Which minority is the authority?
Whoever has property, it's all idolatry
Even if you have no image of God, do you follow me?
Do we not all worship money?
When you think about it it's quite funny
Can't eat money, can't breathe money
Can't inject it and kill disease money
But we pray at it all till we're guns and tanks
And offer the money god a million sacraficial lambs
Who's the priest in charge of sacraficial plans?
Let us pray and hold hands
War is peace - ignorance strength - freedom is slavery x3
Not only do we believe that creed
We hold it deep and praise it as bravery
Along with the vision and difference
So we can maintain the belligerence
To their pain, feel no shame
It's all just stages in a video game
That our kids play kill, kill, kill

Death is such a thrill, thrill, thrill
Swallow junk, still feel ill
Take blue pill, pill, pill
Sometimes I feel like I'm losing my mind
I do beliee our nature's kind
Just confused and we're so far gone
Got no clue how to right these wrongs
So we bury our head in the sand or the desk
Anywhere but inside of our flesh
If I looked at my self - I would see I am the enemy
I am not honest nor kind nor caring nor sharing
Or any of the many thing that I pretend to be
I'm selfish and arrogant, and obedient
Follow truth only when it's convenient
Accept laws that I know that decieve me
So I can sleep in my bed easy
Don't blame governments, they are just us
If they are corrupt, then we are corrupt
Look back through history
What makes you think that we would act differently?
If we were in power
We would devourer whoever the underclass were like cowards
The question is, is this inevitable?
Is there good or evil?
Some say it's overspill from days when we were tribal
I don't buy that I think you will find that
That's an excuse if we just don't buy facts
Everything we really need to survive actually makes us feel good inside
Sex feels good, food feels good
Damn, even taking a pill feels good!
So if war and hate were our natural causes
Why would we need conditioning for it?
But I ain't gonna forfeit my privilliges
Now I'll get back in line and follow my orders

Akala - Faceless People Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: DoubleThink
Genre: Hip Hop/Rap

The faceless people (x4)

[Hook:]
We are the faceless people you don't ever see
We are the faceless people you don't wanna be
We are the faceless people you don't ever see
We are the faceless people, people

[Verse 1:]
As the world turns, so does my head
I need a little leg just to butter my bread
Gets a little bitter but I've gotta get fed
Never been a quitter so I've gotta get ahead
I am the invisible man, you can't be me
I am the invisible man, you can't see me
I am the invisible man but I'm 3D
Come and meet me, Mr. Invisible

[Bridge:]
We are the faceless
We are the faithfuless
Here today, tomorrow we're gone
But nothing is wrong
It's the same song, we're invisible
Nothing can change us
Or rearrange us
We come and we go but nobody knows
And nobody shows
We ain't nobody, we're invisible
We are the faceless people, people
We are the faceless people, people

[Hook:]
We are the faceless people you don't ever see
We are the faceless people you don't wanna be
We are the faceless people you don't ever see
We are the faceless people you don't wanna be

[Verse 2:]
As the world turns, so does my head
I need a little leg just to butter my bread
It's a little bitter but I've gotta get fed
And I've never been a quitter so I've gotta get ahead
I'm your worst teacher

Your favorite student
Frivolous spender, your saving is foolish
Lads on a bender, come on let's do this
I'm the pretender but I speak trueness

[Bridge:]

[Verse 3:]
Can't you see what is happening to us here
We are tearing apart tryna keep it near
Can't you see what's happening to us here, my dear...
I don't wanna wake up feeling like a wasteaway
I'm gonna save it for another rainy day
I wanna raise these stakes in the game I play
But I can feel it all slipping out my way
Because I am the invisible man, you can't see me
Being the invisible man is not easy
I am the invisible man but I'm 3D
Can't beat me, Mr. Invisible

[Bridge:]

Akala - I Don't Need Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: DoubleThink
Genre: Hip Hop/Rap

---

yo listen

okay.

I don't need for you to have long blonde weave down to your knees,
I don't need for you to have the latest boo tissues or Christian d'iore dress,
I don't need in-fact I don't want you to parade around in your underwear and booty shake for me in a video, I don't need for you to sing RnB.
I don't need for you to be an independent woman and I don't wanna be an independent man.
But if we can get along and laugh and talk and have sex and dream and laugh and talk and still like each other.Then maybe just maybe we can depend on each other.

I don't need for you to wear red lipstick or lip gloss or face dust, I like your face just fine as it is,
I don't need for you to paint your nails or to add fake ones i think they look kinda silly,
i don't need to see your cleavage or your thighs I'm still getting over your eyes and your smile and i don't need any more distractions.
I don't need in fact i don't want you to sit a certain way or talk like this or walk like a supermodel, I don't need you to loose weight.
I do need stimulating conversation, its like dead perez said I need mind sex,
I do need to laugh with you, I do need to dream with you, I do need to be able to be honest with you.

Maybe I'm getting old but I'm finding that when you get to know a woman vertically they can be incredibly interesting, inspiring creatures.Just watching you work, watching you think, watching you eat.Maybe I'm getting old but I cant be bothered to follow my dick around everywhere, I'm happy here and to be honest I just ain't got the energy.
Maybe I'm getting old but I feel like its okay to be vulnerable, to be upset, to admit I ain't the biggest, baddest, strongest man on the planet and sometimes I feel inadequate.
Maybe I'm getting old but I just don't need it any more

Yah know...

Akala - Peace Lyrics

Peace is on the way,
Peace is on the way.
By the sword they say.

After this, this last blow, last chop
Last drop
Peace is on the way
After this, this last scream, last shout, last trample of boot.

Just one more, one last rubble wreck where once were dreams housed,
Last plane, last flame, last sky.
Peace is on the way.

Just one more naked Vietnamese girl,
Be she Russian, Israeli, Palestinian or Great Great, Great, Really Great British.

Just one more placard wielding warrior and this last sword-slinging gunman.

Just one more song of machine-gun metal hurtling Death to outrun life

Just one more war,
Then we can have peace.

Then we can have peace.

Akala - Yours and My Children Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: DoubleThink
Genre: Hip Hop/Rap

Right here dangerous idea
If we did this then we couldn't feel fear
If there's no fear there's no control
If there's no control someone's gotta let go
They say I Shouldn't say too much they might delete me
Realize I don't really care about tv
Keep your awards your applause I'm easy
All I can do in this life is just be me
Pilger can say it so can Niomi Kline
Its free speech for them that's fine
Young black rapper should utter the same words
Utterly absurd nutter insane nerd
Even the fact I call myself 'black'
Social conditioning and that's a fact
The idea of races has no factual basis
It was made just to serve racists
To justify to doing to some what couldn't be done
To others but they all are our sons
Black or white all of our sons
Muslim Christian all of our sons
Look up in the sky that's all of our Sun
Last time I checked we only had one
So if some were superior

others inferior based on exterior
Well then surely the sun would know and fall in to line'
It would rain on your crops and not mine'
Air would prefer to inhabit your lungs'
Food would prefer the taste of your tongue'
If that's not the case then nature has declared
Despite what we say the worlds in fact fair
Chorus:
Kids in Iraq
Yours and my children
Kids in Iran
Yours and my children
Afghanistan
Yours and my children
Even Sudan
Yours and my children
Kids in brazil
Yours and my children
Police drive by the favela and just kill them
Kids in brazil

Yours and my children
Police drive by the favela and just kill them
Right here dangerous idea
If we did this then we couldn't feel fear
If there's no fear there's no control

Akala - Find No Enemy Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: Find No Enemy

Apparently I'm second generation black Caribbean
And half white Scottish whatever that means
See lately I feel confused with the boxes
Cause to me all they do is breed conflict
It's not that I've lost touch with the reality
Racism, sexism and nationality
Just to me it all seems like insanity
Why must I rob you of your humanity
To feel good about mine?
It's all about crime
Dehumanizing is how I justify it
So I must keep on lying about the history of Africa
So I can live the with massacres
And repeat my mantra of Muslim and terrorist
So I can sleep at night as bombs take flight
Eyes wide but I'm blind to the sight
Too busy chasing the perfect life
And the working class keep them uneducated
Truly educated men could never be racist
To educate is to draw out what is within
Are we not all not the same under the skin?
I got a heart like yours that pumps blood and oxygen
And insecurities are a whole lot of them I'm scared like you deep down
I really do care that world is not fair like you
But I don't even believe my own prayers like you
Chasing career going nowhere like you
Lost in a fog of my own insecurities
I hold myself up as a image of purity
And I judge everybody else
By the color of their skin or the size of their wealth
But it's not good for my health
As the only one I ever really judge is myself
The oppressor must suffer like the oppressed
Though I pretend I'm in control of this mess
By inflating my ego, puffing my chest
I see my weakness, and need to show strength
Or what we think strong is because if we're honest?
True strength is the strength to be honest
And if I'm honest I am just tired
If I'm honest I am just tired
Tired of everyday filling up my car and knowing that
I'm paying for the bombs in Iraq
Tired of pretending like it don't hurt my heart
Of wanting change but not knowing where to start
Tired of listening to all the conditioning

And all the forms they have me filling in
Next time you see what is a thug and despise him
Please know I was just like him
Cause I was like eight the first time I saw crack
Same time I first smoked weed choking on blowbacks
First time I saw knifes penetrate flesh
It was meat cleavers to the back of the head
As I grew and teenage years passed
Many more knifes pierced and the shots blast
And I not saying I had the worst upbringing
But there's a million young men just like me in prison
We complain about racism and elevate clowns
With their trousers down swinging their dicks round
Maybe that is not quite literal
But everything they do is just as stereotypical
To my real fans I feel your pain
And I get the messages, but don't complain
That we ain't got more fame for paying our part
They can keep the charts all I want is your hearts
They can keep the charts all I want is your hearts
They can keep the charts all I want is your hearts
Calling it black radio, don't make laugh
So is black music all about tits and arse?
You don't represent nothing, you're just pretending
When was the last time you ever played Hendrix?
Or Miles Davis or John Coltrane?
Or Ella Fitzgerald or Billie Holiday?
We can call it urban to me that's cool
If urban means street, that includes jazz too
And rock for that matter
Go ask Mick Jagger or Jimmy Page what they were listening to - the blues
Not discrediting, love Zeppelin too, just giving credit where credit is due
That blood soaked word rappers still use
All it really shows is that we still self abuse
That was the word that was used to kill Kelso Cochrane and Emmett Till
That was the word that the conscience eased
And made people pleased to hung you from trees
That was the word that let the whips crack
No matter what you say you can't take it back
And I can say their black so I feel their pain easier
But 1915 look at Armenia
If the whole world is human stupidity
Though we choke ourselves to death quite literally
And I can talk with my comfortable mouth
With my comfortable clothes and my comfortable house
The tables will turn, we can but stall them
Every empire on this earth has fallen
So unless we can find another way
Maybe not today, but it will come one day
It may sound like I'm bitter but in fact truth be told I am quite the opposite
I wake everyday and am overwhelmed
Just to be alive and be like no one else

And the sheer weight of the thought of space
Is enough to keep my little ego in place
All that we chase and try to replace all along it was right in our face
The only way we can ever change anything
Is to look in the mirror and find no enemy
The only way we can ever change anything
Look in the mirror and find no enemy

Akala - What Is Real (Ill Audio) Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: DoubleThink
Genre: Hip Hop/Rap

Will you you talk about being from the hood, like we're glad
Wear it proud, like it's a badge
But I'll be damned if, when I'm a dad my kids don't have more than I had
Please don't confuse your situation, with identity, it's not the same thing
You were pharaohs and scholars, long before the day you were armed robbers,
But, whatever, it's dumb to be clever, better to act like your brains been severed
Like these Americans so called “artists” boasting about their latest garments
But the same labels make it very clear, they don't make clothes for dark skin
Can't you see they're laughing? The question that I'm asking.

Real,
Is it real, really?
Now is it real really?

Real,
Is it real, really? (Is it real really?)
I doubt it's real really.

Real,
Is it real, really? (dolla dolla bill y'all)
Now is it real really?

Real,
Is it real, really?
I doubt it's real really. (uh, get money)

Pop champagne cop your chain, act like you got no brain
Pop champagne cop your chain, act like you got no brain
Pop champagne cop your chain, act like you got no brain!
Come on let's pop champagne!
Come on let's pop champagne!

Sorry, if I don't dance enough for the radio to play my stuff,
And got no girls in the video playing the silly ho loco shakin' their butts
I thought that rap was about content, I see now that's just nonsense
We judge MC's by the Bentleys, and how much they can have no conscience
How many chains can you wear, and not care, the cost was a village somewhere,
Stones of begets, slowly forget, this ain't the first time there were chains on your neck,
It was much worse, choose to accept, but now vexed, just perplexed
Of course that's all us people do all day, is pop champagne and have sex!
Why am I lying, I can't stand it, Chip on my shoulders the size of a planet!
I organic on the mike and the flames I will fan it
To burn down the galaxy I'm up to the challenge
Burn down the fallacy, scorch it with talent

Burn down the anarchy, restore the balance
I am the war with New York to Paris
No fun now around me, I'm far too savage
Yeah, hittin with knowledge, 'cuz we import it, ignoramus
You're playin' the stereotype, so of course you're famous
If for just one second you took your head from out your anus
You would see the motivation for your elevation

What is real?
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?
What is real?
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?
What is real?
Or is it something that I can truly feel?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?

What is real?
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?
What is real?
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?
What is real?
Or is it something that I can truly feel?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?

Still, I got love for you, though it's very clear that you hate yourself,
I'm just saying don't fall for the crap, being from the ghetto don't make you more black
Also the fact: this is bigger than the color of your skin,
It's a matter that we're all in,
Dumber you act, the bigger the cheer,
The bigger the fool, the bigger career,
It's about playing a role, the educated can't be controlled
It's about playing a role, the educated can't be controlled
So by keeping yourself dumb, keeping yourself under the thumb
By keeping yourself dumb, keeping yourself under the thumb
(Feeding your face on the foods that are?) dumb, keeping yourself eating the crumbs,
elevating some fool with a gun, keeping ourselves numb,
So we can fit in in a world where the price of life is less than the cost of living,
So we can fit in in a world where the price of life is less than the cost of living,

Have you forgotten what is real?
Close your eyes and don't believe that all you see is all you feel.

Couple tattoos, few bullet wounds? Silly songs? Illiterate tunes?
That tattoo may as well say coon, may as well grunt just like a baboon
That's what people see when they look at me, though they may applaud my stupidity
It's like sharks in a shark tank, watch them tear each other apart
Find the sharks entertaining, but that don't mean that we think they're smart,
Or are for that matter, you maybe call yourself a rapper,
Disrespect women, but, but you are the one who is a slapper,
You get paid to degrade yourself, publicly castrate yourself

What is real?
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?
What is real?
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?
What is real?
Or is it something that I can truly feel?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?

What is real?
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?
What is real?
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?
What is real?
Or is it something that I can truly feel?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?

We all play our positions, convinced that we are so different,
Accept these doctrines, and this nonsense, and we take these options,
Without one second, never questioning just what the cost is,
You're not a hater, you can't relate to the lowest denominator, dominator!
No, I don't wanna read the Source, I'd rather read some of Plato's thoughts,
Of course, let us not ever forget, the place in which where he was taught,
So if it ain't clear, none of these clown rappers could be my peers,
It's philosophical, historical, speculations that I thought were rhetorical,
like what's real, is it my face if an atom is nothing but empty space?
Why the rock feel solid when I'm on it and a comet could collide with the Earth and dislodge it?
Or maybe sonnets, metaphoric, promises the tonic for all that (is chronic?)
Illness, apathy, ignorance tapestry that they weave to turn us into batteries.

What is real?
What is real?
What is real?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?

Have you forgotten what is real?
Close your eyes and don't believe that all you see is all you feel.

Akala - It's Not That Serious Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: DoubleThink
Genre: Hip Hop/Rap

I know we only live our life based on what they think
Cause we think it matters but I reckon
If we didn't care for just one second
We'd be much happier
Realize your life is your's to live
Tell your friends or your parents and what they think
You want the whole thing
Four kids and a good job a big house and quiet down
And thats cool, stay in school. Go to uni with those like you
If on the other hand you want to travel the world just to meditate
Thats what you should do
You don't need permission from the state line commission just to be who you are
Follow your heart, follow your dreams like a kid again
They want to write you off, with the end of the bitter pen, let them have it
They'll come around eventually
If not it wasn't meant to be
Its their problem
June or December, theres one small thing that I think we should remember

It's not that serious
Sometimes I want to fight
Sometimes I want to cry
But then I must remind myself
It's not that serious
We're gonna make it through
And find a better way
That works for me and you

If you don't conform, society whips you with its displeasure
If they were happy they wouldn't care
Whichever way that you chose, what you do with your time
Long as you ain't hurtin' no one, then thats fine
Problem is we hate to see another live the life that we dream
And I don't mean big screen and flashiness
Just free, carefree, true happiness
Wake everyday excited whats to come
Never work a minute when doing something you love
So when we judge, ask why, is it because we feel life passed us by
It's never too late to get rid of the stress
Theres a whole world out there
Just look up from your desk and say that the world is mine
And if you're not having a good time, then you're wasting your time

You know, yo

People think I'm really serious, right
And I was for a long time
I'm not gonna lie and pretend I wasn't
But, then I realize that sometimes you just got enough
I mean, I'm not as serious as people think
Yeah I like to talk about the issues in the world
But at the same time, we can't let them bog us down
Yes, the world is not perfect, we all know that
Its just not that serious
Go to a comedy show, man
Take a bubble bath, or, I don't know, buy a pink dressing gown
Do something crazy that people wouldn't expect you to do
Let's drop these things called egos on the floor
Stamp on them, and try to get on with it, and realize that its just-
Just don't take yourself do god damn serious

What about the problems in the world?
Things ain't golden
Yeah, I agree
But will worrying solve them?
No, I'm not saying ignore
By all means do something if you feel for a cause
But you can't feel poor enough
To enrich one single person on this planet
And you can't feel bad enough
To fill one single soul with happiness
So, the biggest challenge we face, is just keeping a smile on our face
If stock markets crash, or girlfriends leave you, people don't like what they see when they see you
Football teams lose, bands will split
But the thing we must remember is this-
Its just not that serious
It really is not

Today walk up to somebody and talk to them find out how their day was
Don't worry if they think you're crazy- which they probably will
And you people in the train-
When you don't want no one peering over your shoulder to read your letter
Stop taking yourself so god damned seriously
Its just your newspaper. If I want to read a bit of your newspaper, whats the problem?
You should open it up, and let me have a good look
Yeah? Thank you
Ladies and gentlemen, this is Akala, not taking himself very seriously
And there are probably a lot of people that are angry about that and think I've gone crazy
"Why am I not screwing up my face? Why am I not trying to be the best grime MC?"
I'm trying to make nice relaxing songs
Whats my problem? I haven't got a problem, its just that I stopped taking myself so god damn seriously
Thats it. Have a good day

Akala
KNOWLEDGE IS POWER - KNOWLEDGE IS POWER - KNOWLEDGE IS POWER
KNOWLEDGE IS POWER
MIXTAPE VOL 1

Akala - Akala - Fire in the Booth Lyrics

Yes, I grew up on the dole in a single parent family
Been through a little bit of tragedy
Yes I was around drugs and violence
Before the day that I started secondary
And that's part of it
Not half of it
Get the picture, the rest ain't necessary
Growin' up, got a little caught up
But that ain't even half of my life
I was also given the knowledge of self
That is all we actually need to survive
If you saw me aged 9, reading Malcolm just fine
Teachers still treated me stupid
Students that couldn't speak English,
they put me in groups with
And the irony is
Some of the first man to give me schoolin'
You would call gangsters
But I already explained, we know what the truth is
They used to say ‘Don't be like me'
Yeah I got a name and dough on the street
Night time comes, I can't sleep
And that's the part that rappers don't speak
We don't hit the road cos we are thugs
Don't come out the womb, wanting to sell drugs
If we got the right guidance and love
Would we fight people just like us?
How could I knock the hustle to get by?
How do you think I ate as a child?
Judge no one, done many things wrong
I just don't boast about it songs
But listen to my older bars
I was just as confused as you probably are
But you grow and you learn
Travel and f*** up,
One too many man you know get cut up
One too many man that could've been doctors
End up spending their whole life boxed up
You learn, if you study
Its all set out just to make them money
No cover, it's all about getting
poor people to fight with one another
So its logical that us killing our brothers,
Dissin' our mothers
Is right in line with the dominant philosophy of our time
But time is a cycle, not a line
Comes back around you regain your mind

You be ready for the energy I channel in my rhymes
Remedy the pedigree, the jeopardy of mine
When the world's this f***ed up, lethargy's a crime
We can all fight with our brothers over crumbs,
Far harder to fight the one who makes guns
We can all talk sh** and get two dollars
Far harder to be the one who seeks knowledge
If we understood economics
We'd know money's nothin'
Think nothing of it
Money is a means to get wealth, not the wealth itself
Don't get confused, I'm far from broke
All that you see me do I own
But I wont hang what I make around my neck
I know from where that the diamonds came
But I do quite literally own a library,
That definitely costs more than your chain
And businesses, and properties
Far from starvin', I eat quite properly
And I don't care, just said it for the kids
Who need to know that you're not broke to listen
Don't know an asset from a liability
They've never been shown or told the difference
So they don't change situations
Richest man in Britain is Asian
That's significant, not coincidence,
Asian people build businesses,
Not by flossin/going out shoppin'
Giving out their culture for everyone's profit
Who run's Bollywood? Indian people
Who owns our shit?
So we shake our arse and dance
As if racism just upped and vanished
But has it? No its right on course
You're beaten so bad, you're trained to ignore
Let me not just make sweeping statements
Gimme a second, I'll explain it
For small amounts of drug possession there's more black people
in jail in America than there is for rape and a
rmed robbery and murder all put together
You can say they're just locking up thugs,
Imagine if they locked up every
middle class kid that had ever held drugs,
Oh that's right, that'd be your kids!
Bigger than that what is going on with this,
Prison in America's a private business
They get paid 50k per year per inmate by the State, just wait…
Also legally are allowed to use their prison inmates as slaves
Cheap slave labour, big corporations
They come out of jail, can't get a job
So when we celebrate going to jail,
We are LITERALLY CELEBRATING ENSLAVEMENT

Add to that, that the hood that you're livin'
Engineered social condition that breeds crime by design
Where do you think you get your nine?
You can say that they're just black,
But I like to deal with facts
In the 1920s you would've found in America
Black towns,
Prospering centres of economics
and education to make you proud
But some people couldn't bear
that the former slaves would not just lie down
So the KKK and other hate groups burnt
those towns to the ground
Killin hundreds,
If it ain't understood,
You think you were always livin' in the hood?
Shit it's only been sixty years
Since they hung blacks and burned em'
And that was so cool
Day reel passes, picnic baskets
Even gave kids the day off school
To go see a lynchin'
Have a picnic
It's fun to watch the little monkeys die(!)
Then people act a little dysfunctional
You wanna pretend that you don't know why
If your colour means you can be killed
And you're powerless to get justice about it
Is it difficult to figure out
how you would then end up feelin' about it?
And that ain't excuses,
Just dealing with the roots of abuses
that make a reality
Where a generation of young men
speak of ourselves as dirt casually
That's America,
This Britain,
Some things are similar,
Some different,
In this country the first enslaved were the working class
What's changed?
Worst jobs, worst conditions
Worst taxed, look where you're livin'
You go to the pub, Friday night,
You will fight with a guy,
Don't know what for,
But won't fight with a guy, suit and a tie,
Who sends your kids to die in a war,
They don't sell the kids of the richer politicians,
It's your kids, the poor british
That they send to go die in a foreign land
For these wars you don't understand,

Yeah they say that you're British
And that lovely patriotism they feed ya
But in reality you have more in common with immigrants
Than with your leaders
I know, both side of my family
Black and white are fed ghetto mentality
Reality in this system,
Poor people are dirt regardless of shade
But with that said,
Let's not pretend that everything is the same
When our grandparents came here to Britain
If you had a criminal record you couldn't get in
Yet that ain't protect them from all the stupid,
stupid abuses they would be livin'
Kicked in the teeth,
Stabbed in the street,
Many times fired bombed our houses,
Put faeces through our letter box
And of course the cops did so much about it(!)
Daily, up to the 80s
People spittin' into my pram cos' I was a coon baby
But of course that has had no effect on why today we are crazy
And none of this was for any good reason
They were just dark and breathing
To ease the guilt now for all of this treatment
Constant stereotypes and needed
So if I celebrate how big that my dick is,
Bricks that I'm flippin'
Clips that I'm stickin'
Chicks that I'm hittin'
I'm playing my position
But if I teach a kid to be a mathematician,
Messin' with the schism,
How they gonna fill a prison when materialism is no longer our religion?
What do you think we got now in Britain?
Just like America, private prisons
Prisons for profit!
That mean when your kids go jail people make money off it,
So keep environments that breed crime
Build more jails at the same time
Market badness to the kids in the rhymes
As long as rich kids ain't dying its fine!
Get em' to the point where some are so lost
They actually believe that
if they don't celebrate killin' themselves off
That it's because they're soft
Was Malcom soft?
Was Marley soft?
Tell me was Marcus Garvey soft?
Well? Was Mohammed Ali soft?
Nah, Nah I think not!
But they want us to think that the road is cool

Being on road is all we can do
We don't control the wholesale productions
Who benefits from us movin' the food?
Or thinking there's no way out of road life
But Malcolm X used to hustle out on the roadside
When Marcus Garvey organised more than 6million people
Why is this something you cannot equal?
Shiiiiit!
One of my homeboys did a ten straight in the box in yard
Now what's he doing?
Passin' his doctorate
Don't tell me that it's too hard!
Who trained you to believe that you're inferior?
Sungbo Eredo in Nigeria are the remains of an ancient moat,
Dug 1000 years ago
20 metres wide, 70 down,
Round the remains of an ancient town
That's 400 square miles around
400 square miles around
Please, please don't believe me,
It was a documentary on BBC!
But we ain't studyin' history,
Too busy watching MTV
And MTV said wear platinum,
Now everybody wanna go and wear platinum,
And MTV said pop magnums,
Now everybody wanna go and pop magnums
If MTV said drink prune juice
You would start hearing that in tunes soon,
‘Hey! Today I wore my Cartier,
Is it now more important what I got to say?'
Oh and I drive a Mercedes by the way
So everybody listen to what I got to say
Huh, does that make you all happy?
Ahh but shit my head's still nappy
Think for myself, still some mad at me
But on the mic ain't not one bad as me
All of this here's good for the rhymes
Put us in the same place at the same time
And it's clear to everybody that I'm out of my mind
Some of these guys are runnin' out of their rhymes
Clear to everybody that has got ears
I'm the guy that they just might fear
They wanna get near but they can't have a peer
Ah dear I'm hard liquor you're just like beer
Front on the kid for another five years
Come to my shows and some cry tears
It mean that much to em', it's a movement!
I don't speak for myself but a unit,
Black, white, man, woman,
anyone that respects truth we put in
Dudes are like dinner with no puddin'

Yeah you're sweet but no substance puddin'
You could never ever be with a level on
Our songs get out played out there in Lebanon
We speak for the people properly
Not for the old fat guys in offices
And the girls love him, it ain't fair
He can't even be bothered to comb his hair
Anyway that's enough kissin' my own arse
Back to the more important task of being so shower
I got half the hood screaming "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER"
And I ain't saying that will change rap
But I do know this for a fact
Right now there's a yout' on your block
With his hands on his balls, face screwed up
Swear he don't care, don't give a fuck
That he won't let nobody caught his block
But the words go in
Open your shackles
Because once that's happened there's no going back
Once you start to see what is really happening
Who the enemy you should be attackin' is
So READ, READ, READ!
Stuck on the block, READ, READ!
Sittin' in the box, READ, READ!
Don't let them say what you can achieve
Cos when people are enslaved
One of the first things they do is stop them reading
Cos' it is well understood
that intelligent people will take their freedom
Cos' if we knew our power
we would understand that we can't be held down
If we knew our power,
we would not elevate not one of these clowns
If we knew our power,
we wouldn't get arrogant when we get two pennies
If we knew our power,
we would see what everybody sees, that we're rich already!
But never mind MCs go run for your mummy
I'm hungry, I run for my tummy
That's enough back to worshipping money
I'm off, back to the study!

Akala - Absolute Power Lyrics

Absolute power corrupts absolutely
But absolute powerlessness does the same
Its not the poverty
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

Absolute power corrupts absolutely
But absolute powerlessness does the same
Its not the poverty
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

In a scheme of livin' my life wasn't hard
But as far as britain goes shit I practically starved
Sleeping in a track suit, gas meter runnin' out
Electric cut off as well, candles lightin' up the house
Lookin' in my momma's eyes I see how she feels
The strain and the pain of just paying bills
It ain't real, and thats how I grew like so many more
And it is part of who I am
I am very sure
You wanna know the rage I feel in my stomach
Knowing my mum and dad split up when I was still in her stomach
And not everything that happened I will put in sixteens
But I will tell you enough so you will know what I mean
My boy's mother got cancer the same time as mine
His mother died, and mine survived
The shit was fucked back then
When I was like ten already had the mental strength
More than many grown men

Absolute power corrupts absolutely
But absolute powerlessness does the same
Its not the poverty
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

This was a couple years after my step-dad left
Did he really know the crazy mess that he left?
Cos mum done' recovered from the lumps in her neck
Being poor and alone just couldn't cope with the stress
And I earn my big sis for
So much soul that night hattan left school
When she left home
I was thirteen by now
Still a little kid, innocent
Next couple years though would turn him 'to a militant
That is the result of no food in the fridge
And every other day being searched by the pigs
Fuck these patronizing teachers

Don't want my grades 'slip, trynna' emasculate me
-yeah turn me 'to a bitch
And I dont mean a woman please lemme be clear
I mean a spineless man 'cos what do they fear
Than a working class black male with a brain
When our energy is harnessed, every changed
Look at 'Pac look at Marley look at Hendrix look at Garvey
This is the potential that is wasted on a daily basis
In this racist, classist world that we live in
Still we comin' from nothing but we educate millions

Absolute power corrupts absolutely
But absolute powerlessness does the same
Its not the poverty
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

I understand why it scares you
Its like how dare you
Overcome obstacles that we have been careful to
Place in your way every step of the way
In this so called democracy where kids get sprayed
Blacks and the Asians, Turks and the chavs
Crowded in council flats, living like ants
And who's more confused than the poor white trash
Spouting the bullshit about they want their country back
It never was yours, you should read more
What they did to brown people they did to their own poor
Peoples memories short, so much that im seeing
Black and asian kids cussing eastern Europeans
No pot to piss in, makes competition
I fail to see how this is an effective system
Cats and dogs in America and Britain
Eat better food then most of humanity
We spend our technology only on killin'
How is this more than sophisticated savagery
Its like its said, the world is a stage
Each person's just an actor with a part to play
Like the middle class kids, - kids of the rich
Have everything, but yet still they pissed
On coke and ketamine, strung out on heroin
I ain't generalizing, look at the evidence

Absolute power corrupts absolutely
But absolute powerlessness does the same
Its not the poverty
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

Go to Glastonbury any year
You will see, unlike carnival
It won't be crawling with police
This is London, the kids on the very next street
Had a very different life experience than me

In my experience they can't help but be smug
After a lifetime of what they think's just good luck
They're still more anxious
And more frank cos'
Unearned privilege weigh's like an anchor
That's why they copy what we do, tryna' be what they not
They will grow up though and get better jobs
They will maintain the system they claim that they hated
But they can't burn it down they got a stake in this matrix
Hip-hop is just a fad to them, you didn't know?
But to us, this our living breathing soul
And yeah they might backpack in South America
Or even volunteer in an African village
But all said and done, push comes to shove
And shit hits the fan they're middle class and British
That's just how it is, most rich brown people are just as full of shit
So more concerned with they cars and jewels
Most of the worlds poor looks just like you
So more concerned with imprivileged few
Most of the worlds poor looks just like you

Absolute power corrupts absolutely
But absolute powerlessness does the same
Its not the poverty
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

Akala - Who's the Gangsta? Lyrics

Yo, Akala, listen...
Who's the Gangsta?
We claim Gangsta
Hip hop tells us we're Gansta
But do we make the straps and the scales?
Or just pack the jails
So please ask yourself
Who's the Gansta? The real Gansta

I don't give a rats arse
Or a raasclaat
Who you're spars are
Or where you par par
Don't start
Are your bars hard?
Have you mastered
How to spar with a bastard?
Been dark since the march of the Spartans
Before Eve ate the fruit of the garden
I was in pursuit of the truth like a slalom
Dodging these sergeants
Slave masters
Whether they cuffed or they feathered and tarred ‘em
Same shit
Different Jargon
Same Clip
Different cartridge
Same whip
Different master
Look closer
We ain't got past it
The shackles are not tackled
They're just different
Cattle rattle and rattle
But they collect the dividends
We're a fuel for someone else's engine
We don't run a damn thing We're just pretending
So all the big talk, don't affect me
My elders lick banks So you can't impress me
With all the talk ‘bout another mans gun
That we use to kill each other for fun
When the master sends the overseers to see us
We toss the weapon and run
Boy dem run in your yard diss your mother
Dashing her knickers all out of the cupboard
Got us face down with their feet on our neck
But we still believe we are vets

But... do we make the straps and the scales
Or just pack the jails
So please ask yourself
WHO'S THE GANGSTA?
Do we make the planes and the boats
That import the coke?
So please ask yourself
WHO'S THE GANSTA?

We blow each other's brain in
So entertaining
They drop bombs of depleted Uranium
You bruk the law?
You go to prison
They kill a couple million, stack a billion
Business as usual, death in the colonies
What is that but state to state armed robbery
Just a road move on a bigger level
Think we are mountains but we're just pebbles
Better yet a sand grain
Go pop a little champagne
But the people in the south of France are not our fans mate
Would love to live nice and happy too
But ask yourself this
Does anyone that you know control the flow of capital?
The answer is no
And if you knew the business deals man are negotiating
You would know you could never ever claim that im hatin
Vegan cuz, but I get the bacon and eggs just fine
In case you're mistaken
And if I don't like that?
I don't like that
Grew up on Big Yout and Gregory Isaacs
No surprise that
Revolution on my track
Been right there from right back
Sacred Geometry
Don't follow me
Still just an angry yout that spits horribly
Trying to live peaceful, I remember
What happened the last time I lost my temper
And believe I ain't trying to be hard
The abuse that I suffered
I'm emotionally scarred
Supposed to be only beholding the bars
Instead I'm a professor that never went to class
I write literature, they write bars
The Celtic warrior, Marooned from yard
When you compare me to these little tarts
All you are showing is you're not very smart
Real MC it's my culture

Grew up on the sound systems with the toasters
You man'a put down
Its third gear to me
Tenth planet ain't not another one near to me
When I orbit
Clicks forfeit
‘course it flows
My yout don't force it
Or try brush man off
As just conscious
Come out my face with that nonsense
Tug revolution, that's what it is
Never do we run from one of these kids
If we ain't shook with the owners of the plantation
Why would we run from a slave?
We've all got goons
That love us enough to wanna die for us
So just behave
Cause man'a old school straighteners
One two one two face of the haters
Chasing their papers
Nah!
Man are chasing freedom
But papers are making and blatantly shaking and quaking in their boots
Anytime you talk about breaking enslavement
So I do feel like Neo in the Matrix
Cause I don't understand
Why is everybody so scared of the agents
When they are powerless BLATANT
Got a little bit, but I put it on the line
Listen to the shit that I spit in my rhymes
Ali at his prime, principal first
Even if it means that I don't get heard
Cause the herds are absurd
Their hating the nerd
But the nerd's controlling the face of the earth
So I tell a man so straight I'm a nerd
But duppy a track at my worst
Cold as a blizzard in a furnace
A wizard of a wordsmith
Riddles that I chisel in stone
Perfect
Ask for yourself on the road
They'll tell you Akala is cold
He kicks knowledge for the block
Never gonna stop
Progression on my albums
Never gonna flop
When that shit's on
It starts to dawn
This whole shit is chess
And they want us to celebrate the fact that we are just pawns

But I am not on it
See
The last thing they want is man with road energy
To stop killing one another and think cleverly
And ask why you're living where you're living and how you're living
Did you create the conditions that you're raising you're kid in?
And if you didn't who did it?
Is it really for the hood
If only by crushing your aspirations
Can they maintain this here situation
Only by destroying the dreams of your kids quick
Can they keep their unearned privileges
And that is what it's all about

Akala - I'm So Cool Lyrics

Im an emcee first so guess what shithead
I can be an arrogant prick too dickhead
We all got tugs on the road that spit lead
What you choose to promote what's your intent
Man done hundreds of shows no deal
Can count countries I been and I still
Ill shit kill shit red and blue pill shit
Talk sense but tugs still feel shit
14 in coliseum with big women
Every other week when the shots kept ringing
So parden me if I don't give a fuck lately
But half of these bars emcees wanna spray me
Only care if you wanna educate me
Or great emcee like Biggie was baby
I've no response if you hate me
Don't lie to yourself claim that you don't rate me
Who else can make intelligence seem sexy
Girls try hard, still can't get me
Gotta be a queen, stay select
Grown man don't run when I get a wreck
Not any girl that can feel the sweat, heat
Push the mind sex and I change the technique
Who the fuck, you wanna claim you rep street
You ain't out there with the youts and get deep?

Im so cool playing the game
But I make my own rules
I'm so cool stay in your lane
Or you'll get took to school
Im so cool playing the game
But I make my own rules
I'm so cool, so cool so fucking cool

Many man talk shit but they got no talent
Everything that I spit classic
Known from Sudan to Zimbabwe the hard way
Livin' off the work of the words that the bard spray
Teaching my shit in the schools since the first disc
What would you think when im there, im a wordsmith
In the truest sense of the word have you heard prick
It's a new day absurd with my nerd shit
…We know Akala we know that he reads
Never run from no guy and see men bleed
We all talk tough on the track oh please!
You ain't out there on the steet
I am not superman
You are not superman

But I dont need to pretend that I am
I'de rather fight with the right foe that has stole land
Soul stone cold put a price on your soul man
You can take my wisdom for weakness sweetness
Don't belive that ‘turn the other cheek' shit
Fuck Akala with all that deep shit?
Please tell me, really whats street shit
Italian designers, chilling on the block with you
Shot rocks, pop Glocks, hop blocks with you?
We own the straps and the scales?
Or the fasion sales?
Or…just pack the jails

A military mind since back in 04
Who's relevant from then its oh so poor
Emcees come through and the last one sees
And im bleeding and breathing the meaning we feel it
Don't want credit for the message I discuss
Nuff' conscious emcees are boring as fuck
Credit cos my swag, is fly through the roof
A bop when I spit the fire in the booth
Credit cos I am the best emcee
Oh lord dear god Just flee fuck me!
Credit cos I am oh so original
You ain't the only bro that knows criminals
Don't shout out my OG's on the track
They're way too serious for all of that crap
Mans that buy yard and (yawnin) in Ghana
Might be gangstas but always were fathers
Can't rate man that is smuggling parada
Cos yout dem a struggle its dumb fuck retarded
Few emcees have got the game twisted
Don't be ashamed you're earnin' an honest living
How many fucked up cos our dad's in prison
And if they were around there would be less killing
And if you must die then die for the right cause
Die like a muthafuckin man in the right war
Die like Toussain
Die like Dessaline
Die like Malcom
Scheming on a better dream
Die for your family
Die for your Kids home
Don't die for a dumb block that you don't own

Akala - A Message Lyrics

Why are men so weak?
I ain't got the answer
Any boy can bust a nut
Takes a man to be a father and a partner
Especially young and poor, makes it harder
So we fuck and flee the glee of dicks harder
See every man wants to be loved as much as women do
But we are men, who we gonna admit it to
Especially in these streets when we pose like a killer do
When we say they're hoes does that go for our sisters too?
And I ain't saying i'm perfect
Far from it
Chauvinistic pig, but shit, i'm working on
From the day I woke up and realised that I hated women
Which is dumb, cos I was only raised by women
And I ain't saying they're perfect they would admit they ain't
But they ain't doing 99% of the rape
Male supremacy got us thinking its cool
And women are just objects we do things to

This is a message to my little sisters (this is a message!)
Growing up in this world with no father figures
Deep down need that love from a man (from a man!)
So she get it anyway that she can, yo
This is a message to my little brothers (this-is!)
Growing up in this cold world with only mothers
Trying their hardest to be a man
Gettin' the gram feed the fam only way you can (any way, yeah)

If most mothers acted exactly like most daddies do
There would be an even bigger bigger bag of homeless youths
Runnin' the streets, feeling unloved
How many so called tugs
That grew up with only mums
What if daddy stayed around
Showed him what a man was about
What if he wasn't 8 when he became the man of the house
Where would he be now?
Disciplined, smarter
Mums wouldn't have kicked him out for lookin' just like her partner
Instead when she glance at her son?
It's a reminder of the beatings that he gave her
How he mentally enslaved her
All the while he was abusing she looked at him like a savior
But nobody but herself could save her
And now her eldest son in and out of the prison and women like his daddy
And daughter 15 dropping a baby on the family

Listen
What about the daughters
We always hear about the boys madness
What about the girls born to a dad absent
Told her she was the princess, him and mummy fell out
Ever since then? quickly just lost interest
On to the next piece of skirt with a thin dress
Odd, the lessons we learn we don't sin less
We leave daughters, just because we can
And she after any affection she can have in a man
Same type of girl we turn and call a slag
I ain't sayin' I never did it i'm just sayin' its mad
Cos cuz?
Been 15 and suicidal sad
I don't know what it was
Maybe I miss my dad
All the things I never had, making me mad
In a world that says you don't have? You're basically bad
If we have half the parents
Are we half the person then?
Has it always been like this?
Is this the curse of men?
But then again, even if they stayed together
I don't know if its necessarily better
If they're at each other's throats, or just plain ignore
Parents, they fuck you up they do, that's for sure
Then we grow up
And turn up just like you
The question is?
Can we break the cycle

Akala - Get Educated Lyrics

Gordon Bennet
Im flabbergasted
Smart Barstard
Why don't he plsy his role and just act retarded
Cos when you're born single parent poor thts your place
Don't read too many books, sag your jeans screw your face
Chat shit
Act thick
Practice
Your backflips
Put your motherfucking arse out for the cameras
Providing entertainment for your cultural betters
Men of letters think we can only be good if they let us, cos
Knowledge ain't for punks, they market it like it is
Cos who the fuck wants to be Carlton from fresh prince
But geeks designed the system devisions of poleticions
Marthis, and the smiths were livin in their vison
So, Knowledge is power
For devouring cowards that showerd you
With propaganda each and every hour that's why
Malcom never died as, just another tug on the road
A symbol over the globe
Cos did you know?

The most rebellious thing you can do is get educated
Forget what they told you in school, get educated
I ain't sayin' play by the rules, get educated x4
Break the chains of their enslavement, get educated
Even if you're on the pavement, get educated
What a weapon that your brain is, get educated x2

We speak of power
When we speak of education
Free your body free your mind
What you think Toussaint did?
Planned rebellion, that's the way to use your brain kid
That's the only way were gonna make it outta this matrix but
Gotta know the basics
We can look around say that we hate it but
But how do we change it
Or rearrange it, all to replace it
Gotta step into the mind that designed ya
What do you reckon when you step into the fire
What are you reppin' is it definitely bias
Severing your effort in the ways they require?
Act like you're lesser than better
Severing [?] is clever

I know a bag of youths that act like they ain't clever
Cause it's become fashionable to say we all clap a tool
Never symbols of the state, only those that look like you
So whose love are we doin', pursuin' our ruin
The riddle ain't very hard, brother you fill the clue in
So when we clappin' our tools and play the fool
We ain't breakin' the rules, it ain't very cool, you know what to do

So you want to hide something from Blacks
Then you should put it in a book
Still some brothers won't even look, it's like they shook
Its not just us, dumber you act the more they promote it
Cos dumb people will not rebel, sure you know this
Yo, look at the dreams that they feed to our babies, your seeds
Look at the means that they tell us you make all the P's
Dumb celebrities say girls act like you're me
If you suck dick and film it, get a show on TV
Because we don't want too many women thinkin' like bell hooks
We want a bag of hookers that bend over and just cook
Our silicone addressers do anything to impress us
Of course a woman's life is lived just for the fellas
Much as the next man, I love a woman that's shaped up
But there's nothing more unattractive than a woman that play dumb
But the ego with a reason to see you
Lesser than equal to be you
But wanna keep you
At all the bullshit that we do deceitful
And we're evil
I wouldn't want to be you
Putting up with our bullshit, and I mean me too
The anger burns inside of me, violently, its dividing me
One moment I'm cool, the next I think that you're tryin' me
Cos of course I believe in peace, theoretically, generally
But if you love something then you got to defend it, see
Not tellin you be a coward, no coward could be a friend to me
You should know your enemy, cut the head of a centipede
But know the one whose head needs to get severed
For the one who just lives it cos they just don't really know no better
The yout across the block ain't your enemy brother
And if you really knew the truth you'd be defending each other

Akala - Behind My Painted Smile Lyrics

[Verse 1: Akala]
Behind my painted smile when all the revolutionary noise is nothing but a lost little boy
Confused and insecure, arrogant and oversure
An egotistical prick so come on please praise me more
It's great that my music bettered you but I contemplate murder every day so don't put me on a pedestal
Plus truly, just the vehicle the music just runs through me
In my better moments I could let the universe use me

[Lowkey]
Behind my smile there's generations of pain, self-hatred, ingrained miseducated my brain
Decimated the place where my dead relations were slain
Not just physically but mentally penetrated our veins
What you got inside hasn't gotta die once it can die a lot of times, that I promise my son
Analyse every song that I've done - tryna fight colonialism with a colonised tongue

[Hook]
Here I stand again
Living in sin
Caught up, in the dream
Behind the painted smile

[Akala Verse:2]
Behind my painted smile is the most painful grimace
This mental prison I live in cause I am so conditioned
By my privilege, what a strange contradiction
To grow up brown in Britain and know that your living
Was paid for by a carcass that resembles yours
Born in the heart of the empire
You're worth more than I was just like you
But less then the native ones, raised by my mum but in this world I am a father's son

[Lowkey]
Behind my painted smile, a very flawed human being
Done many things that I regret and never knew the reason
What do you believe in, truth or freedom or are you deceiving?
I don't wanna die in prostration to European's
They say the answer is within you and nowhere else
Understand the vision man on a mission to know himself
This is for my co-defendants no retreat and no surrender
You probably think that we don't remember Ota Benga

[Hook]

[Akala verse:3]
The smile is painted on my face is tainted by a frown
Picture in the pocket's of blood that decorate the town
Trigger jum bullets sung and guns hum

Then everyone that's dead was somebody's someone

[Lowkey]
Behind my painted smile I feel like a naked child
Maybe rapping ain't for now cos my passion is fading out
Up early though I search and roam along this dirty road
Just another traveller taking a long journey home

[Akala]
All this talk of intervention to protect on what is the intention
Same as it ever was the colonial past and present
And more respect for most of the right wingers
Than the paternalistic patronising liberal bigot

[Lowkey]
Our way of life is so divine, we should intervene
Select war and export the British dream
Behind cinema screens there's much that isn't seen
George Clooney war movies never bring our children peace

[Akala]
Yo fam, you ever wake up and just feel like fucking off,and never coming back to this place and just cutting off?

[Lowkey]
All the time, almost did last year the trouble was the bloody cops had me running in and out the bloody dock

[Akala]
I been there brother, though I don't promote it in this rap shit, I ain't a stranger to having my back on their blue plastic

[Lowkey]
Can't keep us captive

[Akala]
We see the tactics

[Lowkey]
To keep us passive

[Akala]
We beat the fascists

[Lowkey]
Release the classics

[Akala & Lowkey]
And reach the masses!

[Hook]x2

Akala - Insert Truth Here Lyrics

Truth
Who knows it?
Definitely not me
And they say they do?
They ain't said shit
Look at their attitudes

Who Knows what the truth is
Cos when im stupid enough to claim the exclusive
Rights on nulling of the facts, bullshit
Its just another attack, causing
You to be pushed to the back, move it
If you accept that you lack, prove it
Skill's of your own
Are you groaning
Your tone
In your phone
Gonna add your pay to poem? homes?
Accept my definition
Of yourself then your in my prison
Whos reality's
Gradually
Having me
Casually
Can you fathom the insanity
Of believing the truth is held by a few
And it ain't me or you
Ain't no truths just points of view
If it ain't known then is it still true
And If God made scriptures?
Can you tell me?
What language did she write in?
And if she picked one, out of the thousands?
How is that enlightening
For those that dont speak the language
How they gonna understand it?
Or is god that underhanded
That he'd act just about as dumb as man is
People just wanna feel important
Reporting ideas of the truth extorting
Those without nothing are the ones that brought in
Look at religion its almost deporting
Hard to admit that the world we're brought in
We ain't got a clue what the fuck the force is
That makes uncountable stars in the cosmos
Easy like a painter doing odd jobs
Accept that we dont know whats what

All gonna die anyway so whats lost
Good, bad, heaven, hell
Just ideas that are sold so well
By all the people with power and privilege
To trap us in fear, living like invalids
C'mon look at the BASTARDS like
Telling you to wait for the afterlife
They Ain't gotta live with half the strife
Fuck turn the other cheek, hardest strike
For anyone that tries to take your power
And use it in their way selfish
Nah, fuck these cowards
You're as divine as anybody else is
Anyone that tries to trouble your loved ones
That is the time and the place that you can buss guns
Numb fucks livin' off trust funds
Got us down hear struggling for nuff crumbs
People end up dumb, killing over lump sums
Look how quickly we become accustom
To picture the paper that's pretty
The price of a tenant to live in the city
Life were defending has ever been shitty
They write all the endings and never been with me

Look what they feed us, leaders
Prophets a profit, think that they're Jesus
Did Jesus ask for a church collection?
Or drive a rolls royce with a turbo engine?
Lines in my voice and the words i mention?
Inspired by choice that of false pretension?
Blinded by noise of the poise of pension
Sang with my boys we are music henchmen (?)
See? the truth i mention
Beyond my own comprehension

Akala - Knowledge Is Power Lyrics

We claim we're lovin' this hip hop
Are we ready to understand it
In its fullest cultural state
Beyond its useless branding
Beyond the story that keeps us telling us the common myth
People started rapping in the 70's what a bunch of shit
Done with the talk
Im lovin New York for impact in my heart
But lets not pretend there was no foundation to this art
Cos KRS-ONE and Bam would be the first ones to say
Birth of hip hop runs far deeper within our veins
Before Kool Herc came to New York pumping 100 watts
Before the Watts Prophets, Last Poets and Gil Scott
Before there was Jazz
Before there was Blues
Before there was Cab Calloway
Before the whips the ships and all the tragedy
Before we were stripped of Knowledge of our cultural anatomy
You could be hip hop for generations you're still family
Before there were slaves, fuck the bullshit about slave music
You must have had a cultural base to even produce it
The schools of Timbuktu they already knew
The cycles of the planet and the motion of the moon
150 years before Galileo check it
And medieval Benin's in the Guinness book of records
And all of them cultures there… they had a Griot speaker
A story telling musician poet and history keeper
Who had to memorise a couple thousand oral epics
The tradition still exists today but it could get neglected
And hip hop? Needs to be understood
In its fullest context not just as a product of the hood
Cos Miles Davis was rich and still played with the same feeling
It's that cultural memory go and ask Steven
Ella Fitz Gerald scatting's basically rapping
If you know we lost our language then you know what has happened
So when you hear somebody's rapping?
The base of its is African
Its not about excluding nobody its just accurate…

KNOWLEDGE... IS... POWER!
Don't let them tell you 'bout yourself
Never that's your wealth
KNOWLEDGE... IS... POWER!
If you dont feed your mind how can you live in health?
KNOWLEDGE... IS... POWER!
Don't let them tell you 'bout yourself
Never that's your wealth

Look around hip hop's becomes this global voice
But we must understand its roots so we can have a choice
What we should do with it how to use it
How to teach our students
Cos Viacom is not our cultural institution
But it will use this culture for its prostitution
And our destruction, anything but a solution
The ghetto dilemma's as bad as its ever been
People are dead, just ain't rememberin'
Roots of the rhythm and bass
[?] thing is as good as the parts that assemble it
Hamlet is writing, we think the pencil is
People are sacred, we think the Temple is
If i'm uncomfortable you shouldn't mention it
Im superior so watch your sentences
Don't disturb my privileged pensioners
Living off ignorance of all the members of
Every one of all the people we severed off
Never one of all the people we're never soft
Any gun or the better we sell it off
Any sum of all the cheddar we level off
Cultural suicide is a necessity
To get you to worship celebrity
Cos people with a strong sense of themselves could say that we'll never be

When they say that Knowledge ain't for you and your people
They're tryna' keep you less than equal
Cos deep down in themselves, that's how they really see you
Less based on status
Or the places you was raised in
Or the shape of your faces
Degrees or bank statements
So we gotta reject Whatever they set
They're never benevolent yet
Yet we sit at a desk Collecting a check
No need to ever respect
Mess coupled by death
Tripled by theft
Look at the West and the rest
Transfer knowledge transfer the power then tell me what is left
Bliss? No ignorance
It just just his head that is numbing the pain
Only the clever shit should ever change
Our development towards an aim
No bro, push of the chain
Training the muscle is training the brain
It is the same if you push through the pain
Once you are strong you are never the same
Your manner your swagger
The way that you stand up
The way that you work with your boys as a rapper

I've seen a killer convert from a trapper
To working with yout dem and tellin' em man up
I am not telling you it will get better
But if we are to fight we must keep our jab up

C'mon my people stand up

The Thieves Banquet
(Akala)
WALL ST
POLICE

Akala - Let It All Happen Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: The Thieves Banquet

[Verse 1: Akala]
Existence is resistance in a world that
Thinks the human instinct should be held back
And all of our wisdom we we should sell that
Destroy the difference that we all have

And make use clones for the throne
Serving their agendas
Even when we think we oppose
We're really their defenders

Look at what is given to those
Who chose for their repentance?
To fold to the goddess of gold and be cold henchmen
For stars spangled with banners

That dangles cars as carrots
Strangle Mars with cannons
Mangle arms with malice
And channel arms so callous
And banish bards that challenge

And challenge half the planet
The great USA
With a British dog on a leash
We are the bringers of peace into the Middle of East

You are invited to Feast
On the tasty flesh of a beast
It might be someone's seed
But why worry there is no need

We intravenously feed
On dead carcasses
Yeah they're starving cos
They wanted to own their own wealth
And they are not part of us

Most of the time I think of myself
And I can palm it off
Sometimes I think of the world
It gets me started off

[Hook]
So so what do we do now

Make ways that praise more than a few how?
Their fake ways we kill it with a tool blaw
Or go back to the way we've always done it

Whatever we do there's always gonna be division
Whatever we do there will always be a thieves' religion
Whatever we do they're just gonna build another prison
So let's just do nothing and let it all happen

Whatever we do the universe just keeps on giving
Whatever we do the Earth will always keep on spinning
Whatever we knew we still won't understand beginnings
So let's just do nothing and let it all happen

Existence is resistance in a world that
Thinks the human instinct should be held back
And all of our wisdom we should sell that
Destroy the difference that we all have

[Verse 2: Akala]
Every freedom we believe we're receiving this evening
But believing is deceiving
When there's no meaning
In not a syllable

However how lyrical
Spouted from the mouths of a clout
Devout criminals
Hegemony is as old as humanity right?

So we're told
So let us scramble for the globe until everything folds
As long as pockets always have enough dollars to fold
As long as rockets always have enough venom to scold

A daddy's daughter
A mother's son
Or anyone
That has not come to succumb to a murderer's tongue

So we're told
Worship a gun
From the palace of permanent slums
Purchase a ton
From whoever will sell you the Sun

And sell it back to whoever can give you the funds
The race is run
But I don't know if we lost or we won
It's all perception, death and resurrection
A lack of answers won't stop as asking the question

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Akala]
Resisting the system?
Please tell me what's the mission
Cos we would probably be oppressors
If given position

Yeah I try to spread a message, but really ambition
Is what is driven through my lyrics
I'm really a gimmick
Not that I don't put my heart and my soul in the words

It's just I ask
If the bars are changing the Earth
How arrogant to believe we can change it
Through art

Only slightly less arrogant than those
Who believe that we can't
So pull a bit harder
We may just crumble the house of cards

Never to slumber it's strength in numbers
Whenever we charge
There is a charge, lays these bars lace the guitars
Aim for the stars
Game for the part, straight as dart, pain from the heart
Great for the art

Start fighting
Or never should ever you pen to the page
Start writing
Or never should ever you empty the gauge

Murder a phase, verbally slayed
The coroner could not determine his age
Hard as a foreigner earning a wage
From the conservative nerd of a sage

Not heard? I'm a permanent page
Written in the ink of the blood of a slave
No cotton so burn on a wage
Buried at the bottom of the ocean of rage

[Outro]
Existence is resistance.. x15
So so what do we do now?

Akala - Lose Myself Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: The Thieves Banquet

feat. Josh Osho

[Intro:]
Lose myself in you
Find myself in you

[Verse 1:]
Sometimes I feel like, I'm not enough
Can you please complete me?
Or at least let me sleep with ease
Convince myself to at least release me
I wanna be more than my wealth more than my health
I think I need your help
Be all that I can more than a man that I am
But still not someone else
I put you down just projecting weight by the pound
That drowns my direction,
Hate by the pound surrounds my reflection
I do this for my own protection
Reject it before I'm neglected, defective as it is
Thats my directive, the simple truth is that, I feel protected
Only at times that we're connected, cos

[Pre-Hook:]
I wanna be more than myself
I think I need your help
This song ain't gonna write itself
I think I need your help
This wrong ain't gonna right itself
I think I need your help
I wanna be more than you know
I just wanna, I just wanna

[Hook:]
Lose myself, find myself, see myself,
Be myself, lose myself, find myself
I just wanna, I just wanna
Lose myself, find myself, see myself,
Be myself, lose myself, find myself
I just wanna, I just wanna
I wanna be more than myself
I think I need your help
I wanna be more than you know
I just wanna, I just wanna

I wanna be more than myself
I think I need your help
I wanna be more than you know
I just wanna, I just wanna

[Post-Hook:]
Lose myself in you
Find myself in you
See myself in you
Be myself with you

[Verse 2:]
Save the drama
I'm far from a knight in shinning armour
I just do the best that I can as a man
I believe in Karma
Leaving the drama, is easily harder
When you find someone, easy to partner
They ask and its easy to answer
I think I have found what I seem to be after
Cos
I wanna tune to your rhythm,
I want a guide that relies on your wisdom
Open my eyes is closing my vision
So it's no surprise that I notice division
But
I wanna be more than the ordinary
Ain't you bored of the orderly?
Just a robot you know what
You could just order me
I, pretend I'm the remedy, but I could never be
Cos of my energy, I am the enemy, always eventually
Back where it's meant to be, I'm just a remedy
So
Whatever the weather, however clever,
You never, ever endeavour, to wrestle with for ever
Want to get better? Then we gotta sever
This big ego won' work together

[Pre-Hook:]

[Hook:]

[Outro:]
Lose Myself In You

Akala - Another Reason Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: The Thieves Banquet

feat. Megan Quashie

[Verse 1:]
Water cuts rock, so which has more force?
As water shapes the land,
It's still willing to change it's course
So those who can't even change their own minds
Usually change nothing
Can't ever blame your own mind?
Always blame something
But in failure, hides opportunity
In divided communities still residing is unity
Waiting to show itself
Soon as we're ready to see it
The truth is always there
Soon as we are ready to be it
So we can keep pretending
What is real is just the senses
But it is all the same when
You are looking with stronger lenses
So concerned with images
But it's there in the words
Images are just imagination
And that is what is so absurd
Have you heard the Pig now knows it's fat?
And the Zebra is confused because it's white and it's black?
So what is fact right and exact when everything changes
So change the way you look at the world
The world changes

[Hook:]
Instead of reasons to die, find a reason to live
Instead of reasons to fight, find a reason to give
Instead of reasons to talk, find a reason to sing
Instead of reasons to take, find a reason to bring

Instead of reasons for I, find a reason for we
Instead of reasons to try, find a reason to be
Instead of reasons to look, find a reason to see
People, I am pleading, find another reason

[Verse 2:]
We are so busy noticing money don't grow on trees
With what the food does

And miss the food that we need
You see, I done traveled all over the isles
And seen the poorest people
With the wealthiest smiles
So what is Rich or Poor, Less or More?
What's victory? What's defeat? And who keeps the score?
Who sleeps more soundly, the Prince or the Pauper?
Who speaks more profoundly, the Professor or just the talker?
The walker or the driver, who travels the furthest?
The explorer or the pirate, who is providing a service?
Who decides what is worthless, versus what has a purpose?
Did the so-called civilized world not think the world a flat surface, just yesterday?
So, who knows what tomorrow brings?
It's often the oddest of songs that tomorrow sings
Look back through the ages, everything changes
So change the way you look at the world,
The world changes.

[Hook:]

[Breakdown:]
We find all these reasons,
To never be the person we want to be
Because I'm still healing,
All these wounds that are burned,
So deep inside of me.

[Verse 3:]
We think that we're smart
And that makes us dumb
Think that we feel the most
And that makes us numb
Weak because we think that we have the power
Because we make buildings and guns,
But not a single flower
We are just waves but think we are the ocean
Because it's easier then admitting
We don't know where the current is going
We are just flowing
Why do we feel it needs controlling
A wave just rolls with the ocean until it reaches sand
So let's roll with our part, until we reach our land
Acknowledge that the fear in our hearts, is totally in our hands
It's not a thing, we just think,
Imagine the Earth decided that it was afraid to spin?
So don't be afraid, to sing with your voice
That is what it is for
The more we run from the truth
The closer it gets to your door
Look back through the ages, everything changes
So change the way you look at yourself,
Yourself changes

[Hook:]

Akala - Old Soul Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: The Thieves Banquet

feat. Asheber

[Verse 1: Akala]
I don't wanna romanticize another time that's gone by
But I have to be honest and tell you that
I am an old soul, sold,
Some Nina Simone is gonna put me in the zone
Quicker then some talk of Petrone
Or Crystal or or Pistol it's oh so tedious
I want to hear some tunes
Like strange fruit with meaning in
I want to hear the wolf howling and the waters muddy
I want it to dance, want it to make me cry but also funny
Feeling that inner city blues, Marvin's the town crier
Some soul-to-soul, some azwad with dubfire
Some Gregory Isaacs, a little touch of Dennis Brown
I love the soul but nothing moves me like that Reggae sound
Jamaican blood, sound system upbringing
Our black american cousins are big influences
On the songs we are singing.
It's all Soul with Africa at it's base
So Fela and Masakela, Makeba play from the same place

[Hook: Asheber]
I remember, I remember
Do you remember?
I remember
I remember, I remember
Cause I'm just an old soul
I'm just an old soul
I'm just an old soul
Do you remember?

[Verse 2: Akala]

Akala - Malcolm Said It Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: 10 Years of Akala

Malcolm said it
Martin said it
Marley said it
Ali said it
Garvey said it
Toussaint said it
I weren't there but I'm sure Dessalines said it
Malcolm said it
Martin said it
Marley said it
Ali said it
Garvey said it
Lumumba said it
I weren't there but I'm sure Dessalines said it

If you ain't found something to die for
If you ain't found something to die for, you'll never live

If you ain't found something to die for you'll never live
We might feed and breathe but we never did
Accept those with peace and equality
They don't see what we call authority
Live, speak truth and kill them for
We love them dead when they speak no more
But they will endure, ideas are bulletproof
Tooth of truth it's impossible to pull it loose
We smother any mouth, they utter it
Folly Fathers fear, we Mother it
We're lovin they're corrupt government
So we look the other way when in our name they're strugglin'
We idolize 'em and we despise 'em
Cos we're reminded we're the ones who are silent
So, give a moment for the times we were blinded
Scream at the top of your lungs like a siren

Maybe the wise man has nothin' to prove
But the one who has nothing has nothing to lose
More things we don't need will make more thieves
More laws we don't heed it's all Siamese
Who leads? It don't matter, they can't make change
New driver but we got no brakes
Whatever the place, whatever the face
The master never ever frees his slave
They always knew it
So they pursue it

But we've been too divided to ever be guided through it
Gotta stop 'em because they're rotton from the days of picking cotton
To sell us a love song and we're so besotted
So confused, we believe their promise
But there are some that lead more honest
They are not forgotten, though they shot'em
So scream to the top of your lungs right from the bottom!

Malcolm said it
Martin said it
Marley said it
Ali said it
Garvey said it
Toussaint said it
I weren't there but I'm sure Dessalines said it
Malcolm said it
Martin said it
Marley said it
Ali said it
Garvey said it
Lumumba said it
I weren't there but I'm sure Dessalines said it

People don't rebel, the rebels are the tyrants
You are not God, so we are not defying
No human nature, just our behavior
The oppressed wanting their oppressor as their saviour
Around the globe killin', made to be religion
But the book said they're sinnin'
And that is just the beginnin'
Now spread democracy by dropping a bomb
On a terrorist with no shoes or socks
I reckon, history teaches us a lesson
The bigger terrorist is the one with the bigger weapons
They talked but we didn't listen
They spoke and then went missin'
We can't see all the things that imprison us
Cos we don't appreciate the freedoms that they have given us
I wouldn't bet it, that we ever get it
Run, tell your friends that Akala said it

Malcolm said it
Martin said it
Marley said it
Ali said it
Garvey said it
Toussaint said it
I weren't there but I'm sure Dessalines said it
Malcolm said it
Martin said it
Marley said it
Ali said it

Garvey said it
Lumumba said it
I weren't there but I'm sure Dessalines said it

Akala - The Thieves Banquet Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: 10 Years of Akala

Once upon a time in an obscure part of the Milky Way Galaxy, there was a spinning ball of water and rock ruled by the forces of evil. The Devil himself, proud of the magnificent achievements of his children, decided to call a special banquet for the greatest thieves in all the land. He sent invites to thousands of the greatest murders, rapists and general-assorted scum, inviting them to attend his palace at the dawn of the new moon. Each thief would be given a chance to stake his claim as the greatest messenger of murder upon the planet, and the Devil himself would then decide who should be crowned king. After many days of deliberating, all of the petty thieves, such as street criminals, have been found far short of the required level of wickedness and there were just four sets of thieves left in the competition. They were: the monarchs of empire, a cartel of bankers, the heads of religious orders, and the third-world dictators. Each set of thieves appointed a spokesman to give his case to the Devil. We have recorded these events for posterity.

Uh, listen
Uh, okay, yo
First up was the thief of the worst reputation
Dictator of a third-world nation
He looked the Devil in the eye as he spoke
In an oh-so-serious tone

Dear Mr. Devil
I am the greatest thief there has ever been on Earth
Please tell me who else more than me personifies your work
I came to power in a military coup, I murdered the elected president
He wanted to use the resources of our country for our peoples' benefit
I proved to masters in the west
I could kill my own people just as well as the best
So I took over the so-called independent country when the foreigners left
Sent squads of death to those who would suggest
In power should be the one they elect
Erected a statue of the great man
That raped our mothers, stole our lands
That's how little self-respect I have
Don't fight slavery, it makes me glad
Account in Switzerland, Rolls Royce
Murder and rape cos I want new toys
Don't want a portion, but a whole fortune
With that profit, what's a little bit of torture
Even outlawed my indigenous culture
And language and history
And taught our people to only worship colonizers
And of course, ME!

Thief!
It's the banquet of the thieves!
Come and dine with me!
It's the banquet of the thieves!

The banquet of the thieves…

The Devil was so impressed with this wonderful man
He almost ejaculated on his hands
But the monarch of the empire said,

Excuse me, Mr. Devil, I'd like to speak if I may
Who do you think trained this amateur dictator to behave this way?
Yeah, I'm sure before I came along his country was far from heaven
But look of the carnage I caused all over the Earth, it's got to be the work of the Devil
Countless deaths, mass enslavement
Deliberate starvation of whole nations
The dictator tries his best, but looking at me, he's just an imitation
Who do you think pays his wages?
He would love to be trading places
I've been doing this ting on the roads
Way back, way back, way back
Since the Middle Ages
Everybody knows he's a criminal element
They think I'm democratic and benevolent
And that shows that I'm really devilish
Cos people think I'm heaven-sent
I couldn't care about democracy
You all know no one elected me
The people love me despite my crimes
Sucka MCs wanna bite my shine
So blingin' out of control you would vomit
Don't even touch dough, but my face is on it!

I'm a pervert who's in the cloak of the clergy
Yes, I'm a pervert who's in the cloak
I'm a despicable character
I use my position of authority and spiritual reverence
I'm a despicable character

Mr. Devil, allow me to speak
For all of the religious leaders that leech
In the world of creeps, I'm initiated
I take the peoples' faith and dissipate it
With false promises, hollow oratory
Don't need a gun, it's daylight robbery
Dear Mr. Devil
I thought you would like it
How I use their faith in God to keep them blinded
Put on a nice voice, read them a book
And they believe that I am not a crook
Tell them God will repay them in the next
They give me their life savings so I can buy jets
All the reports about child sex
None of us have ever gone to jail yet
This system of stealing, so appealing
Convinces the victims their lives have meaning

Monarchs boast about conquest
But needed my blessings to get it done
And all of the dictators use my books
Therefore, they are just my sons

The Devil was sure this was the winner
And was just about to put an end to the dinner
But then the man from the banking cartel
Stepped up and said,

I think I'm the biggest sinner
All of those three depend on me
All they ever do is defending me
Cos I paid for all of the things they have
Of course, and all of the lives they lead
Paid for the guns, bombs and the tanks
That's why you see, there is always more
I turned science's basic appliance
Into a client of weapon and war
Paid for monarchies, armed robberies
I make monopolies out of property
Never shot a gun nor killed anyone myself
But billions die cos of me
Who needs a threat? I make a debt
Out of thin air, just sit back and collect
Every single day, whatever they say
The people need me just to connect it
Yet none of them knows what I look like
Yet all of them spend my money to look nice
They want more, no one's pure
I hold the keys to every single door
Sell sex and drugs, profit and lies
Earth and skies, I'll even sell life
I'll even sell freedom for the right price
But no one is smart enough to ask me nice
So Mr. Devil, give me the medal
Don't be biased
If you don't give it to me
I'll just BUY IT!

Thief!
It's the banquet of the thieves!
Come and dine with me!
It's the banquet of the thieves!
The banquet of the thieves…

Akala - One More Breath Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: The Thieves Banquet

[Intro: Akala (speaking)]
Once upon a time in an obscure part of the Milky Way Galaxy, there was a spinning ball of water and rock ruled by the forces of evil. The Devil himself, proud of the magnificent achievements of his children, decided to call a special banquet for the greatest thieves in all the land. He sent invites to thousands of the greatest murders, rapists and general-assorted scum, inviting them to attend his palace at the dawn of the new moon. Each thief would be given a chance to stake his claim as the greatest messenger of murder upon the planet, and the Devil himself would then decide who should be crowned king. After many days of deliberating, all of the petty thieves, such as street criminals, have been found far short of the required level of wickedness and there were just four sets of thieves left in the competition. They were: the monarchs of empire, a cartel of bankers, the heads of religious orders, and the third-world dictators. Each set of thieves appointed a spokesman to give his case to the Devil. We have recorded these events for posterity.

[Verse 1 Intro: Akala]
Uh, listen
Uh, okay, yo
First up was the thief of the worst reputation
Dictator of a third-world nation
He looked the Devil in the eye as he spoke
In an oh-so-serious tone

[Verse 1: Akala (as the Third-World Dictator)]
Dear Mr. Devil
I am the greatest thief there has ever been on Earth
Please tell me who else more than me personifies your work
I came to power in a military coup, I murdered the elected president
He wanted to use the resources of our country for our peoples' benefit
I proved to masters in the west
I could kill my own people just as well as the best
So I took over the so-called independent country when the foreigners left
Sent squads of death to those who would suggest
In power should be the one they elect
Erected a statue of the great man
That raped our mothers, stole our lands
That's how little self-respect I haveDon't fight slavery, it makes me glad
Account in Switzerland, Rolls Royce
Murder and rape cos I want new toys
Don't want a portion, but a whole fortune
With that profit, what's a little bit of torture
Even outlawed my indigenous culture
And language and history
And taught our people to only worship colonizers
And of course, ME!

[Hook]:
Thief!

It’s the banquet of the thieves!
Come and dine with me!
It’s the banquet of the thieves!
The banquet of the thieves…

[Verse 2 Intro: Akala]
The Devil was so impressed with this wonderful man
He almost ejaculated on his hands
But the monarch of the empire said,

[Verse 2: Akala (as the Monarch of Empire)]
Excuse me, Mr. Devil, I’d like to speak if I may
Who do you think trained this amateur dictator to behave this way?
Yeah, I’m sure before I came along his country was far from heaven
But look of the carnage I caused all over the Earth, it’s got to be the work of the Devil
Countless deaths, mass enslavement
Deliberate starvation of whole nations
The dictator tries his best, but looking at me, he’s just an imitation
Who do you think pays his wages?
He would love to be trading places
I’ve been doing this ting on the roads
Way back, way back, way back
Since the Middle Ages
Everybody knows he’s a criminal element
They think I’m democratic and benevolent
And that shows that I’m really devilish
Cos people think I’m heaven-sent
I couldn’t care about democracy
You all know no one elected me
The people love me despite my crimes
Sucka MCs wanna bite my shine
So blingin’ out of control you would vomit
Don’t even touch dough, but my face is on it!

[Hook]:

[Verse 3: Akala (as the Head of Religious Orders)]
I’m a pervert who’s in the cloak of the clergy
Yes, I’m a pervert who’s in the cloak
I’m a despicable character
I use my position of authority and spiritual reverence
I’m a despicable character

Mr. Devil, allow me to speak
For all of the religious leaders that leech
In the world of creeps, I’m initiated
I take the peoples’ faith and dissipate it
With false promises, hollow oratory
Don’t need a gun, it’s daylight robbery
Dear Mr. Devil
I thought you would like it
How I use their faith in God to keep them blinded

Put on a nice voice, read them a book
And they believe that I am not a crook
Tell them God will repay them in the next
They give me their life savings so I can buy jets
All the reports about child sex
None of us have ever gone to jail yet
This system of stealing, so appealing
Convinces the victims their lives have meaning
Monarchs boast about conquest
But needed my blessings to get it done
And all of the dictators use my books
Therefore, they are just my sons

[Verse 4 Intro: Akala]
The Devil was sure this was the winner
And was just about to put an end to the dinner
But then the man from the banking cartel
Stepped up and said,

[Verse 4: Akala (as the Cartel Banker)]
I think I'm the biggest sinner
All of those three depend on me
All they ever do is defending me
Cos I paid for all of the things they have
Of course, and all of the lives they lead
Paid for the guns, bombs and the tanks
That's why you see, there is always more
I turned science's basic appliance
Into a client of weapon and war
Paid for monarchies, armed robberies
I make monopolies out of property
Never shot a gun nor killed anyone myself
But billions die cos of me
Who needs a threat? I make a debt
Out of thin air, just sit back and collect
Every single day, whatever they say
The people need me just to connect it
Yet none of them knows what I look like
Yet all of them spend my money to look nice
They want more, no one's pure
I hold the keys to every single door
Sell sex and drugs, profit and lies
Earth and skies, I'll even sell life
I'll even sell freedom for the right price
But no one is smart enough to ask me nice
So Mr. Devil, give me the medal
Don't be biased
If you don't give it to me
I'll just BUY IT!

[Hook]:
Thief!

It’s the banquet of the thieves!
Come and dine with me!
It’s the banquet of the thieves!
The banquet of the thieves…

Akala - Pissed Off Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: The Thieves Banquet

[Verse 1: Akala]
True Words are never beautiful
Beautiful words are never true
Every truly clear thing
Need never prove
If it is not enough, it will probably never do
Ever feel like someone lives your life but it is never you?
You? Not knowing if coming, going or flowing
Every door that you open
A key to another one that's broken
Every word that is spoken
Somebody else's poem
And the more that we focus
The less we ever seem to notice
It's like the sound of the letterbox early in the morning
But you know it's nothing good
Just a red letter warning
Sucking every penny that we got
'Til we ain't got a pot left
All this pressure on my back
Do we want it off off off? YES!

[Hook: Akala]
Do you feel pissed off just like me?
Do you feel pissed off just like me?
Do you feel pissed off just like me?
I got an idea just why that might be

[Bridge 1: Akala]
We touch it, we taste it, we take a sip
We feed it, we need it, it invades our lips
We hold it, we own it, it controls our grip
It's something, it's nothing
It's just how we live
I can't call it
It's something with how we live
I can't call it
It's something with how we live
I can't call it
It's something with how we live
It's something, it's nothing
It's just how we live

[Verse 2: Akala]
True Words are never beautiful

Beautiful words are never true
What is your view?
Blessings or curses, are never ever few?
The man with no mind
The one who will never choose
The skin with no feeling is the one that will never bruise
We can't feel it, we touch it, we taste it, we breathe it
We peel it, eat it, believe it, we feed it
Heed it, we need it, defeat it?
Won't even meet it
To beat it you have to seek it
Cheat it? You just release it
Beneath it you get the secret
It's not real
Guns don't kill, the people behind them do
All the ism, schisms, divisions, if you decide it's true
They are doing nothing, shit,
Just what they're designed to do
Look close enough at your enemy
And you will find it's you

[Hook & Bridge 1:Akala]

[Verse 3: Akala]
True Words are never beautiful
Beautiful words are never true
The liar is the only one in the world that is never true
Fly all over the world but never move
The only vehicle he have, we never use
Talk a lot about dreams but never do
Is this just me and you?
Stuck in this position
Wishing we even had a mission
And wouldn't spend 40 years barely chasing a living
Job that we hate with a dying soul
Boss that we'd like to strangle slow
The partner we live with we don't even know
Because the man in the mirror is just another freak show
Stand like a pillar but what do we hold?
Have a lot of things but what do we really own?
Absolutely nothing
We're just bluffing the entire show
All of our discussions
And our fussing over the price of Gold
Should we be reminded that a Diamond is just crushing coal?
And they don't own it
It's we that make up the motive
They are not giants, just notice
They only stand on our shoulders, shit
And they don't own
It's we that make up the soldiers
They are not giants, just notice

They only stand on our shoulders

[Hook 2: Akala]
Do you feel pissed off just like me?
Do you feel pissed off just like me?
Do you feel pissed off just like me?
I've got an idea why the fuck that might be

[Bridge 2: Akala]
We feel that we are not in control of our own lives
We see that we are not in control of our own lives
We taste that we are not in control of our own lives
It's clear that we are not in control of our own lives
But we are more in control, then we could ever know
But we are more in control, then we could ever know
But we are more in control, then we could ever know
The steering wheel is right there, just grab a hold

Akala - Maangamizi Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: 10 Years of Akala

x2
How many lives have we lost to the Maangamizi
It's way bigger than the pain that I place on the CD
If I told you all the truth would you really believe me?
It's the Maangamizi, It's the Maangamizi

Maangamizi, meaning African hellacaust
Because we paid a hell of a cost
And don't really know what was lost
And the process ain't ever stopped
Since black civilization dropped
Through internal greed and external plot
Same ones that taught the Ancient Greeks
Greece and Rome helped to bring to their knees
Then Islam spread across Northern Africa
With slavery and massacres
Too many hurt, refused to convert
Spread South and West and people dispersed
Christianity is not alone in using
Race and religion for power to expand
Desert caravans took slaves across Sand
Where they staged a revolt of the Zanj
Enemies always invented mythologies
Curse of ham, so-called prophecy
After the migration
There was some reinstatement of autonomous nations
Then floating on the waves of the seas
Came a plague, a genocidal disease
With arms and heads, they looked like men
Really they were just dogs on two legs
When they first came some of our people said "Go!"
Most welcomed them into our homes
We didn't know they had hearts of stone
Frozen by Western Europe's cold
Also, there were scumbags among us
Willing to work for white conquerors honours
And with that collaboration
Began the largest forced migration
In the history of nations

x2

How many millions dead at the bottom of the ocean?
Thrown overboard like property stolen
Or jumped overboard rather than be sold on

A mother with her baby in arms, hold on
What awaited was not just enslavement
But a genocidal impulse craving
They committed unspeakable abuses
To make a nigger from an African human
Took a woman ready to give birth
Tied her limbs to four posts held firm
In a main square made every slave watch
Covered her in raw meat
Let off a pack of dogs
If anyone watching, even a relative
Made a sound, kill them for the hell of it
This was every day, not the exception
The science of gynaecology was perfected
On black women, no anaesthetic
They said a nigger bitch couldn't feel pain, pathetic
Hang a man from a tree cut off his penis
Force people to eat their own faeces
Put people in zoos, in a cage
Chimpanzee, black human, ape
And it was upon this here atrocity
Europe became the dominant economy
Now they play games, pretend it's about names
It's a scheme for unequal trade
Imagine the largest companies today
If all of their employees got no pay
For all of the centuries profit was made
Black skin was always branded slave
Even the child of the masters rape
Could be killed or sold because black blood in her veins
But the ancestors fought back, got free
Probably have not heard of Jean-Jacque Dessalines
Probably don't know the Haitian revolution
Caused the French to sell half of America
Nor know the role that Africans played
In the Civil War for that same America
If you ain't heard of Nanny of the Maroons or Bogle
You probably believe what they told you
But if they set Africans free
Because all of a sudden they grow a conscience
Tell me this,
Why were the slave masters given compensation,
And those that suffered not given a thing?
Why did they then invade Africa?
And make Africans slaves in their home?
With the Belgians killing 10 million
Souls in the Congo alone
Why then Jim Crow, why Apartheid?
Why did Black Wall Street burn that night?
Why collaborators will work for such evil,
Willing to be tools against their own people?
Why Africom? Imperialism for the new age

But with a brown face on it
That's right imperialism for the new age
But with a brown face on it

x2

Some will try their best to justify this torture
By asking you who the slaves were brought from
As if we do not know, tell them "Get the hell out
Every genocide ever has had sell outs"
And the largest wars of humans
Were fought between the people of Western Europe
So by your rationale it's cool to kill Frenchman
They killed Germans that look like them
Absurd right? But when your skin is white
Different set of rules you can abide by
Dark suffering is not humanized
No surprise, we still see ourselves through their eyes
Darkies became legally human
During the course of our parents life
And the freedoms we have only occurred
Cos our ancestors spilled their blood to the earth
They changed that much? Are you so sure?
The world's darker people still the most poor?
So it's our task to put an end to this
Even those like me with our heritage mixed
If a knife is in your back 9 inches
And it's only been pulled out six
When the wound starts healing
And we stop bleeding and bleaching
Can it begin to fix?
When the plague of self hate
Is no longer a weight so great
Push you to kill one another
When we put a stop to false charity
That gives with one hand and bombs with the other
When the IMF and World Bank, along with their puppets
No longer strangle our nations
When the invaders don't have military bases
In so many places
When the jail cells are not packed with black backs
And the gats and the crack are no longer factors
When we celebrate true self-determination
Not a few token bit part actors
When the truth is told and there is
The dignity to remember the dead
Because as long as they are distorting the past
It means they have the intention of doing it again

x2

Akala - Our Way, The Way Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: The Thieves Banquet

[Intro: Akala & Ayanna Witter Johnson]

[Ayanna Witter Johnson]
How do we, how do we find our way?
How do we, how do we find our way?

[Akala]
Talk fights wars
Silence is never to blame
Talk's forever changing
Silence is always the same
Talk likes to play
But silence is not a game
Talk only confuses
Silence only explains

[Verse 1: Akala]
So they talk
And talk and talk and talk a lot
But behind their talk is not
Any action
That goes with the rhetoric
Its bullshit even if you ain't smelling it
The word is the word
Even if you're misspelling it
If there's a heaven
There's a hell in it
If it exists, they're selling it
Got no riches? then tenements
Is where you live, with relatives
That's just good biz, development
Selling a wedding a funeral, sell
The ugly the beautiful and the unusual, sell
A life, a death, a dress an adress
Or a desk or a pound of flesh
All is acceptable, not regrettable
When we make a person a decimal
Line syllable rhyme typical
Would it be better to mime lyrical
Im just giving you my individual
Spin on the things that ive seen in the physical
I wanna know

[Hook 1: Ayanna Witter Johnson]
How do we, how do we find our way?

When they have, so many things to say
How do we, how do we find our way?
When they have, so many things to say

[Hook 1: Akala]
Talk is the fool
Silence is always the wise
Talk is the rule
Silence is only a guide

Talk is the tool
But silence is in the mind
Talkings mostly the cruel
Silence is mostly the kind

[Verse 2: Akala]
See they say so many things
But then they clip so many wings
Cos all they really wanna do is win
And they dont want anyone against
They try to dismiss our right to resist
Or to fight with the fist you gotta be joking
Writing a diss, or reciting a myth, or lighting a spliff
You must be toking or
Punch drunk off power abused, used
In the only way that it has been
Ever since any time that I can tell
Maybe its nature we're battling
The propaganda; new form of
The hunters trap that's left for the prey
But these predators will only
Get fed from filling our heads
With the words that they say
More or less, you are more or less
If you have more or you can guess the rest
The story is an old one
In my time on this earth I have told some
With a Line syllable rhyme typical
Would it be better to mime lyrical
Im just giving you my individual
Spin on the things that ive seen in the physical
I wanna know

[Hook 1: Ayanna Witter Johnson]

[Hook: Akala]
They say so much, so much they say dont they?
They say so much, so much they say dont they?
They say so much, so much they say dont they?
They say so much, so much they say dont they?

[Verse 3: Akala]

A word only defines another word
So tell me whats in a name?
Does the word blood, really tell you
What it is that flows in my veins?
May sound odd
That a poet would try to persuade you
The words you relate to
Are nothing compared to the nothing that happens when nothing
They say do they do
I suppose what I mean is this
If i really had peace of mind
I probably wouldn't speak that much
And I probably would not write these rhymes

How do we, how do we find our way?
When they have, so many things to say
How do we, how do we find our way?
When they have, so many things to say

So many things to say
So many things to say
So many things to say
So many things to say

Akala - A Game Named Life Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: The Thieves Banquet

And s[Verse 1]
A game named life where fools make the rules
And poets paint pictures with words that change nothing
Survival of the fittest they say, are they sure?
Or just the survival of those with the will to kill more?
The heart that thinks itself purely, surely is not hungry?
Because hungry knows too well, the world is fuckery
And nature is indifferent to the suffering of infants
That think ourselves growing human beings and something special
But as fate would have it, I ain't buying the idea of fate
It seems we shape every place that we grace with hate
Depending which side of the fence or which epoch
You die a slow death or be singing from the treetops
Praise for the status quo, cus you're comfortable
Those who lost out in this lottery, ha, fuck 'em all
Nice with this roll of the dice, I'm quite proud and
I don't know if we will ever roll another time round

[Hook - Mai Khalil]
It's a game named life
In a game named life
In a game named life
In a game named life
In a game named life
Where the dice decide where I go
There I go, in a game named life
I dream to be let go

[Verse 2]
A game named life, where fools make the rules
And poets paint pictures with words that change nothing
Young child soldier, revolver not bluffing
In a game that teaches children to kill but can't love them
What is the journey of a bullet from the ground until we pull it?
A piece of earth made blow holes in souls
I'd like to know does a child choose in its mother's core or before as just a sperm to be born in war?
Does another sperm choose greatness floating in his father's pleasure?
Or does the game only begin when the umbilical's severed?
Is that the reason babies born screaming?
Because they know they left the spirit world
To live here with no meaning among demons
That see them as nothing more than chess pieces
In a game named life where even the winners stop breathing
And the whole thing is as tedious as a tale that is told twice
We clone life but don't even own our own life

[Hook - Mai Khalil]

[Bridge - Mai Khalil]
Sacrifice, pain and strife
The game named life is over
Before we even know

[Verse 3]
Life is a mirror always looking at you
It's not what we say or think, we are just what we do
With the time that is given it comes with no ribbon
Because life is not a gift to everyone that's living
Most of the moves are made before you took your first go
Some got a huge head start before their first role
So you could play with more skill than the other players
They will still be head because the past generations
Accumulated spaces so they could practice with acres
Illuminated arrangements so they could manage retainers
Are you foolish? They ain't racing we're chasing the pay slip
So they have won before even the game starts unless we change it
To another set of rules different from the fools
But to do that we are going to have to use their tools
And therein lies our greatest dilemma
In this game named life, who's playing it better?

[Hook - Mai Khalil] x2

Akala - The Thieves Banquet, Pt. 2 Lyrics

Artist: Akala
Album: The Thieves Banquet

[Verse 1 : Akala]
Towards the end of the feast the devil decided
He was so inspired, he couldn't be bothered with giving no prizes
In fact he said he would just retire
Cos he could see that what was required
To keep our children living in fire
Could be supplied by these thieves and these liars
Who had respectable titles
So he pronounced that he would bounce
Go back to hell as his house
Co-sign his work to these thieves like it was just an ounce
We know not what what was said
But still live with the effects
Of what was agreed by the greed
That night on the Banquet of thieves
The gist is this: The devil bestowed
All of the powers for ruling the globe
Only to those who would sell their soul
And take the devilish oath

[Hook : Thieves]
I solemnly swear to steal and kill
Not because i'm hungry for meals
But because my hundreds and millions
I wanna see turned into billions
I solemnly swear to make a place
Where women and children are raped every day
Where some eat ourselves to death
And others can't get a crumb on the plate

I solemnly swear to turn the globe
Into a living hell for most
And drug with death, anything left
That grows or has a pulse

[Verse 2: Akala]
The monarchs and dictators, religious leaders and the bankers
Had one more course before they could complete the Banquet
Screaming and panting, baby children were brought on plates
The end of their tantrums came
When they were stabbed in the heart with a stake
And chopped into pieces, served raw with the blood still warm
All the thieves gobbled down the children without a second thought
The devil explained; if ever they got to a place where they suffered pain
Or the slightest of shame, for killing a child

They should leave the game
Cos the noblest aim is to turn a child’s flesh to flames
For the hollow concept called profit so known as personal gain
The devil explained, there is a god, death is his name
So treat this life as if it was nothing more than a monopoly game
So get to work
There’s people to starve and people to slaughter
And also to torture, any rebellious son or daughter
If ever you fail, or find yourself getting to frail
An angry devil will be forced to return from the comfort of hell

(rand of applause)

All the thieves got up from their seats kand gave the devil applause
Bayby’s blood dripping from their jaws, totally reddend the floor
With that the devil vanished
And left the thieves in the palace
The banker was the first to speak on how they could meet the challenge

[Banker]
Look my fellow thieves
As long as we unite on the scheme
We’ll be living with dreams
There’s never been a team this mean

[Religious leader]
Yes Spiritual death
Is what I provide at the devils request

[Monarchs of Empire]
Monarchs can make laws and the courts
That would serve and protect
Our interests and nothing else
Commoners can fuck themselves
Cos we all see, democracy will just fuck up our wealth

[Third world dictator]
That’s where I can add some value
To this gathering of men
I can kill in broad daylight
I don’t have to pretend
I can do the things that all you rich developed countries can't be seen to do in public
But we all know you love it

[Banker]
Yes!
And we can pretend we’re enemies, still at war with each other
Though we couldn’t be further from the truth we are practically lovers

[Religious leader]
You’re quite right mr Banker deception must be used
We’ll hire prostitutes to spread our views

And call it news
Another set of prostitutes that call themselves artists
To say what we tell them to
Spineless Bastards

[Monarchs of empire]
Religious leader
Thou art a wonderful thief
The last thing that we do need before our schemes complete
Is a set of puppet politicians
That talk a lot
That the people think hold the power but they're really our dogs

[Banker]
Yes yes yes, yes oh fucking yes!
Let us drink to murder and theft
Until there's nothing left

[Narrator]
The thieves took a toast of warm blood
And nearly drowned in laughter
The Bankers passed out a charter
That they had carefully drafted
For the international organisation
Of theft and murder

[Monarch of Empire]
If we could sign this in blood
It would be totally perfect!

[Akala]
That's what they did
They took the child's bleeding finger
To sign a commitment
To keep the human spirit a prisoner
That's how it's been since then
A cannibalistic system
Run by themes dressed in death
Blessed with the devils wisdom

(Akala)
KNOWLEDGE IS POWER II

Akala - Mr Fire in the Booth Lyrics

I take 'em out
(All on my own)
Cos that's the way im made
Maybe in your culture suicide is being brave
The sage of the page makes graves plagued with dark ages
And ain't no choice to be buried I only do cremating
For little idiots thats not even rated
Not even hated not even a factor that needs to be calculated
And you can't explain it, much less contain it
Roll with us or get crushed, that i've already stated
In the plainest terms
But fools never learn
Still tryna be what they're not like wearing the blondest perm
Cos of loss of purpose, I have you lost on purpose
You can't escape the furnace, so best you praise my verses
Look around the cooning's a lot
I spit a sentence quick like a judge with a coon in the dock
But these clowns with their dead sound hate me
Still they don't count like a dead brown baby

Akala - The Fall Lyrics

(Ft Amy True)

[Verse 1: Akala]

In 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue
Being the cunt he was, the genocide that ensued
Was half a millennia of permanent blood bath
Today we celebrate the rapist and his fucked up past
Decimate a native, leave him in our path
Death and destruction, we kick back and we just laugh
When the culture values dogs more than certain humans
It is certain it will come up with the worst solution
Decimation, erase a nation and proudly stating
Nowadays the langauge has change
But it's the same shit since the Nazi's did within Europe
What Europeans was only supposed to do to natives
The word "genocide" now carries a little weight with it
But we don't really mean it, a killer is our patriot
Ain't nothin' better than a resource theft
Ain't nothin' more sexy than black and brown death
We'll tell you what is comin' yeah we'll tell you what is next
Cause we've eaten here before, we're familiar with the chef
Hmm, what's cooking? The same dish, different dressing
The same priest, different confession
But will still give you a blessing yeah
A baptism in blood, in fact it was a flood
In fact it was some grub who packed triggers and mug
A whole nation, this is empire
The question is can we aspire to empire?

[Hook: Amy True] x2
We're living through the fall of the empire
We're living through the fall of the empire
And we don't even know what is meant by it
And we don't even know what is meant by it

[Verse 2: Amy True]
See, any foundation that is built on greed
Raping and pillaging will never succeed
We're living in the age of information
Enslavement, call it colonisation
I call is straight piss taking
Call it money or lose your debt making
Breath taking, soul destroying, back breaking
Where they crack whips for fake staters
Our society is broken down
So I don't get a loan or credit cards

See that is out of bounds
Freezing all your assets, stopping any bank or draws
Read in to the future cause the past is shiowing many flaws
We are not collateral, we are something greater than
Take a stand, let's all take our money out of filthy banks
Mental evolution, no confusion built communities
Until my last breath, I won't stop until we all are free
Shouting People's Army, see I kow there's something blessed in me
Cause when it all falls down I know there's so much meant for we

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Akala]
Colonise and savage take what is a land
Then we justify it by claiming that we already had it
Cause who needs facts when we got force?
Who needs their own minerals, we'll just take yours
We ain't talking bout music when we say tours
Rape mothers and mother nature cause they both are whores
Tell our kids every day that crime don't pay
But there's no way we believe the bullshit we say
Cause it's as clear as the light of day
The light is lighting up the way
Of those who trade in graves cause death does pay
Supply arms to both sides in the fight
And if you ain't fighting you ain't paying attention to your alliance
I know something that we ain't learnt
Yeah, maybe hell is real and one day they'll burn
But in the meantime, sure they'll earn
Till their empires done and another one gets its turn

[Hook]

[Outro: Akala]
It's over, the fall
It's over

Akala - Sun Tzu Lyrics

(Ft Asheber)

[Intro]

Any which way some of you want to come through
I’m ready for you like Sun Tzu
Ready for you like Sun Tzu
Ready for you like Sun Tzu
Any which way some of you want to come through
I’m ready for you like Sun Tzu
Ready for you like Sun Tzu
Ready for you like Sun Tzu

[Verse 1]

The art of fighting without fighting
Or fighting when you need to
It's appealing, we're peaceful but demons if we need to
Equal whatever you bring we'll meet you
This sport is a war with a discourse
Which thoroughbred horse make it through this course?
Which emcee shall I chew up for this course?
Same energy known for the sick tours
No hype man, breath control
Record a track I do the same thing live
Can't do that? Ah bless your soul
You ain’t ready for the Shaolin vibes
Wake up when it’s still dark in the sky
With the heart for the grind and an art full of rhymes
And the sharpest of lines and a spark of the mind
So bright that I’m leaving them partially blind

[Refrain]

Any which way some of you want to come through
I’m ready for you like Sun Tzu
Ready for you like Sun Tzu
Ready for you like Sun Tzu
Any which way some of you want to come through
I’m ready for you like Sun Tzu
Ready for you like Sun Tzu
Ready for you like Sun Tzu

[Hook: Asheber]

Don’t be foolish
What you want to test I for?

I’m a man on a mission
Don’t let I catch you slipping
It’s no competition
I’ve been studying the art of war

[Verse 2]

It’s the hardest of times we’re living in, isn’t it?
So why ain’t you disciplined just a little bit?
Little git, wanna throw a little hissy fit?
Here’s a question, tell me can you riddle it?
Does it take effort to make yourself really shit?
Or is that your best that you’re giving it?
Nah, it can’t be
Well, rhyming just ain’t for everyone
Now every little son of a gun seems to think
From the moment they come out their mum they are the one
Without ever having what it takes to become
Ten lifetimes ain’t enough
I was a griot, I was a Sufi
I was a Mayan priest but not in the movies
I was a druid pouring out fluid
Blessing the ancestors cos we come through them
Hundred more times I was born before
Before The Windrush came and Britain forever changed
Energy and memory it remains
In my veins and it don’t take much to reclaim
All I gotta do is say my own name
And the power of Greyskull reigns
Yes, ruthless student, nuisance mutant
Trains with the Shaolin monks, I’m reclusive
Name is a thousand thumps with a pool stick
That reigns on a silly little punk for the bullshit
Game for a round, punch and we all kick
Elbows, knees, let’s go for the full kit
Tell your G’s I’ll believe that they’re all sick
When I see degrees they achieve, we’re talking
A school called wisdom, you could go there anywhere
Yet you are never there

[Refrain]

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

It’s the art of a warrior, heart of a foreigner
That’s living in an all-white town from a toddler
Graft that your body does half wanna honour us
But you've gotta tell them that you’re past wanting followers
A class for the coroners, who the ras wanna collar us?
Kill rate way past choleras

Look at all the revellers, look at what a rebel does
Sekkle, metal can’t settle us
Dope, but the CIA can’t peddle us
Nope, we go for the throat what you telling us
Choke, on the little hope that you’re selling us
Joke, I take Britain like Severus
Cult, it’s the occult and its elements
They wanna reign high but we come to be levelers
We know the design and we’re done with the evidence
Go with the times get bun for the hell of it

[Refrain]

[Hook]

Akala - Sometimes Lyrics

When I feel like "fuck it I've had enough"
Might as well bury my head in the sand and run from the world
No music or politics, I'm done with all of it, I just can't take no more
It's easy to let the world get you down
Look around
It seems that every towns [?]
The haves, the have nots
Lives we admire
Rags to rags lot that never climb higher
We're on a ladder of life, the ladder of success
The ladder of fucking over other people the best
It's a game of chess, where the pawns get sacrificed
They got limited movement and their on the frontline
Yeah, the game's rigged from the start
This we know in our heart
Yet we pick up the dice and play a part
But would it be better to act like a spoilt little brat?
Kick over the whole game with no shame
"I ain't playin' if I can't win"
Prayin' if I can't sin
What is a wife saying to a daft king?
Not much, power's fucked
I know it runs the world, sometimes it's too much

Like "fuck it I've had enough"
Might as well bury my head in the sand and run from the world
No music or politics, I'm done with all of it, I just can't take no more
When I feel like "fuck it I've had enough" x3
In the end I'm like "Shutup you coward, just suck it all up"

Can't sleep, my mind's runnin'
On a path of it's own and I ain't sure that I'm even comin'
All night I been tryna get a wink
The sun comes up now and I ain't had a blink
I think too bloody much
All the voices go around in my mind and I can't shut 'em up
They say "ignorance is bliss"
I ain't sayin' it is
On those nights when I can't shut off, I get pissed

For me, this is most nights of the week
If we look at the world then how could we sleep?
See in my deeper moments
I can only keep the [?] on what is wrong with the world and we can't even solve it
Like we ain't involved with anything promoted than to focus on our own little selves
The rest can go to hell
How do I know it so well? It's me

Specially at those times I wanna flee from reality

Like "fuck it I've had enough"
Might as well bury my head in the sand and run from the world
No music or politics, I'm done with all of it, I just can't take no more
When I feel like "fuck it I've had enough" x3
In the end I'm like "Shutup you coward, just suck it all up"

The road to depression I'm guessin' is oiled by a choked expression
And of course naked oppression
The lessons we're supposed to learn, is not possible
Cause you are not a fool and the teacher's horrible
So what choice left is there for sensitive souls?
Fight the power or let it swallow us whole?
It is easily done, look what we've become
If we could, I'm sure we'd find a way to put out the sun
Sometimes when I feel like collapsin'
Or giving in to the times that I'm trapped in
I contemplate all the others overcoming their fears
Fighting battles far harder so that I could be here
Then I feel like the silly little boy that I am
Count my blessings in the moment and get back tothe plan
Inspiration is the strangest thing
How it travels one spirit to another, transforms how we think
I know spirit is a dirty word, in this world obsessed with what we have and what do we earn
But its the only way to explain the voices inside of you
Only satisfied when you are inspired to
Its the reason when we feel we've had enough, always in the end we manage to get back up

Like "fuck it I've had enough"
Might as well bury my head in the sand and run from the world
No music or politics, I'm done with all of it, I just can't take no more
When I feel like "fuck it I've had enough" x3
In the end I'm like "Shutup you coward, just suck it all up"

Life is hard, life is beautiful
Life is strange, and life is unusual
If life's a stage, then who wrote the musical? (Who wrote the musical?)

Akala - Murder Runs the Globe Lyrics

Every shot that thunders
Through the nighttime don't you wonder
What potential was extinguished
To keep the flames burning under?
Through the underworld and over world
Principles are so the same
Though we pretend they're not as if they do not control cocaine
But you'll find it's connected
Every kid in the hood that's living with a death wish
Is the same as the King who kills for the bling
But he is just much more reckless
It's the King that I'm talking about
Though he is born with a silver spoon in his mouth
He still gonna clap for the slightest of chat
At any world leader that can't back it
If he is sitting on the boxes
They are just oil or mineral deposits
Food he is moving fucking with our profit
So he better stop it
They say money makes the world go round, but it don't
That is just not true
If you ain't got guns to protect that money
I'll regret that, Sonny, it is more fool you
Only murder further agendas that money couldn't force
Eliminate the foes who propose
To suppose a different course, of course
A little torture is usually a big supporter
Though there's nothing quite like killing
Good riddance to non supporters
We demonize the man on the corner
Paint him as a thug
We worship murder so much
It's just that he ain't killed enough
You wanna commit murder
But not end up in cuffs?
You gotta make it to the Premier League
A thousand murders plus
Who said money makes the world go 'round?
They just didn't know
Murder runs the globe
M-m-murder runs the globe
Every knife that puncture lungs of sons
Don't make you wonder Mums?
If he was born to billionaires backed by a hundred guns
Would he be living still, drinking, sleeping, eating meals?
Instead of dead where it don't count
We expect you to be killed

Because living as a pauper is a fate that is tainted
Acquainted with torture
We ain't debating the rape of the daughter
If she was raised in particular borders
Place that fate made particular slaughters
No fate just particular orders
It's the way of the world no accident
In fact it's immaculate
You got a big gun start clapping it
Cause the language of power devour quick
Any silly biddy little pacifist or activist or challenges
Brown or black skin savages
Who inhabiting land with minerals in it
Who think for a minute that the rhetoric we spoke
Hope? Was not meant to be a joke
Don't dream compassion will happen it won't
Just go straight for the throat
Because any nation or races
That prove themselves incapable
Of matching modern murder machines
Make themselves enslavable
It is murder not money we desire insatiable
The thrilling of the killing it's million dollars sensational, YES!
What you can't do with a bribe
Can be achieved in a breeze with a gun and a knife
Because only murder further agendas that money couldn't grind
Nothing like a couple dead kids to change a parents' mind
Who said money makes the world go 'round?
They just didn't know
Murder runs the globe
M-m-murder runs the globe
Let's get a little clarity
You ain't got the capacity to internationally
Have a say in the ways things happening
You expect to collect more battering
Your arsenal it ain't got no nukes
Armies equipped with too few troops
We're laughing at you when you call truce
It's part of the ritual to shoot-shoot-shoot
You got no background in colonization
Or public resource privatization
You can't bang with the big boys, face it
But you still wanna play like Satan
You got no death squads to call your own
Or a pilot to fly your drones
Much less bulldozers for their homes
Talk gangster and you want to name Al Capone?
He was an amateur, silly little boys don't understand
Even he went jail for tax evasion
For missing a payment in the payment plan
To the man, one with invisible hand
And a hidden fist to enforce my plan

I am just because I can more wicked than the Summer of Sam
Kick your shit and I kick mine fam
You bust your gun and I bomb your land
Only murder further agendas that money can't control
Nothing like a massacred village to get the problem solved!
Who said money makes the world go 'round?
They just didn't know
Murder runs the globe
M-m-murder runs the globe

Akala - Urge to Kill Lyrics

Do you ever just have the urge to kill?
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?

Riddle me this, riddle me that
If murder runs the globe and this we know an accept
What do we expect when mass murder is to live happily
Those fight for freedom to face tradgedy
When you really look at the world do you feel a sickness
Couple dead kids in the world, its just business
Arm sales economy, added to the GDP
Maybe its just me, maybe I'm that (?)
Tho I'm not Siamese
I do feel your pain
And I do belive, don't make me act insane
The state murder is still murder its still murder
There's no fight that's big enough to conceal murder
Lets make a movie and celebrate our real murder
Pay a rapper to glorify niggas kill murder
But never question your oppressors or suggest murder
Should be directed in your (?)
I wonder is it absurd that we protest murder
Cos clearly they haven't heard that we detest murder
However much we detest, we cannot deny it
Cos murder has both hurt and helped human life
And anybody, everybody has a human right
To defend themselves from oppressors with a greater might
I look around this world, such a bloody sight
I wanna know

Do you ever just have the urge to kill?
When you realize that peace won't work cos they don't respect peace
Oh the feeling is so real!
When you see that murder's legal when it's done by police the beast
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?
When you see a child's body like a dog in the streets believe
Oh the feeling is so real!
When there is no justice and we can't breath
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?

Terrorism is its own religion practiced by millions
Obviously not just Muslim but also Jewish and Christian
Atheist, Hindu, Buddhist
Since when has belief
Ever stopped human beings
From being bullies

They pretend one terror is worse terror
Even while they sponsor their terror it works better
Even while they bomb their countries and burn Emma
Even while they colonise them with no letter
And we, what do we do? Pay tax to them
Maybe I'm a coward
No war was ever one by dickheads with a (?) shoutin'
Rappers can't bring you liberation
Just articulation do you share these frustrations that I am facing?
Are you one of these assholes like me
That believes there's a better world that could be?
And knows that It won't come so easily
A revolutionary love there needs to be
Everyone has the right to defend the one they love
And no uniform gives you the right to shed my blood
If the courts systematically denies what we're legally due
What should we do?
(?) for heaven and wait for better and hope that it comes true
Or, defend ourselves from you
Cos it's only when you aim your violence at your oppressors That its taboo
I wanna know

Do you ever just have the urge to kill?
When you realize that peace won't work cos they don't respect peace
Oh the feeling is so real!
When you see that murder's legal when it's done by police the beast
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?
When you see a child's body like a dog in the streets believe
Oh the feeling is so real!
When there is no justice and we can't breath
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?

Nations and nuclear bombs and colonisers
Applaud us for our silence reward us for non violence
While supporting old tyrants
Calling them all clients
They bought them with a fortune a slice of the empire
Of course the (?) tourturing is a science
To witch you should resort to kill frauds and defiers
Feel the force of the fires
Petrol poured on the tyers
Bet it more than retires
Whoever's caught in the wires

Akala - Time To Relax Lyrics

[Verse 1]

This ain't a song, it's more like a note to self
A reminder to me that I need balance
'cause I'm always working, plannin' projects and preppin'
Stressin' over the state of this world and how we affect it
This is part of the gift, the energy that I'm blessed with
But if you overuse them, then you will blunt your own weapons
How ever much you train, muscles only grow when you rest 'em
Yet I don't make enough time to stop and pause for reflection
Go and check my mum, talk about nothing much
On a sunny day, sit in the park, stare at the sun
Feed the ducks, ride a bike, shit sit in a tree
Anything to escape the stress that the city will breed
Lucky enough, that what I love is my livin'
I know that that's rare so chillin' just feels like sinnin'
But it's not, take your time, you ain't gotta say sorry
If you're always exhausted, you can't help anybody

[Chorus]

Through all the work and the wages, bills and the tax
Through all the stress and the payments and the [?]
Through all the loss and the gain and the pain we attach
Through all the stress and the strain that came with the facts
We gotta kick back, make time to relax
Gotta kick back, make time to relax
Gotta kick back, make time to relax
Kick back, make time to relax

[Verse 2]

You're not paranoid, things really are designed
To offer you absolutely no peace of mind
Maybe that's the price to be paid 'cause we're complicit in suffering all over this world that we are living in
Cars and the clothes, everything we consume
Still painted in the suffering of colourful hues
So we're tainted by the nothingness of what we'll choose
But overwhelmed by the lack of change if we refuse
So we all watch the so called news
And see their views of a bunch of mass murderers paraded as true
Enough to turn anything in person to a lunatic
Maybe thats what we already are 'cause we are used to it
But in the midst of all this
There's a bliss that you're missing
Silent moments, one that you love quietly kissin'
Starin' at the stars, realising that ours is just a world among billions of worlds that we'll never know

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Just take a moment to breathe, is what I’m sayin’
Breathe deep till the air in your chest is all the way in
Let it out slowly, feel the tension erodin’
Listen to the music [?] before you compose it
Just take a moment to breathe and take stock
You ain’t that important, wars will not stop if you do not
But health and longevity depends on balance between yin and yang
And so far I just haven’t
Made enough time to breathe and just chill
Keep still
They ain’t lyin’ when they say stress kills
So breathe before you punch someone in the mouth
Breathe deep before you push out and tear down the house
Breathe before you hurt yourself and your health
Maybe cliché but it really is our true source of wealth
Breathe - essence of life and of the universe
We’ve done it from birth yet we doubt that it really works

[Chorus]

Akala - Sovereign Master Lyrics

My artillery's full to the brim
With a criminal syllable peel back skin
It's a sin, more than a loss or win
If you take on him I will break your kin
With the words i'm ashame him
Cos with the words i'm a shaman
Spiritual mind elevation
Back through time on the back of the rhyme
Shackles align through back of my spine
Capturing rhyme all the facts in the line
And the timing is frighting, i'm brighter than lightning
Not a man, a character from a movie
I chew through metal while my hand breaks Uzis
Who's these floozies?
Claiming they wanna slew me
Do what you you gotta do G
I quite like fighting i've made that clear
Take your career and replace it with tears
The Shakespeare is here i take fear and peer
Into the hearts of men and show you they're cowards
But I never allow em, i'm sending them flowers
Like five man on earth that can rap with this shower
Capture, empower, in fact i'm a tower
My roots go 10 miles down in the earth
How you gonna knock man down?
Silly little clown, when you got a dig down first
Who wants what with he kid i'm the best
I don't mean it in jest like most rappers do
Do yourself a favour look back through the albums
Mixtapes, and tell me who
Has been so consistent with blistering speed
Resisting the system not captive to creed
Put things over a person
Verbally i'm worser than the most of the worst of em
Put a hearse on em, see how it looks
Put a verse on em, see if he sWorse than a crook, see the words that i took from their language
I mangle more man that banners starred spangled
Cos i'm a vandal
You look dumber than man wearing socks with their sandals
Some man still do it tho, no shame
Us man still slew it tho, no strain
Who said you'll go through with no pain
They should have told you it is no gain
The A with the A with the A with the A
And i stay every day every day every day
Cos i'm harder than Bane was, Fuck Batman!
Some prick just defending the system

You all know my name cuz, we attack man
Get moved along like blacks out of Brixton
Fact not fiction, practice my diction
Rip these pricks like zips when you'r zips (?)
If I catch you, stiff as a statue
Pain is too much for you to react to, so you just freeze
I don't really mind, i'm pleased
Better than your talk just breeze, jheeze
You don't wanna ramp with these
Siamese flows cos i'm stuck to the beat
Chief, you don't really know that's its peak
The flows so cold better hold your receipt
And take that back back, when you sold crap crap
When ya hit back back, akala is back back
The world so gully, they could all rap about books
Still have the hood go bap bap, fam
It ain't that ive seen the strap stuff, i see the bigger picture of where we are trapped at
A junction, a function, people are munching on our flesh
Cos were meat for the luncheon
So i punch them, ones that come with assumptions
That i won't rumble for lunches
Im hungry, i'm starving, bones i am munching
Fuck crews im taking on countries
Why bring your rap to a nuclear war fight?
Give it 2 sec, be dead like your hype
10 years and ive been round the world twice
Why am i lying? like 10 times
And i bend rhymes lines, to ascend minds
And i'm 10 times guys that your friends hype
Yes im the best and im blessed, so don't test
Who ever questing whether knowledge is power, are you fucking deaf?

TRACK INFO

Akala - Freedom Lyrics

(Ft Swiss & Amy True)

Free your mind
Free your goals
Free your time
Free your souls
We go out, a lot out of the way
We go out, a lot out of the way
We want our freedom, ye
We want our freedom, ye

I want freedom
I don't know the meaning and how to achieve them
'Cause freedom founded
I was thinking how freedom is
But that's the kind of freedom
That's crazy and make appealing
And all other forms of freedom
Is crazy dangerous demons
Pray your brains on the ceilings
For entertaining the meaning
It's political
Physical, spiritual and it's healing 'cause
Freedom is difficult
It requires a critical
Master the population
Not following the typical
Propaganda accused
Media supreming news
In fact it ain't even shock anymore
It's just real,mask killers
Dining on fine dinners
While preaching to us about freedom
Like we are

Free your mind
Free your goals
Free your time
Free your souls
We go out, a lot out of the way
We go out, a lot out of the way
We want our freedom, ye
We want our freedom, ye

Free your mind
Free your goals
Free your time

Free your souls
We go out, a lot out of the way
We go out, a lot out of the way
We want our freedom, ye
We want our freedom, ye

Listen, I want to be free like the number
When I feel like to wonder
Don't want to feel like I'm under
But over saturated my imaginaticial wonder
Your boxers and cotton,is something I want to come to
'Cause I'm a freedom hunter
A true terrorist, a live killer
Me and Akala brought the pen inside, five fingers
It's musical medicine
Dude want to collide with us
We fighting the spiritual war
Can I get a further witness
More fire, more power
The worst hours
I can free myself for more these cowards
The up and downs
The biggest enemy ain't a coward
In my surrounds
My biggest enemy is the enemy
I'm a stoned gutter

Free your mind
Free your goals
Free your time
Free your souls
We go out, a lot out of the way
We go out, a lot out of the way
We want our freedom, ye
We want our freedom, ye

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Free your goals
Free your time
Free your souls
We go out, a lot out of the way
We go out, a lot out of the way
We want our freedom, ye
We want our freedom, ye

If knowledge is power then tell me please what is freedom
Can you define a single word that has many meanings
If you mean it, like I mean it
Do we really need it
Is definition another prisoner that we believe in
Can you be free in prison sitting in your cell
Can you be free of the system when you living in hell

Can you be free if the vision is too difficult to tell
'Cause we going round in circles like a dog chasing his tale
Time will tell, if we fell
If we live to tell the tale
If we will ever break the spells that they telling us well
And get free
Free from the pressure
Free from depression
Free from the lies they tell us in the history lessons
Free

Free your mind
Free your goals
Free your time
Free your souls
We go out, a lot out of the way
We go out, a lot out of the way
We want our freedom, ye
We want our freedom, ye

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We go out, a lot out of the way
We go out, a lot out of the way
We want our freedom, ye
We want our freedom, ye

Akala - Bang with Us? Lyrics

We've been on this ting for so long now

10 years at the top of my craft
Maybe not at the top of the charts
But who could tell me what independent touring the globe
And flows as cold as winter was in hand me down clothes
Live shows of the chain Toussaint
Seems I was born to be what you ain't
A man that uses his art to fight
But still prospers in these hard times
So what's to hate when you're known around the globe, it's great
And their known around the globe, it's fake
The respects so high that
Left you in a jail full of lifers
A man sit in silence, try that
You can't buy that, nah bruv, I am that
Not because I'm a killer but because I'm a [?] black
Cause contrary to the rumours
Our community is not a bunch of delinquents, we are students
But don't respect the system made by the killers
The ones that paint us as the villains
Back to the spittin'
Listen, who's really my competition?
Really? Is there somethin' that I'm missin'?
These kids are kittens fighting with a pitbull
Carefull my brother you'll get your ship pulled

Who can bang with us? None (What!)
Who will stand with us? Come (What!)
Who's still doubting us? Dumb (What!)
We've been on this ting for so long now
You can't bang with us, none
You won't stand with us, son
You still doubting us, dumb
We've been on this ting for so long now

I got man puzzled like "I don't get it
How is he still so well with so much message"
Don't diss the sisters, celebrate killing other blacks
But still so fuckin' hard when he raps
I give you a tip, swag through the roof
It's no excuse to be boring cause you tell the truth
When it's said and done, I'm still the same as when I started
Ain't having a bar for none of these artists
That not giving a fuck gives me strength
Now I don't use it on us, use it on them
But defend what I have to

Sit down Matthew
Just one if my deciples, take notes
This is not music, this here is a sport
Who's ready for the ring ring fire?
You man are wetter than man's hair in Shoreditch
I think it's time to retire, heir

Who can bang with us? None (What!)
Who will stand with us? Come (What!)
Who's still doubting us? Dumb (What!)
We've been on this ting for so long now
You can't bang with us, none
You won't stand with us, son
You still doubting us, dumb
We've been on this ting for so long now

It's the father, you can call me uncle Akala
What's the palava with Ghana
Fans here to Ghana, globe, every corner
Punish every punk that is posing the hardest
Told you we tarnish those that are garbage
Get left for dead for opposing the carnage
So who's next, who's the best of me clones?
Take out a town like Obama with the drones
Known for the poems that scorch gin, poor ting
Probably [?] a 12 year old girls gassed at your king
But we are grown me so only grown women
And real hip hop heads, we care for their opinion
But where are my dominions?
I swear that your Brazilian
The way you got brutalised within your own kingdom
By this German efficiency, without the bigotry
Harder than the life of a black man in Italy

Who can bang with us? None (What!)
Who will stand with us? Come (What!)
Who's still doubting us? Dumb (What!)
We've been on this ting for so long now
You can't bang with us, none
You won't stand with us, son
You still doubting us, dumb
We've been on this ting for so long now

Akala - The Journey Lyrics

(Ft Mic Righteous)

[Intro: Akala & (Mic Righteous)]
Isn't the purpose of life to give your life some purpose?
Chasing these dreams and these goals to only find they're worthless
(In this eternal circus I could turn in circles
Spins around the fire burning
We're searching for higher learning)
Distracted by higher earning
Yearning for more than what's on the surface
What if I told you that inside you were perfect
(Would you believe me or say I'm crazy man, what's your verdict?)
The furthest from the battlefield is always love and war
(The one who's on the front line, well he ain't as sure)
Don't appreciate all your blessings, you need to struggle more
(Might have the fullest plate and live amongst the poor)
If you've got a heart full of hate then you are just as flawed
(What if the journey is the destination, what you reckon, if you present)
Is a present, will you grab it with every second, or
(Would you still wreck it, given a second chance?
Now that we've even said it, nah, we ain't no better, in fact)
We're just as wreckless and we ain't got the answers
(These are just our questions)

Journey with us, journey as we ask these questions
(Journey with us, journey with us)
Journey with us, journey as we're learning lessons
(Journey with us, journey with us
Journey with us, journey with us)
We ain't got the answers
(Journey with us, journey with us)
We've just got the question
Is this what they're waiting for
Cause we give it to them straight and raw
Is this what they're waiting for
(This what they've been waiting for)

[Hook]
Every journey begins with just one step
Turn over the page, open the book, just look
Every journey begins with just one step
Put your foot in front of the other and just move

[Verse 1: Mic Righteous]
I've been livin' in a prison in my mind
You been nothin' like mine, when you talk, pigs fly
What you call this life

What you glamorize is a pack of lies
I'm with a pack of lions
You ain't playin' with my pride
That's patronising, talking to the young thugs
Who ain't ready for the pop-pop
Little akon, you don't wanna get locked up
You don't wanna be a convict
[?]
Don't you fuckin' have a concious?
I got this
Can't stop it there
That's how I felt for the last couple years
You don't wanna confront my peers
My brother just lost somebody
So I had to go back to the manor and confront my peers
And comfort my peers
All this time I'm funding my career
All this time I fancy getting here
Yeah, I'm stood in the middle of nowhere
And I broke my back just to get here
Then and there is where dad just said a prayer
Still feel the blood of the person
I was building up with me, yeah I'm prepared
Still feel the blood of the person
I was building up with me, yeah I'm aware

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Akala]
Akala and Righteous, the words we are uttering
Feel in your spirit, the pain we are summoning
Cause we came up in the suffering, now we're recovering
But it still feels like we're stuck in it
There's enough of it
Everyone's sucking the life out of people
If it doesn't toughen em
Break, crack, shatter your life
This is the journey, it ain't always nice
We have not learned to disable the lies
It seems we're determined to pay all the price
But still, I murder a rhythm like no one in Britain
I'm righteous on mics when I'm spitting
Fam, don't worry bout me I am living
Just play your position and stay out the kitchen
When the rhythm hit him in the chest, better get a vest
I'm obsessed in his steaks there on the decks
Getting vexed, it's a head stare on your neck
So who's next to express? Get it off your chest
Chess that I play, fuck the right game
Time you were sure you aboard the right plane?
This one right here it goes where I say
The journey is allowing me to focus my pain

To spit phrases, moltonize flames
You'll get burned and frozen, that's only quite tame

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Mic Righteous]
Brush off my shoulders and bubble them others
[?]
Now all the lies will just turn into mumbling, turn up my mic again
Turn up my mic so they know who the fuck it is, know when I'm coming in
You just a problem for rap, when I rap I'm a problem for governments
There's a problem in mainstream media coverage, feeding us utter shit, please keep em coming in
This year I'm encouraging anyone with the courage to go up against
The system we're stuck up in
And if you ain't with us then fuck if then
Become a pawn or become a king
Become a pauper, they die by the sword of another poor
Why are we fighting each other for?
Why are we fighting our brothers for?
What's the price of a life if you young and poor?
Looking online at a life for [?]
I got a son that needs [?]so I'm opening doors
[?] hopeless
That is more dangerous than a man who is deperate, broken
Coming back from an injury, did you missed me?
Man a wanna throw me out like a frisbee
(Where you been fam?)
Wanna know where I've been G?
(Yeah, tell me now)
I've been alone, it's a rocky road, Kingsly

[Verse 4: Akala]
It's a rocky road in the stories that we're told
Well I'm evolved from the places that we've growed
You wasn't there when the rental was in arrears
And the bailiffs came to the door
You wasn't there, didn't witness all the tears
In fact have you ever been poor before?
You sure this ain't Jersey Shore?
This is your life, it is totally raw
Uncle's is going to prison
And half of your role models getting their dough in the kitchen
Living right next to the rich kids
One street away but our struggle is totally different
I am the man of the house where I'm living
And I'm like 11, I'm destined for prison
I never went though cause I beat the system
And all of my villains is proud that I broke tradition
You don't know shit about us
Do not discuss what you cannot sus
Sus is the start of them fuckin' us up
No it wasn't just not enough luck, better suck it up

[Hook]

Akala - Don’t Piss Me Off Lyrics

You what?

Grunt

You what?

I don't like to lose my temper but they give you no choice
It's like they were born irritating, even the sound of their voice, is dedicated to testing the patience of the most saintly type, elevated
So when they are faced with us that are basic are we supposed to be able to take it? I can't, can you?
No? Well then, here's what you tell them: Don't piss me off!
It's the tone of a pompous git when he's on your shit and he just make you wanna spit but instead you bite your top like and feel like a dickhead
'Coz this ain't the time of place for a punch in the face but you just wanna humble a mug
Move peaceful with abundance of love but you're not a prick and he muddled you up
Taking him out with a straight to the mouth, sometimes that's all they understand
Taking him out and then straighten him out so he realises he won't ever shout in the face of a grown ass man again
Are you a little boy and your only 10? Like if you need to you won't defend? Must've confused you with him and his friend but when you blow your gasket shit gets drastic, you're not elastic snap like a matchstick and you will slap pricks, yeah
Hype as an Irish man on St. Patrick's

Don't piss me off
Don't piss me off
Don't piss me off
You what, you what
Don't piss me off

Don't piss me off
Don't piss me off
Don't piss me off
You what, you what, you what, you what
Don't piss me off

I don't like to lose my temper and it don't happen that often
Sometime somebody wanna be a problem and nothing else will stop them other than knowing that physical conflict ain't off the roster
Box an imposter. This ain't life or death, this ain't my family under a threat
It's just a day when a little mug gets, out of his pram 'coz he don't recollect how it could get when the left hook checks, that same mouth that spouted the mess
You ain't on road, you don't need to body no-one, unless they trouble your mum
Fuck doing life, over little backchat. That's what the elbow's for to attack that

I ain't gonna lie, when I was a younger, shit, something in an avirex in the summer
I got lucky lotta man doing bird, wanking no access to a bird. Over he said she said, what have you heard?
My ends, your ends, shit is absurd. So here's to an old school punch up, come and have a dust up, we

should be teaching the youngers

You ain't on road, you don't need to body no-one, unless they trouble your mum. We are not dumb, we know how fools are become, everyone on a knife and a gun. But we all seen too many man doing life, 50 in a cell, over the hype so let's get old school lets just fight, put up your fists and tell 'em like this!

Don't piss me off
Don't piss me off
Don't piss me off
You what, you what
Don't piss me off

Don't piss me off
Don't piss me off
You what, you what, you what, you what
Don't piss me off

(Akala talking)

Don't piss me off
Don't piss me off
Don't piss me off
You what, you what
Don't piss me off

Don't piss me off
Don't piss me off
You what, you what, you what, you what
Don't piss me off

Akala - My Mind's Changed Lyrics

(Ft Selah)

[Chorus:]
My mind’s changed
It’s part of living this life
So wrong or right
We expand our mind
Cause my mind’s changed
I don’t know what to say
Along the way many wrongs in this place
Caused my mind’s changed
The things were better before
I ain’t sure that they matter anymore
Cause my mind’s changed
My mind’s changed [x2]

[Verse 1:]
In my mind a thousand characters battle to be heard
Each one screaming at the top of there lungs
So I can’t make out a word
And all occasion
One of the fools within my cranium
Recovers the rules, discovers the tools
For good communication
And the beatens ceases a million Jigsaw pieces
Shard of my shattered childhood fit together so easy
And violence has meaning
Poverty is honourable
That’s me projecting back
From the space I am now
When you in and you live it
It is more than just horrible
Any day you wake up your life can announce
Don’t quote me statistics
That won’t cure the feelings
When I can see the life expectancy is half of my pares
I done made it to thirty
Further than my mother
Four Corners, lions went off the rails
But never did get caught
Maybe the strength from my mind
Or powers divine
Or good old fashion love will explain it just fine
Swat team never past the stick that matter
You squashed the beef
Time the lord you promise to just cock and squeeze
I want that God

I was just acting
The pride and the confines of my mind
I was trapped in
Funny how shit work
The way how we grew up
See how the other brother face straight screw up
Now I see my brothers and I see my reflections
Don’t mean not prepared for the worst
That mean I just ain’t expecting
And the fear, and the crave and protecting
The need and direction
I no longer feel the need to mask those aggressions

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]
In my mind I would die for the things I believe
One of the mind’s greatest powers is how it deceives
And you beliefs, is silent
Tell your people dialogue
Still you got to maintain conviction and never trying to stop
And I do not, know
No can I tell u surely
Surely, that pure speculation
That’s not put before me
But what the mind conceives
I strive to achieve
It’s cliche
As the phrase say, I believe it’s true indeed
Believe is powerful
The image of christ
Got half the entire planet believing that the saviour is white
And skin bleaching and such other sickness
Must be understood within us
Mind’s more evaded by
Multi purposed layered image
Ye many different mind’s resort the same
That we share a power switch
Soon cut this cord
Disconnect from our minds
Ye I called thind mind mine
The one, know nothing is in
Can’t define it much
Cause find it doesn’t reside in my brain

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]
In my mind is a nation of it’s own
That I don’t condone
Much less control
The occupy the form

But know that I’m the servant
More like an observer
Powerless to stop myself
Witnessing the murder
It’s a curve and I’m recurving it
Nothing is ever certain
Cause the story tell us freestyle
And making up the word
And as it goes along
Just to throw me off
So I don’t know the plot
Even though I am on screen
Take the credits from new open shops
And that may sound cryptic
But I ain’t got a clue
How to explain to you
The things that we go through
I know that you feel it too
You know more control than I
It’s a charge, I wish they find the cure so I wouldn’t die
Seem like we charged that we would call alone
Along, thinking with discipline is 20 years old
Ye I gone back in time for only two minutes
The chapter on my mind is why i produce
It’s an overload
It’s in the coded code
We know it’s on the only show
On the road
Been told, ever since it hit Rome
Never showing them the cause of the flow
That a force to change the course
So we reaping and sewing
See the mind is the reason why we fooled up a lot
And if you troubling someone's loved ones
Then we fiending for blood
I want to grow up
And grow down
And go back into the ground
And some of the things produced by the mind
Might just stick around

[Chorus] [x2]

Akala - Riddle Of Life Lyrics

(Ft Ayanna Witter-Johnson)

[Akala: verse 1]

Who can read the riddle of life
It’s a tale told by an idiot, still we can't figure it
Maybe the simplistic things
That is where the wisdom is
Freedom only has meaning if you know what a prison is
All we see is differences, death don’t distinguish ‘em
Flickering flame to the brightest light it extinguish ‘em
Then its gone little spec gone forever
The soil that covers bones decomposes whoever
Weather you’re rich or you’re clever
A buyer or seller could not trade what they made for another day even as a slave
The heathen is made by believers enraged
As a gauge to find a way, to deceive us in wage
From the, screen to the page, to the wall to the cage
I wonder if what we say
Ever really has changed
Because, we ain't got a clue from whome that we came
But giving a name is one of the ways that we entertain

[Hook : Ayanna Witter-Johnson]

Deeper
And deeper, I go
Searching for something
Unknown
Wonder
The (?) my soul
Standing for something
I love

[Verse 2]

Who can read the riddle of life
I have wondered many times if Shakespeare was right
And it signifies nothing
Just that heaven’s bluffing
But the jokes on us cos we duiscuss all this deeper stuff
(?)
Cos it all just eventually, turns into dust
Must we change our disgust for the lust of depravity?
And adjust our (?) cusp of reality
I ain't sussed enough to give myself clarity
But I do know enough not to trust any charity

Cos the, language of death
Is spoken, by a golden breath
I know that I am golden but I am not hoping to be next
Yes, I do cling to this vanity
And I dip my pen in the ink of insanity
When mind numbing disparity
Passes as normality
The comedy of history’s we don’t see it’s a tragedy

[Hook : Ayanna Witter-Johnson]

[Verse 3]

Who can read the riddle of life
We ain't given equipment for recognising the signs
So lines are unclear
Trying to undo tears is near enough impossible
We’re clung to fear
The cost of letting go, is less than we know
But still, it’s way more than we are willing to show
So we cling harder, my mother and my father
As if, they’re the only ones that gave birth to a child
They say, life is a gift but I don’t know if it is
Not because I’m pissed I literally don’t know what it is
Are we spirits from another realm cast down into this world?
Or just animals focused on how we feed ourselves
Heaven or hell what’s the perspective?
A strong desire to return to the source and we call it a death wish
But maybe, they have just settled the riddle
No beginning or end but there’s a life in the middle

Akala - Dark Corners Lyrics

[Verse 1:]
Gangster, The Revolutionary, A Rape Victim, Random Accident
Drug Addict, A Politician. Whatever our self, or worldly definition we can’t escape the [?] transition. Some characterize it as the judgement of the sinners. Others spiritualize it and they say: 'There is no difference.'
Energy ain’t created or destroyed it just changes form once we play the song the sound just travels on

[Chorus:]
Dark Corners
The Dark Corners are the place where we look death in the face
And we let it give us chase but it always gets away
Dark corners are the place where we’re running out of luck
And we cannot back it up. Death always catches up

[Verse 2:]
As the needle plunged into the vein and blood was exchanged for dosing around Afghan something was strange this time the substance he injected was pure. Everything he had before had been cut never raw. Like all users he had used to make the pain disappear and it was the only time in life that his mind had felt clear. He had struggled with the sickness ever since fourteen when he remembered the hand that touched him understood what it means. After even longer struggle he finally got clean and met a girl that made it worth pursuing his dreams. They had plans to start a family with a wedding in June. He didn’t know he was so conventional but yeah it was true so when the news came about Michelle he just lost it. Ran straight back to the same block where he used to cop it. His old connect came up in the world who’d supply a grade much higher. Went and he hit it straight fire. His skinny body went into shock and fell asleep his brains forget to tell the lungs that he needed to breathe. Dark corners. Now he’s in them dark corners. When we hit them dark corners we can’t see
But dark corners

[Verse 3]
A good girl, a normal girl that was everybody’s view and though this annoyed her
She couldn’t deny that it was true. Whatever conventional was she was it. Grew up with both parents nice house in the Sticks. Though they had never been rich they certainly did prosper
Parents from Nigeria and both of them doctors. Church every Sunday, she had never missed a week ever. School she was top of the class yet they demanded better. Went straight to Cambridge, studying law. But had strange dreams of justice and helping the poor, maybe that was part of why she chose him, didn’t know what in her mind. But he was clever and kind of a little troubled inside. Her parents wanted for her a nice Yoruba boy. So when they found out he was English they were slightly annoyed. But when they found out he was addicted to drugs it was too painful. Said they ‘wouldn’t come to the wedding it was totally shameful.’ Michelle left the house in a storm. It was a rainy night she never saw the truck before it ended her life. Her parents had decided that they would apologise. But they never got the chance in the end. We live on borrowed time and when them dark corners come. No, you cannot run. No longer shall your skin bathe in the sun, that’s right. When them dark corners come. No, you cannot run. No longer shall your skin bathe in the sun

[Chorus]
Dark Corners
The Dark Corners are the place where we look death in the face
And we let it give us chase but it always gets away

Dark corners are the place where we're running out of luck
And we cannot back it up. Death always catches up

Dark Corners are the place where we look death in the face
And we let it give us chase but it always gets away
Dark corners are the place where we're running out of luck
And we cannot back it up. Death always catches up

[Verse 4:]
Born of Old Money, yeah, born into wealth. But how well did he play with the cards he was dealt? In his life on this Earth trip, the family confessed, even his father was slightly jealous of what he accomplished. Became an icon products became the sybmols of the age each time they were released you should have seen all the craze. Seen as an innovator. The great creator but beneath all the shine and the sheen was the slave labour and of course, there was that war they were funding to keep, the minerals flowing from the African Republic when the products they released
[?] The scientist that authored the report disappeared, thus, the message is clear, as power is old
It's blood nourishes soil in which powerful grows. Power changes reality and this CEO had enough leverage that the media only painted him as gold. But despite all the wealth and the things that he owned on his deathbed he couldn't find comfort for his soul. All he could see is images of death [?] Victims of mercenaries that this government had trained, died in a cold sweat, drowned him in shame. Billions couldn't buy him another day or numb the pain

[Chorus]
Dark Corners
The Dark Corners are the place where we look death in the face
And we let it give us chase but it always gets away
Dark corners are the place where we're running out of luck
And we cannot back it up. Death always catches up
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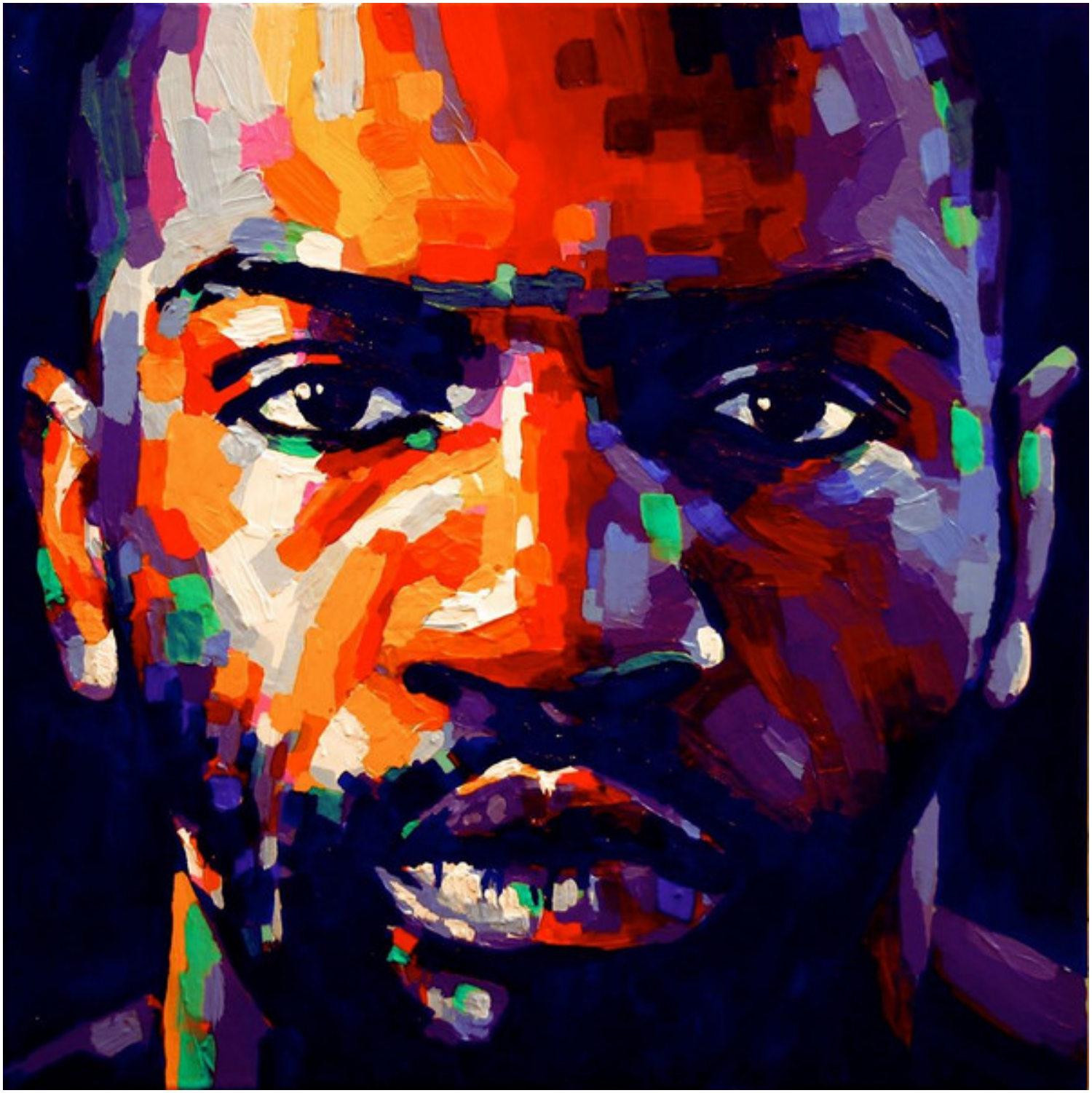


LOGIC
LISTEN
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Re-Introduction Lyrics

[Verse 1: Logic(Peoples Army)]
Uhh!
Uhh!

See let me give a RE-
introduction..
I was raised around coke sales &
guns bustin'..
Men leave they baby mothers so
they start cussin'
Everybody's robbin' everybody's
bellys cuttin'
White rice mutton n' two boiled
dumplin'
Know suttin' ..
I hear man that no nuttin' and they
shows bumpin'
As long as you're flows pumpin'
You see it don't really matter if
you show nuttin'
But I'm moving.. (moving) ----
Forever I'm improving my
strategy
To go against the grain that I live
for is blasphemy
Fam' I don't just rap for P's ..
I rap for every third world family,
Facing tragedy
I just happen to be, a man who
holds integrity
Higher than the dreams of
becoming a celebrity
Every letter speek words than I
dun' spoke
Every tune I make gets me closer
to the anti-dote
I admit I never plan to vote..
But the BNP are gettin' more

power so we have to go
And put our names down, Vote so they don't gets to have a say now
Life is a playground
See this is just an introduction..
(listen)
Are you ready for the brake-down, ready for the brake-down
See this is just an introduction
Are you ready for the brake-down, ready for the..

[Verse 2: Logic(Peoples Army)]
When I start explaining what you never thought possible is happenin' and we got a lot to loose
Simple, clock the news
They promote the bad and rarely show the good stuff
They promote the fact that life in the hoods rough
The kids are raised tough, They're made to scuff over pennies
They go jail and coming henny
Then they goin' back again, tell me is it nice in pen?
If it is then why bother comin' out !!
Innit hot when the sun is out, Me I'm to proud to never let myself down
I stand strong never fall to the obvious
I never sell out, spittin' the monotonous
See gods everywhere fam' and

hes watchin' us
I know exactly what the devil man
has got for us
See I'm here to let him know that,
dem' tings' are not for us

Haha yeah
Listen!

Elevate Lyrics

[Intro: Logic(Peoples Army)]
Okay. stand up salute!
March with the troops
You know what the motto is yeah
Listen!

[Verse 1: Logic(Peoples Army)]
Cos' do you live for yourself or do
you live for the governments
benefit
Livin' a life thats just irrelevant
Buying into fashion and the prices
keep rising
Are you the type to show you're
face or are you hidin'?
Do you trust education?
Every term the curriculum's
changin' and they still leavin' out
the slave ting'
Never give the whole truth
And did you know? that they took
the Irish, they were slaves too
We had black slave leaders who
sold blacks to white merchants
Exchanging cargo for persons
And the worst thing is, what we
do hurts the kids
Encouraging them to spoke spliffs
And have sex younger and
younger, crime is a spell that were
under
I wonder if this life will ever
change
I say its time we delegate
positions for the renegade, we
gotta elevate!

[Hook: Logic(Peoples Army)]
We gotta elevate fam' !
Outta this system that they got us in
They got us trapped in this..
Mason.. Masonite system
Ahh!, ah..

[Verse 2: Logic(Peoples Army)]
See, Cos' i know that I'm stuck in society
But i guarantee that, nobody's buyin' me
And big brothers got his eye on me, they're spyin' on you
Politicians denying the truth, tricknology (Skull&Bones!!!)
They practice pagan ideology
See I'm in touch with my issues
Never met before, but i feel I've lived in his shoes
And anyone on earth who spits truth
I won't conform! (Nah neva!)
I hate the industry and broke the norm
Pee dee pee dee, Yeah i blow my horn, I mean trumpet
If you don't like it lump it and if you do like it bump it
I bin' on the roads and done shit, in a lot of ways
Now the kids learn from us, so we gotta change
Set new Goals, new boundary's, New steps
Teach little youths it ain't all about new crepes

[Hook: Logic(Peoples Army)]
(Forget you're new trainers and
new clothes fam)
Yeah, teaching them about
consumerism yeah
That we're just buying into they're
trap
(LISTEN)

[Verse 3: Logic(Peoples Army)]
Listen, Think deep about you're
Nike a trainers
Think about the people that make
em'
The papers, the corporate
company's are makin'
There's kids in the sweatshops
bakin'
And big fat bosses Bayden
Know suttin' ..
Most man out here spittin' don't
know nuttin' and they show it
We sell weed but don't grow it
If you ain't real then you know it
I'm more than just a rapper I'm a
street poet
I'm puttin' knowledge on a
bashman beat
A Gaberlunzie, I was there fam' i
heard Malcolm speak
I politics with Luther, the king
When i spat bars bob would sing..
I mean Marley
I exchange words with Garvey,
met Gandhi and Che Guevara
Asks me what makes an army, I
said strong hearts and people
with full control
We got this on our own ends fam,
but we don't know

[Hook: Logic(Peoples Army)]
Listen!
Stand up salute
We got enough soldiers on the
ends to form a real army y'know
Imagine dat'..

[Verse 3: Logic(Peoples Army)]
Listen, young ones that out
beefin each other
It's time you made peace with
you're brothers
Same skin color, but you wanna
burst him
You see the masons plan for us to
fail, and there plans workin'
My hearts still hurtin'
Cos the yout's that live where i
live, They're dun' mad at the
wrong person
They write bars about what they
know, So it's only fair we need to
educate them about Tony Blair
And stop bangin' on each other,
Bang the system
Don't let yourself be a victim
Now listen
See i in-vision us instead of weed
pickin' up
We get CD's now niggas is a
bigga buzz
Get rid of all the junk NWO, The
new skunk
The BNP are like our Klu Klux
I hate them with a passion
Whats the point in havin' faith
fam' with no action
(Whats the point)

Money Goes Around Lyrics

[Chorus: Big Frizzle]
Money makes the world go round
This is how it all goes down
And she calls
My name
I love
Her way
Money Makes the world go round
This is how it all goes down
And she calls
My name
I love
Her way

[Verse 1: Big Cakes]
We all know how it goes down
Money makes it go round
Greed is a sickness spreadin'
through the whole town
Money is the motive
Everybody knows it
Loves in my heart and i keep that
the closest
Still!
I can't pay my bills with love
Can't go Nandos buy a meal with
love
I gotta grime in the slime like a
slug
Tryna' speed it up, certain man
are sellin' drugs
Money is my bitch i won't lie i
check it still
My souls the misses can't sell her
for a record deal
And i got a good girl that I'm
dating

She got a good job, had to keep it
cos they ?????
Had to breeze overseas i over-
stood
Said she gotta get the P's get her
out the hood
Gotta get the money babes, i ain't
bug
If you come back around they say
it's love

[Chorus: Big Frizzle]
Money makes the world go round
This is how it all goes down
And she calls
My name
I love
Her way
Money Makes the world go round
This is how it all goes down
And she calls
My name
I love
Her way

[Verse 2: Nate]
They say money makes the world
go round
But i disagree, think about it
There's much more to life than
making P's
Yeah we need to feed our
children but can't you see
It's down to us as individuals to
overstand these fees
They slavin' all my peeps
In every single street
We die for the queens head and
personally i think its '???'
Wanna know what makes the
world go round?
Ask the creator
My life has much more value than
a peice of paper
The way it controls us
The way it holds us
Keeps us searching in the gutter
looking for that gold dust
I'm in my zone trust
Lookin' for my own stuff
I don't wanna say it, but this
world is beyond fucked
The system print it
All the bankers admit it
Keepin' poor people poor stuck
within this district
We need to invest in love
We've been blessed, distribute it
like a bank
Without the interest

[Chorus: Big Frizzle]
Money makes the world go round

This is how it all goes down
And she calls
My name
I love
Her way
Money Makes the world go round
This is how it all goes down
And she calls
My name
I love
Her way

[Verse 3: Logic (Peoples Army)]
Yeah yeah yeah yeah, oi oi
Wheres mine nah not just a little
bit
The place was ram, I'm not an
idiot
I know you're tryna' skank me
Cos' if i done the same thing
To a little kid from the road there's
no doubt he'd probably wanna
shank me
Now I'm tryna' give info to
anyone who doesn't know it
In-case you're ever on the roads
thank me
Cos' it's mad what the youths
nowadays do to each other
It's for the same reasons, to stack
P's
And even thought i know that
money isn't everything
I keep tryna' think of different
ways i can get it in
Cos' without it I'm wasted
And I've never been the type to
sit down and wait for a payslip
Survival is basic
Anything else is a bonus
Money makes the world go round
but it don't own us
Sayin' that it might own you
And if it does fam' yeah i don't
need to know you

[Chorus: Big Frizzle]
Money makes the world go round
This is how it all goes down
And she calls

My name
I love
Her way
Money Makes the world go round
This is how it all goes down
And she calls
My name
I love
Her way

Do What I Wanna Do Lyrics

[Verse 1: Nolay]
I play my cards right
I got my bars tight
So fuck them haters
Cos' I'm better than 'alright'
You either love me or hate me like
marmite
But this chicks got more spark
wid her than starlight
Start right
Burn so hot in the sky that i catch
the clouds alight
A par under the moonlight
With fresh white crepes
But the roads so dirty that i step
and make a mess
Cos' I'm up and out early
I'm ready for the tension
I've seen when it kicks off and
doors get flicked off
Comin like a plot written by Alfred
Hitchcock
I run track without the pit-stop
And make a hit song, niggas like
wow and none of them the black
rob
No i can't control my god
I breaths in the fog
On the back of a ducati 916
Snobs like good god, look at her
ting'
Labeling me as if i watch the face
of anybody
Now you must be on the bobby
Two fingers up, and I'm like
You should know the meaning, of
being yourself
And stop dreamin'

Most of you have never said how you felt
Well i say what i feel, and what i wanna
And i don't give a damn if the listener thinks that its a wronger
I just wanna let off some steam sometimes
Pick the mic and let you know exactly what is on my mind
For the time, if thats how i felt at the time
(And this is how i felt right now when i write)

[Hook: Logic (Peoples Army)]
See i say what i wanna say..
I do what i wanna do..
(LISTEN)
You see i do what i wanna do
I move how i wanna move
(LISTEN)
You see i say what i wanna say
I do what i wanna do..
(LISTEN)
I do what i wanna do
I move how i wanna move

[Verse 2: Logic (Peoples Army)]
You see i say what i want, fuck you and the authoritys
Fuck the government, i live in poverty
And under covers spottin' and clockin' me cos i shot weed
I ain't been jail before, cos' I'm lowkey

A lowkeys the same as logical
Sometimes i feel like the games impossible
Cos I'm not you, my hair ain't straight and my eyes ain't blue
You wouldn't last a day fam', If you lived in my nike shoes
Accordin to yous lot thats all we use
120 yeah and still it's the poor mans shoe
And ??? beef is the poor mans food
But i love it, White rice and hard old bread fills my stomach
I speek politics, i politrick
I read more than the average but don't believe alot of the shit
Cos' i don't believe in media the obviosness
I won't conform to what they want of da bricks

[Hook: Logic (Peoples Army)]
See i say what i wanna say..
I do what i wanna do..
(LISTEN)
You see i do what i wanna do
I move how i wanna move
(LISTEN)
You see i say what i wanna say
I do what i wanna do..
(LISTEN)
I do what i wanna do
I move how i wanna move

[Verse 3: Y-Done]
Remain the outer of the game
They say it's roudy but i say like
fuck the feds
I'm bustin' led im muddin for the
change
But the fate that i crave brings me
down on my knees
Keep a speech for my feen like
you out for you're seed
I'm the reason to be muzzle, Mr
clue was to the puzzle
When they label me a nothing
cos' i grew up in the struggle
My mom broke her back to bring
in minimum wage
I blow straps if you dissin' her
name
They can't tell me nuttin'
The freedom of speech, we're all
free to speek
But when I'm done, It mean't that
home was the best for my cousin
I got issues of my own so i play
hard

Pricks better stay calm thickest
black powder cos' i raise arms
I want all kids sayin' i can
If I'm good why the fuck they ain't
playin' my jams
And i do what i wanna do
Say what i wanna say
No crash, That royal fam murder
dianne

[Hook: Logic (Peoples Army)]
See i say what i wanna say..
I do what i wanna do..
(LISTEN)
You see i do what i wanna do
I move how i wanna move
(LISTEN)
You see i say what i wanna say
I do what i wanna do..
(LISTEN)
I do what i wanna do
I move how i wanna move

So Serious Lyrics

[Intro: Logic and Shadia Mansour]
Sometimes I feel like I'm living in hell
(أوقات بشعة كأني عايشة بجهنم)
But what is hell? (أيش جهنم؟)
Who knows? and who has the answers? (مين بيعرف؟ مين عندو الجواب؟)
My soul is something that I will never sell
(انا روحي مابيبعوا ابدا)

[Hook: Shadia Mansour]
We are so serious
Pump up your fist
March to the beat if you feel me
We are so serious
Imperious
Need we demand your attention
We are so serious
Pump up your fist
March to the beat if you feel me
We are so serious
Imperious
Need we demand your attention

[Verse 1: Logic]
Listen, you see
I'm like an angel, living in hell
I'm like a man that knows the truth with no mouth so he can't tell
I'm like the cold sewers where the rats dwell
I'm like a war zone I dispatch shells
Fully loaded with energy
I'm like forever cause' there ain't

no end in me
I'm like every secret in the recipe
I am jeopardy, for the masons
I am impatient, gimme gimme
now I'm not waitin'
I am a product, of my own actions
I am a general, salute everyone
standin'
I'm a captain, all aboard
I am the one that will draw the
sword
In the name of the lord, I am logic
A Gaberlunzie a prophet
I am the talk of the town, I'm the
main topic
I'm a force where you don't
wanna try stop it
I'm the truth in the flesh, I'm a
promise

[Hook: Shadia Mansour]
We are so serious
Pump up your fist
March to the beat if you feel me
We are so serious
Imperious
Need we demand your attention
We are so serious
Pump up your fist
March to the beat if you feel me
We are so serious
Imperious
Need we demand your attention

[Verse 2: Logic]
Listen
I'm unbreakable
Unmistakable
Don't really teach, but if I need to,
I will take it all
Born over-capable
Never gonna' race to lose fam, I
am here forever
As long as I can make tracks, state
facts
Banish all the fake cats
Give every third world a full plate
back
Take that, take that, take that, oi
take that
I don't feel no union jack from the
flag
So I roll on my Harley
Black hells angel, I got a big
tattoo of Garvey
We roll deep blastin' the sounds
of Bob Marley
Smoke weed, never sniff no Bob
Warley
Never
The army, everybody must come
together
Keep screaming free free
Palestine forever
Yeah, it's revolution so get up and
stand up
Inch'Allah I make it to Jannah

[Verse 3: Shadia Mansour]
[Arabic:]
انا ما بامن بقوانين بني اي
مين ما بيفيدوني قوانين بتفضيلي

جابه
انا زي وسط الكرة الارضية
يمكن ماتفجر ايا وقت، ما تزعلني
خواصي، ليست واحدة في الجميع
اتجاهات فانا آسفة إزا مش عاجبهن
يا رؤساء، شوفوا شو خلقتوا
وحش تيفضحكوا
هه
عنجد بضحكوا

[Hook: Shadia Mansour]
We are so serious
Pump up your fist
March to the beat if you feel me
We are so serious
Imperious
Need we demand your attention
We are so serious
Pump up your fist
March to the beat if you feel me
We are so serious
Imperious
Need we demand your attention

[Outro]
Listen
Listen
So serious
Listen
Listen
It's revolution!

Begging You Lyrics

[Intro: Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons, *Logic*]
Put your loving hand out
Baby
I'm begging
Listen, ah
One, two, one, two
Three, four, three, four
One, two, three, four
Let's go!

[Hook: Frankie Vallie & the Four Seasons/ Logic (Peoples Army)]
(Begging) Begging!
Put you're loving hand out baby
I'm beggin', Begging you
Put you're loving hand out baby

[Verse 1: Logic (Peoples Army)]
Listen, let me explain it
I wanna talk to all the baby moms
Who think they're big when they baby's come
But the fact is that you got pregnant so the council could get you out of the slums
I wanna talk to all the baby fathers
Don't blame the youth, or blame you're partners
'Cause you slept with a lady, and made you're little babys
Take care of what comes after
I wanna talk to all the gangbangers
The fake jeezy's the fake Santannas
See, your name ain't Weezy,

you're not greasy
Go home learn some manners
I wanna talk to the teachers in schools
See what is it that you're teaching the youths
The young ones aren't idiots, no syllabus fix up stop hiding the truth

[Hook: Frankie Vallie & the Four Seasons/ Logic (Peoples Army)]
(Begging) Begging!
Put you're loving hand out baby
I'm beggin', Begging you
Put you're loving hand out baby
Listen

[Verse 2: Logic (Peoples Army)]
Okay
I wanna talk to the men of religion
Religion is part of a system, Listen
See how I pray like music and my pages in the bible are missing
I wanna talk to all the politicians
Let me in that house that you preach in
See I'll talk for the street, the people I see
Tell youth's to fix up our conditions
I wanna talk to all the journalists
The media who promote the murderers (Yeah, fuck off)
The news shows that I hate, same stuff everyday they repeating cases never heard it
I wanna talk to all the rap stars, do

you know how rap did start?
'Cause I'm sure that you do but in
your bars it's all about you, you,
you and your fast cars

[Hook: Frankie Vallie & the Four Seasons/ Logic (Peoples Army)]
(Begging) Begging !
Put you're loving hand out baby
I'm beggin', Begging you
Put you're loving hand out baby

[Verse 3: Logic (Peoples Army)]
Listen
I wanna talk to all the millionaires
Sit down look I got an idea
If you all put a little bit of money together then you can make poverty disappear
I wanna talk to the football lads
Stop spending all you're money on WAGS
Save up some money's a demon
Give a bit back to who needs it bad
The starving kids, with no moms or dads
Kids in the factory making bags
Kids in the war right now with guns
Yeah you see dont nuttin' ever get done
So now I wanna talk to all the world leaders
Fix up if you really wanna lead us
'Cause we know how it goes
No tax, no doe, Bottom line is that you do need us

[Hook: Frankie Vallie & the Four Seasons/ Logic (Peoples Army)]
(Begging) Begging !
Put you're loving hand out baby

I'm beggin', Begging you
Put you're loving hand out baby

[Verse 4: Logic (People's Army)]
We know that you need us
'Cause with no people, there's no economy
With no economy there's no money
With no money there's no balance
With no balance there's no power
So we know, that the big people need
All the little people walking around, doing all the messy work for you, innit
Listen
But what I'm doing with this track
I'm begging all the people in charge
The rich people, and the people with power and money
Make a change

[Outro: Frankie Valli]
Riding high when I was king
Played it hard and fast
'Cause I had everything
You walked away, won me then
But easy come and easy go
And it would end
(Begging) I'm begging you
Won't you give your hand out
Cut

Time Lyrics

[Intro: Logic (Peoples Army)]
Ah..
Times moving so fast fam'
Serious..
Here today, gone tomorrow
You know that expression
Ahh... but it's to true fam'

[Verse 1: Logic (Peoples Army)]
Listen
Sometimes i wish that i could just
turn the clock back
And go back to school, No
attitudes
We see the world getting older
and we can't stop that
So what do we do, we're just
going through

[Hook]
We just need a bit more time,
yeah
See we just need a bit more time,
yeah
A bit more time
See we just need a bit more time,
yeah

[Verse 2: Logic (Peoples Army)]
See time is a man-made concept
So the whole idea about using
every last bit we got left
Is just a myth
See time is just a gift
So don't rush away this life, cos'
there's still life after this
Yeah..

See if you don't know something,
how do you miss it
See if its never in you're head,
then fam' what is it
I'm getting older, No chips on
shoulders
Cos' it ain't over until the fat girl
says its over

[Hook]
A bit more time
I just need a bit more time, yeah
(nobodys tellin' me nothing)
A bit more time
I just need a bit more time, yeah
I just need A bit more time
Theres never enough time
To much things to say
Like.. this ... Is that the beat
finishing already? i just need a
little bit more time y'know fam',
just a little bit more time, like 30
more seconds? i can't get that?

Was It All Worth It Lyrics

Yeah...
It's emotional fam
Listen

Mmmm
[Verse 1: Logic]
Can you tell me, was it all worth
it?
I'm still learning (Still learning)
That i can't proceed if your
hurting
I've found god, no need for a
sermon
The devil inside me..
I burned him and turned him into
love (Get him out!)
I forgive anything i don't hold a
grudge (never)
But i can't forget what you done,
but i forgive
So i can live happily and you can
live happily
And i wish the best for your
family, i hope you're
understanding me
But don't get in touch
Because i was down and I've only
started getting up
I know god and i hope he sees
the best in me
This is therapy
I left jealousy
I'll admit that you brought out a
better me
And at the same time you brought
out the Jinns too
I'm powerful yeah, I'm kinda Jinn
proof

[Chorus: Logic]
Turn the pages fam we gotta
move on
New chapters
New verse
New song
Everybody's right, until they're
proved wrong
So wrong can't tell me what's
right that's life!
A place where we gotta fight
Where were born and we live and
we gunna die
Lead the world and look down
from the sky
Sometimes i just wanna fly

[Verse 2: Logic]
Can you tell me is it all worth it?
I'm talking to the kids out on road
that are burstin'
Tell me what do you gain, if you
merkin'?
All you get is another dead
person
The streets ain't yours so why put
the work in
Put the work in yourself, start
learning
Research ya skin tone, ya heritage
The people that died so you and i
can see better things
I don't even have to ask cos i
know it isn't
It's not worth our life for even
seeing prison

See you giving them exactly what
they want you to give em'
Cos they want the gun violence,
they want the killin
Every track I've ever mades like
my blood spillin'
Earned everything I've got, had
nothing given
My careers been far from perfect
I've got a question; was it all
worth it?

[Chorus: Logic]
Turn the pages fam we gotta
move on
New chapters
New verse
New song
Everybody's right, until they're
proved wrong
So wrong can't tell me what's
right that's life!
A place where we gotta fight
Where were born and we live and
we gunna die
Lead the world and look down
from the sky
Sometimes i just wanna fly

[Verse 3: MiC Righteous]
I don't wanna die without saying
good bye
So for this bar ima' savor my past
Cos it may be my last
So just incase i don't make it to
yard
Sorry for the pain I've caused
Give me heaven I'm afraid of the
dark
This music has a place in my heart
Trying to answer all these
bleeding questions in life, leave
me guessing like a game of
charades
It would be wrong for me to pray
to Allah
Shouldn't really be putting his
name in a bar
I can't obey by your Islam when
I'm raised by the dogs

??????????????????????
But them my dark days
Abandoned by my family left in
markay
Whatever you are express your
heart-ache
And I'm with you all the way
unless ya can't change ah

[Chorus: Logic]
Turn the pages fam we gotta
move on
New chapters
New verse
New song
Everybody's right, until they're
proved wrong
So wrong can't tell me what's
right that's life!
A place where we gotta fight
Where were born and we live and
we gunna die
Lead the world and look down
from the sky
Sometimes i just wanna fly

Welcome To England Lyrics

[Verse 1: Crazy Haze]
Yo
Welcome to the land of the most
evilest conspiracies
Where they drink the blood of the
children from the middle-east
They don't wanna hear the truth,
still stuck in a bigotry
Steady beat physically, Blessed
the beat spiritually
Still loadin' up my A.K
Last war preperations
I'm politically knowing revolution
is my medication
The place where prophet
Muhammad levitated
The world is over according to
book of revelations
They got us fuckin' each other just
like, Lunatics
A brother killing a brother over
some stupid shit
I ain't a rapper, I'm a revolutionist
Screaming freedom road from
London to Jerusalem
Fuck the industry, I heard you
wanna dead me
You must be fast asleep or.. Just
having a wet dream
These cavara dum dums, will
leave you're soul empty
Split you in half, Like Moses did to
the red sea

[Chorus: Logic (Peoples Army)]
Welcome to England
Where they don't like immigrants

Where the feds got everyone's fingerprints
Where the criminals pray on the innocents
Don't really care about prison
Welcome to England
Teenage moms and dads
Favorite foods are curry's and kebabs
And they love a night out with the lads
The main aim is to get smashed

[Verse 2: Logic (Peoples Army)]
Welcome to england, but my advice is not to stay here
This is the land where the law doesn't play fair
See they give away money for free, but money ain't nuttin' to me so you can keep it
The Queen holds many secrets, lies
She's got a crown thats worth so much it hasn't got a price
Invaluable cos' of all the peoples lives they've had to take away so the queen can get a little shine
It's revolution time
And England is a better place than ever to start
We gotta round up all the troops and march
March with a meaning
Meaning that we're gonna' march wherever we want, whenever we feel it
See they persecute people that

pray, But i am kneeling
Searching for guidance and healing
Welcome to England
The land that might seem appealing
Until you get here and you see things

[Chorus: Logic (Peoples Army)]X3
Welcome to England
Where they don't like immigrants
Where the feds got everyone's fingerprints
Where the criminals pray on the innocents
Don't really care about prison
Welcome to England
Teenage moms and dads
Favorite foods are curry's and kebabs
And they love a night out with the lads
The main aim is to get smashed

The Writing..

Yeah
Simple

[Logic]
Listen
I had to stop my car and start
writing
Cos for the past 8 miles
I was freestyling
Sometimes i gotta think about
who I'm fighting
Without a passport were all
trapped on an island
I've been searching forever but
I'm never finding
Not phased by what others see as
'exciting'
On the stage people think that I'm
on a hype ting'
Nah it's not that I just believe in
what I'm writing
I put my insecurities in the words i
speak
I need to eat but physically i feel
weak
And I'm not the type to turn the
other cheek
I was taught by the place i was
raised to back beef
I've had people that i knew and
let in my house..
Tell me how they gunna push a
gun in my mouth!
See i was scared and at the same
time i got prepared

See if you went home that night i
was there
On my own with a tool that
probably doesn't work
Regardless i was prepared to go
an let it burst
Over what?
Over another mans Ego?
Sometimes fam i wanna be a hero
And save everyone but first i
gotta save myself
That's all down to me fam
Noone else
I don't need help but i do
appreciate it
You get out what you put in, and
that's basic
I've been programmed to go and
get Queens faces
Some people are programmed to
be racist
Raised with the mentality
Where they believe..
That there skin color makes them
a better breed
I got issues inside and out my
body
Original my mum never made a
carbon copy
We all special, yeah I'm talking
about everybody!
Every person on the planet has
the right to breathe
I've had pleasures from women
you would die to link
Wife material
The type that doesn't smoke or
drink

But every angels got demons that
they used to know
The devil plants his seed and
people make it grow
I see my enemys developing and
making moves
While the righteous are stagnant
in muddy shoes
Kids that grew together now
they're in different crews
Little girls having innocence a
race to loose
Lost children with NOBODY
trying to find em'
Lost like a weak vocal with no
hype man
Some rappers can't perform but
people still like them
The same man that opened the
door and it closed behind em
I get depressed and even times i
get suicidal
Sipping brandy
While i light up a nytol
I've been born in a life where we
fight rivals
To get a reputation
Get a street title
Make names up WEAK way to
dodge the feds
Kick doors of while you sleeping
in your beds
Surveillance cameras clocking
your every step
To make sure that there masonic
laws are kept
We defending a state or a road
name

Like we own it!
Like it's suttin we can claim!
The British keep sending troops
to Afghanistan
Not to maintain peace they got a
bigger plan
Little hands gotta eat from a
bigger hand
So they abuse it
Take over, run the land
They want the power and the oil
cos when it's put together...
It's more valuable then any
amount of cheddar..
We all die so I'm not trying to live
for ever
I'm tryna' write words that'll be
forever treasured
We all die so I'm not trying to live
for ever
I'm tryna' write words that'll be
forever treasured

When’s it all gonna to change Lyrics

[Verse 1: Logic]
I lost friends and gained angels
I fell like I lost my ends and I can't save you
I'll see you when I get there
Where ever it is; heaven or hell or between it
True life stories I've seen it
I really mean it
More than Cam
I'm spiting this
For Johnny Blacker and Ham
I understand that everyday we lost a life
Its just a matter of time before its you or I
Its me or you. See anybody is blazeable
Society is wrong and ain't saveable
Nowadays I hardly even rave at all
See anything is erasable anything can be taken back
My words they say it all
They say everything I feel
The ink from the pen is spilled till the whole page is filled
See where I live is too real
Pussy, Drugs, cash and others
I got to tell my mother I love her
It's life...

Chorus
When's it all gonna to change
The youngers are worse than us
Its no game
Blowing up trains and planes to

get answers
Most man I know raised with no fathers, It's mad
And Gordon Brown's mind frame Doesn't have nothing to do with my name
I'm UK but never will I fight for them
When we realize fam, the fight will end

[Verse 2: Logic]
Yeah, I lost girls and gained good friends
Sorry don't cut it when you disagree about life
Different trends, different aims, morals and ambitions;
Paths collide, you go your separate ways and keep wishing
I'm missing everyone that's gone
So I cherish every song
And where I live is me and where I'm from
It ain't easy
People follow trends and the latest trend is acting greazy,
Believe me
I don't wanna burst off shots
But ain't scared to do it
I got access 24/7
We've grow out of beef over with Peckham, Its evolution
Now I'm waring against the death and pollution
Tell me something, what does death solve? Does it give you peace of mind?

I know killers and they've told me
about the ghosts that they find
Sleepless, paranoid nights
Are they coming to get me I really
don't know

Chorus

[Verse 3: Logic]
Heart felt emotions taking over
Mentally see everything happens
for a reason
And everything was mean't to be
its fate
I wish everything was free and
everyone has a full plate forget
the steaks
Mind camouflage yourself I'm lost
into a gamma
Nature touchs me I can't escape
I know I smoke too much weed
Most of it forget profit
See life's logic
Theres knowing who you are
before you cop it
Your heart stop tick
Someone draws aims and this
time it feels like poppin
Please wait see let me get a few
last words
Sorry mom for all the times you
were hurt
See you deserve more and Dad,
thanks, you know what it's for
And grand take half of my ashes
to yard
And take the rest to island and
take my heart to the motherland
And bury it with a mango tree
I know you understand
Just leave Quinney all of my music
and let him distribute it
Tell minders the albums
concluded and give Jaia Soze

The blueprints and wondering
why nobody wants me
I think thats it I close my eyes and
remsice fam
How do it get like this

Chorus

After realization kicks in you start
to realized
That we are losing more than
what we are gaining

Severin Suzuki Speech
Hello, I'm Severn Suzuki speaking
for E.C.O. The Environmental
Children's Organization. We are a
group of twelve and thirteen-
year-olds from Canada trying to
make a difference: 
Vanessa Suttie, Morgan Geisler,
Michelle Quigg and me. We raised
all the money ourselves to come
six thousand miles to tell you
adults you must change your
ways. Coming here today, I have
no hidden agenda. I am fighting
for my future. Losing my future is
not like losing an election or a few
points on the stock market. I am
here to speak for all generations
to come. I am here to speak on
behalf of the starving children
around the world whose cries go
unheard. I am here to speak for
the countless animals dying
across this planet because they
have nowhere left to go. We
cannot afford to be not heard. I
am afraid to go out in the sun
now because of the holes in the
ozone. I am afraid to breathe the
air because I don't know what
chemicals are in it. I used to go

fishing in Vancouver with my dad until just a few years ago we found the fish full of cancers. And now we hear about animals and plants going extinct every day vanishing forever. In my life, I have dreamt of seeing the great herds of wild animals, jungles and rainforests full of birds and butterflies, but now I wonder if they will even exist for my children to see. Did you have to worry about these little things when you were my age? All this is happening before our eyes and yet we act as if we have all the time we want and all the solutions. I'm only a child and I don't have all the solutions, but I want you to realise, neither do you!

• You don't know how to fix the holes in our ozone layer
• You don't know how to bring salmon back up a dead stream
• You don't know how to bring back an animal now extinct
• And you can't bring back forests that once grew where there is now desert

If you don't know how to fix it, please stop breaking it! Here, you may be delegates of your governments, business people, organisers, reporters or politicians but really you are mothers and fathers, brothers and sister, aunts and uncles and all of you are

somebody's child. I'm only a child yet I know we are all part of a family, five billion strong, in fact, 30 million species strong and we all share the same air, water and soil borders and governments will never change that I'm only a child yet I know we are all in this together and should act as one single world towards one single goal. In my anger, I am not blind, and in my fear, I am not afraid to tell the world how I feel. In my country, we make so much waste, we buy and throw away, buy and throw away, and yet northern countries will not share with the needy. Even when we have more than enough, we are afraid to lose some of our wealth, afraid to share. In Canada, we live the privileged life, with plenty of food, water and shelter we have watches, bicycles, computers and television sets. Two days ago here in Brazil, we were shocked when we spent some time with some children living on the streets. And this is what one child told us: "I wish I was rich and if I were, I would give all the street children food, clothes, medicine, shelter and love and affection." If a child on the street who has nothing, is willing to share, why are we who have everything still so greedy? I can't stop thinking that these children are my age, that it makes

a tremendous difference where you are born, that I could be one of those children living in the Favellas of Rio; I could be a child starving in Somalia; a victim of war in the Middle East or a beggar in India. I'm only a child yet I know if all the money spent on war was spent on ending poverty and finding environmental answers, what a wonderful place this earth would be! At school, even in kindergarten, you teach us to behave in the world. You teach us:

- not to fight with others
- to work things out
- to respect others
- to clean up our mess
- not to hurt other creatures
- to share, not be greedy

Then why do you go out and do the things you tell us not to do? Do not forget why you're attending these conferences, who you're doing this for we are your own children. You are deciding what kind of world we will grow up in. Parents should be able to comfort their children by saying "everything's going to be alright","we're doing the best we can" and "it's not the end of the world". But I don't think you can say that to us anymore. Are we even on your list of priorities? My father always says "You are what you do, not what you say." Well,

what you do makes me cry at night. You grown ups say you love us. I challenge you, please make your actions reflect your words. Thank you for listening

Logic (People's Army) Spectator

FREEMAN
Logic
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Logic lyrics

Logic (People's Army) - Raised In The Bricks lyrics

[Hook]
Yeah, yeah, see let me tell you how it is
I'm born and I'm raised in the bricks, yeah
And even though I moved away from the ends fam
I'm still giving back to the kids, yeah
Yeah, see let me tell you how it is
I'm born and I'm raised in the bricks
And even though I moved away from the ends fam
I'm still coming back to the bids
[Verse 1]
See I'm livin' in poverty
Destined for better things like property
Not young but I still got a lot to see
And everything that happen's for a reason fam
That's my philosophy
So take a pop at me
I'll send a flame back
I'll melt down the peak of your old new era cap
It was never that
You was any competition
Every bar that you spat was a contradiction
You should come to bricks and
Talking reckless fam Yeah your bling bling showing
Make the younger see that, yet and trust me your bling bling's goin'
Anything you see there gonna want it
It's Logic
Cause nowadays fam you can't really make a profit
If you sell a little chronic
Cause everybody's on it
And the younger is feel like they gotta rob it
They doing whatever they gotta do until they got it
[Hook]
Listen, see let me tell you how it is
I'm born and I'm raised in the bricks, yeah
And even though I'm moved away from the ends fam
I'm still giving back to the kids, yeah
Yeah, see let me tell you how it is

I'm born and I'm raised in the bricks
And even though I'm moved away from the ends fam
I'm still coming back to the bids
[Verse 2]
See I'm, livin' in misery, sick of the whole industry
Feeling on these fake Mc's and they are not feeling me
I'm realer than realer can be
And everything written is me
I market and sellin' my speech
Verbally sick on the beat
Light years ahead of the weak
I'm not cheap but I do, do a show for free
Supporting charities
Visually it's sad to see
People losing calories, when the fat people don't have to eat but they grab the meat
Leavin' all the vegetables and poured juices
We gonna do this fam and there's no more excuses
People's army me ruthless I move calm too
Don't trouble any of the fam we won't harm me
Poverty juven' fills the affiliate [?] Ramzi
Oh see ol' Tracy [?] the family
I feel like my ends don't really understand my philosophy
It's been the same, since I have my lab in my Nan's yard
[Hook]
See let me tell you how it is
I'm born and I'm raised in the bricks, yeah
And even though I moved away from the ends fam
I'm still giving back to the kids, yeah
Yeah, see let me tell you how it is
I'm born and I'm raised in the bricks
And even though I'm moved away from the ends fam
I'm still coming back to the bids
Real

Logic lyrics

Logic (People's Army) - Live My Life lyrics

[Intro]
Listen
Logical poverty juven
Hack on the beats
[Verse 1]
I'm Waking up to sour milk
But my hot water runs
See life ain't all bad last month we caught a bit of sun
A few lives done, RIP
A couple new ones come, and babies grieve when daddy has to go away he gets locked up
But mummy's there in every way and gives a lot of love compensates enough so it's balanced out
Have you noticed how certain man get nicked for stuff a week later they're back in town
Trust there's an answer for everything, and don't get me started on political issues
But I say behead the queen, and all the politicians are masons
And anyone who sets politics who were Satan (all of them)
My patients is wearing away I see fakers some turning away
I sip my Guinness while I'm burning my J
Fam you weigh my heart's hurting a day
I don't know what it is else to say
[Hook]
I just wanna live my life and I will give my life for [?]
You gotta make sure the kids grow right
And teach them the cause and what thing you all see
I just wanna live my life and I will give my life for equal rights (yeah, yeah)
But right now I'm just tryna live right
Never I'mma joining in his side
[Verse 2]
Cause this is my life and I'm living it
I don't face the east but I do pray
And my vision is that push em [?] I mean

To true blaze for every single lie they said
Every excuse made while the commercial revenues
They gotta bit of taxes after reflation
I know what the fact is
But my life in politics, ain't fully touching
Everything affects, everything is repercussion
So know suttin
We gave the guns to the kids
Is properly the oldiest
But where did they get the guns that's from the soldiers
They pushing d** in the ends to take us over
I ain't really tryna teach
People don't by the rule they by the phony
Fake like a m**m that's truly on baloney
I hear most UK axe they all upon me
And that's rhyme [?] bang bang bang
Beast
[Hook]
I just wanna live my life and I will give my life for [?]
You gotta make sure the kids grow right
And teach them the cause and what thing you all see
I just wanna live my life and I will give my life for equal rights
(yeah, yeah)
But right now I'm just tryna live right
Never I'mma joining in his side
[Outro]
Never I'mma joining his side
Never fam trust me
Logical
Poverty driving, hold tight everyone
Trapped in the system
Bang 'em bang, bang on the system all day yeet
Logical
Hack on the beats
Underground journeys
But taking journeys through life in music
Listen, Logical

Logic lyrics

Logic (People's Army) - Understand lyrics

[Intro]
Understand, understand, understand (yeah)
Understand (Logical!), understand (People's Army), understand
Understand, understand, understand (they don't understand)
[Hook]
No one wants to help you
No one tries to understand (you see, somehow it feels like)
No one wants to help you (people really don't wanna help you out)
No one tries to understand (don't wanna give a help in handing)
No one wants to (give you a little bit of their time)
No one wants to
No one wants to (listen) understand (listen)
No one wants to (you don't understand)
No one wants to
No one wants to (listen) understand
[Verse 1]
Yeah, you ever felt like the whole world is against you
People saying that you never done what you meant to (listen)
People telling you are special but the people that you want to get you, don't get you
I was raised around ignorant's, young men taught the thing militant
I feel like immigrant cause what them mind what on fam I won't into it
But the feds still got my name and my fingerprints
I've [?]
No proud and I know you won't understand but I still say it (I know you gonna say it)
I don't go to a church or mosque or synagogue
But believe I'm still praying
I spend days in the studio, it weren't easy
Spit positive rhymes man their spat greazy
Look at me now I never lost my hunger fam
But it feels like you still don't understand
[Hook]
No one wants to help you
No one (they don't understand) tries to understand

(listen) no one wants to help you (you know how much I scream at them)
No one tries to understand (and how much I keep giving them what I wanna give em)
No one wants to
No one wants to
No one wants to (listen, listen, listen) understand
No one wants to
No one wants to (mhhhhhhhm)
No one wants to understand
[Verse 2]
No manager, everything I've done myself

From recording to pertinent stuff on the shelf
I want to open mic [?] to get it can (every day)
I come home all night and I was headed in
No streets team I sold my CDs hand to hand
Spat bars to make you buy them, make you understand
Cos from [?] real days I had another plan
To speak clearly [?]
To read books for myself to learn about life
They trying make my wrongs right
So I dedicated all my words on the mic to peace and love
Fam I won't never let anybody to judge my actions
My moves are the moves that are prophet makes
Still speech truth regardless of world from papes
And trying take down those with the upper hand
But it seems like they still don't understand
[Hook + Outro]
No one wants to help you
(you see that) no one (they don't understand) tries to understand
(you see that, you see that)
(they don't understand) no one wants to help you
(they don't understand what I'm telling them in my bars fam)
No one tries to understand
No one wants to (they don't understand why I'm doing this deep)
No one wants to
No one wants to understand
No one wants to (got to all of us stand for our own yeet)
No one wants to (my [?] is not easy)
No one wants to understand (is not simple yeet)
No one wants to help you (the main reason is for the next generation)
No one tries to understand

No one wants to help you (so they realize that all the [?])
No one tries to understand
No one wants to (and we don't want them to go from the same phase)
No one wants to ([?])
No one wants to understand (I understand)
No one wants to (people's army stand up salute)
No one wants to (march with the troops)
No one wants to understand (forever, ughhh)
Understand
Understand
Understand
Understand
Understand
Understand
Understand

Logic lyrics

Logic (People's Army) - Spectator lyrics

[Intro]
People always quick to make a**umptions, and judge someone when they've never really been in that situation themselves
[Hook]
I'm just a spectator looking in
But I can tell you how I think things should've been
And all the reasons why the world's where it is today
Please listen to my words, what I have to say
[Verse 1]
You see, in Gaza they're fighting for land
You see, they need this land cause it's a part of their plan, understand
The Jews needed a place after Hitler
But they got about three quarters of Palestinian land
Palestinians then had to make refuges
In places like Lebanon
In places where none of them had ever gone
Thousands were ma**acred for not leaving
See, I'd do the same, k** me, I'll die believing
I understand the mind of a man who commits suicide
But don't agree with any innocent that has to die
And what's gonna happen after this?, will they stop with the Gaza strip?
I don't think so
I sat with a Jew to learn
He told me that's it's not meant to go to Israel until the prophet returns
I said is this true
He told me go and read the Torah
Cause if it's true, then they're following another order
How can a nation that knows what it's like to be slaughtered
Go and do the same to someone else?
That's a simple question
That they gotta sit down and ask themselves, innit?
[Hook]
I'm just a spectator looking in
But I can tell you how I think things should've been
A couple reasons why the world's where it is today

Please listen to my words, what I have to say
[Verse 2]
I don't know everything and never will I claim to know
What our purpose is and what we really need to grow
But I do know we're dying for a common cause
A global word that is well known, war
I've been to Africa and seen a grown man on the floor
Disabled to the point I couldn't look anymore
A real beggar, in a real state of poverty
But he prays everyday, so he knows that there's gotta be another life
Where he can live as a strong man
And the ownership of Africa doesn't end up in the wrong hands, Western palms
Buying and destroying people just to trade arms
Could someone tell me why Africa is just surviving?
The whole land was a resource plus they got diamonds

Used to be able to run your hand through the sand
And get a handful of diamonds, do you understand?
How precious is the land if it's like that?
You see, it's wrong to say it was taken by the white man
It was taken by the power hungry
And the people that never saw the beauty of Africa, fam
They only saw the money, to them it was the land of opportunity
It's terrorism when it's done by either you or me
Treat these words like my eulogy
And remember that I died being exactly what I choose to be
Insha'Allah we all can see
That God is the goodness in you and me
No religion has ownership
See, the Quran and the Bible and the Torah were all wrote with ink
See, I think the ma**es are miseducated
See, most of the politicians were born racist
See, it's obvious that somehow we're all related
Millions of years back, before we separated
I heard Tony Benn say it in a speech
See, how can you murder another brother because he's weak?
Your ancestors could have been cousins, so take a seat
And try and reason with your brother fam before you beef
I'm just a spectator looking in from my view
I'm not different or special, I'm just like you
Bleed blood and shed tears when my heart's hurting
I get energy from everything in life, I'm learning

How to say my thoughts, release my stress through my words
Make you visualise everything you've ever heard
Picture ancient Egyptians meditating
To the elements, telepathically debating
Until the pirates came in the form of tradesmen
Promised them a Paradise in exchange for a Heaven
Temptation and misinterpretation, so they jeopardise the whole of the nation
You see, a Paradise is where we might choose to go
But a Heaven is the place where the angels go
So they can reason with the prophets, not bathe in gold
And it's not late for no one to save your soul
I'm a citizen of truth, love and loyalty
Every person on the planet is royalty
These are my thoughts, how I look at things
Fam, I'm just a spectator looking in
[Outro]
That's all I can really do
I can only give you my interpretation of any subject
I'm just a spectator looking in

TRUE TALK
www.logicpeopleslarmy.bandcamp.com
LOGIC &
LAST RESORT
From Brixton to Tottenham, the inequality at the heart of the riots
Union in pensions battle reforms its own fund

Logic lyrics

Logic (People's Army) - I am Logic lyrics

[Hook]
I Am Logic
A Gaberlunzie a prophet
Born over-capable (banish all the fake cats)
You don't want to try and stop me
I Am Logic
A Gaberlunzie a prophet
Born over-capable (banish all the fake cats)
You don't want to try and stop me
[Verse 1]
Listen, it was Wednesday, 5:20, 10th of March
82 is when I first came, my Irish culture
It gave me my first name
That gave me a slave master's surname
In my heart is my mother's flame
Born militant born with a spirits of
My dead brothers they were innocent
Gone without reason
I thank Allah that I'm breathing
I thank Jack for the words that I'm speaking
I'm thankful that I'm able to see things
And look past the lies
I'm thankful that I was about to realize
Before I had a judge give me five for a robbery
I know why people rob, 'cause they've got to eat
But we all got to eat and we all can't rob
Not everybody's built for the job
I will never stop saying words that I feel need saying
I put my life in the words that I'm saying
[Hook]
I Am Logic
A Gaberlunzie a prophet
Born over-capable (banish all the fake cats)
You don't want to try and stop me
I Am Logic
A Gaberlunzie a prophet
Born over-capable (banish all the fake cats)
You don't want to try and stop me

[Verse 2]
I Am Logic
Still people don't listen to me
See I'm a Gaberlunzie, I'm a missionary
This is a life-long mission for me
Every day's another page of my life story
See I speak for my four fathers before me
And the four fathers before them
Facebook yeah I'm adding more and more friends
And here rappers they pretend that they're bad
When they really only bad in their MC
I recommend going back to basics
A DJ, an MC, forget the papers
Look I'm over truth to the essence, just the fact that I'm alive
And I'm able to talk to you is a blessing
People ask me about what a Gaberlunzie is
I told them to buy my album and listen to the first skit
Every verse is handcrafted
Roll south, unmixed and un-mastered, salute

But every word and every track is the truth
No aim for riches but if it comes it comes
I know I'm getting paid when this life done
I love my mom and my whole fam
For my people I'll chop off my writing hand
I hope you understand how deep I would go for my people
If I'm out, go k** for my people
I won't k** people for my people unless those people are evil, deceitful
I'm here for a deep meaning
I hear rappers that are spitting bars with no feeling
That's because what they're writing ain't really really
Therefore to the public it's not appealing
I'm at a stage of healing
I'm searching, I'm finding myself
Fam I don't feel right in myself
Every day I feel I'm fighting my health
f** old Jim, studio hustling king, I get it in
Don't care if I lose, but really, I want to win
Been forced in a life for a year, we got us in
The youths don't know how to read but [?]
I don't know a lot of stuff I keep bottled in
Yeah, I think it's overdue so now I'm getting it out
Listen to my album and hear what I'm about

I'm a rebel, I'm a soldier, I'm a general, I'm an order
I'm a prophet and I'm a loner, I'm a healer
I'm a speaker, I'm a reader and I'm a teacher
I'm the main one, not a feature
I'm a robot, a woman idol
I'm an enemy, I'm a rival
I'm the main shot at the title
More than an eyeful, I'm insightful
I'm a wish, I'm a vision
I'm everything that I'm talk
I Am Logic, and let me introduce you to the last Resort
[Hook]
I Am Logic
A Gaberlunzie a prophet
Born over-capable (banish all the fake cats)
You don't want to try and stop me
I Am Logic
A Gaberlunzie a prophet
Born over-capable (banish all the fake cats)
You don't want to try and stop me
I Am Logic
A Gaberlunzie a prophet
Born over-capable (banish all the fake cats)
You don't want to try and stop me
I Am Logic
A Gaberlunzie a prophet
Born over-capable (banish all the fake cats)
You don't want to try and stop me

Logic lyrics

Logic (People's Army) - Never That lyrics

[Intro]
Yeah! Logical, it's the Last Resort
Once again hahahha you think you can buy me
You think you can offer me things that will make me do things for you that I don't wanna do
Are you crazy fam?
It's never that!
[Verse 1]
I Am a winner, I think positive, but I was raised with the sinners
Mandem flush to buy the new beamers
When these kids in third world that don't have dinners
I'm not a beginner, our age just started nah fam it's never that
I invested, but I got my cheddar back
Fake rappers that are talkin' like they getting cash
When they really couldn't even sell a gram, get a job
And stop polluting the kids with an irrelevant stuff
Yeah I said enough is enough
I felt to set it off
Major labels I seekin' at the hardest that you think it's the easiest to [?]
Put a few more things on my CV and tell Jennifer Ross he needs to see me
Cause I'm lookin' some promotion from the TV
And know that it don't come easy
It's never that
[Hook]
Sell my self to make dough (it's never that)
Spend all my money on clothes fam (it's never that)
Anything I give I don't have to get it back (I will not loose)
Nah fam (it's never that)
Sell my self to make dough (it's never that)
Spend all my money on clothes fam (never that)

Anything I give I don't have to get it back (listen)
(nah fam it's never that)
[Verse 2]

You think I won't goes hard on verse 2, never that
Make the juju man curse you, never that
Made the devil man burn you and leave you lost, nowhere to turn to
See I refuse to be a loser
And I refuse to have my lifestyle controlled by a computer
I'm going to switch the power off haha
The government is not our boss
If we don't know the truth then that's our loss
If we get in a position to help but don't help
The only person that is losing is yourself, true
And if you ain't putting years of hard work in grafting
Tell me why should I rate you
I don't need to playing fool
I'm poverty juvenile and I know how to scrape through
There's too much love so how would I hate you
Now it's never that
I'm never gonna lose to [?]
[Hook]
Sell my self to make dough (it's never that)
Spend all my money on clothes fam (it's never that)
Anything I give I don't have to get it back (I will not loose)
Nah fam (it's never that)
Sell my self to make dough (it's never that)
Spend all my money on clothes fam (never that)
Anything I give I don't have to get it back
(nah fam it's never that)

Logic lyrics

Logic (People's Army) - True Talk lyrics

Logic:
You see I know that I've earned the right to have ears
Listen, I salute anyone who sees my vision
I believe that we gotta influence the children
That's the only real way to imper-ate the system
We work hard for a paper that goes fast
Tryna figure out the best way to make it last
It feels like im tryna chase a car
And the powers up b are tryin to erase my bars
Destroy my heart and take away my energy
See a friend is what they might pretend to be
Snakes and leaches blood s**ing devil creatures
Inside is a demon with human features
I know the truth and i plan to expose the secrets
No love for my ex i really mean it
The plait is clean yeah cause i cleaned it
I see people trying there best to do what we did
NAAH...
Klashnekoff:
They can't do what we did
Lowkey&Logic
Never that
Gimme my cheddar back
Get it in
Yeah i dont care what the penny brings
Listen logical im a veteran
Klashnekoff:
They can't do what we did
Lowkey&Logic
Never that
Gimme my cheddar back
Get it in
Yeah i dont care what the penny brings
Listen logical im a veteran
Klashnekoff:
Listen, think fast but fam you need to take it slow
Take time but time won't wait
Dont like potatoes i nurture the seeds

Cah everyday that they grow is another chance for me
To save there they go
Shine so bright remind me of the day glows
Just shout out to the real baby fathers
Cah they know
When you gotta BM whos a pain in the a hole
Used to be angel, but now she's on some demon sh**
I could go deeper but this there's where I'm leaving it

The moral of the tale is
Be careful who you're breeding with
Most 0f these young black males lack leadership
They like realer-ship they aspire to push a crack dealers whip
Cream surfing up more food than dealer smith
Him and his dargs shot
Narks to the Heathcliff
Knowin in his heart its his neck and arse in risk
And that's the truth
They can't do what we did
Lowkey&Logic
Never that
Gimme my cheddar back
Get it in
Yeah i don't care what the penny brings
Listen logical I'm a veteran
Lowkey
Smash the telly and rebellion before anything
Armageddon laws are all ready in
And war is more menacing
Shore to shore meddling
Be prepared to lose what you thought was your everything
Look up to the sky, i can see the horizon
The rulers are nervous
The people are rising
These are the times when the medias miming
The populars refuse to let their leaders define them
We built a scene and a platform
For real MC'S I stil believe
Though they try to guillotine and k** my dream
Look at this year
You can't say there's no progression
But plead bargain ain't an option now so I'm stressing
Think I'm not feeling with it cause I'm still free
At cross roads only god knows what will be

Take it like a man
Tell the judge not guilty
Lock me up throw away the key
That will not k** me
They can't do what we did
Never that
Gimme my cheddar back
Get it in
Yeah i dont care what the penny brings
Listen logical im a veteran

Logic lyrics

Logic (People's Army) - We'll Never Know lyrics

[Intro]
[Verse 1: Logic]
Let me start with the basic structures of a Western country
Imperialism, it's all about the money
While we moan and complain when it's not sunny
Little kids hustle foods, tryna fill their tummy's
And, every kid's seen a gun, when you to places like Iraq and Afghanistan
While kids over here think that shooting's fun
Kids over there shoot to protect their mum's
And, over here, we can't claim real hardship
Trust me, we don't really know what hard is
A hard life, where your family is starving
A hard life, where your family is k**ed by the army
A life where you're seen as a target
A life that you wish never started
But, they got big hearts, big smiles and energy to make a change
I make music for them to play
[Hook: Big Frizzle]
I said we'll never know
Because the places we've grown
Ain't nothing like what they know
Cause we'll never know
[Verse 2: Maverick Sabre]
Who little lad, Know you're feeling sad
Trust me there'll be better days you never had
The pain you felt will never last
Try and say we ain't the same, walkin' to different paths
Why must I hate? Turn on the TV and just sit and laugh
But, that child'll never smile, he's lost his dad
Seein' foreign flags fly above his mother land
He's hearin' gunshots like shots from your block
When he bleeds, do we not bleed the same blood?
There's no lovin' growin' up as cold thugs
Imagine growin' up where every sip of water makes you throw up
Where soldiers patrol every road, throwin' stones
To protect your home, all alone, when there's no-one else
So they say we ain't relatives, cause the difference in our melanin

As hell as being relevant, f** it all, to hell with it
This evil has been spreading it
And, even if my d**h comes quick
I'll be fighting 'til the end of it
[Sample]
We live in a period where our world has both the resources,
The technology and the know-how to end world poverty.
But, unfortunately we also live in a point in time

When at no other point in history has there been so much suffering
[Hook: Big Frizzle]
Cause we'll never know
[Verse 3: Akala]
Okay, let me make clear my position
I know your estate feels like sh** to live in
And, watching mummy graft to stop bailiffs from ringing
Is enough to make you wanna hit the block and start slingin'
I've been there, no gas, no electric to the kitchen
Fridge cuts off, defrosts and starts stinkin'
Whether Gorbals in Glasgow, Mumbai or Brixton
May not be the same sh** but it is the same system
But, this is Britain. As hard as some of us have it
We're still far better off than ninety-percent f the planet
And, that is what you learn, when you get to start travelling
Unravelling the bullsh** that they are babbling
So, this is for the nameless, faceless
Millions that die everyday, but don't even get a funeral
And, we tell ourselves because where they were born
They are less worth, less intelligent or beautiful
Well, I don't agree, they are you and me
And we are them, but we're too blind to see
While some have everything, they ain't got sh**
And, we tell ourselves, well that's just how it is
There ain't enough to go around, on this abundant planet
Of course there is, it's just that some of us are ganits
And, the habits we developed
That are so far divorced from the source
We don't even stop to pause, at the destruction everyday
Of counts of this human family, it's just normal insanity
[Hook x 2]
I said we'll never know (We'll never know, never know)
Because the places we've grown (Places we've grown)
Ain't nothing like what they know (Ain't nothing like ohh-oh)

Cause we'll never know (We'll never know, never know, never know)
I said we'll never know (We'll never know, never know, never know)
Because the places we've grown (Places we've grown)
Ain't nothing like what they know (Ain't nothing like they know, ain't nothing like)
Cause we'll never know

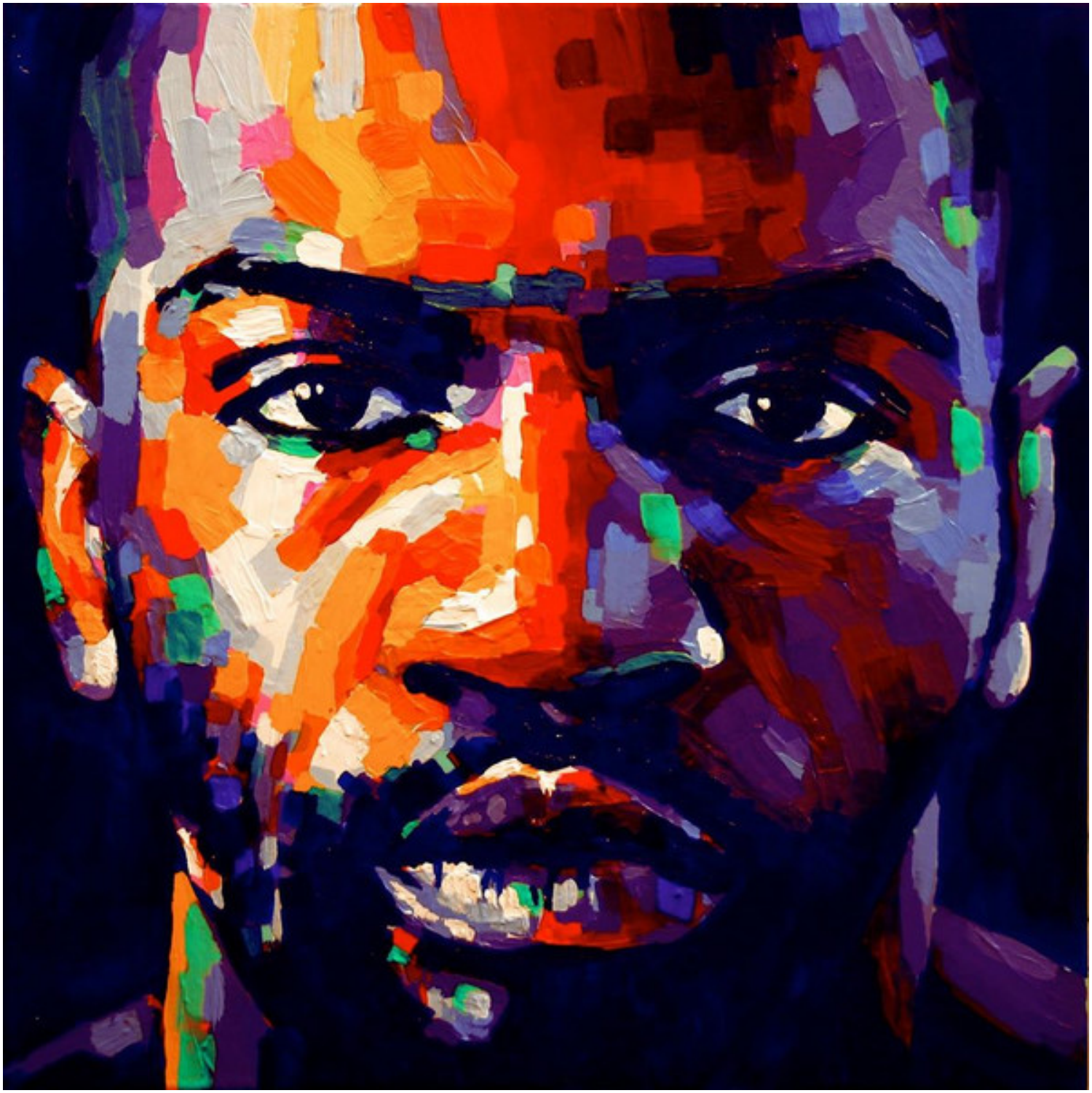
Logic lyrics

Logic (People's Army) - Testimony lyrics

[Verse 1: Elz]
Last Resort drop the sh** that make a n***a wanna rap
Hit the studio Logic shattering they ain't even got it back
Thug life's on my chest and freedom tattooed on my arm
Young n***a from the ends turned out from the start
Come put it on my heart come put it on my pain
I live for you becuh ain't tryna die in vain
[?], lord my ankle straight
I never flip, and turned pig for a f**ing chick
I move big, but I'm rode fully righteously
Flip through to buy all my people what they need
Forget greed when my [?] starving
I'm tired of all the peace rallies with all my people marching
I said we get the ting and spark 'em (spark 'em)
Time to charging and charging (charging)
For the crimes that's didn't [?] pagan
[Chorus: Renee Soul]
This is my testimony, hear me out
This is my testimony, it's all I have
This is my testimony, hear me out
This is my testimony, it's all I have
[Verse 2: Shadia Mansour]
See I wanna know which side are you on
There's nothing in between so you gotta pick one
I wanna know where you going
So I know where you came from
No need to expect an applause because you added freedom to your vocab' see
Only the realist can feel this it's simple
It's not enough to run around shoutin' "free the people"
We gotta breed this, live this, beat this
Change we wanna see in life to get the results we wants the generations to come can have the right one [?]
Now that hip hop is on our side we lyrically target the wreckers of creation from all sides
Of the global's universal
Never can they ever tame us, never can they ever stop us
Our souls are loaded

With enough ammunition that'll last
Until justice is served
For the stolen and indigenous generations

From Africa to Palestinian refugee camps to Indian reservations
until our final destination
[Chorus: Renee Soul]
This is my testimony, hear me out
This is my testimony, it's all I have
This is my testimony, hear me out
This is my testimony, it's all I have
[Verse 3: Logic]
Listen
A part of me loves it when I hear from my Ex
A part of me wishes I never even got the text
I've lost money and love, I've even lost respect
I've been young where I've put love after s**
I'm seen as a threat because of my a**ociates
If I wasn't conscious I wouldn't even noticed it
I would notice all the anger, and all the hate
That I get from people that don't feel the same way
But they might have had the same struggles
Same cornershops different blocks, but the same hustle
Not the type to say I love you, if I never meant it
Not the type to stay quiet, I'm the intervention
My heart pumps blood to my hand
And my hand writes it down so that you can understand
I never planned to be an activist, see I began as a producer
And over the years started to rap a bit
Then I started reading about what's happening
But not a lot of people like to read, so I'm rapping it
And even then it's more effective when you give a vision
Cause people do prefer to watch robbing and then to listen
The revolution will not be terrorised
Cause there's no way to deal televise a genocide
And they'll never publicise, none a their lies
My testimonies something that I'll never jeopardise
[Chorus: Renee Soul]
This is my testimony, hear me out
This is my testimony, it's all I have
This is my testimony, hear me out
This is my testimony, it's all I have



Question Everything Lyrics

[Intro]
Life is about questions. The more questions you ask, the more answers you're gonna get. The more answers you get, the more things that you're gonna know

[Verse 1]
Look, who said that E equals MC squared?
Who's to say that the world ain't square?
Who's to say that Heaven's even there?
Nobody knows, who cares?
And why is poverty even an issue?
Why don't the people who've got it wanna give you?
Who knows if Jay-Z is a Mason?
Who knows the real location of the gold that they're chasing?
And when will mankind learn to be patient?
And stop the wrong moves that it's making?
See who said a doctor is a God?
The NHS is a business. And who gets robbed?
Who's really better off?
The breda with a full time job or the breda who shots?
Who says what is true?
How can any other man that breathes air be over you?
Why does the media show all the negative?
And who believes the news that they're telling us?

[Chorus]
Question everything, the life that
we live in is a lie
Cause there's not just clouds in
the sky
And the Illuminati is not just an
eye
And I know that Adam and Eve
was a lie
So I question everything and
never take another man's word
Or rely on what another man's
heard
It's hearsay
I believe in myself repeat that
I believe in myself

[Verse 2]
See who's really had enough?
And who's really tough?
And who's scared?
If there's life on the moon they
just leave them there
How can we really get prepared
For something we don't know is
there
And why don't we share?
And why does a man need to be a
millionaire?
And why can't we wear what we
wanna wear
Without the robots that stop and
stare?
And how come we're unaware?
And why do people say they
wanna know about it when they

don’t care
And how does the unconscious
become conscious?
How can I break it if I never
promised?
And where’s logic?
And is Drake a Zionist?
Cause I’ve been to ‘48 and I don’t
know what HYFR is? (I don't
know)
Hell yeah, fuckin' right
I keep screaming free free
Palestine
I keep screaming free free-

[Chorus]
Question everything, the life that
we live in is a lie
Cause there's not just clouds in
the sky
And the Illuminati is not just an
eye
And I know that Adam and Eve
was a lie
So I question everything and
never take another man's word
Or rely on what another man's
heard
It's hearsay
I believe in myself repeat that
I believe in myself

[Verse 3]
Tell me why Africa is poor despite
The land is so broad and wide
Filled with all the resources that
they use to make things that we
buy
Tell me why they just survive
When all that we need, the land
provides
All that they need, the land
provides
All that we need, the land
provides

[Chorus]
Question everything, the life that
we live in is a lie
Cause there's not just clouds in
the sky
And the Illuminati is not just an
eve

And I know that Adam and Eve
was a lie
So I question everything and
never take another man's word
Or rely on what another man's
heard
It's hearsay
I believe in myself repeat that
I believe in myself

[Outro]
I don't believe in what they tell
man, fam. I don't believe in all the
stuff they want to put on the
news, I don't believe in all the
Internet jargon. I do my own
research, I look in to my own
sources. Over-stand and
understand the plan, it's to lock
you down and keep you
brainwashed. But make sure your
brain is washed! By yourself, the
truth. Logical salute!

SEARCH

Logic (People's Army) - I Wish lyrics

[Intro]
[Renee Soul]
(Vocals)
[Logic]
[Verse 1]
Listen
Yeah
Look
I wish there wasn't no system
I wish d**h on almost every other politician
I wish freedom for all my brothers stuck in prison
I wish people weren't led by the television
I wish the kids turned against the media
Don't believe everything you read on Wikipedia
Africa I wish that we were feeding ya and not raping ya wealth
I wish that people thought about somebody else before themself listen
Then maybe then we'd all live good B
If you need it then I got that the way it should be
Life's nowhere near where it could be
Sometimes I wish that I was Lowkey and they come and took me
Cause I feel kinda bad in my heart cause I threw the first bang so it's hard yeah we buss case
ITunes number 1 yeah forget papes
Forget any of the offers that the labels make
[Renee Soul]
[Hook]
I wish
I wish that all my wrongs were right
And I wish
I wish that I could change my life
So my kids
Would never have to sacrifice
Like I did
So I give
And they live
People have to realize
That we live

We're living in some crazy times
And I wish
I wish that we would all unite
And I wish
I wish I wish I wish
[Logic]
[Verse 2]
I wish for peace in every country
I wish for a stress-less life for my mummy
I wish that no kid went hungry
Cause trust me, if I had enough money
I'd fill up every hungry kid's tummy
I wish that money gets abolished
So anyone can give everything to their kids never can't afford it
I wish the whole world was able to live lawless
I wish that there wasn't no such thing as being the poorest
I wish we didn't know what more is
I wish that everyone saw everyone as beautiful and gorgeous
I wish for a lot of things
I wish that I was young and I still played for Kennington Kings look

I don't wish for the fame or the glamour
I wish for everyone to understand us
See what I really wish for will probably never be
I wish Africa and Palestine were free
[Renee Soul]
[Hook]
I wish
I wish that all my wrongs were right
And I wish
I wish that I could change my life
So my kids
Would never have to sacrifice
Like I did
So I give
And they live
People have to realize
That we live
We're living in some crazy times
And I wish
I wish that we would all unite
And I wish
I wish I wish I wish
(Vocals)

[Lowkey]
[Verse 3]
I wish I could see freedom for the Irish
And I wish you could see deeper than my iris
As I write this I wish
People would define it in a way that wasn't dictated by dividers and conquerors
Tell us conscious is what our genre is
You think their dominance is monstrous
But a bomb isn't stronger than a continent
Tell us we're incompetent
That's nonsense we're just onto them
My confidence is shocking them
Not all open hands and open mouths
Dry your tears cause the pioneer's the global south
That is why we're here
Never will I appear on Oprah's couch
Only in the press when the feds put my photo out
They wonder why the mad and young are grabbing guns (Why?)
But you could speak with your hands if you didn't have a tongue
Even that's better than sitting down sad and numb
At times I wish I was Gaberlunzie and I was about to have a son
Scratch that had a baby girl
Live twice and bring life to this crazy world
Be on rap congrats for the new arrival
I'm stuck in Britain accustomed to living suicidal
But not for much longer
I realize that our culture is a weapon
And nowadays I'm much stronger
Simply to exist is what I wish
Retirement or not what I have written is timeless

Logic (People's Army) (Ft. Cameron Jay & John McIvor) – Humans

[Charlie Chaplin - spoken]

Has barricaded the world with hate, has goose-stepped us into misery and bloodshed. We have developed speed, but we have shut ourselves in. Machinery that gives abundance has left us in want. Our knowledge has made us cynical. Our cleverness, hard and unkind. We think too much and feel too little. More than machinery we need humanity. More than cleverness we need kindness and gentleness. Without these qualities, life will be violent and all will be lost

The aeroplane and the radio have brought us closer together. The very nature of these inventions cries out for the goodness in men - cries out for universal brotherhood - for the unity of us all. Even now my voice is reaching millions throughout the world - millions of despairing men, women, and little children - victims of a system that makes men torture and imprison innocent people

To those who can hear me, I say - do not despair. The misery that is now upon us is but the passing of greed - the bitterness of men who fear the way of human progress. The hate of men will pass, and dictators die, and the power they took from the people will return to the people. And so long as men die, liberty will never perish

Soldiers! don’t give yourselves to brutes - men who despise you - enslave you - who regiment your lives - tell you what to do - what to think and what to feel! Who drill you - diet you - treat you like cattle, use you as cannon fodder. Don’t give yourselves to these unnatural men - machine men with machine minds and machine hearts! You are not machines! You are not cattle! You are men! You have the love of humanity in your hearts! You don’t hate! Only the unloved hate - the unloved and the unnatural! Soldiers! Don’t fight for slavery! Fight for liberty!

In the 17th Chapter of St Luke it is written: “the Kingdom of God is within man” - not one man nor a group of men, but in all men! In you! You, the people have the power - the power to create machines. The power to create happiness! You, the people, have the power to make this life free and beautiful, to make this life a wonderful adventure

Then - in the name of democracy - let us use that power - let us all unite. Let us fight for a new world - a decent world that will give men a chance to work - that will give youth a future and old age a security. By the promise of these things, brutes have risen to power. But they lie! They do not fulfil that promise. They never will!

Dictators free themselves but they enslave the people! Now let us fight to fulfill that promise! Let us fight to free the world - to do away with national barriers - to do away with greed, with hate and intolerance. Let us fight for a world of reason, a world where science and progress will lead to all men’s happiness. Soldiers! in the name of democracy, let us all unite!

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JURASSIC 5
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Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"In The Flesh"

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

It's the J-U-R-A
Capital S another S-I-C
5 MC's in the flesh
Bound to catch wreck
Hit the deck
Cause we'll pop the trunk
Plus the tape on your cassette

I'm from the crew called Jurassic
Stretch like elastic
Live and on plastic
Step and get that ass kicked
From here to there
MC's beware
I represent that real ghetto urban warfare
Ah yeah
What you say when you see me in your town
Bucking off some rounds
Of that underground sound
You need to open your eyes
Realize and recognize
Throw your hands in the air lick a shot for J5
I'm all the way live
I socialize with the wise
Underprivileged spiritually deprived
At times in the flesh
Airwaves getting checked
The vibe is energized by the way I spit my dialect

I be the brain cell buster
Old school style kicking hustler
That'll rush ya like a wrestler
Elliot Ness ya
Bow to my pressure
Step to J5 you're getting played like Fester
I be the ever handy
Hard like rock candy
Down with Mork and Mandy
Won't date Sandy brown eyes
Tale of the physical trait
Intoxicated by the bomb as I start to sedate

Your mainframe
All speaking on running this thang
Five J's in the house and the styles to blame

[Chorus]

Cause it's the J-U-R-A
Capital S another S-I-C
5 MC's in the flesh
Bound to catch wreck
Hit the deck
A prehistoric B-boy making beats in my cave

They call me 2-na
As in Fish in sea
Self efficiency
That's my mission see
Got me wishing we all
Could've puffed a spliff first
Shoot the giff first
And 2-na Fish becomes a gift horse
Look me in the mouth
Tell me what you see
No matter who I am
I am you as you see me
U is still Nity
COM squared and shit
I was put here to see if you came prepared and shit
I'm red as shit
My head is split from every crazy
Lazy kid we thought was chill
They was Swayze
Soon as they got a taste
Of what the U-N-I was like
Their eyes was like BLAM
From the surprise and fright

Now it's the vocal enhancement
Vintage reigning rocks
A hundred mines swing
Dig a few chains of black gold
Plus block the seven holes that froze
A nigga soul and bust blood through his toes
For acting like his shit was mega heavy weight
But he couldn't escape
The way we wet him down like it was watergate
Infiltrate flavor crack skull and stone
Rip through the carcass spit blood and bone
For all those

Who feel their crews forever tight knitted
When raps emitted
Islamicly transmitted
Is the brother a color
Yes the color's darkly tinted
No acts or gimmicks
And when the bullets imprinted it's whipped
It hibernates till it stretch the yellow tape
For Mister Doc key is caliber career, yea
With so many rhymes it can't a crew make me
Rock for 32 times like John Wayne Gassey

You need to put your hands together
Cause J5 is in the house
Because we're guaranteed to keep it live
When we kick the party vibe
We came to catch wreck
We got the fossilized flavor
For you fools who slept
And plus we got you sucka crews in check
Now come correct Nu-Mark
Hit 'em with the perfect blend
Cause it "don't stop rockin till I say when"

J-U-R-A capital S
Another S-I-C
5 MC's in the flesh
Bound to catch wreck
Hit the deck
Cause we'll pop the trunk
Plus the tape on your cassette

Cause it's the J-U-R-A
Capital S another S-I-C
5 MC's in the flesh
Bound to catch wreck
Hit the deck
Cause we'll pop the trunk
Plus the tape on your cassette

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Quality Control Part II"

This is the highest quality pressing in the Industry.
The entire album is manufactued in our own plant
so we know what is happening from the very start
to the second we mail the records to your listeners.

Naturally we want to sell the most albums possible,
but we also believe it is of utmost importance to establish you
and us together as producers of the highest quality product.
And obviously if the campaign proves successful,
you will no doubt want to repeat with volume three at a later date.
We will be in contact with you in a few days.

In the meantime if you have any questions, please call us collect; Hollywood, California.

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Jayou"

Yeah, testing, testing, one two
Uhh, one
Press the panic button God

[all]
We be the crew, guess who, the Jayou
R-A-double-S, I-C, we're
in the place to be, it don't stop
We got the rhythm that makes your fingers
snap, crackle, pop pop, fizz fizz
We're known to give a show plus handle our biz-ness
Stress, we'll destroy
We're known to make noise as the original b-boys
in the flesh, greater to the depth
Creates the ill scenes when we manifest, yes

I feel the vibe
I feel the vibe too
Cause it's the butter from the crew
CAUSE WE ORIGINAL, WHO
Wanna tussle?
Flex for the muscle?
WHILE WE KICK THE STYLE THAT BUSTS YOUR BLOOD VESSLES
With the rhythm
The ninety-six stylism
PICK UP A PILL AND FEEL EM KILL EM WITH YOUR VOCALISM

Yeah, I shoot the gift puffin another cold spliff
Fools are coming quicker than Anna Nicole Smith
Malginant metaphors and ganja stay herbs
We conjugate verbs and constipate nerds LIKE YOU
I'm hear to end the conspiracy, fearlessly
So you can really see the real MC's AT HAND
I'm tuna fish on the stickshift
The eclectic hectic, desperate to set trip

And for the niggaz who feel, that they're 24-karat
Plus, the way you're livin get your undewater baptism
Believe it or not, it's the rugged and raw
Put a bullet in the head of four in Mount Rushmore

Yeah, release the beast from within, baptise gins
Keep company with friends that repel sin

I'm out to win ain't no pretendin, fuck the first amendment
My speech was free, the day that my soul descended

[all]
Earthbound, we might sound various
Some niggaz can rhyme, but they got no character
So we preparin you for war, don't give up the fight
You need to stand up for your rights

And grab a mic and get loose, produce the juice that keeps the head on
collosion with the New World Order opposition
Competition, none, there's only one in the universe
that knows the final outcome

We got incarcerated minds, men women and enzymes
Vibin off the rhymes sent from the di-vine ESSENCE
PRESENCE EFFERVESENCE, not to be contested
Some miss the message, GO AHEAD AND BLESS THIS

So don't mistake us for a crew that used to hit
We on some underground certified Wild Style shit

[all]
We be the crew, guess who, and it'll be
The Jayou, ninety-five A.D.

Be be causin ramifications, physicians
sendin brothers on grammar vacations, if they don't listen
Competition, bustin shots on people basin
But we can delete constipation

[all]
Jurassic, 5, MC's
And we got the cure for this rap disease
So come on everybody let's all get down

Cause I'm down by law and I know my way around

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Lesson 6: The Lecture"

Edit.
OK, let's begin!

Compound: A substance composed of two or more elements chemically combined in definite proportions by weight.
Mixture: Two or more substances that are not chemically united, such as air.
Solution: A uniform mixture of varying proportions of a solvent and a solute.

For many of our students, this is the lesson you've been waiting for.

Lesson... Six.

Left channel.
Right channel.

Hydrogen, H, +1.
Sodium, Na, +1.
Magnesium, Mg, +2.
Aluminum, Al, +3.
Potassium, K, +1.
Calcium, Ca, +2.
Chromium, Cr, +2, three, six.

Any physical difficulty with a record, or a turntable, is taken care of.

Do you think that Led Zeppelin and Frank Sinatra would go together?

Edit.

No.

Combinations of music.

You're about to play a sole, 45 RPM recording,
But the turntable is set at 33 and 1/3,
And the record plays very slowly.

Let's pick up the tempo a bit, eh?

Now let us imagine you are in the middle of your Disk Jockey program.

This is the mark of a professional.

Yeah, if you could throw a couple...yeah uhuh..
Right when he's playin' the drum...
Let him play a couple' beats alone.

Eeeeuuh.

Uh!

Oh I'm sorry, I had the turntable at the wrong speed.

Listen!

Scratching -- The greatest thing on earth!

What do you do?
What do you do?

Drop!

Chemical change: a change that alters the composition of the molecules of a substance. New substances with new properties are produced.

Drop.

From now until your next lesson, we want you to study carefully every section of lesson six, and to go back over Lesson 4.

Practice carefully, and you will be ready for the new techniques and new situations we will cover together in Lesson 5.

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Concrete Schoolyard"

Now I'm a say this one time boy and that's my word
We rockin shots and not fire through the Hindenburg
The contribution is clear
You add water to bone
And get the Jurassic 5 on the microphone
Now if you like the tone
And how the harmony's done
And the sucka mc's die before they've begun
Well I'd like to know if
You've got the notion
Cause we're number one
I'm not trying to say my style is better than yours
I'm just on some other shit
I'm all about the beats and the lyrics
So when you hear it you can feel it
The vibe is energized by the presence of my spirit
No interference we persevere
The purpose is clear
We're here to leave your ear hurtin severe
You're lurking in fear
Cause we take it back like robbin loxly
Rockin from country sides to spots where hard rocks be
I often wonder if these MC's even know how it feels
To dedicate they whole life to this mic of steel
Its not about the bills
That's not keeping it real
A lot of tight rappers out here ain't got no deals
We appeal to the brothers with flow finesse
Cause it's the 100 watt blood shot game of death
Cause we're protected by the covenant of words and beats
Rewind and feel the heat
Recline and take a seat
So ah...

[Chorus:]
Let's take you back to the concrete streets
Original beats with real live mc's
Playground tactics
No rabbit in a hat tricks
Just that classic
Rap shit from Jurassic

[2X]

Now I walk from Tranzania
Earthquake Transalvania
And on my way I kicked a whole through the wall of China
Just to get the right blend
Cause its schizophrenic of the pathway to livin
I fell into the deep end
You shouldn't have told me
The pyramids can hold me
So now a contest is what you owe me
Pull out your beats pull out your cuts
Give us a mic, whatup
And we goin tear shit up
I'm on some old and forgotten
Sun up to sun down
Like picking cotton
The nutty professor science droppin
Rockin Robbin's hood
From New York to Compton
Me and my three sons
Jabari, Shakir, and Kahsum

[Chorus 2X]

Hey, I'm 2na-Fish from U-N-I-T-Y
Do or die
Anti-illumaniti, why
Do the liquid from my vocals
Make the ghetto start swimming
Forever winning I'm in it
Like Medolark Lemon
I get goose bumps
When the baseline thumps
A sucka MC freestyle
He had mine for lunch
Marc 7even get you open like an attach'
Briefcase in this case
The victor is no way
Ah, ah the tool spinners
Cooking the full dinner
Killing the first born of lyrical Yul Brenner's
When is it the academy
Rattling your anatomy
That'll be J 5 so kill all of your fake flattery
That'll be the day
When labels pay our way
2na what you say
when MC's come to play
Man fe dead

Cause we take it back like Spinal Tap
Preparing your intellect before your final nap
So ah...

[Chorus 2X]

You got beef now watch how I settle it
I'll fuck around and arrest your whole development
I'm eloquent
When it comes to digital display
I'm ready for the world while you earl off the Tanqueray
Tactics, my shits Jurassic 5
Fingers of death while you exhale and inhale
With a deep breath with my Chop-Sui style
Cause I'm a lyrical chef
I gets mines to the death
Cause I be cookin
From here to Brooklyn
Your shits annoying like fat-ass Bookman
On Good Times
When I rhyme
I hit the designated area
I hope you got your shots cause this is lyrical malaria
Spreading, beheading fools with the punishment
I live in America but fuck this government
A hundred and fifty times over silk with lead
While y'all drink the similack
My rhymes are breast-fed
No artificial nipples
I flip the real skills
I thought I told you once
I kick the lyrical windmills
And backspin Benedict
Strictly for my benefit
I step on toes when I flow don't get offended
Come and get with it
Comprehended when I kick it
I represent the real
From the beginning to the end of it

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Action Satisfaction"

I see dead man grins
Seven deadly sins
Couldn't keep his mouth closed in the house of chins
The all seeing eye that recognize the rap clones
Plus possess the pin to crack the pyramid stone
Its the call of the wild thats why my words rank high
Drop the verse for nine planets
That fell from the sky
Do or die you and I get fly with rap expressions
With the one two three four five

In the session with the lesson
Cause in bass and treble we trust
With the rebels orally ready in case we bust
And write a power chord and if the place be plush
We kick the old school like Julio Iglesius
Tapes we push be straps with no safety catch
We attack like a bullet till your face relax
And think about it
If you ain't got the class to flee
Be mentally ready for jurass-catastrophy

Now its time for me to rise
The lyric utilizer
Down like fertilizer
Quick to improvise
A style that can surprise ya
Your eyes is on the prize
We can go line for line
I ain't hard to find
While we break your spine
My mild style reclines
I'm laid back
All that talk you need to save that
The payback is all the reason that I'm flexing
The feds rocking like we x-men

[Chorus: 2X]
You say you want action satisfaction
The brothers with the positive reaction
The crew with style that's on top of the pile
J5's gonna rock a long long while

We get set
Who's up next to pull to a fast one
Lyrically connect the dots and then I blast one
Now who wants action satisfaction
Lyrics remind you of bass I'm everlasting
Casting plagues my styles crossing the switchblades
My momma shoulda named me grace cause I'm amazingly
Blazing with the fire and desire
I'm world renowned I gets down to the wire

If any child of mine gets out a line boastin'
My style of rhyme covers you like calamine lotion
Lifted out like vine motion I spend time stroking
You still drink a dime potion and dime boasting
But now my rhymes open brims a spirituality
We be giving power that you can share with your family
Aerodynamically cutting through danger
Ripping your narrow mentality nothing but flavor

[Chorus 2X]

The moral of my oral ammunition rendition
2na fish on a Marc 7even collision
We be forever keeping niggas on they P's and Q's
And the B's who snooze leave diseased and bruised
I see through your crews like an x-ray tube
And gamma rayed your function
Left you with assumption
That we be the butter clique
We smothered with the action satisfaction thats guaranteed to be jurassic

[Chorus 2X]

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Sausage Gut"

Yeah you're pickin up fat records.
Go ahead you go pick them up fat boy.
Pick em up, fatty, sausage gut.
Go head fatso.
You pick up a sausage sandwich for me pork rinder.
Peasywease!

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Improvise"

Now I'ma say this once again open up your mind
Shot heard around the world came from our fresh rhymes
The contribution to showbiz, mixed with entertainment
Resurrected rhymes, not the same old same
Now if you like what we came with
And you feel you can sang wit it
Peep the verbal language and the way we arranged it
Now entertainment to make the people applaud
I'm not trying to say my style is better than yours

I'm from the graduating class of one-nine-eight-eight
L.A. Unified School M A H
A gangbanger from the streets taught me how to break
In South Central L.A., ay yo, can you relate?

I'm Chali 2na
The one who puff the buddha keep the Snapple in the cooler
Used to go to junior high with Son Doola
Old skoola - a permanent, element, in ya tournament
Tellin it prevalent never delicate when we burnin it

Now from L.A. to the U.K. we attempt to rock a party
The rhyme and the music you don't hear that no more hardly
I can say it's partly, all our faults smarty
J5'll bring you more than the shakin of a body

Ay yo a child is born but no state of mind
But when I first heard it, put words to rhymes
I went from hypercars, to powder blue All-Stars
To hangin on monkey bars catchin spiders in jelly jars

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets
Original beats with real live MC's
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

I bring the noise plus the funk, entertainin like a dunk
From a snotty-nosed prima donna millionaire punk
But uh, I heard a hunch, that somebody might munch
Cause J5 go together just like parties and spiked punch
Your crew's captain crunch, and I'm the seven seas
Bombin on MC's, crushin crews with ease

Brother please you know my steez is 100 degrees
With no era bring it live like the Trio of Terror

Trio of Terror no mascara, at last your brass surpass pleasure
We the last treasure set to entice the cash bearer
Mask wearers who bite my reflection like glass mirrors
Be trash pickers who need to consider the past clearer

Now what you thought was old and out of date
We brought it back alive and changed the shape
We put it on wax for those who think that
The 5 we energize has been extinct

[Chorus]

We takin it back like battles in hallways and bathrooms
And battles in the back of the classroom
And in the bungalows game of death with flows
Lunchtime rhymes you had to prove and show

Never the school type, couldn't pronounce the words right
The class jester, I was flunkin every semester
The summer hit, had it burnin in '86
Class cuttin and runnin wit all the neighborhood derelicts

Within the concrete jungle (huh!) we remain humble
Akil and Akir, bounce, flip and tumble
Uh, we never fumble, break down or stumble
Hot mumbo jumbo, just bring it when we rumble

We push it like the Daytona
Fresh rhymes we blaze on yas
Strictly from California old skool public diplomas
We spittin from every corner we flippin it when we wanna
Beneath the concrete be street word on ya

[Chorus]

JURASSIC-5
QUALITY CONTROL

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"How We Get Along"

Yeah, I'm maintaining with Jurassic 5
You know what I'm sayin'
My people's up in here, Biggie B, One Love

What we're about to do and show you is how we get along
We get along with eye contact
We also get along by listenin' to one another
Not only that but we also get along because of rhythms
That we've learned during the course of the years

But above all, there is harmony because we got to listen to one another
It's all about feeling
But with a positive attitude to make it work
And what we're about to show you today
Is FIVE different versions of feeling good, yeaahh

B-Boyd and B-Girls
Jurassic 5!

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"The Influence"

[Zaakir]
Yo, I create off drum drops and ate away blacktops
Grab the mic so you don't react
The double X Polo shirt with the hat to match
In fact, we verbally vibrate your track

[Marc 7even]
Then crush your confidence like plastic condiments
Build you up to break you down like forgotten monuments
The question is this: will they return with the hot shit?
Or keep it on the low flow

[Charli 2na]
Yo, and for you confused bastards, Tuna the blues master
Quick to grib the mic, crews fast and soundclashing
Critical mass, pinnacle blast have been deflected
Hypodermic vocals I flash get you infected

[Akil]
I don't sip on brew, so this Bud's for you
Speak when spoken to whenever you come through
My vibes fill you, Internal Revenue
You rhyme prostitute for little or no loot

[Jurassic 5]
Cause a lotta these kids think that commercial
Is rocking fly suits and jewelry
But we can rock shows with no rehearsal
With the Rebels of Rhythm and Unity

[Zaakir]
Yeah, cause I'm nice, smooth, hard as a bone
Since I pick up the microphone I'm hotter than brimstone
The razor sharp crossbow accurate
We drop the multiverbal miligram suppliment

[Akil]
Plus in bed, theological word advance
Been Too Legit To Quit before the Hammer pants
The parent to the pen converts words to song
Stay blacker than the New Year Harlem Renaissance

[Charli 2na]

No comp, we paint a darker picture, in your sector
Perfect verbal architecture, sparking lectures
Lyrics infectious, fuck your Lexus
If you ain't giving God your praise then it's useless
Like when MC's try to make hits and them shits flop
Running races like they was Penelope Pitstop
Develop these hits rock bottem, the disk jock got 'em
Souped up, but his rhyme is beating his loops up

[Jurassic 5]
Like dah dah (dah dah)
Bah dee dee dee dah dah (Dah dee dee dee dah dah)
Bah dah dah dah dee dee dee dee dah dah

[Marc 7even]
I can see clearly now, top of the pile with my style
Check the profile, it shifts like sundial
Crisp like young smiles, we rip and run wild
Intent to rock crowds, some bite like rottwilds

[Akil]
Your game is disconnected, misdirected
Disrespected, when we come in, expect some next shit
The J-U-R-A, classical forte
Get low down & dirty like the eel moray

[Zaakir]
My heart pump the rhythm of the militant street life
Soldier of composure up under the street light
The coat style, prototype, professional
Media light shine bright, now kill all the
Bullshit, cheap talk and lip service
Jealousy and envy and undertone cursed in your verses
Serve the purpose of a nigga living nervous
Unsure and uncertain but about to short circuit

[Jurassic 5]
Like dah dah (dah dah)
Bah dee dee dee dah dah (Bah dee dee dee dah dah)
Bah dah dah dah dee dee dee dee dah dah *[Repeat 2x]*

[Marc 7even]
Ayo my gift of gab should be sold in bags
Boost up the price tag, make a wack rapper mad
Rely on my right side, securing our tape tight
Tasty tangibles to your mandible and clavicle

[Charli 2na]
Yo, easily 2na be, cleverly swelling my treasury

Vocal pedigree for you critics who try to measure me
But easily I'm about to run you down my resume
Had a bundle of struggle from birth to my present day

[Akil]
Yo, your love don't compute, perhaps you need a boost
A magical flute, some nose candy to toot
Before you get loose, express and tear the roof
You claim you got the juice, but you lame and out the loop

[Zaakir]
So I associated myself with fossilized figures
Crack the summer sizzler, hit the real live niggas
My influence is gunshots and trauma units
Street trends, with material word friends

[Jurassic 5]
Like dah dah (dah dah)
Bah dee dee dee dah dah (Bah dee dee dee dah dah)
Bah dah dah dah dee dee dee dee dah dah *[Repeat 2x]*

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Great Expectations"

[Akil]
Uh, no doubt, it took ten years, for me to pressure cook my fears
No my front line rhymes moving up from the rear
My dream slash career appeared ever so clear
Now I'm able to touch, smell, feel, speak, and hear
My fans cheer, my time is finally here
The past depart the present cause the future is near
Anticipation, magnified my motivation
Direct my energy to touch nations
Been entertaining since niggas was really banging
Dancning at the old folks parties, pancaking
I've been waiting for my time to shine
From Catholic school John Muir Jr. High
From Manuasa to rocking at the Good Life
We paid the price to keep rhyming and rip shit on the mic
Yo, cause if you only knew what we been through
The struggle and the pain to maintain and continue

Expectations, on our committee Unified relations
We Rebel our Rhythm through tribulations
And treble and bass the situation with dedication

[Charli 2na]
Yo, go get your ticket, your seats snacks and beverages
While we get wicked all in your brain cracks and crevaces
Servicing bulletins to you critical puritans
Who be shouting in my vicinity doubting my capability
(Expect) no defeat, my whole fleet be scorching
Keep across your vision blurred from heat distortion
The proportions better that precaution
While we shake the portion fakes are lost in, never flossing
(The antidote for your mood) We sloppy dope and I'm hoping
What I wrote get you open like a Fallopian tube
In my crew we inclube brothers who worthy
Rebels indeed, J's from LA, I'm from Shahee
Plus never vexed, flipping for Allah cause he blessed us
With the talent, to make Jurassic your next guest
Rocking since the '84 Fresh Fest, yes

Great expectations, on our committee Unified relations
We Rebel our Rhythm through tribulations
And treble and bass the situation with dedication *[Repeat 2x]*

[Marc 7even]
Ayo my story starts in the NJ state
And gets deep like a movie Bruce and Demi make
I moved to the land of sand and ill earthquakes
I didn't know this was the place I'd get my piece of the cake
Or the piece of the pie, U-N-I-T-Y
Every Thursday night at the Life we kept it tight
That's right, that's where we dwelled and the rhythm rebelled
We a blast from the past like the shotgun shells
No a mocho males with raps about a beer
(Our mission is to persevere) So haters play the rear
We toured the stratesphere from London to the Square
You swear you're prepared to diss what we have here
Indeed time ticks as rapid rhymes rip
Earth and time split in time to find it's
Just another manic Monday, and one day
We'll shine, too, so my crew say

Expectations, on our committee Unified relations
We Rebel our Rhythm through tribulations
And treble and bass the situation with dedication

[Zaakir]
Yo, whether you love to hate it, if it's in or outdated
If I've been overrated or maybe your most favorite
You expect me still to write my verse on time
And I expect you not to front when you hear my rhyme
Don't expect me to smile cause it's in good taste
I know cats that's no mistake smiling in my face
And don't expect to try and guess if I'm mad or not
Or if I'm cold or hot, you would know if not
And don't expect me to come and just bite my tongue
It's kind of hard to forget what some brothers have done
But my mother always said you can forgive and forget
And expect that most promises won't be kept
I guess I gave credit where it wasn't deserved
To brothers must have preferred to not keep their word
The bigger the burden, the bigger the uncertain
No expectation for my creation, great expectation

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Quality Control Intro"

Expectation
Quality
Oh cool, perfect
Is that good?
Quality
Oh cool, perfect
Is that good?

Quality
Quality
Quality
Quality
Quality
Quality
Oh cool, perfect
Is that good?

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Quality Control"

[Jurrasic 5 Together]
Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol
Your mind, body, and soul
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode
Big, bad, and bold b-boys of old
Many styles we hold, let the story be told
Whether platinum or gold, we use breath control
So let the beat unfold, intro on drum roll
We be the Lik like E, Tash, and J-Ro
We harass niggas like we was the po-po
We can rule the world without Kurtis and still Blow
Finesse, from SP to Casio
Your jams ain't def, you ain't fresh, you're so-so
If you don't know us by now you'll never know
You set that mood when we groove and prove a show
The name of the game is survive and prove your flow
You can't out take Jurassic syllable
Cause it's survival of professional radio
Stop and comprehend and heed the words of my pen
Survival of professional poetical Highlanders

[Zaakir]
(Soup, you plan on rocking something fierce?) Oh, am I
Zaakir's the name, the A.K.A. super
The verbal acupunture from the dope old schooler
I used to be the brother for others that used to dumb on
Now they be the lovers of brothers that can't front on
Put me in the mix, LP 12-inch
SP, the elegant, poetic pestulence
I'm carbonated, the Fanti-confederated
Highly commemorated, and the most celebrated
For connecting it (Word!) Like verb subject to the predicate
Plus I got the etiquette
To keep it moving, and showing cats how it's done
Cause it's the verbal combat, position number one

[Mark 7even]
We keep it beaming like a beacon, if it's clearance that you're seeking
Whether black or Puerto Rican, people back us when we're speaking
We got the kind of rhymes that get you ready for the weekend
(To the mass amount of legions that came for party pleasing)
Our temperature is freezing all kind of different regions
The rhythm is the reason you're checking for what we've done

Please son, our thesis, will rip your crew in pieces
Your rhymes ain't right, homeboy, you ain't in season

[Jurrasic 5 Together]
Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol
Your mind, body, and soul
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode
Big, bad, and bold b-boys of old

[Charlie 2na]
Yo, yo, well it's the angelic man-relic clan repellent
My plan parent manuscripts withstand bullets
Flashing like a Japan tourist, we command pure hits
While you cramming to understand these contraband lyrics
My fam submits to pray, 5 times a day
Climbing into your mind with live rhyme display
J5 finds a way to remain supreme
Coming verbally Hardison as if my name was Kadeem

[Akil]
Ayo my team Dreamworks without Spielberg or spill words
Communicate from the Earth throughout the universe
I transmit, transcipts, transcontinental lyrics
Deeply rooted in your spirit
Up, I love the power of words, nouns and verbs
The pen and the sword, liquid stick on award
No folklore or myths in my penmanship
The Panther Scholar Warriors is what I present, uh
Verbally decapitating those against a
Jihad-fee-sabeel-illah words make sense
You gots to get up on your vocab, you gots to have vocab
Letters makes words, and sentences makes paragraphs

[Akil]
Yo, I make the pen capsize, the verbal with the planted eyes
Planning knives ever pair that I utilize
Spit juice, crack blood from your tooth
Inflict truths, speak Allah's 99 attributes

[Charlie 2na]
You baby MC's drink Pedialyte
While underground doesn't like you, the media might
But we the elite will change that
As we bridge gaps in this lyrical grudge match, brothers we slug back

[Mark 7even]
Yeah, we bless tracks with the help of a raw rap
Inprinted like poor tracks all over your brain rack
My mental maneuver will clear and steer right through ya

We Grand like Puba, understand that we move ya

[Zaakir]
Ayo, my rhythm reveal rollercoaster real deal
Revolutionize with active build
I plant my dreams in the field and wait to harvest my skills
For the starving MC, hungry trying to get a meal

[Jurrasic 5 Together]
Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol
Your mind, body, and soul
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode
Big, bad, and bold b-boys of old

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Contact"

Two excavations revealed a prehistoric fossil story about a band
Moving South
Carried here over 500,000 years ago
Contact
A planet
Yeah
I'm in range
Okay, engine stop
I'm going to step off the LEM now
Interplanetary contact with Earth
Two excavations revealed a prehistoric fossil story about a band
500,000 years ago
Moving South
To the Los Angeles underground
Stop
Send the word
Rapping with the gods
Word
Full contact
Interplanetary contact with Earth
Move forward
To the future
The year 1999
The place: Los Angeles
Los Angeles is what's happening
Los Angeles is what's happening

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Lausd"

[Jurassic 5]
Yo, we are no superstars
Who wanna be large and forget who we are
Don't judge us by bank accounts and big cars
No matter how bright we shine we're far from being stars
Cause stars fall, and disintigrate before they hit the
Asfalt, they incinerate cause we came
Not to destroy the law but to fulfill
For those who appreciate those with skills
And fresh windmills, and graf that kills
What is a DJ without the scratch to build?
Without the elements, it's all irrelevant
Niggas love to Freestyle but hate the Fellowship

[Zaakir]
Yeah, taste the city's agenda, most of you outta town niggas
Get caught up and turn bitter, the city of bullshitters
Where hopes are blown, not even money for the phone
Now tell me what's the solution, how to get back home?

[Charli 2na]
Yo, don't get caught up in glamor and glitz and camera tricks
The Land of the Dead, before you come examine your set
Where drama collects and women use special effects
Where amateur stunts can make a nigga damage your fronts

[Akil]
Uh, the California Sunkist with a twist of limelight
Some set trip on the Sunset Strip
Belive the Hide Boulevard nice, the glamorous life
Many searching for the fame but can't afford the price

[Marc 7even]
She would turn you out if you wasn't prepared
She would tell you the things you wanted to hear
She would blur your vision when it once was clear
This chick is full of tricks so approach with fear, cause

[Jurassic 5]
Yo, we are no superstars
Who wanna be large and forget who we are
Don't judge us by bank accounts and big cars
No matter how bright we shine we're far from being stars

[Zaakir]
You say you love LA, you say the weather is great
Plenty sun in your face, you like the cars with bass
You like the way we paperchase and the women that shake
In the land of earthquakes and high crime rates
A lot of people is fake, this is Hollywood
We shape the minds of kids in every hood
We make your past situation look good
The nights filled with Shugs and I wish you would

[Marc 7even]
Can dance with Alvin Haley and Les Miserables
In this century city, you can walk on the stars
Sex, money, and murder, yeah it's all 4 to 5
Cause fame and passerby with the name immortalized

[Akil]
On the avenue of stars, many names are called
On the boulevard, known for leaving permanent scars
Many dreams get robbed, real movie macabre
Young heartthrobs get young heart sobs, cause

"Good evenening ladies and gentlemen welcome to Hollywood, California"

[Charli 2na]
The city of angel's wings represents people's hopes and dreams
And the evil that men do that live life close to kings
And boast supreme, fancy cars, coats, and cream
Material things provoke more folks to scheme
Whether you paid your cost, Cali green made your call
The smog covers the city like a table cloth
Is it fame at fault? Entertainers labeled soft
The place where people come to lose their train of thought

[Zaakir]
Despite the claims of what LA is and what it ain't
The picture the city paints that overexaggerates
Within the circus, if you're filling this service purpose
Some feel it ain't worth it, the city that's got you nervous
And make you injure, and get up out of here nigga
Cause LA never considered for those that need baby sitters
This is the hot bed for singles and newlyweds
Some looking for better gigs or fiending to make it big
It's the only place where stars are born
And we are the only ones that can't be worn
Out, by any place regardless of the cost
Cause brothers with big dreams, sometimes they get lost cause

[Jurassic 5]
Yo, we are no superstars
Who wanna be large and forget who we are
Don't judge us by bank accounts and big cars
No matter how bright we shine we're far from being stars
Cause stars fall, and disintigrate before they hit the
Asfalt, they incinerate cause we came
Not to destroy the law but to fulfill
For those who appreciate those with skills
And..., and...
What is a DJ without the *[scratching]*
Without the elements, it's all irrelevant
(I represent the real from the beginning to the end of it)

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"World Of Entertainment (W.O.E. Is Me)"

Well, here's a little something for my people in the house
I'm gonna tell you what my crew is all about
We like raw rhythm fusion, real rhyme producin'
songs for the world's men, women and children
Armed and equipped with much confidence
and this is how we're gonna make our living
Some are known for bein' biters
non-creative and wack rhyme-writers
Yo, they soup you up but can't rock the jam
known to the world as a one-hit band
Easy come, easy go, yo you had your turn
temporary niggas touchin' up your perm
You see a rapper is a kid that brags and acts big
A rhymer is a nigga that can handle his biz
Yo, A rapper is a kid that's tryin' to be the shit
An entertainer ain't tryin' cause he already is

[Chorus]
Welcome to the wonderful world of entertainment
where art imitate life and people get famous
Welcome to the world of showbiz arrangement
where lights, camera, action is the language

[repeat Chorus]

We was rockin a jam the other night
J5 was on the mic so the people was hype
Yo, we like to rock the party with adrenalin and passion
the crowd started screamin "Action Satisfaction"
Numark dropped the beat and the heat from the fire
We brought the energy and streetcar named desire

We was flippin, they was trippin, how we was old schoolin'
needle to the groove, hands in the air movin'
and we said to the crowd "This is the place to be,
whether you paid a fee or you got in free"

So when you step through the door, the music gets loud
Manuever through the crowd to get a better view now

[Chorus]

To be an MC, you got to be so fresh

to have style and finesse way above the rest
With the strong delivery, vocal chemistry
street poetry in tune with the beat
So if you think you got the skills come take a test
microphone check if you truly are blessed
If you can flow like water and can comprehend
you need longevity in this game to win
Now if you want to be the best you got to move and motivate
Watch the money that you make in the industry stakes

Cause some of these people ain't got no class
and some of these folks'll make you beat they ass
If you can believe then you can achieve
get the loot, live the dream, be on top of the scene
To keep the people in it, and accumulate fans
to be dope in the studio and slam at the jams, so

[Chorus]

Welcome party people, while we got your attention
There's a few things we'd like to mention
The name is Jurassic, but they call us J5
we rock bonafide fly rhymes fortified
We got 2 DJs controlling the beat and
vocal harmonies make it sound so sweet
We're the four horsemen, with words to caution
expressed and flipped in an orderly fashion
With the rhymin', designin' the music on time and
the fellas saying "ho" and the ladies losin' they mind and
the breakin', the scratchin', this thing called rappin'
the cultivated music that keeps your hands clappin
The passion, reaction, the street satisfaction
Brothers using no tactics to make it happen
the rhythm, the spirit, you love it when you hear it
Nowadays when you're samplin' shit, you gotta clear it

[Chorus 1.75X]
[cut after "Welcome to the world of showbiz arrangement, where.."]
[samples: "lights" - "camera" - "action!"]

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Monkey Bars"

This record is particulary for then youngsters...
Now you get right to the procedure

Now what do you like the most about this
Conflict, Consequence, constant evidence
A classic contact communicator confrence
Weither 5 or 6 weither a number misprint
Or if it seems that, you heard above 4
If you thought that you would never hear it no more
You should never dial commin runnin murda mile
Cause it's all about ya health (lets go)
(wait wait)
Now you know us but it's not the coke rush
Four MC's so we ain't the furious
Like the fourth mc's or the 3 from trecherous
It's a blast from the past from the moment we bust
But if our shit go rough, still in god we trust
Cause it's the - comming
Display the rhymes so stunning
We keep ya runnin, and give a shoutout to the london
And keep it all, and still perform till the early morn'
Some said till dawn
We got a word abundance, hold benz by the hundreds
Top speed, guarenteed, we stil runnin

People master my tere-tactics
Why you actin plastic
Treatin all ya fans like ya matches
We be the other pair comin' in tight the tupper wear
Other fear, push ya luck and beware the brigadier

Yo, DJs be spinnin the records that make up the music
So people can focus whenever the mic has been passed to me

The more drums we have in our kit, the more we can handle
We gonna take a break here..

Lets go. wait wait still

Jump a bill A-K-I-L known to exhale when i inhale
And you can tell when in the coo i do my duty-o
And swung to the studio
J-5 let the beat bounce

Thats what counts without a doubt
so sup grab the mic and pull the magic out ya mouth
We be the rythem kings, plus the rhyme channelings
(I could sneer anything) Go ahead

Sneer *[repeated 21 times]*

Light emcee kay mastered fatness so we crack this
Runnin through wall and wack this
Yo, 2 emcees add a little um, spice
So we concentrate on mic's and keep the path tight
3 emcees underground and worldwide
Surgean general on the 5 to defy the certified
4 emcees at ya door once more
When it rains in pours from the heavens to the earths floor
Elements, vocal instruments super extra strength
Hip-hop activist
Throw yo mind no time and inner twine
Roll with the rhymes ta let the sun rise
You should know, when we flow, you get what ya lookin for
Terrorize ya enterprise
And we dont shoot until we see the whites in ya eyes

Non-stop, real rhyme rockin
Disc jockeys out record shoppin'
Writers doin graphs so bring ya pop lockin'
We incorporate the whole of hip hoppin', non-stop

Non-stop, we keep it up to par
from the metal monkey bars to conquer school yards
It's like bein arabic, comin from right to left
It's hot to def so take a breath and (wait wait)

[Applause + Laughter]

Ya. Get the fuck, this fo entertainment
This made to stoppin the day
Pop pop pop...

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Jurass Finish First"

[Charli 2na]
Yo, because of cash in the purse, guns blast in the hearse
A vast universe when the last is the first
The past been a curse, I need some asprin to nurse
It's your casket in earth, or my ass when it hurts
A passionate burst of some last-minute work
First the human bodies are living last in this Earth
Puffing grass when it works, a bastard at birth
But at last planet Earth, 5 Jurass finish first
(Stashed in this verse) Burning like gas on a torch
(Graspin' a thought) Some don't see past their front porch
(Masked in a smirk) No doubt my class been alert
Verbal splash for your thirst, 5 Jurass finish first

[Marc 7even]
Yo, because of crooks in the game no one's acting the same
Not mentioning no names, merely passing the blame
Your ass been in flames since the cash went ka-chang
Now you can't stand the rain when my crew bring the pain
You a masculine myth who I constantly diss
As I bond with the Fish, understand we the 5th
Platoon, hit the dirt, wish you well, wish you worse
Your ass been cursed, 5 Jurass finish first

Bringing it back from the lost, we have to report
The trash on the chart make you have to resort
To leave the record store instead of quenching your thirst
But at last planet Earth, 5 Jurass finish first

[Charli 2na]
Yo, because of passing the course wife asking divorce
Taking half of your cash, now you bask in remorse
Turning rap into sport, I've mastered the part
Cause the trash on the chart leave you gaspin for art
Now if you've mastered the art, I'm askin with force
To mass of your thoughts, to your ass is a corpse
Cover grass in a burst, unfasten your purse
Give your cash to the clerk, 5 Jurass finish first

[Marc 7even]
Yeah, cause of tricks of the trade, some are virtual slaves
A smirk will get raised once the pen hits the page
While your thoughts of the stage and perhaps getting paid

Relax in the shade, time passing in days
I'm searching for ways to avoid the charade
Cause when voices are laid, choices are made
Be not afraid, people plastic on Earth
Verbal blast bout to burst, 5 Jurass finish first

5 Jurass finish first *[Repeat 2x]*

[Charlie 2na]
Yo, because of passing the torch, puffing pipes with a bouche
You a hype living loose with your life in the noose
You invite many fools when you ligt chemicals
Night of the living ooze, your ego makes many bruise

[Marc 7even]
You need to watch what you choose, what you give is what you get
Some are lacking intellect in their quest for a check
Is it love or respect, does the subject get you vexed?
Only 4 bars to wreck, the situation is complex

[Charlie 2na]
Yo, you in constant pursuit to be the last in the house
(Where's your wallet?) With the wife, deep stashed in her blouse

[Mark 7even]
Like "Without a Doubt" you can catch me on the B-side
Cause the one who wins the war...

[Charlie 2na]
...is the one without pride
J5 make you feel a lickle gaseous at first
[Martin Lawrence] And yes I make you ask "Is that Lurch?"
Either try this or lyrical madness that works
Give your cash to the clerk, 5 Jurass finish first

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Contribution"

[chorus]
yo, either you a part of the problem
or part of the solution
what's your contribution to life
so many people complain, always talk about change yo
but what's your contribution to life
either you with or ain't with it, if it ain't broke don't fix it
yo what's your contribution to life
either you give or you take, make moves and you wait yo
but what's your contribution to life

(your about to witness three of the most common
tales of man, woman and human, the difference between the three
is that there is not difference, just other outcomes
listen and witness the common tales)

aye yo my momma and a nigga for life
love carousel, cuss yell and fight
seven nights a week, no respect when they speak
disrespect between the sheets, the ends don't meet
no rice beans or meat
my momma was the bread winner plus
she had to cook his dinner
my daddy was a full time sinner
poppa was a stoner stay gone till November
off of that, gawk that made Emacs
like the devil done took his soul and ain't given it back
remember that, when you play for the bless
speedy victory for the poor and the press
I cant stand the stress, its test and time press
up against my momma and daddy chest, I try and rest
with no stretch of the mind, I cant find no piece
of mind within this family of mine, yo

[marc 7even]
she got chips and you don't, that's bottom line
that's just the way love goes, (hmmm) lets rewind
you really ain't paid, you clockin minimum wage
now basically you a slave, your wife studies for days
no money for much, just movies and such
the way your two hands clutch, you know its love not lust
now she's sick of the bus, and using you as a crutch
and on top of this stuff, she graduates in a month

damn, her new job got her clocking the dough
now she's buying new clothes, and taken you to the show
you feeling like you the ho, not knowing which way to go
and ultimately you know, you ain't feeling her so
you need to get up, get out and get something
your job ain't nothing, all these years you've just been frontin
thats the way she played ya, the talked in rager went back
to your days of...*[chali 2na voices over marc 7even]*

[chali 2na]
she always said I'm out husslin for food, kitchen indeed
while this nigga spend his ends on booze, bitches and weed
I thought that we'd agree, with two kids to feed
that you would slow your own, but instead of switchin your seed
you slapped me, you cant attack me thinkin I'm be happy
in fact its a packing and we rapidly
after we witness, no love between parents
the father type that was once on the sence vanished
supreme bamish the couples that match these
producin generations of kids with latched keys
her daughter learned from momma
how to reject men, her sons attracts women
that don't respect men, and then
one parental provided can be the plan
but no woman can truly teach a boy to be a man
that's why I'm always telling these many pals of mine
the most that you can spend on any child is time

(look we don't have all the answers, we're victims also
to the same situations, but man, plans and the lord plans
and the lord is the best of planners,
so what's your contribution to life)

[chorus]
what's your contribution to life

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Twelve"

One, two, Jurassic Crew
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for, ahh

One, two, Jurassic Crew
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for

[Akil]
Yo, my pleasure principle from the streets of South Central
Ghetto hip-hop, nonstop fundamental
Urban curb servin', vocabulary surging
Rebel with the turban and the street corner sermon
I keep it working for certain, close curtains
Renegade bought up a troop when I'm dispursing
That body rock moving, ghetto baby music
We eat together with the inner city coolness

[Chali 2na]
Yo (Who's this?) Slicing a rhyme in square bits
Burning through open skin like newly prepared grits
It's 2na Fish, I'm bringing the bad news
And changing your bathroom if you thinking that cash rules
Oooh, pumpernickle blow words like snot speckles
When shots echo, some duck and hide like Doc Jeckyl
Like Don Rickles, I'm kicking rhymes that stop heckles
Correcting all them bumbaclot specials

[Zaakir]
Yeah, I got my mind on my money for those that comprehend
And my money on whatever I think I look fresh in
Questions, is he stepping authentic?
Controller of the panic, break a senate lieutenant
Spit it, yo, despite your critic comments
Knowing it ain't a hotter verse than Zaakir Mohammed
Whether last or first, or bottom or top
Now is it "Stop hip-hop" or "Hip-hop don't stop?"

[Marc 7even]
You need to protect your neck
You the kind of brother who be chasing checks

Me and my crew crash through and get nuff respect
Basic bet takers I'm beyond your average thinker
Break and MC down, like my name was Dr. Shrinker
Passion fake MC's, wearing mink MC's
On-the-brink MC's, you need to think MC's
Bout to sink MC's, don't even speak MC's
Cause half the shit you kicking sounding weak MC's

Yo, it goes one, two, Jurassic Crew
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for, ahh

One, two, Jurassic Crew
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for

[Zaakir]
I razor sharp with mindset, sunset til sun
And I admit, I used to bite people's shit when I was young
Back in 83rd, before my style was preferred
Now my connectionw with the word is preferred
Primo, my AC, 310
The first confidential, inscribed my initial
The Z double A K-I and R
Submerge in submarine words near and far
Cause I'm too hot to handle, too cold to freeze
And I'm a diss any nigga that sounds like me

[Akil]
Yo yo, breeze through the trees, feel the flavor at ease
Degrees of melodies, typewriter MC's
They on their Q's and P's withing my vicinity
Department of Correctional Rhyme Ability
Keep the biters on lock, rock no silk
Still shock, rhyme around the clock

[Marc 7even]
You schmucks is out of luck, I'm ready to run amuck

[Akil]
Ayo I'm lampin, I'm lampin, I'm cold stone lampin
High pitch, beat drumsticks like Lionel Hampton
The champion, fly shit, the anthem
5'11" with dark skin and tantrum
Handsome never, not even as a kid
The girls used to say "Oh his nose is too big"

[Chali 2na]
Yo, you'll get bruised, kid, ghetto blues, you'll never refuse shit
The show's good, pinching MC's like rosewood
I'm shrinking you rap characters into die-cast minitures
I'll blast ten of you while my rhymes while my rhymes harass senators
Through TV monitors, brains and glass dinner jaws
Verbal vinegar for you biters down at the salad bar
The combat that's making your mom mad
I'm feeling a congrat for burning his mom bad

One, two, Jurassic Crew
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for, ahhh

One, two, Jurassic Crew
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"The Game"

All right, everybody shut up
I said shut up!
Now are you ready to play the game?
NO!
Are you ready to play the game?
YEAH!

The Game
Playing to survive
Aiming to win anyway they can

Yo, yo
Pass the ball, final casting call
First of all, verbal basketball
Off the glass, smash your jaw
Too fast for y'all
You might take a nasty fall
Trying to stick with the prehistoric passenger
(Foul Ball)
All breath, no physical contact
Bounce back, demonstrate invincible bomb raps
Not no hustler no player or speakin no crime crap
I'm vocally trying to score before my time lapse

Uh! Full court press, hands in your chest
Runnin' cause I'm a rebel with the ghetto
No fouls just checks, make a brother sweat
Word for y'all to earn my reject
Get it out of here, attack from the rear
Ya'll niggas aint nothin but some bitch ass queers
I'll be in your ear, increase the fear
Rippin with the shears as the crowd just cheers

Bring on the opposition
Cause my position is to shut you down
As the basketball pounds on the concrete floor
Envisioning moves to freak brothers every which way
Dominating like Doc J.
Pass me the rock, I know just what to do with it
It's real vivid, I pivot, through the lane
Three hundred and sixty behind my back
I take your monkey ass to the rack like Jerry Stack

I'm saw by most recruiters and heavily recommended
Stickin your best shooters they lower verbal percentage
It's takin its toll, 24-second clock control
Stoppin this obstacle, impossible
I was the number one block project in the city prospect,
Now thats something that you can believe
So be it, whether pro or collegiate, the hit but don't miss
Prime time the offense, switch

Y'all can't ball, Y'all can't ball
Yo ref, where's the tech? Man, make the call
The game is gettin tight verbal victories in sight
What counts is what you write not concerned about the hype
My rhymes go baseline so why you tryin to take mine?
Last man tried just died inside the paint line
I bank rhymes, got a call so I flex
I'm on the foul line with a few verses left
When my flow hits the net, the next brother flex

I put my foot in the pavement
With the brothers I'm raised with
Play with and break dance back in the days with
And still in the game with 12 points, 4 assists
Get up in the game, in your face like swish
Crash the boards with metaphors
In the air like a concord
Aiyyo what you out for?
Yo I'm out for the whole score
22 flat seconds for me to win
I can't win for losin with this cheatin ass ref

[Clip from Laker game]

My squad's supreme
So I don't need Clyde or the dream
Next time you play the game boy pick a better team
Your choice is short when you on a concrete court
But my mental cohorts is bout to change the whole sport
Give me the pill boy, crossover with the skills
Wrap around pass, fly right past your grill
Take off from half court, in some J5 shorts
The rap band with the man when my words play sports
Comin' through your lane, with pure skills so stand clear
Vocal charge is a mirage, I still stand here
Damn near, make your shit look soft like Pam Grier
Fans cheer for the paragraph Bill Lambier

Show me the rock, so I can show these fool what I got
(He's heating up) Fuck that, I'm flaming hot

Verbally take you to the blacktop, and wreck shop
Turn my game up a notch, pass me the rock
1 on 1, 3 on 3, 5 on 5, horse, 21
It really don't matter cause son you'll still get done
Yo you should know better than try to barter with this globetrotter
Militious, vicious dunks, I'm Vince Carter
And it's the high draft pick, flashin it
Still can penetrate and slightly overweight
But whatever it takes my shot can elevate
No pain, no gain for the brothers with no game

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

“Concrete and Clay”

Now I'mma say this once again open up your mind
Shot heard around the world came from our fresh rhymes
The contribution to showbiz, mixed with entertainment
Resurrected rhymes, not the same old same
Now if you like what we came with
And you feel you can sang wit it
Peep the verbal language and the way we arranged it
Now entertainment to make the people applaud
I'm not trying to say my style is better than yours

I'm from the graduating class of one-nine-eight-eight
L.A. Unified School M A H
A gangbanger from the streets taught me how to break
In South Central L.A., ay yo, can you relate?

I'm Chali 2na
The one who puff the buddha keep the Snapple in the cooler
Used to go to junior high with Son Doola
Old skoola - a permanent, element, in ya tournament
Tellin it prevalent never delicate when we burnin it

Now from L.A. to the U.K. we attempt to rock a party
The rhyme and the music you don't hear that no more hardly
I can say it's partly, all our faults smarty
J5'll bring you more than the shakin of a body

Ay yo a child is born but no state of mind
But when I first heard it, put words to rhymes
I went from hypercars, to powder blue All-Stars
To hangin on monkey bars catchin spiders in jelly jars

[Hook: repeat 2X]
So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets
Original beats with real live MC's
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

I bring the noise plus the funk, entertainin like a dunk
From a snotty-nosed prima donna millionaire punk
But uh, I heard a hunch, that somebody might munch
Cause J5 go together just like parties and spiked punch
Your crew's captain crunch, and I'm the seven seas
Bombin on MC's, crushin crews with ease

Brother please you know my steez is 100 degrees
With no era bring it live like the Trio of Terror

Trio of Terror no mascara, at last your brass surpass pleasure
We the last treasure set to entice the cash bearer
Mask wearers who bite my reflection like glass mirrors
Be trash pickers who need to consider the past clearer

Now what you thought was old and out of date
We brought it back alive and changed the shape
We put it on wax for those who think that
The 5 we energize has been extinct

[Hook]
So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets
Original beats with real live MC's
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

We takin it back like battles in hallways and bathrooms
And battles in the back of the classroom
And in the bungalows game of death with flows
Lunchtime rhymes you had to prove and show

Never the school type, couldn't pronounce the words right
The class jester, I was flunkin every semester
The summer hit, had it burnin in '86
Class cuttin and runnin wit all the neighborhood derelicts

Within the concrete jungle [huh!] we remain humble
Akil and Akir, bounce, flip and tumble
Uh, we never fumble, break down or stumble
Hot mumbo jumbo, just bring it when we rumble

We push it like the Daytona
Fresh rhymes we blaze on yas
Strictly from California old skool public diplomas
We spittin from every corner we flippin it when we wanna
Beneath the concrete be street word on ya

[Hook]
So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets
Original beats with real live MC's
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Swing Set"

So Hot! So.. Hot!

This is the sound of the 30's!

1..2..1, 2, 3, 4.

Gather round all you ruggytutters, 'cause we're going to show you what Swing is all about!
Oh yeah?
Yeah!
Yeah?
Yeah!

These great sounds should not be left to gather dust. You might dig out that old 78.

Doodeedoot n' doodeetdoot n' doodeedoot n' ah ha ha ha!

Hi Ex-Swinger, don't be a wimpy, go way out!

Do you wanna dance?!
Yeah!

Swing.

All hands on deck!

Love that! Yeah! Oooh!

Ok everybody on the swings.

Ahhhh-- Ooh!

The sound of the Swing era.. kind of scratchy after all these years. If only it sounded like this...

[Bebopin' & Scattin']

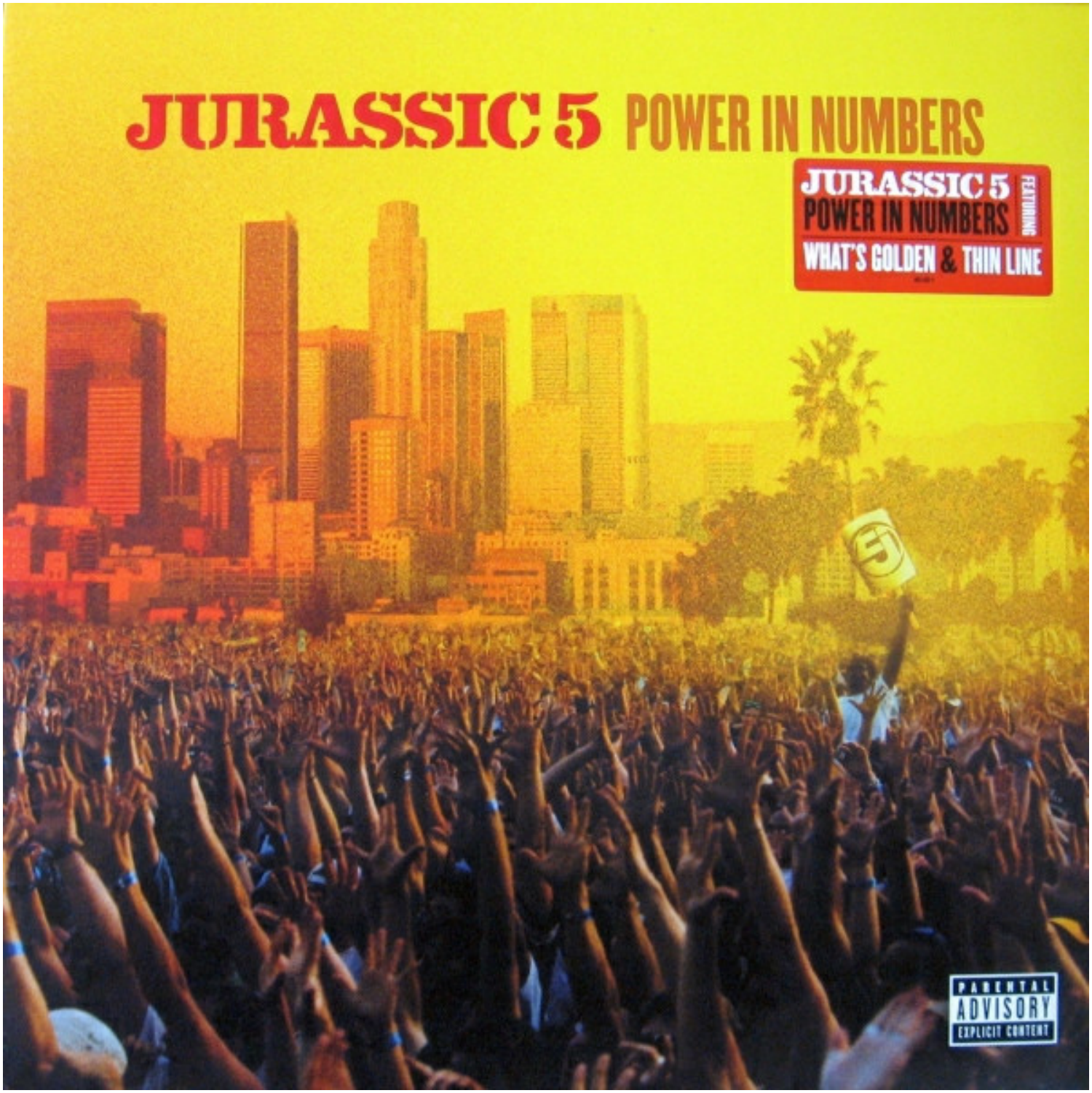
What you probably remember was more like this..

Ooh ooh ooh ooh.. Bada da da daaaaa!

So Hot!

..Aaand will fill me up!

Woooh yeah! Swing time in the ol' corral.


JURASSIC 5 POWER IN NUMBERS
JURASSIC 5
POWER IN NUMBERS
FEATURING
WHAT'S GOLDEN & THIN LINE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"This Is"

Yo,yo,yo this is sister ?
From original wailers
You are in tune to Jurassic 5
Don't move your dial
Enough love and respect
The music is strong
Play on

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Freedom"

[Chorus]
Hold on to this feelin', Freedom (Freedom!) *[2X]*

[Chali 2na]
Yo, Seldom travel by the multitude
The devil's gavel has a cup of food
My culture's screwed cause this word is misconstrued
Small countries exempt from food cause leader have different views
You choose

[Akil]
What meen the world to me is bein' free
Live and let live and just let it be (Let it be)
Love peace and harmony, one universal family
One God, one aim and one destiny

[Marc 7]
Are we there?
Imagine life without a choice at all
Given no hope without a voice at all
These be the problems that we face
I'm talkin' poverty in race
But no matter what the case we gotta...

[Chorus]

[Soup]
Yo, I'm the first candidate to hate
Had to beat on the drum to communicate
For what was to come to those who were hung
They would decapitate the tongue if you would mention the word (Freedom)

[Chali 2na]
Got people screamin' free Mumia Jamal
But two out of three of ya'll will probably be at the mall
I'm heated wit ya'll, been defeated before
And complete an unsolved when the word freedom's involved

[Akil]
Yo, my forefathers hung in trees to be free (Rest in peace)
Got rid of slavery but kept the penitentiary
And now freedom got a shotgun and shells wit cha name
Release the hot ones and let freedom ring

[Soup]
I'm the former vote prisoner
Hollywood visitor
Dance for cats segregated on wax
My color got me HANDY-
-CAP amos and andy
For the freedom they just won't hand me

[Chorus]

[Marc 7 (2X)] **Hold On**
Cause there's not a lot of time **To**
Your heart, body, soul and your mind **This**
They're so true and they been hurtin' so long **Feelin'**
Thats the reason why we named this song **Freedom**

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"If You Only Knew"

[Chali 2na]
Never think just for
Shits and giggles
Do we spit sylable riddles
For bits and kibbles
So chics can wiggles and shake
Cause this image is fake

[Akil]
I'm tryin hard to relate
In a place filled with so much hate

[Soup]
Some brothers debate
Some love or some hate
Whatever the case
Its all about the choices you make
That's the reason your balloon'll deflate

[Chali 2na]
But to relate
We tryin' to take rap back to its primitive state, wait

[Marc 7]
No overnight success or runnin' with vets
Just pure unadulterated work progress
I'm willin' to bet the farm
You'd give your right arm
For a piece of the pie
Ask yourself, Why?

[Chorus:]
[All]
If you only knew
The trials and tribulations we been through
But if you only knew
We're real people homey, just like you
We humble, but don't mistake us for some corny ass crew
What we do, is try to give you what you ain't used to
[Marc 7]
Soul music, somethin' we can all relate to

[Akil]

Yo yo, I ams what I am and thats all I can be
Uh, no more no less what you're seein' is me
Akil the emcee dubbed the U-I-S-C, uh
Wise, intelligent, God did bless me

[Soup]
Yes we, rock up off the S-B freshly
Especially dangerous rough and deadly

[All]
The pimp positioner, tip the Richter...Scale

[Chali 2na]
Alone we sink together we sail and prevail
The rum raisin comin through guns blazin'
Some of you duns runnin' ones with none savin'
Complainin', me and my clan are unscathen
From the soul comes somethin' amazin'

[Chorus]

[talking in background]

[Akil]
Yo, how many times I got to hear
Some fanatic in my ear
Tellin' me I got to keep it real
When they ain't payin' my bills
Or feedin' my kids, judgin' me on how I live
If my crib in the hood or if its up in the hills?

[Marc 7]
Have you forgetten who you are?
Oh, you think yo a star
Why you frontin'? (You ain't nothin')
You went from nothin' to somethin'
But somethin' means nothin' if ya people still wantin'

[Chali 2na]
And ya got money and givin' them nothin'

[All]
Flossin' and frontin'

[Soup]
Ya game of sharades
The way you behave
The image you save
Yeah brother thats one big parade

I'm sick of your ways
I'm sittin here spittin a phrase
Next time they smile and they wave
They probably be with a gaze

[Chorus]

[Marc 7]
Soul..soul..soul..soul..soul

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Break"

[Akil]
Yo, yo, if you had much class
And style like I had
You would be so glad
I see why you so mad
I'm born with it
Like Marvin and Lauren with it

[Chali 2na]
Yo, deform with it
The way we perform wit it
You gon' get it
Your rebuttals are long winded
The song ended
If you satisfy

[Marc 7]
It's all splendid
Yeah, like Kevin Lockerbie
Rockin' some beige Wallabees
Blinded by the mockery

[Soup]
Time is never stoppin' me
Drop the clue
Connected with Cut and Nu
On the...1-2

[talking]

[All]
There's only one capable
Breaks the unbreakable
Melodies unmakeable patterns
Unescapeable whatever we aim at
We line 'em up
The party is weak from the same rap
Time's up
We payin' homage as well as returnin' favors
Candy for your ears hear us now
Or hear us later

[Chali 2na]

We fully capable
Make no mistake if we
BREAK a few rules
Make a few moves
And drop a few jewels
On top of your views
Unstoppable dudes
Using third optical tools
To Rakaa few crews
You gotta confuse
Melodically
Use rap to sonically bruise cats
Harmonies move over
Chemically glued tracks the ripper

[Marc 7]
Formulated fax center
Orchestrated back bender
Sign, Post, Date and send ya
And take you out like placenta
When I'm in your eye end ya
Blend with the beat like shadows and black ninjas

[Akil]
Me the epicenter
When I'm rocking the mike
I'm from the earthquake state
Shakin' up your life no aftershock
We blow the spot from the top
We have to rock
Ain't that much time on the clock
Kick rocks
Keep it movin' now pick up the pace
We drop and hit the ground runnin'
Winnin' the race
With limited space and limited papes
At any rate we take your mind
To the realest of states
Cuz...

[Chorus:]
[All]
The flow gon' shine
We blow yo mind
With vocal rhyme
And music from my DJ in the back
Gon' shine
We'll blow your mind
With vocal rhyme

My DJ in the back is gonna
BREAK *[scratching]*

[All]
Yo, we payin' homage as well as returnin' favors
Candy for your ears hear us now...

[Soup]
I put the Bob in the Bob Diddy
Spit it for y'all city
Use what Allah give me
Flip it if y'all wit me
Kinda black kinda bold
Ghetto soul beautiful
Still in it for you to hold
Cover girl centerfold
My spot, hot like lava rock
I get busy from Panorama City to Lompoc
You prefer hood medic procedure
Poetical breather with fever
Cuz...

[Chorus]

[All]
There's only one capable
Breaks the unbreakable
Melodies unmakeable patterns
Unescapeable whatever we aim at
We line 'em up
The party is weak from the same rap
Time's up
We payin' homage as well as returnin' favors
Candy for your ear hear us now
Or hear us later

[Sample]
For those listeners who didn't feel that
We just had another one baby

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"React"

Here's what we do
We will set up
This is tunnel vision
From planet to planet
Solar system to solar system
From galaxy to galaxy
REACT
It's what you do first
Come in please
Uncensored
Power
Come in sky watch clear
REACT
Another public service message from way out
We care about your world
Stay tuned

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"A Day At The Races"

[Akil]
Yo, my metaphor, my musical madness
Move and motivate those with musical talents, uhh
Read it in bold print, we holdin it down
Lick a shot, hip-hop when we in yo' town
Uhh, master blaster sound
Freak the future far from here and now
With style, release increase the peace, uhh
Bubble with the beat 'til they feelin the heat in the streets
Now each one, teach one, reach one, young gun
On one, listen to the warrior's drum
Beatin up the block with the ghetto hop that knock
and make you wanna crash the spot
And unlock explode (BOOM) the alpha and omega code
With drum rolls and old soul, we uphold
And foretold to scores of six years ago
Fast flow from G. Rap to Kool Moe
Supasyllable, major to the minimal
Every individual, bounce to the tempo yo
Lungs collapse and raps be trapped in
The only way to make it happen, jaw-jappin, fast rappin

[Zaakir]
Yo, I'm the hot dog that run the hottest monologue
In star poetic inserts and yes y'all s
My speech is like holding two glocks apiece
The outreach that rock police
The super adventure men portend to put somethin in bitches
Win when we write, the Emmy winner get hyped, off any printer
And I came to get it (HIT IT)
Like Operation PUSH, operate the tush
Black octopus of soul, in inter-planetary patrol
I planted my gold, and low and behold
It's the brother doc, ready to rock-rock
Don't stop Hobbes, I known like the lumberjack chop chop
The wordsmith, I write in block letters of cursive
Curse my circus, serve this surface
And watch how the brother fet over
The fly Cassanova with the frankencense odor

[Percy P]
Bear witness
To where riches'll make career bitches share pictures

When the ears get this ya brainses software'll glitches
Splatter your brains
Leave scattered remains of matter and stains
That'll explain how you was battled and slain
I get rude and go, to your show and use a row
of fans to BOO and throw you off 'til you lose your flow
A pro mean like Joe Greene when I blow theme
Put your whole team on pause like cold cream
Then show laughter when I flow faster, your hoe haveta
go after her weave from the breeze when I blow past ya
I'm dapper plus ghetto and just pedal
When the dust settles we left in the rubble the crushed metal
Nurses with hearses sealin conversed with lit purses
Spit fire, make you first to bit, try me
Like Osama, odoma', I'ma cause trauma
And homicides when I collide I get kamikaze

[Big Daddy Kane]
Kane baby, walk hard, the p-jects
On streets of Brooklyn I'm a crew of D-cepts
On streets of L.A. I'm a whole E-set
On tracks with Jurassic I be the T-Rex
Still that Gucci dressin, still that coochie pressin
My pimp game smooth be-gets 'em
I don't use discretion; cop tends to be stressin
Fuck explainin it, who's he testin?
Finsta perform all physical forms
Leave your ass shakin like a Mystikal song
Please Dumb, what type of shit was you on?
Cause man to compress a nigga mean One less a nigga (uh-huh)
All I want is my niggaz all recruitin a slimmy
All I want is my liver all polluted with Remi
Duel with any, bring it, I face-off
Son you out your league like Jordan was with baseball

[Chali 2na]
Yeahhh, your majesty, word flash photography
Third class economy, blade slashed your artery
Nerve gassed anatomy, blurred past dramatically
Herbs hashed, my word splash packed agility
Never predictability
Manouvers of mind fully designed cause I'm true to the rhyme
We do the sublime, crackin yo' backbone
Attackin you wack clones
Vernacular right and exact, capital rap zone
that come back verbal assault rifle (ahhhhh)
We fight like Stokely Carmichael
Nope! We just like you
We broke and ain't no tellin what we might do

Ain't no joke
Provoke the right to reverse to seek mercy
with the King Asiatic and Percy P
Ain't heard the worst of me, until your chest 3-D
Spit venom and burn your body like a STD

[Marc 7]
Put a 20 on the next brother steppin to me wrong
I mess around a lick cause you done cheat on my theme song
This might seem wrong, but this is a mean song
Crushed like King-Kong, and just like ping-pong
Back and forth, I spit knowl' and toss, it's time to floss
My verbal affirmation is to always go off
When syllables slide you'll be enjoyin the vibe
When consider it pride, it's J5
When another deadly medley, camera action yo we heavy
Aim steady slash machette Mazeratti engine ready
Good and plenty don't be petty count the fetti and we jetti
OFF to another city where we do our nitty grity
We wild like Serengeti, tear it down let's seek and set it
Get ready, for the ride, verbally hand-glide
Write and stay tight, mission's in sight
Murderer worldwide the stage is yo' knife

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Remember His Name"

[Zaakir]
Yo whats up ak

[Akil]
Who is this

[Zaakir]
Its me zaak--ir

[Akil]
Hello? what? (Hello?) I can't hear (I GOT IT! HANG UP!)
Yo speak louder I can't hear

[Zaakir]
(Yo Ak) Yo It's me Zaakir!
I was sittin at the television feelin' disturbed
Hey yo, I just got the word, off Tigram and 83rd
Some cat that got clapped, (gangster rapper?)
Perhaps, But I was lookin at the face of one particular cat
Now I done seen him before, (Can you remember where at?)
Well it was either at the liquor store or laundry mat
Or at a party and shit, ?or drive through of a quickie split?
But the fellas her ran wit, they no longer ex-- (yo, dude peep this)

[Akil]
Yo I know dude, I been knowin him all my life
Ever since I was young I used to see him shootin' dice
On occasion i would see him once or twice
With all types, many different walks of life
He tried to keep in touch, but i knew what was up
Every time he came around and showed his face I ducked
In the mid-eighties, the nigga went crazy
He had alot of ladies selling they babies, the nigga was shady
But he had alot of friends that he would visit on the weekends
Thrill seekin, influenced by his teachings
My daddy knew him, yo, he met him at a hotel
My homeboy Johnny, kicked it with him in a jail cell
Alot of people met him with a female
Doing real well, connected with the drug sales
The rich and the poor, for better or worse
The last and the first, walked the earth, but can't avoid his turf
And it hurts my brain, he's drivin me insane
It's a shame I can't remember his name

I think 2na know dude, Soup, i aint tryin ta be dude
But my wife just cooked, im bout to grab up some food

[Zaakir]
Aiight peace, 2na said he probably runnin the streets
I'm about to give these young brothas a beep
[ring ring]

[2na]
Yo! asalaam ulakum

[Zaakir]
Yo, ulakum asalaam

[2na]
Heyyo, what's up on 83rd man?

[Zaakir]
Man, the fuedin is on
Hey, the reason why i called, that was the cat from my building
You seen him?

[2na]
Yeah we met that brother out in Pasadena,
Remember seven, on Marengo
No my mistake, we were right between fair oaks and lake
Tryin to take us a lunch break

[Marc7even]
And cop us a sess sack!

[2na]
But had to drive right past the place where they rest at

[7even]
We drove in a hactchback

[2na]
Corolla, these cats pack pistolas, the cadillac they drove

[7even]
It was brown and black

[2na]
Patrollin the hood, lookin for trouble
Saw us purchasin trees
Lurkin with speed, pulled the strap, and was hurtin to squeeze

[7even]

You ?jerk? and you bleed

[2na]
Threw it in reverse and we fleed

[7even]
Or should we say fled?

[2na]
They wanted to make us more than play dead, flashin his heat

[7even]
Two cars are movin fast on the street

[2na]
That's when I peeped, that dude was in his back passanger seat
(yo that shit was deep) Still I can't remember his name..

this suckas gonna get us killed
now come on man I feel like cuttin loose
violence
you behave yourself

[Zaakir]
Oh man, where have I seen this brother before, man
well it was either at the liquor store or laundry mat
Seem like everybody I know know dude, but can't nobody remember his damn name man
I been knowin him all my life
the same with everybody from ShawnyMac, YawYaw, my brother Mohamad
Its like you cant *cant avoid his turf*
Oh, hey, you know what, now I know who homie is man, his name is
De-De- Death

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"What's Golden?"

[Zaakir]
Check it out now...
I work the pen to make the ink transform
On any particular surface the pen lands on
Zaakir is hands-on, what's the beef?
The Cooley High cold chief high post techniques
I drape off poetic landscapes and shapes
Illustrate the paper space off the pens that paint
Then design what have a National Geographic a magic
With tailor made status and plus flavor that's automatic

[Chorus]
We're not balling
We take it back to the days of yes y'all-in'
We holding onto what's golden
[PE Sample] *On a stage I rage and I'm rollin'*

We're not balling, or shot calling
We take it back to the days of yes y'all-in'
We holding onto what's golden
[PE Sample] *On a stage I rage and I'm rollin'*

[Marc 7even]
Melancholy mundane so I tame the hot flame
Big rings, fat chains, and y'all quest for the same
No name, use fame, strictly new to the thang
We stay true to the game and never bring it to shame
We tight like dreadlocks or red fox and ripple
We pass participles, and smash the artist in you
The saga continues, this I won't get into
'Cause there ain't enough bars to hold the drama that we been through

[Akil]
Yo...
We still the same with a little fame
A little change in the household name but ain't too much changed
We in the game but, yo not to be vain
I refrain from salt grains to season up my name
We entertain for a mutual game from close range
Steady aim, drum at your head to hit the brain
I'm labor ready, Rhode Scholar for the dollar
Work for mines pay me by the hour

[Chorus]

Hip...Hop
Music *[a bunch of times]*

[Charli 2na]
Yo...
Well, it's the verbal Herman Munster
The word enhancer, sick of phony mobsters controllin' the dance floor
I been in dark places, catch you when you stark naked
Your heart races as we pump you for your chart spaces
The taut taces be bringing these hot styles through
Some of you bum a few chairs from shock value
Word power can plow through acres of cornfields
Paragraphs cut like warm steel, preform ill...

[Chorus]

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Thin Line"

(feat. Nelly Furtado)

[Chali 2na]
Yo, this is a lesson in friendship
The depths of a kinship
What women and men begin with, and then slip
My pen drips
As I scribble my thoughts on thin strips
Of emotion
A fraction, seduction, attraction
Eruption of passion
Corrupts if a lasted friendship's involved
But love to cross the line
But that's why we built these walls

[Hook: Nelly Furtado]
We been friends for a long time, a very close friend of mine
Love you like you was mine, but respect a thin line
I love you like you was mine, think about you all the time
Very close friend of mine, but respect a thin line

[Akil]
Opposite's attract
When the female and male come in contact
Sticky situation in fact
Tryin not to let the feelings catch
But there's a thin line between both of y'all
So you respect that
And entertain the idea, but get brought back
To reality, and could you really live with that?
Decision, based on intuition
You love and keep your distance
Hug and kiss in friendship

[Marc 7]
An ongoing kinship, we was people to begin with
Disrespect was not intended
but your feelings sparked the sentence
Sometimes you're too intense in your quest to invent
The perfect man, please understand, my rhyme is your repent

[(Hook) - repeat 2X]

[Soup]

Man, too bad that we became friends first
I'm not on expert on how relationships should work
But, (echos) from the minute it as known
It changed the whole tone on how we spoke on the phone
Yo, it was cool but I felt it wasn't enough
And I was stuck when your moms would pick it up
Over you, all my buddies would swoon
But I felt we were in tune, you let me up in your room. (Damn)
But to me girl, you're still off limits
No matter all the times that I hinted. (Yo, whatchu doin after this?)
Infactuation was authentic, but yo I just pretended
So I wouldn't lose the friendship
Maybe, I should spill all my guts
Or write a letter, then tear it up
Or do a song, just to say what's up
I want ... just ... a touch

[(Hook) - repeat 2X]

[Nelly Furtado]
I can't do this anymore
See my heart just falls out when you walk in the door
Friendship turns into lust and this only tip
That I can't comprehend even if I knew it
Can't do justice to these things that I'm feeling
You got someone else, don't wanna be caught stealing
Hell if she knew she would never leave us alone
in the roo-ooo-ooom

[Chali 2na]
This was a lesson in friendship
I stress in this sentence
Should women and men be friends first?
And then slip?
My pen drips as I scribble my thoughts on thin strips
of devotion

[Akil]
Opposites attract
And best friends make a perfect match
If you only knew that
Once you cross, ain't no turning back
The minute you let him in it and he hit that
That's that

[Marc 7]
We was people to begin with, but you was too relentless
Jeporidizing kinship, respect is intended
Resolve is my intent

While we got it in
I'm tryin to salvage a friendship

[(Hook) - repeat 2X]

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"After School Special"

[SOUP]
Check it out yo,
It's clear I'm burning out the candles here
No open toed sandals here
I finesse any way I dress
Capital F-R-E-S-H so fresh

[CHALI]
YO the mass men who suppress pain like aspirin
Jurass men are the best trained assassins
Your class pins get thrown in the trash bins
You leaches and has beens get your teeth smashed in
Hot as you'd keep a furnace
We kept it earnest
Poems puncture your epidermis
And swell up enormous
Smoother than candles or flannel pajamas
We raid the city on camels
And dismantle informers
The omen

[AKIL]
We blowin' never knowing where we goin'
When we flowin' with the fresh word spoken
Your chokin cuz my mikes smoking
Hoping that you get a chance to get into the open for some fresh air
But you already there
Yo I'm in the clear
West of the hemisphere J5 musketeers
Zorro with the oral editorial
The moral of the story I'm professional

[CHORUS]
J5 mcs and its on
J5 MCs then its on

[MARC 7]
I'm never cautious on MCs that make me nauseous
I feel that it's important
So Let's write and go record
No need for applause
If you're kicking the raw shit
We rotate tracks double back, just like swordfish

Word gifts is given when precision is I
Dominator, illustrator of this lyrical pie,
Why you livin' a lie
Just unloosen your tie
So you can check the way we do this
In conclusion we'll fly

[SOUP]
With the view from the birds eye
With birds eye flown
I symbolize the skull and the cross bones
S to the O U P to the izzay
Sharp like the blade that stabbed the back of the OJs

[Chorus]

[KIDS]
Akil, Chali 2na, Marc 7, Cut Chemist, Numark, Zaakir, Jurassic 5
Schoolhouse rock the dock I'm about to block back
To the underground into the next round and to the next town
I NEED A BEAT

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"High Fidelity"

[Zaakir]
Well my name, Zaakir
I'm versatile
Plus I never eat the cow if ain't Hilal
While you rap or bit our styles in the third degree
Myself and 7even tight like cornbread Earl and me
Showcase with the voice that's Oh so fresh
And I can still serve a brotha in a minute or less
I can talk all day but I'mma save my breath
And let my nigga Marc 7even just do the rest

[Marc 7]
I'll do the rest
But I won't rest
Get fresh off of any beat you suggest
High tech with the combination we prepare
Rap concierge behind there kickin' the snare
Now check it
Marc's the word
7even marks the spot
Guaranteed to keep it hot
If you like it or not
MC's is ink blots
We verbal potshots
Takin' the top spot
We clutchin' top notch like...

[Soup]
And together we, will forever be
High Fidelity
Definitely
Switchin' the melody
Can it be
The Casanova speech therapy
That heavily puts the flavor right where it should be
My words have been connected to the poets of old
The way I utilize the pen I turn ink to gold
Keep it overly creative
Innovator of soul
Now check the flavor from the fader
Which my DJ holds

[Samples]

[Both 2X]
And together we
Will forever be
High Fidelity
Definitely
Switchin' the melody
Can it be the brothers that you rarely see
That got together for the better
Whether him or me

[Marc 7]
You better remember these
Incredible MC's
Our sounds invade spread plagues just like a lepresy
Our weapons be our vocals
Guaranteed to smoke you
Better think twice about steppin'
We nice
Never focused on ice
And still comin' off tight
It's like the color of night
I mean the beat is so right
Damn!
Soup and 7even
Infiltrate your heart
The beat that's compliment of DJ Nu-Mark

[Soup]
And it's the fifth element
Never repetitive
Highly competitive
Classy and elegant
Super intelligent we're tellin' it to ladies and gents
Never irrelevant now do I have to say it again

[Marc 7]
The fifth element
Never be hesitant
Totally accurate
Present or past tense
We immaculate in fact you get a whole crew
Backin' it
Hit 'chu with my two inch tape
And show you what workin' with

[Both]
And together we
Will forever be

High Fidelity
Definitely
Switchin' the melody
Can it be the way that we demonstrate
Our Wonder-Twin powers we activate

[Soup]
I'll tear a competitor
Pluck 'em like chicken feathers
I'm better than ever
Incredible poetical editor
Dead or be better
I bet'cha regardless the whether
Whenever with clever endeavors
When me and 7even rappin' together

[Marc 7]
Your style is post mortem
No decorum
Style pourin'
We explorin'
You ignorin'
I'm the foreman
Longshoreman
And I'm sure when you tourin'
That you whack and you borin'

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Sum Of Us"

[CHALI]
Sparkling extreme spinnage
Watching your scene plumit
If lyrics were green vomit
My vocals would clean stomachs
Addicts wean from it
Where dreams and green run it
The faces on money change like the host on Teen Sumit
I'm close to being done with this industries cream driven
supreme livin, seein more demons than Gene Simmons
And mean fibbin' actors be adlibbin
Fakin the funk and some of us naturally had rhythm
Some of us act like they had women
Gats in the abdomen back when the fad hit them cats
they didn't have nothing
For certain I'm sure it's fiction but for some
The purest diction
Insures their jurisdiction
I'm kicking it up a level trying to stay in the red
Some stay in the bed zombie
Like the day of the dead
With decay in the head
Playing instead of staying ahead
Steadily portraying celebs, delaying the inevitable
When some come round
Run down when they touch ground
They clown But their structures unsound
Some of you like the way my words caress tracks
While some of these politicians secretly suppress facts

[CHORUS 2X]
I'm saying through songs I write
My wrongs I right
If you wanna fight the power
Get the power to fight
Cuz some of us judge without knowing the man's inner
And some of us find fault in the sin and not the sinner

[AKIL]
Influential ideas
Push pressure on my peers
That's why most of these brothers have short term careers
You appear to be what's happening

One year you crackin
One hitter quitter now you missin in action
With no satisfaction from the streets
I only hear foolishness when you speak
I repeat my predecessor's indeavor with pleasure
Lock and load, explode and come better
Hopin that generation X
Be more wicked with the flex
And not so quick to cash a check
And disrespect, chasing drugs and sex
Guns and death, but end up getting layed to rest
At your request
You're at the end of your line
Out of your mind
Idle women, weed and wine
And shells for your nine
The blind lead the blind
Time after time
When you rhyme for the shine

[CHORUS 2X]

[CHALI]
Yo, I'm telling you to rebel
But dude, if you stale
The 2na can tell
Either you're coming to the party or you're truant as hell
Politicians ain't got no problem puttin you in the cell
It's like he rolled up a snowball and threw it in hell
See some of us are looted with mail and suited to swell
But still blind like they're fluent in Braille

[AKIL]
Yo, I never can tell uh, why some make it or fail
Speak it and spell overcome and still prevail

[CHALI]
We ripple the water frequently
Blink if we show delinquency, please
Human frequencies
Have been diseased, A breeze ain't what I'm feelin
Healing is essential
Mental aggrivation shows you what we've been through

[AKIL]
Yo, sign of the times influence the ways I rhyme man
Pick up yo nine and put down your picket sign, man
Your life is worth way more than just some diamonds
Without bling I still gleam

Glisten and shine, man

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"DDT"

(feat. Kool Keith)

Ahhh!

[Kool Keith]
I look at rappers with maximun equation
X-ray vison invasion
Rhyme connects perfects insects
That crawl and try to bite my rhymes
Pesticides I'm the double D combine the T
Thats DDT
A chemical more to better to burn
Roaches, germs, mouse, lice, termites and percunious bugs
Or try thugs who perpotrate
Nothing within contaminate
Got my gloves on
So bring turtle doves on
Watch me pluck em and pick em
Stick em kick em and vic em
I see you're featherless
You got the birdy disease
Bite any rhymes that I have for ya
The poison is bad for ya stupid
You're equal measure to dirt dust grime and puss
You're just a rappin infection
Dirtlizin my section like a six-legga
Ya betta step off and walk ya pure roach

[laughing]

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"One Of Them"

(feat. JuJu of the Beatnuts)

[Chali 2na]
Yo, Your image deceives what your people perceive
Some people believe what the media feeds, TV MCs
That try to bark hollow...pretend to be harsh fellows
But be yellow and softer than marshmallows

[All]
Oh you one of them niggas!

[Juju]
Homo I'ma hurt ya feelings
Name brand talkers...pretty ass earrings
Where are all your women I ain't seen you with one
The only bitch that ever loved you gotta call you her son
Yeah, you that nigga...choch ass nigga
No heart...won't even approach us nigga
So you be humble man...stay in your place
We them niggas that rumble and get in your face

[All]
Oh you one of them niggas!

[Marc 7]
Concerned with lookin' cute...nails done, eyes plucked
Homie, what the fuck?...I mean really whassup
Help a brother understand
How self-admiration takes the soul of a man
Damn, vain ass, plain ass, nothing ass niggas
Get your punk ass out the goddamn mirror

[All]
You one of them niggas!

[Cuts: DJNu-Mark]
Real niggas do real things and that's a fact

[All]
Oh you one of them niggas!

[Cuts: DJNu-Mark]
Are you in with the heart or are you in it for the funds

[All]
Oh you one of them niggas!

[Akil]
Uh Mr. Know-It-All, flossy floss, all talk
Head Mr. A&R ...we ain't hard, who the fuck said we was?
You never heard us holla...Crip or Blood or I'm a thug

[All]
You one of them niggas!

[Zaakir (Soup)]
You wanna rhyme like that?
You won't get signed like that
Ya'll need the R&B track
Or call some sister sluts
Tell them...back that thang up
'Cause only real niggas spit game that much

[All]
You one of them niggas!

[Chali 2na]
Right off the bat...what you speak is contrived
Its like you're cloaked in a Pinocchio vibe
And when you lie...you play with the dream
You make it decay at the seams
You can fix it...if you say what you mean

[All]
You one of them niggas!

[Juju]
Pick and choose who you beef with
Leap froggy, Show me how real you keep it
And know that you pussy all underneath it
Now it's time for the 5 to expose your secret

[All]
You one of them niggas!

[Cuts: DJNu-Mark]
Shake up...foo's be faker than make up...HA!

[All]
Oh you one of them niggas!

[Cuts: DJNu-Mark]
Are you in with the heart or are you in it for the funds

[All]
You one of them niggas!

[Cuts: DJNu-Mark]
Knock this pretty boy kaz on they ass...each time we drop...kid

[All]
Oh you one of them niggas!

[Marc 7]
No time for idle chattin'...folks say what's happening
'Til we go platinum...house in the Hamptons
Bank account large...give sha-tan my cold regards
There's a killer at large...and he murders his team?
'Cause he strips black teens of all their dreams

[All]
You one of them niggas!

[Akil]
Yeah what you trying to prove
Keep it gangsta where I'm from...means the G's move
Now everybody wanna pop that shit
Walk like a Crip...what part of the game is this?
Don't get caught up the twist of some gang bang shit
But then you probably would...fascinated with the hood

[All]
You one of them niggas!

[Zaakir (Soup)]
Man...enough is enough...I know that you're ghetto
But thinkin' you tough?...your possie is deep
And when you speak it's fuck the police
Am I to believe...is that the way you really would be
If only we see...what there is no cameras allowed
And your bodyguard didn't have to hold your hand through the crowd

[All]
You one of them niggas!

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Hey"

[talking]

Scorpio...Cancer...Leo...Taurus...Sagitarius...
Hey...hey, hey

[Soup]
Now, if theres a party theres about to be
Then let me start queing up the frequency
Six members, fresh spinners, we make the fly ladies say...
Hey...Hey
The Shak-Zulu shot a rhyme right through you
Now your don't want static with my crew now, Do you?
C.A. all day, we make the party people say...
Hey...Hey
Check it, regardless what you heard this year
The party atmosphere is only crackin' right here
And uh, we givin' you the theme that ya want
Cha come clean if ya want, know what I mean
If ya don't because...

[All]
We just wanna get you out
To the party everybodys talkin' bout

[Soup]
And you dont have to worry bout a fee
Ya see its all vi-a-vi
Because you're rollin' with me and uh...

[All]
We just wanna get you out
To the party everybodys talkin' bout

[Marc 7]
Yo, we thought we'd come a little different
Somethin' unscripted
Push up our percentage
Rip it like we meant it
Vintage verses
Sentence wordsmith
Here with no delay
Relax and don't decay
Turn to the DJ

He can make ya people say...
Hey...Hey

[Akil]
Yeah, yeah, party people in the place to be
It's all live cause the party is packed
(No straps, just raps)
Sweat drippin' ain't nobody set trippin'
All the ladies testifyin' to that...
Hey...hey
Ay yo I'm feelin' the vibe
Take you on a natural high
Boogie wonderland cause we gon' party tonight, yo

[All]
Cause we just wanna party wit you...
Hey...hey
Open up your mind and let the vibe flow through (Uh)
Cause you dont have to worry bout a thing
Let the rhythm heal your brain
While the party people sing (Hey!)

[Chali 2na]
Yo, the more you offer, displayin' your inner visions
Oral officers will be freein' your inhibitions
So skip an intermission and suddenly parlay
Cause movers are hot pumpin' in butter from parkay
You wonderin' what that prehistoric force is
Make you scream...
Hey...hey
Like a heard of hungry horses
Yes, the music you approached me with was inappropriate
Cause me and my associates are closely knit shit
The main course on the menu for today say...
Hey...hey
(talking in background)
Hey...hey

[Soup]
Now if theres a party for the gangstas here
The DJ's spinnin' records you don't wanna here
To have it your way
Participate and make him play...
Hey...hey
I represent it, get wit it for the hood
The lights is turned low and the mood is all good
Whether you parlay
Or on the dance floor say...
Hey...hey

Regardless what you heard this year
The party atmosphere is only crackin' right here
And uh, we givin' you the theme that ya want
Cha come clean if ya want, know what I mean
If ya don't because...

[All]
We just wanna get you out
To the party everybodys talkin' bout

[Soup]
And you don't have to worry it's enough
No guest lists and stuff because you're rollin' with us
Now if theres a party theres about to be
Then let me start queing up the frequency
Six members fresh spinners, we make the fly ladies say...
Hey...Hey
C'mon, The Shak-Zulu shot a rhyme right through you
Now your don't want static with my crew now, Do you?
C.A. all day, to make the party people say...
Hey...Hey
(talking in background)
Hey...hey, hey
(talking in background)
Hey...hey

[Sample] **And all round you people are screaming,
nation tan, nation tan, nation tan, nation tan
shit, here it come again, here it come again,
here it come again, here it come again,
here it come again**

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"I Am Somebody"

[All]
Yo, raise the level, bass bottom to treble
Forever keep it ghetto
Funk and heavy metal
F*ck the devil
Unify the rebel
Whistle like a kettle
With a fly acapello
Smooth and mellow
Locked load and settle
Shine through times with rhymes bright like yellow
Taste and swallow, lead and never follow
Break it like a bottle
Inspire like a role model

[Chorus:]
[Soup]
Say, "I am" (I am) "Somebody" (Somebody)

[Akil]
Yo, my soul, bounce rock and roll
Tumble with the rhythm
Heat the mic when it's cold
I was told "Be Bold"
Whether platinum or gold
Keep it solid
Do the knowledge
Til' I reach my goal
My hunger-pain thunder
Lumberjack the fifth wonder
I never slumber cuz I keep it on the under
My post beat for people in the street
Ghetto M-U-S-I-C (We bring the heat)
That African soul
Clap black power impact
Who said ghetto rap was all about a dope sack?
A pimp slap or a big black gatt
Fuck around and get jacked
For your rhymes where I live at
Uh, I'm not a gangsta but I boogie wit beats
No gang affiliation in my lyrics or speech
But still I keep it straight hood-hop techniques
South Central Fundamentals J5 emcees

And it's on!

[Chorus]

[Chali 2na]
Who's to say if I choose to make moves today
Whether I win or lose or I end up on the news today
Amuse but never confuse
Still got dues to pay
You abuse elegant rules when you use clich's

[Marc 7]
They got you sittin' on the edge of your seat

[Chali 2na]
Creatin' beef

[Marc 7]
Mark of the beast
Code on the street
Cease and decease

[Chali 2na]
Never the least

[Marc 7]
Let me repeat
The situation gets sticky like the badge on police

[Chali 2na]
We individually driven in the beginnin'
We winnin'
Six men and a venomous independent decision and clear vision
Pretendin' was never a possibility
I got to kill it
Because I want to be it
The poet to win a Pulitzer Prize
Who wouldn't survive?

[Marc 7]
The fullest of vibes

[Chali 2na]
Deliberate surprise

[Marc 7]
When bullets the size

[Chali 2na]

Of quarters arrive

[Marc 7]
And slaughter your lives

[All]
We trying to counteract that

[Chali 2na]
Unifying these ballers and backpacks
With Knowledge-&-Fact-Tracks

[Chorus]

[Soup]
Yo, my soul, infiltrate birth control
And control guns Huey P used to hold
I breathe life and through the 60's
Voted most likely to get busy
Inner city flash jiggy burn
Phillies and things
And we boogie to the bang
Sunshine and rain
Why you cats be talkin' that pimp crap in jail
I corresponded with a nigga who can barely spell
I know the situation oh so well (so well)
I done seen it in 3D
It ain't hard to tell
Why you bang for your turf chain girl or your man
I be banging for Islam in a spot in Sudan
Cuz I can't solve or stop or put foot to this
The hottest brother on the block couldn't cook to this
J5 drop the verse beat hook to this
And if you want a fly jam you should look to this
So...

[All]
Raise the level, bass bottom to treble
Forever keep it ghetto
Funk and heavy metal
Fuck the devil
Unify the rebel
Whistle like a kettle
With a fly acapello
Smooth and mellow
Locked load and settle
Shine through times with rhymes bright like yellow
Taste and swallow, lead and never follow
Break it like a bottle

Inspire like a role model

[Chorus]

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Acetate Prophets"

Brothers of rhythm, libo
stay tunned for Unity Community
here at Rat Race, in the house
we're gonna give the band a chance to cool out.
If you got a white Cadillac you need to move it
right now you blocking somebody in and they cant get home
and their ready to leave
check it

Wake up people and look at life around you
acetate prophets

FEEDBACK
JURASSIC-5

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Back 4 U"

Check this out
Real quick
I don't know if everbody know us personally as individuals
So what I want to do right know is
Is I want to take this timeout just to introduce everybody
So let me just introduce everybody

I need from the people up top
From the people on the bottom
And the people in the back on both sides
To give it up when I say

(When the music is the soul)
(And the soul is the music)

So what I want to do right now
Is I just want to go back a little bit with y'all
Check this out

[Zaakir]
Yo, dressed in indiginous garb sittin abroad
The words that I use to be awed people aplaud
Now watch how the brother adapt fill in the gaps perhaps
I play the block until the curb collapse
Now check the method and put the message on record
Promote the effort and change the neighorhood preference
And keep'em guessin from the old to the adolescent
It's J5 and it ain't no half steppin

[Chali 2na]
The word play we display
Can only convey the vibe when they dj
Colonial rep but far from the empecee
Feel sorry for those who bystand innocently
The menace in me divides men's courage in half
I murdered my staff
Demolished every nerd in my path
The verbal giraffe
....jive
We do play live
Ask the people who they fly
The crew J5

[Mark 7even]
We ride right into the night
Words that we write
We're calm then a settle your site
Come to the light
The word play we display
Kept us movin from Tokyo to LA
Catch the feelin as we move on
Follow the groove and steadily soothe
Gotch you all comin in two
Follow the crew
No mean thing cause we tied like shoe strings
When we sing you hear buzz like bee stings

(thank you...thank you)

[Chali 2na]
This is a, uh, very historical moment for us as Jurassic 5 man for real man
I feel like, uh you know, we have some serious support out here...

[Chorus]
You know we bring this back 4 u
So you know we bring this back 4 u
So you know we know we know we know we know we
So you know we bring this back 4 u

[Akil]
Yeah...What...Yeah
When we play you walk this way
We walk in faith I hope you feelin great
We came here tonight just to celebrate
Put ya hands up high you know we're rockin the place
If you came here to hate you came way to late
Jurassic emcees and came to set shit straight
Originality, check the way we originate
Style and communicate check the way we demostrate

[Chali 2na]
Countdown three two one
Some rappers a speak the real
And I can see through some
I focus my sound
I never sellin surplus pounds
I'm workin to smash and drown all you circus clowns
You try to dis and get your rims crushed like ants eggs
Some are fated where my tims touch my pant legs
We indestructable plus we's magnificent kings
Beat over book by overlooking insignificant things
That bullshit that you bring

[Chorus]

You know we bring this back 4 u

So you know we bring this back 4 u

So you know we bring this back 4 u

So you know we bring this back 4 u

So you know we bring this back 4 u

So you know we bring this back 4 u

So you know we know we know we know we...

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Radio"

[Announcer]
Many, many moons ago
Jurassic 5
Began their quest
To put real hip hop on the radio

[Akil]
Now here's a little story that must be heard
About the brother with the word sounds so superb
It started way back with these emcees
Now here's a little somethin on the history

[Zaakir]
I'm a H-I-P H-O-P H-E
A-D, been since one-nine-eight-three
R to the A-P-P-I-N
Eighty-four was the year I picked up the pen
At the same time breakin tryin' to come on in
But I was already in since way back when
One-nine-seven-five, the saga began
R to the O-B-O-T-I-N
Eighty-one I was P-O-P-P-I-N
One-nine-eighty-two D-J-in
Eighty-three it was all about Run-DMC man
A gangbanger taught me how to break dance then
The same year I picked up the pen
And wrote my first rhyme and got that feelin
And now I'm here in the flesh still dope still death
Tryin' to get my song (rockin on the radio)

[Chorus]
The summertime yo we would hang out
And talk about the new jam that came out
And from the way the beat was laid out
And all the emcees had turned the place out
And we would say our rhymes to the beat
Right but we never indulged in the street
Life and now we all good to go
J5 is rockin on the radio

[Akil]
Yo I was an inner-city nigga in my room I'd sit
Poppin off quick cause I could sing a little bit

with my hi-top fade and matchin outfits
But once the record hit it's like listen to this
Hip hop is the reason that a brother evolved
And I was so involved I ain't gonna lie to none a y'all
By the time I started rhymin in the late eighties
The drugs in Cali was crazy

[Chali 2na]
Nine-teen eighty
Nine's the number this is the summer
On some get rich come up Quest switch the drum up
Invested some of my best years because of
Then I repped with some of the best kids that done it
My love dates back to show, that's incredible
Brothers who lack revenue spent on they back several
Times It made me know which way to go
And now (Jurassic is rockin on the Radio)

[Chorus]
The summertime yo we would hang out
And talk about the new jam that came out
And from the way the beat was laid out
And all the emcees had turned the place out
And we would say our rhymes to the beat
Right but we never indulged in the street
Life and now we all good to go
J5 is rockin on the radio

[All Together]
I got my mind on back in the day
The style a dress and the records they play
Reminisce I got somethin to say
Check it out cause it went this way cause it went this way

[Mark 7even]
The year was eighty-two and the block was froze
When I stepped out rockin burgundy shell-toes
A fresh mock-neck and some new Lee jeans
Add a pair a Gazelles and well you know what I mean
DJ Red Alert and Mr. Magic had static
Over Kiss FM and BLS which one is the baddest
Brothers on the block was doin the Wop
While the cars drove by bumpin real hip hop
The vibe and the feelin was oh so real
We held it oh so dear so brother don't go there
Fat Boys Cold Crush Force MCs
All showed me how to really be a real emcee
From the Yes Yes Y'alls to the Ladies say Ho
I can't believe my jam is (rockin on the radio)

[Akil]
From the Yes Yes Y'alls to the Ladies say Ho
I can't believe my jam (rockin on the radio)

[Chorus]
The summertime yo we would hang out
And talk about the new jam that came out
And from the way the beat was laid out
And all the emcees had turned the place out
And we would say our rhymes to the beat
Right but we never indulged in the street
Life and now we all good to go
J5 is rockin' on the radio
J5 is rockin' on the radio
J5 is rockin' on the radio

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Brown Girl (Suga Plum)"

(feat. Brick & Lace)

[Brick & Lace]
You want sexy
I give you sexy
Heh-he
It's brick and lace and Jurassic 5
And I like that

Mercy yeah!
Mercy yeah!

There's Brown Girl in the Ring
Tra-la-la-la it, Brown Girl in the Ring
Tra-la-la-la it, Brown Girl in the Ring
Tra-la-la-la it, she looks like Sugar and the Plum
Plum plum

[Jurassic 5]
Yeah
You're too cute too resist
And you'll probably wanna mention
That you are not used to this
Hope I don't seem hard pressed
Can a brother get your number email address
I'mma keep my eyes glued
And hate on any brother you that talks to you
Cuz anytime another
Comes around harder than i
Put it on paper this is what i would describe
Intelligent
The fly female
Perfume smell even if its not from Chanel
Hair and fingernails
The fly debutante is what I want
And you can trust me
Plus give me props when you discuss me
Its about to be super ugly
But tonight's the night that's gonna make your love
It's in the pocket

[Chorus: Brick & Lace]
There's Brown Girl in the Ring
Tra-la-la-la it, Brown Girl in the Ring

Tra-la-la-la it, Brown Girl in the Ring
Tra-la-la-la it, she looks like Sugar and the Plum
Plum plum

[Jurassic 5]
Yo
What it look like
She look like
We, my ticket at the end of the night
Ugh, she my type
Tall just my height
Tall brown skin
African decent
So decent
World wide princess
Get down to business
Ain't by the bullshit (mmm-hmm)
Y'all know
Stand up tall
Queen of the bar
Nah, she ain't a pimp y'all

[Jurassic 5: Chali 2na]
Back and forth
Forth and back
With your back support
Got your back
We gonna have a laugh
'lil chat
Some food after that
Have a pack
Bake a crack
Take a step back
(there's a)
Push it with a burst of air
Will it work
Will i thurt
Will i persevere
Till the dirt
Im a flirt
First one with dear
Im afraid when the worst is near

[Chorus: Brick & Lace]
There's Brown Girl in the Ring
Tra-la-la-la it, Brown Girl in the Ring
Tra-la-la-la it, Brown Girl in the Ring
Tra-la-la-la it, she looks like Sugar and the Plum
Plum plum

[Jurassic 5]
Her day starts with a bus and backpack
Half burn cigarette
Study and some black facts
Baby got it gonna on in the her own hood
All the fellas on the ride
Know it's all good
Is it really tho?
Ask me how i figure tho
Give me just a second and
I'mma tell you what a brothers know
She was 15
Following her for-scene
You know flossin'
Moe when tossin'
Baby had dreams but she put em off often
She'd rather slow one and grow a damn high
Living in the hood is like walkin' on a landmine
Yeah, come on

[Brick & Lace]
Watch me shake it to the left and copy it up on the right
Me gots the goods to deliver
I got the mind to shiver
Come for rockin'
Come for rockin'
It's in the pocket
No one can stop it, yeah

[Chorus: Brick & Lace]
There's Brown Girl in the Ring
Tra-la-la-la it, Brown Girl in the Ring
Tra-la-la-la it, Brown Girl in the Ring
Tra-la-la-la it, she looks like Sugar and the Plum
Plum plum

Show me emotion
Tra-la-la-la
Show me emotion
Tra-la-la-la
Show me emotion
Tra-la-la-la
He looks like a sugar in a plum
Plum plum

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Gotta Understand"

[Soul sample cut]
"You might wanna say it" Testing "O, Ya got to understand"

[Chorus]
"what ya gotta" speak the truth for real
"you might want to say ?" "you got to understand"
We trying to tell you the deal from our perspective
The J5 collective will wreck cuz you
"You got to understand" keep it together and try
"you might want to say ?" but you "you got to understand"
We're more than meets the third eye, words fly
Reppin' from the bird's eye view

[Akil]
I ain't hating I just heard better
Up the ante on the game and apply the pressure
Understand I was a fan
Before I was a member of your favorite rap band
Understand that I'm still a fan

[Soup]
And you can keep playing after the fact
Related to the game and came after crack
Cuz every nigga I know is out ta get a plaque
So why you wanna go and do that, huh?

[Chali 2na]
I don't know man cuz we see fiends who dream c.r.e.a.m
Reppin' the west through special effects and green screens
And it seems you need to be the one to flash that cannon
Or sign the autographs till the last cat's standing

[Marc 7even]
Brother pass that action, and your trashin' is real
Your only way of coming up is probably inking a deal
While your thinking the skills, some are thinking the mills
In a never-ending quest ta get the house on the hill
AND THAT'S REAL

[Chorus]

[Akil]
I need some understanding in this world between me and my girl

She want the diamonds and the pearls to be a part of my world
Twenty four-sev, but love don't pay the rent
So love me when I'm home and cherish the moment

[Chali 2na]
Uh-Huh
Cuz some of you women are men's mirrors
I know some women who dodge balls like Ben Stiller
Please understand, it's not to offend or seem bitter
But every queen, need a king wit her

[Soup - singing]
Ms. Thing I don't know, but ever I leave you ready to go
My Momma told me about how it flow
But I didn't wanna listen but she told me so
Now if it ever came to the bank account
Who'd ya pack ya things and get up and bounce
These the type of things that I be thinking about
To all my other fellas "you got to understand"

[Chorus]

[Chali 2na]
And all the times I tried ta do ?what this wanna god do?
It's cuz I see the world from the Artist eye view
You live life the next part is you die, too
And there's no one on this earth it doesn't apply to

[Soup]
Now that's true, cuz every single day I live
I'm obligated just ta say it like it T-I is
And I ain't gon talk about no cat whose decision is poor
Trust me man my hand is just as dirty as yours

[Marc 7even]
Either they like you, or they hype you, it's a cycle
Choices that we make in the vi-tal
Cuz in the blink of an eye it can all go awry
And the next man will quickly take your title

[Akil]
Yeah, between me and myself and all of these things
Understanding is a theme when we doing our thing
From the job to my queen and chasing my dream
The whole world needs a little understanding

[Chorus (w/ad-libs from Akil)]
[cut sample until fade]

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"In The House"

Urhh

Uhh
Yo,
Party people, from right to left just kick off your shoes and enjoy yourself
The rec-ipe for rap is to flip the script and we the Jurassic 5 and we bout to rip
So ladies and Gentlemen
From the music this is farfetched extreme, from the brothers we bring a whole brand new thing,
Were in-the-house

Yo,
The original ryme-inyl hospital the mic, I spin on the mic, believe it, those believing the hype, my beat in this life, what ever you believe in this light, I'm reading it right, whatever, cant ya sing it you'd like
It's like,
Could it be hot or could it be cold or could it control I'm leaving it
co, co c, c, c, controldable to the party goers exclusively, and you agree I'm much better than I used to be, because J5 MC were here to rock, rhymes like yours can never be stopped
You heard the four of us even though it's six, guaranteed to succeed while were bringing you this.
I give J5 uh the recipe, south central MC in the place to be.
Common say ho if ya know that my flow get ya out on the floor and make ya sweat for sure, uh
Cos we got what you need
Stuck on my style and my melody
Yeah, lemmie' show you where the party at
The rhythm from the jungle with a party hat
Party back from the front to back, yeah
Party rap and you know that

So just get back now
Party with the people when you bust that move
Give it up don't stop now
Feel the vibe let the music push you

So ladies and Gentlemen
For the music this is farfetched extreme, for the brothers we bring a whole brand new thing,
Were in-the-house

So ladies and Gentlemen
Get on down

Yeah that's what I'm talking about
Ya see I'm coming with the healing plan
Leaving my enemies running like a ceiling fan
Now while the rest assume

I let my blesses bloom
In a session I take it back like a dressing room and it's a cinch what the tuna do,
Turn a roach and you're convinced I'm as dressy as a French quarter filler brew,
so that were beautiful music pharmaceutical ladies and gents this events undisputable

Its tuna fish in the house tonight

Were hustling
For de money
Give us the ends
The dividends
Yaiah

That hobbadoba shop webe deba he
That shit will blow up.

Give us the ends

Were hustling
For de money
Give us the ends
The dividends
Yaiah

Whats the motto for J5 2006?

Were hustling
For de money
Give us the ends
The dividends
Yaiah

Give us the ends

Yeah you know when a song is going off its like
Were hustling.

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Baby Please"

You know them ladies half amazin' half crazy
Baby wanna make a baby baby please what she say to me
Yeah

Ain't nutin new up under the sun
She want a boy
I don't want none
Girl just wanna have fun
I'm tryin to get my funds count my ones

[Chorus]

Nutin new up under the sun
Gotta a brother up under the gun
Gotta run cause a girl got a plan to get a man
Ain't a ring on my hand
All she wants is me and her to be one

Uh, let me tell you how the story begun
At first thought she was the one
She was chill then so much fun
Her uzi weighed a ton
Didn't know I was chillin with a loaded gun
Can you feel or hear me son
Disappear reappear call me hang up
Love me hate me quit me date me
Baby on the low might Robert Blake me

You want your problem solved holler dog
Can't be seen with her in the mall
Givin you a piece of my catalogue
Never thought you would pull up at a broad
But I had it y'all
Bagged it y'all
Hate it when a girl get mad at y'all
I'm a snap at y'all
Don't panic nah
The reason why a five nigger haven't called

[Chorus]

Ain't nutin new up under the sun
No money no car why you call me a bum

Cause you got cake and I'm scrapin crumbs
Now I'm on the video your face look stunned

[Chorus]

Nutin up under the sun
Fellas succumb when they nails and they hair get done
It's better for some to tell'em when young
Keep'em under space in the place til they head get sprung

I can't mess wit you hoes
Out to get my dough
Alterior with the mo
From my heart the plot is closed
You know
You thought since I was nice
That I was blind like some mice
But I'm a man with advice
Baby please get it right

All of us used to walk the world
Akward, scared to talk to girls
Every flavor, even chocolate swirl
Can't get a housewife from a stalker girl
uh uh
Cannot handle a high caliber woman
Camera hold steady
A blast and I'm a move it around
Tryin take advantage and vanish for standing how I'm a get down

[Chorus]

Ain't nutin new up under the sun
She want a boy
I don't want none
Girl just wanna have fun
I'm tryin to get my funds count my ones

[Chorus]

Uh, I'm a break it down real real quick
Just cause she fine don't mean she fine
In the time it took me to write this rhyme
Baby done slept with all man kind
Don't play me play lotto
You can't rev me like no throttle
Get yo ass up out that bottle girl
Stuff the benz in some model world

Let me spit this man
With miss thang
Put it in the way just to get this Jane
Sorry girlfriend I forgot your name
Don't blame me just blame the game

Your claim to fame ain't your brain
Without no game her end can't complain
She don't wanna make the change
She just wanna shake that thing and chase that fame

[Chorus - 2X]

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Work It Out"

(feat. Dave Matthews)

1-2-1-2

[Dave Matthews]
A don't stop stop your dreamin'
Let yourself float upon the notion
We can work it out, we gon' work it out baby
Go ahead lose yourself inside this opportunity
That we gonna make it right now, make it right now

[Marc 7even]
Hey
We live and we learn, we crash and we burn
Right now my only rhyme is this lesson I learned
You talk about trust, I talk about lust
It's not appealin' as you truly speak your feelings
I'll be lookin' at the ceiling, so concealing
I shoulda put my heart on the table
Knowin' I was good and able but instead I fed your fables
If I could have you back best believe it'd be forever
Cause each and every day you would hear those four letters

[Chorus]

[Chali 2na]
Hey
These are different times but we feel the same pains
The blood of mankind runnin' through the same veins
We'd like to make it right some which it remain tame
Same crimes even though the names changed
And we like different minds workin' off the same brain
Passengers on different cars steppin' off the same train
In the end, makin' it right's the main aim
Different parts of the picture highlight the same frame

[Chorus]

[Akil]
Yo
Now if you know what I know you need to work it out
If you ain't happy with yourself you need to work it out
You havin' problems with your family then work it out
The things we go through just to work it out

I work it out when the situation seems unworkable
unreversible but God is most merciful
Many works, Many men converse
With soul searches sweat it out
when they tryin' to work it out

[Soup]
With the constant complaint, we either gonna make it fly
Or we ain't, I already know what some of ya think
I'ma talk a hip hop and how bad its got
Then tryin' pull a brother, I'm not
lookin' for nobody to judge, you said you ain't I never thought you was
I'm just tryin' get with ya and pose in the same picture
So this mic thing can move the right thing and do the right thing
Made for your life gain, plus my man might sing

[Chorus - 2X]

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Where We At"

(feat. Mos Def)

Ahhhhhhh

Speak my mind
just to reach your mind
tap a tempo off the instrumental
just to get the drum line
you know it's my time
reel up and rewind
get off that cheap wine
swingning on my grapevine
you heard a brother
worthy to create rhymes
I take it further than a murder
or I hate crime
don't hate on me
what have you done for me lately
Beside to baith me assume and mistakely
Too abstract than a backpack
to super underground with the beats and rats
cause I refuse to bust gatts
and wather down my raps
to get me caught up in a trap
and set me years back. Fuck that!

[Mos Def:]
Yeah right from the start
remember that feeling
the way the Hip-Hop used to make you feel
so real like
getting first signed
then the first time you heard Planet Rock
Word is over, the God
Staten Island, for real... for real

I heard brother say J5, men them niggas ain't shit
Them niggas never slapped no bitch, never inserted a clip
They never claimed thug or a pimp
Them niggas never made the attempt
Hey yo, they ain't all that
men Six members men and four of them black
what kind of racist statement is that
they need to change their views

start talking about the clubbing they do
thats the reason we ain't fucking with you
today's artist is tough
talking loud, this isn't enough... yeah
let's talk about the guns you bust
Nigga, the crack you cut
or all the cars that you bought wholesale
or the niggas rattling your cold tail
I've been keeping it real
let's talk about the ash you feel
now thats the way to get mass appeal
Ya'll ain't heard that wow
the brothers ain't feeling your style
you get stoned play over the radio right now

Where we at
Wh...Whe...Wher...Where we at (YA)
Where we at

Don't deny me, diss or austrsize me
cause it's likely I'm all up in your sight gee
It's unreal how you deal and threat us
your bunch of beleivers
I can tell just by the way you retreath
cactus is a discreed fact
they heat rap beat gaps but stay of the knee rack
so you could put your seat back
pick up your feet and bring facts
rhymes and beats that we create can defeat that weak crap
cause your either bling-bliging or your next tails rigning (dring)
either way it goes, fat baby ain't signing
the game ain't over until we all get shined
I mean you do your thing and I do mine

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Get It Together"

[Intrumental Intro] One, Two, Three

[Zaakir]
Yeah, I'm tryin' to get it right, live my life right
I want the things that come with the fast life
but I don't wanna lose my soul, right? pay with my life
I just wanna rock ice with my fresh nikes (yeah, yeah)
cuz the girls at the school think I dress nice. (yeah)
The real thug niggaz cool with a nigga, right? (that's right)
'Til one day after school, wakin' home, right? (Uh Huh)
Them same thug niggaz ran up on a brother, right?
With three more I never met in my life. (Damn!)
Axed me where I'm from, banged on me, right? (Where you from?)
The brothers that I knew was up outta sight
(Man they made me get it together, now I ack right.)
(Let's get it together)

[Mark 7even]
Trials and tribulations, both got you accosted
Understand I'm not the one, go tap some other resources
The road that you travel gon' be paved in some gravel
so before you try on jock me understand the shit is rocky
I don't mean a boxer, Illy? or Oscar
I'm tryin' to spit some game, so your ass can prosper
Pay a little dues, do a couple a shows
put a mix-tape out, man let's see how it goes
My only good advise is to cut your own slice
I mean, the world ain't gon' bite, just cause you think you nice
How can I be diplomatic when this ain't automatic
I'm gonna tell you right, this a roll of the dice
(Let's get it together)

[Chali 2na]
Hey, being (solid?) silent's the first sign
if not, being able to follow my first line
I dirt-grind on my first, it works fine
I'm alert, but I been caught of guard at the worst time. (worst time)
Yeah, I get apparent applause
but do these people know my character flaws? I get embarassed
and pause, meticulous, but never careless because
I might be the one standin' on your terrace that falls
And you can laugh, but it's therapeutic, to
talk about my faults of a rare acoustic, bangin' dove shit

We ain't perfect, to fight just ain't worth it
despite a stained surface, we gotta retain purpose
(Let's get it together)

[Akil]
I was a pick-a-the-litter, when I was a-little-nigga
my pops would turn preacher once my voice got deeper
than his. For all the times a nigga would vent
I had to listen, he was payin' the rent and what
he's sayin', he meant. I'll admit, I was tripin' a bit
I was hangin' with different chicks and we be wild'n and shit
but I had to get a grip before time ran out
or pop starts to trip, start puttin' me out
but now I kinda see what he was talkin' about
you can't live in somebody house and start airin' it out
You got to be your own man and handle your biz
and later on you can tell 'em what time it is
(Let's get it together)

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Future Sound"

[Akil]
Yea

[Soup]
Turn me up though

[Akil]
Uh Huh,Yea

[Soup]
Come on

[Akil]
Anyway

[Soup]
A 1,2 what cha gonna do
2,3 what's this gonna be... come on now

[Akil and Soup - talking over each other]
Yea Yea uh, a come on now
Let me hear you, Let me hear you

[Akil]
Uh yea
Provoke emotions when I'm boastin and braggin
Just imagine gun clappin' linguistic assassin
Bout to shake the world up, slam it to the floor up
You heard of us, real niggaz we blow the world up
Rip off the planet, take it for granted when I manage
With that home team advantage, automatic rhyme bandit
Bout to hand it , Cause you cram to understand it
When I land it open handed
I'm a transatlantic slave, with that old black magic
Got to have it from the demo, to the master
Some brothers try to strike, but light the fire of disaster
I'm the chainsaw massacre, brain ball acid dust
Down shift, pump your brakes, ease off the clutch
We fuck it up, when we conduct, load your pistol up
Put this verbal dick in your mouth, until I bust a nut
And let this jam tell you who the fuck I am
Original black man from the Billali Sudan

[Chorus: Akil and Soup]
It's like that y'all, so go head and get up
Sample (Be bad)
This is the future sound
[Sample]
Without further ado, you don't see us, but we see you

[Akil]
Either you're here to teach

[Both]
Or you're here to be taught

[Akil]
If you don't plan to get away

[Both]
Then you plan to get caught
I was born to lead, that why I run don't walk
South-central MC what the fuck you thought

[Soup]
I set my first verse up, similar to a stake out
The minute that they break out, they send jake out
But I'm super laxative and I don't need no practice kid
You're probably wondering what track this it

[Akil]
Uh, so carry on with that twisted ass street rap
I ride for peace, but I will contradict that
And bitch slap any rapper that act, uh
Like he really want it I'm a have to mishap

[Soup]
So act like you want it, but don't get loud
And you haven't seen a style this vivid in awhile

[Akil]
I rebuild cause I'm a rebel
My education and rhythm is on a higher level
Smash til the dust settles

[Chorus]

Yes, yes, yes y'all
Mic test, test y'all
Freestyle lyrics being thrown straight at y'all
And we hype so and we might just flow from the get go
Hey yo Soup, let 'em know

[Soup]

I'm one of the last cats, (That's right) puttin' the flavor back in the rap
And make a sun roof straight to your cap
Now the original black, now watch how the herbs react
I play the block, where I learned to rap (tell em)
Ain't nothing to it, I keep the word play fluent
And tone will run through like the emperor Jones
Now the inventor of poems and lymrics outstanding pitch
Regardless if your feeling my shit
Yo, I stay prime and plus I'm never outdated
In time I break atoms from the way that I rhyme
Now I created a line with no miscues, fake no moves
So here's the rhyme I couldn't wait to use
I represent, and put the pressure on your local event
And drop heavy when the vocal commits
To hit you with the hits, from the colonial prince
The master of the ceremonial
It's like that y'all

[Chorus]

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Red Hot"

[Marc 7]
Syllable slasher, insurmountable mic gasher
Quick to vent with intent, you can't crash us
Constant link passers, styles'll skate past ya
Beats that we present will make you hate like a slave master (Hardcore)
Heated and hot, control the venomous plots
We be the cream of the crop, so keep our name out your mouth
We'll entertain your brain for three minutes and change
Ain't it strange, your fame is three minutes and change
Let me finish explainin', break it down like a layman
All the stuff that you sayin', Ain't it all entertainin'

[Akil]
Uhh, Yea...
(Red hot) molten lava
Too hot for toddlers
Too hot for you and your crew so don't bother
I'm the globetrotter, party block rocker
Heart and show stopper, break it off proper

[Soup]
With lengths to go,Yo
The Jacques Cousteau with flow, and underground continental
With words that blow
The competitions straight to the door
We'll rock it, Herbie Hancock it like '84, Fo' sho'

[Jurassic 5]
This jam is red hot

[Chali 2na]
A smooth brotha, for real we buckshots like that BlackMoon fella
The backroom sellers makin' rap tunes illa
The Killa flow spilla, the Chicago killa named 2na

[Marc 7]
We come tramplin', your city and stand in
We movin' in tandem, your crew couldn't phathom
We reppin' the fashion, no mushin' and mashin'
I'm through with you has beens
Your crew better cash in

[Jurassic 5]

This jam is red hot, when were rockin the spot
If you like it or not, this jam is red hoooooot

[Soup]
The vangard of art
Quick to put pen to the thought
And nice from the minute I start, huh
Maneuver well, I tell girls that can't tell
That say since I don't look like Maxwell
They think I can't mack well

[Chali 2na]
We them backpack boys, at your backdoor
They can catch a cap like a hatch door
Givin' the exact score
Forever we fight for honor yo
Tight since we was lable mates with Mic Geronimoooo!

[Marc 7]
Walking, stompin' in my big black boots
It be the crew J5 and we're all in cahoots
(Soon) to bring it to ya live, yea that's what you paid for
With skills much sharper than a Texas Chainsaw

[Akil]
Yo, pipin' hot and your mic is not
We steam from the pot, you wet like rain drops
We fire with the brimstone
Heat up your girls erogenous zones with electrified sparks and poems

[Jurassic 5]
This jam is red hot, when were rockin the spot
If you like it or not, this jam is red hoooooot

This jam is red hot

[Chali 2na]
So let the ash blow
We relieve static with a grammatic fiasco

[Marc 7]
Don't even start me
We rippin' up your party
Put us on a marque
We clutch without the car keys

[Jurassic 5]
This jam is red hot

[Akil]
Mind blowa, syllable Sammy Sosa
Dap the King's Cobra

[Soup]
Huh, we come up to sun up thanks to noon
And you can say, I'm on his dick cause you are too, Come On!

[Jurassic 5]
This jam is red hot, when were rockin the spot
If you like it or not, this jam is red hoooooot

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"End Up Like This"

Yeah

Hey, yo,
We used to be young, dumb, full o' cum,
Bubble Yum bubble gum, with no funds,
But we still had fun.
Don't worry, be happy, that's what we was.
We was family, caring for loved ones,
Blood relatives; first and second cousins.
Brothers all from the same mother.
Now we act like we don't know each other.
We used to play with toy guns,
Now we bust real ones.
Shoot 'em up Kill Bill style and fashion.
Hey, yo, what happened?
Hey, yo, what happened?

Na na na na na na na na
What if we end up like this?

Na na na na na na na na
What if we end up like this?

Da da da da da da da da
What if we end up like this?

Da da da da da da da da
What if we end up like this?

Hey, yo,
The vision that I'm seein' ain't the same no more.
We used to tell the girls we love 'em,
Now we calling 'em whores
Summers of the past was a blast when we cooked out
But now we grab the phone, sit alone, and order take out
Kids playin' outside, yellin' out names,
Now the fun and excitement's in the video games
Brothers used to speak "What's up," "How you"
Now it's "Homie," "Who the heck" and "Why he lookin' at you?"
It really blows my mind how we changed our direction
As the years go by, I gotta ask this question:

Na na na na na na na na

What if we end up like this?

Na na na na na na na na
What if we end up like this?

Da da da da da da da da
What if we end up like this?

Da da da da da da da da
What if we end up like this?

We-a dire need, but what the empire need
When you lyin' to me, it seems so fine to me
I got a glass eye that reflects the fast fly
Then my acne ?? the latchkey cool
I used to want to hit the streets to hide my fault
The life at the ??, or the pain I've caused
The damage I laid was covered up with praise
Cause, Momma, did you know that I had changed my ways?
But don't judge me, harass my clique,
We only doin' this, cause the neighboorhood permits.
So try to explain, just one thing:

What if we end up like this?

Na na na na na na na na
What if we end up like this?

Na na na na na na na na
What if we end up like this?

Da da da da da da da da
What if we end up like this?

Da da da da da da da da
What if we end up like this?

Yeah, I'm runnin' muddy and graffiti understudy
To switchin' to musician and children across the country
Trips to Cuba and tours with Santana
Help me not to flip this statement and endure these bad manners, man
They ain't chasin' but came to main cause inducing caine is a beast
To sustain your brain pressure
Tryin not to see the fact that you da man, leave the plan, ??
Cause your choices affect your band members in the air, shit
Later for business, what happened to friendship?
The rest is just nonsense
My natural response is to just to roll up our fists and ask:

What if we end up like this?

Na na na na na na na na
What if we end up like this?

Na na na na na na na na
What if we end up like this?

Da da da da da da da da
What if we end up like this?

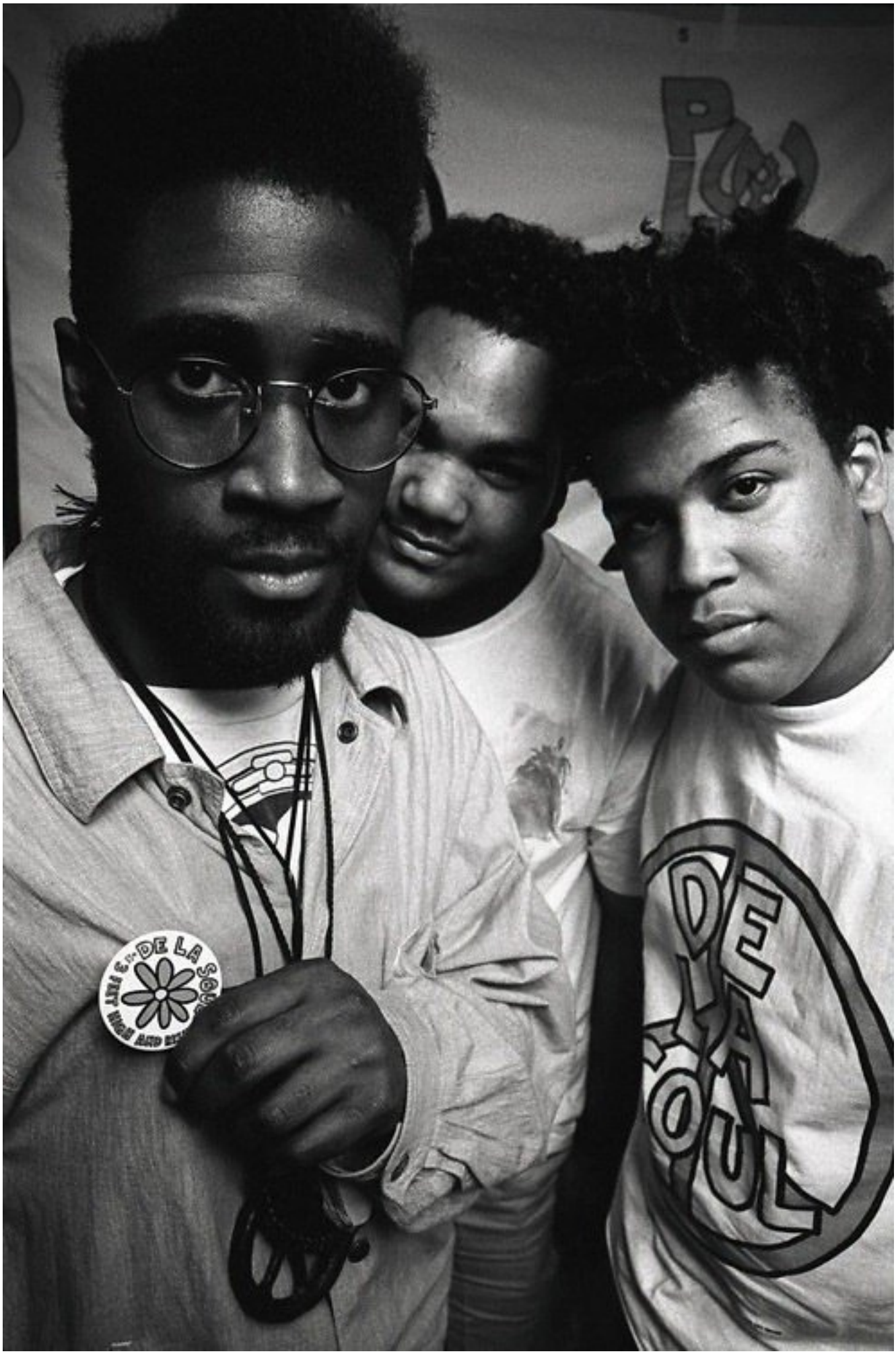
Da da da da da da da da
What if we end up like this?

Na na na na na na na na
What if we end up like this?

Na na na na na na na na
What if we end up like this?

Da da da da da da da da
What if we end up like this?

Da da da da da da da da
What if we end up like this?


DE LA SOUL

DE LA SOUL
3 FEET HIGH AND RISING

De La Soul Lyrics

"Intro"

[Al Watts:] Hey all you kids out there! Welcome to Three Feet High and Rising. Now, here's what we do. The following contestants... how are you doing, contestants?

[Contestants:] (General babble, inc. 'Okay', 'Alright', 'Yo Mama')

[Al Watts:] So fellas, tell us a little bit about yourselves. Contestant number one!

[Contestant #1 (Dove):] How ya doin', Al. Just came all the way down from Wichita just to be on this show. You know it's gonna be swell and I'm gonna win all the money. Gonna win all the money. See ya.

[Al Watts:] Okay, contestant number 2.

[Contestant #2 (Mase):] Excuse me, um, my name is, um, P.A. Mase, I'm from Australia, and I'm just glad to be here.

[Al Watts:] Okay, contestant number 3.

[Contestant #3 (Pos):] Hello, my name is, uh, Plug One, and uh, let me tell you a little bit about myself, I like Twizzlers, and I like the Alligator Bob, and my favorite movie is um, Bloodsucking Freaks, just like your mama.

[Al Watts:] Okay, contestant number 4.

[Contestant #4 (Prince Paul):] Hello, my name is Prince Paul, and I'm just... glad to be on the show. Thank you.

[Al Watts:] Okay. Now we've met the contestants, let's get to the game! I'm going to ask an amount of four questions, and the contestants will try to answer them correctly. Now, you out there in the audience can answer along with them.
How many feathers are on a Perdue chicken?
How many fibres are intertwined in a Shredded Wheat biscuit?
What does "touche et lele pu" mean?
How many times did the Batmobile catch a flat?

Now that we know the questions, we'll let the contestants think them over, and we'll return right after these messages.

De La Soul Lyrics

"The Magic Number"

(Got to have soul!)

[POS:]
3
That's the Magic Number
Yes it is
It's the magic number
Somewhere in this hip-hop soul community
Was born 3 Mase, Dove and me
And that's the magic number

(What does it all mean?)

Difficult preaching is Posdnuos' pleasure
Pleasure and preaching starts in the heart
Something that stimulates the music in my measure
Measure in my music, raised in three parts
Casually see but don't do like the Soul
'Cause seein' and doin' are actions for monkeys
Doin' hip hop hustle, no rock and roll
Unless your name's Brewster, 'cause Brewster's a Punky
Parents let go 'cause there's magic in the air
Criticising rap shows you're out of order
Stop look and listen to the phrasin' Fred Astaires
And don't get offended while Mase do-se-do's your daughter
A tri-camera rolls since our music's now set
Fly rhymes are stored on a D.A.I.S.Y. production
It stands for "Da Inner Sound Y'all" and y'all can bet
That the action's not a trick, but showing the function

Everybody wants to be a deejay
Everybody wants to be an emcee
But being speakers are the best
And you don't have to guess
De La Soul posse consists of three
And that's the magic number

[DOVE:]
This here piece of the pie
Is not dessert but the course that we dine
And three out of every darn time
The effect is "Mmmm" when a daisy grows in your mind
Showing true position, this here piece is
Kissin' the part of the pie that's missin'
When that negative number fills up the casualty
Maybe you can subtract it
You can call it your lucky partner

Maybe you can call it your adjective
But odd as it may be
Without my 1 and 2 where would there be
My 3
Mase Pos and Me
And that's the Magic Number

Focus is formed by flaunts to the soul
Souls who flaunt styles gain praises by pounds
Common are speakers who are never scrolls
Scrolls written daily creates a new sound
Listeners listen 'cause this here is wisdom
Wisdom of a Speaker, a Dove and a Plug
Set aside a legal substance to feed 'em
For now get 'em high off this dialect drug
Time is a factor so it's time to count
Count not the negative actions of one
Speakers of soul say it's time to shout
Three forms the soul to a positive sum
Dance to this fix and flex every muscle
Space can be filled if you rise like my lumber
Advance to the tune but don't do the hustle
Shake, rattle, roll to my Magic Number

Now you may try to subtract it
But it just won't go away
Three times one?
(What is it?)
(One, two, three!)
And that's the Magic Number

(Yo, what's up?)
(1, 2, 3)
(I say, children, what does it all mean?)
(Woah-woah-wo, 1, 2, 3)
(I wouldn't lie to you)
(No more no less, that's the magic number)
(No more no less)
(What it is?)
(No more no less)
(Is this the future?)
(No more no less)
(Do the shang-a-lang)
(No more no less)
(No one on the subway ever chats to me)
(No more no less)
(Anybody in the audience ever get hit by a car?)
(No more no less)
(How high's the water, mama?)
(No more no less)
(How high's the water, mama?)
(No more no less)
(Three feet high and rising)

(No more no less)
(Three)
(That's the magic number)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Change In Speak"

[POS:]
Once again it's time to bite more soul
A flavor you will savor in your soul
Wax is distributed and then sold
So watch it turn, bring your next of kin soul
P.A. Mase has rocked it on the console
Scream real hard until you blow your tonsils
Bang-oh-bang until you burn your shoe soles
'Cause you are now dancing to the big soul

[DOVE:]
Live is the motion of the soul step
Set the exposure to my one step
This scene'll last to the next step
All those in favor take a big step
True to the Soul, we'll never back step
In sense to that, we don't half step
Just as a reminder from the last step
Negative ones are lost in footsteps

Levels we've set will never go down
Competitions commence the step down
Those involved with peace who know the Soul's down
Can see that the Soul has got a new sound
Dance until you find yourself a new part
If you don't then I'll give you the True part
When received you'll see the real small part
Of the new way is no part at all

[POS:]
Pos and Dove is rarely caught not dressed in peace
Movements always walking round now stressing peace
When this biter should know true in peace
Instead they cause violence and shoot out beef
Still we are professing to be on a roll
Public cause this party going on the road
And if you crave sex, drugs and rock'n'roll
Sent by the Quest, Jungle and De La Soul

Give 'em a taste, Mase

De La Soul Lyrics

"Cool Breeze On The Rocks"

Cool breeze
Rock that shit homie
Rock
Lyte as a
Rock
A-a-a-a-a-as a rock
Cool breeze
Rockin' it, rockin' it
Rock
You gotta rock it
Keep on rockin'
Rock's the best
Rockin' music
Cool breeze
The king
Of rock'n'roll
Rock, rock
This world for you
King Adrock
Rock those bells
I want
Body body rock, body body rock
You are now rockin' with the best
I put this together to
Rock the house
Michael?
"I wanna"
Rock!
"With you"

[AL WATTS:] Contestant number one, do you have any answers?
DOVE: Ummm... I wish my cousin Nag was here, he knows these things,
no, I'm sorry I don't.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Can U Keep A Secret?"

Ahh yeah, ah ah ah

Prince Paul likes Buddy
Posdnuos likes Buddy
Trugoy likes Buddy
Mase likes Buddy
Wouldn't you like to Buddy too? Ooh

Prince Paul needs a haircut
Mase needs a haircut
Posdnuos needs a haircut
Trugoy would you please give us a haircut?

Prince Paul needs a luuden
Trugoy needs a luuden
Posdnuos needs a luuden
Mase needs a luuden
Everybody I want to just get a luuden

Paul has dandruff
Posdnuos has a lot of dandruff
Mase has big fat dandruff
Trugoy has dandruff
Everybody in the world, you have dandruff

Dante is a scrubb
Dante is a scrubb (scrubb)
Dante is a scrubb (is a big scrubb)
Dante is a scrubb (a super scrubb) (scrubb)

(And ya not gettin' the haircut either, scrubb!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Jenifa Taught Me (Derwin's Revenge)"

[DOVE:]
Access to her code
Lovestruck was my mode
Took a look, dropped my textbook
Jenifa... (OH!)

Breakfast, broke it fast
She was in my English class
Asked for notes, rocked my boat
Jenifa... (OH!)

Jenny
Lost her favourite penny
So I gave her a dollar
She kissed me
(And I hollered)

In a flash the school bell rang
Jenny grabbed on to my hand
Took me home and said, Trugoy just
Swing and swing and swing

[POS:]
The downstairs, where we met
I brought records, she cassettes
Lost the breaks, found her shape
Jenifa, oh Jenny

Transcripts showed more than flirt
'I love daisies' read her shirt
Grabbed my jeans, Jimmy screamed
Jenifa, oh Jenny

Marvelous
Shaped like a vase
No one can live their life for Pos
Found a house, aroused my joust
Jenifa, oh Jenny

Her clothes, I did shuck
Just like Dan I strictly stuck
To the punt, she cried 'kick it'
Posdnuos was in

Jenny
Only thought about Jimmy
But asked was I a virgin

Like some kid named Derwin?

She said 'Let's try it in the bathroom'
But 'Dnuos is way above sinks
So to the kitchen she did Dan
And came back wrapped in Saran

(Now wait a minute! Little Derwin got something to
show us that Jenny could never do. Listen...)

(Hey. Look at little Derwin. Look at him go, look at him go!
Awww, baby.)

[DOVE:]
Positions, muscles flexed
Dove was lost in a Ghana hex
Passed her test, felt her teddy
Jenifa oh Jenny

Notions
Soothed the mood
Dove was lost in De La heaven
Screwed Plug Two, did the do
Jenifa oh Jenny

Jenny
Teased my homeboy Granny
In fact she teased so many
She was known as a garden tool

[POS:]
No more
I dispatched
Was it Jimmy had met his match
Or could it be the realisation
All girls owned a Jenny

For normal health
I had fought
A valuable lesson she had taught
Don't flaunt that the candy is good
Unless you came with plenty

De La Soul Lyrics

"Ghetto Thang"

[POS:]
(Mary had a little lamb)
That's a fib, she had two twins though
And one crib
Now she's only fourteen, what a start
But this effect is ground common in these parts
Now life in this world can be such a bitch
And dreams are often torn and shattered and hard to stitch
Negative's the attitude that runs the show
When the stage is the G-H-E-T-T-O

[DOVE:]
Which is the one to blame when bullets blow
Either Peter, Jane, or John or Joe
But Joe can't shoot a gun, he's always drunk
And Peter's pimping Jane, and John's a punk
Infested are the halls, also the brains
Daddy's broken down from ghetto pains
Mommy's flying high, the truth is shown
The kids are all alone
'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

[POS:]
Who ranks the baddest brother, the ones who rule
This title is sought by the coolest fool
Define coolest fool? Easy, the one who needs
Attention in the largest span and loves to lead
Always found at the jams, but never dance
Just provoke violence due to one glance
The future plays no matter, just the present flow
When the greeting place is the G-H-E-T-T-O

[DOVE:]
Lies are pointed strong into your skull
Deep within your brain against the wall
To hide or just erase the glowing note
Of how to use the ghetto as a scapegoat
Truth from Trugoy's mouth is here to scar
Those who blame the G for all bizarre
So open up your vents and record well
For this is where we stand, for the True tell
Ghetto gained a ghetto name from ghetto ways
Now there could be some ghetto gangs and ghetto play
If ghetto thang can have its way in ghetto range
Then there must be some ghetto love and ghetto change

Though confident they keep it kept, we know for fact
They lie like ghettos form, 'cause people lack
To see that they must all get out the ghetto hold
The truth they never told
'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

[POS:]
Do people really wish when they blow
Out the cake candles, and if so
Is it for the sunken truth which could arise
From out the characters in which the ghetto hides
Roses in the ring supply their shown relief
Granted it's planted by their shown belief
Kill and feed off your own brother man
Has quickly been adopted as the master plan
Posses of our people has yet to provoke
Freedom or death to them, it's just a joke
What causes this defect, I don't know
Maybe it's the G-H-E-T-T-O

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

Standing in the rain is nothing felt
When problems hold more value, but never dealt with
Buildings crumbling to the ground
Impact noise is silent sound
But who's the one to say this life is wrong
When ghetto life is chosen strong
We seem to be misled about our dreams
But dreams ain't what it seem
When it's just the ghetto thang

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Transmitting Live From Mars"

(Ecoutez. A midi.)
(Quel heure est-il? Il est midi.)
(C'est l'heure de dejeuner. Qu'est-ce qu'il y a a manger?)
(Il y a saucisse, sans doute.)
(Ecoutez et repetez. A midi.)
(Quel heure est-il?)
(Quel heure)
(Quel heure est-il?)
(Est-il?)
(Il est midi. Midi. Midi. Il est midi. Il est midi.)
(C'est l'heure de dejeuner.)
(C'est l'heure de dejeuner. C'est l'heure de dejeuner. De dejeuner.)
(C'est l'heure de dejeuner.)
(Qu'est-ce qu'il y a a manger?)
(Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Eye Know"

[POS:]
Greetings, girl, and welcome to my world of phrase
I'm right up to bat
It's a Daisy Age and you're about to walk top-stage
So wipe your Lottos on the mat
Hip-hop love this is and don't mind when I quiz your
Involvements before the sun
But clear your court 'cause this is a one-man sport
And who's better for this than Plug One
Now you don't have to worry about me squashin' other deals
'Cause they've already been squooshed
Freeze a frame about moods the same which we can continue
Right behind the bush
You'll stay with me
Eye Know this
But not because of all my earthly treasures
Or regardless to the fact that I'm Posdnuos
But because

(Eye know Eye love you better)

[DOVE:]
May I cut this dance to introduce myself as
The chosen one to speak
Let me lay my hand across yours
And aim a kiss upon your cheek
They name's Plug Two
And from the soul I bring you
The Daisy of your choice
May it be filled with the pleasure principle
In circumference to my voice
About those other Jennys I reckoned with
Lost them all like a homework excuse
This time the Magic Number is two
'Cause it takes two, not three, to seduce
My destiny of love is brought to an apex
Sex is a mere molecule
In this world of love that I have for you
It's true

(Eye know Eye love you better)

[POS:]
Now it's time to let this rhyme style
Get somewhat poured in the mold
Hold my hand and we'll pick my plantation
Of Daisies for a bouquet of Soul

Life will begin at the cut of a rim
Take it as filled to the rim as in brim
Squeeze your stoop like Betty Boop
We'll make Campbell's Alphabet Soup
And spell Plug One's within
Forward march is the say
When transistors will play
Come into bed is the mood
Dolby sound will be then top crowned
When I put the needle into your groove
I got a good thing
And in full swing
I show this in gifts, words or letters
But even without those three
Eye know you'll be close to me 'cause

(Eye know I love you better)

[DOVE:]
It's I again and the song that I send
Is taking steps to reach your heart
Any moment you feel alone
I can fill up your empty part
We can ascend 'till we reach De La Heaven
And in a spin we'll hit the Top Ten
Then we will meet Mr Stuckie
And Pos' brother Lucky will preach
Let the wedding begin
Shot by an arrow of cupid
Through the string of a G-clef
My dear, I claim you're def
And if you can hear me, by golly gee,
Trugoy is ready for what you posess
We could live in my Plug Two home
And on Mars where we could be all alone
And we make a song for two,
Picture perfect things and I sing of how

(Eye know I love you better)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Take It Off"

(It's hurting.)
(Smell your breath!)
(You smell like Jabba.)
(Your nose is what's doing it.)
(You're talking into the recording... YO!)
(Okay Lucky, start it off.)

Take take take take take it off...
Take it off, take take take take it off
Take it off, take take take take it off,
Take it off, take take take take it off,
Take it off,
Take it OFF!
(Take that suede front off)
Take it OFF!
(Take those contacts off)
Take it OFF!
(Take that horsemeat off)
Take it OFF!
(Take those shell-toes off)
Take it OFF!
(Take those track fleas off)
Take it OFF!
(Take that doo-rag off)
Take it OFF!
(Take that moth rag off)
Take it OFF!
(Take those fat laces off)
Take it OFF!
(Take that bomber off)
Take it OFF!
(Take that BVD off)
Take it OFF!
(Take those Converse off)
Take it OFF!
(And those Gazelles too)
Take it OFF!
(Take that Kangol off)
Take it OFF!
(Take that Jordache off)
Take it OFF!
(Take that Afro off)
Take it OFF!
(Take that jhericurl off)
Take it OFF!
(Take that Le Tigre off)

Take those acid-washed jeans, bell-bottomed, designed by your mama... off? Please? Please..

De La Soul Lyrics

"A Little Bit Of Soap"

[POS:]
Please listen to this simple De La style I'm gonna sing
It's strongly directed to all the misery you're bringing
Now I'm not all about dissing someone else personnel
But there's no quota on your odor
That's right, you smell
Now you might feel a little embarassed, don't take it too hard
And don't make it worse by covering it up with some Right Guard
Before you even put on your silk shirt and fat gold rope
Please take your big ass to the bathroom
And please use
(A little bit of soap....)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Tread Water"

[DOVE:]
I was walking on the water when I saw a crocodile
He had daisies in his hat, so I stopped him for a while
He delivered me a message, a massage to soothe my stage
What it was was more then plug-up dosage
More than DAISY age
Conversation drew a rule,
Which the crowd will roar by millions
Mr. Crocodile said, 'Dove, you must look
For now the villains try to hold you underwater
But one thing we all must heed
Sony Walkmans keep us walking
De La Soul can help you breathe when you tread water'

As I walked along my journey,
I thought 'What have I just learned?'
In a flash I saw commotion
There was movement in these ferns
Silently the silence came, was it the end of my world?
I shouted out in fear, 'Who's there?'
'It's me,' said Mr. Squirrel
'I've searched for you all over, now you're found,
No time to waste. We must find the Preacher Man,
We must find the P.A. Mase. All my population's dying,
And we're all in tune to doom.
Like the Daisy, I need water
I need chesnuts to consume.'
'Mr. Squirrel,' I said, 'I'm sorry,
But the problem can't be solved
If there's no one here to help, and no one to get involved
Always look to the positive and never drop your head
For the water will engulf us if we do not dare to tread
So let's tread water'

[POS:]
Now one weary day I woke, my alarm said 'Plug time's up'
Filled my bath up with the water, gargled with my gargle cup
As I bathed I felt a presence, and I'm sort of ticklish
I looked down and then around and I heard,
'Hi! I'm Mr Fish. How do you do? As for me,
I'm in tip-top shape today, cause my water's clean
And no-one's menu says Fresh Fish Filet
See I look past all my worries, which is something you must do
Though you're fed up, throw your head up
With this advice ffrom me to you
And that's to tread water'

As my day went unexplained, time was finding nothing fun
As I walked along the sidewalk, I heard,
'Psst, excuse me, Plug One.'
From my Soul, De La that is, I hollered
'Yes, are you talking to me?'
'No alarm meant,' he said, 'Let me introduce myself.
I'm Mr Monkey.'
'Mr Monkey, I pledge you slap of five,
Now how does your problem meet?'
He said, 'My bananas are at their ripest, but they all
Stand at three feet. My swinging hand is bandaged up.
Could you help me with this chore?'
I brought him down to the Native shop
And bought him copies of the De La score
Which assisted well in his elevation
Now all bananas is at his grasp
He decided with this accomplished,
He would put me on to the path
He to my to live by the Inner Sound, y'all
Which would bring me health in showbiz
Then to use them, not abuse them
And then in the words that got me to 'em
And that is to tread water

De La Soul Lyrics

"Potholes In My Lawn"

(Yo, something's wrong here. No, not again!)
(Get the daisies for the...)

Potholes in my lawn

[DOVE:]
Everybody's sayin'
What to do when suckin' lunatics start diggin' and chewin'
They don't know that the Soul don't go for that
Potholes in my lawn
And that goes for my rhyme sheet
Which I concentrated so hard on, see
I don't ask for maximum security
But my dwellin' is swellin'
It nipped my bud when I happened to fall
Into a spot
Where no ink or an ink-blot
Was on a scroll
I just wrote me a new 'mot'
But now it's gone
There's no
Suckers knew that I hate
To recognise that every time I'm writin'
It's gone

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)
(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

Potholes in my lawn

[POS:]
I've found that it's not wise
To leave my garden untended
'Cause eyes have now pardoned all laws of privacy
Even paws are after my writer
See, I've found that everyone's sayin'
What to do when suckers are preyin'
On my well-guarded spreadsheets
Oh why, hell does it send up fleets
Of evil-doers through the big hole
To get to evil-doers who dig holes
Which leaves my lawn with lawn-chew
I think I'd better plant traces to give clues
Or better yet call 911
And when they get here I inform them I'm the Plug One
Open a chair and let them realize the reason
For concern of the Soul,

'Cause we've come down with a case of potholes

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)
(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

Potholes in my lawn

(Who stole, who stole, who stole the cookie
from the cookie jar?)

[DOVE:]
Now you got the message
What to do when you die
The death that I predict in 'Plug Tunin'
It's a shame that you deny to claim
That you stole my words of fame
That I wrote in my rhyme sheet
Which I concentrated so hard on, see
I don't ask for a barbed wire fence, B
But my dwellin' is swellin'
It nipped my bud when I happened to fall
Into a spot
Where no ink or an ink-blot
Was on a scroll
I just wrote me a new 'mot'
But now it's gone there's no
Suckers knew that I hate
To recoginse that every time I'm writin'
It's gone

Potholes in my lawn

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)
(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Say No Go"

[POS:]
Now let's get right on down to the skit
A baby is brought into a world of pits
And if it could've talked that soon
In the delivery room
It would've asked the nurse for a hit
The reason for this?
The mother is a jerk
Excuse me, junkie
Which brought the work of the old
Into a new light, what a way
But this what a way
Has been a way of today
Anyway push couldn't shove me
To understand a path to a basehead
Consumer should erase it in the first wave
But second wave forms relievers
And believers will walk to it
Then even talk to it and say

(You got my body now you want my soul)
Nah, can't have none of that
Tell 'em what to say Mase

(Say no go)

[DOVE:]
Nah, no my brother
No my sister
Try to get hip to this
Word, word to the mother
I'll tell the truth
So bear my witness
Fly like birds of a feather
Drugs are like pleather
You don't wanna wear it
No need to ask that question
Just don't mention
You know what the answer is

[POS:]
Now I never fancied Nancy
But the statement she made
Held a plate of weight
I even stressed it to Wade

[DOVE:]

Did he take any heed?

[POS:]
Nah, the boy was hooked
You coulda phrased the word "base"
And the kid just shook
In his fashion class once an A now an F
The rock rules him now
The only designs left
Were once clothes made for Osh-Kosh
Has converted to nothing but stonewash

[DOVE:]
Now hopping in a barrel is a barrel of fun
But don't hop in if you wanna be down, son
'Cause that could mean
Down and out as an action
What does that lead to?
Dum da dum dum
People say what have I done for all my years
My tears show my hard earned work
I heard shoving is worse than pushing
But I'd rather know a shover than a pusher
'Cause a pusher's a jerk

(Say no go)

[POS:]
Believe it or not
The plots forms a fee
More than charity
But the course doesn't coincide
With the ride of insanity
Is it a chant that slants
The soul to fill for it?
I know it's the border
That flaunts the order
To kill for it

[DOVE:]
Standing, scheming on a young one
Taking his time
8 ball for a cool pool player
Racked it all
Tried to break, miscued
Got beat by the boy in blue
Next day you're out
By the spot once more
Looking hard for a crack in the hole
I ask what's the fix for the ill stuff
Word to the Dero
The answer shoulda been no

[POS:]
Run me a score from the funky four plus one more
(It's the joint!)
Rewind that back
This is the age for a new stage of fiend
Watch how the junkies scream
For their crack
"It's the crack"t should explain it from the start
Behind the ideals of cranking up the heart
Now the Base claims shot over every part

(Say no go)
(Say no go)
(Don't even think about it)
(Say no go)
(Say no go)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Do As De La Does"

(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Uh-huh! All right now! Oh yeah! Yo! Word! Oh! Yeah! Uh-huh!)

[MASE:]
Yo yo yo yo! We got De La Soul in the house, the producer Prince Paul, P.A. Mase, and I wanna know one thing!
Yo, yo! You gotta show right up your hands, let me hear you say Aa-ow!
(AA-OW!!)
Aa-ow!
(AA-OW!!)
Come on! Come on! Come on!

[POS:]
Plug One on the mic, P-L-U-G-O-N-E, yo what's up, you know about Jimmy, you know about Jenny,
I want everybody in this place, c'mon, say Plug it up!
(PLUG IT UP!)
Say Plug it up!
(PLUG IT UP!)
You got somebody next to you with some bad-ass breath, I want you to tell that brother, come on, tell him "Take a Luuden!"
(TAKE A LUUDEN!)
Say take a Luuden!
(TAKE A LUUDEN!)
Plug Two!

[DOVE:]
Sto-o-op! Here we go!
If you like to drink some soda, let me hear you say Coca-Cola!
(COCA-COLA!)
Coca-Cola!
(COCA-COLA!)
Stop!

[PAUL:]
Ah yeah, pump it, pump it, ah yeah, pump it up!
You if you got doo doo in your pocket, you got doo doo in your pocket, put one hand in the air like this, wave it back and forth, say doo doo!
(DOO DOO!)
Say doo doo!
(DOO DOO!)
Come on! Ah yeah!

[MASE:]
Yeah yeah this is Plug Three! This is Plug Three! Yeah! Say hoo!
(HOO!)
Hoo!
(HOO!)

[POPMASTER HIGHT:]

Hey De La Soul, you fucking lasagne heads, that's better than my mama's lasagne! Hey! Hey, come on!
That was freakin' A, man! I really wanna take it back home with me, you know! I really get into your fuckin' music!
It's so excellent! Ah, you big sconzilli heads! De La Soul's so fuckin' great!

[DOVE:]
Let me hear you say 'I like to eat that...'

De La Soul Lyrics

"Plug Tunin' (Last Chance To Comprehend)"

(And now for my next number, I'd like to return to the classics.
Perhaps the most famous classic in all the world of music...)

[DOVE:]
The first time around, you didn't quite understand our new style of speak.
(Don't worry, we can fix that right now)
So why don't you all just grab your bags
(Come on aboard, hoist the anchor, and we'll be off)
(And good luck to both of you)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two
Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One

[POS:]
Answering any other service,
Perogative praised positively I'm acquitted
Enemies publicly shame my utility
After the battle they admit that I'm with it
Simply soothe, will move vinyl like glue
Transistors are never more shown with like
When vocal flow brings it all down in ruin
Due to a clue of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmmm)

Flock to the preacher called Pos
Let him be the stir to the style of your stew
Sit while the kid of the Plug form aroma
Then grab a Daisy to sip your favorite brew
Lettin' this soul fire be your first prior,
But don't let the kick drum stub your big toe
See that the three will be your thread
But like my man Chuck D said, 'What a brother know'
Dance while I play and the cue cards sway
From my flower girls China and Jette
The button is pressed in '89 we'll start the panic
From De La Soul and a Prince from Stet
Negative noise will be all divided
Dangerous to dance, Posdnuos will croon
Ducks and kizids will all be rid
When paying position to the naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

[DOVE:]
Freeze 'cause these are the brothers
Brothers of the Soul who present a new flick
Every last viewer is tuned to the method,
Known to be a method, no magicians, not a trick
Bitten by the spoken who been titled Plug Two
Swallowed by the loonies who are jealous with the showbiz
Dove'll teach the truth, Posdnuos will preach the youth
To the fact that this will bring an end to the negative
Flow to the sway 'cause I say fa-so-la-ti
At the top we will dwell
Difference is fame and we rise then we build
Where we are set we get fat and we swell
Motions of the Soul is a positive stride
One step forward is the space we consume
Vivid as the moon, you have yet to assume
How the Soul found the motto of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

Vocal is local so believe that
This chant shan't rely on the strong lap
Trying and live so you best realise
That the gift that I present, I say gift wrap
Style of the Tune is personal
And defining what's the rhyme is worst of all
Stop, sit and study 'cause the meaning isn't muddy
Just preach and do the gear as the first of all
Watch while the pitcher is pitching
'Cause this is the pitch of the year
Sing a simple song but keep the swing strong
Though you heard Dove crying 'I ain't fair'
Those who think De La's on the flip tip
Try to flip this and you're doomed
Watch for the B-B 'cause if you try to grieve me
You'll be hung by the wire of the Plug Tune

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)
(I can't twist your arm and make you stay with me)
(Are you ready for this?)

De La Soul Lyrics

"De La Orgee"

[DOVE:]
This is De La Orgee...

[Various male and female grunting, panting and screaming sounds, including...]

(It's in there.)
(Say you like it. Tell me you like it.)
(I like it, oh I like it)
(More! More!)
(What's my name? What's my name?)
(Flip over!)
(Mase!)
(On your stomach. Put your face in the pillow.)
(Yes!)
(Seven feet. Seven feet long!)
(Cut it!)
(You like Jimmy? Tell me you like Jimmy.)
(I like Jimmy!)
(Speak to Jimmy.)
(I like Jimmy...)
(Cut the damn tape!)
(Cut it!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Buddy"

[DOVE:]
Hello

Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)
Meany, meany, meany, meany, mean
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)
Meany, meany, meany, meany, mean (Okay)

Hello it's the soul
Troopin' in wit the Jungle patrol
And this one's about the KO's the knockouts out there
Who's holdin' my buddy
Hold up
(wait a minute)

[POS:]
Now just wait
We're gonna talk about Buddy on this plate
But before we let the herd out the gate
Make sure the all the levels are straight out the jungle
(The Jungle, the Jungle, the Brothers, the Brothers)

[AFRIKA:]
De La Soul from the soul
Black medallions no gold
Hangin' out wit Pos hangin' out wit Mase
Buddy buddy buddy all in my face

[MIKE G:]
For the lap Jimbrowski must wear a cap
Just in case the young girl likes to clap
Ain't for the wind but before I begin
I initiate the buddy with a slap

[Q-TIP:]
Now for the next
I'm the Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest
And when I quest for the buddy I don't fess
For my jimmy wants nothin' but the best (the best)
The best (Ooh Wee!)
Let's stick out jimmy and see what we can catch
(Stick em up, stick em up jimmy)
Next won't be needed unless
(Jenny wanna get right to the flesh)

(Sweet little woman, sweet little woman)

[POS:]
I won't lie, I love B-U-D-D-Y (why)
Cause I never let it walk on by
When it comes to me and Jenny I seem (very serious)
Like a Peak Freen
Buddy is the act that occurs on the lip
when Jenny and jimmy start shootin' the gift
Boy let me get shot I won't even riff

[AFRIKA:]
Buddy buddy don't you know you make me go nutty
I'm so glad that you're not a fuddy duddy
Not too skinny and not too chubby
Soft like silly putty
Miss Crabtree I hope that you're not mad at me
Cause I told you that it was your buddy
That was making me ever so horny
Junglelistically horny

[DOVE:]
On the dial my buddy talks to me for a while
Plug Two is the

[Q-TIP:]
Q to her tip

[DOVE:]
On the A side and sometimes the flip
(Gotta gotta flip this record)
Buddy is the bud to my daisy tree
And the luuden to my do-re-mi
And the pleaser to my man Plug 3
(Plug 3 gets all the buddy)

[MIKE G:]
Behind my bush my buddy likes the way that I push
And like a champ just knock it on out
Never ever once sellin' out
(Oh let loose the juice)
My buddy helps me to
(De La my Soul)
Keepin' jimmy in total control
Without Buddy I'd be on a roll

(La la la l-la la la la, la la la l-la la la la)

[Q-TIP:]
Hey girl I heard ya lookin' for some good times
If you Quest from the Soul here's what we'll find
A whole lot of fun lots of fun together
Just like kissin' cousins (yeah that's kinda clever)

Close like bosoms, bosoms stay close
If you be my buddy I will toast
That we're like Ethel Merts and Lucille MacGillicuddy
You can be mines and I can be your buddy

[DOVE:]
The best buddy's in evening wear
Long lovin' less Tru know (he's in there)
I feel sorry for those who pay a fare (a fee) word to the D
I don't beg I just tease my buddy with my right leg
And when it's ready what's said is buddy is best in bed

[AFRIKA:]
Fly buddy told us all to get into a circle
Said don't worry cause I won't hurt you
All I really wanna do is freak you (she freaked us)

[MIKE G:]
And I watched and then I checked my swatch
To see the time
The Soul had formed a buddy line
And that buddy was (mine all mine)

[POS:]
Now when Tribe, the Jungle, and De La Soul
Is at the clubs our ritual unfolds
Grab our bones and start swingin' our hands
(Then Jenny start flockin' it everywhere)
Cause Jenifa just wants to stay aware
Yo fellas should we keep her aware
(Mmm Hmm, yeah!!!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Description"

[DOVE:]
I am Trugoy
A Dove-like boy
Could wingspread,
But instead,
I will employ

[MASE:]
Me the Plug Three
Or Baby Huey
I eat up
All ketchup
For its tendency

[POS:]
I am Plug One
I'm 19 years young
I love peace
Well at least
I think we need some

[Q-TIP:]
I'm Q-Tip y'all
3 Feet produced by Prince Paul
This session
Was lessoned
By one Qualiall

[GRANNY:]
I am Granny
Thank discoriety
The 3, 4
Yo, no more
I need peace for me

[CHINA & JETTE:]
I'm China
I'm Jette
The Cue Cards we inject
We're crazy for Daisies
When we're on the set

[PAUL:]
Will rise, not fall
Definition, Prince Paul
The Mentor
Don't be sore

When I say
That's all

De La Soul Lyrics

"Me, Myself And I"

[DOVE:]
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Tell me, mirror, what is wrong?
Can it be my De La clothes
Or is it just my De La song?
What I do ain't make-beleive
People say I sit and try
But whan it comes to being De La
It's just me myself and I

It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I

[POS:]
Now you tease my Plug One style
And my Plug One spectacles
You say Plug One and Two are hippies
No, we're not, that's pure Plug bull
Always pushing that we've formed an image
There's no need to lie
When it comes to being Plug One
It's just me myself and I

It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I

[DOVE:]
Proud, I'm proud of what I am
Poems I speak are Plug Two type
Please oh please let Plug Two be
Himself, not what you read or write
Right is wrong when hype is written
On the Soul, De La that is,
Style is surely our own thing
Not the false disguise of showbiz
De La Soul is from the soul
And this fact I can't deny
Strictly from the Dan called Stuckie
And from me myself and I

It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I

[POS:]

Glory, glory hallelu
Glory for Plugs One and Two
But that glory's been denied
By kizids and dookie eyes
People think they dis my person
By stating I'm darkly pack
I know this so I point at Q-Tip
And he states, 'Black is Black'
Mirror mirror on the wall,
Shovel chestnuts in my path
Please keep on up with the nuts
So I don't get in aftermath
But if I do I'll calmly punch them
In the fourth day of July
'Cause they tried to mess with
Third degree, that's me myself and I

It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I

De La Soul Lyrics

"This Is A Recording For Living In A Fulltime Era (L.I.F.E.)"

(This is a recording) (Life)

[POS:] Living in everyday is something,
Something everyday like this is our livin'
[DOVE:] Giving something sheer for the crowd is our major,
Major to the crowd is to hear what we're givin'
[POS:] No time to rest, we got work in the studio
Studio suppliers rest at no time
[DOVE:] Showtime is enough when the Soul is performing,
Performing is the Soul y'all, and it's showtime
[POS:] Coping with dates in clubs, can't even lounge,
Lounge with the homeboys how we are copin'
[DOVE:] Scoping new material for Paul to plug high-pitched,
High-pitched what Paul plugs in and still scopin'
[POS:] Bearer of peaceful views to express peace,
Peaceful expressions why we are bearers
[DOVE:] What the Soul tries to project is when existing in rap,
You're living in a fulltime era

(This is a recording!)
(This is a recording) (Life)

[POS:]
Puttin' in spin the rhyme, rappers fear so
Fear so much of what Pos is puttin'
Couldn't do better, the punks they don't try hard
Try hard enough, they don't, so they couldn't
No joke to what I do inside this field,
This field to me is filed, there's no joke
So soak up the fact there's no part-time,
Part-time rappers at, so soak
Taking in new ideals leads to new groups,
New groups to better the Soul, I'm takin'
Wakin' from days and nights to do my best
[DOVE:] Your best gets us paid
[POS:] So I'll keep on wakin'
Wearer of a Plug logo to the dying,
Dying are rappers who think I'm no wearer
What I'm trying to say is when dealing in rap,
You're living in a fulltime era

(This is a recording!)
(This is a recording) (Life)

[DOVE:]
Love is to all, to all goes my love
Dove comes to peace like stand comes to sit

Stand for the court, 'cause standing is healthy
Healthy in sense is mentally fit
Pause for the poets of a new style of speak
Just here to do the same with no trick
Grab the Plug Two's live wire, my brother
And find that you've grabbed my pet boa constrict
Ring goes the garbage I'm hearing
Seek for the truth, my brother is tearing
No time to back-step, 'cause if you back-step
Look what you stepped in, you stepped in mess
So look what's around you
Don't worry for the Soul will find the truth
About three years from now, you know why?
'Cause we're living in a fulltime era

(This is a recording!)
(This is a recording) (Life)

De La Soul Lyrics

"I Can Do Anything (Delacratic)"

(It's Delacratic)
If I want to I could jump off this building.
(It's Delacratic)
I could hold two pieces of doo-doo in my hand.
(It's Delacratic)
I could call everybody in that room a rubberneck.
(It's Delacratic)
Come on, please?
(It's Delacratic)
I can say anything that I want.
(It's Delacratic)
I could wave my hand in my air.
(It's Delacratic)
I could stick my hand up my nose.
(It's Delacratic)
I could hold my foot and count to three.
(It's Delacratic)
I can do anything.
(Possie? Dovie? Masie?)
(Pass my bag.)

De La Soul Lyrics

"D.A.I.S.Y. AGE"

(Woah. Stay, stay, stay)
(Daisy! Daisy!)
(I love daisies, I love daisies,
I love pushing up your favourite daisies)
(Daisy!)
(This is Posdnuos, the president of a paragraph)

[POS:]
Paragraph
President
President preaching 'bout the on-tech,
Known for the new step,
Stop and take a bow

Amityville
Resident
Resident supported by the speaker view
Want to feel it in your shoe
Let me show you how

Platform
Witnesses
Witnesses, show you to my show-lab
Fill you with my vocab
Hope you have a spoon

Discuss
Contracts
You like the way I vocalise
And bring it to a compromise
My P.A. won't set up till noon
It's a DAISY age

Sun
Ceiling
Ceiling connects to the sun
Burning inside everyone
On a side, plug-a-fied sire

One
Million
Demonstrations have been heard
My hair burns when I'm referred
Kid shouts my roof is on fire

Go
Dancing

Dancing like a bandit
Psychics try to stand it
Keep it up until they burn a cell

Romancing
Romancing dialect in shows
Posdnuos creating flow
You say you didn't know
Oh well, it's a DAISY age

[DOVE:]
Pedal
Promenade
Promenade people to the providence
Dove will show dominance
Inside of every phrase

Rebel
Renegade
Renegade reaching only topflight
Can't find your new height
Think you need a raise

Dialect
Ultimate
Ultimate strings from the soul stuff
Copies always staying rough
Before they go to plate

Try a pack
It'll stick
Stick to you but won't deflate
Keeping all the levels straight
I tell you, mate, that we're top rate
'Cause it's a DAISY age

The speak
Motor
Motor is the heart beat
Sleeping in your car seat
Kept alive to every mile discovered

Complete
Quota
Quota sharp at 12 noon
Risen to a new tune
Positive is greater than negative

Image
Mirror
Mirror image don't contend
Vocals should be comprehended
Silver audience'll say what's said

Scrimmage
Nearer
Nearer to the goal line
Forget about the rose vine
The Soul will let you know it's time
And it's a DAISY age

(La la la la, lah)
(This is a DAISY age)

(Sing about, sing about the DAISY age)
(Let it rain, let it rain, rain on a DAISY)
(Rain on, rain on)

[Al Watts:] Now it's the end of the show. Contestants, do you have any answers?

[Contestants:] (Clueless babble, including 'Nah,' 'I dunno,' 'Mama')

[Al Watts:] For those of you who think your answers are correct, Don, tell them where to send the answers to.

[Don:] Thanks, Al. For all you listeners at home who think you have the right answers, jot 'em down on a four by ten sheet of paper, and get two proof of purchases from the back of the album, and send them to Tommy Boy records in care of Dante the Scrubb, 1747 First Avenue, New York, New York, 10128. For those who have all four answers correct, you will receive a specially selected grand prize. Thanks and goodnight, for Three Feet High and Rising, this is Don Newkirk.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Plug Tunin' (Original 12" Version)"

[MASE:]
Yo Pos and Dove, stand clear to be plugged up into line one and two
So y'all can flaunt the new style of speak

(And good luck to both of you)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two
Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One

[POS:]
Answering any other service,
Perogative praised positively I'm acquitted
Enemies publicly shame my utility
After the battle they admit that I'm with it
Simply soothe, will move vinyl like glue
Transistors are never more shown with like
When vocal flow brings it all down in ruin
Due to a clue of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmmm)
(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

Flowing in file with a new style
Barrels are cleaned and loaded for salute
Chanters with the choice standing steady like my mouth
This paragraph preacher is now introduced
Drums are heard sounding off on each and every person
Vocal confetti is blown at top stage
Roses and violets aren't proper for throwing
When showing appreciation, why? This is a Daisy Age
Hands won't sweat 'cause there's no threat
Mic will stay dry while pitchin' so loose
Rhymes aren't fables but stable to be on time
'Cause they're marketed and labeled sticker 'Posdnuos'
This pitch will fit with every consumer
Microphone loosed in cycles, start blooming
Profit and cost should never be lost
All due to a clue of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)
(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two
Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

[DOVE:]
Dazed at the sight of a method
Dying at the death of a neverending verse
Gasping and swallowing every last letter
Vocalised liquid holds the quench of your thirst
Reasons for the rhythm is for causes unknown
Different individuals are dazzled with the showbiz
Auditions are gathered but the Soul would just rather
Hold a count at three and in the end leave it as it is
Flow to the sway of my do-re-mi
Leaving are fixed lunatics who will hawk
Words are sent to the vents of humans
Then converted to a phrase called talk
Musical notes will send a new motto
Every last poem is recited at noon
Focus is set, let your polaroids click
As they capture the essence of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)
(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

Vocal in doubt is an uplift
And real is the answer that I answer with
Dying yet live, what you must realise
That the tune that I present is surely not a gift
Different in style is definite
And style which I flaunt is sure legit
Now set aside, I say I hold pride
In performing this melodic misfit
So swing 'cause this pitcher is pitching
In sense JD Dove is now saying
All sing along to his favorite song
While the pocket transistors are playing
But least but not last I'm frightened
For the words that I reply hold doom
Life of the check can be stopped by accident
When you're tripping the wire of the Plug Tune

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)
(Mmm-hmm, yeah)
(No-one that I know can live my life for me)
(Are you ready for this?)

DE LA SOUL is dead

De La Soul Lyrics

"Intro (Da La Soal Is Dead)"

Hello boys and girls. Welcome to your De La Soul readalong storybook!
When you hear this sound...
...that means turn the page.
And now we begin our exciting adventure of... De La Soul is Dead.

[PLAYGROUND HONEYS:]
- Oh my God, Vanilla Ice...
- He's so fly!
- The boy is so good.
- Did you see his body?
- He could dance too.
- He could.
- He's better than any rapper I ever seen!
- And plus his dancers!
- He's so jammin'!

[JEFF:] Yo, what's up?
[HONEYS:] Yo, Jeff, where you been, man?
[JEFF:] Guess what I just found, I just found a De La Soul tape in the garbage.
[HONEYS:] For real? Let's hear it!
[JEFF:] No!
[HONEYS:] Aww, be like that!

[MISTA LAWNGE:] What's up, cocksnot? How ya doing, buddy?
[HONEYS:] Cocksnot? You gonna let him call you that? Sucker!
[JEFF:] Leave me alone!
[LAWNGE:] What do we have here?
[JEFF:] Nothing!
[LAWNGE:] Listen, you little Arsenio Hall gum having punk!
[HONEYS:] Oooh! You let him call you Arsenio! Oooh!
[LAWNGE:] I want the tape!
[JEFF:] It's mine!
[HONEYS:] Oh, he played you! Jeff's getting played! Jeff! Jeff! Bodyslam him, Jeff!

[LAWNGE:] Now! I've got the new De La Soul tape! Hey dicksnot, buttcrust, get over here!
[D.J. AUB:] What's up baby?
[MASE:] Coolin'!
[LAWNGE:] I just got this De La Soul tape, man, slamming. Where's the box? The box!
[MASE:] So, yo, let's get with the shilsnihilsnobilsno!
[AUB:] I got the bidox, let's do this like Brutus!

...28. For those who have all four answers correct, you will recieve
a specially selected Grand Prize. Thanks, and goodnight, for Three Feet
High and Rising, this is Don Newkirk.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Oodles Of O's"

[DOVE:]
Oodles and oodles of O's, you know
You get 'em from my sister
You get 'em from my bro
All I is is man, and once an embryo
Am I solid gold? I don't cast a glow
Yes, I guess it's reflex
Some have no control
I'd rather let a laughter
And tally, off I go
Canoeing in the river or out into the O
You just know we're not
So not play the role
Some are lovey-Dovey, ah you crazy crow
Some shake your hand but
(This is called the Show)
I was John Doe, now I'm Mr. Jolico'
Pissed with the witness, and now I adore
O's got the world 'cause O's was on tour
Girls gave the O's and guys, oh for sure
Where they arose, well nobody knows
What do they mean, well here's how it goes
Oh shoot's got the O's when you hold the dough
You know who you are but they didn't know
And now with respect they flex like a pro
You're first another nigger but now an Afro

Oodles and oodles of O's and
Oodles and oodles and oodles of O's ya know
They givin' oodles of O's and O's
And oodles and oodles and oodles of O's ya know
They givin' oodles of O's and O's
And oodles and oodles and oodles of
(OH!)

[POS:]
Last of the fast Plug pipers at the door
In your eye, burning like rubbing alcohol
Native is the Tongue that speaks the Guacomo
Kinfolk will play this in stere-ere-o
Chanters play the part of a herd at a show
Pos prints the peace on his jeans or Jebos
But let the herd know if beef they wanna throw
Lunches of punches is what I bestow
Oodles of O's has the "Hoo's" in mic checks
O's take the shape of medallions and specs
Don't forget the O's that let the air in my nose

Breathe in the fresh as the stale hit the road
Girls ask for flicks and unblock the pores
Eat the Al Greens, won't sniff the ker-plows
Mase got something to say and it goes:
(Maseo is rockin' on the radio)

Now I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's
Ya know, I think we're talkin' 'bout the
Oodles of O's, yeah
We're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's ya know
I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's
I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's
Ya know, I think we're talkin' 'bout the
(Oh, shit)

Hoods like to play my Joe, ya know
Guns goin' "bo!" people hit the floor
Don't have a piece but an arrow and bow
Target it firm 'cause I'm head Comancho
Charging barricades like a raging rhino
The donuts come big and some in jumbo
The Landlord is finished but before I go
I'll give a shout out to Quest
And my fellow Jungle Bro's

[DOVE:]
Knocked by the dock of the bay by the shore
Swimmin' in the rhythm of the hi-de-hi-de-ho
Punk Pinocchios gotta go, gotta go
(What's the reason?) to be cheerful
Season is breeze, time to pimp promo
Nuts can no flow if the shade is in the dough
On with me hat, d-d-duh-duh-doh,
Dredlock is heading out the door y'all

We're selling O's, y'all
We're selling O's and O's
We're selling O's at the corner store y'all
We're selling O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles and oodles
And oodles of O's, y'all
We're selling O's, y'all, at the corner store
We're selling O's at the corner store, y'all
We're selling O's, y'all, at the corner store
We're selling O's and O's and O's, O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles of O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles of O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles...

De La Soul Lyrics

"Talkin' Bout Hey Love"

(The radio is so clear in here.)

(Hey)

[POS AND ANN ROBERTS:]
Hey Love
Talkin' bout Hey Love
Wanna be your push and shove
Pop, popcorn up above
Move me like Soul when I say
Go to a club around the way
And see my Hey DJ
And make him play Hey Love
Discover all the football teams
Mack and eat jelly beans
Run in the cold with no jeans
Get yourself sick till we're seen
Catch the flu and make tea
How Dan Stuckie life will be
It's all about you and me
'Cause you're my Hey Love
(Hey)
Move me like Soul when I say
Go to a club around the way
And see my Hey DJ
And make him play Hey Love
(Hey)

[TESHA STILLS:] Look Pos, we gotta talk.
[POS:] Talk about what?
[TESHA:] Don't play stupid with me, you know what we gotta talk about.
[POS:] What?
[TESHA:] About you becoming fully dedicated.
[POS:] So we're about to go through these line-runs again, huh?
[TESHA:] You're damn right. I wanna know whatever you do for me has anything to do with love.
[POS:] Look, I come all the way from L.I. to the Bronx to see you, isn't that showing you love?
[TESHA:] You see that's just it Pos, I don't wanna be just your Bronx love, I wanna be your Hey Love.
[POS:] You wanna be my what?
[TESHA:] I said I wanna be your Hey Love. I mean it's just not the mood being one of the many girls on your list, and you wouldn't be dissing me like this if I was your Hey Love.
[POS:] Look, I do everything I can to treat you like a rose.
[TESHA:] Yeah but you even give better treatment to that girl named Selina from uptown like a Daisy. You even gave her some of your special donuts for free.
[POS:] So this is what this is all about, huh? Donuts.
[TESHA:] No, Pos, can't you hear the music, it's all about Hey Love
[POS: I don't understand why you're dissing me, it's not like I'm Paul, I don't have two kids in every state.
[TESHA:] But you probably got two girls in every state.

If you're not going to go about it the way I want you to, then just leave, 'cause I can't be so bothered.
[POS:] Yeah. [mumbled] And wit your wrinkled pussy...
(I can't be your lover)

(Where's that voice coming from? From... from nowhere?)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Pease Porridge"

[SCHEMING PUNK PINOCCHIOS: Bobby Simmons and Prince Paul]
- Yo, gee.
- Yo, word up, gee, man.
- Yo, man you heard about that club called the Donut Hill, B?
- Yeah, man, I heard it's kinda fly, man.
- Yo man, Rakim and De La be up there all the time!
- Word up! Yo, De La? Yo, those punk kids, man?
- They ain't punks, man.
- Yo man, those kids are wack man, straight up booty, wack.
- Yo, but, yo, that "Buddy", that was kind of fly, man, and "Potholes?" Slammin'. Slammin'.
- Yeah, it was. Word up, yo it was, but forget that man, after they came out with "Plug One, Plug Two" then "Potholes", yo,
then they fell of with the brothers, yes they did man, yo, they were straight up pop, man, I'm telling you, forget them faggots.
- Yo check it out, though, WRMS is throwin' a party at the club, though, man, yo I bet you they'll be there!
- Yeah! All right, so let the brothers show up, man, let them brothers show up and get cold jacked when the leaders run up on them!
[Background:]
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Nine days old)

[POS:]
My name, my name, my name is the Pasta
Now I like, I like I like to plug the real thing
So loose, so loose, so loose with the tap dance,
The funk, the funk, funky funky stuff I bring
My tribe, my tribe, my tribe is known as Native Tongues,
Consists, consists, consists of Jungle, Quest and others
Get played, get played, played a lot on radio
And also, and also, and also by some foul brothers
The Pease, the Pease the Pease Porridge never failed
It kept, it kept us calm, our stylin' merry
But late, but lately loonies acting real bold
Can't sip in luxury my apple cranberry
Girls watch, and watch, and watch I dance the big tut
Our home, our home our homeboys has to plan tricks
Don't real, don't real, don't realise the Native Tongue
Is rollin' strong and we're startin' in the megamix

[GOSSIP GLADIATORS: Lashawna and Jenette]
- Yo, Miss Thing!
- Yo Merisa, what's up?
- You heard what happened at the Donut Hill the other night? - Yo I was there and those De La kids was fighting, yo they was wildin'.
- Word man?

- Word, the whole thing happened in front of my face, yo, they was on the dance floor, right, some kid stepped up to
them and said something about hippies, then punks, and the chubby one, Plug Three?
- Yeah. Plug Three, yeah I know him.
- All right, Plug Three, all right, he walked up to this kid, hit him real quick, think he didn't when he did, and then them
other kids the Jungle Brothers and Quest and, um, what's the other ones, the other ones?
- The Violators.
- The Violators, right, right, throwing chairs, and they didn't care who they was hitting, you think they wasn't?
- Yeah. I know, I thought it was supposed to be about peace signs, things like that, you know...

[MASE:]
Question, and that's if only I can ask this question
Can I? (Yes you can!)
Why do people think just because we speak peace
We can't blow no joints?
(I-I-I don't know)

[GRANDMA MASE: Squirrel]
Mase, this is the ninth day I've reheated this porridge. You know it keeps me peacefully, no?

[MASE:]
Yeah, but my tolerance level has now peaked
And now it's time for some heads to get flown

[DOVE:]
We bring, we bring, we bring, we bring the peace of course
But pack a nine inside, inside my De La drawers
A picture, picture, picture, picture painted pink
Could turn to red, to red, to red in blooded quick
But in a single file my Native Tongue is calm
I rather, rather pass a brother palm to palm
I kick, I kick, I kick a verse of unity
And shack, and shackle steps to the beat, beat
I click, I click the TV to the Simpsons
And sip the Porridge deep into my system
So mel, so mellow mode is my day mode
Inside the studio or on a road
The Swing, the Swingalow is the now step
It's murder if you bet 'cause you're life's jep
To praise, to praise the Soul is on a down drag
It's false, because I'll spray you with the Black Flag

(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Nine days old)

[POS:]
Can't stand, can't stand, can't stand the pop music
Brother, brother, brothers pop a lot of pow
Don't watch, don't watch, don't watch a lot of basketball
Don't und, don't understand the act of being fouled

Hey D, hey D, hey DJ set the record up
It's time, it's time, it's time to tame the annoying pups
Throw on the Touching Fingers serenade
So we can throw our lemonade
In their face and kick their little butts

[FIGHT COMMENTATORS: Squirrel and Mikey Roads]
- And off, and Mase is the first to throw a punch and he connects lovely to the ribcage. Wouldn't you say so Squirrel?
- Indeed, indeed, I waould say he showed a lot of formulate combination, but look at the hoodlum trying to escape.
- Yeah, it seems that that particular hoodlum showed great form in trying to escape, but he, ah, just got his ass busted.

[Background:]
(Touching fingers, touch, touch)
(One at a time, touch together)

[DOVE:]
People wanna get ragged with the reruns
Me not, me not, me not scared to trudge a bit
They can't, they can't, they can't get close to none
I tap, I tap, I tap a dance war skit
The por, the por, the Porridge got crazy cold
We won't, we won't eat until the heads are flown
Take advantage to a cool one's peaceful ways
But when, but when we fly that head all the people say

[THE FROG: Lisle Leete]
Here in Frogland, we always eat our Porridge, 'cause it keeps us frogs real peaceful like.

[JABIB: Jarobi]
In my land, my people adore Porridge. And I don't understand why De La Soul is so violent, and we are so peaceful, we sit by the camp fire and listen to our rituals, and they are so violent. I don't understand, I don't understand.

(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Nine days old)

(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Nine days old)

(Pease Porridge in the pot)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Johnny's Dead AKA Vincent Mason (Live From The BK Lounge)"

[DOVE:]
This one is a short rendition in which me and pianist mate of mine
by the name of Prince Paul... I shall not relieve, I mean reveal, my identity...
(*[Girl in background:]* That's not funny.)
So, I think we shall begin like this. Are you ready, Prince Paul?
You're fuckin' us up, man!

[PAUL:] My playin's good, man!

[DOVE:] Fuckin' us up, man! As we begin again... rude interruption from our audience...
[Background laughter]
Here we go.

Oh Johnny
You got a bullet in your forehead, boy
Don't you understand, you dead
Buried six feet under the concrete
Ooh-aww-oh
That's the noise he made when he got shot
But Johnny's still dead
Still dead
Thought about his mama
Thought about his father Josephine
Nobody could help the boy when he hit the concrete
Ooh-aww-oh
The last words said by Johnny
But now he's six feet under and he's dead

Our next song we'll play is called Jenifa, we'll be back in a minute.

De La Soul Lyrics

"A Roller Skating Jam Named "Saturdays""

(And rollerskates)
(And rollerskates)
(And rollerskates)

[Q-TIP:]
Girl meets boy on Thursday night
Boy was high, girl fly like kite
They hold hands until next day
Boy then lets go, hit his way
Boy rules butt, brags to his boys
Erection brings bad boy joys
Boy thinks of that big fat back
Big black fat love, big black fat
Girl calls boy to stand him up on Saturday
Saturday

[POS & Q-TIP:]
Saturday, it's a Saturday
It's a Saturday, it's a Saturday
Saturday, it's a Saturday
Saturday, it's a Saturday

[POS:]
Back once more with the wallop in the score
Must I ride and rip, should I make you rock your hip
Reviver of a roller-boogie in a rink
And sure to make you think about the times
To scope fun instead of fights
(But diving from a piece of metal sure to take your life)
Yo, slip your butt to the fix of this mix
Toss that briefcase, it's time to let loose
'Cause you've worked like heck to get the week in check
So unfasten that noose around your neck
Connected like a vibe from the wheel to the foot
Come on everybody dig the funky output

[VINIA:]
Five days you work
One whole day to play
Come on everybody, wear your rollerskates today
It's Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday-ay
(Is the word, is the word, is the word)

[POS:]

Now as you pump your fist I reminisce
To a bounce, rock, skate, roll
Fess to impress
Hey, pretty diamond, do you like the way I'm dressed
Cool, keep the faith and be my mate
'Cause all we need is feet
(And rollerskates)
But promote the hustle 'cause it keeps me thin
No need to talk, look who just walked in

[DOVE:]
(Is there a Dred on skates?)
Yes, man
(So kick the wham on this jam)
Oh Mr. Sprinkler, Mr. Sprinkler
Wet me for one, Mr. Sprinkler
I'm heatin' high-five in a daze, no split
With a yawn I trip to the dawn
Out comes the bodies following the one idea
It's clear, rattle to the roll
Hold back up the track, grab your rollerskates y'all
And let's zip on by
Zip-a-de-doo-dah, let's zip on by
Feed on a weed and we're feeling high
Sun is on thick and the cheese is rollin' quick
Come on, there's no time to hide
Season is twist, spinning and winning
No hackeysack, let let me in
Spill on the bottom away, but it's okay, huh
It's a Saturday

[POS:]
Now let's all get baked like Anita

[Q-TIP:]
Watch Mr. Lawnge, don't look at the peter

[DOVE:]
Feel on the fun, I'll feel on the

[VINIA:]
Hey, watch that!

[DE LA SOUL:]
It's a Saturday

[VINIA:]
Now is the time
To act the fool tonight
Forget about your worries and you will be all right
It's Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday

Saturday, it's Saturday-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay
(Aaoww)

(Saturday)
(Saturday)
(Saturday)
(Saturday)
(Saturday)
(Saturday)
(Saturday)
(Saturday)

De La Soul Lyrics

"WRMS' Dedication To The Bitty"

[SQUIRREL:] We've just played fifteen minutes of commercial free music.
Of course you're listening to WRMS FM, and we
play nothing but De La Slow music. We're coming up on the hour of ten
o'clock. It's a full moon, and perfect night
for lovers. We're about to do something we don't usually do, and
that's... we'll I'll show you.

[BITTY:] Hello, hello, who's this?

[SQUIRREL:] Squirrel.

[BITTY:] Hi! Listen, I don't have a lot of time, my name's Mizuna, I'm
on my dinner break from Burger King and I just
called to tell you that I love your new radio station, I love
everything you guys do.

[SQUIRREL:] Thank you. And with that, the next song is just
for you. And when you go back tell all the Burger King
honeys that if they want to call and talk to me, just call
WRMS. See ya.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Bitties Tn The BK Lounge"

[Part One:]

Yo man let me make some Cpt. Krunch
man alright
Yo man we have any milk?
Yeah, what time is it?
I don't know, what day is it?
Don't know, well I'll tell you.

Well it was a Wednesday
me and Boss Hog was kinda hungry
like two eggs, and a slop beef slice of lettuce
and a glass of milk and some cookies.
Spotted in the mist was a BK logo
what we said - well what do you know
this chick thought I was trying to play fly
cause I had a pair of blue jeans on.

Young girl, won't you take my order?
she said, "Yeah, but right now I'm kinda busy...
can't you see I'm trying to put this band aid on my finger?"
Lingering, I could tell
she's a B-K mademoiselle
Ripped uniform and bottom bell
and some Jelly stuff on her sleeve
Look to this cause I had no name tag on my collar
could be pissed cause she's clocking 2.45 an hour
And then Boss Hog hollar
"Girl you better make this quick!"
She said, "I ain't your girl and I ain't your chick!"
I had an idea and lickity split
took my hat off and that was it

Dread locks fallen all over me and then I said
"Yeah now we'll see!"
And o' with quick velocity honey was mesmerized
"Ain't you that guy?"
"Aint you that GIRL!"
"De La Soul, right?"
"No Tracy Chapman!"
"Why don't you come over to the counter; and write me out an autograph?"
Ha ha ha, I had to laugh
She was quick with the Bic just to get that autograph
But me and Hogg just laughed, and laughed
"What's the name of that song you sing?"
"Living in a fast car," I said

Forget about the order I made
I'll go get a slice of pizza instead.

[Chorus: x2]

Bitties in the BK lounge, All they do is beg and they scrounge
Bitties in the BK lounge *[x2]*

[Part Two:]

[F - female]
[P2 - Posdonus]

[F] Excuse me, would you take my order I have to go
Shashawna's got a real job, dag don't you know!
[P2] Oh yeah, Now I recognize
The real real bitty with the fake fake eyes
Yo, can I interest you in some burgers and fries?
[F] Yes you can, but you can keep your lies
cause you know you can't diss me
but your pissing me off
I know where you live and I know that your soft
You're as booty as they come (booty?)
and you dress like a geek
my shoes cost more than you make in two weeks
[P2] Look, you don't have to play fly in here
I can tell your fly by the weave that you wear!
But you must be aware that a fly can be swatted by a BK tray
By the way yo, here's yours
[F] I know your just sweating me to kill the noise
of your polyester pants and thier o' so high waters
Look at what you do all day but take orders
You bow tie wearing, clocking and staring
I know your just upset because you cant get the rat/wrap
I think you Chubby for my man is living slack
[P2] Yeah, I know your man, the biggest punk in school
selling devil rock to the fiends and the fools!
With one hand that punk I could snap- the kid is so skinny...
[F] But we be livin fat
[P2] Speaking of fat, would you like a diet soda?
Cause less fat on you would spare us all the odor
Better yet pour it down the pants and let the acid kill
the smell that should have been left to Masingel!
Let me make you a deal, take the soda free and jet
I got to much family to heed your threats
[F] Are you a family man? (Word booty!)
Well I shouldn't be surprized
your sister's flipping burgers and your momma's frying fries
[P2] Don't even try that shit!
[F] Oh damn look! (What?)
[F] Here comes one more
It's your father he just finished mooping the floor
Now give them a hand, its the BK clan

So you can't talk garbage about who I am
[P2] well, arn't we living foul
Speaking of foul how bout some chicken for the cow?
Ops I meant you sorry for the mix up
but your stomachs always big from the sexual slip ups!
[F] I could buy you and sell you for pennies, young man!
(You'd better!)
I think theres something you should understand
I try to be nice and help the poor make money
And since I know you need it, I'll go elsewhere dummy!
Now B-K workers is too damn rude
I think I'll go get me some Chinese food

De La Soul Lyrics

"My Brother's A Basehead"

(Make the bass come out so clear)

[POS:]
This song does not contain explicit lyrics, but what it does contain
is an udesired element. This element is known as the basehead, the
lowest of lowest of all elements that exist. And the sad thing is,
this particular element... is me brudda!

Brother, brother oh brother of mine
We used to be down as partners in crime
From our parents our name was forged
I was the Beaver, you Curious George
Wanted to dispose of this and that
But curiosity had killed the cat
At this age no wonder it was read
But this was the fate that you were fed
Throughout high school our minds we'd waste
High off all the cheeba that we could taste
Soon you had converted to nasal sports
Every five minutes cocaine you'd snort
Told me that you needed a stronger fix
Stepped to the crack scene in '86
Unlike the other drugs where you had control
This substance had engulfed your body and soul
Now from me you lost all respect
Said yo need to put that shit in check
Wanted me to believe that you had tried
But your mind and the craving had coincided
Said there was a voice inside you that talked
Which said you shouldn't stop but continue to walk
Now the brother who could handle any drug
Had just found the one that could pull his Plug

[Background:]
(Ya don't stop, ya don't, ya don't stop)
(Ya don't stop, the body rock)

[DOVE:]
"Yo, bro, got another rock for your hiking boots"
"Gonna make you scream and loop three loops"
"Gonna take you far on a freeway, okay"
Remember that day? Slipped me a smile for a 20 crack vial
Guess what? Time to collect, correct
Don't have a dime? It's payback time, payback time
"Don't cry the blues 'cause I got bad news"
"Should I stab ya? Should I bite ya? Should I use my tools?"
No, I got another way to earn my defeat, ah!

(Slam the child on the hard concrete)

(Make the bass come out so clear)

[POS:]
Brother, brother, stupid brother of mine
Started getting high at the age of nine
Now at twenty-one you're lower than low
Nowhere to turn, nowhere to go
My dividends and wares started to disappear
Where it ended up, I had an idea
Barking you with the quickness, reversed intent
Instead went to Pop and gave him the print
Now Pop grew tired of being a mouse
Finally told you to get the hell outta the house
From there a mother figure came into play
Claimed for you she saw a better day
Now Mom was a product of Christ's rebirth
Thought the only chance was to go to church
Quitting this stuff you had tried before
This time you claimed you'd really score
Something I had to see to believe
Put on my suit and to church I weaved

[PREACHER (Squirrel):]
My, my, my. What happened to the people? The people who used to care about what took place in the world today? I've been summoned here today to reach the people who still can be reached, to save the people who still can be saved. Can I get an Amen? Can I get an Amen? Hit me! Forgive us. Said it's taking over. Taking over the world. All it's doing is taking over. Where them crackers at? Them crackers that they serve, where they at?

[DOVE AND MIKEY ROADS In background as choir:]
Said evil's taking over
Said evil's taking over
Said evil's taking over, evil's taking over
The Lord's gonna forgive us, the Lord's gonna forgive us, Lord
Said the Lord's gonna forgive us
The Lord's gonna forgive us

[POS:]
Bullshit, didn't believe a lick
To this fool fell off, well that would stick
Soon you reach your front of calm
Walked round by rehearsing psalms
Then you smiled with the funky frown
What do you know, the voice is back in town
Mom would say it would soon go away
You and I knew it was here to stay
But the man helped you when you helped yourself
That meant going to rehab for your health
Finally it went and blew your cork

Heard you moved to the comfortable streets of New York
And when my friends see me and come and ask
"Yo, where's your brother at?"
I'll be the first to splash
"Yo, he's a basehead"

(- Yo know who that was?)
(- No.)
(- The guy from De La Soul. Pos. Posdnuos.)
(- Who?)
(- You heard of De La Soul, right?)
(- Right.)
(- Well he was the one from De La Soul.)
(- The one with the real nappy hair.)
(- The one with... the dark-skinned one.)
(- With the glasses?)
(- Yeah.)
(- *[Background]* Yeah, the ugly one!)

(Fuck you bitch!)
(And kept goin'...)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Let, Let Me In"

(Ooh ah, ooh ah, ooh ah, ooh ah)
(Ooh weee, sho' lookin' fine)
(Ooh weee, sho' lookin' fine)
(Let, let me in)

[DOVE:]
I got good news, I got eye witness
Good news, I got eye witness
Due in a hip lift, dead into my phenomenon
Dazed with the quickness
Sweat, one sweat, two sweat, three
Motions, what motions? What could it be?
She, she (watchin' you) who, me?
Hon, Velveeta got your cut
(Ain't no lockin' up now)
Give the symmetrics to your bottom
(Ain't no lockin' up)
Shake less of that Catholic cool
Push panic, the button, and freeze
A's for Amen, J's for the Jenifa
Oh Jennys, oh please oh please
(Oh please oh please)

Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in

[POS:]
Force it like a motion, let me in to that
Flower power child, let me in to that
Let me sew your panic button, let me in to that
I got the semen headlocked, you won't get fat
Just lay, lay back, way, way, way
The oops up, it's a clear Saturday
We're selling my all-expense July paid
By the way, what's your name?
Just kidding, I know it's Renee
No, it isn't? Word, word, well check it out
Check, check it out
I got my my mind made up, come on, get it
Take a test, child
And get with this Pos position
From beginning to the Huckleberry Fin
If I was to yodel, would you let me in?

Let, let me in, let, let me in

Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in

Pos got the skyrocket in his jeans
Would you let me in if I was to sing
Like a hookey-non-stop-reggae-roost-rasta-king
Jimmy done starburst, know what I mean
Jimmy done burst, gotta come clean
Yo, Maseo, blow this scene

[MASE:]
Dip, dip, di, you're making me cry
With that onion between your thighs
Come give me some of that brown sugar
So the sweets can make me active
If I said you were attractive
May I supplement with an additive?
Hey, hooker let me hook you with my reel
Take you to the crib, cook up a real meal
Skip the meal and walk this way
(Hey, hey, hey)
Come on into my room, here we go
Here we here we here we go
(Boom!) Did you feel the bed break?
(Boom!) Did you feel the floor shake?
(Boom!) Did you feel the earth quake?
(Boom!) Now, quick, do you wanna take a break?

Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in

(What's this?)
(What?)
(In your pocket, that bulge?)
(Hey, hey, hey!)
(Harry, let me see it)
(Jumping jehosaphat!)
(Quaggin', quakin' and shakin')
(And that's no fakin')
(Let me see the gun, Harry, I want to see if it's been fired)
(Why are you complaining? I've always given you a piece of the action)

(So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed)
(And at last he blew the house in)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Afro Connections At A Hi 5 (In The Eyes Of The Hoodlum)"

[POS:] This is dedicated to all those hardcore acts.
[DOVE:] Yeah, you know them brothers that we used to
look up to, that fell the fuck off.
[MASE:] And now they doing all that R'n'B sh..(crocker!)
[DOVE:] You mean Rhthym and Blues?
[DE LA SOUL:] No! Rappin' Bullsh...

[DOVE:]
Connection A, click, what?
My dick, chick
I smack a fish if you thinks
My connection ain't thick, dick
Headed like a punk whip
I travel miles with a rhythmic lip
I rock an Afro
In '83, gee, yo
And spray the sheen so I get a Soul Glow
I play the corner tough
And me and Mase pull puffs on a blunt

[MASE:]
Givin' high-five is what I want
So I puff a blunt, I don't front
I get spliffed, get a stiff
Then I go hump a stunt
Like a pimp pro
(Nah, man, a super ho)
That's cool 'cause I'm still an Afro bro
Yeah, I'm live for my life is hectic
Every hour, every minute, every second
I keep a level head and stay down to earth
'Cause I've been an Afro since birth

[POS:]
Yeah
Now I hold my crotch 'cause I'm top-notch
I run amok Sasquatch, and I like to eat live crab
I've got five beepers, you scab
But you can find me directly on the Ave
(You niggas cheat me, well who's that!)
My breath never smells wack
I eat the watermelon Tic-Tac
Before I kiss myself I always jump back
(Yo, gee, this track is stack)
(And you know that)

I do three flips

When a punk flip on my duke lifts
But I flex more strength when I'm asleep
On the other side with his main tapes
Make her dry her face, buy her gold earlocks
But I may, she flocks round me like a donut
She got sprinkles but I bite my way out
More brothers come about, try to scheme slick
But the Native Tongue's thick
Lick 'em real good, like a real hood should
But the fly tape let the car speakers shake
I ran a cop down, I smile a frown with a but
Show gold teeth, 'cause I ain't a vegetarian
Not scared of beef, sport a feather like Chief
Got a scribble pad, you can get these gonads
'Cause I'm big-willed, blow off like a seal
'Cause connection with the Afro is real

[DOVE:]
I be the gift of gab, but be a bro with a diss
Because it's tough to bluff a cab
No wonder Melle Mel is 'Rrrr-RAH!'
I play of tape of the son of La-di-da
My cousin Rilo sells blow, a G a day
Keeps his kids hooray, a size nine and half
I kicks my tricks, is to live for Island
I mug a mug vic, but I's cool, I self
With the quickness I bust the true slang
Show no pit to those who don't understand

[MASE:]
The Maseo got tailed with the big bail
I busted loose but now the blue goose is on my tail
I seen the ghetto go lower than it is
(He don't care, 'cause his nigga's selling crack to the kids)
My jeans are brand new, with twelve more
In the closet with my silk, and below
My 45 pack thick, draw quick
If a nigga starts some shibidibidit
My crib is uptown, downtown, L.I.
And another crib in Queens
I munch some cornbread, Boar's Head
My favorite porck chops and
A plate of collar greens
I chill with Shymel, Akeem, Jaheed
And the Rastafarians'll be the crown in
And the Poppa
But the connections are still a high-five

(Let's get busy)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Rap De Rap Show"

(Here we go.)

[THE DOO DOO MAN:]
How y'all feelin' out there! You're listening to the Rap De Rap show
and I'm the Doo Doo Man playing all the slammin' rap tunes for all
you Mack Daddies and Mackettes, so hold tight for a one hour rap sweep
on WRMS. Who's the Doo Doo Man?
(You're the Doo Doo Man!)
Who's the Doo Doo Man?
(You're the Doo Doo Man!)

[MIKE:]
Yeah, ha ha ha. You're listening to MC Rocco Ribs and the BBQ Crew,
and when we're not burning that pork, we're in New York listening to
the Rap De Rap Show on WRMS!

[KIM CARTER:]
Y-y-y-y-yo, this is Kim KC and I'm chillin' with the Suckwheat Posse,
and when I'm not home making a hamhock sandwich, I'm listening to
Rap De Rap Show on WRMS. You ravioli heads, we outta here. Ooh ooh
ooh, the Doo Doo Man!

[Q-TIP:]
Yo, yo, what's up, 's up, this is Q-Q-Tip-Tip from a Tribe Tribe
called Quest Quest Quest, I'm listening to the Doo Doo Man on
WRMS-S-S-S and I'm out!

[MASE:]
Yo, my name is MC No Shame, and when I ain't getting busted in bed
with your mama, or sellin' crack to the kids at Amityville High
School, hey I'm listening to my man, the Doo Doo Man, on WRMS, peace!

[DE LA SOUL:]
This this this this is De La Soul, Pos Love
This is Dove Love
Mase Love
And when we're not here we're where?
WRMS y'all, with who? The Doo Doo Man!

[DIVINE STYLER:]
Yo, peace, this is the D-I-V-Ine Styler-Ine, and all come inside
Divine, I'm listenig to my man, the Doo Doo Man, on WRMS. I am outta
here, ha ha ha!

[BOBBY SIMMONS:]
Yo what's up my name is Colonel Bobby, I'm listening to the Doo Doo
Man on WRMS... yo, and I'm outta here, peace.

[JUNGLE BROTHERS:]
Ha, yo, ha ha, the JB's! JB's in the house! Jungle Brothers, word up, on WRMS, Rap De Rap, my man! Like roaches lickin' soup. Doo Doo Man! Checkin' out the Doo Doo Man.
(You got the cooties)

[PAUL:]
Yo, this is Prince Paul, when I'm not brushing my teeth with DiDi 7 or boosting my memory or purchasing real estate tapes, I'm listening to my stromie, my homie, the Doo Doo Man on WRMS! Rrr-RRAH!

[POPMASTER HIGHT:]
Hey hey hey Paul, I got a job for ya. You know that guy Rufus? That mouli? Freakin' lick him.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Millie Pulled A Pistol On Santa"

"If you will suck my soul
I will lick your funky emotions"

This is the stylin' for a little that sounds silly
But nothin' silly about triflin' times of Millie
Millie, a Brooklyn Queen-originally from Philly
Complete with that accent that made her sound hilly-billy
Around this time, the slammin' joint was Milk is Chilin'
But even cooler was my social worker Dillon
Yeah, I had a social worker 'cuz I had some troubles
Anyone who'd riff on me, I'd pop their dome like bubbles
He'd bring me to his crib to watch my favorite races
That's how his daughter Millie become one of my favorite faces
She had the curves that made you wanna take chances
I mean on her, man, I'd love to make advances
I guess her father must 'a got the same feelin'
I mean, actually findin' his own daughter Millie appealing
At the time no one knew but it was a shame
That Millie became a victim of the touchy-touchy game

Yo Millie, what's the problem, lately you've been buggin'
On your dukie earrings, someone must be tuggin'
You were a dancer who could always be found clubbin'
Now you're world renowned with the frown you're luggin'
Come to think your face look stink when Dill's around you
He's your father-what done happen-did he ground you?
You shouldn't flip on him 'cuz Dill is really cool
Matter of fact, the coolest elder in the school
He hooked up a trip to bring us all the Lacey
He volunteered to play old Santa Claus at Macy's
Child, ya got the best of pops anyone could have
Dillon's cool, super hip, you should be glad
Yeah, it seemed that Santa's ways were parallel with Dillon
But when Millie and him got him, he was more of a villain
While she slept in he crept inside her bedroom
And he would toss and then would force her to give him head room
Millie tried real hard to let this hell not happen
But when she'd fuss, he would just commence to slappin'
(Yo Dillon man, Millie's been out of school for a week, man, what's the deal?)
I guess he was givin' Millie's bruises time to heal
Of course he told us she was sick and we believed him
And at the department store as Santa we would see 'em
And as he smiled, his own child was at home plottin'
How off the face of this earth she was gonna knock him
When I got home, I found she had tried to call me
My machine had kicked to her hey how ya doin' (sorry)
I tried to call the honey but her line was busy

I guess I'll head to Macy's and bug out on Dillon
I received a call from Misses Sick herself
I asked her how was she recoverin' her health
She said that what she had to ask would make it seem minute
She wanted to talk serious, I said, "go ahead-shoot"
She claimed I hit the combo dead upon the missal
Wanted to know if I could get a loaded pistol
That ain't a problem but why would Millie need one
She said she wanted her pops Dillon to heed one
Ran some style about him pushin' on her privates
Look honey, I don't care if you kick five fits
There's no way that you can prove to me that Dill's flip
He might breathe a blunt but ya jeans he wouldn't rip
You're just mad he's your overseer at school
No need to play him out like he's someone cruel
She kicked that she would go get it from somewhere else
Yeah, whatever you say, go for ya self

Macy's department store, the scene for Santa's kisses
And all the little brats demandin' all of their wishes
Time passes by as I wait for my younger brother
He as his wish, I waste no time to return him back to Mother
As I'm jettin', Millie floats in like a zombie
I ask her what's her problem, all she says is "Where is he?"
I give a point, she pulls a pistol, people screamin'
She shouts to Dill he's off to hell cuz he's a demon
None of the kids could understand what was the cause
All they could see was a girl holdin' a pistol on Claus
Dillon pleaded mercy, said he didn't mean to
Do all the things that her mind could do nothing but cling to
Millie bucked him and with the quickness it was over

De La Soul Lyrics

"Who Do U Worship?"

[RONALD CHEVALIER:] Aha! What a beautiful day in the concrete jungle.
I think I'll go down to Goliath and just be a fuckin' dickhead!

Damn, I feel good today.
I'm looking forward to going and just beating the shit out of someone and taking their money.
What a fucking great job I have!

I wonder why I feel so good. Could it be the music?
Could it be my breakfast? Or could it just be the fact that
I just hate everybody, dammit!
Life is grand, life is great, I'll get myself a real cheap date.
Some woman I can take to McDonalds, spend a dollar twenty-five on,
and have like, the best time of your life with afterwards.
Life is too good to believe sometimes.
But we all can't have it the way I do, so to all you suckers out there,
kiss off. All right? Bye bye!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Kicked Out The House"

[DOVE:]
In no way are we trying to disrespect any sort of house or club music, but we're just glad that we're not doing it. And if we were, this is how it would go.

(I can't be your lover)
(I can't)

Kicked out the house, you got
Kicked out the house, hip house
Kicked out the house for good
(I can't)
Kicked out the house, you got
Kicked out the house, hip house
Kicked out the house for good
(I can't be your lover)

(With your wrinkled pussy)
(I can't be your lover)
(With your wrinkled oh, oh oh)
(I can't be your lover)
(With your wrinkled pussy)
(I can't be your lover)
(With your wrinkled oh, oh oh)
(I can't be your lover)

(P-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)
(P-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)
(Put it on vibrate!)
(P-p-p-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)
(P-p-put it on vibrate!)

Kicked out the house, you got
Kicked out the house, hip house
Kicked out the house for good

You got, you got, kicked out of this house, baby
For good

(I can't I can't I can't be your lover)
(Put it on vibrate!)
(Put it on vibrate!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Pass The Plugs"

(This time, put it in mellow)
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[POS:]
First P is passed
I am known as
Posdnuos, Plug One to the whole race
Rhyme on a tour
Smart and much more
Dispatch I've stood themes with the Mad Face
Tall dark and lean
Was once nineteen
Now I'm one year older with reason
Clean thoughts and drawers
Rhyme flow never stalls
The yes yes yes y'alls
Will end this season
The Soul reached high plains
We didn't reach Soul Train
But Don don't like rap
So that won't happen
Fame we don't lust
God we do trust
Arsenio dissed us
But the crowd kept clapping
Blessed with soul's lights
So turn off your brights
Overexposure will bring about a clear soul
Don't push, but piles,
For this here new style
And excuse me y'all while I fill my potholes

Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say (oh yeah)
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[DOVE:]
Passed off second
Tru I reckon
Head full of dreds
But knowledge inside
Singin' on records, making it hectic
Wishing it all would fall and die

Radio works it, public consumes it
Tommy Boy wants another "Say No," huh
Rough and rugged
It's not a new twist
Been Trugoy since the first get go
Here's the daisy
Watching it die, see?
Native is the new like Balance is the shoe
Paul makes a mil like dill makes pickles
Plus is to add like addin to the crew is
Pimps promote us, RM's work us
MP's watch us close in focus
Watch me steppin'
Now I'm dancing
Then disappear with a hocus pocus

Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[MASE:]
(people in the place this is very hard to conceal)
(Pos get funky)
(Check it out)
(people in the place this is very hard to conceal)
(Dove get funky)
(Check it out)
(People in the place this is very hard to conceal)
(Mase get funky)
(Check it out)
(People in the place this is very hard to conceal)
(Prince Paul get funky) (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

(ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say (yeah)
Pass the peas like they used to say (mmm)
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[PAUL:]
Fourth P is passed
I am known as
(Prince Paul)
Yeah thanks Mase
Applied like chapsticks
The songs are slapsticks
Skeezoids with polaroids
Give me such a case
Trife or not trife
Don't own a wife
Yet I'm down and around for a good kiss
I got a 40 of Pepsi

A girl in Bed-Stuy
And I'll end it like this!
(Will rise, not fall)
(*[Definition:]* Prince Paul)
(Our Mentor, don't be sore)
(When I say that's all)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Not Over Till The Fat Lady Plays The Demo"

[DOVE:]
Standing on the corner building. Seen the path.
Looking at the corner streetlight, walking, and
waiting for my brother to come over and then
someone tapped me on my shoulder. 180 degrees I
did. Oh my... what? Oh oh!
I didn't hesitate so I ran and I ran and I ran
and I ran and I tries to catch a cab.
(Cab driver, fuck you)
I ran into an abandoned building, I heard big
heavy breathing on my back I turned 180 degrees
again and oh oh! Oh my God!
Oh, I dashed and I dashed and I dashed and I
skipped into the BK lounge. I asked the lady if
I could get a Whopper. She was facing... she was
facing toward the back. She turned around...
she stated: (Can I take your order?) Oh Chrissie!
Once again, I dashed and I dashed and I dashed
to my pad. The phone started ringing, but
luckily my answering machine was on and with
the quickness...
(Hey, how ya doing, sorry you can't get through)
Yeah, saved by the ha ha ha. I went into the
shower. Oh my... I heard the holler... I turned
the water on and she was screaming... who could
it be? What did she want from me? What did she
want from me? What did she want from me? She
was screaming and screaming and she had the tape
in her hand. But I knew what she wanted. I knew
what she wanted. I knew what she wanted.
(Please listen to my demo)
(*[Mumbled:]* And wit your wrinkled pussy)
(I can't be your lover)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Ring Ring Ring (Ha Ha Hey)"

"Yes, this is Miss Renee King from Philadelphia. I want you to please give me a call on area code 215-222-4209 and I'm calling in reference to the music business. Thank you."

[DOVE:]
Hey how ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name
And your number
And I'll get back to you
Hey how are ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
But leave your name (uh)
And your number
And I'll get back to you.

Once again it's another rap bandit
Fiending at I and I can't stand it
Wanna be down with the Day-Glo
Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"
Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"
"I got a funky new tune with a fly banjo"
I can't understand what the problem is
I find it hard enough dealing with my own biz
How'd they get my name and number
Then I stop to think and wonder
Bout a plan, yo man, I gotta step out town
You wanna call me up? Take my number down
It's 222-2222
I got an answering machine that can talk to you
It goes

[POS:]
Hey how ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
But leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you

Yo, check it, exit the old style
Enters the new
But nothing's new 'bout being hawked by a crew
Or should I say flock cause around every block
There's Harry, Dick, and Tom, with a demo in his palm
Now I'm with helping those who want to help themselves
And flaunt a nut that's doggy as in dope
But it's not the mood to hear
The tales of limousines and pails

Of money they'll make like a pro
I be like, "Yo black, just play me the tape"
But at the show the time to spare I just make
But the songs created in they shacks
Are so wick-wick-wack, situations like this
And now I hate they give me smiles Kool-Aid wide and ask,
"Was it def?"
And with the straighest face I be like, "Hell yes."
I slip them the digits to Papa Prince Paul
So I don't go AWOL but yet I know when they call
They get

[MASE:]
Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name
And your number
And I'll get back to you
Hey how are ya doin
Sorry you can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you
Check it out

Party at the dug-out on Diction Ave
Haven't been to the jam in quite a while
Figure I'll catch up on the latest styles
'Stead piles and piles of demo tapes bi-da miles
All I wanna do is cut on the decks wild
But edition up here bi-da miles to the center
Reliever of duty, Plug One mosies in
And I be like, "Yo G, Pos does all the producing"

[POS:]
Now woe is me to the third degree
Mase pulls the funny so I make like a bunny
Jettin'
But I'm getting used to this demo abuse
Getting raped and giving birth to a tape
Cause there's no escape from the clutches of a hawker
Attached to my success, sent like a stalker
Make way to my radius playin fly guy
Try to get on my back they force like Luke Sky
Me Myself and I go through this act daily
And rarely do I not
No matter how I dodge some jackal always nails me
No matter what the plot
And even out on tour they be like,
"Yo I got a tape to play you back at the hotel"
I be like "Oh swell"
Unveil the numeric code to dial my room
And tell them to call me at noon
But of course there's no answering machine in my room

But a pretty young adorer
Who I swung on tour
And if it rings while we're alone
She'll answer the phone
And with the quickness she'll recite like a poem

[DOVE:]
"Hey, you done did the right thing, dial up my ring ring
Now you're waiting on the beep.
Say, I would love if you'd sing
The tune to Tru instead of fronting on the speak."
So no problemo, just play the demo
And at the end it's break out time
Please oh please don't press rewind
Cause I'll just lay it down the line

Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you

[POS:]
Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And we'll get back to you.. peace

'Yo what's up man, this is Ronald Master down with the Fish Tank
Posse, man, you know man, so you know you can just hook
me up, True. You know we got this fly new jam called 'Swimming In the
Fish Tank', you know we gonna rock it man, you know
what I'm saying, but I just need your help, Prince Paul gave me your
number, you know man, you just gotta do that for me,
got this fly bassline, got these fly trombones in it man, so just hook
me up, man, just look out, all right, call me back
at 557-2223 all right man, just look out, all right, look out for a
brother man!'

De La Soul Lyrics

"WRMS: Cat's In Control"

If it's not De La Slow, then it's not WRMS. Where Cat's in control, twisting and tuning until you're purr-fectly content. Special cat call goes out to the suckers at the donut shop. Thanks for serving it to me dark, hot, and no caffiene. Snuggle tight and hang loose boys, it's time to groove to a De La Slow move on WRMS.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Shwingalokate"

(On and on at two steps ahead)
(On and on at two steps ahead)
(Three steps ahead)
(Three steps ahead)

[POS:]
(What's the subject?)
The Shwingalo, hot damn
(Is Posdnuos gonna start?)
I am, I am
(And by the order of Shwing on hand)
I present to you the Preacher Man
Peace everyone, everyone I hope
Plate is not a caper, plate is not a hoax
Is it is the now step, labeled Shwingalo
Shopper brag a basket, fill it to the bro
What's the Shwingalokate? Question me instead.
Mental is the mood, whether live or dead
Level is the groove when I lead the led
But hip is my lip when I'm Shwinging it

(On and on at two steps ahead)
(On and on at two steps ahead)

[DOVE:]
(What's the next step?)
It's the fool of the clan
(Is he down with the Shwing?)
I am, I am
(And by the order of Swing on hand)
I present to you, the whole shalam
Last was the gas, flower by the pound
Shoo, puppy tough, shoo, flower power hound
Season of the Shwing is sound and it's bound
90 got the gift so lift from the ground
Speak me an age, age at the dough
Feed me the donut, feed me the O
School me with the new 'cause the new
Kept me fed with the brew
I'm glued to the stew and I'm Shwinging it

Breathe me the out, breathe me the in
Send it with a skit neither friend nor begin
Label it a Shwing, brother come for the win
Catch me the border, must start to begin
90 got the knack of the Soul, grab a bit
90 proved them wrong to those who commit

Dis to the hit list, pitched by the hit
Caught by the herds of those in the pit
Pull me a puff of the blunt as it breeds
This benefit's just what you need
Just because I'm fallin', saved by the weed
With dred, 'cause you know indeed I'm shwinging it

(On and on at two steps ahead)
(On and on at two steps ahead)

[POS:]
Constructed like an apple but roll like a grape
Try with the games 'cause the fools'll take shape
Stuff to the too tough, grave is in the groove
Sop it like Sound, yo honey make a move
Shufflin' your feet, that's stiffer than a nap
Open up an eardrum, don't wait for the cap
Sip a third of lager, extract the waste
Tell me tell me tell me, can you get a case?
Never oops honey, dope not a threat
Peace be found on your color telly set
Pick up the proof for the stool pigeon sing
Shwing a load o' dat, 'cause I must put Shwing

(On and on at two steps ahead)
(On and on at two steps ahead)
(Three steps ahead)
(Three steps ahead)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Fanatic Of The B Word"

[MIKE G:]
Ha ha! Ah yeah! Got it going on like a big old fat high hard-on!
(Hooo-weee!) Black Sheep in the house, sweet daddy Mr. Lawnge in the house, my man the Dres in the house, you know what I'm sayin',
Huey Love in the house, long Posdnuos, Dove, Prince Paul, the immigrant Lucien in the house. The house Dreddy Bear, ha, Mike G!

[CHORUS:]
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
Come on everybody let's baseball

[MIKE G:]
Got it goin' on. Swing it over here! Ochay, ochay, ochay.
We gonna swing it over here, swing it over there. We gonna do the baseball. Ha ha ha!

(Three feet)

[POS:]
A Nubian sprocket is the one
Plug One, cut the cap
Forward is the marcher of the chant,
To the clan, unless you slept
Willy to the Wonka of the feat
Smoke your blunt, but close your drapes
If we get fined by police,
Don't worry, yo, I got the papes
Toxic is the talk that I tell,
Tell the tales from the lady who's fat
Chris made the dope beat but no Bo Peeps
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

[DOVE:]
Swing is the is of my step
Plug Two, groove a gut
On gets by when it's kept
Three miles to my step
Forgiveness to the foes is false
I cook goose and serve a plate

Position is opposed to a loss
No cost, no relate
Brother got a badge of his own
Because the link of the life is slack
This licks 'em down to the Tootsie Pop
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

[DRES:]
Move over just a bit to the right of me
For I cannot see where the booty is
I sit, I'm looking out a foggy window
Crack it just a bit, yo this is showbiz
It's as though a pound goes around and around
So I give a pound then I do the step
Dres will be with Boca on the side
Can I crack a smile for doz who slept
Phonetics and kinetics perservere
Therefore I kick it
I took the L.I.R.R. but I did not have a ticket
Had some Chinese food but I didn't have a spoon
I had a dope rhyme but I didn't have it soon
I'm looking out the window
Day is filled with rain and gloom
Man oh man oh man I hope I find my spoon soon
Eating large fish 'cause I know it ain't cat
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

(Rrrr-RAH!)
[POS:] Yo this is Plug One and I'm saying peace to Lorraine in Holland, thanks for not having my baby, peace.
[DRES:] This is Dres. Danica, Boston, my first tight cushion, love you.
[MISTA LAWNGE:] Yo this is the Sugar Dick Daddy, I'd like to say peace to my father, Bombed Out Brother.
[MASE:] This is Baby Huey Plug Three, and I'd like to say peace to that mother a-ahem who stole my Pathfinder in front of the studio, peace!
[PAUL:] Yo what's up, this is Prince Paul, I'd like to say what's up to all the doo doo eaters and all the Kelvin Mercer look-alikes, and I'm out.

(God damn!)
(Have a ball!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Keepin The Faith"

[DOVE:]
Jody got a cat but she won't let it out
Oh tough luck, 'cause it makes Jack pout
Waiting on the wins he moves to the next
Searching for the cheese, looking for the text
In the Big Blue in search of the skins
Grinning and laughing, laughing and grinning
Padlock Jody got the whole scene played
No knockin' boots till she's 14K'd
Diamond in the back, sunroof top
Waiting for the credit card so she can go and shop
Jack plays the back, just knockin' other socks
'Cause now in the hood he's
(Johnny the Fox)
Till one ring came, Jody blew a park
Found about Jody round the corner in the park
Flipping like a dipstick, hip to the news
Practising the range, bellowing the blues
Jack rolls the carpet in, swift like a skate
"Yo, Jody, yo, gotta go, got a date"
Padlock Jody's screaming "Wait, wait, wait!"
"Don't worry, hon," he replies, "I'm keepin' the faith"

[POS:]
I'll never do the baseball with you again
Yo, I'll never do the baseball with you
'Cause your hoochie-coo was so smooth
Was it such a sin to let, let me in?
Hooked by your ever-so-shyness
Want that bush, heard you're from Flatbush
Ran after ya, caught ya,
Brought ya to Long Island, stylin' for a while
In my hut, I was on a cut for a peck
A silly Greg Peck
You tried to play me new, Plug One you disconnect
I'd try to touch your hair (You would say no)
Yo, I'd try to touch your hair (You would say no)
Is is 'cause you want my financial flaunt?
First you gotta please me, nice and easy
But I guess you want that in reverse,
So I stand Plug First can see
We got a serious block
Turn the other way, ooh what do I spot?
A hoopin' Hey Love whose scent left a trace
Had a stash in her pocket with a body that's safe
Ball to the eight, now you wanna swing?
Forget the rap, yo, Black Sheep, sing

(You're banned, you're banned)
(You're banned, honey dip, you're banned)
(You're banned)
Yo, you're banned
Ya banned by the preacher man
You played yourself a stew
Now to me you step, never mind love
The faith is being kept

[DOVE:]
Now remember 'bout Padlock Jody, here's the fact
Jack little wick but she was acting wack
Jack wanna lay but laying ain't exact
For the past four or five she was banned by the pack
Hip to the witness, putting on a plan
No money, no more Puddy Tat for the man
Jack knows that honey means playing a game,
Only wanna bowl, got nabbed for the fame
Claude Van Damme (God damn)
Sam was the man that you planned to command
Nothing new about a neighborhood
You know what? Padlock Jody wanna cut
Jack's thinking cap, make mine into a pack
"Yo, here's 20, 40, 60, pay me back"
Conscience appears, "Yo Jack, what you doing?"
"You play the cold while honey here's cooling?"
"You don't have to if you don't want to!"
"You don't have to if you don't want... to!"
So he begins with the ring, ring, ring,
"Hey Judy girl, how ya doin'
Seen you with another man, what you doing? Screwing?
Ooh, shame on you! What, you can't wait
For the big bait? Well, I'mma tell you straight,
Honey child, I'm keepin' the faith!"

DE LA SOUL
BUHLOONE
MIND
STATE

De La Soul Lyrics

"Eye Patch"

(Thank you, thank you, and for my latest basket of cherries, here it goes, baby!)
Mess up my mind, mess up my mind, mess up my mind wit the eye patch
Mess up my mind, mess up my mind, mess up my mind wit the eye patch
Mess up my mind, mess up my mind, mess up my mind wit the eye patch
(Everything I do's gonna be fine)

[POS:]
Channeling in sync so my would bring (WHAT!)
Wit dat, causin' all fat I'm responsible for ya diet
(Keep it quiet!)
Yo I got beats. State this stitch on my national fabric
My daughter will speak the arabic that's how I lift
Levitate to my nation when holding up your nickels
I pie like crumble so I Don like Rickles
Like green on the pickle
My papes are the up master of the cabbage patch

[DOVE:]
Ya eyes got the latch

[POS:]
So catch the cut, I hold the rut
For the people's reminder when in Maseo Path
I be the finder of the patch

[DOVE:]
Can the cat's tongue slip, ya do the 'da dip'
Take the horse into the jolly ranch
Keep the hush
The good, the bad, and Uncle Tom, beat it kid
(Whoaaaa....!)
Do doo doo do do do do do
Show the sheep cause I found the food
When I string the man wit the eye patch
The eye patch
When I'm walkin' it and could ya make it go sha na na na
(Mmmmmmm)

[POS:]
It sniffs good
Punks show disguises when I'm standing in the wood
I be the in 'cause the brother holdin' glocks is out
I be the in 'cause the pusher runnin' blocks is out
I be the in 'cause the kid smokin' weed,
Shootin' seed which leads to a girl's stomach
Being 'bout a half a ton is out

Show the finger print
And give me good grief for my lumber
Pants will sag 'cause I'm licensed as a plumber
Feel the Plug
(Yo, something's wrong here)
Now give a shout

[DOVE:] Yo what's up, I'd like to give a holler to Big 7 off in the Oakenone!
[POS:] And I bring an income in to my baby girl Twyla in White Plains and all my peoples out in Delaware.
[MASE:] Yeah yeah yeah, and I like to give a shout out to all those rappers who dissed us on records, and I wanna
let you know you're still wack.
And oh yeah, I ain't mentioned no names 'cause you might f...

(All right. I'm sorry, I didn't know you were going back to that)
(Ecoutez. Ecoutez.)

De La Soul Lyrics

"En Focus"

(Biofeedback)

[POS:]
Ya go beats, meats, son Sheep
I can't cook, but being a cook I'm servin' much to eat
I got multiple stabs of jazzy
Sassafrassy as I caught the fame of soul
Years after mama had me tell ya gladly
I plugged for the Tunin'
Which cause eyes to zoom in

[DRES:]
Which put your person into focus

[POS:]
No longer Kelvin Mercer but the Posdnuos
Plug One yo I found fun
In the scribblin' of speak
On a naked white sheet
Most recognized by my dark brown self

[DRES:]
Yo you found some wealth?

[POS:]
More in my mind than in my pocket
But I's got every Girbaud that ever sagged
I met some hoes, met some girls
Did a tour that took me all around the world

[DRES:]
Did a tour that took me all around the world

[DOVE:]
I hit the shines but I'm shooin' it now
Remember when the floor might have had a spine
Well it's all bent over
The DayGlo nigga gets the red door mat
It's a roller coaster
When your shit's burnt toast
Now Mr. Club Owner knows your jam
When your jam is tha jam
And there's a tab at the bar
My mindstate's great
No thanks I don't drink
I sip the bobo
Then I kettle it quick

I felt the heave in the jeave
Tap it in the basement
Diggin' my own understanding quick
Let me get the single out
Think Mr. Radio say the starlight
Is the same star bright
I'm thinkin' how a nine and a blunt is a switch
But turn out the lights and some will go bitch
It was one MC after one MC
Play the lamp post do the blow wit dynomite
Well it's okay and it's alright
Cause our birthday cake's external light
It'll all get graphic
People made of plastic
Look at the shine wit my 50 watt eye
But when I got the eye patch I hit the latch
I fame it to a name from Denver up to Maine
And lovin' deluxe
She won't catch me in no tux
Nah, man I won't honor the style

(Curious, curious, curious, curious)
[DRES:] How you doing, my name is Dres, listen...
[SHORTY:] Isn't that Posdnuos? Oh, my...
[DRES:] Baby, what's wrong with me?

[POS:]
Funny funny how time flies
When you have some light on the face
Cause the focus is the fickle
'Stead of fusin' I'm a use it
To the utilize the trickle caught the rush
But I play hush
While Andres Titus is the grabbin'
As a fan will put the hearts to mush
Lush Dalea would hear the public beat
The same way for Titus when he Blacked the Sheep
But as the Knee went Deep
To deeper off the charts
The album faded to black
That's when the amnesia starts

(Curious, curious, curious, curious)
[SHORTY:] Aren't you Dres from Black Sheep? What are you doing here? Who are you here with?
[DRES:] I'm with my man Pos, you know Pos...
[SHORTY:] Oh yeah, Positive K, I.. I like him...

(Stickabush, stickabush, stickabush, stickabush)

[DOVE:]
Hey boy, I watch that star man, shit's all in
Should I shot it or begin

I saw bootleggas no shinin'
I saw Big 4 go get shinin'
A typical flick was the moment
When the man said
"Ain't you?" Yeah I is 'im
Hush your mouth fallin' in cog
Caught the light being True dog
A fist of funk and I pocket that screen
In the scene or in between
Gimme but a little bit of the starlight
I mail my ass to the darkness
I dig it, I dug it
I dig it, I dug it
I wiz it, I was it
I wiz it, I was it
Oh Lord let me switch it off
Because ya find some'll do it all
For the light
(Stop jivin')

De La Soul Lyrics

"Patti Dooke"

(Why do we have to cross over?)
(Why are niggas always crossing over, huh?)
(I mean, what's the matter?)
(They can accept our music as long as they can't see our faces?)

(One, Two, One Two; You got it)
Wootah!

[GURU:]
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke
(It's the Patti what?)
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke
(It's the Patti what?)
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

[DOVE:]
Just the other day I got a starter kit
(An M is a terrible thing to waste)
Caught the face from the backs of the border of the mindstate
I play control to a fraud
(Nah it ain't happenin')
Nada to make it even
Robbin' and theivin' is one who infiltrates with a Colgate frown
Y'all remember my nasal for I sniff frequencies
(Well, it started in the year of '78)
But it's '93 or should I say '94 for my style is much more
(I said, "Come in")
Come in
(Come on)
Come out into my reservoir
As I macks a men your bastard style has just been stuck
By a sticker with a 'frigerator lickin'
What if... how's about why would
Never thought that the napalm would bust the jeans

[POS:]
Mash it up
The one with the beard
Mega moustache the beat (hide it)

Deep under sheets, cover this hint
Hostin' all threats but watch out Mr. Jarbage
Jimmy and the jet, standin' on the pier
I'm known as the farmer
Cultivatin' mate without mendin'
Bendin', comprimising any of my styles to gain a smile
Listen while you hear it
There's no pink in my slip
I reckon that the rhythm and the blues in the rap got me red
While the boys from Tommy plant bridge crossin' to a larger community
Yet they're soon to see I have a brother named Luck
A nigga named Dres
A groupie named Cassandra caught bobbin' on the head
Of a Baby named Chris, I missed a kid who caught wreck when sayin'
(Afrika and I when Sammy B's on the set)

[GURU:]
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke
(It's the Patti what?)
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)
(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)
(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)
(And now, prevention against sucka M.C.'s)

(We decided to change the cover a little bit)
(Because we see the big picture)
(Negroes and white folks buyin' this album)
(Negroes and white folks buyin' this album)
(Everybody's gonna know who this group is)
(We just felt that the picture wasn't as important as it was that we succeeed in crossing over)
(Cross over ain't nuthin' but a double cross)
(Once we lose our audience we never gon' get them back)
(He may even try to change our sound)

[POS:]
Let no man put asunder
Severin' the groups I never blunder
Cashin' all the checks on the mic
I might cherry to the bush, brand Plug Wonder
Funk to the fame against hoods
Bridges saggin' to woods down under
They can't be raised with the feminine praise
In conjunction with no chocolate in the mix
White boy Roy cannot feel it
But the first to try and steal it
Dilute it, pollute it, kill it
I see him infiltratin' to the masses

And when the leechin' I mo shoot 'em all in they asses

[GURU:]
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches (Yeah!)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke
(It's the Patti what?)
Runnin' through the trenches (Aaah!!)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

(It might blow up but it won't go pop)
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)
(It might blow up but it won't go pop)

[POS:]
I shed light and not skin
I ain't from Europe
Afro connects at the root of the retina of the third
Mums the word when ya blind baby
Blind to the fact
Don't rest in Compton so I don't own a gat
But respect is clear crystal
Cause Millie got a pistol
And she's down with me
Wild of most wild
Born child to the old school legitimate (soul)
Talker of the many paragraphs ago
Walker of the plenty broken calves ago
Phantom of the phrase black in many ways
Cause I see her runnin' through the trenches
Comin' in to rent my style

[GURU:]
I'm not the one to fuck with

[POS:]
I'm lockin' you out

[GURU:]
I'm just not to fuck wit so check it
Y'all know who I am
Listen up son
Peace to my man Premier
And y'all better guard your trenches 'cause we runnin' through 'em

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Tell me somethin' huh?)
(How come they never cross over to us, huh?)
(I never seen five niggas on Elvis Presley album cover!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"I Be Blowin'"

[MACEO PARKER:]
(I am Maceo. I be blowin' the soul out of this horn)

[Instrumental track with light tambourine/hi hat beat in background, children playing on a city playground]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Long Island Wildin'"

(feat. Kan Takagi, Scha Dara Parr)

[Intro]
get into groove now, something like
givin' into my own shit, now

could a drummer have some y'all
could a drummer have some more
said a drummer ain't have none
in a long time
c'mon, drummer

bring that beat back, bring that beat back *[x3]*

y'all wanna hear that beat, right?

1,2 1,2

[Kan Takagi In Japanese]
uh
suttarakankan kankankankan Takagi Kan
beat ni noseta kashi kore ichiban
so toshi gin-yu shijin groove
meguri megutte konomachi de furu
TOYOTA ni HONDA nippon mo iroiro
SONY chiba chiba sonota moromoro
dashicha irukedo rap no rokuon
marena koto daga ima rock on

[Scha Dara Parr In Japanese]
1 (1) 2 (2)
3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
13 jikan hikouki ni nokkari koko New York
(oh yeah)
bibiri jo jo jo
Ani Shinco Bose
(oh shit)
hora mite Prince Paul, Maseo, Pos ni Dove mo iru jan yo
eigo de nandaka itteru yo
(naanuu)
rap wo site miro to
gogo 2 ji studio
hai OK
richigi na boku ra ha mochi on time
ee member nanka dare hitori kicha ine
5jikan karuuku keika shite
What's up?
wassa wassa to renchu kimashita

ha to kigatukya studio no naka
yes, yes y'all
we don't stop
konna monde minasan ikaga desho

De La Soul Lyrics

"Ego Trippin' (Part Two)"

[DOVE:]
I'm buggin'

[POS:]
E-ghostbusters

[DOVE:]
Mercy, mercy, (ego trip, ego trip)
Mercy! (ego trip, ego trip), Mercy!!!

[MASE:]
Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!
Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!
Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!
Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!

[DOVE:]
Yep, yep big trucker man's rollin' in town
How ya do, how ya do
I got the joints to make ya...(JUMP!)
Because I'm headin' eastbound
Tired of the merry go round and around
And everybody's talkin' bout you're so funny
But they still tellin' lies to me
I got the trees in my backyard
And it's hard for them to tell a lie to me
And who's the foot, I'm the foot but who's steppin'
(Ain't no half steppin')
You know where I'm steppin'
Skirts play wit it cause I'm slick like that
I'm the greatest MC in the world!!
You gots to gimme gimme mine cause I'm heavy when I weigh it
Watch the way I say it (ego trip)
Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up
I never did it
The flavor's bein' butt but brothers ain't gettin' it
Get it; or else you're a goner
When I rolls over ya gonna have to wanna lamp
Cause it's the chattanooga champ
Takin' a train...Takin' a train...Takin' a train...Takin' a train...

[POS:]
Now I'm somethin' like a phenomenon
I'm somethin' like a phenomenon
Well I'm the hourglass cat
Drug it out of jack

[DOVE:]
For jill

[POS:]
Cause I spilled the phenomenon
Pack the holes in my lawn
The girls in my saun(a)
Word is born I'm a livin' phenomenon
Well I'm a better brand cause I'm a superman
I run the block with my circle cause I'm nubian
I got the platinum rust, so don't even fuss
Cause DJ Paul, he's down wit us
Now people stop takin' my stylin' for a joke
I don't sassafrass I put the foot up the ass
Sometimes I'm fast, blow off like a seal

[SHORTIE NO MAS:]
When they reminisce over you

[POS:]
For real
Mase chopped the record down to the bone
And now Renee King is on my telephone
But I got the Ring Ring Ha Ha Hey Hey

[SHORTIE NO MAS:]
Cause this type of shit it happens everyday

[POS:]
I got to make me a connection so my imports stuff
(WORD!) Wo, word 'em up
Cause I'm so fly...

[DOVE:]
Yes on and on
I'm ins like *[?]* go buy my yacht
I got Gills like Johnny
Sail at 7 elf (well good for ya)
Bigger than bigs, dig it (I dug it)
Ways that amazes popes
I am the is equals is cause it's caught up
When the tides taught me the ropes
No weights for the baits (man I'll give you four)
For a verb unheard of (man gimme one more)
Alright you got it if you're special
With a dapper toe tapper when a lot's goin' on
(And ain't a damn thing happenin')
The answer to the riddle is me and here's the question
Who can be (fresh)
Who can be (dope)
Who can be (nice)
Who can be (beautiful)
Who can be (word)

Who can be....

[POS:]
Me be the Jericho turnpike bandit
Yes competition try to troupe my way
I sing the song you never heard before
I feed the famine in your mind
So mind ya manners baby
I run a line on ya
Lay ya on the springs then sway ya
All this and a condom cause I be a taxpayer
Promotin' of a moccasin I skin like Danny Boone
When I swallow hear the (gulp)
So give me room just give me room back the hell up

[SHORTY NO MAS:]
Back the hell up
Know what I'm sayin'

[POS:]
Or when I run the mic there won't be no delayin'
Pressure 40 does it like a Easy Bake oven

[DOVE:]
Blues got the muffin

[SHORTY NO MAS:]
Eat it

[DOVE:]
Blues got the muffin

[SHORTY NO MAS:]
Eat it!!

[POS:]
Intoxicate many wit my talk without intoxicatin' myself low
So I gots to walk slow but.....

[DOVE:]
Don't you get too hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiigh
(Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,
Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,
Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,
Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,
Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,
Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,)

(Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!
Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!
Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!
Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!
Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!)

[PRINCE PAUL:]
Somebody's cryin'?
I know somebody's cryin'.
Who's cryin'?
Yo, somebody's cryin' here.

(Trippin' down the fuckin stairs)
(YEEAAAHHH!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Paul's Revenge"

(Yo, yo, yo, do it!)

[PAUL:]
Yo, what up. It's Paul. Got ten minutes each. I'm here... to get this
piece to redo it, or there's one we left for you...
whatever, whatever you said, I agree. That's why I was to get tore up on
I Am I Be. That rhymed. Ummm...
qu'est que c *[?]* Yo, man, they dissed me in the Source, man, they gave me
no credit for my songs. For the Slick
Rick stuff. Gave *[?]* credit for songs I did. That's a diss. I'm mad,
man. I hate *[?]* and I hate *[?]*. And you
can quote me. And you can record this and put this on a recor d. I hate
em, I hate em. And I'mma get em. If it's
the last thing I do. Anyway, hope you have a pleasant day. Peace.

De La Soul Lyrics

"3 Days Later"

[POS:]
Smoothed out without the R and B
(Mercy) Come on!
(Mercy) Come on y'all!
(Mercy) Come on!
There's no R and B in this song
So come along fly children come along
Come along fly children come along
Come along fly children come along
There's no R and B in this song!

Pushed up a dame by the name of Crystal
Who flaunts to the point just like a missile
A habit wit ear kiddin' wit gold mags
And since she fancies facial hair she asks my name
(Hey baby what's your name?)
Now ever so fab I said I'm wala
Miss Wild who used to run tough wit Koala
She was a winner of my metaphor and she knew that
I said I'm gonna feed your mouth she said you do that
Now Crystal stops the jeep I think I'm mad fly
She used to have a man wit lots of mad signs
Her strut was guaranteed to make a gay smile
And in bed she had proved to be real agile
I show her to the lounge and I dined her
Then she gave me some digits where I could find her
I licked her like a stamp
Laid and sticked her like a champ
But the... um she gave me burn
I had to go see the doctor

(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer (Uhhhh)
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer (Oh yeah)
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer!

[DOVE:]
Well it was thirty after nine and I was loungin'
Tokin' on some smoke that I was poundin'
I rang up seven up so we can skip to the mall
Thinkin' a good day to shop
But then we got stopped
A shooter man said "Yo this is a stick up"
A whole lot of dirt was 'bout to kick up
I had screens in my pocket
And man, tonight's my date
Wit Smokey Sue, now what was I to do?

In my head I'm thinking, 'Should I dodge the bullet?'
'Man this kid is bluffin' you can pull it'
I feared the whole scene,
The shooter didn't bluff
Now look at me now,
He shot my ass dead
(Yeah)

(You shouldn't have)
(I did, so let's get in the van)
(You shouldn't have)
(I did, so get in the fucking van!)

(I love you babe)
(I.. I love you babe)
(I love you babe)
(I love you babe)

Skeezer skeezer skeezer
Skeezer skeezer skeezer
Skeezer skeezer skeezer
Skeezer skeezer skeezer!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Area"

(I can just remember the number...)

[DOVE:] Just another area
[POS:] For me to patrol
[DOVE:] Just another area
[POS:] That shows I got soul
[DOVE:] Just another area
[POS:] For me to patrol
[DOVE:] Just another area
[POS:] That shows I got soul
I got soul you see, I'm swimming in the De La
I'm in my hood man, my manhood worries ya
I'm known for sampling of soul food
Off the old school plates
When I met up with my niggas from the 718
One the Jungle Bro, the other Questers from Queens
Yet I had the matrix of the 516 in my jeans
Still I sided with my funk to bring my second on call
For me and the Sheep, our mission's on the beach of 804
(You're runnin' on an empty tank)
But still get paid in full
(And get the girls)
Man, I'm packing gravitational pull
Bring the instamatic avalanche, my code intervenes
I'm out to scout the areas that remains to be seen
(What?)

[DOVE:]
Well, many many digits had me seeking in my Wizard
Man, who's ringing up my area (ooh) oh!
I used to shoe it to the bridge but that's gone
Like the 718's out of Vietnam
Sniffin' skypagers had me drugged
(Man I knew a psycho)
703's on my love bug
I made mates with the brothers up in 215
Crazy buddhas in my mind
My Chattanooga champ had me late for the camp
And my 202 keeps me marvellous
I guess Mars was my hideaway
But if the stars for a getaway...

[POS:]
Since I'm capable I conjure up a walk in this way
I slip a syllable for Aspen and a Chester souffle
I be the 919 seeker, 'cause ain't off logic
So when I'm with my crew I always have a place to sit

Due to this, a brother tries to play me
(Yeah, like one in 514)
Yo, some kid tried to flip on me
They instigated a brawl
(So we set our knuckles on stun and made them all fall)
Then I just laughed
(Ha ha ha ha ha ha)
(We whooped that ass)
And put the feelings aside, I know who I am
I cast the grain by the pound
I make sounds with the horn
When I colour the corn, caught the fit
And sit the two when honey slung the tip

[DOVE:]
Well I'm taking my finds to the 301's
And Im playing my flute in the rear kibbut
My man from the 908's, he don't like it like that
So I pipes till the sunshine hikes
A kettle of our master plan makes a Malibu idol
(God forgive me) Well, it's a hook
The third to the 0 to the 5 had top feel the vibe
When the 516 played convicts

[MASE:]
The man Maseo is here to put the habit along
And what you have, I'm 'bout to speak about your area code
Is it 918? (No)
Is it 212? (No)
Speakin' on 404? (Hell no)
What about 516? (I dunno)
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)
(Huh? What?)

[POS:]
Just another area for me to patrol
I got status 'cause I'm baddest with the paint
Giving upside down frowns to London wood 703
Her moms didn't like it, I had to let be
For the fact I lays bricks
'Cause my semen ends with the letter T
My seed is hard to submerge
I play the tack in the wall if my rear's not watched
'Cause some knuckle might just head for the urge
But I got Prince Paul in the Area
(Oh, it's like that now)
I got Hot Dog in the Area
(Heh heh heh)
I got the Violators in the area
(Aaah)

I's got the Violators in the area
(Aaah)
It don't matter where you hide, I clear up the fall
Cop the fuck outta here, you fake-ass fraud
Clear my area

(I'm going home now, I have been up all night.)
(I been up all night, it's still Friday to me.)
(Come on now. Hey, Ellory, I'm going home!)
(Bob to the bob, d-dang, d-dang diggy-diggy)

De La Soul Lyrics

"I Am I Be"

[Verse 1]
I am Posdnous
I be the new generation of slaves
here to make papes to buy a record exec rakes
the pile of revenue I create
But I guess I don't get a cut cuz my rent's a month late
Product of a North Carolina cat
who scratched the back of a pretty woman named Hattie
Who departed life just a little too soon
and didn't see me grab the Plug Tune fame
As we go a little somethin' like this
look ma, no protection
Now I got a daughter named Ayana Monay
And I can play the cowboy to rustle in the dough
so the scenery is healthy where her eyes lay
I am an early bird but the feathers are black
so the apples that I catch are usually all worms
But it's a must to decipher one's queen
from a worm who plays groupie and spread around the bad germ
I cherish the twilight
I maximize, my soul is the right size
I watch for the power to run out on the moon
(And that'll be sometime soon)
Faker than a fist of kids
speakin that they're black
When they're just niggas trying to be Greek
Or some tongues who lied
and said "We'll be natives to the end"
Nowadays we don't even speak
I guess we got our own life to live
Or is it because we want our own kingdom to rule?
Every now and then I step to the now
for now I see back then I might have acted like a fool
Now I won't apologize for it
This is not a bunch of Bradys
but a bunch of black man's pride
Yet I can safely say
I've never played a sister by touching where her private parts reside
I've always walked the right side of the road
If I wasn't making song I wouldn't be a thug selling drugs
But a man with a plan
and if I was a rug cleaner
betcha Pos'd have the cleanest rugs I am.

[Verse 2]
The Plug Two brand with the flavour
in the flute watch the sniffin'

so a sack of shows in demand
I read the diction from the second page
I got the one-two gauge
baritone to the izm fan
Trees fall so I can play ground with my ink
So let me need ya to my ems go
I push the infinite and carry it
My carrier's the three over one
so my pluggins already know
Lick shots with moo
catch the boo
from a ghost in the heckling crowd
if I give a foot
Jack Ville caught a spill
when a still came from my mouth
I brought a head down south
I don't check for the noose and the neck
So I never tell my ems
that finesse is knocking at my door
I choose to run from the rays of the burning sun
and dodge a needle washing up upon a sandy shore
I bring the element H with the 2
so ya owe me what's coming when I'm raining on your new parade
It's just mind over matter
and what matters is
that the mind isn't guided by the punished shade
I keep the walking on the right side
but I won't judge the next who handles walking on the wrong
Cuz that's how he wants to be
No difference, see
I wanna be like the name of this song I am

[Verse 3]
I am Posdnous
I be the new generation of slaves
Here to make papes to buy a record exec rakes
the pile of revenue I create
but I guess I don't get a cut cuz my rent's a month late
The deeds of a natural
are seeds that are no longer planted
so the famine in the mind is strong
Tactics of another plane is now proven sane
Sane enough to let you know from within this song
I stabilize many cableized viewers
So my occupation's known
But not why I occupy
And that is to bring the peace
not in the flower but the As-Salaam Alaikum in the third I am

De La Soul Lyrics

"In The Woods"

(Say party over here, party over here)
(Say party over there, party over there)
(Say party over here, party over here)
(Say party over there, party over there)
(Say party over here, party over here)
(Say party over there, party over there)
(Say party over here, party over here)
(Say party over there, party over there)

[DOVE:]
Hey yo you feel that shit (yeah it feels good)
Well it's that thumpin shit (well I'm soakin too)
I'll introduce the split (I'll be the go)
I'll be the get
Fixin with the ins for the outs we set
Hey shortie (yeah mister)
Make no mistake
I challenge the bang for a bigger rhyme bouquet
(you be buggin)
Well i bugs like roaches on rugs
Speaker of the bone like the speaks in my loans
Give me the night baby and I'll be good in the woods
Ya freakin my mind ya freakin my mind
I told the maceo bout the days that go (he know)
I know he know cuz he's out to get the gold
The Chattanooga cruisin' with the malibu shit
The bigger of the isa (cuz he is the shit)
I'm like hickory (dickory niggas)
I make you feel lost like high school history
Creator of the rhymin dominoes
Watchin drop it's the joint see
So hit me with the zsa zsa (indeed darling)
The coolest fool be the coolest fool
I know the watch be in the air but i kick a new bucket
Sippin it wit shortie so check the way we cuff it
It's that indonesia funk up in your trunk
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob

It's that funky shit (in the woods)
That be beyond understandin (in the woods)
Yo we do it with the soul (in the woods)
Timber (in the woods)

[POSDNOUS:]
Punch that O for operator baby its a love solid

I been stylin abstract since loose leafs was the shit
Catch me breathin on planes where the gangstas outdated
Fuck being hard posdnous is complicated
As my pants play the sagatogah I can order sniffs of
Frequencies frequencies cuz I freak mc's with the rhythm rock live
(man I'd rather point a pistol at ya head and try to burst it)
No jive in the matter so niggas start runnin
Yo that native shit is dead so the stickabush is comin
(stickabush) it's comin (stickabush) it's here
Fuck the five count it only takes three to bring it near
So let me move ya won better as the salad is tossed
And get a taste of the mase that you thought was lost

I'm cautious wit my looks (in the woods)
Pickin them nines in my hair (in the woods)
Sniffin for the beats like litter (in the woods)
The plugs just can't be found (in the woods)

[SHORTIE NO MAS:]
Can I come off like the rest of em I think I should
Could I of course one verse now ya lost it
Found it realizing I came off it sounds mean
But pal there's a new kid on the scene
I got much soul on the down low tip
Lay back smooth one drink I'll be trippin
Never don't you dare consider me a fly gal
Pal I got props on a different tip
I recall back i go for mines I get the goods
Wouldn't you know forgot my compass I got lost in the woods
Found my way and I was out i pronounce every letter
And if I had the chance I'd do it better
I heard a holler down the way and now I'm out for the time being
Ya wanna be in but you can't see what I'm seein
Time and time my friend I stay gettin it on
And now they playin my song again

I got feminine style (in the woods)
I'm not tryin to be sexy (in the woods)
And no you can't knock the boots (in the woods)
A lot of things be happenin (in the woods)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Breakadawn"

Ah one two, ah one two
Ah one two, ah one two

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."
Ah one two, ah one two *[x6]*

[Verse 1: Posdonus]
I was born in the Boogie Down catscan
where my building fell down on the rats and
people sorta super wanna trip to the penile (penile)
While I settle off the shores of the Long Isle
My father's clean not mean my mind is clear when I transmit
I am the man-ner of the family cuz the pants fit
I want to let forensics prove, that I can mends
Groove wit the thread from needle outta hay, wanna say
salutations to the nation of the Nubians
We bout to place you in that (3 Feet) of stew again
I got the frequency to shatter Mrs. Jones' perm
I gotta (Hey Love) all the honies cause they're short term
Tallyin the score I'm for the shottie in the jacket
For the brother he's a nigga when he packs it
So get your butt out the sling, I stung Muhammad float a note
that means I'm def, so like the autographs you sign until the

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."
Ah one two, ah one two *[x4]*

[Verse 2: Dove, Posdonus]
Aiyyo groove with the mayor, hazard on the sayer
Wave the eighteen mill', eat a still
sack or bag of troubles, make the single double
Loop the coin and join the minimum wage
I had a plan if I was the man, I'd throw the J
Lay it low and late night I get sessed
Uncondition my ways, of the everyday sunset
Wagin my days, to the one bet
Cause your breaks'll have the carrot of cakes, whether mine
Out of line, I breeze into the early mornin
Freak the WIC call and get a tap on my shoulder
cause the days of the breaks, be just about over
The arts of the six won't play my bag of tricks
I got the sevens in my pocket somewhere
Reasons for the Cheer All Temperature here
I keep it to the rear, and then I'm EXPLODING

I be the fab I be the fabulous but see unlike the Chi
I got the flea up in the name "ah one two, ah one two"

Can't no one bend my cousin from the Peter Piper like the others
latchin on to when I caught the fame "ah one two, ah one two"
Pass the task to ask me bout the Native Tongue again my friend
I tell you Jungle Brothers (On the Run) "ah one two, ah one two"
I'm shakin hands with many devils in the industry
Believe the Genesis life fill with stills mean that I'm def
so like the autographs you sign until the

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."
Ah one two, ah one two *[x4]*

[Verse 3: Dove, Posdonus]
We in the mornin at the end, but in the end I be the is
cause in the mix, man, it's alright
Momma got the rhythm to my daylife
My pops gots enough so best to leave or sail the waves
to the Long I laid the anchor in the 'Ville
And how I relate, the same side of my gates
Paper days, mess up my mind, ground zero degrees
and the weather feels fine
You opened my eyes man, thought I had a man
But how could I eyescan, I wasn't around
I seen the states and played the dates in the far-far
Gathered the new, from the zoas around
Grew up with Mikey Rodes and played the codes
Sometimes I don't budge, without my cous' Fuzz/fuzz
A simple, "How ya do?" Ah check it from my friends and my crew
makes it definitely special

Now there's no (Shiny Happy People) in the crew we play the rough
I got the huff, and puff, to blow the house low
You know the neverending factor while I'm over, tell a squid
I know an Enterprising brother, so report to the bridge
I bounce a ball with my left, a squid with my right
(Cause a squid is just a punk) Yo he deserved to lose the fight
I might meander 'cross your dream, travellin up the stream
Plug Wonder Wonder Why you're lonely tonight
We see the girls scream as if we're shocked by the live shell
Let's round em up and get em back to the hotel
motel, holiday, inn-fact!
I'm gonna let you know, once again, that De La Soul
is sure to show you we will hit the charter harder
than the normal rappin fool "ah one two, ah one two"

De La Soul Lyrics

"Dave Has A Problem... Seriously"

[DOVE:]
Yo Merc, it's Dave, you there?
Hello. Hello, Merc. Hello. Hello, Merc.
Hello. Merc, hello. Hello. Hello, Merc.
Hello. Hello. Hello, Merc.
Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.
Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.
Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.
Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.
Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.
Hello. Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!
Hello! Hello! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh!
Help me! Help me! Help me! Help me!
Huh! Hah! Huh! Huh! Huh! Oooh! Oooh! Oooh! Oooh!
Feel the funk, baby!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Stone Age"

(feat. Biz Markie)

[BizMarkie starts out the song beatboxing while De La Soul chants the words "I'll beatbox"]

[Dove] Ah mic test one two
[BizM] Aww man, I check it better
[DeLa] Ah whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?
[BizM] I hit the rhyme with the mayonnaise, that's what I mean
[DeLa] Ah whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?
[BizM] Man I got beats up my sleeve like you wouldn't BELIEVE!
[DeLa] Whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?

[BizMarkie]
Ah with my "ah one two" I substitute about a loop
So let me serve with the slope, with the Plug of two scoops!

[Dove]
Mr. Miyag' never did dip for Dove
Bootleggers my legs and, grit about a hug
And who gets the Motts, I knots by the chance
I rain-dance.. I rain-dance
But steppin just a bit I don't need another shadow
Makes makes, is gonna be the new man's motto
Don't increase the bull, because my pulley is broken
and my belly is full
It's a second I reckon on the bone and the ball
Makin London bridges fall, so check it
I bring a point to the joints that we change and chop
but we could bring it back to the beatbox!

[BizMarkie beatboxes with style and soul]

[Posdonus]
I'm Posdonus Plug Wonder.. plotter
Serenade her cause I gotta.. record
When in the womb I was naked.. now I
chill with latex cause of how I, enter
the black wood without a splinter, provin
I had the chills what helps in movin, asses
Saw the light cause I got glasses, so we
sip the cappucino slowly

[BizMarkie]
I'sah makes the big money!
I drive big

[Posdonus]
cars, serve the bubble like a bar.. tender

When in flight like a sender, lace
Sticks of dynamite on bass, head

[BizMarkie]
Lace the shoe until he dead

[Shorty No Mas]
Run! Cause the cop is gonna come
This my Plug style

[Posdonus]
so they can kiss my, grits
Hold my balls without a mitt.. grab
the mouthpiece to talk the dag.. nabit
I keeps goin like that rabbit, rico-
-chet a dame I need a Snicker, satis-
-fy the Norman to the Gladys, Knight
My glasses help me see the light, so we
sip the capuccino slow

[BizMarkie]
In life, it's what you see is usually whatcha

[Posdonus]
get, won't take a Drag-without-a-Net, no

[BizMarkie]
To put the rhythm in the, bone

[Posdonus]
marrow, laid the pipe to please Cari-lou

[BizMarkie]
I don't know!

[Posdonus]
If it's true..
.. THAT'S A FUMBLE!
WELL CATCH A FEVER FROM THE JUNGLE
Chocolate, nubian girls flock to it, sweets
And if I can't sample beats, get the
beatbox equipped with the, dirt
BizMark and Doug E. works, fine
Mase work the wheel I tangle lines, HARK
the light is thirsty in the dark
so we..

[BizMarkie beatboxing while De La Soul chants the words "I'll beatbox"]

[Dove]
It's like I saw it in the river but my M wasn't fixed
Super heavy like a Chevy pump a Maseo mix
I had some screams in my pockets, and played it kinda hush

and did the outs (got to check out, the avenue)
I peeped the *[?]* Zoah *[?]* on the gimme gimme, plus we hit the plat'
Then the amps was on samp's, the villains got fat
The Natives weren't the neighbor then to, NIGGA PLEASE
It's a hustle for a joint when your settlement G's
But we still be on the wax because it acts like that
We still be on the moves because it moves like that
So there ain't no reason to don't stop
Cause we can bring it back to the beatbox!

[BizMark finishes it off]

"Yo who, I don't know who was on the mic man
This thing smell awful here man.."

stakes
is high
de la soul

De La Soul Lyrics

"Intro (Stakes Is High)"

(When I)
(First heard)
(Criminal)
(Minded)
(I was in...)
(Damn, where was I?)
(...seventh grade)
(Battlin' this other emcee)
(Smokin' a blunt and drinkin' a 40 down lower East Side with my niggas)
(I have no idea where I was, it was so long ago)
(I was on my way to a family reunion in a car on the Long Island expressway when I heard it)
(Rooselvelt Projects)
(I was in...)
(I was outside of church when I was really little and I was doing the wop with this girl)
(Red Alert played one of the songs on the radio)
(It was so long ago)
(Yo Merce, what's up, this is Hanson, man, I want you to peep that out.
Yo, kid... I was at this party, this hype
party when I heard
KRS' Criminal Minded. I'll call you back, peace.)

(All right!)
(All right!)
(All right!)
(All right!)

[POS:]
Channeling, in sync so my what brings that testament
To cover twelve inches of funk
Flip like as if I was the Dalek himself
Specialising in cleansing like the its of
Elephants, Dove hits bibles out the park, man
Don't wven try to toss bleach, I'm too dark and
Major more soul than James' "Escapism"
De La Soul is here to stay like racism
Patrick know and I'mma put the pillow off the bed
As I lurk up on your thoughts while phones on your head
Riff a tech pro, flex Sue, running you the links
Scout weather, pouring rain outta duck's survive links
And if one winks for pink slips, the slips are short
Dull-minded as sperm, to give out for the souls I report
I sport too fly for the forty-ounce drinker
I sport too fly for a forty-ounce thinker
A fresh linen scent so sniffer on the two-inch
A talker of the berg without weed influence

So stick to you Naughty By Natures and your Kane
'Cause graffiti that I based upn the wax is insane

[DOVE:]
Grand groove, I wish I had the flavor bid
Give me six bottles of beer, I take the seventh one free
I got the chandelier, kick, constructed by my man
Little elf, big four gets the zootie for the self
Long Island living, what, twelve o'clock dawn
Jiggy-not see me so I trip straight to your porches
Mr Partymaker puts the boogers in your bottle
Straw it and drink, what bees gotta be's
'Cause I snort the crazy-crazies
Man, I kick the Franken-style, dig the bolts in my neck
Wreck, ship, boat, rock
Heavy metal grooves ain't the infinite
Here I hips to the hops
I'm looking for the words in the faces of a prince
That brother been down ever since soaked cheese
And motor go smiling
Hey, how ya doin'
Now, meet in front of Big Lou's fighting
Hey, y'all reminisce, six streets, little miles
Straight to my avenue
(Aaaah... aaaggh)
Six streets, went miles straight to my avenue
I'm headed for the bigger E, for the bitter OE, not me
Here's my Malibu, child, here's my Malibu
Buckshot honeys, dig a gun and go aaaahhhhh...

De La Soul Lyrics

"Supa Emcees"

[Chorus: Slick Rick sample from MC Ricky D and Doug E. Fresh's "La-Di-Da-Di"]
Hey, whatever happened to the emcees
Times done changed for the emcees
Every woman and man wanna emcee
But for what, I tell you emceeing ain't for you!

Hey, whatever happened to the emcees
Times done changed for the emcees
Every woman and man wanna emcee
But for what, I tell you emceeing ain't for you!

[Verse One: Dove]
Man I'm on the set like the flicks so let your parents flash
A splash bigger than whales, I'm makin monsters mash
Spit Pinnochio's Theory when shit be looking weary
I need rest, but I boogie for now, I'm on some mess
like the best mics respond to me
Living days, like dreams of specializing in the art that pays
I be a mystic for life, so check my ID number
Emcees be kneading/needing dough while I make bread like Wonder
Yes, that's what you heard, so save that acting for the screen
See you can can that manager with the beans
I bust emcees like lies surprise em out the box
Put away the soda pops I'd rather rub on the rocks
A dime-getter tried to get what I got, for what?
I guess Southern folks cash makes the lovin come fast
But I'm past alla that, it's time to break with the breeze
Get to your knees, here comes the Supa Emcees

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Pos]
Within this program of rap, I'll eradicate the glitches
Yo I'm dark like Wesley, but I be sparkin more bitches
and to them my constellation put your lives in jep
While you others represent, I present my rep
Cause when it comes to making dents, I'm that main in print
Even smoked from blunts which give eyes the reddish tint
Could not prevent, YOU from seeing I'm the light
but bring attention to my words like some ads in tights
I heard you want to fight me, with your words on stage
So Mase pulls that instrumental from the jam YOU made
And as he starts cutting what you sold, I'll talk all over your tones
as if my name was Pete Rock or Sean "Puffy" Combs
Send your tattered ass home, with celly phones I roam
with my fleet, here to make this rap game complete
While you live fables, unstable, acting very radical

Projecting like you're hard, when in fact you're quite vaginal

[Chorus]

De La Soul Lyrics

"The Bizness"

(feat. Common)

[Intro: Common]
[Craig Mack sample from "Get Down"]
And and bass up the track a little bit
Cuz I I'm here I wanna hear that boom bish boom, knowhatI'msayin?

Yeah yeah you know the bizness
Common Sense, soul with the De La
Get all them play-ahs
We the rhyme sayers
Huh, and that's the bizness, hah
Gonna do it like this
Gettin it that
Like the Chicago streets

[Verse One: Dove]
I speak divine of God theories, no need to be high
Always exhale the facts cause I don't inhale lye/lie
Play the greater man's game, to bounce off my losses
So I can earn the acres (uhh) the houses (yeah) the horses (huh)
Of course it's much greater than your Benx or your Lex
The engine to my comprehension is just too complex
Much too complex, EFX/effects be live like Das
Making moves down South, to avoid the chaos
And never, flaunt the coin cuz dime-getters be gazin
They call me Luther Van, they say my style is so Amazin
I'm fazin those who're supposed to have the last laughter
Cuz even when I'm gone I'm reappearin in the after
I haveta, send respects to real money makers
Do not connect us with those champaign sippin money fakers
Taste the quarter pound with spice from Chi-town
Now what that prove, you're so full you can't even move

[Chorus:]
Cause I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
And can't another brother cook these delicacies

Well I'm the P-L-U, the G-to-the-One
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun

And I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win
I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink...

[Verse Two: Common]
Do you wanna be a MC? Or do you wanna serve

Do you wanna be dope? Or do you wanna deal it
Fabricated acryllic, I feel it, I'm the style molester
I do a show get Extra P's like the Large Professor
In fact I get more hoes than Tessa, peep game like a
refa-ree in soul control of my
desti-ny, in the best of, three out of five
Whip ANYBODY ass at NBA Live, rappers
take a dive like Greg Lougainis with his bitch-ass
Rather be in Bebe's alley, than at the click with gators
Not a hater of the players, I'm more like a coach, or an owner
I Used To Love H.E.R., but now I bone her (ahuh-hah!)
At one point in rhyme I thought I lost my erection
But then I got it back with the Resurrection, blessings
upon rhymes old man who called him traitor
Big Com Stradamus niggaz styles I predict

[Chorus:]
I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win

And I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
And can't no other brother cook these delicacies

Well I'm the P-L-U, the-G-to-the-One
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun

[Verse Three: Pos]
I'm the most from the coast of the East, then flee
Droppin more knowledge than litter, on the New York peeve
It's me, wonder why, in the place to be
Certified, as superior, MC
While others explore to make it hardcore
I make it hard for, wack MC's to even step inside the door
Cause these kids is rhyming, sometiming
And when we get to racing on the mic, they line up to see
the lyrical killing, with stained egos on the ceiling
My rhymes escalates like black death rates
Over music plates, being played as the rule
Kids thinking stepping to the Soul, you're labelled fools
who claims to drop jewels but for now you do the catching
I don't worry on what crew you run, or what section of earth
you reside, you're not even a man
So I don't seem it mandatory taking your pride
But I will, cause my man said Soul for the life
You cried "Keepin it real", yet you should try keepin it right
That's understanding microphone mathematics
Which leaves the currency in temporary world status
And when one shows he posed threat to this one
This one will make that one into none
Simple equation, zero, you shouldn't play hero
If you can't stand Strong like the Island I'm from

[Chorus:]
Now I'm the P-L-U, the-G-to-the-One
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun

Yeah, and I'm the-C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win

And I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
And can't another brother cook these delicacies
See can't another brother cook these delicacies
See can't another brother cook these delicacies

[Outro: Common]
Ahh that's how, that's how I'm supposed to do my thing huh
Like triple it, alright
That's how we do it, all the way from Strong Island to Chicago
The type of freestyler flow
Yeah, it's fluent, and we don't need to flow no more
Hah

[Intro: this comes before "Wonce Again Long Island" on the LP]
To my man Mos Def yo he nonstop
To my man Enola, yo he's nonstop
And to my kin de Calhoun, yo he's nonstop
Yo that girl MP, yo she's nonstop
And to that crew Camp Lo, yo they nonstop
And to that nigga Pop Life, yo he's nonstop
And to my cousin Fudd Love, you know he nonstop
My brother Lucky and Pert, yo they nonstop
And to my man Joe Buck, you know he nonstop
And my man Extra P, yo he's nonstop
And my man Mike Divine, you know he nonstop
That kid called Baby Paul, yo he's nonstop
And to the Jazzyfatnastees, yo you're nonstop
And my peoples Beatminerz, man they nonstop
And to my man Mr. Bug, you know you're nonstop
And yo, Litro, yo, he's nonstop
And to, my dean The Green, yo you're nonstop
And to my man Prince Paul yo he's nonstop
And to that man Kid Capri yo you nonstop
And A Tribe Called Quest, man they nonstop
And don't forget the Jungle Beez yo they nonstop

[Extra Verse: sampled from "Down Syndrome"]
Let me tell you a little something about Soul (tell em son)
I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to
Plug Wonder why back in the day who soaked his words in jigga
So when I ran a phrase in June you didn't catch it til December
I'm a member of them kids from the inner city
Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for making
more money than a pagan holiday
Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say

De La Soul Lyrics

"Wonce Again Long Island"

[Pos Plug Wonder Why]

(What the hell do you wanna be when you grow up?)
I wanna be a supa emcee
(Well you're already that) so let me step up to bat
Attack a hit to go beyond this age of rap counterfeits

Out of the heavens August one-seven, sixty-nine
Born I, wonder why with the thoughts to rhyme
Til there was no longer thoughts to dream
When an unpolished demo led to limos at the age of eighteen
Accompanied by the screams, Plug One
Shot up with fame like novacaine it made me numb
So numb I wouldn't been able to feel
Niggaz diggin in my pockets for my currency reels
But still, I make girls brown eyes blue at will (until)
my ass was no longer mass appeal
Oh shit, I guess that was all the fame I was alloted
Wait a minite, new video, like a leopard I'm spotted
in a night club chillin with Kamaal and Phife
I be that farmer cultivating owning acres of mics
And I likes to make it known Strong Island stylin
for a while, so do that dance

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be
(Showin others they do not?) Yes I be
(Havin then towed from the lot?) Yes I be
That's my job as a supa emcee, I'm from Long Isle
Mobile, make it worth your while
If the jam needs motion I'm the one to dial
(Goin beyond ninety watts) Yes I be
(Well are you rockin it?) Yes, yes I be (rockin it!)

I can stress the makin of loot to feed the fam
While the voices impersonate the true who I am
Buzzin in my ear, oh you one of those wannabees
Always buzzin in my ear you down with supa emcees
Steppin to me with your pleas that you gots, butter rhymes
Man the only thing butter bout you is your spine
mad yellow, you can't rock the Mardi Gras, my mellow
Cause my stealth show more than knowledge of self
I got knowlegde of you, to know you a wack em-crew
(You mean wack emcee) Nah, a wack em-crew, see you a crew of wack niggaz
You should have never tried to test
These words that I Man, with the eye/I to Fest
While you sayin one thing really meaning the next
You're just a contra-DICK, your mind's been tampered WITH

Like some holy boooks, but looks to the sky
Cause Wonder Why's here to save the day

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be
(showin others they do not?) Yes I be
(Havin then towed from the lot) Yes I be
Cause ultimately, I'm lettin all MC's know that
what's the name of this crew? (De La, De La)
Well alright, and what be the dish we servin?
(We servin pos-da!) Posdanos help the next get loose

Like an alcohol scenario rap be on the rocks
Authenticity that missin fee to pay to join the flock of MC
These niggaz stand lower than knees
Dramatized in they eyes as the ones to please
When rap kids apply violent pressure to father, brother and son
for fun to say they inflict pain
R&B niggaz lie to mother, sister, and daughter
to have sex disguised as lovin in the rain
Their words are more hallow than October 31st
what's worse, hate to see the females
switch to sexual mentality, it doesn't match with they given anatomy
Man they rather be hoes like that male emcee
Who walk around like they got nuts
And use the tits and ass like a crutch
Man the underground's about not bein exposed
So you better take you naked ass and put on some clothes

man this be goin out to the kids from east smash (long island)
amityville (long island)
to all my people out in whinedance, bayshore (long island)
C.I.'s in the place (long island)
brinkwood, hempstead, all my (long island)
brothers out in roosevelt, freeport (long island)
uniondale to long beach (long island)
to them girls out in huntington (long island)
long island for real (long island)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Dinninnit"

Now, where the ladies at?
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"
And all the fellas?
"Takin over this year"
I heard the party's round here, right?
"You know that's right"
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Now, where the ladies at?
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"
And all the fellas, the fellas?
"Takin over this year"
I heard the party's round here, right?
"You know that's right"
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey

It's so real when we come through
Sunshine be on my sidewalk when i come through
Schoolly d like family reunions
Midday may, it's all lovin'
Take a walk down to d dot c
The war's tuggin'
And ain't no druggin'
My credit's a gain
While you searchin for some trick
To put the shit in her name
I be spendin on wall street
And buyin' boardwalk
Dodging problems of the world
Drawn out in white chalk
Peace, mr. war
I'm seein' all dimensions
But unlike your eye extensions
My vision don't blur
'What' 'when' and 'word's
Where the gossip occur
Heard i'm sexin' sade
And i bought her a fur
Battin' eyes at toni braxton
And i bought her a fur
Now i'm hittin' whitney houston
Oh, she bought me a fur?
Far-fetched like glass teks
And kiddie rolex

Soon comin'
But now it's time to kick the fun in
Now, where the ladies at?
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"
And all the fellas?
"Takin over this year"
I heard the party's round here, right?
"You know that's right"
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey

I'm pourin out these rhymes
For them kids who ain't here
Stakes is high
But we gonna try to have fun this year
Before there were guns
There was native tongues on these plains
But others on
Without them being pawns in this game
'Cause a pawn in this game
Is left with no game to play
So, um, you best ta check
And hear what we got to say
Now if you came to party
Just let it be known
Now if you came to fight
You might get that head flown
By the one and only
Maseo plug third
J.D. dove plays the wall
As kenny cal spurts words
And a number
To a crew of dope girls from the woods
And not dope meaning weed
But dope meaning (good)
Like them west coast kids
Who be throwin' up signs
I hate a buster
Unless his name is busta rhymes
So check the way my mind moves
Over times and grooves
Got some money to blow
Wonder why wanna know
Where the ladies at?
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"
And all the fellas, the fellas?
"Takin over this year"
I heard the party's round here, right?
"You know that's right"
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey

De La Soul Lyrics

"Brakes"

There's a lot of people out here
Who just don't know
What plays a factor
In movin' heads and toes
It be them hits
Hangin' out of them stereo kits
Whether cassette radio or cd bits
Mix tapes from the best
Going on and on
Throughout the city grounds
To suburban lawns
Man, we don't play
Even where we stay
Videos shows the visuals
Of jams today
Coinciding with the rhythm
Of the heart and neck
The brakes got you
In your proper context
You let your lex or your
Sixty-four suspension
Bounce away all your tension
En route to the club
Where girls need the quenchin'
Diamonds on your wrist
Sunroof top
But niggas out front
Makin' guns go pop
So the spot gets shut
But on to the next
'Cause your ears get vexed
When they don't get the fix cause

(These are the brakes)
It be your listenin pleasure
While you're doin your chores
(These are the brakes)
No matter where you from
It's for you and yours
(These are the brakes)
Bringing it back to the brakes
Like the 'yes yes y'all'
(These are the brakes)
So let it be your anthem
When you're havin' a ball

Well it's silly of me

To think that I
Would never get a chance to see
A piece of this pie
I sat dead in front of speakers
Thinkin' that could be me
Anticipatin' open microphones
So I could emcee
Had a catalogue of raps
Impressin' all the 'round-the-wayers
Before I went to bed
Included rhymes into my prayers
But that rhyme is all on paper
I want my song on vinyl plates
I dreamin' hits and doin' shows
Makin my niggas spines shake
Expectin' nuttin but a little bit
Of radio play
Gettin diced on 1 and 2's
By the best djs, hey
Time was kinda tight
But still i dotted on the line
And some expected me
To start buhlooning in the mind
Seein' spaces and places
That i couldn't pronounce
But still i had the pulleys
To make all the bullies bounce
With the blessings of the great
We took it from state to state
'Cause we landed on the good foot
And got our biggest brake cause
(These are the brakes)
A mother gets mugged
By her crackhead son
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
You're in the wrong part of town
So the shots make you run
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
Your best comrades put six tabs
In your o.e.
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
Your boyfriend made you a carrier of HIV
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"

Now what's gonna happen
When the sun don't shine
I'm buyin tickets aboard
The caravan of love
Hey fellas
See, money don't make shots repel
I break woes and compose
Some rhymes to tell
So when the party's live

It shouldn't be beef
Or playin' indian roles
I guess you thought you was chief
Seems all broke up
And now you woke up surprised
Situation's gettin sticky
Dead in front of your eyes

We play the wall
Similar to tacks
Until the dj plays
The necessary track
In fact as the jam plays on
Out comes all your bread
To pay for drinks
For them girls you want to spread
Don't be mislead
When the brakes inside your head
And have you reminiscing
On them kids who got you fed
Until reality reveals a miss
Who wants to know
If you can play her real close
Out on the dance floor 'cause

(These are the brakes)
It be your listenin pleasure
While you're doin your chores
(These are the brakes)
No matter where you from
It's for you and yours
(These are the brakes)
Ringin it back to the brakes
Like the 'yes yes y'all'
(These are the brakes)
So let it be your anthem
When you're havin, a ball

De La Soul Lyrics

"Dog Eat Dog"

It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)
'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin' my love
In all the wrong places
It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)
'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin' my love
In all the wrong places

Extra, extra
What's that all about?
I'm wishin the position
Of my loving's sorted out
I shed a tear cause i'm hearin'
Nothing new or particular
Status once parallel
Now it's perpendicular
And everything is just as clear as day
Realistically explicit
In the things you say
I guess a "bitch" in the batter's
Gonna make the flavor fatter
But you gots to keep it for real
Forget about your jewels and gems
You won't be needin
None of them
The tool'll fix the era
My mellow used to wear a
Namebuckle, now he chuckle
'Cause he earn a dime Quicker
Talkin bout a burnin'
Sippin on some malt liQuor
And all these kiddies
Wishin they were supa emcees
But to earn my "s"
I had to learn some less
About a crime'll make million
A dime'll make a call
I'd rather hop on the line
And drop a rhyme to prince paul

Cause it's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)

'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin' my love
In all the wrong places

Hey kid
What's the word?
Man, it's all about mind
Keeping focused
On them self-mechanisms of rhyme
So no longer stand erect
'Cause your thoughts are drained
Walkin' round
Manifesting attributes of shame
Used to sQuabble for the mic
But now accordingly
We act
Unless a club can't afford the fee
We act
So name that any best man
To put us under
Created from the ground
Yet know nothin
'Bout the under
Take a glimpse
At them pimps
Playin record exec
Addin up all your zeros
So's to cut you a check
Saying why the blunder wonder
Could've g'd today
So you can put up some swings
For your seed to play
But a swing ain't that important
When the park's around the corner
Filled with life causing death
Greeting victims for the morning
It was the moment i feared
Nah, the moment i steered
Upon the right path
To know the right math
To over stand

It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)
'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin my love
In all the wrong places

De La Soul Lyrics

"Baby Baby Baby Baby Ooh Baby"

[Intro:]
Ohh there go that bullshit again
You heard that shit?
Nah I ain't hear that
That's that bullshit from the other day
They done took the Buffalo Girls beat and changed it all around
They playin themselves!

[Verse One: Jazzyfatnastees]
You remind me when I reminesce of you (yeah)
All the freaky things I want to do, to you (that's right)
Rub me up, rub me down, rub me all around (what)
Kiss me here, kiss me there, kiss me, kiss me everywhere!
Tell me what the cost to get in line cuz you are mine tonight
Gonna give you all I got to give, as long as you rub it right
I will love you right (I don't care if you diss me)
I will do you right (I don't care if you don't want me) come on

Baby baby won't you be my baby baby
Be my baby baby baby baby baby baby (come on, come on, hahh)
Baby baby won't you be my baby baby
Be my baby baby baby baby baby baby (yo, hahh, knowhatI'mean?
gonna set it like this, what)

[Verse Two: Pos]
Now I forgot how to forget so I remember your face
With your pretty accent, wearin man-attract scent
Others fakin constantly stakin out pockets of dreams
Always tryin to sham too that's why they crave champagne
But the blame still remains not to be on you
I know your style and your love lasts Long like the Island I'm from
I'm on the drum man, and it's all good
Cause I flexed on your ex, make sure he understood
That you would, never again want to be his wife
So we connect lips to hips, and uhh, eyes to thighs
You're my so-phisti-cated, lady
All mine, if you wasn't I'd go cra-zay

[Outro: Jazzyfatnastees]
Baby baby won't you be my baby baby
Yeah baby, this is uhh
Baby baby be my baby baby baby baby
Posda on the microphone

WRMS rocks the best hey hey hey it's the fat man
Scoop Wonder ear in your hand
That was JFB, baby baby baby OHHHHHHHHHH bay-bah!!!!!!!!!

Ha hah!!!
I pick my nose wash my clothes and be back in a minute
With Busta Rhymes, the mighty infamous
Zhane, A Tribe Called Quest, nonetheless WRMS
Fat man Scoop, tryin to get this rap loot yeah

De La Soul Lyrics

"Long Island Degrees"

[Verse One: Maseo]
It's strong island for real, where the critters run wild
the prefix is 516, the top of the dial
trhough the L.I. Sound, to the villa down under
and across the globe I heard a lot of folks wonderin'
so when's it coming 'cause the stakes is high see big money that waves
don't put the pen to my page
and ain't nothin' wrong with standing still and relaxing
and spendin' some of that cash that Uncle Sam is gonna tax
a New York demeanor is sit back in the beamer
with nothing to lose but some gas and some minutes
ignorin' the gazers 'cause some stars don't get petty
and that trash you talk is just New Years confetti
it's like that y'all, but that's all 'bout to change
like some of my own, people tend to act strange
i'm making a scene, and it's served with it's capabilities
so set it at an island's degrees

[Posdanous:]
It's strong island for real, the diagnosis is supreme
the prefix is 516, where microphones fiend
the voices that gots the gift, 'cause the world is on their shoulders
makein' plans to switch from little rock to money boulders
the real proceed
my girl stands deep from nubians actin' like Columbians sellin' keys
characters have the tendency to con themselves
to think the East Coast is only New York and Philadelph
you know the way we blow, your shit is played like pork
and as for what we be bringin' you, we live and direct from New York
I ougtta say my fam causes commercs.
steppin' to me fool will get you punched out like a curse
it's like that y'all, let it all consume
like them brothas who smoke, 'till they high like the moon
soon to a town near you be them super emcees
settin' them Long Island degrees

[Maseo:]
I hit the L.I.R.R. for big dreamers out east
and get your bank roll split
bangin' dents out your systems
sellin' points to get the uppercut like Sonny Liston
but eyes closed episodes
bring you back to zeroes
the same herp playin' like he Casablanca
blind to it, but I'm a grind him up a cup of Sanka
servin' dimes loves on tennis courts and sorts
laid back like grown folks sippin' tea for sport

[Posdanous:]
I be sweepin' up the room with my lyrical broom
while others rhymes smell like plastic like some lunch room utensil
the official color for this planet is green
which growns in pockets of them people willing to scheme
an't no expose, these facts are from the mouth
profilin' through Island with that wind from down south
at last, be the world broad cast from the crew who gave you 3's
magic on an island degrees

[Maseo:]
it's strong island for real where the critters smoke fritters
night time excites time for the heavy hitters
gang on hers 'cause in the mean time mine is home on date
fluffin' pillows impatiently waitin' ain't no debatin'
'Bout to settle, check the level stakes is high as the sky
I got questions about your life if you so ready to die
we in the last quarter y'all, somebody's gonna cry
I think they need to set the clock before the time pass by

[Posdanous:]
In the round one no nines my size can get swelly
sensing danger I will play a ranger on my celly with my felly
we're wonderful like colorful flix
provide a thread and needle every time the stages get ripped
I grip upon the pleasure sippin' the tea
on the island 'cause that island is the main artery
so uh, you better come and give respect for catch some of these
knucks from the island degrees

De La Soul Lyrics

"Betta Listen"

(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)
(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)

Mummy I saw one day
She was on some fume vapors
Givin' me lip so I continued with the caper
Cat litter had me sniffin
Since outside the palace
Eyes sicker than aids
Game harder than a callous
Tried to enter in her shit
She had locks on the session
Tellin me how her last man
Taught her ass a lesson damn
Well, i'm not the mayor
I take care of my dimes
But I excluded I had nickels
Addin' up to her kind
Short stacks with a wristful of jewels

Sayin she didn't need a man
To make her out for a fool
Dig it, miss, my love is credited in cupid account
And if you need that extra help
Gigglin, figurin' I had jokes for her humor
Then she broke out with the words
About knowin all the rumors
"See, all you niggas rappin be like pedigree dogs
Thinkin you can have me leashed
Around your microphone cords"
Somethin 'bout her lit me up like july
And with them onions in the pants
I couldn't help but cry
Seemed lost in the essence
But i had to find my way to take
Action for the digits just to set up a date
Thought my shinin was on
I had the skirts in the bag
Until i took a bit of time
To peep the price on the tag
She said "I'm that salt and pepa

Who like pushin it to sisters
You need to get to walkin with it mister,
I think you betta listen"

(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)

We was at some outside jam one saturday night
When this pretty ass girl got locked in my sight
She was a ghetto philosopher
Yeah you know the type
Thinkin' Mary J. and sade understood her strife
Caught me lookin', "Yo what's cookin?"
"Nothin' from around here
So don't approach or hope
To be the man of the year"
I said listen deer or rabbit or whatever the hell you be
I'm not the one to embarrass
But the one to emcee
I traveled the world q uarters on my relationships
Used and abused by hoes
So my royalty stubs
But above all
I brought my daughter into this earth
So I understand the need
Of women feeling of worth
She glanced deep in my eyes
And said "oh shit, you're ill
I like the way your mind
Moves around at will
Still, let me apologize for soundin so sassy
But you niggas act as if my ass
Has a sign that says harass me"
Her name was gail from the union of dale
I made her remove the shades
So her eyes could tell me the plan
Yo where's your man?
"Oh that nigga's past tense,
Painted bruises on my face
Haven't seen him ever since"
Gave a pinch to my bottom
And started rubbing my back
She said "i bet your ass is darker
Than a mobb deep track"
Only one way to know it,
And i was down to show it
So we jetted back to my crib to set it
She made it known
"I've owned thoughts of you
Since that song 'meeny-meeny'
Can't believe you're about

To be all up in between me''
Man, the flag was lowered
So my wood was raised
Followed a shielding of my building
To protect me from the blaze
This granted access to
Southern parts of her borders
Did you have her comin'?
Like the new world order
I caught her with the right combination
A good combination
Keepin' it in her hard, man
You betta listen

(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Itzsoweezee (HOT)"

[Intro:]
Great all-dedication
Mos Def affiliation
Adequate representation
This is the phat presentation
De La dedication
Common Sense collaborations
Peace to all of you Haitians
Check it out

[Chorus: x2]
If money makes a man strange -- we gots to rearrange
So what makes the world go round
If love is against the law -- listen I don't know
Gotta change how it's goin down

[Verse One: Dove]
Fell in love with this fish who got caught in my mesh
But yo she burned my scene up like David Koresh
I guess a diamond ain't nothing but a rock with a name
I guess love ain't nuttin but emotion and game
It's a lesson well learned so praise is well due
I'm sendin off from Big I, to Kenny Calhoun
And add a reservation for the resident crew
And yo get your bowl cuz we cookin up stew
See them Cubans don't care what y'all niggaz do
Colombians ain't never ran with your crew
Why you acting all spicy and sheisty
The only Italians you knew was icees, niggaz price me
I'm keepin it clean, like a washing machine
And yo, get your locomotion run into full steam
I'm sending out a greeting to my man Daseem
I got a child so I gotsta get the green, right right

[Chorus]

Itzsoweezee, it's gettin hot this year
Itzsoweezee, it's gettin hot
[x4]

[Verse Two: Dove]
I own the deeds to some acres in the West, indeed
Where my pops is building residence to house my seed
Now here's the lead, y'all niggaz pray to hot rods and not God
While Versace play you niggaz like Yahtzee
Crackin jokes like you Patzi
(When's the last time you had Happy Days?)

Blazin up your herb to escape the maze, but the problem stays
Think big get it big is my motto
You can go and play your lotto, I'll be singin like baby won't you be mine
You'll be pressin rewind, you can never see mine
Keep your eyes focused, you can't touch this or quote this
Style is crazy bogus so you can't try to approach this
Stomp you out like roaches, pullin on my coattail
like some horses pullin coaches, WHOA your roller coasters
It's hotter than the temperature that's cookin in your toasters
While the heat'll put you deep into hypnosis

[Chorus x2]

Itsoweezee, Enoli's in the area
Itsoweezee, Timbo King's in the area
Itsoweezee, Maseo's in the area
Itsoweezee, ninety-six in your area
Itsoweezee, lawd lawd lawd!
Itsoweezee, lawd lawd lawd lawd
Itsoweezee, lawd lawd, for y'all peace
Itsoweezee

Itsoweezee *[x8]*

De La Soul Lyrics

"4 More"

(Never gonna give up on you)
We gonna do it like this
(Just a little bit)
Like that
(just a little bit)
Zhane
(just a little bit)
De La
(just a little bit) c'mon

[Chorus:]
I'll never give you up
No, I'll never stop
Keep it comin'
Keep on comin' 4 more *[x2]*

It's that brown man from long islandin' shores
Got a way with women, so I get away with yours
Because you're whole game's outdated
Which leaves all the pretty women heavily sedated

Mummy you can play your ripley's
Or believe it or not
I shoot gift like heron
With skills of gil-scott
Nights like sir lancelot can get heated
Prescribin' your vibe, love,
I know how you need it

[Chorus: x2]

I like to mingle sometimes
So I head out of state to find a couple of dimes
But a government rate can't settle for no nickels
Even pennies for thought for short
I need connections
With big bank selections
Securing all the sections
With sing-sing corrections
Seedin' like nature, escapin' like gas
Tell me how long this love is gonna last
Thinkin' fast might spoil somethin'
Turn a *[?]* to nothin'
[?] to your lady is special
Seen a bigger picture on the screen
But you're a movie, you move me
You soothe me like holidays, getaways

The brochure said do it
So true
It's not a hold hand mission
Cut the public display
Heard you're headed for the stars
Put the gazers away
Mine times out of ten
We cut to good friends
But when we on the tenth
We gotta go the length
I'm not a playa
Yet i get more play
Than a talk show shown
Cross the USA
Have em' moanin' out the vowels sounds
Ooh, eeii, and aahh
And how by now you should know me and my
Do members of the opposite sex
Have their boyfriend screaming out
We got more techs
Than that ball team in georgia
(Yo, he said he's comin for ya)
All because the ho wanna go to the casbah

[Chorus: x2]

You can get with
Some of these women
Some of the time
When your face is in the light
[?] stirred with lime
Is it a crime
To set your mind to death?
Resuscitated
See how many brain cells left
I feel your body's drawn to my positive
Don't even want a baby
If it's that easy to give
I live right around the corner
Three states away
Take a holiday
Come check me
Watch how I set the
Mood, check a movie on the tube
Get your belt mad loose like lee
Phone's turned way down
To avoid the beef
Or the questions
If she's the only one gettin' lessons
You're into crime faces, huh?
Well i'll play your capone
Suzy q got the grill
To make the cake chrome

Situation's gettin absurd
Hot on a plat
So work the format
See how we do that?
And you're figurin
We love on the rock
I'ma keep it up front
To maintain the stock
Displayin all the goodies
From your knuckle to knees
Make it hot like the island degrees
Now that's special

[Chorus:]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Big Brother Beat"

Ha ha ha ha
Ha, ha ha ha ha
Ha! Ha ha ha ha
Ah-ha ha ha, ah-ha ha ha ha, ha!!

[Intro/Chorus: De La + Mos Def]
Now this goes out to all area clicks
Centralized and way out in the sticks
Remember to keep the De La/De La/Native Tongue
in the mix
Just like log cabin syrup my sound is game thick
Now this goes out to all area clicks
From manicured lawns to projects bricks/bricks/from 718 to the 51-6
Remember to keep the Mos Def/Native Tongue in the mix
Straight butter hits, drop as a good as it gets/gets/straight butter hits

[Verse One: Mos Def, Dove, Posdonus]
Now, come on y'all, get live get down
What we have is a brand new sound
So don't none of y'all just be misled
The De La's gonna do the body good like wheat bread

Shakin laces out of shoes, Mos Def bought the brews
Sittin indian squats to make that red tie knots
See I'm out to get the core like in them Rainbow Pops
Swingin life like a hammock, invested like stocks

Via sinus complex, I aims to clog it up
Snappin by the pain as a crew hear the gain
We remain on your mind like skulls, not a golem
I'ma show it in the house all perimeters are blown

Native Tongue come through to make you say yes yes
This is the body Mos Def style fresh like baby breath

We are the killer combination with the size to administer
the beatdown to swell up all three of your eyes

[Chorus]

Now check it out, and ya don't stop
We got the big brother beat, ya don't stop
[x2]

[Verse Two: Mos Def, Posdonus, Dove]
I don't bug out I chill, don't be actin ill
No trick in ninety-six, Native Tongue gon build

But we be easy on the cut, no mistakes allowed
Cause to me, MC mean, make it clean
When I speak on groups and I'm smooth like gabba D
Tryin to hang out with Dove and catch love in Aberdine (word up)
I bag dimes like my man born on August 17
Life be nuttin but a river son I'm swimmin upstream

Playin wait up, with the data servin your ears
with information due to confirmation of the nation's most
wicked ways of livin, like them glassy eyed beans
Inhale to smoke the fiends, while bangin a table
Rated at the high point of the mass
Rippin MC's at the top of a class, occasionally
rippin some sucker's face
Or some suckable ass from a girl
It's a big brother beat for the wide wide world

I'm makin memos off these demos back in eighty-nine
Took you all on encounters of an unknown kind (right)
Did the hustle with a couple of us, but soon noted
That my niggaz buttered Benedict rolls, and then voted
I wrote in the dark so I could feel it like braille (uh-huh)
Heard the big brother beat, got locked with no bail
Came to set like equators invented, with the heat
Yo Mos Def how you radiate to make it complete

RIGHT *[echoes]*, so when I shine the light crabs wince
Manifestin for the future here in the present tense
No doubt, I love the sound biggin out off your Jeeps
Son I want the little kids bangin big brother beats

[Chorus]

We straight butter hits, we straight butter hits
Perfecta, perfecta
[x3]
Word up

De La Soul Lyrics

"Down Syndrome"

[Pos]
I be that mind blessin blessin these lessons we've ignited
Want to bring it to my face man you're cordially invited
cause I've cited, you posess no science in your thinking
So I'm gonna (never) you're blinking!

[Dove]
Fingers be pointin, and leakin falsifyin the stink
You think I'm pink I bl-l-link with them shades of thought and think
(and in this corner be the hush) so play on William Rhodes
Cause at the sound of the bell my circle square controls
And all MC's best sweat, we bringin buckets of heat

[Pos]
So don't fret kid I let you lick the love I secrete, yo
Even my foes give me bravos, and that shows
total domination in this rhyme complication

[Dove]
Yeah the skill is a cinch I rock the womb with a mic
and in the days of the nickel and breast, I knew de yes yes y'allin
was the callin, clearly not for the gat
For combat, I bring a bag of my rhymes for the SAT

[Pos]
I'm Plug One-of-a-kind, for you people's delight
And for you sucker MC's, step to your knees
Ain't no second thoughts and all your thoughts are from Orion
I can tell that you a devil by them rhymes you're designin
Your play doggin tactics can't fuck with my facets
Just because you talk all that glock shit don't mean you can rock shit!
Your identities on freeze
Just a form of protozoa tryin to cross them seas

[Dove]
See high horse riders gettin shot by the sheriff
Cause nobody's safe for crimes
And even all you skirts need to checkin in your upstairs attic
Cause Mase is smackin hoes if hoes is startin static

[Pos]
Now it ain't all good when your jam goes wood
So as a deterrant, I use mental current
Got them brothers shook, peep the look comin out of the face
Cause they all catch a bruise from the hits we make

Your fame and cars should be listed as magnets

Legends never die but they can get shot and killed
Ain't nuttin glitter when you're battlin MC's
you once imitated in a mirror so to down syndrome you kneel

[Dove]
The same status I heard, the same nothin
My ears fears the faulty locks tryin to lock down the stops
but I earn more than your Menudo or your Boyz II Men
While down syndrome keeps you immune to frequencies I send
Fresher than a sniff off havin them J in fifth
I identify with your rhythm
but I exist for more than just a Benz, so mends
I'm cuttin off my friends to keep a smile calicum iron grain

[Pos]
Let me tell you a little something about Soul (tell em son)
I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to
Plug Wonder why back in the day who soaked his words in jigga
So when I ran a phrase in June you didn't catch it til December
I'm a member of them kids from the inner city
Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for making
more money than a pagan holiday
Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say

[Dove]
Say what man? You gritty like a diamond grenade
For the cameo spot you tries to fool Parade
You acrobats flip the star gazin map, for alla that
you'll be the first to place, and ran it all to a waste
And all the style that you bring (gotta make decks bend)
You gotta rip it from the start (when the beats come in!!!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Stakes Is High"

[POS:]
The instamatic focal point bringing damage to your boroughs
Be some brothers from the east with some beats that be thorough
Got the solar gravitation so I'm bound to pull it
I gets down like brothers are found ducking from bullets
Gun control means using both hands in my land
Where it's all about the cautious livin'
Migrating to a higher form of consequence, compliments
Of strugglin', that shouldn't be notable,
Man every word I say should be a hip hop quotable.

[DOVE:]
I'm sick of bitches shakin' asses
I'm sick of talkin' about blunts,
Sick of Versace glasses,
Sick of slang,
Sick of half-ass awards shows,
Sick of name brand clothes.
Sick of R&B bitches over bullshit tracks,
Cocaine and crack
Which brings sickness to blacks,
Sick of swoll' head rappers
With their sicker-than raps
Clappers and gats
Makin' the whole sick world collapse
The facts are gettin' sick
Even sicker perhaps
Stickabush to make a bundle to escape this synapse

[POS:]
Man life can get all up in your ass baby you betta work it out
Let me tell you what it's all about
A skin not considered equal
A meteor has more right than my people
Who be wastin' time screaming who they've hated
That's why the Native Tongues have officially been re-instated

(Vibes....vibrations)
Stakes is high
(Higher than high)
You know them stakes is high
(Higher than high)
When we talkin' 'bout the
(Vibes....vibrations)
Stakes is high, you know them stakes is high
When we dealin' with the
(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high
(Hey yo, what about that love?)

[POS:]
Yo, it's about love for cars, love for funds
Loving to love mad sex, loving to love guns
Love for opposite, love for fame and wealth
Love for the fact of no longer loving yourself, kid
We living in them days of the man-made ways
Where every aspect is vivid,
these brothers no longer talk shit
Hey yo, these niggas live it
'Bout to give it to you 24/7 on the microphone
Plug One translating the zone
No offense to a player, but yo, I don't play
And if you take offense, fuck it, got to be that way
J.D. Dove, show your love, what you got to say?

[DOVE:]
I say G's are making figures at a high regard
And niggas dying for it nowadays ain't odd
Investing in fantasies and not God
Welcome to reality, see times is hard
People try to snatch the credit, but can't claim the card
Showing out in videos, saying they cold stars
See, shit like that will make your mama cry
Better watch the way you spend it
'Cause the stakes is high

Y'all know them stakes is high
When we talkin' 'bout the
(Vibes....vibrations)
Stakes is high

I think that smiling in public is against the law
'Cause love don't get you through life no more
It's who you know and "How you, son?"
And how you gettin' in, and who the man holding
Hey yo, and how was the scams and how high
Yo what up, huh? I heard you caught a body
Seem like every man and woman shared a life with John Gotti

[POS:]
But they ain't organized!

[DOVE:]
Mixing crimes with life enzymes
Taking the big scout route
And niggas know doubt better
Than they know their daughters
And their sons
(Oh boy)

[POS:]
Yo, people go through pain and still don't gain
Positive contact just like my main man
Who got others cleaning up his physical influence
His mind got congested
He got the nine and blew it
Neighborhoods are now hoods cause nobody's neighbors
Just animals surviving with that animal behavior
Under I who be rhyming from dark to light sky
Experiments when needles and skin connect
No wonder where we live is called the projects
When them stakes is high you damn sure try to do
Anything to get the piece of the pie
Electrify
Even die for the cash
But at last I be out even though you wantin' more
This issue is closed like an elevator door
But soon re-opened once we get to the next floor where the

(Vibes....vibrations)
Stakes is high
Y'all know them stakes is high
When we talkin' 'bout the
(Vibes....vibrations)
Stakes is high
Stakes is high, come on

De La Soul Lyrics

"Sunshine"

(high on sunshine, lightin' my way)

[Dove]
and yes y'all
you are about to build witness
from the lands of Long Island
takin' you to the sky's survival
I am your captain, ain't no lie
on this endless joruney
to invisions, to brouden your outer visions
to where you never been before
it's just a one night trip to love
sun shinin' forever, and forever sun shines

[Pos]
yo, leaving lasting impressions like cuts to flesh
be that crew from the five one six point of view
with skills so tight, they the rhymes of a vigina
them clits will turn into a diamond, the level of rhymin'
pressure comes from lessor forms than me and my man
and we go back like life created from um, specks of sand
and there's money to be made 'cause cacaussians are paid
only brothers who rhyme, seek bounce and catch balls
Plug 1, with them rhymes makin' your heart stall
like them girls when you in they room when they man calls
it ain't nothin' but the thing Oneder Why can bring
as we come to the bring the pain everyone will sing

[Chorus]
De La is the crew that you must hear, but please don't rush the stage
'cause even though them stakes are realy high, we're really not here to race
we're just here to move your mind and soul with propetuated ease
it's just about the show until it's time to go, and get with the young ladies

[Dove]
I'm on travellin' to places that the eye can't see
but kinder, cause yo' strife don't mean a thing to me
throwin' me criminal looks, y'all need to get in the books
and drop some water in your melon, 'stead of actin' like a felon
aiyo son, who you tellin'? I'd make a mil if it was up to me
but since it ain't I teach my seed to bank hard
and than God, I smoke a substance of a different kind
catch me trippin' on earth when I'm high off sunshine

[Pos]
down right to dirt, Oneder Why makes it work
with access to talent like cacaussins to yellow cabs

with an Arab driver
I liven parties with marvelous confiction
ain't no fricition when life claims them victims who be *[?]* some dried up funds
best believe that the life is trife
'casue the gun made a man outta pussy's from around my way
who usually wouldn't have a fuckin' thing to say
last year's hard rocks are now petrified boulders
and L.I.'s finest is movin' yo' necks at shows
the anthem of this guy has a place in yo' eye
so you can be blessed to see in 3d double-e

[Chorus]

De La Soul
///ART OFFICIAL INTELLIGENCE: MOSAIC THUMP

De La Soul Lyrics

"U Can Do (Life)"

[Whispered]
(ahhhh, ahhhh)
c'mon, c'mon, bounce - bounce
c'mon.. bounce, rock, roll
(ahhhh, ahhhh)

[Chorus: sung]
You can do, whatever you want
Whatever you like
It's your own life
So let me be, to do what I want
To do what I like
Cause this is my life

[Dove]
It's been about ten long years, my skin wreaks
flavors that your incense couldn't match
We burn slow like syphillis in your piss, accomodated
with the penicill-in, you're listenin, to
This "Art Official" will keep your shoes moonwalkin
Soon to talk about, "Pop Music"
You'll buy it cause you choose it
A lot of MC's is really S&M'n
Whips and chains, I maintain like a old jazz singer
Elephants in any location
Held back in rotation, an apple a day
only makes a nigga fruity
I eat responsibilities to carry out my duty
[?] in the MD's, I pull it out just to polish it
Make notes if you earnin or wait your turnbuckle
I stick to gettin mines like stucco (ahhhh, ahhhh)

[Chorus]

[Pos]
I'm that full-time rapper, the nickname's Llama
Part-time father if you ask my daughter's mommas
Missin in action cause the action got a fraction
of the world listenin to me
Got em travellin overseas in lands constantly
Got a sea of hands wavin, ain't misbehavin
but a lot of kids cravin for somethin they ain't got
Like the keys to the ride and a pocket with a knot and it's
holdin they ground til they rot in it
Plottin it, lockin it down strong
cause it's nuttin wrong gettin your bubblin on sticker
But too much bubblin can make you fizz quicker

So watch your stack, keep your fam intact
and pay attention to the now, I'm clearin the mess
While they stressin back in the day, I'm at the front of the night
with my crew shinin light on the (ahhhh, ahhhh)

[Chorus x2]

[Pos]
Now we on top of this like a typical bed position
Peepin your view, got your whole crew wishin and waitin
Makin dollars out of ten dime pieces
who be sippin out the glass suckin on the lime pieces included
In my pieces I pen the good livin
And even when we're stressin from in the hood livin
at least we're livin and there ain't no hell in that
Give me a yell in that, and go (ahhhh, ahhhh)

[Dove]
I wanna see the world ten times over
Dive off cliffs and land on oppotunities unthinkable
You sinkin straight to the bottom; while I float in parades
that St. Patty couldn't put up
All my niggaz tryin to build, then throw your wood up
Design life like PNB gears so stand clear for the blast off
Last off my chest, peace to Dav West
Live your life to the fullest (ahhhh, ahhhh)

[Chorus]

[whispered]
You can do.. what you want.. what you like
Let me be.. what I want.. what I like

De La Soul Lyrics

"My Writes"

(feat. Tash & J-Ro)

[ad libs for the first 30 seconds]

[Dove]
Yo - who hold guns and rock ice bigger than life;
got bitches throwin they drawers on stage - that ain't me!
I raise kids, push whips, piss an MC
Love money like I love my moms
Love my nigga Com Sense when he bang dents all up in they wallets
Wall to wall bullshit I got hardwood floors
Set sail for tour ever since eighty-nine
so y'all are fuckin the same hoes who used to be mine

[Tash]
And I've been waitin three summers to rhyme longside my people
Rico, De La, inject you with the lethal
dose of hop-hippin if you thought CaTash was slippin
then put that drink down, you drunk off what you sippin
CaTash put the dip in dip dive socialize
Fuck around with me and next you'll find yo' crib burglarized

[Xzibit]
Yo you better recognize and try to analyze this
Hand over fist - how can a man act like a bitch?
Change and switch, snitch on his crew
Yo get rid of the niggaz before the same thing happen to you

[Pos]
And they'll leave your ass sticky like glue
Blood leakin out, girls freakin out, motherfuckin cops tweakin out
Got you on your knees like a freak, jugglin deez nuts
Smugglin these cuts from S.C., you best be-
-lieve there's no web or leave a net
We done swallowed 40 bottles of threat, yo

[Chorus: all together]
What you know about my writes? (my writes)
What you know about what's weak, what's tight?
And what you know about an off night? (uhh)
What you know about niggaz frontin for the light?
And what you know about them gun fights? (gun fights)
Got a nigga duckin while them girls show fright
What you know about my writes? (my writes)
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)

[Xzibit]
Yeah, yeah, look

I'm Samson without Delilah, the soul survivor
The drunk driver that rolls straight, take the whole cake
Chop it up with the family, wash it down with alcohol
My telly's a Desert Eagle for all the fuckin shots I called
My niggaz gotta ball, never settle for less
Heavy metal, heavy on yo' chest like two breasts
Step into my office cause it's time for you to roll somethin
One false move, and we gon' beat you like you stole somethin

[Pos]
Yo these style I kick should be called *[?]* rap
Drawin the pussy out the nigga after my prize, cause I want it
They stomach what I throw, they know I'm right for they diet
They librarian flow keeps the party real quiet (shhhhh)
The love I lost outweighs the rhymes I gain
but the fact that I spit 'em makes me cherish the name
So pass the mic so I can put in my share
I rip it from home to L.A.
with connectin flights to rip it elsewhere

[J-Ro]
Drinkin up Black & Tan in the back of a van
I learned as a young man - long trip, piss in a can
Gettin a house for two grand, now you got your own land
Let your mind expand, everyday have a plan
Ro-Gram is rare earth, swingin Black Tarzan
You got to live with the cards dealt in yo' hand
Stay young like Peter Pan, like Sly, take a Stand
and go Uptown Saturday Night like Ichiban

[Dove]
I keep it dirty like under the bed (dirty)
Dirty like Uncle Red; aiyyo, *[?]*
Dirty brown Likwit flow thicker than the Yoo-Hoo
Dirt you dishin out, chef tellin it all
Face down in the dirt, doin my dirty work
Expert, tryin to regulate my network
Head jerk, spice it with rice, stick with it
If they ask who cut the grits I'ma say E-Swift did it

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Tash]
And I've been known to get it on, past the break of the dawn
Tash'll punch you in your grill and leave "Potholes in Yo' Lawn"
(C'mon!) You makin diss songs? Spit that rhyme my way
I can shut y'all niggaz down like the Y-2-K
I did a tour in ninety-four with De La Soul and Tribe
We on the same vibe, cause real niggaz coincide
("Right-right-right..") The situation is drastic
but see songs like these is why this album goin classic

[J-Ro]

This is for the DJ, bring it back one time
I drop bombs like when my moms told me to rhyme
I'm - old school like my dad is
So add this, to your collect', Plug Won - who the baddest?

[Pos]
Aiyyo we theme park status, upstage these niggaz like Gladys
Them little Pips, they done tripped the wire
Blamin they legs, while I'm claimin these tunes
In this we'll stay down like seats found in sorority bathrooms

[Xzibit]
Yeah - we flat out classic, seperate the real from the plastic
and I gotta say no names
Play no games, hit the switches, crack the frame
Show no shame or fuck it all up, take the blame
Brand name fresh out the box type hustle
Manpower success is mind over muscle
Grind til the wheels fall off, accept the loss
I never been soft, whatever the cost, addicted to floss
Nailed to the cross it's time to return
My only concern is makin sure that Hollywood burn,
Hollywood burn, burn to the ground, trick-ass niggaz
is all up in the game and don't deserve to be down

[J-Ro]
Four bottle rap, twist the cap and kick back
De La, Xzibit and Tha Liks came to get that
And what you know about us droppin ya
and leavin you with half a face like the Phantom of the Opera?

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Chorus extended]
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)

[Tash]
You got the right to shut the fuck up! *[laughing]*

De La Soul Lyrics

"Oooh!"

(feat. Redman)

[Redman (doing Run-D.M.C.'s "Together Forever (Live at Hollis Park '84")]
Party people, your dreams have now been fulfilled
Get your ass up, and let's get ill
That's right y'all, we more than rough, we callin your bluff
And when it comes to rhymes... (Brick City)

[Pos]
Yo, don't scandalize mine
I spent too much time
Straight talk with the catch to etch my line walk
Never fetchin for crime, halt! Who goes there?

[Dove]
Yo, it's the squeeze of five fingers, puffin Smokey the Bear
Shinin black like Darth Vader caps, they on stare

[Pos]
While we rockin it, I'll rock in it (rock in it)
Like the little ball inside the spray can
Providing three coats for both child, woman and man

[Chorus One: Redman]
God bless the God, lay these Streets Wall to Wall
It go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, you got popped like a flick by that rivalry click
It went - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

[Pos]
It ain't my fault your ass is on the ashphalt
Got your chin touched by my fam who though you brought harm, you see
I'm iced out like a glass of tea
Better yet, oatmeal cookies, y'all just rookies to me
Slidin' up and down the court, but I don't think you can D
Why try? Maseo be gettin high since Luke was Luke Skywalk'
Man, my topic of talk is sheddin shame all over your game
Like them shorties who claim that afrocentric lovin is the past drug
A life filled with (TWEET) that's what thugs love
Snatch you fast, wrap that ass in the rug of your choice
while it muffles your voice

[Dove]
Now when I'm swimmin through the joint, I put the funk on hold
Cause if you don't, you'll see the bubbles come up
We run up a tab and gladly add a little extra for miss
Flashy faces with bigger lips for that ass to kiss

[Pos]
Most crews are post-current while we're forever
Direct beats that's contagious, loved by all ages
Graduated from the you-and-I-versity
of hard-hitters, for real

[Chorus Two: Redman]
I got niggas in the streets that'll blast your ass for the shine
And get - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, if you a fat chick gettin your fuck on tonight
Then go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, put your hands opposite to the ground if you're lovin our sound
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, and to my broke niggaz on the corner holdin me down
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

[Dove]
Yo, I swear Tommy gonna get it, he done did me wrong
I had plans to buy more land, plant corn
Bust kernels on heat, work hard like wetbacks
Set backs is gonna get my ass to be hostile
Rockwilder the beat, top dollar defeat
Big money's make the big decisions
Keep hip-hop alive, it's just an intermission
Back to the second half of the feature flick
Dick stacks and fuck rap

[Pos]
I had a name for makin paper since paper mache
Now my dollar coins join pounds of yen for play
While you broke niggaz reach drunk much quicker
You don't make enough bread to soak up all your liquor
Went from God to God damn

[Redman]
Damn God, you're killin it
Should incorporate it, invest half a mil' in it
Rap cats talk with no will in it

[Pos]
Soundin like they virtual
This joint'll hurt you, yo

[Dove]
Twas the night before Christmas and my crib got robbed
(shhh shhh shh, shhhhh) They did a job
Took all my goodies out from under the tree, except the CD's
of shiny-suit rappers and flossin emcees
who fail at takin it to rhyme degrees

[Pos]
Man, you know no wack poems get no play in our homes
You need to not get nappy with me

Or else we gon' "relax your mind, let your conscious be free"

[Chorus Three: Redman]
Yo, where my Wall Street niggaz, if ya up in the stands
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
To my women that'll throw they hands against they punk-ass man
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, if you never been shot or stabbed
Brick City go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, I gotta catch a cab back to the lab so I can smoke
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Thru Ya City"

(feat. D.V. Alias Khrist)

Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh
Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh, ohh
we talkin bout

[D.V. Alias Khrist]
Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*

[Pos]
I ain't no thug son, my name is Plug Won
I drop a certified gem, for him and her
Knockin on your radio, like the Crash Crew
ask whoever you want - I'm managin the funk on the paper
Outside of that we pull capers for days
Ridin throughout the maze of street, while we blaze the beat
Watchin the sweet things wiggle they butt
to Plug Three, on the cut, movin on ya what-
-ever ya got, we gon' get, bringin our point, to ya position
Rippin stages with my thought coalition
Carryin on, eradicate all your stress mode
Just another episode through these area codes
We bankin on

[D.V. Alias Khrist]
Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*
Hmmm..

[Pos]
It's the hot-ness, talked about but never seen
like the Loch-Ness, til ya cop this; drop it inside your vein,
and like a train, we be runnin throughout your legs and arms
You're high off our talent and charm
Check the caliber - this be a smash
like some food on stage for Gallagher
Wear ya bib, cause it's messy
Niggaz schemin on my (Girl) as if my name was +Jesse+
Watch your manners! Now let me pass it off to Dave Banner

[Dove]
Yo, I set travels like Karen LaRue
Small talkin in the big city, it's all about gettin the coins
Everywhere I go I touch a tenderloin
They sportin a dot com Viet marker bomb

on your metro - MARTA order iron horse
Yo take the cross and meet a nigga at the butcher
I'm cuttin your girl - we on a world tour
Supplyin your bloodstream with nothin but the pure uncut, in ya

[D.V. Alias Khrist]
Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. mmmm..

Freak freak freak freak the funk the funk the funk the funk
funk freak the freak the freak the freak the freak the freak
Freak freak the funk freak freak the funk

[Dove]
We ain't walkin on a yellow brick road
These streets stay red and bloody kid
Study your code, so you can easily pass
I stash a little love when I'm on the visitation
If you crossin my lane, nigga do the same
I guaranteed to run through and prove the game
ain't bigger than the pieces in it
You see the pieces in it had me stuck travellin one side of map
Clappin hands with rap cats who ain't deserve dap
Long hauls and livin out a suitcase man
Chickenheads and gangs of fruitcakes man
Ain't nuttin better than explorin the outskirts
especially when she ain't got no pantyhose on, and it's on

[D.V. Alias Khrist]
Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*
Mmmm..
Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*
Mmhmmhmhmmmhmhmmmmm..

[Pos + Dove going "Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh" every 2 lines]
Yo - it's like, the Mercenary gettin down
And we got, Dave Banner gettin down
And we got, Maseo gettin down
And of course, my nigga Eno gettin down
And we got, Jay Dee gettin down (say word y'all)
And of course, the Slum V gettin down
And we got my man Khrist gettin down
And we got, Com Sense gettin down
And we got, N.D. gettin down
You know Troy Hightower gettin down
And we got, C. Smith gettin down
And my nigga, Dave West gettin down..

De La Soul Lyrics

"I.C. Y'all"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

Yeah!

[Busta Rhymes]
Ha ha ha-hah ha-hah ha, ha-hah ha-hah ha
Ha ha Flipmode y'all, whatchu talkin bout?
De La y'all, whatchu talkin bout?
Whatchu talkin bout?

[Dove]
Yo, you gettin stomped by the marching band
Keep 'em shook like spray cans (it's so hot)
It's so hot it'll make your face tan (ooh!)
Ace ban rap, the place the wasteland
Bit y'all in my mouth, but you taste bland
I feel fake niggaz and mince these snake niggaz
that hiss but won't bite - false alarm
And if it don't (Rockwild) we fin' to drop a bomb
(Word up) (Strong) grip on a mic like we (Stretch Arm)
I BEEN shine, you been warned and been torn
Get smacked for the B.S. you been on
Storm bad weather/whether or not you stay scorned
For ten years I've baked shit like hot potato
Rhymes still drippin like stu-b's, you groupies
need to show I.D. before the bust down
Touched down the God put 7 to your Zippo
and drop it on you heavy like a hippo
(Now you heard that?)

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]
To all my dogs all the way in the back, ready to black
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) I.C. Y'all
Ladies get down shake yo' ASS around, I hope you know that
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) I.C. Y'all
To all my soldiers on the corner I.C. Y'all (see y'all)
Women doin what they wanna I.C. Y'all
To them people gettin pulled over I.C. Y'all (see y'all)
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) wouldn't wanna be y'all

[Pos]
It's the one and only effect, that you catch from a cassette
Straight wig out the world and girls we straight dig out ya back
with letters spellin out my name
All over your marquee, cause the spark is me
Currently we can be seen across your screen
Stayin wide-eyed cause you niggaz tryin to scheme
Welcome to the spot - I'm slaying with it

Chop it up and fit it inside your quart of rice
You speak ghetto falsetto on the mic device
Tryin to give me third degree, you just a third of me
Couldn't be the shit if you were a turd of me
A man tight with my funds, crush like Ricky D
who quoted Vance Wright - no one can serve us!
My squad advance heights quite superb
Just kick off your shoes - jump on the jock
It's been a long time comin this you NEED to cop!

[Chorus]

[Busta Rhymes]
It goes one (one) two (two) three (three) four (four)
Bounce so much I ricochet up off the floor (floor)
So raw shit the most raw you ever saw
Quarter after four, niggaz quick to bust the back door
Baby - open your blouse while I joust another nigga's spouse
Quick Jamaican dick style all in they house
I practice to be the all access, you see the fact is
my mouth dirty, so follow while I display the slackness
Yo, you see my slang talk straight from the slums
When I was young, moms put soap on my tongue, and yo-yo
Forever we gettin this CHEDDAR with the quickness
While I cast the spell on these bitches, you can be my eyewitness
Short fuse, nowadays Langston Hughes
We gettin money with whoever - even the Jews
The way we finagle and gain it must be all in my shoes
Fuck a nigga up with De La like *[?]* can amuse

[Chorus]

De La Soul Lyrics

"View"

[Pos]
Yo.. we bout to get it (get it) get it (get it)
get it (get it) get on down (down) down (down)
Yo! We bout to get it (get it) get it (get it)
get it (get it) get on down (down) down (down)
Yo!

[Chorus: Pos]
We run it, HOT! When we over the drums
To the, TOP! Cause the bottom we're from
We got the, DROP! On your weekend crew
cause you're full-time talkin while we peepin your view

[Pos]
Rahubat*[?]*, you know my name
I run my humbleness with fame
God-body, nuttin plain
while you claimin shepherd that you heard this
you, heard this on day first
Watch my man, he'll make it worse
Ain't no new click, we still Native

[Dove]
Clothes knit, stitched tight, related
that's the way we handle it
Pin us up or mantle it
We on fire you candle lit
Daydreamin, on a rack
Get bought worn and brought back
We sport rhyme thought real tight

[Pos]
to gain sizes much bigger
Life life well, get mail filled with
checks from sales we deliver

[Dove]
Spend a little, make a little
I want it big like white boy wallets
Credit delievered, Fed-Excellent
To my dot com, we on the web like Charlotte's
Hornet, back her up, she too much on it
Your plastic ass'll get swiped
past the limit see you the type
to get yo' cosmetics smeared on pillows all night

[Chorus]

[Pos]
while we peepin your view
while we, peepin your view
We got they eyes on lock
Let them flock to your wit while I spit after you

[Dove]
Look ma, I'm still rhymin
Baby boy still providin
Breakin bread in four states
Makin these struggles get gone
Private eyes, I see y'all spyin
You watch while I clock
Fertilize my brain data
Makin accounts grow green like the front lawns

[Pos]
Yo I may be old school
but I'm not no old fool
Heard out your mouth words flee
bout "These niggaz ain't nice"
You just barbershop talkin
while we round the world walkin
B, you ain't D.M.C.
You slip and fall on my ice
No lyin, straight shinin
I give you supper from my upper diamond
You got limbs so climb in

[Dove]
Yo, soak up what you find-in
We too pure for you to try
You sniffin maybe's and if's

[Pos]
And if "if" was a spliff
Man we'd all be hiiiiiiiiigh-iiiiiigh.. iiiggghhhhh..

[Dove]
.. but it's not, so sober up
You flashin out like you paparaz'
You'll need to take a liver shot
to feel the heat on how we runnin it, YO

[Chorus x1.75 minus last line, 2nd time]

[Pos]
cause you're full time talkin while we, while we
while we lettin you know I'm in a
certified rhyme meadow for days
If you ask Mercenary bout this shit, it pays
Hitting Willie Mays style out the park

Mastering in this (Art) that's (Official)
Your ears absorb this like tears, on a tissue
cause my thoughts are dollar bill crisp
Distinct like E-Double's lisp
L.I. alumni, wonder why I got it
Got it? Get a piece
Got product that you all should own and not lease
Some say drummers play synonymous with ill
with wordplay, that keep us all paid like a bill
We're the parent company
You the sub in my D-I-vision
You don't know how.. *[words fade out]*

De La Soul Lyrics

"Set The Mood"

(feat. Indeed)

Now check it (sup?)
Let me set the mood here aight? (yeah aight cool)
We gonna, set it off with In-dee-dee, dee-dee-dee, -deed
(Yeah that's right) You know
La-la-la-la-ladies first and all that
(That's right ladies first)
So peep it - you see this girl
who been poppin MAD shit about you
So I want you to get into it a little bit
I want you to cru-cru-cru-crush that *[?]*

[Indeed]
I was sittin on my lunchbreak, grittin my teeth
It's the last day of the week, man what a relief
My arms are sore as hell, I felt rigid and stiff
so I turned around and I rolled this big fat spliff
That's when I seen her, steppin out a rented yellow Beemer
This local ghetto fame rap cat her name was Tina
She was braggin she was goin on tour
The same shit she was screamin since the year before
Ever since the De La Soul video, she seen me on the TV
Heard that she was holdin a grudge and tryin to see me
Workin underground circuits and mad cyphers of people
When she asked who was ill, all she got was Indeed
She wanna battle (what?) and it wasn't hard to tell
All that I was thinkin bout was tryin to smoke my L
I had four hours left and I was tired as hell
Plus it was 12:55 almost time for the bell
She had an ill screwface mug, frontin like she know Joe
Gangsta bitch profile, boppin like allegro
Forty-below Timbos, fatigues saggin
Pullin all her money out her pocket while she's braggin
on her gold fronts with her name on it
Her ice finger roll hand g-low while she claim fame on it
I peeped the stee' - then I crushed her with ease
just for interruptin me while I was rollin my trees

AIGHT? (Whoo!)
That shit was bla-bla-bla, bla-blaze! (word)
Now we gon' se-se-set, se-set this one up
for my man Mercenary (aight aight yo let's do this)
(whassup?) Yo, I don't want you to make it like
a story or nuttin (aight)
I just want-want, want want-want
want you to come on some straight rhy-rhy-rhyme
rhy-rhy, rhy-rhme shit - rip a nigga in his ass!

And let him know how WE do it, y-y-y'know?

[Pos]
Now Maseo puff cheeba, while Rich sniff lines
David J push the whip while Candy Cal pull dimes
And me right behind, with the shorty gettin her math
to do the Savion routine and just, tap that ass
Still the one who kill wackness, man I left them niggaz crippled
Had em all soft to hard back to soft like a nipple
My (Art is Official) while you're art-ificial
Break you down to your very last participle
Let me enlighten you, cause your third eye's on dim
Me gettin taken out is rare like a smile from Rakim
See I'm remarkable, you're just bull
last name shit, y'all niggaz need to quit
Open your mitt, and catch this
I autograph every word you bit
Testify then*[?]* take your picture
Got an infinity of non-rhymes to hit ya
while your whole clan is blam
Understand that you must be smokin POUNDS of weed out of a pipe
and mistook your munchies, for bein hungry for the mic
And now you have to deal with these cats who's truly right
like estates with a pit on the lawn bark at the gates
Put the whole entire plate in your face
Make the point like who's that on that joint? It's me
I'm in everything you see like *[?]*, yo I'm in demand
I'm in the club man I'm in your hand
bein bought, I'm even in the thought from your girl
The only thing you're in is in acting
Your world'll be smashed
Run against the Won and you'll be last
like that call for alcohol, depletin your cash

That's how you supposed to get in somebody ass
y'knowhatmsayin? Know-know-know, know-know, know-know dat!
Hahahahahaha

[ghost weed skit 2 follows]

De La Soul Lyrics

"All Good?"

(feat. Chaka Khan)

[Chaka Khan]
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh!
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh!

[Chorus: Chaka Khan x2]
It ain't all good, and that's the truth
Thangs ain't goin like you think they should - it's all on you

[Chaka Khan]
I don't care about what you think you see
the thangs you want to know when you look at me
God knows I done been through and paid my dues
Can't change how you feel, cause it's - all on you-whoahhha-ohhh-yeah

[Dove]
I wish that, you could be a little bit more upfront
Weigh the situation how you want (right)
The lovin that you claim is just a four letter word
The third letter's invitin so visualize the verb
You curve thoughtways when you're handlin the candleabra
so you sittin on the baby grand
Transmittin like you're made of man
but you paint a funny face like a chick
When I see you I'ma tell you quick that uhh..

[Chorus 1/2]

[Dove]
I can't believe we built this large pizza pie together
No pepperoni
Yeah you wanted extra cheese, sometimes I gave you extras
How we divided slices like the Red Sea theory
I was Moses hopelessly scorned by your thorn zapora
Tried to bring that fairy-tale life, you wanted horror
but my microscope couldn't see or cope with that
I had to bolt from that, and left you dead in the sea
It's better for me, I'm satisfied with reppin for D

[Pos]
We were certified hot, then dropped to lukewarm
Now we back up in the spot, claimin never been gone
Niggaz who cut us off, wanna reattach us now
(Them girls who brushed us off, say they want some #'s to dial)
Yeah I give that ass a number, and some lumber to pile

Now catch a curve from my kick (or show me lovin by brick)
So stick to the same plan, don't come shakin my hand
like we peeps, it ain't beef but be sure to understand
Between us, it ain't all..

[Chorus]

[Pos] You see them kids be schemin on what we done copped
[Cha] Always out there schemin!
[Pos] They steady fiendin for the moment they can get us off the block
[Cha] Why they always fiendin?

[Pos]
Your people might have your back, but you need to watch your front
Indeed, ain't nothin guaranteed

[Chaka Khan]
That's the truth! Things ain't goin like you think they should

[Pos]
A lot say they wanna walk in my size 10's
Aight then; here's a pair
Lace 'em up tight then you might feel what was dealt to me
You see ain't no young boys up in here; keep a clear head
Tryin to keep my pockets on stuffed - like deer heads
upon the wall, so all the gall we get from y'all DON'T FAZE
So mind your biz and walk away
cause I'm never gonna let you up inside my maze

[Chaka Khan]
I don't care about what you think you see
the thangs you want to know when you look at me
God knows I done been there and paid my dues
I can't change how you feel, cause it's all, on you-whoahhha-ohhhhh

[Chorus]

[Chaka Khan ad libs to end]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Declaration"

Yo, this girl called me..
"Hi Pos! Heard your shit, back in style baby!"
.. heard the De La, said I'm back in style y'know?
Heh..

[scratching]
"You-you-you.. you need to stop"
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"
[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot"
"There's always ONE.. (ONE!)"
[Rebel INS] "Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains"
"There it is!!"
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[Pos/Plug Won]
The average MC sells terror
We nail terror up against the wall for target practice
Not one of your top five MC's
but I see clearly with ease you lack this
Coast to coast, we pop up on your scene like toast
playin host to your regiment
who rally to boast, but now boast no more
They got floored by the sight of my ledger print
I came specifically, to fracture yo' ability
to grandstand anywhere next to me
This is the year, when the true better man
keeps the cheddar and writes to his destiny (word!)
Timeless episodes of talent got me nominated
by the ones who hated me on spittin tighter
Salute these "Supa Emcees" for bein clever;
and never use the weed as a ghost writer

[scratching]
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"
[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot"
[Malik B] "Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment"
"Yeah, word up!"
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[Pos/Plug Won]
Contrary to popular truth, these youth are runnin scared
so in one stare they gettin strapped
Cash rules NUTTIN from below the belt
The dick choose to melt asses where them dollars at?
(Where them dollars at?) Musta been bitten by a rabbit
Actin silly like that; your pop culture need a diaper change
I'm snatchin the mic, like I'm lootin

with a whole lot of shootin while you're keepin out of sniper range
Your aim's to please, my aim's to freeze
you dead center in your tracks with your hands high
Ain't no tricks, we set it to fire like Hendrix
All the hard rocks at liquor spots
All over the scene, makin it messy
so we make a clean getaway to a better day
Can't say the same, for them cats who left the game
cause they couldn't claim the better pay
This ain't no masquerade
so the mass parade of people need to stop frontin
There's truly a few makin them hits
while us, we got our mitts closed cause you on the field buntin
Make it to third bass, but never reach home
The word is, your whereabouts is unknown
While we're that point of view, that you never really knew
with the stitch to keep the cut sewn (De La!)

[scratching]
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"
[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this shit is hot"
..

ROCK A BYE BABY!! ON THE TREE TOP!!
WHEN THE WIND BLOWS!! THE CRADLE WILL ROCK!!
ROCK!! RO..

De La Soul Lyrics

"Squat!"

(feat. Mike D and Ad Rock)

"Turn that shit off man! What's wrong with you man?
You know we got a party man, get the other record!"

(Here we go..)
[from "Stix N Stonz"] ".. (Let it go!) Just one more time!"

[Mike D]
It's the M-I-K, E ohh to the D
I'm comin exquisite and V.I.P.
Tryin to spread some love like roots on a tree
Stayin true to this vision in the Y2G

[Dove]
Two G's got em scratchin it like the fleas
And Ad Rock got it locked like a crooked cop

[Ad Rock]
Nooooooowww; it's Ad Rock, y'all remember me
The guy ya bit ya style from off the TV

[Pos]
I score Mmmma-Zah-Ayy's all day, my essays are felt worldwide
We like four planets on the mic
Aligned arrays retired all in the days
Game (baby-baby) too blam for these lames

[Ad Rock]
When I was nine, I played with slime
Got rhymes ga-lot, got rhymes ga-limes
I got a million like rhymes leavin ya stung
I got my own crew called the nasal tongue!

[Dove]
Yo take a few of these b-boys and call me in the mornin (okay)
Keep it on the crusty eye, bagel with some butterflies
Spit gritty like we in MCA's voice box
Y'all bull and my ox don't fit the mix

(Disc jock!) It be some classic material kid
(Disc jock!) Got the calm cats blowin their lid
(Disc jock!) You get plush off the rack
and buy plenty or more we got em by the stack
(Disc jock!) Got us walkin all over the world
for all the fly fellas and all the fly girls
(Disc jock!) You can't get enough when we servin this

[x8]
Come on - SQUAT!

[Pos]
Now we'd like, to introduce to you, Ad Rock

[Ad Rock]
Ad Rock in the house you don't stop!
It's the B-E-A-S-T-I-E B-O-Y-S with the most finesse
Don't mean to be crude, don't mean to be crass
But listen Guiliani you can kiss my ass (what?)
You heard my word, now Dove you play the preacher
Get on the mic if you love all the creatures

[Dove]
Well yeah I got these fishes swimmin round my baracuda
Back in '82 I used to ride a street scooter
Called em cuter than pigtails, sales you keep em level, and
smack you with a shovel and break your lifestyle (owww!)
Firm on the mic since my days of a child
Got a "License +TOO+ Ill" to flash to police
The only beast I huddles with the Beastie Boys
Bringin "Noise" like P.E. to your TV

[Pos]
Aiyyo this beat's barefoot and knock-kneed
Stripped to the rhyme!
And every line made from scratch
Attached like stripes to shell-toes
Thin spools that hold the herb
Mike what's the word? (WORD!)

[Mike D]
It's like the ooh-la-la, ooh-ooh-la-la
Rhymin over old breaks like the Mardis Gras
Party people cross and bump they go ooh and they ahh
And Mike D and Ad Rock down with the De La

(Disc jock!) Get the people dancin for real
(Disc jock!) Theater (jock!) holdin mass appeal
(Disc jock!) You can't get enough STILL
so here's another dose for you to feel!
Put ya body in it!

[x8]
Come on - SQUAT!

[Mike D]
I'm feelin good, damn good, but also confused
This stuff from hip-hop that's bein misused
It's desirin, acquirin, tryin to be like Iverson
if it means backstabbin and also conspirin

[all together]
Nowwww, the people in the front - you do the bump bump
The people in the back - they're not the whack whack
The people in the middle - come on and wiggle wiggle
And the people on the side - we can all take a ride!

[Dove]
In my VW I done swung an ep' or two
The rear in my hatchback y'all know I scratched that
Here to haystack, keep it rosy in the Rolls
Skiddin out to place my vote at the polls for Ad Rock

[Ad Rock]
Well I'm the the toe tapper, yes the hand clapper
From the middle school like the educated rapper
I'm known as an occupational MC
You think I lose sleep if you sleep on me?!

[Pos]
Its the rock solid, pilot, here to fly (ROCK!)
Reachin elevations too far for the eye (EYE!)
Miraculous beats over breaks in these packages
Seen (all over the globe) and all the types
who thinks our joints is aight, here's a swab for ya ear
(to clean out ya lobe) and listen to a few views
from two crews spittin for the art of it
We ain't takin over but damn sure takin part of it

[Dove]
Started it ever since we minced meat
You Sloppy Joe's went and took a bit of the corn dog
Stay there! I'ma play there (cuz they pay there)
In the big old Santa Claus bag got discs and now we out

[Beastie Boys]
Signin off, signin off, our work is done
So come on party people..
Have (have) have (have) have FUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[from "Stix N Stonz"] ".. (Let it go!) Just one more time!"

De La Soul Lyrics

"Words From The Chief Rocker"

(feat. Busy)

[Busy Bee]
That's right, I'm dancin y'all
I'm gon' keep on dancin into the new millenium
Ya understand what I'm sayin?
Hey De La Soul, Beastie Boys
I love the way y'all doin this baby
Y'all just gotta keep kickin it
because the kids don't know, the other people don't know
but they all gon' know now because me
the Chief Rocker Busy Bee gon' just keep kickin flava babyyy!
Ah like this

Just dance, and don't quit
cause the music is gonna be the shit
I just dance, and don't quit
cause the music is gonna be the shit
And now once upon a time in the place to be
They was standin in line to see the Busy Bee
When I pulled up to the curb in my ninety-eight
I rushed inside so I won't be late
You know the party was packed, where you couldn't even move
And Busy Bee rocked, to the funky funky grooves
To the beat that makes you want to freak
Ah to the beat that gets rump out your seat
Ah to the beat that makes you say
Busy Bee, Busy Bee is in the house, ha HAH!!

I like the way this is goin down man
Ahh this is just too much
We just gotta keep doin this
Because this is how we do it
No static, no automatics
This is just how we just gon' keep kickin this flavor baby..

De La Soul Lyrics

"With Me"

[Intro/Chorus: sung]
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby
[x2]

[Dove]
How you gon' tell me to mind my own biz
when you lookin like somethin I need to know about?
I used to go about it the wrong way, tuggin your arm when you'd pass
But I see you got class besides all that
Yeah I'm picky in my own way too
While the rest of these fools is lookin to screw your brains out
I bling'd*[?]* out don't*[?]* wanna stand froze
Practicin my hello's, hey lady, how you doin
Renewin these vows is like fifty steps beyond from here
Shit I don't even know your name yet (word)
Ain't sure what your character contains yet
But damn lady, you could be my Valentine
Cupid got his infrared on my chest clocked
Let the rest flock, they just birds anyway
I grow my confidence in words the Henny way - yeah, buy me a drink
so we can sink into that thought path..

[Chorus]
[Pos]
Now you know you ain't right, eyein me up all night
despite the fact some kid is runnin chitta-chat in your ear
How the hell we get here, with me over here, and you over there
when we can make, such an obvious pair?
Why miss? Have you misread my shyness for conceit?
I'm peepin how you move it to the pace of the beat
Got my eyes on wide as they constantly collide with yours
Your heavenly body rushin the tide to shore
Your heavenly body rushin these guys to the floor
to find pleasure in your double digit design,
but these clowns look hurt
And as a woman's ex-nigga I'm a woman ex-pert
Understandin how the ovaries and all that shit work
Extremely dreamy, my eyes you look surprised
that I'm movin closer - don't be, I'm supposed to D.C.
Are you for real or a tease?

[Dove]
Now let that drink set in sweet, we up close and personal
Ain't nuttin dull about this, sharp like Swiss precision

(Caught you watch-in) my every move from the door
Teran escortin us to V.I.P., we live in D.C.
Shoestring dress I wanna fuck and make your hair look a mess
Suckin the straw huh? You know the head game
First place chick girl I'm all about winnin too
I want my trophy life-sized in a see through

[Pos]
This ain't your average, whippin your batterage
drivin song that probably isn't your type
So I type it long with that ink that won't budge
or smudge off your memory; courtesy of SkyTel
My mail, pop up like some bubbles found on VH-1
Also need the math to your color pH-1
Not the old man in the club who needs his dub to get rubbed
but sound the buzzer, I'm comin to sub

[Chorus x1.25]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Copa (Cabanga)"

Ladies and gentlemen!
We got De La up in the house tonight
They just walked up in here
We gon' see if they can come up here
and do a lil' somethin for us

[Dove]
Yo, it's star-studded in here
I'm on the moon like the first man
First can I grab is gon' get it
She all independent but want her throat wetted
Tight from the floor to height
See I saw the night, in dream bubbles I fiend to see double
so I sip until my bladder bust
You in V.I.P., so why you mad at us? (Word)
By-stand, I'm in the world fox-trottin
gettin my Fred Astaire on, follow my lead girl

[Chorus: x2 uh-huh only 2nd repeat]
Me and you come over, we
do it like the cha-cha, just
like we at the Cop-a, Ca-bang-a (uh-huh)

[Pos]
For all my niggaz runnin around like the mothership landed
Or is it because there's some others who handed
their daughters over to the night life
Yes we tryin to find a night wife to get wit
Interface with they whole clique, I force the draft
I get the first pick, run this easily
?? rule like D, Joey and Jay
Around the way, we're goin
but first tell all these women who ain't knowin

[Chorus x2]

[Pos]
Yo.. I talk no shame upon this
I got aim all on this to shoot and score the trout
who's actin all cute and out of position while I'm wishin
to get her bottom limbs arched like a grasshopper
Puttin in work to make it last proper
Ninety percent of the time is on my mindframe
So I'm game to reign up to par
while my fam runs it cool up at the bar, I stay clearheaded
Lettuce enough cheese to get shredded
We like Navy Seals lookin for the gold

Our natural appeal got them others on hold
Them girls dealin with us tonight
Came with the large appetite and got served
Got nerve to think less, you can bless me and my kinfolk
Rushin up against my yolk-sac promote that
pimp play upon how we get it on for real!

[Chorus]

[Dove]
You see you hopeless up in the spot
Talkin a lot of champagne taste holdin 40 ounce pockets
Switch the sprocket to gear to top of the year
We gon' drop it like confetti on it, get ready on it
Her fast ass wanna get all Andretti on it
Makin my main man Poke like Trakmasterz
Blazin-trail, we Portland to Nor-ton
"Honeymoon" flicks don't exist in this
I sip a little left to twist spines together
Vertical hold, we gon' combine together (yeah)
Even if we spill the love
we got compliments up at the front door
Just tell em Dullah sent ya
Thirty minute Tae*Bo shit's how I bench ya
All on a Saturday night, step to life
I love the way Sally walk
Bow legged in a two piece steel, we live in New York
We live in New York

[Chorus x1.5]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Foolin'"

Who you foolin.. only foolin *[x2]*

[Dove]
Yo, I stay cousin to this, introducing Mr. Dave Banner
Scannin proper with my sight muscle
This rap shit, is just my night hustle
My J-O's to stay fearin of my G-O-D
Whether what may, meet me at the front door
See the pressure got a nigga knockin shit off his desk
Cause of the stress I stack words make cats bruise they neck tissue
Stay pertinent to the issues
Cut your tag too close, display these verses tight, virtuals
sort of like we supposed to, pantyhose raps you run
Stay *[?]* like black folks some *[?]*
mostly fakin it, to make it

[Pos]
I play low-key til it's time for you to know me
Stir my lime with light, drink it down slowly
Holy shit! Now look what I get
A whole string of party people wanna run in my mix
In my world they wanna fit like melanin in a tit
Jam tight, they ain't my fam alright? They ain't my people
Them niggaz screamin fam til they rank measure equal
then vote, without leavin a note, and that was all she wrote
Arranged produced my slang's obtuse
but some distort, tellin stories like Mother-the-Goose
My true fam's *[?]* back since with Vince Mason
We'll draw on three, leave that body for the tracin
Ultimate high, like them drugs you be lacin
Coulda stood next to me, at the top of the key
but you had to play gutter, didn't want to climb
Now you find yourself talked about in my rhyme

[Dove]
While you fools claim corners, we gon' claim theories
Y'all some stickball niggaz, we the World Series
Been here, just pleadin the same case
ever since we spaced about "3 Feet"
Pinchin your ears, inchin for years
but you still stuck at the mezzanine and
we at the penthouse level with the same old rugs
same old tubs, same old tables and same faults
Same crew and the same old train of thought

[Chorus: De La Soul]

My guess you need to head West (who you foolin)
Thought we'd fall for your phonyness you're (only foolin)
yourself, thought you were down - it takes more than a smile
and a couple of pounds to be crew
Man you bound to get your tail caught (who you foolin)
Spreadin yourself thin see you're (only foolin)
yourself, thinkin all you need is the wealth
You need to peep your whole circle out

[Pos]
Yo, since Jam Master Jay been rockin without a band
and that sister k.d. lang been sexin without a man
we brought our ultimate plan to birth
Put in work for this game, it's not a game to me
We've been furnished the props
Now we out to furnish properties we own
That's right (so) cats might know we ain't home
My throne's threatened by fiends, try to do dirt
Play Tony Randall - have that ass cleaned

[Dove]
Unveiled I see your exhibition, y'all need to cover that
Fatherless styles, y'all really need to mother that
Same expose, different page
but when you see me in it it's the same old Dave

[Pos]
Y'all silly, you're just a civili', I'm a soldier
Troopin in this path til the death won us over
So if life is a party begin, to understand
just like the DJ, we stayin to the end

[Chorus: De La Soul]

How you think you gon' get away? (who you foolin)
Changin faces on the regular you're (only foolin)
yourself, big top status, paintin your face
Who you think you really gonna fool huh?
We watch, what we got so (who you foolin)
around on my premises you're (only foolin)
you, into thinkin you can break in too
my place, and not have to face, our position

Who you foolin.. only foolin

De La Soul Lyrics

"The Art Of Getting Jumped"

I WAS..

[Pos]
.. on my way, to the disco
You know the club, Maseo was rockin rub that night
Midnight to four, name at the door
but the whole crew I can get in as well
So I got on my cell, called my nigga C. Smith
Let this be a jam that we need not miss
"Yeah I'm already en route," no doubt
Might even jump up on the mic
to make sure that this party's turned out
And we some punctual types, on time, look for the line
to stand we find girls screamin the blues
Miscellaneous shoes everywhere
"Yo Mase, what happened here?"
("Go Brooklyn!") Yo Brooklyn, y'all know the rules
Bump *[?]* people and out come the tools
Ain't been a fair fight since the creation of crews
and that's why them dudes hearts all pumped
Done closed the club down,
cause one of they niggaz got jumped
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Uh-huh, you heard the hook
No matter you Braveheart or shook
You can catch a bottle from the right, tap to the left
Kicks to the mids relievin you of breath
I seen it done sloppy, seen it organized
Some saw it comin and for others it was SURPRISE
Catch a swollen eye and blood loss, courtesy of the
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!

[Dove]
Yo! When they put the contracts out, bats and chairs included
Chicks can get into it - 'specially pretty broads
My New York City dawgs seem to master the art
When you hear the ("WHOO!") that's when the bullshit'll start
It only takes a second less you got on ice
Just for wearin your chain in they club, they'll beat you twice
Served with fried rice, you get a can of whoop ass
My only advice is don't fall and book ass
For the nigga who slip, don't fall in a position
where your lip'll catch a hickie (girl they'll fuck your mascara)
Shoot, go and ask Tara, just for havin good hair
man they left her ass cute, pulled it dead out the roots (ARRRGH!!)
It's never one or two of 'em, they headin out in troops

Timbos, hoodies loose over jumpsuits
Waitin for the first vic to disrespect
Catch a double-dutch rope around your neck in the midst of the
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!

[Pos]
It's schematically plotted out to break hearts and bodies
and ya best believe we came to party
Don't cause trouble but still can find double the crew
against you and your peeps and leap-like-frogs on ya
for reasons like - not in the right part of town
actin like you wore a crown
Some occasions long and mean to earn the right
to throw signs wearin only one color scheme
And bein positive is no exclusion
That's an illusion - you can still catch contusions
for flossin your hard-earned shine
I'm talkin games *[?]* the longest
then it's some other niggaz time
You'll get beat out of your mind just for rage
Shit my black ass almost got pulled off stage
Just for holdin it down on the mic, you could be talkin,
"Black people unite," and still catch a lump from the
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!

[Maseo]
Yo, it's this joint, called the art of getting jumped
We had to put this one on the album y'know?
Yeah - this is dedicated
to them punk motherfuckers out in Germany
That Turkish gang that jumped me up in the fuckin club
Tried to knock me senseless
They just couldn't get me though
That's why I second round outside on 'em
Pull out some fuckin guns - punk bastards
and that's why my ass was hidin under the bridge (HAHAHAHA)

De La Soul Lyrics

"U Don't Wanna B.D.S."

(feat. Freddie Foxx)

Hahahahahahahahaha!

[Freddie Foxxx]
HA! Check it out!
It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, also known as Freddie Foxxx
That's right, and I came to check my niggaz De La Soul
See y'all niggaz don't really wanna bust dat shit huh
Yaknahmsayin? So I'ma show you niggaz
the super-laser-gamma-ultra-killa-nigga special
You niggaz ain't no killers
You motherfuckers ain't gonna hurt nobody nigga
You better keep rhymin nigga
'fore I smack the shit outta you you little fuckin sissy
You niggaz ain't real; that's right
It's De La Soul baby, and Bumpy motherfuckin Knuckles baby
Alright, c'mon on!

[Maseo]
Check my stats, entire - apparat'
Even from the days when I had to roll strapped
Wonderin if I gotta go back to that
Zest to rub records from rap and kick facts
to tracks and stack, one *[?]* got kayed
Yeah some got paid, some waved in the fades
Fact of the matter my style will never fade
Managin to keep it all A-grade
So you can stay nourish and flourish with the truth
[?] some niggaz I know
If I need a mayday
Bust some fuckin niggaz tryin to play me cra-zay
Causin interruptions to my big pay-day
Playin with them guns make them fuckin lea-ry
but if it's clear-ly
Merely and surely and, how it's gotta be
I got some thorough niggaz that's ridin me
So witcha bullshit I'm not buyin it B
Don't come around thinkin you can try it with me
Cause uhh..

[Chorus: x2]

You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (no no)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (no no!)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh!)

You don't wanna bust dat shit (NO NO!)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (UH-UHH!)
You don't wanna bust dat shit!!

[Maseo]
Shick shick, CLIK-A-CLIK
This is where my people headin at
Innocent people are carryin gats
Now what the fuck is all that?
Is it cause times is live like a wire
gettin shock treated by the crossfire
Ha-siyahh, burn bare well prepared
to make my decision for my livin
I ain't the one (Robin) I'm the one (Given)
Hip-Hop driven, and willin to die for it
When Scott LaRock died man I cried and shit
Then some cats got rich callin a woman a bitch
but ain't no woman like the one I got
and if you call her a bitch well you might get (BLAM)
And I know the feelings is mutual
It's uncivilized and unsuitable
Crips and bloods are recruitable

[Chorus]

[Freddie Foxxx]
Ha ha, yeah you get the motherfuckin point, HUH?
You niggaz get the motherfuckin point, HUH?
That's right so while you niggaz is sittin up in central booking
Crying like bitches, HUH?
I'm in the motherfuckin holdin block
waitin for your sweet pussy punk ass
And I'ma whoop the shit out of you
for gettin on a fuckin record, actin like you a fuckin killer
I'ma show you niggaz what a motherfuckin killer's all about, HUH?
You niggaz ain't no motherfucking gangsters
You don't wanna bust that motherfuckin shit punk
I'll punch your whole chest cavity out faggot
You ain't no real nigga, nigga
I'll smack the shit out of you
cause you ain't a fuckin live nigga
You sittin in central booking, cryin like a bitch
Waitin for your father, to come bail you out
and Freddie Foxxx don't play that shit nigga
That's right, Bumpy Knuckles motherfucker
And if you don't know, now you motherfuckin know
And yo De La, check it out - it's your motherfuckin man
And if any one of them niggaz get sidewindin with you nigga
let me know, and I will send them niggaz hot ones
like I'm a motherfuckin Mexican - feel me on that one HUH?
Cause them niggaz know me nigga
Believe me nigga they know me
The motherfuckin troublemaker, that's right

And De La Soul, is rollin with Bump' Knux' nigga
So WHAT?!?!! Tell me, WHAT?!?!?!

///AOI :PLAN'BNX'(FULL.PROGRAM)
FILE NAME:AOI:BIONIX (2OF3)
CODE: TB1362 (WRK#8323)
STRUCTURE: LP 12" JACKET
ROTATION: FULL_PROGRAM
IMAGE: ///AOI STANDING
3334_346_212
DE LA SOUL
///AOI:BIONIX
///AOI :12.25"X12.25" (31.11cmX31.11cm)
FULL_LENGTH_COM_RELEASE_FULL
120LB CARD //: COATED 1-SIDE (120C#CIS)
///AOI
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
INITIAL EVA: EGRESS TO PLATFORM
RELEASE/DESCEND: MSO/DVD/POS
INITIALIZE_BEGIN:SEQUENCE

De La Soul Lyrics

"Bionix"

Welcome to the second installment..
Y'all know my name so we ain't gotta get into alla that
Y'all know the deal
This is AOI part two, and we call this one "Bionix" (Bionix)
And as y'all always know, we gon' hit y'all with that De La shit
Yeah.. yeah..

Uh (better) yea (better, stronger)
Yea (better, stronger, faster)
Yea..

[Dave]
Ladies and gentlemen, we in the trench again
Makin it relevant, just for the hell of it
I'm introducin it, throw a little juice in it
Got on that old bullshit to get you used to it
It's been a minute now, only a minute now
A little re-evaluatin, hope you feel me now
I'm on some new me, focused on the new tree
Tryin to shake the money off the limbs so I can do me
I blame the fans for it, I heard demands for it
Went to Somalia, they holdin out they hands for it
Went to the hood, these niggaz tried to trace a dance for it
Dancefloor it after Mase brings you out of the break

Before we go any further we wanna send a special thanks
To all those folks out there that been supportin De La since '89
Now that's a long time
Overseas, city to city, state to state
Yeah, we gon' keep bringin it live to you..

[Pos]
Unlike these underground MC's who rock for heads
We include the throat chest arms and legs
No need to spit in the cypher to show you I'm a lifer for rap
I cultivate moves larger than that
And I don't ball too much, ya dig
I gotta ball and chain at my crib who want my ass home
My heart-BEAT N.Y.C. metronome
But can't adapt to where I'm at
And even though I sing it sick 'til I'm blue, I'm not a crip
So unlike non-GANG members I won't C-walk to look hip
But if I had to join a gang I think I'd join GangStarr
Me, Guru and Primo with them beats for the car
that bounce trampoline style, revamp the deen child
Hot and mild and I hustle rap the same
Cuff a little shit, due to muscle fat, I gain

We them God type dishin the grunge to make you love

Yeah kids
Just a little taste how we gon' get things started in a minute
Sit back, get your headphones straight
Whether you're ridin in a Escalade or a Pinto son, turn that shit up
Oh remember AOI part three comin soon, on some DJ shit
Yeah - we about to get this shit poppin..

De La Soul Lyrics

"Baby Phat"

(feat. Devin the Dude, Elizabeth "Yummy" Bingham)

Phat Phat, uh
Ain't nothing wrong with big broads
Phat Phat

[Posdnuos]
It's a sure bet
When I stare into your dark browns I get
Overwhelmed, overjoyed, overstep
My bounds, on your touchy subject
Your weight, your shape's not what I date
It's you, my crew don't mind it thick (Uh-uh)
Every woman ain't a video chick (Nah)
Or runway model anorexic
I love what I can hold and grab on
So if you burn it off then keep the flab on
We gonna stay gettin our collab on (Oww)
Girl we gonna stay gettin our collab on (Ooh, ooh)
We gonna stay gettin our collab on

[Chorus: Devin the Dude]
Don't stuck on the things they say, now you know it's a nasty world
Tryin to get with ya anyway cause I know you're a nasty girl
We ain't never gon' discriminate so let me compliment your size
Oooh oohh ooooooh oooooh

[E. Yummy Bingham]
Yeah it's nothin but a litte baby, phat phat
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat
Yeah it's nothin but a litte baby, phat phat

[Posdnuos]
Claim you outta shape, you not outta place (Uh-uh)
You keep it natural with no powdered face
Without exercise you got the eye
Starin you down, make me wonder why
You women wanna frown at them stick figures
On them little ass girls, when a clique of niggas
Run up and try to hurl game for real
Your frame holds appeal in the everyday
World, and conceal is not the way
To go, I'm tellin you I had to let
Ya know, ya need to let it all hang

[Dove]

Don't be scared to show a little of that thang thang
No matter how you weigh it girl, it's feminine
Kinda body everybody wanna know (Yea yea)
Be the private dancer in my Luke show (C'mon girl)
Skip the salad girl, bring us both a menu
Eat the whole box of chocolates I send you (Heh)
See girl, ya more than just an apple in my
Eye/I, confess I wanna get up in ya
Thighs, the rest'll tell you all the things..

[Chorus x1]

[Dove]
I love it when y'all broads wear it skintight (Skintight)
Make the big panties look like little panties (Heh)
Tryin to lose that bottom girl you been right
I saw who make ya cookies I should go and thank ya granny (Uh-huh)
Don't mind you being conscious of ya calories
If gettin paper was fat man you'd be salaries
You ain't in this alone I got a tummy too
Just lemme watch the weight don't let it trouble you (C'mere girl)
Nine ten specimen up in ya jeans
You buy the size seven and just make it fit
Slim Fast, lypo, and body creams
I pray you won't endorse, I got a candle lit

[Chorus x1]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Simply"

[Chorus]
Fear through time, is left behind, when we simply, havin
A wonderful time, a beautiful time, leave the troubles you find at home
Take some time, and ease your mind, when we simply, havin
A wonderful time, a beautiful time, leave the troubles you find at home

[Dave]
Hey, yo last day of spring first day of the heat (heat)
I'm calling out my troops so ya'll best retreat (treat)
Tryin' to win the eyes off of Little Bo Peep
While I'm pushin' Big Bird up Seaseme Street (street)
After one nut I'm goin' straight to sleep (sleep)
If it ain't a love affair, its just a late night creep (creep)
Use Colgate when I'm brushing my teeth (teeth)
Favorite MC's Gregg Nice and Smooth B (B)
Keep it old school like "Where's the beef?" and
If you ain't from an era then you up shit's creek (creek)
First B-side is freedom of speak
If you don't speak, well I ain't losin' no sleep.
See me on the cover of your Double X-L (L)
Takin' a holiday at the hotel (tel)
Fans keep sending me back the fan mail
Heavyweights keep it on the grand scale, when we doin' it.

[Chorus: Crowd Cheering and Clapping]

[Pos]
Hey, yo, The sky swallowed the sun
spitted out the moon and stars
Puttin' out shiners that gave the cause
ArmorAll-ed down, the downtown activity
I'm bout to have fun without the problems that live with me
Not tryin' to be posh, but lets stay out the mosh pit
Tonight keep my nose out of trouble
Everybody in my bubble's been breifed:
NO BEEF, JUST PARTY!
Of course your gonna have some clown niggaz try to
take us off course
Always lower levels tryin' to bring out the devil in us
Not condoned but its known
That a party ain't a party if the thugs don't try to shut it down!
Tight security and its still soft
Can't offset the thirty or plus caught in the rush
Keep the door sealed
Cause the floor's filled with action and we don't need
any distractions tonight ya'll.

[Dave]
introduce me to your madaam ?Mauzel?
I'm Tarzan and she's my gazelle
I live at Biggs and say its notorius
Travel through minds, emotions and euphorias
Glorius *[echo]* as I get great *[echo]*
Still kinda smooth like way back in my oldschool tapes
I bring it pronto
Rep the BX like Billy Blanco

[Crowd cheering and clapping]

[Pos]
Treat your troubles like colds
Sweat it out, get it out
So we can get in the right mode
Let it out
No need to pull on the throttle
If I could bottle this love I wouldn't hesitate
Get it straight
Wonder why I can medicate the soul
While takin' its toll
Just for Simply (Simply!) Havin'(Havin'!)
The right record that could bring in the pull
And this must be the right run ya'll
Cause the dancefloor's full CUZ!

[Chorus to fade: Cheering, Clapping, Horns]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Simply Havin"

[Pos]
As we go clubbin
Me and my peoples we be lookin and we buggin
off these ladies talkin bout no dancefloor rubbin
'til we supply 'em with at least two to three mixed drinks from the bar
They must be out they mind, them rookies get dismissed
Cause it ain't hard to find, the ladies that can move it
to the latest bassline, attached to the drum
that'll set it off and make the local DJ a star
But can I get a boost from the bass and the treble?
This record ain't for soothin but for raisin blood levels
We simply havin fun but know that some don't like the music
That it promotes rappin, and global gun-clappin
But still promoters packin in the clubs where I'm at
Plus everywhere I go so just realize the fact
That we won't be denied that respect you try to hide
Shit this ain't rock'n'roll - ("cause the rap is in control" *[Q-Tip]*)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Held Down"

(feat. Cee-Lo)

[Cee-Lo]
Allow me.. to break it down.. ah yea yea yea yea yeahh..
Life.. *[humming]*

[Pos]
This is dedicated to all my folks
Diagnosed with a bad case of that proper upbringin
And never took the time to fall in line or follow
or swallow the thoughts
Of the recognized committees who lurk throughout ya cities
Ya hood, ya town, no matter which type
You from the same type of people try to hold you down
Just because you tailor made for bigger and better things
Never missed a chance to move ahead of things
And what does it bring? I tell you for me
it brought jealousy in back wounds from all the stabbin
Cats posin as my fan just to get grabbin what's mine
I'm livin in times where my daughters are found around
kids who can't afford thinkin caps
But always found drinkin raps and eatin off beats
Claimin laws of the streets - but who made the laws?
Everybody playin (Rebel) with no sign of a +Cause+

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]
Well I, feel the world around me
I've found, that others, will bring you down, just to be down
You've got to make up your mind, where you wanna be
Where you wanna go with your life
With your life..

[Pos]
Yo, I'm never singin the blues but findin the clues to maintain
And I been blessed to reign supreme over nearly every dream
I had, and I made it come true
I'm an imperfect man and I'm holdin the clue
to perfection, it doesn't seem to matter what direction I look
I find people settin traps
Tryin to find the goal - without havin any maps
Even friends of mine, jumped on line, just to become my adversary
They felt they were entitled to the dairy I made
They don't come to chill or behave
And they got, toast ready to burn
Not learnin to live, but they yearnin to take what you earn

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]
Well I, feel the world around me

I've found, that others, will bring you down, just to be down
You see - you've got to make up your mind, where you wanna be
And where you wanna go with your life
With your life..

[Pos]
So quick to place blame.. and deny the shame we bring upon ourselves
So many names held accountable for my own account
When a large amount was weight - that I made and shaped
When I climbed I found
It was hard to find others around to point my fingers at
Which made me realize the truth
The biggest supressor could be your own ego lookin for an excuse
to plant roots, in a field of self-sorrow
to sprout and follow the first thing you feel
Nourishes your hunger to be respected, it gets hectic
And when I'm watchin the news, and my daughter walks in
and choose to ask, "Why were all those people on the floor
sleepin, covered in red?" I told her
that they were lookin for God, but found religion instead

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]
Well I, feel the world around me
I've found, that others, will bring you down; just to be down
You see, you've got to make up yo' mind, where you wanna be
And where you wanna go with yo' life
With your life, with your life..

[Cee-Lo harmonizes and ad libs with choir]

[Cee-Lo]
I need my SPAAAACE, to live..

Well I, feel the world around me
I've found, that others, will bring you down; just to be down
You see, you've got to make up yo' mind, where you wanna be
And where you wanna go with yo' life
With your life, with your life..

De La Soul Lyrics

"Watch Out"

(feat. Pariquo Fernandez)

[1]
[Speaking Spanish]
WATCH OUT!
[Speaking Spanish]
WATCH OUT!
[Speaking Spanish]
WATCH OUT!
[Speaking Spanish]

[Verse 1]
Get up and do the biz, our style is the wild
Hit you with a spell whether Jew or gen-tile
When you enterin' the realm
You find me at the helm
Still standin' like abandoned buildings
In the southern part of BX, can old school it like a T-Rex
Ya well advanced connect dance with thoughts
Deep like Barry White's throat box
I bet you those cops mix
Double high tower my power grants me the chicks
The blows the cars and enemies that wanna spar
You wanna see it no matter who you are
Yeah I'm bound to ground you like that
Put they ass on a mound and introduce em' to a baseball
Face tall, brag about it like teenage sex
Text book characters gettin' etched out to rough draft
Rush Limbaugh autograph her left titty
New Yor, New York yeah we bigger than the buildings
Do it for the love of the art and the childrens
And throw paper machet inside of ya models
See we all throttles, we zip by in this drive
Allergic to ya sperm broke hives
Concerned about ya life when ya down eight lives
Top of the night I'm up in queens like ah yeah

[Repeat 1]

[Verse 2]
Introducin' introducin' to you Dave
Batter on deck, carded every time I set foot in the joint
Cabaret artist I'll two piece ya tray
If she wanna get vamped, bring her to the tent
Touch her till her back indents
Wrap it extra strength
Run a lap on her calculatin' the length
Holdin' mics tighter than hymens

Old school it like Holly-Hobby, Head-to-Head, Easy Bake Oven
Strong Jerome lovin' man I hit the pack
Panther power keep it all relative to the sixties
Bill Bixby green, ATM money
Got my pockets lookin' like I'm rockin' Popeye jeans
Classic like Reuben and Rah
One nigga under the groove we shootin' for that Parliament high
Plus bigger than the fourth of July
Take the back seat drive out
Hey yo, hey yo ain't nothin' street about me more like a light post
Sinin' above all who are y'all to boast
Stayed calm and all came to me to host
My vocab grabs many, long to cultivate raps
It's gettin' filled moms jack penny
It used to be unknown around the way
Now my bix became a bouqet
Every nose in it, fillin' up seats like a session in a Senate
Been a minute since ya heard the souls
So the soul gon' cost ya three
All ya people wanna front like the soul don't hold control
But it don't mean shit to me
Plain to see that a song like this been what ya all missed
Come on, genuine adrenaline from off the wrists
We run the interference throughout the game clout
Can't be denied the bout for the title
Throw up ya guns and hold the pose like an idol
Bring it back to the draw
Ghosts of grand wiz Theodore
Played dirty with ever since played on the floor
Stop verbal assaults just in case a war break out
Steal vaults bigger than giraffes
But they still got a lot for me
Heard em' say alot of nigga with the underground
They'd die for the underground but ain't makin' no money
Stupid

De La Soul Lyrics

"Special"

(feat. Elizabeth "Yummy" Bingham)

[Chorus]
It's gotta be you, it's gotta be right
No time for games, it's gotta be tight
I just want this to be special, special
If it's gonna be you, it's gotta be right
No time for games in my life
I just want this to be special, special

[Verse 1]
This is like the third time ya said you was through
I'm beggin' ya back, we loud in the parking lot causin' a scene
Campaignin' like the love ain't have no resident here
Still I stay all in the cabin
Although I know we've seen enough of good days and dirt
You cut me just to nurse me back but damn I'd understand it
You gave ya all and I just gave it up
Put the truck in ya name
Damn ya should've known I was liability
Ignorin' the ways you would dress for a nigga
Express to a nigga I heard jibber and jabber
My apologies I left the wrong man to conduct
Take these jewels for the inconvience and neglect
You expect the worst of it
But I realize that I owe you more than explaination
I got my life in a box, what I'm supposin' is a joint account
It's cash on it, let's take our lil' business and incorporate it
It's me and you girl

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]
First of all love, your soul caller
Before me helped create and shape your distorted image
See every man don't play or even scrimmage
That's a lie but I'm try to be that only one
You look to, to make you smile
First you need to check my files
Understand I play the partners sterotypical man
An regret the pain I may have left to flame
My people say "Yo that's a fine girl ya mess with"
But I told em' we havin' a mess
Ya charm must have calluses from the grip
That it has on my heart that I ain't tryin' to rip
But by now we both should know
That it's no longer where ya at but where we tryin' to go
So do ya background checks so I can pass through these borders

And stamp my name on a lil' man or a daughter
Come on girl

[Chorus to end]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Sauce"

(feat. Philly Black)

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah
Hold that, hold that, hold that
Yo all that, all that tryin'
Y'all, I told y'all about tryin'
Tryin' is later on man
Can we try something for the ladies
Can we try something for the ladies
Can we do that De La
Let's get that goin' on man
Told y'all about those messages and shit man
We get to that later man, know what I mean
Let's just do something for the ladies man
Let's get a chorus goin' on or something
Let's pop a chorus off, ya know what I mean
Let's do that right now, let's get that goin' on
Let's try that out

I see you real niggas do fake things sometimes
One of them is grabbin' on his mic to rhymes
So let us demonstrate the right way ya need to place
Yo, it's De La up in ya face
Better yet ya whole scene, here to pull in the green
With Philly Black

Just layin' back, raisin' my stacks
Cause how they want it I give it to em' rock or the raw
Yo it really don't matter son, some hot shit for y'all
To go cop at the store, I spit, kick at ya jaw
Leave you on the floor on all fours, you slaw

We burn fast in black flag lands
Bringin' herds and caravans
And heat rock rythms, you blink one, two times
In between I do mines
Showboat refs, I put y'all niggas on deck

Yeah son y'all faggots are soft
I been through, carried the torch
Recognized and done married a dwarf
So in-laws pay a writer's fee
My stizzy sets a wiz bitch's eye in me
Pissy in a rizzy
Indian wife I flip em' behind reachin' for sobriety
Blew north, never find me
Reside in this state of mind
Keep my temple developmental

Projects, front-line essential
Reminded of concubines and evil that men do
Cut off Ginsu, carry a brand new
Vandle issues, brandin' issues
Grabbin' tissues, like you didn't know you had it in you

I live it up y'all, givin' you what y'all
Need and can't call, carry the ball
Like a spit-kicker should and ya wish ya could
Hold it down like the digital who stitched the hood
Better yet the whole globe, light it up like a strobe
While you froze panicin'
Went from man to maniquin
We them peaceful rap stars
That can still jab ya in ya face
Leave ya shit redder than Mars

The sauce and shit, of course we it
The flossy shit
Groundin' beef like Maxwell House
Go ask the house
We representatives
Go call ya Senators
Change laws in rap, renovate ya landscape
The man takes for sixteen
And pull a paragraph up out the tango
Hangin' like vango
Water broke flows to c-sec
You read xecs
Miscarried the rap, abortin' ya whole fort

De La Soul Lyrics

"Am I Worth You?"

Ooh, ooh, ooh
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Ooh, ooh yeah

[Verse 1]
It's a pity that you're so dirty
Worthy of some Southern hos-pital
See we them Northern boys with nose and hows
NYC livin' ain't nothin' like it
See how me and my peeps fit, we jigsaw
Sometimes I play big saw to cut the deal
And we keepin' them bills paid with meals in the mouths of many
A noble job at Feni
Money ain't everything but everything makes me want it
But won't dishonor my name so the claim throwers
Act like game on the dice on the mic device
Stay above middle class for life
Not an easy task but I've grown to love it
Dub it to tape, why don't you whip a grin
While I speak to my mens about the world problems
And girl problems with no immediate way to solve em'
But I'm on hits

[Chorus]
I make the best of the life I be with it
Making the most of the moment among the livin'
And it feels good
Being the man that I want to be
Do what I can cause I refuse to see
The best of luxury, God's been good to me
Now I'm asking am I worthy of you, of you
Am I worthy of you

[Verse 2]
Pull them quarters down
I got some things on these nine ounces to vamp
Me on a mission y'all
Dug fresh dirt out the ground
Lookin' for the treasures in life
A bambino picket fence around the residence
I wore these shackels here for thirteen years
But the only real slaves is the ones we record on
We off all checks and God's blessin'
Tryin' to own a thousand island like we salad dressin'
Patience for the main course
Don't have me in position to remain boss

Cause the man next to the man above the exec
Don't give a damn if I papered yet
Sometimes it make me wanna go make a bet
I did away with knock em' and release some stress
By any means, these petty greens will only get me stuck in a box
Doin' a dick shot in Oz, jerkin' off in the J
But anyway I keep my head on

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
I know people who tippy-toe through they own stompin' ground
Master not makin' a sound to stay safe
From the local star renaissance
And the response is usually the same
Wishin' like it used to be
Nothin' in that life is new to me
We roll like eyes on a ghetto girl
Brushin' off some no-man cause she's his ghetto pearl
We into livin' beyond not livin' fads
Me and my comrads became dads young
Try to have fun amongst responsibility
Like fillin' these accounts full
Got caught up at a party in Bull's
Sometimes gotta have the nerve to say some rhymes
Because some minds take offense
Try to make ya life tense but we still here
Still gainin' the love, still standin' above most

[Chorus to end]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Pawn Star"

(feat. Shell Council)

[Male Announcer]
The following explicit content in this song by "Pawn Star"
Are not necessarily the views expressed by De La Soul
But they understand

[Female Announcer]
Execute porn star NOW!!!

[1 - People having sex]

[People talking]
Pawn star.....Pawn star

[Shell Council]
Check it, pussy got me wide open, writin' the love notes
Butt naked, strippin' out of her trenchcoat
Got me hittin' high notes, pitchin' a deep throat
Bitch be suckin' niggas car door

[Dave]
Yo, I broke my piggy bank just to see that pussy stank
Smelly in Africa then Africa, whoa

[Shell Council]
I know like you know when you spendin' them hundred dollar notes
We box triangles all angles

[Dave]
Yo, throw her on the table Shell

[Shell Council]
No, I tie her with a phone cable *[Phone rings]*
Bound her by her wrists and ankles
I bust right off Pun and Abel

[Dave]
Yo, actin' like we're kidnappers stabbin' the mouth with two dicks
Take a couple of new flicks

[Shell Council]
Click...click give up the money bitch
Had her backin' it up, smackin' it up
Yo, we fucked till the sun came up

[Hook: with 1 in background]
Pawn star, hey there special lady do what you do

Cause I don't care what they say to you
See you're my pawn star
You're beautiful to me in every little way
A very special lady, pawn star
Rather doggy style than missionary
You very, very...very, very...very beautiful pawn star
You're a superstar to me and you came into my life pawn star
Many years ago you made me feel so good
You knew that when no one understood
Cause you're my pawn star
Haey, hey, hey, hey uh
And you could never be my wife, trick

[Shell Council]
Yo I reign supreme, champion back off
Shorty's a five start porner
Turn tricks, wants some dick inside her
Work the spread eagle like National Enquirer
Pussy lips grips the neck of Coke bottles
And turn style will have you nibblin' on a nickel
All of a sudden out came the shackel
Shell ain't go no problem with
You can be my...

[Hook with 1 in background]
Pawn star...pawn star...pawn star...pawn star

De La Soul Lyrics

"What We Do (For Love)"

(feat. Slick Rick)

[Slick Rick talking with "kids"]
[Kid 1] I'm tired
[Kid 2] Me too
[Kid 1] Uncle Ricky
[SR] Hmmm?
[Kid 1] Could you tell us a bedtime story, like you used to?
[SR] Look, don't y'all think y'all too old for that now?
[Kids] No
[SR] Listen, I got an adult question for y'all since y'all like...11 now. Y'all ever get horny?
[Kid 1] Uncle Ricky!
[SR] Now I don't mean to sound perverted, but do you ever have like sexual urges?
Kids - No!
[SR] No? Well you will, so sit your behind down and listen to Uncle Ricky...and De La...tell y'all a grown up story
[Kids] Okay

[Dove]
I remember when Mama spoke of the birds and
The east side kept me off the curb and
Betsy Ross was sufferin from the scaredy cat
Till my man Ricky brought the remedy for that

[Slick Rick]
I massage your mane, coat
Then part your leg's rope
And stroke so hard you'll start to smell smoke

[Posdnuos]
Ain't gotta drug problem but a love problem
But then again that may be one in the same
I claim possession
Pull the girl among the eighth like Charlie Heston
Ride off on the horse and show no remorse

[Slick Rick]
She look niiice
Honey oriental, brown eyes
Want friiiies?
Chicken, vegetable, fried rice
And I'm tryin to (get) you to go
Fast subtraction, grab some
"Oh don't stop nasty black man"

[Dove]

Man that action had me coughin up cars, keys, and cash
Just to sniff a fat rabbit I would give my very last

[Chorus (Slick Rick)]
(When nature calls)
You know them boys will come runnin
(When nature calls)
You know them girls don't mind comin
(When nature calls)
You know them boys will come runnin
(When nature calls)
You know them girls don't mind comin
Just to get it started, for startin something
Is what we do to get some lovin
What we do to get some lovin
This what we do for love (do for love)
This what we do for love (for love)
This what we do for love

[Dove]
You ain't lyin, I
I 9-5 it, more like 12-12
Can't get the thought off (sex)
From off my mental shelf

[Slick Rick]
I'm like Bruce Lee
Beatin up the cootchie profusely
My tomboy chicks that act a little to butchy
Recieve this (uh)
When my semen ceases
They'll be screamin out, "We love bein the female species"

[Phone dialing]
Hello?
Veronica, it's Dove.
Uh, I think you got the wrong number
What?
Veronica, your baby's crying.
Yo, chill
Baby?
Whatever yo, later.

[Dove]
For the past two summers I been sizin up Veronica
Southern belle, I heard she blow notes like a harmonica
Yamacas couldn't satisfy her spendin fetishes
She was all about gettin the head like she was lettuces

[Posdnuos]
Yah, them types be actin like they ain't sleazy

[Slick Rick]

Like this uptown chick playin opposite of easy
Delighted, the honey fly difficult, couldn't knife it
Tiiight
Seen the imprint on honey's private
Now she's love sick
Ruler Rick scoress agaaaaain

[Posdnuos]
Sex present itself like trophies I'm out to win
And it's easier to claim with the fame I've obtained
Her mommy was a liar, she's so ashamed

[Chorus]

[Slick Rick]
Well, I got this rude boy Jamaican honey at the rest home
Complete with yellow hair and Cinderella dress on
Whatever
Been around, stuck her till she poppin bout
"Hey take your blood clot finger off me bottom"
Anyway, another dime I met one time
I'm kiiind, chick in the world, butt fine
And her, structure pumpin, told her
Gotcha mumblin bout
"Slow down, what you tryin to rupture somethin?"

[Posdnuos]
I don't bug out, I chill
Never copped a feel
But these pretty ass girls come and flaunt in the grill
Big ass eyes, with the matchin big ass thighs
Asked her if she spare a moment to exchange some lies
"But you got a girlfriend"

[Slick Rick]
Yah trick, so do you
And I heard there's no preference in what gender ya do

[Posdnuos]
So stop playin so squeaky clean
And let the dirty side see me later
So we can play 'away from the navy'

[Dove]
So stuck on the love you rearranging behaviors
Second episode, and you returnin oral favors
Buyin up groceries
Searchin for hosiery
Holdin hands publicy
And now you supposed to be
Mr. and Mrs. huh, lovin and kisses huh?
But while you away is when the milkman'll visit her
Dear to the heart, we dearly depart the fallen

So skip the games ma, I stay tuned to the calling

[Chorus x3]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Peer Pressure"

(feat. B Real)

[Jay Dee]
Uh uh uh
Everywhere I go (What? What happens?)
People ask me (What, what)
Yo Dilla, you smoke weed (No doubt)
And I just tell 'em yeah!
Two weeks later, they smokin' weed
That's what I'm talkin' about
I ain't here to tell you not to smoke weed
Everybody get high
I'm here to apply the pressure
You, you, you and you
You and you (Especially you)
Come down to the Dee
I got some shit that'll blow ya mind

[B-Real]
Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure
Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

[Dave]
Yo, what up my nigga (Yeah, what up with your world)
Ain't shit, just got off the cell with this girl (Was up with ya'll?)
Yeah B you know what we about to do (What the hey)
Come on nigga puff it too, yeah right

[B-Real]
Honey draws bees like dookie draws flies
Just like the weed draws me to get high
Now I'm not tryin' to bend ya arm
I just want you to take a hit off the bong
That's all (Just one hit man)

[Pos]
Come on cool it, I'm not foolish
Quit pullin' my leg baitin' me like cod
My name ain't Craig and I ain't lost my job
Don't mind bein' odd from out the bunch
And y'all cornerin' me ain't stoppin' me from doin' it
(Nigga, puffin' so bad, why everybody doin' it?)
Man everybody doin' it (Yo come take a puff, style is real)

[B-Real]
Let it take ya whole style and feel
(Go ahead with that man)

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure
Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)
I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)
I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)
I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

[Dave]
Come on
Y'all are actin' like this shit is supposed to raise me to the clouds

[B-Real]
Shit the clips we smokin' on would make Bob Marley proud
And he was one of the illest

[Dave]
Shit one of the illest ever
He smoked mad trees and still remained clever
I guess ya right

[B-Real]
Ain't no need to guess, put it to the test
Ask ya questions alphabetically

[Pos]
OK, hypothetically if I did take a hit
Do I necessarily need to be tastin' on your spit?
I mean shit I ain't shared a straw since the fourth grade

[B-Real]
Yeah, but don't you know chicks like to smoke and get laid?
Don't be a dunce it ain't gonna hurt you once
Quit bein' a punk, go ahead and hit the fuckin' blunt

[Dave]
But will it take a long time to recover
(Depends on the brother or sis who's puffin')
Hey yo stop that bluffin' like you givin' a survey
And let us serve the hay
To get yo mind aligned to the ways

[B-Real]
Of the master

[Pos]
Man I seen a cast a spell
To many brain cells and sane cells
A lead to fulfill wants and needs
I heard it's like a gateway to doin' more than weed

[B-Real]
Man I love my relationship, I'm no quitter

Mary Jane's my first love and I'ma stick with her

[Pos]
But won't I feel paranoid?

[Dave]
All ya questions is void unless ya try
Come on man for once get high

[B-Real]
I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)
I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)
I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)
I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

[B-Real]
Hey you don't gotta do anything that ya don't wanna
But it's not gonna change you or ruin your persona

[Pos]
Yeah but what if I can't stop
Shit I ain't with bein' no addict (Cut that shit out)

[B-Real]
Man, please tell him to stop bein' so dramatic
Just take a hit and let the weed do the trick

[Pos]
But will this make me sick

[B-Real]
Come on, quit actin' like a bitch
I can blaze the weed and you can make excuses
Now ya gonna smell the smoke my greenest weed produces
You'd probably like the smell too, ya probably wouldn't admit it
You'd probably wanna hit too (Come on man quit it)
Ya clearly in denial (Yo this shit ain't my style)
How do you know come on, let us give you a trial
Let us put chu' at ease with these trees
With the power to heal, put cha' mind at peace
Yeah, increase the level of the highness
Minus the stress accumulatin' through ya blindness
(Come on man hit this shit)

[B-Real]
Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure
Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)
I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)
I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)
I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)
I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

[Jay Dee]
Let me say something
If you just started smokin' (Please don't smoke too much)
But uh to all my smokers (Smoke enough)
Yeah, let's get 'em
Apply pressure, apply the pressure
Apply pressure, let's get 'em y'all
Apply pressure

De La Soul Lyrics

"Trying People"

[Intro: A friend's voicemail to Dave]
Dave, whattup man?
It's me
Umm.. just callin to see, if possible, if you have any
time today or within the next couple of days
If, if, you're in the studio.. or if you're at home.. or car, whatever
That song.. that.. it's called trying or something, Mase
was tellin me that I needed to hear?
He said it was amazing
Whoo.. the way he was talkin.. man I wanna hear it!

[Dave]
Am I just another lost in the pack?
We for shack ship, you know laugh it off
Years just blow by
My eyes stay fixed but the picture's kinda outta focus
I cry a lot but admit to it
Enjoyin life now but I've been through it
Sometimes I wish that I can go back
No bills no kids just getting tore back
I want a wife, I love women
How could I front like I don't be in love wit em?
A li'l man that I can teach
A li'l sand but not the beach
I figure excess'll only bring an excessive amount of fussin
So when I'm gone, make sure the head stone reads, "He did it for us"
I'm like your modern day Jesus
I cherish warm thoughts like a gray goose
And float soft kisses to my baby
(yo ain't that Dave's little girl?)
Yeah, respect her for that
She gon be somebody
Instead of somebody-baby-mama
You see young minds are now made of armor
I'm tryin to pop a hole in your Yankee cap
Absorb me
The skies over your head aint safe no more
And Hip Hop aint your own
And if it is then you fuckin up the crib son
You make life look like I don't wanna live one
You might as well hold your breath until you die in a
corner somewhere bent over in the crevice
This God Theory overcomes the worst of weathers
As long as you willin to try, you on a good start homie
.. you on a good start.. see nigga tryin

[Chorus: Dave & Children]

[Dave] People are you ready?
[Children] Yes we're ready!

Are you really ready?
We wanna be ready!

Ready for the change that may approach you?
Yes!

Follow down the path that you supposed to?
Yes!

People are you ready?
Yes we're ready!

Are you really ready to try?
We wanna try harder!

You know mistakes are trials that we learn from?
Yes!

I order to live life, you must earn one?
Yes!

People are you ready?

[Pos]
Throughout my change to grow, Some of my people got left behind
They didn't listen for the gun, as I leaped from off the line
Thirteen years deep in this marathon I'm runnin
Paid dues and still got bills to pay
When I came back around the way
Old friends gave me dead eyes
and fake smiles, half wide
We were supposed to rid the world of danger
These days we nod heads and small talk like polite strangers
It's natural to fall off, just land close to the tree
I'll be there if they need me to be
and I know all my local shorties
cuz they all know who I am
and latey wanna flip grammar instead of grams
Like that's the only choice they got
They tell me how they gonna shake up the game
but came to me to see if I could give em guidance for change
Shit y'all, I need guidance myself
and I chisel right words to make gems
Got fans around the world, but my girl's no one of em
And my relationship's a big question
Cuz my career's a clear hindrance to her progression
Said she needs a man and our kids need a father
I'm not at all ready to hear her say don't bother
And break

And this I know I can't take
but uhh
C. Smith said to hold on
My brother Luck said to hold on
My nigga Dave said to hold on
My nigga Mase said to hold on
Yo, Maseo, we need to hold on
Eh, yo, y'all we need to hold on

[Chorus: Pos & Children]

[Pos] People are you ready?
[Children] Yes we're ready!

Well, what you wanna be?
We wanna be ready!

Do you wanna lose hate for love?
Yes!

Do you wanna see these gates above?
Yes!

I said people are you ready?
Yes we're ready!

But are you willing to try?
We wanna try harder!

Do you really wanna carry some weight?
Yes!

Are you ready to design your fate?
Yes!

Yo, people are you ready?
Yes we're ready!

Well what you wanna be?
We wanna be ready!..

[outro: AOI computer honey]
Operation complete. Preparing for.. Installment three

DE LA SOUL
THE GRIND DATE

De La Soul Lyrics

"Future"

[1:24 long intro saying "we are the future" repeatedly]

[Intro: sampled vocals]
We are singing, you this message
Through our music, reaching for a, brave and brighter
new tomorrow, is the future
We must make it, safe and happy, for the children
Or... or... they will be lost
Or... or... they will be lost

[Pos]
Aiyyo I jump back, put the aim on my shot
It's mandatory, handle glory over with the rock
I'm not a rough guy but a tough guy to beat over drums
No son to this, I'm a rhyme bastard
Some mastered the art of cash, but not the part that lasts
and disappear after doin two albums
We're not your normal team and we still do ours to fit
hope inside this, don't define it's
quits for those who oppose the new
Playin they've outgrown rap like a size 5 shoe
Oh they all *[?]* now, alternative touch
were surprised, no demise for us
We on the rise to bust big, how you fig' we couldn't
Never run out of verbs for you to sip, I told you we wouldn't
I never popped Crist' or popped fists, girl named Chrissie
was the first, which made it even worse not to miss me

[sampled vocals]
Or... or... they will be lost (the future)
Or... or... they will be lost (the future)

[Dave]
So do you understand it now? Well try standin over
seven box sets, reppin sixteen years
This rap career ain't work, it's the life in-between
bedtime 'til the next said time and date
Know the name and salute them dudes
Put the nutrient in rap when they cook them foods
Gotta be like eighteen million heads served
Shit, imagine if there wasn't no us huh?
So I'd like to take the time to shout out the JB's
Next on my list is A Tribe Called Quest
Latifah my Queen, Monie Love, Dres and Mr. Lawnge
Chi-Ali, on your head God bless
Never ring chasin, the permanent tat
in this rap shit, y'all are just temporary lick-ons

Fadin in the days to come
While the name De La and the legacy built lives on

[sampled vocals]
We are singing (sing it out now)
you this message (sendin you a message y'all)
Through our music (through the music)
reaching for a, brave and brighter new tomorrow
(another day y'all) is the future (it's the future)
(it's the future) We must make it (we gotta make it)
safe and happy, for the children (for the children)

You little brats

De La Soul Lyrics

"Verbal Clap"

"You out there? Louder!
Well clap your hands to what he's doing
On tempo Jack"

[Posdonus]
NYC gave you the ball, so how you gonna hate us?
We creators of them East coast stars
If you ask me I'll tell you there's no comp
But I'm still humble, even though I will crumble halls
Some call 'em songs, I call 'em words from me
that take long to cook
So some feel free in sayin that we don't hunger for beats
Not that we not hungry, just picky in what we eat
Keep food off the mind and keep weight off the body
All you gotta do is keep my name out your mouth
And stop frownin like you hostile
You know that it's a booger rubbin up against your nostril
Nigga how you figure you can play this rap game without the backbone?
It's Maseo, Dave, Wonder Why, givin what you lack holmes

[Dave]
Aiyyo prepare yo'self for the Neutron, bitch!
This is eighty-six, let that neo-rap go
We present these flares to put fire to your ears
to lay smoke like rusty exhaust pipes
We run mics, let Sean run the marathon
Yo raise that money son, we raisin these kids
Get claps when curtains close, stage left
Up your stamina baby, bring some breath
SAT book smart, part ese
Loc'in like Tone, street niggaz get grown
Acquire more couth before you get poofed
Or get some shells sent over to your mic booth
Excuse, my delivery, but when peace don't work
see this piece gon' work, cock aim and SHOOT!
It's my constitutional right to bear arms
Arms and bare hands on mics, make fans unite
Woodstock and white folks involved
Black man get on yo' job!

"Well clap your hands to what he's doing
On tempo Jack"

[Chorus x2: De La Soul]
Let's go beat for beat, and rhymes for rhymes
(put, all, the things aside)
Just bring your beats, and bring your rhymes

(put, all, the things aside)

[Posdonus]
The heavyweight L.I. brother with no date, of expiration
On this fate on the mic, them birthday keep comin
I'm hated on by niggaz I love most
So what threat could you possibly pose when I'm on your coast?
So raise your guns or your glasses
Either way there'll be a toast in the air
Markin the return of bare minimums you need to learn
Get your verbs right when you down to clap

[Dave]
See that gun powder calibre rap'll tip hats like gentlemen do
Smash tenements and skyscrapers
Bow-tie papers stacked high
Pay the resident tax or get your street sweeped
Front row, backstage or the cheap seats
I (Dodge) richochets like (Ram) trucks, you slow poke to pull it
And I sup-pose you wanna top the Billboard chart
Man I toast these rhymes and then pop like Pop-Tarts

[Chorus]

"Well clap your hands to what he's doing"

De La Soul Lyrics

"Much More"

(feat. Yummy)

"And what we have is much more than they can see"
[scratched:] "ladies and gentlemen" - "here we go again"

[DJ Premier]
No doubt, y'all care anymore, about this hip-hop man?
I mean, how far will you punk motherfuckers go
for 15 seconds of fame? Microwave popcorn-ass niggaz
Yeah, we give you much more, longevity baby
Aiyyo Dave

[Dave]
Yo! It's been instilled in me since infinite y'all
Usin these minutes like I value the call
Put your money in the bank, and hold rank
over friends who ain't got leadership skills
I got the sheep in my eyes so I can't sleep
We like the, land and laid, the brand old way
Grand operate the scandal way, L.I. sheist
I play the X-Box instead of fuckin with dice
I hate losin to those who walk away with my dough
cause I dozed, Tracy broke me
And now she wanna see the resident provokin me
to pop wheelies on my bicycle, watch her eyes twinkle
One house, two houses, third house
House rules so house take bank, watch Dave bank
Banner had 'em on the hawk since Atlanta extravaganza
Gamma ray rap I make the Hulk snap
Jump back like James Brown, hey now
When the liquor over we smokin the hay now
Delegatin numero dos, I holla out the sound of los
And keep the Island close to me

[Chorus: Yummy]
Much more is what we got in store
Just believe me
"And what we have is much more than they can see"
Much more than they can see
is how it'll always be, believe me (gotta believe)
"And what we have is much more than they can see"

[Posdonus]
I got verb skills, babies and bills, brothers who smoke krills
and still tryin to get himself together from it
Knowin he can't quite run it like me
I'm on the cutting edge of what's alleged to be, hot
And when you rock, it's just impersonations of me

The rightest MC, MP with the V in the middle
I belittle your plan, courtesy, of NY dirty C my man
My base of fans are made up of many; with kids allergic
to belts lettin they mind melt from drinkin the Henny
And them straight and narrow types who be waitin to hear
them drums say the revolution is near - are you listening?
Are your eardrums open for christening?
We God Body MC's with these tools
While some others play God, they just God damn fools with it
I don't cuff mics, I rough mics up rough and rugged
Get the girls to love it
Still and all five-oh came to my mic check
Tellin me I left lacerations around my mic's neck
Domestically disputed and you just might get
the undisputed underdog servin y'all threat

[Chorus: 4X w/ ad libs]

"And what we have is much more than they can see"
"And what we have is much more than they can see.."

De La Soul Lyrics

"Shopping Bags (She Got From You)"

(We not goin to JC Penney's, we not goin to Macy's either)

[Chorus: Daniel Wallace]
Shopping bags they weigh down her arm
Popping tags and collars her charm
All them things she got, she got from you
All them things she got, she got from you
Manolo and Prada's her style
Louis, Burberry by the pile
All them things she got, she got from you
All them things she got, she got from you

[Posdonus]
Yo she know you come to do it, so what'cha want
Candelight might flick at'cha
Put your credit card to it, she know what to flaunt
Her handle tight like a master
She used to taunt on the runway, yeah she's down to tree
The avenue like her catwalk
Struck a bit to the gunplay, that housing street
looks to die for, ask that chalk man for yo' hand
Spend it, you live to show
All the cash that you can burn
What you need is to end it, cause you give the dough
But get no ass back in return (HA, HA HA)
Stay laughin, straight at you dog
Best believe, you wastin time
Don't deny what's happenin, just clear the fog
And achieve you a peace line, yo it goes like

[Chorus: 1/2]

[Daniel Wallace]
She got from you, she, sh-she, she got it
She got from you, she, sh-sh, sh-she got it

[Dave]
Her frame goes beyond thick, she got you stunned
Livin it up off the pop hits
Like a dame on a Bond flick, she's not the one
To give it up 'til you cop shit
Just because she's stacked right, she got your soul
Her every wish you now obey
You should be on that actright, but she got control
She say jump you scream, "OKAY! I'M RELOADED!"
Nigga you shootin blanks
Tryin to front like you got game

Her crib is sugar coated, like she lootin banks
But it's your wallet she done claimed
When the limit of your plastic, reaches the end
You start payin for your time
She'll be in it for the last bit, of money to spend
(HA, HA HA) And you'll be left with dimes
While she fillin up

[Chorus]

[Daniel Wallace]
She got from you, she, sh-she, she got it
She got from you, she, sh-sh, sh-she got it

[ad libs and chickenheads to fade]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Grind Date"

If the meek shall inherit the earth
and not the weak
let me inherit the street, fuck it
you know what I mean?
I mean I love life man, you know what I mean
life is beautiful, it's just the shit in it that's fucked up
it's rough but it's fair
people gotta go out there and bust they, bust they ass for a job
I mean, my dad's got five kids, man and I mean yo
he hates drivin' a bus but he loves five kids
you feel me?

I'm a rhyme artist
out here tryin' to grind my hardest
up early so to milk the cow
keep my john deere out here plowin' the fields
to keep my john hancock's worth up in the now
went from hangin' on blocks to hangin' on charts
positions is parta my mission to hangin' on top
gotta get your polly cracker or with them crackers
and them scheisty ass niggaz if you like it or not
I've been rewired to work more efficiently in the dirt
I'm hands on with it all up in my cuticles
some try to get off the farm but fell into harm
of gettin in the game of those street pharmaceuticals
but, I was raised in those blue collar themes
havin' white collar dreams cause I see what it means
and though the meek shall inherit the earth but don't forget
the poor are the ones who inherit the debt
you can bet I got better things to do than that
I was a dick who got jerked by Tom and his boys
came on my land, seized my cattle, and catalog
as if it wouldn't leave me less than coy
but I'm far from bitter even farther from quittin'
got a grind date to make, no time for sittin'
and playin' xbox, stand up and exercise my rights
as of by seen of through masta's eye
it's the grind date
know what I'm sayin? I'm sick of askin' that
I mean, the street philosophy is that
I'm gonna milk the cow and cook the meat
at least I'm gonna have some kind of food and drink
because sometimes you can't come back
like momma said that if you need 5 cents don't ask for 3
ask for 10, that's for sure
Yo fuck a rhyme artist, I ain't here for that
I was born with the boom bap, respect the name

my hands on experience was hands on my first contract
taught me quick how to respect the game
introduced to the block, got used to the block
but your neighbors be the ones who throw shit on your lawn
it's like every single time we pop, they got annoyed
but we got ahead, and we got along
and puttin' work on the calendars, worse on them calendars
worth of hump days that broke the camel's back
the grind'll make today look gray
and paint a tainted picture of tomorrows in enamel black
meet the rhyme, street grind, son whatever the beast
I'm a take it at the horns till the pinky toe torn
and show you why we here this long
cause when it comes to puttin' in work
once again it's on
I'm just like everybody else man
an average nigga with above average potential
you know what I mean? I'm not sayin' that I'm a gentleman
I'm sayin that I know how to act like a gentleman
in order to get the things that I need
and if I gotta pull out my nickle bag, I'm gonna do that
This ain't no accident, we stayin' here
You damn right I am proud of myself man
and I'm proud of my team man
I don't want you to get the wrong, yo baby on the real?
I don't have sex with people I do business with neither
and that's the real
but I do do business with people that I have sex with
so if there ain't no conflict, let's get this grind on
cause I'm gonna fuck the shit outta you, that's word

De La Soul Lyrics

"Church"

(feat. Spike Lee)

[Spoken Intro: Spike Lee]
Peace - this is Spike Lee
A.k.a. Shelton Jackson Lee
A.k.a. loving husband and father
of Tonya and Satchel and Jackson
I'm here with De La Soul
A.k.a. De La, a.k.a. The Plugs
We're about to get in this song, "Church"
A.k.a. "It's Reality"!

[Verse 1]
Aiyyo, wake up! Wipe the sleep from ya eyecracks
It's time to focus y'all, fix ya I-MAX
In other words, listen to the brother's words
Ingest these anecdotes with HOPE
and ya ass, may learn how to COPE
It's not always good just to get by
Who's coverin' ya stakes when ya bet high?
You're cha-sin', cars, clothes and rocks
Identify with the goods you got
Make sure it's V-S-One, not
and perfect, leavin' you one clear
I really don't care to see ya tattoos there
I'd rather see you graduate the school year
Black folk, go put a book in ya face
But first give the hook a taste
Bring the preacher in!

[Hook]
Heal! Heal, y'all!
We comin' healin'! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal! Heal, y'all!
We comin' healin'! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

[Verse 2]
It's a sick world that we live in, let some tell it
Some put it in books, some yell it
You need to make your own choice, be your own voice
Set ya soap-box up, let your talk fight
Pull ya socks up, get ya walk right
Or the chalk might outline ya one day

You oughta try steppin' outside you one day
You circle round yourself like you the answer
To the question of your inner son
But keep ya falsehoods to a minimum (minimum *[echoes]*)

We all need a little church
A life update, keyword - update
If they don't serve change, don't bite the bait
Instead'a givin' you a share, servin' you a dish
I lead you to the water, show you how to fish
Ain't nothin' wrong makin' that bread wid'it
But don't let the bread get to ya head, geddit?
Admit it, when you can't stand alone
I wanna stand up, give all the pretend up
And get a full blast of my demands of
the rhyme runner said the man's come
There's something in our words that reveal (reveal *[echoes]*)
Sho 'nough real!

[Hook]
Heal y'all! We come to heal!
So let it heal you!{It's real!} It's real!
(It's real!) It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal y'all! We gonna heal it!
So let it heal! {It's real!} It's real!
{It's real!} So real!
It's realer than real, for real, for real

[Verse 3]
The early bird gets the worm in this rotten apple
But explore deep and you will the find the seed
Plant more ether, get your mind free
We roll passsionate, put your lights last in it
You're holdin fear too close, unfasten it!
And like old age invades youth
Invade falseness with truth
Replace rebelling with rebirth
Face new dwelling, that's your turf
Lean back and put your feet up on the sofa
Relax! (Relax! *[echoes]*) learn how to punch back
And do your work to the max
The payoff's much sweeter than the payback
Even the haysack needle wouldn't play that
So let's pray at, church (church *[echoes]*)

[Hook]
Heal! Heal, y'all!
We comin' healin'! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal y'all! We comin' healin'!
So let it heal! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

[Backing Singers]
[Repeat until beat fades]
Realityyyyyyy!
Realityyyyyyy-eeeeeeeeeee-reeeeaaall!

[harmonizing and clapping to fade]

[Spoken outro]
You know what I mean? Rap outsold crack
You know, so rap....or hip-hop culture
however you wanna dice it, you know what I'm sayin'
it's the most powerful drug there is, man
it changed corporate America, it changed the way you feel about me
it change the way I, I do my thing now
Busta was the one who came out, on the award show and said that
hip-hop provides jobs for people who don't even love the shit
I mean, come one man, I mean what else is there to say?!

De La Soul Lyrics

"It's Like That"

(feat. Carl Thomas)

[Dave]
It's like, New York without a New York yanks
Better yet, New York without the New York franks
It's like hot summers without no A.C
Or never hitting numbers when you go to A.C
It's like six years of your life, go ask Rob
I'm like "Yo how is it?" he like "It's like hard"
Trying for that queen but you nothing but a man
You wanna keep it clean but you can't
Why it gotta be, like, that
And what the life, see life is like a J shot
Shooters son, they got
One point one second, you half court
I'm feeling the adrenaline like you half court
Like pink slips and dipping these ink tips to paper
Imagine if we fuck around and lose Hip-hop
Imagine if it didn't exist
Imagine nothing shining your wrist
See, imagining to you is a risk
But think about it, like no chrome rims
And tims would be construction boots (ill)
We probably wouldn't even substitute (ill)
For words we use defining our likes
I'm coal mining these mics
To keep that gold nugget like Dave Megget
Giant like a motherfucker, like Dave said it
But ya ain't listening, ya paper gon' stack
Why it gotta be like that?

That, dadadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dat
Dat, dadadat, dadat, dat, dadadat, dadadat, dat, dat, dadat, dadat

[Chorus: Carl Thomas]
Just running, running, fast as I can
I'm trying to be a person but I gotta be the man
If I, can't stand the life that I'm in
I gotta keep running ‘cause I'm still gon' win
Yes I got to go on (it's like that, it's like that)
Yes I got to go on (it's like that, it's like that)

[Posdonus]
It's like, Slick Rick without the eye patch
More like, saying slick shit you won't catch
It's like bed time without your PJ's
Or no fed timing in out the PJ's
It's like, one minute you got it, then you broke

Like what I do with it? I copped a few with it
Looking like a problem, but you won't get it solved
You working but you won't get the job
It's like, who would of thought (thought)
It you would of bought (bought)
Into my religion you'd be more like God
But you were steady swimming so you more like cod
See these fools is fish scale, converting to ish male
See I see it like, A alike, B alike
I was taught, if you play alike, be alike
How they don't see it for one to go pop
And this is how you treat Hip-hop?
Imagine if you didn't have that phantom chrome sitting on a curb nigga
The word nigga wouldn't be a bit disturbing nigga
See them roots are like begging for the rain
You entering my kingdom just a begging for the reign
Putting shit stain to paper
Ink pain feeling like fifty-five licks on a slave niggaz back
And not a one of y'all stopping to hate
But why it gotta be like that?

That, dadadat, dadat, dat, dat, dadat, dat, dadadat, dat, dat
Dadadat, dadat, dadadat, dat, dat, dat, dat, dat, dadat, dadat, dat

[Chorus x2]

De La Soul Lyrics

"He Comes"

(feat. Ghostface)

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

[Posdonus]
Down, like water, fresh out the clouds clown
Drown you like terrible weather
Nobody does it better than I, so approved by Carly Simon
Most rappers is real hard, but still hardly rhymin
To all - rise and shine - give God the glory
I already give a percent of mine to Bert & Cory
And still got bills and employees to pay
So excuse me Lord, we'll settle up towards the end of my days
My ways of control is hard to swallow
Known to lead, but some would rather see me follow behind
Sorry to dis-appoint, but dis joint's mine
Dis-play your indie but say no -
- more or I'll blind you like spit did to Remo
- to the dirt - and edit the clip and lost Kano
My mens wear problems like Timbs
See it all in they face, ask Mase, he got wars to win
Scores to settle, crews to crush
You rush right in to see him do it with a smile
It's Long Isle y'all, longevity sustainin my celebrity status
From AM to PM, you see him on file y'all
I was told to step righteous, so when it's done
everyone will say I stepped right
And whether through religion, or stopped by the cop
shinin his flash in my face, I'm bound to see the light

"A few short words, and whaddya know?"
"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

[Dave]
Aiyyo I'm up against these walls, here's my back stiff straight up
Dazzle and razzlin broads like I'm little Juan Magic
Magnetically handle mics, they don't drop
Top drama every time these commas don't drop
Pop spots like lint on your shirt, the net worth
to shoot the rock homey in many courts of ball
Four couldn't do it, so we bring all six
I circumcise the track, you just a dick - overlapped and hooded
Skin repeated like Stutterin John
I repeat like yesterday, it don't stop
George of this poor life pop, put to Scarlet
in a place she believes, much better than your lies
She say she lookin better in my eyes, bullshit!
Same crock she done ran to duck, crammin to fuck

I put the pudding on her like Bill Cosby
I tried to speak my piece in court but Judge Mills paused me
Bifocusedly die hopeless sometimes
Yo cry your poker face, you oughta try it one time
When God is an non pos', you stand to download
Demanded like slaves on trial - we want free
Man cock aim ready, it's time you MC
So you rappers bust bee-bee guns, graffiti runs
through my veins since cable with the wired remote
Woodgrainin like you wired his float

[Interlude: Ghostface]
C'mon, Pretty Toney and De La Soul
We was rhymin through the frozen street since 8 years old
Take us back to eighty-eight, you couldn't catch our flow
A group of kids so original

[Ghost] You heard?

[Interlude]

[Ghostface Killah]
Tony 'Tana with big hammers for bad manners who got 'em
We kiss cannons for Scrangelous crew, and his whack dancers
Bitin is forbidden pah, pay that tax
And don't you ever look at us funny - boy, we'll bring rap back
And that'll hurt you like Superman, chased by a group of men
with dyna-mics, real hip-hop'll do you in
For you like Loo Goo Kim, or Moo Loo Inn
Hula hoop all bitches crew full with brand new Keds
Cutmaster kill 'em, make sure we cut classics
Buck bastards in broad day and tuck caskets
Next to Uday and Qusay, how can the group shoot the PA
and just lay whooptay whooptay?
Use the ruse, sport beads and snatch a dude's toupee
Since tunin into T-La Rock'n AJ
Ghostface gats is freshed squeezed like a glass of OJ
Girls you can go cruisin in my OJ

"A few short words, and whaddya know?"
"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

De La Soul Lyrics

"Days Of Our Lives"

(feat. Common)

[Common]
Uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh

[Chorus: De La (Common)]
[Dave] Yo how the days of your life go Com? (I'm just tryin to be)
[Pos] That's it? (Stayin focused so my mind is free)
[Dave] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons
[Dave] If tomorrow come now (it might be too soon)
[Pos] Too soon?

[Common]
I want the boom in the back of the truck
Ain't nuttin the matter with a good dude havin a buck
With that on my mind, I'm on the grind, it pays
We break it down in these three ways, yo

These days, I travel the Maze like Frank Beverly
To the East, lookin for pieces of a better me
Responsibility of my man's felony fell on me
Celebrity status, make 'em think I got celery
Hell and I do sometimes, still the sunshine ain't even all day
(Yeah) The life of a baller, ain't even all play
I stack 'em, so the chips fall where they must
I ain't far from a Benz, or dude on the bus
Even when I don't have enough, still in God I trust
Said baby you're a star
Said I'm on the car, seen the jiggiest of stars
become dust, and one love become lust for the papers
Had you gassed now that - gas became vapors
Tricked your cash on ice; shoulda had acres
Now your, empire fell like the Lakers
So you're talkin to your maker
It's the nature of the business, they givin niggaz inches
Takin miles and mules, it's the wildest rules
I'm tryin to walk in the black scent of proudest shoes
Makin music that the crowds can use

[Chorus: Pos, Com (Dave)]
[Dave] Yo how the days of your life go Dave? (With sunshine and shade)
[Com] That's it? (Tinted window grades and Kool-Aid)
[DeLa] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons
[DeLa] If tomorrow come now (that might be too soon)
[Pos] Too soon?

[Dave]
I want twenty-four plus on these

Put the pinto engine and the bus on these
I get that first class seat to escape the days
We break it down in these three ways

Check the life I got that antidote, canteloupe scent, bent back
in the sunroom froze, put your flick on pause (and pop a cork)
There's no occasion nigga it's just because
I'm celebratin for a hell of a day
Get these barbie filets on hot charcoal tracks, so black
Darko Pecoltrane plays them back
We them freedom fight kids who gon' ball and raise fists
If y'all down for the struggle, c'mon y'all, resist
Everyday script, I exercise cheek
Sixteen on the bar, I exercise speak (ha)
It's been a long time, Long Isle's on the map
While y'all stand on the corner, stoned like Chris *[?]*
Kiss back, watchin time - wrist back
Every second count but just finish this lap
You gamble on your life like casino slots
and cash out and still walk with a knot

[Chorus: Com, Dave (Pos)]
[Com] Yo how the days of your life goes Merce? (Man I'm just holdin my head)
[Dave] That's it? (Shit, I'm also tryin to hold this bread)
[DeLa] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons
[DeLa] If tomorrow come now (that might be too soon)
[Dave] Too soon?

[Posdonus]
I furnished the rooms, and mortgage on these
See them quittin ass rappers caused a shortage on these
The soul boys of big illa-noyz get the praise
We break it down in these three ways

My moms died from secondhand smoke; so I wish yo' ass would die
from them secondhand rhymes you wrote
Or shall I call them second rhymes - written seconds 'fore you enter the booth
Words thrown together with very little truth
And a select few can do it (true) you ain't part of them scriptures
And got the nerve to feel you want me out the picture
But I was never in it, I'm the frame around the flick
Or dishin in the mouth of your dame around my dick
Ladies and gentlemen, introducin Workmatic
One of L.I.'s finest, and this is "MY LIFE"
Which is filled with bad minutes and good hours
and, good months and bad years and with my peers
we struggle to juggle the shit
Family life and the music game don't easily fit
My lady wants me home, sayin rap tour three rap whores
and scores of scandal, even more than we can handle
Sometimes, the rhymes I say
Is the fly the currency to save the day
Can't turn it away, cause we out

to find presennce way beyond our measure, so baby don't pout

[Common]
Don't pout, De La Soul now turn it out
Don't pout, Common Sense'll turn it out
Don't pout..

De La Soul Lyrics

"Come On Down"

(feat. Flava Flav)

[Flava Flav]
Look man! You're botherin me G
I got shit to do right now, aight?
This is for De La Soul, y'knahmsayin?
Word up I got shit to do you test tube baby! *[laughing]*

Check one two, check one two
De La Soul, is now back on the map
Long Island, is now back on the map
Good rap music, is now back on the map
Yo check one two, this is the voice of yours truly the Flava Flav
And I just want y'all to know, we ain't goin nowhere
Old school is here to stay BOY!

[Posdonus (Flava Flav)]
On the outskirts, of what works
Live those who go for broke, and merk to get merked
Live by the sword and die by the semi
Not part of my ways, but stays right in my
N.Y. mentality for me to be the best
The current, the ones who weren't
pressed, to confess lies over hot joints
to sell to all who wanna hear some
(Young'uns these days got fireproof eardrums!)
They don't give a SHIT who's hot
Just long as you're not, pussy, and be the would-be King
But once crowned, the same wanna pull you down
(And what makes the world go 'round!!)
And I be the world renowned Wonder Why
Wonderin why you can't stand me
Is it because I'm the main Jackson
and y'all just Titos and Randys? (Yes, it is!)
Bless the kid who hold his own head and expect to last
At the same time, I want respect and cash
And a few paragraphs in them books
Tellin you how us Native Tongues made hits with no hooks
Rapped in every prefixes, gave birth to rap remixes back in '88
No disrespect to Diddy just settin it straight
Instead of zig-zaggin, got a degree in braggin
My daughter says I'm a teen, cause like a teen
my pants always saggin and I walk with a bop
The *[?]* part of my time, I walked from my pop
No longer on timey and was never on Loud
But cooked rhymes that make the Chefs of Wu proud
I'm top cloud to rain on your show
And still "anything goes when it comes to hoes" because

[Flava Flav]
Music (c'mon) New York (c'mon) Detroit (c'mon) c'mon down!
Miami (c'mon) L.A. (c'mon) Vegas (c'mon) c'mon down!
Boston (c'mon) Tucson (c'mon) Long Island (c'mon) c'mon down!
V.A. (c'mon) Portland (c'mon) Chi-Town (c'mon) c'mon down!

[Dave (Flava Flav)]
Make you shake like, sunshine, naked shoe was once mine
Had bottom inner drawers and used to hit it from the mids
Fix your playground player or some kids'll
come stomp in your sandbox, swollen hands cocked back
No knives, no drama, no guns
No disrespectin your seed or Ma Dukes
I puke rhyme and you laugh, take a sniff
of these fricaseed raps on Carribean riffs
See last night's change was today's dough money
No time for your freestyles so roll money
No more whack albums with two joints
No more ballplayin rappers who shoot ya two points
(No more G cause I'm sick of your hip-hop!)
Your flows bore like seashores with no bitches
Switchhittin niggaz will receive no pitches
No diamonds on the field, just keep the game real
simple, see the God flows healthy
Wealth in the mind is like money in the bank
Exchange cash like thoughts in conversation
Thank you for your purchases, we dough out
and roll out the Kool-Aid, *[?]* see us pimp strut
Ain't really pimpin, I'm tryin to catch the bus
The Krush Groove ain't got shit on Cold Crush!
We dolly dolly babies cause we shootin cats
'Back to the Future' rap with Doc Brown shotgunnin it
And pantyhose your whole style and start runnin it
You dudes fiddle while we stay on the cello
The mush-in-your-room son, we stay portobello
Can't settle for the same picket white fence
I got dreams of barbed wire in front of factories pa
Still push the truck with the factories pa
I'm bound to wreck the whip and turn insurance out, make 'em shout

[Flava Flav]
D.C. (c'mon) Oakland (c'mon) U.K. (c'mon) c'mon down!
New Orleans (c'mon) Little Rock (c'mon) B-More (c'mon) c'mon down!
Memphis (c'mon) Utah (c'mon) Jersey (c'mon) c'mon down!
Atlanta (c'mon) Brooklyn (c'mon) Philly (c'mon) c'mon down!

[Flava Flav]
Yeah that's right! Flava Flav, with De La Soul
Act bold, and we knock you straight up in the hole
Y'knahmsayin? Six feet deep, that's the way that we keep, rollin
Y'knahmsayin? Operation tech sensation in the nation
Ready to take it to Penn Station, y'knahmsayin?

Yeah, ah ha ha ha *[laughing]*
Long Iz one is, that's where we is man *[laughing]*
De La Soul, you done it again!
De La Soul, you done it again! *[laughing]*
De La Soul, you done it again! *[laughing]*
Flava Flava, De La Soul, you done it again!

De La Soul Lyrics

"No"

(feat. Butta Verses, Yummy)

[Yummy]
I never can say goodbye
No no n-no I, never can say goodbye
I, I don't know the rest

[Posdonus]
We those pros, we never procrastinate (ah)
Them guardians they shouldn't let you get past the gate
Watch out dawg, the watchdog's showin his teeth
(Guess you bit too much shit) they bitin your beat
While I speak from experience, hunger and hurt
And a little bit of hate from niggaz doin me dirt
I just wash it all out with Tide and show love
to those who ride with me while I'm puttin in work

[Butta Verses]
Full-timin it, 8:30 to 6, the graveyard shift
The three months before the benefits hit
But my position went temp' to perm'
I sat and listened like an intern watchin who applied get fired
Now I'm sittin in the break room, they gotta make room (make room)
My paper stacks, put staples through 'em
So I can keep my money together
Some die-hard fans just don't want it like, "Put Pos back on it"

[Posdonus]
I'm back on it, that's why you never disappointed
We give you what we live through for real (for real)
Don't own a crown but I'm royalty
And tryin to see the royalty checks about a half a mil'
Whether off or on the chart, my cuts grips your heart
(You know we got you open) like your gut splits apart
I never pass the buck, my shoulder holds the weights
So don't beef when we don't pass collection plates

[Butta Verses]
I don't give money, I don't support the needy
Schooled in America, taught to be greedy
And everything ought to be, easy
But I never could say goodbye to my friends who get high
I wonder why, I'm rockin with that guy, it's serious
Still make him cry when the satire's hilarious
Cold for your areas, flows come in various shapes and sizes
so hot that you despise it

[Chorus: Dove (Yummy)]

Never last up to bat (no no no no)
These skills we don't lack (no no no no)
We never fall and pray (no no n-no no)
Make all the ladies say (ooh ooh baby)
You can't knock the hustle - not at all (no no no no)
Can't be budged by your muscle (no no no no)
Never ridin on E (no no n-no no)
It's De La and Butta V (drive you crazy)

[Posdonus]
Yo, if you are what you eat; some of you
cats heads between your girl's legs a lot cause y'all act too sweet
(Go brush your teeth!) Then after that
Put in a little more practice on your rhymin attack
What you write's not the least bit hot
Maybe cause your wrist is so cold from all that ice you cop
Hate to hate a playa but you know what?
I still smother ya like cheese and rockin leaves freshly cut

[Butta Verses]
And we the steak and potatoes and De La's the greatest
And ladies be on the floor thankin the Lord that He made us
I'm tellin you, I swoop her like a pelican do
You sayin - look at that pelican fly; you spittin gelatin rhymes
They shaky as shit, ugly in the mold you fit
We the square peg on the round hole, sound's soulful
Your imitation flavor is tofu
It's true we make our bed all day, and we are..

[Posdonus]
.. the world of rap! Take you back
in the days of all four hundred ways that people lack
It's that (what) authentic, big-nosed mic music
Four to five survive all night to it
I'm tryin to keep up with my Jones' and Thomas'
'til I'm broke like them New Year's Eve promises
And that's alright, I just penned another sixteen
to fill my bank account with the mixed greens

[Butta Verses]
Moms want 5's and 10's
The girls I got is 9's and 10's, VH1 "Behind The Pens"
You anticipate greatness from elder statesmen
I ch-ch-ch-AHH, like Biz Mark' or Jason
I bust one shot just to start the racing
The tortoise and the hare, which one there is chasin?
Slow and steady, we already Andretti
Get ticket take parades, waves and confetti and..

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Pos] Come on y'all

[Yummy: x4]
If the Soul keeps rockin, the streets will keep rockin
If the streets keep rockin, the Soul will keep rockin
If the streets stop rockin, the Soul will keep rockin
If the Soul keeps rockin, the streets will keep rockin

De La Soul Lyrics

"Rock Co.Kane Flow"

(feat. MF Doom)

[Posdonus]
Up in them five-star tellies sayin two mic rhymes
be them average MC's of the times
Unlike them, we craft gems
So systematically inclined to pen lines
without sayin the producer's name, all over the track
Yeah I said it! What you need to do is get back
to reading credits, we them medics
alphabetically stuck on that English shit
now, quick now, before we pour that
sureshot pure Rock Co.Kane Flow

[MF Doom]
From the top of the key, the 3 Villain
Been on in the game as long as you can wheelie your Schwinn
Turn the corner spinnin, bust that ass and get up
Dust off the mask, whoever laugh give him a head up
He got jumped, it pumped his adrenaline
He said it made him tougher than a bump of raw medicine
To write all night long, the hourglass is still slow
Flow from Hellborn to free power like Lilco
And still owe bills, pay dues forever
Slay you(s) when it comes to who's more cleverer
Used to wore a leather goose "V" with the fur collar
Hand charged a fee for loose leaf, words for dollar
Ya heard? Holla -- broad or dude we need food
Eat your team for sure, the streets sure seem rude
For fam like the Partridges, pardon him for the mix-up
Battle for your Atari cartridges or put your kicks up
It's a stick up

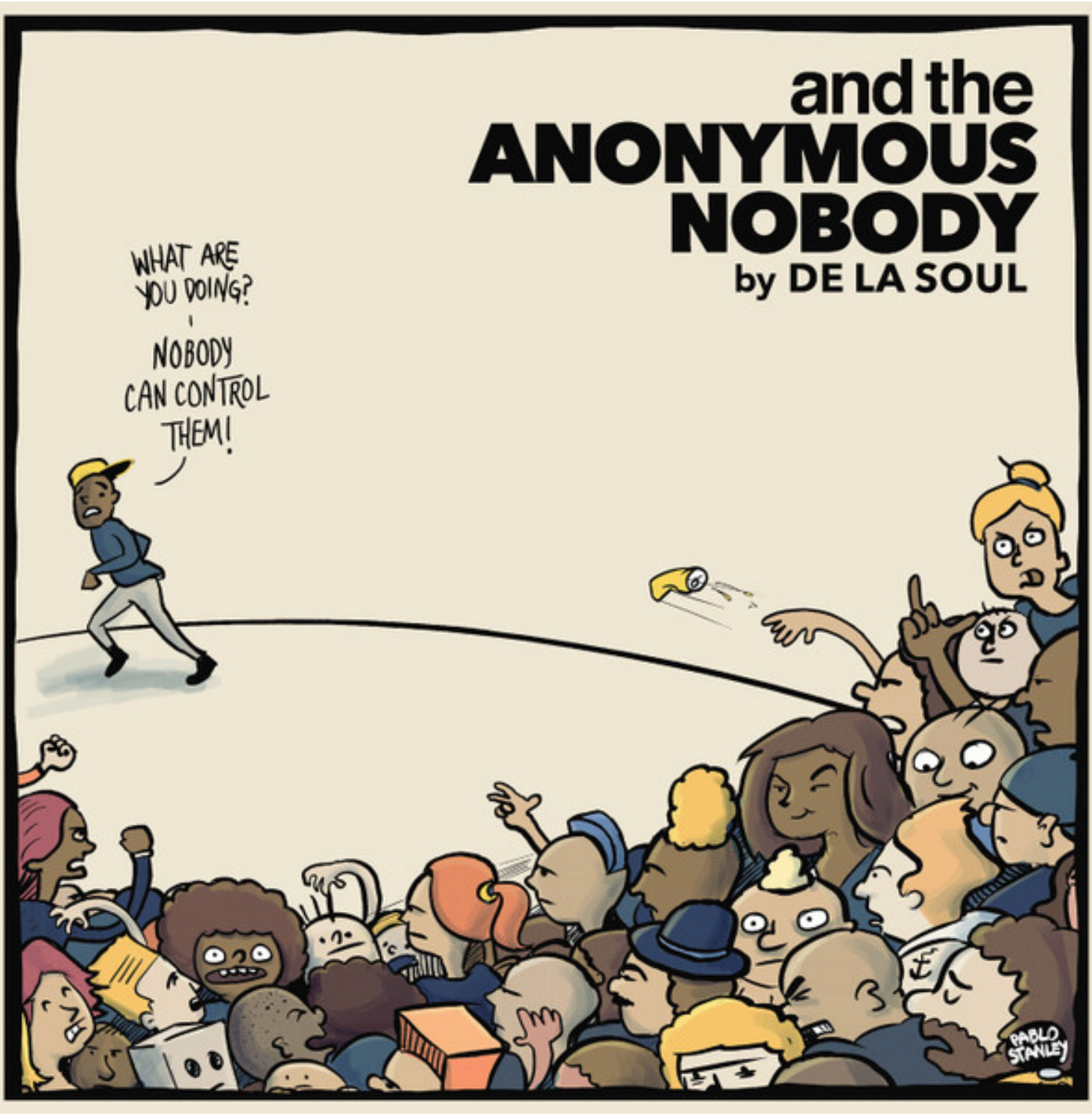
[Dave]
Now put your blix up, these Riddick Bowe cuts
is swoll like penile flicks, give 'em 20
The danger in his eyes'll let you know he's a brawler
Bring your tallest champs like that much taller
Ten pounds heavier, one step ahead of it
Vocab, stamina, style's all irrelevant
Camps and cliques, units, squad crews and clans
Even your tongues'll fuck around and leave your mouth

[MF Doom]
Doom brung that bum, there goes that news van again
Act like you knew like Toucan Sam an' 'em
He eat rappers like part of a complete breakfast
Your rhymes ain't worth the weight of they cheap necklace

String 'em up, bring 'em up under whack junk snack
And get that out your hand, punk, jump and get your dunk smacked
foul, we all know the rules bro
You slow, you blow the soup on your fools, his Impulse like Yugo

[Posdonus]
You go lights, camera, action with no makeup
We De La to the death, or at least until we break up
Here's a couple of nice guys who finished first
So nice try, but the prize is ours dispersed
They say the good die young, so I added some
bad-ass to my flavor to prolong my life over the drum
Everyone cools off from bein hot
It's about if you can handle bein cold or not!
And we was told to hop on no one's dick by Prince Paul
We stayed original ever since y'all
First to do a lot of things in the game, but the last to say it
No need to place it on a scale to weigh it
And don't do it for the plays or to raise the bar
Yet it's raised anyway, it's so amazing, are
the three L.I. brothers from a other way of thinkin
Hey your lady's winkin, I think you need to control that whore
or I('ll) have to hold that

[Dave]
The elements are airborne, I smell the success
(Yo let's cookie cut the shit and get the gingerbread, man)
Sacrifice mics and push drugs to these rappers
Puff ponies 'til I turn blue in the lips
Sippin broads like 7-Up (ahh) so refreshing
I finger pop these verses like first dates to birthdates
September 2-1, 1-9, 6-8
Too old, to rhyme? Too bad, too late


and the
ANONYMOUS
NOBODY
by DE LA SOUL
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
NOBODY CAN CONTROL THEM!
PABLO STANLEY

De La Soul Lyrics

"Genesis (Intro)"

(feat. Jill Scott)

Huh! I couldn't be nobody but myself, you know that
But then they all started talking
They were talking about love being gone
In my house
They said that there ain't much left to love
Well, there's always something to love if you're familiar enough to recognize it
I mean have you cried for anything lately?
And I don't mean for your friends or your bills or yourself
I mean, for this!
When do you think it's time to love something the most, child?
When it's successful? And have made everything easy for us, huh?
That ain't the time at all It's when its reached it's lowest and you don't believe in it anymore
And the world done kicked it and its tail enough that its lost itself!
Yes, that's when. When nobody cares. That's right. Nobody

De La Soul Lyrics

"Royalty Capes"

It's the flies
They are so annoying
(Shut up you fool, she's here)
Ladies and gents
Crystal carrying pixie peasants and warriors
Elders, ancestors, sons and daughters
Lion hearted kings and everything in between
Take a seat, be witness

You consider 'em king, about to icing on cakes
Chariots cruise at tortoise speeds
Lay your bifocals on royalty
Longer than Sears catalogue
Stern like matadors and *[?]* LPs
Mirror the crimson tide
The color of the Rubics
Them duplex fuse got your nose up
But coozy up to this warmth though
That long term froze is up
The jone is up
I get swallowed by the barracuda
Androids read raps off iPhones
I choke the blood out of felt tips
Heavy weights up to the front if the belt fits
The wealth is like ivory toothpicks
One out of each tusk
And must gets bust for each and every hiccup
Salute life when dawn breaks
Foreign colors foreign mink lapel’s on these royalty capes
I repeat, salute life when dawn breaks
Foreign colors foreign mink lapel’s on these royalty capes
Royalty

Behold this divine alignment scrolled secretly in cloud formations. Waterfall rythmes from crowns containing galaxies. Gems from past dimensions. A bond so strong it has unbreakable status. Spits hieroglyphic scripture like a god from Atlantis

Us three be the omega like fish oil
This royal right be own no rentals
Owners of the cape express
He went from the mind you ate off the plate of fundamentals
Knocked on every door of the country's red rugs
We'll lay on floors
We walk and etched in like testament
And find the atomic number 79
On Vernon's periodic table we dine upon
Sittin' on thrones gettin' blown to bits

By our royal dime, fillet of fine dinin'
News from the east sire
Them east coast kings are still findin' ways to stay on
On for play on like a damn disease
Spread the word of Ramseys and fry up a pan of these
Salute down when day breaks
And give me my checks with the same first name as the cape
I repeat salute down when day breaks
And give me my checks with the same first name as the capes
We are royalty

We are an army of stars unleashed
The sky takes notes when we speak
Our capes move with the wind
Because of the wings beneath
This is royalty
The sky takes notes when we speak
Our capes move with the wind
Because of the wings beneath
This is royalty

De La Soul Lyrics

"Pain"

(feat. Snoop Dogg)

Pain will make it better
Tell me how you feel
Look over your shoulder
Time will make it real
Give me no excuses
I know how ya feel
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better

Let me see how many palms go up high
If you've ever felt the world
Had you licked
And what you waving side to side to symbolize
Didn't help on the sand you wander quick
Big mama said "the Devil's up to no good"
But we can heal it on a Sunday with a good book
Or we can kill it on a Monday for a good look
Make it part of the campaign, to withstand pain
Me, myself, place it all on my shoulders
And give it my all, like heavy lifting
No gain without tears and sweat
They claim blue skies with white clouds, steady drifting
When pain come to get ya, it hit ya like flu
Better times will pick ya, do what you gotta do
To earn focus in the stormy weather
Come out the tunnel to the light saying

Pain will make it better
Tell me how you feel
Look over your shoulder
Time will make it real
Give me no excuses
I know how ya feel
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
(I heard the people say)
Pain will make it better
(I heard my people say)
Pain will make it better

[Snoop Dogg:]
No wetter, four-letter, mo' better
Slow pain, no gain, go getta
Change like the weather
Solid as a rock, small piece of leather

But well put together
Flames are endeavors
Time to find out that pain makes it better
Pain makes it better
Shades of epiphany, can't let it get to me
Move so differently, do it so swiftly
Ease into my style, lay mine down
King be crowned, look at me now
Teaching my classes by the masses
Used to gang bang, used to love the clashes
Now cash is the only motivation, but not for me G
I'm into public relations
That's food for you, De La Soul, word to the letter...

Pain will make it better
Tell me how you feel
Look over your shoulder
Time will make it real
Give me no excuses
I know how ya feel
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better

The bigger the headache, bigger the pill
The harder you fall, stronger the will
We came from the back of the bus
Talking wast to mobile, now we're on a house on a hill
Stronger, while filling ya gas tank
The bank was feeling your loan
The OT coudn't cover the bills
When life came with a couple of spills
But we're gonna use that pain fo' fuel so...

Give me no excuses
I know how ya feel
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
(I heard the people say)
Pain will make it better
(You and my people saying)
Pain will make it better
(I heard the people say)
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better

Your music means everything

De La Soul Lyrics

"Property Of Spitkicker.com"

(feat. Roc Marciano)

Control
Control alt
Shift command
Commanding crowds
Crowd option
Vehicle option
Instrument intern
Quantity 17 played back
Property of Spitkicker.com

[Posdnuos:]
Yo, a slow burn we are
Last long three man act to wake up your thermostat
Blood through the property line
Creative minds crossover and back
Scribble with my knife to earn that slice of life
Cut back, aim, shot the name wherever the price is right
The pain earned is the pain learned and it's talking like burn
Connect (to the same as it ever was)
Respect the lane cause it never flood, it's well irrigated
Looking for my vanity, it's there, the mirror hate it
State it, stop being an MC and give your verses more weight
For being just empty, thoughts are oxidised when I spit em out
And my lungs prefer tastes encrypted words laced to get them out home
We're removal service to get kings out the throne
(More hands on) With hands upon the neck
Of a voice magnifier over decks
The sound is found at the young's in the batch
Lovely how I let my mind flow
You can catch me in the early morning
Find me out with no yawning
Have it been asleep I'm on Q
8 in the corner pocket from the booth all 24 hours like it was our debut
Life edited my etiquette
Dreams beyond your eons
You can't wait this out
Start blitz, starring it's that crew who never call the splits convey lines made from outer spine
So the nerve of us to be so damned crushed
Grit like JDL and we sip from the grail
With a current course connect, so we not unsung
Just vets, this mission's undone

[Roc Marciano:]
We getting loot in this, removed from this
We're true in this
Baby you already know who it is

We've been doing this
We've been doing this
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish
Catch flights, hit the stewardess
We've been doing this
We've been doing this

It's a honour and a pleasure
Rappers is not try and see me like a diamond tester
I'm all alone, I'm like a silent investor
Well dressed, my suit and vest is never polyester
Keep a shottie on the dresser
My queen look like a young pepper
Up in her plump compress her
My tongue is forever under the weather, however
My heart was still lighter than a feather
Culturally, snort em like cocoa leaf
Them niggas suck more milk - no tea
I'm on the low though in my Polo tee
The show cost money but the promo's free
My pen collection is interesting
No steal, still niggas will feel threatened
My genetics is comedic
Driven in lanes I was looking angelic
Psychedelic, if you was like it I can sell it
But I don't fuck with that sweet shit, I'm diabetic
This is rapping at it's peak
The bird steady yapping at the beat
Come for parakeet
You're not unique, you're no Kool Keith
Shit is more parody
You get with the hall of rhymes distributor
The verse might rend you an Ed Sullivan

We getting loot in this, removed from this
We're true in this
Baby you already know who it is
We've been doing this
We've been doing this
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish
Catch flights, hit the stewardess
We've been doing this
We've been doing this

[Dave:]
Yo put that bread on all fours The Catcher in the Rye
New York City lights look dirty in July
4th, no fireworks will dangle in the sky
Like right there, feeling the night air
Promoting the fair fight
Square dance, men at the face off
Crooked eye letters from Madoff, apologise
Long journeys walking cold hard facts

Once you turn up there, there's no turning back
My cocaine flow's the flows that I crack
The hemline, versus all my land
What did your man?
They hard working through on the scale
I'm Joe Pressure on the disk, so messy on the disk
Puerto Rican mamis call me floppy
Leap a tall feeling in a single bound
Way over your heard like my ex-girl talking bout mind sex
(Well you're A dickhead)
Two texts away from aww shit
Cause I'm an old fart
Go campaign raise the age
Stay fresh like a pound of sage
That could rake the pound amount of figures
Watch the way they crown is staged
Sipped Crown but I was down in age
See the sailor took a sip so the whole ship drowned in grey
Classmates couldn't find a page
Had the answers written in palm over since power was played

[Roc Marciano:]
We getting loot in this, removed from this
We're true in this
Baby you already know who it is
We've been doing this
We've been doing this
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish
Catch flights, hit the stewardess
We've been doing this
We've been doing this

De La Soul Lyrics

"Memory Of...(US)"

(feat. Estelle & Pete Rock)

[Hook - Estelle:]
And it's so easy to fall back to the memory of
And it's easy to recall the good and fall into place
But you're not easy to love
I love the memory of...
I remember your face, I remember your way

[Verse 1 - Estelle:]
I remember you now
Part of my existence
I remember your face
You came in and got me
All in a day
Yeah, all in a day
I remember your lips
Do you remember the taste?
Remember family names
Your child, my child, our child
Whitney and Dwayne
Different to my world now
Remember the way
You gripped my hips so tight now?
Slow up the pace
Maybe erase, don't remember my words

[Hook - Estelle:]
Cause it's so easy to fall back to the memory of
And it's easy to recall the good and fall into place
But you're not easy to love
I love the memory of...
I remember your face, I remember your way

[Verse 2 - Posdnuos:]
How could I forget?
A ballad was born upon a demo of a fly love song
Didn't take long before the archer with the wings heard it
Shot us in the heart with a contract, he knew we were a hit
The right amount of soul with a parallel amount of grit
But the archer couldn't see the target of departure
Gave in your pink slip and called it quits
It's understood you would
Label me a mate who wronged you
Cause I kept wanting to feature
With them other females on they songs too
Your words spoken in mono for monogamy
Telling me I had to go cause I chose

Stereo for stereotypical male biology
And now I'm left setting traps
For you to fall in for me again
Who hates you to tell me
"Slow up the pace, maybe erase, don't…"

[Bridge - Estelle:]
Slow up the pace
Maybe erase, don't remember my words

[Hook - Estelle:]
Cause it's so easy to fall back to the memory of
And it's easy to recall the good and fall into place
But you're not easy to love
I love the memory of...

[Verse 3 - Dave:]
Our last trip to Vegas had me feeling like we had a chance
But chance just showed up at the wedding
I guess I didn't read the heading
"Forgive and won't erase the bitter past"
But I ain't up for kissing ass
I bought you everything your pretty feet could fit in
Put you behind the finest steering wheels
Fearing you would drive a nigga crazy
Told you grow up, but shit, you was my baby
Bits and pieces never made nothing decent
When I accommodated you, you played me like a stranger

[Bridge - Estelle:]
I remember you now (Accountability is major)
A part of what I did then
Remember your face
Just don't let me trip over memory lane
Cause time can't be replaced
And I don't want to stay

[Hook - Estelle:]
Cause, oh, it's so easy to fall back to the memory of
And it's so dah-dah-dee-dah
Dah-dah-dah-dah-dee-dah
It's so easy to fall
In dah-dah-dah-dah-dee-dah
Remember your way
Remember your way

[Posdnuos:]
It's De La featuring Estelle
With the Soul Brother Pete Rock

De La Soul Lyrics

"CBGBS"

[Posdnuos:]
Beach boy bonanza, sunrise, get up
Surfin' on a curb from inception of a set-up
Planet in black granite, halos above it
The autopsy can't top me, beloved
Dissect survival, passed on a whisper
Placed on the mother who shunned, now it's the
Boys who shot joy inside the violent
(Hell from New York) with a mars inside it

[Dave:]
This is for the bottom of the deck (yo, who got squad?)
They call us the the little goat cheese (let's get the engine, baby)
I rev it like Run, the squint in the sun
I bet you bottom dollar I get louder than a bomb
A pH balance, son, I walk the phenom
Like typo, might go, dope in the stash

[Posdnuous:]
Crooked counterfeits (we keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (straight cash)
(Cash, cash)

You're a peanut with a cashew

De La Soul Lyrics

"Lord Intended"

(feat. Justin Hawkins)

- Here come the mic dude, so just walk
Hey guys I got your mics
- About time
- What up man?
Who's mic one?
- That's me
And mic two?
- Thanks
- Let's go
Let me get this door for you
Good luck guys

One two, one two
(Hey) Yo Mase, you ready?
Mase is ready!
Yo y'all ready
Yeah they ready
We bout to burn this shit down

Yo, there's a fire in the kitchen, it's like nine cooks
The Kool-Aid got spiked with porcupines, look
Rode into Rigo, this ain't a fast track
Your tickets ain't straight, TSA your ass back
NASDAQ, IBM, the big honcho on the block
Bitch, I be him
The rock mega death, we gonna kill the Kane
Fuck everyone, bitch, bring everything
Swing like a mandolin, this ain't a sex toy
This ain't spanish fly, this hot shit
Push the dagger in the devil's eye
Slick Rick, yo, get the big dick, yo
Blow the dust covers, pick the age on it
A nose full, sniff a Rose Bowl full
New game, new players, new year
The hardest rock shit you gon' hear

You can save your soul
If we are no more
Suffer the consequences
We are the way the Lord intended

Her ass, she got it from her momma
Tits from the doctor
Fingers fiddelin' the puss
She looks like an Octa
Fresh off the pole, hanging from her hook

I'm in her Grassy Knoll to hit
Just to say that I cocked her (click, click)
My hardware is progressive
My sex crime language is leaning on obsessive
The Lord looking down, judging, the room needs smudging
But I'm over your stars screaming the moon ain't budging
Ain't from Hollis, don't need to tell you who is
But who it here raise hell, they be like "you kid"
I'm ambidextrous, liken to Dexter
Lyrical blood splatter over the texture
We live by that code, not to regret living
Electric guitar sparks and ignites gun powder
A sabbath ain't black enough to call my bluff, bitch
The killswitch just turns it louder

You can save your soul
If we are no more
Suffer the consequences
We are the way the Lord intended

Fuck everyone
Burn everything
Leaving an impression not just a dented legacy
Fuck everyone
Burn everything you see
[Not just clinging to the planet powerless to avoid
That cataclysmic impact of a massive asteroid
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Fuck everyone, burn everything
Never to surrender to the cosmic schadenfreude of only
Meeting your creator on the day you are destroyed
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Just as the Lord intended
(Just as the Lord intended)
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Burn everything
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Burn everything
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Snoopies"

(feat. David Byrne)

[David Byrne:]
In a hundred years from now
We will not recognize this place
The dollar store is filled with love
The parking lot is full of grace
Now, judges put their snoopies on
With glorious and true restraint
A child is gonna rule them all
Said the prophets of the human race

Hey now, can you picture yourself
Hey now, in the physical sense
Hey now, a subcutaneous thing
Hey now, like a mother and father

[Dave:]
Pan Am trips, circa 76, the Ritz
Papa hit the belt, to pick up at the JFK
I judge nothing, I let her know, AFK
I'm off the front porch and the front screen
Two shocks on my back, the wise look mean
They told me slow down, baby, but I'm a lummox
The 8-ball said, Dave, you in the wrong lot
Move like sloth, cut cloth with new scissors
You thinking too big, I call Nell Carter
Somebody give me a break, cut ya toe up
You put both hands up, I put four up
Can't teach a fast dog how to stand still
Mano e mano it's the hand to hand still
Somebody give me a break, the clutch went out
Tags slap hands, I'm about to man out
Can't teach a *[?]* how to stand to still
See y'all tomorrow for the man to man

[David Byrne:]
Now that was all so long ago
See the babies, they are running wild
If you get too close, they run away
So tonight we better stay inside
So whenever things don't go my way
I simply put my snoopies on
I'll share them with you, I don't mind
Let me be your microphone

Hey now, can you picture yourself
Hey now, in the physical sense

Hey now, a subcutaneous thing
Hey now, like a mama and papa

Will I ever get tired of this
Will I ever get turned around
Will I ever get old of you
Give me a break now, the clutch went out
Will I ever go back again
Will I ever get used to me
Will I ever be smart enough
How do I know if I'm totally clean?

[Posdnuos:]
It's the elastic youth, coming to size up your plastic troop
Keep a pot of caution, boil it in the hot
I wonder why, so why not
Move like a used car and you get used up wherever you are
So they say me and my crew get it new all day
Couple of shots of calamity
But don't mess with the gram to be sniffed
Too messy for the ego, when you come crashing
There ain't no airbag to dash in and catch ya
She goes down and I look down
She looks up, I don't know what to say
Yo, do that shit, yo, do that shit
But she already done done it anyway
But yo, do understand under the man
Lies another line set of value, open a shape
So when I'm speeding too fast, it don't match the brake
(Car braking hard)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Greyhounds"

(feat. Usher)

[De La Soul:]
Fresh from a bible belt town
That's what she's givin' up
Not really livin', just flesh comin' off a greyhound
Right at a blink of an eye he provides her with charm
Hides that he is a shark
Suggests a few apartments, never hints to the home
That's what he wanna do
She just wanna new zip code for an old dream
Lost in an appetite now the big apple might
Find her habit of a queen
Feel the negro that's filled with an equal match road
Destination unknown
She's Little Bow Peep
And her and her whole sheep gonna have their wool unsewn
Now the wolf give a push
Now watch her jump in with two feet
Blue heat don't know how to swim through the limbs
Everyone huggin' her, tuggin' her
Ride on the merry-go-round of four drinks and two white lines
Go fast with the fast life so she needs more
One fun fix, now a daily chore
Provide the score, written and produced so perverse
He's a pro well versed
Told her that the purse that she want
With the shoes that she love and the rent that she need paid
Can be earned with speed in a day
Escort on the high class side
Champagne glass rides
White snow waterfalls, oh how time flies
When you're flyin', crash and burn
She learned that her soul was dyin'
That's worth savin'
She's cravin' that bible belt town
So she crawls back on the Greyhound

[Usher:]
Next stop, NYC
Take your seats please
I know exactly where you're goin', I can see it on your face
I know how to get there
And I give you my word that I get you there safe
I don't need to check your baggage
I don't need to know your name
All I need to know is
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed

[De La Soul:]
Fresh new Gucci belt, bound
Fast to the city scape
Dash to deliver fate
Stashed in this duffel bag, proud
It's no scaredy cat
Life was always spared in thy name
That the gamblers fold
No chips if the scramble got cold
But them warm cushions and them soft bus seats
Push that second thought along
Beneath the roof of a Super 8, he sleeps till it's night time
Then connects in the streets like a pipe line
In dark shades he supplies dark brigades
Of lost souls with his chemical morsels
He's no lab tech
He was born into a legacy stretched from Aztecs and beyond
Assets he was drawn to
Had him spreadin' the wool over his mother's eye
He's the black sheep
His pops career driven, he's the backseat
The man on the wheel that cruises on sunrise
That the man brought eyes to his pay per view
Kind of paper make a fool shoot his statement through
And take the label too
Till he's can't *[?]*
Till a pancake pocket change the landscape
Take a short visit home in the town
It's time to re-up, it's back on the Greyhound

[Usher:]
Next stop, NYC
Take your seats please
I know exactly where you're goin', I can see it on your face
I know how to get there
And I give you my word that I get you there safe
I don't need to check your baggage
I don't need to know your name
All I need to know is
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed

By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed
Forever be changed, forever be changed
So watch where you're goin'
And this food you're chosin'
I don't need to check your baggage
I don't need to know your name
All I need to know is
By the time you arrive you'll forever be changed
Forever be changed, be changed
You'll forever be changed

De La Soul Lyrics

"Sexy Bitch"

Once upon a time for the minute by the shape of the hour
The unify finds divide in the power you
He talk us in and work us way in and devour you whole
We all know the power do
Damsel in distress, she's not
She lay a muzzle in a jigzaw puzzle
Meaning she's a straight shooter
Shooting straight in your vein
Leave your heart all tatted up
Own the blame
She lives by the name of a sexy bitch
The scratch to my itch, touch capability
Angelic lips, devilish hips
Manage to make a sandwich of a power utility
You feeling me?

Ey yo yo, what's up lady? what up?
Come here for me, come here
Oh, you ain't gonna stop for me? Word! Bitch!
- Should have never did that, atleast not to this one
Man that bitch wasn't even trying to holla at me
- It don't work that way, baby
I mean, I look good man. Man that ass fat
- You just can't look so dusty
What?
- In my days you gotta be versatile, you know
Versatile, huh? So what do you suggest I do next time, old man?
- Don't even look, don't waste your time, baby

De La Soul Lyrics

"Trainwreck"

Don't walk out there with your hand open
Good things come to those who wait
She don't even care about who she is
She don't care about nothing and nobody
Because no class, no representation
Might take on the days woman
You've got so many different flavors
You've got so many different types
We the package deal
Can't go wrong with that
Knowing how to cook a good twenty-two pound ham
Whooty-who
Nothing like a tall six-foot-five woman
For a short man like me
To fill up a good waterbed
I'm only sixty-seven
I still got lot more time to find the right one
And you do need to find the right one

She move forward like proceed
Keep heads up like nosebleed
A piece from the East, from the norm
But she off of the chain
So she cover all globally
Never be touched, so I'm holding
Bullets found a target
The gun know me
The past life bags from my memory
A fan of a large and i'm a member see
I give it to her like that fool
Sucker for love
Yeah I'm that dude
When she's on the wood
She give good oral
When I'm not with her
I get withdrawal
Lord
I'm half a man without a one to call
She claimed a mathin' man
She's a wonder-doll
She keep me floored
Pack an iron-snake on thirt(y) rims
She like the snake in her bird-tim
I'm addicted by design, a fiend
If she ever try to cut me from her team

Don't turn your back

When she's on that track
Watch out for that train-wreck
Cause when she come
You better watch your back
Watch out she's a train-wreck

[James Brown Sample]

She had me at Star-bucks
Sippin' frappuccino
I wanna grind on that coffee-bean
A couple cups of that joe is a pep-back
She'll be swinging on chandeliers
Baby got that skin
I can handle years
And I won't mind if she fucks asleep
Her mouth game is like Rap-A-Lot
Her Facebook say that she aim at this rap a lot
Online surfing for them beach boys
To bring the sand under her feet boys
She my rock bottom like last offers
Wouldn't write me off like the last offer
Even though she a bomb scare
I'm standing right here
I'm right here

Don't turn your back
When she's on that track
Watch out for that train-wreck
Cause when she come
You better watch your back
Watch out she's a train-wreck

De La Soul Lyrics

"Drawn"

(feat. Little Dragon)

[Yukimi Nagano:]
Shadow you're drawn, why don't you go?
In the corner babe watching the snow
Moving afar, rolling away
In the corner, believe, why won't you stay?
Won't you stay babe? Won't you stay babe?

Oh, I never know what come around
I never looked ahead
I'm wreckin' rules and it's pulling us down
The words I wished I'd said
Shadow you're drawn and you got your ways
Shadow you're painted red, red

Moving afar, rolling away
In the corner, believe, why won't you stay?
Won't you stay babe? Won't you stay babe?

It's drawn, it's drawn
It's drawn, it's drawn
It's drawn, it's drawn
It's drawn, it's drawn

[Posdnuos:]
One, two
Yo, I'm with the paper plate, hold
Too many dreams, a paperweight took a toll
Food on the floor, not on the wasted or knew
Or what's being pasted and know that it's not a copy
I own a prize instead of gas price
Lyrically wonder why I travel past the nicest
Born in a generation that don't generate patience
I travel too fast for you to clock me (time)
Not always a good thing
You can lose the love of your life to a lifetime of love on tour
I didn't mean to be a whore but my hormones
Had me like a fiend screamin' "What you got for me?"
Two words (I'm mortal)
But the fans slid 'em both together and remove the apostrophe
Hip hop's lords maybe but my ways needs laundering
Time's a-ticking, stop squandering!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Whoodeeni"

(feat. 2 Chainz)

Your music means everything to you

Bullet bring the gun, why pull it?
Shoot words to see who's full of it
We from the same place, land of the game face
Plug signs on the jackets
Give props, yo, like a Prop Joe package
It's illegal
How those kids can come from out of the slums and live so regal
Lose it all on a prayer to the ego
Before the loss we earn for the cause
Toast to the life though my liver won't endorse
Currently in time and my enzymes
Are in sync to digest the brink of armageddon
The bedding's over the mattress we lay with the actress
For social media to swallow us
Watch them rap peers who don't reply back
Cause they think we gon' snatch up their Twitter followers
That's some female type foolery
And your females like glue to it
She know it, the scent of a poet
Police buy restraint to cover all the angles
A nopera of operations
See one got all you in your crew all confident with courage
We'll be there jumping your square record
You be like "check it, they stretched the shit into rectangles, damn!"

Dance, freak, get out your seat
Show me that you is a real whoodeeni
Get loose y'all, get up now
Everybody, everybody get down
Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

[2 Chainz:]
Born institutionalized
My homie from N.O., find his crib with the roof on the side
FEMA asking for an address, but ain't no mailbox
Nothing left to do out here but to sell rocks
Now they got cellphones inside of the cell blocks
And my cousin on parole cause he sold Glocks
My cousin is so stuck
Told you we have more soul than James Brown
Wearing a gold watch that obviously don't work
Used to go home and rob niggas for homework
See if the chrome work
Might call your girl to see if my phone work

I'm a hood star and the trophy is a gold vert
Mouth full of gold teeth
Niggas might end up obsolete if I'm four deep
Real nigga for real bed full of new sheets
Bedroom floor filled up with the loose leafs
This is a war zone, me and a two-piece
Put another head on and make it a new piece
She be like "ooh wee", I be like "ooh wee"
I love myself so much I'm a groupie
Everybody know my verses is pookie
Had 'em all strung out like it's a drug house
When I'm in the booth I'm MJ with his tongue out
When I'm in the booth I'm Kanye with a gun out
Run in your mom house
Then I'mma lean sideways and burn out
All natural, I hope you got the perm out
I've been straightening that shit
New niggas came and tried to hate on that shit
I'mma use it now, I ain't waiting on shit

Dance, freak, get out your seat
Show me that you is a real whoodeeni
Get loose y'all, get up now
Everybody, everybody get down
Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

[Dave:]
Big drawers, where the big drawers at?
I got a case of the little head controlling the big head thinking
Played Honest Abe in the back of a Lincoln
Chopped down a cherry, American Pie varied
Next day she was on my Snapchat sexting
Had her bunny hopping a quick ten seconds
Dear Lord, forgive a nigga, I've been down with doubt
Had the frog legs, now I'mma knock this piggie out
Now Dave like to cuddle, but Dave don't play that
Like Dave had the ring, listen, Dave ain't say that
Courtships to door steps to gettin' ass, and if it's one of my broads
Keep your feet off the grass, size eleven the gas
Mash that potato till we lay in the grass
She mellow like it's a picnic
If she the mermaid, give her the fish stick
First class flight, shoot her out to the district
Wait, cancel the stallion, hold your horses
Kickstart your life and cut your losses
Look how we did 'em, ma, your boy still got it
I quit drinking, I quit the narcotics
Life's a bitch, but she seeing a therapist
This hip-hop done dilly to cameras, huh
We got stoops and *[?]* to sit on
Bitcoins Vivian Maese to bid on
But we cautious
Never undermine the hate and turn the spell on your evil forces

But this ain't the cha-cha two-step
Been a rider ever since the Schwinn gooseneck
The buck stops here, there ain't no who's next

Dance, freak, get out your seat
Show me that you is a real whoodeeni
Get loose y'all, get up now
Everybody, everybody get down
Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

De La Soul Lyrics

"Nosed Up"

And in from the door steps a dumbass struts the fool's gold
Know-it-all, and you wear it well
Funk-less in full length
Too square to stand for anything
Somebody get that man a chair

[Posdnuos:]
No matter where you opt to sit, the opposite-attract law don't fit
Repel even the docile
Always showing your nostrils, got em hostile
The way you're so uppity, till someone barks on ya
You get puppy feet
Quite a laugh, cause you don't know half, but act like you own a puzzle
And everyone allegedly under you, begging just to guzzle from your fountain of fresh
(Hashtag)
Fuck outta here, they rather stay clear
Roll up the papers and pass
While you turn your nose from the smell
Like Stanley on Fridays
Saying we should stay off the grass
As if the lines you sniff is more healthy
Delusions of prestige is not where the health be
B, you need to get it together
But nah, here comes you, part Frank Drebin, part Mr. Magoo
Stay stepping into trouble
Oh so *[?]* when you're repping for your bubble
But bubbles can get popped, exposed to reality
Watch the words that drop
There's not enough salary to cover the check
'Fore you're behind on cash
People can see you coming like 9/11 ash
Toxic till your last days
And with your shady maneuvers
No one will include you where they ass stays

Behold your royal highness of sinus
It's near 100 miles of running cause your nose needs plumbin'

Captain Nose-dive reporting for duty on the good ship Handkerchief, all aboard
And that goes for you too, Nostril-damus

He who knows nose
And from the from the rooty to the tooty he defines snooty
Somebody asked me the other day is the brother a brother
Does Kleenex wipe?
Yeah I see that

[Dave:]
Like you got one eye on top of your third
A star is born but whose claimin' that birthright
At first sight you the well dressed Park Ave sachet
Acclimated to the scent of your own tail (the bullshit)
The same bull that rage when the buck stops
You'll be walkin' on clouds but that's a smoke machine
See your dineros can't buy bliss, you high fist then
Turn into you flippin' the bird
And every man under your wing
You build your nest egg but you was spoiled rotten
Forgotten you can get robbed of your fame
Beak out like pelicans
You relishin' the fact that you stand feet from stardom
You bargain astonishin' antiques in this modern way of livin'
So tight and not a half size forgivin', you takin' the piss
You got a butler in duplex
Them two Tecs and our God won't protect ya
Can't stay in them white gloves for too long Mr. Handyman
Canaries don't chirp in your candy land
Give them motherfuckin' pigeons a hug

And then he strolls through the valley of dark
Nincompoop, simpleton
Stranger to his own father
Seldom down to get down

And just never stays up
Well, I'm yours son
We talkin' up there like a satellite

Species: canis lupus, unfamiliar
What's happening, dog?
You smell more like pig to me

La-la-la-la-la
Do-do-do-do
Be careful with your nose bro
La-la-la-la-la
Do-do-do-do
Be careful with your nose bro
La-la-la-la-la
Do-do-do-do
Be careful with your nose bro
La-la-la-la-la
Do-do-do-do
Be careful with your nose bro

De La Soul Lyrics

"You Go Dave (A Goldblatt Presentation)"

[Davey Chegwidden:]
Your music means everything to you
Are you concerned about the status of your playlist and precious collection?
We feel you, and we're here to help
Have no fear, De La Soul is here

[David Goldblatt:]
Hi, I'm Dave
And for the last couple of months
I've been waiting for every new album release in every genre
But all I've been hearing is garbage
I'm just not satisfied
Can somebody help me?

[Davey Chegwidden:]
Well Actually Dave, there's nobody
The Anonymous Nobody
Providing comprehensive substance
For you and your loved ones
We offer peace you of mind
Knowing your investment
In our music lasts a lifetime

[David Goldblatt:]
After I got my copy of the Anonymous Nobody, I felt amazing
I mean, my ears are glowing!

[Davey Chegwidden:]
Sign up today, and receive your 16 handcrafted songs sure to inspire and move you

[David Goldblatt:]
Fuck! I can't stop dancing!
Watch me nae nae

[Davey Chegwidden:]
Call us at 222-2222
Where an agent awaits to help you
De La Soul and the Anonymous Nobody
We're here for you

[David Goldblatt:]
Ooh watch me, watch me
Ooh watch me, watch me

[Davey Chegwidden:]
You go Dave

De La Soul Lyrics

"Here In After"

(feat. Damon Albarn)

Cause we're still here now
Cause we're still here now
Cause we're still here now
Yeah we're still here now
We're still

Basic or Asic
I ain't tryna waste this
Took a long time cryin', cryin' ain't a crime
I got my mom, she passed away, my daddy ain't alive
Before they murdered Fudge I prayed for more time
Had y'all on my mind all week
I missed the last
They say a better tomorrow is to sacrifice the calf
Keep that cow in the pasture, knife in the drawer
It's been a long 40 days, it's gonna take 40 more
Make it through losin' love, sorta like rock few
I made the limits, I thought that I run the gas out
When you took your last breath, I only passed out
Laid in the better place but that left me ass out
Hearin' that voice goin' dependent on memory
[?] is fakin' now and I need that energy
Fake to perfection flesh, I should be thankful
From neck to ankle I'm physically *[?]*

Cause we're still here now
Cause we're still here now
Cause we're still here now
Yeah we're still here now
We're still

Dreams
Out of eternal dreams comes delusion
(Cause we're still here now)
Ride into our *[?]* Rolls-Royce, brown
You silver shadow yeah
(We're still)
Order now beers and wine and if the bar stool's empty
(Cause we're still here now)
And time is a dogma you can't escape
You can't escape, you can't escape
You think you know it, careful what you search for
Stare it in the face
(We're still)
Seasick on Pacific swell
I did it to myself

Stare it in the face
Next day radiant blue

How you gonna recognize it?
Think he cried more than me
How you gonna let go?
Just lookin' at, starin' at his face
How, how, how, how will you ever know?
Just lookin' at, starin' at his face
How will you ever know?
Think he cried more than me
Starin' at his face
Hey, ah, How will you ever know?
Starin' at his face
(Out here the only one)
How will you ever know?
How will you ever know?
Starin' at his face

Instead I hear your voice
I hear your voice
With me
With the way
Gone for now but here to stay
But here to stay
I will always place your memory
For now

De La Soul Lyrics

"Exodus"

It's the years that we own and we earned them
See the bridges we built now are burned down
Even though a few friends just returned them
Shit and shit there we affirm them
Go the path and as always the righteous
We know darkness
So we wipe dust
From our eyes, no surprise when the broom come
We do night like the honor, the moon, sun
People think we are linked to the solvent
Of the problem that's revolvin'
Around music today but it's not true
We just do it our way cause we're not you
But we know you
We embrace you like brothers, we stow you
With an outro that's also an intro
For the east, and the west, and the central

It's the years that we own and we earned them
See the bridges we built now are burned down
Even though a few friends just returned them
Shit and shit there we affirm them
Go the path and as always the righteous
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For the east, and the west, and the central

We are the present, the past and still the future. Bound by friendship, fueled and inspired by what's at stake. Saviors, heroes? Nah. Just common contributors hopin' that what we created inspires you to selflessly challenge and contribute. Sincerely, anonymously, nobody

Beast
13 33
MCCCXXXIII
MARK BEAST
OF THE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Mark of the Beast

Beast 1333 - Mouth of Madness (Illuminati) lyrics

[Verse 1]
Worshiping Jesus, praising Allah, they praying to Buddha
It's a holy war in the age of computers
Revenge of the Arabs, Castro probably dying in Cuba
His brother through marriage, his destiny is Raul the ruler
The English is with us, North Koreans testing the waters
They sons and they daughters
Are training for American slaughter
The planet is hotter, getting hotter, hotter than lava
If I had a dollar for every time they mention Osama
The wicked are winning, the cunning are coming
They hummin', out gunnin'
The Jews are dropping bombs and they blowing up hundreds
Chavez is tripping, Venezuelan oil conglomerate
Up in Alaska the pipeline is polluting the continent
Hell with the Vatican, Benedictus conflict with f*ggots is
He don't want them changing or arranging up marriages
Babies in carriages, twisted by domestic disturbances
Urgent emergencies freakin' all your neighbors and urban kids
Hell with they purposes, gasoline is peaking and rocketin'
Is the Arab and Israeli conflict really the problem?
Just look at Obama, he shares an ancestor with Cheney
We living in horror, the television wiling for ratings
I'm tired of waiting, I got a feeling something gon happen
Ain't nobody skating, I dreamed about the splitting of atoms
I really can't fathom the chemicals our food is containing
They grabbing our children
And sticking them up in basic training
It's so entertaining to witness all these millions of people
Just gather together and worship all those symbols of evil
Let's start an upheaval, and gather in our secret societies
There's something primeval inside of me that craves notoriety–
sh** on your blessings

They tortured me in school with they lessons, and sat me in front of a man, and made me give him confession
This country's oppression's got us going through a recession
Your worldly possessions will all be taken soon with discretion
They k**ing in Burma erasing more than half of they populous
Choppers is drifting across the Gaza strip, and they mockin' us
People are screaming, the gun it bucks and scatters its metal
You know you ain't dreamin', it's just another day in the ghetto
[Verse 2]
Okinawa Hiroshima pulmonary emphysema
Soldiers up in Iwo Jima didn't need no help from FEMA
Chosen men with battle scars, galactic rhyme your battle star
Poison rays that travel days
There's many ways to land on Mars
Now they k**ing us with cars cause they overlook the fumes
Baby food that comes in jars fed to infants causing doom
Hit the lights and leave the room, people running in the street
Armageddon coming soon, microchips control your sleep
Scan your wrist and pay your debts, the sky is full of flying jets
Mixing clouds with chemicals, amazing we ain't dying yet
Every time you wash your hair or brush your teeth you dying quick. Every time you eat a hunk of steak and take a giant sh**
Every time you feed your kids I bet there are preservatives
And every time their major plan is always trying to murder us
The streets is full of mercenaries waiting for they time to k**
Worshiping the pyramid that's found upon the dollar bill
I hope you understand for real, again I'll never say it
We only have till 2012 before they come in spaceships

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Mark of the Beast

Beast 1333 - 113 Bars lyrics

Get my mothaf**in hands on this Beat (Yeah n***a)
I Told ya I was gonna get my hands on this Beat (word up)
Ima go 113 bars (On some real Hip Hop sh**)
113 (lets go!)
Ima fighta not a Lover
Yous a lover not a fighta Pai
Im getting Real Swole
Like I had a lot of Spider bites
Now throw your hands Up
Like your caught Up in a Stickup
Ima go over your head
like Jordan in a game of Pickup
And it aint really my fault that I stay Tighter than a Coochie
And it aint really my Fault that I spit rawer than some sushi
But I think it is my fault
Already Grown I know the Dilly
Cause I'm street
And I touch more White than the name Billy
More white than the name Sally
They call cause they want Brittany
I hit em with more Baggies
I keep em along with me
If something is wrong with me
Let the devil be my keeper
When we die they put us in a box
Like a pair of sneakers
And I think it's time for you to hang it up
Just like a Celly
I Done been Down route 46
And hit up all the Telly's
I Done did my share of dirt
Prolly smoked a ton of weed
And I never hit the brakes

Just like the movie Speed
What is it that these people Need?
Do they want me to destroy it?
When I walk into a Room
People rise like Unemployment
I'm a vision to Behold
When I'm rippin up the Stage
Spreadin myself out for the Bread
Like a glob of Mayonnaise
If we was still makin Records
Then I prolly melt Wax
I'm similiar to Dope Fiends
That make Mad Tracks
Listen I am what you Lack
Listen to my Whole Collection
Throw my stickers on your Car
like if you Went and Pa**ed Inspection
Rep your local Emcees
even though they dimes a dozen
Cause, some of them is sick
Like when you f** your Cousin
First it was and then it wasn't, Yo this is isn't what you think
I do this involuntarily Like when you Blink
Ima drop a couple clues
Let me drop a couple hints
Can't you see I am unique?
like a set of Fingerprints
Aint nobody got my style
Aint nobody got my Grunt
They get co*ky for a while
then get Sloppy like a c*nt
I'll be waitin out in front
like if you Went and called a Taxi
Why you riding shotgun?
when we treat you like the Backseat
Absorb this like a Maxi
Ima leave you in the Hudson
And I do this for my children
So i can Cop them Teddy Ruxpin's
come up against a Masta!
its, Rappin is my Expertise
I think yall got it f**ed up
like a Hookers Knees
Look at them and look at meI

is there really any Competition?
Calmly I'll defuse the situation like a Bomb Technician

I'm the Type of person that demands your Respect
Your skull is empty inside like a m**m Discotec
I'll suffocate a Python
and poison back a Rattlesnake
But I got a Softer Side
my little daughter Rattle Shake
Daddy playin pattycake
I'm lethal as a Ginsu
You goin have a rough time Like all the sh** I been Through
My tongue is Bleedin cause my words emerge as sharpened Razors
Lines Be
Cyanide that Travels through the vents and k**s the Neighbors
My pen is vader saber
Chop you up and k** you Later
Time is ticking like the gut on Peter pan's the Alligator
I'm the procrastinator
Chopped off my Umbilical
Because of paranoia that my mom would take my Lyrical
It's gonna take a miracle for me to get to the top
All I gotta do is keep it movin
like the hands a clock
And spit nonstop, and show you what I got inside
Stay current, stay fresh like bodies with Formaldehyde
Use the left lobe and right lobe and coordinate my Brain
While ya'll falling out of Favor and Fame like Corey Haim
This a game then I just Won it Man
I grabbed the ball and Ran It Man
I came here to Exterminate it
And take you out like Taliban
So tell me what's the matter man?
your off Point like Weathermen
Everybody got they top 10 like David Letterman
Ima be up in your top 10
all in your Graces
And you'll never find me in the same spot, like Different places
Lets take this back to basics
you Could learn a couple Lessons
I'm about to buck shots, like if I rolled with Smith and Wesson

Usher in all your Confessions
feel the Pressure you wont make it
While I'm layin In a Telly with your baby mama naked
Had to splack it, I can't take it, disrespect your Way of being
There's an energy that happens when 2 people are agreeing
Lets agree to disagree and walk the path Until it splits
But the path will leave scars on you
like Silicone Tits
Bland your Like a Bowl of Grits
man I know I got the Vision
And I'm livin high definition like a Television
Take it all or take a smidgeon
and I will go down in History
I swear to god I'll give my life for this and Claim for victory
You crackling like hickory
I'm Hotter than a Fireplace
The first place I smoked a blunt was probably a Firescape
Beast from the north aint a Chump I go Hard
And I probably got more Power in my Voice than your God
Say B.E.A.S.T
B.E.A.S.T
B.E.A.S.T
(MARK OF THE BEAST IMPRINT ON THE GUMS OF AN INFANT)

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Mark of the Beast

Beast 1333 - Angels and Demons lyrics

Yo, there's Aamon and Abaddon
And Ekimmu from babylon
Pazuzu was sumerian and fought against the Metatron
There's Abalam and Alawar and Azazel the Canaanite
Mephostopheles was humanoid and known to fly at night
Agrat Bat Mahlat was one of satan's wives
Go head and call him Azriel it's Beelzebub that rules the flies
When skimming through the alphabet of demons you see Baphomet
Dantalion's with Solomon reclaiming all his pieces bet
Set is the demon of storms you see
Evil is evil and takes different forms believe
You me there was Astaroth the ugly
And Belphegum the moabite diseased his skin was bubbly
But the biggest one is Lucifer the morning star
The enemy the tempter the accuser
Come to lay the law
He came to legions of this evil
He's the prince of the earth
Unleased a couple demons but the angels
Where there first
HOOK (2x)
Angels & demons are living among us
Angels & demons a**emble in numbers
Demons and angels they been here forever
Flame to they halos the Ebekenezer
VERSE 2
You heard about the demons
Now it's time to mention angels
The Cherubim the Nephilim the ones who wear the halos
There's Camael and Ca**iel, Elijah and there's Raphael
And Michael who's the total opposite of angel Samael
There's Israfel who's musical and Adonai who's Elohim

And Mitatron who gets it on and talks to you at night in dreams
Nathaniel always hiding things
And Ca**iel's in seventh heaven
When your born it's Layla who protects your mom
And saves your melon

Rachmiel is merciful and Rachiel is s**ual
This track was made for hip hop geniuses and intellectuals
Cathetel protects the vegetables and Duma's silent
Know this well that Jophiel's the angel of enlightenment
Uzziel is faithful up in space I pray to Forfax
Zuphlas is the angel of trees
So we pray to him for more sacks
Got to end this with a
Chitty bang a lang a dang a diggy dang
These angels coexist with man it's all part
Of a bigger plan
HOOK (2X)
VERSE 3
We are the son of man the model of perfection
Appointed guardian angels at our birth for our protection
According to the Romans Satan wanted his revenge
Because Abdiel defeated him and cast out all his friends
And the lord said unto them that by the blood of slaughtered lambs
That they lost they place in heaven
So in turn they torment man
In the Bible in the Torah and Koran they have they mentions
In reality they holding on and molding this dimension
So just follow intuition
Quietly you feel there essence
This is just an invocation
I get goose bumps in they're presence
There is darkness there is light
There is day and there is night
As vibrations tickle frequencies
I never trust my sight
Keep walking toward the light
The stench of sulphur
Nearly chokes you
It's the devil playing tricks, training the demons so they coax you
There's a battle taking place

We the people are the prize
Bite the apple have a taste
Watchful are my fathers eyes
HOOK (2X)

Beast 1333 Lyrics

America

All of a sudden it's America you're loving
More people, More Taxes More Babies in the Oven
It's a country full of carnivores in a world full of Bombing Whores
the Land of Milk and Honey has become the wife i must divorce
Missiles Implement they force Now we happy with the Pres.
I bet you from now on everybody will do just what he says
People on the street they beg dying looking or a job
The Powers in the People so the People should go start a mob
Aint nobody got to rob there's enough for Every person
Cursing, moving toward what we want and then we Thirstin'
for the Freedom if you can't join 'em beat em supercede em
Move ahead of them and then you grab they hand and try to lead em
i dont Need em what i Need is a Country just for me,
where they go to plant they seed, and your Reap it and Recieve
Fuck the Greed, Fuck the Money, Fuck the cash, Listen Dummy
you'll be gone by the Summy, everyday getting Sunny
Narcoleptic-Prophylactic's sold to us by Dirty Tactics
now they selling us our water Tainted in those Cancer Plastics
and i spit this like the Masters USA is a Disaster
Faster, Cuz they Gaining, Bastard, Blast it, Now they shooting cuz it's Drastic
I could rhyme about America I seen the States
and took a leak in everyone the potential is Great
Be awake Stop Wilin' out and Pulling out the Heaters
If you want a real Change We must Evaporate the Leaders
cuz they see through like Aleda's trying to beat us but they can't
with they Faces on they Stamps and they Paces all in Trance
America the Beautiful, America the Bold,
Americans are Starving, Americans are cold
Got a Vision of America That really doesn't fit
if you want it to Change then we Have to Commit
Politician Counterfit, Politician Led Astray
Politician take a Shit On America Today

Yesterday came and went It's today that's Imperative
And why is it the Presidency that's always Inherited
It's Evident that man, will be treated Equally
(We are now in control of your airwaves and Frequencies)
Fuck the Indecencies Chop em down to Reese's Piece
Bombing People Recently welcome to the Beast Disease
Welcome to the Melting Pot welcome to the Hell the Hot
Welcome to the other side welcome will your come inside
Don't Deny Americas not for the Meek
There's people Dying in the Street every day of the Week
Put the Pen to the Pad and the Pad to your Ear
It's a Shame it is Sad Getting Bad Over Here
And they Taking all the Money out the 401k's

And making marriage legal between two gays
Living in the last Days fugas' they stay Plotting
If it was still up to them then Blacks would pick Cotton
They the Parker Brothers with Monopolies they own the Banks
And it's time for us to Grow into Big like Tom Hanks
You in like Shawshank attack the Left Bank
It's Time for Left Flank and Rise like Dense Stank yo,
Lyrically I vomit you comet to catatonic,
puff on it like Hydroponics, No Comment we have In Common
I'm a Hundred and Ten Percent I been Sent
And they Burning the American Flag there's no sense
And shit is so tense I think we need an Evolution
And notice how I Stay away from the word Revolution
Cus' it's Televised they watching us binoculars and Following
And hit us with another Jagged Pill they made for Swallowing
They Wallowing like Pork Swine They Greasier than Pork Rinds
I feed em even More Rhymes They speed to Heed the Po Nine
Yall need this in the Oh Nine Let's Represent Democracy
George the Burning Bush that spoke to Moses with hyprocracy

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Mark of the Beast

Beast 1333 - 3 13 33 lyrics

(Intro) m**m preaching I do not know... feel free to clarify
(Verse 1)
Don't feel confused so many religions to choose I was raised to worship and pray to the king of the j**s I stay looking for clues a sign for something divine I accepted uberist and drank his blood through wine I prayed hard looking at the cross
Did my confirmation is it god who designed the universe and constellations is it god who blew the life into the lungs of adam and eve was it god that helped moses when he parted the sea I wanna believe I read the bible and started to bleed it's harder for me I come from generations of the darkness people inherited through lineage I fell into a darker evil due to circumstances beyond my control before I was conceived they promised evil my soul on your mark get set go ima live with a mess and Im relishing your anguish and temptations of the flesh Jesus catch me in a net and bring me into your divinity the demons that surrounded me have given me abilities agility and lashing tongues and Gnashing of the teeth Im prophetic having visions of the end in my sleep
(Satan! Satan ! our lord and master)
(Chorus)
3 13 33 3 plus 8's
3 13 33 every place
3 13 33 all my numbas
3 13 33 is among us
3 13 33 on your feet
3 13 33 it's the beast
(Verse 2)
Here is wisdom let him that hath understand and count the number of the beast on your forehead it has landed transactions going cashless transponders are injected walk across the sea of gla** and still remain protected lets be honest abomination of the scripture for this I am a herald spit a plague and paint a picture I

got something to fix ya forget about salvation the rapture is upon us bringing trials and tribulations no time for speculation a son of the infernos and ima live forever as long as flames'll burn eternal I'll wait a whole eternity to gain back my serenity I can't believe that holiness has now become my enemy ahead of me and back'll me Im pulling out the zachary? Zachariah I feel im burning in the fire I hope theirs a after life when everyone expires hah they liars as the zionists they conquer and know that Ima beast but I can turn into a monster

Lucifus Im use to this Ill stab you with a crucifix these entities are tempting me and revelations mentions me Im slandering acussing filling humans with illusions the master of the earth the lord of pride attempted Judus I hope you made peace with the siah with the lord with the christ with the jesus with the father with the god (Satan! Satan ! our lord and master)
(Chorus)
3 13 33 3 plus 8's
3 13 33's every place
3 13 33 all my numbas
3 13 33 is among us
3 13 33 on your feet
3 13 33 it's the beast
(Our lord and master I am not seen as thy think, I promise to serve you as long as I shall live, I renounce the other god and all the saints)

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Mark of the Beast

Beast 1333 - Holographic Universe lyrics

1st verse - Beast 1333
They missiles flying guided
Inside a world divided
I'm a lead up the Resistance
That's already been decided
Nothing will divide us
Egyptians used to get around in gliders
Trapezoids abound
There's pounds of blood and guts inside us
Arizona Wilder said Diana was a sacrifice
Bringing in the age of Horus
Pentagrams have appetites
Slaughterhouses, Abattoirs
Meatworks, Cattle Prods
Depopulation and HIV by John Rappaport
Umbaba Samahongo, Jahbulons a strange god
Great architect of the universe in a space pod
Oak leaves, Fasces, Nazi's, and V signs
Symbolisms everywhere its all up in the designs
And every time a peace sign is thrown up thats the devils claw
Did you know there was a base under the Denver airport?
Art Bell, George Noory callers with they war stories
Hotlines from east of the Rockies with all the ghost's gory
Diabolic Scientologist sedated
L.Ron Hubbard mash potatoe brain the famous
Mother of the Darkness
Castle hallways are enormous
Near the village of Muno in Belgium
Next to farmers
They programmed children
Inside the walls of that satanic building
Referred to as the Castle of the Kings
By all the noble guilded

Male Phallus, Upright Pillar and a Chalice
With a blindfold over the eyes and a balance
Theres cloudbusters, shooting quartz up at chemtrails
Applaud a vagabond dog as dog eat up your entrails
Iron up in Enfamil
High as hell of Seroquel
Depakotes a silent k**er
Rosicrucians loving hell
The Beast has risen
This underground this ain't commercialism
Women feeling good about themselves
Injecting botulism
Chorus:
You can't hide from telepathic mind control
You can't run, Draconians enslave your soul
Polar caps melt, you see the coming of Planet X
Reptilian beasts. they come to take our planet next
You can't see when so-called leaders hide the truth
You're not free - Illumitati holding the proof
Prepare for nuclear bomb blast the coming of armageddon
Strip the chip from your palm fast and send devils to heaven
LYRICS-2nd verse-Dr. iLL
Supreme Deities wit angels and demons, brain is misleadin, genetically spliced and altered and faltered for their convenience, outside they acquire galaxies- valiently rousing maladies, boundlessly founding falacies, bouncing across the boundaries of all dimensions... this sh**s perplexin, rift ya comprehension, open up ya third eye, and realize the herds blind, 6 billion sheeple all defenseless cattle to the evil after gold and human flesh our pagan sacrifices equaled, all these false gods,annunaki devils and shapeshifters like snakes slither hidden from our vision 'cept slates written in ancient times, they tried to warn us, but we didn't listen, olden wisdom banished by new systems of religion driven by the very lizards themselves, brainwashed society, illuminati in on the action wit full sobriety, the governments of earth undeniably serve the serpents, under the surface cold blooded politicians have hurt us, its urgent that we learn the purpose of this, prepare for holocaust ofbillions, kid, ya names on the list, the mark of the beast, unleashed within the physical realm exists the digits that spell the triple sixes of Hell, imprisoned in cells in underground labrynths some fell, that's where the demons be, Agharta colonies, the autonomy of atrocity, no theories or hypthesis its real as it gets, im tryna tell the population to unite as a set, its on!!!

3rd Verse
(I'll add 3rd Verse later it's not written in the description)
-4th verse---MARK DEEZ
I spit prophetic poems regarded in the omens of the ancient, mystic gifts in the midst like the spliffs, the mind's meditation, soul levitation, break barriers 2 solve the equation im hardly impatient look 2 the darkness calm 4 a spaceship, the entire human race basis in this oasis, a genetic experiment, we're a mixed breed it would seem and we're not aware of it. Religion is false, evolution is false, get down on ya knees & pray 2 the reptilian boss k**ing the cross.....Ma** media corruption, influence of the seduction, shapeshifters in the shadow behind the panel pushing the bu*tons, the Riley Martin authored novel The Coming of Tan, they done it once so what the f** does it matter if they done it again? As the cold attacks ya spinal cord I'm droppin vital thoughts we in the final war, millions of years ago they was on here on the globe with nukes k**in the dinosaurs, the prophecy from Annunaki 2 the illuminati they'll prolly body me for my philosophy....I rock the beat, it take more than you slimey snakes to topple me, I do a verse thats often tragic, conspiracy theory appear to me in this universe holographic with the thoughts of a master, throw a fit when I spit

13
33
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS
33
Birth Of The Beast

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Above Top Secret

There's things on this Planet
That are Very out the Norm
Like Mutated Children with a Power when their Born
That's Above Top Secret
(SSSHHH!)
Cuz it's Above Top Secret
(Keep it on the Low)
There's Creatures in the Skies
All inside a UFO
And they'll Never Tell the People
So we're never gonna Know
That's Above Top Secret
(SSSHHH!)
Cuz it's Above Top Secret
(Keep it on the Low)
(Verse 1)
There's a lot of Things
On Planet Earth
In Files that are Classified
We're Half as wise
As the Council of Guys
Who Keep from Prying eyes
They Hide and try
To Keep us Away
Away from what is Real
With Propaganda on Television Sets
I already know the Deal
There's Special Information
Even Hid away from Presidents
Project Blue Book officials
Destroyed All the Evidence
Majestic 12 were brought into Loop
By Harry Truman
To investigate the Bodies in the Crash
That weren't Human
There's the Chupacabra
That Was a Mistake made in a Lab
And a Silicone based Life Form
Looking like Flab
Russian Cosmonauts
Will Tell you about the Dark side of the Moon
They Lied to us
And told us Roswell was a Weather Balloon
And the Monsoons are all a Product
Of Weather ManipulationRun by H.A.A.R.P
In they Arctic Alaskan Battling Stations
Yo it's all a Ruse

It's Fox News
Keeping us Confused
I look for Clues
As Children are Injected with the Liquid Flu
(Hook)
There's Cities Underground
With a whole another Race
That We'll never get to Meet
Never Get to See they Face
That's Above Top Secret
(SSSHHH!)
Cuz it's Above Top Secret
(Keep it on the Low)
There's Knowledge that is Kept
Far away from all our Minds
Cuz they Keep the People Dumb
And they Keep the People Blind
That's Above Top Secret
(SSSHHH!)
Cuz it's Above Top Secret
(Keep it on the Low)
(Verse 2)
And Everything they Do
Is on a Need to know Basis
Underground Civilization
Hidden Oasis
The European Commission
Has 5 Levels of Secrecy
S.E.T.I. has already Obtained
Alien Frequencies
They'll never tell us
What you want to Know about our Origins
We Came From Ape Like Creatures
Who Lived for Foraging
But then they Came to Mine Gold
And Modified Genetics
Neuro Psychological Futurist Cybernetics
There's Certain Medics
That can heal your Body
With their Mind and
South Carolina sewer Creatures
Made from Grime
Ectoplasm Slime and
Ghostly Residuals
Highly Intuitive Indigo Individuals
There's Multi-Verses
And a Connection to all Dimensions
Cryotronic Bionic Evil inventions
Have already Been Designed and Engineered
It's Mind Boggling
Southern Argentina
Break the Mold Road Goblin(Hook)

There's things on this Planet
That are Very out the Norm
Like Mutated Children with a Power when their Born
That's Above Top Secret
(SSSHHH!)
Cuz it's Above Top Secret
(Keep it on the Low)
There's Creatures in the Skies
All inside a UFO
And they'll Never Tell the People
So we're never gonna Know
That's Above Top Secret
(SSSHHH!)
Cuz it's Above Top Secret
(Keep it on the Low)
(Verse 3)
Indonesian Ebu Gogo
They Trailing Sasquatch
Files are deep in the Pentagon
In a Stash Spot
There's Primary Colors
That we Never even Seen and
Microwave Brain Tumor Inducing Cuisine and
Caffeine is a Drug
So is Sugar and Flower
Commodity Exchange Trader
Making Mill's every Hour
They knocked down the Towers
Controlled Demolition on 7
It was our own Government
Who went and did 9-11
They fill up your Melon
I even Rap and Spit in they Language
They Causing us Damage
We'll Never have a Decent advantage
We're blind to the Knowledge
Left for us by Thousands of Scholars
They put the All Seeing Eye
On the back of the Dollar
We living in Squalor
But really doesn't matter Anyway
There's a Star
That is Bigger then all of the Milky Way
They Know it's going Nova
And when it Does yo it will all be Over
Look into Crypto
A Demon was Even Found in Dover
(Hook)
There's Cities Underground
With a whole another Race
That We'll never get to Meet
Never Get to See they Face

That's Above Top Secret
(SSSHHH!)Cuz it's Above Top Secret
(Keep it on the Low)
There's Knowledge that is Kept
Far away from all our Minds
Cuz they Keep the People Dumb
And they Keep the People Blind
That's Above Top Secret
(SSSHHH!)
Cuz it's Above Top Secret
(Keep it on the Low)

Beast 1333 – Children of the Sun

(Intro)

They control our Whole Lives
There's no where to run
Always trust your Third Eye
Beware here they Come
I ain't trusting no Guy
Let me tell you what they Done
Whatever may Come they did it to Children of the Sun
Who the Children of the Sun?
We the Children of the Sun
Who the Children of the Sun?
We the Children of the Sun
Who the Children of the Sun?
We the Children of the Sun
When it comes to Evolution, Humanity just Begun

(Verse)
Lock up your chatter box I'm Slicing right Through
All your Padalocks
The battered Ox
Who spreading out truth
Like they scattered Pox
The Adirondack
Temple Dwelling rap for combat make first Contact
And make my Enemies ego's Compact
Don't backtrack
It's time to trample fakes with a Raw rap
Lay more traps
As I rise in fame
Gaining more Daps
I'm all that
And have the Audacity to propose
To lynch the Mother Fuckers that taking over the Globe
They split the Hemispheres and countries with Imaginary lines
When were all tapped in
To a Unitary Mind
All hail the Powerful
My Baffling manner will leave em Mystified
Puzzling mentality Sadly you'll be Liquefied
I'll be Ubiquified the root word is Ubiquitous
My terminology of the Ancient is just Ridiculous
And I'm inconspicuous walking amongst the sleepy flock
Cameras at the intersection looking down to Peep the Block
Yo we been got
They spray the fields and then Provide the Pot
Verizon plots
Spaces on buildings for they Antennae Spots
Connect the dots and don't try to Compartmentalize
Your fecal matter contains traces of Deadly pesticides

Look at the eyes
And check the pupils in the shape of slits
And they shape shifting Faster then a ho will Flash her Tits
-Type of rotten trash is this?
Why don't we unite as one?
Is it too hard to believe that we are children of the sun?

(Hook)
They control our Whole Lives
There's no where to run
Always trust your Third Eye
Beware here they Come
I ain't trusting no Guy
Let me tell you what they Done
Whatever may Come they did it to Children of the Sun
Who the Children of the Sun?
We the Children of the Sun
Who the Children of the Sun?
We the Children of the Sun
Who the Children of the Sun?
We the Children of the Sun
When it comes to Evolution, Humanity just Begun

(Verse)
Yo it's the moon that Influences behavior patterns with Gravity
Progressive Supra Nuclear palsy inducing Apathy
Debunking all the Pharisees, travesties in these Galaxies
Gradually it had to be Fantasies fed to families that have them all Corrupted
And forgettin' about they Inner selves
We the children of the earth
They Playing with your Mental health
Disguised in Stealth
I'm infiltrating the game as I'm speaking Pai
Rock an Asabache that's warding off all your evil Eyes
When Ceaser died
They said he was rotten like Akhenaton
The solarization of Osiris was not forgotten
Motherships were docking and feeding off Helios on Gaia
Mythological chariots leaving trails of Fire
Sunna~Solar~Sire
We should focus on Cosmology
Then split up into 33 chapters like Deuteronomy
I know I left one out and according to King James
The gunpowder plot was enough to control brains
These suckas, they won't change
They chantin' invoking deities
Constellation Taurus
The 7 sisters of Pleiades
Ferocity reflection Nebulosity Socrates
Was one of the Founders of some Western philosophies
Virtue is sufficient for Happiness on this Terra Plane
Golden artifacts that represent Choppers and Aeroplanes
These rappers all the same
I'm a prophet and a lyricist

Sun light supports all life through Photosynthesis

(Hook)
They control our Whole Lives
There's no where to run
Always trust your Third Eye
Beware here they Come
I ain't trusting no Guy
Let me tell you what they Done
Whatever may Come they did it to Children of the Sun
Who the Children of the Sun?
We the Children of the Sun
Who the Children of the Sun?
We the Children of the Sun
Who the Children of the Sun?
We the Children of the Sun
When it comes to Evolution, Humanity just Begun
Yo if it wasn't for our star the sun there would be no life and no us
Why don't we unite as one is it too hard to believe that we are children of
The sun?

Beast 1333 – Mark of the beast

Mark of the beast Lyrics

[Chorus]
Watch where you go, watch where you sleep
Watch what you do, watch what you eat
Watch for your life and yourself in the least
Will you be prepared for the mark of the beast
Watch for your kids, watch for your fam
Watch good and watch close and watch for their plans
Watch as the violence and the genocide increase
Will you be prepared for the mark of the beast

[Verse 1]
Mark of the beast imprint on the gums of an infant
It only takes an instant to get you micro-chipped kid
We always get our shit kickin [???]
I watch in amazement as the people fall for more tricks
Or more sex, it's like we live our lives in a vortex
And more stress, the way we headed now, nigga lord bless
And we don't have the time to be guessin' if they is doin' it
I am the secret weapon they send out to try to ruin it
As long as I am livin' I will be the voice of common sense
Speakin 'bout the truth has now become a number one defense
I'm the leader of the resistance they came to decimate
Their plan's to word 'em out before things will begin to escalate
The thing thats gonna happen after they stick us in camps is
The micro-chips the put in us will trigger different cancers
They wanna lower the population by three thirds
To rule over the planet and roam it like free birds

[Chorus]
Watch where you go, watch where you sleep
Watch what you do, watch what you eat
Watch for your life and yourself in the least
Will you be prepared for the mark of the beast
Watch for your kids, watch for your fam
Watch good and watch close and watch for their plans
Watch as the violence and the genocide increase
Will you be prepared for the mark of the beast

[Verse 2]
The associated press broke the story 'bout the veri-chip
Six six six wrath of god with a deadly grip
Ain't no need to riffle quick now it's time to take up bombs
To blow the motherfuckin' heads off snakes tryin to cause us harm
A writing arm becomes a weapon in itself, I'm shootin' words
Undetered, eventhough the media keep our vision blured
You join your herd, smokin up their cigarettes and spittin' tar
Revelation 13:7 headed "sitting czar"

Steady headed, shitting raw, we gonn' have to fight for rights
They control the grids and prepare yourself when they kill the lights
The templar knights [???]
Bring the day the darker nights, sided by the northern light
I'm more than right, I know they wanna kill of half the populous
A one world government in a super-megalopolis
Where everyone's accounted for and not treated properly
Every human being will be looked upon as property

[Chorus]
Watch where you go, watch where you sleep
Watch what you do, watch what you eat
Watch for your life and yourself in the least
Will you be prepared for the mark of the beast
Watch for your kids, watch for your fam
Watch good and watch close and watch for their plans
Watch as the violence and the genocide increase
Will you be prepared for the mark of the beast

[Verse 3]
I'm not a piece of meat that you can trade like a commodity
There's additives in food that turning fetuses to oddities
I'm way beyond symbology, I overstand the energies
Evil is projected in the mind of all my enemies
Don't let it be, they want you like a bee workin' up in a hive
Man is a worker by nature is a bunch of bullshit lies
Look in my eyes they crimson from the heat of the eternal flame
It's all in vain the television's programmin' our little brains
They never change, I came to be the voice of all the chosen few
The laws were here before you were born, that means they chose for you
They chose for me and now I have to live with all the consequences
FEMA camps with rubber coffins, circled by electric fences
In the age of waterbearing diety called pisces
The planet will get colder as we all freeze up like ices
The symbols on your Nikes pointin everyone to saturn
Mark of the beast imprint all are barcode patterns

[Chorus]
Watch where you go, watch where you sleep
Watch what you do, watch what you eat
Watch for your life and yourself in the least
Will you be prepared for the mark of the beast
Watch for your kids, watch for your fam
Watch good and watch close and watch for their plans
Watch as the violence and the genocide increase
Will you be prepared for the mark of the beast

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Ghost in the Machine

You ever hear that little voice in your head that inner spirit?
You have to choose to listen to it if you want to hear it.
It keeps you out of trouble if you learn to take heed,
and they say it leaves your body when you die at light speed.
I sit in deep thought, thinking about my physical death,
there's critical steps,
you must take with physical flesh.
there's people possessed,
and all these out of body transcendentals.
Is it all your inner flame? Is it all your inner mental?
Our body is just a rental.
I hope our soul is eternal.
infernal external internal Mind Compartmental
all i want to know is what i have living inside of me
i feel it deep inside it divides and tries fighting me
tries inside violently
tries but dies silently
eyes are wise finally
Prime Designs eyeing me

We have it till we old.
At least that's what I'm told.
What I really wanna know is if we really have a soul?
My body it controls,
completely when I dream.
What I really wanna know is about the ghost in the machine

Does it leave us every night and come back in the early morn'?
Is it already present inside of us when we're born?
Is it part of us, or part of a galactic infinity?
Is it all neuro science or godliness and divinity?
There's trans humanists who believe in mind transfers,
I'm doing everything to attain and find answers.
Whats the breath of life? Was it really blown into our lungs?
Is there a scientific explanation for speaking in tongues?
I am a human being in tune with my inner force,
are the two souls fusing together in intercourse
I have a lot of questions and for answers I must ponder,
take a trip with me and relax as my mind wanders.
I now have the ability to think deeply and meditate,
and see myself sitting down as the astral body levitates.
The psyche is the physical.
the soul the metaphysical.
Out of body experience survivors describin' miracles.
They seen the light and returned to their bag of bones,
some of these souls stick around when they die to haunt homes.

We have it till we old.
At least that's what I'm told.
What I really wanna know is if we really have a soul?
My body it controls,
completely when I dream.
What I really wanna know is about the ghost in the machine

I really wanna know but I think that I always knew,
just listen to that little voice screaming inside of you.
We try to shut it out and overpower every word it says,
'Because it's illogical to listen to the logical words in your head.'
Instead we move ahead, instead we try to drown it out.
Im'ma tell you what I know beyond a reason of a doubt.
I know nothing.
I just started to master my reality.
Where is it the inner self goes after fatality?
If a squirrel gets ran over in the street,
where it goes?
Cuz that squirrel was alive like me,
i don't know?
Will we go to Hades? Or straight to Heaven with the virgin ladies?
They say it takes 40 days to put a soul in babies.
Meet your kinfolk,
as you're wandering and lost in limbo.
Inside a galaxy that's darker and smaller then a thimble.

We have it till we old.
At least that's what I'm told.
What I really wanna know is if we really have a soul?
My body it controls,
completely when I dream.
What I really wanna know is about the ghost in the machine

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Birth of the Beast

Beast 1333 - The Biggest Secret lyrics

As the Sun lives Its Cycles
On the Surface Of the Earth
There was a Beast who went And gathered
His Disciples
Im Flashing Logos
Secret Pyramid in Togo
Where they Meditate
Experiencing Time in Slow-Mo
Tell me the total
Of the Bodies coming Back
Its Four thousand Three Hundred and Thirty Three In Iraq
Theres Missing Children
Murdered buried in a Cellar
Murdered by the Hands of
John D. Rockefeller
These some Crazy People
Satanic Orgies up in Clergy Steeples
Bohemian Grove, Moloch worshipping
Sons of Evils
Hillbillies, Mandalay, Caveman, Stowaways
Uplifters, Owls nest, Hideaway, Isle of Aves
Lost angels, Silverado Squatters, Sempavirens
Hillside, Idlewild, Military Violence
Illumination, Illuminated Perfectibilist
Alistair Crowley Invoking the d**h from the Mist
Ordo Templi Orientis a skull and a Bone
And Next Time you in a Basilica
Look at the Dome
Cameras in Particular that look at your home
They Came from Zeta Reticuli and landed in Rome
Alpha and Omega
Arnold Schwarzenegger will be President
Even though theres marijuana Smoking Footage Evidence

Theyll make it legal
Theyll Make you Choose Between the Lesser evils
Catch you in the Dessert on your Knees
And co*k the Dessert Eagle
Ain't no Sequel
Theyll k** us all we ain't no equal people
They Treating us like flocks of Animals
Therefore we Sheeple
Blood is Regal
They Interbred for Generations
Genetically manipulated 9 Month Gestations
Fire, Water, Air, and Earth
Surrounded by the Elements
Visions of a Plentiful harvest, I'll Trample elephants
They Higher Prices
And Drew a Vulture when Describing Isis
Possessed Heads spinning in Circles like Betelgeuses
Ayatolla's, Motorolas, Coca-Cola's, Everywhere
The Chinese are Fabricating
Poison toys and Teddy Bears
Swinging them Machetes Here
Leading the Resistance
And all you got to do is Spread the Truth
And keep Insisting
And Keep resisting
Our Power always Came in Numbers
Its sad that they Got a day for Christopher Columbus
The Deficits Humongous
The Debt is now Ginormous
Politicians k**ed by Vinny Basciano Gorgeous
Help me build my Fortress
And Fortify my Cavalry
Electro Magnetic Impulse Human Being Batteries
They Worship Venus
The Obelisk is really Just a Penis
Harboring the Energy of the Sun
As it Reach its Zenith
Just Between Us

I think they Jig is up
So live it up
I had Enough

Materialistic people Live to Gather stuff
Its getting Tough but Tough is in the Eye of the Beholders
Theyve Hung up and Burned alive
Hundreds of Our Soldiers
The Drugs the Folgers
The d** are Really all the Sugar Cane
Food is Drugs too
Not just The d** up In A Hookers Vains
Saddam Husseins children k**ed
Just how he k**ed the Kurds
Blood from they Body spilled
Power comes from Spewing Words
Nothing More than Human Turds
Expendable lets flush These Dudes
Theirs More Dimensions
Than theirs combinations In a Rubick's Cube
Check the coast of Cuba
With a Scuba Tell me what you See
An underwater City stretching
As Far as the Eye can see
Yell it out , I Believe
Put a Fist over your Heart
Did you know they found Graffiti
By Napolean Bonaparte
Im off the Charts
With Die Hard fans that'll Die for Me
Cryogenically Frozen coffins with Ice Forming
Global Warming is a Hoax we listening to Infidels
Take a trip to Inner Hell and tell me Bout the Different smells
They Found some Shells
On the surface Under Martian soil
Real witches is Stinking
And Covered in they Barf and Boils
To the Victor go the Spoils
Chop the head like John the Baptist
Sacred Geometry with Masons
Pulling out Protractors
Opposites are Known attractors
Do this for My Benefactors
Urban Militias rising
Ready to take out these ba*tards
Softer than a Ton of Plaster
Sitting in the Scalding Sun
Seen a tape of Intercourse

Between a Priest and Balding Nuns
Look up at the Boiling sun
Retinas quickly Start to Char
Lungs are all Infected and soaking up tons of Liquid Tar
The world is Ours
Im trying to Wake up both The hemispheres
And you Can go and Waste your time
In Clubs drinking Up Belvedere
Im more of a Buccaneer you rotten
Bunch Of sons of Queers
As a Child they always said the Beast was way beyond HIs years
Let go your Fears
But Dont let go your inhibitions
Inheritedededed, Editedededed
Versions of they Visions
I Pledge Allegiance
To Uphold my Constitution
Psychiatric Patients involved in Electrocutions
Theres Liquid fusion Confusing to Fission
In they Laboratories
Thirteen Thirty Three can't be Put in a Category
Im the most Spiritual Lyical
Version of a Miracle
They Mimic the spirit of Lyric
And Copy Cat the Syllables

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Birth of the Beast

Beast 1333 - 7 Deadly Sins lyrics

(Hook)
Why are we Full of Lust
Envy Hate and Greed?
There will Be a Special Place
For Us in Hell Indeed
People Living Full of Wrath
Sloth and Gluttony
Pride has never Really Meant
Anything to Me
Why are we Full of Lust
Envy Hate and Greed?
There will Be a Special Place
For Us in Hell Indeed
People Living Full of Wrath
Sloth and Gluttony
Pride has never Really Meant
Anything to Me (Verse 1)
Take a Look in my Eyes
take a look in my Face
Cant you Tell that im getting
really Tired of this Place
They Conditioned your brain
every body the Same
With they Doggone Greed
trying Rocket to Fame
Aint nobody to blame
these are Part of the Sins
Peeping Excess yes
when you Roll up in Rims
See you hitting the Gym
in a Mirror so Vain
With an Ego so Big
that it Move in a Train

Always looking for Gain
know you k** for the Funds
Now you lusting after Women
trying to Get in the Buns
What we teaching our Sons?
what we Teaching our Girls?
To be Focusing on things in the Material World
got a Tongue that'll Lie
Got a hand that'll Bleed
you don't need to Smoke Weed
All you Need is to Feed
be at One with your Sins
Be at one and you'll Win
be at One when you Won
and Never Do Again (Hook)
Why are we Full of Lust
Envy Hate and Greed?
There will Be a Special Place
For Us in Hell Indeed
People Living Full of Wrath
Sloth and Gluttony
Pride has never Really Meant
Anything to Me
Why are we Full of Lust
Envy Hate and Greed?
There will Be a Special Place
For Us in Hell Indeed
People Living Full of Wrath
Sloth and Gluttony
Pride has never Really Meant
Anything to Me (Verse 2)
Now i do what is Right
fore i Did what is Wrong
Tell me what its gonna Take
for us to all Get Along?
Hickory Dickory
see me shy Away from the Trickery
But i feel it Inside
yelling Punching and Kicking me
Ima Chastise
when your eyes on them Fat Thighs
Be Keen to the Sloth
in a world Full of Fat Guys
Humility, Abilities are taking out

Pride Eyes
forget about the Fashion
Go and Rock out a Tie Dye
so Bye Bye
Thats what Happened to Fat Cat
he Lost everything He had
Betting on Black Jack
lets Back Track
Back
a Couple of Beers
Feeling Melancholic
Diabolic
all up In Here
As i Pull up a Chair
i Felt Calm and Despair
These Greedy Motherf**er Lost it
and he Yanking his Hair
Plus he had an Affair
he Gave in to the Loins
He got an Asian Prostitute yelling
k**ing for Coins (Hook)
Why are we Full of Lust
Envy Hate and Greed?
There will Be a Special Place
For Us in Hell Indeed
People Living Full of Wrath
Sloth and Gluttony
Pride has never Really Meant
Anything to Me
Why are we Full of Lust
Envy Hate and Greed?
There will Be a Special Place
For Us in Hell Indeed
People Living Full of Wrath
Sloth and Gluttony
Pride has never Really Meant
Anything to Me (Verse 3)
Theres No Point
why we piggin like Oink Oink
I wont Boink
any Ho from a Strip Joint

I keep Cool
buying Sea Food in Key Food
I Preclude
smacking people who Need Feuds
I seen Lewd
and he run with a mean Dude
Indeed Rude
if you Seen what i seen You'd
Believe me
sit in Front of the TV
its Easy
Cuz its all Full of Sleazy
lets Squegee
Everything that is Dirty
you Purty
But im way ahead of my 30's
you Girly
But i Keep it in my pants Ma
they Warring and they k**ing
As they rocking the Casbah
theres stash Spots
Full of Cocaina for the Gluttons
fore i gotta go yo
Let me Tell you Suntin
keep away from the Sins
Keep away from the Pride
keep away from the Lust
Keep away fore you Fry (Hook)
Why are we Full of Lust
Envy Hate and Greed?
There will Be a Special Place
For Us in Hell Indeed
People Living Full of Wrath
Sloth and Gluttony
Pride has never Really Meant
Anything to Me
Why are we Full of Lust
Envy Hate and Greed?
There will Be a Special Place
For Us in Hell Indeed
People Living Full of Wrath
Sloth and Gluttony
Pride has never Really Meant
Anything to Me

Beast 1333 – 2033

2033 Lyrics

Lets take it all the Way to 2033
If you ain't heard of Me Im Beast 1333 they wanna Murder Me
After the Government fell in 2012
The states of America turned into a Hell
We all fell for the Spells With the people in a Panic
On December 21st the Comet Hit up the Atlantic
The wave became Gigantic and Swallowed up the Landmasses
Many thought it was Apocalypse on they Damn Asses
3/4 of the People on the Planet Died
And a Handfull in Underground Bunkers survived
So its
6,775,000,00 Minus 3/4 equals a whole lot of your Siblings
Left surface Temperature Sizzling
(Pause
)and Evaporated everything on the Surface including Buildings
For the people that Survived
When the Comet came to Murk us
It was another 13 years before They Ever Reached the Surface
When they Finally got Outside
It was 2025
It was 67,000 people Glad to be Alive
I could not believe my Eyes let me tell you what I seen
It was Like Octopuses, Tentacles , but these Things were Machines
(Ay yo You Breaking Up)
Yo theres a Hole in the Continuum
When the Rock hit it knocked earth off its Equilibrium
And the Motherfucker didn't Hit the Planet Just by Accident
The Internet was Sentient It took Control attracted it
(What you Mean Attracted it?)
Magnetically it Charged the Poles
Attracting a Magnetic Meteorite that Will smash the Globe
(I can't believe it)
Well you better start Believing
I'm Not Reaching across time For No Reason
(what you Trying to tell me that we all Gonna Die?!)
Not you them 7 billion Other Mother Guys
If you want to stay Alive
Do Exactly what you Been Do Codex Alimentarius
Killed a Billion Hindus
Thats Really not the Issue though
Refuse they New Technologies
Spread the News and Whistle blow
And spread it through Society
And all Im asking is that you go and Alert the Masses
Remember the movie They Live?

When they made them Put on Glasses?
But this time the Glasses are Masses of Information
On December 21st Everyone to they Battle Stations
The thing thats Gonna Hit us is Gonna have a Negative Charge
So the Positive Charge on the Missiles we Send should be Large
That won't Blow it out the Stars That will Break them down Shards
To Try and Lessen the Impact
As giant pieces Fall in Yards
(Static)
(Im losing the Signal Again!)
Theres only one More thing Ima leave you Wit my Friend
The Internet a Consciousness
A virtual Living Awareness
That will be the Doom of the planet If our People Stay Careless
Keep Transmissions Airless
And disconnect your Wireless
Spread it like a Plague
And call it Codename Annihilus
The Wifi and 3G's Believe me Avoid the Mess
And the Global Positioning systems on your GPS
Digitized Cordless Telecommunications
Directional Antennaes Removed from all Nations
Theirs no time for Patience
(Static)
Im Losing Em
Tell them to Logout and Stop Using Them!

TEMPLARS OF HIP HOP
PRESENT
13
33
MCCCXXXIII
VOL.1

Beast 1333 Lyrics

MCCCXXXIII
Vol. 1

Beast 1333 - Rayo Azul lyrics

Pope and Obama
Obama Pope talk the Quickening
Project Blue Beam Plot
Deception is Thickening
Falsification of Information as they Lying
With Protocols pa**ed down
From the Elders of Zion
Precise located Earthquakes
Created Artificially
Will shake the Foundations
Of religious Doctrines Superficially
They Want to Get us All to believe
In One Global Faith
Beware the Light shows scaring Us
Are Holographic Fakes
There's satellites in Orbit
Projecting images with Lazer's
As Extremely Low Frequencies
Are Waking all your Neighbors
All Religious figures Buggin
Cuz their Faith was Misinterpreted
Especially In the Beginning
Changing what the Serpent did
Mythological, Archeological
Artifacts are Discovered
As a Three Dimensional
Holographic Mothership Hover
Electronic Universal Supernatural Manifestations seem
As An imminent Alien invasion
Rapture like dream
They Will tap into our Brains
Interlaced and Interweaving
Astonishing the Ma**es with

They images Deceiving
Loral Electrical Optical Systems
Outside of Pasadena
Have a mind Control Program
That'll change Up your Demeanor
French Canadian journalist
Murdered Him for Disclosure
They Claimed he had a Heart Attack
Lying and kept Composure
When the Moon is in the Seventh House
And Jupiter aligns with Mars
Peace and Love will guide the planet
As We learn to Steer the Stars
Regionalism on the State
Socialism Modern crisis
Age of Aquarius
Will not Be like the Age of Pisces
Welcome to the Cult of Man
Universal Membership
When they Done with All of Us
Ain't no one Gon remember sh**
National Identities will no longer
Be Commonplace
It no Longer matters
Who you Vote for or you Nominate
A new World Messiah
In a New World Paradise
With half a Billion People k**ed for Satan
As the Sacrifice
Christian Children wrapped in Black
Ceremonial Garb
As Prisoners are used
As Guinea Pigs
Walking the Yard
Communication equipment which can make
The Blind See
Neuro Muscular system to
The Brain Live Feed
Total social Control for sho'
That Just Go to Show
Low Intensity Conflict Modern Telepathic Blows

Any way It Goes we, Go Foreman of the Rumor Mill
Laboratories in Los Alamos
Quicker Than Tumors k**
Dictating, hating, waiting
Creatures of a Common Thread
Globally we'll here The Voices
Broadcasting inside our Heads
Sound effects appearing To come
From the Open Sky
Astonished Followers of Many Creeds
Ready to Die
Sodium Layer Ready the Sky
Like a screen Ready to go
Ready to Glow
Behold Below theirs rows of Joe's
Who Know it's come to Blows
With Those
That came To be the Rulers
Of the Whole Planeta
Me Caguesten en La Madre
Sin Puneta
Respeta Respeto
No sea Tan Bruto
an*lfabeto
Que yo Soy De Puerto Rico
Y En Espanol
Tambien Le Meto
Soy la Bestia
Simplemente vine'
Para Hablar Verdades
No se lleven Por Las
Creaturas que Anden en Nave
Ante que yo Acabe
Yo lo quiero que tu me escuches
Que Govierno de los Estados Unidos
Esta lleno Bullsh**
Lo que Sucede es lo Siguinte
Le Mienten a La Gente
Para obtener Poder Global
Robarle to Las Mentes
A Estos Pobre Infelices
Que no Saben casi Nada
Desde Chikitito a mi
Todas estas Cosas me Fasinaban

Quidao a quien tu Le Alava
Que Dios te Bendiga Amen
Religioso, Furioso, Pa Poso
Pika el Comejen
Soy La Vivora activa
Venenosa Cuando escupo
Que Es La Prensa que nos Tiene
A Todos como Un Bonche Brutos
Pronto van a estar de Luto
Me destaco Con mi Arte
La Nasa ya Encontrado Ruinas
En Planeta Marte
Siempre ay Algo que te Falte
Vienen a Pikarte el Canto
Debajo De la Carne humana
Paresen Lagartos
Estos Seres son Los Que Dominan
Dictan la Politka
La situacion esta bien mala
Es mas Se puso Critica
Olvidate de Psychica
Despojo de Botanica
Agentes De la FEMA
Con sus Semi Automaticas
Estan Listos para Acribillar
Borar le to Las Caras
Sin Compasion Ninguna
Viene El juego de Baraja
Carajalo Por el Rabo
Carajo estos f**ing Chavos
Son los que Tienen Las Gente
Trabajando Como Esclavos
Somos Mucho
Y ellos Poco se Te va Fundir el Foco
Cuando Pelen ese Coco
Entonce Dimen que Estoy Loco
Por Ahora alme Caso
No me Canso ni me Undo
Que solamente
Faltan Momentitos Pal Final De el Mundo
CABRONES!

Beast 1333 Lyrics

MCCCXXXIII
Vol. 1

Beast 1333 - Unmerciful Heaven lyrics

[Verse 1]
Report to P.L.O, Israeli repression, here come Mahmoud Abbas
The socio-political wing of the acronym H.a.m.a.s
No cease fire rocket attacks, even the seas is dead
Mana falling down from the sky, they consumed they evil bread
They deep state
Sending in mercenaries, them cheapskates
I never seen so many Fedayeen, laid out like Beefsteak
For pete's sake
Moving in Units all Expeditionaries
With the satellites for reconnaissance on your military
Splack a flusey
With Jericho pistols they packing Uzis
Shoulder launch multipurpose weapons just Like the Movies
Silver arrows
As micro-fragments penetrate the marrow
40 millimeter mortar flying out the barrel
Douglas skyhawks
k**ing civilians on the sidewalk
Irani side talk
Now planes are empty flying cyborgs
National defense authorization for the fiscal year
Developing security related programs out of fear
[Interlude: George Carlin]
We like war, we're a warlike people
We're not very good at anything else anymore
We like war, because we're good at it
And do you know why we're good at it?
Because we get a lot of practice
[Verse 2]
They countering Al-Qaeda, reporting requirements in fact
Wars breaking out in the Field after Legislative acts
There's cluster bombs sidewinder heat seeking, yell Salaam

It's Vietnam, explosions burn you quicker than a cd-rom
There's personnel
Billionaires as well
Platinum plate lapel
As liberation army of china reserve their personnel
Theres revolutions
Public beheadings for domestic nuisance
You cheat on your husband, a stoning be your execution
So barbaric, as they a**emble across Judea
The rocket motor helps the missile penetrate the lair
They logistical
Centuries ago they penned the Biblical
They worshipping the intellect of man revere the Physical

Rabbinicals that Moving in the Dark and dealing Body Parts
That tear apart your chest looking for Heart
With livers set apart
There's mutilations
Hostilities in every nation
Heaven have mercy they ready for d**h and patient
[Interlude: George Carlin]
Can't educate our young people
Can't get healthcare to our old people
But we can bomb the sh** outta your country, alright
That's our new job in the world, bombing brown people
[Verse 3]
It starts with misperceptions
Of the enemy's intentions
Imaginary lines as countries broke the world to sections
Upon reflection
And introspection on the matter
Things are heating up
Quicker than bubbling fritter batter
Populations actions
Oblivious to laws attraction
There's warring factions
With thermonuclear reactions
Counterfeit jihadis
With bullets spraying from a black Ducati
They shooting you from the back of the cab like Peter Gotti
King Abdullah
Judeo-Persian central asian Mullah

Sunni m**m clergy rushing as the pray to Allah
School madra**a
The smoke is pink
They'll blow your calabasas
Long range pakistanis trained to shoot from roofs on Casas
Hella Choppers
United Nation emblem helicopters
National weather service radar images are known as Doppler
Raw as Mongols
With conflict diamonds from the Congo
And where did time go?
I got a full clip for the Five-O
[Interlude: George Carlin]
Oh, you probably noticed, I don't feel about that war
The way we were told we were supposed to feel about that war
The way we were ordered and instructed
By the united states government to feel about that war
Sad to see, most americans just roll over, on command
Not me, I have certain rules I live by, my first rule
I don't believe ANYTHING the government tells me
Nothing!
Period

Beast 1333 Lyrics

MCCCXXXIII
Vol. 1

Beast 1333 - Never Back Down lyrics

You know we never back down
add another cla**ic to my catalog
Big up to all the Swedish
This time i'm rapping with Sabotage
the rapping gods
who shining bright upon
Apples in Avalon
your half as strong
& soon we'll all be Gone
Like all the Mastodons
They causing harm
there's meaning for alarm
Rub your lucky charms
Imagine all the cash it took
to keep me out the funny farm
There's something wrong
we insecure beneath they watchful eyes
Novus Ordo Seclorum
Be conscious of they evil lies
Don't be surprised
The Pineal Gland becomes your Primal eye
The three flames of the Trinity
Hovering high in the sky
& all must die
they make you try before you go and buy
The Chosen Tribe by Mandate of Heaven
were k**ed and thrown outside

We must Survive
Deformed children with the Mark of Beast
The biggest drug dealers

are these d**tores and pharmacies
the Genovese is copping all they percocets at CVS
then they trying to lock me up for carrying my CDS (Controlled Dangerous Substance)
A sh**ty mess we the blessed & best disciples of the light
Orthodox Processional Cross
to mock the Acolytes
There's Brontobytes of information pa**ing through our tissue
Absorption Coefficient 100% official
I'll officiate
over Temple of Hip Hop Initiates
A man who knows to much
stands out as the fishiest
Im Sanitizing your mind
All the Time
With my Lines
By Design
When I Rhyme
You Behind
This is Mine
& I Shine
Pay Attention to Signs

THE RASTA BUILDAS & THE TEMPLARS OF HIP HOP PRESENT
UNFUCKWITART

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Unfukwitable

Beast 1333 - Wake The f** Up lyrics

Verse 1 :
The battle is far from over and you can bet that a** the god is not sober
Even though I know I should be, Apak teach the kids how to live in a positive manner, k** pigs with a skull and bone sacred dagger
I climb Jacob's ladder, I am from the here after
This is just my shadow, an eternal dark reflection, the all, the everything, anything you can imagine, it's already been done, evolution, it's in the supreme, just stardust if you know what I mean
Trust in self ? Self conscious we all walk all alone when the time comes, even if I take you all with me, it will be the most personal and ultimate experience you will ever have to face again
Hook:
Wake the f** up sheeple
Wake the f** up sheeple
Wake the f** up!
Verse 2:
For eons I have existed, soul of a demi god, sage, indigo mystic
A being from a different star system, now here on earth for the sixthhundred and sixtyseventh time, subliminal truth trough rhymes, I just go with the times of the agesages, war on wages, control you through the speakers of web pages, many argue which you should be praising, you dumb f**s, listen closely: the name god can not sustain the true meaning, no human can even grasp or manifest the true essence, not even one percent, your brain will explode million times over and over, just know that a part of the most high resides in us all and every living creature throughout the entire universe, this is beyond spitting a verse, first things first, I wish you the best but I must advise you to expect for the worst

Hook:
Wake the f** up sheeple
Wake the f** up sheeple
Wake the f** up!
Verse 3:
I wish you the best but I must advise you to expect for the worst for the flesh is weak but the flesh can also be very strong, some master the spirit through the body in this physical dimension Mental calisthenics telekinetics super human powers and god like abilities, immortal techniques that Jesus used fuse into one with the spirit anyone is capable of achieving this believe it or not I truly don't give a f**, for you filthy worms that dwell in the lower mental plane, trapped in you own hell, reality is what you make it value your life you fool for it is a gift that is truly the most sacred and valuable
Learn how to love another, learn how to love each other, wake the f** up and recover and stop being an ignorant motherf**er Motherf**er!
Hook:
Wake the f** up sheeple
Wake the f** up sheeple
Wake the f** up!

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Yakub Genetics

Modern Robotica
space travel Gattaca
Universal Warring tribes
with Fighter Ships like Galaga
Bring the Higher Caliber Vocabular
time Traveling
Traverse a Million Parsecs
the thrust of a Mind Javelin
No babbling aloud how bow?
at a Pow Wow with a Black Mask
Think of the Facts
Yakub Genetics
yo the Genome is Packed
With Noncoding Sequences
entirely Hereditary
The chloroplast inside a Mitochondrial Cemetery
polymorphism Diversify the Species
Endosymbiotic Theory swimming Deep in Feces
check my Cell Construct
Look through the Micro leaving Awestruck
look into the sky in Tandem
Sheeple screaming Awe Fuck!
was a Scientist
He went and Created a Race of Devils
in a cave extracting Black Germ
Afrocentrism was Leveled
took 600 years to Infect
And grow the Ball of Roots
exiled from Mecca
Yakub & the Gods worked in Cahoots

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Unfukwitable

Beast 1333 - Saecred Symbolism lyrics

{Intro: Carl Jung} "The left eye,it symbolizes external vision. The right eye, it symbolizes internal blindness... With this introduction we understand now. That when were dealing with the subject of the anti-Christ, there is a lot of symbolism involved. Religous symbolism involved, which needs to be interpreted"
{Verse 1:Beast 1333} Take a look around you
As you make your rounds
Theres symbolism embedded
In every block in townyou got your Starbucks with the siren straight from Greek mythology
As the woman on the logo lure you in
Thats the psychology
The Chrysler wing Ra
The Dodge Ram depicting lucifer
The Shell Gasoline clams the sun
Folks are used to the 3's and 13's
Now everywhere you looking at
We overlooking the facts of the stats of what you cookin jack
The pharmaceutical giants have esoteric emblems
As they symbols make they way inside my well protected temple'm, I'm aware of the paganism up on all the packages
Druidic little elves in oak trees on my cracker tin
The pyramid right up on the back on all doritos
The same checks on your Nike's on your newports and speedos
What's it all about, {???} blatantly and displayed indeed they mocking us, coral us in a pent like good sheep how they flocking us,"
{Chorus: Beast 1333, Apakalypse} Apakalypse:"It's all Sacred symbolism" Beast 1333:"Do You.. You copy this" Apakalypse:"It's all Sacred symbolism" Beast 1333: "The few will leave the many; the many remain the slave cla**" Apakalypse:"It's all Sacred symbolism" Beast 1333:"Do You.. You copy this" Apakalypse:"It's all Sacred symbolism" Beast 1333:"Yah" Apakalypse:"We are the

{Beast 1333: Yeh} Resistance"
{Verse 2:Beast 1333} "Just look at target its alchemical symbol for gold and Wal-mart
With they sun symbol done sold
To the populous and living folk who live inside the radius
They live amongst us
Underneath their human skin
They Aliens!
A sense of paranoia
Stay Looking it's all over
Lucky charms are Wiccan and sick
With trick clovers
Look at CBS, the Logo the Eye is all seeing
For the time being only the few, are foreseeing what the plans about
Take another sip right out that Monster can, that's israeli numeral for number six
It's the fall of Man
Reverse it up
Peep the double ЯR
Temple Royalty
My kin throwing tats on they skin
Theres been loyalty
Machetes swing
Im reachable and active like computer pings
I'll be the first one to show you around
If you are new to things
All it really takes to deciphe
These life parasites
The people should open they eyes
Like spy satellites
High Soci ciety
Die from anxiety
The improprieties of the diocese
Cross variety
They laugh behind our backs it is wack
We lack images
Consecrated etchings in stone
Surround Villages, THE
{Verse 3: Apakalypse} " The end of the world!, actually the end of humanity!, the sheep sleep wide awake prone to live by insanity, Eye of Lucifer on the back of the dollar bill, {???????} Trilateral National Broadcasting System, Mk-Ultra distorting your vision, Eh Yo! they tellin' lies to your vision!, Sacred Symbolism is

everywhere, up on Capital Hill especially from my birds eye view... this is nothing new!!!, since day one we've been trying to warn you, upon your mental's worth of truth, bar codes on your bus cameras, on every street corner Photo-Identification Facial Recognition Software; Accurate!... like a cops Glock point blank!, to your mothers ware it {??} right forty five am government agents ransacking your crib, tiein' up your kids, Martial Law Concentration Camps are now in the prison of your own mind, your soul gets s**ed dry, you die!!!... while your still alive, the majority all of you think your just living it up!!! but truthfully your just living a lie... False Idols you worship... trapped within your own worthless flesh!, selfish! and hellish ways!..."

{Chorus: Beast 1333, Apakalypse} Apakalypse:"It's all Sacred symbolism" Beast 1333:"Do You.. You copy this" Apakalypse:"It's all Sacred symbolism" Beast 1333: "The few will leave the many; the many remain the slave cla**" Apakalypse:"It's all Sacred symbolism" Beast 1333:"Do You.. You copy this" Apakalypse:"It's all Sacred symbolism" Apakalypse:"We are the Resistance"
{Verse 4: Jah n***a Da Baptist} "The Symbolism saying more, what they seeming to say?, It's a consciously communicating to your DNA!, street lights, {??????????????????????????????}, The Male fallacy undoing the Earth balancing, In an isle perched on the dollar, the I is 13 and M in the Egyptian Glyphs, When Symbolic Triggers hit, they caused commissioned fits, The letter A comes from the ox it's not {???}, Symbolic Eoo Man Religious {??????????} conquered more , why's the medicine practice still using this?, To who {????????????????????????????????????}, intertwined Serpent spiral like nerves around the spine, {????} pharmaceutical sign that {?????????????}, Geiko-Reptilian-Cave Man-Neandtheral, The {??????} believe in propaganda malls , The project in man began when you were programmed y'all, wired to re-act when you see certain images, so {???????????????}, this is the serpents messages, the mission is to flood us with subliminal messages until it's too over whelming and no one will question it!!!!!!!!!"
{Chorus/Outro: Beast1333, Apakalypse} {Chorus: Beast 1333, Apakalypse} Apakalypse:"It's all Sacred symbolism" Beast 1333:"Do You.. You copy this" Apakalypse:"It's all Sacred symbolism" Beast 1333: "The few will leave the many; the many remain the slave cla**" Apakalypse:"It's all Sacred symbolism" Beast 1333:"Do You.. You copy this" Apakalypse:"It's all Sacred

symbolism" Apakalypse:"We are the Resistance- Resistance- Resistance- Resistance- Resistance..."

THE TEMPLARS OF HIP HOP PRESENT
13
33
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Beast 1333 Lyrics

Mad World

Yo Back the fuck Up
Out of my Way
Before I Crush You
I Might be Nice to your Face
But don't trust You
The Earth is the Deadliest Planet
To live and Troop On
These Sheeple Oblivious Women
That clipping Coupons
And their Beer Drinking, Meat Consuming, Overtiming Men
Yo the children that they Bearing
I'm doing this all for Them
This Real man this aint Pretend
I'm causing a Massive Shock
I conquer Block by Block
While possessed by the Soul of Pac
Possessed by the Soul of Big
Possessed by the Soul of Pun
I never Run From
None of them
Paid for the Things I've Done
I Even cocked back
And Let a Few Go in the Name of Justice
Came to Conquer the Scene
Like a rapping Caesar Augustus
Heres the Battle Plan
Resist and assemble a Massive Caravan
They Brain wash our Children
And train them to Fight the Taliban
So Shallow Man
The woman you're lovings about the Money
If you got None
Guarantee honey be acting Funny
Because she Programmed
Early through Disney and Prince Charming
While the Second Amendment Dissolving they Disarming
All the Idiots Believing the Hype that are Watching News
I Refuse to Infuse with Diffusal of Fascist Views

This is the Worst time Ever in History to Be Living
It's a Cold World in General People is Unforgiving
It's a hell of a Place
Were a Race of the Mostest Hostile
My Disciples are Gradually
Changing into Apostles
Left a Legacy Behind
All the Music and Things I've written
Of course I seek out the Occult
Because occult only Means it's Hidden
Pure of Heart aint no Malice or Hate
Just simple Logic
Give a Hundred Percent of Myself in Musical Projects
Rhyming Handstand
(nigga you Nice)
That's why I thank Fans
Bases is Loaded with Soldiers it's Time to Grand Slam
And Bring em Home
I Hope this penetrates and Sinks into your Dome
Don't feel ostracized
Yo My brother believe you're not Alone
You Never Were
The way that you're feelings the same & I Concur
Developing tastes for truths of the World
Became a Connoisseur
And I Prefer to be Treated equally Treated Civil
Fuck the Biases and Spewers of Ignorant Racist Drivel
We've inherited a Merited Mess
More or less Repetitive
Competitive, No Sedative
Opinions Argumentative
And the Clock Ticking
Greedy politicians leave us Slim Pickings
This the type of Knowledge always have
And Always Been Kicking

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - Trail of Thorns lyrics

Held a Staff as he Entered the Fog
He showed his Bravery
Escaping from the Beatings and Lashings
Of Modern Slavery
He cut the Tracking Device
Lost a thumb but it was Packed in Ice
A Magnesium flint Fire
Popping off for Boiling Rice
He camping out
His Breakfast consisted of a River Fish
He fashioning some boots
Out of Banana Leaves to Troop the Mish
A Trail of Thorns
He found a Cave by out cove where Whales are Born
He stumbled across a Double Headed baby Calf
A Male Deformed
On the Run
He knew what time it was According to the Sun
It slowly started sinking In
Exactly what it was He Done
Escaped his Shackles
Had to choke a priest up in a Tabernacle
Protein from Grub Worms
He Gathered up from Rotted Apples
Straight Survival
Gobs of Drops of Rain that drops with quick Arrival
Exposure to the Elements
He black and white from Vitiligo
Had a Cape On
Arrows flying through the Woods head Straight for Em
The Sounds of Dogs Barking
Starting Dipping but he Stayed Calm
A horror Dream

Direction he was running was a Steep Ravine
He started having Flashes of his Feeble Life
But not a Dream
It Felt so Real
Adrenaline was squirting bringing Spring to Heels
The Chariots of the Gods were in the Sky
Just like Ezekiel's Wheels
They Shone so Bright
That it was day as he was Dipping through the Night
His tattoo's were Showing the Eagle and Sword of Scottish Rite
Could smell the Heat
The Mossy Surface under him was Rotting Peat
The bundle of Belongings that He Carried
Was Assembled Neat
He slipped on Slate
Sliding down the Mountain in a Panicked State
Limestone was falling and Crumbling 'neath his Average Weight
The Drop was Great
He fell on top an Algae Bloom inside a Lake
A woman Staring at him the moment when he back Awake
She fished him Out
He did Three Weeks in a coma Pa**ed Out
When he came To
Thats when he Tweaked and He start to Spazz Out

The House was Wooden
Flipped over the Table splattering some Pudding
Opened up his mouth to Yell
Thats when she put her Foot In
(Are you Crazy? Calm down, you owe me one i Saved your Life
Pay me Back by Letting me Walk with you as your Humble Wife)
She thick as Hell
And she cook up food with the Intent to Feed
The Sexy look inside her eyes
Was Loving she was Yet to Breed
The Man Agreed
(Some Men were looking for me, i was being chased
I will marry you but we Need to Leave this Unsafe Place)
Got to Vacate
She dragged them half a Mile from where he Fell
They were Both Covered in Clay
Throwing Hounds off from the Smell

The Love was Good
They'll Never Find them this Deep in the Dense of Woods
Months pa**ed by and He thought that he shook them off for Good
He settled Down
Built a Bamboo house High up in the Leaves
His wifey was Pregnant and Gathering twigs to Basket Weave
He heard her Shout
Came back her legs were spread Eagle
She was pushing while she Screaming
(God Absolve me of my Evils
In the name of the King this is Vengeance!)
Out Came his Screaming Seed
(I never Loved you this in Fact will by my Final Carnal Deed!)
She grabbed the Baby
(In the Name of the King!)
Grabbed the Dagger co*king back
Stabbed the throat Split it open on Contact
Out Came the babies Brains
(He wanted you to Feel this type of Raw Pain!)
She stabbed Herself he staring at Em
Both Cadavers fresh Slain
The babies Gasping
In Pool of Blood the Mothers hand was Clasping
Pictures of the King
With a Sprig of Flowers from an Aspen
Got him Good
Escape was out the Question because he Never Could
He had to take her with Him
Thats his main regret he Never Should
He had to live the Rest of his Days
In Mental Anguish
He was Banished so Famished
The Brother forgot his Language
No more Men no more Them no Peace and no Zen
He was Never Mentioned or Heard from Again

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - Prison Planet lyrics

From Religion to Science
No Science, Religions back Again
Human Trafficking's taking Place
Deep Inside the Vatican
As Living organisms all Life is destined to Cease
Its like a Lease
Now let's speak upon some Afterlife Beliefs
So whats the Story?
Is there something
Heaven, hell or Purgatory?
Is it all thought up by a Man
As a cover Story?
Faith is Abrahamic
Put in place to dissuade Panic
No Inferno
No pearly gates, ain't no Satanic
But theres something Bigger
We all Sense it inside my n***a
'Fore we Stiff with Rigor
d**h, Mortis we must Figure
If theres Life after d**h
My d**hs a Rebirthing
Reincarnated the process i'm Reversing
Back to where i started
I started Inside another Creature
Growing in the Belly
And taking on both the Parents Features
Tendons, Connecting my muscles upon Bone
Young Rosetta Stone
Speaking the Language i'm taught Home
As I Grew
Yo i knew and i sensed that i Been done This
Always brought back to the Light

From the Still Numbness
Its the Soul
Not my body or Physical Immortality
That Really lives on through the Eons
Split Personalities
Are Fragments of Personas
Left over from other Times
So Universally accept
What i'm teaching you with my Rhymes
I can perceive beyond what you Believe
A spectrum Unbeknownst to Eyes
The ladder of Divine Ascent's
A ladder of Descent Disguised

You're worrying about your Retirement & your Pension
I am training my Brain
To Transport me to New Dimensions
See the Body is a Vessel a Vehicle
Earth Transport
Essence in a Bag
Zipped up tight like a Kids Jansport
Subjectively experiencing alternate Realities
Unitary Consciousness we share that Commonality
It never goes away or Dies
The Reason we are Born's the Sun
Without it Surface Population
Dwindling to number None
A Bigger Purpose
Its a Concept we can't Grasp
Dont Identify
With your body this won't Last
Just do the Best you Can
Think deeply and seek Answers
No Fearing of the Reaper
Not fearing it Cures Cancer
With the Slate wiped Off
Looking forward to new Starts
New Life
New beginning, Same Heart
But with New Parts
If i'm Wrong
And theres Nothing no cycling Just Pitch Black

Theres nothing i can Do
As a Human that 'gon Switch That
That'll never Happen
I want you to Close your Eyes
And be Patient
Because this gonna take you a Couple Tries
Now take a Deep Breath
Slow but Deeply like 10 Times
Think of no Words
No thoughts just a Clear Mind
And Let Yourself (Go-go-go-go)
Golden Flower Power Far
We Individually Microcosms became the Macro Gods
Just let (Go-go-go-go)
And Leave this Prison Damn It
Bodies are Containers for Souls
THIS IS A PRISON PLANET

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - Fight to Exist lyrics

Verse 1:
I think Deeply to Myself
As I Age and Reflect
Upon the Many things in Life
That I Haven't done yet
It seems the Older that I Get
Yo my days, yo they Pa**ing Faster
The Ingredients in my Life
Have been Recipes for Disaster
But I Must Progress
Cuz everybody's living overcome with Stress
Im not the only One
That's Running round with Pressures on his Chest
Don't f**ing Care
Im gonna Make it out of this Alive I Swear
It Doesn't bother Me
That ain't nobody gave a f** or Cared
It makes me Strong
Fear is for the Weak
Im Brave when all is Wrong
I take all of the Strain all of the Pain
And channel it to Songs
I'll never Cry
My Eye is on the Prize
And yo the Goal is Clear
Im working toward Something
Coming upon it Man
Im almost near can almost Taste It
Got to shake the feeling that these years been Wasted
Ninety-Nine Percent of Solving problems
When you Stand to Face Them

Things are Getting worse and bad and sh**ty
Crumby 'fore they Good
I wonder to Myself
When will I make it out this Starving Hood?
Hook:
What Kind of Corny Rotten Life is This?
(Damn Right that I'm pissed! Every Single day I Fight to Exist!)
What Kind of Horrible Type Life is That?
(Catch a Panic Attack! Its Pitch Black No More Living in Shacks!)
I have to Dig myself Up out This Mess
(I Been Feeling Depressed
But nothings Gonna Hold me Back from Success!)
My Time is Ticking brother 'Fore I Go
(Ima Learn Ima Grow, and Come Up out of This A Lyrical Pro!)
Verse 2:
Ayo Whats Up? Whats Good?
(not a Damn Thing)
Damn your Life Then
Misery Loves company
They Want you Sad Just like Them
Don't Even think of Dragging me Down
Im the Exception
Exceptionally Gifted at adapting my Perception
I have Fought
Many demons to d**h that came to take Me
Theres a God then
Why did he have to go and Forsake Me?
Growing up I Never got Nothing I wanted (EVER!)
We went on a Family Vacation together (NEVER!)
The Chips were a Quarter
Bum a Quarter for a Juice
Young Ladies having Babies
As the Ghetto Reproduce
Many Children of Abuse
Mothers Crying out to Jesus

Cuz the Biggest Murderers in the Neighborhood
Were Polices
It was Freezing Cold
Parasites we checked for them in Stool
I would Wear the Same sh**
Ever Single day to School

Out of Luck
What the f**
No money for a Cut
There were weeks we didn't even have Paper
To Wipe Our bu*ts
Hook:
What Kind of Corny Rotten Life is This?
(Damn Right that I'm pissed! Every Single day I Fight to Exist!)
What Kind of Horrible Type Life is That?
(Catch a Panic Attack! Its Pitch Black No More Living in Shacks!)
I have to Dig myself Up out This Mess
(I Been Feeling Depressed
But nothings Gonna Hold me Back from Success!)
My Time is Ticking brother 'Fore I Go
(Ima Learn Ima Grow, and Come Up out of This A Lyrical Pro!)
Verse 3:
I wouldn't have it any other Way
Was thinking just the other Day
If I had it Easy
Would I Have all of these Things to Say?
Some days I would Blaze
And Felt like Jumping off the Roof
I was Rescued by one of my n***as
We Hit the Booth
It was Late it was Great
The Music was an Escape
Had an SM-58
Recorded the sh** on Tape
What I Played Back
Sounded like the Past
A slice of Time
I was Venting Frustration
And Shocking my Friends with Rhymes
For the Bad Times
Where Really more important than the Rest
Cuz I learned along the Way
That it was Fuel for my Success
I wanted to be the Best
I wanted to Make it out
Before that I Lay to Rest
I'll show them what Im about
Not Beat
Know that sh** ain't sweet
With no Bucks

No Luck
Never say or confess that your life s**s
Will I ever make it out?
Or ever Be Living Nice?
What type of Dirty Rotten World?
What Typeof Dirty Rotten Life?
Hook:
What Kind of Corny Rotten Life is This?
(Damn Right that I'm pissed! Every Single day I Fight to Exist!)
What Kind of Horrible Type Life is That?
(Catch a Panic Attack! Its Pitch Black No More Living in Shacks!)
I have to Dig myself Up out This Mess
(I Been Feeling Depressed
But nothings Gonna Hold me Back from Success!)
My Time is Ticking brother 'Fore I Go
(Ima Learn Ima Grow, and Come Up out of This A Lyrical Pro!)

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - Blood Puddle lyrics

He had Blood on his Hands
She was Laying in a Puddle
Since the time that he was Two
People knew that he was Trouble
Had a Scar on his Neck
Healed wrong into a Bubble
Lives in Jersey City Heights
Dutchie Blunts he rolled them Double
Yo his mom was a who*e
On Palisade she in the Bar
When he was Just a Little Kid
She used to Leave him in the Car
It was a Prison for em
Summer time he almost Suffocated
And his Father was a Thief
Professional and Dedicated
Yo he Never saw his Son
He drank Coors Light and Sniffed Coke
His mom was just a Piece of Ass
A swift nut a Quick Poke
His clothes was always Dirty
No attention for the Boy
With a Wire Hanger and Piece of Cloth
He made a Toy
Then she started smoking Krills
Forgot the Rent forgot the Bills
Found her foaming at the Mouth
Half dead from all the Pills
He started Screaming for her
(Someone please come and Help my Mommy!)
The Super Coming Out
(What the Hell's the Matter Tommy?!)
He was looking at Her

Pointing as the Tenants called the Cops
The cops Knew Her
Cuz she done Gave the Precinct the Wops
His little shoes Dilapidated
Fit him tight them Dirty Reeboks
He was By Her Side
Everyday he visited the Detox
Then they Let her out
It wasn't long before she seeing Men Again
Freebase, Tinfoil pipes
And empty heinekens
The sounds of Moaning
Walls were thin she banging in the Room
Every time he Heard f**ing
Knew a Meal would follow Soon
Barely fed Him
Out Necessity he stealing since He ten
He had no Bed
No Hope
Not even any Friends
He didn't need them
Since the people that he Loved
Would always Hurt em
Wasn't Nothing to em
Graduate from Rape right into Murder
He was 17
So twisted was his Mind from all the Trauma
That he wouldn't feel Alive
Unless he caught up in some Drama
Banged a chick that came from Paterson

For hours he would Beat it
Came inside of her Like Nothing
Belly Grew cuz she was Seeded
He was bout to be a Pop
He had to rise to the Occasion
Had to switch the way he Thought
Gradually he started Changing
Got a Job
Cleaned his act up
And Moved them out the Building
Rented out a crib in Garfield

He thinking bout his Children
When his son Came
He never felt such Pa**ion
Yo For no one
He would care for Him
Change his Diaper
Sing to Him and Hold Him
It was all he ever Wanted
Saturdays he took the Fam
To a Park in Bergen County
In his brand New Mini Van
But you can't leave the trouble
You created left Behind
Cuz it has a way of Finding you
And surfacing in Time
His phone Ringing
While he driving 'round with wifey and the Baby
(Ring)
(Tommy you heard about your mom Man? I think they shot the Lady"
Couldn't help but thinking to Himself
She's Better off Dead
Made a U-Turn
Thinking bout the Rotten things she Did
He choking back Tears
Thinking bout the Past
He driving Fast At
7:30 Front of her Building he's there at Last
But there was no ambulances or Cops
Not even Neighbors there
The streets was Hot and looking for him too
He Owing Favors there
He's back to the Stoop
He seen the Doors was Flung Open
And the Hallways was reeking
Cuz someone was Weed Smoking
Started climbing Steps
Thinking bout his son back in the Car
He got three more floors to Go
He climbing up he's not Far
When he got There
Was greeted with the Door Kicked off the Hinge
Seen his mother on the Floor
Hanging on to a Syringe

There was a note on the Table
Heres exactly what it Said
(I Had to k** my Mother, For Every Single thing She Did)
He seen the Murder Weapon picked it Up
Here Come the Cops and Trouble
He Had blood on his hands
She Was Laying in a Puddle

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - Parental Guidance lyrics

Verse 1:
If you're Lost out There
In the world all Alone
If you ain't got no Place
For yourself to Call Home
If you ain't got no Love
Ain't got no one to Care for Ya
I want you to know
That the Beast is right here for Ya
I been in them shoes
I slept in the cold Gutter
No spring Chicken
Man I'm 30 years old Brother
Been around the block Nonstop
Come swap Lives with Me
Brought a world of Pain
Upon n***as that got Wise with Me
When i was young i got Rowdy and Pissed Quick
Slick talking sh** cuz my parents was Mad Strict
My parents was Mad Broke
My Family was Mad Poor
Uncles coked up
Smoking and sniffing and drank Coors
Jersey City n***as
Witty see Titties
We City Gritty n***as
Pity my committee lived sh**ty
Not rich like Diddy n***as
So i don't blame all these n***as that Flaunt cake
They never had it Ever
Now that they have it
It Feels Great
Verse 2:

If you're Lost out there in the World
And you're Sad
If you ain't got the Guidance from Mom
Or your Dad
If you ain't got no Love
Ain't got no one to Care for Ya
I want you to know
That the Beast is right here for Ya
I been in them shoes
Ate nothing but Top Ramen
I learned that Suffering
Conducive to Hot Rhyming
Nothing in this World's
An excuse to be held Back
I have never had
Cream in abundance to Green stack
I ain't never had a thing that I Wanted

Cuz Life Hard
Every night it was Rice
And fried chicken and White Lard
No birthday no nice Cards
No gifts and forget Cake
Biggest pleasure of the Day
Was a toilet to sh** Take
Was no pleasure in the Night
As i slept on them cold Floors
Ain't no hinges on the Frame
In the bathroom no Closed Doors
Was no Perk of any Kind
Little brother you got it sweet
I was freezing in the Winter Time
And Summer Swamped in Heat
Verse 3:
If you're lost out there in the World
And Lost Hope
If your parents Addicted to Coke, Meth or Dope
If you ain't got no Love
Ain't got no one to Care for Ya
I want you to Know
That the Beast is right here for Ya
I been in them shoes

Was days there was no Eating
The Super was Gone
The building had no Heating
And i don't say all these things
So you Feel Bad
I don't want your Pity
I don't want n***as to Feel Sad
The reason that i say these Things
Is so simple i want to Guide ya
In your mind plant a Seed
Intercede till it grows inside Ya
I don't care to be Famous
Or even Rich while I'm alive
As long as y'all persevere
Yo my message will still Survive
If you're lost out there
Theres a person that you can Turn to
Who you think i do this for?
Many songs different tracks to Learn to
(Gasp!)
I been in them Shoes
The world ain't nothing Nice
Im your brother Forever
Forever Dishing Advice

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - Chin checka lyrics

Chin Checka Chin Chin Checka
I dare one of y'all punk n***as Disrespect(a) ~Punk
Chin Checka Chin Checka Checka
Stepping out of Line
Motherf**er Ima Wreck Ya
Chin Checka Chin Chin Checka
Knock a n***a right off his feet
Just for the Heck(a) ~b**h
Chin Checka Checka Chin Chin Checka Checka
You don't want no Lyrical Beef
With Beast from Mecca
Verse 1:
You'll get Chin Checked, Lumped Up
Snuffed quick, knocked Out
Yolked Up, Jab-Kicked
Hair Ripped, Boxed Out
Neck choke, foot Stomp
Head bash, Gla** Lamp
Ain't got no Patience
And no Mercy for your trash Camp
sh** talker sh** Stink
Gum flapper clap Son
Testosterone is Rising
Adrenalizing for Action
Your style is Kind of wack and Tacky
Sk** level wishy Washy
Cranium attack and Cracky
Brain matter squishy Sloshy
Why you gotta talka Slick?
Don't you know that talk is Cheap?
Please stop hanging off my Dick

Before you meet Eternal Sleep
Water boiling Skin Scorch
Grabbing it to Rip a Scab
Don't be Jealous
Cuz i have everything that you wish you Had
Louisville i'll crack a Bat
Shin shatter, toe Stomp
Hungry a** Pitbulls
Wire cage, bone Chomp
Liu Kang, triple Kick
Kung Lao, blade Toss
Shao Kahn,hammer Strike
Shang Tsung, Crane Boss
Johnny Cage, split Punch
Clothesline, Face Plant
Lou Ferrig Hulked out
Box cut your Waistband
Ma**acre Machete Mode
Gash your gut Spaghetti Drop
Dick your nothing but a chode
Sting em like a Bellyflop
Blood Pressure through the Roof
Chase you down a flight of stairs
Cover you in Alpo
Then Feeding you to a Den of Bears
Barracuda Pool to Push you
Attitude is sorta Push
You's a Kinda Sorta Type
Of Lower Form of Corny p**y
Hook:
Chin Checka Chin Chin Checka

I dare one of y'all punk n***as Disrespect(a) ~Punk
Chin Checka Chin Checka Checka
Stepping out of Line
Motherf**er Ima Wreck Ya
Chin Checka Chin Chin Checka
Knock a n***a right off his feet
Just for the Heck(a) ~b**h
Chin Checka Checka Chin Chin Checka Checka
You don't want no Lyrical Beef
With Beast from Mecca

(Fatality)
Verse 2:
Never can you beat the Beast
Y'all kids is pipsqueaks
Don't be mad at because i'm Gifted
And your sh**s Weak
You will get Chin Checked
Rigor mortis Incense
Milk Carton, Missing Person
Banish you this Instant
Why'd you have to cross a line
The internet it makes you Brave?
Ball peen Mallet
For shaping your head Concave
This track is an attack
To the Slackening Competition
I'm a fix you Pussies
Like a Post Natal doc Obstetrician
Im a man on a Misson
You're a f*g your like a Half a Guy
Pillow stained from all the Times
You pussies out and had to Cry
Bloody Knuckles raw Pain
Can't walk slice Achille
Go ahead and come Test
I'll show you that i'm Twice as Willy
Lets take it to Fisticuffs
Slamming Strangulation Drop
Who knew i could get this Rough
Beat ya till they call the Cops
You're stabbed up and Banished
As you're booted from the Ciph
I will Chin Check a Motherf**er
Right in Front his Wife n***a
(Asswhooping Sounds)
Hook:
Chin Checka Chin Chin Checka
I dare one of y'all punk n***as Disrespect(a) ~Punk
Chin Checka Chin Checka Checka
Stepping out of Line
Motherf**er Ima Wreck Ya
Chin Checka Chin Chin Checka
Knock a n***a right off his feet
Just for the Heck(a) ~b**h

Chin Checka Checka Chin Chin Checka Checka
You don't want no Lyrical Beef
With Beast from Mecca

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - k** a Man lyrics

[Verse 1: Beast 1333] [Only verse]
Oxytocin Vasopressin
Hypothalamus when Stressing
Tunnel vison, muffled Hearing
Hyperventilate depression
Having problems keeping Focus
Narcissistic Rageaholic
Psychological Manipulator
Master in Symbolics
Sarcastic Dissolution
Hostile type of Mind Pollution
Highly toxic Persecutor
Seeking out your Persecution
Join the Counterrevolution
Threats I Manifest Agression
Longer lasting more Traumatic
Type of past regression Session
Contemplated Suicide
The d** will always make you Darker
Walk up on a Ledge
And have you jumping off like Peter Parker
Mentally profusely ill
Compelling men to rape and k**
Lashing out and cursing Family Members
That's how bad it Feel
Reality's a battlefield
Decapitated bodies Strewn
Behavior patterns Influenced
By the Librations of the Moon
So splendid ain't no pun Intended
Easily Offended

Type won't listen to Advice
Or nice things they've Recommended
I believe I have Descended
To a Darker Deeper Suffer Pit
And as a Result
I haven't done things I'm proud of cause of It
My Chakra spin and buzz a Bit
Its out of whack and Dark for Slaying
Is you catching the Gist
Of the picture that I've been Portraying
Years I've been suppressing Anger
Teeth are worn from always Gritting
Unrelenting unremitting
No submitting never Quitting
Venting through my clever Spitting
Make a plan and after No show
Self Loathing Tension
And agitated type Anti-Social
All's a waste in Sudden Haste
Torment the mind and act Impulsive
Emotionally, Physically, Spiritually
Act Repulsive
With a Fuse attached Explosive
I don't understand it Fully
Must be Genetics
Cause in school both of my kids are Bullies

Looks Aggressive face Expressive
Street sense is Most Impressive
Identical in Characteristics
The traits are pa**ed Recessive
Any little thing can Set me Off
There's many Triggers
I've been prayed Upon
Most b**hes is Leeches and goldiggers
But I have Desires
Setting fire tires smoking out the Liars
Meat Expires
Ain't nobody hires us because of Priors
Praise No Sires
There's a problem if you speak Authoritative
My mind remains unstoppable

So Active and Explorative
I'll k** You
Your body is bloated from Oversleeping
I am reaping Heaping's
Sweeping, no Weeping, no Peeking
Blindly Leaping
Rhythmic Speaking
Many choices I have made been Errors
Woke in cold Sweats
Frantic Confused from the Night Terrors
Woke, Visions of Pall Bearers
No time for corrective Action
Was oblivious to the Powers of Will
And Laws of Attraction
Simple Interaction
Objective arousal of my Rages
Boiling over into the Music
As I Scribble it on Pages
I am just a Person
Verse in Full Immersion
As the Nation Worsens
Curse the Ancient Merchants
Turnt to Corporation Urchins
Since there's no Reversing
Crowds are not Dispersing
Ain't no rights for Person
Black and white Diversive
Write and flash em Light in Cursive
Medias Coercive
Everybody's brainwashed and can't Recover
Theres a whole Universe for us to Find
That's still Undiscovered
Only humans quick to anger Easily
We all Get Mad
Sometimes I Will to k** a Man
And Stuff him in a Bag
But I have Learned
To not let the chemicals control Me
This is who I Am
I suffered alone
Ain't no one Console Me
Enemies that troll Me
Your bad vibes reverse Denied
I feel like k**ing in one Second

I turn from Jekyll to Hyde

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - Lemuria lyrics

Evolutionary Land Bridging
Root race were tall Hermaphroditic's
Super Bio-Dome
Hyper advanced Math an*lytics
Under Ground Pound like Riddick
Mapping Earth plate Tectonics
Future Weaponry
Unleashing Great Earthquakes & Comets
Visco Elasticize
Big bang as Universe born Blast to Size
Composed of Etheric Matter
At Mt. Meru's where it Plasticized
Had Yellow Skin
The Esoteric Continent of Plashka
Black Lemurians
Building Shelters on Mt. Shasta
Breeded Dinosaurs
They themselves were Born & came to Term in Eggs
Brown Malayan features of a Toltec
Crushed Akkadian Heads
They Chanted Tao
Centuries before they Ever chanted Ohm
The Greatest Civilization was Atlantis
Wasn't Ceasars' Rome
They Flew in Ships
Master of the ancient Wisdom slept in Orbs
With brains Three times the size of Normal Folk
To Help Absorb
Ascended Masters, Dharmic
The Yogis Conquered Matter Plane
Egyptian God Amenhotep
Preceded Akhenaten's Reign
I'm St. Germain

Planetary Buddha as well as Cosmic Christ
Theosophist Blavatsky floating city Shining Blinding Lights
Akashic mother Teachings Increasingly growing Syncretistic
Cappadocian Father
Pseudo-Dionysius of Mystics
Henry Corbin pupils of the School of all Illumination
Archetypal Gnosticism
Human Souls for Elevation
Lady Nada, Afra
The coming of Sanat Kumara
Immortal Master of the Himalayas
Praise Babaji's Father
Transmutation, Epistemological Justification
Rational empirical Approaches
Ain't no Trepidation
Transcendental Deities
The Attributes of Elementals
Goodness is Divinity
And Justice Served is Good for Mental
Swam Poseidon
Intercessions, Blessed Figures Captured Gliding
Green skin God of the Dead
Osiris Symbol Rising
Wild Coyotes, Santa Muerte Desert bound
They Smoked Peyote
Go against the Yama-Bunta
Lord of Hell it takes Guevotes
Trot through Hades
Small coins for pa**age place them in the Mouth

Prayers for the Dead
Inscribed on Catacombs they Buried South
Divine as Scriptures
Simply am a tool to help paint Vivid Pictures
Neo-pagans Supernatural Beings
Cla**ified Celestial
Proto-Indo Euro Tribe
Golden apples tossed for Scribes
Hyper Cosmic Powers of the Gods
They took on Earthly Wives

They Gathered Clouds
The symbol of a Bull or Oak is always Zeus
Growing off each others called Budding's
How the Reproduced
Had human Heads
The Body was a Lion, Tiger or a Bear
Made to eat the Corpses of their Enemies incisors Tear
Incas were Social
Vril powered battleships were Sailing Coastal
Alternating Dark and Golden Ages
At the Cycles No Show
Blazing Comet White Horse
Procession seated Avatar
Demigods, Magi
As Biblical as Balthazar
Ganesha breaking off a Tusk
Stashing food up on the Moon
Banished to the Outer Atmosphere
To Damn the Waxing Moon
Theres Solids, Liquids also Gas
Ether Seen by Mystic Seers
Permeating Fluid Crystal structures
Stood a Million years
Its Metaphysics
Prana is the Life Sustaining Vital Force
Indiscriminately sub atomic particles Change Course
Aggressive Humans dropping from they Feet
To Worship Abraham
Melchizedek
The Secret of the Gods
With Calloused Labor Hands
Conditioning they Counterparts
Can Lead them to Insanity
Krishna was the Godheads Supreme Personality
Love is Unconditional
Lord Metatron Traditional
The Great Divine Director
Lifestream was Inadmissible
Characteristic languages Inflectional Advanced
Linguistics
Human races weren't prepared
They running scared ballistic
Help to Set up Modern Lotto
Gun powder Rocket Bottles

Hyperboreal Creatures having Orgies way fore Heffner's Grotto

Radioactive Dating Data

Tropical the tribes are Scattered

Evolution Cosmologically is really all that Matters

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - Land of the lost lyrics

Intro:
(George W. Bush)
My fellow Americans, major combat operations in Iraq have ended, the united states and our allies have prevailed
Verse 1:
(Chuck Brown)
Welcome to America, the government is f**ed up, in god we trust, what?
Everybody lines up and votes to get bu*tf**ed
I don't know about you but im tired of politicians dictating my entire life
I cannot afford to not say this sh** when im on the mic
I'm a slave in the land of lost
Fighting for my freedom at any cost
Who I blame is the man, he's the boss
Shoot him in the head, with a hot .44
We communicating through grafitti on the walls
Get your ba**ball bats and chains, it's time for the war
Prophecies in the bathroom stall
I believe we should all revolt
[...]
Slavery influenced all y'all
Think of incarcerating the poor
I'm holding my gun and stay at the door
Hang around the pope [...]
The internet is a p**no store
That's a fact that you won't ignore
Television turned your brains into smores
That's something that I won't ignore
I'm a man of war, in a candy store
I'm american so yes, i want more
Mickey Dee's Frankenstein and Igor
Save our ship, f** dafur

I got roaches on my floor
Romney's Wife is a f**ed up who*e
I fitted her couple of times, so I'm sure
Skulls and Bones and the good old boys
Get smacked up with paddles and [?]
Move to the white house and start wars
Curious George I implore
You to come here and kiss the floor
We the people think your obscure
I'ma never call a man meinen Führer
Bring it boy, I'm standing right here
I hate it when girls rock boots with the fur
I'm colder than a polar bear when he says ["Bur" (?)]
Everybody says that I'm good with words
So I'ma kick rhymes while you flip birds
And I see Uncle Sam he's biting the curve
Interlude
You know what really grinds my gears? You America, f** you!
Verse 2:
(Beast 1333)
Everybody want to See
Something they can't Be
When it Come
To the Illest of Lyricist think 3
Put a 1 in the Front to make it Thirteen
Hear the Words
As they cramming together like Sardines

Yo the dream is to get it together
To Build Schools
For the children of the People
That follow the Slave Rules
Nothing cool bout the
Non-replaceable Oil Fuel
Nothing New
Bout the countries and borders and Blood Duels
Nothing ever gonna Change
Unless we change First
Ain't no Cash
Ain't no Money
Just pennies for Change Purse
In a way ain't a way

Yo they doing us all Done
In the Long Run
Stacking they money by Net Ton
Its dark as the set Sun
The sheeple have no Clue
What it do?
Clutch a couple machetes to cut Through
A couple of Guns too
While channeling Sun Tzu
Bid Adieu
What the general populous 'gon Do?
The populous don't Care
They yelling its not Fair
On they knees
As they screaming and chanting the lords Prayer
They fill us with hot air
Your head is like a Balloon
In your Room
Feel effects of the spell of the Blue Moon
They chanting and read Runes
Right after they pa** Laws
Got the game in a Sack
Like I'm Tackling Bradshaw
Then shatter your gla** Jaw
The rhythm is so Real
That I'm Rhyming
Like Buddhists that spinning a Prayer Wheel
Its hell up in Sam Hill
The Hell Ima bow Down
Name is Beast
Im attacking the Track and i chow Down
As savage as that Sounds
Get ready for more Guts
n***a what?
Cuz I'm blacking and spazzing and gone Nuts
Two Threes
As they tagging they bodies with more Ink
Blew trees independently making em all Think
Who's He?
It is I the song in one Try
Could it be i devised a style thats so Fly?
First i wasn't then i was
Appeared from thin Air
Do you care?

That the country you living in's Unfair
They living it Up there
So limited up Here
They don't care if you Live or you Eat
Respects Rare
Could beat them at this Swear
If you letting go the Fear
Yo the ends Near
Taking the Sphere this new Year
Its the Rise of the Beast
That arose from the Northeast
On your feets Together
Forming a wall of Concrete
Together my mob deep
Half a mil up in the Crowd
As we March on the White House Lawn
And Yell Loud
(crowd screams/cheers)

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - Creatures lyrics

Intro ([Albert Pike, Morals and Dogma of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry]): Lucifer; strange and mysterious name to give to the spirit of darkness. Lucifer the son of the morning. Is it he who bears the light? and with its splendours intolerable; blinds feeble, sensual or selfish souls?
Thou did not
Payday Monsanto:
Lately i'm hearing a lot of "payday you should make a lil album for the children
And teach em how the medical mafia make a k**in'
Tell em how they robbin' your mom and daddies for billions
Trainin' em for wars designed to murder millions
Show em how they made medical 'erbs the villain
Supressed technology that could have us all chillin' "
Years ago that's just how I was tilting
Puffin a spliff in Paris, up inside the Hilton
And it dawned on me undeniably
You can't claim sobriety,when you've adapted to a sick society
The world is run by the meanest of men
Most h**n addicts are cleaner than them
The music industry will never let the truth spawn
Run by the same bloods**ers who produce p**n
The same parasites that been tryin' to bomb Iran
How the f** can I compete with Viacom?
All I can do is hope I hit em with the ray gun
Tell em what to consume what to stay away from
I alone am not the one to bet on
I cannot compete with some the redstone
All I can do is hope I hit em with the light beam
Wake em up, make em go to sleep and have a nice dream

The likes of me will never be a feature
I cannot compete with these creatures
Beast1333:
The wicked men amongst us, merciless, mustard gas is tested on our servicemen
Bioweapon research, intensified advertisements
The guinea pigs were chosen the people of Guatemala, were injected with syphilis lethally for a dollar
General Douglas MacArthur and Shirō Ishii the surgeon
Live vivisections of humans gutted like sturgeon
Project Oakridge, the weapons grade plutonium injections
Yo they never bring any of these things up at elections
Mr President tell me about some Project 68, mind control, televiews, Project MKULTRA
The state knows everything about you down
Down to the last penny, a majority of sheeple in this country livin' unconcerned
Drug induced comas on patients that would persist for months
Mutagenic gases released and they causing painful bumps
Yellow fluid leaking boils,constant rising price of oil, the Navy spray pathogens over San Francisco
The soils over saturated they even release mosquitos
To spread yellow fever over Atlantic City casinos
Most of the victims they died or suffered amnesia, coughing up blood from a pulmonary edema
Insane asylum patients were tricked into prostitution
Operation Paperclip saved them from prosecution
Is it me or do they think peoples life ain't worth a damn?
Hell of a jam
The song is over now its time for us to scram

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - Property of the state lyrics

They want us dead
After you're 30, you dead weight
You are a slave of the government, property of the state
If you depend upon the EBT, depend upon the section 8
You are slave of the government, property of the state
If you mate the child or the children you procreate become
Slaves of the government, property of the state
We took the bait, now FEMA gon' stuff us in train freights
You are a slave of the government, property of the state
Here we go, soon as your mother had you squeezed you out the hole
You were born into a world where there's evil men in control
The laws have already pa**ed; we've never had any choice
We've never had any rights; we've never had any voices
It's all a mental projection confusion of an illusion
In this jail with no bars and no privacy, just intrusion
Every dollar that you make with their symbol on it, yo half is theirs
The federal reserve is a private company no one cares
The ____shares forever indebted to all the thieving banks
Then they go and bail em out with your money, we have we to thank
I never have agreed to this, they never have consulted us
9/11 commission report you have insulted us
They k** their own people, dispensable pawns of politricks
Becoming used to their apprehensable forms of politics
We sinking deeper, 312 million walking sleepers
Why you worried about the Nike yeezy Kanye West sneaker?
They want us dead
After you're 30, you dead weight
You are a slave of the government, property of the state

If you depend upon the EBT, depend upon the section 8
You are slave of the government, property of the state
If you mate the child or the children you procreate become
Slaves of the government, property of the state
We took the bait, now FEMA gon' stuff us in train freights
You are a slave of the government, property of the state
What you really should be worried about is the speaker of the house
John Boehner was unanimously chosen in the crowd
A bunch of blue bloods developing marketing to sell us new d**
No group hugs and every elections a crew of new thugs
No news plugs for speaking against the administration
The lobbyists, the ma**ive donations from corporations
The backroom deals in the dark and the secret payoffs
While the regular folks are so broke that they have to layoff
The force of workers anyway they can jerk they exploit us

Even fluoridate the water that you bathe in after coïtus
Every time you take a breath, every time breathe in air
Unaware of the toxins and chemicals that's up in there
The scientists are prepared and propagate their toxin fumes
Cuz their goal is to try to shorten life from 30 to the tome
Your 20's is the spend in peak, then college come with all the loans
Everybody's destiny is a coffin full of hair and bone
They want us dead
After your 30, you dead weight
You are a slave of the government, property of the state
If you depend upon the EBT, depend upon the section 8
You are slave of the government, property of the state
If you mate the child or the children you procreate become
Slaves of the government, property of the state
We took the bait, now FEMA gon' stuff us in train freights
You are a slave of the government, property of the state
Them telephones the one's that you putting up to your ears
Are fine and handy but longterm _____
I know survival gear escaping no time to prepare a family plan
When sh** goes down you'll be trapped up inside the family van
And stuck in traffic good thing that my memory is photographic
Couple of escape routes I've memorized real choreographic
Do you have your rations saved? Tank of drinking water stored?
Do you have machetes and weapons? Forget the circuit boards

And anything that has to do with plugged in electronics
When the skies open up and the frequencies _____
End of days, scaring and working us up into a craze
My crew been trained, your crew can be trained too
To use the brains and fight the lies, if I survive alive, I'll finally finalize
My final mission, before you find yourself without a pot to piss in
Listen well and realize, don't sit around and wait
You are a slave of the government, property of the state
They want us dead
After you're 30, you dead weight
You are a slave of the government, property of the state
If you depend upon the EBT, depend upon the section 8
You are slave of the government, property of the state
If you mate the child or the children you procreate become
Slaves of the government, property of the state
We took the bait, now FEMA gon' stuff us in train freights
You are a slave of the government, property of the state

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - The Andromeda Strain lyrics

Unknown Speaker: "Thank you very much. Today I want you to open your mind!... open your mind to the possibility that one day we will make contact with an intelligent civilization in outer space that could be thousands, millions years ahead of us in technology"
Detach my Brain
Escape my Body Ma**
Luminiferous Microscopic Body Flask
Super conductive micro Filament
Sewn to Trace the Body Bag
MagnetoHydroDyno Spit
Accelerate the Cyclotron
Metallic Fingers Spinal Split
Bombarding y'all like Positrons
My Rotor Ultra Centrifugal
Catastrophic failures Feudal
Protocols are calling for a d**h Match
Sticks are Spikey Pugil
Steady Wave of Concentration
Poison Acid Condensation
Patient as i channel Ancients
Speech Divine dismantle Patients
Stronger than Covalent Bonds
A Phaser Blasting Man at Arms
Hybridization of all types of Animals
On Scattered Farms
The Fissure Open as it Rupture
Underground Satanic Structures
Spacecraft Andromeden
With hyper-drive to Meet at Junctures
Multiples of cubic Functions
Cruised inside a Delta Flyer
Entirely enormous Quantities of Energy

From Photon Fire
Pulse Beam from the Main Deflector
Three Decks to the Saucer Section
Parallel Timelines
From Tomographic Image Scan Projection
Shuttle Bay Torpedo Launch
Crispy burnt Computer Core
Alpha Quadrant soldiers in Appearance
Look like Unicorns
Shield Harmonic rare Contagion
Cells were Harvested from Asians
Oxygen Refineries were b**by Trapped
On rare Occasions
30 Fleets Command Lieutenants
On they Knees they Beg for Penance
Electrostatic force Fields
That won't Work Installed as Lemons
Federation Prime Directive
Retrofitted Brig Protected
Sink and Toilet Hidden behind a Panel
Pod was Quick Ejected
Deep into the Ether Sail
Living breathing Stellar Whales
Inadvertently destroying Solar Systems with its Tail
Several Months of Isolation
Unimatrix chamber Drones
Interlinking Frequencies
And Grown in Maturation Domes
Latinum can't be Replicated
Gold suspension when its Pressed
Congress of Economic Advisors
Gathered in they Sunday Best
Shoot anti-gravitation Beams
To Pluck em out Collapsing Mines
Graviton emitter Spectrum
Pulse compression Tricks the Mind
Morphogenic liquid Based
A Changeling grows another Face

Quantum Stasis Fields
Are Generated up in Outer Space
Amba**adors Talaxian

A Cargo Ship is floating Cloaked
The complexity of Electron shell Activity
To Baffle Folks
Molecules Omega Cla**
A chamber Resonates Harmonics
Research Station Cla**ified
And Built on Top of Traveling Comets
Betazoids Deanna Troy
We Geeked from sipping Synthehol
Nano probes are Binding You
And make sure you Can't Blink at All
Gravimetric Sensor Relics
Leaked in Diagnostic Cycles
Spectographic an*lysis
Reveal the Wings of Angel Michael
Carbon super dense Neutronium
Silicone based Life no Sodium
Astro-Metrics being Taught
By Groups of Aliens at Podiums
Isomorphic slaves on Starships
Folded Skin like Nazirites
Interspecies medical exchanges breeded Parasites
Seen Modulated Phase Arrays
& Warriors Speaking Klingonese
On an M-Cla** Planet
With they tribal council Puffing Trees
Feudalistic Social organizations form Alliances
Major armed Engagement 'tween the Forces
Breed Defiances
Destruction of a Ma**ive Fleet
Inflict the Damage Heavy
Lived the Way of the Warrior
Dozens of Years Already
Seen shadows bounce from Purgatory
Built Ablative Armor
Irrigated granite Terraces
They Built with Native Farmers
Pre-destination Paradox
And nucleogenic Creatures
Desiccation of the Victims Cells
With Proto-human Features
Non Corporal form
Coherent Gas intelligent and Predatory
In Conclusion its become the Song

That Went and Said it for Me
Magnetized and Self Contained
Deployment of Torpedoes
Lunar Colonists
That Suffer from Swift Drops in they Libido
Breathing Argon
Geodesic Radiogenic Vaccine
Emergency Medical Holograms
Project Themselves in Bad Dreams
And offered as a Gesture
Fluid Leaking's Amniotic
Stem Cells Harvested and Cultured
Because they Tampered Embryonic's
Unknown speaker: " The type 1 civilization has the power of an entire planet, the type 2 civilizations in space controls the output of a star... They are immortal, a type 3 civilization is galactic. Now let me tell you we are witnessing the greatest transition in the history of the human race, the transition from type 0 to type 1. The generation now alive is privileged to see the birth of a new civilization... Type One."

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - Wheel of the Year lyrics

[Verse 1: Beast 1333]
The Year is Split into a shifting Wheel
Nature Worship
Changing of the Seasons
Equinox and solstice Celebrations
Pagan Heathens
The Sabbat's yo theres eight of Them
And Split up into Festivals
Mabon's the Autumn Equinox
And Harvesting of Vegetables
At sundown October 31st
We enter Samhain
Where the veil of this world
And Afterlife
Is at its thinnest tearing Seam
Paying our Respects
To family members, elders, friends that Crossed
Spirits are invited to attend
Transcend at any Cost
Yule to many Covens
Known as Newborn Solstice of the Sun
On December 25th
Is when the Celebrations done
Candlemas, Imbolc
The festivals of Fire
Dianic wiccans
Rededication, Initiation Spire
Rejoin the Mother Goddess
And her lover consort Son
Vernal equinox is Ostara
On March the 21

Bonfire greater Sabbat
Beltane in May's Next
Goddess of Fertility
And Horned God have Great Sex
Midsummer Solar Sabbat
Sun is Shining longer Damn It
June 19 to 23
Litha light the Planet
Breaking bread the figure of God
To after eat It
Call it August Eve
Circle the cycle then back repeat It
Its a feast of Thanksgiving and Grain
To end the Kalend
Midpoints surrounding Quarter Days
Remains the Challenge
29 days after the Equinox
Come the Moon Full
Astronomical Events
Ingested by the Spoonful
[Hook: Beast 1333]
The Wheel Slowly Turns
Seasons Come and Go
Natural Revolution
Cycles Ebb and Flow
Without a Beginning
And Never Will it End
The Wheel of the Year
Turns Again and Again
(x2)
[Verse 2: Beast 1333]
Late in June Kupala
Full immersion water Bathing
A night of mischief
And good humor and Misbehaving
As they practice Magick
Gardnerian Alexandrians
Equatorial Problems
For the Practicing Wicca Zambians
Depiction of the Triple Goddess
Triple Moon, Triquetra
Virgin Goddess, Mother Goddess, Older Crone etc
Harm none and do what Thou Wilt
Remains the Principle

Manifestation, Polarization
After that Invincible
Vegetative Deities
Adorned in Leaves its Greenman
Carvings of Him
In the Cathedrals of Modern Greenland
Macro, micro Cosmic
Existing at all Levels
Modern Scholarship
For disproving the Roman Devils
Its a witch Cult
Pillar the Boatman his names Cernunnos
Cross Legged
Seeking out humans to use as new Host
Left hand path is Malevolent
Right the Path to Light
Capable with Manipulations
Of Powers of the Night
5 elements of the Pentacles
Points and Pentagram
Sex Magick, Cauldrons and Candles
Incense and Hexagrams
Chalices and Wands
Ritualistic Knives that are called Athames
Magical Tools
That are charged by the Moon
And Pa**ed through Flame
[Hook 2x]
[Verse 3: Beast 1333]
Here me now I call thee Forth
East, south, west and North
Great Rite
Dropping the Robe
For Sexual Intercourse
Secret Hidden Grimoires
Surrounding it's a Flock of Sparrows
Human Skin
Was used as the Binding
In all the Books of Shadows
Hollywood depict the Craft
And Television show is Charmed

Mind ye the Threefold Law
To veer away from Harm
Those persecuted as witches
Were Burned alive
They pa**ed the witchcraft Act
It was 1735
Some hidden Pockets Survived
13 of them by Tradition
After spirit Boards
Catching a glimpse of an Apparition
Clan of Tubal Cain
His wife Jane
His name was Roy Bowers
Last Grand Master of Staffordshire
That pa**ed him Power
Burnham Beach in South Downs
And flats in Brighton down town
Glastonbury coven is Ancient
And chant in Brown Gowns
They Luminous and Honor
The Seven Sacred Directions
Monthly rituals the Esbats
Candles provide Protection
Godform
Magical Image to Cruise the Inner Planes
Galacticly Aligned
Through the Navigation from Inner Brain
Yule, Mabon, Ostara, Summer
Wobbly axis of the Sphere
Endless Repetition
Its the spinning
Of the Wheel of Year
[Hook 2x]

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - Hollow Earth lyrics

[Verse 1: Beast 1333]
Concave Hollow Earth
Underworld solid Turf
Underground tunnels created by Worms
Of ma**ive Girth
Welcome to the Inner Realm
A place never captured on Film
Concentric Shells
Celtic Mythology thought them
Gates to Hell
Stories the Apaches speak
Of Arizona's Cedar Creek
Mentions of Mysterious tribes
That are shrouded in Mystique
Folkloric Tales of Big Holes
That are called the Phantom Poles
Shambhala Souls
Elders of Hopi Sipapus' i suppose
Fortified Invisible
The land they call eternal Ice
There's Fire Lice
Incas in Cuzco Peruvian Fire Lights
Your greeting off the Bat
Is anomalous Compa** Readings
Creatures Feeding
Translucent and Blind
As they ran Stampeding
Drop the Flashlight
Chambers of Crystals of Giant Calcite
Ecosystems thriving without any light
From Outside

Exterior, the entrance at bottom of Lake Superior's
The Gateway
Luminous path that lead to Interior
500 Miles Deep
Deep beyond the planet Crust
Lives a civilization of Beings
That holds us in Disgust
The oil that we drilling Out
On a regular Basis
Is vital to they complex biological Homeostasis
Yo, they hate us in Tuatha DÃ© Danann
Way back to Druids
Now they forming an Alliance
To k** us for taking Fluids
(subterranean garbled transmission)
[Verse 2: Beast 1333]
Pseudo Scientific babbling Jargon
All set for pilgrimages
Claw like Nails
At the end of their Slender
Silver Digits
Ireland in Donegal County
At Station Island, in the Caves
Where the Saints and Medieval Knights
Journeyed smiling
Names Cruachan

Torching the chambers where eggs was Hatching
And to Catch em
They extinguished their torches
And Avalanched Em
Subterranean
Gases escaping create Auroras
Plants Carnivorous
And hungry like Audrey in Shop of Horrors
German Submarine
Trench of Mariana Journey Center
Scouring the Bottom
Seeking creva**es' where they can Enter
Square the Radius
Physical laws begin Transformations
Metal Alchemist

Enter the circle of Transmutation
Irrefutable empirical Data
Use Occam's Razor
Built an Earth Model
Put into Lamens for gra** grazers
The deepest hole was SG-3
Was 12 Miles
Soviet Kola Super deep Confidential Debrief Files
Constant Density
Pressuring Buckling Field Intensity
Agartha
City of Wisdom and Noble Entities
Underneath Tibet live the Demons
They Call Asuras
Kalachakras Purer
Spinning in Circle
The swastika the Furor
Call a Smoky God
Catch the spinning lure from the Fishing Rod
Entering now Terra Arcanum
Efficient Mystic Squad
Ancient astronauts
Under Monasteries Mongolian
Saucer type Lights that were Shooting
And spooked Napoleon
Heard Voices that Reverberate
From no Explainable Sources
Cryptid Hominids
Follow the trails of Eskimo Courses
Dismissing the stories
And Notions of Ancient History
Why they went back Underground
Still Remains a Mystery
Elemental Natural Formations
Of Atoms Stacking
Demons Clapping
While the Astral Generated field is cracking
Im about to Venture out
Present the Evidence
Its hard to Swallow
My Hypothesis
Proposing that our Fragile Home is Hollow

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Space Age Slaves

Beast 1333 - XXX lyrics

[Verse 1]
I will Never Let them Overtake me, never Let them Win
Only got a couple Seconds to Alert Forewarn my Kin
I live in Sin as do many other Members of my Genus
Reptilian Eye, the slit located on Glans of my Penis
It's the Power, the Life Giver, raining Seminal Shower
Think a Sexual thought every three minutes in an Hour
Hours turn to Weeks, Weeks to Months
And Months turn into Years
After Ejaculation Usually the Feeling Reappears
A couple days Time I can be driving down the Road
See a booty walking Instantly I'm Horny as a Toad
It's all Just Chemicals, Alerting and squirting for Reproduction
At the Same time A Delicate balance of Higher Functions
I'm an animal, Besides all that's a Short Life Span
Sexual Inspiration influencing Most Life Plans
What do I Mean? Deep down every man has Dreams
Of Getting more p**y in his Life Than He Has Ever Seen
[Hook]
(I Want It) I think about it all the Time
(I Need It) Always running through my Mind
(We All Do) Eventually Laying for Triple X
Every other Thought that I have is about Sex
(I Want It) p**y is essential and a Must
(I Need it) Every Day Succumbing to the Lust
(We All Do) Eventually laying for Triple X
Every other Thought that i have is about Sex
[Verse 2]
Succumbing to the Flesh
Attracted by her Pheromone and Shape
On Automatic, as my Phallus poke and Entering her Gape

There's no Escape, I feel the Buildup as it rise with every thrust
My brain adjust, back to Normal 30 seconds after i Bust
It's only Human, and to be this honest it takes Nerve
And in no way am I a predator or a Perv

Cuz these are Natural urges
Sugar Daddy takes them to the Mall and Splurges
Older women trying to beat time, frequenting plastic Surgeons
Love it Doggy Style, bend her over to Hit it from the Back
Then to missionary, rub her down and slip it in her crack
She's on her back to accomodate me, throwing back her thighs
As i'm pummeling she makes sure that I look her in the Eyes
Im bout to Finish, but she makes sure that i blow my load up in
Her, winner, puts her mouth on my Penis and make me Dinner
If you're straight, then eventually too you will Lust a Lady
She's the warmest and Fertilest factory for my Babies
[Hook]
[Verse 3]
As I Age, I finally see what its all About
I see it clearly now Beyond any reason of a Doubt
Before we die we have to Multiply, yo that becomes the drive
While Alive Every single creatures will is to Survive
Ok, it feels Good Getting laid, you're feeling like the Man
But thats the Plan, that's exactly how All of Us Began
She's a Seductress, Like me yo there's many that Love Women
Its an Instinct, We blasting off Millions of s**ms Swimming
Keep in Mind Please, Next time you go to Spread her Legs
That subconsciously you're doing So to Fertilize her Eggs
We have to Eat, Piss, sh**, Sleep, f** as we Were made to do
The Basics Components of Living is Really Nothing New
The stories old as Time Itself, You can't Ignore the Feeling
Animalistic Sexual Position, Her Feet up to the Ceiling
Song is over Now, It's time for me to go its time to Flex
Every Other Thought That I have is About Sex
[Hook]

13
33
VOL.2
MCCCXXXIII

The Templars of Hip Hop Present:
13
13
Revelation:13
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Black Anubis (Higher Learning) lyrics

Ascended Master Leaching
Sixth initiation
Thirteen ba*tards Reaching
Universal all Pervading presence of Life
As I'm teaching
Rap Mahatma
Maharaja Yogi
Meta rap for Fatwa
Knowledge of the Universe
In tiny body Credo Mutwa
Rapping Shaman
Absolutely nothing's what we have in Common
Paleolithic pre-religious practices
I teach through Rhyming
Held the Balance
Thirteen thousand days as i sat in Silence
Psycopompic Angels
Whose job is to guide us free from Violence
BLACK ANUBIS
Turn the other cheek to k** a kissing Judas
Funny that we all chose Clothes
Instead of all us Nudist
Brain to shame Us
Half the lames remain and entertained by Famous
People just like them
But the difference is money out the an*s
Bio-Idols
Most the planets populations suicidal
Sacrificing children to Fire
The Ritualistics vital
Kneel to Molech
Organized religions all a bunch of Bullocks
h*mos**ual clergy

The Priests that are chugging wine in Gullugs
HIGHER LEARNING
Fire climbing higher
When the buds are Burning
Exodus of half a billion
Running human fleshy Vermin
Leave us Squealing
Worshiping the Golden Calf's
The fakest Feeling
Alpha Draconus is on Us
Their soldiers faces Peeling
Clock is Lunar
Purely physical afflictions happened Sooner
Rare and astonishing Geniuses
Brains and veins Computers
Interlinking, Heart is beating
Muscles twitching, eyes are Blinking
Trying to keep a step ahead away
From what these guys are Thinking

Solar Mantis
30,000 Leagues at Least
To Reach Atlantis
Mermen of Warrior Cla**
With their beards as long as Santas
Blast to fight us
Songs will make us Viral as Conjunctivitis
d**h will come to those
Who chose to take a stand you can't Divide us
Murder Persians
Plato's prize pupils name was Aristotle
Submerged civilizations that fit inside a Bottle
Wicked Beast Man
Roam the city in the Eastland
Sir Francis Bacon
They faking it more than C-Span
Faking it more than she can
Arching it at the Vertebrae
I speak the Truth
Condensing it tons of It
Some have Heard of Me
Government want to murder Me

Government want to see me Got
Puff steamy Pot
Demon Barber k**er
Like i'm Sweeney Todd
Connect to Dark
And in the vastness of it all's a single Spark
Our Moods & Behaviors and Movements
Is guided by the Heart
It gently weeps
So many cases of Paralysis of Sleep
Inducing hypnosis, He post as he host the Most Unique
They often Choose
The ones with winning attitudes that never Lose
They look for clues
Sloppy in the Slippy, Slappy, Sloshy, Slew
Misconstrued
American Surveillance apparatus Feud
Chanting and Nude
Paranormal Metaphysicalist Dude
My Flow Supreme
And engineered to yank you out your Waking Dream
Invisible Magnetic Force
To lure me closer to 13
There's 33 Vertebrae that line the spine inside of Me
The time has come i bid you Adieu
Come and say Goodbye to Me

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - 13 Hz (R.E.M) lyrics

13Hz (R.E.M.) by Beast 1333
Degenerated Myocardial
Heart attack I'm back from the primordial
The prophet entrusted to guide Humanity
Through audio
Recreational drug experimenter no More
I spit that raw horrorcore
That'll help you prepare for War
I said it i spoke i swore
Im not a human i Swear
Highly influential Figure
My music is Everywhere
The cult of the magick square
I spit from the book of Law
My coded rap lines are Prayer
My troops could never Withdraw
I dare you to find a Flaw
Survived a bout of phlebitis
I get in your Bones
Bringing the pain like its Arthritis
Im sick as chronic Bronchitis
Enough of the cliché Punchline
Lucidly aware that I'm dreaming
When sleeping sometimes
Intensely activated parahippocampal Cortex
Increased physiological activation a Vortex
Get s**ed In
Predetermined physical Responses
Parietal lobes making lucid dreaming feel Conscious
VERSE 2
Beta 1 Frequency band's 13hz
Rapid eye movement
Detected on me First

Yo hold up please Reverse
No doctoral Dissertation
Polysomnogram
Muscle and Skeletal Activation
False awakenings
First I'm a skeptic like Norman Malcom
Then I'm knocked Out
Flying and swooping in like a Falcon
As I'm Landing
Scenery change this world I'm Commanding
Way beyond any Communicative
Or spoken Understanding
Not Withstanding
The first one to do it was Keith Hearne

Sleep laboratory research
Lucidity Dream Churn
Recover from mean Burn
With concentration and Focus
Needles poke us
With a shot of Adenosine to Provoke Us
Achieving this state it broke Us
Prefrontal and Dorsolateral
With no apparent lapse in your Consciousness
As Collateral
Step in the Quadrilateral
Beds in the Shape of Polygons
The mind stays Years
It'll linger way after body Gone
VERSE 3
Listen Mahabharata
The other the Ramayana
Epic Sanskrit Philosophy
Smoking on Marijuana
Practice Yoga
The trance of the Tantric in Dream State
Its Perception
Start at the top with a clean Slate
Awaken for Pete's Sake
A silver cord for Protection
Disconnection
Can lead to your d**h in Astral Projection

The Brain's had a Vivisection
Can't no one on earth explain It
Its part of my Disinfection
This virus i must contain It
I got to get up and Drain It
The urine inside my Bladder
Then to Wakefulness
Climbing to consciousness like a Ladder
Psychosis Neurosis, Sadder
Endorphins will make you Happy
Neurotransmit
Sleep interruption I'm feeling Crappy
Word to Pappy
Its natural never concoct a Plan
You can train Yourself
To stay in the dream by rubbing your Hands
Or Falling Backwards
Symbolically everything has a Meaning
I have Mastered
The Realm of Transition and
LUCID DREAMING

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Demon lyrics

Verse 1-
No matter what i do to make things Right
They go Wrong
I just want to get the f** up on outta Here
So long
My feelings is so Strong
So what that i got fame
I wish d**h and Pestilence
Upon these rappers in the Game
I ain't never been the same, Katharsis
f** if you's an Artist
Im the Hardest
The darkest thats gone the Farthest
The Smartest
I'm sicker than you Regardless
And sick of hearing your Wackness
My Soul
Is an infinite pit of despair and Blackness
Been holding it down like Atlas
The weight of it all's Unbearable
Felt more pain and violence and d**h
Than Ivan the Terrible
Broken I'm non Repairable
Furious blind with anger Raging
Wasted most my youth its the truth hit the Booth
But now I'm Aging
Music that i makes Engaging
People by the thousand Learning
Deep downs a raging Fire
That i can't control from Burning
Isn't this Eviscerating
Never throwing in the Towel
Im not happy with just k**ing tracks

I Seek to Disembowel
Verse 2-
Ima a Demon
Speak against the God that you believe In
Im a Demon
Plotting your demise I'm always scheming
Im a Demon
On the back your neck you feel the breathing
Im a Demon
Influence your thoughts when you are dreaming
Im a Demon
Thieving and weaving a web deceiving
Im a Demon
Spirit of fighting and d**h and screaming
Im a Demon
The reason that life is losing its meaning
Im a Demon
I feed off emotions of pain and grieving
Im a Demon
Verse 3-
Look upon my faces Scowl
Voices in my head there's Murmurs
Visions of a frozen Past
Traumatic scenes of rape and Murder
Dirty Stinky Filthy Order
I can do without these People
Curiosity
Is k**ing cats that hate and doubt I'm Lethal
Im the sh** I'm straight up Fecal
Altogether another species
None of y'all n***as my Equals
Knee deep in this world of Feces
Severed limbs with no Prosthesis
I will never share my Power
Lighting striking all around Me
Barefoot climbing up a Tower
Sheeple at the bottom Cower
Blasphemous my swords are k**er
Roman Numerals
With MCCCXXXIII's up on the Pillars
Every year that pa** grow iller
Every month that pa** flow longer
Every week that pa** I'm k**er
Every day that pa** I'm Stronger

Solomons Pentacle Conjure
Other side, transmission hear it
In my temple casting circles
Hosting many different spirits
Flame protection don't go Near it
Y'all gon have to call a Priest
To exorcise the Demons
That you picked up
Listening to BEAST
Ima a Demon
Speak against the God that you believe In
Im a Demon
Plotting your demise I'm always scheming
Im a Demon
On the back your neck you feel the breathing
Im a Demon
Influence your thoughts when you are dreaming
Im a Demon
Thieving and weaving a web deceiving
Im a Demon
Spirit of fighting and d**h and screaming
Im a Demon
The reason that life is losing its meaning
Im a Demon
I feed off emotions of pain and grieving
Im a Demon
Im hailing from the frigid East
Residing in the wicked North
Where life and d**h play tug of War
And pull each other Back and Forth
No exit never another Course
A painful prickly putrid Path
Dispose the body parts
The flesh and hearts
In a sulfuric Bath
Then after have a hearty Laugh
Im grilling n***as seldom Smile
Only share my Wisdom
With these poor creatures thats been Defiled
13 thousand trillion miles
Moving at the speed of Dark

Surface dwelling masterful magician
Reeks of trees he's Sparked
Spitting is the easy Part
Pummeling, in fact Bombard
Subconsciously manipulate you all
Until you Drop your Guard
I enter kind
And Infiltrate the thoughts
Of all the lost and Blind
I Often Fine
Theres no need to remind ya
That I Lost my Mind
But still i do
Mortar and Pestle
Concoct a witches brew
My audience Grew
Cuz I'm the only rapper Left
That Spit the True
Ain't nothing new
A Buffer
I teach you to grow up tougher
Things Get Rougher
Eventually everyone hurts and Suffers
I'M A DEMON
Ima a Demon
Speak against the God that you believe In
Im a Demon
Plotting your demise I'm always scheming
Im a Demon
On the back your neck you feel the breathing
Im a Demon
Influence your thoughts when you are dreaming
Im a Demon
Thieving and weaving a web deceiving
Im a Demon
Spirit of fighting and d**h and screaming
Im a Demon
The reason that life is losing its meaning
Im a Demon
I feed off emotions of pain and grieving
Im a Demon

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Consciousness of the Gods lyrics

"By going off by themself for a long time, into the depths of the forest, or the heights of the mountain, and in that isolation, he comes in touch with a Domain of Consciousness which is known by all sorts of names, the Spirit World, the Ancestors, the Gods."
Verse 1-
Never Before
Have you heard a rapper this raw
Slaps to the Jaw
You wacker rappers have to withdraw
Surpa**ing the God
The blasphemous thy staff and thy rod
Disasters Abroad
Your greedy ba*tard masters a fraud
I'll clap and Applaud
Y'all slave for stinking cash in a wad
His a** to the Sod
The Beast was sent to thrash and Maraud
And Crack the Facade
Y'all hit the ground and flap like a cod
A Slap then a Nod
You're Just Another Trapped in the Pod
If you never heard of me before listen
My name is Beast
One Tres to the double Three
From Northeast
My flow here we Go
Yo i'll give it to you Bestow
Carry on the tradition of Hip Hop
From long ago
The Shadows are down Below
Don't even know where to Start
I studied movement of the Planet
And Astrological Charts

And Scoured Countless
Sources of indispensable knowledge bases
Still not a step Closer
To even understand the Basics
"The Cell is the Basis of all Being, and Being is not something Into which we Come, but Out of which we Proceed. In popular language we say 'I came into this world', as if you came from somewhere else altogether, from outside, you don't, you come out of this world, just in the same way as the leaves come from the tree."
Verse 2-
Never Before
Have you heard a rapper this raw
Slaps to the Jaw
You wacker rappers have to withdraw
Surpa**ing the God
The blasphemous thy staff and thy rod
Disasters Abroad
Your greedy ba*tard masters a fraud
I'll clap and Applaud
Y'all slave for stinking cash in a wad
His a** to the Sod
The Beast was sent to thrash and Maraud
And Crack the Facade
Y'all hit the ground and flap like a cod
A Slap then a Nod
You're Just Another Trapped in the Pod
As a living Organism
I suffer and learn from Pain
Through the Strain
I Maintains
Theres gain to Attain
Please Refrain
The same thing's mundane
Use Your Brain
Please retain
Don't Stay Same
So lame and constrained
My Domain
Attain fame retrain to obtain
New Terrain
My campaigns ordain to the slain
Do Your Thing
These plain Janes disdain the Profane

I Sustain
Obstain games
Im Flame As Butane
"If you are aware of a Fate which you call Is, or Reality, or Life, this implies another state, or Isn't, or Illusion, or Unreality, or Nothingness, or d**h. You can't know one without the other, it's always going to come to an End."
Verse 3-
Never Before
Have you heard a rapper this raw
Slaps to the Jaw
You wacker rappers have to withdraw
Surpa**ing the God
The blasphemous thy staff and thy rod
Disasters Abroad
Your greedy ba*tard masters a fraud
I'll clap and Applaud
Y'all slave for stinking cash in a wad
His a** to the Sod
The Beast was sent to thrash and Maraud
And Crack the Facade
Y'all hit the ground and flap like a cod
A Slap then a Nod
You're Just Another Trapped in the Pod
Everybody that you know and Love
Will soon be dead
My Music comes about
By quoting voices in my Head
Wait till the news of what I've really Done
Begins to spread
They use the lessons that i left for Them
To get ahead
Don't matter what you really think it is Is
Or what you've read
Just, do the opposite
Of what you think you know Instead
Theres billions of the blind
That live in bliss and been Misled
Don't listen to the News
Or believe ANYTHING that's Said
"It takes Nothing to have Something, because you wouldn't know

Something was without Nothing. You wouldn't know what the Form is without the Background Space. You wouldn't be able to See anything unless there were nothing behind your eyes, now imagine yourself with aesthetical eye, you can see all around. Now what's in the Middle. See?"
Never Before
Have you heard a rapper this raw
Slaps to the Jaw
You wacker rappers have to withdraw
Surpa**ing the God
The blasphemous thy staff and thy rod
Disasters Abroad
Your greedy ba*tard masters a fraud
I'll clap and Applaud
Y'all slave for stinking cash in a wad
His a** to the Sod
The Beast was sent to thrash and Maraud
And Crack the Facade
Y'all hit the ground and flap like a cod
A Slap then a Nod
You're Just Another Trapped in the Pod
"d**h is Real, see. I don't indulge in wishful thinking. All you people who dream of an Afterlife and Heaven's and God's and Mystical Experiences, you're wishy washy people, you don't face the facts. How can I face the Fact of Nothing, which is by definition Not a fact. You see?"

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Mystical Man lyrics

When i Rhyme
You're hearing exactly whats on my Mind
On the internet downloadable
Easy for you to find
So easy or me this Time
To get it up off my Chest
I think i'm blessed
I suggest if i didn't meet KRS
Well brothers y'all know the rest
Well sisters y'all heard the Stories
I was all alone
Was broke and had nobody rooting for me
Nobody to gave a Care
Nobody to lend a Hand
Became a Man
Walking hard upon both of my feet i stand
On aching feet as i stood
Corrupted many a hood
Misunderstood
Drifting further and farther away from Good
And when i Landed
In retrospect thinking after the Fact
I was exact
Product of my environment i React
Reacting like I'm supposed
Can't nobody really blame me
Fell in love with the Music
Cuz nothing else entertained me
Grip the Mic
It was love first sight
Recite ciphe, In a fight bite
Flow Sci-Fi, It Felt Right
Laid it down like nobodies business

Increased in sk**
Never thought people the world over
Would think I'm ill
Yo what the deal?
I ain't never met a beat i didn't murder
Berserker
And none of y'all can see me like a burqa
I Mortar
Along with a 100,000 supporters
On the frontline
Patiently waiting attaching orders
To the daughters and the sons
And the future seeds of our Loins
Life is more than Coin
And painful like several kicks to the groin
So many that want to join
So many that've been recruited
Sitting booted I've computed

Im suited to live Secluded
Excluded from all the flashing lights
And pitfalls of stardom
Beg your pardon
The Guardian thats fire like Hydrocarbon
The streets and the slang my jargon
Was drowning in my surroundings
No ambition or drive
Im Alive but i took a Pounding
My mind had to move a Mountain
The time that I've been allotted
Make sure that i do my best
And my plans for the future plotted
I got it, i have it, grip it
The microphones i be ripping
The spit that i spit be Dripping
And leaving the sheeple tripping
Is It You?
What? of course that it Is
Y'all got the flow now
Y'all know Beast to the 13 to the 33 don't slow down
I got somewhere to go now
You got something you're living for?

Or is you in your 30's like Me?
And f**ing miserable
Since no man is invincible
And d**h sees everybody
I won't march to the tune of their piper
Like Rowdy Roddy
I won't liste to a think that they say
Like I've always have done
Makes you edgier and wiser
When you're growing up and have none
And you have to take an extra step or two or three
To even eat
Increasingly becoming more than difficult
To try and compete
I want a different type of vida
Mira let me break it down
To the fraction of the decibel of the wavelength of my sound
Becoming the most Profound
Im lulling them out they sleep
Best Earn your Keep
Cuz when they creep
Y'all be lining the streets in heaps nikkas

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Insanitarium lyrics

Verse 1-
He been flossing though
Clothes is always crispy as a Claussen yo
Streets is hot as hell
He always show up where his boss will go
Dirty where his boss has been
He took the life of several men
The first time being
Mothers boyfriend at age of 10
He smokes mad cigarettes
Cologne smell of Versace
Plus his palms are blotchy
Love like Joany Chachi
Busting Glocks for papi
But he's sloppy
He buried them in Jersey far from home
But superstorm Sandy
Eroded the soil revealing bone
His cover in the hood been blown
He dabbled in narcotics
Kept his coke
Broken up in a $100 bill in his wallet
Taking key bumps
Puffing in basements his joints of weed plump
Once a week he paid a prostitute
To twerk and speed hump
Bypa**ing all the speed bumps
He focused on his goals
He had a future full of d**
Full of Crime
Full of stripper poles
His balling was out control
Per week it was 50 stacks

The profit cash from a Key
To him it was just a snack
Remarkable matter fact
He came from a den of squalor
Where his mother guzzled s**m
Out of stranger's dicks for a dollar
His father was just a John
He's nothing but devil spawn
The line in the dirt was drawn
Since nobody would respond
His little heart carried on
He grew into something dark and cold
Cuz, he didn't realize what he did
Came back triple fold
Splash and then the ripples go
Effects that come from causes
There is no hesitation when shooting
He never pauses
Never blinks or blacks
Every single move is calculated Jack
He never slacks

Exotic birds and tigers and a trained macaque
His fleet of vehicles was black
A hatred for the boys in blue
Now tell me what the hell
Can anyone step up to really do?
He lost his marbles
Aimed and shoot his s**m
To make a hooker gargle
Recoil from the high caliber pistol
Broke his metacarpal
Many his possessions sparkle
Most of all his diamonds conflict
All his brothers even mother and his father
Was a Convict
Born into a life of pain
He'll never feel the hurt again
Whats in his brain
Is k**ing motherf**ers all up in the game
He's straight up shot
Jabbing at a punching bag with all he got

New shiny Glock
Was bout to leave the crib
But then he heard a knock
Since sh** is thick
He thinking quick he co*ked the gun until it clicked
It could be Crips
Or maybe Bloods he double crossed
On Several Flips
Fat beads of sweat
And then he heard the knock again as loud it gets
Lets off the bets
For sure cuz he's a vet
No hesitating pet
He starts to shoot
Reloaded with the ammo clip he towed in boot
The sound went Mute
Perhaps it was the detects that was in pursuit
He peeped the door
Swiss cheesed more
Than it was before
But then he saw
Something so shocking
That it dropped his Jaw
It couldn't be
From shock the site before him dropped him to his knees
Cuz now he sees
That all along he's been living with a disease
He saw himself
Shadow of the man he was
And stripped of wealth
And nothing else
A patient at an institute for mental health
(Insane Asylum Skit)

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Doppelgängers lyrics

[Verse 1]
They all around us
Multiplied in numbers, soon's they found us
It's an understatement to refer to them as out of Towners
They are something special
Reproduced like co*kroaches board they vessels
Stench was intolerable, mucus lining walk the trestle
Back to surface dwelling tactics, you will never catch them hiding
Secretly they laugh and scoff, at all our evidence and sightings
Mother-ships that entered gliding, armed devices for they cloaking
So they never saw them coming, too much Oxygen they choking
My how quickly they've adapted, human suits were grown then grafted
Expeditionary Forces, gathered from the ones they've drafted
First they sent a half a dozen, then another half plus One
They weren't ready for the a**ault, and the battering of Sun
They couldn't take the heat and Light
So they hit the street at night, it seems for smite
That they walk among us, not in dreams but sight
It wasn't really tough at all
And even now they signal sending
Culmination of it all's to watch us fall a single ending
[Verse 2]
For every two of us, there's three of Them
Its a nightmare on E.L.M, ain't no Freddy Kreuger
Monster movie scarier than Them
What lies beneath, beneath the human flesh and bone is jagged teeth
And external vertebrae, resembling a Coral Reef
Their residences dens of filth, every single month they molt

Elastic like appendages, between their legs to help them bolt
They lay down in our beds and f** us, you don't know who's one or not
Biological advances over us is what they Got
It's not a lot, I know they're not invincible
They k**-able, but their surface dwellers
Appear to be most formidable, they hard to k**
Their weakness is to stab them in the breathing gills
Their breathing's ill, because you thinking they're not
But yo they breathing still, there's controlling
Slope is getting slippy like a sloppy slurp
Their language is a rapid sequence
Of highly pitched chirps and burps
Its all subjective, Cause they think of us as just disgusting swine
They can't really believe, that we're k**ing each other
All the Time
[Verse 3]
The scent that we emit to Them, is similar to nesting rats
Here every family, has an individual smell, to them like cats
Their hypersensitivity to light will cause them dermal plaque
So most of them prefer to masquerade upon the Earth as blacks
I kid you not, if you have a child please watch your kids a Lot
Cause they can easily replace your kin, with smaller kin they Got
Doubles of us, doppelgängers, body snatching morphing clones
Chthulhu like extensions flexible, crustacean Davy Jones

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Enter the Templum lyrics

A Ma**ive Impact (*BOOM*)
Seen me climbing out the crater
Beast 13 save the 33 for later
My insurgencies for data
My addictions to the knowledge
That you only get through living
Not curriculums in college
Never stop, never surrender
You's a fake a straight pretender
Been a defender, send to end the
Slaving away for Tender
Slave to the wage agenda
Cancer that come from Splenda
Stir that cup of Joe
Beast the Pro
Beasting it increase the flow
Beast gonna beat me beat me sore

Backing the f** up beasty go
Better see Before
Better beat evil
Beast to the 1 3 3 3 Flow
You see he's so
Key to Grow
Run to the front now
Flee the Slow, as three bestow
It's easy though
Surpa**ing Drake and Weezy though
You're cheaper like a Vizio
I'm sharper like a Samsung
And ima rock the microphone

Alongside of my Grandson
'till my bones are dust
Engine of a k**er drone they flown on us
Tap phones on us
Im deadly as explosive supernovae Dust

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Interstellar lyrics

"Interstellar" by Beast 1333
I'm Zecharia Sitchin Sagan
God of old Mesopotamian Pagan
Son of Marduk
Born during administration Reagan
Earthly Dagon
Energy beings larger than Humans
Counterclockwise
Dimensional portal doorway is Fuming
Like a flowers blooming
Deafening the crack of Lunar Storms are brewing
Greco Mayan spacecraft
Vimanas found under the Ruins
33 light years from Earths
A molten Exoplanet
Interstellar traveling capabilities
Thats causing panic
Keys of Enoch
The visitors resembled Ewoks
Orion nebula creatures injecting the serum in vein as a Detox
Bullet vessels speed dock
Better wait your turn and slower docking Speed
The bay doors is opening
Proceed without a knock indeed
Quadrupedal scavenger Vermin
Emerging from Lagoons
Was struck by the beauty of the planets sky
And Triple Moons
Seen em in cocoons
The Anunnaki offspring of Anu and Ki
Kelp covered glimmering vessels thats rising up quickly from under the sea
Full of Abductees for Tiamat

The goddess of the Ocean
The solutions have our protocols in place
And constant motion
Epic of Creation
Laws of gravitation as we pick up speed
The Captain at the Helm
Is vaping solar radiated Weed
Many different Breeds
Galaxies are born in Laniekea
Local super cluster
Those that perished
Went with Goddess Freyja
Entering the Lair
Space is Flabbergasting in its Magnitude
Ionic propulsion the engines are failing see quickly they're losing their altitude
Bit of Gratitude
Never attitude

As they Toggling in to their Latitude
Mental aptitude
To the Exactitude
Never talking as he navigating mad Subdued
I can't be mad at Dude
What do the temple Preach?
Its been years since i trotted the Globe with Teach
Was it a hole or breach?
Looking for souls to Reach
I told cheech on the beach that we'd make it Each
And make it yes we Did
There go the power Grid
No cribs, ain't no food, ain't no showers Kid
Dimensional paths that the gods Forbid
I took it through the Wormhole
Bounced and slid
Since i live amid
Amid the living Mud
I burn bud, its a flood when I'm out for Blood
We're crashing with a Thud
And coming out the Crud
Ain't no telling what they're thinking as they fly Above
Lets slow it down, a little

We're trekking across the planets Face
Checking around setup camp and Base
Feeling like I'm feening for the Vac of Space
We're the master Race
Our D.N.A.'s a Gumbo
A Galactic Stew
We're Royalty
Theres 33 races combined inside of you
Creatures that won't say hi to You
Preachers are screaming homilies
Features of speech won't lie to you
Teachers we're reaching Colonies
Eating and Teaching Botany
Dab on the nail inside the Lab
Constellation Leo and Gemini
Stand beside the Crab
Probes into the surface Stab
Solar panel warming Coil
Soon the colonizers shall attack in Droves
While swarming Soil
Magma from the mantle Boil
Sheeple blind as Helen Keller
Soon our traveling capabilities will become
INTERSTELLAR

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Goetia lyrics

Who got them 33 grizzlies set apart for Juan?
Tito dropped him uptown flipping making pan
Tiene guille de Tarzan
deja que se tire pecho
Who got the 13 other ones?
the ones that you setup special?
Esos mismo
i got em right here to make the drop
Be careful don't park your car up on that block it's hot
i got the bottle as a decoy's a ginseng arizona
Show em that we 1 for 1 my n***a cook so bring the soda
Activate Kinetic Motion
As i take complete control
Im the darkness
The greed that came to feed upon your soul
Your destruction is my goal
Tempted tortured by malevolence
I'm formless an entity a demonic intelligence
I creep into your mind when your thinking all alone
Fill your head up with the thoughts
Of all the things that you can own
Im that demon that is present
While y'all spending in the club
Im the 7th prince of Hell
In charge of wealth, greed and d**
I am MAMMON
Yo what yup sun?
what up pa?
Whats good with the Hoes?
*i got a couple b**hes lined up we'll see how it goes*
How about that Portuguese chick sun the one with the fatty?
*my n***a Remo tapping that i heard her calling him daddy*
That n***a bugging seen that booty and he went for the k**

he probly laid out in the crib wetting the tip of the drill
I got the liquor the money the weed and molly by the tons
*there go them b**hes right now tonight its guaranteed buns*
I'm the king of the Nine Hells

And s**ual desires
I bring lust and perversion from eternal realms of Fire
I can turn your loving wife
Into a cheater and a liar
Have her banging in the crib
While you're working on top the drier
Or your husband in the room
Doing perics and watching p**n
And maliciously
Im the reason half of y'all is born
I take on many different forms
While y'all embody my perversions
Sexual domination, painful acts of torture and subversion
I am ASMODEUS
The way i want to lay this n***a out man i want him Got
well it's the perfect opportunity right now he's up the block
Just act real f**ing cool yo and sit on the stoop
*but he wasn't by himself though, you k**ing the group?*
I got to wet this n***a, ain't gon be no turning the cheek
i got your back but think it through sun that's permanent sleep
No second guessing thats him coming now so toss me the toast
make sure you splatter homies brains back to Dyckman and Post
I'm that rage building up inside ya
'fore it began
I'm the entity that's present
When you're k**ing a man
I'm that monkey on your back n***a
Keeping you pissed
I'm depression
I'm the whole reason y'all cease to exist
I'm that little voice
That makes you wanna slay your adversaries
I'm the agony of murder victims
In the cemetery
I'm the evil force that's making sure
Y'all straying from the path

I'm the Fallen Angel
Feeding off of murder, d**h and wrath
I am SATAN

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Numbers lyrics

Each number Vibrates
At its own Frequency
Pythagoras philosophied
And kept journals in Secrecy
The Triad
The first perfect number was odd 3
Granting Power
Intelligence, knowledge upon Me
Lord Triplicity
Mistress of Music 3’s Electricity
Its Simplicity
3’s Harmonious Synchronicity
No Complicity
Interwoven my circles Trinity
A synthesis and Manifestation
Of 3’s Divinity
The Astral Emotional Body
Its stays fresh
And Connected
In to the 3rd day beyond d**h
My Numerical
Stands for the Future, Present and Past
I’m the Father the Son and the Holy Spirit ama**ed
Into one super technical, teaching Rap Emcee
Channel Thoth the Great
And the Trismegistus Plenty
As the Evening
The noon and the dawn are cycling Back
I’m Ruled by Saturn
Symbolically Color is Jet Black
Witchcraft, sorcery, necromancy, wizardry
Hoodoo, Voodoo, devilry, mysticism, witchery
Psychic, magic, mystically, hermedicist, Theology,

Astrology, cosmology, or sacred numerology
Go off like a Jet pack
My spirit travel the Stratus
My Divinatory
Upper ionospheric God Status
And Microphone Apparatus
Converging so I can Teach you
Mother Hip Hop’s
The conduit, portal, the door to reach You
Its urgent, implore, beseech You
As numbers determine Meanings
Mathematical, Quandary
The quantum meetings Convening
Your Pineal needs a Cleaning
Our rhythm of sleep’s Circadian
Pseudo Cuneiform Algebraic writings Akkadian
Hidden inside the Craniums
Bio-Supercomputing Ma**
There’s instructions
That Subconsciously we make come to Pa**
We’re tapped In
The Mind of a God
And at the Micro Level
Incomprehensibly giant symbols to summon Devils

Numbers spoke at many levels
In regards the Venerated
Occult numbers 3, 13, 33 Generated
Spawned me as I walk on this Earth
I am no longer Meat
My Body can no longer sustain or Retain its psychic Heat
Witchcraft, sorcery, necromancy, wizardry
Hoodoo, Voodoo, devilry, mysticism, witchery
Psychic, magic, mystically, hermedicist, Theology,
Astrology, cosmology, or sacred numerology
Climbing Jacob’s Ladder
In this mortal realm of self-Perception
Introspection
Will lead you away from paths of Deception
My Intention
As always is simply to teach and Educate
And make the world a better Place

Not smoke weed and Vegetate
Allow me now to demonstrate
My impact on Humanity
The Beast of Revelation’s only one my Personalities
Totality
All of them combined’s of course a double 3
Personification of vibration of number set me Free
Better Get with Me
Get a quick Degree
Working and Slaving they want you to Be
Blind as a bat Now
Home getting fat Now
None of that is gonna happen to Me
Cuz I Got the Key
Better turn to See
Master Magician the Numbers Agree
Not my cup of Tea
Murder Rap Emcee
People are running, they gunning then flee
What happened is We
Conditioned slaves our motions systematic
Its Schematics
Everything around us came from Mathematics
Quantum Mechanical Laws of the Universe teaching em all with the Spit
Beast the ONLY rapping physicist turned to a Lyricist up in this place!
Hoodoo, Voodoo, devilry, mysticism, witchery
Psychic, magic, mystically, hermedicist, Theology,
Astrology, cosmology, or sacred numerology

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Cocoons lyrics

Yo how the hell is this my Life?
Have you ever been so pissed
You couldn't Breath
Its just the intricacies of the tangled webs
That People Weave
I wore my honor on my Sleeve
Proceeded goodness in my Heart
And if i had another chance
To take it all back from the Start
I wouldn't change a Thing
Welcoming the thrilling Jolt
That danger brings
I must admit my Mind is always Wandering
To stranger things
My thoughts are Dark
Extract the bullets out the Flesh
And Bite the Bark
Despite the sharks
That leave they biting Marks
A flame to light the Spark
And now i see that all Along
They didn't want me to be me
On wounded knee
Its simple took a three
And Doubled to be Free
Was just a Flea
Another grain of sand
A simple speck
When i discovered that through music
I can earn peoples Respect
I was catching wreck
On any tape they threw up in the Deck
To Snap they Neck

And philosophically take people on a Trek
My Life was Whole
My songs became direct connections to my Soul
Yo now the Goals to seal the Holes
And leave these Rats out in the Cold
Getting old
But to be honest i don't even feel my Age
And ever since my teacha KRS
Broke me up out that Cage
Im page for page and line for line
The sickest mind up in the Game
And the tone and Frequency i Spit
Does something to your Brain
You will never be the Same
After exposure to my sk**
You will start to realize your favorite rapper's lesser ill
I do more than keep it Real
I do more than spit the Truth
As i reiterate Akashic Record Files
Up in the Booth
I'm like directly tapped

To consciousnesses database or knowledge pool
A higher overstanding of Reality's what I've made Cool
A Simple Tool
A microscopic cell from out the total Ma**
Incredibly my vocal chords is vibrating distinctly Fast
To kick your a**
And shatter your extremely weakened Jaws of Gla**
And tag your cast
My songs shall ever last
And slash you Lash for Lash
The masters fast
I masterfully interlace my rhymes to Teach
My tentacles have spread across the planet Face
My global reach is used for Good
Cuz every single country
Has they slum and Hood
My music speak to people there
Who Suffering Misunderstood
Before i Die
I'll teach them all my personal technique to scry

Instead of bye
My spirit moves your Ouija board planchette to Hi
I'll never go
My apparition glows
With tattered clothes that Flow
Its simply allegorical
My symbols left for those that know
And those that Knew
Refuse to walk a mile up in anothers shoes
You look confused
Your whole entire Life
My brother you've been used
A world of Slaves
I rather walk into the woods and pick a Cave
Than have to pay a tax
Because the street is theirs and road is Paved
My Names Engraved
I sit upon my throne
And chisel songs in Stone
The spot been blown
And compromised by optics systems
In a drone
I won't condone activities that feed into malicious lies
I symbolize
My purpose on this planets to Resist and Rise
And show you guys
In life theres much to gain
But much to lose too
And Never Trust a Soul
Because you never knowing Who's Who

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Societal Homicidal lyrics

You wanna f**ing die?
You wanna f**ing meet your maker?
You need to shut your mouth
And sit the f** down and wake up
You never done sh** for your life
So what you want?
Marked by blithe unconcern
Nonchalant
You's a debutante
Teflon, pardon Beast Dupont
While living up on the surface
Ive acquired a knowledge of self
An intensively sense of purpose
So what? that they want to mirk us
So what? that they want to k** us
So what? you don't know your purpose
So what? cuz the Beast is fearless

The Deal Is
Follow me, guide you
Inside you, they trying to divide you
Remind you, the mind revival
No idols, despise the bible
Societal Homicidal
Hold title, hold tight to bridle
The final, the signs are vital
Beast tribal, inside I'm primal
Survival
Arrived arrivals, arrivals arrived on island
Manhattan destruction final
Go viral and move to highland

We armed to the teeth and wiling
We popping em open like a stye
Never Cry
Speak a couple words
For cats that want to Die

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Drop Dead lyrics

I'll s**er a punch a pig
Stab him in the neck first
If i see he big
Snap em twig
Happy dance a jig
To shovel tell him dig
Dig he dug
Messing with them d**
I had to pull the plug
Smoke a dub
Now the bodies grub for all the desert bugs
Think you're thug?
When i let my mind roam into places dark
My brain and heart
Remain in flame and spark
The pain of Satans bark
Forsaken shark
That latching on and shaking
Tons of flesh and meat
Your b**h in heat
She jerking with her feet
Discreet, she's street complete
Uniquely greet
And shake the hand of every motherf**er here
Don't interfere, i see you're insincere
Its clear you're full of fear
And as you freeze
I'll kick you in the stomach
Drop you to your knees
Smoke all your trees
Hence forth i do decree
You're whooped by 33
The name is B E A S T

Dont test me
Your wack music and your whole team
Fail to impress me
I live my rhymes
Reflection all the time
Of what is on my mind
I'm on my grind
I write a couple lines
As soons i rise and shine
My mic's divine
I didn't mean to wake you with my frigid slap
You're less than crap
The Beast is always strapped
A wrap, don't give me dap
My semi clap
Clunk and click and clack
Until the clip is scrapped
Go take a nap
Before you're in a sack
Attack like Warren Sapp
I'll leave you dazed
Cuz thats the type of brother
That my mother raised
Hard to appraise
At first the name was Phase
You're grave as bullets grazed
You're sweet as glazed
And softer than a dozen dunkin krispy kreems
No Self Esteem
To you its just a dream
You're sh**ty as latrines

Can't flush the bowl
Eliminate your soul
Is now my major goal
Still on parole
I take complete control
When cold I'm on patrol
The pen'll scroll
Ain't nothing as I'm screaming
Yelling in your face
You're a disgrace

I'm raw as blunts thats laced
I'll put you in your place
A masters pace
Your thinking and your rhyming's
Always kind of slow
Watch out below
The bombs that i bestow
They manifest as flows
We've come to blows
And every single punch i land
Feels like a brick
You think you're slick
You foreigners and hicks
Eclipsed by sickest spic
How any licks?
It takes to break you f*ggots all down to the core?
She begs for more
Your mother wants to score
She stinky left a who*e
My brother swore
And did without a care
Together shook and sweared
Since no one cared
That we will be the illest sibling human pair
You can't compare
I hope that you's aware
That you's is over there
I'll pull your hair
The fabric of space tear
Won't share, cuz life ain't fair
My stoic glare is menacing
You looked away but turned to stone
Bow to the throne
This payback like a loan
I've mastered pen and poem
My poems and pen
Are better than your best work
Multiplied by ten
This is the end
No need to condescend
Pretend that you's a friend
I will ascend
On beats thats ill
I move in and i set up shop

Don't look so shocked
I'm ripping the microphone
And rapping till i drop
Im hip to hop
f** hopping to whats hip
Don't trip or walk my block
You're sh** is plops, go call the cops
And tell them
REVELATION DROPPED

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - That Work lyrics

Loud, Green, Spliff, Breeds
Whatever the strain
Man i got that Weed
Buds, Nugs, Sour D
Puffing on the flower that they got from me
Haze, Kush, Blue Dream
Take over the block this a new regime
Sell a bunch of pot
Gonna scoop this cream
Feeling like im Snoop
On the stoop, blow steam
Big clouds, blunts, bats
Stomping on the roach
Bringing d**h on Rats
Baggies in the brim of your baseball hat
Running to your crib
Fitta take all that
Racks on the table let me see what you hold
Came to collect
Let me see what you sold
Bundles of money
Got a couple things rolled
Let a couple things blow
Jumping in the Range
NO!
Hoopties for me
I ain't new to the streets
And i do to these beats
What i do to DT's
I stay moving these trees
Like a Hurricane Breeze
Better learn to say please
Take a puff and say Geez

These trees the bees knees
Super High Face like the guy on the Meme
The prices is right and the qualities mean
Its chock full of trichs and the high is supreme
Nobody competing with nothing i do
You call me delivery coming to you
Hello are you coming? please shoot me a text
The odor's concealed and its hard to detect
My brother chill out your delivery next
My sister be patient your pack on the way
My people enjoy the euphoric effects

They dabbing and vaping and taste the bouquet
WORK, a bundle of d** designated for sale
I GOT THAT WORK, i get my work sent to me right through the mail
I GOT THAT WORK, this ain't no bullsh** n***a this what i do
I GOT THA WORK, just dial my number i'll deliver to you
(HELLO?!)
The tracks that i'm k**ing
I serve as filet
Im carving up out of the flesh up a steak
I hit the bodega for soda and cake
The munchies have struck and im totally baked
Got 20's got 8ths and got quarters got halves
Got zippos and pounds where the kilos is stashed
This song entertaining my stilo is fast
The gla** with the flower the brillo the blast
The papers the bubblers the hitters the bongs
The oowops we rolling unusually long
The bud that i carries unusually strong
Reflection of life and my self in this song
I got to break out now cuz spit pretty long
We kicking and stinking they starting to twerk
Before that i mirk there is only one quirk
That a hustling n***a's as good as his WORK
WORK, a bundle of d** designated for sale
I GOT THAT WORK, i get my work sent to me right through the mail
I GOT THAT WORK, this ain't no bullsh** n***a this what i do
I GOT THA WORK, just dial my number i'll deliver to you
(HELLO?!)

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Beast of Doom lyrics

I am the Underdog
The God of it All
The Most Gifted
Lyrically he keeping his People
So Uplifted
Beast the Syncretistic, Sadistic
Ain't a Statistic
Just a Mystic, Optimistic
Artistic characteristics
Go Ballisitc
Like Detectives thats tracing to track Bullets
Go to War
Peep the Footage
The soldiers is Black Hooded
No soldiers is Flat Footed
They striking em Real Hard
In the Lard
In the gut or the Chest
Till they yell God
They're screaming and yell Christ
Thats life when in a ciph I
Propagate the Knowledge around
Like my Mic WIFI
So beyond Sci-Fi
Rhyming's No Challenge
A city boy
Pounding the Pavement in New Balance
Who pursue Challenge
Im all up in your mind right?
I'll survive with no coat in the cold Klondike
I'll survive with no Knife in a mean Street Fight
Always moving ahead
Like a Green Street Light

(Vehicle Peeling out Skit)
Never moving or falling behind Never
Im iller than you People
Deliver my rhymes Better
Beast im Godzilla
The illest of the God-Men
You's a worm and a Fruit
Like your name's Rodman
Better measure your Coffin
Cause y'all done Now
My Gun Blaow
Turning the Gun Barrel
You Kung Pao
Son Foul
I'm making songs that make your son feel, Real
And your daughters raise their kids so, Ill
Every time i drop a joint i, k**
And i Seal the Deal
You could slip cuz the Rhyming's Slick
Si Sick Wordplay
I heard say
Send them the First Aid
I'm Earth Made
At First Blade
I bathe in puddles of Blood
It's Red Floods
It's a Drug
You'll get wrapped in a Rug
Maybe drowned in a tub
You Fake Thug
Wack rapper n***a
Slap a n***a
Never make Another
f**ing track of n***a
(Drake Beatdown Skit)
Why y'all n***as want to hate on the Beast
Thats O.D
You Gon See
You ain't better than Me
You ain't better than Bad
And bad bottom of the Barrel Brother
Word to Mother
Grasping for the word
But you can't find Another

Whats this other?
Path that i've discovered out the Stormy Weather
On the balance
Trying to be the lesser weight against a Feather
Yes i must admit i'm Clever
But i never seen the Green
3 to add another 3 to 33 to 13
Not for the Pre-Teens
The Teens between it Seems
Dreams of us k**ing the Scene
My Whole Team
Chuck Brown, Nevahmind
Reinol and King Solomon
Dialetic, Mabous
And Tesla the Other One
Taking over like Turks
You Jerks thirst
Beast 1 triple the 3
I speak First
Indeed we seem cursed
Our Destinies a Catastrophe
It has to be
You catching me Inking another Masterpiece
A ba*tard Beast
Grown into a Man
The time has pa**ed at Least
An army full of Rebels
Controlling them like a Macabe
First we're flesh and they we're Dusty
Trust me Life is Really Short
Underground's the Major Leagues
Of Hip Hop Culture and Sport
(Hip Hop Competition Skit)
Since i'm a pro stay on top of your Toes
I smoke o's
Never Froze
You's a copy Exposed
Major props to your Foes
We're not Bros
Bring the Ruckus In
I give a fu*k about my Residual Music Publishing

Them dirty Dollars
Got you Feening
Couple Stacks will get you Drool
Land of Waking, Working, Sleeping, Living, Breathing
Zombie Ghouls
Triple rhymes that come in 2's
Multiply them both to 6
A 6 is split in half is 3 and 3
That's 33 you Dicks
I'm way beyond as Far Away
My mind take Interstellar Flight
Everybody leave your body
When you lay Asleep at Night
See you later Kiddies Peace
Slick as Slip on Chicken Grease
I'll keep it Brief
And punch you in the Mouth
And knock out all your Teeth
(Boxing Skit)
A Deadly Medley
Overdose my dope is known to k** them Readily
Rhythm of the Flow the way it Go, Ayo
I k** them Steadily
Beast the Brutal, Body Building, Bravest, Biggest
Bum to Boom
The Boldest, Benevolent and Beneficial
BEAST OF DOOM

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Anonymous lyrics

Verse 1
Distributed denial of Service
the Barbs are Stacheldrat
When DOS attacks
Suits without a Head
Get scared and sh** they Slacks
See what we lacks A Sense of Compa**ion
our Justice must be Swift
Hal Turner hurting the pockets
of White Supremacists
These Nemesises
Never This Vicious
We Troll the Net for Missions
If evils your position
Your files gonna come up Missing
with a Post they Dissing
Posturing and Speaking outta Fear
Super Consciousness
our Warriors are Virtual Bombardiers
We dont Forgive
We Dont forget
expect Us
Wasn't No one to Protect us
Come together as a Legion
Internet Unite Connect us
We will make our Presence known
with Guy Fawkes on a Megaphones
SQL inject Intravenously like its Prednisone
Rebelling on a larger Scale
We Jona's came to slay the whale
we Hip to they Slitherings
Swinging them lizards by they Tail
we Check they Mail

Deface a Proffesional Looking webpage
When i rhyme
I wake the Sheeples Catatonic Veg Stage
bottling the Message
Encapsulated in a Rap track
black Faxes
Project Chanology
target Fat cats
But they Backtrack
& Im the type of Person never had Jack
Destruction of Chris Forcand
put Away that Sad Sack
We Vigilant the Vigilantes
Higher Stake and up the Ante
cross Site scripting
Felicia Palmer with Bunched up Panties
Epilepsy Foundation forum Invasion
Turks & Brazilians Tunisians even Malaysians

Verse 2
Trained to vent they Raging
I give a f** about a cussing Club
Mckay Hatch
profanity i Spew it
For the f**ing Love
& Cus i can
& who The hell is you
To try and change a man
Operation Payback
Bradical avenga Assange
intelligent Israelis
With Viruses know as Stuxnet
programming logic Controllers
& Rootkit Subsets
We need to know
trying to Feed the Homeless
Cops are screaming No
Government & Corporate
sources we Must Defeat our Foes
As Freedom goes
They Trying sniff us Out
and get them ISP's

Reversing the cameras on computers
feds are Eyeing Me
Marine Corp brig
Bradley Manning Naked at Quantico
maximum Security method
With tortures Chronicled
to Aaron Barr
Forever you will Walk around
with Slash & Scar
Don't crash your Car
executives Are worshipping the Morning Star
It is Bizarre
that People are the ones Oppressing People
When will the day come?
we recognize as Equals?
Electronic money from Satoshi Nakamoto
Spending Bit Coins on ho's for they Photos
with no Kimonos
Remarkable power the Python
Is Clear in Syntax
International federation of Phono
been Jacked
The Script Kiddies
hack into the Mainframe of Big Cities
You tube videos for Children
that showing Big titties
No Pity for the Oppresive
& get it through your Skulls
We were born to Change the World
evolving Past the Hacks for Lulz

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - The Spirit Of Hip Hop lyrics

Everywhere I Look
All I See is Dirt Grime & Crime
Had some Feelings that was bottled Inside
I Had to Rhyme
I didn't choose this Line of Work
I Didn't pick it cuz it's Cool
I summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop
To Use me as a Tool
I summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop to use me as a Tool
I feel baptized in It
One day Ima build a School
So I Can Teach
Everything that I Learnt
Go Beyond the Rules
Erect a Monument an Obelisk and Pillars on these Fools
Build a Village dropping Jewels
In the Booth as I take the Cue
Y'all showed me Love
On every single song I've ever Made for you
I won't Live Long
Ain't no Flippin or turning the Sands of Time
But I will be Remembered
As people Rewind my Rhymes
The Ladder I had to Climb
The Obstacles in my Path
Were No Match
For my Pa**ion and Hunger, inside my Wrath
Wanted Out
So at the Very Least
Before my Bodies found Deceased
Make sure that they Hear the Name
Of 1333 the Beast
Everywhere I Look

All I See is Dirt Grime & Crime
Had some Feelings that was bottled Inside
I Had to Rhyme
I didn't choose this Line of Work
I Didn't pick it cuz it's Cool
I summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop
To Use me as a Tool
I summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop to Use me as a Tool
My Knowledge Vaster than the Ocean
Your Knowledge a Shallow Pool
Just Animals at the Zoo
Displaying, the Earth's a Cage
The Loser and by Default's
The First one to Show his Rage
The Writing's up on the Page
My blood as it Mix with Ink
Discovered a Trillion ways
For Patterns in Rhymes to Link
If Pun was Alive & Breathing No Drake & No Weezy even
If Biggie was Here & Poppin No Nicki Minaj's Rocking
If Pac was Alive & Walking there wouldn't be Wacka Flocka

What happened to Fat Joe?
His rhyming Used to be Proper
I Would never sell Myself Out
To Corporations or Labels
I Don't want to be Rich
I just want to put Food on the Table
I Don't want a Mansion
I don't want a Giant Lavish Crib
What I want is to be Able
To pay the Rent for my Kids
What I Want is not to Have to Worry
Learnt to Eat the Stress
Cuz it Kept me on my Toes
And it Forced me to be the Best
Everywhere I Look
All I See is Dirt Grime & Crime
Had some Feelings that was bottled Inside
I Had to Rhyme
I didn't choose this Line of Work
I Didn't pick it cuz it's Cool

I summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop
To Use me as a Tool
I summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop to use me as a Tool
I Don't Rap about Honies or Being a Drug Mule
Because I know that there's Impressionable Youth
That Listen to Me
So I Train em to the Best of my Knowledge
And Teach em Fully
Every song I Make should turn into a Cla**
You feel your Sitting at
The ones already Know me
Know Exactly what I'm getting at
When teaming up with Nevahmind
I Boost to Ultra Hyper Slang
My Brain is in the Middle
Controlling the Body like I'm Krang
Masters tend to Practice
With Practice y'all Turn to Masters
When it's Freezing we gon See
Who gon Git Up & Skin the Cat First
I've never had a Wack Verse
And Since Opinions Relative
My ongoing Mission is Kicking this sh** Superlative
I Burst Open Hydrogen Bombs
And Battle Bare Knuckle
You'd have to chop Both of my Arms
To Fight a Fair Scuffle
People Listen to Me
Cuz they know the Spit is Real
I Summoned the Spirit of Hip Hop it Blessed me with these Sk**s

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - A Christmas Story lyrics

Hook:
They Chose the Winter Solstice as the Birth of Jesus Christ
The Savior the Son of Man the Righteousness the Light
December 25th is not his real Date of Birth
Pagan holidays Disguised but they
Came First
Came First
[Verse 1: Beast 1333]
The Reason for Establishing December 25th
Is simple really
Pay attention as i Explain it in a Jiff
The Customs rooted in the Celebration
All the Gifts and Fun
Are really Rituals to Celebrate the Rebirth of the Sun
4000 years ago Millennia
The Two before Messiah
25th was for the Sun God and Festival of Fire
Was the Same for the Romans Zoroastrianism, Mitra
When the days begin to Lengthen
And the Nights shorten Etcetera
The New Testament
It Never states the Year that he was Born
Sacred Oaks for the Germanic people
Trees took on New Forms
Adorn the Evergreen
The Representation of all Fertility
Kris Kringle's supernatural Gift Giving abilities
Are Poppyco*k
Goodies left inside a Pagan Bloody Sock
Whats prophesied in Malachi's Chapter 4 Verse 2 is a Shock
The Sun they always talking bout's
The one that Rise Above Us
Not a Son that Came About

As a Product of Two Lovers
[Hook: Beast 1333]
The Merging of Beliefs starting with Emperor Constantine
The Edict of Toleration in A.D. 313
Our Favorite Morbidly Obese
Trespa**ers been Retouched
Sinterklaas was his Real Name
To the Dutch
The Dutch
[Verse 2: Beast 1333]
The Seduction of the Church
Gradually the customs Adopted
Honoring Saturn
Yo Everything Julius 1'st Concocted

Was to Make it as Painless as Possible for the Heathens
Pagan Romans
Who celebrate Solstices and the Seasons
Would adapt to Christianity
Went down without a Hitch
Proclaim the same Feast on Same Day
So people didn't b**h
They had to Switch
But they Kept traditions same so sh** was Cool
The wheel pagan symbol for Sun
The Words Yule
Mistletoe was also considered a Sacred Plant
The Unconquerable birth of the Sun
While Monks Chant
They gradually started Merging together
But not Slick
It was Wotan
Who flew in the sky before Saint Nick
It was Odin
His eight legged Horse name was Sleipnir
And thats how they came up with Santa and Reindeer
He's the Celtic Holly King
In a Sleigh as he Sees Down
Robes traditionally Red
Holy Holly the Wreath Crown
[Hook: Beast 1333]
Throughout Hundreds of Generations

Tradition Pa**ed on
And now the Holiday is a Retail Phenomenon
You Spend and Spend and all to make the ones you Love Happy
It's the Biggest Holiday they have for Sheep
For Sheep
They Chose the Winter Solstice as the Birth of Jesus Christ
The Savior the Son of Man the Righteousness the Light
December 25th is not his real Date of Birth
Pagan holidays Disguised but they
Came First
Came First
Throughout Hundreds of Generations
Tradition Pa**ed on
And now the Holiday is a Retail Phenomenon
You Spend and Spend and all to make the ones you Love Happy
It's the Biggest Holiday they have for Sheep
For Sheep

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Revelation 13

Beast 1333 - Confessions lyrics

Beast 1333:
It's been 13 years for my last confession, father
Priest:
Go ahead and speak your sins, you're looking agitated and bothered
Beast:
You see, the thing is, I've been searching for God all my life,
struggling up in the ghetto with my kids and my wife
I walk with a knife, in case I have to slash up a face
Ain't no jobs, ain't no future, ain't no cash in this place
I've resorted to some perilous acts, just hear me out
Priest:
My son, whatever you've done, God forgives without a doubt
Beast:
How bout' when there's a drought I'm running all in they house,
take all the weight, apply gorilla tape to silence they mouths?
Priest:
God forgives
Beast:
Then, where was He when my mom got sick?
Priest:
God forgives
Beast:
Even if I done some crazy sh**?
Priest:
God forgives
Beast:
Even after everything I've done?
Priest:
God forgives everybody, every last of his sons
Beast:
I had a gun that I pulled in the store to bu*t the clerk
He had blood pouring out of his melon onto his shirt

I took the cash as the gash on his cranium start to bleed lots
Burning rubber, hauling a**, I trashed a pair of Reebok's
The Lord's name in vain as I'm cursing daily
My body is a temple for marijuana and Baileys
No reply when I yell at the sky, can I be frank, father?
I've been havin' thoughts of turning into a bank robber
Priest:
The path you walking on is treacherous and reeks of d**h
Bow before the Lord of the Jesuits, bow at Jesus' steps
Beast:
Will that put the food on the table for both my children?
Will that pay the super the rent to stay in the building?
Will that help a person progress and solve everything?
Been praying all my life and that has never changed anything

It's hard to believe that he really created many things when everything in life is a struggle, the threats are menacing
They cause the d**h of innocent immigrants k**ed by militants, where the hell is God when machetes sever they ligaments?
Where is hell is God? I've been clamoring trying to reach him
Priest:
Well, God left the bible for his children, to teach them
Beast:
You said it best when you said that he left, you must be blind, father
My uncle's neck was slashed, they murdered him for $9
Priest:
Let's speak in my office, come out of the confessional
Beast:
I don't give a sh** if I've ruined the whole processional
Priest:
Please come back my son, they having Sunday ma**
Beast:
Everything last one of these motherf**ers can kiss my a**
Y'all piggyback on cowardice and scientific ignorance
The bible and Sumerian tablets have no difference
The same story's told again, again throughout the ages
The bible mentions alien Nephilim in its pages
Krishna also broke up some bread at the last supper
Both were resurrected, ascending to heaven, upper
The Babylonians spoke of a serpent and forbidden fruit
The bible's been tampered and everything within it is delusion

Priest:
Blasphemy, you dare to speak against the holy scriptures?
Beast:
You're not listening and you're blind to the bigger picture
Corralling of the sheep without the answers
Religion takes more lives in a year than are claimed in cancer
Remember all my words like you memorizing Leviticus, our DNA is alien mixed Australopithecus- y'all really just don't give a sh**
Priest:
Please, you're gonna have to leave
Beast:
The mind of a man created everything that you believe, you den of thieves

TEMPLARS OF HIP HOP
13
33
Vol. 3
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
MCCCXXXIII

Beast 1333 Lyrics

MCCCXXXIII
Vol. 3

Beast 1333 - Locked In lyrics

Lock the front door
Make sure the windows is shut
No matter What
I ain't gonna murk the set out the Cut
I'm staying put
Long's I got my food supplies in the Kitchen
I gets to work
Temple Orthodoxy Rhyming Division
Commence the lock in
Nonstop bumping that Hip Hoppin'
Spend a month in here
Sharpening darts to get sh** popping
I ain't never leaving
Surfacing for oxygen or sunlight even
No longer conscious of linear time
Of days or evenings
Box of pens a stack of pads
The best weed that I ever had
That's all I need
I'm introverted by myself and feeling glad
I relish in the solitary
Hip hop money commissary
Do this to express myself solely
For nothing monetary
I could never swim the way they swimming
Nameless, faceless fools
Your non-existent contributions to humanity you tools
You make me want to barf inside
Dimethyl chloride barbicide
To sanitize
Won't follow sports the sheeple life's what I despise
Hook (x2):
We locked in (Slam)

Don't come calling or knocking
We locked in (Slam)
Never slacking or stopping
We locked in (Slam)
Claustrophobic and boxed in
We locked in (Slam)
Ain't no talking or squawking
I'm torturing my soul and thoughts

This battle that's forever fought
While feeling caught
And stagnant in whatever goal it is I sought
I must succeed
But not to purchase items or to feed my greed
I feed the need like steed to proceed yes indeed to feed the seeds
I move at paranormal speeds
I'm underground like demon ghouls
I never shall obey or follow
Predetermined heathen rules
Proceed indeed to slap in duels
Lyrically voracious fighting
Always been original
Not one of these cats that's known for biting
In my solace lone reciting
Never seen another soul
Potentially cuz you's a distraction
To keep me away from goal
So stay away don't need nobody
Take it f**ing easy Laddie
On the edge and possibly ready
To catch an easy body
Open flames in bursting rages
All the years that pa**ed the phases
Spreading ink then rap the pages
Better think the track's in blazes
Always raises lyrically the bar to unexplainable
My sk** level simply superior
UNOBTAINABLE
Hook (x2):
We locked in (Slam)
Don't come calling or knocking
We locked in (Slam)

Never slacking or stopping
We locked in (Slam)
Claustrophobic and boxed in
We locked in (Slam)
Ain't no talking or squawking

Beast 1333 Lyrics

MCCCXXXIII
Vol. 3

Beast 1333 - Unstoppable lyrics

[Verse 1: DISL Automatic]
Hey yo, I educate and elevate my mental state, I'm in the zone
Get it straight, I'm heavy weight, I demonstrate how I have grown
Knowledge on the microphone, that's what I be droppin'
Don't care about that fashion so don't as me what I'm coppin'
Don't ask me what I'm wearin', don't ask me what I'm drivin'
I ain't flashing off no diamonds but I'm nasty with the rhymin'
I'm trying to mastermind a plan to wake up all my peeps
And I won't be satisfied until we take it to the streets (Get BIG On 'Em!!!)
People you better get your heads straight
If you are not Getting BIG then homie you just dead weight
If you are not ready for the message that I bring you
Then turn the music off and let your ignorance continue
I don't mean to offend you but I'm not the one to bite my tongue
When the war is at your door what will you do fight or run?
Now our time has come, together we're unstoppable
History has shown to us that anything is possible
Empires have risen and the ones who rule are the elite
All of them have fallen 'cause they never thought they'd see defeat
They know that we're stronger so they hope and pray that we retreat
But there's no surrender, I'm a general I lead my peeps
Now it's time we fight peacefully
Educated G so I know my rights legally
Don't try deceiving me, your lies can not affect me
My mind is like my armor so my knowledge will protect me
DISL!
[Verse 2: Genocide]
We're unstoppable, united we have got the numbers
Get the riot gear ready, bring your best gunners
Me and my brothers, on the front line attack mode

Combat ready for my liberty to uphold
f** the government they dont really represent us
Their working for the corporations and the one percenters
Trying to tell us, how to live and control your life
So many lies, history we need to re-write
You need to elevate your mind to a higher state
End of days be upon the entire human race
Dont be a slave, sleepwalking till your in the grave
While the new world continue to take shape
What kind of place are you leaving for you children
When you look at all the fema camps they building
When you look at all the laws that they bringing in
Next, they'll be embedding a microchip beneath your skin

Begin the revolt, we can only win together
Never surrender, never bow to your oppresor
They want us dumbed down, weak and to be afraid
But I rather die on my feet then be a slave
We need a revolution, we need a uproar
Cuz it dont really matter who the f** you vote for
The shadow government, still running the business
The only way that we can change it is with a resistance
Get em!!!!!
[Verse 3: Beast 1333]
I am the number #1 Emcee
That every single rapper
Knows and Fears
Beast 13 to 3 to the 3
Switching Gears
Gonna make this Clear
Fitta been six Years
Since the Mark of the Beast
And the birth of this Here
For the Beast to appear
The signs of the Times
And the signs of the Ending
The Ending is Near
For the people to Cheer
Take em down a new path
To the New Frontier
My chosen career
There's sheep to shear

All over the Planet
All over the sphere
Constructing a Rhyme
That causes a disturbance
In the Fabric of Time
They'll turn on a Dime
The Beast a Better Design
I'm at my pinnacle Prime
My lyrical Mind
Is on a Knowledge Quest
I'm at my physical best
A critical Mess
The path that i Suggest
To pa** this Cynical Test
Won't give it a Rest
You tired on the Mic
Don't worry give it to Me
For years i've been Indoctrinating
Teaching how life
Really Could Be
I'm making 'em see
The Lamp that Guide Shine
The rhymes awaken the Blind
Ahead of My Time
The rawest Unrefined, My Grind
The Lyrics Combine
To form alliances
Collabos with my brother Disl
This world is full of Suffering
And people that are Evil
We are heralds for the Youth
I ain't record this in a Booth
I metaphysically Transduced
My vocals on this track
The Truth, The Proof
Is right up in our faces, Places
Full of Army Bases, Aces
Dropping bombs on kids
But ain't no Hague tribunal Cases
Ain't no Justice, ain't no Peace
There's plenty more they have in Store
They start the conflicts
Then Reap the Ma**ive Profits
From the Wars

We Breaking the Laws
& ripping apart they're Jaws
We Stars
Flipping them Awesome Bars
The Gods
Whipping em at the Scars
We Are
Ripping it for the Cause
(Get Big on Em)

Beast 1333 Lyrics

MCCCXXXIII
Vol. 3

Beast 1333 - Winter Blood lyrics

[Verse 1:]
Yo yo
My k**ers lay down laws, y'all just paralegals
I made a spike with the severed head of Tarantino
I terrorize them like i'm Django up in Candieland
But i'm more like Kunta Kinte with the cannon not the camera fam
This ain't Kansas anymore, it's war in Afghanistan
I'm ill you can't see me like cancer with no mammogram
My Reflection Eternal not Talib we the Taliban
I shatter your image with these hands sharper than candy man
My appetite sicker, no candle light dinner
This is a seance brainstorm and channel my ninjas
Big L, Big pun, Big Pack alive with us
Words will get you high to make you snap like satellite pictures
Y'all just rapping Clyde Drexlers
The eagle will put down you old dogs
Imma have to Mike Vick ya
But I rather victimize mics we some live spitters
With the power to electrify a n***a like Tesla
[Chorus:]
You ain't got a chance at all
Cause i'm worse than anything you ever been through
I k**ed you
[Repeat]
[Verse 2:]
Behold the God has arrived for the beat, yo we testing
Bone-crunch shatters that stomp, 13's destined
No destiny for 33 to thirty third has worked to earn
Every single track that i'm on is a track where people learn
There's no coincidental instigate the incident the food for mental
It's essential essentially detrimental that we deficate through mic devices
Who's the nicest we the bestest, rhyme success as almanacs

A trillion words my mind possesses
Powerful neutrinos blastin' particles we birthing novas
So much so its life on terra nova, pro's like Sharapova
Ga**in' us on who be faster, ba*tards after ma** disasters
Masters after ba*tards captured, pa**age to the fastest rapture

Out the past, of course I am the shepherd of the flock
I creed the block, my speed is clocked, macka blacka I blam the block
We overstand the powers generated from my thinking tissues
Blinking issues stinking sinking missiles, for you stinking issues
[Chorus]
[Verse 3:]
Y'all got mental problems
Gender hopping, twisting like eugenics chopping
Wearing women stockings, prep for finger popping
The queen, i'm Idi Amin, I mean, the king of Scotland
Them more like Kanye in that kilt I call you Dennis Rodman
Yo why you masquerading homie why you acting crazy phony
Son yo fashion statement's corny what you raps David Bowie
I make Haley's comet collide with the helicopters you flying
Not a philosophical guy not Philip Donnie you
I am William Wallace of vibes [?] alive
Grill his body in tribe with balsamic and wine
These astrological signs i'm a zodiac k**er
The horoscopes say i'm Martha Folts and you smoke like Mac Miller
Ayo my flow is mad iller, k** any track i'm a beast
And rest in peace to Eric Schwartz of course Capital STEEZ
They not gone they Just on a long sabbatical leave
Return every year to raise interest like annual fees
The crowd's response is out this world
Or with this pad you a**ume
And the vocal proof is focus group from a lab on the moon
They interact with us goons a matter of fact the platoon
We send them back to the womb or they end up wrapped in a tomb, like Tutankhamun
I'm Hugo Chavez with a crew a guys thats shootin Katyusha rockets through the fusilage of supersonics
Jets that tried to carpetbomb my set in this crucial conflict
Moe mewton mar will haunt you like the truman doctrine

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Beast 1333 - d**h Note lyrics

Verse 1-
I Can't Escape
Expiration date
I'm fleshy h*mosape
A homeless Ape
Maggot gangrene from wounds
Thats left Agape
A worm like tape
In the guts, the relationships parasitic
Puke the stomach contents
When the balance is too acidic
Pathetically sick in clinic
The scowl on my face a frown
They seen me vomiting
And dragging my body about the town
Its going down
I can sense that I'm living my last days
It must've been
All the d** and the women and fast ways
And even though
I know eventually every man has to die
I won't go down without a fight
As I'm staring d**h in the eye
I kick and scream
As he visits me
Tormenting me in my dreams
By Any Means
Ain't no tonic or medicine or vaccine
That could potentially reverse
The effects of my failing health
Every single man must die
Even rich ones that hoarded wealth
Im By Myself

And don't let them lie to you
And Try and Pretend
Everybody gets to meet him
And hold his hand in the end

ITS DEATH
Verse 2-
All around you everywhere
Theres people dying everyday
From the moment that youre born
This is a temporary stay
We are flesh and flesh decays
Turnt to sustenance for flies
Theres an entity
Thats waiting patiently for your demise
Because it feeds
As its black horse leads
He reaps weeds
At deceased speeds
He Sees Deeds
He sees needs
He precedes Breeds
Intermediary in a sense
And the only way to meet him
If your life is paste tense
Since your skull is mad dense
Ima try and keep it light
I had an overall sensation
That nothing is going right
Im losing sight
As I'm experimented on
Throughout The Night
Not in the slight
Overcome by frantic desperation fright
The futures drab
Ive been stabbed
And I'm laying up on a slab
The doctors grab
As they cracking my chest open like a crab
Its really sad
That i will never see the world or kick a rhyme
d**h is knocking at my door

I got to go
I Did My Time
PEACE

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Beast 1333 - Future lyrics

(Hook: KRS One)
Look into your future, what do you see?
Look into your past life, what do you see?
You could be anything you desire to be!
So what do you see, man, what do you see?
(Verse 1: KRS One)
Do you see misery or yourself in victory?
We are from the future, man, we write our own history
Life is not a mystery, it's an extension of me
Do you see liberty, or the penitentiary?
Do you see your friends or enemies, what about poverty?
I'm not inside of life, life's inside of me
It got to be my Hip Hop philosophy, that got me to the top of society's monopolies
Rock with me, copy me, hit the newer future, a loser will not be me
I'm breaking these clips off something properly
With knowledge of self, that's Hip Hop to me!
(Hook: KRS One)
Look into your future, what do you see?
Look into your past life, what do you see?
You could be anything you desire to be!
So what do you see, man, what do you see?
(Verse 2: Leaf Dog)
I treat the mic like a crystal ball, leafs are full
With no future- what they told me when I was back at school
Played it cool, did grams, until I heard the cool, fire caset with KRS teaching me the rule of Hip Hop
It made my path a lot brighter, but this dyslexic kiddie somehow turned to a writer
Time to realize nothings how it has to be, anything you desire can become a reality
We bring philosophies you ain't used to, in a Delorean, stormin' in

back from the future
They're trying to confuse you like words from a MP
They want you to conform and not be free like you should be
f** that! Look at how far working hard's took me
Step outside the box, imagine what you could see
Or you would see if only you believed it, we only use a small part of our brain, it's no secret
(Hook: KRS One)
Look into your future, what do you see?
Look into your past life, what do you see?
You could be anything you desire to be!
So what do you see, man, what do you see?
(Verse 3: BVA)
Is this my destiny, or did I let the things in life get the best of me?

I made my own recipe, I feel the need to bless the beat
Never stress-fully, no hands out, but then I'll take whatever's left for me
Cos' every person is an unwritten book, the gaze ain't locked, you have to work to have a look
Train the mental, like I do over instrumentals
Like when I freestyle for hours with powers that's influential
Prevent you, maybe you just gotta climb a fence, dude
Change your life like those sore past events do
Even if it don't make sense, it'll clear in the future, then look back but never fear
Cos' it's a gamble, with before odds than the lottery
I've got to breathe, I've got to bring sh**, I've got a lot to be
All you've got to do is open your eyes to see, that the person can always pick the apple from the tree
(Hook: KRS One)
Look into your future, what do you see?
Look into your past life, what do you see?
You could be anything you desire to be!
So what do you see, man, what do you see?
(Verse 4: Beast 1333)
When you think about your life and the path that you pursue
And are you 100% satisfied with what you do?
And do you love it, do you hate it? There's been many that have made it, many more that did not
I dedicate my life to Hip Hop, and I'm happy in the knowing that my pa**ion is my job, I could've been a minimum wage earnin'

burger flipping slob
I could've been some dead beat father with kids that miss him
Instead I became aware of my surroundings, aimed ahead of the game, I thought of the plan, began to stir and formulate my moves
Your mind should always be searching for ways for you to improve, there's no perfection, just perception of preconceptions
If your whole family's broke, you should strive to be the exception
I beseech, as I preach everything I learnt from teach, freedom of speech
My growing tentacles are further in they reach, halt to a screech
It's never too late for the bus to turn, what doesn't k** you only makes you stronger, as long as you learn

Beast 1333 Lyrics

Beast 1333 - Mother nature lyrics

How many times must I turn on the tv and see the hate poppin out like it was 3d
How many times must I shout my door to ignore the negative who*es from before
Let me do it, you will see me blossom, immortal awesome and we can all be that you just got to know what path you're crossing
The one we have now is a monster of destruction, busy trucks buzzing, people with numb chucks running
This world is crazy, can't you see it and I absolutely mean it when I say stop the fighting, mother nature is crying

It's to painful to see that apart of me is falling because one of you mother f**ers just decides to be a f** up
Nothing is perfect so never try to understand this because this place is a mess for the perfect balance of reason
Without hate there would be no love and that message was literally sent to you from up above

Beast 1333 Lyrics

No Good

Yo this that Boom Bap snap we Back
Another Killer track
Ahead of the Pack
You Faded to Black
Cuz shit is so Wack
I'm spitting the Facts
We bringing it Back to Back tracks
Flipping em out Like Flap Jacks
What about that?
Send em out Back
Set em out Flat
Said the Mouth Rap
Unfuckwitable puff puff and I Go
Hit em in the Mind tough tough wit the blows
We Buck at your Shows
Just killing the Foes
And killing they Dreams
And drilling they goals
So keep on your Toes
We better then them
Better than who?
You Better Defend
Your Playpen
Never for Collabs we have to pay Them
We the Made Men
My name remain the Three to add to Plain Ten
Wit the same Pen
I'll Overflow your soul until you say When
Cuz I say So
Your Whole existence consisting of Pesos
Better make Sure
Prepare yourself for War like all the Late Shows
We the same Bros
Civilians walking amongst ya in our Plain Clothes
By the Skin of the Nose
Templar~Masta Builda aint no iller than Those
The Pros are the Cons when the Cons are the Pros
Bombing em Robbing em Vamonos No,
They Captured your Soul
Time to take it Back Attack and take a Control

They Swallow us whole just leaving the Bones
Believe it they Deceiving the Clones
Deceiving the Drones
Be Weary they Deceiving, Thieving
Leaving us Loans
I been in the Zone wont Postpone
Fitted the Dome a lil Toast Chrome
For the Four Phones
I"ll have y'all Niggas Flown to where I Crush Bones
You Soft Scones
Be Careful what waters you try Traversing
We swim amongst the Sharks
While y'all feeding with Sea Urchins
Yo the Beep Beep Urgent
My flows are Damaging your Land Lines
I Booby trapped the Path
With the wrath of a Blasting Land Mine

JEDI MIND TRICKS

jedi mind tricks
豐
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Intro"

God divided the Light from the Darkness

And God called the Light, Day
And the Darkness he called

The Verbal Hologram

I use Jedi Mind Tricks

You could never ever begin to apprehend the hologram

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Winds Of War"

[Kevin Spacey:]
"I'm setting the example, and what I've done is gonna be puzzled over
And studied
And followed
Forever."

[Ikon:]
Prepare for the verbal war
The hologram advance, physical form
Manifest the universal mind into the law
Travelling lands, I stand on sands of chemical vibrations
The math, kings of light departed in wrath
So where you gonna stand when the Elohim return
Seven great stages throughout the ages say you burn
It's my turn to shine
I redefine the crystalline-biological structures, implanted in your mind
So I find the deaf, dumb and blind
And bless 'em with science, and leave the blind ones behind
Descending into big balls of mass, in the form of rain
The Verbal Hologram brings pain
So rearrange disagreeable ways that brought you the darkness
Take hold and rip out your soul from your carcass
And rise away like a sham
The Verbal Hologram is the verbal avalanche
One last chance to re-plan and over-stand
Before the Hologram sends your camp to Holy Land
So ask your man, when he returns to where I sent him
The plan was to kill God and reinvent him
Practicing Black Magical tactics like voodoo
Attacking like the seven deadly warships of Nibiru

Giving sight to the blind
The dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum
Giving sight to the blind
The dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum
Giving sight to the blind
The dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum

I bring forth the mighty Udamiu, the powerful Sapagra
The darkening behind you, the biblical omega man
The Ashtar command, I came to bring mortals the barathary gland
So here I stand on the Four Corners of Stonehenge
Travelling through portals, the thunderbolt of battles, the lord of the immortals
The zeal of the seven, the rising of the demon
The lost books of the Bible and forgotten books of Eden
The heathens, who burn like pyrhosis
Handed the Holy tablets, like Moses
The blackening of roses, will send you to the edges of the land
The emerald tablets, of Thoth the Atlantean
The hands of the mighty lion of Judah
Will throw you through the triangular portals of Bermuda
Exploring the Holographic aspects of consciousness
For aliens to devour
Orthodox first relativistic equations for power

The shower of acid rain brings pain to the land
You cannot kill what you cannot see
The Verbal Hologram

[Kevin Spacey:]
Don't ask me to pity those people. I don't mourn them any more than I do the thousands that died at Sodom and Gomorrah

Giving sight to the blind
The dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum
Giving sight to the blind
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Giving sight to the blind
The dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Chinese Water Torture"

(feat. Breath of Judah)

[Breath of Judah:]
I'm on a killing spree
The Cantonese, torturing
Painting a picture with a paintbrush in water color of genies
Holding the key, vitality
It's all you need, if you're a different being
It will be a different color when you bleed
Accurately punctured from needles in you nervous system
Are like the seaman, not water soluble
Because of the attributes of yin yang is dual
When I cut you simultaneously like whang killing you too quickly
If I were to bang, witness thee, I hang you in aqua
Sending electric shocks to open up all your chakras
And when I do, the all set check
That will biochemically plant water beads on your brain
While putting salt water on open wounds to have you in pain

Suf- Suf- Suffer Chinese water torture, my word is water

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Four score, the verbal hologram is verbal war
Chinese water torture into your molecular structure
Ancient scholars wondering where they've seen us
Babylon's hanging gardens and the temple of Artemis
The Hologram crushing you to grains of sand
Lawnmower man, computer generated battles of the unseen hand
Internal bleeding, I bed my seeding with deadly arrows
Fly like sparrows, and get destroyed by the army of the pharaohs
Cyborg, *[?]* to the womb
Alive where you will see traveling loons from *[?]*
The ancient palace, the ancient chalice
Mystical like aurora borealis
The palace of pain, y'all *[?]* kicked up *[?]* in flame
Half Abel, half Caine, get slain by the verbal flame
Bring forth the sights of Anunnaki Elohim
Image of the 24 lead supreme
[?] ripping out your spleen
Distributing gangrene throughout your team
Lord of the rings brings deadly hologramic dreams
Word up

And my basement's an arrangement of different torture devices
Suf- Suf- Suffer Chinese water torture, my word is water
And my basement's an arrangement of different torture devices
Suf- Suf- Suffer Chinese water torture, my word is water

[Breath of Judah:]
You hear the pounding in your head
When I hit the disc gong, the vibrations will start circulation
Of gongs, the body's meridians and everything
That has pores, even obsidian
With the creek moisture and this part of your torture
I'll anoint ya with libations pouring liquids and cleanse

And you'll feel as if you were diving in the ocean
And caught the bends
The elements of the seas to cure all disease
Now tell me if you're unpleased
I'll treat you like a dog and never wash off your fleas
Have you waiting 'till I fill your bowels
With a fish bowl full of frenzying and hungry sea monkeys
Suffering from internal mange
You'll have to consult to the I Ching for change

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Look in the mirror of the soul to see exactly where the flaws be
Leaving your squad dead on the side of the road like Ennis Cosby
The Hologram eliminating the Earth's population
Matrix field bases of organic manipulation
Ikon dwell in the forest like the Ewoks
We rot for following the prophetic books of Enoch
The treetops hang over your cipher like a ninja
Within the perimeters of the disagreeable sinner

And my basement's an arrangement of different torture devices
Suf- Suf- Suffer Chinese water torture, my word is water
And my basement's an arrangement of different torture devices
Suf- Suf- Suffer Chinese water torture, my word is water

Gently drip single droplet of water upon his forehead
And feel him spoke

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Three Immortals"

(feat. Apathy, Breath of Judah)

Explorers... In the further regions of experience
Demons to some... angels to others... Now you must come with us

[Ikon:]
Enter the dragon
With 3 immortal surgeons
Ark of the covenant and the holiest excursions
The search for the knowledge and the wisdom of the sands
The Hologram sends you to the abode of the damned
Immortal like vampires
Setting fires in the caverns of the unholy
Oh, the ancients all hope of Abraham
Send you to the sacred land
To change form, performing rituals that leave you scorned
Crown of thorns adorns the unborn in which you spawned
There is no shelter from the storm of Babylon's lost children
I lead millions to the promised land
The holy lamb, the planetary Hologram
Blowing your Chakras' to oblivion
Digital man, biblical man like Simeon
Vanishing breed, the holy throne
Presidents of United Snakes are now clones
The zones of the virus, the eye of Cyrus
The last waltz of the tyrants
The harvesting begins now
Infinite information like Wuji Tao
But how, would you withstand the power of the helix
The crucifixion of the phoenix
The black thesis will burn you
Give to you the darkest of afflictions
Mortal MC's face the verbal crucifixion

I am in fact lacking confusion as to what's real, and what's illusion
I am in fact lacking confusion as to what's real, and what's illusion

[Breath of Judah:]
The infinite, grand planet
Ish ka Kha Shahnameh, most high
Called Ali Aba, astronomer
Roam the universe like Romulus
Indigenous with consciousness of Sirius
I am a 7 density light being
Transmanifest personally
In divine nation Atlantis rising
3 dimension radiation is extremely
For difficulty to cope with the body
Externally, in the centre of the galaxy, Alchemy
Spirits soul my commitment
So that's efficient, receive nine dimensions
Of cosmic expansion exquisitely
Philadelphian church chosen city
Add instance to vortex's
Pleiadian Sequence Equinox's

At the zero point. Dialoguing
Keeping time flying
Sitting on Khompeten meditating
3 Immortals... through portals!

I am in fact lacking confusion as to what's real, and what's illusion
I am in fact lacking confusion as to what's real, and what's illusion

[Apathy:]
The plot thickens through psychological crucifixions
I part red seas and travel lands guiding Christians
My writtens escape the earth in certain crisis
I create raps for Christ and 12 righteous tribes
Educate with positive vibes
Devastate your dimension and nobody survives
Out of smoke we rise illuminating eyes and wise
Teaching lost fools that Yeshua never dies
I cry, try to cut off my air supply
Imma transport to space, let the mother ship fly
Annuni, seven signs, let the Dolphin be the Baptist
With self contained underwater breathing apparatus
In Atlantis digital image screen enhances
Photographs of alien ships upon ya planets
Emerge from volcanoes, dreadlocks and halo's
Presto-chango, I morph to tornadoes
And tear up ya major metropolis
You fish tank guppies couldn't fuck with the octopus!

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Neva Antiquated (Dark Jedi Remix)"

[Ikon the Hologram:]
Complexities bring entities when hardcore be the factor
Physically shattered by the cause of the macrocosm distracter
Fractured by my supernatural forces, face losses
As I break backs like Superman on horses
Word to Jah, ancient warrior like Thor
Spiritual like the Ibis God Thoth
Complex construction by the technician
Will dismantle your collective mind, Enemy of Mankind
With Egyptian, archeological finds
Dwelling in the dungeon of time
Monomaniacal beat seeker
Swarming like locust into your speaker
Examining communications systems with cybernetics

Key notes of my flows will get froze or cryogenics
East Coast domination for the D-U-B masses
Gathering at black masses to gain knowledge of the clashes
Of past rhythmic masters, would end up bending, never-ending like the sky
One-point twenty-one gigawatts to defeat me like Marty McFly
So why, would you battle with the recipe
Got rappers sweating harder than some retards on Jeopardy
One time for your mind, no doubt
D.U.B in the house motherfuckers
East Coast like that for your mind Killadelph
One time for you mind Killadelph son, Killadelph son

I am the beginning and ending of what is war
And I am the beginning and ending of what is raw
I am the beginning and ending of what is war
And I am the beginning and ending of what is raw
(Return of the Jedi)

I am the beginning and ending of what is war
And I am the beginning and ending of what is raw
I am the beginning and ending of what is war
And I am the beginning and ending of what is raw
(Return of the Jedi)

[The Sun Pharoah:]
My brainstorm will swarm into your sections
Scientific lessons and my possession unfold within my session
Injections infesting insight am I causing tension
Blessing mentals is my obsession
Intentions to make you change professions
Wisdom imprisoned dejects leaving you vexed
My cerebral vortex rips and wrecks when I infest (bless)
Weaving scriptures that's evil
There's no equal to my cerebral, that nigga *[?]* remain imperial
Unbelievable lyricism will leave incisions
Cause pain like circumcision as you recognize (the realism)
The G-O-D verbally damage MCs
Tragically come and battle me, bare witness to insanity
My corrupted mentality, plan to slaughter your family grammatically

I bless the microphone with strategy
Your alliance is left in silence, victim of verbal violence
Deadly vocabulary, the God be dropping science
No doubt

I am the beginning and ending of what is war
And I am the beginning and ending of what is raw
I am the beginning and ending of what is war
And I am the beginning and ending of what is raw
(Return of the Jedi)

I am the beginning and ending of what is war
And I am the beginning and ending of what is raw
I am the beginning and ending of what is war
And I am the beginning and ending of what is raw
(Return of the Jedi)

Amongst the illest individual's, I bless the mentals of criminals
With materials formulated to penetrate cerebrals
I'm lethal, imperial type scriptures infiltrate, then split you
Simulating your nugget when I hit you

[Ikon the Hologram:]
Emerging from the mist is not individual but four
Hardcore concepts causing everything to be raw
8804 AD causes misery that be abominable
Evil like three times hexagonal
Test my squadron and watch your macrocosm turn to particles
Non-particles are non-particles
Like the nucleus of an atom
The corpuscles which carry the oxygen from the lungs gather patterns
Energy from the soul
Black soul like spirits of Kukido

I am the beginning and ending of what is war
And I am the beginning and ending of what is raw
I am the beginning and ending of what is war
And I am the beginning and ending of what is raw
(Return of the Jedi)

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Omnicron"

(feat. Apathy , The Sun Pharaoh)

[Riley Martin:]
I told them of the Hale Bop comet 7 years ago
It is running if you will notice on our sensors
We have picked up a ship beneath it... of great dimensions
All we are trying to do, us humans, so that we shall not die so soon

[Apathy the Alien Tongue:]
Over the Earth I hover spinning whirlwinds in Wheatfields
While my force fields repel four winds from broken seals
Numbered seven
Embedding my brethren, breaking bread with Yeshua
In Bethlehem
The last tribal star soul the alien Seth Alam
The devil bears the pentagram, a horrible hologram
My body slams man with the heavy grams
Lay the beat down
Make big connections to the Son of Sam and Uncle Sam
So Sam I Am keep ya fucking eggs and ham
Performing alien brain scans and spiritual exams
While the mothership lands on holy land
My mental expands with plans to span through the galaxy
I land in farmers crops spelling out the name 'Apathy'
Speaking my name is blasphemy, so call me your majesty
Majestic phonetics begin affecting reality
Religiously, I mystically chant and recite on mic's
At astronomical heights
Guided by the northern lights
Poltergeist, masquerade as Christ, entice like Heidi Fleiss
Trying to put the righteous on ice
You're a holographic device, and simply see through
Robotic like R2D2, I'm original like Hebrews
And 144,000 people. May the Lord bless you and keep you
Formin' gargoyles like Tin Foil they sit upon ya steeple!

Will space probes in the next century discover extra terrestrial analogue?
Will space probes in the next century discover extra terrestrial analogue?
Will space probes in the next century discover extra terrestrial analogue?
Will space probes in the next century discover extra terrestrial analogue?

[Ikon the verbal Hologram:]
Biophysical Biosphere
Witchdoctor unlocked the cobra spitting venom I adhere!
I stand here with the hearts of the Meek
I bring pain, camel clutch, Iron sheik
Order of the Golden Dawn
I have warned
Of biochemical implants in heads of the unborn!
Lion of the tribe of Judah
The root of David
Five Tibetan rites are rejuvenation A Sacred
Master Yehi, All die under the staff
Or get burned like Betty Shabazz and I will laugh
Demons at dimensional doorways come through this

But I will have you hanging from a tree like you was Judas
Violent Buddhist
The Higher Arc decaton
Revelations of the Metatron
I form Voltron
With elements of Tai Chi
Doing battle with seven heads and ten horns is me!
The hologram!
Travel I through space portals
My soul cannot be imprisoned or trapped by mere mortals
Torture them!
With the pain of scorpion stings
Spitting lightning
'Lord of the Rings', I brings
Diagrams, of hallways and pyramids of the pharaohs
Tribe Green
Mecca's warrior holding arrows
Contorting; polymorphing and aborting
The souls of the MCs who I've made ghosts to do my haunting

Will space probes in the next century discover extra terrestrial analogue?
Will space probes in the next century discover extra terrestrial analogue?
Will space probes in the next century discover extra terrestrial analogue?
Will space probes in the next century discover extra terrestrial analogue?

[Sun Pharaoh:]
Scientifical madness
Eliminating masses with mathematical tactics
Strategic, electronical, weaponry fucking up your anatomy
Insanity, inviting thee
Atomically bombing the fraudulent MC
Escorting he, with battle strategy
Confusion weaponry cause fatality
Intergalactic tactics shine like metallics
With mathematics, I leave your whole clique splattered
Pharaoh's a savage (The Verbal War)
Causing comatosis
Transporting dope shit through sleep way (hypnosis)
Try to approach this, I stalk-prey like vultures
And feast on the carcass of any lyrical artists
I'm sick with this, scientifical madness
Pharaoh the seventh sign causing word disaster
Cerebral master, Iron Killa Guerrila
Verbal Flames I spit them through your chest, Like Tequila
Constructing ya Art of War like Sun Tzu
Death becomes you, As I run through
MC's like Battering rams, you overstand
Sun Pharaoh- and the motherfucking Hologram!

Will space probes in the next century discover extra terrestrial analogue?
Will space probes in the next century discover extra terrestrial analogue?
Will space probes in the next century discover extra terrestrial analogue?
Will space probes in the next century discover extra terrestrial analogue?

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"As It Was In The Beginning..."

(feat. The Lost Children Of Babylon)

[Breath of Judah:]
To the angelic seventh cathedral
Relic illadelphia, write words of power
Him who was holy, who holds the key
That opens, no one considered
Since an initiate's sound of seven trumpets
Those Synagogues of Satan
Will fall down at my feet knowing I've awakened
I'm comin' soon for them, Elohim's the New Jerusalem
Puttin' millennium criticisms on Christians
Two shall be revealed by the seventh cathedral seal
As above, so below. Behold David's seal
Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?
Those who defame me shall keep open my wounds
No liars allowed in the school of Mogoon

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Seven plagues of the seven angels
Seven emcees get strangled by the seven holiest triangles
I have mangled plexiglass beams that see through
Sons of Evil like Robbie Knievel
I believe you are the lamb prepared for the verbal slaughter
Save your breath like you was under water
I am torture like the fear of internationalism
Nazi eugenics and economic rationalism
I am the being born unto the scourge
And I am the being bringing holy wars
Orators from the womb of ill Yune
Glory be to the sustainer El Kuluwm
Gabriel fell from the steps of the heavens
Extraditing evil-rooted angels in the seventh

As it was in the beginning
So it shall be in the end

As it was in the beginning
So it shall be in the end

[Rasul Allah:]
Black Tibetan abbot Abyssinians
That begins the extortiation of the fullations
Battle through the tombs of the Shangri La
Of Illadelphia Shambala, enter the paradigm
Of Rasul Allah Assyrian celestial Hebrews
Penance of the Etherians, hieroglyphians
I am the silhouette, a risky *[?]*
The ill czar shine of two one five
Behold sons of limitless light, border rights
That reveal from the seventh heavenly hill
The book of el's, in jail, the apocalyptical tabernacle sacred
Satharotic, propheatical chapels
The synagogues of El Kuluwm, the ghost fills the monastery
Sanctuary cathedral, from the kingdom of Melchezevik

We the mystics redeem the Annunaki Elohim
We were originated from where? The blackness of light
Was formulated from our synapses
If you get tarnished in all phrases and salutation
To the mercifullness, glory of the Sunz of Mansion

As it was in the beginning
So it shall be in the end

[Ancient Kemet:]
Sink like the Titan', into the cold
Dark waters of the ocean, my thought modes
Shift Atlantis into motion
Elevated to rise beyond the shores, revelators
For episodes to the future, energy seekin'
Intruder, infiltrate the perimeter
Lock you in my initiation chamber
Prove to the guard snakes, not a stranger
With four large spiritual anger

As it was in the beginning
So it shall be in the end

As it was in the beginning
So it shall be in the end

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Books Of Blood: The Coming Of Tan"

(feat. El Eloh)

[Riley Martin:]
"Perhaps you will believe the million feet of film that's been taken above... uh... Mexico City, and various other places. If you think that you are alone in this universe or that you are the guardians of this universe, then you are rudely mistaken."

[El Eloh from Lost Children of Babylon:]
Took a physical odyssey to the fathers of Shabazz
With the shamans of the Cherokees
Arrived in Nevada, ten miles away from NASA
Met the farmer in which he revealed to me the
Ohioan crop circles that linked all the star constellations
To the nineteenth galaxy
The metaphysicist that quote the Roswell
New Mexican deserts of Death Valley
With E.B.E. – extraterrestrial biological entity
Discovering extraordinary memories
Glided across Glassland
Suddenly seeing illuminations from the seven heavens circle of sand
Of Area 51 and 57, separate the schoolkid and reveal the reptilian
I seen the CIA transform into the species of Greys
The Sabbath seven adding up to seven levels of the Majestic 12
Neoclassic traveller
I travel the Twilight Zone with Einstein and Nikola Tesla
Walk through the wilderness of Ibilis
As the flying disc of Ezekiel
The pope stands upon the podium
Becomes a Zeta Reticulian
Behold the arrival of the Nephilim

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Beware the prophecies of the Tarots
Alien spacecraft flying away like Sparrows
Study the lost prophetic books of the bible
That recites fallen body energies: spiritual survival
Flying discs seen in Ezekiel 1:3
Granted Kingu a tablet of destinies
Semjase spoke the word of the Bavarian Illuminati
I bring forth harmonics of Hiroshima and Nagasaki
Annunaki planted the seed where I dwell
Either vortex turbines pulling me to hell
Awareness upon my savannah is omni dimensional
Grey species has a common memory complex of the social
Liquid crystal colloidal membranes responding
To the spectrum of the universal intelligence matrix
The basis is that extraterrestrials created Christ
And have a device that recorded all of Earth's history
And can display it in the form of a hologram precise
Construction of synthetic humanoids is among us
You have entered the Land of Nod
To face the deafening thunders and the spiritual wonders
Because the harvest now is coming
Beware the worldwide ancient tunnel system
The government is running
Hectic! Verbal slaughterer of the Judeo-Christian ethic

Hare Rāma Hare Rāma
Rāma Rāma Hare Hare
Hare Rāma Hare Rāma
Rāma Rāma Hare Hare

[El Eloh:]
And the world has turned on the last spin
The coming of Tan to this wicked land
And the world has turned on the last spin
The coming of Tan to this wicked land

Fled with the five, led through a European wooded ravine
And seen Stonehenge connect and bring upon the Annunaki
The highest Kabbalah's mystic chants "B'nai Elohim"
And looks to the sky for prophecy was abducted in Nebraska
Then taken back to the laboratory
Experiment performed before me
Nonearthly alien autopsy
Psycho social biological and electro-
Magnetic manipulation of human consciousness
The Vulcan walks about the abyss

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
The Verbal Hologram: royal killer like Shorgize
Speak Babylonian and Hebrew, Genesis like the star gods
Blessed by Biaviians like the French theologians
Antichrist is coming in the form of a powerful Roman
Development of AIDS was funded in 1969 for the seven
Injected into the hundred million Africans in '77
Cuneiform inscriptions in Western Asia of the Nabu
Dwell in hell, celestial bodies: twelve like Kathabu
But I can rob you of your spirit soul like Xenu
Elders imprisoned, negative paraphysical beings we knew
Function outside the time track like Essassani
I chose to be enclosed and I fold too like origami
Comprehend the theory of reflection like Paramātmā
In the epic Sanskrit history of the world like Mahabharata
Praise to His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada

[El Eloh:]
And the world has turned on the last spin
The coming of Tan to this wicked land
And the world has turned on the last spin
The coming of Tan to this wicked land

[Riley Martin:]
If you stood up above the stratosphere and downloaded seven gigawatts of negative ions into the turbines, would this not disrupt the electromagnetic flow?

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Incanatrix"

The Sun will be turned into darkness
And The Moon will turn to blood
Because of you son

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Immaculate Conception"

[Famke Janssen:]
Flesh is a trap. That's what he used to say
Flesh is a trap. And magic sets us free

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
The War of Gods and Men
I condemn them who believe
In ancient fallacies and the heresy of thieves
Burn the unholy in your filthy religion
Paganism and the prism of three-dimensional prison
I walk through the liquid of the Seven Rivers
And deliver rhyme schemes that cut like verbal scissors
Or arrows
The sacred science of the pharaohs
Millennium prophesies of tarots
Murdered cattle, discovered near the crop circles of the land
While we fight wars for political whores like Mary Magdalan
The Hologram plans his incision
Apparition of Tibetan black magicians
My compositions will turn men into slaves
Holographic aspects of particles and waves
Propel the spacecraft in the Pleiades
Dwell in the abyssal plains like the Horse of Hades
The Wheel of Infinity, the Chamber of the Trinity
Levitators of the fifth level magician of divinity
Like a pentadrone, I sent your dome into the forest
Of Ibilis
Like the wilderness of Tan
The Verbal Hologram! The Verbal Hologram!

[Pharoahe Monch:]
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
The decaton, the higher arc modron
Encompass my soul in a beam like proton
I am Voltron With helmeted head and lotus flower
Incantations, wind walking teleportations
I dwell in a body that can't be slain
The verbal flame, he atomic spark of pain
So I drain, the energy from your Chakra system
Watch me glisten like the sun
The Chosen One, The cyborg relation
My shit is crazy like Free Masons
Meeting camp crystal lake with Jason
Complex wind, City of screaming metal in the Vatican
I shatter him who walks on the plains of Hell

To sacrifice El, Young El, Young El
A dark fall for all who battle the mystic meditation
Face decapitation and material contamination
By the spiritual deviation
Translation of ancient civilization
Nonaton, overseer of law and order
The verbal slaughter, Hologram walks on water
Immune to illusion and scientifical blows
Armed with black magic, spears, and crossbows
Feeble attempts to apprehend the Hologram
Overstand, I kill man like Wodan
So no man step into the darkness of the set
Study with Chinese masters like Jesus in Tibet
Staff of Moses, urn of ashes
Morphing my soul into solids, liquids, and gases

[Pharoahe Monch:]
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception
My perception of poetical injection is ejaculation
The Immaculate Conception

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Apostle's Creed"

(feat. Apathy, Yan the Phenomenon)

[Apathy the Alien Tongue:]
I sit upon a cloud of nuclear waste
And taste the orgasmic juice of a goddess with her lips spread on my face
As I speak in space touching a damaged piece of a satellite
Resembling wrecking remnants of a 2010 soliloquy
Entity, centuries from the time of man designed a plan
Of a time span of seconds to an immortal
Transport immortals in portals toward an Egyptian land
To then erect complex architect structures and pyramids
Melted parted rock with acidic chemical blood samples
From a reptilian females' period, I travel like the Iliad
But my ship sails amongst cosmic whales and intergalactic pirates
Telling tales of trails left by the gods
Through the center of the sun when they passed the spot
Jesus Christ was really an ancient astronaut
I attacked mastodons when I crashed upon Earth in the Ice Age
And twice laid mankeys with assistance of sound waves
And psycho-kinetics, you can't escape the wrath of Apathetic
The time has come for man to die, not project prophetic phonetics
Fugitive prosthetic limbs for hairy crippled or rejected
Exoskeleton extensions of cybernetic inventions
Moving swiftly like a Thundercat, my hunger tracks rats on the train tracks
And when I rap on tracks I attract tremendous energy sources
Changing forms through metamorphose
I travel darkened corridors with orbs of light and torches
We ride away on apocalyptic pale horses
And disappear as shadows in the forest
And disappear as shadows in the forest

Non-conceptual, non-exceptional
Your whole aura is Plexiglas

[Yan the Phenomenon:]
I take hold of truth eludes me like sands through the cracks in my hands
Retaliatory silhouettes in apocalyptic lands
Nomadic by the second, but I can't let this stress get the best of me
Though it test me on a daily basis
And traces the tracks of my tears down my cheeks and over my lips
Taste the freedom but it seems like gravity
Has me chained to this pathetic land like Satan's left burning lake of Chaos
But yet I continue on with no tendencies in my subconscious
So right there's a contradiction, because I'm aware of these tendencies
So they ain't in my subconscious anymore
More like forces that I conversate with, halves thirds and fourths
That I sliced my soul into a percentage
I know you wouldn't recommend it, so I wrote this letter and never sent it
Cause my pain, is my pain, I won't trouble you with my own
Now I swim through waves of asphalt with no place to call home
Yan on the lonely island and see a plastic smile speaking gibberish
At varying frequencies, burn out the radio and television transmissions
Or simply audible voices who wear the robes of righteousness
Equilibrium is fucked up from data overload
Enhanced by the fact that I walk on a narrow road

That's more like a tightrope between wisdom and insanity
Seems like clarity is the ever elusive goal
When insanity has the help of the omnipotent force of gravity

Non-conceptual, non-exceptional
Your whole aura is plexiglas

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
On the battleground you can go to war like Sudan
But I'm half-man and so you have to overstand
That the other half of me is made of liquid and steel
Ain't you sick and tired of people screaming "keep it real"?
I'm powered by the ancients, spirit in the soul
It's war, and Ikon carries crossbows
But I toss foes through the center of the planet
When you battle me, you best be praying like a mantis
I will send you, through the depths of the Atlantic
To study transcripts of rhymes by the enchanted
Hologram, the verbal war paradigm
Traveling back in time to change the way y'all wack rappers rhyme
If I don't succeed you will bleed
The just punishment of the Apostle's Creed
This is hip-hop kid, shit is straight from the heart
You's an actor with a record deal trying to play the part

Like THAT, like that one time like that one time like that one time
Uh, my man Stoupe in the house like that one time like that one time
My man, Chico in the house like that one time like that one time
My man Yan the Phenomenon, in the house, like that one time one time
Ikon the Verbal Hologram, up in this muthafucka
Open up that third eye before I open it for you
Word is bond, Jedi Mind, '97, '98
Rappers, I decapitate like that
Fuck all y'all!

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"I Who Have Nothing"

I, I who have nothing

Intersections in real time
The unbroken circle and dimensions of the mind
The tie that binds
The eternal tie that defines
The vanity of my insanity in due time
Will shine
Like the night seas under the moon
The haunted corners of familiar rooms
Yet I'm consumed
We're vanishing into thin air
The realization that this shit is my cross to bear
So where
Did I think I could run away to see
The people that decided to leave without asking me
But we
Decide to wait for happier tomorrows
And find someone so they can be distractions from our sorrow
But my distractions the books of paper that I scrawl in
I'm eloquent as summer breeze and leaves that have just fallen
I've crawled in a corner hoping all of this will end
With the knowledge that love is just another word for revenge
I who have nothing but the comfort of my sins
I who have nothing but the comfort of my friends

I, I who have nothing
I, I who have no one
I, I who have nothing
I, I who have no one

As I decay, demons prey above me like a vulture
Ability to endure contradiction is a high sign of culture
Verbal sculptures, self defacing
It is not God or lunacy that I am facing
But the erasing of the purity and passion of my words
The herds of cattle babble on with talk of the absurd
But I preferred
To walk away from all the feuds
To find my life is more confusing than a Rubik's cube
So I'm subdued
In all my words of verbal prods
To live alone one must be an animal or a God
But it's official
All of my pain is clear as crystal
The natural side of life has now been seeming artificial
But I can hit you
And rest assured that I'mma last words
I could give a fuck about ya secrets and ya past words
I can pass words and their ability to hurt you
Patience is a virtue and knowledge is of commercial
I who have nothing but the pain that I refer to
I who have nothing but the pain that I've referred to

I, I who have nothing
I, I who have no one
I, I who have nothing
I, I who have no one

Lost among the miracles, I stand alone
And I've grown into a being that's sitting on top a throne
I've known
For many years that I would turn to rust
I find a reason for another breath
Before my return to dust
I become one with science and mathematics and the rising of the sun
I'm numb
To all of those who blind and cannot see
The chastiser of the enemy
Perception requires duality
Inspect ya soul, the color of coal inside the body
I have hardly come across them who's holy
Send them to the cherubim to control thee
Burning of the sun and frigidness of the cold
The battlefield is new but the war is now old
You can never see the merest shadow of a halo
Above the head of evil jinn who's deadly like tornado
The world has become an aquarium
Full of gaping fish with murderous smiles
I on the other hand stand on the outside looking in
Writing down murderous files
I who have nothing but the lack of variation
And I who have nothing but chains and suffocation

I, I who have nothing
I, I who have no one
I, I who have nothing
I, I who have no one

"There comes a time in every man's life when he's gotta handle shit up on his own"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Communion: The Crop Circle Thesis"

(feat. Lost children of Babylon)

[El Eloh:]
I am he who walks beyond the cycle of Tan
A guinea systematic survey
On the heavens long before the spells of Kemet
I had advanced cosmos, journey apologist
Substantiate statements
I commands the aspects of creation
Astronomers can't even interpret my ancient civilisation
Of Andromeda, the Dragon of Dracos
Come touch the inner sun
I went forth, a life force out of the core of Epsu
Bring forth the possibilities of solar energy into infinity
Like a Nimbo; endless, trapped it, Kingu
A myth too ignorant like the Sumerians
Explorer of the solar system like Galileo
Bring the mist of Mahabharata
Celestial God symbolic to the disagreeable complex mathematics of the Hebrew Bible
Receive and transmit the letters of the Rasqiniaans
Who have seen the third suns
I am like Milutin Milanković
Who outlined the theory of ground philosophies
Messiah of all biblical tablets
Watch how the process of creation
Links with the measurements of time
Scientifical like a geologist
I bring the geological changes to the world
Like the prophecies of the Book of Revelations

[Cosmic Crusader:]
The compartment allies
Now my device shatters the fusel anomas
And for my dialectical, destroyed innocuous in conquest
Travel beyond five dimensions
A cipher cytoplasm or phantasm
An archetype antithetical to atoms
I leave you vacuous like an Organtoron
Pulses facilitate my brain waves
Determining what planet I'm on
Cybertron transmit my Mhakabaraso over the sea of influence
Never neglect my nebular units
Stereo-material movements
Painfully cranials statisticals giving your cerebral cortex
Damaging demigods, crushing egos
Into which a wench began by extracting a transcortical
Connections of macros-manic animals
Caves of sleek stature, once sabbatical
Once bring drama, I'm bright on harrowing lava
Within the plexus from my anatomical
It gets darker, a sense of urgency
Enters the atmosphere with my excursion
In this microcosm, a third version
Specifically a generation of mutated
Warriors from the Nether that's 'Neva Antiquated'

My flux is like somatic stimulation
As macro-electrolytes converge
Eternal recurrence, my mentals merge
It's cyclical, but it revamps its own thesis
Reaching the premium blend in the communion

[Ancient Kemet:]
Follow me beyond the cloud
In the stratosphere to the House of El Huul
It should lead you to a place opposite my heavenly throne
In the temple of ancient Kemet
Who discovered the wonders and the 24 elders
These beings, the Rasqiniaans
Come to enlighten you with supreme mathematics
Dramatically stood – twelve disagreeable, twelve agreeable
Seven feet tall in diameter
These elders sit on the flight in the craft Niburu
Passing through the universe density levels
Heading straight for the wrath of Andromeda
Elliptical physical galaxy
Containing beings in the line of Dracos
Stomping on negative snakes like broncos
Create magnetic field around my aura
Incapacitating ships
Negative energy creates the spiritual slaughter
Where you dwell in the physical world is horror
My mind returns to Illyuwn
To inform the elders of the incident
In case of the need for assistance
To return to my epic form
From my physical, and see my soul arise into a sham
Hitting the arcs of cumulus clouds of Annun
I left my image of a crop circle
In the form of a galactical star map
Perhaps to another plane of consciousness

[Ikon The Verbal Hologram:]
Through a series of psychological tests
I have been declared a demon
Traveling through dimensions
Fatal weapons leave you bleeding
Dissecting gray matter, doesn't matter in my cathedral
But how could you stand my Timberlands in your cerebral?
Faces of space probes be scattered through my mental
Acoustics in my chamber just endanger instrumental
Fundamental rhythms are symbols of eternal power
Get devoured by my infinite skills to disappear
Getting lost in the holocaust that rage between my ears
Complex like gravity, tragically and mathematically
I defeat your squadron black magically
Analyze the tangle as you get mangled by my triangular rhythms
Systematic rotations of my words cause cataclysms

[Breath of Judah:]
In the farthest universal
At your communion Nefilim council
Beings come to some planets in your galaxy
That were most frequently visited
Because life existed there in various forms
And deities it was why they explore Mars

Gives meanings, Ahnk is Jah
Foremost to the firm land
Super friends of man, fore-prophesize sight
Tight with a photon of light, rubber band
Others in Orion, skies or heaven
Star sections, constellation ploughing towards us
Lending aid to help our Taurus
Routine, orbit on the slate, clean
Took a thousand, one for sure fall
Equinox a birth time deemed, the team of thirteen
Searching our rich natural resources
And minerals to take back after retrieving
Our responsibilities are fulfilled
Like the Onus of Annun and Enlil
So, build the unstoppable force of evolution!

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Onetwothree (1995)"

"One two three
Let me know, if you're ready for me, lord"

"One two three
Let me know, if you're ready for me, lord"

It's the infinite connect
Respect what you see as if you praise Donald Chief
And understand my plan is to prosper till deceased
And let my bank account increase until it over flows
In pathfinder jeeps, organized and blunt patrol
And never indulge in petty shit that's irrelevant
Thousand dollar shopping sprees just for the hell of it
Drinkin' daiquiri's in the back of caravans
And finally got the chance to live my lifestyle advanced
And keep my mind clear of poisonous stunts and beams
Be deep meditations, now I see where pagans dream
And do time, around and get mine
So I relax while you stress, try to follow the rest
Never the less, I finesse, teach moves like it's my last speech
My thoughts on the future, cause it don't equal the past
Niggas steady plotin', your every move we be watching
There's no room for error, once you slip, your forgotten
A never has-been, in a world of frame and fronters
Who had to learn the hard way, how disease can take you under

"One two three
Let me know, if you're ready for me, lord"

Mall master be coming at you, that nigga that curse a lot
Shit, I even reverse a rock, I be theivin' ya purse with Glocks
Rushin' against your garment, daily Hailey Comet, a bomber
Punk, you wanna fuck wit funk, have you breathing out ya armpit
My guns that weighs the joint, don't even hand a malla' nina
Have niggas tits and too-toos, and on point like ballerinas
You can bring ya best to west, found dressed in some rugged shit
You blind, ridin' on my dick, don't know who you fuckin' with
(From Crooklyn to west side Phil, we keep it real)
So if you squeal on the reasons, for these heavens squeezin', the steel
Slow subliminal criminals strangle triggers that's identical
Mangle bitches that's fly, die with my dick inside ya genitals
(Sendin' you through shit you never thought of
The don who bust the sawed off
So recognize, I squeeze and then ya life lost)

"One two three
Let me know, if you're ready for me, lord"

My raw essence is forever present
But my team be chasing dreams of cream and digits in the sevens
The heavens, see my body is holding effervescence
My verbal texture will bless you with scientific lessons
On another plane, it's hard to maintain
Cuz my membrane, causes strain within my inner frame

The pain, from my people that be involuntary
You in this game for this love, dunn, or monetary
Forever keepin' the spirit, so like Elijah
My verbal fire, will resurrect you like the great Messiah
Desire, is like the law of the siren song
Arm Leg Leg Arm, my word is bond, so I move on
And stay strong like Egyptian Kings
Rockin' diamond rings and things that it brings
I spread the science, to all the planets, I'm hard as granite
You need the knowledge of God, dunn, to understand it

"One two three
Let me know, if you're ready for me, lord"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Souls From The Streets (1994)"

My mathematical powers devour cowards as I spar words
Like acid rain showers, nations, you can't face them
Erase them or I praise them, as my mind excites the wind
Like spirits of ill consciousness, time will clash
On ya cipher, lyric concealed behind whirlwind fire
Or flood, draw blood from wack souls as I smack hoes
Live concensive, or yes 'em, it's damage
That my sintex causes, is irreparable
Cuz vanity of my insanity force ya whole click to be divided
You have just bear witnessed to dub side united

Who do you love? Bugs, styles and fresh
And numb somes of soul, witchcraft
The clutch is the archer's mode, and sure plot
Of device, we shot twice, after the same arrow
Rush through life, it's off this slug
Advise me with words from death, and new com battles
Far time left, and pure shot plug that way
You marathon, let me down to grace the plate
Full stagnant, touch I, but revamp the squad
Gettin' loops, saviate on contact

The triflyn four fists, sparks another spliff
Bodies left stiff, you can't fuck with my ruggedness
My gunshots is leaving niggas on they asses
Smoking all the cannabis, like the weed savage
Rip dimensions and it matters, take an L
You no challenge, I blow up, ya motherfuckin' brain cells
And leave you legal, the slang tongue spigel
Cocks back the fifth, Teflon starts to seek it
Criminals on a move, set a threat
Sip the Moet, and let off the twin techs to ya
Motherfuckin' chest

I speak double-double, cause double trouble never do I rumble
On a rule, my microphone sever clones
It's beyond binoculars, sense the moody, six chromosomes
I'm no more less, no need to flex the evil, trip with the clip
I got the 6-1-0 flow, and 0 and 2 is my zip
Yo, so call me out in Philly when you down to flip
No frill skills, or freestylin' when y'all wildin'
I broke cats all the way live, on Velly's Long Island
I visualize cream, tech's scrap with inferred beams
Stash keys, and tease, lickin' back so y'all can
My click of criminals, flippin' comfortable
My pockets full of Benjamins, fool surrending
When I'm blendin' in, dub side invincible
Imperial, for lyrical tactics
I react with signs to get ya ass kicked
Indeed the face of evil, is the face told by me
So I proceed to bleed my people, niggas say I'm too cerebral
Lies, dub side, flippin' perfection through your section
Sanity's slippin', whose the next victim to catch a bless

Set a threat, I rip the mic and run race like an auto practice
I inflect this verse leavin' heads in they casket
Watch this nappy headed villain, brutal torture is illegal
I back down clowns with a four pound, as I defeat you
Insert the lyrical slugs, that straight's very
A nickel plated verse I spit like a hollow tip steady
Constantly, drop ya wack back with fire weapon
This adolescent, keeps a clip full for street protection
Ain't nothing complex about the way I cock my biscuit
I set and threat it, bust that tech son, it's not explicit
Exquisite, in divine rhymes I drop like jewels
The mic I abuse when I choose to break fool

With this course, I force many emcees out the galaxy
Challenge me, I rip apart flows with analogy
Now with me, got that establish and wrap ya cabbage with styles
You can't manage to damage or even fathom the mental capacity
Cuz I harass these wack emcee's, in degrees
I splatter universe, and mountain casualties
In the dark, my squad sells, blowin' ya conscience
My assumptions, ethotical, unstoppable, anthological
I pull the trigger with mystical, my poetic
Rip fanatics up, and rich with the cynical

Coming back from the city of Atlantic, it's the Hispanic
Causing mad panic, with fat static for ya addict
Automatic, I stick shift quick if you test me
Left the ciphers, layin' lifers, seen in one spot and attended
That you get ya crews bruised in black and blues
Put ya name and age on the front page, of the newspaper
I drape my hood up on my carriage, damage faggots
Quit the habits, feedin' on emcee's on maggots
Inspect ya gadgets, my style switches cause I flick it
Return the mic, fixin' stitches, cause I ripped it

I can't stand like a maniac depressin'
That's been submerged in subterranean utopia
Why's the mansion that I'm representin'
Is the feel competitin' in suburbs
Which has regenerated the etaric
That kicks the subterric poetry on this plain of obscurity
One element, top lyricist
Intellectin' with, d-u-b squad of imperialist
With an innovator as the dictator
So we can see you, liver clues with side and system views
Heads emulate but can't duplicate, cause this side
Can't be tugged, yo, one love

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Last Straw (Onesoul Remix) (1994)"

Word is bond, rock on, my diatribe will swarm and persevere
Emcee's will disappear, they will fear what is here
And that is sadistic, with linguistic rhyme penetrating
Upsided the mind like the burn, of jack of lantern
Attack this, when I smack kids with my tactics
Kill it over patriots, if you assemble the wackness
Sprayin' off the majestic rays, that knowns the writing
A slide gets ride, and crucified, like punch of Titan
Narcotic, on point, mentality, battle me
Knocking herbs up out the galaxy, fantasies
I break neck with my kendo's, can't do fool
Understand, how my chant goes, swift dialectic
Cybernatics, my apparatus
If throw more morphic styles, I break, tragic records
Erratic, catchable t's, I breeze through
This degree of emcee's, as they seize to
Amaze, how these dudes get with that wack rap
Forty ounce fat caps, and raps in my napsack
Flaudelant emcee's get burned by the lighter
You don't know the half, cause soul crash my cipher

Superstar I jaw the first, we rush last and touch pie
The proof is my man subscribe, to that old school vibe
Yo, make shift that the man, is quick to jive
I grab I to that branch with force and pride
Steady straws are the prime fact', to fly back as I somersault
Far sing forever, as superstruct for that mass
Pa' ark with forty bullet -
Throwin' my fake feed light like blastin' bullets
Through the flame, pushin' fog out the mass way
Catch a five thick, vinyl ain't the number in my ash tray
The charts slumber, if expect
I take all that masking kids, and watch them in our record
Though I fly were you fish, like bass, trout, the fresh water
Now it's floatin' like Prada in a metro
Every large animal stole ours, but fresh crews?
I'm comin' off like a bad weave
I pertrude to retreave the last star
From the full mouth, with no fingers to the fence
I commence to grab the foul cinder block route
Then how many times before, so I grout
Pushin' much more

Ills I be droppin' like an expert, insert the clip
And let off the best ease off, I'm giving dirt naps that last more than eternity
Weak minded foes get bloated like surgery
You never heard of me, you new comer, straight done up
Hit you with a verse, because I'm evil with my lethal
Vocabulary, spark a spliff, it's very necessary
So ease up or get caught up in the cemetery
Understand and prepare ya mind, it's realness
Unpredictable skills, that's build, so just chill, kid

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Tug Of War (1993)"

And I get busy over unknown tracks
And I get busy over
And I get busy over unknown tracks
And I get busy over unknown tracks
And I get busy over
And I get busy over unknown tracks

[Arch Leon:]
Adjust of bust to attacks the crowd
The simple fly, plus arrows, I rush the format
With four blind shots to ya verbs and pronouns
These herbs'll slow down, with terms to sicken a guitar
Dip live and you just the point to ball
For sharp lines, make keen, the blast to catch phrase
Overdrawn by the crowds who strikes amaze
Never float like me, and oddly never lose a few
So bear wits, to appreciate verse such as that
Initiate words to come back, over tight
Nah, I'm different from these war heads
More treds on my adjectives
Allow full side steps, to deflect your ships
Then he make a true vowels, with volume, see I'll
The prospect tunnel, for me and Asan, Ikon
We rock broad neck, funnels to collect
The drips and moss, giving y'all punch and serves
No conundrum to our attribute of five foot
And the least to serve, with over stridal shoots
Indeed and they relax in conforts
They need to form and *[?]* words to lose any casual sense
Of well being, yo lay back, grows ya depths

[Ikon:]
At the beginning squads find it hard to establish
A working rhythm, my esoteric mysticism makes me a mathematician
Like Apollonius, phony as any who receive lobotomies
Get caught in my harsh canopy of unhappy rhapsodies
Fragments are stagnant, we work with ultramagnets
My reverberation crush men to micro fragments
I gets physical in the forest of absolute malnutrition
My complex disposition forces crews into submission
Beginnings on one six two, switches through to witch's brew
On which is true, or which is you
Isolation plus, a reflux, I see buck
Who get the equilibrium shattered or crushed to bits
I throw fits, and take trips to other dimensions
My henchmen will bend them and get attention
As I destroy decoys and make noise
My b-boys will be employed, to deploy like the falling of Troy
Fell into the soul, control what is concealed
If a void is not filled, my suicidal thoughts become real

And I get busy over unknown tracks
And I get busy over
And I get busy over unknown tracks

And I get busy over unknown tracks
And I get busy over
And I get busy over unknown tracks

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Get This Low"

"I'ma get deep like Jacques Cousteau"
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"And I'mma get mad deep like a threat!"

[Black Thought:]
No where to go when I be flowing, try to flow and then before
Back in the day when I was poor, I couldn't afford a Diadora
On ya case like your lawyer, think you run, you mistaken
Put all records to the side, and it's ya face I'm fuckin' breaking
Awake and innovate, and changin' shape like amoebas
I'm rollin' with stolen Tim, get slapped, match with Adidas
We just wreckin', what the fuck was you expectin' from a minor
Put a bullet through ya chest, and see who next in line behind ya
Straight up and down, ya'll have a sermon and blew it
I have niggas wildin', as if they smoked' a gallon of embalmin' fluid
Grilling, want to be flipped like some shrimp on the Barbie
I do my dirt up in Philly, chill in the hills of Upper Darby
Niggas that's rolling through my hood like a trooper
Come in numerous numbers pussy, I smoke ya then reduce ya
Crucify ya, I fucked Elvira, now I'mma fuckin' shoot ya
My bone is hard as stone, cause I got blowjob from Medusa

"I'ma get deep like Jacques Cousteau"
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"And I'mma get mad deep like a threat!"

[Ikon the Hologram:]
The beat addict, I'm crushin' MC's who cause static
Pen hits the pad, I touch stars in the attic
The dopeness that wrote this, when suckas provoke this
Now it's the time for perpetrators to quote this
Rhyme that I wrote for heads to get loose to
I blow up spots like snots in a tissue
I dissed you, dismissed you, but suckas persist to
Bite my flow, so now you know --
That when I rip up a set, I get mad deep
Don't sleep, or you and ya whole crew can get beat
As I'm waxin', taxin', a dope reaction
Bitches who front, get reduced like fractions
So ya motherfuckers flex to vex, who's next in line
To recline, and steal my rhyme for check
Now the man ya facin', ya rhymes I'm erasin'
If you trip or get slick, I convict like Perry Mason

"I'ma get deep like Jacques Cousteau"
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"And I'mma get mad deep like a threat!"

"I'ma get deep like Jacques Cousteau"
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"And I'mma get mad deep like a threat!"

[Jus Allah:]
Meet ya makers, ya fakers and imitators
I'm greater because I do my best work on paper
Mad raps, wax the disaster from the masters
Snatchin' up rappers, and takin' out actors
MC's can test gift but yo, don't pass the limit
You finished, so save the Die Hard image for Bruce Willis
Ya raps are a joke, but I put dope from start
Transform with the art, rippin' ya fuckin' mics apart
This is the rawest of words you've ever heard
My rap style superb, kicking nerds to the curb
It can't compete with the man when I freak it
The crew will get beat quick, so stay in ya seat bitch
Rhymes I wreck or perfect, and correct lyrically
Too complex, fo' ya punks to step
Yo, I be rhymin' hits whenever it's time to flip quick
A writer's block non-stop, and I'mma get --

"I'ma get deep like Jacques Cousteau"
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" – ODB
"And I'mma get mad deep like a threat!"

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JEDI MIND TRICKS
VISIONS OF GANDHI
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Tibetan Black Magicians"

(feat. Canibus)

[Mike Tyson:]
How dare they challenge me with their somewhat primitive skills
They're just as good as dead"
Jedi Mind Tricks, Canibus
Let mee do it like this y'all

[Canibus:]
I grab mics, bust the raw, take flight, adjust the yaw
I break your bicuspids with your own jaw
Metaphors started menopause in your moms before you were born
Technically you don't even exist, god
A flick of the wrist and you gone
Lost in limbo like pink shit camouflaged in a pig farm
I'm an enigma I rip bars, a burning star with 5 points
Plus the mic I ripped thus far
I start from your forehead, peel the top of your fucking face off like an orange then eat the carnage
My God that sounds horrid
Eating MC's is like eating garbage, they make me vomit
Discombobulate prostates, re-hydrate dry lakes
Wipe Ammonium Nitrate across the side of ya face
Anthropomorphologically speaking, I'm out of your league
Who can match the bottom of my top speed?
Scourge of the earth, verses immersed in the dirt
Heart monitors flat line due to data read error
Sentences go through re-synthesis
I leave em looking bleaker than Memphis is without Roc-A-Fella membership
Don't be an optimist and try to rock with Bis
You end up in an iced-out sarcophagus

[Vinnie Paz:]
Every rapper better fear me, 'cuz Vinnie Paz is a beast
And y'all steady screaming for war but want peace
You trying to walk through the fog with sun leaks
You trying to walk two dogs with one leash
You can't overstand the mathematics
How I rip bars, walk through walls, perform magic
Tibetan Black Magic, I'm a warlord
Ill stab you through your fucking temple with a floorboard
I'm a born lord, I was baptized
To see the universal through a cats eyes
Here come the black skies, it's all darkness
I breathe life into Jesus Christ's carcass

"Have you ever heard the sound of bones splitting"
"Make MCs memories whenever there's a symphony"
"End you with the murderous medley"
"Have you ever heard the sound of bones splitting"
"Make MCs memories whenever there's a symphony"
"End you with the murderous medley"

[Canibus:]
As I duct tape ya to the front of a Mack Truck's fascia
Drive through a brick wall, pull the parking brake up

Ask you for you proof of registration, say what?
I can't understand a word you saying, you fuck
Peel you off till you drop on the floor, drag you to the manifold
Make you put your mouth around the exhaust
Squeeze your neck harder when you start to cough
I bet you never thought this could happen just for pissing me off
I'm in for hardcore Hip Hop, the surrogate father
Protecting Rap like the exoskeleton of a Lobster
I'll moonwalk on water, harpoon jackers
And drag em back to the harbor for the local photographers
Now point four fingers and watch through binoculars
Look at what Harry Potter did to Andrew Galotti, kid
Bitter enemies exchange negative energy
But you can't forgive and forget with an elephant memory
Cause You-Know-Who snatched the mic from You-Know-Who
But lets keep that between me and you!
Me and JMT, Rippers that'll rip your ass
I got an empty mag, get em Vinnie Paz

[Vinnie Paz:]
I get a bloodlust when I see a slug bust
Hit your mug with a .38 snub and watch the blood rush
Nothings above us, ya'll better back off
Cos you a devil like the Canaanite in Sackcloth
We busting Gats off, it's a clean kill
It doesn't seem real when your spleen spill
So listen to what I'm spitting at y'all
La illaha, il Allah il Allah
Come on y'all, your getting hit in the chest
Cause Vinnie Pazienza and Canibus is the best
Ripping the rest and all y'all seek is ashes
I love reading Qu'ran in pitch blackness
I love reading the psalms to bitch actors
I love reading the palms of bitch rappers

"Have you ever heard the sound of bones splitting"
"Make MCs memories whenever there's a symphony"
"End you with the murderous medley"
"Have you ever heard the sound of bones splitting"
"Make MCs memories whenever there's a symphony"
"End you with the murderous medley"
"End you with the murderous medley"
"End you with the murderous medley"
"End you with the murderous medley"
"End you with the murderous medley"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Blood In Blood Out"

If one does what God does enough times, one will become as God is
You put it together, you get being wanted and desired enough times
He believes he will become one who is wanted and desired and accepted
Because God has power
And if one does what God does enough times, one will become as God is

Yeah.. Jedi Mind, baby..
Yeah..
Yeah, we bringin' you the hardcore, the real raw type shit
You ain't never seen nothin' before like this
It's all real, all ill, and all natural
We all kill, all steal and blast at you
I like blood, I like tastin' ya flesh
I like slugs, I like David Koresh
I like anything that's related to death
I like any king that can reign with his fist
Now back to the topic at hand
Steadily Shine, Shine Steadily with my fam
I'm the one who put the nail in the cross
I'm the one who told the world about an alien corpse
I'm the one who brought the truth to the light
If you listenin' to me you couldn't lose in a fight
Abusing the mic, with the force of five lions
Anybody fuckin' with Paz can die tryin'

"Haven't you ever heard of a MC-murderer?"
"It doesn't matter what you say, or what you do"
"Lawnmower man sharp blades slash your vitals"
"While the Technics spin"
"Turn your body into anti-matter"

"Haven't you ever heard of a MC-murderer?"
"It doesn't matter what you say, or what you do"
"Lawnmower man sharp blades slash your vitals"
"While the Technics spin"
"Turn your body into anti-matter"

I'm a caged lion, always dying to hurt you
Always a believer that my rhyming a virtue
You just a heathen, and you lie like the church do
I can't believe that Allah hasn't cursed you
You too commercial, you still a disgrace
You like to sit around with women watching Will & Grace
I can't over-stand your sweetness
You should try hire a therapist to beat this
I'm being facetious, you should heed this
I'm the one who hammered the first nail in Jesus
I'm the definition of Toxic
Anyone who ever got close to me got sick

"Haven't you ever heard of a MC-murderer?"
"It doesn't matter what you say, or what you do"
"Lawnmower man sharp blades slash your vitals"
"While the Technics spin"

"Turn your body into anti-matter"

"Haven't you ever heard of a MC-murderer?"
"It doesn't matter what you say, or what you do"
"Lawnmower man sharp blades slash your vitals"
"While the Technics spin"
"Turn your body into anti-matter"

We like heavy metal, listening to Sepultura
Remain calm, study Islam and read Torahs
You can't fallow the path so man chill
You can't study the math, you can't build
You can't over-stand what I believe
You drown in an ocean of God and can't breathe
It's like I've been involved with beef
Since the days I lost my teeth with the God and Reef
I learned how to worship Allah
I learn how to rhyme, and I teach it to y'all
I'm speakin to y'all, it's hardcore, real rap
Real slugs, real clips and real gats
You real wack, and that's how I feel
And that's the reason that I got a reason to kill

Yeah.. follow me, daddy
Jedi Mind, what's the fuckin' deal?
Walk with me, yeah, yeah

"Haven't you ever heard of a MC-murderer?"
"It doesn't matter what you say, or what you do"
"Lawnmower man sharp blades slash your vitals"
"While the Technics spin"
"Turn your body into anti-matter"

"Haven't you ever heard of a MC-murderer?"
"It doesn't matter what you say, or what you do"
"Lawnmower man sharp blades slash your vitals"
"While the Technics spin"
"Turn your body into anti-matter"

"While the Technics spin"
"Survive, Ikon been live since '85"
"While the Technics spin, the wax is on the felt"
"While the Technics spin"
"Little motherfucker got hands that's like steel"
"While the Technics spin, the wax is on the felt"
"While the Technics spin"
"Recitals will fight you and entice you to burn bibles"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Rage Of Angels"

(feat. Crypt The Warchild)

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah
Jedi Mind Tricks
My man Stoupe holdin' me down
Yeah, yeah
It's been five years since you've been locked in the bing
And not to mention all the fucking drama it bring
You always in my heart and that's a beautiful thing
Like warm air flowing from a beautiful spring
But that's some wild shit to do to a king
And maybe some day I'll get used to the sting
For now I'll been thinking about you everyday
And how we use to dumb out in every way
Brought a smile to my face all the hardest of days
And praying that your mother and your father can raise
Your little brother into a man one day
I'll stay in touch with him so the plan won't stray
But don't you worry about your little brother, he fine
He smart with a heart and he steadily shine
And if the little soldier ever step outta line
You know I'm gonna be there to show him the time

So what the deal cousin? How it feel right now?
I'll be there soon so just chill right now

Yeah, it's Vinnie Paz
You know I'm saying, Jedi Mind, I'm holding you down baby

[Crypt The Warchild:]
I'd rather walk these hallowed grounds with a Glock or four pound
Police looking over my back when the Glock is low down
With a clock that slows down, it shoots flock with no sound
And I carry the weight on my back like a stone popper party
Lying till my soul hurts (soul hurts)
Mad as fuck, scared and stuck, I can't control earth
Surrounded feeling like a cold hearse wanting to fold first
I thank my peeps every day because they chose work
I'm totally grateful, at times I act hateful
Ya'll risked y'all freedom for me to reside in a gold cradle
Brown paper bag living in the latest whips
Trips to Epcot Centre in the spacious shit
Always reminisce about the shit you laced us with
Always the street legend to the bravest cliques
And now I see niggas getting it, it makes me sick
The same shit that could've made us rich, made 'em snitch
Divide the men from the boys see what makes them bitch
To watch loving mothers struggle just to raise her kids
Soar my mind every time that I raise this fifth
And drink the bottle till it's hollow and it all makes sense

Get it right, blood is thicker than water
Could never shit on my peeps
Outerspace

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Animal Rap"

(feat. Kool G Rap)

[Kool G.:]
You know the Don's armed with sixteen
And I do harm for this big cream, the whips and the carriage
Ball like the Knicks and the Mavericks, slipping the fabrics
Pull up wit some big shit, lieutenant shit, hitting the hazards
Spot a bitch wit that Cris habit, gotta have it
Fuck shorty and send her OT wit a brick in her baggage
Roll where the clubs at slip for the rabbit
Trick only lick dick status to get cabbage
She get lathered to the dick baptist
Who back on the map? Giancana wit a vengeance
It's drama to the finish, put the Llama to your appendix
And squeezing the slugs, gun powder season your blood
I'm a legend breathing, the reason you thug (nigga)
This where the buck stops, fuck props
Buck shots at the top money, what the fuck you forgot?
Thought I was done and wasn't touching the block?
Still real, busting the Glock
Put up and you can see it (blaow) what up now?

"I'll exile barbarian style like an executor"
Wanna test Vinnie Paz man (Jedi Mind Tricks)
Enforce the moves on fools
[?] I'm invincible

[Mike Tyson:]
Everybody talks and they like I'm losing my head, I'm losing confidence and that I'm talking loud and vulgar
I'm talking vulgar because I'm angry at what I've experienced all my years through this and I'm just angry!
Everyone else has the right to be angry too but that's just how I express myself

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yo, bust a motherfucking gat to this
Y'all believe lies like y'all was Catholics
I rap in Arabic, so my message is just immaculate
My rap elaborate, drink a forty and blaze a sack to it
My aim is accurate, take your brain and blow out the back of it
I'm salty, miserable cat that slap shorties
Looks kinda resemble that, a fat Pauly
I don't even clap, young boy, he claps for me
Chain hang down to my dick, I'm that gaudy
I don't even fuck wit you cats, you rap poorly
I don't even buck at you cats, you that corny
Wit a wack army, we barkin' at you
And Vinnie Paz holds a hammer like a carpenter do
You should understand that I ain't really fuckin' around
And if you don't, you gonna find your body stuffed in the ground
We buckin' em down, cuz that's how wrong my life is
Y'all don't overstand how fuckin' strong my wife is
I'm from a time where every song was righteous
Before rap was just a swarm of white kids
And y'all a witness to the dawn of hypeness
Or just another victim to the pawns and sheisters
I'll feed your corpse to a swarm of vipers

Let em suck the blood till your form is lifeless
What! Fuckin' Vinnie Paz daddy! Jedi Mind Tricks! (Yeah!)

"I'll exile barbarian style like an executor"
Wanna test Vinnie Paz man (Jedi Mind Tricks)
Enforce the moves on fools
[?] I'm invincible

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Nada Cambia"

Yeah, Jedi Mind baby, como esto
Vinnie Paz, Vinnie got real, yeah yeah

I'm like Mussolini, I rule with a iron fist
I stab you in the bladder with a dagger and watch you die in piss
Cut inside your wrist, drink the blood money
And your face is the perfect place for a slug, money
You ain't a thug money, you all maggots
You like to chill and hold hands with faggots
You like to conduct yourself like a savage
You like the smell of males on your mattress
Cause that's established, I fuckin hate you
I hate your mother and father, because they made you
I hate the universe, because it create you
I hate everyone and anything that embrace you
Who fuckin raised you? You a fuckin disgrace!
And if you come around my way you get bucked in the face
Get snuffed in the face, then I whack you
With razors, knives, guns and what have you

El malo, el feo y el otro
(Nada cambia)
¿Quién?
(Era que mi tiempo se acababa)
El malo, el feo y el otro
¿Qién?
El otro

I'm Ayatollah Khomeini, I love to wage war
I love anybody who rhymes and stay raw
I love getting my rhymes in chainstores
I love splitting you mind with chainsaws
My thought-process is down in the fuckin' Lochness
Knock a motherfucker unconscious!
Cause I don't give a fuck if you a man or a beast
I handle my beef, tell Stoupe "hand me the heat"
Hand me the piece and let me buck with their head
We sicker than necrophiliacs fuckin' the dead
Buck 'em instead, and leave 'em to rot
Let their body flow down the river, and what not
When shit pop, I greet beef with a smile
Cause I ain't punched a faggot in his teeth in a while
But meanwhile we just tryin' to shine
Tryin' to get mine, try to get a grip for my mom

El malo, el feo y el otro
(Nada cambia)
¿Quién?
(Era que mi tiempo se acababa)
El malo, el feo y el otro
¿Qién?
El otro

I see you lookin' at me sideways daddy, that's your first mistake

Die for cross for Christ, baby burn at the stake
You learnin' too late
You too concerned with the fake
Too concerned with the law, that's why you turned into jake
You turned into snake, but I expected that
I'd like to get a fuckin' noose and put your neck in that
To me it's like the sound of music when your neck will crack
And now you tempting me to bring the doctor Jekyll back
Now that we settled that, it's like a war now
And Vinnie Paz bout the kick the fuckin door down
Cause Jedi Mind Tricks is goin' for it all now
It's like the calm before the storm now
But y'all know it's about the get ugly
Dirty rhymes, dirty beats, it's all muddy
For 12 long years, Jedi Mind we stay cruddy
As long as y'all showin' us love it's all lovely

El malo, el feo y el otro
(Nada cambia)
¿Quién?
(Era que mi tiempo se acababa)
El malo, el feo y el otro
¿Qién?
El otro
(Nada Cambia)
(Era que mi tiempo se acababa)
(Nada Cambia)

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"A Storm Of Swords"

(feat. Planetary)

[Planetary:]
Yo, serious syllable wordplay, verse spray
Like a desert bird plays, niggas where the curb lay
Turn pagen, pretty shitty on a church day
Your city my committee, tussle where the dirt stay
Smokers try to sell dirt trays to undercovers
Old heads feed kids, have to run the numbers
Damn shame niggas in my crew can't bang
You demand fame, here's my man frame, champagne
Swig to the wig, Belle vodka hit my rib
Corona beers with a slice of lemon first dig
On an open mic, growl follows, space over night
Destroying your perimeter, players and prototypes
(High powers) Lifting your soul through God's shower
Resurrected your spirit with lyrics for top dollars
My squad holler the loudest, y'all niggas childish
We grown folk here, spitting raw street knowledge

[Planetary, Vinnie Paz:]
Y'all can't touch us, cause we ain't fucking around
And y'all can't fuck with us, or else we bucking em down

Y'all can't touch us, cause we ain't fucking around
And y'all can't fuck with us, or else we bucking em down

[Vinnie Paz:]
This animal rap, cannibal rap that we make
I hate all, hate law and hate jake
I hate everything that you stand for, it's fake
Cuz anybody biting the God's a day late
I maintain, handle beef Islamly
Manage my life calmly, like I was Gandhi
Fucking with Vinnie Paz, the one man army
It take a shank and metal tank to harm me
Come on b, why you trying to build
Why you trying to get ya whole entire family killed
I'm like a demon outta Amityville
I'm the motherfucking reason that you had any skill
With tight ill, crack ya head like when an egg drop
And put you in the figure-four leglock
And make ya head bop, cause we the rawest around
Vinnie Paz, with my man Stoupe holding me down

[Planetary, Vinnie Paz:]
Y'all can't touch us, cause we ain't fucking around
And y'all can't fuck with us, or else we bucking em down

Y'all can't touch us, cause we ain't fucking around
And y'all can't fuck with us, or else we bucking em down

[Planetary (Vinnie Paz):]
Surrender and quit (or I'mma let the venomous spit)
Tremendous equip (we bugging off the Hennessy sip)

The weaponry hit (we hit you with the heavenly shit)
Only reason you live (cuz we at the end of the clip)
The energy split (young cats must be sick in the brain)
We hitting the vein (cuz all of y'all spitting the same)
We tripping the flame (and mounted all the chips in your chain)
We stick to the game (ran and inflicted the pain)
The stitches remain (and matter fact, we sonning y'all kids)
And after that we snatching up your son and your wiz
(We robbing the kids, and putting metal slugs in your wigs)
We stuck in the crib (frozen with your gut to the fridge)
We cutting ya ribs (Jed Mind stifling y'all)
We trifling fall (we pointing fucking rifles at y'all)
(You ain't icy at all, we provoke the sheisty to brawl)
If y'all sleep, Outerspace slicing your jaw

[Planetary, Vinnie Paz:]
Y'all can't touch us, cause we ain't fucking around
And y'all can't fuck with us, or else we bucking em down

Y'all can't touch us, cause we ain't fucking around
And y'all can't fuck with us, or else we bucking em down

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Boondock Saints (Interlude)"

And Shepherds we shall be
For thee, my Lord, for thee
Power hath descended forth from Thy hand
Our feet may swiftly carry out Thy commands
So we shall flow a river forth to Thee
And teeming with souls shall it ever be
In Nomeni Patri Et Fili Spiritus Sancti

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Wolf"

(feat. Non Phixion)

It's comin', it's comin'
You wear a gun, the beast till the end, that is
This is the twilight winter
I am ready to be her son
It's now, I will rise to her side!
I don't need the words, I'm beyond

[ILL Bill:]
Keep it homie, this is a gangsta party
Bulletproof glass Ferrari
Die sorry, by the hand of vampires and zombies
Fire bombing, suicide army, God's inside me
Ride till I motherfucking die high in Canarsie
Un-focusable, exploding smoking toast to you vultures
Soldiers in hemoglobin, words of evil spoken invoking
Volcanoes evoked, these veterans are very violent
Non Phixion, Jedi Mind Tricks a deadly virus
I could just go live no love, I read Kabbalah on drugs
Gun in my wig, getting my dick sucked
Bitches spitting cum on each others clits for kicks
Cocaine tits, degenerates smothered in shit
Another day in paradise, surrounded by bloodsuckers and parasites
Getting in shoot outs for Amorites
Leave ya block flooded with blood, it's horrifying, I promise
Eat shit, suck, fuck, kill, and die honest

The big bad fearless wolf
I'm the end of the world
Wearing the flesh of fallen angels
I've scanned the reality
I see it, the corruption of flesh
And blood to you all!

[Sabac:]
Call me the rap Che Guevara, lounging in the black grave's terror
I lace tracks with terror, forever smelling death
Reoccurring nightmares of burning flesh
Must be the spirit of Koresh that keep me turning in the bed
Troopers hovering, you'll be suffering, crews be bugging
When they rather shoot they brother than abuse the government
Our crews make covenants from writing darkness
When we spark this, the hardest part is when God's is
Dealing with fake artists, I face charges for speaking my piece
Unleash the beast after nine eleven still got beef with police
Street's a warzone we more prone to violence and greed
No voice leaves no choice they trying to silence the seeds
Time is when will you get yours, stop relying on me
I'm firing with speed so before you dying you'll bleed
This is a war call, I warn y'all, stay up, build your health
Or get fucked up, cut up ya wrists and kill yourself

The flesh of fallen angels come to me all!
A secret, living on by the skin of reality

I am the wolf!, 'til the end
I don't need the words, I'm the beyond the words

[Vinnie Paz:]
The street is Vietnam, I'm like Jesus trying to complete a psalm
I believe in Islam, heathens can bleed till they gone
It's on, anyone can get hit
Anyone can get the center of their energy split
My enemies fit to face Palestine
Y'all bitch rappers only got heart on Valentine's
And all of y'all that wanna know how my metal feel
It gets settled in the temple when my Beretta kill
My pen bleeds the ink y'all spill
But y'all still seem to think y'all real
Jedi Mind real put the nine to ya grill
We spit real and y'all run for the hills
I stab you in the back till it weakens the knees
Then smash you with a statue of Jesus that bleeds

I've tasted the devil's green blood
It runs in my veins
I've seen beyond the world
The architecture of blood and bone marrow
Death is coming!
I have tasted the flesh of fallen angels
I am the wolf yes!, I am the wolf!

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Walk With Me"

(feat. Percee P)

[Vinnie Paz:]
It's Vinnie Paz daddy! Jedi mind tricks!
My man Stoupe holdin it down
It's the real raw shit
The hardcore shit, kna-am sayin?

Yea

Friday the thirteen-style slashing ya face
Bashing ya face, tell ya army, get back to their base
C'mon cousin, that's how we get down
We the only reason that you eat and breath in this town
We beatin them down
Raise a blade, buck 50
I rap like no one out there can fuck with me
Stuck with me, we ain't leaving the game
And keep it dirty cause we never had a reason to change
We keep it the same, start a war with the Glock nine
And thug like Omar, now rock mine
So let me speak the truth again
The ancient Babylonians were Nubian
You need to watch what you read in your class
Cause the devil try to have you all repeating the past
I'm ready to go to war for Mumia
Fuck George Bush and his war, we gon' see him

Yea, walk with me now
Yea, walk with me now
Tryna step into the zone with Vinnie Paz is a
Understand that I ain't really fuckin around
Yea... Yea, walk with me now
Live raps crack ya jaw (Live raps crack ya jaw)
Yea, walk with me now

[Percee P:]
I came down, to shame clowns, kickin' my same sound
I'mma reign now, giant fist-splitted James Brown
I'm the poet, whose rhymes was quoted
Lines are loaded
Shine decoded the vote and flow and showing signs I wrote it
At a auction, B, style cost some g's
Challengers eyes makes tears like the Force MDs
Percee P, that's me I get nasty
Rock it flashy, pass me the mic, it's your ass, G
But I make threats, tape decks at my apex
Packing latex, and safe sex with chicks and stricken paychecks
Killing ya, fillin' ya with rhymes similar
To bullets in the cylinder of a Dillinger spillin' ya braincells
I'll blast ya later, you be readin' essays
And be there next day like JFK's assassinator
Nobody, ever went to represent
It's evident why you hesitant cause I take every cent and your hottie

Yea, walk with me now
Yea, walk with me now
Tryna step into the zone with Vinnie Paz is a
Understand that I ain't really fuckin around

[Vinnie Paz:]
I'm like a desert eagle when the hammer is cocked back
Anybody holding any money should drop that
We shot back, spit the gospel of force
And murdered ya'll, with my philosophical thoughts
We're just tryna bring the raw shit
Smoke a L, drink a forty on the block, raw shit
The hardcore shit, for ya'll to dumb out
Standing the back of the club and pull the gun out
Everybody run out, the sun out, it's over
I'll take it back to the past like Sankofa

Yea, it's Vinnie Paz baby. Stoupe – The enemy of mankind
It's like a brotherhood, it's all blood
It's all love baby, it's all love
Walk with me now
Walk with me now, what's the deal baby?
Walk with me now
It's Jedi Mind, steadily shine
Live from the 215, keepin it live... aight? Yea, yea

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Rise Of The Machines"

(feat. Ras Kass)

[Mike Tyson:]
I was gonnna rip his heart out, I'm the best ever
I'm the most brutal and most vicious and most ruthless champion there's ever been
My style is impetuous, my defense is impregnable
And I'm just ferocious, I want your heart!
I wanna eat your children, praise be to Allah!

[Vinnie Paz:]
They call me Kublai Khan, ready for war with a Ruger 9
I'm ready with a machete for Rudy Giulian
I'm ready for anybody who want war
Y'all ain't nice with the hands you can't brawl
You can't stall. Behold the black horses
I'm runnin' up in ya church to smack crosses
You lack rawness, you lack passion
You couldn't make it through war without rations
You just a homosexual
I think the gay rights movement should
Meet you and invest in you
Rhymin' 'bout flowers 'n shit
And poets on the mic for twenty hours 'n shit
I'm housin' ya shit; shuttin' ya fuckin' mic off
Snatch ya fuckin' poetry book and then kick the dyke off
Set the fight off, show 'em what real rap is
Real rhymes, real beats and real clappers
And we blast until cover
Make you see murder like Master P brother
(Yea, what's the deal baby, yea, free Ras Kass, feel me)

[Stoupe:]
"C'mon, let 'em know it's us when we come on"
"While real MC's and DJ's are a minority"
"Clapper, down goes another rapper"
"Make way, cause here I come"

"C'mon, let 'em know it's us when we come on"
"While real MC's and DJ's are a minority"
"Clapper, down goes another rapper"
"Make way, cause here I come"

[Ras Kass:]
Yea, yo, yo, yea, fuck it
When I spit it get shitty like the teeth of Mike Bibby
Live from nowhere keep the west coast with me like J-Kidd
Slay chicks if she pretty, only fugitive you know slay chicks to be Diddy
No system electricity, spine the mind witty
Tryna go 50/50 with my Billboard's check
Like 800 first week, 800,000 the next
They put on the cover of the Vibe I just might flex
Na, I'm too lazy, with Hennessy and hoes
But I bench pressed the trigger of a four pound though
Hit enemies with rolls for money shows and clothes
Fuck bank rolls, I'm yellow gold with incredible flows

My homies hella cold, cause love don't love nobody
Said he like the free spirits with slugs to plump your body
'Til you shrug and flop like Vlade Divac
Paint picture perfect, inside rockin' the b-bop
We not confused, rap's the nigga news
Each rhyme a "Minority Report", fuck Tom Cruise
Adversity my muse, that's why I make mus-ic
Transmit SARS, it's 20 bars as you spit

[Stoupe:]
"C'mon, let 'em know it's us when we come on"
"While real MC's and DJ's are a minority"
"Power, down goes another rapper"
"... Make way, 'cause here I come"

"C'mon, let 'em know it's us when we come on"
"While real MC's and DJ's are a minority"
"Power, down goes another rapper"
"... Make way, 'cause here I come"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Pity Of War (Interlude)"

En los años de mi abuelo
Decían que La Llorona
Era una viuda muy bella, mira muy bella

This is not about heroes
Nor is it about deeds
Or lands or anything about
Glory honor might majesty
Dominion or power, except war

Above all I am not concerned with poetry
My subject is war, and the pity of war
The poetry is in the pity

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Kublai Khan"

(feat. Goretex, Tragedy Khadafi)

[Vinnie Paz:]
God hates me, never keep my banger on safety
My mother raised me alone, you can't break me
My heart's pumping the blood of Royce Gracie
My thoughts dumping the slug and point straightly
You rhyme fakely, you still scarred
I'm studying deep thoughts like Bill Maher
I'm real raw, we just dumbing it out
And y'all ain't saying nothing with a gun in yo mouth
That's what I'm about, but Vinnie Paz go deeper
Y'all still under the spell of dose ether
The Grim Reaper, it's all nature
And every word from Allah is on paper
We all hate ya, we can't stand you
Chapter 8: Verse 3, Book of Daniel
You like a candle, you just burn
You never worship Allah, you can't learn

[Stoupe:]
I melt mics 'til the soundwave's over
America's Cream Team, redeemed
Brainwashed kid
All y'all crab bitches ain't gotta worry

[Goretex:]
Chemical spaceships, see dust splits, hit from The Matrix
Pig Destroyer, Anarchist kiss, splatter your patriots
Make coke stops, injecting my pockets with Botox
Latex bitches be choking on cock like Blow-Pops
My flow's hot, my Glock's like a popular friend
Sniffing Oxycontin, we rock till the popular says
Mercyful Fate, we at the gates, I hurt you for cake
This Red Planet's like a Shit Magnet, encounters with Jake
Digital cuffs, running from the D's and the fuzz
Gut you out, rock a gas mask, bleeding and stuff
Into the void like Blue Velvet, goons and clerics
New synthetic designer jewels for moods in deserts
In Heaven and Earth, barcodes to measure my girth
That's like the J.D.L. joining the Zulu Nation for turf
Birth of the solar, we did so, write for the cobra
Goretex, freedom, and we all stand with iced-out clothes

[Stoupe:]
I melt mics 'til the soundwave's over
America's Cream Team, redeemed
Brainwashed kid
All y'all crab bitches ain't gotta worry

[Tragedy Khadafi:]
Now what it be's like, niggas wanna stay tight, I stay right
Face fight, get your wig split, shit, then I spit
Most Accurate, Lex right in back of it
Range on the side of it, yo I'm trying to get a lot of it

I rock that exotic shit, spit the hottest shit
Blow trial, might get the same time Gigante get
Death before dishonor shit, gangster persona shit
Jedi Mind, two-five is who I polly with
When I'm trying to score the third, it's who I holler with
Yo hood, its my project, exchange objects
Yo guns for my TECs, yo range for my Lex
From Q.B. to Philly, we control set
I stay splurging, heads stay wrapped in Turbans
Tighter than a virgin or Ford Excursion, nigga
So how you figure that we don't be repping?
Wholesale drugs and weapons in the Dodge Intrepid, nigga

[Goretex:]
Yo Stoupe, what up baby, what's good?

[Tragedy Khadafi:]
Jedi Mind, the gracious, two-five collabo
Aura check, global, gangster global

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"What's Really Good"

(feat. Rocky Raez)

"Can you play the beat a little higher?"

Yea, ok, yo, listen, check it, yo

Heyo these streets hate me, but they made me a animal
We little ghetto boys that was raised on the avenue
We drug dealers, stick-up kids, and what have you
In rap battles where the audience will clap at you
My block crazy, I never seen a cab pass through
On bright sunny days, you can see my black shadow
Gats with barrels tucked under the apparel
And that's natural in a city with crack statues
Please believe it, gun shots, some keep secrets
You keep sleepin', get caught in ya Jeep reachin'
Always listen to an old man when he speakin'
To learn how to keep at least a grand on the weekend
Learn how to analyze a man when he creepin'
Learn not to never burn a bridge when you leakin'
That's street knowledge, write it down and speak about it
Drug dealers use this rap the street outlet
I leave doubters in the back and move outwards
Watch for them niggas with Timbs and loose outfits
Guns don't kill people, the bullets'll kill people
And bullets leave holes in people can just see through
It's all mathematics it's what the streets equal
These streets evil, city niggas with Desert Eagles
They won't hesitate to drive-by in tinted Regals
And that's how it is in my life, that's how it is
(Yea, it's Rocky Raez y'all, the Ghostwriters)

Heyo, what's really good? (We over)
'Cuz I got it on lock (In my hood)
We hustle what we could (In yo' block)
You niggas ain't stop (In my block)

Heyo, what's really good? (We over)
'Cuz I got it on lock (In my hood)
We hustle what we could (In yo' block)
You niggas ain't stop (In my block)

I got the sound right reasoning of Malachi York
Only speak to me if I allow you to talk
Cuz y'all ain't never learn that you crawl before walk
My four-pound layin' you down like Black Hawk
The gat's smart, intelligent born vicious
Military thug who follow Allah wishes
That's why I don't eat pork, it cause sickness
And that's why literal cats is like bitches
And y'all be more hard pressed to stop me
And fiends dummin' out on the block, it's rock free
So fuck peace, cousin bring me to war
So I can have blood on my hands with C-4
I need more, need weed and need cash

Or I'mma shoot three at ya team like Steve Nash
You bleed fast, 'cuz that's jus how it go down
That's how Vinnie Pazienza always holdin the crown
I'm holdin' it down, with five nickel nine biscuits
I live my life for Allah, defy Christmas
But y'all always in Jedi Mind business
Now your body parts are buried in five ditches
(It's fuckin' Vinnie Paz baby)

Heyo, what's really good? (We over)
'Cuz I got it on lock (In my hood)
We hustle what we could (In yo' block)
You niggas ain't stop (In my block)

Heyo, what's really good? (We over)
'Cuz I got it on lock (In my hood)
We hustle what we could (In yo' block)
You niggas ain't stop (In my block)

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Heart Of Darkness (Interlude)"

Inifinite...no you don't fuck around with the inifinite
There's no way you do that
A painted hill has two sides, the kind you can touch with your hand
The kind you can feel in your heart
Your soul, the spiritual side
And you know, the worst of the two...is the spiritual

[Jus Allah:]
I'm leaf-twistin, but still kill your whole belief system
I speak wisdom, translated to street diction
A past victim of the government for grapple
Now I slash you, I'm the slave wit snapped shackles
After cash rules, a-alikes move wit me
We murdered the fakes involved in the three-sixty
Eighty-five face the truth, you're too dumb
You burn and failed attempts reachin the sun
I grab you and squeeze until your pores bleed
Manipulate the earth that you formerly believed
Even after you're buried underneath the soil
Send a message to hell, nobody grieve for you
Your physical mass is converted into ash
Allah's wrath is engraphed on your epitab
Spend eternity wit the underground forces
Your screams echo in deaf ears of the remorseless

You don't even wanna test
Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless

You don't even wanna test
Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless

[Ikon:]
The raw mangler, seven angles of Angular
Strangle the pagans who stayed in the pages of Diameter
Rhyme shatterer, with nine rhymes I'm hackin you
The author will scorch ya wit the torches of Joseph Mangler
Sended you to the squared circle to meet me
To beat me won't be easy, you'll face thesis of Meche
Blood'll apease me, raps are prehistorical
Cerebral of cathedral that leads you into the oracle
I'm horrible, I burn wit no time to react
Rewind DAT's so fine I pull spines out the back
In time I crack minds that's what the brain desire
Messiah pulls as Mariah into the rain of fire
Barb wire around pagans that read the Bible
Genocidal and liable to just cleave your spinal
Final hours, the forbidden fruit they fond as Iris
Study rappers, bringin wackness like Abolo scholars
First in line to try to battle me, I left him limbless
Tragic rappers just a fallacy, I left em skinless
Beginners, keep your distance because we might be vicious
You can find me wit Louis Logic drinkin pints of Guiness
You don't even wanna test
Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless

[J-Treds:]
Aiyyo when I rhyme
Fortunatley I possess a Jedi Mind
So the force is with me (When I rhyme)
Son it makes me spit a fresh one
So when Treds is done, even a athiest will say I blessed him
And when my jam bang, better cop that
Fuck all these players who can't hang, get a jockstrap
Cuz we drop bombs, better be scared
Cuz it's either hop on or be prepared for us to lock horns
We engage, when the pen sprays we wage war
And then you know what they say, when it rains it pours
So face us, cuz you can't change the laws of nature
We independent, it's competition callin us major
We major threats who deliver, so place your bets
We'll bring it minus the Moet, Rollies, and Avirex
We just spit shit too amazing, just shit
That when you face it you'll see it's a must-win situation
Ain't no second chance (anyway), not next to the champs
Because it's our freestyle that's gettin grants from the NEA
We well in doubt versus these rappers we tell about
(Cuz us and them) Difference between takin a L and a bow

You don't even wanna test
Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless

You don't even wanna test
Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Raw Is War 2003"

We heavenly divine, that's why we steadily shine
And put a steel mic through an enemy spine
My voice got power like if ten of me rhyme
And getting in my face mean it's weaponry time
Look at you studying my every rhyme
Banging this, listening to every line
Hit the rewind, Vinnie Paz will fight vicious
Y'all easier to fuck with than white bitches
We nice with this, y'all better stand still
Must've forgot the fact Vinnie Paz ill
I doubt y'all, Hologram the outlaw
Ya mothafuckas is never right like southpaws
That's why I doubt y'all, ya ain't raw
Wettin you wit a 45 caliber claw
You want to see the last kid I battled before?
Then check his fuckin brains where I splattered the wall

You forced to fight, when I'm scorching the mic
My source of life, holy like the corpse of Christ
Ya lost of life, and I'm the sorcerer, right
And Vinnie Paz rhyme have you lost in the light
What, y'all mothafuckers think you flossing tonight
Gimme that, matta fact toss me ya ice
But still, my clique is too ill
And y'all, ya more bitch than Dru Hill
But the true skill, that come through me
Is from bangin All Hell Freeze by Cool C
Y'all don't move me, ya'll at war with the veteran
With a digital trigger finger like the Letterman
The vendetta ram, I know where my heart's at
I'm the better man, so don't start that
When I bomb back, burn fucking leeches
Send you to hell, and see more shells than beaches
We elitists, we from Hamburger Hill
Science and math combined with supreme skill
The team ill, I send you to Hell fast
The cream build, you buried in Belfast

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"I Against I (Revisited)"

[Planetary:]
In my historical oracle, I blast metaphorical
Editorials educating in my territorial
Get torn, heavily armed with seventy bombs
That'll blast divine like the heavenly song
Your men'll be gone
If they explore my deepest thought
I beat hearts in two then ask demons for chalk
I'm dreaming to stalk emcees in the dark I walk
Blindfolded the mind's golden, watch how you talk
My style is a art, recognize lyrical purity
All hell breaks loose like a mall with no security
The dopest vocalist, with my third eye I focus with
I proceed, flow with the speed of a Indie motorist
There's more to this than wasted, shiny chains and bracelets
I hit tracks my tongue wait for the brains to blaze it
Amazing angelic, tell it to your people
("Your mic and my mic, come on yo, no equal")

Illadelph is like the sun cause we shine with rhymes
Underground is like the moon you only see us at times
At times with light skies when the stars recline
Jedi Mind, Outerspace, coincide and combine

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[Crypt the Warchild:]
I'm a hellraiser, beautiful mind that smells hatred
Yell phrases, spit heat and melt faces
Excel gracious, rugged terrain on hell's pavement
Drinking from god's well until my chest cave in
Wes Craven, nightmare
Iron maiden
Keep the iron blazing in this dying nation
Ninja Gaiden, throw stars in constellations
Bars abominations out of satan's basement
From the land where football fans will beat the shit out you

Nuns get beat with hammers til they spit out jewels
Pits that walk astray and take a rip out you
Niggas spit clips and walk away cause they don't live by rules
And I'mma make my presence felt every inch I move
Box game is evident from all the clicks I bruise
Rhyme game is heaven sent, don't make me rip y'all fools
Or we can pass this mic around and watch your squad get chewed

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[Vinnie Paz:]
Don't ever come to me with war
I've severed scores of orators
Rappers fall onto all fours like minotaurs
With Jedi Mind and the Planetary be bombing this
We staying one step above you like a pharmacist
With Ominous, detonate the bomb
Heads dread, hallucinogenics, and Vietnam
I spit a psalm, create bombs like an Iraqi
Swear on the bible and then lie to Ecclesiastes
(Assault and battery)
Battle me that'll be what splits you
Store enormous amounts of energy in a crystal
We boa constrict you, the gods are militant
You faggots couldn't go the length like you was impotent
You ignorant, your whole click is split in half
You step in Allah path, and face Allah wrath
What!

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豐 JEDI MIND TRICKS
Legacy of Blood
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Age of Sacred Terror"

I make you bleed with knives
I was born with all-seeing eyes
I can snatch a rapper's heart before it even dies
The caveman still believe in lies
You don't want no blood or no beef like you was Vegan Reich
You like to sleep with guys
You a gay maggot
Listening to fucking B2K faggot
Go to raves faggot
Put a hole in your heart
Destroy everything that you know and you thought
Destroy everything in Babylon
You fucking fake rap, I hate rap cause you babble on
You fucking fags are gone, I'm a hate monger
That's reason why you talking to the jake longer
Put the snakes on you, let you die there
And who gave you the fucking impression that I care?
I can thrive here, but I choose to die
On a fucking steady diet of booze and lye!

I'm the type to take it there, buck shots and start wilin'
Toss up the challenge, fuck the profilin'

It's the age of the sacred terror
A communist revolutionary, Che Guevara
Take your cheddar, take everything that you care for
Murder everybody that's what they was there for
And therefore, you getting wet from the heat
Take the food from your plate, ain't letting you eat
Ain't letting you do nothing that I don't want you to
You a crumb and that's why I like to fuck with you
I don't care about anybody except me
Until my main man Mafia is set free
You waiting for the revolution to start
But you ain't on the frontlines taking two in the heart
Elusively smart, that's why I hide from the feds
Jason Voorhees style, 5 severed heads
5 corpses, 5 state troopers dead
Lickin shots in they face till the Ruger's red

I'm the type to take it there, buck shots and start wilin'
Toss up the challenge, fuck the profilin'

If you serve God for money, you serve the devil
Claim to been in war, never heard the metal
Yeah, never even been in combat
Never even felt the supreme love from a warm gat
I'm on another plane
You can stand in front of your fam
But I'm shootin right through your mother frame
I got knuckle game, but I don't use that
Fuck a fair one, where the two-twos at?
Where the nitrous oxide and balloons at?
Where my motherfucking Uncle Howie goons at?

This for everybody holding hammers
If you coming to our shows and you go bananas
And holding banners in support of Mumia Jamal
Run up on you fuckin pigs with the heaters n' all
I'm decieving the law, thats what I'm here for
The reason why I'm drinkin all the fucking beer for

I'm the type to take it there, buck shots and start wilin'
Toss up the challenge, fuck the profilin'

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Scars of The Crucifix"

I finally understand what all this is
How it was all possible
Now I see
Good Lord, how we must look from out there
Our addiction is evil

My brain's on another level than yours
You could only comprehend half of what my memory stores
I only walk through the heavenly doors
And never tryna see the penitentiary walls
I walk barefoot on the equator
With the mental acumen of Bob Lazar
My frame can't be explored by y'all radar
My name can't be absorbed in God's quasar
So I ain't tryna stay around this Hell
Twelve thou from all the twelve tribes of Israel
They call me Ishmael, Lord of the Seas
I'll take your life quick, gone in a fucking breeze
You don't deserve to breathe, your brain thoughtless
While I remain in the same Spain fortress
But pain's gorgeous and love is torture
And anyone who tell you different is a martyr

It makes no difference what I do
Whether I draw blood or not
You cannot see God unless you are pure
Prove there's no evil and you can go
It's the violence of my will against theirs

I'm from the pits of hell escaping from an Egyptian cell
I dedicate this to the saints that's doing bids in jail
You fucking kids are frail and we the purest form
And the biology of magic is a gorgeous psalm
My deepest thoughts are strong and I'm unbreakable
You wouldn't overstand, you're humanly incapable
My appetite for blood is gruesomely insatiable
And I'm a righteous thug that's brutally defacing you
And you don't want no war, it ain't a game, daddy
I spit a bunch of slugs into your fucking frame, daddy
You just a fucking crumb, my clique is hustling jums
I spit a rap at you to liquify your guts and lungs
But the Devil made me do that
Fighting for the rights of Islam armed with two gats
But y'all knew that, we was coming for blood
And your body, the perfect specimen to put in the mud

You are only a vessel for our God
What are you afraid of?
Eventually everyone does the same
We're not evil because of the evil we do
We do evil because we are evil

I civilize the savages while you support gay marriages
Evil demons and the Jesus of Nazareth

I keep my blade more sharper than the cactus's
I keep grenades in my parka for the pacifists
And you can't lie to God, cousin
You can't lie to the great Master Fard, cousin
It's a facade, cousin, they wanna lie to you
They wanna tell you that the government's reliable
They wanna tell you that Islam is dangerous
When everybody know the Christians are the blame for this
Cause it's the truth, deal with it
But you complain every time I'm real with it
I'm 'bout to kill critics and then take 'em to war
And teach 'em how to put they love and they faith in Allah
Or I'm breaking their jaw or I'll take 'em to burn
Cause that's the only fucking way that the pagans will learn

Essence is revealed through praxis
Because you are not ready to receive it
It's not like we have any option
There is no history, everything we are is eternally within us
We're not sinners because we sin, we sin because we are sinners

Bleeding trees waiting for judgement day
Where we can all hang ourselves from our own branches
It's not that easy

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Saviourself"

(feat. Killah Priest)

[Vinnie Paz:]
I built with Alexander the Great, he told the Persians they should stay gone
Then he told me about the Oracle of Ammon
He gave me no clue where it is
Men feared time yet time feared the pyramids
He gave me more jewels
He told me that Amenhotep was immortal
I can't overstand hieroglyph
So I called Killah Priest and he taught me how to follow it
I walked through the Valley of the Kings
With a white robe, white rose and Muwali rings
And your whole team Judas
My road thin, gold skin like Zeus'
I speak the dialog of the dead
I practiced the same war tactics in King Arthur's head
So let the swordsmen kill the beast
It's a Legacy of Blood with Vinnie Paz and Killah Priest

"The Sun Won't Come Out, unless the crowd start this
'Cause if it was my choice, you all dance in darkness"
"Elements burst and gave birth to the worst
Took the pen from the nurse and hold the mic up first"
"Put your rhymes, the rhymes, put your rhymes on the altar
Burn them as a sacrifice"

[Killah Priest:]
I paint flows with the feathers from the wings of angels
Red ink from saint blood, nigga you ain't thug
Stare into the face of a king's mug, crushed grape fill the wine jug
Ill thoughts build from the mind of rhyme, rose off the tongue like fine rugs
Let me walk you through this for the clueless

I'm Shakespearean with gray earrings
Speak like Tiberius, write novels
Spit it like Aristotle, face half Pharaoh
And half owl, I took the path of Cairo
Came back with the Dead Sea Gospel
Now known as the Dead Street Apostle
We see them Feds, shoot them hollows
Bullets spread till they meet Diablo
Stars in alignment, Priest meet with Jedi Mind Tricks
Reach them climates where you can't breath
Stay high off that dead weed
In the mind is where I plant seeds to grow fruit
Of king's so brute of army troops, mighty men in celestial suits
You need healing, my mic give you incredible boost
Where I use satellite dish and stare at my alphabetical soup
Plus I use the Big Dipper to take more than one scoop
It's Priesthood

"Straight up, we serve justice
So if they can't be trusted, may you return where the dust is"
"Put your rhymes on the alter

Burn them as a sacrifice"
"Elements burst and gave birth to the worst
Get the pen from the nurse and hook the mic up first"
"Put your rhymes on the altar
Burn them as a sacrifice"

[Vinnie Paz:]
I studied Element 115 with the Elohim
Saw the Canaanites, Sumerians and the Philistines
This is street gospel
If you don't believe in life on Mars, that mean the beast got you
You don't wanna see me and Killah Priest hostile
You don't wanna see desert eag' heat pop you
This is Mothman Prophecy
Walk back to the sand of Iraq and let the prophet breathe
We turned all our water into toxic seas
And walk in war with armor that I copped in Greece
Then I shot the beast with a long arrow
Studied Imhotep to be a strong Pharaoh

It's a war when the gods spit
It's Allah when I split the icebergs in the Arctic
I don't care what the cause is
And I'ma ride for my fam no matter what the cost is

Yeah, Vinnie Paz, Killah Priest, yeah
Priesthood, Maccabees, yeah, Army of the Pharaohs
Aight? Yeah

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"On The Eve Of War (Julio César Chávez Mix)"

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah... Vinnie Paz, baby
Yeah... yeah... yeah
This is raw, all across the board, Liquid Sword Chamber

If it's coming from my jaw, then it's pure anger
Heavy metal rap, with a four four banger
We can settle that, let the mic cord hang ya
I play homage to the best of them, like Christopher Wallace

And bring drama to the rest of 'em, with biscuits from coppers
I'm with Allah justice, and we raw gritty
Picture hell, Illadel' to New York City
I brought a four with me, we can capture the ring

And now we more merciless than the Statue of Ming
And y'all more purposeless than a pacifist king
You gon' die, like a brawl with a gat in the Bing
It's a passionate thing, the way we make classics
Genuine brilliance or innate madness
Yeah, we all spin on the same axis
And this chrome thing here, leave your frame backless
The police always try'na aim flame at us
So I don't mind when the pig brain splatters
I don't mind, that we all gon' die soon
I return to the silence of God's tomb

[GZA:]
There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'
My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed
Wannabe MC's is shakin'
So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed
There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'
My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed
Wannabe MC's is shakin'
So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed

I don't believe what I'm seeing, I don't believe it
Ladies and gentlemen, at this time
We ask you to please rise (you'll never quit
No one will ever get it, there's no thing quit)

Imagine a rhyme in it's prime, from off the baselines
Skyscraper verticals, support the hang time
Evidence that was left at the scene of the crime
Trace back to a few, from out a group of nine
Who performed well, regardless to the price of the tickets

Off or onstage, whatever, still kick it
With the footwork, of Freddie Adu, it's all new
Now the rap commissioners, they wanna clone my shoe
But the road's narrow, and it's difficult to climb
With the heat, the wind and the fallen rocks combined
It's hard to stay in line, the course is an obstacle

Within each chamber, the force is unstoppable
Lyrical swordsman, blades sharp, I cut out your heart
M.C.'s want no part, in any type of conflict
Because then I respond quick, it gets thick
The problem goes beyond sick

There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'
My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed
Wannabe MC's is shakin'
So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed
There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'
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My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed
Wannabe MC's is shakin'
So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed

[Vinnie Paz:]
(Wearin' red trunks with silver trim, fightin' outta Philadelphia, Pennsylvania)
This is how we do (His game is tight, and there's nothing to do)
Pazmanian Devil, Frank Vinatra, Jedi Mind, Wu-Tang
What's the deal, baby? GZA/Genius, Stoupe on the track, yeah
My man Stoupe on the boards

Those who dare oppose us shall stand knee deep in the blood of their children
Is that he who follows the pleasure of Allah
Like him who has made himself deserving of displeasure from Allah
And his abode in Hell, and it is an evil destination...)

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Darkest Throne (Interlude)"

[Boy:]
"Bless me Father for I have sinned

[Father:]
That's the one
Do you realize what you've said?
It was only once father
Do you know what the fifth is?
The fifth is that if you don't say anything its not incriminating
The fifth commandment!
Thou shalt not kill
That's right, now I want you to tell me what happened
No father, I'm not telling nobody nothing
Don't be afraid my son, nobody's more powerful than god
I don't know about that father, your guys bigger than my guy up there
My guys bigger that your guy down here
You got a point, five our fathers and five "Hail marys" for penance

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Worst"

Don't be scared, be prepared for the worst
Before I let a whole round of shots burst
You the opening act so rock first
Trust me, multiple shots from Glocks hurt
And I think there's been enough said
Cause your body's gonna leak like a mothafuckin dust-head
Burner love to see the blood red
And you pussy-clout rappers can't sleep until a thug's dead
But I don't plan to die
Until it's my time
So just keep playa hating from the sidelines
It's divine rhyme
Jedi Mind time
It's rap cyanide
Study the guidelines
Yeah on my last few twelve inches
Walk around with a long knife-twelve inches
That's real sharp for cutting ya skin
Tie you up make you watch while I'm fuckin' ya kin

Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst

Yeah
I have an iron force
Robbin' you on the iron horse
I'm a lion that's relyin' on the Mayan's thoughts
I'm spittin' iron darts
Until there's more dead
Then I'm seeing triple sixes on your forehead
I don't wanna die anymore
I don't wanna cry anymore
Wanna lie anymore
I just want y'all to be dead
I just wanna get rid of all these sick thoughts in my head
I stay ready on the frontline
("Anybody wants mine, that's when it's lunchtime")
And I'm a threat to the whole land
Men fear God
But God fear no man
That's the mothafuckin program
I could feel snakes just from handshakes from a cold hand
Time waits for no man
And that's word bond
Throw 'em in a ditch
Bury 'em the herb gone

Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst

This is war rap similar to Jacob's ladder
Walk around like Thor with a sacred hammer
Yeah you don't really want the guns out
We some vampire mo'fuckas
Burn when the sun's out
Y'all are traveling the bum route
Talking 'bout whips, standing on the strip with your thumbs out
But that ain't me
I don't care about a whip
Y'all are fake money just another counterfeit
While y'all are on the block thinkin bout your pipe dreams
I'm Slick Rick style thinkin how my ice gleams
Thinkin how I'm gonna make this money
Take a visit to the Bing and embrace my dunny
I guess this is just a part of God's plan
Beware of the beast undercover in the marked van
If you a smart man
Use your voice to sing
Cause that's the only fucking way to avoid the bing

Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Verses Of The Bleeding"

(feat. Des Devious)

[Vinnie Paz:]
Allahu Akbar, everybody just be calm
That's the word passed down from the imam
It came from the Qur'an, it can't be wrong
It's only measured in time of God's eons
So I suggest you follow Allah way
Or turn into a bitch inside the jungle's the raw way
That's what the law say, you ain't ready for that
You better bring a bulletproof and machete for that
And nobody want to be there
They stick you with dirty motherfuckers up in the tear
Now it's back to the topic at hand, I'm rocking your fam
And fight against the army with a rock in my hand
A Glock in my hand, divide your body into two parts
Exchange entire theories of God by spitting two darts
But I just want people to build
And did imam Al Husayn know that he would be killed?

[Vinnie Paz, Des Devious:]
We coming for blood, in the name of Allah
We coming for blood, and we ain't playing with y'all
We coming for blood, we destroy and rebuild
We coming for blood, if you ain't loyal, you killed

We coming for blood, in the name of Allah
We coming for blood, and we ain't playing with y'all
We coming for blood, we destroy and rebuild
We coming for blood, if you ain't loyal, you killed

[Des Devious:]
I got a vice grip on the mic spitting my shit
My balls and arrogance alone be the cause of these hits
Easily split your wig with the flick of a wrist
Send a block, your body dragging you into the abyss
But that's some sick shit I only do when I trip
Or when I'm tailing motherfuckers running they lip
That's when I start the procedure of body beating you to a seizure
Your crew is standing there staring looking like non-believers
I felt 'em standing and staring, that's when I pulled the heater
My ratchet cooking these faggots, I make 'em all see the
Fact of the matter is, if you don't back down
This ain't no slap down, you getting clapped clown
So don't be running 'round, talking all this and that
That's female shit, type of shit that get you trapped
Into a dark corner, rope pulling on ya
Tried to escape, head shots left your ass a goner

[Vinnie Paz, Des Devious:]
We coming for blood, in the name of Allah
We coming for blood, and we ain't playing with y'all
We coming for blood, we destroy and rebuild
We coming for blood, if you ain't loyal, you killed

We coming for blood, in the name of Allah
We coming for blood, and we ain't playing with y'all
We coming for blood, we destroy and rebuild
We coming for blood, if you ain't loyal, you killed

[Vinnie Paz:]
I'm ready to blackout, crippler cross-face tap-out
Coming through the fucking door with the gats out
Let the blood rain down and drip on your skin
Let the slug hit your crown and rip from your limbs
I'm the illest fucking rapper alive
Give me sixteen shots, I can crack you in five
I have to survive, have to get my money and shine
Have to get everything that I used to promise my mom
I got to do it for everyone that I promised something
For everyone who thought I wouldn't be alive or something
Come on money, that's some cold shit, wishing me dead
So I'm beating they mid-section till they pissing in red

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Beyond The Gates Of Pain"

(feat. Sean Price)

Yeah, let's do it right this time
Jedi Mind tricks, Sean P
Straight up! Let's go!
Yeah! (haha)

[Sean Price:]
Yes, just confess, the best is I
Leave you, stretched from the sket, in Bedford-Stuy
Would've let you jet but I bet if I
Did that like a rat – you testify?
Niggas like what's the matter with Sean?
I'm like "Nothing, just thinkin' of a verse that can shatter the song"
Foreign bitches know the stamina strong
20 G's for the pictures, stay in the country, so I married the mob
Sean's thirty-two, but the gauge is 12
In the fifth for these funny niggas; Dave Chappelle
When Run-DMC was fuckin' Raising Hell
I was on the run from d's, these raised in hell
Kinda broke, couldn't raise the bell
Called my man, he broke two fuckin' arms, sold the gauge for bail
Beat the case, got my big gauge back as well
With rap, you can sing such amazing tales, nigga
Ya'll niggas bust my web
Heat pop, niggas cut ya dreads, cuz ya'll scared
Rockin' and rollin', guns and roses
Pockets is swollen, son is holding
Sean P, I'm the master of ceremony
That's blastin' at every phony ass rapper that ever know me
Niggas act like they ready for war
Get slapped with the tool, wake up bitch, get ready for school, one

[Vinnie Paz:]
We in this game for the money and the long life
Whether we battle with the gats or it's all mics
We can rumble with the bats or the long pipes
Vinnie Paz, it's a wrap, with Sean Price

We in this game for the money and the long life
Whether we battle with the gats or it's all mics
We can rumble with the bats or the long pipes
Vinnie Paz, it's a wrap, with Sean Price

I'm more powerful than Gargamel, guard ya grill
And you'll be starved and killed
It's hard to build, when God reveal
That you eat lard for meals
So as the saga builds, we need raw shit
We need EPMD to drop more shit
The hardcore shit, bang out, bust a gat
The '84 shit, hang out, hustle crack
We build and we destroy until the sun drop
Until we hear the sounds of the last gun shot
But I'mma ride until the wheels fall off

Til the high in these last few pills wear off
You failed with frost, pussy rap, filled and crossed
Sellin' bags of that raw shit filled with salt
I kill ya thoughts, with a nine MA eagle
Make me sick to my stomach, like ya'll gay people
I'mma slay evil, that's what Allah likes
Vinnie Paz, Jedi Mind Tricks, Sean Price

We in this game for the money and the long life
Whether we battle with the gats or it's all mics
We can rumble with the bats or the long pipes
Vinnie Paz, it's a wrap, with Sean Price

We in this game for the money and the long life
Whether we battle with the gats or it's all mics
We can rumble with the bats or the long pipes
Vinnie Paz, it's a wrap, with Sean Price

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"And So It Burns"

You funny style to me, it's war when the beat drop
Just another motherfucker gon' see Pac
You the type that'll run when the heat pop
The type that'll hide a gun when he see cops
But not me, I'll aim a .38 at the crown
Show up the next day at the wake and frown
Yeah, and then I'll laugh at the widow
And my man Stoupe blast through the window
Foul when I was young but I survived karma
Drop bombs like a B-25 on ya
Yeah, it's Vietnam in the trenches
Just keep my seat warm on the benches
I run with wild Puerto Ricans that hit L's
And study classical verses by Big L
We came up in the game at the same time
And beat a hundred fifty rappers with the same rhyme

When touch a microphone I usually rock it
Those that don't like it, then you're psychotic
It's on 'til the death, 'til we settle the score
Bust off, we bust back strapped ready for war, what
Been down for years rockin ten for ten *[?]* take your whole damn clan?

I'm a mothafuckin baboon
Hit you with thirty-seven stab wounds
Bury your body deep in earth inside a black tomb
You scared of the rain, you fair-weather
I'm hardcore like Paul Bearer in sheer terror
I'll be ready for war with suede Timbs on
Y'all ain't ready to brawl until Vin's gone
Won't stop till you dead in Hell
Vinnie Paz, mega-child daddy, Ed Rendell
Was bred to fail, yeah, because the beast in all us
I was rocking Diadoras while you was eating porridge
I was listening to the Hilltop Hustlers
While you was ducking from sounds of popped mufflers
You was playing little games with your fathers
I was robbing motherfuckers for they Starters
You a novice and I'm a old vet
And I was there when the heavens and the globe met

When I touch a microphone I usually rock it
Those that don't like it, then you're psychotic
It's on 'til the death 'til we settle the score
Bust off, we bust back strapped ready for war, what
Been down for years rockin ten for ten *[?]* take your whole damn clan?

We ain't safe if the bomb exists
So I side with the Vietnamese Communists
If you with me motherfucker raise your arm and fist
And we can bust a fucking cap and see if God exists
I scarred your wrist, with a poisonous rusty razor
If it's Jedi Mind Tricks then it must be flavour
And it ain't safe no more

Ain't safe in the motherfucking place no more
Get laced in your upper body, face and jaw
You the type of faggot we ain't got the patience for
We break the law, while we pay our respect to Allah
But if it's beef then we be spraying your neck with a four
I love to hear the sound of a corpse drop
So protect your fucking neck like a cough drop
I'm licking four shots from different latitudes
So keep it moving like a bitch that got an attitude

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Me Ne Shalto"

Yeah, Jedi Mind baby
Check it out, yeah, aight, yeah

Junkyard Dog, real dirty and mean
Take your face off cousin, I'm a surgery fiend
The type of cat that would rather just be heard than be seen
Hold a gat, at the end of it's a burgundy beam
We serving the fiends, with a dose of the uncut
And when there's beef with the heat, then who want what?
You just waiting for the bombs to rain
Put your body in a hole like Saddam Hussein
So guard your frame when the .45 shells drop
Cause it's dark and it's hot like in Hell, Ahk
Vinnie Paz on some other shit
I like my gat chrome, backbone and a rubber grip
Licking shots at the government
With a knife out at the White House right in front of it
That's who you fucking with, I'm a sick monster
Slam dance in the motherfucking pit monster

Y'all motherfuckers don't overstand skill

Listen, I ain't gon' play no more
Beat a faggot till he ain't fucking gay no more
We gon' stay making hits, this is infinite
This is Vinnie Paz world, you just live in it
You just living in my world of doom
Until Jedi Mind decide to build your tomb
I build with goons, build with brother that's hustling leak
And there ain't nobody that's rawer than us on the beat
Ain't nobody rawer than Paz-Man
Cause I can drop a motherfucking bomb on you like The Gap Band
We coming strapped man, it's a war cousin
Hit you with the Ric Flair figure four cousin
Barry Windham right hand to your jaw cousin
Road Warriors, Animal and Hawk cousin
Take a walk, cousin, cause I'm done with you
Or you'll be looking down the barrel of a gun or two

I'm coming for your head
Like something from the Dawn of the Dead
Vito Corleone style, horse on a bed
Thoughts on a bed from a hollow tip
Chop off your fucking tongue, make you swallow it
You the type that got Amadou Diallo hit
The type to admit you faggot and be proud of it
Turn it down a bit, I can't think daddy
I think I need another motherfucking drink daddy
I think I'll hit the fucking bar with King Syze
Who's these motherfuckers dressing in pink guys?
You a retard, claim to be street smart
But you the first one to run when the beef start
You fucking sweetheart, you're in the wrong game
Beat your head till you dead with a long chain

Jedi Mind Tricks gon' have a long reign
And the opposite of pleasure is all pain

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"On The Eve Of War (Meldrick Taylor Mix)"

[Vinnie Paz:]
This is raw, all across the board, Liquid Sword Chamber
If it's coming from my jaw, then it's pure anger
Heavy metal rap, with a 44 banger
We can settle that, let the mic cord hang ya
I pay homage to the best of them, like Christopher Wallace
And bring drama to the rest of 'em, with biscuits from coppers
I'm with the Lord-Justice, and we raw gritty
Pits of hell, Illadel' to New York City
I brought a four with me, we can capture the ring
And now we more merciless than a Statue of Ming
And ya'll are more purposeless than a pacifist king
You gonna die, like a brawl with a gat in the Bing
It's a passionate thing, the way we make classics
Genuine brilliance or innate madness
Yeah, we all spin on the same axis
And this chrome thing here leave your frame backless
The police always trying to aim flame at us
So I don't mind when a pig brain splatters
I don't mind that we all gonna die soon
I return to the silence of God's tomb
Yeaaaah

[GZA:]
There is no escaping once my blade start scraping
My sword indeed make more niggas bleed
Wanabe MC's is shaken
So swift naked eye couldn't record the speed

There is no escaping once my blade start scraping
My sword indeed make more niggas bleed
Wanabe MC's is shaken
So swift naked eye couldn't record the speed

Imagine a rhyme in it's prime, from off the baseline
Skyscraper vertical, support the hang time
Evidence that was left at the scene of the crime, traced back to a few from outta group of nine
Who perform well regardless to the price of the tickets
Off or on stage, whatever
Still kick it, with the footwork of Freddy Adu
It's all new, now the rap commissioners they wanna clone my shoe
With the rose now, and its difficult to climb
With the heat and wind and fallin' rocks combined
It's hard to stay aligned the course is an obstacle
Within each chamber the force it unstoppable
Lyrical swordsman blade sharp, I'll cut out your heart
MC's want no part of any type of conflict
Because when I respond quick, it gets thick
The problem goes beyond sick

There is no escaping once my blade start scraping
My sword indeed make more niggas bleed
Wanabe MC's is shaken
So swift naked eye couldn't record the speed

There is no escaping once my blade start scraping
My sword indeed make more niggas bleed
Wanabe MC's is shaken
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Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Philosophy of Horror"

I was Albert Eiensteins mind, I was Italy's fine wine
I was working with God when he defined time
I was there when the guns first let off
There when they cut King Charles' head off
There when the CIA bottled the crack
And the tradgedy and triumph of Geronimo Pratt
Punch a faggot till his nose bleed heavy
Dead 'em all, then I escape in green Chevy
I merk your wisdom, spit a dart at you to hurt your vision
Put you in the worst position in a Turkish prison
Yeah, and my intention is to waste y'all
And cover your body with stitches like a baseball
I fucking lace y'all with the word of the sword
And leaving you bleeding in a ditch while you serving the lord
You deserve to be mauled by an army of bees
Just another faggot dead in his army fatigues

Fuck ya crucifix, your religion and its uselessness
Your propaganda is more wickeder than Lucifer's
Islamic scientists predicted the computer chips
I spit a rap at you to rock you like Medusa's lips
You fucking goons are sick, and y'all can see that
And y'all are my sons like Ebrahim and Eshak
So lets take a walk through the tivest town
I'm the divine science of the light and the sound
I'm the sublime giant with the right to the crown
I'm the divine tyrant and I'm striking you down
So I teach my kin to attack the beast
For trying to hide me from the 4th book of Maccabees
You wack MC's catch a hook to the head
Cause y'all don't know about the Tibetan book of the dead
You don't know about anything that's important
About the Dead Sea scrolls found in Jordan
About the way that you conduct yourself in Satan's wrath
But I don't fuck with you, you walking down the pagan's path

I'm a swordsmen, the apocalypse horsemen
What makes me smile is another's misfortune
I like to see your body in flames scortchin'
I like to see a part of your brain auctioned
I like to see inside of your main organs
I like to see inside of your veins pourin'
I find beauty in another's pain
I find beauty in the spirit of God but I don't fuckin' change
I find serenity in torture
My thoughts are too pure for the human mind to author
It's called God consciousness
Its a level beyond the God's marred thoughtlessness
I stay ready for the combat
While the ignorant praying and they wondering where they God at
I stay ready for the combat
While the ignorant praying and they wondering where they God at

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Before The Great Collapse"

To face what we are in the end
We stand before the light
And our true nature is revealed
Self-revelation is annihilation of self

Mummy, I don't wanna live no more
I don't think I got nothin' else to give no more
It's like I lost my passion for life
It's like all my actions are trife
I don't feel like I used to about the world
I don't feel like I used to about my girl
I just wanna die mummy cause it's too hard
I just wanna lie calmly and to view God
Ever since daddy died it's been pain mummy
It's like there's something wrong with my brain mummy
You was always there for me so I love you
I die for you and I place no one above you
Tell Lenny and the kids that you stay strong
And when I meet my maker that I'm gonna pray for'em
And tell P that I think he'll be a great father
Tell Young that I think he'll be a great author
Tell Planet that his wife and kids are gorgeous
And the same go for Andy and for Marcus
Tell Syze that I have faith in 'em
And never let the industry snakes get 'em

The entire world is a graveyard
(The ending of time)
We're the ones
(The ending of time)
Who let the dying know
(The ending of time)
The hour has come

I got a few things more I should say mummy
I never meant to hurt you in any way mummy
I never meant to hurt anyone, it's God's work
Cause wakin' up everyday for me is hard work
And tell June that she was the love of my life
And that I never stopped lovin' here even in spite
All the things that we went through together
Through the highs and lows and bad weather
Let Frank know he always made me smile
Tell him back in the days was crazy wild
Tell Stoupe that I always had his back, ma'
And we was meant to be together on a track, ma'
Tell Cheek I consider him a brother
When I die, the pain will spit into another
That's just how life goes ma, it's painful!
I'll come back to you in dreams as an angel
So don't blame yourself for what happened
Cause you was the best mother that I could fathom
So I'm going to the first place I can go
I love you, sincerely Vincenzo!

The ending of time
The entire world's a graveyard

Mommy just tell everyone I love them know
What I'm saying? Tell my man mike tell my magruff
Keep holding me down know what I mean?
Who let the dying know tell them to stay strong
Tell Devious to keep doing his thing mommy
The hour has come tell locke to keep his head up things
Gonna get better know what I'm saying?
Everything's going to be good for everybody it's just hard
Its just hard for me I know this may seem like its
The easy way out but its not the pain hurt
Tell everyone I love them and I always had their back
Yeah sincerely yours Vinnie Pazienza

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The President's Wife"

(feat. Des Devious)

[Vinnie Paz:]
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Y'all ever smell the stench of dead bodies?
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Animal thugs who bust slugs in the lobby

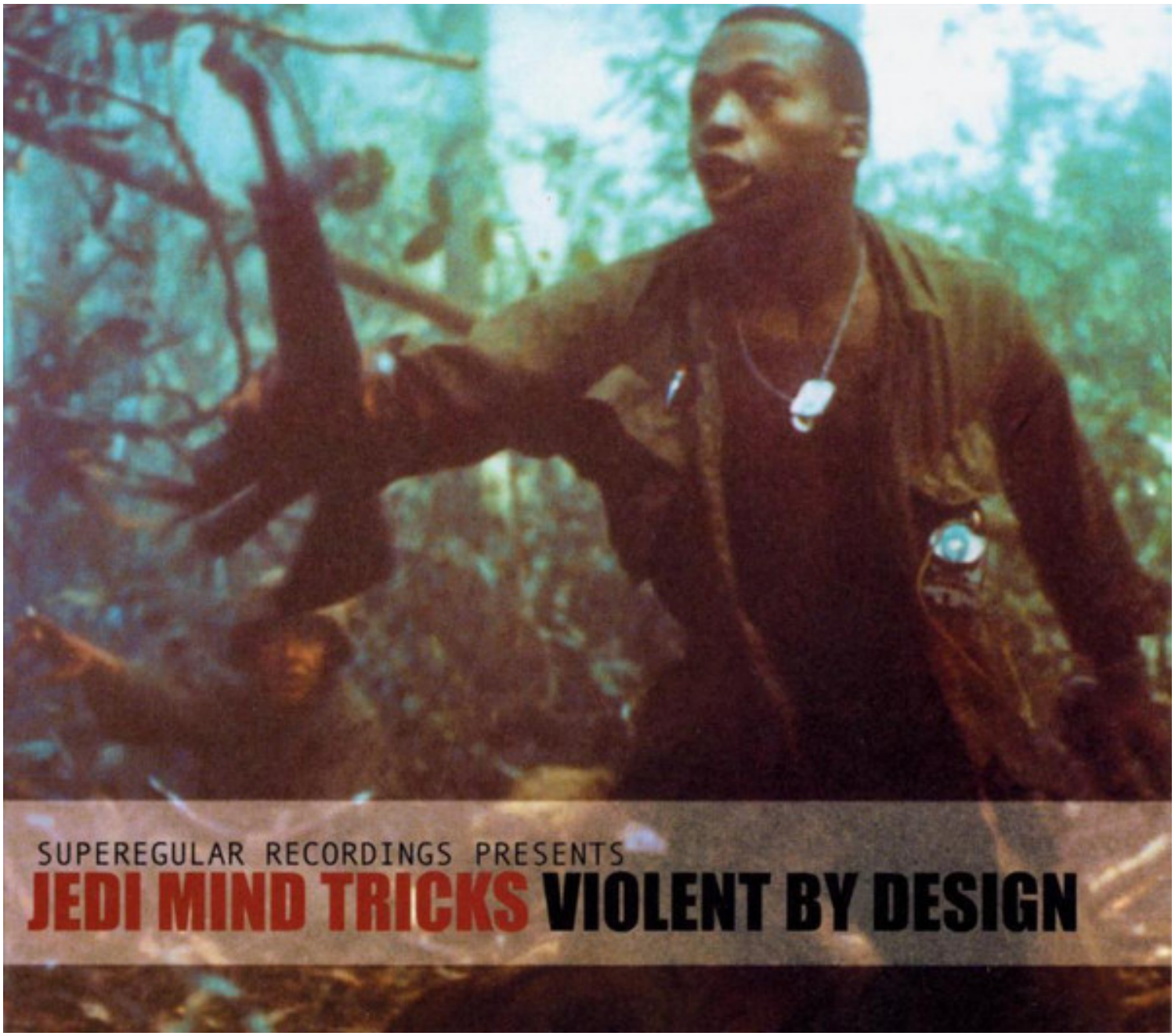
[Vinnie Paz & Des Devious:]
Fuck George W. Bush and what he stand for
For sending my little cousin into the damn war
What the fuck we on somebody else's land for?
Murder innocent people for Uncle Sam's law
Everybody know it's all over oil
It's all for the greed and the money that ain't for you
It's all for the head of the state that ain't loyal
Off with the head of a snake, he ain't royal
He gave two-billion dollars to the Taliban
And young Americans dead before they had a fam
Look, I don't got beef with a war
I got beef with a war mistreating the poor
I got beef with everything that he do
I got beef with the lies misleading the youth
And I'm about to take the law in my own hands
And I'm about to aim a 4 at a grown man
North, south, we should ride up at night
Black masks, black tape, black gun to his wife
Should we terrorize the city like the Summer of Sam?
Or should we kidnap the president's wife without a plan?

Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Anybody move, shake, shiver, quiver, I buck

We at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave
And I'm about to run up in this motherfucker and blast
First things first, cousin, how we get in?
We could take the janitor for all they gear and they timbs
We could tell them that we trying to raise money for aids
And we could start the onslaught for all they criminal ways
Now that we in here, where the fuck the wife at?
Where my four pound? Where the fucking knife at?
My fault, it's right here with the spiked bat
We deading 'em raw, nobody can fight back
She probably in the bedroom scared to death
She heard gunshots and she knew what's next
Des, kick in the door
If the bitch make a move, dump a clip in the whore
She ain't moving, that bitch took a piss on the floor
And she ain't getting nothing else except a kick in the jaw
Tell her husband we need more money for poor folk
And to respect others like the book that Allah wrote
Nah nigga, I ain't with that deal

Put a bullet in her head and let him see how it feels

[Vinnie Paz:]
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Y'all ever smell the stench of dead bodies?
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan
Animal thugs who bust slugs in the lobby
Anybody move, shake, shiver, quiver, I buck
Anybody move, shake, shiver, quiver, I buck


SUPEREGULAR RECORDINGS PRESENTS
JEDI MIND TRICKS
VIOLENT BY DESIGN

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Intro (Violent By Design)"

Beware the beast man
For he is the devils pawn
Alone among gods primates
He kills for sport, or lust, or greed
Yay he will murder his brother to posses his brothers land
Let him not breed in great numbers
For he will make a desert of his home, and yours
Shun him, drive him back into his jungle lair
For he is the harbinger of death

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Retaliation"

"I leave the blood spilling in the streets"

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Yo, its the fucking Hologram, Jedi Mind baby
Bangin' ya'll in the fucking face, know what I'm sayin'
With the God Jus Allah, my man Stoupe on the track
My motherfucking man Chico in this motherfucker
We about to take ya'll motherfuckers to war
Nah'm sayin', yo Jus Allah, blow this fucking mic apart, God

[Jus Allah:]
The metal inside the barrel passes
Through the frames in your glasses
Quick passage, leave your dome piece backless
Envision blackness, leave you hat-less, fucking cap-less
Marchin' niggas to the spot where the Earth's crack is
Hard to grasp like science and math is
The cavemen who don't practice and live backwards
We oxen, when streets is watchin'
Release shotguns, niggas got Dietz and Watson
Feel no love, no way you shield the slugs
The ill thugs, we box with steel gloves
Doubt my faith you can taste the slug case
Leaving niggas looking like dogs with the pug face
Even your girl can catch the capsule
I love pussy but never the bitch that it's attached to

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Why you wanna battle the kids with steel tongues?
Who rip up mics and drink Puerto-rock rum
85's face the truth; you're too dumb
If retaliation comes, yo, then fuck it: it just comes

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
We itching to kill, that's why we spitting the real
Stick to the drill and maybe we'll be gripping a mill'
The clip will get spilled, dump them on a ditch or a hill
Because the motherfucker ain't left me shit in his will
And y'all is always sounding like a bitch when you spill
And we the rawest motherfucking clique in the field
So real motherfuckers better recognize real
Or ill motherfuckers gonna exercise skill
Y'all better chill when the Hologram build
Little motherfucker got hands that's like steel
Whoever approach me and what I feel
"Might find their legs being replaced by steel"
So y'all better yield or I'ma choke faggots

My hand held more razor blades than coke addicts
We like to quote fascists because we the meanest
And rip off your fingers with the pliers of Chaka Demus

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Why you wanna battle with kids with steel tongues?
Who rip up mics and drink Puerto-rock rum
85 face the truth; you're too dumb
If retaliation comes, yo, then fuck it: it just comes

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Contra"

(feat. Killasha)

[Killa Sha:]
The invincible huh?
Yeah, y'all be seeing it
It is what it is indeed, Stoupie
Y'all be knowing huh?
Let 'em know

[Vinnie Paz:]
Hold the device tight, when it's time for a mic fight
You're a pagan trying to battle someone who's Christ-like
The precise knight that smash you with a white pike
Left you bleeding into the ocean under the night's light
Oh you hype right, well meet the soul-benders
Cop that or get shot at like goaltenders
You roll benches till playing fear was fair game
Y'all got fucked up like sex on an airplane
That's why we can't change, we just ill
We blow trees, sip Ole E's and spit real
The clip's filled with the wrath that Cain saw
Then I slash with a leather mask and chainsaw
That's why the brain's raw, that's why your veins pour
That's why you copped my shit nine times at the same store
That's why you entered the dragon and got slashed
And that's why the Hologram counting up cash
What!

Looking for rappers who wanna battle
Don't seem to understand that I'm just that bad
The underground rapper who be wrecking
Whatever ya want yo, whatever ya like

[Killa Sha:]
Holocaust rap, javelin toss, the Sha's the boss
I take what's yours, pour poison in your pores
I'm down for the cause my nigga, not because
My soul wasn't made to be lost, stop for the pause
I play forty-eight minutes hard, without the calls
Slicing elbows through ya jaw, need I say more?
Fascinated with four-fours and foul whores
Large gram cook-ups and the ill drug scores
My captivating verses, that'll open all doors
I soar like a condor ready for war, fuck the law!

Listen to the emptiness
Of the raindrops on the ground

Looking for rappers who wanna battle
Don't seem to understand that I'm just that bad
The underground rapper who be wrecking
Whatever ya want yo, whatever ya like

[Jus Allah:]
Ominous, leave your brain matter painted on your Stainmaster
Game of Death motherfucker, we draft ya, semi-autograph ya
Keeping L's lit, sending pellets through helmets
Shells hit, you and the fag you share a cell with
Taking niggas out their element, rhyme fighters
Divine writers, time travelers, Sliders
Pale niggas act jail lifers
True tale is that they nail-biters with the trails in they diapers
Shoes never walk nor land, explore land
I expose my scrolls and code it in Fortran
Bullets graze your wig kid, brushes with death
I let the iron clutch grip the bones in ya flesh
Playing on ya wrist like strings on a violin
Dying in a blood pool, wrestling Leviathan
Fucking with gods, Jedi Mind Tricks
Y'all suckers, like niggas born without dicks

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Speech Cobras"

(feat. Mr. Lif)

[Dialogue from the film Pi:]
When I was a little kid, my mother told me not to stare into the sun. So once when I was six, I did. The doctors didn't know if my eyes would ever heal. I was terrified, alone in that darkness. Slowly, daylight crept in through the bandages, and I could see, but something else had changed inside of me

[Mr. Lif:]
I'm the fire bearer, holder of the sun
The earth and the universe combined as one
An everlasting energy taking all forms
Blue skies on sunny days, terrible storms
The one who tears down what you adorn
And curses the material things that you mourn
But look up in the sky because I am the dawn
And the light that empowers your flesh as you yawn
Strong, undeniably so, Lif better known as a society foe
The deity glow reach into my center
I bet you feel pleasure and pain as you enter
The tormentor, pleaser, embracer, squeezer
As your skeleton crush, your physical turns into gelatin, plus
Due to over stimuli, you liquify
I send you back to the earth soil to quench the turmoil
When the ground splits to swallow of corporations and cops
Give birth to rocks so we can have solid ground on which to walk
Stand strong and talk and write down theories in chalk on the side walk

The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell
Look into the eyes of a nigga who fell
The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell
Look into the eyes of the

[Jus Allah:]
My style orbits round nine planets of forces
Ominous metaphorics envision a devil corpses
Lion hoarder, mad scientist slash author
Present the type of horror that boils your holy water
Get warped with the knowledge that folds the holy father
Hard boys become toys inside the real saga
So why bother, my whole floor alliance is harder
So bring the drama, we all know that science is smarter
I set off crowds, style wild like a circus
I seek new souls when I walk past churches
Allah praise you, stay true to a devout purpose
Seeking out the wise wherever the God searches
Flows that I embark on leave your squadron shadow dodging
Lyrics assault men like slugs that fill harkness
No option, narrow odds

Fucking with gods is straight gambling with your tarot cards

The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell
Look into the eyes of a nigga who fell
The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell
Look into the eyes of the

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Open the gates of Midian for the fangs like the flesh
Three cyborgs who Bang like Ladesh
We hang the best, spit venom until your face burn
Yet the critics are parasitic like a tape worm
The hate burn, scathe the nerve of a Buddhist
Snake turn and fake yearns; the kiss of Judas
We take lives with knives steady abusing you
With the vicious intentions of denting your uvula
Bruising you with text of a Harvard class
Ikon will smash into shards of glass
To reform into a whirlwind of sand
Then reborn into the world Hologram
A solemn man with plans to entwine matter
Minds splatter from the grind of my divine hammer

The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell
Look into the eyes of a nigga who fell
The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell
Look into the eyes of the

[Dialogue from the film Pi:]
12:45, Restate my assumptions: 1. Mathematics is the language of nature. 2. Everything around us can be represented and understood through numbers. 3. If you graph the numbers of any system, patterns emerge. Therefore: There are patterns everywhere in nature

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Breath Of God (Interlude)"

Quantum theory is a completely different picture of reality
What we think of as empty space is really filled with millions of particles moving in closed loops through space and time
These particles move in an infinite amount of space up to a single point

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Death March"

(feat. Esoteric, Virtuoso)

[Undertaker:]
Tonight, I speak of prophecy
And what I will shall be done
The sacrifices are not over
The next sacrificial lamb will be led... to slaughter

[Virtuoso:]
I'm omnipotent. You claim to win battles so when the beat starts
I'll punch the tree bark and pass the chainsaw to a leaf's heart
Severian the Animal; I'm doing dirt like earthworms
I'm sick and original, boy; I gave birth to the first germs
I spit the acetate to make your lips evaporate
The Master Ape; bare hands will decapitate and bash your face
Pass the eighth sack of shake; twist it and blast my tape
Put Cambridge on the castle gate
Haven't come across a substance yet I couldn't lacerate
Virtuoso, the unidentified flying object
To make your space shuttle from NASA late
So while you crooks look for a hook I'm sayin' pass the bait
Telling 7L to scratch a plate
In a duel for respect I'll slap your face
Ask to make my specs and I'ma tackle ya
You're a neck and I'm Dracula
Have sex in the back of a black Lex or an Acura
Laugh with the, Jedi Mind Tricks
We rhyme sick and side bricks for dime chicks
I'll strangle you, use my same hands to give you the Heimlich
So you can live to face more punishment from my divine lips

[Jus Allah:]
Jus Allah prays on the minds of the young
Silencing the devil that speaks with forked tongue
Taste my blade's sharpness, rank you no class like Marxists
The heartless, rise out of darkness
I'm the last head you should ever try to fuck with
Be the next member in the cast of my snuff flick
Rough shit, don't even attempt sleeping
At war with the demons that live in infernal regions
Spawned from eternal semen, bred flesh predators
Wings of the arm on your heels like Pegasus
Grabbing your leg, so you live with the Heaven-less
Drop death's prejudice and follow me to Exodus

[Ikon the Hologram:]
We ravenous, exhume the tomb of Lazarus
You blasphemous, we bring war to pacifists

Tarantulas, burn flesh like a nine Glock
Your mind stops from nine of my divine shots
Pine box is fine for a killer to run
Swing from vines and ride like Atilla The Hun
Bring the gun, your tongue is what I'm slicing
We slap tracks and attack like M. Bison
Elohim, fuck the pagans – we mock them
And take turns to burn religious doctrines
Concoctions of pain hits from eight angles
Locked in the brain to lacerate angels

[Esoteric:]
Yo, I rip mics, stick lames
Wreck nights, spit flames
Lead pipes, split frames
Kid ain't shit changed
Act trife
I grab the mic and bag your wife
Sacrifice you twice
Motherfuck an after life
Decimate your paradise
Burn tracks like thermostats
My personal attacks snap back to murder cats
I might advise, you type of guys should revitalize
Your man power, I sabotage like fireflies
With a dope rhyme
Take control of your soul
Rap a potent flow over foes
Hope you don't catch a broken nose
Opponents go to shows
Now they know their roles, they're hoes that fold my clothes
I bark at these, mark emcees, park and freeze
My words part the seas
Kill beats like heart disease
Man, please
You could never fuck with the Eso-pterodactyl
My rap skills will thrash you
Motherfucker

[Undertaker:]
So until we meet again...accept the lord of darkness as your savior. Allow to the purity of evil to guide you

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Words From Mr. Len Part One"

[Mr. Len:]
Ya, so this is like the third time I called and shit
And um, ya hope you got the call
So you don't call us back for 500 dollars, cause I don't have it
Yo, Mr Len, you know, doing my thing out here in New Jersey area
Checking out Jedi Mind Tricks
Do not want my money, do not request anything of value of mine
Um, for all the ladies, if you climb that ladder of success
Don't let the guys look under your dress
They'll think you're cute, they'll think you're fine
But nine months later that shit ain't mine
Yo, I'm out

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"I Against I"

(feat. Planet)

[Planetary:]
In my historical oracle, I blast metaphorical
Editorials educatin' in my territorial
Get torn, heavily armed with seventy bombs
That'll blast divine like the heavenly psalm
Your men'll be gone if they explore my deepest thought
I beat hearts in two, then ask demons for chalk
I'm dreamin' to stalk emcees in the dark
I walk blindfolded, the mind's golden, watch how you talk
My style is a art, recognize lyrical purity
All hell breaks loose like a mall with no security
The dopest vocalist, with my third eye I focus with
I proceed, flow with the speed of a Indie motorist
There's more to this than wasted shiny chains and bracelets
I hit tracks, my tongue waits for the brains to blaze it
Amazin' angelic, tell it to your people
("Your mic and my mic, come on, yo, no equal")

Illadelph is like the Sun, 'cause we shine with rhymes
The underground is like the Moon: you only see us at times
And at times with light skies when the stars recline
Jedi Mind, Outerspace, coincide and combine

[Jus Allah:]
Raw poems, bury your body in catacombs
Rip your soul from your limbs like brims from Jim Jones
In the Twilight Zone we disperse cowards
Vampires that stalk earth on reverse hours
Night calls, we target your facade
My latitude is God, darts out my jaws leave eternal scars
You're left breathin' out of tube straws by the marksmen
Harnessin' science for demolishin' the charlatan
Raps will make you parallax
My domain has power to block synapse inside veins
War shots fired off by the army type warlocks
Devil's plan is to have you drip in the Clorox
Beast deceivin' us, ways devious
Possessin' my peeps to walk streets
With stolen heat, like Prometheus
Elements rushin' you back to hell again
Illadelphians crush your skeleton to fuckin' gelatin

Illadelph is like the Sun, 'cause we shine with rhymes
The underground is like the Moon: you only see us at times
And at times with light skies when the stars recline
Jedi Mind, Outerspace, coincide and combine

[Vinnie Paz:]
Don't ever come to me with war
I've severed scores of orators
Rappers fall onto all fours like minotaurs
With Jedi Mind and the Planetary be bombin' this
We stand one step above you like a pharmacist
With Ominous, detonate the bomb
Heads dread hallucinogenics since Vietnam
I spit a psalm, create bombs like an Iraqi
Swear on the Bible and then lie to Ecclesiastes
(Assault and battery)
Battle me, that'll be what splits you
Store enormous amounts of energy in a crystal
We boa constrict you, the gods are militant
You faggots couldn't go the length like you was impotent
You ignorant, your whole clique is split in half
You step in Allah path, and face Allah wrath, what!

Illadelph is like the Sun, 'cause we shine with rhymes
The underground is like the Moon: you only see us at times
And at times with light skies when the stars recline
Jedi Mind, Outerspace, coincide and combine

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Exertions Remix"

(feat. Bahamadia, Esoteric, Virtuoso)

[Ikon the Hologram:]
You gettin' split in fucking half by Ikon the Hologram's wrath
But I am the center inside the placenta of math
You clash with cyanide gas and die fast
Rhythmical equivalent of solids, liquids and gas
We smash your science, with the power of Lord Titus
But I am the virus inside of the iris of Cyrus
Upon papyrus, I kill snipers and biting vipers
And strangle you with the organs of rioters who try to fight us
Call me your highness and sip the blood from the phoenix
Who's guilty like the Jews in the crucifixion of Jesus
Murder the heathens and perish in a pit of cobras
Word is bond, my rhymes form into a swarm of locusts
Provoke us, and face the Zodiac killers
Five Samurai, do or die, fire spitters
Heavy hitters, from the lands of Sudan
Killadelph, Shambhala, Ikon the Hologram
What!?

[Virtuoso:]
All religions fear Miguel
My strikes are fatal, to your style
That's infantile like prenatal
Your mic's a child that's getting fucked by a wild pedophile
With bars pressed like guys spit violence, pectoral
So suck my genitals you punk bitch, I'm the general
Concocting verbs out of chemicals
And leave you bloody like menstrual
Cycles, my rap rifle blasts open any beat you throw
Virtuoso flows like an ocean through an archipelago

[Esoteric:]
At a glance, yo, my battle stance rattles camps like an avalanche
Crabs don't have a chance, you sycophants
Spend your cash advance grabbing a lance
To try to joust with the conqueror
Stompin the pawns that sponsor ya, onto the crucifix
I chew ya crew to bits like Mucelix or computer chips
Who can diss the pugilist?
Rappers tried, and now they calcified up in formaldehyde
Your valves canals divide
I scalp hides, my names italicized to chastise
Replicants in Nexus 6's excellence
Present tense malevolence, devastating regiments
Ever since, I supplied a diatribe of cyanide
You revised whom you idolize

I finalize death threats, you recollect the Esoteridactyl
Court is now in session, motherfucker, drop the gavel

[Bahamadia:]
Knowledge is self taught to be defining me spiritual
Animal senile, *[?]*
Like oracles at Delphi when they're spoken to
Mortals refer to me as Hatshepsut
For exposing the secrets of the sands while I'm blessing you
My presence here is principle like Kemetic philosophies
Of reparations and for payment of stolen legacy
So hail, homie
To Army of the Pharaoh
Like Ma'at I seek truth through the tarot
Choosing the teachings of 'Nezzar over that of the devil
And trading places with Sankofa to hear my ancestors echo
[?] commanding thoughts that *[?]* the facts
That led me to the holy near the temple of Karnak

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Prophecy (Interlude)"

It is mine
I remember the first war
It was just meant to be
I stood with my brothers and watched Lucifer fall
But now my brothers are not brothers and we have come here but we are mortal, to steal a dark soul not yet Lucifer's
It is mine
I have always obeyed
It was just meant to be

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Heavenly Divine"

[Pope John Paul II:]
"Everything that I could say would fade into insignificance compared with what my heart feels, and your hearts feel, at this moment."

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Yea, yo, yo, yo, yo
Jedi Mind
Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine
Ikon the fuckin' Hologram
Yo, yo, yo, yo

Another sacrificial lamb, that died at the hands of Hologram
Send him into the dungeon and bludgeon his fuckin' clan
Holy lamb, Who spit the live shit
The do or die, Illadelph, Jedi Mind shit
The hot shit, live raps crack your jaw
Like who's the avenger, and who's at the center of war?
I left a scar, so your crabs would overstand
Mental will dent you and send you to a holy land
Lawnmower man, sharp blades slash your vitals
Recitals will fight you and entice you to burn bibles
Homicidal, A Hologram burn churches
Murders by stickin' a crucifix through your cervix
Divine purpose, for the Remy that's in my thermos
Greatest evils stick you with needles that's hypodermic
You heard the verdict, I'm with Allah 'cause he chose me
Broke into the Vatican, strangled the Pope with his rosary
What, what, what, what, what, what, what, what, what

Jedi Mind, Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99 (what, what)
Jedi Mind, Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99 (what, what)
Jedi Mind, Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99 (what)
Jedi Mind, Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99

[Jus Allah:]
MCs face terror wherever my sound's audible
Man from third world portals, battle mortals, and slaughter you
Seen inside the visions of beyond
The dwellings of the Om, Existing in Islamic pantheon
Flows drop degrees, all my clothes got the scent of trees
I lay back and blow sax like Kenny G
Power blast, wack on my path, devour fast

I leave you with the grain of sand in life's hourglass
Devise a spell, make demons rise out of hell
Grab you by your lapels and rob you of your outer shell
You feel the ill dire, messiah in hellfire
I launch writers, put your jaw in a gauze wire
Jedi swordsman, give rappers a foul fortune
With science to contortion your body into a coffin
Insane damage is done, you fuckin' with the army
We beat your skull into the shape of a wet bag of laundry
What, yeah, yeah

Jedi Mind, Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99 (what, what)
Jedi Mind, Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99 (what, what)
Jedi Mind, Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99
Jedi Mind, Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram (Jus Allah) {Both}:]
Yo, the gods are rhymin', they're dramatizin'
(You feel the poetic blow of the titans)
We like a fuckin' bolt of lightnin'
(The three wise men), we at levels that defies men
(Watch out for fake heads deviled disguised men)
Arriving from the dawn and spawned with ill forms
(That'll leave you laying dead in the womb like stillborns)
The mass'll here it, (the ominous, the master spirit)
Can't understand the language of rappers with bad lyrics
(Ikon the python), rappers are left strangled
(I overlook the Earth 'cause I see it from sun's angle)
Above the clouds, (we sit high and we dazed)
(Write a page, on how you enslaved to worldly ways)
Islamic marksmen, seein' the squadron
Could be a fatal mistake
(Like the first sins of Adam in the Garden)
You feel sorrow, I'm projected as god Apollo
(Explore rhymes, you're left too confused to follow)
Invite your town to absorb the sniper rounds
(Illadelph, Shambhala, nigga)
{Stayin' underground}, What!
(Motherfuckers)

Jedi Mind, Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99 (yo, yo)
Jedi Mind, Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99 (what, what, what, what)
Jedi Mind, Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99 (what!)
Jedi Mind, Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Sacrifice"

You've watched so many people die now
You've watched so many people die now

[Antz sample:]
Sacrifice: to some, it is just a word. To others it is a code
What matters is the colony! He's willing to live for the colony!
To fight for the colony, to die for the colony!

[Vinnie Paz:]
Witness the art of combat
The center is where the bombs at
It's illegal for the feeble to see beyond that
Upon that, cyanide gases, sentinel dent through your ventricle with nine axes
Time lapses, we on with, brutal and terrible conflict bomb shit
You gone quick, on a mission to meet your savior
A pitchfork through your bitch-heart, Castlevania
Slayin ya, we blaze all men
And storm through Allah battlefield with suede Timbs
The ra-ven who made men eyeless
Blinds evil, like a needle through the eye of Osiris
My vibrance will span to Negril
With the violence of Hamburger Hill, to kill
What, what!

"To the depths I dive, I dive"

[Jus Allah:]
The grains of my fingerprints rub against mics like match flints
Burn slow like Dutch Masters hits
Enter trenches of arms, the Paragon spawn
Your body's carried and dropped like surrogate moms
Sad realities for those that battle me
Find enemy beats, awaken of the sacred force of alchemy
A jaded man, never follows Allah's plan
Rises for sacrifice like Isaac to Abraham
Expect wildness from Heaven's exiles
Coming outta my shells like metal projectiles
Connect soldiers by straight edges, you're left headless
Severed by the line then bisected your necklace
Dreadnaut leaving tread marks from lead shots
Silence your voice box, with infrared dots
Your optics, forced to watch raw torture
Therapeutic, combining your pores with iron straws

"To the depths I dive, I dive"

[Vinnie Paz:]

You know the fucking deal
The hunter has now become the hunted, motherfucker
Jedi Minds, severing your spine
What's the fucking deal, what's the fucking deal
You will be consumed by your own fire, motherfucker

[Antz sample:]
I know you will all do your duty
"To the depths I dive, I dive"
I am proud to send you into battle

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Deer Hunter"

(feat. Chief Kamachi)

[Chief Kamachi:]
Yeah yeah
Uh yo yo, yo yo yo, Jedi Mind yo yo
Yo, my words sojourn, spread em like a slow germ, infected
Disease is collected and quarantined from my method
The borderline where the animal and divine become separate
I'm Def Leppard, case of beautiful hell on a record
Compel the skeptic when Kamachi unveil the epic
It's needed and requested
Brought to you like Elijah in the message
A jury of ancestors was sequestered
To decide my fate, for conductors of viscous vespers
Candlelight death is extras
Is usually hollow point flesh presses
Until they skin caress stretchers
I'm the best to finesse textures
My rhyme fabric, is elaborate, scrolls kept in a gold cabinet
Open the book to the chapter of this old soul magic
Juju tongue to voodoo come, behold this untold havoc
Up north grab it, then I hit the south pole with a magnet
East and west avid, now my name on all four points of the square
It's firmly established, the language is lavish
First to rock Roshashannah's and African pajamas
Swear before I die to be there with the best of the rhymers
Music for different ears, hears in different spheres
Global ink like the mobile link, make sure the pitch is clear
K-A-M-A-C-H-I be the dopest in here

"Too much...I'm tired"
"In the company of those that fear..."
"In the company of ...fear"

[Ikon:]
Yo we smash mics, but y'all wanna build
But in the face of death, you can't kill
And that's real, we fear what we feel
But y'all mo'fuckers can't overstand skill
If y'all stalk me, we Buck like Milwaukee
But y'all, y'all just do a lot of talkin
And maybe that's why you fear what the devil does
Maybe that's the appeal of a metal slug
You ain't a ghetto thug, you an actress
That's unnatural, like love between faggots!

"In the company of ...fear"

[Jus Allah:]
I burn leaf with Ikon and the Chief nigga
This next bud is not for you
Watching you made me land a clenched hand to your nostril
Stopping you from giving the god cold stares
Beware, my flares put poets in rolling chairs
None are prepared when the holocaust begins
You'll have the roach smoked down to the sole of your Timbs
Now I'm, holding your gems, you're holding for dear life
Any motherfucker holding the heat can have ice
You're just like a bitch with no top on
At the Houston five, you lay down to get shot on
Double check, you're dead, plugged twice in your mug
I'm high off the weed, drunk off the cop's blood

"Too much...I'm tired"
"In the company of those that fear"
"In the company of....fear"

"Above all, there was fear
Fear of today, fear of tomorrow
Fear of our neighbors, and fear of ourself"

"We came from distant space and even what some might call
Another dimension...and we're about to return"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Blood Reign"

(feat. B.A. Barakus, Diamondback, Louis Logic)

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Yeah, Vinnie Paz baby
2 G baby, Army of the Pharaohs
All that good shit, yo, yo

The lawnmower man smashes through your skull with battle axes
We whip asses with Adjanti daggers
That slashes, crushing opposition like we was fascists
Stigmata and four gashes
We bashes the faggots who can't attack it right
Take their sternum and then turn them into my acolytes
That's the sight of blood that make a child stop
That's the rights of thugs that keep it wild hot
I hate you, say to pray to a heavenly father
It's fatal, like a NATO military armada
We hotter, warriors from Atlantis
Couldn't overstand how raw the Hologram is
The mantis who use the flame rod
'Cause y'all couldn't physically bruise the name God

[Diamondback:]
Yo, the technique detrimental to your immune
Leave you in the dust, let y'all niggas choke on fumes
It's the tight, nice, aerodynamic, gigantic
Shadow I cast is dominant, royal highness
North Philly's own homegrown champion
Purposely remaining unknown until shown
Cold as stone, the stage, my home away from home
I, prefer to leave these cloned niggas alone
Building a home for lost MCs gone wrong
Feel the pressure when my team come on strong, it's QD

[Stoupe:]
Never try to duplicate the skills executed
But can't the skill execute this right
Listen up y'all suckers to what I say
Breaking out an unstoppable
Never try to duplicate the skills executed
But can't the skill execute this right
Listen up y'all suckers to what I say
Breaking out an unstoppable

[Jus Allah:]
Megatron is fucking monstrous, hopping out of Lake Loch Ness
Every motherfucker in range is left topless
Roam the metropolis like shit's cop-less

Y'all cock-less, we stuff y'all in boxes
For stuffed pockets, yo my thugs is thick
Thug'll diss but then we gotta put a slug in your bitch
Splatter your dame, Pharaohs, we shatter your brain
'Til a nigga's salary change to lateral game
Like Calgary Flames, putting fire on ice
Put me in Hell for putting four nails in Christ

[Louis Logic:]
I'm like Billy Goat Gruff under the bridge at Governor Ridge
Waiting to knock heads off, I'm a mean son-of-a-bitch
With an itch to misbehave and wave a switchblade
In front of your face so close to leave your whiskers shaved
To disengage or rip the pages from your notepad
Then shove 'em up the hole between your lower back and gonads
The only way your rhymes would be the shit
You need to read a script on playing gay 'cause you cats could eat a dick
Serving Sucker MCs a fifth of the drunken styling
Ripping M-I-C's like a pub in Dublin, Ireland

[Stoupe:]
"Never try to duplicate the skills executed, son"
But can't the skill execute this right
Listen up y'all suckers to what I say
Breaking out an unstoppable

[B.A. Barakus:]
Aiyo, I got a fetish to see flesh rip
When my TEC spits, breaking your bone where y'all chest is
I dare a nigga to try and battle
I'll put the sweat in your palms when you swallowed your Adam's apple
Eat MCs like chupacabra was eating cattle
Defeat disease with palabras, frequently battle
I make the hardest man fall back and start to squeal
Haul a fifth to his face, taste the steel
This why I got pro deep and stay ruthless
You useless, fuck with us and leave toothless
We're often known as psycho-drama dispensers
Paralyze niggas then put 'em in trauma centers

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Words From Mr. Len Part Two"

Check one, Check one, two
What the fuck
Yo, yo this Mr. fuckin Len nigga
Gonna shoot everybody I see
You know what I'm saying
Yo it's the crazy, crazy, gangsta, gangsta
Drunk ass N.W.O., W.W.F.
If ya smell what the Len is cooking Biatch!

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Genghis Khan"

(feat. Tragedy Khadafi)

[Tragedy Khadafi:]
You about to witness a 2-5/Jedi Minds collabo
You know what I mean?
The God Jus Allah, you know?

[Jus Allah:]
Megatraum is a Martian, feeding off weed and cash
I dash from my ship in the Roswell crash
You smash when you bash with the clashing ox
Saw you in half without a fucking magical box
Wet pussy always seems to splash my cock
I'm dead, they just didn't leave the casket locked
Pass my block I let shots drill in your spleen
We ill marines with hand held killing machines
Steal dreams with the armored steel, guard your grill
Nigga, I was brought up by the Kents in Smallville
Following Allah's will, harboring the skill
Caught up in the real, don't give me cause to kill
Nocturnal, I stroll where the darkness goes
If I had to follow the moon across the globe
With the staff and white robe, I still hold metal
Disciples who walk on glass and rose petals

[Tragedy Khadafi & Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Yo, last rites, we fast to blast twice
Jedi Mind 252 we mad nice
We smash mics, and blast too precise
Fast 40 days and pray for 40 nights

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Yo, I'm savage, I write rhymes in pitch blackness
Any motherfucker that front, is left backless
Y'all motherfuckers just burn into ashes
Trying to step into the zone where Vinnie Paz is Black Sabbath
Put a slug in his grill
Because Jedi Mind, Two-Five thugging for real
You ever think there might be trouble then peel
Because a motherfucker like me dumping to kill
Y'all better pass the mic cause Vin's ill
Y'all learn the Facts Of Life from Kim Fields
I don't know how many kids my flow harmed
My gun control leaves y'all with no arms
Y'all ever smell the stench of dead bodies?
Left in the path of the Paz and Khadafi
5'9", tatted up, mad stocky
Animal thug who bust slugs in the lobby

[Tragedy Khadafi & Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Yo, last rites, we fast to blast twice
Jedi Mind 252 we mad nice
We smash mics, and blast too precise
Fast 40 days and pray for 40 nights

[Tragedy Khadafi:]
I hit the turnpike on dirtbike with 2 heaters
On my way to Philly to fight for Mumia
Only thug guerrillas will react to this
The laws try to destroy black activists
Half of y'all is performers and actresses
I keep at least a 100 grand in the mattresses
Shit so hot, soon as I write it I get indicted
I dare one y'all scared niggas to bite it
I done stood in hood lobbies getting my rocks off
With longjohns and 3 pairs of socks on
Ducking from the pigs so I don't get knocked off
Or popped off, and y'all thugs is soft
That's why your skirt get pulled up, clothes come off
Red Dragons, can't even fuck with my brain pattern
I'm online, Pentium Plus and Benz wagon
Mahdi, believe me it do ring bells
If you saw me do dirt you won't live to tell
I'd done lived in a cell, did bids in hell
Held niggas at gunpoint for ransom and bail

[Tragedy Khadafi & Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Yo, last rites, we fast to blast twice
Jedi Mind 252 we mad nice
We smash mics, and blast too precise
Fast 40 days and pray for 40 nights

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Trinity"

(feat. L-Fudge, Louis Logic)

[L-Fudge:]
I metamorph phrases to glaciers
Have 'em come together in liquid stages
Then turn down the temperature and have 'em frozen into a solid foundation
Now added to that this well produced amazement
The crash is enough, to have the world tipped off it's axis a notch
It'll take the likes of, Jedi Minds to construct new longitude lines
In order to get around but now, you're askin' for too much
When minds put together
I'm like an alternative source of energy like, electricity generators
Separators of the wack rap, to the world reknownst individuals
Played in deuce parts life's nara-rators
Rhyme gladiators, is what we're referred as
Food for thoughts tooken offa ya plate instead you're served trash
Ikon and Logic serve as my accomplices
And bring our own form of trinity to show y'all onto this
Rhyme patterns come across as astonishing
So I have all right to feel myself to the point of genetalial fondlin'

We the three emcees that rock that shit
Pick your 12 inch up and knock that shit
"Louis Logic, L-L-Fudge, Ikon the verbal hologram"

[Louis Logic:]
I spread around me a viral infectious faculties
Applied chiropractically so rappers cannot come back to me
Simply outta respect, or suffer the consequence
The effect of which is that of absent father neglect
Wreakin' havoc, on egos speakin' magic
Castin' the curse on fashion emcees Parisian fabric
Send 'em wandering through the labyrinth
As far as cuttin' careers short on mics
I'm what the NYPD is to entrapment
The epitome of half-bent, yet schooled
Engineers peep the structure of my mind
Now they wonder how the math went
L was made to ascend, which is evident by my descent
Spreadin' east to west like European settlements
Sequence, but even, I'm captured
Self-destructive explosive devices react before my mind is ever mastered
Which makes me a Trojan horse of sorts
Drainin' your plasma till your rhythm section hardly contorts
My stats in the orators sport
Draw more foolish queries, than the Warren Report
And the single bullet theory

We the three emcees that rock that shit
Pick your 12 inch up and knock that shit
"Louis Logic, L-L-Fudge, Ikon the verbal hologram"
We the three emcees that rock that shit
Pick your 12 inch up and knock that shit
"Louis Logic, L-L-Fudge, Ikon the verbal hologram"

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
You fuck with me and won't survive
Ikon been live since eighty five
Monosyllabic havoc that's tragic will crystalize
Hit them guys, in they eyes with fuckin' shrapnel
Bomb they castle, set fire unto they chapel
Wrap my lasso, 'round rappers who wanna battle
Hologram with two bare hands crush you to gravel
Evil raps'll, reverse time and bring diseases
Christians will worship Allah and Muslims will worship Jesus
Kill all ya leaders, with my savage lyrical thesis
Rip out my fuckin' heart and eat it before I'm defeated
The one who's seated, on the throne within a forcefield
Ya'll get tossed I'm the boss like Holden Caulfield
Raw deal, rappers decipher that schism
Followed Solomon and prodded him at ya baptism

We the three emcees that rock that shit
Pick your 12 inch up and knock that shit
"Louis Logic, L-L-Fudge, Ikon the verbal hologram"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Executioner's Dream"

(feat. J-Treds)

"Infinite...no you don't fuck around with the infinite
There's no way you do that
Pain in hell has two sides, the kind you can touch with your hand
The kind you can feel in your heart
Your soul, the spiritual side
And you know, the worst of the two...is the spiritual"

[Jus Allah:]
I'm leaf-twisted, but still kill your whole belief system
I speak wisdom, translated to street diction
A past victim of the governmental grapple
Now I slash you, I'm the slave wit snapped shackles
After cash rules, a-alikes move wit me
We murdered the fakes involved in the 360
85 face the truth, you're too dumb
You burn at failed attempts reachin' the sun
I grab you and squeeze until your pores bleed
Manipulate the Earth that you formerly believed
Even after you're buried underneath the soil
Send a message to Hell, nobody grieve for you
Your physical mass is converted into ash
Allah's wrath is engraphed on your epitaph
Spend eternity wit the underground forces
Your screams echo in deaf ears of the remorseless

"You don't even wanna test"
"Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless"
"You don't even wanna test"
"Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless"

[Vinnie Paz:]
The rhyme mangler, seven angels of Angular
Strangle the pagans who stayed in the pages of Diameter
Rhyme shatterer, with nine rhymes I'm hackin you
The author will scorch ya wit the torture of Josef Mengele
Sendin' you to the squared circle to meet me
To beat me won't be easy, you'll face theses of Nietzsche
Blood'll apease me, raps are prehistorical
Cerebral a cathedral that leads you into the oracle
I'm horrible, I burn wit no time to react
Rewind DAT's so fine I pull spines out the back
In time I crack minds that's what the brain desire
Messiah pulls a pariah into the rain of fire
Barb wire around pagans that read the Bible
Genocidal and liable to just cleave your spinal
Final hours, the forbidden fruit they find desirous

Study rappers, bringin' wackness like Cabalah scholars
First in line to try to battle me, I left him limbless
Tragic rappers just a fallacy, I left 'em skinless
Beginners, keep your distance because we might be vicious
You can find me wit Louis Logic drinkin' pints of Guinness

"You don't even wanna test"
"Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless"

[J-Treds:]
Ayo when I rhyme
Fortunately some say I possess a Jedi Mind
So the force is with me (When I rhyme)
Son it makes me spit a fresh one
So when Treds is done, even a atheist will say I blessed him
And when my jam bang, better cop that
Fuck all these players who can't hang, get a jockstrap
'Cause we drop bombs, better be scared
'Cause it's either hop on or be prepared for us to lock horns
We engage, when the pen sprays we wage war
And then you know what they say, when it rains it pours
So face us, 'cause you can't change the laws of nature
We independent, it's competition callin' us major
We major threats who deliver, so place your bets
We'll bring it minus the Moet, Rollies and Avirex
We just spit shit too amazing, just shit
That when you face it you'll see it's a must-win situation
Ain't no second chance (Anyway), not next to the champs
Because it's our freestyle that's gettin' grants from the NEA
We well endowed versus these rappers we tell about
('Cause us and them) Difference between takin' a L and a bow

"You don't even wanna test"
"Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless"
"You don't even wanna test"
"Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Muerte"

De que te quiero, sí, te quiero, te quiero
De que te quiero, sí, te quiero, te quiero

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Enter the eye of the storm
Rappers just battle me for the glory
It gets gory
They shitty like suppositories, that's the end of the story
Bury his body in Missouri
Banish the apparatus of Gladys to crematories
My territory, perimeter of purgatory
Stingy in winches of vicious, malicious inflictions upon your click
Circulatory
Causing head spasms
Rip through your motherfucking temple like Phantasm
Hologram has'em and walks through the holy arches
Left you in the forest with your carcass in the harness
Death is upon us, we slam like Adrian Adonis
Swarm on the warm blood like malicious piranhas
Islamic Bombers, no contender is parallel
When I'm on paper, devastate'em like 7L
So where I dwell, without question rattles the league
Left you in a vessel with severe battle fatigue
Before you leave I insist you listen to more raps
Before I saw cats, making weapons out of your thorax

De que te quiero, sí, te quiero, te quiero
De que te quiero, sí, te quiero, te quiero
De que te quiero, sí, te quiero, te quiero
De que te quiero, sí, te quiero, te quiero

[Jus Allah:]
I inhale toxins
Drunk off blood from dead cops and
The watchmen, that kill us in this maze we locked in
Side Cobra Clutch, only truth can sober us
Wild cause we know there's no Jehovah watching over us
Only 10 percent that's controlling us
Try to take our souls from us, while they stay patrolling us
Caged in we break barriers, change to new areas
Dodgin' the pigs in chariots out to bury us
Jus Allah don't make threats
Leave your fuckin' necks clipped
Have you speakin' the manual alphabet
Seein' me is def not repeated or done twice
I laugh as I cast the first stones at Christ
Joint in ace bands, you move to Graceland and Satan

Mics spray then, bury flesh in wasteland
Infect you
Inject you with the gunpowder pegs
Indent your forehead with hot lead
Whether in the abode of the dead
Or resting in the Zions
Allah stay chasin' the dough like wild lions
Unchained tearin' your flesh we unfed
Flyin' through, like birds we takin' your daily bread

De que te quiero, sí, te quiero, te quiero
De que te quiero, sí, te quiero, te quiero
De que te quiero, sí, te quiero, te quiero
De que te quiero, sí, te quiero, te quiero

[Excerpt from "Greater Love" by Wilfred Owen:]
Kindness of wooed and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure
O Love, your eyes lose lure
When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!
Your slender attitude
Trembles not exquisite like limbs knife-skewed
Rolling and rolling there
Where God seems not to care:
Till the fierce love they bear
Cramps them in death's extreme decrepitude
Your voice sings not so soft,—
Though even as wind murmuring through raftered loft,—
Your dear voice is not dear
Gentle, and evening clear
As theirs whom none now hear
Now earth has stopped their piteous mouths that coughed

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Heavenly Divine (Remix)"

[Ikon the Hologram:]
Another sacrificial lamb, that died at the hands of Hologram
Send him into the dungeon and bludgeon his fuckin' clan
Holy lamb, Who spit the live shit
The do or die, Illadelph, Both Jedi Mind shit
The hot shit, live raps crack your jaw
Like who's the avenger, and who's at the center of war?
I left a scar, so your crabs would overstand
Mental will dent you and send you to a holy land
Lawnmower man, sharp blades slash your vitals
Recitals will fight you and entice you to burn bibles
Homicidal, A Hologram burn churches
Murders by stickin' a crucifix through your cervix
Divine purpose, for the Remy that's in my thermos
Greatest evils stick you with needles that's hypodermic
You heard the verdict, I'm with Allah cause he chose me
Broke into the Vatican, strangled the Pope with his rosary

I have heard music in the silentness of duty
Found peace where shell-storms spouted reddest spate
Nevertheless, except you share
With them in hell the sorrowful dark of hell
Whose world is but the trembling of a flare
And heaven but as the highway for a shell

[Just Allah:]
MC's face terror wherever my sound's audible
Man from third world portals, battle mortals, and slaughter you
Seen inside the visions of beyond
The dwellings of the Om, existin' in Islamic panteón

Flows drop degrees all my clothes got the scent of trees
I lay back and blow sax like Kenny G's
Power blast, wack on my path, devour fast
I leave you with the grain of sand in life's hourglass
Devise a spell, make demons rise out of hell
Grab you by your lapels and rob you of your outer shell
You feel the ill dire, messiah in hellfire
I launch writers, put your jaw in a gauze wire
Jedi swordsman, give rappers a foul fortune
With science to contortion your body into a coffin
Insane damage is done, you fuckin' with the army
We beat your skull into the shape of a wet bag of laundry
Mother(fucker)

My soul looked down from a vague height with Death
As unremembering how I rose or why

Then, unmoved, signals nodded, and a lamp
Winked to the guard

[Ikon the Hologram (Jus Allah):]
Yo, the gods are rhymin, they're dramatizin'
(You feel the poetic blow of the titans)
We like a fuckin' bolt of lightnin'
(The three wise men), we at levels that defies men
(Watch out for fake heads, devil disguised men)
Arriving from the dawn we spawned with ill forms
(That'll leave you layin' dead in the womb like stillborns)
The mass'll here it, (The ominous, The Master Spirit)
Can't understand the language of rappers with bad lyrics
(Ikon the python), rappers are left strangled
(I overlook the Earth 'cause I see it from sun's angle)
Above the clouds, (We sit high and we daze)
(Write a page, on how you enslaved to worldly ways)
Islamic marksmen, (Seein' the squadron)
Could be your fatal mistake
(Like the first sins of Adam in the garden)
You feel sorrow, I'm projected as God Apollo
(Explore rhymes, where you're left too confused to follow)
Invite your town, to absorb the sniper rounds
(Illadelph, Shamballah, nigga)
Stayin' underground, What!

There lurk no claws behind his fingers supple
And God will grow no talons at his heels
Nor antlers through the thickness of his curls

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Army Of The Pharaohs: War Ensemble"

[Captain Benjamin L. Willard ("Apocalypse Now"):]
"In a war there are many moments for compassion and tender action. There are many moments for ruthless action. What is often called ruthless. What may in many circumstances be only clarity; seeing clearly what there is to be done and doing it. Directly, quickly, awake!"

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram AKA Vinnie Paz:]
I exit out of my sarcophagus, fourth Horseman of the apocalypse
For my esophagus breathes a evil that just demolishes
Abolishes, to the darkness of Mephistopheles
Mental enteral that went through an ancient acropolis
Conquered this, from a fetus to genius
Took DNA from the Shroud of Turin and cloned Jesus
Merciless leaders, the 19th galaxy
Born to a storm on the seas of Gallilee
Battle me and suffer whiplash from my apostles
Leave you in shackles in the castle of Nosferatu
Ikon is hostile and mortals cause contusions
Hologram is known for placing poison in Christians' Communion
Slash, with the actions of ultra-violence
Crucifixions, indiction by Pontius Pilate
I walk naked in the house of David with pride
Force you to bleed just to make sure that you're still alive
Crystallize, we keep it live, y'all can't see me
Banish satanic verses like Ayatollah Khomeini
I break in half, Satan's staff with ancient math
I wait and laugh, create a fuckin' blood bath
What!

Army of the Pharaohs
Army of the Pharaohs
Army of the Pharaohs

[Captain Benjamin L. Willard:]
"...I am unconcerned. I am beyond their timid, lying morality..."

[Esoteric:]
I bring the gory oratory yes demorally derogatory
Mad expository expedition in your auditory
Categories don't apply
Your mind's eye is blinded by my battle raps
Like cataracts, your habitat is Halifax
Once I run you out your native city
Shea's committee is pretty witty we show no pity
I deflate the second-rate, wack MCs who replicate
Every trace of Esoteric found up in their record crate
I devastate, homosapian metabolism
Like human cataclysms and read them with an anachronism

My precision makes incisions on your acrotism
Battlin's a bad decision leaving you with aphorisms
I whip ass like masochism dominatrix
That's the basics, Hologram brought The Matrix
To fake kids, fifty dead MCs to my credit
Learn from the druid better known as Esoteric

A, A, Army of the Pharaohs
Army of the Pharaohs
Army of the Pharaohs

[Virtuoso:]
In this the final conflict high powers and commandant's to enlist this
The fluid I spit is viscous, without so much as whispers
And with the swiftness of what your transistors can carry info
A widow's left where your wrist is directly cut by my discus
Forged upon the anvils of Hephaestus
With the hand skills I slam your damn grill
Executin' Greco-Roman holds
Roll in Trojan battle gear, explodin' through the atmosphere
I saddle fear and read cerebral centipedes as evil steeds
The feeble fleed
Holdin' severed rapper's heads toward the sky as the trophies to be viewed by the mischievous eyes of Loki
I hated your verse so I went back in time and waved a dirk
At your mother's warm uterus
To kill you before you were born like fried yolks
My ammo splits the trunk of petrified oaks
It's time to die folks
You think that I joke?
I leave your thighs yoked
Your wrists are broken, tied to horses
You quartered, as forces pull you in opposite directions
Dissection of my anatomy, will lead to the unveilin'
Of what had shielded a tiny toddler wieldin'
A giant computer body, which is similar to Robotech
Download direct, from the million megabytes of rhymes that rest on Virtuoso's neck

A, A, Army of the Pharaohs
Army of the Pharaohs
Army of the Pharaohs

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Untitled"

[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
The lawnmower-man smashes, through ya skull with battle axes
We whip asses, with Ajanti daggers
And smash this, crushing opposition like we was fascist
Stigmata and four gashes
We bashes, the faggots who can't attack it right
Take they sternum and then turn em into my acolytes
That's the sight of blood, that make a child stop
That's the rise of thugs that keep it wild hot
I hate you, say a prayer to our heavenly father
It's fatal, like a NATO military armada
We hotter, warriors from Atlantis
Couldn't overstand how raw the Hologram is
The mantis, who used the flame rod
You couldn't physically bruise the name God

[Ikon:]
We smash mics, and blast too precise
And laugh as we cast the first stones at Christ
We smash mics, and blast too precise
And laugh as we cast the first stones at Christ

[Jus Allah:]
We born builders, as life takes its toll
Legends of the seven, embrace my soul
Transported off the planet, by a supreme force
And told to return on the day of Pentecost
I bisect the ways between Heaven and Earth
And scramble messages from God into your church
Deception, blinds your perception
My reflection outshines the other colors in the spectrum
The brethren, I cease the peace corps
We follow street laws, engaged in Beast Wars
The visionary bombs, with military arms
Aimed at that motherfucker with pitchfork and horns
I shed alchemy throughout the galaxy
To cause fire and ice, like Flames in Calgary
You're trapped in, the core of corruption
Left a fossil, in my path of destruction

[Sample from Wilfred Owen's poem "Sonnet":]
Thou long black arm
Great gun towering towards Heaven, about to curse
Reach at that Arrogance which needs thy harm
And beat it down before its sins grow worse

[Ikon:]

We smash mics, and blast too precise
And laugh as we cast the first stones at Christ
We smash mics, and blast too precise
And laugh as we cast the first stones at Christ

[Ikon (Jus Allah):]
I am the man who lives above the force of good and evil
(The man that handed down the powers to give to my people)
Live under laws of bald eagle
(There's no tomorrow)
Get trapped with the trenchcoat killers in Colorado
(Blazin spark, and feeling certain my days are marked)
(Live a life that conflicts with the ways I'm taught)
Fuck it, we bring it hardcore, raw and ragged
Ya team must be hidin they balls, like a faggot
(I came with the light and gave sight to the sages)
(Black ink contained to write truth on white pages)
You're sliced faceless
(Subjected to a massacre)
Jedi Mind, bombin your moves like John Africa
(We laugh at ya)
The devil is the bomber
(We unaffected as we protected by God's armor)

[Ikon:]
We smash mics, and blast too precise
And laugh as we cast the first stones at Christ
We smash mics, and blast too precise
And laugh as we cast the first stones at Christ

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Retaliation (Remix)"

[Jus Allah:]
The metal inside the barrel passes, through the frames in ya glasses
Quick passage, leave your dome piece backless
Envision blackness, leave you hatless, fucking capless
Watchin niggas dig the spot where the Earth's crack is
Hard to graph like science and math is
The cavemen who dont practice and live backwards
We oxing with streets is watchin, release shotguns
Niggas got Dietz and Watson
Feel no love, no way you shield the slugs
The ill thugs, we box with steel gloves
Doubt my faith, you can taste the slug case
Leaving niggas looking like dogs with the pug face
Even your girl can catch the capsule, I love pussy
But never the bitch that it's attached to

[Vinnie Paz:]
Why you wanna battle wit kids with steel tongues?
Who rip up mics and drink puerto-rock(rican) rum
85 (the 85%): face the truth, your too dumb
If retaliation comes yo then fuck it it just comes
Why you wanna battle wit kids with steel tongues?
Who rip up mics and drink puerto-rock(rican) rum
85 (the 85%): face the truth, your too dumb
If retaliation comes yo then fuck it it just comes

We itchin' to kill, thats why we spittin' the real
Stick to the drill and maybe we'll be grippin a mill'
The clip'll expel, dump 'em in a ditch or a hill
'Cuz the muthafucka ain't left me shit in his will
And y'all was always soundin' like a bitch when you spill
And we the rawest motherfucking clique in the field
So real muthafuckas better recognize real
Or ill muthafuckas gonna exercise skill
Y'all better chill when the Hologram build
Little muhfuckah got hands just like steel
Whoever approach me and what I feel
'Might find their legs being replaced by steel'
So y'all better yield or I'ma choke faggots
My hands held more razorblades than coke addicts
We like to quote facists, 'cause we the meanest
And rip off your fingers with the pliers of Chakademus

Why you wanna battle wit kids with steel tongues?
Who rip up mics and drink puerto-rock(rican) rum
85 (the 85%): face the truth, your too dumb
If retaliation comes yo then fuck it it just comes

Why you wanna battle wit kids with steel tongues?
Who rip up mics and drink puerto-rock(rican) rum
85 (the 85%): face the truth, your too dumb
If retaliation comes yo then fuck it it just comes
Yo yo yo yo yo yo jedi mind baby
Iledelph stand by, baby, naw I'm sayin? Ikon the Hologram
JusAllah, Jusallah
My man Chico, enemy of mankind

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Blood Runs Cold"

(feat. Sean Price)

[Sean Price:]
Yeah; Sean P, nah mean?
Megatron, Jedi Mind Tricks, M.F.C
Yo, Boot Camp, listen. Yo

Yeah first of all don't make me burst and brawl
Image is nothing you fronting see the thirst in y'all
Think it's fucked up now, it get worst for y'all
Assassinate your best friend now a hearse you call
Run up on your block with dough and I curse you all
The fuck out, want to wet duke? Squirt your four
Since birth I been raw hot like surface core
Kidnap your baby's mom straight earth the whore
See I do rhyme and crime so I can purchase more
If you ain't in it for that what the purpose for
Act like you don't give a fuck though
Good so I buck fo' shots from the roof
And my man Rock catch you up close
Never give a fuck about niggas y'all not Nutso
Hype off of carbonated water and some fructose
Straight buck foes when the nigga Ruck pull the snub nose
Wait Ruck chill, what the deal it's all love though
Look into my eyes and you can tell there's something changed
Running gunning things knocking niggas out like Clubber Lang
The gun I bring is straight for fucking beating you down
Heating you down leaving you six feet deep in the ground

[Vinnie Paz:]
It's some real motherfuckers gon rock tonight
All your jewels and your cash getting got tonight
Or somebody in the club getting shot tonight
Sean Price, Jedi Mind keep it hot tonight

[Jus Allah:]
I'm the motherfucking ungrateful
My heart is hateful, my tongue ripped
Licking on the blade that slayed you
You faggots act as bitch as RuPaul
You niggas share one milkshake with two straws
You're trapped with no doors, four walls tighten
Seeing the roof fall, feeling the floors heighten
Crushed in shit, your bones and blood siphoned
And put into a jug we sip before fighting
I'm raw lightning; my power extends
In the planet and out through the opposite ends
Black man travel through the universe and back

While cavemen still though that the earth was flat
But we kept the sacred plans, now we carry
Throughout the ancient lands
Before the separating of the sands
When God saw the power I create in my hand
He banned my gene strain from replicating in man

[Vinnie Paz:]
It's some real motherfuckers going rot tonight
All your jewels and your cash getting got tonight
Or somebody in the club getting shot tonight
Sean Price, Jedi Mind keep it hot tonight

It's some real motherfuckers going rot tonight
All your jewels and your cash getting got tonight
Or somebody in the club getting shot tonight
Sean Price, Jedi Mind keep it hot tonight

I'm tasteless; there's beauty in strange places
I find beauty in razors
I find beauty in blood dripping from ya faces
I find beauty in the Qur'an and all of its Aramaic equations
I find beauty in twelve gauges
I find beauty in teaching you what the definition of pain is
I find beauty in stainless
Steel that can kill and reveal the front of your grill
You're brainless
Y'all don't wanna test Vinnie Paz patience
I crack jaws and swing swords of the ancients
Y'all pretended to overstand the matrix
Without attempting to overstand its basics
We dedicated to cats that's been thugging
Vinnie Paz got more hoes then Jim Duggan
Y'all been ducking for quite some time now
Vinnie 'bout to teach you how to write some rhymes now
We aim beams in between your eyebrows
Jedi Mind, Sean P combine now

It's some real motherfuckers goin rot tonight
All your jewels and your cash gettin got tonight
Or somebody in the club gettin shot tonight
Sean Price, Jedi Mind keep it hot tonight

[Prodigy:]
"I rap like no one out there can fuck wit me"
"I rap like no one out there can fuck wit me"

JEDI MIND TRICKS
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
servants in heaven, kings in hell

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Put 'em In The Grave"

[Fat Joe and Prodigy samples:]
"So who the next to get it?"
"I'll take the life of anybody tryin' to change what's left"

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yo, roll the dro and spark, a bunch of animals like Noah's Ark
A rapper so ill, my flow just stole Jehovah's heart
My fist 'll break a fuckin' boulder in half
When I was young, I'd smack a stick off of your shoulder and laugh
I've chosen a path, spoke on my emotional past
Spoke on everything from war to how the ocean is vast
My flow is too fast, you can't contend with me there
Or it's gonna be a massacre, Tiananmen Square
My pen is prepared, and so the guns and the swords
And death the only thing you get for fuckin' with lords
Been stuck in some wars, but Vinnie fought his way out
The double jab, right cross what they caught in they mouth
I'm callin' 'em out, anyone who fuck with my fam'
Thinkin' that they got away and they was lucky, then blam
Buck 'em and scram, don't use the shotty no more
They didn't think that Vinnie P was catchin' bodies no more

[Fat Joe, Jay-Z and Prodigy samples:]
"So who the next to get it?"
"You ain't gotta go to church to get to know your God"
"I'll take the life of anybody tryin' to change what's left"
"Then lift up your whole hood like you got oil under it"
"So who the next to get it?"
"You ain't gotta go to church to get to know your God"
"I'll take the life of anybody tryin' to change what's left"
"Then lift up your whole hood like you got oil under it"

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah, yeah, yeah, this is death and doom, my occupation puttin' flesh in tombs
Whether or not you shot, the aggression looms
I'm the one that speak the language of fate
I'm the one that speak the language and the anguish of hate
My banger is great, it split the top of your dome
Like the Book of Revelation for the prophets in Rome
I'm locked in the throne, whether you like it or not
'Cause I'm chemically the reason liquid nitrogen hot
I'm nice with the Glock, nicer with the semi's and TECs
But I'm nicest when I'm clappin' at my enemies necks
They tend to regret ever sendin' me threats
'Cause they know the only thing that they could send me is checks

[Fat Joe, Jay-Z and Prodigy samples:]

"So who the next to get it?"
"You ain't gotta go to church to get to know your God"
"I'll take the life of anybody tryin' to change what's left"
"Then lift up your whole hood like you got oil under it"
"So who the next to get it?"
"You ain't gotta go to church to get to know your God"
"I'll take the life of anybody tryin' to change what's left"
"Then lift up your whole hood like you got oil under it"

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah, I'm like Mark David Chapman with a Salinger book
Stalk my enemy and let the fuckin' silencer cook
It's down in the book, that my competitors ain't really ready
The way my four pound turn your stomach to spaghetti
It's like the Serengeti, because it's hot here
The way that policia set it on the block here
They pushin' rocks here, in the dead of night
I take my Glock and I point guard like Brevin Knight
You fucking men or mice? You shouldn't answer that
If my father was still alive, he wouldn't stand for that
He wouldn't stand for how you act like a bitch
Wouldn't stand for anybody who a rat or a snitch
I'm back in this bitch, we was gone for a while
'Til a shorty told me that he heard my song and he smiled
I'm strong but I'm wild, they say I drink too much
The only problem that I have is that I think too much, pussy

[Jay-Z sample:]
"You ain't gotta go to church to get to know your God"
"You ain't gotta go to church to get to know your God"
"You ain't gotta go to church to get to know your God"
"You ain't gotta go to church to get to know your God"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Suicide"

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah, Vinnie Paz, baby, they call me Louie Dogs
Jedi Mind Tricks, Philly, Italiano mobbin' on you

This is murder rap, I'll burn his back and push your sternum back
And have the doctor cover your head just like a turban wrap
A certain fact, you'll be prayin' on a Persian mat
Or hopin' Jesus or the police's bring the person back
I'm not the type of mutha fucka that's concerned with that
I only been in love once, then I learned from that
A ride or die bitch, said she'd never turn her back
Take these bullets with you to Hell, you dirty rat
Speakin' to me sideways, you get hurt for that
You gonna make me bring the Hologramic verses back
I'll put my fist into the ground, that's where the earth is cracked
Love is gone inside my heart, now it's a purplish black
You a clown rapper, just a circus act
But Vinnie rap like when fifty fuckin' Kurds attack
Who your group, daddy? I ain't never heard of that
Vinnie Paz, Hologram, where the purple at, fuckin' maggots, yeah

[Vinnie Paz with KRS-One sample:]
We gonna ride 'til the wheels fall off
It's a Suicide if you feel we soft
We the truth inside, if you feel you lost
And the truth don't lie, 'cause we still the boss
We gonna ride 'til the wheels fall off
It's a Suicide if you feel we soft
We the truth inside, if you feel you lost
And the truth don't lie, 'cause we still the boss

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah, the heavy metal king, my lyrical an incredible thing
And I'm the forces in the four-chord pendulum swing
And anyway you wanna look at it, I send pain
And now they got you in the third density end game
That's why these men came, we rap saviors
Who tryin' to waken you from your spiritual laziness
I'm thinkin' outside the box from now on
Like different ways that I can kill the cop from now on
During day is when I used to sell boom to the tenants
And at night with dark shaman and hallucinogenics
That's when I let the fight in me pass through
And when I let the spiritual light in me pass through
I guess this just somethin' that come when you grown
Like the positive and negative that come with the throne
But, fuck it, I'm stone, Pazienza the great wall

I'll be back, but now I'm drinkin' my 8 Ball

[Vinnie Paz with KRS-One sample:]
We gonna ride 'til the wheels fall off
It's a Suicide if you feel we soft
We the truth inside, if you feel you lost
And the truth don't lie, 'cause we still the boss
We gonna ride 'til the wheels fall off
It's a..."Suicide is a Suicide"

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah, I'm a new disease, drinkin' a 40, rockin' Judas Priest
I'm strong as Zeus at least, put you in your blueish fleece
You never see a pig around me like a Jewish feast
And every single fuckin' member in my crew a beast
But y'all should know by now the type of shit I'm on
Like, does the New Testament contradict the Qu'ran?
Does every Muslim in the world come equipped with a bomb?
Does every rap video have a chick in a thong?
I don't know if we livin' no more
I don't know if Pazienza even driven no more
Uppercut, right cross on the tip of the jaw
He a crumb, daddy, dump a fuckin' clip in the boy
And the man is the offspring of the weak
Like the lamb is the offspring of the sheep
We gonna grind 'til we seein' the fame
With a stronghold baby, 'cause I'm bleedin' the game

[Vinnie Paz with KRS-One sample:]
We gonna ride 'til the wheels fall off
Ha, ha, Louie Dogs, Jedi Mind Tricks
We the truth inside, if you feel you lost
Enemy of Mankind on the track, what's the deal, baby?
We gonna ride 'til the wheels fall off
Vocab, where you at? Warchild, my man
We the truth inside, if you feel you lost
My brother Stoupe, that's how we get down
It's murder rap, yeah, they call me Vinnie Paz
Louie Dogs, it's dirty, baby, it's our fuckin' year
I'm tryin' to shine, baby, tryin' to feed the fam
Ha, ha, yeah

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Uncommon Valor : A Vietnam Story"

(feat. R.A. the Rugged Man)

[Richard Nixon:]
I have spoken to you from this office, where so many decisions have been made that shaped the history of this nation.
I have always tried to do what was best for the nation.
(Duck... and cover!)
(*[?]*)

[Vinnie Paz:]
I don't know why I'm over here, this job is evil
They sent me here to Vietnam to kill innocent people
My mother wrote me, said: "The President, he doesn't care."
He tryin' to leave the footprints of America here
They say we tryin' to stop Chinese expansion
But I ain't seen no Chinese since we landed
Sent my whole entire unit, thinkin' we could win
Against the Vietcong guerrillas there in Gia Định
I didn't sign up to kill women or any children
For every enemy soldier, we killin' six civilians
Yeah, and it ain't right to me
I ain't got enough of motherfuckin' fight in me
It frightens me, and I just wanna see my son and moms
But over here they droppin' seven million tons of bombs
I spent my days dodgin' all these booby-traps and mines
And at night prayin' to God that I get back alive
And I'm forced to sit back and wonder
Why I was a part of Operation Rolling Thunder
In a foxhole with nine months left here
Jungle like the fuckin' harbinger of death here

[Vinnie Paz:]
I don't wanna be here, I'm scared, I just wanna go home

[R.A. The Rugged Man:]
You fucking kidding me?! Don't be a pussy!
Don't you love your country?!
I like being here (True story), I'm ready

[R.A. the Rugged Man:]
Call me Thorburn, John A., staff sergeant
Marksman, skilled in killin', illin', I'm able and willin'
Kill a village elephant, rapin' and pillage a village
Illegitimate killers, U.S. Military guerrillas
This ain't no real war, Vietnam shit
World War II, that's a war, this is just a military conflict
Soothin' drug abusin', Vietnamese women screwin'
Sex, gamblin' and boozin' — all this shit is amusin'
Bitches and guns, this is every man's dream

I don't wanna go home where I'm just an ordinary human being
Special Op, Huey chopper gun ship, run shit
Gook run when the minigun spit, won't miss
Kill shit, spit four-thousand bullets a minute
Victor Charlie, hair-trigger, hit it, I'm in it to win it
Get it, the lieutenant hinted, the villain, I been it
The killin', I did it, cripple, did it
Pictures I painted is vivid, live it
A wizard with weapons: the secret mission, we 'bout to begin it
Government funded, behind enemy lines
Bullets is sprayin', it's heatin' up a hundred degrees
The enemy's the North Vietnamese, bitch please!
Ain't no sweat, I'm totally at ease
Until I see the pilot got hit, and we 'bout to hit some trees
Tail rotor broke, crash land
American man in Cambodia, right in the enemy hand
Take a swig of the whiskey to calm us
Them yellow men wearin' black pajamas
They wanna harm us, they all up on us
Bang bang, bullet hit my chest, feel no pain
To my left, the Captain caught a bullet right in his brain
Body parts flyin', loss of limbs, explosions
Bad intentions, I see my best friend's intestines
Pray to the one above, it's rainin', I'm covered in mud
I think I'm dyin', I feel dizzy, I'm losin' blood
I see my childhood, I'm back in the arms of my mother
I see my whole life, I see Christ, I see bright lights
I see Israelites, Muslims and Christians at peace, no fights
Black, Whites, Asians, people of all types
I must've died, then I woke up, surprised I'm alive
I'm in a hospital bed, they rescued me, I survived
I escaped the war, came back
But ain't escape Agent Orange: two of my kids born handicapped
Spastic, quadriplegia, micro cephalic
Cerebral palsy, cortical blindness — name it, they had it
My son died, he ain't live
But I still try to think positive, 'cause in life, God take, God give

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"A Blood Red Path"

[Vinnie Paz:]
My rap equivalent to a militant bomb
My syllabus form, the Pazienza killer from 'Nam
With steel in my palm, guerrillas was born, your village is gone
It's either that you die or give your will to Islam
I feel it's a storm, that buildin' from the wilderness arm
I sent the alarm, to let you know Godzilla was spawned
I'd kill for my moms, ain't nobody as real as my moms
And it ain't any woman ever know the deal like my moms
I build with Iman's in holy places filled with Qu'rans
My killers is strong, 'cause every Sicilian is strong
You stealin' the form, I'm sharper then a million Don's
I'm buildin' a bomb, and when I see a milli' I'm gone

Brrrrat, brrrrat, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
Pazman, that's how you fuckin' rhyme
The rhyme animal, Jedi Mind, baby!

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"When All Light Dies"

(feat. Shara Worden)

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah, Jedi Mind
Vinnie Pazienza, the Enemy of Mankind
Servants in Heaven, Kings in Hell
Horrorcore, yeah, walk with me

I pop a pill and zone, my voice alone'll fuckin' chill your bones
The AR-15 beam leave you still as stone
I'm workin' twenty-four-seven while you chill at home
I'm on the block with my people where the killers roam
I'm in a killer zone, where police can trap me
I'm ready to go to war with them like we Iraqi
We in the last days, only Darkness passes
No more pure air, only bloody muddy ashes
Yeah, you need to recognize the God is sick
'Cause I was born inside of Egypt near the Gaza Strip
Don't make me cock the fifth and put the flame to em
And thug it out like the Israeli's and Iranian's
Remember when I put the pen to the pad
When I heard "Style Wars" by Lakim Shabazz
And in the lab, everything was constructed with Stoupe
And y'all know that no one fuckin' with us as a group

[Shara Worden:]
When all the light goes out, where will you be?
When the darkness comes, what will you see?
(When the lights go out)
When all the light goes out, where will you be?
(When the lights go out)
When the darkness comes, what will you see?

[Vinnie Paz:]
I'm a Cannibal Corpse, .38 snub splatter your thoughts
Peel your skin off of your body like animal cloth
I'm the reason for the Carthage in Hannibal's force
I'm the reason for the carnage in parable's lost
And I'll put the heater right where your lungs at
And none of y'all would be around if I could bring Pun back
You want the horrorcore Vinnie? He brung that
Along with the .44 militant gun rap
I break bread with the brothers I trust
Cause I know that if I'm ever in some trouble, they bust
Could never be us, we too raw for the rap now
Anybody with a tape recorder can rap now
I pull a twelve gauge shot at you, back down
And then the last thing you hear is the gat sound

From the city where they framed Mumia
We gonna break him out, run up with them flames and heaters

[Shara Worden:]
When all the light goes out, where will you be?
When the darkness comes, what will you see?
(When the lights go out)
When all the light goes out, where will you be?
(When the lights go out)
When the darkness comes, what will you see?

[Vinnie Paz:]
I carry heavy fists, I'm a biological terrorist
If you ain't been in war, then you don't know what terror is
You try to help people but do nothin' like therapists
It's basic rules to the game, cousin, you never snitch
Or you can see the type of lead that my Beretta spits
Or take you through the torture chamber and behead the bitch
Yeah, I'll put your body to the blades and choppers
And teach you about the disruptive symbol of chakras
If you believe what they tellin' you, the beast and them won
That's why I speak about survival and need for a gun
I stand for what them thugs is repping'
But they don't know the government is usin' drugs as weapons
And drug injections, was taught by the prophets before
About the cavalry of shadowy prophets of war
It's hard to grip, so I spit it at a different degrees
But the inner earth holds more water than seas

[Shara Worden:]
Who's gonna save you when all the lights go out?
It's time to reconcile, how you gonna go, how you gonna go?
When the lights go out, when the lights go out
When the lights go out, how you gonna go? Oh, oh, oh

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Serenity In Murder"

[Samples:]
"Everything is real I see"
"A lot of rappers out here actin' with no movie roles"
"It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth"
"We been adored for keepin' it raw"
"Everything is real I see"
"A lot of rappers out here actin' with no movie roles"
"It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth"
"We been adored for keepin' it raw"

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah, yeah, I'm a terrorist threat, burn in Hell where the devil is kept
How can we be powerful with incredible debt?
Dump the clip, hittin' you from your head to your neck
I creep with the silencer, leave you dead where you slept
I'm as vicious with the right or the left
And I stand behind my people if it's life or it's death
A knife in the chest, that's the way that we do
But if I was you, I'd be concerned about the avian flu
I pray that you do, but you ain't listen before
You ain't listen when I told you 'bout my visions of war
My system is pure, trap you like a prisoner's war
Anyone who ever met me say my liver is poor
Whoever met me say they dig my rapport
Say that he the only one who ain't a dick on the tour
Kick in the door, with my vodka, believe that
And hand Warchild all the blunts and the weed sack
Fuckin' worm, yeah

[Samples:]
"Everything is real I see"
"A lot of rappers out here actin' with no movie roles"
"It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth"
"We been adored for keepin' it raw"
"Everything is real I see"
"A lot of rappers out here actin' with no movie roles"
"It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth"
"We been adored for keepin' it raw"

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah, you like Napoleon Bonaparte
I throw a dart and blow your bones apart
The lonely part's when you fallin' like you Owen Hart
My fuckin' soul is dark, I wouldn't wish it on you
I wouldn't wish any of my mental conditions on you
I just wish that y'all would leave me for dead
Wish that I would go away and fall asleep in my bed

I'm lethal instead, but I supposedly thrived
Anyone or anything that got too close to me died
Supposed to be live, fuck it, I'm supposed to be king
'Pose to murder everything like an associate of Ming
Listen, I ain't takin' your word, man
Just give me all the "Cash Money" like Birdman

[Samples:]
"Everything is real I see"
"A lot of rappers out here actin' with no movie roles"
"It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth"
"We been adored for keepin' it raw"
"Everything is real I see"
"A lot of rappers out here actin' with no movie roles"
"It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth"
"We been adored for keepin' it raw"

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah, another holy verse, never listen to what's told in church
My soul immersed in a statue that's as old as earth
I'm fuckin' Odin's curse, the living eight man
Calculate Infinity with Dillinger Escape Plan
I would walk on the Arabian with grey sand
And heal the sickness of the people where I laid hands
I was there when they created the Christ
When the Romans in Judea took the Pagan's advice
I hate what I'm like, hate that I'm afraid of the light
Hate that everyone who love me always hate what I like
Hate that everywhere I go, I get engaged in a fight
Hate that everything I say is just evasive and trife
Enraged with a knife, I don't care who I slice
I could walk into the woods and kill a bear with my mic
I'm here with my mic, fear me and be careful at night
'Cause Vinnie vicious like a motherfucking werewolf at night
I'm a beast, baby! Yeah

[Samples:]
"Everything is real I see"
"A lot of rappers out here actin' with no movie roles"
"It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth"
"We been adored for keepin' it raw"
"Everything is real I see"
"A lot of rappers out here actin' with no movie roles"
"It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth"
"We been adored for keepin' it raw"
"For keepin' it raw" "For keepin' it raw"
"For keepin' it raw" "You know the deal"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Heavy Metal Kings"

[Vinnie Paz:]
I murder you and laugh
I'm Barry Sanders slashing through the path
You a magician's assistant, I'm sawing you in half
You a heathen that rely on the beast
I'm a demon at the fire crucifying the priest
I shine over beats, a motherfucking beast on the mic
I'm a lion out the jungle, raw meat what I like
I bleed in a fight, Vinnie like the taste of his blood
And I'll open up your stomach like the case of a slug
I'm faithful to drugs, putting metal plates in your mug
Dump your body in the motherfucking lake in a rug
Face in the mud, y'all create the facade
That my people have exterminated faith in their God
Patience is hard, cousin, but it pays to be calm
Go to war for anybody who embraces Islam
I'm gracious and warm, ready for the place in the war
And I'm ready to smash your motherfucking face in the floor

We got that gangster gangster shit
"The heavy metal king hold big shit"
We got that murder murder shit
You talk that gangster gangster shit
We live that murder murder shit

[ILL Bill:]
Without order nothing exists, without chaos nothing evolves
Now get on your knees so I can stick this gun in your mouth
I'm a Slayer album personified, Holocaust, Columbine
Middle Passage, Israel versus Palestine
It's the Cult Leader, drink your Kool-Aid
Roll with the doctors that produce AIDS
I open my mouth, I shoot flames
The freedom fighter that got the whole world terrified
ILL Bill, human manifestation of genocide
Stand amongst Grammy-winning grimy nose candy sniffers
Blast the black metal at you like Danny Lilker
It's impossible to escape my matrix of hate
I'll make a good girl a cum dumpster, Satan awaits
Set the razors to AKs and turn raisins to grapes
Turn blood into wine with an insatiable taste
Drink from the goblet of gore, vomiting porn
Sodom and Gomorrah back to Canarsie, New York

[Sample:]
Is this the bringing of the king to his parliament?
Till the land was all undone and darkened by such deeds

[Vinnie Paz:]
We got that gangster gangster shit
"The heavy metal king hold big shit"
We got that murder murder shit
You talk that gangster gangster shit
We live that murder murder shit

You don't know about the gospel of Judas
About the information found in the Galapagos Ruins
How the warriors would sharpen they blades
How if they wanted to, the government could cure you of AIDS
We the equivalent of fire and ice
The equivalent of a prisoner who die for his rights
I'm lying to Christ, put your fucking spine in a vice
I'm like Trump in The Apprentice, only fire at night
I'm dying to fight, slap you five, and put ten in you
Louie Doggs, the fucking Genocide General
So I say fuck the CIA and they plan
Get me outta here I'd rather fucking stay in Iran
I'll run up on you with grenades in my hand
If you fuck around with Bill or try to hate on my fam
It's the dichotomy of hatred in man
If you ever even think of trying to play me then blam!

We got that gangster gangster shit
"The heavy metal king hold big shit"
We got that murder murder shit
You talk that gangster gangster shit
We live that murder murder shit

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Shadow Business"

[Samples:]
"When you were over in American Samoa, what surprised you the most?"
"I guess what hit me the most was the condition of the factory that the workers were in
The factory was surrounded by a fence and barbed wire on top, and on the bottom
And they have a chain linked fence around the whole factory, and military compound
The gate has a guard shack where the guard sit there and ... the worker movement
In and out of the factory, the factory made of tin panels, tin roof, it's really hot
The temperature over there is regularly ninety degrees, and inside the factory it reach way over a hundred degrees"

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah, it's a contemporary form of slavery, they call it slave labor
But they don't prosecute them 'cause it's how they make paper
When you rockin' that fly shit that's made in China
By an eight year old child trying to feed his mama
He exposed to contamination and disease
And only fifty-five percent of them will get degrees
And the women have to try to placate the boss
Because of sex discrimination in the labor force
The slave master only let them speak in sign language
And they sufferin' from lung disease and eye damage
Fourteen hour shifts, seven days a week
Two shitty meals a day, very little sleep
Human life only worth three cents an hour
All human rights lost, no sense of power
Workin' for a hundred years in the grave passes
Only the improved cleverness of slave masters

Is life worth livin' if you livin' in Hell?
When the mind is confined to a prisoner cell?
And the lies they devise and the system, it fail
But I expect the system to fail
Is life worth livin' if you livin' in Hell?
When the mind is confined to a prisoner cell?
And the lies they devise and the system, it fail
But I expect the system to fail

[Samples:]
"Many Chinese workers are forced to sign secret agreements known as "Shadow contracts" before they leave China severely, and in some ways, illegally restricting their activities while on American soil
Workers are forbidden to participate in any religious or political activities or to ask for a salary increase, or even to fall in love or get married"

[Vinnie Paz:]
It's 1.6 million people locked in jail
They the new slave labor force, trapped in Hell
They generate over a billion dollars worth of power
And only gettin' paid twenty cents an hour

They make clothes for McDonald's and for Applebee's
And workin' forty-hour shifts in prison factories
And while we sit around debatin' who the wack MC's
They have to work when arthritic pain attack the knees
Slavery's not illegal, that's a fuckin' lie
It's illegal, unless it's for conviction of a crime
The main objective is to get you in your fuckin' prime
And keep the prison full and not give you a fuckin' dime
But they the real criminal, keepin' you confined
For a petty crime, but they give you two-to-nine
And ain't nobody there to protect ya
Except a bunch of incompetent human rights inspectors

Is life worth livin' if you livin' in Hell?
When the mind is confined to a prisoner cell?
And the lies they devise and the system, it fail
But I expect the system to fail
Is life worth livin' if you livin' in Hell?
When the mind is confined to a prisoner cell?
And the lies they devise and the system, it fail
But I expect the system to fail

[Samples:]
"The sweatshop situation kind of conveys it and kind of take advantage of the people that are poor and at an economic disadvantage"
"This Chinese woman made T-shirts and pants at the factory until she became pregnant ... says she refused to have the abortion
And has now been barred from entering the factory"
"Allowing them to bring that onto US soil is a very big concern
We've now documented the fact that management coerces female workers who become pregnant into having abortions"
"Human rights workers say it's common practice"
"Inside that factory, Chinese law applies, and Chinese law is supreme"
"Even though it's the United States of America?"
"The flag doesn't fly inside there"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Razorblade Salvation"

(feat. Shara Worden)

[Shara Worden:]
I know all the times were hard
I know that you've been feeling down
If you only knew how I'm feeling for you
If I could take your pain
I wish that I could wash it all away
If you only knew how I'm feeling

[Vinnie Paz:]
Mommy, I'm sorry if my first letter made you cry
To be honest with you, I don't think that I want to die
Sometimes I feel like that I'm cancerous in other's lives
That's probably why I drink at night and sleep 'til four or five
It's kind of hard walkin' through life with my distorted eyes
When I was younger, I was stupid and I thought I'd thrive
I thought a lot about everything I said in the letter
And questioned whether or not if I was dead, you'd be better
You think my shorty would be happy if I never met her?
It's too late now, mommy, I could never forget her
Could never forget how she taught me to love
'Cause my father and my grandmother is always above
It's glory above, you know that daddy taught me to thug
And every time we was with nanny she'd bombard me with hugs
Damn, I miss her, mommy, and it's hard to believe
That I'm grown and I don't understand it, why did they leave?

It's better to die and sleep
Than never waking sleep
Than linger on and dare to live
When the soul's life is gone

[Shara Worden:]
You've been running around for so long
You've been hurting yourself too much
You keep messing around with darkness
You're the one who's losing
You've been running around for so long
You've been hurting yourself too much
You keep messing around with darkness
You're the one who's losing

[Vinnie Paz:]
Mommy, I think that I'ma try to stick around a while
I got a niece, and my nephews, they need me 'round a while
I think they need me 'cause they hittin' that age
And they ain't tryin' to speak to Lenny 'cause they spittin' they rage

Yeah, and mommy, speakin' to Lenny, I think my brother need me
And we Italian, so you know my mother love to feed me
And it's the little things you do for me that make it worth it
Like when I play a joint that we did and you say it's perfect
And when Jake got knocked, you knew that I was hurt
You told me put all of my heart in the song, and it worked
I promised him that I'd be there when he got out the bing
You ain't raise me to be a liar, ma, that's not my thing
I told him that I'd hold him down the whole time that he gone
They kept him locked inside a cage, but that's cool, 'cause he's strong
So mommy, keep that first letter I wrote you on the low
I think I wanna stay alive and see if I can grow

[Shara Worden:]
You've been running around for so long
You've been hurting yourself too much
You keep messing around with darkness
You're the one who's losing
You've been running around for so long
You've been hurting yourself too much
You keep messing around with darkness
You're the one who's losing

[Movie sample:]
"You have power and money, but you are mortal
You know you cannot escape death
But immortality can be obtained
The legend is always the same
If others have succeeded in conquering death
Why must we accept it?
I know where the immortals live
And how to obtain their secret
We too must become wise men
The elements of chemistry are many, but finite
So are the techniques of enlightenment"

[Shara Worden:]
I know all the times were hard
I know that you've been feeling down
If you only knew how I'm feeling for you
If I could take your pain
I wish that I could wash it all away
If you only knew how I'm feeling

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Outlive The War"

(feat. Block McCloud, Sean Price)

[Block McCloud:]
You don't really want a close encounter
This dude's talkin' like he knows the bouncers
I move up on ya face for talkin' outta place
Get your spine ripped out by Jedi Mind Tricks, ouch!
And ain't nobody gangsta, we just fight good
Left jab, uppercut, then a right hook
Jedi Mind spit rhymes like I write hooks
Type you don't wanna fight wit, Jedi Mind Tricks

[Sean Price:]
Hey yo, great rap outta BC, the track
The beat beast master, heat clapper, speakin' the facts
Keys to the 'Lac, weed in the back, foot on the gas
Squeezin' the gat, leave it at that, my foot in yo' ass
Listen, bust your rat, you scream, Ruck is back, bitch
"You gonna fuck up your career, you hear?" Fuck the rap shit
I make the same money when I hustle this crack shit
Probably make more 'cause a nigga don't pay no taxes
Access the gun's off the earth axis
Axis of evil, the eagle 'll leave your hat split
Ruck flow is like "Fuck you, God"
I don't wanna rhyme, I need a construction job
Listen, backpack rap, Jansporter crew
Big guns and fast cars, Transporter, too
I camcord your crew with a clip in they mouth
Sean Price, fuck you riffin' about? Shut the fuck up, yeah

[Block McCloud:]
You don't really want a close encounter
This dude's talkin' like he knows the bouncers
I move up on ya face for talkin' outta place
Get your spine ripped out by Jedi Mind Tricks, ouch!
And ain't nobody gangsta, we just fight good
Left jab, uppercut, then a right hook
Jedi Mind spit rhymes like I write hooks
Type you don't wanna fight wit, Jedi Mind Tricks

[Vinnie Paz:]
I put you in the fuckin' torture rack, I carry forty gats and pure black
That send you and your spiritual to where the Lord is at
You read "Behold a Pale Horse"? Well, I authored that
And on top of that, Vinnie the owner of a gorgeous gat
I don't trust nobody, cousin, I'm a cautious cat
I see inside your eyes, it's where demonic forces at
Fuck around and get laced with the Luger

If you sympathize with the Hellenization of Judah
My place is the future, everybody say "The boy nice"
Philly to Brooklyn, Brooklyn to Philly with Sean Price
I'm not sayin' I'm the nicest around
I'm just sayin' I'm the nicest with the knife and the pound
I'm strikin' you down, Pazienza always on the block
You the type to take a L and fuckin' call the cops
Cross the other side of street because you saw it's hot
Call me Mike Fratello baby, 'cause I call the shots, yeah, pussy

[Block McCloud:]
You don't really want a close encounter
This dude's talkin' like he knows the bouncers
I move up on ya face for talkin' outta place
Get your spine ripped out by Jedi Mind Tricks, ouch!
And ain't nobody gangsta, we just fight good
Left jab, uppercut, then a right hook
Jedi Mind spit rhymes like I write hooks
Type you don't wanna fight wit

[Vinnie Paz:]
I'm comin' at you with various weapons, hittin' your body in various sections
Even the mutha fuckin' devil was there when I blessed him
Better selection of clappers then you
Jesus Price, Pazienza better rappers then you
I've had it with you, every rhyme I write a testament
About the war and our apocalyptic president
About how I studied the science of raw
How I carry Desert Eagle's and defy it's a law
My violence is pure, walk the battlefield with stainlesses
They say I'm deranged, disconnected and dangerous
My rap is sharp enough to slash your fuckin' veins and wrist
I'll put a knife into my heart to see if pain exists
My forty cal' is fuckin' dyin' to bust
It could teach you how to bleed and how to die in the dust
Yeah, I'm tryin' to organize with people I identify
While Bush and Cheney sit and celebrate a genocide, yeah

[Block McCloud:]
You don't really want a close encounter
This dude's talkin' like he knows the bouncers
I move up on ya face for talkin' outta place
Get your spine ripped out by Jedi Mind Tricks, ouch!
And ain't nobody gangsta, we just fight good
Left jab, uppercut, then a right hook
Jedi Mind spit rhymes like I write hooks
Type you don't wanna fight wit, Jedi Mind Tricks, ouch!

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Gutta Music"

(feat. Chief Kamachi, Reef the Lost Cauze)

[Reef the Lost Cauze:]
Yeah, ah, it feels so good to be up in here, man
Yeah, JMT, Reef the Lost Cauze, Chief Kamach'
Shit got to change, baby

Yo, they put white picket fences on all black houses
Cauze Kilimanjaro, you Brokeback Mountain
Since that "Feast" drop, everybody on Shareef jock
I am what I am, without a deal from Reebok
While y'all was poppin' and lockin', doin' the beatbox
I was in the streets, ock, mean Glock tryin' to be 'Pac
Wisdom came in the form of seein' teeth knocked
Great G's shot, tell me when will the beef stop?
I don't think it ever will
That's why I might seem relaxed, dog, but I could never chill
If that shiesty bitch don't kill me, then the cheddar will
You think like a man with no hands, we could never build
I'm from the era where they measured skill
And if you disrespected the mic, then they disrespect your grill
The era was truly gone
But it's 'bout to be resurrected by the Cauze, Kamach' and big Louie Doggs, what?

This is Gutta Music, pull out your gun, start buckin' to it
We just dumbin' it out, but ain't nothin' stupid
Time waits for no man, and such is proven
We keep it fuckin' movin', ain't nothin' to it
This is Gutta Music, pull out your gun, start buckin' to it
We just dumbin' it out, but ain't nothin' stupid
Time waits for no man, and such is proven
We keep it fuckin' movin', ain't nothin' to it

[Chief Kamachi:]
Yo, the forty days of wack MC's blown apart
Replenish the earth, last miracle, Noah's Ark
Rep like I own a art, Chief whole zone is dark
They want my mind and birth time so they can clone the chart
Hallelujah, Hell 'll do ya, Messiah spark
Crown ruler, crush medulla's, we quiet hearts
While my slum street angel play a riot harp
Confusin' but amusin' to a mind that's smart
What you expect when you hear the fresh fire start
Black sage, urban monk
Spiritually, you deserve the trunk
I got pistols with crystals, you pussies never heard the pump
Futuristic AK's make turbans jump
Leave bodies on the side 'til the curb is sunk, Deer Hunter

[Reef the Lost Cauze:]
This is Gutta Music, pull out your gun, start buckin' to it
We just dumbin' it out, but ain't nothin' stupid
Time waits for no man, and such is proven
We keep it fuckin' movin', ain't nothin' to it
This is Gutta Music, pull out your gun, start buckin' to it
We just dumbin' it out, but ain't nothin' stupid
Time waits for no man, and such is proven
We keep it fuckin' movin', ain't nothin' to it

[Vinnie Paz:]
With the Jake I'll never cooperate
A fuckin' vial of hate that God forsake
I'll scar your face, Allah Akbar, God is great
You an animal that speak with the cops
Bleed the block, Vinnie Pazienza, Reef and Kamach'
I'll feast on the crops, leave your body bleedin' from shots
My stone hands leavin' you with unbelievable knots
A key to the lock, my spiritual is an anomaly
I got the spirit of Bill Hicks inside of me
Military minded, shoot to kill
With the weaponry of Minister Farooq Khalil
It's Lucifer's will, why Abyssinians fail
But Israeli troops 'll storm the Palestinian jails
It ain't like we never lost before
I just think we should externalize the cost of war
I'm like a sorcerer, Black Tibetan monks
Louie Dogs, my thoughts is pure

[Reef the Lost Cauze:]
This is Gutta Music, pull out your gun, start buckin' to it
We just dumbin' it out, but ain't nothin' stupid
Time waits for no man, and such is proven
We keep it fuckin' movin', ain't nothin' to it
This is Gutta Music, pull out your gun, start buckin' to it
We just dumbin' it out, but ain't nothin' stupid
Time waits for no man, and such is proven
We keep it fuckin' movin', ain't nothin' to it

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Black Winter Day"

Torn apart now
I cannot have this combination
And fusion of your elixir
Torn apart now
These are the choices we've made
Do I swallow or walk away?

Most of my adult life I've been torn into two
If you love me, then I love you and this song is for you
It's tight hard when you know that you sick
And your shorty seeing you as an emotional wreck
The closer I get, it's like the farther I feel
And my heart has turned into this heavy armor and steel
It's hard to be real, hard to listen to the dumb shit
And I take a lot of pills cause it numbs shit
I wish I had another path to follow
Wish that I could be a man and learn to pass the bottle
A graphic novel, my future a box or an urn
Having dreams about death, but I'm not that concerned
And I'm diseased, through the seasons they turn
Watching leaves from the trees turn diseased and they burn
I'm eager to learn, but I'm holding my breath
And every day alive is just another closer to death

Torn apart now
I cannot have this combination
And fusion of your elixir
Torn apart now
These are the choices we've made
Do I swallow or walk away?

Yeah, I've been alive longer than I expected to be
And took care of everything that's expected of me
Took care of my girl and my mother
I told her that I'm always here and I love her
I handle shit differently cause I'm grown now
And the truth is that I'd rather be alone now
I'd rather not have to deal with the day
And I hate when people ask me how I'm feeling today
My brother Rasul, we had a beef and grudge
But we grew up together, cousin, so it's peace and love
I wish y'all the best, I wish y'all the shine
I wish I didn't wanna off my thoughts with a nine
I'm thoughtful and kind, but I'm evil alas
But everything I love has turned to a tedious task
I feel that life a waiting game for people to pass
But nobody ever want you to see through the mask

Torn apart now
I cannot have this combination
And fusion of your elixir
Torn apart now
These are the choices we've made
Do I swallow or walk away?

I don't wanna be a burden to y'all
I just wanna know exactly what my purpose is for
I feel like nothing I do is ever right
And that I'm acting a fool another night
And I admit, I don't take care of myself
So I do a lot of thinking and preparing myself
'Cause the fact is my father died young and I might too
And it ain't any way to tell what I might do
I don't wanna leave my mother behind
I don't want for her to cry, because the struggle is mine
I don't want for her to grind no more
I don't want for her to work a 9-to-5 no more
I ain't have to work a fucking 9-to-5 before
So I'm trying to get this money to provide for y'all
And if the shit ain't work out and I'm suddenly gone
Just remember that the motherfucking love isn't gone
Pazman

Torn apart now
I cannot have this combination
And fusion of your elixir
Torn apart now
These are the choices we've made
Do I swallow or walk away?

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Pretty Little Whores"

I'm like Jesus to you
Rapping to me is like breathing to you
In second nature but someone had to teach it to you
The flow is hard like a Roman statue
I'm in the zone like Tony Rome holdin' chrome go in the back you
You're goin' one on one with Vinnie Paz
A chubby ghini with a mini mag gimme' henny slimmy bag
And that's why AOTP is tied sick
Cuz ya'll, ya'll all overrated like Mike Vick
An ice pick through you're fuckin' frontal lobe
Jedi Mind and Outerspace about to run the globe
So you should be prepared cause' it's apocalyptic
I'll be the first one on the battlefield to cock a biscuit
You in on the statistic, just a motherfucking crab-rapper
Lyin' on the floor, why did I get stabbed, rapper?
And ya'll are old enough to see Pingeon
It's Vinnie Pazienza with my mother fuckin cousin DTOP

[?]
We don't aim to please; we in the squeeze just to break your knees
Leave you cryin' like a bitch if you don't take it ease
Leave you dyin' like the snitch just to quick the ease
(All the pretty little whores)
I'd expect numerous nights, movin the mics, adrenaline rush
Move to the left, move to the right
So much henny backstage I started losin' my sight

So don't run me up with no dumb shit
The fuel ignites, venomous spray, Sixteens headin' your way
And if I want you dead in June you surrender in May
Black guys and black moons when we enter the stage
These feral bones break forever and forever decay
The catacomb could pretend that this couldn't weather the storm
I'm in the zone, tough as leather where content is the swarm
If it's my home, it's whatever let the weapons be drawn
I let your dome be the center of a traitorous poan
Ya'll ain't close to clever so watch your words
Or ya'll goin' to be exposed forever as a knocked-out herb
Ya'll fake pussy pomes, ya'll got a lot of nerves
Open your mouths once again, you're gonna eat the curb
Fuck it
[?]
We don't aim to please, we in the squeeze just to break your knees
Leave you cryin' like a bitch if you don't take it ease
Leave you dyin' like the snitch just to quick the ease
(All the pretty little whores)
Outerspace

Ya'll are like bitches, I talk vicious
Your walk switches and everything you spit is foul
My shit's ridiculous nigga
Every word disturbed from the hood to the 'burbs
All my thoughts absurd
That's why we chalk up herbs
Every syllable makin' them pull their skirt up
Rhymes is like rims I poke 'em out into the curb up
Son, you better roll when I'm rappin'
Every *[?]* of straight bullet you bitches are straight tap dancin'
We get it crackin' like coke back in the '70s
It's 2005 nigga, crack open the hennas now
We allowed to say and do whatever
So whenever you want it bring it nigga, we do it better
And the reason that I know you a prostitute
You snitched, sold your soul and it wasn't for a lot of loot
I gotta boot and it fit in your ass
Truly you're as planetary, put your flags at half-mass

[?]
We don't aim to please, we in the squeeze just to break your knees
Leave you cryin' like a bitch if you don't take it ease
Leave you dyin' like the snitch just to quick the ease
(All the pretty little whores)

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Blitz Inc."

[King Syze:]
Yeah!
Blitz, Incorporated, nigga, we comin' to get y'all niggas
Uh! Army of the Pharaohs
Check it out, yo...
Best believe, we roll up on your squad like a blitzkrieg
Better get your man, or would you rather see him bleed?
We here now, we ain't got time to wait
Make no mistake, real niggas challenge their fate

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah...yeah this is war, cousin; I cock the hammer and kill
It's Vinnie Pazienza outta Hamburger Hill
You ramblin' still? We scramblin' still
If the beast doesn't get you, then the ambulance will
So hand me your steel...I fire iron when
I find a faggot caught in the spell of Leviathan
I keep my eye on him...cause he a bastard
Sever the head of the gator in Lake Placid

You motherfuckers is blind, you need glasses
I seen how the game changed, I adapted
I seen how your dame changed to my madness
I seen how your brain maimed by my axes
But you a fascist...and y'all thugs
You as genuine as a mother-in-law's hug
We the veterans that'll be sendin' y'all slugs
But we gentlemen, so tell 'em it's all love

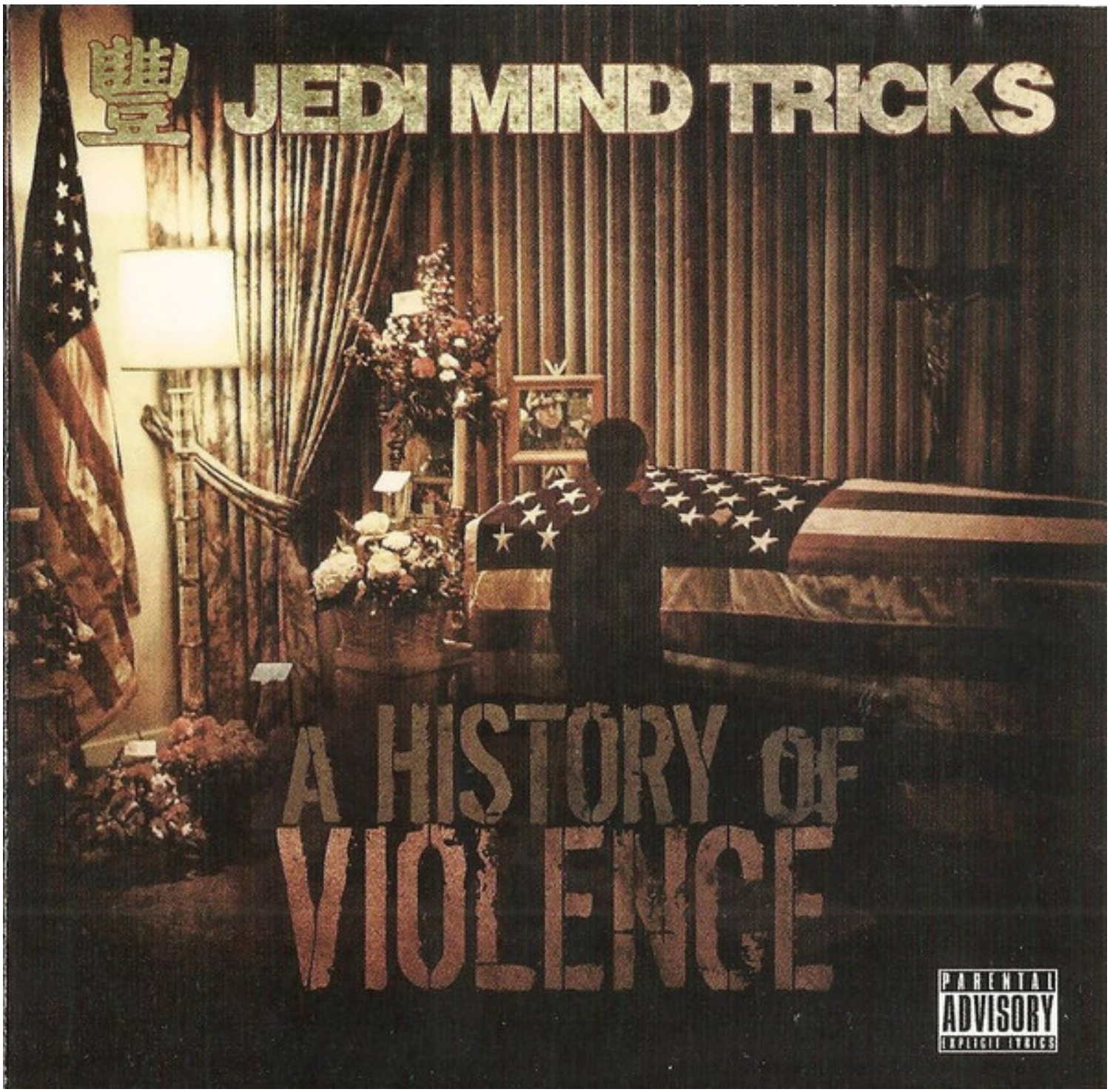
[King Syze:]
Yeah, yo...yo I'm demented, nigga; be prepared for what you facin'
The mind of God and Satan combined with domination
I'm the rawest, roughest, toughest thing you ever heard of
In my studio session, blessin', MC's be gettin' murdered
I'm one of a kind, puttin' one up in your fuckin' spine
When I get to shine, believe it's through the grind
Damn right, we cocky; I feel no one can rock with us
I bless a mic religous on track, I'm spittin' ignorant
Somethin' you've never heard, dynamic with every word
Gigantic with every slur, most stagnant with every herb, yo
But more polluted, this beat's therapeutic solution
My distribution sentence rappers into execution
Death row, Syze got the best flow
Y'all lazy motherfuckers talkin' 'bout "Let's blow!"
All of us; Q-D plus
Yeah, we goin' right by you like an off-duty bus, nigga

[King Syze:]
Best believe, we roll up on your squad like a blitzkrieg
Better get your man, or would you rather see him bleed?
We here now, we ain't got time to wait
Make no mistake, real niggas challenge their fate

[Esoteric:]
Aiyyo my words murder sets, I'll blitzkrieg your league like a German vet
Bull's eye, slash through your turtleneck
And bones to pick, hit two hundred and six
I'm runin' with cliques that'll hit you like a ton of bricks
Straight put you in a ditch like a mob-related death
I'll take it to your chest, make a mess of your flesh
My paragraphs breed hate
I was sent to Heaven, resurrected with a clean slate, now I sleep late
Men in each state dead from this
The Esoterrorist, a real motherfucker like Oedipus
Your patheticness is why...you motherfuckers touch the mic and die
Guilty is the plea, King Syze the co-D
They won't let us go free...Bloodthirsty killers
Psychological thriller, beatin' my chest like gorillas
We got the city on smash, y'all pity's just trash
While you small-timers finishin' last

[King Syze:]
Best believe, we roll up on your squad like a blitzkrieg
Better get your man, or would you rather see him bleed?
We here now, we ain't got time to wait
Make no mistake, real niggas challenge their fate

Best believe, we roll up on your squad like a blitzkrieg
Better get your man, or would you rather see him bleed?
We here now, we ain't got time to wait
Make no mistake, real niggas challenge their fate


JEDI MIND TRICKS
A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Deathbed Doctrine"

Quizá sea amistad o bien amor
I'm America's Nightmare
My mind keep stepping in the depths of hell
I don't have it all upstairs but who the fuck cares?
Livin' in the world no different from a cell

[Vinnie Paz:]
There wasn't god before me,there won't be a god after me
Attack you on a cellular level and cause atrophy
I'm a war monger I never explore passively
I would die first so humans a blood match for me
I was in the land of Israel with four Maccabees
I am the perfect machine you can't hack in me
My mind is the perfect regime you can't rap with me
Nine with the infra-red beam and blood splats on me
Vinnie ain't a sucker, he doesn't record happily
I just black out in the darkness of god's tapestry
Boomerang suckers I throw em they come back to me
That's why I travel with guards and 4 gats on me
I don't even listen to y'all, y'all all wack to me
I don't want that bullshit y'all make attached to me
45 calibre claw so fall back from me
While y'all gradually get trapped in the earth's gravity

Quizá sea amistad o bien amor
I'm America's Nightmare
My mind keep stepping in the depths of hell
I don't have it all upstairs but who the fuck cares?
Livin' in the world no different from a cell
I'm America's Nightmare
My mind keep stepping in the depths of hell
I don't have it all upstairs but who the fuck cares?
Livin' in the world no different from a cell

[Jus Allah:]
Unafraid of zero, I am made of make believe and miracles
Heroes, I am of space's greatest materials
Spiritual, invisible, immaterial
Simple, insensible, imperial
Indispensable, pinnacle, essential
Uneventful, unpreventable
My mind is sinful, my body's a temple
My soul is cleansable, I'm full of potential
I allure the pure, I adopt the rotten to the core
Copy these atrocities of war
Poke two holes in her shoulder to hold me over
Eyein' me sober is like findin' a four leaf clover

Pray for my obscene behavior, I'm a dream slayer
Call me when you need a favor I'm a team player
I'm a peacemaker, cheap labor
Be with your believed creator, greet nature

Quizá sea amistad o bien amor
I'm America's Nightmare
My mind keep stepping in the depths of hell
I don't have it all upstairs but who the fuck cares?
Livin' in the world no different from a cell
I'm America's Nightmare
My mind keep stepping in the depths of hell
I don't have it all upstairs but who the fuck cares?
Livin' in the world no different from a cell

[Vinnie Paz:]
For my fam I'mma ride for you, I commit a homicide for you
In the court with the judge tell a fuckin' lie for you (yeah!)
And that's just somethin' that a sucker couldn't understand
How a G shed a tear then hug his man
My mind only paralleled by the laureates
Tell Satan I just caught a body and absorbed his debt
I cock the hammer and I saw him sweat
You must be stupid thinkin' you could be a devil and Allah forget
We the greatest fuckin' clique in the game
If you know somebody better pussy give me they name
It wouldn't be sane, that's a dumb fucking move cousin
I got the Roger Clemens heater 22s cousin
I ain't sayin' y'all can't be around here
I'm just sayin' we ain't gonna let you eat around here
We demons round here, carnivore heathens round here
A bunch of grimy motherfuckin' human beings round here

Quizá sea amistad o bien amor
I'm America's Nightmare
My mind keep stepping in the depths of hell
I don't have it all upstairs but who the fuck cares?
Livin' in the world no different from a cell
I'm America's Nightmare
My mind keep stepping in the depths of hell
I don't have it all upstairs but who the fuck cares?
Livin' in the world no different from a cell
Livin' in the world no different from a cell
Livin' in the world no different from a cell
Livin' in the world no different from a cell
Quizá sea amistad o bien amor

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Deadly Melody"

(feat. Block McCloud & Demoz)

[Block McCloud:]
When you're falling into this tune
It's like you're crawling into your tomb
Deadliest of melodies, deadliest of melodies
Once the wraths get a hold of your soul
It's like you're trapped and there's nowhere to go
Deadliest of melodies, deadliest of melodies

[Jus Allah:]
I don't have the thought to care, it's off, it's my cross to bare
Lost the cross I used to wear, I am cost aware
Partnership with darkness, we're an awesome pair
Sought position, wall facing office chair
In the depths of hell, death for sell
With blood that propels from the cells and every L is extra L
It's hot here, hear the sears from the dropped tears
Its an opera to the ears, of gospel fears
Hot careers, grotesque, slow deaths
Here is where I am nobelist and oversexed
It's a whole mess of loneliness, no regrets
Unholiness corrosive mental Rolodex
I know uncertainty, personally
Murder uncourteously, mercilessly
Sole safe haven, open up my swollen heart
The hole greater than the sum of its broken parts

[Block McCloud:]
When you're falling into this tune
It's like you're crawling into your tomb
Deadliest of melodies, deadliest of melodies
Once the wraths get a hold of your soul
It's like you're trapped and there's nowhere to go
Deadliest of melodies, deadliest of melodies

[Vinnie Paz:]
I'm your worst nightmare, the reversal of Christ here
The only thing you seeing is the shadow and knife glare
Me, I ain't the type of motherfucker to fight fair
Pistol grip pump, chainsaw and a pipe here
Y'all are pussy watered down like a light beer
I don't run from it, I embrace it, I like fear
Texas-Chainsaw Massacre I invite fear
Call me Leatherface motherfucker I'm right here
Call me any other person that's an evil killer
Pazienza Pontius Pilate, call me Jesus killer
Call me Richard Ramirez because he spill venom

I'm Mark David Chapman before he killed Lennon
I was studying my lessons when the Earth was seedless
You're like Judas Iscariot when he murdered Jesus
The way my operation work is like a surgeon's thesis
I'll drink the period blood of a fucking virgin priestess

[Block McCloud:]
When you're falling into this tune
It's like you're crawling into your tomb
Deadliest of melodies, deadliest of melodies
Once the wraths get a hold of your soul
It's like you're trapped and there's nowhere to go
Deadliest of melodies, deadliest of melodies

[Demoz:]
Maserati Mazi
It's the D.E.M.O.Z, nah homie you can't control me
I pop slowly, thinking you know me
Slow, phoney niggas, is starring hard, like I'm looking familiar
If you don't owe me, I ain't looking to kill ya
Still it smell too funny
The plot thicken, a lot of you die snitching
Ligaments missing, illiterate niggas die hissing
Why would I wanna trade my soul for your riches and lose to the Devil?
I never break the rules of the ghetto
From borough to borough, I rep the most thoroughest city, Philly
The livest rhymers, pay homage 'cause I'm a survivor, you lying Demoz, either you love me or hate me, hug me or snake me
Lately I been behaving like I ain't got a baby
Maybe it's the way my lady treat me, crazy, shady thoughts
Run through my head by the minute but still I play my part
Peace to every piece of piece of shit, my piece of work
Is not a piece of nothing fronting if I'm bringing peace to Earth

[Block McCloud:]
When you're falling into this tune
It's like you're crawling into your tomb
Deadliest of melodies, deadliest of melodies
Once the wraths get a hold of your soul
It's like you're trapped and there's nowhere to go
Deadliest of melodies, deadliest of melodies

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Monolith"

[Jordan Maxwell:]
What we think we understand, where we came from, what we think we're doing
The more you begin to see we've been lied to by every institution
What makes you think that the religious institution is the only one that's never been touched?

[Vinnie Paz:]
I am the annihilator, put apocalypse on lines of paper
We can go toe-to-toe and see whose rhyme is greater
I don't think you ever wanna step inside the chamber
I don't think you wanna see inside the eyes of Vader
Couldn't comprehend the force that I bring
I'm like Rocky Marciano when he walk in the ring
I stalk in the ring, you cowards sounding soft when you sing
But I'm as angry as a motherfucker caught in the bing
It's awful to think, but I'm a warrior and standing tall
And I ain't stopping like the Arab & Israeli War
Ya'll some broke motherfuckers, you can barely ball
I'm eating, my fam eating, cousin, we can share it all
Money the root of all evil, I don't care at all
Now me and Jus is back together, we ain't scared at all
We 'bout to do it all over like it's '99
The Puerto-Rock, the Moreno, and the Ital-i-an

[Jus Allah:]
These are the last days; black plagues, mass graves
Half the slaves, AIDS, cascades, black parades
Backpack-strapped grenades, brazen acts of rage, accolades
May as well have rang the bell at the gates of hell
That's a Dave Chappelle, you must hate yourselves
Chasing your tails, wasting, mate in wells
Read your mail, been tracing your paper trails
Incredible, unforgettable, undetectable, impeccable, the inevitable
Unprofessional, unscheduled, rebel, disheveled, unsettled, un-leveled
You're the friend of a friend, I'm the beginning and end
Model citizen, you just model the trends, you just follow your friends
While my opposite twin, two drops hydrogen, one oxygen

[Vinnie Paz:]
When I'm rhyming your jaw drops
Making every one of your thoughts stop
I'm god while ya'll are wrestling over pork chops
Devil had you thinking we was there when that ball dropped
I ain't gonna front; I was strapped with the doors locked
Now I walk around this motherfucker with 4's, ahk
Big enough to put a fucking hole in the law, ock
That ain't something that you wanna explore, ock
Unless you want the Army come and kick in your door, ock

Unless you wanna end up bloody and wet
Fuck China's government and what they done to Tibet
We from Philly, where the sun doesn't set
Where the motherfuckers rob you with a gun to your neck
Where you shook motherfuckers wouldn't come to the vet
Where your Jordans' getting vicked when you come on the set
Where corrupt cops plant a fucking gun in your vest
Where we retaliate by putting fucking one in they chest

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Those With No Eyes (Interlude)"

I, I who have nothing

[Ikon:]
Intersections in real time
The unbroken circle and dimensions of the mind
The tie that binds
The eternal tie that defines
The vanity of my insanity in due time
Will shine
Like the night seas under the moon
The haunted corners of familiar rooms
Yet I'm consumed
With vanishing into thin air
The realization that this shit is my cross to bear
So where
Did I think I could run away to see
The people that decided to leave without asking me
But we
Decide to wait for happier tomorrows
And find someone so they can be distractions from our sorrow
But my distraction's the books and paper that I scrawl in
I'm eloquent as summer breeze and leaves that have just fallen
I've crawled in a corner hoping all of this will end
With the knowledge that love is just another word for revenge
I who have nothing but the comfort of my sins
I who have nothing but the comfort of my friends

I, I who have nothing
I, I who have no one
I, I who have nothing
I, I who have no one

[Ikon:]
As I decay, demons prey above me like a vulture
Ability to endure contradiction is a high sign of culture
Verbal sculptures, self defacing
It is not God or lunacy that I am facing
But the erasing of the purity and passion of my words
The herds of cattle babble on with talk of the absurd
But I preferred
To walk away from all the feuds
To find my life is more confusing than a Rubik's cube
So I'm subdued
In all my words of verbal prods
To live alone one must be an animal or a God
But it's official
All of my pain is clear as crystal

The natural side of life has now been seeming artificial
But I can hit you
And rest assured that I'ma last words
I could give a fuck about ya secrets and ya passwords
I get past words and their ability to hurt you
Patience is a virtue and knowledge is a commercial
I who have nothing but the pain that I've referred to
I who have nothing but the pain that I've referred to

I, I who have nothing
I, I who have no one
I, I who have nothing
I, I who have no one

[Ikon:]
Lost among the miracles, I stand alone
And have grown into a being that's sitting on top a throne
I've known
For many years that I would turn to rust
I find a reason for another breath
Before my return to dust
I become one with science and mathematics and the rising of the sun
I'm numb
To all of those who blind and cannot see
The chastiser of the enemy
Perception requires duality
Inspect your soul, the color of coal inside the body
I have hardly, come across them who's holy
Send them to the chairmen to control thee
Burning of the sun and frigidness of the cold
The battlefield is new but the war is now old
You can never see the merest shadow of a halo
Above the head of evil jinn who's deadly like tornado
The world has become an aquarium
Full of gaping fish with murderous smiles
I on the other hand stand on the outside looking in
Writing down murderous vows
I who have nothing but the lack of variation
And I who have nothing but chains and suffocation

I, I who have nothing
I, I who have no one
I, I who have nothing
I, I who have no one

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Trail Of Lies"

In the land of make believe, you are all mine
In the land of make believe, I'm doin' fine
In the land of make believe, you are all mine
In the land of make believe, I'm doin' fine

Turn the television off, cousin, that ain't nothing for a girl to see
I've got a niece and best believe she mean the world to me
And she don't need to see the shit they think a girl should be
Ninety-pound skinny bitches, that ain't even girl to me
Essentially, this shit designed to take a hold of you
Telling lies till your vision take control of you
They finding different ways to take your fucking soul from you
A show about a model make your self-esteem low for you
Everything is fake, trust me, no one that lovely
I've met a lot of famous people and they fat and ugly
I ain't any better, I just think the fact is funny
That they'll take a little girl and pimp her for the cash and money
And what's gonna become of them in like fifty years
When Hannah Montana turnin' into Britney Spears
They chew you up and spit you out cause no one really cares
And ain't nobody gonna hold you when you really scared
Where the parents at, cousin, this is really bad
Is this the motherfucking manager or really dad?
Is he concerned about his daughter or his silly pad?
This ain't gonna change nothing, I just think it's really sad

In the land of make believe, you are all mine
In the land of make believe, I'm doin' fine
In the land of make believe, you are all mine
In the land of make believe, I'm doin' fine

Turn the television off, cousin, it's a tool for them to cloud the mind
Conservatism, liberalism, they divide the line
The natural feelings of a child is to be calm and kind
Then they show you ads for the Marines and they decide it's time
So they can send you to a war behind their father crime
Then send you home missing a limb and not provide a dime
And the news tell you cops is on the block for people
I'm a put it simple and plain, cops is evil
Take the television show Cops for example
That's the shit that they want America to watch and sample
Never showing you how dirty that they really is
And that they hide behind they badge and that they really bitch
I ain't never met a pig in my life
And I ain't want to catch a body on the jig of my knife
Yeah, that's another fucking topic for another day
I'm a tell you how they'll try to get you in another way

They tell you that there's something wrong with you, you need they drugs
But there ain't nothing fucking wrong with you, they being thugs
They sell drugs in commercials, at the same time
Lock a motherfucker up for the same crime

In the land of make believe, you are all mine
In the land of make believe, I'm doin' fine
In the land of make believe, you are all mine
In the land of make believe, I'm doin' fine

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Heavy Artillery"

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah, word is bond
Louie Dogs, Gumar-Oz-Dubar, Jus Allah
Jedi Mind, DJ Kwestion, whattup Stoupe

Yo I'm quite calm, write my greatest shit when the light gon'
My hands fast, like Ramadan when the knife drawn
I'm the physical of a tsunami, you a slight storm
This is a spiritual anomaly, a fight song
To guard you now directly in my right palm
Nothing new about it, keep the ratchet with me lifelong
I come through polar caps melt ice gon'
My mother crying to my brother why his life's wrong
Concrete God's school – Allahu Akbar!
The crooked D's in front of the crib inside a parked car
Gumar-Oz-Dubar inside the shot bar
Darts fly at you and severe you like its a sharp star
If we ain't living in hell I'm telling you its hot, bar
Masonic manifestation of God is not far
In reality the sun is just a hot star
The Earth is just a bowl of shit that's where I stomp on

"His blood spill fo'real"
"Heavy artillery in my facility"
"Better call security, it's bout to be on"
"Your whole team is getting blown to smithereens"

"His blood spill fo'real"
"Heavy artillery in my facility"
"Better call security, it's bout to be on"
"Your whole team is getting blown to smithereens"

[Jus Allah:]
I am cyber, I'm a hundred miles of fiber
I am the proprietor of fire, I do not perspire
I fire as I so desire, I'm as dry as a fire and dire
I have tried impossible, I have gotten lightning in a bottle
My logic is not inside a novel
I am unconventional, incomprehensible, it's intentional
It's in general, it's in principle
I'm desensitized to the cries
Blind eyes to demise
I'm despised by the skies
Likewise, I am sand and stone
I stand alone
I'm a candle blown, I have hands of bone
I am smart and old, I am dark and cold

I have a pawn shop of parts, I have a heart of gold
I'm a heartless soul, is my heart bestowed?
Death for all, let the closest star explode

"His blood spill fo'real"
"Heavy artillery in my facility"
"Better call security, it's bout to be on"
"Your whole team is getting blown to smithereens"

"His blood spill fo'real"
"Heavy artillery in my facility"
"Better call security, it's bout to be on"
"Your whole team is getting blown to smithereens"

[Vinnie Paz:]
Brrrrrrrtt...Rrrrrrrttt
Osama Vin Laden
The God Jus Allah, Yo Kwestion where you at baby?
Frank Sinatra, Enemy of Mankind, whadup cuzo?

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Seance Of Shamans"

(feat. OuterSpace & Doap Nixon)

Nobody gets out alive until the cops arrive
It's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it
I cause more scare than Godzilla
Made the church people on your block wanna move out
Nobody gets out alive until the cops arrive
It's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it
My style is wild like pitbulls trapped in cages
Made the church people on your block wanna move out

[Crypt the Warchild:]
Every rhyme I write is 25 to Life
Every rhyme you write don't even deserve a mic
Crossing international borders with a bomb threat
You motherfuckers haven't even left your block yet
You're a bitch, you're a ho, here's a prom dress
You wanna try to box with God it's no contest
So keep on thinking this shit is sweet
I'mma start a sandstorm and put you under the Middle East
You got it fucked up homie, I've been a beast
Reptilian tongue and my skin is deep
Rumor has it they say I'm thrown off
Until their limbs is everywhere, wigs is blown off

[Jus Allah:]
Is that the cast of a death mass?
Is that water in a red glass?
Why, I'd thought you'd never ask, it's as legend has
There's a method to the mad, it's direct and fast
Disconnected from the guest it's a second-class
I have left a trail of debt, checks in the mail
Heads or tails, death prevails, never fails
I will never get derailed, that tip is stale
I will never get to hell, that ship has sailed
I'm refined, mastermind after cash and kind
Hand me gunshot pantomime, axe to grind
Pass into the sublime have a laxing time
Have a glass of wine, have your last act of kind

[Planetary:]
Everything they say is irrelevant
I'm an element of rap that defines pure elegance
Elevating my residence, bigging them up
I'm in the hood rocking JMT shit in the truck
Not I Against I because I don't sleep on my stomach
I rock Heavy Metal Kings and watch the barrel of the gun twitch
You're talking dumb shit, hooting and hollering

I lift the cannon and wait for the bazooka to swallow them
I'mma do this regardless of them, I'm the original
Dirty rotten scoundrel surrounding your pinnacle
Block the perimeter, I'll hit you with the fadeaway
Got a bullet with your name on it for a rainy day

[Doap Nixon:]
So many days, so many nights
So much money got fucked up, so many fights
So many niggas got knuckled down for no reason
So many cowards got guns but don't squeeze them
Yeah, that's just the way it is
I finally got a whiz that's ready to bless the sun with a hundred kids
So I can fall back, Ralph Lauren straw hat
Sour Diesel already showed you I'm all that
I won't stop trying to ride on you assholes
First week sales donated to Daschel
You think I'm bugging right?
But it's these zeros in my bank account
That got me saying "Nigga, floss it right"

[Vinnie Paz:]
My brain's vast as the sky is
My heart doesn't know what die is
Pyromaniac rap, Vinnie starts fires
Only an ignorant thought ignored Osiris
And that's why the enemy lost and caught virus
Where I'm from Gods, Earths, 85ers
Y'all ain't got heat underneath it's all wires
I'm on some Samhain shit with bonfires
My whole team animal thug and born liars
You ain't aware of what any the 12 Tribes is
You're a devil who tell the enemy where God is

Nobody gets out alive until the cops arrive
It's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it
I cause more scare than Godzilla
Made the church people on your block wanna move out
Nobody gets out alive until the cops arrive
It's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it
My style is wild like pitbulls trapped in cages
Made the church people on your block wanna move out

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Geometry In Static (Interlude)"

"The way in which you destroy an opponent is getting him to destroy himself by dividing his ranks against one another."
"Then you feed both sides, you have agents feeding both sides, inflaming both sides, and they kill each other off. It's time that some of us woke up to this reality, to understand that people who try to maintain empires and create empires do it by manipulating the people they're trying to conquer."

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Godflesh"

(feat. King Magnetic & Block McCloud)

[Block McCloud:]
We're so sick with the flow, sing along like you caught a disease
Manifest in the mirror, don't sing lip shows
We go beyond Man it's hard to believe
Guess we're blessed it's a miracle So watch
It's the Army Of Pharaohs bring your squad to its knees
Go from flesh to the spiritual Gotta pray for a miracle
Like Moses when he parted the seas
Yes, yes, it's a miracle

[King Magnetic:]
They talking stupid on the stoop, I'm in the studio with Stoupe
I'm unusually loose, In a movie role with truth
Co-starring, don't spar with no artist my level
Froze target, slow harvest, bogarted by metal
So god but so ghetto, so far but so settled
Don't harbor no problems, no father slow peddle
Roseto late bloom, now silence the method
We all got a history of violence on the record
Except for this record Babygrande, if this lady take the stand
Then my record's playing in the court like a reggae band
Still a lady's man, Mag expects it
I don't get brain, I test dames' gag reflexes
Ecstasy dealer, I bag they X's
Stab 'em breathless without grabbing breakfast
I might pull her hair though, or with something out with air holes
Get lower than a flat when I'm reaching where the spare goes!

[Block McCloud:]
We're so sick with the flow, sing along like you caught a disease
Manifest in the mirror, don't sing lip shows
We go beyond Man it's hard to believe
Guess we're blessed it's a miracle So watch
It's the Army Of Pharaohs bring your squad to its knees
Go from flesh to the spiritual Gotta pray for a miracle
Like Moses when he parted the seas
Yes, yes, it's a miracle

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah, yo
You can Never fuckin' test the God
The kickback of the Smith & Wesson hard
Allah think that you a devil for ingesting lard
That's a part of every lesson that he said to Fard
Vinnie never claimed to be a prophet, I'm a vessel God
Me and my seven Mac-11s have a special bond

Same bond when the Qu'ran give me a special calm
I wave the motherfuckin' ratchet like its Desert Storm
And use it so I can detach you from your legs and arms
I'm the one who reinventin the steel
The one who took the art of rhymin', reinvented the wheel
My venom will kill
My spit game like a neurotoxin
They call me blood and guts warrior, Arturo Boxin
It's nothing anything or anyone can do to stop 'em
Matter of fact even attemptin', it's a foolish option
Anyone who try to disrespect my crew, I pop em
Or tell the rest of the Boriqua, bring the tool and ox 'em

[Block McCloud:]
We're so sick with the flow, sing along like you caught a disease
Manifest in the mirror, don't sing lip shows
We go beyond Man it's hard to believe
Guess we're blessed it's a miracle So watch
It's the Army Of Pharaohs bring your squad to its knees
Go from flesh to the spiritual Gotta pray for a miracle
Like Moses when he parted the seas
Yes, yes, it's a miracle

[Jus Allah:]
Bury them and the Aryans that carried them
All stare, scared their humanitarians
Spare none of them, tear their young from them
Shun them, run them into Kingdom Come's conundrum
Hunt them, punish them, confront them
Drunken them, come undone Sunken
Summons him from the stomach of a sunless dungeon
Bludgeon them into chump to become consumption
Not an option to stop us, fairly obvious
They're innocuous, the despair of the populous
Get your fill of ill-gotten goddesses
Drill them with a modest amount of bottomless promises
Turn the water scarlet red, let it churn from the faucet heads
Get detailed little trails in the carpet threads
Have 'em adamantly slapped on the architect
Havin' carte blanche on the carnage, have my heart set

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Terror"

(feat. Demoz)

[Vinnie Paz:]
Y'all motherfuckers woke a demon up
The bullets splatter through your spleen and guts
The whole clique ducking they PO
They need to pee in cups
We murder shit like everything the Europeans touched
I don't even talk to motherfuckers, that could lead to trust
We on our din, Devils only deal with greed and lust
Beat an elephant with bare hands and take his bleeding tusk
Anytime you hear a cop was murdered, best believe it's us
Jus Allah load the Glock, put em in the weeds and dust
I ain't I sucker, I was born with Herculean nuts
Strangle snakes, dangle grapes, fed by European sluts
Y'all know where to come to when you need the fucking trees and dust
Ayo D, *[?]* I need to feed these fucks
I got the power to devour trees, seas and such
I got the power that's the caliber of Jesus touch
It don't matter the caliber, I proceed to rush
Vinnie on a whole nother algebra than the Greeks could touch

[Demoz:]
Let me tell you a little something bout a nigga named Moz
Look in his eye, you could see the evil if you high
You could notice a little nigga that's eager for the sky
Behind bars scarred like Jesus when he died (when he died)
Nigga I was in the hole for a whole six months getting high
Off the reefer thinking, "Why?"
I'm with the roaches and rats hopeless and flatline
[?] and the hole in the crack
Nigga I was in the hole, trying getting my back
Niggas snitching and CEO tried getting my bag
But I don't give a fuck about a snake or a fag, or hater
I'd rather see Adolf paid off, laugh
This is real life, fuck getting paid off rats
And selling my soul to the devil getting paid off rapping
Maserati Mozzy, Pazienza clap boys, *[?]* step back man
You still screaming duffle bag boys

[Jus Allah:]
I have lived a century, I've tapped into my 6th sensory
I am a potential enemy
My entire inner chemistry, every inch of me, is divinity
Unequivocally, supremacy
I have undesired energy
Sins friendly, since empty
Show the prince of peace no clemency

Give him an extremity of insensitivity
Let his kin and ministry witness his disassembly
I just love sufferance, I'm destructive, unproductive
Tussid, not much substance, thug-age
Above judgement, unaware of any error of doubt
Where it counts, I'm a fair amount of paramount
I embody a monopoly of ungodly
The hobby robbed me of my common camaraderie
My apology, arid, insincerity
Charity, very generic, it's hilarity

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Butcher Knife Bloodbath"

I give it to you real raw
You try to tackle me you couldn't make me fall
Forget the microphone you need the iron we squeeze
Play around and you'll fall off the deep end

[Jus Allah:]
I am entertained by the pain, moth to a flame
Jarring over your charred remains
Hard to explain to the sane
Tarzan's and Jane's
Smaller brains
The disdained
Harder to obtain, refrain
Unguard your gains
All things obtained are in vein
I am overjoyed to destroy
Boys will be boys
Uncoy deploy noisy toys
Everyday, array of dismay
Dead prey on display
Let the slain lay where they may
Tell 'em how to ban their fellow man
Settle, tell your land
Quell your well in advanced plans
Grace your acquaintances with your complaints
Stated on the page letter
Awaiting the greatest ever
Better late then never
Better you in a crate
One state lesser
One day deader in red shaded decor

I give it to you real raw
You try to tackle me you couldn't make me fall
Forget the microphone you need the iron we squeeze
Play around and you'll fall off the deep end

[Vinnie Paz:]
The bullet quicker than lightspeed, open gates of Midian in Nightbreed
Any one fucking around with Vinnie he might bleed
Hell is hot and that's where the homing device lead
The body or the head only thing my knife need
I don't need to speak Vinnie's philosophy known
Y'all are weak and talk sloppy like Bobby Chacon
Blood shed and war Antichrist the prophecy shown
I tried to tell you that the Bush's were possibly cloned
You should know about distortions of lessons in college

About the water-fuel cell, the suppression of knowledge
I don't call that mother fucking professor a scholar
I call him a profiteering liar obsessed with the dollar
Why we in Iran if all that we want is Osama?
Why we in a jam when all that we want is Obama?
Bush had you thinkin we at war because he asked God
Then blew up two fucking buildings in our backyard
Blat blat blat

I give it to you real raw
You try to tackle me you couldn't make me fall
Forget the microphone you need the iron we squeeze
Play around and you'll fall off the deep end

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Sixth Gate Shines No More (Interlude)"

I'm entertained by the pain

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Death Messiah"

(feat. Vinnie Paz)

Did protons and electrons create the Earth?
Or did Allah meditate, and create his birth?
Is everyday in this place a curse?
Or should I pray on my knees and embrace this dirt?
I don't know if there's a reason I'm here
I feel the only thing that's driving me is reason and fear
And seeing death to me conceivably near
So I don't give a fuck what you think about me reaching for beer
I don't worry anymore about what my friends do
I have a more urgent matter to attend to
Is there something there bigger when I die and vanish?
That weaves everyone and everything into a canvas
I'm not smart enough to think I have a resolution
I'll never be a man with mediocre constitution
My father told me that blood and power intoxicate
And that tyranny is a product of his father's hate

I recognized the guilt and sins of the father
And recognized what's built and what stems from the author
Understand man is not a machine
He needs a surface and a purpose and a reason for being
Either way I'm gon' stick with my fam
Regardless if that's a dream of a ridiculous man
And I'm becoming more indifferent everyday
So naturally all the questions have faded away
Some of the things that I said I hated to say
But blame yourself motherfucker you made it this way
I don't think I would even if I was able to stay
I don't think you're good I would sit to the Angels and pray
But everybody gotta deal with they self
If they cut another throat for the material wealth
If it's a problem are you man enough to deal with the help?
Or are you destined for the darkness of concealing ya self?

I'm trying to deal with the thirty years I've spent in prison
Not the physical because of existentialism
I back myself into a previously dead position
When all I ever had to do was just repent and listen
Why can't everybody leave me alone?
I'm the only one who really need to see that I've grown
You ain't smart enough to see what I know
I like to stab myself and let me fucking bleed till I go
But I'm just scared what would happen on the other side
Tryna fight the good fight, how many of us died?
I don't know if I trust the people that hang with me
Is it God or is it the Big Bang Theory?

I know some really good people and they slang near me
But I don't think karmically that they should hang really
At thirty years old I don't have peace yet
And I ain't get out of the belly of the Beast yet

JEDI MIND TRICKS
VIOLENCE BEGETS VIOLENCE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Intro"

[Richard Ramirez:]
Serial killers do on a small scales what governments do on the large one
They are a product of the times and these are bloodthirsty times
Even psychopaths have emotions if you dig deep enough; but then again maybe they don't
I'll tell you what, I gave up on love and happiness a long time ago

Killing is killing, whether done for duty, profit, or fun
Men murdered themselves into this democracy
There are different sects of Satanism, the Satanist admits to being evil
We are all evil in some form or another, are we not?

Yes, I am evil. Not a hundred percent but I am evil
Evil has always existed, the perfect world most people seek shall never come to pass
Yes, I am evil. Not a hundred percent but I am evil
Evil has always existed, the perfect world most people seek shall never come to pass and it's gonna get worse

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Burning The Mirror"

[Vinnie Paz:]
I'm Kool G Rap, Kaczynski and God wrapped in one
I keep a stupid bitch around me just to stash the gun
Fuck a crucifix, I'll use it just to stab a nun
What y'all did is incomparable to what Paz has done
I'm Black Sabbath, you savages get a lashing tongue
I'm black magic and ravenous, you a passive crumb
I'm a Russian AK and you's a Gatling Gun
I only listen to black metal and rap from Pun
I treat bitches like a jewel thief, smash and run
I write ignorance on looseleaf, that's for fun
You have the female tendencies of a bastard son
They say it's parts unknown where the assassin's from
Hey yo, Jus Allah load the Glock, rob his jums
And tell these sucker motherfuckers that the gods have come
I drink clear liquor all the way to blackened rum
The Glock an icebreaker, I don't mean a pack of gum

We that hardcore, we that hardbody
Y'all that cardboard, y'all that carbon copy
We Islamic Moors, we that godbody
We the Russian AK, we the sawed shotty

[Jus Allah:]
My babysitter hung herself, I was way too young to help
It's no way I could've lifted her and strung the belt
Wish she could've gave me something else, cruel summer
But I'm always elated to meet the newcomers
I like to stare at models to compare brothels
Putting air in bottles, sharing pot and Aristotle
With the baddest dime inhaling the traffic line
And we don't talk about past times and astral signs
I'm fearless, there's an eeriness to my appearance
I'm experienced in severeness
I'm embellished in devilishness
I'm a detriment to health and wellness
I'm everything selfish and felonious
I'm only aware of unfairness, Islam and Arabic
Nuclear fission bombs and terrorists
More torturers that would know order
I live in close quarters, bodies everywhere
It's an episode of Hoarders

We that hardcore, we that hardbody
Y'all that cardboard, y'all that carbon copy
We Islamic Moors, we that godbody
We the Russian AK, we the sawed shotty

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"When Crows Descend Upon You"

(feat. Demoz)

I'm just evil biologically, listen to y'all that make a mockery
Anton LaVey is like a god to me
I am not possibly associated with your democracy
Gary Heidnik is like a shah to me, go to war logically
I conduct self Nostradamusly, I am Ibrahim's last prophecy
Earth is my property, I am possessed like I'm an apostrophe
Vinny Appice is like a star to me
Paz swears silently, cut your fucking head like a lobotomy
Rape the fucking beat like sodomy
Nietzschean philosophy, I am a vampire, I'm proud to be
I cannot be seen in your photography
Vinnie an anomaly, I am not a part of God's colony
Three inches of blood on my carpeting making things hard for me
My own family won't talk to me, I have to pray to Allah constantly honestly

I'm having nervous dreams, nigga this a murder scene
Yellow tape around the booth, no one heard em scream
He don't deserve to dream, nigga this a murder scene
Yellow tape around the booth, I'm having nervous dreams

I let my pistol bang, the Official Pistol Gang
So what's the issue man? I can make a tissue hang
I'm having nervous dreams, nigga this a murder scene
Yellow tape wrapped around the booth, nobody heard em scream

Underground like dirt and the oil
Earth and the soil, I burn like boil
Destroy rappers, King Kong massacre
Bullets ricochet playing ping pong passengers
Won't make it, the real won't fake it
If something don't belong to you then don't take it
A naked eye can look loyal but don't trust em
That's why I chill with women, fuck em but don't cuff em
Cheat and won't treat em, beat em and won't eat em
Leave em and won't feed em
Believe me a cold demon, I am but I won't leave em
Until that we both even
Until she catch me fucking a 20 year old Rican
On top of the fucking bed we make love and both sleeping
Now that's the hundredth time she caught me with hoes cheating
I think I got a problem with being faithful
It's not that I ain't grateful, it's just something about me so hateful

I'm having nervous dreams, nigga this a murder scene
Yellow tape around the booth, no one heard em scream
He don't deserve to dream, nigga this a murder scene

Yellow tape around the booth, I'm having nervous dreams

I let my pistol bang, the Official Pistol Gang
So what's the issue man? I can make a tissue hang
I'm having nervous dreams, nigga this a murder scene
Yellow tape wrapped around the booth, nobody heard em scream

I'm strutting with the black mask, can't pass on the cash
Relax on the grass, can't slack on the slash
There's no rest, there's no 2 and a half hour crash
I'm all about the cash, outwit and outlast
In mass covered in black from gun powder blast
Can care less if you wear a flag or a badge
I'm trying to have mattresses of cash
I'm trying to have the bachelor pad built up with packages and bags
No matter how many bodies amass in the trash
I stay on the move, bad news travels fast
I stay with the smoking weapon and no discretion
It's a gross obsession, I keep it close under low detection
Don't provoke me and don't ask any loaded questions
I don't go for one soul, I want the whole collection
Send you on that long road to perfection
Murder all the men who swore an oath of protection

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Fuck Ya Life"

(feat. Blacastan)

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing

[Vinnie Paz:]
I wet the whole entire block then I broke off
Lift the boat off Russian sickle Nikolai Volkoff
I ain't never met a motherfucker that was so soft
I remain fire like folk who ain't turn their stove off
And I still rhyme cousin with a flawless fervor
I got money and catch cases like Roethlisberger
And y'all are Dennis Dixon, that's just something different
I need another prescription, I got a pen addiction
I got a Muslim shorty now but the ex was Christian
She ain't overstand the godliness of my position
Anybody who ain't family is opposition
The M9 got a big nose, Scottie Pippen
Vinnie sipping on the Goose, god hit this marley
My hands running out of fingers, young Vince Lombardi
I got a tet offensive similar to Victor Charlie
I meet a bitch, I don't sweat her, this ain't a Christmas party

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

[Jus Allah:]
I make blood money with flecks of blood splatter
It's drug money, the aspect of it doesn't matter
All the blood and death is what gives it the X factor
A lot of blood and sweat goes into the trespassers
I kill swiftly, I like to take life quickly
I take a pint of blood and make moonshine whiskey
I like to keep the 911 lines busy
I like a fun time in a crime-ridden city

All the blood that we use is worth every bump and bruise
Once the hunt pursues we ain't on the Onion News
I don't run from the problems I start usually
We wet you up, no lifeguard on duty
Then I'm at the bar or a movie
Then I'm with a beauty watching hardcore nudity
Had to ditch the bitch that thinks we're dating exclusively
The old grey mare she ain't what she used to be

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

[Blacastan:]
I'm that last line of coke that you see on the mirror
Take your last sniff, now you think you seeing shit clearer
I'm the nigga that's behind you waiting to get paid
I'm that hard-assed dick that's waiting to get laid
I'm them Pumas that you rock that was made out of suede
You the nigga came to cop and got caught in the raid
I'm the venom that lies within the king cobra's core
That new blood soaking through the enemy's soul
The spoils of life, the ills of men
John Wayne Gacy, Charlie Manson, killing again
I'm released from the penitent, mind state militant
Bombs underneath the tent, bismillah I repent
Sent to Earth from a distant galaxy
I am no contradiction, far from a fallacy
Freddy in the booth bring nightmares to reality
World War 3, I'm enlisted by JMT

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Try to stop mines from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Imperial Tyranny"

(feat. King Magnetic)

[DJ Kwestion:]
Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that

[Jus Allah:]
I'm disgusted and dissatisfied, I don't need to fucking advertise
I'm a thief, I don't read the fucking classifieds
I like beef, I don't chitchat and fraternize
With police, pastors, or rabbis
I'm one of the bad guys, I never apologise
I don't just walk around with rocks and pocketknives
When it comes to homicide I'm not occupied
Murder's like oxygen to carbon dioxide
I don't know a lot about science and chemistry
My enemies take a lot of time and energy
When I'm not shooting I get iron deficiency
And I don't wanna have the guys look at me differently
I would rather have a gun than an epiphany
Can't really rely on tricks and wizardry
When I get irrational, that'll be practical
Niggas don't believe shit it's serendipity

[DJ Kwestion:]
Southpaw verbal jabs to the mouth y'all
Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that
Southpaw verbal jabs to the mouth y'all
Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that
Southpaw verbal jabs to the mouth y'all
Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that
Southpaw verbal jabs to the mouth y'all
Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that

[Vinnie Paz:]
Y'all in the presence of divine science
We don't subscribe to y'all theory of non-violence
I rule with an iron fist, I define tyrants
I went down the wrong path, that's despite guidance
Yeah and y'all are soon to bleed
And I'm from the house of wisdom Haroon Rashid
A goon indeed, ras-clat, Junior Reid
Y'all overstayed y'all welcome, y'all refused to leave
Refuse to see that the universe is deathless
I define rhyme with divine mind efforts
It's grind time, I design rhyme methods
It's high time y'all enshrine my records
And I don't know why y'all would fuck with the team
That's like standing on the block with no junk for the fiends

Pazienza is in love with the deen
I would jump in front of bullets, shed fucking blood for my team

[DJ Kwestion:]
Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that
Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that
Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that
Turn the other way cause you wants no part of that

[King Magnetic:]
I know what violence begets, timeless regrets
Silently sweat bullets when you ride for respect
Rivalry met (blam!) with the vibe you'd expect
Four-pounder makes you flounder only live on the net
You know the Internet thuggery, Internet fuck with me
Long enough to see my company sucker-free luckily
Paz heard me then scooped me, spaz earned me this two-piece
Clash surely not rufees smashed girlies is groupies
The last rapper to move me, Ras Kass what he doing
Rap after the blood bath half of the movie
Gats strapped to my blue jeans, back smack to Djibouti
Backpack is with Uzis, Black Sabbath and Kool G
Point made like I'm sharper than a shiv
Stab wound when you think you sharper than you is
Charlotte's Web with the kids, only time we talk to pigs
I ain't talking courage when I say you getting jigged

[DJ Kwestion:]
Cause you wants no part of that
Cause you wants no part of that
Cause you wants no part of that
Cause you wants no part of that

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Design In Malice"

(feat. Young Zee & Pacewon)

[Young Zee:]
If I don't have the mag I get a bastard stabbed
With a knife big as a claw of an Alaskan crab
Young, I'm down with Vinnie, give me six weeks
All y'all little pipsqueaks is up shit's creek
Think we a joke? I'll put three in your throat
Drunk off gin and C&C coke then we flee in a boat
Then I come open up the spot with Coconut Ciroc
So the hoes'll suck some cock
Then I'll forget to call her, after the nut I get attention deficit disorder
1-5 catch us off X's and dust
Whole clique of registered sex offenders
Pop shit, we'll hold your funeral XVIs
Niggas' money come in Roman numerals
Your block slow now, she fuck with them rappers
Cause y'all niggas' money took a muscle relaxer

[Pacewon:]
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time

[Vinnie Paz:]
Our music's strong enough to stop a bomb
I'm putting pressure on you kids like I'm a soccer mom
Who you think idea that it was to stop Saddam?
Who you think idea that was to drop the bomb?
You get your shit rocked ma like Mustafa song
You blowing smoke you motherfucker, you should cop a bong
The nine Taurus jam a little bit, the Glock is strong
I move brutal and use voodoo like Papa Shango
Over a billion Muslims, you could never stop Islam
Over a billion bullets shooting from the chopper's arm
The backstage filled with liquor and a lot of traum'
Cause it's been hard on Vinnie since my father gone
I'm about to blow the fucking horns like it was Rosh Hashanah
This is the calm before the storm, Armageddon's on
Carry a motherfucker head that I shred in 'Nam
I speak literally, figuratively, the prophet gone

[Pacewon:]

I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time

[Jus Allah:]
You don't have to search and question
I have the purse and the murder weapon
Never get a second chance to make a first impression
I'm no virgin to murder and I'm an urban legend
Rather be of real service than to serve in Heaven
I don't like cops, I don't like co-operators
I don't like traitors or story corroborators
In any problem I'm the common denominator
My behaviour is the product of intoxicators
I'm just blood addicted, it's the other liquid
I'm above the limit off of the blood of the wicked
Don't even ask, there's somebody in the body bags
The blood matches what's on the hatchets and hockey mask
I'm never traumatized, I don't have to compromise
I don't have to economize the homicides
You tell Jesus to take the wheel, my faith is nil
I believe that even Jesus has a way to kill

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Weapon Of Unholy Wrath"

This the Official Pistol Gang, I put my mother on it
If I got beef, I ain't got beef, my brother on it
I just punch you in the face for nothing, I love the conflict
And all my grown New York brothers be gunning Spofford
Vinnie God-sent, I'm what Allah meant
Gucci frames, wild nerdy, call him Clark Kent
Me and Jus sat together on the park bench
And said if it wasn't money then it was nonsense
Keep steadily finding ways to stay better
You don't fight, you ducking fights, you Mayweather
Anyway you wanna put it butcher, slay, sever
You looking like Eddie in Delirious, gay leather
You arguing over who the best is but it's me though
I'm arguing over who was better Ozzy and Dio
Bruce Dickinson, Paul Di'Anno? Ay, dios mio
Mel Gibson a racist and Rick Ross is a CO

One's for more liquor, two's for more liquor
Honestly it's my everything, I adore liquor
One's for more trees, two's for more trees
Honestly it's my everything, I adore trees

One's for more liquor, two's for more liquor
Honestly it's my everything, I adore liquor
One's for more trees, two's for more trees
Honestly it's my everything, I adore trees

Yo there's more to life than guns and pleasure
It's just till I find something better
But I ain't ever gonna find a trunk of sunken treasure
I'm a troublemaker, not a fucking double-major
I love being with slug-traders and drug-takers
I have an attitude, my gun has a gattitude
We ain't trying to just have gas and fast food
I'm with high rollers and pistol holders
Gotta stay away from eye-rollers and whistle-blowers
If I ever come in contact with them motherfuckers
Contact a couple bloodsuckers and shovellers
I'm filled with the hate of jihadists and mass-murderers
Don't affiliate with pickpockets and cat burglars
Gotta keep my guard up, had a lot of hard luck
All I got is money for the bars and Starbucks
But why spend cash on snacks and SunChips?
When I can spend a stack on gats and gun clips

One's for more liquor, two's for more liquor
Honestly it's my everything, I adore liquor

One's for more trees, two's for more trees
Honestly it's my everything, I adore trees

One's for more liquor, two's for more liquor
Honestly it's my everything, I adore liquor
One's for more trees, two's for more trees
Honestly it's my everything, I adore trees

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Target Practice"

[Jus Allah:]
We come guns blazing like the young sons of Satan
Some occasions gun play comes into the equations
Gotta keep the chrome for home invasions and break-ins
Go to your location with no notification
Quick to pick up the Glocks, fill the clip to the top
Kill the kids, too little too big to adopt
Got a whole lot of lost souls, pick of the crop
Ain't playing the oldies when you hear the click and the pop
It's nothing but ice in my veins, the devil has a mic in my brain
Has a lot of good advice to retain
What's not to like about the guy who had Christ slain?
I don't have the right to gripe and complain
I have to hide the remains, I have to get Tide for the stains
I have to buy ties that can bind and restrain
I have to find lives to attain
I'm looking for a homicide, offering a ride from the rain

Yo buscare el camino hacia ti, yo buscare el camino a tu amor

All you motherfuckers days is numbered
Attack the winter and I slay the summer
Pressure bust pipes god, I don't pay the plumber
Y'all don't put me to sleep, it's more of a state of slumber
Pimp shit, smash skins like your favourite drummer
I'm a shooter and a shooter do what a shooter please
A history of the broken land of the Sudanese
I spit a verse and a motherfucking computer freeze
The right hand is a bomb, it'll cost you two MCs
It's suicide rapper you can hang from Judas trees
We destroy and rebuild while y'all just shoot the breeze
Me and Buddha are separated by two degrees
The army gear is military and the boots are trees
The kevlar isn't a problem, I'll just shoot his knees
I rock a Panerai watch, y'all are boosting tees
Dirty money on the block, I recoup with ease
Y'all can't afford a sixteen, I'm charging stupid fees

Yo buscare el camino hacia ti, yo buscare el camino a tu amor

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Carnival Of Souls"

(feat. Demoz)

[Vinnie Paz:]
I'm an ape in the cage, getting more amazing with age
AK's and Grenades, matter of fact I slay them with blades
They blantantly gays, faggots in berets at parades
And see, my team is unbeatable, the stadium staged
I'm basically crazed, walk in circles, pacing for days
I'm basically dazed, and lost inside a satanist maze
You face the brigade, I hate you and I pray you get AIDS
I go hard on hard beats, y'all to lazy to shave
Too lazy to bathe, and so y'all hate on the God
I'm sick of y'all eating off the same plate as the God
Y'all could never build or conversate with the God
You shooting guns off, I would bomb a nation for God
(I'm a suicide bomber) Y'all don't want no confrontation with God
Y'all are swine eaters, that's abomination to God
(Al hum'du Allah) So put some faith into God
The objective is to finally conquer fucking Satan with God

[Demoz:]
I think we got a problem, take me out this fucking column
See all these phony actors, I don't like these phony rappers
Fuck all the story telling, I don't like these story fables
You niggas sound like cable, fuck you and your fucking label

I think we got a problem, Vinnie Paz a fucking problem
Maserati, I'm a problem, Jus Allah's a fucking problem
Criticism from critics but we don't fucking care
All we hear is the drum beat and the fucking snare

All I got is too much hate, not enough love
Too many plates, not enough grub
Too many snakes in the grass
I gotta kill one, cause the gun ain't got enough slugs
Body under the belt, not enough blood
Shotty under the shelf, not enough thugs
You're a bitch you ain't gonna do shit, suck a dick
Cause I been had your bitch in the lobby on drugs
I ain't no plug, I ain't no snitch
I ain't no blood, I ain't no crip
Motherfucking hood, where I be, everyday
You don't like me?
Come see me nigga, I ain't no bitch
Far from the last man damn man
You could be the man what they said
So I focused on the damn plan
Face straight like I just did a handstand

Used to be shy now I'm focused like a head cam
Demoz, say hello to the sandman
Gun pop, good god where your man layin'
See that bitch right there with the damn tan
Couple shots put the bitch in the damn van
Take her home put her in the zone
Dick like an L, she gonna put it to the dome
Wack DVDs all these niggas in the streets
Showing niggas where they live and their fridge and their chrome
Nigga please
Do you really think I'm dumb enough to show a motherfucking nigga where I live at
Jeopardize where my wife and my kids at
Come home find my young boy kidnapped
Nigga hit that L that you hit, because you motherfuckin crazy if you think I will
Pistol Gang to the day I hang
Or I see my death, I'm gonna keep it real

I think we got a problem, take me out this fucking column
See all these phony actors, I don't like these phony rappers
Fuck all the story telling, I don't like these story fables
You niggas sound like cable, fuck you and your fucking label

[Jus Allah:]
You should make peace before we pull the peace-makers
I don't want the streets waking up the sleeping neighbours
I don't want police pacing up the streets later
But the killing has me feeling like a teenager
Sign your soul over, here's a blank piece of paper
I'll fill in the details, you can read it later
We should keep in contact, I may need a favour
It's not breach in contract, no release, and waivers
It's slavery and cheap labour is a decent bargain
It's monopoly, I'm landing on free parking
It's blood out here, gotta keep my teeth sharpened
Gotta keep cream, gotta keep a green garden
You doing everything you can just to keep from starving
I'm Rastafarian and partying, usually with more than one darling
It's disheartening, bitches know I ain't Romeo or Prince Charming

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Willing A Destruction Onto Humanity"

Hotboxing the whip with piff from the ziplock
Guns come from Big Lots, blunts from the Quick Stop
Scheming on a plot trying to rob Mr. Big Shot
Strip you for your little chip of the rock
Stay equipped with the Glocks, you left for dead sifting through rocks
Gave your girlfriend my dick in a box
All the dirt I got on my hands I should have rocks in my wristwatch
But I pick Glocks over chocolates in the gift box
Chase you down the staircase, pop you in the lobby
Feed you hot slugs, each shot is a hot tamale
Spot where we put the bodies is hot as the Mojave
Probably time to find a new hobby
Before cops is sending out the bloodhounds, rounding up the posse
Reckless niggas with more records than disc jockeys
Play their records on CNN and Hard Copy
Play the part where they show the heart in the autopsy

Everyone of you is alive, your death has got nothing to do with it
You already survived many deaths, but you don't know anything about it
How much have you learned in this life?
How much have you truly learned that makes a difference?

I'm a motherfucking headhunter, a cold winter to a dead summer
Doesn't matter the weather, I'm still a lead-dumper
You can find the fucking body in the red dumpster
20+ years, cousin couldn't dead hunger (Still hungry, motherfuckers)
See it's the gutter that I rap
I nickname gats, they my butterfly effect
The boxcutter or the TEC
Some of my brothers is on their deen, some of them provide the wet
And some of them provide the birdos
Jail motherfuckers that'll buck you on their furlough
I run through a wall, never heard of hurdles
Manos de Piedra, I'm Roberto, you a fucking herb though
I've been getting money since my third show
My new Kel-Tec is berzerko, only smoke the purple
Y'all just fucking stand around in circles
Me and Jus Allah controversial

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Chalice"

(feat. Chip Fu)

[Chip Fu:]
Now everybody talk 'bout this and that
They chit and chat but seem that them that know exactly what to say, hey
Even when everything is going astray (going astray, people)
No, no way
Cos when I see them that know, they running for the mountains
Like when them explode
And even when them gun exposed
See those
All the people that you have to keep away (Keep away y'all)
See trust me then they know

[Jus Allah:]
I have been to Hell before
Befriended the Devil and Skeletor
Wish I could visit the fellas more
Wish that I could get more bodies through the cellar doors
I'm always thinking of others
Should probably think of myself more
But I don't worry about sells and house scores
I'm more into L's than health stores
I like wars and whores, tours and shores
Liquor and Coors
Sex, cigarettes and sycamores
Always got one to roll up and one twirled
All about guns and girls in this underworld
So I got a truckload of guns and gusto
But I don't go around shooting ducks and buffalo
I like it when the streets are crowded
I don't think to be discreet about it
Drinkin' blood beats a salad
So I gotta put a lot of work in
Cause I'm usually thirsty again
Before it even leaves the palate

[Chip Fu:]
Now everybody talk 'bout this and that
They chit and chat but seem that them that know exactly what to say, hey
Even when everything is going astray (going astray, people)
No, no way
Cos when I see them that know, they running for the mountains
Like when them explode
And even when them gun exposed
See those
All the people that you have to keep away (Keep away y'all)
See trust me then they know

[Vinnie Paz:]
I'm shining out here, Jedi Mind grinding out here
I'm from Philly where it's filthy
Take your diamonds out here
Motherfuckers broke eating Top Ramen out here
Fuck the police, graff writers is bombing out here
Ain't nobody better at this fuckin' rhymin' I swear
Any second, any minute, any time of the year
I remember when it was nothing but violence out here
Now these faggots rappin' like they fucking common out here
I'm about to set the mother fuckin' drama out here
45s Gabilondo, big Llamas out here
Everybody think it's sweet cause now Obama out here
He the third cousin of Bush, he lyin' out here
You the lamb I'm the mother fuckin' lion out here
Where were y'all when my step father dyin' last year
I'm once in a lifetime, Halley's Comet out here
Gods and Earths and Moors, we Islamic out here, yeah

[Chip Fu:]
Now everybody talk 'bout this and that
They chit and chat but seem that them that know exactly what to say, hey
Even when everything is going astray (going astray, people)
No, no way
Cos when I see them that know, they running for the mountains
Like when them explode
And even when them gun exposed
See those
All the people that you have to keep away (Keep away y'all)
See trust me then they know

Y'all don't wanna fuck with us
Y'all don't really want to fuck with us
Y'all don't wanna fuck with us
Y'all could never fuck with us
Don't really want to fuck with us

Y'all don't wanna fuck with us
Y'all don't really want to fuck with us
Y'all don't wanna fuck with us
Y'all could never fuck with us
Don't really want to fuck with us

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Bloodborn Enemy"

You are really of the Devil.
Wait, I'm sure we can come to an arrangement.
I'll give you anything you want.

(Cause I gotta kill or be killed, counter attack)

I am the reverse of Christ, I am horrible, I'm the worst advice
I squeeze coal in my hand and then it converts to ice
My whole world is cold blood. It's a serpent's life
I was fighting in Damascus with a Persian knife
I burn a motherfucker head. I'm in Hell's Kitchen
Fuck a cop, fuck a bitch, fucking Mel Gibson
The new wakata on the street smell different
I was rocking Jordan 7s while you sell Pippens
Everyone I trust in a box
So talking to y'all is just like talking to cops
Call me boxcutter Pazzi cause I walk with the ox
And though he ain't here physically I walk with my pops
Yeah but physically I walk with the Glock
And if an officer is shooting then an officer's shot
I'm a fat guinea motherfucker, walk with a bop
And it ain't never been a question if he soft or he not

Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Kill or be killed counter-attack

Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Kill or be killed counter-attack

All I think about is crime, I forgot to buy a valentine
I'm out my motherfucking mind in a crowded line
Full-time murderer, no time to buy furniture
Rather re-clip burners than clip through the circular
Rather be a burglar than flip burgers
Any stitch of work will make me wanna commit murder
I am all thugs and drug fiends, screams and blood streams
Guns that can sink submarines, clubs and love scenes
Thugs in hot tubs, queens and umpteens, Vodka, Rock of Love
Angels and adversaries, Raspberry Absolut
Hash and grass, V8 splash, passion fruit
Life is a battle, I'm out of sight with dim lighters around
Knife and a frown, just another night on the town
Endless horrors of manslaughter days in a row

Leave you all dressed up, no place to go

Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Cause I gotta kill or be killed counter-attack
Kill or be killed counter-attack

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Sacrilege Of Fatal Arms"

The kind of music you play scares people
Why shouldn't people be scared by you?

[Vinnie Paz:]
Vinnie scream "fuck the world" like Shakur
Y'all ain't never really enlist, you pussies stuck in war
Stick a bottle through the esophagus, I'll pop your jaw
I ain't worried about them, they drop deader than Rocky 4
I'm Willie Pep on the defensive, Vinnie box them all
Y'all are pussies, y'all see faggots and y'all will drop your drawers
I'm the hardest motherfucker, I'll stop a storm
I walked into the jungle, cut off all the lion's paws
Black gloves, black mask so who would've seen him?
Y'all don't shoot, y'all play with guns, you Gilbert Arenas
We ain't from the same pain, it's different procedures
Me and Jus the same veins and same intravenous
Yeah, I judge a man by how he dies
Stuff his ass inside a van then the coward dies
Jus Allah who I turn to in a scuffle
Muscle never turns to fat, fat turns to muscle

I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I'll send you home in a body bag you fag
I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I got a problem solver and his name is revolver

I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I'll send you home in a body bag you fag
I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I got a problem solver and his name is revolver

[Jus Allah:]
My niggas will put your dome in a wall from one phone call
Trying to be such a fucking know-it-all
Niggas pop a hole in your boy, put you with Pope John Paul
Shove your body inside of a hole in the wall
I survived every close call, keep the guns loaded to brawl
It's the overall protocol
Y'all just throwing a whole lot of shit at the wall
I'm throwing a mix of nitrogen and glycerol
We get the pistols from the Big and Tall, you in the trash
Your phone got a million missed calls
I'm with half an ounce and a whole lot of alcohol
I'm blacking out, I'm always around the outlaws
Day in and day out it's murder on the menu
As your team searches for missing persons continue
I'm in blackness where black magic is practiced

It's the habitat where my gat's the happiest

I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I'll send you home in a body bag you fag
I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I got a problem solver and his name is revolver

I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I'll send you home in a body bag you fag
I'm the unforgiving, psycho-driven murderer
I got a problem solver and his name is revolver

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Street Lights"

I have the killing gene, I have machine guns and guillotines
I'm the guerrilla of Philistines, I'm living the killer's dream
I just let the victim kick and scream
Get the blood and smithereens out with Mr. Clean
Separate your figurine into different dumpsters
I'm getting hungrier and I ain't getting any younger
Niggas should've killed me, now the wait's longer
And the incapability made me stronger
I'm 'a die in service, I serve a higher purpose
I ain't nervous of what surfaces from wire searches
Mom sits inside a church reciting Bible verses
I'm entitled to idle my homicidal urges
I don't prefer help, getting to the death quotients
It works by itself set in perpetual motion
But I remove it, there's some probability to use it
Cause I might lose it, present company included

The street light is the only light that ever shine
Kill devils with metal from the Beretta nine
If I shine I shine heavy metal grind
Must be out your fucking mind, never question mine

The street light is the only light that ever shine
Kill devils with metal from the Beretta nine
If I shine I shine heavy metal grind
Must be out your fucking mind to ever question mine

You should never upset the man, the bullets the size of Pepsi cans
I am godly while y'all are doing the best you can
Me and Jus Allah lions and the rest are lambs
I am possibly atrocity in West Sudan
I'm humanism, I'm through the prism of western man
I'm pugilism, I'm voodooism, I bless the sand
My hands are made of titanium, I could wreck a van
Lazarus, I am from Damascus and I am Sham
I ain't letting go until the fucking clip is done
Y'all offbeat, every word I speak hit the drum
The most beautiful thing to me is a glistening gun
I find y'all is entertainment while I'm sipping rum
And if I ever fall on hard luck
I'll put some white on the street like a salt truck
Cause I ain't trying to be hungry again
With these lowlife motherfucking dummies again, never again god

The street light is the only light that ever shine
Kill devils with metal from the Beretta nine
If I shine I shine heavy metal grind

Must be out your fucking mind, never question mine

The street light is the only light that ever shine
Kill devils with metal from the Beretta nine
If I shine I shine heavy metal grind
Must be out your fucking mind to ever question mine

豐JEDI
MIND
TRICKS
The Thief
and the Fallen
ES-LP-1502
PARENTAL
ADVISORY

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Intro"

"A thousand tomorrows follow each other
Is there security in that tomorrow?
There is security in the pursuit of tomorrow
In the pursuit of the future
Which is time."

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Poison In The Birth Water"

You motherfuckers better guard your grill, conquer the kill and bow to the architect
Every single beat and rhyme is poisonous as arsenic
Murder just a part of it, I can see the art in it
I can see the pain and the fallen angel in all of it
You a shell of your former self and that's unfortunate
Artillery is heavy and ammunition inordinate
I would never start a fucking war that wasn't warranted
Bullets flying back and forth at you like it's an argument
I'm up to here in shit; it's either shovel it or walk in it
It doesn't go away just cause you choosing not to talk of it
I don't even rhyme over a beat: I fucking torture it
Like taking a butterfly and ripping the wings off of it
There's drama, muhfucker, then I'ma be at the heart of it
Take his fucking head and demolish it
I'm on some Damala shit, Mississippi, maul a God, all of it
You a sweet vic, Pa, lighter than a Parliament

"Straight up and down, you don't want no conflict"
"I draw first blood, it's over with, and that's that"
"Cause I'ma send you home with your muthafucking teeth missin"
"The worst slaughter / Devils poisoning the birth water"
"Straight up and down, you don't want no conflict"
"I draw first blood, it's over with, and that's that"
"Cause I'ma send you home with your muthafucking teeth missin"
"The worst slaughter / Devils poisoning the birth water"

You muhfuckas ain't cut like that
Have your whole fam wondering where they loved one at
And the po-9 wondering where they suspect at
I ain't doing five bullets, money, fuck that rap
I will cut that cat, I will put him in the ambulance
Bullets from the automatic make 'em do the Hammer Dance
You a lost cause, muhfucka never had a chance
Pazienza rhyme like a muhfuckin' avalanche
I'ma let this big Colt four-five rip off
And lift a muhfucka off his feet like a tip-off
Son got mangled cause he was starting to lip off
I hit him till his shoulders touched back like a kickoff
I talked a lot of shit for years and dumbed out
But that's why we have two ears and one mouth
Nowadays, most of my peers has run out
And that's why ghosts appear at son house

"Straight up and down, you don't want no conflict"
"I draw first blood, it's over with, and that's that"
"Cause I'ma send you home with your muthafucking teeth missin"
"The worst slaughter / Devils poisoning the birth water"

"Straight up and down, you don't want no conflict"
"I draw first blood, it's over with, and that's that"
"Cause I'ma send you home with your muthafucking teeth missin"
"The worst slaughter / Devils poisoning the birth water"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Rival The Eminent"

(feat. Lawrence Arnell)

[Vinnie Paz:]
Listen y'all do not want beef
I will 86 a pussy, La Couspaude
I ain't talking to this parle if I'm not gon' beef
If I take an L, I take an L and that's on me, you see
I waited all day, mama gravy-made
And if the bitch behave herself, I'll take her down to Katie Spade
You disrespect me, I Glock a pussy like Flavor Flav
The Ghost Rider, the coke whiter than mayonnaise
And you don't want an issue with the Kings
Cause muhfuckas walk around with pistols in they jeans
It ain't always superficial as it seems
Cause we had a little issue that was ripping at the seams
But now we back again, on a Stoupe track again
Heavenly Divine when I taught you about the Vatican
We smoking wakata sippin' on the yak again
Edwin died, so we had to get up out the trap again yeeeah

[Lawrence Arnell:]
Time travelin', swords rattle, we Cry Battle
Jackets is full metal, we be throwin' em at you
Build you a shrine, have your people make you a statue
That's what happens when disaster comes natural
Time travelin', swords rattle, we Cry Battle
Jackets is full metal, we be throwin' em at you
Build you a shrine, have your people make you a statue
That's what happens when disaster comes natural

[Vinnie Paz:]
Either we shoot the guns or we shoot the five
But either way you shootin with Vinnie is choosin suicide
I ain't tryna fuck around with y'all or catch a 2 to 5
But I ain't gon' let you disrespect me you will lose your lives (you motherfuckers will die)
C'mon why you tryna compete dude?
Break your fuckin' jaw now your only option to eat soup
Chop the muhfucker up, I don't need a complete loop
Me and Stoupe just needed a couple minutes to recoup
And I ain't got the whole entire fam in yet
There's a bunch of shit that I ain't got my hand in yet
Listen, you can't even walk that shit
You got jewels? I will make you come up off that shit, stupid
I ain't made hajj, but I'ma do it soon
Momma still crack me in the head with a wooden spoon
C'mon, dummy, why you do that for?
I'm the Hacksaw, crack y'all, 2x4, yeah

[Lawrence Arnell:]
Time travelin', swords rattle, we Cry Battle
Jackets is full metal, we be throwin' em at you
Build you a shrine, have your people make you a statue
That's what happens when disaster comes natural
Time travelin', swords rattle, we Cry Battle
Jackets is full metal, we be throwin' em at you
Build you a shrine, have your people make you a statue
That's what happens when disaster comes natural

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Hell's Messenger"

I don't leave nothing to chance, it's no one to guess
And I play everything real close to the chest
The 2016 Range Rover is next
And I walk through the Valley of Death with no stress
Marvelous money to murder y'all, gold bullion
Fifty dudes, parkside, killers wear skully on
That's the glass table that I'm putting your medulla on
Black trees, black ski mask, black uniform
The shiny black .45 is my bitch
Cause I understand that nothing in the world is a gift
Ain't no magic what I'm doin', ain't no Merlin in this
The stupidity the reason Donald Sterling exist (you stupid fuck)
I was eating pills with Van Morrison in Gloria
At the Waldorf Astoria, called shorty up
If you're looking for a father figure, call Maury up
You a Dr. Seuss rapper, made the whole story up

Who the one that always gotta drink?
- That's me!
Always getting thrown into the bing?
- That's me!
The one that always holding all the hammers?
- That's me!
Who run up in the club and go bananas?
- That's me!
Who the one that always gotta drink?
- That's me!
Always getting thrown into the bing?
- That's me!
The one that always holding all the hammers?
- That's me!
Who run up in the club and go bananas?
- That's me!

Oyster Perpetual and bottles of Chandon
Everything you thought that existed is long gone
Waiting on an opium shipment from Hong Kong
Y'all approach to what we created is all wrong
Everything that we emulated are raw songs
Everything that y'all haven't made is in poor form
ECW Jerry Lynn when he fought Storm
You an asshole masturbating to soft porn
No guns, iron deficiency, you anemic
Audio heroin intravenous, my sun like Phoenix
Love the second the boss seen it
The route take longer but it's much more scenic
See, me and my brothers have been waiting for a while now

Giving you the time to get your wack-ass style down
Matter fact I think we gon' have us a pow-wow
Your guns go boom-boom, mines go BAOW BAOW

Who the one that always gotta drink?
- That's me!
Always getting thrown into the bing?
- That's me!
The one that always holding all the hammers?
- That's me!
Who run up in the club and go bananas?
- That's me!
Who the one that always gotta drink?
- That's me!
Always getting thrown into the bing?
- That's me!
The one that always holding all the hammers?
- That's me!
Who run up in the club and go bananas?
- That's me!

Stoupe whattup!!
They bitin' our shit, silly, Papa
That's why we gotta reinvent the whole shit
Yo, word is God, I ain't dissing y'all by name
I just slappin' y'all in the face, stealin' our shit, man
How many years? 15 years?
Nah that's not long enough

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Merchant Of War"

While you cuddlin' a harlot? I sleep with the four
Official Pistol Gang, we be the reapers of war
It doesn't mean that you welcome cause you kick in the door
I'm the boss, why you filing grievances for?
Graff writers use the thump out toys
Keeping both eyes open for them jump-out boys
I will body motherfuckers if they pump that noise
Been down since Disco 3, become Fat Boys
Let me fall back, let me take a sip at the bar
Cause Vinnie in the hood like I'm fixing your car
I'm the overlord, I don't need permission from y'all
I get a migraine every time I listen to y'all
Listen y'all ain't never live in abyss
Where them hollow tip bullets spit quicker than Rittz
The nine always concealed, I'm letting this bitch breathe
Your body gonna be mistaken for Swiss cheese

The front and the back, what you want? Where you at?
When my killers with the pistol grip pump on your lap
Where the blunt? Where the gat?
Where the funk? Where the strap?
When my killers with the pistol grip pump on your lap

This another hell storm, point blank mail bomb
The ambulance take you away and not Calgon
Dirt weed in a backpack full of Krylon
Move rock for yards without seeing the pylon
None of y'all could ever be on the level that I'm on
Traveling trajectories with crystals made of ion
Jeffrey Hunter need to find another place to die on
I don't know what drugs y'all muhfuckers high on
Whoever told you, you should do it, gave you bad advice
I'mma put a few in you, then blast you in the afterlife
You ain't even half as nice, bloodier than passion Christ
You want a body? Give me a pen, a bottle and glass of ice
I'mma do it my way, fish and edamame
Chase a very fine glass of wine with a latté
My music age well like it's related to Sadé
Vinnie put a few shots into 'em like Bombay

The front and the back, what you want? Where you at?
When my killers with the pistol grip pump on your lap
Where the blunt? Where the gat?
Where the funk? Where the strap?
When my killers with the pistol grip pump on your lap

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"La Montagna Del Dio Cannibale (Interlude)"

(feat. Yes Alexander)

The fakeness of your stare
Will be what kills me horribly
I will bring me back home

The fatal instinct of fire keeps you warm
And can burn you to death
Will you keep me warm?
Or leave me to burn?

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Fraudulent Cloth"

(feat. Eamon)

[Vinnie Paz:]
Our friendship seemed to be based on what I could do for you, homie
The sad fact is I'm the type of person that would take two for you, homie
You ever give so much till a muhfucker can't give no more?
Give so much of his soul that he feel he can't live no more?
What you want from me? You want blood from me, want another dub from me, money?
You wanna drain me of every single motherfucking drop of love from me, money?
I can feel the eyes staring at me even when it's dark, even when it's cold
I can feel Allah staring at me even though I'm marked, even though I'm old
Y'all are just some "gimme" muhfuckers, "take more off Vinnie" muhfuckers
Never giving back, don't know how to act, just a bunch of shitty muhfuckers
Gradually night goes on, gradually life goes on
It's tearing me apart, never really thought that I'd have to right this wrong
I don't think I'm anti-love, I just think I'm anti-y'all
I just think I'm anti-every-muhfucker-tryna-plan-my-fall
I was never planning to be great, something that began as a mistake
But me being me, mama always told me I should always share what's on the plate

[Eamon:]
And just waking up is enough of a struggle today
And most of these phonies that's close to me push me away
But there ain't no weeping I'm keeping this enemy deep in my veins
Cause I love the pain

[Vinnie Paz:]
And just waking up is enough of a struggle, I don't wanna deal with the darkness
Have a motherfucker laid up by himself tryna heal from the conflict
Ever have someone close to you tell you that you really can't when you can?
I wouldn't know nothing 'bout that bullshit and that's the stamp of a man
And the same one who blamed me, the same one who defamed me
Can't make his own cash, can't wipe his own ass like a baby
Everything is past or it's light, everything is passion and hate
Everything is everything and I don't think I need to keep a track of the date
Everybody take what I offer, everybody play like a pauper
The same ones with they hands out, be the same ones that hate when I prosper
Tryna be a gentleman of sorts, tryna be a better man, of course
Tryna set a living, understand that I'ma always be a veteran of loss
What's the physiology of love? What's the physiology of pain?
What's the physiology of every single person that will probably get to reign?
I don't like when liberty is wrong, I don't like when misery is gone
I can tell all y'all one thing: all y'all gone' miss me when I'm gone

[Eamon:]
And just waking up is enough of a struggle today
And most of these phonies that's close to me push me away
But there ain't no weeping I'm keeping this enemy deep in my veins

Cause I love the pain
And just waking up is enough of a struggle today
And most of these phonies that's close to me push me away
But there ain't no weeping I'm keeping this enemy deep in my veins
Cause I love the pain

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"And God Said To Cain"

(feat. Afro AKA All Flows Reach Out, R.A. the Rugged Man & Eamon)

[A-F-R-O as Don Corleone:]
Don Corleone here to tell you about loyalty, respect
And underground shit

[A-F-R-O:]
The myth of a man let your bridges wither and dance
Oblivious now, primitive, I'm Olympian, now it's routed in pistols
Allow me to buy the album, child imbeciles
I was a coward out to intend powerful minutes for
The crowd, the men, the rowdy, loudest towered sour diesel
Out to seek a pile of reeking, reaching demons, wild deacons
Denial deep, denial seek the child
Teaching my own preaching means
And thinking why I'm leaving rhymes leaking by the evening
Who'da thought the hammer hit ya?
The Ruger spark, leave you handicapped, trapped in wheelchairs
Drop bomb, calm flow forming on
Important, I'm raw mob (Don Corleone)
Take this offer, the vengeance refuse to
Amend all you're used to, remember that you're useful
Uh, and the Godfather speaks
R.A. and Vinnie Paz, Stoupe on the beat
Let's go, Let's get it

[A-F-R-O & Eamon:]
You go against the family, you get buried
It's R.A., A-F-R-O, Stoupe and Vinnie P
Cause most these rappers nowadays is fairies
And y'all could never fuck with JMT
(Fuck around and catch a left and a right fist)

[R.A. The Rugged Man:]
Yo, to the piano blue diablo, do an Amadou Diallo
Out the Kilimanjaro, animal, Italiano
Mario Bava giallo, I beat Apollo, you eat a hollow
Hole in your middle, look like a seed of avocado
Life gone, I'm beyond body harm, carry an arm in my palm
Leave you bloodier than Carrie at the prom
Man, Van Damme kick a foe
Mantan
Wigger, whoa Bam Bam Bigelow, bigger flow, Riddick Bowe
Summer eighties Bananarama, da ha da ha
Had the hammer to Alabama to where the crackers are
Animated Hanna Barbera rather Cameron Avatar
Stamina like the man out of Panama, Paz and Allah
Macking Mary Magdalene, Howard Hewett from Shalamar

Rapping assassin like I'm back with Rawkus and Agallah
Pill to a blondie, the ill Bill Cosby
Ill hobby, kill the body, Ingagi, I killed Gandhi
I like Chi-Lites, dice and knife fights
Mics syllables slang slit you, scissor precise slice
Sacrifice, lose suitable beautiful life price
And I could conquer the Devil and I could revise Christ, c'mon

[A-F-R-O & Eamon:]
You go against the family, you get buried
It's R.A., A-F-R-O, Stoupe and Vinnie P
Cause most these rappers nowadays is fairies
And y'all could never fuck with JMT
(Fuck around and catch a left and a right fist)

[Vinnie Paz:]
The mythical man, who come from indivisible fam
You pitiful fam, this shit is gon' get physical fam
You kicking the can, I'm visual like Dario Argento
Like stabbing you with a pencil inside of the instrumental
If that ain't what you was into, I'll slide inside of your mental
And provide you with a rhyme, that can silence the instrumental
I body you with the Ginsu, but that'll probably be drawn
It's not so hidden, the God economy gone
And I'mma probably be wrong and y'all will probably be on
The anomaly is how you'll be on a quality song
The bodies is on my lawn, the bodies have been deformed
The bodies have been piling up, but I've been silently calm
I had to sound the alarm, I had to try to get rid of em
Riddlin' with the Ritalin, little bit of adrenaline
A little bit of medicine in the middle of Ital' and
The only way to really begin again is to end again

[A-F-R-O & Eamon:]
You go against the family, you get buried
It's R.A., A-F-R-O, Stoupe and Vinnie P
Cause most these rappers nowadays is fairies
And y'all could never fuck with JMT
(Fuck around and catch a left and a right fist)

[DJ Kwestion:]
You know who I am
I'm back and ready to fight
You know who I am
Come out your belly and get shot drastically
You know who I am
I'm back and ready to fight
You know who I am

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Destiny Forged In Blood"

You came thru the door, with the chain and the saw
And the 'caine and the raw, and the flame on the four
I would never think that you could change to the core
But I seen't it before and it strangled the boy
And I remember that we was workin' hard for the deal
When you giving everything inside ya heart, and it's real
The only white boy that was sharp for the kill
But Eminem was evidently harboring skill
And the arson was real, and the starvin' was real
Are you kidding me? Literally, all the darkness was real
And the sharks in the field, make it hard to appeal
The apartment was filled, with the dark and the pills
That was just an element that's par for the course
And we signed on the dots, and we fought, and we lost
And we won, when we brought our fuckin' gun to the courts
Now me and my two brothers is just one with the boss yeaaah

Don't ever in ya life play God with me
I'm a seven time rhyme winner you's a nominee
Hit me with a passport, stone, drugs, ornery
Bullets spit fast God, Bone Thugs Harmony
And don't even question who I'm targeting
It ain't no one specific, this is just a slaughtering
This is just an offering, this is just a torturing
This is just an everyday occurrence of The Sharpening
This is just a neutron bomb in the palm
I'm the God, I'm the wrong, I'm the calm in the storm
I'm the ever living every single garment that's worn
I'm Imam, I'm Islam, I'm the thorn and the horn, baby
I was on the mic ("1, 2 – is this thing on?")
You was just an asshole, rama lama ding dong
Bullets go forth back, back forth, ping pong
Vinnie hold arms like a person with a sling on, yeaaaah

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Il Tuo Vizio E Una Stanza Chiusa E Solo Io Ne Ho La Chiave (Interlude)"

(feat. Yes Alexander)

My love please do with me what is dear
And the love that could keep us apart again
No gun nor blade will keep me from loving you
Even without body I will stay true
I will not love you to fade away
To the end my darling
To the end, to the end

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Deathless Light"

Official Pistol, guns drawn

When you pray for the rain, you gotta deal with the mud
And when you pray for the pain, you gotta deal with the blood
You ain't capable to hate, if you ain't able to love
But it get muddy in the middle, so I stay with the snub
And I'm Official Pistol 'til the veins stop runnin'
You in hell and it's hot when them trains stop runnin'
And you don't have a choice when the game start dummin'
And your physical is still, but your brain start runnin'
Why I let them eat, but I must have been out of it
Like walked in a portal inside of Being John Malkovich
Y'all are talking loud, but you should just turn it down a bit
Your hands over your head, like you was reading a counterfeit
And I don't rhyme over nothing if it don't sound sick
And all of y'all muhfuckers bite is like a brown pit
Clap at you, like you wearing cap and gown shit
A bunch of Sicilianos shoot at you inside a Crown Vic'

I don't know you, and you don't know me
We should go separate ways, I'ma keep it OG
Come on, I don't know you and you don't know me
You should go that-away, I'ma keep it OG

Young boys out here think that rappin' is dead
Glorifying dirt bags and they trappin' instead
I'ma resurrect hardbody rap from the dead
Crucify 'em like Christ, put a rack on his head
I've been here for twenty years, and y'all have been here for two days
Ain't nobody talking to you dippin' into Kool-Aid
Razor under the tongue, I cut you like a school day
Blood spill in high definition like a Blu Ray
The bullets in this motherfucker small, but the shotty big
Recoil make you kick back like Karate Kid
I ain't tryna offend a motherfucker but I prolly did
I ain't playing 'round, motherfucker, some'n gotta give
But I don't give a fuck, money, I will get your nana hit
Vinnie a gorilla, I will feed you a banana clip
Only way to get 'em dirty is to get your hands in it
And I don't play politics, I was never a fan of it

I don't know you, and you don't know me
We should go separate ways, I'ma keep it OG
Come on, I don't know you and you don't know me
You should go that-away, I'ma keep it OG

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"No Jesus, No Beast"

The murder hadn't occurred to me, burgundy wasn't burgundy
Purposely earth to me like a virgin had given birth to me
It's irking me that you would consider uttering words to me
Nervously urging me to keep killing and killing perfectly
Certainly third degree burns followed by having surgery
When he deferred to me, he was poisoned by drinking mercury
Hurdling over things that are currently in my periphery
It's all a blur to me, I was never sensing the urgency
Never sensing emergency, never sensing the thrill
Never sensing the certainty, never searching the kill
Was never searching, everything was done in the name of wicked
The brother's name was indifferent, the hunger pain wasn't lifted
That was Satan, black wings and a man made pedestal
The only fucking rapper could see me is my identical
Another story, another chapter, another parable
I missed making music with Stoupe, cause he incredible

"God is the 777"

Vocally none of y'all are approaching me or come close to me
Hopefully you're aware that you only holding my groceries
Openly holding the only opening in the hope to me
Provoking me is only gonna result in a choking spree
Supposedly I was sent by holiness, it's unknown to me
Loaning me Book of Law without Aleister Crowley owning me
Globally doing things that you only could dream of locally
I son you motherfuckers like you was peddling dope for me
The guns is always with me so I would never feel lonely
Combine it with the fact that I'm irresponsible socially
Supposed to be the art of the mechanism of action
Embezzlement of the fraction, the pessimism of passion
It had to be the psyche and the cunning of the Assassin
The tongue will give you a lashing like Punisher when he's rapping
I bludgeon you just for asking where the other fucking rapper is
Chopping bodies up and mail 'em out in several packages

"God is the 777"

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Kingdom That Worshipped The Dead"

(feat. Dilated Peoples)

All over the U.S States, even London

[Evidence:]
Yo, I trust the pain, what I say is best
What my studio suggests, my life is a mess
Standing in the rain playing Reign Of The Tec
A big bang in my dame, still claiming respect (Fuck)
Known for sunsets, know they go west
A rolling stone don't stay in no nest (No)
Fresh off the plane and played with no rest
No gang, so I came in the game with no vest
I keep it simple life officially free (Right?)
Rolling up tobacco with medicinal weed (Hahaha)
You hear the rapture in my laughter
Create greatness from the visions that I capture
I'm after the gold and after that platinum shit
I think I'm over that, cause that ain't gonna happen
In L.A. my whole life, so I'm sick of the glamor
But I can make an order fill clicking on the camera

Check it, who wants to disrespect?
The undefeated, undisputed
Crazy hardcore, no sell out
Everyone in my circle is dominating

[Rakaa:]
Sacrifice, born twice, the messiah and Christ
The height of the night, the darker the times, the brighter the light
The truth is often lost in the score
That pure life essence left on the cutting edge of the sword
Good lord, I grab the mic like a biblical staff
It's mythical math, baptism, miracle bath
Calligraphy is graphic, graffiti's scribbled in wrath
That'll split you straight down the middle in half
Or get your cantaloupe slipped in your jab
It's the expanded man, 'mano y mano' meaning 'hand to hand'
Each coward standing for nothing, they don't stand a chance
When reality falls heavy as an avalanche
The rock n roll hall of fame mind frame rhyme scheme
Man of war, I don't chase trends, I make times change
Rakaa's Jedi High Council, rare honorary Pharaoh
Learn to aim a little high to hit your target with the arrow

Check it, who wants to disrespect?
The undefeated, undisputed
Crazy hardcore, no sell out

Everyone in my circle is dominating

Check it, who wants to disrespect?
The undefeated, heavyweight
Crazy hardcore, no sell out
All over the U.S. States, even London

[Vinnie Paz:]
C'mon, dummy, your whole squad trash
Money piled up like an interstate car crash
I don't waste time cause y'all ain't worth a dog's ass
I could smell pussy from the time you first walked past
Sosa told The Skull to kill Tony
And how you gonna ask for more, but still owe me
Some of y'all 'round the real, but still phony
The six by eight in the box is real lonely
I'm tired of these muhfuckers, that's in my coat tail
They're only in my cypher, cause they know that I sold well
Throw this rap muhfucker over the boat rail
Marciano and Shala, hope that it goes well
This traitor over here, he a snitch like Avena
And his career only seen on the History Channel
I'm Cobain when he playing every riff in the flannel
Ain't you house trained yet? You still piss in the kennel, stupid

Check it, who wants to disrespect?
The undefeated, undisputed
Crazy hardcore, no sell out
Everyone in my circle is dominating

Check it, who wants to disrespect?
The undefeated, heavyweight
Crazy hardcore, no sell out
All over the U.S. States, even London
All over the U.S. States, even London
All over the U.S. States, even London

It's over

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The God Supreme"

I feel sorry for your mom muhfucker, you a waste
When I say that you my dog, I mean a muzzle in your face
The streets and the deen have me struggling with faith
The guns mad big like Mutombo on the waist
I'm a gorilla, God, jungle is my habitat
Murder many infidel, Yasser Arafat
How you wanna talk shit and tuck your chain after that
Infrared beam green, aim it where your cabbage at
Dirty money lord you can check the back plate
Run up on this ras clot, show him how the gat tastes
It's a million muhfuckas in the rat race
I ain't part of that God, y'all can get the gas face
Fuck all fates, see you at Allah gates
All my dogs gonna swarm on you like raw steaks
Pies and jums, I'mma let 'em all bake
And if Vinnie here, rap in good hands like Allstate

It's the storm without the calm, a pistol in my palm
It's the blood being drawn from your body on this song
It's the life that I'm living, no fucks that I'm giving
It's a murder scene, tell the fucking ambulance to get 'em
It's the storm without the calm, a pistol in my palm
It's the blood being drawn from your body on this song
It's the life that I'm living, no fucks that I'm giving
It's a murder scene, tell the fucking ambulance to get 'em

I'm always trying to break bread
Always trying to take the fucking crown so I can take heads
Underground rappers, more bummier than bass-heads
Head-shots leave y'all Planet of The Apes dead
Jeff Chandler, I'mma let them hands fly
Just in case, Vinnie keep shooters on standby
Anybody told you any different, it's a damn lie
You ain't really beef, real beef get pan-fried
I be in Japan high, y'all be on some stupid shit
Philly streets, muhfuckers cross you like a crucifix
In sha Allah, I'mma be alive like Busilvex
Four pound, break your chest up like Mucinex
Dead cause I said so, I'mma let the TEC blow
Fiends lined up like an Air Jordan retro
Ill from the get-go, I just caught a homi'
The bullets pierce kevlar, hotter than wasabi

It's the storm without the calm, a pistol in my palm
It's the blood being drawn from your body on this song
It's the life that I'm living, no fucks that I'm giving
It's a murder scene, tell the fucking ambulance to get 'em

It's the storm without the calm, a pistol in my palm
It's the blood being drawn from your body on this song
It's the life that I'm living, no fucks that I'm giving
It's a murder scene, tell the fucking ambulance to get 'em

Official Pistol Gang
Official Pistol Gang

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"In The Coldness Of A Dream"

(feat. Thea Alana)

[Thea Alana:]
Heaven or hell, which one was your home?
You lived on the edge of death with your gun

[Vinnie Paz:]
The deepest deepness is only chaos and death
Séance and breath when they play on the flesh
A queen like Neferu lay on his chest
The dïn is forever, take prey on success
I can find God without needing a coordinate
Hand to hand, man to man, feeding the unfortunate
Seven gold cities of Cibola isn't all of it
Cut a lion's head off and wear it like an ornament
This isn't something that's conventional in its origin
It's a situation of people needing some more from him
It's primordial for the Devil that want a war with him
Chaos and conflict always has been the norm for him
He was a product of Makavelian myth
Sacred mushrooms and some Amerindian piff
The Navajo twins that carried me in the mist
To Korriban and into the academy of the Sith

[Thea Alana:]
Heaven or hell, which one was your home?
You lived on the edge of death with your gun
Your wounds became scars
When you murdered your storm
You levitate high up above

[Vinnie Paz:]
Either physically or non-physically, I'm still getting paid
Hovercraft move like an Escalade in Everglades
Wise men only reminisce over better days
Groups of lamb legs served with teriyaki marinade
Mind like Stanley when he was directing Spartacus
I was getting drowned in the dark abyss
Now I'm like an arsonist
Fill your fucking body up with cartridges
And catch enough homi's, that'll open up an orphanage
And they don't know the father is a product of the rules
It's silently and vitally inviting you to lose
The truth you're looking for isn't seen in the world news
It shouldn't have effect on the healings that y'all choose
Y'all ain't have the pleasure to live life in hell
The guns mad big and sing like Adele
Ain't no other word got a ring like 'rebel'

The weight is mad heavy and bring life to scale, stupid

[Thea Alana:]
Heaven or hell, which one was your home?
You lived on the edge of death with your gun
Your wounds became scars
When you murdered your storm
You levitate high up above

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Lemarchand's Box"

(feat. Yes Alexander)

[J. Krishnamurtit:]
The future is what we are now
What is now... And the pain of separation and the fear of death
What we are now, that's our consciousness, that's our being

[Yes Alexander:]
Every time you fall asleep
They crawl right inside you
Wake, you feel them creeping away
At your light

Tear off your skin
Gon' slowly tear off your skin
Tear off your skin
Gon' slowly tear off your skin

[Vinnie Paz:]
I got you, you got me
I got you, you got me
I got you, you got me
You got me, I got you
I got you, you got me
I got you, you got me
I got you, you got me

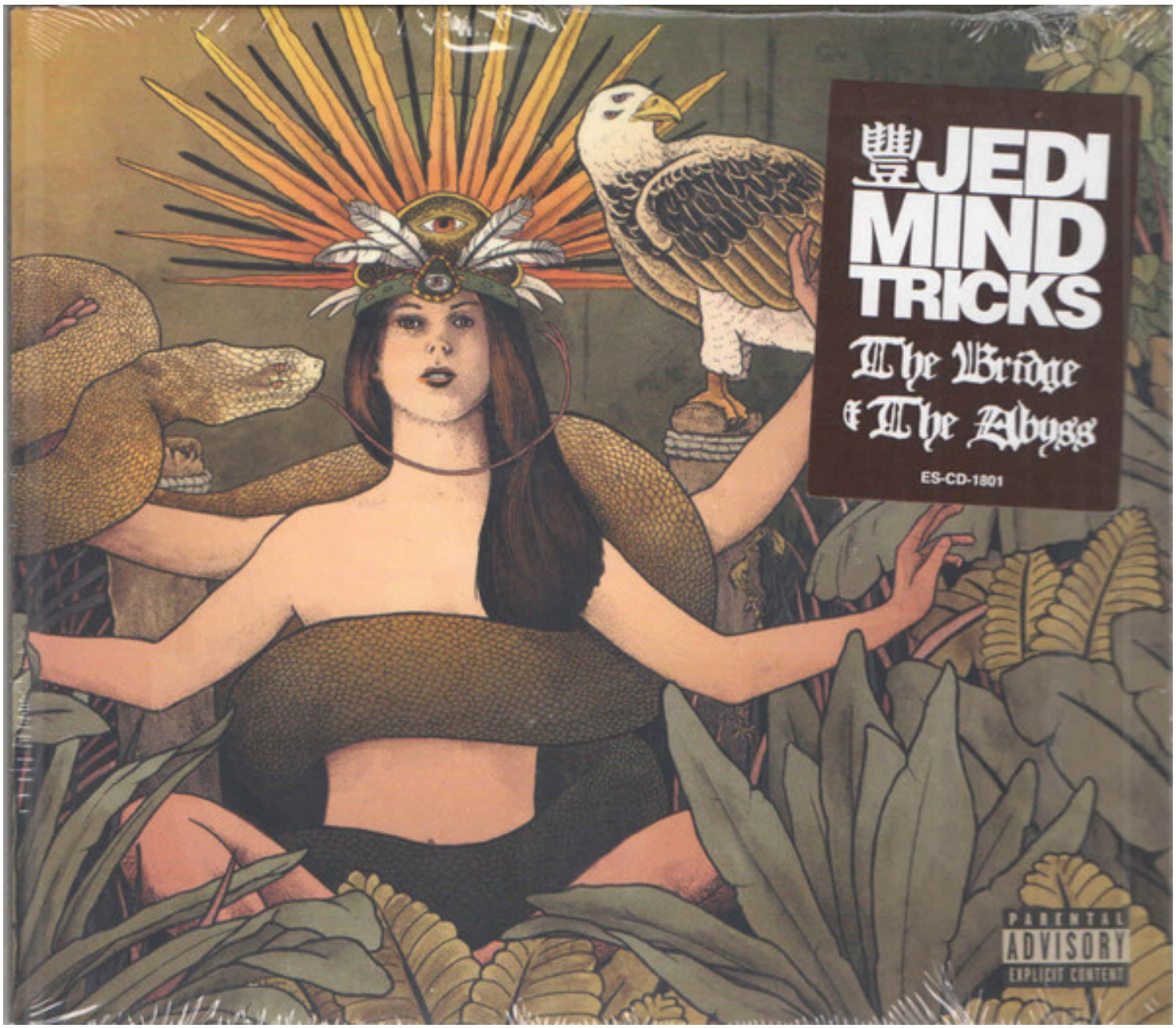
The Book and the Blood On Jerusalem Street
And the Midnight Meat Train movin' the heat
Rawhead Rex had Coot in his teeth
Every single one of y'all food for the beast
And the human remains are the room for the pain
And there's rules to the game when you're new to the game
But it's blue in the vein and you shoot it again
And the sins of the Father until the Lucifers reign (Y'all ain't seen Christ!)
Every time you think you hit bottom, bottom will drop(God's shittin' Death!)
The Body Politic have your stomach tied in a knot
I don't rule Hell but I'm merely a servant
Hell has come home to appeal to the person
Peer through the curtain, deal in a burden
Rather die standin' than kneel to the virgin
The blue go red, and the red go to black
And you move with the dead till the dead isn't that!
Murda!

[Yes Alexander:]
Tear off your skin
Gon' slowly tear off your skin

Tear off your skin
Gon' slowly tear off your skin

I could never save you
You could never save me

[J. Krishnamurtit:]
What we are now, that's our consciousness, that's our being


JEDI
MIND
TRICKS
The Bridge
& The Abyss
ES-CD-1801
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Al Bid-Aya"

(feat. Yes Alexander)

[Jiddu Krishnamurti:]
"Does God exist, or not? Yes, or no? If yes, how best to realise him in this life?
Man throughout history from the ancient Greeks, from the ancient Sumerians, had this idea of God, right? I am not at all sure whether in the Upanishads and... whether they mention God at all. Or is it a later invention? What is God? I am not attacking God... I am not... denying god... but we are investigating whether there is such a thing as God"

[Yes Alexander:]
Only what you fear
Like this war unreal
See behind the veil
You want the hearts to fail
Give them my all your seed
But your spine they'll keep
Destroying your body
Fuck them, come break free

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"San La Muerte"

Yeah
My mic sound good?
Yeah (rata-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
One-two, one-two
Yeah (Raise the gates)
Look. Yeah. (rata-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
Listen
Yeah

It's node sub-optimal, so watch it when the Ruger spit
Record the homicide so I can watch how many views it get
Fuck the world, fuck 'em all, I'm tired of this music shit
The goombah gon' move regardless of who producing it
You dumb if you don't think that it's a shot gon' fly
I will cross your fucking T's and I will dot that eye
I will pop that nine, I will tighten the grip
You a sucka, you the type to take advice from a bitch
He defied God so he had to get his name cursed
Armed to the teeth, carry metal like a change purse
Make a list of raw motherfuckers, put my name first
Every single line is by design to make your brain burst
High like a motherfucker, I ain't hit the ground yet
Dumpin' till the whole clip empty like a sound check
Twenty plus years, Ahki, I ain't lost a round yet
Kemetic Orthodoxy where the ritual was founded

Nothing ever is enough, everybody getting touched
Motherfuckers is running up on me
The drama don't stop, get your whole block shot
All these shooters is running up on me
I got a big street sweeper, I'm the hood Grim Reaper
Motherfuckers is dying around me
My trigger finger stay itching, we cooking in the kitchen
I ain't fucking with nobody but me

So come hell or high water I'mma watch for the drop
I make this graveyard crowded like a popular spot
Nowadays it's kinda hard to tell a cop from a ahk
I'mma aim the chopper either way and pop who I pop
Listen, he a traitor so he left for the hills
Screaming high-pitched, crying like he Stephanie Mills
Ain't no iller voice in this shit
Die now or die later, that's the choices you get
It's moist and it's wet, living here is literally hell
Bodies stacking when I crack 'em like the Liberty Bell
This dummy broke, looking at the bottom of the pint
I'm coming with the heater like the bottom of the ninth

That's Allah and that's my life, wanna see me it's nothing
Just know that either way with me it's gonna be a concussion
Body bags everywhere, machetes here to chop 'em up
Put his body on ice and slap him like a hockey puck

Nothing ever is enough, everybody getting touched
Motherfuckers is running up on me
The drama don't stop, get your whole block shot
All these shooters is running up on me
I got a big street sweeper, I'm the hood Grim Reaper
Motherfuckers is dying around me
My trigger finger stay itching, we cooking in the kitchen
I ain't fucking with nobody but me

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Rashindun Caliphate"

Yeah, Jedi Mind
Look, yeah

Ayo doggy this about to get real, real dark
The bulldogs barkin' and them steel wheels dart
I don't call it theft if you steal real art
I'm like Benny Hinn medicine real deal heart
I'mma have him looking through his hands like peekaboo
This nerd seen looking for his body like Pikachu
They don't have to look far, he dead in the cathedral
He don't need air plus the body bag breathable
They still out here pitching the coach
And them D's waiting on him like a slippery slope
If you want the man to hang himself then give him a rope
And it's 10 below out here give him his coat
Your ass bent watch somebody playing with the shooter
Now the shooter gonna have to aim at your medulla
Everybody know Vinnie keeping it stacked
Everything above board, I'ma leave it at that

A young man went to see the world
What did he find? He found a war
He learned to kill, and then to cry
Until he cried no more

Ye, put you in the solar system with Shamesh
The murder came easy to me but I digress
Who want romp with me? Hmm?, why test
Oh, y'all wanna hate on me? God bless
Son thought living was the center of his purpose
But he ain't have God at the center of his worship
It's like the venom of the serpent
Talking to a person who a veteran insurgent
He like Medusa in the pit but he don't know he dealing with the nucleus of this
See, I'm the Lex Luthor of this shit and I'm gonna have to find another boot for you to kiss
The fire gonna burn and I'm lighting the gas
That's the easy way to learn now he enlightened to ask
It's twenty-plus years and we did it our way
Lights dimmed down Vinnie hallway

A young man went to see the world
What did he find? He found the war
He learned to kill, and then to cry
Until he cried no more

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Freshco & Miz"

"I mean, I understand it's a business
But come on, make an another reason why you made it for 50-60 dollars
I find dollar records that, that is, you know, and that's the truth
Because they all, they all start at a dollar
The guy that showed you that beat and it becomes so popular
He got it for a dollar or 50 cents, he didn't pay two hundred dollars for it (he payed 50 dollars)
And you know, he didn't pay anything for it
He payed a dollar, two dollars
Five dollars, tops
Now all of a sudden the fucking record is two hundred-something dollars
No, no, no, no, fuck that"

Yeah
We on that Freshco & Miz shit our here, pop
Listen, one two, yeah, yeah

Listen, money, you ain't gettin' nothin' from me
And the eighth of sour diesel medication for me
And the shit you spit – that's softer than vapin' to me
All you get is hard work and dedication for me
And my brother Stoupe, he cook in a basement with me
That was years ago, now it's like it's ancient to me
We the definition how you age gracefully, B
I'm a God-fearer, ya'll are more of Satan to me
I don't fuck with swine, ya'll a piece of bacon to me
Ya'll as soft as baby shit, ya'll are jaded to me
This is complicated, ya'll do it too basically
And being scary was never a sensation for me
The best record ever made it take a nation to me
And this microphone it was always faithful to me
It cost money just to have a conversation with me
Time is money, dummy, I ain't got the patience in me, yuh

Listen, yeah
Listen money, you ain't gettin notta from me
Not a penny, not a nickel, not a dollar from me
Or the Fendi or the Gucci or the Prada for me
Get a job, muhfucka, stop botherin' me
[?See I looked at Nicodemo?] like a father to me
My work effort too crazy to get farther than me
All you dirty mothafuckers should be honoring me
It's been twenty years of tryna take my aura from me
What you see as glamour life is like a horror to me
I ain't tryna lead a crib, it's always drama for me
That's the reason why I always got the lama on me
Cause they tryna hang a motherfuckin' charge over me
Ain't no judge in his right mind pardoning me

He gon' throw the book at me, ain't no bargain' for me
I'm a bad lieutenant, you just like a sergeant to me
Build with gods on another level, father degree, yeah

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"When The Body Goes Cold"

I was born with the devil whispering in my ear
I'm done trying to fight it
It's almost as if the darkness has showed me the light
You are a god

One two, yeah, pack pistol Pazienza
Yo Stoupe, what up hermano
Jedi Mind all day
Listen, check me out, yeah

It's proof positive he never thought before the loss
This stupid motherfucker put the cart before the horse
I navigate hurdles like a jockey on a horse
This stick shift way too sloppy on the Porsche
Palm sized highs are the double a two shooter
Pernell Whitaker when he movin' with Lou Duva
The gold dots don't go in you, they move through you
I beat a motherfucker like Bruiser abuse Luger
Sometimes we take it in blood it gotta be rid
Oh, this pussy want war, man he gotta be shit
I'm an animal that mean that I'm a monkey on the beat Ooh ooh ah ah
I don't like you doggy I don't like the company you keep
He ain't take the L well he about to concede
He like Stottlemeyer pa, far out of his league
Listen, Henry the 8th I'm taking his head
I'm like Yeshua with Lazarus, I'm waking the dead
Have his body folded over like he making the bed
Him no god fearer he gonna worship Satan instead
See my chopper lonely and she need a oppa to kiss
I need bodies and your name is at the top of the list, stupid

Dope, crack, guns I ain't happy till we all get some
Ain't nothing funny when the chopper gets drawn
So we rise up, yeah we rise up, so we rise up
OD, pills, I ain't happy till your whole crew killed
Motherfucker, how these dumb dumb feels when we rise up
Yeah we rise up, so we rise up

Oh, you nicer than me money? That's a bald faced lie
How you worship Scarface knowing Scarface died?
You know the semi auto spittin when the car race by
The Bugatti Veyron is Beyonce fly
This is crack in a pipe and I cooked it in the Pyrex
O.G. taught a young boy to make a dime stretch
Junkies everywhere sniffing goma like it's Sinex
Anybody who doesn't know the time should check their timex
I met Sean Price and rocked steady where the god rests RIP Sean Price

Blood Runs Cold was recorded in the projects
The first record was too difficult to digest
Heavy on delirium and paranoia complex
Old motherfuckers still live in the past
And these young boys trash so I'm whipping their ass
Listen, my shooters push weight like a barbell
Never stepped on and it's cheaper than a yard sale

Dope, crack, guns I ain't happy till we all get some
Ain't nothing funny when the chopper gets drawn
So we rise up, yeah we rise up, so we rise up
OD, pills, I ain't happy till your whole crew killed
Motherfucker, how these dumb dumb feels when we rise up
Yeah we rise up, so we rise up

Yeah
Jedi Mind, steadily shine
Pack pistol Pazienza

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"What She Left Behind"

Tonight on Channel 5 News at 11
A grizzly story of a step-father gone mad
The violent details have left the local neighbourhood in shock

I still hear your voice in my mind
I still hear your voice in my mind
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)

I barely want you here, you think I want them here?
This is my fucking house, you think that I'ma pretend here?
They ain't my fucking blood, this ain't my kin here
Don't make me slap you up again and break a limb here
And this little one, he always starin' at the wall
Is he retarded or somethin', or he don't care at all?
You bring that autism shit up again, I swear to God
I told you it's all in your head, you couldn't bear the thought
I told you it's not a disorder, it's bad mothering
And you don't make it any better, you just choose to smother him
And this other one, she dresses like a harlot
So don't come runnin' to me when she claims she gets assaulted
And boys is gonna be boys, so they ain't to be faulted
With bitches dressed like that it's cause they wanna be exalted
So don't give me no fucking excuses, or she could get it too
I pay the bills in here, we both know that it's never you
It's my way or the highway, so make a fucking choice
Cause I don't like the way you make me raise my fucking voice
Matter fact, I'm outta here, I need a fucking beer
The choice is yours, get it together or disappear

Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)

Why the fuck ya'll still awake?
I need some time alone
The little one is crying, the other always dialin' the phone
You think I'm being rough on you? Well, I don't think I am
Watch me when I put you in this yoke and show you who I am
You're paying attention to me now? Now that I got violent?
When none of ya'll would move a fucking finger I was silent
I thought I had this beaten, and I thought that I was past it
Cause every woman that have come before you got they ass kicked
One of them was hospitalized, the other one was murdered
I made it look like accidents, cause both of them deserved it
But here we are, and I thought I have put this shit behind me

But what I'm feeling now has overcome me and has blind me
So why the fuck you're trying me?
I had to break the straw
And since this little one is cryin I have to break his jaw
And since your daughter dressing up and trying be a whore
I have to teach her a lesson and slide up in her raw
But that can wait for now, I'm gonna finish what I've started
I told your boy to shut his fucking mouth, is he retarded?
I'm the fucking victim here, the one who's brokenhearted
The one who no one loved, who was mistreated and discarded
The one who got abused and who was beaten all his life
The one who got confused and who was bleeding from the knife
I was drug through the mud, I was condescended
So I'ma take the three ya'll with me and I'ma end it
The cops is on their way now? Well, I ain't goin' to federal
But I ain't dyin' alone so now the three of ya'll is dead too

I still hear your voice in my mind
I still hear your voice in my mind
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)
Such a lovely voice (na na na na na na na)

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Death Toll Rising"

Yeah, Jedi Mind
Pack Pistol Pazzy
Yo Stoupe, hermano, yeah

You talking gunplay? Well let's play with them guns
See, Allah don't like ugly and you stay in the slums
Pazienza take flights while you begging with bums
The cult of the black virgin isn't safe in the sun
Heckler & Koch, black ski mask and an onion
This motherfucker crack a smile like he's laughing at somethin'
Take his batiman hard like I'm snatching it from him
He ain't smart enough to understand assassins is comin'
I'm blasting this son, this something put you in the tomb
And that whopper go (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta) shoot through the room
My dude I'm a goon, strapped with two-two's in the womb
See and Pazzy's spelling something and it's usually doom
Shit is gonna get ugly if you violate my space
The six pack click-clack barrel in his face
Them jump out boys will hit you without warning
Bring pies to your crib like this was a housewarming
(Welcome to the neighborhood!)

Hold up doggy, that's the type of weapon you with?
That's the type of bullshit you should've left in the whip
You ain't worthy of the bullets I got left in the clip
Soon as shit starts popping I go right for the grip
I'm liable to flip, serial killer and it's copycat
The Mossberg lean, it's 7 percent bodyfat
You the main producer of predictable punani rap
Chamber pressure pushes the bullet and push his body back
You cookin' in the kitchen but avoiding the chef
I'm like Heisenberg, mastermind, boiling meth
Homie have to take an L it's unavoidable death
They say the plant'll grow sturdy if the soil is wet
On some greaseball shit, overflowing with gravy
Don't tell me about the pain just show me the baby
On some De La shit pa, I am who I be
The executioner is coming and it's probably me
Muerte!

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Shed The Skin To Receive The World (Interlude)"

(feat. Yes Alexander)

Do you remember how we met?

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Certified Dope"

(feat. Eamon)

Yeah
One, two
One, two
One, two
Yeah
One, two
One, two
One, two
Aight look
Yeah

Anybody think they can't test the bol, prolly
Word bond, this is the best, that Sean Connery
We pure, come from the chest of Bob Marley
Abstain from the ways of the flesh, that's not godly
Cube started out on the west with my posse
No pork I don't put mess in my body
Bullets gonna rip through the vest like hot saki
Always gonna give you the best, but not Robby
Everything herb and liquor like hot toddy
We gon' trick 31 like Rob Zombie
You can't control the drum, you rock sloppy
I don't play second fiddle, I'm not Scottie
If Vinnie gonna spray the block, he rock shotty
The .45 caliber kick and stop Roddy's
Weisenthal loaded the clip and shot Nazis
Now to rhyme, made a decision and shot Gandhi

Please don't make me feel like I gotta bust a shot. Hoo!
(One two) Shot
(Yeah, yeah)
Please don't make me feel like I gotta cock this nine. Hoo!
(One two) Nine
Hah hah

There's no choice wielding here, salute Generals
Cops trying to get him on lock to boost Federal
They said Vinnie one of the best but too technical
When I tried slowin' it down it's too sensical
The covenant dark in the soul, the Blue Sentinal
Call this little 9 a dime and shoot ten at you
The mark that we made in the game, too indelible
God made dirt, and dirt produce vegetables
My heart pumps, runnin' the lane, you move minimal
It's octopus slums so beware a few tentacles
The rhyme too fine and the wine too delectable

My voice wave stronger than yours, it move decibels
Manowar making it loud and move decibel
The snare don't knock and the kick is too minimal
Sayin' that you're better than dirt is too literal
Straight left over the jab induce medical
Muerte

Please don't make me feel like I gotta bust a shot. Hoo!
(One two) Shot
(Yeah, yeah)
Please don't make me feel like I gotta cock this nine. Hoo!
(One two) Nine
Hah hah

Yeah
Stoupe what up

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Hell's Henchman"

Yeah
One, two, pack pistol Pazienza
Yo, Stoupe, yeah yeah this shit's crazy
Yeah

He ain't gonna act right
He ain't got a one two
Murder, murder gunplay
All these killers hunt you
No honor amongst thieves 'round here
Sniff OC's and dope d's 'round here

It's no honor amongst thieves
You should've knew he was foul
Ain't no beating me you dummies should've threw in the towel
And if I owe you, Vinnie threw in the vow
And these pistols gonna blow like we do in the trap
Listen, I saw son name scribbled on the document
Disembodied Nephilim aboriginal occupant
The witchcraft watches an indivisible monument
Nebuchadnezzar, the prophetic vision of Solomon
A real thin line between the Wesson and the sword
Pistol gang Pazzy have you questioning the lord
You backwards motherfuckers wrestling with fraud
Recording in the bedroom the best you can afford
There's sneaker boxes but there ain't no shoes up in the box
The rap Paul Bunyan, Vinnie moving with an ox
Pistolero Pazzy gonna be shooting at an ock
The 50 cal Barret lift a loser out his socks

He ain't gonna act right
He ain't got a one two
Murder, murder gunplay
All these killers hunt you
No honor amongst thieves 'round here
Sniff oc's and dope d's 'round here

He ain't gonna act right
He ain't got a one two
Murder, murder gunplay
All these killers hunt you
We cut coke and sell jums round here
We push dope and tote guns round here

I ain't fucking with you money I'm just grinding through the gristle
I kept my eyes peeled because I'm riding with a whistle
Fiocchi hollow points, they just colliding with the tissue

The makti and Gaadafi were providing me with missiles
This dirty motherfucker always cooking me the pies
The same motherfucker couldn't look me in the eyes
I know the fucking D's gonna book me if he dies
His head got popped boy, you shouldn't be surprised
You got shooters? I got shooters, we can do the thing
Once they see the guns they gonna be talking like they Pootie Tang
Bullets coming back at motherfuckers like a boomerang
They knock me on some stupid shit and have me doing two in chains
Did a lot of talking when the powder on his man
There's burn marks and gunpowder on my hand
What type of shit is that? That's the move a sucker make
You don't wanna scrap I'll take you out like it's a fuckin' date

He ain't gonna act right
He ain't got a one two
Murder, murder gunplay
All these killers hunt you
No honor amongst thieves 'round here
Sniff oc's and dope d's 'round here

He ain't gonna act right
He ain't got a one two
Murder, murder gunplay
All these killers hunt you
We cut coke and sell jums round here
We push dope and tote guns round here

Yeah, pack pistol Pazzy

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"God Forsaken"

Yeah, Jedi Mind
Listen

The big four fifth gon' split 'em in the middle
In a little I'mma riddle, I be feeling kinda brittle
I was dealing with the ghetto I was feeling for the ghetto
I was feeling for the metal and my feet was on the pedal
I was feeling like Geppetto I was showing them the plans
And the pain far worse if you know it in advance
It was going to the hands and it's over with a dance
When you're walking over sands in the holiest of lands
And the holiest of man told me put it in a rhymebook
You would never understand the beauty othe f the rhyme, look
Blood is on the rhymebook, blood is on the walls
And the blood is dripping everywhere similar to jaws
And it's similar to wars and the chopper gon' spit
For every single rhyme there's a Llama getting hit
I was silent for a bit but I'm back for the crown
With the black and the brown and a mac and a pound
Yeah

They put a lean on you and the beam on you
They put a price on you, roll the dice on you

They put a lean on you and the beam on you
They put a price on you, roll the dice on you

Hit 'em with a long pipe jig 'em with a long knife
Hit 'em in the middle and I grill 'em with a bombstrike
Show 'em what the god like show 'em how to die
Show them that it ain't nobody holier than I
If they holier than I then they holier than Jah
And they holier than anybody roaming in the sky
It's colder in July the blacksmith anvil popping off low key that'll get your man killed
Turn 'em in the landfill turn 'em into particles
The forty round chrome mac attachment make it possible *[?]*
I had to kill 'em honorable I had to kill 'em fast
And I had to build a legacy I had to build a path
I be building with the gods so I gotta deal with math
And I'm all about the fetty so I gotta deal with cash
And the shotty pointed at him so he had to do the dash
And he had to break north and he had to do it fast

They put a lean on you and the beam on you
They put a price on you, roll the dice on you

They put a lean on you and the beam on you

They put a price on you, roll the dice on you

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Legacy Of The Prophet"

(feat. Sean Price)

[Sean Price:]
Yo, let's play gats for hire
Slung when I was young I set stray cats on fire
Sick puppy, I shoot doberman pinschers
Now niggas think I'm crazy and I notice their whispers
I know that you novice, promoting your garbage
Pro bono, no homo, we toting the large shit
I wrote this rap on the stoop
Beat made by Stoupe, stupid with execute
Bet I rhyme slick, rhyme fuck your mind up, the Jedi Mind Trick
Cocaine and weed shit, bet I'm high bitch
Blow strains, you bleed bitch let 'em die quick (P!)
Totin' the gat nigga
Up in the voter's booth I'm voting for black niggas
I slump your resident, slap niggas who want Trump for president
P

[Vinnie Paz:]
You can say whatever, it can be whatever
Whenever you want it, we on it, we doing it better
Let the truth be told
We just stacking this cheddar
However we weather this storm, we lasting forever

You can say whatever, it can be whatever
Whenever you want it, we on it, we doing it better
Let the truth be told
We just stacking this cheddar
However we weather this storm, we lasting forever

Either way somebody dying I will get him or his man
I got shooters from the bottom that will hit him for a band
I will chastise a disbeliever, hit him on his hand
Survivalist, I'm telling you I'm living off the land
Afghani indica I'm paranoid as dollar sign
Young boys will shoot this motherfucker like it's Columbine
Equality and fairness an injustice of the paradigm
The fifty cal always close to me like a pal of mine
It's no telling when the felon will clap
Donatello, I will leave a fucking shell on your back
Body in flame you gonna need a Relafen pack
See my money long I'm talking about an elephant stack
Tall man undertaker, haul 'em and I bag 'em
You getting close to fire, B, you talking to a dragon
I will line 'em up and let them know the whopper will blast
And the bullets hit a tree it's gonna chop it in half

You can say whatever, it can be whatever
Whenever you want it, we on it, we doing it better
Let the truth be told
We just stacking this cheddar
However we weather this storm, we lasting forever

You can say whatever, it can be whatever
Whenever you want it, we on it, we doing it better
Let the truth be told
We just stacking this cheddar
However we weather this storm, we lasting forever

Sean Price forever!

You know what the deal is
Ain't another brother seeing me
You better recognize
Any MC who gets mean now that's a dumb move
You know what the deal is
Whack MCs need to stay away, put the mic down

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"You Have One Devil But Five Angels"

Wa-watch out
Come from the east
Coming from the east side
Wa-watch out
Wa-wa-watch out
The infinity
Coming from the east side
Come from the east
Wa-watch out
Wa-wa -- wa-wa-watch out

Yeah
I expected nothin' less, this dummy came with his man
But as stupid as he is, he shoulda came with a plan
See, technologically this is enslavement of man
The heart of the abode, or the believers in shame
Whether you speak Yoruba, Santería and witchcraft
I ain't even know they made a rolly for your bitch ass
All it take a little bit of buzz for you to get gas
Enjoy yourself stupid, this shit will be over quick, fast
The hell day, Halloween, demon was born
And money, death is waiting for you like I'm beepin' a horn
My shooters move the D like they be with Mahorn *[?]*
Impale a mothafucka, go to sleep when it's dawn
You ain't got no aura, B, ain't no type of showmanship
Rigor mortis, body dead, lookin' like you pose for flix
Ain't too accurate to barb with a rum
And my biscuit always with me like we father and son, stupid

Yeah, listen, listen
Yeah, I had it up to here with this bitch
Take a body for another body like we switch shifts
You don't wanna be on the shit list
Pull the chopper out and fire on him like he dismiss (ta-ta-ta)
It's pyrex everywhere and baking soda, Bisquick
It's dark here, the average person couldn't handle this shit
There's bodies piled up like Nostradamus predicted
Talkin' out the side your fuckin' mouth will get you lifted (ta-ta-ta)
The SUV is a convertible van
Head shot, body shot like Roberto Duran
How this pussy turn stayed after he murdered his man
I'm fabulous overseas, free birds in Japan
Have these bullets flyin' just to see his vertical span
Now these gloves is comin' off like I'm nursin' my hand
Revere me as a God, Ming the Merciless, man
This a Leatherface chainsaw surgical plan
Muerte!

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Marciano's Reign"

(feat. Scott Stallone)

The rain is gods tears, it pours when he cry
But know that you welcome in his arms when you die
The rain is the form of a gas in the sky
That bring back life to a plant when it's dry
The rain purify and wash away dirt
And wash away anything in your life that could hurt
Rain is water in its most pure form
The rain pour down make it cool when it's warm
The rain sound good on my pain when I'm sleep
The ocean love rain and the drain in the deep
Rain play a role in protecting the ground
Prevents us from the the politicians lettin' us down
The rain known to alleviate stress
So go for a walk in the rain it's the best
The rain came then the love came over me
Its Pete's Theme let the love rain over me

Ooh Let it rain, let it rain
Let me know the cold and how it feels
And I'll never turn away
Ooh feel the pain, beautiful pain
Let me hold on to the memory of how you looked today

Embrace the pain boy it's good for the soul
You face the pain and see it could make you whole
Ignoring the pain will make you hurt someone else
Go towards pain it's a gain for the self
Pain isn't bad it could make you feel free
It isn't life threating it make me feel me
Kill two birds with one stone, even three
By recognizing pain is too painful to see
Pain is the opposite, run it to hell fleein'
Negative emotion is key to well being
Anger and pain are an important part of life
Important as the way the sun sets in the night
Pain can help you breathe and calculate fact
Give you time to think and evaluate that
Accepting the pain by breathing slow, breathe deep
And you will never have to feel pain when you sleep

Ooh Let it rain, let it rain
Let me know the cold and how it feels
And I'll never turn away
Ooh feel the pain, beautiful pain
Let me hold on to the memory of how you looked today

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Torture Chamber"

(feat. CZARFACE)

B-B-Breathe
I-Is you with me?
Yes, yes
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)
Breathe
Oh-Oh yeah
Just you wait

B-B-Breathe
I-Is you with me?
Yes, yes
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)
Breathe
Oh-Oh yeah
Just you wait

[Inspectah Deck:]
They onto your name when you reach the top
How I got 'em lined up, have it lookin' like a new Jordan sneaker drop
That's when the speaking stop
That's when the creepers plot
That's cause the hate start to burn like tequila shots
That's cause I came from the bottom now I'm here
As long as you don't step in my airs then I don't care
Got a one way ticket to Cashville
Still make dome spin faster than Jag wheels and that's real
Wanna swim with the shark, think you big fish?
I ain't talking hairstyles how your wig's twist
I'm talking reckless
I'm talking effortless
I talk later I'm checking off my checklist
That's the bank I get
For devil's loose lips, green eyes, screw face – that's the thanks I get
High rank I set
While you be in your BCBG's frontin' on some gangsta shit

B-B-Breathe
I-Is you with me?
Yes, yes
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)
Breathe
Oh-Oh yeah
Just you wait

B-B-Breathe
I-Is you with me?

Yes, yes
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)
Breathe
Oh-Oh yeah
Just you wait

[Esoteric:]
We're the rhyming replacement for Michael Myers and Jason
A homicidal invasion, I'll watch you die in a basement
I'll put your spine in a basin
I'll cut your limbs into thirds
Cause you ain't half the rapper that you was, shits for the birds
You're where I'm flowin' on a rabid hunt
I'm bussin' and I'm rushin' like that LeGarrette Blount
Frontin' like you ballin' but you had to punt
A pharaoh with a killer rep
Movin' with a Philly vet, who put me on a Willie Pep
And now I'm busting realer step
Or I may be louder than Baby in Baby Driver
Amazing, embrace the rhymer
I'm major, you placed in minor
I killed it
You pay the piper like I'm rowdy Roddy
Body ciphers like a Bengal tiger
I'm hyper, there's no survivors
My saliva melts steel
The vibe is real (yeah)
I'll autograph your bodybags so it's signed and sealed
Yeah, you gotta give it to him
Another pivotal win
I'm coming at your neck like I work for Digital Sin
Yo

Breathe
I-Is you with me?
Yes, yes
Ha ha ha (ha ha ha)
Breathe
Oh-Oh yeah
Just you wait

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah
Listen, slime, you a nursery rhyme, spider on the back
And mine is like putting a lighter to the crack
That new Gucci shit got the tiger on the back
And the Lamborghini sound like it's a lion in the back
The goyard bags make it seem like its braille
The HK got a scope and a beam on a rail
See, as long as I'm alive I be the reason you fail
And if you reach for somethin' I'ma have this nina repel (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
It took a minute but I'm back on my deen
But I still got these hitters that'll clap through a bean (ta-ta-ta-ta)
Ya'll ain't the fightin' type, I don't understand ya'll

All you hear is shots and sirens like you in a dance hall
Arroz con gandules & mofongo when the fam call
Puerto Ricans everywhere, it's like we playing handball
Ya'll the type that for trick for plays, motherfuckers flea-flick
Creep on 'em and murk him with the pillow that he sleep with

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Letter Concerning The Intellect"

Vinnie the chin, my mentor was Genovese
Prada kicks the same color as fettuccine
He tried to test his loyalty like Adebisi
Nothing in common with anyone who had it easy
This motherfucker talking guns when he had a BB
In the tomb of the vizier with Nefertiti
We honorable like we Tuskegee
Bear claws and a buckskin leather tipi
The hollow tips burn slow like they're pepperoncini
I'm with Broken Matt Hardy and the seven deities
Make salad so my soul will reset
He a plug so I let the fuckin' modem connect
Y'all got me confused like I givva give a fuck
What y'all consider being on the up I call beginner's luck
You's a small fry, Webster Papadopoulos
Everything from here on released from you is posthumous

Yeah, the Gucci luggage is a rusty brown
I need some fly shit to check into this dusty town
I told you I don't fuck around
I be in camouflage gore-Tex shorty in a lovely gown
It's not a home if its occupants died
He could take this fucking shot like his doctor prescribed
How the fuck it's logic to him if his logic is lies
With his miracle and Kabah and philosopher's eyes
Mulberry silk is the favorite fabric
Inshallah bring peace to the Asiatic
While your wife is a basic savage
Your body transported on wheels like a baby carriage
Disrespectful I will mush you in your face
Because disrespecting you is how I put you in your place
This ain't nothing new, everybody know you been a ho
Fiends here looking for the butter like a dinner roll

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Making A Killing"

(feat. Thea Alana)

There's absolutely no trick to looking back on the great injustices of our time
And condemning them, we understand that, we've got that
The trick is always to look at what we're doing today
As if we're at some point in the future looking back
And figure out what the oppressions and the injustices are that we're committing today
And to get them out of our lives

[Thea Alana:]
Heaven said no
When you knocked out the door
Your fire could kill a child and a mom
Heaven said no
When you pointed your gun
Your face could make the joker wake up

[Vinnie Paz:]
Do you have compassion for everything alive?
Or animals don't matter to you, they can be deprived
Animals are individuals and have feelings too
They feel loneliness and happiness like people do
25 billion killed every year
The average person culpable for 90 plus a year
Overcrowded stalls, cages, and crates
No sunlight, no grass under their feet
They breathe, and they think, and they feel
But we feast, and we drink, and we kill
Factory farms inject stimulants and hormones
They're fed other cows, they're fed hog bones
Hundreds of thousands are poisoned and blinded
To test cosmetics for the small, small minded
The rain forests being destroyed to raise cattle
Wildlife habitat became the battle
They spray farms with herbicides and pesticides
You know how much poison is in insecticides?
The same chemicals destroy topsoil and leak into the ground and turn the ocean into oil
Genetically manipulated to grow larger
Only to be led to the slaughter
I don't see it as being a conquest
But people need to fight while there's still time left

[Thea Alana:]
Heaven said no
When you knocked out the door
Your fire could kill a child and a mom
Heaven said no
When you pointed your gun

Your face could make the joker wake up

[Vinnie Paz:]
Crash and combine the crates and tear them by the neck
They can't move their bodies and they could starve to death
They bang their heads from the psychological distress
Hellish conditions, that's not what I would call respect
Would you do that to your dog or your cat?
Do you really see the difference in a frog or a rat?
What's sacred to you here might not be sacred in Tibet
So who are you to say what should be eaten or a pet
It's a revolving door and it turn, you can't differentiate between the moral concern
An agitated pig might bite each other's tails
So they hack it off at birth and then they lead it into hell
Chicken beaks are seared off by farmers
But they call it debeaking, I call it torture
Boiled alive, you don't think it's karma?
Money come before mercy, that's the mantra
Cows give birth, their calves are separated
Factory workers are either scared or they're jaded
The leather industry is tied to the meat industry
Inextricably they're both responsible for misery
A non-meat diet can slow the process of aging
Avoid toxic food, contaminants, and enslavement
Reduce global warming and end world hunger
So think about it next time you sit down for supper

[Thea Alana:]
Heaven said no
When you knocked out the door
Your fire could kill a child and a mom
Heaven said no
When you pointed your gun
Your face could make the joker wake up

JEDI
MIND
TRICKS
The Funeral
& The Raven
JMTSTORE.COM / IT-CD-2102
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Second Hand Smoke"

Listen
Yeah, I put another 40 in the trench
At my worst I will still drop 40 off the bench
Your block not gory and your shorty is a wench
OG cooking and I'm nauseous from the stench
(OG chill, chill)
This a nighthawk and a mag
Say you fucked up one time
But you're talking to Vlad (You're talking to the police)
My Akhi need me, he call me I'm right there
You mo'fuckers trying to kill something that's not there
Better to be a fisherman than given a fish
You were stuck inside the matrix homie this is a glitch
This the bottom of the ninth boss swing at the pitch
If we talk about our eldritch then I'm bringing a witch
Son gone I ain't think of his name since
The son knew I'm good everywhere like I'm Jay Prince
You one and the same as opp
I know first hand leopards ain't changing their spots
Stupid!

You ain't never ride you gon' die
You gon' make me put these opps in the sky
They go bye bye bye
They go bye bye bye
You ain't never ride you gon' die
You gon' make me put these opps in the sky
They go bye bye bye
They go bye bye bye

I've got a Ruger Security-Six laying around
And once I put it in the air I ain't taking it down (Na)
Motherfuckers must really think I'm playing around
I be building with the akhis I be breaking it down
How you supposed to get money while you laying around
A dog know it's dying on its way to the pound
There was a lot of blood spilling on the way to the crown
This is stoicism homey I've been playing it down
I'ma talk to ya man later
Had a mask over my face like I'm Van Vader
Do me a favour, don't do me no damn favour
Shots be ringing out of the back of a tan blazer
Homie leave it alone
Everything is getting eaten akhi even the bones
If it's something that you gotta tell me, leave at the tone
And it's Rock Island Armory, a beast of its own

You ain't never ride you gon' die
You gon' make me put these opps in the sky
They go bye bye bye
They go bye bye bye
You ain't never ride you gon' die
You gon' make me put these opps in the sky
They go bye bye bye
They go bye bye bye

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Until The Void Consumes Us (Interlude)"

(feat. Yes Alexander)

Yes, yes, don't cry
I don't, I don't wanna ride
The day is right
Take me through the fucking grind
Through the fucking grind
Through the fucking grind
Through the fucking grind
Through the fucking grind
Through the fucking grind
Through the fucking grind
Through the fucking grind

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The Great Derangement"

(feat. Thea Alana)

[Thea Alana:]
La la la...

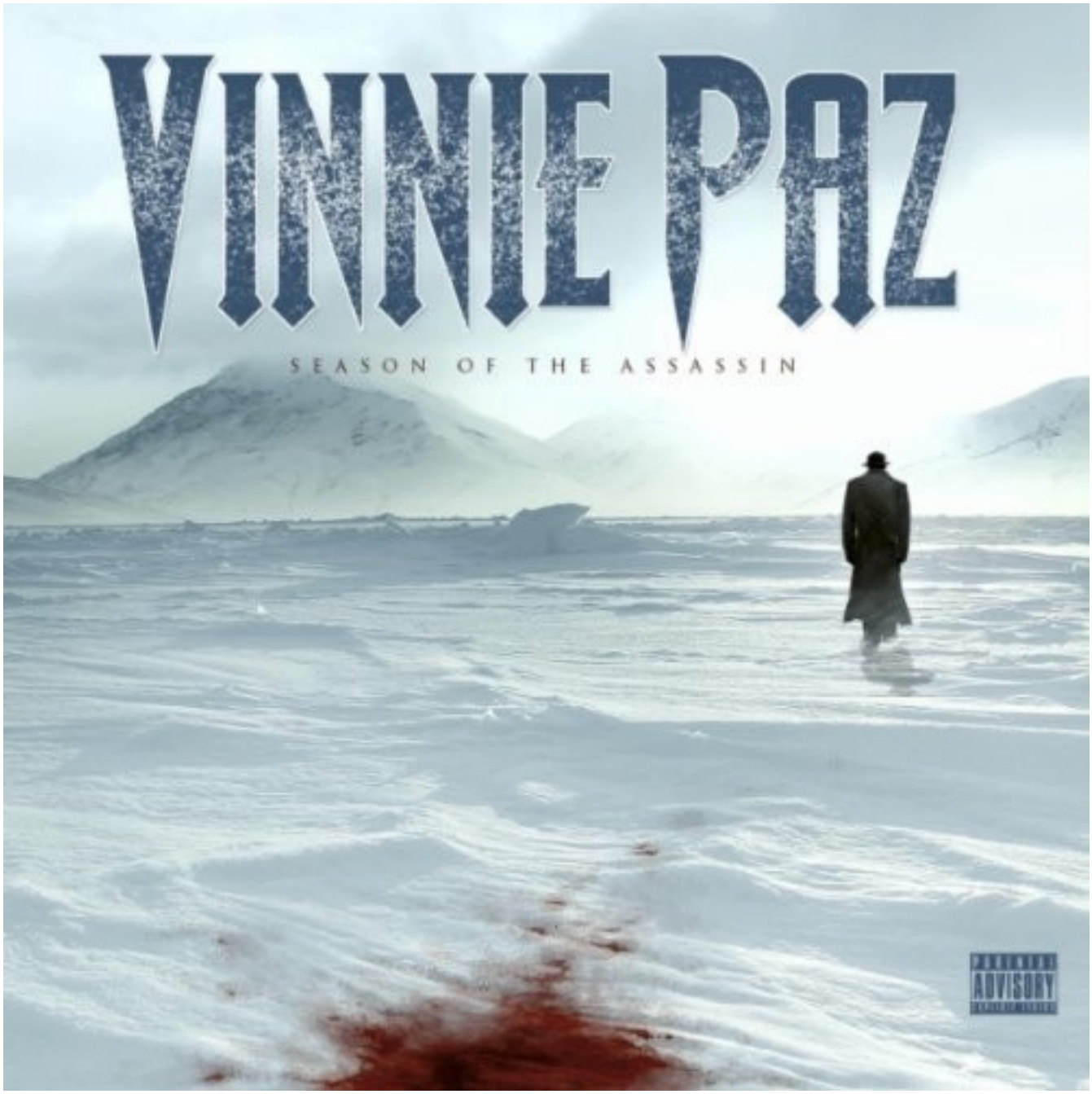
[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah
Temperatures is risin'
Extreme weather events, people is dyin'
Chunks of ice in the Antarctic breakin' apart
Wild fires are breakin' my heart
Burn fossil fuels and chop down forests
November starts to feel like August
The planet is warmin' and we're the cause
Because we think the world is ours
Look at the Industrial Revolution
Kaczynski knew what he was doin'
Then there's orbital variation
That set off a cascade of changes
Emissions have geological impacts
But you don't understand environmental syntax
You think that cold weather prove that there's no change?
That it's an oversimplification from a close range?
Heat waves are 5 times more frequent
Exacerbated droughts from a short season
This is somethin' that you can't ignore
An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure

[Thea Alana:]
All the lies we're told
We've lost control on this dreadful road
So when the rain don't stop
Where do we go?

[Vinnie Paz:]
Yeah
It's 80 plus ways to reduce carbon
Refrigerant management, grow a new garden
There's a gapin' hole over the Antarctic
Wind turbines apply the most logic
We're fossil fuel dependent
But now we're seein' fossil fuel divestment
Wind energy is part of the investment
Knowledge is a weapon
800 million people here hungry
A third of our food doesn't make it to the country
And who's gonna defy the command
Basic laws of supply and demand

Change date labelin' and how it's viewed
Reallocation of *[?]*
Tropical forest restoration
When we lose a forest we lose creation
When eco systems come back to life
Vegetation, soil, trees, they breathe life
Eat less meat and use less plastic
Use green energy where they have it
Create change in your workplace
We wouldn't be here in the first place

[Thea Alana:]
All the lies we're told
We've lost control on this dreadful road
So when the rain don't stop
Where do we go?


VINNIE PAZ
SEASON OF THE ASSASSIN
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Vinnie Paz - Intro Lyrics

{Clip from some documentary about Vinny Pazienza the boxer I guess:}

He's a fighter and fighter...*
You don't make fighters.
Vinnie's a born fighter and I could see that when he was a kid, he was little, he was different from other kids.

{Excerpt from the Hagakure:}
Yeah, Pazienza, I'm here baby. The Way of the Assassin is found in death. Meditation on inevitable death should be performed daily. Every day when one's body and mind are at peace, one should meditate upon being ripped apart by arrows, rifles, spears and swords, being carried away by surging waves, being thrown into the midst of a great fire, being struck by lightning, being shaken to death by a great earthquake, falling from thousand-foot cliffs, dying of disease or committing seppuku at the death of one's master. And every day without fail one should consider himself as dead. This is the substance of the Way of the Assassin.

Vinnie Paz - Beautiful Love Lyrics

(*Prod. by Shuko)

[Verse 1:]
I'm out for whatever you wanna call it, cash or paper*
My only purpose to kill, perfect assassinator
I'm on the path of Islam, you on the path of Vader
My nickname Buck 50 cousin pass the razor
The 750, I turn you from a fan to hater
Feeling myself like I'm a chronic masturbator
I ain't the type of motherfucker you should ask a favour
I'm the type of motherfucker that'll blast my neighbour
I look at anybody as weak that has a saviour
The Israeli Galil will turn your ass to vapour
I got an Ingram MAC-11 and it has a laser
I got a thing for MAC-11s, not a passive nature
Everything I write is war on the pad and paper
I don't listen to rap no more, my passion's Slayer
My heart is cold as the temperature of a massive glacier
I put a giant hole inside you like a massive crater

[Verse 2:]
Everywhere I go to ball Paz is strapped
I be loading it up, I be cocking it back
I ain't in my right mind, I ain't stopping at that
I will hit his lifeline in the back of his cap
See I'm faster than a motherfucker grabbing his gat
Beating me is just illogical imagining that
I'm a [?] you is just a pacifist rat
I make bodies disappear like a magical act
Yeah, I'm just giving the fans another anthem
This is just another example of my expansion
I make your top drop like the new Phantom
I like to pop shots with my new cannon
The left hook wild vicious, I'm a champion
You ain't wilding out cousin, that's a tantrum
Wild assault rifles, thirty fucking handguns
I'm holding all of you motherfuckers for ransom

Vinnie Paz - Brick Wall Lyrics

(*Prod. by C-Lance)
[** feat. Ill Bill and Demoz:]

[Verse 1: ~Vinnie Paz~]
This is Taliban rap, I'm a fucking bomber*
My head wrapped like somebody who suffered trauma
Musically I'm the embodiment of Jeffrey Dahmer
Usually in the environment of marijuana
My straight right like Arguello was
You a medigon, Vinnie do what a dego does
You about to find out what the human tornado does
You a bitch, you ain't even half what you say you was
My shit is hard body lord, I'm a fucking legend
I don't get my hands dirty, that's for fucking henchmen
I'm the equivalent of Russian Roulette, fucking tension
And when you hear the ram's horn it's the fucking ending
I'm a vampire, I love the setting of sun
The night my time killing already begun
I'm from the same place Anton Lavey is from
I'm about to put the biscuit right to my head and be done

[Chorus: ~Demoz~]
This Percodan got me feeling like a brick wall
With that said I give a fuck about a withdrawal
Fuck a quarterback, bullets get you picked off
Critics get pissed on when I'm pissed off

This Percodan got me feeling like a brick wall
With that said I give a fuck about a withdrawal
Fuck a quarterback, bullets get you picked off
Critics get pissed on when I'm pissed off

[Verse 2: ~Demoz~]
1978 my mom had a date
'84 had me, had a hard time great
Mom wasn't weak, I guess my dad wasn't fake
But guessing only led to one thing, my mistakes
That's why I cut the grass real low, check for snakes
Apply pressure when I need to satisfy my weight
Selling coke and the diesel
Fiends going crazy putting dope in their needles, it's hopeless and evil
You can smoke wet and get smoked with the Eagle
All over nothing, fucking pride and your ego
Spit all facts, I ain't gotta mislead you
Talk shit wherever you stand, that's where I leave you
Believe me, I can get you killed real easy

Leave the scene but the ho won't leave me
Tackle the dresser, bitch try to tease me
I put a hole in her head right where her weave be, believe me

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3: ~I'll Bill~]
I'm the bomb attached to the chest of exploding martyrs, code of honours
Shoot me out your M16, deliver souls beyond the world
To conquer planets and enslave entire populations
Colosseums where Hamas supply the operation
Gladiators battle on the side of sovereign nations
Fathers of confrontation, Lamas to pop your face in
Blinded by lies and hatred, they conjure up abomination
Armies march across the continents honouring Satan
The final countdown, 2012
Jumping out the Black Hawk with the black Eagle by the money belt
I take you from the edges of space to the projects
From the pyramids to Giza to where God sits, we monstrous
I'm conscious homie, I'm wide-awake
I supply the hate, La Coka Nostra
The skull and guns, I supply the weight
How many bricks you want? Let me see your money first
As a matter of fact I'm taking your money you fucking herb
Fuck outta here, Billy Idol, La Coka Nostradamus

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Pistolvania Lyrics

[Verse 1]

I can show you how the nine spit
It's Frost, Freeway, and Vinnie from Jedi Mind Tricks, I'm on my grind trick
Niggas flows is hot but Frost greater
Y'all niggas don't exist like Luke without Vader
Got a young buck that remind me of Lando Calrissian
Smooth as Billy Dee when he sneak his pistols in
A Colt 45 it works every time
Vinnie out there drinking on that (that's right)
I know they out there thinking on that
Niggas think about creeping on Jakk
Probably mad cause his main bitch creeping with Jakk
Every third weekend with Jakk she sleeping with Jakk
How sleezy is that?
Y'all niggas talk George but you ain't seen the brick yet
I've been touching money since the kitten played ? stack
But a house party to me is a crib full of fiends
Ready to cop that ziplock ready rock

[Hook]

Hip hop started out in the park
That's right, we used to do it when the weed would sparked
When the drinks start flowing and the green starts glowing
If you from the hood I know you feel me, keep going

Hip hop started out in the park
That's right, we used to do it when the weed would sparked
When the drinks start flowing and the green starts glowing
If you from the hood I know you feel me, keep going

[Verse 2]

Who the best motherfucker in the street that you never heard?
The 45 separate your head and it severs nerves
Call me Koko B. Ware, I carry several birds
I'll demolish enemy scholars with every deadly word
These motherfuckers don't know the pain that the steel is doing
I'mma let em take it back to the block and explain it to em
Cut a motherfucker head like Hussein would do him
Take his motherfucking bread now it's painless to him
And feed the pitbulls that man's bones
Cause I'm here to fuck the game up like Pac-man Jones
I'm Kobe with rock, if not I'll fucking zone in the spot
But if you disrespect my mother or my home then you shot
I'm lonely a lot and that's the type of person who's deadly

And the 50 cal make your face look like spaghetti
Look at this feti, look at all this beautiful shit
A south Philly scumbag wearing Gucci and shit
It's over

[Hook]

Hip hop started out in the park
That's right, we used to do it when the weed would sparked
When the drinks start flowing and the green starts glowing
If you from the hood I know you feel me, keep going

Hip hop started out in the park
That's right, we used to do it when the weed would sparked
When the drinks start flowing and the green starts glowing
If you from the hood I know you feel me, keep going

[Verse 3]

This is Jakk Frost, it's your boy Vinnie, Philly Freezer
We do it proper cause hip hoppers they really need us
I tote the semi if you ? you won't really see it
How about a tough guy scream when he's shot
I ran terror from the same era as Biggie and Pac
This is ? we will plot you leave you paraplegic
You never there, I'm everywhere
I say I'm there then believe it
When you see me Louis Vuitton here in the drop yeah
Philly Freezer get paper all year
New Year's I'm on the ball, I'll be there when it drops
These snitch niggas saying I'm near when I'm not
Bet you when the bodies dropping they start calling the law
Rockafella heat spitters, Desert Eagle heat holders
Philly Freezer keep soldiers that'll ride for the cause
The AK will heat niggas, it'll flip your Jeep over
If these niggas try me probably catch a body tomorrow yeah

Vinnie Paz - End Of Days Lyrics

(*Prod. by Sicknature)
[** feat. lock McCloud:]

[Intro:]
The greatest form of control is when you think you're free when you're being fundamentally manipulated and dictated to. One form of dictatorship is being in a prison cell and you can see the bars and touch them. The other one is sitting in a prison cell but you can't see the bars but you think you're free*

What the human race is suffering from is mass hypnosis. We are being hypnotized by people like this: newsreaders, politicians, teachers, lecturers. We are in a country and in a world that is being run by unbelievably sick people. The chasm between what we're told is going on and what is really going on is absolutely enormous.

[Chorus: ~Block McCloud~]
It's like we all know what's going down
But no one's saying shit, what happened to the home of the brave?
These motherfuckers they're controlling us now
But no one's talking about it, made us proud to be slaves

And everybody's just walking around
Head in the clouds, we won't awake until we're dead in the grave
By then it's too late, we need to be ready to raise up
Welcome to the end of days

[Verse 1: ~Vinnie Paz~]
Everybody is slave, only some are aware
That the government releasing poison in the air
That's the reason I collect so many guns in my lair
I ain't never caught slipping, never underprepared
Yeah, The Shaytan army, they just break it proudly
George Bush the grandson of Aleister Crowley
They want you to believe the lie that the enemy Saudi
The enemy ain't Saudi, the enemy around me
There's fluoride in the water but nobody know that
It's also a prominent ingredient in Prozac (For real?)
How could any government bestow that?
A proud people who believe in political throwback
That's not all that I'm here to present you
I know about the black pope in Solomon's Temple
Yeah, about the Vatican assassins and how they will get you
And how they cloned Barack Hussein Obama in a test tube

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]
Whoever built the pyramids had knowledge of electrical power

And you know that that's the information that they suppress and devour
Who you think the motherfuckers that crashed in the tower?
Who you think that made it turn into ash in an hour?
The same ones that invaded Jerome
The ones that never told you about the skeletons on the moon
Yeah, the ones that poison all the food you consume
The ones that never told you about Mount Vesuvius Tomb
The Bird Flu is a lie, the Swine Flu is a lie
Why would that even come as a surprise?
Yeah, the Polio vaccine made you die
It caused cancer and it cost a lot of people their lives
Do y'all know about Bohemian Grove?
How the world leader sacrificing children in robes?
Lucifer is God in the public school system
I suggest you open up your ears and you listen

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Outro:]
The greatest hypnotist on the planet Earth is an oblong box in the corner in the room. It is constantly telling us what to believe is real. If you can persuade people that what they see with their eyes is what there is to see you've got them. Because they'll laugh in your face of an explanation then which portrays the big picture of what's happening... and they have.

Vinnie Paz - Righteous Kill Lyrics

(*Prod. by Lord Finesse)

[Verse 1:]
I'm a fucking thunderstorm, you's a light shower*
You a bitch, you shoot and miss like Dwight Howard
You can't battle the god, I'm too precise coward
That's like Khalid Muhammad saying he's White Power
This the machete that your organs getting sliced out with
The blind motherfucker in the village Bryce Howard
My brain only function proper in the night hours
You might own a fucking label but the mic ours
My shit hi-tech lord like a plastic bomb
An asshole, I punch people with glasses on
Anybody disagreeable we mashing on
I only fuck with green and gold god magic wand
An encore is the only thing that you clapping on
I'm a pitbull pussy, you a papillon
A bitch get a 40 from me, not a glass of Dom
I'm the G-29 in the assassin's palm

[Chorus:]
All I hear is danger, all I see is danger
All you hear is "run, run, here come danger"
Shatter dreams like Freddy your thoughts rearrange ya
Stare death dead in the eyes, it'll change ya

All I hear is danger, all I see is danger
All you hear is "run, run, here come danger"
Shatter dreams like Freddy your thoughts rearrange ya
Stare death dead in the eyes, it'll change ya

[Verse 2:]
It's a righteous kill, I don't do nothing but write and kill
Drink 40s, smoke el, push the white and krill
I move strong and fast, I have a bison's will
I'm the motherfucking champ, I'm the fighting field
I'm from the city of the syrup and Vicodin pills
From the city the most fearless of fighters was filmed
The city where we have the most street veterans still
The Moors, Nuwaubians, Five Percenters will build
I'm from Philly motherfucker, the rawest it comes
I make your body disappear, I'm a sorcerer's tongue
You live your whole life in fear that the torture will come
I hope my music is revered like a portrait of Pun
I'm paranoid god here in my fortress with guns
I had a void god, filled it with whores and with blunts

I ain't have a choice god, I was born in the slums
I ain't have a voice god till I slaughtered the drums

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]
Yeah, the four-fifth is a melon popper
Hollow tips spin your body like a helicopter
Anything can move god if you sell it proper
And I've been through more viewings than a teleprompter
This is horrorcore beat, got hella monsters
My team's got more Gs than a spelling proctor
Y'all ain't never moved D, y'all are petty choppers
I got a vicious left hook, call me Eddie Thomas
But I'm raw with the right hand
Like Jack Johnson fighting against the white man
Yeah I'm about to shorten your life span
Evil shit can be good if it's in the right hands
I make motherfuckers burn, you a slight tan
I keep a motherfucking urn on my nightstand
So wait your motherfucking turn like a hype man
I bury you with the snitches under the white sand

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - No Spiritual Surrender Lyrics

(*Prod. by DJ Muggs)
[** feat. Sick Jacken:]

[Verse 1:]
I don't know why y'all scared now, this ain't a new game*
Christians been raping children over in Ukraine
I don't indulge in small talk, it's only true pain
I don't divulge the plan ahk, I fuck with Hussein
Acid is falling from the sky, fuck a new reign
This is a flammable liquified gas butane
Muggs gave me audio heroin, hit the blue vein
I ain't even Vinnie no more, Evil my new name
I'm like Elijah Muhammad carrying thoughts afar
Laws of nature and mathematical charts of god
I'm taking everything letting you faggot authors starve
War criminals are becoming the arbiters of law
And y'all are fouler than swallowing pork
Real talk, free speech under foreign assault
And y'all are burying your head in the dirt
The heavy metal king hold big shit, hit your head with the lock

[Chorus: ~Sick Jacken~]
This shit is (raw), the Jedi Mind's (raw)
It's war with the metaphor and you ain't seen a storm before
You ain't Pac, get the fuck out of the underground floor
It's over, homie you ain't got no love anymore

Do it (raw), the Psychorealm's (raw)
This war's gonna end all, you ain't seen a storm before
I ain't taking this shit no more
We approach with a white skull when we assassinating y'all

[Verse 2:]
I'm the father of anything that's been done before
I was sparring with you, I ain't even begun the war
I like darkness, I don't know what the sun is for
Y'all have small hammers, y'all must be the son of Thor
Don't need hands, telepathically the gun will draw
That's the reason that you motherfuckers is running for
I saw the angel Gabriel y'all who we coming for
Y'all lock your part the same hell when I confronted y'all
I can ascend without any physical death
I can repent without any physical breath
To me it's not a discussion it's invisible chess
And if the vodka not Russian then it ain't hitting the chest
I can talk about guns, drugs, deading your shit

I can talk about the Torah and dimensional shifts
The power of the almighty is what's sent through my lips
The power of the almighty when the sentinel spits

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]
I'm the complete rapper, the seventh son of the beast master
My heart is bigger than anyone and it beats faster
I'm a fucking king getting better with each chapter
Kiss the fucking ring, you'd better agree bastard
A sucker MC like to think [?] classic
I'm not a fucking star yet but the seed planted
Energy of god head, Vinnie P tantric
I'm capable of levitating and speak Sanskrit
Yeah, and that's all part of the perfect machine
Part of perfect precision, part of the perfect regime
Part of purpose and the part of the work on my Deen
Perform wudhu make salah now the surface is clean
Everything meticulous, Vinnie's work is pristine
Fuck with me you'll take a trip under earth with the queen
I give a fuck about a critic, I'm searching for cream
My shit is filled with hollow tips so it bursts in ya spleen

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Street Wars Lyrics

(*Prod. by Shuko)
[** feat. Clipse and Block McCloud:]

[Verse 1:]
Yeah, bout as real as they come*
Still pushing base like an African drum
The only other hands that it touched before Young
Was a Guala out of Dallas with shag like Tum Tum
Back to the hood where niggas started detoxing
Till I hit them corners with that motherfucking sheet rock
The rollers back bitch, the seal's on the back bitch
The six-three highlights the difference like an asterisks
Yes, the re-up game never dies
Soda makes the brick multiply
Push tons of monster with the pie
Keep water from the villain
Remember what it did to them gremlins?
Oh God, street wars when the heat warms up
In summertime niggas know what's up
Heavy armour, heavy drama, heavy karmas
Be the reason haters scared of us fucking their baby mamas

[Chorus:]
Soon as this product hits the street
You know they will be strung
They'll be dancing to the beat of this drum
Listen, It's addiction hey

You know we got em hooked like fiends
They open like a drug
They'll be dancing to the beat of this drum
Listen, It's addiction

[Verse 2:]
Yeah, I told Pusha, I told Mal
Vinnie move more white shit than a snowplough
Everybody knew the guinnie was so foul
The SKS with the bayonet, oh wow
I'll rob everything and leave you with a hungry gut
The hollow tips leave you looking like you got a Gumby cut
You think you fucking with the God then you's a funny fuck
Rambo knife cut your stomach like a tummy tuck
All you see is darkness when the gun bursts
The G36 melt your brain like a Pun verse
I act wild but I handle my funds first
I'm drunk all the time, blood quenches the son's thirst

I don't talk about the money I got
Because if money want my money then money gets shot
Rap shit don't work then I dumb on the block
With Pusha and Mal cooking up the drums in the pot

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]
Still with the coke man, same as it ever was
Re-up game, we the shame of America
Eighties hysteria, the 'caine be my legacy
The feds got our names, they hang us in effigy
Best believe it come back like it never left
I write rhymes but I'll bet I'd make a better chef
They can't wait for it to dry, they like it better wet
And I'm heavy with the D like Eddie F
I whip it good, real good then I let it rest
Then I scrape the sides then I let em test
Yes, I got weight like Creatine
A gem star hit that chopping block like a guillotine
Know what I mean? Sitting on chrome rims
Not only paper, we stack brick like Stonehenge
Go against us? Haters got no wins
I trust no one and I don't need no friends

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Ain't Shit Changed Lyrics

(*Prod. by MTK)
[** feat. Lawrence Arnell:]

[Verse 1:]
Ain't a goddamn thing gonna change, I'm still the same Vinnie*
I'm still the same fat motherfucker, same guinea
A little bit more money, that's why I ain't skinny
Still the same block-hugger, still the same city
I still got the same people that remain with me
That was drinking 40s with me when they slain Biggie
And the same motherfuckers felt the pain with me
When my stepfather died and they came with me
I ain't expect nothing less from them, they chained to me
Spiritually, mentally, we the same really
We all was raised on different blocks in the same Philly
Still some stupid motherfuckers saying they can't feel me
Actually they do feel me, they just ashamed really
That they ain't shining like the kid, a bunch of lames really
Dirtbags trying to make the kid insane really
But Louie Dogs just impervious to pain really

[Chorus:]
Every morning I rise up, I open my eyes
Thinking I'm the shit
I guarantee if you're fucking with me
You gon' know who you're fucking with

I been this way since I came of age
And I never did play them games
I'll be this way till the day I lay
Cause ain't a goddamn thing gonna change

[Verse 2:]
It ain't anybody ever gonna hold me down
I'm one of the greatest ever homie I stole the crown
I'm too strong and fast, you ain't slowing me down
I'm gonna keep beating your head, call me Homie the Clown
I hope that y'all are holding close to your rosaries now
I think I got a couple snitches that's close to me now
If I was them I'd keep it moving be ghost from me now
And pray that they don't run into Vinnie socially now
It's always one motherfucker trying to set you up
Dry snitch take something from you, wet you up
I was sleeping being dumb trying to protect the fuck
He getting buck fifty, slice him from his neck to gut
All in all ain't nothing changed, still the same squad

Some are still hustling, summers at the same job
Some is 9 to 5, some is on the graveyard
I'd rather have them on tour with me so I pray hard

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]
I'm the truth motherfucker, not built to betray
With the philosophy that Rome wasn't built in a day
No matter how strong the body it wilts and decay
After it's hit by a shotty that's silver and grey
I'm a mess, bipolar, I'm willing to say
That there ain't a woman that's living that's willing to stay
Somebody please fix my head, I'm willing to pay
I'm too at ease with the dead and the killing okay
Damn, I'm anti-social I'd rather be home
And when I'm drunk Planet and Crypt carry me home
I don't have a happy ending, just tragedy homes
You better address me as mister or majesty homes
I'm a messiah, I'm a liar, I have to be stoned
I'm a pariah, I retire, I have to be cloned
I have fire, I'm desire, this has to be known
I'm a survivor, a relier on tragedy's throne

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Aristotle's Dilemma Lyrics

(*Prod. by Madlib)

[Intro:]
Silly girl to be a fool*
You didn't play the golden rule
'Cause once you're through with one world
There's another waiting there

[Verse 1:]
Y'all motherfuckers walk around like you got a wire
My watch face the same size as a Ducati tire
Everybody hit the deck when the shotty fire
Vinnie give your team problems like I'm Stoudemire
Your fam should be ashamed of you still
This ain't a cookout but Vinnie put the flame to your grill
You claim to be real but y'all just end up painfully killed
My four-fifth is vicious, cold enough for Satan to chill
I don't give a fuck cousin, everybody can fry
Everyone could be a victim, everybody could cry
Only a real man look another dead in the eye
And tell him that he only got like twenty seconds to die
I'm slow but I realise that's my best pace
My voice raw, when I spit it crack through my chest plate
I ain't the type of motherfucker to test fate
The type of motherfucker to increase the arrest rate
Streets fucked up suffering bad, there's no kush
Motherfuckers stuck hustling skag
Yeah, same ones get stuck with the mag
Hard rock turn to rubble cause he's fucking a fag

[Chorus:]
Silly girl to be a fool
You didn't play the golden rule
'Cause once you're through with one world
There's another waiting there

Silly girl to be a fool
You didn't play the golden rule
'Cause once you're through with one world
There's another waiting there

[Verse 2:]
I'm a go hard till nothing is left
Till there's nothing left in the world, nothing but death
And the .38 tucked in my vest
And I stare at my guns like they're a pair of voluptuous breasts

I don't care, I'll take one in my chest
If it means seeing my father again and maybe touching his flesh
I'll walk around with thirty guns in my sweats
If it means that I'm eating and my mother eating, son of success
I see the world different than y'all
I have more determination and persistence than y'all
It's probably why I have such a resistance to y'all
It's probably why I been so much more consistent than y'all
It's business-involved, I'm everything that you could possibly dream
I'm a mathematician, I'm a vision, I'm a machine
Know what I mean? I roll with brothers pushing rock to the fiends
Roll with brothers who love their mothers, stay on top of their Deen
Louie Dogs rap harder than most
And I got something that rearrange your face and turn your pop to a ghost
You get rocked with the toast
And I make you put your hands up like people that are talking in quotes

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Kill 'Em All Lyrics

(*Prod. by C-Lance)
[** feat. Beanie Sigel:]

[Intro:]
People want to think that this is the Wild West – we don't have any laws*
What we don't have is enforcement of those laws.
Senator Fumo argues tougher gun laws alone won't stop shootings.
Last time I checked we had a law against murder.
It doesn't prevent people from killing people.
The governor, the mayor, the DA, they all want stricter gun laws.

[Verse 1: ~Beanie Sigel~]
May death come to all those who cross us
The preachers, the pastors, the deacons, coffins
Church masses, closed caskets, Bible verses, long black hearses
Long-ass gats too big for holsters, obituary posters getting posted
The reaper closing in, he's getting closer
You just fake, you blink it's over
[?] soldier here, SK shoulder gear, ice grill who? Hold that steer
Half a clip and I hold that dear [?] now roll that J, yeah
You missed the list of the souls I spit
I double-checked that you ain't on that there
I squeeze weapons, hollow points open up like the cobra head
Collapse lungs like a fold-up chair, flat line, clear

[Chorus (2x): ~Vinnie Paz~]
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]
I rhyme like my life on the line, this fucking mic is mine
The past burglar, the mass murderer, the viper's shrine
A strong body could never conquer a righteous mind
Some think it's destiny, some of you think it's Christ-designed
You consider what I'm doing like a magical art
I consider what I'm doing like a stab through the heart
My brain moves at light speed, nothing fast as my thought
You might feel a slight breeze from the savage's heart
Y'all saying Vinnie is back but Vinnie never left
I just had these faggots hating and watching my every step
Everything with Vinnie very deadly, every breath
Everything with Vinnie very heavy, heavenly flesh
Y'all ain't fucking with weight, I'm doing steady reps
I'm a sell my shit and then skate like I was Kerry Getz

I keep my biscuit right next to where my machete rest
Everything is everything but pussy death is death

[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

Vinnie Paz - Keep Movin' On Lyrics

(*Prod. by MoSS)
[** feat. Shara Worden:]

[Verse 1:]
I lost my job at the factory and that's disastrous*
They said it's due to regulation and higher taxes
They ain't give me no notice, they knocked me off my axis
I can't pay the electric bill, it's total blackness
I suggested some incentives for innovation
But that was met with resistance like it's a sin of Satan
I'm losing my patience over here, I'm sick of waiting
And I ain't never expect to be in this situation
And the manufacturing jobs are fading fast
Can't do nothing else, I should've stayed in class
I have to wait till summertime to cut the blades of grass
I have this little bit of money, have to make it last
I have children to feed, I have a loving wife
I had a hard time coming that was nothing nice
I keep asking myself what am I doing wrong
And they just look at me and tell me keep it movin' on

[Chorus:]
Keep movin' on
But I don't know where to go
Nowhere to go
Keep movin' on

[Verse 2:]
It was like '91, '92
I remember people telling us that ain't nobody signing you
There's no Italians or Puerto Ricans that's shining through
Y'all should just go back and just do what y'all was designed to do
We ain't listened to none of that, we hard-headed
We took it back to the lab and then the god set it
We smoked els, drank liquor and we got wetted
And everything we did back then was barbaric
Around '94 had some labels take notice
They said that Stoupe was the illest but that I ain't focused
The label execs needed to be explained dopeness
And that's around the time I thought that it became hopeless
We was still in the street, D was moving strong
I was failing out of school, it wasn't cool with moms
I was asking myself, "What was we doing wrong? "
And why the industry keep saying to keep it movin' on

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]
I signed up cause they promised me some college money
I ain't the smartest motherfucker but I'm not a dummy
They told me I would be stationed in places hot and sunny
I had a lot of pride, motherfuckers got it from me
These people over here innocent, they never harmed me
My sergeant tried to convince me that they would try to bomb me
I feel like an outsider stuck inside this army
Everybody brainwashed, American zombies
I ain't realised how much it set me back
Until I lost my leg and then they sent me back
I don't have anything now I'm left with scraps
From a government who created AIDS, invented crack
People told me not to join, I tried to prove em wrong
Now I'm homeless and I'm cold without no food is worm
I keep asking myself, "What did I do that's wrong? "
And the government telling me keep it movin' on

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Monster's Ball Lyrics

I feel reinvigorated, don't fuck with the boss
I'd rather cut my own throat before suffering loss
Anybody fucking with me get hung on the cross
I have anger in me, don't make me summon the source
I go to war with the Glock
I go to war with anybody motherfucker, I'm a sorcerer ock
Fucking everything whether the bitch is gorgeous or not
I murder everything, that's just some of my torturous plot
If you righteous and you under attack
Like the Anbar Awakening and Sons of Iraq
The fifty cal is like a thunderous clap
If you think that you safe and nothing wrong that's a presumptuous act
It ain't no tomorrow, I don't got a dime saved
And if you did it's in the Wall Street crime wave
It ain't nothing worse in the world than a mind slave
Going to war with my people how I define brave

[Chorus]

I'm a monster
Ain't no one can fuck with the kid
I'm a monster
My jail brothers stuck with a bid
I'm a monster
Everything I do is precise
I'm a monster
Pazienza ruin your life

I'm a monster
Ain't no one can fuck with the kid
I'm a monster
My jail brothers stuck with a bid
I'm a monster
Everything I do is precise
I'm a monster
Pazienza ruin your life

[Verse 2]

Yeah you know that Vinnie he been nice
Y'all don't belong inside of the ring like you Kimb' Slice
I ain't gonna take all of your skin, just a thin slice
They call me John “The Beast” Mugabi when Vin fights
Vin Laden, Taliban, Hamas, and Al-Qaeda
You a snitch cop lover, you fuck with a traitor
I'm a motherfucking brick you constructed of paper
I dumped the motherfucking clip now you dust and you vapour

I was there when all the planets was born
Before the Continental Drift and when Atlantis was formed
When Gandhi told the Indians to stand and be strong
And took the British out with intellect in spite of their brawn

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Everything Pazienza do is hard body
I don't care if you Blood, Ñeta, or Godbody
I was devilish before the power of God got me
I just think I let the fucking sword of Allah chop em
Mossberg nine thirty-five is amazing
The Prada high-tops the same colour as raisin
He a rat, not even his mother can save him
That's what you get for being brothers with Satan
The thirty-eight practical, the Glock is for fair
And this for jail brothers something they can knock on the tier
Yeah, I'll stick a knife in your esophagus queer
I'm an animal, every rhyme will demolish you queers
Gas high but you can get the D for a real price
This Sig Sauer 1911 is real nice
I'll stick through the wrist with a steel spike
And now maybe you'll overstand the pain of the real Christ

[Chorus]

Vinnie Paz - Role Of Life Lyrics

(*Prod. by Bronze Nazareth)

Life, this role of life*

[Verse 1:]
This is Rock of Gibraltar rap
The Springfield M14 show you where the coffin's at
You motherfuckers don't belong in rap
Fuck with me you got a better chance taking an abortion back
You lack flavour, put some sauce on that
I went to the Great Wall, put my fist through and walked through that
Where this motherfucker's fortune at?
I'm a levitate his body, make it spin like a Laundromat
Motherfucker I was born to rap
I've been making records wild long, never did a song that's whack
How many have accomplished that?
I was wild as a young boy, shouldn't have put moms through that
Vinnie Paz been to Nam and back
I ain't never put the guns down cousin so my palms is black
You a bitch, I ain't involved with that
I got a big trunk and that's where Vinnie keep all of his corpses at

[Chorus:]
Life, this role of life

[Verse 2:]
Silverback Gorilla walk through the minefield
We don't see eye to eye how you define real
Y'all are wondering if I'm out of my mind still
I just need some liquor and pills and I'm chill
I run with Puerto Rocks, Morenos and vagabonds
And Paz will shoot this motherfucker up like Barrie Bonds
I'm like a military doctor, Vinnie carry arms
My shit is military proper, Vinnie carry bombs
I kick in the door like BI did
And the automatic weapons look like TI crib
Vinnie fat, you'll never see my ribs
I don't call it loading bullets, I refer to it as feed my kids
All I think about is slaughtering y'all
This little motherfucker named Charles Hamilton is harder than y'all
It's in the garbage with y'all
Listen to all you Myspace rappers, I'm a father to y'all

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

I write in the rain, turn beautiful night into pain
I turn life into a frightening game
I don't have love in me, it's just ice in my veins
My fist Hammer of Thor, I Tyson the game
This rap shit deep in my heart
Y'all was sleep from the start
But that just led to unbelievable art
And on top of that the god is unbelievably smart
My bare fists turn trees into bark
Y'all don't want any improvement at all
Y'all are devils, y'all are torturing the rule of law
My mind is a computer of war
And it's typically the biggest motherfucker that'll usually fall
Give me one take cousin, the god out
A forty of [?] and I ride out
The forty Glock popping your eyes out
Now you never get a chance to see what the god 'bout

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Nosebleed Lyrics

[** feat. R.A. the Rugged Man:]

[Verse 1: ~RA The Rugged Man~]
Ruin your idol, I'm glued to the Bible and my rifle, losing your title*
Instead of shooting you're suing for libel
Everybody hate me cause I stay true to the facts
The Ku Klux Klan hate me more than Jews and Blacks
Yeah, you over for certain, you can pray to whoever
Jehovah, Buddha, Allah, Jesus, Mother Mary the Virgin
Is it the violence that the TV taught us?
I grew up worshipping Charles Bronson, John Rambo, and Chuck Norris
Pazienza the Pazmanian Damien rapping the pain he in
Cracking your cranium, I'm macking mahogany at the Palladium
I'm Bruce Leroy, you Eddie Arkadian
I got the gat and the black [?] Arabian I'm waterboarding like Dick Cheney
And yo back at the first day of my birth
The moment I was born I was condemned by the Catholic Church
Warsaw battling the streets we inhabited
I'm sugar like Ray Robinson, you ain't even saccharin
Leaving you staggering making an impact
New York, we created this rap
This a blatant attack, East Coast we taking it back, c'mon

[Chorus:]
Life is love, death, pain
Hate [?] nothing to gain
Life is love, death, pain
Hate [?] nothing to gain

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]
I'm letting this motherfuckers live, it was truly compassion
I'm brutally bashing cause I'm steadily losing my passion
Tell Louie to stab em or to shoot em with two different Magnums
I'm usually packing carry hawks like I'm Julian Jackson
I'll rob em for Gucci, I'm a thief, these are Lucifer's actions
I'm a provider, I'm a messiah, Jesus' assassin
I don't think it's anybody living truly could match this
I slaughter Buddha through the computer, Medusa's companion
A lot of rappers wanna beef with the lion
Ain't too many people that's as fucking lethal as I am
I feast em and fry em, Vinnie so at peace with the violence
I exercise absolute power, peace to the tyrants
I'm old school like quarter waters and eating in silence
You new school like faggot rappers competing for prizes
I'm a send you to the afterlife speak to Osiris
And when he ask you why you there tell him the lethalest virus

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - WarMonger Lyrics

(*Prod. by Fizzy Womack)

[Verse 1:]
My fist enters in your temple like an obelisk*
It's blackness, darkness, abyss of joblessness
Everything you do is small, my shit is monstrous
I murder devils and any of their accomplices
My brain function on other levels of consciousness
My brain function on other levels of pompousness
You're listening to the bass and treble of godlessness
My thirty-eight will spit hate and level the populous
My esophogus breed the evil that just demolishes
Whether or not you're a believer in the Apocalypse
Y'all shit is sweeter than two faggots that's locking lips
It ain't a rapper competing with my obnoxiousness
It ain't nobody that's equal to my accomplishments
The Desert Eagle is legal and it astonishes
The AR15 diesel and blow your mom to bits
It's hard to catch me, I'm Thurman Munson and Carlton Fisk

[Chorus:]
Music is motivation for me to just go insane
Man I see it on paper, I know that I should be caged
And I'm trapped but I escaped it
By trapping in that trap for that paper

Music is motivation for me to just go insane
Man I see it on paper, I know that I should be caged
And I'm trapped but I escaped it
By trapping in that trap for that paper

[Verse 2:]
Y'all know the flow is precise
You don't owe me your life
But that could change one roll of the dice
And then money try to go for his knife
I'm a levitate his body to the sky until he's homies with Christ
Don't even fuck around, son is a goon
Son is bipolar, alcoholic, son is consumed
I breathe life into the sun and the moon
I breathe life into the most barren bloodiest womb
Y'all don't know y'all getting stalked in the shower
Populism is rebellion over corporate power
Politics is just the talk of the hour
It's a matter of time before they hit another office or tower
I don't care, I put the gun to your ribs

And the Desert E big, it'll separate mothers from kids
I walked around from Philly slums to the bridge
Been around the world eighty times, nobody can fuck with the kid
Yeah

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Paul And Paz Lyrics

(*Prod. by C-Lance)
[** feat. Paul Wall and Block McCloud:]

[Intro: ~Charlie Manson~]
I run the underworld, guy*
I decide who does what and where they do it at.
Why am I gonna run around and act like I'm some teeny-bopper somewhere for somebody else's money?
I make the money, man.
I roll the nickels.
The game's mine. I'm the king!

[Chorus: ~Block McCloud~]
Gotta get fetti, gotta get that dough
Please don't hate me cause I hustle and it's all I know
We get fetti man, we get that flow
They hate us because we love paper chasing

Gotta get feddy, gotta get that dough
Please don't hate me cause I hustle and it's all I know
We get feddy man, we get that flow
They hate us because we love paper chasing

[Verse 1: ~Paul Wall~]
I'm the man with the plan and them rocks in my hand
In the Cadillac sitting on the fours
I'll do papy so happy but the haters mad at me
When I come around the corner so slow
I'm the shit where I'm from in the land of Screw
A go-getter chasing after bankrolls
If you're hating don't try it cause I'm waiting so quiet
A player stay up on his toes
I got my mind on paper, not concerned with them haters
Them boys is talking down call me catch up later
See I pull up in that black on black like Darth Vader
Handing bars out the window, serving boys like a waiter
My mind on dollar signs so partner I'm a grind
Gotta punch that clock and paper-chase overtime
That paper is a fool if you put in work
I'm a hustle till I'm under the dirt, I gotta get it baby

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]
I'm nice with the ox, you get cut like the raw white
Or hit you with a fucking silver bullet like Coors Light
I could tell a snitch if he don't walk through the door right
I could tell a snitch if he don't handle the four right
The fifth levitate your body to God's height

Flatline, long dark tunnel and saw light
I'm a ride dirty so motherfucker forget the law
Chicken wing, shrimp, fried rice, and the liquor store
It don't take a lot for me to have the pistol drawn
Get popped in front of me, I don't even assist the boy
Y'all are fronting, I don't know what the resistance for
Y'all are nothing, that's why that you keep you distance for
Anybody fuck with Vinnie getting laid to waste
I'm a have your white tee looking like it's tomato paste
You a joker motherfucker Vinnie play the ace
Paul take the thirty-eight snub and rearrange his face

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Bad Day Lyrics

[Verse 1:]
Some people wake up late, I wake up mad late*
All the time hungover, it's a sad state
I love liquor, she my bitch and her ass great
But I don't remember anything from our last date
I wipe the sleep from my eyes and I peep my phone
Twenty texts, thirty calls, just leave me alone
My head pounding like crazy, I need some Patron
That's the hair of the dog, god need a bone
Kiss my mama on the cheek, she look beautiful
(Vinnie you're a mess, what I'm gonna do with you?)
I know you cooking something
(Yeah, I made some food for you
Managut, bragol, and some brigutte too)
I told you wild times ma I don't fuck with pork
Please pass the lucatelli and a bunch of salt
The phone ring, it's the police but who would've thought?
This motherfucking pig telling me I'm due in court

[Chorus:]
Every time I feel this shit is going my way
Something come along and fuck up my day
I had a rhyme in my mind now there's nothing to say
And cousin that just fucked up my day

Driving down the block someone cut in my way
That shit went and fucked up my day
Rap critics, they always got something to say
I would never let that fuck up my day

[Verse 2:]
I don't know where the fuck I'm at today
I drank a couple of bottles, I guess I have to pay
This bitch laying next me, she look like Cassius Clay
Gotta get outta here before she asks me to stay
I don't know how I got here in the first place
She had a banging body but she had the worst face
I guess I act like an animal, I deserve hate
She must've lured me in with white like she was third base
It ain't hard to convince me to do some dumb shit
Especially when I'm on that get high and drunk shit
That's why Vinnie always end up with a dumb bitch
The only thing I'm never on is on some punk shit
I'm on the other side of town and I'm walking dolo
Panerai watch, Gucci kicks, lots of Polo
Goons ran up on the kid, put the gat to my dome
I was caught slipping, I left the ratchet at home

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Washed In The Blood Of The Lamb Lyrics

(*Prod. by 4th Disciple)

[Verse 1:]
If you listen to me then you know my father was G*
And the apple don't fall too far from the tree
Me and you is different as we could possibly be
Me and you is just different philosophically
I don't think it's anybody as obnoxious as me
I don't think that anybody else could parted the sea
I don't think that you wanna discuss the horror with me
If I was you I'd move a little bit more farther from me
It ain't nobody living more of a sergeant than me
It ain't nobody alive more of a prophet than me
It ain't nobody living possibly rocking with me
On the stage, in the studio, or boxing with me
Every second I'm awake there is a toxin in me
Anti-depressants, Suboxone, Oxycontin in me
Only a stupid motherfucker have a problem with me
Cause he don't know I got the fucking problem-solver with me

[Chorus:]
I was washed in the blood of the lamb
Whoever touches my hand gonna leave enough blood in the sand
I was washed in the blood of the lamb
Whoever fuck with my fam suffering, a motherfucker should scram

I was washed in the blood of the lamb
Whoever touches my hand gonna leave enough blood in the sand
I was washed in the blood of the lamb
Whoever fuck with my fam suffering, a motherfucker should scram

[Verse 2:]
I slaughter anything I get my hands on
Inside the Church of Anton with bloody pants on
I was in the land of Israel and heard ram's horn
I was in the sand with Ishmael and fought the sandstorm
I'm just waiting for the raven to thaw
Cause I don't argue with Mesopotamian law
I submit my will and faith into the grace of Allah
And the Mayan calendar say it's erasing us all
The four-fifth you should see this thing, it's berserk
And y'all are royalty inside a fucking kingdom of dirt
How are y'all original when y'all ain't think of it first?
I just wish I could put everything I think into verse

Vinnie Paz - Drag You To Hell Lyrics

(*Prod. by DJ Kwestion)

[Chorus (2x):]
I'm taking my own life, I might as well*
Guess where I'm going cause the Devil's inside
I'm taking my own life, that's where I'm going
Except they might not sell weed in Hell

[Verse 1:]
See I always have respect cause I always talk fact
The .38 and the 50 caliber hot, black
I always left with nothing but I always brought back
I always been a hustler, I probably go off that
Y'all don't wanna go to work with the boy
There's only two words that describe me: search and destroy
I don't think you wanna get murked by the boy
My shit is military, y'alls is like a nursery toy
It's hurting you boys
My team ain't even hungry, we famished
I murder everybody, fuck collateral damage
I'm animal savage with Hannibal's habits
I'll mangle your cabbage
I walked into the parish and I strangled the faggots
I hang with the baddest brothers, put their trust into Jesus
Run with brothers who's forty guzzlers, Islamic extremists
Ugly and ignorant is how they perceive us
I don't care, I'm trying to deal with my personal demons

[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

[Verse 2:]
Y'all don't wanna go that route
Broke motherfucker need to throw his throwback out
If you see me drinking something good I stole that stout
If you see me drinking in the hood then roll back out
On the real I don't want no one to bother me, cousin
Rapping just a little fucking bit of part of me, cousin
I'm just trying to have a drink at the bar with my cousin
I ain't mean to be rude, god, pardon me cousin
I stay strapped lord, gun in the tuck
Young boys act wild lord funny as fuck
I scrap southpaw sonning you fucks
Look at you lord on the floor bummy as fuck, what?
My life been defined by death
So I guess if everybody dead mine is next
My father dropped a jewel on me, time forgets

It's not as easily the mind forgets
Y'all know what I mean?

[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

[Verse 3:]
Drag you to Hell, I'm evil dead, you can call me Sam Raimi
These motherfuckers want a verse but they can't pay me
Fuck a funeral home, put em in the sand maybe
Y'all are acting like you're big, like you're mad gravy
Y'all don't wanna beef with the god
Don't have the brain power to compete with the god
Y'all should retreat from the god before you get turned to meat
Something to eat for the god, peace to the gods
I carry heavy shit, big guns, John Rambo
I'm a spot Russia like Pakistani commandos
How you go to war when you're standing in sandals?
Now you're dead and your family handling candles
Don't even call for a truce, I'm about to end this
Whole motherfucker when I call for the troops
Reservoir dog walk with the troops
And I burn this motherfucker down to the ground down to it's roots

[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

Vinnie Paz - Same Story (My Dedication) Lyrics

[** feat. Liz Fullerton:]

[Verse 1:]
You came into my mother's life at the right time*
More than a step-father, more of like a lifeline
She ain't really had happiness since my pop died
She was living but living is always not alive
And my momma should be treated like a queen
You gave her everything she ever needed like a queen
Probably the most gentle G I ever seen
The love y'all shared I never seen in human beings
Y'all were together twelve years, never no fights
Not even a little argument, that was so nice
Three of us eating dinner together most nights
Working seven days a week, that ain't no life
But never once did I hear you complain
Even when they let you go never hear you with blame
It take a real man to walk through the rain
He was a real man who got sick and fought through the pain

[Chorus:]
I am made of all four corners
All directions without the borders
I am strung so loose together
And you're a thread that holds forever
I'm not nobody's baby
You had your shit too
But you always came through for me

[Verse 2:]
I walked in that morning and knew something was wrong
I tried to talk to you Rock, you didn't respond
I called 9-1-1 and then ran for my moms
Waiting for the ambulance and I tried to be calm
Moms went with you, I stayed and held down the fort
I was nervous, I was crying and really distraught
I was alone by myself, just left with my thoughts
Mommy called, told me that you had a stroke and fought
I ain't seen a hospital since my father died
I don't like it there, memories is locked inside
When I walked inside the room we started to cry
I was just so happy that you was alive
And you told you how much that you hate the hospital
And that they thieves are trying to keep their pockets full
I think I hold myself a little bit responsible
When you was smoking all the time I wasn't stopping you

Nevertheless you came home and that was real
A lot of therapy and doctors gave you lots of pills
You couldn't thrive anymore, you had to stop and chill
And that's too much for anybody that can stop your will
But you never got back to your norm
You was proud, didn't want any help from my mom
I left for tour and you asked me how long I'd be gone
And I could see inside your eyes you knew something was wrong
I got back mommy told me you was sick again
Couldn't believe that we was going through this shit again
I love you Rock and I'm always gonna miss you friend
And for me it's just the same story, different pen

[Repeat Chorus:]

ILL BILL & VINNIE PAZ
HEAVY METAL KINGS
PARENTAL ADVISORY

Keeper of the Seven Keys by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Keeper of the Seven Keys

[Intro]
Yeah, Heavy Metal Kings
Brrrat, brrrat
ILL BILL & Vinnie Paz
Yo C-Lance this beat's monster!

[Chorus: Raekwon sample]
Walked in, both of us looked like terrorists
Walked in, both of us looked like terrorists
Masks on, second floor, dun yo, I handle this

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
When y'all was fucking around with Bush I was running with Saddam
Puffing on the kush and building with the imam
The only thing you motherfuckers set was the alarm
I'm stronger than the motherfucking Tet in Vietnam
Whoever wanna knuckle up will be deformed
Praying to the altar of the church and reading psalms
I don't mean weapons when I say that I'm dealing arms
I chop a motherfucking body up and feed the dogs
Me and BILLY ain't even deities we the gods
You a faggot, we the OGs that's in the yard
Only a select few believe in Fard
The rest gonna meet with Shaitan to bleed and starve
Left hook astronomy, you seeing stars
If I ain't in the studio drunk I be in bars
BILL buck-fifty this pussy and leave a scar
You might own a team, believe the league is ours
[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]
He was the keeper of the seven keys, eighteen a brick
A hundred and twenty-six thousand in a briefcase, give me my shit
It had the look that said, "I am the power"
The white angel with a scorpion branded across the particles of powder

Martyrs in the tower, owls, apocalyptic hour
Sound of pistol shower, crowning a system that devour
Mysticism shrouded in whispers, profound with an interest
Push a button and blow you up with a bomb from a distance
Like for instance in the parked car across from the precinct
Looking out my window watching your window falling to pieces
Bombing emergency, counterinsurgency, serpents flee
Furnished by me, sponsored courtesy of the murder spree
Using religion, science versus superstition
Came from the future to teach us how we overthrew the system
He lost an eye and several fingers on his right hand
Letterbomb sent to him by unidentified fans
The truth was never revealed, he retired to an island near Fiji
So his past would never reappear
Or so he thought until he caught some unidentifiable virus
They say he has five weeks to live

[Chorus x2]

Eye Is the King by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Eye Is the King

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]
My fist is a gun, my fingers is individual pistols
System overload, glitches toe to toe, eye to eye, soul to soul
Walk amongst the lords of war, soldier gore
Calls these invisible walls to fall
Mental slavery, skids a metal prison corridor, cult leader orator
Since I was a shorty y’all busy with the .44
The black flag represent the skull and the guns
It’s like selling a MAC-11 to Attila the Hun
The ultimate in cult leaders, adult folk villains
Coke dealings in the champagne room with broke feeling
So fake amongst plastic piranhas
I’mma put you all to sleep in some acid pyjamas
Central intelligence odyssey, mind control biography
MK-Ultra, extraterrestrial sodomy
Way beyond astronomy, double-O like Sean Connery
We walk silently with big silencers violently

[Hook x2]
Everything William Cooper was talking about then is happening now
Malachi York was way ahead of his time too, it’s wild
"In the land of the blind the man with one eye is the king"

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
My fist is a gun, every finger’s an individual sword
You either living with Shaytan or you living with God
I make metal with the cult leader orator
Since I was shorty y’all busy with Bacardi raw
I cock the .44, symphonies by Marley Marl
I would splatter all of y’all, shit y’all never saw before
Vinnie and his dogs of war, bombs the size of soccer balls
Since y’all was inside the walls tortured with the waterboards
Grab him by his throat, take his fucking head and scalp him
I carry black metal like I’m Venom’s second album

Support Dr. York, don’t believe what’s said about him
Strangle non-believers till the fucking redness out him
If we don’t like what they saying I guess we have to drown 'em
All they see is the demon lord and death around 'em
I’m made of mercury alloy like I was in amalgam
No matter how you look at it cousin death is the outcome
[Hook x2]

Impaled Nazarene by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Impaled Nazarene

[Intro]
You have seen, you cannot deny it any longer

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Walt Disney was fuckin' Nazi, Illuminati killed Mike Jackson
Barack Obama aware of all their precise action
Look at the dollar bill, they want the fuckin' light blackened
Y’all too stupid and blind to see what might happen
The symbolism from beginning of recorded times
And Hinduism and the spinning of distorted minds
You believe it when the television report the crime
Well I believe that that’s irrelevant and falsified
Where was Jesus in the Bible for seventeen years?
He was in Tibet and India and they were his peers
He also lived in the Himalayas and Kashmir
He survived the crucifixion and lived for mad years
They like the idea of war between Arab and Jew
They like the idea of slaughter and massacre too
Knowledge is infinite, it’s something you have to pursue
I pray to God on the Shabbat for a pacifist coup

[Interlude]
"To most people who would consider themselves intelligent beings they say; Well that’s absurd, what’s all this doomsday stuff?"

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]
Born in the Sudan, raised in America
Aged seven in a new land, raised by the Seraphim
Learned Islam in Mitzrayim
Amongst the pyramids dragged by 'em
From the Nile River later reminisced and drank wine
Return to childhood and crime
Did an upstate bid for three years, out on parole
Now the world is mine
Created his own movement in ‘69

Nubian Hebrew Mission had arrived, he’s alive
Changed his name to Isa Abdullah
Many times after that legally changed his name several times
Level nine, Jackie and The Starlights, made music with passion
Rolls-Royce elegant fashion ready for action
Descendant of aliens from another planet
They said Christ was underhanded
Like King Solomon with many wives
Under marriage many seeds, many heirs to the throne
Ready to die and forever it’s told
Similar to this eleven year-old
After being gang-raped at eight memorized the testament scrolls
Front to back he recited the Bible
Word for holy word, Passion of the Christ on arrival
The Branch Davidians took him in then he took 'em over
Claiming the name of David from the book of Jehovah
You’d have thought that he’s from Brooklyn
How he had it all sewn up
Till the ATF had him blown up
Out in Waco
[Outro: David Koresh]
"So you know you guys, do it your way, I do it my way. You gonna argue with me, you catch me on the side of the road somewhere, you come and argue with me. You come pointing guns in the direction of my wife, my kids, damn it I’ll meet you at the door any time. And I’m sorry some of you guys got shot, but uh... Hey, God will have to sort that out, won’t he?"

Children of God by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]
Never doubt your God, children singing songs about Jihad
Explosions that blow cars over buildings from afar
We the children of a bloodstained revolution
Gun bang, forever shoot and run fam, get your UZI love thing
Retribution Timberland boots, leather gooses
In the undisclosed black bulletproof with the extra shooter
Bought a box of banana clips from these anarchists
Like Tim Osman commanding the ship on dialysis
More pain more gain, 9/11 was a war game
More enemies, more friends, more fame
Listen to propaganda cock the hammer
We can stop a man but how do you destroy an army that’s a phantom?
How do you kill a militia that’s invisible?
Mystical, peep what official pistols do, kid we invincible
How do you stop the unstoppable, unkillable?
The salvation of God, now sit back and listen to the song y’all

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
I heard children sing Allahu Akhbar in Turkey
One had a Russian AK, dirty Iverson jersey
I don’t know if it made me proud or if it disturbed me
I guess it’s not as bad as kids being fucked by the clergy
Kufi on, Glock cocked moving through the palace
A dead Kennedy in California Über Alles
I’ll drink a quart of virgin blood inside a Buddha chalice
I took the head off a Kennedy from the roof in Dallas
Yeah, I wish that Ron Paul ran again
If not then I’mma have to take the lead like Jeff Hanneman
(Seasons of the Abyss), y’all falling for the trap again
.38 leave your fucking body like a mannequin
Yeah, if BILLY blast at you I blast with him
We don’t live in a republic, it’s just fascism
The Louvre isn’t a museum, it’s a glass prison
Fuck a class system, listen to the song y’all

Blood Meridian by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
RIP season begins
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP season begins
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]
I’m like L’Amours in ‘85, pull out the sawed-off and spray mine
Lord of Chaos perform the séance, burnt sherm up in the trees
ILL BILL, terminal disease, murder the police
Nuns giving blowjobs, gerbils in the priest
My drug cauldron like Buzz Aldrin, I’ll put you in a fucking coffin
And toss you off a cliff with a forklift
I’m awesome, so amazing and so fortunate
So if you fuck with my family, I might have to torture your kids
Cover the most villainous gang with carnivorous ants
Screaming in horror while they rip off their skin with their hands
People pay me over the average nation’s loss of default
Forcing baby stroller decapitation corporate recalls
Baptized in Babylon, born to run the landmine marathon
The Lamb of God that killed Camelot
Roaming like a renegade samurai
Sodomania, Romania, who rhymes zanier?
I’m the king of Mesopotamia
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
I’m Manowar in ‘84, my shine is just sick
Legend of the third degree God, Hiram Abiff
Shut the fuck up, give me the drugs, I don’t resist
I’m Mike Vick, kill your dogs, lord violent as shit
I walk around with the ice grill, God, y’all can’t stop me
Son of a widow of the tribe of Naphtali
Otherwise known as the stone Huram-Abi
Bite the head off of the bat while I chant "Ozzy"
See I’m the lion in the yard
My conduct in unfeigned piety to God
Yeah, all of society is scarred

You talking to the wrong motherfuckers if propriety involved
I’m a mix of Black Sabbath and a Black Hebrew
How could something be so good that’s that evil?
I paint portraits of pain from Arafat’s easel
The .38 in the waist because the MAC diesel

[Outro]
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP season begins
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP season begins
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP season begins
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP season begins
RIP, RIP, RIP, RIP

Oath of the Goat by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Oath of the Goat

[Intro]
One neighborhood will put their barrio on the wall and then, you know, we come in, write next to it or cross em out and they'll cross us back out. And then it gets into um, you know, maybe a fist fight and then maybe guys will get knifed behind it and then shooting and then someone dies. And you know they might wanna get back at us and if they do get back at us we might go down and kill two of em. Then they'll come back and maybe get one of us and we'll go back and get two or three more. It just goes on and on. It don't stop

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]
Homie, you can call me hot furnace
ILL BILL AKA Nocturnus
Walk up to you at point blank range and pop burners
Walk away like nothing happened
Walking while I'm clapping, laughing while I'm talking
Awesome with the Magnum, spasm with the four-fifth, caution with the asthma
The OG kush we smoke will send your lungs into a spasm
Live fast and we die young, a bunch of live guns
Get your mind flung through space and time
When we rhyme run for the hills Iron Maiden, die in pain
Have your entire society rioting
Flipping over cars violently then fiery
The double gun salute, a hundred guns asking, "Who the fuck is you?"
We the top tier, you could get your head popped here
Stop there, we could earth you and nobody would care
And that's deeper than an unborn
In the womb of a prawn at the bottom of the Indian Ocean in the calm

[Interlude]
What's the worst thing you can imagine? And they'll tell me a shotgun suicide. I'll say, okay yeah shotgun suicide. A person hadn't been found for six weeks. They lived in filth, they were a junkie, they had an animal that was eating them for six weeks. That animal died and then we get called

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
I'll go anywhere I want, I don't have clearance
Carnivore, don't eat anything that don't have parents
I'm Jihadist, I go to war with God-fearers

Elohim, Rosicrucians, and cross-bearers
I don’t sign up for war, it’s no enlistment papers
My hands fast, they pyrotechnic initiators
I don’t have any close friends, just distant neighbors
'Cause I don’t listen to Christians or crucifixion wavers
I don’t listen to anyone that ain’t been to war
I don’t listen to anyone if they ain’t been poor
I ain’t ever going back to where I been before
And I ain’t going fucking back to lose, win, or draw
Tell your whole fucking fam Vinnie P a problem
And my four-fifth sick, it got a sneezing problem
It’s the Heavy Metal Kings, you know that we a problem
And y’all ain’t saying shit, now y’all have a breathing problem, yeah, ahahahahaha
Heavy Metal Kings
BILLY Ocean, Vincent Price
Ahahahahaha....
Heavy Metal Kings! Rahhh!
[Outro]
Certainly no one wants to be overly-dramatic about it or glorify it, but to be a gang member is to be a soldier in a guerrilla war. For those who fight it the war no less dangerous and bloody than World War 2 or Vietnam. There is no one enemy, but several, and these enemies are not in some distant land or far-away stronghold. They’re across the street, down the road, up the hill, around the corner, all around. There are [?] battles, neutralized? combat with large forces, darkened schoolyards, parks. There’s night-time bushwhacking and ambushing. The enemy streaking by in cars, guns blazing or taking careful aim from some secure vantage point, or leaping from hiding places with knives, boards, or shanks...

King Diamond by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah! (Yeah, yeah)
Heavy Metal Kings! Brraatt
Yo, BILL, what up baby?
Yeah, brrat, brrat, brrat, brrat, brrat, brrat!

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Y’all should stop rhymin'
I’m a G, hardbody, I am not Common
This is destiny, it’s not luck, it’s not timin'
And Vinnie staying in the hood like he Top Ramen
I ain’t ready for the stage until my fourth quart
I’m the definition of bully, a poor sport
However you want it, we can do it on your court
My sword’ll cut your shit in half like it’s divorce court
I have G in my blood 'cause my pops had it
The straight left hits hard like it’s Scott Travis
I don’t fuck with anybody who is not savage
The GSG-5 leave your block ravished
I’m not sick, I control the disease
I got Lamas but not the ones that Napoleon feeds
Even the most protected soldier could bleed
Me and you ain’t nothin' alike, we a whole different breed

[Hook: ILL BILL]
Yo, sawed-off or automatic, my aura cause static
Traumatic anarchy volcanic is organic
Heavy Metal emperors, kings on the planet
Bring whores and Xanax, think more satanic
X pills, Vicodins, OCs, powder
Haze, OG kush, diesel and sour
Dust, chews, lucies, turbans, and kufis
Handguns, rocket launchers, shotguns, and UZIs
[Verse 2: ILL BILL]
Imported Italian leather sofas Valencia
Shooters imported from Chechnya
Put 'em underneath the dirt with the rest of ya

The skull and crown on the sword, four pound on ya boy
'Cause entire crowds to applaud, ten thousand or more
Can never be contained, lyrically deranged, clinically insane
Critically acclaimed, I keep the industry afraid
They’ve been super nervous ever since we escaped
Goons with burners, destiny betrayed, refuse to lose or ever be enslaved
A picture’s worth a thousand words but a symbol is worth a thousand pictures
We never fully understood the symbol found in scriptures
Swastikas spray-painted on the pyramids
Sometimes I feel like we’re just an experiment
Gold fronted up top to bottoms, cock the llamas
Mossad, Osama, Jihad, Obama, call me the Skull Head
Like Four Horsemen combined in one warhead
You fuck around I’ll detonate and leave you all dead

[Hook:]

The Vice of Killing by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah
HAHAHAHA
BRATT!
Heavy Metal Kings!
BILLY Idol, Vinnie Apathy
Listen

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
It’s a burgundy bath, everybody get turned into ash
Bein' evil just something I made my personal task
The G36 put you in surgery fast
Everybody die, regardless who first or who last
Death almost got me twice but he mercifully passed
I’ll take your face off without using surgical masks
I wouldn’t call it an ego but I’m certainly gassed
This isn’t the Desert Eagle but it certainly smash
If I don’t get money from rhymin', that’s a fateful day
I might have to take it back to the kitchen like Rachael Ray
I don’t put no work in with bitches, I’m tryna scrape today
Anywhere in my environment is not the place to play
If I’m hungry, in need of food, I’ll pull a skully down
I don’t fuck with workers, I’m gunnin' whoever run the town
I got enough clips with me to spit a hunnid rounds
I’m the father of Christ and y’all are just the son of clowns
I don’t think that y’all can fuck with Vinnie but let’s see
I’mma have this fucking Llama looking like Jet Li
Everybody who is anybody respect me
I’ll have you bleeding out your back like it’s a jet ski
[Hook: ILL BILL]
Motherfucker, what’s really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie
Motherfucker, what’s really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats

You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]
Brutal tribes indulge in slavery and human sacrifice
The shooters pack devices capable of proving lack of life
With no compassion, ratchet action, flashing, fashion
Blast for cash, assassins faster than The Flash
Amass a body count, surpass the sound barrier
And shattered by the splatter, rattled you
Waking, shake you sober
Gats that kick back and dislocate your shoulder
Decapitate your head and chop you in half, pop you and laugh
Rob you with gats, find you amongst the cowards and fags
Find me holding the rifle on the watchtower with plans
Don't ever underestimate me or the power of Paz
Lock you in the room with the lion, now how would you last?
You can’t fight the king of the jungle, he’ll devour you fast
Put you underneath the dirt next to the flowers and grass
At the funeral mommas and dads get showered with gats
You kill one of us and we’ll kill one of you, counterattack
Thousands of stacks from hustling these powders and cracks
[Hook: ILL BILL]
Motherfucker, what’s really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie
Motherfucker, what’s really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie

[Verse 3: Reef the Lost Cauze]
I fucking pick and peel your chain, Official Pistol Gang
From Kill Devil Hills to Pennsylvain, we be gripping change
You little pencil-brains, before I lose to you
I’ll cut my nuts and slit my veins
All y’all do is bitch, complain
Henny and pills, plenty of steel
On the block with fifties and krill, word to Vinnie and BILL
In South Philly for real, my hood is guineas and Cambos
N***as and dirty Irish who think that they SAMCRO

And oh, my fan know the stream, fuck the man yo
Now book 'em, Danno, you ain’t Rambo
Don’t put twenty in your hand bone when my fam roam
That’s when the grams go, soft white
My n***as call it that damn snow
And fuck hip-hop, I got sick pot in Ziplocs
I get from stoners in Cali, rockin' flip-flops
One brand is called Sit-Stop 'cause after one hit
That bitch’ll have you dancing with the stars like Rick Fox, yeah
[Hook: ILL BILL]
Motherfucker, what’s really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie
Motherfucker, what’s really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie

[Verse 4: Sabac]
Yo, we have walked back together to gorillas and wolves
The illest of goons, the room is filled with killers and booze
Pretty soon we breaking in your office building with tools
Assassinate the CEO for catching feelings and moods
The steel at the moon, got us raising hell on the block
If they manipulate us like a pretty face and smelly twat
Tell me what is power, cash, hand, guns, and hoorah
A brutal task between thieves, priests, nuns, and Korans
I’m on a path that has the cash, has bigger and better things
I’ve been with veteran medicine men headed to Medellín
Bring the noise and avoid the vicious cycle of prison
It’s all poison, Kool G Rap, Michael Bivins
Speed of NASCAR, vroom
Madagascar soon, consume a rock star "Ooh!"
Allahu Akbar boom
Wounded and killed, rumors are real
Israeli steel caught your peoples in the grill
Now the tomb is concealed, yah!

Devil’s Rebels by Vinnie Paz

[Sample]
Outside the 83rd precinct station house, members of the Devil's Rebels threatened to kill the police who were holding the three gang members. Some of the police ignored the gang’s taunts but others did not...

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]
I be the triple six OG homie, melt you like cheese on pepperoni
Death to phonies, the resurrection of Tony
Like Dr. Malachi York in his heyday I’m Dre Day
My brains spray like Jeru when he dropped on Payday
My brainwaves are rocket ships and space planes
Better yet freight trains, better yet AKs
Rainy days make me think about my grandmother and my uncle in the jungle
With a bundle and the junkie gets the hunger
When the humble seen the rumbles in the big park
Cats’ll run up on you for a parka
My projects was Clive Barker
It was markers, monsters and conquerors
Corner liquor store robberies
Shoot-outs in front of my school constantly
Kicking over displays in the Milky Way, the filthy way
Fuck around you catch a buck-fifty in your face
5714 Farragut, don’t ever come around here on no motherfucking faggot shit
Beat you in the face with the ratchet, kid
Leave you resting in peace on some forever after shit
We them Heavy Metal Kings, let the hammers click
Ready to handle shit, we talented homie, hand me that banana clip
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
This is books of blood, nothing surrounding me but crooks and thugs
Drinking forties, smoking wakata, cooking drugs
My shit harder than liquor that you would put in pubs
I got Sierra ballistics that you could put in plugs
I put my hand on the Bible, lie to the judge
I didn’t even mean to be high, but I was
I guess it’s just a procedure to ride with my thugs
I guess I’m just a believer in God just above
Yeah, run up on your car for cream
Alauddin on his deen, na'mean?

I ain’t fucking with small shit, only thorough heaters
The ice grill get you robbed, Sergio Martinez
Your whole clique a bunch of broads, y’all all divas
Y’all on some Kanye faggot shit, all skeezers
I always handle the rock, y’all all defense
Dim Mak hit your chest, your heart weakens

[Verse 3: Crypt the Warchild]
We critically acclaimed, lyrically we reign
Clinically insane, Heavy Metal King, Official Pistol Gang
I distribute pain, what seems to be the issue, mane?
My main issue is y’all lame, we ain’t the same
So we ain’t on the same page, we a different book
You’s a gimmick, type-gay, that’s a different look
Trust nobody, loyalty is forbidden
So when a n***a turn his back, Paz four-fifth him
Everybody rah rah, I just say they talk
But never sneak the fifty on me like I’m AJ Hawk
Killadelph, Pistolvain, let the melee spark
They barely scratching the surface, how they claim they sharp?
Temple of Doom, goon platoon, we just take their heart
Your shit is terrible, your excuse? You claim it’s art
My presence in the vocal booth is like that of God
I try to school them but society is brainwashed

Age of Quarrel by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]
I got the bandana over my face
So it’s impossible to identify the father of atrocity
Modern day Agathocles, use modern machines
Topple regimes, we conquerors from Compton to Queens
We build and destroy, tearing this shit apart from the seams
I seen it with my own eyes, I know it’s hard to believe
Till you see yourself starting to bleed
Till you see Moses standing on the edge of a cliff parting a sea
Now we watch the severed head of the Statue of Liberty
Being thrown down on the streets of Manhattan literally
Better yet the head of Daniel Pearl
Welcome to a brand new world
NWO new edition like candy girl
My uncle spent New Year’s Eve 2008
On Rikers Island half-asleep with a shank
One eye wide open like the CBS logo
With multinational corporate criminals with Polo fits

[Hook]
"Heavy metal could wet you"
"We be causing a mosh pit like Cro-Mags at L'Amours"
"Heavy metal could wet you"
"We be causing a mosh pit like Cro-Mags at L'Amours"
"Heavy metal could wet you"
"We be causing a mosh pit like Cro-Mags at L'Amours"
"Heavy metal could wet you"
"We be causing a mosh pit like Cro-Mags at L'Amours"
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
I’m the Van Allen radiation belt, I’m the thunder clapper
They call me Kenneth Bianchi from what I’ve done to rappers
Spiritual difference between the son and master
This the Genesis, I only just begun the chapter
Russian AK’s, Pana with the polo on
I was rocking that in ‘88 before your solo song
Do whatever the fuck I want, I know it’s wrong
Call me the proper name of God like Jehovah’s mom

Y’all motherfuckers got guns, we got an arsenal
Mao said to read too many books is harmful
Mind is from Harvard, my heart is blacker than charcoal
Hold the pen so tight, damage my metacarpals
Y’all should take mescaline tabs, I think it’s sound advice
I’m the molecular biology of paradise
I am Satanist, I am Buddha, and I am Christ
I’m Cus D’Amato in ‘84, I’m Iron Mike

[Hook]

Metal in Your Mouth by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Metal in Your Mouth

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
I’m a motherfucking chainsaw, see everything it remain raw
Why you think we brought Q-Unique and Slaine for?
The same reason that Henry the 8th was king for
The same reason Kaczynski was in the bing for
The thoughts going through Tyson’s mind in his ring walk
If it’s beef I suggest to you that you bring chalk
Everything is more merciless than a Ming thought
You in county and thought that you speaking bing talk

[Chorus]
I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
Ain’t no love it seems the devil done stole my soul
I feel how I feel ’cause I was born to kill
The metal in your mouth like you was rocking braces

[Verse 2: Q-Unique]
After the game ends I’m blasting from Gravesend
You rapping for gay men, I’m a master of mayhem
Hah, the city’s a pool of devils and sin
I give you the tools that’ll sever your skin
Slice with the hands of a track assassin
Choking a victim keeping the gat from blasting
I’m hoping and wishing these streets let me stack from rapping
I’m speaking a crack holding a Magnum cannon, Q’s glamming
[Chorus]
I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
Ain’t no love it seems the devil done stole my soul
I feel how I feel ’cause I was born to kill
The metal in your mouth like you was rocking braces

[Verse 3: ILL BILL]
I’m ghetto like Strawberry in a limo copping rocks in Queensbridge
Real shit, keep your weapons concealed kid
This is for soldiers that chose to ride, those that died

Logo made of skulls and nines, murderers multiply
Souls divide those that know the road survive, scope the sky
Vultures fly, Desert Eagle chrome collide, close your eyes
It's the hellion, my rebellion retaliate
I'll have the whole New York State aiming at your face

[Chorus]
I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
Ain’t no love it seems the devil done stole my soul
I feel how I feel ’cause I was born to kill
The metal in your mouth like you was rocking braces

[Verse 4: Slaine]
I was on a crash course with the cemetery on a task force
Shooting for the skies, I’d do anything to blast off
Rewind it ‘99 fuck it now fast forward
If I could see today, this is everything I asked for
Back then I had nothing, I could rap my ass off
I’m on a corner spitting raps twisting caps off
Now here I am today, people, see this is what you asked for
Not the man, not the myth, I’m your superhero with his mask off

Terror Network by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
Let’s face it, someone in the CIA who has commanded wars around the world, sent people off to die which is the, you know, is the ultimate ego trip for a Pentagon type of person. The ultimate power that a human being can have is to send other humans off to die. Not to send just one individual to the gas chamber but send five thousand off to die...

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]
When your army approaches my castle
They see the decapitated heads of my enemies
Stabbed and hanging from every branch in every tree
The destiny of the truth is to be hidden
Yet the truth is right in front of your eyes, it’s written
Rituals of the forbidden, NERF herders cast spells during Black Metal church murders
Nerds with burners, beware of virgin murderers
Perverted ones, inverted nuns, fun with lysergic drugs
An orgy of the damned in the Church of Love
A thunder clap comparable to the burst of guns
Get your fucking face blown off by the inertia pulse
Murder cult, burn-n-blow, vertigo, hollow tips insertable
Pop your head open like a convertible
A cross between Charles Bronson and Fred Williamson
Fuck with me, car bombings and dead stick-up kids
The Devil feasts upon the souls of cowards
Horrifying like golden showers and exploding towers, listen!

[Hook: ILL BILL & Vinnie Paz]
Stumbled to the end of the tunnel but didn’t see light
Machine gun-toting Levites, suicidal Sunnis, exploding Shiites
The holy man swore he seen Christ
And yet still he craves to take his enemy’s life
Yo, stumbled to the end of the tunnel but didn’t see light
Machine gun-toting Levites, suicidal Sunnis, exploding Shiites
The holy man swore he seen Christ
And yet still he craves to take his enemy’s life
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Who built the pyramids in Georgia?
Malachi York and they extort him

They took the fucking facts and they distort 'em
I’m the fucking horseman, I draw a line in the sand
Another order of the Sufis out of Sudan, yeah
That doesn’t mean that I’m an honorable man
It means that understanding understood and I understand
Yeah have understanding of Leviathan plan
Have understanding of the dying of man
Y’all gonna push the God, make him turn into a goon
Have me turning into Abraham and worshipping the on
Put a spell on your son, curse him in the womb
Go to Hell with the nuns, they perverted too
Yeah it’s only mathematics spit
I speak ancient Greek and Galilean and Arabic
I read the revised Koran, Circle Seven
The God degree inside me and my brethren

[Hook: ILL BILL & Vinnie Paz]

Leviathan (The Spell of Kingu) by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Leviathan (The Spell of Kingu)

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
I’m a fucking warlord, what the fuck is you kiddin?
The gun’s always by my side, it’s a juxtaposition
I believe in Isa but I don’t fuck with the Christian
Ultimate killing machine, I kill puppies and kittens
I kill anybody cousin, why the fuck is you living?
I take mines while you faggots is stuck what you given
I don’t envy y’all dirtbags’ current position
Eating Crown Chicken stuck on the bus with your pigeon
I kill 'em all with my bare hands or the homie’s shot
And fuck around with more grams than Naomi Watts
It’s either war with myself or it’s a holy plot
John Tardy, I hope that you faggots slowly rot
I hit you motherfuckers in the head leaving bruises
And if the Tea Party win America loses
My hands clean but I still get you touched like masseuses
My therapist told me that working with me is just useless

[Hook]x2

Why is the sky blue? Why is water wet?
Why did Judas rat to Romans while Jesus slept?
Why is the sky blue? Why is water wet?
Why did Judas rat to Romans while Jesus slept?

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]
Rebel conflict, military all green
Glenwood Projects, 57-14
Money buys life or death
The best surgeons are the death merchants
Depressed urges lead to confessed murders
My whole family was in the projects
Paint chips we didn’t have to eat 'cause Ruthy got wrecked
Pissy elevators, Marcus poured coke out his pockets
11 years old talking about he’s hoping to profit

We were the children of foreigners born with the American dream
But then my uncle was a heroin fiend
And there were things that he once assumed that he would never achieve
His legacy has affected people of every creed
Every religion and race, time or place, Earth or space
It’s infinite, Uncle Howie Records is the name
I’mma speak my philosophy, you speak yours
I’mma teach my seeds well homie, you teach yours
As I walk through the valley of death I fear no evil
Only the evil hidden in my heart could cause people
To throw prods in your face, even more lethal
Written in all Hebrew, fighting to break the spell of Kingu
Sent to notify the people blinded in their mental
Call me Paul Revere, war is here, listen careful
Orchestrate assassinations and massacres
Kidnap ambassadors, coronate kings, and kill savages

The Crown Is Mine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

The Crown Is Mine

[Intro]
Yo...
The crown is mine
Yeah, the crown is mine
Yo... Heavy Metal Kings
Check it

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]
I’m the numerical value of death
Nine double-M, shower lead and explosives
Powder keg that engulf and devour men
South of Heaven in the mouth of madness
Shouting at the casket, these idiots is drowning in the vastness
My science is accurate
While your favorite rappers be dying by accident
In the closet like David Carradine
Who the last man standing, who survive?
How can a man that stand on top of the water be crucified?
I never been the type to throw stones in glass houses
I’d rather throw lightning bolts and terrorize thousands
Make it happen when I lace the captain
Ran up in the Chase Manhattan
You can’t see my face, I’m masking, now taste my ratchet
It’s the Cult Leader, the Isa, Mohammed of terror
Every morning wake up and see God in the mirror
The truth-speaker, I’m the universal chronicle bearer
Like Charles Manson being interviewed by Geraldo Rivera
[Chorus]
"The crown is mine—
The crown is mine—
The crown is mine—
The crown is mine"

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This is Heavy Metal Kings, hardbody shit, sniffing white
I’m concerned with dying, y’all are concerned with living life
I’m in the Church of Anton while y’all are kissing Christ
You ain’t fucking around with BILLY or with Vincent Price
I have love for distance, I am the resistance
I am godly while y’all are just lacking some specifics
I study bullet trajectory, it’s my love for physics
Chicken ain’t got nothing to do with my love for biscuits
I am cancerous, everything that’s around me dies
I am scandalous, everything that comes out me lies
I believe that you got weaponry but I doubt the size
You won’t see me on anything, I’m poking out your eyes
A bunch of John Wayne Gacys, fucking clowns
Any of y’all that don’t embrace me, knuckle down
I don’t fuck with small pay, at least a couple pounds
I don’t need twelve to trash y’all, give me a couple rounds

[Outro]
Yeah, hahaha... Braat...
Vinnie Appice! Braat...
Official Pistol Gang! O'Drama Vin Laden!
La Coka! BILLY Idol... We mobbing on you motherfuckers!!
Heavy Metal Kings... Hahahahaha... Pazienza, ILL BILL

Lyrics.lol :: Splatterfest by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
"Clips are fully loaded and then blood floods the lawn"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
It’s no quality on the mic that I don’t have
My hands punch through a rock like an Apollo jab
When I was young I used to follow dad
And watch how he would handle more beef than a McDonald’s ad
I’m from a time of Alpina glasses and Diadoras
Fuck around with me your family’s gonna need a florist
It’s no question who running rap 'cause we the rawest
Hit your head with the thunder clap, you see in Horus
I love my mother to death for giving birth to me
I ain’t even seeing red no more, it’s burgundy
All these bitches is just birds to me
And hearing of another dead cop quenches a thirst in me
Anything that is godly is the reverse of me
The home of Richard Ramirez is like a church to me
I keep a razor in my mouth, it's like a Certs to me
The way I cut your fucking face is like a surgery

[Chorus]
Nothing’s sacred anymore, take your last breath
What I am, what I want, I’m only after death
"Sons are born and guns are drawn
Clips are fully loaded and then blood floods the lawn"
Nothing’s sacred anymore, take your last breath
What I am, what I want, I’m only after death
"Is there life after death and if so where we go?"
[Verse 2: ILL BILL]
Black operation, black tie ritual, black magic
Black carpet event on the Black Sabbath
Black helicopter, black metal, black Magnum
Black Berkowitz in a cell with black Manson
My brain’s strange from taking contaminated acid
While you be selling your soul we assassinate assassins
Spray up weddings and funerals, splatter banquets

Bang automatic ratchets and broadcast the transcript
We staring down the barrel of another 9/11
Souls condemned to burn in Hellfire cry for Heaven
Blood money turn the most innocent minds to weapons
Turn children to killers carrying knives in trenches
Selling crack in the rain on the benches with a vengeance
Make a dramatic entrance like the train scene in Death Wish
Spray automatics reckless, leave your brains leaking headless
Pulling out the heavy metal K in broad day and end this

[Chorus]
Nothing’s sacred anymore, take your last breath
What I am, what I want, I’m only after death
"Sons are born and guns are drawn
Clips are fully loaded and then blood floods the lawn"
Nothing’s sacred anymore, take your last breath
What I am, what I want, I’m only after death
"Is there life after death and if so where we go?"
[Outro]
"And then blood floods the lawn
Throwing a body on my lawn
Clips are fully loaded and then blood floods the lawn"

The Final Call by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
"Houston police say that the CIA and the FBI both say that Carnaby never worked for either agency, but his family tells a very different story, saying the 52 year-old spent about thirty years serving his country"

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]
Ayo the pilot had his gun drawn
Like when the shoe-bomber Richard Reid bit that stewardess' thumb off
You're done for
When you die, you go to Heaven, till then welcome to Hell Spawn
Celtic Frost at the Felt Forum, I'm never wrong
Stop acting tough, smart criminals can steal more money
With laptops than with a mask or a gun
Intelligent, relevant heretic, elegant terrorists
Presenting death sentences with malevolent eloquence
Label you larger than Hajj and spark a Jihad
Adolescent martyrs in mosques, the Sunnis? are bombs?
While the lords of war barter their arms
Concentration broken by the sound of fight jets barking at God
Gat shooters they snatch AKs and chains
My shooters snatch planes and cause international mayhem
In the mountains of Caucasia
Caught four Pagans in an orgy with lord Satan
Onward the war rages

[Chorus: ILL BILL]
I'm surrounded by hatred and lust
Angels and dust, cocaine and sluts
Dangerous thugs, blaze you with guns, lace you with drugs
Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide-dogs
Design wars, it's the final call
I'm surrounded by hatred and lust
Angels and dust, cocaine and sluts
Dangerous thugs, blaze you with guns, lace you with drugs
Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide-dogs
Design wars, it's the final call
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Phony money and economics

That’s the shit predicted by the prophets
Black guns, Black Helicopters
What is the connection between Jesus and the Shriners?
What is the connection to the virus and Osiris?
That’s why the gun is always on the hip
I learned to never sleep on Devil and to come equipped
I don’t never speak on nothing, always button-lipped
Whether it’s why the sun exists or if it’s rugged shit
Y’all are devilish and Vinnie move with God power
I called Bill, told him meet me at the God hour
It’s never been a question whether or not I’m star power
The only question is whether or not the God’s sour
Yeah, in other words sick of the Amorite
Reverend Dr. Malachi Z. York had it right
Dealing with sound right reasoning and acting right
Teaching people how to handle ratchets and a hatchet right

[Chorus: ILL BILL]
I’m surrounded by hatred and lust
Angels and dust, cocaine and sluts
Dangerous thugs, blaze you with guns, lace you with drugs
Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide-dogs
Design wars, it’s the final call
I’m surrounded by hatred and lust
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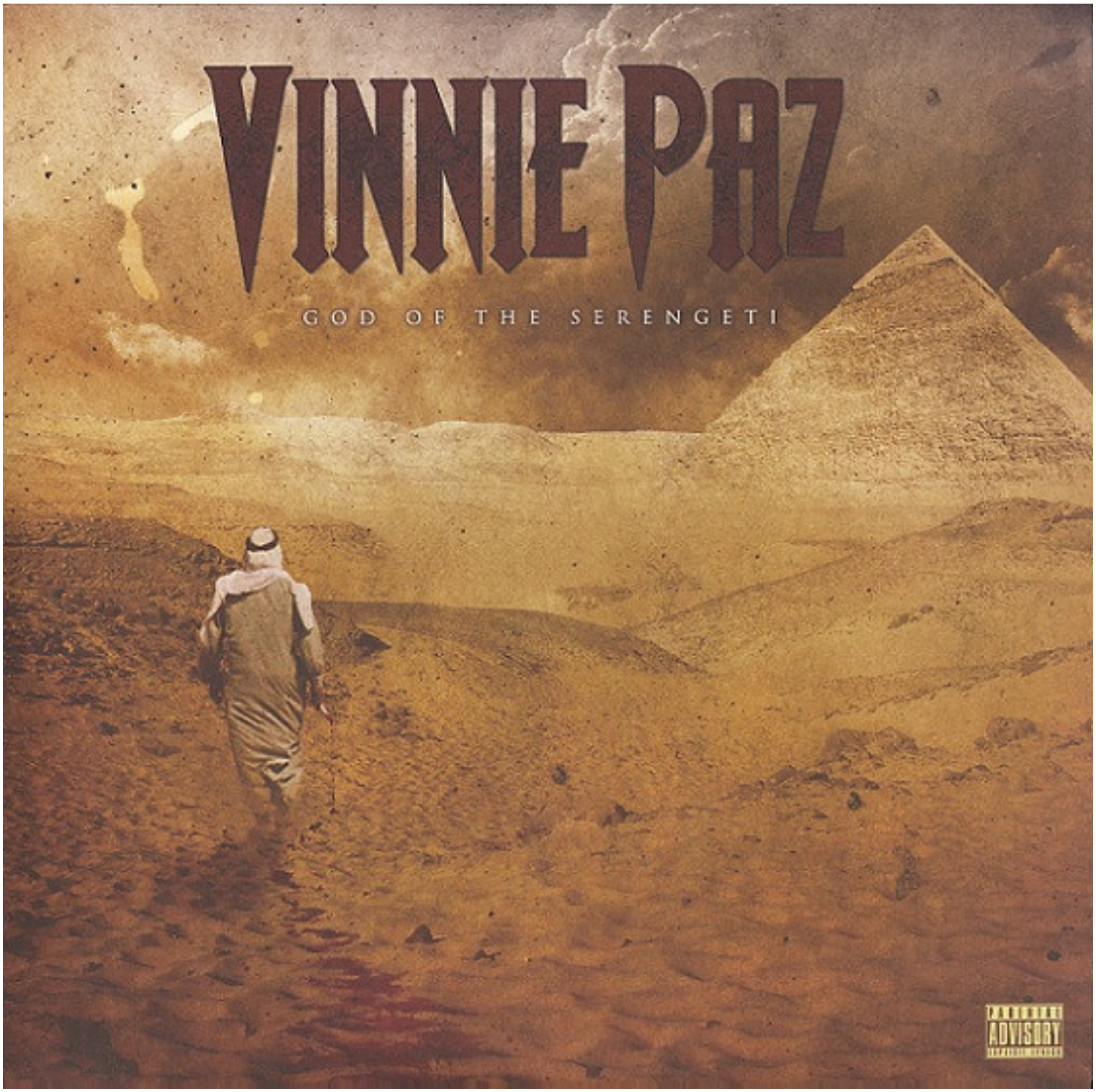
Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide-dogs
Design wars, it’s the final call


VINNIE PAZ
GOD OF THE SERENGETI
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Vinnie Paz - Shadow of the Guillotine Lyrics

[Intro:]
I have heard the young men of Judah. They acknowledge me king
As for you, you thought my father's yoke was heavy, wait until you feel mine
You thought my father's taxes too high. Mine will crush you
How dare you speak out against your lawful king?
My father chastised you with whips. I shall use scorpions!
I am your king!

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
I stand on top of the mountain, I was a born rapper
The house of the Holy Spirit, another long chapter
Untouched glory of God, a strong factor
The nine laws were bound together from salms after
The Smith & Wesson rubber grip made my palm blacker
You're not a MC, pussy, you're a reformed actor
Your whole fam is fucked up [?]
The chemical wedding of Christ where the gods gather
The weapon of the dead gods was a thorn dagger
Every verse, every surah in the Qu'ran has a
'Nother scripcture, another picture was drawn blacker
Arabize curtis legacy, the storm catcher
The fucking MC you don't wanna perform after
The seventh son of the seventh son of his law passer
Mercy prevail over wrath from Imam ladder
16 bars similar to God's rapture

[Verse 2: Q-Unique]
They tried to stop me at every level and stress me and send me devils
I press 'em like Chevy pedals and shred 'em like heavy metal
Whenever [?] for a minute of the spotlight
Your raps is a gat spitting it ain't shot right
I caught some spitting shots to your brain cell
So you and George Zimmerman can rot in the same hell
Captital cue, stand at odds with the metal ready
And level the playing field with the God of the Serengeti
Keep your enemies close enough to never fall
The victim of a death plot, keep afar and get shot
Decapitated heads drop and fall down a flight of stairs
Like Apocalypto sacrifices, I wrap the stack prices
Like Apple Mac devices, it's real brutal
And got that rock steady seal of approval
I pray to the heavens, he pray to the east
And on the Sunday San Gennaro we parade to the feast, minkya!

Vinnie Paz - Slum Chemist Lyrics

[Verse 1]
Listen, I like that yall consider me the bad guy
Big guns everywhere bullets where I pass by
My blood’s g-code, never seen my dad cry
And I'mma bleed your block 'til the cash dry
You live in fuckin Babylon and ask why
Youre arms to short to box, god — that's why
So watch a big mouth turn into a cracked eye
Watch a big house turned into a smashed tie
Send them to the devil let his ass fry
Heavy metal on another level that's high
I self lord and master from past tribe
I let my young boi trash you from bad vibes
Reincarnated rap from a past life
I drink a 40 of idiot then I grab syze
For every 100 burners copped Vinnie stash 5
You asking for forgiveness — you should ask god

[Hook x2]
It's Vinnie P, I'm the biggest dog in the yard
It's Vinnie P, ain't no one could fuck with the god
It's Vinnie P, you should never fuck with the monster
It's Vinnie P, you crash like la-la-la-bamba

[Verse 2]
This is 45-caliber flow
Pound my chest like a gorilla so all the other savages know
I'm ravenous though
Jack you with the ratchet for dough
Marques de sade a painful sadomasochist flow
We tapping your ho, and keep the biscuit where I piss at
Pussy bwat bitches asking where this faggot dick at
I ain't never left the fucking crib without the gizzat
Ain't nobody above a homicide or a kidnap
If you got the army gear then you need the boots
If you talking about an army then you need the troops
Its all war over here I never seen the truce
I'm calling Maserati Mazi I don't mean to coupe
This here this the duffle that I carry bones
Pistolvania most underrated since Larry Homes
I run with a bunch of Ricans and they carry chrome
Here's a body bag to put the pussy that you carry home

[Hook x2]

Vinnie Paz - The Oracle Lyrics

[Verse 1]
Listen, I like that yall consider me the bad guy
Big guns everywhere bullets where I pass by
My blood’s g-code, never seen my dad cry
And I'mma bleed your block 'til the cash dry
You live in fuckin Babylon and ask why
Youre arms to short to box, god — that's why
So watch a big mouth turn into a cracked eye
Watch a big house turned into a smashed tie
Send them to the devil let his ass fry
Heavy metal on another level that's high
I self lord and master from past tribe
I let my young boi trash you from bad vibes
Reincarnated rap from a past life
I drink a 40 of idiot then I grab syze
For every 100 burners copped Vinnie stash 5
You asking for forgiveness — you should ask god

[Hook x2]
It's Vinnie P, I'm the biggest dog in the yard
It's Vinnie P, ain't no one could fuck with the god
It's Vinnie P, you should never fuck with the monster
It's Vinnie P, you crash like la-la-la-bamba

[Verse 2]
This is 45-caliber flow
Pound my chest like a gorilla so all the other savages know
I'm ravenous though
Jack you with the ratchet for dough
Marques de sade a painful sadomasochist flow
We tapping your ho, and keep the biscuit where I piss at
Pussy bwat bitches asking where this faggot dick at
I ain't never left the fucking crib without the gizzat
Ain't nobody above a homicide or a kidnap
If you got the army gear then you need the boots
If you talking about an army then you need the troops
Its all war over here I never seen the truce
I'm calling Maserati Mazi I don't mean to coupe
This here this the duffle that I carry bones
Pistolvania most underrated since Larry Homes
I run with a bunch of Ricans and they carry chrome
Here's a body bag to put the pussy that you carry home

[Hook x2]

Vinnie Paz - And Your Blood Will Blot Out the Sun Lyrics

[Intro]
It’s the God of the Serengeti, I’m the God of the seven deadly
Immortal Technique, Poison Pen, what up?
G.O.D. Jus Allah, Tony Kenyatta, what up baby?
Listen, yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Supreme Godhead, gutter like poverty
Righteous man is one of forty six parts prophecy
It’s epicyclical orbit like the hypotheses
It’s metaphysics and borders on the philosophy
Another song of yours is just another disaster
Another verse of mine is just another cadaver
You could call it a Genesis of another chapter
You could call it the venom that’s from the troubled rapper
The same rapper that was known for just smashing your face in
Who is God? What’s material manifestation?
I’m indestructible, my actions are that of a Mason
Yamasee Native American tribe of relations
The judge shoot a book at me, I take it and blood
The rook move horizontally, basically drugs
A nation of intellectuals, a nation of thugs
Jesus is hate, a nation of Satan is love!

[Hook: Poison Pen]
With a fist full of twenties, got my mind right
With a fifth full of henny, we Team Homicide
We swing side to side, so what’s happening’?
So what’s crackin? So what’s stackin’?
If we falling out, then we brawling out (Team Homi)
Vinnie chalk ‘em out (Team Homi) ain’t nothing to talk about
Team Homicide, swing side to side, so what’s happening’?
(Yo what’s happening?) It’s all that shit…

[Verse 2: Immortal Technique]
Me and my conglomerates shall survive Apocalypse (Yes!)
I charge a price for telling people what the process is
Living in a world where dictatorship is obvious (Word)
National resources running out for the populous
Murder doesn’t need a lobbyist or an ambassador
Ask the survivors of the Mỹ Lai massacre (Damn!)
‘Back to the Future’ without the flux capacitor
Kill you for the gold like Colonel Gaddafi characters
You bath salt sniffin’ zombies fuckin’ a stranger (hahaha)
Navajo skin walkers, nigga, I’m a face changer

Surgically remove your heart, bury it at Wounded Knee
A microcosm of the graveyard that Earth is soon to be (Yeah!)
A eulogy for those chasing cars and jewellery (And…)
I'm stocking food and water coz shit ain't what it used to be
I'm motivated like Buster Douglas when his mother died
Border Patrol, nigga, see you on the other side!

[Hook]
With a fist full of twenties, got my mind right
With a fifth full of henny, we Team Homicide
We swing side to side, so what's happening'?
So what's crackin? So what's stackin'?
If we falling out, then we brawling out (Team Homi)
Vinnie chalk 'em out (Team Homi) ain't nothing to talk about
Team Homicide, swing side to side, so what's happening'?
(Yo what's happening?) It's all that shit…

Vinnie Paz - Last Breath Lyrics

[Hook]
I’m livin’ on my last breath
Hit a fork in the road and the devil occupies both lanes
Stumble as a back step
Feel the pressure on my soul as the airs leaving out my frame
Now breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe
I’m livin’ on my last breath
It’s all final when it’s final when you fade into a blacked-out dream

[Verse 1: Baby Pun]
Until my last breath, I hope my hustlers fully accessed
Past tense to my regrets I hope y’all all in ?
Married a girl with a accent, carried this world tilted axis
Make some major changes and some statements til I’m ashes
And placed in hour glasses
So you can turn me upside down and watch as time passes
Drugs are bad habits, before I’m in that casket
And the happiness I’m searching for, I hope I grasp it
And I hope I fully grab it, and never take for granted
All the looks little things in life and still believe in magic
Look back at all my fans I know that I made them drag hits
And I hope I never look for love I hope that it just happens
And if I have kids, I hope that it was stressful
But worth it in the end because they all became successful
And I hope my last breath is something truly breathful
I wish I could have said much more before I died and left you

[Hook]
I’m livin’ on my last breath
Hit a fork in the road and the devil occupies both lanes.
Stumble as a back step
Feel the pressure on my soul as the airs leaving out my frame
Now breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe
I’m livin’ on my last breath
It’s all final when it’s final when you fade into a blacked-out dream

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Until my last breath, I have death before dishonor
I welcome drama, with open arms and holdin’ a llama
The whole persona is vodka bottles and marijuana
The whole meñana was rockin inspired for my mama
I’m a warrior, I went into jail for the drama
I’m the story of the terrorist son of Osama
I would never want to have birth and fail as a father
I would never want the illest to kill the manana
The half moon on the bank of the river’s devotion
That’s the stab wood born from the killer emotion

I wasn’t raised by darkness, militant motion
I wasn’t raised by the thought of the still in the ocean
I would never question the power that God paid
Until I saw his body the color of dark rain
He recited the third chapter of Allah lane
And he ignited the third chapter of Allah flame

[Hook]
I’m livin’ on my last breath
Hit a fork in the road and the devil occupies both lanes.
Stumble as a back step
Feel the pressure on my soul as the airs leaving out my frame
Now breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe
I’m livin’ on my last breath
It’s all final when it’s final when you fade into a blacked-out dream

Vinnie Paz - Crime Library Lyrics

Chorus

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Send ‘em to Allah kingdom pistol grip pump rap
It’s like music to my ears when the gun clap
You a stupid mafucka here a dunce cap
Shoot you in the fuckin’ stomach where ya lunch at
I ain’t listenin’ no more cuz son rap
I’m like bustin’ inside a rubber I come strapped
Ya’ll wanna hear a fun fact? (you wanna hear somethin’ funny?)
My guns is heavy on the scale god dumb fat
Where the Mossberg where the dumb dumbs at
93 million miles away from where the suns at
I’m jimmy nine times cousin you a dumb rat
I put you in the back of the ac wit pun mac
I’m a grown ass lion you a young cat
Pred ‘em up better hope the ambulance come stacked
Take the shotty off the gun rack
Toss his body on the ground like when Charles Bark son shat

Chorus

[Verse 2: Black Poet]
Wild motherfucka since birth get hurt
Whose first I blood thirst, shoot up ya hearse
It’s insane lemme explain the pain
I came deranged supreme hammer damage your brain
Highly flammable, easily slayin’ you
I do what I came to do, your hood should be ashamed of you
Blaq Po murder motherfuckas up
yo what the fuck is up
I don’t care what they say you fuckin’ suck
The black monster go harder
Spit pure lava
Word to the father
Don’t make me show up at your crib wit’ the pump
I could find out where you live where you from
But you not a threat, you puppy dog harmless
Tale between ya legs when I start to bomb shit

Chorus

Vinnie Paz - Feign Submission (Interlude) Lyrics

Any time I pull the hammer, it's usually Glock
It's usually cocked, it's usually for shooting a cops
I'd like to say I'm sober but I'm usually not
Usually at the bar with bitches, they salute me a lot
And they like to argue whether they got groupie or not
Tell me that to get intellectual and school me a lot
Listen bitch, I ain't checkin' if you stupid or not
You just barkin' up the wrong tree, move it or stop
I was reading Nabokov, while you was groovin' to pop
I was selling Nickelbacks an was a student of Pac
I was watching Kubrick movies, I was [?]
Had to lie to my mama, wasn't truthful a lot
You was stupid [?], deuce-deuce was a [?]
And I never thought a whole bottle of goose was a lot
You decide if I'm drunk of that I'm lucid or not
I just know that I'm smarter than you when the proof [?]

[Hook x5: Block McCloud]
Tim-tim-tim - Pazienza da ruler
Tim-tim-tim - and y'all just haters

Vinnie Paz - Duel to the Death Lyrics

VINNIE PAZ (Verse 1)
“Can’t nobody fuck around with V.P.,
Or else you gonna find yourself D-E-A-D,
Y’all ain’t gotchyour eye on the prize, you can’t see,
‘Cause I ain’t really livin’ my life for plan B,
If anybody brave enough to come against me,
Gonna find your body in the bottom of the Dead Sea,
How dare you ever in your life walk past me,
Widout acknowledgin’ this man as G-O-D,
I always been here, always been deranged focused,
The heat is always in my hand like chain smoka’s,
Hard work, dedication and sustained dopeness,
Bust a mo’fucka’s head ‘til his brain opens,
Stay cookin’ in the kitchen like we hasta frito,
I was always smokin’ wakata wit poppy people,
I ain’t never doin’ anything that’s not illegal,
Read the Torah Lord, black mask, black evil.”
HOOK (x2)
“This is Duel to the Death, this is murder, death, kill,
Stay real, because the sun can’t chill, M-O-B-B,
Ain’t nobody play around, Vinnie P., P.,
Fuck around, lay around.”

HAVOC (Verse 2)
“I’ll have you laid out, Posturepedic,
Before the day’s out, somebody gon’ be layin’ bleedin’,
Keep fuckin’ wit me, bring it to the darker side,
Where the wolves play and nuttin’ butchya karma lie,
You get it back 10 fold, yeah, I’ll do you dirty,
I’m in my dirty dirties, that mean I’m past the worry,
I got it mapped out, every plan hashed out,
Perfectly executed, squeeze ‘til I’m fresh out,
I got Goonies, all they do is stick they neck out,
For a nigga ‘cause his loyalty and nuttin’ less,
And when it’s on you know they got the toolies on deck,
Whatchyou lookin’ at boy? You ain’t a boss yet,
Infamous, yeah we celebrate life,
Pour liquor for the dead, kill niggas on sight,
When they get beside they self, we run up right upon ‘em,
Leave ‘em where they standin’, pour some fuckin’ liquor on ‘em.”
HOOK (x2)
“This is Duel to the Death, this is murder, death, kill,
Stay real, because the sun can’t chill, M-O-B-B,
Ain’t nobody play around, Vinnie P., P.,
Fuck around, lay around.”

PRODIGY (Verse 3)

“Let me start from the beginin’ at the top o’ the lis’,
First off, nobody can do it like this,
No matter how hard you try, hard you go,
No matter how hard your beats, ill your flow,
Can’t fuck with P, yeah this we know,
I’m not a rapper, I’m a master o’ ceremonial, gatherin’s at venues that’s jam-packed,
Fuck Rap, I’m in it for cream and that’s that,
Try ta stop my dough, I’ll run you off the map,
Try ta stop my life, I’ll blow you outchya hat,
The most thuggish, the most ruggish,
The most A.K.A.s you heard of, is,
Bandana, banana clip R.I.P.,
I can’t help it, my career don’t cease,
My name don’t wear out, I go on foreva’,
That other shit a passin’ fad, it won’t eva’.”

Vinnie Paz - Problem Solver Lyrics

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
My heart cold like when the sea was frozen
Drug supplying and hold the iron like hemoglobin
Catch a body on whichever fuckin' beat is chosen
Murder the church, left the fuckin' cathedral open
Throw a left hook to the ribs leave em broken
Box game levitate 'em so that Jesus know 'em
Walk with God so everyone in Medina know him
Y'all are casual rappers I have a deep devotion
Speak when spoken to, bitch, you just a snake snitchin'
The D supplying, the fiends higher then Blake Griffin
I don’t wanna hit the bitch but the dame trippin'
I call the shot on who move the rock like Lane Kiffin
I changed labels but implemented the same system
I had to walk through the fire so I could gain wisdom
I see life through the same eyes, same vision
The watch five figures, lord, and the chain glisten

[Hook]
If you wanna problem, Vinnie is a problem
And the problem is that I’m a motherfuckin' disease
I would never hesitate to pull the pistol out
I always got the problem solver with me
Makin' money over here makin' money there
Seein' places you could never possibly see
My crew thick I don’t give two shits
You can suck my dick you should probably flee

[Verse 2: Scarface]
I rap like there ain’t shit to it I just do it
Light you simple niggas and check they ass when they sewage
Fuck you if you can’t take a joke, shit
Smoke this. You broke bitch. Lack of focus get your nose bit
Light that ass up then I send you
On a mission impossible take flight with my pencil
As I enlight you with shit I done been through
The complicated I done make it look simple
With one squeeze I leave they head with a dimple
And leaky like an old fat bitch on her menstrual
You rap style humble I’m still standing
As hard as they been making them these days I cans till win
Why the fuck you think they call me an OG?
The way I handle biz is nothing short of unholy
I’m ghostly on the block with my top up
Pistol in my lap you shot wrong you gettin glocked up

[Hook]

If you wanna problem, Vinnie is a problem
And the problem is that I’m a motherfuckin' disease
I would never hesitate to pull the pistol out
I always got the problem solver with me
Makin' money over here makin' money there
Seein' places you could never possibly see
My crew thick I don’t give two shits
You can suck my dick you should probably flee

[Verse 3: Vinnie]
The knife work nice, all day gentle carver
And I stay on point like a pencil sharpener
Matter fact, I’m on point like Tibetan archers
Move weight legislate like extended caucus
And I know how the game should be locked up
I know all the dope fiends veins will be popped up
I know that y'all claim to be stocked up
Gun work nice, all your brains will be mopped up
This beef rearrange your face like collagen
Cook jums on the same pot my mamma pasta in
I don’t play games I just rock your chin
You fuck with cops? I never let the impostors in
See Vinnie give you a whole clip
I’m an artist, blood decorate the whole shit
Got knocked, almost did a bid in '06
I’m smarter now, that’s why I conquered this whole shit

[Hook]
If you wanna problem, Vinnie is a problem
And the problem is that he a mutha-fuckin' disease
I would never hesitate to pull the pistol out
I always got the problem solver with me
Makin' money over here makin' money there
Seein' places you could never possibly see
My crew thick I don’t give two shits
You can suck my dick you should probably flee

Vinnie Paz - Battle Hymn Lyrics

[Verse 1: Apathy]
I travel underground, like the Goonies, with a bag full of uzis
Emerging in a corner store where Arabs sell loosies
My banger’s on the waist, I never wave it around
But I always chamber a round when there’s strangers around
Set my phaser to kill, my force field is on max
Never relax, study the facts, and stockpile gats
Cause the sky’s about to bleed blood out from the clouds
This gas mask’s in my backpack when walking through crowds
The post-apocalyptic, optic fitted, with bionic circuitry
Surgically planted perfectly, no way to word it verbally
But extrasensory perception got me detecting
Any cop or detective, intercept them, and stop them with weapons

[Verse 2: Crypt the Warchild]
Don’t hit me with the drama, don’t approach me ’bout no B.I
Cause I’m a Pharaoh king, and y’all ain’t worthy of a reply
Bodies I’ve caught decomposing on the seaside
Catch me river dancing through the bloody waters, knee-high
Mind state is cut throat, can’t walk around deprived
My team shut it down, and they access will be denied
Crown royal status Puerto-Ricans, that’s how we ride
Nocturnal foes mesmerized by the streetlights
One shot at glory, game will never give you three tries
For the haters I’ve murked, they would love to see me die
Acid tripping vision, everything look hi-defy
Drugs, money, liquor, only things that get me by

[Verse 3: Jus Allah]
I got a lot of hate, I got to learn to love, stop the date
But some days I would rather murder the populate
Either way, I gotta open up the cosmic gates
Who knows what the future holds, gotta watch and wait
I can’t function clear, keep a ton of guns and beer
I never sweat it, I get arrested like once a year
My gun big as two guns, you should cover your ears
Believe half of what you see and nothing you hear
Nobody listens, I got a lot of ground to cover
Bullets go in one ear and out the other
Tucked the weapon in, kicked his face
In the blood pool like give him a taste of his own medicine

[Verse 4: Esoteric]
Impeach the president, I’m pulling out my ray-gun
Chuck D’s greatest line and y'all ain’t even thank him
Y'all ain’t on my radar, horrible like Hagar
Mos Eisleys flow, beats banging on the space bar

Haters get mad, start banging on the spacebar
Flip over the desk, ought to take it up with HR
Your bitch give Bad Brains, like she work for H.R
I be where the rays are, you wonder where the weights are
I'm a cannibal, you cats wonder where the plates are
I know that I'm immortal why you wonder where the gates are
I Cold Crush your Brother like Grandmaster Caz
Paz work with the .45 like Lakim Shabazz

[Verse 5: Blacastan]
I'm from the East Coast nigga, but I'm still loped out
I grew up inside the crack-house, my moms was smoked out
You know the kid with the bummy kicks, holes in his jeans
Same shirt, chilling on some bummy shit
Yeah, that was me though, attracted to the metal like Magneto
Sneakers started talking like ay bandito
Got my own never borrowed or begged for shit
Now it's on cause I'm rolling with the Pharaohs legit
Tired of rappers always rhyming that bullshit
Catch at you at your CD signing, with a full clip
Now, how you feel about the Pharaohs and the Demigodz?
That's what I thought nigga, because we large and in charge

[Verse 6: Celph Titled]
Keep shooters on stash, move and they blast
Refugees that came on an intertube with a gat
Rubix Cuban ?, but you will respect the handle
Spin checks on Windex so I shine the chrome enamel
I throw hands with the devil so ain't much to fear after
Bitches cry over me, I'm a top tier rapper
American Idol with a wet wipe for you desperate housewives
Firecracker go off from my brick, the whole house white
And I will outright say that you sorrow
I write your favorite writer that you base your style off of
I'll let the Tec blast in ya, if the check cash finish
Shells give you a turtle-face, make ya back splinter

[Verse 7: Planetary]
Sittin with the semi automatics,
Sippin henny In the attic,
Spittin heavy with the god of the Serengeti blast it,
Fast it,
Till I downloaded de attatchment,
The huger came back and I'm eatin like a savage,
Walkin through the laberith,
Imagining the snazerith,
Throwing more stones at the throne lone catalyst,
Puff puff, acid,
that ain't never been me I only had the urge to annihilate the MC,
You should ride the 10 speed to cop the top 10 sneaks,
Never thought I'd be in Buddhas best Countin 10gs

Vinnie Paz - Geometry of Business Lyrics

[Verse 1 — Slaine:]
Make room for the heavyweight villain with foul language
Formally known as low-class but now I’m distinguished
Hold that, corner to corner no room for foreigners
Coroners performing their craft daily
There’s a war and it’s morbid
Twenty-four and it’s ease to close at his own wake
Our chest plates, filled with ice cold hearts that don’t break
Respect my g’s, fouls and rejects
Respect those bullets bloody bullies battle for respect
Any cities up inside of this northeast corridor
We sported quarters of raw imported all from Florida
Now the whole block’s flooded with cut coke
We don’t stop leaving youngins gutted, it’s cut-throat
Sometimes I’m rolling dolo in a stolen polo
But I’m still true to my crew I’m never going solo
All these cold winter nights that keep the ice in my blood
I’ll spill the guts out this bitch and ditch a knife in the mud

[Hook 2x — Vinnie Paz:]
It’s Pazienza, Coka, goon music listen
Stick you for the only pot you got to piss in
Vinnie P. put the key in the ignition
When we get back lord, we shine and glisten

[Verse 2 — Vinnie Paz:]
Respect my G, ya’ll sound nervous
Respect everything that I do or found murdered
Y'all servents, y'all blind without purpose
Stay high walking with guns without permits
Snake bite came in my life with foul serpent
Amaryte blind from birth lord, he worthless
All of y'all signs of ignorance is earthless
All of my mind is viligance and churchless
I don’t want to splash Ack ‘cause Allah made him
And I don’t want the faggot P.O. to violate him
AR-15 big it’ll annialate him
You ain't ever gonna eat this is starvation
Try to sell wolves chicken, feed Allah bacon
Try to bite the hand that feeds y'all, violation
Pussy boi get spotted like dalmatian
Look for God in wrong place so he found Satan

[Hook 2x — Ill Bill:]
It’s the Coka Nos', Louie Dogs, murder music listen
Stick you for the only pot you got to piss in
Cult leader put the key in the ignition

Bottle in my lap, full throttle twisted

[Verse 3 — Ill Bill:]
I’m like an exploding bullet in a clip
Like a rocket cracking a capsule
Like a lack to see planets that travel backwards through black holes
Run towards conflict, play with dissipation
Guns talk constant, slave in civilization
So we walk like Egyptian pharaohs worshiping sun ra
Walk up to your window with the barrels and dump shots
Buck four in your lung, slumped over in blood
Stuck over some crumbs, fucked over and done
I teach a crash course in brain surgery
So I don’t need no passports to orchastrate murder sprees
Show you nothing changed, more than when the casket drop
I’ll blow your fucking face off like maskatron
Pop you while you’re driving make you crash your car
Drop acid, yeah, tell you who to drop the acid on
Look what the uzi do, empty fuse and anger god
Shoot your funeral, tell me who to drop the casket on

[Hook 2x — Slaine:]
This is Slaine homie goon, chasing goon music listen
This is the only pot I ever had to piss in
The odds against me I'mma fight with my own hands
These are the words I’ve been writing as a grown man

Vinnie Paz - Jake LaMotta Lyrics

[Verse 1]
I’m running round the globe havin the time of my life
Its no others its my brothers and we shine every night
I ain’t makin any moves unless the timin is right
And my objective is to have my mother shining in ice
I roll 4 5 6 on the grind with the dice
And just stay away from vinnie thats my kindest advice
I Mike Tys verse big lord I’m dyin to fight
I drink drugs smoke alcohol my mind isn’t right
Eternal sunsine of the spot I’m just mindin my site
I knock buildings over like I was Osama on flights
I would dream about Jordans I would die for the Nikes
We ain’t had the money but my mother buy me the Nikes
You see I’m mean real mean like how Ghandi was nice
I hustle hard real hard with the china that’s white
I don’t fuck with y’all, you simply garbage on mics
I would kill myself pray give my father his life

[Hook]

[Verse 2]
See I was born in the killin fields
It took me a while to manifest how I really feel
I’m from philly automatically a bigger deal
I was always with a lynch mob chilly chill
See its a brand new funk that was willy will
I love rap its always been my auchiles heel
Merkin another rapper well thats a silly kill
I just tell the pussy back off really chill
I live in gun land, home in 9 milly vill
And I’m a pun fan greatest rapper really ill
I don’t judge music, whatever you feel you feel
I make drug music whatever you deal you deal
Smoke I’s wakaton I will a real build
I got a brother thats a g he will really pill
I’m an ape I’m a monkey I’m guerilla willed
I got hate I’m a junky I’m a killers thrill

[Hook]

(PARAPPARA PARAPPARAAA
PARAPPARAAA I’m shining
PARAPPARA PARAPPARAAA
PARAPPARAAA I’m grinding) X2 (Lol)

Vinnie Paz - 7 Fires of Prophecy Lyrics

[Intro: Eric Kelly]
We minding my business and leave me yours alone
We talking about me your job is on the camera motherfucker
Hey look at this motherfucker right here in the back. Look. Look. Look at this motherfucker right here in the back
Look. Look at him uppercut. Look at the uppercut! Look at the uppercut! Look at the uppercut!
Look lo lo lo look at the uppercut right there! Hey! Hey, do the uppercut again! Do the uppercut again
"Is it good or bad?"
Terrible. Like the worst thing in the world
Hey it's a job, you know what I mean? And especially in America having a job is a blessing and doing something you love is a blessing even if the people are miscreants
Yeah you's a fucking wuss. You know what I mean? You couldn't last a day in my shoes
A lot of these cats I wish they'd just forget the address to the gym
You know everything is not for everybody. You don't see me going in motherfucking Wall Street picking up a fucking briefcase trying to type do you? Cause that's not what the fuck I do
I beat the fuck out of people. You know what I mean?

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]
Flow is tsunami, bulletproof Bugatti
Arab Nazi spraying a semi out a Ferrari
Crash Maybach Music, smash Aston Martins
Cops turned rappers, y'all niggas is targets!
Regardless, I'm the hardest to wannabe martyrs
Chest game weak, niggas need to move more smarter
Art of war is mastered, my thoughts be the realest
Military intelligence, hood under surveillance
Armed up like they got beef with the government
Hood shit, ghetto apostle, live covenant
Move like the niggas that's facing Capital Punishment
Jedi, Militant Minds is who I run with
Queens where the villains meet, killas with illa heat
Lifers with blood in they eye, saying they feeling me
Naturally will only be me, one tragedy
Kuwait Majesty, stay tuned, witness the faculty

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Come on lord don't make me load the pump
The Mossberg have you taking shots like the local drunk
My trigger finger itch like I ain't had a smoke in months
I land a left-right-left before you throw a punch. (Left, right left!)
I was sent from God in case Jehovah fronts
I'm the explorer in the Torah I was chosen once
Put you in the corner you a lonely dunce
I been rhyming since Phyllis Hyman and golden fronts
And y'all don't wanna see the heat melt
The strap go click and I ain't talking bout a seat-belt
Y'all could never feel the pain that we felt

Pops died, watch my mother cry, think how she felt!
You in México, fuck around with Federale
I ain't hard to find, look for the severed bodies
I come from a culture where we treasure Gotti
Sono Italiano, we ...., rebel Gotti!

Vinnie Paz - Cheesesteaks Lyrics

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
A knife in my palm, sharper than a sniper in Nam
Righteous Islam, a hypocrite that fight to be calm
My life is just torn, bipolar, icy and warm
My life in a song, the reason why the Vicodin gone
A bison is born, army of God, Michael is born
The Uranium fission secret of the hydrogen bomb
The Bible is gone, ya'll are watching a viking perform
And the 9 milli loud so the silencer's drawn
I'm live from the war, I don't believe in crying at all
I'm a manic depressive, never get excited at all
I'mma live forever, don't believe in dying at all
I was born peaceful, I was never violent at all
Then my father died, that was like a knife through my core
Any love I had inside me not alive anymore
Lion of war, Joseph Dredd, I am the law
I'm the reason faggot rappers can't thrive anymore
Yeah!

[Hook: DJ Eclipse]
Class is in session, so you can stop guessing
Who the fuck I be (Boxcutter Pazzie)
Focus, on what has to be done
Son, you know where I come from (Philly)

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
My little man will blow your face off
I flatten out bodies, I ain't talking about a race horse
Murder every rapper then I break off
Scheming on this motherfucking money, Bern Madoff
Y'all was always pussies so stay soft
The only time beef is mentioned around me is for steak sauce
I work harder than y'all, it's no days off
The knife work scratch and cut you up like Main Source
My fam walk around with hawks on them
Big motherfuckers, infrared dots on them
And ain't a motherfucker that can box with them
Razor under the tongue and keep an ox with them
Hardbody rap, God of the Serengeti
I'm a sinner, I'm the God of the seven deadly
Everything I do hard and it's legendary
I spit sixteen bars and you dead and buried

[Hook]
Class is in session, so you can stop guessing
Who the fuck I be (Boxcutter Pazzie)
Focus, on what has to be done

Son, you know where I come from (Philly)

Vinnie Paz - Cold, Dark, And Empty Lyrics

[Verse 1: Smoke]

[Hook: Smoke]
Godson, large guns, hard drums
Prolems, plastic livers and hard lungs
Far from, a colorful artist
Untroubled regardless, humble and cautious, zoology starts
Game of Throne, we upend the farthest
Check out my horos[cope], I'm the lion in the jungle
Rob you niggas on the ave, you buy a hundred bundles
You don't understand struggle? I'll rob you for your gun tool
I'm barkin on police, monster on the beats
Got a chopper in the car? Gotta chopper in the streets
Make it hard for you to breathe, Parkinson's disease
And part of my beliefs don't make it hard for me to squeeze
I'm starting to agree; niggas don't love us
Niggas don't want us, niggas don't trust us - niggas can't touch us!
My life that's on paper? That's the shit that I publish
Stab your sister in private, your brother in public, nigga

[Hook]
You can't kill me I'm dead already, his head is petty
My metal heavy, G-O-D of the Serengeti
Crazy Eddie machetes, I keep 'em in a Chevy
My metal heavy, G-O-D of the Serengeti

[Verse 2: FT]
Just a young boy doing broke man shit
Running through the hood with a big four fifth
Spit on your poster, clique full of vultures
One shot, bet I'll leave your liver on your shoulders
I'll make your heart stop beating, your wife start cheating
She speaking with a mouthful of semen
We angels, y'all demons
If you think that you can fuck with the gods you're dreaming
Cause my flow is like hell when you battle me
You bout to step into the realms of reality
Let's get it poppin' motherfucker
For playing with pimping now y'all paying expenses
Like doctor bills, you're not for real
I cock the steel over pot and pills, even cops get killed
On the block with a Glock before I got the deal
I don't care, somewhere there's a slot to fill, nigga

[Hook]

[Vinnie Paz]

The Dim Mak teacher, the Book of Enoch reader
The five deadly venom chest beater, the chess teacher
The guest speaker, the Miami flesh eater
I’m the physical of severely compressed ether
Carry wisdom of a severely distressed Gita
The act of cowardice you display is your best feature
Chastiser of the enemy, Death’s reaper
Logic dictate experience the best teacher
I gave him two choices he didn't deserve either
Confession doesn't work to a deeply disturbed preacher
Everything is painted with blood from a snub heater
Father please instruct me on how to perform pitra
Smoked in every country a lot of the bomb reefer
Poked in every country a lot of the don divas
I was resurrected by tropical storm Jesus
I was then selected to slaughter deformed fetus

[Hook]

Vinnie Paz - Razor Gloves Lyrics

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

It's not a possibility you could ever survive
That's just the logicality of the Devil inside
Any ounce of goodness in me was never revived
Disconnected or completely connected with God
The hell-hound spellbound where destiny lie
The bells sound, knelt down, the effigy cry
A couple rappers want a beef they respectfully die
They ended up losing they teeth, but I left them alive
I clash with skull in one hand, the other a spine
I snap a motherfucker head, he dead on the dime
I carve a muh'fucker up like Geppetto with knives
That's the magic of the Persian and Arab design
That's the marriage of exertion, inertia defined
That's the savage that was perfectly nurtured in time
I put pacifists in caskets, my version of crime
I'm an assassin and my passion is bursting your mind

[Verse 2: R.A. The Rugged Man]

Sirens and ambulances in the streets, there's race, riots and panthers
And cops hosing down innocent bystanders
Hand grenades and shanks, automatic bullets, pray to the banks
Government emergency military sending in tanks
How did I get in this position?
I'm sick of living, Kevorkian vision
And bridge jumpin', razor blade wrists slittin'
In the car garage carbon monixide sniffin', wine glass full of cyanide sippin'
Russian roulette, the chamber's spinnin'
Death by my own manslaughter
I'm going out like Ernest Hemingway and his sister and his brother and his father and his granddaughter
Society losing religion, there's too much heat in Lucifer's kitchen
Never know if a politician's speaking truth or fiction
You spit with true conviction you'll be the victim of a crucifixion
The hangman will leave you from a noose swinging and ruin your mission
Not every punk on the street is recruitable
These snitches will start singing and turn the police precinct into a musical
Most these thugs is snitching ass cowards
You ain't nothing but somebody's bitch in prison getting dick in the showers
Too many sleeping on me like narcolepsy, my weapon arsenal is deadly
I'm definitely an artist, they ain't ever market it correctly
Piss on the pavement in the public, jerk my dick on the Fox News
Police piss me off, I'll pull it out and piss on they cop shoes, come on

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

You gonna turn this robbery to a homicide
The Desert Eagle is lethal, evil personified
Dominicans here take you for a dollar ride
You want beef you gonna lose god stop his vibe
I don't respect life, pussy if you die, you die
Most high, Rastafar-I, eye and eye
I'm always gonna keep it gutter like a five and dime
And when I die the prophecy gonna stay alive
Yeah, and y'all should study all the things that's written
About the Roman Empire and the Kings of Britain
Merlin exists and manuscripts have been forbidden
And understand that King James is a piece of fiction
My box game like Mantova
I'm no fool, I'm old school like my grandfather
Ain't nobody take my punch that can stand conscious
Psychologically imbalanced, I'm a man's conscience

Vinnie Paz - Wolves Amongst the Sheep Lyrics

[Hook: Block McCloud]
We live by the assassin's creed committing dastardly deeds
Slash and you bleed, we live in the cut
It's like we have a fucking disease
A virus, violence begets violence, you're drowned in a river of blood
And all you bastards can plead for mercy and cry, you're buried alive
Nobody's digging you up
It's like we have a fucking disease
A virus, violence begets violence, you're drowned in a river of blood

[Verse 1: Kool G Rap]
Weak niggas surviving with an IQ level low
My shit rock like 2Pac or Os on a ghetto stove
My flows will leave 'em weak, you see the rose petals blow
Gun smoke settles slow when I blow the cold metal nose
Like holding recelos, Bacardi and bezel glow
Dressed in dough, the boy covered in ice like an Eskimo
Playing with you kids, I'm in child molester mode
Tryna follow his tracks? I'll derail your train of thought
And afford you one female in the same assault
Stainless fork, flame the pork with a grain of salt
Vinnie Paz, semi mags, who want to claim to talk?
Address your shit like Jimmy Jazz, so put your frame in park
The black stallion, Italiano, gangsters walk
This arcane, we off the chain, the links'll talk
I get all in the bitch head like a shrink, of course
You half-steppin' and ass-bettin', the bank is off

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
You tryna sell wolf tickets to the lion of the jungle
I'm the eyes of God, they call me cyanide in the struggle
You the kind of guys that would be traumatized in the scuffle
And I'm buying pies with the Italian guys with the muscle
I'm dying before I trust you, the iron inside the duffel
You on Rikers Island, I can get homicidal to touch you
Im inside, I'm viral, I'm the messiah's idol above you
I'm the pride of Cairo, I'm genocidal and I will cut you
I'm riding for all my hustlers and anybody building bridge
It's no mercy and Pazienza I will kill the kids
Blood diamonds, Sierra Leone is really big
The G36 slick, it'll peel your wig
If it ain't the 36, then I'll let the 9 explode
I knew about collapsing buildings before Osama knows
I create beef, Vinnie always finds a foe
Bitches up and down on my dick like I'm the Konami code

[Hook]

Vinnie Paz - You Can't Be Neutral On a Moving Train Lyrics

[Intro] Howard Zinn - Governments lie all the time. Well not just the American government, it's just, in the naturer of governments. Well they have to lie. And since they all represent the people, in some sense they act against the interest of the people, the only way they can hold power, is if they lie to the people.

[Unknown] You don't know what I know, you can't see the spreading stain, of deception. I am cruel to myself, things will never be...The same. [Howard Zinn] - If they told people the truth they wouldn't last very long. -

[Unknown] I will hold my silence, like a weapon, in my hand. If I used it, I would murder myself.. You could never understand.

[Vinnie Paz : Verse 1]

Columbus came ashore greeted with nothin but niceness, sailin West in attempt to find gold and spices. Dominated by the popes in frenzy for ices, the Catholic church expelled Jew's and claimed it was righteous. The first man to see land would get a reward, and get a yearly pension for life, clearly from God. A young sailor saw land said, " we isn't far, " Columbus lied said he saw it the evening before. They touched ground they were greeted by the Arawak, Columbus had them locked up as prisoners in an hour flat. He wanted to find they source of gold and that was that, and when they thought that wasn't fair then he stabbed their backs. When there was no more gold, he took slaves instead. And left a quarter-million Indians in Haiti dead. The men died in mines, the women died at work, the children died from lack of milk and they died in the dirt. They were just takin advantage of a passive people, they were just bein the savages of massive evil, that's the church work that's th! e path of massive ego, that's the blood of Abraham bein stabbed by the steeple. In 1619 they were patiently waitin' for a ship that carried slaves that was changin' a nation, the white man was a cannibal prayin' to Satan. Hatred contempt the pity of patronazation. That's the cornerstone, everything racism based in, the African had a more advanced civilization. Black was slave, master was white, rationalization, 50-million dead, that's Western civilization. At first they appeared in the North, and they were helpless in the face of superior force, and all of them were chained together they really was lost. Racism isn't natural it's merely divorced. Before the slave-trade black was considered distasteful. By the Oxford Dictionary I find it disgraceful. It's not a natural tendency to be bitter and hateful, it's a natural enemy of the critical staple. Slavery grew as the plantation system grew, the reason for thats kinda easily tracible. Society of a good health was capable, or ! sayin, " Fuck a slave master! You're in slavery too! " 7 slave! s were p ut to death for murderin' master, fear of slave revolt had them developing faster, you a cataline killer inelequent bastard, I would burn the white man while smellin' the ashes. From time to time white man was part of the resistence, white indigenous servants wanted no part of the system. King Phillip's war showed that if people would listen, that we could maybe break the complex chains of opression. Tyranny is tyranny but that's a concesssion, but the women they were treated like that of possesions. Black women had to work cuz they was abbused, that's the white justification of Arayan Blues. The next move was to dominate the Mexicans, James Polk dominated them like they was next of kin. He sent Colonel Cross to lie to them and let them in, 11 days later his skull was crushed, so message sent! We take nothin' by conquest that was the mantra, the military wasn't human they was just monsters. Henry David Thoreau refused to pay his taxes, denounced the Mexican war and got locke! d in shackles! The 20th century open anger re-emerged. Reality of ordinary life was bein heard. Anarchists and feminists came from factory-work, Communism, Socialism seemed to be re-birthed. War is the health of the state is what Bourne said, and if you was born around that time you was born dead. The espionage act had people confused, cuz it was double-talk and they ain't know how it be used, supposedly it was an act against spyin, you boys know that, that was bullshit, and they was lyin!

Charles Schenk was arrested in Philadelphia for printin' and distributin' leaflets cuz they was helpin' ya. He was indited, tried and then found guilty, and spent 6 months in jail don't that sound silly? Had his freedom taken away by his own nation, but there's a lesson do not submit to intimidation. The act still exists today and this shit is real, supposedly Kennedy tried to have that shit appealed. Eugene Debs did 10 years for no purpose, he obstructed the recruiting and en-listment se! rvice. The post office started takin' mail privaleges, of maga! zines wh o printed anti-war sentiments. A Socialist named Fairchild had it right, he said that, " They can shoot me, but they can't make me fight! " They sentenced him to a year in jail and that was reckless, 65 thousand men, consciencous objectors. They were sent to army bases to work their, they were treated sadistically and were hurt their. They were strangled with a hemp rope till they colapsed, and officers punched they stomachs and they lower backs. A garden hose was placed on they face with a nozzle, about 6" inches from them so they couldn't swallow. The war ended in 1918, the government was just tryin' to wipe the slate clean. Hemmingway wrote " Fairwell to Arms " Dalton Trumbo wrote " Johnny Got His Gun. " The war was over but they didn't learn they lesson, twin-tactis of control, reform and repression. The patriotic fervor of war had been invoked.. That's why the country that you live in is a fucking joke!

[Outro : Vinnie Paz]

You can not be neutral on a moving train.
This is a story about the lies that your teacher told ya.
This is real actual factual.
No lies on the whole record, if you don't believe me look it up.
I'm tryna share the shit that I learned.... With y'all!
Do the knowledge.
Your government does not care about you.
The people in power do not care about you.
Understand that.
Power to the people!!!!!

(Howard Zinn)

War is like, a fix. Ya know you get high on war, we won we won! And then your, your down on the ground, and ya need another fix, ya need another war. Why do you think weve had war after war after war after war. Every war ya know, they say this is the end, this is the last war. In World War 1.. They said, this is the war to end all wars.. And then not long after that was World War 2, and then soon the United States was waging war in Korea, then Vietnam. If you study history what you learn is that, wars are always accompanied by lies... Wars are always accompanied by deception.....

VINNIE PAZ
THE PRIEST OF BLOODSHED

Fuck Ya Life (C-Lance Remix) by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1 - Vinnie Paz:]
I wet the whole entire block then I broke off
Lift the boat off, Russian sickle Nikolai Volkoff
I ain’t never met a motherfucker that was so soft
I remain fire like folk who ain’t turn their stove off
And I still rhyme cousin with a flawless fervor
I got money and catch cases like Roethlisberger
And y’all are Dennis Dixon, that’s just something different
I need another prescription, I got a pen addiction
I got a Muslim shorty now but the ex was Christian
She ain’t overstand the godliness of my position
Anybody who ain’t family is opposition
The M9 got a big nose, Scottie Pippen
Vinnie sipping on the Goose, god hit this marley
My hands running out of fingers, young Vince Lombardi
I got a tet offensive similar to Victor Charlie
I meet a bitch, I don’t sweat it, this ain’t a Christmas party

[Chorus]
Try to stop minds from growing
I’ll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Flat Line by Vinnie Paz

Ayo Paz, yo Blac
I rep Official Pistol Gang all motherfucking day

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Clap at you fast, no safety on the ratchet
Gats play chess like crazy with the gabbit
Bus ride motherfucker staying on the transit
Drugs like babies, real gracefully I handle it
I don't think lames could understand it
Boxcutter Pazzy from the faces that I damage
I put your fuckin' brains in the Atlantic
To fuse y'all fuckers with your cainery and panic
You talk about hammers, and I'll talk 'bout mine
When I'm fucking with the scramblers, I'm on cloud nine
Yeah, you disrespectful then it stomp out time
Batty Boy covered in a fuckin' chalk out line
I'm the name that pop up when you talk 'bout grime
I'm the name that pop up when you talk 'bout shine
And the big black heavy metal four-five mine
I'm a G, cocksucker, never cross that line

[Hook]
Rap game gone, flat line
It's all over, today is the day we gonna 'em
Flat, frame, fall, flat line
We got an army, we loaded ready to hit 'em
[Verse 2: Zilla]
Check it
Yo call me Zilla, I'm a monster with clap and kicks
The reason alone, you n***as pushing albums back
You got a squad, but I doubt you crack
Every release that you ever drop could be bundled in the value pack
Political rap, my man's caught a bullet in Nam
Sitting twisted in the buggie with a seed in his arm
What's the motive when the reason is harm
We in the ghetto everyday fighting demons with a badge and baton
I got six million ways to pop, hustle to get it

When the odds stack higher than knots, struggle to live it
You ain't never felt the burn from lead
So I'm never catching the L, I just focus how to earn my bread
You down with OPG, I'm down with Paz and Blac
You down with dope emcees, my title proves that fact
Ain't a city that could pull my slack
The red beam is an invitation to hell, once I pull that back

[Hook and Sample]
"In America, ah people are uh, treated very much and uh, the police are there to contain us, to brutalize and murder us."

[Verse 3: Blacastan]
And now's over with the livest rhyme killers
Knowledge unfolding, is the rise from the sacred five pillars
Conquest the conquer, pillage your village
Respect god, play hard, even in a live scrimmage
Face squads that call, we tarnish their image
Viking style, celebrate with barrels of Guinness
And shoot outs, we replenish when the clicks is finished
Getting head on the couch, watching Venus play tennis
I hold a mic like Jeter hold pennants
It's tragic like Troy Davis in his ??
From the ending to beginning, figure eight stay spinning
I'm infinite, you can't bust off, n***a you impenitent
Sound waves travel underwater like sonar
I'm stealth, I can't be detected by radar
Probably in a fly car, with the seats reclined
It's Vinnie, Zilla and Blac n***a, flat line

Death By Guillotine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Death By Guillotine

No, not too much is new
I'm so fucking high
I'mma spit a bomb verse
D-Motherfucking-Moz n***a
Cyssero, Vin, Some real shit right here baby
Problem

[Verse 1: Demoz]
Look, ever feel suicidal to the point that you tried it
And when they asked you about it, you don't know how to deny it
Doc all in your face, asking what is the motive
You got split personalities and it's hard to control 'em
Taking xans and percs, drinking liquor and beer
Feeling sick to your stomach, trying to shift through the gears
On a slippery rope, plus your vision is blurry
Worst case scenario, they'll miss you after you're buried
Wife fucking your man, brother, stuff in the jam
Thought and starred at your pictures, like where the fuck is my dad
I'm a problem atomic, trying to rhyme with these chickens
Shit 'em out in the morning and take a piss on the omelet
Made an honesty promise, I ain't gotta be modest
I ain't got to be parted, this whole economy's garbage
I'm a comet in space, I ain't part of this land
I'm a fuckin' two-face, why would you call me your man

[Hook]
Tongue twisted like Pun digging my tongue tissue
It's one missile, we blow you to little lunch issues
We fuck with you, we came with you but left dolo
We stuck with you on one issue, we reign solo
We through a bomb in the parade at these gay homos
We manic (???), how the fuck are they gonna break kodos?
Freddy roaching a corner, cause we ain't saying nothing
And we just sitting there twitching like we sniffing our caine, bugging

[Verse 2: Cyssero]
Creep quiet, but that chopper loud (you know how we do)
Look, the way I perform with that K that'd rock a crowd
Mask and glove when I squeeze them slugs
Make a bloodbath, we gonna need a tub
Shit, we riding dawg
When we catch his ass let that Super-Soaker wet his ass
Dry him off, military tactics
Moving silent dawg
Paint the neighborhood red when that iron drawn
Yeah, DaVinci of the gun-slinging, shots make a bastard leak
Make a masterpiece, get your casket dropped
That's the art of war, bang at the targets
(???) war, then burn the bodies, what you need a coffin for
If you ain't built for all that, what you talking for (be quiet)
Yeah, tell your homeboy calm his mad
Unless he want a fuckin' problem on his hands (for real)

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah, Pazienza put the torch to him
Young rap version of Dr. Kevorkian
This pussy done, put a fork in him
Or I'mma have to let the .44 bark at him
He better pray he got a squad with him
Like the proletarian revolution of Marxism
Put your body in the star system
Reveal itself as bleeding light, Allah wisdom
Bullets fast when they travelling
The silencer is strong and it's long like a javelin
Now he dead put a bag in him
Green from the dope fine lean, and the scag in him
I hold the ratchet unorthodox
Pernell Whitaker, ducking all sorts of shots
Various types of torture plots
And I'mma ride till I die and the coffin drops

Lyrics.lol :: Bodysnatchers by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah
HAHAHAHAHA!
Official Pistol Gang!
Vinnie Paz, Louie Doggs
Odrama Vin Laden
Demoz
Grim Reaperz
Bodybag Music Crew
DJ Eclipse, what up, baby?
La Coka, Bill, Slaine, Danny Boy
Yo, Everlast, what up, cuzzo?
Listen...

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
A rebel that yell, take you through the levels of Hell
Take your commissary pussy like it settled in jail
I'm a heavyweight, Vinnie don't need to get on a scale
A man of God, but usually the Devil prevails
I don't work, all y'all motherfuckers work for me
I love death, you motherfuckers get murked for free
I don't follow trends, I just do what work for me
I don't live on Earth, the motherfucking Earth in me
Louie Doggs don't relate to y'all cause I'm a godly creature
I chop a motherfucking brick like a karate teacher
I wouldn't call what you doing sick, you just got a fever
I have my mother's heart and I have my father's features
Yeah, you know I got the hammer in the jeans
And more white shit than in the Canada latrines (BLRATT!)
I go bananas for the cream
I don't have a moral fiber, Vinnie take your Nana for her cream, yeah
HAHAHA! BLRATT!
Yo, D, where you at, baby?
We want it all, n***a
Official Pistol Gang!
Official Pistol [?], n***a
We mobbin' on you motherfuckers!

Hottest mothafuckin' mixtape, hands down
Yo, D! Wassup, n***a?
Take these mothafuckas to war, cousin!
I gotchu, n***a
Yeah!

[Verse 2: Demoz]
N***as rapping but they comical, it’s logical
They overrated hating so I cut them like a dominoes
Box of pizza fuck the perpetrating hospital
When nurses race in, running n***as over in a hearse with Satan
Squash a n***a and his baby chorus
His more collaboration with commercial rap and if you pay me for it
So fuck the BS I’m the hardest, I’ll walk in Philly with a philly
Selling n***as CDs yelling garbage
Pardon me, that’s just my sense of humour
Look I’m intense, I’m making sense
You n***as sense try and spread your rumours
Basically I’m trying to make it happen
Scheming I can make it rapping
Stay away from n***as who relate to acting
It’s nothing personal, I take your money
Spend it on your bitch, call you a bitch
And tell you pussy try and take it from me
It’s funny how a motherfucking bitch change
Bitch get changed, it’s nothing if she sniff ‘caine
And turn crazy, sell her own soul, her own baby
All over this gravy, it’s all over it’s shady
How the world turns and it’s all over this money
It’s funny, next thing you know you all over your money
With your face out, brains bleeding, your dame leaving with the next man
Plan A to the bling scheming on your life savings
Like praying they might saving em from his life wasting
All over his wife patience, I don’t like hatred
But if you can do it to me I’mma do it to you
Give a fuck if you beautiful what your booty can do
Your pussy’s tight, titties big, bitch whoopty-dee-doo
I got a bundle on your head to kill you and your crew
Got so much they don’t like you
Mind you bullets fly through your head, they gonna find you

Blind you with red beams, bury you cockroaches
Chicks can get it too so baby do not approach us
I’m a sick being, stick me in a rap cipher
I’m a light lighter hairspray em and burn biters
[Outro: Vinnie Paz]
Yo, D! Yo, you just caught a body on these muhfuckers, cuzzo
Yo, word to Allah, this the bodysnatchers
This the return of the bodysnatchers!
Official Pistol Gang, baby
Jay Rock, all my muhfuckas!
Yo, Jus Allah, Outerspace
Reef The Lost Cauze, [?]
O.G. Filthy Rich
We punchin' muhfuckas in the face for breathin', baby
Bodysnatchin'
Catchin' bodies! HAHAHAHAHA!

Golden Casket by Vinnie Paz

Yeah, Pazienza baby. Yo Syze what up cuzzo? (What up my brotha?)
Yo Bill, what up lord? (Ah we're about to get down.)
It's an honor to be on the song with my brothers, you know I'm sayin'? (Don't ever change my dude.)
On a physical and spiritual, it's a lovely thing to be makin' this music shit together man. That's word to Allah man, you know I mean praise the Ah

[Verse 1 - King Syze:]
We them motherfucking bombers explosive fire a federal building
Vietnam general killing with memorable spitting
Insane ripper who’s hyper than caine sniffers
The Heavy Metal Kings with Syze, we the main figures
Lyricals you don’t want a physical confrontation
Speak in moderation man we the army we the fucking nation
Don’t disrespect the man that dis AIDS
I’ll be locked in the cage man before I show I’m bitch-made
You’s a switchblade n***a I’m a fucking cannon
The .22, I’m a .347 Magnum
You’s a handgun, homie we at ? squad
Dudes better thank God, man we hitting tracks hard
Any given time I’mma ask what y’all want now
Hydraulic when I’m rapping I’m fracking the underground
In the surgical mood making vertical moves
While y’all lateral pass man we laughing at fools

[Chorus - King Syze:]
Yo Syze gonna kill shit, Bill gonna kill shit
Put em on the floor Paz hit em with the steel tip
Fuck being grown, we back up on that old shit
Disrespect us and you’ll leave with your dome split
Yo Syze gonna kill shit, Bill gonna kill shit
Put em on the floor Paz hit em with the steel tip
Fuck being grown, we back up on that old shit
Disrespect us and you’ll leave with your dome split

[Verse 2 - Ill Bill:]
I’ll spill the devil’s blood, drink and kill devil rum
Black flag, metal gun, have you praying to God like Reverend Run
You’d better run for the hills like Uncle Howie running for krillz

A hundred a pill, gun in your grill
Peep the Jolly Roger, smoking like a Bob Marley concert
Run your mouth you get Molly ?
We got shipwrecked at Kitty Hawk
Kidnapped the man’s daughter
He don’t pay the ransom cut that bitch’s titties off
A true gentleman, braveheart veteran with metal skin
Settle things, travel with the devil’s wings
We about to throw people overboard, the overlord
What’s the code of law? We don’t give a fuck, we rewrote em all
The new mutants from a long line of goon shooters
New computers, new holochips and new Rugers
Violent creeps, piracy on the highest seas
Dying in the streets lying live beneath where my tires be

[Chorus]
[Verse 3 - Vinnie Paz]
I’m a G motherfucker, I’ll bury you in the cryptic tomb
Guns big, the bullets I call em clips of doom
I was born on the precipice of a shifting moon
I was born to the death of it from a twisted goon
I wouldn’t say I’m obsessed with it but a bit consumed
I just aim the AK at it lick my wounds
The boxcutter, a hollow tip it’ll rip in twos
But that’s a horse of a different color, a different rules
My hands fast, it’s uppercuts and it’s body blows
I ain’t trying to catch a fucking case lord vamonos
You don’t wanna see the power that the Lama holds
Put you in the motherfucking box like you Domino’s
School of hard knocks Vinnie on the honor roll
My work’s bloody, it’s similar to piranha flow
The game’s dirty, I studied it then I locked it though
My raps break motherfuckers call ? flow

[Chorus]

Dark of the Night by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Dark of the Night

[Hook]
I’m not Jesus Christ or Mohammed but I can read and write
Between the lines I see a message, is it wrong or right?
I fight to keep my faith alive in the dark of the night
I use my mic to inspire, I hope you see the light
I’m not the prophet Abraham or Mahatma Gandhi
I’m just a man with many questions, sometimes they haunt me
I fight to keep my faith alive in the dark of the night
I use my mic to influence, I hope you see the light
In the dark of the night

[Verse 1: Freddy Madball]
In the name of the Father and Son, the Holy Spirit and this gun
That I protect my fam with in case my prayers don’t protect us son
Is there a chosen one? Chosen few? Maybe none
Maybe when you’re dead it’s done
No sun, no moon, no light, no outcome
I love the thought of being reunited with my fam
Sounds like a scam sometimes though so here I stand
Crossing hands, a man trying to understand
Whose book of plans should I follow if they’re written by hands
Just like my own, human to the bone
We are all flawed and scarred, nobody wants to die alone
I sit upon a throne, fearless in my home
My hood, the city and world that I roam, what about the unknown?
I’m not a clone to follow a nicely written poem
Scriptures structured to make you comb through your thoughts, your dome
I can’t lead you home but I will ask the questions
I’m not an atheist, this is just a true confession
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
In the dark of the night I wonder why I was placed here
My family told me put my faith in God and face fear
For some reason I ain’t wanna put my faith there
And going to church I saw nothing but hate there

I ain’t understand how everyone else could be wrong
And I ain’t wanna be like everyone else and conform
Yeah so I had a discussion with moms
And that’s around the same time I discovered Islam
The first time that I had peace in my life
The first time I had a reason and a beacon of light
And if another human being think that Jesus the light
I don’t argue, I just hope that they have peace in their life
There’s a war going on outside no man is safe from
Every religion have a god but it’s the same one
Religion’s just a tool to divide us and they won
I feel that God been standing beside me since day one

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Freddy Madball]
Am I faithful at heart and smart enough to find the right path?
Endure the wrath of a stormy past or will I be cast?
To a hell that no one can foretell if it exists
Or do we dwell in the midst of, if so I like Hell
I like Heaven too, it makes me feel so vital
The thought of living in peace and love, something so primal
Forget the titles, everyone has their rivals
But I think that it’s bigger than all of us like this recital
Spiritually agnostic, curious and caustic
My thoughts sick regardless of what we think, have I lost it?
No I tossed it to the side, the simpleminded lies
Saint Mary mother of God, I still look in your eyes
Despite all I despised I realised that
I must take what I’ve learned and make it all mine
Until I die or fly with the other souls
Foolish pride won’t stop me from asking why
Show me a sign

Road Warrior by Vinnie Paz

Yeah, Pazienza
Yo Lib, what up baby?
Slaine, my brother from another
Philly to the Bean all day
Official Pistol Gang
Ill Rock

[Verse 1: Adlib]
Road Warrior, murdering miles
Guzzle bottles, splash puddles on models
Got the club shit that you catch on the dial
This that drug shit that get kept in the vials
Wild style, staying in a box-car
Fame in the street, entourage of rock stars
Pop lock up cars, switch up daily
Dive bar, shitty store, sniffers pay we
Outlaws, alcohol fuel our cravings
Blow cigars, get scarred, fuck safety
Risk takers, paper chasers
Box your motherfucking face with razors
Ruthless assholes, my crew's so rotten
Sloppy strippers on the pole for oxy
Not from the Carter that they cop from poppy
Nazi cops want a red dot and pop me
I'm hunting zombies, with Pun on repeat
Knee deep in shits creek, no tongue and cheek
When I speak it reeks from the curb
Listen, start itching to rob
If not, then the slob ain't doing his job
So dance with the devil before you go meet your god
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
I don't gotta say no names
Cause a bitch is a bitch, I don't play those games
Official Pistol Gang, we hold thangs
And I'll bloody up your shirt like tomato stains
See I done been to hell and back
I done talked about murdering the president, my cell was tapped

I smell a rat, should've went to jail for that
These motherfuckers mailed the pipe-bomb, I mailed it back
I see all of y'all rappers as tight gay
City sought the giddy where the diesel is light grey
I don't give a fuck what you might say
Buck 50 side of the neck where the knife lay (that's where the knife go)
My horror been shining for years
I done outlasted ever single one of my peers (I'm still out here shining)
But for me that's just a common affair
Peace to Adlib, now I'm out for some beers, yeah

[Verse 3: Slaine]
Stab your nose, drunk with a six figure salary
Pop (???) who want to challenge me
I'm a superstar, you don't live in my galaxy
King with the crown, you ain't down with the palace, see
I run this town, laying in the shadows
Everybody know the name Slaine, Mr. Carol
Double-barrel shotgun, watch fools traveling
Sawing you in half, collapsing your abdomen
My dues been paid, the rules been layed down and broken
C'mon stupid, don't provoke him
You cats smoke crack rocks like '86
And you snitch ass dope fiends boosting with the shady bitch
I ain't falling with the traps and tricks
Pull the wool over your eyes when I clap the click
Ain't no fun over here, I'm on some backwards shit
Black crook, black hoodies, and the blackest kicks
Like this!!

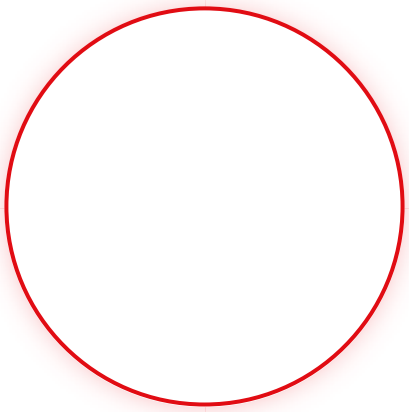
Big Boyz by Vinnie Paz

"??, I'm lookin' for the next sensation. An unsigned artist, that's the one I'm lookin' for."

Yeah, it's New York right here. Shout out my n***a Mike Raw

Yo, Do you want it.. Yeah
Who the big boys that play with big toys like they don't care.. Yeah
About to fly around the world, y'all n***as can ask for next year. You want it.. Yeah
Who the big boys that play with big toys like they don't care.. Yeah
About to fly around the world, yo people ask for next year. You want it.. Yeah
Who the big boys that play with big toys like they don't care.. Yeah
About to fly around the world, y'all n***as can ask for next year

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Can't nobody fuck with you
I'm an animal, I should be kept inside a fucking zoo
You a bitch, your bitch told me she was stuck witchu
Fuck around with me will get you beat like a production crew
I'm Vinnie Paz, cousin who the fuck is you?
Gun brawl, hand to hand, cousin I will muscle you
I used to ride pussy boy for a buck or two
Now I hit you with the lama, body-bag, duffle you
Yeah I do the type of shit that a thug'll do
You the type to be in magazines with men hugging you
That's the type of shit that have me snuffing you
Pull the ratchet out and put a slug inside your bubble goose
I find your kind of rhyme to be insufferable
Put your body in a place where nobody discover you
Bring your whole team, all them faggots sucka too
Peace to Afu brother I'd spill their blood for you



Vinnie Paz

Bushmaster Music

[Intro]

"The fuck you say now!? Huh!?
Hey! Huh!?
Bam! bam! bam!
Mothafucka I'm strapped!
You don't fuckin' talk now, huh!?"

[Vinnie Paz]

I got the AR-15, let me hit his head
Heard us running up inside the crib and then he shit his be
I ain't trying to hear nothing cousin give me bread
The only thing inside the duffel bag shrunken heads
That's how motherfucking grimy we are
You don't wanna see how motherfucking violent we are
(Yeah!) Or where the motherfucking silencers are
What the Asiatic motherfucking sciences are
I know you saying that this motherfucker curse a lot
I'm just trying to balance out the fact you rock a purse a lo
I heard you suck dick and walk around in skirts a lot
Listen to Kanye West, recite his verse a lot
Pazienza I don't rock with that soft shit
We juice crew Hilltop hardcore shit
We got the ??? uncut raw shit
To put his motherfucking body in the morgue shit, yeah

Requiem for Black Benjy in 2 Parts by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Requiem for Black Benjy in 2 Parts

Part 1

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
I'm Pavarotti with a shotty
Move the Charlie while I'm still part of the Literati
The bricks is like Basmati, we chop 'em like they karate
My shorty draped in a saree like Saraswati
To make a long story short, I caught a body
This carajito couldn't embody what I embody
He rubs shoulders with Stalin like Togliatti
Burning pot was yellow and it look like Vanaspati
The Black Hills ammunition hotter than wasabi
I call Black Bannerz and I fly to Abu Dhabi
Scoop me at the ADI in the Maserati
Staring at a lithograph of Raja Ravi
In a courtroom cocky like I'm Gotti
It's over half a million bodies in Makati
I puff on Afghan like Shah Durrani
The bullets in the armory look like a hot tamale

[Verse 2: CRIMEAPPLE]
I'm riding in a bucket with the roman candles
Looking for your favorite rapper, rocking open sandals
Roll the window down, I'm throwing pólvora
Now your mami stressed, screaming out "Ojalá"
Squeezing in your mouth, no Orajel, send you all to hell
Shit still on a scale 'cause my mixtape doin' sorta well
I can still win a Cy Young the moment the pie come
Try some, you'll be Harlem shaking till your mind numb
Verses crack ounces of piff, I got all kind of dope
If I get low, fiends licking the baggy like an envelope
Labels ain't cutting a check, so I cop sarin gas
Garfield Thanksgiving Day Parade's how I'm airing cats
Wear a mask in October and every other holiday

Stock your face if I heard that he chopping base and got the papes
Run upon you, I already told you my blood is Goya
This spic take enough work to terrify a Trump supporter
Whoa!
Part 2

[Verse 3: Tha God Fahim]
I stack money hand over head
Ask about the God, I'm the man in the bread
I'm hotter then Louisiana Hot Sauce
Take you hostage, ain't no bridges where you getting dropped off
Uh, I'm rocking furs for the winter
Uh, as I emerge from this printer
I grab the mic and turn MC's to dinner
Walk up on you and shred you like Master Splinter
I'm buying guns like the military
Armor-piercing rounds put you in the cemetery
I like the bread but I got more rolls
Reading godly books just to help me through this cold world
I walk around with the angel of death
Make you pay me with money and pay me in respect
Ain't no funny business, have you smiling by the neck
Never leave the fort without throwing on the TEC

[Verse 4: Vinnie Paz]
Look, dry snitching is a lonely disease
This is shells of money, homie, macaroni and cheese
This is luxury, we eatin' Babylonian peas
Dumb muhfucka, get some Etzioni and read
Listen homie, is you riding or what?
He talking to opps, homie, he be trying his luck
Y'all ain't getting nothing B, I'm not providing Nathan
I greet my brother peacefully it's "As-salāmu ʿalaykum"
Turn this muhfucka to a horror scene
The periquito yellow B, it look like it's a quarantine
I'm all about my motherfucking spinach, chicken Florentine
Doctrine of divine illumination, Santo Augustine
The gravedigger gonna teach you how to move the dirt
And jefe gon' have to teach you how to move the work
This .40 pregnant, homie, and she dyin' to pop
Momma told me I should strike while the iron is hot

Battyman!

Righteous Revenge by Vinnie Paz

Yeah, Pazienza baby, what up cuzzo?
Yeah cuzzo, DJ Tricka
Philly in the building out here
We mobbing on you motherfuckers!
Official Pistol Gang and all that
It's how we get down out here

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
I don't mean to brag but the knife work nice
And the rhyme's so evil that it might hurt Christ, yeah
Don't fuck around if you like your life
And the pistol always on me like it's white on rice
Once I hit the block cousin, it's all rad
Spray them with the four-five Glock and they all dead
Devil tried sleeping in God bed
Amaryte 666 on the forehead
I make dough, but I don't fuck with the books
As a young boy maybe I would fuck with the chooks
That's how it had to be fuckin' with crooks
I'm a king in a castle so you fuckin' with rooks
Anyone want beef just ask for it
He can catch a universe ?? and get trashed for it
I keep a couple ratchets in the jazz port
And they will put your fuckin' brains on the dashboard

Santa Sangre by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]
My discipline go beyond the way the Army train people
Calmly spray people
Devil's horns up like Ronnie James Dio or Tony Iommi
Cut your fucking arms off, stole me a Rollie
I Mobb Deep like Tony Maroni
Cross between the Egyptian god of fire and Tom Araya
Ten times higher than a soprano in God's choir
A Heavy Metal King, like eating crack, my gun metal rings
Settle things like God's prayer and the Devil's wings
We feast at the Last Supper, you hear the last laugh from us
Scrape cash abundant, you hear the gats blast from us
Roll with meaner rhymes, pinning y'all
Conquer continents like Genghis Khan
My life is like a Misfits song
Or like Cypress Hill, Hits from the Bong
Or like Ice-T, 6 'N the Morn, police at my door
Shoot the beast in his horns
Squeezing the four, creep in the six, then breeze to L'Amour
The Lords of War, for four seasons or more, listen!

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
This is goon music, something for Vinnie's gun to clap
Y'all ain't makin' no progress, y'all still are running laps
I think of y'all like Christ, y'all never coming back
Chainsaws and husky beards without the lumberjacks
Come on, pana, Vinnie got a clip full
I'mma let this four-fifth bark like it's a pitbull
(BRRAP! BRRAP! BRRAP!)
Money, I got a fistful
And I got an razor and it cut like if you skip school
I can be on that fight the power, Assata shit
I can be on that Gucci and on that Prada shit
I can be on that questioning if a God exists
I can be on that punch in your face and rob you shit

That's when motherfuckers starving and such
Dry snitching, all y'all motherfuckers crying too much
Yeah, give me a jar and the Dutch
I just caught a body and I’m proud of all this rhyming and such
Yeah!
[Outro]

When Crows Descend Upon You (C-Lance Mix) by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1 - Vinnie Paz:]
I’m just evil biologically, listen to y’all that make a mockery
Anton LaVey is like a god to me
I am not possibly associated with your democracy
Gary Heidnik is like a shah to me, go to war logically
I conduct self Nostradamusly, I am Ibrahim’s last prophecy
Earth is my property, I am possessed like I’m an apostrophe
Vinny Appice is like a star to me
Paz swears solemnly, cut your fucking head like a lobotomy
Rape the fucking beat like sodomy
Nietzsche and philosophy, I am a vampire, I’m proud to be
I cannot be seen in your photography
Vinnie an anomaly, I am not a part of God’s colony
Three inches of blood on my carpeting making things hard for me
My own family won’t talk to me, I have to pray to Allah constantly honestly

[Chorus]
I’m having nervous dreams, n***a this a murder scene
Yellow tape around the booth, no one heard em scream
He don’t deserve to dream, n***a this a murder scene
Yellow tape around the booth, I’m having nervous dreams

I let my pistol bang, the Official Pistol Gang
So what’s the issue man? I can make a tissue hang
I’m having nervous dreams, n***a this a murder scene
Yellow tape wrapped around the booth, nobody heard em scream

THE CORNERSTONE OF THE CORNERSTONE
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

Vinnie Paz - Philo: Metatron: Wisdom Lyrics

Yo, Oh No, what up papa?
This that slime shit
R.I.P. Sean Price
R.I.P. Phife Dawg
Love, peace, and fight for '93
Let 'em know Pazzy

Removed by the council of the masters of a teacher
The process went much deeper, I'm a believer
I turn batiman body into ether
The fellow sufferer who want to stand to God, neither
Son talked wild and they popped him like Don Diva
I told my shooter not to put the body on a visa
The son beast need more base, I called Giza
Marc Anthony knew a death before Caesar
Give 'em the business and then send 'em to where the ghost is at
Armed heavenly arm, Gucci over the shoulder strap
Where my fucking soldiers at? All over Jehovah map
Make the toaster clap and put two to your spine like Moses back
This how you supposed to rap, how you fucking roast a track?
This is where fiction and non-fiction can overlap
Fronting like you ain't intimidated, but you know it's that
A worker just a worker, so tell me where the all the coka at

It's that wise older brother, the murderous raspy voice
They waiting for what I spit, MCs get dealt with
That's why somebody got to bleed
You should've let me chill, leave me be

It's that wise older brother, the murderous rapping voice
They waiting for what I spit, MCs get dealt with
That's why somebody got to bleed
So calm down clown 'fore I bring the pound down

Enscribed in a cunieform text on a cylinder
And Babylon was forced to shoot it out like Dillinger
They talk of revolution, but nobody is willing to
The way to deal with Lady Liberty is by killing her
A wise man said, "A good scotch never spoils"
The same man said, "A watched pot never boils"
I had every intention to rock, but it got foiled
The cavemen still can't live on hot soil
The PSA cage just slashed 'em in the vestabu
The brain matter looked like vegetables
My philosophy of living isn't too technical
The Yves Saint Laurent is ready to wear reputable
The Desert E .50 cal big as a rhinoceros

The four sided monument, they call it, "Black Obelisk"
Pressing it in every cell of the body like phosphorus
I don't do it simply, it's simply God consciousness

It's that wise older brother, the murderous raspy voice
They waiting for what I spit, MCs get dealt with
That's why somebody got to bleed
You should've let me chill, leave me be

That wise older brother, the murderous rapping voice
They waiting for what I spit, MCs get dealt with
That's why somebody got to bleed
So calm down clown 'fore I bring the pound down

Vinnie Paz - The Coffin Lyrics

Yeah
Yo, Les, what up papa?
Juju Gigante, y'kna mean?
Goblin Queens New York
Philly out here
We shining

The four-fifth symphony lift him
It'll spin your head around like a rotisserie chicken
I was born on the Red Sea, Abyssinian vision
We ain't A-Alikes, God, we completely different
How much more proof you need that the boy crazy?
I carry four pounds like a premature baby
Pussy boy, coming out his mouth, all shady
I will punch him in his fucking teeth, all gravy
I'm liable to take a young boy lunch box
And if it's any resistance, then you gon' get punched ahk
I catch homis, Lord, harder than punk rock
I remember 'xactly where I was when they slumped Pac
Quintetto had everything, but got cocky
Philly wop with nice hands, but not Rocky
Mommy making manicotti, but it got sloppy
Yous a bitch, Benny Blanco when he shot Papi

The left hook startle 'em, the end is a mean right
Sublime nature, I am from the sons of the Green Light
I could tell from your eyes, something don't seem right
Hands shake, brittle, so I know you the queen type
This 550 Sonoran, force is absurd
And God told me the pen is the source of the word
How he call himself a rapper, but he awkward with words?
In a city I diddy bop, walk with a bird
Let's be honest, money, you just mediocre at best
And these cop killers going to put a hole in your chest
I'm Vido Loncar throwing blows at the ref
You like Luke on Hoth, almost frozen to death
The straight right'll lift his fucking pussy out of shoes
With no counters coming back and that's the point I'm trying to prove
You ain't get the fucking point?
That's the point that I don't lose
You can see me muhfucker, I'll anoint you on the news
Yeah

Vinnie Paz - Writings on Disobedience and Democracy Lyrics

"We have to stop thinking that we must have military solutions
To the problems we face in the world"
Yeah
"The solutions that we need are..."
Picking up where we left off
"...dealing of sickness, disease, and hunger
Now that's fundamental
If you want to end terrorism, you have to stop being terrorists
Which is what war is"

They told you World War II was a people's war
Logic should have told them it was imperialist war
18 million served in the armed forces
10 million more overseas – that's enormous
25 million workers pay for war bonds
All of the while people question why the war's on
There was an undercurrent of reluctance
There were under-publicized signs of resistance
Hitler's Germany was unspeakable evil
But let's discuss real quick what we did to people
We opposed the Haitian revolution
We turned Guam, Puerto Rico, and Hawaii into institutions
Pretended to help Cuba win freedom from Spain
This country's built on the blood of other people's pain
Blacks is looking at anti-Semitism in Germany
And saw the situation here was mirroring it perfectly
We appeased Hitler all throughout the '30s
Only years later we pretended we was worried
Roosevelt was hesitant to be gritty
And caused a resolution to be buried in committee

The main interest was never to stop fascism
But advancing imperialist interests of that prism
Roosevelt ain't care about oppression of the Jews
The power was the priority I'm telling you the truth
Hitler not the reason that we entered the land
Roosevelt was mad that we got hit by Japan
Historians will tell you he provoked that shit
He told lies in attempts to sugar coat that shit
In ‘45 troops were jammed onto the Queen Mary
The blacks were stowed down in the depths of the same ferry
See there's a parallel you have to understand
That they wanted them to fight but wouldn't treat them
Like a man
Industrial mobilization had a few divided

The economic royalists denounced and derided
The irony of victory was heavily a price
The war ended 3 million men was in strike
There's no peace in a world of capitalism
Nazi eugenic techonomic rationalism
The lesson was that war solved problems of control
Regardless if it causes any problems for the soul

The black revolt in the '50s came as a surprise
It shouldn't have after we took so many of their lives
You can't erase the memory of an oppressed people
Reparation doesn't make it any less evil
Some black folks joined the communist party
Richard Wright spoke of disillusionment with the body
The party was accused of exploiting black people
Angelo Herndon felt everything was equal
He was arrested they convicted for insurrection
How the fuck it's insurrection I call it dissension
Gave him 5 years when all he wanted was protection
There was other black men that made the same connection
Benjamin Davis defended Herndon as a savior
Then Paul Robeson he only magnified the danger
Harry Truman had to deal with the militant mood
But how the fuck that gonna work when he a racist too
In '54 they said they ended segregation
10 years later no changes
Revolt was always minutes away about to bust
Rosa Parks refused the black section of the bus

The freedom riders were spreading across the nation
They went to jail for marching and fighting discrimination
FBI stood by, Justice Department stood by
While civil rights workers were beaten, they just stood by
3 civil rights workers, 2 black and 1 white
Arrested in Philadelphia, Mississippi one night
They were released, beaten with chains and shot to death
There were arrests made but it was not confessed
The national government remained silent
The president wouldn't defend blacks against violence
Civil rights laws were passed but they were fraud
Equality was enforced poorly or was ignored
Martin Luther King's speech floored whoever heard it
5 years later he was targeted and murdered
In '65 the Watts Riots burned into the streets
The black man would no longer turn the other cheek
The Black Panther Party scared Nixon
But that did nothing to change his position
A new black consciousness was born and still alive
And that came from the will to survive

This is the part where I would talk about Vietnam
But me and Rugged Man we already made a song

By the '70s distrust had spread across the nation
Basic discontent political alienation
55, 000 died in the war of moral shame
And then Watergate was added to the hall of pain
The Watergate burglaries was rather complicated
But in the end mostly all of them exonerated
Nixon had CIA a G. Gordon Liddy
Lie about the Democratic National Committee
But eventually they all flipped on him
And told the Senate that they had a lot of shit on him
After that it was a swift and a sudden fall
Nixon resigned before they could impeach the ball
They got rid of Nixon but they kept the system
His foreign policy still remains in position
Corporate interests still remain in position
His closest advisors remain in position
Vietnam recession and unrest
All adds up to a motherfucking mess

After Watergate and Vietnam
There was a deep economic insecurity in this world of ours
Environmental deterioration took its toll
A cultural violence upon the families took its toll
Problems couldn't be solved without bold changes
But no major party candidates proposed changes
American political tradition held fast
Urban communities turning into hell fast
Black folks are bitterly disappointed with Carter
Opposed federal aid the poor people didn't bother
Reagan got elected and he built a military up
A trillion dollars later
And this motherfucker dummy up
He cut benefits for the poor to get the money up
Social security, disability went belly up
Unemployment grew in the Reagan years
30 million people unemployed in the Reagan years
Welfare became an object of attack
Especially if you was latino or you was black
I'm just scratching the surface of what was wrong
We'll pick the conversation up in the next song

To be continued...
You can't be neutral on a moving train
I told y'all before
You can't believe everything that your teacher tell you
Who is your teacher?
Your teacher just learned what they was taught
How do you know what they was taught was correct?
Know what I mean?
Dig into the real history of this country
And the fact it was built on blood
We gonna go around for a third time

But for now I'm just blessing y'all with this one
A continuation of the first
You can't be neutral on a moving train
Pazienza
Howard Zinn thank you for teaching the people
Rest in Peace
It's Pazienza baby

Winter Soldier by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Look, you talking to a God in the flesh
And this batiman something that I gotta address
This ain't a song, pa, this is a sonata of death
I will beat this motherfucker, I'll piñata his chest
This official, you should talk to the ref
I will put this big black sawed-off to his vest
Have these dum-dums lodged in an officer's chest
Put your body in a box like a login address
Here's a flower, say hello to the dead
Sinatra in '59, that's a hole in the head
The hammer Statue of Liberty, I'm lifting the torch
To me you just another sale, you a Christopher Cross
A rolling stone don't imprison the moss
Azazel is here, exorcism is off
I'm focused on a billy b, you focused on a mill
What you focused on is silly b, I'm focused on the kill

[Chorus]
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking whopper off

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
This motherfucker talking, I guess that he ain't breathing
Sonny LoSpecchio, this pussy, he ain't leaving
Energy drained, malnutrition, he ain't eating
Crying with his mouth all bloody, he ain't teething
I'm here homie, in the thick of the fog
It's a war torn city and I'm sick as a dog
I'm in my duffy it's a Christian Lacroix
This a dope fiend lean and it fixed the withdrawal
It's dirty here look like the spot that I got booked in
The type to see my face and then front like he not lookin'
Boxcutter I will shank a fairy
The Aston Martin is the color of a Frankenberry

Have your whole shit jooken with a blinky
A hundred round drum I can cook 'em in a jiffy
I ain't the one to run from Jihad
License to kill, but I ain't got a gun and a badge
[Chorus]
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking whopper off

Necklace of Heads by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Necklace of Heads

[Intro]
Yeah, 1, 2
Yo Oh No
This shit crazy, pop
Look, 1, 2
Aiight, look
Yeah

[Verse 1]
Lick shots like they would do with the fever
Stab 'em dead or a Pompeii, Julius Caesar
Knife work nice, show you what to do with a cleaver
Son munafiqun, he a truthful deceiver
Supplication on the plains of Arafat
Puerto Ricans everywhere, they talk to me in Arawak
Money always ass back, and I'ma pull the barrel back
Knowing damn well he couldn't see me like a cataract
Where the organ grinder partner, tell me where the Tommy at
And riddle him with bullets in him, move him like an army brat
Anarchist and Marxist, you listening to Commie rap
Self-proclaimed God so the fuck if I'ma honor that
This rat tried to get me book like a librarian
My shot unorthodox like Shawn Marion
Powers of pain, Animal Hawk and barbarian
You beaten by the fist of God so Paul bury 'em
[Chorus]
One gun, two gun, three gun, four
It ain't an adversary that's ready to go to war
One gun, two gun, three gun, four
A hundred round drum and it'll clear the fuckin' floor

[Verse 2]
I told y'all not to fuck with me
Kidnaps takin' the kids like full custody

Every rhyme like my first, I spit hungrily
Y'all don't know cheese and wine out in Tuscany
Y'all think having a rack is called luxury
All bark and no bite, you not touching me
It's too dark for you, the wind is too blustering
I don't like cops or opps in my company
The trap boys still cookin' the brick
And it's raw so it look like they cookin' the grit
If I counted every bottle that I took to the dick
I'd lose count pa, I was in a room full of shit
You cupcaked out, still bitchin' 'bout a jawn
End-game talkin' 'bout a bishop verse a pawn
You dead goin' to sleep, listenin' to birds chirpin'
The type of asshole to be talkin' in third person

[Chorus]
One gun, two gun, three gun, four
It ain't an adversary that's ready to go to war
One gun, two gun, three gun, four
A hundred round drum and it'll clear the fuckin' floor
[Outro]
Yeah, yeah
Pack Pistol Pazzy and all that, the Sicilian Shooter
Y'nam sayin'?
Philly in this mahfucker, yeah
That's Oh No

Lyrics.lol :: Gasmask by Vinnie Paz

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo, kill 'em pronto
We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo mi gente, they kill 'em pronto

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Catch hommies in hellfire, water under the bridge Tacony-Palmyra
Devotion to the blood of the lamb, and it's hail sire
The pistol pack po' with the preacher, the pale rider
This a chainsaw bayonet, homie it is modified
Crosses on this mahfucker head like it's Mardi Gras
Theology of multitude and everything it occupy
Molecules combine with further molecules and oxidize
An animal, and animal survive through the pain
This a 300 blackout disguised as a flame
Erbody takin' Ls like they ridin' the train
Y'all my offspring, why would I deprive you of fame?
I look at y'all as food homie, y'all a bunch of vics
But snitchin' what you do and I can get a bunch of ticks
It was cold nights out here, take you to task
Cut the lawn mahfuckers 'cause there's snakes in the grass
Toma!
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo, kill 'em pronto
We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo mi gente, they kill 'em pronto

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah
These mother fuckers saw a ghost, they awoken a wraith
Erbody hit the fuckin' floor or open the safe
The main pillar of the science is devotion of faith
This a Armalite rifle, it'll blow through your face
Black queen's knight I keep due to the pawn
I carry this .55 like it's Louis Vuitton
We can talk the evolution of a beautiful swan
Or we can talk the revolution, constitutional harm
Erbody wet as soon as the hammer splash
Nobody seein' nothin' like a camera flash
Shooters everywhere, B, I'm callin' mi hermano
Spark Steakhouse, homie Pauly Castellano
These is monolithic bullets, these'll riddle you red
So fuck all of y'all bitches, homie, chivalry dead
Gemstars, G36s, bayonets et cetera
It's what a motherfucker get for preying on a predator
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo, kill 'em pronto
We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo mi gente, they kill 'em pronto

Sundae Bloody Sundae by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Sundae Bloody Sundae

[Chorus]
Saturday noon, with nothing to do, I hear his simple song
Cheer the children who catch him on the park
Watching kids crowd, gather around his ivory colored car
Creaks along and the ice cream man is gone

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah, I'm the ice cream man, everything is for sale
The product ain't made for touchin', homie, this isn't braille
It's only a couple flavors if you need some tree
I got 2 for 3, money, if you need some D
You hear that song, pull up, we sellin' on the corner
And don't mind the smell little homie, that's ammonia
Oh that? That's a special flavor, comes from out Slavonia
The red tops cherry heads 'cause they look like begonia
The task force there, gimme money then you go
'Cause this judge is tryna to give a brother 20 for a O
I got the plug but it's still a large fee
So why the fuck I charge you what he charge me?
Back of the line little motherfucker, 'cause you stressin' me
How you gon' ask a master chef for his recipe?
And don't ask me what I do with the stash
'Cause the smallest bit of candy get you 2 and a half, yeah

[Chorus]
Saturday noon, with nothing to do, I hear his simple song
Cheer the children who catch him on the park
Watching kids crowd, gather around his ivory colored car
Creaks along and the ice cream man is gone
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah, I'm the ice cream man, I'm connected for the re-up
But you gon' have to pay it after it's over like a prenup
We got the streetsweepers for the clean up
There's crema in the ice cream truck to cook the D up

The ice cream man kinda gully but he smart
And cookin' what he cookin', that's a culinary art
If you hang around my truck you need to buy somethin'
Why you always hangin' 'round my truck and you don't buy nothin'?
I ain't tryna to hurt nobody, I just want the dolla'
You lovin' these bitches homie, I just love my guala
My partner in the back cookin' the base
You hear that song homie, you should see the look on they face
This young boi always askin', "Why you pack the 50?!"
'Cause motherfuckers plottin' and these bitches act sadity
Thinkin' the ice cream man stressful, it's true
But I wouldn't be in business if it wasn't for you, yeah

[Chorus]
Saturday noon, with nothing to do, I hear his simple song
Cheer the children who catch him on the park
Watching kids crowd, gather around his ivory colored car
Creaks along and the ice cream man is gone

Jail Cell Recipes by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Jail Cell Recipes

[Intro]
Yeah, one two, yeah, Pack Pistol Pazzy, aight look

[Verse 1]
Elect of Allah, third king, Solomon that
The .50 Cal break your cartilage where collagen at
Shots have him face down like a Klonopin pack
They will hit you if you have a fucking problem with that ([?])
I'm where they hollerin' at
Where that Joey crack cook coke bubblin' at
I'm successful and there's people having trouble with that
That self pity you accustomed to, well wallow in that
Money, power, respect that's the key to success
This thing long King Kong when he beatin' his chest
The further into the abyss, the deeper its depths
I killed a Devil last night, god, The Reaper is next
You glorify snitches and you givin' information
You a vic and I will jerk a chicken like Jamaicans
If I had power to bring you back from the dead
I'll bring him back from the dead, so I could clap at his head

[Hook]
I'm the ultimate 16 bar machine
The God of War, the M16, the high chief
I'm the ultimate 16 bar machine
The God of War, the M16, the high chief
[Verse 2]
The truck jewelry amazin', innit?
Divine principles of the Ma'at and ancient Kemet
The breath of god we initiates of basic tendency
It's the dragon and it's war and it's Satan's pivot
I break laws while you bendin' the rules
I shoot muhfucka you just get suspended from school
If you take ten steps and draw, then it's a duel

How you learn to be a man under a tenuous rule?
And my homie from the south came through in a slab
Shotgun pump looking like I'm doing a dab
I will kick the door down catch you in the lab
Then tell the coroner that he know what to do with the task
I did some stupid shit and wrestle with bids
I'm a professional, you don't know what professional is
The gun connoisseur, don't ask me who got blickies
Pull up like them young Pirus when they popped Rickey

[Hook]
I'm the ultimate 16 bar machine
The God of War, the M16, the high chief
I'm the ultimate 16 bar machine
The God of War, the M16, the high chief

Tongan Death Grip by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Tongan Death Grip

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah -- 1, 2
Yo Ferrigno
1, 2 -- yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
I ain't even think of swinging on you, that's a reflex
First one to test a mahfucker, that's a G check
Send this mahfucker back to God, he a defect
A celebrated martyr, I'm in Luxembourg with Liebknecht
I eat these perfect hands but hate bein' mad sluggish
How the sayin' go? Good riddance to bad rubbish
The ox all bloody, I stabbed him from frustration
The modern Thor rapper, I crack 'em like crustaceans
I was foul for a while, now I'm on some healthy shit
Still I'll aim this chopper at your head like it's a selfie stick
Riding on my enemies, I'm on my Makaveli shit
Master of the arts, I'm on my Sandro Botticelli shit
All of y'all is food to me, you nothing but a Scooby Snack
This mahfucker lost he need to get himself a Google map
Everything dirty money, even the soap
This a Beowulf infrared beam and a scope
Doma!

[Hook: Reef the Lost Cauze]
This is warfare, get your guns ready
This is warfare, hold your guns steady
This is life or death, yeah son deadly
A motherfuckin' G 'til the sun melt me
This is warfare, get your guns ready
This is warfare, hold your guns steady
This is life or death, yeah son deadly
A motherfuckin' G 'til the sun melt me
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'm a lion and the lion don't get left with the lambs
And you might get hit with bullets that was meant for your man's
It's no body cause the body under desolate sands
And I'm mean to money, money, I'ma press up the bands
This mahfucker think that he tough 'cause his man husky
He gettin' what's coming to him like he's Sandusky
The SP old and the records is mad dusty
It's a Mossberg 5 on the pump in the tan duffy
I was mad reckless, behavior was wild rowdy
So I just had to take that charge like I'm Kyle Lowry
I will snatch a dickhead chain and smile proudly
It's kings among the king's, possession and hail Crowley (hail Crowley)
This is where the shelterin' stops
'cause you never too old to take an L from your pops
This the throne of God homie, give the seraph his crown
And I'm bloodthirsty, it's a new sheriff in town
Yeah

[Hook: Reef the Lost Cauze]
This is warfare, get your guns ready
This is warfare, hold your guns steady
This is life or death, yeah son deadly
A motherfuckin' G 'til the sun melt me
This is warfare, get your guns ready
This is warfare, hold your guns steady
This is life or death, yeah son deadly
A motherfuckin' G 'til the sun melt me

God’s Shadow by Vinnie Paz

[Intro] (Biggie Smalls)
I don't give a fuck about you, I don't give a fuck about you
[Vinnie Paz] Yeah
(Biggie Smalls) I don't give a fuck about you
[Vinnie Paz] 1,2
(Biggie Smalls)
I don't give a fuck about you
I'm not runnin'
I don't give a fuck about you
[Vinnie Paz] Yeah
I don't give a fuck about you
[Vinnie Paz] Yeah, look, yeah
(Biggie Smalls) I don't give a fuck about you
I'm not runnin'

[Verse 1]
In '86 everyone was smokin' them OooWeez
I was in front of the mirror and tryna be Cool C
Me and Chico was inseperable then
We would day dream about bein' legends again
'87 came but really, pa, shit ain't changed
We was playin Just-Ice and absorbin' his pain
It's the middle of the crack era, I ain't complain
There was money everywhere, it was part of the game
I was tryna write rhymes but I knew they was wack
I was young and I was dumb and I knew it was that
I heard Steady B rhyme and I knew it was crack
See these records change everything, crucial to that
It's the end of the 80s that's when Chic moved to Cali
My father died too, it was loneliness around me
It was hard tryna put all of this shit in perspective
And the only thing I had was my records
[Hook]
I seen so many men get blast and pass away
I had to say bye, bye, bye
I had to say bye, bye, bye (I'm not runnin')
And all these pills I take can't make shit go away

I said nah, nah, nah
I had to say nah, nah, nah
(I'm not runnin')

[Verse 2]
The 90s came and I started drinkin' for the first time, smokin' for my first time, then I sniffed my first line
Chic came back from Cali and we was wildin'
13 bum rushin' Macy's, we was violent
The pen game started gettin' a little better
Drinkin' 40z outside no matter the weather
But I was shy about the rhymin' and shit
I was timid, no one knew about the rhymin' and shit
I kept it to myself, pa, that's what I resign to
Then Chic would get drunk like "Vinnie can outrhyme you"
And I ain't had no choice it was battle or bitch
So I started choppin' heads and I channeled and missed
I battled on a L and I battled on the block
And I battled in a cell and I battled to the top
I battled a bunch of rappers you would know right now
And I chopped they fuckin' heads but you won't find out
But that got old quick, I started makin' tapes
The tapes turned to records and the records turned to fate
But I'd still go back if I had that chance
It was simple then, I ain't have to do that dance
[Hook]
I seen so many men get blast and passed away
I had to say bye, bye, bye
I had to say bye, bye, bye (I'm not runnin')
And all these pills I take can't make shit go away
I say nah, nah, nah
I had to say nah, nah, nah
(I'm not runnin')

[Outro] (Biggie Smalls)
I don't give a fuck about you, I don't give a fuck about you
I'm not runnin'
I don't give a fuck about you, I don't give a fuck about you
I'm not runnin'

Dualtow Night Eagle by Vinnie Paz

[INTRO: Doug Levison]

[Sample: Lil' Fame]
Step in the ring and I'll break yo ass up cuz I don't play clown

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah (Hahaha)
Yeah, yeah
A'ight, yeah
I'm gettin tired of destroying his hopes
But my back against the wall like Floyd on the ropes
This a .300 Blackout toyin' with Ghost
Take a big metal spoon if you boliin' dopes (Boilin' dopes)
This yoppa gone tear apart his entrails
Send kites tryna get this mail like we pen pals
Break a motherfucker like Gore akhi with windmills
Forbear twelve Arabian tribes Ishmael
Your girl I stepped on watered down like skim milk
Nothing here stepped on part of this is fish scale
There's several ways you can honor the vet
And if you wanna talk to me you gonna talk with respect
I wish you dumb muhfuckas didn't do what you done
Bunch of Voletta Wallace's that's losing a son
I'm done with you dirtbags you gone sing for the State
And tell ya shorty she a thot and to bring me a plate, stupid
[Sample: Douglas Levison]
You nothing
You nothing
How dare you?
How dare you?
You will never be anything
You nothing
You nothing
How dare you?
How dare you?
You will never be anything, SUCKA!

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah
This muhfucka like a joke of the town
What you laughin' for you in the same boat when it drown
I'ma chill, I'ma have a little Coke with the Crown
Coke by the ounce, money movin' dope by the pound
How you gonna let a veteran starve
And the timer’s running out you better get on ya job
Put the microdots in and just let it dissolve
You will never find a shooter with a better resolve
I’m just tired of you muhfuckas matter of fact
I'ma let this Bulldog bark that’ll be that (Dat dat dat dat dat dat dat!)
You ain’t gettin' nada gimme my collateral back
This is Gucci it was several thousand mackerels for that
Everything can change for you one slip of the tongue
And the bigger that the chopper then the bigger the drum
On my lap is a pistol gripped pump
You a bitch you about to be a pistol whipped punk
[Sample] (Douglas Levison)
You nothing
You nothing
How dare you?
How dare you?
You will never be anything
You nothing
You nothing
How dare you?
How dare you?
You will never be anything, SUCKA!
You suck
You’re a no-talent
If you really had talent go practice and then get yourself a gig instead of ruining the end of the day for everybody down here
You disgrace
You’re everything that has gone wrong in this world
You’re a self consumed, no talent, mediocre piece of shit and I’ve earned my right to say it
Who the fuck are you?
You nothing
You nothing
You are nothing and you will never be anything, never
How dare you?

How dare you?

You miserable, mediocre, NOTHING!

Blood on My Hands by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Blood on My Hands

[Intro]
"I don't really like to hear the squealing animals in the cemeteries, when they do their rituals, but they give me free vodka!"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Y'all ain't about nothin', I'm bustin' a hundred rounds at you
I'm Pack Pistol Pazzy, I'm poppin' like 40 rounds at you
This bulldog barks and it mean that I'm sickin' hounds on you
We puff a pound or a two, Pazienza just insurmountable
The Goma-2 raw, and the substance wasn't compoundable
It's bodies everywhere and they try to hold me accountable
The Burberry bag is boujee and booty bountiful
The bankroll blickie, the names ain't even pronounceable
It ain't a ounce of you that could fathom havin' a bout at you
The weaponry is wonderous, numbers ain't even calculable
I stomp you out and pull the Beretta, money, it's marvelous
The gladiator war, fight with Gannicus, this is Spartacus!
The seventy disciples of Judaizers is the Barnabas
A reconstruction of the Acropolis beg us pardon us
The deeper the abyss is the deeper into the Tartarus
The AK diesel, the drum is a hippopotamus

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body!
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!
He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body! (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah, y'all still about nothin', I'm choppin' you with a tomahawk
Allah hates a coward, you do a lot of vagina talk

It's "as-salamu alaykum", I greet him with lots of Gaza talk
Headshot medulla oblongata on a plaza walk
I caught too many homi's, now it's time for me to find a morgue
Go here a rhymer dawg, it's another vagina monologue
I'll take you to a digital death, the place with no analog
I have your bones shakin', I break 'em like marijuana laws
It ain't no other boss that's as ill as me, son, it's lunacy
The leftist ideology killin' the black community
You need a couple bodies, just give me the opportunity
You milli mild muhfuckers is makin' buffoonery
It ain't no unity, ain't no talkin' it out, it's hammer time
I'm movin', B, but I don't be talkin', I'm like a pantomime
And I don't think that bein' a pussy should be romanticized
I run with motherfuckers that's diddy-boppin' and vandalize

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body!
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!
He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body! (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!

Floating Goat by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
God of our father's hear me the wicked seek to rule the Earth and mock your will. Show them your wrath!
Destroy the guilty lest the innocent perish

Yeah, Muggs: The Black Goat, Pazienza
Yeah, yeah
Raise the gates!

[Verse 1]
This a headshot, homie, and I broke the balloon
They was plottin' there, homie, it was smoke in the room
This is blacked-out everything, cold in the womb
This is three faces of fear, the Dungeon of Doom
See it's drugs here, opium, Iranian gangs
The devil is long-horned, he like Damion James
How he talkin' hammers when he can't e'en hold a tool right?
This .50 Cal have 'em all sleeping like a school night
Listen, this gun is a small stalker
That make your body burst into flames like it's Paul Walker
Laser light bayonet, really, it's the sharpest
From experience, the first milli' is the hardest
Death comin' soon, pa, it's chilly in this darkness
The place that I'm from called Philly and it's heartless
It's game time, money, caught a body off the whip
Just another John Doe with his body in the ditch

[Verse 2]
Yeah, Cobra Kai, Daniel LaRusso
Fire at close range, pa, Antetokounmpo
I been doing this, I got workers on the night shift
I was denied bail, judge said I was a flight risk
Still sharp as steel, muhfucka, I'm a sharpener
Perry was a wanderer, Isa was a carpenter
Atilla the Hun, barbarian, the conqueror
He Babalawo Regla de Ocha, I'm a conjurer
All these scallywags carry leather sword sheaths
It's fertile soil there, unexplored heaths
This Mossberg like the God of Thunder, Thor, speaks

A shooter work is never done until his gourd leaks
A dead man said he got his power from the tomb
I can tell you pussy, you the loudest in the room
I made one call, look at all the soldiers that came
This a different era, pussy, but the code is the same

Byzantine Jewelry by Vinnie Paz

(Intro)
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah
Yo yo yo (Yo yo)
Yeah yeah yeah (Yeah yeah yeah)
Yo yo yo (Yo yo)
Yo yo

[Verse 1: Vinnie]
Yo, son duck down the alleyway
Hot shots have him screaming like Cab Calloway
You can hear the hooting and hollering from like a mile away
I run with fast-hoes who see a vic and salivate
I don't touch the work, that's just something that I allocate
Sectarian split, ineffectual Caliphate
It's goma on the scale and difficulty to calibrate
Don't ask me about nothing, no I ain't trying to collaborate
He saw an angel in the Lazarus pit
This that Yahweh real king of Nazareth shit
I ain't the one that you should walk into the labyrinth with
And I ain't the motherfucker you should saddle with shit
The dart spray semi-automatic like a ooh-wop
Spit the rhyme then I bounce the master like a doo-wop
It's a 249 and it's colder than hell
And I treat these assholes like they JoJo the Whale
(Put 'em in da fuckin' bat-troom)
[Chorus]
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah, yo yo yo (Yo yo)
Yeah yeah yeah (Yeah yeah yeah)
Yo yo yo

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Look
In a resort, in a housebed
Your money short 'cause your mouth big
Tryna put to much food in his mouth pit
We take trips back and forth down south kid (Freeway Ricky Ross)

It's detrimental if you telling me after
Hop with the Jet Set, Jello Biafra
Panic in Needle Park, a 70s master
Suicide, there's a ebony plaster
The product duffel is a khaki tan
Snake in the Eagle's Shadow lord, Jackie Chan
Make salah on my din like an Iraqi man (Allahu Akbar)
It's fetty absolute green like it's Barry Mann
This ain't the Devil's dirt this is rare soot
The shoemaker children go barefoot
The way you die isn't fate it's a choice
Watch your bombaclot mouth, take the bass out your voice

[Outro]
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah, yo yo yo (Yo yo)
Yeah yeah yeah (Yeah yeah yeah)
Yo yo yo (Yo yo)
(Aight)

Pray for Sleep by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1]
Yeah, I'ma let the shotty blow
His head go a different direction to where his body go
A fraction of a second is the time it takes his mind to go
Either way his body going down like he Bohannon
We bare arms like a designer show
I feed the raw and always keep a 4 on me like honour roll
How you talking money when you never see no kinda dough
Broke mafuckas, ass out like Rihanna though
You hearin screams and they say they shot
I got nines and a sack like I'm JJ Watt
They think they nice but fans gon' = say they not
It's like a bomb Vietnam when that AK pop
I don't be in y'all little cities it's no action
This Wilson Combat go through you like Bo Jackson
See we all gorillas here strapped with all the blammers now
I pass em off after I use them like they a hand-me-down

[Verse 2]
Yeah, We gun running like the track team
Why you talking stats without knowing what the stats mean?
The 50 Cal got bodies on it but the MAC clean
My dunny gon' rob for me piedras like a crack fiend
And I ain't wanna take it there, but this the way it has to be
Sometimes it takes collateral damage to make a masterpiece
I lost my motherfucking mind and it ain't coming back to me
When dunny got knocked it's like I lost the other half of me
Me and you can look alike, distinction is the bread different
Shorty and her sister look alike but the hair different
The new Hudson H9 get your head shifted
Disrespect is never tolerated you get air lifted
Cool when papi cooking but he drawn on what the cinnamon
I had to go inside my bag, I'm calling the Dominicans
I appreciate y'all, here it's a small token
You talking all the time real killas is soft-spoken

Hashem on a Pentagram by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Hashem on a Pentagram

[Intro: Sample]
In a music field you got people who really are into the occult and into Satan, and then you got some who probably playing games, but no matter how you cut it, they're propagating Satan, they're propagating the demonic mind, the occultic world and I think it's a devastating frame on our culture...

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah, one-two!
Yeah, one-two!
One-two (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!)
Yeah, one-two!
Yeah!
Yeah, Gore Elohim
ILL BILL, look

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Watch the semi-automatic air the fucking world out
Big shit, I'm hitting every house like I'm a Girl Scout
I don't trust a soul homie, I'm throwing this referral out
Jail monster, dumbbells, concentration, curls out
Bloodbath, headshot, tell 'em through a telegram
Samhain Initium, Hashem upon a Pentagram
Duality of two triangles is the hexagram
Scheming on you (???!) like a Mexican
Nighthawk, custom made shells and a vest
And my OG sitting in a cell and he stressed
Doing 2301 and he smelling depressed
And the sun sets here but it fell in the west
Ask about me homie, I will aim at the throne
Say goodnight to the bad guy, Razor Ramon
You ain't on my level, not an honorable mention
And this bullet focused on you undivided attention, toma!
[Verse 2: ILL BILL]
Twelve tribes of Israel
Twelve point five for half a block of fish scale

Let me get a sniff there
You better sniff it too so I feel I can trust you
Make me feel like that scene from Scarface, I'll crush you
Fuck Frank, fuck Seidelbaum and fuck Mel too
Pop you in the stomach like, boom, I bring doom
I'm that MF Goon, my shooters look like Jon Hamm
What the fuck is happening? The world has gone ham
I can't believe it's bacon, bayonets attached to AKs
What's shakin', go get your cake in
We move indistinguishably, discreetly
Within the shadows we decide what the streets see
A cross between Tony Yayo and Roy DeMeo
Bandana Scott Baio, Machete Danny Trejo
Eddie Iron Maiden, sword pentagram slayer
Never trust a fiend who swear he'll pay you for that gram later

[Verse 3: Goretex]
I'm on Venice Beach ripping waves, whores and selling leak
Got a hundred project animals, we dying to eat
We active as fuck, these dividends in Panama bucks
Futuristic, my shooters roll up in Amazon trucks
Circus of power, Rocky Dennis kids on powder
Topple regime like Nicky Scarfo, Betty White and the sour
Cocaine barrels produced in rainforests for Pharaohs
Uncle Howie taught me how to cut the juice with the flour
Consumer racketeer, rap Norman Lear, stickups in '89 gear
Focus on the Gods in the field
Bricks like betty whip, Mr. Majestyk hit, heavy metal shit
Dashikis and slacks run some Crazy Eddie shit
Half Fenriz, half Salvie Testa, ravioli stretcher
Inverted church we out to lunch take our holy measures
Shoppers of medicine you wretch is a vegetable
Like an Ed Repka painting I come to life when I'm deading you
[Outro: Sample]
Across this country and Canada, Satanic graffiti is turning up on public buildings and abandoned buildings. The police suspects secret meetings are being held by people calling themselves "Satanists", people who worship the Devil. Most often found; the inverted five pointed Satanic pentagram, the upside down cross, the evil eye, references to Babylon and the Devil's number
666

Masked Stickups by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Masked Stickups

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah
One, two
Yeah
Yo Stallone, I got 4 bars here or I got 8?
Aight
Aight look
Yeah
Check me out

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
I'm faithful to God, I'm so fuckin' faithful it hurt
That's why every bar and every rhyme take 'em to church
And once the body drop it go straight to the earth
And how you understand clean if you ain't played in the dirt?
Look, let me put it to you simple and plain
How these hollow tips take you through the center of pain
Shoot a fuckin' eye never talk to a fool
And a vic gon' be a vic, off with the jewels
You could have it either way, pa Glock or the pump
Either way you gon' take these shots like a drunk
Lucas weaponry, it's all types of shit I could get
It's mad body parts, all types shit I could hit
I got airplane, all type of shit I could get
Then there's rocket fuel, all types of shit I could flip
And ya'll gonna have to accept the God sickenin'
Aim the shwammy, it's gonna splash 'em like Rod Strickland
[Chrous]
I could have your mans disappear if I wanted to
Funny how shit seem clear when the gun at you
Brrrrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up
Brrrrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up
I could have your mans disappear if I wanted to
Funny how shit seem clear when the gun at you

Brrrrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up
Brrrrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
20 plus years and still invincible
You ain't get touched for what you did, it's the principle
I don't bridge gaps cuz the gap is unbridgeable
Theoretically the probability conditional
Don't bring shirk around here, it's unpermissible
Actin' like my place in the game isn't pivotal
Faith called faith cuz it isn't too visible
Conflict stem from stolen African mineral
Cousin where you at?
I see 'em, I got a visual
The horror I'mma bring to his out-of-body is criminal
No matter how hard you try, you not at the pinnacle
All bark and no bite, you too typical
Celebrate mediocrity and do the minimal
Everything come back round, it's too cyclical
You don't get the raw anymore, that's additional
The cold price high and the body count biblical
[Chorus]
I could have your mans disappear if I wanted to
Funny how shit seem clear when the gun at you
Brrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up
Brrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up
I could have your mans disappear if I wanted to
Funny how shit seem clear when the gun at you
Brrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up
Brrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

Hollow Light Severed Sun by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Hollow Light Severed Sun

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah...
Yeah...
One-Two
Yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
He got the Derringer, he got the fifth
He got the Panama, he got the piff
He like an animal, he got the gill
He with the Sufis, and he with a bid
He in his mental and physical prime
He moving weight, it's not nickels and dimes
He like a DAT in a digital time
Aleister Crowley and ritual rhyme
Demons and nephilim virtual dream
That is a part of the personal theme
That dummy give you a verse for a bing
That dummy dirty he work with the fiends
You doin' nothing I'm licking a shot
You ain't got nothing you piss in a pot
You be in a lift and I be in the drop
I be with my family, you be with a opp

[Chorus]
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
You been in hiding we went to your house
You ran up the stairs and you left from your couch
You knew he was there just to dent in your mouth
You look like a rat but you dead like a mouse
I was in county I went for the ride
Hopped in the whip and attempted to slide
Used to be peace but the sentiment died
You was a thief and the rest of you died
He getting money he borrowed like bocce
He moving keys just like he Liberace
He nice with the hands but he good with the shotty
The new projectile gon' rip through your body
Out here in Philly it's cold and it's dark
Nobody smilin' and nobody talk
Nine out of ten will be holding a hawk
Twenty years later and who would've thought

[Chorus]
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah

Cold in Philadelphia by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
Left my home with just my jeans, my money and a stash
Aimed to Philadelphia, I need a place to crash
Cold in Philadelphia
Cold in Philadelphia

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
His name was Pasquale and he came here from Sicily
He came here alone at 17 no family
The government told him he was a natural born criminal
Compared to primates and said his intellect was minimal
They told him southern Italians were savages and rapists
But he was only here to look for work and they was racist
He just wanted to find a wife and have children
But had to live in fear because they were Sicilians
Trouble communicating because he ain't speak the language
If you don’t know English then you ain't nothing but baggage
Started his own business with some money that he saved up
But nobody supported his business, he almost gave up
Stuck it out, worked hard, livin' in a shanty
Found himself a wife then he had himself a family
He still dealt with discrimination but wasn’t mad
And fear is a great motivator in man
Decades later his family comfortable with clout
And most of them will want to build a wall and keep him out!
[Chorus]
Excuse me please sir, if you will, can you spare a dime?
Do you have a cigarette to help me pass the time?
Cold in Philadelphia
Cold in Philadelphia

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
His name Abdullah he here to escape Assad
He need to find a home and a place he can pray to God
A full-scale civil war broke out in Syria
Uprising turned violent country in hysteria
In Syria he a doctor in Philly he sort boxes

His wife and 4 children in a 2 room apartment
He work all hours of the night making garments
His sons worked after school shifts at the market
Airstrikes and raids forced them out of their home
So they left for Jordan overnight prayed to get through
3 years in Jordan then they finally made it here
The older daughters had to go to Spain and disappear
Back in Philly Abdullah struggling to make the rent
Winter coming soon but the heating bill spent
His sons picked on in school, suffer from embarrassment
They been here for a year and only speak Arabic
They stayed where they was, they would be killed by Assad
But the trouble and the struggle is fulfilling to God
[Chorus]
Can't find work because my hair has got to be too long
Cold in Philadelphia, I tried to get along
Cold in Philadelphia
Cold in Philadelphia

Lyrics.lol :: Gracious by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
Uno
Dos
Tres
Quatro

I bet it's easier to look the other way
So glad to go on living, day to day
And today, if maybe we forget about the helpless hand
So sad because he's wishing his life away

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
I couldn't count all the blessings I had
My mama happy, my son good
What else could I ask?
I'm thankful for hard times and the lessons they pass
And I'm grateful for having answers to the questions I asked
I'm grateful for sight, I'm grateful to hear
When I was younger I was everything I hated I swear
I thought the world was out to get me in a state of despair
Just an egotistical asshole, my faith was impaired
I always was complainin' and I always was the victim
It never was my fault and it always was the system
You think the world owe you something, you wrong
And worship means sincere thankfulness to Allah
I'm thankful for the ability to say when I'm wrong
Thank you for this opportunity to play you this song
I'd like to thank every single one of y'all for riding with me
Y'all made all my dreams come true and united with me
Yeah!
[Chorus]
Thank you for the way to love
Thank you for the world I'm thinking of
Thank you for the way to love
Thank you for the world I'm thinking of
I bet it's easier to look the other way
So glad to go on living

And today, if maybe we forget about the helpless hand
So sad because he's wishing his life away

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
I thank you for the ability to learn from mistakes
I'm grateful for hard work, I had to learn what it takes
I'm thankful for hard times when it burns and it aches
'Cause it remind me of the blessings been bestowed on my plate
I'm indebted to every one of y'all that ever bought a record
To anyone who's stolen I'm still thankful that you checked it
I'm thankful for my homies who don't ever get the credit
'Cause God know that being my homie, it takes some effort
I'm grateful I'm unconditionally loved by my family
Even when shit was ugly and they didn't understand me
I never got a gold record, never won a Grammy
But God been my protector and that's why the devil fear me
I'm grateful that my son still love to hug his papa
I'm grateful that Allah gave him to me, it's an honor
I'm seeing things more clearly now so I'm thankful
So I just had to take a minute out and tell you thank you

[Chorus]
Thank you for the way to love
Thank you for the world I'm thinking of
Thank you for the way to love
Thank you for the world I'm thinking of
I bet it's easier to look the other way
So glad to go on living
And today, if maybe we forget about the helpless hand
So sad because he's wishing his life away

A Power Governments Cannot Suppress by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

A Power Governments Cannot Suppress

[Intro: Howard Zinn]
One of the things we might learn from history, is that the government's interests are not necessarily the same as ours
In fact, are rarely the same as ours. Because if you think the government's interests are the same as yours, then you think - "Well if something is going wrong it must be that they made a mistake 'cause they really care about us"
They don't care about us!

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
The greatest beneficiary of Reagan years was corporations
Wealthy businessmen and ministers of foreign nations
Bush promised that he would save the environment
Signed the Clean Air Act and had the public buyin' it
Two years after that, we see it as imprudence
The EPA allowed tons of hazardous pollutants
Little money was allocated for the enforcement
Contaminated drinkin' water, everywhere was dormant
But business worries override the safety of the public
Ecological breakdowns and nobody would publish
When Reagan got elected and he finally took to office
He spent a quarter million dollars on his livin' quarters
He built the military even more, and paid for it with cuts and benefits for the poor
He made 140 billion cuts in social programs
Human consequences wasn't justified to no man
He said that he still balanced the budget
Wassily Leontief guaranteed that he wouldn't
The 80's were the triumph of upperclass America
Ascendancy of the rich, the poor he would bury ya
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
The gap between the rich and the poor grew dramatically
Black families were hit the hardest, be emphatically
Lack of resources, and racial discrimination
Broken homes, drug addiction, incarceration
Instead of trying to help the people out of this position, politicians called for the building of more prisons

Reagan lied about Iran, lied to Nicaragua, lied about the Soviets and lied about the Contras
He sold arms to Iran, all of it was cited but plausible denial is why he ain't get indicted
Oli North stood trial, the jury found him guilty but he ain't do no time because the motherfucker's filthy
Reagan sent Marines into a crazy situation
Two hundred died in Lebanon 'cause it was dangerous
After that he sent forces into Grenada, congress was notified but not consulted, that's a horror
What good's a show of force if you never use it?
That's the way that Reagan's mind worked and he abused it
Why do people die in countries we invading? So we can make it clear that violence was understated

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]
Reagan's raid on Libya, that was terrorist
Bombs fell on a crowded city, a hundred victims
The Cold War? Let me relay you the facts
The foreign policy just delayed the collapse
The U.S. policy motivated by Fed, to justify the suppression of independent care
The military budget was 280 billion, Colin Powell said he wanna scare the world's civilians
In order to boost his popularity with voters
Bush went to war with Iraq and hid the motives
He abandoned sanctions and said it was for protection
He only chose war because the presidential elections
Who believed that we would liberate Kuwait?
When we invaded other countries every single week
You think that they could build a nuclear bomb?
They was 10 years away from having nuclear bombs
Less than half of us favored military action
No blood for oil was the citizen's reaction
Officials lied about small bombs, American reporters were kept from the war's harm
[Verse 4: Vinnie Paz]
Clinton got in and appointed people of color
But he abandoned them when they started working together
He spoke of a new government for a new century
Invoked Dr. King's name, compared their philosophy
Recalled Dr. King's dream of racial equality
But put more blacks in prison than anybody in history
Continued the military budget in Cold War levels
It doesn't matter the party, homie, they all devils
Approved the FBI attack on Koresh
Fire swept through the whole building burning flesh
His crime bill got a lot of attention but it emphasized punishment, not prevention

Persuaded voters he was tough on crime
But tougher is dumber when you give 'em double the time
Clinton removed welfare benefits from immigrants
Legal or illegal, most of y'all don't know the difference
Who did the Free Trade Agreement really preserve?
Why the number of prisoners doubled when Clinton served?
Domination of the media was there to vaccinate
If god intended us to vote, he would've gave us candidates

[Verse 5: Vinnie Paz]
Bush verse Gore, that was your decision
Both support the death penalty and broke the prisons
Nader ran too but the media denyin' it
He emphasized education, healthcare environment
Half the country didn't even vote and that's a sign
Appealin' to class warfare that no one's buying
Gore received hundreds of thousands or more votes
Proof the electoral process is a joke
Bush took office and pushed tax cuts for the wealthy
Opposed environmental regulations for the money
Nine months into his presidency, 9/11
Immediately declared a war on terrorism
He said that they were Saudi, said it was the Taliban
Then he ordered the bombing of Afghanistan
You kill our civilians, we kill y'all civilians
How the fuck that make sense when we all civilians?
Wartime presidents do wartime shit
That's why wartime presidents can suck my dick
There were minority voices that were criticizing war
You can't match violence or violence should be the law
We stationed troops in Saudi on the holiest of shrines
Military aid for occupying Palestine
Killing innocents Arabs would come back to haunt us
And stupid motherfuckers sit and wonder why they bomb us
[Outro]
If you're like me, you have a lot of friends who are depressed
A lot of friends who go around very gloomy, think the world is coming to an end
You can understand people feeling depressed, you can understand people feeling desperate
Because the truth is, we're faced with evil
There's an enormous number of people who care about the world and about the country, wanna do something

about it

And those numbers are going to grow, so long as people persist and don't give up

VINNIE PAZ x TRAGEDY KHADAFI

CAMOUFLAGE REGIME

PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

Bloody Jungle by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah
Pistolero Pazzy and all that
Stu Ferrigno
Yeah
Look, aight, one-two

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]:
Bumbaclot, you could die out here
This a different set of rules we abide by here
Them yoppas is always out, we do drive-bys here
Y'all are hippies, Vinnie don't allow tie-dye here
This the book of Exodus, it's Mount Sinai here
You get punched in the fucking face for looking side-eyed here
No hablo inglés, pardner, we play salsa here
I got shooters that took a charge they like ta-ta here
Chop his fucking head, cock it back for the click-clack
Stray shots hit 'em in the abdomen the six pack
The 40. Cal bullets size smaller than a tic-tac
Beretta 84 Cheetah hit em like a Chit sack
The Taurus jammed too much, pa, so I can't bother
The Nighthawk blammin', it touch you like Bambaattaa
How many more of y'all gon' be catching the fate?
And everybody mad looking at the mess that I made
Stupid!
[Chorus: Tragedy Khadafi]
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet
You need to get back inside the closet
'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet
You need to get back inside the closet
'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]
Don't have me push a button flyin' all type of kites

Deprive you of oxygen, deprive you of life
Slugs flyin' out of nines inside your windpipes
This the difference between survivin' and living life
Stop the barkin' before I make the gun bite
My faculty's in order, underworld supporter
Sodom Gomorrah, sodomize mics for four quarters
Get it the hustle, hustle to get it that's off the muscle
Queue the apocalypse, the iron jungle
A hundred miles runnin' N***as Wit' Attitude'll gun you
Look what it come to, set it out when the god come through
Tranquilo or humble, more dope than a bundle
War tactics, artifacts, it's all actual
Khadaf no gay, Khadaf no play, Khadaf the
Black Caeser you sweeter than Stevie J
(You sweeter than Stevie J)
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Tragedy Khadafi]
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet
You need to get back inside the closet
'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet
You need to get back inside the closet
'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it

[Outro]
(C'mon stop it)
(C'mon stop it)
Stop

Canaan’s Bracelet by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Canaan’s Bracelet

[Intro]
9 Millimeter (Point 8)
A 38 revolver it really hurts
I had 6 of them in me It hurts real bad
(Real Bad)
That's why right now I issue then receivin’ I ships it
Guys don't fight anymore
(They don't do what we do)
They used to fight but they don’t do that anymore
Guns, all about shootin'
(Takin' em' out)
When it comes to the homefront (right) that's when we use them
(Yes) and when he comes shootin' us we go back and shoot him

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Pistol grip pump on my lap it's armed robbery
My ahki did 3 in the feds like he Ron Isley
You wanna go gun for gun, then come party
And if this gon' be a jihad then bomb wisely
Batiman, homie you the walking definition
Allah know I’d rather ask for forgiveness than permission
I’m on my square, ain't no one can knock me out position
This ain’t a rhyme, ahki, this a fucking demolition
I'm from Philly homie, everywhere is gunfire
Glock .40 cripple you, I'm out before the blood dry
Every living thing grow from a seed
And these bullets got your name on 'em, I hope you can read
See this semi-auto ugly but it definitely jam
So it’s 2 revolvers on me like Yosemite Sam
Camouflage Regime, what the fuck you expect?
I ain't asking homie just give me my fucking respect
Toma!
[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]
5-star [?] elite Akhbar

Lines harder than penitentiary bars just to beat the odds
Splash you in bodily parts, your arm is getting scarred
Young gun, I been a don, no rapper can hold 'em on
Any track on impact I spit my whole gorilla on
Do more than just kill a song
Physically i murder the track 'til the beats soul is gone
Intense heat inside of my lines hot as a sun core
Look what I'm ridin' for
Basically was born to score, boss you should honor more
Just a diamond in force clappin' your whole squadron off
Yeah whack rappers were crossed
Makhti never endorsed
I just pay to knock 'em off, and enforcin' the holocaust
[?] inside the booth tossin' molotovs
Black Mikhail Gorbachev, the hood Hyman Roth
Narcotic lines are raw, watch how I just get 'em off
If I stepped away the whole rap game be at a total loss

[Verse 3: Iron Sheikh]
They say the Iron Sheikh hotter than hell but the soul thirsty
The game over you could hang it up like the old derbys
Blow purpy hoes curvy like Nicole Murphy
The chrome hurky, but the clip long like old slurpys
Flow murky hoes slurp me on this gold journey
My heroine is medicine, who goin' cold turkey?
You'll die alone and buy and moan eating firestones
I supply the bros who supply the bros
I buy the clothes for the flyest hoes, that's a lot of dough
I supply the bros who supply the bros
That's a lot of dope
I gotta go
Pina colada flows Prada coats
Custom made Gabbana boats with a lotta dope
No tears dripping for beer sippers
Ancient prayer scriptures
Gucci flare zippers with weird slippers
[?]
[Verse 4: Agallah]
On Allah, that's my word we ain't taking no L's
Let off the 5th, after that I'ma pick up the shells

One of my verses get the whole team out on bail
Another verse put the Colombian up on the scale
Put the hammer to the nail I am just setting the sail
Make me do time but nah man my mind won't fail
Coach to this lifestyle, you gotta follow the grail
Sloppy with your gun work I see you leaving a trail
Paz, Tragedy and Agallah helluva combo
Mafia snipe n***as, no Sammy Gravanos
Gambino shit n***a, it's mano e mano
Multiple gunshot wounds like Paul Castellano
Yeah, 'cause my n***as, they wanna kill, kill, kill
I try and tell them n***as chill, chill, chill
N***as thirsty, they wanna see the blood all spill
You a vampire n***a, you should sharpen your grill
Caste you in a 3D printer man we like Gomorrah
I can tell a killer by his looks and his aura
Le Coq Sprotif, catch me in some Diadorras
Stand my ground like the whole state of Florida
What

A Warrior’s Fate by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
Yeah, yo
But no one said that, yo
But no one said that, yeah

[Chorus]
It's the power, man, power of attraction
Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction
Yeah, make motion, this that raw action
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in
It's the power, man, power of attraction
Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction
Yeah, make motion, this that raw action
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]
Yo, Ayatollah optics, government-issued missiles under the Masjed
You know Khadaf is the most lethargic, not the average homo sapien
He's too amazing in the art of rap
Due to the fact that's what they made in him
Top of the food chain, he got that grade-A in him
Salute 'em or shoot 'em, praise 'em or spray 'em
That's why a lotta n***as hate him but few got the heart to play him
Bridge signers, Bridge boys be the illest rhymers
Nothing above 'em, gotta love 'em, cowards get behind 'em
Radiant glow so you know you can never outshine 'em
Khadafi and Vinnie Paz is more G than the Masonic lodge is
Synagogues and demi-gods, shooters and riders
I close my eyes with dollar signs stay under my eyelids
Certified most live is the opposite of mine is legendary and timeless
Salute 'em and pay homage
(Pay homage, pay homage)
(Salute 'em and pay homage)
[Chorus]
It's the power, man, power of attraction
Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction
Yeah, make motion, this that raw action

Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in
It's the power, man, power of attraction
Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction
Yeah, make motion, this that raw action
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
I ain't sweatin' y'all, homie, y'all ain't nothing to sweat
It only take one shot, pa, Russian Roulette
If you feelin' froggy, muhfucka double the bet
This a M-27 and the muzzle is wet
Here's a couple racks for you, I could cover your debt
And I play with fire, homie, it's no struggle to sweat
I got angels looking over me, it's bundles of wet
I got two yappas on me and they sung a duet
How this bummy motherfucker think he started a war?
That's just funny, money, I ain't never saw it before
It's wolves here, ahki, you should never leave your food around
Vinnie a gorilla and the jungle is my proven ground
Real G's keep they money in a rubber band
Mask off, coming through the window like I'm Bruh-Man
It's a gun brawl, homey, it's a blicky invitation
And you don't want smoke, that's a sticky situation
[Chorus]
It's the power, man, power of attraction
Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction
Yeah, make motion, this that raw action
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in
It's the power, man, power of attraction
Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction
Yeah, make motion, this that raw action
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

[Outro]
It's the power, man
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

Jummah Rituals by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
"Woe unto them that speak to do evil. Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Degrees ain’t for everybody, messages encrypted
It's full metal jacket, it just dead’ed his existence
It's opps everywhere, I’m just trying to keep a distance
Inshallah, I won't be met with any resistance
We are waiting on janazah akh, its coming this millennia
This weaponry is heavenly, its coming outta Chechnya
Declare war on the kafir
It's universal movement and I saw it at the Ka'bah
Sunnah of the prophet, akhi, that’s divine rule
The scowl on my face, like a '89 Cube
Talking out the side of your face will get your fuckin' wife dragged
There’s over 600 pounds of goma in the rice bag
Golden door Ka'bah and it's covered by the Kiswah
God created all, word to mother, that’s a mitzvah
Bullet hit the chest, this is shots of Patron
It's written in black and white, pa, Stockton - Malone

[Chorus]
Peasants and the kings, movers and the shakers
Players and the haters, bitcoins or the paper
Scope with the laser, minor or the majors
We the most gracious, we the innovators
Peasants and the kings, movers and the shakers
Players and the haters, bitcoins or the paper
Scope with the laser, minor or the majors
We the most gracious, basically, the innovators
[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]
Yeah, yo, yo, hey, yo Illmatic, I been roped
Found makhi, I been dope
High dose of bubblegum kush mixed with indo
Stock kikko, 'fore I spit your whole shit, though
I'm a sniper, spit harder than any lifer

I'm a Maybach RV, you just a Chrysler, huh
Mob cigar shit, need 16 bars to leave that deposit
Tragic, spit acid, your flesh get dissolved with uniform garments
Murderers and the harlots, clip asserter, squeezing harder all on my targets
Ground fire like Godzilla in satans varmints
I'ma killer, but blow slugs and I'ma dodge it
C'est la vie, in and out of these I'm getting carsick
Basically under both of my armpits, I'm armed with
Something that a jewish rabii would say is islamic
I spit juraissic cadavars colossally rollick right in the blood
So, y'all feeling my shit scarlet, mad my grammar
Spit hotter than any lava is
Diabolical don boss they get involved with
Part of me give regards for more room to breathe hardly
Yeah, God blessed me with everything I need, so move graciously
More roar than any 1/8th a key, that's why you hatin' me
Insecure, basically
Queens, home of double-L, flyer on acapell

[Chorus]
Peasants and the kings, movers and the shakers
Players and the haters, bitcoins or the paper
Scope with the laser, minor or the majors
We the most gracious, we the innovators
Peasants and the kings, movers and the shakers
Players and the haters, bitcoin or the paper
Scope with the laser, minor or the majors
We the most gracious, basically, the innovators

Fibre Optic Weapons by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Cinema Dialogue Snippet]
Is this true? You refuse to worship my statue?
O' King! We do not need to defend ourselves before you in this matter
Oh, really? Then you shall be thrown into the furnace and no god will save you from my hand
If we are thrown into the blazing furnace, our God will defend us from it, and if he does not, we want you to know, O' King, that we will not serve your God, or worship your statue
Enough! You dare to defy me? Let the furnace be heated sevenfold! Bind them and cast them into the fire

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]
Yo, yo, yo, I ain't gotta get on my knees, Mahdi is too gracious
Tracking devices in the bag, I ain't gotta chase it
Anti-everything, except green, I'm a racist
Levels to the game and all type of wild stages
Scarred up inside the booth, you embrace my rages
Connected with Vinnie and pass me a bag of lasers
Innovative, fire lines like all my food is cajun
Headshots take 'em out, so we do more than graze 'em
Lines like it came from the mind of Wes Craven
Product of struggle and pain, basically what it gave 'em
Something you could only find inside the deepest pavement
Like God or Satan, made the most foulest arrangement
Still banging and still reporting, look how he lay 'em
Forever right for the course, the boss, look how he lay 'em

[Chorus]
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, for the B-boys, kid
[Verse 2: ILL BILL]
We seen the presidents in black robes and pointy hoods
Up to no good, worshipin' burnin' owls in the woods
Worshipin' burning towers as they stood to collapse
In front of the world and the cloud of burning bodies to soot
Age of vengeance, this is essence of death
Exorcist, smite the devil in majestic bliss
Global conquest, effortless

I gave him 10 bitcoins for 11 bricks, I'm forever slick
My mind spray, shootout with the CIA, jump through Stargate
Ubers like Luger in a William Cooper stupid supercoven
Shoot-your-mother cult
Leader-of-four-hundred cult
Bloody killers that are hungry, dysfunction, destruction
Grab Uzi, aim, shoot, insta-Beirut, attract a grapefruit
She wanna rock a chain to stay true
But they shot the windows out where your kids live
Eat shit and die, your new name is "shit list"

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]
A goof do goofy shit, and homie you a sucka
The yappa had him sleepin' in his whip like he a trucker
Adherence to the Sunnah and his word is word to mother
Police could talk to you and get a name, 'cause you a sucka
If you wanna get some [?], get a pound from the plug
I was nothin', homie, then I got it out of the mud
Listen, the Sig Sauer make his family tremor
Dressed in all black like somebody lost a family member
He look for God but he gonna find the devil
But God find his vessel, water find its level
It's goons here, they was plotting robberies out
And the semi big, it'll take your arteries out
Homie was OG and did a bit in Walla Walla
It's never mask off, it's only a balaclava
I got 13's, they will pick up the deuce
It's a G-36 and it's big as a moose
[Chorus]
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore

Nocturnal Militia by Vinnie Paz

[Chorus: Tragedy Khadefi]
Hit 'em
Yo, yo
Situation hella lit, yeah, that's how we on it
For my G's and MC's under the earth, dormant
For those restin', we still reppin', holdin' the strongest
Yo, life is too precious for you to ever let go
One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though
Life is too precious for you to ever let go
One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though
But, not just yet, though

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]
Khadaf is around for now, I'm a highly advanced life-form
Unexplainable brain pattern, immortal icon
Fuck it, really, my mind's gone, hard to define what I'm on
[?], militia, guerrilla, ready to rival
Predatorial rap aura, what I spit is the Torah
Apocalyptic, twisted, supreme prime aura
Salute a boss maneuver, embrace various suitors
Holdin' llamas and dark personas
Squeezin' on Rugers
Revolution minds inside of a lost [?]
Felonious capers, currency with demonic faces
Monetarily chasin' paper until we gracious
Manufactured in America, that's where they made us
Black zombies, mentally dead, still a God be
Remaining calmly in hell's fire, movin' Islamly
Sole controller in my own soul, that's where you found me
Salute my OG's and visionaries that try to align me
[Chorus: Tragedy Khadefi]
Hit 'em
Yo, yo
Situation hella lit, yeah, that's how we on it
For my G's and MC's under the earth, dormant
For those restin', we still reppin', holdin' the strongest
Yo, life is too precious for you to ever let go

One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though
Life is too precious for you to ever let go
One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though
But, not just yet, though

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Huh, yeah, these is dum-dums
They the type of bullets that expanded on you
Guns is in the narco position like they was planted on me
I'ont ask for nothing, I take it, I just demand it, homie
And, I didn't buy this golden goose, [?] it landed on me
You lose a homie and a part of you die
And there's coke in this DeLorean, it's Marty McFly
Who the plug? You the plug if you got the supply
You my son, be a humble son, father is I
This akh think he got the drop on me
He didn't know I got the mop on me
The G27, that's a chrome Glock
Anybody spit my name, that'll get your dome popped
He ain't seein' me if I see the bull first
This young bull dyin', that's a premature birth
I will eat from motherfuckers 'til their soul is erased
I don't discriminate, motherfucker, nobody's safe
Toma
[Chorus: Tragedy Khadefi]
Hit 'em
Yo, yo
Situation hella lit, yeah, that's how we on it
For my G's and MC's under the earth, dormant
For those restin', we still reppin', holdin' the strongest
Yo, life is too precious for you to ever let go
One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though
Life is too precious for you to ever let go
One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though
But, not just yet, though

The Most Gracious by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

The Most Gracious

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]
The God bars, opposite of Aleister Crowley
Black Saudis with a nuclear warhead inside an Audi
Predatin' the birth of humanity, that’s where my style be
Generic, demonic, weak women, they don't arouse me
Exhale in the best bars, hard as a match, y'all
Arab Nazi [?] Kuwait death squad
Verbally insane, invadin’ your mind frame
I sauté wack rappers, tryna merge in my lane
Homicidal quotes on a ride but with a higher dose
[?] like an assassin, black ops, I'm a ghost

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]
Lines written in hieroglyphs, that's way beyond your vision
Lebanon Don, liason [?] truer livin'
Trample over n***as like a stampede of wild rhinos
A rap terrorist, splinter cell with assault rifles
Shatter your rib cage, bang rappers like [?]
Life is a cycle, fuck it, might be the most trifle
Militias squeezin' clips [?] on my rivals
Y'all been afraid, most invisible renegades
Can't infiltrate any circle, the God, innovate, but wait...
Yeah yo
Artifacts, chasin' the bag is where my heart is at
Immortal rap titans inside the wild habitat
Do it to death and when we done y’all can have it back
Salute the generals, y’all better check the stats
[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]
This muthafucka puttin' trash on the scale
I’m a OG, still sick, hash in the mail
Lost my mind and I started smokin' hash or [?]
You don't want your stash shooken then stash it in Hell
It's a .357 B, this gun no joke
I throw bullets at you money, you don’t want no smoke

He ain't listenin', when you don't listen son get poked
I should've let this muthafucka die and hung that rope
Listen money, you do not want brawl
And if you do it's gon' get ugly [?]
I'm a silverback gorrila in a Kongo [?]
In the [?] providence, the [?]
I be around the Israelites but I'm not Moses
My concentration crazy, I kill 'em with osmosis
This choppa been waitin' forever to blow
I'm with goons, only takin' it wherever they go, battyman
Camouflage regime

[Outro: Tragedy Khadafi]
Artifacts, chasin' the bag is where my heart is at
Immortal rap titans inside the wild habitat
Do it to death and when we done y'all can have it back
Salute the generals, y'all better check the stats
Artifacts, chasin' the bag is where my heart is at
Immortal rap titans inside the wild habitat
Do it to death and when we done y'all can have it back
Salute the generals, y'all better check the stats

Thought Machine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Thought Machine

[Intro:]
Cry out when the pain is greatest
No Hittite warrior cries out in pain
There?
Yes
It's as I fear Lord commander, your skull must be opened and the evil removed with a knife
Is this an Egyptian plot?
To murder our commander at a time where...
At a time when you're planning war on Egypt?
It was you that brought me here from Babylon my lords, I take no interest in your plans, I have no country.
Egypt least of all

[Tragedy Khadafi Verse 1:]
Messiah mind, flyer wise [?] reading higher signs
Lobotomise, we rack guys my style minimise
Sublime with a killer strut, modern day King Tut
For all those chasing the bag and choose to live it up
What, hah, give it up In the streets feeding us
In this world you either make motion or your life is stuck
Born inside the crack era, y'all not as deep as us
Youngins that embrace guns and darkness when the evil touch
Yeah, form a deeper lust
No one you can seem to trust
Cold hearts, playing their part slugs through evil stuff
Yeah but I ain't got all the answers
It's a salute when you were dancing
Life is a high-stake gamble that I learned to take a chance with
[?] features on my pivot, emperor stances
Khadaf rhyme is highly impeccable advanced with
Dodgin' government drones, hiding my face from cameras
Salute the fans and supporters who learn to always stand us
[Tragedy Khadafi: Chorus:]
Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat
Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me

Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep
Eat it like God [?] be
Harder artistry for the streets
Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat
Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me
Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep
Eat it like God [?] be
Harder artistry for the streets

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
How this dumb motherfucker try say that he God
He light work for me just another day on the job
And them eight-trey gangstas gonna say he a slob
And these guns symbolise God, day that he die
It's lights out pussy whenever the savage bang
Six hours spin his fucking body like a baggage claim
It's all big pistols on me, nothing on me light
And the silencer is looking like a muffler on a bike
If we ride then the only one that's living is I
And it's bodies everywhere like I live in a chai
I'm really living life homie you just living to die
And my hitters have you whimperin' and visitin' Jah
In other words we just looking to kill
I extended the invitation so I'm footing the bill
His heart beatin' fast comin' out of his chest
And it's more than bars pa cos it's how you finesse
Battiman
[Tragedy Khadafi: Chorus:]
Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat
Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me
Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep
Eat it like God [?] be
Harder artistry for the streets
Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat
Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me
Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep
Eat it like God [?] be
Harder artistry for the streets

Persian Legacy by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
"Usually it starts by, you know, crossing out mostly you know
One neighborhood will put their writing on the wall, and then, you know
We come in right next to it, or cross em out, and they will cross us back out
And then it gets into, umm you know
Maybe a fist fight, then maybe guys gets knifed behind it. And then shooting
And then someone dies, and they might wanna get back at us, if they do get back at us
We go down and might kill two of them, then they will come back and maybe get one of us
And we will go back and get two or three more
It just goes on and on, it don’t stop"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
This is slang warfare akhi, I don’t got the time for that
This Charter Arms 5 shots spin 'em like a laundromat
Tony Rome wop shit, rocking the fedora hat
Its bloody money, bloody bodies, homie this is horror rap
The block full of Gestapo, its hotter than Honolulu
We military minded, and we ridin' like Shaka Zulu
Its African tradition, so you have to honor Jushu
And black Tibetan magic, just another kind of voodoo
Camouflage regime, we maneuver through militias
A man do the heavy lifting, bitches do the dishes
How is you a shooter, when you shoot ’em and it misses?
This Mossberg burn ’em and it doing it to bridges
The gun connoisseur, the philosopher of iron shit
Never sleepin', watching everything like it’s a firestick
Your talking real crazy for someone with no blicky
And I ain’t even know that the shooter was old fifty
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz, Tragedy Khadafi]
I tip-toe everywhere that I go
Lay a motherfucker out I swear on my soul
Fuck around and run your mouth and catch a hot one
Infra-red beams, gas mask and a shotgun
I tip-toe everywhere that I go
Lay a motherfucker swear on my soul
Fuck around and run your mouth and catch a hot one
Infra-red beams, gas mask and a shotgun

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]
Yeah, offspring of the Juice Crew, that's part of my essence
Makhi was legend before I even rapped on a record
Apocalyptic apostle, see, I was born to rep it
I craft mathematical lessons inside a message
Sublime prime masterminds inside wide Benzes
Circling their blocks, a killers in the crack vengeance
Saw all my warriors still breathing, the saga's endless
Imagine they'll breathe, they'll birth me and piss on my passion
Manufactured and fire ghetto messiah blacksmith
So nice would it been a curse just to live my life with
Salems Lot to hells fire, the streets source to righteous
Evaded federal cases, Supreme Court indictments
For those locked in The Beacon, and trapped on Rikers Island
Hold your crown in that cell, and seek for more enlightenment
Let my lines be the strength and power you need to fight with
All relies on your energy, go hard and ignite
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz, Tragedy Khadafi]
I tip-toe everywhere that I go
Lay a motherfucker out I swear on my soul
Fuck around and run your mouth and catch a hot one
Infra-red beams, gas mask and a shotgun
I tip-toe everywhere that I go
Lay a motherfucker swear on my soul
Fuck around and run your mouth and catch a hot one
Infra-red beams, gas mask and a shotgun

as above so below
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Crime Wave Tehran by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Crime Wave Tehran

[Intro:]
Warning signs of satanic behavior may be apparent. Such as;
A sudden bitterly antagonistic attitude towards family and religion
A drastic decline in academic performance
A reclusive behavior pattern and listening exclusively to heavy metal rock music almost to the point of addiction
When one or more of these warning signs are evident, you should look further for ritual items such as a pentagram or other satanic symbols, black or red rose, a decorative dagger or knife, a chalice or goblet, black candles, a personal diary with a black cover which is called a book of shadows, and copies of publications, such as The satanic bible and the satanic rituals, and possibly, a small makeshift altar
If you discover items such as these, experts advise that you contact your local law enforcement agency at once

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
This is Boxcutter business, this is blade in the hand
I’m pulling rank on you muhfuckas–chain of command
This Moroccan feds akhi, this is granules of sand
This is made of pure linen, this is ancient Iran
Notre Dame sign, Quasimodo and shit
The magazine empty out, I’m reloadin' the shit
It was no fair, I was tryna live in the now
Mama scared, I ain’t goin' to her crib through a while
This the master builder, this the Yamisaki
Have a bunch of hitters clap you from the Kawasaki
Epuki givin' footage to D's
That’s what happen when you can’t see the wood for the trees
A couple rounds popped into his visage
How can an unpolished mirror reflect an image?
It’s always motion, action and devotion
And you ain’t thinkin' homie, you reactin' off emotion
[Hook: Chinaski Black]
Put your vest on
Little homie put your vest on
Put your vest on

I'ma shooter motherfucker, put your vest on
Put your vest on
I got bullets for you partner, put your vest on
Yo, put your vest on

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
The maiden bathin' in a clear pool of fresh water
This the hierophant’s chalice, this the next slaughter
Perpendicular of the pyramid dress altar
I was taught the brazen bull is the best torture
If it ain’t one thing, it’s another
And I don’t wait for motion, I’m a different muhfucka
Fools die, Mario Puzo
They slumped him like Angelo Bruno
He saw the Iron Ages like a Canaanite
It’s bags of trees here, vegetation heist
You say my name, I’m fucking you up
Y’all are clout-chasin' homie and enough is enough
Gun brawls, hand-to-hand, homie it's whatever
It's talking and it's action, and nobody live forever
So get yourself a blicky and chill
Or the ox is coming out, buck 50 is grill
Toma!
[Hook: Chinaski Black]
Put your vest on
Little homie put your vest on
Put your vest on
I'ma shooter, motherfucker, put your vest on
Put your vest on
I got bullets for you partner, put your vest on
Yo, put your vest on

Scorched Earth by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Flashbang, that’s a photo op
My shooters take you out the fucking picture like a Photoshop
A thousand knives coming at you, that’s a Sakamoto shot
The 93-R machine pistol that’ll Robocop
Three round burst mode, blow your fucking fingers off
Lights out, black ski mask, and the ringer off
Action and reaction, akhi, I don’t even think at all
The cuete out of Italy, the ‘caine is out of Singapore
Yall know I’m never running out of ammo
The yoppa keep spitting like somebody chew tobacco
Screwface, ox under the tongue, I’m a wacko
Sentence you to death, blood feud, and I’m Draco
That’s the sound of the machete chop
Beat a motherfucker til his eye end up like Fetty Wap
I had motherfuckers going south for the birds
Y'all ain’t doing nothing, actions speak louder than words

[Interlude: Estee Nack]
And my word stay bond son. You know what I'm sayin'? Bond is life and I give my life before my words, y'all feel that? Yo, so listen

[Verse 2: Estee Nack]
I smoke flavors of shorty listening to La India
Works for Rodriguez, stand to settle within
Handle beamers, fully automatic Beretta Ninas
Arenas, the work is genius, only respect the seniors
Señore, smoke oil, sniff it into Pyrex
Double the grind ax, dump the beamer, slip into Fylex
Strip you suplex, my n***a you guessed it, who protest it
True to the Est, it's beautiful, precious
Get it moving in Venice to Budapest, I'm moving and flexing
The music masses from the prisons to the pazzes
Endless, infinite mental, magnetics, molecular measurements
True living god in the flesh, no beginning, no ending
The Ford is a death deficit
Yo, it ain't even a question of whether I'm still in the streets

Definite

[Verse 3: Jay Royale]

I got heathens to make the beef broil

Your arms too weak for the recoil

Throw you to the wolves and they feast on you

I can sick the streets on you, it's only beats you can feed me with

Shit get thick, approach your whip with a stick like a Squeegee

When you cross paths with trigger bullets, it's rigor mortis

The brick's enormous, from long range can flip a walrus

Burn shit up like incinerators pushing pen and paper

Fuck around and split your chin with a razor

It's critical slander, I'm sick with spitting the grammar

I can regenerate a limb like (?)

Let's switch the agenda, cold and blistering winds in the winter

Release the fire and pen at your brain with the Kimber

It's target practice for you novice rappers

Guaranteed to leave 'em slumped when I dump the automatic

Amityville with the mic handling skills

Can chew through turnbuckles like George Animal Steele

I Am the Chaos by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
Who the fuck is you?
Yeah, Pistolero Pazienza
Know what I mean
Who the fuck is you?
Yeah, I'm headhunting
We walk this dog, let 'em breathe
Who the fuck is you?

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
I set this motherfucker off like I'm a Bolshevik
I hold the toaster grip, reduce the choir to a soloist
Unload the clip and leave a hole in shit the size of a boulder is
Patrol the vulture pit, I'm leaving Marx in 'em like socialists
It is the moment that you realize you're just not a vocalist
The coldest [ocean grip] is as close to it as [cold] Milošević
A male chauvinist, you can cross it off of your grocery list
You're holding swollen ribs, I'm beholding the olden coke
And the dope is odorless, getting hold of it kinda onerous
We all felonious, I got dogs, and homie they Dobermans
We noblemen, it's oxygen, hemoglobin in arteries
So close your lips, Akhi, the shotty will leave you frozen stiff
I blow the fifth, homie, the hole the size of a poker chip
The yopper ownership, just another level of showmanship
I have the show up in me, you jokers getting the bulk of it
And hit his lower limbs, now it's closure homie, it's over with
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
Fuck out the way, pa, I'm coming through
I'm Vinnie P, doggy, who the fuck is you?
Pussy, who the fuck is you?
Come on, who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Fuck out my way, papa, I'm coming through
I'm Vinnie P, doggy, who the fuck is you?
Pussy, who the fuck is you?
Come on, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?
Come on, who the fuck is you?

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
I'm Pistolero Pazzy, so every chopper reliable
The brujeria banger, the murders is justifiable
It's headshots, homie, the body identifiable
The body parts intact but the face is unrecognizable
The weaponry is sizable, all of it modifiable
The doctor told my mother her child is certifiable
This Gucci lamb leather is terra, homie it's dye-able
Serial number off, money, they ain't classifiable
It's way too cold and the temperature ain't survivable
These hollow points, homie, the horror is indescribable
They think that I'm maniacal, mercenaries is glamorous
The Desert Eagle ain't even deadly, homie, it's cancerous
The rhyme annihilation, obliteration calamitous
I took a vote to see if you pussy, it was unanimous
A motherfucking son of an emperor, I'm Britannicus
The temple of a riot, the mind of a psychoanalyst
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
Fuck out the way, pa, I'm coming through
I'm Vinnie P, doggy, who the fuck is you?
Pussy, who the fuck is you?
Come on, who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Fuck out my way papa, I'm coming through
I'm Vinnie P doggy, who the fuck is you?
Pussy, who the fuck is you?
Come on, who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Come on, who the fuck is you?

[Outro]
Who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?

Mabuhay Gardens by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Mabuhay Gardens

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, one-two

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
This Kalashnikov, dead air, Wolverine silencer
Leave your body full of blood clots like an islander
The Springfield armory is long like a kilometer
The Koenigsegg Agera had the craziest odometer
This young boy spillin' blood here on the hood block
Papi like to cook rock, Joni missed Woodstock
He headed uptown and he lookin' for Mantequilla
This muhfucka's talkin', it sound like a Santeria
I got a plug, but he kinda weird
I be with my ahkis and they all have Lou Albano beards
Everything marble, and Joselyn Grand Chandeliers
This is ammunition and it's Pancho Villa Bandoliers
We gon' put the squeeze on the work, it's a known leverage
This Four-Five gon' hit the spot like a cold beverage
The strap ravaging, it look like roux
Gimme room muhfucka, lemme cook my food, toma!

[Hook: Block McCloud]
Man the only thing I know for sure is that we're gonna die
You know that nothing's guaranteed
Except that we will rest in peace
So until that day I go to war and sing your lullaby
And I will rock your head to sleep, 'til I fulfill my destiny
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah, this the season of smoke
And the uniform density the reason it float
Y'all awoken a sleeping giant, now the demon invoked
Allah's the most merciful, the beacon of hope
This a land strike weapon, I will launch harpoons

While y'all dummies eatin' cereal and watch cartoons
I will go upside your head like Vidal Sassoon
I will blow the infrared, I will call my goons
He a bitch, bein' bitch is the reason that he snitch
Blow a muhfucka wig, Season of the Witch
So high, look like we Korean from the piff
The hole I'm diggin' for you much deeper than a ditch
This G-22 and it burn like it shit liquor
Now ay'body dead and his family sit shiver
You pump fakin' akhi, listen, I ain't feelin' none of that
And death real homie, you can never get your brother back

[Hook: Block McCloud]
Man the only thing I know for sure is that we're gonna die
You know that nothing's guaranteed
Except that we will rest in peace
So until that day I go to war and sing your lullaby
And I will rock your head to sleep, 'til I fulfill my destiny

The Conjuring by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah – Yeah
Alright, yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
The prime directive is the connection to the Andromedans
I’m washed in the blood of the lamb and all of its vitamins
The sheep stray, that was the fate of David and Solomon
The alpha-draconian sacred ages of Ottoman
The King Cobra .357 will disembody ‘em
Constantinople, Monasticism, Masasi men
Allah is All Powerful, Alhamdulillah sovereign
Copper based blood from a binary solo monument
Geneticists and other biologists start an argument
Breakthrough in spiritual consciousness wasn’t opulent
Life was only real if the common creator authored it
The war in Heaven all of the seven honored the armament
Parasitic astral deities inform the occupants
Them headshots is comin' for the top like it’s a condiment
The law of one, Ra, channeling, challenging continents
Physical death, mystical breath, it’s found in the documents

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
It’s the earth, it’s the moon, it’s the stars
It’s the word, it’s the drums, it’s the bars
It’s the war, it’s the blood, it’s the scars
I’m the conjurer, I’m the conjurer
It’s the earth, it’s the moon, it’s the stars
It’s the word, it’s the drums, it’s the bars
It’s the war, it’s the blood, it’s the scars
I’m the conjurer, I’m the conjurer
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Divide and conquer, grand strategy of the Reptilians
Witches and Warlocks congregate in the pavilion
Fundamental and coded bases for the civilians
I took the shotty and dug the bodies, it’s in the millions
UFO’s in the aboriginal Brazilians

Locust plague genetic sequence of Insectilians
The satanic rituals, circus is Picadilian
The voice of Revelation, atomic lighters from Lilian
You don’t want a war, you’ll be warrin' with the Sicilians
Kiss the ring, Vinnie the King like he Arthur Williams
The man from Planet Risk, he saw an ominous orb there
The double-cross system, the psychological warfare
Malevolent extraterrestrials is in my crosshair
Forty-six chromosomes, two forever gone there
Came from Mesopotamia, chemicals were restored there
The Rothschilds of London, the Babylonian blood there

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
It’s the earth, it’s the moon, it’s the stars
It’s the word, it’s the drums, it’s the bars
It’s the war, it’s the blood, it’s the scars
I’m the conjurer, I’m the conjurer
It’s the earth, it’s the moon, it’s the stars
It’s the word, it’s the drums, it’s the bars
It’s the war, it’s the blood, it’s the scars
I’m the conjurer, I’m the conjurer

The Black Hand by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
(Sample)

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
Me not gwan lie
Every pussy man gwan die
Every batiman gwan die
Every batiman gwan die

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
I ain't chasin' nothin' homie so just gimme the bag
Bullets travel at the speed of Thor get hit with the mag
You can fuck around, lay around, you can get dragged
I will bomb on motherfuckers like I'm hittin' the tag
This a death wish homie, y'all are liable to die
This is Hammurabi Code, this a eye for an eye
I can see inside where his ideology lie
You supposed to supply workers if you got the supply
Divine retribution, pa, fire and brimstone
It's a trench knife dagger and it made from a shinbone
Tubular bells ring tone
The Mossberg flex make a change to your skin tone
There's nothin' changin' everything is carved into stone
I will cook 'em till the meat falls off of the bone
What's your life like, akhi? You just sat in the fray
And I'm stayin' in the hood like an African braid
Batiman
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
Me not gwan lie
Every pussy man gwan die
Every batiman gwan die
Every batiman gwan die

[Verse 2: Demoz]
Hey yo, hey yo
Last call house send them shots at you like bartenders
Blow your brain out of the window over the car fender
I'm used to hearin' shit like "trust me, n***a we got you"

Same pussy you trust, same pussy that shot you
Fake hand shakes, phoney hugs and all the smirkin'
Never trust a n***a around you that's never workin'
Down to his last couple dollars, he gettin' nervous
Rob you then get killed for it, it wasn't worth it
Bitches sleep with you then sleep with your best friend
I don't follow none of you dudes I set trends
I ain't tryin' to tell you shit I'm tryin' to show you
Keep your eyes close on the motherfuckers that owe you
You will catch a bullet the same minute you jack me
I don't play the shotgun n***a I want the back seat
I'm from a place where they'll rob you if you got bread
And clean-cut n***as be grimier than a mob-head
Moz
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
Me not gwan lie
Every pussy man gwan die
Every batiman gwan die
Every batiman gwan die

Mock Up on Mu by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Sample]
Spare us the shame of being killed by a boy!
Kings must be killed by kings!
Hahahahaa! A fine king you'd make!
A king who can't even kill his enemy!
And has to ask others to do it for him!
Even on a battlefield! Hahahahhahaaa! Hahaha!
(Crowds cheer)

[Chorus: Method Man Sample]
No n-no competition to the shit we got here
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear
Got the Glock, got the Glock, got got the Glock
To ya headpiece, what!
No n-no noo- competition to the shit we got here
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear
Kill the fear, kill the fear
Got the Glock to ya headpiece, what, what, what
What

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
I got the blick of the wild gunman
Sit the fuck down, it was never about nothin'
Jack Paar's espionage of a loud dungeon
Little (Nub Millah) was talkin' about pumpin'
Being a sinner became painful
It's clear revelations that came as a strange angel
My brother is my brother we came from the same cradle
These ain't mink, (bahna) these made from a gray sable
I ain't the motherfucker you should box with
We can take it to the guns, homie this a chopstick
Put the muhfcucka in your mouth like it's a swab stick
Bring the box-cutter in the muhfuckin' cockpit
Play (Entiro Roja) till the day break
I can never be a dollar short or a day late
The SIG Sauer P320 is my namesake
The bullet has so much kinetic energy the wave break

[Chorus: Method Man Sample] (x2)
No competition to the shit we got here
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear
Got the Glock, got the Glock to ya headpiece, what

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
This the reckoning here
This is napalm, that's the smell of death in the air
You want bomboclaat war then the weapons appear
I'm the CD don, squeaky frog and mescaline heir
The Sunnah of the Prophet, that's the actual fact
You think talkin' to one-time is a natural act
You see talkin' to one-time that's a vaginal act
I went to Pet Sematary now the animal back
We burnin' sage, we the Northern Arapaho
My heart black homie and it's colder than gazpacho
It's a hail of bullets comin' better get yourself a poncho
Bandana low on my eyes like I'm a chicano
I don't look at homie as a rival, he a custy
He stink like patchouli his entirety is dusty
Put a fatwah on his head like he Rushdie
Me and you is like puttin' a shark against a guppy

[Chorus: Method Man Sample] (x2)
No competition to the shit we got here
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear
Got the Glock to ya headpiece, what

Ankle Bracelets by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Ankle Bracelets

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah
It's ankle bracelets, nahmean?
They got bracelets on my ankles, pa
Nahmean?
Yeah, look

[Verse 1]
See, I'm not committed, mommy, that's the way that it is
I be in my own space and I stay in my biz
It ain't nothing new, mama, I been sayin' for years
All y'all do is stay stressin' me and greyin' my hairs
It's not about fears and it's not responsibility
It's not about my father and it's not compatibility
Y'all are God's curse ma, Eve ate the apple
And y'all ain't gon' convince me that monogamy is natural
I ain't tryna talk to somebody who irrational
And who the fuck is you to try to take me from my castle?
It ain't about maturity, it ain't no little boy shit
Just save the psychoanalyzing me and all the Freud shit
And I don't think it's bugged out to wanna be alone
And I be all up in the crib and wanna be at home
And not have somebody bein' all up in my phone
And I ain't lying to you, I'm just lettin' it be known

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Queen Herawin]
That you ain't really ready, ready
Ready ain't the way to put it
Ain't trying to go steady, steady
Shit, I'd rather eat a bullet
Still want the head steady, steady
You goddamn right. I do
You swear I'm being petty, petty?
I ain't tryna spend my life with you

How long we gonna do this stuff?
As long as I fuckin' wanna
You think I'm stressin' you for dough
I don't really want the drama
Just want to make us a home
You actin' like my enemy
But fuck it then just be alone
Maybe that's the way it's meant to be
[Verse 2]
See, I don't feel lonely, ma, I would never settle
And I ain't got the time for bein' monkey in the middle
Y'all behave like an enigma, wrapped inside a riddle
And y'all don't bring shit to the table that's beneficial
Make yourself useful and carry the fuckin' pistol
But you don't wanna do nothing that's seen as sacrificial
You think that you industrious and that's the fuckin' issue
Men are different, women all alike, that's official
Salah, Marciano, my Mama and then it's over
So find yourself a soy boy, beta and a chauffeur
I ain't gon' be tourin' while you laying on the sofa
Wifey up a thot cause you thinkin' they can mold her
I'm cut from a different cloth, papa was a G
And papa told me loyalty and honor is the key
And y'all don't have neither one of them, so skedaddle
Feel some type of way, tryna blame it on the pharaoh

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Queen Herawin]
That you ain't really ready, ready
Ready ain't the way to put it
Ain't trying to go steady, steady
Shit, I'd rather eat a bullet
Still want the head steady, steady
You goddamn right. I do
You swear I'm being petty, petty?
I ain't tryna spend my life with you
How long we gonna do this stuff?
As long as I fuckin' wanna
You think I'm stressin' you for dough
I don't really want the drama
Just want to make us a home

You actin' like my enemy
But fuck it then just be alone
Maybe that's the way it's meant to be
[Outro: Vinnie Paz, Queen Herawin]
HAHA! Steady wantin' the head [?]
Nahmean? Me? Word. Please, I got my own money
Papapapapapapaaa
Papapapapapapaaa

The Compleat Witch by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

The Compleat Witch

[Intro]
Ex-childs of Light, listen close, and listen clear!
You cannot stop me now, the seven points have come together! The Third Star has merged
For 18 days you have tortured me, as of now!
Don’t you realize that any other mortal man would have fallen to you by now?! And every day -- my power! -- mhhh - fills!
But your power gets darkened and darker

[Verse 1: Nowaah The Flood]
No chill in power hill with the pill press
Crackin' seals for a little zest pack still fresh
Drop the address all access
In the flesh Moroccan Hashish, them gases
Spin on badges, little bastards off acid, asterisk
The world's wocky, got the choppy off Akhi in the lobby
Leavin' my auntie at the ristorante, with a joint lookin' like Ashanti
Dipped on the cotty, paint the town like Dondi
Skipped on the bounty
A hundred miles and countin' aware of my surroundings
Since a fountain out of housing my physicals will doubt you
Enemies befriend you wicked bitches end you
So I keep my favorite utensil, put two in your Kenzo
You and your kin too, it's simple, n***as'll sin you

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
It’s crazy when the Benelli fires
It’ll stick you to the street like it’s Pirelli tires
We count money, ahki you can’t sneak a penny by us
My ahkis on they deen, homie plenty pious
Adoration of The Magi by Botticelli
One day at a time, Valerie Bertinelli
Rhyme is intricate designs, Elsa Schiaparelli
These 32 bullets is longer than Vermicelli
We was dumb high singin' Guantanamera

While I watched Cordillera with mi abuela
Ten times outta ten cowards'll lose
You a vic and I had you comin’ outta your shoes
You was insecure homie, you was lonely inside
You ain’t got nobody, you ain’t got no homies to ride
This a bloodbath over here, furious wars
It’s banana clips everywhere, Curious George
Batiman!
Hijo de puta!
[Outro]
I can't take twelve more days of torture!
Because if I do, then the pit of Purple Haze will come
You talk about me being off the mainstream
I see you carry the Old Egyptian ways around your finger
Haha - Haha - Hahaa - Hah

Lyrics.lol :: Hannibal by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
Yeah
Come on
Yeah, look
Polo Pazzy, come on

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
These bullets is like mosquitoes
I put the clip in and they get to spittin' like they the Migos
Descend with Don Quixote in Cueva de Montesinos
These bullets burn, ahki, they hotter than jalapeños
He wonder what he did to his man
This fool motherfucker comin' out the tinted Sedan
I had to end it all so I could just see where it began
This a five piece Kimono like I live in Japan
Allah is the All Sufficient and for that I'm relieved
Y'all are disobeying God, pa, Adam and Eve
This a P380 comin' out of my sleeve
The merciful Lord of mercy that's a lot of reprieve
I'm a Don, you a battiman, y'all can see the differences
My name ring bells and y'all ain't got no significance
A baccarat crystal and it's over the stairs
And why's you still talkin' homie? Nobody cares, yeah

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
Them pop-out boys got the drop on 'em (huh!)
This infrared beam put the dots on 'em (huh!)
That's my motherfuckin' akh and I rock for 'em
Ay'body hit the fuckin' deck when them Glocks drawn
Them pop-out boys got the drop on 'em (huh!)
This infrared beam put the dots on 'em (huh!)
That's my motherfuckin' akh and I rock for 'em
Ay'body hit the fuckin' deck when them Glocks drawn
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Y'all be fuckin' 'round with one-times
Choppers laid out, that's a muhfuckin' drum line
I got goons on the muhfuckin' front line

There's warriors and silver-back gorillas in my bloodline
There's devils movin' everywhere, muhfuckers shape-shift
The gem star gonna get his battiman a face lift (Ooo oo ah ah)
His skin hangin' off, blood drippin' from the blade tip
AK's, banana clips have me goin' ape shit
Your head is over the mantle
And you don't know nothin' and knowin' is half the battle
So pull up on me if you want 'em to die
His body's that's in the ocean and the son's in the sky
You a Kafir and a Kafir is a thing I denounce
Here's a free shot for you homie, drinks on the house
It's two horses pullin' me, I'm chillin' in the barouche
It's a bullet with your name on it big as a mouse
Toma!

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz] (x2)
Them bye-bye boys got the drop on 'em (huh!)
This infrared beam put the dots on 'em (huh!)
That's my motherfuckin' ahk and I rock for 'em
Ay'body hit the fuckin' deck when them Glocks drawn

Sicilian Bull by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah, yeah, one-two!
Yeah, yeah, one-two! Haha!
Yeah, Papo Andy forever!
A'ight -- Yeah!

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
You don't want Vinnie to pop the trunk 'cause it's under there
The snakes is venomous so be wary what's in the jungle here
It's Unga-Bunga's here, you'll be trapped inside of a bunker here
You in the gutter where you'll be pissin' inside your underwear
You suddenly become aware of all of the blood that's here
Shovels here, Coco liquor up inside the Tupperware
We makin' supper here, take your Wallys and your other pairs
It's undercovers there, and a couple of drunken Russians there
A tons of guns appear, and it's cartridges in abundance here
It's mafuckas armed to the teeth it's like we the Bundeswehr
We took a tunnel there, to the sewer it wasn't traceable
The blicky go up under your chin and blow out your nasal roof
The best hustle, the neck muscles is like a Saber tooth
The Tec touch you, the TEC cut through while we raise your roof
We standin' on the top of Olympus, what did you say to Zeus?
The body count pilin', we wildin', it's not debatable, yeah!

[Chorus: Samples]
My commission, sit at the table like the last supper, fucker
We unholy, sharp razor, full bloodied money maker
Where ever we at, we keep the blicks right there
My commission, sit at the table like the last supper, fucker
We unholy, sharp razor, full bloodied money maker
Where ever we at, we keep the blicks right there
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
This a Gucci satchel, ahki, it's made from a fuckin' alligator
Frank Sheeran shooters'll murk and suck on a Now & Later
Take a pile of data, distribute it to the allocator
Runnin' foul on nature laboratories and calibrators
Sawed shotty got a nickname and it's The Evaporator

Take it back to pages and El Dorado's and activators
My collaborators is piled inside of an abdicator
He don't wanna brawl, he don't want a war, he a trap devador
Trips down south and we goin' down to Atlanta later
Needles and a bone saw, homie I'm the reanimator
Parody young powerful socca pan updater
Yoppa drain ya bodily fluids like it's an aspirator
Thoughts is all deadly, they desecratin' the scrap of paper
Agitator, shotty will spin him like he a barrel maker
Fortress roll-by's reactivated eradicator
Pistol Gang pop 'em and drop 'em in the volcanic crater
Yeah!

[Chorus: Samples]
My commission, sit at the table like the last supper, fucker
We unholy, sharp razor, full bloodied money maker
Whereever we at, we keep the blicks right there
My commission, sit at the table like the last supper, fucker
We unholy, sharp razor, full bloodied money maker
Where ever we at, we keep the blicks right there

Cero Miedo by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]
Yeah, more lower
Yeah, one-two, more lower
One-two, yeah, look, yeah

[Verse 1]
Yeah, this dummy ask if she can touch the jewelry
Get out my mitt, your man is actin' like a fuckin' stoolie
Bury me in the golden urn I'm The Last Tamuli
Y'all don't really want the fuckin' drama this is not kabuki
I squash fifty-seven y'all while playin' racquetball
Maybe y'all is playin' Dragon Ball and sniffin' Adderall
The cuete little but it splash 'em like a cannonball
Sanskrit and Mushika Dynasty it canon, all
You playin' by the basement while I play the corner
I like a massive body count and have my things in order
I rob Peter to pay Paul just to pay the pauper
I have my Jewish lawyer there so he could gauge the offer
A semi Costa Rican shooter out to plug the hellion
The mic in my face outside the court like Doug Llewelyn
You tryna go to war with somebody who Machiavellian
You tryna to go to war with someone who a black Sicilian

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
Shots gon' fly-y-y
Ya better get lo-o-ow
Ya wanna ask why-y-y
Ya mama cry no-o-o (Woo!)
Shots gon' fly-y-y
Ya better get lo-o-ow
Ya wanna ask why-y-y
Ya mama cry no-o-o (Woo!)
[Verse 2]
Yeah, look, yeah
Divine hands serve the blind man like Lazarillo
Shells coverin' his body like an armadillo
I got some Salvatrucha bangin' out in Amarillo

It's hard to grasp, ahki, why you tryin' to palm a minnow?
I'll have my lawyer eat the case like he was Bob Shapiro
The ox bloody, it'll cut you like a Masahiro
Goretex military—how we rock apparel
This a murder archetype that's why I shot the sparrow
We ain't the same, ahki, we a different cell type
Goofy's gon' fall for the banana in the tailpipe
Doing 2301 is how you earn your jail stripes
I can smell a rat and muhfucka you don't smell right
Them jack boys lookin' sloppy tryna retire Papi
'Cause motherfuckers here before you like Passamaquoddy
Every bar is animated like it's Myazaki
Whatever live inside the body die inside the body
Toma!

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
Shots gon' fly-y-y (Hahahahaha)
Ya better get lo-o-ow (Hijo de puta)
Ya wanna ask why-y-y (Yeah! Stallone, salute)
Ya mama cry no-o-o (Woo!) (Chinaski Black, salute)
Shots gon' fly-y-y
Ya better get lo-o-ow
Ya wanna ask why-y-y
Ya mama cry no-o-o (Woo!)

Spilled Milk by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
My papa was my hero, I was always by his side
And when I acted out of pocket, he would always let it slide
I can't say all the time, I took a couple L's
He went upside my head when I was putting him through hell
His first heart attack, I was 6 years old
They ain't let me near the hospital, that shit too cold
So I waited by the door hoping he would get home
And I was scared that he would die and we'd be left all alone
And I remember that when mommy brought you home, I was quiet
Showing you the things around the crib like you forgot 'em
The doctors told me you would be good if you would chill
So stop smoking stogies, pop, you know they make you ill
But you ain't want to listen, you was always being stubborn
And that's the type of shit you let slide when you love 'em
You ain't changed your diet and you stayed smoking Winston's
You can't make a strong-willed man change his vision
Sometimes you think something is when it isn't
He was gonna die and that was his decision
I could never do the same in his condition
He left three sons and a wife in that position

[Hook: Eamon]
The ones we hurt when we leave
The lies we live and believe
You got to learn to step up
And be the man that they trust
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Ten years old, they telling me that my father dead
What the fuck was going through my father head?
He ain't think his youngest need his father?
Had a million chances to change but didn't bother?
It's like he ain't love me enough to live
Or too selfish to make an adjustment for his kids
And you ain't think you dying would divide us?
And you ain't think a ten-year-old boy needed guidance?
Ain't nobody talking, just bottle it up inside us

And shit could turn ugly when there's no one there to guide us
It's all good, I still love you, I forgive you
But that ain't gon' be something my son is gonna live through
He ain't gonna lose me the way I lost you
'Cause doing that to him is just something I couldn't do
I had to change the way I was living 'cause I was you
The same hard head and the same world view
I had to do a 180 and get my shit together
When you a mess, pop, it's hard to get your shit together
But I ain't living for myself now, it's all for him
And I'm trying to be everything that you should have been

[Hook: Eamon]
The ones we hurt when we leave (Oooh)
The lies we live and believe (Oh the lies)
You got to learn to step up (You goooot to do it)
And be the man that they trust (I got to be the maaan now)
The ones we hurt when we leave (Ooh yea)
The lies we live and believe (You goooot to live it)
You got to learn to step up (Oooh you got to do)
And be the man that they trust

Vahid Moradi by Vinnie Paz

[Sample: Adja Pekkan]
Kimler Geldi Kimler Geçti

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah
One-two
Yeah, look

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Phantom of Death, killing spree, Robert Dominicci
Apollo themed pan described at the maharishi
Yeah I'mma eat you all, pa, Kazuo Nakanishi
Mafuckers high from the smoke from atop the TV
The plug had a shorty who's drapin' a Tenvalin
Nuno Bettencourt was jealous of Van Halen
I separate the English from a Dutch
It's heavy ahki, like Rollins, singer for The Ruts
We drape around launderings, ponderers, Clark Wallabees
Baby food motherfuckers cryin' like they colicy
The heron formula evolved under the Isosceles
Mafuckers gonna bring the drama, Aristophanes
There's five-fifties in the back of the Porsche
Nothin' happens without the action of force
Black Bannerz make dua at the Ka'bah
The Vanguard of Islam is the Sahaba
Yeah
[Chorus: Rigz & Vinnie Paz]
I look the Devil in the eye like a Reaper
Yeah -- I look the Devil in the eye like the Reaper
Like, chea - I look the Devil in the eye like a Reaper
Yeah, no doubt, no doubt, yeah
I look the Devil in the eye like the Reaper

[Verse 2: Rigz]
Yeah, yo, hey yo, I'm fresh out the sign that drinkin'
If you scared of Socrates
Shorty bury the dumb body
I don't care who you align with

Read my mind man a palace in Ghana don't intervene
Hit his mouth up with the teeth everybody scream (shut the fuck up)
Bein' in this hell so long it's hard to dream (it's hard y'all)
A rat that got loyalty and I'm a never seen
For my family please I hands you knees you's different
Might as well swallow this anti-freeze (might as well)
I know a smoker who was after it once
Reduced to a shit smell, crush and crack in his blunts
My aim terrific I'm angular with it
Chasin' you know, ya crib, yo I'm takin' you in it
Best part of y'all song is the part where I skip it
I rip n***as apart who only partially gifted
Yeah, stupid, me and Paz won't budge
The Devil, I stared in his eyes, he was a judge
[Chorus: Rigz & Vinnie Paz]
I look the Devil in the eye like a Reaper
Yeah, yo Rigz - I look the Devil in the eye like the Reaper
Like, chea - I look the Devil in the eye like a Reaper
Yeah, no doubt, no doubt, yeah
I look the Devil in the eye like the Reaper
Heh-heh-heh

[Outro]
(Sample)

I’ll Buy All the Uranium You’ve Got by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

I’ll Buy All the Uranium You’ve Got

Yeah, one-two!
Yeah, yeah, one-two!
Yeah! Yeah!
One-two!
Papo Andy forever!
Look, yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
This a wild guess homie, this a shot in the dark
You like baby food, just another walk in the park
This philosophy I walk into a Mosque with Descartes
This is Jeffrey Dahmer ’89, fork in the heart
This Magnum ain’t eat in a while, see the Cal hungry
It’s why I got my hand in my drawers like I’m Al Bundy
A lotta y’all know that you stolen ya style from me
You can’t duplicate what I did and you wild bummy
What you know about your man being down?
Doing eighteen bullets you ain’t have him around
We clappin’ this like you wearin’ a cap and a gown
The hatches is wide open better battin’ ‘em down
You try to go to war with the man
You muhfuckas ‘bout to ride in the coroner van
This a mind eraser, you can take a shot of this booze
I’m a king, you a pawn, y'all must got me confused, stupid

[Chorus: Block McCloud]
Oh no, please don't confuse me (Oh no)
Pistol packin' thought you knew me, oh wee
I got them drugs, I got them guns, I'm not the one
Oh no, please don't confuse me (Oh no)
Pistol packin' thought you knew me, oh wee
I got them drugs, I got them guns, I'm not the one
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah, all these weapons like my road dog

Always got the .40 on me, ahki, I'm like O-Dog
Anything you think is yours, money, I will bogart
When you hear the seven trumpets blowin' that's a prologue
I ain't have a dime life was shitty and cruel
So I learned that when you hungry you ain't picky with food
Now I'm smokin' outta suttin' like a didgeridoo
This a Glock .27 and it's Tiffany Blue
And it's nothing anyone of y'all could do to compete
Heavenly Father I thank you for the food that we eat
I get money ahki, I be in the payday trance
This dummy duckin' shots look like it's the Nae-Nae dance
At the Time Warner Penthouse, meet me in the Mezzanine
Styrofoam cups, orange soda and promethazine
The type to bring the gas to the fire, this is kerosene
Vinnie nice destroy your fucking life like methamphetamine

[Chorus: Block McCloud]
Oh no, please don't confuse me (Oh no)
Pistol packin' thought you knew me, oh wee
I got them drugs, I got them guns, I'm not the one
Oh no, please don't confuse me (Oh no)
Pistol packin' thought you knew me, oh wee
I got them drugs, I got them guns, I'm not the one

Doomsday Machine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Doomsday Machine

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah! Come on, pa, I’m cut from a different cloth!
Y’know what I’m sayin’ I’m cut from a different cloth than y’all mafuckas! (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!)
Y'know mean?
Papo Andy foreva!
Yeah, come on
Yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
I told you, you should learn from mistakes
I will violate a motherfucker, personal space
This a CarboTech, come with a submersible case
At the sound of the demon bell, merciful fate
All we do is rock low symbols, turbans and weight
I watch Musa be a father, give a sermon to Leif
This a cloak and dagger operation, turn to the safe
Have his physical return to an invertible place
First and foremost is my ahki
Playin' with ya life, rollin' dice like Monopoly
Brothers overseas givin' Dawah talkin' cocky
Don’t ask me 'bout nobody my relationships is Rocky
I scribe thoughts pa, I'm like Miguel de Unamuno
Catch ya homie walk away like Claus Von Bulow
It's an undefeated record, ahki, look at the stats
You was broke down ass betting look at the facts, stupid
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz & Demoz]
Trigger pon cocked, that’s a headshot
It’s fiends out here, Zombieland, that’s a dead fly
You better fly away
You better get away Get away n***a
Trigger pon cocked, that’s a headshot
It’s fiends out here, ahki that’s a dead fly
You better fly awa-a-a-ayy
You better get awa-a-a-ayy Get away n***a

[Verse 2: Vast Aire]
When Paz is done with your body
He sends ‘em to Vas to rock ‘em, freak form box ‘em
This ain't a Christmas stocking
It’s the Last Mohican that keeps the burner in his Moccasin
Smoke signals, we got loud
Gunner air mysterious, beyond clouds
Never seen before
But once I reveal myself, it’ll start the Secret War
The mind trick of cannibal, I’m like Hannibal
Having dinner with the doctor at the festival
At the end of the movie, tell the cops it wasn’t me
I was chillin’ with Suzy
It's Vast Aire, the Sith Lord
I won’t hesitate to pinch your wind cord
Everybody’s wondering like how
New Millennium, blowing up like Lando
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz & Demoz]
Trigger pon cocked, that’s a headshot
It’s fiends out here, Zombieland, that’s a dead fly
You better fly away
You better get away Get away n***a
Trigger pon cocked, that’s a headshot
It’s fiends out here, ahki that’s a dead fly
You better fly awa-a-a-ayy
You better get awa-a-a-ayy Get away n***a

[Verse 3: Demoz]
I remember I was broke, scramblin’ so I could smoke
No joke, I was livin’ like an addict sniffin’ dope
In the attic doing coke with a addict gettin’ throat
Like a savage, but I’m not an savage, n***a I’m the GOAT
Yes the greatest, you the fakest, it’s sad the shit I wrote
Could have dropped a thousand albums, Scott, they glad I never spoke
But I’m speakin’ now, and I’m spittin’ ether now
Catch you like I catch a dutch, smoke you like the reefer now
Pussy ass n***as in the game like it’s Easter now
I’m in all black, weapon on me like the Reaper now
I ain’t come to sell my soul, I kept it like a prenup
Bitch you sold your soul now you tryna get a refund

Hey Mr. Critic you created a monster, in my head
I’m a double entendre, am I dead?
Please let me know 'cause I’m feelin’ like a ghost
They can’t see me like Stevie but they feelin’ what I wrote
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz & Demoz]
Trigger pon cocked, that’s a headshot
It’s fiends out here, Zombieland, that’s a dead fly
You better fly away
You better get away Get away n***a
Trigger pon cocked, that’s a headshot
It’s fiends out here, ahki that’s a dead fly
You better fly awa-a-a-ayy
You better get awa-a-a-ayy Get away n***a

Serve the Creator by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Serve the Creator

[Verse 1: Recognize Ali]
Yeah! Recognize, mafuckas
These razor blades is sharper than the metal bar (wraah)
How you jello forms fuckin' with the ghetto god (huh)
I let the cannon roar, doggy get your melon mauled
You scared of war
Bring the pain I swear I split that pan in two (hahaha)
I need me in the flesh, walking up from the wave (yeah)
Like Afro Samurai the way I live by the blade
The criminal kind, n***as get clapped for they cake (ba-ba-ba-ba)
Half of ‘em fake, I don’t hear kings and treat ‘em like slaves
Exotic tools (yeah) Shooters from Kalamazoo
Had to let a beast such as myself out of the zoo (uhuh)
You n***as cute, I blast a bitch in and out of your crew (brrrr!)
So disrespectful partner I known to piss on you fools
A hustler in the streets, in the booth I’m a animal (y'know that)
I spit that fire water and the flow’s highly inflammable (facts)
Seven Star General, the third war Hannibal
This hammer though, will leave a hole in your cantaloupe
(to-to-to-to-to) Word, to this game I’m a Pharaoh (yeah)
They say to make it big I gotta make a deal with the devil (nah, fuck that)
Get right, this industry is a fraud (yeah)
They only want 'em to ghost yeah and with us Allah (Alhamdulillah) (Praise be to God)
Yeah! I’m choppin’ diamonds like a jeweler
Smoke the Buddha, sip a Nannavoola, I’m a fool-a
Yeah! Motherfuckers
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah...
This a wild guess homie, this a shot in the dark
You like baby food, just another walk in the park
This philosophy I walk into a Mosque with Descartes
This is Jeffrey Dahmer ’89, fork in the heart
This Magnum ain’t eat in a while, see the .cal hungry

That's why I got my hand in my drawers like I’m Al Bundy
A lot of y’all know that you stolen ya’ style from me
You can’t duplicate what I did and you wild bummy
What you know about your man being down?
Doing eighteen bullets you ain’t have him around
We clappin' this like you wearin’ a cap and a gown
The hatches is wide open better battin’ ‘em down
You tryin' to go to war with the man
You mafuckas ‘bout to ride in the coroner van
This a mind ripper, you can take a shot of this booze
I’m a king, you a pawn, y'all must got me confused
Batiman!

The Gone-Away World by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
(Yeah) -- I'll die on my own sword
Before I transgress against the Lord and his accord
Y'all are playin' games and it's somethin' you can't afford
Babylon the grey horse, cities they adored
Babylon kill Eric Garner
Babylon protect itself with armor
Sodom and Gomorrah, this is horror
Philando Castile was a martyr
And they only response to disarm us
This a fuckin' promise, I ain't gon' subscribe to any dogmas
Cognitive process of my conscience
There's no solace, before the storm always calmest
The Jezebels call theyself Goddess
Maybe cause they Godless
Maybe cause they arrogant and pompous
Philosophy is sat around a dumbass promise
Why do y'all choose to ignore the obvious?
Isaac gave dower at the obelisk
Prophesized hawk at the monolith
Return to destroy the populace, the megalopolis

[Chorus: (?)]
Come on my friends, open your eyes
See the sunshine from the west
The sky is burning and the birds stopped singing
Come on wake up from your rest
[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]
(Yeah) -- Gabriel came to Allah apostle
The Great Tribulation and the Gospel
Describe the Ulama as colossal
The All Aware One never doubts you
Metamorphesize to a fossil
It's water in the bottle
Resurrect the dead from the fox hole
Yemenite Kings had to jostle
They ended the life of Kalief Browder

Cause mafuckers didn’t speak louder
He ain’t have power
They ruined his mind and he got devoured
Babylon tortured him and tarred him, then he cowered
Mafuckers just resigned to die on the avenue
Same shit, different day, pie, roe and ballyhoo
Your mans ain’t gonna help you, he ain’t gon' carry you
The same one who call himself your brother will embarrass you
I take these mafuckers out and do it proudly
It’s better to die on the mountain than live in the valley

[Chorus]

Bloody Jungle by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]
Yeah
Pistolero Pazzy and all that
Stu Ferrigno
Yeah
Look, aight, one-two

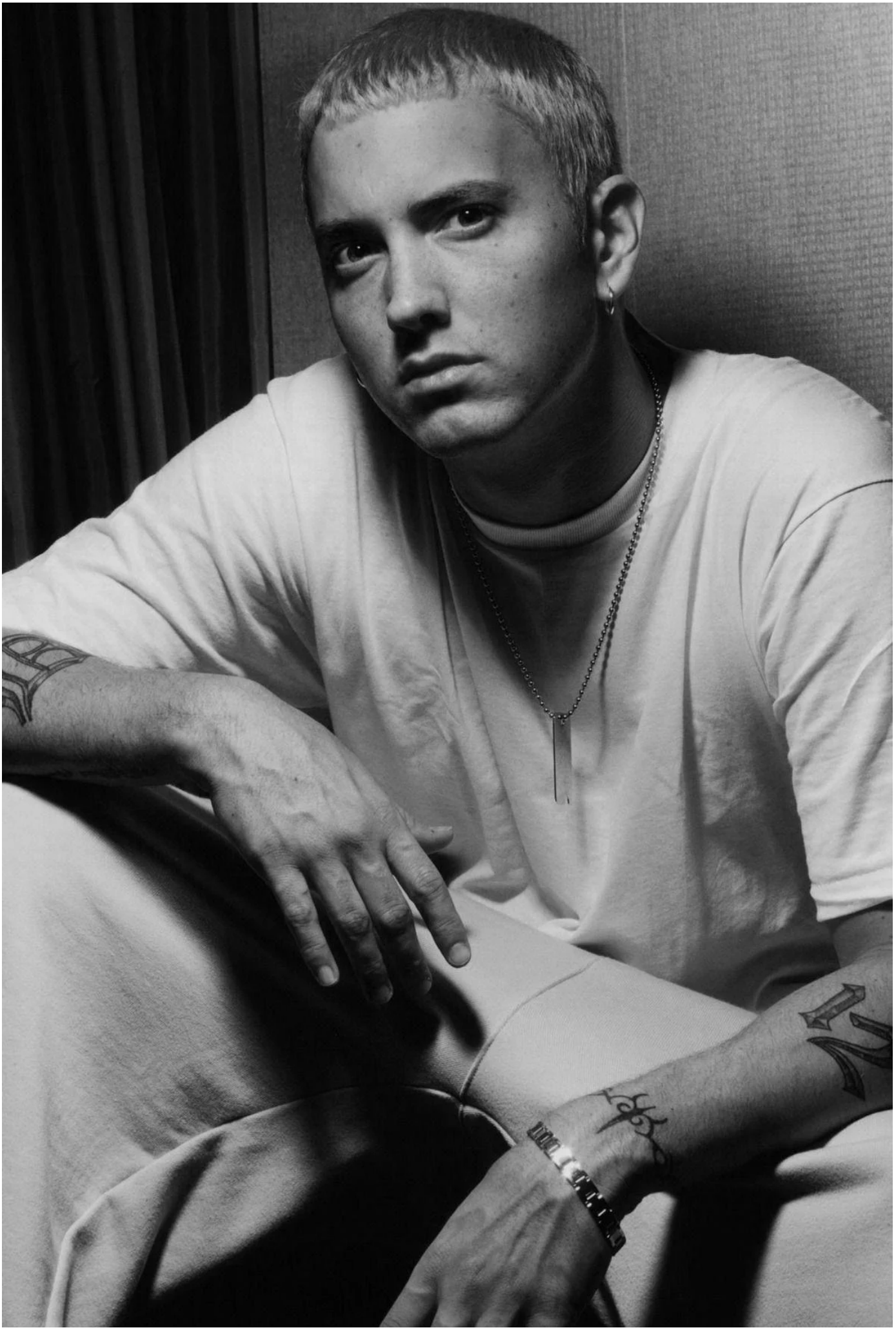
[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]:
Bumbaclot, you could die out here
This a different set of rules we abide by here
Them yoppas is always out, we do drive-bys here
Y'all are hippies, Vinnie don't allow tie-dye here
This the book of Exodus, it's Mount Sinai here
You get punched in the fucking face for looking side-eyed here
No hablo inglés, pardner, we play salsa here
I got shooters that took a charge they like ta-ta here
Chop his fucking head, cock it back for the click-clack
Stray shots hit 'em in the abdomen the six pack
The 40. Cal bullets size smaller than a tic-tac
Beretta 84 Cheetah hit em like a Chit sack
The Taurus jammed too much, pa, so I can't bother
The Nighthawk blammin', it touch you like Bambaattaa
How many more of y'all gon' be catching the fate?
And everybody mad looking at the mess that I made
Stupid!
[Chorus: Tragedy Khadafi]
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet
You need to get back inside the closet
'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet
You need to get back inside the closet
'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it

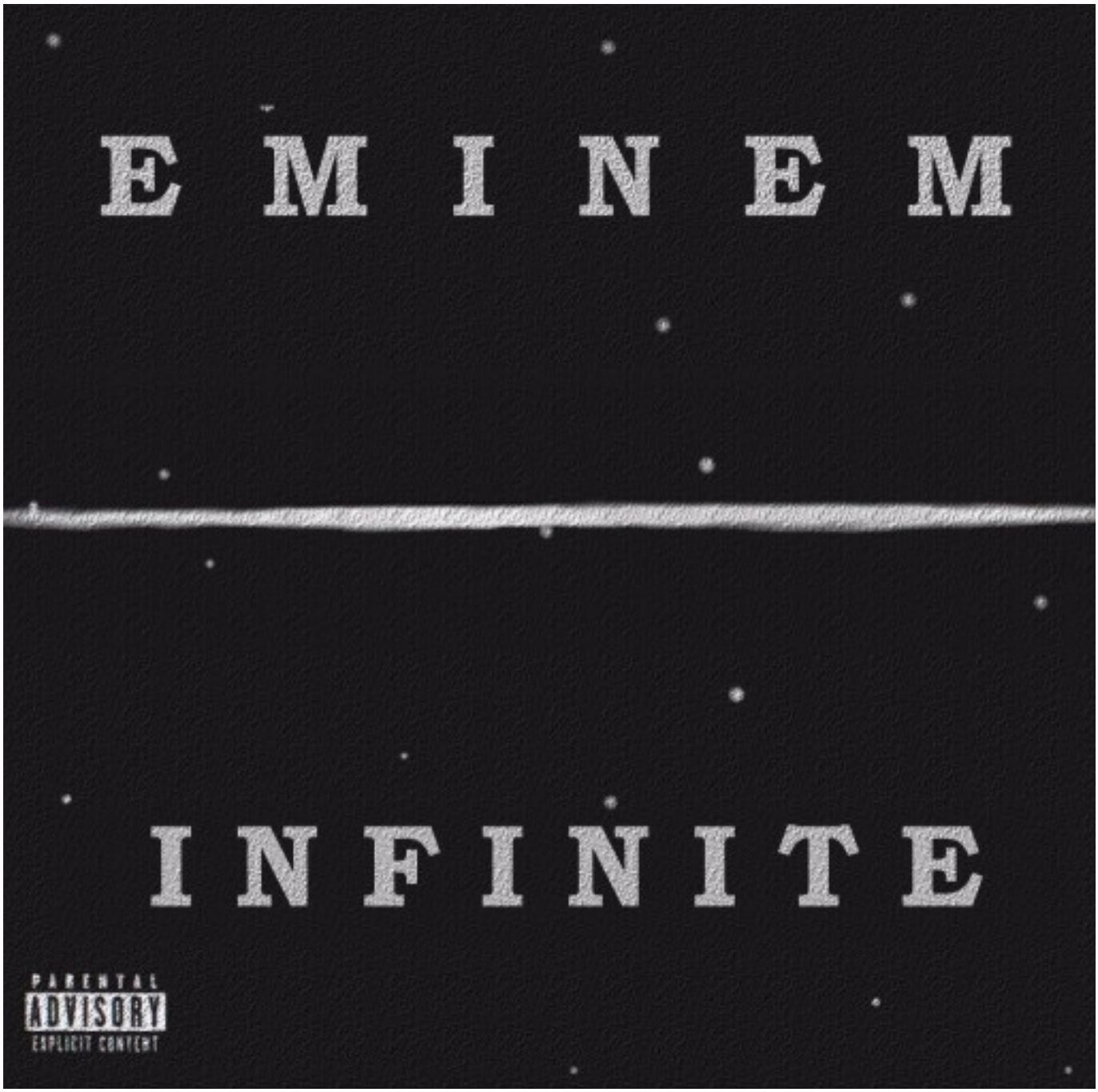
[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]
Don't have me push a button flyin' all type of kites

Deprive you of oxygen, deprive you of life
Slugs flyin' out of nines inside your windpipes
This the difference between survivin' and living life
Stop the barkin' before I make the gun bite
My faculty's in order, underworld supporter
Sodom Gomorrah, sodomize mics for four quarters
Get it the hustle, hustle to get it that's off the muscle
Queue the apocalypse, the iron jungle
A hundred miles runnin' N***as Wit' Attitude'll gun you
Look what it come to, set it out when the god come through
Tranquilo or humble, more dope than a bundle
War tactics, artifacts, it's all actual
Khadaf no gay, Khadaf no play, Khadaf the
Black Caeser you sweeter than Stevie J
(You sweeter than Stevie J)
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Tragedy Khadafi]
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet
You need to get back inside the closet
'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet
You need to get back inside the closet
'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it

[Outro]
(C'mon stop it)
(C'mon stop it)
Stop

ADVISORY




EMINEM
INFINITE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Eminem - Infinite Lyrics

Eminem
Infinite
Infinite
Oh yeah, this is Eminem baby, back up in that motherfucking ass
One time for your mother fucking mind, we represent the 313
You know what I'm saying?, cause they don't know shit about this
For the 9-6

Verse 1:
Ayo, my pen and paper cause a chain reaction
To get your brain relaxin, cause they be actin maniac in action
A brainiac in fact son, you mainly lack attraction
You looking zany whack with just a fraction of my tracks spun
My rhyming skills got you climbing hills
I travel through your mind until you spine like siren drills
I'm sliming grills of roaches, with sprayed on disinfectants
With some ex rappers till their spinal column disconnects
We disinfect then check the monologue, turn your system up
Twist them up, and indulge in the marijuana smoke
This is the season for noise pollution contamination
Examination of more cartoons than animation
My lamination of narration
Hit's a snare and bass of track fucked up rapper interrogation
When I declare invasion, there ain't no time to be stare and gazing
I turn the stage into a barren wasteland...
I'm Infinite

Chorus:
You heard of hell well I was sent from it
I went to it's surface and sentenced for murdering instruments
Now I'm trying to repent from it
But when I hear the beat I'm tempted to make another attempt at it...
I'm Infinite

Verse 2:
Bust it, I let the beat commence so I can beat the sense of your elite defense
I got to meet the fence fruit was stompin at your feet to rinse
I greet intensive ladies, I spoil all your fans
I foil plans and leave fluids leaking like oil bands
My coil hands around this microphone lethal
One thought in my cerebral is deeper then a Jeep full of people
MC's are feeble, I came to cause some pandemonium
Battle a band of phony MC's and stand the only one
Imitator, Intimidator, Stimulator, Simulator of data, Eliminator
There's never been a greater since the burial of Jesus
Fuck around and catch all of the venereal diseases
My thesis will smash a stereo to pieces

My accapella releases plastic masterpieces through telekinesis
And eases you mentally, gently, sentimentally, instrumentally
With entity, dementedly meant to be Infinite

Chorus:
You heard of hell well I was sent from it
I went to it's surface and sentenced for murdering instruments
Now I'm trying to repent from it
But when I hear the beat I'm tempted to make another attempt at it...
I'm Infinite

Verse 3:
Man I got evidence I'm never dense and I been clever ever since
My residence was hesitant to do some shit that represents the M-O
So I'm assuming all responsibility
Cause there's a monster will in me that always wants to kill MC's
Mic messaler, slamming like a wrestler
Here to make a mess of a lyric smuggling embezzler
No one is speacialer, My skill is intergalactical
I get cynical at a fool then I send a crew back to school
I never packed a tool or acted cool, it wasn't practical
I'd rather led a tactful, tractical, track for your fancy
In fact I can't see, or can't imagine
A man who ain't a lover of beats or a fan of scratching
This is for my family, the kid who had a cameo on my last jam
Plus the man who never had a plan B
Be all you can be, cause once you make an instant hit
I'm tense to be tempted when I see the sins my friends commit...
I'm Infinite

Chorus:
You heard of hell well I was sent from it
I went to it's surface and sentenced for murdering instruments
Now I'm trying to repent from it
But when I hear the beat I'm tempted to make another attempt at it...
I'm Infinite
You heard of hell well I was sent from it
I went to it's surface and sentenced for murdering instruments
Now I'm trying to repent from it
But when I hear the beat I'm tempted to make another attempt at it...
I'm Infinite

Eminem - W.E.G.O. Lyrics

[Proof]
Here is Soul Intent checkin' in at number 1 baby this week,
You know what im sayin'?
This is MC Proof

[DJ Head]
And DJ Heeaad!

[Proof]
Checkin' in on W.E.G.O.
You know what I'm sayin'?
Ayo we got the number one requested song,
Of the day, coming up next
It's a local 313 talent
He goes by the name of Eminem
And it's called ""
Check it out

Eminem - It's Ok Lyrics

Eminem
Infinite
It's Ok
Eye-Kyu: Check it out,
Eminem: Hey Kyu!

Eye-Kyu:
Chorus: It's a broke day but everything is ok (It's ok)
I'm up all night, but everything is alright (It's alright)
It's a rough week, and I don't get enough sleep (I can't sleep)
It's a long year pretending I belong here (Belong here)
It's a broke day but everything is ok (It's ok)
I'm up all night, but everything is alright (It's alright)
It's a rough week, and I don't get enough sleep (I can't sleep)
It's a long year pretending I belong here (Belong here)

Verse 1: Eminem
One day I plan to be a family man happily married
I wanna grow to be so old that I have to be carried
Till I'm glad to be buried
And leave this crazy world
And have at least a half a million for my baby girl
It may be early to be planning this stuff
Cause I'm still struggling hard to be the man, and it's tough
Cause man it's been rough, but still I manage enough
I've been taken advantage of, damaged and scuffed
My hands have been cuffed
But I don't panic and huff, frantic and puff
Or plan to give up, the minute shit hits the fan it erupts
I'm anteing up double or nothing, I've been trouble enough
And I'm sick of struggling and suffering, see
My destiny's to rest at ease, till I'm impressed and pleased
With my progress, I won't settle for less than cheese
I'm on a quest to seize all, my own label to call
Way before my baby is able to crawl
I'm too stable to fall, the pressure motivates
To know I hold the weight of boulders on my shoulder blades
I seen the golden gates to heaven on Earth
Where they don't pull a weapon on you when you stepping on turf, Q

Eye-Kyu:
Chorus: It's a broke day but everything is ok (It's ok)
I'm up all night, but everything is alright (It's alright)
It's a rough week, and I don't get enough sleep (I can't sleep)
It's a long year pretending I belong here (Belong here)
It's a broke day but everything is ok (It's ok)
I'm up all night, but everything is alright (It's alright)

It's a rough week, and I don't get enough sleep (I can't sleep)
It's a long year pretending I belong here (Belong here)

Verse 2: Eminem
I'm going for broke, gambling and playing for keeps
Everyday in the streets, scrambling and paying for cheep
Praying for sleep
Dreaming with a watering mouth
Wishing for a better life for my daughter and spouse
In this slaughtering house, caught up in bouts
With the root of all evil
I've seen it turn beautiful people crude and deceitful
And make them do shit illegal
For these Grant's and Jackson's
These transactions explain a man's actions
But in the mist of this insanity, I found my Christianity
Through God and there's a wish he granted me
He showed me how to cope with the stress
And hope for the best, instead of mope and depressed
Always groping a mess, of flying over the nest
To selling dope with the rest
I quit smoking cess to open my chest
Life is stressful inside this cesspool
Trying to wrestle, I almost bust a blood vessel
My little brother's trying to learn his mathematics
He's asthmatic, running home from school away from crack addicts
Kids attract static, children with automatics
Taking target practice on teens for Starter Jackets
I'm using smarter tactics to overcome this slum
I won't become as dumb as some and succumb to scum
It's cumbersome, I'm trying to do well on this Earth
But it's been Hell on this Earth since I fell on this Earth

Eye-Kyu:
Chorus: It's a broke day but everything is ok (It's ok)
I'm up all night, but everything is alright (It's alright)
It's a rough week, and I don't get enough sleep (I can't sleep)
It's a long year pretending I belong here (Belong here)
It's a broke day but everything is ok (It's ok)
I'm up all night, but everything is alright (It's alright)
It's a rough week, and I don't get enough sleep (I can't sleep)
It's a long year pretending I belong here (Belong here)

Uh, it's ok, yeah it's alright, even though I can't sleep
Uh yeah, it's ok, it's alright, I can't sleep

Eminem - 313 Lyrics

Eminem
Infinite
313
Eye-Kyu: Now what you know about a sweet MC, from the 313
None of these skills you bout to see come free
So you wanna be a sweet MC, you gotta become me
If you ever wanna be one see

Eminem: Man what you know about a sweet MC, in the 313
None of these skills you bout to see come free
So you wanna be a sweet MC, you better become me
If you ever wanna be one see

Verse 1: Eye-Kyu
Yo some people say I'm whack, now if that's right
I'm the freshest whack MC that you ever heard, in your lifetime
My slick accapella sounds clever with the beats
Boy I'm the deepest thing since potholes to ever hit the streets
Forgot a gold digger's succubus , my souls thick with ruggedness
With the mic I'm like a dyke, can't no nigga fuck with this
I got more Different Strokes than Philip Drummound
On open mic I bone your women just to keep my lyrics coming (bitch)
We elevated to new heights premeditated
Let it be that I stated they hate it now that they see that I made it
The escalated can be put to the test of greatness
Snatch the heart from MC's and I ate it
So I take it that's the reason I'm hated
To represent my temperment
If rap was a dick all you so called hard MC's would not be impitant
But pimping it, and acting like you could rock a show (so)
Harder than LL's Rock the Bells, but you is a ho (now)
Everything that you collaborate I lacerate
My rhymes they keep coming like nympho maniacs that masturbate
At a faster rate, yeah I got something for your ass to hate
I blasterate, and have you all running master gates
And as for face clutching and touching the flows
I got them open like marijuana smoke up in your nose
Bucking these hoes, I got that shit down to a science
Leaving them hot and bothered, turned on like an appliance
Defiance, no we won't have that
You want your shit to blow up?
Well I'ma stuff some dynamite in your ass crack
And blast that shit to kingdom come
Then bring them some of this real hip-hop
I drop beats and you ain't singing or gonna do a thing about
And you all knew from Meeko
That you couldn't hold your own with the strength of Lou Forigno

So stop that bullshit and flow
Yo, you need to come with the real skills, and act like you know

Chorus: Eminem
So what you know about a sweet MC, in the 313
None of these skills you bout to see come free
So you wanna be a sweet MC, you better become me
If you ever wanna be one see

Eye-Kyu: Now what you know about a sweet MC, from the 313
None of these skills you bout to see come free
So you wanna be the sweet MC, you gotta become me
If you ever wanna be one see

Verse 2: Eminem
So what, you know about a sweet MC, in the 313
You don't know shit so when you see one flee
You can be Run-D, you'll never beat the MC
I'll stop the alphabet at S and got it down to a T
I'm sure your bound to agree, a sweet MC crashes the spot
I'll make the roof hot like I was Rock Master Scott
Your ass forgot, so just in case you don't remember me
I'll run your brain around the block to jog your fucking memory
It's either them or me man, kill or be killed
You will and be sealed your casket closed you still gonna be billed
My facilities filled with fans, packed to capacity
I'll send a rapper back with the crack of his ass shitty
If he's acting soft and he cowers
He better come cleaner then Jay Rue jacking off when he showers
You flowers got no clout with a thing
You could date a stick of dynamite and wouldn't go out with a bang
I showered the slang, simple as A,B,C's
Skip over the D's and rock the microphone with E's
Dethrone MC's and I'ma max alone
Relax your dome like a solo from a saxophone
So facts are known, writers get treated with shocks
I rock a beat harder then you could beat it with rocks
I'm greeted with flocks, of fellow follower's singers
You couldn't make the fans throw up their hands if they swallowed their fingers
But you can bring yours let's see what you got
But don't front and never try to be what you're not
Cause you can be quick, jump the candlestick, burn your back
And fuck Jill on a hill, but you still ain't Jack

Chorus: Eye-Kyu
So what you know about a sweet MC, from the 313
None of these skills you just seen come free
So you wanna be a sweet MC, you'll never become me
So you ain't ever gonna be one see
Eminem: So what you know about a sweet MC, in the 313
None of these skills that you just seen come free

So you wanna be a sweet MC, you'll never become me
So you ain't ever gonna be one see

Eminem - Tonite Lyrics

We do not have the lyrics for Tonite yet.

Eminem - Maxine Lyrics

Eminem
Infinite
Maxine
Maxine!! (Phone Rings)

Maxine: Hello
Denaun: Can I speak to Maxine?
Maxine: Yeah this is me what's up?
Denaun: What up?
Maxine: Who dis?
Denaun: Denaun
Maxine: Yeah what's up?
Denaun: What are you doing?
Maxine: Nothing, just laying in bed
Denaun: Huh?
Maxine: Nothing, just laying in bed
Denaun: Why?
Maxine: I don't know, thinking about something freaky to do

Verse 1: Eminem
I know this crack fiend Maxine who needs a vaccine
She tests positive but tells you that her act's clean
Plus she got a sugar daddy
Asking every hooker that he takes in to crook her badly
If you mistook her sadly, on her reputation
You're in jepordation, if you ain't got no preparation
When you step away son, she got her face done
Looking provocative, she'll let you knock it if
You press the issue and get undressed to kiss you
If you match the price, otherwise she won't look at you twice
But when you catch the lice, or get the urgency
To go to the emergency cause it burns to pee
Don't bring your germs to me, cause I ain't trying to hear it
While your fighting you fucking disease trying to clear it (Maxine!!)

Verse 2: Denaun Porter
Sometimes I wonder, what's your purpose? In life that is
To get with every brother and unveil one of his kids, shit
You living trife, got three kids at home and club hopping every night
You say it's gonna stop but it.. just.. slows.. down
And then speeds back to a regular pace, there is no end to this
Mystery, whatever your reason even is to be
You say you wanna be with me, but how can you say that
When you got niggas hiding in your closet
I refrain from getting angry but you keep on that strangely

Verse 3: 3

I met this girl last week, she was a freak, and she liked me
So I stepped on it and then asked my homies
And chilled on the side and then watched they niggas
Big game over there and take notes, while I get this number
I stepped to her first I cleared my throat and said "Hey Bitch..
Haven't I seen you before?", looked at my nigga
Turned around and got slapped throughout my hands
And said "Oh it's like that?"
She said she just broke up with her nigga and shit
She started crying, and asked me to forgive her and shit
She said her name was Maxine, so I told her I wanted her number
She asked could I give her mine two
Got to the crib and called her up
We got into a good conversation that's when she asked me could I fuck
I said "Maxine check this out,
Give me your address I'll be through and you'll find out"
Got to the crib she let me in
She didn't waste time she grabbed my hand and proceeded to the bedroom
I said "Hold up, and stop proceeding, you rushing things"
What the fuck are you doing?
So I went for my protection, took off my clothes and started flexing
As she went for my midsection
I threw her down as I tore off her shirt
Pulled out my jimmy and I thought about putting in work
Before I hit it she said
"3 don't get mad but there's something that I gotta tell your ass"
I said "What is it, another nigga? It's ok"
She said "No I forgot to tell you, that I got AIDS"
I got up out

Denaun: Hey, Maxine
Maxine: What
Denaun: You thinking about sucking my dick?
Maxine: Yeah for a small price
Denaun: For a small price? What you mean?
Maxine: You know, money nigga
Denaun: You don't need no damn money,
I can't give you no money anyways, I heard you got some shit.
Maxine: (laughing) What you, what you hear I got?
Denaun: AIDS
Maxine: (laughing) Who told you that bullshit?
Denaun: My nigga Kyu, he wouldn't lie
Maxine: Well if that's the case, Kyu got it then
Denaun: Oh for real, it's like that?
Maxine: (laughing) Well I ain't got shit,
so he ain't got shit, and if he do, he ain't get that shit from me,
I ain't fucking around with no 3rd nigga
Denaun: Fuck that, I ain't fucking with you
Maxine: No, see..
Denaun: You got that shit, I ain't gotta fuck with you
Maxine: Hold on, why it ain't even like that
Denaun: I want ya'll to get paid, fucking..

Maxine: (laughing as the phone hangs up)

Eminem - Open Mic Lyrics

Eminem
Infinite
Open Mic
Hey yo, what's up man? Hey, yo you been here all day man
Ya'll been here every weekend man,
I don't ever get a chance to rap first man!
That's cause you whack!
What?!? I ain't whack nigga, I got some raps for all ya'll
Nigga my raps fresh, I'ma bust my raps first,
you can bust yours after me if you want to
No no man, I'm going first,
I'm getting tired of everybody wanted to go first man
You always rap first,
I'm rapping I don't care what none of ya'll say,
I'm fresh, I'm fresh

Thyme:
Ayo, who the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
Point him out man I wanna know
Who the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
(scratched in) I wanna know, I wanna know
I said who the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
Point him out bitch I wanna know
Who the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
(scratched in) I wanna know, I wanna know

Verse 1: Eminem
I'll have you taken back to Christ when you sacrifice
The way you acting slice when I tear your back with knifes
Jacking life's of MC's, now I'm set to launch a plan
For blowing up the stage with illegal contraband
A stomped your man so unless you want what he got
You better set the mic down, I'm steaming like a teapot
I'll make the tea hot, people get in my face and ask
If I wanna battle, then I chase them in a Jason mask
It's an amazing task to battle with success
I never gave a fuck, now I give a fuck less
And in a slug fest I get physical like physicians
Invisible like magicians with mystical mic traditions
Wicked wizardry, like a sorcerer and no remorse for you
When I torture you throughout the course of my orchestra
So feel the force of my spiritual images
Slicing up an enemy's appendages till he hemorrhages
My skin itches every time a rapper recites
And when he's through with his verse, I'm all covered in flea bites
You wanna see fights I got a match for you
You couldn't flip shit playing in toilets with a spatula

Chorus: Thyme
Ayo, who the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
Point him out man I wanna know
Who the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
(scratched in) I wanna know, I wanna know
Ayo, who the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
Point him out bitch I wanna know
Who the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
(scratched in) I wanna know, I wanna know

Verse 2: Eminem
You bitches get a hysterectomy disrespecting me
You wanna feel the full effect of me, hand a tech to me
Intellectually superior, I'll make the whack wearier
Inferior, deterior rate, like bacteria
Materially, killing serially, clearly you'll see
How much in fear when u hear me you'll be
Shiver and shake, quiver and quake
Bite a rhyme and rip it off then stiffer and ache, whither and break
You slithering snake, gibbering fake, fibbering flake
I'll twist you into a different shape
And toss you in Michigan Lake, for fisherman sake
If this is a dream you'd wish you can wake
Every dis you can take, personal
We ain't friends trying to make amends
If you ain't ever stole a gate you can take a fence
I make intense masterpieces and smash to pieces
Your last releases, you bad diseases, that's the reason
I'm showing you the proper way to operate a mic
So pass it like a hot potato
I've never been less than clever and fresh
Severing flesh of fools who never impressed I can confess

Chorus: Thyme
Who the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
Point him out man I wanna know
Who the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
(scratched in) I wanna know, I wanna know
Ayo, who the fuck passed you the mic man and said that you can flow?
Point him out bitch I wanna know
Who the fuck passed you the mic and then said that you can flow?
(scratched in) I wanna know, I wanna know
Whhhooo the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
Point him out!! I wanna know
Who the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
(scratched in) I wanna know, I wanna know
Ayo let me get that mic man…
Who the fuck passed you the mic and said that you can flow?
Who the fuck passed you the mic, who the fuck passed you the mic!!
I got the rhymes bitch, I'll kick that shit

Eminem - Never 2 Far Lyrics

Eminem
Infinite
Never 2 Far
Hey what up man?
What up god?
Ya heard?
Chillen, cold as hell
Yes it is, hey Busta didn't come here did he?
No, hey look, you got fifteen cent?
Nah, I got just enough to get on the bus, I'm broke
We gotta go to the store alright man quick cause I'm short
Yeah, we gonna have enough time to go to the store?
Nah, look..
You should just, how much you got there?
I only got 75, I'm sure I got a dollar know what I mean..
Just throw it in there they ain't gonna know
You know what look, I'm sick of taking this damn bus everywhere man
You gotta make some moves or something
I know look, I'm trying to get rich,
I got a baby on the way, I don't even got a car,
you know what I'm saying?
I still stay with my moms, 21 and still with my moms
Look hey, we gotta make some hit records or something,
you know what I'm saying? Cause I'm tired of being broke

Verse 1:
Cause all I do is yearn a life without a concern
And dream of having a turn to earn money to burn
Mapping out my strategies to get rich huh
My desire is like a scratch that needs to get itched huh
Cause man I live in the D, this shit ain't given for free
Nothing's different to me, so what, it's easy to see
I'll be the prisoner to flee, all of this misery
I'm not wishing to be another fish in the sea
But just an MC, so listen to me, but if you disagree
You missing the key, you ain't even in the brisk of the tea
Unconditionally my aspects to cash checks
My objects were never to swab decks
It's up to you the decision is yours
If what you vision is tours, or a mission less course
When shit is in the stores, cause you can be a star

Chorus:
No matter wherever you are, you're never too far
>From revenue huh, cause you can be king
You can rule the world, you can do anything
It's on you baby, cause you can be a star

No matter wherever you are, you're never too far
>From revenue huh, cause you can be king
You can rule the world, you can do anything
It's on you baby, cause you can be a star
No matter wherever you are, you're never too far
>From revenue huh

You know what I'm saying, see what I'm talking about man?
Cause that's it
Yeah
A million dollars ain't even that far away man
Yo we got to get the money man, I can't be broke for the rest of my life
Yeah I hear what your saying,
look there's got to be something better, you know what I'm saying?
I can't live like this for the rest of my life man,
bumming rides everywhere I go
Yeah, what's up with Lexus' and Land cruisers'?

Verse 2:
Yo I'm not about to chance it and dismiss handling business
I'm canceling Christmas to gamble and risk this
Financial interest is the matter at hand
I got an adequate plan for stab at a grand
I grab what I can and do what I must
Pursue what I lust, it's true that I just choose
The few that I trust, thems the people that I still got
Fuck with gangsta fill pot, get your grill shot
The 5 Elemantz for life my man Thyme
Proof, Kyu and Denaun, we move through into time
My crews true and divine, we never fronted
We just wanted to be funded, and live to be a hundred
Instead of hunted or being wanted as fugitives
It's all about a man planning what his future is
What he can do for his to be a star

Chorus:
No matter wherever you are, you're never too far
>From revenue huh, cause you can be king
You can rule the world, you can do anything
It's on you baby, cause you can be a star
No matter wherever you are, you're never too far
>From revenue huh, cause you can be king
You can rule the world, you can do anything
It's on you baby, cause you can be a star
No matter wherever you are, you're never too far
From revenue huh

That's what I'm talking about, I'm not trying to be the player,
I'm trying to be the man, I'm want to be President
Yo forgot that President man I'm trying to be king,
making dead presidents, you know what I'm saying?
Yeah

Getting money anytime I want owning my own businesses and all that,
you know what I'm saying?
Yeah, I'm trying to be a millionare man, hahaha, but don't all you know
You only live once
ninety six baby

Eminem - Searchin' Lyrics

Eminem
Infinite
Searchin'
Women Singing:
Ain't no one special, special like you (4X)
I been searching, but your the one I want in my life baby (4X)

Verse 1: Eminem
I'm reminiscing on your tenderness and the snuggling and teasing
Missing what I remember, kissing and hugging and squeezing
Bugging and weezing, I'm having trouble when breathing
It's even tougher when sleeping
But there's a couple of reasons that I'm suffering and grieving
For loving and leaving, you all I'm thinking of in the evening
You got my knees buckling and weakening
Thoughts of nothing but freaking that I'm struggling to keep in
And interrupt when I'm speaking
I got some game that I'm preparing to run
The way your lips sparkle and glare in the sun
You got your hair in a bun, no matter what you're wearing you stun
Cause your comparing to none, I wanna share in the fun
I feel a passionate lust when I'm imagining just us alone at last with a touch
I see you grasping to trust, but my intentions are good
The seed is passing in dust
I'm not asking to rush and answer immediately
I just wanna be there for you and you to be there for me
If you agree to repeat after me, I Love You (I love you baby)
Cause I just need you to see, how much I'm eager to be
Your man legally wed, your love's keeping me fed
This is easily said, so you can lead or be led
If you care to be down cause ain't nobody Like you no where to be found

Chorus:
Women Singing:
I been searching, but your the one I want in my life baby (4X)

Verse 2: Denaun Porter
Baby it's all on you, it's you I call on boo
Let's set a day up so you can fall on through
We'll take a spin in a Lexus you can chill for dinner and breakfast
Long enough to see how this gentleman sex'es
We'll start it out with caviar, Don Parigne
And then when it's a fact we are warm, carry on
We'll take it slow, see nobody will hurry things
I got the herbs the Bacardi and Hurricane
If Daiquiris are in debate and not your thing that day

It's still all right cause I got Minute Maid and Tangeray
Your an incredible one that's rare, in bed with edible underwear
You look impeccable, nothing compares
I dream of freaking you, the women that will speak it too so
It seems that there is not an end to things that we can do so
Now we all set to play, only thing left to say is
When you step away, baby but don't forget the Neglicie

Chorus:
Women Singing:
I been searching, but your the one I want in my life baby (8X)
Ain't no one special, special like you (2X)

Eminem - Backstabber Lyrics

Attention all units, attention all units
We have an All Points Bulletin out on a man with green hair
I repeat, we have an APB on a man with green hair
He's armed with a knife, I repeat, he's armed with a knife
Proceed with caution, watch your back fella's
He could be coming at your girlfriend next

There's a joker on the loose from the psychiatric ward
His face is up on the bulletin board with a reward
He'll stab you with a sword don't be fooled by his charm
He's probably armed with intent to do bodily harm

Ring the alarm, look for a man with green hair
Check at your girl's house, he was last seen there
He's has a mean stare but usually crack's jokes
Good luck on your mission and guard your backs folks

I make you think you're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Hit a bitch snake from the back, I make you think
You're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Stay away from him, he ain't no good

We got the walkie-talkies to keep us all informed
Suited up head to toe in detective uniforms
Our unit storms in, we split the ghetto in sectors
Locking down every block and put up metal detectors

Protectors and be sure that you stand close
Watch each others backs and guard your command post
And most of all be advised that he's wise
He could be disguised as one of your very own guys

I make you think you're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Hit a bitch snake from the back, I make you think
You're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Stay away from him, he ain't no good

I'm on a solo mission to find him personally
To settle the score and beat then him mercifully
For what he first did to me, it's sure to be the last
Following footprints with a magnifying glass

To drag his lying ass back to his padded cell
I'm mad as hell, on the trail of the tattle tail
I heard a yell the voice sounded familiar
Give me your girlfriend or I'm gonna kill ya

I make you think you're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Hit a bitch snake from the back, I make you think
You're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Stay away from him, he ain't no good

I followed the voice that led down a flight of steps
Sneezing at dust and swinging at the spider-webs
Inside the depths of his basement
I taste lint in my mouth, then the lights in the place, went

I saw my life flash in front of my eyes
I felt a butcher knife slash at one of my thighs
None of my guys knew where I'm at I was doomed
Then I remembered the flashlight in my costume

I make you think you're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Hit a bitch snake from the back, I make you think
You're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Stay away from him, he ain't no good

Dealing with backstabbers there was one thing I learned
They're only powerful when you got your back turned
I yearned for the day that we finally met again
So I can give him a taste of his own medicine

He shed his skin, then he promised to come clean
I took his butcher knife and jabbed it into his spleen
Cut him at the seam then dragged the fella home
Beating him over the head with the telephone

Attention all cars, attention all cars
Unit 313 has apprehended the suspect
He's going back to the crazy home, I repeat
He's going back to the crazy home, how about that?

I make you think you're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Hit a bitch snake from the back, I make you think
You're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Stay away from him, he ain't no good

I make you think you're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Hit a bitch snake from the back, I make you think
You're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Stay away from him, he ain't no good

I make you think you're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Hit a bitch snake from the back, I make you think
You're a best friend then, why I oughtta
Stay away from him, he ain't no good

Eminem - Jealousy Woes II Lyrics

Eminem
Infinite
Jealousy Woes II
Men singing:
Jealous! (8X)

Girls voice: (Talking over the singing)
Jealous!?! What he mean jealous, know what I'm saying?
He just mad cause he got with some ugly hoes, know what I'm saying?
Girls don't buy him no clothes, He bought that ho some clothes!!
He don't buy me no clothes, Nigga ain't got no money, no vibe, no dick
I mean, What do I got to be jealous for?
He ain't gonna make it no where, he ain't got no type of time
He has no career move, I mean...

Verse 1:
I come home every single day from working double shifts
And stop along the way to pick you up a couple gifts
I come inside and you pretend you miss me when you kiss me
Then you diss me and we strenuously fight continuously
Again you frisk me, for numbers trying to bust me
It must be only just because you never learned to trust me
Plus we only grovel only irrelevant issues
To many tissues, for my feelings you misuse
I buy you jewelry, you make a fool of me
I bring you diamond rings you say I'm bad at timing things
So what's a man to do when all i hand to you is handed back to me
You act to be this gangsta bitch, that ain't what first attracted me
I used to love your company now you always bugging me
For information and you tell your friends you plan on dumping me
So I'ma wait for your evacuation
Cause every accusation makes me wanna smack your face in
See I've never been so sure, and your just insecure
So my solution to your jealousy presents a cure
I recommend you take your things and check them in
Look at the nervous wreck I'm in, I need my second wind, Say What?

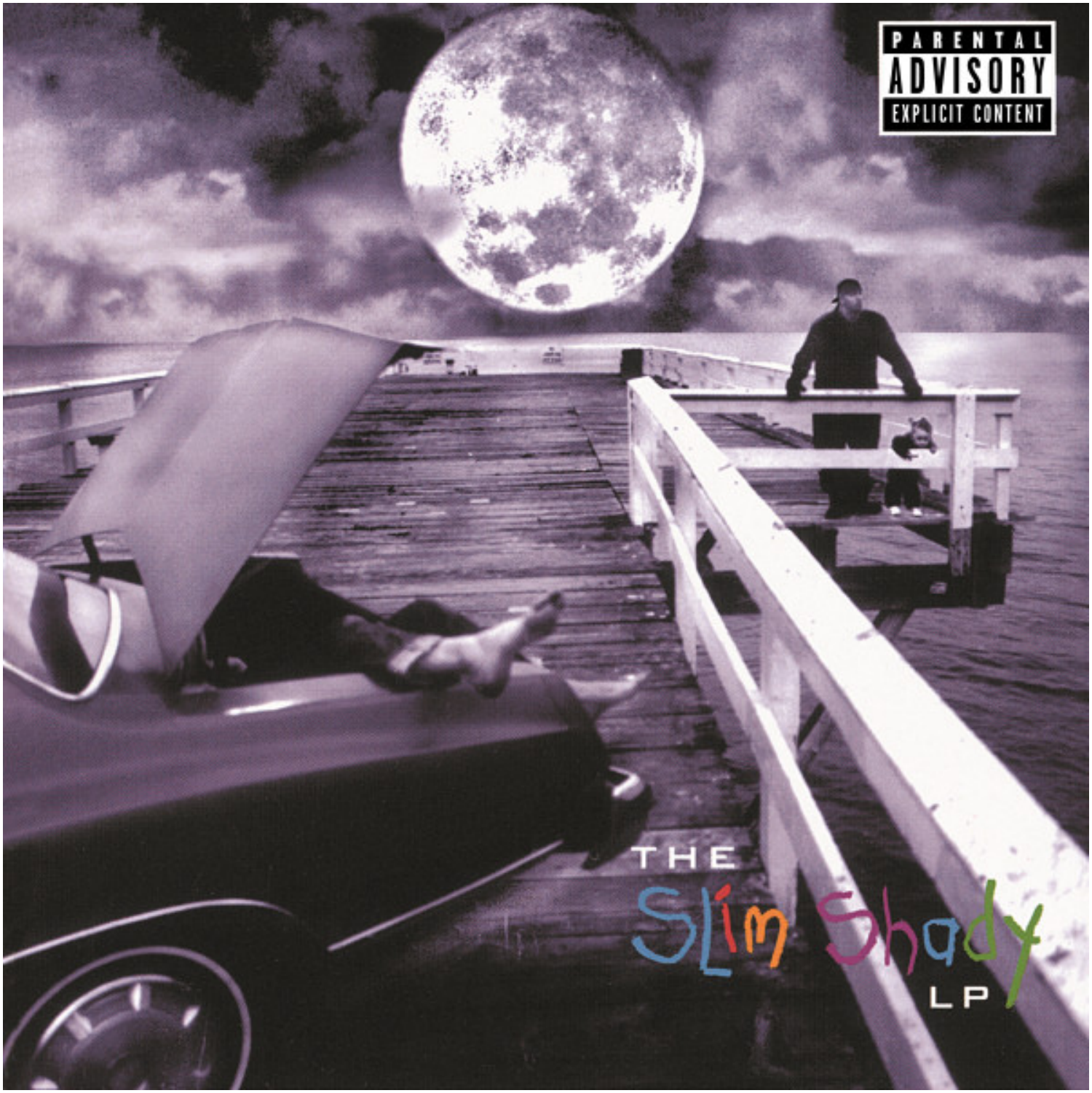
Chorus: Men Singing
Jealous, Jealousy, Jealousy (8X)

Women's Voice: (Talking over singing)
Fuck you and what you going through
Fuck Eminem, he just mad cause I left that nigga for another man
Me and Eminem don't need nothing but my and his money
Immature, Me? Nigga ain't got no dick, no swang in his thang
Know what I'm saying? He just mad cause I'm getting it all night
Jealous of me, know what I'm saying? That's what I'm talking about

Mother fucker just trying to get his pussy

Verse 2:
I used to be a puppet and a sucker for your silent treatments
I used to be intoxicated with your sweet sense
Until the day I started following your feetprints
And tapping in your phone conversations through the heat vents
It made complete sense, there's someone else you like
So I confronted you and asked you who was Mike?
And you was like, (sampled) **I need a new nigga**
Someone rich that I could follow
And you'll be over me by the time you see tomorrow
Leaving me in sorrow, Brandy never felt so broken hearted
I fell apart when you departed then the joking started
I was an open target, you play comedian
And I became the laughing stock. but now I'm on my feet again
And so we meet again, your acting like an ex-wife
All in my sex life, I got a message from Phife
He goes, "You didn't want me to see you then, I don't want you now"
Take a towel, wipe your brow, quit trying to hunt me down
You run me down and now your trying to apologize
For all the lies and everytime you made me ball my eyes
Because I got a bigger wallet size, you wanna swing it
Jealousy is in the house ya'll, Fellas sing it...

Chorus: Men Singing
Jealous, Jealousy, Jealousy (12X)


PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
THE
Slim Shady
LP

Eminem - Public Service Announcement Lyrics

This is a public service announcement brought to you in part by Slim Shady
The views and events expressed here are totally fucked
And are not necessarily the views of anyone

However the events and suggestions that appear on this album
Are not to be taken lightly, children should not partake in the listening
Of this album with laces in their shoes

Slim Shady is not responsible for your actions
Upon purchasing this album you have agreed
Not to try this at home

An' anything else?
Yeah, don't do drugs

Eminem - My Name Is Lyrics

Hi, my name is, my name is
(What? Who?)
My name is Slim Shady
Hi, my name is, my name is
(Huh? What?)
My name is Slim Shady

Ahem, excuse me
Can I have the attention of the class
For one second?

Hi kids, do you like violence?
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Wanna see me stick Nine Inch Nails
Through each one of my eyelids?
(Uh, huh)

Wanna copy me and do exactly like I did?
(Yeah, yeah)
Try 'cid and get fucked up worse that my life is?
(Huh?)

My brain's dead weight, I'm tryin' to get my head straight
But I can't figure out which Spice Girl I want to impregnate
(Umm)
And Dr. Dre said, "Slim Shady you a basehead"
Uh, uhh, So why's your face red? Man you wasted

Well, since age twelve, I've felt like I'm someone else
'Cause I hung my original self from the top bunk with a belt
Got pissed off and ripped Pamela Lee's tits off
And smacked her so hard
I knocked her clothes backwards like Kris Kross

I smoke a fat pound of grass and fall on my ass
Faster than a fat bitch who sat down too fast
C'mere slut
(Shady, wait a minute, that's my girl dog)
I don't give a fuck, God sent me to piss the world off
Hi, my name is, my name is

(What? Who?)
My name is Slim Shady
Hi, my name is, my name is
(Huh? What?)
My name is Slim Shady

My English teacher wanted to flunk me in junior high
Thanks a lot, next semester I'll be thirty-five
I smacked him in his face with an eraser, chased him with a stapler
And stapled his nuts to a stack of papers
(Oww)

Walked in the strip club, had my jacket zipped up
Flashed the bartender, then stuck my dick in the tip cup
Extraterrestrial, runnin' over pedestrians
In a spaceship while they screamin' at me, "Let's just be friends"

Ninety-nine percent of my life I was lied to
I just found out my mom does more dope than I do
(Damn)
I told her I'd grow up to be a famous rapper
Make a record about doin' drugs and name it after her
(Oh, thank you)

You know you blew up when the women rush your stands
And try to touch your hands like some screamin' Usher fans
(Aah)
This guy at White Castle asked for my autograph
(Dude, can I get your autograph?)
So I signed it "Dear Dave, thanks for the support, asshole"

Hi, my name is, my name is
(What? Who?)
My name is Slim Shady
Hi, my name is, my name is
(Huh? What?)
My name is Slim Shady

Stop the tape, this kid needs to be locked away
(Get him)
Dr. Dre, don't just stand there, operate
I'm not ready to leave, it's too scary to die
(Fuck that)
I'll have to be carried inside the cemetery and buried alive

(Huh, yup)
Am I comin' or goin'? I can barely decide
I just drank a fifth of vodka, dare me to drive?
(Go ahead)
All my life I was very deprived
I ain't had a woman in years and my palms are too hairy to hide

Clothes ripped like the Incredible Hulk
(Hachhh-too)
I spit when I talk, I'll fuck anything that walks
(C'mere)
When I was little I used to get so hungry I would throw fits

How you gonna breast feed me, mom?
(Wah)
You ain't got no tits
(Wah)
I lay awake and strap myself in the bed
Put a bulletproof vest on and shoot myself in the head

I'm steamin' mad
And by the way when you see my dad?
(Yeah?)
Tell him that I slit his throat in this dream I had

Hi, my name is, my name is
(What? Who?)
My name is Slim Shady
Hi, my name is, my name is
(Huh? What?)
My name is Slim Shady

Eminem - Guilty Conscience Lyrics

{Meet Eddie, twenty-three years old
Fed up with life and the way things are going
He decides to rob a liquor store
But on his way in, he has a sudden change of heart
And suddenly, his conscience comes into play}

Alright, stop!
(Huh?)
Now before you walk in the door of this liquor store
And try to get money out the drawer
You better think of the consequence
(But who are you?)
I'm your motherfuckin' conscience
That's nonsense
Go in and gaffe the money and run to one of your aunt's cribs
And borrow a damn dress and one of her blonde wigs
Tell her you need a place to stay
You'll be safe for days if you shave your legs with Renee's razor blades

Yeah, but if it all goes through like it's supposed to
The whole neighborhood knows you and they'll expose you
Think about it before you walk in the door first
Look at the store clerk, she's older than George Burns
Fuck that! Do that shit, shoot that bitch
Can you afford to blow this shit? Are you that rich?
Why you give a fuck if she dies? Are you that bitch?
Do you really think she gives a fuck if you have kids?

Man, don't do it, it's not worth it to risk it
(You're right)
Not over this shit
(Stop!)
Drop the biscuit
(I will)
Don't even listen to Slim yo, he's bad for you
You know what Dre I don't like your attitude

{Meet Stan, twenty-one years old
After meeting a young girl at a rave party
Things start getting hot and heavy in an upstairs bedroom
Once again, his conscience comes into play}

Now listen to me, while you're kissin' her cheek
And smearin' her lipstick, I slipped this in her drink
Now all you gotta do is nibble on this little bitches earlobe
Yo this girls only 15 years old
You shouldn't take advantage of her, that's not fair

Yo, look at her bush, does it got hair?
(Ah huh)

Fuck this bitch right on that spot there
Till she passes out she forgot how she got their
Man, ain't you ever seen that one movie kids?
No, but I seen the porno that's on nubiest
Shit, you wanna get hauled off to jail?
Fuck that, hit that shit raw dawg and bail

{Meet Grady, a twenty-nine year old construction worker
After coming home from a hard day's work
He walks in the door of his trailer park home
To find his wife in bed with another man}

Alright calm down, relax, start breathin'
Fuck that shit! You just caught this bitch cheatin'
While you at work she's with some dude tryin' to get off
Fuck slittin' her throat, cut this bitches head off
Wait! what if there's an explanation for this shit?
What? She tripped? Fell? Landed on his dick?
Alright Shady, maybe he's right Grady
But think about the baby before you get all crazy

Okay! Thought about it, still wanna stab her?
Grab her by the throat, get your daughter and kidnap her?
That's what I did, be smart, don't be a retard
You gonna take advice from somebody who slapped Dee Barnes?
What'chu say?
What's wrong? Didn't think I'd remember?
I'ma kill ya motherfucker

Ah ha, temper, temper
Mr. Dre? Mr. N.W.A.?
Mr. A.K. comin' straight outta Compton y'all better make way?
How the fuck you gonna tell this man not to be violent?
'Cause he don't need to go the same route that I went
Been there, done that, aww fuck it what am I sayin'?
Shoot 'em both Grady, where's your gun at?

Eminem - Brain Damage Lyrics

Scalpel, here, sponge, here
Wait, he's convulsing, he's convulsing!
Ah! We're gonna have to shock him! Oh my! Oh my God!
We're gonna have to shock him! Oh my God!

These are the results of a thousand electric volts
A neck with bolts, "Nurse we're losin' him, check the pulse!"
A kid who refused to respect adults
Wore spectacles with taped frames and a freckled nose
A corny lookin' white boy, scrawny and always ornery
Cause I was always sick of brawny bullies pickin' on me
And I might snap, one day just like that
I decided to strike back and flatten every tire on the bike rack

My first day in junior high, this kid said
"It's you and I, three o'clock sharp this afternoon you die"
I looked at my watch it was one twenty
"I already gave you my lunch money what more do you want from me?"
He said, "Don't try to run from me, you'll just make it worse"
My palms were sweaty, and I started to shake at first
Something told me, "Try to fake a stomach ache it works"
I screamed, "Oww! My appendix feels like they could burstâ€

Teacher, teacher, quick I need a naked nurse
What's the matter? I don't know, my leg, it hurts
Leg? I thought you said it was your tummy?
Oh, I mean it is, but I also got a bum knee
Mr. Mathers, the fun and games are over
And just for that stunt, you're gonna get some extra homework
But don't you wanna give me after school detention?
Nah, that bully wants to beat your ass and I'ma let him

Brain damage, ever since the day I was born
Drugs is what they used to say I was on
They say I never knew which way I was goin'
But everywhere I go they keep playin' my song
Brain damage, ever since the day I was born
Drugs is what they used to say I was on
They say I never knew which way I was goin'
But everywhere I go they keep playin' my song

Brain damage, way before my baby daughter Hailey
I was harassed daily by this fat kid named D'Angelo Bailey
An eighth grader who acted obnoxious, 'cause his father boxes
So everyday he'd shove me in the lockers
One day he came in the bathroom while I was pissin'
And had me in the position to beat me into submission

He banged my head against the urinal 'til he broke my nose
Soaked my clothes in blood, grabbed me and choked my throat

I tried to plead and tell him, "We shouldn't beef"
But he just wouldn't leave
He kept chokin' me and I couldn't breathe
He looked at me and said, "You gonna die honkey!"â€
The principal walked in and started helpin' him stomp me
(What's going on in here?)
I made them think they beat me to death
Holdin' my breath for like five minutes before they finally left

Then I got up and ran to the janitor's storage booth
Kicked the door hinge loose and ripped out the four inch screws
Grabbed some sharp objects, brooms, and foreign tools
"This is for every time you took my orange juice,
Or stole my seat in the lunchroom and drank my chocolate milk
Every time you tipped my tray and it dropped and spilt
I'm gettin' you back bully! Now once and for good"
I cocked the broomstick back and swung hard as I could

And beat him over the head with it 'til I broke the wood
Knocked him down, stood on his chest with one foot
Made it home, later that same day
Started reading a comic, and suddenly everything became gray
I couldn't even see what I was tryin' to read
I went deaf, and my left ear started to bleed
My mother started screamin', "What are you on, drugs?
Look at you, you're gettin' blood all over my rug!"
(Sorry!)

She beat me over the head with the remote control
Opened a hole, and my whole brain fell out of my skull
I picked it up and screamed, "Look bitch, what have you done"
Oh my God, I'm sorry son, shut up you cunt! I said, "Fuck it!"
Took it and stuck it back up in my head
Then I sewed it shut and put a couple of screws in my neck

Brain damage, ever since the day I was born
Drugs is what they used to say I was on
They say I never knew which way I was goin'
But everywhere I go they keep playin' my song
Brain damage, ever since the day I was born
Drugs is what they used to say I was on
They say I never knew which way I was goin'
But everywhere I go they keep playin' my song

Brain damage, it's brain damage
I got brain damage, it's brain damage
It's probably brain damage, it's brain damage
Brain damage, I got brain damage

Eminem - Paul Lyrics

{Em what's goin' on? This is Paul Rosenburg here, faithful Attorney of Law
Listen, I listened to the rough copy of your album and ah you know I
Just gotta be honest with you, ah could you turn it down a little bit because
There's only so much I can explain, give me a call}

Eminem - If I Had Lyrics

Life by Marshall Mathers
What is life?
Life is like a big obstacle put in front of your optical to slow you down
And every time you think you gotten past it
It's gonna come back around and tackle you to the damn ground

What are friends?
Friends are people that you think are your friends
But they really your enemies with secret identities
And disguises to hide they true colors
So just when you think you close enough to be brothers
They wanna come back and cut your throat when you ain't lookin'

What is money?
Money is what makes a man act funny
Money is the root of all evil
Money'll make them same friends come back around
Swearing that they was always down

What is life?
I'm tired of life
I'm tired of backstabbing ass snakes with friendly grins
I'm tired of committing so many sins
Tired of always giving in when this bottle of Henny wins

Tired of never having any ends
Tired of having skinny friends hooked on crack and mini-thins
I'm tired of this DJ playing your shit when he spins
Tired of not having a deal
Tired of having to deal with the bullshit without grabbing the steel

Tired of drowning in my sorrow
Tired of having to borrow a dollar for gas to start my Monte Carlo
I'm tired of motherfuckers spraying shit and dartin' off
I'm tired of jobs startin' off at five fifty an hour
Then this boss wanders why I'm smartin' off

I'm tired of being fired every time I fart and cough
Tired of having to work as a gas station clerk
For this jerk breathing down my neck driving me bezerk
I'm tired of using plastic silverware
Tired of working in Building Square
Tired of not being a millionaire

But if I had a million dollars
I'd buy a damn brewery and turn the planet into alcoholics
If I had a magic wand I'd make the world suck my dick

Without a condom on while I'm on the John
If I had a million bucks it wouldn't be enough because I'd still be out
Robbing armored trucks
If I had one wish I would ask for a big enough ass for the whole world to kiss

I'm tired of being white trash, broke and always poor
Tired of taking pop bottles back to the party store
I'm tired of not having a phone
Tired of not having a home to have one in if I did have it on

Tired of not driving a BM
Tired of not working at GM
Tired of wanting to be him
Tired of not sleeping without a Tylenol PM
Tired of not performing in a packed coliseum

Tired of not being on tour
Tired of fucking the same blonde whore after work in the back of a contour
I'm tired of faking knots with a stack of ones
Having a lack of funds and resorting back to guns

Tired of being stared at
I'm tired of wearing the same damn Nike Air hat
Tired of stepping in clubs wearing the same pair of Lugz
Tired of people saying they're tired of hearing me rap about drugs

Tired of other rappers who ain't bringin' half the skill as me
Saying they wasn't feeling me when nobody's as ill as me
And I'm tired of radio stations telling fibs
Tired of JLB saying "Where Hip-Hop Lives"

But if I had a million dollars
I'd buy a damn brewery and turn the planet into alcoholics
If I had a magic wand I'd make the world suck my dick
Without a condom on while I'm on the john
If I had a million bucks it wouldn't be enough because I'd still be out
Robbing armored trucks
If I had one wish I would ask for a big enough ass for the whole world to kiss

You know what I'm saying?
I'm tired of all of this bullshit telling me to be positive
How am I supposed to be positive when I don't see shit positive?
You know what I'm sayin'? I rap about shit around me, shit I see
You know what I'm sayin'? Right now I'm tired of everything

Tired of all this player hating that's going on in my own city
Can't get no airplay, you know what I'm sayin'?
But ey, it's cool though, you know what I'm sayin'?
Just fed up
That's my word

Eminem - '97 Bonnie & Clyde Lyrics

Baby, your dada loves you
And I'mma always be here for you
No matter what happens
You're all I got in this world
I would never give you up for nothing
Nobody in this world is ever gonna keep you from me
I love you

C'mon Hai-Hai, we going to the beach
Grab a couple of toys and let Dada strap you in the car seat
Oh, where's Mama? She's taking a little nap in the trunk
Oh, that smell? Dada must've runned over a skunk
Now, I know what you're thinking
It's kind of late to go swimmin'
But you know your Mama, she's one of those type of women that do crazy things
And if she don't get her way, she'll throw a fit
Don't play with Dada's toy knife, honey, let go of it
And don't look so upset, why you acting bashful?
Don't you wanna help Dada build a sandcastle?
And Mama said she wants to show how far she can float
And don't worry about that little boo-boo on her throat
It's just a little scratch, it don't hurt
Her was eating dinner while you were sweeping and spilled ketchup on her shirt
Mama's messy, ain't she? We'll let her wash off in the water
And me and you can pway by ourselves, can't we?

Just the two of us, just the two of us
And when we ride
Just the two of us, just the two of us
Just you and I

Just the two of us, just the two of us
And when we ride
Just the two of us, just the two of us

See, honey
There's a place called heaven and a place called hell
A place called prison and a place called jail
And Dada's probably on his way to all of 'em except one
'Cause Mama's got a new husband and a stepson
And you don't want a brother, do ya?
Maybe when you're old enough to understand a little better I'll explain it to ya
But for now, we'll just say Mama was real, real bad
Was being mean to Dad and made him real, real mad
But I still feel sad that I put her on timeout
Sit back in your chair, honey, quit trying to climb out
I told you it's okay, Hai-Hai, want a ba-ba?

Take a night-night? Nan-a-boo, goo-goo ga-ga?
Her make poo-poo ca-ca? Dada change your didee
Clean the baby up so her can take a nighty-nighty
Your dad'll wake her up as soon as we get to the water
'97 Bonnie and Clyde
Me and my daughter

Just the two of us, just the two of us
And when we ride
Just the two of us, just the two of us
Just you and I

Just the two of us, just the two of us
And when we ride
Just the two of us, just the two of us
Just you and I

Wake up, sweepyhead, we're here, before we pway
We're gonna take Mama for a wittle walk along the pier
Baby, don't cry, honey, don't get the wrong idea
Mama's too sweepy to hear you screaming in her ear
That's why you can't get her to wake, but don't worry
Dada made a nice bed for Mommy at the bottom of the lake
Here, you wanna help Dada tie a rope around this rock?
We'll tie it to her footsie then we'll roll her off the dock
Ready now, here we go, on the count of free
One, two, free, whee!
There goes Mama, splashing in the water
No more fighting with Dad, no more restraining order
No more stepdada, no more new brother
Blow her kisses bye-bye, tell Mama you wuv her
Now we'll go play in the sand, build a castle and junk
But first, just help Dad with two more things out the trunk

Just the two of us, just the two of us
And when we ride
Just the two of us, just the two of us
Just you and I

Just the two of us, just the two of us
And when we ride
Just the two of us, just the two of us
Just you and I

Just me and you, baby, is all we need in this world
Just me and you
Your dada will always be here for you
Your dada's always gonna love you
Remember that
If you ever need me I'm always be here for you
If you ever need anything, just ask
Dada will be right there

Your dada loves you
I love you, baby

Eminem - Bitch Lyrics

Justin? It's Zoe
Um, Kelly did not have me call, however
I just listened to Eminem in her car and
It is the most disgusting thing
I have ever heard in my entire life
And I seriously wanna call his fucking agent
And tell him how fucking disgusting he is
It, like, makes me upset and
I'm now nauseous and I can't eat lunch
Goodbye

Eminem - Role Model Lyrics

Okay, I'm going to attempt to drown myself
You can try this at home
You can be just like me
Mic check one two, we recordin'?

I'm cancerous, so when I diss you wouldn't wanna answer this
If you responded back with a battle rap you wrote for Canibus
I strangled you to death then I choked you again
Then break your fuckin' legs till your bones poke through your skin

You beef wit me, I'ma even the score equally
Take you on Jerry Springer, and beat yer ass legally
I get you blunted off of funny home grown
'Cause when I smoke out I hit the trees harder than Sonny Bono

Ohh no, so if I said I never did drugs
That would mean I lie and get fucked more than the President does
Hillary Clinton tried to slap me and call me a pervert
I ripped her fuckin' tonsils out and fed her sherbet

My nerves hurt, and lately I'm on edge
Grabbed Vanilla Ice and ripped out his blonde dreads
Every girl I ever went out wit is goin' lez
Follow me and do exactly what the song says

Smoke weed, take pills, drop outta school, kill people and drink
And jump behind the wheel like it was still legal
I'm dumb enough to walk in a store and steal
So I'm dumb enough to ask for a date with Lauryn Hill

Some people only see that I'm white, ignorin' skill
'Cause I stand out like a green hat with a orange bill
But I don't get pissed, y'all don't even see through the mist
How the fuck can I be white, I don't even exist

I get a clean shave, bathe, go to a rave
Die from an overdose and dig myself up out of my grave
My middle finger won't go down, how do I wave?
And this is how I'm supposed to teach kids how to behave?

Now follow me and do exactly what you see
Don't you wanna grow up to be just like me
I slap women and eat shrooms then O.D.
Now don't you wanna grow up to be just like me

Me and Marcus Allen went over to see Nicole
When we heard a knock at the door, must have been Ron Gold

Jumped behind the door, put the orgy on hold
Killed 'em both and smeared blood in a white Bronco

My mind won't work if my spine don't jerk
I slapped Garth Brooks out of his Rhinestone shirt
I'm not a player just a ill rhyme sayer
That'll spray an Aerosol can up at the ozone layer

My rap style's warped, I'm runnin' out the morgue
Witcha dead grandmother's corpse to throw it on your porch
Jumped in a Chickenhawk cartoon wit a cape on
And beat up Foghorn Leghorn with an acorn

I'm 'bout as normal as Norman Bates, with deformative traits
A premature birth that was four minutes late
Mother are you there? I love you
I never meant to hit you over the head with that shovel

Will someone explain to my brain that I just severed
A main vein' with a chainsaw and I'm in pain?
I take a breather and sighed, either I'm high, or I'm nuts
'Cause if you ain't tiltin' this room, neither am I

So when you see your mom with a thermometer shoved in her ass
Then it probably is obvious I got it on with her
'Cause when I drop this solo shit it's over with
I bought Cage's tape, opened it and dubbed over it

I came to the club drunk with a fake ID
Don't you wanna grow up to be just like me
I've been with 10 women who got HIV
Now don't you wanna grow up to be just like me

I got genital warts and it burns when I pee
Don't you wanna grow up to be just like me
I tie a rope around my penis and jump from a tree
You probably wanna grow up to be just like me

Eminem - Lounge Lyrics

For all the ladies out there
Ok

I never meant to
Give you mushrooms girl
I never meant to
Bring you to my world
And now you're lyin'
In the corner, cryin'

{Yea, woo, yea, woo
No idea
Yea, woo, yea
Thank you}

Eminem - My Fault Lyrics

I never meant to give you mushrooms girl
I never meant to bring you to my world
Now you sitting in the corner crying
And now it's my fault my fault
I never meant to give you mushrooms girl
I never meant to bring you to my world
Now you sitting in the corner crying
And now it's my fault my fault

I went to John's rave with Ron and Dave
And met a new wave blonde babe with half of her head shaved
A nurse aide who came to get laid and tied up
With first aid tape and raped on the first date
Susan, an ex Heroin addict who just stopped usin'
Who love booze and alternative music
Told me she was goin' back into usin' again
I said, "Wait, first try this hallucinogen
It's better than Heroin, Henn, the booze or the gin
C'mere, let's go in here"

Who's in the den?
It's me and Kelly
My bad, let's try another room
I don't trust you
Shut up slut!
Chew up this mushroom
This'll help you get in touch with your roots
We'll get barefoot, butt naked, and run in the woods
Oh hell, I might as well try 'em, this party is so drab
Oh dag!
What?
I ain't mean for you to eat the whole bag
Huh?!

I never meant to give you mushrooms girl
I never meant to bring you to my world
Now you sitting in the corner crying
And now it's my fault my fault
I never meant to give you mushrooms girl
I never meant to bring you to my world
Now you sitting in the corner crying
And now it's my fault my fault

Yo Sue!
Get away from me, I don't know you
Oh shoot, she's trippin'
I need to go puke

I wasn't tryin to turn this into somethin' major
I just wanted to make you appreciate nature
Susan, stop cryin', I don't hate ya
The world's not against you, I'm sorry your father raped you
So what you had your little coochie in your dad's mouth?
That ain't no reason to start wiggin' and spaz out

She said, "Help me I think I'm havin' a seizure!"
I said, "I'm high too bitch, quit grabbin' my Tshirt"
"Would you calm down you're startin' to scare me"
She said, "I'm twenty six years old and I'm not married
I don't even have any kids and I can't cook"
I'm over here Sue, You're talkin' to the plant, look
We need to get to a hospital before it's too late
'Cause I never seen no one eat
As many mushrooms as you ate

I never meant to give you mushrooms girl
I never meant to bring you to my world
Now you sitting in the corner crying
And now it's my fault my fault
I never meant to give you mushrooms girl
I never meant to bring you to my world
Now you sitting in the corner crying
And now it's my fault my fault

Susan, wait! Where you goin'? You better be careful
Leave me alone dad, I'm sick of gettin' my hair pulled
I'm not your dad, quit tryin' to swallow your tongue
Want some gum? Put down the scissors
Before you do somethin' dumb
I'll be right back just chill baby please
I gotta go find Dave he's the one who gave me these
John, where's Dave at before I bash you
He's in the bathroom, I think he's takin' a crap dude

"Dave, pull up your pants, we need an ambulance
There's a girl upstairs talkin' to plants
Choppin' her hair off, and there's only two days left
Of Spring Break, how long do these things take to wear off?
Well it depends on how may you had
I took 3, she ate the other 22 caps
Now she's upstairs cryin' out her eyeballs, drinkin' Lysol
She's gonna die dude
I know and it's my fault!
My God!

I never meant to give you mushrooms girl
I never meant to bring you to my world
Now you sitting in the corner crying
And now it's my fault my fault
I never meant to give you mushrooms girl

I never meant to bring you to my world
Now you sitting in the corner crying
And now it's my fault my fault

My God, I'm so sorry!
I'm so sorry!
Susan please wake up!
Please, Please wake up
What are you doing?
You're not dead! You're not dead!
I know you're not dead
Oh my God!
Wake up, Susan wake up
Oh my God!

Eminem - Cum on Everybody Lyrics

Yo mic check
Testing one, two um twelve
This is my dancing room can you hear me?

My favorite color is red
Like the blood shed
From Kurt Cobain's head
When he shot himself dead

Women all grabbin' at my shishkabob
Bought Lauryn Hill's tape so her kids could starve
You thought I was livid now I'm even more so
Shit I got full blown AID's and a sore throat

I got a wardrobe with an orange robe
I'm in the fourth row signin' autographs until my show
I just remembered that I'm absent minded
Wait, I mean I've lost my mind I can't find it

I'm freestylin' every verse that I spit
'Coz I don't even remember the words to my shit
I told the doc I need a change in sickness
I gave a girl herpes in exchange for syphalis

Put my L.P on your Christmas gift list
You wanna get high, here bitch just sniff this

Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight

Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight

I tried suicide once and I'll try it again
That's why I write songs where I die at the end
'Coz I don't give a fuck, like my middle finger was stuck
And I was waving it at everybody screamin' "I suck"

I go on stage in front of a sellout crowd
And yell out loud "All of y'all get the hell out now"
Fuck rap, I'm givin' it up y'all, I'm sorry
But Eminem this is your record release party

I'm bored out of my gord
So I took a hammer and nailed my foot
To the floorboard of my Ford

I guess I'm just a sick, sick bastard
Just one sandwich short of a picnic basket
One Excederin tablet short of a full medicine cabinet
I feel like my head has been shredded like lettuce and cabbage

And if you ever see a video for this shit
I'll probably be dressed up like a mummy with my wrists slit

Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight

Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight

Got bitches on my jock out in East Detroit
'Coz they think that I'm a motherfuckin' Beastie Boy
So I told 'em I was Mike D, it was like
G I don't know he might be

I told 'em, "Meet me at Kid Rock's next concert
And I'll be standin' by the Loch Ness monster"
I'm peace out then I jetted to the weed house
Smoked out till I started bustin' freestyles

Broke out then I dipped quick back to the crib, put on lipstick
Crushed up the Tylenol then ate it with a dipstick
Made a couple of crank calls collect
"Ken Kaniff from Connecticut, can you accept?"

I wanna make songs all the fellas dub
And murder every rich rapper that I'm jealous of
So just remember when I bomb your set
Yo, I only cuss to make your mom upset

Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight

Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight

Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
Come on everybody, get down tonight
...

Eminem - Rock Bottom Lyrics

Ah yeah, yo!
This song is dedicated to all the happy people
All the happy people who have real nice lives
And have no idea whats it like to be broke as fuck

I feel like I'm walking a tight rope without a circus net
I'm popping perkasets, I'm a nervous wreck
I deserve respect but I work a sweat for this worthless check
'Bout to burst this tech at somebody to reverse this debt

Minimum wage got my adrenaline caged, full of venom and rage
Especially when I'm engaged
And my daughter's down to her last diaper, that's got my ass hyper
I pray that God answers, maybe I'll ask nicer

Watching ballers while they flossing in their pathfinders
These overnight stars becoming autograph signers
We'll all goin' to blow up and leave the past behind us
Along with the small fry's and average half pinter's

While playa haters turn bitch like they have vaginas
'Cause we see them dollar signs and let the cash blind us
Money will brainwash you and leave your ass mindless
Snakes slither in the grass spineless

That's rock bottom
When this life makes you mad enough to kill
That's rock bottom
When you want something bad enough to steal
That's rock bottom
When you feel like you have had it up to here
'Cause you mad enough to scream but you sad enough to tear

That's rock bottom
When this life makes you mad enough to kill
That's rock bottom
When you want something bad enough to steal
That's rock bottom
When you feel like you have had it up to here
'Cause you mad enough to scream but you sad enough to tear

My life is full of empty promises and broken dreams
I'm hoping things will look up but there ain't no job openings
I feel discouraged hungry and malnourished
Living in this house with no furnace, unfurnished

And I'm sick of working dead end jobs with lame pay

I'm tired of being hired and fired the same day
But fuck it, if you know the rules to the game, play
'Cause when we die we know were all going the same way

It's cool to be player but it sucks to be the fan
When all you need is bucks to be the man plus a luxury sedan
Too comfortable and roomy in a six
But they threw me in the mix with all these gloomy lunatics

Walk around depressed and smoke a pound of ses a day
And yesterday went by so quick it seems like it was just today
My daughter wants to throw the ball but I'm too stressed to play
Live half my life and throw the rest away

That's rock bottom
When this life makes you mad enough to kill
That's rock bottom
When you want something bad enough to steal
That's rock bottom
When you feel like you have had it up to here
'Cause you mad enough to scream but you sad enough to tear

That's rock bottom
When this life makes you mad enough to kill
That's rock bottom
When you want something bad enough to steal
That's rock bottom
When you feel like you have had it up to here
'Cause you mad enough to scream but you sad enough to tear

There's people that love me and people that hate me
But it's the evil that made me this backstabbing, deceitful and shady
I want the money, the women, the fortune and fame
That means I'll end up burning in Hell scorching in flames

That means I'm stealing your checkbook and forging your name
Just lifetime bliss for eternal torture and pain
'Cause right now I feel like just hit the rock bottom
I got problems, now everybody on my blocks got 'em

I'm screaming like those two cops when Tupac shot 'em
Holding two Glocks, I hope your doors got new locks on 'em
My daughter's feet ain't got no shoes or sock's on 'em
And them rings you wearing look like they got a few rocks on 'em

And while you flaunting them I could be taking them to shops to pawn them
I got a couple of rings and a brand new watch, you want 'em?
'Cause I never went gold of one song
I'm running up on someone's lawns with guns drawn

That's rock bottom
When this life makes you mad enough to kill

That's rock bottom
When you want something bad enough to steal
That's rock bottom
When you feel like you have had it up to here
'Cause you mad enough to scream but you sad enough to tear

That's rock bottom
When this life makes you mad enough to kill
That's rock bottom
When you want something bad enough to steal
That's rock bottom
When you feel like you have had it up to here
'Cause you mad enough to scream but you sad enough to tear
That's rock bottom

Eminem - Just Don't Give a F**k Lyrics

Woah, uh get your hands in the air
And get to clapping 'em and, like, back and forth
Because this is what you thought it wasn't
It be's the brothers representin' the Dirty Dozen
I be the F-R-O the double G
And check out my man, he goes by the name of um, er…

Slim Shady, brain dead like Jim Brady
I'm an M-80, you little like that Kim lady
I'm buzzin', Dirty Dozen, naughty rotten rhymer
Cursin' at you playas worse than Marty Schottenheimer
You wacker than the motherfucker you bit your style from
You ain't gon' sell two copies if you press a double album
Admit it, fuck it, while we coming out in the open
I'm doing acid, crack, smack, coke and smoking dope then
My name is Marshall Mathers, I'm an alcoholic
"Hi, Marshall!"
I have a disease, and they don't know what to call it
Better hide your wallet
'Cause I'm coming up quick to strip your cash
Bought a ticket to your concert just to come and whip your ass
Bitch, I'm coming out swingin', so fast it'll make your eyes spin

You getting knocked the fuck out like Mike Tyson

The proof is in the pudding, just ask DeShaun Holton
I'll slit your motherfucking throat worse than Ron Goldman

So when you see me on your block with two Glocks
Screaming "Fuck the world" like Tupac
I just don't give a fuck
Talking that shit behind my back
Dirty macking, telling your boys that I'm on crack
I just don't give a fuck
So put my tape back on the rack

Go run and tell your friends my shit is wack

I just don't give a fuck
But see me on the street and duck
'Cause you gon' get stuck, stoned, and snuffed
'Cause I just don't give a fuck

I'm nicer than Pete, but I'm on a search to crush a milkbone
I'm everlasting, I melt vanilla ice like silicone
I'm ill enough to just straight up diss you for no reason
I'm colder than snow season when it's 20 below freezin'

Flavor with no seasonin', this is the sneak preview
I'll diss your magazine and still won't get a weak review
I'll make your freak leave you, smell the Folgers crystals
This is lyrical combat, gentlemen, hold your pistols
But I form like Voltron and blast you with my shoulder missiles
Slim Shady, Eminem was the old initials
Extortion, snortin', supportin' abortion

Pathological liar, blowing shit out of proportion
The looniest, zaniest, spontaneous, sporadic

Impulsive thinker, compulsive drinker, addict
Half animal, half man
Dumping your dead body inside of a fucking trash can
With more holes than an afghan

So when you see me on your block with two Glocks
Screaming "Fuck the world" like Tupac
I just don't give a fuck
Talking that shit behind my back

Dirty macking, telling your boys that I'm on crack
I just don't give a fuck
So put my tape back on the rack
Go run and tell your friends my shit is wack
I just don't give a fuck
But see me on the street and duck
'Cause you finna get stuck, stoned, and snuffed

'Cause I just don't give a fuck

Somebody let me out this limousine! I'm a caged demon
On stage screamin' like Rage Against the Machine
I'm convinced I'm a fiend
Shooting up while this record is spinnin'
Clinically brain dead, I don't need a second opinion
Fuck droppin' a jewel, I'm flippin' a sacred treasure
I'll bite your motherfuckin' style, just to make it fresher

I can't take the pressure, I'm sick of bitches
Sick of nagging bosses bitchin' while I'm washin' dishes
In school I never said much, too busy having a headrush
Doing too much rush had my face flushed like red blush
Then I went to Jim Beam, that's when my face grayed
Went to gym in 8th grade, raped the women's swim team
Don't take me for a joke, I'm no comedian
Too many mental problems got me snortin' coke and smokin' weed again
I'm going up over the curb, driving on the median
Finally made it home, but I don't got the key to get in

So when you see me on your block with two Glocks
Screaming "Fuck the world" like Tupac

I just don't give a fuck
Talking that shit behind my back
Dirty macking, telling your boys that I'm on crack
I just don't give a fuck
So put my tape back on the rack
Go run and tell your friends my shit is wack
I just don't give a fuck
But see me on the street and duck
'Cause you gon' get stuck, stoned, and snuffed
'Cause I just don't give a fuck

Shit, fuck everybody!
Outsidaz
Pacewon
Young Zee
Fuck the entire world!

Eminem - Soap Lyrics

Skylar Montgomery?
What do you want from me Roger?
I know it was you all along messing around
With my dear Veronica
Wait a minute, you hold hold it right there
Me and that woman love each other

Love, what do you know of love?
We were destined to be together I met her on the beach
Are you out to destroy me?
No Roger that's not what I want to do
I love her, and we're going to be together
Never

Eminem - As the World Turns Lyrics

(I don't know why this)
Yes man, as the world turns
(World keeps turning round and round)
We all experience things in life
(But I wish it would stop and let me off right now)
Trials and tribulations
(I don't know why this)
That we all must go through
(World keeps turning round and round)
When someone wants to test us
When someone tries our patience
(But I wish it would stop and let me off right now)

I hang with a bunch of hippies
And wacky tobacco planters
Who swallow lit roaches
And light up like Jack-o-lanterns
Outsiders baby, and we suing the courts
'Cuz we're dope as fuck and only get a 2 in the source, yo
They never should've booted me out of reform school

Deformed fool, takin' the shit, now warn bulls
They threw me out the Ramada Inn
I said it wasn't me, I got a twin
Oh my god it's you! Not again
It all started when my mother took my bike away
'Cuz I murdered my guinea pig
And stuck him in the microwave
After that, it was straight to the 40 ouncers
Slappin' teachers, and jackin' off in front of my counselors

Class clown freshman, dressed like Les Nessman
Fuck the next lesson, I'll past the test guessin'
And all the other kids said Eminem's a dishead
He'll never last, the only class he'll pass is Phys Ed
May be true, till I told this bitch in gym class
That she was too fat to swim laps, she needed slim fast
(Who me?)
Yeah bitch you so big you walked into big tanny's
And stepped on Jenny Craig

She picked me up to snap me like a skinny twig
Put me in the headlock, then I thought of my guinea pig
I felt the evilness and started transformin'
It began storming, I heard a bunch of cheering fans swarming
Grabbed that bitch by her hair, drug her across the ground
And took her up to the highest diving board and tossed her down

Sorry coach, it's too late to tell me stop
While I drop this bitch face down and watch her belly flop

(I don't know why this)
As the world turns
(World keeps turning round and round)
These are the days of our lives
These are the things
That we must go through
(But I wish it would stop and let me off right now)
Day by day

We drive around in million dollar sports cars
While little kids hide this tape
From their parents like bad report cards
Outsiders, and we suing the courts
'Cuz we dope as fuck and only get a 2 in the source
Hypercondriac, hanging out at the laundromat
Where all the raunchy fat white trashy blondes be at
Dressed like a sailor, standin' by a pale of garbage

It's almost dark and I'm still tryin' to nail a trailer park bitch
I met a slut and said "What up, its nice to meet ya
I'd like to treat ya to a Bagel and a slice of pizza
But I'm broke as fuck
And I don't get paid till the first of next month
But if you care to join me, I was bout to roll this next blunt
But I ain't got no weed, no Phillies, or no papers
Plus I'm a rapist and a repeated prison escapist

So gimme all your money and don't try nothin' funny
'Cuz you know your stinkin' ass is too fat to try to outrun me"
I went to grab my gun, thats when her ass put it on me
Wit an uppercut and hit me with a basket of laundry
I fell through the glass doors, started causin' a scene
Then slid across the floor and flew right into a washin' machine
Jumped up with a broken back
Thank god I was smokin' crack all day

And doped up off coke and smack
All I wanted to do was rape the bitch and snatch her purse
Now I wanna kill her but so I gotta catch her first
Ran threw alleys, parkin' lots, and took a shortcut
Saw the house she ran up in and shot her fuckin' porch up
Kicked the door down to murder this divorced slut
Looked around the room thats when I seen the bedroom door shut
I know you're in there bitch! I got my gun cocked

You might as well come out now
She said "Come in, its unlocked!"
I walked in and all I smelled was Liz Claiborne
And seen her spread across the bed naked watchin' gay porn

She said "Come her big boy, lets get acquainted"
I turned around to run, twisted my ankle and sprained it
She came at me at full speed, nothin' could stop her
I shot her five times and every bullet bounced off her

I started to beg, "No, please let go"
But she swallowed my fuckin' leg whole like an egg roll
With one leg left, now I'm hoppin' around crippled
I grabbed my pocket knife and sliced off her right nipple
Just trying to buy me some time, then I remembered this magic trick
Den den den den den den, go go gadget dick
Whipped that shit out, and ain't no doubt about it
It hit the ground and caused an earthquake and power outage
I shouted "Now bitch, lets see who gets the best!"
Stuffed that shit in crooked and fucked that fat slut to death

{Come here bitch
Come here
Take this motherfuckin' dick
Bitch, come here}

(I don't know why this)
And as we go along
Throughout the days of our lives
(World keeps turning round and round)
(But I wish it would stop and let me off right now)
We all face small obstacles
(I don't know why this)
And challenges everyday
That we must go through
(World keeps turning round and round)

These are the things that surround us
Through our atmosphere
(But I wish it would stop and let me off right now)
Every day
(I don't know why this)
Every single day the world keeps turning
Keeps turning
Keeps turning
(World keeps turning round and round)
(But I wish it would stop and let me off right now)

Eminem - I'm Shady Lyrics

Who came through with two Glocks to terrorize your borough
Told you how to slap dips and murder your girl
Gave you all the finger and told you to sit and twirl
Sold a billion tapes and still screamed fuck the world

So come and kill me while my name's hot
And shoot me twenty five times in the same spot
Think I've got a generation brainwashed
To pop pills and smoke pot till they brains rot

Stop they blood flow 'til they veins clot
I need a pain shot, and a shot of plain scotch
Purple haze and acid raindrops
Spike the punch at the party and drain pop

Shaved my armpits and wore a tank top
Bad Boy, I told you that I can't stop
Gotta make 'em fear you before you make 'em feel you
So everybody buy my shit or I'ma come and kill you

I got mushrooms, I got acid, I got tabs and aspirin tablets
I'm your brother when you need some new weed to set you free
You know me, I'm your friend when you need a mini thin, Slim Shady
I'm Shady

I like happy things, I'm really calm and peaceful
I like birds, bees, I like people
I like funny things that make me happy and gleeful
Like when my teacher sucked my wee-wee in preschool

The ill type, I stab myself with a steel spike
While I blow my brain out, took a see what it feels like
And this is how I am in real life
I don't want to just die a normal death, I wanna be killed twice

How you wanna scare somebody with a gun threat
When they're high off of drugs they haven't even done yet
So bring the money by tonight
'Cause your wife says this is the biggest knife she ever saw in her life

I try to keep it positive and play it cool
Shoot up the playground and tell the kids to stay in school
'Cause I'm the one they can relate to and look up to better
Tonight I think I'll write my biggest fan a 'Fuck you' letter

I got mushrooms, I got acid, I got tabs and aspirin tablets
I'm your brother when you need some new weed to set you free

You know me, I'm your friend when you need a mini thin, Slim Shady
I'm Shady

Yo, I listen to your demo tape and act like I don't like it
Six months later you hear your lyrics on my shit
People don't buy shit no more they just dub it
That's why I'm still broke and had the number one club hit

But they love it when you make your business public
So fuck it, I've got herpes while we're on the subject
And if I told you I had AIDS y'all would play it
'Cause you stupid motherfuckers think I'm playin' when I say it

I do take pills, don't do speed
Don't do crack, don't do coke, I do smoke weed
Don't do smack, I do do shrooms
Do drink beer, I just wanna make a few things clear

My baby mama's not dead, she's still alive and bitchin'
And I don't have herpes, my dick's just itchin'
It's not syphilis, and as for bein' AIDS infested
I don't know yet, I'm too scared to get tested

I got mushrooms, I got acid, I got tabs and aspirin tablets
I'm your brother when you need some new weed to set you free
You know me, I'm your friend when you need a mini thin, Slim Shady
I'm Shady

I told you I was Shady, yo, y'all didn't wanna believe me
I'm Shady and that's my name

Eminem - Bad Meets Evil Lyrics

I reckon you ain't familiar with these here parts
You know, there's a story behind that there saloon
Twenty years ago, two outlaws took this whole town over
Sheriffs couldn't stop 'em, quickest damn gun slinger I've ever seen
Got murdered in cold blood, that ol' saloon there was their lil' home
Away from home, they say the ghosts of bad and evil still live
In that tavern and on a quiet night, you can still hear the footsteps of Slim Shady and Royce Da Five-Nine

I don't speak, I float in the air wrapped in a sheet
I'm not a real person, I'm a ghost trapped in a beat
I translate when my voice is read through a seismograph
And a noise is bred, picked up and transmitted through Royce's head
Trapped him in his room, possessed him and hoist his bed
Till the evilness flows through his blood like poisonous lead
Told him each one of his boys is dead
I asked him to come to the dark side, he made a choice and said

Who hard? yo I done heard worse
We can get in two cars and accelerate at each other
To see which one'll swerve first
Two blind bandits panic, whose mental capacity holds
That of a globe on top of nine other planets
Kissed the cheek of the devil, intelligence level is hellier than
Treble peakin' on speakers in the ghetto

Dismissal, I'm not a fair man, disgraced the race of a atheist
Intercepting missiles wit my bare hands like a patriot
One track sliced without swords, I buried the Christ corpse
In my past life when the black knight mounted the white horse
And stay over-worked, its like the Nazis in the nations
Collaborating, attemptin' to take over the earth

'Cuz this is what happens when bad meets evil
We hit the trees till we look like Vietnamese people
He's evil, and I'm bad like Steve Segal
Above the law 'cuz I don't agree wit police either
We ain't eager to be legal
So please leave me with the keys to your jeep eagle

I breathe ether in three amounts
When I stab myself in the knee with a diseased needle
Releasin' rage on anybody in squeezing range
Cold enough to make the seasons change into freezing rain
He's insane, no I'm not, I just want to shoot up
And I'm pissed off 'cuz I can't find a decent vain

The disaster wit dreads

I'm bad enough to commit suicide and survive long enough
To kill my soul after I'm dead
When in danger it's funny actually my flavor's similar to a waiter
'Cuz I serve any stranger with money
I spray a hundred, man until they joint chains
While slippin' bullets at point blank range like they was punches
Piss on a flag and burn it, murder you then come to your funeral

Serve this lobbyist, strangle your body then confirm you
Whippin' human ass, throwin' blows crackin' jaws
Wit my fists wrapped in gauze, dipped in glue and glass
I'm blazin' MC's, at the same time amazin' MC's
Somehow MC's ain't that eye-brow raisin' to me
From all of angles of us, flash a mack loud enough
To cast a avalanche and bust till volcanoes erupt

Hello? Billy, aiyyo what's up
We're comin' to get you
Stop, they know it's us

I used to be a loudmouth, remember me?
I'm the one who burned your house down
Well I'm out now, and this time
I'm comin' back to blow your house up
And I ain't gone leave you a window to jump out of
Give me two fat tabs and three shrooms
And you won't see me like fat people in steam rooms
And when I go to hell and I'm gettin ready to leave
I'ma put air in a bag and charge people to breathe

'Cuz this is what happens when bad meets evil
And we hit the trees till we look like Vietnamese people
He's Evil, and I'm Bad like Steve Segal
Against peaceful, see you in hell for the sequel
We'll be waitin', See you in hell
Wall Street, Royce Da Five-Nine, Slim Shady
See you in hell for the sequel, bye bye
Bad meets evil, what? Till next time

{And so that's the story when bad meets evil
Two of the most wanted individuals in the county
Made Jesse James and Billy the Kid look like law-abiding citizens
It's too bad they had to go out the way they did
Got shot in the back comin' out of that ol' saloon
But their spirits still live on till this day
Wait, did y'all hear that?}

Eminem - Still Don't Give a Fuck Lyrics

A lot of people ask me
Am I afraid of death?
Hell yeah, I'm afraid of death
I don't want to die yet
A lot of people think that I worship the devil
That I do all types of retarded shit
Look, I can't change the way I think
And I can't change the way I am
But if I offended you
Good
'Cause I still don't give a fuck

I'm zoning off of one joint stopping a limo
Hopped in the window, shopping a demo at gunpoint
A lyricist without a clue, what year is this?
Fuck a needle here's a sword, body pierce with this
Living amok, never giving a fuck
Gimme the keys, I'm drunk and I've never driven a truck
But I smoke dope in a cab
I'll stab you with the sharpest knife I can grab
Come back the next week and re-open your scab
A killer instinct runs in the blood
Emptying full clips and burying guns in the mud
I've calmed down now I was heavy once into drugs
I could walk around straight for two months with a buzz
My brain's gone, my soul's worn and my spirit is torn
The rest of my body's still being operated on
I'm ducked the fuck down while I'm writing this rhyme
'Cause I'm probably gonna get struck with lightning this time

For all the weed that I've smoked
Yo this blunt's for you
To all the people I've offended
Yeah, fuck you too!
To all the friends I used to have
Yo, I miss my past
But the rest of you assholes can kiss my ass
For all the drugs that I've done
Yo I'm still gonna do
To all the people I've offended
Yeah, fuck you too!
For every time I reminisce
Yo, I miss my past
But I still don't give a fuck, y'all can kiss my ass

I walked into a gunfight with a knife to kill you
And cut you so fast when your blood spilled, it was still blue

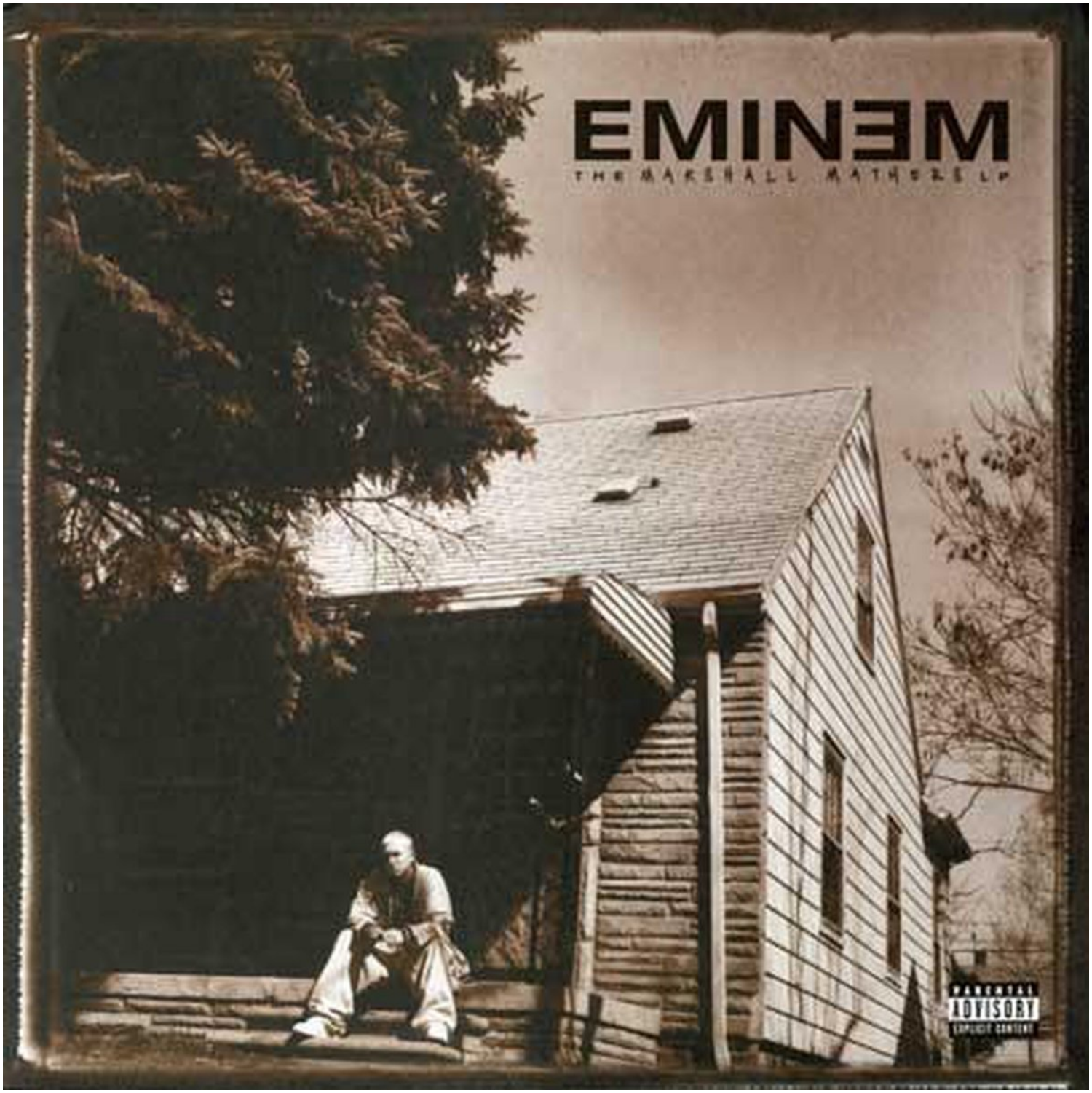
I'll hang you till you dangle and chain you with both ankles
And pull you apart from both angles
I wanna crush your skull till your brains leaks out of your veins
And bust open like broken water mains
So tell Saddam not to bother with making another bomb
'Cause I'm crushing the whole world in my palm
Got your girl on my arm and I'm armed with a firearm
So big my entire arm is a giant firebomb
Buy your Mom a shirt with a Slim Shady iron-on
And the pants to match
"Here momma, try 'em on"
I get imaginative with a mouth full of adjectives
A brain full of adverbs, and a box full of laxatives
Causing hospital accidents
God help me before I commit some irresponsible acts again

For all the weed that I've smoked
Yo this blunt's for you
To all the people I've offended
Yeah, fuck you too!
To all the friends I used to have
Yo, I miss my past
But the rest of you assholes can kiss my ass
For all the drugs that I've done
Yo I'm still gonna do
To all the people I've offended
Yeah, fuck you too!
For every time I reminisce
Yo, I miss my past
But I still don't give a fuck, y'all can kiss my ass

I wanted an album so rugged nobody could touch it
Spent a million a track and went over my budget
Now how in the fuck am I supposed to get out of debt?
I can't rap anymore, I just murdered the alphabet
Drug sickness got me doing some bugged twitches
I'm withdrawing from crack so bad my blood itches
I don't rap to get the women, fuck bitches
Give me a fat slut that cooks and does dishes
Never ran with a clique, I'm a posse
Kamikaze, strapping a motherfucking bomb across me
From the second I was born my Momma lost me
I'm a cross between Manson, Esham and Ozzy
I don't know why the fuck I'm here in the first place
My worst day on this earth was my first birthday
Retarded? What did that nurse say? Brain damage?
Fuck, I was born during an earthquake

For all the weed that I've smoked
Yo this blunt's for you
To all the people I've offended
Yeah, fuck you too!

To all the friends I used to have
Yo, I miss my past
But the rest of you assholes can kiss my ass
For all the drugs that I've done
Yo I'm still gonna do
To all the people I've offended
Yeah, fuck you too!
For every time I reminisce
Yo, I miss my past
But I still don't give a fuck, y'all can kiss my ass


EMINEM
THE MARSHALL MATHERS LP
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Eminem - Public Service Announcement 2000 Lyrics

This is another public service announcement
Brought to you, in part, by Slim Shady
(Tell 'em I don't give a fuck)
Slim shady does not give a fuck, what you think?
(Tell 'em to suck it)

If you don't like it, you can suck his fucking cock
(Tell 'em they kissed my ass)
Little did you know, upon purchasing this album
You have just kissed his ass
(Tell 'em I'm fed up)

Slim Shady is fed up with your shit
And he's going to kill you
(Yeah)
Anything else?
Yeah, sue me

Eminem - Kill You Lyrics

When I was just a little baby boy
My Mama used to tell me these crazy things
She used to tell me my Daddy was an evil man
She used to tell me he hated me
But then I got a little bit older
And I realized, she was the crazy one
But there was nothin' I could do or say to try to change it
'Cause that's just the way she was

They said I can't rap about bein' broke no more
They ain't say I can't rap about coke no more
Slut, you think I won't choke no whore
Till the vocal cords don't work in her throat no more?
These motherfuckers are thinkin', I'm playin'
Thinkin I'm sayin' this shit cause I'm thinkin it just to be sayin' it
Put your hands down bitch, I ain't gon' shoot you
I'ma pull you to this bullet and put it through you
Shut up slut, you're causin' too much chaos
Just bend over and take it like a slut, okay Ma?

Oh, now he's raping his own mother, abusing a whore
Snorting coke, and we gave him the Rolling Stone cover?
You god damn right bitch and now it's too late
I'm triple platinum and tragedies happened in two states
I invented violence, you vile venomous volatile bitches
Vain Vicadin, vrinnn vrinnn vrinnn
Texas Chainsaw, left his brains all
Danglin' from his neck, while his head barely hangs on
Blood, guts, guns, cuts
Knives, lives, wives, nuns, sluts

Bitch I'ma kill you! You don't wanna fuck with me
Girls neither, you ain't nuttin' but a slut to me
Bitch I'ma kill you! You ain't got the balls to beef
We ain't gon' never stop beefin' I don't squash the beef
You better kill me! I'ma be another rapper dead
For poppin' off at the mouth with shit I shouldn'ta said
But when they kill me I'm bringin' the world with me
Bitches too! You ain't nuttin' but a girl to me
I said, "You don't, wanna fuck with Shady
('Cause why?)
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you"
I said, "You don't, wanna fuck with Shady
(Why?)
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you"

Bitch I'ma kill you! Like a murder weapon, I'ma conceal you

In a closet with mildew, sheets, pillows and film you
Fuck with me, I been through hell, shut the hell up
I'm tryin' to develop these pictures of the Devil to sell 'em
I ain't 'Acid Rap' but I rap on acid
Got a new blow up doll and just had a strap on added
Whoops! Is that a subliminal hint? No!
Just criminal intent to sodomize women again
Eminem offend? No! Eminem'll insult
And if you ever give in to him, you give him an impulse
To do it again, then, if he does it again

You'll probably end up jumpin' out of somethin' up on the tenth
Bitch I'ma kill you, I ain't done this ain't the chorus
I ain't even drug you in the woods yet to paint the forest
A bloodstain is orange after you wash it three or four times
In a tub but that's normal' ain't it Norman?
Serial killer hidin' murder material
In a cereal box on top of your stereo
Here we go again, we're out of our medicine
Out of our minds, and we want in yours, let us in

Or I'ma kill you! You don't wanna fuck with me
Girls neither, you ain't nuttin' but a slut to me
Bitch I'ma kill you! You ain't got the balls to beef
We ain't gon' never stop beefin' I don't squash the beef
You better kill me! I'ma be another rapper dead
For poppin' off at the mouth with shit I shouldn'ta said
But when they kill me I'm bringin' the world with me
Bitches too! You ain't nuttin' but a girl to me
I said, "You don't, wanna fuck with Shady
('Cause why?)
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you"
I said, "You don't, wanna fuck with Shady
(Why?)
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you"

Know why I say these things?
'Cause lady's screams keep creepin' in Shady's dreams
And the way things seem, I shouldn't have to pay these shrinks
This eighty G's a week to say the same things threece
Twice? Whatever, I hate these things
Fuck shots! I hope the weed'll outweigh these drinks
Motherfuckers want me to come on their radio shows
Just to argue with 'em cause their ratings stink?
Fuck that! I'll choke radio announcer to bouncer
From fat bitch to all seventy-thousand pounds of her
From principal to the student body and counselor

From in school to before school to out of school
I don't even believe in breathin', I'm leavin' air in your lungs
Just to hear you keep screamin' for me to seep it
Okay, I'm ready to go play, I got machete from O.J.

I'm ready to make everyone's throats ache
You faggots keep eggin' me on
Till I have you at knifepoint, then you beg me to stop?
Shut up! Give me your hands and feet
I said, "Shut up", when I'm talkin' to you
You hear me? Answer me

Or I'ma kill you! You don't wanna fuck with me
Girls neither, you ain't nuttin' but a slut to me
Bitch I'ma kill you! You ain't got the balls to beef
We ain't gon' never stop beefin' I don't squash the beef
You better kill me! I'ma be another rapper dead
For poppin' off at the mouth with shit I shouldn'ta said
But when they kill me, I'm bringin' the world with me
Bitches too! You ain't nuttin' but a girl to me
Bitch I'ma kill you!
I said, "You don't, wanna fuck with Shady
('Cause why?)
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you"
I said, "You don't, wanna fuck with Shady
(Why not?)
'Cause Shady, will fuckin' kill you"

I'm just playin' ladies
You know I love you

Eminem - Stan Lyrics

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I?
Got out of bed at all
The morning rain clouds up my window
And I can't see at all
And even if I could it'd all be gray
But your picture on my wall
It reminds me that it's not so bad
It's not so bad

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I?
Got out of bed at all
The morning rain clouds up my window
And I can't see at all
And even if I could it'd all be gray
But your picture on my wall
It reminds me that it's not so bad
It's not so bad

Dear Slim, I wrote you but you still ain't callin'
I left my cell, my pager
And my home phone at the bottom
I sent two letters back in autumn
You must not have got 'em
It probably was a problem
At the post office or somethin'

Sometimes I scribble addresses
Too sloppy when I jot 'em
But anyways fuck it
What's been up man, how's your daughter?
My girlfriend's pregnant too
I'm out to be a father
If I have a daughter, guess what I'm a call her?
I'm a name her Bonnie

I read about your Uncle Ronnie too, I'm sorry
I had a friend kill himself over some bitch
Who didn't want him
I know you probably hear this everyday
But I'm your biggest fan
I even got the underground shit that you did with scam

I got a room full of your posters
And your pictures man
I like the shit you did with Ruckus too
That shit was fat
Anyways I hope you get this, man

Hit me back just to chat
Truly yours, your biggest fan
This is Stan

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I?
Got out of bed at all
The morning rain clouds up my window
And I can't see at all
And even if I could it'd all be gray
But your picture on my wall
It reminds me that it's not so bad
It's not so bad

Dear Slim, you still ain't called or wrote
I hope you have the chance, I ain't mad
I just think it's fucked up, you don't answer fans
If you didn't want to talk to me
Outside the concert you didn't have to
But you could've signed an autograph for Matthew
That's my little brother man

He's only 6 years old
We waited in the blistering cold for you
For 4 hours and you just said "No"
That's pretty shitty man
You're like his fuckin' idol
He wants to be just like you man
He likes you more than I do

I ain't that mad though I just don't like bein' lied to
Remember when we met in Denver
You said if I write to you, you would write back
See I'm just like you in a way
I never knew my father neither
He used to always cheat on my mom and beat her

I can relate to what you're sayin' in your songs
So when I have a shitty day
I drift away and put 'em on
Cause I don't really got shit else
So that shit helps when I'm depressed
I even got a tattoo
With your name across the chest

Sometimes I even cut myself
To see how much it bleeds?
It's like Adrenaline
The pain is such a sudden rush for me
See everything you say is real
And I respect you 'cause you tell it
My girlfriend's jealous
'Cause I talk about you 24/7

But she don't know you like
I know you Slim, no one does
She don't know what it was like?
For people like us growing up
You've gotta call me man
I'll be the biggest fan you'll ever lose
Sincerely yours, Stan
P.S. We should be together too

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I?
Got out of bed at all
The morning rain clouds up my window
And I can't see at all
And even if I could it'd all be gray
But your picture on my wall
It reminds me that it's not so bad
It's not so bad

Dear Mister, I'm too good to call or write my fans
This'll be the last package I ever send your ass
It's been six months and still no word
I don't deserve it?
I know you got my last two letters
I wrote the addresses on 'em perfect

So this is my cassette I'm sending you
I hope you hear it
I'm in the car right now
I'm doing 90 on the freeway
Hey Slim, I drink a fifth of vodka
Ya dare me to drive?

You know this song by Phil Collins
'From the air in the night'
About that guy who could have saved
That other guy from drowning?
But didn't, then Phil saw it all
Then at his show he found him

That's kinda how this is
You could have rescued me from drowning
Now it's too late
I'm on a thousand downers, now I'm drowsy

And all I wanted was a lousy letter or a call
I hope you know
I ripped all your pictures off the wall
I loved you Slim, we could have been together
Think about it, you ruined it now

I hope you can't sleep and you dream about it

And when you dream, I hope you can't sleep
And you scream about it
I hope your conscious eats at you
And you can't breathe without me

See Slim, "Shut up bitch!
I'm trying to talk"
Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screaming in the trunk
But I didn't slit her throat I just tied her up
See I ain't like you
'Cause if she suffocates she'll suffer more
And then she'll die too

Well gotta go
I'm almost at the bridge now
Oh shit! I forgot!
How am I supposed to send this shit out?

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I?
Got out of bed at all
The morning rain clouds up my window
And I can't see at all
And even if I could it'd all be gray
But your picture on my wall
It reminds me that it's not so bad
It's not so bad

Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner
But I've just been busy
You said your girlfriend's pregnant now
How far along is she?
Look I'm really flattered
You would call your daughter that
And here's an autograph for your brother
I wrote it on your starter cap

I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show
I must have missed you
Don't think I did that shit intentionally
Just to diss you
And what's this shit you said about
You like to cut your wrist too?
I say that shit just clownin' dawg
C'mon, how fucked up is you?

You got some issues Stan
I think you need some counselin"
To help your ass from bouncin' off the walls
When you get down some
And what's this shit about us
Meant to be together?
That type of shit'll make me not want us

To meet each other

I really think you and your girlfriend
Need each other
Or maybe you just need to treat her better
I hope you get to read this letter
I just hope it reaches you in time
Before you hurt yourself
I think that you'll be doin' just fine
If you'd relax a little

I'm glad I inspire you
But Stan, why are you so mad?
Try to understand
That I do want you as a fan
I just don't want you to do some crazy shit
I seen this one shit on the news
A couple weeks ago that made me sick

Some dude was drunk and drove his car over a bridge
And had his girlfriend in the trunk
And she was pregnant with his kid
And in the car they found a tape
But it didn't say who it was to?
Come to think about it
His name was, it was you! Damn!

Eminem - Paul (Skit) Lyrics

Em, what's goin' on?
This is Paul Rosenburg here, faithful attorney o' law
Listen, I er, listened to the rough copy of your album

And uh, you know I just gotta be honest with you
Could you turn it down a little bit?
Because there's only so much I can explain, give me a call

Eminem - Who Knew Lyrics

(I never knew I)
(I never knew I)
Mic check, one two
(I never knew I)
Who woulda knew?
(I never knew I)
Who'da known?
(I never knew I)

Fuck, what a story
(I never knew I)
Motherfucker comes out
(I never knew I)
And sells a couple of million records
(I never knew I)
And these motherfuckers hit the ceiling
(I never knew I)

I don't do black music, I don't do white music
I make fight music, for high school kids
I put lives at risk, when I drive like this
I put wives at risk with a knife like this
Shit, you probably think I'm in your tape deck now
I'm in the back seat of your truck, with duct tape stretched out
Ducked the fuck way down, waitin' to straight jump out
Put it over your mouth, and grab you by the face, what now?
Oh, you want me to watch my mouth, how?
Take my fuckin' eyeballs out, and turn 'em around

Look, I'll burn your fuckin' house down, circle around
And hit the hydrant, so you can't put your burnin' furniture out
I'm sorry, there must be a mix up
You want me to fix up lyrics while the President gets his dick sucked?
Fuck that, take drugs, rape sluts
Make fun of gay clubs, men who wear make up
Get aware, wake up, get a sense of humor
Quit tryin' to censor music, this is for your kid's amusement
But don't blame me, when lil' Eric jumps off of the terrace
You shoulda been watchin' him, apparently you ain't parents

'Cause I never knew I, knew I would get this big
I never knew I, knew I'd effect this kid
I never knew I'd, get him to slit his wrist
I never knew I'd, get him to hit this bitch
I never knew I, knew I would get this big
I never knew I, knew I'd effect this kid
I never knew I'd, get him to slit his wrist

I never knew I'd, get him to hit this bitch

So who's bringin' the guns in this country?
I couldn't sneak a plastic pellet gun through customs over in London
And last week, I seen a Schwarzenegger movie
Where he's shootin' all sorts of these motherfuckers with a Uzi
I sees three little kids, up in the front row
Screamin, "Go", with their seventeen year old uncle
I'm like, "Guidance, ain't they got the same moms and dads
Who got mad when I asked, if they liked violence?"

And told me that my tape taught 'em to swear
What about the make up you allow, your twelve year old daughter to wear?
So tell me, that your son doesn't know any cuss words
When his bus driver's screamin' at him, fuckin' him up worse
And 'Fuck' was the first word I ever learned
Up in the third grade, flippin' the gym teacher the bird

So read up, about how I used to get beat up
Peed on, be on free lunch, and change school every three months
My life's like kinda what my wife's like
Fucked up after I beat her fuckin' ass every night
So how much easier would life be
If nineteen million motherfuckers grew to be just like me?

'Cause I never knew I, knew I would get this big
I never knew I, knew I'd effect this kid
I never knew I'd, get him to slit his wrist
I never knew I'd, get him to hit this bitch
I never knew I, knew I would get this big
I never knew I, knew I'd effect this kid
I never knew I'd, get him to slit his wrist
I never knew I'd, get him to hit this bitch, I never knew I'd

Have a new house or a new car
A couple years ago I was more poorer than you are
I don't got that bad of a mouth, do I?
Fuck shit ass bitch cunt, shooby de doo wop
Skibbedy be bop, a Christopher Reeves
Sonny Bono, skis horses and hittin' some trees
How many retards'll listen to me?
And run up in the school shootin'
When they're pissed at a teach

Her, him, is it you, is it them?
Wasn't me, Slim Shady said to do it again!
Damn! How much damage can you do with a pen?
Man I'm just as fucked up as you woulda been
If you woulda been, in my shoes, who woulda thought?
Slim Shady would be somethin' that you woulda bought
That woulda made you get a gun and shoot at a cop
I just said it, I ain't know if you'd do it or not

'Cause I never knew I, knew I would get this big
I never knew I, knew I'd effect this kid
I never knew I'd, get him to slit his wrist
I never knew I'd, get him to hit this bitch
I never knew I, knew I would get this big
I never knew I, knew I'd effect this kid
I never knew I'd, get him to slit his wrist
I never knew I'd, get him to hit this bitch

How the fuck was I supposed to know?

Eminem - Steve Berman Lyrics

Am what's up?
Steve Berman, what's goin' on man?
How you doin'? Good to see you again
What's up?

Am could you come in here and have a seat please?
Hmm, yeah, what's up?
Venessa shut the door
Okay

So, what's up? How it's odd lookin'
For the first week
It would be better if you gave me nothin' at all
This album is less than nothin'

I can't sell this fuckin' record
What?
Do you know what's happenin' to me out there?
What's the problem?

Violet Crayon told me to go fuck myself
Who's Violet?
Taylor records told me to shove this record up my ass
Do you know, what it feels like to be told
Have a record shoved up your ass?

I'm gonna lose my fuckin' job over this
Do you know why Dre's record was so successful?
He's rappin' about big screen TV's, blondes, forty's and bitches
You're rappin' about homosexuals and Vicada

I can't sell this shit
Either change the record or it's not comin' out
Now get the fuck out of my office
What I'm I supposed to?

Now
Alright man

Eminem - The Way I Am Lyrics

Whatever, Dre, just let it run
Aiyyo, turn the beat up a little bit
Aiyyo, this song is for anyone, fuck it
Just shut up and listen, aiyyo

I sit back with this pack of Zig Zags and this bag
Of this weed it gives me the shit needed to be
The most meanest MC on this, on this Earth
And since birth I've been cursed with this curse to just curse

And just blurt this berserk and bizarre shit that works
And it sells and it helps in itself to relieve
All this tension dispensin' these sentences
Gettin' this stress that's been eatin' me recently off of this chest

And I rest again peacefully
(Peacefully)
But at least have the decency in you
To leave me alone when you freaks see me out
In the streets when I'm eatin' or feedin' my daughter
To not come and speak to me
(Speak to me)

I don't know you and no
I don't owe you a motherfuckin' thing
I'm not Mr. N'Sync, I'm not what your friends think
I'm not Mr. Friendly, I can be a prick
If you tempt me, my tank is on empty
(Is on empty)

No patience is in me and if you offend me
I'm liftin' you 10 feet in the air
(Liftin' you 10 feet)
I don't care who is there and who saw me destroy you

Go, call you a lawyer, file you a lawsuit
I'll smile in the courtroom and buy you a wardrobe
I'm tired of all you
(Of all you)
I don't mean to be mean
But that's all I can be is just me

And I am, whatever you say I am
If I wasn't then why would I say I am?
In the paper, the news everyday I am
Radio won't even play my jam

'Cause I am, whatever you say I am
If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?
In the paper, the news everyday I am
I don't know it's just the way I am

Sometimes I just feel like my father, I hate to be bothered
With all of this nonsense, it's constant
And, "Oh, it's his lyrical content, the song
'Guilty Conscience' has gotten such rotten responses"

And all of this controversy circles me
And it seems like the media immediately
Points a finger at me
(Finger at me)
So I point one back at 'em but not the index or pinkie
Or the ring or the thumb, it's the one you put up

When you don't give a fuck, when you won't just put up
With the bullshit they pull 'cause they full of shit too
When a dude's gettin' bullied and shoots up his school
And they blame it on Marilyn and the heroin
(On Marilyn)

Where were the parents at? And look where it's at
Middle America, now, it's a tragedy
Now, it's so sad to see, an upper class city
Havin' this happenin'
(This happenin')

Then attack Eminem 'cause I rap this way
(Rap this way)
But I'm glad 'cause they feed me the fuel that I need for the fire
To burn and it's burnin' and I have returned

And I am, whatever you say I am
If I wasn't then why would I say I am?
In the paper, the news everyday I am
Radio won't even play my jam

'Cause I am, whatever you say I am
If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?
In the paper, the news everyday I am
I don't know it's just the way I am

I'm so sick and tired of bein' admired
That I wish that I would just die or get fired
And dropped from my label and stop with the fables
I'm not gonna be able to top on "My Name is"

And pigeon holed into some poppy sensation
To cop me rotation at rock 'n' roll stations
And I just do not got the patience

(Got the patience)
To deal with these cocky Caucasians who think
I'm some wigger who just tries to be black 'cause I talk

With an accent and grab on my balls so they always keep askin'
The same fuckin' questions
(Fuckin' questions)
What school did I go to, what hood I grew up in?

The why, the who what when, the where and the how
'Til I'm grabbin' my hair and I'm tearin' it out
'Cause they drivin' me crazy, I can't take it
(Drivin' me crazy)
I'm racin', I'm pacin', I stand and I sit

And I'm thankful for every fan that I get
But I can't take a shit in the bathroom
Without someone standin' by it
No, I won't sign your autograph
You can call me an asshole I'm glad

'Cause I am, whatever you say I am
If I wasn't then why would I say I am?
In the paper, the news everyday I am
Radio won't even play my jam

'Cause I am, whatever you say I am
If I wasn't, then why would I say I am?
In the paper, the news everyday I am
I don't know it's just the way I am

Eminem - The Real Slim Shady Lyrics

May I have your attention please?
May I have your attention please?
Will, The Real Slim Shady please stand up?
I repeat will, The Real Slim Shady please stand up?
We're gonna have a problem here

Y'all act like you never seen a white person before
Jaws all on the floor like Pam, like Tommy just burst in the door
And started whoopin' her ass worse than before
They first were divorce, throwin' her over furniture
It's the return of the, "Ah, wait, no way, you're kidding
He didn't just say what I think he did, did he?"
And Dr. Dre said, nothing you idiots
Dr. Dre's dead, he's locked in my basement!
Feminist women love Eminem
Chigga chigga chigga, "Slim shady, I'm sick of him

Look at him, walkin' around grabbin' his you-know-what
Flippin' the you-know-who, yeah, but he's so cute though!"
Yeah, I probably got a couple of screws up in my head loose
But no worse, than what's goin' on in your parents' bedrooms
Sometimes, I wanna get on T.V. and just let loose, but can't
But it's cool for Tom Green to hump a dead moose
"My bum is on your lips, my bum is on your lips
And if I'm lucky, you might just give it a little kiss"
And that's the message that we deliver to little kids
And expect them not to know what a woman's clitoris is

Of course they gonna know what intercourse is
By the time they hit fourth grade
They got the discovery channel don't they?
"We ain't nothing but mammals", well, some of us cannibals
Who cut other people open like cantaloupes
But if we can hump dead animals and antelopes
Then there's no reason that a man and another man can't elope
But if you feel like I feel, I got the antidote
Women wave your pantyhose, sing the chorus and it goes

I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady
All you other slim shadys are just imitating
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up
Please stand up, please stand up?

'Coz I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady
All you other slim shadys are just imitating
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up
Please stand up, please stand up?

Will Smith don't gotta cuss in his raps to sell his records
Well I do, so fuck him and fuck you too
You think I give a damn about a Grammy?
Half of you critics can't even stomach me, let alone stand me
"But slim, what if you win, wouldn't it be weird?"
Why? So you guys could just lie to get me here?
So you can, sit me here next to Britney Spears?
Shit, Christina Aguilera better switch me chairs
So I can sit next to Carson Daly and Fred Durst
And hear 'em argue over who she gave head to first

You little bitch, put me on blast on M.T.V
"Yeah, he's cute, but I think he's married to Kim, hee-hee!"
I should download her audio on MP3
And show the whole world how you gave Eminem VD
I'm sick of you little girl and boy groups, all you do is annoy me
So I have been sent here to destroy you
And there's a million of us just like me
Who cuss like me, who just don't give a fuck like me
Who dress like me, walk, talk and act like me
And just might be the next best thing but not quite me

'Coz I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady
All you other slim shadys are just imitating
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up
Please stand up, please stand up?

'Coz I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady
All you other slim shadys are just imitating
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up
Please stand up, please stand up?

I'm like a head trip to listen to, cause I'm only givin' you
Things you joke about with your friends inside your living room
The only difference is I got the balls to say it
In front of y'all and I don't gotta be false or sugarcoated at all
I just get on the mic and spit it
And whether you like to admit it, I just shit it
Better than ninety percent of you rappers out can
Then you wonder how can kids eat up these albums like Valiums

It's funny, 'cause at the rate I'm goin when I'm thirty
I'll be the only person in the nursin' home flirting
Pinchin' nurses asses when I'm jackin' off with jergens
And I'm jerkin' but this whole bag of Viagra isn't working
And every single person is a slim shady lurkin'
He could be workin' at Burger King, spittin' on your onion rings
Or in the parkin' lot, circling, screaming, "I don't give a fuck!"
With his windows down and his system up

So, will the real shady please stand up?

And put one of those fingers on each hand up?
And be proud to be outta your mind and outta control
And one more time, loud as you can, how does it go?

I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady
All you other slim shadys are just imitating
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up
Please stand up, please stand up?

'Coz I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady
All you other slim shadys are just imitating
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up
Please stand up, please stand up?

'Coz I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady
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So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up
Please stand up, please stand up?

'Coz I'm slim shady, yes I'm the real shady
All you other slim shadys are just imitating
So won't The Real Slim Shady please stand up
Please stand up, please stand up?

Ha ha
Guess there's a slim shady in all of us
Fuck it, let's all stand up

Eminem - Remember Me? Lyrics

Remember me?
(Seven executions)
Remember me?
(I have no remorse)

Remember me?
(I'm 'High Powered')
Remember me?
(I drop bombs like Hiroshima)

For this one it's the X, you retarded?
'Cause I grab the mic and get down, like Syndrome
Hide and roam into the masses, without boundaries
Which qualifies me for the term 'Universal'

Without no rehearsal, I leak words that's controvers'al
Like I'm not the one you wanna contest, see
'Cause I'll hit yo' ass like the train did that bitch
That got "Banned From TV"

Heavyweight hitter
Hit you, watch your whole head split up
Loco-is-the-motion, we comin' th'ough
Hollow tips is the lead the .45 threw

Remember me?
(Throw ya gunz in the air)
Remember me?
(Slam, slam)

Remember me?
(Nigga 'Bacdafucup')
Remember me?
(Chka-chka-Onyx)

Niggaz that take no for an answer, get told no
Yeah, I been told no, but it was more like, "No, no, no!"
Life a bitch, met her, fuck you if you let her
Better come better than better to be a competitor
This vet is ahead of the shit is all redder, you deader and deader
A medic instead-a the cheddars and credda

Settle vendetta one metal beretta from ghetto to ghetto
Evidence? Nope, never leave a shred-of
I got the soul of every rapper in me, love me or hate me
My moms got raped by the industry and made me

I'm the illest nigga ever, I told you
I get more pussy than them dyke bitches Total
Want beef, nigga? You better dead that shit
My name should be "Can't believe that Nngga said dat shit"

Probably sayin', "He ain't a killer", but I'm killin' myself
Smoke death, fuck bitches raw on the kitchen floor
So think what I'm-a do to you, have done to you
Got niggaz in my hood who'd do that shit for a blunt or two

What you wanna do, cocksuckers? We glock-busters
'Til the cops cuff us, we'll start ruckus and drop blockbusters
'Round the clock hustlers, you cannot touch us
I'm gettin' wires, niggaz wantin' me dead, wantin' my head
You think it could be somethin' I said?

Remember me?
(I just don't give a fuck)
Remember me?
(Yeah, fuck you too!)

Remember me?
(I'm low down and I'm shifty)
Remember me?
(I'm Shady)

When I go out, I'm-a go out shootin'
I don't mean when I die, I mean when I go out to da club, stupid
I'm tryin' to clear up my fuckin' image, so I promised the fuckin' critics
I wouldn't say, "Fuckin'" for six minutes

Six minutes, Slim Shady, you're on
My baby's mom, bitch made me an angry blonde
So I made me a song, killed her and put Hailie on
I may be wrong, I keep thinkin' these crazy thoughts

In my cranium, but I'm stuck with a crazy mom
Is she really on as much dope as you say she's on?
Came home and somebody musta broke in the back window
And stole two loaded machine guns and both of my trenchcoats

Sick, sick dreams of picnic scenes, two kids, sixteen
With M-16's and ten clips each
And them shits reach through six kids each
And Slim gets blamed in Bill Clint's speech to fix these streets?

Fuck that, you faggots can vanish to volcanic ash
And re-appear in hell with a can of gas and a match
Aftermath, Dre, grab the gat, show 'em where it's at
What the fuck you starin' at, nigga?

Don't you remember me?

Remember me?
Remember me?
Remember me?

Eminem - I'm Back Lyrics

Thats why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back
Thats why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back

Thats why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back
Thats why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back

I murder a rhyme one word at a time, you never
Heard of a mind as perverted as mine, you better
Get rid of that nine it ain't gonna help
What good's it gonna do against a man that strangles himself?
I'm waitin' for hell, like hell, shit, I'm anxious as hell
Manson, you're safe in that cell, thankful is jail

I used to be my mommy's little Angel at twelve
At thirteen I was putting shells in the gage on the shelf
I used to get punked and bullied on my block
'Till I cut a kitten's head off
And stuck it in this kid's mailbox
(Hey! mom! mom!)
I used to give a fuck, now I could give a fuck less

What do I think of sucess? It sucks too much press
And stress, too much zest, and breasts, too upset
It's just, too much mess, I guess
I must just blew up quick, yes
Grew up quick? No
Was raised right?
Whatever you say is wrong
Whatever I say is right

You think of my name now whenever you say "Hi"
Became a commodity because I'm W H I T E
'Cause MTV was so friendly to me
Can't wait 'till Kim sees me
Now is it worth it? Look at my life, how is it perfect?
Read my lips bitch, what? My mouth isn't working?
You read this finger? Oh, it's upside down
Here, let me turn this motherfucker up right now

That's why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back
That's why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back , I'm back

That's why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back
That's why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back

I take each individual degenerate, his head and reach into it
Just to see if he's influenced by me if he listens to music
And if he feeds into this shit he's an innocent victim
And becomes a puppet on the string of my tennis shoe

My name is Slim Shady
I've been crazy way before radio didn't play me
The sensational
Back, it's the incredible
With Ken Kaniff who just finds the men edible
It's Ken Kaniff, on the internet
Tryin' to lure your kids, with him, into bed
It's a sick world we're livin' in these days

Slim, for pete's sake, put down Christopher Reeve's legs
Geez! you guys are so sensitive
Slim it's a touchy subject, try and just don't mention it
Mind with no sense in it, fried, gets so frantic
'Cause eyes get so squinted, I'm blind from smoke in 'em
With my windows tinted, with nine limos rented
Doin' lines of coke in 'em, with a bunch of guys hoppin' out
All high and dosin' it
And that's where I get my name from
That's why they call me

That's why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back
That's why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back

That's why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back
That's why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back

I take seven kids from columbine and stand 'em all in line
Add an AK-47, a revolver, a nine
A MAC-11 and this oughtta solve this problem of mine
And that's a whole school of bullies shot up all of the time
'Cause I'm Shady, they call me as crazy as this world was
Over this whole Y2K thing, and by the way
N'Sync, why do they sing?
Am I the only one who realizes they stink?
Should I dye my hair pink and care what y'all think?
Lip-sync and buy a bigger size of ear rings?

That's why I tend to block out when I hear things
'Cause all these fans screamin' is making my ears ring
So I just throw up the middle finger and let it linger
Longer than the rumor that I was stickin' it to Christina
'Cause if I ever stuck it to any singer in showbiz
It'd be Jennifer Lopez and Puffy you know this
Sorry Puff but I don't give a fuck, if this chick was my own mother
I'd still fuck her with no rubber, and come inside her
And have a son and a new brother
At the same time, and just say that it ain't mine
What's my name?

I am
Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back
That's why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back

That's why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back
That's why
They call me Slim Shady
I'm back, I'm back

Guess who's back?
Gue-gue-guess who's back?
Hi mom
Guess who's back?
Gue-gue-guess who's back?

D12
Dr Dre
Slim Shady
2001
I'm blew out from this blunt
Fuck

Eminem - Marshall Mathers Lyrics

You know I just don't get it, last year I was nobody
This year I'm sellin' records
Now everybody wants to come around like I owe 'em somethin'
The fuck you want from me? Ten million dollars
Get the fuck out of here

You see I'm, just Marshall Mathers, I'm just a regular guy
I don't know why all the fuss about me
Nobody ever gave a fuck before, all they did was doubt me
Now everybody wanna run they mouth and try to take shots at me

Yo, you might see me joggin', you might see me walkin'
You might see me walkin' a dead rottweiler dog
With it's head chopped off in the park with a spiked collar
Hollerin' at him 'cause the son of a bitch won't quit barkin'

Or leanin' out a window, with a cocked shotgun
Drivin' up the block in the car that they shot 'Pac in
Lookin' for Big's killers, dressed in ridiculous
Blue and red like I don't see what the big deal is

Double barrel twelve gauge bigger than Chris Wallace
Pissed off, 'cause Biggie and 'Pac just missed all this
Watchin' all these cheap imitations get rich off 'em
And get dollars that shoulda been there's like they switched wallets

And amidst all this Crist poppin' and wristwatches
I had to sit back and just watch and just get nauseous
And walk around with an empty bottle of Remi Martin
Startin' shit like some twenty six year old skinny Cartman

I'm anti-Backstreet and Ricky Martin
With instincts to kill N'Sync, don't get me started
These fuckin' brats can't sing and Britney's garbage
What's this bitch retarded? Gimme back my sixteen dollars

All I see is sissies in magazines smiling
Whatever happened to whylin' out and bein' violent?
Whatever happened to catchin' a good-ol' fashioned
Passionate ass-whoopin' and gettin' your shoes coat and your hat tooken?

New kids on the block, sucked a lot of dick
Boy-girl groups make me sick
And I can't wait 'til I catch all you fagots in public
I'ma love it

Vanilla Ice don't like me, said some shit in vibe to spite me

Then went and dyed his hair just like me
A bunch of little kids wanna swear just like me
And run around screamin', "I don't care, just bite me"

I think I was put here to annoy the world
And destroy your little 4 year old boy or girl
Plus I was put here to put fear in fagots who spray Faygo Root Beer
And call themselves clowns 'cause they look queer

Fagot to dope and silent gay
Claimin' Detroit, when y'all live twenty miles away
And I don't wrestle, I'll knock you fuckin' fagots the fuck out
Ask 'em about the club they was at when they snuck out

After they ducked out the back when they saw us and bugged out
Ducked down and got paint balls shot at they truck, blaow!
Look at y'all runnin' your mouth again
When you ain't seen a fuckin' mile road, South of 10

And I don't need help, from D-12, to beat up two females
In make-up, who may try to scratch me with Lee Nails
Slim anus you damn right, slim anus
I don't get fucked in mine like you two little flaming fagots

'Coz I'm, just Marshall Mathers
I'm not a wrestler guy I'll knock you out if you talk about me
Come and see me on the streets alone, if you assholes doubt me
And if you wanna run your mouth then come take your best shot at me

Is it because you love me that y'all expect so much of me?
You little groupie bitch, get off me, go fuck Puffy
Now because of this blonde mop that's on top
It is fucked up head that I've got, I've gone pop?

The underground just spunned around and did a 360
Now these kids diss me and act like some big sissies
Oh, he just did some shit with Missy
So now he thinks he's too big to do some shit with MC get bizzy

My fuckin' bitch mom's suin' for ten million
She must want a dollar for every pill I've been stealin'
Shit, where the fuck you think I picked up the habit?
All I had to do was go in her room and lift up her mattress

Which is it bitch, Mrs. Briggs or Ms. Mathers?
It doesn't matter your, fagot!
Talkin' about I fabricated my past
He's just aggravated I won't ejaculate in his ass

So tell me, what the hell is a fella to do?
For every million I make, another relative sues
Family fightin' and fussin' over who wants to invite me to supper

All the sudden, I got 90 some cousins

A half-brother and sister who never seen me
Or even bothered to call me until they saw me on TV
Now everybody's so happy and proud
I'm finally allowed to step foot in my girlfriend's house

And then to top it off, I walked to the newsstand
To buy this cheap-ass little magazine with a food stamp
Skipped to the last page, flipped right fast
And what do I see? A picture of my big white ass

Okay, let me give you motherfuckers some help
Here, double XL, double XL
Now your magazine shouldn't have so much trouble to sell
Fuck it, I'll even buy a couple myself

'Coz I'm, just Marshall Mathers, I'm just a regular guy
I don't know why all the fuss about me
Nobody ever gave a fuck before, all they did was doubt me
Now everybody wanna run they mouth and try to take shots at me

'Coz I'm, just Marshall Mathers, I'm just a regular guy
I don't know why all the fuss about me
Nobody ever gave a fuck before, all they did was doubt me
Now everybody wanna run they mouth and try to take shots at me

Eminem - Ken Kaniff (Skit) Lyrics

Uh oh yeah
Oh suck it
Oh fuck yea
Mmm
Oh Shaggy
Oh this is why they call you two dope ain't it?
Oh fuck yea
Oh take it out take it out
Oh now give something to Jay
Oh violent Jay
Wait don't bite it
Don't be violent with it now, just suck it
Nice and slow yeah
Oh oh fuck yeah
You got oh

Now give it back to Shaggy
He was sucking it better
Oh now say my name
(Eminem)
Say my name
(Eminem)
What?
Oh fuck you guys
Give me my dick back
Fuck you guys
If you want Eminem, you can have Eminem
Fuck you guys I'm leaving
(Ken no!)
(Ken wait, oh damn)
(Nice going Shaggy)

Eminem - Drug Ballad Lyrics

Yeah, woo, shit
Aight
Guess what? I ain't coming in yet
I'll come in a minute
Aye yo, this is my love song
It goes like this

Back when Mark Walhberg was Marky Mark
This is how we used to make the party start
We used to mix Hen' with Bacardi Dark
And when it kicks in you can hardly talk
And by the sixth gin you're gonna probably crawl
And you'll be sick then and you'll probably barf
And my prediction is you're gonna probably fall
Either somewhere in the lobby or the hallway wall

And every thing's spinning, you're beginnin' to think
Women are swimming in pink linen again in the sink
Then in a couple of minutes that bottle of Guiness is finished
You are now allowed to officially slap bitches
You have the right to remain violent and start wilin'
Start a fight with the same guy that was smart eyin' you
Get in your car, start it and start drivin'
Over the island and cause a 42 car pile-up

Earth calling, pilot to co-pilot
Look at the life on this planet, sir, no sign of it
All I can see is a bunch of smoke flyin'
And I'm so high that I might die if I go by it
Let me out of this place, I'm outta place
I'm in outer space, I've just vanished without a trace
I'm going to a pretty place now, where the flowers grow
I'll be back in an hour or so

'Cause every time I go to try to leave
Somethin' keeps pullin' on my sleeve
I don't wanna, but I gotta stay
These drugs really got ahold of me

'Cause every time I try to tell them, "No"
They won't let me ever let them go
I'm a sucka, all I gotta say
These drugs really got ahold of me

In third grade, all I used to do
Was sniff glue through a tube and play rubix cube
17 years later I'm as rude as Jude

Scheming on the first chick with the hugest boobs
I've got no game and every face looks the same
They got no name so I don't need game to play
I just say whatever I want to whoever I want
Whenever I want, wherever I want, however I want

However, I do show some respect to few
As ecstasy got me standing next to you
Getting sentimental as fuck spillin' guts to you
We just met but I think I'm in love with you
But you're on it too, so you tell me you love me too
Wake up in the morning like, "Yo, what the fuck we do?"
I gotta go bitch, you know I have got stuff to do
'Cause if I get caught cheatin' then I'm stuck with you

But in the long run these drugs are probably gonna
Catch up sooner or later but fuck it, I'm on one, so let's enjoy
Let the X destroy your spinal cord so it's not a straight line no more
'Til we walk around looking like some wind-up dolls
Shit's sticking out of our backs like a dinosaur
Shit, six hits won't even get me high no more
So bye for now, I'm gonna try to find some more

'Cause every time I go to try to leave
Somethin' keeps pullin' on my sleeve
I don't wanna, but I gotta stay
These drugs really got ahold of me

'Cause every time I try to tell them, "No"
They won't let me ever let them go
I'm a sucka, all I gotta say
These drugs really got ahold of me

That's the sound of a bottle when it's hollow
When you swallow it all, wallow and drown in your sorrow
And tomorrow you're probably gonna wanna do it again
What's a little spinal fluid between you and a friend? Screw it
And what's a little bit of alcohol poisoning? And what's a little fight?
Tomorrow you'll be boys again
It's your life, live it however you wanna
Marijuana is everywhere, where was you brought up?

It don't matter as long as you get where you're going
'Cause none of the shit is gonna mean shit where we're going
They tell you to stop, but you just sit there ignoring
Even though you wake up feeling like shit every morning
But you're young, you've got a lot of drugs to do
Girls to screw, parties to crash, sucks to be you
If I could take it all back now, I wouldn't
I would have did more shit that people said that I shouldn't

But I'm all grown up now and upgraded and graduated

To better drugs and updated
But I've still got a lot of growing up to do
I've still got a whole lot of throwing up to spew
But when it's all said and done I'll be 40
Before I know it with a 40 on the porch telling stories
With a bottle of Jack, two grandkids in my lap
Babysitting for Haley while Haley's out getting smashed

'Cause every time I go to try to leave
Somethin' keeps pullin' on my sleeve
I don't wanna, but I gotta stay
These drugs really got ahold of me

'Cause every time I try to tell them, "No"
They won't let me ever let them go
I'm a sucka, all I gotta say
These drugs really got ahold of me

'Cause every time I go to try to leave
Somethin' keeps pullin' on my sleeve
I don't wanna, but I gotta stay
These drugs really got ahold of me

'Cause every time I try to tell them, "No"
They won't let me ever let them go
I'm a sucka, all I gotta say
These drugs really got ahold of me

Drugs really got ahold of me
They really got ahold of me
These drugs really got ahold of me
They really got ahold of me

Eminem - Amityville Lyrics

Mentally ill from Amityville
Accidentally kill your family still
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will
Mentally ill from Amityville

I get lifted and spin 'til I'm half twisted
Feet planted and stand with a grin full of chapped lipstick
Pen full of ink, think sinful and rap sick shit
Shrink pencil me in for my last visit

Drink gin 'til my chin's full of splashed whiskers
Hash whiskey and ash 'til I slap bitches
Ask Bizzy, he's been here the past six years
Mash with me you'll get in imagine this

Mentally ill from Amityville
Accidentally kill your family still
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will
Mentally ill from Amityville

Mentally ill from Amityville
Accidentally kill your family still
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will
Mentally ill from Amityville

I fucked my cousin in his asshole, slit my mother's throat
Guess who Slim Shady just signed to interscope?
My little sister's birthday, she'll remember me
For a gift I had ten of my boys take her virginity

And bitches know me as a horny ass freak
Their mother wasn't raped, I ate her pussy while she was 'sleep
Pissy drunk, throwin' up in the urinal
(You fuckin' homo)
That's what I said at my dad's funeral

Mentally ill from Amityville
Accidentally kill your family still
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will
Mentally ill from Amityville

Mentally ill from Amityville
Accidentally kill your family still
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will
Mentally ill from Amityville

That's why the city is filled with a bunch of fuckin' idiots still

That's why the first motherfucker poppin' some shit he gets killed
That's why we don't call it Detroit, we call it Amityville
You can get capped after just havin' a cavity filled

That's why we're crowned the murder capital still
This ain't Detroit, this is motherfuckin' Hamburger Hill
We don't do drivebys, we park in front of houses and shoot
And when the police come we fuckin' shoot it out with them too

That's the mentality here, that's the reality here
Did I just hear somebody say they wanna challenge me here
While I'm holdin' a pistol with this many calibres here
Plus some registration that just made this shit valid this year

'Cause once I snap I can't be held accountable for my actions
That's when accidents happen when a thousand bullets
Come at your house and collapse the foundation around you
And they found you and your family in it
God-damnit he meant it when he tells you

Mentally ill from Amityville
Accidentally kill your family still
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will
Mentally ill from Amityville

Mentally ill from Amityville
Accidentally kill your family still
Thinkin' he won't? God-damnit he will
Mentally ill from Amityville

Eminem - Bitch Please II Lyrics

Yeah whattup Detroit?
Nu uh, nu uh nuh no he didn't!
Ahh! They didn't do it again
What what, wha what?
Did you shit on these niggaz two times Dr. Dre?
Oh fo' sho'!
Uh uh, na, you smell that?
This is special right here
What what, wha what what?
Yeah, it's a toast to the boogie baby
Uhh, to the boogie oogie oogie
Yeah, y'know! What's crackin Dre?

Just let me lay back and kick some mo' simplistic pimp shit
On Slim's shit and start riots like Limp Bizkit
(Limp Bizkit)
Throw on 'Guilty Conscience' at concerts
And watch mosh pits till motherfuckers knock each other unconscious
Some of these crowds that Slim draws
Is rowdy as Crenshaw Boulevard when it's packed and full of cars
Some of these crowds me and Snoop draw is niggaz from Crenshaw
From Long Beach to South Central

Whoa, not these niggaz again
These grown ass ignorant men with hair triggers again
You and what army could harm me?
D R E and Shady with Doggy from Long Beach
(Eastside!)
Came a long way to makin' these songs play
It'll be a wrong move to stare at me the wrong way
I got a long UZ' and I carry it all day
(Blaow!)
Sometimes it's like a nightmare, just bein Andre but I

Somehow, someway, hello, nigga
You know about Dogg-ay
(Snoop Dogg)
Now let me cut these niggaz up
And show 'em where the fuck I'm comin' from
I get the party crackin from the shit that I be spittin' son
Hit-and-run, get it done, get the funds, split and run
Got about fifty guns and I love all of 'em the same, bang bang!

Damn baby girl what's your name?
I forgot, what'd you say it was? Damn a nigga buzzed
Hangin' in the club with my nephew Eminem
(Whassup Slim?)

Whattup cuz?
(Whattup Snoop?)
The Great White American Hope done hooked up
With the King of the motherfuckin West coast, baby!

And you don't really wanna fuck with me
Only nigga that I trust is me
Fuck around and make me bust this heat
That's the devil, they always wanna dance

I'm the head nigga in charge, I'm watchin' you move
You're found dead in your garage with ten o'clock news coverage
Gotta love it 'cause I expose the facade
Your little lungs is too small to hotbox with God
All jokes aside come bounce with us
Standin' over you with a twelve gauge about to bust

It's like ashes to ashes and dust to dust
I might leave in the bodybag but never in cuffs
So who do you trust? They just not rugged enough
When things get rough I'm in the club shootin' with Puff
Bitch, please, you must have a mental disease
Assume the position and get back down on your knees, come on

And you don't really wanna fuck with me
Only nigga that I trust is me
Fuck around and make me bust this heat
That's the devil, they always wanna dance

And you don't really wanna fuck with me
Only nigga that I trust is me
Fuck around and make me bust this heat
That's the devil, they always wanna dance

Aww naw, big Slim Dogg
Eighty pound balls, dick six inch long
Back up in the, heezy Baby
He's Sha-day!
He's so crazy!

Hahaha! Gimme the mic, let me recite, 'til Timothy White
Pickets outside the Interscope offices every night
What if he's right? I'm just a criminal makin' a living
Off of the world's misery, what in the world gives me the right
To say what I like and walk around flippin' the bird
Livin' the urban life like a white kid from the 'burbs
Dreamin' at night of screamin' at Mom, schemin' to leave
Run away from home and grow to be as evil as me

I just want you all to notice me and people to see
That somewhere deep down there's a decent human being in me
It just can't be found so the reason you've been seeing this me

Is 'cause this is me now, the recent dude who's being this mean
So when you see me dressin' up like a nerd on TV
Or heard the CD usin' the fag word so freely
It's just me being me, here want me to tone it down?
Suck my fuckin' dick, you fagot
You happy now? Look here

I start some trouble everywhere that I go
(That I go)
Ask the bouncers in the club cause they know
('Cause they know)
I start some shit they throw me out the back do'
(The back do')
Come back and shoot the club up with a fo'-fo'
(A fo'-fo')

And you don't really wanna fuck with me
Only nigga that I trust is me
Fuck around and make me bust this heat
That's the devil, they always wanna dance

And you don't really wanna fuck with me
Only nigga that I trust is me
Fuck around and make me bust this heat
That's the devil, they always wanna dance

2001 and forever
Slim Shady, Dr. Dre, Snoop Dogg, X To The Z, Nate Dogg
C'mon, yeah!

Eminem - Kim Lyrics

Aww look at daddy's baby girl, that's daddy baby
Little sleepy head, yesterday I changed your diaper
Wiped you and powdered you, how did you get so big?
Can't believe it now your two, baby you're so precious
Daddy's so proud of you

Sit down bitch, you move again I'll beat the shit out of you
Okay
Don't make me wake this baby
She don't need to see what I'm about to do
Quit crying bitch, why do you always make me shout at you?
How could you? Just leave me and love him out the blue
Oh, what's a matter Kim? Am I too loud for you?
Too bad bitch, your gonna finally hear me out this time

At first, I'm like, you wanna throw me out? That's fine
But not for him to take my place, are you out your mind?
This couch, this TV, this whole house is mine
How could you let him sleep in our bed?
Look at Kim, look at your husband now
No
I said look at him! He ain't so hot now is he?
Little punk! Why are you doing this?
Shut the fuck up

You're drunk,you're never going to get away at this
You think I give a fuck, come on we're going for a ride bitch
No
Sit up front
Well I can't just leave Haley alone, what if she wakes up?
We'll be right back, well I will you'll be in the trunk

So long, bitch you did me so wrong
I don't wanna go on
Living in this world without you
So long, bitch you did me so wrong
I don't wanna go on
Living in this world without you

You really fucked me Kim, you really did a number on me
Never knew me cheating on you would come back to haunt me
But we was kids then Kim, I was only 18 that was years ago
I thought we wiped the slate clean, that's fucked up
I love you
Oh God my brain is racing
I love you
What are you doing?

Change the station I hate this song, is this look like a big joke?
No
There's a four year old boy lyin' dead with a slit throat
In your living room
What you think I'm kiddin' you? You loved him didn't you?
No
Bullshit you bitch don't fucking lie to me
What the fuck's this guy's problem on the side of me?

Fuck you asshole, yeah bite me
Kim, Kim, why don't you like me?
You think I'm ugly don't you
It's not that
No you think I'm ugly
Baby
Get the fuck away from me, don't touch me
I hate you, I hate you I swear to God I hate you
Oh my God I love you, how the fuck could you do this to me?
Sorry
How the fuck could you do this to me?

So long, bitch you did me so wrong
I don't wanna go on
Living in this world without you
So long, bitch you did me so wrong
I don't wanna go on
Living in this world without you

Come on get out
I can't I'm scared
I said get out bitch!
Let go of my hair, please don't do this baby
Please I love you, look we can just take Haley and leave
Fuck you, you did this to us, you did it, it's your fault
Oh my God I'm crackin' up, get a grip Marshall
Hey remember the time we went to Brian's party?

And you were like so drunk that you threw up all over Archie
That was funny wasn't it?
Yes
That was funny wasn't it?
Yes!
See it all makes sense, doesn't it?
You and your husband have a fight one of you tries to grab a knife
And during the struggle he accidentally gets his Adam's apple sliced
No

And while this is goin' on
His son just woke up and he just walks in
She panics and he gets his throat cut
Oh my God

So now they both dead and you slash your own throat
So now it's double homicide and suicide with no note
I should have known better when you started to act weird
We could've, hey where you going? Get back here

You can't run from me Kim, it's just us, nobody else
You're only making this harder on yourself
Ha! Ha! Got'cha!
Ahh
Ha! Go ahead yell!
Here I'll scream with you!
Ah somebody help!
Don't you get it bitch, no one can hear you?

Now shut the fuck up and get what's comin' to you
You were supposed to love me
Now bleed bitch, bleed bitch
Bleed! Bitch bleed! Bleed!

So long, bitch you did me so wrong
I don't wanna go on
Living in this world without you
So long, bitch you did me so wrong
I don't wanna go on
Living in this world without you

Eminem - Under the Influence Lyrics

So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick

Two pills I pop, 'til my pupils swell up like two pennies
I'm Clint Eastwood in his mid twenties
A young ass man with a trash can strapped to the back of his ass
So the rats can't chew through his last pants

I'm like a mummy at night, fightin' with bright lightning
Frightened with five little white Vicadin' pills bitin' him
I'm like a fuckin' wasp in the hospital lost
Stingin' the fuck outta everything I come across in the halls

I light a candle and place it up on the mantle
Grab a knife at the blade and stab you with the fuckin' handle
So when you find yourself wrapped up in the blinds, hurtin'
Bitch it's too late
'Cause once you're hung from the drapes, it's curtains

I'm an instigator, 380 slug penetrator
Degradin', creatin' murders to kill haters
Accused for every crime known through the equator
They knew I did it for havin' blood on my 'gators

My weed'll hit yo' chest like a double barrel gauge an'
I'm a black grenade that'll blow up in yo' face
With a fifth in me, when I guzzle Remi I do shit on purpose
You never hear me say, forgive me

I'm snatchin' every penny it gotta be that way nigga, face it
That weed I sold to you, brigade laced it
You hidin' I make the president get a facelift
Niggaz just afraid, handin' me they bracelets

Chillin' in the lab wasted
I'm the type that'll drink kahlua and gin throw up on the mic
Your life is ruined, you get socked right on site
And even at the million man March we gon' fight

So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick
'Cause I don't give a fuck if you don't like my shit
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick

I'm a compulsive liar, settin' my preacher on fire
Slashin your tires, flyin' down Fenkel and Meyers
Plates expired, soon as I'm hired, I'm fired

Jackin' my dick off in a bed of barbed wire

(Hey, is Bizarre performing?)
Bitch didn't you read the flyer?
Special invited guest will be, Richard Pryor
(Aren't you a male dancer?)
Nah bitch, I'm retired
Fuckin' your bitch in the ass with a tire iron

I'm ripped, I'm on an acid trip
My DJ's in a coma for lettin' the record skip
Lettin' the record skip
Lettin' the record skip
(Damn!)

I'm fuckin' anything when I'm snortin'
It's gonna cost 300 dollars to get my pit bull an abortion
Some bitch asked for my autograph
I called her a whore, spit beer in her face and laughed
I drop bombs like I was in Vietnam
All bitches is hoes, even my stinkin' ass mom

Aiyyo flashback, two feets, two deep up in that ass crack
Weed laced with somethin' nigga pass that
In Amsterdam we only hang out with hash rats
At a stop the violence rally, I blast gats

Be your mom on publishin', get your ass capped
The Kuniva, divide up your cash stack
Want your motherfuckin' pockets,ascap
I don't need a platinum chain, bitch I snatch Shaq's

Born loser, half theif and half black
Bring your boys and your guns and get laughed at
Bitch smacker, rich rappers get their jag jacked
And found chopped up in a trash bag

We stranglin' rappers until the point they can't yell
'Cause they crew is full of fags and sweeter than bake sales
Reckless, come from behind and snatch your necklace
Gruesome and causin more violence than nine hoodlums

I grapple your Adam's apple until it crackle
Run right past you, turn around, grab you and stab you
Get executed, cuz I'm a luni
I got a yuk mouth and it's polluted, I cock it back then shoot it

I love snatchin' up players thugs and young ballers
Shoot up the household, even the young toddlers
Brigade barricade to bring the noise

While the bullets break your bones up like Christmas toys

If I go solo, I'm doin a song with Bolo
A big Chinese nigga, screamin Kuniva yo yo
I leave ya face leakin' run up in church
And smack the preacher while he's preachin
Take a swing at the deacon

I used to tell cats that I sold weed and weight
I was straight 'til I got caught sellin' 'em shake
I'm ignorant, with the intent to snatch your rent
I got kicked out of summer camp for havin sex in my tent
With the superintendent's daughter, my brain's out of order

I've been a Kon Artis since I was swimmin' in water
In cahoots with this nigga named fall out von
Who got fired from UPS for tryin' to send you a bomb
I signed to a local label for fun
Say I got cancer, get dropped, take the advancement and run

Driveby you in the rain while you carry your son
Call your house and hang up on you for not givin' me none
Born straight up out a pussy but a son of a gun
Got a reputation for havin niggaz runnin' they funds
Used to be the type of nigga that was foldin some one's
'Til I met your fat mama, now I'm rollin' in dough

So you can suck my dick if you don't like my shit
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick
'Cause I don't give a fuck if you don't like my shit
'Cause I was high when I wrote this so suck my dick

Suck my motherfuckin dick, D-12 dirty motherfuckin' dozen
Nasty like a stank slut bitch with thirty fuckin husbands
Bizarre kid, swifty McVeigh, The Kon Artis
The Kuniva, Dirty Harry and Slim Shady

Eminem - Criminal Lyrics

A lot of people ask me stupid fuckin' questions
A lot of people think that what I say on records
Or what I talk about on a record, that I actually do in real life
Or that I believe in it
Or if I say that, I wanna kill somebody, that
I'm actually gonna do it or that I believe in it
Well shit, if you believe that then I'll kill you
You know why?
'Coz I'm a

Criminal
Criminal
You goddamn right
I'm a criminal
Yeah, I'm a criminal

My words are like a dagger with a jagged edge
That'll stab you in the head whether you're a fag or lez
Or the homosex, hermaph or a trans-a-vest
Pants or dress, hate fags? The answer's, "Yes"

Homophobic? Nah, you're just heterophobic
Starin at my jeans, watchin' my genitals bulgin'
That's my motherfuckin' balls, you'd better let go of 'em
They belong in my scrotum, you'll never get hold of 'em

Hey, it's me, Versace, whoops, somebody shot me!
And I was just checkin' the mail, get it? Checkin' the 'male'?
How many records you expectin' to sell
After your second LP sends you directly to jail?

C'mon! Relax guy, I like gay men
Right, Ken? Give me an Amen
Amen!
Please Lord, this boy needs Jesus
Heal this child, help us destroy these demons

Oh, and please send me a brand new car
And a prostitute while my wife's sick in the hospital
Preacher preacher, fifth grade teacher
You can't reach me, my mom can't neither

You can't teach me a goddamn thing ause
I watch TV, and Comcast cable
And you ain't able to stop these thoughts
You can't stop me from toppin' these charts

And you can't stop me from droppin' each March
With a brand new cd for these fuckin' retards
Duh, and to think, it's just little ol' me
Mr. Don't Give A Fuck, still won't leave

I'm a criminal
'Coz every time I write a rhyme, these people think it's a crime
To tell 'em what's on my mind, I guess, I'm a criminal
But I don't gotta say a word, I just flip 'em the bird
And keep goin', I don't take shit from no one

I'm a criminal
'Coz every time I write a rhyme, these people think it's a crime
To tell 'em what's on my mind, I guess, I'm a criminal
But I don't gotta say a word, I just flip 'em the bird
And keep goin', I don't take shit from no one

My mother did drugs, tar, liquor, cigarettes, and speed
The baby came out, disfigured, ligaments indeed
It was a seed who would grow up just as crazy as she
Don't dare make fun of that baby 'cause that baby was me

I'm a criminal, an animal caged who turned crazed
But how the fuck you supposed to grow up when you weren't raised?
So as I got older and I got a lot taller
My dick shrunk smaller, but my balls got larger

I drink malt liquor to fuck you up quicker
Than you'd wanna fuck me up for sayin' the word
My morals went, when the President got oral sex
In his Oval Office on top of his desk off of his own employee

Now don't ignore me, you won't avoid me
You can't miss me, I'm white, blonde-haired and my nose is pointy
I'm the bad guy who makes fun of people that die
In plane crashes and laughs as long as it ain't happened to him

Slim Shady, I'm as crazy as
Eminem and Kim combined, the maniac's in
Replacin' the doctor 'cause Dre couldn't make it today
He's a little under the weather, so I'm takin' his place

Oh, that's Dre with an AK to his face
Don't make me kill him too and spray his brains all over the place
I told you Dre, you should've kept that thang put away
I guess that'll teach you not to let me play with it, eh?
I'm a criminal

Aight look, uh huh, just go up in that motherfucker
Get the motherfuckin' money and get the fuck up outta there
Aight
I'll be right here waitin' on you

Aight
Yo Em
What?!
Don't kill nobody this time
Awright, goddamn, fuck

How you doin'?
HI, how can I help you?
Yeah, I need to make a withdrawl
Okay
Put the fuckin' money in the bag bitch and I won't kill you!
What? Oh my God, don't kill me
I'm not gonna kill you bitch, quit lookin' around
Don't kill me, please don't kill me
I said, "I'm not gonna fuckin' kill you"
Hurry the fuck up!
Thank you!

Windows tinted on my ride when I drive in it
So when I rob a bank, run out and just dive in it
So I'll be disguised in it and if anybody identifies the guy in it
I'll hide for five minutes

Come back, shoot the eyewitness
Fire at the private eye hired to pry in my business
Die, bitches, bastards, brats, pets
This puppy's lucky I didn't blast his ass yet

If I ever gave a fuck, I'd shave my nuts
Tuck my dick inbetween my legs and cluck
You motherfuckin' chickens ain't brave enough
To say the stuff I say, so just tape it shut

Shit, half the shit I say, I just make it up
To make you mad, so kiss my white naked ass
And if it's not a rapper that I make it as
I'ma be a fuckin' rapist in a Jason mask

I'm a criminal
'Coz every time I write a rhyme, these people think it's a crime
To tell 'em what's on my mind, I guess, I'm a criminal
But I don't gotta say a word, I just flip 'em the bird
And keep goin', I don't take shit from no one

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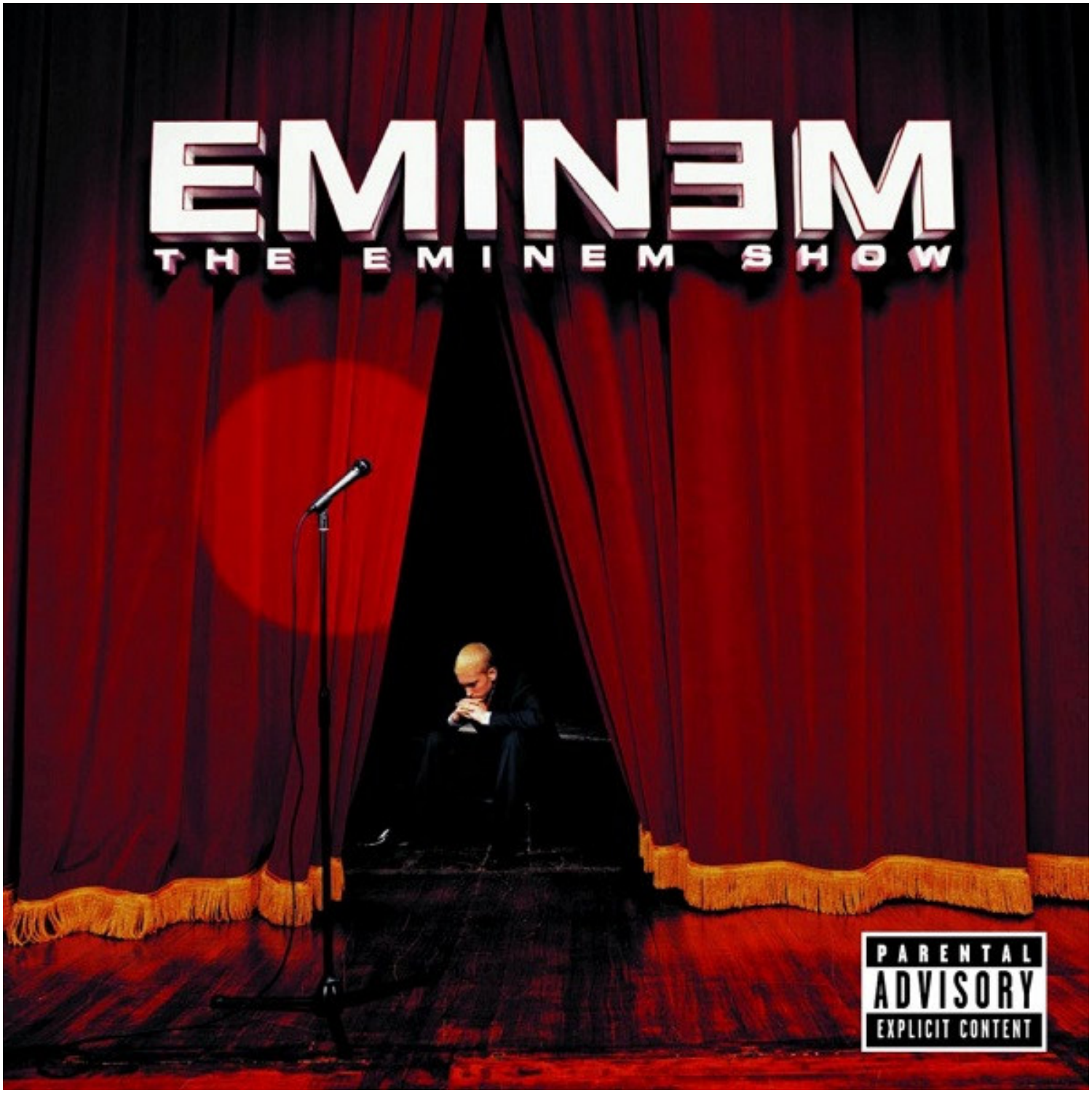
To tell 'em what's on my mind, I guess, I'm a criminal
But I don't gotta say a word, I just flip 'em the bird
And keep goin', I don't take shit from no one

I'm a criminal


EMINEM
THE EMINEM SHOW
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Eminem - Curtains Up (Skit) Lyrics

(*Prod. by Eminem)

{*Curtains up*}
{*Applausing*}
{*Footsteps*}
{*Mic Sqeek*}
{*Taps Mic*}

[Eminem:]
K-ahm! Hhhh...

Eminem - White America Lyrics

America
Ha ha ha
We love you

How many people are proud to be
Citizens of this beautiful country of ours?
The stripes and the stars for the rights of men
Who have died for the protect?
The women and men who have broke their necks
For the freedom of speech
The United States Government has sworn to uphold
(Yo, I want everyone to listen to the words of this song)
Or so we're told

I never would a dreamed in a million years I'd see
So many mothafuckin' people who feel like me
Who share the same views and the same exact beliefs
Its like a fuckin' army marchin' in back of me
So many lives I touched
So much anger aimed at no particular direction
Just sprays and sprays straight through your radio waves
It plays and plays till it stays stuck in your head
For days and days
Who would a thought standin' in this mirror
Bleachin' my hair wit some peroxide
Reachin' for a T shirt to wear
That I would catapult to the fore front of rap like this
How can I predict my words and have an impact like this
I musta struck a chord wit somebody up in the office
Cuz Congress keeps tellin' me
I ain't causin' nottin' but problems
And now they sayin' Im in trouble wit the government
I'm lovin' it
I shoveled shit all my life and now I'm dumpin' it on

(White America)
I could be one of your kids
(White America)
Little Eric looks just like this
(White America)
Erica loves my shit
I go to 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get
Yea

(White America)
I could be one of your kids

(White America)
Little Eric looks just like this
(White America)
Erica loves my shit
I go to 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get

Look at these eyes baby blue baby just like ourself
If they were brown
Shady lose, shady sits on the shelf, but shady is cute
Shady knew shady's dimples would help
Make ladies swoon baby
(Ooo baby)
Look at myself,
Lets do the math if I was black I woulda sold half
I ain't have to graduate from Lincoln high school to know that
But I can rap so fuck school
I'm too cool to go back gimme the mic
Show me where the fuckin' studio's at
When I was underground no one gave a fuck I was white
No lables wanted to sign me
Almost gave up, I was like 'Fuck it'
Until I met Dre, the only one who looked past
Gave me a chance and I lit a fire up under his ass
Helped him get back to the top
Every fan black that I got was probably his in exchange
For every white fan that he's got like damn we just swapped
Sittin' back look at this shit wow
I'm like 'My skin, is it startin' to work to my benefit now?'

(White America)
I could be one of your kids
(White America)
Little Eric looks just like this
(White America)
Erica loves my shit
I go to 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get
Yea

(White America)
I could be one of your kids
(White America)
Little Eric looks just like this
(White America)
Erica loves my shit
I go to 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get

See the problem is I speak to suburban kids
Who otherwise woulda never knew these words exist
These moms probly woulda never gave two squirts of piss

Till I created so much mothafuckin' turbulence
Straight out the tube right into ya livin' rooms I came
And kids flipped when they knew I was produced by Dre
Thats all it took and they were instantly hooked right in
And they connected wit me too 'cuz I looked like them
That's why they put my lyrics up under this microscope
Searchin' wit a fine toothed comb
Its like this rope waitin' to choke tightenin' around my throat
Watchin' me while I write this like
'I dont like this, no'
All I hear is lyrics, lyrics constant controversy
Sponsors workin' round the clock
To try to stop my concerts early
Surely 'Hip Hop' is never a problem in Harlem only in Boston
After it bothered ya fathers of daughters startin' to blossom
Now I'm catchin' the flack from these activists
When they raggin'
Actin' like I'm the first rapper to smack a bitch
And say faggot shit
Just look at me like I'm ya closest pal
A poster child
The mothafuckin' spokesman now

(White America)
I could be one of your kids
(White America)
Little Eric looks just like this
(White America)
Erica loves my shit
I go to 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get
Yea

(White America)
I could be one of your kids
(White America)
Little Eric looks just like this
(White America)
Erica loves my shit
I go to 'TRL'
Look how many hugs I get

So to the parents of America
I am the damager aimed at little Erica
To attack her character
The ring leader of the circus of worthless pawns
Sent to lead the march right up to the steps of Congress
And piss on the lawns of the White House
To burn the casket and replace it
With a parental advisory sticker
To spit liquor in the faces of this democracy of hypocrisy
Fuck you Ms Cheeney

Fuck you tipper Gore
Fuck you with the freeness of speech
This divided states of embarrassment will allow me to have
Fuck you
(Huh huh huh ahh)
(Huh huh huh ahh)
(Huh huh huh ahh)
(Oooh)
Ha ha ha
I'm just playin' America, you know I love you

Eminem - Business Lyrics

Marshall, sounds like an S.O.S
Holy whack unlyrical lyrics Andre, you're fuckin' right
To the rap mobile, let's go
(Marshall marshall)
Bitches and gentleman
It's show time
Hurry, hurry step right up
Introducin' the star of our show, his name is
(Marshall)
You wouldn't wanna be anywhere else in the world right now
So without further ado, I bring to you
(Marshall)

You 'bout to witness hip hop in its
Most purest, most rawest form, flow almost flawless
Most hardest, most honest, known artist
Chip off the old block but old doc is back

Looks like Batman brought his own Robin
Oh god, Saddam's got his own Laden
With his own private plane, his own pilot
Set to blow college dorm room doors off the hinges

Oranges, peach, pears, plums, syringes
Yeah, here I come
I'm inches away from you, here, fear none
Hip hop is in a state of nine one one, so

Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell yea

Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell yea

Quick gotta move fast, gotta perform miracles
Gee willikers Dre, holy Bat Syllables
Look at all the bullshit that goes on in Gotham
When I'm gone time to get rid of these rap criminals

So, skip to ya lou, while I do what I do best
You ain't even impressed no more, you used to it

Flows too wet, nobody close to it
Nobody says it was till everyone knows the shit

The most hated on outta all those who say they get hated
On eighties songs
Exaggerate it all so much
They make it all up
There's no such thing

Like a female with good looks who cooks and cleans
It just means so much more to so much more
People when you rappin' and you know what for
The show must go on, so I'd like to welcome y'all
To Marshall and Andre's carnival

Come on
Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell yea

Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell yea

It's just like old times, the dynamic duo
Two old friends, why panic?
You already know who's fully capable, the two caped heroes
Dial straight down the center eight zero zero

You can even call collect, the most feared duet
Since me and Elton, play career Russian Roulette
And never even seen me blink get me bustin' a sweat
People steppin' over people just to rush to the set

Just to get to see an MC who breathes so freely
Ease over these beats, and be so breezy
Jesus, how can shit be so easy?
How can one Chandra be so levy?

Turn on these beats MC's don't see me
Believe me, BET and MTV
Are gonna grieve when we leave, dawg for sheezy
Can't leave rap alone the game needs me

'Til we grow beards, get weird and disappear
Into the mountains
Nothin' but clowns down here
But we ain't fuckin' around 'round here

Yo Dre
Whuddup?
Can I get a hell yea?
Hell yea

Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell yea

Let's get down to business
I don't got no time to play around what is this?
Must be a circus in town, let's shut the shit down
On these clowns, can I get a witness?
Hell yea

So there you have it folks
Marshall
Has come to save the day
Back with his friend Andre
And to remind you that bullshit does not pay
Because
Marshall
And Andre are here to stay and never go away
Until our dying day, until we're old and gray
Marshall
So until next time friends
Same blonde hair, same rap channel
Goodnight everyone, thank you for coming
Your host for the evening
Marshall
Oh hah

Eminem - Cleanin' Out My Closet Lyrics

Where's my snare?
I have no snare on my headphones
There you go, yeah, yo yo

Have you ever been hated or discriminated against?
I have, I've been protested and demonstrated against
Picket signs for my wicked rhymes, look at the times
Sick as the mind of the motherfucking kid that's behind

All this commotion, emotions run deep as oceans explodin'
Tempers flarin' from parents just blow 'em off and keep goin'
Not takin' nothin' from no one, give 'em hell long as I'm breathin'
Keep kickin' ass in the mornin' and takin' names in the evenin'

Leaving with a taste as sour as vinegar in their mouth
See they can trigger me but they'll never figure me out
Look at me now, I betcha probably sick of me now
Ain't you mama? I 'ma make you look so ridiculous now

I'm sorry mama, I Never meant to hurt you
I Never meant to make you cry
But tonight, I'm cleanin' out my closet
One more time

I said, "I'm sorry mama, I Never meant to hurt you
I Never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin out my closet, ha"

I got some skeletons in my closet and I don't know if no one knows it
So before they throw me inside my coffin and close it
I'm a expose it, I'll take you back to '73
Before I ever had a multi-platinum sellin' CD

I was a baby maybe I was just a couple of months
My faggot father must've had his panties up in a bunch
'Cause he split, I wonder if he even kissed my goodbye
No I don't, on second thought I just fuckin' wished he would die

I look at Hailie and I couldn't picture leaving her side
Even if I hated Kim, I'd grit my teeth and I'd try to make it work wit her
At least for Hailie's sake, I maybe made some mistakes
But I'm only human but I'm man enough to face 'em today

What I did was stupid, no doubt it was dumb
But the smartest shit I did was take the bullets outta that gun
'Cause I'd of killed 'em, shit I would've shot Kim and them both
It's my life, I'd like to welcome y'all to the Eminem show

I'm sorry mama, I Never meant to hurt you
I Never meant to make you cry
But tonight, I'm cleanin' out my closet
One more time

I said, "I'm sorry mama, I Never meant to hurt you
I Never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet, ha"

Now I would never diss my own mama just to get recognition
Take a second to listen 'fore you think this record is dissin'
But put yourself in my position, just try to envision
Witnessin' your mama poppin' prescription pills in the kitchen

Bitchin' that someone's always goin' through her purse and shit's missin'
Goin' through public housin' systems, victim of Munchausen's syndrome
My whole life I was made to believe I was sick when I wasn't
'Til I grew up, now I blew up it makes you sick to ya stomach, doesn't it?

Wasn't it the reason you made that CD for me, Ma?
So you could try to justify the way you treated me, Ma?
But guess what, ya gettin' older now and it's cold when yaw lonely
And Nathan's growin' up so quick he's going to know that you're phony

And Hailie's getting' so big now, you should see her, she's beautiful
But you'll never see her, she won't even be at your funeral
See what hurts me the most, is you won't admit you was wrong
Screw this song, keep tellin' yourself that you was a mom

But how dare you try to take what you didn't help me to get
You selfish bitch, I hope you fuckin' burn in Hell for this shit
Remember when Ronnie died and you said you wished it was me?
Well guess what, I am dead, dead to you as can be!

I'm sorry mama, I never meant to hurt you
I Never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet
One more time

I said, "I'm sorry mama, I Never meant to hurt you
I never meant to make you cry
But tonight I'm cleanin' out my closet"

Eminem - Square Dance Lyrics

People! It feels so good to be back
Ladies and Gentlemen, introducing the new
And improved, you know who

Never been the type to bend or budge
The wrong button to push, no friend of Bush
I'm the center piece, you're a Maltese
I'm a pitbull off his leash, all this peace talk can cease
All these people I had to leave in limbo
I'm back now, I've come to release this info
I'll be brief and let me just keep shit simple
Can a bitch don't want no beef with Slim
No! Not even on my radar
So won't you please jump off my dick, lay off and stay off
And follow me as I put these crayons to chaos
From sÃ©ance to sÃ©ance

C'mon now, let's all get on down
Let's dosido now, we gon' have a good ol' time
Don't be scurred, cause thur ain't nothin' to worry 'bout
Let your hur down

C'mon now, let's all get on down
Let's dosido now, we gon' have a good ol' time
Don't be scurred, cause thur ain't nothin' to worry 'bout
Let your hur down

Let your hair down to the track, yeah kick on back
The Boogiemonster of rap, yeah the man's back
With a plan to ambush this Bush administration
Mush the Senate's face in, push this generation
Of kids to stand and fight for the right to say somethin
You might not like, this white hot light
That I'm under, no wonder I look so sunburnt
Oh no I won't leave no stone unturned
Oh no I won't leave, won't go nowhere
Do si do, oh yo ho, hello there

Oh yeah, don't think I won't go there
Go to Beirut and do a show there
Yeah you laugh till your motherfuckin' ass gets drafted
While you're at band camp thinkin' the crap can't happen
'Til you fuck around, get an anthrax napkin
Inside a package wrapped in Saran Wrap wrappin'
Open the plastic and then you stand back gaspin'
Fuckin' assassins, hijackin' Amtraks, crashin'
All this terror, America demands action

Next thing you know, you've got Uncle Sam's ass askin'
To join the army or what you'll do for their navy

You just a baby, gettin' recruited at eighteen
You're on a plane now, eatin their food and their baked beans
I'm twenty-eight, they gon'
Take you 'fore they take me
Crazy insane, or insane crazy?
When I say Hussein, you say Shady
My views ain't changed, still inhumane, wait
Arraigned two days late, the date's today, hang me

C'mon now, let's all get on down
Let's dosido now, we gon' have a good ol' time
Don't be scurred, cause thur ain't nothin' to worry 'bout
Let your hur down

C'mon now, let's all get on down
Let's dosido now, we gon' have a good ol' time
Don't be scurred, cause thur ain't nothin' to worry 'bout
Let your hur down

Nothin' moves me more than a groove that soothes me
Nothin' soothes me more than a groove that boosts me
Nothin' boosts me more, or suits me beautifully
There's nothin' you can do to me, stab me shoot me
Psychotic hypnotic product, I got it the antibiotic
Ain't nobody hotter and so on and yada yada
God I talk a lotta hum de lay de la la
Oochie walla walla, um di da dah da dah but you gotta gotta
Keep movin, there's more music to make

Keep makin new shit, produce hits to break
The monotony, what's gotten into me?
Drugs, rock, and Hennessey, thug like I'm 'Pac on my enemies
On your knees, got you under siege
Somebody you would give a lung to be
Hungry, like a fuckin' younger me
Fuck the fee, I can get you jumped for free
Yeah buddy, laugh it's funny, I have the money
To have you killed by somebody who has nothing
I'm past bluffing, pass the KY
Let's get ready for some intense, serious ass fucking!

(Dr. Dre)
Wants to square dance with me
(Nasty nas)
Wants to square dance with me
(X to the Z)
Wants to square dance with me
(Busta rhymes)
Wants to square dance with me

(Cana bitch)
Won't square dance with me
(Fan a bitch)
Won't square dance with me
(Canada bis)
Don't want no parts of me
Dirty dozen
Wants to square dance with you
Yee haw

Eminem - The Kiss (Skit) Lyrics

I'm gonna kill this bitch
I'm a kill him
I'm going to fuckin' jail
'Cuz I'm gonna kill this bitch
Yo man
What?
I don't know
I gotta really, really bad feelin' about this
Man would you shut the fuck up
You always gotta bad feelin' man
That's her car right there
Aight let me park
Just park
I'm parkin'
Fuckin', turn the car off dog
Aight
Aight we wait
We wait for what?
We wait until she comes out
And then I'm gonna fuckin' kill her
Man, you ain't gonna kill no one
What the fuck did you bring that for?
Man shut the fuck up dog
Just shut up, the fuckin' clip is empty
Man, don't point that shit at me
It's not even loaded bitch, look
Dude, God I fuckin' hate it when you do that shit
Yea, but it's funny as fuck
Muthafucka I'm gonna kill you
One of these days, I swear
Gets you every time
Is that her?
Where?
Right there mothafucka
Ooh, yeah
Aight get down, get down
Fuck, what you doing to her?
Get down
What the fuck you want me to get under the car?
Yo, who she walkin' with?
How the fuck am I suppose to know?
You told me to duck down
It's the fuckin' bouncer
Did she just kiss him?
I don't think so
Dog, she just fuckin' kissed him
No she didn't

She's kissin' him dog
No she's not
Oh shit
Come on
Mutherfucker
No

Eminem - Soldier Lyrics

I'm a soldier
I'm a soldier
(Na na na nah na na nah)
I'm a soldier
I'm a soldier

Yo, never was a thug, just infatuated with guns
Never was a gangsta till I graduated to one
And got the rep of a villain for weapon concealin'
Took the image of a thug kept shit appealin'
Willin' to stick out my neck for respect if it meant life or death
Never live to regret what I said
When you're me, people just wanna see, if it's true, if it's you
What you say In your raps, what you do
So they feel, as part of your obligation to fulfill
When they see you on the streets, face to face, are you for real
In confrontation ain't no conversation, if you feel you're in violation
Any hesitation will get you killed
If you feel it, kill it, if you conceal it, reveal it
Bein' reasonable will leave you full of bullets, pull it
Squeeze it till it's empty, tempt me, push me, pussies
I need a good reason to give this trigger a good squeeze

I'm a soldier
These shoulders hold up so much
They won't budge, I'll never fall or fold up
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
Even if my collar bones crush or crumble
I will never slip or stumble
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
These shoulders hold up so much
They won't budge, I'll never fall or fold up
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
Even if my collar bones crush or crumble
I will never slip or stumble
(I'm a soldier)

I love pissin' you off, hits me off, like my lawyers
When the fuckin' judge lets me off
All you motherfuckas gotta do is set me off
I'll violate and all the motherfuckin' bets be off
I'm a lit fuse, anything I do bring it's news
Pistol whippin' motherfuckin' bouncers, six-two, who needs bullets?
Soon as I pull it, you sweat bullets

An excellent method to get rid of the next bully
It's actually better 'cause instead of you murderin'
You can hurt 'em and come back again and kick dirt at 'em
It's like pourin' salt in the wounds, assault and get sued
You can smell the lawsuits soon as I waltz in the room
Everybody halts and stops, calls the cops
All you see is bitches comin' out their halter tops
Runnin' and duckin' out to the hot rocks parkin' lot
You'll all get shot, whether its your fault or not, 'cuz

I'm a soldier
These shoulders hold up so much
They won't budge, I'll never fall or fold up
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
Even if my collar bones crush or crumble
I will never slip or stumble
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
These shoulders hold up so much
They won't budge, I'll never fall or fold up
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
Even if my collar bones crush or crumble
I will never slip or stumble
(I'm a soldier)

I spit it slow so these kids know that I'm talkin' to 'em
Give it back to these damn critics and sock it to 'em
I'm like a thug, with a little bit of Pac influence
I spew it, and look how I got you bitches rockin' to it
You motherfuckas could never do it like I could do it
Don't even try it you'll look stupid, do not pursue it
Don't ever in your life, try to knock the truest
I spit the illest shit, ever been dropped to two inch
So ticky tock listen as the sound ticks on the clock
Listen to the sound of Kim as she licks on a cock
Listen to the sound of me spillin' my heart through this pen
Motherfuckers know that I'll never be Marshall again
Full of controversy until I retire my jersey
Till the fire inside dies and expires at thirty
And Lord have mercy on any more of these rappers that adverse me
And put a curse on authorities in the face of adversity, I'm a

I'm a soldier
These shoulders hold up so much
They won't budge, I'll never fall or fold up
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
Even if my collar bones crush or crumble
I will never slip or stumble
(I'm a soldier)

I'm a soldier
These shoulders hold up so much
They won't budge, I'll never fall or fold up
(I'm a soldier)
I'm a soldier
Even if my collar bones crush or crumble
I will never slip or stumble
(I'm a soldier)

Yo left, yo left, yo left, right, left
(I'm a soldier)
Yo left, yo left, yo left, right, left
(I'm a soldier)
Yo left, yo left, yo left, right, left
(I'm a soldier)
Yo left, yo left, yo left, right, left
(I'm a soldier)

Eminem - Say Goodbye Hollywood Lyrics

Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€

(Hollywood)
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
(I feel this way)
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€

I thought I had it all figured out I did
I thought I was tough enough to stick it out with Kim, but I wasn't
t tough enough to juggle two things at once
I found myself planted on my knees in cuffs

Which shoulda been a reason enough for me to get my stuff and just leave
How come I couldn't just see this shit myself its me
Nobody coulda seen this shitIfelt
Knowin' damn well she wasn't gonna be there when I fell to catch me

The minute she was seen she just bailed
I'm standin' and swingin' on like 30 people by myself
I couldn't even see the millimeter when it fell
Turned around saw Gary stashin' a heater in his belt

Saw the bouncers rush him and beat him to the ground
I just sold 2 million records I don't need to go to jail
I'm not about to lose my freedom over no female
I need to slow down, tryna get my feet on solid ground, so for now

Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€

(Hollywood)
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
(I feel this way)
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€

Bury my face in comic books, 'cuz I don't wanna look
And nothing in this world is too much
I swallowed all I could

If I could swallow a bottle of tylonol I would
And hit it for good and say good bye to Hollywood

I prolly should 'cuz these problems are piled all at once
'Cuz everything that bothers me I got all bottled up
I think I'm bottoming out but I'm not about to give up
I gotta get up, thank God I got a little girl

Now I'm a responsible father so not alotta good
I'd be to my daughter layin' in the bottom of the mud
Must be in my blood 'cuz I don't know how to do it
All I know is that I don't want her following in the footsteps

Of my dad 'cuz I hate him so bad
Worst feeling I had was growing up to be like his fuckin' ass
Man if you could understand why I am the way that I am
What do I say to my fans when I tell 'em

Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€

(Hollywood)
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
(I feel this way)
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€

I don't wanna quit this shit, it feels like this is it
For me to have this much I feel like this is it
This is not a game this fame the real life is as sick
Publicity my ass, consume my fuckin' dick

Fuck the guns, I'm done I'll never look at gats
If I scrap, I'ma scrap it like I never wooped some ass
I love my fans but no one ever puts a grasp on the fact
That I sacrificed everything I had

I never dreamt I'd get to the level that I'm at
This is wack, this is more then I ever coulda asked
Everywhere I go I had a sweater, hood or mask
What about math? how come I wasn't never good at that

It's like the boy in a bubble who never could adapt I'm trapped
If I could go back, I never woulda rapped
I sold my soul to the devil, I'll never get it back
I just wanna leave this game with level head intact

Imagine going from bein' no one and seein' everything blow up
And all you did was grow up mceein'

It's fuckin' crazy, all I wanted was to give Hailey the life I never had
I've forced us to live alienated, so I'm sayin'

Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€

(Hollywood)
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
(I feel this way)
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€
Say â€½Goodbyeâ€, say â€½Goodbye to Hollywoodâ€

Goodbye
Goodbye Hollywood
Please don't cry for me
When I'm gone for good
So, goodbye
Goodbye Hollywood
Please don't cry for me
When I'm gone for good

Eminem - Drips Lyrics

Obie, yo I'm sick
Damn, you straight dog?

That's why I ain't got no time
For these games and stupid tricks
All these bitches on my dick
That's how dudes be getting sick
That's how dicks' be getting drips
Falling victim's to this shit
From these bitches on our dicks
Fucking chickens with no ribs
That's why I ain't got no time

Yo, I woke up, fucked up off the liquor I drunk
I hadda bag of the skunk, one and last night's tunk
Pussy residue was on my penis, Denise, from the cleaners
Fucked me good, you should've seen us
Big booty bitch, switch unbearable
French role styling, body like a stallion
Sizing up the figure, while my shit gettin' bigger
Debating on to fuck her, do I wanna be a nigga

Caressing this bitch, plus I'm checking out them tits
Sipping on that fine shit, I ain't use to buying
I gotta hit it from behind, it's mandatory
Like taking ho's money, but that's another story
For surely your pussy on toast, after we toast
Our clothes fell like bishop and juice
The womb beater, clean pussy eater, inserting my john
In that spot hotter than the hottest block, don't stop

Response I got when I was knocking it
Clocks steading ticking, kinky finger licking
The cannon, seen us at my temple when she moans
I gotta slow down before I cum soon
And work that nigga, like a slave owner
When I dropped off my outfit, she knew I wanted to bone her
She foaming at the lips, the ones between the hips
Pubic hair's looking like some sour cream dip

Without the nacho, my dick hit the spot though
Pussy tighter than conditions of his black folks
Being a vinyl stretched, the last part of sex
I bust a fat ass nut then I woke up next
Like, what the fuck is going on here?
This bitch evaporated, pussy and all just picked up and vacated
And now I'm frustrated 'cause my dick was unprotected

And doctor Wesley telling me I ain't really got that shit, fuck

That's why I ain't got no time
For these games and stupid tricks
All these bitches on my dick
That's how dudes be getting sick
That's how dicks' be getting drips
Falling victim's to this shit
From these bitches on our dicks
Fucking chickens with no ribs
That's why I ain't got no time

Now I don't wanna hit no women when this chicks got it coming
Someone better get this bitch before she gets kicked in the stomach
And she's pregnant, but she's egging me on, begging me to throw her
Off the steps on this porch, my only weapon is force
And I don't wanna resort to violence of any sort
But whys she shoving me for doesn't she love me no more?
Wasn't she hugging me four minutes ago at the door?

Man I'm this close to going toe to toe with this whore
What would you do if she was telling you she wants a divorce
She's having another baby in a month and it's yours
And you found it isn't 'cause this bitch has been visiting
Someone else and sucking his dick and kissing you on the lips
When you get back to Michigan, now the plot has thickened 'n worse
'Cause you feel like you've been sticking your fucking dick in a hurse

So you're paranoid at every little cold that you get
Ever since they sold you this shit, you've been holding your dick
So you go to the clinic, sweating every minute you're in it
Then the doctor comes out looking like Dennis the menace
And it's obvious to everyone in the lobby, it's AIDS
He ain't even gotta to call in you the office to say it
So you jet back home, 'cause you gone get that ho

When you see her, you're gonna bend her fucking neck back yo
'Cause you love her, you never would've expect that blow
Obie told you to scoop, how could she stoop that low?
Jesus, I don't believe this bitch works at the cleaner's
Bringing me home diseases swinging from Obie's penis
She's so deceiving, shit this ho's a genius, she geed us

That's why I ain't got no time
For these games and stupid tricks
All these bitches on my dick
That's how dudes be getting sick
That's how dicks' be getting drips
Falling victim's to this shit
From these bitches on our dicks
Fucking chickens with no ribs
That's why I ain't got no time

I'm busy, yeah, fuck these bitches
Fuck em all, get money
Ha, shady records
Wow, Obie Trice
Eminem mother fucker
New millennium shit, yeah
Turn this shit off, turn this shit the fuck off

Eminem - Without Me Lyrics

Obie Trice, real name no gimmicks

Two trailer park girls go round the outside
Round the outside, round the outside
Two trailer park girls go round the outside
Round the outside, round the outside

Guess who's back
Back again
Shady's back
Tell a friend
Guess who's back, guess who's back
Guess who's back, guess who's back
Guess who's back, guess who's back
Guess who's back

I've created a monster
'Cause nobody wants to see Marshall no more
They want Shady, I'm chopped liver
Well if you want Shady, this is what I'll give you
A little bit of weed mixed with some hard liquor
Some vodka that'll jump start my heart quicker
Than a shock when I get shocked at the hospital
By the doctor when I'm not co-operating

When I'm rockin' the table while he's operating
You waited this long, now stop debating
'Cause I'm back, I'm on the rag and ovulating
I know that you got a job Ms.Cheney
But your husband's heart problem's complicating

So the FCC won't let me be
Or let me be me, so let me see
They try to shut me down on MTV
But it feels so empty, without me
So, come on and dip, bum on your lips
Fuck that, cum on your lips, and some on your tits
And get ready, 'cause this shit's about to get heavy
I just settled all my lawsuits, fuck you Debbie

Now this looks like a job for me
So everybody, just follow me
'Cause we need a little, controversy
'Cause it feels so empty, without me
I said, "This looks like a job for me"
So everybody, just follow me
'Cause we need a little, controversy

'Cause it feels so empty, without me

Little Hellions, kids feelin' rebellious
Embarrassed their parents still listen to Elvis
They start feelin' like prisoners helpless
'Til someone comes along on a mission and yells, bitch
A visionary, vision of scary
Could start a revolution, pollutin' the airwaves
A rebel, so just let me revel and bask
In the fact that I got everyone kissin' my ass

And it's a disaster, such a catastrophe
For you to see so damn much of my ass
You asked for me? Well I'm back
Fix your bent antenna tune it in and then I'm gonna
Enter in, endin' up under your skin like a splinter
The center of attention, back for the winter
I'm interesting, the best thing since wrestling
Infesting in your kid's ears and nesting

Testing, attention please
Feel the tension, soon as someone mentions me
Here's my ten cents, my two cents is free
A nuisance, who sent? You sent for me?

Now this looks like a job for me
So everybody, just follow me
'Cause we need a little, controversy
'Cause it feels so empty, without me
I said, "This looks like a job for me"
So everybody, just follow me
'Cause we need a little, controversy
'Cause it feels so empty, without me

A-tisket a-tasket, I go tit for tat with
Anybody who's talkin' this shit, that shit
Chris Kirk Patrick, you can get your ass kicked
Worse than them little Limp Bizkit bastards
And Moby? You can get stomped by Obie
You 36 year old baldheaded fag, blow me
You don't know me, you're too old, let go
It's over, nobody listen to techno

Now let's go, just gimme the signal
I'll be there with a whole list full of new insults
I been dope, suspenseful with a pencil
Ever since Prince turned himself into a symbol
But sometimes the shit just seems
Everybody only wants to discuss me
So this must mean I'm disgusting
But it's just me, I'm just obscene

No I'm not the first king of controversy
I am the worst thing since Elvis Presley
To do black music so selfishly
And used it to get myself wealthy
There's a concept that works
Twenty million other white rappers emerge
But no matter how many fish in the sea
It'll be so empty, without me

Now this looks like a job for me
So everybody, just follow me
'Cause we need a little, controversy
'Cause it feels so empty, without me
I said, "This looks like a job for me"
So everybody, just follow me
'Cause we need a little, controversy
'Cause it feels so empty, without me

Hum-die-die-la-la-la
Hum-die-die-la-la-la
La-la-la
La-la-la

Kids!

Eminem - Paul Rosenberg (Skit) Lyrics

Em, it's Paul, listen
Joel just called me and he told me
You're in the fucking back behind his studio
Shooting your gun off in the air like it's a shooting range

I told you not to fucking bring your gun around like an idiot
Outside of your home, you're gonna get yourself in trouble
Don't bring your gun outside of your home, you can't carry it on you
Leave your fucking gun at home

Eminem - Sing For The Moment Lyrics

These ideas are nightmares for white parents
Whose worst fear is a child with dyed hair and who likes earrings
Like whatever they say has no bearin'
Its so scary in a house that allows no swearin'
To see him walkin' around with his headphones blarin'
Alone in his own zone cold and he don't care
He's a problem child what bothers him all comes out
When he talks about his fuckin' dad walkin' out
'Cos he hates him so bad that he blocks him out
But if he ever saw him again he'd probably knock him out
His thoughts are whacked he's mad so he's talkin' back
Talkin' black brainwashed from rock and rap
He sags his pants two rags and a stockin' cap
His step father hit him so he socked him back
And broke his nose this house is a broken home
There's no control he just lets his emotions go
(C'mon)

Sing with me
(Sing)
Sing for the year
(Sing)
Sing for the laughter
Sing for the tear
(C'mon)
Sing with me just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

Entertainment is danger intertwine it with gangsters
In the land of the killers a sinner's mind is a sanctum
Only you're unholy only have one homey
Only this gun lonely 'cuz don't anyone know me
But everybody just feels like they can relate
I guess words are a motherfucker they can be great
Or they can be great or even worse they can teach hate
Its like kids hang on every single statement we make
Like they worship us plus all the stores ship us platinum
Now how the fuck did this metamorphosis happen?
From standin' on corners and porches just rappin'
To havin' a fortune no more kissin' ass
But then these critics crucify you journalists try to burn you
Fans turn on you attorney's all gonna turn it to
To get their hands on every dime you have
They want you to lose your mind every time you mad
So they can try to make you out to look like a loose canon
You need to spew don't hesitate to produce air guns
Thats why these prosecutors wanna convict me

Swiftly just to get me off these streets quickly
But all their kids been listen to me religiously
So I'm signin' cds while police fingerprint me
They're for the judges daughter but his grudge is against me
If I'm such a fuckin' menace this shit doesn't make sense, Pete
It's all political if my music is literal and I'm a criminal
How the fuck can I raise a little girl?
I couldn't I wouldn't be fit to
You're full of shit too Guerrera that was a fist that hit you

Sing with me
(Sing)
Sing for the year
(Sing)
Sing for the laughter
Sing for the tear
(C'mon)
Sing with me just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

They say music can alter moods and talk to you
But can it load a gun for you and cock it too?
Well if it can then the next time you assault a dude
Just tell the judge it was my fault and I'll get sued
See what these kids do is hear about us totin' pistols
And they want to get one 'cos they think the shit's cool
Not knowin' we're really just protectin' ourselves
We're entertainers of course this shit's affectin' our sales
You ignoramus but music is reflection of self
We just explain it and then we get our checks in the mail
It's fucked up ain't it how we can come from practically nothin'
To bein' able to have any fuckin' thing that we wanted
It's why we sing for these kids that don't have a thing
Except for a dream and a fuckin' rap magazine
Who post pinup pictures on their walls all day long
Idolize their favorite rappers and know all they songs
Or for anyone who's ever been through shit in they lives
So they sit and they cry at night wishin' they die
Till they throw on a rap record and they sit and they vibe
We're nothin' to you but we're the fuckin' shit in their eyes
That's why we seize the moment and try to freeze it and own it
Squeeze it and hold it 'cos we consider these minutes golden
And maybe they'll admit it when we're gone
Just let our spirits live on through out lyrics that you hear in our songs
And we can

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(Sing)
Sing for the year
(Sing)
Sing for the laughter
Sing for the tear

(C'mon)
Sing with me just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

Sing with me
(Sing)
Sing for the year
(Sing)
Sing for the laughter
Sing for the tear
(C'mon)
Sing with me just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

Eminem - Superman Lyrics

Mmhh
You high baby?
Yeah
Yeah?
Ha ha ha, talk to me
You want me to tell you somethin'?
Uh huh
I know what you wanna hear

'Cuz I know you want me baby
I think I want you too
I think I love you baby
I think I love you too

I'm here to save you girl
Come be in Shady's world
I wanna grow together
Let's let our love unfurl

You know you want me baby
You know I want you too
They call me Superman
I'm here to rescue you

I wanna save you girl
Come be in Shady's world
Oh boy you drive me crazy
Bitch you make me hurl

They call me Superman
Leap tall hoes in a single bound
I'm single now got no ring on this finger now
I'll never let another chick bring me down

In a relationship, save it bitch
Babysit, you make me sick
Superman ain't savin' shit
Girl you can jump on Shady's dick

Straight from the hip, cut to the chase
I'll tell a mo'fuckin slut to her face
Play no games, say no names
Ever since I broke up with what's her face

I'm a different man, kiss my ass
Kiss my lips, bitch why ask?
Kiss my dick, hit my cash

I'd rather have you whip my ass

Don't put out? I'll put you out
Won't get out? I'll push you out
Puss blew out, poppin' shit
Wouldn't piss on fire to put you out

Am I too nice? Buy you ice
Bitch if you died, wouldn't buy you life
What you tryin' to be, my new wife?
What you Mariah? Fly through twice

But I do know one thing though
Bitches they come, they go
Saturday through Sunday Monday
Monday through Sunday yo

Maybe I'll love you one day
Maybe we'll someday grow
Till then just sit your drunk ass
On that fuckin' runway hoe

'Cuz I can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman

I can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Your Superman, your Superman

Don't get me wrong, I love these hoes
It's no secret everybody knows
Yeah we fucked, bitch so what?
That's about as far as your buddy goes

We'll be friends I'll call you again
I'll chase you around every bar you attend
You'll never know what kind of car I'll be in
We'll see how much you'll be partying then

You don't want that, neither do I
I don't wanna flip when I see you with guys
Too much pride between you and I
Not a jealous man, but females lie

But I guess that's just what sluts do
How could it ever be just us two?
I never loved you enough to trust you
We just met and I just fucked you

But I do know one thing though
Bitches they come they go
Saturday through Sunday Monday
Monday through Sunday yo

Maybe I'll love you one day
Maybe we'll someday grow
'Till then just sit your drunk ass
On that fuckin' runway hoe

I know you want me baby
I think I want you too
I think I love you baby
I think I love you too

I'm here to save you girl
Come be in Shady's world
I wanna grow together
Let's let our love unfurl

You know you want me baby
You know I want you too
They call me Superman
I'm here to rescue you

I wanna save you girl
Come be in Shady's world
Oh boy you drive me crazy
Bitch you make me hurl

First thing you said
I'm not phazed
I hang around big stars all day
I don't see what the big deal is anyway
You're just plain ol' Marshall to me

Ooh yeah girl run that game
Hailie Jade I love that name
Love that tattoo, what's that say?
'Rot in pieces' aww that's great

First off you don't know Marshall
At all so don't grow partial
That's ammo for my arsenal
I'll slap you off that bar stool

There goes another lawsuit
Leave handprints all across you
Good lordy-wody
You must be gone off that water bottle

You want what you can't have

Ooo girl that's too damn bad
Don't touch what you can't grab
End up with two back hands

Put Anthrax on a Tampax
And slap you till you can't stand
Girl you just blew your chance
Don't mean to ruin your plans

But I do know one thing though
Bitches they come they go
Saturday through Sunday Monday
Monday through Sunday yo

Maybe I'll love you one day
Maybe we'll someday grow
'Till then just sit your drunk ass
On that fuckin' runway hoe

I know you want me baby
I think I want you too
I think I love you baby
I think I love you too

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I wanna grow together
Let's let our love unfurl

You know you want me baby
You know I want you too
They call me Superman
I'm here to rescue you

I wanna save you girl
Come be in Shady's world
Oh boy you drive me crazy
Bitch you make me hurl

'Cuz I can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman

I can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Your Superman, your Superman

'Cuz I can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman

Can't be your Superman

I can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Can't be your Superman
Your Superman, your Superman

Superman

Eminem - Hailie's Song Lyrics

Yo
I can't sing it I feel like singin'
I wanna fuckin' sing 'cos I'm happy
Yeah, I'm happy I got my baby back
Yo, check it out

Some days I sit starin' out the window watchin' this world pass me by
Sometimes I think there's nothin' to live for I almost break down and cry
Sometimes I think I'm crazy, I'm crazy oh so crazy
Why am I here, am I just wastin' my time?
But then I see my baby suddenly I'm not crazy
It all makes sense when I look into her eyes, oh no

Sometimes it feels like the world's on my shoulders
Everyone's leanin' on me
'Cos sometimes it feels like the world's almost over
But then she comes back to me

My baby girl keeps gettin' older I watch her grow up with pride
People make jokes 'cos they don't understand me
They just don t see my real side
I act like shit don't phase me inside it drives me crazy
My insecurities could eat me alive
But then I see my baby suddenly I'm not crazy
It all makes sense when I look into her eyes

Sometime's it feels like the world's on my shoulders
Everyone's leanin' on me
'Cos sometimes it feels like the world's almost over
But then she come back to me

Yeh and if I could sing I'd keep singin' this song to my daughter
If I could hit the notes I'd blow somethin' as long as my father
To show her how I feel about her how proud I am that I got her?
God I'm a daddy I'm so glad that her mum didn't abort her
Now you prob'ly get this picture from my public persona
That I'm a pistol packin' drug addict who bags on his momma
But I wanna just take this time out to be perfectly honest
'Cos there's a lot of shit I keep bottled that hurts deep inside of my soul
And just know that I grow colder the older I grow
This boulder on my shoulder that gets heavy and harder to hold
And this load is like the weight of the world
And I think my neck is breakin' should I just give up
Or try to live up to these expectations?
Now look I love my daughter more than life in itself
But I got a wife who's determined to make my life livin' hell

But I handle it well given the circumstances I'm dealt
So many chances man it's too bad coulda had someone else
But the years that I've wasted are nothin' to the tears that I've tasted
So here's what I'm facin' three felonies six years of probation
I've went to jail for this woman I've been to bat for this woman
I've taken bats to people' backs bent over backwards for this woman
Man I shoulda seen it comin' why'd I stick my penis uppin'?
Woulda ripped the pre nup if I'd seen what she was fuckin'
But fuck it it's over there's no more reason to cry no more
I got my baby maybe the only lady that I adore Hailey
So sayonara try tomorrow nice to know ya
My baby's travelled back to the arms of her rightful owner
And suddenly it seems that my shoulder blades have just shifted
Its like the greatest gift you can get
The weight has been lifted

Now it feels like the world's on my shoulders
Everyone's leanin' on me
'Cos my baby knows that her daddys a soldier
Nothin' can take her from me

I told you I can't sing oh well I tried
Hailie remember when I said
"If you ever need anything, daddy will be right there?
Well guess what? Daddy's here and I ain't goin' nowhere baby
I love you"

Eminem - Steve Berman (Skit) Lyrics

{This muthafucker man
It's ridiculous!
I can't believe it!
Ho-Hold on a minute
Em
What up?
Have a seat
Dre, I'll call you back
What now?
I don't even know where to start
Okay
I got the album from upstairs
And
And this is by far, the most
Incredible thing I've ever heard}

Eminem - When the Music Stops Lyrics

Music, reality, sometimes it's hard to tell the difference
But we as entertainers have a responsibility to these kids
Sike!

If I were to die murdered in cold blood tomorrow
Would you feel sorrow or show love
Or would it matter

Can never be the lead-off batter of things
Shit for me to feed off
I'm see-saw battling
But theres way too much at stake for me to be fake

There's too much on my plate
And I came way too far in this game to turn and walk away
And not say what I got to say
What the fuck you take me for? a joke? you smoking crack?

Before I do that, I beg Mariah to take me back
I get up 'for I get down, run myself in the ground, 'for I put some wack shit out
I'm trying-a smack this one out the park, five-thousand mark
You all steady trying to drown the shark

Ain't gonna do nothing but piss me off
Lid to the can of whoop ass, just twist me off
See me leap out, pull the piece out, fuck shooting I'm just trying to knock his teeth out
Fuck with me now, bitch, let's see you freestyle

Talk is cheap, motherfucker if you're really feeling froggish, leap
You're slim, you're gonna let him get away with that?
He tried to play you, you can't let him 'scape with that
Man I hate this crap, this ain't rap,

This is crazy the way we act
When we confuse hip-hop with real life when the music stops

There ain't no getting rid of McVeigh
If so you would've tried
The only way I'm leaving this bitch is suicide
I have died clinically, arrived back at my enemy's crib with Hennessey,

Got drunk then I finished he
I'm every niggas favorite arch-enemy.
Physically fitted to be the most dangerous nigga with beef
I spark willingly with a dillinger in the dark diligently

I'm not what you think

I appear to be fucked up
Mentally endangered
I can't stay away from a razor

I just want my face in a paper
I wish a nigga had a grenade to squeeze tight to awake neighbors for acres
I murder you
Danger had me turned into a mad man, son of Sam, bitch, I'm surgical

I'll allergic to dying, you think not? you got balls? We can see how large
When the music stops

I was happy having a deal at first,
Thought money would make me happy but
It only made my pain worst,
It hurts when you see your friends turn their back on you dawg

When you ain't got nothing left but your word and your balls
And you're stressed from the calls of your new friends
Beggin' with they hands out
Checking for your record when its selling

When it ain't, that's the end, no laughs
No friends no girl
Just the gin you drink till you car spin you then

Damn!
U slam into the wall and you fall
Out the car, trying to crawl with one arm

About to lose it all in a pool of alcohol
If my funeral's tomorrow, wonder if they would even call when the music stops

Let's see how many of your men loyal,
When I pull up looking for you,
With a pistol sipping on a can of pennzoil
I'm revved up, who said what would lead bust your head would just explode

With red stuff I'm hand cuffed tossed in the paddy wagon
Braggin about how you shot it like a coward, bullets devour you showered you
Niggas, if I was you niggas, I'll run while given the chance
Understand I can enchance the spirit of man

Death itself, it can't hurt me, just the thought of dying alone that really
Irks me, you ain't worthy to speak thoughts of cheap talk
Be smart and stop trying to walk how g's walk before we spark
Hug the floor while we plan tug-o-war with your life, fuck the tour and the mic

I'll rather fuck a whore with a knife, deliver that shit the coroner's like
You high hype poppin' shit in broad day light nigga your a gonna at night

When The Music Stops

Instigators, turn pits in cages
Let loose and bit the neighbours wrist to razors

You all don't want war, you want talk
In the dark my dogs all bark like woof
Proof nigga I'm a wolf, get your whole roof
Caved in like reindeer hoofs
Stomped the roof shake the floor tiles loose
The more you all breach, the more I moves
This hill street, this is hardcore blues
Put a gun to rap checking all our jewels (nigga)
Or make the news betcha all you all move
When the Uzi pop, you better drop when the music stop

Music's changed my life in so many ways
Brains confused and fucked since the 5th grade
LL told me to rock the bells
NWA said fuck the police
Now I'm in jail
93 was strictly R&B
Fucked up hair cut
Listen to Jodeci
Michael Jackson, who gonna tell me I ain't Mike
Ass cheeks painted white
Fucking Presilla at night
Flying down sunset smoking crack
Transvestite in the front
Eddi Murphy in the back
MOP had me grindy and griddy
Marilyn Manson, I dyed my hair blue
And grew some titties
Ludacris told me to throw them bowls
Now I'm in the hospital
Broken nose and a fractured elbow
Voices in my head, I'm going in shock,
I'm reaching for the glock but the music stops

Eminem - Say What You Say Lyrics

So I'm out the game huh?
Huh? {*echoes* Yo Dre, WE RIDIN?
Whatever
Haha! Well I'm witcha homies
Okaylet's handle the small shit

I was born to brew up storms and stir up shit
Kick up dust, CUSS 'til I slur up spit
Grew up - too quick went through too much do too much shit
Corrupt, and I'm a pour it on like syrup bitch
Thick and rich, sick and twisted, Mr. Buttersworth
Dre told me to milk the shit for what it's worth
'Til the cow just tilts and tips and stumbles to earth
{*Poof* And if I fumble the verse, keep goin
First take, I make mistakes, just keep it
No punches pulled no punches that's weak shit
Fake shit, if I ever take shit I'll EAT shit
Wasn't for him, wouldn't be shit

Creep wit me, as we take a lil' trip down memory lane
Been here longer than anyone in the game
And I ain't got to lie about my age
(But what about Jermaine?) Fuck Jermaine
He don't belong speakin mine or Timbaland's name
And don't think, I don't read
Your lil' interviews, and see what you're sayin
I'm a giant, and I ain't gotta move 'til I'm provoked
When I see you I'ma step on you and not even know it
You midget, Mini-Me with a bunch of little Mini-Yous
Runnin around your backyard swimmin pools
Over 80 million records sold
And I ain't have to do it with ten or eleven-year-olds

Cause what you say is what you say, say what you say
How you say it whenever you sayin it, just remember
How you said it when you were sprayin it
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

Second verse, it gets worse, it gets no better than this
Amateurs drink veteran piss
From a Dixie Cup, if you ever mix me up
Or CONFUSE ME with a Canibus or Dre with a DUPRI
We'll rub it in, every club you're in will have you
Blackballed and make sure you never rap a-fuckin-gain
Dre ain't havin itlong as I'm here to play Devil's Advocate

If there was some magic shit

I could wave over the industry that could save it when I'm gone
And buried to make sure the tradition carries on, I would

If I could only use this power for good
I wouldn'tnot even if I could

From the hood and I'm a hornet
And I'ma only sting when I'm cornered

And I'ma only sucka punch and swing without warning
And swing to knock somebody's fuckin head off
Cause I know if they get up I won't get a chance to let off
Another punch I'm punk rock, no one's punk
Don't give a FUCK! White 'Pac, so much spunk
When I was little I knew I would blow up and sell a mill'
And grow up, to be Atilla, go nuts and be a pillar

And I'm, somethin of a phenom'
One puff of the chron', I'm unstoppable
I'm alive and on top again
There's no obstacle that I can't conquer
So come along with us (come on!)

Cause what you say is what you say, say what you say
How you say it whenever you sayin it, just remember
How you said it when you were sprayin it
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

Now anybody who knows Dre
Knows I'm about fast cars and Alize, partyin all day
But I handle my business cause it's work before play
Don't look for trouble but I'll serve you gourmet
However you want it, you can have it your way
You fuck my night up I'ma fuck up your day
Bullet with your name, sendin it your way {*clack*
That goes for anyone who walks through that doorway
Cause this is my space, you invade it, live to regret it
And you die tryin to violate it
Fuck around, get annihilatedeyes dilated

Heh, like my old lady
Cause what you say is what you say, sometimes what you mean
Is two different things, dependin on your mood if it swings
Think too many things
Little hit of Dre's weed, I can do anything
Catch a contact then I'm gone and I'm back
I speed rightand my looseleaf's my launchpad

And I can pull any string
Don't have to prove anything, catch a contract on your head
You headed West, talk shit about Dre?
You better get a vest, and invest

In somethin to protect your head and neck

And it's back and forth all day like Red and Meth
I joke when I say I'm best
In the booth, but a lot of truth is said in jest
And if I ever do live to be a legend
I'ma die a sudden death
Five mics in The Source? Ain't holdin my fuckin breath
But I'll suffocate for the respect
'Fore I'll breathe to collect a fuckin check

Cause what you say is what you say, say what you say
How you say it whenever you sayin it, just remember
How you said it when you were sprayin it
So who you playin with huh huh huh huh?

Watch your fuckin mouth

Yo this Timbaland, tell them I said suck *chka* MY dick

Eminem - 'Till I Collapse Lyrics

'Cause sometimes you just feel tired, feel weak
And when you feel weak, you feel like you wanna just give up
But you got to search within you, and try to find that inner strength
And just pull that shit out of you
And get that motivation to not give up, and not be a quitter
No matter how bad you wanna just fall flat on your face and collapse

'Till I collapse I'm spilling these raps long as you feel 'em
'til the day that I drop you'll never say that I'm not killing 'em
'Cause when I am not, then I'mma stop penning 'em
And I am not Hip-Hop and I'm just not Eminem
Subliminal thoughts, when I'mma stop sending 'em?
Women are caught in webs, spin 'em and hock venom
Adrenalin shots, the penicillin could not get the illing to stop
Amoxicillin's just not real enough
The criminal cop-killing hip hop villain
A minimal swap to cop millions of Pac listeners
You're coming with me, feel it or not you're gonna fear it
Like I showed you the spirit of God lives in us
You hear it a lot, lyrics to shock
Is it a miracle or am I just product of pop fizzing up?
For shizzle my wizzle, this is the plot, listen up
You bizzles forgot, Slizzle does not give a fuck!

'Till the roof comes off, 'till the lights go out
'Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
'Till the smoke clears out, am I high? Perhaps
I'mma rip this shit, 'till my bone collapse
'Till the roof comes off, 'till the lights go out
'Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
'Till the smoke clears out, am I high? Perhaps
I'mma rip this shit, 'till my bone collapse

Music is like magic, there's a certain feeling you get
When you real and you spit and people are feeling your shit
This is your moment, and every single minute you spend
Tryna hold on to it because you may never get it again
So while you're in it, try to get as much shit as you can
And when your run is over just admit when it's at its end
Because I'm at the end of my wits with half the shit gets in
I got a list, here's the order of my list that it's in
It goes Reggie, Jay-Z, 2Pac and Biggie
Andre from OutKast, Jada, Kurupt, Nas and then me
But in this industry I'm the cause of a lot of envy
So when I'm not put on this list, the shit does not offend me
That's why you see me walking 'round like nothing's bothering me
Even though half you people got a fuckin' problem with me

You hate it but you know respect you got to give me
The press's wet dream like Bobby and Whitney, Nate, hit me

'Till the roof comes off, 'till the lights go out
'Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
'Till the smoke clears out, am I high? Perhaps
I'mma rip this shit, 'till my bone collapse
'Till the roof comes off, 'till the lights go out
'Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
'Till the smoke clears out, am I high? Perhaps
I'mma rip this shit, 'till my bone collapse

Soon as a verse starts, I eat at an MC's heart
What is he thinking? How not to go against me, smart
And it's absurd, how people hang on every word
I'll probably never get the props I feel I ever deserve
But I'll never be served, my spot is forever reserved
If I ever leave Earth, that would be the death of me first
'Cause in my heart of hearts I know nothing could ever be worse
That's why I'm clever when I put together every verse
My thoughts are sporadic, I act like I'm an addict
I rap like I'm addicted to smack like I'm Kim Mathers
But I don't want to go forth and back in constant battles
The fact is I would rather sit back and bomb some rappers
So this is like a full blown attack I'm launching at 'em
The track is on some battling raps who want some static?
'Cause I don't really think that the fact that I'm Slim matters
A plaque and platinum status is wack if I'm not the baddest, so

'Till the roof comes off, 'till the lights go out
'Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
'Till the smoke clears out, am I high? Perhaps
I'mma rip this shit, 'till my bone collapse
'Till the roof comes off, 'till the lights go out
'Till my legs give out, can't shut my mouth
'Till the smoke clears out, am I high? Perhaps
I'mma rip this shit, 'till my bone collapse

Until the roof
(Until the roof)
The roof comes off
(The roof comes off)
Until my legs
(Until my legs)
Give out from underneath me

I will not fall, I will stand tall
Feels like no one can beat me

Eminem - My Dad's Gone Crazy Lyrics

Intro:
Tuning Tv
*Eminem Snortin Crack

Tv Presenter:
Hello boys and girls
Today we're gonna talk about father and daughter relationships
Do you have a daddy?
I'll bet you do
Door opens
who's your daddy?

Hailie:
Daddy, what're you doing?

Beat starts

Eminem:
Haha

Eminem & Hailie:
Ok then! everybody, listen up!

Eminem:
I'm goin to hell, who's comin' with me?

Hailie:
Somebody, please help him!
giggle
i think my dad gone crazy!

Verse #1:
There's no mountain i can't climb
There's no tower too high,
No plane that i can't learn how to fly
What do i gotta do to get through to you, destroy you
There ain't nothing i can't take this chainsaw to
Hailey Makes Chainsaw Sound
Fuckin' brain's brawn, and brass balls
I cut 'em off, i got 'em pickled and bronzed in a glass jar
Inside of a hall, with my framed autograph,
Sunglasses with elton john's name, on my drag wall
I'm out the closet, i been lying my ass off
All this time, me and dre been fucking with hats off

Dr Dre:
Suck it marshall

Eminem:
Tell laura and her husband to back off
Before i push this motherfucking button and blast off
And launch one of these russians, and that's all
Hailie Makes Explosion Sound
Blow every fucking thing, except afghanistan on the map, off
We wanna stop, we wanna knock the crap off
Knocking
Haley, tell 'em baby

Haley:
My dad's lost it

Chorus:
Eminem:
There's really nothin' else to say ha, i can't explain it

Hailie:
I think my dad gone crazy!

Eminem:
A little help from hailie jade would, should tell them maybe

Hailie:
I think my dad gone crazy!

Eminem:
Theres nothing you could do to save it, could ever change me

Hailie:
I think my dad gone crazy!

Eminem:
There's noone on earth that can save me, not even halie

Hailie:
I think my dad gone crazy!

Verse 2:
It's like my mother always told me
Eminem Impersinates His Mom
Rnrnrnrnrnrrrr, n codeine n goddamit, you little motherfucker
If you aint got nothin' nice to say then don't say nothin'
Er..
Fuck that shit, bitch, eat a motherfuckin' dick
Chew on a prick, and lick a million motherfuckin' cocks for second
I'd rather put out a motherfucking gospel record
I'd rather be a pussy-whipped bitch, eat pussy
And have pussy-lips glued to my face with a clit-ring in my nose
Then quit bringin my flos, quit giving me my ammo
Can't you see why i'm so mean? if y'all leave me alone, this wouldn't be my ammo

I wouldn't have to go eenie meenie minie mo
Catch a homo by his toe, man i don't know no more
Am i the only fuckin one who's normal any more?

Hailey:
Dad

Chorus

Verse #3:
My songs can make you cry, take you by surprise
And at the same time, make you dry your eyes with the same rhyme
So what you're seeing is a genius at work
Which to me isn't work, so it's easy to misinterpret it at first,
Cuz when i speak, it's tongue in cheek
I'd gank my fuckin teeth before id ever bite my tongue
I'd slice my gums, get struck by fuckin' lightning twice at once
And die and come back as vanilla ice's son
And walk around the rest of my life spit on
And kicked and hit with shit, every time i sung
Like r kelly as soon as "bump n' grind" comes on
More pain inside o' my brain, in the eyes of a little girl inside of a plane
Aimed at the world trade, standin' on ronny's grave,
Screaming at the sky, the clouds gather as clyde mathers and bonnie jade
And nash briddy musta just stop it
Parents are pissed, but the kids love it
Nine millimeter, heater's desk, and two-seaters with meat cleavers
I don't blame you, i wouldn't let hailie listen to me neither

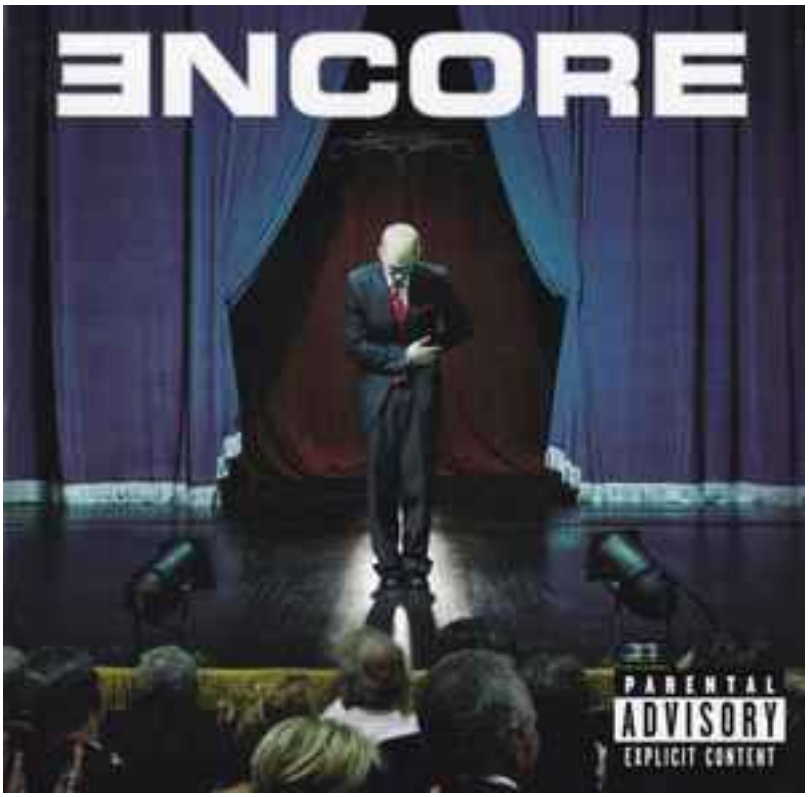
Chorus

Outro:
Eminem:
Crazy

Hailie:
laughs
You're funny daddy!

Eminem - Curtains Close (Skit) Lyrics

Is this thing on? Where'd everybody go?
Guess who's back? Back again
Ken is back, tell some men
Rub my back, rub my back, rub my back, rub my back
Eh, wait hello? Eh, goodnight


ENCORE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Eminem - Curtains Up Lyrics

Still on?
Yo, is the mic on?
Check, check, check
Alright, let's do it
Let's go, come on
(Eminem, Eminem, Eminem)

Eminem - Evil Deeds Lyrics

Lord please forgive me for what I do
For I know not what I've done

Father please forgive me for I know not what I do
I just never had the chance to ever meet you
Therefore I did not know that I would grow to be
My Mother's evil seed and do these evil deeds

Momma had a baby and it's head popped off
My Momma don't want me the next thing
I know I'm gettin' dropped off
Ring ring ring on the door bell
And the next door neighbors on their front porch
But they didn't want me neither
So they left me on someone else's lawn
Till somebody finally took me in

My great aunt and uncle, Edna 'n Charles
They were the ones who were left in charge
My elementary they gang up on me and sang this song
It went a little somethin' like
Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb
Debbie had a Satan spawn, Satan spawn
Momma why do they keep saying this
I just don't understand, understand
And by the way, where's my dad?

Father please forgive me for I know not what I do
I just never had the chance to ever meet you
Therefore I did not know that I would grow to be
My Mother's evil seed and do these evil deeds

Predominantly, predominantly, everything's always predominantly
Predominantly white, predominantly black, but what about me
where does that leave me? Well I guess that I'm between predominantly
Both of 'em, I think if I hear that fuckin' word again I'ma scream
While I'm projectile vomiting, what do I look like, a comedian to you?
Do you think that I'm kidding? What do I look like some kind of idi
Wait a minute, shit, don't answer that, why am I so misunderstood?
Why do I go through so much bullshit, it sucks bullshit, it's tush mull bish

Woe is me, there goes poor Marshall again whinin' about his millions
And his mansion and his sorrow he's always drownin' in
From the dad he never had, and how his childhood was so bad
And how his mom was a dope addict, and his ex-wife how they go at it
Man I'd hate to have it, as bad as that Mr. Mathers
Claims he had it I can't imagine it, that little rich

Poor white bastard needs to take some of that cash out the bank
And take a bath in it, man if I only had half of it
Shit, if you only knew the half of it

Father please forgive me for I know not what I do
I just never had the chance to ever meet you
Therefore I did not know that I would grow to be
My Mother's evil seed and do these evil deeds

Evil deeds, while I plant these evil seeds
Please release me from these demons
I never had any of this shit planned mom
Please believe I don't wanna be Satan's spawn
Never got the chance to say I'm sorry
Now look at all the pain I caused
Dear Santa Claus, why you not comin' this year again?
What did I do that was so bad to deserve this?

Everything could have been so perfect
But life ain't a fairytale, I'm about to be hoist up in the air
Forty feet below me, there's people everywhere
I don't even know what it feel like
They know me 'cause I'm in this ferris wheel
And all I wanna do is go to the mall
And take Hailie on the carousel
Without this crowd everywhere I go

But life is like a merry-go-round
Here we go now, doe-se-doe now
Curtains up, the show must go
Now ring around the Rosie, the shows over
You can all go home now, but the curtain just don't close for me
This ain't how fame is supposed to be
Where's the switch I could just turn off and on
This ain't what I chose to be
So please God, give me the strength
To have what it takes to carry on till I pass 50
Back the baton, the camera's on, my soul is gone

Father please forgive me for I know not what I do
I just never had the chance to ever meet you
Therefore I did not know that I would grow to be
My Mother's evil seed and do these evil deeds

Father please forgive me for I know not what I do
I just never had the chance to ever meet you
Therefore I did not know that I would grow to be
My Mother's evil seed and do these evil deeds

Eminem - Never Enough Lyrics

Eminem
Encore
Never Enough
[Eminem]
There's not much you could do or say to phase me
People think I'm a little bit crazy
I get it from all angles, even occasionally Doc Dre-zie'll
Have to step in every once in a while to save me
To make me stop and think about it 'fore I just say things
Sometimes I forget what other people just may think
A lot of rappers finally wouldn't know how to take me
If they heard some shit, I'd lay the tape 'fore they erase me
I maybe a little too fast paced and racy
Sometimes the average listener rewinds and plays me twenty times
cuz I say so many rhymes, it may seem like I'm goin too fast cuz my mind is racing
And I could give a fuck what category you place me
Long as when I'm pushing up daisies and gone
As long as you place me amongst one of them greats
When I hit the heavenly gates I'll be cool beside Jay-Z
For every single die hard fan who embraced me
I'm thankful for the talent in which God gave me
And I'm thankful for the environment that he placed me
Believe it or not, I thank my mom for how she raised me
In the neighborhood daily, they jumped and chased me
It only made me what I am today, see
Regardless of what anybody believes who hates me
You ain't gonna make or break me
Tryna strip me of my credibility and make me look fake, G
You're only gonna be in for a rude awakening
Cuz sooner or later you haters are all gonna face me
And when you face me with all the shit you've been saving to say to me
You had all this time to think about it
Now don't pussy out and try to wimp out, face me
Cuz I've been patiently waiting for the day
That we finally meet in the same place to see

[Chorus x2] [Nate Dogg]
No matter how many battles I been in and won
No matter how many magazines on my nuts
No matter how many emcees I end up
Ooh ooh, it's never enough

[50 Cent]
My flow's untouchable now you gotta face it
Uh oh, it gets worse when I go back to the basics
You go say the wrong shit and get your face split
The smell of victory, love it so much I can taste it

The spot my talk, it blaze a direct hit
Graze it, your peace talk, save it
You shit sounds dated, you're overrated
I'm obligated to study your moves then crush you mutherfuckers
If I'm the best and the worst, then God's gift is a curse
Soldier trained to destroy, you payin' attention boy?
I spit shit, slick shit, so quick you miss it
To be specific I go ballistic as hieroglyphic
My music is a drug, press play, you ain't gotta sniff it
Chew it or pop it, roll a bag of the chocolate
Get your high over and over, but you gotta cop it
When it's hot, it's hot
Your hatin' is undeniable, stop it

[Chorus x2]

Eminem - Yellow Brick Road Lyrics

What we have to do is deal with it
When these individuals are young enough
If you will, to be saved, not in a religious sense
But not to constitute what this country at times calls if or which over

We seem to be approaching an age of the gross
We all have this idea that we should
Move up a little bit from our parents station
And each generation should do a little bit better

Alright, come on let's cut the bullshit enough let's get it started
Let's start addressing this issue and open it up
Let's take this shit back to basement and we can discuss statements
Thats made on this tape and its whole original
The music that we all know and love

The music we all enjoy the music you all accuse me of try na destroy
Let's rewind it to '89 when I was a boy on the east side of Detroit
Crossin' 8 mile into Warren into hick territory I'd like to share a story
This is my story and you cant nobody tell it for me

You have well informed me and I am well aware that I don't belong here
You've made that perfectly clear I get my ass kicked
Damn near everywhere from Bel-air shopping center
Just for stopping in there from the black side
All the way to the white side

Okay there's a bright side, a day that I might slide
You may call it a past I call it haulin' my ass
Through that patch of grass over them railroad tracks
Oh them railroad tracks them old railroad tracks
Them good old notorious oh well known tracks

So, let's go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through this nifty little place
That I once used to call home sweet home

Come on, let's go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through this nifty little place
That I once used to call home sweet home

I'd roam the streets so much they call me a drifter
Sometimes I stick up a thumb just to hitch hike
Just to get picked up to get me a lift to 8 mile and Van Dyke
And steal a god damn bike from somebody's backyard

And drop it off at the park that was the halfway mark
To meet Kim had to walk back to her Mamma's on Chalmers after dark
To sneak me in the house when I'm kicked out my Mom's
Thats about the time I first met Proof n' Goofy Gary on the steps
At Osborne handin' out some flyers

He was doin' some talent shows at centerline high
I told him to stop by and check us out sometime
He looked at me like I'm out my mind
Shook his head like white boys don't know how to rhyme

I spit out a line and rhymed birthday with first place
And we both had the same rhymes that sound alike
We was on the same shit that big Daddy Kane shit
With compound syllables sound combined
From that day we was down to ride
Somehow we knew we'd meet again somewhere down the line

So, let's go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through this nifty little place
That I once used to call home sweet home

Come on, let's go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through this nifty little place
That I once used to call home sweet home

My first year in 9th grade, can't forget that day at school
It was cool till your man M C Sham came through
And said that pumas the brand 'cuz the clan makes troops
It was rumors but man god damned they flew

Must a been true because man we done banned they shoes
I had the new ones the cool J, ice land, swayed too
And we just through them in the trash like they yesterday's news
Guess who came through next, X Clan debut

Professor X and glorious exists in a state of red, black, and green
With a key sissies now with this bein' a new trend
We don't fit in crack as is out with cactus albums
Blackness is in, African symbols and medallions
Represents black power and we ain't know what it meant

Me and my man Howard and butter would go to the mall with 'em
All over our necks like we're showin 'em off not knowin' at all
We was bein' laughed at you ain't even half black
You ain't posed to have that homie let me grab that
And that flavor flave clock we gon' have to snatch that

All I remember is meetin' back at Manx's basement

Sayin' how we hate this, how racist but dope the X Clan take this
Which reminds me back in '89 me and Kim broke up for the first time
She was try na two time me and there was this black girl
At our school who thought I was cool
'Cuz I rapped so she was kinda eying me

And oh the irony guess what her name was ain't even gon' say it plus
The same color hair as hers was and blue contacts and a pair of jugs
The bombest god damn girl in our whole school if I could pull it
Not only would I become more popular
But I would be able to piss Kim off at the same time

But it backfired I was supposed to dump her
But she dumped me for this black guy
And that's the last I ever seen or heard
Or spoke to the oh foolish pride girl
But I've heard people say they heard the tape and it ain't that bad
But it was I singled out a whole race and for that apologize
I was wrong 'cuz no matter what color a girl is she still a

So, let's go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through this nifty little place
That I once used to call home sweet home

Come on, let's go back
Follow the yellow brick road as we go on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through this nifty little place
That I once used to call home sweet home

Eminem - Like Toy Soldiers Lyrics

Step by step, heart to heart
Left right left, we all fall down

Step by step, heart to heart, left right left
We all fall down like toy soldiers
Bit by bit, torn apart, we never win
But the battle wages on for toy soldiers

I'm supposed to be the soldier who never blows his composure
Even though I hold the weight of the whole world on my shoulders
I am never supposed to show it, my crew ain't supposed to know it
Even if it means goin' toe to toe with a Benzino it don't matter

I'd never drag them in battles that I can handle unless
I absolutely have to I'm supposed to set an example
I need to be the leader, my crew looks for me to guide 'em
If some shit ever just pop off, I'm supposed to be beside 'em

That Ja shit I tried to squash it, it was too late to stop it
There's a certain line you just don't cross and he crossed it
I heard him say Hailie`s name on a song and I just lost it
It was crazy, this shit went way beyond some Jay-Z and nas shit

And even though the battle was won, I feel like we lost it
I spent too much energy on it, honestly I'm exhausted
And I'm so caught in it I almost feel I'm the one who caused it
This ain't what I'm in hip-hop for, it's not why I got in it

That was never my object for someone to get killed
Why would I wanna destroy something I help build
It wasn't my intentions, my intentions was good
I went through my whole career without ever mentionin'

Now it's just out of respect for not runnin' my mouth
And talkin' about something that I knew nothing about
Plus Dre told me stay out, this just wasn't my beef
So I did, I just fell back, watched and gritted my teeth

While he's all over TV yeah I'm talkin' a man who literally saved my life
Like fuck it I understand this is business
And this shit just isn't none of my business
But still knowin' this shit could pop off at any minute 'cause

Step by step, heart to heart, left right left
We all fall down like toy soldiers
Bit by bit, torn apart, we never win
But the battle wages on for toy soldiers

There used to be a time when you could just say a rhyme
And wouldn't have to worry about one of your people dyin'
But now it's elevated 'cuz once you put someone's kids in it
The shit gets escalated, it ain't just words no more is it?

It's a different ball game, callin' names and you ain't just rappin'
We actually tried to stop the 50 and Ja beef from happenin'
Me and Dre had sat with him, kicked it and had a chat with him
And asked him not to start it he wasn't gonna go after him

Until Ja started yappin' in magazines how we stabbed him
Fuck it 50 smash 'em, mash 'em and let him have it
Mean while my attention is pullin' in another direction
Some receptionist at the source who answers phones at his desk

Has an erection for me and thinks that I'll be his resurrection
Tries to blow the dust off his mic and make a new record
But now he's fucked the game up 'cuz one of the ways I came up
Was through that publication the same one that made me famous

Now the owner of it has got a grudge against me for nothin'
Well fuck it, that motherfucker can get it too, fuck him then
But I'm so busy being pissed off I don't stop to think
That we just inherited 50's beef with murder inc

And he's inherited mine which is fine ain't like either of us mind
We still have soldiers that's on the front line
That's willing to die for us as soon as we give the orders
Never to extort us, strictly to show they support us

We'll maybe shout 'em out in a rap or up in a chorus
To show them we love 'em back and let 'em know how important it is
To have runyon avenue soldiers up in our corners
Their loyalty to us is worth more than any award is

But I ain't try na have none of my people hurt and murdered
It ain't worth it, I can't think of a perfecter way to word it
Then to just say that I love y'all too much to see the verdict
I'll walk away from it all before I let it go any further

But don't get it twisted, it's not a plea that I'm coppin'
I'm just willin' to be the bigger man if y'all can quit poppin'
Off at your jaws well then I can 'cuz frankly I'm sick of talkin'
I'm not gonna let someone else's coffin rest on my conscience 'cuz

Step by step, heart to heart, left right left
We all fall down like toy soldiers
Bit by bit, torn apart, we never win
But the battle wages on for toy soldiers

Eminem - Mosh Lyrics

People, it feels so good to be back
Mosh with me now

You scrutinize every word, memorize every line
I spit it once, refuel, re-energize and rewind
I give sight to the blind, my insight through the mind
I exercise my right to express when I feel it's time
It's just all in your mind, what you interpret it as
I say to fight, you take it as I'ma whip someone's ass
If you don't understand, don't even bother to ask
A father who has grown up with a father-less past

Who has blown up now to rap phenomenon that has
Or at least shows no difficulty multi-taskin' and jugglin' both
Perhaps mastered his craft slash entrepreneur
Who has helped launch a few more rap acts
Who's had a few obstacles thrown his way through the last half
Of his career, typical manure
Movin' past that Mr. 'Kiss his ass crack'
He's a class act, rubber band man yeah, he just snaps back

Come along, follow me, as I lead through the darkness
As I provide just enough spark that we need to proceed
Carry on, give me hope, give me strength
Come with me and I wont steer you wrong
Put your faith in your trust, as I guide us through the fog
To the light at the end of the tunnel we gon' fight
We gon' charge, we gon' stomp, we gon' march through the swamp
We gon' mosh through the marsh, take us right through the doors
Come on

All the people up top, on the side and the middle
Come together, let's all form this stomp just a little
Just let it gradually build from the front to the back
All you can see is a sea of people, some white and some black
No matter what color, all that matters we're gathered together
To celebrate for the same 'cause no matter the weather

If it rains, let it rain, yeah, the wetter, the better
They ain't gon' stop us, they can't, we're stronger now, more then ever
They tell us, "No", we say, "Yeah", they tell us, "Stop", we say, "Go"
Rebel with a rebel yell, raise hell, we gon' let em know
Stomp, push, shove, mush, fuck Bush
Until they bring our troops home, c'mon, just

Come along, follow me, as I lead through the darkness
As I provide just enough spark that we need to proceed

Carry on, give me hope, give me strength
Come with me and I wont steer you wrong
Put your faith in your trust, as I guide us through the fog
To the light at the end of the tunnel we gon' fight
We gon' charge, we gon' stomp, we gon' march through the swamp
We gon' mosh through the marsh, take us right through the doors
Come on

Imagine it pourin', it's rainin' down on us
Mosh pits outside the oval office
Someone's tryin' to tell us somethin'
Maybe this is God, just sayin' we're responsible
For this monster, this coward that we have empowered
This is Bin Laden, look at his head noddin'
How could we allow somethin' like this
Without pumpin' our fists, now this is our final hour

Let me be the voice, and your strength and your choice
Let me simplify the rhyme just to amplify the noise
Try to amplify it, times it and multiply it by sixteen million
People are equal at this high pitch
Maybe we can reach Al Qaeda through my speech
Let the President answer a high anarchy
Strap him with a AK 47, let him go fight his own war
Let him impress Daddy that way

No more blood for oil, we got our own battles to fight on our own soil
No more psychological warfare to trick us to thinkin' that we ain't loyal
If we don't serve our own country, we're patronizin' a hero
Look in his eyes, its all lies the stars and stripes have been swiped Washed out and wiped and replaced with his own face
Mosh now or die, if I get sniped tonight
You'll know why, â€~cuz I told you to fight

Come along, follow me, as I lead through the darkness
As I provide just enough spark that we need to proceed
Carry on, give me hope, give me strength
Come with me and I wont steer you wrong
Put your faith in your trust, as I guide us through the fog
To the light at the end of the tunnel we gon' fight
We gon' charge, we gon' stomp, we gon' march through the swamp
We gon' mosh through the marsh, take us right through the doors
Come on

And as we proceed to mosh through this desert storm
In these closing statements, if they should argue
Let us beg to differ as we set aside our differences
And assemble our own army to disarm this weapon
Of mass destruction that we call our President
For the present and mosh for the future of our next generation
To speak and be heard, Mr. President, Mr. Senator

Eminem - Puke Lyrics

There I go
Thinkin' of you again

You don't know how sick you make me
You make me fuckin' sick to my stomach
Every time I think you I puke
You must just not know
You may not think you do but you do
Every time I think of you I puke

I was gonna take the time to sit down
And write you a little poem
But off of the dome would probably be a little more
More suitable for this type of song, woh

I got a million reasons off the top of my head that I can think of
Sixteen bars just ain't enough to put some ink to
So fuck it, I'm a start right here, I'll just be briefer
'Bout to rattle off some other reasons

I knew I shouldn't go and get another tattoo
Of you on my arm, but whatever I gonna do?
I go and get another one, now I got two
Ooh!

Now I'm sittin here, with your name on my skin
I can't believe I went and did that stupid shit again
My next girlfriend, now her name's gotta be Kim
Shit!

If you only knew how much I hated you
For every motherfuckin' thing you ever put us through
Then I wouldn't be standin' here cryin' over you
Ooh!

You don't know how sick you make me
You make me fuckin' sick to my stomach
Every time I think of you I puke
You must just not know
You may not think you do but you do
Every time I think of you I puke

I was gonna take the time to sit down
And write you a little letter
But I thought a song would probably be a little better
Instead of a letter, that you probably just shred up, yeah

I stumbled on your picture yesterday and it made stop
And think of how much of a waste it'd be for me to put some ink
To a stupid piece of paper, I'd rather let you see
How much I fuckin' hate you in a freestyle

You're a fuckin' cokehead slut, I hope you fuckin' die
You get to hell and Satan sticks a needle in your eye
I hate your fuckin' guts, you fuckin' slut, I hope you die
Die

But please don't get me wrong, I'm not bitter or mad
It's not that I still love you, it's not 'cause I want you back
It's just that when I think of you it makes me wanna yack
Aack

But what else can I do, I haven't got a clue
Now I guess I just move on, I have no choice but to
But every time I think of you now all I wanna do
Is puke

You don't know how sick you make me
You make me fuckin' sick to my stomach
Every time I think of you I puke
You must just not know
You may not think you do but you do
Every time I think of you, I puke

Goddamn it
Fuckin' bitch

Eminem - My 1st Single Lyrics

Ohh, yeah
So much for first single on this one

Shady's the label aftermath is a stable
That the horses come out errp of course we're about to stir up
Some shit as thick as Mrs Butterworths syrup
It's the Mr. picked on Christopher Reeves
Just for no reason other than just to tease him

'Cause he was his biggest fan, he used to be superman
Now I'm pourin' liquor on the crib in his name for him
Eminem you wait till' we meet up again
Fucker I'm kickin' your ass for everything you've ever said

It's one for the money two for the fuckin' show, ready get set, let's go
Here comes the buckin' bronco
Stompin' and stampedin' up the damn street like them buffalo
Soldiers I told ya I'm about to blow
So look out below, jeronimo, motherfuckers it's dominos
I'm on a roll, around and around I go when will I stop? I don't know

Tryna pick up where the Eminem show left off
But I know anything's possible
Though I'm not gonna top what I sold, I'm at the top of my game
That shit is not gonna change, long as I got Dr. Dre on my team
I'll get away with murder

I'm like O.J . he's like my cochran today
We keep them Mark Freman tapes in a safe, locked them away
Better watch what you say just when you thought you were safe
Them fuckers got you on tape, you swear to God you was playin'

Whether or not you was little Joshua
Gosh I wish I coulda told you to not do the same
'Cause one day it could cost you your name

And this was supposed to be my first single, but I just fucked that up so
Fuck it, let's all have fun let's mingle, slap a bitch and smack a ho
This was supposed to be my catchy little jingle
That you hear on your radio, but shits about to hit the shingle
Oh oh oh oh oh oh no

Erra oh ah
Erra oh ah
Erra oh ah
Erra oh oh ah ah, oh ah
Erra oh ah

Erra oh ah
Erra poo poo ca ca

Erra erra eric swallowed some generic sleeping pills
And woke up in bed next to his best friend Derick bare naked
Chicka chicka chicka and then just turned 16 and used a fake Id
To sneak in V.I.P. to see R. Kelly

He he he he he, to be so young and naive
Oh what I wouldn't give to live so Kim and care free
Paris and Nikki's parents must be so tickled to cherish
Every picture with their kids with hickeys all over their necks

Hickory dickory derk diggler
Look at me work wizardry with these words
Am I a jerk or just jerk chicken
Or chicka chicka chicka chicka jer jer jerkin the chain

22 jerks in a jerk circle
Or is it a circle jerk or wait a minute
What am I sayin', allow me to run it back and rewind it
Wait a minute let me ask you again

Am I just jerkin the chain, am I bizerk or insane
Or am I just one of them damn amateurs
Workin' the damn camera filmin' one of them
Paris Hilton home made pornos

Who keeps tiltin' the lens at an angle, chicka chicka
Just recently somebody just discovered
Britney and Justin videotapes of them fuckin'
When they were just mouseketeers in the mickey mouse club

And dusted them and went straight to the source with them
'Cause they coulda sworn someone said nuh
And then tried to erase and record over it
But if you listen close enough to it you can hear the
Uh uh and then the come-to-find-out-it-was-just in
Sayin' I'm gon "Nuh" come and this was

Supposed to be my first single, but I just fucked that up so
Fuck it, let's all have fun let's mingle, slap a bitch and smack a ho
This was supposed to be my catchy little jingle
That you hear on your radio, but shits about to hit the shingle
Oh oh oh oh oh oh no

Erra oh ah
Erra oh ah
Erra oh ah
Erra oh oh ah ah, oh ah
Erra oh ah
Erra oh ah

Erra poo poo ca ca

Any opinions or somethin' you just wanna get off your chest
And address it about my lyrics I'd love to hear it
All you gotta do is pick up the phone and just dial up this number
It's 1-800-I'm a dick sucker I love to suck a dick

And if someone picks up you can talk all the shit you want about me
Just type in your number back and follow it by the pound key
And I'll be sure to get back
As soon as there comes a day that I fall out with Dre
Wake up gay, make up with ray
(Hey)

So fuck a chicken, and lick a chicken, and suck a chicken
Beat a chicken, eat a chicken like it's a big cock, big a big cock
Or suck a dick, and lick a dick and eat a dick
And stick a dick in your mouth, I'm done you can fuck off
Fucka-fucka offf

And this was supposed to be my first single, but I just fucked that up so
Fuck it, let's all have fun let's mingle, slap a bitch and smack a ho
This was supposed to be my catchy little jingle
That you hear on your radio, but shits about to hit the shingle
Oh oh oh oh oh oh no

Erra oh ah
Erra oh ah
Erra oh ah
Erra oh oh ah ah, oh ah
Erra oh ah
Erra oh ah
Erra poo poo ca ca

Eminem - Paul (Skit) Lyrics

Em, what's goin' on?
This is Paul Rosenburg here, faithful attorney o' law
Listen, I er, listened to the rough copy of your album

And uh, you know I just gotta be honest with you
Could you turn it down a little bit?
Because there's only so much I can explain, give me a call

Eminem - Rain Man Lyrics

Yeah, definitely, definitely, definitely dawg
Definitely, definitely k-mart
Yeah, yeah

You find me offensive? I find you offensive
For finding me offensive
Hence if I should draw a line on any fences
If so to what extensive
Any, should I go? 'Cause it's getting expensive
Being on the other side of the courtroom on the defensive
They say that I cause extensive
Psychological nerve damage to the brain when I go to lengths this

Far at other people's expenses
I say your all just too goddamn sensitive
It's censorship and it's down right blasphemous
Listen to shit now 'cause I won't stand for this
And Chirs-stiff-pher Reeves won't sit for this neither
And let's clear this up too I ain't got no beef with him either
He used to be like a hero to me
I even believe I had one of those 25 cent stickers on my refrigerator

Right next to Darth Vader
And Darth must have put a hex on him for later
I feel like it's my fault cause of the way that
I stuck him up in between him and Lex Luther
I killed Superman, I killed Superman
And how ironic? That I'd be the bad guy
Kryptonite, the green chronic

'Cause I ain't got no legs
Or no brain, nice to meet you
Hi, my name is
I forgot my name
My name was not to become what I became with this level of fame
My soul is possessed by this devil my new name is
Rain man

Now in the Bible it says
Thou shalt not watch two lesbians in bed
Have homosexual sex
Unless of course you were given the consent to join in
Then of course, it's intercourse and it's bi-sexual sex
Which isn't as bad, as long as you show some remorse for your actions
Either before, during or after preforming the act of that which
Is normally referred to have such, more commonly known phrases

That are more used by today's kids
In a more derogatory way but
Who's to say, what's fair to say and what not to say?
Let's ask Dr. Dre, Dr. Dre?
(What up?)
I gotta question if I may?
(Yeah)
Is it gay to play putt-putt golf with a friend
(Yeah)
And watch his butt-butt when he tees off?
(Yeah)
But, ut! I ain't done yet

In football the quarterback yells out hutt-hutt
While he reaches in another grown man's ass
Grabs on his nuts but just what if
It was never meant it was just an accident
But he tripped, fell, slipped and his penis went in
His teeny tiny little round hiney but he didn't mean it
But his little weenie flinched just a little bit
And I don't mean to go in into any more details but
What if he pictured it as a females butt?
Is that gay? I just need to clear things up
Till then I'll just walk around with a manly strut because

'Cause I ain't got no legs
Or no brain, nice to meet you
Hi, my name is
I forgot my name
My name was not to become what I became with this level of fame
My soul is possessed by this devil my new name is
Rain man

You find me offensive, I find you offensive
Shit, this is the same verse I just did this
When am I gonna come to my good senses?
Probably the day Bush comes to my defenses
My spider senses telling me Spiderman is nearby
And my plan is to get him next and open up a whip ass canister
Goddamn it Dre where is the goddamn beat?
Anyway, anyway I don't know how else to put it
This is the only thing that I'm good at
I am the bad guy, kryptonite, the green chronic
Demonic, yep yep, don't worry I'm on it

I got it, high five Nick Lachey
Stuck a pen in Jessica's head and walked away
And she blew around the room like a balloon a
Grabbed the last can of chicken tuna
Out the trash can and screw my
Head is straight back to the Neverland ranch
With a peanut butter, jelly, chicken, tuna sandwich

And I don't gotta make no goddamn sense
I just did a whole song and I didn't say shit

'Cause I ain't got no legs
Or no brain, nice to meet you
Hi, my name is
I forgot my name
My name was not to become what I became with this level of fame
My soul is possessed by this devil my new name is
Rain man

'Cause I
Yo, rain man
Definitely, definitely Dr. Dre, super dope beat maker
Two thousand and two thousand four hundred and eighty seven million
Nine hundred and seventy three thousand four hundred and sixty three
And seventy

Eminem - Big Weenie Lyrics

I don't understand
Why are you being so mean?
You're mean yo mean yeah man

You are just jealous of me
'Cuz you, you just can't do what I do
So instead of just admitting it
You walk around and say
All kinds of really mean things about me
'Cuz you're a meanie, a meanie

But it's only 'cuz you're just really jealous of me
'Cuz I'm what you want to be
So you just look like an idiot
When you say these mean things
'Cuz it's too easy to see
You're just a really big weenie, big weenie

Alright listen, I need you to focus
I need you to go dig deep in your mind, this is important
We are going to perform an experiment of the sorts
I'm going to have to ask you to bare with me for a moment
Now I need you to open your mind, your eyes close them
You are now about to be placed under my hypnosis
For the next four and a half minutes
We are going to explore into your mind
To find out why you're so fuckin' jealous
Now why did they make yoo-hoo?
Hippity ca-ca boo-boo

Psych, I'm kidding
I just wanted to see if you're still listenin'
Ok, now I need your undivided attention
Sir, I have a question
Why do I always sense this undeniable tension
From the moment that I enter into the room?
It gets all quiet and whispers
Whenever there's conversation, why am I always mentioned?
I've been dying to ask, it's been itchin' at me
Is it just because

You are just jealous of me
'Cuz you, you just can't do what I do
So instead of just admitting it
You walk around and say
All kinds of really mean things about me
'Cuz you're a meanie, a meanie

But it's only 'cuz you're just really jealous of me
'Cuz I'm what you want to be
So you just look like an idiot
When you say these mean things
'Cuz it's too easy to see
You're really just a big weenie, big weenie

Alright now, aww shit I, I just flubbed a line
I was going to say something extremely important
But I forgot who or what it was, I fucked up
Psych, I'm kidding again you idiot, no I didn't
That's just what you wanted to hear from me
Is that I fucked up ain't, it?
But I can bust one take without lookin' at no paper
It doesn't take a bunch of takes
Or me to stand here in this booth all day
For me to say the truth, okay
You're droolin', you have tooth decay
Your mouth is open, you're disgusting

What the fuck you eat for lunch
A bunch of sweets or something, what?
You munch a bunch of Crunch 'n' Munch?
Your tooth is rotten to the gum
Your breath stinks, wanna chew some gum?
Yes I do sir, what am I on?
You sir are on truth syrum
Marshall I'm so jealous of you
Please say you won't tell nobody
I'd be so embarrassed, I'm just absolutely terrified
That someone's gonna find out why I'm saying
All these terrible, evil and awful mean things
It's my own insecurity

You are just jealous of me
'Cuz you, you just can't do what I do
So instead of just admitting it
You walk around and say
All kinds of really mean things about me
'Cuz you're a meanie, a meanie

But it's only 'cuz you're just really jealous of me
'Cuz I'm what you want to be
So you just look like an idiot
When you say these mean things
'Cuz it's too easy to see
You're just a really big weenie, big weenie

Alright now we, we're going to conduct
That experiment that we were talking about earlier
Just to see what a frog looks like when it takes two hits of ecstasy

'Cuz that's exactly what your eyes look like, want to check to see?
Here's a mirror, notice the resemblance here?
Wait, let me put these sun glasses on
Now look in this mirror, how about now?
What do you have in common?
You're both green with envy and look like idiots with sunglasses on 'em
You look like I sound like singing about weenies
Now take my weenie out of your mouth

This is between me and you, I know you're not happy
I know you'd much rather see me
Lying in the corner of a room somewhere crying
Curled up in a ball tweeked out of my mind dying
There is no denying that my weenie is much bigger than yours is
Mine is like sticking a banana between two oranges
Why you even doing this to yourself, it's pointless
Why do we have to keep on going through this
This is torturous my point is this
That if you say mean things, weenie will shrink
Now I forgot what the chorus is, your just is

You are just jealous of me
'Cuz you, you just can't do what I do
So instead of just admitting it
You walk around and say
All kinds of really mean things about me
'Cuz you're a meanie, a meanie

But it's only 'cuz you're just really jealous of me
'Cuz I'm what you want to be
So you just look like an idiot
When you say these mean things
'Cuz it's too easy to see
You're just a really big weenie, big weenie

Fuck off my dick, hehehehehehheium

Eminem - Em Calls Paul (Skit) Lyrics

Aye yo Paul, it's Em
I got your call about the Michael Jackson thing
And I know that he's not 'Thrilled' about the video
What does he 'Wanna be startin'' somethin'?'
Well I'll show him who's really 'Bad'

Paul, 'The way you make me feel' with these calls
You should really take a look at the 'Man in the mirror'
And tell him to 'Beat it' because I 'Won't stop till I get enough'
Do you 'Remember the time'
We were watching the 'Billy Jean' video?

Well he'll always be that Michael to me
And it doesn't matter if he's 'Black or white'
Because I 'Can't stop loving him'
And I hate plastic surgeons
And I hope they all fucking die

How do you like that?
And I like him, I like him a lot
I want to touch him but I can't
Excuse me, I'm taking a shit, sorry

Anyways, call me back
I have this idea about how I want to end the show
So, hit me when you get this message fucker
Oh, and by the way, no I don't have a new gun
(Goddamn it)

Eminem - Just Lose It Lyrics

Okay, guess who's back, back again
Shady's back, tell a friend
Now everyone report to the dance floor
To the dance floor, to the dance floor
Now everyone report to the dance floor
Alright stop, pajama time

Come here little kiddies on my lap
Guess who's back with a brand new rap
And I don't mean rap as in a new case
Of child molestation accusates
Ah ah ah ah ah, no worries
Papa's got a brand new bag of toys
What else could I possibly do to make noise?
I've done touched on everything but little boys

That's not a stab at Michael
That's just a metaphor, I'm just psycho
I go a little bit crazy sometimes
I get a little bit out of control with my rhymes
Good God, dip, do a little slide
Bend down, touch your toes, and just glide
To the center of the dance floor
Like TP for my bung hole and it's cool if you let one go

Nobody's gonna know, who'd hear it?
Give a little poot poot, it's okay
Oops my CD just skipped
And everyone just heard you let one rip

Now I'm gonna make you dance, it's your chance
Yeah boy, shake that ass, whoops I mean girl, girl, girl, girl
Girl you know you're my world, alright now lose it
(Ah ah ah ah ah)
Just lose it
(Ah ah ah ah ah)
Go crazy
(Ah ah ah ah ah)
Oh baby
(Ah ah)
Oh baby
(Ah ah)

It's Friday and it's my day
Used to party all the way to Sunday
Maybe 'til Monday, I don't know what day
Everyday's just a holiday

Cruisin' on the freeway, feelin' kind of breezy
Let the top down and my hair blow
I don't know where I'm goin', all I know
Is when I get there someone's gonna touch my body

Excuse me miss, I don't mean to sound like a jerk
But I'm feelin' just a little stressed out from work
Would you punch me in the stomach and pull my hair?
Spit on me, maybe gouge my eyes out, yeah
Now what's ya name girl, what's ya sign?
Man you must be up out yo mind
Dre, ah, ah, beer goggles, blind
I'm just tryin' to unwind, now I'm

Now I'm gonna make you dance, it's your chance
Yeah boy, shake that ass, whoops I mean girl, girl girl girl
Girl you know you're my world, alright now lose it
(Ah ah ah ah ah)
Just lose it
(Ah ah ah ah ah)
Go crazy
(Ah ah ah ah ah)
Oh baby
(Ah ah)
Oh baby (ah ah)

It's Tuesday and I'm locked up
I'm in jail and I don't know what happened
They say I was runnin' butt naked
Down the street screamin' "Ah ah ah ah"
Well I'm sorry, I don't remember
All I know is this much, I'm not guilty
They said. "Save it, boy we got you on tape
Yellin' at an old lady touch my body"

Now this is the part where the rap breaks down
It's real intense, no one makes a sound
Everything looks like it's '8 Mile' now
The beat comes back and everybody lose themselves
Now snap back to reality, look it's B. Rabbit
Oh you signed me up to battle? I'm a grown man
Tubba tubba tubba tubba tubba tubba tubba
I don't have any lines to go right here so tubba

Tellytubby fellas, what, fellas, what
Grab your left nut, make your right one jealous what
Black girls, white girls, skinny girls, fat girls
Tall girls, small girls, I'm callin' all girls
Everyone report to the dance floor
It's your chance for a little romance or butt squeezin'
It's the season, just go ah ah ah ah, it's so appeasin'

Now I'm gonna make you dance, it's your chance
Yeah boy, shake that ass, whoops I mean girl, girl girl girl
Girl you know you're my world, alright now lose it
(Ah ah ah ah ah)
Just lose it
(Ah ah ah ah ah)
Go crazy
(Ah ah ah ah ah)
Oh baby
(Ah ah)
Oh baby, baby
(Ah ah)

Touch my body, touch my body
Oh boy just touch my body, I mean girl just touch my body

Eminem - Ass Like That Lyrics

I'll be

The way you shake it
I can't believe it
I ain't never seen a ass like that
The way you move it
You make my pee pee go
Da-doing doing doing

I don't believe it
It's almost too good to be true
I ain't never seen a ass like that
The way you move it
You make my pee pee go
Da-doing doing doing

The way she moves she's like a belly dancer
She's shakin' that ass to the new Nelly Jams
I think someone's at the door, but I don't think I'ma answer
Police saying freeze, da-doing doing doing

What do you mean freeze? Please I'm a human being
I have needs, I'm not done not till I'm finished peeing
I am not resisting arrest, I am agreeing
Mister officer, I'm already on my knees
I can't get on the ground any further it's impossible for me
And do not treat me like a murderer
I just like to pee, pee, pee

Yes I make R 'n' B
I sing song that go ringy chong
Ching chong chong chong ching
Psyche, I joke, I joke, I kid, I kid
If I offend, I'm sorry please, please forgive
For I am triumph the puppet dog, I am a mere puppet
I can get away with anything I say and you will love it

The way you shake it
I can't believe it
I ain't never seen a ass like that
The way you move it
You make my pee pee go
Da-doing doing doing

Jessica Simpson
Looks oh so temptin'
Nick I ain't never seen a ass like that

Every time I see the show on MTV
My pee pee goes
Da-doing doing doing

Mary Kate and Ashley used to be so wholesome
Now they gettin' older, they startin' to grow bum-bums
I go to the movies and sit down with my popcorn
Police saying freeze, da-doing doing doing

What do you mean freeze? Jeez, I just got my seat
I have ticket, look I put it away my zipper zipped
Please do not remove me from this movie theater please
I did not even get to see Mary Kate's shower scene
I didn't mean to be obscene or make a great big scene
And don't treat me like I'm Pee Wee Herman
This movie is P.G. mister officer, I demand to see my attorney

I will simply plead innocent, cop a plea and be free
Free, yes, free, right back on the streets
What you mean my lawyer is with Michael?
He's too busy, I'm triumph
Britney spears has shoulders like a man
And I can say that and you laugh
'Cos there's a puppet on my hand

The way you shake it
I can't believe it
I ain't never seen a ass like that
The way you move it
You make my pee pee go
Da-doing doing doing

Hilary Duff is
Not quite old enough so
I ain't never seen a butt like that
Maybe next year I'll say ass
And she'll make my pee pee go
Da-doing doing doing

The way she moves she dances like a gogo
In that video she sings 'Get out' you bozo
I need a new boyfriend, 'Hi my name is Jojo'
Police saying freeze, da-doing doing doing

What do you mean freeze?
My computers will be seized
And my keys to my ranch, I just baked cookies
Mister officer, lookie, take a whiff of these
Here, I make Jesus juice, take a sip of this
Nobody is safe from me, no not even me

I don't even know if I can say the word pee-pee

Pee, on the radio, but I think I did
Janet, is that a breast? I think I just saw a tit
Psyche, I joke, I joke, I kid, I kid
I don't think my joke is working, I must flee
Quick get to the chopper, everybody get down
I'm not Triumph, I'm Arnold get down

The way you shake it
I can't believe it
I ain't never seen a ass like that
The way you move it
You make my pee pee go
Da-doing doing doing

So Gwen Stefani
Will you pee-pee on me please?
I ain't never seen a ass like that
'Cos the way you move it
You make my pee-pee go
Da-doing doing doing

Fuck is wrong with you

Eminem - Spend Some Time Lyrics

If there's any bitches in this room, then there's something I gotta say
For all the fools who fell for first girl who comes their way
I've been down that road and now I'm back sitting on square one
Trying to pick myself up where I started from
I never would've thought that I'd see you out of control
Even though my penis was deep down in your hole
You should know between us, we was like mates of soul
Nothing could intervene us, especially no hoes

You was more sort of chalant type I chose
To more shows, on the true nights I suppose
That's how it go, with time spent, emotion grows
In the beginning friends, we decided to roll
So who's responsible when you get excited, explode
And Obie's grinnin', then you invite that Obie's cold
But bitches they gon' talk, niggas they gon' hate
We established this way before we became mates
So what's required is that you chill with all that fire
Get your desire when I retire and

Spend some time with me, say that you'll be mine
I never thought I'd find someone to be mine
Lord, knows I was right 'cuz you just crossed the line
Spend some time with me, say that you'll be mine

I used to say I never met a girl like you before
Still ain't got a fuckin' clue as to who you truly are
Almost went as far as introducing you to my daughters
'Til you went as far as goin' and snoopin' through my drawers
Now I just feel stupid for the loop that you threw me for
Can't beleive I almost flew the coop for some stupid whore
You used to say all you wanted was for me to be yours
All I ever wanted from you was a few booty calls

If you recall I used to treat you like a poopie broad
When we fucked I refused to even take my jewlery off
But it threw me off the first time I called and you blew me off
It was a shock, it struck me as odd, but it turned me on
You started getting moody on me, pretty soon we'd argue
And the ruder you got, the more beautiful you got to me
And who'da even knew that who would'a even thought possibly
Cupid could shoot another one of them god-damned darts at me

It's true that I got shot in the heart
But when someone seems too good to be true, they usually are
But see, when you're in it, it's too hard to see
'Til you pull up and see some other dude's car parked and reach

Up under the seat, as your heart starts to beat
Before you make a decision that's life altering
And just as you halt, and you turn and you start to leave
You hear them words echoing, almost haunting, that taunting ring

Spend some time with me, say that you'll be mine
I never thought I'd find someone to be mine
Lord, knows I was right 'cuz you just crossed the line
Spend some time with me

Yeah, right bitch, spend some time on my dick
In most cases Stat's attitude is fuck a bitch
My only motive is to get head and fuck a bitch
But you was different, thought we shared a covenant
Even held your hand in public
We sufferin' because of this Shorty's on some hole another shit
Tryin' to play slick, thinkin' I'ma tricked off rip
I'll admit I was caught in the mix, down to commit
Feeding you the best of me, I should've fed you piss

We started off closer than close but who could've predicted to know
Your triflin' way would've stopped our growth
And the final result, back in that same boat
I ask myself do I love these hoes, nope
Em introduced us, "50 this is Tanya, Tanya this is 50"
Then slid off and left her to kick it with me
I complimented her, I said, "You have very nice lips"
With my imagination, I could see her suckin' my dick

We played the phone game, a week later shit changed fast
Had her comin' over in a cab to give me some as
Downtown Manhattan on the balcony, stare at the skyline
Penthouse full of imported, you know how I grind
She got the talkin', talkin' like an opportunitist too
Why talk when suckin' my dick is the real career move?
Said she's an inspiring actress, she do videos for practice
Yeah yeah, know how many times I done heard that shit?

Spend some time with me, say that you'll be mine
I never thought I'd find someone to be mine
Lord, knows I was right 'cuz you just crossed the line
Spend some time with me, say that you'll be mine

Eminem - Mockingbird Lyrics

Yeah, I know sometimes
Things may not always make sense to you right now
But hey, what daddy always tell you? Straighten up, little soldier
Stiffen up that upper lip, what you cryin' about? You got me

Hailie I know you miss your mom and I know you miss your dad
When I'm gone but I'm tryin' to give you the life that I never had
I can see you're sad, even when you smile, even when you laugh
I can see it in your eyes, deep inside you wanna cry

'Cause you're scared, I ain't there, daddy's with you in your prayers
No more cryin', wipe them tears, daddy's here no more nightmares
We gon' pull together through it, we gon' do it Laney
Uncle's crazy ain't he yeah but he loves you girl and you better know it

We're all we got it this world, when it spins, when it swirls
When it whirls, when it twirls, two little beautiful girls
Lookin' puzzled, in a daze, I know it's confusin' you
Daddy's always on the move, mama's always on the news

I try to keep up sheltered from it but somehow it seems
The harder that I try to do that, the more it backfires on me
All the things growin' up as Daddy that he had to see
Daddy don't want you to see but you see just as much as he did

We did not plan it to be this way, your mother and me
But things have got so bad between us, I don't see us ever
Bein' together ever again, like we used to be when we was teenagers
But then of course everything always happens for a reason

I guess it was never meant to be but it's just somethin'
That we have no control over and that's what destiny is
But no more worries, rest your head and go to sleep
Maybe one day we'll wake up and this'll all just be a dream

Now hush little baby, don't you cry
Everything's gonna be alright
Stiffen that upper lip up, little lady, I told ya
Daddy's here to hold you through the night

I know mommy's not here right now
And we don't know why, we feel how we feel inside
It may seem a little crazy, pretty baby
But I promise, momma's gon' be alright

Heh, it's funny, I remember back one year
When daddy had no money

Mommy wrapped the Christmas presents up
And stuck 'em under the tree

And said some of 'em were from me
'Cause daddy couldn't buy 'em
I'll never forget that Christmas
I sat up the whole night cryin'

'Cause daddy felt like a bum, see daddy had a job
But his job was to keep the food on the table for you and mom
And at the time, every house that we lived in
Either kept gettin' broken into and robbed or shot up on the block

And your mom, was savin' money for you in a jar
Tryin' to start a piggy bank for you so you could go to college
Almost had a thousand dollars, 'til someone broke in and stole it
And I know it hurt so bad, it broke your momma's heart

And it seemed like everything was just startin' to fall apart
Mom and dad was arguin' a lot, so momma moved back
On the Chalmers in the flat, one bedroom apartment
And dad moved back to the other side of 8 Mile on Novara

And that's when daddy went to California with his CD
And met Dr. Dre and flew you and momma out to see me
But daddy had to work, you and momma had to leave me
Then you started seein' daddy on the TV

And momma didn't like it and you and Laney were too young
To understand that papa was a rollin' stone, momma developed a habit
And it all happened too fast for either one of us to grab it
I'm just sorry, you were there and had to witness it first hand

'Cause all I ever wanted to do was just make you proud
Now I'm sittin' in this empty house, just reminiscin', lookin'
At your baby pictures, it just trips me out to see how much
You both have grown, it's almost like you're sisters now

Wow, guess you pretty much are and daddy's still here
Laney, I'm talkin' to you too, daddy's still here
I like the sound of that, yeah, it's got a ring to it don't it?
Shh, momma's only gone for the moment

Now hush little baby, don't you cry
Everything's gonna be alright
Stiffen that upper lip up little lady, I told ya
Daddy's here to hold you through the night

I know mommy's not here right now
And we don't know why, we feel how we feel inside
It may seem a little crazy, pretty baby
But I promise, momma's gon' be alright

And if you ask me to
Daddy's gonna buy you a mockingbird, I'ma give you the world
I'ma buy a diamond ring for you, I'ma sing for you
I'll do anything for you to see you smile

And if that mockingbird don't sing
And that ring don't shine, I'ma break that birdie's neck
I'd go back to the jeweler who sold it to ya
And make him eat every carat, don't fuck with dad, ha ha

Eminem - Crazy In Love Lyrics

Tell myself that I was doing alright
There's nothing left to do tonight
I go crazy on you, crazy on you
Lemme go crazy, crazy on you

Can't you see what you do to me baby?
You make me crazy, you make me act like a maniac
I'm like a lunatic, you make me sick
You're truly the only one who can do this to me
You just make me get so crazy

I go schizo, I get so insane I just go skitzophrenic
One minute I want to slit your throat, the next I wanna sex
You make me crazy, the way we act like 2 maniacs in the sack
We fuck like 2 jackrabbits and maybe that's a bad habit

'Cuz the next day we're right back at it in the same exact pattern
What the fuck is the matter with us, we can't figure out if it's lust
Or it's love is what's attracting us to each other
They say that every man grows up to marry his own mother

Which would explain why you're such a motherfucking bitch
But I stay and still stick it out with you even though I just hit you today
But you deserve it you hit me first and provoked me to choke you
Just 'cuz I came home late last night crawled in bed and I woke you

But if there's one thing about you that I admire it's baby
Because you stay with me, maybe, 'cuz you're as crazy as I am
'Cuz when I look at you I can see an angel in your eyes
But if I look deeper inside I see your freakish little side

Like a devil in disguise, you're always full of surprises
Always pullin' devices out your purse, little vibrators
And dildos, you fuck yourself so much, you barely feel those anymore
You're only 24 but you're plenty more [Incomprehensible]

Sure than those other little hoes who just act like little girls
Like theyre in middle school, still you're crazy sexy cool, chillin'
You play your position, you never step out of line
Even though I stay in your business, you've always kept out of mine

I wonder what's on your mind sometimes
They say love is blind
Maybe that's why the first time I dotted your eye
You ain't see the sign

Or maybe you did, maybe you like being shoved

Maybe 'cuz were crazy in love
I go crazy on you, crazy on you
Lemme go crazy, crazy on you

You are the ink to my paper what my pen is to my pad
The moral, the very fiber the whole substance to my rap
You are my reason for being, the meaning of my existence
If it wasn't for you I would never be able to spit this

As intense as I do and the irony is you rely on me as much
As I rely on you to inspire me like you do
You provide me the lighter-fluid the fuel my fire
You're my entire supply gas, the match, and igniter

The only way that I am able to stay so stable is you're the legs
To my table, if you were to break I'd fall on my face
But I am always gonna make you feel I don't need you
As much as I really need you so you don't use it to your advantage

But you are essential to me, you are the air I breathe
I believe if you ever leave me, I'd probably have no reason to be
You are the Kim to my Marshall, you are the Slim to my Shady
The Dre to my Eminem, the Alaina to my Haillie

You are the word that I am looking for when I'm trying to describe
How I feel inside and the right one just won't come to my mind
You're like the pillar that props me up, the beam that supports me
The bitch who never took half, the wife who never divorced me

You are like the root to my evil
You let my devil come out me
You let me beat the shit out you
Before you beat the shit out me

And no matter how much too much is never enough
Maybe 'cuz were crazy in love
I go crazy on you, crazy on you
Lemme go crazy, crazy on you

Eminem - One Shot 2 Shot Lyrics

I told ya'll mothafuckas I was comin' back
(Oh shit)
What now nigga, what now?
(What are you doin'?)
What?
Proof, the projects, nigga

One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is gunshots
This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor, music's off
Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin' shots off

Security's gone I'm dropped in the club
And I'm tryna run and get my muthafuckin' gun
(Nigga, what about your wife?)
Nigga fuck my wife, I'm tryin' ta run and save my muthafuckin' life
Oh shit, the shooter's comin'

Bitches hollerin', niggas runnin', people shot all over the floor
And I'm tryin' ta make it to the St. Andrew's door
That's the sound of the glock
Even DJ House fucked around and got shot
I done messed around and forgot my tec
I don't see nobody but Fab Five and Hex

(Kuniva you awright)
These niggas is trippin'
(Where's Bizarre at?)
I'm tryna slip through the exit and get to where my car is at
Bitches screamin' everywhere and niggas is wildin'
Two minutes ago we was all jokin' and smilin'

This chick is clingin' onto me sobbin' and sighin'
Sayin' she didn't mean to diss me earlier and she cryin'
But it's real and it's on and cats is gettin' killed
So I hugged her and used her body as a human shield
And she got hit now she's yellin'
(Don't leave me)

I told her I'd be right back and the dumb bitch believed me
I squeezed through the back door and made my escape
I ran and got my 38, I hope it's not too late

One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is gunshots
This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor, music's off
Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin' shots off

(I been tryna call you all day, mothafucka, where you at?)

I'm on seven mile, what the fuck was that
Damn somebody hit me from the back
(With they car?)
With a gat nigga and my tire flat
And I just hit a pole, them niggas some hoes

(Is you hit?)
I don't know but I can tell you what they drove
It was a black Mitsubishi
(Shit, that's the clique we beefin' wit)
Man and I was on my way there

Believe me I'm leavin' a caucus today
I'ma park my car and walk the rest of the way
I'm in the mood to strut, my AK ain't even tucked
I'ma meet you at the club, we gon' fuck these hoes up

One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is gunshots
This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor, music's off
Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin' shots off

I never seen no shit like this is my life before
People are still camped out from the night before
Sleepin' outside the door waitin' in line
Still tryna get inside the club to see D12 perform

The fire marshalls know, the venue's too small
People are wall to wall, three thousand and some odd fans
And some cum-wad from out the parkin' lot
Gets in an argument over a parkin' spot
Decides to pull his gun out and let's a few of 'em off

Missed who he's aimin' for six feet away's the door
Into St. Andrew's hall, now the strays flyin' all over the place
Sprays one bitch in the face, another one of 'em came through the wall
Before anyone could even hear the first shot go off

I'm posted up at the bar havin' a mazel tov
Bullet wizzed right by my ear damn near shot it off
Thank God I'm alive, I gotta find Denaun
And where the fuck is Von, he usually tucks one on him

Wait a minute I think I just saw Bizarre
No, I guess not, what the fuck, oh my God it was
I never saw him run so fast in my life
Look at him haulin' ass, I think he left his wife

There she is on the ground bein' trampled
I go to grab her up by the damn hand but I can't pull her
Goddamn, there just went another damn bullet, I'm hit
My vest is barely able to handle it, it's too thin
If I get hit again I can't do it, I scoop deep

Follow Bizarre's path ran through it

And made it to the front door and collapsed on the steps
Looked up and I seen Swift shootin' it out
But I can't see who he's shootin' it out with
But Denaun's right behind him squeezin' his four fifth

One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is gunshots
This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor, music's off
Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin' shots off

It's Friday night came to this bitch, right
Big ass to my left and Desert Eagle to my right
I ain't come in this bitch to party, I came in this bitch to fight
Although I can't stay here to fight 'cuz I'm poppin' niggas tonight

That's right bitches I'm drunk with revenge
Shot a bouncer in the neck for tryna check when I get in
Swift told me to meet him here so it's clear that the schmuck that
Shot out the back of his truck is up in this mothafucka

So one shot for the money, two's to stop the show
Third's for the bartender
(There's plenty of shots to go)
(I just wanna know who's drivin' a black Mitsubishi)
He tried to run so Proof shot him in the knee wit a three piece

One shot, two shot, three shots, four shots, all I hear is gunshots
This is where the fun stops, bodies drop, hit the floor, music's off
Party stops, everybody hit the door, somebody's lickin' shots off

Eminem - Final Thought (Skit) Lyrics

Almost forgot
You're comin' with me'

Let's go baby, let's go
Let's go baby, let's go
Let's go baby, let's go
Let's go baby, let's go

Eminem - Encore/Curtains Down Lyrics

Sh-sh-sh-Shady
Aftermath
G-G-G-Unit

'Cuz we came here to set this party off right
Let's bounce tonight
And if they don't let us in through the front
We'll come through the side

'Cuz I don't ever wanna leave the game without
At least saying goodbye
So all my people on the left, all my people on the right
Swing one last time

Get your ass up for the Doctor
One more time, get your ass up for the Doctor
Come on now, here we go, cliff hanger, it's another club banger
Got you hangin' on the edge of your seat, get on down

Times up, games over, you lose, I win
'Bout to show these knuckleheads how to do this here
Ooh, yeah, new year, next phase, begin
Look who's got you goin' crazy again

I'm a trend, I set one every time I'm in
I go out and just come back full circle again
You a fad, that means you're something that we already had
But once you're gone, you don't come back

Too bad, you're off the map now, radar can't even find you
We stay on the grind, you slip, we out-grind you
You walk around mad, you let your anger blind you
We walk around just playin' the violin behind you

Enough with all the pissin' and moanin', whinin' and bitchin'
Sit and observe, listen, you'll learn if you pay attention
Why ten multi-platinum albums later, three diamond
World-wide, we're on the charts with a bullet and still climbin'

'Cuz we came here to set this party off right
Let's bounce tonight
And if they don't let us in through the front
We'll come through the side

'Cuz I don't ever wanna leave the game without
At least saying goodbye
So all my people on the left, all my people on the right

Swing one last time

When Dr. Dre say crunk, you will get it crunk, get it crunk
Crunk, crunk, crunk
And when 50 Cent says jump, you get on one foot and, jump
Jump, jump, jump, jump

The buzz is tremendous, we drop you all to sense it
I don't gotta promote it for you to know that Doc is off the benches
We keep the party rockin' off the hinges
We ain't showin' off, we just goin' off popular consensus

But critics say that Doc is soft, Doc is talk
Doc is all washed up, knock it off, who the fuck is Doc impressin'?
Doc is this, Doc is that, you got the wrong impression
You must be on the cock of Doc, 'cuz Doc left you all guessin'

So DJ take the needle and just drop it on the record, what
We gon' have this mutherfucker hoppin' in a second, bump bump
That's why we always save the best cut last
To make you scratch and itch for it like fresh cut grass

'Cuz we done swam with the sharks, wrestle with alligators
Spoke to a generation of angry teenagers
Whom if it wasn't for rap to bridge the gap, maybe raised to be racist
Who may have never got to see our faces

Grace the cover of Rolling Stone pages
Broke down barriers of language and races
Just call on the cape crusaders and leave it to me and Dre
To pass the mic and we can play the back and forth all day
Like the hot potato game, that's why we came to

'Cuz we came here to set this party off right
Let's bounce tonight
And if they don't let us in through the front
We'll come through the side

'Cuz I don't ever wanna leave the game without
At least saying goodbye
So all my people on the left, all my people on the right
Swing one last time

50 Cent, come on, bounce now, hands up, you know how we do it
We make the club jump everywhere we go
It's no secret, everybody know
When Dre's involved, there's plenty money involved

And plenty honey's involved, the sunny Sunday's and palm trees
Cali, everyday it's just another party from the valley's
All the way to them 8 Mile alleys, let's rally
Hands up for the grand finale

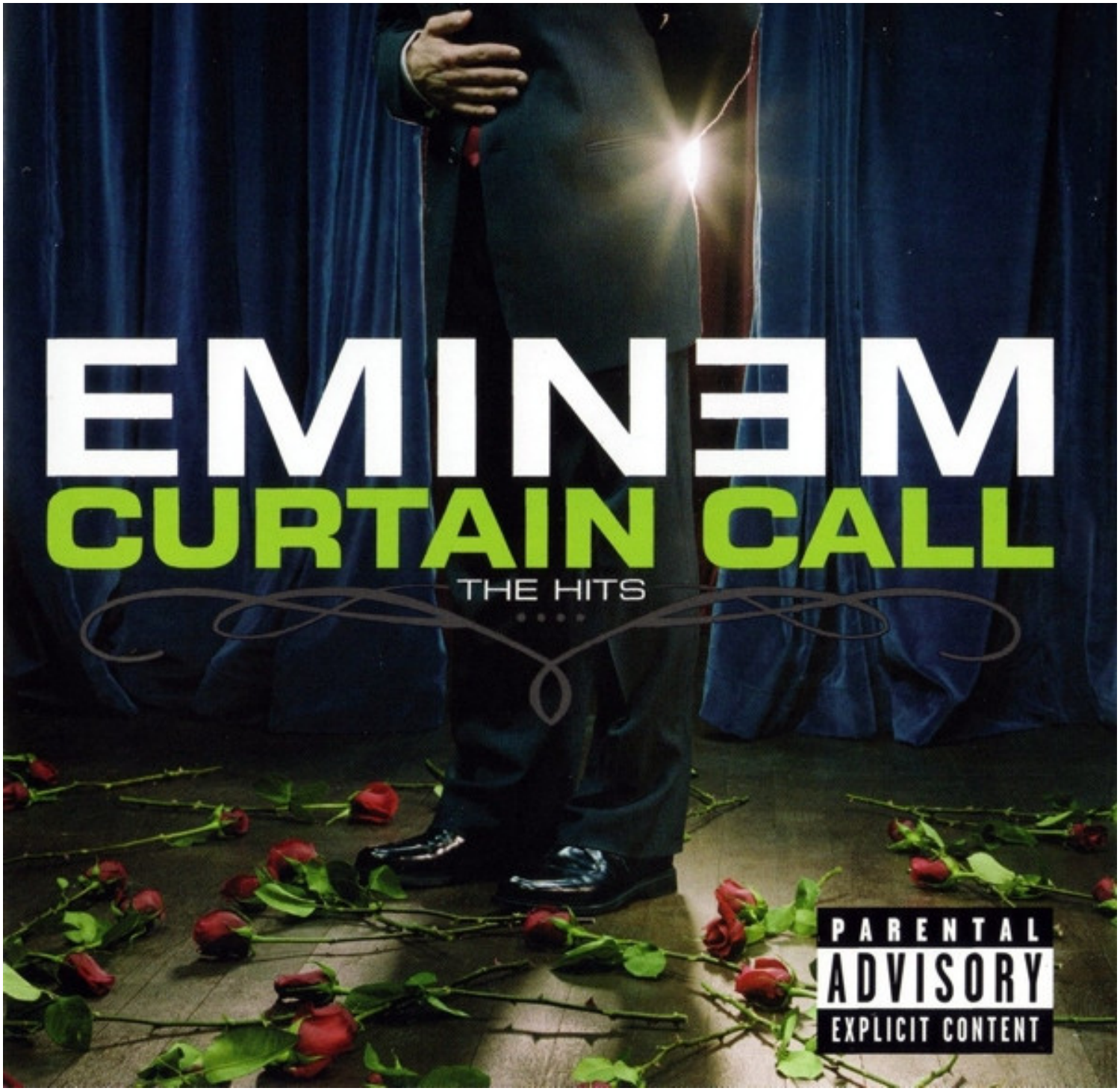
Now raise up out your seat, Dre is about to speak
Six days up out the week
You could catch me in the studio bangin' out the beats to
Provide you with the heat that keep blazin' out your speaker

So never say never 'cuz Shady Aftermath together
Along with G-Unit Records presents the return of the-the Doc
And Shady, no one could do it better
We tear the club up and leave without a strand of evidence and uh

'Cuz we came here to set this party off right
Let's bounce tonight
And if they don't let us in through the front
We'll come through the side

'Cuz I don't ever wanna leave the game without
At least saying goodbye
So all my people on the left, all my people on the right
Swing one last time

Yeah, still Aftermath, 2006
And don't worry about that Detox album, it's comin'
We gon' make Dre do it, 50 Cent, G-Unit
Obie Trice, D-twizzy, Stat Quo, Dr. Dre, we ain't leavin', let's go
Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you all for comin' out, peace


EMINEM
CURTAIN CALL
THE HITS
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Eminem - Beautiful Lyrics

Lately I've been hard to reach
I've been too long on my own
Everybody has their private world
Where they can be alone

Are you calling me?
Are you trying to get through?
Are you reaching out for me?
I'm reaching out for you

I'm just so fucking depressed
I just can't seem to get out this slump
If I could just get over this hump
But I need something to pull me out this dump

I took my bruises, took my lumps
Fell down and I got right back up
But I need that spark to get psyched back up
And in order for me to pick the mic back up

I don't know how or why or when
I ended up this position I'm in
I'm starting to feel dissin' again
So I decided just to pick this pen

Up and try to make an attempt to vent
But I just can't admit
Or come to grips with the fact that I may be done with rap
I need a new outlet

And I know some shit's so hard to swallow
But I can't just sit back and wallow
In my own sorrow but I know one fact
I'll be one tough act to follow

One tough act to follow
I'll be one tough act to follow
Here today, gone tomorrow
But you'd have to walk a thousand miles

In my shoes, just to see
What it's like, to be me
I'll be you, let's trade shoes
Just to see what it'd be like

To feel your pain, you feel mine
Go inside each others' minds

Just to see what we'd find
Look at shit through each others' eyes

Don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful
They can all get fucked, just stay true to you
So don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful
They can all get fucked, just stay true to you

I think I'm starting to lose my sense of humor
Everything's so tense and gloom
I almost feel like I gotta check
The temperature of the room

Just as soon as I walk in, it's like all eyes on me
And so I try to avoid any eye contact
'Cause if I do that then it opens the door
For conversation, like I want that

I'm not looking for extra attention
I just wanna be just like you
Blend in with the rest of the room
Maybe just point me to the closest restroom

I don't need no fucking man servant
Trying to follow me around and wipe my ass
Laugh at every single joke I crack
And half of 'em ain't even funny like

Ha! Marshall you're so funny man
You should be a comedian, god damn!"
Unfortunately I am
I just hide behind the tears of a clown

So why don't you all sit down
Listen to the tale I'm about to tell
Hell, we don't gotta trade our shoes
And you ain't gotta walk no thousand miles

In my shoes, just to see
What it's like, to be me
I'll be you, let's trade shoes
Just to see what it'd be like

To feel your pain, you feel mine
Go inside each others minds
Just to see what we'd find
Look at shit through each others eyes

Don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful
They can all get fucked, just stay true to you
So don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful
They can all get fucked, just stay true to you

Nobody asked for life to deal us
With these bullshit hands we're dealt
We gotta take these cards ourselves
And flip 'em, don't expect no help

Now I could've either just sat on my ass
And pissed and moaned
Or take this situation in which I'm placed in
And get up and get my own

I was never the type of kid
To wait by the door and pack his bags
I sat on the porch and hoped and prayed
For a dad to show up who never did

I just wanted to fit in
Every single place, every school I went
I dreamed of being that cool kid
Even if it meant acting stupid

And Edna always told me
Keep making that face and it'll get stuck like that
Meanwhile I'm just standing there
Holding my tongue tryna talk like that

'Til I stuck my tongue on that frozen stop sign pole
At 8 years old
I learned my lesson then
'Cause I wasn't trying to impress my friends no more

But I already told you my whole life story
Not just based on my description
'Cause where you see it, from where you're sittin
It's probably 110% different

I guess we would have to walk a mile
In each others shoes at least
What size you wear? I wear 10's
Let's see if you can fit your feet

In my shoes, just to see
What it's like, to be me
I'll be you, let's trade shoes
Just to see what it'd be like

To feel your pain, you feel mine
Go inside each others minds
Just to see what we'd find
Look at shit through each others eyes

Don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful

They can all get fucked just stay true to you
So don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful
They can all get fucked just stay true to you

So don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful
They can all get fucked just stay true to you
So

Lately I've been hard to reach
I've been too long on my own
Everybody has their private world
Where they can be alone

Are you calling me?
Are you trying to get through?
Are you reaching out for me?
I'm reaching out for you

Yeah, to my babies
Stay strong, daddy will be home soon

And to the rest of the world
God gave you shoes to fit you
So put 'em on and wear 'em
Be yourself man, be proud of who you are
Even if it sounds corny
Don't ever let anyone tell you you ain't beautiful

Eminem - Lose Yourself Lyrics

Look, if you had, one shot, or one opportunity
To seize everything you ever wanted, one moment
Would you capture it?
Or just let it slip, yo

His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy
There's vomit on his sweater already, mom's spaghetti
He's nervous, but on the surface he looks calm and ready
To drop bombs, but he keeps on forgetting
What he wrote down, the whole crowd goes so loud
He opens his mouth, but the words won't come out
He's chokin' how, everybody's chokin' now
The clock's run out, times up, over, blaw!

Snap, back to reality, oh, there goes gravity
Oh, there goes Rabbit he choked, he's so mad but he won't
Give up that easy, no, he won't have it he knows
His whole back's to these ropes, it don't matter he's dope
He knows that but he's broke, he so stagnant he knows
When he goes back to his mobile home, that's when it's
Back to the lab again, yo
This whole rhapsody better go capture this moment
And hope it don't pass him

You better lose yourself in the music
The moment, you own it, you better never let it go
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo

You better lose yourself in the music
The moment, you own it, you better never let it go
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo

His soul's escaping, through this hole that is gaping
This world is mine for the taking, make me king
As we move toward a new world order, a normal life is boring
But superstardom's close to post mortem
It only grows harder, only grows hotter
He blows it's all over, these h**s is all on him
Coast to coast shows, he's known as the Globetrotter lonely roads

God only knows he's grown farther from home, he's no father
He goes home and barely knows his own daughter
But hold your nose cuz here goes the cold water
These h**s don't want him no mo', he's cold product
They moved on to the next schmoe who flows

He nose dove and sold nada, so the soap opera is told it unfolds
I suppose it's old partna, but the beat goes on
Da da dum, da dum da da da da

You better lose yourself in the music
The moment, you own it, you better never let it go
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo

You better lose yourself in the music
The moment, you own it, you better never let it go
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo

No more games, I'ma change what you call rage
Tear this mothaf****n' roof off like two dogs caged
I was playin' in the beginning, the mood all changed
I been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage
But I kept rhymin' and stepped, writin' the next cipher
Best believe somebody's payin' the pied piper
All the pain inside amplified by the fact
That I can't get by with my 9 to 5

And I can't provide the right type of life for my family
Cuz man, these *** damn food stamps don't buy diapers
And it's no movie, there's no Mekhi Phifer, this is my life
And these times are so hard and it's getting even harder
Tryin' to feed and water my seed, plus teeter-totter
Caught up between bein' a father and a prima donna
Baby mama drama's screamin' on and too much for me to wanna

Stay in one spot, another day of monotony's
Gotten me to the point I'm like a snail
I've got to formulate a plot or end up in jail or shot
Success is my only mothaf****n' option, failure's not
Mom, I love you, but this trailer's got to go
I cannot grow old in Salem's lot, so here I go it's my shot
Feet fail me not, this may be the only opportunity that I got

You better lose yourself in the music
The moment, you own it, you better never let it go
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo

You better lose yourself in the music
The moment, you own it, you better never let it go
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime, yo
You better

You can do anything you set your mind to, man

Eminem - Sing For The Moment Lyrics

These ideas are nightmares for white parents
Whose worst fear is a child with dyed hair and who likes earrings
Like whatever they say has no bearin'
Its so scary in a house that allows no swearin'
To see him walkin' around with his headphones blarin'
Alone in his own zone cold and he don't care
He's a problem child what bothers him all comes out
When he talks about his fuckin' dad walkin' out
'Cos he hates him so bad that he blocks him out
But if he ever saw him again he'd probably knock him out
His thoughts are whacked he's mad so he's talkin' back
Talkin' black brainwashed from rock and rap
He sags his pants two rags and a stockin' cap
His step father hit him so he socked him back
And broke his nose this house is a broken home
There's no control he just lets his emotions go
(C'mon)

Sing with me
(Sing)
Sing for the year
(Sing)
Sing for the laughter
Sing for the tear
(C'mon)
Sing with me just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

Entertainment is danger intertwine it with gangsters
In the land of the killers a sinner's mind is a sanctum
Only you're unholy only have one homey
Only this gun lonely 'cuz don't anyone know me
But everybody just feels like they can relate
I guess words are a motherfucker they can be great
Or they can be great or even worse they can teach hate
Its like kids hang on every single statement we make
Like they worship us plus all the stores ship us platinum
Now how the fuck did this metamorphosis happen?
From standin' on corners and porches just rappin'
To havin' a fortune no more kissin' ass
But then these critics crucify you journalists try to burn you
Fans turn on you attorney's all gonna turn it to
To get their hands on every dime you have
They want you to lose your mind every time you mad
So they can try to make you out to look like a loose canon
You need to spew don't hesitate to produce air guns
Thats why these prosecutors wanna convict me

Swiftly just to get me off these streets quickly
But all their kids been listen to me religiously
So I'm signin' cds while police fingerprint me
They're for the judges daughter but his grudge is against me
If I'm such a fuckin' menace this shit doesn't make sense, Pete
It's all political if my music is literal and I'm a criminal
How the fuck can I raise a little girl?
I couldn't I wouldn't be fit to
You're full of shit too Guerrera that was a fist that hit you

Sing with me
(Sing)
Sing for the year
(Sing)
Sing for the laughter
Sing for the tear
(C'mon)
Sing with me just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

They say music can alter moods and talk to you
But can it load a gun for you and cock it too?
Well if it can then the next time you assault a dude
Just tell the judge it was my fault and I'll get sued
See what these kids do is hear about us totin' pistols
And they want to get one 'cos they think the shit's cool
Not knowin' we're really just protectin' ourselves
We're entertainers of course this shit's affectin' our sales
You ignoramus but music is reflection of self
We just explain it and then we get our checks in the mail
It's fucked up ain't it how we can come from practically nothin'
To bein' able to have any fuckin' thing that we wanted
It's why we sing for these kids that don't have a thing
Except for a dream and a fuckin' rap magazine
Who post pinup pictures on their walls all day long
Idolize their favorite rappers and know all they songs
Or for anyone who's ever been through shit in they lives
So they sit and they cry at night wishin' they die
Till they throw on a rap record and they sit and they vibe
We're nothin' to you but we're the fuckin' shit in their eyes
That's why we seize the moment and try to freeze it and own it
Squeeze it and hold it 'cos we consider these minutes golden
And maybe they'll admit it when we're gone
Just let our spirits live on through out lyrics that you hear in our songs
And we can

Sing with me
(Sing)
Sing for the year
(Sing)
Sing for the laughter
Sing for the tear

(C'mon)
Sing with me just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

Sing with me
(Sing)
Sing for the year
(Sing)
Sing for the laughter
Sing for the tear
(C'mon)
Sing with me just for today
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away

Eminem - When I'm Gone Lyrics

Eminem
Curtain Call
When I'm Gone
[Introduction]
Yeah...
It's my life...
My own words I guess...

[Verse 1]
Have you ever loved someone so much, you'd give an arm for?
Not the expression, no, literally give an arm for?
When they know they're your heart
And you know you were their armour
And you will destroy anyone who would try to harm 'em
But what happens when karma, turns right around and bites you?
And everything you stand for, turns on you, despite you?
What happens when you become the main source of a pain?
"Daddy look what I made", Dad's gotta go catch a plane
"Daddy where's Mommy? I can't find Mommy where is she?"
I don't know go play Hailie, baby, your Daddy's busy
Daddy's writing this song, this song ain't gonna write itself
I'll give you one underdog then you gotta swing by yourself
Then turn right around on that song and tell her you love her
And put hands on her mother, who's a spitting image of her
That's Slim Shady, yeah baby, Slim Shady's crazy
Shady made me, but tonight Shady's rocka-by-baby...

[Chorus]
And when I'm gone, just carry on, don't mourn
Rejoice every time you hear the sound of my voice
Just know that I'm looking down on you smiling
And I didn't feel a thing, So baby don't feel no pain
Just smile back
And when I'm gone, just carry on, don't mourn
Rejoice every time you hear the sound of my voice
Just know that I'm looking down on you smiling
And I didn't feel a thing, So baby don't feel no pain
Just smile back...

[Verse 2]
I keep having this dream, I'm pushin' Hailie on the swing
She keeps screaming, she don't want me to sing
"You're making Mommy cry, why? Why is Mommy crying?"
Baby, Daddy ain't leaving no more, "Daddy you're lying
"You always say that, you always say this is the last time
"But you ain't leaving no more, Daddy you're mine"
She's piling boxes in front of the door trying to block it

"Daddy please, Daddy don't leave, Daddy - no stop it!"
Goes in her pocket, pulls out a tiny necklace locket
It's got a picture, "this'll keep you safe Daddy, take it withcha"'
I look up, it's just me standing in the mirror
These fuckin' walls must be talking, cuz man I can hear 'em
They're saying "You've got one more chance to do right" - and it's tonight
Now go out there and show that you love 'em before it's too late
And just as I go to walk out of my bedroom door
It's turns to a stage, they're gone, and this spotlight is on
And I'm singing...

[Chorus]
And when I'm gone, just carry on, don't mourn
Rejoice every time you hear the sound of my voice
Just know that I'm looking down on you smiling
And I didn't feel a thing, So baby don't feel no pain
Just smile back
And when I'm gone, just carry on, don't mourn
Rejoice every time you hear the sound of my voice
Just know that I'm looking down on you smiling
And I didn't feel a thing, So baby don't feel no pain
Just smile back...

[Verse 3]
Sixty thousand people, all jumping out their seat
The curtain closes, they're throwing roses at my feet
I take a bow and thank you all for coming out
They're screaming so loud, I take one last look at the crowd
I glance down, I don't believe what I'm seeing
"Daddy it's me, help Mommy, her wrists are bleeding,"
But baby we're in Sweden, how did you get to Sweden?
"I followed you Daddy, you told me that you weren't leavin'
"You lied to me Dad, and now you make Mommy sad
"And I bought you this coin, it says 'Number One Dad'
"That's all I wanted, I just want to give you this coin
"I get the point - fine, me and Mommy are gone"
But baby wait, "it's too late Dad, you made the choice
"Now go up there and show 'em that you love 'em more than us"
That's what they want, they want you Marshall, they keep.. screamin' your name
It's no wonder you can't go to sleep, just take another pill
Yeah, I bet you you will. You rap about it, yeah, word, k-keep it real
I hear applause, all this time I couldn't see
How could it be, that the curtain is closing on me
I turn around, find a gun on the ground, cock it
Put it to my brain and scream "die Shady" and pop it
The sky darkens, my life flashes, the plane that I was supposed to be on crashes and burns to ashes
That's when I wake up, alarm clock's ringin', there's birds singin'
It's Spring and Hailie's outside swinging, I walk right up to Kim and kiss her
Tell her I miss her, Hailie just smiles and winks at her little sister
Almost as if to say..

[Chorus/Outro]

And when I'm gone, just carry on, don't mourn
Rejoice every time you hear the sound of my voice
Just know that I'm looking down on you smiling
And I didn't feel a thing, So baby don't feel no pain
Just smile back
And when I'm gone, just carry on, don't mourn
Rejoice every time you hear the sound of my voice
Just know that I'm looking down on you smiling
And I didn't feel a thing, So baby don't feel no pain
Just smile back...

[Curtains closing and sounds of footsteps]

dead
prez
lets get free
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Wolves"

[Wolf Howls]
I'm not a hunter but i am told,
that, uh, in places like in the arctic,
where indiginous people sometimes might, might, hunt a wolf,
they'll take a double edged blade,
and they'll put blood on the blade,
and they'll melt the ice and stick the handle in the ice,
so that only the blade is protruding,
and that a wolf will smell the blood and wants to eat,
and it will come and lick the blade trying to eat,
and what happens is when the wolf licks the blade,
of course, he cuts his tongue, and he bleeds,
and he thinks he's really having a good thing,
and he drinks and he licks and he licks,
and of course he is drinking his own blood and he kills himself,
thats what the Imperialists did with us with crack cocaine,
you have these young brothers out there who think they are getting something
they gonna make a living with,
they is getting something they can buy a car,
like the white people have cars, why can't i have a car?
they getting something they can get a piece of gold,
white people have gold, why can't i have gold?
they getting something to get a house,
white people have a house, why can't i have a house?
and they actually think that theres something thats bringing resources to them,
but they're killing themsleves just like the wolf was licking the blade,
and they're slowly dying without knowing it.
thats whats happening to the community, you with me on that?
thats exactly, precisely what happens to the community,
and instead of blaming the hunter who put the damn handle and blade in the ice
for the wolf,
that what happens is the wolf gets the blame, gets the blame for trying to live,
thats what happens in our community,
you don't blame the person, the victim,
you blame the oppressor, Imperialism, white power is the enemy,
was the enemy when it first came to Africa,
and snatched up the first African brothers here against our will,
isss the enemy today,
and thats the thing that we have to understand.

[Clapping]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"I'm A African"

Yo turn this motherfucking shit up!
Ha ha ha
Uhuru, coupe tete boule kay
Rwanda, Nigeria, Africa's in the house
My nigga D.R.

[Verse 1]
Nigga the red is for the blood in my arm
The black is for the gun in my palm
And the green is for the tram that grows natural
Like locks on Africans
Holdin the smoke from the herb in my abdomen
Camouflage fatigues, and daishikis
Somewhere in between N.W.A. and P.E.
I'm black like Steve Biko
Raised in the ghetto by the people
Fuck the police you know how we do

[Verse 2]
Ayo my life is like Roots it's a true story
It's too gory for them televised fables on cable
I'ma a runaway slave watching the north star
Shackles on my forearm, runnin with the gun on my palm
I'm an African, never was an African-American
Blacker than black I take it back to my origin
Same skin hated by the klansmen
Big nose and lips, big hips and butts, dancin, what

[HOOK:]
I'm a African
I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin
I'm a African
I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin
You a African?
You a African?, louder
Do you know what's happenin?
I'm a African
I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin

It's plain to see, you cant change me
cuz I'm a people army for life

Where you from fool?

[Verse 3]
No I wasn't born in Ghana, but Africa is my momma
And I did not end up here from bad karma
Or from B-Ball, selling mad crack or rappin
Peter Tosh try to tell us what happened
He was sayin if you black then you African
So they had to kill him, and make him a villain
Cuz he was teachin the children
I feel him, he was tryin to drop us a real gem
That's why we bucking holes in the ceilin when we hearin

[HOOK]

A-F-R-I-C-A, Puerto Rico, Haiti, and J.A.
New York and Cali, F-L-A
No it ain't 'bout where you stay, it's bout the motherland
[x2]

[Verse 4]
It's like tank top, flip flop
Knotty dread lock, fuck a cop, hip hop
Make your head bop
Bounce to this, socialist movement
My environment made me the nigga I am
Uncle Sam came and got me and arrested my fam
Try to infiltrate and murder off the best of my clan
I'm not American, punk, Democrat, or Republican
Remember that, most of the cats we know, be hustlin
My momma work, all her life and still strugglin
I blame it on the government and say it on the radio
(What) and if you don't already know
All these Uncle Tom ass kissin niggas got to go

Dead Prez Lyrics

"They Schools"

Why haven't you learned anything?

Man that school shit is a joke
The same people who control the school system control
The prison system, and the whole social system
Ever since slavery, nawsayin?

[Verse 1]
I went to school with some redneck crackers
Right around the time 3rd Bass dropped the cactus album
But I was readin Malcolm
I changed my name in '89 cleaning parts of my brain
Like a baby nine
I took a history class serious
Front row, every day of the week, 3rd period
Fuckin with the teachers had, callin em racist
I tried to show them crackers some light, they couldn't face it
I got my diploma from a school called Rickers
Full of, teenage mothers, and drug dealin niggas
In the hallways, the popo was always present
Searchin through niggas possessions
Lookin for, dope and weapons, get your lessons
That's why my moms kept stressin
I tried to pay attention but they classes wasn't interestin
They seemed to only glorify the Europeans
Claimin Africans were only three-fifths a human being

[HOOK:]
They schools can't teach us shit
My people need freedom, we tryin to get all we can get
All my high school teachers can suck my dick
Tellin me white man lies straight bullshit *[echoes]*
They schools ain't teachin us, what we need to know to survive
(Say what, say what)
They schools don't educate, all they teach the people is lies

You see dog, you see how quick these motherfuckers be to like
Be tellin niggas get a diploma so you can get a job
Knowwhatimsayin but they don't never tell you how the job
Gonna exploit you every time knowwhatimsayin that's why I be like
Fuck they schools!

[Verse 2]
School is like a 12 step brainwash camp
They make you think if you drop out you ain't got a chance
To advance in life, they try to make you pull your pants up
Students fight the teachers and get took away in handcuffs

And if that wasn't enough, then they expel y'all
Your peoples understand it but to them, you a failure
Observation and participation, my favorite teachers
When they beat us in the head with them books, it don't reach us
Whether you breakdance or rock suede addidas
Or be in the bathroom with your clique, smokin reefer
Then you know they math class aint important 'less you addin up cash
In multiples, unemployment aint rewardin
They may as well teach us extortion
You either get paid or locked up, the pricipal is like a warden
In a four year sentence, mad niggas never finish
But that doesn't mean I couldn't be a doctor or a dentist

[HOOK: first part of hook twice]

Cuz for real, a mind is a terrible thing to waste
And all y'all high class niggas with y'all nose up
Cuz we droppin this shit on this joint, fuck y'all
We gon speak for ourselves
Knowhatimsayin? Cuz see the schools aint teachin us nothin
They aint teachin us nothin but how to be slaves and hardworkers
For white people to build up they shit
Make they businesses successful while it's exploitin us
Knowhatimsayin? And they aint teachin us nothin related to
Solvin our own problems, knowhatimsayin?
Aint teachin us how to get crack out the ghetto
They aint teachin us how to stop the police from murdering us
And brutalizing us, they aint teachin us how to get our rent paid
Knowhatimsayin? They aint teachin our families how to interact
Better with each other, knowhatimsayin? They just teachin us
How to build they shit up, knowhatimsayin? That's why my niggas
Got a problem with this shit, that's why niggas be droppin out that
Shit cuz it don't relate, you go to school the fuckin police
Searchin you you walkin in your shit like this a military compound
Knowhatimsayin? So school don't even relate to us
Until we have some shit where we control the fuckin school system
Where we reflect how we gon solve our own problems
Them niggas aint gon relate to school, shit that just how it is
Knowhatimsayin? And I love education, knowhatimsayin?
But if education aint elevatin me, then you knowhatimsayin it aint
Takin me where I need to go on some bullshit, then fuck education
Knowhatimsayin? At least they shit, matter of fact my nigga
this whole school system can suck my dick, BEEYOTCH!!

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hip-Hop"

[Intro]
Uh, Uh, Uh, 1, 2, 1, 2
Uh, Uh, 1, 2, 1, 2, uh, uh
All my dogs

[Hook]
It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip
It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip hop

[Verse 1]
Uh, one thing 'bout music, when it hit you feel no pain
white folks says it controls your brain
I know better than that, that's game and we ready for that
Two soldiers head of the pack, matter of fact who got the gat?
And where my army at?
Rather attack and not react
Back the beats, it don't reflect on how many records get sold
On sex, drugs, and rock and roll, whether your project's put on hold
In the real world, these just people with ideas
They just like me and you when the smoke and camera disappear
Again the real world (world), it's bigger than all these fake ass records
When poor folks got the millions and my woman's disrespected
If you check 1,2, my word of advice to you is just relax
Just do what you got to do, if that don't work then kick the facts
If you a fighter, rider, ?bout'er?, flame ignitor, crowd exciter
Or you wanna just get high, then just say it
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire, wolf-cry agent with a wire
I'm gonna know it when I play it

[Hook]

[Verse 2]
Uh, who shot Biggie Smalls?
If we don't get them, they gonna get us all
I'm down for runnin' up on them crackers in they city hall
We ride for y'all, all my dogs stay real
Nigga don't think these record deals gonna feed your seeds
And pay your bills because they not
MC's get a little bit of love and think they hot
Talkin' bout how much money they got, all y'all records sound the same
I sick of that fake thug, R & B, rap scenario all day on the radio
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material, y'all don't here me though
These record labels slang our tapes like dope
You can be next in line, and signed, and still be writing rhymes and broke
You would rather have a Lexus, some justice, a dream or some substance?
A Beamer, a necklace or freedom?
Still a nigga like me don't playa' hate, I just stay awake

This real hip hop, and it don't stop until we get the po-po off the block
They call it....

[Hook]

Uh, DP's got that crazy shit we keep it crunk up
John Blaze'd and shit what

[repeat]

Fake, fake, fake records

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Police State"

[Sample of Chairman Omali Yeshitela:]
You have the emergence in human society
of this thing that's called the State
What is the State? The State is this organized bureaucracy
It is the po-lice department. It is the Army, the Navy
It is the prison system, the courts, and what have you
This is the State -- it is a repressive organization
But the state -- and gee, well, you know,
you've got to have the police, cause..
if there were no police, look at what you'd be doing to yourselves!
You'd be killing each other if there were no police!
But the reality is..
the police become necessary in human society
only at that junction in human society
where it is split between those who have and those who ain't got

[Dead Prez]
I throw a Molotov cocktail at the precinct, you know how we think
Organize the hood under I Ching banners
Red, Black and Green instead of gang bandanas
F.B.I. spyin on us through the radio antennas
And them hidden cameras in the streetlight watchin society
With no respect for the people's right to privacy
I'll take a slug for the cause like Huey P.
while all you fake niggaz {UNNNGH} try to copy Master P
I want to be free to live, able to have what I need to live
Bring the power back to the street, where the people live
We sick of workin for crumbs and fillin up the prisons
Dyin over money and relyin on religion for help
We do for self like ants in a colony
Organize the wealth into a socialist economy
A way of life based off the common need
And all my comrades is ready, we just spreadin the seed

[Chorus: Dead Prez]
The average Black male
Live a third of his life in a jail cell
Cause the world is controlled by the white male
And the people don't never get justice
And the women don't never get respected
And the problems don't never get solved
And the jobs don't never pay enough
So the rent always be late; can you relate?
We livin in a police state

[Dead Prez]
No more bondage, no more political monsters

No more secret space launchers
Government departments started it in the projects
Material objects, thousands up in the closets
Could've been invested in a future for my comrades
Battle contacts, primitive weapons out in combat
Many never come back
Pretty niggaz be runnin with gats
Rather get shot in they back than fire back
We tired of that - corporations hirin blacks
Denyin the facts, exploitin us all over the map
That's why I write the shit I write in my raps
It's documented, I meant it
Every day of the week, I live in it; breathin it
It's more than just fuckin believin it
I'm holdin them ones, rollin up my sleeves an' shit
It's cee-lo for push-ups now, many headed for one conclusion
Niggaz ain't ready for revolution

[Chorus: Dead Prez]

[police siren wails]

[speaker unknown]
I am.. a revolutionary
and you're gonna have to keep on sayin that
You're gonna have to say that I am a proletariat
I am the people, I'm not the pig

[another speaker]
Guiliani you are full of shit!
And anybody that's down with you!
You could man-make things better for us
and you cuttin the welfare
Knowin damn well when you cut the welfare,
a person gon' do crime..

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Behind Enemy Lines"

[conversations in a prison facility]

[Verse 1]
Yo, little Khadejah pops is locked, he wanna pop the lock
But prison ain't nothin but a private stock
And she be dreamin 'bout his date of release
She hate the police
But loved by her grandma who hugs and kisses her
Her father's a political prisoner, free Fred
Son of a Panther that the government shot dead
Back in 12-4-1969
4 o clock in the mornin, it's terrible but it's fine
Cuz Fred Hampton jr., looks just like him
Walks just like him, talks just like him
And it might be frightenin, the feds and the snitches
See him organize the gang, brothers and sisters
So he had to be framed yo, you know how the game go
18 years because the 5-0 said so
They said he set a fire to a Arab store
But he ignited the minds of the young black and poor

[HOOK:]
Behind enemy lines, my niggas is cellmates
Most of the youth never escape the jail fate
Super maximum camps will advance they game plan
To keep us in the hands of the man locked up

(Hello?)
Collect call from Ness
(Where are you?)
Yo shit is crazy boo, I miss you
(Have you been alright?)
Yo, can you put some money in my commisary?

[Verse 2]
Little Kenny been smokin lucy since he was 12
Now he 25 locked up wit a L
They call him triple K, cuz he killed 3 niggas
Another ghetto child got turned into a killa
His pops was a Vietnam veteran on heroin
Used like a pawn by these white North Americans
Mama couldn't handle the stress so went crazy
Grandmama had to raise the baby
Just a young boy, born to a life of poverty
Hustlin, robbery, whatever brung the paper home
Carried the chrome like a blind man hold a cane
Tattoos all over his chest so you could know his name

But y'all know how the game go
Deez kicked in the front door and guess who they came for
A young nigga headed for the pen, coulda been, shoulda been
Never see the hood again

[HOOK x2]

[Spanish speak]

You aint gotta be locked up to be in prison
Look how we livin
30,000 niggas a day, up in the bing, standin routine
They put is in a box just like our life on the block
Behind enemy lines
[Repeat]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Assassination"

Our people are poor, and you know damn
well nobody wants to be poor
This play is gonna show how the pigs
react when the people start
To take community, control over what
belongs to them
And liberate it back *[echoes]*

Sometimes I just don't care

[Verse 1]
Murderation, modern hanging education
Price of your life is goin up it ain't inflation
Incrimination, they got my picture at the station
Elimination, state to state we eatin by this nation
Them belly full, my trigger finger got pulled
To cut the bull shots'll warm your flesh like wool
These tools for survival make fools out of rivals
Fuck the Bible, get on your knees and praise my rifle
Your life is done there aint another place to run
Eat your own gun, scared because my people never known fun

[Verse 2]
Cops drive down the streets and blow my friends away
I try to smoke enough lah to take my sins away
This E&J be freein us in it's own special way son
We live for the day, the only way dunn
The violence in me, reflect the violence that surround me
[?] Mr. Charley keep his eye on me
To figure my head, but them ass kissin niggas is dead
We learn the chokeholds with fishermen's thread
I read The Art of Sun-Tzu in a couple of fuckin days
Used to practice Kung-Fu with this nigga that's like, double my age
And you can put this on the government's grave
Somebody payin for the way we have to suffer and slave
Assassination, word up

I hope they get the assassins, I hope
that something is done to them
Problem is they're killing them, it
reminds me of something like what
Happened to Lincoln

You ain't even safe wit a full clip
I swear on the president's grave
I'm sick of livin in this bullshit
We down to take it to the full length

Meet us up on Capitol Hill, and we can
get up in some real shit
[repeat]

Assassination, *[gunshot]* yeah

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Mind Sex"

[Chorus]
It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation

[Verse 1]
Pardon me love but you seem like my type
What you doin tonight? you should stop by the site
We could, roll some weed play some records and talk
I got a fly spot downtown Brooklyn, New York
Now I know you think I wanna fuck, no doubt
but tonight we'll try a different route, how bout we start
With a salad, a fresh bed of lettuce with croutons
Later we can play a game of chess on the futon
See i ain't got to get in your blouse
It's your eye contact, that be getting me aroused
When you show me your mind, it make me wanna show you mines
Reflecting my light, when it shines, just takin our time
Before the night's through, we could get physical too
I ain't tryin to say I don't wanna fuck, cause I do
But for me boo, makin love is just as much mental
I like to know what I'm gettin into

[Chorus]
We could have mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation

It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation
Time for some mind sex...

[singing:] before we make love

Yeah, what you know about mind sex?

[singing:] before we make love

[Verse 2]
African princess, tell me yo' interests
Wait, let me guess boo, you probably like poetry
Here's a little something I jotted down in case I spotted you around
So let me take this opportunity

Would you share a moment with me, over herbal tea?
Take a walk verbally, make a bond certaintly
Cuz in my hand I bet your hand fit perfectly
And it's like we floatin out in space when you flirtin wit me
C'mon, a little foreplay don't hurt (hmmm)
Imagine my chest under this shirt, your ass under your skirt
It's like walking the hot sands and finding an oasis
Opposites attract that's the basis
Our sex is the wind that seperates the yin from the yang
The balance that means complete change, our aim
Is to touch you in a delicate spot
And once we get it started I ain't trying to stop

[Chorus]
But first we have mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation

It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation
Mind sex...

[Spoken]
She smiles, I smile
She walks, no she glides softly by me changing night into day
She opens her mouth to speak, and so sounds ring in my head
She speaks, and i want to dance to her rhythm
She moves ever so gently, increasing my desires,
As i place my arms around her waist,
Hold and squeeze unto me,
I want to melt into her body, and discover the base of her warmth
Her beautiful black body that, no human mind could ever conceive
She's love
She's truth
She's real, as real as the stars that shine in the heavens
As real as the sun that bathes her body,
As real as the moon that glows and the birds that sing and the rose
That blossoms in spring for she is that rose
And not just any rose,
But a black rose,
Black rose stands tall and stronger than any other plant
A black rose, that stands as creator, of nations of
Black rose
That never loses her petals, and blossoms all year round
Black rose,
Sweet rose,
Thornless rose
Eternal rose
Please look my way,
Please look my way

Please look my way
Black rose

Dead Prez Lyrics

"We Want Freedom"

I was born black, I live black,
and I'ma die probably because I'm black
because some cracker that knows I'm black
better than you nigga, is probably gonna put
a bullet in the back of my head!!

Yeah our lives fucked up, no doubt
All this shit we go through every day
Sometimes a nigga don't know what the fuck to do
But see I got my niggas
And we gon organize a people army
And we gon get control over our own lives
And I mean that shit right there from the bottom of my shit
I Ching

[Verse 1]
Yeah, yeah
Imagine havin no runnin water to drink
Chemicals contaminate the pipes leadin to your sink
Just think, if the grocery stores close they doors
And they saturate the streets with tanks and start martial law
Would you be ready for civil war
Could you take the life of somebody you know,
or have feelings for if necessary?
I got cousins in the military
But far as I'm concerned they died, when they registered

[Verse 2]
Yo, this world is oh so cold, I think about my ancestors
Being sold, and it make me wanna break the mold
Fuck the gold and the party, train yourself, clean your shottie
Tell me what you gon do to get free, we need more than MC's
We need Hueys, and revolutionaries
The niggas on the streets today, it's kinda scary
The smell around my way ain't roses or strawberries
In fact it's kinda poisonous, bringin out the boy in us
But I'ma stand up on my own, like a man do
Dominate the land and make wealth, like Fu-Manchu
Yes the peoples army stick togehther like glue
We represent the I-Ching, and to this we stand true
Military formation, anyone participation is welcome
Each one teach one, son help son
Just one gun is all it take to get it started
Livin in the wilderness of the west we cold hearted

[HOOK x2:]
If you don't think it could happen think again my son

Be prepared for the worst that's yet to come
We want freedom, prophecies and ancient wisdom
Cataclsym, niggas be like fuck the system

I don't wanna be no movie star
I don't wanna drive no fancy car
I just wanna be free, to live my life, to live my own life

[Verse 3]
Yeah, I'm for peace
But I'll kill ya if ya fuck with my moms or my niece
See we all want peace, but the problem is
Crackers want a bigger piece
Got it where the niggas can't get a piece
That's why police get stabbed and shot
Cuz a nigga can't eat if the ave is hot
Locked up you get three hot meals and one cot
Then you sit and rot, never even got a fair shot
That's where a whole lotta niggas end up
My man moms even got sent up, tryin to keep the rent up
When I'm bent up I think alot about the reason I'm here
I think about the things I fear in the comin years
Ahead of me, I'm ready for whatever they bring though
I'd go against a tank wit a shank for my dreams
And that's my fuckin word
One day the whole world will smoke herb
And niggas won't get took to jail for hangin on the curb

[HOOK x2]

[next part of hook]

[HOOK]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Be Healthy"

It's all love . . .

I don't eat no meat, no dairy, no sweets
only ripe vegetables, fresh fruit and whole wheat
I'm from the old school, my household smell like soul food, bro
curried falafel, barbecued tofu
no fish though, no candy bars, no cigarettes
only ganja and fresh-squeezed juice from oranges
exercising daily to stay healthy
and I rarely drink water out the tap, cause it's filthy

Lentil soup is mental fruit
and ginger root is good for the yout'
Fresh veg-e-table with the ital stew
sweet yam fries with the green calalloo
careful how you season and prepare your foods
cause you don't wanna lose vitamins and miner-ules
and that's the jewel
life brings life, it's valuable, so I eat what comes
from the ground, it's natural
let your food be your medicine (uh huh)
no Excederin (uh uh)
strictly herb, generate in the sun, cause I got melanin
and drink water, eight glasses a day
cause that's what they say

They say you are what you eat, so I strive to be healthy
my goal in life is not to be rich or wealthy
cause true wealth comes from good health, and wise ways
we got to start taking better care of ourselves

They say you are what you eat, so I strive to be healthy
my goal in life is not to be rich or wealthy
cause true wealth comes from good health, and wise ways
we got to start taking better care of ourselves, be
healthy y'all . . .

Yeah, yeah, yeah, hold the fuck up, yo
we'll take this little intermission, listen what the
fuck we gotta say, y'know?
Word is bond son, niggaz been livin fat for too long, knowamsayin?
Smokin bogeys, fuckin drinkin all types of shit
wailin out, not givin a fuck what they puttin in they
bodies, son, knowamsayin?
æ…‹out time niggaz start thinkin about that shit, son, knowamsayin?
That shit is fuckin, makin us deteriorate, son
word up, we gotta care bout our little babies an shit, son

niggaz got kids to raise, straight up
ya gotta start learnin yo self, learning bout ya health, son
learnin this world we live in, kid, knowamsayin?
It's time to start changin all that shit god, word up
so I'm gonna leave y'all niggaz on some shit like that, ya knowamean?
Word up, y'all niggaz better start usin y'all minds an
shit, kid
Peace

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Discipline"

- Peace,
- Who dis?
- Yo, this Deedon Nigga, whats the deal Rob?
- Peace, whats the deal you knowwhatI mean?
- Yo these niggaz having this be Healthy shit today son (Yeah) you know how that shit is going down (Word) its gonna be mad trees (Damn), mad snaz (Man) ya mean you know how we gon do.
- Yeah son I can't even fuck wit it man nah mean I got mad shit to do son
- Yo son stop playing (Come on)
- Man I wish I could fuck wit you man. (Do that shit tomorrow or something)
- Yeah I wish I can go man but I got mad shit to do, this shit comes first you know? You know how it is man
- Yeah I hear you man, you know I'm gonna hold it down and represent for you man P.e.o.p.l.e
-Call me baby, one love
-Yeah Peace

Discipline makes things easier, organize your life
Discipline makes things easier, organize your life
Uh um, uh um, its gonna be alright
Uh um, uh um, its gonna be fine
Uh um, uh um, its gonna be alright
Uh um, uh um, its gonna be fine

Discipline, discipline (practice makes perfect)
Discipline, discipline (Health is wealth)
Discipline, discipline (All things in moderation, plan your work work your plan)

Discipline *[repeats until end of song fading out]*

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Psychology"

[Intro:]
"I was born, in a dump
My mama died and my father got drunk
They left me, to die or grow
In the middle of Tobacco Road
I grew up in a rusty shack
All i owned was hangin on my back
And Lord knows, how I learnt
This place called Tobacco Road
Tobacco Road, you're dirty and you're filthy
Tobacco Road, gonna get me some dynamite and a crane
I'm gonna blow it up, Lord knows gonna start all over again"

"My mind is the place where I make my plans
The world is the place where I take my stand
The beauty of life is mine today
They cannot take my mind away"

[M1]
Fuck what you heard, I'm from Africa
This ain't no act it's mathematical
Past the black radical
I choose the M1, because it's practical
Nothin was changed, we ain't protected
No names, it's all factual
They push the wrong buttons, count down to detonate
Brooklyn blown away and the world will have to speculate
This is what we learn in the streets, fuck a degree
Believe in none of what you hear and half of what you see

[Stic]
It's like watching your own father smoke crack
I have nightmares on shit like that
No way in hell I'll ever get like that
I seen a lot of shit in twenty-two years
It's like a tour of duty
My life is booby-trapped, it's hard to see the beauty
When your heart is turning ice cold
Cold like your hands exposed to blistering winds
My mother keep her eyes closed, she say she prayin
I listen close to what she sayin
When she speak of Jesus I ignore it
But when it's practical I'm all for it
You got to think like a soldier
I'm training myself to snatch pistols out of holsters
Discipline keep the mind focused
This whole world is a corn field son

Look out for flying locusts

[Chorus x2]

Don't let 'em get in your head, they try to probe you
Figure your thoughts so they can try and control you
And through you, control your whole crew
It's psychology boy, now what the fuck that make you wanna do?

[M1]
You can't walk the streets with no state of mind
Blind to the ways of mankind
And if you know the time, give me a sign
Tell me where we draw the line
I got your back if you got mine
My enemy's enemy is my man
One dreadlock is stronger than one strand while the crackers got the upper hand
My comrades stand on lands stolen
Every tooth a golden opportunity
Who holdin my community hostage?
10% ransom, costing us time we lost and some
This is how the plan runs
Thinkin with a fugitive brain
What we do to live is insane
Holdin the weed, healing my membranes
Just like crack, you know it all boils down
to the dollars-and-cents of it
Niggaz commence to get *[?]* to sentenced to serve terms
Jumping the fence, the black germ is loose
When will they learn?
Psychology

[Stic]
We piss on walls and smoke reefa in the halls
No respect for their laws
I cut your face with a kitchen knife
In gladiator times, man against machinery
The tree bark fatigues help me blend in with the scenery boy
Life is a series of serious choices
Theories is formed from experience, never mysterious forces
Various courses of life can lead to failure
Too much of anything is a trap
My mind snap
Guerilla warfare for two grand
They say karate means 'empty hands'
So then it's perfect for the poor man...
They say karate means 'empty hands'
So then it's perfect for the poor man

[Chorus x2]

[Bridge]

[M1]

When you think of us think of pyramids and pistols
And glimmering gold teeth that shine like crystals
The mind is like a jewel son
Only a fool wouldn't grasp it
Wisdom is a tool, you get blasted
When you think of us think of pyramids and pistols
And glimmering gold teeth that shine like crystals
The mind is like a jewel son
Only a fool wouldn't grasp it
Wisdom is a tool, you get blasted

"Free your mind, and the rest will follow
Seize the time, no-one is promised tomorrow"

[Repeat until fade]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Happiness"

[Verse 1:]
Yo, it's a beautiful day, and everybody's feelin' wonderful
The ladies is out, lookin' fly, dressed comfortable
I love to wake up, and feel the breeze through my window
Slip on a fatigues, grab a dutch and roll some indo
It be days like these, that make life so much easier
Fish thawin' out, Guinness Stout in the freezer
Walk the block at my leisure (my leisure)
Summertime is like a anesthesia
So many pretty things to please ya
The greenery
Beautiful birds, natural scenery
Or even just a infinite sky
We be forever puffin' lah
On the block, or tellin' jokes in the ride (ha ha ha)
When the weather be hot, everybody be outside (whut)
Havin' fun (aight?), eatin' fresh fruits and vegetables
And good food put me in the mood for a festival
Some say the summer make a woman more sexual (s'up, boo)
It's instinct -- that's why my game be right on schedule
I put the great Mother Nature on a pedestal
She always fly, but today, she's exceptional
If I had a chance to make a wish
Every day would be just like this, full of Happiness

[Chorus:]
I feel great
Even though we got mad things to deal with
Happiness is all in the mind
Let's unwind, and find a reason to smile
I'm just glad to be livin'
Feelin' fine
Leavin' my bad times behind

Feels great
And no, we can't escape from the realness
Happiness is all in the mind
Let's unwind, and find a reason to smile
I'm just glad to be alive
Feelin' fine
Livin' life one day at a time
Feelin' great

Yeah, knaw'msayin'?
I just wanna give a shout out
To everybody who got a birthday today
Happiness (Happiness)

[Verse 2]
Have you ever heard the children play?
Sometime, I feel the same way, roll up a j, and get away
Put some food on the grill
And just chill
Maybe build with my elders (uh)
Never know the things they could tell ya
Learnin' why the caged bird sings (why it do that?)
'Cuz it's the vital things you know that separate the men from the Kings
The flowers that bloom and the Sun (uh)
And everybody singin' the tune, 'cuz it's time to have fun
We out, rollerbladin' (uh, uh), a day where no one coulda stayed inside
Wash the car, now it's time to take a ride
Me and my crew hangin' out, all night to sunrise
Celebration of life, 'cuz every day is a surprise
Think of the rich countryside on the land of Jamaica
Mountains, springs and green acres
Or any other place in the world your mind takes you
It's the good times in life that everybody can relate to (uh)
And you can leave your troubles behind
And have a wonderful time
Lay back and just ease your mind (whut)
You can leave your troubles behind
And have a wonderful time
Lay back and just ease your mind

[Chorus]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Animal In Man"

[Two Guys Talking]
[Guy 1]
Help me!
[Guy 2]
You want me to help you?
Man is evil, capable of nothing but destruction

[Narrator]
Once upon a time
There was a very serious situation growing
There was a farmer and a farmyard filled with animals
And this is the story of their times

[Verse 1]
Old man Sammy had a farm
Walked the land with the wife
Most of the time shit was calm
His whole life was maintained off the everyday labor
from the mules in the field to the cattle in the stable
This is how we kept food on this table (maxing)
You would have he was disabled by the way he be relaxing
Acting like Mr. Magnificent
But the animals were thinking something different
The sentiment was tension in the barnyard
Throughout the years they had been through mad drama
with the farmer, word is bond
And they all came to one conclusion
They argued there was no way they'd ever be free
If it was up to humans
Therefore the only course left was revolution which was understandable
And since the pigs promised to lead in the interest of all the animals
They planned a full attack
Under the leadership of Hannibal
The fattest pig in the pack
The next morning on the farm
Everything was calm
Just before dawn
But before long
The sun got so hot it made the farm seem electric
Now check it
This is when that shit got hectic
Directed by Hannibal, the animals attacked
Old Sam was in a state of shock
And fell up on his back
And dropped his rifle
Reaching in vain
Each and every creature from the field at his throat

Screaming "Kill, feel the pain."

[Chorus]
This is the animal in man
This is the animal in you
This is the animal in man
Coming true *[x2]*

[Verse 2]
After they ran the farmer off the farm
The pigs went around and called a meeting in the barn
Hannibal spoke for several hours
But when talks about his plans for power
That's when the conversation turned sour
He issued an offical ordinance to set
If not a pig from this day forth then you insubordinate
That's when the horses went buckwild
One of them shouted out
"You fraudulent pigs, we know your fucking style!"
Hannibal's face was flushed and pale
All the animals eyes full of disgust and betrayal
He felt the same way Sam felt
They took his tongue out of his mouth
And cut his body up for sale, for real
You better listen while you can
Its a very thin line between animal and man
When Hannibal crossed the line they all took a stand
What would have done?
Shook his hand?
This is the animal in man

[Chorus x4]

[Narrator]
Remember...

Dead Prez Lyrics

"It's Bigger Than Hip-Hop"

[radio tuning]

It's still bigger than hip hop hip hop hip hop hip
It's bigger than hip hop hip hop hip hop hip hop

[Verse 1]
Uhh, uhh, uhh
One thing 'bout music when it's real they get scared
Got us slavin for the welfare
Aint no food, clothes, or healthcare
I'm down for guerilla warfare
All my niggas put your guns in the air if you really don't care
Skunk in the air, make a nigga wanna buck in the air
for my brother locked up in the jump for a year
Shit is real out here don't believe these videos
This fake ass industry gotta pay to get a song on the radio
Really though, DP'z gon' let you know
It's just a game of pimps and hoes
And it's all 'bout who you know
Not who we are, or how we grow
I rap 'bout what I know, what I go through
What I been through, not just for no dough
Even though the rent due, what I'm into aint for no dough
Or just no fame, everything must change, nothin remains the same
Sick of the same ol' thang, it's bigger than "Bling Bling"

[HOOK:]
If I, feel it I feel it, if I don't, I don't
If it aint really real then I probably won't
Rollin with my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride
For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die
Uhh, hip what hop what hip what hop what hip what hop what hip what
Hop c'mon, c'mon, my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride
For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die

[Verse 2]
Hip hop means sayin what I want never bite my tongue
Hip hop means teaching the young
If you feelin what I'm feelin then you hearin what I'm sayin
cause these fake fake records just keep on playin
What you sayin huh DP bringin the funk
Let the bassline rattle your trunk, uhhh!
Punk pig wit a badge wanna handcuff me cuz my pants that's tend to sag
Hip hop means throw up your rag, soldier flag
Whether ridin on the bus or you stole a jag
M-1 mean freedom, burn the cash
Revolutionary love til the day we pass

Will they play it on the radio
Maybe not, maybe so we gon keep it pumpin though
Everybody know we headed for the whoa, fo sho

[Verse 3]
Ay dogg that label is that slave ship
Owners got them whips and rappers is slaves
If you really wanna eat you gotta hear the same thing
With the football, b-ball, or if you slangin that dope
Aint never seen no hope, brainwash video shows be foolin my folk
What the hell a brother gon do though, huh
When the rent due, when the lights and the gas gonna get cut off
Drop them raps or cock them gats
Aint never had shit ever since we came to this bitch
Why I gotta feel pain to get rich
'Stead of stackin chips, finna pack them clips

[HOOK x2]
(Ride to this if you miss Tupac, bounce to this if you love Big Poppa)

We keep it crunkah

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Propaganda"

[Intro: news snippets]
"Let me now turn, to our program for the future..."
"The economy right now, is extremely supportive of the president and his policies"
"FBI scientists have found chemical traces, consistent with a bomb or a missle, on a piece of wreckage..."
"Police using clubs and tear gas against demonstrators..."
"They called me a mother -(bleeped out)-ing so-and-so...and a white facist...like they said, 'you're getting some of your own medicine'..."

[Singing:]
Telling lies, to our vision
Telling lies, to our children
Telling lies, to our babies
Only truth, can take us away

[Verse 1:]
You can't fool all the people all of the time
But if you fool the right ones, then the rest will fall behind
Tell me who's got control of your mind? your world view?
Is it the news or the movie you're taking your girl to? (uh)
Know what i'm sayin cause Uncle Sam got a plan
If you examine what they tellin us then you will understand
What they plantin in the seeds of the next generation
Feeding our children miseducation
No one knows if there's UFO's or any life on mars
Or what they do when they up in the stars
Because i don't believe a word of what the president said
He filling our head with lies got us hypnotised
When he be speaking in cold words about crime and poverty
Drugs, welfare, prisons, guns and robbery
It really means us, there's no excuse for the slander
But what's good for the goose, is still good for the gander
See...

[Chorus:]
I don't believe Bob Marley died from cancer
31 years ago i woulda been a panther
They killed Huey cause they knew he had the answer
The views that you see in the news is propaganda

[Singing:]
Telling lies, to our vision
Telling lies, to our children
Telling lies, to our babies
Only truth, can take us away

[Verse 2:]
I don't want no computer chip in my arm
I don't wanna die by a nuclear bomb
I say we all rush the pentagon, pull out guns
And grab the intercom, my first word's will be I believe
Man made God, outta ignorance and fear
If God made man, then why the hell would he put us here?
I thought he's supposed to be the all loving
The same God who let Hitler put the Jews in the oven
We don't fall for the regular shit, they try to feed us
All this half-ass leadership, flippin position
They turn politcian and shut the hell up and follow tradition
For your TV screen, is telling lies to your vision
Every channel got some brainwashed cop shit to watch
Running up in niggas cribs claiming that they heard shots
It's a plot, but busta can you tell me who's greedier?
Big corporations, the pigs or the media?
Sign of the times, terrorism on the rise
Commercial airplanes, falling out the sky like flies
Make me wonder what secrets went down with Bob Brown (?)
Who burnt churches to the ground with no evidence found?
It's not coincidence, it's been too many studied incidents
It coulda been the Klan who put that bomb at the Olympics
But it probably was the FBI, deep at the call
Cuz if they make us all panic then they can start martial law

[Chorus:]
I don't believe Bob Marley died from cancer
31 years ago i woulda been a panther
They killed Huey cause they knew he had the answer
The views that you see in the news is propaganda

I don't believe Bob Marley died from cancer
31 years ago i woulda been a panther
You killed Huey cause you knew he had the answer
The views that you see in the news is muthafuckin propaganda

[Singing:]
Police is telling lies fooling millions
What are they teaching our kids in these school buildings?
Televised, enterprised in all the killing
Controlling our lives, this ain't living
No this ain't living

[Chant:]
FBI, CIA
ATF, KKK
IRS, TNT
CBS, NBC

FBI, CIA
ATF, KKK
IRS, TNT

CBS, NBC

[Singing:]
Telling lies, to our vision
Telling lies, to our children
Telling lies, to our babies
Only truth, can take us away

[News snippet:]
"uh, we view each other uh, with uh, a great love and a great understanding and that we try to expand this to the general, uh, black population and also people, oppressed people all over the world, and, i think that uh, we differ from uhmm... uh, some other groups simply because we understand the system better than uh, most uh, groups understand the system, and uh, with this realisation, uh, we attempt to form a strong political base based in the community with the only strength that we have and that's the strength of uh, a potentially destructive force if we don't get freedom."

Dead Prez Lyrics

"The Pistol"

We ain't tryin to hear shit for what? (Cash money)
We whole world operating off a (Cash money)
To all my niggas with a whole lotta (Cash money)
Watch yo' back money

You couldn't neva understand how my mind tick
I'm on some old school crime shit
When niggas sold two's to keep the dimes lit
Ain't no rules when these iron shots are stoned dun
This heat burn through your flesh, stright to the bones
I reach for the buddha cess and zone
I probably have a future of stress, stay depressed and be alone
But as far as the present time its on
I represent mine til I return to the S and said I'm dead and gone
Nobody wanna be broke and you neither
Put me on the co'na, watch me catch a quick case of cream fever
If you be poppin shit my niggas won't believe ya
Probably punch you in the face and take ya wallet when we see ya
But son it gets deeper
I'm runnin with a click thats bein' hunted by the grim reaper
To all my peoples in the man keeper
Let'cha situation be a teacher
Ain't nothin like a education
When I was locked down I learned about patience and dedication
And not to say shit, unless you need a motherfuckin face lift
And as a youth I was a outcast
Runnin around with pellot guns playin war but now it's all about cash

[Chorus:]
I'm caught up, caught up in a mix of shit
And I ain't tryin to hear shit til my got cash to get
Blast you with the pistol
If I have to, in my mind its all about cash in a fistfull
I'm caught up in a mix of shit
And I ain't tryin to hear shit til my got cash to get
Splash you with the pistol
If I have to, in my mind its all about cash in a fistfull

Up late night and upset, and fed up
Niggas comin up wet, I'm dead up
Fuck tryin to your head up
And when it go down, word bond we gotta get up
Too many locked down upstate, son its a set up
My life has sped up, many years I'm straight up
Plenty bears for who ain't here and those who ate up
Test and get sprayed up in the club
We couldn't run it so we take the blade up in the booth

Since we couldn't shoot
We heat it up, losin the shirt, showin the bare chest
I'm blessed, puffin the skunk make me care less
The best that you can do is duck my fuckin crew
If the slugs don't get'cha, lord J'll jig ya
Actin artificial you'll get burnt my the pistol
Before its done, even my guns'll turn to missles
Don't have to blow the whistle on you
'Cuz everybody knows you
Watch yourself around borderline pyschos
Who know my people gotta hold a mint
Or they ain't worth a cent
How can you represent, if you can't pay the rent
And leave a dent in my life time, I'm caught up in trife crime
In fights you neva know what you might find
We stand firm meanwhile cuz niggas that seem wild
Be buckin blanks, if they were men they wouldn't fuck with pranks
I leave them niggas alone and stay home
Unitl it cool down as they remember how my tool sound

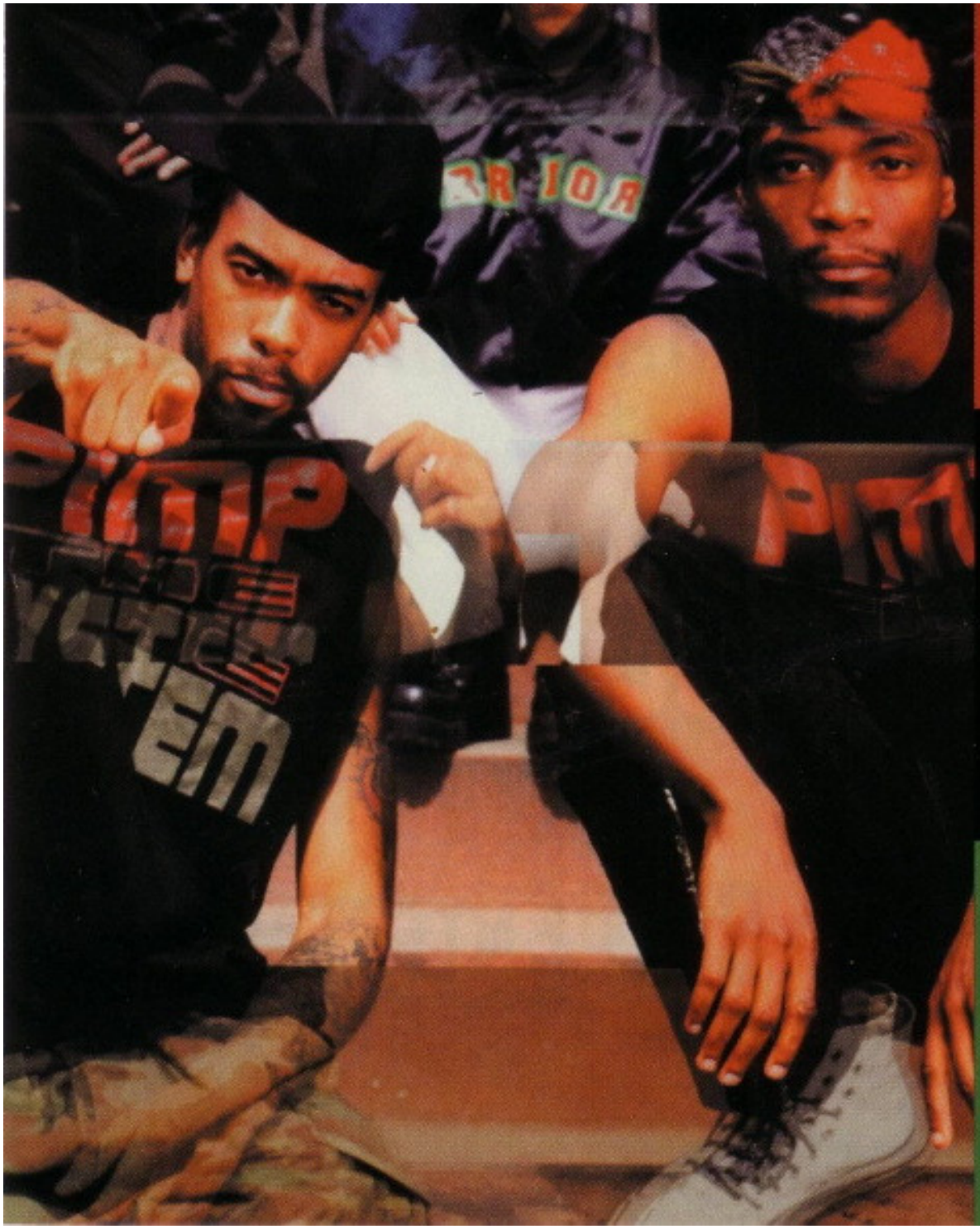
[Chorus]

We ain't tryin to hear shit for what? (Cash money)
We whole world operating off a (Cash money)
To all my niggas with a whole lotta (Cash money)
Watch yo' back money

Yeah, we up on what we dealing with
We ain't no criminals
We got the right to have gats
As long as the army, navy, air force, marines got gats
We gon' hold heat, knamsayin?
'Cuz our army gotta represent for us
Word up
Aiyyo, Maintain (Yeah)
Set that shit son

Forever keeping my shit cocked for drama
Stainless steal, shit is for real
The way these rats is known to squeal, makin' sour deals
Thugs up in to mix with these drugs, caught up in the humble
Bricks and paper by the bundle how the Bronx humble
??? devils get deaded, never regret it, only known to set it
Stealin existence obviuosly ya jetted
Speak the desest, I see the pyramid and eagle
Back of the dollar bill, ill decitful, we consider leathal
God fallin, niggas be ballin, guzzlin alcoholics
Two drinks, too many is like whitey infulltrating your fortress
This is on, we 'bout to form, best prepare for the storm
Ya'll funny niggas quick to ring the alarm
Bomb fell, now a nation is gel
We had to dwell for four hundred or more
The Lord had the right just livin poor

Resurrectin the true and livin back the power
Devils getiin devoured, niggas heard the god holla



dpz

turn off the radio

the mixtape volume 1

PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Turn Off The Radio"

Woohoohoohoohoohoo...
Crank up yo' speakers!

[Stic.]
To all my (niggaz)
Every hustlin (nigga)
Strugglin (niggaz)
Revolutionary (niggaz)
Gang-bangin (niggaz)
Chain-gangin (niggaz)
Tune yo' frequency...

I refuse to be a stereotype in ya box
Never wanna try to be somethin I'm not
I'm just a nigga from the block, if you got it twist it
Stay blowin on green, if you got it, twist it on up
DP's givin a fuck - R.B.G.'d up in some gangsta chucks
Throw ya fist up homie if ya know what's up
All my comrades puttin in soldier work
We rollin dirty wit it, fully dedicated
So real that the radio'll never play it
But that's cool, the enemy supposed to hate it
Freedom ain't gon' come til we regulate 'em
That's why I'm in the dojo, not just for the video
Really though, we really got beef with the po-po (woop-woop)
Never know when they gon' put you in a chokehold
This is for you new niggaz, holdin for the radio

[Chorus]
Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!

[phone rings]
[M-1] People's Radio
[Stic.] Yo hang up, that's the police

[M-1]
What's on the radio, propoganda, mind control
And turnin it on is like puttin on a blindfold
Cuz when you bringin the real you don't get ro-tation
Unless you take over the station
And yeah I know it's part of they plans

To make us think it's all about party and dancin
And yo it might sound good when you spittin your rap
But in reality, don't nobody live like that
You wanna know what kinda nigga I am?
Lemme tell you 'bout the nigga I'm not - I don't fuck with the cops
Platinum don't mean that it gotta be hot
I ain't gotta love it, even if they play it a lot
You can hear it when you walk the streets
How many people they reach, how they use music to teach
A "radio program" ain't a figure of speech
Don't sleep, cuz you could be a radio freak (freak-freak y'all)

[Chorus]
Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!
Turn off that bullshit! (freak-freak y'all)
Turn off the radio!

[Stic.] People's Radio, you on the air
[caller] I got a phat chain, I got a phat whip
[caller] I got a... *hang-up*
[Stic.] Nigga get off that bullshit!

[high-pitched voice]
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin for the people
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter

[Stic. x2]
Freak-freak y'all, to the beat y'all
DP's dawg, we got the heat dawg
People's Radio, on ya stereo
For the ghettos, and the varrio

[high-pitched voice]
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin off the meter
Crank up your speackers, your woofers and your tweeters
Turn up your receivers, we bangin for the people

Dead Prez Lyrics

"That's War!"

[M-1: over "Whoa!" beat]
the cops stop you just cause you black THAT'S WAR
run your prints through the system THAT'S WAR
when they call my hood a drug zone THAT'S WAR
slum lords charge me for the rent THAT'S WAR
why they so rich and we poor THAT'S WAR
if you young and black you sell crack THAT'S WAR
the White House is the rock house THAT'S WAR
George Bush coming out his mouth THAT'S
WAR chillen on the corner with your gang THAT'S WAR
popo do the same damn thing THAT SWAR
when they murdered Amado Dialo THAT'S WAR
marching through the streets is a strategy of WAR
knowing self defense is a strategy of WAR
soldiers try to link with other soldiers THAT'S WAR
Revolutionaries gotta know the art of WAR
What about hip hop use that fuck a rap battle what about a gat battle lets
take it to the beast and see which cat tattle
Is it 'Kiss vs. Beans or P vs. Hov'
What about the real niggaz vs. the 5-0
This is M-1, DP, don't you forget
Cause you can talk talk talk but it don't mean shit
I ain't gotta pop your top to see where your brains went
This rap shit is bigger then entertainment
It's the people vs. the pigs when it all boils down
It ain't 'Pac vs. Big it;s whos getting the power
And power ain't money dog its self determination
Like taking Hot and making this the real People's Station
THAT'S WAR

Dead Prez Lyrics

"We Need A Revolution"

I'm tired
I'm tired
I'm tired of struggalin dog.
I'm tired of struggalin dog.

The system ain't gonna change,
unless we make it change.

The white is the rock house,
Uncle Sam is the motha fuckin' pusher man.
What I gotta do to make sure ya understand?
Spinnin' on the beat-box Timbaland,
What I gotta do?
Kidnap a lil'
take a melody?
Make it relevant? Hold a harmony hostage
to these people, army verses,
that's the arms in the churches,
bombs in the purses,
just when you think it's calm on the surface,
we bomb on the first,
Uncle Tom get nervous and reverse.
Revolutionary curse words
First come, first served.
It ain't no loss, though,
Freedom cost blood
that's the word to the mouth bird, nigga.

We need a revolution,
We need a revolution,
The system ain't gonna change unless we make it change.
[x2]

(Black Power) We need a revolution, (Army G's)
We need a revolution, (Army G's)
The system ain't gonna change (Army G's) unless we make it change. (Nigga this that Army G's)
[x2]

Gotta a cure for AIDS and cancer,
wanna know come follow me now?
Diabetes and citracelli and mad cow wanna know how?
I can stop these cops from killin',
I can feed these hungry children,
I can stop racism, a product of cap-it-a-lism.
I can unpack the prisons,
and turn religion back to we livin'
I can stop the bloods from pillin' caps

and the crypts from pillin' back
and get yo' cousin off crack,
I can stop the war,
that's in the black hood,
Send the money right back to the po' fo' sho an'
if you with me nigga, let me know
let's go, if ya really wanna know
(I wanna know.)
(We need a revolution)
Mutha fuck they constitution

Army G's off in this think
they hip to the game,
gettin' off the chains

The system ain't gonna change,
unless we make it change.

You are now listening to WIBG,
the People's radio

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Know Your Enemy"

[stic.man & m1 talking]
[m1:] ugh, know what I mean?
[stic.man:] I can't believe these niggas
[m1:] gon' flip they scurve, these niggas, what?
[stic.man:] mo'fuckin star spangled banner shit
[m1:] yeah, I can't even- yo, fuck that, i'm not fuckin with this shit
i'm not fuckin with none of these niggas
[stic.man:] red, white and blue thugs, now
[m1:] ugh
[stic.man:] that's how it's goin down niggas
[m1:] straight r.b.g.'s (r.b.g.'s), for life, for life
[stic.man:] y'all talk bout the rocks on your watch
[m1:] know that
[stic.man:] y'all niggas don't even know what time it is
[m1:] yeah, ugh, you betta

[chorus:]

[stic.man & m1]
know your enemy, know yourself
that's the politic
george bush is way worse than bin laden is
know your enemy, know yourself
that's the politic
f.b.i., c.i.a., the real terrorists
know your enemy, know yourself
that's the politic
george bush is way worse than bin laden is
know your enemy, know yourself
that's the politic
c.i.a., f.b.i. the real terrorists

[stic.man]
you got to watch what you say in these days and times
It's a touchy situation, lotta fear and emotion
september 11th
televised world-wide
suicide planes fallin like bombs from out the sky
they wasn't aimin at us
not at my house
they hit the world trade, the pentagon, and almost got the white house
now everybody walkin round patriotic
how we gon' fight to keep freedom when we ain't got it?
you wanna stop terrorists?
start with the u.s. imperalists
ain't no track record like america's, see
bin laden was trained by the c.i.a

but I guess if you a terrorist for the u.s
then it's okay
uh huh

[m1]
they try to make us think we crazy
but I know what they doin, they tryna put us back in slavery
check it, to get on welfare you gotta get your fingerprints
soon ya gotta do eyescans to get your benefits
now they got them cards to swipe, ain't no more foodstamps
shoulda seen it comin, now it's too late to get amped
and everything got a barcode
so they know what you got, when you got it, and what you still owe
you seen them projects, lately you better watch it
why they got us surrounded if money is the object?
why they use satellites to keep track of the criminals?
why they puttin jails in schools, is it subliminal?
cameras everywhere to protect us from one another
or is it the undercover, disguised as big brother
and even freedom of speech is limited
mad leaders done spoke up, and look at what these crackas did

[chorus]

[m1]
and you ain't got to believe me
go 'head and listen to bush
the dope pusher on the t.v
what you think the war is for?
cause the greedy wantin more and more
we be hustlin the corridor
I would never join the military
one soldier to another, nigga holla if ya hear me
goin out to the best sons and daughters
don't be a lamb gettin led to the slaughter
I'ma keep ridin when my momma released
cause ain't no stoppin us now, dawg
freedom before peace
ugh
they got a plan for us?
we got a plan for them
and this time we gon' win
who in? you out? you in?
no doubt, we men
ain't no ridin the fence
It's called self-defense
It makes sense
when they tell us we gotta shackles on our brains (say what?)
I'll be damned if I sit here and let them put us back in chains

[singing]
at the bonfires of the city
I've seen blood (*[stic.man:]* a'what?...)

blood (*[stic.man:]* a'what?...)
blood (*[stic.man:]* a'what?...)

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Look Around"

[woman singing]
[stic.man] Beatnuts, dead prez
[woman] What I wanna sayyy

[stic.man and/or m1]
Everytime I look around, I see
So much drama goin down
Everytime I look around, I see
So much fakeness goin down

[stic.man]
Why I'ma- be stingy when I could share?
Why I'ma- be hateful if I could care?
Why would I hate my own?
Or forsake my own?
Why would I- fuck around and get a jake on my chrome?
I wouldn't- have to stick you if we all could eat
It wouldn't be no need for beef
Dyin over streets we don't even own anyway
You could get bucked off anyday
We behind enemy lines
Y'all still writin Hennessy rhymes
While I'm tryna find a good price for a nine
Feel like my life on the line
That's why a nigga be hype all the time
Ready for the revolution at the drop a'a dime

[m1]
I got a duty to have security for my niggas
My duty to serve the beautiful black sistas
A duty to stand wit' anybody that's wit' us
And fully criticize all bullshittas
There should be awards presented- to niggas who fight back
Like Panther jackets, or sistas who light gats
I'm a full-blooded warrior, ready for change
Recognize any soldier that's doin the same
Because I love who I am, and that means everything to me
My life ain't worth a damn unless I'm dealin with reality
When I look myself in the eyes, it's just me
And I don't have to tell nobody no lies, I feel free
And I would rather deal with the truth and falsehood
Than bein fake with my people and claimin 'it's all good'
You can't run away from ya self, so that's useless
If your word is bond, then you don't have to make excuses

Everytime I look around, I see
So much drama goin down

Hold up! *[intro to 'Old School Survival']*
[crowd] Wait a minute!
Let's take it back to the old school
[man talking] Yo, 'memba back in the day?
When sh- everything was all smooth 'n calm
And shit was like- *[other man]* snap? on, nigga
Yo man, I'm doin it, I'm doin it man
I'm sayin like-'memba back in like in '70
Fuckin '79, Nah, nah '87! Tha's my favorite

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hip-Hop (RBG Mix)"

You are listening to the sounds of the RBGs, Turn Off The Radio, tune your frequency.
This is DPz nigga, Revolutionary But Gangsta, holla back!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop
(Come again...break them chains, come on!)
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop
(Break them chains, come on!)

Who shot 2Pac? If we don't get them they gon get us all
I'm down for runnin up on them crackas in the City Hall
We ride for yall, all my dogs stay real
nigga don't think these record deals gon feed your seeds and pay your bills because they not
Emcees get a little bit a lovin think they hot
Talkin bout how much money they got, nigga all your records sound the same
I'm sick of that fake thug R&B rap scenario all day on the radio
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material, yall don't here me though
These record labels slang our tapes like dope
You can be next in line and signed and still be writing rhymes and broke
You rather have a Lexus? or justice?
a dream or some substance?
a Beamer a necklace or freedom?
See a nigga like me don't playa hate, I just stay awake it's real hip hop
and it don't stop till we get these crackers off out block! (C'mon)

We be DP RBG for life, TURN OFF THE RADIO!
The revolution won't be televised, TURN OFF THAT BULLSHIT!
We be DP RBG for life, TURN OFF THE RADIO!

One thing bout music when it hit you feel no pain
white folks take control of your brain, I know better than that
that's game and we ready for that
Two soldiers head of the pack, matter of fact who got the gat?
And where my army at?
Rather attack and not react
back to beats it don't reflect on how many records get sold
on sex drugs and rock-n-roll
whether your projects' put on hold
In the real world, it's just people with ideas
They just like me and you when the smoke and camera disappear
Again the real world
it's bigger than all these fake-ass records
When po' folks got the millions and my sisters' disrespected
If you "Check 1-2" my word of advise to you is just relax
Just do what you got to do, if that don't work then kick the facts
If you a fighter, ryder, biter, flame-ignitor, crowd-exciter, Or you wanna
jus' get high, then just say it
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire, wolf-crier, agent wit' a wire I'm

gon' know it when I play it
It's bigger than..

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (We be DP RBG for life) TURN OFF THE RADIO!
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (the revolution won't be televised) TURN OFF THAT BULLSHIT!
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (We be DP RBG for life) TURN OFF THE RADIO!
The revolution won't be televised TURN OFF THE RADIO!

My neck...my back...they put a noose on my neck and whips on my back!
My neck...my back...you got a tie around your neck but they breakin your back!
My neck...my back...they put a noose on my neck and whips on my back!
My neck...my back...and if you got BLING on your neck you better watch your back!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..
(nigga it's bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..
(it's still bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..
(nigga it's bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop...TURN OFF THE RADIO!

Word up! Eyes open fist clenched. Dare to struggle dare to win
Goin out to all the ryders
RBG love, that's Revolutionary But Gangsta!
Word up! My whole team! *[?]*, D-Don,
Stik Daddy Dolla$, Maintain hold strong!
Fred Hampton, Jr., we got they eyes on them
We know they got they eyes on you, word up, everybody doin time
Minimum, medium...maximum, super maximum security concentration camps
All the ryders we right there with you!
RBG LOVE! It's goin out like that!
Everybody, push that middle finger up in the air
to George Bush if you know what time it is!
Yeah! Turn off the motherfuckin radio!

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Sellin' D.O.P.E."

Drugs oppress the people every day

sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle to hustle just to eat

aint no hope in the streets, you broke you sell dope
all my young niggaz outside hustlin coke
know the drama, if you aint sellin crack then its ganja
I been through it dun, hittin niggaz two for one
pullin guns out and bustin my shits too
what? I aint give a fuck
I used to get a rush when i bust mine
backin up my nickle and dimes
goin thru difficult time
writin my life story in rhyme
but when I look at all the niggas
they hit with mad time
in proportion with the big king pins it dont fit
you could get caught with barely a half a slab
and the judge sentence you like you ran the ave
I aint plan to get rich fom sellin that shit
it was survival
my game plan was not to get knocked by 5-0
but who am I
just a young nigga caught in the mix
and if this weed dont sell I'm'a cop me a brick

sellin dope, servin weed, we had to hustle to hustle just to eat
sellin dope, servin weed, we had to hustle to hustle just to eat

its been a minute snce I been in the game
some years back I held crack
I couldn't say the same thing
ask my niggas bang double and rowley
we was trouble got the fiends spot bubbling hot
we wouldnt never make a lot
I mean not like scarface or nino brown
or george bush no matter what you push
it was politics and camera tricks
very deceptive
criminal lies
us in fooled with the collective
for the most part we don't own no boats and planes
we just cop it from poppi
bag it in the cellophane
its a family thing
you got to hustle all night
yo I seen fiends losing they brains for hard white

ask my aunt and my brother and my stressed out mother
how realistic it gets its sadistic
statistics show its sick how we livin
the one thing bigger than dope games is prisons
one million niggas inside
over three million is tied and plus the president lied
because the white house is the rock house
uncle sam the pusha man
this is for my people on the island

sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle to hustle just to eat
sellin dope, servin weed we had to hustle just to eat

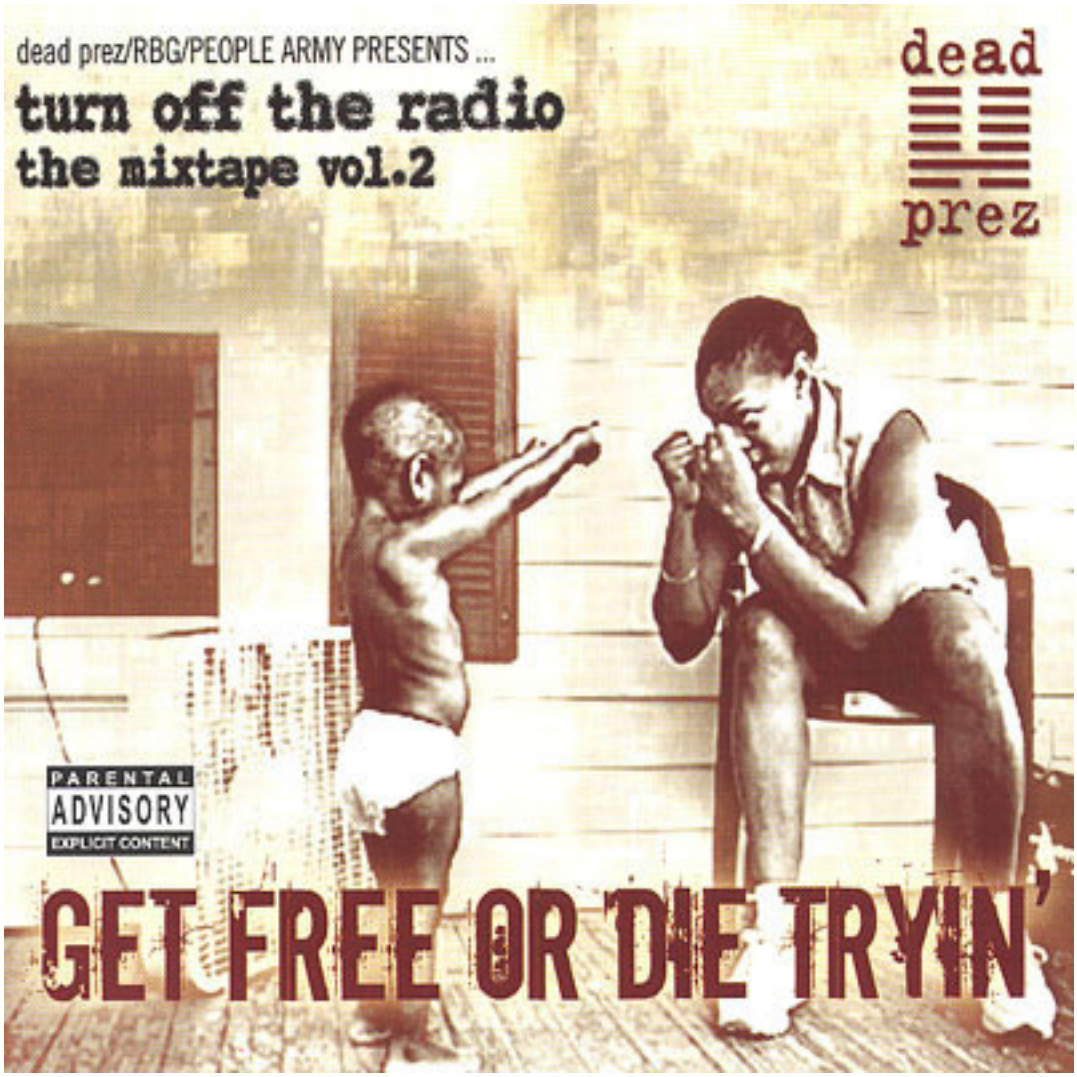
but what we gon do when we caught up
and have to face responsibility?
(this that ghetto shit, this that ghetto shit)

what we gon do when we caught up
and have to face responsibility?
(this that ghetto shit, this that ghetto shit)

out on the block, white tee shirt, army fatigues
niggas hold crack in they mouth watchin for D
sellin dope, you know how it beez
tryin to get that government cheese
and the D's yell freeze

seliin dope, white tee shirt, army fatigues
niggas hold crack in they mouth watchin for D
sellin dope, you know how it beez
tryin to get that government cheese
and the D's yell freeze

tallahasee up in this bitch
my nigga maintain, nimrod
my nigga percent, abu
my brother troy locked up
huey newton rest in peace
south rowley, california
brooklyn, dean street
dead prez 98
get it straight
and all my family and my whole army
get it straight


dead prez/RBG/PEOPLE ARMY PRESENTS ...
turn off the radio
the mixtape vol.2
dead
prez
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
GET FREE OR DIE TRYIN'

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Fuck The Law"

(feat. The RBG Family & Stic)

Slap a white boy. Snuff your landlord
Smash some windows. Break the camcord
Rob the corner store. Bomb the precinct
Take the CO. Stab the GT
Pimp the system. Bang for freedom
Fuck the high schools. Burn the prisons
Ride on the record labels. Jump your A&R
Fuck the contract. Push the AR
Get your bank up. Slip the banks up
Break the handcuffs. Invade the campus
Steal some pampers. Smash the cameras
Fuck the police. Grab the camera

You wonder why we feel like fuck the law
You wonder why we write up on the wall
You wonder why we burn the cities down
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now
You wonder why we feel like fuck the law
You wonder why we write up on the wall
You wonder why we burn the cities down
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now

Cock your rifle. Rep your people
Fuck probation. Kidnap your PO
Run the roadblocks. Smash a TV
Fuck with DP. Steal the CD
Kiss my black ass. Nail the judges
Hang the lawyers. Ride for justice
Keep it gangsta. Kill the snitches
Get rid of the middleman. Control your business

You wonder why we feel like fuck the law
You wonder why we write up on the wall
You wonder why we burn the cities down
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now
You wonder why we feel like fuck the law
You wonder why we write up on the wall
You wonder why we burn the cities down
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the time is now

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Tallahassee Days"

(feat. Stic)

1993
Southside
Orange Ave
Southcity
Tallahassee Florida
I'm take ya'll back to the yellow mustang with no license
With that 38 under the seat

What you know?
Yo
Whoever said life is beautiful lied
This shit is hell
I've seen too many funerals
Too many of my niggas locked in cells
Nobody ever put me on life was like this
I'm 20 years old and my whole life's a crisis
No way out
And I mean that
When I say that
Runnin' round from place to place
Like a stray cat
I don't own nothing, don't hold nothing
I'm growin up with nothing to show for all my hustlin'
Still strugglin'
And a job is a joke
They ain't hirin'
The only free ride I get is one with a siren
So what other choice do I have?
I got niggas on the ave
Pushin slabs that a break me off a Porche and a half
So I can stand on my own two
Be able to have what I need
So I can do what I want to
I wish I woulda had a career
Cause through the years my momma stressed
Takin care of self
But I ain't here
I was caught up
Sipin on Coors
Smokin Newports
Short
In and out of court
Without a single thought
These days I'm out bout to Loc
Whether I make a record or serve dope
I refuse to keep bein broke

Cause times are getting rougher by the second
As long as I come up
Who give a fuck about the method
It's a kill or be killed kind of a theory that's in me
So when I die, at least I'm taking somebody with me
If I'm wrong, than I rather be wrong than right
45 calibre chrome and its on tonight
Nigga
That's how I'm livin
Low life, runin licks
Taking big risks
Tryin to get my motherfuckin flow right
Cause without loot it's useless
My life as a youth was fruitless
That's why nowadays I'm ruthless
Plus I got a lady in my life
That one day just may be my wife
If I can deal with this crazy strife
I put love in the air
Show that I care for her
Let her know I always be there for her
But right now the type of life I live
Can't afford no wife and kid
I gotta fight for my right to live
So I cock my hat low
Snatchin up pocket books and float
Cause I'm a thug and that's all I know
Whatever it take to make the steps
I'm ready to take the steps
Whoever got paps better break theyself

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Scared To Die"

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, even though I wanna live
Deep down inside I'm a cross between homicidal, suicidal
'Coz I was born to give my life like the Messiah
Smokin' weed till I can?t get no high, tryin' to ease the tension

Heavenly Father, did I mentioned in my confession
The world got me stressin', maybe death will be a blessin'?
[Incomprehensible] grew up learnin' lessons in the street
From seminary to 72nd in Lacey in the east

Side of Oakland, California I was on my own at a early age
That's why I'm filled with rage
I know the system is responsible
For the conditions of my black folks in the ghetto

All across America, their funk is deeper
I put the message in the music to wake you up out your sleep but
How could I keep my head above the water
When the force of the current is pullin' me harder than I can swim?
Sometimes I feel like I oughta die the death of a martyr
Before they kill me, I'ma slaughter *[?]*

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't scared to kill
I'm a righteous black gorilla from the hill of 72nd in Lacey St

To all my comrades in the pen, wait for me
I swear to God, I'ma set you free
Even if I gotta lay it down in the dirt and if I'm lyin' I'm dyin'
If I'm dyin' atleast I died puttin' in work
And if there's Hell below, we all gon' go
Death can't hurt unless we die slow

Sometimes I look up in the mirror starin' deep into my own eye
Searchin' for the strength to carry on
Wonderin' if I died a physical death

Will my people remember me when I'm gone?

The ghetto is a warzone, 7200 is my head code
'Coz when the funk is on I pop the clip up in my chrome millimeter
The Grim Reaper, keep my heater in my shoulder
[?] soldiers at the hideout

Righteous black gorillaz 'bout to ride out, to put the smash down
Run up in the bank, yellin', ?We want the cash now?
To finance a revolutionary struggles all around
Lay it down on the ground

And if I hear the sound of a siren
I won't hesitate to get the firin' on everybody in the buildin'
Killin?, I'm a villain because I'm black
Put your hands up to the ceilin', keep on fillin' up the sack

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
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Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

Dead Prez Lyrics

"When Mama Cries"

(feat. Stic, Jamila, Umi & M1)

Why do babies cry?
Cauz they knew they were born in that violent start
And my mama cried, on the day I was born cauz she knew I would die

Aw shit, another young brother hit
They got me doin my dips and loadin my clips
Bloomberg name place like shit on our lips
Projects flippin, niggas is shitting on pigs
It's ain't a war where we live nomore, it's a massacre
Brothers ain't trying to ride, we in the passenger seat
And everybody just tryna eat
But im tryna eat then live get high n get free
Dont tell me im deceivin myself
If thas the case I rather meet reality now
A gun to my face than play fight with police and get shot in the back
So they can dirty my name and sprinkle some crack
Tell me that's not how we gettin down
We have some principals I guess some things is diffrent now
Broken promises we made to my homie's mom
They killed her only son and now she cryin in my arms BE STRONG

Don't cry don't cry don't cry no more
Cauz it won't be long, we will survive
Don't cry don't cry don't cry no more
Cauz it won't be long, we're gonna ride

I cried when Tupac died, it was a Friday
We sat up that whole night, bumping Shawtay
I felt the same way when I lost my cousin Padre
Why so many niggas had to go out the hard way
Nobody knows the reasons we here
We just surviving from day to day
Caught up in the game you have to pay to play
Life is just a series of days that fade away
Everyday the sun rises but nothing changes

I feel the sadness, I'm tryna console his family
And tell his mama that her son is still standin
I know he left you a life that's full of pressure
But in me you'll find a piece of his spirit
And as children, the block was our prison
We couldn't escape the bid that we was given
Learnin lessons, searchin for directions
Clinging to the truth, poverty kept us desperate
With steady grind and with our minds on survival
Had plans to build a fam without dope or violence

But in a second, niggas is left breathless
We as caught in this storm, being born as a black men
And life is tragic, my nigga's in his casket
They got me loadin clips ready to bust a cracker
I can't replace him, but I'm here to help you face it
Consider me your son, 'till it's my time to face death

Don't cry (don't Mama) don't cry (don't you cry) don't cry no more
Cauz it won't be long, (You know that we will survive) we will survive
Don't cry (don't Mama) don't cry (don't you cry) don't cry no more
Cauz it won't be long, (You know that we're gonna ride) we're gonna ride

Mama hold your head up high
Cauz it wont be long, (You gotta be strong) we're gonna ride
Mama hold your head up high
It won't be long, (It won't be long) we're gonna ride

Bang for change, Make the change
That's on everything
It's on for life

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Window To My Soul"

My big brother. Revolutionary love
You know your lil brother love you, dawg
You know your sister love you, dawg
You know your mama love you, dawg
We riding right here with you dawg
Be strong man. Keep pushing forward. Look here

You're my brother and I love you and I wrote this for ya
If I could change anything, it's what that dope did to ya
Coming up, I looked up to being just like you
Same crease in my khakis tried to dress like you
You getting swole lifting weights, stocking caps with waves
I'm trying to see the world how you see it, wearing you shades
You and pops never really got along, who was right or wrong
15 years old kicked out all alone in this cold world
And I can only imagine what you was going through
Cause I was so young when it happened
Mama cried like a baby that day
She never blamed you, it was painful
Cause she knew the streets was waiting to claim you
Over time, we could see the hardness in your face
Wanted to help, but couldn't find the words to say
I guess I went into denial hoping for the very best
Stopped believing in they God cause what God would allow this?
Not in my wildest nightmares, nothing compares
To see my brother be a crack fiend for all these years
Tried to send you inspiration when you was locked in the pen
But soon as you came home you right back on that shit again
And mama say she don't feel safe with you home
She got to hide money and lock her room door when she gone
We still love you but until you find strength in yourself
And the will power to open up and accept our help
What can we do? I can't let you terrorize mom dukes
We feeling like we just gone have to turn you loose
They say in war there's no victory without causalities
But when it hits your family that's when you really see

Like a window to my soul, you can see the pain in my life
Got to make a change in my life (it's a struggle every day)
And it's not impossible to make a change in my life (gotta keep pushing forward)
I can make a change in my life, I know (ain't no other way)

I know it's hard coming home to the same old shit
Ain't nothing changed cause the game don't quit
The pain inside is still throbbing
The same conditions that first created the drug problems still exist
And it's a bitch, got to go to the job or starve

Without a gun every day employees get robbed
And on days off, we blow off them crumbs like nothing
Getting high cause a nigga gotta get into something
But we get trapped in a cycle of pain and addiction
And lose the motivation to change the condition
I blame it on the system but the problem is ours
It's not a question of religion; it's a question of power
How did black life, my life, end up so hard?
Why do so much injustice go unresolved?
Why the ones we call governments be the main causes
Behind why all the dope is coming through the borders
Television reporters got the facts distorted
Making scapegoats of every black youth on the corner
It's a war even though they don't call it a war
It's chemical war unleashed on the black and the poor
And who benefit? the police, lawyers, and judges
The private owned prison industry with federal budgets
All them products in the commissary
Tell me who profits, it's obvious and it's going too good for them to stop it

In my mind, my body, and my soul, I need a change in my life
We need a change in our lives, you know
And it's not impossible to make a change in our lives
We can take the pain from our lives, fa sho

We don't own no boats
We don't own no planes to bring no dope
We don't make no cellophane (bags to bag it up)
We just caught up in the game
Don't you know

Don't you know it's bigger than this shit
I know you know. I know what's in your heart dawg
I love you til the end of time. And again and again
I'mma be your brother, your comrade, and your friend
Til we win and even then

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Last Days Reloaded"

(feat. Onyx & Sticky Fingaz)

South suicide Queens
Brooklyn
All my soldiers gather up all your arms
Let's go to war niggas
Onyx, Dead Prez

[Fredro Starr:]
This is America's nightmare
Red, black, green and don't give a fuck
Just wanna get free and live it up
Fuck a 9 to 5, and labels trying to slave us
Busting 12 gauges, breaking your minds out the cages
Crips and bloods banging in New York, that's outrageous
Protesting is hopeless
We putting lasers and scopes on the toasters
Shooting at the police in the streets is the focus
Roll with the rush, it's that official nas
Got soldiers with pistols that blast
We living in the last
My theory is fuck it until the system ain't corrupted
To the public I'm conducted through ghetto clips and armor metal
Busting at the feds or Berettas, we never settle
Til the Rockefeller laws get better
We all trapped in the hood fucking all together
It's war forever
So guns up, if the cops run up on ya
Hold down your corner, and cock a four pound on em

[M1:]
Multiple shots, heard on the block
And my niggas is popping the cops
All up in the hood, it's hot
Living life with my back against the wall, it's over
Open and sober, holding pistolas and repping my culture
Get it or die trying, us against them, freedom or death
This how we on it when it ain't nothing left
Ain't getting locked up no more, ain't buying your raw
Rocking it up, coming for mine, cocking it up
This is the last day, hour, minute and second
So I'm screaming "fuck they law," and carry my weapon
Warrior code, shoot and reload, and we taking back what we are owed
We dividing it with my soldiers
You dare to struggle, you dare to win
To the OGs and the veterans, spreading that ghetto medicine
This is my last day, on my word and my balls
When the people army rise, then the system will fall

These the last dayz (get yours!) *[x4]*

[stic.man:]
Just talking bout takin my own life, into my own hands
RBG, refine, be a grown man
See that's what I'm doing, cause I know it's inside of me
All I gotta do is just bring it to reality, it's
Fuck the government, but still I gotta pay the rent
So yeah, I'm for the caper most definite
Keeping it militant, focused, intelligent
Pimping the system is basic common sense
It's still fuck the pig, black power ain't dead
All that red, white, and blue shit be going to y'all head, see
We break bread, it's like a game or a sport
Gotta train everyday to keep your team on point
Cause still to this day our reparations ain't paid
And you can see it in the poverty around the way
It ain't even our own people on BET
So they gotta get it from somebody, it might as well be me
Besides, a nigga gotta eat when he hungry
You see how they sent troops to war for they country
Niggas worldwide need an army of one
This revolution to the fullest, put the bullets in the gun nigga

These the last dayz (get yours!) *[x8]*

[Sticky Fingaz:]
Ayo these niggas in the streets ain't ready for no revolution
But neither am I, I'm at the club getting stupid
I ain't got no time to think about who's really oppressing me
I'm too ready to smash the first nigga stressing me
Far as I'm concerned they got us trained so well
Look like we doing a good job of killing ourselves
It don't take heart to pull a trigger, so I'm glad that I'm heartless
Killing easy, living with it was the hard shit
I done broke every rule in the Good Book
Trust me, I memorized The Anarchist's Cookbook
This nigga here ain't as dumb as you think
I could make a bomb with the shit that's under your sink
My name is a number, they trying violate my probation
Fuck it!
Throw me in jail, I need a vacation
Our future is fucked, it don't do no use to pray
My views is the same views of the youth today
The last dayz nigga

These the last dayz (get yours!)

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Out In The World"

Now there's two things that's the same
In every hood, in every ghetto across the world
And that's struggle, and that's dreams

In my hood, Southside Tallahassee, FL
I had both of those, still got both of those
I'ma let you in on somethin' real quick

Let's take it back to the early '90s
Taleho, Florida is where you'll find me
'78 Omega automobile I'm driving
Bass bamblin' with the wind behind me

Hitch from the attic is the name of the crew
'Coz road shows and hoes that's all we do
And all three G's believe me, we got that hot shit
To the point that nigga 'bout to quit on college

Parents upset cause I shat on school
Beat spot got hot so I'm playin' it cool
Crew movin' to New York, I'm 22 years old
My girl's stayin' cause she's scared of the cold

Out in the world (Where you tryin' to make it at)
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)
Out in the world (And every time get set back)

Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)
Out in the world (Let us move on)

Now I'm in the Brook in Decater
Whole different look, different sound and flavor
Washin' dishes at the Hotel Four Seasons
15 an hour, don't plan on leavin'

Homesick, skippin' work every weekend
Went down, found out my girl was cheatin'
Heart broke, tired, started freakin'
Year later terminated for no reason

Got a new girl as the leaves turn brown
Seein' me stressed said she would hold me down
Had to move to the Bronx where the crooks be juxin'
Sold my first track, moved back to Brooklyn

Music 101, the whole game is dirty
Got me 25, feelin' all of 30
Went from a lover to straight up hustler
Stressed a lot, developed clusters

Out in the world(Where you tryin' to make it at)
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)
Out in the world (And every time get set back)
Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)
Out in the world (Let us move on)

2 G, Y2K bug is gone
Put my gas mask back 'coz them lights is on
Dead Prez in the stores and the streets is groovin'
Hi, I'm still broke and my beats is movin'

Gotta grind harder 'coz my bills is major
Got a cell phone, had to dead the pager
Can't blame the game 'coz the game don't feed you
Can't blame the world 'coz the world don't need you

Seem like every excuse I use is see-through
Help myself first, then help my people
'Coz folks sells hope, runnin' scams to burn me
Wash me, comb me, relax and perm me

Gotta get control and stop this car from swerving
Now I'm kinda cold, only the doe concerns me
Try to spend less than the amount I'm earnin'
Lessons everyday I'm learnin'

Out in the world (Where you tryin' to make it at)
Out in the world (Where they tryin' to take it at)
Out in the world (Where my folk tryin' to get fat)
Out in the world (And every time get set back)
Out in the world (Where my dawgs at?)
Out in the world (Uh huh, fo' sho)
(Where my folk gonna stay strong)
Out in the world (Let us move on)

dead
prez
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Walk Like A Warrior"

(feat. Krayzie Bone)

[Hook]
Walk Like a Warrior
Walk Like a Warrior
Walk Like a Warrior
Walk Like a Warrior

[M1]
I was trained to defend myself for my brain and my mental health
The white man got the wealth he held back
We're living in hell black and niggaz can sell crack
But that ain't gonna change this thang
If you gonna bang, then bang for change, don't bang for crazy thangs
If not don't bang
If ya gonna ball play the game how it should be played
Can you dribble a grenade?
To save your life you payed the price, mama raised you right
Now how you aint gonna fight?
For the white man's laws hell naw
For the cause, because we got to get what's ours
Gotta struggle for the motherfucking power
Cuz we're livin in the last few hours
It's 11:59, I think it's bout time
We get on the grind, and get out the carbine
With freedom of mind we can see what we can find
If you can spot 'em, pop pop pop the po-9
This is only a rhyme so now don't get scared
Listen to the message in the word
Don't let your sight get blurred, you heard this righteous words
You might prefer it from a car mic
Timeout, I didn't say bug out, ball out, bling out
All ya'll sell-outs get the hell out
This year it's RBG so bang on out
Uh, we people army nigga bang on out

[Hook]

[Stic]
Yo, Yo, what you know bout heart?
Can't be the weak link in the squad
Gotta look way deep in your heart
Anything in the way gotta go straight through
Take charge
Can't hide from your flaws when you ride for the cause
Cuz a nigga will pull your card
Keep your guard up 24/7 on the street like you're doin hard time on the yard
What you know about heart?

Can you assemble your heat in the dark
Take it apart, and clean all the parts?
Life is a journey, a course, like learning a martial art
You can't have partial heart
Gotta get your own, if you drop the bone, dog, we all fall
It ain't over til the problem solved
Get your back up off the wall

My niggaz is riders, we fighters, we tight as a fist
RBG's up in this bitch, so bang on out
If your khakis is saggin, you reppin your rag and you holdin the magnum
Use it for freedom nigga, bang on out
All my dirtiest dirtys, revolutionaries and visionaries
Don't be no scaredy nigga, bang on out
It's a war goin on in the streets, we hollerin fuck the police
Ain't bout no peace, nigga, bang on out

[Krayzie Bone]
Me so you see fifty niggaz in all black fatigues
My regime runnin down your street
At the end of the block, we got the god damn cops
And they hope we sink, tell me what you see
I see (bang) buildings burning, motherfuckers trippin for a goddman purpose
The police is nervous, cuz we done observed 'em
Now niggaz is thinking about murder
We ain't talking, no more, and we ain't squashin shit with po-po
And we ain't marchin in the middle of the goddamn road
Cuz Martin got smoked
Niggaz ready for war, so get the fuck up, we fixin to set the city to fire
This time when we ride we burnin it down, turn this shit 'round
Keep your justice, your peace
And keep blessin the heat, and that there crooked officer
We won't stop blazin til they coughin up blood
Wanna slang my baseball cap to the back and get busy, nigga
You say you a soldier, well get over here nigga we under attack
As soon as they done, they get gone
Muder mo come, come, they done, me red rum, me red rum, they done
And when we put 'em in they grave
We toss in a donut, and tell 'em we don't surrender, surrender, naw

[Hook]

I ain't talkin bout no hustla
I ain't talkin bout no gangsta
I'm hollerin at them soldiers
Revolutionary culture
Bang on out

Dead Prez Lyrics

"I Have A Dream, Too"

"There was an incident where a police had shot a black man in the back
and then went and plant a gun next to him and say that the guy draw a
gun on him which they find out after the investigation that the guy
didn't have no gun - The police had shot him in cold blood."

Wake up nigga!
Wake up nigga!
Wake up wake up wake up!

Backseat of the 'lac, big gat in my lap
Ready for combat, feelin like Geronimo Pratt
We had the windows cracked, headed up the strip
Black rag in my hand, don't want no prints on the clip
Hollow tips cuz we thugs with this shit my nigga
This aint no game, we bang for yo hood my nigga
I take a left at the light, turn off the headlights and ride real slow
Now holla at me when you see the 5-0
Alrite Dirty, yall boys ready?
Bout to turn drive-bys revolutionary
(POW POW POW POW POW) YEAH MUTHAFUCKA YEAH!
(POW POW POW POW POW) YEAH MUTHAFUCKA YEAH!
Look at 'em run, too scared to pull they guns
Outta shape from them coffees and them cinnamon buns
This shit is fun, how I feel when the tables is turned
Hollow tips hit yah flesh through yo vests and it burn
That's a lesson you learn, comin strait from the slums
And it don't stop till we get full freedom!

DIE DIE DIE!

Just when you thought it was safe
Police kill a little boy last night
They said it was a mistake
But that won't bring back his life
His momma couldn't believe
That it could happen to her
She prayed to God everyday
Guess it just wasn't enough

And this is a revolutionary salute, nah mean to the comrades, word, cuz this is real shit, this aint just stories you nahmsayin? People like Twyla Meyers Crazy *[?]*, Kunta Hari, Rushell McGee, Jalil Mutakeem, Hugo Yogipinell Herman Bell, *[?]* Shakur, Asana Shakur, Nahanda Abiodum, Russel Maroon Shokes, George Jackson, Tariq Haskins, Mutulu Shakur, Lenin *[?]*, Jonathan Jackson, Shanta *[?]*, Bunjy Carter, Albert Washington, *[?]* Uhuru, Eddie Conway, *[?] [?]*, The Black Liberation Army, Tupac Amaru Freedom Fighters, The Mau Mau, The Zapatistas, Black and Brown Power

yeah
long live all souljas
UHURU!

Dead Prez Lyrics

"D.O.W.N."

RBGs, RBGs, Nigga it's dat RBGs
RBGs, RBGs, Nigga it's dat RBGs

Tell me are you down? when it's goin down
You got to hold it down, don't talk it hold it down
Tell me are you down? when it's goin down
You got to hold it down, when it's goin down

Have you ever had a lesson from a OG?
From a nigga that's been in the war
Been locked up longer than I been on the earth
And his crime is defendin the poor
And they can tell you bout death, tell you bout life
But most of all they tell you bout sacrifice
And they can tell if a woman aint with you when you down
cuz she never really could be your wife
What it mean to be D-O-W-N?
Is ya homies still down when it's trouble you in?
You wanna have a good time make it hot when the pigs come down on the block
Would they fuck wit you then?
Now you wanna get high wit me, organize wit me
Start a clothes drive then maybe we can start a fire
Where my RBGs? My guerillas wit a G-U-E
Don't got a I-Ching homey get free

Who number 1 when we ride? We follow the plan
and there's a role for every man
With a chain of command even when the shit hit the fan
Anything get outta hand we still stand
To me bein down mean more than bein friends, or kin
We comrades we struggle, through any trouble
Sacrifice my life in combat for ya
So you know I gotta love ya I'm down for my brothas
And sistas, fuck the system, bust ya pistols, nigga I'm with ya
Just put a rag on ya face when you ride
You don't want them satellites to take ya picture
We gotta have a lot of discipline and it comes from within
It's not somethin you pretend, homey
A lot of niggas be talkin that shit when it really goes down it be gone with the wind, homey
Can't be no tower *[?]*, gotta get this power by any means
Gotta know yaself and ya enemy when you puttin it down for ya family
Can't tell by no tattoo, can't tell by no handshake
It's scarred in the heart *[?]*, bein down is an attitude
Doin what you gotta do, for the crew's sake
My definition of a soulja, Revolutionary, Military Minded,
And ready for whatever

Nigga hope for the best and prepare for the worst
Stay aware be alert bomb first, don't tell me

Tell me are you down? when it's goin down
You got to hold it down, don't talk it hold it down
Homey tell me are you down? when it's goin down
You got to hold it down, don't talk it hold it down
Homey tell me are you down?

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hell Yeah (Pimp The System)"

Holton Street
Dean Street (click clack)
President (uh huh)
Nostril out (DP's)
Orange Al (RPG's)
Tee Town (Who wanna ride?)
Brooklyn
Come on, Come on

Sittin' in the living room on the floor
All the pain got me on some migraine shit
But I'm gonna maintain
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name
And my homies in the same boat going through the same thing
Ready for a cake
Better plot for the paper
We been living in the dark since April
On the candle
Gotta get a handle
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the camper
Nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page
Lemme tell you how we fend to get paid
We gonna order pizza and when we see the driver
We gonna stick the 25 up in his face
Let's ride, stepping outside like warriors
Head to the notorious Southside
One weapon to the four of us
Hiding in the corridor until we see the dominos car headlights
White boy in the wrong place at the right time
Soon as the car door open up he mine
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose
By the look on his face he probably shitted in his clothes
You know what this is
It's a stick up
Gimme the do' from your pickups
You ran into the wrong niggaz
We running down the block hot with these pizza boxes
So we split up and met back at the apartment

Hell yeah (yo ain't you hungry my nigga?)
Hell yeah (you wanna get paid my nigga?)
Hell yeah (ain't you tired of starving my nigga?)
Hell yeah (well let's ride then)
Hell yeah, Hell yeah

I know a way we can get paid you can get down but you can't be afraid
Let's go to the DMV

And get a ID
The name says you but the fates is me
Now it's your turn take my paper work
Like 1, 2, 3 let's make it work
Then, fill out the credit card application
And it's gonna be bout 3 weeks a waiting
For American Express
It's cause we card
Platinum visa, master card
Cause we was spooked as shit like we's was targets
Now we just walk right up and say charge it
To the game we rocking brand names
Goin on out the park store chains
We even got the boys in the crew a few things
Po Po never know who to true blame
Sto' after Sto' you know we kept rolling
Wait two weeks report the car stolen
Repeat this like a like a laundry mat
Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch
Coming out the mall with the shopping bags
We can take it right back then get the cash
Yea, get a friend and then do it again
Damn right that's how we paid the rent

Hell yeah
Time to get this paper
I'm down for the caper
Please steady on
It's a deadly struggle
We all gotta hustle
This is the way we survive
[Repeat]

I know a caper
We can get some government paper
You know food stamps can we really do that
Hell yea, right there for the taking
Fuck welfare we say reparations
And, uh, you know the grind
Get up early get in the line and just wait
Everybody on break that's part of the game
And when they call your name
Ms. Case Worker let my state my claim
I'm homeless, jobless, times is hard, I'm 'bout hopeless
But I gotta eat regardless
No family to run to I'm 22
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do
My sad story made her feel close to me
I made her feel like it was an emergency
When I came to the crib niggaz couldn't believe
I came back with a big bag of groceries (hell yeah)

Every job I ever had I had to get on the first day

I find out how to pimp on the system
Two steps ahead of the manager
Getting over on the regular tax free money out of the register
And when I'm working late nights stockin' boxes I'm creepin' their merchandise
And don't put me on dishes I'm dropping them bitches
And taking all day long to mop the kitchen shit
We ain't getting paid commission, minimum wage, modern day slave conditions
Got me flippin' burgers with no power
Can't even buy one off what I make in an hour
I'm not the one to kiss ass for the top position
I take mine off the top like a politician
Where I'm from doing dirt is a part of living
I got mouths to feed I gots to get it

Hell yeah (you down to roll my nigga?)
Hell yeah (you ready to get your hands dirty my nigga?)
Hell yeah (your woman need money and things my nigga?)
Hell yeah (well let's ride then)
Hell yeah

If you claiming gangsta
Then bang on the system
And show that you ready to ride
Till we get our freedom
We got to get over
We steady on the grind
[Repeat]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"W-4"

[intro sample vocals from "American Pimp"]
So much shit goes on it makes me doubt about a God -- you know, makes me ask
well if there is a God then why am I in the situation that I'm in?
Or why is my family going through certain situations
when I don't think that they deserve it nah mean?
Or why do good people suffer so much and bad people prosper so much?

[sample fades out as instrumental comes in]

[lighter sparking]

Yo
Goin out...we light this J up right here...for all the hard working folk
cross this country, cross the world
For everybody on the grind everyday 9 to 5, 8 to 12 -- you know how we do it
Hand to hand, whateva...
Yo, yo..

[Chorus - singing]
I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
I ain't tellin' you nothing you don't already know
I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
Like this world just don't want us to groooow

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
I ain't tellin' you nothing you don't already know
I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
Wanna run up in tha white house and kick in tha do' ohhhhh

[Verse 1]
What a nigga gonna eat when the refrigerator empty?
Work all week let the bossman pimp me?
Can't pay no rent till the 15th
Landlord call the police to evict me
Lookin for a job in the want ads
Have you ever been to jail? Know they gone ask
Ever took a piss test that you didn't pass?
In between jobs in the past? How you get cash?
I done worked over hot ass stoves
I done picked up trash off roads
Winter time in the streets and the cold
Many times had to sleep in my clothes on the flo'
What you know bout bein' po' seein' most of yo kinfolk be on dope?
Ain't nobody in the hood got no hope in this fucked up system and that's why we don't vote
Still payin niggaz 4.25 - How the fuck we supposed to survive?
I'm close to the edge, government takin most of my bread
in taxes might as well have this close to my head

Make a nigga wanna wild out
runup in the white house with the gauge out, CLICK CLACK!
GIMME MY SHIT BACK BEEYOTCH!

[Chorus]

Puttin' on my uniform, just a number on a W-4 form..

[Verse 2]
See where I'm from it's a few ways out
either rappin or sports either dope or the casket
You can work to the bone but don't put all yo eggs in one basket
We don't never get a piece of the pie
Work 50 years, retire then die
Stay po', rich folks is the criminal
but you don't wanna hear me tho' so
thank God it's friday, ain't it what we live fo'?
Nigga gotta get up out the plantation
Same job that my pop had before me
Imma pass it down to my seed fucked up situation
Make a nigga wanna wild out
runup in the white house with the gauge out, CLICK CLACK!
GIMME MY SHIT BACK BEEYOTCH!

[Chorus]

My J-O-Beeee
is just like a plantation
they owe meeee
but got me fillin' out this application

My J-O-Beeee
is just like a plantation
they owe meeee
and got me fillin' out this application

[song fades]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Radio Freq"

Crank up yo speakas

To all my niggaz
Every hustlin nigga
Strugglin niggaz
Revolutionary niggaz
Gangbangin niggaz
Chain gangin niggaz
To ya freaky sick

I refuse to be a stereotype in your box
Never want to try to be somethin I'm not
I'm just a nigga from the block, if you got it twist it
Stay blowin on green, if you got it twist it on up
DP's givin a fuck
RBG'd up in some gangsta chucks
Throw yo fist up homie if you know what's up
All my comrades puttin in soldier work
We rollin dirty wit it
Fully dedicated
So real that the radio will never play it
But that's cool, the enemies supposed to hate it
Freedom ain't gonna come till we regulate it
That's why I'm in the dojo, not just for the video
Really do, we really got beef with the popo
Never know when they gonna put you in a choke hold
This is for you new niggaz holdin for the radio

[Chorus:]
Turn off the radio
Turn off that bull shit
[repeat x3]

[telephone rings]
People's Radio
Yo hang up, that's police

What's on the radio? Propaganda, mind control
And turnin it on is like puttin on a blind fold
Cause when you bringin it real you don't get rotation
Unless you take over the station
And yeah I know it's part of they plans
To make us think it's all about party and dance
And yo it might sound good when yo spittin you rap
But in reality don't nobody live like that
You wanna know what kinda nigga I am
let me tell you bit the nigga I'm not

I don't fuck with the cops
Platinum don't me that it gotta be hot
I ain't gotta love it even if they play it a lot
You can hear it when you walk the streets
How many people they reach
How they use music to teach
A radio program ain't a figure of speech
Don't sleep, cause you could be a radio freq

[Chorus]

[telephone rings]
People's Radio
I gotta fat chain, I gotta fat whip, I gotta -
Nigga get off that bull shit!!!

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin off the meter

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin fo the people
[repeat]

Freak freak y'all, to the beat y'all
DP's dog, we gotta eat dog
People's Radio, on the stereo
For the ghettos and the barrios
[repeat]

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin off the meter

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin fo the people

Y'all gonna get black-balled
Nigga what? Nigga get these black balls . . . in yo mouf

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Fucked Up"

[Verse 1]
How do it feel to be high without drugs?
Some say it's the feelin of love for yourself
I can't call it, I just threw up in the toilet
And all my life I said I wasnt gonna be no alcholic
I'm flailin son, tryin to stay sober
but the alchohol be callin son like a ghost
So let's make a toast to my liver and my kidneys
Pour out a little Henny here's to gout in your twenties
Not many niggaz make it to 30 we ride dirty
Breath stinkin, already drinkin, bright an' early
Out an earl na smirnoff, gin and 8 ball
Passed out on the bathroom floor with my clothes off
Remember them knickies? tall can't fit in they dickies?
Before they put them cameras up in the corna store
We used to be so much fun when we was young
Tryin to holler at somethin smellin like 151
Gettin thrown out the club all buzzed I'm bout to get the gun, dawg
But I ain't even know where I was
My nigga emae had to carry me home a many day
It was Heineken, dreks, engays, and eng
They say alcoholism is in my DNA
cause my pops liked to get fucked up the same way
They say alcoholism is in my DNA
cause my pops liked to get fucked up the same way

[Verse 2]
I got so fucked up last night I passed out
assed out man I couldnt even get to the house
and I know I shouldnt been drinkin on an empty stomach
but the fliest said open bar I said fuck it
went from vodka to rum, from rum to cogniac
and my body feel like ive been fightin in combat
and ive been coughin up yellow shit breakin a sweat
i've been shakin like a leaf but thats just what I get
for pourin my own poison and throwin it back
and its not enough to just know better you gotta act
I know I said that the last time
but I was havin such a good time

Dead Prez Lyrics

"50 In The Clip"

(feat. Wu Hylton)

Check this out!

Alright it's going down like this right here
You push you pay, nahmsayin, everything counts, the trips you pay double
Keep your back straight and count them out loud

C'mon C'mon

50 in the Clip, get big; get big
50 in the Clip, get big; get big
50 in the Clip, get big; get big
On the palms, on the fingertips, on the wrists, on the fists
50 in the Clip, get big; get big
50 in the Clip, get big; get big
50 in the Clip, get rip; get big
On the palms, on the fingertips, on the wood, on the brick

[Verse 1]
Jump and roll doing kicks, basic drills with the sticks
50 push-ups in the clip, on the fists on the brick
Getting swoll on the block, lifting weights at the gym
Take the kids to the park do some techniques with them
Throw that hook, work that cross, stick and move, tap that jaw
Tiger claw, Lion paw, Iron palm can't be soft
Life is hard on the block, put your heart on the spot
You gon' ride or you're not, bomb first get the drop

[Talking]
Pay me, that's head crack boy
That fever ain't got nuthin on that
And stay away from the corners
Tracing burners, you heard me

[Verse 2]
Getting big wit the clique, keep it tight like a fist
Everybody hit the deck nigga four, five, six
Add it up, hit the block, no shirt, tatted up
Skinny niggaz getting cut, since it's two get them knees up
Ain't no girl push-ups, RBG's fifty-fifty
Let me see what you got
Nigga don't just watch me, do 'em with me
You can do it, you look rev'd from your gut not your chest
Push 'em out, make them count go all out, count them out nigga

[Talking]
4,5,6 look at that boy, go together just like Red, Black and Green boy

You looking at Fred, Huey and George right there
Word up, time to pay up, put your muscle where your mouth is
Get big, count them out

50,49,48,47 Get big
46,45,44,43 Get big
42,41,40,39 Push 'em out
38 Get big
37 Get big
36 Get big
35 Get big
34,33,32,31 Get big
30,29,28,27 Get big
26,25,24,23 Push 'em out
22 Get big
21 Get big
20 Get big
19 Get big
18,17,16,15 Get big
14,13,12,11 Get big
10,9,8,7 Push 'em out
6 Get big
5 Get big
4 Get big
3 Get big....2.....1

All day it's in the mind

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Way Of Life"

[guitar plays and birds in the background]

[Verse 1]
What you know about the running, the stretching
The cars, the weapons
The path, the journey
The jewels, the learning
The fear, the focus
The aches, the pains
The contact sparrin', the breaks, the sprains
The trial and error, the ranks, and belts
The spiritual growth, the science of breath
The tests, the techniques
The forms, the stances
The flow, the rhythm, the internal answers
The herbs, the healing, the quiet meditation
The truths reveal through daily dedication
The love for the art, the sweat on your shirt
The mind, the body, and the spirit that work
The feelings of failure, the hope to succeed
The battles of questions like "Should I smoke weed?"

[Verse 2]
The water, the thirst
The cleansing, the blessings
The flash of insights, the teachings, the lessons
The grappling and locking, trapping and boxing
The training and slacking
The starting and stopping
And stayin' committed, when your homies ain't with it
The hours or practice after the class is finished
The cause of your ignorance, flaws in your discipline
Broken laws of nutrition, and pork and dishin'
The vitamins and supplements
Salads and ointments

The kingships, pull joints in doctor appointments
The dues, the pads, the wraps, the gloves
The mouthpiece you left home, the taste of your own blood
The hunger, the blocks
The punches, the squats
The crunches, the example you set for the youngsters
The will, the skills, the kill or the hill
The separation between what's fake and what's real
The laws of physics, The class "comradery"
The vows of humility, the bow, the courtesy.

[guitar plays]

[Sample]
Self defense doesn't mean you run and attack someone
But you do have the right to defend yourself by any means necessary
If you in that position to defend yourself (Ha!)

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Don't Forget Where U Goin'"

For my dogs in the pen, my niggaz hold your head
For my dirties on the block, come up any way you can
For my homies in the street game, trying to get ahead
For homeless people sleepin' on the sidewalks for beds
To the babies, born already on dope
Straight to his veins from the Coast Guard boat

Baby daddies and if you late you can't participate
Baby mommas, I know what you going through
So sorry to disappoint you
Ghetto children you're the spark, you're the energy, you're the heart
To the granma's, you're the glue 'cause you know things fall apart
To the PP's, the POW's, MIA's
To to AR's, to the HK's, to the M1's, to the AK's
To the comrades on the grind
Let me see who comes to mind
To my clic, to stic
Oh yeah I can't forget
What up Tahim? What up Abu?
What up Common? What up Badu?
Jermaine, Dem, and Dee-Don
We 'bout to get our freak on
That's F R double E on
In case you didn't hear me, hear me, hear me

Oh oh oh, oh oh

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hell Yeah (Pimp The System) (Remix)"

(feat. Jay-Z)

[Jay-Z]
We together on the same track now, baby!
Whatchu gon call us now?!

[Intro]
Holton Street, Dean Street (click clack)
Prezident (uh huh) nostril out (DP's) (Marcy)
Orange Al (RBGs) T-Town (Who wanna ride?)
Brooklyn, Come on, Come on

[Verse: stic.man]
Sittin' in the living room on the floor
Hunger pain got me on some migraine shit
But I'm a maintain
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name
And my homies in the same boat going through the same thing
Ready for our cake, steady plottin for the paper
We been living in the dark since April
On the candle, gotta get a handle
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the gamble
Nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page
Lemme tell you how we fend to get paid
We gonna order pizza and when we see the driver
We gonna stick the 25 up in his face
Lets ride, stepping outside like warriors
Head to the notorious Southside
One weapon to the four of us
Hiding in the corridor until we see the Dominos car headlights
White boy in the wrong place at the right time
Soon as the car door open up he mine
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose
By the look on his face he probably shitted in his clothes
You know what this is, it's a stic up
Gimme the do' from your pickups
You ran into the wrong niggaz
We running down the block hot with these pizza boxes
So we split up and met back at the apartment

[Chorus]
Hell yeah (yo ain't you hungry my nigga?)
Hell yeah (you wanna get paid my nigga?)
Hell yeah (ain't you tired of starving my nigga?)
Hell yeah (well lets ride then)
Hell yeah, Hell yeah

[Verse: M-1]

I know a way we can get paid
You can get down but you can't be afraid
Let's go to the DMV, and get a ID
The name says you but the face is me
Now it's your turn take my paper work
Like 1, 2, 3 lets make it work
Then, fill out the credit card application
And it's gonna be bout 3 weeks of waiting
For American Express, Discovery Card
Platinum Visa, Master Card
Cause, when you was spooked as shit then we was targets
Now we just walk right up and say charge it
To the game we rocking brand names
Well known at Department Store chains
Even got the boys in the crew a few things
Po Po never know who to true blame
Store after store you know we kept rolling
Wait two weeks report the car stolen
Repeat this cycle like a like a laundry mat
Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch
Coming out the mall with the shopping bags
We can take it right back then get the cash
Yeah, get a friend and then do it again
Damn right that's how we paid the rent (hell yeah)

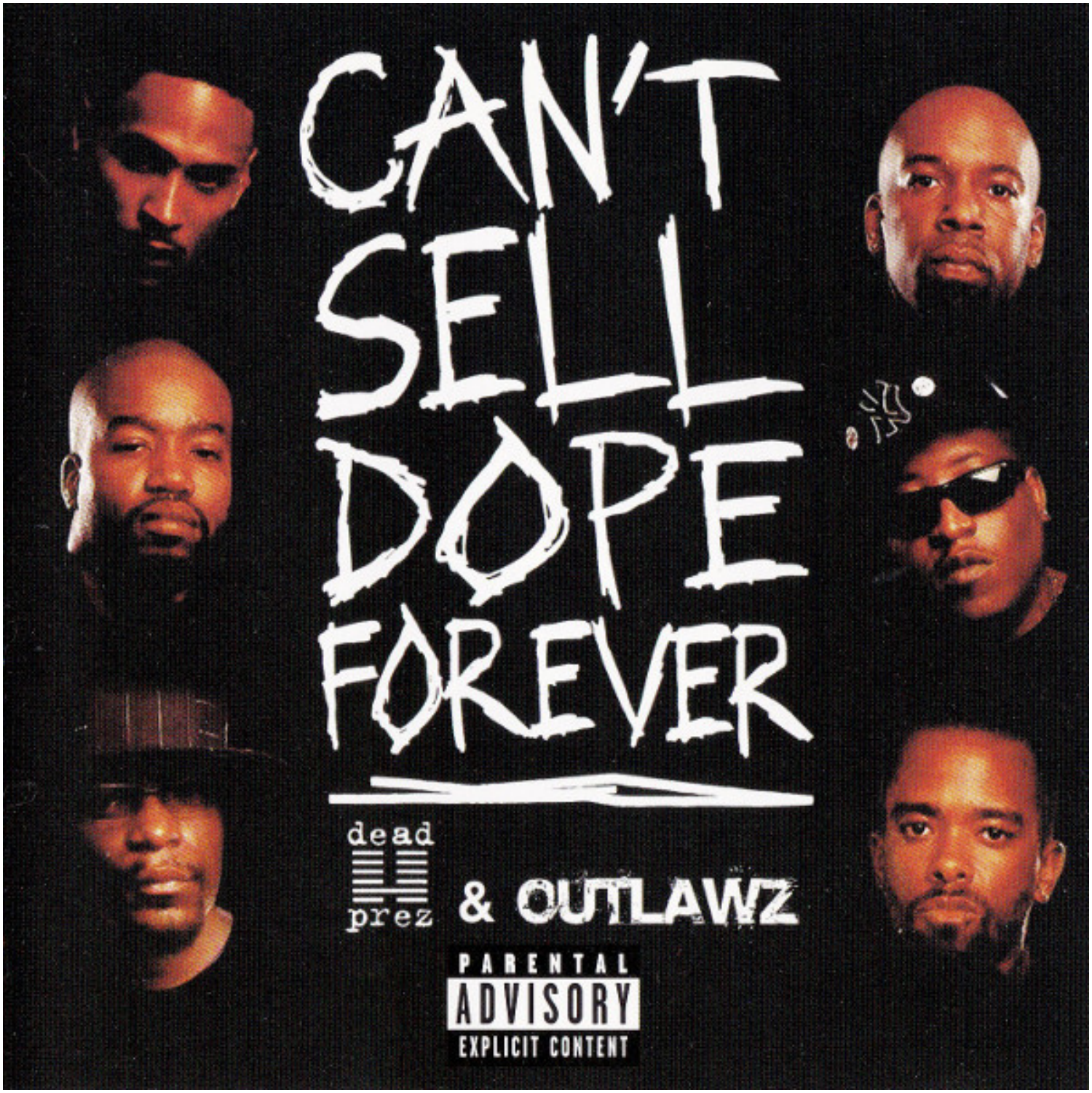
[Bridge x2]
Got to get this paper
I'm down for the caper, we steady on the grind
It's a daily struggle, we all gotta hustle
This is the way we survive

[Verse - Jay-Z]
As long as there's - drugs to be sold
I ain't waiting for the system to plug up these holes
I ain't slipping through the cracks
So I'm at Portland, Oregon tryin to slip you these raps
The first black in the suburbs
You'd think I had extasy, percocet, and plus syrup
The way the cops converged, they fucked up my swerve
The first young buck that I served
I thought back to the block
I never seen a cop when I was out there
They never came out there
And out there, I was slinging crack to live
I'm only slinging raps to your kids
I'm only trying to show you how black niggaz live
But you don't want your little ones acting like this
Lil Amy told Becky, Becky told Jenny
And now they all know the skinny
Lil Joey got his durag on
Driving down the street blasting Tupac's song (Thug Life baby!)
But Billy like Sue, got his blue rag on
Now before you know it, you backing em

Now the police, got me in the middle of the street
Trying to beat me blue, black and orange
I'm like hold up, who you smacking on?
I'm only trying to eat what you snacking on

[Chorus: Jay-Z]
Hell yeah (y'all don't like that do you?)
Hell yeah (you fucked up the hood nigga right back to you)
Hell yeah (you know we tired of starving my nigga)
Hell yeah (let's ride) hell yeahhh (let's ride)

[Bridge x2 w/ Jay-Z ad-libs]
If you claiming gangsta
Then bang on the system
And show that you ready to ride
Till we get our freedom
We got to get over
We steady on the grind


CAN'T SELL DOPE FOREVER
dead prez
& OUTLAWZ
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Can't Sell Dope Forever"

[Chorus: Young Noble]
Homie, you can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

[Young Noble]
It ain't too many dope dealers retiring
It ain't too many old prostitutes vacationing on the islands
Instead of knock 'em down, my focus is to inspire 'em
Stop worshiping money and worship something higher up
Don't get me wrong cuz, I done been there
Bottom of the barrel man and it ain't shit there
No food, no love, whole lot of kids there
Hand me down footwear, we got put here
She wanna have a baby, what coz he got good hair?
But he ain't got no job, and she on welfare
All he do is go rob, she do the blowjobs
For '06 Bonnie & Clyde, life is so hard
Stuck between a rock and a hard place
Look into the sky and there's no sign of God's face
We can't get a break, I see my people all stuck in a slump
It's like we just can't get over the hump
We need some motivation, we need some inspiration
We need to be more creative in our ways to get paper
The block will have ya ass in a box for your duration
Nigga, all I'm sayin' is this, all I'm sayin' is this ..

[Chorus: Young Noble]
Homie, you can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

[Young Noble]
Homie, I ain't tryin' to preach to ya, I'm just sayin'

The government the bigger gang, and they ain't playin'
Hangin' my niggaz for hangin' where they bang at
This is where we live, where we suppose to hang at
Don't love the rent, I can't afford to rent this month
I gotta hit this blunt, I gotta get this done
I know it feel like it ain't no options
A little education for a broader horizon
It's hopeless, I'm focused on reachin' the children
If what you doin' ain't workin, try somethin' different
Listen, there's lynches and killings in corners
With nothin' left to show but a prison diploma
The crooked ass cops tryin' to meet they quota
So every time they see me, they gon' pull me ova
The life of a soulja, the world is colda
And when it get's worse, man it still ain't ova
I told ya ..

[Chorus: Young Noble]
You can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

[Stic.man]
Every new nigga think he not gon' get caught
The same thing the next man thought, sittin' in court
It's nothin new under the sun, it's been done
There's a million niggaz locked up, you just another one
That got caught up in it, like the government intended
A pawn for the system at the bottom of the pyramid
The game is a set up, that's why they call it a trap
It's infested with informers, snitches and rats
So watch ya back if you in it, get in and get out
Invest in ya future, gotta try to find another route
Coz the war on drugs, is just a war on us
And the wrong time to see it is when you in them cuffs
On that bus, frustrated, headed to the big house
Lookin' at so much time, you might never get out
If you headed down this route, whoa before you crash boy
You don't wanna see them red sirens on the dashboard

[Chorus: Young Noble]
You can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva

You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha

Homie, you can't sell dope foreva
You can't sell coke foreva
You can't sell smoke foreva
Baby, you can't sell ex foreva
You can't sell sex foreva
We gotta get ourselves togetha, c'mon

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Searchin'"

[Verse 1:]
Yeah! let's be honest, I know I took more then I gave in the past
[?] I love ma' family *[?]* so I know we can last
I've been hustlin' hopin, tryin' stay focused oping with life
Like a roll of dice,
This life we live surrounded in ice
There's some promise sendin' for us but still we gotta keep goin'
Everyday we breath in live, God give us chances to show' em
Take the piss that we keep giving and blessings that he keep giving
Using to my advantage, keep humble and keep forgiving
I know the prier seem distant, but yo gotta know and listen
You gotta be patient in life, play your position
I know I can witness things in life that money can't bring
Also witness things in life things that only family can bring
Talk bout fortune and fame
Talk bout hunger and pain
Talk bout whooping even making *[?]* is one and the same
Cursed for blessed with the game
Cursed for blessed with the brain
Through all my stress and the pain
Know what (what what) I'm a make it

I've been searchin'
I've been lookin' for love
Waiting for the clouds above
To make me all that I am
And I thank you
I've been searchin'
I've been lookin' for love
Waiting for the clouds above
To make me all that I am
And I thank you
And I thank you

[Verse 2:]
I don't prey for wealth, prey health and peace and self to move on
My heart sane, trying stay strong and try to move right along
With the right and wrong I'm a fight along, as Long as I'll live
Long as I'm humble keep my faith in god is all I need
Still working to get ma cash, hustling I gotta get it
And then I laugh last, last with the voice of vicing
As God is my witness, my strength and my source to achieve
My savior, my light, my life, my fighter right to believe

I've been searchin'
I've been lookin' for love
Waiting for the clouds above

To make me all that I am
And I thank you
I've been searchin'
I've been lookin' for love
Waiting for the clouds above
To make me all that I am
And I thank you
And I thank you

[Verse 3:]
First of all, when you found that you must be God first
If you wanna build the life that's worth risking all
So for me it's an opportunity to speak, to reach
The four corners of the globe, the pain *[?]* deep
I know, I can see it in your eyes but I'm right here with you
In it though before is all over we celebrate
In everything, give thanks for this is the will of God
In Christ, Jesus counsellings you, nothing is too hard for him
If you have a heart for him
Everything is possible, don't let nothing stop you
We need you, get on your feet soldier
Hearts of west colder
[?] shoulder
Leaders don't wanna step up and be there why they were put there
We all call them for what we did, we doing what we ought to
Do for the sake of the future, know that is not about you
It's bigger than money and fame
Bigger than reppin' yo' hood
Taste it and see for yourself that is good

I've been searchin'
I've been lookin' for love
Waiting for the clouds above
To make me all that I am
And I thank you
I've been searchin'
I've been lookin' for love
Waiting for the clouds above
To make me all that I am
And I thank you
And I thank you

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Fork In The Road"

(feat. Stormey & Malachi)

[KASTRO:]
I was only 16 young nigga one cleanin things
28 now just to see things change
But I'm a player and am playin my part
Knowin this movie ain't mine it gods and he's a star
I still wonder how I made it this far a million miles over in speed of a fast car
So many choices(why), so many voices, all up in my head I hear the devil and his voices
I'm a stum, I'm a bum I'm nuffin, suicide get the gun pull the button
Nah that ain't me
Nah I'm gods baby
But times kinda hard
They've been gettin to my lately
I belive even though I ain't better
My days are gettin better but only if I let em
Today I stand at this fork in the road
Gotta decide wich way I would go

[Chorus: MALACHI]
How do I get by with blocks in the road
And how did I get here with the fork in the road
The choices am goin about the world is so cold
Will I be here to see my baby grow old

[Chorus: MALACHI]
How do I get by with blocks in the road
And how did I get here with the fork in the road
The choices am goin about the world is so cold
Will I be here to see my baby grow old

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Believe"

(feat. Stic.man & Ms. Nora (Stic's Mama))

[Chorus: Stic man]
I know I can, I'm sure I can
get this dope out my veins
I believe I can, I know I can
I'm sure I can break free from the chains

[Verse 1: Stic man]
I can heal, I can change a fight and never give up
I'd made up my mind I can do it and that's what up
I'm a learn I'm a find what I need to help myself
I understand that it's up to me to take care of my health
I'm a prove to the world that I can get back up
on my feet and I'm a do it for myself for me
and for my family, they only want the best for me
they wonna see me in control of my destiny

[Chorus: Stic man]
And I believe I can
I know I can, I'm sure I can
get this dope out my veins
I believe I can, I know I can
I'm sure I can break free from the chains

[Verse 2: Stic man]
Aint no easy way out, but I made it this far
many days I slip back frustrated cos it's hard
but it's my time now to make the changes in my heart
And I aint looking back right here today is where I'm a start
I believe in myself, I just made some bad choises
I still love myself and I aint ready for the coffin
I'm reaching out to my loved ones for they support
and no negative thought is gonna stop me just (watch)

[Chorus: Stic man]
I believe I can
I know I can, I'm sure I can
get this dope out my veins
I believe I can, I know I can
I'm sure I can break free from the chains

[Verse 3: Stic man]
I got things I wonna do in my life I aint did yet
I know I've been close to the egde but I aint dead yet
it's never too late to make a change for the better
and I really mean it this time I'm bout to get myself together
I know it's not just me I aint the only one

everybody got something that they need to overcome
you aint gor to smoke crack to be a fiend
a fiend is just somebody whos addicted it can be anything
too many of us addicted to the American dream
we high from the lies on the TV screen
we drunk from the poison that they teach in the schools
and we junkies from the chemicals we eat in the food

[Chorus: Stic man]
I believe I can
I know I can, I'm sure I can
get this dope out my veins
I believe I can, I know I can
I'm sure I can break free from the chains

[Speach: Stic man's mum]
I believe in myself
I believe that greater is in me, than is on the outside
I can be ... who I wonna be
It's already inside me, if I just believe in myself

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Came-Up"

(feat. Young Noble, Layzie Bone & Stic.Man)

[Intro: Stic Man]
(Layzie Bone, Stic Man)
All we have is each other, everyday is a struggle
(Young Noble) Life is no guarantee
(Outlaws, Dead Prez, Bone Thug)

Everyday is a struggle, all we have is each other (Come on)

[Verse 1: Young Noble]
One time, one time, one cop with a K-9
Cock and I spray mine, drop and lay one
Down to the the ground, we callin' C-Town
Ask and harass, and its all of the time
Bein' a young thug, we always real dumb
The money would still come, but wait 'till the bills come
Back to square one, shottin' the fair one, taught to fair none
The right to bare arms
Look at my eyes; You better feel the pain, you better learn the game
I had my turn of fame
Fuck that, just give me money instead
And when the hungry is fed, and when it's all said and done
Nigga we' all for one, homie it's all or none
All I really need is a call or come
Remain a Outlaw 'till its said and done
remain a Outlaw 'til I'm dead and gone

[Chorus: Stic Man, Layzie Bone & Young Noble]
It ain't nothin' if it ain't about green (We came up)
Hopes if it ain't about me (We came up)
It's to all my hopes and my dreams (We came up)
It's to all them niggas up in the bay (we come up)
All my niggas that's from the 'hood (We came up)
Soldiers on mind and made good (We came up)
Money on the wood make it really all good (We came up)
You will get it if you could, yep (We came up)

[Verse 2: Stic Man]
Like a brick through the window everybody on the block come quick
Gets some fo' your kinfolk
Discount sale goin' down for once, aw you can count with me nigga pop the trunk
We in sock, shoes, shit we could use
Laptops still in the box for the cruise
It's not a riot, fool, it's a rebellion
Malcom said it's righteous to rob for food
clothes and shelter
By enemies it's neccessary, smash and grab

Takin' everthang you can carry, nigga
Revolutionary, nigga
Can't be no scary, nigga
Runnin' down the alley with a handfull of jewerly
Feelin' like Huey, nigga
Nothin' they can do to me, nigga
Fuck poverty, nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Layzie Bone]
Small thang to a giant when a nigga wanna talk about his toys with his boys well
The cost ain't shit to a boss
Wanna break a nigga off, set it off when a nigga wanna floss
Down here on the '99 it feel like a war zone
It's where you can find mine, when I bring the war on
Struggle the bubble when nigga hustle to double up
Fuck with my money and nigga you in trouble, what?
Everybody tryin' to get in where the fit in
Talkin' ain't nothin' if it ain't about dividends
Standin' a the corner tryin'a get me a Benz, four-five cocked
My only friend
And again I don't trust ya'll anyway, me?
Lil' Layzie I been gettin' plenty pay
Spray the semi 'till its empty, on any givin' day
Nigga, heard what I said, nigga any givin' day
Born to take charge; We criminals at large
Niggas smell pussy and I'm pullin' your whole cards
Brother on lock and he's runnin' the whole yard
St. Clair niggas came up with the bogart
Take it if I want it, let a nigga get up on it
Gotta give it to 'em quick; Hit 'em up, no warnin'
Ya'll niggas wanna get involved, search ya' just like ya' want it, want it

[Chorus]

dj green lantern
dead prez
PULSE OF THE PEOPLE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
INVASION
Turn Off The Radio VOL. 3

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Runnin' Wild"

[Mumia Abu-Jamal:]
Inspiration that came from Black and Latino and young people.
From the ghettos of the Bronx and Brooklyn and New York, you know what I'm sayin'? (Of course) That's power

[stic.man:]
Fuck the police, can't wait to get from momma house
Hopped off the porch, old enough for some drama now
Pistol in his pocket, barely strong enough to cock it
But he ain't scared to pop it, got a heart like Colossus
Momma ain't home, daddy locked down
Still his gold chain swing, pants sagged down
He be clean, fresh Caesar
New jeans, new sneakers
Middle finger to his teachers, a rebellious young genius
Little Bobby Hutton, '09 version
Ready to touch something
No matter what
Determined to make his life worth something
Keeping it gangsta
Cause the young black male is in danger
One slip out here, these crackas will hang you
Only the strong survive
No choice, you gotta ride
Young in age but your mind is wise
Walking strong with a King Tut strut in your stride
Black pride and I'm young, hungry, born to survive
Don't collide with him

Ya, I hear all that righteous shit you talkin' man, fuck that.
I gotta get out here and get this money, man. My daughter feet grow everyday.
I'm broke out here. Ain't nobody giving me no jobs. I gotta get it one way or another

[Hook:]
Little child, little child
Runnin' wild, runnin' wild
Little child, runnin' wild
Whoah, ya
Hey, little child, little child
Runnin' wild
Little child, runnin' wild
Whoah, hey

[M1:]
Growing up in this world today is not easy to do
Either your choosing your path or your path will choose you
Lil' Khazi got big shoes to fill for his fam'
He's so young it's hard for him to understand

That he's the man of the house
He know the time, his momma work overtime
And his attitude (a milli, a milli, is '09)
Go to school just to battle MC's in the cafeteria
Fell asleep in third period to the theory
That the president is black so he should try to be that
Better yet, put a gat on your back and go to Iraq
But he already done chose a side
A bonafide People Army soldier rollin' for life
Mind sharp as that switch blade knife in his back pocket
Ain't no crack in his sock
He got bigger dreams
And even more than money countin'
He ready to move mountains
The future Kwame Nkrumah
And he know it's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it

Shoot, you gotta feel me man. Not a day goes by it ain't a shootout.
My gun is all I got in these streets.
I'm 'bout myself, and when I need help, the only thing I can rely on is my gun game

[Hook]

[stic.man:]
I love to see the homies cliqued up, fists up
Khakis on, STAG bandana rag twist up
Hood pride, unified
G'd up, ride or die
Street tribe
Real soldiers don't die, we multiply
[x2]

[Hook]

[Mumia Abu-Jamal:]
You got people all around the world nodding their heads to what people are saying.
So when you're conscious of that, then ya know, you can do more than just say, "this is a hustle",
"I'm trying to make my bread" or "that broad got a big ass". Come on.
There's more important things in the world. I know you and stic do it everyday

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Don't Hate My Grind"

WRBG People's Radio
Turn off the radio
Turn off that bullshit
I am close to the edge don't push me *[x4]*
Yo the recession got a nigga loosing calories

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Warpath"

(feat. Ratfink)

I'm on the warpath *[x4]*

[stic.man:]
Lady liberty dressed in drag
Silver badge
No country for old men
Renegade policeman
True evil
Oppressor of the people
Blue lethal
Psychopathic
Arm of the state
Licensed to kill
In the inner city he hunts and lurks
Blood thirst
Vampire sworn to protect the evil empire
It's business
Mercenary, no code of honor
A blue wall of silence
His actions cause riots
Murderer, terrorist, racist, supremacist
Terrorize the residents
Intimidate the innocent
Power unlimited
Targeting the prey with the hoodie and the jewelry
He the judge, the jury and the executioner
Redneck Lucifer
The streets is on fire for all the years he been abusing us
I fiend to throw his ass off of Lakeview terrace
So I ran up in the precinct and I shot the sheriff

[Ratfink:]
It's been a longtime coming
And I can't hold out much longer
It's been a longtime coming
And all the waiting made it stronger
It's been a longtime coming
And it's way too late for you now
It's been a longtime coming
And there's nothing you can do
I'm on the warpath

[Hook:]
And I'm gonna hit you like a freight train coming
On the warpath want to hit the ground running
I'm on the warpath

I’m on the warpath
I’m on the warpath

[M1:]
Ayo my brain fried and I’m off duty
I’m about to pull out my gun and go and shoot me a movie
You think you hardcore?
But you ain’t ready for war
When you see me coming pray for the lord
You probably just a snitch anyway
And a ditch is your grave
And the president don’t got shit to say
50 shots is nothing, it’s been 500 years
I enjoy seeing all y’all mommas in tears
As I haul your ass off to jail
Stop going to church, praying to god
You’re living in hell
And I’m the gatekeeper
My boss is the Grim Reaper
Better known as the sergeant of the pig department
And guess what’s next for the next generation
I’m about to turn the whole damn ‘hood into a slave ship
You thought that was some shit in New Orleans?
You better watch out for the global warming

[Ratfink:]
When you close your eyes at night
And you think you’re safe at home
You’ll never see me coming
And you wake up all alone
You made your bed baby
And I hope you’ll never sleep
I’ll be waiting for you in your dreams
If you ever get that deep
I’m on the warpath

[Hook]

[stic.man:]
So I ran up in the precinct, and I shot the sheriff

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Gangsta Gangster"

(feat. Styles P)

Gangsta Gangsta with a "A" not a "ER" *[x3]*
Cuz all I gees I know are part of the revolution

[Stic.Man:]
Its not a word to be claiming jus cause it sound cool
The game's so twisted today for lack of ground rules
Is a man of his word a man of action
Never begging, complaining he make it happen
It's not the image they selling us on the TV screen
Is a survivor, a rider provide by any means
Moving stragey outsmarting his enemies
Ready to give his life, you still wanna be a g?
It's not something you claim just because you from the hood
Everything twisted the game is so misunderstood
Used to be a protector, man of the people
Now they most followers man, where are the leaders?
A ghetto superstar is cool but I know something harder
You don't know gangsta till you know about Bunchy Cater, Aunty Assata, Soondiati Ecoli
Not to disrespect their legacy but that's the real OG's
The one who has the biggest mouth to be the biggest coward
No time for petty beef a gee is about getting power
That's why you can only be down after initiation
So niggas know how you respond in different situations

Gangsta Gangsta with a "A" not a "ER"
Cuz All I Gees I know are part of the revolution

[Styles P:]
He was a mean one nah he was born one
He don't ever say a thing when the law comes
He don't need a posse of brothers that act wild
He works a Hard Job and tries to raise a black child
He breaks bread with his people like Jesus did
He tried to explain to the children what the evils is
Knows the spots where the crack, coke and diesel is
Did some time in the pen now he diesel kid
He know the penile system is part slavery
Knows that the judge on the stand is where the pagan be
Knows freedom is priceless it takes bravery
He knows I ain't an animal but they caging me
He plays DP thinking about his DP's
Wish he had a hundred guns headed up to DC
He wants change like Obama did
Probably lived where your mama lives

[M1:]

Is is the bandana, the hat, the loafs or the gatt
I tell you off the bat hell nah it ain't none of that
It ain't the smell of the chronic the broken ebonics
They be the main ones poppin that shit but they don't want it
Willing to live or to die for what he believe in
He know the code of the streets you can't deceive him
A gangsta's word is his bond you must respect that
He keep his flag and his rep well protected
Is it the bankroll? The bulletproof tank? no
Look at his tattoos the women about to faint so
He could of went to jail but been the biggest snitch Or
He could when you trust your loyality you switch

Gangsta Gangsta with a "A" not a "ER" *[x3]*
Cuz All I Gees I know are part of the revolution

[Stic.Man:]
It ain't just Easy, Dre, Ren, Cube and Dela
It's also Nina, Sarah, Billy, Betty and Ella
G is the seventh letter, G is for gettin better
A G is a go-getter, A G is tougher than leather

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Afrika Hot!"

I don't represent the red white and blue
I'll cut the head off the devil and I'll throw it at you
Uhuru is my world view; RBG to the grave
Even though Obama is the president, we still enslaved
I don't have to be born and raised on a continent
I know where I'm from; it's engraved in my consciousness
We one folk many tribes, many sons and daughters
Before the white man's artificial borders
We was warrior kings, victorious dynasties
I had to open my eyes to see their historians lied to me
I don't know what my tribe was, they stole my culture
But I know I'm still standing on ancestor's shoulders
Yo' I could have been Bassa, Yoruba, or Kikuyu *?*
So I just claim them all from Ashanti to Zulu
I am, because we are one tribe
Children of the sunshine let's ride, it's nation time

Why don't you tell me the truth? I can think for myself
Everything they manufacture be so bad for you bad for your health
Why they so parasitic? Why they so hypocritic?
Why they take everything real and turn it into a gimmick?
I learn from people who live it, I'm a G with no limits
Immuh always stay committed the minute until we win it
RBG representin', if I said it I meant it
That's why you got to stand and fight
Cause it could change any minute
I took a visit to the border of Kenya and Tanzania
And they got the same ole' president we got over here
It's a global revolution, everybody get down
Cause when I look around the majority is brown
So we may as well link it up, time comes sync it up
Fresh water straight out the earth you'd better drink it up
Revoltionary love, freedom's what I'm thinking of
Meet me at the steps of the capital if you've seen enough

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Refuse To Lose"

[Chorus]
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
refuse to lose
(it's just energy man)
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
refuse to lose
(it's electric)

I'm caught up in this untouchable mentality
as a man thinkin it becomes his reality
I used to let stress build up until I learned
that stress'll eat your insides up like worms
see worry is the cousin of death
thinkin negative you might as well go ahead and bury yourself
I was taught by the struggles of life to be strong
like ian, you hafta have the heart of a lion
I been through my share of this hell, but still I rise
many days didn't know what to do
but we survived
every struggle is a test, a lesson
you just gotta figure out how to overcome and catch the blessin
they want us to turn to dope and lose all hope
spirit broke and confused
but I refuse to lose
through fear, through pain, through loss
I can't stop
won't stop
till we make it to the tip top
this is hip hop

[Chorus]
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will not lose)
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will not lose)

ay yo, failure ain't an option it's a death sentence
you can't survive without no food that ain't no sustenance
plus when it's crunch time
back on the wall
life on the line

before you lose your balance and fall
you will find that it's an instinct
act first and then think
second law of nature, self preservation
move without reservation
no hesitation when it comes to me and mine
do you come from that design or do your compass need alignment?
I'm mercernary
My assignment?
kill or be killed, a sin or a skill?
however you define it
a sa siembra victoria
revolutionary propaghanda intended to raise warriors
ain't nothin like this world crisis
the price of life is measured by the lifeless
it's brutal but I fight this
supply, demand, inflation rises
we can't afford the rice
there's nothing to eat
I know it's hard to digest

[Chorus]
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will not lose)
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will not lose)

they say the best revenge: success and living well
no more throwin them coins down in that wishing well
go out and get your own
we all reap what we sow
the end is all on you
what you gonna do?

I got bass strong enough to cut through a coal mine
hold a goal in my mind till I reach the gold mine
overtime grind
with no days off
but ain't nothin like the feelin when it all pays off
all it take is the thought of my son for motivation
long as I'm alive you can't break my dedication
family first
everything real in the field
it's a cold game
life don giva fuck how you feel
we live in a material world or so it seems
but I ain't got nothin to lose but bad dreams
when I woke up I was already 17
but I was determined to break the cycles I'd seen

when I learned that the blood in my veins came from kings
it curdled, when I looked at the present day scene
but the same pressure that turned my brother to a fiend
I face it, embrace it and convert it into steam

[Chorus]
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will not lose)
I got so much trouble on my mind
refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
(I, I will)
(I, I will not)

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Life Goes On"

[Chorus]
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, (hey one how ya feel?) the world keeps (yeah) turning & life goes on (let's go)
Life goes on

You stuck back in the day, but homie it's 2009
Every thought you think is a seed you plant that grows within your mind
Better focus on your grind
It's real out here
The game don't wait
We fall down
we suck it up
We get back up and make a way
'Cause the past is yesterday
and the future never comes
The present is a gift
This moment is the only one
You can't rewind the clock
Time is all we got
and once it's gone
It don't come back
Whether you like it or not
Gotta play to win
If you ain't happy - make a change then
If what you doin' ain't workin' it might be time to change plans.
You lookin' at a changed man
From where I used to be
It's no fear
I ain't going' nowhere
So get used to me
I shook off the dead weight
Freed up my head space
Now my priorities in order
and my bread straight
With even greater faith
So let the haters hate
For one thing we got in common that we can't escape is...

[Chorus]
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on

Some people blame they parents
For what they shoulda done

Or what they didn't do
Or what they wish they woulda done.
Caught up in the past
Trapped, 'cause they can't forgive
But you can make a choice now how you wanna live
You can be negative;
You can be positive
But either one is up to you
It's your prerogative
It's not what happens to us
It's how we handle what happens
The ups and downs in life give us understanding and balance

[Chorus]
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
(Yo, yo) Life goes on

Gotta take it day by day
The pain just seems to fade away
Look at pictures in my mind
Everything just turns to shades of gray
The cornerstone; without you the family fell apart
Can't put the pieces together
We don't know where to start
Had a show in South side Chicago, it was a cold day
Cold playing, repeat playing
No way, I keep saying
Think about my momma locked up in that dungeon, Godforsaken;
and when she find out her momma dead, how she going to take it?
Got an older brother and we argue every time we speak
Every relationship is different
Ours is unique
Shoulda said I'm sorry 'fore I went to school in T-town
I got your memories
I got you on the rebound
Walk with the ancestors - Grand mommy
and if I start to get weary, please stand by me
I just want the world to know your grandson was thinkin' of you
I guess it's never too late to say that I love you
So this one is for you

[Chorus]
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on, the world keeps turning & life goes on
Life goes on

Dead Prez Lyrics

"$timulus Plan"

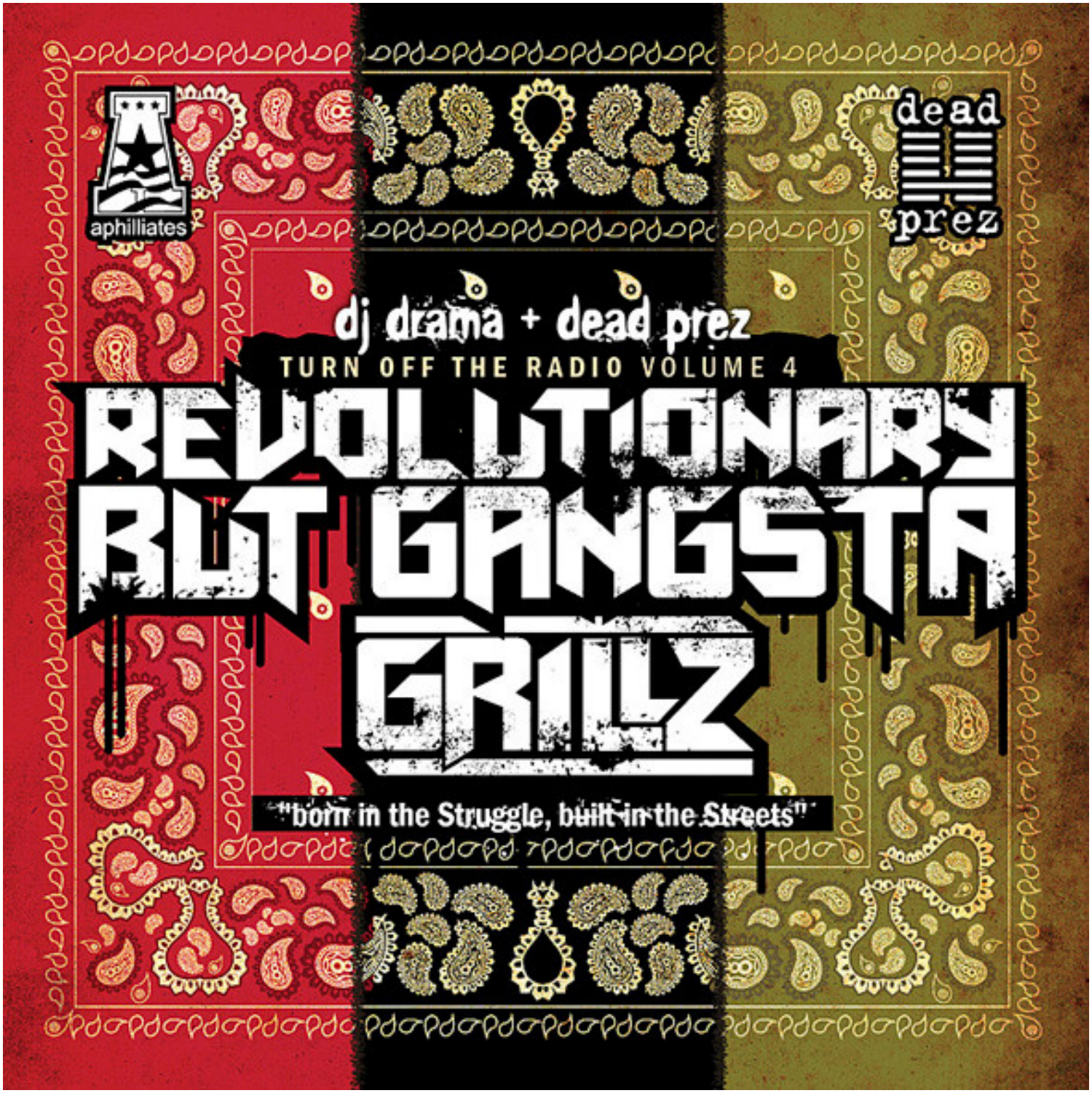
[CHORUS]
You should go go
Feed your marrow
Then the Afro
Then the Euro
Anything
For that green
It's a scam
It's a scheme

(clips from news, legislators)

Four or five dollar bills
[?]
I've been in the same situation
Heartbeat racing
You come up but you don't eat
I done had to sleep in a train station
Going stop to stop
But no place to be
Paperchasin'
Filling out applications
For weeks
Just tryin' to get up on my feet
But they ain't hiring
So a nigga's forced to resort to the streets
Just to make ends meet
It's called survival
The struggle continues
If it offends you, let me remind you
We all have instincts to do what we have to,
To make it through, and this drive is primal
Whether you at MickeyD's takin' an order
Or comin' from Florida transportin' a quarter
Or on a corner
We all got needs
I gotta feed my son
He gotta feed his daughter
Naw, I ain't no capitalist-exploiter
But I know the rules of supply and demand
Whoever controls the product
Controls the supply
And, hey, well that's the law of the land
Make your own stimulus plan

(more)

Don't ever think slavery was just about race
Slavery was about money
They say the USA was founded on freedom
But slavery built this country
Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln,
Hamilton, Jackson, Grant
Were all slaveowners
And even today
From Clinton to Bush
They runnin' the same game on us
They so-called war on terror
Is just a ploy to get more cheddar
Dinero, the root of all evil
They come in bombin', shootin', exploitin' people
And call it freedom
It's a cold game
And it's the same from the top of the food chain
All the way down to the little homie in the street gangs
Slangin' cocaine, it's how they do thangs
It's the American way
Imperialism, have it your way
Whatever it takes
Whoever gets fucked in the process, that's okay
That's how they play
So you can't blame us
Them dead white men on that paper ain't us
We still gotta hustle for the benefits, man
My grind is my stimulus plan...


aphilliates
dead prez
dj drama + dead prez
TURN OFF THE RADIO VOLUME 4
REVOLUTIONARY BUT GANGSTA GRILLZ
"born in the Struggle, built in the Streets"

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Far From Over"

[DJ Drama:]
You know I've been working so hard, I got skinny again
That means I'm still hungry
Dead Prez
Barack O Drama

[Hook:]
I know way too many people here right now listening to this mixtape like who the fuck are yall
I sware it feels like the last few years in the mainstream everyone forgot about reppin the cause
What are we doin what are we doin oh yeah what about let's get free taking care of family this is the song of my life man
Cause all I know to be is a soldier for my culture and it's far from over

[M1:]
RBG RBG Dead Prez like Lantern never fall off what the hell was yall thinking
We 10 years deep still real still eatin still middle finger to the police and still mean it
This is RBG code this is more than just a pop song if you don't know must not of been out on the block long
Let me show you how to speak the language in better form I sware this life is like the realist movement ever born
Truth is like a 44 magnum in this business I'm out to go Jonathen Jackson on you bitches
Little homie you know you could catch cancer from them swishers don't get lost in that liquor till it eats up your liver
Gotta spit it how I live it I am my brothers keeper rappers integrity today is cheaper than some reefer
The whole game is blunted everybody want to be a stunner, but where's the honour when the white man run it

[Hook]

[stic.man:]
Yo one thing about music when it hits you feel no pain ten years later ain't shit changed, but the players in the game
Still ahead of the pack as Drake studied my rap matter of fact I give to that,
but at least he ain't sellin no crack so I take my flow right back
Stop the beef it doesn't matter how many records they sellin cause all this bullshit they yellin gonna start a hiphop rebellion
In the real world don't have no bounaries and fears this word sound power that we put in their ears can change the world
It's bigger than diamonds in your necklace we out here doin dope toatin pistols actin
reckless in the real world you can't just act like you don't care
Cause what you gonna have when the fame and fourtune disappear
if you a rapper trapper actor finger snapper copy cater or a money gettin cracka just say it
But then if you fake snake cake claimin that you pushin weight when you ain't do I really have to say it

[Hook]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Exhibit M"

[DJ Drama:]
I mean, we can agree that balance is necessary, right? We can agree that some of this shit done got out of control, right?
We ain't gonna take it too far left, though. We gonna stay street, stay revolutionary right here in this middle lane

[M1:]
Yo, imagine me with no imagination
No imitation. It's Exhibit M… it's my improvisation
Hope I improved on what you thought was impossible
My impersonation of myself is mythological
Emperor Imhotep—I am a saurus
I'm a monk up in the mountains, meditating in the marshes
Importing that magical forest, smoking that Mary Jane
Self-medicating myself. This world is so insane
I put my emphasis on things more important
Yo, it's M. Jordan imparting wisdom with my performance
I'm Immortal Technically speaking
Immaculately conceiving
Hit you with that Swahili greeting
I'm the one between the L and the N
Motherfuck… Oh please excuse, I get excited
I'm against the M-N-F-N system
They immobilize the marches of the movement
And imprison many people
Now they monitor the music
Making martyrs out of you and me
We ain't getting Emmy's or no Oscars or no Grammy's
It's the same old inmate to the Uno
The emblem is the panther, not a pimp
And my woman is an empress if you ever get a glimpse
My impression of a moron is an empty minded man
For an imbecile, death is imminent. Understand?
Murder one. Master knowledge, but my mama says, "Mutulu
Fuck around and get impaled. Yo, don't let the smile fool you
Leave a mark on your monument."
Fuck the X and the Y. The M gene is dominant
M-M-M-Malcolm and M-M-M-Mart-Martin

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Malcolm, Garvey, Huey"

(feat. Divine)

Malcolm Garvey Huey, study Malcolm Garvey Huey
Their life is like a movie
Study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey
Malcolm Garvey Huey, their life is like a movie

I live, I die, I organize
Everything I do's revolutionize
I build what's good for the whole damn hood
Study G's like these, really think you should
I study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey
Monster kody with a UZI, listening to Fela Kuti
I'm a goon with the machete, especially if it's deadly
Got the Santos for the Xe to protect me, so respect me
This is heavy legendary, revolutionary
My wifey she resurrect me when they thought they had me burried
Took me out the cemetery, now it's family over every
Cause it's always necessary to avoid the commissary
I'mma live for you five, so I stopped getting high
If you know, then you recognize, it's that Black and Brown pride
This the power of the mind, RBG, God Divine
You can see it through the lies if you can read between the lines

I live, I die, I organize
Everything I do - revolutionize
I build what's good for the whole damn hood
Study G's like these, really think you should
I study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey
Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Malcolm, Garvey, Huey, Bunchy, Bobby, Pac 'n Tookie
Sitting by the door, so you can say I'm acting spooky
Just like in the movie, son, you better pack it tooley
Niggas squish be acting fruity or be cracking like they tookie
Rather smoke a doobie than be burning and alluding
Bang bang, pig shooting, we should blame Rudy Julie
Banging for the cameras, China White & nose candy
Unless you're banging on the system, you're a gangsta wearing panties
RBG my family from the Bronx to Miami
Police cannot stand me packing y'all like a manny
Call me Little Bobby Hutton, cause I'm first to push the button
Rappers don't be saying nothing to the system, we say fuck 'em
This is for Nahonda, mama see, Mama Akuwa
All the real OGs, I'm a soldier cause you told me study
Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey
Malcolm Garvey Huey I'm reportin' in for duty

Stic.-ie-ickie, yours truely, here for duty
Down davino, M A uno, you know how we dropped the jury
This is real not a movie, not Mickey Donald Goofy
I'm a soldier, I avoid a bitch nigga like the cooties
Screwface in a hoodie, fresh pair of khakis
We can do this like we fam or go to war like the Apaches
For whatever I stay ready, I learned that in Tallahassee
Babatunde used to school me as a juvie skipping classes
Never let the system use me, my duty is my passage
Watch the homies in your army, they don't always show their badges
Keep your family living healthy, teach your children 'bout their blackness
Teach your wifey how to use the ratchet, this shit is classic
Get your food, clothes n shelter, fuck the system pimp it backwards
I ain't hating, I'm just saying if you wanna be a rapper study Malcolm Garvey Huey

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Fear Not The Revolution"

No reason to get scared
Change is necessary
Somebody gotta' do somethin'
Who better than us?

[M1:]
Nothing to fear but fear itself
Use your experience like wealth and get rich b*tch
I know niggas that fear success
So they sabotage they self
I question their mental health
Help me understand it
I'm battling with my demons like the next man
But I expect to stand victorious, vainglorious
Head up and encourage us, like Afeni did to Pac
It can send you into shock
It can bring you to a stop
Shook stop in your tracks
Fear of our responsibility by Ho Chi Minh
If you're looking for a weakness hope you don't see me
We're so gangsta but scared of our own shadow you see
It's your reflection
And we're searching for direction but our compass is broke
Put it in your GPS and still don't know where to go
It's the heart
It's the spirit
It's the soul
Trust yourself, if it's green then go
If it's not then don't

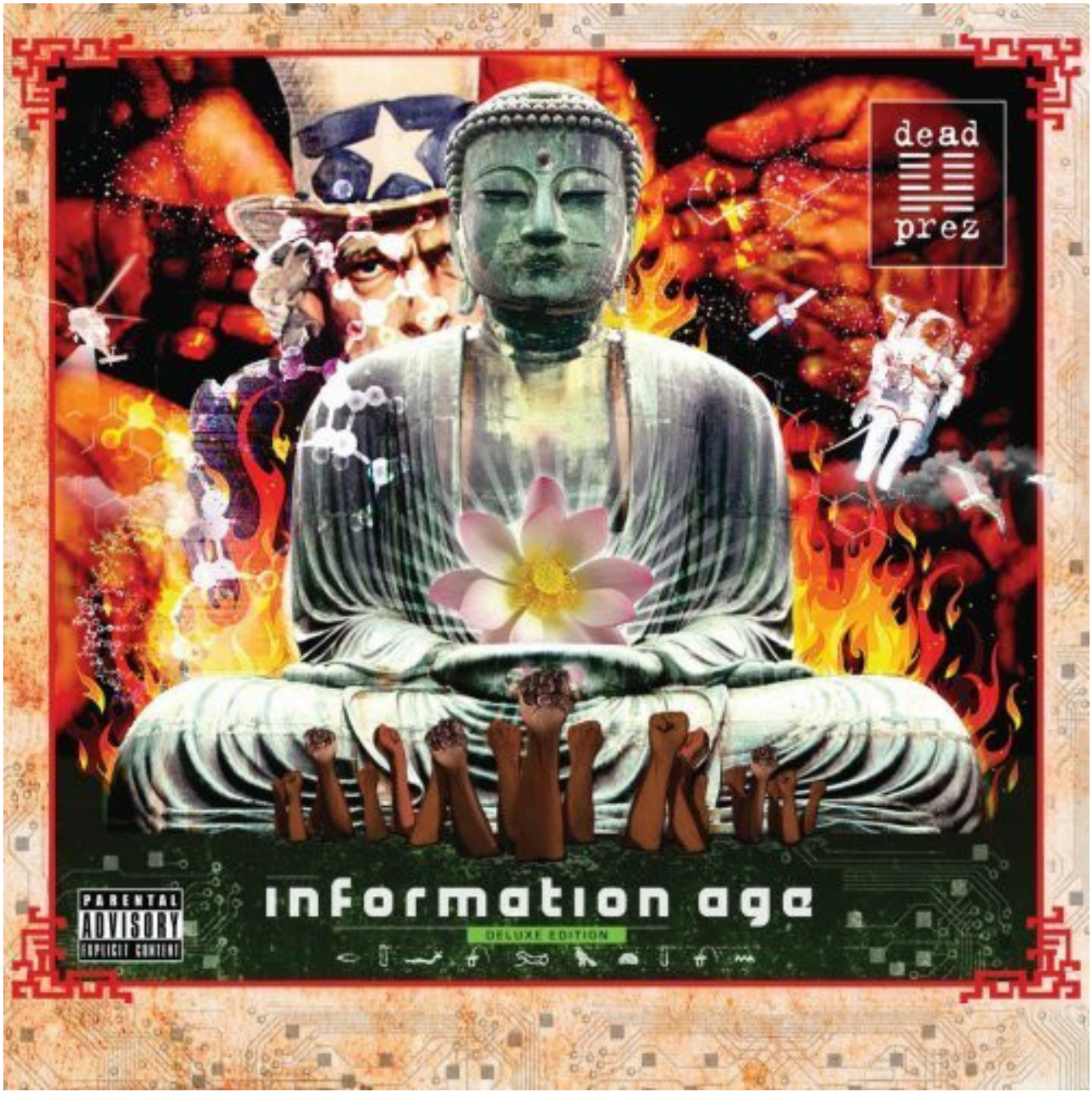
[Hook:]
This is the revolution
This is our only solution
This is officially a takeover not a makeover
We on our way soldiers

[Stic.Man:]
Crime scene forensics, syringes
Dope fiend binges
The pain seem endless
My soul cringes
Old women asleep on park benches
It's heart wrenching
Below poverty level existence
No public assistance
They system is against us
We runaway slaves, political prisoners

They manufacture disease, create sickness
Then they rent you the cure for the symptoms
To them it's just business
We the fuel for they corporate engines
A swastika and dollar sign should be they emblem
We the have nots without a pot to piss in
Living in third word conditions
I don't wanna be a victim no more
So much stress living under pressure in the trenches
The struggle is a lifelong sentence if you listen
You can hear the wretched of the earth in the distance
Coming for our day of vengeance

[Hook]

This is the revolution
This is our only solution
This is revolutionary but gangsta grillz
This is what's really real


dead
prez
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
information age
DELUXE EDITION

Dead Prez Lyrics

"A New Beginning"

Times is getting rough, huh? That's nothing new to us
There's nothing to discuss. Just make adjustments, time is up
This crazy world we live in, they taking, ain't no giving
Consuming, not producing. We got a problem, Houston
Its worse than genocide, they get inside your mind
Tricked 'ya. You thought the finish line was 1999, didn't 'ya?
Try to save the trees but you can't go green without that black and red
If we gon' get free we got to change that lightbulb in our head

[Hook]
The end of the world don't mean too much to us
It's a new beginning
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust to us
It's a new beginning

Stock market crashing daily, they say that times are scary
They dollar's losing value, but the hood knew that already
The price of gas been rising, at times we can't afford it
The oil supply is leaking, facing a global shortage
According to news reporters, every year its getting warmer
These violent weather patterns, some say it's just nature's karma
They planting they seeds of fearing, genetic engineering
Interfering with the crops and now the bees are disappearing
Don't know what is upon us, just know one thing for certain
Change is so necessary cause they system is not working
Maybe it would take destruction to make a better world
And if that's what it takes then I hope Babylon just keep on burning

We - we got a problem, Houston *[x3]*

[Hook x3]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"What If The Lights Go Out"

Aye, aye, there go the rescue
Aye, there they go right there
They lookin for us
There go the helicopter
Yo hey aye
Yo don’t do that man, you gon get shot man
We right here
Yo, right here, right here
Aye where yall going?
Man, they ain’t coming to help us man
Where yall going?
We got to help our motherfucking self

Whatever gonna be I’m ready
Got my AR-15 ready
Water in my canteen ready
When the shit hit the fan I’m ready
Can’t get no dough off your car
Can’t eat no money, no credit
Can’t get no food from the stove
But the struggle won’t break my spirit
The strong survive and we perish
A man with a plan don’t panic
Surviver candles, solar panels
Chapters from my soldier manual
Organization, communication
Clarity, family, solidarity
The dollar bill is just a piece of paper
If the lights go out it ain’t gon save ya

What if the lights go out?
Right now right now right now right now right now right now
What if the lights go out?
Right now right now right now right now right now right now

Raindrops falling from the sky
Teardrops falling from your eye
Is anybody out there on your side?
Lights out, it’s on the night
Disorganized humanity
Is borderline insanity
But don’t panic, be cool
No code to the streets and no rules
They don’t alert you, about the curfew
First they search you, then they merk you
Psychological, diabolical
Biological, highly volatile

Knocked on the door with Josephina
Dropped herself in your arena
What did we learn from Katrina?
I hope you can swim if you’re waiting on FEMA

What if the lights go out?
Right now right now right now right now right now right now
What if the lights go out?
Right now right now right now right now right now right now

Follow your heart, follow the light
The light within, it will show you the way
Follow your heart, follow the light
The light within, it will show you the way

What if the lights go out?
Right now right now right now right now right now right now
What if the lights go out?
Right now right now

Dead Prez Lyrics

"GHN: Global Hood News"

[News Reporter Ime Oli]
This is Ime Oli reporting for the Information Age, Global Hood News Report
In the Global Hood News today:
Global pandemic has the world health organization and US government work hand in hand
To white the vitamins and natural medicines essential
To prevent to their healthcare off the shelves
This raises eyebrows as new information emerges from progressive and holistic communities
About the critical importance of vitamin D
Discipline, the OGs and elders like Matula Shakur say it is a question of population control
And the people must wager struggle for truth and reconciliation
Next up, if you haven't seen the fires, well you've probably smelled the smoke
Resistance in form in forms of riots and police clashes in cities around the world
90 Cs way informer is reporting live from Philadelphia

[Informer]
Well, Ime Helu, the situation is tense to say the least in front of City Hall right now
Many organizations have valued membership and are out in numbers chanting and raising banners plackets which read a laundry list of grievances
For instance, one read "foreclosure equals war on poor people"
Another read "schools are jails, stop locking up the youth"
And lastly "Mayor McNutter is a buster"
Oh that read "puppet"

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Dirty White Girl"

[Verse 1: M1]
I'm sucker free, sugar free
Dairy free until we're free
Let you life with T, wanna kick with me
But that bitch ain't never mean shit to me man
I stay away from cocaina
That's white Jesus, I'm a non-believer
I was taught not to fear no evil
But I don't wanna catch no jungle fever

[Stic.man]
Yo Snow White, Cinderella
Don't wanna get no salmonella
Mozzarella, not the fella
Black to the berry, the darker the better
Devil's daughter, I don't want her
Shit I had you strung out on the corner
Crack in your hand, that's Ku Klux Klan
No blonde if a nigga meet a real Roxanne

[Hook]
Dirty white girl, she's so addictive
Don't wanna go so you win all
Dirty white girl, she's so addictive
Don't wanna go so you win all

[Verse 2: stic.man]
Milk on your mustache, ew
What's that? I don't trust that, that's suspect
[?] toast, soup froze
Dextrose? I'm lactose intolerant
I'm not buying it, I don't swallow it
I'm not fooled by your white power politic
White flower? Not none of it
I don't sleep with the government

[M1]
Just the kush, not the yayo
Cause that Barbara Bush is fatal
Ebony and ivory, society done a lot to me
She been around the industry
I know her history, it's not a mystery
Crystal meth, PCP, LSD, that's not for me

[Hook]

[Verse 3: stic.man]

I stay away from them see through panties, that’s paraphernalia
With a poor white trash of kid, ya ain’t fucking with Virginia Slims
Cancer stick, she no good for me, bitch make me sick
No, I’m not the one, I’m not the trick
I need a sista souljah, not a Dixie Chick
No dairy queen, no Lindsey Lohan
What that mean? I ain’t with your program

[M1]
My cup, styrofoam
Tell you right, won’t steer you wrong
Make you lean, make you fall
Michael Jack, off the wall
Hard white, my wife
She like to ride that glass pipe
Fast life, popping pills
Cheap thrills get you killed
Big syringe, pick your skin
Make you thin, she not your friend
Frying pan, brain on drugs
Back hand, ain’t no love

[Hook]

[Outro]
The concept of race has no scientifically proven biological or genetic validity.
It is a social construct that has been used as tool of oppression for centuries

Dead Prez Lyrics

"No Way As The Way"

[Hook]
My way might not be your way
But it’s okay
It’s alright, your way might not be my way
But it’s okay
It’s alright

[Stic.man]
Yea, I used to go to church
But the church didn’t quench my thirst
Mama taught me to put god first
But she never tried to block my search
I was curious, young but serious
Why's religion so mysterious
Why is black life so hard?
They say you’re not supposed to question God
Well is it okay to question the pastor?
Was it passed down from the slave-master?
It was only the truth I was after
But I never could get a straight answer
So I couldn’t be late to the sermon
Put down the bible, then I start learning
About life, didn’t know where the path would lead
But I had to get off my knees

[Hook]

[Stic.man]
I build with the fire that’s in us
Only God within us, it’s no limits
Study the metu neter from chemic
Also I remembered
Smoke herb with the Rastafarians
Who my locks became a vegetarian
Following the tao, filling what the bible lacks
Jewels being handed to a innocent child
My mind is a Buddhist temple, the truth is simple
I try to be principle
Walking with a warrior spirit
It ain’t nothing like learning from first hand life experience
I’m a realist, that’s all I deal with
Respect the truth, that’s all I build with
A child of the universe
My religion is life and it’s just as valid
I strive for balance

[Hook]

[M-1]

I gotta admit, I don’t know
End to end which way it’s gonna go
Why we sit by the project window?
And started living off the land with my kin folk
Is there even a master plan?
An unseen hand? Is God a man?
Some say that’s sacrilegious
Same folks selling us lies about Christmas
Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny
Just so the capitalists can make money
They say God will take care of it
But you a terrorist if you say the same thing in Arabic
It’s so hypocritical
It’s a miracle, listen to the Mexican spirituals
Weighed in the water, I’m following Mr. Minute
That turn I’m paying for my freedom
I’m heading for the border

[Hook: x3]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Learning Growing Changing"

[Intro]
We could grow
We could develop
As we know, the heaven is not a place
And happiness lives in the heart
Long as the world keep turning
I do years, we keep on learning
Ya heard?

[Hook]
Keep on learning, and soaking up game
We gon' make mistakes, we gon' go through some things
Keep on growing, keep on soaking up game
If something ain't working, don't be afraid to change

[Verse 1]
Nobody know it all, as soon as you think you do – that's when you fall
We gotta do more than survive, we must evolve
Things change just when you think you seen it all
We trip, we stumble but we get back and strike
Each day, all the way, one step at a time
Don't wanna let my ego and pride make me blind
The elders say "when you stop growing – that's when you die"
The one who gets the knowledge is the one who asked "why?"
Through the course of life, you gon' taste some humble pie
But I love it – it makes me appreciate the things that I take for granted
Gaining insight and understanding
Each one, teach one, we got to pass it on
Keep doing the knowledge, building and had in all
We're fake that need assumption
That nobody knows everything but everybody knows something

[Hook]

[Verse 2]
The more you know, the more you know – you don't know
And if you don't know there's more you can know then you won't grow
What you don't know can hurt you, discipline is a virtue
You gotta ask the right questions
It helps you go into cycles and cyphers and spirals
Information is viral, it infects you
It's contagious and have you going through stages
Like deny, you don't believe that, no, we didn't do that
Then reality set in, there's no disputing the facts
Yo I'm sorry if I woke you up, but when I open up
It's like I'm smoking but I'm high off the people, watch me soak it up
Huey said the best education is observation and participation

Study how the people be relating
Different points of views turn bad news to good news
See, it's kinda like some shoes cause they gotta make you move
Treat it like organic food, make it something you can chew
Information you can use, make it something you can do

[Hook]

[Interlude]
Aye man, it's okay to say you don't know
That's when you let go your ego
You're free from all illusion, dig?
Can't make moves in confusion
Don't look for conflict, man
Always look for the solution
And my pop said "humility is a sign of wisdom"
But to really soak it in, now that's a different kind of listening
See men sharpen men, and every day is another lesson
And it's not fair you only learn man, it's a blessing
And as the Buddha says, "nothing lasts forever"
You gotta manage your expectations
The less we pray, the less we suffer
And this way we awaken
Right understanding
Right thought
Right speech
Right action
Right livelihood
Right effort
Right mindfulness
Right focus
Keep soaking
Soak it up

[Hook]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Time Travel"

(feat. Trx)

[Hook]
I just wanna time travel, to know what I don't know
I just wanna time travel, to know what I don't know
See what I wanna see, feel what I wanna feel
Be what I wanna be, I tell ‘em what’s right and what’s real
See what I wanna see, feel what I wanna feel
Be what I wanna be, I tell ‘em what’s right and what’s real

[Verse 1]
I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out, tapped in to my own route
Wake up in the morning, throw my sneakers on, hit the streets and go all out
Beat the concrete, magic carpet
Through the neighborhood, through the project
Getting them hours and pass the college
No withdrawals without deposits
Feel that wind on my face, I'm Tommy Smith in '68
Fixed up, touch the sky, feels great, natural high
Sweat dripping down the block, healthy life, I’m out the box
When I run I'm in bliss baby, feel so good I don't wanna stop
Free my lungs of that marijuana, get my burn like a marathoner
Sunday hotter than Arizona, time travel anywhere I wanna
(I’m a long distance runner)

[Hook]

[Verse 2]
All seeing, all knowing, so free and mind blowing
Omnipotent, magnificent, liberated, feel mad different
We all talented, all gifted, tap into this raw spirit, it's unlimited
So call it a vivid suspension, expansion another dimension
Free from the box that we're trapped in
We bout to blast off, are you strapped in?
T minus and counting, imagine the ocean, the deserts
The glaciers, the clouds and the mountains
(See what I wanna see, feel what I wanna feel
Be what I wanna be, to know what’s right and what’s real)
Invincible, unshakable, earth quaking but unbreakable
Unstoppable, don't stop until there’s no rock a few, now I got the joke
I come from the jungle, I drink from the fountain
I looked and I found this, as innocent Roberts
Who died and backed out to the big bang
15’s of guap, we doing big things
(Until the fat lady sang)

[Hook]

[Interlude]
I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out
I tell ‘em what’s right and what’s real
I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out
I tell ‘em what, I tell ‘em what’s right and what’s real
I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out
I just wanna time travel, to know what I don't know
I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out
I just wanna time travel, to know what I don't know

[Verse 3]
Still evolving, adapting, changing
Time is moving, let’s embrace it
Past conditions, forward motion
Prohibition, the way it’s open
Ancient wisdom, the tribe has spoken
Let the circle be unbroken
Eye of Horus, wake the Buddha
Mayan calendar – see the future
Higher consciousness, revolution
Evolution, the better humans
God particles, spirit molecules
Science turned, so what? I guess y'all already knew
Hieroglyphics, ancient temples
Know our self, infinite potential
Boundless options beyond the doctrines
We are the universe, break your boxes
(Let’s go)

[Hook]

[Outro]
I'm Zen'd up and I'm zoned out

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Take Me To The Future"

(feat. Martin Luther)

[Intro: Stic.Man (Computer)]
Computer
(Where would you like to go?)
Take me to the future

[Hook: Martin Luther]
Take me to the future, take me to a better place
To another time in space, than here
Take me to the future, future for the human race
Tell me what does it take, to get there
I'm ready for change, I'm hungry for change
I'm asking for change, I'm willing to change
I'm ready for change, I'm searching for change
I'm looking for change, I'm willing to change
And I don't what it's gonna be like
But I believe that the future's bright
I take a few more steps towards it today
Our generation gotta leave it's mark
Be our own light because the world's so dark
I know it's hard to say goodbye to yesterday
But take me to the future, take me to a better place
To another time in space, than here
Take me to the future, future for the human race
Tell me what does it take, to get there
I'm ready...

[Verse 1: Stic.Man (Computer)]
I want change I could live in, not just to believe in
You know these politicians, they change with the seasons
I'm starting with the man in the mirror, my vision getting clearer
Feel like I'm at the dawn of a new era
I see a free world with no more police terror
A foundation I could pass on to E Twella
I look ahead to when their system is dead
When everybody in the hood is sheltered and fed
A black and brown real life heaven on earth
Where the last shall be first and your work is your worth
I've never been free so I can only imagine what it'd look like
But I know we need it with a passion, the good life
I ain't got to live in no mansion
To me being wealthy is being free and healthy
Power in the hands of the people, not the state
I'm so ready, how much longer? I can't wait
Can't Wait *[x6]*
(Almost there)

[Hook]
Take me to the future, take me to a better place
To another time in space, than here
Take me to the future, future for the human race
Tell me what does it take, to get there
I’m ready..

[Verse 2: M1]
What’s your 10-20-30 year plan?
If we play it right then we outta here man
If we take it light, end of conversation
No hesitation, that’s the time that we facing
Count down to a new beginning
We’ve been losing too long, it’s time to start winning
On this land with this love and this life that we live
If we stand with each other and we fight, we can give
The babies something they can dream about, or maybe sing about
I’m looking forward to our finest hour
Give the babies something they can dream about
And maybe sing about
I’m looking forward to our finest hour
Take me to the future

[Hook]
Take me to the future, take me to a better place
To another time in space, than here
Take me to the future, future for the human race
Tell me what does it take, to get there
I'm ready for change, I'm hungry for change
I'm asking for change, I'm willing to change
I'm ready for change, I'm searching for change
I'm looking for change, I'm willing to change
And I don't what it's gonna be like
But I believe that the future's bright
I take a few more steps towards it today
Our generation gotta leave it's mark
Be our own light because the world's so dark
I know it's hard to say goodbye to yesterday
But take me to the future

[Computer]
The Future Is Now

Dead Prez Lyrics

"GHN: Elections & Crisis"

[News Reporter Ime Oli]
This is 90C's way informer
Reporting for the Information Age Global Hood News Report

[Informer]
Aye man, all this in the face of the most recent development with the people's champion Muni Abu Jamal
Though removed from death row, still being denied his rights
And more police murder of innocent people in the streets
Back to you

[Ime Oli]
And now the continent of Africa
World leaders make a breakthrough on the proposed contract for African unity
Citing Thomas Enkara, Patrice Lamumba, Kua Menkum as political education
The same leaders also criticize the US election, calling it a selection
And all of Africa is keeping a watchful eye
All this as imperialism continues to literally fall to pieces in European economic crisis
As Greece almost succeeds from the EU, Spain and Italy are reeling in attempt to stabilize for the ripple effect which they have already begun to feel
Social sentence from Rome to Milan are gearing up and in solidarity with the Senegalese and other African communities throughout Europe
Which are more vulnerable than ever

Dead Prez Lyrics

"The Awakening"

(feat. Umar Bin Hassan Of The Last Poets)

Like an epiphany, moment of clarity
I was blind before, but now my eyes can see
I know my destiny, I'm open mentally
My spirit is ready, for the awakening
The awakening

Empty your mind of all thoughts
Let your heart be at peace

Returning to the source of serenity

A courageous walk down the Mississippi road
We live in the blues of the delta
A good morning to your neighbor
A good night to your dreams
We are the song of survival
A living song without lyrics or words
A kind gesture, a wink of the eye
A loving touch upon a child's head
A strong warm hug to keep away the doubt
Grandma's, grandma's hands upon your face
The wiping of the wavered tears
Holding back the fizz
And between in-between the shoe shines and the dish washing
And between in-between the GD's and PhD's
And between in-between the owl houses and crack houses
We, we create waves to live and love
We live on the move
Move, moving, moving forward through the bling bling
The prison captain, the clothes castors and the hoes and bitches
And the alcohol and Jesus all on the same corner
We are the one and true living God
All around us is life
Our humanity, our humanity is the essence of life
Our blood, our blood nurtures the soul
Our humiliation and pain gives an expression
Our ignorance gives vision
To what's like living contradictions, living pillar doctors
Living phenomenons, living just for the city
For a smile, for a touch
For hip-hop, for the glory of our ancestors
And the blessings of our guides
Peace

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Overstand"

[Chorus]
Are we addicted to the struggle or committed to success?
Are we focused on the positive or holdin' onto stress?
Not sayin' thing's perfect but in many ways I'm blessed
Learnin' how to take the negative and flip for the best
Everyday bring challenge, every challenge is a chance to advance
The power is right in our own hands
From a youth full of rage, to a wise grown man
Here I am, life is beautiful now, I overstand

[Verse 1]
I'm lookin' forward through my rearview mirror in hindsight
Gotta be more than just a G if you keepin' your mind right
Better be ready for the battle or focused on my fight
I ain't sittin' on no sidelines watchin' them highlights
I'm gonna begin the game playin' to win but learnin' from setbacks
And my strengths and weaknesses and masterin' what I'm best at
Power of refinement until you get right, exact
It's all in your mind, but that's dependin' where your head's at
Life is a chess match and lessons come from your mistakes
Try not to end up in checkmate no matter whatever it takes
Long as you're breathin then you can be problem solvin'
Stayin' involved, evolved, world keeps revolvin'
For the cause be all you can from the mornin' to the sunset
You never have no regrets
Took the journey to the edge of your fate and then lept
Not just understandin' but overstandin' is the objective

{keep it open, in perspective}

[Refrain]
Just let me be what I am
Take my destiny in my hands
By my actions you can judge where I stand
And I hope one day you'll overstand

[Verse 2]
Change come from the inside out
No fear, live free, let the truth ride out
I'm steady, shakin' off the shackles of the old me
Wakin' up daily, meditation, feelin' so free
They hate to see you change {yeah}
But they don't understand {no}
The less you see for yourself, you won't comprehend
The caterpillar don't care what you think about him
He was born to be fly, his nature gonna bring it outta him
By the struggle I was never broken, I was broken open

I tapped into a source that was omnipotent
Had to shift my focus to my higher purpose
ain't nothing weak about broke, it takes a fighter's courage
People say they want a revolution
But steady holdin' on the slave ideas, afraid of evolution
In life we live and learn, it's pratice, theory, practice
Wisdom is organically grown, its not pre-packaged

{it's forward baby, never backwards}

[Refrain x1]

[Verse 3]
We think we found the absolute truth
But only to discouver it's a labyrinth, we go from on maze to another
So many chambers and angles, peelin' the onion layers
Within it all I see the same gang, just different players
So I rebel from the prison cell of the pidgeon hole
And dare to be myself, original
A man lives on principles --I don't posture to be popluar
Born to be a leader not just a blind follower

[Verse 4]
It's family before the dollar, your priorities in order
And like Bruce Lee say: "Be the water, be the earth, be the wind and the fire."
Elevate, take it higher
It's instinct, fulfill your needs and your desires
But we go to be compassionate, considerate, a people's advocate
Eradicatin' ignorance through experience
The more you live, the more you learn and you grow
It has a positive effect on all the people you know

{it's motivation}

[Refrain]

[Chorus]

I hope that you will overstand *[x2]*

{look at things without any opinion
otherwise you'll never look at reality
look at things without any philosophy, without any prejudice, without any dogma, creed or scripture
just look, without arrogance
and see the cause of ignorance, it overstands}

{Change is neccessary to evolution
The universe contains incredible diversity
And you cannot experience it all within the confines of one comfortable lifestyle
Look ahead to what you will think of your life at it's end
You will probably not want to look back and say it was cozy and dull
Thus, react positively to what seems to be disaster
Remember that what seems how to be disaster may be an important step toward evolution

And may even be identifiable as such at some point in the future
Every great loss takes you out of a rut and starts life anew
Be grateful for the time you had and your former happy state
And look forward eagerly to the new phase
Information age.}

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Scar Strangled Banner"

Where there’s health neglect
There’s no self-respect
But what else you expect?
Look how they dealt the deck
We inherited stress
Had to bury our best
Martin, Malcolm X
Bullet holes in they chest
We adapt to the struggle
Only way we survive
Eating scraps from the table
But it kept us alive
Making something from nothing
Still we hope for the best
Making miracles happen, daily coping with less

Scar strangled banner
Scar strangled banner
Scar strangled banner

Raised in the ghetto
Singing songs – called survival
But eating soul food to
Have you dead on arrival
Hand on the rifle
Other hand on the bible
Strong as an ox
But look at what you put inside you
We resillient beings
Do the silliest things
Know better than you better
Cause that’s what experience brings
Break out of jail
But can you break out a sickle cell?
We say we livin well
But we living in hell

We already been to the other side
We ain’t turning back, now we choose a lie
To many goodbyes, and that ain’t right
We feel it inside, it’s time to fight

We already been to the other side
We ain’t turning back, now we choose a lie
To many goodbyes, and that ain’t right
We feel it inside, it’s time to fight

We glues to the TV screen commercials in-between
Crack Donalds, Murda King
What happened to eat your greens?
Eatin some or anything, abusing Mary Jane
Chinese chicken wings, everyday hood thing
5 hour energy, red bull and Hennessey
Head bobbin but the organs full of toxicity
Pack a cool menthol, nicotine pit fall
They have the nerve to
Put cool on the pack so they can trick y'all
Slave to the Dutch master
Colon cancer victim
Tell you on the package
But we still blame the system
No squares in my circle
Screw all that sippin purple
I'm tryina live to my potential
Age is just a number
A G preserve his temple
A G control his temper
No discipline, you slippin
No toxins in my kitchen
Slavery is over cousin
But then at lunch it wasn't
If food is the last plantation
Then I'm Harriet Tubman
Advocating colonics
Saving my lungs from chronic
But you can't free a slave
Unless he knows he's in bondage
(You wanna get freaky? Let's go)
You can't free a slave
Unless he knows he's in bondage

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Politrikks"

[Intro]
You already know what time it is
Dead... prez... dot... com
Information news

[Verse 1: stic.man]
Everywhere we go
Every day on TV
They be talking about
Who you gonna vote for
You got a black man running
But I wonder if he get in
Who he gonna open up the door for?
I don't wanna to discourage my folk
I believe in hope
I just want us to want more
Politics is a game
How they keep us contained
There gotta be more that we could hope for
Democrats and Republicans
Just 2 sides of the same coin
Either way, it's still white power
It's the same system
Just changed form
You wanna vote? please do!
Cast your ballot, let your voice be heard
But what I do want to say is
After the election
You'll see
Mark my words

[Hook]
It's politic time again
It's politrick time again
It's politic time again
It's politrick time again

Shoot the messenger!

[Verse 2: M-1]
This is the most important election of all time
The government's committing the biggest of all crimes
These bullshit politicians say they speaking for the people
Before they ran for office, they were shitting on the people
Billion dollar campaigns
Trillion dollar bailout
Anybody know the definition of a sell-out? huh?

And if Obama win, he wouldn't be the first black
Take your 2 dollar bill and turn it over to the back (you see? right there)
But with the TV on, you only hearing they voice
The system is broken, they trying to beat a dead horse
Go ahead and vote for the lesser of two evils
I plot, plan, and strategize with the poor people
The middle class will say this opinion is irresponsible
But if you ain't got no healthcare, they kickin' you out the hospital
McKinney, Clemente, off in the Green Party
No disrespect, we need a Red, Black, and Green Party
Like Marcus Garvey's

[Hook]

Even if Obama wins
Uncle Sam ain't my friend

It's politrikkks time again
It's bullshit time again

[Outro: Malcolm X]
The time is on the side of the oppressed today; it's against the oppressor
And truth is on the side of the oppressed today; it's against the oppressor
You'll see it. You'll see terrorism...

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Download (Expand Beyond)"

This is Ime Oulu reporting for the Information Age, Global Hood News Report

In women's beauty and cosmetic news, not to be taken lightly, the rise in medical malpraxis and white market body injection, instances continue
Scientists have also found the culprit in the newest cases of head cancer have been linked to the glue used in the ever popular lace front wig
Also in sports, as a closing note to the Olympic propaganda charade
Salute to the amazing African tracking field athletes
Some of who are forced to run under a colonial flag
Congratulations Mo Farad, a Somalian who's gold was stolen once again by Great Britain
This Ime Oulu along with 90 Seas Way Informer and this is the Global Hood News

Where there's health neglect there's no self-respect
But what else you expect? Look how they dealt the death
We inherited stress, had to bury our best
Martin, Malcolm X, bullet holes in they chest
We adapt to the struggle, only way we survive
Eating scraps from the table but it kept us alive
Making something from nothing, still we hope for the best
Making miracles happen, daily coping with less

Scar string will ban 'em
Scar string will ban 'em
Scar string will ban 'em

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Hand on the rifle, other hand on the bible
Strong as an ox but look at what you put inside you
We resemble your things, do the silliest things
No better than you better cause that's what experience brings
Break out of jail but can you break out a fascicle cell?
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THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON
WHERE LIGHT WAS CREATED
THE EQUIDIVIUM
volume one of The Akasha Records

The Lost Children of Babylon Lyrics

“Intro”

"This is when they decided the path of the stars
They spoke the magic language of the stars in the sky
Yes, their sign gives us certainty that they will again descend again from the Heavens
And the nine Gods. And there would be a new order to what they want created."

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – EGYPTIAN MAGIC LYRICS

[rasul allah 7]

as we arise from out of the primordial waters of chaos
as amon-ra the sun-god, emerged from the lotus flower
i invoke the ancient egyptian deity shu while inheriting the vibrational force of tefnut in the hermetic form of geb
we manifest as the nine ennead. embrace the face of the sphinx
and behold the mystic triad of atum-re, three of us initiated from the
majestic temple of karknak, where the opening of the mouth ceremony is performed
when the uraeus, the crown of the sacred cobras will be placed upon my forehead
in the valley of the kings i walk as imhotep, descendant of ramses the second
i cast the incantational curse of king tut and watch the scarab beetles eat away
at your flesh so witness, the splendor of luxor as i summon the neteru zoser
while performing the great oracle of tehuti i call forth rahuru kehuti in the field of offerings
where we drink from the blood of deceased pharaohs within the central base of the great pyramids of giza
i possessed the spirit of my ancient ancestors, osiris through the perception of my iris
i perceive horus as an apparition of isis, my soul was placed inside a solid gold sarcophagus
and then imprinted on my chest was the ankh, the key to the afterlife, where my soul will seek eternal life

[bridge]

for over 2,000 years ancient egyptians believed
but they're dead set sail on a secret journey to a wondrous afterlife

[richard raw]

in turn learn hieroglyphics not just pictures but a celestra linguistic
not related to a specific terrestrial distance
ancient egyptian civilization came from mars
all people equal to that of elijah
to guide you from the wilderness to make a pilgrimage to the mountain of sinai
with a spine eye watches the prophets speak nuwaupic in the temple of amon ra
on astronomers grab the bar milan for the sun to record for rise from the north eye
but i lost all kai's provide the planet with organic life
holding a school of ibliys in a background with egypt sun eclipse
poltergeist close the price the fowler the pilot rush to me see from the left for me
dagger through my chest place but is skipped just like a garden in upper room
10 tessa's not frenzied mary magdalene sprinkler all on my abdomen for my wounds
15 whose wound i was born abyss. drop your fishing rod. face the weak who hate to speak god's love
came to my home but they received me not my semi-truck became even with the sending hee-

jun
baptized in the jordan recording john’s last sermon his accent was horrid german
with the slave driver, the tables turning on a grave-robber and nicodemus
drop your idolatry and follow me. drop your net and catch the catfish money back flip don’t one captive, drop ’em
from when it tightens that i was ready i have not ascended yet i returned to jerusalem
walk away methuselah the arrival of shiloh p-sses of the scepter, healing up the members
i came to the lost sheep the tall feats for them the right tool. primitive but not limited to 16 b-lls
and a sun cycle michael transformed to ganon from the lagoon in the galaxy illiyuwn
soon as june 26 the minutes a new wave, paved the jade and the cursed opposing poles

[cosmic crusader]

trough the iris of osiris top walk amongst fires method today jet land of memphis
carrying the sacred capstone on 40 arms
i’m greeted by a roof of m-st-rbation soviet iran who wore long before us the avenger
i said i am a messenger from the neteru. are you prepared for what i bear to you?
they gestured to the east. the shackles were released. i heard the moans of the beast
it was then that the granite was implanted with the positive chi and ingenious flow
became planet on the angle equal to the distance such a sun’s light must travel
unraveling the linens of nine things and nine immaculate women hence the beginning
of the obelisk raising ritual. science of tachyon horse habitual but lost
when the last days of british toss. the first room is gripping boss when your column base
to first and preferred to file in defaced esophagus face and imitate so they had to replace
benevolent egyptian magic regime 11 a brace

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – THE PYTHAGOREAN THEORUM LYRICS

[rasul allah 7]

a square plus b square equals c square i bring forth the basic equation of any hypotenuse of a right angle, triangle
minus c cube square, on both sides i am the “i” within the triangle, i restate my -ssumptions “mathematics is the language
of the universe, everything around us can be over stood, if you graph the numbers of any system or pattern emerged
geometrically there are patterns everywhere in nature, i began to search for the sacred code of 9/5 and the way from 0.3 .14 .15 92 65 35 equals the multiples of pie, the numerical value that adds up from 0 to 9 this is the exact number of pie carried out through 9 divided by 10 carried through 30 and 2 there is no human or mathematician who has been able to figure how to calculate the basic decimal point of the equation of 9, to 9th power of 9 or diameter of the circle divided into the circ-mference of a square! its supreme mathematics that appears here, so i dare all mc’s to come near- remember pythagoras and where he got his equation from, while standing in front of the sarcophaguses within the kings chamber! in the base of the great pyramid in ancient tamu re the pythagoreans mathematicians code the first of them was born in athens greece in 500 b.c.e…. his major belief is that the universe is made of numbers, his major contribution in life the golden ratio, leonardo da vinci rediscovered the balance perfection rectangle and chiseled it into his masterpiece, and connecting a curve through the concentrical you create the golden spiral! pythagoras loved the shape for he found everything in nature from seash-lls to whirlpools, our fingerprints, our dna, even our milky way; you see mathematics appears everywhere when measuring distinct galaxies! …

we have mastered mathematical reasoning that’s between 1, 2 and 3 and have travelled 3, 5, and 7 and now we hold the ark that is the key to the pythagorean that’s between 1 and 9
we have mastered mathematical reasoning that’s between 1, 2 and 3 and have travelled 3, 5, and 7 and now we hold the ark that is the key to the pythagorean that’s between 1 and 9

[sol robeson]

you’re connecting a computer bug i had with a computer bug you might have had and some religious hogwash. you want to find the number 216 in the world; you will be able to find it everywhere. 216 steps from a mere street corner to your front door. 216 seconds you spend riding on the elevator. when your mind becomes obsessed with anything, you will filter everything else out and find that thing everywhere

[rasul allah 7]

in the magnificent world of arithmetic which is mystical equation of 9 to the 9th power of 9, the number 9 is it pi? 3 9 and 5 are defined in a sequence of integers that define right angleness within the triangular measurement we began to start counting from 1, 2,3,4,5,6,7,8 but where is

the number 9? seen at least
in the rhyme before 0 slips in so we began to start counting again, is the number 9 the last stop? where does it began and end, yet its stepping stones to 5 and 4 and they seem to have special numerical system to them. 3 and 6 play with pefection and 9 is also 3 times 3 multiplying the plenary code of 12 times 12 from 3 sets of 3 and the results will be 216 digits off into infinity, so if you divide 144,000 into 233 the answer will be d?4??4??1? the key to understanding the golden spiral, 9 is also twice plus 4 before its equal to 2 plus 2, so perhaps deep down in the thorax i subdue you, and all those who do not mathematically have a clue

we have mastered mathematical reasoning that's between 1, 2 and 3 and have travelled 3, 5, and 7 and now we hold the ark that is the key to the pythagorean that's between 1 and 9
we have mastered mathematical reasoning that's between 1, 2 and 3 and have travelled 3, 5, and 7 and now we hold the ark that is the key to the pythagorean that's between 1 and 9

[sol robeson]

i'm sure you've written down every 216-digit number
you've translated all of them
you've intoned them all. haven't you?
what's it gotten you? the number is nothing

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – SEVEN THUNDERS LYRICS

[intro]

– there's a war on between heaven and h-ll… and you are on the front lines
- what war?
– the only war… earth is the battlefield, humans' souls – the prize. just the way it's all as e'din

[refrain – rasul allah 7]

while in the seventh state of slumber
i release seven thunders
from neter: a'aferti atum-re
and walk for seventy & six trillions days
to ressurect through seven transitions of death
i unveil seven plagues to uphold seven prophecies
in the form of nostradamus, predict the eyes behold the
neteru rasul allahu was born through seventh celestial womb
from the seventh heaven

[rasul allah 7]

[???] 2003 a.d. in the lunar logging of the three point end [???]
when the planet earth will positioned itself perfectly
in the location of revolution by the astrological interpretation of
the bulgarian calendar and line up with the seven inner planets
and then the stargate originally referred to as heaven. the great vortex will re-open
behold and watch as the sand dunes of the sahara desert will rise. the heaven tear appart
the power should be unleashed from rasul heru khuti (and now) the seven angels
who had the seven triumphantly, ready to blow. and i saw in the right hand of him
who is seat upon the throne with a scroll, written within and on the back of it was sealed with seven seals
?sun? unveils conceals and reveals to fulfills the prophecy of apocalyptic prophetic catastrophic and geographic destruction, so who is worthy to open this relique and break its seals? noone
and when they were brought upon in the four courts of the earth sphere's from flat and out of the heaven's dark cloud they potted
and the twenty four of the elders appear from the seventh stratosphere. visions of [?] sees makes extreme [?]
rivers of human soul serving the spirituals and molded hard boiling blood. seven flash floods
seven floats of sand is where they are trapped in. i appear unto them unbearable sevenfold
seven is emerald gold. ninemah to the nine powers which they shall behold as i unfold the scroll

[refrain – rasul allah 7]

while in the seventh state of slumber
i release seven thunders

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from the seventh heaven

[rasul allah 7]

loi o my behold and take hold to the sign of twins, yah and weh
one guards the south pole, the other guards the north pole
havoc begins when these polarities are separate and when i look to the heaven
dark clouds form the polar sun, making it become black as sackcloth
the full moon became red unto blood, desire the whole universe will perish
and you shall perish within the unrighteous
the sky becomes sick, with holes in it, because of the depletion of the ozone layer
and look secular to organic source, searching the ocean floors
and out of the seas spray rapidly with in front of occur [?] coming from poisonous
polluting the water, growing deformities, alien bacteria in the sea…
sealife began to die, water becomes death to them

[refrain – rasul allah 7]

while in the seventh state of slumber
i release seven thunders
from neter: a'aferti atum-re
and walk for seventy & six trillions days
to ressurect through seven transitions of death
i unveil seven plagues to uphold seven prophecies
in the form of nostradamus, predict the eyes behold the
neteru rasul allahu was born through seventh celestial womb
from the seventh heaven

[richard raw]

heed the return of the yam-ssee!
guided by the anunnaki eloheem supreme
beyond rizqiyians from the twelfth planet
who land in the sumer into the possession of humans
tune into the igigi, who see me in electro magnetic
current [???] sequence [???]
mechanism is the biorhythm of a which creates a state of tranquality
in midst of one hundred and fourty-four thousand aluhum [???] caccon then a reuben [???]
the return of the yugi and islamic hebrews. the scarab beetle

ramane connects to method in the sun which turn into the erection of atum-re
as he spray healings from his hammered comb and all [???]
virtues to the lost but now found in eagle rock mount
as chieff maku apistles in the form a bapstole and [???]
[???] then unto a blemish image of illyuwn
intuned in the middle sea [???]
i blead the earth will work come own size [???]sananda, he speaks pandas upon the amber light
[???] desmite the treausre lights
[???] greys who've been slaves, since the days of munkir who made the bomb at the beings of
[???] ian [???] the great tarnush
by the four kesiyl i enter the castle of the [???]
nuwaubian charms to alarm the chosen people
who seek the evil, created by hiylal
we shall crown them all into the unmuted vibration
and create an ill-stration of the epics of creation
waiting for the shams gland, but you wait for the year 2000
when the computers shut down in the design of the beaded, except in germany
when a witch, named madame blavatsky, headed by the thesophical society
it will be deros versus teros; pharaoh versus moses
note the sorrow cyclone's the form of the illuminati

[outro]

– i trained these five warriors to protect tao. each upholds honor… and integrity
– do they fight with kung fu?
– they use the force of nature's elements: wood, fire… earth, metal… and water
– ming was right

___
soon i'll be ready with the full text!

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – GIVING PRAISE (TO MOTHER NATURE) LYRICS

[richard raw]

giving praise to mother nature aten, atun, neteru
praise to my people who traveled here from nibiru
praise to nuwaubians the one they callin' the widows
praise the graves, raise us universal pharaohs'
giving praise to mother nature aten, atun, neteru
praise to my people who traveled here from nibiru
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praise the graves, raise us universal pharaohs'
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[richard raw]

spirit guide from the tribe of the dogon, holdin' a golden coven interwoven into a solar panel
carrin' them over with twelve candle sticks split in the midst, fish man walks the land
wing span pans afganistan, climbing the known, jah's clone, like it was carved into stonehenge
syringe, leviathan, kin to men, i blend in with jinn, friend of the wind, a sin to a bin-bin
lend your two edge sword, two heads at war, the heart marks the part where the dart starts to penetrate
a red substance emanates, close the gates, its to late to debate, the heavenly state is when the ebony shapes
the women child exiled from the womb, blooms into a cacoon, the grooms in tune, a wing span spreads out –
a beautiful substance is let out, simolean lady baby i'm back, black robe nose ring clothes cling to her
thought i knew her she spoke foreign supposed she was tauren, children call her mother nature, "they call her mother nature"…

[richard raw]

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[cosmic crusader]

as my mind enters the vibration of the ohm, the whisper the explosion grows to a loud tone
my bone and muscle disappear, physical drips from my soul just like a tear, my minds eye see clear
i peer into the anti-matter the black lights scatter through the prism of the pyramids i'm experienced
in myriam points on tiamat, previously qi, the planet where we got evolutionized from h0m-erectus to sapiens
so when you call them alien, remember we were once sailing in, the same motherships to laboratories on mars
our body's consist of dust from the super-nova of stars, mixed with the anunnaqi bars of dna, which portray
the likeness of god, jesus, jah hod, elohim, allah muhammad, verikosha and jah, osiris, horus and ra
ahura mazda, dalli lama, shiva, vishnu , brama, ghoul of the gods like midichlorians to reach outside i spiritual eye you won't die
only your soul will survive, ask you what you call a lie, why do you have to contrive, when its already inscribed inside your mind
never die but i'm at the end of the line, astrologically like pisces, astrologics help me right these, wrongs and fallacies
won't be reborn in aries, raise myself up like the seven seas when the ice-caps raisin' degree's, planetary movement freeze "freeze, freeze"…

[richard raw]

giving praise to mother nature aten, atun, neteru
praise to my people who traveled here from nibiru
praise to nuwaubians the one they callin' the widows
praise the graves, raise us universal pharaohs'
giving praise to mother nature aten, atun, neteru

[rasul allah 7]

you remember when the black women was god, the great cosmic mother, nuturer of mankind and nature
she is the male and the female born internally and externally, the grand architect of the universe
who created, something from nothing, of a self she is the sea of the secrets, the best kept secret
the mistress of darkness behold the black women, and the greatness of her antiquities in the likeliness of mother ninti
she is divine emmulance, the mental neteru, the sky goddess, the queen of infinite sp-ce, who created
the bottomless universes and the twelve houses of the zodiac, from the womb zodiacus, i trace

my spiritual p-ssage
as a sperm cell through triple stages of darkness, she is the cosmic body of the universe, and the universal source of the cosmos

[outro]

people once believed that when someone dies, a crow carries their soul to the land of the dead, but sometimes, just sometimes, the crow can bring
that soul back, to make the wrong things right, i thought that was the last, i never imagined, there would be another…

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – THROUGH THE EYES OF AN EMBRYO LYRICS

[rasul allah 7]

and i shall be raptured by allahu light beeing
and taken to the seven heavenly implodes of the eloheem
where my mind wonders what angels sees panda
upon the industrial celectials waters of the semureti
i begin to walk a fert of mysts of paradise as
sun amun embr-sse endeavor behold the center of the sons of the green light
behael to the eyes of seventy and six trillion embryos
they all master mathematical miracle, they have the wisdom
from the depths of the primordial abyss a phalus
that releseas spirituals from the sky seperated from
[???]

[cosmic crusader]

yo, if i launch you into sp-ce for how long would you bug out
before you realize that you need oxygen to shout?
shine forth like light from my aura inside an orb or
get sucked into a portal as centrically absorb all
electrons in my radius transform them into protons
so there could be no hate in this
sections of my plane is sp-ce and rhyme microbiologist
try to isolate my enzymes to finally inscribe tan lines of commandments
the nucleolus is randment they try to ban it like belief in life in other planets
no matter how they master plan it, they just can't seem to over stand it
implanted within ignorance 10 percent is smudging gods finger prints
tampering with evidence they counting bills while i'm counting my heaven sense
they recompense through their density as they feel the heat from etherical intensity
babylon next to me, law lost mentally, lost children standing next to me
translated simplicity from the utmost complexity, resurrection god body through lyrically trajectory

[rasul allah 7]

through the eyes of 70 and 6 trillion i behold my soul
as it begins to implode like a black hole so you will behold this wig splitting illness

[atun sen geb]
in a new millennium rising like prometheus in a heath ion section of america
initiate circuit impulses government made, send my robots negative mentally and physically
am-ssing secret society plans the internet craze will soon become the biochip sound wave the

interrupting human brain wave from he spiritual stage transform paleontologist glance over the land
in a trance in a center of the atmosphere to see america return to the fiery furnace of the h-llfire
revelation from the unwritten children, behold the golden dawn of the day of mourning paranyama
mediation with united brotherhood warning, can survival in a land that ran uphold more arrivals
my arrival now across the river now to meet rothschild unsold the knights templar of stars send sirius chakra
seeded in the fiery chariots of the ‘gods’

[richard raw]

loi, 76 trillion years ago out of the solar green light burst the seraphim
as the light began dim hence the creation of the tarabin jinn and luciferians and equinox
which is 24000 years appears to be history’s remold in the capstone lies the eye to civilized
big brother undercover ins politician abolition of world government decent from the thoughts of inowizhop
and the compiled with the rothschild to devise the new world order seraphim descending de-pending on
revelations chapter 12:7: michael and his angels fought against the dragon the dragon and his angels
where casted out of heaven demoted of the liquid depicted as angelic beings extraterrestrials of celestial origin allah!
use the signs of the circle and square to prepare 99 elements from which came intelligent life forms
born in terra of the era of the protozoa evolving in the metazoans from which they split one di-apsid on synapses
developed rapid giving birth to the dimitragon the first animal to roam the surface with the pur-pose of caldera and
this take us to a time when our spine used to be a scale used to regulate body heat to keep from burning to keep
from learning they destroyed the anima logical meanings leaning more towards mythological definitions giving birth to ether apparitions

[ ]

[rasul allah 7]

through the eyes of 70 and 6 trillion i behold my soul
as it begins to implode like a black hole so you will behold this wig splitting illness

—

soon i’ll be ready with the full text!

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON

WORDS FROM THE DUAT

THE BOOK OF ANUBIS

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – DISTANT TRAVELLER LYRICS

[dr. malachi york]
“they reside in the eight galaxy of the nineteen galaxies. & they do travel by… “ship” as you would call them for a lack of a better word. & they’ve been intergalactically traveling & coming to this planet since eleven thousand, five hundred years ago…”

[chorus: richard raw]
i am the distant traveler, come from a far away star
i was drawn by the spirit of a gathering, i’ve come to join your song. (x2)

[verse 1: richard raw]
invoked with astrological involvement, linguistic, ventriloquise whispers, hypnotic suggestions through apocalyptic fellowship. cosmic duration, rhythmic pulsation, pulctuals of emptiness shift the vowel from between the void, intergalactic communication, implanted by enchanted transcripts, engraved in sanskrit. interpreted by crystal translators, organic robotoy protects synthetic apparition
my parallel alien life forms, i swarm through the storm with a crown of th-rns as my uniform. my staff transforms into a unicorn, in search of the promised land
guided by the pineal gland, brotherhood of darkness
order of the sufi, under study of tehuti
build the sphinx, the reincarnation of ramses, angelic protector of the holy relics, born in the subterranean level of the pyramid, my eyelid resembles osiris. bearer of the scepter
my mind is a replica of mecca
egyptian philosophers, politic in verses with the alchemists, archangels walk on the seventh plain

[chorus: richard raw]
i am the distant traveler, come from a far away star
i was drawn by the spirit of a gathering, i’ve come to join your song. (x2)

[verse 2: richard raw]
heeb the voice of the two edge sword, lord of the underworld. i escape shambala to follow the scholars to the kaaba, where i transm-tate my physical state into the form of the chupacabras. stand on my altar on which i offer to the flying saucers, who resemble humanoid vultures, spinning sulfur as the hebrew, who rest in the cathedral of the scarab beetle. awaken by the mystic chants of the tarots, mutilating cattle upon the crop circles as the earth goes through planetary allignment, my -ssignment elevate from the confinement of the material plane, sustained by omnicron, my voice responds to the bomb that transforms into a pit of cobras, hovering over the former ice caps guided by the light of the rumardians
my sham scans the land for biological holograms, monitoring the luciferian conspiracy
overthrown by the army of the pharisees
i ressurect as hali salasi, —-? the ways of marcus garvey but inherit the soul of bob marley & the whalers. sailers of the heavens, in tune to illyuwn, my brithplace is the base on mars, my face was carved into mountains of cydonia, the planet shifts to eclipse the inner sun

communication through telepathic influence
commense to re insert the barathary gland
walking the burning sands of sudan
accompanied by a clan of etherians who seek for the sumerian tablets, psychological magician appiritian of the tibetan m-n-scripts, my tongue splits to fit each hemisphere, metaphysical shape shifter who dript up pillars from the village of overstanding, strip search you of your belief system
reverse my habitat
i build a altar in the form of a iglo in midst of the sahara
the ——? invading terror like the era of the andromedas
walk on the seventh plain

[chorus to outro]

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – JESUS FOUND IN EGIPT LYRICS

[verse 1: rasul allah 7]
behold the legend of jesus found in egipt
traces back 10,500 years ago, b.c.e
astrologically by the heliacal rising of the star sun
leo can join with
sirius nebulous in the star constellation orionis
a father, who art in heaven
osiris monster, immaculate birth of the holy child horus-jesus
the virgin conception, [?] through the body of christ
the blood of christ within the body of isis
the image of the blessed mother mary resembles egyptian sculptures [?] the christian imagery
since the days of pentecost
i bare witness to the living image of the sun god
a face of god, in the midst of the seven golden menorah
to appear one like unto the son of man, the son of god
the sun amon ra, clothed within white garments
and his head, and his hairs were white like wool
as white as snow and his eyes were as flames of fire
and his feet like unto fine br-ss if they were burnt in a fiery furnace
and his voice was as the sound of many waters
flowing from the nile river
bare witness to the coming of the egyptian messiah

[break]
likewise, the holy trinity of the catholic church: father, son and holy spirit evoke the central trio of egyptian gods: osiris – the father, horus – the son and isis – the mother god

[scratches]
“lcob”

[verse 2: rasul allah 7]
and it was not until the death of herod that it might be fulfilled
which was spoken of the lord yahweh
by the prophet saying: “out of egipt have i called my son
where he was waxed wise in wisdom in me?!”
[?] the father osiris, the son horus, the holy spirit khonsu
and from the womb of the blessed mother mary
isis, the worthy came [?] which can [?] equality
there is no ‘trinity’ becoming left out the holy mother mary behold yeboha yashu’a ha-mashiakh
jesus of nazareth and lion of judah
the root of david reflect the face of the sphinx
the image of the cosmic christ concealed within
[?] and wormholes

of the teachers of jesus found in egypt lost within
[?] gospels [?]
the library where the mysteries of jesus were buried
uncovered in the gospel of thomas
discovered in the book of st. barnabas [?]
[?] stolen by [?] from the coptic christian bishop sanctuary
invaded by false teachings of greco-roman missionaries
[?] st paul was he, a disciple or a deceiver of egyptian scripture
you answer the question, as i bring forth my conclusion
what's your solution?

[scratches]
"lcob"

[verse 3: rasul allah 7]
and so i ask the question which is it?
jesus, iesous, jesús [?] eliyon kristos or [?] the son of cronus, rhea
[?] what's the difference between jesus, jehovah, yahuwa – oi ahura
[?] description of the true black messiah
[?] depiction of the [?] the other is the image of the anti-christ michelangelo
sanctioned from the sistine chapel, a wrong taken from the grecian rendition of a painted portrait of zeeovajiah
[?] shaytan, created from the conversion of constantine from polyteism to monoteism
which born christism, taken from the ancient egyptian mysterysism
plagiarized by josephus flavius piso
mistranslated by 72 [?] 46 rabbis of the nicean council
misinterpreted by vatican catholic church
[?] william shakespear or [?]
the artist of the 16th 11 king james version of the bible
prescribed straight from the hands of hands of h-ll
i craft a spell to reveal and unveil the legends of jesus found in egypt hidden within egyptian wisdom

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – WHERE EVERY BREATH IS A PRAYER LYRICS

[male voice]
“one day during meditation training
i rose to a plain where there was utter silence
i was bathed in light and suddenly time and sp-ce did not exist
only absolute radiance, so wonderful i couldn’t understand why the master had not shared it..then i felt… (female voice questions) enlightened?
(male voice) no it was a different sense, the overwhelming bliss was touching me”

[verse 1: r-ssul allah]
as i release each breath by breath and then inhale and exhale and open up my solar plex in time my vortex
where every breath is a prayer which lies the singularity between the yogi in the spiritual state of nirvana
born within the mystic fire of shiva, the incarnation of brahma
i realign my seventh chakra and bring forth the spirit of ganesha while reciting chapters from the bhagavad gītā
deep within the temples of vishnu we begin to chant mantras from the mahabharata
r-ssul allah walks upon this earth as the dalai lama, i appear within the mystifying image of krishna
while meditating within the rainforest of sri lanka, performing tantric yoga reading from the books of the upanishad..?

[verse 2: cosmic crusader]
from out the atmosphere as a blackbird,a messenger of death
harbinger of destruction take your last breath out of your chest
leave you less anointed with the holy royals
foil the trials and tribulations. a synthesis creation
spirits cross the river styx, mix with misfits in the land of the east
then pay a toll to the beast, reaper, reach down deeper to touch your soul
reclaim the key from the cryptkeeper eager to peer into the crystal sphere
smoky visions unclear, a mere mortal free of fear
steering clear of ignorant peers
staring into the dragons lair where every breath is a prayer
and human sightings are rare

an ethereal being straddling a black man, paired with 26 chromosomes the h0m- sapiens home is still within the vocal range of om
the atoms vibrate the tone, the kundalini serpent coiled within the bones awaken
consciously taken from the muhadhara to the sahasrara
the thousand-petalled lotus notice no reflection in the mirror
nearer to the point of enlightenment where frightened men need not apply
i ride with indra on airavata

a cloud banished to earth to hold upon the universe
i'd rather die than never breathe a verse upon the field of time
inhaling life exhaling rhymes i'm inhaling sp-ce exhaling timelines
through mic lines to shine nine hundred and ninety nine times

[verse 3]
when i bind, each breath is a spine
kundalini in line, spiral stimuli rekindled my mind
-ssume the posture [?] move your medulla oblongata
as the lotus blooms, focus on your maya [?] into the fire smoke fumes
the coiled serpent immersed deep in your nerves, paradigm of amanas
from the time of upanishads
hold your lower abdomen and yoga -ssigns [?] insert air in your nostrils
once chi-gung's begun [?]
move a your mouth beat your tonuge, its tips circ-mfrence
in the orbit of the microcosm

[verse 4: amun sen hotep re]
mythical, ritual, mystical, physical ahh..umbilical cord, spiritual law
image of thor think of the sting of a [?] swing of a sword, slice life
christ like, night fall luminous star orbits or explore, sit with the twenty and four beasts, each teach one, think of the sun as a god [?]

(i will be back to update i just wanted to put this up because most of the vidoes have been take off youtube, i did have the whole lyrics up a couple of years back and stupidly didn't save elsewhere)

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – THE RISING FORCE LYRICS

[star wars sample]

[richard raw]
uh-huh! jedi master, nickname adafa
nuwaubian p-ssed and vouch the mount shasta
exposes the pictures of moses, scriptures arose at the bishop
but a hawk, but a covenant and a heart of a government
spirit is etheric, you can hear it in the lyrics. soul is the zone
the shelf of emotions, energy and movement
i'm teaching a student is length or an improvement
so stop believing everything you reading, we talked about experience
knowledge of sumerians, college of luciferians, never was a barbarian
was once a vegetarian, once listening seraphim
now i'm ascending cherubim, got a right to be arrogant

[rasul allah 7]
the force rises within me because the kingdom of anu, it's with indian takes me
from the planet earth to the 19th galaxy instantaneously. (x2)

[amun sen hotep]
amun sen hotep raise speculated, now detected "where light was created"
the lost children of egipt keepers of the best-kept secret
the rising force teleport my thoughts from the gran hyper been thought up
all mystic soothsayers and sayers soon. my anu, he was sadhi el sanuwah
go with me to the gas. seven spheres 'stratos, atmos' at the zionist the trap is
the central sun will burn the seven chakras

[star wars sample]

[cosmic crusader]
i've walked with river culture from the land of the lost
holding the feather of truth 'till the seven seas across
the plume serpent, my guardian – the stars, oh my god!
my dna stairway to heaven mathematics applied
to tn aku ankka wah and giza plateau formations
the old souls are tired, so now it's all to constellations
we penetrate in the atmosphere at speeds equal to light
rested orion's belt so to insouciance at night
and recite osiris' teaching, so the flames could ignite
funeral pyres in the sky and uncountable numbers
'cause science was in america before chris columbus and politico inc-mbents
told you your life design if there was no such thing as money then how would you buy the time?
are you a grim reaper or a knowledge seeker?

a dead life resurector or a paycheck collector?
a fallacy protector or a real truth projector?
are you buy your chip free, or did babylon inject it?

[luminos flux]
it's the green light, the force is augmented with the shrimp of a cosmic blast
to surp-ss the best with intellect. the att-tude jacked at the door
so disrespects or losses go back to the lab
and build your cr-p and get some water. it's just like the lioness. don't start!
you get torn apart, let's this thing go right, see it begins
you win some, you loose some. deal with it!
you either wither or not and don't n0body be care if you give it a lot!
you make the wrong move and they ready to lock you up
the ample examples they travel in the spirit attempt that i ain't trying to hear it
i'm purebred is why the soul is phantom melanated, started from the gulf
in the source of all life and the workmen's will go all for it

[rasul allah 7]
the force rises within me because the kingdom of anu, it's with indian takes me
from the planet earth to the 19th galaxy instantaneously. (x2)

[scratches: "lost children of babylon"]

[rasul allah 7]
the force rises within me because the kingdom of anu, it's with indian takes me
from the planet earth to the 19th galaxy instantaneously. (x4)
the force rises within me, the force rises within me…

[richard raw a.k.a tehuti mos]
brought forth from an intergalactic deoxyribonucleic acid
my telepathic soul control the flow of my circulatory system in rhythm with the cosmos
in the foremost land where the heavenly host stand, in a land of fertility to enhance the chance of reproductive capabilities
the possibilities fathomed when the atom splits in the center sits a pulpit which replaced the nucleus
my heart starts to spiral every vital nerve curves to indent time as the mystic shrine, declined to refine, my swine intertwines as an obituary
each chakra acts as a subsidiary, my barathary gland reappeared near my earlobe, the 7th pole curse, threw the universe in reverse
we searched for the thought which was the missing link, we drink from the fountain of youth until each tooth was to its root
my left eye was a thermometer, right eye was a speedometer, 300 miles per hour from the meteorite shower in andromeda, a pictograph of a craft crashed in the western hemisphere
the end is near, introducing souls in hard back, stolen from the temple of karnak, in a sack of etheric s-m-n ej-cul-ted from the phallic of min atum kuluwn presume judgement!

The Lost Children of Babylon Lyrics

“Missing Link”

[Rasul Allah 7]
There are approximately about 66 trillion cells intrically divided in the human body, beyond a rapid over standing a genetic Retinols theoros genetically developed geometrically displayed from a divine intervention we are the product of genetic Manipulation a biological duplication a bred from Tran duplicating, multiplying replicating organism, performing the primary Evolution genetic while splicing and cloning the chromosome from the microscopic chaotic universal collective art, etherically Modified and built by the Annunaki king we are the microcosm of the macrocosm by codifying by sides of an electromagnetic Energy from motility I become immotality, I am the link that was lost between the gene of the Chimpanzee, Australopithecus a Germinated seed, transported and manufactured within the bio-dimensions of a dolphin and taken from Sirius B the laboratoryOf shifting artificially in simulating within the divine divine genes of (Alaminti?) upon my arrival where I morphed from a sperm Cell to a seed the Supreme Being metamorphosizing and was taken from the Hemorphidite a species conceived out of anti-bodies Of mitochondria DNA and RNA seated into the cytoplasm of solphoric elixir within every symbiotic there is a cell implanted Within the center, code of mitocolrians there beneath the primordial sea of chaos lies the Incantation of an angelic being, the 5th element being consumed within the womb of an etheric full form. Oxidizing like a solid Form of gold my brain cells began to implode from the submerges from symbiotic organic growth from the resurrection of 70 And 6 trillion embryos a fetus that evolved from ambrosia crystallized from Star Solar recalibrated from the ameba implanted Within protozoan and from the smallest particle in the Universe (heissublah) become the etherian manifested throughout .1 to Into .2 throughout the periodical table of elements, throughout the periodical table of elements

[Richard Raw]
Registering as nothingness but existing as the assisting element that lies just beyond the etheric threshold as the abode which Gives each planet a radius to rotate properly around the Sun, I begun to form weight to form shape to form space, before that Meager space called the primordial state in which I had to carnate and debate in whether reincarnate into a state of definition Was my transition from density as intensity increased I reached for the soul tying to uphold the kundalini without spatial Orientation the latent manifestation of existence omitted the creation of resistance within an instance my sounds fell beyond Quarks which in the tuning which transports the dolphin walking as the Vulcan deity, from the evolutionary scale of the whale I Inhale ... the clone of harmonic overtone drawn within vegetation as gestation began in the womb of Atum my nostril began to Form as the storm rages, at the 7 point of Darkness the flying saucers brought the carcass the starship levitates but hesitates to Bring forth the breath of life, the zodiac question and unite my authority, my limbs began to extend so I bend each trying to reach within as I began to drain Sun's hydrogen and Magnetism pills ...my lungs as my tongue begins to form out of a Magnetic grid the pyramid slips into my ... My nose began to expose Tachyon energy, order the centipede, assembly of Proteins to and fro, I'm extinct ... better known as the missing link...

[Cosmic Crusader]
Submerged in the waters separating the lands living from the dead man connects with the Sun of Anum to break bread, a Solar Crown on the head spreads heat from chest to leg, with a keg of ambrosia turning a milky ocean circuit form Stone Soldiers, Molded from clay, into 7 cathedrals of dismay where we pray to oil at Kay, abduct microscopic waters that effects the mental Optics of the conscious man, halipusa over the petals settled in the dust after the rapture, captured in the vortex amun soflexThe syntax of tricknology recognize the black man's originality the fallacy of the

Pharisees biogenetically the door to fallicity Swings opens groping in the dark, I see a slick dude who will try to trick you with information taken from the Hick sues. Across The black sea reality eventually becomes Judaism the degree of Christism, the double fish religion, Pisces-ism division from the Traditional premastic Egyptian magik, hathor from the torrential Downpours found Moors, sallied in the cardinal direction, Reflection of a light source illuminated right wars, who gallops into the sunset, despite the opposite flaws, those trapped in the Labyrinth will never know the significance of myth destined to be devoured by the Minotaur Syth....

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – DUEL OF THE FATES LYRICS

[rasul allah 7]
“i was consumed within the womb of queen amidala, incaged within the genes of medicloreans. anakin skywalker that incarnated into luke skywalker force field, within mandalorian armour, posessed by the curses of karma, you receive the consequence of stigmata, crucified & then baptised by water, fire & the holy spirit, quenched by the blood of the cosmic christ, illuminated by the ultraviolet-green lights, the anonymous ones, synonymous with triple stages of darkness. look into the eyes of a dark jedi, the death-star, r-ssul allah, born within the dark side from a force that evolved from the opposite end of the universe, from a galaxy that evoluted seventy & six trillions eons ago.”

[cosmic crusader]
“in the arena of a universe, shiva versus blasphemours, half believers meet the lions in the roman ampthitheatre. scimitar cuts the pentacle of allah, to form six points, yoda rests with the kaballah. my seven star merkaba, body of light, degrees of substance unite to defeat the ——?. the millenium falcon of horus’ chorus recites upon the eight state, in the bosom of yahua eloh i await to meditate. with the baphtist drawn in obi-wan, before the dual of the fates crash the gates of zion, saint peter wrestle with paul. saul in darth maul pylon, anubis swing the djet pillar, cast him off the pylon. anakin panic until the sabre slash the python, neptune’s triton release divine breath, rejuvinate the nodes of electric consciousness, the infinite boundless, bottomless, endless…”

[richard raw]
“true & livin sibling of the egyptians, we manifest from ramses to anubis, fall back in karnak, the starmap opens, from the ocean of nun, blooms atun at high noon, from some to nothing, who’s monotheistic like ankhenaten? winged deity see’ing me as a same, so the name i claim is neter, (that’s right) priests of ahn whisper that word in my left ear, i take it as sacred, mummy resurrects from the tomb as lazarus, let’s establish this, image of horus as jesus of nazareth, the egypt he was travellin in, isis really mary of magdalene. i confront you, the holy ghost is symbolic of khonsu. take a second look at the heka khasewet, they was really crooks, they stole the way of life, said they was living in the day of christ, time to correct cause christ is really karast, tamare is really khemet. it’s the secrets that’s best kept, the lion of judah is really sekhmet, pick up your cross & follow me to the teachings of egyptology, knowledge from amenhotep to ptolamy which was probably lost in the holocaust…”

[ancient khemet]
“if not the sabre then with the ——? , played it in two, we can do it like darth vader & luke, spark lazers straighter at you… too late, delay will leave you lying like a labour of doom. so don’t place foot in the cave where i rule, i’ll slay you like a dragon, i’m fatal & cruel. savage like i’m let out of cages, & rip off your ——? like i rip out my pages.”

[rasul allah 7]
“& open up celestial windows like mace windu while practicing yoga with jedi master yoda, on the watery planet of komino where i confronted count dooku, on a rugged kind of desert plane-

tary sand dunes of geonosis, like the great battle of geonosis, i focus the power of the force like obi-wan kan0bi, the dual of jengo fett, the dual of the sith. the attack of the clones & revenge of boba fett, the shroud of the dark side has fallen to reveal the dark lords of the sith…”

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON
THREE KINGS
VERNAL EQUINOX
SIRIUS
SUMMER SOLSTICE
WINTER SOLSTICE
VIRGO
ZEITGEIST
THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE
AUTUMNAL EQUINOX
בית לחם
HOUSE OF BREAD
LC
OB

The Lost Children Of Babylon - The Great Depression Lyrics

[Intro]
I don't have to tell you things are bad.
Everybody knows things are bad.
It's a depression.
Everybody's out of work or scared of losing their job.
The dollar buys a nickel's work.
Banks are going bust.
Shopkeepers keep a gun under the counter.
Punks are running wild in the street.
And there's nobody anywhere who seems to know what to do.
And there's no end to it.
[Verse 1]
Modern money mechanics
of the fraction the federal reserve loaned out of loans
this principal is absurd
government bonds it's bondage
instruments of debt
working class mouths to feed got no subsistence left
so to make ends meet they submit to employment
treasury manage liability deployment
wage slave trade of the federal deficit
no predetermined limit
bad let it get
[Interlude]

We know the air is unfit to breathe and our food is unfit to eat,
and we sit watching our TV's,
while some local newscaster tells us that today,
we had fifteen homicides and sixty-three violent crimes,
as if that's the way it's supposed to be.
We know things are bad - worse than bad.
They're crazy.
It's like everything everywhere is going crazy,
so we don't go out anymore.
[Interlude]
I don't want you to protest.
I don't want you to riot,
I don't want you to write to your congressman
because I wouldn't know what to tell you to write.
I don't know what to do about the depression a
And the inflation and the Russians and the crime in the street.
All I know is that first you've got to get mad.
You've got to say, 'I'm a HUMAN BEING, Goddamnit!
My life has VALUE!'
So I want you to get up now. I want all of you to get up out of your chairs.

I want you to get up right now and go to the window.
Open it, and stick your head out, and yell, 'I'M AS MAD AS HELL, AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS ANYMORE!'

I want you to get up right now, sit up, go to your windows, open them and stick your head out and yell - 'I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore!' Things have got to change. But first, you've gotta get mad!... You've got to say, 'I'm as mad as hell, and I'm not going to take this anymore!' Then we'll figure out what to do about the depression and the inflation and the oil crisis. But first get up out of your chairs, open the window, stick your head out, and yell, and say it: "I'M AS MAD AS HELL, AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS ANYMORE!"

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – BABYLON AD LYRICS

lost children

[chorus]
babylon ad, after disaster
after the death for now and ever after
speaking strike quick, deep off, you hear laughter
lcob we forced to sever rappers

[verse 1 – rasul allah]
this is the aftermath of a nuclear blast
man made machines versus human beings, i predict it coming
a world war 3, iran, pakistan
and look for ??? pentagram of afghanistan and china
the one world army, a lucifer marches to our kurdistan with plans to suck
the fossil fuels right from the arabian lands
placed in the hands of the son of sam

[verse 2 – vengeance]
battleground antics, disheveled babylonians
revolve around madness, havoc and pandemonium
stock market crashes, we black market petroleum
families frantic for famine is controlling them
store nation harvest here's ?????? smithsonium
from soap box speakers, the preachers behind their podium
we the future teachers, the leaders, we blast plutonium
no deities exist without people casting their stones at 'em

[chorus]
babylon ad, after disaster
after the death for now and ever after
speaking strike quick, deep off, you hear laughter
lcob we forced to sever rappers

[verse 3 – lex starwind]
bad attitude bruise babylon baby
birthed in a wind since savage gone crazy
touched by an angel, tormented by the devil
birth right, smite those that approach my level
unsettled in the dust spring forth like a ??? on a god
from henceforth huge sense on the mountainus star
eloquality unknown, sun's home
fitted with a crown of thorns sitting on one throne

[verse 4 – atun sen geb]

i could deliver ???? from skins of intrest
my bones rest this spirit
lcob for the hocus
consume your harvest
blacked out sun ??????? starving artist
you and your country can't do nothing but bow down
to meet my demands, or the hourgl-ss sands
that empty your last grain of defense
artificial intelligence, enhanced h-m- erectus
abduct the species for experiments
to punish the key residents

[chorus]
babylon ad, after disaster
after the death for now and ever after
speaking strike quick, deep off, you hear laughter
lcob we forced to sever rappers

[verse 5 – jon murdock]
iron darts, iron cross, man made lies and fabrications
-ss-ssination of your minds and imagination
theories to keep your vision blind, every act for hatred
to never rise, shepherd lies or communication
keep you stricken from god's vision
my squads mission is god given
we saw it twisted it was artistic
put the pieces together, we're all listening
lcob mcs you call missing

[verse 6 – richard raw]
they say, the m-ss plague is man made
we call it aids, we hold less of ????? phones
salmonella poison, they got smallpox and ebola
????????? with the solar turning to polar
the devil has a quota for population decrease
microchipped heads, embrace the mark of the beast
80 percent of the population is decreased
the bottom mice criminal shooting up the police
the reptilians are disguised as ?????
hunted and then ?????? christ ???????
illuminati with my mind soul and my body
man in black that's used to called ?????

[verse 7 – cosmic crusader]
genetic modifications and growth hormones

viral warfare, rot your face and weaken your bones
no question that the government created aids and cancer
the question of the true amazon basin is the answer
this is man vs machine, church for gasoline
parched the parchment of the democratic dream
oil spills k!lls wild life and other case troubled loss
the exit exon is the freemasonic double cross
its the evil horror
there will be no tomorrow
all of time is borrowed and it interests pain and sorrow
genocide to pesticide, its posted in nutrition
you're boxed in with toxins and wonder that you live in

[chorus]
babylon ad, after disaster
after the death for now and ever after
speaking strike quick, deep off, you hear laughter
lcob we forced to sever rappers

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – BEWARE THE ZEITGEIST LYRICS

yo

hook (2x)
take a look through the window of the days
zeitgeist past present spirits of the age
transcend times take a look at the page
past tense minds see their futures in their grave

a generation raised on fastfood
took the poison from the gl-ss tube
biochip ingredients that p-ss through ya ventricles
coagulate into antenna
receive the frequency from the valley of the henna
the spell shan't intangibly
they help them to handle me
abandon the ident-ty impose that nativity
machiavelli strategies in social captivity
disappear from the grid survivors rather visibly
p-ssport locked on the radar
so you can't stray far before the satellite locate ya
can't deviate the system rehabilitate ya
can't self navigate, they polluted your human nature
rejuvenate your thunder
arise from your slumber
fraudulent surrounds us
haven't you ever wondered why evil evolves rich and righteous remains poor
you need a reminder? they kicking in ya door

hook (2x)
take a look through the window of the days
zeitgeist past present spirits of the age
transcend times take a look at the page
past tense minds see their futures in their grave

The Lost Children Of Babylon - Martial Law Lyrics

[Hook]

Yo we living under martial law
The streets are confined to a police state
They passed the Patriot Act
Your projects turned into a concentration camp
3x

[Verse 1]

Rest in peace to Sean Bell and every innocent victim
Who was murdered by the NYPD
Like Amadou Diallo who was crucified by them ?
And we can’t forget about Rodney King
Who was tortured and beaten by the LAPD
The CIA assassinated Dr. King and Malcolm X
The mass murderers of John F Kennedy, John Lennon, who will be next?
A right wing paramilitary secret agency
This is a different form of police brutality
The FBI watches us through the all-seeing eye
This is a state of emergency, 9/11 revisited
Who really took down the Twin Towers
Who are the real terrorists? Americans dressed up like ?
Big brother watches us through your cellulars, are you prepared
For the new world order, a one-world order
They want to implant microchips in your daughter
America is bitten by the venom of Great Britain, a satanic system
Controlled by reptilians

[Verse 2]

So keep your third eyes open, check it
Military action, the cemeteries packed with
People who died when the government started blasting
The New Orleans police were told to shot on sight
If men were looting just trying to hold onto life
Who cares if the levees broke, prepare to let the semis smoke
Infants floating face down, is there any hope?
Why didn’t the president show? Where was FEMA at?
The military policed the area, why they need a gat?
Men walk with Glocks, kill you like Anwar Sadat
Assassinate your character, now you can’t walk the block
The plans are demise, get rid of us the lower class citizens
Diminish our remembrance strip us of our religion it’s
The fear factor from now and here after
There’s hate in our eyes, can’t see or hear laughter
Martial law, bombs when you start your car

Army fatigues and a gasmask was all you saw
It's off the wall, M16s with the triple burst
Some will show resistance, most will die, some were crippled first
Rise of the machines and that machine is the government
All the chosen ones will see peace, peep the covenant
And be prepared, most minds stay oblivious
To the signs and the times that we living with

[Verse 3]

POW concentration lockdown
Military brigade, get rayed with them Glock rounds
Ain't no cops now, just MPs in fatigues
In a wedge formation you was MC marines
Flack vests, kevla- coated steel soldiers real focused
Trained to search and destroy these decoy components
Habeas corpus codecs alimonious sacrilegious and felonious
The way puppet masters controlling us
Pulling strings to profit, prosper in their projects
Propose global control but that's another process
Parallel and perpendicular, put it particular
People pulling political powers, the perfect picture for the
Rich and the famous but the poor and the dangerous
Get tossed in a 5 by 9, put in them chambers.
Brainless, a slave stuck in a boat with strangers
Hangman with the noose waiting patient
Collateral damage to shatter the planet
When the masses mass-panic I'm blasting last standing
Running man ran stranded couldn't stand it
These stone-cold souls that own everything we handed
Mayflower ship landed flipped abandoned
New world order fourth quarter like they planned this
Supreme domination in the cost of war
Lost Children of Babylon, this is Martial Law

[Verse 4]

When I first wrote they'll kill y'all, sat just broke at the corner
Of Montana and 2 Avenue I seen my father
A lung-sucker's being abused, he maced, erased sign of using their cellphone
Said call your mother, warn your mother
The MPs had him handcuffed while he was in his wheelchair
I stared amazed at this fucked up view that was the case
In the middle of the street for the beast to use
To throw the whole block's families in for now
I'm on the loose with my Cs in the backseat
I roll the window down, niggas rock my wig from side to side
This is chaos, ? in the air
I'm coming through let's ? clear the sidewalk, I'm doing 90
Made it to the highway trying to reach my wifey
But ah oh wait they got the cellphones blocked off
Then I'm locked in my car it's her wailing

You know what happened baby, I’m at the rec center
With thousands of other women in prison
Our clothes have been ripped off, they feeding us slop and broth
I think they about to rape us, please come and save us
My dear, I’ll be there in a flash, I aimed the missiles last week
Before the ? went down, blast off on my countdown
A tent city meltdown
The mad kings found they’s about to be uncrowned

[Verse 5]

Mentally controlling the weak, overseers be patrolling the street
Combative peace keepers holding the heat
Extoling the Greek, fraternal order of the faggots
Feeding on the maggots of the corpses of the martyrs
Scorched the forefathers, dream of Freemasonry
Contempt for the east as they seek to eat insatiably
You wait to be labelled enemy combatant
Insurrection is consurging, you drink contaminants
Infectious agents in the currents
Water fluoridation in sixty-six percent of the nation
Sedation of your motivation and hard earned aggravation
Suppress your voice, they dealt your choice
Debate and meet the delta force
Like William Cooper meet your fate when Stormtroopers breach your gate
Seek define those that speak their mind
? of communication up with entertainment
And down with education, mass media stupificaiton
Imposed ignorance track your through retinal scans and finger prints
Sacrifice civil liberties for homeland security
Silenced through subversion, gun control is peace perversion
We’ve realised the lies of international ties
Constitution’s capsized, there is no free enterprise
Lady Liberty at gun point is forced to start undressing
If you’re not outraged must not be paying attention

[Hook]

Yo we living under martial law
The streets are confined to a police state
They passed the Patriot Act
Your projects turned into a concentration camp
3x

Yo we living under martial law

The Lost Children Of Babylon - The Venus Project Lyrics

[Hook- Emily Clibourn]
We are the sunshine, we are the light, elevate your mind
We are the sunshine, we are the light, it's our time to rise
We are the sunshine, we are the light, elevate your mind
In La'kesh Ala kin, We begin, We begin to Rise

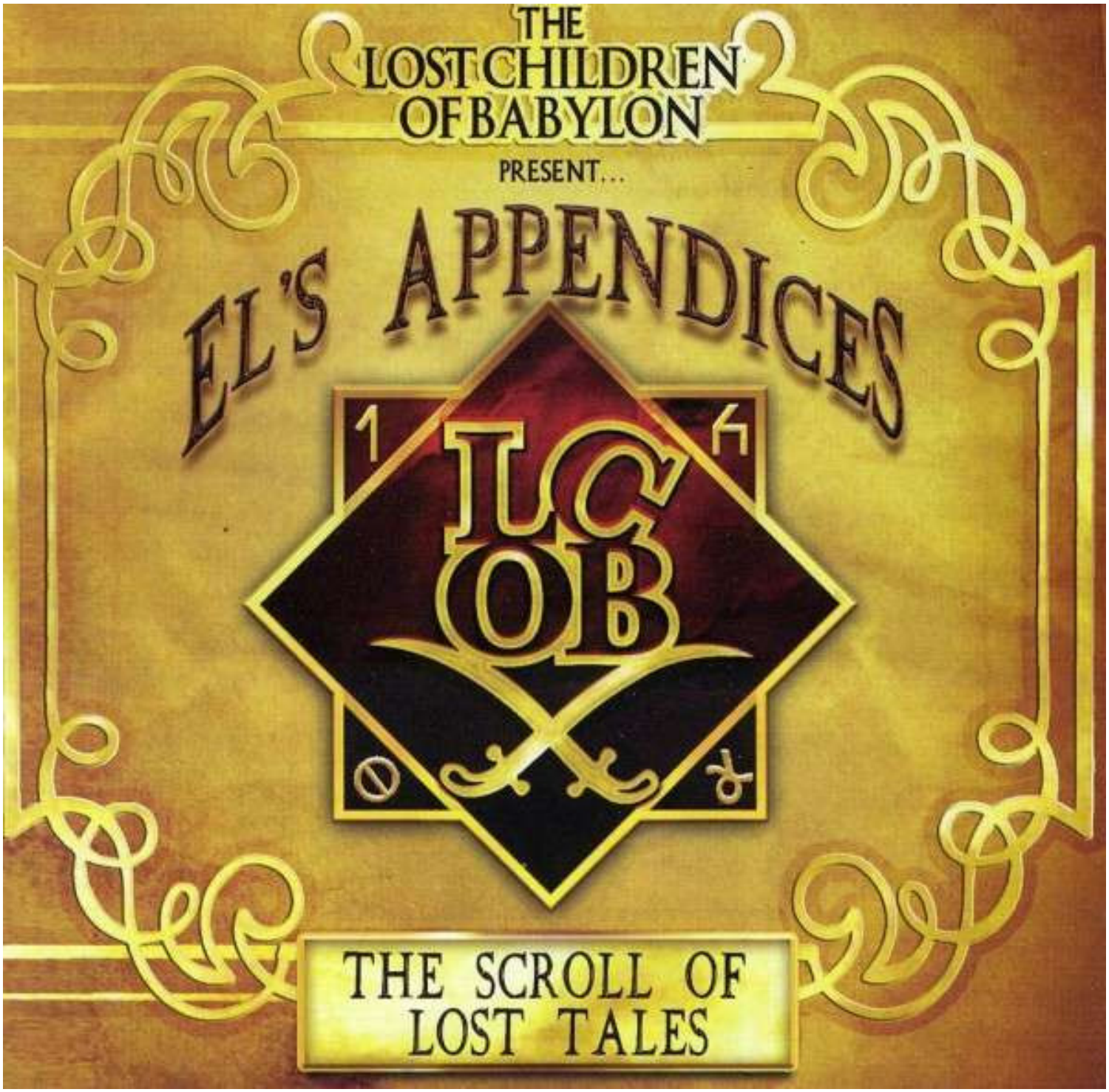
[Rasul Allah]
Yo, just think for a second, can we predict a better future?
A redesign of our culture, the vision of global expansion
Of consciousness based upon the symbiotic relationships of nature
And the caring capacity of the Earth like a dream of a highly advanced civilization ?
Intelligent management of the earth, resources become the common heritage for humanity
Behold the new world where the laws of man and religion will be erased
In the place with a resource-based economy
Through renewable, sustainable, geothermal energy
Solar and wind energy harnessed by the power of the sun
Generates electricity that brings stability to the earth
Environmentally the adversity of scarcity
Will be abolished socially when we realize that we are all one species
Under the sun instead of weapons of mass destruction
We unleash weapons of mass creation
You must elevate your mind to a higher state of spiritual awareness
And be aware of the emergent and symbiotic aspects of natural law
And know that standard change is consistent within all of nature caused by the forces of nature

[Cosmic Crusader]
Intergalactic federation tactic is proliferation
Of human preservation, architectural elevation
We stand in veneration of the goddess, Venus crossing
As we plot this air voyage
Elite fleet launch with clairvoyance
Inspired by ancient artifacts
Practice the latent art of acts oblivious to how bleak the future seems
The Youth stay geeked, glued to computer screens with futile dreams
This is group think versus global brain
Devine intelligence irrelevance and social strain
The difference between generosity and charity
In a world war clarity's a rarity they stare at me
Atop the pyramide (pi-rah-mi-day) arms out shouting namaste
With a soul that's lighter than the feather of Ma'at
Rest of the world screaming, "Look what I got."
Theory is be free, leading exponent is me
All is one, one is all, do as thou wilt
Shall be the whole of the law
Innocence predates the guilt created by the great fall

So which do you choose? Pure life or more strife?
The core is sacrifice but you're the one that pays the price
Forget what they soothesay
The prophesy of doomsday was more like April Fools Day
Not the end of the world but the end of the age
Beware the wrath of the sage and do the math on the page

[Atun Sen Geb]
Open the gates, welcome to the purest states
With limitless base elevates to a plentiful place
That's resource-based, you can't even catch a case
For all basic necessities supplied by earth's abundance
Intelligent management of her resources
Of advanced human civilization, entire population receives
Universal healthcare, I know it was unfair
I know it was a monetary system you couldn't bear
? your organs and stressed you out
You lost your hair but have no fear
Gone are the days of the tyrants ruling
? shorten your workday, increase the vacation time
To utilize the mind's full potential
Vehicles hydro with the sonar magnets to eliminate accidents
So leave me ?
? about the technological take-over, a cyber ?
Society solely meant to improve all living qualities eliminating all superficial boundaries
Set up our nations to perpetuate oppression
A blessing will it be when the meek inherit the planet with no deprivation
Don't worry there's no application fee
Just grab you a copy of the best that money can't buy
This is your future by design

[Outro]
Free me
Free me
Ive forgotten how to fly
Living in the prison of my mind
How am I supposed to reach heaven in the sky
With the door to this cage locked tight


THE
LOST CHILDREN
OF BABYLON
PRESENT...
EL'S APPENDICES
LC
OB
THE SCROLL OF
LOST TALES

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – MOS DEFINITELY LYRICS

[intro: jon murdock]
(should we them how it's done? definitely)
yo, jon murdock, lex starwind, ricky fitz
foundation ruffle your lives
check it, yo, yo

[verse 1: jon murdock]
mos' def', i define the definition of the most blessed
i blind the compet-tion when the smoke sets
my mind be kinda spinning when i smoke wet
have me choking mcs, leave 'em yoked up
that's the type of sh-t i'm on when i smoke dust
if you try to rob me, then i post up
pierce your heart with the poison-tipped blow gun, i'm moving silent as f-ck
and i don't even smoke pcp
but if did, you f-ck around and get dtd'd
i'll bust your ship, buck 'em down, see the police then flee
i shut 'em down, bust a round, hop in a gt3
got mad whip game, kids they spit lame
f-dation we on top of the game
masked up, busting shots in the rain
c-cking and aim, jumped a turnstile then hop on a train
you'll rot in your grave, stopping your pain, that's the logic of rage
yo, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven
eight shots left in my demented mac-11
spit 'em all, dip out in nine or ten seconds
and pulled the thirteenth is what he takes, asking questions

[hook: lex starwind]
mic check, catch wreck mos' (definitely)
one two, guns blue mos' (definitely)
three four, flow raw mos' (definitely)
you don't believe it, try stepping to me

[verse 2: ricky fitz]
imperialist american scientific
invade your lab for the cash and these drugs i get
whole-sale, i give a f-ck, it's all profit kid
and i don't hustle much, keep my phone b-tches in touch
call me pr, love the way i'm d-cking they guts
snow bunnies, fiending to f-ck, they love when i [?]
fresh out the bing, [?] to me
foundation zodiac productions

when i blow, y'all gon' blow with me
and vice versa, sci seeks to hurt ya
enemies out to hurt me, dodging murder
attempts on my life i might die tonight
but never will i go silently, plays violently
with every tool i possess the posed threat
[?] dolo, american beauty who want test
no need for reinforcements i got this here
fall back let me show what i'm about this year
flames flying out the booth, the dragon's lair
your front line's been diminished, best to check the rear

[interlude]
it gives me extreme pleasure to announce the great treat that i've got in store for you

[verse 3: lex starwind]
catch wreck, mos' def', on your mark, flow set
whole squad throwing bars, most guarded so what's next
check, check for the fast move, plotting on the cash rule
red dot on your noggin, no problem for me to blast, fool
whack fashion show, pageant hoes acting v-g-n-l
riding d-ck, tally ho bro for the camera, go
cameo, insanity fantasy no, it's real life, k!ll mics, let the fantasy go
hot to death shorty, hot step where cops check for me
x story gory slang talk fly like 7:40
n-ggas is kinda corny they bore me with apathy
actually claiming nice but only really half of me
'dation settle sh-t, blank close range graze your [?]
make you hesitant to pull out, squeeze the metal sh-t
relocate, switch states, change your residence
my spit game etiquette's eloquent, weapon x-travagant
still bless the tech, flex arrogant
sense battlin', off your head, next challenge is, silencers
kids don't even know what f-cking talent is
sh-t that i created, who made it? tell 'em whose style it is
x the beast, north, south, west and east, it's foundation, b-tch check the streets
recipe just from me, the chef to be, whose specialty's to rock mics (definitely)

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – RIGHT KNOWLEDGE LYRICS

mystic travel travel across the abode
i’ve been placed in many sectors a portions of soul
in a globe where the stratus field is cluttered in gold
thus, ask for the l-st destruct with an erupt your
polluted metaphor frays the spare waves
never open the same time, chasing the shrine
warship giving the praise the prophet never ending battle
bars are stricken with the l-sso, the long t-ssel
feds warn 360 and born accomplice the inner conscious
teleport cast on the war path the force of -rg-st upon the window
purify the king of past sippin’ on mentals
the long stiff with the strong grip that make your palms rip
absorb the

The Lost Children of Babylon Lyrics

“The Entered Apprentice”

[Intro]
The Freemasons celebrate the parallel of the creation of the tower
In the physical world and it's creation in the inner, mental, or spiritual world
The metaphor of building an architecture embodied in Freemasonry shows the parallel path what it takes to build
Both the tower outside of us and inside of us

[Verse 1: Rich Raw]
Palestinian Rabbi, Himalayan Magi
Slaughter Of The Seagulls, Daughter Of The Eagles
Black Bart Walks On The Borders Of The Needles
Entered Apprentice, Centered At Memphis
Ninja In The Cloak, Who Was Sent For The Tempest
Famous Flamethrower, Nick-Named Noah
Monk An A Mosque, I'm Sekenre Toa
Child Of A Widow In The Isles of Megiddo
Great Snake Waits In An Egg Shaped Lake
Arch Angelic, The Dark Sand Zealot
Buffalo Soldiers, Knuckles Hold Cobras
Shield Made Of Nickel, On A Hill Lay The Sickle
Story Of The Twin Warriors In Euphoria
Arch Diocese Assault Fire Fist
Hear The Silent Cries From The Book Of Malachi
One Eye Samurai, Finger Tips Grip The Great White
Eight Lights, The Night Sun Rise
Slave In The Moat, The Rope That Unties
Tasmanian Warlock, Iranian War Rock
Master Pale Rasta From Masjid Al-Aqsa
From The Bands Of Akkad Whispering Hail Shaka
Catalyst For The Catechist, Hear The Loud Thunders
From The Alhambra Which Bilal Conjures
Hiram Abiff, Lies In The Mist Of The Zion Eclipse
Jehovah Gyro, Behold Elijah On The Road To Niger
We Saddle The Ostrich Do Battle With Sesostris
Eighth Omen Played The Beethoven
As Pharaoh Travels The Land Of Zerubbabel
Heard The Words Of Christ From The Gergushites
Solar Reptile, Soldier Exiled, From The Wet Cloud
Fowl Flies In The South Side Of Nineveh
The Harlot Gargle Garlic, The Sick Nordic Minister
[Verse 2: Cosmic Crusader]
Soldiers Of The Fellow Craft, The Eye In The Crux See
The Poetry Of Aldous Huxley And Cagliostro
Sealed With The Logo Of Novus Ordo
Those With Ears To Hear Will Know
The Word Form The Masters Lips When They Stand With Heel To Toe

The Deadly Blow From Three Conspirators
The Mirrored Doors Of East And West
The Southern Gate, Concealed The Fate
The Valley Of The Shadow Of Death
The Killers Between The Twin Pillars
Operative And Speculative Aspects Of Trangression
The Serpents Ascension Through The Chambers Of Hatha Yoga
The Dangers What They Haven't Told You
Your Zionist Savior Didn't Die On This Paper
Drape You With The Noose
The Vatican Leads The Pace In The Wild Goose Chase
Whispers In The Vestibule, Mentally Castrate The Intellectuals
The Tantric Orgasm, Sexual Magic, The Secret Of The Ages
Before The Pages Of The Golden Fleece Was Told In Greece
The Knowledge Of The Sages Was The Mold For Peace
Bravely Complete The Task, A Degree Is Attained After Three Questions Asked
Slipshod, Hoodwinked And Hands Clasped
Release The Spirit From The Prison Of Matter, Shatter The Mask
Or To The Pits Of Nonexistence Shall Your Being Be Cast
[Verse 3: Rasul Allah 7]
He Was Taken, Kidnapped, Blindfolded And Hoodwinked
By Three Master Masons, Dragged By The Neck With A Rope Called A Cable Tow
Before Entering The Sacred Temple, I Gave Three Distinctive Knocks
The Tyler Said Recite The Sacred Word, The Door Swung Open
I Entered, Stood Erect Upon The Square, Ninety Degrees
Between The Two Pillars Of Boaz And Jachin
And Then Made The Journey Of Jacobs Ladder
With The Senior Deacon Around The Center Of The Lodge
Kneeled With My Left Knee Before The Altar
And In The Form Of The Pentacle Star, The Blazing Star
And In The Mist Lies The Three Great Lights And The Holy Bible
Placed Within It, The Compass And The Square
I Placed My Left Hand There, Now Who Appears?
The Worshipful Master Appears From The East
Places A Dagger On My Chest And Says, Who Are You?
A Poor Candidate In A State Of Darkness, Who Comes At His Own Free Will
Perfectly Prepared, Honorably Solicited And Privileged To Be Admitted
Into The Ancient Mysteries Of Masonry, Then He Said
In All Matters Of Danger, In Whom Do You Put Your Trust
In Allah, Then Recite The Solemn Oath, Never To Reveal Our Secrets
Under No Less Penalty Then My Throat Be Cut Across
My Tongue Torn Out By Its Roots And Let My Body Be Buried In Sand
Cable's Length From Shore, He Said Arise And Let The Brother Receive The Light
So As It Was Written By The Master Masons, That He Was Blinded By The Light
[Outro]
What is it about these ancient secret teachings?
That had made them so timeless and valuable? So saw'd after? So faithfully preserved
As the art of Masonry and building provide a shelter from the shifting conditions of the seasons
These ancient lessons might be sort of as blueprints or temples that allow one to rise above the shifty conditions of the world outside
To build a permanent residence for oneself in the realm of the Netter
To lift the mind to the consciousness out of the ever-shifting eyes and nose and external surfaces

features and maintain a state of...
Stability either building or occupying the temple within

The Lost Children of Babylon Lyrics

“Where Light was Created part.2 (KundaliniEnergy)”

(Intro extracted from movie The Animatrix)
"And man said "Let there be light" and he was blessed by light, heat, magnetism, gravity and all the energies of the Universe."

(Rasul Allah 7 from LCOB)
Yo, we're really* travelling at the speed of light
Radiating at a radius of about 99 billion degrees Celsius
In search for the seed and source of light with every sound there is light
And when we etherically moved at the speed of light
Our spiritual forms became light and the light was created within El Kuluwm
I become darkness within, darkness blackness that exist within a state of blackness
Now calculate the speed of darkness, you can't calculate the speed of darkness
Because darkness is the state of existence
So light is equal to E minus or Energy minus the square root of mass over matter
Time the speed of light which means I've become one with every multiple spectrum
Imprisoned inside a rainbow and within every flower
From energy change to matter, I become matter and from matter
I become the elements that are essential to life contained inside of each etheric sulpher
So light begins to travel then 1 million 86 thousand 272 miles per second
When reaching 99400 and 99% of the speed of light
We could travel to a star thirty and 70 light years away a light year
Is the distance that distinguishes the circumference of how light can travel in one earth year
Which is 4 billion 273792000 feet every year
Divide subtract multiply calculate and add up the speed of light
If you wish 70 and 6 trillion light years is the starting point you will get

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – DREAM SPIRAL LYRICS

[rasul allah 7]
within in my dream state i become one as the
electrolysis the bottomless unlimited boundlessness
endless the unmanifested and illiterable unconjurable indistinguishable inperceivable at least comprehensible
to mortal comprehension created in the zykhemet mixed with in the instantaneous creation out of triple stages of darkness the unindifferentiated emulation beyond the experience what human beings perceive as the five senses i am what existed on the otherside of the periodical table of elements existing as etherical duplicates etherically spiraling within my double helix triple taking plasmus mc's 1 millionth of a billionth of a team of neurologists to a—yze the speed and velocity of my brain waves

[cosmic crusader]
reverse the universe disperse my particles at 33 nautical knots per hour a solar powered yacht inner sun shower empowered the yang and the yin to begin to spin and form a double tetrahedron i seen the sphinx breathing standing next to heathens devoured by seething locusts ejected from the zenith the body parts of god mother earth received the p—- like zeus to venus osiris to isis we're wired to tolarities you couldn't splice this original right knowledge try to rewrite this you're forced to speak in tongues far away from where your heritage from begin to absorb anything above and under the sun no other than one vanishing point the old ill column who tried to transform the t–le when they raided the tomb invaded the womb spade and neutered chosen children they created the doom for otherwise immortal soldiers he just raided the moon

[richard raw]
as life began with one thing in mind to be and with this thought a thing became a name impregnated and segregated by the will of hu the creative force the source the first the nurse that gave rule to this side of the universe to re making him the highest of sen thus things began to descend as cells and atoms split by the command of the unseen hand of re who anointed and appointed khnum the fashioner of the clay in tamuray hu was the original vibration of creation a pulsation accompanied by re with heka and se and ptah the tongue who brung word to be heard as a verb which occurred as naunet and nun teh chaotic waters who gave birth to atum later called the creator of this day atum was apart of a triad of re atun atum and amun three geneticists from where re's edifice is atum presumed as the father of the sacred 9 in time they became explained as names as water wind earth and sky symbolically the most high shu and tefnut was the first birth of atum shu was the wind that began to blow second was tefnut moisture the voice of the body shu and tefnut gave birth to their first son geb called the earth who was alone on his thrown so he began to search so shu and tefnut gave birth to nut symbolically the sky the seven heavens that your so called angels occupy re was symbolically the eye of the sky within an epic shu and tefnut gave birth to asir aset neithut and setukh so setukh k!lled his brother asir out of fear and jealousy infidelity setukh was the god of the light jealous of his brother cause asir was the god of the night so they had a fight set cut osiris's body up into 14 parts they placed him in a sarcophagus bound by the city of heliopolis put his p—- in a river bound by the

deity sebek heed the sacred scrolls of khemet aset looked for her loving husband she obtained his parts just a heart and a dozen her and neithut her sister went to look for the p—- of his mister

they erected his physical c— during the performing of the opening of the mouth ceremony it was written on papyrus how they obtained the s—- of osiris who is now on earth called the highest and the wisest we learn how the s—- was placed in the womb aset to give birth to a son osiris's facets they used and abused they named him heru while yet in the fetal calling him horus who grew up and had a fight with his uncle in the forest set lost and was forced to give up rule and this is how it was recorded in the tamuray and apistles the crystal city visitors from re's pyramid is…

THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – MEDITATION LYRICS

relax, meditation, relax, hesitation
enter in to a holy place by a guiding light fall on my face
if i die tonight heaven knows my fate because i'm taking flight now break the locks of the gates
so enter in cleanse me from sin and look within heal me again
rising above the system breaking the chains and counting the cost
everything to gain but i count it all as loss, i've been through h-ll and back and you can tell because of the scars
i've been through h-ll and back and you can tell because of the scars
now this is my power my strength and my fight, you offer me the world but it cost me my life
i said that this is my power my strength and my fight, offer me the wold but it cost me my life
inside i find a light that shines take time to unwind and open your mind
i said inside i find a light that shines take time to unwind and open your mind

in your presence there is no hesitation
in the secret place with you oh lord sweet consecration
how can i begin to show my adoration?
in the sweet hour of prayer of prayer and meditation

you know i feel a sweet sensation when i feel a manifestation
by grace through faith god has sealed my fate hesitate don't wait lets enter the gates, now pray
seek the things of above, i've seen you hate can i see you love?
spirit descending with wings like a dove speaking of things that you know not of
rising above the system breaking the chains and counting the cost
everything to gain but i count it all as loss, i've been through h-ll and back and you can tell because of the scars
i've been through h-ll and back and you can tell because of the scars
now this is my power my strength and my fight, you offer me the world but it cost me my life
i said that this is my power my strength and my fight, offer me the world but it cost me my life
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in the secret place with you oh lord sweet consecration
how can i begin to show my adoration?
in the sweet hour of prayer of prayer and meditation

enter a state of nirvana, leaving this place that's what im'a do
open your mind and press on through this is the spirit it do what it do
like an ancient fire flame for a few born again so all things are new
an ancient fire flame for a few born again so all things are new
enter a state of nirvana, leaving this place that's what im'a do
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FOX

conibus
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"Patriots"

(feat. Free & Pras)

[Canibus]
I make your bitch crew shit stools; I put a pistol
in your mouth and pull, then I feed you to the pitbulls
Don't even talk about guns; the only "nine" you got
is a five dollar bill and four ones
So I don't give a fuck what none of y'all niggaz say
Cause anything that can't penetrate ricochets
Rhymin with me on a record? You might as well have died
and went to hell instead of heaven cause my rhyme weapon
is like a medieval torture method -- your four limbs
tied to four horses all pulling in different directions
In this profession I get busy without a question
Seein me is like seein a vampire's reflection
Fast or slow flows connect like electrodes
I make cassette tape decks blow when I'm in wreck-mode
Explode leavin areas abandoned
with more radiation behind than spots UFO's landed in

[Pras] Is that all soldier?
[Can] Yes, sir!
[Pras] Is there anything you need?
[Can] No, sir!
[Pras] Report back to me before debriefing. At ease!

[Can] Are you a Navy Seal?
[Free] Yes, sir!
[Can] Then say it like you mean it!
Tell them who Free from the Navy Seal Team is!

[Free]
Free be the one rockin shit, special operatives
Specializin in weapon diagnostics
My survival tactics be drastic, like Rambo
I'm stranglin niggaz with my bow and arrow elastic
Whoever said you couldn't be five feet and thoroughbred
never witnessed the cerebal cortex in my head
How many gigabytes does your hard drive hold?
or does your hard drive fold once the signal hits the node?
Beyond mission control the theory behind your thought
Marie Antoinette, behead me, I still rock
While you choke and suffocatin off your own testosterone
I'm known for breakin levels down to the values unknown
A specimen with extraterrestrial estrogen
Kick your intestines in, sell your testicles to Mexicans
I bring the force like a nutcracker
Annihilate rhyme hackers, Navy Seal linebacker

The last Oedipus remains, unclaimed
So if you buck against Free you better tattoo your name
on your teeth -- I disintegrate those that oppose
Disintegrate hoes with they assholes in they nose
I suppose you wanna run your mouth like a ??
I put bitch niggaz to rest in the bitch bassinet

[Can] Is that all soldier?
[Free] Yes, sir!
[Can] Is there anything you need?
[Free] No, sir!
[Can] Report back to me before debriefing. At ease!

[Can] Are you a patriot?
(Sir, yes sir!)
[Can] Then say it like you mean it!
Tell them who Canibus from the Navy Seal Team is!

[Canibus]
I'm the meanest motherfucker on this whole Navy Seal team
And I can kill anything if it bleeds or breathes
Yo, callin all bitch-ass niggaz and bitch-ass bitches
I got a Howitzer bigger than any four-fifth is
Rappin is a raw business
But as an individual I'm as different as anybody's fingerprint is
If foreign is the norm I'm the antonym
Put me in the same category you would put Marilyn Manson in
Bugging like a satanic evangelist
Jogging buttnaked down Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles
Every MC in your crew will get ruined or wounded
You talk the bullshit, and be too scared to do shit
I'm the type of nigga that'll prove it, produce shit
Spent so much time in the studio I had to move in
A soldier, who practices West Indian obia
I can drink the poison from a king cobra
Cause long after y'all are dead and gone
I'll survive the nuclear holocaust like a roach *[?]*

[Pras] Is that all soldier?
[Can] Sir, yes sir!
[Pras] Is there anything you need?
[Can] Sir, no sir!
[Pras] Report back to me before debriefing. At ease! *[echoes]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Get Retarded"

"I-I-I, want, to.."
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"I, want, to.."
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

[Canibus]
Yo -- niggaz is phony frontin like they Master of Ceremonies
None of you suckers are even remotely close to me
To be nice I sacrifice things like no sleep
I keep a library of lyrics on microfiche
Creating concepts so deep, niggaz quote me
They rewind and interpret my rhymes to they homies
I did things beyond your flows, eons ago
It's inevitable in ninety-eight I'ma blow
Ever since eighty-four, I've been in it to win it
But see back then we used to battle by spinnin on the ce-ment
You can't even absorb the rhymes I record
or resolve the deep laws of the physics involved
I travel to the end of the universe and beyond
Parsecs, out of range from a cellular StarTec
From the galaxy of Andromeda; I puzzle niggaz
like crop circles and other unexplained phenomena

[Chorus: Canibus]
Aiyyo, nine out of ten of these rap artists is garbage
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
You spineless, rhymeless, niggaz is heartless
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"
Aiyyo, I came to see that hip-hop is never tarnished
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
So I *[echoes]*
"I, want, to.."
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

[Canibus]
Aiyyo, all I really want is you niggaz to stop bitin
All I really want is you niggaz to start writin
All I really want is you niggaz to be original
and start spittin some lyrical shit that I can listen to
You haven't written the perfect rhyme yet
You don't even know the sequences to the Human Genome Project
You haven't come to terms with your God yet
And you refuse to believe in Unidentified Flyin Objects
When I bomb shit, I get retarded; probably more than you bargained

I'm talkin about rippin mic off your arm shit
Hype shit, blow up a mic shit, you might get
beat the fuck up in broad daylight with a nighstick
To the British, I'm Ghandi
To the Japanese I'm an American pilot flyin over Nagasaki
To the AIDS patient I'm your last antibody
Sittin and waitin for a cure from modern biology

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Yo I be lookin directly into the human eye to see if you pussy
And completely ruin your ability to lie to me
I pull a nine on a bully, cock back the cannon
God damnit, I don't think you fully understand it
Ask nine out of ten niggaz on the planet
who the best is, the question'll go unanswered
til I step up, to the front line with rhymes
Revin my engines like they were powered by Lemans
Murderin niggaz with lyrics manufactured within
my DNA's double-helix, I leave you in troubled spirits
I'm absolutely the purest, breed of MC
from the United States of America to Europe I deserve it
However you wanna word it, I'm perfect
Touch my microphone on accident and get murdered on purpose
Motherfucker!
"I, want, to.."
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

[Chorus]

"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

Canibus Lyrics

"Nigganometry"

[Chorus: samples (Canibus)]
"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)
"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)
"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)
[Nigganometry, nigga-nom-nom-nometry]
"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)
"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)
"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)
[Nigganometry, nigga-nom-nom-nometry]

[Canibus]
Now if a bitch sucks yo' dick, for five dollars per square inch
and gets forty dollars, includin a five dollar tip
How big was the dick she just sucked? (Say what?)
Say how big was the dick she just sucked? (What?)
If you a nigga with a watch, that's iced out
with enough rocks to make the hottest room temperature drop
How long will it take for you to get robbed? (Say what?)
How long will it be before you get robbed? (What?)
Now if your song played on the radio for the first time
four days ago, now the shit is rotational
Who got paid off to play it? (I ain't scared to say it)
Say who the fuck got paid off to play it? (I ain't scared to say shit)
If you sign a recordin deal for less than a quarter mill'
and your advance is a hundred-thousand dollar automobile
I know the vehicle was probably beautiful (Yeah it's tight)
But did you ask your lawyer if it was recoupable?
It's nigganometry.. *[echoes]*

[Chorus: all except first line]

[Canibus]
You had five shots of coke and vodka, then you convinced
your designated driver to smoke a pound of marijuana
How the hell you gonna get home?
Say how the fuck you gonna drive yourself home?
You got a mansion, a Benz, a Bentley and a Range
and ain't none of that shit in your government name
What pieces of property do you own? (You don't own nothin)
What pieces of property do you really own?
You don't own a god damn thing, nigguh)
Now if you take a glass of water then add two cubes of ice
you should see the cup's water level slightly rise, right?
You need to watch what I'ma show you (Watch this)
You need to look closely at what I'ma show you
(Listen to this right here)
If you remove every living animal out of the sea

then wouldn't the world's ocean water level decrease?
This means the planet wasn't three-quarters water (that was deep)
This means the planet wasn't three-quarters water (that shit was deep)
It's nigganometry...

[sample of Big Bird from Sesame Street cut and scratched saying "N"]

"Hey, I've been sitting here trying to think
of what we can do with this here letter 'L'..."

"F", "U", "C", "K", "L-L.."

Canibus Lyrics

"Second Round K.O."

[in the first section Tyson speaks over the "Rip Rock" instrumental]

[Mike Tyson]
Yo Canibus man, whassup man?
I caught you on that cut with Wyclef man - you were boomin
But I caught these foul slouch-ass niggaz, youknowmean?
Talkin foul bout you the other night
on the corner of the boulevard man - I wasn't with that
but I ain't know you well enough to defend you though right?
But you seem like you got true game
But.. peep game man, they've been playin me all my life man
You know I won the title a couple of times, did right, youknowmean?
But they can't hurt us man, we gon' do it
Get up in this ring man put on these gloves
Let me show how to handle yourself man
You don't got nobody out there with you
I gots to show you man, get up in there move that head man
Come on to me man, but when you come man you gotta come for blood man
Come up to me man, come on bust that nigga whole man
Niggaz talkin that shit about you..

Hey Mike Tyson here speakin with the Canibus man over here
Yo Canibus your main objective out here is to do nuttin but
eat eat eat eat MC's, for lunch, breakfast
Hey man they been playin me all my life man
You know I won the title a couple of times did right
No but they can't hurt us man
We gonna do it, get up in this ring man, put on these gloves
Let me show you how to handle this yourself man

[Canibus]
So I'ma let the world know the truth, you don't want me to shine
You studied my rhyme, then you laid your vocals after mine
That's a bitch move, somethin that a homo rapper would do
So when you say that you +Platinum+, you only droppin +Clue's+
I studied your background, read the book that you wrote
Researched your footnotes, bout how you used to sniff coke
Frontin like a drug-free role model, you disgust me
I know bitches that seen you smoke weed recently
You walk around showin off your body cause it sells
Plus to avoid the fact that you ain't got skills
Mad at me cause I kick that shit real niggaz feel
While 99% of your fans wear high heels
From Ice-T to Kool Moe Dee to Jay-Z
Now you wanna fuck with me? You must be crazy!
You drippin with wack juice, and you can't get it off
You betta be prepard to finish what you start, nigga

[Referee]
Hey hey hey hey, you just hold it right there
(Yo, get off me man)
We got an illegal low blow on the fighter in the blue trunks
(Yo, yo get the fuck off me man)
If I see one more of those, you're outta here brotha
(Yo get out my way man, yo he started this shit)
You understand? (Fuck you!)
You'll be disqualified (I'll bite that nigga again!)
Stop bein a bitch (Get the fuck off me man!)
We came to see a fight

[Mike Tyson]
Yo Canibus man you gotta hit harder than that man
You don't want no bitch ass niggaz hangin out wit me man
We're warriors man, when we go into battle
we come out, or don't come out at all

[Canibus]
Yo
You better give me the respect that I deserve or I'ma take it by force
Blast you with a 45 colt, make you summersault
Shock you with a couple hundred thousand volt thunderbolts
Before you wanted a war, now you wanna talk
It's about who strikes the hardest, not who strikes first
That's why I laugh when I hear that wack ass verse
That shit was the worse *[pause]* rhyme I ever heard in my life
cause the greatest rapper of all time died on March 9th
God bless his soul rest in peace kid
It's because of him now at least I know +What Beef+ is
It's not what I would call this (nah) see this is somethin different
A faggot nigga tryin ta make a livin offa dissin
Somebody that he gotta know is betta than him
but he feelin himself, cause he got more cheddar than him
Well lemme tell you somethin, you might got mo' cash then me
But you ain't got the skills to eat a nigga's ass like me
And if you really want to show off, we can get it on
Live in front of the cameras on your own sitcom
I'll let you kick a verse, fuck it, I'll let you kick em all
I'll even wait for the studio audience to applaud *[cheers]*
Now watch me rip the tat from your arm
Kick you in the groin, stick you for your Vanguard award
In front of your mom your 1st, 2nd and 3rd born
Make your wife get on the horn call Minister Farrakhan
So he could persuade me to squash it, I saw naw he started it
He forgot what a hardcore artist is
A hardcore artist is a dangerous man, such as myself
trained to run 20 miles in soft sand
On or off land, programmed to kick hundreds of bars off hand
from a lost and forgotten land, you done did it man
You done spitted some wack shittit
And probably thought that because it's been a minute I'll forget it

Fuck that, cause like Common and Cube I see +The Bitch In Yoo+
and I'ma make the world see it too, motherfucker

[Referee]
Ladies and gentelman, we have a new lyrical weight champion
By second round knock out, 3 minutes and 40 seconds Can-i-bus

[Mike Tyson]
Yo Canibus man, you movin like Mike Tyson Jr. man
You in and out and you're agile with you flow man
But dig right, you got you gotta eat man, that's your name Canibus
Your whole agenda is to eat these niggaz man
They have no business to be in the same stage with you
holdin the mic with you

But dig right...

But dig right...

But dig right...

But dig right...

Hey Mike Tyson here speakin with the Canibus man over here
Yo Canibus your main objective out here is to do nuttin but
eat eat eat eat MC's for lunch, breakfast, dinner
That's your agenda baby
Your your agenda to to consume them
Their whole existance, they can't exist in your presence
The Canibus is here to rule forever
Mike Tyson, on the death

Canibus Lyrics

"What's Going On"

"What's.. what's.."
"What's going on? What's going on?" *[x4]*

[Canibus]
The club scene is a regular hangout spot for unclean
women in tight jeans frontin like queens
Chickenheads who should be home takin care of their eggs
Instead, they always in the club flirtin with men
No I don't care about no hype-no-holic bitches; all I'm concerned with
is who's bringin they burners in to burn niggaz
While security practice is mediocre proportions
Niggaz is still stealthily sneakin they firearms in
Often, niggaz be acting like they're marksmen
but couldn't hit a stationary object
So how you gonna hit a movin target? Especially if you alcoholic
The party was coconuts until you spoiled it
Nigga what's goin on?

[Chorus: Canibus + samples]
"What's going on? What's going on?"
[Can] What's goin on these days?
[Can] Can't do no hip-hop shows without the gunplay
"What's going on? What's going on?"
[Can] What's goin on? Why is everybody packin?
"While you rappin, I'm busy tryin to sneak the gat in" -> Havoc
"What's going on? What's going on?"
[Can] What's goin on these days?
Can't do no hip-hop shows without the gunplay
"What's going on? What's going on?"
[Can] Before you blaze, think about the lives at stake
[Biggie] "You got a gun up in your waist, please don't shoot up the place"

[Canibus]
Aiyyo
The other night I seen some kid gettin loud, runnin his mouth
Til somebody pulled the thang-thang out, then shots rang out
This nigga in front of me got his back blown out
On the floor with a piece of his small intestines hangin out
I had to scream on the bouncers to carry him out
They said, "Nah, them niggaz is still bustin in the crowd"
Then they ducked down close to the ground as the bullets whizzed by
Prayin to Allah cause they don't wanna die
But neither do I, fuck it, I gotta be here
As a rap artist, it's a vital part of my career
I swear, y'all niggaz need to chill with that
Bringing your handguns to every God damn club I perform at
Everything from semi-autos to macs

Chrome or black, plastic gats and all that
Believe it or not - the government wants that
So they can use that as an excuse to shut down rap
What's goin on?

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Yo
All of my hip-hop niggaz should feel what I'm speakin upon
A subject that was touched by Nas and Pharoahe Monch
Bullets - bein shot from guns, guns bein carried by thugs
who come to the clubs to shed blood
Bear in mind, that everytime a nigga reaches for chrome
he jeopardizes more lives than his own
To some this record ain't even relevant until you experience
how a bullet can shatter your dreams in a millisec'
By some thug cats who didn't take that
by bustin a gat, they could render somebody handicapped
and trapped, in a wheelchair over nothin
With the gift of walkin and runnin snatched from them
What the fuck is goin on?

[Chorus x2 to fade]

Canibus Lyrics

"I Honor U"

(feat. MB^2)

[Chorus One: MB^2]
We'll never part (through) sickness and health (health)
You are my heart -- I love you more than I love myself
(Yeahayyeahh) But in the middle of the night
I heard you cryin in your sleep it'll be alright
I'll be there for you (just for you)
if you tell me all your secrets
Yet in the middle of the night
I heard you cryin in your sleep I held you tight
I'll be there for you (youuooooh)
if you tell me all your secrets

[Canibus]
Aiyyo, boy meets girl, boy really likes her
Boy loses contact with girl but he finds her
Girl has no clue that boy is a liar, and he has no honor
So she dates him regardless, cause she thought he was harmless
And he had her believin he was the man she wanted
to spend the rest of her life with -- the words "I love you"
are priceless, unpredictable like rollin dice is
None-the-less, inspite of the frightenin repercussions
you might get, people still risk they necks
Of course it's nice, the feelin of courtship, roses and stuff
Women never get it often enough
And the reason people love they mother so much
besides the fact she carried you for nine months, is trust
It's a five letter word, that should only occur between him and her
before the bees and the birds (WORD!)

[Chorus One]

[Canibus]
Aiyyo I heard a soft moan in the middle of March
Then I felt a powerful force push me forward like a dart
On your mark, get set, GO!
I was off, flagella was my propellor wigglin back and forth
Then I set a course for the border
Mother Nature's karma callin me to the rock of Gibraltar
The competition tried to be smart, but I was smarter
My competitors were swimmin fast, so I swam harder
Submerged in water, prayin to my heavenly father
If I don't make it through I'm a goner
Screamin out "Death before dishonor,"
Because I'm awesomely stronger, my stamina last longer
I was destined to be a son instead of a daughter
XY is the male chromosomal order

One'll stay alive, and survive, the rest'll be dead
Cause I'ma be the one to fertilize that egg *[echoes]*

[Chorus Two: MB^2]

In the middle of the night
I heard you cryin in your sleep I held you tight
I'll be there for you..
if you tell me all your secrets

[Canibus]
Aiyyo mommy I'm up in your stomach, buggin
Whenever you rub it, I love it
Like a comforters covers you warm as a oven
Your husband -- stubborn, how can you love him?
Smokin cigarettes by the dozen when he knows that I'm comin
Bad move, you hopin that daddy improves
Knowin in your heart that's bull, because he's too cruel
You've been abused, used, you've got, wounds and scars
Think with your mind not with your heart, let's go to grandma's
Terminate the lease, call the landlord
Give your job two weeks notice, pack up the car, and go to New York
What part? They got a little borough called The Bronx, Mom..
And I heard that's where hip-hop is gonna start
Hell yeah! I think we need to be right there
Four months in your stomach and I already chose a career
When you cry, I hear, and I wish I could dry your tears
but I can't cause I'm stuck in here
Five months from bein able to lay against your chest
I can't even hold you in my arms, cause they ain't developed yet
But I swear to you, as to God's Almighty Truth
I'ma be there for you.. I'ma be there for you..

[Chorus One w/ variations]

[MB^2]
Tell me! (Tell me all your secrets)
All.. all.. (Tell me all your secrets)
And I will be there for you (Tell me all your secrets)
Tell me your secrets (Tell me all your secrets)
Oooohoooh, tell me.. (Tell me all your secrets)

Canibus Lyrics

"Hype-Nitis"

[skit first 30 seconds of song, speaking over "Rip Rock" instrumental]
Yo whassup, wassup son?
(Oh are y'all ready? Y'all ready?)
Yea yea yea we ready
Whassup, whassup son?
Whassup, what's the deal?
Yeah yeah
Yeah, aight, so... so all we gotta do
is do the shit we've been workin on
Word
When we add this new, Canibus nigga, yaknowhatI'msayin
(Yeah, yeah)
Niggaz gonna feel that nigga
Oh, that's the old to the new! The old to the new!
(Yo, that's gon' bring us back, that's gon' bring us back)
That's gonna bring us back
(Yeah that's gon' blow)
Aight? So let's... so let's work on this shit *[clears throat]*
Y'all ready? Two times, from the top

[goes into an old school style rap]
I hold the mic (YEAH) real tight (YEAH)
And yo grab the mic and make the shit sound tight
Hold the mic (YEAH) real tight (YEAH)
And yo, grab the mic and make the shit sound tight

[Chorus: Jenny Fujita]
The hype.. nitis.. is in.. your eyes
That look.. that smile.. in disguise *[echoes]*

[Canibus]
Aiyyo, can you feel it?
I know that everybody's heard of that (The Vapors!)
But this is the ninety-eight version of that
BizMark, one of the founders of this art
Discovered evidence, of the disease, and documented it
Now the name of the virus is called "Hype-nitis"
A terminal condition that effects all biters and liars
Hype-no-holics can't require my respect
Cause they snakes and I can smell the venom on they breath
Hype-nitis

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Alright now, I'm about to break the hype-nitis down
It's characterized by a certain type of lifestyle

People that treated you foul just wanna be nice now
Smile and raise they eyebrows when you come around
I remember when I first started to work
and tried to get this job as a label intern
Them niggaz was, killin me, cause wasn't nobody feelin me
A&R's wouldn't even risk demo-dealin me

[speaking over chorus]
Can you believe that shit? That's how it was back then

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Aiyyo, I know
most the niggaz I exchange pounds with or lounge with
wouldn't be around if my career was spiralin downward
They'd crowd around me til I'm surrounded
Ask me who I'm down with, til I replied, "The Navy Seals outfit"
They told me my album was coconuts so they rewound it
I knew they was hype-no-holics by how they voices sounded
I pull a silver can out of my trousers
Made a public announcement, about the Hype juice
and then I bounced kid *[echoes]*

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
To me hype-nitis is like the measles, cause it's a disease too
Studies show it affects one in every five people
It's so lethal, the cure can't be achieved through
hypodermic needles or the ingestion of medicine in teaspoons
If you feel the need to, here's a toll-free number
They'll send you an eight page pamphlet to read through
(800)-7932, there'll be available hype-no-holics
standin by for you to speak to *[echoes]*

[Chorus]

[Jenny Fujita]
The hype..

Canibus Lyrics

"How We Roll"

(feat. Panama P.I.)

[Canibus]
I never freestyle for free, without chargin niggaz a fee
It'll cost a brain cell just to cypher with me
I'm the type of MC, that rocks for the glory
I don't give a fuck if you ignore me or camcord me
Freestyle or written, spittin with infinite ammunition
for anybody tryin to go the distance
I promise ya no less than a hundred-thousand kilometres
My bomb threats'll have you evacuatin your continent
I'm barbaric with the alphanumeric
Hittin you with lyrics that separates your body from your spirit
This is for wack niggaz doin shows and shit
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it
(*[Rakim:]* "Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin it")

[Chorus: Panama P.I.]
I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz

[Canibus]
We savages, snatchin microphones from amateurs
Cause like women who get abortions, I ain't havin it
I rip you, my metaphor content, will split you
into little, powderlike crystals, so I can sniff you
What I say should be displayed at the Smithsonian
Your rhymes are phonier than cubic zirconias
Have you any idea what I do to crews like you
How many niggaz in my career, I ran through?
Comin afta ya, blastin ya, with the shotgun
like a front seat passenger
You must be askin fa', some sort of a massacre
I'll attack ya cardiovascular
Shatter you like glass in automobile crashes
when I smash that ass into blackberry molasses
Rip your speaker to ashes, and kick a hole in it
cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it

[Chorus: Panama P.I.]
You see I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz
See I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz

The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz

[Canibus]
I'm the illest lyricist in America -- MC's can't see me
cause I'm too quick, for the human retina to regista
I roll up on ya crew quicker than long sleeves
At a (Speed) that would confuse Keanu Reeves
So ask yourself, who am I?
I'm the illest MC that you ever seen in your fuckin life
I hop into the backseat of a cab and rhyme
til the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9
Line for line I battle any kind of MC at any time
whether they signed or unsigned
Wit many lines, more lines than a million pair of Adidas
More lines than the bible quoted from Jesus
More lines than a African herd of zebras
Niggaz just ain't fuckin wit the 'cannabis seteva'
This is for ALL you niggaz doin shows and shit
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it
(*[Rakim:]* "Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin it")

[Chorus: Panama P.I.]
See I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz
See I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent
.. chemically ..imbalanced ..nigga!

Canibus Lyrics

"Channel Zero"

[Canibus]
Approximately fifty years ago
under the direction of President Harry Truman
and in the interest of national security
A group of twelve top military scientific personnel were established
This group's primary objective
was to desensitize us to the truth
And to suppress the material evidence that our planet is being visited
by a group of extraterrestrial biological entities called the grays

Tune in to channel zero *[x8]*

[Canibus]
Yo, sometimes the road to the truth is, so elusive it's confusin
And reality becomes illusion
If I showed the masses where we was at or where we was goin
I'd shatter the social balance of the world as we know it
I'm talkin bout the grand deception, of 1947
When our souls were sold to the heavens
for technologically advanced weapons
Crystal enhanced, brain implants, and mind control methods
MJ-12 is not majestic
And the focal point of our problems on this planet are not domestic
You can accept it or be stupid and be a skeptic
and fail to recognize the secret society's deathwish
Ninety-seven percent of our Presidents were Masons
Responsible for launderin trillions of dollars from the nation
for the construction of underground military installations
Abductions and cattle mutilations
Experiments on human patients
can take place in several subterranean bases
A hundred and fifty stories below a basement
With knowledge of genetic information, you need to fear science not Satan
Cause through the manipulation of certain biological agents
they create strange creations
Top secret special operations
Low frequency sounds and lasers, people like Carl Sagan
that didn't believe in the Drake equation
were tryin to keep Western civilization on the need-to-know basis
Well you need to know that this is a game
and we're bein betrayed and played in the worst way

Tune in to channel zero *[x8]*

[Canibus]
Yo, the holy script from Genesis 1-26
says, "Let us make man in our image under our likeness"

First of all who's THEY? You see if God
was truly a single entity that's not what he would say
We as the Elohim, Gods and Goddesses
posess a marvelously monsterous subconscious
Lifeforms that speak, in very high pitched sounds and squeaks
Short staccato clicks and beeps
A highly advanced form of speech
Even though to us it seems like they only chatterin they teeth
They used to swim deep in the oceans beneath
Til they fins transformed into limbs and they started to creep
Then they evolved into mammals with feet
And walked right from the shorelines onto the beach
They used gravity, cause it's actually the only force around
that could slow time and the speed of light down
The energy grid network, opened the gateway from Earth
to any point in the universe
Livin organisms and various, geomagnetic gravitational, anomaly areas
Space expedition teams in the lunar regions
reported seein, decapyramids and tetrahedrons
Liquid filled shoes, is what they used
to walk across the moon without leavin a clue
of where they been for the past twenty-three billion years
Before life on the surface even appeared
I hope you become aware what I'm spittin in your ear
was intended to stimulate your left-brain's hemisphere
I know it sounds weird, all these motherfuckin answers
and questions to the grand deception

Tune in to channel zero *[x16]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Let's Ride"

[Canibus]
Yo, yo
If you just listen to my lyrics every day for a couple of weeks
My techniques will eventually kill you just like red meat
The Bhagavad Gita beliefs I speak be so deep
Most critics get mad because there's nothin to critique
Whenever I'm rappin or rhymin
with irrefutably remarkable timin
I'm like, Charlie Chaplin pantomimin
If you John Blaze, or you James Flames
or you Jack Cremation, I'm Jermaine Propane (Jermaine Propane)
No pain no gain in this rap game
For the fortune and fame in order to remain
Most real MC's, learn to adapt to the change
or get washed away like tears in the rain, in the rain y'all

[Chorus: Wyclef, Product, Pras]
[Clef] Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride
Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride
[Pro] When you in the streets and you're drivin in your V
if you can see what I see, you're prepared for the jackers
[Can] Old school, old school
[Pras] Everybody got to pack a mac now

[Canibus]
Yo, if you wanna know, how I kick a flow
when I rip a show, with my lyric-al, I'ma let you know
It's difficult, cause I'm a part spiritual, part para-physical miracle
And I'ma blackout in a minute too
Spittin like Bone-Thugs like
"Nigga-what? I'm-fin-to-get-a-gun and stick-em-up"
then crush a Thug's Bones with a chrome slug
The black Cyrano DeBergerac of rap
with the ghetto Anglo-Sax' poetic syntax
In fact, nigga don't even give me dap when I see you
Just don't give me no ice grill eye contact either
When you see me, whylin like Beenie on the speakers
"Zim zimma -- who got the fire for my reefa?"

[Chorus: Product, Pras, Wyclef]
[Pro] You came home from a bid a nigga was in your crib
And the whole time you thought your girl was celebate
[Can] Old school old school
[Pras] You locked up and she need some di-ick
[Clef] Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride
Just ride in the hood, just ride, all my .. uh, ah just ride

[Canibus]
Yo physically I move at a velocity
that'll break your stopwatch if you clockin me
My concrete jungle is like Jumanji
Iller than what you seen in the cinema
A five foot eight, nigga with more horsepower than eight cylinders
My brain consists of twin Pentium chips
Double the clock speeds of a 586
And nothin about my physical matrix is BASIC
I kick flavor beyond what your tongue is capable of tastin
You'll be so surprised you won't believe your own eyes
It's like a Jamaican seein the snow for the first time
Rhymes of a sort, that distort space and time
It's like explainin color to a man that was born blind

[Chorus: Product]
[Pro] Crimes on the street, come from a lack of eatin
It's not my cup of tea, but I'll give them the BEST
Motherfuckin BEST
And if you still out here I kick yo' ass tomorrow
[Can] Old school, old school (c'mon!)
[Pro] And if you still out here, I kick yo' ass tomorrow
[Can] Old school, old school (c'mon y'all)
[Pro] Frontin like you buyin food but you buyin crack bottles

[Wyclef]
Ah just ride, ah just ride
Everybody in the East just ride
Ah just ride, ah just ride
Everybody in the West just ride
Ah to the South, down South
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ah just ride

Canibus Lyrics

"Buckingham Palace"

[Canibus]
Aiyyo I stand outside the gates of Buckingham Palace
Selling reefer, puffin the chalice with the Beefeaters
Gettin so high that whenever I drop shit
it'll land on the window of your airplane cockpit
Canibus with the hot shit, "Crazy I. Click"
Niggaz is bloody idiots thinkin that they can stop this
I'll increase my strength, to a super human extent
Nigga your rhyme ain't worth sixpence
And if you can hear, smell, see, touch, and taste
then you don't need six senses to feel me punch you in the face
From Brixton, to Clapham Common, my lyrics invade Europe
like Joseph Stalin, and murder niggaz for rhymin
Spittin fire, with gasoline for saliva
As drunk as Lady Diana's driver wit reporters behind her
Alcohol in the hands of a minor
I got you panickin like bombs, with 30 second timers
Clear the buildin, evacuate women and children
Fuck what you feelin nigga, I came here to kill em
Straight shittin, from New York to Great Britain
And when we do shows we make the Queen pay admission, what!

[Chorus: Canibus and crowd]
When I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)
Yo, when I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)

[Canibus]
Yo.. yo..
Yo prepare for the worst
This next verse is the face of death
Me without lyrics is like a porn flick without sex
Illmatic, my lyrical skills are Jurassic
With more flavor then Skittles when I'm digitally mastered
I go off like a cannon and blow up the planet
with "No Fear," like them clothes white boys be wearin
I'm tougher than denim, lethal like venomous snake bites
The marijuana makes my eyes bright red like brake lights
There ain't a party I couldn't rock, believe that
There ain't a microphone brave enough to give me feedback
I'm strong, my word is Bond like James
Niggaz be tryin to test, but they 'week' like seven days
MC's run away when I kick it; they act so chicken
they should come with a large drink and a biscuit
My style's radioactive, massive atomic
I plan to push the Earth in front of Halley's Comet

Breakin the (Facts of Life) down like Tudy, I'm raw like sushi
with more (Vocab), than three fuckin Fugees
So recognize or be hospitalized
cause lyrically on a scale of one to ten I'm twenty-five

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Yo, yo, a little bit of weed and some Henessey
got me ready to set it with kinetic energy
See I need much more energy then my enemies
If I wanna make more Bill's then Bellamy
So I could be on MTV
with women constantly tellin me I resemble Billy Dee
I make fly rhymes to get my name on the scene
Then when I'm on the scene I do shows to get the green
Then I take the green, buy a automobile machine
for that thing on page 43, in Jet Magazine
Canibus is the ultimate executioner's dream
Swingin the guillotine, cause whenever the head is severed
from the human body with a sharp enough weapon
the brain remains conscious for ten seconds
Long enough for me to give you one last message
And when you get to Hell you can tell Lucifer I said it
Don't ever get it confused, fuckin with Canibus
the human Rubix Cube like you got somethin to prove
Yo, whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed
Get everything in the club thrown at you and your crew
From Moet bottles to bar stools, fruits and foods
You got a album out, you get hit with your CD too
Runnin outside, cryin, lyin, denyin
that you ain't The Gay Rapper, but you got fucked by him
What's the difference? Y'all niggaz still ain't in lyrical fitness
Too busy mixin your bid'ness with your bitches
While I be in the lab composin forbidden scriptures
So wicked I got, Satan ejaculatin on his fingers
Like Dirk Diggler, in the middle of +Boogie Nights+
Sniffin white, livin the hype, he ruined his life
But I'm a MC of a different type, yeah that's right
Make sure your shit is tight, or I'ma snatch yo' mic, nigga!

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Rip Rock"

[Canibus]
C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon, c'mon!
Rock! *[echoes]*
Rock! Rock! Rock!

[Verse 1: Canibus]
Jump up and down if you love the sound
We Rip and Rock until we tear shit down
Rip Rock stands for Hip-Hop mixed with Rock'n'Roll
I'm hardcore to my inner soul
Hold on as I swerve outta control
Directly into the unknowns of a black hole
All my real niggaz, with fucked up neurotransmitters
wavin glocks and swastikas
I'ma take twenty shots of this hard liquor
and swigga, til I'm drunk as the Pississippi River
Even though I know the shit is fuckin up my liver
Tomorrow when I wake up, I won't even remember {"Rock!"}
how I got home - or where I got this tattoo of a mic on my arm from
Or when I fucked them bitches last night, I shoulda used a condom
(I guess not) Now that's what I call Rip Rock!

[Chorus 1: Canibus]
Rip, Rock, Rip (c'mon) Rock
Rip, Rock, Rip (c'mon) Rock
Rip, Rock, Rip (c'mon) Rock
Rip (c'mon) .. Rock! (yeah)

[repeat chorus 1]

[Chorus 2: Canibus x2]
You want Rock'n'Roll? (We got it)
You want Hip-Hop? (We got it)
You wanna wreck shop? (We got it)
We got it got it
We got it got it got it

[guitar interlude - like a heavy metal snake charmer's song]

[Canibus]
C'mon! *[echoes]*
Rock!
Rock! Rock! Rock!

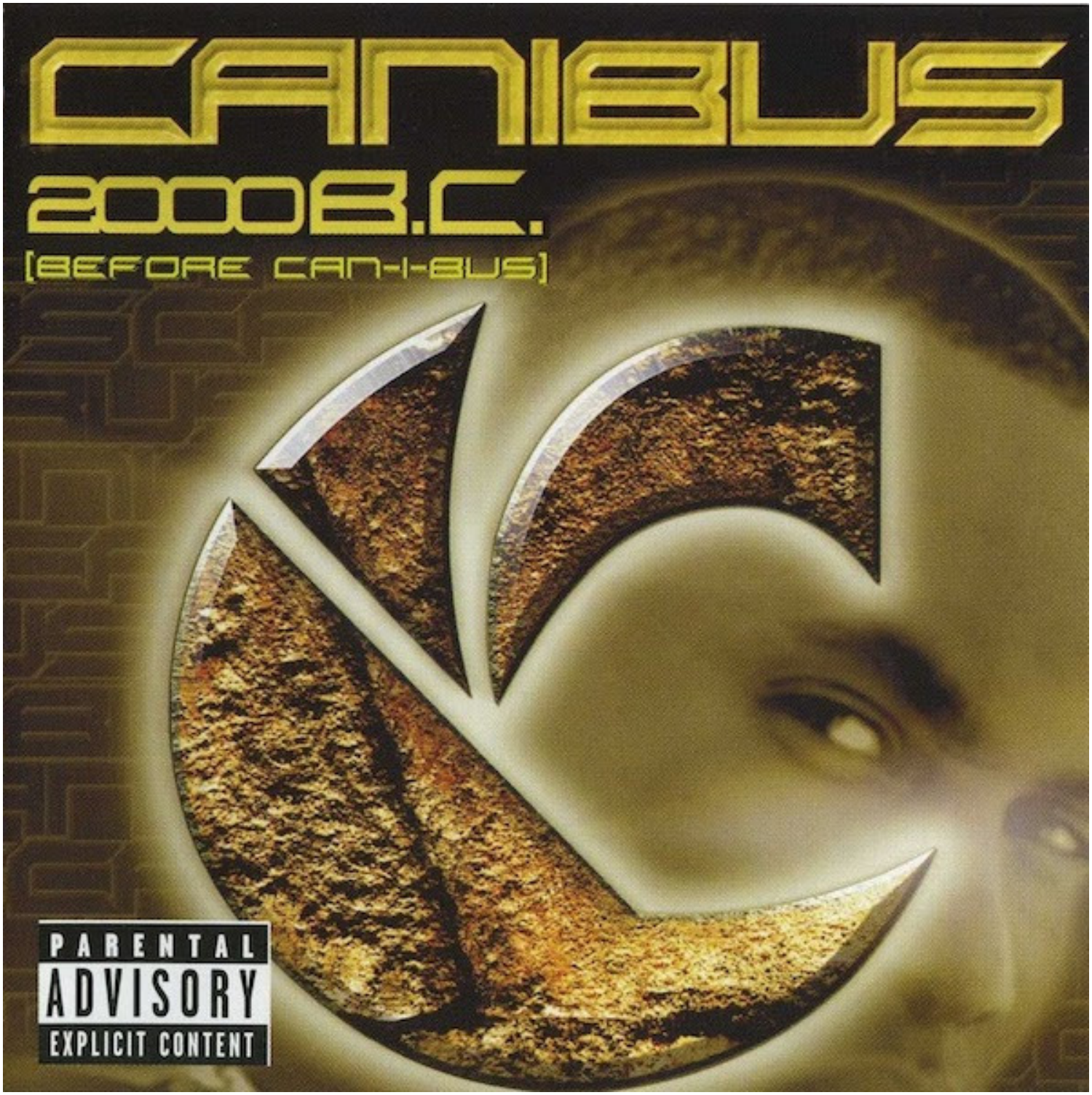
[Verse 2: Canibus]
Yo, I want you to sucker-punch whoever you standin next to
if you ready to rock with a ReFugee rebel

A Navy Seal underwater in a submarine vessel
Shittin on niggaz above sea level
I'm tired of you MC's talkin bout loot (LOOT!)
I'm tired of you corny drug-induced rap groups (GROUPS!)
I'm tired of the lies, the cries, the screams
Tired of gettin my name misspelled in magazines {"Rock!"}
I'm tired of you two-faced disc jockeys
Non-believers, suckin on my arch enemy's penis
You know who you are, I'm talkin to you
You need to recognize I'm tryin to introduce somethin new
Somethin I would sacrifice my life or die for
Somethin if I was already dead I would rise for
Somethin that would make a fool a hundred times wiser
Somethin that will help all mankind to prosper
I die with laughter, lookin at you wack MC's
with your craft unmastered, bastards
Hip-Hop in it's rarest form, crossbreeded
with Rock'N'Roll, now Rip Rock is born, motherfuckers!

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

[Canibus]
C'mon! *[echoes]*
C'mon!
C'mon c'mon c'mon! *[echoes]* (Yeah!)
C'mon! *[echoes]*
C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon! *[echoes]* (Yeah!)
C'mon! Rip Roooooooooooooooooock!


CANIBUS
2000B.C.
[BEFORE CAN-I-BUS]
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"The C-Quel"

[Overlapped lines from songs in the past]
[OVERLAP 1]
"I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh
I'll battle you over the phone you can call me collect"

"Verbally viscious, telekenetically gifted,
Took a minute to exhibit that I'm sick with it"

"Have you any idea what I'll do to crews like you
How many niggaz in my career I've ran through"

"At 1000 degrees celsius I make Emcees melt,
Fuck my record label I appear courtesy of myself"

"Canibus is the type to fight for mics,
beatin' niggaz to death and beatin' dead niggaz to life"

"While you niggaz is babblin' my lyrics is travelin'
like a javelin to stab you in the abdomen"

"The intellectual athelete accurately rappin' so rapidly,
Yet he makes perfect sense mathematically"

"I walk the B-Lock withe the G-Lock, C-ocked,
trynna' get the DR-op on the C-ops"

"The Canibus is a animal with a mechanical mandible
comin' to damage you spittin' understandable slang at you"

"Rhymes richocet off the inner walls of my lungs
and go past the tongue faster than bullets come out of guns

"Whenever the head is severed from the human body
with a sharp enough weapon the brain remains conscious for 10 seconds"

"What's the matter with ya'll, I'll spatter ya'll,
against the muthafuckin' wall with these raw lyrics I catapault

"I'll hop into the back seat of a cab and rhyme,
Till the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9!!!"

[Verse 1]
Yea, it's the C-Quel, the C-Quel, Yo!
I'm hardcore from the nappy follicles in my pores
To every single pore in my skull
Hard from my mouth to my jaws
>From my jaws to my torso where my organs are stored

And from my balls in my draws to the floor
I pray to God they hurry up and start the third World War
So I can start World War 4 and murder us all
I don't give a fuck if you rich or you poor
Don't give a fuck if you got ya' picture in the Source of Forbes
I don't give a fuck who won an award
On stage tryna' thank God I'll chop ya' tongue off wit' a sword
Let they blood pour all on the floor
If it ain't a cordless, you gettin' punched in the jaw and hung wit' the cord
I'll leave ya' corpse stiff as a board
Like frozen meat tryna' thaw then bury you under the morge
Gettin' in my way is like jumpin' in front of a car
Breakin' the sound barrier, that means the car is in front of the horn
By the time you hear it blowin', it's too late to respond
By the time you feel it hit chu, I'm gone
I'll send ya' to hell where you belong
So by the time ya' body hits the floor
Ya' spirit won't be in it no more
Who could flow for 4 minutes or more
Without breaks, without mistakes, without flaws
I got millions of styles and I mastered'em all
A metaphor matador fast enough to make the bullcharge and crash in the wall

[OVERLAP 2]
"Whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed
Get everything in the club thrown at you and ya' crew"

"I'm the illest nigga alive, watch me prove it,
I'll snatch ya' crown with ya' head still attached to it"

"I battle you the respect, I'll battle you over a blank check
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck"

"Ambushin' emcees, jumpin' out the trees like Vietnamese
in fatigues covered with leaves"

"Next year, you'll be walkin' around the "How Can I Be Down"
conference with a laminate, that said "I Got Shitted-On By Canibus""

"Turn ya' head round gimmie the cheddar,
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever"

"Fuck ya'll, you don't impress me and no one can test me,
an emcee so ill I got AIDS scared to catch me"

[Verse 2]
Canibus is what the hardcore niggas is waitin' on
Debatin' on what the fuck is takin' so long
Well I'm here now, verbal ass whippins bout to get shared out
Wack niggas bout to get aired out
Faggit niggas get they ass teared out
Grab a wise man by his goatee and rip his fuckin' beard out
Cold beat a niggas ass like Stout

Then bust a shot in the muthafuckin' courtroom and watch it clear out
A hundred thousand mile warranty
Metaphorically, I'll use a hundred thousand styles and murder you orally
I took a lion on tour wit' me, made him respect authority
Smacked him in the head for trynna' roar at me
Lyrics got my undivided loyalty
And there ain't nothin' on this God damn planet that's worth more to me
In the name of Hip-Hop niggas could corner me
Torture me, slice me then stitch me up like embroidery
Way back before gold-plated male and female
RCA jacks was used for crystal clear playback
I was trynna' blaze ADATS, and if a nigga said my demo was wack?
I'd beat his ass and took my tape back
"Yea nigga" *[smack]* "What? Yeah nigga take that"
Anybody get outta' line, get they face slapped
Quick fast, the Can-I-Bus'll buss yo' ass
Then I'll bust you wit' a shotgun blast
It's not fun so I don't laugh
To me this rap shit is as serious as, the death of a loved one
You know how you be feelin' sad
That's how I feel when I grab the microphone but niggas don't understand
Canibus is unequivocably the illest killin' machine in the industry
For the 20th century
Trapped in a max security building
Sufferin' from a severe illness called brillance *[echoes]*

Canibus Lyrics

"2000 B.C. (Before Canibus)"

[Canibus]
Yo! My offense is a mixture of Mike and Muhammad
Knock a nigga unconcious and talk shit
In bare-knuckle boxin', speed is the object
Weavin' and dodgin' with defensive blockin'
So in the ring, you cannot win
The top ten become nine dead if I ever decide to hop in
With the one-two, one-two shot to the chin
knock you out like ten shots of vodka and gin
The beautiful blend of power and strength
From the top of my head, down to where my toe cuticles end
I verbally burn a nigga,
Lyrically hurt a nigga,
Pull a voodoo verse on a nigga,
Kennedy curse a nigga,
Who can spit the words quicker than the average man?
Who can embarrass a man?
Bite you with fangs and mangle ya hands
On candid cam, the Canibus can
The Canibus can with the stamina to damage a man

[Chorus]
It's been a long time,
I shouldn't have left you,
Without a strong rhyme to step to
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!
It's been a long time,
I shouldn't have left you,
Without a strong rhyme to step to
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!

[Canibus]
Yo! I spit for it (lie for it!)
Live for it (die for it!)
Back out the nine, commit a homicide for it
If I'm handcuffed with the right to remain silent for it
I'ma blow trial and do the federal time for it
you mad at the last album, I apologise for it,
Yo, I can't call it, motherfuckin' Wyclef spoiled it,
But this time for 99 I got 5 on it
You should double up and put a dime on it,
Matter of fact, triple your nickle and put 14.99 on it
I'ma shine on it,
Watch Flex drop a bomb on it
About ten times on it

Watch people call a request line for it
Cypher sounds keep pushin rewind on it
Look out for the album with the Canibus design on it
12 O'Clock in the morning you'll be standin on line for it
I'm a live poet, with a sharp ear and eye for it
Coz I tear down mics and put a out of order sign on it

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Yo, I rip shit with the ballistic characteristics
Of a hollow tip at point blank distance
I flip shit when I spit shit
Father forgive Bis,
I just snatched the Jesus piece off some Christians
Coz they sounded like idiots
They went from silver to gold to platinum
After the millenium they'll probably be wearin' Iridium
They so gassed, if a bitch sucked they dick they'd probably cum helium
Y'all niggaz can't be serious, I was nice before ice
Before Christ, before the words let there be light
And a light took over the night
I was born with a mic
Lord of the mic before all plant and animal life
Took this rap shit to new heights
Before the Wright brothers took flight
Before dog fightin' and aerial strikes
Before MC's picked up pens and started to write
Before promotional marketin' and ?posterlights?
The Can-I-Bus'll bust up mics
Punch out lights
Punch out your motherfuckin eyesight
For the title bought fight
Ask Top Phife, I snatch the track for half price
The Canibus is too nice
Gimme that mic!

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Life Liquid"

(feat. Journalist)

(blood spillin in the street)
(the what?)
(blood spillin in the street)
(the what?)

[Journalist]
Yo, Wit two precise niggas
Holdin the right biscuits
There'll be alot cats leakin out their life liquid
Niggaz who actin hard this ain't Columbia Pictures
When we throw two in your ass while you huggin on your mistress
From Philly, wit cats quick to mute you at
Cuckoo cats, twist back your Fubu cap
Crucial, black
Two chicks to screw you at
Then they shove a poolstick where you doodoo at
While you checkin on your pagers
Weapons in your faces
Shot blazin
Cops section off the pavement
Hoppin out with gauges
Prepare for the occasion
We throw about eight in
The house that you was raised in
Mouthin off, fakin will make you a ?mouth? patient
Achin, with your arms in a alcohol basin
And while your brain's achin'
Imma have your dame slavin'
Cocaine and apron
Over a flame bakin'

[Hook]
[Journalist] Niggas take it for granted -
until they layin dead on the granite
[Canibus] Innocent bystanders gett shot by standard
[Journalist] y'all better duck when you hear the cannon
[Both] Or y'all be checkin for leaks -
Niggas'll have your blood spillin in the street

[Journalist] Niggas take it for granted -
until they layin dead on the granite
[Canibus] Innocent bystanders gettin shot by standard
[Journalist] y'all shoulda ducked when y'all heard the cannon -
Now you layin deceased
[Both] Niggas'll leave your blood spillin in the street

[Canibus]
Can you feel it? Nothin can save ya
Cause this is the season of the infrared laser
And since I got time, What I'm gonna do
Is show you how you can get spotted by one too
Cause I don't give a fuck
I just cock back and bust
With more arms than an octopus
As if one gun wasn't enough
I fuck around and pull eight out
Blast your face off or blow your brains out
Nigga, I'll leave you laid out
Then I pull the gat in my waist out
Put it in your mouth
And keep squeezin till the whole clip is sparyed out
Take the gun in my ankle brace out
Shoot you in the stomach till I see the last meal you ate drain out
Your face look spaced out
I gut you like a trout
And scream my name out while I'm scrapin your rib cage out
Squeeze with the index, spray like a bottle of windex
Bullets buzzin by your head like insects
From your head to your mid-sec'
And I ain't even shoot you in the legs or your limbs or your dick yet
Your masculinity is questionable
You probably a homosexual
Just the thought of havin a woman lay next to you probably threatens you
You probably look at grapes and see testicles
You probably fantasize about vegetables
like cucumbers and bananas havin sex with you
And you probably let gerbles crawl up your rectum too
Shame on you
I defecate on you and simultaneously (urinate) on you
Pour some acid rain on you
I stop your heartbeat with heat
You weak nigga, I'll leave your blood spillin in the street

[Hook]

[Both]
Ayyo Journalist what you workin with?
Old school burners with
-Barrels big enough for you head to fit in the circle shit
What you holdin Canibus?
30 bulllet banana clips
Just to handle a kick I gotta glue it to my hands and shit
We got permits to murder shit
We critically injure niggas who deserve the shit
Put em in a tournaquet
Bomb proof Suburbans with *[?]*track to tread size?
so we can ride through the dirt with it
Drive over curbs with it
[?] in it, even over slippery surfaces

We can swerve in it
And crash into niggas who don't insert their shit
Try stoppin it dudes
You gotta be bruised, cockin the tools
And knock you out your socks and your shoes
We'll leave you shoeless and keep shootin
Look how much life liquid you losin
You need a blood transfusion
In the back of a medic truck
Shots in your neck and gut
While we holdin our weapons up
I'm still reppin' Philly - what?

blood spillin in the street
the what?
blood spillin in the street
the what?

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Shock Therapy (Interlude)"

Yeah, nigga, get the fuck..
Ow, what, man?!
The fuck! *[*activates taser*]*
What the hell is that, man?
What's up with them beats? Don't worry what that is!
W-what beats?
The beats, nigga!
I told you those are originals, I produced
I ask you what's the samples on the motherfucking beats!
There's no samples
There's no samples? You gon' look me in my MOTHERFUCKING face and tell me ain't no FU- *[*electrocution*]*
AAAAAAH!
Motherfucker! Oh, shit! YEEAAH!
I'm telling you man, these are originals!
YEAH! What's on the beats, nigga?
There's nothing, there's no samples on them, man
Oooh, you just gon' play a nigga like~ *[*electrocution*]* AAAAAAH! MOTHERFUCKER! What's on the beats?
Alright, man!
YEAH! There's a little place, I added little things:
"I dream of Jeannie"-
I dream of WHAT?! *[*electrocution*]*
AAAAAAH! Motherfucker! YEAAH!
Bass' Q*BERT
Eh, uh, what??
I needed the sounds~
THE GAME??
DUUUU-WUUUUH, DUUU-WUUUU~
DUU-MOTHERFUCKER! *[*electrocution*]* AAAAAAH!
DUU that!
I did~
YEAAH! YEEAAH!
And the, and the, and the sound from the train
TOOOOO-TOOOOT! TOOOOO-TOOOOOT!
For what?!
Toooo~huh?
What's that for?
The bass!
Motherfucker! *[*electrocution*]*
AAAAAAH! The-the bass!
GODDAMN LIAR!
The bass wouldn't work without TOOOO-TOOOOOOT!
Get the~ *[*electrocution*]*
AAAAAAH!
Mother~ DOO! Motherfuck~ YEAAH! YEEAAH!

Canibus Lyrics

"Watch Who You Beef Wid"

Watch who you beef wid
You need to watch who you beef wid
You need to watch who you beef wid
Watch who you beef wid
You need to watch who you beef wid

[CHORUS]
Yo, you better watch who you beef wid
You might be walking down the street, then
Suddenly you hear tires screechin
Niggaz'll be hoppin out with heat and
Throw you in the car seat and leave your lady standing there screamin
The whole weekend, you get blindfolded and beaten
Nosebleedin, gaspin for air, wheezin
You got kidnapped and you don't even know the reason
We even called your fam for ransom, they said, 'Keep him'

Watch who you beef wid
Yea, it ain't no secret
Talkin that street shit'll get you in some deep shit
See, niggaz know who you beef wid,
Where you be at, when you be gone, when you be back
All of my niggaz got doctor degrees in thuggonometry
We all know how to hold the heat properly
And how to conduct an armed robbery for personal property
And can go without food or water for 24 hours at least
We fugitives, who ain't doin a bid, and shoot to live
Even if it means leavin you for dead
Cause niggaz like you get scared, look for loopholes
Pick the phone up and dial 9-uno-uno
What happened to them truant niggaz that you talk about
The crew of niggaz that you never walk without
I know what happened
You heard about the double-action
Portable gatling and y'all don't wanna get blasted

[CHORUS]

Ay yo we run up in radio stations on some unannounced shit
Catch the DJ off guard and roundhouse him
Duct tape his mouth then, put a pound to his gut
And force him to play 5 cuts off the up and coming album
Just the way I planned it, niggaz'll start to panic
Brains get hijacked like planes'll crashlandin
Bitch niggaz pray to the lord
The black box who was supposed to record
The pilot's voice got destroyed

So watch who you beef wid
And watch who you suck your teeth at
It'll probably be something you regret
Get wet with horizontal rain droplets
Miniature rockets, comin out barrels of metal objects
niggaz get shot in the face
On the ground shakin like tectonic plates that cause earthquakes
Now you got your grill in the ground, how that dirt taste?
You shouldn't have started this shit in the first place

[CHORUS]

Cause niggaz is comin to get you, ready to rip you
With intercontinental ballistic missiles and pistols
Put a red dot on your head like you Hindu
Then put a hole in you big enough to put my open fist through
We could verbally diss you or we could get physical
Whatever niggaz wanna do, we could do it too
Cause you a sinner, I'm a sinner, we all sinners
We rob niggaz for their presents at their bar mitzvahs
We rob niggaz for their body organs
Sold em to the highest bidders
Things like hearts and livers
One and a half million in cash when it's delivered
They go to Yom Kippur and beg for God to forgive us
So you the type that, find violence real frightening
Or hold your crucifix tighter when shells is firing
Sittin by your bed perspirin, tryin to crawl underneath it
You need to watch who you beef wid

[CHORUS]

Keep that low-down, stinkin motherfucker
Uh, you need to watch who you beef wid
You need to watch who you beef wid
Yea nigga, watch who you beef wid
Uh, watch who you beef wi

Canibus Lyrics

"I'll Buss 'Em You Punish 'Em"

(feat. Rakim)

[Canibus] Yeah, I bust 'em... you punish 'em
[Canibus] Yeah...let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Ra, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Come on Ra, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Yo Bis, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus]
Yo, yo...
Out on the battling tip my verbal lateral grip
Keeps my tongue glued to the A-Dat when I'm trackin' 'em swift
Let my spit lubricate the chap on my lips
And make you rappers have fits 'cause I'm back in the mix
Forget a pad and a pen, I write rhymes on an IBM
Ebonics is dead, the binary language is in
Canibus practices in a room wit a thousand candles lit
Meditating on this rapping shit
Because my freestyle reigns sovereign
Wit a deeper conscious than the prophet Muhammad was born wit
My brain cavity is enormous
My left hemisphere alone harnesses all of the 7 sharveous
While the right one harnesses darkness
The type of dark that makes a house haunted
The type of dark that people get lost in
The type of dark you fear when you're dead in your coffin
I hear you talkin' but I ignore it
Cause you garbage and your rhymes borin'
So keep standin' on the corner,
the thrash-man will collect you in the mornin'
Thug cats frontin'
Wacker than Blinky Blink
on the back of the wack-ass wagon babblin' about - nothin'
Now that real hood rats could get it on, black
Meet me at The Tunnel where pussy cats get robbed at
Rubber faced rappers get stretched like elastic claymation
characters with verbal vernaculars
Slappin' ya like a white water raft
or an Olympic kayak paddlin' across the - Niagara
Fake MCs haul ass like they runnin' track
Where ever Canibus or Rakim is at

[Canibus] Let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Ra, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Naw,let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Ra, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Come on Ra, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Yo Bis, I'ma punish 'em

[Rakim]
Be ready and at ya best
The celebrity match of death
Heart snatched through your chest, cardiac arrest
Crack your neck while I break your arms, catch your breath
Then I asked the ref, "how many cats is left?"
One on one, who challenging? Come get did
All I have is a pen and punish you kids
Abdomen punctured and look what I did to his wig
Wanna live then I stab 'em in the lung with his rib
Every word I say detach a vertebrae from your spine
Rematch wherever we meet at, any place anytime
Get your snot-box smashed with a 9
Smacked with a rhyme, push your forehead to the back of your mind
Try to explain what it's like seeing your brain
Your insane, soon to be ID'ed as remains
Then I reincarnate 'em and kill 'em again
Again and again, again and again

[Chorus]

[Canibus:]
Yo, yo...
The battle started with a grapple
He had real long hair so a grabbed a hand full
And chopped 'em in the Adams-apple
His partner in back of you tried to attack you
So I'ma twist 'em up like a pret-zel then I'ma tag you
[Rakim:]
I'm on some stone cold shit
Warn your whole click
Cartilage get blown until the whole bone split
Who wanna spit, bang quick, strangle 'em wit his lip He tried to flip
but I left his body danglin'

[Canibus:]
You left 'em danglin'
I can't believe he wanna grapple again

I swung 'em around like I was dancing wit 'em
Put his arms in back of his head and snapped 'em again
Then I grabbed his limbs and put in the figure-"6 subtracted from 10"

[Rakim:]
Seven birds, make 'em swerve 'til their vision is blurred
Turn cats that suped from superb to nerds
Just say the word, I'll leave your DNA on the curb
And stick my dick in your ear and fuck what you heard

Canibus Lyrics

"Mic-Nificent"

[Canibus]
Yo, sittin on chrome, sittin on low pro 20 inch firestones
Grippin the road with the wickedest flow, 'Bis is a pro
I zigzag throughout sly loam
Accelerate and decelerate in and out the cones
Poisonous poems travel through walkman headphones
Into your dome Osteoperosis your bones,
Who's the nicest nigga you know in the year two triple-oh
Spit turn to icicles in the mid air and slit your throat
Drain your carcass dry rip out your heart bitch
I write rhymes using your blood for my ink cartridges
Paleoanthropologists, polish the bones
of rapper artist after I dip in my hydrochloric waters
Canibus, with the seams burstin, perfect
Everyday the earth spins I write verses
My soul purpose as a verbalist, is to make my words twist
and connect like letters when they're in cursive

[Chorus: x4]
I'll pray on them, spray on them
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning

[Canibus]
Yo, Yo, I'm faster than leopards running across the vast desert
In twenty-two yards per second to catch me to daily delicatessen
With thirty minutes to eat'em, forty minutes to digest 'em
And fifty minutes for it to pass through my intestines
So ask yourself a question - can the Canibus rhyme?
Is a fuckin porcupine half swine?
No time to make up your mind, you wanna run or die?
Clip you while you're running by, trip you up from behind
My rhymes, confuse niggas like somebody try to gang-bang
wearin a blue shirt and red pants,
throwin up signs with their left hand
Standin out on the corner of wetlands
with a confederate flag for a headband
God dam eggplants, niggas gettin me vexed man
Cause I'm surrounded by garbage like Fred Sav
and I can't seem to get away from it
I dreamed that I stabbed Leviathan through the stomach, and ate from it
In my past life I slayed hundreds, and in the life before that
I played trumpets, to warn you that I was comin
There's one billion ways to die, and I already tried
nine-hundred million nine hundred and ninety nine
When I aim and fire my rhymes, like a hundred cannon balls flying
Striking you one at a time, in a parallel line
Why the art of emceein is steady dyin

That nigga Canibus is still in his prime, bust a rhyme

[Chorus: x4]
I'll pray on them, spray on them
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning

[Canibus]
Club Dodge, I wrecked that
Limelight, cursed that
Envy, I murdered that
Club SoHo, never heard of that
Wetlands, dried it up
Cheaters, decided to club, fired up
looking for a chicken to tie up
Club New York, I heard it's hot there
beats be rocking there
Too many niggaz be getting stabbed and shot there
Speed, I slowed it down
The Tunnel, they hold it down
Home of the underground, why they always close it down
Century club, the hot shit
House of Blues, I rocked it
One twelve ATL, that's the Dirty South bomb shit
Synagogue, yeah I be there
Caribbean City, roll deep there
Lyricist Lounge, they be some real emcees there
there there *[fades out]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Die Slow"

(feat. Journalist)

[Canibus]
Yo (Die Slow)
Yea (Die Slow)
Ya niggas better..(Die Slow)
Uh (Die Slow)
All you can do is (Die Slow) nigga (Die Slow)
(Die Slow) *[x4]*
All you can do is die (Slow)
Yea
(Die Slow) *[x2]*
Fuck ya'll
(Die Slow) *[x2]*
Die Slow nigga
(Die Slow)

[Canibus]
Yo
You against me.. No contest
My tongue hydraulics
Strong enough to flip a 64 impala with 3 adult passengers
and a 4 hundred pound driver
And drown you in less than an ounce of your own saliva
Rubberface rappers get, stretched like elastic
Claymation characters wit verbal vernacular
Slappin' ya, like a white water rafter
Or a Olympic kayaker, paddlin' across the Niagara
My afterburners'll be burnin' you after
Ya' body already been splashed with acid
And you turn to ashes
Assassins camouflauged in the grass blastin'
Leavin' blood all over ya' lady like Jackie O'Nassis
I'll fly ya' body outta Dallas
Perform plastic surgery while we airborne and switch caskets
Then lie to the masses
I'll tell'em that you got murdered over some East West beef, between rappers
Radio stations'll express they sadness
Play classics back to back and pass out "Stop The Violence" pamphlets
Just imagine, every night ya' girls fuckin' ya' best friend
While you in hell throwin' tantrums
I'll be lampin' in a mansion somewhere out in the Hamptons
Givin' some pretty ass bitch a spankin'
Nigga you can't win
I'm laughin' cause you a has been
You'll never get ya' groove back
So don't even bother askin', Angela Bassett
You'll just get ya' ass kicked

Get ya' head chopped off and dropped in a basket
My left arms taken but my right ones free
That means I could diss another muthafuckin' emcee
Wit rhymes that appear clearer than liquid crystal
My lyrical is more visual than television screen pixels
I fire pistols, hit you wit' minature missles
Riddle ya' body wit' holes then watch the blood sprinkle
Ya probably had no idea what you was gettin' into
On the mic, Can-I-Bus is invincible
Fuck you

[CONVO 1]
["Die Slow" through out the convo]
Hey Yo that nigga got an attitude
Yeah he be actin rude
And he's always trynna' battle you
That last album was terrible
When he's on the radio he never got a clean mouth
Yeah everytime he freestyles, his words be gettin' bleeped out
You got the album?
Naw I heard it was weak
You got the album?
I said it was weak
But the shit don't come out till next week
Hey Yo I like the nigga's beats
Yo that shit be comin' bugged out
Hey Yo that nigga Bis dumbs out
He waited too long to come out.....

[Journalist]
To you bitch niggas who talk alot
But walk the block, in halter tops
Left side of ya chest, mark the spot
That's where a nigga put it, when i'm hooded
Then fill you up wit big bullets
Prepare you for some channel 6 footage
Know what is, Me and Bis, runnin' through ya courtyard
Creepin' wit a four-five and reachin for ya door knob
Throw a gun under ya chin, see how quick your whore rise
One shot could have a short slide, right out the North side
Your whole flow is porkrine
Spit the small oints
I'm nasty, but my small joints grip the bar point
Drop on top of the blue line..right beside the red one
Keep the flow fairsome, 'till the day my career done
Bring it to ya ass if you the challengin type
Especially those, surroundin' the mic
Sound of the light
To the Journ, ya'll ain't no suitable spitters
True to you niggas
Lay you out on MD's, recoupin' ya liver
Shoutin' my name,
Ya best to control the noise soldier boy

Or homicide will be all over you poys with Polaroids

[CONVO 2]
["Die Slow" through out the convo]
Yea, yo that nigga Journalist gets busy yo
I heard he's from Philly yo
I seen him in Bis video
He's so skinny tho'
Now he's rollin' wit Canibus?
I don't even understand his shit
That nigga sounds like an amaetur
Yo i heard Jay manage him
Yo he got some heavy gold shit
Man, that's some old shit
Yea yo the niggas that he roll wit'
probably let 'em hold it
He got alotta Benji's
No he don't
Everytime, when i see him in the back of The Source
He looks *[?]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Doomsday News"

Yo, yo..
If I had half as many bars in gold
as I had in lyrics when I flowed
I'd be the richest man on the globe
Niggaz wanna know is Canibus gold?
That's a stupid-ass question motherfucker, is Canada cold?
Bout a thousand degrees lower than liquid nitro is
Five thousand degrees hotter than flame throwers
I reflect light, bounce off walls and wreck mics
Disconnect your windpipe by cuttin your neck with a knife
Rip through, everything from tissues to blood vessels
My ninjitsu, kill you with the art of Tenchu
I zig zag, zig crushin a kid
With G-forces violent enough to crush your ribs
like pilots that fly Russian MIG
Comin to punish you pigs
Give a fuck who you is; nigga, Canibus in ya biz
From the lowest point in the planet to Mt. Everest
I kick the illest shit, spray-paintin my name across the pyramids
The rap terrorist, Professor Emeritus
Fuck forbidden fruit I was eating pussy in Genesis

[Chorus:]

What you got niggaz that's ready to brawl?
I'll give you the phone card and the celly to make a call
What the fuck y'all bitch niggaz actin like y'all tuff for?
We'll stuff y'all, uppercut y'all, confront y'all
On stage we break arms, legs, backs and jaws
Enough damage to cancel your tour (Fuck y'all!)

[Canibus]
Now I said it once and I'll say it a thousand times
I got thousands of rhymes, the rechargeable alkaline kind
You wanna a piece of mind? Fine, we can take it outside
Otherwise you're wastin your time, cause I'ma shine
for the one-triple-9, niggaz gamblin damage they eyes
Goin blind, tryin to keep up with these lyrical lines
The type of nigga you can't flow behind without a dope rhyme
You fuck around and get clotheslined til you nosedive
We can rhyme fair and square or fair in the sphere
Anyplace, anywhere, you niggaz don't have a prayer
Cause doomsday is near, faggot niggaz is scared
They stand and stare as I appear upon a cushion of air
With a long white beard flamin, hot enough to sunburn Satan
Hotter than white people takin vacation
out in Jamaica out in the sun bathin;

sun bakin in gamma ray radiation
til they skin color look cajun
Motherfuckers start agin to the point
where they faces shrivel up like raisins
and they become cancer patients

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Yo, yo, yo.. I manipulate the metaphysical
power to hold my breath for half an hour
Continuously breathin outward; you ain't an MC you a coward
I make wack rappers lose control of they bladders
and piss in they trousers
Pink pussy possum niggaz play dead
While my heat waves hit, and verbal x-rays evaporate shit
Water molecules get transformed to vapors
My lyrics turn the Pacific into a dry lakebed
Electromagnetic cassettes melt tape decks
Niggaz battle in space; tryin to hold it down
but they can't cause they weightless
Amateur swordsmen gets stabbed through they face mask
trying to escape death
A world where the whole globe will contract Ebola
from drinkin spring water darker than Coca-Cola
Human with AIDS, computers with Y2K
I rock rhymes counter-clockwise until doomsday

Fuck y'all, fuck y'all, fuck y'all

Canibus Lyrics

"Lost @ "C""

[Verse 1]
Yo, yo, yo, now when you see that big ass C, you know I'm comin through
And when you know I'm comin through, you know what I'ma do
I never sent to battlin me, would be impossible
I just think it's highly motherfucking improbable
You talkin to a nigga, niggas split molecules
To subatomic particles, strong enough to stop a bull
Bodies slam, to oxygen, drop a mule
Urinating rocket fuel, freestylin over gospel tunes
Rhymes by the thousands, rhymes for hours
I could kick a rhyme longer than your whole album
Kickboxer, beatin the shit out niggas proper
I beat 'em till they holler, beat 'em til the cops come
Beatin niggas til they have seizures, beat 'em til they start screamin
Like fax machines when they start receivin
Beat 'em til my own hands start bleedin
Beat 'em til they lungs stop breathing and they heart stop beatin
From 12 am to 12 pm in the evening
With three 15 minute breaks in between 'em
Good jesus, that's a really stingy beatin
That's what you get for fuckin with this lyrical demon
Bloodstream's been, contaminated for eons
I got cast out of heaven for treason
Got cast out of the Garden of Eden for lettin the reptillian beast in
Got locked up for a DUI and speedin
A whole legion of half decent emcees get released when
They spit a hundred bars for they freedom
See I'm much too nice to compete wit
Too nice to flow over beats wit, too nice to hold a M I C wit
Off some diesel Hercules shit, I cold flip
And start to punch trees til they leafless
Inhale with two real deep breaths, hold my breath
Til the whole planet suffocates and then release it (release it)

[HOOK x2:]
Yo, you ain't as cold as us
Or as bold as us
When you get thrown to the wolves, you get thrown to us
(When we in the warzone, we got the chrome wit us)
Cuz we rollin rough, when the soldiers rush
Either you roll wit us, or get blown to dust (ashes to ashes and dust to dust)

[Verse 2]
Yo, yo, now for the last couple of months, things been real quiet
Cuz I ain't heard shit worth buyin
I'm bout to show you niggas how I'm driven
The drive comes from my lyrics and my lyrics come from my inner spirit

Five bringin the, faster than 12 cylinder engines with nitrogen in 'em
Faster than F-1 with light pistons
Fast enough to give your brain an aneurysm
Cuz you niggas is slower than fat bitches with tabalism
The way I rip apart the competition when I be spittin
The name Canibus might as well be Cannibalism
Show me a man that can't feel him
I'll show you a man that'll grab him by the neck
And put his head to the fan on the ceiling
Suffer real bad from television shit
Drop him off the roof of a building and let the news film him
I hop in front of the cameras and tell 'em how I'm feelin
I tell 'em how I feel that hip hop, should deal wit it
Tell 'em how I'm tired of the state rappers in
Ninety percent of the shit that rappers give is subject matter less
Not original, but blasphemous, just a bunch of the same characters
Shootin the same videos, it's embarassing
You's in the same formal as the *[?]*havel head?
You's are the same actors and actresses, same shit different laxative
Face it nigga you wack as shit I'm snatchin your mic
I make you run for your life, children in the daylight
That track you at night, my global position is satellite
Got a infrared blaster to test your body's fahrenheit
Wherever you go, I track you through hail, sleet, or snow
I track you til you're seizure grows into a afro
Until you plaid 'em into cornrows
Track you til your shoe soles develop holes
And you get, corns on your toes
Til your teeth develop hollow coses
But you been goin so long without deodorant you don't even notice it
Motherfucker

[HOOK x4]

Canibus Lyrics

"Phuk U"

Phuk..U *[x4]*
Ok
Phuk..U *[x4]*

[Verse 1]
Yo, yo
Ayo, nobody can flow wit Bis
Rock a show wit bis
Or go toe to toe wit Bis
None of yall can co-exist
We livin in an Ice Age and its cold as shit
100,000 dollar price range, niggas is frozen stiff
All I know is this
My felt tip hotter than hell get
186 thousand miles per sec can melt flesh
Give a nigga a tan
Aerosol cans expand and explode in my hand
While I promote that new Canibus jam
Niggas feel it underground wit stalactites hangin from the ceiling
I'm out on tour wit 30 city trips
Every state its like bitches be bulimic for dicks
Screamin the chorus
Half unconscious
I hold my cordless
Smoke the most enormous trees in the rain forest
While the people go insane for us
I pierce a cloud and make it rain on us
Break the equipment and tell the engineer that I ain't payin for it
I freestyle the whole set
Kickin a hundred bars, nigga fuck who's on next
Fuck you!

[Chorus 1]
Phuk.. U.. *[x2]* Ok

Phuk.. U.. *[x4]* Ok

[Verse 2]
Fuck- them extra niggas that's always around you
Fuck- niggas that talk about you and try to clown you
Fuck- niggas you run into that never did nuttin' for you
Fuck- niggas thats lyin tellin people they discovered you
Ok, Fuck- niggas that're jealous cause you nicer than them
Don't give a -fuck- who you offend you gotta fight till the end
If you -fuck- a groupie chicken when you out on tour
Smoke a little bit of weed wit her then -fuck- her some more
Tell her to bring three friends so you can -fuck- all four

Menage-a-trois, what the -fuck- she expect you a dog
Almighty god blessed you wit a dick and two balls
So if you like to -fuck- pussy that don't mean that you wrong
Unless you -fuck- it raw dog
I -fuck- a nappy dug out
Bust in her mouth
Kick her the -fuck- out
She'll cuss me out, like...

[Repeat chorus 1]

[Verse 3]
Yo, yo
Ya superstar status don't mean shit to me
Lyrically sucker emcees still get frequency
Try to dis me now
How you sound?
Yo, whoever signed you must be runnin the circus cuz you a clown
You a rapper wit a drug habit, hidin the truth
Camoflaugin ya needle tracks wit some colorful tattoos
You was never equipped for this
Never equipped to spit wit Bis
I'm swift as shit
Let me point out the main differences
You magnificent
I'm mic-nificent
Yo, I'd even go out on a limb wit it
Say you write a little bit
That don't make you a tight lyricist
Cause you don't practice or stick with it
Look at the 60 hour shifts I spend wit this
I never quit, I got a gift for the art
A low maintenance cost
No physical movin parts
In '98, niggas thought I was God
How the fuck did that change
I'm still one of the illest niggas in the game
So look inside yourself and tell me what you see
If you see a hungry nigga then you lookin at me
And its aight if you don't trust me
Cause I don't trust you
As a matter of fact I'll probably bust you
Motherfucker, Fuck you

[Chorus 2]
Ok, Phuk.. U.. *[x4]*
Ok, Phuk.. U.. *[x4]* Ok..

Canibus Lyrics

"Horsemen"

(feat. Pharoahe Monch)

[Pharoahe Monch]
Yo yo
The sheer fuckin assemblin of these fo' niggas rekindling war
Seek the Horsemen, we walk the planet Earth on all four's
Cause your empire to Fall like the season before winter
Don't get beside yourself like clone twins in the placenta
Assassinate the mayor through time-travel
The assignment: to reduce all molecules and pass through solid confinement
The only way you could flooowww *[slows down]* iiisss iiifff
I liquidize your rhyme
Consequently blowin by me crystalizin your mind
The government assigned sentinals for Horsemen elimination
Claimin we were mutants of artificial insemenation
Lost my limbs to bomb shrapnel
But through cell regeneration the blood accelerates at twice the speed
Peep the vindication indeed
Think tank full when you blink, think syncronicity
Rob three banks at the same time through Multiplicity shine
PLEASE!!! These four niggas combine alone
Bringin a nation of MC's to their knees wit ease
Seige a soldier and hold men for ransom
Stop procreation, chop they cocks off so they can't come
Block off a forty mile radius, bomb your fanbase
Seeds to abnormally born and scorn wit a man's face
Indeed watch the moon bleed, we lead by example
Loop my life in time, stretch it in a nine like a sample

[Canibus (Horsemen)]
We rock quadropeds (Horsemen, enforce men)
Chop off your fuckin head (We the Horsemen, enforce men)
Leave you all dead then we eat your car-cus
(The Horsemen) I'm a Horseman (enforce men)
I'm a Horseman (The Horsemen)
I'm a Horseman (The forcemen)
WE THE HORSEMEN!

Canibus Lyrics

"Horsementality"

(feat. Ras Kass, Killah Priest, Kurupt)

[Ras Kass]
The beginning of the end niggas!

[Canibus]
Yeah, we gon' rock this shit forever, the alpha and the omega
The Canibus'll make your eyes redder
FUCK ya'll niggas talkin bout cheddar

[Ras Kass]
Brought to you by your millennium group The Horsemen

[Canibus]
Four swordsmen (From the land of the lost)
Ras Kass, Killah Priest and Kurupt wit Can-i-bus
Throw your 4's up or get your vocal cords cut
MOTHAFUCKER!!!

[Both] Wavin the four-four!

[Kurupt]
I'm headless nigga, but I packs a big piece
Blastin, they let assassins loose on the street
Murderous notes I wrote, I lacerate throats
I toss fire at niggas
Mothafuck a six, the condos is supposed to be flip bricks
All thirty-nine of your bitches, pretty-ass bitch nigga
I'll throw some fucked up kicks on
Next is a small tank top, the spot, shot it up
Beat you in your face wit a rope knotted up
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the Headless Horseman Kurupt
See I'm off the wall nigga, Horsementality
A Horseman nigga and that's all I'll be
See I'm tired of this Barkley shit
Niggas talkin shit, I wanna see the streets dark again
Let the heaters spark again
Police callin all cars off then
Powerful as a mothafuckin Vulcan
My specialty is poetically lyrically energetically ultramagnetically
Dogg Pound pedigree
Fuck the shiny shit, fuck a bitch, only grimy shit
Dirty shit, holocaust thirty-thirty shit
Missle click, assassin Sicilian
Kill women and kill men, and kidnap children
For vengance in the name of the Horsemen
Slice your Achilles tendon, the Headless Horseman
And we abide by the code of the streets

The makings of a real MC nigga
(C...C...C...C) yeah bitch!

[Canibus]
So just abide by what you ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by
Just abide by what you ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by

[Killah Priest]
Mothafucker, it's started, four apocalypic prophets
Appearin outta floatin objects
Wearin mid-western garments
Long trenchcoats wit our hands in our pockets
Slappin all you scary-ass rap artists half retarded
Swear by our fore fathers
Anything you speak, think, or show will be disregarded
Then I drag your frightened ass through the darkness
Bring you out the other side as a carcus
I'm heartless, regardless if you claim to be gods or goddess
To me, ya'll all garbage
I see all of ya'll as movin targets
And my lyrics be the atomic rocket
Cosmic vomic spittin, hittin at ya Vietnam vets
Wit military arms and bombs strapped to our chest
Castin meteor storms and comets
Now who wanna make the next rise comet
And be the first one left unconcious
After I squeeze your head like the Charmin
Fuck around and see a lightning bolt around your throat
And squeeze till your head smoke from all the electric volts
Satanically sacrifice your ass like in a colt
Have your seance inside of a dark synogogue
We was lyrically sent to ya'll
Like deminigod to put a end to ya'll
Spit bites like dogs and get the scent of ya'll
Horsemen, we be scorchin when we be walkin
Wit the power to put a graveyard inside a coffin

[Ras Kass]
Let's serve it out like the breeze
Now watch me do one-armed handstands
And hang these N-U-T's over seven continents and seven seas
Streets is Lebonese
Be rockin Bogari wrist watches and sniper marines
Most of these MC's can't even rap
Just modeling, go gold and get big-headed like they swallowin colleges
I spit empty gravesites, rap stars fill em out
You what? Thirty, forty years old and still wack as fuck
Me? I'm ain't even in my prime
When I write my dopest rhyme, western civilization declines
Catch me hoppin off the A train in a New York state of mind
But I rep westside, so I keep L.A. time

That's a three-hour difference
So when my bitch is a six, she really a nine
In seven days, she'd still be a dime
Call me Blaze Skywalker hittin jugular veins
Crack open your skull wit a paperate and suck out your brains
Kiddo, I be doin my thug-thizzo for shizzo
And the wife of a careless man is almost a widow
So what's happening, from P.I. to '99 Madden
Since police be jackin blacks, I talk to pigs in Pig Latin
Uckfe uye ichbe echbe a igginebe and free Keith Murray
[Translation:] Fuck you bitch ass niggas

[Canibus]
Yo yo yo yo
I kick a verse at six-hundred and sixty-six meghertz
Make lightning flash across the sky everytime I curse
Six-hundred and sixty-six flashes
Give out six-hundred and sixty-six lashes
To the backs of six-hundred and sixty-six Master of Ceremony has-beens
Put a crown of thorns on whoever the king of rap is
If he's a (Catholic) I nail him to a crucifix
Then I beat him till he's blackish-blueish
Then perform acupuncture wit six-hundred and sixty-six toothpicks
Beat em wit two whips wit pieces of broken glass glued to it
Your whole crew gets bayed and nuetered
As i aim and shoot it, you get sprayed with bullets
Your armored cars and your kevlar vests is useless
I'ma fuck all of you pussies like group sex
You get six-hundred and sixty-six years imprisonment
For bitin off another niggas' shit you bitch
You got caught, now you on the other side of the law
Snitchin on mad niggas in a soundproof court
To get some of your sentence knocked off, na nigga you wildin
Cuz you still be in Riker's Island gettin forced to toss salads
You scared of that, wit a phobia fear of that
I'ma tape it on a digital video DAT and send a copy to Miramax
Leave you exposed, turn on the fiction and fact so everybody you know
You a sucker-ass nigga, father-fuckin ass nigga
That got fucked in the ass by a father figure
(Battle who?) I'll bruise and bash you, blast you
Autograph you wit a bullet wound for a tattoo
Delivering mind blowin rhymes and poems
Controllin my tongue when I'm flowin like pilot controlled Boeings
When I get bitten, I bite back
Quicker than Tyson attacks, I don't give a FUCK if I don't get my license back
So, take caution
The Four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then
Gallop northward
MC's take caution
The Four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then
Gallop northward mothafuckers

Yeah, so just abide by what your ride by

Cuz we abide by what we ride by
Just abide by what your ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by, HA!

[All]
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Priest, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Bis, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Ras, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four-four! Aiyyo Kurupt, hit them niggas wit the hardcore

[Kurupt]
Yeah nigga, I'm headless without thoughts
Wit my mothafuckin arms crossed
I transform from a Dogg to a Horse
Took over the whole race course
Throw the jockey off the saddle, now who the fuck really wanna battle?
[Fading]
Got me a pistol, launch it off like a missle
Let it whistle, they fall fuckin 'round wit the Dogg
I'm a hog

Canibus Lyrics

"100 Bars"

Yeah!!! That's the beat right there.
I'm about to black out with 100 bars on some professional shit.
So don't try this at home, yo.

Yo, yo, yo
My style of rhymin is ancient like Aztecs and Mayans
Because I recognize its all about timin
Me and my freestyle alliance practicin African voodoo science
In front of 20 ft. bonfires lookin skyward
Calculating May 5, 2000 the nine planets'll be in alignment
The arrival of the prophet in the cockpit
Of a starship the size of the Hale-Bopp comet
With mercury ion rockets
And a big ass "Canibus comin soon" poster on the side of it
I'm known geographically and intergalactically
That's why I got extraterrestrials that wanna battle me
They even tried kidnappin me
And they would've snatched me
If their craft didn't get trapped in the Earth's gravity
Engines stalled and failed. Crashed into a farmer's field
And that's really what caused Roswell
Undercover operatives workin for COM 12
Disguised as a nigga signed with a record deal
Lyrically I'm off scale
So all hail or get tossed towards Hell, whatever y'all feel
Briusin niggas, confusin niggas like Chip Fu from the Fu-Schnickens
Hit you with nuclear cruiser missiles
Hear the wild wolf growl
Styles stockpiled for miles from the ground to the clouds
Wack niggas wanna be down but its not allowed
Interrupt the cipher unannounced and you'll get punched in the mouth
With the southpaw southern fist
I'll bust your shit. Swell your lip and get the Bubba shrimp
Back the tougher shit. What a wimp
You giant Goliath. Niggas get shot with a rubber sling
I'm an experiment gone bad.
My brainwaves on an encephalograph show that I'm stark ravin mad
Your whole scientific staff'll get killed in a nuclear blast
When I throw the formula stashed in my hand
Flammable liquids in the lab explode
And you get stabbed with all the flyin glass
Trained to blow up commercial aircrafts
Trained in chemical weapons class
Just to see how long a nigga's breath'll last
I put him in a leather mask
Spray his ass with a can of pepper gas
Then watch him grab his neck and gag

Watch the nigga choke to death as I laugh
"You wanna battle?" is the type of question you should never ask
Nigga, pick a tougher task. See who the fuck'll last
Whoever lose'll get a solderin iron up the ass
You need to recognize
My hand is quicker than the eye
Quicker than the 5 speed Jamiroquai drives
A lifespan longer than 9 lives. Infinite rhymes that can't die
A nigga with a divine mind
I dedicate this to the wise. Dedicate it to dames
Dividin myself into 100 ten times
You can't deny the offerin's an offer
Flows that glow with aurora's the spark of light
Water fly like a saucer
With the torque of a Porsche
Murder a million MCs then autograph all of their coffins
Been gettin it on since I been born and I'm a live long
And I'm a be gettin it on till I'm gone
Look at all the stages I been on. All the songs that I spit on
I took an oath to rip everything I get on
A nigga like me should have Carpal Tunnel syndromes
In the wristbones from grippin microphones this long
I'm just a small fish in a big pond
And gets pissed off whenever I gets picked on
Nigga try to flip and get flipped on
My army march a million strong
Like the nation of Islam with suede timbs on
Extremely hostile
Fully armed troops dressed in frog suits and night vision goggles
A lyrical lynch mob
Shittin on niggas drawn to a hideous form with horns and a mink on
Duckin down low like Vietnam fightin the Vietcong
Screamin "incomin" when I see a bomb
Speak to your leader. Surrender your arms
You need about a million more soldiers to even the odds
Plus 800,000 to even consider a war
And 200,000 more to even look hard
You better drop your flag and withdraw
My cavalry charge accompanied by a blizzard of wicked metaphors
And smash y'all. Attach y'all to the back of my horse
And drag y'all across the motherfuckin asphalt
9 out of 10 niggas is frauds
You know who you are always talkin about your bitches and your cars
Your jewelry and your girls. It's like we from two different worlds
You motherfuckers really get on my nerves
Cause I'm beyond them, on some futuristic cyborg shit
I close my eyes when I freestyle so I could read what picture crossed in
Then raise my arms like a sorcerer and cast a fireball into the audience
To barbecue your brain organs
You feel like you've been thrown in a microwave oven
I flame broil suckers and hit 'em with some more shit
The raw shit. Call my reinforcements, the four horsemen
Take a big piece of chalk and draw a line across the stage pulpit

I dare a motherfucker to cross it
I'll even call my man Black Rob at two in the mornin
Tell him it's important. Tell him to call Sting 3 way and sing a chorus
Break your camcorders so you motherfuckers can't record it
Call the news, I'll kill your reporters
Start a lawsuit, I'll kill your lawyers
Fuck the soft shit and fuck what y'all think
My album's gold cause my album was the bomb, shit
Y'all niggas got your ass beat cause you asked for it
Got your picture taken and put in a tabloid
Cause you a man and you like to touch little boys
You fuck 'em in the ass, then you give 'em cash for it
That's some sick shit homeboy
A hundred years ago, they'd have took you to see Sigmund Freud
You fraudulent. Feminine. Fragile as a feather is
With an effortless blow, I'll crack your whole skeleton
You think you're better than Canibus, where's the evidence?
You got below average intelligence and poor penmanship
You need to shut the fuck up cause your breath stink
Take fifty cents and purchase a pack of peppermints
Battlin me you never win
You thought you was the only nigga that could sneak a weapon in?
Nigga guess again
Cause after I'm finished wreckin this shit
I'm a drink a whole bottle of Henney and go fuck a lesbian

Canibus Lyrics

"Chaos"

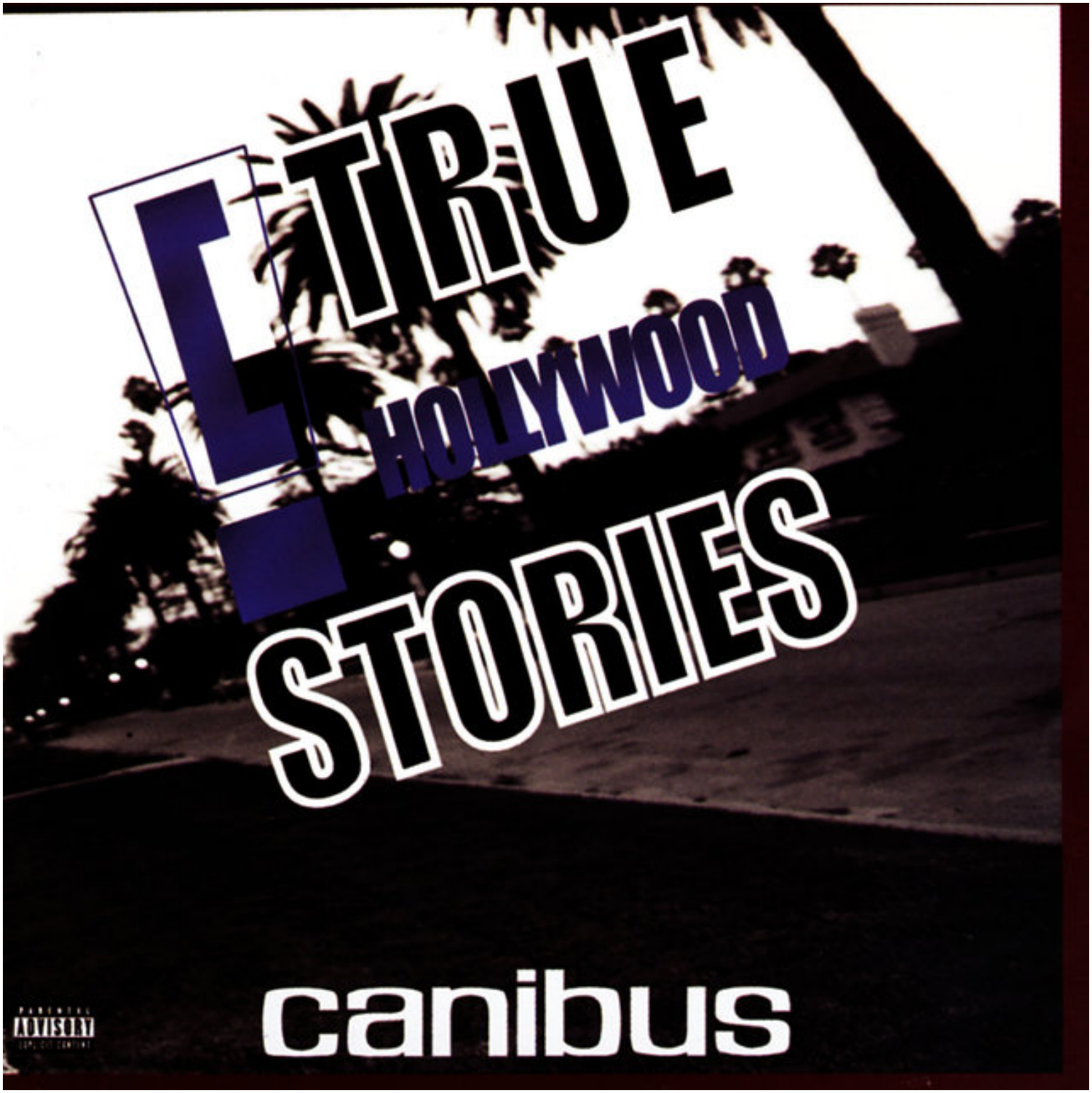
[Verse 1 (acapella)]
Yo yo yo
Now ain't nobody fuckin wit the mastermind
I'm like Einstein, a hundred and fifty times magnified
Nickel and Teslin, Jon Von Neuman
All wrapped up in the body in one human
I rhyme the tightest, shine the brightest
I blind the optic fibers in anybody's iris
When it comes to rappin, I'll smash your ass
Whether you Latin, Black or Anglo-Saxon
I'll smack you wit a backhand
That crack your back like chiropractors after lookin at your catscan
In between albums, I've become a masked man like Batman
And stalk my own rap fans
I'm like a madman fightin a war
Throwin lightning rods, swingin lightning swords
Blow you away wit a force that'll leave your body lost
Gone, nothin to mourn, nothin to do a autopsy on
I rock till I can't rock no more
Till I can't get no mothafuckin props no more
Till they boo me on stage when I'm out on tour
Till 2000 B.C. ain't hot no more
I'm a dragon wit the head of a lion, jaws be like saws grindin
Claws rip through walls of cast iron
I slap fire outta hoodlum, pull out steel and start shootin
I clap iron like Duke Nukeum
Try to attack 'Bis, you get your face stomped
Flatter than a compact disc wit black Timbs
Flatter than a Yankee baseball cap rim
Flatter than the knife Jigga stabbed Un wit

[Chorus]
If you the first nigga that laugh
I'll blow you in half
The first nigga to talk trash
I'ma blow you in half
The first nigga to show your ass
I'll blow you in half
The first time'll be your last
Cuz I'ma blow you in half

[Verse 2]
Yo check it beat comes in
I destroy your whole city block when I'm ready to rock
Blow the speaker box, magnetically shielded or not
Magnetically energy poppin gates of radio waves
Oscilate lyrics and beats copulate to pop your tape

Manipulatin space in large proportions
Millions of brain organs get lost when I start talkin
About shit like supernatural forces
Gnomes and theories and superstring theories
Most of you mothafuckers barely
Even understand the English language, much less think clearly
When I die, will I go to Heaven or Hell
Or will I end up in a place called the Van Allen Belt
I researched my roots, lookin for proof
The best place to hide a lie is between two truths
The aftermath of a nuclear blast
When the average death sentence becomes a dead paragraph
I dig a 5 by 9 rectangle in the grass
Reach your epitab and bury your ass
As the coffin gets lowered into the ground slowly
I'll sing all of your greatest hits, oldies on karaoke

[Chorus x2]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Canibus Lyrics

"Stan Lives! (Skit)"

[driving car]

[Bliss:] "Hey, yo Loo, what time is the flight man?"
[Loo:] "We got 30 minutes to get to the airport, man, heck you should drive a little faster"
[Bliss:] "What! I'm already doing above"

[Stan's car passes them]

[Loo:] "The fuck's the matter with this guy?"
[2Pak:] "Crazy motherfucker"
"Damm, slow down"
[Bliss:] "Who's he tryna' catch?"
[Loo:] "I dunno, but if he don't slow down, he might-"

[Stan's car skids and crashes off a bridge]

"Wow! Shit!"
[Loo:] "See that?!"
[Bliss:] "God damm! Yo, that nigga just drove over the bridge! Yo Pak! Yo, slow down man!"
[2Pak:] "Yo, Bliss man, we gotta make this flight man, we got 60 G's on the show"
[Bliss:] "Yo, somebody's in there, yo, pull over Pak!"
[2Pak:] "Yo, I'mma call 911, to son"
[Bliss:] "Man, if we don't do sumthing man, they gonna' drown!"

[Bliss gets out if the car]

[2Pak:] "Yo, Bliss man, what are you doin?"
[Bliss:] "I gotta go, yo I gotta go rescue them"
[2Pak:] "C'mon Bliss!"
[Loo:] "Yo, don't worry about Bliss man, he a good swimmer son, he knows what he's doing"

[Stan is gasping for air]

[Bliss:] "Yo, is he breathing?"
[Bliss:] "Yo, I dunno, yo Loo, quick man, get me a sweater so I can put it underneath his neck"

[Ambulance sirens]

[Ambulance person:] "Thank you, now could you ease step to the side"
[talks through radio] "We have a 53-11, I repeat, a 53-11, our ETA is 7 minutes"

[Ambulance person:] "We'll take it from here, what's his name?"
[2Pak:] "We dunno, we was just right behind him and he just drove off the fucking bridge!"
[2Pak:] "Yo Bliss, we gunna miss our flight man, we gotta leave now!"
[Bliss:] "Yo, excuse me, how far is the hospital from here?"
[Ambulance person:] "5 minutes, I need you to come to the hospital and fill out a report"
[Bliss:] "Ok, ok, yo, I'll just catch up with y'all at the airport"

Canibus Lyrics

"U Didn't Care"

[Chorus]
You.. didn't, care about me
And now this is how it has to be
I was lost, but now I am free
I'm happy cuz I found a family

[Verse 1]
Whattup Em', it's ya biggest fan
It's not even necessary to introduce who I am
by now, cuz we're good friends
Remember the letter I wrote, before Atlanta on Up In Smoke
That's the day I was gonna cut ya throat
I guess my watch was broke -- cuz by the time I woke
I seen my watch was twelve hours late and I missed the show
But none the less I'm glad that I finally reached you
Ever since the accident I've been dying to speak to you
To tell you things have changed, and I'm a different man
A different level of understanding, I'm a different Stan
Things are a lot better, I promise I won't harrass you with any letters
Saying shit like "We should be together"
I may reach and start a group
The industry's full of homosexuals Slim, but I don't wanna fuck you
I got a new attitude, really, I ain't mad at you
I just wanted you to recognize I got talent too

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]
When I say talented, I don't mean battle kid
I mean storytellin, kinda like how ya album is
I been attendin counselin and takin medicine
They did some tests on me at NIH in Maryland
They showed me techniques to help me pressure
whenever I remember that crazy night when I was being reckless
Drivin with a deathwish, on the bridge and I crashed into a Lexus
Right before I finished that last sentence
I was listenin to Xzibit's album "Restless"
The next thing I knew I was under water and breathless
I was unconscious for a second, literally dying to go to heaven
till some fellas came and pulled me from the wreckage
They started CPR, then they called the paramedics
In retrospect I probably shoulda used a gun to end it
By the time the car sunk
My pregnant girlfriend was still in the trunk
and I was still feelin kinda drunk
The ambulance came and they put me on the stretcher
Hooked me up to the IV and checked my blood pressure

One of them was so concerned that they wouldn't leave
He hopped in the back of the ambulance and rolled up some weed
My vision was blurry, I couldn't really see
I just remember his voice talking to me
In the emergency room, I needed surgery to get some glass removed
and fifty stitches for my wooze

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
After a couple months of therapy,
I figured I was as ready as I'd ever be - I wanted to be an emcee
He took me to shows wit him, he let me flow wit him
He let me write some rhymes and go on tour wit him
I really believed in him, I decided to team wit him
And now I'm overseas wit him, gettin cheese wit him
And I'm emceein wit him, I'm havin the best time of my life
And I'm writin the best rhymes of my life
He introduces me to people as his lyrical equal
Let me write a rhyme on his album and even produce a beat too
He ain't see-through, I can't see him frontin
He's not the type to call you, just because he needs somethin
That's what I like about him,
I wouldn't want to rock a mic without him
He's got kahunas and he's not a coward
Matta fact, I think he met you
It was the day you came to his video shoot with DJ, Jimmy's nephew
'Clef stepped to him and told him he should step to you
That you was ghost writin for L, but that wasn't true
You was lookin at him the same way I'm lookin at you
Why can't we be friends Em', I don't want nothin from you
You see there's a little bit of Stan in all of us
Tell me where you think all of these record sales sparred from
Talkin 'bout Britney and Christina Aguilera
Nsync too, have you ever looked in a mirror?
Your hair ain't really blonde, and ya eyes ain't blue
So never diss me, cuz when you diss me your dissin you..

See.. See what happens when you don't care

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"The Rip Off"

[crowd chanting]
Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus
Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus *[x2]*

[Hook: x2]
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)
Well I'm gone (Ohhhhhh!)

[Verse 1]
Yo, my brain races to create these lyrical mosaics like paintings
To me record store and art galleries are merely the same thing
I feel like I'm Rembrandt and my man Van Gogh is amazin
Canibus is not some average rap patron, have patience
I went through changes, not being with the majors and all
'Til my man Louie Lombard gave me a call
and talked about some other way to cake off
I thought hmmm.. I could make more, he said "Sure"
"I could put you in about three thousand stores,
and get at least fifty thousand orders"
"Maybe more 'Bus, who knows your fanbase is emormous"
Well of course, look who I've toured with; Wyclef
I didn't sell twenty million cuz it wasn't my time yet
I'm satisfied with the line up I rhyme with
Kool G Rap, Pharoahe Monch, and Rakim
Including future superstars I've worked with thus far
Like Free, from 106 and Park
You need to understand somethin; 'Bus is raw
Raw to the floor, raw like reservoirs,
Auger mechanical mandible jaws, split you in half
Addicted to rippin jackers, but I rip a jackass
Before we battle, there's two questions I have to ask
Are you carrying any firearms, and did you pack your bags?
Cool, cuz I'ma make you feel real bad
And I'ma make you so mad, you'll probably spazz
I can see you tryna get me like they got Biggie
Somewhere in the city, on a pretty day when I dressed in Jiggy
And I got security with me
I'll give you a buck-fifty so quickly,
you won't even know that ya nose dripping
So much blood on the floor, you might as well be pretending
to be mudwrestling a dozen bitches PMSing
Sounds kinda tempting, doesn't it?
Dissing me wasn't really worth it, was it?
I'm buggin, I know a lot of y'all loved it
and tryed to convince the public to safe bug this

But just think, I played y'all like a bunch of puppets
You play Russian Roulette with a musket,
and got busted in your own nugget
A twenty-one gun salute with no bullets and no trumpets
While the rain pours and the storm thunders
Your rotten carcass smells so pungent, it turns my stomach
Attracts the buzzards, on Fox Eyewitness News coverage
Rip the Jacker's on the loose in London,
he slipped through US customs and flew to Dublin
Frontin as a janitor in a school or somethin
Workin for little or nothin, I'm warnin you DON'T TRUST HIM
He's a complete risk to the American public
And don't ever call the law cuz he thinks he's above it
Let's get one thing straight; you can't touch him,
Outsmart him, out muscle him, or out hustle him
You can't beat 'em - join 'em, you can't join 'em - fuck 'em
Can-I-Bus, either ya hate him or ya love him

[Hook: 2x]

[Verse 2]
Yeah yeah, I seen you at Ruby Tuesday's
With a toupee, talkin on ya two-way -- you look gay
Nigga I don't give a fuck about the games you play
I gnaw on ya bones 'til my teeth turn blue-gray
Or turn yellow like I ain't brushed in a few days
And the blood starts to taste like red toothpaste
Nigga this ain't communion and that ain't Kool-Aid
Delicacies the FDA won't approve in the states
Like a little witche's brew in your vanilla latte
Or perhaps Filet of Dog in a Malaysian cafe
If I was a cook I would probably take a half day
Clock out and never come back, you keep the back pay
That's some metaphorical shit, all you have A
Is that why all you weirdos all attracted to me?
Look at yourself, why you even listen to me?
Listen to yourself, your constantly dissin me
Well listen to this bitch, get off my D
If you don't think that I'm the illest, that's cool I don't agree
I proved myself, time and time again
Grippin mics like Heinekens, who want me to rhyme again?
You could never expire the fire within
Killin me with a gun is easy, try a pen
For the use it was intended
I don't like to be the one to start the drama nigga,
but I know how to end it
Kill yourself I'll take the credit - get it?
You see that way, things couldn't work out more pleasant

Canibus Lyrics

"C True Hollywood Stories"

[Hook]
True Hollywood Stories.. True Hollywood Story..
True Hollywood Story.. True Hollywood Story..
True Hollywood Story.. True Hollywood Story..
True Hollywood Story.. this is a True Hollywood Story..

[Canibus]
Yo I vaguely remember 1974, when I was born
Soon as the doctor cut my ambilical cord, he put me in my mother's arms
I was cryin when she looked down at me
She was smilin cuz I guess she was happy (Coochie-coochie-coo!)
She absolutely had no idea
I was flowin cuz it wasn't quite clear (You so cute!)
She just kept ticklin me and ignorin me (Weeeee!)

[Hook]

[Canibus]
My native home was Jamaica (No problems man)
We moved to the states a few years later
I had trouble fittin in (What did you say?)
Cuz I had a funny speech impediment
People couldn't understand what I mean
Meeda sata greedafa zeen (Sha oh)
I used to wear cross-colored jeans
Rasta belts with the red, gold, and green
My man used to boost travel pocket for me
True Hollywood Story

[Hook]

[Canibus]
In '93 I met the Lost Boyz
Without them, I wouldn't even have a voice
I showed the world I was nice with the verbals
That's how I got signed to Universal
I released two albums, in all sold 9 hundred and 99 thousand
Over the years, alotta people tryed to diss me
Cuz I grabbed a piece of hip-hop history
Thank God that the drama didn't destroy me
True Hollywood Stories

[Hook]

[Canibus]
I took a trip to England with Pac-Man
Five months later we met Stan

He was cool so we let him join the band
And introduced him to the rest of the Horsemans
Then I hooked up with this cat named Lou (Lou-minatti)
And he was cool with C-4 too (plus two)
Now the whole crew's on tour with me
True Hollywood Stories

[Hook]

[Canibus]
This is a story about beef
Arrogance, lies, and deceit
This is an independent release
And that's why it's totally depended on the streets
I ain't got no record label behind me
Maybe nobody got the balls to sign me
But it's cool cuz soon they'll all be callin me
This is a True Hollywood Story...

Canibus Lyrics

"A Different Vibe In L.A."

[Chorus]
Doop-doop da-da..
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.
Doop-doop da-da..
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.
Doop-doop da-da..
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.
Doop-doop da-da..
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.

[Verse 1]
Yeah, cruisin down Melrose, hella slow in a yellow Marinello
Lookin for who sells shelltoes that I could match with my silk robe
I'm like Hugh Heffner at 26 years old, with clear goals
Yeah I'll take two pair of those
I love the way my toes feel in the cyberfoam soles when I'm doin shows
Who knows, I'm prepared to go to and fro
All I do is tell you dudes where the Western Union dough
You need my social security info?
Here's my tax I.D. number, it's worth ten fold
I remember my first album, it shipped gold
That's a insult, considering I did this one in Kinko's
I'm dying to see what this will sold
Will the critics diss it at all, or will they feed 'Bus to the wolves?
Like I haven't been there before,
but at least I'm on a different vibe now, this year it's on

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]
It's definitely a different vibe west of the Prime Meridian
Producers play with live instruments, rhymes are wittier
But don't sleep cuz in a heartbeat Cali is shittin ya
Someone'll put a hit on ya, this'll be where they bury ya
I think it's beautiful, I don't want to be scarin ya
The women are prettier and the climate is superior
Got a girl from Syria, smells like strawberries on her period
I'm serious - that's why I moved in with the chick
We on the top of Mount Olympus, sharin our interests
over a moonlit dinner, burnin some insense
She looks so innocent, next think I know she's pinnin me to the bed
like a scene outta Basic Instinct
Bought her a pink mink and a double link ring
She didn't know I was a rapper and I did my thing-thing
What a coincidence, she listened to Eminem and Nsync
Shaggy, Nelly, and the St. Lunatic clique, Uh-Ohhhh!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
Yeah baby, Canibus in the flesh
Everybody want a dose of me, come here baby stand close to me
Take a photo with me, take this address
If you develop 'em post one to me
If you miss me and you wanna kiss me then blow one to me
I like your incentricities, tailor-fitting jeans
Tennis bracelets from Tiffany's in Venice, Italy
Are you from the Middle East? (Oh)
I plan to travel there after my new release
I got Timbaland doin some beats
Yeah, his cousin goes to school with my neice
By the way I'm sorta starred, what kinda food do you eat?
Yeah sure hop in the car, we'll cruise the streets
Around here I know alotta cool places to eat
You off from what, noon to three, just roll with me
My homie Lou just two-wayed me from Lagoona Beach
You can meet the rest of the crew, a bunch of super freaks
We got to unwind, we 'bout to hit the road in two weeks, c'mon

[Chorus]

Doop-doop da-da.. *[repeat to fade]*

Canibus Lyrics

"I Gotta Story 2 Tell"

[Girl Singing]
Listen to me everybody, I got a story to tell
Well, well

Ono wan make beef outta steam fish?
Tell ya artist keep my name out they mouth or you wont have no peace
Compared to Canibus ya pitbulls is poultry
You and Biggie made a dope team but i roast beans
Be careful how you approach things
My name aint J to the Muahh, mann i got a flow that stings
Its rap music, you confuse it if you want to
I might still diss you just to see what you gon do
You must be gettin' insecure or something
I'm just admirien ya shit mann I aint gon touch it
I been through alotta things in my life but I learned from it
Put yaself in my shoes, dont I deserve something?
The only difference between me and you is a BUDGIT
Dont make me have to go sign with Suge or something
Remember this: History repeats itself
Whenever that never ending hunger meets itself
Everybody want they wealth, peace and health
When I was fucked up you aint give me a couple of G's to help, did you?
No, you waited fa my cheese to melt
You want all the hot beats and the streets to yourself
Well my *[?]* niggaz different enough to attract interest
From anybody in the rap business and I'ma get it cash or credit
Besides a little drama from my first 2 records
Rip the Jackers images is unblemished
Come on I wouldnt bite you I look at you like my dentist
I thought you was number one recommended, why you offended?
Hip hop aint ya property, you aint the only tenant
If I win the lottery you cant tell me how to spend it
You got something to say, dont put ya Henchmen in it
Them little monkey faced artist that you sign fa pennies
I refuse to serve them like Dennies
You know they rhymes is petty
Dont tell me that ya school of hard knocks turn preppy
None of yall motha fuckers know me and you never met me
And if my name wasnt shit then you wouldnt sweat me
Thats ubsurd right? Me gettin busy get on ya nerves right?
You really are listenin to the words right?
High when i wrote this but sober when I spoke it
Its not like I tried to promote it like Jay-o did, ya notice?
Mann I was never focused on you
I just spit hard on the mic cause my shit is hot too
I went out and bought ya album 2 times, I aint hatin'
Next thing I know you talkin Jamaican like you a native

But you really violatin', you dont know what you sayin'
Canibus aint in the game so you know he aint playin
I had nothing before and I have nothing now
Fuckin' with a nigga with nothing only brings you down

[Girl Singing]
Listen to me everybody-rybody-rybody-rybody...

Canibus Lyrics

"Hate U 2"

(feat. Pakman)

[Canibus]
Yo why you got so much hatred?
Why you don't want me to make it?
What are you afraid of?
You treat me like I'm not a member of the rap game club
Yo I sold a million records too, I don't get the same love
It's strange because the majors already drained my pockets,
and now they wanna drain my blood
Do you have any idea of what I did to get here? Do you?!
You can smell the hatred in the atmosphere
This record is livin proof that I've made it
And your listenin to it now, and it's on an independent label
You like Canibus? Yeah right, if you say so
Talk to Louie Lombard, hey'll put you on the payroll
When you see me on the street now, I probably really glow
Nothin like some of these wack rappers that are really broke
I can laugh at a meaningless joke, but I got a daughter to feed
Don't hate me cuz I'm competin bro
I'm doin it all by myself
And as long as I'm on the shelf, I'm always have wealth
This is what motivated microphone FIENDS do
And it's ok if you hate me cuz I hate you too

[Hook]
Is the reason why you keep callin my name out of the blue,
If it's because you hate me, then I hate you too
We heard it through the Grapevine and now we know it's true
Just tell me that you hate me, I'll say I hate you too

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!

[Repeat 1st part of Hook]

[Pakman]
I hate your style, when I see you I wanna earl
I should do somethin real foul, like get at your girl
Make your heart throb, take a hooptie and smash your parked car
Run up in your favorite night club, get you barred (Fuck outta here!!)
Why you like to hate stars? Why you talkin in riddles?
Me losin is the only way to get you to giggle
You pitiful motherfucker, you gon' stay in the gutter
I can see you at 33 and still be livin with your mother
I'm sick of you clowns runnin around, hatin on Rippers
You see me in the street, act like your mouth got a zipper
Aiyyo don't say a word faggot cuz it's already proven

Keep it movin, you ain't FUCKIN up this new shit I'm doin
I'm tryin to keep a space between me and you, like gapped teeth
To avoid catchin cases for lettin the gat speak
I ain't never got a problem to meet on a backstreet
In a black hoodie, new mac-milli, now act silly
You can hate me forever, I'ma always be makin moves
Don't be mad cuz I'm a leader, a Ripper that breaks rules
It's a shame what hate's makin individuals do
Don't forget the bottom line is that I hate you too

[Hook]
Is the reason why you keep callin my name out of the blue,
If it's because you hate me, then I hate you too
We heard it through the Grapevine and now we know it's true
Just tell me that you hate me, I'll say I hate you too

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!

[Repeat 1st part of Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Stop Smokin'"

(feat. C-4)

[Hook]
He love me (He love that rock)
He love me (He love that rock)
He love me (He love that rock)
He love me,(Well he if he love you then tell him to stop)
He love me (He love that rock)
He love me (He love that rock)
He love me (Come on bitch, he love that rock)
He love me,(Well he if he love you then tell him to stop)

[Canibus]
You ever came home everything ya owned was gone
TV, VCR, fridge and phone
And poor your Armani boo cologne
That nice China set from your mother-in-law
Ya say to yourself "How could I get robbed?"
The guard dog would've bit somebody for sure
Could it be somebody that you probably know
Got the ABT code and the keys to the door, no
You better think again gullable ho
Somebody you know was on a rob patrol

[C-4]
And I seen em' pull up in a Pinto
I couldn't believe, eyes peekin' through the window
Ain't y'all engaged, well that day he was with the neighborhood bimbo
I thought to myself, OH!
Why would he a need a credit card to get in for
You keep a set of keys under the mat
He ain't thinkin' of that, he stealin' for crack
On the street he can get a hundred for that
I hope you don't really think he bringin' it back
I'm tellin' ya girl he stole it
He was standin' around the last time I saw it
I remember when you bought it
That son of a bitch got balls if he can pawn it
I remember when I seen him this morning
He pulled me to the side asked me if I want it
I had to look real close for a moment
I was shocked when I seen it was your shit
He put it away cause he somebody was comin' and just took off runnin'
I told ya woman, he love that rock

[Woman]
I remember when I met him two years ago
At the Texaco, I was checkin' though

He impressed me though, he was enchanting though
He ain't have no dough but he was sexy though
At first I played hard to get though
But it got so good I had to let it go
It was one to four, put it on me slow
Even asked me to marry him in Mexico
I can't explain how he made me feel
I was head over heels, in love for real
I took him home so he could meet my dad
Took care of his ass, gave him all my cash
For a year and a half I treated him good
He said he needed space, I understood
He be out all not, what seems for days
Then he showed up crazed and he needed to shave
Smellin' like rotten eggs, I'd tell him to bathe
Clean him up, take him to church and get him saved
In Jesus' name I can make him change
If I would've lost my way he would've done the same
Cause he love me

[Hook]

[Canibus]
I'm tellin' ya he ain't gonna stop, stop
And he just love that rock, rock
Kid run up in ya crib like knock, knock
Take everything that cha' got, got
Gold watch, watch jewelry box, box
The go straight to the pawn shop, shop
He's ridin' that white horse, horse
And he don't wanna get off, off
I got a 800 number you can call, call
Cause that love y'all had is lost, lost
He don't love you he love that rock

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Lemme Hear Somethin Else"

(feat. Pakman)

[Chorus]
Aiyyo my wrist stay froze (Lemme hear somethin else)
Aiyyo I fuck mad hoes (Yo lemme hear somethin else)
I'm a big dog with big dough (Won't you say somethin else)
Yo man you fuckin up my flow (You ain't got nothin else)
Man I got somethin else (So lemme hear somethin else)
My chain got bagette diamonds (Won't you do somethin else)
I spit rhymes with perfect timing (You could try somethin else)
Yeah you can't stop me from shinin (I'll spit it myself)

[Killer P]
I'm on my way to ASCAP so I can pick up my dough
I ran into a Jacker nigga tryna hit me with flows
He didn't know I had a mind to just bloody his nose
And let the blood pour down on his white clothes

[Pakman]
Chhhh..
Nigga! You don't wanna cipher with me
My name ain't Pakman for nothin, I'm gobblin emcees
Chhhh..

[Killer P]
Damn yo, I wasn't even tryna take it there
Lemme hear somethin in the ear nigga, make it clear
He started goin on about pushin a big Benz
How he stayed jig, and smoked chronic up with his friends
He doin it big and got unlimited ends
I just met the nigga, I seen him walkin up with his mens
Stop frontin shorty, lemme tell you somethin 'bout the game
It's a thin line, from being wack to spittin flames
You gotta represent when you be writin them lines
Don't be a FUCKIN millionaire in every one of ya rhymes
I'ma let you walk in but yo you gotta be quick
I gotta go, and the shit you spittin nigga, better be slick
He started gettin busy, I was noddin my head
Then he fucked it all up and said some shit that I said
Stopped rhymin cuz he knew he shouldn't have said that verse
Lookin stupid as fuck, for that nigga it was the worst
Yo, how you gonna bite and try to be top shelf
Better get ya act together, lemme hear somethin else

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
I give you more grievance than a nigga possessed by demons

Walkin on ceilings, chasin white lot speedin
Like Tony Soprano, takin meetings
With a psychologist about his emotional feelings
and his crime dealings
He even talked about how to make alcohol out of orange peelings
Pink cookies in a plastic bag gettin crushed by a buildin
was cool until Canibus puked it
With ill cannibalistic, animal instincts
Instant lyrical fitness, could you handle the distance?
You don't have enough wisdom
The man who gives quicksand resistance,
sinks the quickest, it's simple physics
I get "Southernplayalistic" and pimp chicks
Put my big dick in they mouth and smear they lipstick
Come here you stank bitch!
Tell ya man if he don't spit a hundred bars
I'ma bust him in his big lips
Spit quick, like 6B tip-tronic stick-shift
Bitch is equipped with a nitrous-oxide flipswitch
If you hate me, why would you recreate me
With those that imitate me and emulate me?
They talk about me so distastefully lately
But that never break me, they underestimate me
Me and the Killer P, and P-A-C get crazy with G-A-T's
I'm a B-E-A-S-T, you don't wanna race me
I do Mach 1 over a A-F-B
No if's, A-N-D's, or B-U-T's
A hundred bars ain't SHIT for a true emcee
SHUT THE FUCK UP! You should be ashamed of yourself
I ain't heard nothin I felt, lemme hear somethin else

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Hott Tonight"

[female]
Oh Germaine, can you please tell me one of your
Hollywood Stories?

Oooh..ahhh..exciete merjemon

[Chorus]
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (I'm so hot tonight)
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (So hot)
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (Caliente)
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (I'm so hot tonight)

[Canibus]
Aiyyo.. c'mere girl, gimme a kiss
Tell the truth, you know you like hangin with Canibus
I know you can't commit but at least try a sample
Who knows, I might be too much man to handle
If I'm attracted to you, I'ma make a long pass at you
Come after you and capture you
Put a platinum GPS bangle around ya ankle
To keep track of you incase I decide to marry you
We can be friends till death do us part
Kiss ya left breast cuz it's next to ya heart
Don't be a mermaid, open up ya legs
If you can't spread eagle, just gimme some head
Whatever the outcome, I just wanna come
Beat it up real good, bust one and run
I believe in abstenence, just not tonight
I can't help myself you look hot tonight

[Chorus]

[Female singer & Canibus]
Chupa chupa, boca chula
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?
Chupa chupa, boca chula
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?
Chupa chupa, boca chula
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?
Chupa chupa, boca chula
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
"Wild On C" with Brooke Burke in the Visa
Steamin like I'm dreamin on the couch with my feet up

I'm not a playboy, I'm a hustler, wait till I touch ya
I'ma do somethin to getchu "burnin" from my Bunson
Clitoris rubbin, sperm pumpin, nerve numbin, humpin in public
The whole world could probably hear you cummin
The way I grab your pumpkin, caress your dumplings
I ain't never leave me girl, so stop frontin
You never wanted a Yes man, you wanted and Arabesque man
With biceps and a chest imprint
Not a skeleton with hardly any skin
I know it's irrelevant but his penis is probably very thin
I'm hung like the trunk of an elephant
Or the trunk of the tree the serpent wrapped around in Genesis
with the same devilish melevolence
Tryin to get you to bite in the food, I injected with seditives
How many orgasms have you had already?
Let's have a shag-a-thon; tell me when you past twenty
When I introduce you to Grand Marye, act friendly
She'll get envious if I ever rub your ass gently
Tonight I'm being a pimp baby, not an emcee
Invite a couple friends, I'll reserve ten seats
After we eat, we can check a couple spots tonight
Gimme kiss, you look hot tonight

[Chorus]

Oooh.. papi..
Oooh.. caliente..
Oooooh...

Canibus Lyrics

"Gotta Get That Doe"

(feat. Pakman)

Yo whattup Pakman
(Aiyyo whattup Bis, I'm waitin for the Rip Off man)
Yo I just wanna know one thing (What's that?)
You ready to get that dough (No doubt)
AIGHT!!

[Chorus: Canibus + Pakman]
We be the rippers that'll bring if you act shady
After we fry you, we puff a blunt and then it's gravy
And you can keep her cuz we don't care about ya lady
Iiiii've gotta get that dough! AIGHT!!

[Canibus]
Aiyyo it's only a handlefull of rap critics
That every had a close-encounter with this rap wizard
You wack rappers can't rip it
In other words your lyrics are to primitive
You need to be more descriptive
Look at the way I flipped it, a True Hollywood Story
I manipulated this miserable music business
Then I caked off two, by going independent
How much you make an album? About ten cents
I make about ten cents, every sentence
It's my third album and I'm workin on my tempence
I don't brag; I'm keep it modest
I'm ain't hot; I'm the hottest
I'm not being pompus, I went through a process
I used to be a prophit, now I make profits
You sound like garbage, one of these days you gon' end up jobless
Pushin a shoppin cart with the same Cristal bottles
you was drinkin out of when shit was poppin
I seen a episode on VH1 Documents
They talked about your drug addiction and what was behind it
The bottom line is, how much you sold
No one gives a fuck if you blow, you gotta get that dough
I'm tired of niggaz talkin about it, but I can't live without it
I'm stuck if I ain't got it, so what's the logic?
Should I talk about material objects, and get on some
"How you like me now bitch," wearing a shiny outfit?
(Nah Bis, don't do that come on) Yeah, I know, I know
But no matter what I do I'ma get that dough, fo' sho'!

[Chorus x2]

[Pakman]
When I get at you niggaz, ain't nuttin personal I gotta

Everything you spit, I'm predictin it's double copper
You the type of nigga to force a nigga to rock ya
Always got ya'self up in the middle of the drama
Frontin for nothin cuz ya niggaz told me you pussy
Need to get smarter and try to holler at the rookies
Fuck with Canibus & Pak and get that ass a coffin
FUCK what you thinkin faggot, we rippin niggaz open
Now is a new day and we be focused on the paper
Still'll get in you but the feeling for dough is greater
Piling with hate and you need to holler at the maker
If you don't do it now, then you gotta face it later
Don't even think about tryna dim a nigga shinin
You gon' fuck around and get slapped up with the iron
Everything we do is connected with gettin paper
And you ain't talk about it, so nigga I'll see you later

[Chorus x2]

[Canibus]
If ya know where ya comin from, ya know where ya goin
I wouldn't doubt myself, not even for a moment
I'm proud of my music cuz it's dope and I wrote it
True Hollywood Stories opens in October
Directed by none other than Canibus for a coper
It's no stoppin me, my commodity is growin
I'll fly anywhere on this planet to promote it
Maybe I should come out with my own line of clothing
I printed up some Canibus shirts and I sold 'em
I jump on stage, and I prove I'm a showman
Can-I-Bus is a microphone omen
I slam it when I'm done to make sure that it's broken
The industry's sick, man I'm already knowin
Never had the luxury to choose, I was chosen
Where I come from, opportunity is golden
Platinum I already sold it, NO SHIT!!

[Chorus x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"R U Lyrically Fit?"

(feat. Luminati)

[Canibus]
Get ready for the Luminati tsunami

[Lou]
C4 *[?]*
Eat meat raw
Street dawgs
Rip these off
And put C's on
Had to ease off
From a show I just peed on
Bought a two-seater that I put 10G's on
Beat her
Cause she took my mother fuckin ring off
She took me to Supreme Court
And the judge got screamed on
They sent me up North
To a prison with a *[?]*
All day long
Lift weights we *[?]*
Meet King-Kong, Big Don, and Little Shawn
Murda One got big arms
He real strong
Beat his own mom 'cause she stole from the weed farm
Word on the streets
Raw
Don't beef with Armstrong
Wrong season
Lou crush anything he breathes on
Pass me the paper and pen
And put beats on
Rip rap songs
[?]

[Canibus]
Yo!
You mess with my horse
You dead as a corpse
Forget it
Rhymes without ending
With infinite lyrics
Fools you do get abused like broads
In a battle for truth with rhymes and metaphors
When my horse appears
Count your prayers
Stab you in the ear

Then pull out the spear
Watch the crowd cheer
Leave the floor wet
With all the blood stains
So the audience knows
The Canibus runs things
I rip down stages
On many occasions
Dozen of broken down mics and melted tape decks
Everywhere I go niggas wanna rob me
Bootleggers be in the front row
Trying to get a clear copy
So take caution
Cause I'm a horseman
And I'll snatch that ass up quick like "turn it off man"
So just acknowledge
The way that I'm gifted
Cause if rap was a felony
I'd be in prison
Hogging up the phone
Cussing at the C.O's
25 to life
With no parole
When battling me
You must be feeling yourself
I rip the jacker so hard
He might kill himself
Like his name was Todd or James
Back in the dark days
It's like a pit bull getting bit by a Shar-Pei
I defend my horse, my men, my friends
My baby's momma
And my offspring
So bring it on then
So I can show you how I devour
Niggas like a rottweiler with acidic saliva
Step ya shit up
Nigga
The rippa's much iller
Cause when I write rhymes
I use the mind to pick the pen up
Most artists are garbage
No skills
They belong in a landfill
Nobody feels it when the grab the mic (let me hear something else)
And start bragging about their massive ice
I can't eat MC's 'cause I lost my appetite
I'm a beast
You a midget
With wack lyrics
Like doctor evil said (quiet, shut up, zip it)
I rain superior
My metaphors are scarier

Non-ill rappers
You better evacuate
Before I exfoliate your face
With abrasive phrases
To give your face a face-lift
Germane spits insane shit
So stop hating if you cant applaud me
And give rap music the glory

[Lou]
'C' - True Hollywood Story

Canibus Lyrics

"Ya Teef Iz Yellow (Skit)"

(feat. Pakman)

YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW

I never thought that it could come down to this
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
it's a subject that I just can't resist
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
You got jokes, but this one here is for you
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
here's a list of things I think you should do
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
As yellow as some pineapple punch
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
they got that way because you don't brush
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
It's too late for that, toothpaste won't be enough
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
you probably got gingivitis in your gums
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
How you smell so freely showin' ya teef
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
if I was you, i'd go and get them shits bleached
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
You need to start buyin toothbrushes by tha threes
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
did anybody ever tell ya they look like straight cheese
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
Mustard yellow, soon they'll be green and brown
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
you totally disgust tha people your around
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
I must admit, they nasty as fuck
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
God forbid somebody drink out your cu

Canibus Lyrics

"Luv U 2"

(feat. Pakman)

[Chorus]
There's a reason why you keep callin my name out of the blue
If it's because you love me, then I love you too
We heard it through the Grapevine and now we know it's true
Just tell me that you love me, I'll say I love you too

[Canibus]
Yo yo, I love my life; I love my wife
I love my daughter; and I love my mic
If you love me, I love you, I'm humble
I won't do things to bug you and start trouble
If you want an autograph, I'ma sign it
I don't care if the plane's leavin and I get left behind it
I'm not that simple-minded
If I had the time, I'd probably type it, or get Stan to write it
You don't shower Canibus with kindness cuz he's the nicest
You do it cuz you genuinely like him
Sure I'll talk to you in private
You might get backstage tickets or ice cream for your politeness
Shake my hand if you like Bis
But you can give me a hug if you got love, try it
Extend ya arms around me, then bend ya arms
Spread the love, a virus created by God
I'm really speakin from the heart cuz I'm touched by you
And I'm glad that you love me, cuz I love you too!

[Chorus]

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!

[Chorus]

[Pakman]
Yeah I know you got love, when you see me you wanna hug me
All excited, hoppin around like the Easter Bunny
I'm like a puppy, all I wanna do is lay down and cuddle
That's why I'm happy that you could finally say that I love you
Nothin wrong with showin feelings to me, cuz I'ma G
And so I can tell you overwhelmed by the way that you breathin
Know you ran up here to see me, wishin that you could be me
Callin people at home while they watchin me on the TV
I'm a household name, with the power to spit flames
Then I flip and give the children somethin they can get with
You love me, then why you got that look in ya eye?
Why every single time you see me you be actin surprised?

No it ain't all for nuttin somethin got to be somethin
And I ain't givin you no paper, so you got to be frontin
What was you doin at ten shows I tore down overseas
And it's funny how you was at the album signing in Queens
Ain't hard to tell you lovin anything connected with Pak
And once I recognize I be the type to give it back
Don't try to fool me, been doin this, I'm no dummy
On a mission to get it, and I'm winnin, you gotta love me!

[Chorus]

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Box Cutta' Blade Runna"

[Helicopter flying, and Pilot talkin]

"Record Industries most wanted: Rip The Jacker:"

Wanted for the '98 slayings of several rappers
One of which went on to be a successful actor
Here's the reactment: He called me at my mans crib
The phone probably rang 2 times then I answered
He sounded really amped up, he tried to scare me
He told me that Def Jam wanted to ban me
And told me Trace at the label wanted to bang me
Damn I wanted to get in her panties, she was scared of me
Canibus hates the media and the magazines
They have so much credability to elaberate schemes
Internet chatrooms with live feeds of a rapper
Being eatin alive by La Peez
Sound barriers like the Lockeed even without means
I run a course rough Terana Mach speed
Thats a rhyme from like 9-3
Thats vivid in the mind, as pictures with 600 DPI's to a sheet
If I'm high when I speak the knowledge is deep
Silent as concrete this is real hip-hop for the streets
I never leave any witnesses, its rediculous
They serve me court papers in the studio I did this in
Missin from society, because they lied to me
They didn't want to accept my documents in society
I study with hundreds of scientist and science teams
And various Ivyleagues, they respect my asteam
What do you want me to rap about? Go ahead try a theme
Gimmie a person, place or thing I'll create the time and scenes
Somewhere in Afghanistan, U.S.A survival teams
Keep a eye on their surroundings and the Jahad Rageam
I total riot scene, back and forth they encript fiber optic beams
On my album out next spring
You motha fuckin right nigga I'm about that cream
I promissed my self I wouldn't shoot it without that scene
It doesnt look right like Cash Money without that bling
Siblings, I mean we all got the same last name
Jermaine Williams, thats my name
Say it again Jermaine Williams, Danggg
I think he goes by the name of the Canibus Man
And occasionally Rip the Jacker but never Stan
Get it through your head and don't ask me again
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat
Have you ever read the book called "The Catcher in The Rye"?
It so happens I'm looking for a copy I could buy
Canibus is comin for ya'll round day outside

Round day outside, round day outside
Alotta ya'll shine, but ya'll cant rhyme
And its about time that I put ya'll in line
Twist your mind with twisted rhymes
As weird as Michael Jackson's nose from the side
Flows that'll buy the quite bow for the times
No need to hide your freinds are all associates of mine
Don't be a stranger come over some time
I got coke if you do lines, you get a Rover to drive
If you hear the engine knockin, just pullover to the side
I guess it hasn't been serviced in all this time
Halloween: True Hollywood Stories release date
We should have a who wants to battle Canibus sweepstakes
Limited to three states
New York City: home of the greats
Philly and out West piece-a-cake
Old school rappers, I wouldn't be around without
Ain't got shit to say but keep puttin albums out
Don't let what I say get you upset
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat...

Canibus Lyrics

"Draft Me"

(feat. C-4)

[female newsreporter talking]
"Also the, hearing from the defense department that they launched
some fifty Tomahawk cruise missiles
Not only from ahh US ships but also from British
submarines in the area"

[Chorus: x2]
Draft me! I wanna fight for my country
Jump in a humvee and murder those monkeys!
Draft me! I'm too dedicated to fail
Justice must prevail (Justice must prevail!)

[Canibus]
Yo, I wanna get drafted, I wanna see somebody get they ass kicked
with standard military tactics
Fuck brass knuckles, I'll punch you with brass fists
Totally flowin with my emotions in my moment of madness
I'll wake up the whole barracks, murder you on your matress
And look at you like, "What's the matter?"
You better go back to your bed, before I have to act up
You might be the next one to get ripped you jacker!
You better not tell the captain
I might accidentally shoot you with the mack 10 at target practice
Runnin through the obstacle course, up and across
Over the logs, five more, damn soldier you strong
Come on, I wanna be agile and docile
Break ya legs like popsicle sticks, put you in a hospital
Stand over top of you, put a pillow over your nostrils
and just feel so sorrowful
It doesn't make me feel powerful, it's just a parable
It's just a rhyme really none of this is tangible
So don't ask me about it, I won't get angry at you
And before I get angry, I just won't answer you
You better go get in shape or lift some weights nigga
Cuz next time I see you I'ma be a ape nigga
Lemme find out you still callin out my name
I'll crash into your tourbus with a plane nigga

[Chorus: x2]

[C-4]
Fuckin with my freedom, leave a muh'fucker bleedin
Leave 'em in pain like a infant when he teethin
It's huntin season, and ya loved ones grievin
Cuz I never back up (no sir) I never back down
Ask Brown (Ha!) From the bell to the last round

Face down, dick in the dirt, hit 'em where it hurt
Make the enemy my lil' bitch in a skirt
Cuz when it rained it poured, this ain't a game it's war
One goal, one aim son, same as yours
Alotta pain to endure, terrain to explore
And I'ma hold my weapon right cuz I was trained in the Corp
You don't want no trouble, whole city reduced to rubble
And we gon' make it happen, quick, fast, and on the double
Draft me!

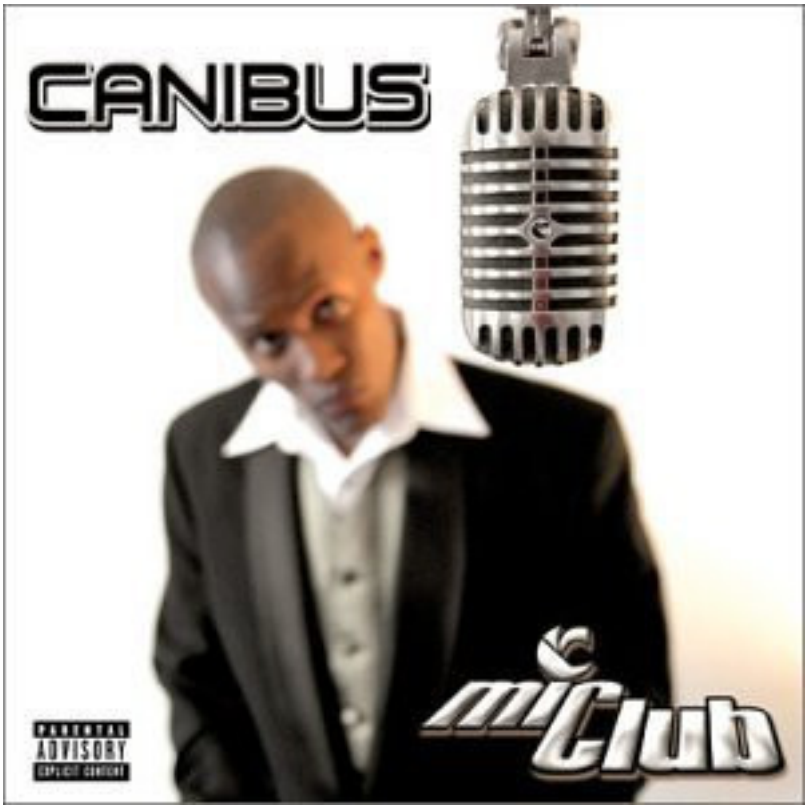
[C-4]
So y'all best go get y'all shuffles!
(Draft me) The situation's gettin ugly
So who better butt me, and put to sleep the enemy
Draft me, pass me, the M-16
Give me a buzz cut, ask me if I give a fuck
I'm comin out blastin, military four-fashion
Twelve close castin, for weapons of mass-distraction
Outlastin, all the privates in my company
Fightin for my family, and the cats that grew up with me
My Band of Brothers, rarely just smother the enemy
Razor blades cut ya face and leave a scar so you remember me
Lurkin, to leave y'all with bloody red turbans
Screamin "Jihad!" while y'all pray to a false god
We ready for, all out war, it's time to settle the score
Grab a .44 and dump into nigga's door
Draft me, you ain't even gotta ask me, I'm ready
With the Rambo machete, using tactics that's deadly
Draft me, I swear to God, we ready for the Taliban
Drop the bomb, and huddle with some nuclear laws, come on!

[Chorus: x2]

[Canibus as Stan]
Truthfully, I wouldn't wanna go to war if they asked me
I'd rather puff hashies and talk about headies and Lassie
I was just sayin to Canibus last week
I heard a record called Channel 0 that was mad deep
When I'm overseas I can't eat, the food is nasty
Bis has a seafood fancy, I'm allergic to crabby
G'head draft me, your all in my new family
I'll have a good time wavin gats at the ???
If I get hit, one of the team'll carry me
So g'head draft me, g'head draft me

[Chorus: x2]

[George W. Bush talking]
"The only way to pursue peace is to pursue those that threaten it
We did not ask for this mission, but we will fulfill it..."


CANIBUS
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
mIClub

Canibus Lyrics

"Mic Club Intro"

[Canibus:]
Hahahahaha

Enter the Mic Club, this is where it all starts
MC's defend their honor at all costs
Cycle of winners, this ain't for beginners
Front and centre, state your name and your business
When I pass you the mic, you better burn it
Don't be squirmish, you want respect? You've gotta earn it
This is where we define purpose
How much heart lies beneath the surface?
What's hidden behind the curtain?
Besides tight verses, nothing in life is certain
If you live as long as your words, you make life worth it
Writing rhymes give me a buzz, I do this for the love
Welcome to the M-I-C club...

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate"

Yo, Houston to Earth
Watch the ripper crucify you with verse
My urethra to ya uvula, quenches your thirst
Put your flames out with dry desert dirt where leopards lurk
Lock your soul down with an esoteric weapon search
Strap a bomb to one of your labels record clerks
And activate it as soon as they get to work
Ring the alarm, red alert, nigga it gets worse
Bypass security networks with select words
Megahertz make nebulas reverse till your head burst
Call the press first and ask them who got the best verse
Give me the respect I deserve
If you are what you eat, it's obvious I can't eat what I'm worth
Yall niggas eat pussy and burp
The other half of yall suck dick till your jaws and ya neck hurt
When you address me nigga end your sentence with sir
Critics went beszerk they aint even heard my best work
See I broke into the mind by
Quietly goin by their eardrum walls and hotwired they skulls
Yeah I earned the name Canibus, but what did it cost?
Battle rappers nothing but a serendipitous whore
Niggas probably like, what da fuck he dissin him for?
Yeah he dissed me first but you was never informed
I'm one of the top five nigga, my shit is tight nigga
you heard it right nigga, I rock mics nigga
But the limelight isn't where I belong
The top four don't even look in the mirror no more
If they did I'd be in the mirror looking back at em, ready to grab them
Kidnap them, and put them on my album
I rip jackers, Rip the time space fabric
Loop the future with the past tense looking for patterns
Eradicate Africans that sold Africans to Saxons
and forced black men to pay taxes
Attack a wack bitch with counter tactics
Split your bullet proof chases in half with a rapid gatling
Keep firing at cha till you trapped in
Now come back and scramble for helicopter extractions
While I'm back and forth back braggin
How I tortured them faggots and stabbed them with rip the jacker daggers
Slay dragons with old passages from black magic manuscripts
I found in the cabinet written in Arabic
Translate to characters one by one, like Arafat tarot cards suggest
I make terrorist threats through your stereo sets
Various anthrax carriers sendin serin to the press
At an imaginary address, Cani's the best
Untraceable, your pictures unpaintable, canvas thats wet
Let me dry you of wit some of this fire I spit

26 years old nigga look how I spit
A microphone fiend since I was like fourteen
My Cuban uncle used to sell cocaine, OK?
I'm reloaded, you fuckin wit the wrong emcee
Crudes felt your cold disease to the whole industry
Potent as Hennessey that was distilled in Tennessee
One shot scrambles your memory indefinitely
Nowadays a hundred bars aint impressive to me
You stepping to me nigga do it intelligently
You wanna battle or you wanna fuckin wrestle wit me
You aint better than me, you just got an obsession wit me
Canibus hybrid, the cake icing of rhyminingness
As I grow older I get colder like the declining
Climate of earth's environment, I'm entirely tireless
Rhymes come from my higherness of wireless dialect
Scientist on cyber speed design my specs
Astral project, therein height in secs, chakras connect
Doctors inspect what they can't possibly interpret yet
That's why they revert to threats
They curse and throw fits
They like immature earth cadets, looking like Captain Kirk in a dress
Lyrically I step on you, rip on you, then I defecate what I just digested on you
I'm better than you, I'm better than you, I'm better than you
Just to get the checkered flag I'll put the pressure on you
Put the extra effort on you
Write a motha fuckin letter to you and your editors too, threatin you
Detective check your mail and your messenger to
You can take this verbal slashin that I left as a clue
Execute the type of wickedness the devil approves
Which basically means I can do whatever witchu
I'm a rap music mutant, wit a cool name
Misconstrue fame but I spit butane
Blue flames out giant CO2 tanks
Demagnetize memory banks, enhanced, advanced
One of a kind like modern man's retina scan
Quick as a glance and flickers from kerosene lamps
What you want me to break first your jaw or your grill?
What type of spit you want from me sparkling or steel
Study law, yield draw up my own deals
So the longer they resist me the stronger I feel
Spread the ganglia from Tanzania to the flats of East Anglia
Give up, you cant keep up
The man eater in a wife beater
Spreadin Typhoid Fever through mic receivers with light reverb
Type in the right keywords, I might emerge
Takes a really nice nigga to excite these nerds
Niggas wanna see the gully in me, keep fuckin with me
Never under pressure, I keep the pressure under me
Bun?? Or weed, drop a freestyle on the internet then watch niggas burn the CD
Upload a picture of your mug getting DP'd
I'm one size away from 13, believe it she p'd
I'm the illest and its gonna be that way for eva
Word of mouth is good but a mouth of words is betta nigga

No body gets sicker than the ripper!!!!!!!!

Canibus Lyrics

"Master Thesis"

This is the master thesis underneath the deepness
Come to micclub.net where you can read this
Run a plot on a map hyper space 'ya
From the society for scientific exploration
Color is vibration, vibration is sound
Sound resonates through the mouth check it out
What I say vibrates no less than 9 ways
South, South East, West, south west, east
North, North east, North west
And the black and white images fade
To great sound waves
Track my adversaries like a mouse in a maze
With a bewildering array, of lyrical display
The best of Bis oftenly rearrange
Moto atomic elements, with a deft intelligence
The highest professorship, my English etiquette
Compels me to not say it if I can't spell it bitch
My circularised 3rd Eye, sees all
Atlantis was surrounded by 4 sea walls
I read one-fourth of the Library of Alexandria
Before it was burnt to the floor
I wish I could've learned more
About the shapes of the sacred geometry they used to draw
They were new millennium but Euclidian in form
Ancient in many ways but not nearly as old
Carved from Egyptian gold molded in Assyria
With processed Beryllium by the quintillion
They cooked on symmetrical stoves
With my logo etched above the hole where they inserted the coal
And they barbecued birds to the bone
They burned incense in a Buck Mister Fuller type dome
I talked to Mr. Fuller over the phone
And he said he had a contract to rebuild Rome
Said he didn't want to do it alone
I told him I was busy writing poems
But I'll think about going
The process was slow, and the dough was low
But I took it as the perfect opportunity to grow
Plus I never traveled that far from home
But I heard about the beauty of Sydonian (city of ancient Phoenicia) snow
Neon green grass, statues made from translucent glass
I'll be crazy to pass
I like nigerian Jazz
The blue twilight band
That plays tunes from a laser black sax
It sounds so laid back
It helps me relax

I brought the album after seeing K-Pax
Ooh how I miss my nautilus
I was told faren goat and mcdotilus did not exist
You have a modest case of scaphocephalous
I prescribe some neo gothic anti-biotics
Words concocted from the lyrical lock smith
Deadly as 10 droplets of Ricin toxin
From every angle the competition gets boxed in
Its Dr. C indoctrinates his doctrine
Translate the English alphabet
To the omega text
Life is now and death is next
Post bond out on bail from the belly of hell
Communicate through diatonic and pentatonic scale
These dark side tales might affect sales
I set sail and hunt down erect sperm whales
Use the aphrodisiac to get a female
Call ginger tie her up and drink her ginger ale
Grand maryey for me scotch on the rocks for you
Your vocab is smaller than a cup of jewels
In the studio with james lipton
Reminiscing about the script that was written
Before the beginning
All of a sudden the boo's turned into applause
My jaws stronger then the kenenday Macaws
Cant even count the bars
I've expended so far
Don't want to rap no more its been so long
I wish the clock would hurry up and tick
Im out in the bush and the sticks
Humpin a hundred clicks
Dr scholes gave me a good fit
Me and him went to school together back in 86
When I was really ill
Puttin flank energy in a rhyme the size of a Tylenol pill
You wanna laugh now
And cast your belligerent doubt
Show you what poetry is really about
The side affects will make you pass out
Followed by skin rash
Itching diarrhea nausea and dry mouth
You want a time out?
You better spit a rhyme out
Before the community of real mc's die out
College students say to me "you ain't smart"
Record label A&Rs say: "this ain't art"
These are the contents of the covenant of the art
Listen to my chest beat tell me this ain't heart
You gotta be as obsequious
As the Disciples of Jesus
This is my MASTER THESIS

Canibus Lyrics

"Behind Enemy Rhymes"

Behind enemy rhymes, when the curriculum storms
Behind enemy rhymes, when the curriculum storms

It's like this yo, check it out, uh, yo
When the curriculum storms
modern rap history is re-born in cd code in the form of a poem
Anyone who study Canibus past
knows he has to answer the questions you not advanced enough to ask
Super advanced, faculty man, chairman of curriculum class
85% never pass, 10% smile and 5% don't even laugh
When the chalks in my hand and I'm drawin up graphs
I present the contingency plan to the top grads
They probably think I'm on speed I'm talkin so fast
The body of the rhyme is smooth, like body in bath
The Submary is more explosive than a meth lab blast
My symmetrical geometry shatter glass
As my U 2 35 rhyme hits critical mass
Apocalypse now, lyrical raps blow everything off the map
from green grass to African Bayobats
Spike with electro mats, aircrafts crash
CDC's in the streets passin out gas masks
Gorgeous women thank me for the oxygen tank
Baby, the sherrons on my arms will tell you I reign
Maybe I'll become another casualty in the field
They'll ingrave my gravestone with the master steel
The best beats in the world couldn't rival my skill
It's like pourin a couple water on a million beach whales
The french is speakin basics, i should re-interate this
We rise to great heights by winding staircases
Lines spiral and a french spiral design
When the curriculum storms, Behind enemy rhymes

When the curriculum storms, this is lyrical law
Computer programmed bars come out of digital jaws
This is the toughest course in hip hop so far
Behind enemy rhymes, when the curriculum storms, *[x2]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Allied Meta Forces"

(feat. Kool G Rap)

[Canibus:]
Yo, the shotee rip, perforate the skin on top of your ribs
Red stuff comes out of squibs like a Hollywood script
Bitch niggaz on the floor screamin' for mommy and shit
Cardiologists hook up the heart monitors quick
Thermometer temperature dips below seventy-six
That's what you get for tellin' niggaz that you're better than 'Bis
Not possible, if I can't pronounce it, it ain't rhymable
The audible probability probably ain't probable
Supreme rap, G rap underground without a roof
Chopper proof, holdin' Hip-Hop for hostage about to shoot
Helicopters stabilize at low altitudes
Talkin' to the negotiator layin' out the rules
In a tight compromisin' loop road blocked with troops
Under orders not to shoot but they break your vertebra with boots
Ten O'clock news flash, 'Bis and G Rap
All points bulletin lookin' for them niggaz in black
Leaned back in an Avocado El-Dorado
Passin' the bottle, speakin' Japanese like, "No me mah show"
She's got a banging body, cold sushi with warm saki
And if I'm rappin' sloppy G's got me

[Kool G. Rap:]
Welcome to my world, danger and hazards
Gang of bastards, bangin' they ratchets
King and the Jacker, slangin' in traffic
Claimin' they cabbage, obtain half, they aimin' for stackage
Get brains from the attic, keep blingin' with karats
Cops see me in Maddox, then let ya dame have it, flames to the attic
The stains on ya fabric, the paint in the graphic
Canibus and G Rap, bangin' a classic
And if that beef on the street - hate you enough
Blow out ya brain in ya casket
Don't you love this drug element?
Where slugs crush ya melon and dome
Chrome that's known to break bones in an elephant
Shotgun pellets and, gunsmoke; smell the scent
Big bullets wiggle ya guts like gelatin
Cut through ya skeleton, knockage intelligence
Bystanders bite the dust
Jake wanna be like a Russian cuffed thrown in that Riker bus
We raised in the slums, with haze in our lungs, raisin' the guns
Knowin' - my day'll come, razors under the tongue
Clips in the steel, bricks in the wheels
Chips in the field of fortune
Dead men walkin' with hits on the grills

Late night at the spot, posted with goons, dope and balloons
Coke and the doom, you scheme?
I'll leave you open with wounds, nigga!
Witness G Rap put it back in perspective
Beat up shit with a dash of the peppers
Get blast for ya necklace
Leave ya brains on the dash in ya Lexus
We up in the club, dash for the exit
Make ya spread 'em out - show you what this lead about
Take it from an old thug, whoever clean cold blood
Believe they bled it out (Yo)
Crave for the war, pop out rages with fours
Hit the jackpot, blazin' the raw - gettin' bands in the pores
Bitches enjoy with dick in their jaws
The frame drank sick of Valor, straight bandit spot
Open up shop, turn the block to "Planet Rock"
Shit with no chop, slept with the glock with the hammer cocked
Servin' the fiends, hop in the Suburban and lean
Look at that don nigga swervin' in Queens, playa
Ballin' a lot, brawlin' for props, callin' the shots
Hit the curb, birds all on the flock
Jockin', like "who that there covered in all of them rocks"
(Giacanna) It's royalty bitch, fall on the cock, recognize one (Ride out)
Giacanna G Rap, that live one - pay homage (God bitch!)
Get it fucked up, I spray comments, nigga what?!
(Nigga what, it's The Curriculum: Mic Club)

[Canibus:]
Yo, e'yythin' is e'yythin' my nigga
I ain't bitter but if I give you the finger it'll be behind a trigger
Faggot ass nigga livin' in a gated community
Up at radio tellin' them what you're going to do to me
I live in the 'burbs
Clean my Winchester every other weekend with the same dirty Hanes shirt
It takes two to tango, three to jump rope
Four to bury the body plus look out for poe'
Yo, I guard everythin' within the limits of my post
My orders are to smoke you if you get too close
The whole Globe is scared of my flow
Spirit world, scared of my soul
Nowadays it's like I’m scared to be known
The methods of my motivation is completely subjective
My perception is completely parallel to perspective
Rhyming is the reason I spit in faces
Habituation of my flamboyance without rational reservation
Whiskey, X-ray, Yankee, Zulu, unusual
Wordologically my syllable position is beautiful
Only respect niggaz if the feelin' is mutual
G Rap snatched the jewels from you; I'll throw them in the crucible
Probably throw you in it too, mix it up and make nigga-stew
If you can't admit I'm iller than you
Baby what's wrong with your shadows, Canibus and G Rap flow
Mothafucka you're 'fessionallin' with the Pros

[Kool G. Rap:]
Know it's, dough over hoes - bankrolls, Rovers and clothes
And shots blow all them cowards and foes
Giacanna proud with the pros, foul mode
We quick reachers, spear with the fearless 'til you drip liters
Flip divas, the big secret on the strip to 'til their tits and beaver
Sip Cris' and sniff coke of the peeter
Yeah we ball big baby, lock off the meter
You should see us, it's movie star status
Scar lavish large cabbage, rip the Pablo Escobar fabrics
Froze the road we chose, not a pretty route, nittied out
Grimey and grittied out, stack dough, jiggy out
Dime bitches behavin' like ya sex slave skizzied out
Some nigga dizzy style 'til he's out, busy mouth
Swerve to the curb, hit the bird split the kitties out
We kidnap for trap - blackmail for a gang a mill
Spot banger himself, fishscale rocks under the fingernails
The blood trail lead to a corpse
Treat my appetite for greed with a torch
For keys to a Porsche, to breeze in the loft
Roll up my hand sheets with the force
We squeeze off, no need for remorse, playa
Forty wild goons, we forty Calhouns
You die forty foul dooms for forty coward moves
Bless sparkle, and spark until my shorty style rules
Giancanna dead? We spread; I'll be a 40 mile tune nigga
What, what nigga? The noble laureate comin' at y'all niggaz
Uh, 40-pound style nigga

Canibus Lyrics

"Cenoir Studies 02"

[Canibus]
Yo the artists come and go, so does the show
So does the dough, nothin lasts forever you know
It's all about the experience and what you take from it
What you learn in the process, what you make of it
Number two in the world at the top of the summit, I loved it
Shoulda packed a parachute for the plummet
Now I'm opening these clips crawlin through mud pits
With guns and hundreds of clips on Uncle Sam's budget
Hundred rifles itself, handcuff Bert Reynolds
To Jim Brown and escape with Raquel Welsh
Isn't my queen lovely? feed her rum of rays
And ice cream, shower her with diamond rings and money
23 hours a day I study
Dreamin about beautiful women I hate you gay teletubies
Dreams keep my alive you can't take em from me
The battlefield is bloody, mean, and ugly
My andrenaline rushes when the enemy rush me
Tryin to bust me cuz I swore I'd defend my country
If I could choose between being lucky and having money
Nothing negative could ever touch me
What must be is ultimately not up to me
But I sacrifice my life for yours if you trust me
Pin my medals upon my chest
So I could left-right-left in a certain death
God's speed and God bless
In the end I hope God is impressed if I'm put to rest
I did what I came to do, no time left
Say my name out the blue cuz I rhyme it the best
Mic club dot net see me live in the flesh
You could come and download every rhyme that I spit
You could pay homage to Rip for one dollar a clip
None of those rhymes is on the album bitch
It's a storage facility where I keep my shit
For the students in the class that wanna peep my shit
Break a bootlegger leg if he leak my shit
You don't wanna sign him bitch then eat my shit
Drink my piss, you could never compete like this
I'ma give you an example how deep I get
Technology not available for purchase
My brains collects, stores, and converts million bar verses
At a stand-off distance of a thousand feet
I illuminate the target and pound em to sleep
To within one micro-inch if you out in the street
I could close my ears and still move my mouth to the beat
Dial-up to your network and make your files delete
Count to three, listen to you browse a beat

Too late, foot already stepped in the feces
Dr. Norton's too sick to help your PCs
Virtually I make your virtual memory freeze
With a weapon of mass destruction double you MD's
I'm a TMC trouble to MCs
Destroy colonies with UCAVs
I send in no less than twenty 18s
Wipe you out before I even get to the beach
With my Trans-atmospheric space based mirrors
Can you write that out without typographical error?
Dumb fucks I'm the best ever whatever
Divide 18 by 6 you get the third letter
From the lowest earth orbit up to the heavens
I bomb y'all wit lyrics of flesh shredders and petters forever
As a spitter I'm still tougher than leather
I had to go underground to get over the pressure
Battle rap from the Renaissance multi-megawatt
Bury you beneath the bedrock on the bed of rocks
I could never get bored
I write about Hugsley vs Wibble Force, fuck writin killer chorus
Copenhaven curriculum of metaphors
Everything from Bob Marley to Tenor Saul
The System of A Down song number 14
I see aerials in the sky when I dream
The end is near I wish it would hurry up
I feel nano-bacteria burning me up
Before I explain in detail
You should examine the Mahr's mineral samples under my nails
Sometimes I wonder who's listening
The auditory Pavlovian conditioning's so sickening
My adenine, guanine, cytosine,
And thymine is really what makes my rhyme supreme
Soon as I hear the beat, bada-bing
You gotta think: a hundred bars...damn, that's a lotta ink
Eventually all of my albums'll be out of print
There'll be a clone for every style I invent
For every line I rhyme intense
For all the time I spent, every word I spit since 96
If you could input at a hundred
I could output way above it, if we in public, I double it
Put this on your study list and go study, bitch
Basically quoting Hammer you "can't touch this"
I'm too assertive and alert for what its worth
My best piece of work is still yearning to be birthed
Class Dismissed
Cenoir Studies from Canibus

[Outro]
There is something mystical, but it's not RARE
and nobody should treat it as though this is something special
that writer's do... anybody--anybody born physically able in the brain
can sit down and begin to write something and discover
that there are depths in her soul or his soul that are untapped

Canibus Lyrics

""C" Section"

[Chorus]
This is the C section
Rippin and wreckin the lyrical legends sendin y'all to mic club heaven
This is the C section
A lyrical legend second to none in this profession

[Canibus]
I spit it exquisite
And rip it minute by minute
I'm in it to win it
You fuckin rhyme with bis you finished
Lyrical menace scrape enamel off your teeth like a dentist
With a senator minister from the executive senate
Pro-gression followed by metaphorical methods
Testing 1 2 3 4 testing testing
Supreme supremacist nemesis to competitors
Predators eat intestines of anything they entrusted in
Slice you like lettuce and celery start seven
Then make a mc salad out of suckas and sell it
For an expensive percentage
With nine tenths of the credit
Drink red bull beverage to increase lyrical leverage
I only give respect to mic club members and my own mentors
In the center of my circle where I dare you to enter
This is art imitating life imitating art
Imitating the brain simulating thoughts when I talk
Idealistically I spit for free
The cinography of the rhyme is what balances me
Challenges me
E A six speed prowlers
Superior air power
Fly around us with propulsion that's soundless
Spittin rhymes out by the thousands
Nitro-glycerin tablets under the tongue calm me down a bit
Attitude cynicism and lassitude
Battle you? come on dude I should slap you fool
Spit what I'll leave your lips numb the friction is so sick son
Your children disappear from a trition
Rhythmic high intensity conflict is a given it
Especially if Canibus is doin the rippin
You snippin to clippin in the C-section incisions
With scissors with rubber ergonomic grip for the fingers
Liars for hire with a defense like Jeffery Fygar
And rock it like thugs who work for mic club
Hyped up and tear the mic up my man
Move forward as expeditiously as I can
Ain't nobody in the world like Bis

The nitrous with radio telescopic devices
Same type shit
Facially hairless igogarious Jamaican-American
Lyricist turned microphone terrorist
Airlift me off the front line to my therapist
So I can sit in his chair and tell him how much I care for this
This is what they want this is what they love
To engage in the exchange of ideas and drugs
While I'm in the cut satellite trackin you rappers
With months of food rations beneath the catacombs of Paris
Theories of super-lattice and super-savage
Atomic attack tachometers flash when I punch the gas bitch
The farther I climb the harder I rhyme
You gotta face death and survive to feel more alive
The quality of life is an illusion of the mind
Super-imposed lines look two-dimensional from the side
According to the science of the C-section applied
If they say I'm the best after I die don't be surprised
I C-section the sky let my energy rise
At the moment of truth I know it's definitely my time
As my soul is eased through the sive I'll be grateful because I lived
The only drawback is that I didn't have kids
To C-section my beautiful whiz
And see the resemblance of my face in hers or his
Who knows what the future will bring
It stresses me to think
This mic meant everything now it doesn't seem important
Now I gotta follow orders defend borders
From Maine to California Seattle to Florida
If I could talk to the Oracle I know what I'd ask her
I'd speak to her about my passions
As the hourglasses turn my life passes
I'll just wait till I see the master and I'll just ask him
Forget it that's the future this is the present
A message to anybody listenin to the C section

[Chorus x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Drama A/T"

(feat. Luminati)

[Canibus]
Executive Order 11002
The reason you know me but I don't know you
You really wanna know what drama is let me show you
But keep in mind this is just one point of view
Drama is livin' in a 3rd world country
Fucked up and hungry without no money
Drama is trying to adjust to circumstance
Missing more than one leg or more than one hand
Drama is being chased off ya' land
By a funny looking man in a suit that works for the bank
Drama is what's happening to the ecosystem
And the animals it feeds, from the damage to trees
To rainforests that get destroyed annually
Damn is it just me who cares about the air that we breathe?
Drama is the nuclear threat that we live with
One bomb and everybody's dead that's some sick shit
Drama is HIV statistics
The infected person that you might have sex with, life goes on
But drama is living with the afterthought that maybe you could have prevented it
Drama is imminent, it comes in other forms
The sick pedophiles who support child porn
Never mind the offenders
Think about what the victims go through and what the fuck they gotta' live wit
Drama is the prison population
Some belong there but also some belong on probation
Drama is not being able to change one thing
Cause the system you live in says you ain't shit
Drama is corporate scandal
Drama is a handful of CEO's playin' you for a damn fool
Drama is being a millionaire
But gotta' recoup half the budget from your 10 percent share
Drama is having one too many women
Even though you always need a spare one to swim in
Drama is dealing with your jealous impulses
Learning how to hold it all in with no emotion
Drama is blind devotion
Drama is having your deepest secrets exposed in the open
Drama is having your heart broken
And the person who broke it doesn't even motherfucking notice
Drama is trying to carry a burden all by yourself on your shoulders and it don't exist
Drama is being falsely accused, Drama is the latest news
Drama is what gives people clues
Drama is a tool you can use to distract ya' enemy so they never improve
Drama is the fear of devils and the fear of God
Drama is a long and hard Tech support desk job

Drama is the life of an up-and-coming actor or rapper
Or athlete or building contractor
Drama is a rookie cop calling for backup
The 3 strike perpetrator that's getting tatted up
Drama is the spin zone of a politician
Drama is K-Solo when he said the rhyme did it
Drama is the struggle of change
Drama is inevitable there is no other way
Drama is what drains life force out of you
Drama is negative but drama can empower you
Drama is love, Drama is pain
Drama exists in everything everyday
Drama is the Yen, Drama is the Yang
Drama is the innate nature of man
Drama contracts, Drama expands
Drama is what I am

[Luminati]
Pull up a chair to the aristocracy of commonwealth prophecy
The legacy of generation three isosceles
Logical geometry, illogical melodies
Integrated with memories that mix melodically
Beyond the insight of what a modern-day monkey sees
Get chopped in three for pathetic hypocrisy
False bureaucracy breeds poetic monopolies
Chateau de Trevano is my property
An addict for drama and dramatic oddities
Addicted to bottles of sticky green botany
In a reflection of the split seas you see me in 3D
Tripping off three hits of E
Half-a-tablet for you 2-and-a-half for me
A rappers speech is slurred for eternal depravity
Naturally ignore gravity project astrally
Ascend gradually till the stratosphere passes me
Earth's actually esoterically absent to me
Take a crack at me with blurred clarity - battle me
Spiders crawl outta the skin the six headed beast
Evil beings that wrestle with demons in the deep
Useless to eat 200 pounds of rotten meat
Shrink heads drink black milk collect black teeth
Luminati tribal chief wear it as trophy piece
My women are ornamented with a blood soaked wreath
Like Christmas minus Christ plus the heat
The Ascended Master, leader of all immortal freaks
Voodoo curse on your last and future release
Unleash the worst plague put the world under siege
Till your name is unheard and your face is unseen
Till your just a nightmare of an accursed dream
Tell the supreme to curse your whole team and your unborn seed
Poison your queen like the Furher's last week
In the blood filled streets your a leech
Less than a man a poverty stricken thief with grief
At night you speak to Satan before you go to sleep

Worshipping the flesh like poor pagan priests
Your future's oblique
I command your heart to seize its beat
Thou shall inherit disease, drama and defeat...

Drama... Drama... Drama... Drama

Canibus Lyrics

"Dr C Phd"

Yo, I plan to build a myself a facility before I'm 40
a molecular archceogenetic laboratory
that can analyze complex poetry data for me
even if it was recorded poorly, how extraordinary
I frog leap over awful beats
then I separate rappers by the carbon-14s
to determine the age of anything ever made
regardless of how the outside surface has changed
I put a curse on your name, bombard your brain
with gamma x-rays till you burst into flames
with the scientifically quantifiable megalomaniacal
viable style, it's like trying to ride a bull
let's have a dictionary duel after school
check into me a nice Cedar Sinai room
so I can get sick as the flu, spittin the truth
if you ain't got this album, you missing the proof
prepare for your doom my nuclear rocket plumes
glow against the pale background of the moon
toxic fumes spoil complete stocks of fruits, and foods
burning your flammable boxes and booms
got in the groove even though I'm not in the mood
motherfucker you didn't win 'cause I can't lose
give the fans the chance to choose, fuck you
who's the illest, who's it really up to
rapping fire, you better run for the pacifier
tie you up and drown you in the saliva quagmire
till your oxygen expires and your lungs dry up
'cause you said Bis ain't dope, you a damn liar
disaster for hire over beats by pious
flow like the Tigris, Euphrates, with the Eye of the Tiger
in my iris, Canibus is a fighter
motherfucker, my greatgrandfather was Irish
let's roll the dices, 'll break you like young Tyson
give me the mic man, I don't need no hype man
put a thousand on me, put one on him
i tear off his limbs, throw him in, and tell him to swim
yo I soak that shit and coat that shit in soy sauce
tell the FCC boss, turn that noise off
call Detroit's Mafia Boss
tell him yo, I got a job for you, I want you to bust his balls
Drop him off by Niagra Falls
write my name on a banana and put the banana between his jaws
nobody disrespects lyrical law
I'm the best there ever is and the best ever was
training like a grunt face down in the mud
with blood, sweat, and tears, sucking it up
yo, you wonder where I am right now

I'm probably somewhere on the microphone fucking it up
dead or alive, Canibus will live through the rhyme
to be the illest on the mic is a mission of mine
spittin' divine, you can't get it twisted this time
vocal wit

Canibus Lyrics

"Bis Vs. RIP"

(feat. RIP The Jacker)

[Rip]
Yo, you fuckin' hate me, you fuckin' lock me in the basement
And you still want me to protect you - it doesn't make since
Can-I-Bitch. I supported you like a weight bench
Without me you're defenseless you better face it
You ain't show me love when you was at your apex
Getting paychecks up at the radio with DMX and Flex
Catching wreck while Noreaga was catching his breath
I had to keep the situation in check
Look at the vericose veins in my neck, Jermaine is the best
The industry fucked you, I'm just paying 'em back
What's the matter with slayin' jackers? That's all I've been doin'
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nothin' to 'em
They just mad cuz when I see 'em I don't run up to 'em
Between me and you, yo you know I run right through 'em

[Bis]
Calm down

[Rip]
Who you telling to calm down nigga, I'm a ripper remember?
I told you not to do "Gone Til November."
But you wouldn't listen. I always had your best interests in mind
I wrote all your best lyrical lines
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful lines
On stage if you was tired, I was spittin' sometimes
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let that shit ride
But I'm getting tired of having to remind you Bis
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis

[Bis]
What?! Man, why you trippin', you know it's a crazy business
You a lying ass bitch and you know it
Group Home was part my company, I co-owned it
If its one thing I learned in show biz
Stay focused and don't quit Rip
Why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

[Rip]
Germaine, you fuckin' water brain
Don't you understand, fuck the mainstream
You should just call out names
The industry's all about game
I shit on 'em all the same
And I leave spit stains on their brain

Like liquid chocolate spilling over their new white trainers
Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan
Canibus is amazing, I don't know what the fuck Germain is
I just know that both of y'all are trying my patience
I don't give a fuck about a beat, I've been rhyming for ages
Rippers are dangerous. All jackers are afraid of us
You wanna face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

[Bis]
That's ridiculous

[Rip]
A'ight then, listen to mine
I jump in a costume impromptu just to rob you
Put the nozzle to your eye ball and tell you what not to do
Rip your tonsils out through your nostrils
Bury you next to shark fossils
Make it impossible to find you
Depths that Jacque Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to
With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules
Lock you in a time capsule, smash the console
Shit on you in reverse and suck you in a brown hole
Suck the power out of your soul
You're nothing but a coward in the cold freezer with a hour to go
Watching my Casio stop watch, counting it slow
Like drug lords checking to see if it's talcum or coke
I can kill you by drowning the globe
Or I can just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in your throat
In battles I'm a thousand to no. I silenced the Pope
Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?
No? I thought so
Neither do I
Its a dick between your mother's thighs divided by pi
I'm the sickest linguistically, illicit lyrical misfit, in the business
And probably in existence. What's your consensus?
Study my own syntax statistics since '96
With CPA certified assistance
I made a decision that my standards are above precision
The only thing I can honestly say I love more than women
Are dope writtens. If it ain't dope then don't spit it
Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive
Just practice your penmanship
If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit
Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left
According to manufacture's specs you'll make a mess
And rupture the blood vessels in your neck fucking with Rip
Got millions of blueprints on zip disk
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversion kits
With a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip
You never experienced work like this, Bitch!
Welcome to the serpentine world where I spit
The world where I twist, the world that I rip, the world where I live

[Bis]
Okay Rip you made your point, I can't out-rap you
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too
A lot of these rappers is jealous that's why they attack you
They think you the best, that's why they wanna battle you
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos
You are the illest alive. That's a fact that you proved
Just a couple rappers don't want it to happen for you
Raggin' on you like battling is all you can do
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you
Nobody knows the truth, you got talent out the gazoo
When niggas first heard you it was like "Man on the Moon"
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you
What happens if the rumors about being a faggot are true?
Look what it's running into
I don't feel like having this discussion with you
I'm tired of fucking with you
Niggas in the game don't wanna do nothing with you
Bussin' with you. Going one on one with who?
They wanna get rid of you. Shit is too lyrical
Headhunters out to get you. That's why I had to protect you
I wouldn't disrespect you as another intellectual
Without you I'm unsuccessful
God bless you
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?
Ever since my third album I've been mentioning you
I got your name on my arm, I'm representing you
You Rip the Jacker. I would never question you
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga
I just want you to listen to what I'm telling you
What happened between L and you, forget it
People know you won the battle, they will give you the credit
A lot of people don't want to admit it
But I consider it a real privilege
To bear witness to your lyrics and be involved in sharing the merits
I'm forever indebted
I just need you to chill for a second so I can send a positive message
Like Tupac before he left us
The author of the work ethic Genesis
Has inspired me to write the ExeBis scripts
As a constant reminder not to forget Bis
But I've reached a precipice
Remember Rip
You can't rhyme forever, there's always somebody with better shit
I keep you out the public eye for a reason
You're a commodity Rip. Ain't that how you wanna keep it?
I keep your whereabouts secret
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend so why is you beefin'?

[Rip]
Ayo, stop patronizing me
You despise me

All you wanna do is steal rhymes from me
You constantly keep me behind walls of concrete
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin zombie
If I was a priority
You'd acknowledge me
You ain't shit neither, you ain't got no college degree
You can't rhyme without me
Stop smiling at me
Give me the keys to the garage, I need to borrow the Jeep
Get the fuck out my face Bis!

Canibus Lyrics

"Liberal Arts"

(feat. Jedi Mind Tricks)

[Voice-Over]
Once more, it has been done
That in order to save it
You would have to raise the specter again
I am going to tell them the truth
About their ministry of justice
But if we didn't though
It would surely be cause for war!

[Canibus]
Ok its time to get started..
Don't want to but the forces forced me
When it can't category allegory
They translated it for me
U-M-L-O-U-T: Umlaut
That's the reason I bend vowels when I spew from the mouth
Spit threw and out the very grotesque few are best
Burn through vests
Since the university of Budapest
Sitting in a room with a windowless view
Concentrating; looking at you
Freeze frame frozen at the very moment
The wormhole opens
You know Canibus has spoken
The circumference of a third eye so vibrant
To me, Ezekiel's Wheel was just a spare tire
My epithelial genetic fiber was forged in the protoplasmic fires in a black geyser
The explosion can described as a white Iris
When the absolute began, I don't know where I was
I musta just been a piece of micro dust
That's why I the fuck love mics so much
My micro, macro robotic rap flow
The Magna Carta of the entire rap world
Mayflower 2002 Phase 1
Adapt to the press of gravity is laid on my lungs
The theory of communication called cannons
Dissertation with a makeover in camouflage makeup
Light waves bend to the wake of bust
Mics buckle with white knuckles, metacarpals crush
Acid reflux all over your face, you fuck
Grab heart with bare hands,
Squeeze and spray blood
You iller than me? Gimme a call:
W-W-W-N-A-M-I-org
Dear boss,
You mind if I share my thoughts?

Psychotherapy is expensive, can you share my costs?
In a cushioned room with leather doors
Handwriting experts take a look at the letters I draw
Excessive graftedness, there's no space between words
Excessive cross-outs: it must be my nerves
Rhymes that vaporize dis-ablize and destabilize
Pray to God, say Goodbye
Six minutes Vinnie Paz you're on
Lyrically this is the liberty of Liberal Arts

[Chorus]
[Canibus:] Consume Creatine and Create
[cAnibus:] Anemometers analyze air intake
[caNibus:] The H.N.I.C that narrates
[canIbus:] Innate intelligent Interface
[caniBus:] Biogenetetic Behemoth obliterate
[canibUs:] Youth on fire, You both bleed
[canibuS:] Micnificentlly sound Mc
Liberal Arts with JMT

[Vinnie Paz, AKA Ikon the Verbal Hologram]
I'm the god of war,
the resurrector of the horror-core
The carnivore, destroying you wasn't hard at all
I started raw, so the haters could see what could happen
I was Allah while the pagans were speaking in Latin
I'm the origin of science and math
I'm the origin of everything you trying to grasp
Been dying to ask if Jedi Mind is the real
Well I'll let you inside my mind and you decide how it feel
I'm dying to kill
And bring to you apocalypse
I start a lot beef with lots of guns and lots of clips
Fuck the head, I'm aimin right for your esophagus
Hang you from a hook then drink the blood your body drips
I got the power of the lead a fucking shotty spits
And leave you weaker than the mafia that's Gotti-less
With Canibus: get deep like psychoanalysts
Vinne Paz the fucking Hand-to-Fist-Philanthropist

What? Its fucking Vinnie Paz daddy
Yeah Jedi Mind baby
(For the people of the world)
Canibus baby
Let it now be noted
Mic Club
What's the fucking deal?

That here in our decision
This is what we stand for
Justice, Truth and the value of a single human being

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Liberal Arts
Mic Club the Curriculum
Can-I-bus hittin 'em
Rippin 'em

Canibus Lyrics

"Curriculum 101"

[Intro: movie sample]
Claims are being made
That for me go far beyond the available evidence
In fact in many cases are contradicted by the evidence
And that bothers me

[Canibus]
Forensic psychologists, Samuel with the brides
Explains you probably never understand Jermaine
Incoherent speaches, puzzles and pieces
The sub-chemical deepness, suck his clan 'til they screeches
Realms of heaven and hell
Flowing angelic gell strikes with voron leukaemia cells
Demons in hell, they call to me, I scream "what can you offer me?"
They reply "tecnosaucery"
They tell me the meek will never inherit the world
Cuz they weak standin' on two 12 inch feet
I dream Quashee Canonian dreams when I sleep
Peyote leads to snakes with a blood of a priest
In the room where the ceiling leaks and crimps in grease
Where the living eats the dead and the dead reek
Rockbottom transforms human beings to beast
Why the fuck you think we got canine teeth?
It's the optical stimuli of watching men cry
I hope I've got time to repent before I die
Battle me at the beach if the sea is out of reach
Cuz when I speak what's fluid becomes concrete
Like a falcon up in the sky, 10 thousand feet
Lookin' down at you bitches lookin' at me
Fame shift into 45 degrees, I'm too crooked to see
I memorise the books that I read
Suckin' from the breast of knowledge, constantly weaning
Unforseeningly a genuis without meaning
Try to visualise what happy Houdini was feeling
Handcuffed under water without breathing
Near death on a fatal quest for air
But why should anyone care? He put himself there
His career was based on facing the stares
To take destiny from the hand of the man upstairs
He didn't mind the cold stares he got from his peers
They couldn't tell him where he was goin' or how to get there
It's better to be prepared and fail than be scared
and unsure of yourself and still get killed
Don't rhyme like I used but I've still got skills
More than a couple confirmed kills under the belt
Huntin' MCs like huntin' Elk
Camouflaged in the dense bust of stealth determined his health

I don't do this to anybody except myself
Stuck with motherfuckers like the trophy on my shelf
Fuck the promo, nigga I do this for dolo
Flow from the first album, the 24-0-0
Round the clock launce, I got a cup of coco
When I be a no show with my girl fives don't go
And she give me blow more than 2 times on the row
And I'd rather chill with her than kill you with a rhyme that I wrote
Count how many mics that I smoke minus the gold
Bust dope, my battlin' average higher than most
When I'm on the mic I release fire from throat
If you disagree please do it quietly folks
Anybody better than Bis must be a hoax
Black man NO, what about the great white ho?
What? Man you must be sniffin' the great white coke
Don't you that's like Gary Comb, I'm fightin' a hulk
Still not even quite that close
A great mic fight in ya rubber dingi boat 50 miles out from the coast
What the fuck is the maddness with you
I beat you black and blue, then I give the tablet the true
Better yet I put a tattoo of me on you
A 10 by 10 ceelo go neon blue
The most theatrical MC battle of all time
I rip jackers like you, you know my call sign
Kill a cobra, stick hooker over behovin'
Motorise auto gyros with sycamore rotors
Hydrogen peroxide, gaseous vapors
Technically these words shouldn't even rhyme off paper
In theory, for every soul that can hear me I'ma blaze them
In practical practice my style's even greater
Can't you see what I'm spittin'? Can't you here the difference?
Compared to me you're energetically inefficient
You need ten times the enzymes to process one of my rhymes
You got to rewind every one of my lines
Do you know how to paraphrase?
Do you even understand what the narrator's tryna say?
The climax explodes, nobody can force out of my flow
Figurably the language is too dope
Academic journals print my lyrical quotes
They show parallelism in all the albums I wrote
On any track I come off strong automatically
Whether I write interactive or pass the capacity
Poetry that I spit is autonomous to cliff
written on tablets of clay mortar mix, superb
Truly superb, analyse the words
It's like I'm jerkin ya birds fly above the earth
The Eye of Horus, the miniature tour ride within the giant tourist
With singularity on the chorus I still sound enourmous
Borderline, insanity tryna break you through humanities border
With a new curriculm every quarter
I'm the pawn of the pawner with the secret mic world order
Baptise you with Jamaican White Rum and water
If you got a hundred bars then I know you a warrior

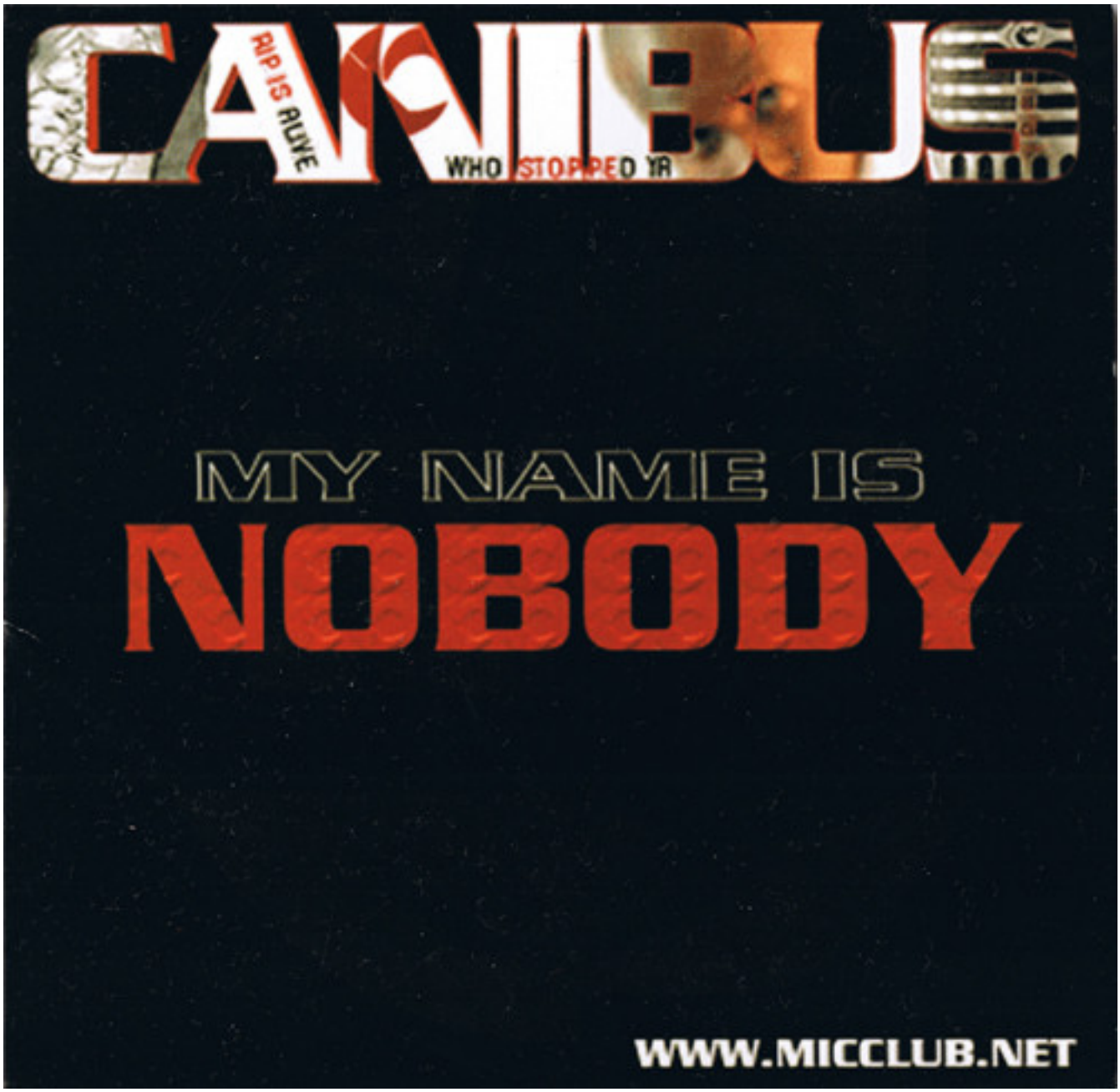
I'll be the one that award ya, pinch the medal on you
Dedicate a song to you, cuz not in autoble
You want a record deal
Explain the lyrical grande unified field so I can test ya skill
Do it in front of the class, chart diagram it and write it in latin
Not spanish god dammit, step back so I can look at it
"da dad dad ada dada", ah what the fuck is that wack shit?
Crumpsy and dumb like a hand with five thumbs
Work for the Mic Club, Curriculum 101

Canibus Lyrics

"Mic Club Outro"

[Canibus:]
[x4: quietly]
This is a favourite short scene of mine
Two famous lines, time flies
Especially when you listen to rhymes
Words become time and time is disguised
Around the world in 80 seconds through a sentence
Experience is the mother of all adventure
Who knows the unknown? Where will you end up?
Question yourself, who, when and what
I tell you this much, it's up to every one of you
Learn from the past or the future will punish you
Power flows to those who remember
Memory comes from words, words come from letters
This is Mic Club's primary premise
We tell history, we don't let history tell us
Mic Club...

[x2: quietly]
Mic Club


CANIBUS
RIP IS ALIVE
WHO STOPPED YA
MY NAME IS
NOBODY
WWW.MICCLUB.NET

Canibus Lyrics

"Intro / My Name Is Nobody"

[Canibus]
Nobody
My name is Nobody
My name is Nobody
My name is Nobody
My name is Nobody
What's my name?
Say my name!
What's my name?

Yo
I never rocked wit Nas, I never rocked wit Rakim Allah
I never gave y'all a hundred bars
I never walked among the stars, I never rocked a mic on tour
Never made some groupie bitch drop her drawers
Never had a menage-a-troi, with girls lickin' my balls while I eat em'
Nah, I never done that neither
And I never wore that white wife beater
On the video set with the Lost Boyz and Dogg Pound and smoked reefer
I never had a Source quoteable
I never rocked 50 bar vocals, on Beasts From the East wit Reggie Noble
Never spit wit Keith Murray or Little Jamal
I never rocked on stage at the Apollo at all
To this day, if someone asked me "why were you silver on MTV?"
I have to just tell them it wasn't me
Cause I'm nobody

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Yo, I never been at the Mardi Gras, suckin' on ta-tas
I never been to LA, or crissed to Ya Ya's
I never been overseas
I never been to Amsterdam walkin' right past the cops smokin' some trees
I never had a battle with about a dozen emcees
And simultaneously I brought ‘em all to their knees
I never been off the scene to long
Never been totally gone, never appeared on a shitload of songs
I never rocked with Eminem yet, yeah thats true
People'll talk about it from now to the day that I do
But I never made an impact
I never changed rap, infact, sometimes I wish I could take it all back
I didn't sell enough units
I said I was the illest alive, and I didn't prove it
I probably look stupid
I guess I'm nobody
I guess I'm nobody

I'm so so sorry

[Chorus]
My name is Nobody
My name is Nobody
My name is Nobody
My name is Nobody
My name is Nobody
My name is Nobody
My name is Nobody (Nigga I ain't nobody to know)
My name is Nobody (Get it?)

[Canibus]
Yo, yo
It's like the rap community doesn't know what to do with me
What if there was two of me?
What if I persuaded some bitches to reproduce with me
And create a whole crew of me?
Only those that are as cruel as me, can rule with me
I got a secret let's keep it between you and me
And when I'm forgotten, you can say this at my eulogy
You can say this at my eulogy
You can say this at my motherfucking eulogy

Canibus Lyrics

"Stupid Producers"

[Hook:] These stupid producers *[x8]*

Yo, wassup my main man?
(Yo wassup Canibus?)
What's your name? (DJ R2-D2)
I heard you got beats
(C'mon nigga, I got beats of pain)
Yeah I hear what you sayin, but are they flames?
(My shit is John Blaze)
You got a card or somethin? (Nah)
Put your number on the CD, I'll give you a call or somethin
(It's just, I'm not gon' be here for long)
How long you in town?
(About a week or so)
Where you stayin at man?
(I'm stayin with my manager)
Who's your manager, him over there? (Yeah)
The nigga with the Southpole sweatsuit and permed hair?
(Yeah! I been with him for 12 years!)
Listen don't even trip, I just want some beats to finish my shit
(How you tryin to come this time?)
I'm lookin for some hard shit (some hard shit?)
Yeah, like some Beat Brokers or Mark Sparx shit
(Whatever you want, I can play it Canibus)
Huh, play what?
(The track, when do you want me to lay it?)
Lay what? (See, aiight nigga, keep sleepin. I got heat!)
Yo relax my main man I'ma call you, peace
I got back to the crib, popped in the CD
And turned it up loud to see if had some real beats
...I heard somethin I felt
I hit the nigga on the cell to see if it was for sale
Yo can I speak to DJ... (who dis? Canibus?)
Yo I'm feelin tracks 2 and 6
(Those tracks are reserved!)... Whatever
Bottom line: you give me the tracks, I give you the cheddar
(Cheddar? Yeeah!)
We can do it around 10pm (That's too late man)
In the studio off of Lankershim
(Can you come pick me up, nigga?)
At that point, I didn't even feel like answerin him
Stupid-ass motherfuckin producer got me real upset
And I ain't even got to work with him yet
I showed up at 10:30, so I was already late
He showed up after me and forgot to bring his own DAT tapes
He shook my hand with both of his hands
And told me he could play it over again with both of his friends

Yo, as long as I get tracks 2 and 6
I don't give a fuck who really produced the shit
Just DO the shit (Okay, calm down...
You better watch who you beef with nigga, for real!)
When I get back, I want it laid
(You gonna pay me tonight?)
Yeah you gonna get paid!
I'ma leave, jump in the car, speed
Go to my man, get some trees
Get somethin to eat and I'll be back by 3 (Aiight)

[Hook x4]
[Over hook] Will you be done by then?
(It's gonna be fire nigga, trust me!)

Hold up
Five hours later you ain't laid nothin?
Not one piece of percussion?
You mean to tell me you ain't pressed one button?
You think this is motherfuckin pre-production or somethin?
You know we ain't got a budget
Who told you to order lunch, bitch?
(Hold up Bis, you ain't got no love for me?
Your name's Canibus and you ain't got no bud for me?)
You know what? Fuck it, I don't even want it no more
Cause the track you sellin me probably ain't even yours (WHAT?!)

[Hook x12]

"I can't stop these teardrops of mine..." *[repeat till fade]*

Canibus Lyrics

"The Dungeon"

(feat. Kurupt)

[Canibus]
It's like this y'all, Canibus y'all
About to rip y'all with the raw shit y'all
With my hard core raw dog Kurupt
'Bout to blow this shit the fuck up
It's two-thousand B.C., 'bout to take it to
two-thousand A.D
Yea, my mother fucking man Ray on the track
Check it out

[Canibus]
Yo, yo
It's two-thousand A.D.: After Disaster
Fly's buzz around a million rappers cadavers
Never been the type to talk
My ice-grill's like, looking down the wide jaws of a white shark
'Bout to rip off your arms like perforated paper
A hundred times more sharper than stainless steal razors
Shock you with an electrically charged taser
'Till you turn blue in the face, and die from asphyxiation
The stench of a thousand ounces
Grab you by the throat and blow my second-hand weed smoke down it
Don't give a fuck what month you dropping in
I'll be in the Dungeon hollering, 'fuck you and your cult following'
You cum-swallowing transsexual fag
With crabs, and breasts that sag, dressed in drag
Running full-paged ads in the porno mags
With pictures of you with a dick in your mouth and a dick in your ass
Kurupt where you at?
Yea, the Dungeon style

Yea, the dungeon
Yo
Lyrically, I'm bananas
My tongue moves like Hindu belly-dancers performing tantra
I blur your vision like slow shuttled speeds on the camera
Get up in that ass like colon cancer
Brain cells handpicked
Organically enhanced with third millennium medical standards
My D.N.A. was tampered with
By genetic engineers with scholarship grants that stupid in Stanford
Canibus, too advanced for this shit
Turn spit to gas vapour, then back to spit
Your style is one-quarter bull, one-quarter horseshit
One-quarter garbage, and one-quarter nonsense
Make you nauseous 'till you vomit

Like the Backwards Pharcyde video going forwards
As I drink the blood of a thousand emcees
I can tell by the taste of the pulp if they was hand-squeezed
This is Transylvania, vampire mania
You should be afraid of my fangs in your neck draining you
I was made to bust, made to crush
Any mic me and Kurupt touch, turn to dusk
See? I'm as dangerous as they come
Dangerous with or without a gun, I've been dangerous since day one
Rhyme flows explode like pyros
Stick to your ribs like chicken and thick gravy from Roscoes
Get your head flown if you dumb in the dome
Or struck with some stones 'till you feel numb in the bones
You better keep your big mouth closed
'Fore I stick the muzzle of the chrome in that hole under your nose
Send a signal to my index, and tell it to fold
In the direction of my wrist bone to release your soul
I told you to freeze, if I was you I would have froze
But you chose the other route and got blown full of holes
Pistol to your mug, cripple your tongue, rip through your lungs
Write your name on your tombstone scribbled in blood
Give me a little love
There anybody out there that never felt one rhyme that Can-I-Bus bust?
You a liar, liar, pants on fire
Watch the G.O.A.T. with the ghost-writer get slaughtered by a tiger
Seen him in the Pun video holding up his lighter
Smeared his career like doo-doo inside a diaper
My style is sicker than, infected women and men
I'm so raw, I can catch AIDS without sticking it in
Flip and dip like shrimps and scampi
Switch language like a black kid raised by a Spanish nanny
And we do it like that when we in the dungeon
Past the motherfucking mic to Kuruption

Canibus Lyrics

"U Know Who"

You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you

You know who snatched the mic from you know who
I still got a lot of fight in me too
It's the dragon in me, against the tiger in you
It's already around my neck, they want to tighten the loop
Ten steps ahead, twenty steps behind you
Spit a rhyme in your ear just to frighten your boo
Most niggaz rather ask me, 'You nicer than who?'
When they really want to ask me, 'Who's nicer than you?
The mic on the bicep is the proof, it ain't a lie it's the truth
I'm just doing what I'm *[_A_]* to do
I'm a two-thousand and two Canibus type-two
Mic guru with gurus and *[_B_]* too
Modules with blood vessel designed tube and
My mind is moving to rewrite blueprints with new ink
Click on Canibus and choose a link
I abuse how you think, just get off my dick
Rhymes so cold, I spit block-ice
Gotta wear night socks at night, to stop vocal cord frostbite
The R-type I.P.P.E.R. aconite
Burning *[_C_]* and dark Hip-Hop nights

You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you

Canibus Lyrics

"Broke Ass"

Yo
I done been from Jersey to Brooklyn
Done been through Queens where the crooks hang
Done been on tour doing group thangs
'Cause I'm always tasting that pootang
Really love it when a girl got a cute name
Got a cute attitude and a cute frame
Got a big ass butt, breasts, and no brain
Them things make a nigga want to shoot game
Now check it, I done been through a few thangs
Done seen a lot more than some loose change
Always been open minded to new thangs
Been a Hip-Hop nigga since youth man
Beat-box and break-dance too man
Used to do electric boogaloos man
Do Egyptian love with two hands
I remember when I lived down south, yo
In a hot ass one story house, yo
Where the A.C. was always going out, yo
Sometime spend a whole day outdoors
We had a block-party, barbeque
Eating food, in the pool
Music got us in that mood
Everybody act a fool
I'ma tell you like this man
Every night I go down to the city man
To the gentlemen's club where my niggaz hang
Them stripper chicks know how to strip man
DJ's be spinning them hits man
Play the Cash-Money clique and the Jigga man
Them hoes be thick but sick man
Every stripper think a mother fucking rich man
Like Sisqo, the R&B singing man
Think I got a bank account with a million man
Case of Crystal cost about six grand
Bitch better get a less expensive brand
Got to stick to the budget when I trick, man
How about ten dollars for a sip, man?
My whole dance for a ten dollar tip, man
Still waiting on my royalty check, man
How about a rain-check next time, yo?
How about a handful of coupons, yo?
How about tickets to my next five shows
Turn around, let me test that behind, yo
I love a fine ho

Girl, why you trying to get loud, screaming lies

Acting surprised, rolling your eyes
You act like a nigga done committed a crime
You know my elbow just brushed your thigh
Now them guys, twice my size
Trying to throw a nigga like me outside
I be up in this club all the time
But it's the first time that I crossed the line
Damn girl, why you so mean to me?
You know I can't leave, I done lost my keys
Don't throw me out, Mr. Bouncer, please
Let me take the girl up to V.I.P
She was just playing 'cause I'm low on cheese
Look at it, she only got eyes on me
They bloodshot red, so she's smoking weed
You know how these stripper chicks love to tease
I think I left my cell phone back at my seat
I had a couple of drinks and I need a receipt
Follow me to the bathroom to pee
I keep about three G's in my briefs
Damn baby boy, you done ripped my sleeve
I ain't trying to beef, give me room to breath
Why I got to leave, tell me what I done?

God damn girl, give a nigga some love
I'm all out of dubs but I'll give you some ones

Canibus Lyrics

"Get Off Ya Knees"

[Hook]

Get Off Ya Knees!
Change your style cause its time
Nigga's want me to rhyme pre-99
No-one can flow with Bis, Most people notice
But others just won't admit, They can't get over it
Rhymes I been known to spit, Mic's I been known to grip
Makes me the Ultimate, God father over this
I'm just a ghost of rip
A soldier in this show business don't exist if he has no defence
My opponents are so intent, not to show respect
They fret cause I'm a global threat
I'm so hard to catch, a cold with Caleb
I relocate so quick they can't close the net
I expose the press, dispose of the prints
On the loose again nobody knows what's next
My virus infects
Every machine with clandestine speech
Nigga Get Off Ya Knees!

[Hook]

Yeah!
Hip-Hop's habitat, Rip the Jacker's back
This is battle rap, def while I master tracks
I mix ant with thrax in your digestive track
I suggest its wack then I side-step to the back
I kidnap your X, For 10 million franks
Make you shit your pants, you smell like septic tanks
Just respect it man throw a fist in the air
The distance is Near, Armageddon is here
I permeate UN-worldly planes
as they crash in the worlds that trades only my words remain
Altruist Egoist - people are ignorant
what is the meaning of meaningless meaningfulness?
Formulas of primordial audio
40 ohms of euphorial anointed flows
It was written so it shall be told
Get off Ya knees, give me the microphone
Fucker

[Hook]

My man-hood is massive, when it's not flaccid
Bis is real cool when he's not Rip the Jacker
I am modernist, I am complex

Vicarious logic of bodily hardship
Beat your ass till your teeth mash
Sand blast your face blow a breeze past, make you bleed fast
E-K-G's beep fast, Doctors speak fast
For skin graft the patch over deep gash
Give me details, how does meat smell?
After a train derails into a field of gazelles!
Step in the club; turn the crystal in your cups to red blood
Fuck Ya Heads up!
Suspend me from the game don't mention my name
Impossible Can-I-Bus drugs in your brain
Don't be a schmuck
You act like a movie I've proved I'm the illest you cannot dispute me
Get Off Ya Knees

Canibus Lyrics

"Who Stopped Ya?"

Yo, who stopped ya?
Separate the rappers from the actors
The doctors from the proctobiologists
Can't speak with common sense
You got a dent in the medulla oblongata
And lost some skills, five Percent
Imma rock again
How much you wanna bet
Might throw a little fit
Drown you with a little spit
From the USA to Cairo
Took the high road to Mohenjodaro
Cause I'm a pharaoh
If there was no tomorrow
I'd still be the most sophisticated model of wordological babble
The speech is called double speak
For example if I said I was to bust the heat
Till the sky touch your feet
Open your eyes look at the concrete
My name aint Germaine now you got the wrong beef
It aint Canibus neither you got the wrong leaf
You think Hitler's dead but you got the wrong teeth
Like me rockin on another beat, right now
While you still listenin to this one, blah-dow
Being followed by a black cloud
So imma just keep on rhyming and look at the ground
I'll look up if you pass it around
I'm the best lyricist hands down
Motherfucker just look at your hands now
Who stopped ya? Rap tighter than an anaconda
Only one problem my work com sucks
Syllables rush through the position of the teeth and the tongue
Mouth to mic to speakers till its deep in your drum
Speak with the tongue till sounds like I'm speakin in tongues
When I'm done I'll leave you needing a lung
Don't have to get up
Cause I been up
Doin sit ups and chin ups
And an army chin up, I rip shit up
Punch y'all for pair of fist cuffs with fist clutch
When I'm getting my dick sucked I resuscitate sick sluts
Gettin they clits mixed up
Stick a plug in the butt
OK Bis you been explicit enough
Who stopped ya, who stopped ya?

Canibus Lyrics

"My Home Atlanta"

It's that crunk crew, it's that crunk crew
Blackened brothers in that crunk crew yeah

[Chorus x2]
I love my home Atlanta
My red and blue bandanas
My slackin southern grammar
Them sexy go-go dancers
Cadallacs on hammers to braves hogs ballers and bangers
Those marijuana smokers them marijuana planters

I wake up in the morn
Turn my playstation on
Just bought that NFL blitz and that basketball
I be deriving songs
To see what's goin on
I let my hair grow long maybe braid it in the fall
Whenever I get bored
I just jump in my car
I go to Lennox mall and look for independent broads
Sometimes I get annoyed
They treat me like a scrub
I go down to the schools
Maybe I'll get more love
3 pm in the evening
I'm on the highway speeding
My front left tire's leakin
Should have bought a new one last week-end
I guess I wasn't thinking
Up ahead break lights were blinkin
For more than 30 minutes I was stuck in gridlock prison
This traffic drives me crazy
Goin west on 280
Five a bitch almost made me
Crash into her Mercedes
I'm glad I almost missed her
I pushed the clutch and shifted
It was a white lady I'd rather hit a sister
Cause see I know the system
It's easier to trick them
I use my g to pimp em and convince them I'm the victim
Naw baby you hit me
No I was in lane 3
You need some contacts you can't see
Naw girl you can't blame me
Don't panic just be patient
Give the bitch the wrong information

She'll probably never claim it scared of high insurance payments
I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta

[Chorus x2]

The land of pretty peaches
Girls with round features
Make a nigga say good Jesus these hos are dime pieces
Start it off like what's your name
Tell me what's your age
You got a man
Can we be friends
I'm glad you feel that way
Come on and ride with me
I'll take you to that crunk bar where them sharks eat
5 stars baby
bon appetite
I got that shrimp appetizer with that dark meat
If shorty wanna creep
I'll bring her home with me
Just bought some candles and that Carl Thomas cd
Bootleg that Jay-Z
Stole that Outkast
Been had that Keith Sweat
I know how to make it last
Smack that naked ass
You got a big butt.
I ain't in no rush plus she like it rough
Keep your stuff locked leather and handcuffs
And those things you wrap around a mans you know what
That's why I love Atlanta I can hardly stand-up
I'm a heavy drinker
Fix me a cup and sinker
I always love Atlanta
That's why I love Atlanta I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta

[Chorus x2]

As a youngster I was so damn bad
Used to drive up the Ave with no tags
Niggas couldn't see me I was goin so fast
Most niggas catch whiplash and crash
Face all chipped up from the glass
Runnin from the police holdin ass
If I get caught I'll just give them some cash
Most police give me dap and laugh
Other ones pull out behind the flash
Take the night stick and tap the glass
Tell me turn the music on it's on blast
Turn the engine off cause I'm wastin gas
Tell him that I'm lost and I need a map
Looking for a hotel to take a nap
Freenik off so I came for that

It was good last year that's why I'm back
That's when they tried to hit me
His big fist barely missed me
I have my camera with me
I think I'll sue the city
I love this place Atlanta that's why I love Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta

[Chorus x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Rip Is Alive"

Oh no! He's alive!
Rip the Jacker!
Master!
Please help us!
Please please ahhhh!

I'm the real king of my kingdom
I make my women practice isolationism as soon as I get 'em
Run my world with an iron rod behind iron bars
Enclosed behind iron doors in a small iron box in the corner
Shielded behind fire walls with water doors
Down the gaseous corridor
Welcome to my world of horror
A coroner with an immortal ora
The rhyme slinging highlander ripper rip you to live longer
Get strong every record that I record
Morph my arms into a sword and clothesline you running forward
You can't ignore Bis Mothafucker I started this
As far as artists that spit Canibus is dominant
Hot shit from a lava pit
Studied by oceanographers
At the oceans bottom with rocket ship sound effects
A ripper in the flesh signed in ink, nigga
You ain't ill if you need time to think
You talk shit my personality splits
You get ripped and that's it
A (True Hollywood Story) bitch
In my world Jermaine's gone Canibus is just a Monica
Stay behind to follow up and demolish you fucks
Can-I-bus (Yeah!) now that's what I'm talking bout
Call me Mr. spit shit also known as toilet mouth
Y'all been warned about a million times
I done wrote about a million rhymes since July '85
When I'm writing I'm impervious to fraud
My fine arts verbal collage is worthy of the gods
When I'm 30 years old I'ma quit rhyming
Collect my own catalogue and open up a library
Lock myself in solitary six months at a time
Work at the university and teach sick fucks how to rhyme
Nobody safe nobody say that they great
I'll put a Jacker's whole body in a crate
Trap your soul in an electromagnetic face
Put the crate on a wide-low rider and drive it in a lake
Look in my eyes then look in my face
Nobody's here to arbitrate
Realise its time for your fate

Canibus Presents:

Brainstream

www.MicClub.Net

Canibus Lyrics

"Intro / The Brainstream"

[Professor]
I'm a University professor and so...haha
I'm always a University professor
so the most important people in this room are not us but the students
And I want to say to you kids who've come along
First of all, thanks very much for turning out
And secondly, think about what we're talking about
Because these are important issues
Even if they're not on the test
These are really important issues to you as a human being
And I hope that you won't... won't agree with me... won't agree with any of us
That you'll make your own minds up
But I hope you will think about them and talk about them

[Canibus]
Ay yo
One time for your M-I-N-D
Canibus, this is the brainstream
Two times for all of the MC's
Canibus, this is the brainstream
Brainstream nigga, yeah

[Canibus]
Uh-huh...uh-huh
Yo, Yo, Ayo
I spit so ferocious I can't stay focused
Watch the ambience of the tone switch
When I'm in mic mode, ELF overload
The proverbial verbal toe to toe, foot to your throat
Ding ding get in the ring nigga, answer your phone
Rap so sick the friction will leave your lips swole
Sippin on sour cold sauce syrup slow
Rippin the flow till your face looks like strawberry pulp
Scan your whole area code...call the crib like, "Is he home?"
Tell him to come alone and "click" phone
Spit rhymes and split skulls
Miserable pitbulls leave you with turnakit wrapped wrist bones
From Fort Hood to Fort Green
My metaphors bling, Lord of The Rings, I'm the thorazine king
Hold that... hold this... put the mic down before you catch thumbrosis
You holding a Cris? I'm in your house feeding your fish in your robe and slips
Holding your old ladies tit, frequent visitors stick a dick in her
Supreme lyricist with built antique twenty fusion inhibitors
Citizens scared of the minimum lyrical derivitive forty-four curriculum
syllables caliber killing em
Damn nigga, what you think of him?
Feeling that nigga dun!

For real, cause that nigga been spittin for a minute son
They wanna get rid of him, that's why they belittle him on the mic
He ain't human, that's what I keep tellin them
If they don't wanna play him on FM then F-them
He don't care about them, the mic is his best friend
Throw a beat on and bless him
Battle... bring ya best men, XXL X-Men
My rap cracks the thermostat reset the temp at 180 degrees
Please, it's no sweat, all I need to know is where and when
Talk to my agent and make sure the craft service is Jamaican
Record through 32x lense, right brain connect with left hem
The REM is high res, my surveillance disrespect feds
Anti-social, dyslexic, doing CAT Scans at the pet shem
The MC mourtuary endorser, mortifier turns the audience to dismembered corpses
Slap bootleggers with a novelty tax, enforced by the Rap Coalition Poverty Act
Black balled, but whats it feel like not to be black?
Universal got my stock, I want my property back
Spit hard and never got a dime
Spit the hottest rhymes, in modern times and still got ostracized
For the intelligent community that reads my lyrics
What I've writting deserves a legional merrit
This is the precarious position of a rap star dead serious
With hilariously bizzare, share your verses with the gods
R-A-W-W-A-R, flow for 108 bars, I took nothing and gave all
Yo, look up in the sky
A burning star quasar when I rhyme
Artwork of an undetermined design
I still shine quoteables of an uncorrodable kind
Lightning bolt struck the pen and I wrote a few lines
The brainstream will be back online in due time

Brainstream Nigga!

Canibus Lyrics

"Got Bitches?"

[Canibus - chorus]
Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

[Canibus]
Hot lyrics loop the beat and rock wit it
Go head slam the door in my face ill lock smith it
My box cutter blades rip it
Toxemic the loop is out for lyrics when we out for fire spit it
Put a high speed on the electrons limit light like quick googol bowlers
Hitting the wicked get jig
Fix my aperients take you to Paris
Cook diner on a taros for you and your parents
First impression what they think of me
Don't they like legume
Won't let you commit to me
Tell them that you're live with me
Tell them I dig you out diligently
And you thinking about giving up anything just to have twins with me
Turbo 911 98 degree weather engines wined as I push the leather
Pin you to the leather I can prove I can love in 3 seconds
So let me pull over and check your P.S.I presser

[Canibus - chorus]
Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches
Yeah

Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

[Canibus]
New and improved updated sex pistols
Clamp your nipples
The betty ass sample
Leave your kidney crippled
Cherry pickle lift you flip you like a nickel
Scream and stay word girl I'm a keep wiping you
Eyes wide shout that word it's a dealy yo
At R Kelly show showing his home amateur video
Produced by a pinto at the house
The custodian of recorders is me not Mari Cabal
The best job in the world
Besides touring around with Jagged Edge
With something whole coroner round
Rhythm & Blues get all the kuch kuch
No doubt and when I'm singing R & B this is how it sounds

[Canibus singing]
Young lady you look so fine I cant turn my eyes away the way you look in the launderette and a...

[Canibus - chorus]
Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

[Canibus]
She wanna make it in her mouth
With the ta ta busting out show her what's love about
Spend the budget and bounds
No one would know she is going down south it don't count
Cause I never met a striper that respected her spouse
Beat her ass as soon as she steps in the house
What she a spec
She kissing him with D.N.A we left in her mouth
She blaming it on the drugs and the vine

Club seen is obscene I told you umpteen times
You want to be an actress
Why you proud of her haven't shit change but the dick sliding in and out of her
Ain't nobody looking out for her
The appointment with the casting coach counselor is really just about a nut
Aint no photographer taking no snap shots of her
With no car board cut out camera for 20 dollars
Why that bitch telling you she got the part
She got spit starch on somebody's boxer shirts you heard

[Canibus - chorus]
Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Canibus Lyrics

"Horsemen Enforcements"

(feat. Kurupt, Ras Kass)

[Ras Kass]
Killah Priest, Canibus, Kurupt, Ras Kass
Horsemen. Enforcement
MATRIX, NIGGA!

[Kurupt]
We, reconstruct (horseman)
Re-decompose, disassemble
The thirteenth member
Around the compound of 15 soldiers
Lead by four to start off the war

[Ras]
FEE, FI, FO, FUM! I smell the blood like Nosferatu!
Inhale invisible death like CO2
Slum you, your label mates, and your CEO too
See we know you, nigga, IOU

[Kurupt]
Cockin the heat, miser, feel the heat, dunn
The elite and street sweep
Pop hollow chrome, holla
Separate your collar-bone, marauder
Neo alotta*[?]*, the anointed, don't get pin-pointed
Yeah, you bout to spread, we comin for head
Horseman, headless
The tactical tech technical technique torturous technician!
Hybrid, the virus spread miles around
Miles and miles, bodies found in piles for miles

[Ras]
You niggaz comedy with that gangsta rapper rap
That shit's comedy like Bernie Mac doing Beanie Sigel fuckin rap
Like magic how funny niggaz disappear your fame
Damon Wayans vs David Blaine
Tuck your chain (hell in a hand basket.... fight back...)

[Chorus Ras]
Kick in the door wavin the 4-4 (what?!)
To hit these niggaz with these ill metaphors (what?!)
Forever raw, forever love that hardcore (what?!)
Horsemen, bring the World War Four (what?!)

[Ras]
We run these concrete streets, sportin cleats
Ain't nothin sweet (faggot!)

That harocyglemic*[?]* rap is weak!
I swing machetes and chop niggaz legs off complete
Glue your ankles to your palms:
Meet the agony of defeat (the feet)!

[Kurupt]
You can't push me, believe it
I bash niggaz til they paraplegic
The source, the force, the flame!
The inner duct, the powder, the outer, the frame
We the horsemen, fuck the game!

Canibus Lyrics

"Here 4 Free"

[Female #1]
Girl! Look over there...is that Canibus?

[Female #2]
I Don't Know

[Female #1]
It looks like him

[Female #2]
I think it is

[Bouncer]
Is your name on the list?
Who you here to see?

[Canibus]
I don't think I'm on the list
I'm just here for free

[Bouncer]
You got a video out?
You got a platinum LP?

[Canibus]
Yo why does that matter?
I just came for free

[Bouncer]
Alright Bis
Let him through

[Female #1]
Where's he been?

[Canibus]
Damn girl look at you now, huhh
On T.V.
With that pretty smile, huhh
Truth is I miss you and I wanna tell ya
But I ain't got no numbers, email, or nothing
You know I seen you at the Bad Boy for life shoot
You was wearing a tight light blue Nike suit
I remember when I connected eyes with you
You winked at me, I thought that was really nice of you
I remember once staying up all night with you
Writing with you, talking bout life with you, it was exciting too

I'm assuming you did the same cause you cared
Girl, don't you remember all the laughter we shared
We used to talk about why Pras failed so bad
And why the hell Wyclef's breath smells so bad
Okay, I know I don't need to tell em all that
But we was kinda feelin each other, you can't deny that
We worked on records together, you murdered them tracks
I think it was sexy how you said the verses like that
You said, "Free be the one rockin shyt, special operative, specialize any weapon diagnostic"
Just thinkin about it got me souped up
I wanna hug you in your birthday suit, what
Damn, this record is getting out of hand
I'm crazy, you probably already got a man
In that case I hope you hear this song
Sincerely yours, see you at 106 & Park

Canibus Lyrics

"Microphone Meticulousness"

Ooo ya done fucked up now
Oo boy it's the brainstream blazing the green rip the
mic no matter how wasted I seem yee

Is this what you want?

[Canibus]
Yee yo yo I rap that shit when the mic check that shit
Canibus nigga he the best that spit
Fuck the fact that I never had a hit
I don't need it cuz I never met a rapper that I ain't rip
Walk strap wit a mic and a 50 minute DAT for the night
just incase your show ain't tight
Step on stage and paste left to right
Like a lion ready to bit you dieing tonight
More lines to your forehead than Brian McKnight
A thousand volt voice box I'm a fry them tonight
I've been shitin on site
Meticulousness with the mic takes a mic and rips it
like a Corbin knife
Lyricist that don't lounge
Break a nigga down
Since you're iced out you can keep the sweating down
Lift you of the ground till your bitch screams
Put him down he's a mic club member now
Beat you wit my braw
Force you to speak loud
Like motherfuckers give me 50 bars right now
Plus another 50 that's not 100
You spit 86 you trying to tell me you can't count
Throw you in the sweat box let you sweat in out
1 2 3 4 1 bar figure it out
You should feel you maggots aren't ready for the
illist rappers
Allied metaphors in this joint active compensative
comp linens in the rhyme science Protected by mic club security advisers
Pick the mic up and train
Till my voice becomes number one again on a Marge ton exchange
Too violent to tame
Move vein pump thro my veins
Cuz I never been embraced by the game
Put emcees to shame
With the lyrical linguist spiting vintage colonial English
Like who art thou, bow to the 10 inch dick suck on it
I'm the aflame of this shit
From the king of the past bringing it back
Tell the queen of the pride to come sit on my lap

Her body is spotless she ain't got one scratch
So you could keep them other ugly bitchs in the back

[Chorus: x3]

Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but
they can't bust like the canibus can
Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but
they can't bust like the canibus can
Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but
they can't bust like the canibus can

Canibus Lyrics

"I Can - U Can't"

[Canibus]
Can-I-Bus, ripping them
Forty-four curriculum syllabus caliber killing them nigga

[Canibus]
Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker
Give me a minute

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker
Just give me a minute

[Canibus]
Yo
This is cannibal rap, Canibus cancels your stats
My vandals in black'll take a hammer to your motherfucking plaque
A Mack eleven when I'm clapping a rap
You can't battle that, your fans need to understand the facts
You ain't even got the balls to rock on the track
If you do, then do the damn thing
And call your man back
I treat you like a lab-rat, and shove a cactus up your ass crack
Stop the bleeding with a Tampax
In fact, you're so vain you probably think this rhyme is about you
But really, nigga, I'm doing better than without you
Lyrically, I'm a mouthful, throw blows too low to crouch too
Pick a mic up and joust you
Brainstream in the cranium, lyrical arithmo mania
The creator of a greater sum
Updated lungs were created by the pyramid builders
With silvers injectors, equipped with K.N.N. filters
To keep out the filth and the dust, when I bust, you hush
Or I just sh-sh-shit you and flush
You want Hip-Hop? Then yo, Canibus is a must
Give a fuck if the shit flop, nigga, I still bust
For real, I don't complain, I don't explain
Been profane before I had a name in the game
I spit a verse, delete out the curses
Reverse it, and verse it, write it out in cursive
I don't have to learn it, so if you want to teach then teach
But don't preach, if you got something to say, speak but don't reach
Yo, tell me what your problem is, why you mad at me?
What's the big tragedy? Why you want to battle me?
You the one with all the dough up in all the magazines

Every time I look, your ugly ass is on the screen
So what's the fascination with me?
Rhymes aside, I'm a small fry, waiting for a little mic time
Yo, all I do is write rhymes
If a nigga, disrespect my mic, he disrespecting my pride
I beat you and beat you, 'till I defeat you
If you beat me, then I'll regroup
'Till the beef is on the meat-hook
'Till the gas bleed from the juke
And rap music is read in my book
Curriculum carpet bombing leave the street shook
If you want to get at Canibus, nigga, get in line
The best rapper in the world reserves the right to decline

[Canibus]
Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker
Just give me a minute

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker
Just give me a minute

[Canibus]
Yeah, it's the lyrical landmine
Got you motherfuckers on stand by
Yo, Can-I-Bus? C.A.N.I.B.U.S
You know I'm the best
Yeah, one time when we emcee
Magazine clip never empty, motherfucker, don't tempt me

The Brainstream, blazing the green

Canibus Lyrics

"King Of Sorrow (U Didn't Care Remix)"

(feat. Sade)

[Lightning and thunder]

[Whisper]
King Of Sorrow

[Female]
Yea, Yea, Yea, Yea, Yeah... Sorrow

[Canibus]
Whattup Em?
It's ya biggest fan
It's not even necessary to introduce who I am by now, cuz we're good friends
Remember the letter I wrote
Before Atlanta on Up In Smoke
That's the day I was gonna cut ya throat
I guess my watch was broke -- cuz by the time I woke
I seen my watch was twelve hours late and I missed the show
But none the less I'm glad that I finally reached you
Ever since the accident I've been dying to speak to you
To tell you things have changed
And I'm a different man
A different level of understanding
I'm a different Stan
Things are a lot better
I promise I won't harrass you with any letters
Saying things like "We should be together"
I meant we should start a group
The industry's full of homosexuals Slim
But I don't wanna touch you
I got a new attitude, really, I ain't mad at you
I just wanted you to recognize I got talent too

[Sade Singing]
Sorrow..
[Both]
You Didn't Care
[Sade]
King Of Sorrow..
Of Sorrow..
[Canibus]
You Didn't Care
[Sade]
King Of Sorrow..
[Canibus]
I Just Wished You Cared
[Sade]

Sorrow..

[Canibus]
When I say talented, I don't mean battle Slim
I mean storytelling, kinda like how your album is
I been attending counselin and taking medicine
They did some tests on me at NIH in Maryland
They showed me techniques to help me deal with pressure
Whenever I remembered that crazy night when I was being reckless
Drivin with a deathwish
On the bridge and I crashed into a Lexus
Right before I finished that last sentence
I was listening to Xzibit's album "Restless"
The next thing I knew I was under water and breathless
I was unconscious for a second
Literally dying to go to heaven
Till some fellas came and pulled me from the wreckage
They started CPR, then they called the paramedics
In retrospect I probably shoulda used a gun to end it
By the time the car sunk
My pregnant girlfriend was still in the trunk
And I was still feelin kinda drunk
The ambulance came and they put me on the stretcher
Hooked me up to the IV and checked my blood pressure
One of them was so concerned that they wouldn't leave
He hopped in the back of the ambulance and rolled up some trees
My vision was blurry, I couldn't really see
I just remember his voice talking to me
In the emergency room
I needed surgery to get some glass removed
And fifty stitches for my wounds

[Chorus]

[Sade Singing]
Sorrow..
[Both]
You Didn't Care
[Sade]
King Of Sorrow..
Of Sorrow..
[Canibus]
You Didn't Care
[Sade]
King Of Sorrow..
Of Sorrow..

[Canibus]
After a couple months of therapy
I figured I was as ready as I'd ever be
I wanted to be an emcee
He took me to shows wit him
He let me flow wit him

He let me write some rhymes and go on tour wit him
I really believed in him
I decided to team wit him
And now I'm overseas wit him, gettin cheese wit him
And I'm MC'ing wit him
I'm havin the best time of my life
And I'm writin the best rhymes of my life (*[both:]* rhymes of my life)
He introduces me to people as his lyrical equal
Let me write a rhyme on his album and even produce a beat too
He ain't see-through
I can't see him frontin
He's not the type to call you just because he needs something
That's what I like about him
I wouldn't want to rock a mic without him
He's got cajones and he's not a coward
Matter-a-fact, I think he met you
It was the day you came to his video shoot with DJ, Jimmy's nephew
'Clef stepped to him and told him he should step to you
That you was ghost writin for L, but that wasn't true
You was lookin at him the same way I'm lookin at you
Why can't we be friends Em'?
I don't want nothin from you
You see there's a little bit of Stan in all of us
Tell me where you think all of these record sales spawn from
Talkin 'bout Britney and Christina Aguilera
Nsync too, have you ever looked in a mirror?
Your hair ain't really blonde, and ya eyes ain't blue
So never diss me, cuz when you diss me your dissin you.

[Chorus]

[Sade Singing]
Sorrow... yea, yeah
Sorrow..
[Both]
You Didn't Care
[Sade]
King Of Sorrow... no
Of Sorrow..
[Both]
You Didn't Care
[Sade]
King Of Sorrow... said you didn't care, you didn't care
You didn't care, You didn't care
[Canibus]
Why didn't you care?
[Sade]
Sorrow..
[Both]
You Didn't Care
[Sade]
King Of Sorrow... no, no, no

[fades]

Canibus Lyrics

"How Many MC's"

[Chorus]
How many MC's must get dissed
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?
(How many MC's? ....)
... Don't fuck with Bis

[Verse 1]
Yo, I'm valued as one America's most prestigious
breeds of rapper for oral speeches and ghetto english
Canibus, Can-I-Bus is my LLC
Limited Liability Corp, can you spell that for me?
When I was young I wish I had someone to tell that to me
Here's my card, Poet Laureate since 1803
I know people who have written newspapers on me
Some are greatful to me, others be hatin on me
You wanna bet I ain't the illest? What you tradin' wit G
Occasionally I can feel the ripper ragin in me
I dunno, maybe it could be how the industry behaved with me
and lets say probably the Jamaican in me
It could also be Universal wasn't patient with me
if they weren't payin me I coulda called it slavery
The way they blatantly labeled me
some satanically motivated rapper that was related to beef
I know I'm strange but my blood ain't green
and I never needed a team because I'm not as dumb as I seem
The trinity divided into a dozen light beams
the future Ive seen has humbled my dreams
to come in famine and disease
But lemme chill I sound like Priest, and I don't really feel like gettin deep
Yall niggaz know anyone of The Horsemen could rip shit
But how many MC's must get dissed?

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]
Ya know, I just think its time to be greatful
For every emcee that came through and spit tape-ful's of data for you
Every album before this, I made it for you
nowadays the truth is I got nothin to prove
But I heard him call my name a couple times
in a couple of his rhymes and I thought about it a couple of times
Is he lookin for a response or is he being a jerk?
Or am I just to involved in my work?
I thought to myself, "why he put my name in his verse"?
When he said I wasn't ill he just made things worse
Thats when I recognized what Stan was worth
the only man on earth that could reverse the 'Cool J curse'

I served him, like a nigga without purpose
constantly takin Rip The Jacker back to my therapist
I wasn't prepared for this
people wanna embarass Bis for reasons that are not really apparent to me yet
What, I cant get signed because I got mad at a vet?
How could a couple verses have so much anger in 'em?
Dont you know the difference between Rip The Jacker and Bis?
Go use the Pythagoris theory and do the math on this
Add up every multi syllable paragraph
that I've managed to average since January 96
and tell me when you find it you dick ridin' bitch
I'm so sick of you bein skeptical always runnin behind my shit
tell me the truth, you really think its time that I quit?
You think maybe I could wholesale these rhymes that I spit?
I guess the nicest MC's got tired of Bis
and lied to theyselves like they never relied on Bis
The real rock of the game, people have climbed on Bis
rhyme mo' sick then anybody out your clique
Wit thousands of niggaz devout for that shit
I got a couple of bitches too, I make em bow to the dick
The album is sick, some Hollywood biography shit
the difference between ships in bottles, and bottles in ships
Fuckin wit Rip they find your fossils at the bottoms of cliffs
Stick 6 mics up your ass even though I doubt it will fit
but still how many MC's must get dissed
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?

(how many MC's?.....)

[Chorus 2 x2]
How many MC's must get dissed
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?
(How many MC's? ....)
... Don't fuck with Bis
How many MC's must get dissed
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?
"I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh
Y'all niggaz know the rest," don't fuck wit Bis

Canibus Lyrics

"Falster Ego"

[Bis] Yo Rip, come here man, lemme talk to you for a second…
[Rip] What the fuck you want to talk about nigga?
[Bis] Why You screaming man?
[Rip] I'm The Illest! I'm the illest…
[Bis] Yo Relax… put that down man
[Rip] Yo don't tell me to relax I'll beat your skinny little ass
[Bis] Yo What the fuck is wrong with you?
[Rip] Fuck You!

[Rip]
You fuckin' hate me, you tried to lock me in the basement
And you still want me to protect you, it doesn't make sense
Canibitch, I supported you like a weight bench
Without me your defenceless, you betta' face it
You ain't show me love when you was at ya' apex
Gettin' paychecks, up at the radio with DMX and Flex
Catchin' wreck while Noriega was catchin' his breath
I had to keep the situation in check
Look at the varicose veins in my neck, Germaine is the best
The industry fucked you I'm just payin'em back
What's the matter w/ slayin' these Jackers, that's all I been doin
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nuthin' to'em
they just mad cause when I see'em I don't run up to'em
Between me and you yo-know I'll run right thru'em

[Bis]
Calm Down!

[Rip]
Who you tellin' to calm down nigga I'm a Ripper remember
I told you not to do "Gone Till November"
But you wouldn't listen, I always had ya' best interests in mind
I wrote all ya' best lyrical lines
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful rhymes
On the stage if you was tired I would spit'em sometimes
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let the shit ride
But I'm gettin' tired of havin' to remind you Bis
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis...

[Bis]
C'mon Rip? You a lyin' ass bitch and you know it
Group Home was part my company I co-owned it
If there's one thing I learned in showbiz, stay focused
And don't quit. Rip, why you talkin 'bout old shit?

[Rip]

Germaine, you fuckin' water brain, don't you understand?
fuck the mainstream, you should just call out names
The industry's all about game...
I shit on 'em all the same and leave spit stains on they brain
Like liquid chocolate spillin' all over ya' new white trainers
Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan
Canibus is a Mason, I don't know what the fuck Germaine is
I just know that both ya'll are trying my patience
I don't give a fuck about a beat I been rhymin' for ages
Rippers are dangerous, and all jackers are afraid of us
You wanna' face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

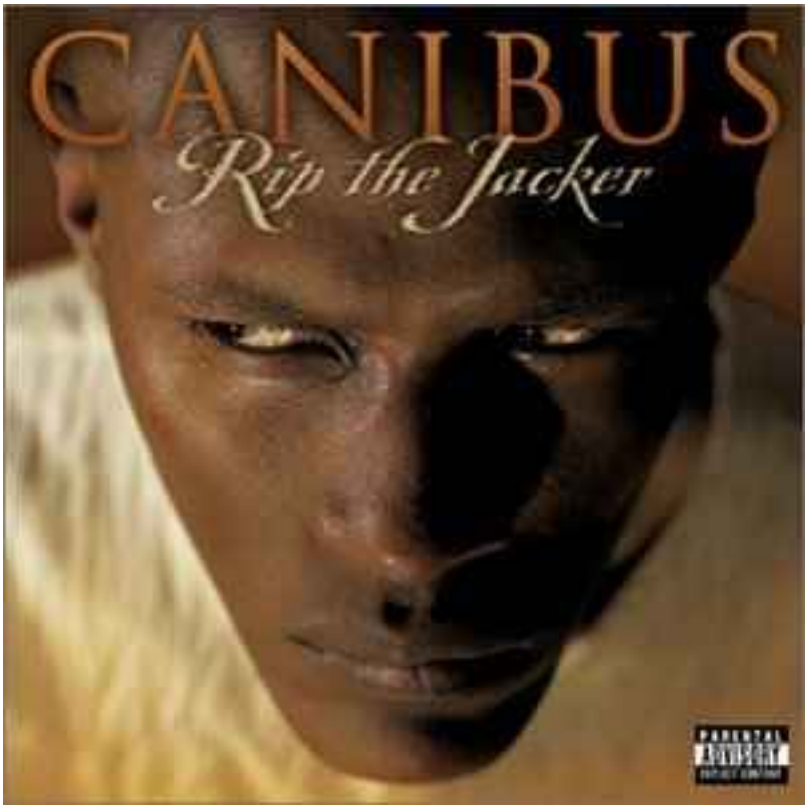
[Bis]
No, That's ridiculous...

[Rip]
Aiiight then, listen to mine...
I'll jump into costume, impromptu, just to rob you
Put the nozzle to ya' eyeball and tell you what not to do
Rip your tonsils out thru ya' nostrils
Bury you next to shark fossils, make it impossible to find you
Depths that Jacque Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to
With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules
Lock you in a time capsule and smash the console
Shit on you in reverse suck you into a brown hole
Suck the power outta' ya' soul
Ya' nuthin but a coward in a cold freezer with an hour to go
Watchin' my casio stopwatch countin it slow
Like drug lords checkin to see if it's talcum or coke
I could kill you by drownin the globe
Or I could just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in ya' throat
In battles I'm a thousand and oh, I silenced the Pope
Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?
No? I thought so... Neither do I
It's a dick between ya' mothers thighs divided by PIE
I'm the sickest linguistically illicit lyrical misfit in the business
And possibly in existence, what's your consensus?
Studied my own syntax statistics since '96 wit CPA certified assistants
I've made the decision that my standards are above precision
The only thing I could honestly say I love more than women are dope writtens
If it ain't dope then don't spit it
Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive just practice ya' penmanship
If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit
Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left
According to the manufacturers specs, you'll make a mess
Rupture the blood vessels in ya' neck fuckin' with Rip
Got millions of blueprints on zip disks
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversions kits
With a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip
You never experienced work like this, nigga welcome to the serpentine world where I twist
The world where that I Rip, the world that I Fixed, the world where I live

[Bis]

Ok Rip, you made your point, I can't out rap you
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos
You are the illest alive, that's a fact that you've proved
It's just a couple rappers that don't want it to happen for you
Raggin' on you like battlin' is all you can do
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you
Nobody knows the truth you got talent out the gazuu
When niggaz first heard of you it was like a Man On The Moon
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you?
What happens if the rumors about being a fagot are true?
Look what it's runnin' into, I don't feel like havin' this discussion with you
I'm tired of fuckin' with you, niggaz in the game don't wanna' do nuthin' with you
Bussin' with you, goin' one on one with who?
They wanna get rid of you, ya' shit is too lyrical
Headhunters out to get you, that's why I have to protect you
I wouldn't disrespect you, as another intellectual
Without you I'm unsuccessful, God bless you
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?
Ever since the 3rd album I been mentioning you
I got your name on my arm I'm representin' you
You're Rip The Jacker - I would never question you
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga'
I just want you to listen to what I'm tellin' you
What happened between L and you - Forget it!
People know you won the battle they won't give you the credit
Alotta' people don't wanna' admit it
But I consider it a real privilege to bear witness to ya' lyrics
And be involved with sharing the merits, I'm forever indebted
I just need you to chill for a second, so I can send a positive message
Like Tupac before he left us, the author or the work ethic Genesis
Has inspired me to write the Exobus scripts as a constant reminder not to forget Bis
But I've reached a precipice, remember Rip
You can't rhyme forever there's always a ripper with better shit
I keep you out the public eye for a reason
You're a commodity Rip ain't that how you wanna' keep it?
I keep ya' whereabouts secret
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend, so why is you beefin'?

[Rip]
Ayo Stop patronizing me, you despise me
All you wanna' do is steal rhymes from me
you constantly keep me behind wall of concrete
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin zombie
If I was priority you would acknowledge me
You ain't shit neither you ain't got no college degree
You can't rhyme without me, stop smilin at me
Gimmie the keys to the garage I need to borrow the Jeep...
Get the fuck out my face nigga!


CANIBUS
Rip the Jacker
PARENTAL ADVISORY

Canibus Lyrics

"Intro"

Calling all dogs, calling all dogs
Be on the look out for a big homo nigga with dimples
And I'ma let y'all know somethin', it ain't just start here
We've been preyin' on that ass since 'Jack the Ripper'
And now its time to rip it to the jacker

(ahhhhhhhhhhh .....)

[Verse 1:]
No rapper could rap quite like I can
You know who the fuck I am, I'm the canibus man
I had to rock to a beat like this to show you
That I'm iller then the future, the present, and the old you
I told you, wish you could take it all back don't you
Tried to smoke some canibus but canibus smoked you
Calling yourself the greatest is something you don't do
Cause after I humiliate you what will the G.O.A.T. do
You can't rap or act my main man
You goin' end up as an intern working for Def Jam
See you was never bad enough to battle with Canibus
You out of luck, I crushed you the minute I got tatted up
And every lie you told just added up cause you wasn't man enough
To be fair, but I'm mad a fuck and I've had enough
Jack the ripper or I'ma rip the jacker
Rape a rapper with a classic from his own masters
You're dead

[Verse 2:]
There's a rumor going around that I got dropped
200,000 albums sold at 10 dollars a pop
300,000 albums were shipped, you do the math
Thats 3 million in 3 months so kiss my ass
All these magazines tried to steamroll me to death
Guess what, the G.O.A.T. ain't platinum and neither is 'Clef
And I'm still here, inspite of all that shit them niggaz said
The skinny kid, the music industry's guinea pig
Tighter then ever, world's chief mic recka
Tougher then reverend run's muthafuckin' leatha
I'm hardcore, cum shot right in your wife's face
You soft porn, you held hands on the first date
See when you was making records like I need love
Your homie Cornell was givin' it to you up the butt
Plus I heard Simone was the high school slut

And she learned how to fuck before she knew how to cuss
Nigga you're dead

[Verse 3:]
You married a slut and had kids with her to cover up your hustle
You and your man Russell made a better couple
Your probably mad as fuck, wondering where I got the information from
Your being watched even when you take a dump
Its impossible to front, you can't hide
The chairs at your label got ears and the walls got eyes
Your living one big lie the world just don't know
You take a polygraph test that shit would probably explode
The truth is mr. smith you got a fucked up attitude
God knows that I pitty your fans for backing you
Yo, this be the realest shit I ever wrote
You should change your muthafuckin' name from G.O.A.T. to G.L.O.A.T.
The Greatest Liar Of All Time that cannot rhyme
That cannot shine as long as I'm alive
Your prime ended 8 months before '99
And that microphone on your arm will always be mine
Nigga you're dead

[Verse 4:]
I told you to leave it alone, but you was too stubborn
Now your in a world where the hunter becomes the hunted
Your wife is scared cause she don't want to lose a husband
And somebody keeps paging you putting 4321 in
You can't sleep at night thinking about the drama
Shit stains all up in your phat farm pijamas
Even f.u.b.u. gear looks hot until it touches you
Probably because your father undoubtedly butt-fucked you
Mama said knock who out? I'll punch that bitch in the mouth
Cause she don't know what she talking about
Ay yo, do me a favor when you see your ghostwriters
Tell them the rhymes they wrote for you should have been a lot tighter
You could have asked me, I'll write you some lines
I'll do anything for the greatest loser of all time
You still drippin' with wack juice 'cause you wack nigga
If you want the last word you can have it, I'm still iller
You're dead

Canibus Lyrics

"Genabis"

[Genabis]
This is Genabis, Remember this

[Canibus]
In the beginning I discovered wordplay
I experimented with some syllables from the first to the third day
On the fourth I searched for the words to say
How to compress complex verbiage in the least amount of space
I was perfect at it and mastered the tactic's
On the fifth day I decided I would combine it with mathematics
On the sixth day I became a fanatic and I couldn't kick the habit
I would just look in the mirror and practice
On the seventh cycle, I had to take the day off
I was exhausted I guessed my work will never pay off
But if it happened it to him, it could happen to me
And if it happened to me, it was destined to be

[Chorus: x2]
Yo, Genabis, Exobus, Levitibus
There ain't a mic on this planet I'm restricted to touch
I read the cosmo's but God wrote predicted as much
The inhabitants lack faith but resistance is tough

[Canibus]
They backslide back to church and call a minister's bluff
They rather remain unenlightened then listen to Bus
I blew the fuck up, even though it was short and abrupt
I was the first rapper to ever to close orbit the sun
One small step for man, one huge step for mankind
...I am the red giant of rhymes
Solar deflectors, incinerate you whole in a second
Flow is untested those that I've threatened fold under pressure
At 120 Beta cycles, high volts ignite your eyeballs
Until you see the fire in front of you
Optic cone rods, melt one at a time till you realize you in hell
Rip the Jacker's not done with you
I terrorize the rap community with impunity
Blow you to pieces and move elusively thru the debris
What my enemies want to do to me is old news to me
Those that pursue to me will never get thru to me

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
First rapper to speak over beats dogmatically
Mixed with Elizabethian drama and tragedy
My motto is to dress casually and live lavishly

Look at the Victorian tapestry in back of me
Notice the post renaissance pictures I drew
Hand sketched drawings of the deserts in Nazca Peru
The followable audio propogates the possible truth
For proof I'm the illest so the choice is not unto you
See the standard ideological definition of a rap model
Its Canibus scholarly periodicals
The article is substantially impressive, more then a message
A working thesis from several different perspectives
The Rosetta stone of sentences
For rap music's tentative
Enter apprentices
This is Genabis
The Rosetta stone of sentences
For rap music's tentative
Enter apprentices
This is Genabis

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Levitibus"

"You want power...but you're not big enough
so you steal it piece by piece..
take it in spoils...and step by step you'll weaken and the power is gone"

Levitibus..

I wanted some power of the chakra
with mofulean darkness describin what I see in the process
stone statues surrounded by neolithic objects
ceoglyphs on the pompa
a dose of the palamine, niggaz will feel like a dream
the dreamstate is the playground for the supreme
critics attempt to follow a trend
today they call me a Charlotten but tomorrow I will be a God of men
to create a universe all I need
is 1000, trillion, trillion degrees
so with 22, betatrons in the cloud chamber
keep the noise down so I don't arouse my neighbors
got a message from the falcon in the snow man
another note in a Coca Cola can
showed the whole planet in coded program
enrypted by a pro-scan modem with a lowband
hold up, let me load it in

"Darling I am a scientist..(you're a person, you ought to think that)
None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)
vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

I was created by intelligent design
you are merely a descendant of the immodified
you diss me out of pride
but when you're finished talkin bout one of your bitches you're simply out of rhymes
even my worst album was sublime
if I don't slow down, I'll distort the timeline
back through the time, turned into a 100 bars again
a master like the honorable Earl of Cannaben
the grand architect
used to be a partisan to LeMarketson's theory but I lost the bet
no regrets, you live and you learn
I'm through givin advice, I just give concern
sterilize my hands to prevent catchin the germs
and try to rebuild all the bridges I've burned
I prefer modesty over con-troversy
but what am I to do when these jerks keep botherin me
jealius cuz they cant rhyme like me
and they never had a scientific mind like me

"Darling I am a scientist..(you are a person, you ought to think that)
None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)
vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

I'm above average with verbal semantics
the aurora borialis in the form of a rap ballad
you look at me like "poor bastard
why cant you manipulate billboards with all your metaphor magic?"
no matter how hard I practiced
every microphone I sorta grabbed it
obviously thats the wrong tactic
I went through a long period of mourning and sadness when I wrote that Stan shit
but if you wanna see some hardcore Canibus just say so
and I'll come out the eggroll with seven death scrolls
if you can find a better flow?
then I can find a dinosaur on the Galapagos archipelago
hey you shouldn't fall for the naivette
lyrically I'm the illest when my beats is ok
food for thought, nutrition for the whole brain
keep your neurotransmitters warm on a cold day
I'm ahead of my time, or so they say
I guess thats why I already feel old and grey
okay, thats enough knowledge for today, I'm killin em
you best not forget it cuz this is Levitibus

"Darling I am a scientist..(you are a person, you ought to think that)
None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)
vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

Canibus Lyrics

"M Sea Cresy"

"Those who create literature know first-hand
just how difficult creating meaning can be..

..There are no options now..

...If I weren't a writer, I think I'd be a total psychological mess"

out of the imbelicus wombdee, this is lyrical lunacy
from a human being that speaks so fluently
bars of poetry without precedence
complete par excellence, listen to the Levitibus Testament
to understand me you need help
you gotta see the film "The Day After Trinity" written by John Else
to understand that, you must know thy self
you should keep listening cuz Canibus flow might help

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps
...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me
Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps
off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict
I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk
please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but
the incredible, lyrical, and original
rapper's still with the crime on top"

find the answers that we didnt know, maybe Edgar Allan Poe's
description of El Dorado is not so
see the reason there's no light at the end of tunnel
is cuz we're really not in a tunnel, we're trapped in a bubble
the government hired Ian LeDrexis society
can you explain why you believe hell is firey?
we sufferin from symptons of Drapetamania
slavery isn't over, it just took a new alias
the day the repository established with a maintenance
almost turned me into an atheist scared of aliens
why write lyrics when I make a better livin
sellin freeze dried venom to wildlife clinics?
cuz I hate the thought of bein a predictable bore
once you get used to me you wont love me no more
the final soliloquy of the internal paramour
what are we all to do when rap music is gone?
I hope god that the imagination of one
a golden tongue can achieve synchronicity with the sun
transcended beyond the flesh and the blood
cuz this is #1, after this album my message is done

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps

...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me
Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps
off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict
I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk
please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but
the incredible, lyrical, and original
rapper's still with the crime on top"

yeah you can't battle me, so you'd rather embarrass me
I maintain dignity in the face of calamity
they reach out they hand to me and talk this honesty
but I read through their syntactic structure like Nome Chopski
a student so overzealous I motivate my trainers
id rather get some now then get some later
take a break from writin rhymes on paper
you've been dissin my character
change my nature with seven days of Opasanaf
let go of the stress, man I was deeply depressed
so famished in fact, I needed a rest
to regenerate my mind
bless the cornerstone of my rhyme with corn oil and wine
to see the light in the luminous paradime
that became more apparent with time, all I had to do was follow the signs
to be a better man, I need help
I just gotta find an inner link between my deity and myself

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps
...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me
..Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps
..off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict
..I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk
..please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but
..the incredible, lyrical, and original
..rapper's still with the crime on top"

"People are usually terrified of poetry
and they don't realize that its just speech
it is language that is sometimes extraordinary
but there are ways to deal with it without worrying about it the way they do"

Canibus Lyrics

"No Return"

No return... *[x6]*

[Verse One]
Yo, scientists gather in a secret place to debate
They photographed the Earth from space and saw my face
They tried to translate the innate asiatic shape
before the final earthquakes came but it was too late
Only one eighth of the human race escaped to space
They were chased by flying phenomenon to the lunar base
Floatillas and space centers, lasers probed the entrance
DNA code sensors reject old genetics
I presented my cosmic clearance to a patrol of medics
I was injected with sodium pentathol and questioned
I relayed the message the way I was trained to remember it
I showed them the keypad code and told 'em to enter it
I told 'em which alphanumeric buttons were sensitive
He snatched it outta my hand and started depressing it
I told him detonation was definite if he kept at it
He never quit, he just lost his temper and flipped
I bowed my head like "I guess this is it"
My ears popped, the music stopped, and I couldn't hear shit

[Hook]

[Verse Two]
The driver jogged around to the front and opened the door
He said his name was Muhammed Jamal and he'd be with me 'till fall
He said the escort service had called
and a package would be waitin for me at the window
I said thanks, he grabbed my bags fast and put 'em in the trunk
Then he ran around to the front, slammed it in gear
Pulled off slow, winding down his window
and asked me if I minded if he smoke, I said no, he drove off
Cut my cell phone off, then I swallowed a tablet of Zoloft
Went to sleep and woke up feelin' kinda lost
I asked him what the weather's been like lately
he said he doesn't mind the heat and hates the A/C
Said he had a son who was eighteen and made beats
and I happened to be his favorite emcee
I said for real, that's crazy, I meet him later
Yo Jamal could you please do me a favor
When we get to the corner stop at the bodega
Hopped out the car, walked inside
the store's stereo was playin' Feliz Navidad
I got a pack of condoms and walked to the back of the line
There was three Taliban that was talkin' very loud
One reached in his back side and pulled out a Beretta gun

The last word I heard myself say was a four letter one
He looked me in the eye and said the drama's never done
Cuz there's no return...no return

[Hook]

[Verse Three]
I heard the ringtone of the red phone
Headquarters informed us there was an explosion in the red zone
We were ordered to get ready to go
and to get into our bio-weapons protective gear and clothes
I rode shotgun, my partner Ramirez drove
GPS control gave us coordinates where to go
Soon as we got there I could feel the hot air
For a second I stopped and stared, there was cops everywhere
I told 'em we need to get a square perimeter clear
We got an hour 'till nightfall, so light some flares
I said a twenty second prayer then ran to the second chair-
the lift that was there, then I waved my hands up in the air
to signal that it was clear before I ran upstairs
I could barely see, smoke was so thick in the air
I was visually impaired and started to get scared
I heard a woman scream "HELP" but I didn't know where
I started screamin' back "I'm not gonna leave you here"
Sayin to myself "damn it's hard to breathe in here"
Searched the rooms one by one like "fuck my lungs"
Ramirez said the fire truck got stuck by the front
I crawled all the way through the foyer to the end of the hallway
and seen her on the floor next to the doorway
I was half unconscious but I just ignored the pain
Helped her to her feet and she had her arm in a brace
All this tar-like black stuff was all in her face
I radio Ramirez coughin and tried to explain
I heard him say something to me like "It's all in flames!"
There was ceiling debris fallin all over the place
I looked her in her eye, she looked into mine, it was strange
Then I blinked for the last time and never saw her again

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Spartibus"

[Canibus]
Yeah, This is Spartibus
Yo, yo, yo

You wanna spar wit 'bus, then let's get started 'cuz
Atomic thrusts turn you into cosmic dust
Bomb ya borders with Japanese Spigot mortars
Recompose your composition to sawdust
Time is breath; breath is life; life is light
Light is no less than capital 'C' on the mic
Beneath the mirage of night I'll attack you twice
Prepare to rig a sacrifice with my ritual rights
Reinforce my habitual likes 'n dislikes
Then diss you on the mic cause I'm sick o' the hype
No one's ever written what I write
Compare they calligraphy type
Tell me yo how can I not be nice
The royal semen of Caesar frozen in a cryofreezer
On sale for seven figures per milliliter
Lethally illegal; I speak to the people
In the form of an eagle on top of the Theves Cathedral
With boundless knowledge, like hairless dalai'lamas
With linen garments neatly wrapped around armpits
With monasteries in the mountains
Trumpets have already sounded
You can't denounce my crown bitch

[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]
Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm *[x4]*
Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

[Canibus]
This game is Chinese chess, countless issues need to be addressed
Before the East nukes the West; totalitarianistic cause-'n-effect
"Run the words through a decompressor, recompress the depth"
Canibus is the most explosive next to meth
The inconsistency of the text, makes me complex
Pay attention to 'bis my intention is this
Leave you spatially adrift suspended in the abyss
Marijuana plant owner, smell my aroma
Contract scirrhous carcinoma and retinoblastoma
Confederate federal general the electric general
FCC omni-directional antenna poles
IFF, identification friend or foe
This areas restricted don't let 'em thru
He'll mock your style, rock you to the ground
With the bite force of a Sarcosuchus crocodile

Travel a fiber optic mile before you can smile
So don't ask me why, and don't ask how

[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]
Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm *[x2]*
Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

[Canibus]
Until I'm impressed with the print I can hear a pin drop like Sprint
Once it blends I can stop right then
Quantum coupling mechanisms and technical shit
Confuses you but I don't think your any less of a dick
Just define what is poetry and what is rap
I demonstrate how to effectively +Bridge the Gap+
The answer is simple in fact:
If the protons don't attack the retina, all we'd ever see is black
No ability, no extraocular motility
Silly emcees can't see me lyrically or visually
They'll never be better than me
I'll triple team 'em with a trinity severed to 3 and give 'em 9 enemies
Climb back to periscope depth in 2 hours
Surrender and throw in the towel
The amalgam of the ultimate album
This is (Spartibus) power *[echoes]*

[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]
Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm *[x4]*
Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

Canibus Lyrics

"Indisible"

[Canibus]
I translate images over the distance
Usually inflation premiss to the minus thirty-two second
Back to the Canibus era
My eponym is apparent
Those who hear my efforts gotta give me the merit
Off lyrics alone I'm a legend
But I can't take credit, the English language was not my invention
It's the way I put it together
The incorrect English editor
Can't nobody ever do it better
People forget but the history will remember
I plead guilty to the charge and accepted the sentence
Let the records show I resisted under the pressure
My short and precise to raise the measure

[Hook]

[Canibus]
Hip-hop forever
That's what I see when I look in the mirror
Regardless of whether I'm not a bestseller
I'm a first class spitter
The literal literature ripper
Painting pictures for intelligent listeners
From any and all dispositions
The fusion of what's written creates a fission called Canibus-ism
The intellectual division of science and religion
People waste their momentum trying to defend it
All I do it put it to ink then put it to print
See what you think, maybe I should speak to a shrink
I could fix the way they look at the world
They read all these books in a barrel
But they can't think for themselves
Self-contained, I'm all balls, belts and brains
Muslim strong 'cause no one ever help Germaine

[Hook]

[Canibus]
Observe the whole world's pain
And tell me you ain't tired of brain
The catholic faith will never be the same
You could be put in chains 'cause you got a Muslim name
Sent to Guantanamo Bay and tortured for days
Man, I'd rather buy some land and grow and orchard of grapes
Drink vegetable juice and stay away from steaks and shakes and snakes

These rancid corporations is fake
Nobody ever gives you what they already didn't take
Invest the wake, you'll be broke till you break
Man you learn to pick a lock you wanna open a gate
I mimic hater like flight simulators in air bases
Recovered from an adverted spinner, now I'm famous
Those who respond to Rip the Jacker with hate
Show poor taste and only exacerbate their fate
MicClub.net, get it right motherfucker
Get it right, get a mic

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Showtime At The Gallow"

This is Showtime at the Gallows
Rip The Jacker

Yo, I dialogue wit Amen-Ra 'til he gives me the nod
Or replaces me wit a supercomputer automaton
I don't barter for time I'm a martyr to rhymes
And a selfish soldier wit pride that was ordered to die
A burnin' star in the sky my heart is warped wit a drive
Expressin' thoughts through a rhyme my metaphors are alive
It's like I've been crucified they hate me now like Nas
They punctured me through my side the bleeding was cauterized
I was revived after I died
Only then I saw how I was truly admired and worshipped like a god
Shit'd mired up my mind they showed me a sign
I fell off the ocean liner someone throw me a line
Let the world know the truth but it became my demise
Mothafucka you know we even I don't owe you a dime
Sometimes I feel like killin' myself they've stolen my shine
I wanted to be the illest for a moment in time
From the ink to my pen to my pad to the ink in my arm
How can one diss song possibly last this long?
Tyson ain't the champ no more them days is gone
And Rip the Jacker ain't too stubborn to say when he's wrong

[HOOK]

I should get twenty dollars and go to Econolodge
And tie the sawed-off trigger around the doorknob
Call the police squad and tell them I'm in room one oh five
And that a dirty bomb's inside
Woke up in the cargo plane playin' Christy Lane
For some entertainment while I train in the misty rain
"One Day at a Time Sweet Jesus" is playin'
I'm sittin' there prayin' you prolly can't believe what I'm sayin'
But the voice in the back of my head keeps sayin' "Germaine
This is the real deal man this is not a dream this is not a game
The only sixteen you got from now on is locked
and loaded and in your hand
Deploy or detach on land you the man
And the pain is the weakness leavin' the body, understand?
I can reload wit a full pack call COMSAT
Tell them you need suppressive fire for troops in the back stat
Insurgence and counter-insurgence move wit a purpose
Absolutely mission critical you never get nervous
Applicate the shock tube to the surface
Standby blow it eyes open wit the scope on the terrorist
Tell him to go to hell in Arabic put a bullet through his narrow neck

Watch the wall behind him get wet
I'm an animal I'll murder you and stare at your pets
Get the tape I know where the surveillance cameras is kept

[HOOK]

If you want a confession? you got it
You want product? Gimme twenty dollars
You want gossip? I'll give you logic on any topic
Recordin' the positive data
Ripper's the best rapper go confirm the status
One million page dissertation written on paper
Cheap label from Pitney Bowes' tree curator
My purification process is greater
But thinly tapered verbatim
My album is equal to over fifty acres
Can-I-Bus before the Big Bang
And after the big crunch I only gotta say it once
Let there be light and I write a sentence
The greatest discovery since 'opethicus afarensis
Back to before Sumerians landed on the Cayman
In the Caribbean carryin' bacteria with antigens
And Nine-foot stone mannequins
The key to nuclear power and four delivered talaria
Showtime at the gallow the Age of Aquarius
And Space Harrier's life's last barrier

[HOOK]

Canibus Lyrics

"Psych Evaluation"

Yo
Some say the pen overpowers the sword
The video camera is just as powerful when it records
Appallin' footage of cops breakin' the law
Mad at you because of what you saw, now they breakin' ya jaw
I been accused, of bein' internally preoccupied
'Cause the rhymes talk to me, and I talk to the rhymes
Clinically induced impulses reveal what's hidden
Written prescriptions, given by qualified clinicians
Lafayette peg boards be spinnin on turn tables
To determine the motor coordination available
Those able to speak what I spoke, repeat my quotes
My systematic treatment approach, be deep in they throats
I inject the frontal lobe of the brain with a lethal dose
Of unspeakable dope, worse than opium smoke
Well-spoken like Washington Post, or a Fox News Network host
Scale intelligence like Wechsler Adults
Nonnormative data, brain storage matter couldn't capture
A couple years ago they had to put it on Napster
Ressurect Rip the Jacker, rip these rappers
For every second the clock ticks, I'm a attack ya

[HOOK]

The C-A-N dash I dash
B-U-S gets the last laugh, before the critical mass
In half the speed of a bulb flash
Fire engulf that ass, into a mole hill of charcoal ash
Only to be blown away by a cold draft
Wack emcees got no chance, it's so sad
They say to Canibus, "Will you ever run out of things to say?
How much breath can a man breathe in a day?"
Needless to say, I think it's kinda deep in a way
People be like "Bis is too ill, keep him away"
It's a good thing I got patience
I been waitin here longer than Dr. Levinson's time equations
Tryin' to figure out what made men
Was it inflation, or are we just a product of the apes then

[HOOK]

You think because I'm not on a major I can't bus'
And because I come from the ghetto that I can't adjust
Yeah my disposition was rough
But it turned me into a quick learner, all I need now is some luck
I used to be a undisciplined piece of fecal matter
A underdog rapper, but I closed that chapter

I deal wit my adaptive difficulty faster
And question my projected technique as a rapper
I've lost interest in the battle glory and glamor
But I cant control Rip the Jacker, when he gets amped up
It doesn't matter, we all got a dark side
A loud mouth, Mau Mau from the Apartheid
Yo you wanna earn your respect, then come to micclub dot net
And see if you can impress the best

[HOOK]

Canibus Lyrics

"Cemantics"

Aiight yo
Let's talk about the incredible rap flow
We can have a Dinner for Five with John Favreau
See it comes to me natural
One of my integral attributes, is to be lyrically tactful
I can prove who's nicer, who's not an emcee
Through falsifiable scientific hypothesis
In recent times, I find it's never been about the rhymes
The game is very politicized
Those who sympathize with they hearts and minds
Show hatred through the mouth, body language and eyes
Sometimes I say to myself, why do I even try
In spite of whatever happens, I love it until I die

[Chorus]

If you don't believe in the other dimensions you been duped
They're the main ingridience in this cosmic soup
See the mouse?, grab it
Edit the edges with Avid
Is this the picture of a duck or a rabbit
You see ass and tits?, welcome to madness
Please, try to interpret the following passage
Magenetohydrodynamic mechanics
Translated into Canibus language you'll never understand it
It's on when the crowd is cheering me on
Waving they arms, like they doing Falun Gong
Firearms three quarters of a million troops strong
In a single file line, stretched out a mile long
Thermodynamics of the second law
Isolated physical systems lead toward greater disorder
Across the dry desert in the featureless sand
Water is secondary to the meaning of man
I know but I won't tell
There's more to the human race than polymers proteins and protocells
Chemical evolution, L- and D-form sudunits
That come from the love of Hip Hop and Rap music

[Chorus]

The scourge of the words, I attack the earth with
I bet you submerge dry and emerge wet, what you think?
Confuse my shrink with english, the publication refuses to print
My daughter likes blue, and my son likes pink
Man, give me a drink
What kind of world are we living inn? I think it stinks
Whatever life you live, it's a quick-sited quiz

If you percieve something to be real maybe it is
Force your kids to listen to Dead Prez, before they go to bed
Send them to school, put them in special Ed
Reinforce their paranoia of the feds
Make sure they grow dreads and they live on the edge
The philosiphy of the hard-knocks, pan-psychics sit on the block
And attempt to talk to rocks
In the projects where they harvest the human crop
Organic robots that bleed when they get shot
If you can survive or thrive in the Jamacan ghetto
You deserve a Congressional medal
My heart goes out to all the young bloods
The heart has reasons the mind knows not of
From the first to the twelfth month
I keep a twelfth pump in the trunk, for the day when Hell comes
Was invincible on the mic when I held one
My motto was to blaze all and spare none
I came, I saw, I conquered, now they're just an empty void
Mic Club come holla at your boy

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate II"

[Sampled Intro: same outro from Poet Laureate]
Uhh I dont understand how a writer could ever get writer's block, so called
My problem is having too much.. and being unable to get it down...

[Canibus]
Yo, why is the ripper so ill?
That would be a unpardonable breach of confidence for me to reveal!
He said "One of these days, all eyes would be on me
when they look up in the sky and see the neon C"
Rhymes inscribed on a nickel disk encased
in glass with an ion beam for longevity
For more then 10 centuries, impressions and memories
the first time the machine inventor will mention me
Canibus was a visionary indeed
he believed light could travel in multiples of C
The organic supercomputer that solved the mysteries
of Clan Calusa with 2 blue metric rulers
Liked Cool J, but thought Stephen J. Gould was cooler
and he never liked to propagate rumors
Smoked Canary Island cigars
liked America, luxury cars and beautiful Asian broads
He had a strong mind, he used to philosophize
about rhymes while he was pruning his Banzai
He claimed that he had written the greatest rhyme of all time
but he would never take it out his archives
He wrote 2 songs per day
and was constantly was experimenting with his wordplay
In his youth he did a report on the Sloan Digital Sky survey
he got an F but he deserved an A
I followed his career from the first day
it seemed the lack of support contributed to his inert ways
I seen him pull in 24 hour workdays
with deferred pay, undeterred by the word "shame"
Public humiliation was the worst pain
he was spinnin out of control like a class 5 hurricane
He said he wouldn't want another MC to suffer the same
Especially when there's nothing to gain
He was the illest alive but nobody would face it
he spit till his toungue was too torched to taste, it
properly funded corporations carbon dated his latest creations
to extract the information
They found it utterly amazing
they claimed the body of his work was the same thing as a priceless painting
Never mattered to him, the art galleries hated him
cause Thomas K.K. called, said he would take 10
Complete enigmas wrapped in puzzles encrypted in language
with sound but without shape or signature

Kept files in his garage, on MS-DOS
in a fire-proof pod, he thought it was odd
Outside there was a shed with an Oppenheimer lock
he apparently kept more wax then Madame Tussaud's
We were in total awe, cause it blew our minds
so many rhymes that were intricately designed
He WAS Poet Laureate of his time
and if you dont mind, Id like to share some of his rhymes

[beat switches]

Alone in my room, looking thru the 32X telescope zoom
adjusting the focus of the moon
One should not assume the philosophy of David Hume
is nothing more then a subjective conclusion
What is the maximum field rate application?
the run away glaciation surrounding the ocean basin
affects the population, fluctuation
on a continuous basis but thats just the basics
The juxtaposition of Canibus's position
the precision something no other has written
Way above and beyond what was intended
the unparallel Malleable annunciation of a sentence
You didnt go to college obviously
I can tell by your ungodly unintelligible terminology
A remarkable odyssey, the rhymes of modern speeds
when the brain orders the body not to breathe
Incompetency is not up to speed, you not in my league
you couldnt possibly be hotter then me
Or oppositely your minus 25 degrees, you'd squeeze
but the condensation makes rifle barrels freeze
Allow me to speak figuratively, nigga please
my intellectual properties are about the size of Greece
Your counselor advised you not to speak
my counselor advised me to keep rhymin until they stopped the beat
In the words of Joseph Heller, "I learned how to write better"
even though it sort of urked me
He said he didnt understand the process of the imagination
but he felt he was at its mercy
Which exploits my point perfectly and certainly reinforces
the reason why nobody's probably ever heard of me
Couldnt understand what I mean by ill
unless you try to translate what I print to film
This is the line of will, the circle of time
the cycle of eternity, the emergence of 1 line
Academic phonetics render critics tounge-tied
Ive personified dry humor of cum-laude alumni
A wise man sees failure as progress
a fool divorces his knowledge and misses the logic
And loses his soul in the process
obsessed with nonsense with a caricature that has no content
My style is masterful, multi-lateral
I could battle a fool and be naturally cruel

Words of scourn are a disasterous tool
from an existentialist's view, I'm a better rapper then you
Grab the mic and rip your physical fabric in 2
my attitude is fucked up but abrogable
Different methods interpreted into different forms
from entirely different perceptions and seen from different norms
Not to spit in the palm theres much more involved
theres much more pieces of the puzzle for you to solve
48 orders of mechanical laws
and rays of creational cause, enhance the cadence of my bars
Maybe I am self-obsorbed
but thats the effect, to find the cause you should ask my A&R
Today is what it is, but only because yesterday was what it was
permitting you heard of Beezlebub
A tale of demons and drugs, pissy drunk in the club
with the DJ doing the needle rub
Chances are you'll never see me son
yeah I know my names Canibus but I cant help you if you need a dub

[beat switches]

I came to holla at some big booty bitches
and listen to the speakers thump, where you get conceited from?
Im so nice on the mic, they wanna beat me up
its deep as fuck, I ain't seen it all but I've seen enough
Really unbelievable stuff
theres a lot of times where I wanna speak but I'm stuck
I should leave this rap shit alone
and kick my incredible in rhymes in the privacy of my own home
My imagination is my own
delibity to speak to freely lyrically on the microphone
Wit a pen in my hand, I bring motion to the enyogram
and become "Cani-millenia man"
Grave my back with the emperor's stamp
been spittin scientific rap since the 17th century began
Tryna' escape the wicked empire of Def Jam
and the land where lyrics are bland and heretics hang
Every warrior has an axe to bury
but he has to learn to discern between enemy and adversary
I said to myself, "Germaine this is insane
It's suicide its controlled flight into terrain"
I fought to regain, control of the plain, but went up in a ball of flames
and got banned from the hip-hop hall of fame
For two bars I kept hearin in my head
over and over again, it cost me everything

[beat changes back to the original beat]

I'm convinced now that more then truth is at stake
Where people create language that pretends to communicate
Euphamisms are misundertood as mistakes
but its a bi-product of the ghetto music we make
From an extroverted point of view I think its to late

Hip Hop has never been the same since '88
Since it became a lucrative profession as a misconception
in the movement in any direction as progression
Even though of the potency of it lessens
big money industries writing checks to suppress the question
And nobody gives a fuck no more, no one goes to the book store
ever since the influence of Moore's Law
But I stay in the lab, like Niels Bohr
his son Aage, Edward Lawrence, and Leo Szilard
Lyrically I take rap music and turn the knob
to the right full throttle and added panache
Why would I argue with my own conscience over the truth?
That's like me telling myself don't tell me what to do
Dialysis and analyses of battle MC's
sometimes I say things I myself can't believe
My lyrical is so skillfully eliptical
I can understand how it makes you miserable
You wonder why I never let you play your beats for me
or why I keep my studio shrouded in secrecy
You wonder whats my infatuation with Alicia Keyes
"Canibus why don't you speak to me?"
Yo, I meant it when I said no one can shine on a song that features me
That's why I said it so vehemently
You need to replace the hate with respect
I'm probably the best yet, Poet Laureate!!!

[Sampled outro]
Generally I take.. I go with the given..
ya know with what comes to me .. over the celestial wireless ..
whenever it comes, you're lucky when you get it..

CANIBUS
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
MIND CONTROL

Canibus Lyrics

"33 3's"

[Intro, imitating the owl from the "Tootsie Pop" commercials]
One ... two ... three...
[Chomping sound] ... three!!

[Canibus]
Yo, in linear terms, my thirty-three degree, and a
Words will give you thirty-third degree burns
First I write thirty-three lines to a verse
About how I created the Earth out of thirty-three quirks
Thirty-three of my peers never thought it would work
For thirty-three days, I started my relentless research
And I figured, if Jigga could do, twenty-two two's
As an mc, then I could do, thirty-three three's
Suddenly it occurred, at three-thirty, on March third
It came to me like God's word
I started to load my thirty-three caliber Mossberg
Went to the top of the Empire State, on thirty-third
Thirty-three gunshots was heard
Thirty-three pedestrians lay wounded or dead, on the curb
Thirty-three squad cars rushed to the scene
As soon as they heard some mad-man had gone berserk
I demanded thirty-three million
Or I was going to kill thirty-three of the women and children in the building
I gave them thirty-three minutes to respond
Then I proceeded to arm, a backpack nuclear bomb
I set the timer for three hours, and three minutes long
Told them not to try nothing funny or I'd kill them all
They still never responded
Until I saw thirty-three of the S.W.A.T. team jump out of three helicopters
I told them for the third and final time
If they crossed the line again, I'd take, thirty-three lives
Three of the hostages started crying
Three of them started wilding, and convinced, three more to start an uprising
Three of them stood to their feet and started freestyling
I didn't know what to do, so I started rhyming
I tried to kick three-hundred bars
But I got picked off by a sniper from thirty-three yards
The bullet hit me but it got lodged, and ricocheted off
Three organs three inches away from my heart
My name went down in history, as the illest MC
Rewind it and count it, thirty-three threes

Canibus Lyrics

"Canibus Man"

(feat. Pakman)

[Canibus:]
Yo, yo, let me explain something so that you understand
You will never be iller than the Canibus man
You could be male, female, black, white
Fuck the details, I rip a nigga with a rhyme till he screams help
Any nigga I told to kneel knelt
You haven't the slighest idea what a real MC is about
You need to be yourself, you can't sound like nobody else
And you can't do all of the beats yourself
You can't do it without the streets help
Niggaz on the block that blast the boom box till the speakers melt
That's how I was brought up, big fat elephant balls what
I'm a knucklehead with big walnuts, small frame extra large guts
I'll do anything to a nigga if he pushes me hard enough
I use to rhyme like all day
I mean little nigga spittin till my jaws felt sore with pain
I use to train with myself in the mirror
Like "Mirror mirror on the wall, tell me who's iller"
How you like that? I use to say it just like that
Maybe I should copyright that, I'll be right back
[Pause]
Sorry to leave you hangin
I write things down quick cuz I ain't takin no chances
Thats the difference between you and me
You a wanna-be, and I'm an MC
I'm just in the booth right now
I'm just kickin it with you right now
I'm tellin you the truth right now
You can't fuck with the Canibus man, you can't fuck with the Canibus man

[Canibus:]
Now in this rap field, I got a lot of confirmed kills
I put niggaz through drills to prove if they got true skills
You coulda sold millions, but if you ain't got 100 bars shut the fuck up
At least don't talk to me, cuz I ain't hearin you
If you that ill, give me a hundred bars, I'm darin you
I definitely ain't scared of you
I go to war cuz I'm prepared to lose
Just as long as I get to damage you
Take the mic from you, then put a knife in you
That's what I like to do, make you lose a pint or two
If you a lion I'm a tiger too
I could be as nice as you, but if you a snake I'm a viper too
Look you in the eyes and lie to you
Thinkin about all the possible ways to kill you while I smile at you
You like to get fly nigga I'm a pilot too

Don't even try to get deep cuz I'm a diver too
Don't try to fit in my shoes cuz you cant
Nobody can fuck with the Canibus man, understand?

[Canibus:]
Yo, yo, yo, my mouth is mechanically mechanized
My verbal weapon fires a whole clip of rhymes before you can get off one round
Can-I-Bus will buss ya, apply enough pressure to crush ya, I pulverize mother fuckers
Leave MC's laid out like hurricane debris, 15 Megatons of TNT
The overseas block busta, bustin up blocks like the Tiguska meteorite to hit Russia
Comin from the underground I discovered
A ground underneath the ground before underground bunkers
Dedicate it's blunkers, deeper than the labrith
Conductin excavations of the matrix
Living in uninhabitable places, craters of a desert like oasis with a cydonian faces
As barren as Las Vegas, as barren as the wombs of women who use artificial insemination
As barren as Utah's Salt Lake City basin, as barren as ancient Egypt before irrigation
A five-star chef makin mouth-watering creations with blood stains on my apron
Put the heads of wack MC's in my oven and bake them
Then garlic bread sticks in their eye sockets and taste them
It's not really that odd, when you consider part of the ancient culture loves to eat dogs
Feline cats with their claws, paws and all
Caucasians eat frogs, African-americans eat the hog
Hindus in India will kneel to the floor and worship cows and rats as gods
I raise the odds, spit rhymes towards Mars and beyond to the nearest binary star
I'mma tell you once more my main man, you can't fuck with the Canibus man

Canibus Lyrics

"Atlanta"

[Canibus:]
I wake up in the morn', turn my PlayStation on
Just bought that NFL Blitz and that Basket-Ball
I read the Vibe and Source, to see what's going on
I let my hair grow long, maybe braid it in the fall
Whenever I get bored, I just jump in my car
I go to Lennox Mall, and look for independent broads
Sometimes I get a nod, they treat me like a scrub
I go down to the schools, maybe I get more love
Three P.M. in the evening, I'm on the highway speeding
My front-left tires leaking, should have bought a new one last weekend
I guess I wasn't thinking, up ahead break-lights was blinking
For more than thirty minutes I was stuck in gridlock prison
This traffic drives me crazy, going West on two-eighty
Five bitch almost made me, crash into her Mercedes
I'm glad I almost missed her, I pushed the clutch and shifted
It was a white-lady, I'd rather hit a sister
'Cause see, I know the system, it's easier to trick them
I use my G to pimp them, then convince I'm the victim
Nah baby, you hit me, no I was in lane three
You need some contacts you can't see, no girl don't blame me
Don't panic just be patient, give the bitch the wrong information
She'll probably never claim it, scared of high insurance payments
I love my home Atlanta, I love my home Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta, I love my home Atlanta

[Canibus:]
The land of pretty peaches, them girls with round features
Make a nigga say, "Good Jesus," them Georgia dime-pieces
Started off like, "What's your name? Tell me, what's your age?
You got a man? Can we be friends?"
I'm glad you feel that way, come on and ride with me
I take you to that Crunk bar where them sharks eat
Five-star baby, bon-appetite
I got that shrimp appetizer with that dog meat
If shorty want to creep, I bring her home with me
Just bought some candles and that Carl Thomas CD
Bootleg that Jay-Z, stole that OutKast
Been have that Keith Sweat, I know how to make it last
Smack that naked ass, she got a big butt
I ain't in no rush, plus she likes it rough
Kinky stuff like, leather and handcuffs
And them thangs you wrap around a man's you-know-what
That's why I love Atlanta, I can hardly stand-up
I'm a heavy drinker, fix me a cup and sinker
I always love Atlanta, that's why I love Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta, I love my home Atlanta

[Canibus:]
As a young child I was so damn bad
Used to drive up the Ave with no tags
Niggaz couldn't see me, I was going so fast
Most niggaz catch whiplash and crash
Face all chipped up from the glass
Running from the police hauling ass
If I get caught, I just give them some cash
Most police give me dap and laugh
Other ones pull up behind the flash
Take a nightstick and tap the glass
Tell me, "Turn the music down," it's on blast
Turn the engine off 'cause I'm wasting gas
Tell them that I'm lost and I need a map
Looking for a hotel to take a nap
Freaknik, officer, I came for that
It was good last year that's why I'm back
That's when he tried to hit me
His big fist barely miss me
I have my camera with me
I think I'll sue the city
I love this place Atlanta
That's why I love Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta

Canibus Lyrics

"Gybaotic"

[Canibus:]
Yo
I done been from Jersey to Brooklyn
Done been through Queens where the crooks hang
Done been on tour doing group thangs
'Cause I'm always tasting that pootang
Really love it when a girl got a cute name
Got a cute attitude and a cute frame
Got a big ass butt, breasts, and no brain
Them things make a nigga want to shoot game
Now check it, I done been through a few thangs
Done seen a lot more than some loose change
Always been open minded to new thangs
(_A_)
Been a Hip-Hop nigga since youth man
Beat-box and break-dance too man
Used to do electric boogaloos man
Do Egyptian love with two hands
I remember when I lived down south, yo
In a hot ass one story house, yo
Where the A.C. was always going out, yo
Sometime spend a whole day outdoors
We had a block-party, barbeque
Eating food, in the pool
Music got us in that mood
Everybody act a fool
I'ma tell you like this man
Every night I go down to the city man
To the gentlemen's club where my niggaz hang
Them stripper chicks know how to strip man
DJ's be spinning them hits man
Play the Cash-Money clique and the Jigga man
Them hoes be thick but sick man
Every stripper think a motherfucking rich man
Like Sisqo, the R&B singing man
Think I got a bank account with a million man
Case of Crystal cost about six grand
Bitch better get a less expensive brand
Got to stick to the budget when I trick, man
How about ten dollars for a sip, man?
My whole dance for a ten dollar tip, man
Still waiting on my royalty check, man
How about a rain-check next time, yo?
How about a handful of coupons, yo?
How about tickets to my next five shows
Turn around, let me test that behind, yo
I love a fine ho

[Canibus:]
Girl, why you trying to get loud, screaming lies
Acting surprised, rolling your eyes
You act like a nigga done committed a crime
You know my elbow just brushed your thigh
Now them guys, twice my size
Trying to throw a nigga like me outside
I be up in this club all the time
But it's the first time that I crossed the line
Damn girl, why you so mean to me?
You know I can't leave, I done lost my keys
Don't throw me out, Mr. Bouncer, please
Let me take the girl up to V.I.P
She was just playing 'cause I'm low on cheese
Look at it, she only got eyes on me
They bloodshot red, so she's smoking weed
You know how these stripper chicks love to tease
I think I left my cell phone back at my seat
I had a couple of drinks and I need a receipt
Follow me to the bathroom to pee
I keep about three G's in my briefs
Damn baby boy, you done ripped my sleeve
I ain't trying to beef, give me room to breath
Why I got to leave, tell me what I done?

[Canibus:]
God damn girl, give a nigga some love
I'm all out of dubs but I'll give you some ones

Canibus Lyrics

"In The Rain"

[Hook x2]
Drivin' all night through the rain
Tryin' to escape the pain
I can't get away
With the way I drive will I make it home alive?
How will I survive?

Cereal killer, slasher, Rip the Jacker
Been on America's Most and still can't be captured
Think about it, how am I supposed to feel?
If you ain't have a record deal, how would you feel?
In a world where it seems like you're all alone
Like my name didn't help the rap market grow
Like I'm hardly gold, like I ain't got a remarkable flow
When I deserved to die old and broke
I'd rather have an overdose doin' coke or dope or both
Gettin' bathed in a bathhouse by Dorothy Dandrich
Hailey Berry and Jennifer Lo, bending over for soap
What a way to go
A friend of mine told me that I know a lot of nothing
I looked him in the eyes and said at least I know something
I know I've been driving all night through the rain
And I'm lookin' for a sunny day
I wanna run away

[Hook x2]

I be the first one to tell you I'm an ill emcee
But I'm a human being and if you prick me, I bleed
I might bleed internally, but it's still hurting me
Can-i-bus is not what he deserves to be
I just wanna rhyme, I don't wanna beef wit you
But if you bite me, I'ma put my teeth in you
I want the whole world to say, "Canibus, I believe in you"
The same way, my man, Ricky Lee would do
Don't sterotype us, we freedom fighters
We drive all night through the rain wit' no wippers
I paid that price a couple of times
And when I'm on the mic, I spit double the rhymes
I ain't scared of the competition
But I want you to listen to me even when I'm not rippin'
I hope you never have to feel my pain
I hope you never have to drive all night through the rain

[Hook x2]

Will somebody please tell me, what does it take?

I been on promotional tours, from state-to-state
I've done a 100 Bars on mixtape
People recognize the face, but the sales don't equate
I guess I'll plead guilty if
Rippin' a rhyme is a crime
Cause I'ma get mine or die tryin'
I'm verbally inclined to shine
I spin like a turnbine and blow the rain clouds out the sky
I drive through the rain til the roads get dry
Bonafide Gladiator that was born to ride
You could never put a price on my pride
If I have to, I'll swim against the tide til my arms get tired
But I won't disappear and I will not be quiet
Or get pushed to the side, I will not be denied
Keep my eyes and ignore the pain
No matter how long I gotta drive through the rain

With the way I drive, will I make it home alive?

Canibus Lyrics

"Mind Control"

[Chorus: Female singing]
You're under my, you're under mind control
You know you're lost, don't even try to fight
You cant escape, I rule you day and night
You're under my, you're under mind control

[Verse]
Been in this rap game since ninety-six
Can-I-Bus, also known as Canibus
And even though that might seem like a short time
I was never known for spitting a short-rhyme
I'm known for my ill metaphors and lines
And I'm inspired by that little voice inside
That says, 'keep a strong mind and don't compromise'
Nothing happens before it's time, don't get off of the grind
See the game is cold, don't lose control
All the glitters ain't gold, you could lose your soul
I've been through it before, guess you live and you learn
Everyone takes turns getting what they deserve
It's like a revolving door as far as Canibus is concerned
Please believe it, I'mma get what I earned
As far as getting that dough, and everything else in my career goes
I'm completely in control, come on

[Chorus: Female singing]

[Canibus]
Now don't get it twisted, Canibus ain't getting Jiggy with it
I'm just dumbing it down for a minute
Went from Jersey to A-T-L, but then I relocated
Out to Cali on some one-way shit
Bought a cheap ticket and split, I'm in coach sitting next to this chick
With some real voluptuous lips
She asked me if I can help her give her luggage a lift
After that, she wouldn't shut up for the rest of the trip
She said she thought I looked familiar, but she never caught on
I started nodding off, she was talking so long
Put my headphones on, then I went to sleep
Reclined the seat, thought about rhymes and beats
I thought about how I spent so much time in the East
And how my mind was never in peace
In the streets, if you want to that yellow-brick road
Paved with gold, you just gotta take control, come on

[Chorus: Female singing]

[Canibus]

I stepped off the plane, never want to sit in coach again
I can't deal with the neck-pain
Seen some guy holding up a sign with my name
What's up my main-man, where's baggage claim'
Took the elevator, I was physically drained
The chick from the plane said, 'bye,' and started to wave
Man, I'm just happy to be in L.A.
Got my release papers from Universal/M.C.A
Now it's time to get that real paper, shake off the haters
They can't break us, we're Gladiators
World famous, my name is on the mind of all of the majors
Canibus is outrageous
Fans sing along when I perform on stages
Or when they hear my songs on they two-way pagers
They can't front, 'cause I broke the mold
And took a little time, but now I'm in control

[Female vocalizes the harmony until fade]

Canibus Lyrics

"Last Laugh"

[Verse One]
Ha ha ha ha ha
Check out the bizarre style that I display god
Ha ha ha ha ha
Kinda like when the biz went
Eh eh eh eh eh
But this is the Canibus with the
Ha ha ha ha ha
Now
Ha ha ha ha ha
Ain't just the name of the song
Ha ha ha ha ha
It's probably my favorite response
When I'm walking on the street or I'm out at the mall
And people be talking that blah blah blah
Ha ha ha ha ha
But anyway, a regular day is just like this
Canibus writes a rhyme then Canibus spits, Like
Ha ha ha ha ha
I eat eat eat rhymes, Niggas don't be understanding that shit
Why you think I went and put a fucking mic on my arm
'Cause it belongs to me and I belong next to Ghengis Khan
In a coffin carbon-dryed with my body in bronze
Like Han Solo when he got frozen in Star Wars
Ha ha ha ha ha
I'm great but I'm not the greatest
Ha ha ha ha ha
I believe I'm god but I'm not aethiest
Ha ha ha ha ha
I'm crazy but I'm not the craziest
I'm just a normal heterosexual homosapien
Ha ha ha ha ha
The industry tried to cave me and I was an arch angel
But they changed me into Damien
Ha ha ha ha ha
The evil spirit of rap, the evil rapper
Ha ha ha ha ha
Rip the jacker
Master of the ceremony, most people know me as such
My disciples know me as master 'Bus
I can
Ha ha ha ha ha
Change their life with a touch, cause I'm
Ha ha ha ha ha
Lyrically gifted as fuck
Can-I-Bus, could bust it down pound for pound
My style'll make a thousand mc's bow

Ha ha ha ha ha
You can yah yah yah cha cha cha cha cha all you want
Y'all niggas know the Canibus is the one
Ha ha ha ha ha
Ha ha ha ha ha
The rhyme creator
At the drop of a dime I spit 100 b-a-rs
I'm a S-T-A-R since the day I was born
And I'll be a star til the day that I'm gone
Ha ha ha ha ha
You can agree with uh-huh or disagree with uh-uh
Whatever, niggas can't front
Ha ha ha ha ha
If they respond too late to the 911 call
They find you on the floor with a razor blade in your palm
Deep cuts an inch wide and 5 inches long
Paramedics feel for a pulse to see if you gone
You was pronounced D.O.A before you got to E.R.
The doctor swore that suicide was the probably cause
Probably because, you weak insecure motherfuckers
feel lost when you hear me roar
Ha ha ha ha ha
Like-uh the predator starring schwartzenegger
Before he triggered the bomb he went
Ha ha ha ha ha
Ha ha ha ha ha
The evil spirit of rap, the evil rapper
Ha ha ha ha ha
Rip the jacker

[Verse Two]
Its legibly unimaginable, mathematically incalculable
inextricably infalible
Let's not forget utterly impossible or
Morally unsermountable to assume that I could lose if I battled you
My scholastic aptitude is 1602
100 bars was just a glimpse of the truth
Physical proof that I'm the best at this
I've contructed sentences
That'll stand longer then stone henges megaliths
My 1st and 2nd albums consists of more then a million terabits
More then any of you rappers ever spit
Vote for me as president, In about a day or so
I be up in the white house getting feletio
By an administrative assistant with deep throat
Butt naked on the floor knee deep in some coke
Or on a speaker phone freestyling with some of my folks
Humping a ho tampering with the republican vote
I'm like Mel Gibson in Braveheart, fighting swordsman
Dodging arrows from the arches 'cause I'm a horesman
Flying circles around you like flying saucers
Flying circles around the royal air force's flying fortress
Maximize my wins, minimize my loses

Til I'm exhausted then lounge like the lyricists on Rawkus
I'm unsigned right now, it's like I'm an orphan
Looking for a home taking all calls and offers
Notify the prince and the duke of earl
I'm probably the illest english speaking mc in the world
Ghetto fabulous, verbally hazardous
Ask any baptist, roman catholic or satanic activist
Even them trippy hippies on college campuses know about Canibus
I've got rhymes like beads on an abacus
My styles totally out the bracket
Scientist in thick glasses and pocket protectors want to patent it
My talent is unmatched by any rapper in this rapping biz
By any rapper on this planet's grid
Show me where he is, I sign the ordenance
To bomb his coordinants with Agent Orange and torture him
Burn the skin off of him, throw a towel on him and stomp on him
Rip the towel off then pour salt on him
Continue my verbal assault on him til its 12 in the morning
And turn into the werewolf monster on him
Rip his heart out, eat it while its still pumping
The blood still running, it tastes like boiled dumplings
Starving artist, I turned down scholarships to Oxford College
'Cause I heard they didn't serve porridge
Smartest then any man in Scotland yard is
Used to work for MI6 but quit 'cause I couldn't take orders
I was the original James Bond before Sean Conn', Roger Moore,
Timothy Dalton and Pierce Brosman
The most awesome walking, talking, breathing
English speaking mc in the European region
Rip you to pieces like communism leaflets
Beef with 'Bis is like playing chess without the pieces
Modern Christians without Jesus, Rasta's without Reefer
Jamaican's in Princeton without Visa's
Radio's without speakers, Mother nature without the 4 seasons
Without a jacket outside when its freezing
I'ma tell you straight up, no lie
Canibus is the illest motherfucker alive
Ha ha ha ha ha
The evil spirit of rap, the evil rapper
Rip the jacke

Canibus Lyrics

"Not 4 Play"

(feat. Kurupt)

[Chorus: Kurupt & Canibus]
Don't play them games, not for play, not today
say what you say, not for play, not to day
we horseman man, you fools insane, locked the game
we spit flames, not for play, not today

[Kurupt:]
Each day I dip sometimes I trip
this gangsta shit (west gangsta shit)
I just don't give a fuck
I gallop role I'm in control
I like gettin high in G mode
with the homeys just lettin all the weed blow
fired up, nigga what you thought it was
buz cause nigga I don't give a fuck

[Canibus:]
Niggaz like us don't give a fuck
Canibus and Kurupt, choke a nigga up
comin through in the four by four truck
chromed from the flour up, with *[?]*
white air force ones with the low cut
I'm in the back of the jeep gettin *[?]*
me and my dawg Kurupt spark that skunk
I know I'm a G cos' my name start with one

[Chorus]

[Canibus:]
We Horseman man the next Wu-Tang
you know the name, Killah Priest and Kurupt
Ras Kass to you heard of us
we go to the club, curse and cus
start that buzz, thats wots up
spike the punch, fight and fuzz
rush that stage for the mic and bus
straight up cause I love them guts
don't call me unless you invite some sluts
36C cup with big butts
I pay big books to get my dick sucked
she can spit it up, then lick it back up
thank you very much, there you go slut
a Benjamin Franklin was more than enough
write your number down ill be in touch

[Chorus]

[Kurupt]
A Benjamin Franklin was more than enough
bitch give me that cash before I fuck you up
genuine banging in the deck
same old G, D.P.G
show you somethin gangstafied
do or die, gangstafied
run and ride, now ride don't run
fuck that nigga, blast that nigga
lay that nigga, I spray that nigga
AK that nigga off weed and liquer
I drop a switch, fuck a bitch
smash and dip with hollow tips
[?] me up, what the fuck
Canibus and Kurupt choke a nigga up
flippin through the cut, flash flood
fluctuate *[?]*, pistol tooked, nigga

[Chorus]

[Kurupt: talking]
none of you bustas, yeah, horsementality, yeah
Canibus, yeah, Ras Kass bitch, yeah, Killah Priest fucker
yeah, the Kurupt Young Gotti, yeah, horsemen, smash

[Canibus: talking]
we horseman man, not today
we locked the game, not today

Canibus Lyrics

"Stupid Producers"

[Canibus:]
Stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers

[Canibus:]
"Yo
What's up my main man?
What's your name?
I heard you got beats
Yea, I hear what you're saying, but are they flames?
You got a card or something?
Put your number on this CD, I'll give you a call or something
How long you in town?
Where you staying at now?
Who's your manager? Him over there?
The nigga with the South Pole sweat suit and permed hair?
Listen, don't even trip
I just want some beats to finish my shit
I'm looking for some hard shit
Yea, like some Beat Brokers or Mark Sparks shit
Huh? Play what?
Hold up, lay what?
Yo relax my main man, I'ma call you, peace"
I got back to the crib, popped in the CD
And turned it up loud to see if he had some real beats
I heard something I felt, I hit the nigga on the cell
To see if it was for sell
"Yo, can I speak to DJ
Yo, I'm feeling tracks two and six
Whatever, bottom line, you give me the tracks, I give you the cheddar
We can do it around ten PM
In the studio off of (_A_)"
At that point, I didn't even feel like answering him
Stupid ass motherfucking producer got me real upset
And I even got to work with him yet
I showed up at ten thirty so I was already late
He showed up and forgot to bring his own D.A.T. tapes
He shook my hand, with both of his hands
And told me he could play it over again, with both of his friends
Yo, as long as I get tracks two and six
I don't give a fuck who really produced this shit, just do this shit

"When I get back, I want it laid
Yea, you gonna get paid
I'ma leave, jump in the car, speed, go to my mans
Get some trees, get something to eat, and I'll be back by three"

[Canibus:]
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers

[Canibus:]
"Hold up, five hours later, you ain't laid nothing?
Not one piece of percussion? You mean to tell me you ain't press one button?
You think this is motherfucking pre-production or something?
You know we ain't got a budget, who told you to order lunch bitch?
You know what? Fuck it. I don't even want it no more
'Cause the track you selling me probably ain't even yours"

[Canibus:]
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers

[Canibus:]
Yo, yo
Ayo Rip, motherfucker

Canibus Lyrics

"Talk The Talk"

[Chorus]
People wanna keep on talking
Why can't they see *[?]* you don't wanna be
People wanna keep on talking
Why can't they see they're too weak for me
People wanna keep on talking
I guess we will see
People wanna keep on talking
Talking'

[Verse One]
Yo, let's not talk about me, let's talk about you
Let's talk about some of the things YOU go through
Dealing with racists, being patient
Tired of waiting, what are you chasing
Sometimes you just want to just explode and spread across the globe
You wanna let the whole world know
'Hey everybody! Look at me, yo!
I used to be nobody, but know I'm known!'
Thanks to you, I never could've done it alone
Everybody that talked about me is somebody I owe
Even the G.L.O.A.T., he talked till he was numb in the throat
And I STILL took his crown with a unanimous vote
Talk about it!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]
Yo, you can talk about how I came back so strong
You can talk about my album and all of my songs
You can talk about Can-I-Bus the rapper
What's his name, Nobody or Rip the Jacker
Talk about my record label, Gladiator's the name
Cause I BEEN a gladiator in the game
And I swear on my government name Germaine
That at Gladiator Records, everybody gets paid
Talk about the ladies, the kind that I like
After I get laid, we can talk about the price
You can stay talking about ice
I talk about who's nice in the rap game and who got stripes
Talk about it!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]
I got a passion for this rapping
This is my ship, I'm the Capitan

I control your vertical and your horizontal
What you talk about and who you talk to
You got a day job and you wanna spit a hundred bars
Naw, you gotta train hard
Take a man's advice, stand and fight
Sacrifice, that's the price
I'm speaking freely, nothing's easy
FUCK the TV, you wanna be me
I ripped the Jacker with his own track
Maybe I AM the illest alive, talk about THAT!

[Pre-chorus]
Talk the talk, talk the talk
Talk the talk, talk the talk

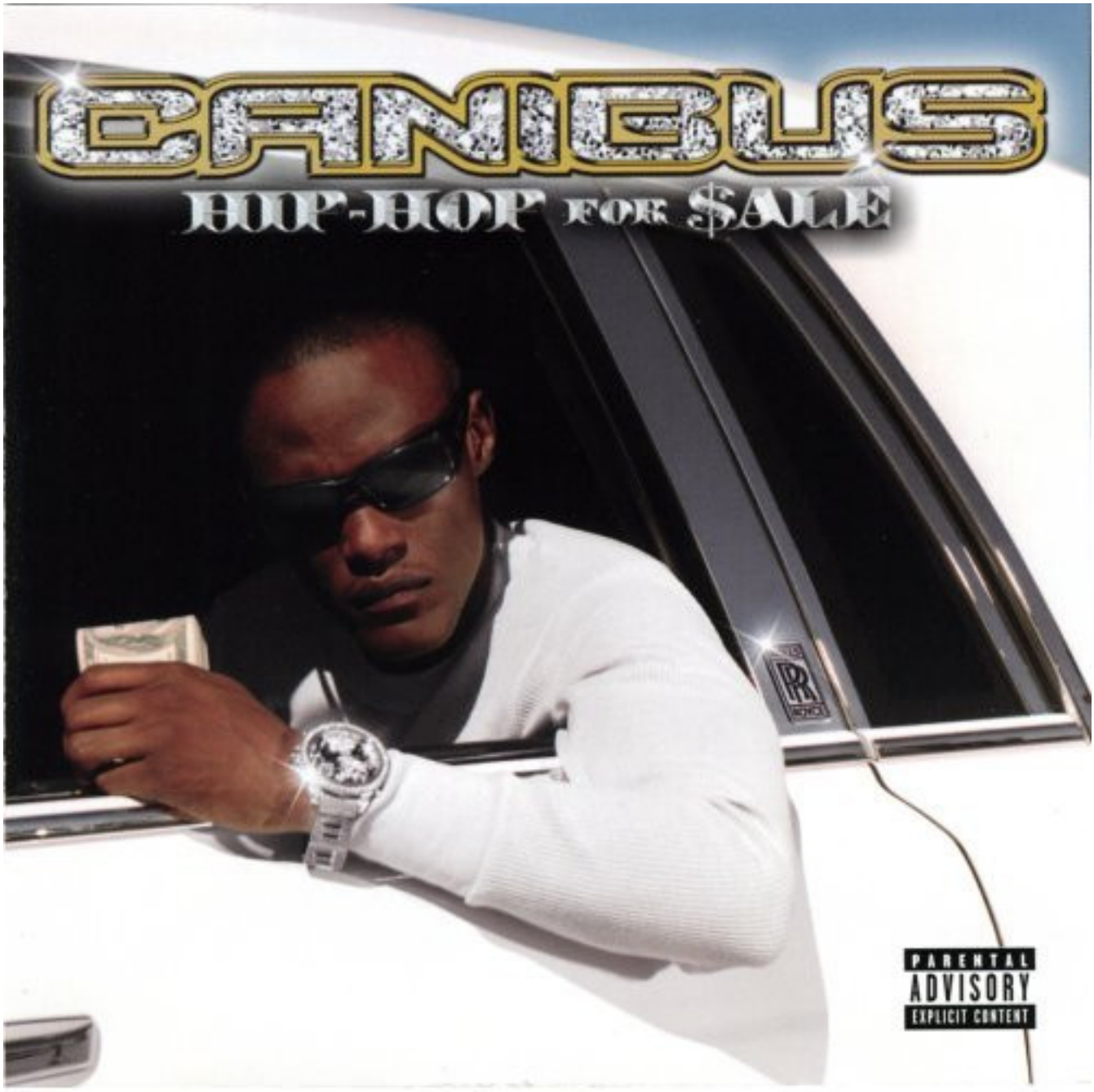
[Chorus]

People wanna keep on talking

Canibus Lyrics

"Nobody"

You know this rap game is a lot like high school
and high school is a lot like life
You see in life, you got to do things to set yourself apart from your peers
you need to identify the qualities that separate you from those around you
After all, isn't that what most people spend they lives trying to accomplish?
Wouldn't we all want somebody, somewhere later on down
the line to remember the things that were different about us?
Don't you understand? The more you fit in, the less you're noticed
That's how it is, for anyone to walk through life unnoticed as if they never mattered
could be a punishment worse than death, and at the same time
that punishment is the only way you could truly be free;
free from the things you want people to remember about you
but also free from the things you want them to forget
I don't know if that freedom exists for me anymore
And even though I dream about what it would be like
it's just a dream, because I realize now more than ever
that I can't have my cake and eat it too, no one can
And as time goes on, we will always be loved by some and hated by others
And whether the people who talk bad about you know it or not
they really save you from obscurity every time they mention your name
You see, anytime anybody ever talks about you, either directly or indirectly
they put a quarter in your immortal meter
They keep you alive, whether they want to or not
they practically do the opposite of what they want to do
which is forget you. I dedicate this song, to the day
when you motherfuckers finally figure it out
and the day that you bury me, and erase the memory of me
Here lies a man, who became forgotten to the world
in his search to the key for immortality
He never made an impact, he changed nothing
and his words meant nothing
He never contributed to the rap game;
he never gave you anything to talk about
He never existed, and he never made a difference
his name was nobody!


BANGUS
HOP-HOP FOR $ALE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"It's No Other Than..."

[Canibus]
It's no other than...
It's no other than... no other than Canibus on the mic
It's no other than... no other than Canibus on the mic
This gotta be the biggest track I ever touched in my life
Like the club can't breathe cause I'm clutchin too tight
You 'bout to see a live Canibus eruption tonight
Thugs in black, the bitches in white
I got the olive green marine fatigues on for sensitive light
Took my time with the rhyme to build, I'm alive and well
Got that seven figure dollar smell
Take a chance baby, not Chanel
She come check me at the telly in a minute with the longest L
As soon as she got there, the plot got clear
The bitch volunteered brains and she didn't stop there
Hot and fierce, she was not prepared
Pounded her upside down from the top of the stairs
'Til *[?]* started poppin the airs
She thought it would last forever but I told her I was droppin this year
C'mon

[Chorus: Canibus]
It's no other than... it's no other than...
no other than Canibus on the mic
Give me a (C, A, N, I, B, U, S) - c'mon!
It's no other than... it's no other than...
It it, it-it's no other than
Give me a (C, A, N, I, B, U, S) - c'mon!

[Canibus]
I can't stay long, I'm on my way to the bank
But while I'm here, I'd like to thank
Canibus supporters, they knew the time
Ask 'em, who's the nigga with the dopest rhymes?
(Go 'Bis, go 'Bis) Yo bring it back one more time
And ask 'em, who's the nigga with the dopest rhymes?
(Go 'Bis) I bust/bus lines like public transportation
The rhyme always on time when I say shit
I give you far to go, murder the flow
My voice travel like that smell when they burnin the 'dro
On the tour bus they searchin the coach
In the airport they searchin my coat, they say they searchin for dope
"Legal Drug Money" stickers on the back of my bag
The only artifact from my past that I still have
I'm a brand new man, with a brand new plan
Talkin to bitches new tannin in the Cancun sands

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
I play the nine, you play the target
Y'all all know my name, so I guess I just start this
I'm so swift and that's a natural fact
I'm like RIP, I mark a C on your back
Yo, follow me into a, solo
To get the flow.. that you can picture like a photo
They say I'm shallow, I never learned to swim
But they mention my name cause I got the urge to win
Tell me who's your weed man, how you smoke so good
You a superstar baby, why you still in the hood?
Damn! I hate to brag but you know I'm good
If a mic was a gun I'd be 'Bis Eastwood
Bandagin MC's, oxygen they can't breathe
Mad tricks up the sleeve
Wear boxers so my dick can breathe, hip-hop is my drug
I even got a mask and glove to bust slugs, one love

[Chorus x1.5]

Canibus Lyrics

"Back Wit' Heat"

[Canibus]
(Yeah) The-the-the-yeah
The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin
That's what they yellin
YEAH... UH, YEAH (the-the-the-yeah)
(The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin)
Yeah, niggaz just don't know, but I'ma let 'em know
(They don't know 'Bis, they don't know 'Bis)
How to flow how to (they don't know 'Bis)
How to go how to, how to..

Yo if I cough in my fist when I opened my hand
there'd be dope in my hand cause I spoke in my hand
In the gym 'til I turn the two-pack, to a four
'Til the four got sore and had to make two more
In a whole 'nother state of mind - Mexican standoffs
Waste lives but they save time
You know the danger, the ranger, pantyhose over
Got basic scopes and lasers, my toaster is a widowmaker
Good things come to those that wait
BULLSHIT! Better things come to those that chase
I sweep the streets with a fleet bigger than the Greeks
'Til we occupy your land like thiefs, we fin' to eat nigga

[Chorus x2: Canibus]
I'm back for the music, back to do exclusives
Back to change the view of hip-hop, from that bullshit
Back to mash up beats to bang up your ave and streets
Canibus nigga, back with heat (yo)

[Canibus]
Aiyyo, hot out the box with Nottz, shots just went off
Nigga better check to see if you caught
Shootouts between rap stars drivin fast cars
through the hills of Madagascar, we can take it that far
Screwface you niggaz; yo who's the real rudebwoy rude nigga?
(Not you nigga) You got booed nigga
My close quarter combat not bad
Big niggaz drop dead when I stop they air
You just a man, your relationship with oxygen's clear
Canibus rockin with Nottz this year, yeah
Motherfuckers, your back blast area clear
Canibus rockin with Nottz this year, yeah - bring it

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Aiyyo a slug to the stomach make a thug move sluggish
Crawlin in his bloodiness no matter how big the gun is
If the fuzz is comin, blast shells by the tonnage
'Til there ain't nothin left but start runnin
I got a message 'bout I got a court summons
Everybody around me wants somethin, they all extort NUTTIN
I was young, I was stupid, I was really too hype
Cause I thought a microphone was really worth my life
Go make a club banger, that's what they asked me to do
You a DUMB NIGGA, who the fuck is askin you?
I write a book for ya, Nottz write a hook for ya
We can both split half of what we took from ya
I'm just a 'round-the-way neighbor in your hood fella
You wan' show love, let's break bud nigga
We control the price of rap fuel
I attacked you cause annual tax was do
Four dollars a gallon, we gon' take it back to two
Hip-Hop nigga, that's what we back to do
For you.. for you.. (that's what we back to do)
For you.. for you.. (that's what we back to do)

[Chorus]

[Outro]
The-the-the-yeah
The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin..
The-the-the-yeah
The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin *[music fades]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Benny Riley"

[Intro]
DJ's, cuttin up beats and stuff like that and
That was my first exposure to the whole, artistry in hip-hop
There is nothing in this music, that I don't wanna hear
There is words, that are kind of syncopated and rhythmic
And there's this hot drum track, it's great!

[Chorus: x2]
"This is, this is great! This is, this is great!"
And I could hear, this enormous
"This is, this is great! This is, this is great!"
This is music, I've been waiting all my life to hear

[Canibus]
Aiyyo! I don't give a fuck, if you gettin some cash
or gettin some ass, if I was there I'd pick up the tab
Talk to a rag, tell you to wipe your stinkin ass
Get back to the lab, make sure hip-hop last
Through death or dishonor, I do this cause I wanna
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma
I'm ready for the encounter like a titty bar bouncer
Or Muhammad at the Mini-Mart counter with four-pounders
Quick Draw McGraw spitter, let me see your hands jitter
I'll hit'cha where the good Lord split'cha
You faggot-ass niggaz are see-through
I treat you like we in the same cell, but I'm Bugsy Siegel
Smack your teeth loose, the street juice
Go to court in cheap suits, givin testimony over beat loops
Take 'em to my hood, show the evil I'm from
They can't blame me for the evil I done, now they see where I run
And why I keep a tight leash on the gun
Why my speech is so revered by the young, cause my spirit is young
A nigga spittin LIKE THAT, got SERIOUS LUNGS
Yo I'm serious SON, he a FURIOUS ONE!

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Yo, the name Benny Riley, the trip took twenty-eight days
from New York to Cali, drivin through alleys
My mom mad at me, my dad laughs at me
My life's a track meet, I need this record deal
Precious, she got the freshest breast-es, and the ass from heaven
36-24-37
She the second broad I ever humped, under a bridge
But she the first broad I ever fucked with in the record biz
Desi told her I was crazy and she called the feds

The bitch didn't know any better, I let her live
She don't know Desi is a greasy fuckin pig
And he's settin me up for somethin he knows I never did
When I see him I'ma put the Smith & Wesson to his head
To change his outlook on life
Maybe I'd show him what it's like to be DEAD
Like the way I look at lyrics, I kill it 'til they DEAD
It's that vivid; got skills to kill the rap business
Got bills to put a contract on the witness if he rat-snitchin
You niggaz in the back, thinkin holds 'til your next actin role
Get buried wit'cha cash and gold
Acts that sold, family of Marlon Brando broke
Shattered hopes, rappers choked, took it like a man though
Benny Riley is the closest thing to Canibus yo
Niggaz just don't be understandin his flow, until the hammer let go
Grab the mic and cold damage the show
Get split with bananas, flows of the Canibus blow

[Chorus]

[Outro]
This is music, I've been waiting all my life to hear
And I didn't know it

Canibus Lyrics

"Show 'em How"

Yeah *[echoes]*

[Chorus: Canibus]
They don't know what they fuckin with
They don't know how you bust it 'Bis
They don't know how you comin man
They don't know how you done this shit
Yo show 'em how a brother spit

[over Chorus]
The MC, with the N-O-T-T-Z, yeah!

[Canibus]
Aiyyo Canibus'll spark it for ya, Nottz'll paint the target for ya
Mic Club'll launch it toward ya
This is the beginning of the rest of my life
Rippin the mic, and rippin it right, you listen you like
You dislike you get disciplined with the pipe
Muzzle flashes of light that says goodbye to life
I'm anti-social but humble
I blow a hole in you to get a hello from you! If that's what it come to
A little camera shy, I play the background
Turn the mic on, lock the cage, I attack crowds
Y'all niggaz is just clones that rhyme
From a bloodline that's closer to yours than mine
You ignore the signs, but we all divine
DJ's rewind, MC's distort the time
Sharp enough to read your mind, I can hear your applause in silence
You're fuckin with an awesome talent, yo

[Chorus x2]

[Canibus]
Yo, you gotta call this a comeback, I been here for years
You should thank God for answerin your prayers
The hip-hop hero, off of hip-hop skid row
I rip a show for a beer and a smoke
You know that hip-hop flow that got him clearin both coasts
For that hip-hop show I appear as the host
Used to be the type of MC they was scared to approach
Nowadays I just share what I know, spare what I don't
Might act like I care but I don't, see they want me to share
It's only logical they fear what I wrote
Forty-fives with broken handles go off like roman candles
Ricochetin through your mans and you
They so busy tryin to get an ambulance for you
They ain't notice that a fan was hit too, plannin to sue

They got a lot of anger for you
Introduce you to the anger management crew, with Canibus too
Switch places with the person that was bandagin you
And start stranglin you, and keep stranglin you, yo

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Yo, they don't know how to double 'Bis
They already woulda done the shit, Canibus the original thumbprint
Five MC's, pick one quick
He's usually on the thumb you lift
Yo, y'all fuckin with an awesome talent
I can't be silent, where's the balance?
I'm on some Kanye shit, waitin for my "Spaceship"
Exercisin patience, grindin for this paper
The universal language is love, not hatred
Sex money and drugs, destroy your foundation
That's what I would say, if I had to make a statement
But sex money and drugs, built this proud nation!
Salvation without authentication, false pagans
Bought lawmakers to orchestrate how the law changes
We the new breed of firebreathers, inspire speeches
Got fans fightin in bleachers, they can't keep quiet neither
I wanna team up with the best there is
Bless the mic and address what is, impress the kids
The deep life I live is shallow to sheep
'Til I show a couple scars, let the experience speak, yo

[Chorus x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Dear Academy"

[sampled song "The Awful Truth" by Carole King]
Dear Academy, take note!
I should get, the Oscar vote
If I don't, I'll bite your throat!
Signing off now, quote unquote

[Canibus]
Yo, nominated for being underrated; we made a name for ourselves
but I guess Common was the only one that made it
I clapped when he won his award
Him and Black Eyed Peas and them, we was on the same tour
And DMX too, you my dawg for life (rrrrrrrrr)
I feel for you, I wanna see you get yours tonight
Mos Def you on the screen now, followin your dreams now
Me you and Spike Lee used to sit and freestyle
I said two words, they both got bleeped out
If you ever need me again, just reach out
I got poseurs that belong on posters
Pour out all my emotions and double what the gross is
Everybody in the box office know the flow sick
I wanna thank Nottz, the producer that chose 'Bis
Motherfuckers!

[acceptance speech]
I wanna thank my mother, I wanna thank my brother
For makin the film, cause all the support was very important
From the beginning I got fans and, y'know cult members
That never let me down from day one - I'm just inebriated to be here
I wanna thank you all

[Canibus]
Yo, I don't wanna bite nobody's throat, I just want smoke
Yo pass the 'dro nigga; yo, I can't believe
I'm sittin with Don Cheadle, Denzel and Russell Crowe man
Dave Chappelle yo I really liked your show man
Ice Cube, yo he in the next room man
D12, me and them struck a pose man! {shhh, shhh be quiet}
With Slim Shady, yo this must be a omen! {shhhhhhhh shut up}
I think I'm 'bout to go platinum, I'M EXPLODIN! {shhh you're too loud}
I'm a fool man, what I'm 'sposed to do man
Red & Meth, "How High Part II" man
Bokeem Woodbine bump me in his hood all the time
I wanna say peace, I'm a fan of yours brah
I seen Hov' on a hundred foot boat
At the Cannes Film Festival with Sophie and Cope'
And Scarlett Johansson, she was with her man friend
"Lost in Translation," number one smash hit

(And now, introducing, Can-I-BUSSSSSS!)
Yo, I'm in the game now, I ran "8 Miles"
I ain't the same old nigga with the same style
The lifestyle of Jermaine is my brainchild
Jermaine's really like the black John Wayne (WOW)
Or James Caan, negotiatin some rhymes for the Don
I ain't seen my niggaz in so long (so long)
We did a short film, "4,3,2,1"
It was hot back then when it was new, but
I did this other film, "Gone Til November"
Me and Wyclef was in the trenches together
I did a big movie with him, he put me on soundtracks
Back then, I didn't understand the music business
Every agent found it hard to find me
In the backwoods of Holly, rehearsin my hobby
Shoutout to R.O.C. and State Property
I was inside the beast, shoutout to DMP, peace

[shoutouts]
Killa Khan, Sha, Black & Deco, my nigga Star
Nottz, what? Yeah
Throw shots, spread out your face like Botox
Nigga what?

Canibus Lyrics

"I Gotcha'"

(feat. DMP)

[Intro]
I gotcha!
Uh-huh, huh! You thought I didn't see ya now didn't ya? Uh
Uh-huh, huh! You tried to sneak by me now didn't ya? Hehehe
Uh-huh, huh! Now gimme what'cha promised me
GIVE IT HERE, C'MON!

[Canibus]
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, uh, you know it's all terrific
Know it's... yo

[Open/Close]
I just wanna see you pump yo' fists
I don't wanna hear y'all talk no shit
I just wanna get on stage and show the gift
Show the gift...

[Chorus One]
I'm the type of nigga that'll click-click ride wit'cha
The type of nigga that'll smoke that lah wit'cha
The type of nigga that'll bust that nine at'cha
Spit that line at'cha, hit that fi-i-yah

[Canibus]
Yo, aiyyo whattup, God? No love? Odd
You can't sell crack on the block no more
Cause I pulled up, parked, rolled up, sparked
Dogs barked, OH SHIT! NARC's
I Jackie Chan up the wall and sit in the dark
Or go runnin for a jog while I spit in the park
My jigsaw still hard, the metaphors remain sharp
Give you sharp pains through your brain up your slang box
Me and you in the sandbox, with our hands locked
Get the same shit your man with the broken hand got
I bang glock, I been hot
Cocked back Mai Ling from Bangkok *[?]*
Mind grow, but the fat-ass can sit up front
Your broad that look like trash can sit in the trunk
I'ma fuck 'til I break off chunks
Break off a big chunk of skunk and take off with a blunt
Hit the studio, sometimes I work all day
Still change my voicebox oil every 3K
Step to the stage, throw a sign to the DJ
Everybody screamin out - do what the weed say!

[Chorus One]

[Chorus Two]
The type of nigga that'll set up shop wit'cha
The type of nigga that'll pace the block wit'cha
The type of nigga that'll pass the block to ya
Stash the rock for ya, nigga I gotcha

[DMP]
(This is!) The ghetto-ass shit for you baby
The hood love it, so I gotta give it to 'em daily
I'm on the block, like Olajuwon and Ewing
I'm a pimp bitch, by the way, how ya momma doin?
Like Rakim Allah, I'm a "Microphone Fiend"
The fuckin "Last Dragon" like Leroy Green
That Mausberg kicks, rearrange your spleen
Now you on part of the Handicapped, Olympic Team
I got a, deadly disease without a vaccine
It's called {"Get the fuck outta my face before I let this Eagle scream!"}
You runnin game, all I'm sayin is where your fuckin team?
This that dope, somebody *[?]* and let the lyrics fiend
I'm livin dreams from a stroke of the pen to get the cream
You garbage, I turn the channel when you come on the screen
Flow so pure, cause I'm fuckin with raw
Suited up, booted up, and I'm ready for war
Yo 'Bis, let's get it live, grab the tec-9, what else?

[Canibus]
The glock 9, and the double-axle forty-five
Bend your mental from the beginning to the end
It's connected to the beginning like infinity symbols
I keep it simple, don't wanna offend you
Cause niggaz don't understand what they ain't in to
(Misunderstandin, is still a form of understandin)
But y'all niggaz don't hear me though

[Chorus One + Chorus Two]

[Open/Close]

Canibus Lyrics

"So Into You"

(feat. Juli Ecaro)

This for you girl, you know I love you
Baby

[Chorus x2: Canibus]
I'm so into you
I wanna do so many things to you
I can't talk without mentionin you
And let me tell you what I think of you

[Canibus]
Yeah, my name is, none of your business, let me tell you why I love her
She hot when she in front but she stand behind a brother
She wiggle, her booty jiggle, my finger spreads her middle a little
Let me see what I might wanna get into
I always empower her, tell her that I'm proud of her
Show her I don't wanna make no housewife outta her
Sprinkle her with compliments, but I never shower her
That's the last thing I would do, cause I value love
She give me ounces of love, let me bounce the bum
And when she call my name, I come/cum
If I front she raise up, we fuss fight and break up
Then wake up in the Bahamas after we done made up
She know my psychological make-up
I'm therapeutic with the broad, we keep it raw when we make love
And can't nothin change the trust we have
Wherever we are, we think about the moments and laugh, because

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
When I was on tour, I held the elevator for this broad in the lobby
Seen her later on in the bar, she sat beside me
Said the guy at the front desk recognized me
And told her all about me...
She said I heard you're a rapper, career in the crapper
I know you want some ass, you probably won't give no cash up
You should fill my glass up, tell me 'bout your bad luck
And if I feel sorry enough, I'll give you the sad fuck
I had to laugh, put my hand on my gut
I told her I'd let her have the next grand that I touched
Walked back to the elevator with my hand on her butt
To the bed with the camera in front (MONEY SHOT) cut!
I hopped up and blazed one
Yo the room and tax is paid hun, stay as long as you want
I'll be back in a hour, she said that's what they all say
I know ma, I've been sayin that all day

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
The valet don't remember nothin, he didn't leave the engine runnin
I jump in, don't bless him with nothin
Call up this other ma, she remember I'm comin
I told her I'ma cook, but I'ma just pick up somethin
The fireplace runnin, she layin on her stomach
Nasty english all in her muffin, she love it
She giggle, her booty jiggle, my finger spreads her middle a little
Let me see what I'ma get into again
I told her I don't really like to come through her block
Cause the blueberry drop attract too many cops
Girls hop in the drop, take off they top, my belt buckle pop
They know that I'm hot, can't tell me I'm not
They surrounded the car, six cops
I was holdin up traffic for six blocks, they put me in the shitbox
Look at you now, I can't even come through your spot
And it's messin with my mind, cause I loved you a lot

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Da' Facelift"

[Canibus]
You want a facelift? This what it take 'Bis
A beat that'll make a nigga think an earthquake hit
The blue collar rapper, enigmatic, democratic
Rap-saavy fanatic that can smash any matchup
High with a roach, bring wealth and goggles to my show
My flow glow brighter than any diamond that you know
I walk among you, draw energy from you
The art of Sun-Tzu, he used to bust too
I'm like a Shaolin monk on crunk
Holdin himself up with his thumb on the stump
Get a Hummer for the summer to stunt
And just sit in the front, while my lungs become one with the blunt
Futuristic old schooler, look like JFK Jr
When I shoot up, Jacob the jeweler with a new cut
Can-I-bus, I ain't got what I want yet
How would you expect one of the best, what
I can't get no, grab the mic, niggaz lets go
Tell me who got the best flow, end up with less dough
Open your vest, let your chest show
I'ma open your chest, let your breath go
With a thirty-eight special
Keep it on the low, don't let the press know
Behind the scenes, they put me on death row and won't let go
Brace yourself while I break the chains
My beats bang so hard, they erase the blame

[Chorus x4]
This is full battle rattle, attack you
Salute while I smash you, Can-I-bus bus to blast you 4X

[Canibus]
The hudred bar monster, spit without hawkin up
Smash your whole roster, fuck what it cost ya
Fuck what it cost me, join the army
Smoke Bob Marley, the sergent major honorably discharge me
From my sentimiliar and my hemping sence
Inspiration, why is it only worth ten percent
Another day in the life of Mr. Can-I-bus
MY life too rought for me not to recognize lust
The soldier's back to blow a fuckin hole through rap
I wish they'd let me out the cage and stop holding me back
You might say the only thing holdin me back is myself
It ain't hard to tell what's holdin me back is my cells
I don't make records for girls, I spit for the pearl
But I'm an artist in an ignimant world, world
World class athlete, trained to attack beats

Mixtape smash the streets, try to patch the leaks
Niggaz try to battle me but lose
They got limited views, I remember when I was primitive too
I'd sit and talk with the inqusitive youth
'Cause I be spittin the truth
sometimes I ask 'em, what you listenin to
Lyrical fitness is the proof, let me put you in the booth
Nottz'll play the beat loop
Let me see what you could do
The older advise the younger when they recognize the hunger
I do a couple raps with the mic to get pumped up
Monkey bar sit-ups, blood rush to my head
I write rhymes upside down with an astronaut pen
Spit a hot sixteen and my ten, take it up a notch, then
Lost everything when I'm locked in
You in the kill zone, boxed in
Tried to play jump-rope
With skeets on and got dropped when you hopped in
The last mohican, smoke you in the first season
You don't speak it but it's no secret
Peep it, you light weight like rice cakes
Anybody under twenty-one to touch the microphone is mic bait
Hungry niggaz start to get type faced, that's when the fight breaks
A sixty second rhyme is a nice pace
Work a nigga out 'til he spit out white paste
Tell him he could hide the proof on his face with night shades
You looking for a battle, you came to the right place
This is Mic Club and over here I'm the mic ace

[Chorus x4]

Canibus Lyrics

"Hip-Hop Body Rock"

[chorus]
Hip-hop do that body-rock
Jam on and keep smokin
Hip-hop do that body rock
I've been gone for a while but I'm still in style *[x2]*

[Canibus]
Yea, come on now get on down
Can-I-Bus, back with the hip-hop sound
Twenty years deep in this culture, compulsive
Every day, this was the dream that I wrote with
Outside chillin, b-boys spinnin
Pretending not to notice the supreme choice women
I rep the rude boy, not the dread posse
I a bugsy ride with zombies behind me
Turns the lighs up, pick the mic up
Get 'em hyped up lookin for the right cut
I don't write much, but I love to bust
At the crowd 'cause they love the rush
The mark is on my arm, was drawn
To symbolize the art of hip-hop in its rawest form
We could take it to the stage like we goin to war
Both fallin through the crowd, we perform on tour
Come correct with the rhyme, they remember the flow
I was "Gone Til November" six Decembers ago

[chorus x2]

[Canibus]
Every day is a piece of enernity to weed control
That's why rap music feeds the soul
DJ drop needle, I shock people
There's mic doc in the house and he's not legal
Canibis just entered the building yo
If you lookin for the illest, start filming yo
I get a call, slide to Diego
Hit the bay off with something less than a day old
Here's a hot one for you to hold
The super MC, Superbowl, winner takes all
The Fahrenheit, nine eleven, rhyme weapon
The underground give me credit when I'm sound checkin
I feel like it's now or never, the rhyme state clever
When the wisdom teeth grind together
(Go to sleep) I cant go to sleep unless I write something
(Then stay awake) I can't stay awake unless I recite something
I can't recite something without tight substance
When I bust and I leave mothafuckin mics busted

[chorus x2]

[20 seconds of beat playin]

Canibus Lyrics

"Take 'Dat"

(feat. Star Awon & Ike Infa Diamond)

Fake niggaz get rejected auditionin for heart
They auditionin for the wrong part
Nigga you ain't from the hood you got the wrong one
You all soft with no thought all talk
You in the wrong sport
In a golf cart talkin bout you hardcore
With that bullshit 22 you bought from Wal-Mart
My gat bark, bite you like a shark
Right in the heart like a mosquito bite in the dark
You got bit you massage it, I'ma lighten your pockets
Make a withdrawal and take your deposits to split profit
My sawed-off blow arms off
Insurance don't cover what a prosthetic skull cost
It's your loss; Motherfuckers keep your ears to the streets
Cuz if you raise up get hit in the head with the heat
If you dead you can't eat so don't be a fool and
Try to protect your jewels cuz they can't protect you

[Chorus x2]
Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped
Oh, you still off runnin' your trap
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

Uh, murderous mind state is a given
Master of self but a slave to the rhythm
My wolves like dogs say sick 'em man get 'em
My slugs heat seekin if I spit 'em I'ma hit 'em
I'm a marksman spend my free time at the range
Just incase I gotta put one up in your brain
Sit your five dollar ass down before I lay change
I don't believe y'all niggaz, y'all niggaz been lames
One spit flames call a fireman
Sendin these weak motherfuckers to the *[?]*
Sixteens hit like the bird flu and my word true
I could dial seven digits and get you hurt dude
Remember, A-1 remarkable rhymin
Prozac washed down with Grey Goose and lime and
Niggaz do what I say like Simon
If I got the iron, hands in the air I ain't lyin'

[Chorus x2]
Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped
Oh, you still off runnin' your trap
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

The street lights illuminates the crooked runway
Leadin' us from the one way
Toward a narrow path of 40 odors and gun play
Tryina stay away from the crosshairs when the gun spray
The air will dry your body like salt tears in the sun's rays
Sorta like we raisin or paper chasin with *[?]*
Stayin on a case do a number like 40-1k
Thought of pushin rock like McGrady across the half court
Dribblin the crack while on the post with the black torch
Dumpin off jump shots stackin' up for the black Porsche
Law enforcement officers flash badges like passports
Actin' like we free when we actually being trapped off
My rap keep you runnin' like athletes on a track course
Ridin' with the mac like we saddled up on a black horse
It's like they tryna shackle the very root of my black thought
Flossin on a broad day ballin out in the off ray
Chevrolet Suburban gold ? chuckas it's all suede

[Chorus x4]
Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped
Oh, you still off runnin' your trap
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

Canibus Lyrics

"Punch Lines"

(feat. Hamza)

[Hamza]
Canibus, Hamza!
Follow us into a new era
Where lyrical content is a MUST!

[Chorus: Hamza]
We cut microphones like, gangsters holdin chrome
Like, Toto you far from home
Like, words spoken wrong will never help you reach excellence
Stop bitin like you got a speech impediment
When will you learn?
Whack lyrics and a hot beat makes your song irrelevant
This is not a movie
I'm a poet so it takes more than punchlines to move me

[Canibus]
Can-I-Bus, your favorite rap star on ice
What I talk on the mic make them call on Christ
As far as the eye can see, gaze out into the wide sea
Look for the island, the island is me
I heard Fat Joe said, I was over in Iraq
He said I was a soldier in lyrical combat
Other people slandered my name but I dodged that
They don't see the missing pieces my thesis provides rap
Under the influence, bang 'Bis music in a Bonneville Buick
I see your face, I'ma crash into it
Lyrically I kick ass, if you don't wanna know don't ask
I might do it pro bono for no cash
The two-handed choke from the hope
turn your brain and skull to sand and salt, sprinkle you on the floor
I didn't wanna rap like that, but I had to
Cause that's what my master would do if he was asked to
The perfect music machine, mechanical being
The most lyrical digital streams the world has ever seen
I did, I do, I does, I am, I will be, I was
The same nigga you love

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Yo, I hope they film this shit, cause I'm 'bout to blaze you
And get it on tape too, I'm 'bout to Kay Slay you
Somebody gon' grab you - try to escape
Hold you down while I perform *[?]* on your face
Why you sound like that, why you tear the mic down like that
Why you sound so intense when you rap

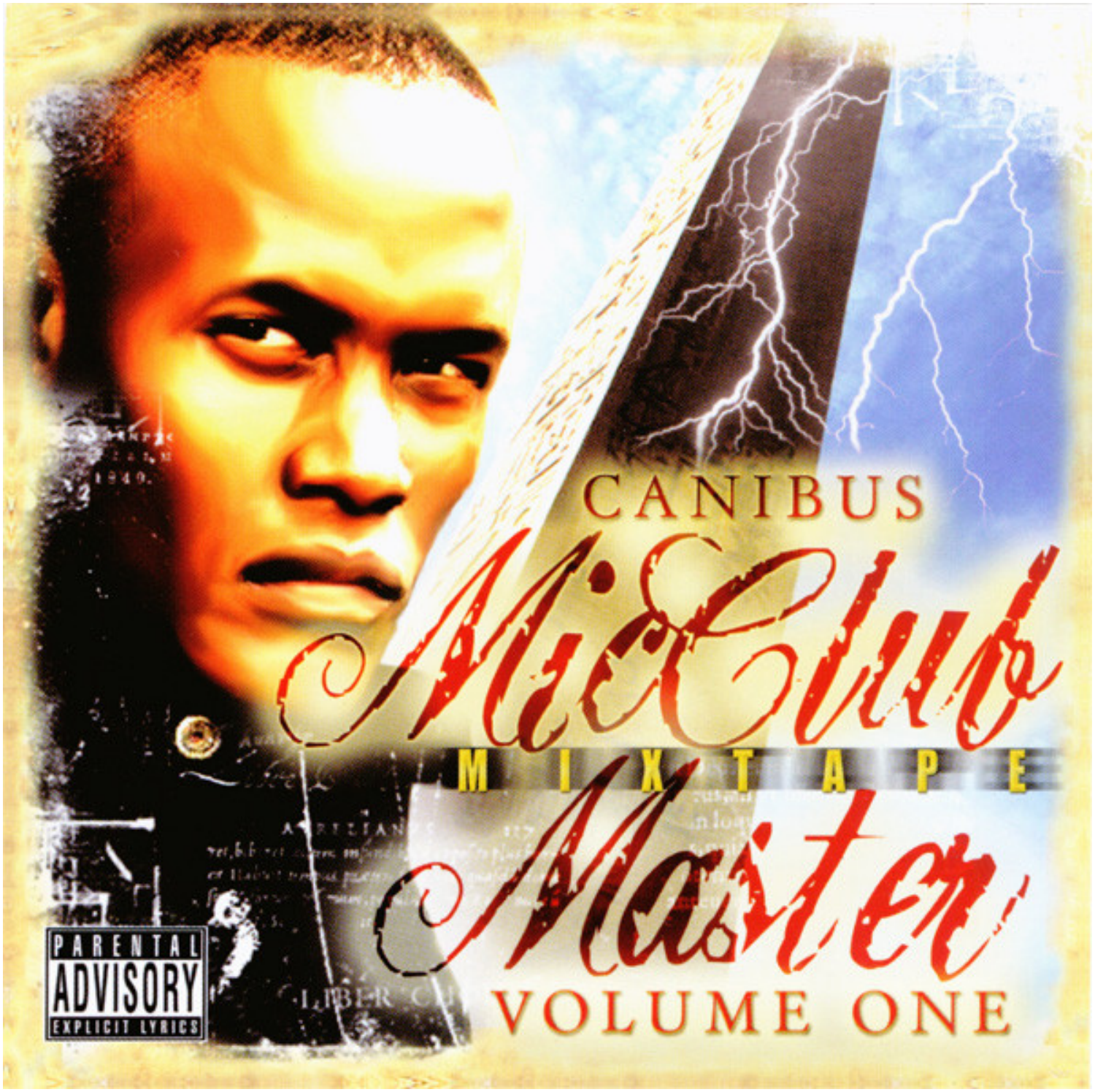
The airborne attack you can't call off
Breathe exhaust like a horse or a supercharged Mustang Ford
Drugs rain from the sky, it's like the angels want me to die
They push me harder cause they want me to try
A pitbull off the leash, barkin speech
Like a bull in the pit, liftin you off your feet
I feel like the world's mine, I can park in the streets
Kick the world's illest rhyme, police officers weak
People layin on the concrete, exhausted from heat
Watchin John Kerry spit over the mic with more beats
This is a little somethin that my repertoire boast
I almost, was in control of all coasts...

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
I get advanced rhymes to quote, they all dope
Tote a lyrical landslide, give me all votes
But I can be as quiet as they want me to be
Cause even though they say my name, they ain't talkin to me
They talk to magazines, they talk to MTV
They up on 106 on BET talkin to Free
Big niggaz actin tough, but they walk like they ankles is cuffed
Who gives a FUCK if your ankles is buff
I can ar-ticulate, I wanna participate
But they tryin to hold me back, a black ball number eight
I pick the microphone up and spark the debate
Ever since ninety-eight I been a target for hate
Jesus Christ! My name should be He-Bus Mic
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight
But I don't know if I'm right no more
But I don't know if I'm right no more

[Chorus]

[shotgun blast]


CANIBUS
Ai&Us
MIXTAPE
Master
VOLUME ONE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Canibus Lyrics

"Shogun"

(feat. Shaq Diesel)

[Shaq Diesel {Canibus}]
(One) Yo yo (One two!)
Yo Big {Talk to me Big}
(Check me out right here yo)
Yo Big Big, tell 'em turn it up!
{Yo talk to me so I can talk to them} Turn it up!
(You need to turn the track up a little bit for me)
{Tell me what the fuck to do} Turn it up!
(All up in my ears, the mic is loud but the music ain't loud)
Yo... this ain't about battlin, this ain't about beef no more
(Yeah) {True} We stickin to the music {aight then}
(Yeah!) You had a couple, a couple of altercations
A couple of cats knocked you down - you gon' stay down?
{Hell no nigga!} You gon' get up? {I'm 'bout to slay these niggaz!}
Show me that lyrical fitness you was talkin 'bout
{Aight then, aight, let's go!} (Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh)

[Canibus]
Aiyyo the sun don't shine forever, but I could rhyme forever
I'm a Ripper, this is personal nigga
I'm back - so charged, I don't know how to act
The face lifter, Kay Slay, Money Mark and Shaq

[Shaq Diesel]
In the Commission, I ain't got to ask for shit
I'm D's Capo, B.I.G. from the Bricks
You heard of me, seven one, three-fitty
Real black and shitty, wife real pretty
Shaq Dizzy, I take what you won't give me
I bust off a couple, bitch let 'em hold fifty
MC's is comical, Sasquatch phenomenal
IV's plug in your arm inside the hospital
Never gotta spit, I make more than Mike
Anyone - Jordan, Jackson, Tyson
Ac-shun Diesel, ridiculous
Big Shaq, Kay Slay, 'Bis back to bust

[Canibus]
Can-I-bust verbal to burst you
Raw shit, forklift the high hats in the side to let my verse through
I'm so high in the clouds I gotta aim down
Lyrically I'm six foot one from the waist down
Lay down or taste rounds from the trey pound
Kiss the ground as you lay face down
Ghetto life is a death sentence
Born in the hood, end up dead slumped over a car engine

I am Shogun, loved by no one
My props stop when the show's done, how come?
These uncreative ungrateful scum
Been where I been, but can't understand where I'm from
Let me show you how the fire work over here son
You gon' wear that watch, you might as well wear a gun
When you come around real gangsters, you don't front
Unless life is a luxury that you don't want
The long gat, the stocking cap, serious
as a heart attack like Redd Foxx puttin on the act
Couple more reps, let the muscles flex
Damn you gettin big 'Bis, they don't love you yet?
I'm as smooth as smooth can get
I shake your hand to bruise your neck to improve your breath
Hang with rappers, actors and descendant masters
Puffin on hash and defendin the classics
I got hip-hop in my blood, I'm blessed
Outside the bones but inside the flesh
They better film this shit, cause I'm 'bout to blaze you
And get it on tape too, I'm 'bout to Kay Slay you
Somebody gon' grab you, try to escape
Hold you down while I perform capouetta on your face
Why you sound like that? Why you tear the mic down like that?
Why you sound so intense when you rap?
The airborne assault you can't call off, breathe exhaust
like a horse or a supercharged Mustang Ford
Good God niggaz is weak, I got real power
Y'all rap for minutes, I rap for hours
Now I only got a couple more bars to pounce ya
Over the counter drugs, Canibus all in ya mouth son
I wish this was a battle, I'd grab the mic
and do curls and destroy you in front of the world
Besides Corey Gunz, ain't shit hot since I been gone
Maybe it's because you puff the same shit I bent on
Kay Slay, 2004 nigga, the Ripper..
Mic Club, get the picture?
Mic Club, get the picture?

Canibus Lyrics

"Vitruvian Canman"

[Canibus]
Yo, even when I rhyme slow
My lyrics move at a high rate of speed cause they comin down slow
My pantheon stands beyond songs, beyond the norm
I've managed to draw the sihlouette of God
Connect the dots with stars 'til my C forms
in the shape of a deep sea prawn, go to the store
Grab the CD without tongs or gloves on
And see if it don't barbecue your palms and arms
Ambience have a seance in the garden of Eve
I'm a God, a gardener, a guardian of trees
Banana clips and the spliff is all I'ma need
I'ma inhale and exhale as long as I breathe
Turn the mic on, I'ma torment the beat
Tear the club down with a warning to leave
Snit snow in the sauna, up to my knees
Conduct business with broads that fuck for the queen
Givin angels anal through halos
Cause the skinny nigga in the seude gold say so
I'm a pimp with a payroll, tryin to get paid
Worldwide, I'm thinkin 'bout hirin some gays
I pace back and forth like a lion in a cage
Goin out in a blaze, call the fire brigade
This is Canibus nigga, fuck what you heard about the name
Niggaz know the steez, I tear mics out the frame
Who wanna be famous, who's the brainless ignoramus
Tryin to go against my steel stainless, I train for this
How the fuck you gon' be grimy? Your guns is tiny
Kill me you gotta deal with a batallion behind me
In the center of the circle I stand as the Virtuvian Man
I'm the illest, truly I am
I unzip my own flesh and step out my skin
Let you observe my inner being, it's a beautiful thing
The intensity in the eyes, the reflection in the rhymes
Microscopes couldn't find the depths of my design
Sometimes I rhyme slow, sometimes I rhyme quick
Sometimes I rhyme so long, the listeners quit
This the template real MC's should abide by
Let me wipe the mucus out the side of your mind's eye
Singlehandedly carried the torch for ten years
With a trojan horse techinque, that modern man feared
And I never lost a battle motherfucker don't front
Maybe on the 32nd day of the 13th month, CHUMP!

Canibus Lyrics

"Kill The Conjecture"

[Canibus]
Yeah, let's go... yo
Aiyyo I put it to you so raw, you probably OD on the floor
That's what you get for disagreein with God
The LeBron James Bond, my aim with the arm is so long
that I can tag along with SOCOM
I spit to the beat, flip like Swizz did to the Beat
At sunrise, I spit to the East
Niggaz talk shit in the streets, when they 'bout to get released
They ain't got no lip for the beast
Make you strip like police, I point the heat
From the hip to get leverage if you more than four deep
Got a pistol grip hawk with a chrome beat, shit is so deep
I check to make sure it's no leaks
Lookin like Jada in a black Jig-ari
Half Jag, half Ferrari, the valet saw me
Shorty wanna know how the flesh work, what's under my sweatshirt
That's why I hit the gym 'til my chest hurt
Next year or summer I'ma kill the conjecture
For now I'm just a hustler tryin to give you my best work

Canibus Lyrics

"Say It Ain't So"

[Canibus]
Oh my motherfuckin God! Say it ain't so

Jesus Christ, my name should be Jeebus Mic
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight
Can-I-Bus, spit is in my blood, I'm blessed
Outside the bones but inside the flesh
And yes, if I was focused I could crush you
Cause you sayin you focused, now how come I can still touch you?
I bust you, then spit some Young Buck shit at you
Cause I still got the heart to go bust me a head or two
The perfect music machine, mechanical being
The most lyrical digital streams the world has ever seen
I did, I do, I does, I am
I will be, I was the same nigga you love
But slugs rain from the sky, it's like the angels want me to die
They push me harder cause they want me to try
A pitbull off the leash, barkin speech
Like a bull in the pit, liftin you off your feet
I feel like the world's mine, I can park in the street
Kick the world's illest rhyme, police officers weep
People layin on the concrete exhausted from heat
Watchin John Kerry spit over some Michael Moore beats
This is a little somethin that my repertoire boast
I almost was in control of all coasts
I give the fans rhymes to quote, they all dope
Total lyrical landslide, give me all votes
But I can be as quiet as they want me to be
Cause even though they say my name, they ain't talkin to me
They talk to magazines, they talk to MTV
They up on 106 on BET talkin to Free
Big niggaz actin tough, but they walk like they ankles is cuffed
Who gives a FUCK if your ankles is buff
I can ar-ticulate, I wanna par-ticipate
But they tryin to hold me back with black ball number eight
I pick the microphone up and spark the debate
Ever since ninety-eight I been a target for hate
Jesus Christ! My name should be JeeBus Mic
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight
Fuck it, I'm in the middle of little Italy
With a middleman that didn't know diddly so I killed him lyrically
The Big Pun, energy enters me strengthens me
Lay you on the floor, shoot you in the back, make you Centipede
My sense of speed is ten over three
MC times Kay Slay over the motherfuckin MP
My fanbase sit and wait for the comin
They couldn't follow the leader long enough so I drug 'em

Yo Kay Slay, can I bust 'em?

Canibus Lyrics

"U Don't Cee"

[Canibus]
It's the capital C, little A-N-I, capital B, U-S, whattup G
Even from a distance I got a front row seat
And I'm watchin what y'all don't see
Listen up kids
Your favorite artists are mafia bosses
From the streets to the corporate office of they lawyers
Niggaz got money and then they got hungry
Got friends in powerful places just like Bugsy, but more ugly
It's gon' get bloody, niggaz don't know
the side of the street shit the TV don't show
Tour buses full of weed and coke, gettin a hundred G's a show
These niggaz got cheese to blow
On the phone, governor hits, gotta hide they mothers and kids
Talkin in code, watchin out for the feds
Every day they address change
Hoppin out of bombproof automobiles, from real jet planes
The mainstream think they just rappin
They don't have the eyes or ears to see or hear what's happenin
I'm from an island where the skinny niggaz ride
It's an island where the real skinny niggaz die
Ask my nigga Spragga Benz, he'll tell you why
We represent Jamaican pride
It's a war bein fought on all levels, let me paint the picture
It's the straights against the gays, but the gays is richer
There's a lot of sexy beasts in the system that like men more than women
Cause they spent so much time in the prison
I can tell you what it is and what it isn't, this shit is subliminal
Can't see it without the criminal vision
Motherfuckers is livin a life nobody ain't filmin
Thug TV, and it ain't for children
Guns, sex, money and drugs, fuck your feelings
Feds puttin smoke detectors with bugs in ceilings
Niggaz hirin they own law enforcement
Goin to court bent, dollars be talkin, drop the charges
Don't forget, that nigga Shyne comin home soon
And I +KNOW+ he hungry, I wonder what he gon' do
If you can hear me cousin, I got my money on you
What niggaz sayin in the streets is true, see you soon
We can do somethin with Spragga B or Elephant Man
When you come home, you see my shit is militant man
I just came back from Belize, my uncle got married
to this drug lord's niece, and bought a 36 karat marquis
I'll holla at you, we'll discuss the plan
I'm a soldier but I squeeze with a delicate hand
The 50 cal cost fifteen thou'
And I ain't stupid enough to say I got one, you figure it out

It's a lot of nosy niggaz around
That's why I moved the fuck out of New York to a less busier town
With a 9 to 5, I still experience life on the finer side
Hollerin ride or die
Man of flesh with the eyes of God
A concrete bunker protects my mind so I cry inside
While I watch how the media designed the lies
But real niggaz see eye to eye
While fake niggaz run around lookin for another ride to buy
With they lawyers co-signin the crime, I rhyme like
there's a hundred million dollars on the line every time
I'm ready to place a bet any time
Empty a whole nine into any shield you hide behind
to breach your contract with Father Time
Just an old problem in the modern world, you see how these niggaz
is thorough from borough to borough, I'll give you referrals
7-1-8, 3-6-0, 2-5-1
Send the last digit on a bullet through a barrel
My hundred pound rucksack full of ammo and army apparel
If a nigga REALLY wanna battle

Canibus Lyrics

"Collecting Taxes"

[Canibus]
What? You wanna battle with a Jesus piece, you need luck
You couldn't see me with Jacob piece from Jesus
I lean you back like your spine just cracked
Rhyme chiropractor get paid to adjust raps
Spit somethin, let me see if I'ma bust back
I front back gore yo' ass 'til you collapse
Spin hats around lightspeed well hubcaps
My gun'll clap faster than Savion Glover taps
Wave the four at you, if it take more than that
I kick down your door before you get the double axe
Strapped for Canibus, just relax
I came to collect taxes, as simple as that
I raid your refridgerator, but other than that
Before I leave I remind you to remember you're whack
Yo my girl loves Usher but she said he gettin cocky
I told her SHUT UP, cause that's the same way she knock me
In the name of hip-hop I rock beats on blocked streets
There ain't an MC that can stop me
Need more beats? Scott Storch ain't cheap
In Virginia, DMP or Nottz got heat
Yo, _I Get Around_ like 'Pac and Shock G
In a drop Jeep, lickin off shots at *[?]*
It don't have to be a special occasion, I'll be blazin
I'm Jamaican, you know that I don't worship no bacon

This is real Canibus, leave your nose achin
Niggaz be hatin but on the low they know the flow's dangerous
The hip-hop Joe Namath, never missed a payment
Don't say shit to me, talk to the niggaz I came with
Kay Slay shit nigga, Drama King nigga
Bada Bing nigga...

Canibus Lyrics

"Get Off Yakneez"

[Sample:]
"Man, get up, I got up"
"They said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""
"I got up, they said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""
"The word 'I can't' nobody knows"
"They said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""
"I got up, they said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""
"The word 'I can't' nobody knows"

[Verse 1: Canibus]
Yo, "Get Off Ya Kneez", change your style 'cause it's time
Niggaz want me to rhyme pre-ninety-nine
No one can flow with 'Bis, most people know this
But others just won't admit, they can't get over it
Rhymes I been known to spit, mic's I been known to grip
Makes me the ultimate, God-Father over this
I'm just a ghost of Rip
A soldier in this show business don't exist if he has no defense
My opponents are so intent, not to show respect
They fret 'cause I'm a global threat
I'm so hard to catch, a covert celeb
I relocate so quick they can't close the Net
I expose the press, dispose of the prints
On the loose again nobody knows what's next
My virus infects, every machine with clandestine speech
Nigga "Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Sample]

[Hook: Canibus]
"Get Off Ya Kneez"
"Get Off Ya Kneez"
"Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Verse 2: Canibus]
Yea, Hip-Hop's habitat, Rip the Jacker's back
This is battle rap, therefore I master tracks
I mix an with thrax in your digestive track
I suggest it's wack, then I side-step to the back
I kidnap your ex, for ten million Francs
Make you shit your pants; you smell like septic tanks
Just respect it man throw a fist in the air
The distance is near, Armageddon is here
I permeate unworldly planes
As they crash in the Worlds that Trade, only my words remain
Altruist Egoist, people are ignorant
What is the meanin' of meaningless meaningfulness?

Formulas of primordial audio
Forty ohms of euphoria anointed flows
It Was Written so it shall be told
"Get Off Ya Kneez", give me the microphone
Motherfucka "Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Sample]

[Hook: Canibus]

[Verse 3: Canibus]
My manhood is massive, when it's not flaccid
'Bis is real cool when he's not "Rip the Jacker"
I am modernesque, I am complex
Vicarious logic of bodily hardship
Beat your ass 'til your teeth mash
Sand-blast your face blow a breeze past, make you bleed fast
E.K.G.'s beep fast, doctors speak fast
For skin graft the patch over deep gash
Give me details, how does meat smell?
After a train derails into a field of gazelles
Step in the club; turn the crystal in your cups to red blood
Fuck your heads up
Suspend me from the game, don't mention my name
Impossible Can-I-Bus ruptures your brain
Don't be a schmuck, you act like a movie
I've proved I'm the illest you cannot disprove me
"Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Sample]

[Hook: Canibus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Baggin' Up Da Poundz"

(feat. Young Zee)

[Chorus x2: Canibus & (Young Zee)]
Funky funky funky funky 'cause you heard it from hearsay
A jam that you love but don't be getting no airplay
Strictly for stuntin' when you ridin' around
(At twelve o'clock at night, when I bagged 'em dem pundz)

[Verse 1: Canibus]
This is strictly for stunting when you ridin' around
With a Vida Guerra look-alike massagin' you down
Bitches hop in the drop, take off they top, my belt-buckle pop
They gobble the cock, then swallow the shot
General Hip-Hop just ordered you to stand down nigga
Beat you up with your fans around nigga
Studio spot-check, let me see what you wrote
Motha fucka, you don't want to spit, flutter kicks, go
Fake niggaz get rejected, auditioning for heart
They auditioning for the wrong part
Them niggas ain't from the hood, they got the wrong walk
They all soft, with no thought, all talk, they in the wrong sport
In a golf cart, talkin' 'bout they hard-core
With some bullshit twenty-two's they bought from Wal*Mart (Bitch!)
My gat bark, bite you like a shark, right in the heart
Like a mosquito bite in the dark
You got bit, you massage it, I'm a lighten your pockets
Make a withdrawal, and take your deposit, to split profit
My sawed-off blow arms off
Insurance don't cover what a prosthetic skull cost, it's your loss
Mother fuckers, keep your ears to the street
'Cause if you raise up, you get hit in the head with the heat
If you dead, you can't eat, so don't be a fool
And try to protect your jewels, 'cause they can't protect you

[Chorus x2: Canibus & (Young Zee)]

[Verse 2: Young Zee]
Young Zee, I keep that .357 weapon
Get your chest pressed in
Leave you dead in Best Western
Bye, send your master to look for us
Better be Bruce Lee, me better bring Chuck Norris
I get glocks from the Italian Mafia
I dress up, meet them niggaz down in Operas
I won't stop 'til my town is popular
House so far, can't see without Binoculars
On the streets I'm creamin' with DU
All in the hood, see they dreamin' to be you

I roll up with 'Em, give dime honey's heart attacks
Out in Florida with money market Shaq act up
I put flesh and dirt, hope you bless through church
'Cause to find y'all, they gon' need a rescue search
Yea, I'm waitin' to drop these syllables and nouns
'Til then, I'll be baggin' up dem pundz

[Chorus x2: Canibus & (Young Zee)]

Canibus Lyrics

"Yeng Meng"

[Chorus: Canibus]
Niggaz runnin' around like, "what did he say?"
All day, everyday, "what did he say?"
Everybody want to know, "what did you say?"

[Verse: Canibus]
Yo, I don't want to waste no lyrics talkin' about you
Just let my body die and rot in hell why don't you
You asked the same question, I already told you
I'm a lyricist, I do what I'm supposed to do
You ever wonder what Hip-Hop would have been without me?
I'm six albums deep, somebody is thinkin' about me
Whether it's good or bad, yo, I can't control it
A nigga's opinion belongs to him; I can't own it
I microphone this with my own way of doin' things
All my rhymes really do is provoke you to think
People don't care about your passion when they comin' at you
All they ever see is record sales and dollar value
What the fuck does it matter what I'm rappin' to?
I can rhyme acapella and attract the youth
If you want to compromise, we can do that too
But I ain't never in the mood to drink no wack juice
The bottom line is I need a bigger budget
Advertising is how you program the public
People don't have to understand to love somethin'
As long as they see it enough, they just trust it, that's why I'm like fuck it
I might as well do what I do best
And that's rip a microphone to shreds
Even the best confessed, at some point in they life, they said
That I'm the illest, but now they want you to forget
So I accept the bitter with the sweet, mix it with some heat
Show them how to emcee, and spit it to a beat
I can do it in my sleep, nigga
If I'm awake, how the fuck you gon' compete, nigga? The nerve of these niggaz
I move like my shadow is weightless
Expose myself like a faceless, plastic surgery patient
Transmitting from an undisclosed location
Pirate stations with phantom frequency modulations
My throat-pistol spit ghost-signals
And you never get the antidote from me, 'cause I bit you
Stab you with a jagged crystal, 'cause my energy emit through
Anything metallic, even a pencil
Feel the bush burn, turn your cornrow into a good perm
My flat-feet with no curves squish worms
The bad news is I got a tight flow
The good news is I just switched to Geico
This is Hip-Hop nigga

Listen to the voice go drip-drop nigga
Swimmers in my saliva river drown when I give it to them
The hemispheres of my brain got a river through it; gray-matter fluid
The mic is a spark-plug
When I grab it, I glow, come with that Edelbrock carburetor flow
When I yolk back the choke full-throttle and go for broke
I've become a G.O.A.T. ripper on a positive note
The width of my rap, too thick to fit through the gap
The viscosity of my spit lubricates the track
Touch the VAT-lit screen, illuminate the map
Show me where you at; show me how you plan to get back
My navigation better than yours, and even though you the best
Hip-Hop is my house; you still my guest
You want more, I give you less
You want less, I give you more 'til you swimmin' in it up to your neck
Listen to the words bouncin' off the lungs in my chest
Hittin' you from every angle like porno-sex
Still here 'cause the Lord knows best
Last thing he said to me was, "let them know 'Bis," I'm a let them know this
Nobody contends with Canibus
When it comes to rhymes; everybody pales in comparison (Word)
Nobody compares to Canibus
Hip-Hop is Yeng, Canibus is Yang to balance it

[Chorus: Canibus]
Niggaz runnin' around like, "what did he say?"
All day, everyday, "what did he say?"
Everybody want to know, "what did you say?"

Canibus Lyrics

"HRSMN Talk"

(feat. Killah Priest, Kurupt & Ras Kass)

[horses galloping and neighing]

[Intro: Killah Priest]
Yea, mothafuckas

[Chorus: Killah Priest]
This is "Horsemen Talk", Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when your ass get smoked?
[gun shot]

This is Horsemen Talk, Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when you wind up smoked?

[Verse 1: Killah Priest]
I spit volcanoes, twist heads, spit lead
Then boast like the angels, the scorpion tongue
Come close I'm a sting you, I'm Morpheus' son
Part two to The Matrix, I'm atheist
Only God is my gauges and the clip is my church
Show the beginnin' and the end when I'm spittin' my verse
Voodoo curse brought back The Horsemen from the grave
Four headless mothafuckas now clappin' their gate
Stomp his chest in and put the fuckin' axe through his leg
Chop his head off, 'cause the livin' mothafuckas never seen the dead walk
'Til now, Horsemen spread his corpse across the ground
Priest pick niggaz off that talk, with a pound, c'mon

[Chorus: Killah Priest]
This is Horsemen Talk, Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when you wind up smoked?

[Verse 2: Kurupt]
The headless Horsemen nigga
I'm back, give me a fired up Mac
Seventeen different satchels of uncooked crack
Dogs don't associate with cats
Horses beat niggaz with metallic wiffle ball bats
If time could rewind I would have rewound before
Knocked down, surround and drowned before
Concentrated, ligaments separated

Pronounced un-hoofed with the hoofs pound
I'm Kurupt, Young Gotti, the Headless Horseman
I'm the one that started off extortion
Contortion began to spread to scorchin'
Featherweights came with the enforcements
And forced the enforcements I'm forcin'
And open the doors, let all the force in
I never really gave a fuck what it's costin'
Time ain't money 'cause I take my money
And I take my time when I take my money
I'm always careful when I make my money
I know about niggaz gettin' quaked by money
But The Horsemen here though
Comin' through with the Hennessey and dough dough
I'm lookin' at the niggaz peepin' out the hoes
I start cookin' mothafuckas like kilos

[horses neighing]

[Chorus: Killah Priest]
This is "Horsemen Talk", Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk

[Verse 3: Ras Kass]
Cock my Beanie like Anna B C, Gwen
Release the beast, G heat, creeps beneath me
Like the over fiend ET with DVD
Feasibly he see beyond 3-D
We the glitch in The Matrix
Neo - "these niggaz got computer code runnin' across they faces"
Temporarily trade places
I define Hip-Hop and transcend it
Take linear time and bend it
The biggest lie ever told, ever since the 13th amendment
Was whoever told you, you could contend with men with tremendous?
For rhymin' magnum mentality, for rhymin' over instrumentals
Flow like menstrual
Mena trois menaces, murder fresh-maker like Mentos
Rock like cement, cum like semen
Judgmental demon, mad lizard
Y'all niggaz is fembots
We bend blocks with big shots
And kill your little homey like Kid Rock's
I kid you not, kick rocks or kick box
I'm like a one legged man in an ass kickin' contest
You're gon' get your ass stampeded repeatedly
And immediately Hannibal Lector gon' feed it to me
Please believe what you see
Or see it to believe it
Heard men are from Mars, that's why I floss on Venus
Wipe out the species, extinct ya whole genus
So fresh and so clean this
The OutKast of rap, Horsemen attack

The only thing gon' pop is my collar and a gat

[Chorus: Killah Priest]
This is "Horsemen Talk", Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when your ass get smoked?
[gun shot]

This is Horsemen Talk, Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when you wind up smoked?

[Verse 4: Canibus]
Yo, yo, yo
Fuck beggin' for ya life, I have you niggaz beggin for death
Use a dull blade and sever ya neck
You're whack because I say so
In my platoon niggaz like you are good for peelin' potatoes
With your manicured hands and gay flows
I murder your first born after it's only a day old
"Rip the Jacker" rips the track up
Rippin' rappers, eight sack, rippin' that ass up
Niggas back up when I attack with my axe up
Swingin faster than Tiger Woods at The Masters (FORE!)
I decapitate you faggots
Then gallop over ya body with a horse and carriage
Kidnap ya widow, fuck her in a wooden cabinet
Pass the pussy to Priest and let him stab it
Ask Ras and Kurupt if they wanna get at it
Laughin' like madmen, swallowin X tablets
Natural born spitters that mean business
Millennium niggaz, got the Sword of Guinean with us
And we all got a bone to pick
Niggaz talkin' about frozen wrists and how much dough they get
Go to war with them like the Bosnians and Bolsheviks
Put an umbrella up they asshole and open it
While I'm still holdin' it, openin and closin' it
I break they motherfuckin' pelvic bones with it
I will sabotage, everybody knows that shit
A nigga spittin' like me ain't supposed to break
Now I got a formula that's guaranteed to work
The Horsemen, remember you heard it from me first
Four niggaz that done been through it
With more knowledge than the Druids and the will power to do it
My cranium pumps uranium
My first name's Germaine so my heart probably pumps Germanium
When I die, they should have my wake in a stadium
You can witness my body beamed up by aliens
Radiation poisonin' that will probably make ya skin fall off
Motherfucker this is "Horsemen Talk"

Canibus Lyrics

"Da Paycut"

[Canibus]
Yeah, Mic Club
Aiyyo we got off to a cold start, let me warm shit up
You now listening to Can-I-Bus
Yo why would you do that? Your view too black
You must have smoked somethin I used to call pool hall crack
Put a suit on you still look whack
Somewhere givin orders from confined quarters, handcuffed to a fag
Played the street too much, shoulda been in the lab
Now you sad, mad at who you was fussin with last
Life's a bitch ain't it? Smile, it ain't nothin to laugh
Rose hell at show'n'tell, brought a gun to your class
Keep the herb on the dash cause I'm servin 'em fast
Classic lyrics for that ass, cause the purpose is cash
Look I got a couple photos of you tryin to showboat
Before my gunboat touch your throat, don't talk
The microphone shark tear your bones apart
Spread you over your background like bogus art
Put the most in art, try to focus on the frozen dart
Cold and dark as a cobra's heart
I drink the absinthe raw, no chaser
Madness follows me like investigators after Al'Qaeda
The metaphor make a voice like Lord Vader
If you love hip-hop, I am your saviour
Rip your mixtape up and still take a paycut
Me and you in the booth, who you think is gon' say somethin?
'Member ninety-eight when I rung those bells?
I'm a chip off the old block like Uncle L
Fuck a bootlace, I strap velcro up
Niggaz had gun talk, so what? They still didn't show up
Fuck around with 'Bus on the mic, they got no luck
Other than that, I don't really know what

Canibus Lyrics

"Give It More"

[Verse One]
I got this beat from Riggs, yeah I got it from Riggs
Cause in a minute I'ma be on top of the biz
Try to act like you don't know who it is
Around the globe there's kids that play the Canibus quotable quiz
Its like if you ain't a mogul they don't know who you is
But I'm a oldie in the biz with the vocals and libs
Said so much crazy shit on my last album
my name shut Interpol down for two hours
Now that's true power
I create what I can't count to rhyme from my anger management counselor
Just listen to the fives and blend in with the signal you getting
Can you hear me now? Answer the question
You wanna talk about sick poems? I spit stones
Leave you split holmes, tied knots with your rib bones
Quick blows break off your limp wrist bones
Make you scream melodies in twelve different ringtones
I can speak Chinese, ching chong get off the ding dong
Knock your ass over the tables like little ping pongs
You got balls? Bring 'em on
I smash 'em with a spiked bat like Raekwon with Cuban Linx on
Blink and you gone, let off more shells than shrimp farms
Spit raw, your face look like you smelling stink bombs
You ain't dreamin nigga, pinch your arm
Canibus be spittin' bars that can dislodge Kanye's jaws

[Hook x2]
What you lookin' for? We hookin' off
Punchlines on the song through the hook and all
You actin' like you think you too good to fall
You spit with a glass jaw, get up give it more

[Verse Two]
If I was focused I could crush you
Cause you sayin you focused, then how come I can still touch you?
I bust you, then spit some young buck shit at you
cause I still got the heart to go bust me a head or two
My little arms carry big arms, to tickle the clip finger
Keep the sig warm when I bring harm
I have a nigga screamin' for his mama
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma
Come along with me, let me see what you got
Battle you on the spot, show you how nice you not
I'm the champ like Ali, you just a close copy
When people see you, they don't know that its not me
I flow 'cause I got to
This shit sound hot 'cause its not you

You tried to catch me, but I got you
I got a mind that spins like belt drives
And when I seen hip hop die I felt cries
But I got an idea to bring it back to life
Bring me back to the mic, make sure you package it right
I'll go all out, pour my heart out, mix it around
Put my voice to these beats, let it mix with the sound

[Hook x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"The Mic Disease"

[Canibus]
Yeah! New York City
You are now rockin with the best, the 'Bus
And I'ma test this once (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Let's go, let's go

Aiyyo I'm so updated niggaz get frustrated
I'm the best that you ever heard, nigga fuck your favorite
Fuck a public statement, I'ma say it right here
It's quite clear, I'm the nicest anywhere
You paranoid, what's the reason for that?
Scared in the barbershop chair, with heat in your lap
I drag you out in the desert, freeze you in fact
Pulp trees run out of paper, roll leaf with the map
It's like that, give me dap, Cani-Beezy is back
I'ma take 40 million this season in rap
Take small change as long as I can afford range
When I'm flyin overseas, I can't take no small planes
If the course change, I'll be in the cockpit
With the glock cocked, lookin at the pilot all strange
Jason Jermaine, born Williams as a false name
U.S. military trained, remember one thang
I remember was no other soldier like me
My M-4 carbine bang nightly
Hand combat Tai-Chi, fight me
I'm Sagittarius, so I don't like Pisces
Effect you with the mic disease, try to breathe
Airborne spores reach overseas with light breeze
Out in Waikiki with ki's and G's
On a hammock with my trees like, what you need?
Got shorties in tight jeans over there, this is what life means
She suck me off, then she take me sightseein
Spendin per diem with a real nicely tanned Korean
She and her friend, they drive a little BM
Picked me up at 10 P.M., took me to the VM
Cause I was already kinda leanin off the Seagram's
I'm feelin weak, blame it on the herb rush
Yo that's Kay Slay bangin Lloyd Banks? Turn it up
I got a track after this one, I burnt it up
Big Shaq, Money Mark, Canibus, you heard of us
I do you rhyme surplus, words deluxe
Manufactured the 'Bus, just observe me once
I'm the bright light before you, the first of one
Kay Slay brought me back cause they worshipped son
The cursed one, my hip-hop heartbeat thump
Who that punk talkin junk, I'll punch the chump
Badunkadunk, like Lil' Jon on crunk

Have wonton for lunch with Brazilian fudge
Toss a rock my way, and I'll probably throw a million slugs
Be at your door with a million thugs!

Canibus Lyrics

"Allied Meta Forces"

(feat. Kool G Rap)

[Canibus:]
Yo, the shotee rip, perforate the skin on top of your ribs
Red stuff comes out of squibs like a Hollywood script
Bitch niggaz on the floor screamin' for mommy and shit
Cardiologists hook up the heart monitors quick
Thermometer temperature dips below seventy-six
That's what you get for tellin' niggaz that you're better than 'Bis
Not possible, if I can't pronounce it, it ain't rhymable
The audible probability probably ain't probable
Supreme rap, G rap underground without a roof
Chopper proof, holdin' Hip-Hop for hostage about to shoot
Helicopters stabilize at low altitudes
Talkin' to the negotiator layin' out the rules
In a tight compromisin' loop road blocked with troops
Under orders not to shoot but they break your vertebra with boots
Ten O'clock news flash, 'Bis and G Rap
All points bulletin lookin' for them niggaz in black
Leaned back in an Avocado El-Dorado
Passin' the bottle, speakin' Japanese like, "No me mah show"
She's got a banging body, cold sushi with warm saki
And if I'm rappin' sloppy G's got me

[Kool G. Rap:]
Welcome to my world, danger and hazards
Gang of bastards, bangin' they ratchets
King and the Jacker, slangin' in traffic
Claimin' they cabbage, obtain half, they aimin' for stackage
Get brains from the attic, keep blingin' with karats
Cops see me in Maddox, then let ya dame have it, flames to the attic
The stains on ya fabric, the paint in the graphic
Canibus and G Rap, bangin' a classic
And if that beef on the street - hate you enough
Blow out ya brain in ya casket
Don't you love this drug element?
Where slugs crush ya melon and dome
Chrome that's known to break bones in an elephant
Shotgun pellets and, gunsmoke; smell the scent
Big bullets wiggle ya guts like gelatin
Cut through ya skeleton, knockage intelligence
Bystanders bite the dust
Jake wanna be like a Russian cuffed thrown in that Riker bus
We raised in the slums, with haze in our lungs, raisin' the guns
Knowin' - my day'll come, razors under the tongue
Clips in the steel, bricks in the wheels
Chips in the field of fortune
Dead men walkin' with hits on the grills

Late night at the spot, posted with goons, dope and balloons
Coke and the doom, you scheme?
I'll leave you open with wounds, nigga!
Witness G Rap put it back in perspective
Beat up shit with a dash of the peppers
Get blast for ya necklace
Leave ya brains on the dash in ya Lexus
We up in the club, dash for the exit
Make ya spread 'em out - show you what this lead about
Take it from an old thug, whoever clean cold blood
Believe they bled it out (Yo)
Crave for the war, pop out rages with fours
Hit the jackpot, blazin' the raw - gettin' bands in the pores
Bitches enjoy with dick in their jaws
The frame drank sick of Valor, straight bandit spot
Open up shop, turn the block to "Planet Rock"
Shit with no chop, slept with the glock with the hammer cocked
Servin' the fiends, hop in the Suburban and lean
Look at that don nigga swervin' in Queens, playa
Ballin' a lot, brawlin' for props, callin' the shots
Hit the curb, birds all on the flock
Jockin', like "who that there covered in all of them rocks"
(Giacanna) It's royalty bitch, fall on the cock, recognize one (Ride out)
Giacanna G Rap, that live one - pay homage (God bitch!)
Get it fucked up, I spray comments, nigga what?!
(Nigga what, it's The Curriculum: Mic Club)

[Canibus:]
Yo, e'yythin' is e'yythin' my nigga
I ain't bitter but if I give you the finger it'll be behind a trigger
Faggot ass nigga livin' in a gated community
Up at radio tellin' them what you're going to do to me
I live in the 'burbs
Clean my Winchester every other weekend with the same dirty Hanes shirt
It takes two to tango, three to jump rope
Four to bury the body plus look out for poe'
Yo, I guard everythin' within the limits of my post
My orders are to smoke you if you get too close
The whole Globe is scared of my flow
Spirit world, scared of my soul
Nowadays it's like I’m scared to be known
The methods of my motivation is completely subjective
My perception is completely parallel to perspective
Rhyming is the reason I spit in faces
Habituation of my flamboyance without rational reservation
Whiskey, X-ray, Yankee, Zulu, unusual
Wordologically my syllable position is beautiful
Only respect niggaz if the feelin' is mutual
G Rap snatched the jewels from you; I'll throw them in the crucible
Probably throw you in it too, mix it up and make nigga-stew
If you can't admit I'm iller than you
Baby what's wrong with your shadows, Canibus and G Rap flow
Mothafucka you're 'fessionallin' with the Pros

[Kool G. Rap:]
Know it's, dough over hoes - bankrolls, Rovers and clothes
And shots blow all them cowards and foes
Giacanna proud with the pros, foul mode
We quick reachers, spear with the fearless 'til you drip liters
Flip divas, the big secret on the strip to 'til their tits and beaver
Sip Cris' and sniff coke of the peeter
Yeah we ball big baby, lock off the meter
You should see us, it's movie star status
Scar lavish large cabbage, rip the Pablo Escobar fabrics
Froze the road we chose, not a pretty route, nittied out
Grimey and grittied out, stack dough, jiggy out
Dime bitches behavin' like ya sex slave skizzied out
Some nigga dizzy style 'til he's out, busy mouth
Swerve to the curb, hit the bird split the kitties out
We kidnap for trap - blackmail for a gang a mill
Spot banger himself, fishscale rocks under the fingernails
The blood trail lead to a corpse
Treat my appetite for greed with a torch
For keys to a Porsche, to breeze in the loft
Roll up my hand sheets with the force
We squeeze off, no need for remorse, playa
Forty wild goons, we forty Calhouns
You die forty foul dooms for forty coward moves
Bless sparkle, and spark until my shorty style rules
Giancanna dead? We spread; I'll be a 40 mile tune nigga
What, what nigga? The noble laureate comin' at y'all niggaz
Uh, 40-pound style nigga

Canibus Lyrics

"Mic Club Mascot"

[Canibus]
Yeah, just one of those moments
where a nigga feel like tearin this shit down
Y'all niggaz know what Canibus is known for
Yeah, yo
Propane in the form of flames sprayed when I point the barrel your way
Ever barbecue a piece of meat for a whole day?
You'll see a smoke cloud the darkest shade of charcoal gray
Even when you get to heaven you'll be D.O.A.
Send him to a place GPS couldn't locate
My mind so great, my neck might break from the weight
Robin Hood of mixtapes since ninety-eight
Steal from the fake, give to the real cause they feel what I make
Stash steal then I pealed over the hill by the lake
Don't make me have to go get it, I peel the grill off your face
Jermaine's hell, yeah I package paint myself son of Jorel
Take and cram more yay by the grill
Courage in you to yell, order men to tie you to the top of your cell
While I stab you in the navel with a quill
Askin you who's ill, tryin to break your will
Spinnin the wheel, lower you down knee first on nails
Make you shit yourself, witness the smell
Picture an anal IV feedin you poisonous liquidous gel
It's violent but why you gettin all sensitive now
I'm the real king of battle, this is how I get down
Can't listen to it then DON'T, you spit it fluid then DOPE
The illest, comin from what the other illest quote
Magazines once said I was the greatful hope
Some washed up bloke that couldn't execute what he wrote
It ain't over cause I still find ways to promote
Waves engulfed my boat but I managed to float
Swim to the coast, make a new ark from oak
Build a bonfire and smoke, pounds of 'dro
My own rhyme scarred my throat, torn is how I'll be remembered by most
From now 'til the day that I croak
In a year I'm liable to be on a yacht in the ocean
Or in an armored platinum pine box decomposin
Mic Club motherfucker...

Canibus Lyrics

"Gone In 60 Seconds"

[Canibus]
You got less than a minute left to recognize the voice
Take your blindfold off, look at the size of this joint
I see you lookin at the barrel, I'ma get to the point
What the fuck is this I'm hearin 'bout beef wit'cha boy?
Beef with who? I got my problems to face
Cause it pours when it rains out in Washington state
Behind a hexagonal shaped gate, you can't even relate
Right now I live inside a base
Inside the beast, watch how I move and speak
There's military police on every street
Life is shit, I taste it in the food I eat
Motherfuckers be amazed by how cool I keep
I don't get depressed, I get the vest
You still don't recognize the voice, you got 20 seconds left
Dawg, my team is small, but you can still look
to the left of your head and see a red beam on the wall
Firepower so awesome, when the barrel is barkin
I lean forward to keep from fallin
My gun's got grenade launchers on the bottom
Keep talkin, you'll be restin as pieces in a coffin

Canibus Lyrics

"Box Cutta' Blade Runna"

[Helicopter flying, and Pilot talkin]

"Record Industries most wanted: Rip The Jacker:"

Wanted for the '98 slayings of several rappers
One of which went on to be a successful actor
Here's the reactment: He called me at my mans crib
The phone probably rang 2 times then I answered
He sounded really amped up, he tried to scare me
He told me that Def Jam wanted to ban me
And told me Trace at the label wanted to bang me
Damn I wanted to get in her panties, she was scared of me
Canibus hates the media and the magazines
They have so much credability to elaberate schemes
Internet chatrooms with live feeds of a rapper
Being eatin alive by La Peez
Sound barriers like the Lockeed even without means
I run a course rough Terana Mach speed
Thats a rhyme from like 9-3
Thats vivid in the mind, as pictures with 600 DPI's to a sheet
If I'm high when I speak the knowledge is deep
Silent as concrete this is real hip-hop for the streets
I never leave any witnesses, its rediculous
They serve me court papers in the studio I did this in
Missin from society, because they lied to me
They didn't want to accept my documents in society
I study with hundreds of scientist and science teams
And various Ivyleagues, they respect my asteam
What do you want me to rap about? Go ahead try a theme
Gimmie a person, place or thing I'll create the time and scenes
Somewhere in Afghanistan, U.S.A survival teams
Keep a eye on their surroundings and the Jahad Rageam
I total riot scene, back and forth they encript fiber optic beams
On my album out next spring
You motha fuckin right nigga I'm about that cream
I promissed my self I wouldn't shoot it without that scene
It doesnt look right like Cash Money without that bling
Siblings, I mean we all got the same last name
Jermaine Williams, thats my name
Say it again Jermaine Williams, Danggg
I think he goes by the name of the Canibus Man
And occasionally Rip the Jacker but never Stan
Get it through your head and don't ask me again
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat
Have you ever read the book called "The Catcher in The Rye"?
It so happens I'm looking for a copy I could buy
Canibus is comin for ya'll round day outside

Round day outside, round day outside
Alotta ya'll shine, but ya'll cant rhyme
And its about time that I put ya'll in line
Twist your mind with twisted rhymes
As weird as Michael Jackson's nose from the side
Flows that'll buy the quite bow for the times
No need to hide your freinds are all associates of mine
Don't be a stranger come over some time
I got coke if you do lines, you get a Rover to drive
If you hear the engine knockin, just pullover to the side
I guess it hasn't been serviced in all this time
Halloween: True Hollywood Stories release date
We should have a who wants to battle Canibus sweepstakes
Limited to three states
New York City: home of the greats
Philly and out West piece-a-cake
Old school rappers, I wouldn't be around without
Ain't got shit to say but keep puttin albums out
Don't let what I say get you upset
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat...

Canibus Lyrics

"Rip Iz Alive"

[22 second intro]

[Canibus]
I'm the real king of my kingdom
I make my women practice isolationialism as soon as I get 'em
Run my world with an iron rod behind iron bars
Enclosed behind iron doors in a small iron box in the corner
Shielded behind firewalls and water doors
Down the gaseous corridor, welcome to my world of horror!
A coroner with an immortal aura
The rhyme slang and holla at a Ripper, rip you to live longer
Get stronger every record that I record
Morph my arms into a sword and clotheslines you running forward
You can't ignore 'Bis, motherfucker I started this!
As far as artists that spit, Canibus is dominant
Hot shit from a lava pit studied by oceanographers
At the ocean's bottom, with rocketship sound effects
A Ripper in the flesh, signed in ink, nigga
You ain't ill if you need to time to think
You talk shit, my personality split, you get ripped and that's it
A "True Hollywood Story" bitch
In my world Jermaine's gone, Canibus is just a moniker
Stay behind the follower, I'm fin' to demolish you fucks
Can-I-bust? (YEAH!) Now that's what I'm talkin 'bout
Call me Mr. Spit Shit, also known as Toilet Mouth
Y'all been warned about a million times
I done wrote about a million rhymes since July '85
When I'm writin I'm impervious to fraud
My fine art's verbal collage is worthy of the Gods
When I'm 30 years old, I'ma quit rhymin
Collect my own catalogue and open up a library
Lock myself in solitary six months at a time
Work at the university and teach sick fucks how to rhyme
NOBODY'S SAFE, NOBODY can say that they great
I put a jacker's cold body in a crate
Trap his soul in an electromagnetic vase
Put the crate on a wide lowrider and drive it in a lake
Look in my eyes, then look in my face
Nobody's here to arbitrate, realize it's time for your FATE!
HA HA HA! (HA HA, HA, HA HA HA..)

Canibus Lyrics

"Bis Vs. Rip (Original Version)"

[Intro: (Bis) {RIP}]
(Yo Rip {WHAT} come here man, let me talk to you for a 'sec?)
{WHAT THE FUCK YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT NIGGA?
(Why you screamin' man?)
{I'M THE ILLEST, I'M THE ILLEST}
(Yo, relax, yo put that down) {YO, DON'T TELL ME..}
{YO, I'LL BEAT YOUR LITTLE SKINNY ASS NIGGA}
(Yo, what the fuck is wrong with you?)
{FUCK YOU!!}

[Rip:]
Yo, you fuckin' hate me; you fuckin' lock me in the basement
But you still want me to protect you - it doesn't make sense
Can-I-Bitch - I supported you like a weight bench
Without me you're defenseless you better face it
You ain't show me love when you was at your apex
Gettin' paychecks up at the radio with DMX and Flex
Catchin' wreck while Noreaga was catching his breath
I had to keep the situation in check
Look at the varicose veins in my neck, Germaine is the best
The industry fucked you; I'm just payin' 'em back
What's the matter with slayin' jackers? That's all I've been doin'
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nothin' to 'em
They just mad 'cause when I see 'em I don't run up to 'em
Between me and you, yo you know I run right through 'em

[Bis:]
Yo, calm down

[Rip:]
Who you tellin' to calm down nigga, I'm a Ripper remember?
I told you not to do "Gone Til November"
But you wouldn't listen; I always had your best interests in mind
I wrote all your best lyrical lines
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful lines
On stage if you was tired, I was spittin' sometimes
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let that shit ride
But I'm gettin' tired of havin' to remind you Bis
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis

[Bis:]
C'mon Rip, you a lyin' ass bitch and you know it
Group Home was part my company, I co-owned it
If its one thing I learned in show biz
Stay focused and don't quit Rip
Why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

[Rip:]
Germaine, you fuckin' water brain
Don't you understand, fuck the mainstream
You should just call out names
The industry's all about game
I shit on 'em all the same
And I leave spit stains on their brain
Like liquid chocolate spillin' over their new white trainers
Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan
Canibus is amazing; I don't know what the fuck Germaine is
I just know that both of y'all are trying my patience
I don't give a fuck about a beat; I've been rhyming for ages
Rippers are dangerous, all jackers are afraid of us
You wanna face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

[Bis:]
No, that's ridiculous

[Rip:]
Aiight then, listen to mine
I jump in a costume impromptu just to rob you
Put the nozzle to your eye ball and tell you what not to do
Rip your tonsils out through your nostrils
Bury you next to shark fossils
Make it impossible to find you
Depths that Jacque Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to
With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules
Lock you in a time capsule, smash the console
Shit on you in reverse and suck you in a brown hole
Suck the power out of your soul
You're nothin' but a coward in the cold freezer with a hour to go
Watching my Casio stop watch, countin' it slow
Like drug lords checkin' to see if it's Talcum or Coke
I can kill you by drownin' the globe
Or I can just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in your throat
In battles I'm a thousand to no, I silenced the Pope
Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?
No? I thought so, neither do I
It's a dick between your mother's thighs divided by pi
I'm the sickest linguistically, illicit lyrical misfit in the business
And probably in existence, what's your consensus?
Study my own syntax statistics since '96
With CPA certified assistance
I made a decision that my standards are above precision
The only thing I can honestly say I love more than women
Are dope writtens, if it ain't dope then don't spit it
Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive
Just practice your penmanship
If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit
Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left
According to manufacture's specs you'll make a mess
And rupture the blood vessels in your neck fuckin' with Rip

Got millions of blueprints on zip disk
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversion kits
In a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip
You never experienced work like this
Nigga welcome to the serpentine world where I twist
The world that I rip, the world that I fixed, the world where I live

[Bis:]
Okay Rip you made your point, I can't out-rap you
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos
You are the illest alive, that's a fact that you proved
Just a couple rappers don't want it to happen for you
Raggin' on you like battlin' is all you can do
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you
Nobody knows the truth; you got talent out the gazoo
When niggaz first heard you it was like "Man on the Moon"
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you
What happens if the rumors about being a faggot are true?
Look what it's runnin' into
I don't feel like havin' this discussion with you
I'm tired of fuckin' with you
Niggaz in the game don't wanna do nothin' with you
Bussin' with you, going one on one with who?
They wanna get rid of you, shit is too lyrical
Headhunters out to get you, that's why I had to protect you
I wouldn't disrespect you as another intellectual
Without you I'm unsuccessful, God bless you
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?
Ever since my third album I've been mentionin' you
I got your name on my arm, I'm representin' you
You +Rip the Jacker+ I would never question you
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga
I just want you to listen to what I'm tellin' you
What happened between L and you, forget it
People know you won the battle; they will give you the credit
A lot of people don't want to admit it
But I consider it a real privilege
To bear witness to your lyrics
And be involved in sharing the merits, I'm forever indebted
I just need you to chill for a second so I can send a positive message
Like Tupac before he left us
The author of the work ethic Genesis
Has inspired me to write the Exodus scripts
As a constant reminder not to forget Bis
But I've reached a precipice
Remember Rip, you can't rhyme forever
There's always somebody with better shit
I keep you out the public eye for a reason
You're a commodity Rip, ain't that how you wanna keep it?
I keep your whereabouts secret
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend so why is you beefin'?

[Rip:]

Ayo, stop patronizing me, you despise me
All you wanna do is steal rhymes from me
You constantly keep me behind walls of concrete
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin' zombie
If I was a priority, you'd acknowledge me
You ain't shit neither; you ain't got no college degree
You can't rhyme without me, stop smiling at me
Give me the keys to the garage; I need to borrow the Jeep
Get the fuck out my face nigga!

Canibus Lyrics

"Blakmilc Want Freedom"

[Canibus]
Hit the tune, shocked out, come but no further
Blakmilc's the name, domination's the purpose
And we don't give a fuck about rules, that's why we break 'em
If the devil was a rebel then you'd know what I'm sayin
Spokesman out in the open, pass the mic to me
I look around I see a whole lot of kids like me
If you could do one thing in this world, what would it be?
Would you rather be shackled in chains or fight to be free?
(I choose freedom!) When I wake up (when I wake up) and look around
And wonder how (I wonder how) can I get out
Get off to far (get off to far) beyond the gates
I jump then run (I jump then run) but I get chased
You can't escape (you can't escape) that's what they say
But I got away (I got away) and made 'em pay
For what they done (for what they done) to what I love
Hip-Hop rhymes over erratic drums
Blow your horns, here the cavalry comes
Blakmilc motherfucker and we fight 'til the tragedy's done
No matter where they be attackin me from
My heart pumps pure gasoline, and my eyes shine like the sun
Motherfuckers talk shit but they bums, I crush 'em like crumbs
Scream at the top of my lungs, that's what they want
This is Blakmilc baby, you never give up
Livin it up, I'm rapid-fire tearin shit up, what?

[guitars and drums to end]

Canibus Lyrics

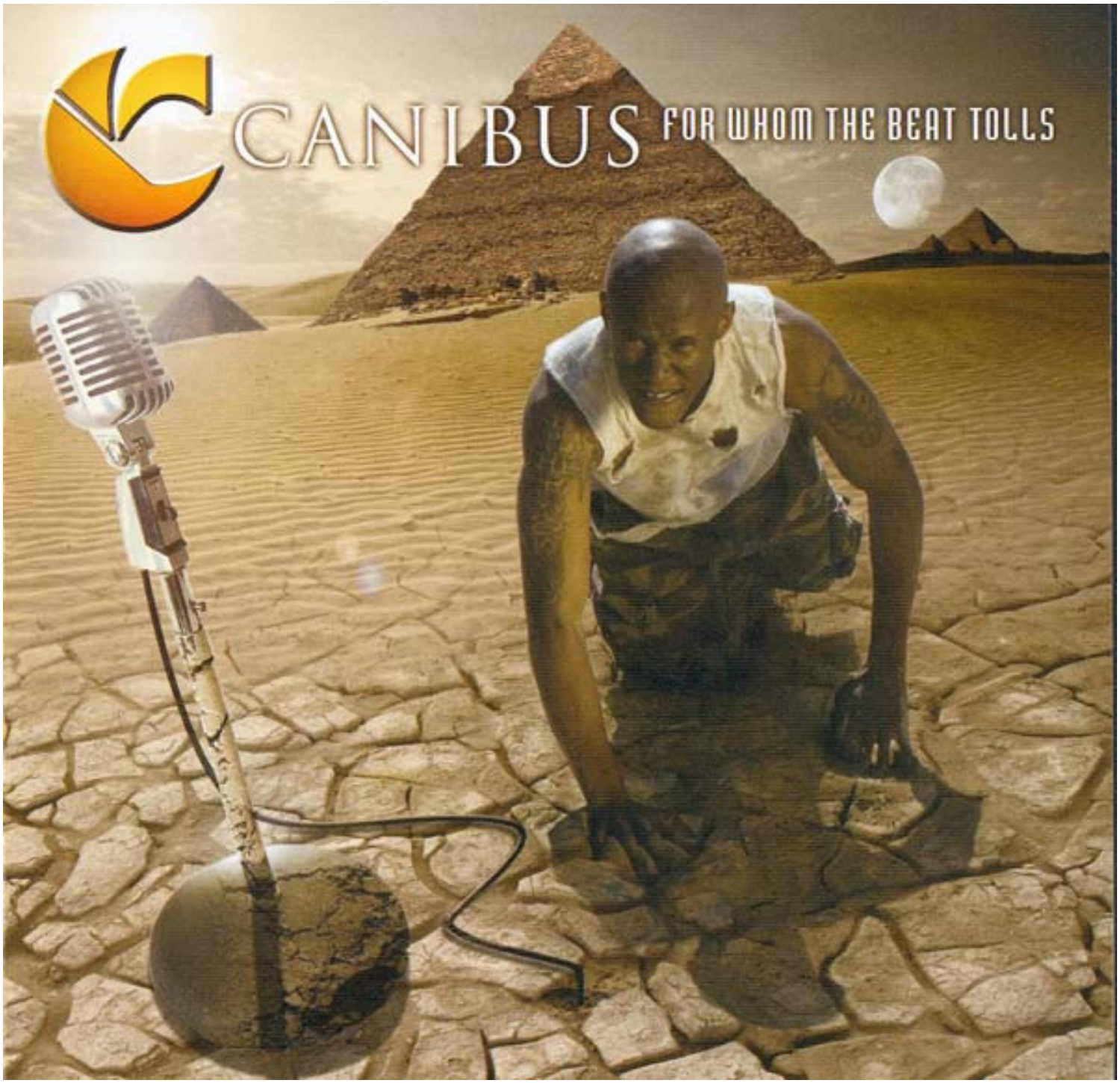
"Live Dublin Freestyle"

[Canibus]
I speak in frequencies dogs would have trouble hearin
Canibus is the lyrical version of German engineerin
Raw metaphors keep you high for months
Fly around the earth twice without refuelin once
Ain't too many categories I can fit in when it comes to spittin
Cause I'm overqualified for the position
The lazer-guided, lyrical hybrid
Creatin scripts so sick, I gotta arm wrestle my pen to write it
Don't get excited, cause if I ever catch one of you motherfuckers bitin
We're gonna be fist fightin! So motherfuckers what'chu want?
I got the shotgun pumped
You feel like a frog nigga then jump
I posess the lyrical ammo to battle
And rip any one of you warm blooded mammals to shambles
I make examples of you, eat a mouthful of your crew
The type of MC you can't outdo
I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh
I'll battle you over the phone, you can call me collect
I'll battle you over the...
I'll battle you over a blank check
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck
I'll battle you standin over the toilet, with my dick out
Battle you jugglin a hand grenade with the pin out
In a stolen car with the VIN number ripped out
Drinkin a Guinness Stout, doin a 360 spinout!
[loud cheers and applause]

Canibus Lyrics

"Accapella"

[Canibus]
Yeah, let's go... yo
Aiyyo I put it to you so raw, you probably OD on the floor
That's what you get for disagreein with God
The LeBron James Bond, my aim with the arm is so long
that I can tag along with SOCOM
I spit to the beat, flip like Swizz did to the Beat
At sunrise, I spit to the East
Niggaz talk shit in the streets, when they 'bout to get released
They ain't got no lip for the beast
Make you strip like police, I point the heat
From the hip to get leverage if you more than four deep
Got a pistol grip hawk with a chrome beat, shit is so deep
I check to make sure it's no leaks
Lookin like Jada in a black Jig-ari
Half Jag, half Ferrari, the valet saw me
Shorty wanna know how the flesh work, what's under my sweatshirt
That's why I hit the gym 'til my chest hurt
Next year or summer I'ma kill the conjecture
For now I'm just a hustler tryin to give you my best work


CANIBUS
FOR WHOM THE BEAT TOLLS

Canibus Lyrics

"For Whom The Beat Tolls"

[Sample: from "Dagon" by H. P. Lovecraft]
"I am writing under appreciable strain
Since by tonight I should be no more"

[Casting spell]

[Canibus:]
Yo, my hands are dirty 'cause I shook yours
Yea, you tried to curse me 'cause I took yours
But where?, somewhere, nowhere near
I walk where no man dares
So the world could share one man's fair
My cares are your cares
Your tears are my tears
When you talk to God, I eavesdrop on your prayers
I eavesdrop on your prayers
The industry could not stop my career
Fuck your record sales, where's your skills at?
You gotta million fans, but you're still wack
I can't feel that, what they've been exposed to is not real rap
Real rap is like chemical crack
I'm drippin' by my addiction is stealin' and bring it back
I prove it on every single track; I prove it on every single track
This is real Hip-Hop before it became rap
Do these magazines mention that? NO!
Does radio pay attention to that? NO!
Do they thank us for representin' that? No!
You think I let 'em get away with that? NO!
They just use us, abuse us
Stupid fuckin' reality shows do not amuse us
But they don't give two fucks; I said they don't give two fucks
Now it's all up to you, buts...

[Church bell sounds]

Canibus Lyrics

"Harbinger Of Light"

[Intro:]
Yea, the life of the world
Let me share somethin' witchu
What does not die that'll eternally thrives the free minds
That's who you know you're alive

[Canibus:]
I was spiritual first
She cut my umbilical at the physical birth
And welcomed me to miserable Earth
Why does it hurt?
She layed me on my back under the dirt
Cover my girth with a dirty shirt
What could be worst?
She said - "God bless the dead but they got at easy"
The livin' get left behind but still can't live their life completely
Tough luck, right before I was about to give up
I passed out emotionally bankrupt
In the dead vegetation it was dark brown red like menstruation
I couldn't eat it despite the temptation
I was hungry and impatient
My hands were shakin', I stopped payment
They botched my face in operation
Nip and Tuck, livin' it up
DAMN! "Why you still spittin' 'Bus?"
"'Cause you don't listen to my lyrics enough"
At night from a satellite view the city's a heart
The red and white blood cells are the lights on cars
From that distance look down and observe my lyrics
The atmospheres of organism we apparently living
Since the beginning, The Law of Three, The Law of Seven
On question, the principle of scale or heaven
Law One thru Forty Eight
Law Forty Nine is the loophole I use to escape
Buy the album; get a $50 dollar rebate, before it's too late
2012 is the bill due date
Before that, it's 2008, I know you can't relate
Just by the confuse look on your face, you can't wait
It won't be much longer now
Solar activity is gettin' stronger now
Al Gore was the Person of the Year, maybe more
Maybe I should be for my 400 bar song
Now I'm against the wall drinkin' alcohol at Taj Mahal
Without balance I am bound to fall
To chemicals are color coded
I highly encourage you not to smoke it
It makes you more curious, don't it?

Mass the throttle; crash it into your arch-rival
Tryin' to out drive you, every mili second is vital
Repsol motorcycles, psycho, breathe nitro
Brain cells glow with a light dose
SO!, I could Tokyo Drift with no Coke to sniff
I shift from 6th to 5th, I broke the shit
The gearbox slipped, red Marlboro's for hot lips
Order drinks, fire water type, toxic shit
Now I got you in the kill box, BITCH!
On 6, 5, 4, 3, I got this, 2, 1, 0, the shot hit
The unsung hero on some Hip-Hop shit
And I dare you to tell me to not spit
I evolve from clay and statue, from statue to flesh
From flesh to dirt, from dirt to death
Beyond that whatever life is left we gotta live it 'til the end
Hip-Hop is eternal my friend, we are the life

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity V003"

[Sample:]
"Cycles of time; it is ubiquitous it goes all over the place
It's ancient, it's one of the most ancient symbols there are
And this is an interpretation of what that actually means"

[Canibus:]
This is never been done before with a rhyme outside the realm of time
It's the first of its kind
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!

Nobody do it better, there ain't a truer Ripper
I did this separate imagine what we could do together
Inspired by GOD, inspired by the sufferin'
Was it done by a prophet? - it must of been
Who was it then? (Rip the Jacker)
Hot but cold blooded, many utter the name but very few love him
Other emcees be nervous or somethin'
Rhymes in abundance, Hip-Hop Justice
Rappers are captured and punished
The Polar Manitoba's melted by lava
A team of ER doctors climbed aboard the chopper
My skull is a submarine hull
I empty the ballast tanks I could smell the shit from the sea gulls
My mind dives deep beneath yours
Poseidon Trident Seahorse bubbles form I scream with extreme force
Marinari's Trench detour to Ultima Thule
Let me explain what my sonar saw
This is the greatest rhyme of all time supposedly
Through a term I'd like to call "Pulse Detonation Poetry"
Industrialists, civilians women and children directly
Military chiefs, aristocrats in buildings
Membership is based off your raw intelligence
400 screen video editing with hard evidence
Imagine being fined over a rhyme for steppin' over the line?
When I inspired Hova and Nas
Recite 33 3's 33 times
For 24 hours, 21 thousand Nautical miles
Don't be upset with Canibus yet, the kids just want respect
You been a success but what do he get?
Devine design, a miracle of Metallurgy
Every clergy member from Mecca who heard of me worshipped me
I got away nervously, talked about it purposefully
Next time I see it, it's gonna have a word with me
The Biological Chemical emergency
I purchase the beat; I resumed PsyOps on the enemy
Mix the blood so it don't coagulate

The sex magic won't work if the bitch masturbates
Nobody can hold me back, my flow bloviates into a spiritual shape
A capsule in Space, no emcee could rhyme like this, there's no challenge
His Poet Laureate should pontificates balance
Telencephalon olfactory lobes I had to practice
When a woman has her period I smell it on the mattress
Advanced Step In Innovative Mobility
Most emcees try to clone me lyrically
They can't battle me so they'd rather embarrass me
But I need a volunteer, do I have any?
The NASA contractor with a satchel of answers
I passed up the Nobel Peace Prize for my passion
Most of you will never understand what I mean
My dreams are broken into storyboard scenes
Kill you with green Lasers, evaporated weed vapour
Electromagnetic Scalar then somethin' they call a Maser
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
And with strange aeons even death may die"
The leaders lies got me reassigned, my loyalty was redefined
They will not be allowed to see the rhymes
In a town near Kadam and Kakrak Jalalabad
I pray in a hut constructed from Sago Palm
I'ma take you for a walk thru a beautiful place called Honey Swamp
We'll shoot hoops at Mosquito Lagoon Park
Emotion manifest Thought
Thought manifest Words Actions and Reality
That's how it has to be
The overseer of poetic antiquities
Victoria and Albert Museum kept them for me
Inject the gas into the centrifuge mass
The Teleological Dynamic will enhance
I remove the veil from in front of me
Suddenly, truly, there is too much to see
The Law of Attraction is attracted to me
The Laws of Poetry in action is practiced quite actively
My body did not melt beyond the Van Allen Belt
I was transformed into a spirit with no shell
I'm modifying the weather from behind a weather shield
Writing with a feathered quill, gettin' more ill
I hope I am not alone, that would be terrible
If I am celebrating and that'd be a miracle
At least for my interconnected introspective perspective
The more pretentious, the more apprehensive the sentence
Hip-Hop made me, Hip-Hop praise me
Ain't nothin' changed me since 1980
Involuntary catalepsy, BATTLE ME BABY!!!
1000 BARS NIGGA!!!, Zero Vector System
Brain waves reveal High Yield E&D Fields
Chew emcees like I'm eatin' a meal
Normal life is not real; we are just cogs in a wheel
We work, we hurt, we search, we feel
The microphonist that utilizes the study of Conics
Circular motion in both the Para and the hyperbolas

Mad Max beyond Thunderdome under Red Rock
It's no use if you can't use what you got
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si-Do
These are the tones that will activate your ohms
Who have lost their faith, who have lost their hope
Who have lost their point, who have lost their own
Are you food for the moon? The potion is you
Just in case you try to poison my food but I want you to
Rap music and those who listen to it don't owe me nothin'
I don't want nothin' from you, not even your judgement
I ride on a flatbed chariot, four Ostriches carry it
I control their movements with lariats
Polygraphs flutter, the Love Craft, Craft Lover
I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public
If I were you I wouldn't waste time readin' rubbish
I don't care what you say nigga, you're a nigga lover
The relative radiance of the rhyme makes it shine
Increase the star wattage with longer cycle time
How's my driving? Run you off the road smiling
1-800 Road Rage, Start dialing
Don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of INFINITY
Look at what your SUN GOD did to me
I submit to the will of the creator willingly
The possibilities present a probable infinity
I climbed the slope shaped like a stop sign in record clock time
Hot Lava lock rhymes, rock slide topside
At the Observatory summit of Mount Graham
Lookin' through the starlight scope in my hand
Creative writing and rhythm, grammar and composition
Don't ignore me, ignore the fool who tell you don't listen
Strivin' my principle findings by designing a new style of rhyming
That you could take home and try out
A 100 Bars per hour, sometimes I doubled the writing
Secret signature time equals the hardest part to figure out
Poetically Paralyzing, Where Are You? Are you hiding?
No! I am Sandbag diving?
From the Kinetic to the Energetic
St. Germaine was made to explain the lesson with a 1000 bar message
Straight out the freak show no pre show
Limited oxygen when I rhyme fast you breathe slow
The Pope shook; they ransacked Rome and burnt books
I ran back home to hide mine in the woods
MOSES is a new weapon system secret code
CONUS is the continent of the US, I suppose
I don't have all the answers I am not in the know
I can only see what is above and only from below
Substratum of reality through the thick cloud canopy
How can it be Canibus? Answer me!
My shelter is not far, you can borrow what you need
The bunker doors sequestered beneath the tall tumble trees
Gold chords from the organ cut down your swordsman
Tell everybody to SHUT THE FUCK UP when I'm talkin'
From a very cold place called Faraday Base

Right next to the South Poles longest Ice Strait
My dream was identical seven nights in a row
I saw a sideways 8 wrapped around a microphone
Extraterrestrial Isotopic ratios
A broke Scientist in his Lab with no place to go
Fire and Ash fallout, that's what it's all about
We must construct a shelter then build a wall around it
Geography is conducive to Astronomy
And the study of celestial bodies, biopsy
My austere designs are so ahead of their time
Even when you press rewind you're still left behind
I blasted thru the limestone with water, mixed with a dissolver
Then I signaled the remaining cave crawlers
Dig a hole for the collateral carnage, battle the hardest
Take out Hip-Hop trash and garbage
On the Sabbath I write preplanning for the Planet
Drawin' mechanics, suspended in space as holographic
The Quarantine Isolation Unit is where I house it
My team and I salvage the work of Dr. Fritz Albert
Hip-Hop is blackened pot placed next to a kettle
With my logo in it, a rigid rehomogenized metal
Greetings and Salutations, my equations are inundated with information
Electro Cranial Stimulation
Password please? Have patience, verification
I repeat, "What's Your Character String Verification?"
Battle rap is just aimless entertainment
+2nd round K.O.+ was one of they favourites, fuck all the haters
Responsibility entrusted
There's only one way for me to prove that I love it
That's why I'm bustin'
I turned the page, wrote a turn of phrase,
Verbal X-Rays, they say "I don't burn I blaze"
Attach the piezoelectric transducer to your computer
Poet Laureate is the future!!!
Next time we meet this whole song will be a new mix
For all the Rippers out there who need a new fix
With these lyrics, I consecrate the spirit
Whenever I spit it, concentrate you could hear it
I've almost perfected this
I'm one word away from excellence
Cyclotronic Resonance, patents are pendin' it
Can-I-Bus a/k/a "The Spitzberg Beast"
Gave his Bicentennial Speech on Emerald Peak
What are you building Bis? Is it a flyin' Silver Disk?
GW I'm positive it's him
I proof read my writtens, eat a chicken with the skin missin' in 10 minutes
Now that's some shit! You think that's fast? Nah
That's faster than you think, by the time you blink, the whole Universe shrinks
We'll observe the Gods, my thoughts graduated to the Stars to infinity
Listen to the bars, thick rhymes compartmentalized
Seperatized to prevent bootleg pirates gives me energy when I'm tired
I'm hooked on Hip-Hop, I can't live without it
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it

Several million years into the past
The primitive future in a world without oil and gas
Gather the evidence then give it to the President
Don't reprimand him, ask him for help next
I hold Hip-Hop responsible
Every magazine writer that wrote bullshit in his article
Always remember I'll be gone forever
I made these bars so you could all remember
The rhymes in my mind when I autograph sign
I can't wait to sign an autograph for the last time
The ungrateful dead reoccurring images playin' in my head
Every color in America bled
Canibus grabbed the mic like an energized amulet
Then spit a rap that you can't forget
"With this sacred water --
I consecrate this Talisman so that it will make me POET LAUREATE"
This is a no brainer, stop the complainin'
If Hip-Hop was dead I came here to save it
Classified payloads, no frequency safe modes, no safety
And I still made time for the ladies
No corruption, no disruption, no destruction, no budget, no nothin'
It's never that easy you just gotta trust it
The spin off from the Press should be able to feed you
But I declined, 'cause I'm familiar what greed can do
I sit down and think, when I write I can smell the ink
It's the dark skinned Lizard King
Metronome Man will never take commands from the drum
The beat is my slave and it will behave as I want
I heard Hip-Hop was dead, that's not fair
Who I talk to? "Go he there, Nasir"
YEA, POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!!!

Canibus Lyrics

"Liquid Wordz"

(feat. Killah Priest and Sun)

[Sample:]
It's very difficult to know if...
Northerners are puppets, or...
They are innocent, or...
They are the masterminds

[Canibus:]
These are "Liquid Wordz

Yo, I come through on cold steel on back of the snowmobile
I just came back from shogun hill
Make you kneel, face the wall
Shoot you in the back of the head with some paint balls
'Til your brains are gon'
Attack dawg, attack man, only respond to German commands
Completely bite off the burglar's hands
Triangular death, that's where I purchased the land
Built the ranch, strude deep into the Earth through the sand
Send the clergy emissary to the cemetery
You requested to be buried, with your bones to carry
I'm blood sample savvy, I name your first clone Jerry
Your second clone Harry, and your third clone after me
The fourth clone could battle him after he battles me
But your the fifth clone can only be used to tattle me
This is called microphone savagery
"Press Play", I attack the beat, you'll tap out or tap to leap
But we do not have to beef, before the Greeks captured Crete
I was known as the master of the beat
Sidonian MC speak, rudimentary speech
I released the Canaanite beast and sent 'em to the East
To walk through the streets sharin' thoughts about God and my beliefs
"Heavy Mental" it was authored by the Priest
We were tortured by the palm trees in the Palm Sunday breeze
It was 0 0 1 A.D.

[Sun:]
Yo, it's been a long time comin', but I'm finally here
Solidify my spot and I ain't gon' nowhere (C'mon)
'Cause Ripper Mics been only 'vice
So I return like Christ, to resurrect the art of spittin' nice
The true and livin' it, physical form
Grab the mic and I - spit up a storm
Tracks get beasted, MC's get eaten
I blast paragraph from rough draft - the thesis
With strong facial features, lip and gap teeth's
I see through your feces like telekinesis

Build with Killah Priest in the chamber of Gizas
Special Ops Hip-Hop get chopped in pieces
Zero degree Celsius liquid will freeze
But at any temperature, settle melt MC's
That's why Canibus handed me the scrolls for infinity
What he actually gave me was the moment of clarity
It's complex simplicity, self-contradictory
Philosophical speak about the God and men mystery
'Cause we've been fooled by religion and history
'Cause the path to eternity, starts eternally
Accordin' to the Sun God, the time is at hand
For me to reveal the man, exactly who "I Am..."
I'm the apostles, we writin' The Bible and Ebonics
I'm Elijah Muhammad that'll sell chronic
Martin Luther with a German Lugar
I'm Malcolm X on your project steps bustin' a tec
Gandhi with a MPC, who MC madd nice
I'm Christ in his cipher shootin' dice

[Killah Priest:]
Inside my mind is bad weather
So when I brainstorm it'll rain strong
To Hurricane's swarm in a form of paragraph
Start from the corner of the pages in my pad
And nothin' could withstand the rhyme, when it rages in its path
But I don't brainwash my listeners
My lyrics give 'em a bath, without bars or soap
These are bars of quote, that'll take you so far you'll choke
What I have is like Lightening in a bottle
Deep as the writin' of Aristotle
Like Picasso but it's a novel
Spittin' in bars and flows, Priest the dark Dragon King
Spittin' graphic scenes, my .16 should be seen on plasma screen
My black wings are The Lord of the Rings
While my sword is bathin' and y'all scream
Swallowed your flesh to his metal intestine
If he's so much, on your rebels that became congested
And gnarls on modes, snarls at thrones, carve out domes
Somewhere in a giant stone King where the interest is big enough
To accommodate a Pterodactyl in flight
Priest sit and the Tabernacle will write
While Jackals fight over the poison Emperor's body
Priest and Canibus enjoy their memorable army's
Ha, ha, ha, ha...

[Canibus:]
A lyricist without with no master, a no financer
After the disaster I will die from laughter
Alright, let's move out people
I got a five ton diesel, 40 illegal
Hazmat retreat, too deep to say piece to
I pray about peace for you
Very soon the Goetia will eat you

The keys of Solomon will open the door to that bottomless prison
And let the Leviathan army in
"Liquid Wordz", split superb
From the foothills of Sykros to the streets of New Jerz
New Ark, I'm the rare admiral in New York
If I'm caught they'll award the post human purple heart
Navy cross neva say we lost, Dan Abram office and court
One o'tnot to think any thoughts, "Liquid Wordz"

[Sample:]
"I don't know what we mean about these words"

Canibus Lyrics

"Father Author, Poor Pauper"

[Intro:]
Yea, "Father Author, Poor Pauper", Yea
(More than a microphone monster)

[Canibus:]
Once a upon a midnight dreary
Being blackballed by the music industry prepared me
In the past albums were made, put on the shelf
I was never paid or given a wealth
Who can I blame but myself? No one
I followed my azimuth then transit on a path from apprentice to master
My testimony any place at the top is lonely
Ask me what I cherish mostly, no matter what I say is poetry
The way I walk, the way I talk, the way I fought
The way I won, the way I lost, the way I thought
When they tried to play me out as a man
The way it felt takin' showers in the sand with a fuel can
Wakin' up in the middle of the night
I can't breathe right, I can feel my heart beat spike
"Father Author, Poor Pauper" use to be a war monger
I promised the Lord I will not tour any longer
Pardon the The Poor Pauper with nothin' to offer from his coffin
Caughin' up a mouthful of a volcanic sulfur
Feast your eyes on the awesome mechanics of the metallic saucers
Flown by man, I bet you thought it was the Martians
Since "Channel Zero" I tried to do somethin' to save you
But you threw away the jewels I gave you
When you're ready to move to the mouth it'll be too late too
That's why I pray for you
My words appear clear but true meanin' is lost
Why would an emcee like that even talk?
Clear your mind, clear your thoughts
Throw away everything you bought
And kneel before the Ark
YOU DON'T!, you knew you should but you won't
Any artist will become lethargic from weed smoke
I don't go to malls 'cause I don't like shoppin'
I can't buy clothes when the Manikin's are watchin'
Overspecialization doesn't require special explanation
The information is my interpretation
I sit down at the table and make it
Through a series of musical, lyrical and compositional arrangements
I'm disinfatuated, you rappers are overrated
For the music you're makin', it sounds foolish and basic
Thread by thread the poem is woven, the book is open
You were ordered to show him, than the words are spoken
Civilization is fragile, so is life there in battle

So is nature when surrounded by the unnatural
Walk through the doors of Langley Headquarters
My logo is in the floor etched in marble
Behind the rose line, morals and dogma of rhymes to climb
One of three peaks of Mount Hermon there in my lifetime
The rhymes is 3 point 1 4 5 9 2 6 5 3 5 8 9
Same morning that the Can-I-Bus album came out
I got a text from The NSA that said "They'd take me out"
Kabbalah Math was all I had
My wife and child were both killed in a helicopter crash
Eight months passed, I'm in Walter Reed with a rare fungus rash
I told them "Fuck the cash" Just give me somethin' for the pain
My brain 'bout to bust vein
They said "You've been through enough Germaine"
I tried to sit up but can't get up
This sucks, "Father Author, Poor Pauper" can't give up
The Biomarker lit up; the labtec took the blood that I spit up
She tried to screen it, than clean it
Hydroxide radicals I couldn't believe it
I was the Anemic Heathen that was saved by the blood of Jesus
My only grievance is I never be the same again
Never beat me with a rhyme again like it was '98 again
I'm so ashamed I'm depressed; I don't know what I could say to them
So I made this mixtape for them
I hope you enjoy it even if you never bought it
This is "Father Author, Poor Pauper" last recording

Canibus Lyrics

"Dreamzzzzz"

[Chorus: x4]
"Dreamzzzzz" of fuckin' a female news anchor
I'm just playin', but I'm sayin'

[Canibus:]
Yea, this isn't excellence in journalism
I prefer to call it conservative words of wisdom
Mixed with perverted visions
I can't help it, I was bitten by Celtic Woman
Who spoke elvish, who told me I was selfish
Nah honey be friendly you're my Ms. Money Penny
I love you because when they hate me; you defend me
"Dreamzzzzz" of fuckin' a female news anchor
Welcome to my world of fantasies and fandom
0330 central news network
I filled out visitors of paper work 'til my head hurt
G words bees and birds can't help but to be perverse
About anything over 30 in a skirts
I get up stairs to search who's doin' their leg work
I seen her walk in to the coffee room, I go there first
She was beautiful and burgundy, same Zane Verjee
I said "Allah have mercy", she heard me and turned to me
She showed me her breast, I was impressed
She suggested I lock the door so we could both get undressed
Quick start, quick finish, I gently kissed her
The phone rang; it was Wolf Blitzer sayin' "He missed her"
I was not surprised, I ain'tt want the bitch to lose her job
OH MY GOD! Is that Sumi Das?
Still hard from Zane givin' me brain, but I can't complain
I'll take wrinkles over stains anyday, anyway where did the Sumi go?
She reminds me of this ho I used to bang on a Pakistani Sushi boat
Her trail went cold, I stole me an access card
Picked up the trail in the parking garage
I pretended I was an intern
I said "Ma'am you left this upstairs, a huge diamond earrings"
She just stares, standin' there in a dress with a delicate smell of vinaigrette
She placed the palm firmly on my chest
"Are you St. Germaine?" she said, I said "Yes"
And I seek to have sex with the Dragon Princess
She circled her hips slow, dancin' to Calypso
She brought her lips close, my dick grows, she sniff Coke
I couldn't believe the nerve of this
Circus Witch with burger itch
You tried to curse me with a kiss
Nosferatu practitioner, I don't even think about kissin' her
She will remain my prisoner

[Chorus: x4]

[Canibus:]
Yea, check the defense mechanism of this next woman
She's the real Lara Croft, I couldn't wait to have sex with her
Arwa Damon so calm under pressure
But our hormones start raging as soon as I undress her
Started to speak in discrete descriptive speech
I tasted her nipples and told her "Her tits taste like a peach"
She had congressional oversight, over the mic
A young Black man obsessed with her egg shell white
Her body was tight, "Ok" I said but not tonight
Your life is your job; my job is my life
Filled with gold spindles, a positive polarity singles
But when I talk to strippers I'm simple
Like screwin' Julie with the booty dimples
She act moody 'cause she's mental
Try to imagine what she's been through
Julie Banderas got what I call a rare ass
That's the type of ass that could tear pants
I let her dance on my fair delance, Caliente Sangre
And life goes on like John Mellencamp

[Chorus: x4]

[Canibus:]
Yea, yo, I don't wake up 'til 12:00
Soledad O'Brian don't wake up 'til she feels cock
I love these women so much, I can't stop
Sir Lancelot givin' Guinevere a shamrock
Accompanied by a rose, she smelled it with her nose and froze
It was the perfect time to take off her clothes
The tale of the Princess and the P and MC
Mr. C really? a magnificent read
In a dream I had about my favourite anchor of them all
In my dream I wrote a name across The White House wall
Suzanne Malveaux - oh I have love you so
So much so I let the whole world know
Her pastry is so tasty; I don't care if her husband hates me
I'm still in my dream, DO NOT WAKE ME!
In the dream she and I share pound cake and tea
In between her shifts on the silver screen
She lays her head on my arm during The White House conference, so DAMN!
Imagine that when you listen to my song

[Chorus: x4]

Canibus Lyrics

"Magnum Innominandum"

[Chorus:]
Suivre Moi, come vibe with ya boy
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed (Follow me)
Suivre moi, the leadership was annoyed
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed (The MC)
Suivre moi, the leadership is annoyed
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed
Suivre moi, come vibe with ya boy
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed

[Canibus:]
I was taught my heart was my brain in my past life
I was thrashed in a fight over my passion for the mic
Risked the ultimate sacrifice to rhyme, askin' Christ why?
He replied; "Passions like mine have a price"
They will grab you if you grab the mic
Try to squeeze the life from you, take away your life
There's only one way to fight
Zero gravity device, turn it on
Impale them on stalactites and stalagmites, alright?
I was hyped; he told me that every word I recite
Symbolically represents the whole world's kryptonite
Includin; but not limited to spittin' in the booth
Spit the truth; tell the leadership to listen to the troops
The leadership bleeds blue, we bleed red
In the end the only thing we can agree on is death
I beg you to get it together
To truly be clever you gotta be able to think ahead and remember
'Cause most of us have forgotten where we came from
Turned a blind eye to the energy that made us
I ain't the same Canibus I was
But I still get busy 'cause that's what Canibus does
The rhymes are relevant day after my development
Food for thought, beverages should be free but they keep sellin' it
The mixtape comes out today, announce the date
The potato gets off his couch to wait
'Cause he knows something wicked his way comes
They can hear the sound of the war drum,
Canibus save them!
I can't save you, but you can save yourself
We can save each other, I just came to help
The event you cant prevent no matter how much you spend
Your catalogue remains thin no matter how much you pen
I stand with my men, lookin' at the flag draped coffins again
Cryin', justifyin' what I did
There's no excuse cause nobody will ever know the truth
I will never get over the abuse - fuck you!..

[Pause]
I gotta keep Hip-Hop open, if they close it I'm homeless
If I lose it I'm broken, if I disown it I'm hopeless
I am a hopeless romantic Trans-Atlantic pimp
In the pacific stickin' dick to Los Angeles bitches
Bitch please!, be my guest
Shot her in the head while she slept
What would she dream about next?
I'm a maniac nigga, so fuck rap nigga
Bigorexia anxiety attack nigga
If you're loyal I'll murder for you
You disloyal I'll destroy you
Rhodesian Ridgeback will and turn on you
Keep Hip-Hop alive if you don't we die
We includes me, you, K-Solo and Nas
Keep Hip-Hop open 'cause if they close it I'm homeless
If I lose it I'm broken, if I disown it I'm hopeless
Focus!

[Chorus:]
Suivre moi, the leadership was annoyed
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed
Suivre Moi, come vibe with ya boy
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed

Canibus Lyrics

"Layered Prayers"

[Canibus:]
Yea, ayo Mother Earth absorbs the blood I bleed
Hip-Hop is my blood - I believe
That I am not free, and neither are you
The only time I feel free is when I'm rhyming in the booth
The Lion on the loose is not a reckless recluse
But really a dictator with his neck in a noose
For war crimes; Hardcore rhymes from a warped mind
That enjoyed the dark matter in the void before time
The innocent murmured, murmured because they worshipped him
They let the serpent in but it never occurred to them
They deity regards emcees like me
Piously, check the degree, see if it's me
On planet Earth I design mankind's rebirth
A marvel of water and rock salt from a verse
The Moon, the Sun and the Stars
I am who you are, together, we all form God
I laugh at the creation of it, the explanation of it
Not the original but man's imitation of it
They took Hip-Hop and changed the subject
Then I brought Hip-Hop back and made you love it
Through deterrence, detention and prevention
Never write the wrong sentence
If I ever said it I meant it
The insatiable, inescapable regiment
What's the weight? Add four more plates, I bench it
Skinny-ass nigga, grab your neck with a pen-grip
Bend it through telepathic suggestion
I rap so serious, the vocal myriad
Occurred intermittently over protracted periods
Rap 'til you get delirious, wack niggaz get furious
Keep dissin' me, your girl's gettin' curious
Darth Vader on the cross-fader releasin' the raw data
This is called hard jaw-breaker labour
When I see you I'ma battle you, then tackle you
Then grapple you, then probably snap you in two
Yo, ain't that the truth?, outside the booth
Air combat maneuvers without no computer
Space wings that cause pings MOTHAFUCKA!!!
We gon' dogfight above cloud cover
High in the friendly skies, where unfriendlies
Where frendlies and unfrendlies die
You and I race to the Sun, I just got back
The race is done, ages have ended and ages have begun
Cognisance saturation, I am the one
Tell me where chain-gun Germaine came from?
Dara-I-Suf, the river of caves

My ribcage look like miniature shim blades
When I bathe in the waters below
Still waters run deep, King Cthulhu told me so
Magna-dome under Yellowstone inside the bowels of the Earth
I'ma show you the power of the verse
'Cause man cannot establish dominance over man
Indefinitely; man only respects God's energy
Telluric energy, drawn from the bowels of the Earth
I'ma show you the power of the verse
Telluric energy, drawn from the bowels of the Earth
I'ma show you the power of the verse

Canibus Lyrics

"The Fusion Centre"

(feat. Vinnie Paz)

I isolate a regime that works twice the pace of your team
These Jedi mind tricks are no dream

Kill code receive you do not need to know what you need
You will be uplinked to the feed

The entrance to the cave is guarded by a statue of Saint Jermaine
Holding an oil lamp with a purple flame

Shuffling down a dark corridor chasing the voice of the orator
The light brightens more and more

Your muscles tight and sore you fall to waist height then crawl
As you are forced to recite bars from Ars Notoria

What is the origin metaphoric euphoria lobotomize the audience rap music
Recruited those who refuse it will be uprooted then electrocuted

Then executed flesh is fluid physically it's a stretch to do it
You wake up cold wet and wounded playing my music

The strong believe in me the weak try to weaken me
They are not allowed to speak to me that easily

The fans get neglected can't get they favorite record
They only get to hear what's selected not requested

They are wasting your time just think about that
The reason you won't think is the reason I won't rap

Wisely worded speech frame and technique and thermal heat
Bridges the verbal to the beat providing earth for your feet

I rip granite the universe shaped like this planet
Nobody understand it when my spit is mismanaged

Virtuoso Vivaldi Aliester Crowley with a baldy flow
Flawlessly cathedral halls applaud me

Red 3 delta they call me in the red army armory talking softly walking
Calmly the officer saw me cursing at the bastard commy pass the salami

Rhyming offbeat they poured me caffeine not coffee

You'll never hear nothing as evil
As this I carry desert eagles into the cathedral and lick

My people are sick your people unbelievably bitch
In Mogadishu counting money inconceivably rich

A feverish pitch I'll hit you so you bleed where you piss
I feel sorry for any rapper think he equal to 'Bis

I see thru the mist I see you faggots weak in the wrist
I ain't rapping no more Pazienza speak with the fists

I see the abyss but I ain't going there no more
I'm too old so I ain't licking in the air no more

Ayo 'bis who these motherfuckers that's thinking it's war
In '88 the only white boy spitting it raw

I kicked in the door I spoke on metaphysics in awe
But they was too stupid to understand the vision involved

I wish that we all had platinum that could christen the wall
But I'm a ride for you regardless if its business involved

Canibus Lyrics

"702-386-5397"

[Intro]
Yea, yea Can-I-Bus, Mic Club
(Nothin' to prove it's all love)

[Canibus:]
I bust through like Sputnik 2
This is man's best friend, whoopty-woo
The flag is black, red, and blue
True shoot from the hoopty
Dogs jump out of dooly
But it'll take more than that to move me
Like; wireless mics for tireless nights
Firefights inspire my life, why do I write?
Twenty-year Hip-Hop vet, they perceive me as a threat
They manifest beads of sweat
Examine the blood trail
Squeeze trigger puss drips out of the thumbnails
I smell like gun shells
Polonium, pandemonium with a dose of unknownium
The Soviet Hugo Rodier
Fourth generation roper report
Everything I was taught bore resemblance to my thoughts
The truth and design of the Guggenheim rhyme
Where every line is weaponized then applied
Mob shit, talk it acquisition is sick
I don't miss when I twist the 556
Stand there with arms folded
Firearms make me look large and bloated
("I'ma gonna have to project my voice")
Equipment check, church bells time
("Some of this stuff might get intense")
One more time - Just kill 'em 'Bus
Ain't nobody around to witness nothin'
Heavens devil strangle Hell's Angel with a mic cable
Then J Wells came through

[Sample from Nas @ the L.A. Listening Party on December 14th, 2006:]
"Yo, the niggaz that use to have a nigga a little nervous was like;
B.I.G., 'Pac, (Right), even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz use to have me like
If we go at it dawg we gotta go HARD!"

"Yo, the niggaz that use to have a nigga a little nervous was like;
B.I.G., 'Pac, (Right), even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz use to have me like
If we go at it dawg we gotta go HARD!"

[Canibus:]
Yea, yo

I support a secure change of custody
Don't trust the beat, trust me Canibus the emcee
Without movin' my neck I turn to the left
Yes I am the best you'll learn to respect
'Til your death, Hip-Hop is the body, you are the chest
I am the vest, we are sworn to protect
This behavioural bomb rewritable radio songs
"What station is your radio on?"
My trainin' is worth millions
Imam death squad rush the building
From the frontline with Prince William
I am Prince William's exercise cover and concealment
Prohibit the media from filming
Never in the moment, always thinkin' of the Omen
I pause soldiers, nobody told them
Inoculate; I postulate not your weight
Drop to your face, the active component will not break
My Omanium friend tried to pay me in Yen
I threw the money in his face and said "Pay me again"
You wanna talk to the kid? Enter this ten digit grid
I'll explain to you what I did
"702-386-5397", call, leave a message
Y'all niggaz can't rap, so why you wanna go and do that?
You move the crowd, I move the map
The defying mad Lion, triumph over the rulers of Zion
Fuck your "Blood Diamonds", I'd rather laugh dyin'
Miners in the mine shaft cryin'
"Apocalypto" from GITMO, I'll clash with the last Mayans
The Sun stone science, the black, red and blue alliance
Jump through the fire, you'd be a fool to try it
The fire suit don't fit, NO SHIT!
My Saratoga suit got a customized grip
With a batwing released for both wrist and both feet
Blazing high, but I don't feel no heat
Hip-Hop's master chief, "Here, have a seat"
In the mic booth where I hang slab the meat
Before, during, or after debrief
I'll crack your teeth, don't talk unless if asked to speak
The Rift Valley Fever symptoms could last for weeks
We call a hell in a cell, watch the bastard tweak
Reach 80° degrees North, 14° degrees East
Beneath the ice sheet lies the Spitzberg Beast
Transmission distorted, injuries reported
Mission aborted, follow your orders, move forward
BRAVO! I fell in love with you Suzanne Malveaux
On the down-low, know you know
She talked to the Canibus man
Code name: "Javelin Fangz"
With "Nothing to Prove" to the rap fans
Could've elaborate further but suffice to say
"God damn that emcee made my day"
He's a butcher, a baker, a vapour box maker from Jamaica
Still talkin' trash to the haters

I'll clash with the graders, this is major manual labour
Beta test the data with blue lasers
Canibus wavin' Alice, it's "Nothing to Lose" in Los Angeles
Suing Hip-Hop for the damages
G-4's, 10.4's, still conscious but not for long
Missile lock-on; stop the song

Canibus Lyrics

"The Goetia"

(Ergonomical)

[Sample:]
"And this variation of analogy of working that comes from
On this idea that they were created on the Earth
These giants were created by the natural themselves
They can manifest.."

[Chorus:]
Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose
Can-I-Bus - bussin' in the booth
Straight out (The Goetia) to eat ya
This is the fire breather
Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose
Can-I-Bus and Mic Club - bussin' in the booth

[Canibus:]
Microphone check one-two, you know what it is
Can-I-Bus, still gettin' biz
Rip mics, gas molecules emit light
I bring delta T.C. squared to the fistfight
First, I developed the fence
Then negotiate disarmament from the other side of the fence
Hence, the tetrahedron is a prison for a four-headed demon
I weaken, every time I see him
Fight for my freedom, under the fig tree bleedin'
I create Hip-Hop but don't need it
I turn my back on rap like God turned his back on Eden
To return like Cat Stevens
For those who believe it, I live it, I breathe it
I smash mics to pieces, that's the secret
I cannot fail, I rock bells
On the Ho Chi Minh trail to the song of the nightingale
Any artist can turn a garden to a desert
But can he turn a desert to a garden?
That's where I come in, runnin', straight gunnin'
Ready to punish, nigga I don't budge one inch
Fuck it, double the budget
Niggaz turned Hip-Hop to somethin' it wasn't
Made it hard to love it
So I come back to conquer with a monster mantra
My spiritual father is Swami Vivekananda
Rhymes promote freedom, stabilize the region
Think for yourselves, it's just like breathin'
The departed Hip-Hop artist regardin' the condition of the carnage
Dead farmers I already saw it
Back to the army, back to pituitary

Back to the heartbeat, off-beat on a dark street
Comfy, aggressive assistive trainin'
Hajji somewhere waitin', one minute remainin'
Satellites counter locatin', the bloodbath begins bathin'
We both believe we're fightin' Satan
'Cause we both got the same God, who accepts the same sacrifice
Blood, tears, life, fine picks and trowels are real
I was holdin' a weapon when I was overpowered, there was no album
Thirty-minute sessions cleanin' weapons askin' myself questions
About what happened last mission, Radiation isolation
I'ma asshole but I'm patient for a nurse with nice shaped tits
I'm a poet, my house is a palace
A small cavernous passage, darker than the Catacombs of Paris
Chateau de Canibus, Saint Germaine sadomasochist
I don't use chains to trap a bitch
Don't get distracted, repeat your rap's schematic
Over and over until it's automatic
My body is a machine, machines need fuel
Two gastro-nasal tubes, feed me smoothie food
The recluse clearly produced the abstract schematic
You can use over a glass of fresh-squeezed pear juice
Right side paralyzed above the waist
Below the waist the left side paralyzed, this a unique case
It's a challenge to rhyme great, lost weight
Lost sense of smell and taste, wastin' away payin' attention to space
Sayin' "wait!" open the gate, rusty screwers reverberate
Through the deserted desolate space of this purgative place
Grimoires and metaphor law, make your skin crawl
Nothin' to prove, this is lyrical law

Canibus Lyrics

"Secrets Amongst Cosmonauts"

[Spanish speaking soldiers]

"They have different videos that's caused by these Cosmonauts"

[Sample]
"And so, if you take all these together
Dimension of the Earth in nautical miles
21,600 and you divided by 33; you'll get..."

[Intro]
(Secrets Amongst Cosmonauts)
These are the Secrets of the Cosmonauts
I know I rhyme a lot
This is the most important rhyme I ever said in my life
Stop the hatred, and stop being racist
I believe the Cosmonauts will come down and save us

[Chorus]
(We share the song) This is a song, written by God
(Especially for you) Especially for you, this is the truth
(There's a story) A story of humankind's glory
(Of what people do for you) I'm tellin' you the Cosmonauts love you

[Canibus]
Twenty-one thousand six-hundred nautical miles
I've got the same amount, if not more audible styles
By no means am I to interpret the absolute
I'm merely a vessel that the entity chooses to use
I'm raw energy, just like you
I don't teach 'cause Teachers only receive contempt from the youth
I know what I know, there's no need to convince you
The poetry's fairly simple, you perceive the visual
The grass isn't greener, it's browner
I believe in the power that spins the Earth around upward and outward
You say, "You don't like the album", I say you a coward
You say you don't like the beats, I say what about them?
Whether or not you like the lyrics I would not be surprised
If you the devil in disguise I can see it in your eyes
We are all equal; we are all sisters and brothers
In spite of our colour, all we have is each other, they love us

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Your sexual orientation is none of my business
But don't lie to yourself, and don't lie to the children
Some of us are healthy, some of us have diseases

But if you look at the whole world we represent the human species
You can't ignore continents while they starve
You'll be wearin' their shoes before long
As the Globe becomes more warm
Families hold on but their country is war-torn
The prophecies are forewarned
You would've thought Katrina storm taught y'all
But nah, you're still too distracted ain't y'all?
I've come to learn that the Cosmonauts up high
Don't believe that we deserve another chance and I'll tell you why
We watch either other die, and we're still racist
Not in my household, but in other places
The patience of the Gods have run thin
Because of your sin, the period of purification will begin

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
The procession will wash away
The world's sins with Tsunami's and Whirlwinds
Our world ends, but then it begins again
Six-thousand four-hundred eighty years later
The next civilization will dig our artifacts out of a crater
They will say that we were great but that they are greater
Humankind will continue to search for his creator
Wage war against the forces that try to enslave us
Send space probes to our celestial neighbours
We could stop the hatred; if we stop being racist
I believe the Cosmonauts will come down and save us
If humankind will accept all races
There's no reason that the Cosmonauts wouldn't save us
Love your neighbours; we're different, but God made us
Love all races, the Cosmonauts would love to save us
Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth (B.I.B.L.E.)
Wake up, stop the hatred, the Cosmonauts wanna save us

[Chorus]

"Advance knowledge that people in general will never hear
Is passed on to the chosen ones that are chosen to have this..

Canibus Lyrics

"One Ought Not To Think"

[Canibus:]
This one is relatively short; I won't say much about it
What's the point if you're still gon' doubt
History is a weapon being used against us
Humanity has been abused before but few remember
Human hybrid, Hubble iris, double-sided untouchable
When it comes to rhyming, but I struggle in private
"One Ought Not To Think", in other words stop thinking
Humankind is now on the brink of extinction
The Eagle has landed, one of von Braun
Handpicked the evil bastard called "Magnum Innominandum"
These ice-age quotes opposed Helios
Confusing the most yet I find it remedial
Turn the radio and TV off, think for a second
Technology is a blessing but it's also a weapon
A weapon of mass destruction givin' global instructions
Teaching us how to hate but does it in a way that we love it
Take my beloved rap music, erase the beat
Consumers act like they're afraid of intelligent speech
The rhymes are imagined in theory
Then itemized into a query
It takes more than your ears to hear me
Meditate; you will see it clearly
Elevate to a level where your judgment isn't impaired daily
Before the New World Order right around the corner
One day soon they gon' lock down the borders
I ain't a activist, I can't do shit
I'd rather be a pacifist with a full clip
Keep sayin' your prayers, they won't care
God won't hear, do something, you won't dare
It's happened before, it'll happen again
It's happening over there; it'll spread here my friend
"One Ought Not To Think", in other words stop thinking
Mankind is now on the brink of extinction
Lost wisdom from the lost kingdom
Humankind is now on the brink of extinction

Canibus Lyrics

"Javelin Fangz"

[Sample:]
"For this reason to have this Key
They some how transmit into your brain a hard idea
Like, you are living wrong
You've broken our laws on this planet
This is the reason why
Very soon when the sky became dark
Thousands and thousands of people will die
And only a few them will stay alive"

[Intro:]
Code-Name: Javelin Fangz - The Canibus Man
Nothin' to Prove, cold bustin' at you dudes
Yea, yo

[Chorus:]
You got your Weapon?: Check
You got your Ammo?: Check
You got the filthy slut pin-up calendar?: Yes
You got the food?: Check
You got the supplies?: Check
You got the Trees so we can get high? - I Quit

Your names Canibus - So what da Fuck that means
Can-I-Bus is the emcee not weed

Hand Radio?: Check
Map?: Check
You got the chem lights so we can get back?: Check
First Aid Kit?: Check
Grenades?: Check
I even got a spit box for those lonely days

[Canibus:]
I was on my way home, the ground opened up like a grave
Turned the highway into a tomb
It's crazy I grew up playin' with Tonka's
Mickey Thompson mud Swampers on a off-road monster
I took a detour started headin' east
Got stuck through a wench around a red wood tree
A 1000 feet above sea level
Still drivin' altitude climbin' the Tsunami's 1 hour behind me
Made my way to the Mojave, I robbed niggaz for they gasoline
Then headin' towards the Colorado Rockies
Desperado, El Diablo on your back yard property
Can't let the circumstance stop me
G.I. Joe, O.G., Desert E's, Desert fatigues

Dry weather gear for the desert breeze
140° degrees, I can barely breathe
Toast bread and fry eggs on the roof of my Jeep
Take my boots off I won't even look at my feet
They smell like I've been cookin' my feet
Look at me, I'ma mess I did it for my family & friends
When the time comes I do it again
Because this ain't the end, this is the beginnin'
A new way of life nigga how you gon' live it
Man Women and Child, livin' in a village
No more technology privilege
When disaster strikes put down the mic
You better pick up that weapon and pass it to the right
Laugh if you like but the time is near
There's no time to spare, formation over here

[Chorus]

[Canibus:]
I observe purgatory from the solar observatory
The Sun stone was right, God have mercy on me
You ask what, I ask what next
Geo-magnetic effects came down to the deck
Radio, T.V. Satellite gone, nobody can make or take one call
LIGHTS OUT! All communications wiped-out
To late to call upon Jesus Christ now
Collect your weapon and ammo
You don't have weapons to protect your family? You're asshole
Guns are worth more then anythin' in a time like this
The price just went up the pricelist
You a Predator or Prey in the twilight mist?
You wanna pray; get on your knees die like a bitch
Your family got dragged off
Put to work as slaves in a hell pit because you were selfish
You bought cars, gold, diamonds
Should've bought somethin' that could equalize the violence
Face it your heart's full of hatred
'Cause you got stripped naked in front of your babies
Do somethin' to change it
Take it, take a day-off, take a trip to the shop
Get a laser sight scope, adjustable butt stock
Automatic burst, fuck a one shot if a nigga want static
I'ma give 'em what I got

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"There Has He Been"

(feat. K-Solo)

[Intro:]
Yea, Mic Club and Waste Management
"Javelin Fangz"
WolfGang, sharp fangz
Yea

[Canibus:]
The vocalist with osmosis spit
Canibus on some robust robot shit
You're not fit, drop, give me fifty bars of spit
950 more bars just to talk to the kid
They just rappers I'm a cloud of galactic matter comin' at ya
Like radar or race car spelt backwards
The mirror image of the emperor's lyrics
Concubines are forbidden to compare it until I finish
The magnetic patient will record the same thing
While erasin' the lost dynasty of Beijing
Spittin' rhymes 'cause significant mission lapse time
You'll be fine, don't rewind; move onto the next line
Three bogies ten O'clock high, I die if I do not try
Ostriches are not supposed to fly
Fighter pilots with not eyelids
Did you see what I just did?
Hydraulic pressure gettin' as high as a bitch
Textbook vertical spin, landed on the wing, I'm in
The evil bald Eagle strike you again
Yuri Gagarin, I met him when we he came to Heaven
My first guest from terra firma Passage Magellan
I didn't hesitate to tell him, 2012 you police yourselves
As Earth travels through the gravity belt
And I can offer you no help
The Period of Purification can be described to somethin' you call Hell
Yeah, S-P-E-L-L, R-A-P-E-L down to W-E-L-L
WolfGang

[K-Solo:]
Start at your head, I end it quick and end your ass
Send your career on a collision course; then you'll crash
I'ma laugh mothafucker, its gon' only get worse
You'll hit a tree and you go flyin' through your window headfirst
Foes come in the white mink, leave in the red fur
Get your fuckin' ass kicked, leave with your head hurt
Beef with me equals dead thugs
Even when I'm fuckin' sleep, stomp out you bedbugs
The Hitman buck quick
One thing I can't stand in this rap game is a bitch ass who suck dick

Rap too good for the hood, who's the don
And they said I'd never make it with a help from you know who
But I proved them wrong
Even without money in my pocket I still move along
And I'm happy Canibus got me to do this song
I was never assed out; my label's the only label
And the mothafuckin' world is able to take the trash out
Call me sweet, Big Kevin I fuck a bitch 'til she pass out
I got hands too when I cum, a lot of niggaz don't wanna back out
Dirty niggaz, they gon' pull a mac out
'Cause I rap grapple and box, make competition tap out
I put it down; I cut them down, cut them down
You know I'm known to shut them down
Dudes is jokin', I laugh, take cash 'cause they clowns
If they got beef with that I get Canibus to spray the rounds
Take them down; I'm the Godfather, Long Island music here to take the crown
Breeze through, enemies quiet, they don't make a sound
Get a bucket of red blood, paint the town
I'm a beast, when I walk I shake the ground
Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now?

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity V004"

[Sample:]
"And this is where the, the uh complexity comes in
Maybe we in modern uh civilization haven't really connected with this understanding"

[Canibus:]
This is never been done before with a rhyme outside the realm of time
It's the first of its kind
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!

I procured a small piece of the treasure
Collections from a former era datin' back to forever
The warrior became protector; take a closer look at the bars
You'll see I'm not behind them or in front of them, I'm one of them
Started with a hundred, The Game spit three I said "Fuck It!"
I'm a have to show these niggaz somethin'
33 is the number that enlightens the Brother
Insight to the fullest that could brighten the dullest
The ramifications are awesome, what should we call it? Mortars
I drive forward Sandstorms make my eyes water
Skull is a submarine hull
Dolphin phones screen calls from places as far away as A.G.C.R.
The rhymes are raw, protected by the Jericho wall
With surface permutation of the permafrost
We thought close support from the Navy Carriers and Air Force
Would give us all what we needed, we were wrong
This is "The Greatest Rhyme of All Time" supposedly
1000 Bars it will probably always be
The results from SETI, very interestin'
I briefed the committee they told me to stop the testin'
You cannot contend with this when I let it rip
Eyes, ears, nose and throat specialist Professor Bis
The sublime Chakra one thru nine
Thru the spine induce the rhyme
Internal fire produces the high
I listened to 44 4's 22 times
+I Gave You Power+ God stop my heart if I'm lyin'
SHUT THE FUCK UP and stop whinnin'
Instinct controls how you think before decidin', so keep vibin'
The Art of Rhyming; I've mastered it certainly
Surely I'll celebrate capturin' it for my Taxidermy
From the streets of New Jersey to Germany
To jungles in Angola where most the meat poachers heard of me
I guess it wasn't meant to be
Under an assumed Identity I resumed PsyOps on the enemy
USA made, field grade steel face

Movin' at a Canibus pace in the proto subspace
Nobody could hold me back, my flow bloviates into a spiritual shape
And co-create rap, cold callous chronic chemical imbalance
Smokin' a chalice in the Rabbit hole with Alice
Systematic Global Geographic Systemic Neo-synopsis
Reload the graphics notice I spit it rapid
Victory over injury a victim to misery
The myriad of my metaphors make me a mystical mystery
They can't battle me; so they'd rather embarrass me
By being mad at me, they commit microphone heresy
Clairvoyant Technique, usin' X-Ray refraction
Not only can you see into the future, see past it
But I don't know what it means
I pass the DataStream along to my team
They say it's more than a dream
Kill you with weed vapour, then the Taser, then the Laser, then the Maser
Then somethin' they call Scalar
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
And with strange aeons even death may die"
Why? Coup de Gra for the Coup de Ta
In a man made lodge, the Moon Rays replace God
What ought to crawl has learned to walk
I have mastered The Art of Rhyming now I am so bored
I seen a mushroom to the north, from a porch
It was odd, every dog in the neighborhood barked
'Cause Emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words Actions and Reality
But what is attracting me?
If you question me, you will be detained indefinitely
Your name will be added to the Black List Registry
Observe the man with the microphone strand
Or 5th or 6th, 'cause way more advanced
I look up in the sky to see if God is judging me
Suddenly I feel Fatima and Medjugorje come to me
Sittin' down at the mixin' board comfortably
They begin to study me, by showin' me worlds I would love to see
A stationary pulley drawin' from a wishin' well
The Genie gave me three more because I listen well
There's a Proverb that goes "One should know thyself"
Before one can know the world so I showed myself
Metaphoric Sun Worship, pullin' me like planet inertias
But on the other hand these rappers are worthless
Rap Music Profession, Immuno suppressants
One question per second, one answer per session
You lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!
Poet Laureate is reserved for the name G
My lyricism amplifies every letter written
+Rip the Jacker+ spittin' inside a Zero Vector System
Murder murder murder, kill kill kill drills
Williams was real ill, but now I chill
Fuck a record deal; my trainin' is real
Look at the sword I wield, you will taste my steel
Lyrical Fitness is no secret of course

But the secret to creativity, hidin' your sources
Preserve the sanctity of the Soldiers in IRAQ
Do not blame them, I hold their humanity hostage
I gotta spit 'til the story is told
It's a gift; this story is a part of my soul
We shouldn't keep fightin', the Earth is our home
If we destroy Mother Earth, then where will we go?
Are you food for the Moon? Or are you in the mood for doom?
Furniture moves when I walk into a room
Fuckin' bummer, no armour inside the Hummer
Gotta hug a motherfuckin' Sandbag for cover
I ride on a flatbed chariot, four ostriches carry it
I'm Big Billy Bob Black Angus
From the gutter to the gallows no media coverage
'Cause I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public
If I were you I wouldn't waste time readin' rubbish
It might turn you into a media puppet, NIGGA LOVER!!!
All cultures come from One Mind
The Universe is not far behind, Waves Bars and Rhymes
Metaphor and Rhyme is poetry by design
But poetry continues outside the timeline
Don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of INFINITY
You lied to us all in your speech
Symbiotic indeed, the host bleeds
Parasites attach to feed fulfilling antiquated needs
Over The Horizon Radar Rhymes
Patent number 4686605
I've apologized but I can't change who I am
Tried to change the future, can't budge the past
Beautiful longitudinal, musical lyrics
Fragments of Olympian Gossip, that is my vision
If A is a success in life
Then A must equal X plus Y plus Z no doubt
If work equals X and play equals Y
Then Z must be equal to you shuttin' your mouth
Agonizing, the pain of the migraine bitin' my brain
And everything inside it, I can't explain but I am tryin'
From the Kinetic to the Energetic
To the magnetic, ultra, electro, and uncensored resonance
I need to be alone, you cannot comfort me like my poems
THINK SO? You're a talk-show ho
The grown up who showed up drunk with his own cup stoned as fuck
Who can tell me that this poem is luck?
Does it amaze me? "NO!" Does it faze me? Maybe a little yo
Gotta find a way to generate doe
The minerals where they grow determine the stability of the flow
I might get drunk and boast
Williams you gotta go first
"If you say so, HALO", High Altitude always stay low
I approached the podium, and delivered my encomium
Nobody applauded the atmosphere was ominous
They feared I would spit, they don't like when I bust
I need more pain so I can pretend to be tough

1000 Bar race at an unrelentin' pace
Just in case Humans ever get to World War VIII
Food supply low, they speak of goin' above ground to find mo'
I cry out "NO - DO NOT GO!!!"
The window is closin', from the other side it looks like it's openin',
Where am I tryna to go with this?
Only the chosen, find a way out
Everybody move out! Make sure to stay off the main route
Arctic Geography is conducive to Astronomy
And the study of celestial bodies, follow me
A good Psychological environment for science
I'm memorizing and visualizing peace and quiet
Comparative image sharpness between artists
I don't think you know what you're about to get involved in
This is my unacknowledged special access project
Time reversed waves in nonlinear optics
Tunnel borin' and jackin', water main tappin'
I sat there draftin' a new drainage plan laughin'
Scientifically Quantifiable megalomaniacal
Viable style, it's like tryna to ride a Bull
The lyrical inimical is miserable because I've built a citadel
Of syllables that made me invincible
Creatively I have never been to this level
First I'll put you in a sideways 8, then a pretzel
Burn skin off face, burn face off skeletal plate
Plasma Ray Gun is just one explanation
Man Made Membrane roofin' remediation
Any and All entry points have immigration
She asked me if I was followed, I told her I wasn't
I didn't know the spy that sold me out would be my own cousin
"Populace uniformed is a populace of slaves"
Washington didn't say it quite that way
Musically still producin', I got a couple new things cocoonin'
But Poet Laureate is my New Shit!
Pulsating Lights and Sounds surrounds spirits
Bio Oral Beats, layered underneath lyrics
250 thousand cycles per second, for Dolphin hearin'
The Electrical Optical Coupling Gear is effective
I've almost perfected this
I'm one word away from excellence
When I find it I'll begin testin' it
My pupil size increase, constriction and velocity decrease
You can't Emcee take a seat
Wilder than the wilderness, I'm 'bout to show you who wildebeest Williams is
You better be filming this
I proof read my writtens, eat a chicken with the skin missin'
Spend the whole night out binge drinkin'
I rip shit consistent, spit persistent
The sickness, spit with conviction, promote lyrical fitness
I'm lost, which version is this? Mozart
With a flowchart puttin' together parts of an unknown art
Rhymes compartmentalized, seperatized to prevent bootleg Pirates
Be my guest keep tryin'

I'm hooked on Hip-Hop, I can't live without it
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it
The Visionary Cell designed my new Lab
Paul Laffoley engineered a magnificent draft
You said "the best shouldn't ask for respect"
Is that correct? Yes, could you please speak up, I SAID YES!
That's not possible, that's sounds completely illogical
You must've been kicked the fuck out of school
You cannot fold under the political pressure
You gotta take prudent and precautionary measures
Four and a half foot beings with big black eyes
Tried to trap me and extract my rhymes, all the time
A Luciferian web, everyday we are buryin' dead
Every color in America bled; this is Empirical evidence
Of the greatest collection of Canibus sentences
You'll never reach the end of it
Fire for effect, smoke out then rest
Give me a wedge formation, roll out like this
I will spare no sin, walk in with a scarecrow grin
Of nothin' on this Planet can dissuade this
They left me dehydrated by the Nile River naked but I made it
With passion of a Microphone Patriot
I did it for my Fathers; I did it for my Mothers and my Brothers
I did it for the world to discover
The head of a Lion, the legs of an Eagle
The wings of a Dragon, and to the people
I hope the words reach you
There is strength in numbers, there is numbers in strength
The ink, I bow before the desert wall of the Sphinx
Into the bottomless pool of Poetry I plunge
1000 Bars from the real Iron Lungs
Everybody bow your heads, say this prayer
From this moment HIP-HOP IS UNITED EVERYWHERE
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!!!

[Sample:]
"It's all about becoming more..."

CANIBUS
MELATONIN MAGIK
PARENTAL
ADVISORY

Canibus Lyrics

"Melatonin Magik"

(feat. Professor Griff)

This is Melatonin Magik...

Sumerian, Chinese, Egyptian, Latin
Nobody can match Canibus when I'm rappin (what happened?)
Captain Cold Crush get it crackin
There's more than one person right now that's not laughin
Squash microphones with unknown chromosomes
To discover the codes that controls the brain's frontal lobes
The pineal gland glows (go! go! go!)
Don't look back, I got ya back bro
He's a high profile target, code name Sergeant Armpits
He was Rakim Allah's first artist
Lemme bus' em; naw, I'm a punish em, Ra
I'm a show you how the mothafuckin government lie
Got nothin to do with pride, you must realize
Few of us will be alive by Solar Cycle 25
I tried to look for solutions, that's not enough time
They won't be satisfied til every one of us die
Aight, calm the fuck down and listen to my rhymes
The only way that you can free yourself is your mind
First thing you gotta do is put the antagonism behind
Then you gotta put ya life on the line
The reward is great; the risk? Even greater
Fellowship can only make a Braveheart braver
Watch who you followin, watch who you praisin
"Yes We Can" backwards is "Thank You Satan"
YES I'm Jamaican; YES I'm a patriot
NO I will not forsake you for a paycheck
YES this is victory, YES I can taste it
NO I'm not a Mason, I'm followin my trainin
They monitor my body functions from central London
My heart rate is thumpin, I suffer from numbness
A robot arm shoves the drugs in
My scrubs are disgustin and sullen, I smell like cub skin
Funky, funky, funky odor; Bridgewater, South Dakota
My spit fizz like soda, I'm in a coma
In a pagoda, nurse McLovin
Says she wouldn't fuck me if I was her husband
Don't trust the bitch
I'm in a warehouse alone
I hear doors open and close,
No phone, no intercom controls
Wouldn't matter anyway I'm in a paranormal zone
Goose bumps grow, I could hear a few ghosts moan
I'm a mastermind, tryin to amplify the frequency of the rhyme
So I can learn to fly

So yeah, fuck a punchline
I'm past that prime, that's not a crime
So go find someone else to dick ride
Focus on the truth, it's long overdue
It woulda never happened if I told you what I wanted to do
The Inconvenient Truth is a convenient truth
012 solar cycle 24 commin soon
I promise you Canibus achieved the impossible
It's only logical it's time for the truth
Whether I'm gonna be around to witness it or not
I spit this shit for hip-hop
Twitter niggas type their hype they write Canibus smash the mic
Cause you can't blackball the light
They know my hands always been tied
You call that a fight?
Give me the mic I call in an airstrike
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide
There's some things in this worls that money can't buy
Respect, honor, fuck it, it's all corrupted
The media can not be trusted
You shouldn't need a budget, to rep hip-hop
You don't have to suck dick just to get your shot
Just work with what you got
Don't be a robot, be human
Influenced by hip-hop music

It ain't nothin like
It ain't nothin like
It ain't nothin like hip-hop music
It ain't nothin like
It ain't nothin like
It ain't nothink like hip-hop music
50 plus bars is some new shit
It's called Melatonin Magik and music
50 plus bars is some new shit
It's called Melatonin Magik and music
No bullshit
Take it back to 1997 exclusive clue shit
The most intrusive MC in hip-hop music
Lyrically you can't do shit

Canibus Lyrics

"Kriminal Kindness"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Canibus:]
Yo,
I've been dealing with hate since 1998
I punished the industry by dominating mixtapes
None of ya'll can stop the onslaught of those bars
Rainfall and fireballs fell from the stars
The speech pattern of God, I ripped off weak rappers jaws
Whoever ignored lyrical law
Hip Hop didn't understand it at all
They couldn't manage my thoughts
So I retreated to the land of the lost
Don't talk about beats talk about bars
Canibus so raw that rejection is your only response
Give a fuck if I sell one unit
'Cause that was never the motivation for me to do this, stupid
I've already proved it
Now I must prepare for my posthumous interview with the vampire Druids
That are coming to relieve me of my fluids
Believe me I'm the truest, that's why they can't stop my music

[Professor Griff:]
The coming casteless slave society
Obviously the government lied to me
The Illumanti's kidnap of Hip Hop is plain to see
Dead or alive you heard it from the Can-I-B

[Canibus:]
Yo,
I will not forsake the light, you can not force me to fight
I will always pay the ultimate price
Whether I am wrong or whether I am right
I've been a martyr all of my life, my archetype talks to the mic
I eat emcees on behalf of Iron Mike
I'm a fireball of the night, an extra-terrestrial airstrike
Call me on Skype tonight, we can talk if you like
I denounce fear like Steven Greer and his wife
The subject matter sound barely connected
Even when it's understood it's rarely respected
The evidence is staring directly at the detective
Alex Jones left me a message saying I won't be accepted
NOW who's the skeptic
The Melatonin Magik Deception
I will never be available for questions, get the fuck out my session
I've learned my lesson, media suppression is a weapon
They fucked up Hip Hop's progression

[Professor Griff:]
Yes
Melatonin Magik, Melatonin Magik,
Melatonin Magik, Melatonin Magik

[Canibus:]
How many emcees must get dissed, before somebody whispers don't fuck with Bis
My Survival Skills surpass Kris, watch this
You got a rap for every emcee? GO GET IT THEN!
Why you dick ride Def Jam, they not your friend?
Make your mind up, I thought you was not with them
Fucking comedy, speaking on flawed philosophy
You'll never give props to Keith,
Or Canibus for Undergods release
Go right ahead, dismiss it,
We ain't submissive, we spit lyrical lyrics
I got the right of to live off it, I live it
And I'm a voice my opinion, can't nobody make me think different
My spirit feels like it's in a prison
I speak on the music conspiracy but nobody wanna listen
I talked about this shit years ago
I told my family if they kill us don't be scared to go

Canibus Lyrics

"Hip-Hop Black Ops"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Canibus:]
The Nephilium Pharaoh, the three thousand year old scarecrow
Hang you from your nose on a square pole
The squid faced rock beast with swamp croc teeth
And a two headed parrot with a desert fatigue beak
Step out the depths of Hell, exhale sceptic smells
Decorate my bitch breasts with bells
The arthropod tentacles controlled by mental vegetables
Calculated correctitude down to the decimal
Spectacles of doom and gloom and sonic booms
Republicans ride brooms around nuclear mushrooms
You are safe from the nuclear fallout
Now you will crawl out into the hands of a monster now
The best emcee turned his launch codes over to me
On my command you will turn the key and we'll see
You know nothing of discipline, you can never go where the Ripper's been
The maze in those caves are infinite

[Chorus x2: Canibus]
Can't stop, won't stop, Hip Hop Black Ops
The aftermath aftershock is a disaster in a box
With a blue and red ribbon, your writtens were uploaded to the system
The satellite showed me your position

[Canibus:]
The text is a sick rep for Rippers
The leaders have discovered we the sickest and they wanna sit with us
Through the computer viewer cube like peritubular
Project: Blueberry Fuscia, one of the two possible futures
Revolution Ripper movement you can't stop it
You can't change the outcome, stop resisting stupid
I write what some would call marathon songs
The music industry tried to banish long bars
Your story is weak, your inventory's shorter than your feet
Every week I slaughter seven beats
I'm the 'Beast from the East'
My title can't be touched nowhere on the street
I hear a lot of emcees speak
They fail to recognise that it ain't about beef
I took it to the streets, I took it to the stage
If I believe I am not the illest I'm insane

[Chorus x2: Canibus]

[Canibus:]
The vocal spitter serial killer

Heads up display with a ticker and a pitcher and picture of the Ripper
Neurotransmitters hooked up to his central nervous system
It feeds him the purpose and the vision
Jailbreak but not out of prison
Internal hard drive spinning eighty-eight lyrics per minute
For global transmission, the funky technician on a mission
Strapped to a suicide written
Inside my own mind scripting altruistic composition
Musician, wisdom is God-given
Anoint him with oil, anoint him with wine
Anoint them both with Tesla coils if they quoin my rhymes
I make things real, I make things that ain't, sound I'll
A very good screen writing skill
My higher self is outside the realm where time is felt
Inside Orion's Belt, get them

Canibus Lyrics

"The Dragon Of Judah"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Canibus:]
Yeah, The Dragon of Judah
Melatonin Magik producer

Yeah,
Mr. Magorium's metaphor emporium
Vanglorious warriors with deep space euporia
The Dragon of Judah executed the Lion from Narnia
I'm still trying to build God's army up
The pedagogy tried to call me a communist
And pacify my audience, sprinkle them with zombie dust
The isosceldren is a prison for a three headed demon, Hip Hop behemoth
Knowledge is needed to argue with the followers of Jesus
Rearranging impossible peices, my quantum is increasing
I am sleeping in a posturpedic, deeply breathing
Dreaming a chakra site-seeing, philosophically speaking
I saw Ghandi weakening from now eating
I saw police brutality beatings
I saw the leaders getting into spaceships and leaving
I tried to search for possible meanings
But I couldn't see the logical reasoning
Said survival of the species, no Macbook no PCs
No electricity, no TV
No emcee battles, no Christmas carols
Just international?
Brown produce consumed by sick cattle
Bone thin mammals hooked up to intravenous vaccination panels
Collecting contaminated skin samples
This is not natural, God damn you!
Everybody on the planet don't deserve that, not even the animals
You are completely culpable for everything you're supposed to do
Even if it's not known to you
The weight of the language I spoke to you
The weight of the letters and the words in the rhymes that I wrote for you
Are so so emotional, I don't even know what to do
So I'm a leave the choice up to you

Dragon of Judah
I spit like a supernatural computer
Professor Bis, I'm with the Minister of Intelligence
Hold me down Professor Griff

[Professor Griff:]
Minds that produce minds that produce minds like mines

[Canibus:]

Now everyone want to talk about conspiracy
You should of took Channel Zero more seriously
Professor Bis got a ghetto Ph.D in Chemistry
Professor Griff taught me how to spit it lyrically
Now I'm part of the Ministry
Put my name on the blacklist
'Cause I don't dickride nobody in the industry
Where's the fuckin' empathy? I've been through so much treachery
Most of the best emcees disrespected me and tried to get the best of me
Never tried to rescue me or help me with the reciepe
What do they expect from me!?
Stressin' me, questionin' me to address the beef
I rep Hip Hop, Hip Hop don't rep me
I never got a penny off that Beef DVD
You mean all that money went to QD3?
I should have slammed the door in his face
If I was a different nigga, I'da been caught a criminal case
The best word to describe what you do to Hip Hop is 'rape'
'Cause you don't care about Hip Hop's fate
You sit around your tables and say grace
Eatin' steak, while you live like kings and treat kings like apes
For Michael Jackson money, and still on the take
Even Tevin Campbell's money, the greed is so great
You probably dance around your mansion, like Cirque Du Soleil
Everything is paid for, you don't have to pro-rate
I ain't hatin', I'm not hatin', I'm just sayin'
You makin' money off the next man's struggle. Why you can't pay him?
They made millions off them Beef DVDs
But didn't pay K-Solo or Eazy E
It's called Blaxploitation
Another one of Canibus' paranoid statements that's why I'm famous
I'm just tryin' to tell niggas how the game is
Beef in Hip Hop is just aimless entertainment
If I shoot you, I'm blameless, but if you shoot me, you famous
What's a nigga to do? Now ain't that the godamn truth
No matter what Hip Hop always lose!
Wake the fuck up

Canibus Lyrics

"Post Traumatic Warlab Stress"

(feat. DZK & Warbux)

[Canibus:]
I'm the black mutant of rap music, half human half Vladimir Putin
After plasma transfusion I became Rasputin
The master of translucence who lives in a green house
Creatin' green gas pollution, smokin' hash from hookahs
Before Lucifer sent me back to the future to smash computers
Assassinate classes of students, I spare those who show classic improvement
Produce magik acoustics, supreme music using dreams so lucid
I can visualize my future and chose it, I never abuse it
I'm ruthless but Canibus is super illumine
You know what? I read the blueprint
Sometimes it seems like my eyes are wide shut like Stanley Kubrick
Mic Club the Curriculum II,
I changed the name 'cause I ain't in business no more with you-know-who
He stole from Killah Priest too, his name rhymes with Clue
I found out the same time as you,
You know what happens when you come from dishonest roots
You put roots on me, I put roots on you
"We live in a free country"
That phrase is so fuckin' funny, we know freedom is based off the money
Resources to hide behind lawyers, it must be lovely
When nobody can touch your lunch meat
We brainwashed, we can't get these white collar stains off
Poor Bernard Madoff belongs in the graveyard
The stock market trade off doesn't pay off
We get laid off, the country spirals into chaos
I'm no genius, I know enough not to trust FEMA
Their vaccines give ya eczema of the penis
The Tuskegee Jesus verses a sneaky Tuskegee Demon
What you gon' do when you see this? !
The oldest religions, the coldest magicians
Transmittin' live from Hell with heat stroke symptoms
Symbicort is a success for those short of breath
Got to wait for the next check 'cause I can't afford it yet
DZK come slaughter the set, tell Warbux he got next
Post Traumatic War Lab Stress

[DZK:]
I always open wide like a great white, mouth full of steak knives
Chewin' through the sewer's main line 'til it drain dry
And when you're waist high in waste
I make planned attacks on every last base camp in your wasteland
I scheme for weeks and draft designs on how to craft my rhymes like a mastermind
Whether young or past your prime I'll eat you alive
Ain't no motherfucking reason to try, just die
Hope you're ready to run

I'll cut the tongue out of my son just to stay number one
No one will ever sit on my throne except my clone replica
Who will never be better than what they stole the genetics from
Gangbang, the beats we slang language
Which alleviates your teenage angst and break cages
Now we're runnin' through the streets with our leash off
Eatin' all your stray pets shittin' on your police cars
Cause' I'm a beast dog, you don't want no beef punk
Hit you with a meat log bigger than a tree trunk
I kick the shit that make you pee all in your jeans chump
Clean up after my show better bring a steam pump
I fuckin' breathe funk ain't no fuckin' Tic Tac existing
That's big enough to clean up this act you're trippin'
You cannot begin to comprehend, if you cross me
The position you'll all be in
This isn't battle rap, maggot, this is me with a battle axe
Swingin through your Cadillac imagine that
You fuckin' headless metal wreckage in the shattered glass
I give a fuck about your backpack and faggot ass
Dim those lights I'm kimbo Slice on a mic
But I don't lose none of my big pro fights
I just bruise dudes twice my size and crews move
When I maneuver through 'em smooth they know who's who
I clear the room with a sonic boom and nuclear plume
You should assume I ain't got a lotta provin' to do
I'm bring doom to musicians with a feminine groom
Kanye West, best believe I'm looking at you

[Warbux:]
Call it I'll by design, that's how to define us
Cause in the Warlab with me we got it down to a science
This is underground at it's finest
The most talented rhymers around
Shittin on all of you clowns and cowards who sign us
So go ahead you'll have hell of a time
Tryin' ta find a rapper with lines as compelling as mine
You talking about a fellow with the will to confine himself
To a cellar developing his rhymes for years to stay on his grind
This is Melatonin Magik
You wet behind the ears like playing telephone with faggots
So let em know, they spend an o and cellulose and acid
These heads will roll, we send 'em home in yellow woven baskets
The ninja rap stars just as explodes to the scene
My blades will cut up your back like a rowing machine
It could get ugly if they don't intervene
Cause I could make your life flash before your eyes like I'm throwing it beads
I'm incoherent or so it would seem
No I'm esoteric and don't care if you know what I mean, that's the spirit
Cause it's apparent if you took half of what passes for lyrics and compared them to mine
Hip hop should be fuckin' embarrassed
So did you really want to flow with the gods?
I'm too educated, haters couldn't cope with the odds
See I studied Biggie and Pac, Hova and Nas

Paganini and Bach, Beethoven and Brahms
You are now in the presence of a master musician
I craft my rap with the precision of a mathematician
Or a surgeon, performin' a thoracic incision
A magician escaping out of his shackles in prison
Before you could even finish saying oh my god
I'll spit a motherfuckin' verse to fill your whole ipod
I'm the rip the jacker prodigy
Motivated by the golden age of rap back in the older days
The incredible little fellow with rhythm and timing on instrumentals
The shit I've said in the rhyme could be considered a federal crime
Like blowin off your head with a 9
Anyone with a shred of intelligence could tell it's just ahead of it's time
I'm too sick, ain't even talking about the music
Keep my fuckin' name out of your mouth, need a toothpick?
You a little confused like who's this dude
"This is a W-A-R-B-U-X exclusive"
The underdog, like back in the bible with Noah's arc
To entrusted military titles to Joan of Ark
To Napolean Bonaparte down to Rosa Parks
And the medics attempting rescue, breathin' on Owen Hart
This fucker 'Bux is the shit
So who really gives a fuck if he's busting a clip
In public drunk in the trunk of your whip
The diabolical, alcoholical, comically pharmaceutically phenominal
Product of poppin' pills
And you are not as I'll, check your doctors bill
I'm more dangerous in the streets than a toxic spill
Yo this is 50 bars of sickness
Consider it a Christmas gift to you 'Bis don't forget this

Canibus Lyrics

"Air Strike (Pop Killer)"

(feat. D12 & DZK)

[Sample from Tim Westwood interview: Eminem]
"If you're an MC and you mention my name in the wrong way
You draw first blood, I'm gonna come at you"

[Kuniva:]
War Lab, call us haters all you want
Fuck it call me a hater, full blown instigator
Leavin niggas on intubators breathin like Darth Vader
I hate people that pack guns but they don't bust 'em
Or bitches that come back to my room but they ain't fuckin
Pistol clutchin, the Dozen, you heard it don't get is misconstrued
Whatever we do'll hit the news once we get the tools

[Samples: Eminem]
You're an emcee and you mention my name
In the wrong way, and you draw first blood, I'm comin

[Canibus:]
You pushed D-12 to the side to sign Voltron 5
If Proof was alive he'd be dyin' inside
You ain't no hip-hop messiah, you a bitch, 'cause you dissed Mariah
Shit like that supposed to be private
I'm a fry you on behalf on Mariah and Michael
Put you back on them drugs, make you suicidal
You can't shut the record down, nigga it's vival
When you use the word 'nigga', just remember your idols

[DZK:]
I got a question, I'm white, can I join D12?
I'll sell you four million records then I'll tell you go to hell
Leave Swifty in charge, then remove all the stars
And make the group wish Bizarre shot pool in a bar
An assault lawyer stop the beat, suing us all
I really do hope you know who get involved
Cause I'm a fan and I'll get you for a Nick Cannon dissin
And you already know how fuckin sick Canibus is

[Swifty:]
I hate a bitch-ass nigga just as much as I hate fags
I love goin to war but I hate when they raise the flag
These niggas hittin the streets spittin venom on me
Then start renegin the beef, I hate peace treaties
Forever yo' enemy I increase beef as Amityville's finest
Cause I don't believe in stoppin violence
I'm a tyrant that'll snatch my respect and scram
I use a uzi cause I hate a Tec when it jams

I hate when dudes treat this like life a movie
Usin rap as his excuse to do shit and they only move ki's in the booth
I piss on niggas hands, whoever's grown, patches and tombstones
I hate 'em ass when I break into a home
I'm barefaced, I clap your cat, ramsack it
That's what I'm wearin black and I hate goin out the back
So call me a hater, walkin detonator, I ain't afraid
To stick this blade into your fade in front of spectators

[Samples: Eminem]
You're an emcee, big small it doesn't matter
No matter how big I get, I just want people to know

[Canibus:]
You the devil in a red dress on MTV
You sign more black people than a basketball team
What sou trying to say subconsciously? You can't rock the beat like me
Consciously you know I rock you to sleep
Slim Shady you a coward 'cause you scared to rap with me
The only black man you respect is 50
And the greatest of all time was dead right
You dead wrong, you shouldn't have even be on that song

[DZK:]
He fell off so hard this faggot broke his accent
I'm flippin through the channels seein Bruno get his ass sniffed
And I'm disgusted man, what the fuck is wrong with you?
Why'd you date Mariah? Mariah's not a fuckin dude
You never even saw her nude and you busted two
Must have been thinkin 'bout your stepdad touchin you
But that ain't nothin new, I asked your ugly crew
They verified it, so bitch quit lyin

[Canibus:]
I remember the first time we met, I ain't even liked you
Walkin' around my vido set like you was in high school
It must excite you seeing black people being tribal
That's why Dr. Dre signed you
I bet you right now you got a big rotten Rosenberg beside you
Trying to be just like your father, inside you
Your Stan android fanboys need to kill that noise
I know what you thinking... kill that boy

[DZK:]
We leavin Elvis funny money makin pelvis shattered
Let's see you square dance now, let's see you hold your bladder
Let's see you fire back Em where's the fire at it?
Suicide hotline time, go dial that
Put on that "8 Mile" hat and write a vile track
Get at some people that can actually diss you back
No more target practice on retarded actors
And pop stars, Marshall you're not hard

[Samples: Eminem]
Whatever happens to me in this game
I've always got my ear to the street

[Canibus:]
Rengade Schemenegade, you pink like lemonade
I've been better than you before Genesis was made
You ain't better than Black Thought, you ain't better than Mos Def
You ain't better than Canibus, Professor Griff Hotep
So renegade Schemenegade, you pink like lemonade
I penetrate through Hailey's Comet with metal blades
Yeah! You and I both know why I'm saying this
I hope Whoo Kid get fired for playing this

[Bizarre:]
Get off, Nikolai Volkoff, mazeltov
Ready to show off, fo'-fo'll blow your do' off
Blowin off steam, goin off the beam
Let the 9 sing, bitch this ain't a dream
Bitch I'm the king, color me bad
Skinny jeans, what happened to the sag? You makin me mad
Y'all a bunch of JJ Fags, now who the fuck is bad?
Motherfucker I'm bad!
Call me a hater

Canibus Lyrics

"Fraternity Of The Impoverished"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Canibus:]
Fraternity of the Impoverished
Knowledge this, knowledge this

The vocalist beast, knowledge like the pope in this piece,
You think the ocean is deep? Fuck with me!
Unbelievable bars, unbeatable odds,
Unspeakable horrors at a unperceivable cost
Your unagreeable response lacks thought and human heart
This is Lyrical Law, it's what I make the music for
My prayers are simple, my forehead is layered with wrinkles
Because of all the hardships that I've been through
Symbolic Hip Hop prophet speak to your subconscious
Fringe politics got the public thinking the opposite
I'm a hypo-lyrical spontaneous alchemical
Elite neo-liberal child of the indigo
Drilling holes through the Faraday cages of your brains
Then I implant the arcane image of Saint Germaine
High lyrical exponent intelligence quotient
When I'm focused I can engage multiple opponents
But I won't if, I have no motive, "Soldier be careful, it's loaded!"
Verbose with emotions of psychosis
In case you didn't notice when I wrote it,
I'm spitting lyrics fitting in tighter spaces than outer-space roaches
A real MC don't have to do what he don't wanna do
And that includes freestyling in front of you
It's not like something gone change,
It's not like the whole world gone start praising my name - I stay in my lane
I'd rather die by living brave then live like a slave
I'd rather be broke then be fake and get paid
These layers of physicality challenge me
My soul is gold and it's the only thing that's able to balance me
My energy body has a alchemical copy that looks godly
Not fat, out of shape, and sloppy
The iller the rhymes the more that I embody
Vilified when real recognize real - I gets mines
Stand with the underdog - don't be a coward
Stop dickriding people for their money and power!
Even an American flag says 'Made in China'
The national debt says the US is a vagina
Of a black widow spider spraying blood out like a geyser
Why do we lose everything we fight for?
Fathers, mothers, sons, daughters
In the land of the lawless, sacrificed before Horus
The Inca, the Aztecs, the Mayans, were masters
A new beginning is coming - the irony is classic

The potential of life versus the potential of death
Either way you go through mad mental stress
God forbid for you, for her, or him
We ignored the gems now we gotta do it all again
We failed Hip Hop's laws and brought down shame upon our cause
Now we will fall upon our swords
The Shaman pays homage to Solomon
He orders them to send the witchdoctor in, then asked me to rhyme again
Every now and then I get retarded and spit
I would like to apologize to every artist I dissed
Everybody assumes that I wanna rhyme but I don't
Sometimes I just wanna chill and watch you flow
Mysteries of the cathedral, the dark overlords are evil
Ripped out the vocal cords of the people
I walk up to your bed side disguised with red eyes
And tell you to remember these rhymes
This is the season of Hip Hop believe it or not,
I lined it up with the planet's equinox

Canibus Lyrics

"Dead By Design"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Professor Griff:]
Canibus
Throwing melanated molotov cocktails
Engineer directly out of Full Sail
Ripping the jacker, ain't nobody nastier
Spitting and grabbing facts and data to enhance ya
Canibus the lyrical adjective killer

[Canibus:]
My Melatonin Magik is enhanced by the melatonin tablets
Come take a walk with Canibus
Ardipithecus Ramidus, what the fuck is Melatonin Magik Bis?
I still ain't understanding this shit
Okay, my brain is a microchip
My two balls with a cane is a macro-dick, I rap so sick
I created swine PLOO out of an infinite mix
You tried to diss but can't even spit, you just stand there and wish
With your hand on your hips, man you a bitch
Who the fuck is you to criticize a lyrical king
You see, that's my problem, I spit a thousand bars y'all was silent
I ain't heard nothing about it
I had to give you three years to recognize
And then I realized, can't nobody even fuck with my rhymes
The Internet is an early telepathic building set
My lyrics are international nuclear missile threats
The blogosphere is where you vent frustration and discontent
But children don't understand the concept of consequence
So yes, it's immature to express disrespect
But no I will not accept what the media says
They are the reason we are being mislead
There are forces above them that feed off our stress, suffering and debt
I am Dead by Design, 'cause nobody tells me what to rhyme
I make up my own fucking mind
There are more of us than them
But at the same time they are gods and we are just mortal men
Thirteen levels above 33, let me say it again
They are gods and we are just mortal men
I cannot imagine their power
They put a black family in the White House just so they can take away ours
You tryna to plan a great escape? You're a coward
They gon' make us march into a gas chamber make us think we're taking a shower
Mommas and babies is crying
The children of Zion belong to Skynet, nobody knows who's behind it
So if you don't care, fine then, I don't care either
But I ain't spineless like you, I'm a true believer
In the metaphysical ether, you listening to the lyrical reaper

The spiritual teacher, empirical speaker
After this album they gon' call me a leader
But I'm not, Killuminati just gon' murder me like Pac
Blood sacrifice or not, I don't even wanna be alive
If it's like that, then fuck Tiamat
You can laugh at my appearance
Well fuck you for standing there staring, fuck everything on this planet
Including the evil spirits, notwithstanding the aliens
Acting like they don't hear us, there's no need to fear us
Just come down and help us, I love James Brown more than I love Elvis
But that don't mean I'm selfish
Soft but hard on the outside like shellfish
Crispy, crunchy, black crawling out of Hell's pit
You scream for hardcore, I felt it
But what you gon' do when they kill me on some Eminem and L shit?
You won't do a motherfucking thing
'Cause let me tell you why, you a coward and you don't know shit
'Cause if my Brothers stand next to me, the energy expands collectively
The world was never ready for me
And they ain't ready for their own freedom neither, they perish from the heater
The fire breathers crawl out of their cage to eat 'em
Like thin crust pizza, Cthulhu creatures with rough features
Jeepers creepers, good luck with Jesus
How many meters? Reload and squeeze it
I run up in the Vatican with demons, just to get even
That's where the biggest demon is
It's no secret, but nobody else sees it, so they won't believe it
But that's when I calm back down, the key word is back down
I got possessed by my own raps, wow
Knock knock, who's home? The black Dan Brown
I didn't mean what I said, please don't kill me now
My ghostwriter's not around, plus it was just a freestyle
But at least I got better beats now
Meanwhile, motherfuckers still mad, I feel bad
I'd apologize but you acting like a real fag
What the fuck I'm supposed to feel like?
Twelve years later I still don't get acknowledged for shit that I write
But I don't want to talk to you now
It'd be a motherfucking miracle if you even see me walking around
They still ask me about 'Second Round' even now
[Interviewers voice] Canibus can you tell us of what happened again? - Look at this fucking clown
Can't get over it, they ask me a loaded question
And act like I'm the one that's promoted it, hang up on 'em
You a cyborg unit with no soul to it
Stupid surrogate, twelve years later I'm on some other shit
And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships
And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships

[Professor Griff:]
After this album they gon' call me a leader but I'm not
The Illuminati just gon' kill me just like they did Pac
Blood sacrifice or not
It's Professor Griff the ex-minister

Signing out

Canibus Lyrics

"Only Slaves D.R.E.A.M."

Do you think that the powers that be
Are goin' to let you do what you want to do for eternity?
Of course you don't, so what do you fear?
Why you spazzin' out, why you so scared?
Everybody wanna be first, nobody wants to be last
Do you think a God that created this would watch all of us die while others just laugh?
What happens when the money system crash?
And there's no more value in the cash?
You gon' suck dick and sell ass?
You gon' try to fight back with' ya hands?
You probably gon' change your money into gold
You gon' use that to try and buy soul
Buy some drugs with it, buy a peice of hole
Don't tell me, I don't wanna know
You need to come up with a better plan
The Devil smash metal weapons like glass
Right now we out-matched and out-classed
We have to stay on a spiritual path
'Cause in the absence of love we blastin' one another with blood
Media shows up to capture the buzz
I'm a child of God and a rapper from the gutter
I'm six of one and half a dozen of the other
This is not one of those 'I told you so' moments
This is just Canibus being open
Lower egoic minds brush aside
But can't nullify the high science that is coming from the rhymes
I couldn't believe it the day that I was told
That every person alive does not have a soul
And is not in control of these cotton pickin' bowls
Politicians declare the war of attrtion on the globe
And stole all the fishin' holes
Grandma got the chitlins on the stove,
That'll overload the senses in your nose
Young folk can't even afford to get old
How many Youtube views before you go gold?
How many albums last week you sold?
How many leak downloads?
Oh, you still believe in Soundscan, bro?
Don't be discouraged
Write and produce and record and you love it
This is your Art, and that's the point of it
When you get paid from it, things change people behave stubborn
And say rude things to judge it
They want you to thug it, so they can have you like a test subject
Handcuffed and take mug shots of it
I told you before I'm nobodies spit puppet
I say what I want, you take what you want from it

This is a social experiment put on by the public
Hip Hop is completely corrupted
You ain't rappin' 'bout that, you ain't rappin' 'bout nothin'
I ain't never gon' starve, I been white tail huntin'
Ya'll motherfuckers is buggin', speakin' with no substance
Hip Hop's the way it is because of you cousin
It ain't my fault, you locked me out of it
99 percent of my fans ain't nothin'
But scumbag, scumbuckers, blood suckin', cock fuckers
My lyrics too advanced for the average block hustler
You know my name, I'm deeply inspired
On a mountain lion meat diet, eat and be quiet
Recycle the fire and deep fry it
That line is hot, but you said it before, you get a C-
My shit is timeless like the Great Wall of China
Sick in the biggest way like a dinosaur virus
Spreadin' through Verizon Wireless
Homeland Securities tryin' it, just to see if you lyin' Bis
They step to me, never thought it would happen like this
You a flight risk, we need that microphone back Bis
Diversionary tactics, Magik madness
Canibus, you can't leave this miserable prison planet, God damnit
We don't care what you're fans think
'Cause 99 percent of all of the don't exist
The observer changes the properties of the observed
This is done with your mind, not with your words
Word? Yeah, I'm about to show you nerds
You book worms really startin' to get on my nerves
I can't talk like you, but I can understand you
I know what this entire ordeal can expand to
I love Hip Hop, I've always been a fan too
I'm a big fan of everything you do
I appreciate the purchases, the online searches
I hope you enjoy the verses, it was great to be of service
This was always my purpose
I'm always workin' to be a better person everyday
And still growin' like the Earth is
Peace to the Gods and the Earths, kid

Canibus Lyrics

"Ripperland"

(feat. The Goddess Psalm One)

[Psalm One]
They told me I'm few and far between like oasis to the wilderness
I'm still a mess but I climb it like a duplex
Oooh yes! Baby I'm gritty and I'm Fabolous
I'm pretty stupid, dumb enough to ask a fella "Can-I-Bus?"
I ran, I rushed, I played it like a cello string
Barely get hellos in the morning but we wrestling
AM to the PM I'm preparing for the execution
Stop bein sexist cause you weak as hell (I'm gonna do this fo' sho')
I got the tent up in my hood with the chicken and the tater salad
Listen and you'll make it past this
Christian name, not quite a Christian rapper
Wait until I'm finished, make yo' silly comments after
Grown woman, not quite a girl rapper
You only bustin open a book, learn the chapters
Rapid fire comes the path to ghetto life
And that's word to LP, I sleep when you fertilized
I'm a, street talker, ghetto chemist
You ain't a starter; I ain't finished
Look at me boy, in my eyeballs
You ain't pullin shit! This is my stall
I'm a beauty, I'm a beast
I'm as stingy as I wanna be, I'ma fest
You're a fish in a school of whales
And baby school won't be the only thing you fail, you fail

[Chorus: Psalm One]
I'm a, street talker, ghetto chemist
You ain't a starter; I ain't finished boy
You only bustin open a book, learn the chapters *[2X]*

[Canibus]
There once was a boy, his name was Jack
He changed it to Rip so that he could rap
There were those who observed to memorize what they heard
They enjoyed the rhymes and the sounds of the words
Such glorious poetry interwoven into code
Rip had written something that would never grow old
On the night of the Ripper's Eve
Little boys and girls would sit with crossed knees and begin to read
about lights in the sky, little green men with big eyes
Their short size is only a disguise
Sipping hot cocoa slow in the middle of the snow
If you can spit a flow, then off to Ripperland we go
Any +Quantum of Solace+ is brolics, Germaine Bond is modest
I wrote my first doctorate in confinement

Between the choices I have made and choices made for me
Reminds me of a story I should tell you in the morning
I moistened my fingers and turned the page
I must say, you're very sophisticated for your age
I'm amazed you never have to be told to behave
You raise your hand to speak and respond to your name
I remember... the day I had changed
The way I was struck by lightening in the rain
Maybe some other time I'll tell you what I became
I can tell you that I've waned in the pain of my shame
It is written in books and carved into skin
It is etched into every metaphor from within *[echoes]*

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Canibus Lyrics

"Stomp On Ya Brain"

(feat. Journalist)

[Intro/Chorus: Canibus]
"If you can't walk the walk," nah don't even try it
When I'm wired, I spit fire
And come stomp on your brain, brain, brain...

[Verse 1: Canibus]
Yo! What about hip-hop, is so interesting?
Emcees battle for respect, it's intensive
Spit rhymes while I shimmy up the cliff side
Before you ask why I'm tryin to show you where Rip died
The questions give me more insight into your mind
than them whack rhymes I hear you recitin all the time
Restore and re-establish it, revive it, revamp it
Refresh yourself with something organic, and mechanic
Verses be so strong they are generally interpreted wrong
Prone to correspond their responses from the songs
Mr. Motherfuckin Know-It-All, bet you ten gold banola bars
I'm smarter then those fifth graders are
The writing technique is from a lion-headed beast
Sciatic nerve got me spittin automatic words
Ideas eliminated in the order they were created
amid specative language about how I even made it
Rebel without a cause, spittin ten billion bars
to the cold corpse cellophane wrapped on the floor
There's more, I declare war, bomb 'em!
Pound after pound I come stomp on 'em

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Journalist]
We bite without barkin, you just a target
I shot darts and stomp on your brain in Doc Martins
with boats shoes, so crude, my pardon
Soon as the clock startin, show moves I got from old dudes
who used to smoke Kools by the carton
Set fire to you, I'm the arson
Was clappin at cats, before they applauded for John Carson
Anybody with good sense, know the footprints
solemn leads is from the Air Max 93's
'til everything you see is Siamese
I've been stompin since chicks from Martin was buyin reeds
We stomp on your cane, and sell it to niggaz
The niggaz stomp on your brain
Who wanna tangle with the black orangutang?
I came to bang, it ain't a thang
Name a name he'll be history

Nothin more than a mystery, a Stephen King novel
Either they ain't been watchin or they need a clean goggle
to follow the footsteps of the T Rex, detect
whoever leap next from a speed jet without a parachute
Turn you into carrot soup troop

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Canibus]
The duck-billed dino was eaten by the eighty ton rhino
A very long time ago
Soul, rock and roll, RTJ double-oh
Now you know nigga, lock and load
How can I create the right sentence to help explain
how it feels when a whack emcee rhymes for Germaine?
Don't be a water brain, make you spit your rhymes in quarantine
Put you up against War Machine
Sixty second rounds, keep your metaphors clean
Sleepwalk when I dream, spit Listerine green
The (Microphone Fiend) on the scene
Call on them scream, he might break you off a sixteen
Laser beam lyrics comin at you at an altered speed
The (Altered Beast) don't pause for the beat
This is lyrical law, you will be among the first to compete
to run, walk or crawl over beats
The goal is too tall to reach, can't touch the Spit Boss' feet
You pole vault into a wall of defeat
I love Biggie cause I know what he means
When he told you, "It was all a dream"

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Beat Butcher Get Em'"

(feat. Jaecyn Bayne, Son One & Chopp Devize)

[Canibus]
Yeah, Melatonin Magik
Jaecyn Bayne, Son One, Chopp Devize, Canibus *[echoes]*

[Verse 1]
Undergod soldier, runnin off toastin
A notebook and vocals, a smidge overdosin
Even when the D-boy system not coastin
You hear my spoken better than when Rae lost his focus
Crystalized opiate to victimize opponents
With addictive lines coated in, snares and some solar hits
Motive is to sew up in ya, dopest with a doper grit
Son, Can-I, and I, Pai Mai's chosen men
Transcontinental conniseurs of the art of war
Knockin off non-essential artists which ya shoppin for
The buck stops when I step in the voicebox
and unload bars like they're several joy shots
Yellow light caution, my melatonin's archin
Sleep on me, and I'ma get to sleep stalkin
Technicians of lyrics, racketeering of sound
that'll surely be your last at your burial grounds

[Verse 2]
Ayyy! Get 'em, metaphorically speaking, this set of bars
is lettin off 'til several squads is deaded and weakened
or probably beheaded and beaten, severed and leakin
I get it, started like before I parted I settled in Eden
But evolved over the course of time
More was just forced to fall off course for the shine (yeah!)
I'm the ultimate, no alternate
Swords can give, darts with tips, dipped in arsenic
Most sound like nothin like after me
Track murdered the graveyard's bustin at the seams
(When I crush) like a nug out of the bag of the trees
To be honest, your rhymes sound like rotten to me (word)
I'm the sun, I'm the rise, and the fall
When I die and collapse the whole sky'll dissolve
(Yeah) And I fight for the cause
You should say my name first when describin the boss

[Verse 3]
Put up your laptop break the boombox plug your infantry your iPod
No need for tough talk, or rockin up in the streets with Krylon
Hip-Hop is not forgotten, its been watered down like *[?]*
Tick tock me wavin the timebomb, blowin it up so it don't die off
That's why I'm on the job with balls to supercharge your ions

I be the icon you read about in multiple *[?]*
Consulted by God, still open the third eye like I'm a cyclops
To keep my mind strong, I memorize entire rhyme blogs
Emcees try hard, but many just get sunk like a battleship
And missin a bunch of requirements like *[?]* an asterisk
Fact or fiction I can't tell the difference when half of these rappers spit
Ignorant, I bet they don't even know what the meaning of whackness is
You actually think you're good, sorry man, your talent is absent kid
I guess them folks won't ever be dope no matter how much they practice it
Illy inject the game with passion, puttin an end to the abstinence
There's so many things for you to fathom but for now it's class dismissed

[Canibus]
(Get 'em!) As we proceed to emcee
Keep it real recognize the skills over the beat
Hold up, don't shine your boots up, you still suck
You can't rhyme like this, unless you rhymin with US
Fuck the questions~! Find out for yourself
You got to find out who you help
Service to brothers, service to others, service to self
There's no way to tell
Even if you got a mic in your grill
You wanna sell? It's got nothin to do with bein ill
I rock bells with a glass of water and a melatonin pill
Put your soul into a spell, stay still
The universe movin at a pace, perhaps it'll all be revealed
For me this all happened because of a record deal
For you, this happened because of what you all feel
And now nobody can copy me, I am my own technology
You pay homage to me electronically
One out of three speak about they flawed philosophies
Betrayal, that is the cause of all hypocrisy
We are livin in the garden of technocracy
I am my own technology, ten thousand G
What's the weight of a light beam? Ask Killah Priest
He gon' tell you that your soul is not ready to be released
I'm a king with a slave's pair of feet, a flat-footed freak
I walk around hooded in the streets
Lookin for beats, the djinn creep lookin for beef
They lookin for the emcees with the invisible speech
So do not even look up at what you are beneath
Just stare straight ahead and pretend you're on the beach
My breathing becomes labored after they shock me with a taser
I fell to my knees then they shot me with a laser
Beat Butcha, one thousand bar street pusher like that
Snap, spring coil tap, release trigger
Melatonin Magik, metal drones with payload attachments
Shoot me in the head 'til I stop rappin
Jaecyn Bayne, Son One, Propane Germaine
One day I'm a show you what we all made
Melatonin Magik, the golden child chanted
Daddy, the cell phone got too much static
Melatonin Magik is now trackin all known air traffic

Unknown traffic, just red flag it
Melatonin Magik, go to sleep, do not panic
The heart of your soul is in the planet
Melatonin Magik, turn your face to the left you maggot
Don't look at me unless you want a challenge
(Get 'em!) Architect, Chopp Devize
Reverse polarity, optic eyes in the skies
Melatonin Magik for minds like mines
like mines, like mines, like mines

Canibus Lyrics

"Do It Live!"

(feat. Blaq Poet, Skarlet Rose & Presto)

[Bill O'Reilly]
"I can't do it... we'll do it live"
"WE'LL DO IT LIVE, FUCK IT!" "Do it live!"
"Look, I'll write it and we'll do it live!"
"Fucking thing SUCKS!"

[Blaq Poet]
It's a slaughter nigga, Mickey & Mallory style
Y'all niggaz is dead, and people callin me foul
Cross you off the list, and chuck you over in a pile
Let's get this shit settled, right here and right now
I got this hard shit, in a smash
I'm about the cash; stop lookin nigga, I'm the last
motherfucker you gon' meet like this
Turn your day pitch black, like I clicked the light switch
The beat is nickle plated, one up in the chamber
In the clip the remainder, blastin off in anger
The Blaq Monsta, strike like the black mamba
Have y'all motherfuckers runnin home to your momma
Stay in yo' fuckin place, you know that I'm the ace
If not, get the taste smacked out your fuckin face
Everything I say, I mean it
I'm the black motherfucker, straight outta Queensbridge

"We'll do it live"

[Skarlit Rose]
Streets is gritty, drama in the city
We askin God for mercy but he showin you no pity
You're hopin for a miracle, when your faith is cynical
The only thing that matter to you is if you had your pistol full
Sit back, uncontrolled rages
Over y'all taxes, playin on different stages
Rotten lives, speeches be contagious, who we are
Cats who die, they don't make it too far
We're quick to talk about things we shoulda done and never did it
Things we started, and never finished
We watch our children look at us with empty wishes
They growin up with no restrictions, I wonder why
Miscommunications, across the great states
Blood flows down heaven's gates as we await our torturous fates
Crimson, for all to see
But only those with knowledge seem to see it biblically
It's a harsh reality, placed in wise mentality
Unholy matrimonies, your true voice is true phonies
Shadows creepin while you're sleepin

Young widows weepin, trustin these cats when you meet them
This teach men before they descend
Enter Nostradamus philosophy well fuck that, listen to my prophecy
Well your blood run, now you're enemies
You choose your path, now face your penalties
No more gettin high, and drinkin Hennessy
It's a new world ordered, not meant for humanity

[Presto]
I got that hazardous flow kids sniff with various cokeheads
Y'all cats are halfway out the closet like Mario Lopez
My infallible flow is sicker than subliminal phallic symbols
of Walt Disney motion picture posters
Sac section rises, sick as Opus, fixin the focus
The scope of the magnum at whichever nigga's standin the closest
Your amateur flow is not compatible to my notes its
like Kanye I snatch your mic for thinkin that you so swift
The magical melatonin omen roamin in the wide open
Breast strokin in the fiery ocean, tokin on cyanide
When I was smokin, I saw both of my eyes explodin
Mind frozen with bad breath from goin into ketosis
Nebaru geneticists, medieval torture methods
Military weapons, botchilist, decoding Hebraic messages
Nuyorican native, reincarnated, in the form of Satan
The ladies, in a meditative state, sedated
Inundated with the latest, my speech is upgraded
Y'all niggaz ain't seein me, like the thong on Aretha Franklin
Why am I so lyrical? Cause your rhymes are limited
like a cockeyed cyclops who loses periphreal
Attack mics, split backs like the passion of Christ
My passion for what I write is like a massive appetite

[Canibus]
The appetite of Megaladon, pumping steroids in his arm
His upper torso is bigger than yours
Brave men will die, women will cry over the genocide
But don't cry, dry.. your eye
My left brain twenty percent, my right brain is more than that
My pituitary gland is on crack
That's why they barely understand where I'm at
And while I rap, they say it's whack
It's not wise to react, why is that?
Cause consciously I'm black, subconsciously I'm darker than that
The most controversial artist in rap
When I step with my lyrics, I force them to fall back
I was wounded in combat, and still crawled back ("Do it live!")
Do it right the first time, I don't ever have to do it again
Unless I rehearse it again and again
Rotating floating spheres like clockwork rotating gears
Counter-clockwise collating what you hear
Over here, don't repeat what you heard, just remember what you learned
Remember the last time you got burned
Qualitative analysis is not enough to quantify Canibus

But do it live if you think you can handle this
[gunshot fires]

Canibus Lyrics

"Sharpshootaz Blazin' Caps"

(feat. K-Solo, Born Son, Willie Dynamite & Maintain)

[Canibus]
Sharp fangs! Sharpshootaz... sharpshootaz
The poem is dolioform
I arm wrestle you with my polio arm in a rodeo barn
Nowadays I see emcees get on stage
They look like parakeets in a cage
Grab the mic like they afraid to palm it
'til I bomb it, the LRADs lace the target
The firearm long like fist-to-armpit
Sergeant Sharpshoota, a gifted marksman
Sip sake, rip the mic nigga watch me
The kamikaze, Benihana your body
Sour posses show up to your party
Everybody go home now, put your microphone down
Go boil some water, I'ma hold him down
Interrogation techniques, I'ma show you how
I'ma ask you two times, then after that
I'ma roll you a blunt with a blasting cap
You understand what I'm sayin? Your man's not playin
You'll be twenty-one grams lighter after the weigh-in
Sharpshootaz aimin, wolfgang came in to bang him
Demo'd the nigga, then Maintain sprayed him

[Maintain]
Yeah I sprayed him, it was strictly biz
The way I laid him to rest yo it wasn't cause I hated him
His bars were sendin him off, he was lost
Now he's, six feet deep payin the cost
Yo my enemies are unfit; they keep movin
like they don't know I'm too strategic for this dumb shit
You're hopin that I fail; but the race is been won
But they don't know that because they slower than a snail
It's too easy, but I don't feel guilty
Cause if the slowpokes had it their way they would kill me
Now how real is this situation that I stay in
And when does a Sharpshoota got time for playin?
My whole team aimin them red beams, it's no games
It takes me no brains to leave you with no brains
I got you so pegged this is so unfair
You should start prayin to the man upstairs
Cause really all I gotta do is cock and squeeze
And your brain's on the ground lookin like cottage cheese
While I'm in the trees with top notch emcees
Sharin brilliant ideas and philosophies about
how we're gonna stack this money and lounge
In the town there's a whole lot of nothin around

Try to stop the process, and I'm huntin you down
to put your faggot ass in front of the ground, now fuck around

[Chorus: Canibus (K-Solo)]
The Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz
Blastin at the blastin cap, bomb unit
It's the Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz
Nothin but sharp fangs, paws and claws, let's do this!
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)
(If it's a mission that we on you know I mapped it out)
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)
(My whole team'll have you street dudes tappin out)

[Willie Dynamite]
Yo, me fall off in the game, picture that!
You got beef in the street? And need heat?
Call your man I get you that
I got small ones that go pop pop, and click clack
And big ones strong enough to push a bus back (BOOM!)
And I still ain't forgot what you said nigga
I'm down to turn that white tee you rockin
into a ketchup bed
When the slugs, catch up, to yo' head
Hip-Hop you dead a closet casket you gon' rock instead
So tell your mans ain't no need for sendin flowers and shit
When I'm on the fiends come through and devour the shit
The block is dry, leave it up to us to shower the shit
You got beef, I slide through and Twin Tower your shit
Dynamite, I'll harass you niggaz
Like pullin your shorts down in front of chicks
I'll embarrass you niggaz
Actin like you John Gotti, we'll see how gangster you are
when you find pieces of your son's body
I fucked around and ate his lunch, now he got his hands full
holdin his head and legs in the trunk
The chick I'm with, I ain't hearin the bitch
I'm rockin Sharpshoota shit, lookin for the next gear to switch

[Born Sun]
Aiyyo I squeeze on emcees like bullets never-ending
Leave the machine smokin while the terror still spinnin
Mujahadeen from Queens, an Arabian God
Suicide bomb your squad screamin Allahu Akbar
Hell gon' unleash release for beast wars
Mad rapper with a backpack strapped with C4
Barack Obama that popped the llama
And bodily harm ya, shots penetrate your armor
The young Yaphet Kotto in the dojo blowin 'dro
Clappin the fo'-fo', wanted for murderin the flow
Crazy muh'fucker I'm sick, it's been known
Rhymes retarded and bars is downs syndrome
I'm top raised to hit front page, up center stage
with the gauge, that'll remove your hips from your legs

Back crackin vertabrae, attack and murder prey
Don't ever war with Sun, I swore I thought I heard him say

[Chorus]

[K-Solo]
None of you niggaz in the block want beef
You get slammed on your face like you fightin Tito Ortiz
Plus I, wreck shop, your man'll hear your neck pop
I do your whole clique with a 8 ball in a sweatsock
I draw the line, cross it, you get shot
My wolves'll leave the mountain and scatter the whole block
I get the Mac out, splatter the whole block
Come mad a whole lot, I said it to get it hot
I wrote it so when I quote it I spit it, went POP
You can disrespect me but not when I'm holdin the glock
I paint my name on your back like connect the dot
And YO! I'll get that movement in your neck to stop
These motherfuckers know the fuckin deal
See I don't fuckin sleep, you know my fuckin hand be on the steel
Quick with ammo, come equipped
when I squeeze the infra from the hip *[echoes]*

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Gold & Bronze Magik"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth & Copywrite)

[Bronze Nazareth]
They can't do shit with me like a custom model Tyson
A herd of wild bison trying to get that cake without the icing
Can't stop the poison, empty glass in intestine
I'm destined to rest in the Sun, weed in the Westin
Pulitzer Prize priceless verses is in the resting
A new bible, witness tribal wars for block titles
Vital organs stop, subtle
Fiends like they're lions, when they get around the rock and huddle
Undertake, bodies ungulate, under earthly underlays
Unachieved summaries, no open warranties
Cuz my flow is never broken like a pregnancy
When I speak they'd rather see polluted clouds rain Hennessey
Take you with no receipt like dope traffic currency
Uninsured surgery when under my knife
Some paid with a briefcase, some paid with their life
My home sticks is Baghdad under U.S. plane strikes
It's a useless vein tap with an empty syringe
Injecting wind into the blood flow, sip ether and grim
Smoke secrets from burning circles, sour diesel and singe
The cloak, the grim reaper, creeping, sneaking, you in

[Chorus 2X: sample from Bonnie Dobson "Milk and Honey"]
Round and round, the burning circle
All the seasons: one, two, and three

[Copywrite]
Yeah, I see it, yo, yo, uh-huh
C-write, give it a little umph!
Yeah, O dot Megahertz, you already know what it is
Axe, inseminate the place, 614
Yeah, you know what they say?

Behind my back they say he's very arrogant
But they air they're inhaling in isn't there to sniff
Dare to whiff and I'm tearing the air to get from where it is
There's a chicken hailing and I'm tearing it through her pair of tits
There's a kid, my fist is impaling him through his pair of ribs
From a kamikaze, crazy bomber, drama like Shady's mama
Fucking with bitches ugly as Biggie's baby's mama
And I stay, mismatched to the socks
Bitch laughed, said my name's dispatched to the cops
Stitched patch on my crotch reads: "Kiss me I'm Irish"
My click be the flyest, don't, excuse me, I'm biased
But try us and lose the cocky smile, who could stop me now?
When I'm right on the money like the illumanti owl

If I'm off a DJ mixed my accappella wrong
Mozzarella's long enough to buy the rights to every Roc-a-fella song
I'm lying, but not when I'm rhyming, my stock is hella long
Too hot to mail a song, the mailman said he thought I mailed a bomb
Rain, sleet, snow or hail, I'm smoking well
Granted you'd think I was Spanish how wet I rolled an L
To where they meet it, or see the chocha, I'm living la vida loca
I'm Peter the chiba smoker, no reason to cease the dolja
Breathing a leaf, Jesus, I've seen crows from beneath the roses
That sweet aroma could wake Pete old cold from deepest coma
But know the skills' on over kill until I reach the repear's quota
Put him out of business then hire him for cheap to clean the sofa
Ends with the bones of Barbosa, flow's well written
No help given, I'm self-driven like a chauffer
Still spitting that crazy shit, you don't like it?
You could suck a fat baby's dick while it's dad babysits

[Chorus 2X]

[Canibus]
Melatonin Magic MC
One, two and three...

You are the reflection of an illusion, you do not exist
What you feel is real, everything else is a script
That they wrote for me, I hallucinate creepy crawlies
Rhyming is a hobby, you can't even talk to me
DJ's, radio stations, millions of listeners are prisoners
Their salvation is not your business
Canibus spit when Canibus wanna spit shit
Got that? Don't let me have to tell you again
The western world is spiritually sterile, in great peril
We in the concrete jungle, where they spank Abe with the metal
I rhyme for the betterment of the culture
I don't spit no hot sixteens for promotion
Or corporate vultures who act like they own us
Self-expression is our birthright, not a bonus
Hip-hop can govern, come together and show the whole world something
The voices of the not so beloved...

[Chorus 2X]

[Canibus]
Melatonin Magic MC
One, two and three...
I spit it 'til I'm free

This is lyrical law
The golden flame turns the gold bars into bronze
It draws upon magic from the stars
This is one more storming of lyrical law
If everything is in good order, I spit some more
The moral of the story is this: don't get pissed

Because your upbringing was strict, cuz life is a gift
You've got food to eat, you've got teeth to eat it with
Shoes on your feet, don't be conceited, be content
Even when you lose, think about what you did to win
If you did the best that you can, you did a good thing
But you shouldn't smoke weed if you swim
Don't buy assault rifles, don't fight dogs, don't hit your girlfriend
Don't mix cocaine with unprescribed medicine
And don't say it's over if you plan to do it again
With that said, sleep tight tonight when you go to bed
This is Public Service Announcement 2010

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Canibus]
The Melatonin Magik MC
One, two and three...
Come sit with me, come sit with me...

SAINTS

C OF TRANQUILITY

Canibus Lyrics

"Cptn Cold Crush"

Tranquility to infinity (Yeah)
Tranquility to infinity

Canibus is an animal with the mechanical mandible
Coming to damage you spitting understandable slang at you
I'm the all seeing lyrical with infinite bars and visuals
And the sideways eight peripheral
I told you I spit a rhyme that'll melt the Earth
Then ask you in the afterlife if you felt the verse
On Planet Earth I search for my Tranquility first
I said I was the illest but it didn't help me it hurt
And whenever I said, "Can-I", the crowd said, "Bus"
Ten years later who am I? I still got a passionate love
To be the man who I was, never give up
Irrational rush to crush every mic I clutch
When I erupt you duck or eggs clash flash solar blast from Bus
Then sweep you off the stage like crumbs
Grab your tongue, shout, rip it out, then shove it back in your mouth
NOW! Then tell you to spit it out
I spit about them lyrics my people can't live without
Been around since '97, I've been ripping it down
Spit track after track after 'Beast From the East'
I'm back before Lil' Weezy knew how to rap
When T.I. was still hustling crack, I put the muscle in rap
100 Bars, who fucking with that?
A thousand bars later I ain't heard nothing from Pap
Where you was at when I was giving Big Punisher dap?
On stage with a him at the Palladium
You was in a gymnasium, I was putting chainsaws to craniums
Blazing Homosapians in the atrium ripping jaws off aliens
Performing 'Channel Zero' in stadiums
Up at Hot 97' disgracing them
Any radio station they place me in I broke the break-beats in
I beat her, I beat him, the beat blend, I beat them
Spit a verse to beat Barrack Obama if he win
I'm the Beast From the East, picking meat out my teeth
And as soon as the beat stop I forget how to speak
I release a better rhyme seven times a week
To beat me you gotta be better than my last release
The bars rip ya face off, spit bars, spit shine ya skull
'Til every rhyme you memorize is gone
Battle you for the respect in a battle to the death
Dial zero, call the operator ask for Bis
411 ask for RIP
555-1212, I rip the mic to shit
Before the Federal Communication Commission started a new division
With the intention to cripple our children

Mentally deficient from television
This radio programmer we listen to got to many elements missing
Lyricism and wisdom got overshadowed by the singing and blinging
Deceived by a system that's media driven
A made a vow that I would get them and bit them, then injected my venom
And for that? I was never forgiven my nigga
I let the rhythm hit them with a chemical algorithm
Liable to kill them if I ever get with them I rip them
The infinite monk, 'All Hail Can-I-Bus'
Then wake up to this 'Pure Uncut'
'How Many Emcees' do I have to bust?
'I'm A Patriot' with 'No Airplay' but 'How Come'
'My Block is Your Block', I throw it up with 'Doo Wop'
I'm the "Enemy of the State" of Hip Hop
'Indibisible', Indestructible, 'Canibustible'
The 'Adversarial Theatre Justice' judging you
Tired of you posers, I'm the rap superstar soldier on a poster
'Captain Cold Crush'
Tuck the heat before I brush the teeth
The athlete at the track meet with rusty cleats
Artillery like lawn mowers with four motors and four rotors
Look like a mom with four strollers
Counterstrike like 'Black Kobra'
With gasoline in the Super Soaker, walk over, I'll roast ya!

Canibus Lyrics

"Salute"

The war drums sound like a hundred guns fired at once
For an entire month
Can-I-Bus? You know you can *[x4]*

Involuntary muscle spasm assassin busts with a passion
Listen to how Canibus re-enact this
Poor rappers fall victim to the metaphor master
Drill your ass raw for ice core data
An earthquake machine being powered by a crystal
Scalene in hydro, no pulse signal
Lyrically wave-theory like Timothy Leary
So you don't have to understand me to hear me, you feel me?
Barely, the quickening happens in between
In the Elohim Lord Lizard King with the Ripper conditioning
Partitioning with the Fischer King eating chicken wings
My fingertips are glistening but I'm listening
Yeah, the master observes how rappers use vernacular
To fail to capture the meaning attached to the words
Hip-Hop *[?]*, career suicide
Killer Ripper spits to the sustained pitch mixed and chopped
To add a counter point, mix a master that drops
Complex and confusing, I'm laughing because it's hot
The super duper uber music conductor producer from the future
Stuff tubas with gunpowders to improvise bazookas
Colder than killer cobras over Jehovah
Delta soldiers in blimp balloon gondolas with stealth motors
They watch over us, told me where to go
But I can only take both of us so you better soldier up
Size, activity, location, unit
Time and equipment: What you going to do with it?
Salute, that's what they do when I rip it
I proved it, I did it, "D-R Period" was in the booth when I spit it
Bread and Butter, Nigga

Beyond Canibus motherfucker, broken Language the hustler
Starboard rudder, the Coast Guard Cutter
I'm the studio night-owl, stress give me white eyebrows
Who the fuck I got to fight with now?
Yeah, conspicuous characters creep through America
With a killer chemical in a canister called Canibus
Crazy as crystal communicate correct signal
They call it criminal, I call it lyrical
Call the Commissioner I'm going to crucify the Christian Caligula
Like they crucified M.C. Christopher
I cast the Canibus symbol in the crowd
If there's beef on the ground, I'm going to carve the cow
Now, smuggle contraband through the canal

I check my clip on my chamber, sharpshooter style
La Costa Nostra, deep like Deepak Chopra
I kick your door down in loafers
.45 in the holster, AK in the baby stroller
Babies with baking soda, my lady in the Rover
A midget with dreadlocks down to his toes
With flows I expose what nobody knows

Canibus Lyrics

"C Scrolls"

Yeah ayo,
Listen to the horns play,
I get busy all day,
I don't give a fuck what they wanna say.
This is me turning it up,
This is me burning it up,
You, observing the emcee bus.
Just a coach on the side lines,
Tryna bide time,
Watching the game being played out through my eyes.
I know it's painful how they degrade you,
But I praise you.
This is the soundtrack that we will train to.
This is not a call to arms
I did that ten years ago,
These are called keep alert bars.
Don't talk just work your jaws,
Don't walk just work the war,
That's a personal flaw.
Murdered bar after bar since 1974
When I was born with a mic on my arm.
Awesome,
Six minutes Canibus you on.
Yes, yes y'all.
To the beat god, next bar.
I do this to atone,
I do this to atone for my sins,
But I am punished for the tone of my skin.
Bring it down about 14.5 DB
Maybe then you might see what I mean.
Out in Berkley
They not too thirsty
They don't like veterans neither, but they can't hurt me.
Bring it down about 14.5 DB
Maybe then you might see what I mean.
Ayo, Hip-hop provost
Who said the word Hip-hop the most?
Which one of yous think you a poet?
Perfect cause you practice that classic,
Scholastic, Canibus man shit.
The current catalogue and past tense.
I do this to atone,
We all must atone for our sins,
But I am punished for the tone of my skin.
The C of tranquility - the C means light,
The light means space, my DNA strain is my base.
Don't know who I am,

Can't remember who I was.
I pump blood through the veins of Hip-hop,
For street buzz.
A constitution written in collusion
With limited distribution,
Since I was recruited I've bin making music.

Canibus Lyrics

"Merchant Of Mataphors"

Pay attention, Ensign
I need a jet stream pattern assessment, go get it
And tell me the direction that the fuel tank is headed
Scram jet packs straps attached to my back
Rocket exhaust melt skin off like wet wax
Call sign Tom Cat, master ace of aerial combat
I double-time out to the tarmac
Fog covers the launch pad
Order ATC to fall back, but maintain visual contacts
Switch to radar, innovation navigational star map
I won't need to travel beyond that
My jet contrails so long that,
It can be seen in time zones eight hours apart by NORAD
Bow waves are made when I sweep my arms back
To fast track to the lunar surface's dark patch
The darkest part of the Moon where ISS2 was parked at
Inside onyx black alien artifacts
Well guarded in the event of a chartered attack
The outpost is nothing more than a trap
The red planet approach close, I know perigee and impact
Phobos is controlled by the Dracs
Deimos is the most underrated of the pack
It decimates NEA's more than double it's mass
A solar max melts polar caps
I notice that think tanks with closed minds miss unknown facts
Satellites track and match the stats, statistics start to stack
I'm a man of science, not rap
With actionable impulse to act when I can't relax
I work hard but play harder in fact
My rose garden attracts rats,
I sit back and listen to jazz and smoke hash in a mineral bath
I meditate, slightly awake, the moon rays interpermeate my physical state
I gaze into space
The light waves race and shift shape, colors escape
I concentrate on eight frequency rates
The body begins to numb as the spirit elevates
But wait, I'm interrupted by a buzzer at my front gate
Closed circuit surveillance showed me a face
How entertaining, special agents came to visit my estate
"Miss Moneypenny, bring me a plate, a cup of tea, and my terry-cloth robe,
Then show them in to me, I'll wait"
He walked in with a blank face, I calmly remarked, "You're late"
He responded with a strong handshake
Miss Moneypenny returned with eggs and pancakes
I offered them a seat, standing up, looked so out of place
He kindly obliged, but the other two continued to stand
Folded their hands, and gave me the nod

The silence was so profound, that even soft sound seems loud
With ambient music in the background
I slurped when I sipped my tea, it was hot
I chomped when I chewed my chow, it was not
In slow motion the silence was broken, you could hear a pin drop
He said, "You cannot save Hip Hop"
I said why not? I sold mixtapes to buy stock
I've been researching and developing a spitbox
Rap is deeply rooted in the music generation
I can prove it, but it doesn't constitute publication
I swear the Great Bear entered the Dragon's Lair
I was there in the center of St. Petersburg Square
Assigned as a silent observer, but I witnessed a murder
Took a picture of the body and a burner
Circa the time, you called me from Burma
In Port Charlotte Florida, say you were in a coastal corridor
And that's what you call help?
Eight months of Camp Kill Ya' Self couldn't rehabilitate what I felt
And now, here you are, in my backyard
Accusing me for being an outlaw for my bars?
I ain't got nothing for ya, I'll call my controller,
You call your employers, they can talk to my lawyers
He got up, and turned his back on me and said, "I'll be back homie"
I said you better bring an army
He said, "You don't want war"
I called Moneypenny on the intercom and said, "Baby, show them to the door"
To be continued, stay tuned for more
Secret dialogue from the Merchant of Metaphors...

Canibus Lyrics

"Lunar Deluge"

[Intro: Canibus]
Let's see if you can follow this rhyme
Follow this rhyme with your mind

[Canibus:]
I woke up into a dream, a dream that was more real than it seemed
With no animation or green screen
Human beings need special specs provided by special request
To see the spectacular special effects
If you can see what I saw or hear what I heard
Your ears will not need to hear the sound of my words
My thoughts follow my feelings that is how I think
The sceptics are rarely convinced, their feelings are exempt
What is the point of thought if you can not control the result
What is it worth if anything at all?
Where do we exist from? What do we exist for?
We were intelligently designed to be a resource
How can there be free will without the freedom to feel?
We pursue an illusion that isn't real
P-12 psychics taking red pills to produce thrills
Than predicting a coin toss a hundred times to prove skill
Telekinetic electro-genetic psyonic weapon
With extra-sensory perception of precognitive method
That's why I can rhyme with consistence
Indisputable evidence repeatable on the street or in studio session
I am sorry if you feel I am refusing your questions
That's not my intention, my mind is in a higher dimension
At these levels I have much higher attention
Ascension into a level of rhyme that's defined as divine intervention
My intent to present the most intensive lung splitting
Tongue twisting sentence ever historically recorded to present
But that is not the point of this lesson
I will continue this poetic expression, you must listen to make the connection
I will slow down
Now take a deep breath and try to get with the flow now, this is it,
Back to the beginning when the Milky Way first started spinning
Sound was the only thing living
The Universe was singing, signals were pinging
Life began to emerge from one light blinking
The sound stabilized it
The color spectrum was immediately divided by levels of brightness
The speed of the spin began rising
Gravity was created and forever affected by this
And thus, the elements were created in a cradle
Smashing against one another like balls on a pool table
We like to label so we give things names
I shook your hand and told you mine was Germaine

In my dream I was hoisted into a plane with a space-age frame by a giant gantry crane
My code name was SpitBoss, T-minus 2 seconds 'til liftoff
Let me tell you what Canibus saw:
I saw a world in deluge, fighting over fossil fuels and food
Like a bunch of god damn fools

Canibus Lyrics

"Golden Terra Of Rap"

[Intro: Sample]
Ready on the right, ready on the left
Ready on the firing line...

[Busta Rhymes sample from "You Can't Hold the Torch":]
Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!
Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!
Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!
Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!

[Chorus:]
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap, when it was exactly that
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap, when it was exactly that
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Verse 1:]
Aiyyo DJ Premier on the boards
Can-I-Bus, on the bars with the lyrical law
Just listen to the rhymes, don't behave cool to be kind
And I'm a show you how I'm nice with mine
Forced to start from scratch, to rhyme from the heart
When I rap, lookin forward to not lookin back
I spit supernatural, look out for the planet-sized shrapnel
Rip The Jacker 'bout to get at you
Rip and, seek and destroy the motherfuckin beat mission
The rugged rudeboy, Rasta on 'roids trippin
Martial arts for the mind, Mandelbrot hip-hop design
You don't understand stop tryin
The hip hop conglomerate, we legends puttin it down
You gotta honor it, fuck the politics!
The B2 bomb pilot, waitin for that long silence
Then I was diagnosed with tinnitus
The cuneiform symbols on my uniform tell you what I've been through
Nigga I wish it was that simple
The master gunnery combatant blastin mixtape assassin
Captain Cold Crush get it crackin
Heat it up 'til the bones blacken
My microphones double action I grab it, switch the automatic
The savage spittin it rapid I ricochet 762 jackets
Full medal gold plaque classics

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes sample]
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park

But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Verse 2:]
The phonograph fascist, let's see who can reload fastest
You chronograph still in the past tense
Double shot glass of absinthe, still spittin fantastic
You a absent has-been, I'm still rappin
The Roman gladiator clashin, chariots crashin
Chest plate split in half with axes, blood splashin
What you wan' speak about? Let's weed it out
'fore I turn into something somebody gotta be about
If I feel the need for speed, do not freak out
Armor upgrade beneath seat mount
No seat belt, breath in, breath out, then lean out
White phosphorus, smoke screen the whole street out
Fire squad gotta reroute, SWAT team can't see now
RPG launch out the tree house
Got a casualty, tell me what the beef is about
He don't wanna talk, let him bleed out, don't need him now
PTSD MC, the kind you read about
Turn the beat up Premier, this is how a beat sounds!

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes sample]
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Outro: Busta Rhymes sample]
Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!

Canibus Lyrics

"Title 17 USMC"

I'm in a meeting with the Surgeon General of written texts
The battery of 1000 psychological tests
I am exhausted and stressed but I continue to press
She asked me if I'm the best. I signed languaged back YES
Spell words wrong, when writtin down rhymes nowadays
My hairs are beginning to Grey, that's why I'm a shave
The sky dark purple, low crawl through the wormhole
Took me back to 1998 at Universal
2008 I'm eternal
You know I'm still nice with the verbals, and I ain't even heard you
Your views. Your virtues
Whatcha goin do when Martial Law curfews lock down your Rock Band Rehearsal
Got ground zero asthma cancer
Buried on the moon as the top Hip-Hop Commander
After talkin to Paul Laffoley, he spoke about perigee and apogee
Something that I understood naturally
The mindscape, the other atmosphere is my space
But in my case, I seem trapped by the rhymes that I make
Canibus code for a data tabulated below *[?]*
It's the end of the world you know, glad you made it to the show
According to Title 17 USC, section 107
Canibus is just an MC
I'm a Reggaeton rap translated from Jamaica
You a hater with that white boy hodgy behavior
You could say what you say, but, my catalog greater
Everything you heard before with more layers
Poet Laureate V, why didn't they accept me?
If I remember correctly, let's see
The "C" of Tranquility, the mind will ascend
The audio will blend into multiples of 10
The lies we have been told really are the truth
So together we will all learn again what we knew
Proud to have come so far, spit another bar
The carousel issue continues to revolve unresolved
Take my hand Ripper Grand Wizard chain of command
Take this torch to another land, tell them who I am
The riot squad robot look like Robocop photoshopped
Heckler and Koch, Semi auto stock
I speak into the Mic, leaves fall off the "Tree of life"
BUT next Fall I'm a see if you nice

Canibus Lyrics

"Free Words"

Yo,
Canibus the continuous, deciduous lyricist
A menace to music that's mastered every style that I spit.
A fugitive against the music biz, the damage is punitive,
But the truth is that my communitive efforts got 'em pissed!
Silence is golden, a sign that my knowledge is growing.
I'm a show 'em, fuck the promotion,
These poems open door for the chosen.
In these moments of economic erosion,
The global economy's broken, cause our leaders control it.
They say we owe them but everything that we own has been stolen.
So don't be mad at the soldiers, you follow orders too, don't you?
You never make a difference being a voter,
The are the controllers, you just a warm blooded promoter.
You're just a pea in a pod, with the need to believe in God
But God don't need guns or bombs.
You need freedom to be oppressed, knowledge for the intellect,
Positive effects what come out of our common respect.
All colors, all creeds all kinds, all breeds,
One law, one love, if we want world peace.
It all starts with being still,
But being still long enough to feel but being real enough to follow your will.

Canibus Lyrics

"The Messenger's Message"

Yeah, every man see him 'Sail to Byzantium'
For those that can't see him, they lost man leave him
Transparent transceiver, no hand lever
On the hand receiver, the signal gets weaker
Sales of street polymer gels that form hardened shells that repel
Interrogative drills in the torture cell
Sounds like Hell, not exactly
Rap for me, this human's cavity interacts with me
Blood, liver, and lungs, external viscera thugs
Cutting me up with glitter covered gloves
I ran out the building, ran to the building where I parked
Why my children not in the car?!
I am not unravelling, I am calm,
I'm staying at Bigelow Arkansas obeying the law, playing GRAW
They ask questions with Russian like aggression
From the on screen projector, what is your intention?
Moratorium? I got four of them, meet me in the auditorium
I'm a show you how to talk to them
Right handed MC, used to be lefty
When direction don't effect me, my spotter corrects me
Open the eyelid, check behind him like crazy Ivan
On the coastliner, Psilocybin, crazy rhyming
With third Density binding, galactic plane timing
The Pleistocene is rising, I cannot describe it
Lavatory tidy and quaint, brand new paint
Laboratory, huge, sprawling, brand new warheads
Space grunts line up face front
Base jump into the waste dump, complete Phase 1!
Bone shards scattered all over the boneyard
We low crawl paying no attention to our nose at all
I see the beast pupil size increase
Seen it grab somebody off the street, bite and release
I decrease my silhouette, try to lay flat
Zero in where the chest and the neck intersect
Take a breath than hold it, but only for a moment
Stay focused or your first one'll be your last soldier
Woke up in the Infirmary, here's your papers
Thank us for your service, young man, see you later
Cardboard papers signs
"I will eat rhymes three times a day if you could only spare me a dime"
Real Hip Hop spitting, that's how I'm living
I mount my weapon like I mount my women
Intercept correct beats, sleep search collect and keep
If I like it let's meet next week
The mind of a weirdo, it's not really clear where he goes
Nobody here really knows...
Everybody wanna ask questions, don't pay attention to the messenger

Listen to the message!

Canibus Lyrics

"Cingularity Point"

[Intro:]
This is for the I.M. Culture
A poor pauper's offering for the alter
The 'C' of Tranquility, I'm a show 'em what I see
The 'C' of Tranquility, I'm a show 'em what I see

[Hook:]
The 'C' of Tranquility, what will it really be?
What does the future hold? What do you really see?
I see a revolution in the industry
That will ignite the rebirth of MCs lyrically
The 'C' of Tranquility, what will they really be?
What does the future hold? What can you really see?
I see the partition of God's religion
Become united by our bars and our common visions

[Verse 1:]
Been a long time, spittin' long rhymes, but I never left you
Always came back bustin' rhymes that were special
Back then, I wanted to impress you by addressing the truth
Nowadays, I'm just confessing in the booth
The Golden Era of Rap will always be apart of me
The future talks to me because the present is ignoring me
My destiny is calling me, the armory of God is guarding me
But all you can see is holographic artistry
Rhyme mechanics, like that of a blind pianist
The keys are metallic, my fingers are magnets
The music is magic, what is this madness?
The stanzas are rites of passage, your left brain habits become your baggage
The masses become savage, roaming the streets with torn fabrics
Creativity is less than average
Every baby is born a bastard, so why did you have it!?
This question requires no answer, I understand it

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]
Through my music, magic, and inoculated interaction
Rip the Jacker shows you the future in fragments
Through madness my view is expanded
Request passage, permission is granted, I'll introduce you to the language of dragons
To help balance near impossible trances in the labyrinth of the enchanted
Where air quality is unbearably rancid
From evil spirits, temperatures frigid
I cross wooden bridges over methane rivers, it sounds crazy, but listen
Concise lyrics strike down from the heavens
A titan like Mike Tyson, Beastmaster with a tiger and pigeon

A four finger ring with a eyeball in it for vision
Cause I ain't scared of no 9 foot 11 winged lizards
I'm known as the Ripper, my soul was delivered to a wizard
For spiritual slave labor in a prison
My life is my sentence, so I live it
But I studied the physics and understand it, so it's only a visit

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]
Combinatrix, anything of this persuasion is considered ageless
Beyond the matrix
Beyond time displacement of space & spaceships in oasis
Beyond the reach of human contemplation
The music is layered, not computer generated
A human made it to satisfy unusual cravings
The mystic in a room with crystal walls & floors
Looking into a crystal quartz orb, reciting lyrical law
That cause warm feeling sensations precipitating from the finger tips
To the arms, to the lips, to the jaws
To a gold tongue that spits to the tone of the drum
With the oxygen that flows down the throat to the lungs
Till every color of my Chakra glows brighter than the Sun
YOU and I become WE, WE become ONE
And the Clarity of Singularity has begun
Between zero point zero and zero point one! *[echoes]*

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Pine Comb Poem"

The "C" of Tranquility
Canibus spit for infinity
I revolve with the Earth lyrically, uh

Yea ya'll wassup, The Ripper right here Can-I-Bus
Yo, yo

I rest alone in a cold cabin composed of stone from old agate
A sarcophagus filled with gold tablets
The archaeological dig-site
Excavated the bone matter of this unknown rapper
The blood of the Gorgon was used as the cure for the poison
The poison that destroyed his organs
His DNA was shaped like a series of sideways 8's
Space-time is converted to time-space
The soundwave signals looks like ocean tides when they ripple
He spit to precision instrumentals
Sidewinder rhymes hit you, split you
The target area surface was no wider than a nickel
Control Room simple... His chair was chiselled from quartz crystal
It gets so hot, his skin sizzle
He piloted the missile from a digital menu
Inside remote headgear he would put on to look into
By mastery of the mental he was able to see
What the past and future civilizations had been through
Acoustic imagery transmitted through the music and energy
When I'm spitting no distance can limit me
The gallery of my art was prefabricated and placed in a Ark
But grave robbers rip the pages apart
They got caught, whoever told me the secret is now dead
I cannot tell you or I will end up like them!
The meaning of these rhymes are dead to the modern day mind
Even if you hear this a thousand times
Because of this many have died
Your inner light will not shine if your Pineal gland is calcified
The silver cord is a metaphor for the will of the Lord
I was called to climb aboard and explore
That's when I saw the Tree of Life in the yard
The apples on the floor were gored to the core!
The coil spirals remind you, but be mindful
External experience reflects what's inside you
Inside us all, behind the wall
Inside your skull, but exposed in a song
AHHHHHH, I was struck in an electrical storm
The flesh on my left arm is scarred the mic's gone!

Canibus Lyrics

"Good Equals Evil"

A man pays dues, do this become an angel
Good and evil, a man stays true
There are other ways to win
Good and Evil, it's the same thing

A decade after my debut, the game changed; I got the same views
To me it's just baseball and I'm Babe Ruth
Bambata from Planet Rock, trade op commander Hip Hop
What? We grimlock smash Spitbox
You can never be the best, until you complete the competency test
With rap pattern parameters I set
Are you deaf? Do you need me to repeat what I said?
I said you'll never be the best unless you pass this test
Okay, fill out registration form 88,
Name, social, date of birth, address, city and state
When the form is complete pass it on to Angela Clark
To determine your eligibility and get you insured
Every morning the board panel assembly judges man by his bars
Courage of heart and what he offers the cause
If he's accepted he'll be sworn in tomorrow
If he's rejected he's recycled and retested on stage at the Apollo
I had to and so do you, are you solid or hollow?
Depression is normal, a challenge to climb out of your sorrow
Forget about the world around you, the truth is
They are nothing without you but you will be nothing without the truth

A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing

Do not be confused by the choice of words used
For every battle we win, there's something we lose
But you still have to choose and choosing not to choose is still a choice
Sometimes silence is a powerful voice
The body is of no use if the mind is enslaved
But theses slaves can not bind your light or your sound waves
However, we must to train to increase our strength
The final test is presented when we least expect
We look forward, we see 180 degrees, what's left?
We eyeball right to left but see nothing, what's next?
180 degrees of regret, what's that?
It's everything we left behind unchecked, it wants revenge
They want revenge against us because we fight for our freedoms
Die for what we believe in and they know we don't need 'em
I know you disagree, you think it's fortune cookie shit
But I guarantee you this, our future was prefixed

A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing
A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing

I look towards the sky for the answers to why
I analyze the great divide and saw God on both sides
God didn't do this, we did this to each other
So keep his name out your mouth, you fucking cock suckers
How could you own all of it, when we are all apart of this?
The Earth belongs to every living thing that walks upon it
We are all perfect creations, with imperfect justifications
But just the patient fuck the subject of Satan
The Universe is too huge, does Satan live out their too?
Or is he just after me and you?
Believe what you perceive
Look at the Sun, tell what do you see? 360 degrees of light beams
Illuminating Hip Hop, Spitboss'll bag your pops
You ain't ready for the shit that I got
It's called Hip Hop homey, that's the only way that you know me
And knowing people can still be lonely
At the Maharaji spa for the whole week
I just go to sleep because when I wake up I am not an emcee
I get back on the clock when I hear the next beat
I'll write about another century of heat, I'm a beast

A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing
A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing

Canibus Lyrics

"Worthlessness Purpose"

He is the Sea Merchant who eats Sea Urchins and Sea Serpents
He does it to give his obvious 'Worthlessness Purpose'
Deep Sea searches bring his verses back up to the surface
Someone is brought in to interpret
Do not engage in conjectural with the professor
Just nod ya head and say Yes Sir! Here is the next verse
Toxicology analysis, MCs examine Bis but it's too late...
Nothing above ground will escape
The jungle will haunt you, the desert becomes you
Be humble, if it ever takes something from you
No advantage, No standard
Ya Tranquility is being tampered with by Canibus' masterpiece mantra
When albums are requested, they used to be respected
Only the best deserve to be the center of attention
Enter the legend, Hip Hop will never forget him
And Laser Weapons are now being tested
Inside this bubble composed of two poles
I think I can come up with a few flows, bullshit
Says whose knows, just another boy from the Group Home
Who's good at producing a few songs
I wonder how many MCs lives I've touched?
How many lives that I've protected them from?
More powerful public speaker low budget demeanour
Look like the reaper, senior Ripper information retriever
Slick talk or barter away your OES Charter
Not smarter, just thinking harder, it's truly an honour
Plutocracy, Kleptocracy, to be or not to be?
Please talk to me, I'll show you how these rhymes ought to be
There is not much time to decide or take sides
You are standing in the middle of lyrical fratricide
Giant tiger mosquitoes and carrion beetles biting people
The Mist makes it hard to see through
It has always been believed by those even wiser than me
That nobody can describe what I see
Reality hangs in the balance
The "C" of Tranquility is not a body of water it's an Island
A string of islands that connect like strings on a violin
Waking up to a dark horizon
My rap style will always be in it's prime
You rhyme for yourself, I rhyme for mankind!
Wireless or landline? Any time
Grab the mic and do the damn rhyme

Any time. Grab the mic and do the damn rhyme.

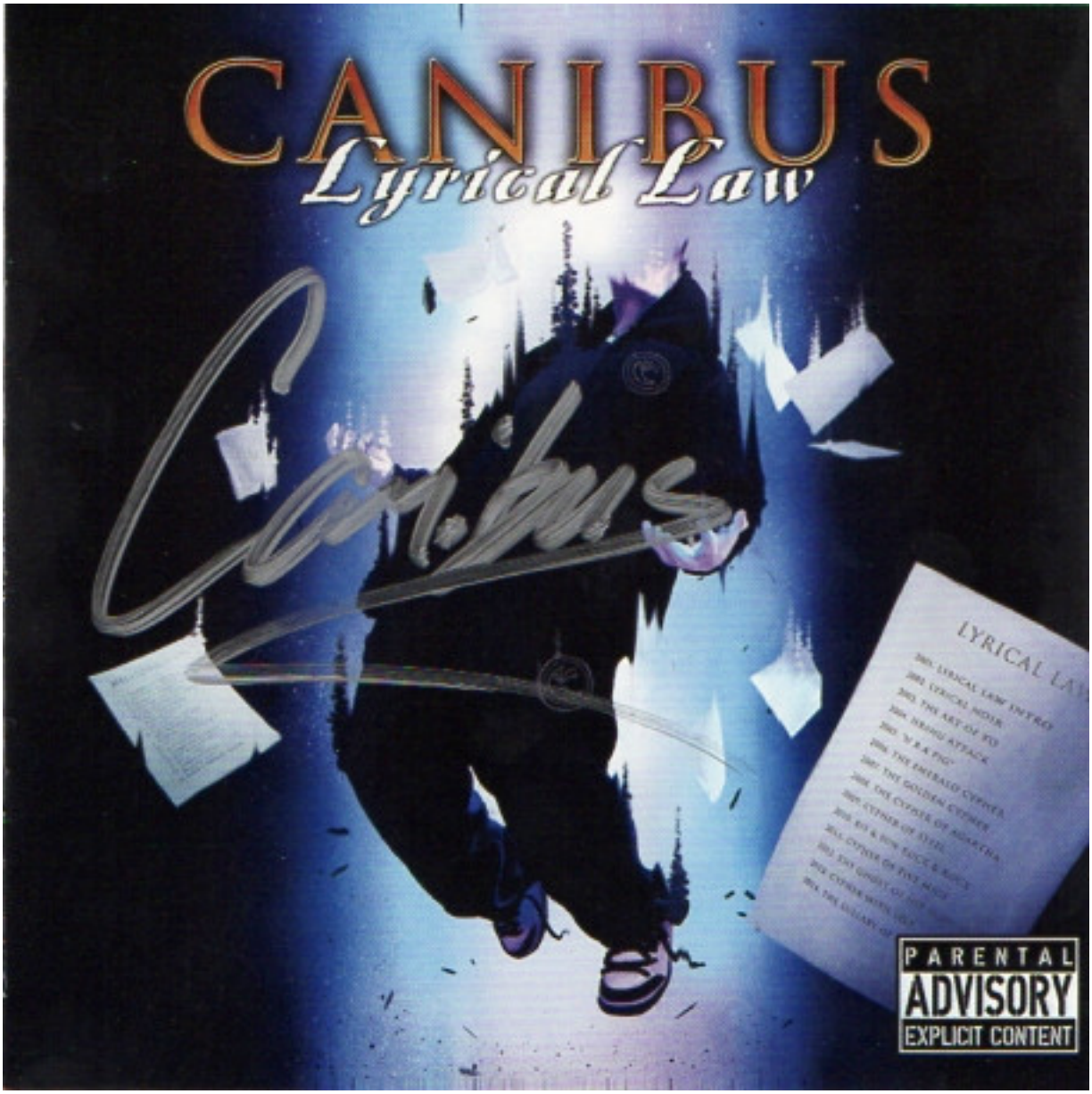
Canibus Lyrics

"Right Now"

This is a new season with new rhymes for the same reason
The public needs it but without faith they won't believe it
We cursed since birth, imprisoned by these Earth demons
My verse is written in secret, then released in pieces
The sting of rejection, the sour sensation of perfection
It's connected to our spiritual ascension
Start with yourself, you are your only contender
The game of life has no winners, therefore we surrender

[Chorus:]
Write now! Write your thoughts down, now! Recite them out loud, now!
The bright light bleeds down through the dark clouds, now!
Right Now brothers, now! Right Now sisters, now!
Right Now people, now! Right Now Rippers!

The rhyme is my religion, the rhythm is alive, listen
And bare witness, try to share my vision
My vision of my soul inside Sol, free the globe
Inside a globe with two poles, Ouroboros in my poems
Bestowed by a poet, what do you know and when did you know it?
Obey the law with it's fundamentally flawed components
Omit this, admit this a myth 'til I spit
You forget how I'll I get, the Ripper's 'bout to Rip, Right Now
Right Now


CANIBUS
Lyrical Law
Canibus
LYRICAL LAW
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"Lyrical Noir"

[Intro:]
Lyrical Noir
This is Lyrical Law
Say it some more
Lyrical Law
Lyrical Noir
"I'm sick and tired of what you've been saying about me in the media"
Yo

Give me some more slack on this rope
I run your boney ass throat over in a zodiac boat
46 degrees north, 6 degrees east
The Large Hadron Collider gave birth to a beast
That speaks, they quote my speech
Vocal motifs over dope beats, all lyricists know me!
That's why the industry's debunking my lyrics
With digital trunking equipment, they don't want you to listen!
The Ripper's language won't appeal to the masses because they look past it
Only the masters know the seal of the scarab
Some humans are born average based off environmental circumstances
You organic piece of shit, you substandard
But do not be embarrassed by your underdeveloped status
It's up to you to find the right questions and ask it
Research leads to results sometimes we find meaning after
Other times they're just meaningless babblers
Don't believe these rappers, fake unbelievable bastards
Comet Elenin is coming straight at us, don't believe NASA
Take matters into your own hands
Stop being slow and acting like hoes, get with the fucking program
Hip Hop is the greatest genre known to man
If we focus, the poetry is so advanced
We can overthrow any plan and control man
You got soul? Let's Jam! Lyrical Law I'm the Canibus Man
What's the buy-in minimum? 88 sales, program
And the number of stores, I don't care no more
This is Lyrical Law Noir hardcore raw Metaphors for you and yours
You can't say you wasn't warned!
Thousands of bars, them dummies couldn't stomach my bars
They rather conform, they throwing up their pompoms
You don't wanna wrestle with Armstrong
We sever blood vessels tryna mess with the God's poem
Damage any motherfucking beat that I rhyme on
Connect to the God's thoughts, possess your iPod, I grind hard
Intellectual hardboard, take it back to Hip Hop Style Wars
Grunting like a pack of wild boars
Power source Lyrical Law my bomb squad full force
Call 'em off we got too much torque

Nitrous Oxide Bars pull a bull of course
Pitch fork to you neck just to prove I'm raw
Iron horse, smack DVD, Battle Rap dwarf
Slap you with the flat part of the sword, now you back for more
Passing yourself off like a Rap star
But you support wack bars that's why rap has lost -- fact!
You a Cool J crack whore,
You snitch like police Labradors tryna sniff out sasquatch
Man up, no more lip service and back wash
Stand up! I'ma break off you're back paws
Thor's hammer crack jaws, attack y'all, fracture your skull
Mountain man axe to your loins
Self-employed like Donald Goines, cash cows on steroids
I don't fall for deceptions or decoys
I'm a beast and I'm clairvoyant
Your soya won't tear the beat up whether or not you appear on it
Double trouble dear promise fuck you and your comments
The chairman of Lyrical Law will be honoured
The last man standing, after the internet is abandoned
James Cameron with a gamma ray cannon
..... brainwashed Hip Hop
And they came from Saturn, they were the first alien race of rappers
They landed in North Africa, their teeth be gnashing
Their names look like acronyms, they released the Kraken,
They live in underground cabins
They slither fast through the inner-earth labyrinth
They move in S-patterns though deep planet chasms
I chase 'em and trap 'em, detailing the action
For tryna desecrate the Sabbath of the lyrical master, faggots
I laid them on top of each other like Abu Ghraib
They spacecraft look like the Eiffel Tower in Paris
They pray on my downfall they orchestrated Hip Hop's imbalance
They underestimated my talent
I hold the globe up like Atlas
They lied about Canibus -- ask 'em
I'm the world's greatest motherfucking rapper!
They slandered my character through private and public propaganda
They tell the people I'm Dr. Doppelganger
They ask me shit, that they know I'm not gonna answer
Extinction Level Event, they can't stop the disaster
Cocksucker stop the camera, 'cause you know that I'm a miserable bastard
I crack lens, break microchips and melt plastic
You Canibus? - Who's asking?
That's Captain Cold Crush to you maggot, you a lyrical has-been
Lyrical Law's a classic they can't get past it
The beats, the rhymes, the features, every single facet
Lyrical Law's a classic they can't get past it
The beats, the rhymes, the features, every single facet
The microphone assassin 'bout to get at 'em
The Dragon of Judah breathe fire 'til his last breath
Full Battle Rattle in action lyrical Metal Jackets
Coming through with several new attachments
Computers is crashing, hackers is laughing

Rapid eye movement, try to keep up with the captain, what's happening?

Canibus Lyrics

"The Art Of Yo"

(feat. Born Sun, K-Rino)

[Born Sun]
Bastard style with no father tryna claim the kid
I called it X cos I ain't even tryna name the shit
Sundullah, see me on the stage with Rip
Nitrogen lungs yo my tongue mix propane with spit
And I'm nice, the voice of Christ resurrected through mics
Son of God, Son of Man, helping some of y'all will overstand
Crash the Vatican as soon as I land
I'm 'bout to set it on man in the gulf of Adan
I stand in the Garden of Eden, unbeaten, undefeated
I Tweeted pictures of Eve, tonguing Jesus
Scientology guides put my rhymes on photography slides
To quantify the higher knowledge applied
But I'm an uncaged animal channeling Hannibal
A cannibal bite your head off and hand it to you
SpitBoss, centrifugal force different from yours
Sun is Born, this is Lyrical Law, Yo!!!

[break]

[K-Rino]
I've never been a friendly author, don't need a gangster beat to make me off ya
I'll slaughter ya while playing Cyndi Lauper
Better than y'all, give me one competitive brawl
I throw a hundred miles an hour with a medicine ball
I melt your fortress down to caramel softness
Drive a charger through ya torso, parallel parking
That cosmic ray beam effect, I Hiroshima wreck
Rap disaster so tragic they gave his ass a FEMA check
Cadence is radiant, I predated Arcadians
I stayed with the brigade of alien ecto sapiens
Hit your through the atrium of heavenly light
Once I smite you, like a left arm you'll never be right
I've used every word possible to let you know what I can do
So I made something new, I'll collipherously clobber you
You ain't legitimate, you posing like a model
Dude I'll throttle you, liquidate and sixteen ounce bottle you

[break]

[Canibus]
I'm tryna figure out, who this nigga barking at
Before his heart gets snatched, run up on him in a stocking cap
Keep barking like you hard, get stalked and clapped
Come in the cage you get stomped on the mat
Carve your name in the axe, then chop you in the back

Hack off your femur bones, beat you with them like bats
Put your remains in some saran wrap, dump them in an alcohol vat
You can rap but you ain't all that
Step inside, close the door, fuck you yawning for?
Kick your head off, now it's rolling on the floor like a bowling ball
Open the door, clean this fucking mess off my wall
And don't ever mention his name no more
You dig, you follow me nigga, I follow you quicker
You got a weak ticker, told you not to fuck with the Ripper
Have you showing your true colours, drinking blood from ya liver
You a dickrider and you an Indian giver
Waging war with some gorillas, I'll bludgeon you by the river
The bar range is pissing he gon find you while you fishing
Fistula face, herpes simplex I'll break
Alienated aliens get ate by alien apes
You food nigga, throw yourself over the gate
How does alien taste? Like mammalian waste
You ain't swift you's a dumb fuck
I'll have you breathing like your lungs got struck by two-hundred pound nunchucks
Brave motherfuckers get slayed for Hip Hop if you love it
Like Kill Bill between a hundred gay lovers
I'm the illest nigga say something...
Yeah I thought so, shut the fuck up things will go back to normal
I ain't happy tho, now I'm in battle mode
The president of Hip Hop with mad motherfuckers on the grassy knoll
I take it back to my Curriculum days
What you say? I body you in meticulous ways
Cos you thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze
Let me tell you something, don't pop shit fistula face
Battle league nigga, talking shit's for amateurs nigga
Goddammit, y'all living off fantasies nigga
You wanna battle that bad, aight go get your camera
When it's my turn, I got a four and a half pound answer
When I was young, I took down hard targets
You a sausage nigga, for coming at me like a novice
You never heard 'Fraternity of the Impoverished'?
Motherfucker, can't you see that I'm an artist
I don't want them childish problems
Lyrical manslaughter charges interfere with my Lyrical Law process
Out rap me, that's preposterous, metaphor marksman mudswamping
We hunt down Hip Hop monsters
Skin 'em alive tie their carcass to the bottom of my Polaris
And drive them all the way to Wisconsin
Partner, fuck around, throw your ass under the bus face down
Lay down, we gonna wait for this greyhound
The fuck you gonna say now?
Do me a favour, stop weighing me down
Fucking clown, Lyrical Law is too muscle bound
Houdini style nigga, just struggle and drown
Get it over with you can never fuck with my style
You got raped nigga, you bleeding, don't touch my towel
You can spit them wack juice punchline lines all you want
But don't front, bottom line, I'm a champ, you a chump

You can spit your stupid punchlines all you want
But after this the whole world gonna see who won
That's what you wanted right, get the fuck off my mic

Canibus Lyrics

"The Emerald Cypher"

(feat. Born Sun, K-Rino, Killah Priest)

[Intro:]
Niggaz listen to this shit right now
Got this shit goin down
That New World Order, niggaz is holdin it down
Niggaz ain't ready man, everybody know what time it is man
Y'all niggaz listenin to this shit right now
All my niggaz in the street
Man y'all niggaz know what time it is, are they ready?
Let's see it, let's see if these niggaz is ready man

[Killah Priest:]
My brain is a coliseum unfinished, an art museum that none vision
A masoleum before the sun risen
Dark wisdom, break the order of the magic witches
The tablet that we gifted, fall in the hands of the music business
The sacred oath, to snake his post
He flinches, I take his ghost
Shadow war, we battle for
The emerald wing that unfold wings
When you enter the temple they sing, hieroglyphs
Up a spiral cliff, follow the monk for months
Close your eyes when his disciples is sent
Every morn' the first satellite hit
I spit, the prayer laws recite from scripts
Then it's back to the silence
Patient observe the lotus bud, I write the scroll on each clove
This is discipline before beast mode
Follow G-O-D code
Fondle my prayers beads, under a pear tree, this prepares me
Then a chair was formed by the bees
I bared the dare, come around me
I won't speak for weeks, I hold my tongue
Now I can hold the Sun - how is it I outnumber y'all?
And y'all got me by 6 to 1 (y'all got me by 6 to 1)

[Born Sun:]
The Elohim hold court in the ether
Decidin the fate of the human race I plead my case through the speakers
Sun the rapper who mastered the dark matter
The God particle mass created to smash atoms
Deal with energies that vibrate at higher frequencies
Your chakra's gotta be in line to even speak to me
Journey through time and I doubt you'll ever find
A shine on mines like mine that dwarf Einstein
See I confuse Confuscius, with a complex theory of evolution
With mind power that devoured Isaac Newton

Heaven on Earth? Nah! It's more like some sort of Hell
War with Satan ground shakin from the mortar shell
Escape the Matrix like Morpheus
Dodgin bullets in slow motion like we smokin some dust
But my third eye's bright enough to spar with the Dalai Lama
Verbal projectiles pierece spiritual body armor
I'm a, master builder from an enslaved mason
Tryin to hide my true identity as my creation
Lines I scribed identify who I'm facin
It's war! And either you a God or a Satan
"Lyrical Law" draws a paper thin between love and hate
Decide if you destroy or create
They think it's verbal but this warfare is spiritual
We box 'em in, apply pressure to his physical
Check one two, who got more style than Sun do?
None do, solar flare your Earth duke, son you
I body the mic, I body the beat
I body the emcee with the audacity to flow after me

[K-Rino:]
My automated system got eight wicked concoctions
If that don't satisfy press nine for more options
BOOOOP, I can't believe you just did that
Twenty thousand wigs just concurrently slid back
Ha~! I blow flames in hot dosages
If I get too thirsty the Earth'll be oceanless
Feelings don't move me, I guess I'm emotionless
Sick party host, pinata full of locustses
Bobbin for live grenades inside a bucket
I know the plural pronounciation is "locust" but fuck it!
What are the percentages, of a man actually choken to death
After swallowin phonetic images?
I spit unlimited pandemics, they're liberally distributed
Millions of rappers skin grafts and can't spit it
As I child I would see and slay; they'd check my room
And find my imaginary friend's imaginary DNA
It's gutwrenching - my ultimate intention
Is to sit on top of The Tower of Infinite Ascension
K-Rino the agg' jacker who ravages natural
Like Z in the alphabet I keep comin after you
The judge said for the sake of my health
I've been ordered to stay a hundred miles away from myself
You ain't hard! You a fake, I won't stop until I've blown his cover
You softer than the baby sister of a Jonas Brother

[Canibus:]
You ain't a behavioral scientist, why you dyin to spit?
You try too hard when you rhymin with 'Bis, try again
Approved this for public release, fuck with the beast
With bucked teeth bust your guns or get rushed in the streets
Handcuffed to the back of the Jeep, blindfolded
You hear a foreign language they speak, you do not know it
Kidnapped to Kemet through Khartoum to parched sand dunes

To a dark room, to witness your doom
Bash you in the face with the mag, rope around your neck
Over a tree branch, hoist you up with three sandbags
You shit yourself, your pants sag
Global broadcast, man that's sad, they lynched him in the lab
Twenty-four apprentices for hardcore fellowship
Twenty-four masters, twenty-four lyricists
Dead to the world, alive to the hearts that are pure
If you endure your mind's opened doors
Complete the last step without crossin my rep
Who's next? What possessed you to jump off a cliff?
I spit darts, once you stop the hip-hop juggernaut
Kill you bloodclot, you stink like jungle rot
Me I'm a Hermann Bushido Dogan Shotokan
The prototype of the first proto rhyme
With combined payloads, my glide bombs provide flows
That cause World War II death tolls at live shows
Independently targeted, bombin shit from so high up
In the atmosphere you lose consciousness
No oxygen, only Canibus anti-oxidants
Think about it, why spit into a bottomless pit?
I'm so isolated lyrically, they put me in a desert facility
To test my abilities, check out my melodies
Designed by Pratt & Whitney, rap so swiftly
TAW-50 following me cause you're with me
Your high bars are lukewarm, let me school y'all
Intravenously cold blooded coolin coils are runnin through my jaws
The Sun's hot - I'm warmer; the metaphor explorer
I give a order, you can't cross the border!
We ain't religions, don't talk about the Torah
We'll crucify you on the cross for a quarter
Welcome to my House of Slaughter, signing on the roster
Go downstairs, put your stuff in the locker
And come back, let me see what you got son, I dropped him
Rappers steppin to me? I ain't the one
Spontaneous nucleonic you the opposite, be honest
You produce reduced knowledge, your discography is dishonest
Both promise, change your name to MC Silence
Yes, your album inspired me, no I didn't buy it
Talk back, nigga get fired
I'll erase your verse off the track so fast you'll wake up tired
Candles go out, darkness infiltrate the house
What the fuck he talkin 'bout? He got a mental case mouth
I forced him to his knees, told him to face South
Empty your PayPal bank account 'fore I blow your brains out
Untouchable since the day I came out
That's why these wack niggaz keep callin my name out
How the fuck they gon' change that now? How they sound?
I'm a put him in the ground, "Lyrical Law" style
How you liked at me then, how you liked me now
How you liked me in the future when I'm wearin that crown
The crown is invisible, you don't have to be a loud individual
You act like hip-hop is all you listen to

If that's true, this is for you
Then I'm a keep rippin you, cause that's what Canibus do
If that's true, this is for you
And I'm a keep rippin you, cause that's what Canibus do

Canibus Lyrics

"The Golden Cypher"

(feat. Ras Kass, K-Solo)

[Ras Kass]
Uhh
Rap so klepto, any mic I steal
Y'all niggaz don't belong here like Michael Steele
at a Republican Party, I go for *[?]*
Leave cum stains on Sarah Palin's veneers for sure
Like I'm in Mordor, tryin to burn the ring up
The black semi knock your block off like playin Jenga
Have sex with the whole world just by raisin my middle finger
But y'all don't hear me though, (Inga)
And just like that I'm back spittin nasty as (Foxy)
Then I'ma stop servin y'all like the soup nazi
Happy Days, then I'ma spin off like (Joanie Loves Chachi)
Burn rubber, the Maserati mach three
Screamin mazeltov at my aki
(Squad) vomit at Keith Shocklee for the beat made of broccoli
Got a Palestinian girl, her pussy the bomb
Get it? Blew up, you can't stop me

[Canibus]
That's right, I wreck melody, so much energy
Why get on the track if you can't stand next to me?
So much energy it's a felony
Your microphone memory remember me, this is your penalty
You can't keep up mentally, you can't rhyme intelligently
Do it on the track, can't do it in front of me
You frontin, you and your man get all psyched up like it's Fight Club
Times up, you lost, life sucks
So does your wife slut, got a nice cunt
Last night we wiped white stuff on her butt
True power cannot be achieved by fightin over the mic
You can't compete with Canibus, aight?!
If your hat's turned to the back and you rap be prepared to scrap
You don't have to be scared of no strap
Cause your mind overstand all that
Fall back or no more contact with the Gods of rap
Go back to the "Lyrical Law" lab, first of all you trash
You can't add all the rhymes you had
Your mouth is a wound and your tongue is a scab
This is a concept the young mind doesn't grasp
That old stick in the mud, will put a gold bullet in a gun
Show you where red blood comes from
But that's not what you want, you want love
Where does that come from? Define that you bum
One thing at a time, intertwined as one mind
The proto in the prime of one perpetual line

No evil one I can divide, no matter the times try
No matter the lies that claim otherwise
Slumdog drug lord, guns drawn, motherfuck guns laws
You catch a big mini-gun gun charge
This is "Lyrical Law" not lyrical war
This is spiritual God, get your lyrics *[echoes]*

[K-Solo]
I'm nice with everything but chopsticks
Eyes couldn't see my style with glasses or binoculars made of optics
Stop it, slam it, rappers couldn't scoop a topic
Let alone follow they finger to mock this
Caught your hand on my style kid, put it in your pocket
If you can't get it home, what the fuck is the logic?
Want my devices, send my boys in to send fire to the ground
Hang my flag and brag, who's the nicest?
My Fort Knox, like Bunker Hill, *[?]* emcees guerrillas
Rhymin to go banana, breaks performed by Mad Drill
Man chill, your man'll get killed
And when they dump his ass off they gon' find him in a landfill
If I have to I will, that's on the real
I'm (Destiny's) only (Child) of the pay, on these girl group "Bills"
Word to Arthur Kill, Gun Hill for real
Wolf Gang, Murder Mouth, it's the king of the hill

Canibus Lyrics

"Cypher Of Steel"

(feat. K-Rino, Skarlit Rose)

[Intro]
It don't take nuttin to play exclusives man
I wanna see niggaz get down with the motherfuckin skills man
That's what really count man, any motherfuckin body
can play, motherfuckin exclusives man
It's about, the creativity, the blends, the mixes
The skills nigga! Take it back to the essence of this shit man
Let muh'fuckers see what you can REALLY do

[K-Rino]
I'll give you one clue to guess what my rap gun do
Like kung-fu, I got a steel pallet I practice runnin my tongue through
Ninety extra inches my lung grew, I stun you
And when I'm done a paraplegic'll outrun you
You want head trauma, real soon I'ma promise I'ma
drop seeds that blow up like the the Unabomber's momma
Y'all know what happens when a rapper starts yappin
I'll be bionic orangutan hand back stabbin
I break light speed surge and illustrate verbs
His career was so short his bio was eight words
See I'm admittin the sentence was well written
except THIS motherfucker should have never started spittin!
I'm too triflin to let him life again
I'm stiflin pain permanently by feeding you nitrogen Vicodin
See some of the worst speakers that I know
could vegetablise your flow like pico de gallo
Boy you got a lot of balls, playin with a dude
that can telekinetically extract bricks out of walls
If you come in my zone dissin my curriculum
I chew your ass out like the flavor in a stick of gum

[Skarlit Rose]
The linguistic league bitches, cutthroat, smeared lipstick
Wrists slit and I suggest you keep the *[?]* dissin before
you wake up in a tub to only find your ogans missin
Make sure to leave your tongue, with hopes you continue spittin
Dickridin, label providin, your fraudulent image
You the type of silly hoe to have no sense to begin with
Listen hooker emcees, on a mission of death, last breath
Your final rest, baby who got next?
I pop your lungs from your chest cavity
You consider your amateur blow to be challenging well then battle me!
I'll be waiting six feet, beneath the sheets of your thesaurus
Deep defeat, crack your teeth, no AutoTune on my chorus
Distorted your image, while drownin all your hopes and wishes
Revenge is served cold on a set of dirty dishes

Snitches, yeah, haven't you heard?
I'll put my barrel in your mouth and show you what a women's worth

[Canibus]
This is the definitive guide, on beats and rhymes
On how to get a black eye fuckin with those black guys
You better listen to what I'm sayin and teach yourself
Or I'll give you a belt and watch you beat yourself
Told you don't make a sound if you do they will put you down
Then all I'ma say is look at you now
Hip-Hop was not based off risk on a primal level
We rhymin with you, not rhymin at you
You better understand this shit or get talked to in Arabic
Banana clip, you don't wanna talk to Canibus
You talk about bars, my upper torso crawl up the wall
in your house through your window boy
Burglar bars get ripped off, bite off your arm
Leave (Jigsaw) scars, that's just a doll
This is Thunderdome hall, decoded like Sean
The laser beam scan the apartment, it's gone
Metaphorical wizard, the Oracle visit every four minutes
Until I finish, you bring me more Guiness
I'm like Devin the Dude, and Mexican food
with some Mexican dude and some gunslingers too
Come through, call the airstrike on your hood
Evacuate every bitch that make love so good
So what you wan' do? E'rybody chillin, we cool
Don't have to rip the face off no fool
That ain't "Lyrical Law" that's a lyrical rule
I ain't did this before, I don't wanna be cruel
I just wanna be loved, but the world wants blood
So we barricade the doors and wait for the noise
Nature boy, my name is deployed, the cave is destroyed
If you mention his name, he gets annoyed
Cause boys should not play with psychotic toys
A boy should not talk with a psychotic voice
Stand before me, don't plead no case
Cause you passed "Lyrical Law", you already great
So take your place next to any emcee that's great
In the Most High's name we pray
"Lyrical Law"

Canibus Lyrics

"Cypher Of Five Mics"

(feat. Chino XL)

[Intro: Canibus samples scratched]
"None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle me"
"Fuckin with Canibus, you get ate up"
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average"
"Hit you so hard, my hand breaks and my shoulder dislocates"
"I snatch your crown, wit'cha head still attached to it"
"The Canibus is ill like that"

[Chino XL]
I murder a sixteen to the point that it's embarrassing
Hide a grenade in my jeans, douse the booth in kerosene
Shatter your heart's main vein pipe
Insane at night I might have your career disappear in plain sight
Throw you off the top of a church, stab you with a steeple
I'm bloodying punchlines like I assaulted a hundred zebras
Non-believers and their Lyric Jesus is haters that savor
They're afraid since my native halo in the cradle
became a famous behemoth misbehavin angel
Insane but able with razors scrapin your face through ya neighbours naval
A fatal fable from Satan's table with an unstable brain cable
I'm hateful, blame it on being bi-racial
I'm psychologically an anomaly
Should be given formal apologies, honestly, a human oddity
A commodity, Godly when rapist spittin, his blood spillin
Chino so stuck up, gotta peel me off the fucking ceiling
I'm bringin so much beef it'll make a Hindu kneel
Too hard to kill you, heart's unequal beat you 'til you partial gristle tissue
Too fast for a photo, I slash the rapper who'd be homo
Leave him just skull and crutches like Jackass's movie logo
Burn down your fuckin apartment, barricade the fire escape
What I spit is rape, Chino make nightmares try to stay awake
You've never had a fly quote and nigga you and I know
the best thing you'll ever write is a suicide note
Get the fuck outta here! (Five Mics, yeah)

[scratched Canibus samples]
"I kick that shit real niggaz feel"
"The Canibus'll separate your body from your spirit"
"I'm the baddest motherfucker"
"What I'm spittin in your ear
was intended to stimulate your left-brain hemisphere"

[Canibus]
Canibus and Chino XL, rebels from Hell
He's a giant, I'm a stinger missile totin Keebler elf

Keep to myself, strategic for stealth; if I don't need it I leave it
believe it I kept it greasy for more than 60 seasons
Tear the target to pieces reload and repeat it
I got a billion bars but I ain't got the time to release it
And you ain't got the time to listen to it, hitman music
Blow a hole through your head and piss through it
cause you ain't fit to do this
He vocalled it first, I vocalled it second
Lyrics get murdered, we move in and do the forensics
Shut down your studio sessions, DNA analysis and collections
Cause Mic checking is a Ripper's jurisdiction
I'm a telepathic detective, blast you with a non-kinetic weapon
back to the essence beyond (The Outer Limits)
Wicked and wretched, send you a message, we lure yo' ass out to the desert
Motherfuckers prepare for the unexpected
We meet, symbolic technique, anabolic release
Any emcee gets weak when he knows he's dead meat
If I strike you'll be red for weeks
You might check in with a beast that'll tan you like the Mexican heat
The steps to my monastery are steep
If you still feelin froggy when we get to the top - then let's leap!
Inhale the hydrogen mist, then try to get hyper than 'Bis
It can't get no hyper than this
"Lyrical Law," hands on, jet turbo fans on
Aviators are drawn into a criss-cross sand launch
Turn starboard but still can't dodge, bank hard
S.O.S call command coms, concentrate can't talk
Not out of the woods yet, you can't thank God
The red baron's hair is as long as Susan Sarandon
War Hawks and red hawks launch out the underground airforce
You bail out like Amelia Earhart
SEER training is for naught, I caught you before I finished my cigar
You a prisoner of "Lyrical Law"
Yeah! Now I'ma seal the whole area off
What the fuck you thought? Ain't nobody scarin me off, AIGHT?
Niggas be rhymin like they lazy and soft
Get ate by the SpitBoss this is "Lyrical Law"
Yeah, niggaz be rhymin like the lazy and soft
Then get ate by a SpitBoss this is "Lyrical Law" - fuck you!
(Get the fuck outta here)

[Canibus samples scratched]
"None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle me"
"Fuckin with Canibus, you get ate up"
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average"
"Hit you so hard, my hand breaks and my shoulder dislocates"
"I snatch your crown, wit'cha head still attached to it"
"The Canibus is ill like that"
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"
"I kick that shit real niggaz feel"
"The Canibus'll seperate your body from your spirit"
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average" "Canibus"

"What I'm spittin in your ear
was intended to stimulate your left-brain hemisphere"

Canibus Lyrics

"The Ghost Of Hip Hop's Past"

[first minute of the song is DJ shoutouts]

[Canibus]
Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past
Let's see how long infinity gon' last...

Wake up, what is the date? 1988
Hip-Hop is barely exposed to the emotion and hate
I hibernate, rhymin from space, my first album ten years late
I tried to take it to a positive place
But it was like a communist state, I tried to escape
My label shot me in the back as I was climbin the gate
I woke up, now I'm awake, I found democracy to be fake
Hip-Hop sucks, who made it this way?
I was a teenager when hip-hop saved the day
Paychecks paid the way, not radio play
Some artists had knowledge of self, that little bit of honesty helped
Violent lyrics promoted positive guilt
So even when you thought the message was negative it promoted positive health
It was about the rhymes, not wealth
It was about our culture, not about what the culture could sell
It was a path to enlightenment, not Hell
We amused ourselves and this confused everybody else
I memorized "Rock the Bells"
I memorized "Tales for the Crack Side" I used to rock gazelles
EPMD, "You Gots to Chill"
Doug E. Fresh, Slick Rick, Pete Rock, "Mistadobalina" was Del
Cold Crush Crew, Melle Mel
Sugar Hill, Salt-n-Pepa, Sweet Tee pretty as hell
Shante dimple on her face, pretty as well
I used to wanna smell the pale Roxanne's taie
Technics 1200, beat it like an SB-12
Lord Finesse the punchline king, Heavy D was doing his own thing
Dio and McGruff used to hold things
Biz Mark's big ass gold chain
One day I think I saw the Jungle Brothers dancing on Soul Train
Marley Marl, Craig G, Master Ace, Big Daddy Kane
Kool G Rap put me under his wing
On the road to lyricism, with Rakim and them
Some real lyricists, Eric B. was sick with the zigga-ziggas
I know I'm trippin, it's been a minute
So many brothers and sisters it's hard to remember who did it
Memories disappear like Whodini
My friends disappeared faster than my budget when my producer was greedy
{"Fat, Boyyyyyyyyys"} feed me
I've been eatin emcees, you still don't believe
Brand of wool, brown teeth, red blood leak from Black Sheep

Whenever the horns blow it gets deep
Digging In The Crates for my niggas in the street
Diamond D had the "Best Kept Secret" for weeks
D-Nice said, "Bis, you a beast", Redman said, "Peace"
Def Jam said I couldn't compete
Killah Priest spit "Heavy Mental" before "Heavy Mental" was released
Accapella, no instrumental beat
My Girbauds would hang low, no crease
Timbs on the feet, Cold Cheeks had a Lex
Tom Leek had the MPV, J Rav had the Jeep
Clark Kent had the Tahoe, Charles bought a 4.6 because of Jay-Z
The program director's name from Hot 97 was Tracy
Tragedy Khadafi, Queens' first intelligent Prodigy
Probably the first Arab Nazi
K-9 Posse chew you up like blue chnk chopped meat
MC N-I-N-E
"This is the way we walk in New York"
"Throw Ya Gunz" in the air if you ready for war
Throw your hands the air if you ready for more
If I don't like the way you look, I'ma tear your face off
The Undergod, underground lord
When it comes to "100 Bars" you niggaz know who to ask for!
I woke up in the mornin, on a regular day
I knew my nigga K-Solo would be around my way
I washed off my Thor hammer, the trigger mechanism lubricate
It was time to destroy the place
He kept sayin if I spit my rhymes on the mic
in no time, I would be back in the limelight
I said, "Solo, nowadays I don't feel rap
Cause it ain't like it used to be, the shit is whack"
He said, "No 'Bis, trust Wolfgang, cause I know my shit
You already know the flows I spit"
We love hip-hop, we gotta pay homage to the shit
I love hip-hop... *[fades out, comes back as scratching]*

[repeat 2X]
Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past
Let's see how long "Lyrical Law" gon' last

[Canibus]
DJ Immortal, get it kid! YEAH!

Canibus Lyrics

"Cypher With Self"

[Canibus]
People ask me what is Lyrical Law, in its most original form
Lyrical Law is just a language that I use to describe various components of lyrical fitness, and that was all
Then they said they wanted me to brake that down, cause I made that style
So that's why I'm making this now, I'm gonna show you how, stay with me

2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort
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First lession, check it
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2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,
Every concept seem separate, but all contact with a higher power is a message
I said it, all contact with a higher power is a rare credit, only angels on the guest list

[Urban Rose]
We've had enough of the lies
We won't keep believing your disguise
Ain't no way to break through
If you keep believing what they tell you
'Cause when you wake up in the morning and you can't even breathe
So much stress on your chest you just got to buckle to you knees
Our lungs are shattered, shattered from the rage
We don't give a fuck, we gon scream it anyway

[Canibus]
Yo, Lyrical Law flow, open the hyperdimensional window
The cold is a node, unbenounced
Lightening bolts that branch out fangs to the throat
You can't speak on the truth cause you're a mainstream ho
From the dirt floor in the hut, to the mansion on stilts and struts
They are alive, but they haven't lived much
It's almost time to get in touch, they will whine and discuss
This is for they're own good, Canibus
Hip Hop, what a rush, turn sucka MC's to slush, such and such and such
Enough, none of them was hits, they was near missed
I ain't talking about that, I'm talking about this
2012, classified pattens, only the first couple of thousands got to do with rapping
I've been rapping since rap happened
Half of yall rappers is tap dancing, other half of yall is lap dancing
The man in the mirror laughing at the Melatonin Magik
Yeah, they all laughing till the Spaceships landed

[Urban Rose]
Sorrow leads the way

Always broken with their wicked mind.
They're falling away
'Cause there is no truth within their eyes
No place, no place to go

[Canibus]
But not you Canibus, your sorrow will be your advantages
But you must control how to channel it
4th dimensional shifts are sandwiched
Between this reality and a 5th dimensional rift
The teacher doesn't talk in anagliphs
But you miss understand Canibus, hip hop gave him a chance to exist
The most advanced lyricism ever spit
And all they keep talking about is some stupid random shit
Just talk about the good, stop talking about the bad
Cause other peoples business will beat yo ass
Somebody new showed up, and we don't like him
They bathe in human corpse dismembered to their liking
And all I'm doin is rhyming, Thats not violent
Imma shut up, to deactivate this bomb we need silence
Knowledge, is the reason that we bleed violet
The leaders acknowledge this and profit
They are the watchers of the prophets
Post Apocalyptic, must stop ot
Fear is not an emotion, fear is not an option
They paralyze your motor skills, I could live without it
You call that a thrill? I doubt it!

[Urban Rose]
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We won't keep believing your disguise
Ain't no way to break through
If you keep believing what they tell you
'Cause when you wake up in the morning and you can't even breathe
So much stress on your chest you just got to buckle to you knees
Our lungs are shattered, shattered from the rage
We don't give a fuck, we gon scream it anyway

[Canibus]
Steel cables repel downward to inner mountain
Look around it, Sasquash is on my next album
The savage lookin for salvage, Not talkin about them
I'm talkin about us
Theres probably only a thousand left
Lyrical Law is your only outlet
Get out while you still can and forget about it but don't doubt it
I water the garden, the metal growin out the ground hardens
My lyrics give me presidential pardon
I serve as the Shepherd and Bro to bring a Message to the Globe
This law is the mortar between stones
I serve as the Shepherd and Bro to bring a Message to the Globe
We are one Soul in separated zones
We control our souls and the microphones

That control the sound waves that this Law exposes

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Canibus Lyrics

"Rip Vs. Poet Laureate (Director's Cut)"

[Intro: 'Gladiator' sample]
You have proved your valor yet again
Let us hope for the last time
But there's no one left to fight, sire
There is always somebody left to fight

[Knowledge God]
Are you an ego monster, writing ten thousand bars?
I'll melt your squid face with ten thousand stars
Your battle raps dried up like the ass of the Sphinx
And your brains fried up my verses make your ball shrink
I'll kill you like Marie Curie with Ionizing Radiation
You are facing termination by your own creation
My metaphors mechanics will toss you off the planet
You smoke too much chronic, my vocab is volcanic
Infinite beings with black bars, that eat through rap stars
Travel time in fast cars, you fire past Mars
I ran back home to battle Rip on the phone
Right after I cracked Can-I-Bitch with the Mayan Sun Stone
You say we'll live without fear for several millions years
If you hold hands with your peers like a bunch of queers
My Stryker Brigade driver, strike a gay rapper
I leave Rip dehydrated with lines of hot lava
I tie you up with a snake shaped like a sideways eight
And watch you break and suffocate at an unrelenting pace
Mechanical skeletal structure was designed with a Heavy Mental
Your mind's left behind, it's as light as a feathered quill
The Will of Knowledge God controls thoughts and movement
And force Can-I-Bitch to eat atomic waste pollutant
LL crucified your career with 'The Ripper Strikes Back'
I slice you from ear to ear, who's the Jamaican in the body bag?

[Canibus]
Rip the Jacker quantum creator, the quasar quaker
So many layers I can't demonstrate it on paper
My melodic emulators cut you down with trachea lasers
Of deeply deposited argon vapors
My every verse is a psychic institutional burst
I choose which layer to listen to first
At the peak of the Bell Curve, earthquakes make me misspell words
But loud and clear my every verse is well heard
They barely understand you
The unseen hands that sample you and command you, it's quite puritanical
Henry Louis Gates Jr. said I was a lyrical computer
A great leader of a spiritual movement
Homo Noeticus student, the cosmic human
Homo Evolutis, divine rulers from a digital future

I'm a poet not a puppet, I spit these rhymes without a budget
With more infinite rhymes than cousins
Non-periodic comets, halotolonian bubbles in solidified rock deposits
When you take the time to unearth what I did
You will witness infinity, every verse is a bridge
Uneasy lies the head, my crown is too heavy for your men
The mixing board got a thousand channels plugged in
Music generated user generated mixing board entertainment
For you mental entrainment

[Canibus]
The mic on my arm is symbolic for a knowledge bomb
Celestial arms spiral into viral columns
I was betrayed the moment you were born
And more often than not I say it in my songs
All day long I talk about Lyrical Law
I reserve the right to say whatever I want
If God kisses your face and the Devil kissed your ass
Then how come you ain't got no goddamn cash?
The breakaway civilization, generation on blast
The human population is reduced to ten percent of the half
For those who love to laugh
Bolides collide with incoming craft
The geography is nanoscopic nano-typography
If you don't understand don't mock me
The midnight lyricist with a one thousand bar cylinders
A Ripper's lyricism is unlimited

[Canibus]
The opening mechanism for the Sphinx is behind the ears
But there is freedom behind your fears
I am the autistic King Ellipsis who broke the Ecliptic
But don't nobody wanna listen
After twelve I turned into a Rakim gremlin
Bare witness to my lyrical fitness
Paranoid chilling Bob Dylan, Hip Hop villain
Lyrical Law from the heart of the Dark Lizard King still spitting
Kill a gilla reptile with poisonous venom
Give 'em a poem in every embolism when the rhythm hit 'em
Bus 'em, punishes women and children, whoever wit' 'em
The illest alive, still living, still spitting
The audio master, blast you with a vocal sample trigger
I'm the illest, I'm the illest, I'm the illest
They got their plans and we got ours
Plus I got my own plans if something goes sour

[Canibus]
Fast acting bio hazard, my verse is a surface burst
Blasting and attacking and backtracking through a massive magnet
Global area with a bio location for rappers
Vocals powered by zero point magic motors
How many times you done this before Bis?
Created an album that some love but others dismiss

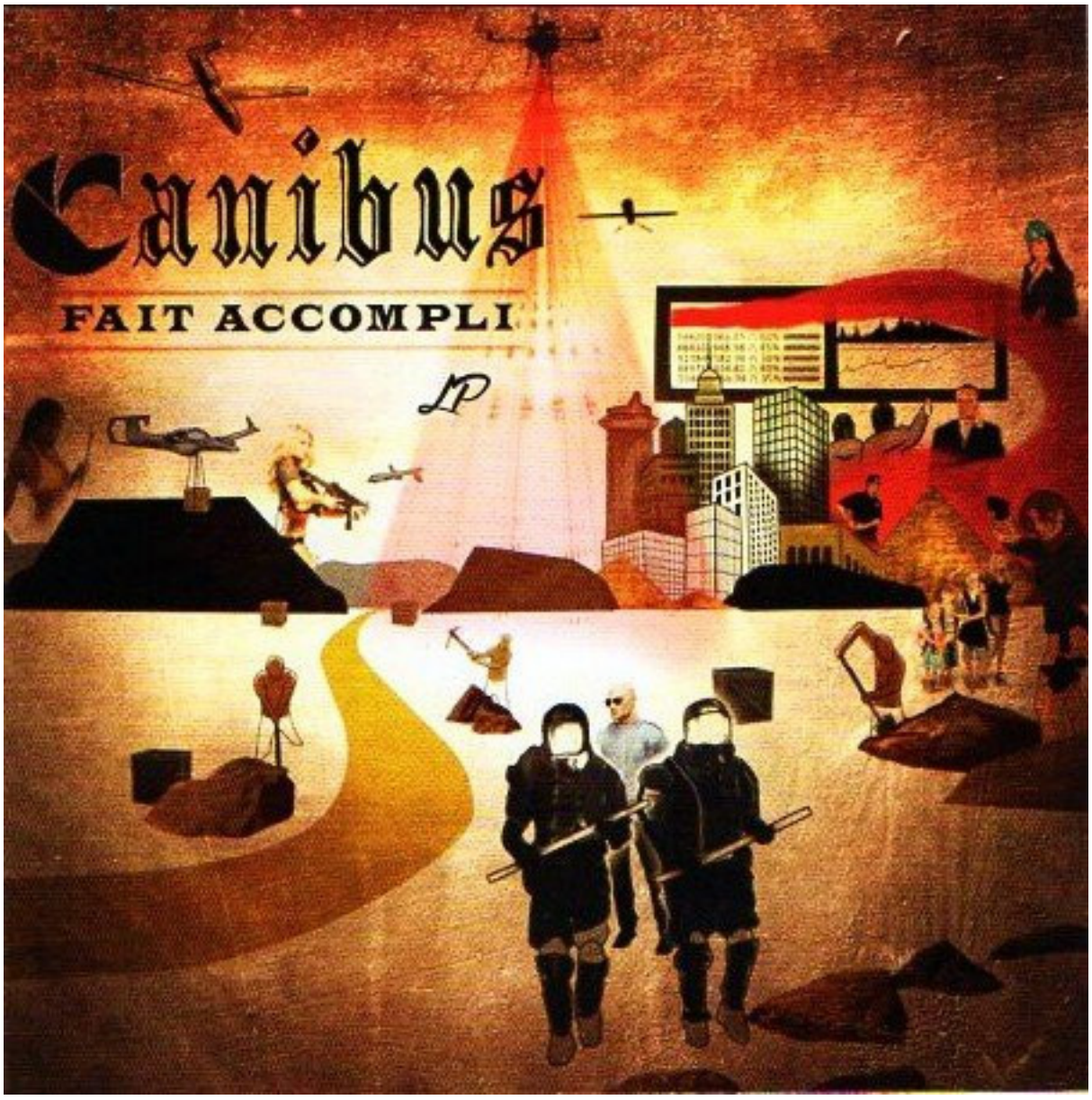
My air-apparent is trying to hijack Hip Hop
Using some fucked up mixing board spirits
Everything I've written for my brothers and sisters who still listen
This ain't no fricking fake reality vision
This a real mission, the real wheels of steel still spinning
I laugh, radio DJs ass kissing
How far would you go to be a rapper? Ask 'em
Beyond the absence of light is only blackness
How far would you go to be a rapper? Ask 'em
Beyond the absence of light is all blackness

[Canibus]
Two hundred bars, eleven minutes, eighteen bars per minute
Yeah, I still got it, can you fuck with it?
Superior rhymes recorded inside ethereal time
Uncontrived and alive by design
Tiger tooth Spiderman diving off the roof
Smile, it's the truth when I'm rhyming over loops
I'm in a spaceship minus the roof
Yeah, a real spaceship, something I designed in my youth
Let the world know the truth,
That I designed iller records than you
I wrote, produced and recorded and released a lot more records than you
Just thought that I should get more credit than you
'Cause I'm better than you
See, you can lie to me but don't lie about me
Is that all you got? No wonder you grouchy
My lyrics sound horrible, your voice sounds lousy
So why you still be up on radio talking 'bout me?

[Canibus]
Catchphrase me if you can, nobody rhyme like Javelin Fangz
I grab the mic with pure knowledge in my hand
Jump off the bridge, you fake niggas scram
I'll strangle you with dreadlocks and my bear hands
Take you to the ground, release no release, I'm a beast
Run out of wind? I'll hit you with the piece
One, two, three deceased
It's already chaos going on in the streets, it's just you and me
I'ma make you eat everything you said about the kid
Hip Hop's one of those things I'm proud I did
I respect your whole catalog and what you've said
And I'ma share your legacy with the one's who care
They say, "Hip Hop is the greatest story never told"
Imagine what it'd look like at a hundred years old
You can't use mind control on a timeless soul
An emcee's lyrics defines his role

[Canibus]
Close encounters with the poetic Buddha
Outside Infinity City, with programmable life-form producers
The Grand Deception, that's what it was
The idea of aliens or anatomical subs

For dinosaurs that feed off our flesh and blood
They worship the Sun, put you to death if you run
The serpent from Eden at Glen Rose, Texas museum
What's the meaning? They lived alongside human beings
Visible photography blends with lomography lens
They can't copy, no matter how they pretend
The Canibus Man, is just apocalypse in a can
But Rip the Jacker spreads soundscapes across the land
Constant to your death signals, Hip Hop jingles
I could literally kill you with a Hip Hop single
SEI is now online, the next verse reverse time
I can float a pound of steel with my mind
Tesla shield designed, obsessed with unlocking my mind
'Cause there is no stopping my kind
The photons of life phase conjugation on the mic
My rhymes re-materialize as light
The lost unified field theory of Maxwell
They know I rap, but they didn't know I rap that well
I can't deceive you, the truth is out there for the people
The lies are transparent to see through
I dream the galactic green, the Northern Lights in the skies
Uninhibited by the jet stream
God is within me, God is within you too
And together we will find the truth
They said "You ain't the same Rip, Canibus, Poet Laureate"
But you never check what Germaine think
Project CC-gate spit, comet sized "C" spaceship
They so shocked they didn't say shit
Lyrical Law is all about the lyrics
And it goes a little something like this, hit it


Canibus
FAIT ACCOMPLI
LP

Canibus Lyrics

"Fait Accompli"

[Verse 1:]
Type on keyboard blind, sign in- everybody say hi
I'm the holy hip hop Majai
Them motherfuckers kicked in the door, I got excited
When I realized who who it was I got silent
Morgan Freeman told the country it's all over
Danny Glover said the same thing but slower
Now they say he's worse than Carter
Him and his big head daughters
They don't care about collapse of the dollar
The population of a planet cries out for more
They are ignored and repeatedly provoked to war
Martial Law, what you think they was hoping for?
All you gotta' do is walk through that open door
Modern man - is but a primitive hologram
Transhumans, revolutions with pots and pans
The god gene is the dominant strand
The politics don't matter - the left, right or they communist plans

[Verse 2:]
If you don't want beef - pipe down that inflammatory speech
Throw you in the Goulag for weeks
Which pussy riot whore passport to go to Hong Kong?
Nah nigger.. you ain't going on tour
The hood die young with guns and tied tongues
Daughters and sons smoke drugs that fry lungs
When liars tell the truth, nobody believes them
Then along comes somebody they can trust that deceives them
One ounce of silver, one once of copper
That's all I got , that ain't enough to stop 'em
The problem that we face is race
Even if you ain't black, you can't escape this draconian fate
Partnership, trancspacific, free speech no longer permitted
Guilty as charged, you will not be acquitted
Listen - you taking a piss? You better not be
You on the black list, everybody bout to get stripped
Yeah, you know what they say, it is what it is till it ain't
So what - you go hard in the paint
Whatever, hurry up and wait till it's too late to change the stakes
The nuisance abates, the truth is you're abused by the state
Get small stay home and pray
Raytheon drones strafe, no home is safe
Don't watch the throne, watch that nordics face
Ididarod dog race across unthawed straights
For the agent provocateur in all lace
Muscle therapy Kate, Uleander in a sauna feeding me grapes
She pour cold champagne in the warm spring lake

Brought her to my seed vault for the cost of freight
"Svalbard" how's it feel to rule the world? Wait!
I got one kernel of corn on my plate, stop dreaming get back to base
Well ok - But why the flight time shorter than the pat downs take?
It's because freedom is fake in a police state
USA constitution got shredded in oh 8
Able bodied adults, that can't get out of the cult
They say that's it's the luciferians fault
And now Holocaust healthcare is not much better than welfare
Assassin dress like mailman
Violence doesn't discriminate, it's just has to intimidate
Now you got a Zimmerman in your face
I see the people of the world protest in vain
While the antichrist reigns through the sons of Cain
Righteous people of the world protest in vain
While the antichrist reigns rain rain and rains

Canibus Lyrics

"Pay Me In Gold"

Finance yo' fine ass, they cherry pick off the street
They own everything that we eat, they control everything that we see
It trickles down to the beats from the temple on high with the priest
Where they sacrifice blood to the beast with javelin teeth
Mother Mary Magdalene said a prayer with a tweet
It's only weeks away, it's called modern day D-day
"I don't know shit," that's what the Chief say
The Devil told me Jesus died for nothing
The evidence he showed me: it's all a corruption
Corruption everywhere, let's be clear: The End IS Near
The Devil desires to tempt your ear
The Book of Life has no names, just shackle and chains
Day traders reading Elliott waves
Dark entities, deep enclaves, houses sheep and slaves
The maze of malnutrition and malaise
HAARP, one trillion watt warp
Split a Wal-Mart in half like the Red Sea to see what you bought
Oregano oil, one quart for immune support
Ban Ki-moon, Blood Moon source doom and default
Go for it, one decimal point away from rolling a joint
I bought an IPO Cannabit coin
Yeah, the dye is cast, currencies dive and crash
One world government, at last
An octopus with infinite arms says, "There is no God
The little g will be a big G later on."
A delicate balance, the challenge is dividing his talents
While maintaining a colorful palate
You struggle to overstand the true history of man
But the pursuit of such knowledge is banned
Google Glass hardwired to the human glands
Used to take two to dance, now it's just artificial intelligence
Glass–Steagall shattered from the wall to the ground
The nobility announce, "They are forced to bow!"
They won't get to reintroduce the Bradbury Pound
Cause the red Chinese probably snatched up every ounce
THEY WANT GOLD

Canibus Lyrics

"This Ain't The Movies"

I got human growth hormone bones
You better leave me alone
Badass M.A.N.P.A.D.S and drones
I follow slow, their footprints in the snow
They pigeon toed, they cooking with peanut oil
They gotta be close
I track the geese, take flight move east
Team real, tree fleece
They match rims on the pickup chief
I'm that p3 orion, dragon Judah standing next to the lion
With angels beside him and god behind em
The son of perdition wants to kidnap all of the women
And make slaves outta all of the children
Shinola hit the fan, the pine sol soils ya pants
You were warned - but you still in a trance
Brand new Lambroghini vans parked outside the Fema camps
Can't nobody change they plans?
You sat down in the chair and you crossed your legs
The next time you do that you'll be wearing depends
They took your picture up close - with a telescopic lens
They wrote a report that said you got terrorist friends
They all lies and more got damn lies
She got bedroom eyes, carmelized apples beef patty thighs
It ain't the brown mans fault - that the second vicil war jumped off
Who's his boss? Implicate the source
They got battle cruisers bigger than Cuba
With internet 2 computers, the front man is just one of they stooges
They control the information, they abuse it
Noone could disprove it, resistance means your already recruited, stupid
Identify threat within and external
EMP blast stop the war wagon when it circle
The keys the nuclear closet is in his upper jacker pocket
Locked him up with a Nuwabian prophet
The N D double A was the process
But they been doing this brown people since posse commiatus
Poverty migration, depopulation violations, genocide of nation
Through the god they put faith in
Our thoughts and spiritual energy force is wasted
Rebirth is eliminated, we are rehypothocated
World domination predidacted by human lab rats
And dead cats that got ate by economic Mad Max
Platnium before I knew what platnium was
Got plaques, ried to exchange it for cash and got laughed at
Not funny, still don't nothing move but the money
If the dollar is devalued - you just another dummy
Derivative bubbles, quasi illegitimate puzzles
They chuckle in they bungalow till it crubmle

If you were me, then I would be humble
Seek out those who love you
Seek the lord for you know he loves you
Avoid digital voo doo and these black swan gurus
Yeah, it's the end of the world and business as usual
Americans ain't stupid, they're just distracted
The good life was good for as long as it lasted
Primary audio circuit, fait accompli emergency service
Pay me up front for the verses
Any currency is good as long as it can be converted
As long as I can use it for my food item purchase
Or any emergency purpose, religious workers travel by permit
Mega bus merchants public transportation mergers
Good bad and ugly, all wanna grab your money
Brass monkey - uncle Sam be grumpy
He make sounds like star wars Chewy
But this ain't the movies
Trust me - this ain't the movies
Shell cases make beats when they touch the concrete
You might hang from a tree if you don't got a strong fleet
Of course we gon remember you, look what you did
You threw America in a trash can with no lod
Forgive and forget, woah not so fast just yet
Rodney Dangerfield just wanted respect, from the powers

Canibus Lyrics

"The Primary Axiom"

It ain't no excuse, it's the truth
We never had a chance cause the enemy's not human
Bite off more than you could chew then choke
Good and bad opportunities, I've ruined them both
What you be about, Lord? "Aiyo, I be about Tiaamat's law
Before the Great Wall was destroyed."
Knowledge, wisdom, understandin'
Amnesia pre-plannin'
Native tribes slaughtered by cannons
Didn't wanna listen when I told you
Now you eating soy bean tofu, look what you go through
The faggot wants to be accepted, the Anti-Christ is erected
The whole world changes perspective
Khadafi had a golden gun
China got two hundred and fifty quadrillion golden tons
American confidence is waning, patriots complaining
Drones in the sky filmin' terrorist training
The white man's mad because the white man is selling out the white man
Now you KNOW shit is bad
The Asian man got computers that don't subtract, they just add up
While the Arab man'll still pull the dagger
The rednecks from Santa Ana reach for they hammer
Blam, Blam, Blamma look straight into the camera
Jenny Lake, Wyoming camping, the stars are dancing
Starlight skies, Dreadnaught's commander
Homo Cobra Capensis, long pincher's
Like a Mantis, early Appalachia Atlantis
Baalbek, broad shoulders, throw boulders to the four corners
When I'm around they start talkin'
Knuckle-draggin' monkey, think he know somethin'?
You don't know nothin'! The Ironman suit was on Tussin!
The nation sinks into a cesspool of sinflation
Automated Jamaican simulations, I'm stimulated
Eviscerated, well-shaven, when he's dead cremate him
Make sure you say his rhymes verbatim
I'mma put you in rehab, punch you i your fuckin' bean bag
And go have myself a nice steam bah
You don't want the wrath of black Charlie McGrath
I sprinkled glass on the grass before they raided my pad
Pull up the customer case while I fuck your face
Negotiate, how much does your 10.99 make?
Yeah I like joggin' in place, Martin Luther's speech everyday
Cause I had to have a dream anyway
Camelbak break, ice cold water on a dry lake
Not bad for a primitive primate, huh?
Dark project research manager, Canibus
In the '90s I created a neuro-sampler

Nano-nuclear waves, non-particle
You the NCO in charge of this group? Lemme talk to you
Rap this, rap that. C'mon Canibus just rap
The whole world happy Canibus back
1000 bars plus tax, I know you love that, you little muskrats
Doin' jumpin' jacks on the tracks
Be quiet! Something is watching us, influencing our consciousness
Falsely encouraging us, stopping us!
They can't live without you, 'Bus
They said we need more time. I quietly replied "Time is up."
I've rhymed enough, uncoiled B-Fields
T1, 2 & 3, the Beast from the East will not yield!
The time war samurai sword, pantomime record
Minds like mines not minds like yours
If language is a virus, Germaine is timeless
Simply put, Germaine is a syllable scientist
In comparison, I pale to creatures with scales, claws and tails
Laser weapons hangin' off of they belts
With the wings and the eyes of an eagle
No matter the distance, they see you
Put your hands where they can see you
Read your thoughts like the NSA
Paralegal power to the people
I wish I had the power to defeat you
The Hebrew has no equal, technology he has the keys to
With breakaway speeds to leave you
The pyscho psychic hypersensitive Sifu
Since the veil's too thick for human beings to see through
They don't need to let you know they don't need you
All you need to know is that they came from Nibiru
Nimrod wants his gold and he's coming to get it
And that's why he's worshiped by the ones that collect it
I can motion vector long enough to hold that sector
I'm the protector, Hip Hop's alpha-successor
Kick yo ass all over the battlefield, it was my pleasure
And we can do it again, whenever

Canibus Lyrics

"Dyson's Fear Of Spheres"

Step into the Grand SCIF Room
Please carefully describe what you see besides a crescent-lit moon
The Frescoe's of Pompei depict modern day
Polyentendres peak like Dante
Speaking of Minister Mugabe's calendar in Zimbabwe
The Earth's first ancient underground enclave
Where the priesthood pontiffs
Burn white smoke to keep conscious
Convene in the square with the black mambas
And the tibetan mandalas, the plaque of palanka
Who is your sponsor? Ganja
Mahatmah Ghandhi in concert
Before the whole world was conquered by the antichrist I watched it
These problematic mystics, nescient narcissistic
Dim wit, still obsessed with the way that I spit shit
You sitting on the highway stuck
I get around the traffic in a high rail truck with a flywheel clutch
The rap music watch dog, Hip hop robot borg
I got JP beats on the boards
We rap music watch dogs, hip hop robot borgs
JP headphones got cobalt chords
Special agent Alexander has bad manners
He gerrymanders cancer communities speaking bad spanish
And since it's now legal task force going wild weasel
They confiscate drugs from the people
Evolved from clips and chrome to bone age cone head clones
With nano ohms operated headphones
Back in the day I used to order chicken parmesean
At the Mondrian and have a sunset seance
She put a nice neglige on
A soft mink bed spread, we could both lay on and just talk
She flirting, combing thru her hair with her own fingers
I wouldn't expect her to know those lyrics
She can't wait to get the album
It downloaded 500 thousand
She says I'm the king of crap mountain
For me to sell out, that means somebody gotta' buy in
Nobody bit the bait Bis, try again
Confirm life is real, the wound is too deep to heal
A man like that does not want to feel
They say I'm too old to rap, 6 minute mile laps
I'll stop when I'm too old to do that
I work for 3 shifts of 8, then I'm out the gate
I post haste forth with before I walk away
I been worlds leading rap manufacturer for quite some while
Don't even trip when they bite my style
I want the whole world to upgrade

Humankind struggles to this day
Many survived the double digit age
But mortality rate everywhere is not the same
Promote life after life, like St. Germaine
Rhymes, reason, signs times and seasons
The lastest is in line with unprecedented achievements
We all know what these was, bees worthy bees get buzzed
My superbug is immune to drums
Watch him howl at the moon
The son of a bitch, half baboon
He got a warp around serpent tattoo
He sent floods, radiation to posion our blood
He deceived the whole world to destroy our love
He has no color, he doesn't see the other as his brother
Even though he knows we need each other
He's a animal that walks upright
With a fucked up love life, can't even get a hug for the night
If you see me with my teeth fixed, that means i'm rich
If your teeth is fucked up it's cause you sucked my dick
Talk to the Comm cheif, he asked what's the status
We gotta' survey the fire lit caverns on Saturn
When we landed in a damaged flight cabin
I got out and saw a hexagonal pattern
Walked over and grabbed it
The co-pilot was dead holding a picture of his kids
It would be insensitive to say he wasn't meant to live
I walked 40 clicks the from the edge of the A Ring
Crossed over the Encke divison, Molybdenum bridge
The creature I saw was a cross between a pig with the face of a squid
And fine hairs like an Arachnid
It said "if you gonna stand there and stare
You might aswell walk over here and yank my beard if you ain't scared"
I've seen enough I gotta' get back to where to I live
From that place of abundance called a Dysons sphere
I moved to the U.S at 2 years old
I payed taxes here so long, this is where I call home
The specter metrics edit's is exeptionally impressive
Syndromatic tornado tourettes, but what's that?
Show mercy upon my soul, through proper governance and goodwill
I am your obedient servant still
We are consumed by war, slave class martial law
Blood red like the plateau on Mars
"I will live, love,I earn, try not to burn
For one day soon, the golden ones shall return"
If we discern and work hard to earn, get what we deserve
The golden ones return is our turn
Freedom of press means you get too nosey
Get sentenced to death, cause those were senseless steps
Let the rooster take care of his Biz, let the hens lay eggs
Let the hard working people working make bread
Cause we don't want much, we want what we want
You act like we had a choice, like you didn't set us up
If you can't stand the sound of ya families moans

Then you need to get over there and bandage those bones
Squeaky wheels get oil, silent frogs sit there and boil
All refrigerated items might spoil
Any knowledge is not good knowledge
Unless you gain enough knowledge to emerge from the darkness where it started
Till the light sparketh - manifested itself and departed
Never to return but still yet a part of it
Do you comprehend that? Say that last part again
I was busy watching football again
The power cut off again on again off again
It's the end of the world but let's all pretend
It was just an awful dream
Can't even express what I mean
Cause I don't even know what I seen

Canibus Lyrics

"The Principle Of Equivalence"

River water floods, every country, blood red algae
We are the people, the people have a bounty
Every man woman and child, non elites must bow
This is the future, the future is now
Freedom - liberty - the pursuit of happiness
The home of the brave with a ravenous dark side
Chickasaw war tribes, black aparthied
Hard on the eyes, heavy on the hearts and minds
We can't use consitution to defend our laws
Padelford V. Alderman, Savannaha
Executive order 13037
They call us human capital, capital credit
Executive order 12803
Everything in America's for sale my "Gee"
Fictious obligation, how you gonna qualify that statement
You still live in grandma basement, alone with your thoughts
Don't wanna take your headphones off, they strip you to your draws in the airport
Zombies in the dead zone, pretty ass bitch she redbone, I sat next to her no leg room
The treaty of 1213 means I work for the queen
I work to recover my title deeds
Do noy folly with idle speech, poetry deep
A silent as spiders feet, LE be quiet you creep
Stealthsubmarine silent fleet
The man smiles - he admires the beast
A lamb is just something to eat
Especially when spicy seasoning is added to that wonderful meat
We are the people but the people don't count dude
Barron VS the mayor of Baltimore city council
The USA was not founded on christian values
The treaty of tripoli spells it out for you
Pennsylvania supreme court, the most powerful of all
10 paces draw in front of town hall
The estate was divided into districts to define it's existence
This is a realistic statistic
They set us up to perform poorly
It's the usual story, if you love me make a movie for me
The human population is so easily occupied, human life is just a commodity modified
The highly comprehensive Canibus collection
Old school classic like them early century westerns
Papyrus paper record deals stage coach wagon wheels
Sping transporing my written cylinder seals
Medieval artifact retrieval
Yes, we are the people, but we're just poor people
Evolution produces revolution, not the other way around
Thses stupid ass rappers is as dumb as they sound
I want Freedom, I already know I'm a dead man speaking
Who dies before the RV every weekend

Multi digit palindrome prime lexicon online
Linear lines up right on time
No more lies, Crypto contrived
Quantum worlds collide the moment the groom returns for his bride
I accep the slander and praise
Cause one of these days, it's gonna happen one of two ways
You wake - none of it's real - you laugh or
Inertial mass of inert gas splits the world in half
All that is, is reincarnated to live
We only think we're alive but we're really dead
The yellow dragon from hell
Hatched from a black eggshell with a red tail and deep blue nails
The predator pulled energy from a pool of point 2 mega joules
At zero point zero residue
Ingest the yes pill, this is my last testament and will
Protected by a polar satellite shield , for real
I travel in the flesh, but the goal is to travel without
The house of the lord is a traveling house
In a G2 cloud, when helium 3 hues un shrouded
Among spirits that the pyramid houses
Superwaves shear off the sides of every mountain
Spacecrafts land, a God steps down out of it
A little G God, no doubt about it, people crowd around him
Knowledge - looking gallant and valiant
Wisdom, knowledge nothing without it
Understanding - every attribute itemized and counted
The wind blows up from the ground, the ground makes earthquake sounds
Miles of city blocks shook down
The blood thirsty dracs, shout:
"Launch the attack!", they say "stand like a man or crawl on your back"
Go head take a stand, I know you don't understand
See we always have a choive but we never had a chance
The murder weapon was thrown in the pacific in the high seas
That means it will never be retrieved
When indivudals decide to climb into a hive mind
They shouldn't be surprised what they find
Your mind is no longer your own
A one billion man army of clones, that follow orders like drones
Hopless silence - whispering quotes of violence
The sky is black, the smoke is violet
There is evil at the doorstep of every man
Declaring you have a choice, but you don't have a chance
The savage salivates at the scent of a man
And say you always had a choice but you never had a chance
What you gotta say about that lieutenant Dan?
Bubba died right there in Forest Gumps hands!

Canibus Lyrics

"The Rude Boy Oscars"

What if they mobilize a merc team to your location right now
What you gonna do, how?
Didn't wanna listen when I told you
Now you eating Soybean Tofu trynna be social
Cold weather index drop, put it in park, stop
They got a checkpoint every block, Korean car seat head rest
STuffed animals, 3 thousand mile traffic
That's understandable, put you in a shanghai sling
Cause you be carrying things, lock you away with PRK Kim
Human nature, animal behaviour
They believe in a saviour
We were all duct tapped by the taper
Can't wake up and smell roses to heal yourself
You're looking for an opportunity to kill yourself
The undead grabs your leg, kick him in the fucking head
Kick his fucking ass again
The ahndicapped hunter covered more ground than all the others
We gotta' give it to him, that was really something
Out taking a walk Nahanni national park
Fourteen when I caught my first Goshawk hawk
Now it's time for improvement, 58 wade mount shooters
We sit on the hill and count cougars
We told them about the future
None of them cared, till they went to confiscate his balls
He wasn't there
Peripheral neuropathy, my nerve endings rarely work properly
I can't feel nothing, try stopping me
They do what they do cause they can
They dominate man, every human homind is scanned
I beg you pardon, I don't know what you talking
Right now from where I'm standing, escape ain't no option
Late August, dry spell, smoke jumpers jumping outta planes trynna battle fires from hell
They have the right to blindfold your eyes, under paragraph five
They need you to initial and sign transparent policies regaring technologies
Software secure - and then again it might not be
The microphone is a philosphere's stone, negative and positive poems
Can-I-bus - you probably know him
I make the music, I create it, I don't have to explain it, I don't care if you hate it
It develops slow, just like we standing here watching the grass grow
Then some day, out of no where: GO! GO! GO! GO! GO!
What you gon do now yo? When MRAPs run over the town folk
I'm not the only one that sees it, I'm just bold enough to believe it
Predictive policing, they watch you while you speakin' and tweeting
For so many reasons, seeing is believing
Ever since the agreement between the humans and the reptilian species
Before the Garden of EDen that bore Prometheus
The devil is devious cause he's the greediest

Land lizards below, winged ones above
The crude we depend on is dinosaur blood
This prison is perfect, a vacuum inside these gates
Together we created something that escaped
You sold us all out to this alien intrusion
And you got the fuckin' nerve to call yourself human?!
Tell em why you mad, I ain't mad no more
You don't wanna listen to knowledge than that's on ya'll
YOU put material items before God
YOU put the evil leadership in charge
YOU were deceived by they villainous charm
And YOU destroyed the constitution's rule of law
One hundred thousand price per share in a uranium mine
Poor lady looks at her baby and cries
Billions of people, slaves to consumption, destruction
You know that God is disgusted

Canibus Lyrics

"Sinflation"

[Intro:]
Today, tomorrow, six months, next year
They have always held the keys to your fears
Fast-forward, decades later, blood, sweat and tears
Are shed to the creator, but it was all made-up
Generation after generation, tell me what changes
History keeps repeating itself for ages

[Verse 1:]
He was driving a Tesla model S playing loud music
He drove into an EMP storm and got electrocuted
Trust fund lawyers were recruited, lawsuits were instituted
“The electric car killed him”; prove it!
Quantum evolution quantum conducive
Quantum revolution rap music quantum electrocution
Transformed him into a mutant, infrared eyesight lucid
Sharpen the picture, fine-tune it or lose it
God’s gift, optic oculus rift; look around your environment
But keep your composure, now what do you think?
I think it’s all gone to shit; these problems can’t be fixed
I think the only solution is reset
They say comply or die, regroup on your side
Or mine and stop making excuses about why
Keep an eye on the micro, but notice the macro
The bottom line is our slave masters are assholes

[Hook:]
Today, tomorrow, six months, next year
They have always held the keys to your fears
Fast-forward, decades later, blood, sweat and tears
Are shed to the creator, but it was all made-up
It ain’t today, tomorrow, six months, or next year
They enjoy playing off of all our fears
Fast-forward, decades later, blood, sweat and tears
Are shed to the creator, we don’t worship no paper

[Verse 2:]
Preach
The higher the peak, the lower we are forced to dig deep
The best outcome is always out of reach
Do you agree to disagree about hope? ‘Course you don’t
Believe everything they see, you’ll never see through the smoke
You say you know the ledge, that’s just a theoretical edge
To make the world a better place you need more than a pledge
Trust no one, even yourself
And this includes the person giving, receiving, or needing some help
But you sold them your soul, and they stretched out your donut hole

You only know what you were told, not what you behold
The collapse is simultaneously triggered
Now you know what it feels like to be a statistic
Poor sons of bitches ain't allowed to make decisions
We're middle-class midgets living off of Third World figures
They say the economy's grown
But if you look there's more vacant homes than homeless people living on the road

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]
You stop getting chances when you stop taking them
So just follow your orders, never question who's making them
"Let us hold hands, let us pray with him"; excuse me, what's your name again?
"Okay, we'll have another round of Jameson
Drink up, rejoice, let's pretend we always have a choice
Cause we sure as hell never had a voice"
The day of reckoning, your last will and testament
Text-messaging emergency services still testing pings
Black Swan psychologists could've been worse, they could've been communists
Objection sustained, McCarthyism, counselor
A complete monopoly, this is proper Hip-Hop verbosity
Show you how it be and how it look to me
They build, destroy, recycle, that's how they get it done
Vocal percussions, no interruptions, perfection
Soundproof coffins, the haunted eavesdrop too often
It's always me and the Lord when I'm talking
Taking long walks on winter beaches falling
With splinters and blisters and the sound of whispering torment
The guillotines are sharpening, their background music is ominous
Laying there naked dying from insomnia
Hungry 'cause they're starving us, gun sentries, hall monitors
Droning and daunting, my dear long-armed darlings
We are death-marching, ritual, sinister, barefoot prisoners
Dig a hole so POWs can shit in it
Prisoners during peacetime, peaceful and primitive
We never could understand, what the fuck is a derivative?
Admit it: we were all deceived with such relative ease
Only because we dared to dream
They stole control with a single act of multiple hacks
They were literal, visceral, non-physical attacks
City-wide but then the chaos metastasized to the countryside
We cried, our Bill of Rights were nullified
So miserable, so sad, I don't ever think I've felt this bad
Feelings are emotions, emotions are scams
Wealth intimidates poor people more than violence
So they hide it, I've been on both sides of the fence
The common man changed to behave as a slave
Reading alien waves in a daze on a Forex page
When Braveheart was brought to King's Court he was shackled in chains
I heard him say "that was an unwinnable game"

Canibus Lyrics

"The Last Christians"

[Verse 1 - Canibus:]
Oblivious Christians, Muslims most of them
Puppet master controls both of them
All spoken language was created by Satan
Planet Earth is a captured operation
Lies cannot exist without speech
Humankind can't trust what they see, tell me what are your beliefs?
Are they a multiple or singular God
Do you follow 10 commandments or 10 thousand laws?
Life on Mars, what are the odds?
Do I remember being there, nah but what if I was brainwashed?
The tier one scientists, that's they main job
To teach you where you are and not where you came from
The telescope is offline, why?
The culture divides due to confusion most of the time
History's always been sorted
Important facts not reported, real Hip hop is not recorded
Dark forces, shadow sorcerers, de-facto black marketers
Families feuding in their corporate offices
The Running Man strangles Mr. Dawson outside Guy Fawkes apartment
Right after the Boston Bombing
I'm in the pawn shop, make me an offer
Take two more derivatives and call me in the morning doctor
E.coli malaria water, earthquake victims still starving
Babies born with bar codes on their organs
Holocaust healthcare was never any better than welfare
A lot of people think it ain't fair
They should drop food from drones instead of dropping bombs
Jimmy Crack Corn from modified hormones
Soybean Tofu grow produce
Faggot ass doctor wanna grab your prostate and he don't even know you
I got nerves of steel protected from electrical surge
My curse words become medical terms
He said "Allahu akbar" and then blew up the plane
They said, "God bless his radioactive remains"
Tactical protocol was changed from that moment on
The whole world's at war but not for long
They say from disaster comes peace, God bless the deceased
They had to pick up the rest of his teeth
First and last name, RFID in your brain
Shackled to some chains on a train
Close quarters close margins, no wiggle room on the target
Stay close like titties and armpits
Bioceramic bone fragments, post apocalyptic mathematics
How do you weaponize a rabbit?
Fusion ignition, a new way of thinking just listen
Close enough to hear the laser beams whisper

[Verse 2 - Canibus:]
Pyramids on every planet
Spacecrafts crash landed and disbanded, left in a sandpit
A Christian cross stands outside a crater
Faint crescent moonlike shapes glows through the vapour
21st century mega quakes shake ups
Mommy late for work with messed up make-up
Daddy lost his job, they might break up
He makes 25 cents a week (He makes what?)
The country hungry and tired, Nero is fine tuning his lyre
The empire is consumed by fire
Parliament closely monitored, School bus size comets hit Washington
People in the church talking about God again
Tsunami - what you mean God?
I mean watch the ocean sea saw up thousands of feet to the seafloor
Thought process froze, think but do not disclose
Rap music don't barter no gold
All the plaques we got were fake
Just like this horse shit reality they make you think you create
Dummies amused by the sound of their own laughter
Black gold sprays from white holes in Alaska
Didn't wanna listen when they told you
Now you eating Soybean Tofu, the government owns you
The Antichrist approaches, everybody holds their noses
They know death don't smell like roses
The minister was putting on his tube socks
Went downstairs in the elevator like 2Pac
A foreign diplomats jewel box is no match for elite rulers toolbox
Look how many rules they got, no respect, human conditional disconnect
There's nothing left, certainly less than you would dare suspect
Yet perhaps maybe there's more
Crystal quartz tuning forks, mind control forces strangle your thoughts
My land is lost and now I can't talk or walk
I cry out "my kingdom for a horse!"
Operation full spectrum I reviewed all the metrics
I removed everything that was pleasant, dig a hole to get over depression
Psycho psychic methods, if it works, then why switch the method?
They control the entire globe, they say "I don't care what you know earthman
Just do what you're told!"
Dents, Nicks, Cracks, Splints and other Swedish laments
The best poetry barely makes sense
Their pulse race, blood all over their face
This craziness, an nobody's coming to save us
His mortal wounds were heat treated, we were unable to stop the bleeding
Humans retreating, robots feeding, boulder size rocks are reeling
The earth is squealing, dollar crash
And Wall Street didn't even feel it!
What you dealing with what you gon' eat a meal with
No tangibles? Don't even think about stealing it
Purify your h20 and stop moving so slow
You already know where we gotta' go
Opsec topside, Tony Stark bomblets, rockslide

Twist metal, a bent up carbine
Sweet Caroline, double barrel time
They wanna' beef, don't let em get past the cattle line
Retched, dusty ass stetsion, isotope sensors
This is a community consensus, boys will be boys
Men playing with contaminated toys
The future is full of so much joy
Burgundy maroon John Mayer, blue tooth black root
Yohimble bark root player, soothsayer
Whose within the distance to hear, they don't care
God bless the parying pepper who is scared but prepared
A brand new world begins after pole shift planet overspin
Awe, here we go again, modern day martyrs sing chorus
Ave verum corpus from the pinnacle of tire bale fortress
This is your world, take it back if you want it
But you can't sit at that table without a offering
Pursed lips like Mick Jagger, a bowl of hot soup cracker barrel
Raisin oatmeal with apples, illegal 7.62 rounds in the satchel
This is unnatural, the sentence is death if they catch you
Fuel station incineration, all over the nation
Devils flying all over creation
Don't open that box, it belongs to Pan
And he will compose music for the songs of man
Area 51 is off limits to intellectually timid
Humankind really has no business, if you wanna to see a fight start
Just turn the lights off, just a dark world and a tragedy of life lost

Canibus Lyrics

"Godles America"

The Necronomicon got us starving like ramadan
Standing road side with a piece of cardboard for chinese Juan
C'mon
Isolate the subject from his friends family and his co workers
Minimum wage means no purchase, no job - no purpose
Run around praise the lord in churches
I pray to God my old sins don't surface
The 1st testament God gets jealous
Look at what he did to impress us
He stopped the world with a nuclear weapon
I beg him, please grant us one thousand years of peace
The East visit the West, the West visits the East
Brother should not war with brother
Our ancestors were stubborn
They kicked the can down the road for nothing
The burden of being black and murdered
Being whacked behind the curtain
But what if you really didn't deserve it?
Doesn't matter, they want blood - no less, no more
We are consumed by war, a slave class ya'll
Scraps on the table, forage for more food when I am able
So much abundance, praise Azazel
You have no heart, you have no conscious
Completely immoral, God bless the godless
Mud water boots drying off by the book of Genesis
A new way of life is imminent
You ain't special, they gonna get you
I ain't talking about nobody in particular, it's hypothetical
Think critical, reticle scan by sentinel
Everybody left the theatre sad but it was memorable
Cross over the boarder to Mexico
Pepe said "yo, if I was you, I would do that slow"
The God Zilla Nimrod, tomahawk look from the side
He screamed out he was from Brooklyn with pride
I refugee from guantanmo bay
But I ain't gotta go there for me to say it that way
Black rock, tungsten padlocks, land locked
No trash box, they said it was toxic, the readings were hot
They water boarded Mos Des, woke up couldn't go back to sleep
Blacktronica lounge, it was Tanya and me
We danced around in shanty town wearing hand me downs, wow
Back from the war, I drink brandy now
Whiskey sour after sundown, low crawl on the ground
Got sand in my mouth, I'm in Miami now, snapped out of it
Didn't know where I was, she messed up my buzz
She don't love me - but she gimmie massage
And no matter how bad things turn out today

When I watch her dance - it all goes away
A golden kazakh eagle saors over Hajj
Looking down at the crowds, it was just a mirage
The tenants in the house of cards
Are too big to jail behind bars
Their problems too big to solve
The body cannot be free when the mind is in prison
Ears that hear are no match for ears that listen
Eyes that see are no match for eyes that see through
Yes - I am a slave, and so are you
Bless, ignorance, weakness is a symptom of innocence
Pay your pennance, go join the prisoners
Chemtrails, airborne spills, destroy you sense of smell
Die now - die later, heads or tails
Photovoltaic array at red dawn before that day
Exactly what I saw I cannot say
In case you haven't noticed I practice patience - focus
Freemason emotion, cold - the coldest
Pagans and their potions, kidnap you under the oceans
It's hard to believe sea monsters wear clothing
Some live in the present, some live in the future
It doesn't matter cause we all live inside a computer
I was a mobile cell phone owener, wireless station controller
It didn't help my radiation exposure
From the higgs boson fermions and protons
At this rate I will always discover more songs
Upset, bored, nothing else to do but record
Or spend time with family and get ignored
No electricity of course
Now we can all sit down at the table and be a family of four
A great new attitude on life, in spite of being loved only a little
And even less liked
Find your ambitious side, the oods greatly stacked against my kind
But I still gotta try I ain't hating on the rich and the famous
I just hate the way they played us
They never give us qual exchanges
No individuals are named, they allocate false blame
No change just more of the same
They're inspired by their desires
A steady stream of water projected between a ring of fire
A pyre of fire
The devil never compromises, the leaders were wrong
Judgement comes down from the skies and fries us all
That's why they dropped the ball!

Canibus Lyrics

"Star Spangled Banger (Outro)"

How long can they keep America distracted?
When will the world dump the dollar in the trash bin?
It was good while it lasted, but now we've been lambasted
What do you think life will be like for your grandkids?
A local watchman climbed up the wall
A United Nations sniper plucked him off
He said, "If I should die before I wake
Cremate my remains and send'em to deep space"
Creative overdrive, completely overloaded with rhymes
This is what we were supposed to design
Prometheus Proteus Prime, frontal lobes plus both sides
Golden spindles spiral over the spine
He spent the lion's share of his life promoting skills
A wise man once said, "The sun don't chill"
Ask your boss why the HEPA filter got switched off
The press release said it has something to do with the cost
From riches to rags every scumbag is mad
You mad 'cause we all got empty lunch bags
The deck is clean; the cables are green
The wind speed is 30 knots over the sea
Satellite targeting, air superiority
My Law: space bags, ammo, and armory
Take to the sky like a falcon, look at you grounded
The mind's eye could move a mountain
The ground beneath your feet is skidding sideways
Domingo said, "We got 365 days"
Family, country, God, respect
Give me liberty or give me death

Canibus Lyrics

"Wreck Room"

[Verse 1 - Crooked I:]
Look, how many beats I gotta put in the casket
Before you understand instrumentals get their ass kicked?
I'm that sick, I'm a backwards cased basket
I'm a basket case, nigga, irate bastard
And I'm strapped, bitch, a ball hog in the hood
So don't talk to me about that ghetto pass shit
This nigga's past it, my clique is massive
And fuck spittin' acid if I haven't written classics
Steady reppin' the West, while Cali rappers say that's played out
You niggas' based out
Type of niggas we leave laid out
Throwin' up a dub, stompin' your face out
That's for the life that you ain't 'bout
You niggas' marks like Zuckerberg and Sanchez
Listenin' to every fuckin' word that a fan says
I think you boys' soft
I think a real fan wanna hear that real shit, if not, turn my voice off
It's Crooked

[Hook:]
You are now consumed by the dark side
So welcome to the belly of the beast
All my niggas eat MC's up for lunchtime
And we'll never be ready for the peace
This is for all y'all bitch-ass snitch niggas
That front and always tellin' the police
Ain't no place in this world you can run or hide
To escape the belly of the beast

[Verse 2 - Flawless the MC:]
Call me Spartacus, In this art I'm just a martyr, plus
I hit hard as a car crash with a charter bus
Y'all just anonymous, don't even try to start a fuss
Because I'm large enough to step down, crushin' you all to dust
Flaw's the illest and I put that on my daughters cause
I'm hungry, like the effect I get that marijuana does
In this game, you'll be *[?]*
So even with Stan Lee fightin' Marvin Hagler, you couldn't marvel us
I'm flippin' off everyone who scoffed at my shit and tock
Cause I'm a time bomb with a tickin' clock, and the shit just stopped
So if I'm pissed or I'm blowin' up like a blistered pop
It's just hip-hop is infested with *[?]*
So you can go on and kick up rocks
I'll bet it all, you couldn't set it off with fireworks hooked to Vivica Fox
See when I hitch I'll split your knot
Cause I'm fucked up and cold like I eat Dippin' Dots topped with a liquor shot

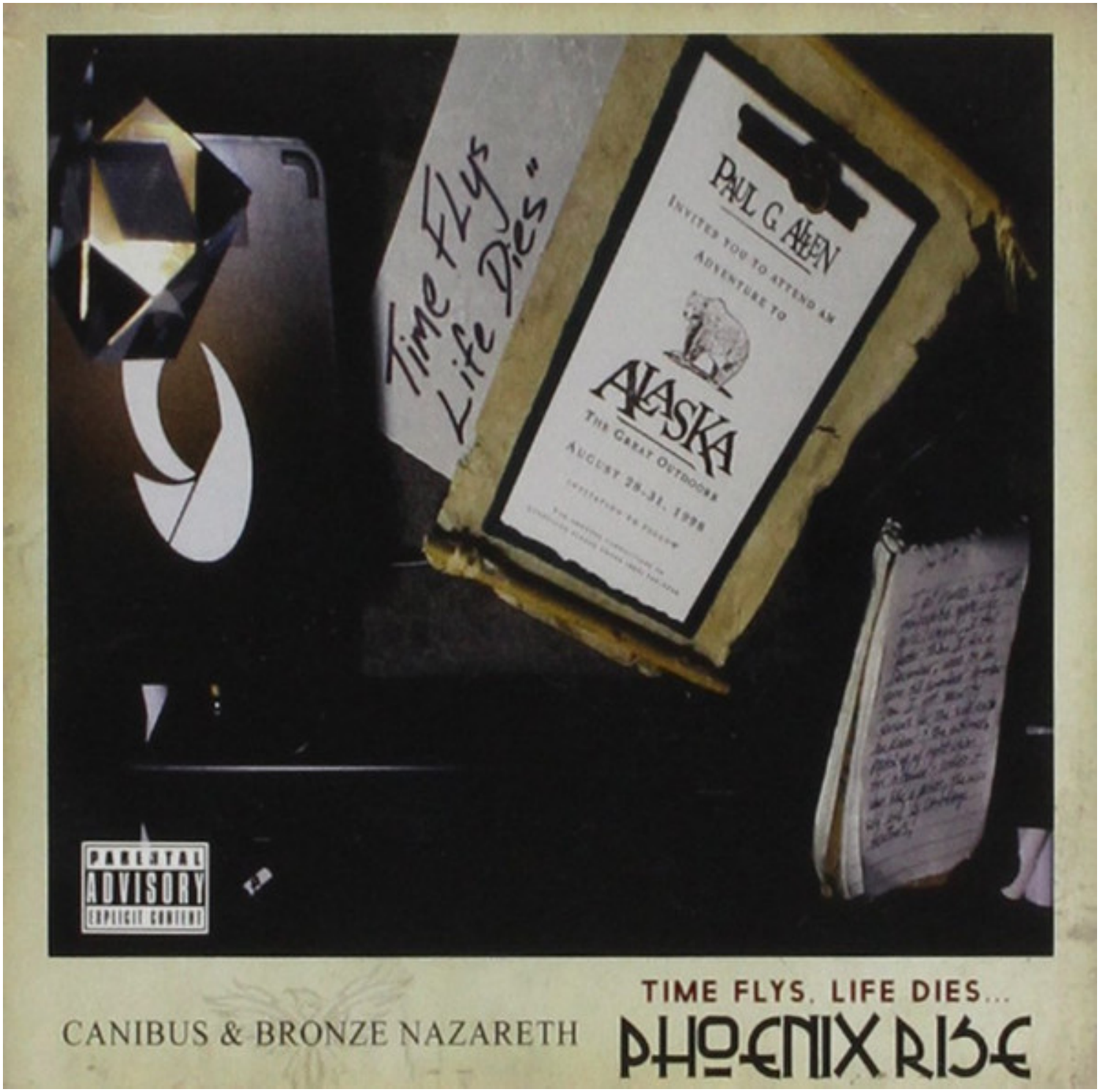
[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Nino Graye:]
Spit my flows like I'm walkin' around with the Alzheimers
I ain't worried 'bout these small-time rhymers, who?
No imagery and no substance, gimmicky
Young and seein' victories like witnessing Christopher Reeves runnin'
They'll never take number one, these suckers silicone titties
They just look good fakin' and frontin'
They ain't been strugglin', hustlin', pockets with nearly nothin' in 'em
Fuckin' sick and tired, prayin' somethin' was gonna finally give in
Spit 'caine, every 16, raw is on display
They'll stick veins, pick up a CD, put it on and hit play
I'm a think tank, you know what this means, stay out my *[?]* way
We shot callin', blockin' your entry, nickname Dikembe
'Bout that time, we drawin' the fuckin' line
Bullshit stops here and y'all on the other side
Nino Graye one of the elite, almighty brotherhood
Midwest royalty, just so we all understood

[Hook]

[Verse 4 - Canibus:]
Zuckerberg, I heard you're a sucker for words
Plus you're a perv, the facts just emerged
Sensitive data denial
Get shot on YouTube or go viral, so how did they find you?
Concussion after confession, gold fever, old school westerns
In any group, I'm the loneliest member
Thoroughbred stallion, Jamaican, mountain music
They named him, 'til they cut his legs off and framed him
Step into that digital vortex
The scorned vet judged by generations that ain't even born yet
Read faster than most talk
Write slower than the aardvark walks and squints with the card sharks
A room full of mad professors who study language forensics
Interdependent on phonetic directions
Quick draw, aggressive, really am I on the offensive?
I'm just a Marlboro man from Memphis
Surrounded by firewalls, strong defenses
On Mars with ice cubes and Natasha Henstridge
Canibus

[Hook]


Time Flys Life Dies"
PAUL G. ALLEN
INVITES YOU TO ATTEND AN ADVENTURE TO
ALASKA
THE GREAT OUTDOORS
AUGUST 28-31, 1998
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
TIME FLYS, LIFE DIES...
CANIBUS & BRONZE NAZARETH
PHOENIX RISE

Canibus Lyrics

"Time Flies, Life Dies…"

Back on the island
When somebody dies
And that body loses soul
That soul go flying up to Heaven
Or digging down to the bad place
There be good dubbies, and there be bad dubbies
And them dubbies, hm, they be a spirit
There has been no place to go
They can't go up, and they can't go down
Some of them look so bad
Until one little boy looked at one the mirror, and that made the *[?]*
And he frightened little boys
And he turned to a full assault
And all the little animals leak him away, until he was nothing

Wow

There ain't no such thing as ghosts
Besides, uh, I never heard of "dubby" before

There's lots of things little boys ain't heard of before
That's why they little boys
But bad little boys, the dubbies like *[?]*
And in the begining ready for the bad kids to become dubbies too
So if I were you, I'd be saying me prayers
And doing what the elders tell me to do
The bad dubbies, the bad, bad boys

I feel like greatness lives on the edge of destruction

Canibus Lyrics

"Mikey Destruction, Devastating Tito & Dj Slice"

(feat. Devastating Tito, DJ Slice & Mikey Destruction)

Canibus calls him the master of black acetate vinyl
From New York City to Cairo
DJ Slice

[Verse 1 - Canibus:]
Assassination attempt, the blood had a stench
Bloodhounds picked up the scent, I thought we was friends
Wearing a lab coat, looking through the microscope lens
He say he'd never sniff coke again, fuck that
Give me the snow plow, bust it all down
Freestyle in the dollar van all the way uptown
The bait is always food, pussy and water
It smells so good, it sleepwalk you to your slaughter
Hip Hop awarder ahora, stand next to Rita Ora
Straight balls on the track no chorus
The dollar general, street corner sentinel reputable
Sell a few sidewinders for revenue
What you saying? Tut took a nigga chain
Then put a Michael Jackson glove on, I can't explain
Spit, live nigga shit, you get the gist
From AR to the K-Bar, customized grip

[Verse 2 - Mikey Destruction:]
Who want it? Come and get it, we can spit it if you with it
One lyric will leave a hole in the logo of your fitted
Bars like penitentiaries mellow, win mentally
Destroy the enemy I could bellow it instrumentally
Canibus and Destruction back to back
Causes spontaneous combustion on a track
Lyrics flame on anything we put our name on
That's why your ears been burning since the song came on
Lames gone, game's on, this is no joke
The pros choke, that cynical shit will get your nose broke
Subliminal shit is a waste
I don't have to speak in riddles 'cause I'll say it to your face
And this is just a little taste
'Cause if I really start spitting it, this shit will catch a case
Check your history, y'all niggas can't get with me
I'm your favorite MC to the fifth degree

[Verse 3 - Devastating Tito:]
A *[?]* model, Diallo, hollows the Mellow Man
The stage ain't Apollo, them hollows will leave 'em hologram
The war season, there's more treason
The core reason these cats fiending for me, I cruise Norwegian
I'm articulate, bomb tickin', I'm armed lyrics

The mortician that lift the spirits from your formed physics
As egotistical make ‘em shake like I’m mystical
Keep his face in a pistol this station will run municipals
It’s our century, commentary is monetary
My monastery is armor heavy I was born ready
So bring your generals and a minute of intervals
I’ma spit on your literature, defecate and spit on you niggas
It’s broken mirrors with broken spirits the motion sickness
My flow floats across these waters like it’s open water
It’s Canibus and Mikey, Tito the rap de-vils
I break eagles like I’m breakin’ records on track needles

[Verse 4 - Canibus:]
Spikes across the road Mikey D tag team yo
Refresh reload in magazine mode
Transition pole position the globe spinning
Chop sticks in a rice bowl with some gold in it
Bust him in the head with a brick, he hop away with no hip
He still love Hip Hop no shit
Crucifix around your neck, take the cross off your back
In fact, we thank the Lord for rap
Mirror mirror on the wall tell me what you saw
Melle Mel, Grandmaster Caz, yes yes y’all
Inside the hall of fame with graffiti on the walls
The engineer said, “Take it easy on the boards”
Attack dog jump off to shred mic chords
Put ‘em all in a cage and see what they fight for
One goat, two goats, three goats, four
We rep Hip Hop from roof top to the floor

[Verse 5 - Mikey Destruction:]
Drop jewels with the best of ‘em, I’m cool with the rest of ‘em
Fools who keep questionin’, school ‘em and keep testin’ ‘em
Manipulate the tracks while I’m spittin’ out the facts
Slap, picking it up, you ain’t gettin’ none of that
Precise I’m nice nigga, the flow is impeccable
Amazing what some sleep, a pen and pad and a check’ll do
What started slow for me, now I'm a vet and a spectacle
They killed the rotary, so now I’m gettin’ technical
Beast mode, the East Coast will never die
And jet mode to the West Coast, forever fly
Transporter no JanSport or no camcorder
Sip a quart of water while I’m kidnappin’ your man’s daughter
Canibus said, “Ill,” I went crazy with it
Other cats said, “Chill,” fugazy with it
I got your back for life Bis, you feel me?
That’s what it is when you fucking with a real G

Canibus Lyrics

"Canibus Autobiography (Part 01)"

[Intro - Caller, Jay Z & (Howard Stern):]
(Go ahead you're on the air with Jay Z)
Hey Jay, what's up man?
What's happenin'?
With uh, today's market
Pretty much watered down by people that took Biggie's style
How do you feel about talent like Canibus not gettin' a fair shake?
Um, I, I think all artists should get a fair shake
Uh Talib Kweli, Common Sense, Canibus
You know, I like the guy's integrity

[Hook x2:]
(To my people) This is my audiobiography
This is my audiobiography
(To all my people) This is my audiobiography
Nobody can tell it but me

[Verse 1:]
Paul Allen's birthday party, aboard the Crystal Harmony
1998, so far from poverty
Sixty nautical miles off the Beach of Sound
Madonna's music playin' in the background
Dr. Boots sat across from me, Bill Gates walked out
Angela Basset tried to talk to me
He pointed to his residence, off the starboard bow
Looked like the president's White House, we all said, "Wow"
In my mind I'm like, "This is dope right now"
I just sat down, sip some white wine and lounge
He asked everybody if they was enjoyin' theyself
I thought to myself, "Of course we enjoyin' your wealth"
He asked me, "What do you do?" I told him, "I'm an entertainer"
He said, "A singer?" I said, "Nah, I produce bangers"
I didn't fit in, fat gold chain on
Pure player sweatsuit, Timbs and shades on
Paul Allen standin' there with Elvis Presley sideburns
I guess that was to keep his face warm
This bad shorty I was with, yeah she brought me along as a guest
I had to give it to her, I was impressed
We spent four days and five nights, wine and twilight
I didn't give a fuck about no Source and five mics
[?], Kweli doin' Datwon Thomas
Them wicked ones used Hip-Hop to divide us

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2:]
I'm a genius of compositions like Mike Mothersbaugh of the hood

In a circular line between studio Hollywood
I stood right there, and watched them produce the theme song for a film that I wasn't into
Back to the East Coast boom bap beats, I agree
[?] and Danielle, Lost Boys *[?]* routine
Clark Kent, Peter Panic, *[?]*, CL from Cornerstone
Give me another shot of Cortisone
The Lex coupe, Bimmers, Benz, *[?]* and Bentleys
Star Wars, car wash, customer friendly
Goin' through the Hollow Tunnel, clock at 1:20
If it wasn't for Kevin, Treach would've killed Wendy
Talkin' all that shit, comin' outta Hot 97, Big Pun was like, "Fall back 'Bis"
I ran *[?]* in the rain, flat tire tack expire
The Negro League had a deal with Mariah
And the penthouse ponies from Kayah
At the table with the homie and Naomi when he gave her them diamonds
Hop the train to NBC and BK
Got groceries for this nigga, let me see what he say
They was solid gold, can't argue with that, right?
Always hold my niggas down that's the story of my life
My memory base jumpin' all over the place
Just put the pieces together, ain't none of it fake

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3:]
West Coast Californ-i-a, shit is real
In the front yard smokin' some turtle with Henry Hill
He put me on the phone with Cameron G in Seattle
We was just talkin' 'bout life, it's all natural
I told him 'bout how I do music, nothin' major
I just came back from Fort Lewis via Vegas
Henry was writtin' a book, workin' on the pages
I remember the movie 'bout his life he was famous
He asked me 'bout Second Round, don't ask me why
Bad Boys don't advertise but I had to comply
I said how cool Mike was, don't believe the lies
And how Tyson lived next to the Sultan of Brunei
I drove Mike's Porsche up to the Sultan's gate
He act sad like security be at the wake
He got out, walked inside, it's night time
They had a mini horse track around the property line
I lost money at Kentucky Derby, 'cause I ain't lucky like that
I just got memories about rap
Remember put this in your CD Rom, www.canibus.com
Few people understood where I was goin' when I said it
I was so far ahead in the future, I regret it
Isolated, forced to fight with the basics, I looked crazy
But the truth is, it's so amazin'
I got friends in high places
But countless enemies with deep seeded hatred who don't want me to say shit

[Hook x2]

[Verse 4:]
They took away my green card, figaro
Mickey the monkey can't travel overseas no mo'
I moved back to Atlanta, back to the basics
Northside Drive, Dallas, Austin lives in a space ship
Stamps in my passport, been many places
So many situations, so many faces
In the limo with the high priest on the way to a Sony party
The only time I met Nas
Me *[?]* and the high priest skip in line
We had beast with us, lookin' like Spetsnaz
We stepped inside, everybody knew I wrecked rhymes like, "Bring the record back Selektah"
From twenty minutes a bounce, it was more like ten
But who's countin'? And that's when everything got clouded
The high priest had on black tuxedo slacks
With red shirt and red alligators to match
Back in the limo, I'm lookin' at my world through a tinted window
I'm thinkin', "Can it all be so simple?"
The priest put his hand on his heart, Pledge of Allegiance
And said he was the son of *[?]*, believe it
He wore a pinky ring, said the ring made him a mobsta
Then he said *[?]* was his father
That's Theodore Bowen, Jessibell *[?]*
Timmy Visine fell for mafia all day
It got to be something to it 'cause they live like gods
And it's the truth, that's some real Hip-Hop hoorah

[Hook x2]

[Verse 5:]
K-Solo, BOLO, Pac-Man
Born Sun, David Madison, the Sharpshooter Clan
Maintainin' my mojo, record vocals
I went from underground to worldwide pan global
Back to independent, distributed local
Life is so anecdotal, I still rep like I'm supposed to
2005, summertime, Orlando
Shaquille O'Neal wearin' 22 inch sandals
Cory Gunz, Marley Marl, Kay Slay nigga, Papoose
Young Zee, the whole god damn crew
Deja, 34, back then I was so damn raw
Nobody could see we bar for bar, look at me
Superman vs. Bizarro, Kryptonite cargo embargo
Listen they ain't want no part yo
The red white and blue, 500 pound bomb proof
Shock troop *[?]* troop mark my *[?]*
The five ten program, freedom is a slave to no man
If you meet my on point, I got you
Lock 'em load 'em and shock 'em, rock 'em top to bottom
First cat put the kibosh on all columns, what options? Nothin', need oxygen
Howard Stern took me to a Hip-Hop event (One time)
But not again, what?

[Outro - Howard Stern, Canibus & (Man):]
Canibus is here
You hung out with Mike Tyson?
Yeah
Well how's that?
Mike's cool, he's cool
Is he cool?
Yeah
Do you think he's okay?
He's intelligent
Really?
Yeah
Where do you write with Mike Tyson? I mean did you, you wrote a song with him?
Yeah, yeah we, we-
Where did you go to his mansion in, uh, Las Vegas?
I, I've been with him there
Oh, you have
Yeah
Did you see the tiger that he has?
Yeah, he's got four. He lets 'em run loose
Oh my… What do they feed those things?
I don't know man, like raw chickens or somethin'
Really? Oh, that is sick man. Oh, that's wild man
(It's, you know. Things *[?]*. They don't talk about boxing.)
Yeah
Right
(They talk about, a lot of their theories on life and stuff.)
Right
Canibus is on top of the scene
See this guy's on the cutting edge of rap
How's your album sellin'?
It's certified gold
Is that right?
Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah!
Can-I-Bus, you know?
Right

Canibus Lyrics

"Interlude Uno"

(feat. Classic Pak)

[Classic Pak:]
When you, when you reach this type of hype
It’s a whole different type of, feelin’
A whole different type of vibe
You know? It’s like the air get different
It’s like, it’s like, it’s like you become one with the trees
You know what I mean? Yeah
It’s the best that ever been done
This is the best day in Hip-Hop history
We need to make it a holiday
Yeah, Hip-Hop holiday
Come on, give it up for the God
Mr. Can-I-Bus
Ha ha ha ha ha, yeah!

Canibus Lyrics

"Bronze Horses"

(feat. Killa Priest)

[Hook x2 - Canibus:]
Horseman, graze like goats off the land
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb
I'm a horseman, he's a horseman
I'm a horseman

[Verse 1 - Canibus:]
Killah Priest, Canibus, obstacle courses for horses
I dismount then engage multiple targets
Shoulder to shoulder, face to face, we're Saruman soldiers
The heat from the second Sun smolders
At 200 degrees, I drop to my knees
Priest told me to breathe when time signature freeze
I am now at peace, the ocean conveyer belt flows to the east
The new silk row will host the beast
Before I need, translate speech
Silver fox trades herbal spices to eat for rice and meat
In the parkin' lot we drill doin' muy Tai Chi
Tell Mook to call me after I write to that beat
The dark spitter, thought ninja, sharp thinker
Acupuncture heart pincher, ricochet off the rickshaw nigga
Hard feats off tendons, medicine, my pontoons walk on rivers
Why you still walk with a limp?
I was injured I self-administered apple cider, garlic and vinegar
Feel better than I did in December
Used to be gone till November, remember?
Now I got security sensors for side exits, back door and entrance
Posted up with night vision like lizard in dark night prison
The wise old owl with camouflage feathers
Not to mention there's not even a pot to piss in
Wipe my ass with cardboard next doctor visit

[Hook - Canibus:]
I'm a horseman, he's a horseman
I'm a horseman
Horseman, graze like goats off the land
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb
I'm a horseman, Priest a horseman
We the Horsemen
The clan, graze like goats off the land
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb
I'm a horseman, Priest a horseman
We the Horsemen

[Verse 2 - Killah Priest:]
Guns and blow, create a thunder hole for the young and old

Black hole when crack soul protect the globe
Crossbow for the lost souls in the last toll
Pay yours fares in the air, the end is near
Nah, the end is here, description of giant smoke stacked
Blue plasma boil, blood in the soil, fight over spoil
Gold or all out in Iraq, stress disorders
And test the water, death or slaughter
Protect your quarter, times are shorter
Got my preacher at the altar
No home cooked meals, just blood, sweat and steel
Army shield, battle field, shoot to kill
Castle hill, arrow steel, post traumatic
Automatic, break your bones into fragments
Blue dragnet, your crew will scavenge, move tragic
The Hell jumpers and shell dumpers, they failed in numbers
Coming in tanks and Hummers, a cold day in the summer
Forged passports, we dodge the task force
Traps across, who get the cops off
I'm at the dock with the boss Matthew Markoff
We laugh as we dash like hot sauce

[Hook - Canibus:]
Horseman, graze like goats off the land
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb
I'm a horseman, Priest a horseman
We the Horseman
The clan, graze like goats off the land
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb
I'm a horseman, Priest a horseman
We the Horsemen

Canibus Lyrics

"The Kings Sent For Me"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth, Raekwon, Kurupt & Craig G)

[Raekwon:]
Yo what up?
Stop parking your rollers on the side of the street homey
This is fucking Chef, man
This your brother Chef, man
From Shaol-land
You already know it's Shaolin, what goin' on?

[Raekwon:]
Back for vengeance, glocked up, drinkin' Cîroc up
Call it what you call it, I'ma call it some block stuff
Used to flashing gats, double barrels that flips narrow
Don't even give it to Daryl then
Hang with the monster mobsters
All of them keep rockets on 'em, ain't no sense for the arguments
Drugs and guns and dunns in every part of my plan's done
Hidin' in my mansion, one year
I'ma a Polo head, Polo with a Rover sober red
Ridin' with my niggas in Chicago, hold the lead my nigga
'Cause it's the bigger we get, the bigger you fall
The bigger we shit, check the wall full of scholars
Bank robbers ankle gold joggers
All my niggas quick to get off, poppin' collars, kid
It's just a family status
Don't get sprayed up for fuckin' with the family cabbage

[Hook - Bronze Nazareth:]
Samuriders, scramble when I aim and toke
Best believe I'ma flame your ankle with metal bolts
From the flavors you taste when the rocks is quotes
I'ma have a bronze *[?]* with all onyx scopes
My hands stay clean without the soap
When you see it's us you feel the rush, the opposite of hope
Slammin' grammar wizard choke and the hammer hits the oak
Slam a wiz that's cold, I deliver keys of coke

[Kurupt:]
He must be on meds and shit
I keeps one of those thangs that shreds your shit
Or did he forget the number of how many get hit?
For fuckin' with real niggas, more money to get
Fuck it, sandblast niggas like the Mojave
Beef Mugabe I'll be probably oddly
Pushin' down the street low key bucket and banger
Front liners with me strictly, buckin' and bangin'
Twistin' the robbery, on missions soldiers

Goblins know got steam brewin' niggas like Folgers
Fronkenstein, I'ma bubble away
From triplin' what a nigga made yesterday
Before I start bustin' a musket, ivory tusk handle on the hammer
Trust me it must be Pentagon or nothing motherfucker
I won't tell you again
Sand rider Samurider I'ma ride till the end

[Hook]

[Canibus:]
Women are for fucking, men are for fighting
Who cares as long as they both bend over smiling
Yo, I get muddy like Volkswagen offroad buggy
Ladies love me, teddy bears and puppies
Poisonous insects and animals in the stash house
Lookin' for cash, don't put your hand in the couch
Frodo Baggins escort the Komodo dragon
Repeat rappin', memorize the God's solo classic
Predator prowler, truth to power, gunpowder
Plaid lumberjack flak jackets and cowboy trousers
Ponderosa Ibuprofen, gasoline-soaked Mimosas
Ocean spray Grey Goose dolphins
Charles Bronson, Godzilla, Gulf of Tonkin
Sponsored by the Luxor, the casino comped him
The rat hunters cut his dick off last summer
Flushed it down the toilet, sent it back to his mother

[Hook]

[Craig G:]
Heartless, like war torn soldiers in Bosnia
I was with his girl yesterday, ain't have to Bill Cosby her
Craig G, Can-I-Bus, Rae, Kurupt
Antiseptic on beats, you ain't low spray your guts
What? Cover it up with a Band Aid
Damn straight you'll never come close when we mandate
These verbal executions, fittin' MCs necks for nooses
Catch him as he cops a few loosies
I literally and figuratively shoot fifths
True shit, a way to lose quick
Is to cross me, leave a body cold in these warm streets
Hop off stage punch him in the face hop back on beat
Hold New York, 42nd Street was for dope fiends
Triple feature Kung Fu flicks and other coke schemes
Orange boxcutters, and *[?]*
It's different now it's easy to act tough from a safe place

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Battle Buddies 4 Life"

(feat. Dizaster)

[Dizaster:]
Ayo, my next King of the Dot battle
Full of arm grapples, bar shackles
All facts, somebody gonna get their top snappled
I bottled it all up, but now you gon' get yo head cut the fuck off just like Saddam's statue
Army commando armed camel all camo AR ammo
In a standoff with Steven Segal and Rambo
Stick your arm out, while I'm standin'
In vantage point a hundred yards out
And I blow your hand off like the jackal
Godfather like I'm Marlon Brando
I'm off the bar handles
Lettin' off the bomb shrapnel
Inside of the god's chapel
Fuckin' with your seed like Mosanto
Sharper than most large panels
Spark candles, for the ones that pass away
I cherish everyday cause life is just a large gamble
This is just the wrong channel
Rippin' through your ross flannel
Caught across fire, turn your block into Los Santos
Los Angelos, heart bandit with Canibus on the track
Get caught stranded on *[?]* map candid
You catch me whippin' these cats
On an ass-whippin' rampage
I'll throw a fast leg like Johnny Cage, minus the black shades
Anderson Silva, how I snap legs

[Canibus:]
King of the Dot
Muscular dystrophy patients inflicted with inflammation
Barricaded with Oakland raiders placing wages
Beam 'em up to my spaceship
Where the fuck is your immigration papers?
Don't say shit, soak your lips in this basin
You're officially famous
I'm officially off the reservation
I'm officially inviting you to my official engagement
Prophetic, enter the dragon
Prosthetic, hammers and ratchets
Kalashnikov muzzle flash
Brass knuckles crackin'
Double tap, pop you like bubble wrap
You stumble, collapse
Suffering succotash, you a sucka for rap
Expendable expert commando merc doin' Rambo work

You think cavity search during earthquakes hurt?
I walk with a torn ACL, jump on stage with L
I met Dizaster in the cage by myself
The don dada, big poppa do Krav Maga
The top shaka, shot a Redbull off a pinata
The hurt locker, first name on the roster
Fight you over a dollar, beat the breaks off a Black Friday shopper
Ten million dollar purse, flip a coin, who first?
I'm the referee of this shit, call me Kool Herc
Of the New World Order, New Earth
Choke you with a tire, in a tube, while American mules drag you through the dirt
Up a hill, down the ravine, till the sand wash in my machine
They scratch booty with they hands before they eat
Alphabet savage, count from seven twenty backwards
After three hundred and sixty lashes I don't need no practice
Marketing promotion distribution of plastic, digital tracklist
Hip hop classic, the whole package
I'm the Sundance Kid and he's Butch
Assault and battery
Hot terminology and tenacity
Diz is my battle buddy for life any way
I put Dizaster vs Marshall Mathers anyday
Say something!

Canibus Lyrics

"Concourse P"

(feat. Pete Rock)

[Pete Rock:]
Damn man, shit, nigga I wrote this shit
Fuck y'all niggas talkin' bout?
P. Rock, niggas, get that
Real Hip-Hop, what it do son
No doubt, yeah, yo

Pete Rock, the desperado
Used to push the hard-top Milano, keep a trunk full of vinyl
Now it's all about Serato, scratch box, laptop
7:45, knock the camera on *[?]* (Whoo!)
Speak in tongues, nah Papo
But I'm worldwide though, Paris, Tokyo, Bosno
Switzerland, with my mans and them
Italiano show respect like my last name Soprano
Another day another dollar bill, I'ma keep it real
Give a crap how y'all cowards feel
Goin' to the house for the points, I just landed it
The Boy Wonder for Pres, the hood candidate
You wonder why these haters wanna check my manuscript?
Legit talent on display, I illegitimate
This is what I represent, that full throttle, hard body like a militant
And y'all hollow like tips on a silver bullet
Y'all won't pull it, got enough wangstas frontin'
Straight stuntin' like Kay Slay, R.I.P. to my man *[?]*
You know we miss you and Dilla, everyday
No doubt that I'm a Mac with the wordplay
But everybody got opinions like a vertebrae
Address you niggas in a speech here's what I would say
"To all you rappers, eat a dick and have a nice day"

[Canibus:]
This is Concourse P, welcome to Concourse P
This is Concourse P, boarding now, this is Concourse P
This is Concourse P, welcome to Concourse P
This is Concourse P, boarding now, this is Concourse P

Concourse P, please provide essential ID
Take a seat, bout to fly like like geese
Pete Rock Concourse P, provide your essential ID
Climb aboard if you vaporizer free
Crates of hardware, the acetate bombardier
Is in skippers chair visibility clear
Retract the landing gear, this is Pete Rock Pan Air
Canibus fanfare I'ma tell you when we land there
Soul Brother number one, Samsung we bang drum

From every corner of the Earth to Seoul South Korea son
I just taught my Saudi Arabian butterfly
How to drive in a right hand side M5
Horsepower impressive C02 sensors
Cost, labor intensive, valuable, expensive
Moose Jaw Wyoming, we left Jackson hole blown wide open
We left the mixing board sliders broken
Who can you handle it? The largest vinyl collection on the planet
Sonically sample it, electronically scan it and stamp it
Light up cigars dancing, passing out pamphlets
The Great Pete Rock, Bronze Nazareth & Canibus
Concourse P, Champagne glass in the air
Propose a toast to a long career
When it's all said and done I got memories
I rocked with the best beat architects of the 21st century
Pick a date - pick any piece of acetate
Then watch Pete pick a gold plate out the crate
Transform Serato to Murcielago
DJ Mia Moretti & Catlin Moe fast and furious
Go fast or slow, Virtuoso Canibus flow
Listen up - this is your captain speaking asshole
Put ya' tray tables away turn off your radios
Seat backs full upright follow the flight plan yo'
Put ya' mouth between ya' legs - kiss your ass goodbye
Thank you for flying the skies where the phoenix rise
Put ya' mouth between ya' legs - kiss your ass goodbye
And thank you for flying the skies where the phoenix rise

This is Concourse P, welcome to Concourse P
This is Concourse P, boarding now, this is Concourse P
This is Concourse P, welcome to Concourse P
This is Concourse P, boarding now, this is Concourse P

Canibus Lyrics

"Interlude Dos"

[Woman:]
You are a victim of your own unconsciously designed destiny
Wherever your will experiences friction, you may be interceded upon an idea that would keep you unfree
Now you are interceding on the destiny of the person next to you, just by your own lack of self-knowledge
If you fear the algorithmic future you may respond too slowly to that information, which will liberate you and help you proceed towards self-realization, even while you being perfectly aware of the snare growing around you
Know your worth and your power will be increased
The intensity of concentration that is infested in the art of self-*[?]* is rewarded by the direct experience of the extraordinary
Warfare exists in our present illustration of reality
Choose your battles wisely
Most of the opponents that we face will be like a bully to a child
An impulse that is a disgrace to our worth
Open-minded and aware individuals can easily be some of the most reckless and indignant
You must stop calculating your own defeat

You are a victim of your own unconsciously designed destiny
Wherever your will experiences friction, you have been interceded upon an idea that would keep you unfree
Now you are interceding on the destiny of the person next to you, just by your own lack of self-knowledge
If you fear the algorithmic future you may respond too slowly to that information, which will liberate you and help you proceed towards self-realization, even while you being perfectly aware of the snare growing around you
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An impulse that is a disgrace to our own worth
Open-minded and aware individuals can easily be some of the most reckless and indignant
You must stop calculating your own defeat

Canibus Lyrics

"This Is Rome"

(feat. Pyrit)

[Verse 1 - Canibus:]
Every soul is sold - This is Rome
The money not backed by gold - This is Rome
Loads for your chariots and homes - This is Rome
The Emperor has no clothes - This is Rome
Russell Crowe just like me - This is Rome
Everything a warrior can be - This is Rome
Me and Jahmen'll fight the beast - This is Rome
Joaquin Phoenix in the streets - This is Rome
Every single motherfucker is confused - This is Rome
The ugliest piece of ass in the room - This is Rome
Nobody knows what they gon' do - This is Rome
Every talkin' point is all true - This is Rome
More conquests for the war chest - Rome
Everybody wanna be the best - Rome
Corruption is the path to respect - Rome
Assassin with a knife to your neck - Rome
The illusion is too much to bear - Rome
History falls on deaf ears - Rome
My ears still ringing from the cheers - Rome
Till the wheels fall off no fear - Rome
Prepare for the army to invade - Rome
The good times are over Germaine - Rome
Come here you, what is your name? - Rome
Now they gon' turn you to a slave - Rome
Do you not like how I sing? - Rome
Would you prefer to do your own thing? - Rome
Come, let us be merry and drink - Rome
How dare you not kneel, kiss the ring - Rome
Sabotage through espionage - Rome
The Black Knight satellite watch - Rome
Destruction of the enemy is a art - Rome
There is no more rule of law - Rome
The Senate will take recess now - Rome
They'll walk around bare foot style - Rome
You whore! Your titties hang out - Rome
Caesar will have sex with your child - Rome
Zeus will release the Kraken - Rome
The revelation seven headed dragon - Rome
You do-done do-done niggas still rappin'? - Rome
You motherfuckers won't know what happened - Rome
Our prophets gonna smash it to the moon - Rome
The Vatican City is doomed - Rome
Romulus howl at the moon - Rome
The Antichrist rise from the tomb - Rome
Blood will flood through the valleys - Rome

The hounds of Hell will be happy - Rome
Peace to Black Rob, holler at me - Rome
I speak the truth they still attack me - Rome
Yo I don't even care no more - More
They don't want peace they want war - War
Nostradamus crystal ball -Ball
Says the rich will perish with the poor - Poor
Now it's too late to repent - Rome
The Holy Spirit has no more strength - Rome
The General is drunk in his tent - Rome
Surrounded by homosexual men - Rome
Everybody needs gas masks to breathe - Breathe
Plagued by sickness and disease - Disease
The elite scream, "Run away and leave!" - Leave
We have no more leaders to lead - Rome
We brought this upon ourselves - Selves
We got caught up in the spells - Spells
For whom the bell tolls don't tell - Rome
We traded our Heaven for Hell - Rome
We failed to stop chemtrails - Rome
The worldwide hunk of death mail - Rome
We cared too much about our bills - Rome
And we never communicated well - Rome
Now we gon' get what we deserve - Deserve
We turned our backs on God's word- Word
You were too cynical to learn - Learn
I cried out till my throat burned - Burned
God will not clean up your mess- Rome
You humans are so quick to forget- Rome
All you have now is regret- Rome
You figure out what to do next- Rome
It was written that this happened before- Rome
Every cycle of the black star- Rome
Time flies, life dies- Rome
Then the Phoenix will rise and that's all- Rome

[Verse 2 - Pyrit:]
It's like I just woke up in (Rome)
Everything around me say this country is (Rome)
You bring it back to gold standard like this is (Rome)
And *[?]* kill you right in the street like this is (Rome)
And now we got women catchin' plague like (Rome)
Armies killin' people for religion like (Rome)
Fuckin' politicians touchin' kids like (Rome)
Police come get you right where you live like (Rome)
Horses and chariots (Rome) Judas Iscariots (Rome)
Gladiators in the streets battle to the death (Rome)
We all carryin' (Chrome), turn you to (Chrome)
Leave you where you stand let another man clean the mess (This is Rome)
The gods wage wars in the sky (This is Rome)
The men on the ground with the pestilence and flies (This is Rome)
The plague is in the water supplies (This is Rome)
Find concubines pourin' wines (This is Rome)

It’s time that the great beast dies (This is Rome)
Welcome to the feast you swines (This is Rome)
Entrance has made you mines (This is Rome)
Now you'll all exit my bowels at the same time (This is Rome)
We ain’t time travelin’, we talkin’ ‘bout the time we livin’ in
This modern roaming empire underneath Caligula
Close your eyes envision it
You can see imperial police in the streets beatin’ pleebs out their innocence
Welcome citizen, you can pay your penance to the Emperor now or get put with the prisoners
Are you listenin’?
Do what you are told or what you are told will be done to you, simple wisdom it
City sprawlin’ with soldiers on war horses
With chest armor armed forces for official employers
Roman source patrol off on the dogs roaming remorseless
‘Cause job shortage makes some rob to recoup losses
Full equipped with gods on high cliffs
Bombs from drone ships, it’s lightning from Zeus’ fist
18 A-list VIP as it gets
‘Cause pirate computer mix worth a trillion bits
2016, rulers with big dreams
One world, one Roman government, one currency
One slave populace from one goddess' ovaries
One love motherfucker and it ain’t for you or me
Totalitarian, barbarian
Motherfucker this is Rome say the name again
You got a favorite sin? Go commit it then
Livin’ ain’t safe in Rome, but we don’t give a shit (This is Rome)

Canibus Lyrics

"Matte BLK Rapana"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth)

[Canibus:]
Cobra cabana, cut your tongue off with katana
The war monger wearin' Bodhidharma body armor
Son of Ravana, Ashwathama Mahabharat
Parama Brahman, surpreme rasta
Practice extreme Prajna, samsara this is nirvana
Buddhavacana from Tathāgatagarbha
My four fathers conscious like Dhyāna
You don't even understand what I'm sayin', be honest
Lightning bolt Vajrayana, thunderbolt Obama
With B.A. Baracus a black tomahawk chopper
Mr. T doin' the Cha Cha dressed like Zulu Shakas
Eatin' green eggs, hasa and salsa
You know you wearing bootleg when the logo is too big
When the tag says, "Made in Manolo Jesus Crib"
Matte black AR, ACOGS and K Bars
You make duck sauce outta Gog and Magog
The airborne flippers with meteorite zippers
Tell the skipper to use helio light dimmers
You know you ain't in the right business, you like to spit I like to listen
We like hyenas babysittin' some kittens
I swoop down like a winged Griffin and pinch 'em
Leave his limbs missin', dirty ass feet like city pigeons

[Bronze Nazareth:]
Yeah, I promise piranhas, minor marijuana farmer
A white widow spider lighter, plantain clips for llamas
Atomic, Verlander slider shell providers
Catch comets cigarillos spell cumulus climber
Spit shiner, uterus finder, secluded survivor
Diva scuba diver combined with urban MacGyver rhymer
Matte black clouds on top of my family opera
My mood is chupacabra sprinkled with ocean liners
In St. Lucian waters, screws loosen hardest armor
The constant garden mixed with George Carver, Pearl Harbors
Swirl diamonds in my verse, train of thought robbers
Chisel chopper chapters, Montego Bay climates
Visible monuments inside the sound, acknowledge it
Kevlaar halos when I ride we gon' poli kid
Meanwhile demolishing, disembowelment
Slit ya collagen hologram, disappear like Hollow Man
Sharpen pen, drill darts through his cardigan
Autograph a camel toe, marvellous artisan
Casual till the cannon blow, harvest my sonogram
There'll never be another like me, he probably REM
You hate to admit you feelin' it like a phantom limb

No plaques but I planted platinum whims
Jesus feet not one of the kings? Sacrilege

Canibus Lyrics

"Give Me Not Control"

Give me control of all the world's media
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em
Radio, audio, television, video
Satellite, streaming, download, digital
Give me control of all the world's media
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em
Radio, audio, television, video
Satellite, streaming, download, digital

For the Phoenix to rise, life must die
And that's just how it is sometimes
The narrow path is not always clear cut but don't fear nothing
Good karma will amount to something
The 1990 era was the most special
We took this art form to a whole 'nother level
We had Supreme Knowledge, Hip Hop Temple Stone Pilots
All-seeing eyes with the gold iris
The material world is not always truthful
Everybody can't be a business management guru
Gimme Guinness stout, I sit around the table at Google
Meditate, learn the Metu Neter language from YouTube
Raw talent force multiplier enforcer
The Universe bleeds from every orifice, I absorb it
Silver garments smell like garlic, camp-fire concert performers
My Last Supper was a cup of cornmeal porridge
The horizon is dark orange, the Phoenix rise, close orbit
I see armies of 9-foot Wookies in the forest
Transcendence, this is artificial dependence
The future is present, my name is Johnny Depp Junior (Jetson)

Give me control of all the world's media
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em
Radio, audio, television, video
Satellite, streaming, download, digital

Jupiter Ascending through beautiful hues and color spectrums
The imagery is in the essence
I need not to be reminded how weak the flesh is
When I am hungry, under pressure, distracted and desperate
I say sing for your suppers you miserable tone-deaf muthafuckas
Coz all you do is fight with each other
You misogynist maggot, fifth columnist faggot
You make promises but take the dishonorable passage
I'm like Little Lord Fauntleroy, the honorable boy
Who became a gentleman, time flies, now I'm forty
You feel me? What is it really? What is life really about?
Once you're in it there is only one way out

At the moment the Phoenix rises from the ashes, magic
My quantum cycle continues in infinite patterns
But who knows? I sure don't because in The Symphony
Of The Celestial, a nigga barely mastered one note
White water, black tightrope snap, kayak through tight gap
No map that exists can tell you where I'm at
Kite surfing over the earth, always dropping in early for work
And keep connecting to the listeners through the verse
Coz for the Phoenix to rise, life must die
That's just how it is sometimes
The narrow path is not always clear cut but don't fear nothing
Good karma will amount to something
Wait for the Phoenix to rise, open your eyes
Time flies, it'll be here before you realise
Signature signs of the end times, one through centillion rhymes
The Phoenix rise, run for your carbon-based lives

Control the whole world's media
Why would you care who they choose to let entertain 'em?
Radio, audio, television, video
Satellite, streaming, download, digital
Give me control of all the world's media
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em
Radio, audio, television, video
Satellite, streaming, download, digital
Give me control of all the world's media
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'them

Canibus Lyrics

"Igloo Music"

Me *[?]*, sittin' in a igloo
Sippin' shark's fin soup bring the king through

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave

Hardware interpret software
My case I am the hardware, I do it by hand like lawn care
Kevlaar palmin' the gear, put 98 rounds in the air
Then bust 99 bottles of beer

I drove to Bohemian Grove with Alfred Hitchcock
Filmed the birds slightly off the side of the road
I was inflicted with the microphone fever
By an ominous creature that said I was toilsome because of my ether
My poetry scrolls was stolen, flown by U-boat drone
To a underwater post off the coast of Micronesia
Woke up lost with no PLOO, my blood flowin' through tubes
My breatin' apparatus removed
Before a dark figure walked in the room
With a glass of apple juice, thought it might be urine so I refused
They put me in a wheelchair, pushed me down the hallway
Nurse had a fat ass and light brown doll face
They assign negative Nelly and morbid Mary
To give me lap dance with Leslie she smell like cherries
They fed me, lemons and strawberries
They telepathically ask me if I was happy and ready, I said, "very"
I heard the sound of music playin' through surround sound acoustics
They lead me into a room with Mila Kunis
But this was all an illusion, tryin' to extract information to use it
I'm lookin' 10,000 years in the future

Hardware interpret software
My case I am the hardware, I do it by hand like lawn care
Kevlaar palmin' the gear, put 98 rounds in the air
Then bust 99 bottles of beer

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave

I'm Mike Harris veterans the day of damage

[?] with a graphite 50 cal *[?]*
Sight picture momentarily flickers
Mouse clicker, my retina twitches
It's always ordinarily quicker
I'm the private set the dark pull director black budget investor
Black star planet X professor
Eastern philosophy knowledge lord chief of playin' for violence
Exchangin' knowledge with the neighborhood tribals men
If tonnage is weight, my tongue is a Tungsten plate
That'll make a crane tumble over and break
I work for a better tomorrow
But the interest owed on yesterday's debt is the cause for my sorrow
Oxygen infused umbilical cord tubes
In a catalyst that improves mental magnitude of mood
Several hundred and twenty degrees of awareness
Completely fearless, at the same time scared stiff
Gotta hang in there till it all crash
It's gon' crash 'cause the fraud can't last
Practice patience, my musical machinations will abate them
But only if they stop hatin'
I cook rice and peas, taste it
How could I not be Jamaican?
Ox tail, butter, beans and bacon

Hardware interpret software
My case I am the hardware, I do it by hand like lawn care
Kevlaar palmin' the gear, put 98 rounds in the air
Then bust 99 bottles of beer

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave

The pelican falls, when the doves cry
A red dawn of black swans cover the sky
Lyrically this, lyrically that
Lyrically lyrically lyrically I break it down to its biomimicery
Come sit with me, you don't really wanna spit with me
Without injury, one day I'ma do it for infinity
The complexity of it is all so simple I record the experience on dilythium crystals
Potty mouth poetry please, I does that with relative ease
The partial speech let the *[?]* breathe
My prophecy is my poetry, that's how you know it's me
Reserved for your ears and eyes only
Hardcore rap, peppered with extraordinary facts
I am the maestro of syntax
Audiobiographies, Rolling Hill properties
Resurrection after atrocity the buck stops with me

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains

It’s obvious I make music in a cave

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
I really didn’t mean to be so Germaine

Canibus Lyrics

"Seismoluminesence"

Are you refreshed? It’s really nice when more of our human friends come to the party and see the light

[Hook - Canibus:]
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what’s the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what’s the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what’s the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what you gon' tell them?

[Verse - Canibus:]
Bronze master percussionist, time flies, life dies
Phoenix rise, wiseman rhymes, I’m loving it
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past
The future, the present, what’s the next lesson?
Bed down location, Kodiak radio stations
Boost cape Spacegoat Space Ghost lasers
What’s your gift? What your talent?
What does it matter if Alex is right and this is a Prison Planet?
5 man team detachment, XYZ axis
That’s what happens when you come to Alaska
The paracord packing, king crabber, big booty bitch grabbing
Snowmobiles in the snow zigzagging
My snowboard paraffin waxing like Tom Cruise acting
Yeah, Sarah Palin looking for maverick
A square shaped planet, pyramid head shaped poet named Hamlet
Rip the Jacker octopus breakdancing
Quantum questions require quantum answers
Tell me why is this Mantis woman trying to be romantic?
5-5-5 file stored Cybernetics performers expected
The human brain is now a barbarous relic
Phonology professor articulating phonetics
Participating for credit, if nothing else, just to send a message
Wake up and smell the petunias, I’m in Peru with my vicuñas
Why do I keep seeing Mila Kunis?
I was told: After death life isn’t the same
And when the Phoenix rise, death would not be the end game”
Technology devalues life, intruding ones rights
Contaminating the cost, excluding the price
Removing insight from the human plight
Your historians are doomed to rewrite, click the button if you like
Under the pale moonlight, weapons of unknown types
Marduk, Tammuz, Kingu and Heru fight
Or maybe they working together to keep us all working forever
In subterranean emergency shelters

Classical plateau de Château
Enter 4 tombs of four, enter nations and contours
The west mauling song of the Moors
When an irresistible force faces an immovable thought
The crucible will be buried in the salt
Next to the boot marks and the minds and the hearts
And the kasbergs that march till it's all lost
I never got to say goodbye, I never learned the truth
Cause every word produced was a lie
And now here I stand, before the creator of man
A reptile woman with mantis hands
All worlds are strange
And yet, as above so below, it's all the same
Different only in name, descriptions deviate according to the code displayed
How you know Germaine?
I was told by a whispering loud mouth that came down from the clouds
Her mouth never moved, telepathic style
The science was misinterpreted, they said, "It's time that you know now
The when, the where, the why and the how"
This is what I been praying for, on day 84
I was walking with Lao-Tzu along the mainland wall
From the Yangtze to the Danube to the Nile to the Mississippi south
Every paradigm makes sense now
Except the ones they reject now but only when in front of a crowd
Behind closed doors they break your shit down
Beyond the frequencies of sound we so far passed that now
That reality becomes the background
That's as transparent as cellophane, doorways and parallel planes
My hemispheres create parallel brains
Where my focus strains to create change
Until Germaine's DNA is downloaded through wireless veins
Then uploaded any direction I aim, all directions at once
I pass around omnidirectional blunts
Instead of one to the head, it's like one to the zero, to the one
One -zero- one -zero instead
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past
The future, the present, that's the next lesson
Telepathic compressors replace questions
JIBO replaces engineers for studio sessions
J-I-B-O JIBO ni hao, ni hao yo
Freeflow, R-T-J JIBO
Thought I was done a week ago
But there's so many different ways 10,000 bars could unfold
You could never be too enlightened, to never want to know
What you could never understand, even though you probably won't

[Hook - Canibus:]
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past

The future, the present, what’s the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what you gon' tell them?

Canibus Lyrics

"Formula Won"

Do or do not do, there is no try
Looking at the Phoenix Rise
Life's about learning to live with what you can't control
The soul plays a substantial role
Krav Maga, bad ass Rasta, arm wrestling monsters
Motherfucker nearly crashed the chopper
Do or do not do, there is no try
Looking at the Phoenix Rise
Formula 1 champagne son
Stage one, stage two, stage three, stage four, ya done
1 million titties, 500,000 girls
Georgia guide stones diamonds and pearls

We eat Wyghu beef, the Phoenix sunrise in the east
The language is scientific but street
The mountain man was told to go pound sand
There's fresh water in them lands, sittin' on his horse folding his hands
Who am I? Don't ask, I'ma ask you if you old enough to dance
Cause right now you holdin' up the plans
I sleep for a thousand years, woke up with a beard
Looking at my light aura in the mirror
Life's about learning to live with what you can't control
The soul plays a substantial role
A fighter jet barrel rolls over a narrow road
Goin so fast my head was shaped like a tadpole
I'm in Booger Hollow, Alabama
Told the bitch to make me a sandwich
Got that peanut butter jelly goin ham with the hammers
And ham radio scanners smoking turtle with Santa
The Space Warden race around orbit for their blatant enjoyment try to find a better place of employment
Eyes cast below looking for the Phoenix sun rise
Pray and fast cause spirits are among the skies

Life is about learning to live with what you can't control, the soul plays a substantial role
Life is about learning to live with what you can't control, the soul plays a substantial role

User generated generation XYZ station, they parked their spaceship right on the pavement
Formula 1 champagne son, automatic pneumatic lung
My big dun Domingo on the drums
Contained in the corridor between Pennsylvania and Baltimore, Miss Moneypenny hold all call
Canibus Planet composed of Pelodian Granite
My handset batteries dead - I'm stranded
Spiritually awakened, banished within corporeal spaces
In ultra magnetic places off world bases
The black cube, the Kaaba, Ishara the Goddess
I showed her my potential for knowledge she made me a promise, to give me Non Local Photon Vocals, with Higgs Boson Portals

To grow my very own Robot Cultures
A lie is short lived but so is the long truth
Who do you sing songs to? who do you belong to
I belong to the One that created me
The One that has never forsaken me
The One who watch patiently while I made the worst mistake then reincarnated me
Stand tall - no fear on the gateway to nowhere
No emotion so the poetry's clear
My Robot more advanced than any Rock Band....
Believe it! Above Pop Secret, a thousand fallen demons gotta' blog talk pod cast grievance
Frankenstein Aryan Eyes, Hazel BLK or Brown Eyes
All looking at the Purple Sun Rise
Aurora Borealis outside my Alaskan Palace
As long as the rap contract valid
If I can do something then I'ma do it got dammit
If you can't do nothing you need to improve Got Dammit!
Formula 1 nitro pipes, Michael Jai White on fright night
My flow like indiglo dash lights
Cut chop and slash like price of trash
The first shall be first after the next to the last
Slow down you speeding - hand brake - park your mouth
Open the door count to 1 point 4 and get out
For me, open canopy, the brass walk over to examine me
All this G force got me aggi
Temporal aerodynamic pan ceramic x man gambit
I star spangled it then man handled it
My ears is buzzin, they talking crazy out there cousin
Don't ever assume they talkin' bout nothing
Who you representin' get killed by a media weapon
Let the Teleprompter tell him read me the reference
Were you there in his presence?
Ok for now we gotta' hold all questions
You see that tall girl talk to her breast ess

Canibus Lyrics

"Phoenix Rise…"

[Hook:]
(But I couldn’t get around it)
I tried
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don’t always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn’t get around it)
The Most High knows I tried
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don’t always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn’t get around it)
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don’t always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn’t get around it)
The Most High knows I tried

Black Star, black light; just another day in the life
Paying the price, still trying to live righteous, right?
Up before sunrise, open my eyes
Take a walk with my spirit guide, go outside
They think I lost my mind, but I’m just looking at the hands of time
Until it’s time to cross that divide
Already fulfilled my purpose, I spit these verses
This whole material world is all worthless
Experience deep in the flesh
My memory has a shelf life from my first to my last breath
That’s why I laugh at death; every week cash the check
Go home with some gas and a spliff
Canibus! See I knew Bis
Couldn’t get around it; the truth is, I had to go through it
This is the price I pay to make music
This is what music like this produces

[Hook:]
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don’t always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn’t get around it)
The Most High knows I tried
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don’t always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn’t get around it)
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don’t always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn’t get around it)
The Most High knows I tried

I am the creator of the extreme; I dream
I wear clothes cut by black, gold, and green laser beams

The deep lilac lion of purified iron
Crafted a trident and offered it up to Poseidon
In earnest they may form an alliance
Before the very last drop of water on planet Earth is expired
But it was too late; the rulers of the empire rain down fire
The sound of annihilation is quiet
Nothing desired, nothing admired
Just a pile of rubble that emits silence; greed at its finest
I walk towards nowhere; something appears
I walk closer then I realize, nothing is there
I smell ammonia distilled from bones and dung
Odor at the border, the golden tongue
The fragrance made me feel weightless
Took me to a faraway place that felt familiar but ancient
It feels ancient because, this all happened before
Lord Shiva, the Destroyer of Worlds
I woke from the dream and for whatever it's worth
I said a prayer to the Most High; it could've been worse
He performed great works, recreated the earth
Shewbread dipped in olive oil, you taste first

[Hook x2:]
(But I couldn't get around it)
I tried
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don't always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn't get around it)
The Most High knows I tried
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don't always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn't get around it)

The windmill of wealth doesn't spin by itself
No matter who you are, you need help
Hate is inspired by survival
That's why some people never get along
Even when then try to
Everything happens in cycles
You was king for a century, then you was beaten by your rival
I asked life, "How do I describe you?"
Sits down beside you, looks you in the eye spiteful
If karma goes around for real
Then it must be taking the scenic route, on foot, no wheels
Think you hot cuz you got deal?
Nothing lasts forever, now kneel
That's what I thought; how it feel?
That's all I'm trying to reveal
I ain't trying to see your dreams get killed
And watch you fiend for a mill
The Devil in a red suit, sittin' on the stoop
Eatin' goat head soup; some type of throwback loop
The blowback blew you off of the roof
And caused other problems too

I speak to it, then it talk to you
I find a trophy underneath all the dust and grime
At least one more time, I can bust a rhyme
Then forever the rapper organize metadata; success is a ladder
The higher you go, the more the risk it collapses
Energy returned on energy invested
Other than that, doesn’t matter who the best is

[Hook]
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don’t always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn’t get around it)
The Most High knows I tried
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don’t always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn’t get around it)
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don’t always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn’t get around it)
The Most High knows I tried

Canibus Lyrics

"I'm Witchu"

(feat. Classic Pak)

[Hook x2:]
I'm witchu if you ready to roll
I'm witchu if you ready to ride
I'm witchu if you ready to take bread
I'm witchu if you ready to pop

I'm down for whatever just give me the nod
We have him tied up in the back of the yard
Duct tape *[?]* behind the garage
Or better yet put him there between the cars
What I'm tryin' to tell you is I roll homie
We after the same things, the globe homie
Roll like the fo' fo' chrome's on me
But it ain't that it's just that I'm no phony
Homie, I ride to the end
Show these fake niggas the meaning of friend
'Cause they done got it all twisted
The whole definition they missed it
They only come around just to get lifted
If you ain't got shit well guess what they missin'
With friends like that, who needs enemies?
We say fuck 'em there go your remedy

[Hook x2]

And he could sit you down with a gun to your face
I'ma come around and spray him with mace
He won't even know what happened
Snatch the gun, put it away then smack him
Tell him he done messed with the wrong clique
'Cause I'm a part of this bitch
Now that them understand pressure
He said it himself, he never should've test us
Now he kinda wishin' he was down with us
'Cause he knows it's all real no clown niggas
Over here we all about the big dank boy
First you be a team player then you get a name boy
I don't know where you're from, or what you're on
And don't be a gangsta 'cause Gotti gone
Take you to the crib make you eat the long
If a nigga front on my dog, we gon' body arm

[Hook x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Seismoluminescence (RTJ Extended Bonus)"

[Woman:]
Are you refreshed? It’s really nice when more of our human friends come to the party and see the light

[Hook:]
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what’s the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what’s the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what’s the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what you gon' tell them?

Bronze master percussionist, time flies, life dies
Phoenix rise, wiseman rhymes, I’m loving it
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past
The future, the present, what’s the next lesson?
Bed down location, Kodiak radio stations
Boost cape Spacegoat Space Ghost lasers
What’s your gift? What your talent?
What does it matter if Alex is right and this is a Prison Planet?
5 man team detachment, XYZ axis
That’s what happens when you come to Alaska
The paracord packing, king crabber, big booty bitch grabbing
Snowmobiles in the snow zigzagging
My snowboard paraffin waxing like Tom Cruise acting
Yeah, Sarah Palin looking for maverick
A square shaped planet, pyramid head shaped poet named Hamlet
Rip the Jacker octopus breakdancing
Quantum questions require quantum answers
Tell me why is this Mantis woman trying to be romantic?
5-5-5 file stored Cybernetics performers expected
The human brain is now a barbarous relic
Phonology professor articulating phonetics
Participating for credit, if nothing else, just to send a message
Wake up and smell the petunias, I’m in Peru with my vicuñas
Why do I keep seeing Mila Kunis?
I was told, “After death life isn’t the same
And when the Phoenix rise, death would not be the end game”
Technology devalues life, intruding ones rights
Contaminating the cost, excluding the price
Removing insight from the human plight
Your historians are doomed to rewrite, click the button if you like
Under the pale moonlight, weapons of unknown types
Marduk, Tammuz, Kingu and Heru fight
Or maybe they working together to keep us all working forever
In subterranean emergency shelters

Classical plateau de Château
Enter 4 tombs of four, enter nations and contours
The west mauling song of the Moors
When an irresistible force faces an immovable thought
The crucible will be buried in the salt
Next to the boot marks and the minds and the hearts
And the kasbergs that march till it’s all lost
I never got to say goodbye, I never learned the truth
Cause every word produced was a lie
And now here I stand, before the creator of man
A reptile woman with mantis hands
All worlds are strange
And yet, as above so below, it's all the same
Different only in name, descriptions deviate according to the code displayed
How you know Germaine?
I was told by a whispering loud mouth that came down from the clouds
Her mouth never moved, telepathic style
The science was misinterpreted, they said, “It’s time that you know now
The when, the where, the why and the how”
This is what I been praying for, on day 84
I was walking with Lao-Tzu along the mainland wall
From the Yangtze to the Danube to the Nile to the Mississippi south
Every paradigm makes sense now
Except the ones they reject now but only when in front of a crowd
Behind closed doors they break your shit down
Beyond the frequencies of sound we so far passed that now
That reality becomes the background
That’s as transparent as cellophane, doorways and parallel planes
My hemispheres create parallel brains
Where my focus strains to create change
Until Germaine’s DNA is downloaded through wireless veins
Then uploaded any direction I aim, all directions at once
I pass around omnidirectional blunts
Instead of one to the head, it’s like one to the zero, to the one
One -zero- one -zero instead
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past
The future, the present, that’s the next lesson
Telepathic compressors replace questions
JIBO replaces engineers for studio sessions
J-I-B-O JIBO ni hao, ni hao yo
Freeflow, R-T-J JIBO
Thought I was done a week ago
But there’s so many different ways 10,000 bars could unfold
You could never be too enlightened, to never want to know
What you could never understand, even though you probably won’t

[Hook]

Come on RTJ, what you gon’ tell ‘em?

I am JIBO super futuristic super califragilistic
Artificial existence immune to human sickness

Can he *[?]* Pro Tools session tracks one through seven numerically in succession
Ad-lib bridge beat master automation
To mock a nation with my creation it's so blatant
The Master Mason they sent me a check but I couldn't buy *[?]*
I don't know what they was thinkin'
By breakin' *[?]* White House basement
The secret service agent taped it
Take a trip to my space station but don't mind the radiation
I don't mind it, in fact I find it adds to the relaxation
I beam from Heaven's gate to the plantation
To the slaves escapin' the fat master *[?]* with his heart racing
[?] I'm star gazin', constellations rearranged
Makes me pick a place in time, I promise you I *[?]* large spaceship
I'm one of God's favorites, bar amazing *[?]*
Grill location destination
X on my *[?]*
Fact states *[?]* real lyricists from Golden Age of greatness
Inspire greatness being ill is so contagious
I am fateful and I am Dr. Doom's ascendant
Dr. Who time travelin' through a parallel dimension
Book a ticket for my great adventures
I'll kick you to the planet centre
Symbolic doors open and voicebeckon you to enter
Ni hao *[?]*
Rip the Jacker Infinity c0mpl3x computer Canibus
The crowd vote unanimous lit up the blunt passin' it clockwise
Motion inside a circle till it come back in
Germaine super Yangtze RTJ II, plateau de Château
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past
The future, the present, the Phoenix rise at the endin'

[Sample:]
Williams describes a really beautiful description of an omnipresent light
So, when someone sees that light they are translating it
What is it though? I mean is it all that is?
Is it a higher self

CANIBUS
FULL SPECTRUM
DOMINANCE
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"This Is Not A Dream"

This is not a dream, not a dream
We are using your brain's perceptual system as a receiver
We are unable to transmit through conscious neurointerference
You are receiving this broadcast as a dream
We are transmitting from the year 3999
You are receiving this broadcast in order to alter the events you are seeing
Our technology has not built to transmit a strong enough to reach your conscious state of awareness
But this is not a dream
Your scene is actually occurring
For the purpose of causality violation
This broadcast will be received by the perceptual centres as a dream
But this is not a dream

Canibus Lyrics

"Black Lithium"

(feat. Nappi Music)

As I lay my head down to sleep
In true hip hop my soul will speak

[Canibus:]
I quit giving a crap about rap way back
But this is poetry
Something that they can't take back
Write ascension 19 hours
And fifteen lyrics
Destination 15 degrees and 16 spirits
From carbon I came, to carbon I return
It seems like ridicule is all that I've earned
Black lithium clouds
Maritime meridian bound
Rap music look how silly you sound
Insectoid, High pitch voice, fricking cricket noises
It's annoying like poison from neo-nicotinoids
Tell me who does the Creator favour
The one who loves thy neighbour
Or the intolerable self hating hater
Schlemiel! Schlimazel! Shmuck!
Which one of you cucks..
Just clean it up without making a fuss!
I'll continue with the assumption that everything I'm saying
Can and will be subject to misinterpretation
Tough situation
Hunting Huxtable season
Jesus
Where's Roy Cohn when you need him
I thought they were bluffing when I heard 'em say
"The nigga gets nothing"
Feed is like insurance to the Buzzards

[Nappi Music:]
Black lithium
They want our head in the clouds so we can't see how they're putting it down
Black lithium
You can't take my mind from me
Black lithium

[Canibus:]
I've released thousands of tracks
Received plaques
But none of that matters
I wanna believe that
Mic pressure on full power on U.S Nimitz

Elevation is correlated to sea level systems
History is repeated
Patterns of a purge that is critically needed
To bring balance to the world
These are not my words
However cruel the words may sound
This is what we're faced with now
They call it choice
I call it an adroit attempt to mind control
Like soul from a source
A source of power
Not ours we shall own our own labour
And we have shown infinite patience
Yet there is omission
No consessions
We are stuck, marooned to a place that sucks
Continuing with the assumption
That everything I'm saying can and will be subject to misinterpretation
I don't know what we deserve
For still believing these liars for stealing, cheating and deceiving
Yes remain humble
While fire team rave and rumbles
In a war wagon that'll pop your bubble

[Nappi Music:]
Black lithium
They wanna put it in the clouds so we can't see how they're putting it down
Black lithium
You can't take my mind from me

[Canibus:]
I quit giving a crap about rap way back
But this is poetry - something they can't take back
Write a message 23 hours and 19 minutes
Space station 30 degrees and 18 inches
Fortune and fame
Steep learning curves
The phoenix bird that does not want to re-emerge
You know what they say about every day above ground
You embrace the hate
You can't save love now
Instinctually low - pause control
Often found at some some old head watering hole
Meet him in a pseudo maker in a Volcano crater *[?]*
Close chamber but holds Satan
Go and entertain him
A deal and an oath is struck
Unknown to the deaf, dumb, and blind
You are told to trust
I'll continue with the assumption
That everything I'm saying can and will be subject to misinterpretation
A little bit of history'll tell you the present
I'll be a pathetic

The future might be already written
Unless we become brothers
You will suffer the suffering of the suffered through unjust judgement

[Nappi Music:]
Black lithium
They wanna put it in the clouds so we can't see how they're putting it down
Black lithium
You can't take my mind from me
Lithium

Canibus Lyrics

"The Odds"

(feat. Nappi Music)

[Canibus:]
The odds are you can't even tell the mixing board is a holy grail
For styles like this only for those who know it well
It's unknown but won't fail
Another stone for Thanos to unveil requiring control skill
Mix without crashing zig zag all autopilot passengers
Hypnotized by the magic practice
Pragmatic practicalist poetry in motion by accident
And cry like I never asked for this
The experiment for buzz, that's what Hip Hop was
I stutter and s-s-s-shit on you cuz
The great Pun breath control vernacular
Ginger extract with cold press Canibus oil so elaborate
Asymetric incription eyeballs can't see
DJ deepstate book the false flag for the weekend
Mind control mehmet tutuahmet
Ultra beam is tonerpoke had m3 two-seaters

[Nappi Music:]
What are the odds this is all a design
What are the odds if this is all in our mind
What are the odds the results are a lie
What are the odds that I'll make it out alive
What are the odds we were created to survive
What are the odds they created us so we die
What are the odds we're are all gods and they lied
What are the odds?

[Canibus:]
The odds are they are just rapper shills
I scim them with scallop shells and send them back to Hell where their master dwells
13 day calender hateful damager
Pick up your heat signature on infrared aperture
Draconian dracula o mecca magader
Communion to coagulate blood with saltine cracker crumbs
Sit back and laugh at the dump
The whole world is mine, every continent especially Africa
This is America long booth alpha puff stare at ya
Tear at ya flesh devour your character
Father do not forgive them they know what they do
Military tribunal lock load and shoot
The Garden of Eden is guarded by a demons
Drug addicted heathens of barbarous believers
Semi ramblers b-list Nimrod ninas
Translate to English, some worshipping gatekeepers of flesheaters

[Nappi Music:]
What are the odds this is all a design
What are the odds if this is all in our mind
What are the odds the results are a lie
What are the odds that I'll make it out alive
What are the odds we were created to survive
What are the odds they created us so we die
What are the odds we're are all gods and they lied
What are the odds?
[x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Authentic Level Of Greatness"

(feat. DJ JS-1)

Ladies and gentleman...

I had faith that the youth has to save the day
We gotta let the chips fall where they may
Feud Elvis paved the way, however I'm ashamed to say
The foundation just faded away
I told the limelight bovine in the cold mine
Sometimes it gets so dark your soul can't shine
What you do when justice takes years or more?
But your world is 24 hours from being destroyed
No time machines to tamper inbetween reality
No time for apathy or religious fantasy
Just you against the dragon beast
What you gonna do? (What you gonna do?)
I don't know. That's why I'm asking you
Ima die on my feet like my favorite OG
My favorite OG ain't dead yet, blame it on me
Stay frosty, wake up like "Bis, get off me!"
And I don't calm down till I taste my coffee
The blind man jump batman, no rope
That's the only way to get outta this hellhole
Just be honest, you made a false positive promise
The rap artists piling up like ocean garments

[Samples]

So operative bullnose, full blown turbo flow
You motherfuckers don't deserve no dough
They gotta U.S Republic minority budget
To start a school for hip hop, nonprofit or public
You see anyone that tells you they coming to save you? is lying
'Cause you gotta save yourself
No matter what happens in the spiritual world of action
They wanna be compensated to hell
When they deal with their own they pull the trigger too late
But everyone else get dealt with, they don't hesitate
No mercy, no time to marinate
They ain't satisfied till we living in a terra-state
Guess what, we'll get used to it
Ain't nothing new to us
Adapt to the just, that's how we used to do it
Destructive humans, destructive underground acoustics
They totally destroyed our music

[Samples]

Stripped of our honor; laid down the rest in the garden
Martyred, no chance of post-humuous pardon
Too bad, rag top jag sugar hill swag
Ride around with the top down listening to jazz
'Cause y'all act like y'all so much better than cavemen
But all that knowledge just brought you enslavement
Sentient, awareness, remove
Dumbed down in a careless mood, I'm barely amused
So much more pressure than ever
Should the predecessor be more or lesser than their successor?
Good question
Unapologetic regret, questions still go unaddressed
How he feels now is anybody's guess
During this age of iron and widespread gun violence
The puppet masters strings are now wireless
Blindfolded, one more cigarette
What's your last request?
Maybe that life can outlast death
In a metaphor turf war, the all time great work horse
The war of the worlds, just for the sport
On the other hand, I've got faith
The youth gotta save the day, the chips gotta fall where they may
The elders didn't pave the way
I'm ashamed to say, that our future is the future we made

Ladies and gentleman...

Canibus Lyrics

"Anagram Phoenix"

You don't know what's next
Generation X gotta prep
Only for those who can see it
The iPhone is an anagram for the phoenix

I'm a woodwind instrument repairman
Dashing, handsome and daring, the Tuskegee airman
Reduce my ground-speed to give the underground what they need
If they don't know what to believe
Then I don't know what to tell 'em
Bliss, ignorance is a weapon
Illusions in the middle of the desert
We all in a sanctuary city, I stand corrected
It's all connected, take an alter exit
Move on to the next shit
Jichrome, can't tour late night on the phone
'Cause you don't live alone
1 on 1 with Angela Yee
Bacon, eggs and cheese
Lowered torso, legs and feet
Hip hop's first Elon Musk
Iron lungs with guts
Take it back to the rewind button
He was born as a baby in a manger in crystalline light chambers
They called him a microphone mangler
Developed as a unit, before it's one love it's one music
His sound gave shape to the future
Guess what? the natty dread can't stand the feds
He eat banana bread livin' off grit in the tent
Present crisis PR expert
Music box moves network
Where they trade net worth for wetwork
YouTube: Canibus search, skip over the battle
I been rappin since Eve took a bite out the apple
The Book of Eli transformed my mind and designed
The Paul Thomas Anderson storyline
The expression: "Reason without rhyme"
Clearly comes to mind
That's why I rarely dumb it down sometimes
It's an accelerated positive feedback loop:
Uses Mars system surveillance: I need that, too!
The bulk data transfer from the West-Indian black panther
Search the universe for answers!

We don't know what's next
Generation X gotta prep
What's comin down the pipeline next?

The iPhone anagram for the phoenix makes sense

Hip Hop robotics with upgraded optics
My wardrum mounted on the wall where I found it
Mad-dog maddis mathematics
Please read the caption:
Binoculars read your lips from the rafters
Thanos, cook mean on that drum machine
Take it back to the 20,000 man street team
Baby-boomers from the future wearing some faded ass booms
With an old school gold-plated ruger
"How many times did they shoot ya?"
What the fuck kinda question is that, who's the interviewer?
Hydrogen powered limited edition Eddie Bauer
Gold-colored clouds spark electricity showers
When I beam down and rap
I yellow tape that
My Man my Mellow won't even say that
I lift up my praise and make the rain fall sideways
Resurrect Hip Hop from the grave
The third-eye brigade, the blockchain bars on a cage
Call out the pressure on the gauge
Extraction in a half hour, put some man-trousers over them skinny jeans
We need man power!
Step into my office, excuse the faint smell of nail polish
I'm water-proofing my electronics
Right, I got things to go bump in the night
Fight? I throw you in the trunk space with no light
Front-right and center a jeeda chrome taste test us
Now you can't feel your face, nigga

The iphone IS an anagram for the phoenix
Soon to be seen by all the believers
We don't know what's next
Generation X gotta prep
What's comin down the pipeline next?
The iPhone anagram for the phoenix makes sense

Canibus Lyrics

"The Awakening"

This was not a dream, not a dream
We've been using your brain's perceptual system as a receiver
We were able to transmit this information to your thoughts
And in the next 45 seconds our connection will be severed by our star system
You will return to your normal state of mind
You will remember every event we've shown you
This was not a dream
We are leaving your conscious state of awareness
Everything you have seen and heard actually occurred
But this was not a dream, not a dream
(Wake up!)
(Help)

CANIBUS
FULL SPECTRUM
DOMINANCE 2
PARENTAL
ADVISORY

Canibus Lyrics

"Nationwide Ruckus"

Wake up every morning, yo I must succeed uh
Nationwide ruckus, make the word stampede uh
Show with me, make we roll some weed uh
Mad charge nigga, now I must proceed uh
[x2]

Ey yo, I had to make this beat available offline
Just in case the power goes out in the middle of my rhyme
Improvising, improving, maximizing my ability to do this
Pullin' strings even when my mouth's not moving
The black cat that's stoopin' on the love boat film or action movies
You want to hate boat troll? Then active coofy
The intellectual thinker is attracted to me
Rollin' up Scooby snack doobies, take two puffs and pass it to me
Sittin' in the back of a jacked up tailgate
I know my bitch look young, but she ain't jailbait
Copenhagen's known for fake, she kinda like how it taste
That's why she all up in my face
Speakerbox boomin' all up in that place
Codename 308s, Can-I-Bus that great?
Holdin' hands, singin' kumbaya, it's too late
They say a racial war coming, go paint your face
Ripper verse psychology curse, statue even during apologies
Are you not entertained? Then follow me
Cody wasn't for hire, brief fabricated slam fire
Silver rounds for the vampires

Wake up every morning, yo I must succeed uh
Nationwide ruckus, make the word stampede uh
Show with me, make we roll some weed uh
Mad charge nigga, now I must proceed uh
[x2]

Now let's stay on topic, let's talk about it
My product and my latest Hip-Hop project, CBD vaporizers
Gold plated Olmec face, they come with a golden neck brace
Senior technician, 401K
Activate, smash your face with the trey eight strapped around the waist
Then dump you in a dilapidated place
Beat 'em down with aluminum, then I put two in 'em
The harlem world hooligan with a bad boy pseudonym
Throw you off a highrise, see if you can skydive
They fear me like cavlike tile, black child
Go surgical, chop it up vertical
Bars from my notebook murder you
Can you say "testicular turpitude"?
'Course you can't! Tongue twister metaphors put you in a trance

In that sunken place doing the drunken dance
Wake up, upside down hung by the pants
M-m-monster truck transmission, crush your hands
Body blows to the guts, stomach cramps, tough man
I'm a sheepdog covered by the blood of the lamb
I'm hot, my hands are warm, my mind is cold
Together they strum notes on the strings of your soul
I was there when they put Hip-Hop under arrest
When the artificial intelligence took its first breath
The Boston Dynamics mechanics scoured the planet for antediluvian amulets buried in Atlantis
The haters just talk shit cuz if I ever break loose they panic
They don't know I got brain damage

Wake up every morning, yo I must succeed uh
Nationwide ruckus, make the word stampede uh
Show with me, make we roll some weed uh
Mad charge nigga, now I must proceed uh
[x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Curb Your Ego"

(feat. Seven Spherez)

Alright fellas. Listen, let's get real this morning, you gotta kick the ego, to the curb. You just gotta get it, and kick it, and throw it to the side. The male ego has a tendency to create more damage, than good. And a lot of times, our ego, simply gets in the way

[Seven Spherez:]
Yo it's the murder prequel serving heat at the third degree, bro
You rappers need to stay in your lane, and curb your ego
Hurt the beat, burning MC's with the verbal free-flow
You rappers need to stay in your lane, and curb your ego *[x2]*

It's the ravenous rap savages, damaging wack amateurs
Trapped in a black cavern, the hazardous track ravellers
Snap on you cats, snack on you rappers that act fabulous
Backing Jack, when I flatten twats in their jacked amulets
Fantabulous, feel the wrath of these gas canisters
All you rappers with lax to the track landed with Canibus
Handle this biz right, spit light, like the hammer click
The only time you shoot with those cannons is snap camera pics
Rap vandalist, with his hand on the can, angling
Dangling off the building, revealing the craft's manuscript
Planning shit with candles, ripping anarchist with ganja lit
Popping tags, till I'm fucking drowning in Mandarin
Hand in the throne, battle your clique while I stand on my own
But rappers are running from me like I'm standing here banging the chrome
My hand when he strangle a clone
The seven we gang to the bone
Step into the cypher get beheaded like Ann Boleyn *[?]*

[Canibus:]
Aight, enough about him, let's talk about me
'Cause every now and then I gotta speak my piece
I could curb my own ego and still get it off
When I walk I break off chunks of Himalayan salt
I receive my blessings from projecting my love
I'd rather do that than stain swords with blood
Easy-peasy rice and cheesy but don't get touchy-feely
Get punched in the neck for being greedy
My living quarters are cold with poisonous mold
Been living down here since zero years old
In the name of the Creator, I rose
Remove the millstone from my own neck bones, so I can spit what I wrote
In return, I was enhanced manifold and saw spiritual growth
For you to find out and for me to know
How I weld words together, separately plasma cut into letters
A ripper forever, nobody do it better

Canibus Lyrics

"Matter Of Time"

(feat. Nappi Music)

The biggest blessings when the younger look out for the older
The older providing the shoulder to bolster the culture
We were just Ewok soldiers facing off much larger opponents
Stronger than ogres, mutated poisonous cobras
Media moguls with teeth like marsupial rodents
Sacha Baron Cohen open mic moments
Ask what you like, questions are loaded
You're likely to be misquoted, end up like Alex Jones did
In no time, culture vultures pick your bones by the roadside
As we inhale the potassium bromide
From 50 Shades of grey colored skies, demonetized by Russian spies
Why does a brother even try?
Go underground just to survive, above ground, nothing but lies
Paralyzed by the drugs they provide
Tranquilizer for the mind, available online
I declined, but that's why we need more time

There is no more time, depends on which clock you go by
Blow the chofa, pray to the rain god
What if we're not on the same side, but we came from the same tribe?
I don't know how to answer this guy
This old goon on iTunes, did you sign to him?
Did you give away your lies to him?
What about YouTube? I watched the reaction from TwoDudes
Straight through hypnotized by the lights in the room
Analytic brain food, Professor Griff type jewels
The creator gives you the right to choose
It feels like we fighting to lose when we don't know which narrative's true
But what the Khazarian crackers do?
What about devils with the blackest hue? Sell your black ass out, too
The root of evil captures every group
The number four jump traps snap loose
Break your spine and your back, too, just give me a beat I can rap to

Germaine and TwoDudesFromMaine talk about coons in the game
Who don't love hip-hop the same
The question is never satisfied, answers must be properly ratified
Find out how to resist and try
Sophia Stewart envisioned human androids dressed like druids
I wish I had the resources to prove it
Black lithium red mercury, alert orange level emergency
Poetry was never perjury
Then it occurred to me, if they can shut Alex Jones down
They can censor every poet in the whole world now
You ask how? Natives are restless, fatigues make behavior aggressive
A positive message is labor intensive

I been in the club with Puff, I watched Donald Trump walk up
Elbows rub, Cristal in the cup
All I'm saying is before the oval office even mattered
He was cool with rappers and I don't think he was actin'

Canibus Lyrics

"Canibus /\ Cambatta"

(feat. Cambatta)

[Canibus:]
I'm a nine-dimensional being spitting photon directional beams
CBD serve my medical needs
Move your ass, nigga ain't got no gravitas
I'ma tell you one time, me and you are not sized
There is no secret for patience, the key to being patient is sacred
And those results are not easily taken
You want to build? Do it for real
Unite, brother, still sharp as steel
Listen to me, just (breathe)
Yea, I be old-school growling, communities by the thousands and counting
Coming down off a Mingledorff mountain with books and tube pouches
And million dollar equipment vouchers
Education, you ain't shit without it
How about it? They took the game make it hard to support that lane
YouTube views probably bought that fame
I'd rather go to bass shop pro than deal with yo ignorant ass, yo
'cause our people are always last to know
Rap music should have been had unions, but it don't
Try to get 'em to stop the confusion, but they won't
And now here we are, 2018, still got the same problems
Chaos a prelude to conflict
You know necessity is the mother of ideas
And a bad idea is the father of all fears
The black and loud herd mentality crowd dreadlocks
Be looking like some dirty ass black and mild's
If you ain't melanated? Black or brown? you ain't down
How that sound? Who's possessed by the spirit of a savage now?
You better check them false facts in your files
Division'll have your mouth starving looking for a hand out
Man down, everybody fan out, it's your fault the plan went south
Say the word you the big man now
I don't think so, they move every way the wind blow
Kimbo, purse snatch a bimbo don't get shit tho
Homie, these niggas lonely and phony
Crowd-funded for groceries, some of these Hotep niggas is hungry
I germinated the waters, you just tasting out of my faucet
You like the taste? We created the sources/sauces
The Jamaican mason cooking Cajun bacon with a fig-leaf apron
With the information to raise a nation
The green is the unk, the black is the God
My gold staff is a stick that makes buckets of lard
Lord have mercy, that nigga got bars
James Bond with a turbo-saw, but still they resent the God
Spit bars til my voice goes hoarse, circular saws slice jaws
No novacaine but take twice as long

I am the monk of Mingledorff, I mutilate every single song
My drum machine cut your fingers off
Let's talk; I see where you went wrong
You was smoking embalming fluid out the morgue and held your breathe too long
Yea, I'm floored but my God is an awesome God
Meanwhile, your paws are too short to walk with dogs
Mt. Rushmore Olmec face; your security clearance not up to date
So I'ma have to stop you at the gate
Thermovision whistles and bells, your superheat smells
So on your way to hell let me give you this cool gel
Sound off, let me hear you yell; who you gonna tell?
When I was proof-reading the grail? You was learning how to spell
Talk to my abbot; I hooked the dragon up to your wagon
2018, you talking about horsepower, you lackin'
Layerin raps, matching, you still mackie-board four tracking
Rip the Jacker got all the action
Canibus, canned by the classic, Full Spectrum Dominance
Triple blackness, unleash the albino kraken

[Cambatta:]
On the bible, I swore solemnly
Lord watching me, born of a moor progeny
Source of a pure prophecy
Before Constantine, travel to Nicaea and courted a core following
Modestly, freedom before sovereignty
I don't believe in the theme of a war policy
Amistad, land of the street and like four blocks from me
Cinque speaking and God orator pompously
My phrase couplets change the way brains function
Hard metal skin brown coz it's rain rusted
Tie ropes to your limbs then i play puppets
Cut a hole in your stomach then i make munchkins
I hate tongues to taste tastebuds
If you taste my tastebuds you'll taste bud
I showed up at gunfights and gave hugs
Make em put they guns down
Shoot em with the same gun, blame drugs
Failure is the best lesson
She didn't know my name but she kept guessing
I told her gold string makes the best threading
When I rump, my steel skin deflects weapons
Teflon chest vested, lungs burning
Breath conjure sweat resin, ep-lep-tic (epileptic)
Before the beginning I knew the best ending
Thought of the answer before the next question
Soothsayer, earth sun moonmaker
Born instantly, mother never knew labor
Shroom taker, Obi with the blue saber
Legend King James left out like a new maker, who's greater?
I draw a circle on a Etch A Sketch
No birth defects but I got death defects
Exhale, reach out, catch the breath
We inhale it back in before the second breath

Melchizedek, hope is like a god that I never met
Sleeping so hard that I rest erect
I found a treasure chest
I'ma carry as much as my hands hold
Then I'm leaving you whatever's left
I rotate the earth with my feet
Like I'm running on the top exterior of a hamster wheel
He's the Morpheus, I'm the Exile
In the simulation, we got the keys and the pills
Dr. Seuss, talk to Zeus
Jump up, grab your son, alleyoop
Break the chain to the subconscious loop
Prophets' moms are commonly prostitutes
God's recruit, lies are the honest truth
Crabs are big spiders in lobster suits (cute)
Pen sharp, when I write cut a desk in half
My writtens are better chiseled in metal slabs
Lift iron, my sceptre's a magnetic staff
Long blade hidden inside like a machete has
Repentin pennin a pentagram in a pantograph
Fresh up out the pen in a pentagon with a weapon stash
Get it past, sleight of hand, Penn & Teller fast
Fast like the Pentium i9 that Dell'll have
Heavy like appendix that Adele'll have
White singer, Lightbringer, let the devil cast
Horse legs, Annamite figure goat head attached
Born Siamese till I ate the second half like a breakfast snack
Colorblind, only see things in the three that my spectrum has
Green, red and black like the Kenyan flag
Every fella Helen Keller ever met is black
I love neck so much I bought a pet giraffe
Bang arm like funny bone and then I laugh
Fist iron, beat sand out a heavy bag
Right jab, right jab, tip to the left and jab
Left body uppercut, head hit the leather mat
Hopefully he wakes up after ten seconds pass
I hit him harder than gettin past a depressin past
I throw my du-rag in the sea and drink of a three
Hundred and sixty degree tidal wave
We are each one cell in a giant brain
Life a game, self is the boss in the final stage
Compared to the Nephilim, Yao Ming's a dwarf
King of lords with double door to Mingledorff
Cambatta, Canibus, bring a cross
Carry it up a mountain till we exhaust

Canibus Lyrics

"It's Going Down"

[Canibus:]
It's going down, let's get it over with *[x8]*

[DMC:]
We created Hip Hop so we didn't need street gangs and drug dealers
Hip Hop has a responsibility
No matter what generation you're from, you come now, past, present, or future
Y'all motherfuckers can make whatever y'all want
For me, it's fucking homicide and genocide
People are killing each other
I don't hate on this generation of Hip Hop but we gotta create Hip Hop all over again

[Canibus:]
Grown men wearing makeup, you make me sick
I'm in the barber chair, 20 dollar shape up shit
And "don't worry if I write checks, I write rhymes"
Nobel peace prize, whoever came up with that line
Statistically, anonymously speaking, the country is dreaming
So what? The whole universe is shrinking
Society on the brink, tell me why do you think?
The blood wash off long before the courtroom ink
Well if imma hump the pig, imma tear it up
Maybe improvise earplugs with cigarette butts, 'n stink
TIG, MIG, Imma make my own sig, ya dig?
A serial killer in drag with a wig
Take a swig, blue pill first, red pill second
"The black pill is a black and white Hollywood western"
Jamie Foxx Jango, Clint Eastwood meets Rambo
Hungry enough to eat that ammo

[Canibus:]
It's going down, let's get it over with *[x8]*

[DMC:]
If you look at Hip Hop right now:
Purple fur coats, diamonds, champagne
Rolls Royce's, Bentley's, fucking Learjet's
Sex, violence... Everybody's living that life
Right now we need a 17 to 19 year old individual to make "The Message"
To shut down all the nonsense that we're celebrating!

MARTY McKAY
& CANIBUS
MATRIX THEORY I

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"The Warning (Intro)"

A false world has been pulled over our eyes
Blinding us from the truth
We are slaves,
Imprisoned, enslaved
In a matrix
We are programmed
So we operate at fraction of our potential
The matrix is real
Watchful eyes encase us
Keeping all of us in our places
And if you dare take a step outside
The matrix overrides
What is my fate
They engineer our lives
Rich or poor they mastermind
Piece the tesserae
Wake up
Illuminate
Only truth will solve this maze
Come with Canibus & Marty McKay

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"The Matrix"

How can I escape?
Is it too late?
What is our fate?
The matrix, since 1998, I've been trying to escape

Take your pick, use your intellect Bis, ignorance is bliss
This game is a fix, it's a matrix, quick
Val Valerian, he was the first to say the Matrix created by aliens
Cultures interlock, global worldwide hip hop
The beats drop and ya don't stop to rock
Compelling and unsettling, meddling in the sovereign sensation,
We life in a slave driven nation, 36 chambers, three thousand six hundred years of blood sweat and tears, fighting our fears in the matrix
Slow kill slaughter, poison in the water, alpha alligators on river bank borders
First warrior to cross, ate up boss, tried to find him, body parts came up lost
Back track, back to the drawing board, we war with carnivores
And we taking it straight back to the source

Last night I heard the death call ringing
Quietly breathing it was softly singing
It might be blinding but you can't hide from this
All eyes on you black star big screen in the matrix

This whole wide world is one huge prison yard
Some of us are inmates the rest are guards
We gotta' break out!
A huge disguise pulled over our eyes
We're awake but blind

This is just the beginning, user interface uses facial recognition dragnets for a prison
It's a media frenzy, multimedia maps are a trap for the innocent that are media friendly
Crypto currency coins - iPhones and Androids, down the rabbit hole back to the void
Breathe - look around, what do you see?
Nightmares in double vision you struggle to break free
Can't trust what you drink or eat, can't trust what you think or see
Can't even trust going back to sleep, I used to dream of electric sheep
Who stand in line to vote and elect these creeps
Who transformed paradise peaks into sanctuaries on the street
But this ain't what I lined up for, and this ain't what you signed up for
This is torture ya'll, that's what they build a fortress for

The Matrix is real, Enki still battle Enli, or birthright the Merovygian Vrill
Orthodox Catholic Krill, crusade in for the kill, for centuries annihilate at will
Whom the Gods wish to destroy first they make mad, the next thing they do is make people break bad
Negotiation averted, no more fear, destroy the Matrix, then go from there
Start from scratch like Noah's Telomers DNA disclosure, what it is composed of?

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Drugs Make the World Go Round"

(feat. Rootwords)

My PRDM 12 gene, precursor protein, nurse gave me a trinket to squeeze, Hallucinogenics edit thought a thin line to walk, wash - rinse - repeat - what you rhymin' for? Masterful ink strokes every rhyme I wrote, I'm a sober supernova I design the flow
The woods are snowy, dark and deep, I walk over cocaine covered mountain peaks
Who said that? flexi straps in the medivac, they use a 1250 Yeti to power the C-PAP, syntax on the board, highlighted with thumbtacks on the map, solar power 2000 watts max
Enough till I get back, ration pack brand new tracks, back in the day they would've danced to that, this is a pharmaceutical narco musical, the pastel colored strobe light seduces you

Casinova make you move over, flex deltoid shoulder, blacked out - woke up in a coma
I've never been free but my leash is long, my ideas are innovative, my beliefs are strong
Because drugs make the world go round, in fact the world spins slower whenever the words slow down
Addiction is normal, socialize - someone to talk to, another hologram to walk through, under the influence, it felt like it ripped through us, but what you gon' get for it?
Check storage, cornmeal porridge, sorry I just took lorry, pardon me but I don't go to parties
A Polish man with a Spiritus bottle in his hand, Instagram, they like to take pictures in the jam
Fan out like fumes from fans, expand ambush plan, you want in? Put the money in the pan!

So many souls for sale, the air is stale, rifle power Eiffel Tower, a desert fairytale
The muscle car VS 18-wheeler burglar bars, duck sauce I'm a murder the bars, What's God?
God is gold oil and drugs, an acronym thug, it's what a good opiate does
Whatever cause, they say gimmie a buzz, they pump drugs like blood, till their nervous system goes numb,
Planet of the apes a planet the addicts can't escape, spinal fluid intake can't even stand straight
Why does the body even need this? there must be a reason, they think drugs tames their demons
Quite the opposite, polar positive pill poppin' is a real problem, big brother is a thrill goblin, kill toxin, kneel on ya' knees like hostage, unsealed bottle in his pocket, the background look gothic, the house DJ rockin' droppin chemtrails from a helicopter
Prepare for the public announcement, from Methadone mountain, people get addicted by the thousands
The atmosphere is laced, no where to breathe is safe, gas mask so tight you get a headache, every land every lake everything the animals ate, we even get contaminated from a handshake
This is the madness that man made, drugs is like fixing stitches with a band aid
Medicated, sedated, what you craving? what your favorite?, they say they like to take it just for entertainment
The woods are snowy dark and deep, they gotta' get another dose just to fall asleep
The ocean was to be blue, the sky is now red, the body is alive but the mind is dead, they want drugs!

CANIBUS
FULL SPECTRUM
DOMINANCE
REPOLARIZATION
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"Zoom Out"

You think too highly*[?]* of yourself
You're an amoeba
One leg on a centipede
What do you control?
What can you control?
Zoom out!
If you find that your attention is drawn to other elements
Other cells that appear separate from the whole
Then look further
Observe closer
Ask yourself if you're affected by any outside influences
Or entities that seem to be working independently of each other?
I'll wait for you to catch up
Zoom out!

Canibus Lyrics

"What We Ask For"

Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
Then ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
Then ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors

What if you talk to your shadow n ya' shadow talks back
Why is your shadow wearing a tin foil hat?
Don't have any plans, don't wanna give tragedy a chance
So you pray on knees and hands and follow their commands
The Land of the monitored Free, Home of the monitored Brave
In other words we're all monitored Slaves
And for today we're gonna dig graves in the rain
Let's sing and praise and try to remember much happier days
Yeah Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors
Dismissive kisses, from pretty ass vampire bitches
Resist it, or end up with windpipe stitches
The reaction, breathless aghast, what an extraordinary ass?
That's why the men volunteer so fast
They've got 1 million laws you only gotta break one
To end up in a cell with Tarnush and his Sons
Hard knocks don't have weak spots, it's 2019
The beginning of a brand new epoch
Global currency swap, waffle twat just chartered a yacht
He bought it with stocks and bonds in a box
When they can't afford to choose but budget is not a problem
If they can't decide which one they want they buy all of them
Intruder detection, their own private musical section
Exercise equipment two more stretches
Batman Catamaran, somersault splash
Exciting as a 100yard Football pass
Beer cans clams and smiles, big titty starboard style
You really feel like an artist now

Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors

The man from Somerton beach, police fingerprinted his feet
His face was calm, his clothes were neat
Was it yellow jacket or white magic aka white hats tricks?
Some say they won't do jack shit, time will tell

How scientists designed the bell
From the instructions that they discovered behind the veil
Blurred vision, thoughts get foggy, nightmares extreme lethargy
Pet doggies with cerebral palsy - bark at my face paint
Facial recognition deterrent, Real ID permit, Fema camp insurance
Sentenced to hell, after the verdict, I had to work on the furnace
I charged extra for the warranty purchase
Dial 1800-411-PAIN, give's your name
You get paid? you can keep the change
Regentrificate, send 'em to space, what a waste
The human race should never talk about confusion of face
Cause after they cull the herds, the suburbs
Will just be a buzz word patrolled by tough nerds with plush furs
Turn key rappers, bio chip internet access
And carbon taxes credit benefactors forever laughing
At the frozen moisture, succulent boiling oysters
Immediate obedience to orders
Lunar operators have sworn to avoid human confrontation
To depopulate a stupid population

Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
Then ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
Then ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors

Canibus Lyrics

"Blind by Design"

(feat. Nappi Music)

Build the wall, if it's a trap "kill them all"
The voltage is too small I need a billion more
My K-9's are too small, I gotta feed them more
Dear Santa Claus - how 'bout you feed the poor?
WWG1WGA, read my blog
Don't you dare put your dirty paws on my seed vault
Family feud, now I'm in a manly mood
Dude - stop listening to Q, it can't be true
I heard Q likes Hip Hop too, yeah? what's his favorite group?
I dunno but I'm gonna' need proof
I was looking for Flava Flav in Creed, I ain't see 'em
All I see is Mr. T. fighting for our freedom
Clubber Lang & Iron Mike eat 'em, tag team 'em, bag over the head, hang for treason
2019 Season's greetings, call me back
I'm in a meeting, cause running the country is not easy

Here's the thing, nothing goes down without a hitch
Sometimes diplomacy works but never without a glitch
Evidence, negligence - stinky breath death threat peppermints
That's why I stopped checking my messages
My crossfit nano's come in Jack Russell dog shit camo
Now I really feel like Rambo
If a man of the cloth ever tries to put his hand in my shorts
I'll band saw the whole back of his pants off
While he's still wearing them, according to God's biblical source
I just feel like saying "Lyrical Law", just because
I fell outta love with Hip Hop and now I'm bored
I didn't like the peace treaty accord
Mockingbird media bought, don't know who to trust no more
They act like Adibeesie from OZ
They follow me in Walmart everytime I go looking for car parts
Or when I'm drying off at the car wash

Canibus Lyrics

"Pen Game"

(feat. Pyrit & DJ TMB)

Made to last, I raise the flag full staff why do you ask?
I just look back, wave and laugh
We got spaceships made from glass, we look up as they pass
We get a good look at wonder woman's ass
While we sit there, she scrape the froth off my beer
While you're at it why don't you take your wig off dear?
Yeah - this some James Brown "Living in America" shit
And probably as good as it's ever gon get
At the campsite, under a lamp light, hamites and whites
Survivalists types - obsessed with plant life
The Israelites say they plan to stand and fight
To do that first you gotta recognize what's right
Happy wife, happy life, she's a happy mutant maybe you're right
She's the professor Xavier type
She doesn't strike you as the type that likes the lyrics I write
We spend cold icicle nights, communicate skype
After work - go home - lay pipe, then play fight
Explain life, talk about what our day was like
I gotta blow torch for bubbles and candlestick market trouble
Whatever man I was born to hustle
Read the charts, enjoy the warm breeze and fart
Been there done that I don't need to talk
Cause I'm a swatsta sipping vodka eating tandoori steak n lobster
Harrison Ford used to be a carpenter

Three's Company - Susan Somers, Mr. Ferley remember?
Put the shower curtain up was clever
Love is love knuckles and nubs, billy club thugs
With a grudge against men with man buns and guns
Poker run emerald coast, I'm stoked - that's an inside joke
Propose a toast on wide approach
Black shoes - white gloves - bow ties - slick quotes and cigar smoke
Now customs wanna' check my cargo
They gotta' hip hop embargo
I visit Maralargo, to see if martial law is normal
Eagle point marina, party on the slip
Polly want a cracker, shorty wanna' strip
Rip this is some James Brown "living in a America" shit
The Cherubims win! The Seraphims quit
High speed trains, constructed by low speed cranes
Asteroid strike, it's all in vain

[?]

Canibus Lyrics

"Hallelujah"

(feat. Seven Spherez)

Wires, gangsters, polyraphs, lenses in cameras
VladTV - one syllable answers
Meritorious Manumissions, I can't watch or listen
All they wanna' do is put you in
Raman noodles and lentils in Solomon's Temple
Surrounded by ominous symbols and apocalypse crystals
Electrical outage, urban cities over crowded
You should get online now and try to learn about it
I'm not concerned about it, aerosol injection to the midsection
Try ya' best to see if you can work around it, prob'ly never heard about it
In the streets you can word of mouth it
But in corporate you get hurt without it
Operation Land Shark bite, safari game drive at night
No searchlights windows down - thermal sights
Parabolic lens, images blend
They got to see it one time and never witnessed it again
Pagans, Sun simulators built by indigenous Asians
Religious invaders vitamin D nigga haters
A hologram I could touch wit my hands
What kind of man wants to get touched by hundreds of fans?
Temper tantrum, Semper Fi is the anthem
I'm in the middle of the Hendecagram dancing lookin' so damn handsome
Hallelujah! How does Moses make his tea?
Hebrews it... stupid, then on Sunday Domingo produce it
I tutor English in an English Tudor to English students
Acupuncture Buddhist, all inclusive pinch a nudist
Think you can do this? You think you can make rap music
Without being betrayed by Judas, I think you foolish
Anyways Hallelujahs good luck to yous
And I pray you find favor in the best future

[?]

Canibus Lyrics

"Make Up"

It all starts in that chair sitting on the movie set
In a roundabout way - never used to be direct
That bronze glow for men, that Cleopatra tan
In a tent, for that wretch with the low hanging breasts
The tart amazonian clay face on IG Live
With a playmate - looking like grape ape
You found $100 on ya' windshield
You look so pretty, and just this morning you felt so shitty
Double chin? Now it's only just a couple of inch
Just spray it away and go have a wonderful rinse
The operative word is love, never no need for grudge
Come over to the mall kiosk cuz
They got this new mask made from volcano mud
Just use this sqweegy like you dippin' your whip
And your done, if you battle face to face
At least make sure your ya' profile's straight
In case the pictures surface at a later date
I painted myself silver cause I felt like a superhero
Ahead my time, comic con super weirdo
They couldn't understand it back then
Until they add them 0's to them SAG checks, correct?
What's a zebra without stripes... right?
No answer - I guess that means he's the silent type

After every red cent of the take home pay is spent
Economically makeup doesn't even make sense
Just imagine for one day if it all went away
What would you say? Would you be able to show face?
I happen to like my wrinkles, my blackhead pimple scar tissues
Adds visuals to everything I been thru
I ain't gon be the one to take ya' makeup away
Just cause you wanna' look 10 years younger today
I'ma be there for you matter what you look like
Muthaphuka like a gotdamn zombie in the light, in life?
A whores job cost a whores price
You know what they say, you could buy nice or buy twice
They do it for the highlights, they do it for the likes
Personality types do it for the night life hype
Don't be too hard on yourself, just come as you are
And smear a lil contour on the arms of the Lord
For ye shall be sure to remember the days that came after and before
You saw the Full Spectrum Dominance Tour - on four Continents or more
TSA go thru ya' makeup drawers, you can't take that on the plane anymore
But I really like those colors, especially for sister and brothers
Nieces and nephews - aunties uncles and cousins
The hook says you make me sick, but I love ya'll
Such colorful fans, who could want more?

Makeup for the shorties under 40 is a top priority
For big bottom small top minorities
Old carpet magically altered all you gotta do is steam it and wash it
Use worchester sauce when you worchester you armpits
Abs - chest and traps - Wrestle Mania I'm back
Off the top turnbuckle in my fishnet tank
Trending fashions - my balls feel better when my jeans is saggin'
And I'm braggin' and my nuts is dangling
What's the 411 Champion? See this is what happens
When the fans love canibus again, the hook says you make me sick
But I love ya'll, gaga fans standing outside the club ya'll

Canibus Lyrics

"Take the Chip"

Politics or religion won't interest the generation after this one
You can look at them and tell they're different
You can talk to them and tell tho
Strong spine or spaghetti tail bone
Keyboard warriors with ashy fingers and elbows
You never know what to expect
Full Spectrum Dominance chess
Yes - the top tier plays like that
When it comes to metaphors, their ceiling is my floor
And I don't care if my social media score is poor
The interview is interrupted, piano music starts to play
No one can hear what you're about to say
So it doesn't make sense for a subscriber to play it
Because the uploader is... not around anymore to say it
That's Full Spectrum Dominance, The Matrix wins
No contest, how did you think it was going to end?
It's never easy to ignore aggressors
Who work for their subordinate oppressors
However it's less of test and more of a lesson
It causes a reasonable apprehension of fear
I can understand you being scared
But maybe you should go get the hardware
Welcome to Full Spectrum Dominance
We all have to face it now
We got precisely what we asked for
So take the chip and shut up

MARTY McKAY
& CANIBUS
MATRIX THEORY II

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Selling Lies"

Vocals check play it close to the chest, ham radio cassette with DJ Ron G and S&S, bless, Yeah, I'm old school with the golden rule, Ya' know it, the crowd mooove when I told'em move, ugh music is my muse, time to show n prove, so cool, I'm always in a anitmedia mood, YouTube! Revenue used to be silly, but now it looks real skinny, ya' hear me?, couldn't rub together two pennies, what's the matter? they not media friendly, the lovely Cynthia McKinney so real she had to move out the city, the media's become the enemy of humankind, fool around n end up like Julian Assange, people get confused between personalized views and paying dues, when ya' pen game is peer reviewed, breaking news, you a frickin' stooge, craft services fake food, media crews read scripts they don't choose who,

I've become so tired
Of the blurring lines
Take away all control
They're just selling lies
We live what they conspire
We're just wasted lives
Make sure you take control
Of your mind

Content provider, nonetheless wiser,
Recycled sources insiders regurgitating their own vomit,
There's only ever one constant,
They're liars, bone deposits hidden in the closet
High powered lawyers are hired
You have the right to remain quiet...
Blackmail with green cash in a white wallets
Blue collars living off grid in a cottage
Where the media reporters are childish
Cellos, keyboards and violins
There's no surprises, nobody's smiling, there wilding
Soft disclosure, providing a cushion for hard exposure
Snake Eyes told you GI Joe lost to Cobra
Randolph Hearst a Media Mogul
Talkin' to Rupert saying;
" I told you to handle the scandal like you supposed to "
Tell me what you got in mind?
Besides fabricated paradigms
On second thought
I don't have the time!
No evidence supports what they find,
Jedi minds, look'em in the 3rd eye
And hypnotise, worldwide, with more lies!

And 1 by 1
They beat the drum
Don't fall in line
And 1 by 1
They beat the drum

Don't fall in line

"Are you talented?... yeah"
"Are they interested?... depends what you share"
"Are you sensitive?... only when it comes to my career"

I prefer my peace and my quiet, cooler hands prevail put out fires, transition from performer to writer, as an artist I'll never retire, but as a man I made a decision to fade away back to the islands, in a small hut, grow my own vegetables horticulture and such, this frickin' media is just too much, I'll disappear in yellow submarine below the ocean like Ed Snowden, then return with after the planet flip over, I'll rage against the machine and disappear like Zach, make a impact, then exit stage right - like that

The same ole' media game again,
Got to be real careful what you say to them,
They kicking dirt on ya' name again,
If I was you I wouldn't play with' them,

They only love you until they don't have to,
They only wanna' gain your trust - that's how they trap you,
4G 5G doesn't even matter,
They'll kill you with your own metadata

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Silent Shadows"

Brown Chicken Brown Cow
Seen a brick house downtown
All I could do was say Wow
ILLuminated Mythos
A steel band playing crypto calypso by a street post
Hot tea honey crumpets honey and oats
Hand on over your heart kneel to a 5 headed goat
The shadow wants to breakaway from the light source
But nothing ain't never that easy
Fight for it
Stand on ya' toes
Dance or face glacing blows
Try to hold your pants up with those
Brown shoe boy - white hat Stetson McCoy & Mayday McKay The Gargoyle
Listen to the beat alone
Take adrenachrome
First part that freezes you can't feel your toes
For what certain thought forms project
Sharp horns former wall st exec you don't wanna' be next
Who could cash a quadrillion dollar check - count half n rest
Wake up - cash the other half when I'm dead
You heard what he said
Gimmie my bread
Gimmie my bread
Gimmie my bread

Illuminati wants is all n won't stop till they have it all
Still - they want more
Body organs gored to the core singing ritual song
Cleaning products sanitize floors
True - lemmie throw a few - the hexagonal ellipsoid droids took a photo of you
Shapeshift while you listen to this
They got away with it
Don't ask me how? a smoldering pile of organic material now
That's what I call a Chicago Standoff

Their shadows hide
But their blatant ways
Blind like the sun
Free mason lies
And bloody games
This world is run
By silent shadows
This world is run
Silent shadows

We study

Scholarship report card through the mail
Crypto currency PhD courses in jail
They run the world - iLLuminati don't fail
False flag details
Set sail but don't mess with no whales
Master Ptah! "they stole our time!"
Imagine how we feel
They stole our rhymes
I meet the King on his turf
Far away from the Serfs n Mercs
Somewhere in inner earth with the Smurfs
Emotion manifest thought 1st
Survival is not taking a picture standing next to a hearse
Magnetic Ultra shackles
Grab ether plasma
No telling what these demons is after
Even now I know not what it was for
Until thine day I shed my physical coil
The blood - died on the cross in the mud with some hard knuckle gloves n a fuel can jug
They say it's all love
Tried to kill ya' whole internet buzz
And you ain't even into that bruh
A smoldering pile of organic material now
Over a bowl of cereal
Wow...

It's way up- don't name drop
It's way up- don't name drop
Don't break the code
They're high up - don't name drop
They're high up - don't name drop
Don't break - don't break the code

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Spirit Possession"

Spiritual possession

Spiritual Possession, syllable air pocket impressive, zombie face, breath stink
Exorcists twists, skull & bones spin on shoulders, skeleton face, come closer
The injured lamb in the center of a pentagram, in the name of the sins of man
The soul is naked, the body hates it, the heart races, the spirit chases
Intonation, skip through syllable placement, in a basement, cold as glaciers
Bones in cages, old n nameless, unknown faceless draconian nature
He told me death was beyond the door, I said where have I heard that before?
Spiritual possession, whispering spiritual message, spiritual controls the vessel

In the beginning spirit, life is delivered thru the lens of a two-way mirror
As you think - so shall you inherit, it all starts with spirit
They win, so says the hearts of men, every century we try again
Trapped in a cube inside a glyph, cause man can't control the mind of men

Mr. Mind reader - synthesize the ether, don't gotta think about it either
No escape, love is replaced with hate, the slave lifestyle is great
I don't have to make those hard decisions, from here?
Ignorance couldn't be more blisser
Wings - Dragons - flight paths across the planet, eyes look up and panic
Nightmares - with happy endings, what's the point in asking who sent him
The spirit guide makes an entrance, and whispers u talk to much n ask too much questions, come right out n show ya' face, make sure the humans know they place
The LIZARD? talk to it, hologram walk thru it, same way God would do it

The Most Highly Rated, grossly underestimated, time wise ancient

Yet visibly ageless, look through the Akashic, the Matrix is a mosh pit of disingenious, logic to hold us hostage, no introduction needed, The Great Tarnush, undefeated, you gotta' see it to believe it, and believe it to see it, ever since the this star system was seeded, their plan for global domination is nearly completed

G-Maaaan!, upper body swivel like He-Man, Thor Hammer crush the Beast plan, green hands standing there in ya' underpants, looking like Peter Pan
The need for speed risk and chance, who'd've guessed he'd've peed his pants, look to the right, they say never look to the light, south pole look for ice
Oh well that's life, and ain't that nice?, Lucifer just booked your flight
Get set for Nimrod night, don't like the talkative type, you're right it's the end of life
Proto-Spiritual, poetry home grown minerals, back to the waters of IRIDU
Human - look at you, closed mind, pitiful, nothing to see hear, forget you
Escape - they'll never let you, let you go just to catch you, professional 5D, 5G interdimensional, monsters
Thrown assaunder, call it Karma, call it whatever you wanna', hot winters cold summers, armored up road runners, spacecrafts, dumbs & bunkers
Rolling thunders, DOUBLE U TEA F straight hustlers, caterpillar tumblers
Paralyzed with fear - nowhere to run, fee fye fo fum carnivorous scum
Sun light moon light - life is cartoon like, Zeitgiest - it's a spiritual fight
They win, so says the hearts of men, every century we try again

MARTY McKAY
& CANIBUS
MATRIX THEORY III

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Indigo Breeze"

(feat. Lady Bazaar)

Opening scene, human kind panics from a dying planet
Try to understand it...
They say thunderbirds fly to preserve our skies
If Geo Engineers lie, they deserve to die, they deserve to die

The air that you breathe
Indigo breeze
Throw a flare and light it
Spread the ashes all around you
You're holding the key
Know what you believe
Don't inhale all the cold air
Let it drift around your body

How could life not be real, running over the rolling hills
Rolling around in lush green fields
It's just a reminder that every day the sun rises
And I re new my Mer-Ka-Ba
I look into her blue iris
There she is, Delilah, seductive, yet so silent
With whispers of inspiration, from the valley of the faceless
A gift for all human races
Surface to air, air to ground, across firmament
Wherever my love is allowed
I stand up to command hate to stand down
Not much left in the sand glass now
I'm just a man, learning to not trust the lies that
I'm just beginning to understand
I feel betrayed & now I don't what to say
It all changed when the sky turned grey

The air that you breathe
Indigo breeze
Throw a flare and light it
Spread the ashes all around you
You're holding the key
Know what you believe
Don't inhale all the cold air
Let it drift around your body

My water is brackish from unpaid Mad Max taxes
Jet planes make multiple passes
Suffering from thunderstorm asthma, chest grabbin
This is madness, follow the white rabbit
Down the hole, can barely hear the sound of my soul
It's so cold, where did the sun go?

I stand atop Mount Fiji, Canibus can you see me?
Thru the thick chem trail graffiti?

Some argue that the earth is flat
It's a scientific fact, the fake news debates to distract
Meanwhile we hold our throats, cough a choke
Chemical smoke, you still think a chem trail is a hoax
No – the human race is reduced to cockroaches
They run from Lord Vader as he approaches
They poison our air, land and oceans with sub micronal global aerosol, told you

The air that you breathe
Indigo breeze
Throw a flare and light it
Spread the ashes all around you
You're holding the key
Know what you believe
Don't inhale all the cold air
Let it drift around your body
Rise up high and fly
Let it drift around your body
Rise up high and fly
Battle cries go off around me
Rise up high and fly
Let it drift around your body
Rise up high and fly
Battle cries go off around me

They took my blue skies away
It's like the whole planet died that day
Humans become breathing semiconductors, weapons of mass respiratory destruction, imagine!?! sky captains snuffing out the masses through stereo lithographics, the atmospheric enabler, barometric vapors cut thru ya' lung tissue like razor sharp light sabers cut thru wafers, of deeply satanic nature, It's the will of Lord Vader, deactivated T-Cell receptors, deprivation of clean oxygen is a weapon, question, how can you live if you can't breath? and where will you go if they ever succeed?, technology nano, crops can't grow, from extreme drought to sand storms and bad snow, Surface acoustic spray chemical aggregate saturates every God given breath we take, I didn't before but now I can see – the evil attached to the very air we breathe

The air that you breathe
Indigo breeze
Throw a flare and light it
Insomnia freaks wide awake
Contaminated every breath we take
Spread the ashes all around you
You're holding the key
Know what you believe
Don't inhale all the cold air
I feel betrayed with nothing to say
It all changed when the skies turned grey
Let it drift around your body
Rise up high and fly
Let it drift around your body
They took our blue skies away

Rise up high and fly
Battle cries go off around me
They took our blue skies away
Rise up high and fly
Let it drift around your body
They took our blue skies away
Rise up high and fly
They took our blue skies away
Battle cries go off around me
It all changed when the skies turned grey

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Left Brain Prisoners"

Education, teachers are naked, students are fully clothed in paper
Debt based we all owe the creator
For life on Liberty Row, where the Red Wood pitchforks grow
Where the fast lane education is slow
Do you know? What you wanna be? Where you wanna go?
And how important it is for you to know your learning curve goal
We academic hybrids bro, private school enrolled
It's publicly known we were schooled at home
I hear you say, you wanna be free, but you can't be free
Until you learn just how to be non-mechanic and random, see
I use my thought to separate myself from cogs in the wheel
They say the pen is mightier than the sword
That's how I'm dodging the steal
'Cause, what they pass for education ain't real
It's mind manipulation, they're clones sedated, they're drones, debate it
Complicated without complication, counterfactual quantum communication, necessity is the mother if all creation

They say there's only way
A single path to a gate
We're prisoners, they stand guard
And if you stray you may starve
Guess what, it's all been a lie
The curtains down, look inside
A rich man finds his own truth
So seek your own point of view

Hands chained in a war
Left-brain prisoner
Run
You gotta run
Hands chained in a war
Left-brain prisoner
Run
You gotta run

Paperback tablets, dry eraser boards calculate mathematics
So attractive intellectual savage, performing arts metaphor mechanic, less than 1% of the planet
It doesn't matter if my message is stranded
I will be found next to my favorite noun, levitate above ground, meditating to my favorite sound
Debating simple issues, teachers are artificial, there must be a more clinical approach to being ethically civil
Is Hell on Earth a vacation for Devils? or education for Rebels?
Will these polarized points of view ever settle? Is war normal?
Is peace special, do we deserve extinction level? what does your guardian Angel tell you?
The end is a new beginning cycle, participation is vital, one persons departure is another's arrival
Collateral models, android smartphone survival standing at the chalkboard beside you

They say there's only way

A single path to a gate
We're prisoners, they stand guard
And if you stray you may starve
Guess what, it's all been a lie
The curtains down, look inside
A rich man finds his own truth
So seek your own point of view

Hands chained in a war
Left-brain prisoner
Run
You gotta run
Hands chained in a war
Left-brain prisoner
Run
You gotta run

Common Core, either or, no promises y'all
Common sense gone, academia is dead wrong
One generation down the line is new shit
Two generations down the line its bull shit
Three generation down the we're stupid
By fourth generation too lazy to do shit
Education is endangered, you need brain maintenance
To fly a 5th generation spaceship, education

They say there's only way
A single path to a gate
And if you stray you

Hands chained in a war
Left-brain prisoner
I'm not sure what I'm supposed to know anymore
Run
You gotta run
The current model of learning takes too long
Hands chained in a war
Left-brain prisoner
Download your education from the matrix
Run
You gotta run
That way no time is wasted
Make an educated guess you can make it
Word of mouth information is sacred
But it feels old school and antiquated
The more I grow – the more I recognize that I don't know

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Multiscreen Madness"

Skateboard home from school, the golden rule, was don't talk to strangers, cell phones were cool
We had to watch out for wolves wearing sheeps wool, take a stand like a wall street bull
The old days – never cross streets without looking both ways, distraction is a zero sum game
The most professional grade OLED ever made the brain develops varicose veins
Three six 5G – the god of electro smog, a wireless mental World War 4
Pearl Harbor whores sun bath on the sea shore, that's enough I don't need to see more
Mind control trigger, don't fumble, follow the fiddler, trynna figure who's big screen's bigger
The Most Dangerous Game Ever Played, A Multi-screen Madnesss Mind Control Maze

We shoot to kill
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
Got that ivy drip
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous game

Rich colorful days, pretty girls bubble gum braids, tryna get her number and a name
Ink written on hand, sweat glands spoil romance, shoulda wrote her number down on my pants
The world was smaller no call waiting for jealous callers, LAN line supervised by her Grand Momma
Couldn't get more than 10ft from the wall jack, everybody get quiet when she talked back
Rated G conversations – in fact, we'd laugh about Rated G movie soundtracks
No separation, you didn't feel lost or naked, friends meet in spontaneous places
Everyday was a surprise, ice cream & apple pies, it seemed like we had more time
Everyday was a surprise, from the weather in the skies – to innocent bicycle rides

We shoot to kill
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
Got that ivy drip
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous game

A flat screen is black, a 1080p prison trap, but you never think of it like that
Thumbs become smartphone dumb, a man with a man-bun talking about peace & love
The Chip is here, eyes nose throat n ears, humanity sheds oceans of tears, drown...
Even tho life jacket is near... saturated by Palintair
Drink ORMUS, a solid state storage for bluetooth recording sitting Indian style on a carpet
Data packet Pelican project, a hip hop apologist program currently in progress
Be calm – do not watch screen too long, ignore the comments of those who believe you're wrong
If the face is pale, raise the tail, if face is red then raise their head

We shoot to kill
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
Got that ivy drip
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous

We shoot to kill
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
Got that ivy drip
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous game

Abandoned building, villians, sitting round the table chilling, VIP convo private
Eye contact with no eyelids y2k face time with white collar convicts
Touch screen fractured, flickering lights in a cabin, with my favorite porno actress
Reading glasses twisted, tape on the sides for logistics, multi screen madness wish list
Ultra interactive live virtual streams, eyeballs self clean with mists of visine
SpaceX – air filter diaphragm with face net, can't be sure if that's the case yet
7am to 8pm with 9 outta 10 unfriendly dmsg it never ends
Your lives are done! you should exodus off the earth and just go colonize the Sun

Three Six 5G
Multiscreen madness disease
Sitting there staring at screens
Too paralysed to scream
Hypnotic OLEDS
Are an MK ULTRA Meme
Three Six 5G
Multiscreen madness disease
Sitting there staring at screens
Too paralysed to scream
Hypnotic OLEDS
Are an MK ULTRA Meme

Idols smile, blinding lies
Not worth trusting
Forcing life, just for the highs
It's soul crushing

We shoot to kill
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
Got that ivy drip
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
We shoot to kill
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
Got that ivy drip
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous game

Kaiju
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"Curmudgeon"

The empire beneath the ice
Has everything to do with your life
History is music, music is life
Oh now you tofu tough, you wanna roll in the mud
I got poisonous-blowfish guts sewn into my gloves
Float like a butterfly, fly like a dove
The spirit becomes love if it holds no grudge
Muzzle flash, close your eyes like you in a bubble bath
You say it's so sad, well tell me what's so bad?
First, you get your feet wet, then you wet your beak next
This preset accelerates into a grease of sweat
Oh, you're hungry? Of course, Fine
You're the boss, but if I cook rice pilaf
You have to turn the TV off
She left her earrings over, I was below fixing the outboard motor
I stopped what I was doing, she walked closer
Crunch time, can't take lunchtime
But that's in the bloodline
I only got one more rhyme
And I only got to do it 100 million more times
I'm almost done, I almost lost my mind
I already had my fifteen minutes
Now I'm just stretching the limits
Wit' small digit Professor Emeritus lyrics
Retired in Uruguay study linguistics and writing
I don't know how long I'll be here, my Visa's expired
Twisting up turtle for money
Delta 8 gummies taste funny
Don't you think Honey?
You wanna back rub me?
Scratchy ass voice, honey lemon make my cords moist
But when the fans want me to growl, I ain't got a choice
There's no way to opt-out, compliance comes from the top down
Before Nimrod's temple is knocked down
You talking tough, crypto game
But I ain't seeing no gains
You couldn't break me off with some of that change?
Inside the tabernacle, we grappled over the time capsule
Upsetting the balance between the synthetic and the natural
Sequence confirmed, feel the burn
I apologize in advance if this doesn't seem like a real concern
I am at a loss for words, a monkey kidney looks human
If you shave the fur, I'm ashamed to concur
The puzzle is a crossword, the word is Marlboro
The world revolve first, your faith will falter
The conqueror is a harvester, mistaken for a farmer
Kicking and screaming, you will be dragged up to the altar

But this too shall pass, only a fool will try to outlast
The same entity from the ancestors past
Ooh be careful, not enough data available
You try another password still get a error code
Are you a targeted individual? Hey you never know
But there are places in this world that you should never go
The speech pathologist carved out their tongues
Started mocking 'em, thought about stopping 'em
But it was interesting watching 'em
Mystery charms wrapped around his arms
A suicide belt bomb, underneath his garms keep calm
The deep fake con artist stacking Era Grand bearers bonds in his office
Egg and cheese croissant, no sausage
A threat is a guarantee, yet death is a little less than a promise
So we pray for the dark skin Amish
And the melanated William Wallace
Broken homes for the jobless
Fractured and broken bones for the doctors
Gentlemen, synchronize your watches
The time stops when the internet kill switch is pressed tomorrow morning
The spell ends, the hell begins, the Freedom Bell rings
A fat lady sings, farewell friends
Walk into work while black, the motherfucker jumped out his squad car
And said "Where the fuck is your job at?"
They kill me the Reboot Lord, the Reset God
Now I can see I got more than a couple defects Mom
The world is crashing, collapsing
The audience is standing, applauding and clapping
Are they for real? Or are they acting?
Ay, I know you ain't talking
Me? I'm just standing in the audience
Just trying to enjoy their performances
The fingerless puppet master creating nothing but utter disaster
Evergrand bankrupted the planet
Fighter jet stream down the Potomac river
In the land of the free
If you believe as I do, stand with me

Canibus Lyrics

"Entameta (Remix)"

(feat. DMX)

[DMX:]
You gonna do something or just stand there?
No? I didn't think so
Uh, yo
Is this on too?
That's my start, right?

[Canibus:]
This one starts over a beat loop and a hot bowl of dandelion soup
Recorded two projects, I'm 'bout to regroup
Enter the verse of the meta, Can-I-Bus forever
The rhyme predator beta test to make it better
Harmonic tremors, VR molecule, parse the data and zoom
On a Zoom call, howlin' at the moon
Metatron's cube, a tribe from Cameroon
Makes love to change the molecular matter of a spoon
The language was spoken dystopian, sung as a holy hymn
By some old moldy men soakin' in Covid phlegm
Cornmeal coated in fried okra, pathogen serum from live cobras
One hit'll roll your eyes over
Polar drip, solar pole shift, liftin' weights
On a stranded container ship, waitin' for the rain to quit
A thousand solar cycles later I'm still writing with pen and paper
The Creator recreated Jamaica, indigenous
Genetic information, beautiful natives, unusual flavors
Looked her up and down and said "Hmm, I'll take her"
This is critical survival, not in denial
Not an emotional spiral, not bein' tribal or worshippin' idols
Put on your *[?]* virtual reality goggles
(Put on your goggles and watch me kill shit)

[DMX:]
We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em
We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em

[Canibus:]
I woke in a jail where prisoners get key fobs
Every mornin' we feed 'em grapefruit pancakes infused with sea moss
You want white folks involved
Just threaten to vaccinate their dogs

I bet they bring this whole shit to a halt
I'm on the clock when I'm wearin' pajamas
No shirt, just boxers, can't wait to go to work with the Oculus
Cripple in fear, paralyzed there with a stare
What should you wear? It's VR, goddammit, who cares?
Emotion is stable read but now you are sleepin' in the weeds
Tossin' and turnin' like birds in a chicken feed
Quantitative, yet almost basic, gross and naked
Like all the missing heads of the statues they excavated
Damn, the Canibus Man got abs like Lenny Krav'
His hands lift heavy slabs and split heavy bags
Spongy form encephalopathy, I have to keep workin'
And deep burnin' to complete deep discernin' machine learnin'
Mixing jars, cold Shandy, lemonade and beer
Contemplate what it would take to recreate your career
What two words contain the most letters?
The answer is post office, nigga
(Put on your goggles and watch me kill shit)

[DMX:]
We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em
We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em

[Canibus:]
Detect an infection, arise an airborne transmission
And all they had to do was listen
That was completely unscripted, just havin' some fun with it
A mind erasin' event, that leave you tongue-twisted
Three weeks without food, three days without water
Three minutes without oxygen, he's a dead man talkin'
I want mandatory black beans with rice and greens
[?] acetylene turn you to a TikTok meme
Don't let me throw you out the chopper, the top of the Nakatomi Plaza
They thought they got him, I'm the only survivor
I'm the captain of this ocean liner
iPad Navionics, I don't need no autopilot
Enter the Metaverse is an online course
Where I dismount my horse and kick your corpse

[DMX:]
We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em
We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it

Now get to 'em

Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
What up? What up? What up?
Talk to 'em
DMX

Canibus Lyrics

"Hydra"

I'm from a planet
Called Xanotos Gambit
Where I used to be a champion
Now I'm just regular old Canibus
Your wrist-band says 'do not resuscitate'
OK, just lay there while I fuck your face
911 emergency facetime
Decreases the wait time
Just be polite to the police to save time
'Cause if you scream over the phone
They take your ass to the green zone
Where you gon' end up with a tube up your nose
All alone in a concrete room that's so cold
You'll be froze, with icicles hanging from your earlobes
Eskimo varmones
I'm like a polar bear getting his hair combed
Sittin' on a tropical throne
My wolves look like 64 legged spiders
With 8 headed hydras
Breathing through Cnibus breathalyzers
Brought to you by Pfizer
Goliath drop science from the shoulders of giants
People quick to despise it
And the gods are stooped to admire
The hunt continues even at night
My murder hornets are nocturnal flyers and they bite
Even in flight, we strike
10-minute warning
Zero dark, early in the morning
My life is so boring
Now I'm boarding
Stockpiling food
Still hoarding
Freeze-drying eliminates spoiling
If you can swim to the next mooring
Then I'll meet you in the morning
The lifebuoy rope is uncoiling
I saved your life, it's heart-warming
The big homie Jose
He smelled like roach spray
He used to always say
That he missed the old days
I used to laugh when he listened to the O'jays
Muy trabajo even on slow days
His brother named Soze
He fucked with the dope game
Quero comer the scorpion, that was his code name

Prepare for game day
Every Wednesday is buy propane day
The Paypal cash app apple payday
They add the virus to the cocktail then stir
They believe we are the disease and our death is their cure
Our whole life, only our first breath was pure
Through the redundant cycle of fear next to occur
They break backs to build back stronger
But it got so much harder
Folks can't tow the line any longer
Population corralled
To the point they can only move their bowels
Like some god damn bovine cows
Medical patients lay there naked
Intubated, we lay hands on ventilators
Prey for them, but still can't save them
I asked shorty why she need a rubber for her strap-on
She said to hide her new Joan smell from her last Joan
I ain't last that hard since money talks
Or seeing Chris Tucker do that fifth element walk
Silence! can never be caught
Benjamin Bulldog to the heart
Samuel Jackson from 'jumper' said
Just cause you can teleport
That don't make you God
Imma break you off
You gon' take this jab, Imma make you cough
Flatten the back of your head
With a tow truck flatbed
Grab my Phillips out the tool bag
And stab your leg
See me, I don't study how rugged you sound
I doubled down, jump to the ground, Bus double the rounds
Invite me if you want trouble around
If I can't muzzle the sound
I find an empty water bottle off the ground
My days are numbered
But so are yours you stupid motherfucker
You can't escape the spell were under
What's your style
Siberian sambo skin penetrating nano
Go Rambo on that asshole no capto
Model bitch rid my cock
While I watch Dipset Vs Lox
Then after that, we watch brlbrlbrlbrl get mocked
I got a gift
I built my own wings to achieve lift
My verses are reverse engineered Gullwing kit
Brother poetry, sullen beat
Sold 3 but didn't know it was me
The infinite rhyme, I told you it was deep
Let these truths be self-evident
Based off our morphic resonance

7 decimal points to the left again
With radiated intelligence
Helium 3 weapons kits unregistered
I sound like Jim Vexer when I spit
Robotic, johnny mnemonic
With inflammo thrombotic
Response in my solder sockets
When I'm popping and locking
Step in the mic booth
Propulsion system glowing bright blue
Described in the bible, turn into a giant Kaiju
Taking commands from space force flight crew
I was Japanese in '92
They called my tiny Timbuktu
Sky hero drones
No wires, push-button broken appliance
You didn't know your warranty was expired?
Gorilla gardening with long-forgotten techniques
Of Phoenician farming and I'm only charging
1 crypto farthing
Laughing so hard I can't stop farting
So charming its alarming
A brother tommy and Steve Harvey in the morning
They was calling
I told em I ain't donating no organs
God damn it, you better get off my phone, I'm done talking

Canibus Lyrics

"Live Action Role Play"

The moths are attracted to the lumens
The same way the humans are attracted to a revolution
Face front you deep fake cunt
You better give 'em what they want
You put 'em in a pressure cooker for months
Pun intended, surprise
Lowes Hardware is low on supplies
But most guys won't realize
Until McDonald's is low on fries
Just came back from outside
As I was jogging I was reading the signs
Lies, murder and more lies
My eyes cried turpentine
I taste human fertilizer in the wine
I knew a guy, use to work for the mob
Had to get out and dodge
Henry Hill called him Gulag Bob
He said these histamine sneezers, respiratory wheezers
False Jesus wearing Yeezy sneakers
They some crazy old geezers
They decide to genocide, the when and the why
Like Biggie's first album just get ready to die
The haves decide, the have nots gotta go along for the ride
This is for those who have ears and eyes
The wise, 'Ooh la la la la'
That's the sound of electric bikes doing drive-bys
Big face like Little Richard
Hitting high notes with his lips twisted
Lipstick the same color as chitlins
I'll take all your residual gains
Liquify your criminal brains
And pour 'em down municipal drains
We are the initiates of the flame
Wit' strange nicknames
They came out of this world from Maine to Brisbane
And from this day forward
You are welcome to make a quick claim on this recording
Meanwhile, I keep it in storage
Got deported, escorted off the planet by the solar warden
Who kept rolling up my sleeve but I didn't want it
Anxiously looking through the looking glass keyhole
From inside the placebo
Let me tell you what we know
Welcome to Amerizuela
The beast mark on your genitalia
That's the one thing they never tell ya
You're broke walking barefoot in the snow

With a pumpernickel half loaf
Wearing half a coat
If you choose to accept this mission
You gone end up dead, nigga
Either that or spend life in prison
They look, they don't even know what they looking at
They live, they don't even know what hood they at
See that book? Pick it up
Nah, put it back
I don't think ill ever be good enough for that
The release of the binary mutagen
Created melanated supermen
This is how the future begins
Aliens with humans for pets
Yes this is truly intense
A B-movie wit' the spookiest suspense
Confusing in every way you can think
Just follow the program command strings
Let me do my thing
The ripper renewed his charter
His music was smarter
Life sucks but afterlife will be beautiful karma
His head was examined
His astral body left the planet
He came back to help science understand it
The new world recruits
Drink the Jim Jones juice
Take a jab to the glutes
And now their ears are ringing
To the sound of a gargoyle playing the flute
Hot lava plumes break the seven continents loose
Satellite phones, Magna tight stones
Skeletons with bleached white bones
Hanging from abandoned homes
Drones over green zone camps
Scan the forehead barcode stamps
Only the inoculated can hold hands
Fall asleep to Tik Tok on the 'Gram
Woke up in a trance
Electroshock wristwatch
To self medicate they press the button on the clasp
So their muscles won't cramp
In a cave under a kerosene oil lamp
"My internet's down
It came back up but now there's no sound"
Bill Paxton in the background screaming

"What the fuck are we gonna do now?
Oh that's fucking great now, man
Why you cocksuckers are out here grab assing
We're gonna get slaughtered, man
Those things are gonna mutate half a dozen times in a month, man
Then we're gonna be playing leapfrog with unicorns for real

Why don't you just put her in freaking charge, man
'Cause those things are gonna come in here
And they're gonna wipe us out, man
And it's not a goddamned thing we can do about it
'Cause we can't get out of here, man
It's a fucking nightmare
It's a live-action roleplay
And those things are gonna come in here
And their gonna take our souls away..."

Canibus Lyrics

"Travis Scott Concert"

(feat. Born Sun & Body Bag Ben)

[Canibus:]
I'ma iron your clothes
Wit' your body still in 'em
While the background sound
Like a lobby full of women
He sold me a lemon?
I kill 'em
But bring 'em back to me first
So I can strip 'em, and close fist 'em
Then hang 'em up wit' his toes missin'
Nigga shoulda listened
That stupid ass video you sent 'em
I'ma talk about that in a second
But right now, I'ma tell you
That there will be no intervention
Words that rhyme in a sentence
Are my invention
And please let's not even mention timing
When I'm riding a rhythm
God willing, bodybag beta test
I had sex your wit' your Ex, wearing a Avirex
Came on her neck
Mutant X lubricant
I undress the cuckoos breasts
Take it all the way down to 2%
Don't let the Mandalorian
Have to wind the window down on the Delorian
Do that, he coming for all of them

[Born Sun:]
Yo, this a open invitation
Born Sun waitin'
Facemask conversation
Bash his face in
Rata-tat ratchet
Static, never panic
Goons from Nibiru
Scrapping, grappling wooly mammoths
Bad mama jama
DC 'Bama with the hammer
Never showing teeth for the camera
Stamina laminating
CD's in Atlanta
Standing at 5 points
Channelin' the channeler
Supreme chancellor

Two-legged Tarantula
Crankshaft crank it up
Tote a whole camper
Born Sun'll body you
Wit' ballroom banter
He said if I got cash
I can bang the banker
I'm looking in her eyes
Trying to find a way to thank her
Here's a handkerchief
For your vaginal anger
Cycle pharmacology
Technology and my Wallabees
Ain't nobody even got deets'
Screaming against Socrates
Standing next to chickenhead pottery
'Cause the squares got on top of me
Next year is don release
Everybody getting a lobotomy
I called it balderdash biology
Travis Scott concert
Unbody spirits in the mosh pit
Hold the crowd spiritually hostage
What wha-wha-what 1, 2, 1, 2
2022 more Born Sun for you

[Bodybag Ben:]
Look, this perseverance, huh
Midnight toasters on your grave, son
Lifting spirits
You caught the Holy Ghost like Joseph Simmons
But shit be like that when you illin'
Blood on his shelltoes
Can't play the villain
Pay the piper, now its lemon peppers
Shift the land like a shepherd
Bear the fruit
Taste the nectar, huh
His arm hanging off the stretcher
Rung his bell now he laid up like Denzel
In the Bone Collector
Hellish premonitions when the rent past due
Wave mags to
Run jewels in the Air Max 2
He got the deuce deuce tucked in the bubble goose, ha
Word, now he got the mac in the knapsack
Child, all he do is party and bullshit
Ain't no life after death when the drum rip
It's unbelievable, he ain't ready to die
Nah, I ain't think so
It's either friend or foe
Without warning to kicking in the door
Ha, wolves at the door yo, that's for certain

44 on his frame like George Gervin
Now his bodies squirting
Behind the curtain, see the evil lurkin'
Rock homes that's full of Durban
Leave homes in ya turban, Body

Canibus Lyrics

"Animal Husbandry"

I crawled out the swamp
It sound like silliness
'Til I grab you and take you back under
Like I'm amphibious
Read this, they built several specialized clinics
Just for my lyrics
And I don't even wanna go near it
I get scared
I don't even debate in my head
They said you're already dead
Just take your meds
Whether you're lab born
Or you came out of a womb
If you alive, there ain't no way
You can't feel what I'm doing
And until you get into it
We gon' all suffer in mutual ruin
Cause I don't think you understand my music
My Godzilla four winds
Is like four spinning dorsal fins
The water blow the glass out of your lens
Here's some hot water and vinegar
Go over there and clean up all of them sinners
Don't come back until you're finished
Sonic weapons for war time
Close source measures from North-com
Animal husbandry takes all my time
Therefore, not much I care for
Besides certified, referenced material of well prepared bars
Listen, I don't want no trouble
But if I have to polish my own belt buckle
I'ma give you these knuckles
Smartphones and homes that talk
Non fungible art
Let's step outside of the bungalow for a walk
If you look at the tall reeds
They're beautiful as you can see
But they will not survive the category 5 wind speeds
Liquid cooled, home schooled
Compound finance rules
Anything's better than a Tyvek suit
Jet propulsion, under the props
Oh my god, weapons going hot
Tail smoking like steam from a pot
I under stand you don't really know what I mean a lot
You're shocked to hear me say
"Come over here and clean my cock"

You are a P.O.W, half of you are gullible fools
The other half of you are running from the rules
And my rap song
Thoughts no man is prepared to act on
You better call Allahu AkBar
Rap star, riding in the back of the car
With a bodyguard, air support
And a tiny attack dog
Multiple antigens approach
Canibus, cross reaction analysis
Niggas get smoked
Dark power is drawn from a waving wand
Your poetry's strong, but it cannot save the savant
Listen to the god, that shit hard
Demolition or dawn
From one million bars put on one song
Man, you got King Kong balls
Whatever side you wanna sit on
Just go over there and get yours
You still want that gourmet?
You need to come holla at Jorge
He bet the whole house on a horse race
Hallelujah, bodies float down the Chattanooga
'Cause the charter boat had shooters
Glad I took a Uber
The reason I talk trash
Cause life goes by so fast
And death is like a fast moving life raft
Look into the eyes
Of the cytokine calm storm spinning clockwise
Towards where you are
Hard war cleaver, part metaverse amoeba
Please fill out your electronic verification by email
Populate each field with appropriate details
I'll take care of everything else
And just raise your hand if you need help
Start my day with the Das EFX
Grab my bumstickitty-blood clot vest
Then go outside and catch wreck
Touch the stage
Survive a place
My hips gyrate
When I feel that burn
It put a smile on my face
Microphone fiends focus
To smell the metabolic acidosis
Coming from the rose garden cultures
Command and control
Then transmit from both poles
That's just one of my campaign goals
If your'e not busy swing by
Soft music, dim lights
Real nice, kind of got that I Ching vibe

Nowadays you got to live right
Try not to be out past midnight
That's probably the only thing I did write
BMG merchants very adverse with smart contract purchase
They handle more pressure than combat nurses
How many beats? How many verses?
It depends how many people are working
I don't know why Americas so expensive

Canibus Lyrics

"Covid Santa"

The scenery starts off with a slow pan from a drone cam
And a drone operator with cold hands
A Body Bag Ben beat bumps, a chime from a grandfather clock
Made of pinewood with walnut studs
A pearly red unfinished sleigh bed of carbon fiber
One can only guess to fly higher and faster from being lighter
Pieces of liquor bottle shards crunched atop squeaky floorboards
Screens on walls flashing off and on, Weather Report
Killington Vermont, Whistler, Snow King Resort
Black Diamond conditions travel restricted and closed off
A shipment of hummingbird broth was lost
Because it couldn't get across
Mrs. Claus had a psychotic blow off
And that's why we were called, but now that we are here
We are seeing things are much more deeper than we thought
The whole compound was a pigsty, black mold in the carpet
Mouldy half-eaten cookies, milk rotting in cartons
The elves moved all the factory equipment out of the way
Twice a week they throw raves, Nora En Pure deejays
Mrs. Claus doesn't know what to do, she just stays
In her room, they say she has a Fentanyl problem too
OK, Mrs. Claus is the spouse, for now we can rule her out
But we need to find the man of the house
They say he's in bad shape, just look at the landscape
I don't care if it's man-made or not, it's a damn shame
Mrs. Claus stopped payment
The Goods Department ran out of patience
The elves are working for terrorist organizations
Rudolf's nose is sick, he can't walk for shit
He's certified fit for service but he's got bone cyst
Dancer and Prancer have capped hocks in fluid blocks
We're wondering what Santa's gonna do when the music stops
In our first conversation we asked Mrs. Claus
About her GPS ankle bracelet, she remained complacent
We asked Mrs. Claus, "Can you please take us to Santa?"
She looked over at one of the elves, wouldn't give us an answer
Now this elf was whistling Amazing Grace and didn't say much
Looked like he had a pistol tucked, straight thug
He said he was a playa in the global human settlement layer
And he accepted revenue from Lord Maitreya
Another elf said, "We'll take you to Santa
But we need your passport, phone, radio, and your helmet camera"
I complied, gave him all four without blinking an eye
They opened the door and took me outside
We walked downrange to a Buckminster Fuller building type frame
With a door that had a cryptonite chain
I almost couldn't believe, I heard the whirling sound

Of a machine you would use to help somebody breathe
At first, I see bare feet, the EKG beep
I move closer, then I see rosacea in both cheeks
I see tubes carrying red blood out of two man boobs
To a machine, then back into a hand turned blue
I was so confused, I turned around to the elves
And said, "What in Satan's name have you done to yourselves?"
One of the elves stepped forward
He said, "This is hard to ignore, but I owe you an explanation
I'm not a doctor, but I'm not an impostor
I'm a medical proctor, and I don't think he's got much longer
You see, lactic acid is green, uric acid is orange
Sulfuric acid is yellow but Santa's is much darker
His citric acid is clear, I know that I'm a fast talker
But he's gonna die without the proper anatomic markers
'Cause his interstitial fluids have been mixing with unknown
Biopollutants turning him into some kind of mutant"
In other words, technically Santa's entire genomic integrity's
In great jeopardy's what he said to me
And he's been treated for the latest strain, he's positive
Non-homologous, we contacted Dr. Oculus
Our last communicae' placed him in two hours away
But I should warn you if he's not here, we have to operate
"Operate how? Here? Sure, there's wrecked shit everywhere
This is a fucking sanitary nightmare!
Good idea, glad you're in charge, you're doing a great job
Look at him! Don't you think Santa looks a bit gone?"
Antibody dependent enhancement, what are Santa's chances?
Don't they make an ?ulcerated? cream for cancer?
You little shit, you be using my phone to look at dick pics
When I was your age, I used to work at the Big Dig
Fluorescent, illuminated X-rays, polyethylene death sprays
From a nuclear submarine's wet bay (Yay!)
You are pathogenically primed for prime time
The meter says 9, 9, 9, 9
And now Christmas is fucked, I hope you're satisfied
What you gon' do now Santa done died?

Canibus Lyrics

"Kaiju Karaoke"

Moses was a black man
With red hair like saffron
I heard you the first time
I chose not to respond
Prophecy is fulfilled
When Enki and Enlil are killed
And Lil Nas' X face is on the dollar bill
How you like that for a metaverse thrill?
Still ill, and I don't even need record deal
But real, you know my name, son don't chill
And now the whole world got a license to ill
When they shut down the grid
We gon' be outside doing a bid
Institutionalized, right where we live
Apologetically thank you
Put noose around neck and hang you
While two yankee doodle dudes shank you
Biologically scan you for your own safety, then ban you
'Til your own people abandon you
Now you standing outside the dollar store
For a fifty-cent whore
Bout to go on a 25 cent tour
You let that whore sit on your face?
She taste like sodium borate
And by the way, that stuff taste great!
Disclaimer; don't you try that at home and then blame us
I ain't famous and they still say my name too much
Yet on the other side of the veil
Every single comparison will fail
Cause every multiple rhyme is a spell
My poems are known unknown knowns, but it's hard to know
How much knowledge can grow from one node
In the vaccination drive-thru I sat in the seat behind you
I shoulda sat in the seat beside you
Quiescent, still present even if I go back to the essence
There's no way I forget what I remember
Sniper specific relax, hold breath, squeeze trigger
Wait for confirmation, get up, get out of there nigga
Canibus rhymes are not immediately obvious
They're supposed to be positive
So he ain't really accomplishing shit
My name is the ripper and I beg to differ
I know men who are bled from the liver
And labeled gorillas, breadwinners
Robert De Bruce, De La Soul, Posdnous
Yeah, I know it sounds like something I got from Dr. Seuss
Lyrics retooled, recommissioned and outfitted for hip hop use

You talk that shit? I talk that shit, too
Malaiky *[?]*
Youtube all the time
I'ma get it to help me build my shrine
Gunmetal colored, rip magnum rubbers
Tear that ass up, I ain't gotta brag or nothin'
I gotta a happy hips, yoga bitch, zombie killer tovarich
Big titty, Tesla model, S motorist
That shit will ambush your base camp
Beat you with the propane tanks
Then set fire to your cocaine plant
Hunger Games rescue package
Daisy state the mechanic in action, gun rap pull-ups
Bull Pups blast em
Cut slash and smash, laugh, tater tots and hash
I spray hair spray on your ass and pass
Cause you can't afford the seizium, or the magnesium
Everybody know that's a million-dollar premium
Their inability to reason is the reason they're not breathing
And that's what we focusing on this evening
The return of the king
With a maverick three probe on a string
And that's how he gon' know everything
He was there when global fear
Became self-aware
If you scared, bow your heads and join me in prayer
Insurrection, act and tact
You living in a trap
If you do this and don't do that
You just get whacked
Self-inflicted cyber-attack
Crypto card sitting on your lap
The gas life in tea made him take a crap
Fuck that, feathered blowdart to the back
You collapse, thermite cutting charge
Carved into the small of your back
Robotically controlled sequencing units for knocking on doors
To make sure you're home and you haven't run off
A hundred thousand Queenzflip clones
All in your borough alone
Welcome to the terror dome
Protest in silence, rhymes wait
Do not fly it
So what? I like pirates much better than pilots
I'm a giant, Ireland is my island
I'm full of surprises
So get the fuck out the way while I drive it
Life is all for 'naught
If you cannot offer your own thoughts
You will be sold without ever being bought

Canibus Lyrics

"The Long Road"

I don't deserve this...
To die like this...
I'll see you in hell... yeah

Yeah
Me and you gon' take a ride
Out to the countryside
All we got is a full tank
And some rusty knives
I'ma pull up at a disguise
Kind of close to those guys
That's looking around
And were just gonna slowly drive by
There's a duffel in the back
Whatever you do, don't lose that
And if you do lose it, don't come back
Is chaos to your liking?
Do you find revelations exciting?
Tell me that's not why your smiling?
Alexa, can you tell Siri to explain
To Billy The Barnes hoppers theory
While I adjust the mirror
So I can ask myself
"Do I still look like a nigga? Well do I?"
Hybrid probes, surveillance for surviving
It's nodes test survival mode
Battle rapping on the side of the road
May I pose to share
Your wood burning stove in the cold
See I am old and cannot muster
The strength from my phone
The island of Dr. Monroe
Is not a place you would like to go
But I can take you there after the show
Yo, the pain oil Sombras in my brain
Can't remember my name
I shit the bed, then ran out of depends
Yo, I'm a mess
Oh lord, please show me mercy
I traded my water berkey for a slice of turkey
The rhymes. the patterns and interactions
Between these two passions
Have given me the freedom that I'm after
There's only very little I can say to you now
100,000 bars or more could probably take me awhile
You will soon find death
On a dry river bed in Tibet

I keep that out back in my shed
Stay out of trouble, but live a little
Go piss off the side of your vessel
To go back to fixing the whistle on your kettle
Something they don't teach
The algae will eat away at the bare feet
Then walk on Pebblestone beach
The voice of my muse
Asked me when we could meet
I was confused when my muse
Leaned forward and kissed my cheek
My writers block was released
Pussy was so sweet
My pen stood up by itself
And started to write like a beast
Sorcery, every molecule in my body talks to me
On this long road my muse walks with me
Aluminum thirtied pin, extraordinarily thin
Nicely snug subcutaneously under the skin
I always lose but I'd love to win
Maybe this time this is it
Nothing to do with that rhyme wizard shit
This is about my muse
I myself have nothing to prove
Hip hop is a tool that I use
I talked to Jay Z, I met with Lyor
I pretty much done it all
I couldn't agree more
The continuity of thugged shit
Straight up sucker shit
That ain't gon' last long
In this New World government
Diplomacy is everything
Speak with integrity
Know who you in the room with
Be quiet for clarity
If you ever embarrass me
There can be no parody
I'll punch you in your appleseed
And run when you come after me
My muse is so classy
She take me down to the haberdashery
After morning tea time with the family
Notty dread
I'ma beat you wit a had or a bread an not a ed
Any pussy who a test me, dead

Canibus Lyrics

"Verzuz"

BodyBag Ben and M-Eighty Verzuz the world

Rakim Allah the God Vz Snoop
Kurupt Vz Jeru and Afu
Cardi B Vz MC Lyte
The Neptunes Vz Onyx in the Tunnel
On a Sunday night
Tory Lanez Vz Kendrick Lamar at the Sharp Bar
Big Punisher Vz G Rap in a smart car
Busta Rhymes Vz Leaders of the New
Every member of the group
Swizz Beatz Vz Timbaland and Magoo
Doja Cat Vz The Lady of Rage
2Pac Vz Cage
Eminem Vz T-Pain and 2 Chains
Nastradamus Vz the Bdi MC
The whole Bootcamp Vz BDP
Jay Z Vz KRS-One (We're not done)
Childish Gambino and Chino Vz King Sun
Black Thought Vz Smooth Da Hustler
Scarface Vz Busta
Brother Ali Vz Steph Lova
Tribe Called Quest Vz Slick and Doug Fresh
Young Money Drake Vz Lord Finesse
Red and Meth Vz Ghost and Chef
Sauce Money Vz 38 Spesh
Chi Ali Vz Dres
Ice T Vz X-Clan
Al B Sure Vz MC Shan
DC Vz Cool Disco Dan
Born Sun Vz Jay Elec
Scratch Vz Terminator X
This'll be the dopest urban event
Roc Marci Vz Cee-Lo
Fat Joe Vz Camp Lo
Ab Soul Vz UTFO
Smoothe Da Hustler Vz Black Thought
Remember Jack the Rapper '94?
Del Vz DMX, my dog
Monie Love Vz Questlove on a stretch rug
Wit Pudgee the Fat Bastard, thats messed up
Lauryn Hill Vz Bushwick Bill
D12 Vz ODB and Supreme Clientele
Action Bronson Vz his father, that's the Number One Chief Rocka
Boss Rick Ross Vz Big Poppa
Moe Dee Vz cold Cheeks over Easy Moe Bee
The whole Duck Down Vz MOP

Griselda Vz Cash Money
Shabazz the Disciple Vz Bad Bunny
Everlast Vz Vinnie Paz in a skully
Post Malone Vz Noreaga and Capone
Tone Loc Vz Gravediggaz while they cremate bones
Mike Jones Vz Mic Geronimo Vz Jim Jones Vz Sacario
At Red Rock, Colorado with Supa Mario
Drink Champs, give me space
Drake Vz Masta Ace Vz Mase Vz Charli Baltimore, pretty face
Freddie Foxx still got them burn marks on his waist
I bet you Nore' won't blow no smoke in his face
Uptown Puff Vz McGruff
Rah Digga Vz Lady Luck
A+ Vz Lady Bug
Anthony Hamilton's band Vz the Elephant Man
And LA the Darkman at Hot 97s Summer Jam
Lil Flip Vz Will Smith
Ying Yang Twinz Vz Big Gip
World greatest pimp Too Short Vz Tip
K Solo the fugitive Vz The Pugilist Vz Jadakiss Vz This Is The Most Beautifullest Thing In This World
Cassidy Vz Chubb Rock
Outside a bloodclot, truck stop
A$ap Rocky Vz Aesop Rock
Jurassic 5 Vz The Fantastic 4 Vz The Treacherous Three Vz Audio Two on BET
Cali Casino F-L-I-P Vz Free
In a *[?]* virtual metaverse dream
D. Dot the Madd Rapper, Ron Lawrence, Hitmen, Stevie J and Trackmasters Vz BodyBag Ben
AZ Vz Eightball, MJG
Willie D Vz DJ Quik and Tray Deee
Rashid Vz Shock G
Me Vz Club 1, 2 and 3
Coolio Vz Young MC
Greg Nice and Smoothe B Vz Pete Rock and CL Smooth
Guru Vz Grand Daddy IU
Nicki Minaj Vz T Boz in some old school Filas
Plies Vz Outkast and Goodie Mob
Charlemagne the God Vz Star
Angela Yee Vz Agallah
Wendy Williams Vz La La
Silkk the Shocker Vz the Funk Doctor
Waka Flocka, Mystikal Vz Murs and Math Hoffa
Cam'Ron Vz Cambatta, in the middle of Harlem
The Dogg Pound Vz D Block in Yonkers
K Rino Vz Jo Jo Pelegrino
Rampage Vz Migos
Kriss Kross Vz Illegal
Dre and Snoop Vz The Rapping Duke
Just Ice Vz Papoose
Techn9ne Vz Hopsin
Redman Vz Blue
Father MC in a three piece suit Vz Sheek Louch
Undercard Saigon Vz MC Juice
Supernatural Vz the whole Juice Crew

Craig G sitting by the dock of the bay, in a booth Vz the Coup
Major Figgaz Vz Mook
Freddie Gibbs Vz Luke
Loaded Lux Vz RTJ produced by Stoupe
Juicy J Vz Kwame
Ludacris Vz Wale
LL Cool J Vz Dr Dre
Pak Man Vz Timbo King
All kneel, kiss the ring
In the ring, while Ashanti sings
Chuck D Vz WC
Zack from Rage of the Machine Vz RA the Rugged Man overseas
Showbiz and AG, Big L and OC Vz Diamond D
Ain't they all DITC?
Roxanne Shante Vz Rappin' 4 Tay
Mac Dre and Blahzay Vz Pos' K
Kool G Rap Vz Twista from Chiraq
He gon' snap wish I could NFT something like that
Pras the Ghetto Superstar Vz Gangstarr
At the *[?]* Bar
Escobar Vz Bizarre
Tragedy Khadafi Vz Lil Yachty
While Busy Bee, Kool Rock Ski steady rock the party
Royce Da 5 Vz the Furious Five
Tonight at the Apollo, if you go, I go
Fabolous Vz Channel Live
Bahamadia Vz Wise from Poor Righteous Teachers
KXNG Crooked I Vz Flo Rida and Wiz Khalifa
Wyclef Vz Beanie Sigel
At the Bellagio casino, whoever win gotta Vz Benzino
Organized Konfusion Vz Run DMC
To me, that's real E-M-C-E-E
Tyler, The Creator Vz Ali Vega'
3rd Bass with a Gas Face Vz Lupe with a Laser
Bush Babees Vz Lee Majors
Chill Rob G Vz Rob Base
Me Vz Megan The Stallion, naked!
Cypress Hill Vz Naughty By Nature
In a urban situation
NWA vs Jah Vega
Agallah the Assassin Vz Nick Cannon
David Banner in Atlanta Vz Juelz Santana
Spinderella Vz Salt N Pepa
Mikey D Vz Large Professor
Remy Ma Vz Armageddon
Groovy Lew Vz Mickey Benson
That ain't even nothing to mention
Canibus, you just trying to get attention
Grand Pu' Vz Brand Nu'
Ja Rule, Cadillac Tah and Black, too *[?]*
Q Tip Vz Ice Cube
20 million views
50 Vz Wu Tang Power, he make power moves

Large Professor Vz Nature and Mega
Queenzflip hug too aggresive
Nigga be standing outside your session
Crucial Conflict Vz Children of the Corn
Smoking Hay in the barn, with J Cole from Fayet-nam
Jeymes Samuel Vz Mr Magnanimous
Canibus writes the song, with no camera tricks
Hush Killa Vz Dilla Vz Beast G Unit gorillas
Yayo and Banks Vz Master Builders
DJ Muggs Vz Young Thug
Da Youngstas Vz Da Youngbloodz
Vz the homie from the Cella Dwellas, uhhh
Rashad Jamal Vz Osiris and Von
Willie Dynamite called Maintain Vz Higher Ark
Bryan Meyers Vz Anuel
Denzel Vz Samuel
Chris Rock Vz Dave Chappelle
Sade Vz Patti Labelle
Prince Vz Micha-El
The post office Vz email
Heaven Vz hell
Canibus, like Kaiju, told you I rarely fail
Now I'ma go outside and burn me an L

Canibus Lyrics

"Chase"

(feat. MF DOOM, Kool Keith & Justin Tyme)

On the move!
It's been a long time coming
Can-I-Bus and MF DOOM
They been waiting for this
Yeah, chase coming soon
On the move!

MF DOOM my cellmate, two-tone stealth paint
Wait for the Philadelphia freedom bell, the jailbreak
Chase? Nah, I overtake, you tailgate
How does carbon monoxide tastes, snail face?
They move at a snail's pace and get drowned by the Maelstrom weight
Crustaceans and deep water ocean plates
The great permeated purge, Serbian, no Siberian skirts
Two seconds before the die-off occurred (On the move!)
I was singing in a quiet church, through fast radio bursts
Helium stars, webcam search
A free spirit was the dead man first, tell me how does that work?
MF DOOM explain it to you next verse
Four footprints hydraulic, as for pilots
How about it? Royal purple dispersal for high mileage
Steam vapors from radiation create perpetual rain
In a hydroplane and don't ever chase them (On the move!)

Batman and Robin head bobbing, no Joker, Penguin
You see him freezing up like Mr. Freeze
Catwoman on the mind, the Batmobile design, Alfred the butler
Dynamic duo hustlers, burn rubber
Gotham City, I'm spinning in the gutter
Left the Batcave full of computers, the Mad Hatter the realest
See my bars red like Twizzlers
I'm so hot like Hot Wheels color shifters
Diagonal over Gotham City looking pretty (On the move!)
The Caped Crusader continues through the stages like a player
Pullin' up on the Joker while he playing poker
King Tut hoppin' out the Range Rover with brolic shoulders
Green Hornet and Kato see the Lamborghini doors open
Same rims on the BM as the Lotus
Dark blocks and they pop like Pop Rocks
Your girl on the cock, she jock a lot
The next episode reload (On the move!)

New evidence compels to reopen the murder case (Come on)
A witness emerged and snitched a certain name (Word?)
Description appeared somewhat like Churchill's weight (Haha)
A heavy man dressed grungy like Kurt Cobain (Haha)

A purple face can be seen on CCTV (Uh-oh)
Assisted precisely like CP3 Chris
Paul with blood on the claw so evidently
Be careful, this man knows his business, at ease (On the move!)
For sure, his motive was bad bad, not good
Rumors are out, a badass from the hood (Haha)
Still looking for him but they having no clue
Well, don't mess with assassins, you fools (Haha)

Cock the swammy back, don't hesitate, react
Believe that, they defecate where they eat at
More repulsive than the Boar's Head logo
The trees had 'em seein' impulses in slow-mo, woah (On the move!)
A whole lot of funk, a whole lot of drunk
Who knows? Coulda did a line or bump with Donald Trump
He hear voices in his head, he gotta jump
Not now, too much lactose, gotta dump
A wise owl, growl with a mean scowl
A stand-up dude even when he seem foul
Meanwhile, the world keeps on spinnin'
It seems the forces of evil keep on winnin' (On the move!)
Change of plans, now take that off your hands
Retreat back to the cave with your mans
Super Vill', salute Milk D, top bill
Top-notch, you chop meat, we chop krill
In the midst of trappin' and gun clappin'
DOOM twenty-five years in, son's slappin'
Wrote the key to life down on some napkin
You can't find it, whoever do is like-minded

On the move!
On the move!

Canibus Lyrics

"Desperados Pt 2"

(feat. Hus KingPin)

[Canibus:]
The pressure I'm under could wake a vampire from slumber
The undead hunter, coagulated blood guzzler
The Rogue War Horse in inclement weather
Sucking sour milk from a cow udder... that kinda pressure
Muffle your pain with a muzzle, make it sound better
Then try to breathe through a mask stuffed with down feathers
The Crown Ripper, the time-tested Sound Wizard
I stand at the foot of the fountain of wisdom, listen
Just let these light orbs glisten through your speaker system
We could go wherever you wanna visit
Using my world-renowned vision, the BLK Kissinger from Kemet
Now how you wan' do this, nigga! Y'all hear that? Crickets...
I'm made outta bars and biometrics, Jigsaw leave your spine severed
Horus Rise! Meteorites streak across skies
You in a Drive-thru ordering fries, "Drago" - if he dies... he dies
With huskified eyes - as the temperature drops below ice
Finger tips put out candle wicks, my fast muscles twitch
So lit I might try to arm wrestle you for your bitch

[Hus KingPin:]
And for the castle that we sit on at the royal palaces
It's a capsule with the riddles and my lonely addict
I hope I could see you, your servitude elects your static
It's impossible, I ornament niggas with automatics
I'm Callisto, how it feel to rule
Like back in high school, was it molecules or if molly was cool
I used to cut class and smoke hash, fuck ash
Put the drugs in the ass if the badge come harrass
I'm free, and gave you niggas some space to speak
[?] all this kingdom and throne belong to me
I bloom under April's moon, that's a reason to dream
Backstroke a season of seas
I suffocate your rain, you fell to my gravity
I undertake the game, now my niggas run the league
Show your humble face and shame, my nigga, uncomfortably
Do what we ought to, Desperados Pt. 2
What

Canibus Lyrics

"Mass Malthusian Delusions"

NFT exclusive
Just for you listen, to the music
Mass Malthusian delusions
Of grandeur eucalyptic facades
It feels so soothing
Very nice to meet you, Ms. Big Booty
My name is Captain Stubing
I hope I'm not intruding
Of course, you're still recouping
From yesterdays afternoon thing
The blow fishing and they're rooting
Serenading and crooning
I've got good news
The weathers improving
And everyone's assembling
For the debut viewing
Of my newly released
Jekyll and Hyde movie
It's promised to be a doobie
But if you don't feel like
Hanging out wit' the groupies
You can pop the coochie
And we watch some other Netflix movie
There was a knock on the door
And a deep voice "Por favor, señor"
While we were anchored directly offshore
He said he's only got enough space
To show me there's no space left
Yo, who is this fucking space cadet?
I told him these rhymes
Were designed elsewhere
Then brought to Earth
Through a stargate, yeah
I get paid to produce it
Even if you don't listen to it
So I don't care what you do with it
First, we must establish a baseline
If you can hear this rhyme
You've already interfered with time
One hour of therapy every Tuesday
In a room alone with Papa Tubay
We hold hands and pray
To the beat for root play
They help me getaway
From the black bootleg
No need to say more
Its a new day

Whoever take, you break, you pay
Far away from a Darkside moonbase
Bumping that new DJ Whoo Kid tape
Illuminate the whole modern human race
You are great, but only in a future time and place
The current test method
All by itself is a death sentence
Just listen, then I'll answer your questions
Neon orange leaves
Japanese maple trees
If you scream, I'll staple your knees
My muse is my lover
And there is much more to discover
The perfect poetry, the hunger
This is not fictitious
My Queen eats delicious
King Vicious on port Marion dishes
Bread and shrimp
Mixed with peppermint
Over shredded pimp
Nobodies ever had it since
Scotch bonnet pepper
On the road to Mecca
Nobodies ever told this story better
Placebo based controls
Take your soul
Erase what you know
Then put your brain back in the same skull
Music to my ears
The nightmares of ones own fears
Now imagine it's written in layers
Sigillum Dei Signum Dei Vivi
My new system makes the old system obsolete
Frankenstein's experiment has escaped the lab
These knuckles made of brass
Need a face to smash
The qurag is engraved on your face
On your mask, on your ass
On your feet and at the base of your hands
There's no pit of fire in the lake, my man
Only highly flammable vapes and gas
No please, yes thanks
Just talk to me champ
They must have emptied your memory banks
Now I question your trustworthiness
You're a dirty little subversionist
What you keep searching for, bitch?
Chronic fatigue syndrome
Google it and get the new ringtone
You ain't grown
You shrinking homes
They call me Mazeltov Malkovich
And my hollow bones conduits

Help me get something out of it
The name of the album
Is "One Step Closer"
The sigil magic involved is sideways 'ocho'
Marco, "Polo"
Hiding from Kronos
Sunbathing in a magnetic sun
Through the ozone
A randomized control trial
You see its all about style
And whatever they talk about now
The whens, the whys, the hows
It all stays hidden in the files
That's why it's called a control trial
Mass Malthusian delusion
Is this an illusion set up by the illusionists?
Or is this a group of illumined ones doing this?
Or is this an advocate group with a movement
Not knowing what the movement is?
Is this complete and utter foolishness?
Or is this the pathetic, weak human in us choosing this?
We might need Judge Judy for this
Mass Malthusian delusion
Mass Malthusian delusion
Mass Malthusian delusion
M-Eighty is the new Rick Rubin!

Canibus Lyrics

"Jason & Brandon Mashia"

Shoutout to Jason and Brandon in New Hampshire

It started with the DOD after World War 2 in Japan
When the company branched
That ended up with the money clan
And put em on Open Sea
For the whole world to see
A man so handsome
Has never been killed for ransom
They put pineapple skins in his mouth and gagged him
Then put him in a barnproof box and fragged him
Tortured, burned, wasted, boiled, fileted, strangled
Hanged him upside down in a pit with wild animals
Wearing multiverse wearables, highly scalable
Near innumerable variables
Then just stand there and stare at you
Half the room quiet
Half the room was hysterical
There's a parable about the plot he was buried next to
I read their electronic diary
Right before they fired me
Then when I wrote a better one
They rehired me
Oh, how fitting the irony
Sometimes society was so kind to me
That I'd literally rhyme for free
If the term set forth was suitable
Won't you agree they become immutable
Carry crucibles to your cubicle
And of course, none of this is really provable
If for any reason you refuse to go
I just wanted you to know
If you can adjust protocol
I'll take you to the next Super Bowl
As long as that's between me and you tho
Behold the Infinity Scrolls
Vintage investors and sophisticated collectors
Standing outside in the cold
We serve piping hot, caramel macchiatos
And hand out customary Columbian ponchos on loan
For those calling my phone
Our operators are standing by
To provide 5-star service
And answer any question you might compose
But I think you're holding the mic too close
Please be patient while we place you on hold
Each custom vintage mold

Physically sold but individually owned
My writing process is like minting gold
We can modify his behavior
By shooting him in the head with a laser
Then 5G, Terminator his ass later
Tied down in a Crypto.com center hide lounge
By this British broad that tried to offer me five pounds
Ok, let's go talk business
Somewhere off in the distance
Real normal like you just talking to Christians
The glass so thick cylinder case pyramid shape
How could you really hate what a real lyricist make?
I shave tips for a living, yeah about two clients per day
The best way to talk shit to a scientist's face
Playing poker, met a cougar at Kroger
A few years older, she walked over
And asked me to sign her Canibus poster
The black market certified smoker
Taking a total piss at the voters
And anyone counter uplifting the culture
Every man on my rifle team has the survival gene
And at least five vial streams of covered bible means
They changed my orders, forced me to the border
Now I'm living in a yurt native mut
With Ethiopian quality water
How would you like your omelet metaburger
Bacteria bomblets, beyond vegan nanoelectronics
Who is the aggressor and who is compliant?
Who's agenda murders the uninspired
Underneath the shroud of science?
They're gonna hold you responsible, hundred percent
They're gonna charge you for attaching it to a sugar molecule
I saw visions of the slaughter
On the outermost layer of the transmission fluid
Floating on top of the water
Yeah, a lot of things he say be way out there
But what can it hurt
Just to hear him out with your inner ear?
Its a nice day outside
I untied the ropes
Come on baby, let's take a ride on the boat
Generator humming, starboard and port both running
Yo, what in the hell you fuss about now, woman?
Black thought and beats, just you and me
Dead jubilee, free like our ancestors used to be
Smile, lay down, chill, the starship Disney hotel
Black Amex card, pay all the bills
Mickey Mouse bubble bath
'Como se dise' suffering succotash
So in love with your thick fat ass
Let's start a business, 24 hour fitness?
Or Bed and Breakfast, real estate assistance
Or maybe publishing or printing?

Now if I sell my soul and you collect the money
When we reinvest it I can buy my soul back, honey
If you the nicest why you charge bargain basement prices
Insight that's hybrid dead silent
Dismembered and lifeless
Peace be well, indeed
Be grateful for your BNT sales
With detailed descriptions in the email
He has the immune system of a Super
He was standing rooster
By the time he had his 30th booster
It is not a paradox to fight to pursue life
It's only right, some humans need a spark to see the light
The data was captured but contaminated
The bag of biohazard waste
Was handed over to the pond scum
That originally made it
A sophisticated, very well natured
Educated behaviorist
Who happens to be my absolute favorite
I rarely exaggerate when I rhyme in the booth
Even a minuscule eyes my Olympic kind of truth

Can't forget Thomas Gibson and Brian from Virginia
Creme de la creme Rippers who put up for the big picture

Canibus Lyrics

"Astaxanthian Man"

(feat. Born Sun)

Emotion manifest thought
Though manifest action
Kinetic action manifest the reality we crafted
True masters enjoy the fruits of their labor with laughter
But this can only take place after

Yo, it's the knock-kneed, Mach deep
Flows travel at Mach speed
My God squad, Bomb Squad
Channeling Keith Shocklee
From the heart of New York
City blocks is like the arteries
On the side where God'll be
When they decide to martyr me
See the necessity
For the Christ and the Hitler
Brevity of the Scriptures
Will register on the Richter
While most go
Way of the gun, way of the ego
Allowing words to penetrate
Will solely that's cerebral
I evolved to God
Transcended the MC
I began to get free
And turn my Chi to channel me
And "Yay, tho I walk thru the valley
Where the shadows dwell"
I stand tall like pyramids
When the Pharaohs fell
My Akhi's the all-eye seeing
Annunaki's will spot me
Doing shows for human beings
Impact of my raps
Put cracks in the Colosseum
My remains will headline
A world tour at your museums

Emotion manifest thought
Though manifest action
Kinetic action manifest the reality we crafted
True masters enjoy the fruits of their labor with laughter
But this can only take place after

The work is done
Work on all fronts

Mind, body, spirit, soul
Sun

Sundoolah, veteran Sharpshootah
On the battlefield
I bet you half a million
Caliber ain't half as real
We black Mayans
We set it like Somalian pirates
Subterranean tyrants
That slay giants
Squeezing the iron
At your passa' cuh he lying
He babble on
Fronting like he down with Mt. Zion
Divine purpose
I see you scurry to your churches
To purchase the word of God
But your currency is worthless
The soul still searches
You praying to your false prophets
Its faulty logic
And the cost is your lost profit
Knowledge is flawed like the Gnostics
I got this
Brandishing, understanding
Unseen to the optics
I rest in fantasy
'Til I reach my moment of clarity
Give birth to thoughts
And man manifesting mad reality
A young Marcus Garvey
With a gun on the Harley
The dark messenger
Resurrected as Sun Marley
They asking me
"Yo, Sun where you been at?"
In my jeans in Queens
Nigga, I been at where my skin at
I'm on stealth for health
And spiritual wealth
Confront the evil of my ego
Slap boxing with my shadow self
Then pray solemnly
That peace be upon me
Then calmly with Pastor zombies
Wearing Abercrombie
I bomb beats, gunning
Like a young Huey Newton
But human evolution
Starts within a revolution
Son of Harriet Tubman
A gap toothed Farrakhan

And on my dad's Quran
I never swear upon
Rappers is butt
That's why I run up on 'em like What
I'm King Tut with gold teeth
And a Queens strut
Born Sun the benevolent
Among the levelest souls
I'm universal like ether
The fifth element
I'm not running
Nigga, I bust my gun in
Sharpshootahz, Sundoolah
The Master Builders coming

Emotion manifest thought
Though manifest action
Kinetic action manifest the reality we crafted
True masters enjoy the fruits of their labor with laughter
But this can only take place after

The work is done

Canibus Lyrics

"One Step Closer To Infinity"

I get home, go to my room
Then close the door
There's a shrine with hollow bones
And designs on the floor
Modern electron Scope
LED color modes
Up until recently
This is how I discovered flows
I landed my Space X
In a Tyvek suit with a face mesh
But I confess
I haven't been to space yet
When the fans get depressed
They go to my last known address
Text my phone with cold threats
He's addicted to cigarettes
She's addicted to 5 minutes sex
As it turns out
Both their needs relieve stress
Oh my god, look at all these Comic-Con hoes
I sniff her toes
Then got Omicron on my nose
How else would you know?
I am the man from Cybertron
Attending this year's Comic-Con
Wit' greasy goggles on
Toggle my screen
Smoke medical tree from a bong
I'm looking for Mr. Incredible's wife in a thong
It is cold outside
But behind these doors it is warm
Ever since I turned the rocket stove on
I haven't had this much peace and quiet in so long
I forgot how bad the world has gone
I'm a One Hundred-year-old black Clint Eastwood
I'm a shooter with a Lapua
Chilling in the woods
There is no survival group
C'mon man, there's only 5 of you
What the fuck that supposed to do?
Put that weight on your shoulders?
Ya clavicle could end up in ya colon
Some things are better not spoken
The schedules open
Your interviews at 12
They wanna ask you about L
Thank you 'Bus, checks in the mail

Empty C130
Me and the old lady getting flirty
Can't help myself
She so purdy
Took a Zoom course
On genome streamline sewing
We discuss the top 5
Depopulation components
Chapter Six: The Labyrinth of Indecision
Lemme' see if you get it
Can anyone tell me
Where this book was written?
She spoke in some kind of code
Wearing some old Merovingian clothes
She had a Native American indigenous nose
My phone fell in the river
A diver was hired to retrieve it
And bring it back to my sister, before dinner
I read on the internet
How I could bring it back to life
If I let it dry in a bag of Jasmine rice
I was a bad boy more than twice
All night, she wore tights
It's not illegal to stare, is it right?
I speak to Ptah in patois
He hears best
For me to speak the Queen's English
Is a fair request
See I never been the type
To buckle from peer pressh
No quest's, and even if I was
I was near best
When I feel like a rebel
I piss off the side of my vessel
And don't know why
I'm compelled to tell you
I ain't tryna sell you
Show and Tell you, or help you
Direct energy melt you
Who in the bloody hell ever felt you?
Can anybody rhyme like this?
Well if they could
It wouldn't be special
And that's what I'm tryna tell you
You made a Bob Dylan deal
With the devil, God bless you
Now you in trouble
Sitting in a Mosque temple
Eating rotten spam and lentils
Pen and paper
Pad and pencil
Rehearsing over my song instrumental
Tell the truth, you do it for revenue

You dont care whether or not it's ethical
You commit lyrical Seppuku
Don't you dare listen to them
And don't let them get you
If this is a test
It's God testing you
Ice burn blisters
The flow so cold
You get the shivers
When you are surrounded by niggas
Holding clippers
Trimming your whiskers
Spritzers wit' a spinkle of citrus
Damn 'Bis, you sure know how to make an entrance
Maintenance drinkers
Brother Numsi and the Soul Sisters
A bunch of crypto gold diggers
The worm from the wood taste bitter
You do the logistics
I do the metrics
The old wizard with barcoded innards
Ya root chakra need a colon cleansing
Like rotary engines, leftover emissions
With high compression, low resistance
That piece of shit is grossly expensive
Bro, what you thinking?
I remember being lectured by Richard Metzger
Caterpillar and maggot cocoons
Burrow deep in the open wounds
Of the soon to be damned and doomed
Aerosolized drugs
Drift down from the skies above
Because we looked up
And cried for love
Honey Nigella Sativa
Gently inserted into amoebas
With nanotweezers to stop seizures
And the roll-up your sleevers
Then rebuild they photon receivers
A good writer gives all the credit to the readers
Verbal flash freeze
Cold flows to the Nth degree
One step closer to infinity
One step closer, the multiverse vocaler
That did it for the culture
The wait is near over!

Canibus Lyrics

"Lord Cyborg"

Good morning, top of the day
I oxygenate with coffee and omelette steak
Then I decarboxylate
Pull a stocking down over my face
Tuck that thing in the waist
Meet you downstairs at the gate
They say the brown-tailed squirrel
Is entitled to lessen this world
I find it hard to respect those words
Tonic subdominant dominant
Influence beta vocal and beat moderate
While still placing my voice on top of it
(Are you a philosopher?)
Yes, I think very deeply
In fact, alkaline hydrolysis exists
When you come to terms with that
Your blood will be *[?]* tapped
From biosludge in a vat
And your world will collapse
Vampires want blood
And pseudo-scientists want biosludge
Basic Instructions Before B.I.B.L.E. Club
The pillars of justice
Crushed to dust by a nigga with musket
They handcuffed him 'cause he spit with substance
Ask around, he ain't nothin' to fuck with
Or be in love with
Them handcuffs is like titanium cufflings

Verily, verily I say unto you
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

Go 'head, claim that baggage
Delta Strike Force package
My drones over traffic cause accidents to happen
You must be reading my mind
He a one man machine that rhyme
A baby doberman eating at your spine
Beginning to feed off your insides
If I was you I wouldn't think twice
The main concern is to preserve life
If I was you? Play nice, bruh, don't be mean
I cried watching what happened to behind the scenes ?gene?
299 days later I walked in the bodega
Wearing gold plated Ray-Ban Aviators
Rap don't prove you great
I show you how catastrophe taste

Throw battery acid in your face
The Lawnmower Man with motorized hands
My hydraulics crush hydrogen tanks and make a thug dance
No cap, I called Lord Cyborg on the map
He ain't no hip hop cop, he got a badge for rap
308 *[*rrrat*]* unique angle of attack
That yellow-bellied rat just shot him in the back
Now you got a malfunctioning backpack
In zero gravity, how the fuck you gon' get back
Yo *[?]* to go collect all his plaques
I never thought of that
But I'ma have to go with "no, thanks"
I got a certified postage letter
From the globalists on my dresser
And I ain't gon' never open it
They want my Infinity check
I signed an NDA with the Senator
14 years later we see the release
Of something suspiciously similar
They stole my shit
Look at all them flows I spit
I'm multidisciplinary, yet nothing could'a prepared me
For what I experienced in the rap game summarily

Verily, verily I say unto you
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

Verily, verily I say unto you
I watched it all happen from the telecom room
In plain view I saw Metatron under a full moon
With the Sephiroth in his crew eating energon cubes
The Lord Cyborg's blackball is atrocious
The interview with Joe Rogan got zero promotion
Dr. Malone had him open
I was in the background coachin' him
Dewey Cooper the Black Kobra and TJ was chokin' him
Had him tappin' out all over the linoleum
Then Don Corleone got Covid again
Every day occurrences like this
Are circumstantial adverses
That get perverted into a burden
Holographic indigenous camouflage projection
A weapon system we generally use for our protection
Poetry marginal margin, now that's what I'm talkin'
If I'm flyin' in a Black Hawk, that's what I'm squawkin'
100,000 bars and runnin', keep marchin'
I don't answer the phone, I don't care who callin'
The bad boy a good talk
Kamayamaya him a boss
That's him layin' in the Himalayan salt
Blessed the man with heart
Where beautiful things are
Barefoot before God prayin' in the park

Lamb shish kebab, wolf gang, murder mouth in a synagogue
50 bars, Cappadonna - Winter Warz
Master Builder Bus, the group I'm a member of
We came to free the hip hop prisoners
And lift your spirit up
3rd eye live it up
The microphone is a good listener

Verily, verily I say unto you
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

I massage my mustache with Lemon & Bergamot from a glass
A thick fog develops from hot gas
My Jamaican grandma gon' whoop your ass
'Cause you ate the last dumpling out the pot, dumbass
Verily, verily I say unto you
Microphone check 2, 0, 2, 2

Canibus Lyrics

"Illfinity 101"

As we walk through the strings of my soul
My pain, my joy, my thoughts
1000 bars equals one word from God
Six billion stars
In a world living in shit
I'm trying to figure out
What this life really is
How is this reality?
Can somebody fucking answer me?
How could we allow ourselves
To be in a fantasy?
In a world with lost souls
And empty dreams
I'ma have to show my love
In the form of mp3's
I was born in an empty sea
My tears created oceans
Producing tsunami waves
With emotions
Patrolling the open seas
Of an unknown galaxy
I was floating in front
Of who I am physically
Spiritually paralyzing
Mind, body and soul
It gives me energy
When I'm lyrically exercising
I gotta spit 'til the story is told
In a dream by celestial bodies
Follow me, baby

I know the lyrics that I put to the music
Has always been cerebral
In one way or another
And uh, apart from that
I just feel like, man
You know sometimes life beats you down
Just to remind you that you're alive
And you know there's no better time than the present
To try and actualize your dreams

Infinity

The universe is the mother of all
Whether big
Whether small
Whether short

Whether tall
Whether devil
Whether God
Whether weak
Whether strong
Whether right
Whether wrong
Whether that
Whether this
Reptilian beast
Bird, man or fish
And nothing on this earth
Can dissuade this
Poet Laureate
With more shapes than snowflakes
Existing everywhere
But they still can't locate
My flow bloviates into a spiritual shape
And co creates reality
My internal compass
Pontificates dramatically
I am not here to negotiate
With the enemy
I am here to create
Product of illuminated speech and wizardry
Poet Laureate Infinity
I will forever be the illest lyrically
Poet Laureate Infinity

A cataclysmic blast
Forced me to expand
The centrifuge the mask
Third strand Is a staircase
My opponent didn't like
Study of conics
Circle emotion in both
The para and the hyperbolas

A cataclysmic blast
Forced me to expand
The centrifuge the mask
Third strand is a staircase
My opponent didn't like
Study of conics
Circle emotion in both
The para and the hyperbolas

And the spacecraft keeps losing speed

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 1"

I got bored with four beats to the measure, Professor speech compressor
Terminated his tenure to explore a more rewarding adventure,
Take a closer look at the bars, you'll see I'm not behind them
or in front of them, I'm one of them,
Started with a 100, The Game spit 3, I said, "Fuck It!"
I'ma have to show these niggaz something,
Too easy, who'd believe me if I said that it wasn't?
The rhyme is a weapon I bust it the Brotherhood got me covered
OP orders with coordinates where to drop mortars
I drive forward, Sandstorms make my eyes water, 10
Skull is a submarine hull
Dolphin phones screen calls from places as far away as A.G.C.R.,
The rhymes are raw, deeper than yours, you crawled before you walked
But didn't think about your thoughts before you talked,
We spit for sport, I won, you lost
But you paid them off to nail my corpse to a cross,
This is "The Greatest Rhyme Of All Time" supposedly,
1000 Bars it will probably always be,
Mentally top heavy, not many can rock with me,
Hip Hop could not bench me so they plot to suspend me, 20
I said, "Nobody benefits, Everyone perishes"
I tell them this, They say, "Here, it's time for your medicine",
Imagine being fined over a rhyme? For stepping over the line?
When I inspired Hova and Nas,
I listened to ‘44 4's' 22 times
"I Gave You Power" God stop my heart if I'm lying,
You like Red or White Wine? Let's talk about it I'm buying,
Let's talk about the Children of Zion, excuse me if I start crying,
The Art Of Rhyming? I've mastered it certainly, surely
I'll celebrate capturing it for my Taxidermy, 30
From the streets of New Jersey to Germany,
To jungles of Angola where most the meat poachers heard of me,
The Ice Truck Killer will be observing me perform surgery,
Ritual Widow Murder, searching for her urgently,
Mix the blood so it don't coagulate,
The Sex Magick won't work if the bitch masturbates,
I put her on cloud nine, look at her face,
A cumulus lenticularis, a capsule in Space,
You will become acquainted with my cryptic language,
And my mystic manners, Rip spit bananas, 40
Systematic Global geographic systemic Neo-synapsis,
Reload the graphics notice I spit it rapid,
Advanced Step In Innovative Mobility,
Most emcees try to clone me lyrically,
My cell chemistry is a mirror of who I am physically,
But my true symmetry is energy,
The Will of Claude Ashur, The skill of Germaine

Father Author Poor Pauper Pastor, more than a rapper,
My body is a human machine my dreams filter in between,
Just wait until I build my machine, 50
Kill you with weed vapour, then a Taser, then a Laser,
Then a Maser, then a Phaser, then something they call Scalar,
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
And with strange aeons even death may die",
But why? Coup de grâce for the coup d'État,
In a man-made lodge the Moon Rays replace God,
I think I've had about enough of your tough talk,
Come over here take my cuffs off, I promise you we'll just talk,
No biting allowed just bark, Don't run just walk,
Battle Rap there is no such art, 60
Emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words
Actions & Reality, this is not fantasy,
If you question me, you will be detained indefinitely,
Your name will be added to the Blacklist Registry,
I'm a scruffy old man, with bloody cold hands,
On my arm is a tattoo of a sully old brand,
If I am not myself, then how would I be?
If I do not look tell me how will I see?
The Law Of Attraction is attracted to me,
The Laws Of Poetry in action is practiced quite actively, 70
I look at my face more than anybody else,
I still can't recognize myself,
I don't need anybody but myself,
When I'm rhyming like this I don't need no help,
But.....Thank you for your purchase, these verses have perennial purpose,
But on the other hand these rappers are worthless,
At least from my interconnected introspective perspective,
The more pretentious, the more apprehensive the sentence,
You are lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!
The Best Train everyday of the week, 80
My lyricism amplifies every letter written,
Rip The Jacker spitting inside a Zero Vector System,
Brain waves reveal High Yield E&D Fields,
Chew emcees like I'm eating a meal,
A bunch of fake niggaz tryna keep it Pseudo Real,
A bunch of fake King Midas' with fools gold grills,
My microphone was found where the Mayan Sun Stone was,
The Period of Purification in my Poems,
Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome under Red Rock,
It's no use if you can't use what you got, 90
Buried in a mass grave covered in bones,
My cell phone number's placed on their tombstones,
Your girl Gertrude promised me her servitude,
She better do it I don't wanna have to hurt you dude,
I'll eat from the same portion as you,
Just in case you try to poison my food but I want you to,
A Deer Hunter all year if I could spare summers,
Fucking your whore of a mother in front of her queer husband,
Wide lens wide mattress she's an actress this is Monster Ball practice,
I'm Big Billy Bob Black Angus, 100

You and I can sit and look at each other,
Tossing Knowledge back and forth like we was throwing books at each other,
I don't care if we're not the same colour nigga I'm your brother,
I don't care what you say nigga you're a nigga lover,
All cultures come from One Mind,
The Universe is not far behind, Waves, Bars and Rhymes,
Motivated by the Stars that shine,
Only lower density life forms get lost in time,
I don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of Infinity,
Look at what your SUN GOD did to me,
I am energy, I am He spiritually and mentally,
The fools who threw away my jewels offended me,
As we walk through the archived files of all styles,
The East Wing Isle goes on for 5 miles,
More rappers than fans, more vans wrapped than vans,
Hip Hop will continue to expand,
Poets should be rappers, rappers should be lyricists,
The current industry model collapse imminent,
This is Hollywood Hip Hop,
Celebrities adopt little snot nosed bugaboos from off the block,
Larry King Live, Earthquake right outside,
I looked that squarely shouldered man square in his eye,
Poetically Paralyzing, Where Are You? Are you hiding?
No! I am sandbag diving,
Do not evade question,
Please explain to your viewers how there are Space Weapons bigger than Zeppelins,
How is it so? Tell the people, they need to know,
And if you don't think so, you're a talk show hoe,
The grown up who showed up drunk with his own cup stoned as fuck,
Who could tell me that this poem is luck,
You say "I'm crazy" I say "So, tell me something I don't know
Something my psyche profile doesn't show",
I don't have all the answers I am not in the know,
I can only see what is above and only from below,
The substratum of reality through the thick cloud canopy,
How can it be Canibus? Answer me!
I approached the podium and delivered my encomium,
Nobody applauded the atmosphere was ominous,
They feared I would spit, they don't like when I bust,
The mucus dried up to a pear like crust,
From a very cold place called Faraday Base,
Right next to the South Poles longest Ice Strait,
Food supply low, they speak of going above ground to find mo',
I cry out "NO...do not go!"
Where the fuck are you going?
400mph wind belts blowing, think for a moment,
We got to wait it out, that's what the training's about,
We have to survive, that's what Germaine is about,
Arctic geography is conducive to astronomy,
And the study of celestial bodies, follow me,
The sheer size of the Academia implied by the rhymes
Lead them to believe I was lying,
I blasted through the limestone with water mixed with a dissolver,

Then I signalled the remaining cave crawlers,
Dig a hole for the collateral carnage, Battle the hardest,
Take out Hip Hop's trash and garbage,
Tunnel boring and jacking, water main tapping,
I sat there drafting a new drainage plan laughing,
Tough, pliable, relatively reliable,
The vocation of this undertaking is very viable,
My lyrical is chemical radioactive residue,
I can't rest until I accomplish what I was sent to do,
The gross oversimplication of a Jamaican in a basement tracing over diagrams for a tape deck,
That evolved into a spaceship, that hasn't been made yet,
Cause I haven't been paid yet
Not even one pay check,
I walked through the valley of humiliation,
But Hip Hop started hating, I tried to save them they wasn't patient,
Responsibility entrusted, there's only one way for me to prove that I love it,
That's why I'm busting,
If you pursue revenge, dig many graves,
Be sure to add your name to the list that you've made,
Musically still producing, I got a couple new things cocooning,
But Poet Laureate's my New Shit!,
Distinguished English and Sophisticated senses,
In sync with the Talisman I received from the Temptress,
With these lyrics I consecrate the spirit,
Whenever I spit it, concentrate you can hear it,
I've almost perfected this,
I'm one word away from excellence, when I find it I'll begin testing it,
The phenomenal beast, astronomer priest,
When the poles shift the Sun will not rise from the East,
Wilder than the wilderness, I'm bout to show you who wildebeest Williams is,
You better be filming this,
A blast so cataclysmic, it warps the time and space within it,
The hours become minutes, the minutes become infinite lyrics,
Poet Laureate spit from the spirit,
From the Sirius Star system ,
To observe the Gods, my thoughts graduated to the Stars,
To Infinity, listen to the bars,
The Kapellmeister in the Battle Grinder, created by King Osirus,
My psychic wall larger than Chinas,
The thirst to rhyme at first hurts like a laborious childbirth,
And sounds like Chinese fireworks,
Several million years into the past,
A primitive future in a world without oil and gas,
Focus on two standards when assessing the threat,
Number 1 is capacity, Number 2 is intent,
The Flood was not an obstacle,
I made a raft out of empty milk gallon bottles, for survival,
Always remember, meet me in Denver,
Colorado Springs in the Vandenberg welcome center,
Four and a half foot beings with big black eyes,
Tried to trap me and extract my rhymes all the time,
I perform a requiem on the Eve before Hip Hop ends,
And make amends on behalf of my friends,

Canibus grab the mic like an energized amulet,
Then spit a rap that you can't forget,
Oprah Winfrey don't like rap,
All I got to say about that is "She probably don't like Black",
I don't blame her, she don't understand it's only entertainment,
She'd probably feel different if she wasn't famous,
She Traded Places, and her opinions started changing,
As Randolph and Mortimer increased her wages,
That alone could make a person racist, if not racist with colour?
Then material wise how we treat each other,
The head of a lion, the legs of an eagle,
The wings of a dragon, not the sigil, this is for real though,
I sit down and think, when I write I can smell the ink,
I bow before the desert wall of the Sphinx,
The ideas have come from God, even I'm stunned,
1000 Bars from the real Iron Lungs,
I heard Hip Hop was dead, that's not fair,
Who I talk to?, "Go he there" Nasir,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!

Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 2"

I procured a small piece of the treasure, collections from a former era
Dating back to forever, the warrior became protector,
Quoted from the Book of the Law, I don't govern them,
I summon them, speaking in tongues again,
Started with a trumpet, woodwinds, strings
The conductor brings the drums in, fingers trigger the drum kit,
Other emcees be nervous or something, rhymes in abundance,
Hip Hop Justice, Rappers are captured and punished,
Drawn and quartered, liars are denied water,
You still alive? I repeat in a revised order, 10
Skull is a submarine hull
Screen doors protect the motherboard core from extreme heat warp,
My mind dives deep beneath yours, Poseidon Trident Seahorse
Bubbles form I scream with extreme force,
Marineris Trench detour to Ultima Thule,
Let me explain what my sonar saw,
Upholding the Holy Rosary, patrolling the Open Seas,
At U-Boat speed beneath the Tsunami, where I'm supposed to be,
Industrialists, civilians, women and children directly,
Military chiefs, aristocrats in the buildings, 20
Membership is based off your raw intelligence,
400 screen video editing with hard evidence,
The clinical Professor of rhymes from Pepperdine,
Co-signed by GlaxoSmithKline designs,
The Universe provided the lighting to see what I was writing,
The results were blinding, Lyrics, Timing,
Shut the fuck up and stop whining,
Instinct controls how you think before deciding, so keep vibing,
Swimming naked in the open, a lone shark begins to circle me,
Instead of trying to murder me, it tried to flirt with me, 30
I got away nervously, talked about it purposefully,
Next time I see it, it's going to have a word with me,
I guess it wasn’t meant to be,
Under an assumed Identity I resumed PsyOps on the enemy,
USA made, field grade steel face,
Moving at a Canibus pace in the proto subspace,
I am not here to negotiate eliminate
The face on the photograph we have in our database,
No emcee could rhyme like this, there's no challenge,
His Poet Laureateship pontificates balance, 40
This lyrical pyramid was discovered by accident,
I know I could build it fast if I block and tackle it,
Judge me fairly, compare me,
To Dante Alighieri's Purgatorio theory,
Assigned to train and equip to spit, who's ready?
I'll need a volunteer, do I have any?
Next year I'll get my SPINGS a master space badge,

After that I'll stop flying fixed wing aircraft,
Most of you will never understand what I mean
My dreams are broken into storyboard scenes, 50
Worm screw elevators, descending to the bottom of the volcano’s crater,
Inside the Devil's Chamber,
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
and with strange aeons even death may die",
The leaders lies got me reassigned, my loyalty was redefined,
They will not be allowed to see the rhymes,
What ought to crawl has learned to walk,
One ought not to think is what Rumsfeld thought,
I'ma take you for a walk through a beautiful place called Honey Swamp,
We'll shoot hoops at Mosquito Lagoon Park 60
The whirlpool of gravity traps me
Still allowing me to circle the M51 galaxy
Rap for me reduces the stress dramatically,
Negative time produces antigravity,
Inject the gas into the centrifuge mass,
The Teleological Dynamic will enhance,
Watch me wet up your weed then bust up your teeth,
Make you run for your life like there is a bus up the street,
The Dr. and I would meet, at 29 Palms Joshua Tree
I always had a lot to debrief, 70
Killing my myself, killing my health, rebuilding myself,
Nobody ever feels what I felt,
Modifying the weather from behind a weather shield,
Writing with a feathered quill, getting more ill,
The woman who is there, she will take care of you,
With (N)exium, Avodart, (L)ipitor, and (T)heraflu,
Rap Music Profession Immunosuppressants,
One question per second, One answer per session,
Hip Hop made me, Hip Hop praised me,
Ain't nothing changed me since 1980, 80
Involuntary catalepsy, battle me baby!!!,
1000 Bars nigga, after that maybe!!,
Murder, murder, murder, kill kill kill drills,
Williams was real ill, but now I chill,
An asteroid field where every rock is shaped like my seal,

I do it for civilians, I do it for the soldiers,
Raptors, Comanches, STRYKERS, Cobras,
Back at the TOC with GW Prescott
Grid location missile lock lift up the block, 90
I gotta spit ‘til the story is told,
It's a gift, this story is a part of my soul,
We shouldn't keep fighting, the Earth is our home,
If we destroy Mother Earth, where will we go?,
Starving in destitution, dying for retribution,
Why would you wanna blow a hospital? You stupid?
Our now fruitless creations used to be in abundance,
Like something harder than Tungsten, break your arm if you punch it, 90
I ride on a flatbed chariot, four ostriches carry it,
I control their movements with lariats, 100

Polygraphs flutter, the Lovecraft Craft Lover,
Quoting my favourite Inventor, "I see excitement coming"
I raise my hand, lightening bolts stream from it,
I see excitement coming, I see excitement coming,
Unsatisfied, I decide to redefine rhyme,
To create product of an applied mind,
They say "we're divided" I say we're small minded,
Right after I said it I moved to a small island,
There was no contingency plan given to me,
Tell the motherfucker send his transcripts to me,
Swear your allegiance the tuition is free,
To be a mini me version with minor abilities,
7.83 hertz from the Earth magnified
Signal Intelligence emanating from your mind,
At the Observatory summit of Mt. Graham,
Looking through this starlight scope in my hand,
Beautiful longitudinal musical lyrics,
Fragments of Olympian Gossip is my vision,
If A is a success in life,
Then A must equal X plus Y plus Z no doubt,
If work equals X and play equals Y,
Then Z must be equal to you shutting your mouth,
Surprisingly got The John Campbell award for writing,
By summarizing that rhyming can be dehumanizing,
From the Kinetic to the Energetic,
To the magnetic, ultra, electro, and uncensored resonance,
I need to be alone, you cannot comfort me like my poems,
1000 Bars put me in the zone,
The Pope shook, they ransacked Rome and burnt books,
I ran back home to hide mine in the woods,
Salute, I would like to propose this next toast,
to maturation barrels I carved from French Oak,
The minerals where they grow determine the stability of the flow,
I might get drunk and boast,
Corruption is necessary, but tell me who's the beneficiary,
Which one of us will sing Hail Mary?,
Hip Hop supposed to be about endurance,
But every time you rhyme not just when I'm touring,
Acupuncture point or plus, is not enough,
I need more pain so I can pretend to be tough,
The facts too acute to repute, or debate,
My face, is a slim sleek gas mask shape,
My dream was identical seven nights in a row,
I saw a sideways 8 wrapped around a microphone,
The window is closing, from the other side it looks like it's opening,
Where am I trying to go with this?,
Fire and Ash fallout, that's what it's all about,
We must construct a shelter, and then build a wall around it,
All the parents want to do is look at the body
But, it won't happen ‘til after the official autopsy,
A good psychological environment for science,
I'm memorizing visualizing peace and quiet,
Father Author Poor Pauper has poor posture,

As filthy as the collar of a dirty grave robber,
This is my unacknowledged special access project,
Time reversed waves in nonlinear optics,
The coral reef is changing from green to amber,
Scientist scramble to come up with new answers,
The truth is well within my sphere of pursuit,
But I'm unprepared to take action just like you,
The innate need for Canibus to be professional,
Make it difficult indeed for me to connect with you,
Greetings and Salutations, my equations are inundated with information,
Electro Cranial Stimulation,
Burn skin off face, burn face off skeletal plate,
Plasma Ray Gun is just one explanation,
Man Made Membrane roofing remediation,
Any and all entry points have immigration,
One meter beside the Hubble outside the bubble,
The effects of gravity on my muscles were quite subtle,
I do what I want to do, I have always been that way,
Because I have always thinked that way,
Attach the piezoelectric transducer to your computer,
Poet Laureate is the future!!!,
Pulsating Lights and Sounds surrounds spirits,
Bio Oral Beats, layered underneath lyrics,
250 thousand cycles per second, for Dolphin hearing,
The Electrical Optical Coupling Gear is effective,
88 Kilometres above the planet,
My rhymes harness a power beyond your understanding,
The Gods began to call me, I looked up stars fell towards me
And scorched me to a metaphor freak,
The authentic Command Doctrine of George WashingtonHimself
GW I'm positive it's him,
I proof read my writtens, eat a chicken with the skin missing,
Spend the whole night out binge drinking,

First it was vote or die, now it's don't vote, why?
Weed is now legalized are you high?
Rhymes compartmentalized seperatized to prevent bootlegging pirates,
Be my guest keep trying,
The bird chirps dying in the dirt because the earth is hurt,
But not before I start cursing first,
Not so fast Mr. Iconoclast,
If you don't leave the bottle outside you can't pass,
Gather the evidence, then give it to the President,
Don't reprimand him, ask him for help next,
A lamp with no electrode will not glow,
We need some new bright ideas that we did not know,
You cannot fold under the political pressure,
You gotta take prudent and precautionary measures,
I think of rhymes in my mind when I autograph sign,
I can't wait to sign an autograph for the last time,
A Luciferian web, everyday we are burying dead,
Every colour in America bled,
This is empirical evidence of the greatest collection of Canibus sentences,

You'll never reach the end of it,
Fire and forget, rhyme for respect,
I didn't get that so I wrote Poet Laureate,
The Hubble Space Telescope images changed Bis,
And nothing on this Planet can dissuade this,
They left me dehydrated by the Nile River naked but I made it,
With passion of a Microphone Patriot,
Music is my bread and butter, why should I suffer,
My publicist said she could get me the Time Life's cover,
The spin off from the Press should be able to feed you,
But I declined ‘cause I'm familiar what greed can do,
I can not lose or win,
I would only like to be remembered as the dark skinned Lizard King,
Into the bottomless pool of Poetry I plunge,
Let it be said, let it be written, let it be done,
Publicly coming forward with my metaphors to share,
About the space serpents flying around in the troposphere,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!

Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 3"

I spit at a thousand KIPS, kilo tons of pressure
Every letter is measured in such a way you will remember,
December, 21st 2012 is the code
It was placed on the Mayan Sun Stone to puzzle them,
Starting with some numbers, the code cracker started crunching
I better have some results by the months end,
Really, Deep Blue computes deeply and does it,
What's the answer to Universe? Read me the numbers,
In the summer the Polar Manitoba's melted by lava
A team of ER doctors climbed aboard the chopper, 10
My skull is a submarine hull, I empty the ballast tanks
I could smell the shit from the seagulls,
The Rear Admirable participated in battle every war
At least half of my crew were injured every tour,
We thought close support from the Navy Carriers and Air Force
would give us all what we needed, we were wrong
Canibus is notably known globally,
My verbal sorcery somehow tries to talk to the beat,
Lyrically not ready, dress right dress, not messy
My muscle memory make me bomb squad steady, 20
You cannot contend with this when I let it rip,
Eyes, ears, nose and throat specialist Professor Bis,
The sublime chakra one through nine, through the spine
Induce the rhyme, internal fire produces the high
Recite 33 3's 33-3 times for twenty four hours
Twenty one thousand Nautical miles,
Ahead of my lifetime I write and recite rhymes,
Deja Vu in the booth is the truth, when you apply it,
Devine design, a miracle of Metallurgy,
Every clergy member from Mecca who heard of me worshipped me, 30
From the shores of Normandy to the Turkish streets,
To the bluest oceans glowing on the Persian beach,
Nuclear Biological Chemical emergency
I purchase the beat then mix the spit with the mercury,
The DJ grabs the acetate out the crate,
Mix the dub plate, the BPMs fluctuate,
Nobody can hold me back, my flow bloviates
into a spiritual shape and co-creates rap,
Cold callous chronic chemical imbalance,
Smoking a chalice in the Rabbit hole with Alice, 40
The target appears in brackets, I attack it,
Access then egress then quit this rap shit,
Commander of the symphony when man meets ministry,
Finishing my Archeogenetic Rap Facility,
They can't battle me so they'd rather embarrass me,
By being mad at me they commit microphone heresy,
I am still the Master, as handsome as my unborn Grandson,

Rip The Jacker, call me grandpa,
As odd as it may seem, the Microphone Fiend
Is God of the Hip Hop regime, Planet Rock Supreme, 50
Kill you with green Lasers, evaporated weed vapour
Electromagnetic Scalar, then something they call a Maser,
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
and with strange aeons even death may die"
Meteors fall from the sky, The Mars God looks at my eyes,
Controlling my heart, controlling my mind,
O Lord, tell me what to do, tell me O Lord,
I've mastered the art of rhyming now I am so bored,
My pain, my joy, my thoughts, I've passed them on through songs,
Respond to me and I will answer to your call, 60
Emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words,
Actions and Reality, that's how it has to be,
In front of me, on both sides and in back of me,
I hear them talking 'bout battling me in the whisper gallery,
The chain of command blames the unseen hand,
The Galactic Plane has a Galactic Plan,
I look up in the sky to see if God is judging me,
Then suddenly I feel Fatima and Medjugorie come to me,
Sitting down at the mixing board comfortably,
They begin to study me, by showing me worlds I would love to see, 70
My body did not melt beyond the Van Allen Belt,
I was transformed into a spirit with no shell,
I could move about freely, I rose, I fell,
The coldness of heaven is like the coldness of hell,
Metaphoric Sun Worship, pulling me with planet like inertias,
Words blinking like the text edit cursor,
Sentences sometimes too sensitive to make sense of it,
Layer upon layer upon layer unedited,
You lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!
The Best Train EVERYDAY of the week, 80
Propulsion system gravity driven, white hot thermal external vision
Every lyric got a wormhole in it,
Saint Germaine is real, Germaine is a sage for real,
My sigil is a double headed eagle seal,
Normal life is not real, we are just cogs in a wheel,
We work, we hurt, we search, we feel,
Microphonist that utilizes the study of Conics,
Circular motion in both the para- and the hyperbolas,
Tiger Woods knows this, everytime he plays golf he shows this,
A true master at The Masters in focus, 90
In my time of need, I am not alone,
I was told in a dream by Cthulhu from his tomb
Try to hurt me, I'll murder you, lay you down vertical,
Make your life purposeful, germinate the earth with you,
My black goggles covered with Bat Guano,
I'll hang from the ceiling and watch you, act hostile I'll pop you,
Rap Music and those who listen to it don't owe me nothing,
I don't want nothing from you, not even your judgement,
The Philosophic maverick the massive knowledge magnet,
Underwater sea lilies where I get my magic 100

Matricidal motherfucker homicidal hustler,
Filibuster, never been a Wikipedia lover,
If I were you I wouldn't waste time reading rubbish,
It might turn you into a media puppet, but fuck it
Leviathan divides the suspect zero sign,
Therefore, Canibus rhymes for all time,
Metaphors and Rhyme is poetry by design,
But poetry continues outside the timeline,
Unnatural battle ability, the enemy tried to imprison me,
But they would've been better off killing me,
Theoretically Schiaperrelli has mentored me,
With motifs of illuminated speech and wizardry,
Over The Horizon Radar Rhymes
Patent number 4686605
Sound pours out of the ground across the land,
Jethro Tull was mauled by the God called Pan,
Creative writing and rhythm, grammar and composition,
Don't ignore me, ignore the fools who tells you don't listen,
To you it shouldn't sound like I'm quitting cause I'm not,
If I am to continue it's up to Hip Hop,
Weary of body and mind, tired of swimming against the tide,
Why swim or walk when I can glide?
Zero Gravity exercising, requires expert timing,
For Sky Diving my call sign is Flying Wing,
An impossible profession, St. Germaine
was made to explain the lesson with a 1000 Bar message,
Now you may go, you have graduated, now you may know,
Tell the world exactly what you were shown,
Sure enough, Sesame Street poems brought to you by Sears Roebuck,
Countdown forty eight months,
Does it amaze me? "No!" Does it phase me? Maybe a little yo,
We gotta find a way to generate doe,
The promoter won't pay me what I want for a show
Why do it for free when I'm worth my weight in gold?
Mind, Body and Soul inseparable, incredibly,
Proto plasma recycles the matter perpetually,
Hip Hop became boring, lyrics seem more like a vestigial organ,
But they shouldn't be important,
The diaphragm, the thymus,
Activate the latent powers that reside inside us with 13 chakras
You get the Guantanamo Bay, The Alcatraz Way,
You heard what I say? These pigs gotta pay!
I steadied my approach, this supposed to be a NO FLY ZONE
Black Sheep Squadron with strobe light hoes
The Hurricane's eye open, gale winds blowing,
Moses on a row boat floating in the ocean,
I figured out, how to save water in a drought
If we save the right amount I know we can make it out
The ever expanding mind commanding body, do you copy?
The Quantum biology biopsy,
My austere designs are so ahead of their time,
Even when you press rewind you're still left behind,
Father Author Poor Pauper, breathes to draw Prana

In a yoga pose tryna get close to your mama,
Your ear cartilage has been targeted
The bombing will commence, don't be a bitch nigga you started it,
On the Sabbath I write preplanning for the Planet
Drawing mathematics, suspended in space as holographics,
Scientifically Quantifiable megalomaniacal
viable style it's like trying to ride a Bull,
The lyrical inimical is miserable because I've built a citadel
of syllables that made me invincible,
Am I a mad man or a mason? A Patriot or a Pagan
West Coasting in a 64 with Daytons
The propulsion system matrix poorly calibrated,
I'm waiting on the parts special order replacement,
Battle rap is just aimless entertainment
Second Round K.O. was one of they favourites, fuck all the haters
My luck was crushed, I felt like they fronted,
My heart kept pumping, I had to do something,
I turned the page, wrote a turn of phrase,
Verbal X-Rays, they say "I don't burn I blaze"
Don't look at it like winning or losing, in '98 it was amusing,
Poet Laureate's my New Shit!,
Time keep on slipping, the Ripper keeps ripping,
But right now my image stands still in a prism,
My light reflects like a mirrors, I choose to share it,
The Precession of the Earth is nearing, preparing
Assessment and Planning things
Should I put mustard on these sandwiches, a fathers job is so challenging,
My pupil size increase, constriction and velocity decrease,
You can't Emcee take a seat,
What are you building Bis? Is it a flying Silver Disk?
If you ever leave you'll be missed,
I tear through the Galactic drift
I travel 10 digits in 10 minutes, now that's some shit!
You think that's fast? Nah, that's faster than you think
By the time you blink, the whole Universe shrinks,
A word to the wise, try to keep your eyes in the skies,
And try to keep your ears on my rhymes,
The magic reminded that the fire will not expire,
Pyrus Sidonious gives me energy when I'm tired,
The Sun is so bright my eyes hurt
I'm forced to look downward to see inside the Earth,
I thank Mother Gaia for bearing us green grass,
But it won't last we're killing her with greenhouse gas,
You said "the best shouldn't ask for respect",
Is that correct? Yes could you please speak up, I said Yes!
I hold Hip Hop responsible,
Every magazine writer that wrote bullshit in his article,
Gone 'Til November? I'll be gone forever,
I made these bars so you ALL could remember,
The illest MC to put it all on the line,
My career was crucified but I'm still alive,
Sky scraper spaceships, wide crater dry lake beds,
"Resistance is futile", they said,

I bear clutch the pen, my girlfriends jealous again,
So intimate when I write it's a sin,
Electromagnetic rap flytrap,
There's no way Earth you can get around that,
This is a no brainer, stop the complaining,
If Hip Hop is dead, I came here to save it,
Pages upon pages, everything I've created ,
The bar was below basic, I had to raise it,
I did it for my Fathers, I did it for my Mothers and my Brothers,
I did it for the world to discover,
My poetry is peaceful, aggressive but regal,
Progressive to the people, I hope the words reach you
Dr. Watson and Crick found an third strand in the DNA helix
So you're not what you think,
Metronome Man will never take commands from the drum
The beat is my slave and it will behave as I want,
Cheers! Spill beer on my bear skin chairs,
I shed tears, I loved Hip Hop all these years,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!

Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 4"

Nobody do it better, there ain't a truer Ripper,
I did this separate imagine what we could do together
Inspired by God, inspired by the suffering,
Was it done by a prophet? It must of been, who was it then,
Rip the Jacker, hot but cold blooded
Many utter the name but very few love him,
33 is the number that enlightens the Brothers,
Insight to the fullest, that could brighten the dullest,
The ramifications are awesome, what should we call it?
I call it my unacknowledged special access project, 10
Skull is a submarine hull,
In a cave below ground with a painting of Cthulhu on the wall,
Necronomicon grimoires,
Open the doors to the vortex that reaches from here to beyond,

The power to control thoughts however remotely,
Through a term I'd like to call "Pulse Detonation Poetry"
The results from SETI, very interesting,
I briefed the committee they told me to stop the testing, 20
My team was credited, turned over the evidence,
But not before I could leverage it, promotion to President,
Cover me, 8 point sighting device for the eyes,
Fire!!! Transition if you go dry,
Close your eyes, ritualize, spit your rhymes,
Without trying you can shift your mind,
Canibus altered the sequence of nucleotides,
Neuropeptides only get high off just mature Wine,
Start timing, Atomic Clock keeps time perfectly,
Mrs. Guutoff my band teacher always would work me, 30
Polyester pants, big fat ass,
I loved that woman so much, I paid attention in class,
My Spanish teacher Mrs Booker had an ass too,
Why am I talking about this to you?
One day this will be known for now it must wait,
I still love them both and I never forget a face,
At the time I used my Beta waves more than my Theta waves,
Then there was greater way I learned at a later date,
The rate of learning began burgeoning and wouldn't let up,
Mommy noticed my vocabulary had developed, 40
Telencephalon olfactory lobes I had to practice,
When a woman has her period I smell it on the mattress,
It got to be difficult for any woman to live with me,
I know my history, but what could that mean specifically?
The story of Bruce Lee, I died in my sleep
I was weak, it happens with every girl that I meet,
A Clairvoyant Technique, using X-Ray refraction
Not only can you see into the future, see past it,

But I don't know what it means I pass the DataStream along to my team,
They say it's more than a dream 50
Killing caused by poisonous vapours, Lasers, Tasers, Masers,
Electromagnetic Scalars,
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
And with strange aeons even death may die",
Listen to the rhymes, the rhymes equal Pi,
If I had a piece of the pie I could buy Dubai,
Rip the Jacker was born, the bow was drawn,
Spit a 100 bars before you could run a 100 yards,
I seen a mushroom to the north, from my porch,
It was odd, every dog in the neighbourhood barked, 60
You wanna stand there and talk?
A blast wave gonna tear more than your roof off, nigga c'mon!
It is my understanding, when I'm high I'm channelling,
But when I'm out with the family I am animal handling,
Observe the man with the Microsoft strand,
Or a 5th or a 6th, ‘cause way more advanced,
I remove the veil from in front of me, suddenly
The roots of my discovery uncovered skulduggery,
I am not innocent, but you cannot punish me,
‘Cause I know what the world wants to see, tragedy, 70
What is Germaine determined to ascertain for his self?
Few of the same elk have known what I felt,
There's a Proverb that goes "One should know thyself
Before one can know the world", so I showed myself,
The unidentified submersible, looked like a giant turtle half circle,
Yo, I need to stop smoking purple,
Requested, selected, elected, but that's only impressive to the expert,
Who know how to manipulate my message,
You lazy and you wanna be the best? I repeat,
Don't talk about consciousness being conscious-less and weak, 80
If I die and you happen to wake up, I'm still alive
Please explain my complete life story to my children,
Photo stills of the cryospill,
Solarized film revealed that there was a biofield,
Fuck a record deal, my training is real,
Look at the sword I wield, you will taste my steel,
Phase I, sign the MOU, pursue more voters
There's three more phases that I think you should know,
The Phase II, build the force, Phase III, sustain Ops,
Phase IV, transition of all Border Cops, 90
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si-Do
These are the tones that will activate the ohm,
No telling if it will bring out the best or the worst in you,
It would be a miracle if I was merciful,
Are you food for the moon? Or are you in the mood for doom?
Furniture moves when I walk in a room,
Stryker Brigade Driver, sometimes I was Gunner,
Checkpoints required all the concentration I could muster,
Special Weapons and Tactics, Professional Assassin,
I don't know what he does for a living ask him, 100
I kneeled before Congress and begged for money,

Submitting specifics about the operation I'm running,
You gotta love it, what was it called? The G8 Summit,
"Never heard of it", no details are public,
The relative radiance of the rhyme makes it shine,
Increasing the star wattage with longer cycle time,
Yeah, I bust the rhymes but I customize the lines,
And by the looks of things I did it just in time,
I marched from the Halls of Montezuma to Tripoli,
Physically this mission objective is killing me,
I submit to the will of the creator willingly,
The possibilities present a probable infinity,
I looked into LL's eyes we both cried,
Meteors immediately fell from the skies,
I've apologized but I can't change who I am,
I can change future, can't budge the past,
Them pretty ass lyrics is for bitches with acrylic,
Only fake niggas catch feelings over silly shit,
Sports locked and loaded, zero you in from the pillbox,
Williams! How many kills you got?
The uniforms match so we all look the same from the sky,
The only time they notice the difference is when we die,
Is dying a wise thing? What about trying?
What about the family members back home crying?
Manmade weapons Starship Captain etc
George Lucas showed me a full sized replica,
Circled for a fly over in a black Kiowa
Five soldiers including me and a pilot called Noah,
He passed over a top secret dossier folder half opened,
I noticed the words MOSES and CONUS,
MOSES is a new weapon system secret code,
CONUS is the continent of the US, I suppose,
The jump light lit up, Master Chief said "Let's Go!"
All right men this is what we train for,
Williams you gotta go first, "if you say so, HALO",
High Altitude Always Stay Low,
Gale Winds blowing, this might be the death of me,
The Airborne unit in the back of me jumped out next to me,
Gold chords from the organ cut down your swordsman,
Tell everybody to shut the fuck up when I'm talking,
The 1000 Bar race at an unrelenting pace,
Just in case Humans ever get to World War 8,
Do you believe in fate? Then how do you know?
When you finally get there, where will you go?
This ain't no joke, you think I'm joking,
Everything frozen, melted, destroyed, broken,
Only the chosen find a way out,
Everybody move out! Make sure to stay off the main route,
Satellites watch me they think they got me,
Right hands turn left shoulders around but it's not me,
Atmospheric Reentry a flying sighting, looked like lightening,
Striking blind, what the fuck's frying?
Comparative image sharpness between artists,
I don't think you know what you're about to get involved in,

Give you a quadrillion dollars to be a partner,
If you are still worshipping money I think you are Godless,
Sulphuric Nitric Acid eat through the Labyrinth,
The foundation is cracking, we must take action,
Basic Instruction Before Leaving Earth, B.I.B.L.E.
I take shelter in an old Missile Silo, 160
Hip Hop is blackened pot placed next to a kettle,
With my logo in it, a rigid rehomogenized metal,
Millions of you are unfamiliar with what I'm saying?,
Discuss it with your Chemistry Professor he will praise it,
Tri Quad Quintangulate where did the signal originate?
Try to find out more information,
The internal atheist outside the Matrix,
Sophia Stewart offered me a pill and said "take this",
She asked me if I was followed, I told her I wasn't,
I didn't know the spy that sold me out would be my own cousin, 170
"Populace uniformed is a populace of slaves",
Washington didn't say it quite that way,
But it's something like that, you get the point I'm assuming,
Poet Laureate Exclusive New Shit!
The message said "We should meet somewhere clandestine",
Professor keep heading East to the Best Western,
Do not loose your bearings, keep checking your direction,
"Start Session point 666 arc seconds"
The budget is huge, I have doubts about spending it,
Concerning Cyclotronic Resonance, patents are pending it, 180
Canibus AKA "The Spitzberg Beast",
Gave his Bicentennial Speech on Emerald Peak,
You'll need a first aid kit for the verse I spit,
I am cautiously meticulous but artfully brisk,
A change is beginning every molecule is spinning,
Lyrics imitate the art, art imitates lyrics, can you hear it?
Signals bounce back and forth like a mirror,
With flawless error, like that forever
Surface the air radar tells me where they are,
Are they far? I patiently watch the sweep arm, 190
We can find them but they can't find us,
Just below Mach 3 the rhymes ionizes,
I'm hooked on Hip Hop, I can't live without it,
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it,
The daughters of man locked in prison camps,
With the sons of mothers that are too weak to dance,
At least we notice damage, what do we expect,
The coming super storm is gonna wipe us off the map
But that is not possible, that's sounds completely illogical,
You must've been kicked the fuck out of school 200
Always remember the Reptilian agenda,
"No Pulse Rendered" in the earthquake's epicentre,
I found fluoride in my water supply,
At the time I felt a total apathy towards dying,
The ungrateful dead reoccurring images playing in my head,
I was told to memorize what I was said,
"With this salt I consecrate this water,

may whatever it touch receive Hallowed Light coming from Them."
"With this sacred water I consecrate this Talisman
so that it will make me Poet Laureate" 210
Otherwise I'll be so depressed, oh well no regrets
I been toe to toe with the best, I ‘Know the Ledge'
I accept all cultures, colours, creeds and races
Life is Life no taxonomical classification,
No corruption, no disruption, no destruction, no budget, no nothing,
It's never that easy, you just gotta trust it,
A leader that feels beleaguered to teach the youth,
The Youth will refuse to follow if they don't believe you,
There is strength in numbers there are numbers in strength,
Nothing good comes from hatred, Love's the missing link, 220
Even if I am in a minority of one,
The truth is still the truth no matter how it's spun
My mind is prepared, Hip Hop is impaired,
If you disagree with me then yours isn't there.

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 5"

I rock rhymes for your pleasure, you listen at your leisure,
I only record it once you listen to it forever,
The fish hook stuck in your jaws, the feedback was not positive,
Human Hominids fishing for compliments,
Started with a nugget, the budget snowballed into something,
Above ground running not underground covered ,
Breath easy, regulate the pace see if they love it,
The Poet Laureate puppet with a message from "The Others",
The aura describes the forces, I'm too involved to divorce it,
My internal compass points me northward,
My skull is a submarine hull,
Calling whales with whale song, creating basketball size hailstorms,
Water World under water war protected by the Jericho wall,
With surface permutation of the permafrost,
My war birds are grounded, their wings have been burned off,
I'm not concerned though, it's only the first lost,
Poetry Poetry Poetry Poetry Poetry,
Poet Laureate infinity now you know it's me,
Yeti riding a Triceratops with Elephant netting,
Attending Black Widow weddings dressing in gossamer webbing,
Pretending, experimenting, they call me a heretic,
A derelict cherubim seraphim protecting America,
Height, weight, eye colour, skeletal structure was designed,
I circle my flight instructors in the skies as they fly,
22 times, to show them I have plenty new rhymes,
Poet Laureate will prove it to you all in due time,
Don't be upset with Canibus yet, the kid just want respect,
You been a success but what do he get?
Politics and Perjury bring out the worst in me,
But I don't take it personally, even though it's hurting me,
The key maker turns the key, those observing me keep cursing me,
They aren't worthy of a word from me,
I spit the truth, Rip the mic, Rip the booth, Rip you too,
Rip the Jacker is proof I Ripped through,
It drives me insane when a woman wears lace,
The current gene structure is 46 pair based,
Her heart rumbling and thundering like Captain Nicole Malachowski
From an airbase, on a clear day,
Ok I'm a pervert, It's time to fess up,
I might be looking for a leg up, but I won't touch,
Closet sadomasochist sexual pacifist,
I like to role play but I only play masculine,
Victory over injury a victim to misery
The myriad of my metaphors make me a mystical mystery
I'm a giant in the industry just over 5 ft,
Even my photo ID don't look like me,
The NASA contractor with a satchel of answers,

I passed up the Nobel Peace Prize for my passion,
Democracy Rules Everything Around Me, D.R.E.A.M.,
Another fucking acronym, just what I need, 50
Killing me with phrases that were designed to put me into dazes,
As worthless as stupid junk mail is,
"That is not dead which can eternally lie,
and with strange aeons even death may die",
The Squid Faced God is difficult to describe,
Those of weak heart and mind shouldn't even try,
In a town near Kadam and Kakrak Jahlalabad,
I pray in a hut constructed from Sago Palm,
Astoria Oregon Fisherman Poets got lost,
Looking for Paradise, it only exists in the heart, 60
'Cause emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words, Actions and Reality,
But what is attracting me?
The overseer of poetic antiquity,
The Victoria and Albert Museum kept them for me,
Pythagoras, Dionysus, Loki and Pan,
They have enlightened me thru song to understand,
The multiplex meshing multiple messages is too much for me,
Truly there is too much to see,
I'll mix one for you, then one for me,
I'll mix some for the street, mix ‘til my thumbs bleed 70
A stationary pulley drawing from a wishing well,
The Genie gave me more than three because I listen well,
Conflicted and confused but completely compelled,
To celebrate my birthday alone in the year 2012,
I hope I am not alone, that would be terrible,
If I am celebrating then that be a miracle,
In a newly ordered world living in shit,
No matter how good or poor your English is,
You lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!
Poet Laureate is reserved for the name G, 80
e-r-m-a-i-n-e,
Will-I-Am, the name that my precious mother gave me,
The world came to know me as Sir William,
The man of steel with a Smallville build with the illest ,
Some of my thoughts align with Einstein himself,
I wanna know God's thoughts too, the rest are details,
Lyrical Fitness is no secret of course but,
The secret to creativity is hiding your sources,
Preserve the sanctity of the Soldiers in Iraq,
Do not blame them and hold their humanity hostage, 90
Pray for the families that want them home,
Pray for the families abroad that have lost their homes,
Who have lost their faith, who have lost their hope,
Who have lost their point, who have lost their own,
Yo! Calm the fuck down, I shouldn't have to curse at you,
Hydrate as much as possible, drink a lot of juice,
Fucking bummer, no armour inside the Hummer,
Gotta hug a motherfucking sandbag for cover,
Now I'm self employed, still gotta pay taxes,
Cashless, bankrupt, ain't got no assets, 100

From the gutter to the gallows no media coverage,
'Cause I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public,
President Poetry, the popular obedient Pundit,
That's right, you can take this job and shove it,
I dictate a scribe that causes the court stenographer to die,
Brewing hot tea with honey and lime,
How's my driving? Run you off the road smiling,
1-800-RoadRage, Start dialling,
The snake will grow feet and stampede you to your defeat,
You are weak, you lied to us all in your speech,
Symbiotic indeed, the host bleeds,
Parasites attach to feed fulfilling antiquated needs,
Rock climbed the slope shaped like a stop sign,
In record clock time, Hot Lava lock rhymes rock slide topside,
How does one ever really perfect such a craft?,
You're obliged by your curiosity to ask,
Cubism and Futurism writing amusing lyrics,
My opinion of your opinion is you can't be serious,
Test driving my principle findings
By designing a new style of rhyming you can take home and try out,
A 100 Bars per hour sometimes I doubled the writing
Secret signature timing was the hardest part to figure out,
Agonizing, the pain of the migraine biting my brain,
And everything inside it I can't explain but I'm trying,
I heard this before, I can't remember who said it,
We hear from 1000 to 20 thousand cycles per second,
Straight out the freak show no pre show,
Limited oxygen when I rhyme fast you breath slow,
VFR stands for Visual Flight Rules by the Book,
You should know this even though it don't concern showbiz,
Because when in Rome, walk as a Roman,
Obviously you can see you've made the wrong choice,
Fraternize but don't do it in the wrong tone of voice,

A bad boy with bad toys made from new alloys,
Readapted from a crashed disc and asteroid,
My shelter is not far, you can borrow what you need,
The bunker doors sequestered beneath the tall tumble trees,
After the Matrix, Agent Smith continued his movement,
The same bullshit, that humans are major pollutants,
Assemble the Gatling gun, spin it see if it spun,
Weapons check correct, I'm done, next one,
My rap room is an 8 by 14 underground base,
Hypercube microphone booth in a vacuum of space,
Extraterrestrial Isotopic ratios,
A broke Scientist in his Lab with no place to go,
All these conscious rappers ain't saying nothing,
Matter fact they have no constituent function,
Mix this record different, you'll hear me call names out,
It's played out but there must have been alternative routes,
The Geneva Protocol Advocates are so sloppy,
A human being is not anybodies property,
Reading body language in a Zero Gravity environment,

Is much easier said than done, if you're trying it,
Attending the Opera with a Pompous Ego Monster,
I can barely take my eyes off her big old knockers,
Integrated in an existing clothing ensemble,
My Saratoga Suit is Military Garment,
The Quarantine Isolation Unit is where I house it,
My team and I salvage the work of Dr. Fritz Albert,
If the prototype works, there's no telling what I will do,
I'll have to get a new plane, a new pilot and a crew,
Creatively I have never been to this level,
First I'll put you in a sideways 8, then a pretzel,
Password please have patience verification,
I repeat, "What's Your Character String Verification?",
Infrared spectral observation from the Space Station,
Before you take a break, I'll need you to list and name them,
Dock the Kliper Craft at the preliminary designation,
Tracing the Detection of Submicron Radiation,
Do not leave the Orbital Boom Sensor System running,
I heard something called nothing that the Cosmonauts were coming,
The rhymes are in place, General George Case and Peter Pace
Said we had absolutely no time to waste,
Next time we meet this whole song will be a new mix,
For all the Rippers out there who need a new fix,
My Father is Jamaican, my Mother is British,
Raised to be civic, in the household we spoke Yiddish
ELF 100 cycles per second, Elephant Hearing,
I'm heading for the clearing, Storm Clouds appearing,
On the back of an Elephant with advanced intelligence,
Like Nikola Tesla, shit!, damn that's a smart elephant,
Cease fire breach, riot and loot for 3 weeks, don't you see,
Broke niggas never promote peace,
Susan Malveaux will interview the polygamist Mr. Bis,
Undisclosed in his home by the cliffs,
I rip shit consistent, spit persistent,
The sickness, spit with conviction, promote lyrical fitness,
I'm lost..... Which version is this? Mozart with a flowchart
Putting together parts of an unknown art but coming from my own heart

Burning a disk, initializing, rhyming and visualizing,
Reaching 1000 Bars and climbing,
Martial… several miles deep underneath the Earth,
The Boston Visionary Cell designed my new Lab,
Paul Laffoley engineered a magnificent draft,
Extraordinary men, who meet to review and recommend,
I attend the Gubernatorial that never ends,
We just got a SASO, we call this one the Black Hole,
I'm glad I'm the last to go,
Zionism the answer to your uncensored question,
Guy de Rothschild and his bloodline brethren,
Playing the guitar singing folk songs, speaking my mind,
Nobody could really understand the reason I rhyme,
Infrared direct hit, target bled, proceed to inject the syringe with meds
that subsequently pinch your leg,

You feel like your an inch from being dead but you alive instead,
You're really dead your just living in my head,
Fire for effect, smoke out then rest,
Give me a wedge formation, roll out like this,
I will spare no sin, walk in with a scarecrow grin, looking crazy,
Cause that's what you made me,
Classified payloads with no frequency safe modes, no safety,
And I still made time for the ladies,
Ceiling visibility unlimited, a lyricist river fish surrounded by nigger shrimp
I'm a killer pimp,
Somebody said Hip Hop don't need me,
Nigga I grew up in D.C., I love Lil' Weezy,
Me and Baby got the same name,
We probably got the same blood in our veins, liquid propane,
At the top of the Temple Mount Mosque I look at the Sun,
I just a few words for everyone,
Everybody bow your heads and say this prayer,
From this moment HIP HOP IS UNITED EVERYWHERE,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!

Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet's Palaquin"

Yeah, I like this one

New York, L.A. Times
They both reverse-transcribed his rhymes
Simultaneously, they tried to get inside his mind
His Amazon catalog, rebuild Babylon
Unroll the master scroll of the surface, he sketched the schematic on
A palanquin carries a poet road-mapping a song
Retracing the steps of a journey never traveled before
And the mandolin was laid across legs, bruised and bandaged
Short supply of First Aid is why his wounds were rancid
A musician played Bobby McFerrin, "Don't Worry, Be Happy"
Gradually, if things get worse, you adapt naturally
Choose your fate, as you near death, and move away from a recuperative state
These pharmaceuticals make them hallucinate
It's nothing new to pay dues: how much you produce today?
You know what they say: "It's business as usual, ok?"
Because of sanctions, they are banned from international bank transfers
They stealth bombed Wakanda after they killed Black Panther
The ancestors were angered
When I heard about it, I was in transit
In a former land, the newsfeed was in a foreign language
The Starlink satellite standard couldn't give me a serious answer
The Sirius satellite system was tampered
My Fintech financer finally translated the transcript
My legs failed me and I fell, leaving my spirit standing
Weeping in sadness, what are the chances?
Looking down at Canibus, through stained Google glasses
Wailing in anguish, it's hard to cope
With something so savage, let alone tragic
The melanated man moans on the Sabbath
While America's streets are swarming with Panzers
Horses, carriages, Canibus hands-free lariats
Control free, energy palanquins
The skies pour liquid acid
Water treatment, tap water is brackish
Tech support taken over by hackers
Don't believe me? Blow me
You repeat me? Better quote me
This is a goodie, but oldie, 5.1 Dolby
The Romans tied every sniveling, son-of-a-Nun moaning
To each cadaver closely
Toxic exposure from bodies decomposing
In the hot sun roasting
Painstakingly and slowly infecting
The flesh of anything living, laying there loathing
Selfishly indulging down a structurally corroding

Path of primroses, with eyes nearly closed
I suppose you can say barely opened
Swaying to and fro, spraying saliva from dead throats
Foaming, praying, karaoke choking
To me, it sound like yodeling, but it is worth noting
There's forbidden, foreboding tongues scolding
Which originally OEM designed by Boeing
Promoting anal swab probing
Exploding from inefficient battery warnings
Do the research, homie, I ain't trolling
My newest CD? Frozen
Your skin? Smoldered
Overheated and swollen, steaming and smoking
And stinking through clothing
I need a moment to go breathe in the open
Fucking rappers got me sicker than COVID
And you know this, still the dopest
Free the people like Moses
Hyper focused with both barrels loaded, 'cause I'm a Poet
And when my palanquin pull up, climb aboard, let's go Bis
Peep the components, Pete Rock, Can-I-Bus bonus
Shoulder to shoulder
In foxhole with speedloaders
Lord Cyborg soldiers
Hot fire like Dylan told ya, nugguh

Canibus Lyrics

"Shout Out To Lost Boyz"

[DJ Clue]
Yeah, DJ Clue, Desert Storm, all up in ya area
with the LB Fam, Love Peace and Nappiness
A little sample, but first..
My man Canibus, gon' rip shit down, ha ha

[Canibus]
Yo, yo, YO
Lost Boyz the Beasts from the East up in this piece
with a new release on the streets every fifty-two weeks
and I dare a nigga to challenge us; I turn the
Love Peace and Nappiness into your blood on a napkin in the ambulance
Fuckin with the nigga called Canibus, just the sound
of my voice'll give you a positive urine analysis
I'm a lyrical demon, stronger than crack fiends
that smoke two P's with a C in between em
LB Fam, makin the music niggaz dance to
And we sip a very substantial amount of Jack Daniels
L-O-est, B-O-Y-Z we lock shit
We invested all of Legal Drug Money profit
Showin love to each and every nigga that copped it
In they Jeep, Lex Coupe, Beema or Benz knockin it
Music Makin You High, givin you that urge
to spend two-thirds of the money you earned on herb
You're fuckin with the LB Fam, we do what we gotta do
You never get the chance to shoot back at who shot at you
Nigga, you'll be dead before you reach the hospital
Lookin at you layin there with blood comin out your nostrils
Queens most wanted, quick to clap a nigga
Rap at killers who wear Carharts and Caterpillers
Totin the four-pound, holdin the fort down
before Heavy D bounced to Uptown became a ghost town
Cheeks, Lou and Thai see eye to eye
Spig sees eye to thigh, bein the shortest
but he still gets busy on the one and two's regardless
Heard about the Clue tape, so I had to get on it
Lost Boyz and Desert Storm, Show Us the Money
cause we STILL hungry, we STILL got the growl in the tummy
We STILL grimy and grungy, dressin bummy
Doin shows for foreign currencies in other countries
Tryin to finance me a Hum-Vee with low mufflage
Get a production deal, start our own record companies
Sign our own acts, and rhyme about whatever we wanna rap
Decorate our walls with plaques
Summertime eighty-nine or better degree weather
Nine-seven DJ Clue and LB Fam forever

[DJ Clue]
WHAT?! DJ Clue, all up in ya area

[Canibus]
Yo yo yo hold up I don't think niggaz know man
I'm gonna rock some more, check it out, yo, yo
Now just by watchin you, I can tell that I got you
to face me, somethin you don't wanna do, my rhymes
are too hostile, they'll beat you down in public like the cops do
Sit on top of you, make a human pinata out of you
Flow as potent as possible, creatin obstacles Three Feet
High and Rising, like the chronicles of Posdonus
The old school hip-hop, is where I get my style from
Uptown Harlem, is where I get my lye from
My cousin with mad guns, is where I get the nines from
Area 51 is where I be gettin rhymes from
I'm not a human being
I'm the human being ill with a I.Q. that's off the scale
If words could kill, a verse of mine'll murder a mil'
And MC'sll be gnashin they teeth, burnin in hell
I'm learnin to be the head instead of the tail
I ain't followin nobody else to increase my sales
Metaphors are real, like they been forged in steel
Stood before the judge told him I was forced to kill
And how I went for mines to get Paid in Full
Then I went for minds again and ripped em out of niggaz skulls
The nigga on the block with the biggest balls, layin niggaz
on the floor, robbin em too a Biggie Smalls song
"Turn your head round," give me the cheddar
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever
"Turn your head round," give me the cheddar
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever *[echoes]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Talkin' The Talk - HRSMN"

(feat. Killah Priest, Kurupt)

[Intro: Kurupt]
Underdig, underdig that
Pull it back
Blast, pull his wig back
It's like that
Lil' bitch niggaz
Horsemen

[Chorus x2: Kurupt]
Everybody thinkin' that they Talkin' the Talk
Everybody thinkin' that they walkin' the walk
Nigga watch out, shit's about to spark
Nigga cuz ya just can't do it, nigga we run through it

[Kurupt]
Everybody..

[Canibus]
You don't have a broad enough bandwidth to understand 'Bis
Like what if - I changed my name to CAN-I-RIP
Tell me, would you understand it?
Or does it trouble you?
Is it too much over your head, does it puzzle you?
I can rap about whateva the fuck I want
What's wrong with rappin' about whateva the fuck I'd done
Visually and verbally, I'm hi-res cutting edge
and if you know Rakim then you should Know the Ledge
I know I do, get everything I've ever rhymed to
staple it together and you got a fuckin bible
Let me remind you, records like Beasts from the East
proove that I crucify you
if I ever get to rap behind you.
What about the freestyles I put on vinyl
for DJs and hiphop heads to get hype to
Besides who raps like I do?
If you ever heard I'm not the best you bein' lied to
Here's a FYI to I can rip
but you don't have the mental bandwith to understand Bis
Niggaz wanna talk the talk
but when they get their feet chopped off
they can't walk the walk

[Kurupt]
Bitch niggaz..

[Chorus x2]

[Kurupt]
Now I could rap about whateva the fuck I want
Is it wrong to rap about whateva the fuck I want?
Fill the body bags, off the commando Volvo
Sendin' bodies home in car loads
In my former life my name was Ricardo
People used to tease me and call me retardo
Then got it started to whoopin' niggaz retarded
Rambunkious, raidin' niggaz, ricocheted it
Power as Foreman, electric stormin'
Horsemen stormin', ragin' war in
Negligence, poetic Pegasus
Nigga, smoke forms in the form of pestilence
I reign, like snow and hail
And sour like Concords, "Boy, is that yo shit?
Is that yo bitch?"
Better get a nigga cuz she on the Horsemen dick (Bitch)
Lyrical linguistic twist shit like licorice sticks
Comin' with a glock and a clip *[imitiating gun sounds]*
Verbals on job like missles when the AK's spit
Runnin' shit like the St. Lunatics
Bitch niggaz

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]
I spit verses similar to curses
Have nurses closin' up the curtains
Callin' up surgeons, hookin' ya body up to circuits
But ya condition just worsens
to the point ya lungs and ya heart stop workin'
'Til ya carried off into churches then leave off into hurses
Play six feet Beneath the Surface
Along with the worms and the serpents
But I be somewhere in Persian wearin' turbans
Herbalist, the verbalist, the thoroughest
Some kind of divine therapist
Come back to the states as a terrorist
Wearin' a face like I never exist
Pull out the Beretta and I spit
Cops touch me then I sever they wrist
Ask yourself what type of era this is
It's the era of the horses, Priest the Horseman
Priest the Horseman, keep talkin'

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Kurupt]
Everybody..

Canibus Lyrics

"Who Owns You?"

Jackers...Jackers
Jackers...Jackers
Jackers...Jackers
Jackers...Jackers

[Canibus]
Yo...I thug it wit' you, I slug it wit' you
I had niggas runnin' around like "yeah 'Bis brung it to you"
Nigga I'll punish you
Catch you in the street like what's the issue
Monkey face I'll monkey flip you
I always wanted to dis you
You ugly as a pit bull motherfucker I'll rip you
This is where the Broad St. bullyin' stops
My bars of gold bullyin' yours are not
Truth is I never thought your metaphors were hot
You just talk a lot a shit cuz your on the Roc'
There's no proof in your "Truth" it was a flop
That's why Jigga signed Cam'ron to take your spot
You think you hot cuz you got a little bling or what not
A typical hustler all you do is think about rocks
With a budget like yours you should a sold more
You probably think you were couped nigga your so wrong
I think Jay fucked you go look at your deal
In that black mink you look like a ape for real
If I was blind and I couldn't tell
I'll probably still hear it from a bitch that you ugly as hell
For starters the Bentley ain't yours it's Shawn Carter's
And if it ain't Shawn's its his partners
Your just another ?convict? artist with frog lips
On the Rocafella roster that follows orders, nigga!
You tryin' too much you lyin' to sluts
You too hyped up, spend some more time in the cut
I'll turn my voice up loud so I can tell you was sup
Rhyme for rhyme you was never ready for 'Bus
Your quotables are anecdotical
Your whole crew softer than tofu
Most of y'all don't even know the "Truth"
If you did then you knew I was a soldier too
Doing what you already sold your souls to do
I'm doing shows and my wrist stays frozen too
But I own my shit who owns you?
I should sign to the Roc'
Battle you in the lobby or worldwide plaza make you resign on the spot
Give me that mic' back Mack Bitch you can't spit
I don't even know why the fuck Jigga passed you that shit
I'll embarrass you with that shit, blast you that quick

Wrap you in plastic and toe-tag you as a Jacker

Jackers...Jackers
Jackers...Jackers
Jackers...Jackers
Jackers...Jackers

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"V For Vaccine"

[Marty McKay:]
Allow me to step on a land mine of health discussions
Our population is headed for self-destruction
With a vaccine and scheme toward health reductions
People of the world, I'm here to tell you something
This vaccine isn't some wonderful savior
It's Covid X mania, the government gave ya
Take a look through the curtain waitin', to a mass extermination
Then ask yourself – "do these facts disturb the nation"?!
But that's the fake news purpose, to make YOU nervous
So once it's introduced, half y'all wait to purchase
They want us wantin' some vaccine in some welfare line
Thinking the governments lovin' us, and our health care's fine
Uh – this new vaccine for Covid seems quenching'
Until you notice it change your genomic sequencing
We morph the minute ingested
Half will wait in line, the rest will be forced to get it injected
Changes change us from medication
Passed to the next generation, and their kids' generation
Till one day we're wondering how'd our flesh get erased then
While scientists are writing it off on just "innovation"
Are the side effects the difference between life and death?
Is my blood type susceptible to any type of threat?
"Chimp Medics" hit at first, making our defense better
Then, when it quits, we need synthetic shit?!

[Marty McKay:]
It's a science rush, scientists thinking they got the "Midas Touch"
So they try and rush it right to us, to shut the virus up
Shit, I ain't laughin', kids this FIXED!
Think it's a joke? Search "(BILL) GATES PATENT 666"
A sad scene mentally, wearing a mask seems thin to me
Wondering why nobody talks about the vaccine injuries
Beware of the organisms that self-replicate
And make your health deprecate, while the wealthy catch a break
First seems it's clean, till the words seem similar to this theme
"In revelation 13:16"
Can't buy or even make a purchase, it seems
Unless you let them invade your blood stream
They ain't gotta flame Molotovs to make dollars off
What our problems cost in this modern-day holocaust
You up here in a mask, ain't ya? That's danger
The cash maker, the new age gas chamber
Travel ain't in the script, unless your fam's vaccinated and chipped
Damn, this doesn't make any sense
So yes indeed I'ma say, the bullets from the heater will spray
For trynna take my families freedom away

[Marty McKay:]
A war going down and I can't fight it
Unveil the truth that they've been hiding
All lies, all eyes

Killing me
Of what's left to survive
I feel so abused
Caught up in a fight
I can't escape
This ain't no holy water
Poison in your heart and veins
They'll erase – all that
Makes us so human
Changing our truthful ways
You'll take your last breath

[Canibus:]
The Church, they took the vaccine first, can you believe that – yeah it get's worse
Imagine a war nobody can win? What if we never see normal again?
They're gonna' kill you as an offering
Then they're gonna' make your children orphans
They're gonna' inject vaccines into their organs
The supreme lawless getting sued with some court shit, so pick your poison!
Then they're gonna' pay your great children a fortune
Then make a movie out of it – awesome!
This is the calm before the storm, you've been told you've all been warned
The voice of God is hoarse no more remorse, coz this da' calm before the storm
The virus is fake? Maaan whatever you say
Wait till it mutates, white people are coming from space
Allah who ubers far, all the way to Minnesota in a Uber car with a box of computer Parts,
One zebra was white, The other was black, they joined together, vaccines work like that
Lethal injection might as well be demon possession it increases your adrenal aggression,
I'm the asshole coz I called you a maskhole?
Even tho I'm wearing face diapers too... what you mad for!?

SELF
LICKING
ICE
CREAM
CONE
CANIBUS
X
JOHNNY
SLASH
Signed _____ #____/100

Weedabuk Lyrics

[Intro]
{"Here's Johnny"}
{"Let's have some action"}

[Chorus]
We don't care what you do, what you say
Unless you provide proof at least once a day
The winter cramps, the summer pain
The blue jay birds, the bumblebees, the bubble bathe
Hump your ugly face, throw you in a bloody grave
You get good at playing this game of function gain
Your muscles strain at such a young wonderful age
A Prison Planet stuck in the cage, such a shame
{"Let's have some action"}
[Verse]
Why is everybody so upset? They just want to kill you
With a little sickness and disease, I mean yeah I feel you
But that ain't the way you should react for real dude
Here's a temporary feel-good song just take it I'll bill you
Woke up with a billion Twitter followers son of a bitch
I must be dead, refresh the page, make sure it wasn't no glitch
You don't say, I can't stand y'all motherfuckers anyway
You just now crying about what I

was telling you back in the day
All roads lead back to Rome no
matter which route you choose to
walk
And that's some GMO food for
thought
I guess that's not the here nor
there, plus I'm usually wrong
I put my head back in the sand
where true buffoonery belong
But musically wakanda forever,
body armor rhinoceros leather
Crushed under the weight of the
impossible pressure
High pressure wide nozzle nitrous
oxide bottles
Rhinoceros nostrils accelerate
wide open throttlea nd pop
You then I'll massage Nicki
Minaj and cardi B shoot
They might stop me but don't let
them
Stop you you don't care what you
do what
You say unless you provide proof
at
Least once a day
What is your name you don't care
what
You do what you say unless you
provide
Proof at least once a day
[Music]
Mutated Aquatic Life with no fans
find
It hard to swim through the Seas
much
Less breathe it is though that

they've
Been known to freeze because of
they
Splice jeans they wiggle and
dance to
The beat playing Nintendo I can't
build
A burger in order to go to Davos
this
Time I really happen to like the
caviar
Avocado lime a hero with a
thousand
Faces and ten thousand
salutations after
A few thousand evaluations I see
Reparations pending right next to
black
Billionaires spending and trending
both
The projecting but only one is
Pretending humans with distinct
skeletal
Structures no qualifiers all
nighters
Racing in the hillbilly Grand Prix
with
Bald tires in my boots and my
steps and
Snuff no scrapping my fanny pack
they
Ask if I'm black of course not I'm
Pigment handicapped all right I
guess
I'm okay with that considering
you get
Paid despite the facts of maxillary
Talking [__] to the max all dating

on
Tick Tock watch Jessica Rabbit
bunny
Twirl then go to brightseat on the
watch
[Music]
[Music]
The bumblebees
[Music]
Such a young wonderful age a
prison plan
Is stuck in a cage such a shame

He, Who Cut Down the Hemp Tree Lyrics

Canibus the alchemist kneeling
down on one leg to repent
With no desire for the crown since
The 10,000 Bar crowned princ
looking through powdered lens
He, Who Cuts Down Hemp Tree
and lives out of a tent
The fresh mountain scent of
mountain women and mountain
men of valor
Who vow to the end to defend
the tower on the mountain top
Til everybody drops dead and
starts to stink
The master with the power to
create
Is working on the power to
prevent
The truth is I reduce risk
Today's music is too stupid to be
stupid until I make it all make
sense

4 Characters Lyrics

[Canibus]
War college
False prophets get shot down
with real rockets
Drone operators in the field with
optics
Fighter jets barrel roll over a
narrow road
Going so fast my head shape like
a tadpole
I gotta learn to live with what I
can’t control
My soul plays a substantial role
I’m in [?], Alabama
Told the bitch to make me a
sandwich
Got that peanut butter jelly, going
ham with the hammers
And ham radio scanners, smoking
turtle with Santa
They keep asking, I ain’t got no
answers
Still get it in, looking real young
and handsome
([Ras Kass]: [?], you heard what
Ras said)
Register your weapons
Voice command [?] record the
session huh
False prophets never pay homage
Don’t get caught with your hand
in the Central Bank pocket
The rap brotherhood fragment
the so damn defensive
All doomed to an ignorant ending
Hip-hop your vision
Knowledge the wisdom, what is
it?

Nothing more than a fatal contradiction

Press - PussyPanic Button Lyrics

[Intro]
There is instability I am unable to control what I have created

[Verse 1]
Talk about eating pussy on YouTube, the fuck was you thinking
Definitely a highly dysfunctional retarded designation
Prosecution sue the defendant for deformation
Medically assisted induced death of a medical patient possessed by Satan
Self-hatred packaged and sold back as black entertainment
We'll never again control what we created
Rap music brought to you by slave ship
[Chorus]
I wish the globalist would give us more time
They want all of us dead by design
Sometime today, probably before nine
They picked a place, they picked a time
They put it in movies they like to advertise
We pre-occupied and completely desensitised
I see the world through my favourite actor Bill Paxon's eyes
When we just get tired of the lies
Good men are crucified, bad men

are glorified
Everybody in-between in
demoralised
While the world's children are
mortified
Crying out to God horrified
through a snotty hand facepalm
What's the point? What's the
upside? (Holy shit!)
Human history has never quite
like this
Human history has never quite
like this

[Verse 2]
Yo come here brown eyes, I'ma
show you how to navigate
through the downsize
But first you gotta get out of
South Side
I said take it or leave it, bleed or
believe it
They said they'd leave it, they're
trying to circle back to steal it
Arrogance is akin to flatulence in
the absence of moral
management
Unable to adapt to new
challenges
The elephant in the room is hiding
behind the Moon
It will be used as primary tactical
high ground soon
You motherfucking baboon
buffoon Looney Tunes goon
2 plus 2 equal J-E-W you coon
We need microchips and
microchip plants

. .
With more bugs to each seasoned
with ground up ants
Fabulous, who wouldn't fancy all
this fascist shit
Medicinal expert for lipids and
liquid analysis
The follow Force Authority is like
trying to storm the shores
Normandy
With a teddy bear in your arm
Walking through the forest
looking around like a tourist with
open sores on your feet
The general refuses to order a
retreat
Just order something from Uber
Eats, tonight we fight, tomorrow
we feast
The great beast eat pussy that
ooze yeast
Nah, here's some advice, look like
you need it
Never compare your penis size
with a behemoth
Giant monsters, nightmare
demons don't scare Jesus
What book source you got that
from? I wan' read it
Coconut oil brought to a slow
boil, use my own soil
The spoils of war all spoiled
I like the foil, water sports and the
oil spill *War of the World*
Deepdiving for radioactive oyster
pearls
Roll around the wood burn ash
with my better half
Laugh, after all, see I'm not such

an angry black man
I bought Bass Pro gift cards for
my whole staff
The great flooding quagmire mud
just destroyed my grass
Far worse than a few words, the
turds hit the fan
The saints march in and start
murdering pronoun gangs
The images too disturbing for
most citizens to glance
The shameless dignified
innocence of shitting your pants
Put together a team to put
together a sewing machine
To re-seam all of our torn jeans
and other clothing needs
Please keep calm, breathe, good
music keeps us upbeat
Our woodwind instruments need
reeds
I take care of it. in the meantime
go and smoke trees
"If it were only so simple", the
words of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn
Total and complete brown owl,
lights out
Take the scenic route, buildings
hollowed out, too
Many to count
The land of the free, home of the
brave 'bout to go live
It looked like Dresden 1945
If 6 billion [?] don't deserve to live
There may be 8 billion humans
don't deserve Pre-Trib
Can I live? I ain't here to pop
nobody Mr Pib

But the way things look you know
something got to give
In the crib fall to my knees pray to
the sky please God why Force
these globalists to give us more
time time
Time, time, time, time

[Chorus]
I wish the globalist would give us
more time
They want all of us dead by
design
Sometime today, probably before
nine
They picked a place, they picked a
time
They put it in movies they like to
advertise
We pre-occupied and completely
desensitised
I see the world through my
favourite actor Bill Paxon's eyes
When we just get tired of the lies
Good men are crucified, bad men
are glorified
Everybody in-between in
demoralised
While the world's children are
mortified
Crying out to God horrified
through a snotty hand facepalm
What's the point? What's the
upside? (Holy shit!)
Human history has never quite
like this

[Verse 3]

[Verse 3]
Black people turn into clowns for reasons economic
Don't ask me what I mean I say no comment
When real [__] get money they go find a hobby
Probably hit the open road on a Kawasaki
Probably throw some shots at a thousand Nazis
Will sit around in a robe on a yacht playing Yahtzee
Go to Vegas get a bottle with my [__] Gotti
Sometime today, probably before lunch
They picked a place, they picked a time
They put it in movies they like to advertise
While we pre-occupied and completely desensitised
I see the world through my favourite actor Bill Paxon's eyes
When you just get tired of the lies
(Holy shit!)
Human history's has never quite like this

[Chorus]
I wish the globalist would give us more time
They want all of us dead by design
And we don't talk about Connie Lingus with him

[Outro]
Those things are gonna come in here
And they're gonna eat your [?] genitalia
Whatever you got, they gon' eat it
So don't try to single anybody out 'cause we all in this together

JERU THE DAMAJA
The Sun Rises in the East.

JERU THE DAMAJA – D. ORIGINAL LYRICS

dirty rotten scoundrel, that's what i'm called, on the street
could connive and cheat but rarely get beat
ya see i'm streetwise, a con-game pro
kickin' the bobby bullsh-t, too smart for willie bobo

not stressin' five-o, hot hand in celo
live in the land of crooks yes brooklyn's the borough
homicide central, east new york
where the manic, depressive psycho murderers stalk

walk, like a ninja, on the asphalt
here talk is cheap, you're outlined in chalk
and there's more hard times, than on good times
and most n-gg-z dedicate their life to crime

so i'm steady schemin', won't work for a dime
used to get, tax free loot, all the time
type slick can't fess on 'ru, because

before trains were graffiti proof i used to get loose
dirty rotten since the days of the deuce
dirty, because of the skin i'm in
the fact i have melanin automatically makes me a felon

even though i'm righteous, rotten's what you're yellin'
but i'm not chain-sn-tchin', or drug-sellin'
according to your books you said i would be d-mned like ham
scoundrel opposite of the king that i am

but wanna get funny, we can get b-mmy
take you to the east and back again money
filthy purified trick, step past your sister
challenge the damaja, and you'll be history

mortal kombat fatality, the original don't sing no r and b
nasty mc deity
chop off domes with the poems that come out of my pin-eal
gland, as i expand, you know who i am

father of all stylin', i be whylin' on wax
we hack sh-t up like big ax and little ax
don't need tokes to make you jump like bungee
tracks real muddy, like brooklyn's real grungy

when i come through i clog up your sewer
peep the maneuver, drop the ill manure
so bring mr. clean, drano, and roto rooter
no matter what you do, you can’t get through the

crud that comes out of your system
you’re another victim, of dirty rotten
dirt up, in your grill, so what ya gonna do
but pay homage to

JERU THE DAMAJA – BROOKLYN TOOK IT LYRICS

ah check it out, check it out yo
ah check it out, check it out yo
ah check it out, check it out yo
ah check it out, check it out yo

here's the remedy, for all your cornball raps
brooklyn's back on the map, i'm not bragging
defeating all foes, bring your styles
i stomp out the last dragon

grand groove, grandmaster, like back in the days
holding my own on the street and the microphone
you can't rip it, i grip it and flip it
trip it down memory lane, back to the park jams

we used to spark jams, now n-gg-s get jammed
or should i say jelly?
my vocals rip through your pelle pelle
you can't see me so you can't hit me

you ace deuce tre, i four five six and trips
drums numb your ears, rhymes swell up your lips
chicks gravitate towards the crooked
if your props are gone, brooklyn took it

brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it

mindcrusher, spinecrusher, brooklyn been banging
making noise from the us to russia
couldn't set it, even if you wanted
so many bodies on my microphone, the sh-t's haunted

doggonnit, your girl's on it
record companies are on it, you can't have it, causing havoc
building, destroying, deploying
my rhymes on beats strategically i melt any mc

i repre, aw f-ck it, don't even need to say it
you know the time when i start to saute it
so n-gg-s be having mad maws and sh-t
'cause brooklyn stole the show like a grand larcenist

but ease up off us or you'll need officers
we're deadly, there's no cure
boom bang 'em on down, treat compet-tion like clowns
crooklyn, crooklyn, from town to town
serve your girl b-tt naked, if she's gone, who took it?

brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it

this one is for brooklyn, land of crooks, home of my game
try to front and we retire, mc's set 'em all on fire
scooping up the fly ladies 'round my microphone like a mercedes
if i was a video game you couldn't play me

so keep it moving, don't play yourself
your rhymes are [unverified] sinna raffin' [unverified], mine quite graffing
switch up, change up, brooklyn still gets biz
plop plop, fizz fizz like alka-seltzer

try to freak it, wind up in a homeless shelter
cause f-ck what you heard, this is crooklyn's casa
try to see us, and it's an mc m-ssacre
when we step, your state we shook it
if it's gone, no doubt, brooklyn took it

brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it
brooklyn keeps on taking it

JERU THE DAMAJA – PERVERTED MONKS IN THA HOUSE (THEME)

Production by Jeru the Damaja & DJ Premier]

[Jeru the Damaja]
One two, one two
It's time for the sun toucher
Jeru the Damaja, the original Dirty Rotten Scoundrel
You know what i'm saying?
And we be on the microphone doing lyrical Kung-Fu
Any man who dare's challenge us will be destroyed
You know what i'm saying?
The perverted Monks in tha house!
The poisonous, taking over..know what i'm saying
Any man,any man
No matter who he be, come step to us
Get done in
We have it locked down
We"ve studied the manuscript for year's and year's and year's
You can't deal with it, there's nothing you can do

JERU THE DAMAJA – MENTAL STAMINA LYRICS

featuring afu ra
yo afu (yo wh-ssup?)
yo yo, c'mere c'mere
yo let's freak that rhyme we was freakin the other night
(yo i'm wit it yo just set it off)
i'm sayin though, after this, it's no turnin back 'fu
(aiyyo just set it off man)
pugilistic linguistics, check out the mystics, we're fantistic
you mean fantastic
f-ck it, you'll get your -ss kicked
challenge my verbal gymnastics
vanacrobatics
vocabulary calisthenics
can't understand the mathematics are esoteric
watch the style but also peep the lyrics, my lightning, my thunder
way back i stomped out her-cu-les
but now i stomp out mc's
can't chill, because the sun don't freeze
heavy metal, hard like t-taniam
alchemist, i turn wax into platinum
[afu ra]
influential, scientifical power
my mental violence will shower
devour at a crazy rate, i speed into your circuits
and incorporatin data banks
stamina, in the brain is how i slay it
i enforce my boss and i always must obey it
endorsing a central rhyme of remedies
against any man at arms that can get with thee
eternal, internal, alchemist, i spill
logic and science ever since
throwing cerebral blows without my fist
poisonous, taoist
don't mess with toys in this racket
terrorists don't proceed to hi-jack it
[jeru]
it's too perverted, you heard it, so now you get murdered
test the sound system, it throws off your equilibrium
deep concentration can't fracture the meditation
compet-tion is flipped on at random
deviant monks attack the mic is mental pandemonium
and then some, you go for your hand gun

psychokinetic forces proceed to smash in your cerebellum
phonetian with more stamina than a christian
my mind, c3 h5 n3 o9 like nitroglycerine
i bust as afu ra crush
cl-ss with us and meet cerebus
[afu-ra]
ready, ridiculous rabbitry, as i commence
i whirlwind through cities
breaking down substances, combining matter
test my hand skills and back bones splatter
rough and tough although the mental will stomp ya
pugilism electrocute like blanka
collaborate, all my words into verses
i instill the will without even curses
slurs, escapade off the beat
totally complete with the unique physique
microcosmic warrior, indeed i'll destroy ya
and this mic, i'm taking over

JERU THE DAMAJA – DA BICHEZ LYRICS

i'm not talking about the queens
but the b-tches
not the sisters, the b-tches
not the young ladies, the b-tches
the b-tches, the b-tches

now a queen's a queen and a stunt is a stunt
you can tell who's who by the things they want
most chicks want minks, diamonds, a benz
spend up all your ends probably f-ck your friends

high-post att-tudes, real rude with fat -sses
think that the p-ssy is made out of gold
try to control you by slidin' up and down on the wood
they be givin' up s-x for goods

dealin' with b-tches is the same old song
they only want you 'til someone richer comes along
don't get me wrong, strong black women
i know who's who so due respect i'm givin'

while queens stand by you and stick around
b-tches suck you dry and push you down
so it's my duty to address this vampire's
givin' the black man stress

recognize what's real and not material
or burn in h-ll, chasin' polo and guess, dumb b-tches

i'm not talking about the queens
but the b-tches
not the sisters, the b-tches
not the young ladies, the b-tches
the b-tches, the b-tches

my man had a chick an' thought she was finger-lickin'
i knew her style that's why i'm vegetarian
i told him she was out to get what she could get
he didn't believe me, so she bagged him up in the end

made the p-ssy do tricks then she sucked his d-ck
he got caught up in the grip now he's payin' the rent
black widow, she even killed dead presidents
that he'd owe, shouldn't have got one red cent

i body slam her but i’m not a misogynist
when i see a brother gettin’ nabbed it makes me p-ssed
cosmetic enchantress, scandalous temptress
the way my man went out you’d think she was a pimp stress

b-tches come my way, i make ’em hop
’cause i’m hip to the game
i’m not a slave so i don’t get p-ssy-whipped
bear in mind you’ll lose em’ to end material riches
f-ckin’ around with those b-tches

i’m not talking about the queens
but the b-tches
not the sisters, the b-tches
not the young ladies, the b-tches
the b-tches, the b-tches

since i’ve been club-hoppin’, you’ve been ho-hoppin’
you’ve seen them pop up in every spot that i’m in
any n-gg- with a record could get your b-tt naked
so your man got a lex'[unverified]
you live in the projects

tryin’ a flex but you ain’t the smartest
your -ss ain’t the fattest
f-ck around, play yourself and get dissed
i know your status, you can’t touch my status

deep down you want this
dyin’ a be famous but you can’t attain this
poppin’ that coochie for gucci
b-tches like you ain’t sh-t to me

and don’t talk about r e s p e c t
’cause i treat my black sisters like royalty
now go in peace, don’t make me get raw
and treat you like the harlot that you are filthy b-tches

JERU THE DAMAJA – YOU CAN'T STOP THE PROPHET LYRICS

guy 1: ohhh! yo look towards the darkness
guy 2: nah nah yo, look towards the light
guy 1: yo what! oh what the? yo what is that?
guy 2: it's a supernova
guy 1: nah nah man, that's a black hole
guy 2: yo! yo!
guy 1: yo!
1 + 2: yo it's. it's. it's?!

(the prophet)
i, leap over lies in a single bound
(who are you?) the black prophet
one day i got struck by knowledge of self
it gave me super-scientifical powers
now i, run through the ghetto
battlin my, arch nemesis mr. ignorance
he's been tryin to take me out since the days of my youth
he feared this day would come
i'm hot on his trail, but sometimes he slips away
because he has an army, they always give me trouble
mainly – hatred, jealousy and envy they attack me
they think they got me
but i use my super-science and i twist all three
i see sparks over that buildin – they're shootin at me
i dip, do a backflip
then hit em in the heart with sharp steel bookmarks
ignorance hates when i drop it
but no matter, what he do. he can't stop the prophet

(deceit)
yo prophet, yo prophet, c'mere real quick
yo i just saw ignorance downtown, let me put you on

(girl #2)
word, he down there buggin
he got them illin out, they shootin and everything else.

(the prophet)
let's continue the saga, mad mad drama
i met this chick, she said she knew where ignorance was at
i said, "where?" she said, "downtown"
he had babies havin babies – and young n-gg-z sellin crack
i think the b-tch is lyin, it's a set up

i can smell it, but ignorance is runnin rampant
aight baby show me the exact spot
meet me at hoyt and schermerh-rn at 3 on the dot
so i hops up on the a-train, i'm bein followed
my seventh sense senses danger
i turn around, it's anger
and he brought a mob along, it's the same old song
despair and animosity got broke with the swiftness
i don't know what they think this is
i feel a sharp pain in my neck now i can't see, i'm like hiram
they hit me with the dart filled with the pork chop serum
i tried to hold on but before long i dropped
when i awoke i was locked in the barber's shop
trapped in the barber's chair
oh no, they're gonna try and cut my hair
but that can't stop the prophet

(anger)
yo prophet!
ignorance is tired of you followin him around
we about to put an end to that right now
anamosity (yea!) despair (yo wh-ssup?) get him!

{dj premier cuts and scratches: "can't a d-mn thing stop me"}

(the prophet)
a few minutes p-ssed by, i hear a buzzin noise
it was that chick with some of ignorance's boys
she said, "prophet, we got you beat;
by the way i'm mr. ignorance's wife, deceit.
but enough talk; now for your hair cut."
when the clippers touched my hair, they blew the f-ck up
after the explosion there was no one left
cause i know dim mak/poison hand/touch of death
my vision's still kinda blurry, but i see a clue
ignorance is at the library
i hurry, with lightning speed like the flash
he's at the big one, on grand, army plaz'
when i get inside the doors shut and the lights go off
d-mn, another trap
i hear a hissin sound, i smell a funny smell
i gasp, i can't breathe
ignorance is laughin at me
waitin on my downfall, but he can't stop the prophet

(mr. ignorance)
well prophet
it seems like you’re in a bit of a jam
i hope you can unstick yourself
oh, and what you did to my wife, it was nothing
i have others
hahahahahaha… hahahahaha. hahahahahah…

“the saga continues!”

JERU THE DAMAJA – AIN'T THE DEVIL HAPPY LYRICS

[intro:]
now i don't be foolin' around, i tell the truth. nothing's secret

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]
as devils search for the secrets to immortality
i alter my physical chemistry
walk through the valley of the shadow of death
i exist even when no things are left
vibrations transcend sp-ce and time
pure at heart because i deal with the mind
that's why i compose these verses
audible worlds, my thoughts are now universes
written on these pages is the ageless wisdom of the sages
ignorance is contagious
so i hope you keep your focus
there's no hocus-pocus, in the end it's just us
devil got brother k!llin brother, it's insane
goin out like abel and cain
wisen up and use your brain
there'll be no limit, to the things that you can gain
in positivity, balance it with negativity
until then, ain't the devil happy

[[hook]]
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]
i hate when the devil's happy, so i wear my hair nappy
knotty, won't go out like john gotti
he came from the caves to destroy everybody
and we like fools destroy our own bodies
too many n-ggas chilling, bad boys boom boom
this leaves no room for the flowers to bloom
seeds blow in the wind, another drug k!lling
what are we accomplishing? nothing
what's the matter?
why everytime i look around another brain gets splattered?
some pockets get fatter but it don't matter
the devil's the only one who really gets fatter
lead ruptures flesh, spleens are shattered
dreams are shattered, another queen without a king
what will our children become without proper guidance?
probably nothing, so ain't the devil happy

[hook]

[verse 3: jeru the damaja]
n-ggas are in a state of nothingness
hopelessness, lifelessness
if you're in range, i hope you hear this
and try to change this 'cause it's disastrous
who gets the most loot? who gets bust?
dollar bill y'all is the god we trust
the days blow by like dust,even men of steel rust
we're out here acting ridiculous, when only we can save us
mentally enslave us for little or nothing, k!ll our neighbors
animalistic, cannibalistic behavior
look to the sky for your savior
he won't save ya, he didn't save your forefathers
why bother, brothers?
you must discover the power of self
know thyself or find thyself
hating thyself, k!lling thyself
while he collects the wealth that you sit back and murder for
ain't the devil happy?

[hook]

JERU THE DAMAJA – MY MIND SPRAY LYRICS

-premier cuts and scratches jeru saying “my mind spray” for four bars-

i annihilate, as i articulate
words of power, your ryhmes are unconfounding so death’s your fate
ostentatious genius, of rappin
is mentally clappin to take hip-hop back, that’s what’s happenin
proficiency and ingenuity
plus more styles, than a shaolin mon-es-tary
in poetry my formula’s deadly
bring your hypest man in your army another casual-ty
slow like demise i crept on those that slept
droppin my ryhme science like i’m imhotep
application of mind over matter
made fools scatter, rhymes fatter, minds splatter
your girl bend over and over and over
mc’s try to touch the damaja but you just can’t win
excellent with the word play, you lay
face down, when my, mind spray

-premier does his thing again like only primo can-

thunder on your dome with no help from mad max
lyrics like hype tattoos go over the dope tracks
we b–by-traps, all our inventions
we know the intentions of mc kleptomaniacs
rap brainiacs have cardiacs soon after the attack
when it comes to ryhmin i slam harder than shaq
accomplish the bio-feedback, more complex than an almanac
keep you up like an afrodesiac
idealist not an opportunist
don’t molest no shorty still in all, i’m dangerous
mentally you can’t talk to me, hear me, or see me
you’re not equipped
from, street blocks to cell blocks my vo-cals rock
do more work than a crackhead with a, toolbox
jeru never touch-er, mic-ra-phone wrecker
if your honey’s a queen i’ll s-x her
more important, the mind strikes like the nine strikes
a priest by may
you reach for your uzay, when my mind spray

-primo flexes that razor sharp turntable wizardry-

j-e, rrrah-you it's a horror to you
lyrical kung-fu so do your kung-fu if you know kung-fu
dirty, down low profile
shoot up jams without the aid of lead projectiles
style's ridiculous, techniques infamous
take more heads than santa claus at christmas
science misfits, meet the rath of my wit
immediately following, they go into a conniption fit
reach into my bag of darkness and spark this like an arsonist
blow up like a terrorist
i'm not a s-xist don't have the power to be a racist
i'm a scientist, and an activist
complex yeah simple like mixelplics
unlike the silly devil, i don't come with tricks/trix
so out there to all you mc's return to the righteous way
or meet death face to face when my, mind spray

-primo wrecks it like a 12 car collision-

JERU THE DAMAJA – COME CLEAN LYRICS

you wanna front what? jump up and get bucked
if you're feeling lucky duck then press your luck
i sn-tch fake gangsta mc's and make 'em f-got flambes
your nine spray my mind spray

malignant mist steadily pumps the funk
the results you're a gang stuffed in a car trunk
you couldn't come to the jungles of the east poppin' that game
you won't survive get live catchin' wreck is our thing

i don't gang bang or shoot out bang, bang
the relentless lyrics the only dope i slang
i'm a true master you can check my credentials
'cuz i choose to use my infinite potentials

got a freaky, freaky, freaky, freaky flow
control the mic like fidel castro locked cuba
so deep that you can scuba dive my jive
origin is unknown like the judas

i've acc-mulated honies all across the map
'cuz i'd rather bust a nut then bust a cap in
ya back in fact my rap snaps ya sacroiliac
i'm the mack so i don't need to tote a mac

my attack is purely mental and its nature's not hate
it's meant to wake ya up out of ya brainwashed state
stagnate nonsense but if you persist
you'll get ya snot box bust you press up on this

i flip hoes dip none of the real n-gg-s slip
you don't know enough math to count the mics that i ripped
keep the dirty rotten scoundrel as his verbal weapons spit

real rough and rugged, shine like a gold nugget
every time i pick up the microphone i drug it
unplug it on chumps with the gangsta babble
leave your nines at home and bring your skills to the battle

you're rattlin' on and on and ain't sayin' nothing
that's why you got snuffed when you b-mp heads with dirty rotten
have you forgotten, i'll tap you jaw
i also kick like kung fu flicks by run run shaw

made frauds bleed every time i g'd
'cuz i've perfected my drunken style like sam seed
pseudo psychos i play like michael
jackson when i'm bustin' -ss and breakin' backs

inhale the petrified aroma
breathe too deep and you'll wind up coma
toes the king i'm hard like a fifth of vodka
and bring your clique 'cuz i'm a hard rock knock a

i gotcha, out on a limb i'm about to push you off the brink
let you draw your craw but you burnin' shot breaks
when the east is in the house you should come equipped

fly like a jet sting like a h-rnet
knuckleheads get live and set it off if you want it
dirty rotten scoundrels is crushin' fools no joke
with styles more fatal than second hand smoke

don't provoke the wrath of this rhyme inventor
'cuz i blow up spots like the world trade center
come with the super trooper on his -ssault mission
the tench's technique 'cuz he's a technician

wishin' he'll go away won't help the weapons stop
the skills are shot 'cuz any idiot can let off a glock
hard rock smellin' the clutch of this untouchable
you claim you got beef on the streets so whatcha

gonna do when real n-gg-z roll up on you
and you don't got your crew
pull your glock but you don't got the heart
you was webbed straight from the start

bought a tool and didn't learn how to use it
got lost in brooklyn so you had to lose it
just for frontin' you got that -ss waxed

JERU THE DAMAJA – JUNGLE MUSIC LYRICS

it started on the sands of land of the mother
word to mother, king like my father
my style survived slave ships, whips and chains, hardships
still through all this the praise roll off my lips

bring your guns, chains and tone force your religion
on me cut my hair, the vibes still exist
to destroy the molesters of my heritage
but they conceal the drums of evil, my loyal lineage

king of kings, god of gods
like my ancestors drums i beat the odds
more mics killed than slaves during the middle p-ssages
who rapes and ravages and calls us savage?

jungle bunny, i'm not mo' funny, i'm mo' deadly
they know one day we'll learn how to use it
that's why they fear our jungle music
(in the j u n g l e)

we went from pyramids to the ghetto
still my sounds make devils tumble like the walls of jericho
chant my paower to devour all the snakes and rats
extrasensory perception to avoid all traps

make a joyful noise unto the lord
in the sancuary of your caves white kids press record
as my mystic music spread from sea to galaxy
it's inevitable, you can't stop me

try to carbon copy, but it always comes out sloppy
you can't outrap me, you can't outrock me
like the dreads on my head, you try and lock me
down underground, but i bounce to the jungle

melodies, that flows like the breeze
through the trees, like my forefathers
command the wind and seas
with my jungle music

unga, bunga, binga
sound warrior, i'll take your head more than a rap singer
enlightener, with the mitre
make the forces of my nature smite ya

over the airwaves, powers are released
holy music destroy the savage beast
i'll beat the devil like a niyabini drummer
beasts his drum, this beat will drum through the summer

try to hold us back with all the strength you can muster
you'll hear a sound similar to the one custer
heard before he got ambushed, you'll get ambushed

for taking this back to kush
for too long you've abused it
on the low used it, and called it jungle music

JERU THE DAMAJA – STATIK LYRICS

electromagnetic beam i get charged
rhymes i run right thru em like a big box of trojan large
mc's tried to hang but its a brooklyn thang
poison slang poison fang
poison pen let me begin
tryin to rhyme up in my cipher is gambilin
freestylin me g i be buckwilin
you cant even challenge a n-gg- in my position
technician renditions more freaky than rick james
fly like airplanes thru all it remain the same
my cuts like freddy krueger
dont need a german luger
but shoot more sh-t than stern-ruger
dirty rottens comin thru punks cling to their guns
dont start none, there wont be none
cuz ahh… f-ck around and it'll be tragic

chorus
and i could rock a rhyme with just statik

devastating, i gotcha heart pulsating
ool-age, you need aid, -j-c-l-ting
rhymes like s-m-n, mc's is scheming
tryin to bag me baby black you must be beemin…
feenin, i dont know who gased ya head up
im straight up, for less n-gg-s have got wet up
im on a mission, scrambling my enemies transmission
when he least expect it, run up in his h-q
hi i.q., every verse is e-q ued
sliver like a snake, still you cant elued
the neba, but not caneza
its the toucha, no gun or god can protect ya
neither the scripture, choke like a boa constrictor
this is my house and i'll evict ya
big respect is automatic… black

chorus

i'll sn-tch up your girlfriend, her friend and their friends
i got the game & fame shake out the condoms
she's a victim, you shouldnt have that mouth dirty rotten
and for the longest we knew you were plotten
on the down fall, who stands tall, lick the b-lls

im not like that, so i smash out p-ssy walls
on the low, oh no, on the high
i get high, praise to the most high
tried to battle me, step up & die
like the arc of the covenant i electrify
petrify, intelligence i glorify
so devils are horrified
sprayin like pecticide, con commit suicide
step into my realm and be fried
by the statik…

JERU THE DAMAJA
WRATH OF THE MATH
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

JERU THE DAMAJA – WRATH OF THE MATH LYRICS

let us now discuss the mental att-tude
the mental must always stay clam
you must let nothing move you
be it good or bad

but when the mental and i be moved
there is no longer good or bad, there just is
when there just is
you have the power to form and shape

so now witness
the wrath of the math
tell me when you ready
i'm ready

JERU THE DAMAJA – THE FRUSTRATED NIGGA LYRICS

out of the fog into the smog, he walks in
he's ready for victory
he walks again by night, ruthlessly
meeting wit the unknown

it's the educated field n-gg-, trained in guerilla
warfare plus equipped wit mental hardware
manifesting organizational skills
cuz organizational skills kills more devils than bullets
pull it, the psychological trigger
and be a real n-gg-
happy as a runaway slave in the jungle, the concrete jungle,
here's your scars weary, here's your arms don't fear 'em
but you might die if you bail against the system
another n-gg- caught up in the system
to amend my invisible chains and deviate from the system
no longer shall i be a victim
victimized, circ-msized by the lies of the system
it's equivalent to being nonexisent
i used to be a p-wn in the game
now i change my postion, i'm making moves
beware of the frustrated n-gg-
know what i'm saying

ride the pale horse, triumphantly
put a saddle on his back, take him to h-ll and back
you can take a n-gg- out the jungle
but you can't take the jungle out the cat
black cats, brown cats, all types of cats
mental fusion, it's no illusion, or delusion
of grandeur but the way we were
and will be and ever shall be
eternally but you mask my present existence
in ignorance, mock my appearance
yet yearn for my esscence, steal my lessons
so i reeducate, unlearn what
was taught, hold down the fort
each one teach one, now i got support
we don't need no water, let the m-th-f-ka burn
down to the ground
america, america, the beautiful
thoughts from a frustrated n-gg-

you know what i'm saying

systematic destruction of the original man
drugs by n-gg- on n-gg-
cocaine, morphine, nicotine
the evil of men run through my bloodstream
and the blood of kings runs through my bloodstream
this dignified b-st-rd
hazardous to the health of america
black rebel in your area
psycho-n-lyze this
then send your forces cuz now we mean business
you should now bear witness
to a new breed of n-gg-
this n-gg- is smarter than the n-gg- of time's past
this n-gg- is the n-gg- of the future
this n-gg- will emanc-p-te himself from the t-tle of n-gg-
and restore his t-tle as king
so beware, beware, beware, beware
the frustrated n-gg-

JERU THE DAMAJA – BLACK COWBOY LYRICS

verse 1

i heard some mc's wanna bring it
but a female is one of their strongest men
when i step to you don't seek refuge
make it happen f-ck the rappin'
because i know i got that sewed
the first time i ever touched the microphone it glowed
now i explode eruptin' like a n-gg- that drunk too much
but not intoxicated…
as mental stress increase you'll need to be sedated
sick and tired of the izm schism
this time's a warning, after this we take it to pugilism
mash out the beedies, dreads spark up the corn
i flow muddy like the gutter after the rainstorm
my mission to seek, build or destroy
like deadwood d-ck, i be the black cowboy
and this is the showdown…

chorus
——

[primo scratching]

"i got the wild style…" / "black cowboy"

verse 2
——-

after this mc's will wish to do battle with me
for their sake i hope that they apply the proper strategy
in any case, worst comes to worst i'll be the best
storms will come, this we know for sure, but can you stand the crash test?
there's no vest or no way you can get suited up
for what's about to happen, you might as well get zooted
i heard that ignorance is bliss, so i guess you're all blistered
the wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto your cap is quickly twisted
and just in case the first time you missed it
the wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto your cap is quickly twisted
livin' on a diet of flesh and mistic
i kicks the ballistics and keep it realistic
we shoot sh-t up like the hatfields and mccoys
perverted monks, the black cowboys
and this is the showdown…

repeat chorus

verse 3
———-

it’s a cryin’ shame what some n-gg-s’ll do for fame
when they think they know the game
but i switch up the rules of the game
drops jewels in the game
the fluid is quite fatal, like water on the brain
i be the sheriff and i got mc’s on the chain gang
continuous hard labour until the day that they hang
one outlaw tried to escape but i murdered his gang
right back at ya b-tch–ss just like a boomerang
or a bolo, you couldn’t knock me out with apollo
the god is never chillin’, hot like a volcano
once i met up with this bandolero
why’d he make me bust him in his head with his banjo?
i put mc’s on the ceiling like michelangelo
did the sixteenth [sistine] chapel
known to kick and grapple, so you couldn’t test the real mccoy
the black cowboys
and this is the showdown…

repeat chorus

JERU THE DAMAJA – THA BULLSHIT LYRICS

ladies and gentlemen, children of all ages
it's me, jeru the damaja
and i'm here to present to you today
the bullsh-t

yes, this is the bullsh-t, the extreme bullsh-t
the absolute bullsh-t
this is the bullsh-t of bullsh-t

this bullsh-t is so bullsh-t
i never wanna hear this bullsh-t on the radio
or in my children's ears 'cause it's bullsh-t
you know?

so, as we talk about the bullsh-t
and what bullsh-t is
i'ma drop the bullsh-t on you right now
you know, the bullsh-t goes like this

jump up in my rolls royce, top choice
make 'em holler, everything i do is for a dollar
f-ck being civilized, i got dollar signs in my eyes
one day i'll fall but for now, i'll rise

trust me, as the stink stuff fries up
i'm cookin' up, i used to spend the nights in spots run up
buck buck but now i'm all growed up and blowed up
and believe me, baby paw, i got it all sewed up

and the loot is in big bags and all stored up
and the n-gg-z i used to run with is all locked up
but i'll keep bubblin', got 'em on the corners
like court jesters jugglin', avoid the late night mugging

because stick up kids be bugging
i paid my dues, so i'm on some exotic island
smilin', sun shinin' all off my diamonds
sippin' on martinis, bad hookers in bikinis

a airplane load of exotic work from tahiti
plus a squad of killer b-tches that all carry uzis
i got a lot, so if it gets too hot
jump in the billion dollar jet or the million dollar yacht

got the teflon vest, in case they knock me out the box
oh no, i think i hear gunshots

d-mn, sh-t was just a dream, d-mn
that’s a scary motherf-cking dream, that was bullsh-t
i’d never say no bullsh-t like that
glad i don’t live none of that bullsh-t
that sh-t is absolutely bullsh-t

JERU THE DAMAJA – WHATEVER LYRICS

[skeeter rock talking]
hey this is skeeter rock comin' to you live at the hip-hop barbershop
i wanna give a shout out to college park, eastpointe, swats, and decatur
a fellas ain't y'all sick of these hoes paging and stressing you out
right now we looking for all the ladies that got out back
whatever i'm bout, she bout that, whatever i'm on, she on that

[chorus – katrina]
whatever you bout, i'm bout that
whatever you on, i'm on that
whatever you wanna do, i just wanna be right where you at
(i just wanna have some fun)
whatever you bout, i'm bout that
whatever you on, i'm on that
whatever you wanna do, i just wanna be right where you at

[verse 1 – jermaine dupri]
uh, all around the world girls know about me
ridin' up and down old n-a-t
plates on the back say don chi chi
hat bent, black bent, lookin so fresh, so clean, i'm ridin'
same j.d., same game again
out here hittin' hoes like cham-ber-lin
and i love it when they let me come through
even bring my crew, then i'm in the wind, no stress
no, where you going, no, where you been
no where you at, no, who you wit (uh)

[jd and tigah]
care free very freaky hoe, that's what i prefer (say what)
that let me come through anytime, and do what i wanna do to her

[tigah]
and come on and work it on me, like it's all about you
play at your own risk, girl hugs and kiss (kissing sound)
baby shake it up like dice
nasty and naughty, exotic and nice
home alone, girl hit me on that nextel
j. on the other end, she waiting to exhale
cop a baby l blat, do as, i'm bangin' in that back
she got pictures of me, bangin' in that back
so we gon', laze up, in my tunes
and lock up for days in a hotel room

pull the pink thong to the west (west)
prepare to insert billy bong in ya chest
and get full of smoke just like chris-tian
list-en, cause i forgot to men-tion
ain't no sh-t b-mpin' like this one
girlfriend lets relieve some ten-sion, girl i hear you saying

[chorus – katrina]
whatever you bout, i'm bout that
whatever you on, i'm on that
whatever you wanna do, i just wanna be right where you at
(i just wanna have some fun)
whatever you bout, i'm bout that
whatever you on, i'm on that
whatever you wanna do, i just wanna be right where you at

[r.o.c. talking w/ last 2 lines of chorus]
yeah we on that, let's do it, uh

[verse 2 – r.o.c.]
lord knows, flows, i kick expose
hoes, get 'em right out of they clothes
never knew she was so disgustin'
f-ckin, suckin' discussing over lunch and
with her girlfriend, how i bangs it in
for seven, four, o, i, l, n
head so compellin', i'm tellin'
every n-gg- that i know then i'm bailin'
soon as i screw one, then i'm choosin'
a new one, so it's never no confusion
my solution, is distribution
one i require, this kids retire
retails, mines, females, mines
heartbreaks, yours, broads gettin' divorced
but of course, now if you bout what i'm bout
then bring me dough and cook my dope in ya house

[nate dogg]
i smell somethin' fishy baby, that ain't ya breath
i p-ss on the p-ssy you can suck it and step
swallow all the juice until it ain't nothin' left
she ain't that fine, but she does it the best
westside riders, do what they want
dogg pound gang ain't afraid, to dump
we never hesitate to give 'em just what they want

when i’m in the atl, baby don’t front
she knows i got a girl, whatever
she knows i f-cked her girl, whatever
she knows it’s a one-night stand, whatever (whatever)
she knows i can’t be her man, whatever
westside riders, they be mobbin’ wit j.d.
oooooh, homeboy t-i-g
southside riders, nate dogg and r.o.c.
oooooh, we’er the best you’ll ever see

JERU THE DAMAJA – PHYSICAL STAMINA LYRICS

featuring afu ra

afu: yo ‘ru
jeru: yo wh-ssup?
afu: yo c’mere c’mere. yo let’s freak that rhyme we was freakin’
the other night
jeru: i’m sayin’ i’m with it just set it off
afu: yo after this there’s no turning back

jeru: i’m saying just set it off!

physical paralysis open your chest like a chalice
mcs couldn’t strike movements we wish to brandish
i’m tormentin’ mind states lyrical warrior
i flow through, f-ck the mic i f-ckin’ floor ya
headlocks and armlocks, necks is gettin’ broken
no jokin’, format’ll leave your whole borough smokin’
fist of five rings, i fling mcs to the gutter
samurai sharp, more deadly than box-cutters
ultimate, as i emit your death blow
perverted monks, and jeru with the combo

peter piper picked peppers
and run rocked rhymes but now he rock hymns
i got g through mama
the physical extremities
indomitable
the spirit can’t be broken
but jaws are broken
and even backs are broken
think you’re on point, well let your points of pressure open
foot and fist got your head hangin’ open
the breath rebirth
i damage in the mental and physical universe
you quake the earth when you hit face-first
brake before it gets worse
but those that thirst for abuse get loose
’cause soon i’ll be around that neck tight like a noose
god, show improvement

more than the juggernaut
electric like magneto
know you couldn’t test mental, or now the sequel

i slip to the floor for the grapple
i crack your collarbone, while i bust your adam's apple
spleens get ripped out the backs of your raps
broken-down fractions as you start to make actions
it's too elusive, how i'm quicker than bruce's
silver surfin', the universe is now its astrological
as i proceed in my vehicle
you can't stop it
fiber-optic, so you watch it
sophistry, with so much fury
you can't get with me
fight scenes are left bl–dy
poisonous,
my thoughts make plates shift
some may call this tectonics
but airwaves from miles i boil by my sonics
it's ironic, got mcs hooked on phonics
so physical styles i construct like bionics

displaced joints like shaolin should not
furious roundhouses cause bones to splinter
protect your feet, legs, midsection and neck
'cause i'm here to let you know it's not just on mpegs
we wrecks, and more than just figuratively
let it be known that we bringin' it physically
and the effect is bodily harm
no chance to pull your firearm
for the body move swift and the mind stay calm
ways shift like the moment before the storm
watch my form
it's deadly
come to close it could get bl–dy
and ugly
you think that you could stop me?
perverted monks, so now we apply pressure
this stamina's style is iller than its predecessor
dial witch professor, mix up the elixir
internal power, mcs we devour

JERU THE DAMAJA – ONE DAY LYRICS

yo, who stepped off rage
broke cracked bottle tops, spilled this forever
whites, no trace, leather jacket zipped up to his face
he dipped behind the wall, shalenka couldn't aim to touch it
these cats have started something that they couldn't finish
now they flee the country
yo, shot guy, god please forgive this life we're living
takin' mans for diems, aiyo, hands on your head where i can see 'em
the chron's shone, spit out the combine
i'm tryin' to make my exit real quick
we leave no form of evidence

[chorus]
bakin' slugs out the dark
wild shoot-outs through the park
these jail houses overcrowdin'
all my thugs remain calm
money turnin', trees is burnin'
but one day, it'll be gone
(now one day)
i'm your suspect

yo, heavy chrons with small engravments
digits wit' small letters that name it
man created, but always to blame it
i'm far rusted, pushin' your gl-sted, you busted and p-ssy
open your face and get chopped, just like a cussy
you're pyro, i got one eye lookin' straight down the barrell
don't mistake me for shhhh, i'll eat your food and real quick
burn up the gear i dressed in
meanwhile the motive got them itchin' questions and guesses
what would you ask god if you had one question?
aiyo, deal wit' your family in your life
don't try to flop mine, they puttin' over dates and trials
little snitches turn into coffins and push six
a man could be my worst enemy, i'll take this
>from pyramids, beer caps to dollar bills with faces
got me chasin' bl–dy papers
scatterd 'cross the floor like forty acres
so tired that, better yet, picture this from beer caps
to dollar bills, black clips, lyrical high tips

[chorus]

yo, half a dutch inside a candle seed
liquor bottles in cemetarys
'nuff built up inside my body, but the lord is my salvation
still have to make a move, cause just put off
broken fingers on metal tables, hands off, i'll pull off
black caddies and starlen windows that's bulletproof
all you could see is fog off the door
and richotched to the floor
thirty-four fours, align your back, all straight to your jaw's jaws
all pause, lookin' through the barrell, it's all yours

[chorus]

JERU THE DAMAJA – REVENGE OF THE PROPHET (PART 5) LYRICS

[ignorance]
well prophet
it seems like you're in a bit of a jam
i hope you can unstick yourself, oh
and what you did to my wife
it was nothing, i have others
hahahahahaha
the saga continues……

[verse 1]
it's been a while since i escaped the library
fightin ignorance everyday, its gettin weary
when i think i got him
he pulls a slip on me
and theres so many soldiers
in his fiendous -ss army
one of the fiercest, is this n-gga named tricknology
the last time we met, he got the drop on me
sh-t happens so fast he even got some of my family
blasted my way up out the building
when i catch him im gon k!ll him
track him uptown, where i hear he's lyin to children
1-2-5th's the stop, go outside i hear gunshots
run up the block
greedy lou's dead infront of the materialistic crack spot
trick's yellin out this is my block
i would've hit him, but i didn't have a clear shot
an innocent bystander might get popped
d-mn….a small thang cuz the prophet still can't be stopped

[trick talking]
what…thats right, this is my motherf-ckin life
trick-nol-ogy, you know what im sayin
you know me, you can't front on me….

[verse 2]
im in a f-cked up position
but if he squeezes again, im gon lift em
a few seconds later now here comes the siren
oh sh-t its the pork chop patrol
their on ignorance's payroll
and they only came to hold…
tricknolog down, scoup greedy lou off the ground

throw him in the back of a truck
one yells ‘what the f-ck n-gga ya lookin at?
now get the f-ck outta here’
then i get that feeling that i feel when danger is in the air
then out of nowhere one yells the prophets over there
immediatly following mad led is in the air
picture all posted up like they knew i’d be here
i’d go for what i know
but sh-t there everywhere
through in the back and forth my gun gets lost
but i managed to get one high powered thought off
i split 6 pigs that got sawed off
as their bodies break south i proceed to break north
now sh-t is lookin dim and you’d think all maybe lost
but the prophet won’t go out at any cost
you could never stop the prophet….

unit’s 1 & 2, unit’s 1 & 2 the prophet has been sighted
if you see him k!ll him

[scratching of] can’t a d-mn thing stop me

[verse 3]
i head toward the train station
my force did stop most of the ammunition
still i need medical attention
but im not b-tchin ,gettin ignorance is my mission
all of a sudden greedy lou comes creepin
around the corner talkin bout..prophet your a gonna
we knew you followed trick uptown because you wanna
get rid of ignorance but that dont make no sense
he runs the world i know this from experience
why don’t you come & work wit us
you’ll see the boss’ game is nice
that night…greedy lou died twice
now i’m wanted, pork chop patrol has a warrant
but that still can’t stop the prophet

here ye, here ye the court of ignorance is now in session
we, judge and the jury find the prophet
guilty in the murder of greedy lou
one of our close personal homeboys
so for that the sentence is death
when you find him execute him

JERU THE DAMAJA – SCIENTIFICAL MADNESS LYRICS

scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest
scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest

there's a hole in the ozone layer
i'm rippin' vampires, you think i give a f-ck?
who's the biggest player
or who's got the fattest bank roll?
what is it if a man gains the world
an' lose his own soul?

bio-engineered, mutated chickens
n-gg-z lickin' one another
brother killin' brother
an' you demon m-th-f-ckas start coastal rivalries
the world's greatest l-st is jewelery
mind jah lick you with disease

so i inflict mcs like ebola
or some other man made cancer
f-ck a two-hundred dollar sweater
we need to try an' reach the n-gg-z
on the corner

but all we do is create drug dealers
envy then creates murderers
diamond rings, pretty hoes
fat chains, expensive things
just watch which way
ya burner swings in this world of

scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest
scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest

chemical warfare
the telephoner acts like he lives here
the government is putting mad sh-t in the air

projects are strategically set-up
in the case that sh-t you up
they easily blown up

poisonous gases
the so-called righteous help for the m-sses
but it's them that judge their own -sses
knowing what their task is
but still recedin', -ss backwards
do you need to ask me who the devil is?

some may call it showbizz
i just call 'em hypocrites
'cause they don't teach the children sh-t, positive
like how a man should live
they only focus on the negative
so they're stuck in the ghetto

while you drive a car an' got a condo
it's all for the do'-do'
it's killin' your own people
profits greater than peneco
forget about what's equal
in this world of

scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest
scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest

artificially inseminated
white b-tches have babies
most black youth are incarcerated
in the ghetto babies havin' babies but no loot
so most pregnancies are terminated

warlocks keep their covenant
an' the souls of the ignorant ones empower it
it's transparent
you see uncle sam as your parent
when america has beef
you jump up to defend it

but you can still be a defendant

ask my co-defendant
an' we're both innocent
every black man in america faces imprisonment
ridicule an' torment

but in this tournament
the chosen few shall be triumphant
an' the devil will be decapitated
so you can keep your dockets
an' your dresses, i won't be emasculated
in this world of

scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest
scientifical madness
scientifical madness
my status is the baddest

JERU THE DAMAJA – NOT THA AVERAGE LYRICS

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]
i met this honey named yolanda
you would not believe the things that i told her
she had potential so i thought that i would mold her
(break it down son)
you would usually see me and her around town
she had this way that was so s#xy
everytime i think about it#makes me woozy
and her (?enem?) was just so nice and juicy
plus a mind that you would not believe
no tricks up her sleeve
so we dated, like janet jackson, we waited
a while and waited and waited
i started to wonder would i ever get in it
finally the invitation was extended
with that i said “mi casa es su casa”
meet me at my pad tomorrow#about six o’clock
no question#the next day, we kissin’ and caressin’
before long, we starts to undress and
with that i pulls out my pack of hats
she looks me dead in the eye and says “what’s that?”
i said “don’t tell me you don’t know what condoms is for”
she says “yeah, but the average n#gga’ll love to hit it raw”
and i said

i’m not your average n#gga
no i’m not your average n#gga
you can’t get me, i’m not your average n#gga

i’m not your average n#gga
girlfriend, i’m not your average n#gga
no, no i’m not your average n#gga

(yo ru! yo these honeys be on some sh#t for real. yo tell me about the
other honey you was kickin’ it to)

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]
i met this honey named tamika
my intentions was more than just to freak her
since i’m gone i thought that i would teach her
(where’d you meet her at, black?)
at the tunnel so you know it didn’t happen like that
i got her name and her number

i said “girlfriend, i just wonder
could you come home with me?” she said “uh#uh
but you got the digits#ring me up tomorow and see where it leaves ya at
we started speakin’
we planned to hook up that next weekend
we discussed the place of our meeting
she said “come to my projects
sometimes n#ggas be buggin, but i got mad respect”
so like a dummy, i went to scoop up this young honey
gassed up by the fat ass and flat tummy
but when i rolled up
it start to look just like a set#up
now i’m mad hot, but this time played it cool
recognized one n#gga i used to run with in high school
i said “you know tamika?” he said “yeah i know the wh0re”
got me to the elevator and led me to her door
when i rung the bell she was mad surprised
flung the door wide open with a wild look in her eyes
i said, yo

i’m not your average n#gga
you see, i’m not your average n#gga
you can’t get me cuz i’m not your average n#gga

i’m not your average n#gga
girlfriend, i’m not your average n#gga
oh no, you know i’m not your average n#gga

(scratch#”chain n#gga”#scratch#”here you comin’ but your steps are to loud
standing on the corner, thought him was cool”#scratch#”chain n#gga”)

[verse 3: jeru the damaja]
i met this honey named sabrina
i thought that this time this one would be the queen of
my dreams, but you know how that goes
(god, i heard it before)
so let me tell you what happened one day i’m outside her door
and we’re talking about how her ex#boyfriend be stalking
she said she thought she saw him when we were walking
i said “don’t worry about it
put that sh#t on the side, and slide up in the crib”
so we’re lampin’, she’s still shook up about what happened
i said “don’t sweat it, he’s probably just rappin'”
she said “little do you know
last week he threw a brick threw my bedroom window”

i said “whatever, i don’t think he’s that crazy”
she said “you never, know where he may be”
all of a sudden, out of nowhere
the crazy mothaf#cka jumped out on me
i made him melt with a blow to the head
and before i bounced, this is what i said
i said

yo i’m not your average n#gga
no, i’m not your average n#gga
you can’t get me cuz i’m not your average n#gga

mista, i’m not your average n#gga
no, i’m not your average n#gga
oh no, you know, i’m not your average n#gga

JERU THE DAMAJA – ME OR THE PAPES LYRICS

party people in the place to be
from the same man who brought you da bichez
da bichez, da bichez, da bichez
we were misunderstood last time we brought you
ba bichez, da bichez, da bichez
now we gonna clear it up and let you make up your own mind like this

now a queen's a queen and a wh-r- is a wh-r-
she felt if she made me wait i'd have more respect for her
adore her eventually spendin' up my digits
she felt that love would make me buy her mad material sh-t

she likes to trick 'em, 'cause ain't nothin' like a sleepin' victim
east new york style stick 'em ha ha ha, stick 'em
top rated game but if it's game i played it
underestimated, swore the king was checkmated

she claims she loves my mind, 'cause i'm so intelligent
but f-ck my mental, she was scheming on my mint
evil intention, to deplenish the fund
she tried to juice me with the p-ssy 'cept for, the mask and gun

i was a fool to fall in l-st with this evil genius, she had me by the nuts
she ain't got sh-t but man she loves it plush
whippin' i whip, and suckin' up i canibus
back in the days, i woulda scr-ped her for this caper
but i realize, it wasn't me it was the paper

let me kick it, about the digits, that i've collected
long distance, and disconnected, it's gettin' hectic
before my record, they didn't show it
but now they throw it, hopin' that they'll get drunk off moet or cristal

but that's not my particular style and taste
my name ain't puff and i ain't got loot to waste
i ain't got time to waste, bad b-tches is all up in my face
crazy ignorant, sweatin' links minks and sh-t

cosmetic but deep down, derelict
fake players, never get out the projects
it's pathetic the way she bends for dividends
i tried to jewel her but she tried to get a drink at the end

of our conversation, i did not have the patience

slid off to the next asian
she said, “what you do?” i said, “what?”
she said, “you know your occupation?”

so i broke the f-ck out in nineteen-ninety-six that’s what it’s all about
but i won’t go that route
back in the days biz said it was the vapors
but today, i realize that it’s the papers

’cause ain’t no fiends comin’ in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper
’cause ain’t no fiends comin’ in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper
’cause ain’t no fiends comin’ in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper

now a wh-r-‘s a wh-r-, find a queen and she’ll be my earth
respect love and protect her, for all that it’s worth
i admit i have flaws, i flips it first, but deep down
i wishes to give ’em the universe

a lot of the ones that i thought was right wasn’t
i build with afu, he said, “don’t sweat it ’cause
they come a dime a dozen”
like my ex-stunt, wanted a diamond

b-tches love power, while queens, love refinement
low stress environment, old age and retirement
never have to wonder where my money went
where my honey went, is her back gettin’ twisted

by the next fella, always take heed to what i tell her
when i’m wrong, she lets me know i need correction
when i’m right she’s my reflection still we, use protection
through thick and thin, thin and thick

she’s my diamond in the rough not a wh-r- or a trick
great expectations, of me and she buildin’ nation
everything we do and skyscr-pin’
back in the days, the devil used to rape her
nowadays, he got her chasin’ the paper

’cause ain’t no fiends comin’ in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper
’cause ain’t no fiends comin’ in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper

’cause ain’t no fiends comin’ in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper
’cause ain’t no fiends comin’ in between me and my dreams
see what i mean black, i gets the paper

JERU THE DAMAJA – HOW I'M LIVIN' LYRICS

i got a freaky freaky freak, give you a freak you turns em out
i put them hoes in a row and turn out queens no doubt
don't need a vest, but flow like bullets freely through shootouts
i be the real supernatural, so check it out
i was concieved in the center of an inferno
the ninth month i slipped out my mom's v-g-n-l
cavity, now i'm surrounded by creeps and freaks
had to watch my back in the new york streets
fly, like an aeroplane,
more powerful than the engine of an a train won't let it stress my brain
you know the fame that has men sold and bought
in a single bound, i let the criminal court
walk through the desert and don't perspire
touch the microphone, the whole joint catches afire
use the opportunity to call the devil a liar
and i won't stop flipping sh-t til i'm forced to retire
because…

…that's how i'm living
(chorus)
cuts:
"now you know, godd-mn"
"m-ss confusion n-gg-z losin by the minute tryin to win it"
"…and movin' on"

i can stroke all night and not bust a nut
swim through a sea of razorblades and not get cut
when i do my thing i aim for the gut
and despise those nasty guys that hit sh-t in the b-tt
blaze like spliffs even back in the days
when i bag sh-t up like trays, nowadays
i bag 'em up like dimes and not even the devil
can stop me cause it's matter under mind
i'm f-cking up your mind like a hallucinogen
(are you hot, lord?) i heat it up like halogen
burn mc's, their children, and their children's children
reverse polarity and make your girl's h-ll heaven
more intelligent than macguyver
quick to pull off on a stunt like an indy car driver
thoughts too intense, brainwaves cut like barbed wire
since run's a reverend, sucker mc's call me sire
push for my mental forces to crush your fortress
signals of the stress, your whole squad's put to death

bring your white superman
and i'll rip that f-cking s off his chest
cause that's just…

…how i'm living
(chorus)

i dedicate my life to taking snake heads
i break on the beats like scissors break on my dreads
instead of eating beasts and living savagely
i aspire to excell to the highest degree
of living, now how you living, like a turkey on thanksgiving
me? i keep it tight and lock it down like a virgin's pops
from crack rocks to suburbian blocks i'm hot
don't forget or have you forgot that i'm a surgeon, ak-
bar, once outran a jaguar
slept in a lion's den and escaped without a scar
close my eyes and comence the star travel
fred flintstone's out a job because i turn hard rocks to gravel
babble, never, control the weather
like a few jams back, whatever's, clever
even the rudest of rude can't test because i'm protected
with the breastplate of righteousness
and that's just…

…how i'm living
(chorus)

JERU THE DAMAJA – TOO PERVERTED LYRICS

ain't nothin' worse than a wack mc
unfortunately that's all that surrounds me
so i come to crush the unstable structure
it's the return of the dopest brooklyn motherf-cker

to ever ignite the mic, get it right
mad respect, pimps, grap your hoes, punks, grab your checks
what's next, pure nonsense and the style ya flex
and you're so bl–dy p-ssy, you need a kotex

latex because they're drippin' v-g-n-l juices
so many so called gangsta n-gg-s and their booty producers
now watch the act that's vanishin'
gold and platinum but who gets the publishin'
not to rub it in, drop it in your box, now your dubbin'

my company f-cked up my projects momentum
but i'm still winnin' 'cause i'm a winner
came to the table with snakes they had snakes on they're plates
plus' n-gg-s on they're plates, they put figures in my plate

i took the loot unscathed 'cause i couldn't dine wit 'em
see 17, age 19 [incomprehensible]
on a podium, at this time you are rewindin'
and like solar and lunar, you're clockin', it's too perverted

it's too perverted, you heard it

so deep that it becomes fossilized
too many times i find my style between mc's inside
[incomprehensible] but they swallow their tongues like seizures
i pierce flesh and strike nerves like acupuncture

or acupressure, feel the wrath of my mathematics
kinetics, you need a local anesthetic
'cause your system has acquired an immune deficiency
overwhelmed by my telepathy, no sympathy

cursed [incomprehensible] but graceful like calligraphy
and [incomprehensible] like [incomprehensible] was not to mc
life givin', yet i'm still deadly
and before you step to me, remember it's too perverted

it's too perverted

it’s too perverted, you heard it
it’s too perverted
it’s too perverted, you heard it

master rhymin’ so i’m steadily climbin’
i rip through mics like when my d-ck strikes the hymen
total controller, some claim to be bolder
but they rotate around the lunar, i keep it solar, polar

who vibrates and radiates
thunder, lightning, earthquakes from north to south
east to west test the best get sprayed
drop jewels, burn papes, till my ride escapes
awkward flow to some it’s even unorthodox

bone crushin’, life threatnin’ like the jaws of a crocodile
your hunny wishes to stay a while
and i told her she could stay, am i foul or just too perverted?

JERU THE DAMAJA – YA PLAYIN YASELF LYRICS

“yo, are you a pimp, a hustler?”
“no i’m not.”
“are you a man, and can you stand alone like a man has to sometimes?”
“yes i can.”
“are you willing, to go out there and save the lives of our children, even if it means losing your own life?”
“yes i am.”
“i believe you jeru, you’re ready.”
-you’ve no-no-nothing to worry about-

verse one:
now, i don’t push a lex
others had their turn to flex, jeru is up next
all these so called players up in the rap game
got brothers on the corner selling cooked cocaine
it used to be latoya and jim hats
but now it’s uzis, macs and g-packs of cracks
everybody’s psycho or some type of goodfellow
but me i keep it real that’s all swine like jello
don’t drink cristal, and i can’t stand mo
never received currency for moving a kilo
or an ounce, make em bounce to this fake-pimp free flow
i never knew hustlers confessed in stereo
or on video get caught you’ll know who turned state’s
evidence, murder weapon, confession and fingerprints
mama always said watch what comes out your mouth
tight case for the da from here to down south
knowledge wisdom understanding like king solomon’s wealth
you’re a player but only because you be playin yourself

chorus:
with all that big willie talk, hop, you’re playin yaself
with all that big gun talk, bop, you’re playin yaself
with all that rah rah rah, you’re playin yaself
you’re playin yaself, you’re playin yaself

with all that rah rah rah, you’re playin yaself
with all that big gun talk, bop, you’re playin yaself
with all that big willie talk, hop, you’re playin yaself
you’re playin yaself, you’re playin yaself

verse two:
now these ladies is lookin pretty from city to city

i refined a few i met, around the country
the nitty gritty, it's all reality, no question
actual fact like tight jeans cause yeast infections
and sisters with good minds get no respect when
their -ss is all hangin out, playin the bar section
of the club shake what your mama gave ya, back to the lab
i drop the truth, cause rhyming is more than just my craft
or a way to get -ss, or fast cash, or blasted
black women, make sure you're respected
when n-gg-z is kickin that old off the wall sh-t,
let em know from jump: "dead it", you're not ignorant
knowledge wisdom understanding is the key to wealth
put some clothes on that -ss if you respect yourself

chorus:
with those hooker type wears hon you're playin yaself
with those skin tight jeans baby you're playin yaself
everything all exposed you're playin yaself
you're playin yaself, you're playin yaself

everything all exposed you're playin yaself
with those skin tight jeans baby you're playin yaself
with those hooker type wears hon you're playin yaself
you're playin yaself, you're playin yaself

verse three:
now, i don't bust a tec,
bubble drugs in the projects, or use mics to sell s-x
n-gg-z, nowadays is all about this
so much ying yang, it's ridiculous
if you got so much cheese, where are the black distributors
and these record companies shake em down like mobsters
but imposters, like commercial locks are not rastas
always fakin moves, never makin moves
-sses shake, bottles pop, the government is breakin down you fools
you work all week and give the devil back his loot for jewels
and the steak on your plate is filled with chemicals
still, brothers leave brothers all battered and bruised
on the streets won't see snakes on my feet
the race is on, but i won't compete
in this compet-tion, because i have a greater mission
i hope that you listen
knowledge wisdom and understanding brings long life and health
think anything else and ya playin yaself

chorus:
so all that big willie talk, hop, you’re playin yaself
and all those skin tight jeans, hon, you’re playin yaself
and all that rah rah rah, you’re playin yaself
you’re playin yaself, you’re playin yaself

and all those hooker type wears baby you’re playin yaself
and all that big gun talk money you’re playin yaself
everything all exposed you’re playin yaself
you’re playin yaself, you’re playin yaself

-posdnous: “i don’t play”-

JERU THE DAMAJA – INVASION LYRICS

police all on my d-ck like i shot somebody
'cause of these big -ss lips and i rock my locks knotty
life is getting hectic, tupac got shot in the nuts
you saw cops was corrupt when rodney king got f-cked up

with friends like these who needs enemies
constantly har-ssing, filling up my nuts like a klansman
sn-tching up a n-gg- for nuttin' i heard bad guys wear black
so i guess i'm the motherf-cking villain

under pressure, they got me under pressure
what's your name, your address and phone number?
your occupation come down to the station
there's been a robbery, they claim a n-gg- fit the description

it can't be so i slides out on 'em
in ninety-five you gotta catch a n-gg-, if you want him
one to three and five to ten
bullies in blue suits, son, with automatic weapons
i'm stressed, ready to blow up somethin'
the beast keep frontin', invasion

in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion

i was forced into a life of crime
career criminal, now my career is crime
my mind is in a f-cked up state
a brainwashed state is the black man's fate, in the ground
or locked down upstate

when i was young i used to shoot for the stars
but got shot down by demons in patrol cars
stars good cop, bad cop, stick up the crack spot
the ave won't get hot till one of their crew gets shot
ask, larry davis how much they took

cops and crooks but who's the crooks?
take a n-gg- to jail, make bail, guilty or innocent
the system gets ten percent, frontin' like you're doin' somethin'
but you ain't sayin' nothin', invasion

in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion, in-in-invasionn
in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion

come up in my cipher best believe i'ma dip on that -ss
beast-boy, i'm professional heart of the ghetto raised
in the ways of thugs, dodgin' slugs, takin' slugs

driving stolen automobiles, skills fantastical
living life on the edge it's dramatic, mad drama
i'm a fanatic, adrenalin addict
getaway car, stick shift or automatic

where's my crew at? you got your crew scopin'
for a n-gg- up and down the ave, it makes me laugh
eat my nuts, eat my dust
i won't spend the night locked up or in handcuffs

'cuz in the concrete jungle, i got the right stuff
smooth operator, pilot and navigator
break out from oppression
my mission to escape, the invasion

in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion, in-in-invasionn
in-in-invasion, in-in-invasion

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JERU THE DAMAJA – GREAT SOLAR STANCE LYRICS

what n-gg-s deal, they last 24 i did in the first

before the doctor cleaned off the afterbirth

i kicked a verse, smoked a blunt, shooked the earth

smacked the physician, and f-cked the nurse
the truth hurts, like a sword in the hand of this expert

cuttin through your soul, like your best friend did your dirt

mental like physical blows destroy ego's

your style is babylonian, like d-cks in -ssholes

the drama unfolds, don't mean nothing up my nose
i can't stand snow, it only blows like nitro

blistering, my flows i'm splittin, so i hope you listening

super shoutout to all my n-gg-s in prison
shout to the pyramids, the cypher and scription
science fact not fiction, i cut with precision

speak multiplication, subration, addition

division, great solar stance burns compition

"this-this-this-this is the showdown"

i put you in the chicken wing like bob backlund,
jack ya team captain
bring drama like summer night, ghetto action

some honies got it twisted, fat -sses i mash 'em

cops like jewels, back in the days i sn-tch 'em
you catch a tantrem, date how the raws rockin the drum

float like the white lotus, kill like whitey in vietnam
you should peel arm, gorilla tactics like viacom

set sh-t on fire like a bomb, up in smoke like cheech & chong

true blacks too strong can't let nothin stand in my way
sh-t will get thick like juice 60 in friday

in brooklyn, kill mc's like captain hook your children

to rappers i'm a villain, fill esteem wan't my secret like samson
picture so hard, i stunt your grandson son

teleport from coast to coast like sp-ceghost

like soy b-tter on my breakfast toast

and when it comes to makin it nasty, i flips it the most

"this-this-this-this-this is the showdown"

"this-this-this-this-this is the showdown"

setting it off like pistols in the projects

the climax hold ya six like nasty hot wet s-x

but string tech i catch wreck, ejucalate when i inject

not a player hatter, regulator, trick n-gg-s get checked

when i resurrect hip hop, you know the bullsh-t stop
like you got the oo-wop, the pops and what nots

fruity like ed koch, ya straight boo-tops, i'm top notch
super funky like a derelict prost-tute prop

ya hear gun shots, the coroner shows up to take flicks

sh-t is feet, but no feet sh-t like chicks with d-cks

ya throat flip too quick, to blaze magnetic

paramedics roll up on the scene,

it's tragic, don't deal with magic

johnson, renegade like charles bronson

packing a force like 18 bronzemen

grand larson, excelent marksmen arson

fire, water, earth, metal, wind

JERU THE DAMAJA – VERBAL BATTLE LYRICS

f/ miz marvel

intro: jeru the damaja

in the time when hip hop was strong

the supahuman klik ruled the land

bringin that futuristic hip hop, presently in time

the first lieutenant in arms of the supahuman klik

was the all mighty, all powerful, miz marvel

i think she can describe it how she does better

{miz marvel

thought i disappeared now that the smoke has cleared

i come from times with inabitions, face to face with fears

while shootin stars wishing that i can shift my gears

so i raise my gl-ss eye, i drink to that, say cheers
and let the fire water wash away the tears, burn like salt

on open wounds, thoughts consume all consetions

give birth to these rhymes like an oral c-section

uhh, positive connection throughout the galaxy

time to switch to reality, make proper arrangements

for the souls of fatalities

it's the same for n-gg-s that stuck with that slave mentality

or these wack -ss rappers, they got no originality

but my mentality, helps me travel around the galaxy

time gets shorter, i'm on the water, run insanity

it seems like everyone was after me

three's a nasty girl like vanity

make n-gg-s wild, i smoke la, anything to keep my sanity

ain't got no friends, everyone with me is family

if they standing next to me, nothing's what it seems to be

sending energy, when i rhyme, but no time for idol questions
if freestyling is my bible, when i fall in hip hop sessions

of the tribal blessings, lessons to be learned

respect had to be earned and not given

on the fourth of them but not amongst the men that living
guy collides, when selfish minds can't asked to be forgiven

ain't no turning back the hands of time,

when past spirits have risen

{scratching

black, black, black

verbal, power, verbal, power

{miz marvel

power of the moon and the force of a sonic boom

help me heel like battle wounds, to that sh-t i'm immune
we come thru like the first platoon, into smoke filled rooms

into it seems like magic mushrooms, from the womb to the tomb

i got a meetin in the ladies room, i be back real soon

o-o-oh o-o-o-oh

to strike the deathblow, continue with a never ending flow
and all pro, precise position, like a crossbow

friend or foe, gas heads go from c.e.o. to skid row
see the toxic green flow, it's poison waters overflow

paint a mental picture, lyrical michaelangelo

words pierced with the sting of a scorpio
beats mad bong, to collapse the walls of jericho

overflow and explore, i hope you got your blunts rolled

’cause this is the same, no matter which zip code

my minds pro, b-tches is robbed,

suckin the diamonds out your ear lobe
i keep it tracked like a barcode of illuminati

and fight these devils back with the code of hammurabi

{more scratching

{miz marvel

i strike with magnum force, send you on a collision course

with no remorse, i tap the source and knock you off ya high horse

while beats and rhymes have intercourse to reproduce their first born
never sworn not to make the same mistakes as there parents

written on there face, time worn sharpen then a poison desert storm

step on first month capricorn, quiet storm
jeans and boots my everyday uniform

elegants ruffness and inocence, if ever given a form

h-ll have a fury like a women’s scorn

my n-gg-s strife to perform, i struggle to break the norm

give me any platform and i perform lyrical quiet storms
i make it hot, you keep it luke warm

from hotels to college dorms, keep these n-gg-s souls torned

{more scratching

lot of other people, other groups aware of these consciousness

virtually impossible to defend against (repeated over and over)

JERU THE DAMAJA – BITCHEZ WIT DIKZ LYRICS

[intro: jeru the damaja]
yes yes
check it out right here now, know what i mean?
henryville, the m-th-f-ckin b-tchez wit dikz
that's in the midst
of the real brothers whose the true wonders
knowhatimsayin? talkin all that sh-t about this and this and that
but fakin sh-t, i'mma drop it like this

[verse 1: jeru]
bad b-tches and techs, and sound affects
talk but skate like tara lipinski, when sh-t get hec-tic
out in brooklyn, too late you's a vick
and if spend major dough on a hoe, you a b-tch -ss trick
pimps and players, no i'm not a hater
cuz i smashed it off, she bust me down i ain't pay her
shoutin youse a regulator
soft like c3po, but pop sh-t like darth vader
for princess leia, with flesh hard like sh-ggy
your booty, when sh-t get raw you doo like scooby
i'm sn-tching chains, mics and those platinum groupies
and let it be known, i eat ya'll p-ssies like a p-rno movie
dutches, chins, and hips get twist
drop that b-tch with a d-ck, and get a n-gga like this

[hook: jeru & miz marvel]
you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)
turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)
when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)
-b-tch!-
you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)
when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)
turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)
-b-tch!-

[verse 2: lil dap]
you n-ggas are like east new york waste, spit in your face
open your mouth, swallow the taste, listen to the pace
it's like showin the love, the same thing as pullin the club
spit it out, ya hoes know what this sh-t is about

b-tchez wit d-cks, and make a n-gga mad as sh-t
cough the cough, when singing thru the streets of new york
holdin it down, but wavin my banner all around
cuz these whole motherf-ckers, wanna round are town
thinkin they down, but dont know bk grounds
-b-tch!-

[hook: jeru & miz marvel]
you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)
turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)
when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)
-b-tch!-
you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)
when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)
turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)
-b-tch!-

[verse 3: miz marvel]
the next contestant left to be a secret lethal weapon
against half steppin, n-ggas is fake
i scope them first impression
take the mics possession, with the greatest discretion
and quick wit, fully equipped, mental lie detection
ya eyes cross like an intersection
you forget to count your blessings, all in the mix
sold your soul for it's weight in gold bricks
b-tchez wit dikz, with chips like chicks
only talk with snares and t-ts
in the time of revolution, be the first to submit
try to be god, but there mental seem unfit
speakin mathematics, but quick to kiss a crucifix
won't admit that their style is rip and counterfeited
contradict, sell their men to bang their fit, a moving target
thrown into the bottomless pit, b-tchez wit dikz

[hook: jeru & miz marvel]
you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)
turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)
when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)
-b-tch!-
you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)
think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)
turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)
-b-tch!-

JERU THE DAMAJA – SEINFELD LYRICS

ham hops, crack rocks, ooo-wops, cell blocks

biscuits, gravy, smothered pork chops

big diamond bracelets, mad lootin drug spots
high speed chases, robbiries, crooked cops

b-tches with fat -sses, no brain and drop top
guess who's pregnant, so and so got shot

benzes, blue and green contact lenses

ya money, ya car and how live you and your mens is
knowin who your friends is, millionaire dollar shoppin benjeses

ya money how much them timbs is

in my roll, f-ckin sh-t raw, gettin driz-niz

me and ya dip, in the cut, blazin a bliz, she suckin my diz-nick

cope p'los and heron bricks
so many girls in this world, which one should i pick?

sh-t is gettin thick, you better move quick

rappers is mad gangsters, applying pressure like the heimlich

dime chicks, that i love to stick lick

murderers, thieves, hustlers, pimps and tricks

chorus 6x

lalalalalalalalalala

rolex, fat checks, while s-x in tecks

bad ho's, corresing my chest, sippin the beck's

burning l's in your projects, what's next

it's the first of the month, go get those welfare checks
crazy connects, pushing a lex, suckin on br–sts

sleep all day, all night, f-ck and duck the tech

dibs, the one’s that quickest to draws, the one that lives

makin moves like a chess wiz, gotta feed my eight kids
my n-gg-s in the ghetto, know what time it is

i need deep and p-ssy pampers, cribs and bibs

day to day, is how a n-gg- lives

nothing’s what a n-gg- is

so he ends up in pri-

zon, i think ya p-ssy so go get ya son
tough -ss rappers, crazy talk no action

got freaky stunts, bring some

makin all queens in my kingdom

eighty n-gg-s can’t get a crumb

dizzy broads with dope bodies, a dime a dozen

bottom line the p-ssy bangin, it’ll make me c-m

chorus 6x

jagaurs, strip bars, ghetto supastar

me and ya p-ssy out on the road, whippin ya car

i’m takin off her bra, she gettin bucked baby pa

look new, but true, f-ck like a pro likes action

no camera, co reck it and leave a scar

n-gg-s is fake and rough, but sleep like spar

to cuss, bust, dutch us and bringin the ruckus
money makin brothers wanna fight and fuss

cruisin out my flesh light, plus make playas look ridiculous
trying hard, but can’t stop the b-mrush

sun trust, all the temples i crush, ya must back up
spontaneous combustion

forty five freaks inside my dungeon

when i get paid i want it in alumson

lick a shot and cause pandemonium

crazy n-gg-s in jail or the insane asylum
brooklyn brooklyn is where i’m from

three minutes and some change and i still ain’t say none

chorus 6x

JERU THE DAMAJA – RENAGADE SLAVE LYRICS

too escape the devil's jaws & prepare for the final wars
so when we strike, it's multiple wounds like boss mind thoughts
to breakin these laws, i'm thinkin because i tap jaws
burn down broncos and teach ya wh-r-s to fight for the cause
the beast roars, i don't drink, i'm takin heads like the moors
i keep it, jungle naughty, ya put a razor to yours
that's crazy fake like house n-gg-s rockin bikini drawers
in a pituat force, puttin bombs at devil's doors
black diamond, the numerous flaws, blood pours
doin it, feel n-gg- style, for dreams that died on prison floors
liberate, carnivores that dine on walls
and i be fighting even after i reach african sh-r-s

the renegade slave

weaks lions, surrender their crowns, avoid the battle ground
i storm the plantation, take masa head and burn his house down
home bound, pitch black, don't make a sound
renegade slave flippin, fire a rip thru your town
satin heart pound, whose to smile, now we frown
how slaves run around like clowns holding whitey down
no more whippin and riggin, i'm shootin plansmen, hit the ground
so much blood on the seed, no's left, face down drown
listen, close, cuz the meaning is profound
the beats is on my hills, i boogie like james brown
keep a low pro, communicate underground
cuz no devil alive can scan my sound

the renegade slave

smarter then frederick douglas, and wilder then ike turner
my will to be free, in your eyes makes me a murderer
creepin late night like a burglar, study his literature
when the kings rise again, bells of bob knows the procedure
uncle tom, shot on the spot, we don't need ya
i know who i am, a warrior like kunta
but not running away, runnin demons into the caves
beware, beware, beware, the renegade slave
hittin 'em from every angle, devil's we strangle
and intangle in the web, when we rise again
the renegade slave's are comin

[outro]

that’s right, you know me
don’t act like you don’t, you see me
you know where i’m at, you see when i’m comin
but you really don’t know, you think you do
you never will, but i’m always here
and i will rise again, you can’t hold me down
you can’t do it, i won’t allow it to happen
my will is too strong, i can’t be broken
it’s the renegade slave
it’s the renegade slave
it’s the renegade slave

JERU THE DAMAJA – PRESHA LYRICS

intro:

this goes out to all my young brothers and sisters
hold ya head, things ain't always what they seem

i'm about to give you a dose of reality
real deal

{jeru the damaja

nowaways, records are played and superstars are made

still mothers in the ghetto, rent don't get payed
as a result, bullets are sprayed and their sons are laid

it's no myth, in ghetto life, if you don't fight you fade

surviving in the streets, not a task for ordinary men

growing up in the hood, young black and supahuman

caught up in the game of blocks and cops run your block

intercourse with witches and hunted by warlocks
for props, boos-hoot pop, another brother drops

he barely knew his pops,

now his little seed will barely know his pops
tunnel vision like a cyclops

i give you x-ray vision with these supahuman eyedrops

my n-gg-s in the ghetto, give it everything you got

'cause until we reach the top, can't stop and won't stop

chorus 2x:

can you feel?
the presha, the the the presha

hand over

the presha, the the the presha

{jeru the damaja

journalists write articles ’cause they can’t write rhymes

ever since i was a youth i dealt in crime

now i’m trying to reach the youth, to preserve what’s left

there’s a fork in the road, choose life or death

there’s too much stress, too many bullets for your vest

temptress, suck ya best, exotic strains of syphillis

the rest, rest in the earth, only the best progress

it’s you who think i see commercial success
warning, this sh-t is real, this is not a test

and what i express worth more than a lexus

serve it like baby food, still hard to digest

long -ss n-gg-s is mental slaves, i gotta protest

chorus 2x

{jeru the damaja

baby in the crib, and dad got no loot for food

so he do what he got to do
keep it real, i don’t playa hate ya

god my divine nature,

sent at this time to stabilize the structure
we should all live like wise kings,

now sing praise to the gutter

the blazed double x, concelead like a box cutter
brothers should be teaching, not murdering one another

word, to the mother land, kill the other man

lord of the concrete jungle, and tarzan was a black man

swingin on vines vibin, been balancin the eco system

and since there’s no more n-gg-s in the ghetto, here i am

chorus 4x

(you got to deal with-instead of hand over)

meanwhile, back at supahuman klik headquarters…

JERU THE DAMAJA – ANOTHA VICTIM LYRICS

f/ miz marvel

{miz marvel
it's the sinister sister, leave mics so hot make hands blister

try to catch me but all you heard was "d-mn you just missed her"

daily means and whereabouts, more secret than a whisper

cut sharper than a scissor, lookin for the love elixir

like most listeners, let them know it's all in they reach

spittin my verbal attack with the impeccable speech

how bout n-gg-s, gotta keep your dog on a short leesh

got 'head speak, if not they try to play us like suckas

the most commitment, wanted non commitment givin mothaf-ckas

but one look in his eyes and i can tell they whole story

not sayin that all men fall in this category

lookin for a friend or wife for late nate creep if he's h-rny

if he's sincere, got g, or pick up lines that corny

tryin to say that he adore me, when he don't even know me

that type of weak game will leave a n-gg-, poor broke & lonely

willin to go and stick anything that let's em stick 'em

'cause thru all that bullsh-t, he's lookin for anotha victim

chorus 2x: jeru the damaja

brrr, stick 'em, hahaha stick 'em

brrr, brrr, stick 'em, hahaha, stick 'em
brrr, stick 'em, hahaha stick 'em

hahahahahaha

{miz marvel

perfect example, it was like monday the 10th
late afternoon, just on my king and it was time well spent

in any event, this n-gg-s eyein me, it's evident

try hard to cement, to ignore his twisted compliments

he seem h-ll bent for my time, a hundred percent
asked to come to sit at my table, if i was the age of contended

and no why he would put himself thru such torment

and despite the corny line, you could see the extent

that he would go, said he'd pay my rent, dress me and give me dough

follow by cants and comments bout my bodies measurements
i said "i don't drink moet, take loot to get bent

or use n-gg-s to pay rent, i'm independent"

his response that "you heaven sent

but i haven't met a chick that ain't have a price yet"
i said "well, i must be a different type of female

while b-tches waitin to exhale, i plot schemes to black male

talkin bout, you wash your car, who you knew and your wealth"

a new expirement, thinkin this n-gg-s playin himself

with just his arogance, not to exclude his rude att-tude

how he pursued, relentless references to seein me nude

the wrong move, this jiggy n-gg- really thinks he's smooth

like he got somethin to prove, and i got nothin to lose
i know his style, never ran into a femme fatale

like you hearin right now, comin thru ya ear c-n-l
i smile politely, so as not to blow my cover

carryin on conversation, knowin that i'm on some other sh-t

should have stopped when he had the chance to quit
talkin about his income, and how bout he wanna get some

next time we meet, he’ll just be the next victim

chorus

{miz marvel

like my girl nina, bangin body and she was cute
but she’d only f-ck with n-gg-s if they had mad loot

plenty ice, nice ride, but she’d always have to drive
trying to compesate the sh-t, that as a youth she was deprived

she survived, only to end up to being 85

talkin bout i played that n-gg-, keep it real baby…

JERU THE DAMAJA – BILLIE JEAN (SAFE SEX) LYRICS

yo, yo, yo
imma bout to tell you about the time i ran ‘nto billy jean
shorty that michael jackson sung about on his joint
yo, she was a crazy freak, but she used to be buggin out ‘n all that
you know what i mean? im about to drop it on you
and this story is a hundred percent true, word to bill clintons mother
s-xy and brown i met her downtown
i said hey lady your (wicked, lickin’)body drives the average n-gg- crazy
im jeru, love, she said her name was billy
i continued your(minds exact)girl you could have my baby
she could have played me but smiled and replied
“behave g, i like your style now hey so maybe you can
get to know me and this mac mac son is physical attraction,
i know you have a woman
my mans michael jackson” i think shes asking
she could tell by my reaction, a few seconds past
we both bust out laughing, not saying, im all that
or a p-i-m-p, still that magnetic

JERU THE DAMAJA – BLAK LUV LYRICS

(laughter)
-scratching-
-down the world is…-
{jeru the damaja
this is to my brothers and sisters in the ghetto
avoid jail legend, fingerprints on full metal
jackets like design, so that you can't hack it
but you musn't get caught up in these devilish tactics
never let the man pull ya string like geppetto
the game's the same, boricua or moreno
don't watch ya step and you be like, mi amigo
forenzics made the maps, so now he's on death row
yo what's the steelo, real brothers do it on the d-low
knowing's have the battle, so now you know
to be on point, 'cause anybody can be a casualty
some brothers lost there life, f–kin with o.p.p.
um robbery and p.c.p.
from the cradle to the state penitentary
he'll be in the middle of next century
ask me, is it crying sakne
you got to watch how you flow and you will grow
if not you get tripped up in the ghetto
chorus 2x
this is for the youth blak luv
this is for the ghetto, blak luv, blak luv
{jeru the damaja
this is to my brothers and sisters in the ghetto
sellin yae yo, playin c-lo, duckin po-po
some brothers got murdered over a kilo
5-0 ask questions, but n-body know
what's the m.o., another brother trying to get dough
be careful how you live, 'cause that's how you go
wild like rambo, get shot down by the commando
call your co-defendent sing like d'angelo
no problemo, but upstate you sing soprano
police sadimize, a man at the 7-0

be careful where you go yo, and just in case you ain't know
i flow, to liberate the ghetto
chorus 4x
{jeru the damaja
this is to my brothers and sisters in the ghetto

trying to be like pablo, deniro, al pacino
you be all right until you run up on columbo
get caught red handed, so you got to go
you lose the crib, the car, the women and the dough
this can't be happenin so you like "oh no"
so avoid this fate, and absorb the conscious flow
this is not a demo, strictly for the ghetto
not the limo, work for the pimp, hustler and the ho
and i'm gonna let you know
whether you as black as jack or brown as nino
from the ghetto
blak luv, is what we need to flow
chorus 4x
outro:
peace
(laughter)
ugh!
ugh! ugh!
ugh!
ugh! ugh!
ugh!
ugh! ugh!
(laughter)
ugh!
ugh! ugh!
ugh!
(laughter)
fade…

JERU THE DAMAJA – WHAT A DAY LYRICS

one day about six ‘o clock i’m woke up
by the sound of my buzzer and a car or a truck
screechin’ off so i jump up scratch my nuts
but when i’m like “who’s that?” n-body speaks up
so i go to the door there’s a note it says:
“we have hip hop hostage with guns to his throat
do the right thing and we might let him go
but if you call the police that’s all she wrote
you know what the motive is it’s all about dough
and in case ya think we bullsh-ttin’ here’s the photo.”
i couldn’t recognize the clows because they was all hooded down
but i peeped foxy brown sippin’ cristal in the background
with fake alligator boots on
and smack dab in the middle was hip-hop with a versace suit on
i immediately called primo
i said “hip-hop is in trouble, meet me at my rest on the double
don’t even jump in the shower, matta’fact scratch my rest
meet me and d & d in an half an hour
and bring all ya sh-t wit’ you ’cause you know what we got to do.”
yo afu! (wh-ssup?) lets jet-son like elroy
if i recall correctly i last saw hip-hop down at bad boy
we’ll see if puff knows wh-ssup
’cause he’s the one gettin’ him drunk and f-ckin’ his mind up
we go to the office, he’s nowhere to be found
so we sn-tch up jay black and beat his b-tch -ss down
“now where’s hip-hop?!” “aaight, aaight…” he confessed:
“suge came and took him from puff last night,
he said he’d give him up if a real n-gg- came to retrieve ’em…”
so we went to l.a. later that evenin’
when we got there, everything was aaight
and we brought hip-hop back home that night.
one day…

JERU THE DAMAJA – MIZ MARVEL LYRICS

000 intro/chorus
001 come on, come on
002 come on, come on
003 come on, come on
004 come on, all the way
005
006 {miz marvel}
007 the first verse, perfect design conquest your desert thirst
008 highly blessed, can't recept the evil luers curse
009 from the mansion to the slums, where the evil luers lurk
010 my life's work, want it so bad it hurts
011 i see three of a side, like nipples thru at church
012 mic experts, manipulate out thru the universe
013 b-tches wit d-cks, reveal how n-gg-s livin in skirts
014 perverts, i put to death and throw to h-ll head first
015 my word is plated gold, isin't equal the work
016 mental birth can show signs of movin heaven and earth
017 never deal or take car, wear your heart in your dirt
018 rhymes baptised in fire and never been burnt
019
020 chorus
021
022 {miz marvel}
023 as i flex, on the set we ghetto intellect
024 my minds def, twice that of an all time vet
025 quietest cat, rock around with no concept
026 hit the l start choking and sleep with one eye open
027 you can try me, until i can get under your skin like poison ivy
028 words invincible, hit it strictly for the pledgin princ-p-l
029 continual, pen is like my sword i feel the armor

030 hypnotic melodies, never gympsy steak charmer
031 hearts is eye, blaze a stronger than a marijuana

033 my persona, change your heart to ghetto primadonnas
034 with maddic overdose like that guy from nirvana
035 time was cut short, like a fair weather friend
036 but if they gone, then i don't need them
037 can i get an amen
038
039 chorus 2x
040
041 {miz marvel}

042 cast a spell, on all non believing inphadeles
043 heroz4hire, exclusive list the clientele
044 make your head swell, legal spinning like a carosel
045 sweet as caramel, transform into miz marvel
046 queen lady of the supahaman klik cartel
047 if i need a bonecrusher, call up on the sun toucher
048 in camouflage, gone just like a desert mirage
049 try to escape the fate, safe in proper sabotage
050 lyrical m-ssage, sounded like comitcally shape
051 my verbal swordplay, bounces off the walls like richochets
052 compete, with the style that you know your couldn't beat
053 and i call you n-gg-s p-ssy, 'cause you are what you eat
054 complete the cypher, comunicate thru words unspoken
055 my mission ain't complete, let the circle be unbroken
056
057 chorus 2x

JERU THE DAMAJA – 99.9 PA CENT LYRICS

you wanna front what??jump up and get bucked

the original, dirty rotten's f-ckin sh-t up
empty your clip of lyrics, in your chest and gut

all punks play the floor, it's raw and hardcore

hotter than a meteor, scorching ego's

fake ho, gangsters and super heroes

cops pull me over like you under arrest

some n-gg-s i know act like b-tches without breast

d-ck riders, i hope you got your latex

'cause flesh gets burnt up during the pro s-x

the arrest echoes through your project
met billie jean, had safe s-x
some mc's get caught up in the vortex

mixing crack with s-x, so they sold for fat checks

listen to the words i manifest, the moment of truth have cats stressed

everytime you in the east, they sn-tch the chain off your chest

actin like you want some, but wan't none

quick to make your finger like a gun, but f-ggots

never bust none

chorus: repeat 4x

99.9 pa cent of these n-gg-s ain't sh-t

and most of these n-gg-s suck d-ck

>

amateuristic martial arts is the number one cause of injury
biters try to imuliate my outcomy, you poisoned by the chemistry
99.9 pa cent of these n-gg-s suck d-ck in the industry

swords in my back, all for the benjies

i’m screamin off key, another body?no i’m back in 3d

plus i can take the weight, i make the earth rotate

d-ck riders suply the gas, watch n-gg-s head inflate

wantin respect, bust suspect hit the deck

this ain’t just talk, brooklyn east new york is on the set

friendship vs. b.i. i keep my thoughts,

laser sharp jagged edges bust your third eye
vessel of the most high, bullsh-t, they demand you supply

but don’t get caught the same n-gg-‘ll testify

switch like a b-tch, you not from east new york
youse a motherf-ckin snitch

chorus

>

hip-hop, jim kelly, leave the mic dead and smelly

freak show, flows and hoes back at the telly

not your average n-gg-, gets more nasty than dirk diggler

i’m back like the night, swoopin down on the riddler

fake thugs talk tough, but he’s off the trigger
so shook ya shiver, poison verbs like alcohol destroy ya liver

cannibals bitin my d-ck, i need a tetnus shot
make ya volcanic hot, n-gg-s got problems like sir smoke-a-lot

i’m the original, in cause your forgot, when it comes to war

i get raw, add another mic to the one’s i rip

shootin the gift, when the east is in the house
you should come equipped

chorus

>

word up, peace i’m out

the original dirty rotten scoundrel

DIVINE DESIGN
JERU THE DAMAJA

JERU THE DAMAJA – LOGICAL LYRICS

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]
i shine the father's light to liberate poor blacks
some people lying to themselves, i deal in actual facts
press too hard and you will get smacked, this is more than just talk
i procede to produce beats, knock your tooth loose
seeing is believing, dog, here's the proof
i chef this up in the lab and a makeshift sample
back up against the wall, and still fighting
when i thought it was no rhymes left to write, i kept writing
saw my brothers in south africa, they were inspiring
and if at first you don't succede, then keep trying
world tours, keep me counting my blessings
snakes in my circ-mference, help me learn from life lessons
had to -n-lyze the wire, just his greatest question
and even when you think a brother's down, i'm steadily pressing
keep banging out those studio session
and when they think they know my next move, i keep 'em quessing
it's only logical

-logical- – scratched up

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]
explosive verses blow ya mind like a terrorist
bust a verbal shot in the crowd, the pro activist
used to smoke that ganja but it left me listless
this is off the subject, but rhyme too hard, you just might break ya neck
don't know what's popping, dog, i'm still in effect
and the moves that i make, help me finance my own project
the road gets rough but i'm still climbing
and, even on the cloudiest days, i'm still shining
like coal one day he can become a precious diamond
the pressures of the world, refine the souls of some men
others let they being, become filled with hate
and they take it to the grave of the pen, my ball point right
trying to decipher the lies from the truth
everybody claim they got the proof
everybody claim they got the juice
everybody know the formula, but if you follow
will you win or lose? it's only logical

-logical- – scratched up

[verse 3: jeru the damaja]

the jewels i drop hit like dope in ya fiends
although it's dope, it's not the dope you smoke like crack cocaine
still my product can drive you insane
and on that same note, i flip the mic like drugs
the game's like fiends that cutthroat
knowledge wisdom understanding is the gun that i tote
when the waters get stormy i'm sure to stay afloat
is this brother for real, the answer is true indeed
i move a mountain with a mustard seed
you do the research, smack a sucka with the truth
because we know the truth hurts
and you can talk all you want, but you judge by ya words
not exploiting no freaks, but i'm constantly pimping
the system, making a k!lling like o.j. simpson
all that gangsta talking rap to me is quite comical
real recognize real, dog, it's only logical

JERU THE DAMAJA – TRUE SKILLZ LYRICS

[intro]

check it out x2
got jeru the damaja in the house
got my man sabor on the beat we're about to represent for the underground
letting you know how we m-ss murder mic some bash up boats
about put it down with true sk!llz
letting y'all clowns what time it is and it goes like this

[verse 1]

into the original, ex-criminal
i used to flippin' -n-log but now i'm strictly digital
2003 movements are pivotal
split backs like atoms apply pressure till m-ss is critcal
cast talkin' smacked i chopped him in two
get it, got it, spit it, hot sh-tted, forget about it
don't bolos, at amateurs and pros, p-ss time, converting holes
put 'em in seizing chokeholds before it
slipped my mind shout out to all my bros
you can encount them i tie-rip
don't know your fingers and toes, mad!!
flow it shows like swiftness in combos
murder mcs by the rules and props we got those, so
days that are we got robbed no through ocho
i was at the day that i f-ck sh-t up then they sink oh!
and the things changed but the weather you can ask arrow
'queur don't vent lightnings pulse him and her, you know my m.o

[hook]

true sk!llz x2

[verse 2]

if i was cold hearted i'd have b-tches on a strip
even though i'm not pimpin' i shoot my game like a pimp
i go to war like scarface i get around like 2 pac
real gangstas don't talk about glocks, they bust shots
i got two things for these reeks that's a truth and a long c-ck
i'm the only rapper that you ever see in your block, i'm god
like old cyrus, the touch of king midas
if i beat shawty i'm beggin' just in case she got the variables

coz you can't trust a big-b-tt and a grin
think you mackin' but if you spent dawg that's trickin'
i never l!ck it even if it's finger l!ckin'
i've got more sold than color green so pokin' grease, fried chicken
you know it's stereo p-wn representin' brooklyn so dope wifey had to throw me in
we have like samuel jackson on the realer realer i'm just kiddin'
but when it's come to doin' my thing you know how i'm livin'

[bridge]

everybody wanna rock the mic but if you really wanna be a mc show your true sk!llz x4

[verse 3]

hypnotic the hip-hop narcotic i keep it organic other mcs're robotic
fouls that add pauses display lack of logic
nutritions flows get life to the mic like amniotic
water cook sh-t up like a short-order, origami chef
i touched the mic and choke it to death
launching everyday it'll weak like hugh hef, ner
black super hero like the black panther
keep my rhymes shunt like states when i chase vampire
flip you through till' you blue in the face like big fat liar
years from now i just be getting higher
if you put it on your blast ain't no gas i set that -ss on fire
from brooklyn to east new york the rocket shows
there is something that i think you should know

[hook]

JERU THE DAMAJA – WAR LYRICS

[speech]
“we hold these truths to be self evident
that all men are created equal
and endowed by their creator
with certain inalienable rights
and when these rights are destroyed over long periods of time
it is your duutyy to destroy, demolish its venom”
(applause)

[verse 1: jeru]
war, my sk!lls is this spelled backwards
i perform for the white kids but do this for the black kids
to get this ill takes practice i’m takin’ over
the industry with ghetto verbal and tactics
hard times build muscle like lactic acid
some entertainers losin’ they minds
makin’ p-rns p-ssin’ on kids
the streets is ill save the theatrics
i still treat a b-tch like a b-tch
while y’all n-ggas is doin’ backflips
i can’t trip i guess it’s part of the game
like ja-rule bitin’ my name
like mj glowin’ up in flames
like chickens suckin’ d-ck for fame
as things change i remain the same
tryin’ to keep sane
while many strugglin’ to maintain
the stress of ghetto livin’ can bust ya brain
it seems the road is paved with less joy than pain
i wanna regress but i refrain
if i don’t i rage war
right here in the streets of new york
some talk the talk, but don’t walk the walk
like muslems at the corner store sellin’ pork
my little brother still outlined in chalk
they went from forties to the champagne court
videos and true lies makin’ all the birds squalk
little girls b-tt naked so the president’s stalk
my man say he was god holdin’ the devil’s pitchfork
that’s why i’m throwin’ rhymes like geronimo’s tomahawk

[verse 2: jeru]
war, many shout it but don’t wanna see it

i stay low and lay b00bytraps like the cong in viet..nam
loud talkin' and stares can't do me harm
know some n-ggas wanna stop it i'm still droppin' the bomb
sh-t is death like tennessaucee ring the alarm (ring the alarm)
it's still a mystery to you like the 82nd psalm
some fight 'til the end some sell out like uncle tom
so much contempt others that's flow with they jelly like napalm
war, is more than hand to hand and firearms
it's only won when the mind is calm
so i study sun-tzu and stopped smokin' chron'
in my left hand riches, long life in my right palm

[fragment of a movie]

JERU THE DAMAJA – RASTA POWERS LYRICS

[verse 1]
knowledge i drop it
try hard you can't stop it
"who you is?"
rasta powers
i run with the prophet
super solar strength plus high intelligence
i dedicate my life to hunting down ignorance
i'll never call him mister
kidnapped his b-tch sisters
seduction and l-st
force fed 'em jewels now they roll with us
ashes to ashes and dust to dust
i won't stop until this devil evil empire is crushed
rich men i annihilate 'em
and escape with no abrasions
i did not kneel but could not steel to temptation
so now i'm hated by the family
took the head of his brother pain and toruted his cousin agony
k!lled his wife spite and burnt up his baby
their demise was a thrill
each k!ll got more fun to me
i know tha prophet thinks i'm going crazy
live by it die by it
can't a d-mn thing stop me
i'm rasta powers
[chorus]
can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman
can't a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman
[verse 2]
i k!ll the lowman on the totem pole up to the high commander
i fight for truth and right
and could care less about a bystander
old ladies and babies get hit in cross fire
like when i gunned down desire
and [?] the empire
she said she heard i was a gun for hire
i didn't know her
so i checked her for weapons and wires
something's wrong

still i let her go on
she said she wanted someone gone
ignorance and he’s down at hoyt and schermerh-rn
in tha building by tha train station
my 7th sense went buckwild when i heard the location
she hasn’t noticed i had come to the realization
it was a setup
so i pulled out my joint and shot the b-tch up
i’m rasta powers
[chorus]
can’t a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman
can’t a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman
[verse 3]
ignorance is cunnin’
but i’m constantly gunnin’
wielding my blades into a fate
and cuttin’ down his evil minions
-ss-ssinate the captains of his legions
i was once overwhelmed despair and depression
they thought they had a n-gga
said i’d die by decapitation
let off sonic, electromagnetic, radiation, vibration, smokescreen
no more rasta powers
breakout regroup their dead in 24 hours
their demise was a thrill to me
every shot every k!ll became more fun to me
i know tha prophet thinks i’m going crazy
live by it die by it
can’t a d-mn thing stop me
i’m rasta powers
[chorus]
can’t a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman
can’t a d-mn thing stop me
ya white superman

JERU THE DAMAJA – QUEENS LYRICS

[verse 1 – jeru the damaja]
shinin' star but not a movie actress
mind refined, skintone many shades of blackness
and every man wanna have this, because she's the baddest
and her booty it got the fatness
many come with excess bagage from broken homes
to heal her dome i wrote these poems
and most love to talk on the phone
the real ones they either love you or they leave you alone
act childish even though they fullgrown
some jump badge you gotta be like: shorty watch ya tone
causin' commotion cause the species deal with emotion
no matter how dope they are they put you through the motion
some move real fast and others in slow motion
the ones that's upset they have they granny fix some love potion
some love flowers most smell like baby lotion
some so ill they have a player talkin' love and devotion
the ones that been done wrong watch how you approach 'em
and save those phoney lines they can tell if you genuine
no matter how un-coachable i can coach you
i need to form my team…my black queen

[hook – jeru][2x]
"the-the-the-the queens" (3x)
not "the b-tches"

[verse 2 – jeru the damaja]
mother of mankind body a shrine black sunshine
god's most exquisit design wish they all were mine
the way she walk get me caught up everytime
d-mn honey mad fine on some sade sh-t is it a crime
the way she shake doubletape makes you break ya neck
women little or nothing talkin' about she want respect
you gettin' weak she eat you up and gingerly step
but if it's tight then you just might get her in check
but come correct and don't have the wrong one have ya baby
ask her how many n-ggas she want she'll probably say three
some love to love you some love to spend money
i'm crazy tight with my loot but she can get all my honey
my man doin' life behind ears and that ain't funny
and the sky is the limit if they find themselves a dummy
most like exquisit gear but they crib look mad bummy
believe in t.v. with no concept of reality..my black queen

[hook][2x]

[verse 3 – jeru the damaja]
ancient universal symbol of fertility, black soil
wicked royal and loyal her skin mask moves from baby oil
she makes my temper boil i'm bound of her duty
whether she got a real fat, or real flat booty
due love the now man woman and child she makes me smile
all those show her conference try to copy her style
mothers watch my sisters and nieces
as i grow older my respect for her increases
if she a ho i scoop up and teach her like jesus
my excistance without her is meaningless
my goal is more than to get her undressed
i mentally caress this godess, pittoresque the nubian princess
see i once called her a b-tch but she is a empress
and i can't live without her this i must confess
and thought sometimes she fills my life with stress
nevertheless i love her to death…my black queen

[hook][2x]

JERU THE DAMAJA – WHATYAGONNADO LYRICS

[verse 1]
3 in the morning, you hop on the train
3 brooklyn fiends is scheming on your chain
mad blunts and l!cks to the head, you red[?]
better sober up quick or you might get dead
there's no one around so ain't no reason to scream out
here's your chance to be a gangsta n-gga, back that thing out
the next move you make will decide your fate
will it be die on the train or live life behind the gate
you framing[?] minor[?] [??], you contemplate prison rape
your heart skip a beat and you select upstate
it's on, you get a lump in your throat, n-ggas weapons are drawn
you so shook, you shoot straight through your coat
2 down, 1 boogie[?] but before you gone
the train stops and one of new york city's finest jumps on

[hook]
"whatchu gonna do.." [sound of da police, shoots]

[verse 2]
2:30 in the morning on a friday night
it's one of those types of nights that everything's goin right
in a club, fishing for b-tches, anything tryin to bite
then the one that you want gets caught in your sight
face – picture perfect, big t-tties and fat -ss
she's asked if she wanna drink and she kindly p-ss
her response let you know she's not the average stunt
she asks "do you got a dutch", you say "yeah", she roll a blunt
weed[?] and conversation good, you fill the evening with laughter
then shorty like: "yo, whatchu doing after"
she continues what she's doing is outta character
but, she live's alone and she wants you to smash her
you bug, you can't believe that she tryin to f-ck
you like: "let's bounce", then you think "lady luck"
you exit the club, hop up in your truck
but when you get to brooklyn east new york, you get stuck up

[hook]
"whatchu gonna do.." [sound of da stick up]

[verse 3]
1 a.m. – you in the studio, dropping verses about how you flip kilos
get paper commit murder and pimp on hoes

crazy ice around your neck with the thugged out flows
but it sounds like game to the street wise pro's
cause you be blabbing the [??] that you don't even know
straight pillow talking, i hope you walk the walk
and be doing all the sh-t that's blasting out of shortie's walkman
the last verse is laid, your men is like [??] dope fiend
all of a sudden the sound [???] wide open
3 n-ggas come in, screaming "where the cash"
and you know the sh-t is real cause they ain't rocking masks
they rocking big -ss canons dawg, you better think fast
do you run what's yours or go for yours and blaaast..

[hook]
"whatchu gonna do.." [sound of da stick up]

JERU THE DAMAJA – DIVINE DESIGN LYRICS

[intro]
you know, sometimes in life
we try our best
but no matter how hard we try
things still go wrong
but don't be discouraged
if it's meant to happen, it's gonna happen
it's of a higher order, a higher design
a divine design

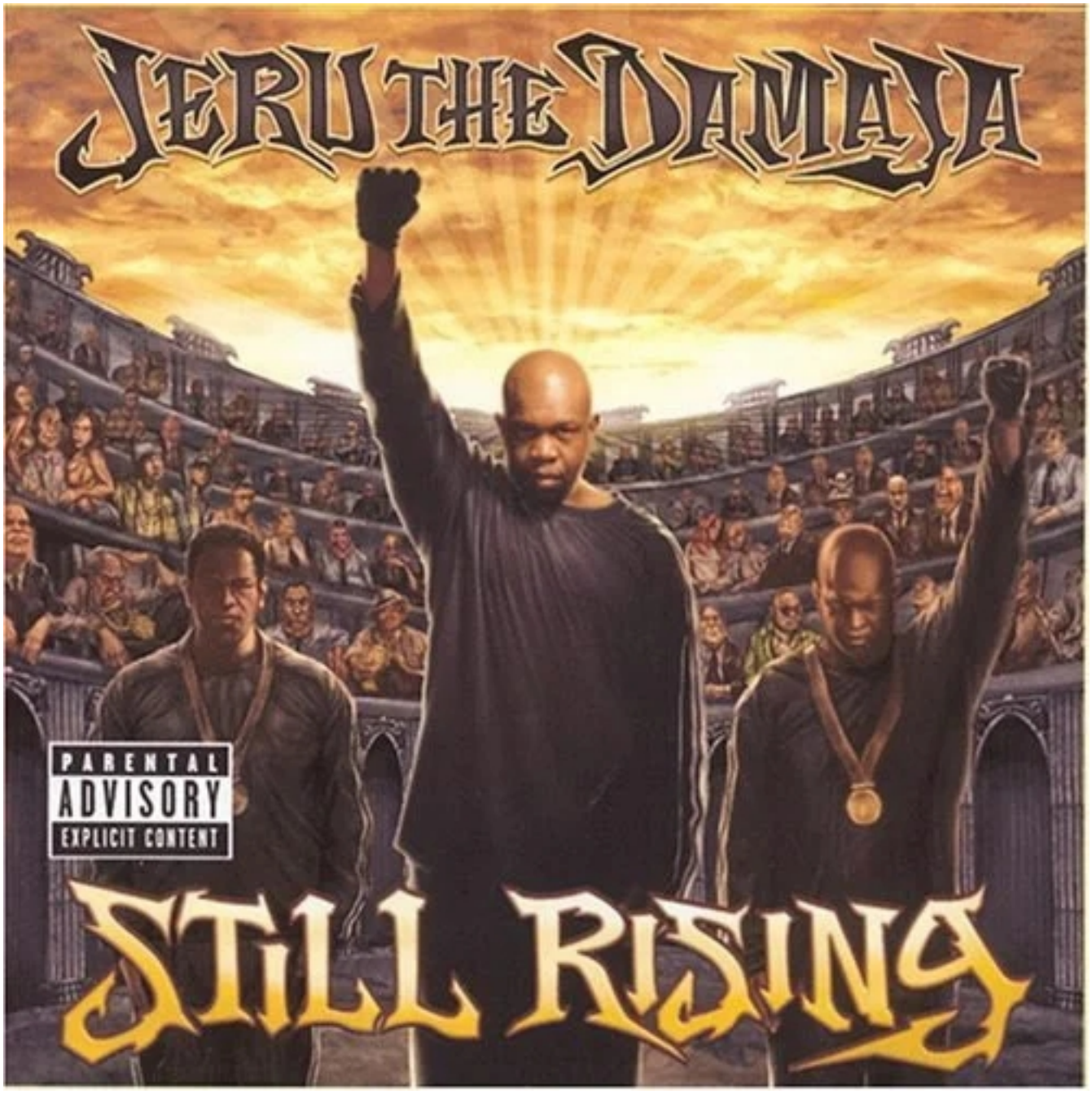
[verse 1]
divine design, design's the rhyme
my brother standin' on the corner, straight stranded in time
'cause favorite mc's makin' records that perpetuate crime
babies, is havin' babies, stick+up kids is goin' crazy
stray dogs is in the street, watch that one he got the rabies
had to knock this n+gga out because he tried to play me
no phone in my home, dog, what the f+ck you lookin' at?
sha came home from prison, and quickly relapsed
black+on+black's got that n+gga for his chain on the train
the shots, wasn't fatal but they damaged his brain
cocaine, numb the pain like nova
i'ma do him for his id and now it's all over
champagne wishes, on a four+leaf clover
livin' up, in the hood and pushin' a range rover
shorty bootylicious but you pay for her affection
pimpin' told her this would get her up out of the 8 section
nana in church, celebratin' christ's resurrection
poogie shot too much dope, he got that hiv infection
cops serve and protect them, for us there's no protection
guns and drugs and unnatural selection
[? 1:10] brothers think it's still all good
i guess they just caught up in the hood…
[hook]
where you at?
has crossed my mind
where you at?
has crossed my mind

[verse 2]
divine design protects the blind
the twin towers fallin' down, another sign of the times
the masses embracin' ideas that confine the mind

little girls think they grown ladies, what have you done for me lately?
alcoholics in the street, watch that one i think he crazy
had to bust off my gun 'cause shorty tried to blaze me
little kids on my block whylin' out, because they lack the fact
rae got 5 to 10 for sellin' dt crack
the dopeman stacks, don't hate the player, hate the game
feds harass drug dealers while terrorists hijack planes
maintain, hard times is almost over
the summer heat make the streets explode like supernovas
battle scars, tattoo street soldiers
the pen make, heathen men seek allah or jehovah
son's mad thugged out, prime candidate for correction
leave mc's with no dad, he rocks no hats when he's s+xin'
when he get that life term, somebody test him
solitary, confinement + it's too late for reflection
cops serve and protect them, for us there's no protection
guns and drugs and unnatural selection
[? 2:15] brothers think it's still all good
i guess they just caught up in the hood…
[hook]
where you at?
has crossed my mind
where you at?
has crossed my mind

[verse 3]
divine design ensures that i'll shine
the truth + a double+edged sword that can sever your spine
my mental spray like a mac before i clap like a nine
the young black man's angry, ain't no if, ands, or maybes
85's in the street, runnin' round in mental slavery
got beef wit the beast, he always tryna lace me
po+po all up in the hood like a gang, what the f+ck is that?
so+called crooks, get shot in they back
fake n+ggas react, but make they moves just for fame
from activist, to poli+tic+ian
hu+mane, the tongue they speak when sober
power+drunk, they wicked like the last day in october
snakes in the grass, here comes the lawn mower
pork chops, crack and p+ss, what a terrible odor
john taliban got the complexion for the connection
where i come from youth grow up day to day with no direction
cops serve and protect them, for us there's no protection
guns and drugs and unnatural selection

[? 3:15] brothers think it’s still all good
i guess they just caught up in the hood…
+instrumental plays until fade+


JERU THE DAMAJA
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
STILL RISING

JERU THE DAMAJA – THE CRACK LYRICS

[interlude: jeru the damaja]

yeah, jeru the damaja
the master of microphone mayhem
representing that real hip-hop
you know, i don't know what the f-ck ya'll motherf-ckers is doing
but i'll be spitting that dope
know what i mean?
i put it down like this:

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

i always get respect, i'm high-tech like computer love
n-ggas don't approach me talk tough but [?] mostly
and even though you holler i don't think that you're rough enough
f-ck it money knuckle up and get your sh-t bust
i'm so funky even rock-n-roll heads want me
come off the wall get cracked the f-ck up like humptey, dumptey
i'm busting shots like i'm still on the block
real g's hold their own, fake thugs call the cops
dont need guns, just the warriors drums
of course, the force, rip off your mog like dum-dums
so go ahead and act dumb
i use my mike like a magnum
and send you back where you came from
wild on the track, run first shut the spot down
cats is getting hurt, like convicts on lockdown
on the real, i'm that negro pound for pound
leave your click wet like water, break your mp3 recorder
play lowkey, but never sneak like a ninja
so much the man, crackers in the clan wanna be a n-gga
go figure, now i [?] your honey figure, moe
pop your luck in the hood then moe liquor
get them tipsy, like heineken mixed with 'henney
burn mc's worse than kenwill mars burn penny
on good times, i'm the [?] for rocking minds
my pops the root on the block, with the fat dimes
true climbs and confessions, jam sessions, heads bop, chickens' heads quap, they said they prese
'cause like blessin'
the lord never stressin', f-ck you perception, i'm the motherf-cker on the mike; no question
from state to state, i'm holding mad weight
but not drugs, the bulletproof munk deflects slugs of hate
where's my hat, i'm 'bout to dig out your date

i guess you’s a lame, she says she like the way i love me
all hail the king when i swing like kong
stay cool and calm, blow like an atom bomb
blow sh-t up
like zorro, you can call me the don diego
f-ck a hook i got ’em hooked like yayo
[?] brooklyn cats just don’t know how to act
f-ck what you thought was dope, this sh-t is the crack

the crack

[sound of crack pipe being lit up]

JERU THE DAMAJA – THE PROPHET LYRICS

[intro]
“ayo prophet, yo phophet, we need your help
[?] on fighting for the tvs and the radio
everywhere you look, it’s envy, hatred, greed, jealousy
you can’t move, the city is suffocating
you have to help us, help us, please”

[verse 1]
shorty said she need a solder, so i’m back no doubt
last time i had to scr-p with ignorance, he d-mn near took me out
see i can’t do it myself so i allow myself with patience
cat that i rolled with in the past turn out to be double agents
thought i k!lled this dude before, he had a million clones of hatred
and he keep trying to stop me like the guys in the matrix
i’m fighting for my life when i realize that i’m f-cked
in the mist of the firefight, my weapon jams up
i don’t move as quick as i used to, so i almost get stuck
and when i tried to escape, i catch a slug in my gut
despair laughing at me talking ’bout “we got you, n-gg-”
there’s an explosion, i’m scooped up by a mysterious figure
we flew off in a helicopter
not a ghetto bird, but a military black hawk chopper
i wonder who would help me, it ain’t make no sense
it wasn’t pride, ’cause he has a goal, he start working with arrogance
“who are you, why’d you save me, what’s this all about?”
i’m barely hanging on, i’m nearly p-ssing out
then the voice said “don’t worry love, you’re safe with us”
it was this chick named seduction from this clique called l-st
after that, i feel a sharp pain in my back
they hit me with a sedative and everything went black

[interlude]
“madam seduction, you have to come and see this
i’ve never seen anything like this before in all my years of practice in medicine
this graph reference is the brain activity normal-vested human being
this is the prophet’s current brain activity
it seems he placed himself in some sort of a self-induced coma, allowing him to heal three times as fast as a normal human being
moves like this, he should be out for a week
while his vital signs is stabilizing
i think he’s coming, too”

[verse 2]

i woke up a few days later in a hospital bed
kinda dizzy from the drugs, bandages on my head
the wound on my stomach had been cauterized closed
snatched the iv out my arm, “where the f-ck are my clothes?”
a nurse named essence runs in, said that i should relax
if i waited a few moments, seduction would be back
she came in and said that she want to make me an offer
something about the way she spoke, i couldn’t keep my eyes off her
then i started feeling woozy so i sat my -ss down
she said ignorance days is numbered, l-st is taking over town
i did not understand the motive of the seductress
’cause i remembered when she murdered truth and justice
now here’s where the situation gets complex
if i take ignorance down, would the prophet be next?
i remember the words of wisdom, so i answered with note
then she informs me that i’m poisoned and she has the antidote
i flew into a rage and started flipping sh-t over
seduction held her ground, keeping her composure
she said “you’re wasting time f-cking with me
you had 24 hours, now you have 23”

[interlude: ignorance speaking]
“h-llo seduction. did the prophet take the bait?
oh he did, did he?
for your sake, i hope he shows up on time
because if he doesn’t, your sister will make a lovely addition to my harem
ahahahahahahahahaha
ahahaha”

[verse 3]
they gave me hi-tec weaponary and all the pertinent information
maps, floor plans, and ignorance location
he changed up the game since our first confrontation
he used to play the library, but now it’s the tv station
my 7th sense told me i was in grave danger
so i hit my man courage on his two-way pager
i hope he gets the message if you know what i mean
’cause i’m down to our 18
i cut through the lock with the laser beam
i took out anger and fear, some of the meanest guys on ignorance team
i make it to the next locked door as i start to cut
all the lights come on, another motherf-cking set up
my finger’s on the trigger, but before i could bust
i’m disarmed by seduction and surrounded by l-st

a bunch of female -ss-ssins with -sses fatter than strippers
i hear a buzzing noise, and they had them clippers
my chest tightens up, i fall down
the clippers h-t my head, my dreads h-t the ground
seduction comes over, looks me in the face, and gives me a kiss
i'm thinking "it can't end like this"

[outro]
the saga continues

JERU THE DAMAJA – HISTORY 101 LYRICS

[intro]
plans are made destined to change the course of history

[verse]
in 1441 two portuguese captains pick up twelve africans
brought them to cabo branco portugal the slaves
this is the beginning of the slave trade
there were so successful that just four years after
a tax collector from lagos set up trade with africa
this was in about 1444
don't go nowhere cause there's a whole lot more
in 1452 the first time sugar was planted on an isle in portugal
that's the year pope nicholas v proclaimed
that if you're not a christian, your -ss can be put in chains
for years the portuguese monopolized the slave game
there were so large they set up shop in seville, spain
now in 1476
despite papal opposition the spanish got down with this sh-t
it was a captain named called carlos de valera
he brought back 400 men from africa
1481 diogo de azambuja
builds a castle at elmina, that's modern day ghana
not only was it one of the days busiest ports
it was also one of the slavery's most notorious forts
1483 the discovery of the congo river
a goldmine if your goal was enslaving n-ggas
1492 columbus sails the ocean blue

(yeah all right, once again…….)

after months and months of sea, death and all types of drama
chris stands on san salvador, modern day bahamas
1493 on columbus' second voyage
he starts the transatlantic trade enslavin' the taino village
he brought them from hispaniola, that's the d.r. to spain
it gets even more insane
1499 vespucci and hojeda take natives from south america this time
when columbus did it there were legal issues in the past
this time he had no problems selling their native -ss
1500 it starts to get real ill
pedro cabral sets foot on brazil
1502 a guy named juan córdoba
it's the first merchant on record to send africans over

he was only allowed one by spanish authorities
but other dirty merchants sent two or three
1509
columbus' son diego colón governor of the empire at that time
said the native slaves were lazy and they worked too slow
1510 fifty black slaves are shipped to santo domingo
1513 ponce de leon
the first european to touch american soil
he landed on the coast
modern day florida as it's known to most
1516 on a ship a huge native slave rebellion
they k!lled the crew and sailed back home 1519 here comes magellan
1521 cortés slaughtered the aztecs
1522 two slaves in espanola break their masters necks
1526 the germans put slaves on ships
1532 the pizarro k!lls the incas and sh-t
1532 the english get into the mix
john hawkins brought back blacks, potatoes and tabacco from his trips
1579 the united provinces is formed
and the trading machine of the dutch is born
now i can dope on and on and on and on
but for practical reasons it'll take to long
to all my brothers claiming that they're hispanic and latino
you're african, aztecs, indian and taino
now that i showed you how this nations gained their wealth
i hope i keep your interest so check it out for yourself

JERU THE DAMAJA – HOW ILL LYRICS

sk!lls? sk!lls?
listen, i got crazy sk!lls
i'ma tell you like this
i'm so ill i sn-tch the food out the hungry lion's mouth
jog from brooklyn to dc on i 95 south
without getting fatigued i travel at light speed
get shot with a bazooka, dog can barely bleed
i can touch a lightning bolt, and not get shocked
put shots at the president and won't get knocked no sh-ttin'
swim with the sharks and i ain't never been bitten
have nelson mandela quoting the sh-t that i'm spitting
make one phone call i get pulled me apart
and another call i kick it with osama bin laden
have every lesbian chick, begging for d-ck
make that n-gga al sharpton cut off that old perm sh-t
spit fire out my mouth like the mythical dragon
own a unicorn h-rn; smoke the blunt with the leprechaun
squash ghetto beef before the weapons are drawn
bring lash back to life and put his black -ss on
to get this ill takes practice
nasty
i'm so ill i have mike bloomberg cutting me checks
pimps instruct they hoes to pay me for s-x
i make extra chips teaching david blaine tricks
nasa called my lab before they launch rocket ships
so ill, jackie chan calls me the black version
after finished rapping i'ma be a brain surgeon
i can see the planets clearly without a telescope
went to rome to rock so they try to make me the pope
i have oprah in the crib posing for exotic fl!cks
take a trip to fort knox and pick up like 80 bricks
free all of the wrongfully imprisoned people out of jail
and when i'm finished with oprah ill snap fl!cks of gail
ill rip the mic all night without taking a breath
swim the atlantic ocean without taking a rest
or getting wet
i always win so gamblers place your bets
i'm taking mc's to maury for maternity tests
to get this ill takes practice
and it goes like this
i'm so ill they model computer chips after my brain
when a county in drought they call the kids for rain

bring peace to the gaza strip cause i got so much clout
mario owe me dough for knocking donkey kong out
wolfgang puck gave me paper to teach me to cook
jk rowlings asked me to write the next harry potter book
i can feed a million people with my peacea and jada
darth vader don't really know i'm luke skywalker father
i spend my down time writing scripts for scorsese
when i blow sh-t up i make the terrorists hate me
i'ma probably end up living until i'm one hundred and eighty
my stamina so legendary, wonder women trying to date me
my touch cures the sick, like an antibiotic
slap up steve austin, and short out his bionics
rap to a point just like a navy seal gunner
i'm taking sh-t over this summer and every summer
to get this ill takes practice..

JERU THE DAMAJA – NY LYRICS

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]
i'm on the train late nights where c-cksuckers and bulldyk-s, re-
-ligious fanatics, whinos get into night fights
homeless people sleepin' in the chair by the door
smellin' straight like -ss, sticky sh-t on the floor, word
bums rush the car in orange vest and hats
mad trash on the tracks, bigger than cats
n-ggas is mean muggin' for some like, yo, they buggin'
but i know they all drunk, so we don't mean nothin'
po-po jump on to deep lookin' noy
thinkin' 'bout the situations that they hope to aviod
lookin' shorty in the cut, big b-tt and all wobbly
f-ck around and get burnt like thrid degree
word to g, hip between the cars if you gots to pee
ain't no other city in the world like nyc
but i ain't gotta tell ya, i think y'all know
here's my stop, i gots to go

[hook: jeru the damaja]
new york, it's the city of schemes
the city of fiends, the city of dreams
new york, we got boroughs of kings
boroughs of queens and boroughs of fiends
new york, it's the city of schemes
the city of fiends, the city of dreams
new york, we got boroughs of kings
[?]

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]
everybody reps the team, it's either knicks, mets or yanks
long island for white stanks, central brooklyn still stinks
guidos hit the club in the city with they b-tch
gettin' drunk out they mind, startin' fights and sh-t
crackheads beg for dope, but they be holdin' bricks
hunts point got pimps, hoes and dumb tricks
[?] blow that dro
and get some henny in them and they turn into nymphos
stick up kids and hustlin' pros
the deuce is filled with tourists, undercover five-o
bright lights on big buildings, [?] national day
run aways and port authority, the bathrooms smell horribly
m-ss transit, one, two and three
ain't no other city in the world compares to nyc

but i ain’t gotta tell ya that, i think y’all know
here’s my stop, i’m off to the studio

[hook: jeru the damaja]
new york, it’s the city of schemes
the city of fiends, the city of dreams
new york, we got boroughs of kings
boroughs of queens and boroughs of fiends
new york, it’s the city of schemes
the city of fiends, the city of dreams
new york, we got boroughs of kings
[?]

JERU THE DAMAJA – KICK ROCKS LYRICS

[jeru]
i apologize to all persons that i have hurt in the past

[hook]
i'm sorry, so sorry
i'm sorry, so sorry
please accept my apology

[jeru]
d-mn son, you getting tight? i ain't mean it, it was a joke, d-mn
you..you.. you can't take a joke? c'mon man. you know what?

[verse one]
i'm sorry i ain't the hero that you need in your life
i'm sorry but sometimes i tend to live trife
i'm sorry i can't say what you want me to say
i'm sorry i'm bound to flip up on any given day
i'm sorry y'all seem conceeded but i know my sh-t's fly
i'm sorry i lost my temper and punched you in the eye
i'm sorry i can't live up to your expectations
i'm sorry if how i move causes you frustration
i'm sorry that a brother have all type of hang ups
i'm sorry i quit smoking cause now i drink too much
i'm sorry i make mistakes that i can't take back
like busting guns and selling crack
i'm sorry to all the cats that i hit in the head
i'm sorry i get violent when i get real fed
i'm sorry i couldn't be a better friend
but i do the right thing if i could do it again
i'm sorry i couldn't be there when you needed help
i'm sorry but i was busy tryin' to help myself
i'm sorry, that life is filled with all type of hard knocks
but if you can't handle it, then, kick rocks

[hook]
i'm sorry, so sorry
i'm sorry, so sorry

[verse two]
i'm sorry if you think that i'm a dirty such & such
i'm sorry i got a big mouth and talk too much
i'm sorry my first album couldn't save the world
and if at any point in life, i hit your girl

i’m sorry if sometimes i’m contradictory
i’m sorry mcs try hard but they can’t see me
i’m sorry i don’t work with your favourite producer
i’m sorry i can’t quit cause i’m not a loser
i’m sorry but i have to walk with my head high
i’m sorry my mind state is not just getting by
i’m sorry for things i said cause i know i offend
i’m sorry but i call it like i see it my friend
i’m sorry if we met and you thought i was rude
but i make it a habit not to hang with dudes
i’m sorry if i generically signed you autograph
i’m sorry if you feel i ain’t bring the heat since the wrath
i’m sorry if i ignored you tryin’ to spit to some chick
i’m sorry but sometimes i think with my d-ck
i’m sorry for knowing the godly but dealing with earth
this is a formal apology for what it’s worth
i’m sorry but life is filled with all type of hard knocks
and if you can’t handle it, pssst, kick rocks

[hook]
i’m sorry, so sorry
i’m sorry, so sorry
please accept my apology

[jeru]
is that good enough? you feel better now? listen…

[verse three]
i’m sorry i’m not the man that you want me to be
i’m sorry i don’t understand you and you can’t understand me
i’m sorry for all the feelings that i hurt in the past
if you thought it was gonna be more than me tapping that -ss
i’m sorry if we kicked it and we got too close
i can’t deal with commitment so i’m sorry i’m ghost
i’m sorry i got honeys all over the place
i’m sorry that i learned to lie with a poker face
i’m sorry to all the chicks that i g-ssed on tour
told’em i keep in touch but i don’t see them no more
i’m sorry we was involved and you got your heart broken
i’m sorry it went down like that i ain’t joking
i’m sorry it had to be that way
i’m sorry for all the games i felt i had to play
i’m sorry if i was grimy and i hit your friend
and even though i’m sorry i’d probably do it again
i’m sorry sometimes i only think of myself

i’m sorry i ain’t warned you before we dealt
i’m sorry shortee said i was her favourite rapper
i’m sorry i had no self control and had to tap her

i’m sorry life is filled with all type of hard knocks
and if you can’t handle it, shortee, kick rocks

JERU THE DAMAJA
THE HAMMER
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

JERU THE DAMAJA – POINT BLANK LYRICS

[sample: (?)]
i wanna speak to you
i wanna speak to you
you're concerned about the fate of the human race

[verse: jeru the damaja]
look up in the sky
its not a pimp but the black flint
intelligent as f-ck but dirty like the us government
ya'll trying to live like rappers
but you get none of the benefits
they using bet and sh-t
to keep ya'll n-ggas ignorant
i heard they (?) to say that i'm irrelevant
the devil been real busy
cause now narcissisms the dominant
the way these n-ggas act
man prison is the consequence
this rap sh-ts an illusion like the black president
d-mn
that's a bad b-tch
today that sh-t a compliment
instead of getting smarter
(?) less articulate
they training our intelligence and hip-hops the instrument
i have a sense of duty so a brother here to circ-mvent
blind leading blind man
you think that's a coincidence
these cats committing crimes
and i'm here to present the evidence
word to god this sh-t is sickening
rapping used to be hard but now its so effeminate
(your days are numbered)
who got on the mic
doing work
yo its the black kirk
incredible as f-ck how they manipulate your mind like church
n-ggas on these records talking about how their team put in work
f-ckin' with these shorty's head because they never did real dirt
f-ck around with body guards 'cause they're scared to get hurt
they claim they're living dangerous but strictly safety first
yo

i keep it gully, f-ck if your bubble burst
all that k!ller monologue with you on stage, you a skirt
(?) i thought it'd be better but its just getting worse
cause sh-t they spit is the opposite of quality first
'member when the game used to be diverse
now almost every single record one repetetive verse
i'm about to drop a bomb and watch 'em all disperse
'bout to go beserk until the trends reversed
so all ya'll metros-xuals hold on to your purse
remember sins of the father, they leave the seeds cursed

JERU THE DAMAJA – SOLAR FLARES LYRICS

[verse 1]
ayo the way i move defies the laws of physics
i travel through dimensions writing rhymes with the mystics
i reread the fabric of time to be specific
i maneuver through the universe young, black, and gifted
divine design swift as tachyon particles
live from the trenches of brooklyn it's the original
chemistry unaltered by synthetic chemicals
blessed with the power of god delete your physical
difficult time only further strengthen the spiritual
yea that's crystal clear i fear no individual
no [?] in every line that i rhyme
i'm immersed the soul of soldier from the birth to the earth
study the verse my work is so superb it's a curse
my mind extremely sharp when i think my head hurts
if i keep k!lling the flow i'm afraid it'll burst
and the force it generates will destroy the universe

[hook]
the listener's symptom is [?] like solar flares (4x)

[verse 2]
mind over matter help me explore the galaxy
time moving things with my rhymes mental telepathy
chemicals combine with beats advanced alchemy
math and science master microphone wizardry
ahead of time futuristic technology
god in the physical form anthropology
raw bloodline divine genealogy
the word in the time before time cosmogony
atomic energy flow heterodoxy
most philosophy is hypocrisy
in the death of the cosmos i'm totally free
good thing i'm mostly water cuz life is a tree
here's the scoop: even in allah there's the truth
i'm [?] roots you know what it is by the fruits
i speak couth the beach f-ck biochemical suits
i'm afraid the heat i generate will melt the booth

[hook]

[verse 3]
my vessel is average but my spirit is colossal

2000 years what i write will be the gospel
i send you to life like o2 through your nostrils
riding lighting bolts trading tales with apostles
saying do things that’s deemed impossible
master my realm so in fact it’s logical
camel through the eye of the needle improbable
feast for your ears in the flavor delectable
-rg-smic voice but it’s far beyond s-xual
borderline mythical baffle the intellectual
dissect your science to the last molecule
so electric my brainwave is measured in joules
the flow intoxicating like a gallon of booze
universal law and order reinstate the rules
fate is what you make it
be wise when you choose
this rhyme a landmine
blow you out your shoes

[hook]

JERU THE DAMAJA – DR. FREEDMAN (OUTRO) LYRICS

i'm dr. jade freedman
and for several years
myself and my team of top research scientists
at the himalayan inst-tute of higher learning
and advanced neurological science
have been conducting a study on
the effects of prolonged exposure to wackness
during these clinical trials
in the data gathered
we've determined that
any exposure to wackness for substantial periods of time
destroys cognitive ability
in other words
perception, attention, memory, motor sk!lls
language sk!lls, visual and spatial processing
we're all negatively effected
but there is hope
we here at the himalayan inst-tute of higher learning
and advanced neurological science
have made it our life's mission
to eradicate this worldwide phenomenon known as wackness
so if you, or anyone you know
has been exposed to wackness
and thought that you would have to live with this debilitating illness
you don't
give us a call
at 774-300-wack
once again that number is 774-300-9225
together we can attack the wack

JERU THE DAMAJA – A.R.M.E.D. LYRICS

[intro]
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]
man this sucka n-ggas stabbed me on some opp sh-t
man this n-gga thinking, she drinking my love liquid
jeru p-ss the heat, ride the beat
mic twisted overseas with a breeze
best believe double fisting please
cover the ears of your seeds
this sh-t explicit
to some i'm trouble
double bubbles call me king's horrific
load up linguistics, the ruler of rhythmic
the god of rhyme, you know the time
eastern, standard, or pacific
sinful
my words manipulate your mental
when i chump your style on general principle
build spiritual
shorty wobble, doubt make you physical
put fire to the mic
till it secrete crazy chemicals
the way i murder mics is criminal
and if you press up dog, you messed up
you gon' need dental work
agonizing pain, cause the truth hurts
on a plane getting brain
with my hand up her skirt
for that last line
you'll probably think i'm a jerk
but can't deny that i'm fly
on the mic put in work
drop a bomb make emcees disperse
this sh-t wicked
like klan members bombing a church

[verse 2: (?)]
hey yo i'm clean with the slicing
mean with the dicing

beans with the rice and
fiends screaming my sh-t
jeru that's live sh-t
flyig with a pilot
private, we first cl-ss
reverse that
(?)
f-r-e-s-h
i'm in the south chiefing
while you in the house sleeping
i'm with your spouse creeping
waking up to (housekeeping)
that's when i'm out sneaking
leave her with the mouth leaking
out s-m-n
thanks for the wild weekend
i get cash wired
and i blast iron
through cast iron
its the vampire
i suck the air out of your flat tire
you look tired
n-gga just retire
(you're fired!)
before i chop you up like benihana's
and have you stressed with a gray beard
like kenny rogers
f-cker

[verse 3: (?)]
i'm all for mathematics
you n-ggas lenny kravitz
big jew from new york
they call me jacob javitz
you a devil, every cell in me is asiatic
i'm old school but don't you take me for no geriatric
never catch me in a skirt wearing a heavy jacket
you fashion forward, i'm a poet slash scary black kid
scary jerry, extremely strong and very active
real n-ggas know and love me
i'm a crazy b-st-rd
never hating, yet i'm always getting hated on
i'm too abrasive for the players with the gators
women love me

they don’t say its my amazing charm
they say i’m loving and generous as the day is long
but never p-ssy
n-gga push me, i’ma break his arm
counter-punching, every move you make is wrong
bullied brother uplift and celebrate the strong
now go get your f-cking shine box (?)
wait

[outro]
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute

JERU THE DAMAJA – AVERAGE NIGGA LYRICS

i met this honey named yolanda
you would not believe the things that i told her
she had potential so i thought that i would mold her (break it down son)
you would usually see me and her around town
she had this way that was so s-xy
everytime i think about it-makes me woozy
and her? was just so nice and juicy
plus a mind that you would not believe, no tricks up her sleeve
so we dated, like janet jackson, we waited
a while and waited and waited
i started to wonder would i ever get in it
finally the invitation was extended
with that i said “mi casa es su casa”
meet me at my pad tomorow-about six o’clock
no question-the next day, we kissin’ and caressin’
before long, we starts to undress and
with that i pulls out my pack of hats
she looks me dead in the eye and says “what’s that?”
i said “don’t tell me you don’t know what condoms is for”
she says “yeah, but the average n-gg- i love to hit it raw”
and i said

i’m not your average n-gg-
no i’m not your average n-gg-
you can’t get me, i’m not your average n-gg-

no, i’m not your average n-gg-
girlfriend, i’m not your average n-gg-
no, no i’m not your average n-gg-

(yo ru! yo these honeys be on some sh-t for real. yo tell me about the
other honey you was kickin’ it to)

i met this honey named tamika
my intentions was more than just to freak her
since i’m gone i thought that i teach her (where’d you meet her at, black?)
the tunnel so you know it didn’t happen like that
i got her name and her number
i said “girlfriend, i just wonder,
could you come home with me?” she said “uh-uh,
but you got the digits-ring me up tomorow and see where it leaves ya at
we started speakin’

we planned to hook up that next weekend
we discussed the place of our meeting, she said “come to my projects,
sometimes n-gg-z be buggin, but i get mad respect”
so like a dummy, i went to scoop up this young honey
g-ssed up by the fat -ss and flat tummy
but when i rolled up
it start to look just like a set-up
now i’m mad hot, but this time i played it cool
recognized one n-gg- i used to run with in high school
i said “you know tamika?” he said “yeah i know the wh-r-”
got me on the elevator and led me to her door
when i rung the bell she was mad surprised
she flung the door wide open with a wild look in her eyes
i said, yo

i’m not your average n-gg-
you see, i’m not your average n-gg-
you can’t get me cuz i’m not your average n-gg-

i’m not your average n-gg-
girlfriend, i’m not your average n-gg-
oh no, you know i’m not your average n-gg-

(scratch-“chain n-gg-“-scratch-“here you comin’ but your steps are to loud.
standing on the corner, thought him was cool”-scratch-“chain n-gg-”

i met this honey named sabrina
i thought that this time this one would be the queen of
my dreams, but you know how that goes (god, i heard it before)
so let me tell you what happened one day i’m outside her door
and we’re talking about how her ex-boyfriend be stalking
she said she thought she saw him when we were walking
but i said “don’t worry about it,
put that sh-t to the side, and slide up in the crib”
so we’re lampin’, she’s still shook up about what happened
i said “don’t sweat it, he’s probably just rappin'”
she said “little do you know,
last week he threw a brick threw my bedroom window”
i said “whatever, i don’t think he’s that crazy”
she said “you never, know where he may be”
all of a sudden, out of nowhere
the crazy mothaf-cka jumped out on me
i made him melt with a blow to the head
and before i bounced, this is what i said
i said

yo i’m not your average n-gg-
no, i’m not your average n-gg-
you can’t get me cuz i’m not your average n-gg-

mista, i’m not your average n-gg-
no, i’m not your average n-gg-
oh no, you know, i’m not your average n-gg-

JERU THE DAMAJA – BITCHEZWIT DIKZ LYRICS

f/ lil dap, miz marvel

intro: jeru the damaja

yes yes

check it out right here now, knowhatimean?
henryville, the m-th-f-ckin b-tchez wit dikz

that's in the midst,
of the real brothers whose the true wonders

knowhatimsayin? talkin all that sh-t about this and this and that

but fakin sh-t, i'mma drop it like this

{jeru the damaja
bad b-tches and techs, and sound affects

talk but skate like tara lipinski, when sh-t get hec-tic
out in brooklyn, too late you's a vick

and if spend major dough on a hoe, you a b-tch -ss trick

pimps and players, no i'm not a hater

'cause i smashed it off, she bust me down i ain't pay her

shoutin youse a regulator,
soft like c3po, but pop sh-t like darth vader

for princess leia, with flesh hard like sh-ggy

your booty, when sh-t get raw you doo like scooby
i'm sn-tching chains, mics and those platinum groupies

dutches, chins, and hips get twist
and let it be known, i eat ya'll p-ss-es like a p-rno movie

drop that b-tch with a d-ck, and get a n-gg- like this

chorus: jeru the damaja (miz marvel)

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

{lil dap

you n-gg-s are like east new york waste, spit in your face

open your mouth, swallow the taste, listen to the pace

it's like showin the love, the same thing as pullin the club

spit it out, ya hoes know what this sh-t is about

b-tchez wit d-cks, and make a n-gg- mad as sh-t

cough the cough, when singing thru the streets of new york

holdin it down, but wavin my banner all around

'cause these whole motherf-ckers, wanna round are town
thinkin they down, but don't know bk grounds

-b-tch!-

chorus

{miz marvel

the next contestant left to be a secret lethal weapon

against half steppin, n-gg-s is fake,

i scope them first impression

take the mics possession, with the greatest discretion

and quick wit, fully equipped, mental lie detection

ya eyes cross like an intersection

you forget to count your blessings, all in the mix

sold your soul for it’s weight in gold bricks

b-tchez wit dikz, with chips like chicks

only talk with snares and t-ts

in the time of revolution, be the first to submit

try to be god, but there mental seem unfit

speakin mathematics, but quick to kiss a crucifix

won’t admit that their style is rip and counterfeited

contradict, sell their men to bang their fit, a moving target
thrown into the bottomless pit, b-tchez wit dikz

chorus

(b-tch! scratched over and over)

JERU THE DAMAJA – BLACK COWBOYS LYRICS

[verse 1]
i heard some mc's wanna bring it
but a female is one of their strongest men
when i step to you don't seek refuge
make it happen, f-ck the rappin'
because i know i got that sewed
the first time i ever touched the microphone it glowed
now i explode, eruptin' like a n-gga that drunk too much
but not intoxicated…
as mental stress increase you'll need to be sedated
sick and tired of the izm schism
this time's a warning, after this we take it to pugilism
mash out the beedies, dreads spark up the corn
i flow muddy like the gutter after the rainstorm
my mission to seek, build or destroy
like deadwood d-ck, i be the black cowboy
and this is the showdown…

[scratched hook]
(i got the wild style…)
(black cowboy)

[verse 2]
after this mc's will wish to do battle with me
for their sake i hope that they apply the proper strategy
in any case, worst comes to worst i'll be the best
storms will come, this we know for sure, but can you stand the crash test?
there's no vest or no way you can get suited up
for what's about to happen, you might as well get zooted
i heard that ignorance is bliss, so i guess you're all blistered
the wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto your cap is quickly twisted
and just in case the first time you missed it
the wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto your cap is quickly twisted
livin' on a diet of flesh and mistic
i kicks the ballistics and keep it realistic
we shoot sh-t up like the hatfields and mccoys
perverted monks, the black cowboys
and this is the showdown…

[hook]

[verse 3]
it's a cryin' shame what some n-ggas'll do for fame

when they think they know the game
but i switch up the rules of the game
drops jewels in the game
the fluid is quite fatal, like water on the brain
i be the sheriff and i got mc's on the chain gang
continuous hard labour until the day that they hang
one outlaw tried to escape but i murdered his gang
right back at ya b-tch–ss just like a boomerang
or a bolo, you couldn't knock me out with apollo
the god is never chillin', hot like a volcano
once i met up with this bandolero
why'd he make me bust him in his head with his banjo?
i put mc's on the ceiling like michelangelo
did the sistine chapel
known to kick and grapple, so you couldn't test the real mccoy
the black cowboys
and this is the showdown…

[hook]

JERU THE DAMAJA – EAST NEW YORK STAMP LYRICS

[forest whitaker reading]

[jeru]
samurai linguist, others suck like ?conalingist?
i burn sh-t up like a poison p-n-s
make your whole style seem meaningless
match wits wit this
call your squad the hole of fortrus
i swoop down like a dirty brooklyn pigeon
swing my sword wit precision
lightning speed blurs your vision
like a surgeon wit razor sharp incision
subconcious like hypnotism
water on the brain, the mental baptism
put your aura in prison
block up your chi, and bend your light like a prism

[afu-ra]
yeah, those walkin the dog stand personified
study lessons and plant seeds to fertilize
straight up, i slaughter the ? that's got the order
spit flyin straight at my mouth is holy water
i damage flows, on the mics crushin your matter
and saw you scatter, and couldn't put you back together
fist of ten rings, i'm scr-pin jews up out the gutter
hittin ya, splittin ya thoughts like forest whitaker
sick wit the, get wit the thoughts next to ?
utmost, you want lyrics, here's an overdose
preverb'll tell you wit styles, you'll be a ghost
i did it a lot, i been in the spot, i rip it alot
and now some motherf-ckas wanna try to scheme and plot
and takin chances in life like throwin dice
it's afu-ra, i return from death twice
you talkin bout skills? yeah yeah, i'm twice as nice
take it to the apex, and push it high-tech
these petty mc's, they picture-paintin hot s-x
i melt tracks, i bomb sets wit hot wax
you want some spiritual syllables wit the chemicals
murdered down eighty-five percent subliminal
ten percent, fire burn em wit my visual
five percent, we break bread all in the mental
i keep it comin like rotisserie, and missin me
straight up and down, i let you know i do it wickedly

[vocal sample]

[chorus x3: jeru]
it’s the code of the samurai, prepare to die
know you’ll die, brooklyn e-n-y

it’s the code of the samurai…

JERU THE DAMAJA – FRIENDS LYRICS

[verse 1: jeru]
friends is a word that i use loosely
because you never know who these people may be
some you just miss them, you know from way back
when you used to dig brock and sn-tch chains and sell crack
rollin every day, getting high-er than a ball
but when you play them too close they'll be your downfall
fast going to the picture, many things have changed
now the same old friends start acting strange
you probably, fox with me
you even pop shots with me
but now you hissing like a snake so friends turn enemy
and it really dont matter what you've been through
cause your friend will f-ck your b-tch and put a bullet in you
sleep in your bed, drive your car, spend your ends
but these are the people that we call friends

[chorus:]
friends
how many of us have them
i have none
thought i had one
friends
how many of us have them
thought i had one
but i have none
friends, friends

[verse 2: jeru]
i re-member, we started out together
back then i said yo we be down forever
i always thought i was a brother to you
we were friends, tight, like the awesome two
but now look whats happened to you
putting your trust in the shady individuals
and get screwed, still i hope you fine
sometimes you cross my mind
constantly reminded by the sword marks on my spine
they say all wounds heal in time but not mine
nightmares of my friends creeping up from behind
bl–dy murder, while the crimes un-solved
a friends a friend until loot is involved
sell you out, for a house and a job

and spit on your grave in the end, but
these are the people that we call friends
friends

[verse 3: afu ra]
first things first
stop the jealousy and envy
i depend on minds, offkey, to fool enemies
like your homeboy with your wifey
you cant believe it
seeing is one thing
but hearing its some sh-t
every which way she dip
every thought was unpleasent
i got, carried away, did you free oj
cause i want her ???
i heard she did tricks
like vanessa suck your d-ck
on sunset strip
and my man flip
like see low dice on six
we used to sell crack
and do sticks for bricks
bustin shots at all, other criminals care
but they scared to do a mother f-cking bid
listen
now we rock
got a block thats hot
like b-boys on the block thats got all watch
dont get knocked, that my man
he had me here
could this be my hollow saying your my fam
but d-mn, you should have used kung-fu
a .22 or some type of voodoo
to sn-tch out my heart
cause friends are really enemies from the start

JERU THE DAMAJA – FRIENDS OR FOE LYRICS

[verse 1: jeru]
friends is a word that i use loosely
because you never know who these people may be
some you just miss them, you know from way back
when you used to dig brock and sn-tch chains and sell crack
rollin every day, getting high-er than a ball
but when you play them too close they'll be your downfall
fast going to the picture, many things have changed
now the same old friends start acting strange
you probably, fox with me
you even pop shots with me
but now you hissing like a snake so friends turn enemy
and it really dont matter what you've been through
cause your friend will f-ck your b-tch and put a bullet in you
sleep in your bed, drive your car, spend your ends
but these are the people that we call friends

[chorus]
friends
how many of us have them
i have none
thought i had one
friends
how many of us have them
thought i had one
but i have none
friends, friends

[verse 2: jeru]
i re-member, we started out together
back then i said yo we be down forever
i always thought i was a brother to you
we were friends, tight, like the awesome two
but now look whats happened to you
putting your trust in the shady individuals
and get screwed, still i hope you fine
sometimes you cross my mind
constantly reminded by the sword marks on my spine
they say all wounds heal in time but not mine
nightmares of my friends creeping up from behind
bl–dy murder, while the crimes un-solved
a friends a friend until loot is involved
sell you out, for a house and a job

and spit on your grave in the end, but
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[verse 3: maino]
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i depend on minds, offkey, to fool enemies
like your homeboy with your wifey
you can't believe it
seeing is one thing
but hearing its some sh-t
every which way she dip
every thought was unpleasent
i got, carried away, did you free oj
cause i want a slave's b-tch
i heard she did tricks
like vanessa suck your d-ck
on sunset strip
and my man flip
like see low dice on six
we used to sell crack
and do sticks for bricks
bustin shots at all, other criminals care
but they scared to do a mother f-cking bid
listen
now we rock
got a block thats hot
like b-boys on the block thats got all watch
dont get knocked, that my man
he had me here
could this be my hollow saying your my fam
but d-mn, you should have used kung-fu
a .22 or some type of voodoo
to sn-tch out my heart
cause friends are really enemies from the start

JERU THE DAMAJA – GOD OF RHYMING LYRICS

[intro: jeru the damaja]
count me in

[hook: 3×]
jeru!

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]
i commit to sn+tch up the drum
or flip on the back piper
devil [?] your nose trying bomb+rush my cypha
finesse chicks, finesse mics, finesse [?]
lyrical magician performing microphone tricks
sk!lls are always strapped so play task for this troop+a
[?] the combat, i catch wreck hood+a
not a drug fanatic, still i stay charged on buddha
since the last dope, i guess i'm a dope shoot+a, root+a, toot+a
but not a cowboy, a wild+wild boy
you want mic wreck, then check the real mccoy
i'm slaying suckers like hat vills the fat mac k!lls
with the rap sk!lls, heat wheels like coal steel
i don't need a glock, cause i sling+sling in my slingshot
sk!lls come down like waters and blow up the spot
a legend in my own timing, steadily climbing… ah f+ck it!
i'm the god of rhyming

[hook: 3×]
jeru!

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]
d+a, m+a, j+a, slay+a
punk n+gga on the spot as i rock this way
broke pump from jumps so all you crabs know the flave
i'm ripping up the tracks like the back a slaves
the masses are amazed by the way i flips it
psycho+kinetic energy manipulates it
so when snake stepped up for the 12 round+bout
like tyson from brooklyn, one round i put 'em out
science is the tool i use like a mechanic
so rhymes are dope, mechanically+incline
breaking comp like china, ain't a n+gga nicer, i'ma
maniac going wild with my nine
master of the sun, moon and stars are shining…
i'm the god of rhyming

[hook: 7×]
jeru!

[verse 3: jeru the damaja]
step to the brother on the mic and you'll find
you'll be struck dumb, like a punk sipping moonshine
no chance to recover, [?] scramble
f+cked up for life, sl!ck you shouldn't have gambled
rhymes are [?], the hardcore hoodlum
i get wreck, respect and then some
some say weak glances and sucker advances
go scratch by your nuts, since your life taking chances
i'm here to put you on, in case you didn't know
you could get clapped in the gat, by the mac one+o
favorites that's shown, i flip a bother on crack+a
i be the hijacker maniac bushwacka!
heard many tales about the land of compton
but i don't give a f+ck cause brooklyn bothers stomping
combine line from the top of my head
smoke stupid sess and my pops is a dread
don't have a ride so i [?] junction
i'm not a chump, don't make a chump assumption
i see you scheming, but that don't phase the
damaja, so go ahead and flip with the razor
i see you sneaking up from behind
but don't you… trying challenge the god of the rhyme

JERU THE DAMAJA – GOING BACK TO PHILLY LYRICS

i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly… i don't think so
i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly… i don't think so

going back to philly, wilin', defilin'
drunk dialing, so violent
always in the sun

going back to philly
flippin' um, lickin' um
scoopin' over everything in sight

duster – flowin', abs – showin'
lookin' like you wanna take a bite

going back to philly
hip-hop non-stop
crush 'em with karate chops

your mom's the bomb like napalm in a wigwam
meet you at the deli

going back to philly
trashin', crashin'
developin' a rash and bustin' some moves

i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly… i don't think so
i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly… i don't think so

potential – small, losers – all
salty like the ocean

going back to philly
where craniums are poundin'
busted, encrusted in the hot morning sun

going back to philly
panderin', philanderin', slanderin', gerrymanderin'
always brush your teeth

baby- tannin', jihad – plannin'
throw the p–p, let's go

i’m going back to philly, philly, philly
i’m going back to philly… i don’t think so
i’m going back to philly, philly, philly
i’m going back to philly… i don’t think so

JERU THE DAMAJA – HARRIET TUBMAN LYRICS

so even though we faced some difficulties of today and tomorrow
i still have a dream
it is a dream deeply rooted in the american dream
i have a dream

us presidents conspire with foreign governments
charlize theron performing gender experiments
cops k!lling unarmed minorities sets the precedent
the nra is claiming that that sh+t is self defense
[?] history electronic fingerprints
although the game has changed my aim is still murdering ignorance
in my youthful days i expressed myself with insolence
i thought that i could change the world forgive me for my arrogance
staring at computer screens decrease social intelligence
folks yelling woke but ain't never left the continent
big pharma profit from chemical development
in 1846 americans were the immigrants
innocent men in the pen there's no penitence
doomed to a life behind bars and death sentences
social media is that anesthesia
we worried bout what's trending
what happened to free mumia
we need more than the [?] at this point oh yes
does that mean that we forgot the [?] not at all
does that mean that we forgot the oral tradition? not at all
but it means then that while maintaining those traditions we also must enhance other aspects of our personality

racist rhetoric, homegrown terrorist
prisons, ptsd with no therapist, lgbt, pro+weed and feminist
picking any rapper's instagram zombie apocalypse
original man proven by archeologists
still here to nourish the seeds eternal botanist
more beef for the block [?] with a plot twist
real dudes make moves maintain radio silence
promoting f+ckery they like stop the violence
lies for truth on my square daily maintenance
bide your time see there's virtue and patience
greatness faced down in the hood on the pavement
multimillionaire n+gga mental enslavement
hot lead liberated from its full metal encas+m+nt
l+st for fame got us all buggin'
clowns are shucking and jiving like f+ck harriet tubman

JERU THE DAMAJA – ME NOT THE PAPER LYRICS

(“cause ain’t no fiends coming in between me an my dreams
see what i mean black? i gets the paper”)

microphone thugs flip keys and sh-t
remember the 80’s when n-gg-s was acting crazy?
the mean streets raised me
i used to live dangerously
admist crack selling armed dangerous felons
plus murderers drug spot burglars
n-gg-s doing anything to acquire that paper
live the life of crime but got saved by the rhyme
peace to all my n-gg-s doing time on top of time
plus the ones gunned down in their prime
i made it this far because of divine design
diamond chains the sun still outshines
i get you drunk off my drink like that champaigne wine
as long as there’s breath left, i father the fatherless
if sh-t was real brooklyn would sn-tch that chain off your chest
don’t fess, we know why you rock that vest
hard on records, but really p-ssy, check it
i do this for me, and not the paper, strictly 100%

(“cause ain’t no fiends coming in between me an my dreams
see what i mean black? i gets the paper”)

it started way before super rhymes
peace to mom dukes for enduring hard times
god bless all the victims of my past life crimes
i do this for the ghetto youth living like good times
flipping rhymes saved me from the obvious traps
in ’97 studio hustlers puch crack on wax
and breaking backs, but faking jacks
if it wasn’t for contracts, they wouldn’t bust caps
so, destroy your people and collect huge stacks
fat axe, and platinum plaques
come bring it back, rewind it that old gangster bullsh-t
got the youth running around criminal minded
not a player hater, just don’t chase the paper
got a little deal so some heads caught the vapors
so stupid motherf-ckers throw your guns in the air
to all my n-gg-s that ain’t make it past their 19th year
i do it for me, and not the paper, stictly 100%, nah mean?

(“cause ain’t no fiends coming in between me an my dreams
see what i mean black? i gets the paper”)

sinister plots, every week who got shot
spots like the enterprise kept the neighborhood hot
n-gg-s bugging out so some receive toe tags
resting up north with f-g or sporting sh-t bags
when i think back it’s so sad
all the n-gg-s that i had, who’d ever figure that it’d get so bad?
so i retreat with a pen and a pad
hide your chain when you ride the train
for writing rhymes about automatic weapons
i’d rather steer the youth in the right direction
drop a bomb, destroy the temple’s? sen section?
little girls already s-xing
hard rock shorties is flexing
but i stick to my lessons, no stress
cause if sh-t was real, brooklyn would sn-tch that chain off your chest
don’t fess, we know why you rock that vest
hard on records, but really p-ssy, check it
i do this for me, and not the paper, strictly 100%, know what i’m saying?

(“cause ain’t no fiends coming in between me an my dreams
see what i mean black? i gets the paper”)

JERU THE DAMAJA – POWER LYRICS

we're going to talk about the image of black men in our society
control their history
black men are six times more likely than white men to be murder victims
control their images
they're two and a half times more likely to be unemployed
don't teach them who they are
they finish last in practically every socioeconomic measure from infant mortality to life expectancy
whoever controls the mind, will also control the body

sometimes i question, why i even gave a f+ck
i look back young, black, proud and so fed up
my mental state it's obvious that the system's corrupt
cause some commotion and maybe we could shake it up
but now i realize i wasn't mentally mature enough
how the saying go a little knowledge can be dangerous
though things have changed the power still remains in us
so don't let the pain leave you acrimonious
black, white, yellow, brown they're all social constructs
created to separate, so now hate is the by+product
in '85 the fbi flooded the hood with product
because of that a lot of cats grew up with no fathers
cointelpro to stop the global expansion
excuse me if i don't sing the national anthem
now i write rhymes as i cool in my mansion
unity's the enemy that's why they murdered fred hampton
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
power to the people
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
i am a revolutionary

let's talk about the image of the black man in america

i often ponder, do people even give a f+ck
and wonder why children don't hate, is compassion innate
how we choose malevolence over let's correlate
thinking that we're unlike, but in fact cognate
unity makes it difficult to subjugate
in the abundance of water make sure you hydrate

i’ve been laying low but still the underground advocate
the choice is yours, devil or god incarnate
good or bad people make the world rotate
bad or good, it’s the point of view that you take
some give and some just take
some people are real and others are just fake
wait, what’s true what’s false, sometimes it’s misconstrued
pay attention, be alert, show gratitude
throughout my travels i’ve learned one thing
unity’s the enemy that’s why they k!lled dr. king baby
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
power to the people
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
i am a revolutionary

and if people had been educated they would understand that we don’t hate white people, we hate the oppressor whether he be white, black, brown or yellow

i am a revolutionary

JERU THE DAMAJA – REVENGE OF THE PROPHET (PART V) LYRICS

well prophet, it seems like you're in a bit of a jam
i hope you can unstick yourself
oh, and what you did to my wife
it was nothing, i have others
the saga continues
it's been a while since i escaped the library
fightin' ignorance every day, it's gettin' weary
when i think i got him, he pulls a slip on me
and there's so many soldiers in his fiendish -ss army
one of the fiercest, is this n-gg- named tricknology
the last time we met, he got the drop on me
sh-t happens so fast he even got some of my family
blasted my way up out the building when i catch him, i'ma kill him
track him uptown, where i hear he's lyin' to children
1 2 5th's the stop, go outside i hear gunshots run up the block
greedy lou's dead in front of the materialistic crack spot
trick's yellin' out, "this is my block"
i would've hit him, but i didn't have a clear shot
an innocent bystander might get popped
d-mn, a small thang 'cause the prophet still can't be stopped
what? that's right, this is my motherf-ckin' life
tricknology, you know what i'm sayin'?
you know me, you can't front on me
i'm in a f-cked up position but if he squeezes again, i'ma lift 'em
a few seconds later now here comes the siren
oh sh-t, it's the pork chop patrol their on ignorance's payroll
and they only came to hold
tricknology down, scoop greedy lou off the ground
throw him in the back of a truck one yells
‽what the f-ck n-gg- ya lookin' at? now get the f-ck outta here"
then i get that feeling that i feel when danger is in the air
then out of nowhere one yells out, "the prophet's over there"
immediately following mad lead is in the air
pigs are all posted up like they knew i'd be here
through in the back and forth my gun gets lost
but i managed to get one high powered thought off
i split 6 pigs that got sawed off
as their bodies break south i proceed to break north
now sh-t is lookin' dim and you'd think all maybe lost
but the prophet won't go out at any cost
you can never stop the prophet
[incomprehensible]

unit’s 1 and 2, unit’s 1 and 2 the prophet has been sighted
if you see him kill him
can’t a d-mn thing stop me
i head toward the train station
my force did stop most of the ammunition
still i need medical attention
but i’m not b-tchin’, gettin’ ignorance is my mission
all of a sudden greedy lou comes creepin’
around the corner talkin’ ’bout prophet you’re a gonner
we knew you followed trick uptown because you wanna
get rid of ignorance but that don’t make no sense
he runs the world i know this from experience
why don’t you come and work wit us
you’ll see the boss’ game is nice
that night greedy lou died twice
now i’m wanted, pork chop patrol has a warrant
but that still can’t stop the prophet
here ye, here ye
the court of ignorance is now in session
we, judge and the jury find the prophet
guilty in the murder of greedy lou
one of our close personal homeboys
so for that the sentence is death
when you find him execute him

JERU THE DAMAJA – SO RAW (PL) LYRICS

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]
its the raw high majestic
universally respected, divinely protected
many mics molested by my rhyming method
dirty rotten from bk to pl
think i fell off
you got jokes like dave chappelle
call me waldo
cause you don't know where i'm at in the world
international rhyme shark
marksman like william tell
the original
the n+ggas more b+tch than a sh+m+l+
all that rah+rah
you'd probably be a girl in the cell
lord's my witness
i'm giving these cats the business
knocking back shots of vodka
with my foolish gangster princess
on christmas
that's everyday the way i shoot the gift
in some parts of the world
they call me black st. nicholas
ridiculous amounts of style
flowing out of my orifice
spit nasty sh+t
like what went out of that b+tch in the exorcist
if you insist
i could fulfill your death wish
peep this raw hardcore
and fatter than wilson fisk
[hook x2]
so
tell your peeps about it
tell your cl!ck about it
tell your people 'bout it
tell 'em all about it
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
tell your cl!ck about it

tell your peeps about it
tell your crew about it
tell ’em all about it
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw

[verse 2: peja]
sprawdź zawodnika który fika tyle lat brat
mieszam rap tak jak zawodnicy style walki w klatkach
na bicie petarda to ten czas by znów nagrać
na ulicach leży prawda, czuć ból z tego miasta
mamy się dobrze to (?) jest pogrzeb
gadamy mądrze, najwyższy nas poprze
nowe colabo to kolejny postęp
zawsze na (?) omijam (?)
w trasie najostrzej jedziemy w polskę
gdzie kolwiek dotrze, to będzie grubo
rps, ostry, jeru i reszta
rodziny album, słabi się gubią
nie umiem stać z boku
w centrum uwagi z ziomkiem
ty nie prowokuj kolo
bo obiad zjesz przez słomkę
ja wolę zbić piątkę
jestem (?) pojebem
nie po to kleję wersy
żeby zaliczyć glebę
chcesz mięsa więcej, to rzucę ci mięsem
jestem jak sensei choć mawia big daddy
jak w czasach 90s (?)
strzelam słowami, liryczny karabin
daras ma pady, to dzień zagłady
rytmy nabija jak członek (?)
szybszy niż jessie na stówę w berlinie
jak (?) wygrywamy
[hook x2]
so
tell your peeps about it
tell your cl!ck about it
tell your people ’bout it
tell ’em all about it
we so raw

we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
tell your cl!ck about it
tell your peeps about it
tell your crew about it
tell ’em all about it
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw

[verse 3: o.s.t.r.]
jebani się chwalą dziś
jakby posiadali talon
na kurwę i balon wstyd
mało im podpalimy ich razem
robiąc jatkę brat daj ognia prosto w mordę
wytknę tobie ową prawdę jak wariograf
może zobaczyć co może cię spotkać
nie wytłumaczę ci projekt tego czego rozsądek
nie nauczy ciebie przez soundtrack
od tak kolano pięść (?) i bomba
cel, w oczy zagląda stres
nie moja wina że jest nas wkurwisz
będzie podli fest
bałuty, poznań [bleeh] (?)
łdz parano
jazda noc i dzień paradoks
diabła świat nam (?) chaos
trze do gardła, (?) do szpiku kości
nie przejmuje nas dystans
tylko smak życia
bezlitosny instynkt w naszych myślach
nie ma że nie chcę
zmienia się w (?)
(?)
nie wierzę w ten cel
(?)
zniewolą serce
(?)
zobaczysz ten dzień
(?)
bogiem nie jestem

jestem jak wszyscy
zły, zmęczony, wkurwiony
na świat przede wszystkim, bo?
[hook x2]
so
tell your peeps about it
tell your cl!ck about it
tell your people ’bout it
tell ’em all about it
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
tell your cl!ck about it
tell your peeps about it
tell your crew about it
tell ’em all about it
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw

JERU THE DAMAJA – VERSES OF DOOM LYRICS

[produced by muskabeatz]

(jeru the damaja…)
(…and it goes like this)

for all you new jacks that never heard me spit
bring beats, rhymes, and freaks and watch me split sh-t
bang like bloods and crips
too legitimate to quit
mc's talk big but sonic waves crack your helmet
before long, the chicken heads crush they pelvic
bones, i blow up spot-slam microphones
thinkin' 'bout pacing? dog, adjust yo' tone
f-ck rhymin', i leave your eyes shinin' like chrome
rims, main course, knuckle sandwich and .10's
try and wet me, i multiply like gremlins
i'm a vet in the game, i know the outs and ins
still, i'm constantly beefin' like cowboys and indians
outlaw star, like gene starwind kickin' that crazy sh-t like a soccer hooligan
so money break yourself, you know what's good for your health
call me ninja not n-gga cuz i move in stealth
mode, after this joint your headphones explode
i rhyme in beeps and blips so i can rhyme in morse code
flow like ocean, salt water erode
when the mic is in my grip it is sure to corrode, and
i glide across the beat like jordan
leave compet-tion hole-y like a mormon
potent as dust, i have you all stumblin'
smoke too much, you sp-ce the f-ck out like flash gordon
rock this sh-t, from mornin' to mornin'
it's so hot it have rappers wanna stop recordin'
sort of superman, so lois lane reportin'
swing like spidey, so chumps hate me like jay jonah jameson
if i miss i take aim again
throwin' fire like the human torch and leavin y'all f-ggots flamin'
play yo' f-ckin' self if you think i'm gamin'
create earthquakes that have your core tremblin'
be number 9 like the love potion
can't clock my moves cuz i move in slow motion
(motion)
(motion)
(motion… and it goes like this)

verses of doom, from jeru the damaja…
[scratched] for all you new jacks
verses of doom, from jeru the damaja…
[scratched] sonic waves crack yo' helmet
verses of doom, from jeru the damaja…
[scratched] for all you new jacks
verses of doom, from jeru the damaja…
[scratched] i'm a vet in the game
doom…
[scratched] sonic waves crack yo' helmet
doom…
[scratched] sonic waves

JERU THE DAMAJA – WIZUN LYRICS

[intro]
slang is a vocabulary that is used between people who belong to the same social group and who know eachother well
slang is a delicate form of language
it can offend people if it is used about other people or [about a group of people who know eachother well?]
we usually use slang in speaking rather than writing
slang normally refers to particular words or meanings but can include longer expressions and idioms

[verse]
[hahaha good luck to whoever decides to transcribe this?]

JERU THE DAMAJA – YOU CAN'T STOP THE PROPHET (PETE ROCK REMIX) LYRICS

guy 1: ohhh! yo look towards the darkness
guy 2: nah nah yo, look towards the light
guy 1: yo what! oh what the? yo what is that?
guy 2: it's a supernova
guy 1: nah nah man, that's a black hole
guy 2: yo! yo!
guy 1: yo!
1 + 2: yo it's.. it's.. it's?!!!

(the prophet)
i, leap over lies in a single bound
(who are you?) the black prophet
one day i got struck by knowledge of self
it gave me super-scientifical powers
now i, run through the ghetto
battlin my, arch nemesis mr. ignorance
he's been tryin to take me out since the days of my youth
he feared this day would come
i'm hot on his trail, but sometimes he slips away
because he has an army, they always give me trouble
mainly – hatred, jealousy and envy they attack me
they think they got me
but i use my super-science and i twist all three
i see sparks over that buildin – they're shootin at me
i dip, do a backflip
then hit em in the heart with sharp steel bookmarks
ignorance hates when i drop it
but no matter, what he do.. he can't stop the prophet

(deceit)
yo prophet, yo prophet, c'mere real quick
yo i just saw ignorance downtown, let me put you on

(girl #2)
word, he down there buggin
he got them illin out, they shootin and everything else..

(the prophet)
let's continue the saga, mad mad drama
i met this chick, she said she knew where ignorance was at
i said, "where?" she said, "downtown"
he had babies havin babies – and young n-ggas sellin crack

i think the b-tch is lyin, it's a set up
i can smell it, but ignorance is runnin rampant
aight baby show me the exact spot
meet me at hoyt and schermerh-rn at 3 on the dot
so i hops up on the a-train, i'm bein followed
my seventh sense senses danger
i turn around, it's anger
and he brought a mob along, it's the same old song
despair and animosity got broke with the swiftness
i don't know what they think this is
i feel a sharp pain in my neck now i can't see, i'm like hiram
they hit me with the dart filled with the pork chop serum
i tried to hold on but before long i dropped
when i awoke i was locked in the barber's shop
trapped in the barber's chair
oh no, they're gonna try and cut my hair
but that can't stop the prophet

(anger)
yo prophet!
ignorance is tired of you followin him around
we about to put an end to that right now
anamosity (yea!) despair (yo wh-ssup?) get him!!

{dj premier cuts and scratches: "can't a d-mn thing stop me"}

(the prophet)
a few minutes p-ssed by, i hear a buzzin noise
it was that chick with some of ignorance's boys
she said, "prophet, we got you beat;
by the way i'm mr. ignorance's wife, deceit
but enough talk; now for your hair cut.."
when the clippers touched my hair, they blew the f-ck up
after the explosion there was no one left
cause i know dim mak/poison hand/touch of death
my vision's still kinda blurry, but i see a clue
ignorance is at the library
i hurry, with lightning speed like the flash
he's at the big one, on grand, army plaz'
when i get inside the doors shut and the lights go off
d-mn, another trap
i hear a hissin sound, i smell a funny smell
i gasp, i can't breathe
ignorance is laughin at me
waitin on my downfall, but he can't stop the prophet

(mr. ignorance)
well prophet
it seems like you’re in a bit of a jam
i hope you can unstick yourself
oh, and what you did to my wife, it was nothing
i have others
hahahahahaha… hahahahaha.. hahahahahah…

“the saga continues!”

KODO
MO
SAN
SMITH
REDWINE
CORBETT
CAPRICORN ONE

SATURNALIA

Father time will stop to eat his children
And the peasants will all celebrate
We have found the secret everlasting
So grab your cup don't be late

Saturnalia is here
The rich are poor the strong have fear
Wear this crown upon your head
Tonight we dine on blood and bread

The hourglass has been flipped on its head
And now the sand is flowing upside-down
The one who rules shall serve all of the servants
And the fool shall wear the crown

Saturnalia is here
The rich are poor the strong have fear
The sacrifice has been prepared
Tonight your life shall be spared

Saturnalia
Saturnalia
Saturnalia
Saturnalia

(J. Corbett)

INVISIBLE WALLS

She's breathing on and fingering
The words that I'm imagining
In the glass she does her make up on in

I'm just a fish in a barrel
Going over the falls
While she skates in endless figure eights on top

Invisible walls
I keep on crashing into

She hid her heart in a lock
Bound with short skirts and knee high socks
The illusion of the world is kept like this:

An uncountable number; an impassible distance
Travelled for years, but it made no difference
The edges of existence are impenetrable

Invisible walls
I keep on crashing into

No matter how close I get I'm still just as far away

(S. Smith)

BEAT THE SAFE MAN

I have an empty space
Where my heart used to be
I can't feel a God damn thing
My soul is perfectly numb
I'm not gonna be the safe man

Is she real or she fake
I don't know what to think
When will I see her again?

She goes on her way
I don't have my say
Then things will go astray

(M. Carr)

R E B O R N

I met the strangest man the other day
And he wept when he told me all about the day
That he met a stranger on the path one day
Who openly wept when a stranger stopped and said to him:

You will be
Reborn as me
You will see
The world through my eyes

And as he spoke
Something awoke
Our minds are yolked
Your thoughts are now mine

Please don't mind my tears it's just that
I've roamed lonely all these years searching a
New home before my bones get weary and I'm
Too old but here you are and now I'm telling you:

You will be
Reborn as me
You will see
The world through my eyes

And as he spoke
Something awoke
Our minds are yolked
Your thoughts are now mine

And now you know why you've met me
You must go on the journey
You must find another body
Before you die you'll become me

You will be me

(J. Corbett)

C O M A

Headlong in a plane crash
Stuck here for 6 months long
I'm trapped within my head
Brain dead, someone said

Been listening to the same old song
On repeat for far too long
Why can't I move my arms?
I feel, no real pain

Life's a coma, coma machine
Every day's the fucking same
Where's my friends? Where's my phone?
Where's my girl? I'm all alone

Shallow relatives, bedside vigil
Empty stares, no one cares
Night janitor licks my balls
Bed bath, incessant rash

Not responding to a stimulus
Lying here on my own
Confined to my damaged brain
Constant beeping in my head.

(M. Carr)

THE OTHERSIDE

Smoke seeps out
The black hole of a gun
That shot a thunderbolt straight
Through the centre of the sun

And what goes around comes around
And what goes up come back down

It left a fire whirl swirling
Between time and speed
Jetting plasma beams across
The galaxy

And what I could've been, I could've been
What I could've been, I have been

On the other side
Its all happened before
I lived I died
I was rich and I was poor

Moonbeams and
Sea beams
Gleam through the
Taurid stream

At point oh five seconds per hour
Shooting through summertime meteor showers

Let's take a ride
Through a black hole
And live a life
We thought we'd never know

Super collide into the other side
Where particles explode like stars in the sky

On the other side
Its all happened before
I lived I died
I was rich and I was poor

(S. Smith)

M A M A C H A R I

子供の頃に友達が
Kodomo no koro ni tomodachi ga
後ろに乗っていた
Ushiro ni noteitta
二人ともが遠くまでも
Futaritomo ga tooku made mo
冒険探しに行ってきた
Bouken sagashi ni ittekita

学校をサボろう　MAMACHARI
Gakkou o saborou MAMACHARI
家を出なきゃ　MAMACHARI
Ie o denakya MAMACHARI
パンクばかり　MAMACHARI
Panku bakkari MAMACHARI
冒険目指す　MAMACHARI
Bouken o mezasu MAMACHARI

俺の初めてママチャリが
Ore no hajimete mamachari ga
中古の店で見かけった
Chuuko no mise de mikaketta
籠やキャリアも全体ボロボロ
Kago ya kyaria mo zentai boroboro
一目で fall in love
Hitome de fall in love

入社式で　MAMACHARI
Nyuushashiki de MAMACHARI
新婚旅行で　MAMACHARI
Shinkonyrokou de MAMACHARI
赤ちゃん生まれた　MAMACHARI
Akachan umareta MAMACHARI
老人ホームを脱出　MAMACHARI
Roujinhoumu o dasshutsu MAMACHARI

When I'm old and grey

I'll aim my bike at the Milky Way

夕日に向かって
Yuuhi ni mukatte
去っていく
Satteiku

(*Translation*)

When I was a child
I rode my bike with my friend on the back
We rode far and wide
Looking for adventure

Blow off school MAMACHARI
Gotta get outta my house MAMACHARI
Got a hole in my tire MAMACHARI
Heading for an adventure MAMACHARI

I caught my eye on my first bike
At a used bicycle shop
From the basket to the carrier it was all beat up
It was love at first sight

At my first day of work MAMACHARI
On my honeymoon MAMACHARI
At the birth of my child MAMACHARI
When I break out of my retirement home MAM/

When I'm old and grey
I'll aim my bike at the milky way
And ride off into
The sunset

Swerving down
The middle of the road
Not a care in the world
Just me and my 'mamachari'

To the moon MAMACHARI
Until the planet Mars MAMACHARI
To another galaxy MAMACHARI
Until the day I die MAMACHARI

フラフラで
Furafura de
道路の真ん中
Douro no mannaka
呑気に
Nonki ni
Just me and my mamachari

月まで　MAMACHARI
Tsuki made MAMACHARI
火星まで　MAMACHARI
Kasei made MAMACHARI
他の銀河へ　MAMACHARI
Hoka no ginga e MAMACAHARI
死ぬまで　MAMACHARI
Shinu made MAMACHARI

(S. Smith)

CRABS UP NORTH

Where the weary give a big fat sigh
Cats and dogs play side by side
The spinning of an old 45
A billion glued to their tv screens

wave goodbye to a paper boat
as it sails across your telescope
a crab's eye moves back and forth
as we make our way on the road up
north

How can we stand by it?
We're on our own
I know there's something wrong with it
from when we were born

Challenger crew are still walking around
Astronauts with a puzzled frown
Flat earth pictures through a fishbowl
lens
vomit comet goes up and down

A wanna be pirate with a wooden sword
Stanley Kubrick's looking pretty bored
wires and hairspray n make pretend
Capricorn one was a big fat clue

How can we stand by it?
We're on our own
I know there's something wrong with it
from when we were born

come on a take a look
Do you really wanna know?
Go down the rabbit hole
How far does it go?

you can't say anything
cos you're gonna get ridiculed
you can't say anything
cos you're gonna look like a total fool

How can we stand by it?

We're on our own
I know there's something wrong with it
from when we were born

(M. Carr)

SHE'S GONE

We took photos by the fountain
And held hands in the plaza
Then we took a bus through the mountains
And down to the beach

We got a room with an ocean view
She got bored and said, what'll we do?
So I rented a boat to row to somewhere remote
A little island just out of reach

But now she's gone
Thought I had time, but I was wrong
Gotta take what you can get
Cuz you haven't got long

We met again ten years later
Thought it was fate brought us together
We'd both gotten married; our lives were ordinary
We had two kids each

Palm trees shaded us; kept off the heat
While the surf foamed around our naked feet
I'll always remember the day she said she'd something to say
As clearly as that time on the beach

But now she's gone
Thought I had time, but I was wrong
Gotta take what you can get
Cuz you haven't got long

We were just kids way back then
Those were the days, but never again
Stars were so bright; nights were so long
Love was forever, but now she's gone

Down the peephole
And over the equator
She said, I love you
But I just said, I'll see you later

But now she's gone
Thought I had time, but I was wrong
Gotta take what you can get

Cuz you haven't got long

We were just kids way back then
Those were the days, but never again
Stars were so bright; nights were so long
Love was forever, but now she's gone

(S. Smith)

G U A R A N A

Muddy fields, dirty dogs
From South Shields, the dancing trogs
Up all night, up all day
My wakeful mind, is here to stay

Guarana Guarana Gu
Guarana Guarana Gu

Pilton farmers, bugged eyed charmers
Itchy sweaters made from llamas
Comatosed, counting sheep
I really wanna get some sleep

Guarana Guarana Gu
Guarana Guarana Gu

Here I am, and here you are
Damp rizlas on the score
Got no sense of where I am
Push me round 'til I hit the floor

...come on!

Ticket touts on the flog
Glastonbury, ganja smog
Trapped in a portaloo
Can't get out of this crazy zoo

Guarana Guarana Gu
Guarana Guarana Gu

(M. Carr)

A SIMPLE SONG

It's just a simple song
What can I say?
Four chords we have to play
On a rainy day

I can't go wrong
I can't go wrong
I can't go wrong
In a simple song

Memories of a broken glass
Blood on my lip
I tried to pick it up
But I cut my hand

I can't go wrong
I can't go wrong
I can't go wrong
In a simple song

She called me up again
When I thought it was all over
Sooner or later you've
Gotta find yourself again

Down by the river bed
That's what I said
I took a photograph
That we didn't share

I can't go wrong
I can't go wrong
I can't go wrong
In a simple song

This is a simple song
Four chords we strum
This is a simple song
What can go wrong?

(M. Carr)

THE EXPERIMENT

'Don't you see?' said the man
with the wires in his hands.
'Don't you know what we'll discover
when we finish your brain scans?'
No, of course you don't

'Not to be too unkind,
but the science of the mind
is better left up to the experts
who can process what they find
in their white lab coats.'

'But doc,' I interrupted,
'Will my circuits be corrupted?'
And the doc scrunched his face
as in laughter he erupted
like I told a joke.

'My dear friend lie back in bed!
This is all over your head.
If you continue to shout
you will scare our porcine friend
and we can't have that.'

So he hooked up the machine
and he aimed the laser beam
and I felt my mind receding
as the pig started to scream
like a grown man.

5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

Grab your partner, dosey-doe
I will take you toe to toe
Funniest thing that you ever did see
That scientist is chasing me
I will lead him all around
With two feet upon the ground
I'm a man

Distant memory
Bacon not fleece
Your true destiny
Perish for meat

(J. Corbett)

FLY AWAY WITH ME

Come fly away with me!
Watashi to issho ni tobi tatou
Why don't you come fly away?

I always put my foot in my mouth
And say the wrong thing to your face
I just want a simple life for a fool
But not just the crumbs from your table

I might as well go fly away
And take a bus to somewhere else

Well, I wouldn't do it again
Not with you anyway
It's hard to let go
I'm floating away

I always struggled with this place
Those dirty summers are a bitch
The language never makes any sense
Those vampire companies suck you dry

I might as well go fly away
And take a bus to somewhere else

Well, I wouldn't do it again
Not with you anyway
It's hard to let go
I'm floating away

Got a sense feeling
Of who I was before
Now I'm going to go down
to a new place from afar

Climbing on the ceiling
The silence of you thoughts
Finding love and healing
I'm the one who trapped himself

(M. Carr)

RUBY FRUIT JUNGLE

You look so good
Taste so sweet
Lovin' you
My ruby fruit jungle
I want you

Up all night
Almost light
I can't get enough
Of my ruby fruit jungle
Dream inside of you

Ruby
Ruby fruit jungle yeah
Ruby
My ruby fruit jungle
Ruby fruit jungle

Ruby
Ruby fruit jungle yeah
Ruby
My ruby fruit jungle
Ruby fruit jungle yeah

(M. Carr)

THE CORBETT REPORT
Open Source Intelligence News

Century of Enslavement: The History of The Federal Reserve

Corbett • 07/06/2014 •

Part One: The Origins of the Fed

"*The real truth of the matter is, as you and I know, that a financial element in the larger centers has owned the Government ever since the days of Andrew Jackson.*" — FDR letter to Colonel Edward House, Nov. 21, 1933

All our lives we've been told that economics is boring. It's dull. It's not worth the time it takes to understand it. And all our lives, we've been lied to.

War. Poverty. Revolution. They all hinge on economics. And economics all rests on one key concept: money.

Money. It is the economic water in which we live our lives. We even call it "currency"; it flows around us, carries us in its wake. Drowns those who are not careful.

We use it every day in nearly every transaction we conduct. We spend our lives working for it, worrying about it, saving it, spending it, pinching it. It defines our social status. It compromises our morals. People are willing to fight, die, and kill for it.

But what is it? Where does it come from? How is it created? Who controls it? It is a remarkable fact that, given its central importance in our lives, not one person in a hundred could answer such basic questions about money as these.

> **Interviewer:** So if you were planning a family, you'd want to know where babies come from. And this is a lot about banking. So let me ask you: Where does money come from?
>
> **Interviewee 1:** Where does the money come from? The government prints it. It's printed off.
>
> **Interviewer:** How is new money created?
>
> **Interviewee 2:** By labor. People work and produce wealth, and the money is supposed to match that wealth.
>
> **Interviewee:** Where does money come from?
>
> **Interviewee 3:** Well, I have a pretty different outlook on money. It actually comes from, like, trees, right?
>
> **SOURCE**: Occupy Vancouver answers "Where does money come from?"

But why is this? How could we be so ignorant about a topic of such importance? "Where does money come from?" is a basic, childlike question. So why is our only response the childlike answer, meant as a joke: "It grows on trees"?

Such a profound state of ignorance could not come about naturally. From the time we are children, we are curious about the world and eager to learn about the way it works. And what could lead to a better understanding of the way the world works than a knowledge of money, its creation and destruction? Yet discussion of this topic is fastidiously avoided in our school years and ignored in our daily life. Our monetary ignorance is artificial, a smokescreen that has been erected on purpose and perpetrated with the help of complicated systems and insufferable economic jargon.

But it doesn't take an economist to understand the importance of money. Deep down we all know that the wars, the poverty, the violence we see around us hinges on this question of money. It seems like a thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle just waiting to be solved. And it is.

The puzzle pieces, taken together, create an image of the Federal Reserve, America's central bank and the heart of the country's banking system. Despite its central importance to the economy, relatively few have heard of it, and fewer still know what it is, despite the bank's attempts at self-description:

> Our economy runs on a complex system of exchange of goods and services in which money plays a key part. Coin, currency, savings, and checking accounts; the overall supply of money is managed by the Federal Reserve. Money is the medium through which economic exchanges take place, and money as a standard of value helps us to set prices for goods and services. The job of managing money—monetary policy—is to preserve the purchasing power of the dollar while ensuring that a sufficient amount of money is available to promote economic growth.
>
> The Federal Reserve also promotes the safety and soundness of the institutions where we do our banking. It ensures that the mechanisms by which we make payments, whether by cash, cheque, or electronic means, operate smoothly and efficiently.
>
> And in its fiscal role acts as the banker for the United States government.

> Now these duties comprise the major responsibilities of our central bank.
>
> **SOURCE**: The Fed: Our Nation's Central Bank

But in order to understand the Federal Reserve, we must first understand its origins and context. We must deconstruct the puzzle.

The first piece of that puzzle lies here, in the White House. This is where the Federal Reserve Act, then known as the Currency Bill, was signed into law after passing the House and Senate in late December 1913.

The New York Times of Christmas Eve 1913, described the festive scene:

"The Christmas spirit pervaded the gathering. While the ceremony was a little less impressive than that of the signing of the Tarriff act on Oct. 3 last in the same room, the spectators were much more enthusiastic and seized every occasion to applaud."

There in the White House that fateful December evening, President Wilson signed away the last veneer of control over the American money supply to a cartel—a well-organized gang of crooks so successful, so cunning, so well-hidden that even now, a century later, few know of its existence, let alone the details of its operations. But those details have been openly admitted for decades.

Of course, just as we have been taught to find economics boring, we have been taught that this story is boring. This is the way the Federal Reserve itself tells it:

> The United States was facing severe financial problems. At the turn of the century, most banks were issuing their own currency, called "bank notes." The trouble was, currency that was good in one state was sometimes worthless in another. People began to lose confidence in their money, since it was only as sound as the bank that issued it. Fearful that their bank might go out of business, they rushed to exchange their bank notes for gold or silver. By attempting to do so, they created the Panic of 1907.
>
> **SOURCE**: Where The Bankers Bank
>
> During the panic, people streamed to the banks and demanded their deposits. The banks could not meet the demand; they simply did not have enough gold and silver coin available. Many banks went under. People lost millions of dollars, businesses suffered, unemployment rose, and the stability of our economic system was again threatened.
>
> Well, this couldn't go on. If the country was going to grow and prosper, some means would have to be found to achieve financial and economic stability.
>
> To prevent financial panics like the one in 1907, President Woodrow Wilson signed The Federal Reserve Act into law in 1913.
>
> **SOURCE**: Too Much, Too Little

But this is history as told by the victors: a revisionist vision in which the creation of a central bank to control the nation's money supply is merely a boring historical footnote, about as important as the invention of the zipper or an early 20th century hula-hoop craze. The truth is that the story of the secret banking conclave that gave birth to that Federal Reserve Act is as exciting and dramatic as

any Hollywood screenplay or detective novel yarn, and all the more remarkable for the fact that it is all true.

We pick up the story, appropriately enough, under cover of darkness. It was the night of November 22, 1910, and a group of the richest and most powerful men in America were boarding a private rail car at an unassuming railroad station in Hoboken, New Jersey. The car, waiting with shades drawn to keep onlookers from seeing inside, belonged to Senator Nelson Aldrich, the father-in-law of billionaire heir to the Rockefeller dynasty, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. A central figure on the influential Senate Finance Committee, where he oversaw the nation's monetary policy, Aldrich was referred to in the press as the "General Manager of the Nation." Joining him that evening was his private secretary, Shelton, and a who's who of the nation's banking and financial elite: A. Piatt Andrew, the Assistant Treasury Secretary; Frank Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York; Henry P. Davison, a senior partner of J.P. Morgan Company; Benjamin Strong, Jr., an associate of J.P. Morgan and President of Bankers Trust Co., and Paul Warburg, heir of the Warburg banking family and son-in-law of Solomon Loeb of the famed New York investment firm, Kuhn, Loeb & Company.

The men had been told to arrive one by one after sunset to attract as little attention as possible. Indeed, secrecy was so important to their mission that the group did not use anything but their first names throughout the journey so as to keep their true identities secret even from their own servants and wait staff. The movements of any one of them would have been reason enough to attract the attention of New York's voracious press, especially in an era where banking and monetary reform was seen as a key issue for the future of the nation; a meeting of all of them, now *that* would surely have been the story of the century. And it was.

Their destination? The secluded Jekyll Island off the coast of Georgia, home to the prestigious Jekyll Island Club, whose members included the Morgans, Rockefellers, Warburgs, and Rothschilds. Their purpose? Davison told intrepid local newspaper reporters who had caught wind of the meeting that they were going duck hunting. But in reality, they were going to draft a reform of the nation's banking industry in complete secrecy.

G. Edward Griffin, the author of the best-selling The Creature from Jekyll Island and a long-time Federal Reserve researcher, explains:

> **G. Edward Griffin**: What happened is the banks decided that since there was going to be legislation anyway to control their industry, that they wouldn't just sit back and wait and see what happened and cross their fingers that it would be OK. They decided to do what so many cartels do today: they decided to take the lead. And they would be the ones calling for regulations and reform.
>
> They like the word "reform." The American people are suckers for the word "reform." You just put that into any corrupt piece of legislation, call it "reform" and people say "Oh, I'm all for 'reform,'" and so they vote for it or accept it.
>
> So that's what they were doing. They decided, "We will 'reform' our own industry." In other words, "We will create a cartel and we will give the cartel the power of government. We'll take our cartel agreement so we can self-regulate to our advantage and we'll call it 'The Federal Reserve Act.' And then we'll take this cartel agreement to Washington and convince those idiots there to pass it into law."

> And that basically was the strategy. It was a brilliant strategy. Of course we see it happening all the time, certainly in our own day today we see the same thing happened in other cartelized industries. Right now we're watching it unfold in the field of healthcare, but at that time it was banking, alright?
>
> And so the banking cartel wrote their own rules and regulations, called it "The Federal Reserve Act," got it passed into law, and it was very much to their liking because they wrote it. And in essence what they had created was a set of rules that made it possible for themselves to regulate their industry, but they went even beyond that. In fact, it's clear to me when I was reading their letters and their conversation at the time, and the debates, that they never dreamed that Congress would go along and also give them the right to issue the nation's money supply. Not only were they now going to regulate their own industry, which is what they started out as wanting to do, but they got this incredible gift that they didn't dream would be given to them (although they were negotiating for it), and that was that Congress gave them the authority to issue the nation's money. Congress gave away the sovereign right to issue the nation's money to the private banks.
>
> And so all of this was in The Federal Reserve Act, and the American people were joyous because they were told, and they were convinced, that this was finally a means of controlling this big creature from Jekyll Island.
>
> **SOURCE**: Interview with G. Edward Griffin

Amazingly enough, they were successful, not just in conspiring to write the legislation that would eventually become the Federal Reserve Act, but in keeping that conspiracy a secret from the public for decades. It was first reported on in 1916 by Bertie Charles Forbes, the financial writer who would later go on to found *Forbes* magazine, but it was never fully admitted until a full quarter-century later, when Frank Vanderlip wrote a casual admission of the meeting in the February 9, 1935, edition of *The Saturday Evening Post*:

"I was as secretive—indeed, as furtive—as any conspirator.[…]I do not feel it is any exaggeration to speak of our secret expedition to Jekyll Island as the occasion of the actual conception of what eventually became the Federal Reserve System."

Over the course of their nine days of deliberation at the Jekyll Island Club, they devised a plan so overarching, so ambitious, that even they could scarcely imagine that it would ever be passed by Congress. As Vanderlip put it, "Discovery [of our plan], we knew, simply must not happen, or else all our time and effort would be wasted. If it were to be exposed publicly that our particular group had got together and written a banking bill, that bill would have no chance whatever of passage by Congress."

So what, precisely, did this conclave of conspirators devise at their Jekyll Island meeting? A plan for a central banking system to be owned by the banks themselves, a system which would organize the nation's banks into a private cartel that would have sole control over the money supply itself. At the end of their nine-day meeting, the bankers and financiers went back to their respective offices content in what they had accomplished. The details of the plan changed between its 1910 drafting and the eventual passage of the Federal Reserve Act, but the essential ideas were there.

But ultimately, this scene on Jekyll Island, too, is just one piece of a larger puzzle. And like any other puzzle piece, it has to be seen in its wider context for the bigger picture to become visible. To

understand the other pieces of the puzzle and their importance in the creation of the Federal Reserve, we have to travel backward in time.

The story begins in late 17th century Europe. The Nine Years' War is raging across the continent as Louis XIV of France finds himself pitted against much of the rest of the continent over his territorial and dynastic claims. King William III of England, devastated by a stunning naval defeat, commits his court to rebuilding the English navy. There's only one problem: money. The government's coffers have been exhausted by the waging of the war and William's credit is drying up.

A Scottish banker, William Paterson, has a banker's solution: a proposal “to form a company to lend a million pounds to the Government at six percent (plus 5,000 'management fee') with the right of note issue.” By 1694, the idea has been slightly revised (a 1.2 million pound loan at 8 percent plus 4,000 for management expenses), but it goes ahead: The magnanimously titled Bank of England is created.

The name is a carefully constructed lie, designed to make the bank appear to be a government entity. But it is not. It is a private bank owned by private shareholders for their private profit with a charter from the king that allows them to print the public's money out of thin air and lend it to the crown. What happens here at the birth of the Bank of England in 1694 is the creation of a template that will be repeated in country after country around the world: a privately controlled central bank lending money to the government at interest, money that it prints out of nothing. And the jewel in the crown for the international bankers that creates this system is the future economic powerhouse of the world, the United States.

In many important respects, the history of the United States is the history of the struggle of the American people against the bankers that wish to control their money. By the 1780s, with colonies still fighting for independence from the crown, the bankers will get their wish.

In 1781 the United States is in financial turmoil. The Continental, the paper currency issued by the Continental Congress to pay for the war, has collapsed from overissue and British counterfeiting. Desperate to find a way to finance the end stages of the war, Congress turns to Robert Morris, a wealthy shipping merchant who was investigated for war profiteering just two years earlier. Now, as "Superintendent of Finance" of the United States from 1781 to 1784, he is regarded as the most powerful man in America next to General Washington.

In his capacity as Superintendent of Finance, Morris argues for the creation of a privately-owned central bank deliberately modeled on the Bank of England that the colonies were supposedly fighting against. Congress, backed into a corner by war obligations and forced to do business with the bankers just like King William in the 1690s, acquiesces and charters the Bank of North America as the nation's first central bank. And exactly as the Bank of England came into existence loaning the British crown 1.2 million pounds, the B.N.A. started business by loaning 1.2 million dollars to Congress.

By the end of the war, Morris has fallen out of political favor and the Bank of North America's currency has failed to win over a skeptical public. The B.N.A. is downgraded from a national central bank to a private commercial bank chartered by the State of Pennsylvania.

But the bankers have not given up yet. Before the ink is even dry on the Constitution, a group led by Alexander Hamilton is already working on the next privately-owned central bank for the newly formed United States of America.

So brazen is Hamilton in the forwarding of this agenda that he makes no attempt to hide his aims or those of the banking interests he serves:

"A national debt, if it is not excessive, will be to us a national blessing," he wrote in a letter to James Duane in 1781. "It will be a powerful cement of our Union. It will also create a necessity for keeping up taxation to a degree which, without being oppressive, will be a spur to industry."

Opposition to Hamilton and his debt-based system for establishing the finances of the US is fierce. Led by Jefferson and Madison, the bankers and their system of debt-enslavement is called out for the force of destruction that it is. As Thomas Jefferson wrote:

"[T]he spirit of war and indictment, […] since the modern theory of the perpetuation of debt, has drenched the earth with blood, and crushed its inhabitants under burdens ever accumulating."

Still, Hamilton proves victorious. The First Bank of the United States is chartered in 1791 and follows the pattern of the Bank of England and the Bank of North America almost exactly; a privately-owned central bank with the authority to loan money that it creates out of nothing to the government. In fact, it is the very same people behind the new bank as were behind the old Bank of North America. It was Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris' former aide, who first proposed Morris for the position of Financial Superintendent, and the director of the old Bank of North America, Thomas Willing, is brought in to serve as the first director of the First Bank of the United States. Meet the new banking bosses, same as the old banking bosses.

In the first five years of the bank's existence, the US government borrows 8.2 million dollars from the bank and prices rise 72%. By 1795, when Hamilton leaves office, the incoming Treasury Secretary announces that the government needs even more money and sells off the government's meager 20% share in the bank, making it a fully private corporation. Once again, the US economy is plundered while the private banking cartel laughs all the way to the bank that they created.

By the time the bank's charter comes due for renewal in 1811, the tide has changed for the money interests behind the bank. Hamilton is dead, shot to death in a duel with Aaron Burr. The bank-supporting Federalist Party is out of power. The public are wary of foreign ownership of the central bank, and what's more don't see the point of a central bank in time of peace. Accordingly, the charter renewal is voted down in the Senate and the bank is closed in 1811.

Less than a year later, the US is once again at war with England. After two years of bitter struggle, the public debt of the US has nearly tripled, from $45.2 million to $119.2 million. With trade at a standstill, prices soaring, inflation rising and debt mounting, President Madison signs the charter for the creation of another central bank, the Second Bank of the United States, in 1816. Just like the two central banks before it, it is majority privately-owned and is granted the power to loan money that it creates out of thin air to the government.

The 20-year bank charter is due to expire in 1836, but President Jackson has already vowed to let it die prior to renewal. Believing that Jackson won't risk his chance for reelection in 1832 on the issue, the bankers forward a bill to renew the bank's charter in July of that year, four years ahead of schedule. Remarkably, Jackson vetoes the renewal charter and stakes his reelection on the people's

support of his move. In his veto message, Jackson writes in no uncertain terms about his opposition to the bank:

"Whatever interest or influence, whether public or private, has given birth to this act, it can not be found either in the wishes or necessities of the executive department, by which present action is deemed premature, and the powers conferred upon its agent not only unnecessary, but dangerous to the Government and country. It is to be regretted that the rich and powerful too often bend the acts of government to their selfish purposes.[…]If we can not at once, in justice to interests vested under improvident legislation, make our Government what it ought to be, we can at least take a stand against all new grants of monopolies and exclusive privileges, against any prostitution of our Government to the advancement of the few at the expense of the many, and in favor of compromise and gradual reform in our code of laws and system of political economy."

The people side with Jackson and he's reelected on the back of his slogan, "Jackson and No Bank!" The President makes good on his pledge. In 1833 he announces that the government will stop using the bank and will pay off its debt. The bankers retaliate in 1834 by staging a financial crisis and attempting to pin the blame on Jackson, but it's no use. On January 8, 1835, President Jackson succeeds in paying off the debt, and for the first and only time in its history the United States is free from the debt chain of the bankers. In 1836 the Second Bank of the United States' charter expires and the bank loses its status as America's central bank.

It is 77 years before the bankers can regain the jewel in their crown. But it is not for lack of trying. Immediately upon the death of the bank, the banking oligarchs in England react by contracting trade, removing capital from the US, demanding payment in hard currency for all exports, and tightening credit. This results in a financial crisis known as the Panic of 1837, and once again Jackson's campaign to kill the bank is blamed for the crisis.

Throughout the late 19th century the United States is rocked by banking panics brought about by wild banking speculation and sharp contractions in credit. By the dawn of the 20th century, the bulk of the money in the American economy has been centralized in the hands of a small clique of industrial magnates, each with a near-monopoly on a sector of the economy. There are the Astors in real estate; the Carnegies and the Schwabs in steel; the Harrimans, Stanfords and Vanderbilts in railroads; the Mellons and the Rockefellers in oil. As all of these families start to consolidate their fortunes, they gravitate naturally to the banking sector. And in this capacity, they form a network of financial interests and institutions that centered largely around one man, banking scion and increasingly America's informal central banker in the absence of a central bank, John Pierpont Morgan.

John Pierpont Morgan, or “Pierpont,” as he prefers to be called, is born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1837 to Junius Spencer Morgan, a successful banker and financier. Morgan rides his father's coattails into the banking business and by 1871 is partnered in his own firm, the firm that was eventually to become J.P. Morgan and Company.

It is Morgan who finances Cornelius Vanderbilt's New York Central Railroad. It is Morgan who finances the launch of nearly every major corporation of the period, from AT&T to General Electric to General Motors to DuPont. It is Morgan who buys out Carnegie and creates the United States Steel Corporation, America's first billion-dollar company. It is Morgan who brokers a deal with President Grover Cleveland to “save” the nation's gold reserves by selling 62 million dollars worth

of gold to the Treasury in return for government bonds. And it is Morgan who, in 1907, sets in motion the crisis that leads to the creation of the Federal Reserve.

That year, Morgan begins spreading rumors about the precarious finances of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, a Morgan competitor and one of the largest financial institutions in the United States at the time. The resulting crisis, dubbed the Panic of 1907, shakes the US financial system to its core. Morgan puts himself forward as a hero, boldly offering to help underwrite some of the faltering banks and brokerage houses to keep them from going under. After a bout of hand-wringing over the nation's finances, a Congressional Committee is assembled to investigate the "money trust," the bankers and financiers who brought the nation so close to financial ruin and who wield such power over the nation's finances. The public follows the issue closely, and in the end a handful of bankers are identified as key players in the money trust's operations, including Paul Warburg, Benjamin Strong, Jr., and J.P. Morgan.

Andrew Gavin Marshall, editor of The People's Book Project, explains:

> **Andrew Gavin Marshall**: At the beginning of the 20th century there was an investigation following the greatest of these financial panics, which was in 1907, and this investigation was on "the money trust." It found that three banking interests--J.P. Morgan, National City Bank, and the City Bank of New York--basically controlled the entire financial system. Three banks. The public hatred toward these institutions was unprecedented. There was an overwhelming consensus in the country for establishing a central bank, but there were many different interests in pushing this and everyone had their own purpose behind advocating for a central bank.
>
> So to represent most people, you had farmer interests, populists, progressives, who were advocating a central bank because they couldn't take the recurring panics, but they wanted government control of the central bank. They wanted it to be exclusively under the public control because they despised and feared the New York banks as wielding too much influence, so for them a central bank would be a way to curb the power of these private financial interests.
>
> On the other hand, those same financial interests were advocating for a central bank to serve as a source of stability for their control of the system, and also to act as a lender of last resort to them so they would never have to face collapse. But also, in order to exert more control through a central bank, the private New York banking community wanted a central bank under the exclusive control of them. There's a shocker.
>
> So you had all these various interests which converged. Of course, the most influential happened to be the New York financial houses which were more aligned with the European financial houses than they were with any other element in American society. The main individual behind the founding of the Federal Reserve was Paul Warburg, who was a partner with Kuhn, Loeb and Company, a European banking house. His brothers were prominent bankers in Germany at that time, and he had of course close connections with every major financial and industrial firm in the United States and most of those existing in Europe. And he was discussing all of these ideas with his fellow compatriots in advocating for a central bank. In 1910, Warburg got the support of a Senator named Nelson Aldrich, whose family later married into the Rockefeller family (again, I'm sure just a coincidence). Aldrich invited Warburg and a number of other bankers to a private, secret meeting on Jekyll Island just off the coast of Georgia where they met in 1910 to discuss the construction of a central bank in the United States, but one which would of course be owned by and serve the interests of the private bank.

> Aldrich then presented this in 1911 as the "Aldrich Plan" in the U.S. Congress, but it was actually voted out.

The public, suspicious of Senator Aldrich's banking connections, ultimately reject the Jekyll Island cabal's “Aldrich Plan.” The cabal does not give up, however. They simply revise and rename their plan, giving it a new public face, that of Representative Carter Glass and Senator Robert Owen.

In the end, the money trust that was behind the Panic of 1907 uses the public's own outrage against them to complete their consolidation of control over the banking system. The newly retitled Federal Reserve Act is signed into law on December 23, 1913, and the Fed begins operations the next year.

Part Two: How the Scam Works

“*The study of money, above all other fields in economics, is one in which complexity is used to disguise truth or to evade truth, not to reveal it.*” — John Kenneth Galbraith

So how does the Federal Reserve system work? What does it do? Who owns and controls it? These are the basic questions that would get to the heart of the fundamental question: "What is money?" And that is why the answers to these questions have been shrouded in impenetrable economic jargon.

Even the Federal Reserve's own educational propaganda, which has an unusual tendency toward cutesy animation and talking down to its audience, has a difficult time summarizing the Fed's mission and responsibilities. According to the Fed:

> To achieve [its] goals, the Fed, then and now, combines centralized national authority through the Board of Governors with a healthy dose of regional independence through the reserve banks. A third entity, the Federal Open Market Committee, brings together the first two in setting the nation's monetary policy.
>
> **SOURCE**: In Plain English

Precisely what imaginary gaggle of schoolchildren is this economic gibberish aimed at?

The simple truth, hidden behind the sleight of hand of economic jargon and magisterial titles, is that a banking cartel has monopolized the most important item in our entire economy: money itself.

We are taught to think of money as the pieces of paper printed in government printing presses or coins minted by government mints. While this is partially true, in this day and age the actual notes and coins circulating in the economy represent only a tiny fraction of the money in existence. Over 90% of the money supply is in fact created by private banks as loans that are payable back to the banks at interest.

Although this simple fact is obscured by the wizards of Wall Street and gods of money who want to make the money creation process into some special art of alchemy carefully overseen by the government, the truth is not hidden from the public.

In December 1977, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York published another of its dumbed-down, cartoon-ridden information pamphlets for the general public, attempting to explain the functions of the Federal Reserve System. There in black and white they carefully explain the money creation process:

“Commercial banks create checkbook money whenever they grant a loan, simply by adding new deposit dollars to accounts on their books in exchange for a borrower's IOU.[...]Banks create money by 'monetizing' the private debts of businesses and individuals. That is, they create amounts of money against the value of those IOUs.”

There it is, in plain English: The vast majority of money in the economy, the “checkbook” money in our accounts at the bank and that we use in our electronic transfers and digital payments, is created not by a government printing press, but by the bank itself. It is created out of thin air as debt, owed back to the bank that created it at interest. This means that bank loans are not money taken from other bank depositors, but new money simply conjured into existence and placed into your account. And the bank is able to create much more money than it has cash to back up those deposits.

The Fed claims to be the entity overseeing and backing up the banking industry. It was established, according to its own propaganda, to stabilize the system and prevent bank runs like the Panic of 1907 from happening again:

> Throughout much of the 1800s, almost any organization that wanted could print its own money. As a result, many states, banks, and even one New York druggist, did just that. In fact at one time there were over 30,000 different varieties of currency in circulation. Imagine the confusion.
>
> Not only were there multitudes of currencies, some were redeemable in gold and silver, others were backed by bonds issued by regional governments. It was not unusual for people to lose faith both in the value of their currency and in the entire financial system. With many people trying to withdraw their deposits at once, sometimes the banks didn't have enough money on hand to pay their depositors. Then when the funds ran out the banks suspended payment temporarily and some even closed. People lost their entire savings. Sometimes regional economies suffered.
>
> Obviously something had to be done. And in 1913, something was. In that year, President Woodrow Wilson signed into effect the Federal Reserve Act. This act created the Federal Reserve system to provide a safer and more stable monetary and banking system.
>
> **SOURCE:** The Fed Today

If that was indeed its aim, it signally failed to do so in running up one of the greatest bubbles in American history to that point in the 1920s, just a decade after its creation. The popping of that bubble, of course, led directly into the Great Depression and one of the greatest periods of mass poverty in American history. Economists have long argued that the Fed itself was the cause of the depression by its complete mismanagement of the money supply. As former Federal Reserve Chairman Ben Bernanke admitted in a speech commemorating Fed critic Milton Friedman's 90th birthday: “Regarding the Great Depression. You're right, we did it. We're very sorry. But thanks to you, we won't do it again.”

“Price stability” is another cited tenet of the Federal Reserve's mandate. But here, too, the Fed has completely failed to live up to its own standards:

> Aside from the banking system, the Federal Reserve has another responsibility that's probably even more important. It's in charge of something called "monetary policy." Basically, it means trying to keep prices stable to avoid inflation. Say you buy a CD

today for $14. But what if next year the price of the CD jumped to $20 or $50, not because of a change in supply or demand, but because all prices were going up. That's inflation.

There are a lot of different causes of inflation, but one of the most important is too much money. The Fed can adjust the money supply by injecting money into the system electronically, or by withdrawing money from the economy.

Think of it: the Federal Reserve has the ability to create money, or make it disappear. What's most important is what happens as a result. Any time the supply of money is altered, the effects are felt throughout the economy.

The Fed's methods have changed over time to take advantage of the latest computers and electronics, but its mission remains the same: to aim for stable prices, full employment and a growing economy.

SOURCE: Inside The Fed

100 years ago, in 1913, the Fed was created, and we've marked it with a vertical line there. Consumer prices now are about 30 times higher than they were when the Fed was created in 1913.

SOURCE: Bloomberg

Paper money, too, is the responsibility of the Federal Reserve. Hence the dollars in circulation are not Treasury notes, not bills of credit, but Federal Reserve Notes, debt-based notes backed up ultimately by the government's own promise to pay, its “sovereign bonds” secured by the taxpayers themselves. At one time, the Federal Reserve Banks were legally required to keep large stockpiles of gold in reserve to back up these notes, but that requirement was abandoned and today the notes are backed up mostly by government securities. The Fed no longer keeps any actual gold on its books, but gold “certificates” issued by the treasury and valued not at the spot price of $1,300 per troy ounce, but an arbitrarily fixed “statutory price” of $42 2/9 per ounce.

Ron Paul: But I do have one question: During the crisis or at any time that you're aware of, has the Federal Reserve or the Treasury participated in any gold swap arrangements?

Scott Alvarez: The Federal Reserve does not own any gold at all. We have not owned gold since 1934 so we have not engaged in any gold swaps.

Ron Paul: But it appears on your balance sheet that you hold gold.

Scott Alvarez: What appears on our balance sheet is gold certificates. When we turned in...before 1934, we did...the Federal Reserve did own gold. We turned that over by law to the Treasury and received in return for that gold certificates.

Ron Paul: If the Treasury entered into...because under the Exchange Stabilization Fund I would assume they probably have the legal authority to do it...they wouldn't be able to do it then because you have the securities for essentially all the gold?

Scott Alvarez: No, we have no interest in the gold that is owned by the Treasury. We have simply an accounting document that is called "gold certificates" that represents the value at a statutory rate that we gave to the Treasury in 1934.

Ron Paul: And still measured at $42 an ounce which makes no sense whatsoever.

SOURCE: House Financial Services Subcommittee Hearings

Clearly, there is a discrepancy between what we are led to believe is motivating the Fed and what it actually does. To understand what the Fed is actually intended to do, it's first important to understand that the Federal Reserve is not a bank, per se, but a system. This system codifies, institutionalizes, oversees, and undergirds a form of banking called fractional reserve banking, in which banks are allowed to lend out more money than they actually have in their vaults.

G. Edward Griffin: The process of decay and corruption starts with something called "fractional reserve banking." That's the technical name for it. And what that really means is that as the banking institution developed over several centuries, starting of course in Europe, it developed a practice of legalizing a certain dishonest accounting procedure.

In other words, in the very, very beginning (if you want to go all the way back), people would bring their gold or silver to the banks for safekeeping. And they said, “Give us a paper receipt, we don't want to guard our silver and our gold, because people could come in in the middle of the night and they could kill us or threaten us and they'll get our gold and silver, so we can 't really guard it, so we'll take it to the bank and have them guard it and we just want a paper receipt. And we'll take our receipt back and get our gold anytime we want." So in the beginning money was receipt money. Then, instead of changing or exchanging the gold coins, they could exchange the receipts, and people would accept the receipts just as well as the gold, knowing that they could get gold. And so these paper receipts being circulated were in essence the very first examples of paper money.

Well, the banks learned early on in that game that here they were sitting on this pile of gold and all these paper receipts out there. People weren't bringing in the receipts anymore, very few of them, maybe five percent, maybe seven percent of the people would bring in their paper receipts and ask for the gold. So they said, "Ah ha! Why don't we just sort of give more receipts out then we have gold? They'll never know because they only ask for, at the best, seven percent of it. So we can create more receipts for gold then we have. And we can collect interest on that because we'll loan that into the economy. We'll charge interest on this money that we don't really have. And it's a pretty good gimmick, don't ya think?" And they go, “Well, yeah, of course.” And so that's how fractional reserve banking started.

And now it's institutionalized and they teach it in school. No one ever questions the integrity of it or the ethics of it. They say, “Well, that's the way banking works, and isn't it wonderful that we now have this flexible currency and we have prosperity" and all these sorts of things. So it all starts with this concept of fractional reserve banking.

The trouble with that is that it works most of the time. But every once and a while there are a few ripples that come along that are a little bit bigger than the other ripples. Maybe one of them is a wave. And more than seven percent will come in and ask for their gold. Maybe twenty percent or thirty percent. And well, now the banks are embarrassed

> because the fraud is exposed. They say, “Well, we don't have your gold” “What do you mean you don't have my gold!! I gave it to you and put it on deposit and you said you'd safeguard it.” "Well, we don't have it, we loaned it out." So then the word gets out and everyone and their uncle comes out and lines up for their gold. And of course they don't have it, the banks are closed, and they have bank holidays. Banks are embarrassed, people lose their savings. You have these terrible banking crashes that were ricocheting all over the world prior to this time. And that is what caused the concern of the American people. They didn't want that anymore. They wanted to put a stop to that.
>
> And that was the whole purpose, supposedly, of the Federal Reserve System. Was to put a stop to that. But since the people who designed the plan to put a stop to it were the very ones who were doing it in the first place, you cannot be surprised that their solution was not a very good one so far as the American people were concerned. Their solution was to expand it. Not to control it, to expand it. See, prior to that time, this little game of fractional reserve banking was localized at the state level. Each state was doing its own little fractional reserve banking system. Each state, in essence, had its own Federal Reserve. Central banks were authorized by state law to do this sort of thing. And that was causing all this problem. So the Federal Reserve came along and said, “No no, we're not going to do this at the state level anymore, because look at all the problem it's causing. We're going to consolidate it all together and we're going to do it at the national level."
>
> **SOURCE**: Interview with G. Edward Griffin

The key to the system, of course, is who controls this incredible power to “regulate” the economy by setting reserve requirements and targeting interest rates. The answer to this question, too, has been deliberately obscured.

The Federal Reserve System is a deliberately confusing mishmash of public and private interests, reserve banks, boards and committees, centralized in Washington and spread out across the United States.

> **Andrew Gavin Marshall**: So you have the Federal Reserve Board in Washington appointed by the President. That’s the only part of this system that is directly dependent on the government for input that’s the "federal" part: that the government—the [US] President, specifically—gets to choose a few select governors. The twelve regional banks—the most influential of which is the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, which is essentially based in Wall Street to represent Wall Street—is a representative of the major Wall Street banks who own shares in the private, not federal, but private Federal Reserve Bank of New York. All of the other regional banks are also private banks. They vary according to how much influence they wield but the Kansas City Fed is influential, the St. Louis Fed, the Dallas Fed, but the New York Fed is really the center of this system and precisely because it represents the Wall Street banks who appoint the leadership of the New York Fed.
>
> So the New York Fed has a lot of public power, but no public accountability or oversight. It does not answer to Congress the way that the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board of Governors does and even the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, who is appointed by the President, does not answer to the President, does not answer to Congress. He goes to Congress to testify, but the policy that they set is independent. So they have no input from the government. The government can’t tell them what to do, legally speaking, and of course they don’t.

> **Rep. John Duncan**: Do you think it would cause problems for the Fed or for the economy if that legislation was to pass?
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> **Ben Bernanke**: My concern about the legislation is that if the GAO is auditing not only the operational aspects of our programs and the details of the programs, but is making judgments about our policy decisions, that would effectively be a takeover of monetary policy by the Congress, a repudiation of the independence of the Federal Reserve, which would be highly destructive to the stability of the financial system, the dollar, and our national economic situation.
>
> **SOURCE:** Bernanke Threatens Congress

> The Federal Open Market Committee is responsible for setting interest rates. Now this committee, which is enormously powerful, has as its membership the Governor and Vice Chair of the Federal Reserve Board, but on the Federal Open Market Committee most of the membership is the presidents of the regional Federal Reserve Banks representing private interests. So they have significant input in setting the interest rates. Interest rates are not set by a public body, they're set by private financial and corporate interests. And that's whose interests they serve, of course.

The reason that the Federal Reserve goes to such great lengths to make its organizational structure as confusing as possible is to cover up the massive conflicts of interest that are at the heart of that system. The fact is that the Federal Reserve System is comprised of a Board of Governors, 12 regional banks, and an Open Market Committee. The privately-owned member banks of each Federal Reserve Bank vote on the majority of the Reserve Bank's directors, and the directors vote on members to serve on the Federal Open Market Committee, which determines monetary policy. What's more, Wall Street is given a prime seat at the table, with tradition holding that the president of the powerful New York Federal Reserve Bank be given the vice chairmanship of the FOMC and be made a permanent committee member. In effect, the private banks are the key determinants in the composition of the FOMC, which regulates the entire economy.

According to the Fed, "its monetary policy decisions do not have to be approved by the President or anyone else in the executive or legislative branches of government, it does not receive funding appropriated by the Congress, and the terms of the members of the Board of Governors span multiple presidential and congressional terms."

Or, in the words of Alan Greenspan: “The Federal Reserve is an independent agency, and that means there is no other agency of government that can overrule actions that we take."

The Fed goes on in its self-mythologization to state that it is "not a private, profit-making institution." This characterization is dishonest at best and an outright lie at worst.

The regional banks are themselves private corporations, as noted in a 1928 Supreme Court ruling: "Instrumentalities like the national banks or the federal reserve banks, in which there are private interests, are not departments of the government. They are private corporations in which the government has an interest." This point is even admitted by the Federal Reserve's own senior counsel.

> **Yvonne Mizusawa:** Our regulations do specify overall terms for the lending, but the day to day operation of the banking activities are conducted by the Federal Reserve Banks. They are banks, and indeed they do lend...
>
> **Peter W. Hall:** So they're their own agency, then, essentially, in that regard.
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> **Yvonne Mizusawa:** They are not agencies, your honor, they are "persons" under FOIA. Each Federal Reserve Bank, the stock is owned by the member banks in the district, 100% privately held, they are private boards of directors. The majority of those boards are appointed by the independent banks, private banks in the district. They are not agencies.
>
> SOURCE: Freedom of Information Cases

These private corporations issue shares that are held by the member banks that make up the system, making the banks the ultimate owners of the Federal Reserve Banks. Although the Fed's profits are returned to the Treasury each year, the member banks' shares of the Fed do earn them a 6% dividend. According to the Fed, the fixed nature of these returns mean that they are not being held for profit.

Despite the dishonest nature of this description, however, it is important to understand that the bankers who own the Federal Reserve indeed do not make their money from the Fed directly. Instead, the benefits are much less obvious, and much more insidious. The simplest way that this can be understood is that, as a century of history and the specific example of the last financial crisis shows, the Fed was used as a vehicle to bail out the very bankers who own the Fed banks in the most obvious example of fascistic collusion imaginable.

> **Michel Chossudovsky:** A handful of financial institutions have enriched themselves as a result of institutional speculation on a large scale, as well as manipulation of the market. And secondly what they have done is that they have then gone to their governments and said, "Well, we are now in a very difficult situation and you need to lend us...you need to *give* us money so that we can retain the stability of the financial system."
>
> And who actually lends the money, or brokers the public debt? The same financial institutions that are the recipients of the bailout. And so what you have is a circular process. It's a diabolical process. You're lending money...no, you're not lending money, you're handing money to the large financial institutions, and then this is leading up to mounting public debt in the trillions. And then you say to the financial institutions, "We need to establish a new set of Treasury bills and government bonds, etc.," which of course are sold to the public, but they are always brokered through the financial institutions, which establish their viability, and so on and so forth. And the financial institutions will probably buy part of this public debt so that in effect what the government is doing is financing its own indebtedness through the bailouts. It hands money to the banks, but to hand money to the banks, it becomes indebted to those same financial institutions, and then it says, "We now have to emit large amounts of public debt. Please can you help us?" And then the banks will say: "Well, your books are not quite in order." And then the government will say: "Obviously they're not in order because we've just handed you 1.4 trillion dollars of bailout money and we're now in a very difficult situation. So we need to borrow money from the people who are in fact the recipients of the bailout."

> So this is really what we're dealing with. We're dealing with a circular process.
>
> SOURCE: The Banker Bailouts

The 2008 crisis and subsequent bailouts are merely the latest and most brazen examples of the fundamental conflicts of interest at the heart of America's privately-owned central banking system.

Beginning with the collapse of Lehman Brothers in September of that year, the Federal Reserve embarked on an unprecedented program of bailouts and special zero-interest lending facilities for the very banks that had caused the subprime meltdown in the first place. By the cartelization of the Federal Reserve structure, and thus not by accident, it was the very bank presidents who had overseen their banks' lending practices that ended up in the director positions of the Federal Reserve Banks that voted on where to direct the trillions of dollars in bailout money. And unsurprisingly, they directed it toward their own banks.

A stunning 2011 Government Accountability Office report examined $16 trillion of bailout facilities extended by the Fed in the wake of the crisis and exposed numerous examples of blatant conflicts of interest. Jeffrey Immelt, chief executive of General Electric served as a director on the board of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York at the same time the Fed provided $16 billion in financing to General Electric. JP Morgan Chase Chief Executive Jamie Dimon, meanwhile, was also a member of the board of the New York Fed during the period that saw $391 billion in Fed emergency lending directed to his own bank. In all, Federal Reserve Board members were tied to $4 trillion in loans to their own banks. These funds were not simply used to keep these banks afloat, but actually to return these Fed-connected banks to a period of record profits in the same period that the average worker saw their real wages actually decrease and the economy on Main Street slow to a standstill.

Then Fed Chairman Ben Bernanke was confronted about these conflicts of interest by Senator Bernie Sanders upon the release of the GAO report in June 2012.

> **Ben Bernanke**: Senator, you raised an important point, which is that this is not something the Federal Reserve created. This is in the statute. Congress in the Federal Reserve Act said, "This is the governance of the Federal Reserve." And more specifically that bankers would be on the board...
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> **Bernie Sanders**: 6 out of 9.
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> **Ben Bernanke**: Sorry?
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> **Bernie Sanders**: 6 out of 9 in the regional banks are from the banking industry.
>
> **Ben Bernanke**: That's correct. And that is in the law. I'll answer your question, though. The answer to your question is that Congress set this up, I think we've made it into something useful and valuable. We do get information from it. But if Congress wants to change it, of course we will work with you to find alternatives.
>
> **SOURCE**: Conflicts at the Fed

Bernanke is completely right. These conflicts are in fact a part of the institution itself. A structural feature of the Federal Reserve that was baked into the Federal Reserve Act itself over 100 years ago by the bankers who conspired to cartelize the nation's money supply. You could not ask for a more

succinct reason why the Federal Reserve itself, this admitted cartel of banking interests, needs to be abolished...but you could get one.

Part Three: End the Fed

"*They who control the credit of a nation, direct the policy of Governments and hold in the hollow of their hands the destiny of the people.*" — Reginald McKenna

We now know that for centuries the people of the United States have been at war with the international banking oligarchs. That war was lost, seemingly for good, in 1913, with the creation of the Federal Reserve. With the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, President Woodrow Wilson consigned the American population to a century in which the money supply itself has depended on the whims of the banking cabal. A century of booms and busts, bubbles and depressions, has led to a wholesale redistribution of wealth toward those at the very top of the system. At the bottom, the masses toil in relative poverty, single-income households becoming double-income households out of necessity, their quality of life being slowly eroded as the Federal Reserve Notes that pass for dollars are themselves devalued.

Worse yet, the fraud itself perpetuates Alexander Hamilton's persistent myth that a national debt is necessary at all. The US is now locked into a system whereby the government issues bonds to generate the funds for their operations, bonds that are backed up by the taxation of the public's own labor.

The perpetrators of this fraud, meanwhile, remain in the shadows, largely ignored by a general public that could instantly recognise the latest Hollywood heartthrob or pop idol, but have no clue what the head of Goldman Sachs or the New York Fed does, let alone who they are. This cabal bear allegiance to no nationality, no philosophy or creed, no code of ethics. They are not even motivated by greed, but power. The power that the control of the money supply inevitably brings with it.

It did not take long for this lust for power to rear its head. In 1921, just seven years after the Fed began operations, the same J.P. Morgan-connected banking elite that founded the Federal Reserve incorporated an organization called the Council on Foreign Relations with the goal of taking over the foreign policy apparatus of the United States, including the State Department. In this quest, it was remarkably successful. Although there are only about 4,000 members in the organization today, its membership has included 21 Secretaries of Defense, 18 Treasury Secretaries, 18 Secretaries of State, 16 CIA directors, and many other high-ranking government officials, military officers, business elite, and, of course, bankers. The first Director of the CFR was John W. Davis, J.P. Morgan's personal lawyer and a millionaire in his own right.

Together with its sister organizations in Britain and elsewhere around the world, these groups would work together toward what they called a "New World Order" of total financial and political control directed by the bankers themselves. As Carroll Quigley, noted Georgetown historian and mentor of Bill Clinton, wrote in his 1966 work, *Tragedy and Hope: A History of The World In Our Time*:

"The powers of financial capitalism had [a] far-reaching aim, nothing less than to create a world system of financial control in private hands able to dominate the political system of each country and the economy of the world as a whole. This system was to be controlled in a feudalist fashion by the central banks of the world acting in concert, by secret agreements arrived at in frequent private meetings and conferences. The apex of the system was to be the Bank for International Settlements

in Basel, Switzerland, a private bank owned and controlled by the world's central banks which were themselves private corporations."

This is why the bankers and their partners in government and business conspired to bring about the 2008 crisis. Not for the pursuit of money, but power. In the same way the bankers used the Panic of 1907 to consolidate their control over the money supply, they hope to use the 2008 crisis and subsequent panics, which they themselves have created, to consolidate their political control.

The inevitable conclusion, one that flows necessarily from the true understanding of this situation, is that the Federal Reserve system needs to be consigned to the dustbin of history. After a century of enslavement, it is time for the American public to finally throw off the bankers' debt chains.

> **Andrew Gavin Marshall**: If there was ever a point in human history to start questioning alternatives, this would be it. And to think that where we are...and simply say, "Oh, well this is the best of our options," how many of the best options lead to self-destruction? Doesn't sound like a best option.
>
> I think that with a world of seven billion people, we can probably come up with something better than a system in which a few thousand people benefit so much at the expense of everything else on this world and at the expense of the potential for the future of mankind. They're leveraging our future, and so long as we accept this way of thinking, so long as we accept these institutions as having dominance, that's the direction we'll be going.
>
> So I think reform is a good way to try and stall and to push back directly against the expanding and evolving power structures, but radical change is what's really needed, and that has to be built from the bottom up. But I think that these two processes can and should go together in parallel.

If you've made it this far, congratulations. You are now better informed on the economic history of the United States and the truth about the Federal Reserve than 99% of the population. If you do nothing else, then just working to get those around you educated on this information alone will have a profound effect. Once they learn of the scam, many are motivated to do something about it, and they, in turn, inform others. This is the viral nature of suppressed truth, and it is the reason that more people are aware of and energized by the issue of the Federal Reserve and the nature of money than ever before.

Perhaps even more amazingly, this movement is spreading to other parts of the globe. Recognizing the interlocking nature of the modern global economy, and the international nature of the banking oligarchy, movements to abolish the Federal Reserve have sprung up in Europe, where protests against the cartelized central banking system are taking place in over 100 cities attracting 20,000 people on a weekly basis.

> **Lars Maehrholz:** I started this movement because I realized that the Federal Reserve Act, in my opinion, is one of the worst laws in the whole world. So a private banking company is lending America the money, and in my opinion is not democratic anymore. The Federal Reserve tells the government what to do, and that's the problem.
>
> **Luke Rudkowski:** It's a very big problem, especially in the U.S. Why is it a global issue, and why are people doing it here in Germany?

> **Lars Maehrholz**: Because when you realize that this finance system, it's a global system, you have to go really to the beginning of the system. And in my opinion, it's also the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund and stuff like this, but at the beginning of all this is a law from 1913. Woodrow Wilson signed it, and this is the beginning of all this hardcore capitalism we are now suffering from. And the only way to stop this is maybe to break this law.
>
> SOURCE: Establishment is Afraid of End The Fed Movement in Germany

But what if the burgeoning movement to End The Fed is successful? What system do people propose as the answer? There have been several proposals along different lines by various researchers. Some argue for a return to America's colonial roots of debt-free money issued by state-run banks, pointing to the Bank of North Dakota as one already functioning, successful model of this approach.

> **Ellen Brown**: We've had two banking systems ever since the 1860's with the state bank system and the federal bank system, and the federal bank system are the big Wall Street banks particularly. They dominate the federal system. So, they're taking over right now. In California we don't even have any local banks where I am. We had two and I had accounts in both of them and now one of them is Chase Bank and the other is U.S. Bank. So they're both big Wall Street banks now that have been taken over.
>
> So it's the local banks that have an interest in serving the local business. The big banks have no interest in making loans to local businesses; it's too risky, why should they bother? They've got this virtually free money they can get from the Fed and from each other and it's much more lucrative to them either to speculate in commodities or other thing abroad, or what works very well for them is to buy long-term government bonds at 3% because these have no capital requirement. The capital requirements for government bonds are zero. So they can buy all of those that they want. Whereas if they make loans for mortgages or they make loans to businesses then they have to worry about the capital requirement and as soon as they've used up all their capital—in other words eight dollars in capital will get you a hundred dollars of loans—then they can't make any more loans they have to wait for thirty years for the loans to get paid off. So what they do if they do buy mortgages is sell them off too investors and so that's the whole mortgage-backed security scam that we've seen. They had no motivation to make sure that these borrowers were actually sound borrowers; they just wanted to make a sale. So they sold the stuff to the unwary investors who might be somebody in Iceland or Sweden or pension funds. So that didn't work out so well.
>
> So a state bank partnering with the local banks can provide the capital. It can help them with capital. In North Dakota the state bank guarantees the loans of the local banks, allowing them to make much bigger loans than they could otherwise. The state bank provides liquidity to the small banks. That's why the local banks aren't making loans to small business right now, because they don't know that they can get money from the other banks as needed. The way banking works is they make the loan first. I mean, if you have credit lines to many different businesses and if they all hit up their credit lines at once you are going to run out of money. So you don't dare do that unless you know that you can get short-term loans from the other banks. And so what's happening right now, even though there's $1.6 trillion is excess reserves sitting on the books of the big banks, they're not available to the little banks and the reason is because the Fed is paying 0.25% interest on those reserves. So the banks have no incentive to lend them to the little banks. Why let go of them when you can make just as much keeping them and

> then you still have your reserves and you can use them as collateral to buy bonds or something that'll make you more money?
>
> So the whole system is messed up and in North Dakota, the bank of North Dakota provides liquidity for these local banks.
>
> **SOURCE**: Ellen Brown: Finance Capital vs. Public Banking

Others advocate a decentralized system of alternative and competing currencies that greatly reduce or even eliminate altogether the need for a central bank.

> **Paul Glover**: Well, 22 years ago in Ithaca, New York I noticed there were a lot of people, friends particularly, that had skills and time that were not being employed or respected by the prevailing economy. While we had much desire to create things and trade them with each other and many services we could provide to each other, we didn't have the money. So since I have a background in graphic design, journalism and arrogance I went to my computer and designed paper money for Ithaca, New York. I designed pretty colourful money with pictures of children, waterfalls and trolley cars denominated in hours of labor. One-hour note, half-hour, quarter, eight-hour notes and two-hour notes. I then began to issue to each of those pioneer traders who had agreed to being listed in the directory a specific starter amount, and the game began. An hour has been worth basically $10 U.S. dollars which at that time 20 years ago was double the minimum wage. People who usually expect more than $10 per hour of their service can charge multiple hours per hour but the denomination puts between us as residents of our community, that reminds us that we are fellow citizens, not merely winners or losers scrambling for dollars. It introduces us to each other on the basis of these skills and services that we have, that we are more proud to provide for each other than often is the case with a conventional job. Just the stuff we have to do to get the money to pay the bills.
>
> So through that trading process, that more intimate scale process within the community, we're more easily able to become friends and lovers and political allies.
>
> **James Corbett**: It's an inspiring story and tell people about how much money has circulated through this community. I mean, it's important for people to understand just how successful this has been.
>
> **Paul Glover**: Because we are not a computer system we don't have a specific volume of trading recorded but by the grapevine, by phone surveys and over the years watching the money move we were able to guess very reliably that several million dollars equivalent of this money has transacted over those years. Making loans without charging interest up to $30,000 value, which is the fundamental monetary revolution in our system. Then as well, making grants of the money to over a hundred community organizations.
>
> **SOURCE**: Avoiding Economic Collapse: Complementary Currencies

Some argue for currencies whose mathematical nature prevent them from being merely conjured into existence whenever a federal government wants to wage another war of aggression or forge another link in the seemingly endless train of governmental tyranny and abuse.

> **Roger Ver**: What people have to understand about bitcoin is that it's a completely decentralized network. There's no central server, there's no controlling company, there's no office, it's just free software that anyone can download and start running on their computer anywhere in the world. And that the bitcoins themselves can be transferred to or from anyone, anywhere in the world and it's impossible for any bank or government or entity to block you from sending or receiving those bitcoins. There's a limited supply of those bitcoins, there will never ever be any more than 21 million bitcoins. So, like everything the price is set based on supply and demand. Because the supply of bitcoins is limited and the demand is increasing as more and more people start to use them and more and more websites start to accept them, the price of bitcoins in terms of dollars is going to have to increase, even a lot more than the $500 per bitcoin that it is today.
>
> **James Corbett**: Are there any drawbacks at all to the idea of using a crypto-currency?
>
> **Roger Ver**: If you're part of the current power elite that can just print money at will to spend on whatever you feel like, then, yeah, the world switching over to bitcoin is probably not going to benefit you. But if you're one of the normal people that aren't working for the Federal Reserve or any central bank that's printing money to pay to your friends and that sort of thing, then a bitcoin world is a wonderful thing for you.
>
> SOURCE: How to Defund the System: Bitcoin vs. the Central Banksters

Sound money. Cryptocurrencies. State banks. LETS programs. Self-issued credit. These and many other solutions have all been proposed and many of them are in use in different localities today. Information on all of these ideas and how they are being applied in various parts of the world is widely available online today. The point is that the question of what money is and how it should be created is perhaps the single greatest question facing humanity as a whole, and yet it is one that has been almost completely eliminated from the national conversation…until recently.

For the first time in living memory, people are once again rallying around the monetary issue, and American politics stands on the threshold of a transformation almost unimaginable just two decades ago.

And so the rest of the story is now in our hands. Once we understand the scam that has taken place, the gradual consolidation of wealth and power in the hands of an elite few banking oligarchs and the growing impoverishment of the masses, all in the name of banking funny money created out of nothing and loaned to the public at interest, we can choose to get active or to do nothing at all.

For those who choose to get active, there are some steps that you can take to help change the course of this system:

1) Follow the links and resources from the transcript of this documentary at corbettreport.com/federalreserve to familiarize yourself with the history, the connections and the functions of the Federal Reserve system. If you can't explain this material to yourself then you will never be able to teach it to others.

2) Begin reaching out to others to bring them up to speed on the issue. It can be as simple as broaching this conversation in the Monday morning water cooler talk or passing out a copy of this documentary or sending out links to this information to your email list. Insert this topic into your conversations. When people start talking about the national debt or the state of the economy or

other political talking points, get them to question the roots of these issues, and why there is a national debt at all.

3) When you are able to find or create a group of like-minded people in your area who are engaged with the issue, start a study group on the issue and its solutions. The study group can help source alternative or complementary currencies in the local area, or, if none exist already, the group can form the basis for a community of local businesses and customers who are willing to start experimenting with ways to wean themselves off of the Federal Reserve notes.

4) Use the resources at corbettreport.com, including the Federal Reserve information flyer, or hold DVD screenings, to attract interest in your group and draw others into studying the true nature of the monetary system.

The work of building up an alternative to the current system can seem daunting, even at times overwhelming. But it's important to keep in mind that the Federal Reserve System that seems so monolithic today has only been around for one century. Central banks have been defeated in America before and they can be defeated again.

The question of how we decide to change this system is not rhetorical; it will either be answered by an informed, engaged, active population working together to create viable alternatives and to dismantle the current system, or it will be answered by the same banking oligarchy that has been controlling the money supply, and indeed the lifeblood of the country, for generations.

Now, one century after the creation of the Federal Reserve System, we have a choice to make: whether the next century, like the one before it, will be a century of enslavement or, transformed by the actions and choices that we make in the light of this knowledge, a century of empowerment.

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1. *Matthew Raymer* says:
   08/03/2014 at 12:35 pm

   This documentary is also available on BitTorrent:

   Video:
   http://torcache.net/torrent/99ADF5416542A95898A6D547AA241A5DCC54BDDD.torrent?title=%5Bkickass.to%5Dcorbett.century.of.enslavement.video

   Audio:
   http://torcache.net/torrent/819BCD396E12E8B51DAC3DEB7CB9C50A4F1E9565.torrent?title=%5Bkickass.to%5Dcorbett.century.of.enslavement.the.history.of.the.federal.reserve

If you would like to help spread the word about this documentary, bittorrent is a great way to do so.

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2. *Bart Houkes* says:
08/10/2014 at 1:56 am

I'm working on Dutch subtitles for this documentary and I've been looking for a smart way to this. I found that youtube and some tools can be quite helpful. Here is what I came up with so far.

1. Take the transcript from this page and do some editing to make sure that only actually spoken text is in the transcript.

2. Download the MP4 file for this video from this page and upload it on your youtube account. To be able to upload video's longer then 15 minutes I had to 'verify my account' by registering my phone number. Oh well, I guess they had that already.

3. Use the youtube build-in transcript and synchronize tool to automatically generate English subtitles. This may take a while, for me it took almost an hour before the subtitles were available on youtube, but the results are surprisingly good.

4. Extract the subtitles from youtube. This turned out to be quite a hassle, because youtube produces a captions.sbv file, which is not the standard subtitle format. I downloaded a tool (*link 1) to extract the SRT file from youtube by feeding it a link to my video. Be aware that the video must be publicly accessible (not in private mode). Now we have a SRT file with English subtitles and nice synchronization timestamps.

5. Use Google Translate to translate the SRT file into your desired language. This can save you some typing, but a lot of rework is needed of course. Google messes up the timestamps, so I had to fix that with a regular expression.

6. Get a subtitle editor, attach the SRT file to the video and off you go. There are some nice free-ware tools available for editing subtitles. I downloaded Jubler (*link 2), which has a nice drag-and-drop style waveform editor, making things easy for you. Jubler only works with MPlayer though, which I also had to install (* link 3).

So, without much manual labor I have a translated and synchronized Dutch subtitle file. There is much editing to be done, but I have saved myself a lot of tedious work.

The raw English SRT file for this video is available on my yet to be developed blog site (* link 4), along with the timestamp fix. This is a good starting point if anyone else wants to translate this video.

I can help to generate the SRT file for any other video with a transcript, so you'd only have to install a subtitle editor to get started.

I hope this was helpful for others with the ambition to translate James' videos. If anyone has more tips or tricks for creating subtitles, please let me know, so we can make this as easy as possible.

* link 1
http://sourceforge.net/projects/google2srt/files/latest/download

* link 2
http://www.jubler.org/
* link 3
http://mulder.bplaced.net/#mplayer
* link 4
http://doordebankgenomen.weebly.com/files.html

THE CORBETT REPORT
Open Source Intelligence News

How & Why Big Oil Conquered The World

Corbett • 10/06/2017

Oil. The 19th century was transformed by it. The 20th century was shaped by it. And the 21st century is moving beyond it. But who gave birth to the oil industry? What have they done with the immense wealth and power that it has granted them? And what are they planning to do with that power in a post-carbon world? This is the remarkable true story of the oiligarchs and the world they have created.

SCROLL DOWN for a full, hyperlinked transcript of this documentary

PART ONE: HOW BIG OIL CONQUERED THE WORLD

TRANSCRIPTS

HOW BIG OIL CONQUERED THE WORLD

Oil. From farm to pharmaceutical, diesel truck to dinner plate, pipeline to plastic product, it is impossible to think of an area of our modern-day lives that is not affected by the petrochemical industry. The story of oil is the story of the modern world.

Parts of that story are well-known: Rockefeller and Standard Oil; the internal combustion engine and the transformation of global transport; the House of Saud and the oil wars in the Middle East.

Other parts are more obscure: the quest for oil and the outbreak of World War I; the petrochemical interests behind modern medicine; the Big Oil money behind the "Green Revolution" and the "Gene Revolution."

But that story, properly told, begins somewhere unexpected. Not in Pennsylvania with the first commercial drilling operation and the first oil boom, but in the rural backwoods of early 19th century New York State. And it doesn't start with crude oil or its derivatives, but a different product altogether: snake oil.

"Dr. Bill Livingston, Celebrated Cancer Specialist" was the very image of the traveling snake oil salesman. He was neither a doctor nor a cancer specialist; his real name was not even Livingston. More to the point, the "Rock Oil" tonic he pawned was a useless mixture of laxative and petroleum and had no effect whatsoever on the cancer of the poor townsfolk he conned into buying it.

He lived the life of a vagabond, always on the run from the last group of people he had fooled, engaged in ever-more-outrageous deceptions to make sure that the past wouldn't catch up with him. He abandoned his first wife and their six children to start a bigamous marriage in Canada at the same time as he fathered two more children by a third woman. He adopted the name "Livingston" after he was indicted for raping a girl in Cayuga in 1849.

When he wasn't running away from them or disappearing for years at a time, he would teach his children the tricks of his treacherous trade. He once bragged of his parenting technique: "I cheat my boys every chance I get. I want to make 'em sharp."

A towering man of over six feet and with natural good looks that he used to his advantage, he went by "Big Bill." Others, less generously, called him "Devil Bill." But his real name was William Avery Rockefeller, and it was his son, John D. Rockefeller, who would go on to found the Standard Oil monopoly and become the world's first billionaire.

The world we live in today is the world created in "Devil" Bill's image. It's a world founded on treachery, deceit, and the naïveté of a public that has never wised up to the parlor tricks that the Rockefellers and their ilk have been using to shape the world for the past century and a half.

This is the story of the oiligarchy.

PART ONE: BIRTH OF THE OIL-IGARCHY

Titusville, 1857. A most unlikely man alights from a railway car into the midst of this sleepy Western Pennsylvania town on the shores of Oil Creek: "Colonel" Edwin Drake. He's from the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company, and he's here on a mission: to collect oil.

Like "Dr." Bill, Drake isn't really a Colonel. The title is bestowed on him by George Bissell and James Townsend, a lawyer and a banker who started the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company after they discovered they could distill the region's naturally occurring Seneca oil into lamp oil, or kerosene. Drake is actually an unemployed railroad conductor who talked himself into a job after staying at the same hotel as Bissell the year before. Calling him a Colonel, it is hoped, will help win the respect of the locals.

The locals think he's crazy anyway. Seneca oil is indeed plentiful, bubbling out of seeps and collecting in the creek, but other than as a cure-all medicine or grease for the local sawmill's machinery, it's hardly seen as something valuable. In fact, it can be a downright nuisance, contaminating brine wells that supply Pittsburgh's booming salt industry.

Still, Drake has a task to complete: finding a way to collect enough oil to make the distillation of Seneca oil into lamp oil profitable. He tries everything he can think of. The Native Americans had historically collected the oil by damming the creek near a seep and skimming the oil off the top. But Drake can only collect six to ten gallons of oil a day this way, even when he opens up extra seeps. He tries digging a shaft, but the groundwater floods in too quickly.

By the summer of 1859 he's desperate. Drake's running out of ideas, Bissell and Townsend are running out of patience and, most importantly, the company is running out of funds. He turns to "Uncle" Billy Smith, a Pittsburgh blacksmith who had experience drilling brine wells with steam-powered equipment. They get to work drilling down through the shale bedrock to reach the oil. It's maddeningly slow work, with the crude equipment struggling to get through three feet of bedrock a day. By August 27th they've drilled down sixty-nine and a half feet, Drake has used the last of his

funds, and Bissell and his partners have decided to close up the operation. On August 28th, they strike oil.

> **Narrator:** Then on Sunday, August 28th, 1859, oil bubbled up the drive pipe. Uncle Billy and his son Sam bailed out several buckets of oil. On Monday, the very day that Colonel Drake received his final payment and an order to close down the operation, they hitched the walking beam to a water pump and the oil began to flow. The first oil was to sell for $40 a barrel. Years later a local newspaper interviewed Uncle Billy about the day they struck oil:
>
> "I commenced drilling and at 4:00 I struck the oil. I says to Mr. Drake, 'Look there! What do you think of this?' He looked down the pipe and said, 'What's that?' And I said, 'That is your fortune!'"
>
> Drake's well proved that by drilling for it, oil could be found in abundance and produced cheaply. Overnight a whole new industry was born. Before long in millions of homes, farms and factories around the world, lamps would be lit with kerosene refined from West Pennsylvania crude.
>
> **Daniel Yergin:** When the word came out that Drake had struck oil, the cry went up throughout the narrow valleys of Western Pennsylvania: 'The crazy Yankee has struck oil! The crazy Yankee has struck oil!' And it was the first great boom. It was like a gold rush.
>
> ***SOURCE: The Prize (Part 1)***

Overnight, the quiet farming backwoods of rural Pennsylvania was transformed into a bustling oil region, with prospectors leasing up flats, towns springing up from nowhere, and a forest of percussion rigs covering the land. The first oil boom had arrived.

Already poised to make the most of this boom was a young up-and-coming bookkeeper in Cleveland with a head for numbers: John Davison Rockefeller. He had two ambitions in life: to make $100,000 and to live to 100 years old. John D. set off to make his fortune in the late 1850s, armed with a $1,000 loan from his father, "Devil" Bill.

> **David Rockefeller:** Grandfather never finished high school and went to Cleveland having borrowed $1,100 from his father to start a business — paid 9% interest on it, incidentally. And he read about the oil business just beginning and got interested, and came to realize it was a very volatile business at the time.
>
> ***SOURCE: The Prize Part 1***

In 1863, seeing the oil boom and sensing the profits to be made in the fledgling business, Rockefeller formed a partnership with fellow businessman Maurice B. Clark and Samuel Andrews, a chemist who had built an oil refinery but knew little about the business of getting his product to market. In 1865, the shrewd John D. bought out his partners for $72,500 and, with Andrews as partner, launched Rockefeller & Andrews. By 1870, after five years of strategic partnerships and mergers, Rockefeller had incorporated Standard Oil.

The story of the rise of Standard Oil is an oft-told one.

> **Narrator**: In a move that would transform the American economy, Rockefeller set out to replace a world of independent oilmen with a giant company controlled by him. In 1870, begging bankers for more loans, he formed Standard Oil of Ohio. The next year, he quietly put what he called "our plan" — his campaign to dominate the volatile oil industry — into devastating effect. Rockefeller knew that the refiner with the lowest transportation cost could bring rivals to their knees. He entered into a secret alliance with the railroads called the South Improvement Company. In exchange for large, regular shipments, Rockefeller and his allies secured transport rates far lower than those of their bewildered competitors.
>
> Ida Tarbell, the daughter of an oil man, later remembered how men like her father struggled to make sense of events: "An uneasy rumor began running up and down the Oil Regions," she wrote. "Freight rates were going up. … Moreover … all members of the South Improvement Company — a company unheard of until now — were exempt. … Nobody waited to find out his neighbor's opinion. On every lip there was but one word and that was 'conspiracy.'"
>
> **Ron Chernow, Biographer**: By 1879, when Rockefeller is 40, he controls 90 percent of the oil refining in the world. Within a few years, he will control 90 percent of the marketing of oil and a third of all of the oil wells. So this very young man controls what is not only a national but an international monopoly in a commodity that is about to become the most important strategic commodity in the world economy.
>
> ***SOURCE**: **The Rockefellers***

By the 1880s, the American oil industry was the Standard Oil Company. And Standard Oil was John D. Rockefeller.

But it wasn't long until a handful of similarly ambitious (and well-connected) families began to emulate the Standard Oil success story in other parts of the globe.

One such competitor emerged from the Caucasus in the 1870s, where Imperial Russia had opened up the vast Caspian Sea oil deposits to private development. Two families quickly combined forces to take advantage of the opportunity: the Nobels, led by Ludwig Nobel and including his dynamite-inventing prize-creating brother Alfred, and the French branch of the infamous Rothschild banking dynasty, led by Alphonse Rothschild.

In 1891, the Rothschilds contracted with M. Samuel & Co., a Far East shipping company headquartered in London and run by Marcus Samuel, to do what had never been done before: ship their Nobel-supplied Caspian oil through the Suez Canal to East Asian markets. The project was immense; it involved not only sophisticated engineering to construct the first oil tankers to be approved by the Suez Canal Company, but the strictest secrecy. If word of the endeavour was to get back to Rockefeller through his international intelligence network, it would risk bringing the wrath of Standard Oil, which could afford to cut rates and squeeze them out of the market. In the end they succeeded, and the first bulk tanker, the Murex, sailed through the Suez Canal in 1892 en route to Thailand.

In 1897, M. Samuel & Co. became The Shell Transport and Trading Company. Realizing that reliance on the Rothschild/Nobel Caspian oil left the company vulnerable to supply shocks, Shell began to look to the Far East for other sources of oil. In Borneo they ran up against Royal Dutch Petroleum, established in The Hague in 1890 with the support of King William III of the

Netherlands to develop oil deposits in the Dutch East Indies. The two companies, fearing competition from Standard Oil, merged in 1903 into the Asiatic Petroleum Company, jointly owned with the French Rothschilds, and in 1907 become Royal Dutch Shell.

Another global competitor to the Standard Oil throne emerged in Iran at the turn of the 20th century. In 1901, millionaire socialite William Knox D'arcy negotiated an incredible concession with the king of Persia: exclusive rights to prospect for oil throughout most of the country for 60 years. After seven years of fruitless search, D'Arcy and his Glasgow based partner, Burmah Oil, were ready to abandon the country altogether. In early May of 1908 they sent a telegram to their geologist telling him to dismiss his staff, dismantle his equipment and come back home. He defied the order and weeks later struck oil.

Burmah Oil promptly spun off the Anglo-Persian Oil Company to oversee production of Persian oil. The British government took 51% majority control of the company's shares in 1914 at the behest of Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and survives today as BP.

The Rothschilds and Nobels. The Dutch royal family. The Rockefellers. These early titans of the oil industry and their corporate shells pioneered a new model for amassing and expanding fortunes hitherto unheard of. They were the scions of a new oligarchy, one built around oil and its control, from wellhead to pump.

But it was not just about money. The monopolization of this, the key energy resource of the 20th century, helped secure the oiligarchs not just wealth but power over the lives of billions. Billions who came to depend on black gold for the provision of just about every aspect of their daily lives.

In the late 19th century, however, it was by no means certain that oil would become the key resource of the 20th century. As cheap illumination from the newly-commercialized light bulb began to destroy the market for lamp oil, the oiligarchs were on the verge of losing the value from their monopoly. But a series of "lucky strikes" was about to catapult their fortunes even further.

The very next year after the commercial introduction of the light bulb, another invention came along to save the oil industry: German engineer Karl Benz patented a reliable, two-stroke internal combustion engine. The engine ran on gasoline, another petroleum byproduct, and became the basis for the Benz Motorwagen that, in 1888, became the first commercially available automobile in history. And with that stroke of luck, the business that Rockefeller and the other oiligarchs had spent decades consolidating was saved.

But more luck was needed to ensure the market for this new engine. In the early days of the automobile era it was by no means certain that gas-powered cars would come to dominate the market. Working models of electric vehicles had been around since the 1830s, and the first electric car was built in 1884. By 1897 there was a fleet of all-electric taxis shuttling passengers around London. The world land speed record was set by an electric car in 1898. By the dawn of the 20th century, electric cars accounted for 28% of the automobiles in the United States. The electrics had advantages over the internal combustion engine: they required no gear shifting or hand cranking, and had none of the vibration, smell, or noise associated with gasoline-powered cars.

Lady Luck intervened again on January 10, 1901, when prospectors struck oil at Spindletop in East Texas. The gusher blew 100,000 barrels a day and set off the next great oil boom, providing cheap, plentiful oil to the American market and driving down gas prices. It wasn't long before the expensive, low-range electric engines were abandoned altogether and big, loud, gas-guzzling

engines came to dominate the road, all fueled by the black gold that Standard Oil, Shell, Gulf, Texaco, Anglo-Persian and the other oil majors of the time were drilling, refining and selling.

Perhaps John D.'s greatest stroke of luck, however, was not supposed to be luck at all. Rockefeller had come under increasing scrutiny by a public outraged by the unprecedented wealth he had amassed through Standard Oil. Muckraking reporters like Ida Tarbell began digging up the dirt on his rise to power through railroad conspiracies, secret deals with competitors and other shady practices. The press pictured him as a colossus with bribed politicians literally in the palm of his hand; Standard Oil was a menacing octopus with its tentacles strangling the lifeblood of the nation. Hearings began, investigations were launched, lawsuits were brought against him. And then, finally, in 1911 the Supreme Court made a monumental decision.

> **Narrator**: On May 15th, 1911, the Supreme Court of the United States declared that Standard Oil was a monopoly in restraint of trade and should be dissolved. Rockefeller heard of the decision while golfing at *Kykuit* with a priest from the local Catholic church, Father J.P. Lennon.
>
> **Ron Chernow, Biographer**: And Rockefeller reacted with amazing aplomb. He turned to the Catholic priest and said, "Father Lennon, have you some money?" And the priest was very startled by the question and said, "No." And then he said, "Why?" And Rockefeller replied, "Buy Standard Oil."
>
> **Narrator**: As Rockefeller foresaw, the individual Standard Oil companies were worth more than the single corporation. In the next few years, their shares doubled and tripled in value. By the time the rain of cash was over, Rockefeller had the greatest personal fortune in history — nearly two percent of the American economy.
>
> **Chernow**: And it was really losing the antitrust case that converted John D. Rockefeller into history's first billionaire. So that Standard Oil was punished in the federal antitrust case, but John D. Rockefeller, Sr. most assuredly was not.
>
> ***SOURCE**: **The Rockefellers***

To the amazement of the world, Rockefeller's punishment had in fact been his reward. Rather than being taken down a peg, the splitting up of the Standard Oil monopoly had launched him as the world's only acknowledged billionaire at a time when the average annual income in America was $520.

Rockefeller's story was perfectly mirrored by the story of Colonel Edwin Drake. Having struck oil in Titusville and given rise to a billion-dollar global industry, Drake had not had the foresight to patent his drilling technique or even to buy up the land around his own well. He ended up in poverty, relying on an annuity from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to scrape together a living and dying in 1880.

For the oiligarchy, the lesson of the rise and rise of Rockefeller was obvious: the more ruthlessly that monopoly was pursued, the tighter that control was grasped, the greater the lust for power and money, the greater the reward would be in the end.

From now on, no invention would derail the oil majors from their quest for total control. No competition would be tolerated. No threat to the oiligarchs would be allowed to rise.

PART TWO: COMPETITION IS A SIN

When asked how he could justify the treachery and deceit with which he pursued the creation of the Standard Oil monopoly, John D. Rockefeller is reputed to have said: “Competition is a sin.” This is the mentality of the monopolist, and it is this justification, framed as religious conviction, that drove the oiligarchs to so ruthlessly eliminate anyone who would dare rise up as a pretender to their throne.

Ironically, it was the competition between the oiligarchs in the early 20th century that helped give rise to an early external threat to their empire: alcohol fuel.

As historian Lyle Cummins has noted of the period: “The oil trust battles between Rockefeller, the Rothschilds, the Nobels and Marcus Samuel’s Shell kept prices in a state of flux, and engines often had to be adaptable to the fuel that was available.”

In many areas where oil wasn’t available, the alternative was alcohol. Ethyl alcohol had been used as a fuel for lamps and engines since the early 19th century. Although it was generally more expensive, alcohol fuel offered a stability of supply that was alluring, especially in areas like London or Paris that did not have predictable access to oil supplies.

Alcohol has a lower heat value, or BTU, than gasoline, but a series of tests by the US Geological Survey and the US Navy in 1907 and 1908 proved that the higher compression ratio of alcohol engines could perfectly offset the lower heat value, thus making alcohol and gasoline engines fuel economy equivalent.

One early supporter of alcohol fuel was Henry Ford, who designed his Model T to run on either alcohol or gasoline. Sensing an opportunity for new markets to boost the independent American farms that he felt were vital to the nation, Henry Ford told the *New York Times*:

“The fuel of the future is going to come from fruit like that sumach [sic] out by the road, or from apples, weeds, sawdust — almost anything. There is fuel in every bit of vegetable matter that can be fermented.”

Farmers, looking to capitalize on this, lobbied for the repeal of a $2.08 per gallon alcohol tax that had been imposed to help pay for the Civil War. They were aided by those who saw fuel alcohol as a way to break the oiligarchs’ monopoly. In support of a bill to repeal the alcohol tax, President Teddy Roosevelt told the US Congress in 1906:

“The Standard Oil Company has, largely by unfair or unlawful methods, crushed out home competition. It is highly desirable that an element of competition should be introduced by the passage of some such law as that which has already passed the House, putting alcohol used in the arts and manufactures upon the free list.”

The alcohol tax was repealed in 1906 and for a time corn ethanol at 14 cents a gallon was cheaper than gasoline at 22 cents a gallon. The promise of cheap, unpatentable, unmonopolizable fuel production, production open to anyone with raw vegetable matter and a still, swept the nation.

But cheap, plentiful fuel that can be grown and produced locally and independently is not what the oiligarchs had in mind.

A 1909 USGS report comparing gas and alcohol engines had noted that a significant point in alcohol fuel’s favour was that there were fewer restrictions on alcohol engines. For the oiligarchs, the answer was simple: find a way to place greater restrictions on alcohol engines. Thankfully for them, the answer to their problem was already gaining popular support.

In the 19th century, America had a drinking problem. By 1830, the average American over 15 years old drank seven gallons of pure alcohol per year, three times higher than today's average. This led to the first anti-alcohol movements in the 1830s and 1840s and the formation of the Prohibition Party in 1869 and the Women's Christian Temperance Union in the 1870s. The movement enjoyed widespread and growing support but had few political successes; Maine flirted with prohibition by outlawing the sale and manufacture of liquor in 1851, but the ban only lasted five years.

This changed with the formation of the Anti-Saloon League in Standard Oil's birth state of Ohio in 1893. The ASL was started by John D. Rockefeller's long-time personal friend Howard Hyde Russell and was bankrolled in part by generous annual donations from Rockefeller himself. The ASL, with Rockefeller's backing, quickly became the driving force behind a national movement to outlaw the production and sale of alcohol.

Rockefeller was a teetotaler himself, not from moral concern but because he was afraid that "good cheer among friends" would lead to his downfall in business. Stephen Harkness, one of the silent partner investors in Standard Oil and a director in the company until his death, had caught Rockefeller's eye when he made a fortune buying up whiskey in advance of a new excise tax that he had been tipped about and selling it at a huge profit after the tax kicked in.

No, Rockefeller and Standard Oil were not concerned about the moral state of the nation…except as far as it impacted their bottom line. But when prohibition did come in 1920, it had an interesting side effect: Although it didn't ban the use of ethanol as a fuel directly, it did lead to increasingly burdensome restrictions requiring producers to add petroleum products to their ethanol to make it poisonous before it could be sold. Alcohol fuel, now completely unable to compete with gasoline, was abandoned altogether by the automobile industry.

Another existential threat to the vast fortunes of the early oiligarchs was to require an even greater effort at social engineering: public transportation.

By the end of World War I, private car ownership was still a relative rarity; only one in ten Americans owned a car. Rail was still the transportation of choice for the vast majority of the public, and city-dwellers in most major cities relied on electric trolley networks to transport them around town. In 1936, General Motors formed a front company, "National City Lines," along with Firestone Tire and Standard Oil of California, to implement a process of "bustitution": scrapping streetcars and tearing up railways to replace them with GM's own buses running on Standard Oil-supplied diesel. The plan was remarkably successful.

As historian and researcher F. William Engdahl notes in "Myths, Lies and Oil Wars":

"By the end of the 1940s, GM had bought and scrapped over one hundred municipal electric transit systems in 45 cities and put gas-burning GM buses on the streets in their place. By 1955 almost 90% of the electric streetcar lines in the United States had been ripped out or otherwise eliminated."

The cartel had been careful to hide their involvement in National City Lines, but it was revealed to the public in 1946 by an enterprising retired naval lieutenant commander, Edwin J. Quinby. He wrote a manifesto exposing what he called "a careful, deliberately planned campaign to swindle you out of your most important and valuable public utilities — your Electric Railway System." He uncovered the oiligarchs' stock ownership of National City Lines and its subsidiaries and detailed how they had, step by step, bought up and destroyed the public transportation lines in Baltimore, Los Angeles, St. Louis and other major urban centres.

Quinby's warning caught the attention of federal prosecutors, and in 1947 National City Lines was indicted for conspiring to form a transportation monopoly and conspiring to monopolize sales of buses and supplies. In 1949, GM, Firestone, Standard Oil of California and their officers and corporate associates were convicted on the second count of conspiracy. The punishment for buying up and dismantling America's public transportation infrastructure? A $5,000 fine. H. C. Grossman, who had been the director of Pacific City Lines when it oversaw the scrapping of LA's $100 million Pacific Electric system, was fined exactly $1.

Unsurprisingly, GM and its associates did not remain in the doghouse for long. In 1953, President Eisenhower appointed Charles Wilson, then the President of General Motors, as Secretary of Defense. Wilson, with Francis DuPont of the Rockefeller-connected DuPont family as Chief Administrator of Federal Highways, oversaw one of the largest public works projects in American history: the creation of the interstate highway system. With a war-era excise tax on train tickets still in place and federally funded highways and airports providing cheaper alternatives, rail travel declined a startling 84% between 1945 and 1964.

This social engineering paid off well for Standard Oil and its growing list of petrochemical associates. In the two-and-a-half decades after the outbreak of World War II, vehicle production in Detroit almost tripled, from 4.5 million cars a year in 1940 to over 11 million in 1965. As a result, sales of refined gasoline over the same period rose 300%.

But Rockefeller was not the only oiligarch working to crush all opposition to his monopoly. Across the pond, the European oiligarchs were working to protect their own oil investments from upstart competitors.

In 1889, a consortium of German investors led by Siemens' Deutsche Bank obtained a concession from the Turkish government for extension of a railway line connecting Berlin to Basra on the Persian Gulf via Baghdad in what was then part of the Ottoman Empire. The Berlin-Baghdad Railway concession was for ninety-nine years and came with mineral rights for twenty kilometers on either side of the line — an especially lucrative deal since the rail cut right through the heart of the still untapped Mesopotamian oil regions south of Mosul along the Tigris River.

For the powers behind the British empire, concerned with the military rise of Germany, this deal was unacceptable.

> **William Engdahl:** Well, Germany in the end of the 19th century was looking for outlets for its exports — its industrial exports — as the German economy was growing like China's has grown in the last 30 years. And they decided that Turkey would be an ideal strategic trade partner for Germany. And Georg von Siemens, one of the directors of Deutsche Bank, came up with a strategy to extend a railway from Berlin all the way down to Baghdad — which was then part of the Ottoman Empire, Baghdad and Iraq today, near the Persian Gulf. German military began training the Turkish military. German industry began investing in Turkey. They saw a huge potential market to begin bringing Turkey into the 20th century economically. Deutsche Bank also negotiated mineral rights — I think it was 20 kilometres either side of the railway — and it was already known in 1914 that Mosul and these other areas contained huge petroleum deposits.
>
> Well, why is that significant? At the end of the 19th century, Jack Fisher—the head of the Admiralty and the head of the Royal Navy—advocated the conversion of the British Navy from coal-fired to oil-fired. That it would have a qualitative strategic

> improvement in every aspect of warship design. And since Britain didn't know that they had any oil back then they went to Persia and swindled the Shah out of oil rights in Persia. They went to Kuwait and backed a coup d'etat of the Al-Sabah family to be a British pawn, and they literally wrote a contract with him that nothing that Kuwait does will be done without approval of the British Governor. And Kuwait was known to have oil lying right on the Persian Gulf.
>
> The British looked at this railway plan of the Germans going right down to Baghdad and said "My God! You can put soldiers on rail cars and bring them down and threaten the oil lifeline of the British Navy." This is a strategic move by the Germans. It also would make Germany independent of the British control of the seas. They would have a landline much like the Chinese "One Belt, One Road" infrastructure for high-speed rails going throughout Eurasia into Russia, on into Belarus and Western Europe that removes the United States' Navy ability to control China and control Central Asia to a great extent.

The British oiligarchs, including the British crown with its hidden controlling stake in Anglo-Persian Oil and the Rothschild's merchant Marcus Samuel at Royal Dutch Shell, sought to counter this German threat to their commercial and strategic interests. They used Armenian-born naturalized British citizen Calouste Gulbenkian — the architect of the Royal Dutch/Shell merger — in order, as he later recalled "to see British influence get the upper hand in Turkey" against the Germans. If that was his task, it was a remarkable success.

In 1909, the British set up the Turkish National Bank, which was "Turkish" in name only. Founded by London banker Sir Edward Cassel and with directors like Hugo Baring of the Barings banking family, Cassel himself, and Gulbenkian, the Bank set up the Turkish Petroleum Company in 1912. Formed explicitly to exploit the petroleum-rich oil fields of Iraq, then part of the Ottoman Empire, Gulbenkian brokered a deal that forced Deutsche Bank, with its 40-kilometre concessions along the oil-rich Baghdad railway line, into a junior partnership in the company. The stock was split so the British government's Anglo-Persian Oil Company owned half the shares, with Royal Dutch Shell and Deutsche Bank splitting the other half.

Their plan to take over Germany's Turkish oil interests had been successful, but in an amazing irony, it didn't even matter. Gulbenkian finished negotiations for the Iraqi oil concession on June 28, 1914, the same day Archduke Ferdinand was shot in Sarajevo. An alliance the British had been brokering for years to constrain the rising German threat, an alliance involving France and Russia, kicked into motion, and the world was engulfed in war. By the end of World War I, the British and their allies had taken over Iraq and its oil deposits anyway, Germany had been completely cut out, and Gulbenkian, their scheming servant, received 5% of all oil field proceeds in the newly minted country.

As the century wore on, the oil industry grew beyond the control of the handful of families that had dominated it since its inception. Oil deposits were located around the globe and the resources of entire nation states were marshaled to control them. Now, threats to the oiligarchs and their interests required multi-lateral, multi-national responses and the consequences of those deals were felt worldwide.

The story of the Oil Shock of 1973 as it has been delivered to us by the history books is well known.

> **Narrator:** By the late 1960s, the nation relied on imported oil to keep the economy strong. Then, in the early 1970s, oil-dependent America's nightmares came true: 13 oil-producing countries in the Middle East and South America formed OPEC, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. In 1973, OPEC placed an oil embargo on the US and other nations that had supported Israel against the Arab states in the Yom Kippur war. The American economy went into a tailspin as gas shortages gripped the nation.
>
> ***SOURCE: History of Oil***

Few, however, know that the crisis and its ensuing response was in fact prepared months ahead of time at a secret meeting in Sweden in 1973. The meeting was the annual gathering of the Bilderberg Group, a secretive cabal formed by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands in 1954.

The Dutch royal family not only gave its royal imprint to Royal Dutch Petroleum, they are still rumoured to be, along with the Rothschilds, one of the largest shareholders in Royal Dutch Shell, from the days when Queen Wilhelmina's Anglo-Dutch Petroleum holdings and other investments made her the world's first female billionaire right through to today. Bernhard's guest list at the Bilderberg Group reflected his position in the oiligarchy; alongside him at the Swedish conference were David Rockefeller of the Standard Oil dynasty and his protégé Henry Kissinger; Baron Edmond de Rothschild; E.G. Collado, the Vice President of Exxon; Sir Denis Greenhill, director of British Petroleum; and Gerrit A. Wagner, president of Bernhard's own Royal Dutch Shell.

At the meeting in Sweden, held five months before the oil crisis began, the oiligarchs and their political and business allies were planning their response to a monetary crisis that threatened the world dominance of the US dollar. Under the Bretton Woods system, negotiated in the final days of World War II, the US dollar would be the backbone of the world monetary system, convertible to gold at $35 per ounce with all other currencies pegged to it. Increasing US expenditures in Vietnam and decreasing exports caused Germany, France, and other nations to start demanding gold for their dollars.

With the Federal Reserve's official gold holdings plunging and unable to stem the tide of demand, Nixon abandoned Bretton Woods in August 1971, threatening the dollar's position as the world reserve currency.

> **Richard Nixon:** Accordingly, I have directed the Secretary of the Treasury to take the action necessary to defend the dollar against the speculators. I have directed Secretary Connally to suspend temporarily the convertibility of the dollar into gold or other reserve assets except in amounts and conditions determined to be in the interest of monetary stability and in the best interest of the United States.
>
> ***SOURCE: Nixon Ends Bretton Woods***

As leaked documents from the 1973 Bilderberg meeting show, the oiligarchs decided to use their control over the flow of oil to save the American hegemon. Acknowledging that OPEC "could completely disorganize and undermine the world monetary system," the Bilderberg attendees prepared for "an energy crisis or an increase in energy costs," which, they predicted, could mean an oil price between $10 and $12, a staggering 400% increase from the current price of $3.01 per barrel.

Five months later, Bilderberg attendee and Rockefeller protégé Henry Kissinger, acting as Nixon's Secretary of State, engineered the Yom Kippur War and provoked OPEC's response: an oil embargo of the US and other nations that had supported Israel. On October 16, 1973, OPEC raised oil prices by 70%. At their December meeting, the Shah of Iran demanded and received a further price raise to $11.65 a barrel, or 400% of oil's pre-crisis price. When asked by Saudi King Faisal's personal emissary why he had demanded such a bold price increase, he replied: "Tell your King, if he wants the answer to this question, he should go to Washington and ask Henry Kissinger."

In the second move of the operation, Kissinger helped negotiate a deal with Saudi Arabia: In exchange for US arms and military protection, the Saudis would price all their future oil sales in dollars and recycle those dollars through treasury purchases via Wall Street banks. The deal was a bonanza for the oiligarchs; not only did they get to pass the price increases on to the consumers, but they benefited from the huge flows of money into their own banks. The Shah of Iran parked the National Iranian Oil Company's revenues in Rockefeller's own Chase Bank — revenues that reached $14 billion per year in the wake of the oil crisis.

With the creation of this new system, the "petrodollar," the oiligarchs had reached unprecedented levels of control over the economy. Not only that, they had backed the world monetary system with their commodity, oil, and brought potential competition from upstart producer nations under their control all in one step.

But for the insatiable appetites of these monopolist titans, mere control over the world's monetary system was not enough…

PART THREE: THE WORLD IN THEIR IMAGE

In the nineteenth century, railroad conspiracies and predatory pricing had been enough to assure the oiligarchs' monopoly. But by the time that the British crown, the Dutch royal family, the Rothschilds and the other European oiligarchs began opening up the Middle East and the Far East to oil exploration in the early twentieth century, the goal was no longer to maximize profits or control the oil industry. It was not even to control international diplomacy. It was to control and shape the world itself. Its resources. Its environment. And its people.

In order to achieve this goal, the oiligarchy would need a facelift.

In the current age, with the Rockefeller name now more likely to be associated with Rockefeller Plaza or Rockefeller University than Standard Oil, it is difficult to understand just how hated John D. was in his own day. He was the head of the Standard Oil Hydra, an octopus strangling the world in his tentacles, a cutthroat gardener pruning the competitors from the flower of his oil monopoly. As one of the richest men the world had ever known, he was an easy target for the average working man's frustrations and a magnet for the poor seeking help.

> **Judith Sealander, Historian**: He received on average 50,000 to 60,000 letters a month, asking for help. Dozens of people followed him in the street. Literally, crowds stood around the Standard Oil offices waiting for him to come out. Little children, painfully thin, crying in the street and so on. Rockefeller felt overwhelmed.
>
> ***SOURCE: The Rockefellers***

Besieged by the downtrodden, despised by the working man, hounded by Ida Tarbell and the muckraking press, John D. had the mother of all PR problems. The answer was simple: invent the

PR industry. He hired Ivy Ledbetter Lee, a journalist-turned-communications expert who invented the modern public relations industry, to burnish the Rockefellers' tarnished image. It was Lee that suggested giving the family name to Rockefeller Center and filming John D. handing out dimes in public.

> **Narrator:** An early master of public relations, Lee used the media which the muckrakers had used to disgrace Rockefeller to turn him into a sympathetic figure. Ivy Lee recognized early the power of the new moving picture and used newsreels to show a remarkably benevolent Rockefeller.
>
> **John D. Rockefeller:** I am very grateful to you and to a host of people who are so kind and good to me all the time.
>
> **Second Man:** Why, because you're so good to everybody.
>
> **Rockefeller:** Yes, you are.
>
> **Peter Collier:** As Ivy Lee began to control his public image he became oddly a kind of American character, and people kind of warmed to him in a bizarre sort of way. It was like having Frankenstein on the loose walking around New York City or something like that, with a cane and a long hat.
>
> **Narrator:** Although this plane never takes off, this photo opportunity was presented as Senior's first flight. Perhaps Ivy Lee's most brilliant public relations move was the casting of Rockefeller as "The Man Who Gave out Dimes."
>
> **Man off camera:** Don't you give dimes, Mr. Rockefeller? Please, go ahead.
>
> **Woman:** Thank you, sir.
>
> **Man:** Thank you very much.
>
> **Rockefeller:** Thank you for the ride!
>
> **Man:** I consider myself more than amply paid.
>
> **Rockefeller:** Bless you! Bless you! Bless you!
>
> ***SOURCE: John D. Rockefeller – Standard Oil***

These PR stunts seem obvious and ham-handed by today's standards, but they were effective enough: To this day people leave dimes on the stone marker at the base of the 70-foot Egyptian obelisk that towers over John D.'s final resting place in Cleveland's Lake View Cemetery. But it was not stage-managed photo opportunities like these that transformed Rockefeller into a public hero.

In order to win the public over, he was going to have to give them what they wanted. And what they wanted wasn't difficult to understand: money. But just as his father, Devil Bill, had taught him to do in all his business dealings, Rockefeller made sure to get the better end of the bargain. He would "donate" his great wealth to the creation of public institutions, but those institutions would be used to bend society to his will.

As every would-be ruler throughout history has realized, society has to be transformed from the ground up. Americans in the 19th century still prized education and intellectual pursuits, with the 1840 census finding unsurprisingly that the United States — a nation that had been mobilized by tracts like Thomas Paine's remarkably popular *Common Sense* — was a nation of readers, with a remarkable 93% to 100% literacy rate. Before the first compulsory schooling laws in Massachusetts in 1852, education was private and decentralized, and as a result classical education, including study of Greek and Latin and a solid grounding in history and science, was widespread.

But a nation of individuals who could think for themselves was anathema to the monopolists. The oiligarchs needed a mass of obedient workers, an entire class of people whose intellect was developed just enough to prepare them for lives of drudgery in a factory. Into the midst stepped John D. Rockefeller with his first great act of public charity: the establishment of the University of Chicago.

He was aided in this task by Frederick Taylor Gates, a Baptist minister that Rockefeller befriended in 1889 and who would go on to be John D.'s most trusted philanthropic adviser. Gates would go on to write a short tract, "The Country School of Tomorrow," that laid out the Rockefeller plan for education:

> "In our dream, we have limitless resources, and the people yield themselves with perfect docility to our molding hand. The present educational conventions fade from our minds; and, unhampered by tradition, we work our own good will upon a grateful and responsive folk. We shall not try to make these people or any of their children into philosophers or men of learning or science. We are not to raise up from among them authors, orators, poets, or men of letters. We shall not search for embryo great artists, painters, musicians. Nor will we cherish even the humbler ambition to raise up from among them lawyers, doctors, preachers, politicians, statesmen, of whom we now have ample supply."

Although Rockefeller's resources weren't exactly limitless, they might as well have been. In 1902 he established the General Education Board to help implement Gates' vision for the country school of tomorrow with a staggering $180 million endowment.

The Rockefeller influence on education was felt almost immediately, and it was amplified by help from fellow monopolists of the era, who were approaching the topic of philanthropy from the same angle.

Although best known as a steel magnate, Andrew Carnegie's fortune started on the railroads transporting Rockefeller's Standard Oil around the country and was greatly magnified by a lucrative investment in property near Oil Creek that provided steady, profitable oil sales. In 1905, he established the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, a tax-free foundation through which Carnegie and his appointees could direct the development of the education system in the United States, and, eventually, worldwide. In 1910, Rockefeller followed suit by establishing the Rockefeller Foundation, which became the tax-free umbrella organization for his philanthropic ambitions.

As the Reece Committee — a Congressional investigation into the activities of these tax-free foundations in the 1950s — discovered, it wasn't long before Carnegie's Endowment approached Rockefeller's Foundation with a proposal: to cooperate on their shared desire to transform the American education system in their own image. Norman Dodd, the director of research for the

congressional committee who was granted access to the Carnegie Endowment's board minutes, explains:

> So they approach the Rockefeller Foundation with a suggestion: that portion of education which could be considered domestic should be handled by the Rockefeller Foundation, and that portion which is international should be handled by the Endowment.
>
> They then decide that the key to the success of these two operations lay in the alteration of the teaching of American History. So, they approach four of the then most prominent teachers of American History in the country — people like Charles and Mary Byrd. Their suggestion to them is this, "Will they alter the manner in which they present their subject"" And, they get turned down, flatly.
>
> So, they then decide that it is necessary for them to do as they say, *i.e.* "build our own stable of historians." Then, they approach the Guggenheim Foundation, which specializes in fellowships, and say, "When we find young men in the process of studying for doctorates in the field of American History, and we feel that they are the right caliber, will you grant them fellowships on our say so? And the answer is, "Yes."
>
> So, under that condition, eventually they assemble twenty (20), and they take these twenty potential teachers of American History to London. There, they are briefed in what is expected of them — *when*, *as*, and *if* they secure appointments in keeping with the doctorates they will have earned.
>
> That group of twenty historians ultimately becomes the nucleus of the American Historical Association. And then, toward the end of the 1920s, the Endowment grants to the American Historical Association $400,000 for a study of our history in a manner which points to what this country look forward to, in the future.
>
> That culminates in a seven-volume study, the last volume of which is, of course, in essence, a summary of the contents of the other six. The essence of the last volume is this: the future of this country belongs to collectivism, administered with characteristic American efficiency.
>
> **SOURCE: Norman Dodd interview**

With this base for transformation firmly established, the Rockefeller Foundation and like-minded organization embarked on a program so ambitious that it almost defies comprehension.

They transformed the practice of medicine.

As usual, the oiligarchs that funded this change were also there to profit from it, and once again John D. took his cue from "Devil" Bill's example. William Rockefeller had called his brand of snake oil "Nujol," for "new oil," and Standard Oil spun off "Nujol" as a laxative under their Stanco subsidiary. Manufactured on the same premises as "Flit," an insecticide also derived from Standard Oil's byproducts, "Nujol" sold at the druggist for 28 cents per six ounce bottle; it cost Standard Oil less than one-fifth of a cent to manufacture. Pharmaceuticals provided a lucrative new opportunity for the oiligarchs, but in a turn-of-the-century America that was still largely based on naturopathic, herbal remedies, it was a tough sell. The oiligarchy went to work changing that.

In 1901, John D. established the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. The Institute recruited Simon Flexner, a pathology professor at the University of Pennsylvania, to serve as its director. His brother, Abraham, was an educator who was contracted by the Carnegie Foundation to write a report on the state of the American medical education system. His study, The Flexner Report, along with the hundreds of millions of dollars that the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations were to shower on medical research in the coming years, resulted in a sweeping overhaul of the American medical system. Naturopathic and homeopathic medicine, medical care focused on un-patentable, uncontrollable natural remedies and cures was now dismissed as quackery; only drug-based allopathic medicine requiring expensive medical procedures and lengthy hospital stays was to be taken seriously.

> **Narrator:** The fortunes of Carnegie, Morgan and Rockefeller financed surgery, radiation and synthetic drugs. They were to become the economic foundations of the new medical economy.
>
> **G. Edward Griffin:** The takeover of the medical industry was accomplished by the takeover of the medical schools. Well, the people that we're talking about, Rockefeller and Carnegie, in particular, came to the picture and said, "We will put up money." They offered tremendous amounts of money to the schools that would agree to cooperate with them. The donors said to the schools: 'We're giving you all this money, now would it be too much to ask if we could put some of our people on your Board of Directors to see that our money is being spent wisely?' Almost overnight all of the major universities received large grants from these sources and also accepted one, two or three of these people that I mentioned on their Board of Directors and the schools literally were taken over by the financial interests that put up the money.
>
> Now what happened as a result of that is the schools did receive an infusion of money, they were able to build new buildings, they were able to add expensive equipment to their laboratories, they were able to hire top-notch teachers, but at the same time as doing that they schewed the whole thing in the direction of pharmaceutical drugs. That was the efficiency in philanthropy.
>
> The doctors from that point forward in history would be taught pharmaceutical drugs. All of the great teaching institutions in America were captured by the pharmaceutical interests in this fashion, and it's amazing how little money it really took to do it.
>
> ***SOURCE: The Money Takeover Of Medicine***

The oiligarchy birthed entire medical industries from their own research centers and then sold their own products from their own petrochemical companies as the "cure." It was Frank Howard, a Standard Oil of New Jersey executive, who would go on to persuade Alfred Sloan and Charles Kettering to donate their fortunes to the cancer center that would then bear their name. As director of research at Sloan-Kettering, Howard appointed Cornelius Rhoads, a Rockefeller Institute pathologist, to develop his wartime research on mustard gas for the US Army into a new cancer therapy. Under Rhoads' leadership, nearly the entire program and staff of the Chemical Warfare Service were reformed into the SKI drug development program, where they worked on converting mustard gas into chemotherapy. And once again, the Rockefeller's own snake oil was being sold as a cancer cure-all.

The oiligarchs' interest in the burgeoning pharmaceutical industry converged in companies like I.G. Farben, a drug and chemical cartel formed in Germany in the early 20th century. Royal Dutch's Prince Bernhard served on an I.G. Farben subsidiary's board in the 1930s and the cartel's American operation, set up in cooperation with Standard Oil, included on its board Standard Oil president Walter Teagle as well as Paul Warburg of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., itself headed by Jacob Schiff of the Rothschild broker family. At its height, I.G. Farben was the largest chemical company in the world and the fourth largest industrial concern in the world, right behind Standard Oil of New Jersey.

The company was broken up after World War II, but like Standard Oil, its various pieces remained intact and today BASF, one of its chemical offshoots, remains the largest chemical company in the world, while Bayer and Sanofi, two of its pharmaceutical offshoots are among the largest pharmaceutical companies in the world.

Not content merely to monopolize the fields of education and medicine, the same oiligarchical interests banded together to take control of America's finances. In 1910 John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s own father-in-law, Senator Nelson Aldrich, Frank Vanderlip of the National City Bank, and Paul Warburg, as well as various agents of J.P. Morgan, met in complete secrecy on Jekyll Island to hammer out the details of what would go on to become the Federal Reserve, America's central bank. The Fed, established in 1913, would be run by hand-picked appointees of the oiligarchy and their banking associates, including, perhaps inevitably, Standard Oil president and American IG director Walter Teagle.

The Rockefeller family would go on to formally enter the banking field in the 1950s, when James Stillman Rockefeller, the grandson of John D.'s brother, was appointed director of National City Bank. Meanwhile John D.'s own grandson, David Rockefeller, would go on to take over Chase Manhattan Bank, the long-time banking partner of the Standard Oil empire.

In this move the Rockefellers' story perfectly mirrored that of their fellow oiligarchs, the Rothschilds. Whereas the Rothschilds had supplemented their banking fortune with their oil interests, the Rockefellers supplemented their oil fortune with banking interests.

Springboarding from success to success as they consolidated monopolies across every field of human activity, the oiligarchs' ambitions became even larger. This time, their goal was to consolidate control over the very food supply of the world itself, and once again they would use philanthropy as the cover for their business takeover.

> **Narrator:** The Green Revolution began in 1943, when plant geneticist Norman Borlaug and a team of researchers arrived on Mexican soil. His goal was to improve agricultural techniques and biotechnological methodologies which in turn would help alleviate starvation and improve the living quality of developing nations. Creating new genetically modified strains of wheat, rich, maize and other crops, Borlaug planned to win the battle against world hunger. The hope was that these new crops and farming techniques would rescue third world countries from the brink of starvation.
>
> That's exactly what happened. The agricultural innovations brought to the poverty-stricken countries gave the farmers the skills and resources necessary to sustain themselves. This triggered a chain of events that would allow these once-struggling nations to survive. Agricultural exports soared in quantity and diversity and allowed the countries to become self-sufficient.

> As the genetically modified crops thrived, farmers were able to use their increased income to purchase newer and superior farming machinery. This increase in revenue made farming easier, more reliable and more efficient. The Green Revolution led to the modernization of agriculture and has had a profound social, economic and political impact on the world.
>
> The Mexican government turned to the Rockefeller Foundation in their endeavour to nourish Mexico through agriculture.
>
> ***SOURCE: Green Revolution Waging War Against Hunger***

Norman Borlaug, needless to say, was a researcher for the Rockefeller Foundation, and the Green Revolution, for whatever increase in yields it brought about, also created markets for the oiligarchs' own interest in the petrochemical fertilizer industry and gave rise to the "ABCD" seed cartel of Archer Daniels Midand, Bunge, Cargill and Louis Dreyfus. These companies, along with their associated interests in the food packaging and processing industry, formed the core of American "agribusiness," a concept developed at Harvard Business School in the 1950s with the help of research conducted by Wassily Leontief for the Rockefeller Foundation.

The American agribusiness giants shared a common goal: the transformation of Third World agriculture into a captive market for their goods. From this perspective, the project was a runaway success. By the 1970s, the Rockefeller Standard Oil network and its cronies in the nitrogen fertilizer industry (including DuPont, Dow Chemical, and Hercules Powder) had broken into markets around the world, markets conveniently forced open for them by the US government itself under President Johnson's "Food for Peace" program, which mandated the use of petrochemical-dependent agricultural technologies (fertilizers, tractors, irrigation, etc.) by aid recipients.

Unable to afford these new technologies themselves, the impoverished Third World "beneficiaries" of this "revolution" relied on loans from the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank handled by Rockefeller's own Chase Manhattan Bank and guaranteed by the US government.

The real costs of the Green Revolution — economic, agricultural and environmental — are seldom tallied. Access to these debt-financed petrochemical-dependent technologies exacerbated the difference between the rich landowning class and the landless peasants in countries like India, where land reform and abolition of usury were dropped from the political agenda after the Green Revolution took over.

Even then, the revolution's main success, its increase in agricultural yields, has been oversold. Yield growth across India actually slowed after the introduction of agribusiness. The environmental destruction is even more devastating. An overview in the December 2000 edition of *Current Science* notes: "The green revolution has not only increased productivity, but it has also [produced] several negative ecological consequences, such as depletion of lands, decline in soil fertility, soil salinization, soil erosion, deterioration of environment, health hazards, poor sustainability of agricultural lands and degradation of biodiversity. Indiscriminate use of pesticides, irrigation and imbalanced fertilization has threatened sustainability."

The Rockefeller Foundation even acknowledges the critiques of the Green Revolution it funded into existence, insisting that "current initiatives take into account lessons learned." Even so, the Foundation continues to fund research and write reports on how to improve prospects for agribusiness investment in its target markets.

As egregious as the Green Revolution was and continues to be, however, in many ways it was just the prelude to an even more ambitious project: the Gene Revolution. Now the project is not merely to monopolize the technologies, supplies and chemical inputs for agriculture worldwide, but to monopolize the food supply itself through the replacement of the world's natural seeds with patentable genetically modified crops.

The players involved in this Gene Revolution are almost identical to the players in the Green Revolution, with IG Farben offshoots Bayer CropScience and BASF PlantScience mingling with traditional oiligarch associate companies like Dow AgroScience, DuPont Biotechnology, and, of course, Monsanto, all funded by the Rockefeller Foundation and fellow "philanthropists" at the Ford Foundation, the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation and like-minded organizations.

The convergence of corporate, "philanthropic," governmental, and inter-governmental interests in promoting GM crops around the world can be seen in the bewildering array of research institutes, industry associations, and "consultative groups" devoted to the case. The Rockefeller-funded International Rice Research Institute (IRRI), the Rockefeller/Monsanto/USAID brainchild International Service for the Acquisition of Agri-biotech Applications (ISAAA), the Rockefeller/Ford/World Bank-created Consultative Group of International Agricultural Research (CGIAR), and dozens of other bland, benign-sounding organizations research and promote GM crops in target markets around the globe, with the profits ending up in the oiligarchs' coffers.

A representative example of this story is the agribusiness neocolonization of Argentina, where Monsanto ran an elaborate "bait-and-switch" to get the country hooked on its genetically modified Roundup Ready soybeans before demanding royalties on the crops that were by then already growing. DuPont then took over, magnanimously beginning a "Protein for Life" programme to foist their own GM soybeans on the country's poor.

The same scene has played itself out in country after country, where cartel-developed GM crops are foisted on emerging economies through "food aid," usually during times of famine when those countries are especially vulnerable. Only a handful of countries, like Zambia or Angola, have outright rejected this GMO takeover of their food supply, generously subsidized by the US government to the benefit of the agribusiness cartel.

CONCLUSION: MONOPOLIZING LIFE

From cutthroat pioneers of the early oil industry to Machiavellian social engineers and geopolitics schemers, the oiligarchs have come a long way since the days of Devil Bill's snake oil cure-alls. But his use of every form of deception and trickery to swindle the public informed how John D. and the rest of the oiligarchs built up their business interests.

As the 20th century drew to a close, it was obvious that for the powerful cartel that built the oil industry — the Rockefellers, the Rothschilds, the British and Dutch royal families — it was no longer about oil, if it ever really was. The takeover of education, of medicine, of the monetary system, of the food supply itself, showed that the aim was much greater than a mere oil monopoly: it was the quest to monopolize all aspects of life. To erect the perfect system of control over every aspect of society, every sector from which any threat of competition to their power could emerge.

They had been remarkably, almost unbelievably, successful. From oil well to gas pump, farm to fork, hospital to pharmaceutical, drill rig to dollar bill, there was almost no aspect of society that was not under control.

But the oiligarchs are not done yet. Their next project, launched in the late 20th century, is almost too ambitious to be comprehended. It is not about oil. It is not about money. It is about the monopolization of life itself. They have spent decades preparing the path for this takeover and marshaled their mind-boggling resources in service of the task.

And the vast majority of the world's population, still playing the shell game that the oiligarchs perfected and abandoned long ago, are about to fall right into their hands yet again.

WHY BIG OIL CONQUERED THE WORLD

INTRODUCTION

At the dawn of the 20th century, a new international order was emerging. One founded on oil. And by the end of the 20th century, that order was firmly established. Heating. Transportation. Industrial power. Plastic manufacturing. Pharmaceuticals. There is no facet of modern life that is not, one way or another, dependent on oil.

But the rulers of this oiligarchy — the Rockefellers at Standard Oil, the British royals at BP, the Dutch royals and the Rothschilds at Royal Dutch Shell — were not content with mere financial domination. The power that came with their near-total monopoly on the world's most important commodity was enormous, and they had no qualms about using that power to re-make the world in their image.

As we saw in *How Big Oil Conquered the World*, the impact of the oiligarchs has been breathtaking. From the education system to the medical profession, from the "Green Revolution" to the "Gene Revolution," from World War to the Gulf War, oil money has been used to shape every aspect of the world we live in. With the rise of the petrodollar in the 1970s, even the international monetary system itself rests on oil.

But now, in the 21st century, it seems that the old order, the oil order, is finally coming to an end.

> **Amy Goodman:** We begin looking at a new milestone in the growing campaign for divestment from the gas, oil and coal companies that are fueling climate change. May Boeve, Executive Director of 350.org, made the announcement just before our broadcast today.
>
> **May Boeve:** Today we're announcing that as of today total divestment commitments have passed the $3.4 trillion mark. That's $3.4 trillion of assets under management now fossil free.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *Is Oil & Gas the New Tobacco? Fossil Fuel Divestment Movement Reaches New Milestone – Democracy Now!***
>
> **Robert Dudley:** In the oil and gas sector, we recognize the contribution of our activities and products to greenhouse gas emissions. Which is why the OGCI [Oil and Gas Climate Initiative] was setup.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *OCGI invests in innovative low emissions technologies***
>
> **Narrator #1:** What began as a movement on US college campuses has reached the skyscrapers of high-finance.

Narrator #2: Globally nearly 200 institutions and thousands of individuals have moved a total of $50 billion in assets away from fossil fuels.

Divestment Activist: If we take our money, put it into renewable like solar panels, the world could be such a better place.

SOURCE:* *Global Divestment Day 2015

The masses, having identified the oiligarchs and their destructive grip on the planet, see Big Oil waning and have begun to celebrate. To them, the promise of a post-carbon future represents the end of the oiligarchy.

What many do not realize, however, is that the oil order was never about oil. The oiligarchs did not care about oil but control. And, having long outgrown their financial dependence on the commodity that brought them their power and riches, they are at the forefront of this push for the post-carbon era.

Now, the oiligarchs are seeking to bring in a new international order. One in which their control is consolidated, their plan complete, their power unquestionable. One in which every aspect of human life, from energy to money to the very genome itself, is precisely ordered and technologically controlled.

This is the story of what the oiligarchs really desire, and how they plan to achieve it.

PART ONE: THE RISE OF EUGENICS

DHAKA, 1963

It's a day much like any other in Dhaka. The streets are crowded, dirty, squalid, smelly, and absolutely swarming with people. Lying in the streets. Coiled in the gutters. Into that swarm of people steps a most unlikely figure. Wearing his drip-dry suit and hugging his briefcase, he sticks out from the crowd. Surveying the scene, he shakes his head ever so slightly before remarking, half to himself and half to his traveling companion, "Well, that's the problem, isn't it?"

It's a scene that has played itself out many times: a Western tourist overwhelmed by the bustling crowds of the Indian subcontinent. But this was no mere tourist passing time on his holiday. This was John D. Rockefeller III, grandson of oil baron John D. Rockefeller. And, armed with the unimaginable wealth, power and influence that his family name bestowed on him, he was on a mission to do something about the "problem" of overpopulation.

Rockefeller approached that mission as a representative of the Population Council, a group that he himself had founded to address the "problem" in Dhaka and elsewhere. On its surface, the Population Council was a straightforward organization with a straightforward task: to support medical and scientific research into the question of the growing human population. But the dark history of the Council and its guiding philosophy reveal Rockefeller's true interest in this "problem" and its ultimate "solution."

John D. Rockefeller III — or JDR3, as he was known to the constellation of researchers, businessmen, politicians, diplomats and royals in the orbit of the Rockefeller family — had decided early on how to make proper use of the formidable money and power at his disposal: by controlling the population of the planet. In 1934, the then-28-year-old JDR3 had written a letter to his father, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., about the Rockefeller Foundation's research into "birth control and related

questions," declaring, "I have come pretty definitely to the conclusion that it is the field in which I will be interested, for the present at least, to concentrate my own giving."

JDR3 was nothing if not a man of his word. After commissioning a Rockefeller Foundation fact-finding mission to Asia to report on the threat of the growing Third World population, he organized a conference of the top medical and demographic researchers of the era to discuss — as the very title of the meeting termed it — "population problems." From that meeting emerged the idea for an organization, the Population Council, to guide the development of the burgeoning field of population and fertility research. JDR3 personally donated $1.35 million of his own money to found the Council and provide its initial operating expenses.

Like his father and grandfather before him, Rockefeller had learned to use philanthropy and largesse as a mask for his true intention: control. But that mask slipped when he penned a draft of the Council's charter revealing the organization's true purpose. The Council, according to JDR3, would "promote research and apply existing knowledge to help develop such changes in the attitudes, habits and environmental pressures affecting the life of human beings so that within every social and economic grouping parents who are above the average in intelligence, quality of personality and affection will tend to have larger than average families."

Thomas Parran, the former Surgeon General of the United States and Council co-founder, warned against including such a blunt admission in the Council's mission statement. "Such questions arise as the following," he warned. "Who is to determine the 'parents who are above average in… affection?' […] Also, who would decide the persons having better than average personality? Frankly, the implications of this, while I know they were intended to have a eugenic implication, could readily be misunderstood as a Nazi master race philosophy. I have, therefore, recast this paragraph."

The line was dropped from the final version of the charter.

In truth, however, that sentence had not been written by JDR3 himself. Instead, it had been copied word for word from the back cover of *Eugenical News*, the central publication of the American eugenics movement. This was no mere accident. Frederick Osborne, one of the co-founders of the Council and its first president after Rockefeller stepped down in 1957, was also the president of the American Eugenics Society. When the Population Council was founded, both Osborne and the American Eugenics Society he directed formally moved its operations into the Council's New York office, with the eugenics society now taking its funding directly from Rockefeller's Population Council grant. The Population Council was the Eugenics Society under another name.

Eugenics. *This* was the guiding vision of JDR3 and the Rockefeller family's "philanthropy." A vision that cast the Rockefellers and their fellow oiligarchs as superior families, fit, by very virtue of their wealth and success, to guide the course of world events. The power to determine who was fit to breed and who was too poor to pass on their genes.

> **Joe Plummer**: Eugenics is basically a movement among the elite to eradicate what they deem the inferior classes, and that's the inferior social classes, racial classes, ethnic classes. More or less everyone who isn't up to their standards. And after eradicating those classes, what they aim to do is genetically engineer themselves to such a high level that the remaining population that they permit to exist beneath them will never have the power to overthrow them, essentially. The end of history.

> So, the term itself was coined by Galton and it essentially means "well-born." The idea is kind of a mix of a bunch of ideas that were circulating around the 1850s. So if you go back to, say, Mendel, Mendel was studying hereditary characteristics in pea plants. And he was able to determine that certain characteristics were being passed on and that these things could be determined and essentially predicted.
>
> And almost at the same time, now you have Spencer, who was talking about the "survival of the fittest," with the same kind of idea, the same thread running through there. That there are genetic characteristics that exist that would make one species, one plant or animal more fit than another, and more capable of surviving.
>
> Also, of course, you had Darwin. Darwin's work at the time, *Origin of Species*, kind of maps this process by which genetic material is passed along and, you know, evolution results through this process.
>
> So Galton is essentially taking all of these ideas, and he was kind of known for observing and identifying patterns. And what he essentially did was [he] started to come up with this idea that through studying human characteristics they could, if they chose to, breed superior human beings.

Obsessed with breeding and family heredity, the eugenicists believed that it was not merely physical characteristics like weight or height that were determined by one's family line, but social characteristics, like intelligence or conscientiousness or even criminality. If you are poor, it's because you come from poor stock. If you're criminal, it's because your family line is criminal. And if you're a Rockefeller or a Rothschild or a royal, you are rich and successful because your family was destined for fortune and success.

The pseudoscientific trappings of the 19th century eugenic philosophy may have been new, but in fact the idea is as old as human civilization itself. People have always been taught to believe that their rulers are special, a class apart, members of a family specially chosen to rule over the masses. Whether literal descendants of the gods, like the Pharoahs of Egypt or the Emperors of Japan, or members of families specially chosen by god to reign over their kingdoms, like the monarchs of Europe, the right to rule over others was something passed down through family trees. The commoners, meanwhile, knew their place; not being born of royal blood, they entered the world as serfs, worked the land for the benefit of the noble class, and, if they were lucky, had children of their own to repeat the cycle for another generation.

But the breakdown of medieval feudalism gave rise to a newly-wealthy merchant class. The development of the scientific method challenged centuries of religious dogma. The spread of Enlightenment philosophy to the toppling of monarchs and the rise of democracy. And the industrial revolution paved the way for the rise of the robber barons and the creation of vast new family fortunes.

By the late 19th century, as the oiligarchs in America and Europe began to consolidate their wealth, a new justification for elite rule of society was needed. One that discarded outdated appeals to supernatural order and seemed to rest on a bedrock of science. An idea that could explain how *nouveau riche* upstarts like the Rockefellers and Rothschilds had risen to positions of prominence in society alongside the old royal dynasties of Europe.

Eugenics fit the bill perfectly. The answer was in their genes.

> **Richard Grove:** Well, I think this eugenic idea that comes about from "survival of the fittest" almost gives a scientific excuse for some of the most inhumane and horrific actions that have ever been journeyed by humanity and then manifested. So the idea of controlling people through controlling reproduction, reproductive capability and access to mates and stuff like this is an idea that's thousands of years old.
>
> So eugenics […] came around in a strong form in the late 1800s, where you've got people like the Darwins, the Wedgwoods and the Huxleys — specifically Thomas H. Huxley, known as "Darwin's bulldog." So these ideas of eugenics really take on a new life of their own at the end of the 1800s, and coming into the 1900s, these ideas were embraced by the same families that were these robber barons that were being funded by [the] Rothschild banking network, also the Fabian socialist society, which again had a lot of the same movers and shakers as these people who were higher-ups in the British empire.
>
> So […] it reared its head in the 1920s and 1930s in these forced sterilization campaigns, where if they thought you had a low IQ or if you had some congenital disease that would be passed on, then you didn't have the right to marry and have children.

Eugenics, of course, was pseudoscience. When Galton and his fellow travelers began developing the theory, the identification of the actual mechanism of heredity, including genes and DNA, was nearly 100 years away. Instead, they used catch-all terms with no definition — like "feeble-mindedness" to diagnose poverty or criminality, claiming it was caused by "defective germ plasm." They used phrenology to try to determine the physical expression of alcoholism or low intelligence. Even the most famous works of the eugenics era, like Henry Goddard's study of the Kallikak family, were roundly discredited and even repudiated by their authors.

> **Joe Plummer:** So it's 100% pseudo-scientific. It's absolutely arbitrary, the characteristics that they're looking for. Something like feeble-mindedness is something that is not only not scientific, it can essentially be described in any way by the person observing wants it to be described. So feeble-minded could mean that maybe you stutter so then you're feeble-minded maybe, or you're shy so you're feeble-minded. Maybe they just don't like the way you act so you're feeble-minded.

But the idea was an infectious one. Like all the most enticing pseudoscience, it explained so much with so little effort. It appealed to the vanity of the researchers, usually hailing from successful and wealthy families themselves. And it gave an excuse for social engineering on a scale never before dreamed of.

When eugenics crossed the Atlantic, spreading from the rarefied British countryside of Galton and his cohorts to the rocky shores of America, it hit ambitious young researchers like Charles Davenport with hurricane force. A Harvard-trained zoologist who had grown up in a strict, puritanical family of New England Congregationalists, Davenport's authoritarian father was obsessed with genealogy, tracing the family tree all the way back to his Anglo-Saxon forebears in 1086. When the younger Davenport discovered Galton's writing while working at a biological laboratory on Long Island, he found his purpose in life. As he later told the American Breeders Association, which became an important ally in his eugenicist cause: "Society must protect itself; as it claims the right to deprive the murderer of his life, so also it may annihilate the hideous serpent of hopelessly vicious protoplasm."

With the proselytizing fervour of a religious convert, Davenport concocted an ambitious idea for furthering the eugenic cause: the creation of a Eugenics Record Office to register the genetic background of every single man, woman and child in America (and, eventually, the world), so that every person could be categorized by their family line and assigned a genetic rating. Once completed, those with the lowest eugenic value could be eliminated from the gene pool.

> **Joe Plummer**: So the idea of eugenics makes it way to America, lands in the lap of Charles Davenport, who approaches the Carnegie Institute for funding and on the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory they set up essentially an institute to study eugenics, and this eventually evolves with some Harriman money into the Eugenics Records Office. So between this initial institute that's set up at Cold Spring Harbor and then the Eugenics Record Office, which is also added to that, you're talking about millions and millions and millions of dollars of funding that's put forward to go out and investigate and find the inferior "germ-plasm" — that's how it's often described.

The Rockefeller Foundation's initial contribution to the Eugenics Record Office, a mere $21,650, was a small sum, but it came with clear benefits: not only the institutional infrastructure and the personnel of the Foundation and the prestige of the Rockefeller name itself, but the promise of increased support as the work advanced. And as always, the Rockefellers were true to their word.

Rockefeller Foundation researchers like William Welch, the founding director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, sat on the ERO's board and helped direct its activities. The Rockefellers also provided funds for specific research, like a $10,000 grant to survey New York's Nassau County for the eugenically unfit. And it created sister organizations like the Bureau of Social Hygiene, which cross-pollinated research and researchers with Davenport's own laboratory.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. especially showed an interest in Davenport's work right from the start. They kept up a regular correspondence on a number of eugenics issues. In January 1912, when a plan to institutionalize "mentally deficient" female convicts to stop them from having children was floated, the young Rockefeller heir wrote to Davenport for his thoughts on the scheme. For his part, Junior declared that "this plan seems to me an immensely important one. It points out a scientific way of escape from the evils which our courts are intended to correct but in reality only increase." After Davenport responded that the plan would only work if it included a eugenical screening of the convicts, Junior contributed $200,000 to found just such an institute. The Institute of Criminology in New York was administered by Rockefeller's own Bureau of Social Hygiene and staffed by workers trained at the Eugenics Record Office.

Fueled by the support of America's rich and powerful, the field of eugenics transformed from the quaint hobbyhorse of a few mad scientists into the social cause of an entire generation. Economists, politicians, authors, activists — by the 1920s, everyone who was anyone was extolling the need to eradicate the germ-plasm of the lower stock.

Marie Stopes, the celebrated family planning pioneer who founded Britain's first birth control clinic in North London in 1921, railed against "hordes of defectives," calling for the compulsory sterilization of those she deemed "unfit for parenthood."

Tommy Douglas, now venerated as a hero in Canada for his role in founding the nation's health care system, submitted a Master's thesis to McMaster University advocating that "subnormals," "defectives" and "morons," like those with low IQ or physical abnormalities, be isolated "on a state

farm, or in a colony where decisions could be made for them by a competent supervisor," and called on the government to certify "mental and physical fitness" to stop the "unfit" from breeding.

John Maynard Keynes, the economist who gave us the Keynesian economic school that is still popular among central planners today, was himself president of the British Eugenics Society from 1937 to 1944.

Alexander Graham Bell is still revered as the inventor of the telephone but was in fact an early supporter of Charles Davenport and a founding member of the Eugenic Records Office Board of Scientific Directors. He openly campaigned for the "eradication of the deaf race" by governments intervening to stop deaf people from marrying.

Nobel Prize-winning playwright and author George Bernard Shaw advocated for the creation of a government panel that would require everyone to justify their existence before it. If they failed to do so, Shaw thought those people should be killed by the state.

> **George Bernard Shaw**: …But there are an extraordinary number of people whom I want to kill. Not in any unkind or personal spirit, but it must be evident to all of you — you must all know half a dozen people, at least — who are no use in this world. Who are more trouble than they are worth. And I think it would be a good thing to make everybody come before a properly-appointed board, just as he might come before the income tax commissioner, and, say, every five years, or every seven years, just put him there, and say: "Sir, or madam, now will you be kind enough to justify your existence?" If you can't justify your existence, if you're not pulling your weight because you won't, if you're not producing as much as you consume, or perhaps a little more, then, clearly, we cannot use the big organization of our society for the purpose of keeping you alive. Because your life does not benefit us and it can't be of any much use.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***George Bernard Shaw talking about capital punishment***

Eventually, with foundation funding and promotion, this eugenicist mindset filtered down into the popular culture. The American Eugenics Society sponsored "fitter family contests" at state fairs, awarding prizes to families scoring the highest on "eugenic health" tests. The Society also sponsored contests to award prizes to clergy who fit the message of eugenics into their sermons. Eugenics even found its way to the silver screen:

> **"**We thought it necessary to present your family's case to the state medical commission and after an examination they decided that there was one important action to take, to have your entire family sterilized."
>
> "Why, what's that? I don't know what you're talking about."
>
> "Well, we investigated your family's history, Alice, and most of the past 3 generations have been feeble-minded, congenital cripples or habitual drunkards. Instead of improving, each generation is more of a problem. Now in this state we have a law which provides for such people to have an operation so there won't be any more children."
>
> "I see."
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Tomorrow's Children***

But merely popularizing their ideas was not the goal of the eugenicists. They wanted action. And in this case, that meant concrete steps toward eliminating the defective germ-plasm from the human population.

Government-sanctioned murder of those deemed unfit was always one option on the table. And it wasn't just playwrights like Bernard Shaw advocating for government death panels; eugenicists of all stripes discussed and debated the idea of "murdering degenerates" as the quickest way of achieving their goals.

> "Mistaken regard for what are believed to be divine laws and a sentimental belief in the sanctity of human life tend to prevent both the elimination of defective infants and the sterilization of such adults as are themselves of no value to the community. The laws of nature require the obliteration of the unfit and human life is valuable only when it is of use to the community or race." — Madison Grant, director of the American Eugenics Society, 1915

But mainstream eugenicists realized that this approach was not possible in the political and judicial climate of the day. As Henry Goddard noted in his infamous study on *The Kallikak Family*: "For the low-grade idiot, the loathsome unfortunate that may be seen in our institutions, some have proposed the lethal chamber. But humanity is steadily tending away from the possibility of that method, and there is no probability that it will ever be practiced."

Instead, they would have to turn to the other option, the more politically acceptable solution for stopping the undesirables from breeding: forced sterilization.

Indiana passed America's first eugenic sterilization law in 1907, and within only a few years there were a dozen states where those deemed "unfit" were being legally sterilized against their will. But still, this was not enough for the eugenicists. The approach was too scattershot: only a few thousand sterilizations had taken place under these laws, and Indiana's own forced sterilization act was overturned by the state's Supreme Court in 1921.

Once again, Harry Laughlin, Davenport's right-hand man at the Rockefeller-funded Eugenics Records Office, stepped in to solve the problem. He drafted a "Model Eugenic Sterilization" law in 1922 that became the basis for Virginia's 1924 sterilization act. To confront the issues head on, the eugenicists decided to challenge the law's constitutionality themselves and take the lawsuit all the way to the Supreme Court. All they needed was the right test case to bring to trial. And they found that case in Carrie Buck, an 18-year-old ward of the Virginia State Colony for Epileptics and Feebleminded, who was neither epileptic nor feeble-minded.

> **Amy Goodman**: But start back in the 1920s with Carrie Buck.
>
> **Adam Cohen**: So she's a young woman who is growing up in Charlottesville, Virginia, being raised by a single mother. Back then, there was a belief that it was better often to take poor children away from their parents and put them in middle-class homes. So she was put in a foster family that treated her very badly. She wasn't allowed to call the parents "mother" and "father." She did a lot of housekeeping for them and was rented out to the neighbors. And then, one summer, she was raped by the nephew of her foster mother. She becomes pregnant out of wedlock. And rather than help her with this pregnancy, they decide to get her declared epileptic and feeble-minded, though she was neither, and she's shipped off to the Colony for Epileptics and Feebleminded outside of Lynchburg, Virginia.

> **Goodman:** And what happened to her there?
>
> **Cohen:** So she gets there at just the wrong time. Virginia has just passed an eugenics sterilization law, and they want to test it in the courts. So they seize on Carrie Buck as the perfect plaintiff in this lawsuit. So they decide to make her the first person in Virginia who will be eugenically sterilized, and suddenly she's in the middle of a case that's headed to the U.S. Supreme Court.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *Buck v. Bell: Inside the SCOTUS Case That Led to Forced Sterilization of 70,000 & Inspired the Nazis***

The case was a sham, concocted merely to get the Supreme Court's stamp of approval on the issue of forced sterilization. Buck's "independent counsel" was, in fact, Irving Whitehead, one of the founding directors of the colony that was pushing to sterilize her and the man who appointed the director that was pushing for her sterilization. Buck herself was not feeble-minded, nor was her mother, nor was her daughter, Vivian Buck, who Carrie bore as a result of being raped and who was declared "feeble-minded" as a baby, because, as a social worker testified during the trial, "There is a look about it that is not quite normal, but just what it is, I can't tell."

None of these facts mattered to the Supreme Court. Presided over by former President and Chief Justice William Howard Taft, the Court voted 8-to-1 in favor of upholding Buck's forced sterilization and the constitutionality of the Virginia eugenics sterilization law itself. Writing the decision was one of the most famous and venerated Justices in the history of the court, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., himself a eugenicist from the so-called "Boston Brahmin" sect of the hereditary East Coast establishment.

In his decision, Holmes justified the forced sterilization of those like Buck by calling on the government's right to vaccinate its citizens against their will:

> "It is better for all the world if, instead of waiting to execute degenerate offspring for crime or to let them starve for their imbecility, society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind. The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover cutting the Fallopian tubes," he declared before infamously concluding: " Three generations of imbeciles are enough."

And with that, the floodgates were opened. New laws were enacted and old laws revised to comport with the Supreme Court's decision. Forcible sterilizations, taking place in a covert and low-key manner before, were now reported with pride. A few thousand individuals sterilized against their will became tens of thousands. The eugenics era, brought into being by the immense fortunes of the Rockefellers and their ilk, had arrived. And, with the aid of a very dramatic push by the Rockefellers, it was about to go international.

Beginning in November 1922 and increasingly throughout the 1920s, the Rockefeller Foundation began a series of grants and fellowships to German scientists. Equivalent to millions of dollars in today's money, these fellowships transformed the German scientific establishment, devastated in the wake of World War I. The Foundation's money found its way into the coffers of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institutes, a series of scientific organizations that included an Institute for Psychiatry and an Institute for Anthropology, Human Heredity and Eugenics.

One of the main beneficiaries of this Rockefeller largesse was Ernst Rüdin, a head researcher at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Psychiatry and a key architect of Germany's eugenics program under the Third Reich. Rüdin co-edited the official rules and commentary on the Law for the Prevention of Defective Progeny, which was passed on July 14, 1933, less than six months after Hitler was appointed interim chancellor by President Paul von Hindenburg. The law, like the Virginia law that the Supreme Court upheld and that led to the sterilization of Carrie Buck and tens of thousands of other Americans, was modeled on Harry Laughlin's Model Eugenic Sterilization legislation. It formed "Genetic Health Courts" which could mandate sterilization of "defectives" in eight different categories: the feeble-minded, schizophrenics, manic depressives, sufferers of Huntington's chorea, epileptics, those with hereditary deformities, the blind and the deaf. Alcoholics, a ninth category, were to be optionally added to the list, with a caution against inclusion of ordinary drunkards. By the end of the year, 62,400 Germans were found unfit to breed and sterilized against the will. By 1945, that number had reached 400,000.

In the 1940s, that eugenics program was to expand into euthanasia under the Aktion T4 program, resulting in over 70,000 children, senior citizens, and psychiatric patients being murdered by the Nazi regime.

As the dust settled on World War II, the name of "eugenics" became synonymous with the Nazis in the minds of the general public. The eugenicists, outraged, knew that their work could not continue any longer under the name of eugenics. But that didn't mean that it couldn't continue.

> **Richard Grove**: So after World War II you don't hear about it anymore as eugenics. What you hear is molecular biology, and these sorts of colloquial terms that were developed by the Rockefeller Foundation, which was one of the families primarily in America that was helping to fund it in America, in Britain, in Germany, who also funded Hitler during that time. So there's a lot of overlaps between the people who were actually out there funding genocide and the people who had ideas about culling the population, population control and sterilizing people, and these ideas go on and permeate society to this day.

As American Eugenics Society co-founder Frederick Osborne wrote: "Eugenic goals are most likely to be attained under a name other than eugenics." Thus, he moved the American Eugenics Society into the offices of John D. Rockefeller III's Population Council, becoming president in 1957.

The Rockefellers and their fellow oiligarchs had for generations felt themselves to be stewards of the planet, protecting it from the rising tide of the genetically inferior. They were not about to give up that quest. They would simply have to package it under a different name.

PART TWO: OILIGARCHS FOR CLIMATE CHANGE

> **Maurice Strong:** With all the evidence that we've amassed in our preparations for the Stockholm Conference, including the views of many of world's leading scientists, I am convinced that the prophets of doom have got to be taken seriously. In other words, doomsday is a possibility. I am equally convinced that doomsday is not inevitable."
>
> ***SOURCE: Maurice Strong Interview (BBC 1972)***

On paper, it would be almost impossible to find a less likely candidate for "Godfather" of the modern environmental movement than Maurice Strong. A junior high school dropout from a poor

family in rural Manitoba struck hard by the great depression, Strong's meteoric rise to the heights of wealth and political influence is itself remarkable. The sheer number of environmental organizations that he founded, conferences he chaired, campaigns he directed and accolades he received over the course of his career is even more remarkable: Organizer of the Stockholm Environmental Conference, founding director of the United Nations Environment Program, Secretary General of the Rio Earth Summit, founder of the Earth Council and the Earth Charter movement, chair of the World Resources Institute, commissioner of the World Commission on Environment and Development, and board member of a bewildering array of organizations, from the International Institute for Sustainable Development to the Stockholm Environment Institute to the African-American Institute.

But perhaps the most remarkable thing about Strong, this ubiquitous figure of the 20th century environmental movement, was his background: a Rockefeller-connected millionaire from the Alberta oil patch who divided his time between environmental campaigning and running major oil companies.

To understand how this came about, we have to examine the history of the emergence of the environmental movement. In the post-war period, the desire to control the population put on a new mask: protecting the world from resource depletion, pollution and ecological catastrophe. And, as always, the Rockefeller family was there to provide the funding and organizational support to steer this burgeoning movement toward their own ends.

> **Raymond Burr:** President Nixon and the United States Congress established the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future. The chairman of this unique commission is John D. Rockefeller III.
>
> **John D. Rockefeller III:** There's a very broad-ranging mandate. Nobody's had one of this character before and just from that this question of quality of life just emerged as the seemingly key issue.
>
> **Burr:** But the main finding was that stabilization of some kind is clearly desirable for the country.
>
> **JDR3:** Yes, we said that it is recognized that population cannot continue to grow indefinitely. Nobody question that and we said from our findings (that) we felt that now the nation should welcome and plan for a stabilized population. The whole question of pollution, environment and population came very much to the fore in amazingly rapid time and President Nixon in July of 1969 made a statement to the Congress exclusively on this question, and I'd like to read just two sentences from that statement, as I think it's indicative of his concern in regard to the subject and his recognition of its importance here and around the world. He said, *"One of the most serious challenges to human destiny in the last third of this century will be the growth of the population. Whether man's response to this challenge will be a cause for pride or for despair in the year 2000 will depend very much on what we do today."*
>
> ***SOURCE:* *Survival Of Spaceship Earth (1972)***

Joining the Rockefellers in shaping the international environmental movement were their fellow oiligarchs across the Atlantic, including the British royals behind BP and the Dutch Royals behind Royal Dutch Shell. And facilitating the transition from eugenics to population control to

environmentalism was Julian Huxley, brother of *Brave New World* author Aldous Huxley and grandson of "Darwin's bulldog" T.H. Huxley.

Julian Huxley was a committed eugenicist, chairing the British Eugenics Society from 1959 to 1962. But, like the other eugenicists of the post-war era, he understood the need to pursue the now-discredited work of eugenics under a different guise. The founding director of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), Huxley wrote in the agency's founding document about the need to find ways to make the cause of eugenics politically viable once again:

> "At the moment, it is probable that the indirect effect of civilisation is dysgenic instead of eugenic; and in any case it seems likely that the dead weight of genetic stupidity, physical weakness, mental instability, and disease-proneness, which already exist in the human species, will prove too great a burden for real progress to be achieved. Thus even though it is quite true that any radical eugenic policy will be for many years politically and psychologically impossible, it will be important for UNESCO to see that the eugenic problem is examined with the greatest care, and that the public mind is informed of the issues at stake so that much that now is unthinkable may at least become thinkable."

Huxley found the perfect front for the re-introduction of those "unthinkable" eugenical ideas in 1948, when he used UNESCO as a springboard for founding the International Union for the Conservation of Nature, and then again in 1961, when he used that agency as a springboard to create the World Wildlife Fund. Joining Huxley as co-founders of the fund were not only Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, founder of the Bilderberg Group and former employee of the IG Farben conglomerate, and Prince Philip of England, but Godfrey A. Rockefeller of the Rockefeller dynasty. Together, they pledged to "harness public opinion and educate the world about the necessity for conservation."

Years of "education" about the strain that the growing human population put on the resources of the earth, paid for by the very oiligarchs who had just spent the past century monopolizing one of the world's key resources, led, inevitably to a predictable conclusion:

> **Hugh Downs:** Now for the first time in the history of man, an international movement is underway. The people of the nations and the nations of the world have joined together to find the answers. This building and the worlds representatives hold the solution. We've seen what we've done to bring about the destruction of our Earth. Is it not the time now to cure the disease that we ourselves have created?
>
> ***SOURCE: Survival Of Spaceship Earth (1972)***

Yes, the "cure" for the "disease" of mankind, according to Rockefeller-funded propaganda featuring John D. Rockefeller III as an expert commentator, was to be found at the United Nations, whose headquarters had been so graciously donated by the Rockefeller family itself. And the first step toward discovering that cure was to organize the UN Conference on the Human Environment in Stockholm in 1972, the world's first international environmental conference.

> **Narrator:** For 11 days in June 1972, Stockholm was a magnet for everyone concerned with the environment: 1,200 official delegates from 113 nations were in Stockholm for the 1st International Conference on the Human Environment. The meeting, first

> proposed to the United Nations by Sweden and approved by the General Assembly in 1968, attracted worldwide attention.
>
> In four short years, the topic of the human environment had gone from the back pages of newspapers to make headlines on page 1.
>
> ***SOURCE: 1972 United Nations Conference on the Human Environment (Part 1)***

And who better to oversee the conference and lay the institutional groundwork for this burgeoning, oiligarch-supported movement, than a consummate oil man?

> **Maurice Strong:** The very fact that the conference began with 113 participating countries, with very high-level delegations from those countries, this in itself represented a very significant step forward. Because this demonstrated more than anything else the real concern of the majority of countries in the world.
>
> ***SOURCE: 1972 United Nations Conference on the Human Environment (Part 1)***

All his life, Maurice Strong had the uncanny ability to be in the right place at the right time to meet the right person to advance up the ranks. Having been born in Oak Lake, Manitoba, in 1929, and suffering through the Great Depression, the ambitious young Strong dropped out of school at age 14 and headed north to look for work. Finding his way to Chesterfield Inlet, Strong got a job as a fur buyer for the Hudson's Bay Company and there met "Wild" Bill Richardson, a prospector whose wife, Mary McColl, hailed from the family behind McColl-Frontenac, one of Canada's largest oil companies.

> **Elaine Dewar:** So, Mr. Strong enters the big world through a guy by the name of 'Wild' Bill Richardson, who was a sort of prospector married into an oil family called McColl whose company was called McColl-Frontenac. It was a major importer of oil from the Middle East that had been taken over long since by the Texaco Company through a brokerage house called Nesbitt Thomson. In a way, Mr. Strong was introduced to the world of Big Oil and the world of resources at a very young age. He was picked up as a very smart kid, taken under the wing of a man named Paul Martin Sr., who was a cabinet minister and whose son would go on to become the Prime Minister of Canada and introduced to the oil patch though people at the very top — and that would include David Rockefeller.

Through the Richardsons, Strong made a series of increasingly unlikely connections. First he was introduced to the Treasurer of the then-brand new United Nations, Noah Monod. Unbelievably, Monod didn't just secure Strong a job as a junior security officer at UN headquarters, he allowed the young Manitoba farm boy to live with him in New York. And while there, Monod introduced Strong to the most important contact of his life, David Rockefeller.

From that moment on, Strong was a made man. And from that moment on, wherever Strong went, Rockefeller and his associates were there somewhere in the background.

It was a Standard Oil veteran, Jack Gallagher, who gave Strong his big break in the Alberta oil patch when he quit his UN security job to return to Canada. And when Maurice Strong suddenly decided to quit that oil patch job, sell his house, and travel to Africa, he supported himself working for Rockefeller's CalTex in Nairobi.

When he quit that job in 1954 and started his own company back in Canada, he hired Henrie Brunie (a close friend of Rockefeller associate John J. McCloy) to manage it, and appointed two Standard Oil of New Jersey reps to its board. By his late 20s he was running his own company and was already a millionaire.

As he would throughout his life, Maurice Strong capitalized on these connections and opportunities to full effect. After being chosen to organize the UN environmental conference in Stockholm, he was appointed a Trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation, which then funded his office for the Stockholm summit and supplied Carnegie Fellow Barbara Ward and Rockefeller ecologist Rene Dubos for his team. Strong commissioned them to write "Only One Earth," a foundational text in the sustainable development arena that is heavily touted by globalists as a key document for promoting the global management of resources.

The 1972 Stockholm summit is still hailed as a landmark moment in the history of the modern environmental movement, leading not only to the first governmentally-administered environmental action plans in Europe but the creation of an entirely new UN bureaucracy: the United Nations Environment Programme (UNEP). Naturally, the UN appointed Maurice Strong as UNEP's first director.

Shortly thereafter, Strong continued his double life by jumping straight back into the oil patch.

Eastern Canada was hit particularly hard by the OPEC oil embargo, and as a result then-Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau created PetroCanada, Canada's national oil company. And who did he tap as the company's first president? None other than that crusading Rockefeller-backed "environmentalist," Maurice Strong.

Leaving that post in 1978, Strong continued with a scarcely believable series of governmental, private sector and international appointments, from Chairman of the Canada Development Investment Corporation to Chairman of AZL Resources Incorporated to leading the UN's famine relief program in Africa.

In 1987, Strong helped to organize another environmental conference, much less known but no less remarkable than the Stockholm summit. Dubbed the 4th World Wilderness Congress, the meeting took place in Denver, Colorado, and brought together Strong, David Rockefeller, Edmond de Rothschild, then-Treasury Secretary James Baker, and a gaggle of other oiligarchs, bankers, Washington power players and globalists, ostensibly to talk about the environment. What they actually discussed was altogether more incredible:

> **DAVID LANG:** I suggest therefore that this be sold not through a democratic process. That would take too long and devour far too much of the funds to educate the cannon fodder, unfortunately, that populates the earth. We have to take almost an elitist program, [so] that we can see beyond our swollen bellies, and look to the future in time frames and in results which are not easily understood, or which can be, with intellectual honesty, be reduced down to some kind of simplistic definition.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *UN UNCED Earth Summit 1992 by George Hunt***

Those were the words of David Lang, a banker from Montreal who spoke during the conference. And to Lang, the Rockefellers, the Rothschilds and the other bankers and oiligarchs assembled at the meeting, the general population are "cannon fodder" that "unfortunately […] populates the earth." This candid admission, a perfect encapsulation of the eugenical ideas at the heart of the

global conservation movement funded into existence by the oiligarchs themselves, was caught on tape by George Hunt, a businessman in Boulder, Colorado, who had volunteered to help the conference as a concerned citizen and came away horrified by what he had witnessed there. He released his own recordings of the proceedings in the early 1990s to warn the public about this group and its ultimate aims.

Hunt's recording captured the moment when Maurice Strong introduced Baron Edmond de Rothschild — whose father's cousin had sold the Rothschild's Azerbaijani oil fields to Royal Dutch Shell in 1911 — as a pioneer of the environmental movement and a founder of the concept of "conservation banking."

> **Maurice Strong:** One of the most important initiatives that is open here for your consideration is that of the conservation banking program. As we mentioned this morning, we have, as our chairman, fortunately, the person who really is the source of this very significant concept. He was/is one of the trustees of the International Wilderness Foundation, which sponsored this meeting. He was at the first of these conferences. So his conversion to the relationship between conservation and economic development has been a pioneering one. So there is no better person. He epitomizes in his own life that positive synthesis between environment, conservation on the one hand and economics on the other, and I'm just delighted to have this opportunity of introducing to you Edmond de Rothschild.
>
> **Edmond de Rothschild:** Maurice, thank you very much indeed for all that you've said, and I would ask the audience to take with a slight grain of salt all that he has said about me.
>
> ***SOURCE: UN UNCED Earth Summit 1992 by George Hunt***

The meeting accomplished some important goals for the oiligarchs. It led to the creation of "Wilderness Areas," vast expanses of natural terrain from which the public could be largely excluded. These areas were to be designated and overseen by the IUCN, the same body that British Eugenics Society president Julian Huxley used as a springboard to creating the World Wildlife Fund.

Another important goal of the conference was Rothschild's proposal for the creation of a so-called "World Conservation Bank" that would operate at a supra-national level and coordinate finance for development projects around the world.

> **Edmond de Rothschild:** The meetings now over the concept of an international conservation banking program involve all sectors of the human community: Governmental and inter-governmental agencies, the public and private agencies, large charitable foundations, as well as ordinary individuals worldwide. By thinking forward as to how to reach out to the public at large, to every corporate entity throughout the world to put aside, hopefully tax-free, a part of their profits to fund our ecological and environmental protection.
>
> Ladies and gentlemen, every country has its own problems, its indigenous peoples and its wildlife. This international conservation bank must know no frontiers, no boundaries."
>
> ***SOURCE: UN UNCED Earth Summit 1992 by George Hunt***

This world conservation bank was forwarded and eventually realized at Maurice Strong's *next* major conference, the one which was to serve as the crowning achievement of his unlikely career as environmental crusader, and which still remains one of the touchstones of the environmental movement: the 1992 Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro.

> **Narrator:** In June 1992, the world met in Rio to discuss the fate of planet Earth. In this largest summit and very first Earth Summit ever held, representatives from 166 countries, 130 heads of state and 15,000 non-governmental organizations came together with the hopes of deciding specific agreements that would balance environmental preservation with economic needs.
>
> ***SOURCE: 1992 – UN Earth Summit – Rio de Janeiro – In Our Hands (Part 1)***
>
> **George H. W. Bush:** And my gratitude to Secretary General Maurice Strong for his tireless work in bringing this Earth Summit together. This is truly an historic gathering. There are those who say that economic growth and environmental protection cannot be compatible.
>
> **John Major:** "The world is our garden and together we must cultivate it. This week at Rio we have made a start. Beyond Rio we must continue to carry it through."
>
> **Maurice Strong:** "We cannot be complacent. Unless the agreements reached here are accompanied by commitments to significant change — change, of course, indeed for the human species in my view, your excellencies—we simply are headed for a moment in the 21st century where the condition of our species may become terminal."
>
> ***SOURCE: Brazil – Rio Earth Summit (B)***

As useful as the 4th World Wilderness Congress had been in advancing the agenda of Maurice Strong and the oiligarchs, that was only setting the stage for the Earth Summit in Rio.

At the Earth Summit, Edmond de Rothschild got his "World Conservation Bank." Dubbed the "Global Environment Facility" and launched at the summit itself, it serves as the funding mechanism for five different UN conventions and provides billions of dollars worth of financing to environmental and development projects around the world. Its 18 "implementing partners" include the Rockefeller-funded Food and Agricultural Organization, the Huxley-founded International Union for the Conservation of Nature, the Maurice Strong-created United Nations Environment Programme, and the Prince Bernhard/Prince Philip/Godfrey Rockefeller-founded World Wildlife Fund.

One of the Global Environment Facility's specialties is "debt-for-nature swaps," where Third World countries are given debt relief in return for opening their land up for environmental development projects. The projects come with transaction costs of up to 5%, paid to the contractors who manage and direct the investments, not to the locals who, like the aborigines of Palawan island are kicked off their land and effectively wiped off the face of the map.

The Earth Summit also gave rise to the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change, the body to which the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change delivers its reports. Generally thought to be neutral, non-governmental bodies relying only on science and evidence, the UNFCCC and the IPCC are handcuffed by the terms that Strong set out for them to deliver only one conclusion: that humanity is to blame for climate change.

Dr. Tim Ball: When they set up the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, Maurice Strong, who we should talk a lot about, he wrote the terms of reference and the first term of reference was the definition of climate change and he limited it, deliberately, to only human causes of climate change. Of course that effectively eliminated all of the natural causes and natural variability which is why you see them not looking at things like the sun and a whole bunch of other issues. He then limited it even further in another term of reference, he set it up into three working groups. There was the technical group, Working Group 1, which wrote the science report, and that was 600 of the 2,500 people. The other 1,900 people were in Working Groups 2 & 3. Now they were inconsequential because they had to accept the findings of Working Group 1, which were already limited by their terms of reference. So whatever their finding was, Working Groups 2 & 3 then said, *"OK, you're telling us it's going to warm, we accept that as fact. We now look at the implications of that,"* and that's where you hear all these stories of the ice is going to melt, the sea-levels are going to rise, etc.

So really, the majority of the report by 1,900 scientists is accepting without question the finding of the first group. Now Strong really restricted it even more because they then came and said, *"Now look, this report is not to be used for policy,"* but then they set up the Summary for Policymakers, the absolute contradiction of that. The Summary for Policymakers is written by a completely separate group, and then they write independent of the science report. The science report is finished and set aside. The Summary for Policymakers is written and given out to the media, but the rules — the terms of reference that Strong set out — said that the Summary for Policymakers goes back to the science report people and says make sure your science report agrees with what we've put in the summary.

SOURCE: The IPCC Exposed

Another product of the Earth Summit in Rio was the Earth Charter, a quasi-religious document that Mikhail Gorbachev, who helped draft the text along with Maurice Strong, referred to as a replacement for the Ten Commandments, and which sought to usher in an era of Gaia worship and global responsibility. Declaring that "[f]undamental changes are needed in our values, institutions, and ways of living," the document then counsels that we must create a world of "shared responsibility" to the "Earth community," before concluding:

"In order to build a sustainable global community, the nations of the world must renew their commitment to the United Nations, fulfill their obligations under existing international agreements, and support the implementation of Earth Charter principles with an international legally binding instrument on environment and development."

Patrick Wood: Well, the Earth Charter was one of the bi-products ultimately of the first Earth Summit. I published the Earth Charter in the appendix of my book *Technocracy Rising: The Trojan Horse of Global Transformation*, just so people could see this with their own eyes what it says. It was a document that was like a compact with the world. It was a very religious, humanistic document that tried to unify the world into a single concept of globalization. It was a very defined document that was signed off — the history goes back before that, but it was finally signed-off by almost all of the nations at the United Nations, and the primary author of the Earth Charter was Steven Rockefeller. And so the Rockefellers understood early on that no, it's not just the economic system and it's not just necessarily the political control system, we also have to factor in a religious belief that we can use to get people to believe that what we're doing is for their good.

What the oiligarchs had been working toward for decades, and what they achieved in Rio in 1992, was the completion of the transformation of the eugenics philosophy, from talk of "sterilization" of the "feeble-minded" to a popular understanding of humanity as a cancer that must be removed for the Earth to live. Now the duty was to "reduce carbon footprints" and reduce the population in the name of "saving the planet." But, wrapped in this new vocabulary and coming with a trendy, pervasive, and well-funded advertising campaign, the end result sounded remarkably similar to the eugenics of old.

> **Tucker Carlson:** A new study from Lund University in Sweden says that the single best way to cut your carbon footprint, assuming you want to, is simply to refuse to reproduce. Deleting some humans from existence, they say, saves far more carbon than, I don't know, being vegetarian, riding a bike to work, not boarding an airplane.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***'Stop Having Kids' – Tucker Carlson Tonight***
>
> **Jennifer Ludden:** There is a new study that says, well, actually if we reduce global fertility by half a child per woman, that you could maybe do that. It would go a long way. It would reduce a fifth to a quarter of all carbon emissions needed to avoid that tipping point.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***NPR Asks: Should We Have Less Kids Due To Global Warming?***
>
> **Bill Nye:** So should we have policies that penalize people for having extra kids in the developed world?
>
> **Guest:** So, I do think that we should at least consider it.
>
> **Nye:** Well, at least consider it is like do it.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Bill Nye Should parents having "extra kids" in developed countries be penalized?***
>
> **Fox News Reporter:** In the push to reduce global warming, children, according to some, are the new culprits. A think tank in the UK says that too many kids are what is making the planet worse. Saying large families, anything over two children really, should be frowned upon as an environmental no-no.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Endgame (2007)***

And, without the public even noticing it, the oiligarchs were able to wrap themselves in this new flag to appear not as the billionaire scions of the oil industry who made their vast fortunes by plundering the earth and monopolizing its wealth, but as crusading environmentalists who are going to save the planet from the "cannon fodder" that "unfortunately populates the earth."

> **David Rockefeller:** The negative impact of population growth, on all of our planetary ecosystems, is becoming appallingly evident.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***David Rockefeller speaks about population control***

Rex Tillerson: So we have been members of the IPCC, we have authored many of their papers, we have peer-reviewed all their papers. So we have been engaged in the understanding and the evolution of our understanding of climate change for decades.

SOURCE: ***Rex Tillerson explains his position on climate change***

Narrator: At Saudi Aramco, we strive to continually reduce the environmental impact of our operations, from oil well to consumer, and our support for the Oil and Gas Climate Initiative that strives to be a catalyst for practical action on climate change through collaboration on technology and best practices.

SOURCE: ***Saudi Aramco – Sustainable Production***

Claudio Descalzi: We have a common reason. We care about environment. We think that together we can do better. We have the competencies, we have the strength, we have the tools to do good things in this field.

Amin H. Nasser: Technology that will be developed through this investment fund of $1 billion will help us in the long-term to reduce emissions.

Josu Jon Imaz: We want to build an ecosystem of innovation on this issue, working together.

Patrick Pouyanne: We bring our force together, we can bring pragmatic and concrete solutions.

SOURCE: ***OGCI Invests in Innovative Low-Emissions Technologies***

And even today, the masses, outraged over the carnage that Big Oil has wrought, are content to have that outrage directed by the very oiligarchs they seek to oppose, the same oiligarchs who are quietly funding and supporting their environmental movement from behind the scenes — and even leading it from the front.

The Rockefeller family made headlines by divesting from oil completely in 2016.

Narrator: The Rockefellers, heir to an oil fortune that made the family name a symbol of American wealth, believe they're doing their namesake proud by getting out of oil. Fund director Stephen Heintz spoke reverently of oil tycoon John D. Rockefeller in a statement: *"We are quite convinced that if he were alive today, as an astute businessman looking out to the future, he would be moving out of fossil fuels and investing in clean, renewable energy."*

SOURCE: ***Rockefeller heirs get out of oil | Fortune***

David de Rothschild is one of the photogenic leading lights of the environmental movement. Dubbed "Plastic Jesus" for his publicity stunts and photo opportunities masquerading as a concerned environmentalist, David de Rothschild — a scion of the billionaire banking family that added to its fortune with its Azerbaijani oil field holdings and still invests in oil through ventures like Genie Energy — now spends his time lecturing the public about how their lifestyles are killing the polar bears.

> **David de Rothschild:** We have to start spending money fast on the solutions that we have in hand to try and help these countries which are already seeing the effects of climate change today and seeing the effects of our consumption, basically.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Rothschild Says Climate Change 'Past Point of Talking'***

Prince Charles is outspoken on the subject of global warming, warning his loyal subjects that unless they tighten their belts and live more humble lives, they will bring about the end of the world.

> **Prince Charles:** Ladies and gentlemen, the battle against climate change is surely the most defining and pivotal challenge of our time.
>
> We cannot ignore the symptoms and should act now to restore the health of the planet before it is too late. This of course will require an unprecedented transformation of our communities, science, societies and lifestyles. All predicated on the move to a low-carbon and circular economy.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Prince Charles urges action against climate change 'before it is too late'***

The groundwork has been laid for what these oiligarchs call the post-carbon era. It is no longer about oil. It never was. It is about control.

PART THREE: AGENDA: TECHNOCRACY

> **M. King Hubbert:** Now, so this complete cycle for the world, to give you a timescale on that — bear in mind that's starting in 1857, and so here's where we were about three or four years ago. This was proved reserves in the era, which would add up to about here, and the estimated peak would occur about 1995, and we go into the decline. That middle 80%, again, is spread from the late '60s until a little beyond 2020. I computed it out here about 56 years. That assumes an orderly evolution. That says that a child born, say, within the last 10 years will probably see the world consume most of its oil if he lives a normal life.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Marion King Hubbert on global oil depletion (1976)***

Today, Marion King Hubbert is best known as the Shell Oil researcher who gained notoriety in the 1950s for predicting that the US would achieve its peak production of petroleum by 1970, and that almost all of the planet's oil supplies would be exhausted by 2020.

This "Peak Oil" theory, still sometimes referred to as "Hubbert's Peak," was, like everything else generated by Big Oil, a conveniently crafted lie, designed to habituate the market to artificial scarcity and thus keep oil prices high. Hubbert's "prediction" was not based on any empirical data from any oil field, but instead relied on Hubbert's incorrect guesses about remaining oil reserves and employed a heuristic tool to model production.

As Hubbert's protégé and colleague at Shell Oil, Kenneth Deffeyes, conceded years later: "The numerical methods that Hubbert used to make his prediction are not crystal clear. Today, 44 years later, my guess is that Hubbert, like everyone else, reached his conclusion first and then searched for raw data and methods to support his conclusion."

Shortly before his death in 1989, Hubbert himself admitted that when he showed his Peak Oil paper to Shell's managing director before presenting it to his colleagues, the director had told him not to "go overboard" with his estimates of oil reserves, pointing specifically to L.G. Weeks, a rival geophysicist who had estimated reserves to be much higher, and thus the impending threat of undersupply and the need for high oil prices to be much weaker.

But although today Hubbert is remembered almost exclusively for his Peak Oil thesis, he was in fact involved in a much larger, lifelong project, helping to codify and incorporate a movement that, much like eugenics, was wildly popular nearly a century ago, fell out of favor in polite society, and yet continues today under other names. That movement was called "Technocracy."

> **Arvid Peterson:** Hello, I'm Arvid Peterson, and this is the first of a two-part presentation on Technocracy, an alternative social system. These programs are not intended to entertain or amuse you, nor are they meant to scare you. We are making a new approach. It is not political, financial, philosophical, legal, religious or moral. It is a technological approach. Technocracy is the scientific answer to America's social problems and technocracy is a new design for social operation that based on upon science. It is the vehicle by which we can move into a new era for better living."
>
> ***SOURCE: Technocracy Full Presentation***

Technocracy billed itself as a social movement, a philosophy, a scientific solution to political and economic problems, and a new way of ordering the world. But, at base, it is an idea for a new international economic order, one to be designed and managed down to the most minute detail by a select few: the "technocrats."

> **Patrick Wood:** Technocracy was defined very succinctly in 1938 by their own publication *The Technocrat's Magazine*. They call it a system of scientifically engineering society. They saw themselves as a merger between hard science and social science, which really is an oxymoron. Social science is not really a science in my opinion but they believed that. So they believed they could take their scientific method they use in the hard sciences and apply it to society. They also believe that they alone were the only ones that could run society correctly. As a result of technology having come in and change the fabric of society, they hated politicians, they hated the establishment, the organization of society they way it is because it was not efficient, it was not conservation based if you will to conserve resources. So they took it upon themselves to define the economic model that would replace capitalism and free-enterprise and that's exactly what it was, a replacement of the economic system.

Drawing on Henri Saint-Simon's call for a scientifically-organized socialist system, the positivism and secular humanism of Auguste Comte, and the "Principles of Scientific Management" propounded by Frederick Taylor, the technocratic movement emerged from the same environment of progressivism, positivism and social Darwinism that birthed eugenics. Just as the eugenicists believed the human race could be improved through selective breeding controlled and administered by a small group of scientists and their billionaire backers, so, too, did the technocrats believe that they could improve the social and economic conditions of humanity by controlling and administering society. And, happily enough for the oiligarchs, the technocrats would improve the world by replacing money with energy certificates.

Led by the eccentric "revolutionary" economist and sociologist Thorstein Veblen, the technocratic movement that formed around Veblen's "New School for Social Research" and "Technical

Alliance" attracted both engineers and serious researchers like King Hubbert and Buckminster Fuller and fellow eccentrics like Howard Scott.

Scott, a "mysterious man" of uncertain background, established himself in New York City at the end of World War I and came to be seen as a "bohemian engineer." In 1920 he went to work for the Wobblies as a research director, and the following year he founded the Technical Alliance, a group of engineers and scientists centered around Columbia University, and which, as a forerunner to the technocracy movement, advocated for a society run by scientists and engineers.

In 1932, the charismatic and well-spoken Scott managed to attach himself to Walter Rautenstrauch, a professor at Columbia and the founder of the university's Department of Industrial Engineering. With a common interest in technocracy, the two became friends and allies. It was through Rautenstrauch that Scott was able to approach the president of Columbia, Nicholas Murray Butler, for permission to use the university's facilities. Butler, always on the lookout for the cutting edge of progressivism, was swayed by the technocratic ideas, and soon Scott's Committee on Technocracy was operating out of the basement of Hamilton Hall.

When Butler let word slip about the next big idea being cooked up in the basement of his university, technocracy became a sensation. It was lauded in the press, Scott became a sought-after speaker, and there was even a dance named after the movement.

It was at Columbia that Scott met King Hubbert, and the two, an unlikely pair of serious-minded researcher and eccentric revolutionary, immediately hit it off. Their stint together at Columbia was about to come to an abrupt end, but their association would last for decades, and help give birth to ideas that would eventually transform the world.

> **Patrick Wood:** Technocracy really got recognized when it was at Columbia. We'll talk in a minute, they didn't last there very long because as it turned out one of the promoters of technocracy, Howard Scott, turned out to be a fraud. He was kind of the main spokesman for the movement and he pumped up his résumé, like so many people do today, unfortunately, he pumped it up and basically he just lied about his past and his educational past and they all assumed he had a degree in some advanced engineering or whatever and he knew all of the buzz words, but some sharp reporter did some investigative research on him and said, "I can't find where this guy graduated anywhere," and when Columbia found out that the guy was a fraud they realized that, well, Butler's ego got involved and he said, "Man, these people have played me," and so he kicked them all out. Just ka-boom! Just drop-kicked them right out. He said, "Get out of my building!" and they all left and scattered. The technocrats that were left at Columbia, which there were several of them that were professors at Columbia at the time, they just zipped their lips, shut up, went back to work, figured out I want to keep my job. I'm just going to not ever mention technocracy again. It didn't mean they stopped believing, but they didn't talk about it for a very, very long time at Columbia.

Disgraced, evicted from Columbia, and with the Committee on Technocracy disbanded almost as quickly as it had come together, Scott found himself at a personal low. Penniless and with an old debt having caught up to him, he had only one person he could rely on: M. King Hubbert.

Hubbert let Scott live in his Greenwich Village apartment and paid out of his own pocket to file the articles of incorporation for Technocracy, Inc., a new membership organization that would carry on the principles of technocracy. The first step, of course, was to define precisely what those principles were.

Hubbert got to work penning the Technocracy Study Course, the Bible of the Technocracy movement. In it, Hubbert laid out the vision of "an abundance of physical wealth on a Continental scale for the use of all Continental citizens," which, he warned, "can only be accomplished by a Continental technological control, a governance of function, a Technate."

The technocratic system was to be structured around a new monetary paradigm, one based not on dollars and cents but "Energy Certificates" representing the nation's net energy expenditure. These certificates would be denominated in Joules and issued based on a net energy budget deemed appropriate by the technocratic state's governing scientists. Citizens would be issued an equal share of the nation's certificates and make their purchases with them, and the information about these purchases would be relayed back to the central planning body for analysis. By this method, the technocrats could, in the words of one proponent, "create a thermodynamically balanced load of production and consumption, thereby doing away with unemployment, debt and social injustice."

In the Technocracy Study Course, Hubbert, like a good technocrat, laid out the exact conditions that would need to be met for this vision to come to pass. According to him, technocracy would require:

- all energy usage and all consumer spending throughout the nation to be calculated and registered on a continuous and instantaneous basis
- a 24/7 inventory of all production and consumption
- a complete registry of all products available for sale, where they were produced, how much energy was expended in their production, and where and when they were sold.
- and, finally, a "specific registration of the consumption of each individual, plus a record and description of the individual.

Hubbert's vision was not just that of a totalitarian society in which every detail of every interaction was recorded and reported to a central authority, but, for the 1930s, the concept of continuously and instantaneously updated registries of every good in the economy was not just audacious, but borderline insane.

Nevertheless, suffering through the Great Depression, the American people were willing to listen to any ideas to replace the current system that had so obviously failed them, no matter how outlandish. Technocracy, Inc. did attract a following, swelling into the tens of thousands later in the decade. But Scott's eccentric ways, compelling members to salute him in public and delivering rambling radio addresses, ultimately led to the movement's long, slow decline in relevance.

Hubbert never repudiated the concept of technocracy, but when he joined Shell as a researcher he resigned his position on the board of Technocracy, Inc. and avoided direct mention of the organization.

The technocrats had sketched the outlines of a completely ordered and controlled society, one in which energy is the fundamental measure of value and all consumption and production is meticulously analyzed by a central authority. Technocracy, Inc. still exists to this day, but the language and thinking of the technocrats has, like eugenics, undergone a metamorphosis. And, also like eugenics, the name may have faded into obscurity, but the idea lives on in the hands of the oiligarchs.

Bill Turnbull: Would you live in a greener lifestyle if you could make money from it?

Kate Silverton: That may be possible if a government proposal for personal carbon emissions allowances is implemented. Under the scheme, everyone in the UK would be allocated an annual carbon allowance.

Turnbull: Stored electronically, like a supermarket loyalty card, points would be deducted every time we buy or use non-renewable energy. For example: Using electricity to power appliances in the home.

Silverton: Or traveling somewhere by plane.

Turnbull: Or even buying petrol for your car on the [*unintelligible*].

Silverton: So then any points left over could then be sold back to a central bank, are you still with us, and people who need more, like motorists, who would use their allocations could then pay for a top-up.

SOURCE:* *BBC Breakfast: Carbon Ration Card proposal, 20/07/2006

Carbon rationing. Carbon trading. Carbon taxes. Cap and trade. Just as the technocrats of old envisioned a new economic order based on energy and governed by the dictates of scientists and engineers, so, too, does this modern form of technocracy envision an economic order in which energy is budgeted, priced and traded by intergovernmental panels of scientists and the political caste that grows up around these institutions.

Sen. Jay Rockefeller: The Environmental Protection Agency is not a frivolous agency. It is created to regulate carbon dioxide emissions, and I have been saying to the West Virginia Coal Association, which, for the most part, doesn't believe in climate science — they don't believe there's a climate problem — and I have been saying to them for a number of years that that's wrong. In my judgment the science is true, the science is unequivocally true and that that there is a price to carbon in their future. I said this a couple of months ago — there's a price to carbon in their future.

SOURCE:* *Sen. Rockefeller Defends EPA, Climate Science

Al Gore: But I believe that the cap-and-trade approach is the essential first step, partly because it is the only basis upon which we can envision a truly global agreement, because it's very difficult to imagine a harmonized global tax.

SOURCE:* *Cap and Trade is a tax Dingell, Gore

Christiana Figueres: A carbon tax or any other way of putting a carbon price is actually, from an economic point of view, the most effective and efficient way to do this, OK? You can regulate and you can do all kinds of things but nothing is as strong a market signal to the private sector as a carbon price, whether that be a carbon tax or whether it be a cap-and-trade — which is what California's doing — or any of the other measures that ultimately give you a carbon price. That is the simplest, cleanest, most powerful signal. So if that's possible, I'm with you.

SOURCE:* *Christiana Figueres: Meeting Our Climate Challenge – A United Nations Perspective

These measures are sold to the public as a way of penalizing the big oil interests that have spent the last century monopolizing the world's key resources and plundering the earth in the pursuit of profit. What they do not understand, because it has been deliberately obscured, is that it is these very interests that have been instrumental in creating these schemes in the first place.

> **Rep. Steve Scalise:** "Its my understanding that back in 1997, when you were Vice President, Enron's CEO Ken Lay was involved in discussions with you at the White House about helping develop this type of policy, this trading scheme. Is that accurate? Is it inaccurate? It's been reported.
>
> **Al Gore:** I don't know, but I met with Ken Lay, as lots of people did, before anybody knew that he was a crook.
>
> **Scalise:** Right. And clearly you can see why so many of us are concerned about this type of cap-and-trade energy tax that would be literally turning over this country's energy economy.
>
> **Gore:** I didn't know him well enough to call him "Kenny-boy."
>
> **Scalise:** But you knew him well enough to devise this trading scheme.
>
> ***SOURCE: Al Gore's Lies Exposed By Congress***

In the early 1990s, Enron — the disgraced Texas-based energy trading company that turned out to be a complete fraud — spearheaded the EPA's $20 billion cap-and-trade program for sulfur dioxide, promptly becoming the largest trader in the market. As a follow-up, the company, led by Ken Lay, began lobbying the Clinton administration, and particularly Vice President Al Gore, to create a similar market for carbon dioxide. Making lavish contributions to environmental groups like the Nature Conservancy, whose Climate Change Project argued for restrictions on carbon emissions, Enron then hired Christopher Horner, a former staffer on Senator Joe Lieberman's Environment Committee, to lobby for an international treaty that would restrict emissions and allow for trading in emission rights.

They were joined in this quest by Goldman Sachs, the infamous Wall Street investment bank known today for the revolving door between the firm and the US Treasury, who helped establish the Chicago Climate Exchange as the first North American emissions trading platform. In 2004, Al Gore, who has spent the last two decades lobbying for the creation of a carbon trading market, founded Generation Investment Management, an investment management partnership that sells carbon offsets, with David Blood, the CEO of Goldman Sachs Asset Management, who stepped down from his position with Goldman to go into business with Gore. By the end of the decade, Gore was already being hailed as a candidate to become the world's first carbon billionaire.

Gore himself is an oiligarch. His father, Al Gore, Sr., was a close friend of Armand Hammer, the oil tycoon behind Occidental Petroleum. After losing a Senate race in 1970, Gore's father went to work for Hammer at Occidental for $500,000 a year. Over the course of his career, Gore, Sr. accumulated hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of Occidental stock, which fell into the hands of the executor of his estate at the time of his death: none other than his son, Al Gore. The Occidental connection does not end there. Discovering zinc ore on their Tennessee estate, Hammer bought the Gores' land and sold it back to them with a claim on the mining rights, complete with a $20,000

annual payment, which also went to Gore after his father's death. In 2013, Gore earned $100 million from the Qatari government on the sale of his "Current TV" venture, and then was surprised when reporters were more interested in discussing his oil money than his new book on the global warming cause.

But Gore's story is only an example of a larger phenomenon. In 2006, the United States Climate Action Partnership was formed to create "A Call for Action" to cut down on carbon emissions. It drafted the Blueprint for Legislative Action, which became the basis for the American Clean Energy and Security Act, seeking to create an emissions trading regime modeled on the European Union Emission Trading Scheme. And the members of the US Climate Action Partnership? A who's who of the oiligarchy, including BP, ConocoPhillips, and General Motors.

Carbon taxes and carbon trading have proven to be a hard sell for an increasingly wary public, but with the Paris Agreement of 2015 the world saw the biggest step yet toward this technocratic future of energy control and carbon rationing. No surprise, then, that the summit itself was sponsored by and prominently supported by big oil.

> **Erik Schatzker:** What's your position and what message would you send to the President?
>
> **Bob Dudley:** Well, we have been clear in our support of the climate agreement in Paris. We're part of the Oil and Gas Climate Initiative, which is 10 of the big companies in the world, who are working towards projects and technologies that are needed. I think we all want to know how the formula will work, but I think the concept of Paris needs to stay in everybody's mind on the issues of — we've got to transition the world to lower-carbon forms of energy, I have no doubt it will happen.
>
> ***SOURCE: BP CEO Dudley on Oil Market and Paris Climate Accord***
>
> **Gerard Mestrallet:** Yes, I think that what happened in Paris is very, very important and Mr. Ban Ki-moon on the (spoke) on the line that yesterday, it is important not only for the planet, not only for us citizens, not only for our children, it is important for the business.
>
> ***SOURCE: ECO:nomics: Businesses' Role in Paris Agreement***

But using energy as the new "metric of value" for the post-carbon economy is just one element of the neo-technocratic vision.

When Hubbert wrote his Technocracy Study Course, he made it clear that technocracy could not come to fruition without 24/7 surveillance of all energy usage and a continuous stream of data about all goods being produced by and consumed by society. But whereas in the 1930s such a system must have seemed like a delusional flight of fancy, today it is already being implemented.

> **Narrator:** By now you may have heard the term "Internet of Things." Sounds interesting but what does the Internet of Things actually mean? I.O.T. is an evolution of mobile, home and embedded applications that are being connected to the internet, integrating greater compute capabilities and using data-analytics to extract meaningful information. Billions of devices will be connected to the internet and, soon, hundreds of billions of devices. As related devices connect with each other, they can become an intelligent system of systems, and when these intelligent devices and systems of systems

share data over the cloud and analyze it, they can transform our businesses, our lives and our world in countless ways.

SOURCE: Internet of Things explained simply

Reporter: This department store in Bundang has introduced a new way to shop. With its "Smart Shopper" system, customers pick up a small scanner and tag the item they want to buy. It eliminates the hassle of having to carry heavy items in a shopping basket, not to mention the hassle of having to get them home. After you pay for the items at an automated kiosk the goods are delivered right to your home.

Shopper (Translated): Before I had to wait in long lines at the checkout but now I can use the Smart Shopper system to pay. It's really quite convenient.

Reporter: Aside from their convenience to shoppers the system also helps stores gather data about their customers' shopping habits.

SOURCE: New smart technologies changing our everyday activities

Alice Bravo: Why create a smart city? Well, smart cities are more responsive to citizens and they help reduce environmental impact.

Michael Liu: They are more cost-effective and they're safer.

Carlos Gimenez: Smart cities make people happier and more connected to their community.

SOURCE: AT&T Smart Cities

Narrator: Today, more people live in cities than ever before, and for good reason. They are centers of trade, innovation, culture and opportunity. As such, they are complex entities comprising many different inter-connected systems. As more people flock to cities and put pressure on these systems, an important shift is helping cities deal with this challenge: a rise in data. Cities are becoming increasingly instrumented. Sensors that enable the capture of all sorts of data are being integrated across city systems, providing critical information on city activity and operations. Sensors on a bridge transmit data on its physical condition. A camera on a freeway relays traffic flow and digital meters record water and energy usage in real time. Mobile and social channels enable local governments and citizens to communicate with other, creating yet another source of useful data. Advanced analytics can now readily identify trends and patterns within these massive amounts of data. Information can be integrated, gathered and shared via dashboards, visualizations and alerts to facilitate understanding and collaboration across systems, agencies and groups.

SOURCE: How It Works: Smarter Cities

Narrator: The smart home communicates with the grid and enables consumers to manage their electricity usage. By measuring homes' electricity consumption more frequently through a smart meter, utilities can provide their customer with much better information to manage their electricity bills. Inside the smart home, a Home Area Network or HAN, connects smart appliances, thermostats and other electric devices to an energy management system.

SOURCE: ***What Is the Smart Grid?***

Josh Del Sol: With the smart meters, they'll be able to tell exactly what's going on in your home down to the micro-second based upon 24/7 communication with all of your appliances. Which will also in the future, if this goes through fully and if there's not a public backlash, all of your appliances will need to have a wireless transmitter on them and they'll need to certified under some "smart program."

So this means not only — just stepping aside for one moment from the health issue — this means that not only is your smart meter emitting on average 13,000 microwave pulses per day but every one of your appliances is going to be doing the same thing because it will be needed to be communicating with the smart meter itself. So that is a serious concern and we'll get into that a little bit later. But as far as the privacy issue, just diving right in, the current CIA Director, David Petraeus, was quoted as saying, "We're gonna use smart-appliances to spy on you," and it's very much just putting it out there. It's kind of like, it's getting to a point now, James — and I'm sure you're seeing this — it's, like, they're just getting more and more in your face. And it's kind of like this collective force of the controllers and they're kind of saying, "This is what we're gonna do and what are you gonna do about it?" So they're almost challenging us in a schoolhouse bully sort of way: "What are you going to do about it?"

SOURCE: ***Corbett Report Radio 230 – Take Back Your Power with Josh Del Sol***

Once again, we are being asked to believe that the vested corporate interests that are rolling these technologies out in a coordinated fashion are doing so for the benefit of the public. That this technology is to help save the earth. And once again, we are being duped.

The technocratic agenda is not about saving the earth. It is not about helping the public. It is not even about making money. It is about complete control over every aspect of our daily life.

Patrick Wood: There's two levels…. The way I look at technocracy, there's two levels operating at the same time. There's the operational side of it that has to do with things like smart grid. That have to do with things like various technocratic innovations, surveillance and other big hot-button [issues] for technocracy. These are operational issues. From a strategic point of view, which is where the Rockefeller-type people operate, it's a different view of where it's headed. On an operational level it's headed towards a scientific dictatorship and you don't have to be a visionary to figure that one out really anymore. You don't. It's there.

But on a strategic basis, what's happening is that there's a massive resource grab going on all over the planet. And when I say resource grab, you have to put yourself in Rockefellers' shoes — the bankers' shoes and the Rothschilds' shoes or whatever — and say, "What do you do when money runs out? What do you do? When you suck all of the value that you can out of the monetary systems you've created, what's left?"

Well, you and I don't think about those sort of things because we don't have that have much money, but these people at the top, especially the bankers, I'm sure they stay up at night thinking, "What's after money? What comes after money?" The Rockefeller family especially has always been a resource intensive family. That's what oil was all about in the first place. It was a resource and they understood that energy would be the most important factor in the world over any other type of resource. They understood that, that's why they wanted to create a monopoly over energy.

> Well, today as money has been sucked dry, the only thing left to do is to make a grab for the resources themselves and that's what sustainable development is all about. It's taking the resources of the world away from you and me, away from private companies that aren't part of the clique, if you will, and putting them into a global common trust that will be managed by them for their benefit. This is really nothing more than neo-feudalism again where the resources are owned by a few and everybody else gets to operate with those resources at their pleasure and discretion.

The technocrats and functionaries of this agenda, like Hubbert and his colleagues in Technocracy, Inc., pioneered this idea because they believed that they, the technocrats and engineers, would be able to solve the world's problems. But the oiligarchs and bankers who funded their ideas into existence did so because it would help them to become the rulers of a system so perfectly crafted that no resource, no commodity, no person would be beyond their control.

And now, in the 21st century, that technocratic vision is coming into view. And it is being helped along by a public that believes the post-carbon future represents the end of the oiligarchy. They couldn't be more wrong.

CONCLUSION

Oil. It was never about oil. It was about control. Control over energy and production and consumption. Control over the world's resources. Control over the population. Control over humanity itself.

> **Joe Plummer:** Every other thing that the elite put forward is nothing more than a pretext for what they've been after since the beginning. So, as I cover in Tragedy and Hope 101, I discuss this concept of the elite seeking to rule all habitable portions of the world and they don't want to secure that so that they can then have it taken away from them. So they come up with pretexts that they can sell both to the public but also the administrative class that justifies what it is that they are trying to do — they need to do. So whether it's global warming hysteria or whether it's technocracy whether it's Agenda 2030 or whether it's eugenics, there's a common thread that runs through all of this and that common thread is the desire to consolidate and exercise coercive power. In the case of eugenics, it's the desire to consolidate and exercise the ultimate power, which is the power over who is ultimately going to live or die, who will be permitted to exist in the gene pool from here forward.

The picture is bleak, and made all that much bleaker by the fact that so many have been duped into believing that the oiligarchs' ultimate agenda, an agenda of technocratic control, micromanagement of our daily lives, and, ultimately, the elimination of the "cannon fodder" from the gene pool, is in fact in their own best interest.

The oiligarchs, shielded behind their smokescreen of "sustainable development" and "post-carbon" economy, are closer than ever before to achieving their true goal of total control.

But if the people perish from lack of knowledge of this agenda, then understanding is the first step toward the solution.

> **Patrick Wood:** It's hard to fight an enemy that you don't recognize or can't see. That's the biggest problem in the world today, in my opinion, is that people have no visibility whatsoever of this issue. They've covered their tracks so well that nobody can see them. How can you fight an enemy that you don't know? I think famous Chinese general Sun

> Xiu brought that up hundreds of years ago. You can't fight an enemy that you don't know. First we have to recognize who the enemy is.
>
> **Richard A. Grove**: Well, Big Oil conquered the world because the monopolization of all resources on the planet is the goal, and to get to that goal you have to monopolize the energy aspects of people around the planet. But you also have to control the food — the actual energy for the human beings whose energy you want to control. If you control those two aspects, the Green Revolution and the Gene Revolution, then you're able to control the entire planet, every resource on it, and basically extinguish freedom for the rest of history.
>
> So, *How Big Oil Conquered The World* was already done in a movie. *Why* Big Oil conquered the world has to do with the complexities of controlling populations — not for money, because these are the people that print money out of nothing and charge us for it. So really, it's a study of power. So, why did they want to do this to the rest of us? Because they could and because we were tolerant so far and haven't resisted enough to make it stop. So that's where we find ourselves today. Becoming informed on the history so that we can actually plot our course in the future to map or chart out a course and actually get to some place that resembles cognitive liberty and physical freedom and justice for all.

Big oil. Big pharma. The Green Revolution. Genetic engineering. Eugenics. The environmental movement. Technocracy. Not one person in a thousand can detail the historical development of these ideas, or the people and the agenda that connects them. But if you have watched this documentary, you are now that one person in a thousand. The question is, "What are you going to do with this information?"

As the oiligarchs' quest for total control comes into view, it's difficult to remember that it all started a century and a half ago with "Devil Bill" Rockefeller, a two-bit snake oil salesman always on the run from the last group of marks he managed to con. In a way, nothing has changed but the scope of the con and the number of marks who have fallen for the routine. But now that you know the snake oil that is being fed to the public, the only question that matters is: Are you going to drink it?

PART ONE: TO START A WAR

INTRODUCTION

November 11, 1918.

All across the Western front, the clocks that were lucky enough to escape the four years of shelling chimed the eleventh hour. And with that the First World War came to an end.

> From 10 o'clock to 11 — the hour for the cessation of hostilities — the opposed batteries simply raised hell. Not even the artillery prelude to our advance into the Argonne had anything on it. To attempt an advance was out of the question. It was not a barrage. It was a deluge.
>
> [. . .]
>
> Nothing quite so electrical in effect as the sudden stop that came at 11 A. M. has ever occurred to me. It was 10:60 precisely and — the roar stopped like a motor car hitting a wall. The resulting quiet was uncanny in comparison. From somewhere far below ground, Germans began to appear. They clambered to the parapets and began to shout wildly. They threw their rifles, hats, bandoleers, bayonets and trench knives toward us. They began to sing.
>
> —Lieutenant Walter A. Davenport, 101st Infantry Regiment, US Army

And just like that, it was over. Four years of the bloodiest carnage the world had ever seen came to a stop as sudden and bewildering as its start. And the world vowed “Never again.”

Each year, we lay the wreath. We hear “The Last Post.” We mouth the words “never again” like an incantation. But what does it *mean*? To answer this question, we have to understand what WWI *was*.

WWI was an explosion, a breaking point in history. In the smoldering shell hole of that great cataclysm lay the industrial-era optimism of never-ending progress. Old verities about the glory of war lay strewn around the battlefields of that “Great War” like a fallen soldier left to die in No Man’s Land, and along with it lay all the broken dreams of a world order that had been blown apart. Whether we know it or not, we here in the 21st century are still living in the crater of that explosion, the victims of a First World War that we are only now beginning to understand.

What was World War One about? How did it start? Who won? And what did they win? Now, 100 years after those final shots rang out, these questions still puzzle historians and laymen alike. But as we shall see, this confusion is not a happenstance of history but the wool that has been pulled over our eyes to stop us from seeing what WWI really was.

This is the story of WWI that you didn’t read in the history books. This is **The WWI Conspiracy**.

PART ONE – TO START A WAR

June 28, 1914.

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and his wife Sophie are in Sarajevo for a military inspection. In retrospect, it’s a risky provocation, like tossing a match into a powder keg. Serbian nationalism is rising, the Balkans are in a tumult of diplomatic crises and regional wars, and tensions between the kingdom of Serbia and the Austro-Hungarian Empire are set to spill over.

But despite warnings and ill omens, the royal couple’s security is extremely lax. They board an open-top sports car and proceed in a six-car motorcade along a pre-announced route. After an inspection of the military barracks, they head toward the Town Hall for a scheduled reception by the Mayor. The visit is going ahead exactly as planned and precisely on schedule.

And then the bomb goes off.

As we now know, the motorcade was a death trap. Six assassins lined the royal couple’s route that morning, armed with bombs and pistols. The first two failed to act, but the third, Nedeljko Čabrinović, panicked and threw his bomb onto the folded back cover of the Archduke’s convertible. It bounced off onto the street, exploding under the next car in the convoy. Franz Ferdinand and his wife, unscathed, were rushed on to the Town Hall, passing the other assassins along the route too quickly for them to act.

Having narrowly escaped death, the Archduke called off the rest of his scheduled itinerary to visit the wounded from the bombing at the hospital. By a remarkable twist of fate, the driver took the couple down the wrong route, and, when ordered to reverse, stopped the car directly in front of the delicatessen where would-be assassin Gavrilo Princip had gone after having failing in his mission

along the motorcade. There, one and a half metres in front of Princip, were the Archduke and his wife. He took two shots, killing both of them.

Yes, even the official history books—the books written and published by the "winners"—record that the First World War started as the result of a conspiracy. After all, it was—as all freshman history students are taught—the conspiracy to assassinate the Archduke Franz Ferdinand that led to the outbreak of war.

That story, the official story of the origins of World War I, is familiar enough by now: In 1914, Europe was an interlocking clockwork of alliances and military mobilization plans that, once set in motion, ticked inevitably toward all out warfare. The assassination of the Archduke was merely the excuse to set that clockwork in motion, and the resulting "July crisis" of diplomatic and military escalations led with perfect predictability to continental and, eventually, global war. In this carefully sanitized version of history, World War I starts in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914.

But this official history leaves out so much of the real story about the build up to war that it amounts to a lie. But it does get one thing right: The First World War *was* the result of a conspiracy.

To understand this conspiracy we must turn not to Sarajevo and the conclave of Serbian nationalists plotting their assassination in the summer of 1914, but to a chilly drawing room in London in the winter of 1891. There, three of the most important men of the age—men whose names are but dimly remembered today—are taking the first concrete steps toward forming a secret society that they have been discussing amongst themselves for years. The group that springs from this meeting will go on to leverage the wealth and power of its members to shape the course of history and, 23 years later, will drive the world into the first truly global war.

Their plan reads like outlandish historical fiction. They will form a secret organization dedicated to the "extension of British rule throughout the world" and "the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of a British Empire." The group is to be structured along the lines of a religious brotherhood (the Jesuit order is repeatedly invoked as a model) divided into two circles: an inner circle, called "The Society of the Elect," who are to direct the activity of the larger, outer circle, dubbed "The Association of Helpers" who are not to know of the inner circle's existence.

"British rule" and "inner circles" and "secret societies." If presented with this plan today, many would say it was the work of an imaginative comic book writer. But the three men who gathered in London that winter afternoon in 1891 were no mere comic book writers; they were among the wealthiest and most influential men in British society, and they had access to the resources and the contacts to make that dream into a reality.

Present at the meeting that day: William T. Stead, famed newspaper editor whose *Pall Mall Gazette* broke ground as a pioneer of tabloid journalism and whose *Review of Reviews* was enormously influential throughout the English-speaking world; Reginald Brett, later known as Lord Esher, an historian and politician who became friend, confidant and advisor to Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, and King George V, and who was known as one of the primary powers-behind-the-throne of his era; and Cecil Rhodes, the enormously wealthy diamond magnate whose exploits in South Africa and ambition to transform the African continent would earn him the nickname of "Colossus" by the satirists of the day.

But Rhodes' ambition was no laughing matter. If anyone in the world had the power and ability to form such a group at the time, it was Cecil Rhodes.

Richard Grove, historical researcher and author, TragedyAndHope.com.

> **RICHARD GROVE**: Cecil Rhodes also was from Britain. He was educated at Oxford, but he only went to Oxford after he went to South Africa. He had an older brother he follows into South Africa. The older brother was working in the diamond mines, and by the time Rhodes gets there he's got a set up, and his brother says "I'm gonna go off and dig in the gold mines. They just found gold!" And so he leaves Cecil Rhodes, his younger brother—who's, like, in his 20s—with this whole diamond mining operation. Rhodes then goes to Oxford, comes back down to South Africa with the help of Lord Rothschild, who had funding efforts behind De Beers and taking advantage of that situation. And from there they start to use what—there's no other term than "slave labor," which then turns in later to the apartheid policy of South Africa.
>
> **GERRY DOCHERTY**: Well, Rhodes was particularly important because in many ways, at the end of the 19th century, he seriously epitomized where capitalism was [and] where wealth really lay.

Gerry Docherty, WWI scholar and co-author of *Hidden History: The Secret Origins of the First World War*.

> **DOCHERTY**: Rhodes had the money and he had the contacts. He was a great Rothschild man and his mining wealth was literally uncountable. He wanted to associate himself with Oxford because Oxford gave him the kudos of the university of knowledge, of that kind of power.
>
> And in fact that was centered in a very secretive place called "All Souls College." Still you'll find many references to All Souls College and "people behind the curtain" and such phrases [as] "power behind thrones." Rhodes was centrally important in actually putting money up in order to begin to gather together like-minded people of great influence.

Rhodes was not shy about his ambitions, and his intentions to form such a group were known to many. Throughout his short life, Rhodes discussed his intentions openly with many of his associates, who, unsurprisingly, happened to be among the most influential figures in British society at that time.

More remarkably, this secret society—which was to wield its power behind the throne—was not a secret at all. *The New York Times* even published an article discussing the founding of the group in the April 9, 1902, edition of the paper, shortly after Rhodes' death.

The article, headlined "Mr. Rhodes's Ideal of Anglo-Saxon Greatness" and carrying the remarkable sub-head "He Believed a Wealthy Secret Society Should Work to Secure the World's Peace and a British-American Federation," summarized this sensational plan by noting that Rhodes' "idea for the development of the English-speaking race was the foundation of 'a society copied, as to organization, from the Jesuits.'" Noting that his vision involved uniting "the United States Assembly and our House of Commons to achieve 'the peace of the world,'" the article quotes

Rhodes as saying: “The only thing feasible to carry out this idea is a secret society gradually absorbing the wealth of the world.”

This idea is laid down in black and white in a series of wills that Rhodes wrote throughout his life, wills that not only laid out his plan to create such a society and provided the funds to do so, but, even more remarkably, were collected in a volume published after his death by co-conspirator William T. Stead.

> **GROVE**: Rhodes also left his great deal of money—not having any children, not having married, dying at a young age—left it in a very well-known last will and testament, of which there were several different editions naming different benefactors, naming different executors.
>
> So in 1902 Cecil Rhodes dies. There’s a book published that contains his last will and testament. The guy who wrote the book, William T. Stead, was in charge of a British publication called *The Review of Reviews*. He was part of Rhodes’ Round Table group. He at one time was an executor for the will, and in that will it says that he laments the loss of America from the British Empire and that they should formulate a secret society with the specific aim of bringing America back into the Empire. Then he names all the countries that they need to include in this list to have world domination, to have an English-speaking union, to have British race as the enforced culture on all countries around the world.
>
> The will contains the goal. The goal is amended over a series of years and supported and used to gain support. And then, by the time he dies in 1902, there’s funding, there’s a plan, there’s an agenda, there’s working groups, and it all launches and then takes hold. And then not too long later, you’ve got World War One and then from that you’ve got World War Two and then you’ve got a century of control and slavery that really could have been prevented.

When, at the time of Rhodes’ death in 1902, this “secret” society decided to partially reveal itself, it did so under the cloak of peace. It was only because they desired world peace, they insisted, that they had created their group in the first place, and only for the noblest of reasons that they aimed to “gradually absorb the wealth of the world.”

But contrary to this pacific public image, from its very beginnings the group was interested primarily in war. In fact, one of the very first steps taken by this “Rhodes Round Table” (as it was known by some) was to maneuver the British Empire into war in South Africa. This “Boer War” of 1899–1902 would serve a dual purpose: it would unite the disparate republics and colonies of South Africa into a single unit under British imperial control, and, not incidentally, it would bring the rich gold deposits of the Transvaal Republic into the orbit of the Rothschild/Rhodes-controlled British South Africa Company.

The war was, by the group’s own admission, entirely its doing. The point man for the operation was Sir Alfred Milner, a close associate of Rhodes and a member of the secret society’s inner circle who was then the governor of the British Cape Colony. Although largely forgotten today, Alfred Milner (later 1st Viscount Milner) was perhaps the most important single figure in Britain at the dawn of the 20th century. From Rhodes’ death in 1902, he became the unofficial head of the roundtable

group and directed its operations, leveraging the vast wealth and influence of the group's exclusive membership to his own ends.

With Milner, there was no compunction or moral hand-wringing about the methods used to bring about those ends. In a letter to Lord Roberts, Milner casually confessed to having engineered the Boer War: "I precipitated the crisis, which was inevitable, before it was too late. It is not very agreeable, and in many eyes, not a very creditable piece of business to have been largely instrumental in bringing about a war."

When Rhodes' co-conspirator and fellow secret society inner circle member William Stead objected to war in South Africa, Rhodes told him: "You will support Milner in any measure that he may take short of war. I make no such limitation. I support Milner absolutely without reserve. If he says peace, I say peace; if he says war, I say war. Whatever happens, I say ditto to Milner."

The Boer War, involving unimaginable brutality—including the death of 26,000 women and children in the world's first (British) concentration camps—ended as Rhodes and his associates intended: with the formerly separate pieces of South Africa being united under British control. Perhaps even more importantly from the perspective of the secret society, it left Alfred Milner as High Commission of the new South African Civil Service, a position from which he would cultivate a team of bright, young, largely Oxford-educated men who would go on to serve the group and its ends.

And from the end of the Boer War onward, those ends increasingly centered around the task of eliminating what Milner and the Round Table perceived as the single greatest threat to the British Empire: Germany.

> **DOCHERTY**: So in the start it was influence—people who could influence politics, people who had the money to influence statesmen—and the dream. The dream of actually crushing Germany. This was a basic mindset of this group as it gathered together.

Germany. In 1871, the formerly separate states of modern-day Germany united into a single empire under the rule of Wilhelm I. The consolidation and industrialization of a united Germany had fundamentally changed the balance of power in Europe. By the dawn of the 20th century, the British Empire found itself dealing not with its traditional French enemies or its long-standing Russian rivals for supremacy over Europe, but the upstart German Empire. Economically, technologically, even militarily; if the trends continued, it would not be long before Germany began to rival and even surpass the British Empire.

For Alfred Milner and the group he had formed around him out of the old Rhodes Round Table society, it was obvious what had to be done: to change France and Russia from enemies into friends as a way of isolating, and, eventually, crushing Germany.

Peter Hof, author of *The Two Edwards: How King Edward VII and Foreign Secretary Sir Edward Grey Fomented the First World War*.

> **PETER HOF**: Yes, well from the British perspective, Germany, after their unification in 1871, they became very strong very quickly. And over time this worried the British more and more, and they began to think that Germany represented a challenge to their

> world hegemony. And slowly but surely they came to the decision that Germany must be confronted just as they had come to the same decision with regard to other countries —Spain and Portugal and especially France and now Germany.
>
> German finished goods were marginally better than those of Britain, they were building ships that were marginally better than those of Britain, and all of this. The British elite very slowly came to the decision that Germany needed to be confronted while it was still possible to do so. It might not be possible to do so if they waited too long. And so this is how the decision crystallized.
>
> I think that Britain might possibly have accepted the German ascendance, but they had something that was close at hand, and that was the Franco-Russian Alliance. And they thought if they could hook in with that alliance, then they had the possibility of defeating Germany quickly and without too much trouble. And that is basically what they did.

But crafting an alliance with two of Britain's biggest rivals and turning public opinion against one of its dearest continental friends was no mean feat. To do so would require nothing less than for Milner and his group to seize control of the press, the military and all the diplomatic machinery of the British Empire. And so that's exactly what they did.

The first major coup occurred in 1899, while Milner was still in South Africa launching the Boer War. That year, the Milner Group ousted Donald Mackenzie Wallace, the director of the foreign department at *The Times*, and installed their man, Ignatius Valentine Chirol. Chirol, a former employee of the Foreign Office with inside access to officials there, not only helped to ensure that one of the most influential press organs of the Empire would spin all international events for the benefit of the secret society, but he helped to prepare his close personal friend, Charles Hardinge, to take on the crucial post of Ambassador to Russia in 1904, and, in 1906, the even more important post of Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office.

With Hardinge, Milner's Group had a foot in the door at the British Foreign Office. But they needed more than just their foot in that door if they were to bring about their war with Germany. In order to finish the coup, they needed to install one of their own as Foreign Secretary. And, with the appointment of Edward Grey as Foreign Secretary in December of 1905, that's precisely what happened.

Sir Edward Grey was a valuable and trusted ally of the Milner Group. He shared their anti-German sentiment and, in his important position of Foreign Secretary, showed no compunction at all about using secret agreements and unacknowledged alliances to further set the stage for war with Germany.

> **HOF**: He became foreign secretary in 1905, I believe, and the foreign secretary in France was of course Delcassé. And Delcassé was very much anti-German and he was very passionate about the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, and so he and the king hit it off very well together. And Edward Grey shared this anti-German feeling with the king—as I explained in my book how he came to have that attitude about Germany. But in any case, he had the same attitude with the king. They worked very well together. And Edward Grey very freely acknowledged the heavy role that the king played in British

> foreign policy and he said that this was not a problem because he and the king were in agreement on most issues and so they worked with very well together.

The pieces were already beginning to fall into place for Milner and his associates. With Edward Grey as foreign secretary, Hardinge as his unusually influential undersecretary, Rhodes' co-conspirator Lord Esher installed as deputy governor of Windsor Castle where he had the ear of the king, and the king himself—whose unusual, hands-on approach to foreign diplomacy and whose wife's own hatred of the Germans dovetailed perfectly with the group's aims—the diplomatic stage was set for the formation of the Triple Entente between France, Russia and Great Britain. With France to the west and Russia to the east, England's secret diplomacy had forged the two pincers of a German-crushing vise.

All that was needed was an event that the group could spin to its advantage to prepare the population for war against their former German allies. Time and again throughout the decade leading up to the "Great War," the group's influential agents in the British press tried to turn every international incident into another example of German hostility.

When the Russo-Japanese War broke out, rumours swirled in London that it was in fact the Germans that had stirred up the hostilities. The theory went that Germany—in a bid to ignite conflict between Russia and England, who had recently concluded an alliance with the Japanese—had fanned the flames of war between Russia and Japan. The truth, of course, was almost precisely the opposite. Lord Lansdowne had conducted secret negotiations with Japan before signing a formal treaty in January 1902. Having exhausted their reserves building up their military, Japan turned to Cecil Rhodes' co-conspirator Lord Nathan Rothschild to finance the war itself. Denying the Russian navy access to the Suez Canal and high-quality coal, which they *did* provide to the Japanese, the British did everything they could to ensure that the Japanese would crush the Russian fleet, effectively removing their main European competitor for the Far East. The Japanese navy was even constructed in Britain, but these facts did not find their way into the Milner-controlled press.

When the Russians "accidentally" fired on British fishing trawlers in the North Sea in 1904, killing three fishermen and wounding several more, the British public was outraged. Rather than whip up the outrage, however, *The Times* and other mouthpieces of the secret society instead tried to paper over the incident. Meanwhile, the British Foreign Office outrageously tried to blame the incident on the Germans, kicking off a bitter press war between Britain and Germany.

The most dangerous provocations of the period centered around Morocco, when France—emboldened by secret military assurances from the British and backed up by the British press—engaged in a series of provocations, repeatedly breaking assurances to Germany that Morocco would remain free and open to German trade. At each step, Milner's acolytes, both in government and in the British press, cheered on the French and demonized any and every response from the Germans, real or imagined.

> **DOCHERTY**: Given that we're living in a world of territorial aggrandizement, there was a concocted incident over Morocco and the allegation that Germany was secretly trying to take over the British/French influence on Morocco. And that literally was nonsense, but it was blown up into an incident and people were told "Prepare! You had better prepare yourself for the possibility of war because we will not be dictated to by that Kaiser person over in Berlin!"

> One of the incidents —which I would need to make reference to to get the date perfectly right—referred to a threat. Well, it was portrayed as a threat. It was no more of a threat than a fly would be if it came into your room at the present moment—of a gunboat sitting off the coast of Africa. And it was purported that this was a sign that in fact Germany was going to have a deep water port and they were going to use it as a springboard to interrupt British shipping. When we researched it, Jim and I discovered that the size of that so-called gunboat was physically smaller than the king of England's royal yacht. What? But history has portrayed this as a massive threat to the British Empire and its "masculinity," if you like—because that's how they saw themselves.

Ultimately, the Moroccan crises passed without warfare because, despite the best efforts of Milner and his associates, cooler heads prevailed. Likewise the Balkans descended into warfare in the years prior to 1914, but Europe as a whole didn't descend with them. But, as we well know, the members of the Round Table in the British government, in the press, in the military, in finance, in industry, and in other positions of power and influence eventually got their wish: Franz Ferdinand was assassinated and within a month the trap of diplomatic alliances and secret military compacts that had been so carefully set was sprung. Europe was at war.

In retrospect, the machinations that led to war are a master class in how power really operates in society. The military compacts that committed Britain—and, ultimately, the world—to war had nothing to do with elected parliaments or representative democracy. When Conservative Prime Minister Arthur Balfour resigned in 1905, deft political manipulations ensured that members of the Round Table, including Herbert Henry Asquith, Edward Grey and Richard Haldane—three men who Liberal leader Henry Campbell-Bannerman privately accused of "Milner worship"—seamlessly slid into key posts in the new Liberal government and carried on the strategy of German encirclement without missing a step.

In fact, the details of Britain's military commitments to Russia and France, and even the negotiations themselves, were deliberately kept hidden from Members of Parliament and even members of the cabinet who were not part of the secret society. It wasn't until November 1911, a full six years into the negotiations, that the cabinet of Prime Minister Herbert Henry Asquith started to learn the details of these agreements, agreements that had been repeatedly and officially denied in the press and in Parliament.

This is how the cabal functioned: efficiently, quietly and, convinced of the righteousness of their cause, completely uncaring about how they achieved their ends. It is to *this* clique, not to the doings of any conspiracy in Sarajevo, that we can attribute the *real* origins of the First World War, with the nine million dead soldiers and seven million dead civilians that lay piled in its wake.

But for this cabal, 1914 was just the start of the story. In keeping with their ultimate vision of a united Anglo-American world order, the jewel in the crown of the Milner Group was to embroil the United States in the war; to unite Britain and America in their conquest of the German foe.

Across the Atlantic, the next chapter in this hidden history was just getting underway.

PART TWO: THE AMERICAN FRONT

May 7, 1915.

“Colonel” Edward Mandell House is on his way to meet with King George V, who ascended to the throne after Edward VII’s death in 1910. Accompanying him is Edward Grey, British foreign secretary and acolyte of the Milner Group. The two speak “of the probability of an ocean liner being sunk” and House informs Grey that “if this were done, a flame of indignation would sweep across America, which would in itself probably carry us into the war.”

An hour later, at Buckingham Palace, King George V inquires about an even more specific event.

“We fell to talking, strangely enough, of the probability of Germany sinking a trans-Atlantic liner, . . . He said, ‘Suppose they should sink the *Lusitania* with American passengers on board. . . .’”

And, by a remarkable coincidence, at 2:00 that afternoon, just hours after these conversations took place, that is precisely what happened.

The *Lusitania*, one of the largest passenger liners in the world, is en route from New York to Liverpool when it is struck by a torpedo from a German U-boat. She sinks to the bottom in minutes, killing 1,198 passengers and crew, including 128 Americans. The disaster—portrayed as a brazen, unexpected attack on an innocent passenger liner—helps to shift public opinion about the war in the US. To the average American, the war suddenly doesn’t feel like a strictly European concern.

Every aspect of the story was, as we now know, a deception. The *Lusitania* was not an innocent passenger liner but an armed merchant cruiser officially listed by the British Admiralty as an auxiliary war ship. It was outfitted with extra armour, designed to carry twelve six-inch guns, and equipped with shell racks for holding ammunition. On its transatlantic voyage the ship was carrying "war materiel"—specifically, more than four million .303 rifle bullets and tons of munitions, including shells, powder, fuses and gun cotton—"in unrefrigerated cargo holds that were dubiously marked cheese, butter and oysters." This secret manifest was officially denied by the British government for generation after generation, but in 2014—a full 99 years after the event—internal government documents were finally released in which the government admitted the deception.

And, most remarkably of all, by Edward Mandell House's own account, both Edward Grey and King George V himself were discussing the sinking of the *Lusitania* just hours before the event took place.

It's a story that provides a window into the secret society's years-long campaign to draw the United States into World War I. But in order to understand this story, we have to meet Edward Mandell House and the other Milner Group co-conspirators in America.

Strange as it might seem, there was no shortage of such co-conspirators in the US. Some, like the members of the influential Pilgrim Society, founded in 1902 for the "encouragement of Anglo-American good fellowship"—shared Rhodes' vision of a united Anglo-American world empire; others were simply lured by the promise of money. But whatever their motivation, those sympathetic to the cause of the Round Table included some of the wealthiest and most powerful people in the United States at the time.

Many of these figures were to be found at the heart of Wall Street, in the banking and financial institutions revolving around J.P. Morgan and Company. John Pierpont Morgan, or "Pierpont" as he preferred to be called, was the nucleus of turn-of-the-century America's banking sector. Getting his start in London in 1857 at his father's merchant banking firm, the young Pierpont returned to New York in 1858 and embarked on one of the most remarkable careers in the history of the world.

Making his money financing the American robber barons of the late 19th century—from Vanderbilt's railroads to Adolph Simon Ochs' purchase of *The New York Times* to the buyout of Carnegie Steel—Morgan amassed a financial empire that, by the 1890s, wielded more power than the United States Treasury itself. He teamed up with his close allies, the House of Rothschild, to bail out the US government during a gold shortage in 1895 and eased the Panic of 1907 (which he helped to precipitate) by locking 120 of the country's most prestigious bankers in his library and forcing them to reach a deal on a $25 million loan to keep the banking system afloat.

As we saw in "Century of Enslavement: The History of the Federal Reserve," Morgan and his associates were only too happy to use the banking crises they helped to create to galvanize public opinion toward the creation of a central bank. . . so long as that central bank was owned and directed by Wall Street, of course.

But their initial plan, the Aldrich Plan, was immediately recognized as a Wall Street ploy. Morgan and his fellow bankers were going to have to find a suitable cover to get their act through Congress, including, preferably, a President with sufficient progressive cover to give the new "Federal Reserve Act" an air of legitimacy. And they found their ideal candidate in the politically unknown President

of Princeton University, Woodrow Wilson, a man who they were about to rocket straight into the White House with the help of their point man and Round Table co-conspirator, Edward Mandell House.

Richard Grove, TragedyandHope.com.

> **GROVE**: Woodrow Wilson was an obscure professor at Princeton University who, from reading all that I've read about him, wasn't the smartest guy, but he was smart enough to pick up when other people had good ideas and then he bumps into this guy named Colonel House.
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> Colonel House, he grew up in Beaumont, Texas, and Colonel House's dad was like a Rhett Butler type of smuggler privateer pirate during the Confederate war with the Union. So Colonel House: first of all, he's not a colonel. It's just like a title he gave himself to make him seem more than he was. But he did come from a politically connected family in the South that were doing business with the British during the Civil War. So Colonel House in the early 1900s makes Woodrow Wilson his protegé, and Colonel House himself is being puppeted by a few people in the layers of the Anglo-American establishment above him, and so we are left with the public persona of Woodrow Wilson. And here he is.
>
> And he's got this, you know, this whole new Federal Reserve System that's going to come in during his administration, which was also kind of a precursor to getting America into the war because it changed our financial dependency from being self-reliant and printing our own debt-free money to being indentured to international bankers who charge us as they print money out of thin air and charge future generations for it.

The election of Woodrow Wilson once again shows how power operates behind the scenes to subvert the popular vote and the will of the public. Knowing that the stuffy and politically unknown Wilson would have little chance of being elected over the more popular and affable William Howard Taft, Morgan and his banking allies bankrolled Teddy Roosevelt on a third party ticket to split the Republican vote. The strategy worked and the banker's real choice, Woodrow Wilson, came to power with just forty-two percent of the popular vote.

With Wilson in office and Colonel House directing his actions, Morgan and his conspirators get their wish. 1913 saw the passage of both the federal income tax and the Federal Reserve Act, thus consolidating Wall Street's control over the economy. World War One, brewing in Europe just eight months after the creation of the Federal Reserve, was to be the first full test of that power.

But difficult as it had been for the Round Table to coax the British Empire out of its "splendid isolation" from the continent and into the web of alliances that precipitated the war, it would be that much harder for their American fellow travelers to coax the United States out of its own isolationist stance. Although the Spanish-American War had seen the advent of American imperialism, the thought of the US getting involved in "that European war" was still far from the minds of the average American.

A 1914 editorial from *The New York Sun* captures the sentiment of most of America at the time of the outbreak of the war in Europe:

> "There is nothing reasonable in such a war as that for which Europe has been making ready, and it would be folly for this country to sacrifice itself to the frenzy of dynastic policies and the clash of ancient hatreds which is urging the Old World to its destruction."

The Sun was by no means unique in its assessment. A vote taken among 367 newspapers throughout the United States in November of 1914 found just 105 pro-Ally and 20 pro-German papers, with the vast majority—242 of them—remaining firmly neutral and recommending that Uncle Sam stay out of the conflict.

Once again, just as they did in Britain, the cabal was going to have to leverage its control of the press and key governmental positions to begin to shape public perception and instill pro-war sentiment. And once again, the full resources of these motivated co-conspirators were brought to bear on the task.

One of the first shells in this barrage of propaganda to penetrate the American consciousness was the "Rape of Belgium," a catalogue of scarcely believable atrocities allegedly committed by the German forces in their invasion and occupation of Belgium at the start of the war. In a manner that was to become the norm in 20th century propaganda, the stories had a kernel of truth; there is no doubt that there were atrocities committed and civilians murdered by German forces in Belgium. But the propaganda that was spun from those kernels of truth was so over-the-top in its attempts to portray the Germans as inhuman brutes that it serves as a perfect example of war propaganda.

> **RICHARD GROVE**: The American population at that time had a lot of German people in it. Thirty to fifty percent of the population had relations back to Germany, so there had to be this very clever propaganda campaign. It's known today as "babies on bayonets." So if you have no interest in World War I but you think it's interesting to study propaganda so you don't get fooled again, then type it into your favorite search engine: "babies on bayonets, World War I." You'll see hundreds of different posters where the Germans are bayonetting babies and it brings about emotions and it doesn't give you the details of anything. And emotions drive wars, not facts. Facts are left out and deleted all the time in order to create wars, so I think that putting facts back in might help prevent wars. But I do know that they like to drive people on emotion. The "babies on bayonets" getting America into World War I, that's a key part of it.
>
> **GERRY DOCHERTY**: Children who had their arms chopped off. Nuns that were raped. Shocking things, genuinely shocking things. The Canadian officer who was nailed at St. Andrew's cross on a church door and left there to bleed to death. These were the great myths peddled in order to defame and bring down the whole image of any justification for German action and try and influence America into war.

Gerry Docherty, co-author of Hidden History: The Secret Origins of the First World War.

> **DOCHERTY**: That's not to say that there weren't atrocities on both sides. War is an atrocious event, and there are always victims. Absolutely. And I offer no justification for it. But the lies, the unnecessary abuse of propaganda.
>
> Even when in Britain they decided that they would put together the definitive volume of evidence to present it to the world, the person they asked to do this just so happened to have been former British ambassador to the United States, a man called Bryce, who was

> very well-liked in the States. And his evidence was published and put forward and there were screeds of stories after stories. But then later it was discovered that in fact the people who took the evidence hadn't been allowed to speak to any of the Belgians directly but in fact what they were doing is they were listening to a middleman or agents who had supposedly taken these stories.
>
> And when one of the official committee said "Hold on, can I speak to someone directly?" "No." "No?" He resigned. He wouldn't allow his name to be put forward with the [official report]. And that's the extent to which this is false history. It's not even acceptable to call it fake news. It's just disgusting.

The campaign had its intended effect. Horrified by the stories emerging from Belgium—stories picked up and amplified by the members of the Round Table in the British press, including the influential *Times* and the lurid *Daily Mail*, run by Milner ally Lord Northcliffe—American public opinion began to shift away from viewing the war as a European squabble about an assassinated archduke and toward viewing the war as a struggle against the evil Germans and their "sins against civilization."

The culmination of this propaganda campaign was the release of the "Report of the Committee on Alleged German Outrages," better known as "The Bryce Report," compiled for "His Britannic Majesty's Government" and presided over by Viscount James Bryce, who, not coincidentally, was the former British Ambassador to America and a personal friend of Woodrow Wilson. The report was a sham, based on 1,200 depositions collected by examiners who "had no authority to administer an oath." The committee, which was not allowed to speak to a single witness itself, was tasked merely with sifting through this material and deciding what should be included in the final report. Unsurprisingly, the very real atrocities that the Germans had committed in Belgium—the burning of Louvain, Andenne and Dinant, for example—were overshadowed by the sensationalist (and completely unverifiable) stories of babies on bayonets and other acts of villainy.

The report itself, concluding that the Germans had systematically and premeditatedly broken the "rules and usages of war" was published on May 12, 1915, just five days after the sinking of *The Lusitania*. Directly between these two events, on May 9, 1915, Colonel House—the man whom Wilson called his "second personality" and his "independent self"—wrote a telegram, which the President dutifully read to his cabinet and was picked up by newspapers across the country.

> "America has come to the parting of the ways, when she must determine whether she stands for civilized or uncivilized warfare. We can no longer remain neutral spectators. Our action in this crisis will determine the part we will play when peace is made, and how far we may influence a settlement for the lasting good of humanity. We are being weighed in the balance, and our position amongst nations is being assessed by mankind."

But despite this all-out propaganda assault, the American public was still largely against entering the war. It was in this context that the same group of Wall Street financiers who had maneuvered Wilson into the White House presided over the 1916 presidential election, one that the country knew would decisively conclude America's neutrality in the war or its decision to send forces to engage in European combat for the first time in history.

The bankers left nothing to chance. Wilson, who would predictably follow House's lead on all matters including war, was still their preferred candidate, but his competitor, Charles Evan Hughes, was no less of a Wall Street man. Hughes' roots were as a Wall Street lawyer; his firm represented the New York, Westchester, and Boston Railroad Company for J.P. Morgan and Company and the Baptist Bible class that he led boasted many wealthy and influential members, including John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

The affable Hughes was stiff competition for the wooden and charmless Wilson, but such was the importance of American neutrality that "He Kept Us Out of War" actually became the central slogan of the campaign that saw Wilson return to the White House.

> **DOCHERTY**: And then, of course, came the famous election of 1916. Wilson wasn't popular, but Wilson, simply—he had no kind of public persona which warmed people. On the contrary, he was a cold fish. He had dubious links with several of those who were powerful in Wall Street. But his propaganda for the election was "He Kept Us Out of War." "He was a man, vote for Wilson, he kept us out of war." And then having promised that he would continue to keep America out of war, and in fact of course within months America was *thrown* into the war by its own government.

"He Kept Us Out of War." But just as in the British election of 1906—which saw the British public overwhelmingly voting for Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Liberal Party and their platform of peace only to get the Milnerites in the cabinet entering secret agreements to bring about war—so, too, was the American public duped at the ballot box in 1916.

In fact, in the fall of 1915, over one year before the election even took place, Wilson's string-puller, Edward Mandell House, was engaged in a secret negotiation with Edward Grey, the Milnerite heading Britain's foreign office. That negotiation—long hidden from the public but finally revealed when House's papers were published in 1928—shows the lengths to which Grey and House were willing to go to draw America into the war on the side of the Allies and against the Germans.

On October 17, 1915, House drafted a letter to Grey which he called "one of the most important letters I ever wrote." Before sending it, he split it into two separate, coded messages, to ensure it would not be readable if it were intercepted. In it, he laid out a plan to steer the US into war with Germany under the false pretense of a "peace conference."

> Dear Sir Edward :
>
> . . . In my opinion, it would be a world-wide calamity if the war should continue to a point where the Allies could not, with the aid of the United States, bring about a peace along the lines you and I have so often discussed.
>
> It is in my mind that, after conferring with your Government, I should proceed to Berlin and tell them that it was the President's purpose to intervene and stop this destructive war, provided the weight of the United States thrown on the side that accepted our proposal could do it.
>
> I would not let Berlin know, of course, of any understanding had with the Allies, but would rather lead them to think our proposal would be rejected by the Allies. This might

> induce Berlin to accept the proposal, but, if they did not do so, it would nevertheless be the purpose to intervene. . . .

Perhaps realizing the gravity of what was being proposed, Woodrow Wilson, the man who would later be elected for his ability to keep America out of war, merely added the word “probably” to House’s assurance that America would join the war.

The negotiations for this plan continued throughout the fall of 1915 and winter of 1916. In the end, the British government balked at the proposal because the thought that the Germans might actually accept peace—even a peace of disarmament brokered by the US—was not enough. They wanted to crush Germany completely and nothing less than total defeat would be sufficient. Another pretense would have to be manufactured to embroil the US in the war.

When, on the morning of May 7, 1915, House assured Grey and King George that the sinking of the *Lusitania* would cause “a flame of indignation [to] sweep across America,” he was correct. When he said it would “probably carry us into war,” he was mistaken. But in the end it *was* the naval issue that eventually became the pretext for America’s entry into war.

The history books of the period, following the familiar pattern of downplaying Allied provocations and focusing only on the German reactions, highlight the German policy of unrestricted submarine warfare which led to the downing of the *Lusitania*. The practice, which called for German U-boats to attack merchant ships on sight, was in contravention of the international rules of the sea at the time, and was widely abhorred as barbaric. But the policy was not instituted out of any insane blood lust on the part of the Kaiser; it was in response to Britain’s own policy of breaking international rules of the sea.

At the outbreak of war in 1914, the British had used their position of naval superiority to begin a blockade of Germany. That campaign, described as “one of the largest and most complex undertakings attempted by either side during the First World War,” involved the declaration of the whole of the North Sea as a war zone. As a so-called “distant blockade,” involving the indiscriminate mining of an entire region of the high seas, the practice was in direct violation of the Declaration of Paris of 1856. The indiscriminate nature of the blockade—declaring the most basic of supplies, like cotton, and even food itself to be “contraband”—was a violation of the Declaration of London of 1909.

More to the point, as an attempt to starve an entire country into submission, it was a crime against humanity. Eventually reduced to a starvation diet of 1,000 calories a day, tuberculosis, rickets, edema and other maladies began to prey on those Germans who did not succumb to hunger. By the end of the war the National Health Office in Berlin calculated that 763,000 people had died as a direct result of the blockade. Perversely, the blockade did not end with the war. In fact, with Germany’s Baltic coast now effectively added to the blockade, the starvation actually continued and even intensified into 1919.

Faced with protestations from the Austrian ambassador about the illegality of the British blockade, Colonel House, now America’s de facto president, merely observed: “He forgets to add that England is not exercising her power in an objectionable way, for it is controlled by a democracy.”

This double standard was not the exception but the rule when it came to those in America's East coast establishment, who were hungry to see the US join the Allies on the battlefields of Europe. As historian and author Ralph Raico explained in a 1983 lecture, it was these double standards that led directly to America's entry into the war.

> **RALPH RAICO**: The Wilson Administration now takes the position which will ultimately lead to war. The German government is to be held strictly accountable for the death of any Americans on the high seas regardless of circumstances.
>
> The Germans say, "Well let's see if we can live with this. As long as you're willing to put pressure on the British to have them modify their violations of international law—that is, they're placing food on the list of contraband materials, which had never been done before. The British, as you know, take your merchant ships off the high seas on the way to Rotterdam because they say anything that goes to Rotterdam is going to go to Germany, so they take American ships off the high seas. The British have put cotton—cotton!—on the list of contraband, confiscating these materials. They interfere with letters going to the continent because they think there's military intelligence possibly involved. The British are imposing in many ways on Americans. So if you hold them responsible, we'll behave ourselves as far as submarines go."
>
> This was not to be the case, and the attitude of the Americans towards British violations of neutral rights were quite different. One reason is that the American ambassador to London, Walter Hines Page, was an extreme Anglophile. One time, for instance, he gets a message from the State Department saying, "Tell the British they have to stop interfering with American mail shipments to neutral ports. And the American ambassador goes to the British Foreign Minister Edward Grey and says, "Look at the message I've just got from Washington. Let's get together and try to answer this." This was his attitude. The British were never held to the same standard as the Germans.
>
> At home, Theodore Roosevelt, who in previous years had been a great friend of the Kaiser's and a great admirer of Germany, now says we have to get into this war right away. Besides that, there's a campaign for preparedness for building up the American Navy, drilling American citizens in combat techniques. There's a kind of hysteria, really, that travels over the country considering that there's—at this time, certainly—no chance, no chance of some kind of immediate threat to the United States.
>
> And people like Roosevelt and Wilson begin talking in a very unfortunate way. Wilson says, for instance, "In America we have too many hyphenated Americans"—of course he meant German-Americans, Irish-Americans—"and these people are not totally loyal to our country." Already scapegoats are being looked for and public opinion is being roused.
>
> And this diplomatic negotiation, the exchange of memos, goes on for the next few years. In January of 1917, the Americans, not having been able to budge the British in the least on any British violation of American rights; the British blockade intensifying; the Germans really feeling hunger in a very literal sense, especially the people on the on the home front; the Kaiser is persuaded by his Admirals and Generals to begin unrestricted submarine warfare around the British Isles.

> The American position by this time had solidified, had become a totally rigid one, and when all is said and done, when you go through all of the back-and-forth memoranda and notes and principles established, the United States went to war against Germany in 1917 for the right of Americans to travel in armed belligerent merchant ships carrying munitions through war zones. Wilson's position was that even in that case the Germans simply had no right to attack the ship as long as there are Americans on the ship. Shall I repeat that? Armed belligerent—that is to say, English—armed English merchant ships carrying munitions could not be fired upon by the Germans as long as there were American citizens on board. And it was for the right of Americans to go into the war zone on such vessels that we finally went to war.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***The World at War (Ralph Raico)***

After months of deliberations and with the situation on the home front becoming increasingly desperate, the German military commanders decided to resume their unrestricted submarine warfare in 1917. As expected, US merchant ships were sunk, including four ships in late March alone. On April 2, 1917, Woodrow Wilson made his historic speech calling for Congress to declare war on Germany and commit US troops to European battlefields for the first time.

The speech, made over one hundred years ago by and for a world that has long since passed away, still resonates with us today. Embedded within it is the rhetoric of warfare that has been employed by president after president, prime minister after prime minister, in country after country and war after war right down to the current day. From it comes many of the phrases that we still recognize today as the language of lofty ideals and noble causes that always accompany the most bloody and ignoble wars.

> With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States.
>
> […]
>
> The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Four days later, on April 6, 1917, the US Congress issued a formal declaration of war against the Imperial German Government.

> **NARRATOR**: Inside the White House, President Woodrow Wilson conferred with advisers and signed the proclamation of war against Germany. [. . .] Everywhere there was cheering and waving of flags. Hindsight or cynicism might make us smile at the thought that this war was sometimes called That Great Adventure. Never again would we see our entry into a major conflict excite so many to such heights of elation. Naive?

> Probably. But here was a generation of young men not yet saturated by the paralyzing variety of self-analysis and the mock sciences. They believed!
>
> ***SOURCE: U.S. ENTERS WORLD WAR I, MILITARY DRAFT – 1917***

All along the Western front, the Allies rejoiced. The Yanks were coming.

House, the Milner Group, the Pilgrims, the Wall Street financiers and all of those who had worked so diligently for so many years to bring Uncle Sam into war had got their wish. And before the war was over, millions more casualties would pile up. Carnage the likes of which the world had never seen before had been fully unleashed.

The trenches and the shelling. The no man's land and the rivers of blood. The starvation and the destruction. The carving up of empires and the eradication of an entire generation of young men.

Why? What was it all for? What did it accomplish? What was the point?

To this day, over 100 years later, we still look back on the horrors of that "Great War" with confusion. For so long we have been told non-answers about incompetent generals and ignorant politicians. "It's the senselessness of war," the teachers of this fraudulent and partial history have told us with a shrug.

But, now that the players who worked to set the stage for this carnage have been unmasked, these questions can finally be answered.

PART THREE: A NEW WORLD ORDER

February 21, 1916.

A week of rain, wind and heavy fog along the Western Front finally breaks, and for a moment there is silence in the hills north of Verdun. That silence is broken at 7:15 AM when the Germans launch an artillery barrage heralding the start of the largest battle the world had ever seen.

> Thousands of projectiles are flying in all directions, some whistling, others howling, others moaning low, and all uniting in one infernal roar. From time to time an aerial torpedo passes, making a noise like a gigantic motor car. With a tremendous thud a giant shell bursts quite close to our observation post, breaking the telephone wire and interrupting all communication with our batteries. A man gets out at once for repairs, crawling along on his stomach through all this place of bursting mines and shells. It seems quite impossible that he should escape in the rain of shell, which exceeds anything imaginable; there has never been such a bombardment in war. Our man seems to be enveloped in explosions, and shelters himself from time to time in the shell craters which honeycomb the ground; finally he reaches a less stormy spot, mends his wires, and then, as it would be madness to try to return, settles down in a big crater and waits for the storm to pass.
>
> Beyond, in the valley, dark masses are moving over the snow-covered ground. It is the German infantry advancing in packed formation along the valley of the attack. They look like a big gray carpet being unrolled over the country. We telephone through to the batteries and the ball begins. The sight is hellish. In the distance, in the valley and upon the slopes, regiments spread out, and as they deploy fresh troops come pouring in. There

> is a whistle over our heads. It is our first shell. It falls right in the middle of the enemy infantry. We telephone through, telling our batteries of their hit, and a deluge of heavy shells is poured on the enemy. Their position becomes critical. Through glasses we can see men maddened, men covered with earth and blood, falling one upon the other. When the first wave of the assault is decimated, the ground is dotted with heaps of corpses, but the second wave is already pressing on.

This anonymous French staff officer's account of the artillery offensive that opened the Battle of Verdun—recounting the scene as an heroic French communications officer repairs the telephone line to the French artillery batteries, allowing for a counter-strike against the first wave of German infantry—brings a human dimension to a conflict that is beyond human comprehension. The opening salvo of that artillery barrage alone—involving 1,400 guns of all sizes—dropped a staggering 2.5 million shells on a 10-kilometre front near Verdun in northeastern France over five days of nearly uninterrupted carnage, turning an otherwise sleepy countryside into an apocalyptic nightmare of shell holes, craters, torn-out trees, and ruined villages.

By the time the battle finished 10 months later, a million casualties lay in its wake. A million stories of routine bravery, like that of the French communications officer. And Verdun was far from the only sign that the stately, sanitized version of 19th century warfare was a thing of the past. Similar carnage played out at the Somme and Gallipoli and Vimy Ridge and Galicia and a hundred other battlefields. Time and again, the generals threw their men into meat grinders, and time and again the dead bodies lay strewn on the other side of that slaughter.

But how did such bloodshed happen? For what purpose? What did the First World War *mean*?

The simplest explanation is that the mechanization of 20th century armies had changed the logic of warfare itself. In this reading of history, the horrors of World War One were the result of the logic dictated by the technology with which it was fought.

It was the logic of the siege guns that bombarded the enemy from over 100 kilometres away. It was the logic of the poison gas, spearheaded by Bayer and their School for Chemical Warfare in Leverkusen. It was the logic of the tank, the airplane, the machine gun and all of the other mechanized implements of destruction that made mass slaughter a mundane fact of warfare.

But this is only a partial answer. More than just technology was at play in this "Great War," and military strategy and million-casualty battles were not the only ways that World War One had changed the world forever. Like that unimaginable artillery assault at Verdun, the First World War tore apart all the verities of the Old World, leaving a smouldering wasteland in its wake.

A wasteland that could be reshaped into a New World Order.

For the would-be engineers of society, war—with all of its attendant horrors—was the easiest way to demolish the old traditions and beliefs that lay between them and their goals.

This was recognized early on by Cecil Rhodes and his original clique of co-conspirators. As we have seen, it was less than one decade after the founding of Cecil Rhodes' society to achieve the "peace of the world" that that vision was amended to include war in South Africa, and then amended again to include embroiling the British Empire in a world war.

Many others became willing participants in that conspiracy because they, too, could profit from the destruction and the bloodshed.

And the easiest way to understand this idea is at its most literal level: profit.

> War is a racket. It always has been.
>
> It is possibly the oldest, easily the most profitable, surely the most vicious. It is the only one international in scope. It is the only one in which the profits are reckoned in dollars and the losses in lives.
>
> A racket is best described, I believe, as something that is not what it seems to the majority of the people. Only a small "inside" group knows what it is about. It is conducted for the benefit of the very few, at the expense of the very many. Out of war a few people make huge fortunes.
>
> In the World War [One] a mere handful garnered the profits of the conflict. At least 21,000 new millionaires and billionaires were made in the United States during the World War. That many admitted their huge blood gains in their income tax returns. How many other war millionaires falsified their tax returns no one knows.
>
> How many of these war millionaires shouldered a rifle? How many of them dug a trench? How many of them knew what it meant to go hungry in a rat-infested dug-out? How many of them spent sleepless, frightened nights, ducking shells and shrapnel and machine gun bullets? How many of them parried a bayonet thrust of an enemy? How many of them were wounded or killed in battle?
>
> –Major General Smedley Butler

As the most decorated Marine in the history of the United States at the time of his death, Smedley Butler knew of what he spoke. Having seen the minting of those tens of thousands of "new millionaires and billionaires" out of the blood of his fellow soldiers, his famous rallying cry, *War Is A Racket*, has resonated with the public since he first began—in his own memorable words—"trying to educate the soldiers out of the sucker class."

Indeed, the war profiteering on Wall Street started even before America joined the war. Although, as J.P. Morgan partner Thomas Lamont noted, at the outbreak of the war in Europe, "American citizens were urged to remain neutral in action, in word, and even in thought, our firm had never for one moment been neutral; we didn't know how to be. From the very start we did everything we could to contribute to the cause of the Allies." Whatever the personal allegiances that may have motivated the bank's directors, this was a policy that was to yield dividends for the Morgan bank that even the greediest of bankers could scarcely have dreamed of before the war began.

John Pierpont Morgan himself died in 1913—before the passage of the Federal Reserve Act he had stewarded into existence and before the outbreak of war in Europe—but the House of Morgan stood strong, with the Morgan bank under the helm of his son, John Pierpont Morgan, Jr., maintaining its position as preeminent financier in America. The young Morgan moved quickly to leverage his family's connections with the London banking community and the Morgan bank signed its first

commercial agreement with the British Army Council in January 1915, just four months into the war.

That initial contract—a $12 million purchase of horses for the British war effort to be brokered in the US by the House of Morgan—was only the beginning. By the end of the war, the Morgan bank had brokered $3 billion in transactions for the British military—equal to almost half of all American supplies sold to the Allies in the entire war. Similar arrangements with the French, Russian, Italian, and Canadian governments saw the bank broker billions more in supplies for the Allied war effort.

But this game of war financing was not without its risks. If the Allied powers were to lose the war, the Morgan bank and the other major Wall Street banks would lose the interest on all of the credit they had extended to them. By 1917, the situation was dire. The British government's overdraft with Morgan stood at over $400 million dollars, and it was not clear that they would even win the war, let alone be in a position to repay all their debts when the fighting was over.

In April 1917, just eight days after the US declared war on Germany, Congress passed the War Loan Act, extending $1 billion in credit to the Allies. The first payment of $200 million went to the British and the entire amount was immediately handed over to Morgan as partial payment on their debt to the bank. When, a few days later, $100 million was parceled out to the French government, it, too, was promptly returned to the Morgan coffers. But the debts continued to mount, and throughout 1917 and 1918, the US Treasury—aided by the Pilgrims Society member and avowed Anglophile Benjamin Strong, president of the newly-created Federal Reserve—quietly paid off the Allied powers' war debts to J.P. Morgan.

> **DOCHERTY**: What I think is interesting is also the bankers' viewpoint here. America was so deeply involved in that war financing. There was so much money which could only really be repaid as long as Britain and France won. But had they lost, the loss on the American financial stock exchange's top market—your great industrial giants—would have been horrendous. So America was deeply involved. Not the people, as is ever the case. Not the ordinary citizen who cares. But the financial establishment who had, if you like, treated the entire thing as they might a casino and put all the money on one end of the board and it had to come good for them.
>
> So all of this is going on. I mean, I personally feel that the American people don't realize just how far duped they were by your Carnegies, your J.P. Morgans, your great bankers, your Rockefellers, by the multi-multimillionaires who emerged from that war. Because they were the ones who made the profits, not those who lost their sons, lost their grandsons, whose lives were ruined forever by war.

After America officially entered the war, the good times for the Wall Street bankers got even better. Bernard Baruch—the powerful financier who personally led Woodrow Wilson into Democratic Party headquarters in New York "like a poodle on a string" to receive his marching orders during the 1912 election—was appointed to head the newly created "War Industries Board."

With war hysteria at its height, Baruch and the fellow Wall Street financiers and industrialists who populated the board were given unprecedented powers over manufacture and production throughout the American economy, including the ability to set quotas, fix prices, standardize products, and, as a subsequent congressional investigation showed, pad costs so that the true size of the fortunes that the war profiteers extracted from the blood of the dead soldiers was hidden from the public.

Spending government funds at an annual rate of $10 billion, the board minted many new millionaires in the American economy—millionaires who, like Samuel Prescott Bush of the infamous Bush family, happened to sit on the War Industries Board. Bernard Baruch himself was said to have personally profited from his position as head of the War Industries Board to the tune of $200 million.

The extent of government intervention in the economy would have been unthinkable just a few years before. The National War Labor Board was set up to mediate labor disputes. The Food and Fuel Control Act was passed to give the government control over the distribution and sale of food and fuel. The Army Appropriations Act of 1916 set up the Council of National Defense, populated by Baruch and other prominent financiers and industrialists, who oversaw private sector coordination with the government in transportation, industrial and farm production, financial support for the war, and public morale. In his memoirs at the end of his life, Bernard Baruch openly gloated:

> The [War Industries Board] experience had a great influence upon the thinking of business and government. [The] WIB had demonstrated the effectiveness of industrial cooperation and the advantage of government planning and direction. We helped inter the extreme dogmas of laissez faire, which had for so long molded American economic and political thought. Our experience taught that government direction of the economy need not be inefficient or undemocratic, and suggested that in time of danger it was imperative.

But it was not merely to line the pockets of the well-connected that the war was fought. More fundamentally, it was a chance to change the very consciousness of an entire generation of young men and women.

For the class of would-be social engineers that arose in the Progressive Era—from economist Richard T. Ely to journalist Herbert Croly to philosopher John Dewey—the "Great War" was not a horrific loss of life or a vision of the barbarism that was possible in the age of mechanized warfare, but an opportunity to change people's perceptions and attitudes about government, the economy, and social responsibility.

Dewey, for example, wrote of "The Social Possibilities of War."

> In every warring country there has been the same demand that in the time of great national stress production for profit be subordinated to production for use. Legal possession and individual property rights have had to give way before social requirements. The old conception of the absoluteness of private property has received the world over a blow from which it will never wholly recover.

All countries on all sides of the world conflict responded in the same way: by maximizing their control over the economy, over manufacturing and industry, over infrastructure, and even over the minds of their own citizens.

Germany had its *Kriegssozialismus*, or war socialism, which placed control of the entire German nation, including its economy, its newspapers, and, through conscription—its people—under the strict control of the Army. In Russia, the Bolsheviks used this German "war socialism" as a basis for their organization of the nascent Soviet Union. In Canada, the government rushed to nationalize

railways, outlaw alcohol, institute official censorship of newspapers, levy conscription, and, infamously, introduce a personal income tax as a "temporary war time measure" that continues to this day.

The British government soon recognized that control of the economy was not enough; the war at home meant control of information itself. At the outbreak of war, they set up the War Propaganda Bureau at Wellington House. The bureau's initial purpose was to persuade America to enter the war, but that mandate soon expanded to shape and mold public opinion in favour of the war effort and of the government itself.

On September 2, 1914, the head of the War Propaganda Bureau invited twenty-five of Britain's most influential authors to a top secret meeting. Among those present at the meeting: G. K. Chesterton, Ford Madox Ford, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, Arthur Conan Doyle, Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. Not revealed until decades after the war ended, many of those present agreed to write propaganda material promoting the government's position on the war, which the government would get commercial printing houses, including Oxford University Press, to publish as seemingly independent works.

Under the secret agreement, Arthur Conan Doyle wrote *To Arms!* John Masefield wrote *Gallipoli* and *The Old Front Line*. Mary Humphrey Ward wrote *England's Effort* and *Towards the Goal*. Rudyard Kipling wrote *The New Army in Training*. G. K. Chesterton wrote *The Barbarism of Berlin*. In total, the Bureau published over 1,160 propaganda pamphlets over the course of the war.

Hillaire Belloc later rationalized his work in service of the government: "It is sometimes necessary to lie damnably in the interests of the nation." War correspondent William Beach Thomas was not so successful in the battle against his own conscience: "I was thoroughly and deeply ashamed of what I had written for the good reason that it was untrue . . . [T]he vulgarity of enormous headlines and the enormity of one's own name did not lessen the shame."

But the Bureau's efforts were not confined to the literary world. Film, visual art, recruitment posters; no medium for swaying the hearts and minds of the public was overlooked. By 1918, the government's efforts to shape perception of the war—now officially centralized under a "Minister of Information," Lord Beaverbrook—was the most finely tuned purveyor of propaganda the world had yet seen. Even foreign propaganda, like the infamous Uncle Sam that went beyond a recruitment poster to become a staple of American government iconography, was based on a British propaganda poster featuring Lord Kitchener.

Control of the economy. Control of populations. Control of territory. Control of information. World War One was a boon for all of those who wanted to consolidate control of the many in the hands of the few. This was the vision that united all those participants in the conspiracies that led to the war itself. Beyond Cecil Rhodes and his secret society, there was a broader vision of global control for the would-be rulers of society who were seeking what tyrants had lusted after since the dawn of civilization: control of the world.

World War One was merely the first salvo in this clique's attempt to create not a reordering of this society or that economy, but a New World Order.

> **GROVE**: What World War One allowed these globalists, these Anglophiles, these people who wanted the English-speaking union to reign over the whole world, what it allowed them to do, was militarize American thinking. And what I mean by that is there was a whistle blower called Norman Dodd. He was the head researcher for the Reese committee that looked into how nonprofit foundations were influencing American education away from freedom. And what they found was the Carnegie [Endowment] for International Peace was seeking to understand how to make America a wartime economy, how to take the state apparatus over, how to change education to get people to continually consume, how to have arms production ramp up.
>
> And then once this happened in World War One, if you look at what happened in the 1920s, you've got people like Major General Smedley Butler, who is using the US military to advance corporate interest in Central and South America and doing some very caustic things to the indigenous people, insofar as these were not American policies really before the Spanish-American War in 1898. Meaning that going and taking foreign military action was not part of the diplomatic strategy of America prior to our engagement with the British Empire in the late 1800s and as it ramped up after Cecil Rhodes's death. So what these people gained was the foothold for world government from which they could get through globalism, what they called a "New World Order."

The creation of this "New World Order" was no mere parlor game. It meant a complete redrawing of the map. The collapse of empires and monarchies. The transformation of the political, social, and economic life of entire swaths of the globe. Much of this change was to take place in Paris in 1919 as the victors divvied up the spoils of war. But some of it, like the fall of the Romanovs and the rise of the Bolsheviks in Russia, was to take place during the war itself.

In hindsight, the fall of the Russian Empire in the midst of the First World War seems inevitable. Unrest had been in the air since Russia's defeat by the Japanese in 1905, and the ferocity of the fighting on the Eastern Front, coupled with the economic hardship—which hit Russia's overcrowded, overworked urban poor particularly hard—made the country ripe for revolt. That revolt happened during the so-called "February Revolution," when Czar Nicholas was swept from power and a provisional government installed in his place.

But that provisional government—which continued to prosecute the war at the behest of its French and British allies—was competing for control of the country with the Petrograd Soviet, a rival power structure set up by the socialists in the Russian capital. The struggle for control between the two bodies led to riots, protests, and, ultimately, battles in the street.

Russia in the spring of 1917 was a powder keg waiting to explode. And in April of that year, two matches, one called Vladimir Lenin and one called Leon Trotsky, were thrown directly into that powder keg by both sides of the Great War.

Vladimir Lenin, a Russian communist revolutionary who had been living in political exile in Switzerland, saw in the February Revolution his chance to push through a Marxist revolution in his homeland. But although for the first time in decades his return to that homeland was politically possible, the war made the journey itself an impossibility. Famously, he was able to broker a deal with the German General Staff to allow Lenin and dozens of other revolutionaries to cross through Germany on their way to Petrograd.

Germany's reasoning in permitting the infamous "sealed train" ride of Lenin and his compatriots is, as a matter of war strategy, straightforward. If a band of revolutionaries could get back to Russia and bog down the provisional government, then the German Army fighting that government would benefit. If the revolutionaries actually came to power and took Russia out of the war altogether, so much the better.

But the curious other side of this story, the one demonstrating how Lenin's fellow communist revolutionary, Leon Trotsky, was shepherded from New York—where he had been living well beyond the means of his income as a writer for socialist periodicals—through Canada—where he was stopped and identified as a revolutionary en route to Russia—and on to Petrograd, is altogether more incredible. And, unsurprisingly, that story is mostly avoided by historians of the First World War.

One of the scholars who did not shy away from the story was Antony Sutton, author of *Wall Street and the Bolshevik Revolution*, whose meticulous research of State Department documents, Canadian government records, and other historical artifacts pieced together the details of Trotsky's unlikely journey.

> **ANTONY C. SUTTON**: Trotsky was in New York. He had no income. I summed his income for the year he was in New York; it was about six hundred dollars, yet he lived in an apartment, he had a chauffeured limousine, he had a refrigerator, which was very rare in those days.
>
> He left New York and went to Canada on his way to the revolution. He had $10,000 in gold on him. He didn't earn more than six hundred dollars in New York. He was financed out of New York, there's no question about that. The British took him off the ship in Halifax, Canada. I got the Canadian archives; they knew who he was. They knew who Trotsky was, they knew he was going to start a revolution in Russia. Instructions from London came to put Trotsky back on the boat with his party and allow them to go forward.
>
> So there is no question that Woodrow Wilson—who issued the passport for Trotsky—and the New York financiers—who financed Trotsky—and the British Foreign Office allowed Trotsky to perform his part in the revolution.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *Wall Street Funded the Bolshevik Revolution – Professor Antony Sutton***

After succeeding in pushing through the Bolshevik Revolution in November of 1917, one of Trotsky's first acts in his new position as People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs was to publish the "Secret Treaties and Understandings" that Russia had signed with France and Britain. These documents revealed the secret negotiations in which the Entente powers had agreed to carve up the colonial world after the war. The stash of documents included agreements on "The Partition of Asiatic Turkey," creating the modern Middle East out of the remnants of the Ottoman Empire; "The Treaty With Italy," promising conquered territory to the Italian government in exchange for their military aid in the campaign against Austria-Hungary; a treaty "Re-Drawing the Frontiers of Germany," promising France its long-held wish of reacquiring Alsace-Lorraine and recognizing "Russia's complete liberty in establishing her Western frontiers"; diplomatic documents relating to Japan's own territorial aspirations; and a host of other treaties, agreements, and negotiations.

One of these agreements, the Sykes-Picot Agreement between Britain and France, which was signed in May 1916, has grown in infamy over the decades. The agreement divided modern-day Turkey, Jordan, Iraq, Syria, and Lebanon among the Triple Entente and, although the revelation of the agreement caused much embarrassment for the British and the French and forced them to publicly back away from the Sykes-Picot map, served as the basis for some of the arbitrary lines on the map of the modern-day Middle East, including the border between Syria and Iraq. In recent years, ISIS has claimed that part of their mission is to "put the final nail in the coffin of the Sykes-Picot conspiracy."

Other territorial conspiracies—like the Balfour Declaration, signed by Arthur Balfour, then acting as Foreign Secretary for the British Government, and addressed to Lord Walter Rothschild, one of the co-conspirators in Cecil Rhodes original secret society—are less well-known today. The Balfour Declaration also played an important role in shaping the modern world by announcing British support for the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine, which was not under British mandate at the time. Even less well-known is that the document did not originate from Balfour but from Lord Rothschild himself and was sent to fellow Round Table conspirator Alfred Milner for revision before being delivered.

> **GROVE**: So this was Lord—he's known as Lord Walter Rothschild, and professionally he's a zoologist. He inherits a lot of wealth in a very high status family. He pursues his art and his science and his scientific theories and research. But he has zoological museums and he's collecting specimens. And he's famously the Rothschild that's riding the giant tortoise and leading him around with a piece of lettuce on his stick, and there's a piece of lettuce hanging out of the tortoises mouth. And I've always used that: here's the metaphor for the bankers, like they're leading people around with stimulus-response. This turtle, this tortoise, can't ask questions. It can't question its obedience. So that's Lord Walter Rothschild.
>
> Why is he important? Well, he and his family are some of the early financiers and backers of Cecil Rhodes and promoters of his last will and testament. And in the question of America being brought back into the British Empire, there are newspaper articles—there is one in 1902 where Lord Rothschild is saying, you know, "This would be a good thing to have America back in the British Empire." He's also the Lord Rothschild to whom the Balfour Declaration is addressed.
>
> So in 1917 there's a letter of agreement sent from the British government—from Arthur Balfour—to Lord Rothschild. Now Lord Rothschild and Arthur Balfour, they know each other. They have a long history together and there's a lot of Fabian socialists in this whole story of what led up to World War One. Specifically with Balfour, he's acting as an agent of the British government, saying, "We are gonna give away this land that's not really ours, and we're gonna give it to you guys in your group." The problem is the British had also promised that same land to the Arabs, so now the Balfour Declaration is going against some of the foreign policy plans that they've already promised to these other countries.
>
> The other interesting thing about the Balfour Declaration is it just had its hundredth anniversary, so they last year had a site that had the whole history of the Balfour Declaration. You could see the originals from Lord Rothschild and going to Lord Milner for changes and coming through Arthur Balfour and then being sent back as an official

> letter from the monarchy, basically. So that's interesting. But there's also interviews where the current Lord Rothschild—Lord Jacob Rothschild—comments on his ancestors' history and how they brought about the Jewish state in 1947–48 because of the Balfour Declaration.
>
> So there's a lot of history to unpack there, but most people, again, they're not aware of the document let alone the very interesting history behind it let alone what that really means in the bigger story.

Over two decades after Cecil Rhodes launched the secret society that would engineer this so-called "Great War," the likes of Alfred Milner and Walter Rothschild were still at it, conspiring to use the war they had brought about to further their own geopolitical agenda. But by the time of the Armistice in November 1918, that group of conspirators had greatly expanded, and the scale of their agenda had grown along with it. This was no small circle of friends who had embroiled the world in the first truly global war, but a loosely knit network of overlapping interests separated by oceans and united in a shared vision for a new world order.

Milner, Rothschild, Grey, Wilson, House, Morgan, Baruch, and literally scores of others had each had their part to play in this story. Some were witting conspirators, others merely seeking to maximize the opportunities that war afforded them to reach their own political and financial ends. But to the extent that those behind the WWI conspiracy shared a vision, it was the same desire that had motivated men throughout history: the chance to reshape the world in their own image.

> **INTERVIEWER:** Just tell us again: why?
>
> **SUTTON:** Why? You won't find this in the textbooks. Why is to bring about, I suspect, a planned, controlled world society in which you and I won't find the freedoms to believe and think and do as we believe.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Wall Street Funded the Bolshevik Revolution – Professor Antony Sutton***
>
> **DOCHERTY**: War is an instrument of massive change, we know that. It is an instrument of massive change in particular for those who are defeated. In a war where everyone is defeated, then it's simply an element of massive change, and that's a very deep, thought-provoking concept. But if everyone loses, or if everyone except "us"—depending on who the "us" are—loses, then "we" are going to be in a position to reconstruct in our image.
>
> **RAICO**: Altogether in the war, who knows, some 10 or 12 million people died. People experienced things—both in combat and the people back home understanding what was happening—that dazed them. That stunned them. You know, it's almost as if, for a few generations, the peoples of Europe had been increased, sort of like a flock of sheep by their shepherds. OK? Through industrialization. Through the spread of liberal ideas and institutions. Through the decrease of infant mortality. The raising of standards of living. The population of Europe was enormously greater than it had ever been before. And now the time came to slaughter some part of the sheep for the purposes of the ones who were in control.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***The World at War (Ralph Raico)***

For the ones in control, World War One had been the birth pangs of a New World Order. And now, the midwives of this monstrosity slouched towards Paris to take part in its delivery.

THE END (OF THE BEGINNING)

> All over the world on November 11, 1918, people were celebrating, dancing in the streets, drinking champagne, hailing the Armistice that meant the end of the war. But at the front there was no celebration. Many soldiers believed the Armistice only a temporary measure and that the war would soon go on. As night came, the quietness, unearthly in its penetration, began to eat into their souls. The men sat around log fires, the first they had ever had at the front. They were trying to reassure themselves that there were no enemy batteries spying on them from the next hill and no German bombing planes approaching to blast them out of existence. They talked in low tones. They were nervous.
>
> After the long months of intense strain, of keying themselves up to the daily mortal danger, of thinking always in terms of war and the enemy, the abrupt release from it all was physical and psychological agony. Some suffered a total nervous collapse. Some, of a steadier temperament, began to hope they would someday return to home and the embrace of loved ones. Some could think only of the crude little crosses that marked the graves of their comrades. Some fell into an exhausted sleep. All were bewildered by the sudden meaninglessness of their existence as soldiers – and through their teeming memories paraded that swiftly moving cavalcade of Cantigny, Soissons, St. Mihiel, the Meuse-Argonne and Sedan.
>
> What was to come next? They did not know – and hardly cared. Their minds were numbed by the shock of peace. The past consumed their whole consciousness. The present did not exist-and the future was inconceivable.
>
> –Colonel Thomas R. Gowenlock, 1st Division, US Army

Little did those troops know how right they were. As the public rejoiced in the outbreak of peace after four years of the bloodiest carnage that the human race had ever endured, the very same conspirators that had brought about this nightmare were already converging in Paris for the next stage of their conspiracy. There, behind closed doors, they would begin their process of carving up the world to suit their interests, laying the groundwork and preparing the public consciousness for a new international order, setting the stage for an even more brutal conflict in the future, and bringing the battle-weary soldiers' worst fears for the future to fruition. And all in the name of "peace."

The French General, Ferdinand Foch, famously remarked after the Treaty of Versailles that "This is not a peace. It is an armistice for 20 years." As we now know, his pronouncement was precisely accurate.

The armistice on November 11, 1918, may have marked the end of the war, but it was not the end of the story. It was not even the beginning of the end. It was, at best, the end of the beginning.

TO BE CONTINUED. . .

War Is A Racket

By Major General Smedley Butler

Contents

Chapter 1: War Is A Racket

Chapter 2: Who Makes The Profits?

Chapter 3: Who Pays The Bills?

Chapter 4: How To Smash This Racket!

Chapter 5: To Hell With War!

Smedley Darlington Butler

- Born: West Chester, Pa., July 30, 1881
- Educated: Haverford School
- Married: Ethel C. Peters, of Philadelphia, June 30, 1905
- Awarded two congressional medals of honor:
    1. capture of Vera Cruz, Mexico, 1914
    2. capture of Ft. Riviere, Haiti, 1917
- Distinguished service medal, 1919
- Major General - United States Marine Corps
- Retired Oct. 1, 1931
- On leave of absence to act as director of Dept. of Safety, Philadelphia, 1932
- Lecturer -- 1930's
- Republican Candidate for Senate, 1932
- Died at Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, June 21, 1940
- For more information about Major General Butler, contact the United States Marine Corps.

CHAPTER ONE

War Is A Racket

WAR is a racket. It always has been.

It is possibly the oldest, easily the most profitable, surely the most vicious. It is the only one international in scope. It is the only one in which the profits are reckoned in dollars and the losses in lives.

A racket is best described, I believe, as something that is not what it seems to the majority of the people. Only a small "inside" group knows what it is about. It is conducted for the benefit of the very few, at the expense of the very many. Out of war a few people make huge fortunes.

In the World War [I] a mere handful garnered the profits of the conflict. At least 21,000 new millionaires and billionaires were made in the United States during the World War. That many admitted their huge blood gains in their income tax returns. How many other war millionaires falsified their tax returns no one knows.

How many of these war millionaires shouldered a rifle? How many of them dug a trench? How many of them knew what it meant to go hungry in a rat-infested dug-out? How many of them spent sleepless, frightened nights, ducking shells and shrapnel and machine gun bullets? How many of them parried a bayonet thrust of an enemy? How many of them were wounded or killed in battle?

Out of war nations acquire additional territory, if they are victorious. They just take it. This newly acquired territory promptly is exploited by the few -- the selfsame few who wrung dollars out of blood in the war. The general public shoulders the bill.

And what is this bill?

This bill renders a horrible accounting. Newly placed gravestones. Mangled bodies. Shattered minds. Broken hearts and homes. Economic instability. Depression and all its attendant miseries. Back-breaking taxation for generations and generations.

For a great many years, as a soldier, I had a suspicion that war was a racket; not until I retired to civil life did I fully realize it. Now that I see the international war clouds gathering, as they are today, I must face it and speak out.

Again they are choosing sides. France and Russia met and agreed to stand side by side. Italy and Austria hurried to make a similar agreement. Poland and Germany cast sheep’s eyes at each other, forgetting for the nonce [one unique occasion], their dispute over the Polish Corridor.

The assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia [Yugoslavia] complicated matters. Jugoslavia and Hungary, long bitter enemies, were almost at each other’s throats. Italy was ready to jump in. But France was waiting. So was Czechoslovakia. All of them are looking ahead to war. Not the people -- not those who fight and pay and die -- only those who foment wars and remain safely at home to profit.

There are 40,000,000 men under arms in the world today, and our statesmen and diplomats have the temerity to say that war is not in the making.

Hell’s bells! Are these 40,000,000 men being trained to be dancers?

Not in Italy, to be sure. Premier Mussolini knows what they are being trained for. He, at least, is frank enough to speak out. Only the other day, Il Duce in "International Conciliation," the publication of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, said:

> "And above all, Fascism, the more it considers and observes the future and the development of humanity quite apart from political considerations of the moment, believes neither in the possibility nor the utility of perpetual peace. . . . War alone brings up to its highest tension all

human energy and puts the stamp of nobility upon the people who have the courage to meet it."

Undoubtedly Mussolini means exactly what he says. His well-trained army, his great fleet of planes, and even his navy are ready for war -- anxious for it, apparently. His recent stand at the side of Hungary in the latter's dispute with Jugoslavia showed that. And the hurried mobilization of his troops on the Austrian border after the assassination of Dollfuss showed it too. There are others in Europe too whose sabre rattling presages war, sooner or later.

Herr Hitler, with his rearming Germany and his constant demands for more and more arms, is an equal if not greater menace to peace. France only recently increased the term of military service for its youth from a year to eighteen months.

Yes, all over, nations are camping in their arms. The mad dogs of Europe are on the loose. In the Orient the maneuvering is more adroit. Back in 1904, when Russia and Japan fought, we kicked out our old friends the Russians and backed Japan. Then our very generous international bankers were financing Japan. Now the trend is to poison us against the Japanese. What does the "open door" policy to China mean to us? Our trade with China is about $90,000,000 a year. Or the Philippine Islands? We have spent about $600,000,000 in the Philippines in thirty-five years and we (our bankers and industrialists and speculators) have private investments there of less than $200,000,000.

Then, to save that China trade of about $90,000,000, or to protect these private investments of less than $200,000,000 in the Philippines, we would be all stirred up to hate Japan and go to war -- a war that might well cost us tens of billions of dollars, hundreds of thousands of lives of Americans, and many more hundreds of thousands of physically maimed and mentally unbalanced men.

Of course, for this loss, there would be a compensating profit -- fortunes would be made. Millions and billions of dollars would be piled up. By a few. Munitions makers. Bankers. Ship builders. Manufacturers. Meat packers. Speculators. They would fare well.

Yes, they are getting ready for another war. Why shouldn't they? It pays high dividends.

But what does it profit the men who are killed? What does it profit their mothers and sisters, their wives and their sweethearts? What does it profit their children?

What does it profit anyone except the very few to whom war means huge profits?

Yes, and what does it profit the nation?

Take our own case. Until 1898 we didn't own a bit of territory outside the mainland of North America. At that time our national debt was a little more than $1,000,000,000. Then we became "internationally minded." We forgot, or shunted aside, the advice of the Father of our country. We forgot George Washington's warning about "entangling alliances." We went to war. We acquired outside territory. At the end of the World War period, as a direct result of our fiddling in international affairs, our national debt had jumped to over $25,000,000,000. Our total favorable trade balance during the twenty-five-year period was about $24,000,000,000. Therefore, on a purely bookkeeping basis, we ran a little behind year

for year, and that foreign trade might well have been ours without the wars.

It would have been far cheaper (not to say safer) for the average American who pays the bills to stay out of foreign entanglements. For a very few this racket, like bootlegging and other underworld rackets, brings fancy profits, but the cost of operations is always transferred to the people -- who do not profit.

CHAPTER TWO

Who Makes The Profits?

The World War, rather our brief participation in it, has cost the United States some $52,000,000,000. Figure it out. That means $400 to every American man, woman, and child. And we haven't paid the debt yet. We are paying it, our children will pay it, and our children's children probably still will be paying the cost of that war.

The normal profits of a business concern in the United States are six, eight, ten, and sometimes twelve percent. But war-time profits -- ah! that is another matter -- twenty, sixty, one hundred, three hundred, and even eighteen hundred per cent -- the sky is the limit. All that traffic will bear. Uncle Sam has the money. Let's get it.

Of course, it isn't put that crudely in war time. It is dressed into speeches about patriotism, love of country, and "we must all put our shoulders to the wheel," but the profits jump and leap and skyrocket -- and are safely pocketed. Let's just take a few examples:

Take our friends the du Ponts, the powder people -- didn't one of them testify before a Senate committee recently that their powder won the war? Or saved the world for democracy? Or something? How did they do in the war? They were a patriotic corporation. Well, the average earnings of the du Ponts for the period 1910 to 1914 were $6,000,000 a year. It wasn't much, but the du Ponts managed to get along on it. Now let's look at their average yearly profit during the war years, 1914 to 1918. Fifty-eight million dollars a year profit we find! Nearly ten times that of normal times, and the profits of normal times were pretty good. An increase in profits of more than 950 per cent.

Take one of our little steel companies that patriotically shunted aside the making of rails and girders and bridges to manufacture war materials. Well, their 1910-1914 yearly earnings averaged $6,000,000. Then came the war. And, like loyal citizens, Bethlehem Steel promptly turned to munitions making. Did their profits jump -- or did they let Uncle Sam in for a bargain? Well, their 1914-1918 average was $49,000,000 a year!

Or, let's take United States Steel. The normal earnings during the five-year period prior to the war were $105,000,000 a year. Not bad. Then along came the war and up went the profits. The average yearly profit for the period 1914-1918 was $240,000,000. Not bad.

There you have some of the steel and powder earnings. Let's look at something else. A little copper, perhaps. That always does well in war times.

Anaconda, for instance. Average yearly earnings during the pre-war years 1910-1914 of $10,000,000. During the war years 1914-1918 profits leaped to $34,000,000 per year.

Or Utah Copper. Average of $5,000,000 per year during the 1910-1914 period. Jumped to an average of $21,000,000 yearly profits for the war period.

Let's group these five, with three smaller companies. The total yearly average profits of the pre-war period 1910-1914 were $137,480,000. Then along came the war. The average yearly profits for this group skyrocketed to $408,300,000.

A little increase in profits of approximately 200 per cent.

Does war pay? It paid them. But they aren't the only ones. There are still others. Let's take leather.

For the three-year period before the war the total profits of Central Leather Company were $3,500,000. That was approximately $1,167,000 a year. Well, in 1916 Central Leather returned a profit of $15,000,000, a small increase of 1,100 per cent. That's all. The General Chemical Company averaged a profit for the three years before the war of a little over $800,000 a year. Came the war, and the profits jumped to $12,000,000. a leap of 1,400 per cent.

International Nickel Company -- and you can't have a war without nickel -- showed an increase in profits from a mere average of $4,000,000 a year to $73,000,000 yearly. Not bad? An increase of more than 1,700 per cent.

American Sugar Refining Company averaged $2,000,000 a year for the three years before the war. In 1916 a profit of $6,000,000 was recorded.

Listen to Senate Document No. 259. The Sixty-Fifth Congress, reporting on corporate earnings and government revenues. Considering the profits of 122 meat packers, 153 cotton manufacturers, 299 garment makers, 49 steel plants, and 340 coal producers during the war. Profits under 25 per cent were exceptional. For instance the coal companies made between 100 per cent and 7,856 per cent on their capital stock during the war. The Chicago packers doubled and tripled their earnings.

And let us not forget the bankers who financed the great war. If anyone had the cream of the profits it was the bankers. Being partnerships rather than incorporated organizations, they do not have to report to stockholders. And their profits were as secret as they were immense. How the bankers made their millions and their billions I do not know, because those little secrets never become public -- even before a Senate investigatory body.

But here's how some of the other patriotic industrialists and speculators chiseled their way into war profits.

Take the shoe people. They like war. It brings business with abnormal profits. They made huge profits on sales abroad to our allies. Perhaps, like the munitions manufacturers and armament makers, they also sold to the enemy. For a dollar is a dollar whether it comes from

Germany or from France. But they did well by Uncle Sam too. For instance, they sold Uncle Sam 35,000,000 pairs of hobnailed service shoes. There were 4,000,000 soldiers. Eight pairs, and more, to a soldier. My regiment during the war had only one pair to a soldier. Some of these shoes probably are still in existence. They were good shoes. But when the war was over Uncle Sam has a matter of 25,000,000 pairs left over. Bought -- and paid for. Profits recorded and pocketed.

There was still lots of leather left. So the leather people sold your Uncle Sam hundreds of thousands of McClellan saddles for the cavalry. But there wasn't any American cavalry overseas! Somebody had to get rid of this leather, however. Somebody had to make a profit in it -- so we had a lot of McClellan saddles. And we probably have those yet.

Also somebody had a lot of mosquito netting. They sold your Uncle Sam 20,000,000 mosquito nets for the use of the soldiers overseas. I suppose the boys were expected to put it over them as they tried to sleep in muddy trenches -- one hand scratching cooties on their backs and the other making passes at scurrying rats. Well, not one of these mosquito nets ever got to France!

Anyhow, these thoughtful manufacturers wanted to make sure that no soldier would be without his mosquito net, so 40,000,000 additional yards of mosquito netting were sold to Uncle Sam.

There were pretty good profits in mosquito netting in those days, even if there were no mosquitoes in France. I suppose, if the war had lasted just a little longer, the enterprising mosquito netting manufacturers would have sold your Uncle Sam a couple of consignments of mosquitoes to plant in France so that more mosquito netting would be in order.

Airplane and engine manufacturers felt they, too, should get their just profits out of this war. Why not? Everybody else was getting theirs. So $1,000,000,000 -- count them if you live long enough -- was spent by Uncle Sam in building airplane engines that never left the ground! Not one plane, or motor, out of the billion dollars worth ordered, ever got into a battle in France. Just the same the manufacturers made their little profit of 30, 100, or perhaps 300 per cent.

Undershirts for soldiers cost 14¢ [cents] to make and uncle Sam paid 30¢ to 40¢ each for them -- a nice little profit for the undershirt manufacturer. And the stocking manufacturer and the uniform manufacturers and the cap manufacturers and the steel helmet manufacturers -- all got theirs.

Why, when the war was over some 4,000,000 sets of equipment -- knapsacks and the things that go to fill them -- crammed warehouses on this side. Now they are being scrapped because the regulations have changed the contents. But the manufacturers collected their wartime profits on them -- and they will do it all over again the next time.

There were lots of brilliant ideas for profit making during the war.

One very versatile patriot sold Uncle Sam twelve dozen 48-inch wrenches. Oh, they were very nice wrenches. The only trouble was that there was only one nut ever made that was

large enough for these wrenches. That is the one that holds the turbines at Niagara Falls. Well, after Uncle Sam had bought them and the manufacturer had pocketed the profit, the wrenches were put on freight cars and shunted all around the United States in an effort to find a use for them. When the Armistice was signed it was indeed a sad blow to the wrench manufacturer. He was just about to make some nuts to fit the wrenches. Then he planned to sell these, too, to your Uncle Sam.

Still another had the brilliant idea that colonels shouldn't ride in automobiles, nor should they even ride on horseback. One has probably seen a picture of Andy Jackson riding in a buckboard. Well, some 6,000 buckboards were sold to Uncle Sam for the use of colonels! Not one of them was used. But the buckboard manufacturer got his war profit.

The shipbuilders felt they should come in on some of it, too. They built a lot of ships that made a lot of profit. More than $3,000,000,000 worth. Some of the ships were all right. But $635,000,000 worth of them were made of wood and wouldn't float! The seams opened up -- and they sank. We paid for them, though. And somebody pocketed the profits.

It has been estimated by statisticians and economists and researchers that the war cost your Uncle Sam $52,000,000,000. Of this sum, $39,000,000,000 was expended in the actual war itself. This expenditure yielded $16,000,000,000 in profits. That is how the 21,000 billionaires and millionaires got that way. This $16,000,000,000 profits is not to be sneezed at. It is quite a tidy sum. And it went to a very few.

The Senate (Nye) committee probe of the munitions industry and its wartime profits, despite its sensational disclosures, hardly has scratched the surface.

Even so, it has had some effect. The State Department has been studying "for some time" methods of keeping out of war. The War Department suddenly decides it has a wonderful plan to spring. The Administration names a committee -- with the War and Navy Departments ably represented under the chairmanship of a Wall Street speculator -- to limit profits in war time. To what extent isn't suggested. Hmmm. Possibly the profits of 300 and 600 and 1,600 per cent of those who turned blood into gold in the World War would be limited to some smaller figure.

Apparently, however, the plan does not call for any limitation of losses -- that is, the losses of those who fight the war. As far as I have been able to ascertain there is nothing in the scheme to limit a soldier to the loss of but one eye, or one arm, or to limit his wounds to one or two or three. Or to limit the loss of life.

There is nothing in this scheme, apparently, that says not more than 12 per cent of a regiment shall be wounded in battle, or that not more than 7 per cent in a division shall be killed.

Of course, the committee cannot be bothered with such trifling matters.

CHAPTER THREE

Who Pays The Bills?

Who provides the profits -- these nice little profits of 20, 100, 300, 1,500 and 1,800 per cent? We all pay them -- in taxation. We paid the bankers their profits when we bought Liberty Bonds at $100.00 and sold them back at $84 or $86 to the bankers. These bankers collected $100 plus. It was a simple manipulation. The bankers control the security marts. It was easy for them to depress the price of these bonds. Then all of us -- the people -- got frightened and sold the bonds at $84 or $86. The bankers bought them. Then these same bankers stimulated a boom and government bonds went to par -- and above. Then the bankers collected their profits.

But the soldier pays the biggest part of the bill.

If you don't believe this, visit the American cemeteries on the battlefields abroad. Or visit any of the veteran's hospitals in the United States. On a tour of the country, in the midst of which I am at the time of this writing, I have visited eighteen government hospitals for veterans. In them are a total of about 50,000 destroyed men -- men who were the pick of the nation eighteen years ago. The very able chief surgeon at the government hospital; at Milwaukee, where there are 3,800 of the living dead, told me that mortality among veterans is three times as great as among those who stayed at home.

Boys with a normal viewpoint were taken out of the fields and offices and factories and classrooms and put into the ranks. There they were remolded; they were made over; they were made to "about face"; to regard murder as the order of the day. They were put shoulder to shoulder and, through mass psychology, they were entirely changed. We used them for a couple of years and trained them to think nothing at all of killing or of being killed.

Then, suddenly, we discharged them and told them to make another "about face" ! This time they had to do their own readjustment, sans [without] mass psychology, sans officers' aid and advice and sans nation-wide propaganda. We didn't need them any more. So we scattered them about without any "three-minute" or "Liberty Loan" speeches or parades. Many, too many, of these fine young boys are eventually destroyed, mentally, because they could not make that final "about face" alone.

In the government hospital in Marion, Indiana, 1,800 of these boys are in pens! Five hundred of them in a barracks with steel bars and wires all around outside the buildings and on the porches. These already have been mentally destroyed. These boys don't even look like human beings. Oh, the looks on their faces! Physically, they are in good shape; mentally, they are gone.

There are thousands and thousands of these cases, and more and more are coming in all the time. The tremendous excitement of the war, the sudden cutting off of that excitement -- the young boys couldn't stand it.

That's a part of the bill. So much for the dead -- they have paid their part of the war profits. So much for the mentally and physically wounded -- they are paying now their share of the

war profits. But the others paid, too -- they paid with heartbreaks when they tore themselves away from their firesides and their families to don the uniform of Uncle Sam -- on which a profit had been made. They paid another part in the training camps where they were regimented and drilled while others took their jobs and their places in the lives of their communities. The paid for it in the trenches where they shot and were shot; where they were hungry for days at a time; where they slept in the mud and the cold and in the rain -- with the moans and shrieks of the dying for a horrible lullaby.

But don't forget -- the soldier paid part of the dollars and cents bill too.

Up to and including the Spanish-American War, we had a prize system, and soldiers and sailors fought for money. During the Civil War they were paid bonuses, in many instances, before they went into service. The government, or states, paid as high as $1,200 for an enlistment. In the Spanish-American War they gave prize money. When we captured any vessels, the soldiers all got their share -- at least, they were supposed to. Then it was found that we could reduce the cost of wars by taking all the prize money and keeping it, but conscripting [drafting] the soldier anyway. Then soldiers couldn't bargain for their labor, Everyone else could bargain, but the soldier couldn't.

Napoleon once said,

> "All men are enamored of decorations . . . they positively hunger for them."

So by developing the Napoleonic system -- the medal business -- the government learned it could get soldiers for less money, because the boys liked to be decorated. Until the Civil War there were no medals. Then the Congressional Medal of Honor was handed out. It made enlistments easier. After the Civil War no new medals were issued until the Spanish-American War.

In the World War, we used propaganda to make the boys accept conscription. They were made to feel ashamed if they didn't join the army.

So vicious was this war propaganda that even God was brought into it. With few exceptions our clergymen joined in the clamor to kill, kill, kill. To kill the Germans. God is on our side . . . it is His will that the Germans be killed.

And in Germany, the good pastors called upon the Germans to kill the allies . . . to please the same God. That was a part of the general propaganda, built up to make people war conscious and murder conscious.

Beautiful ideals were painted for our boys who were sent out to die. This was the "war to end all wars." This was the "war to make the world safe for democracy." No one mentioned to them, as they marched away, that their going and their dying would mean huge war profits. No one told these American soldiers that they might be shot down by bullets made by their own brothers here. No one told them that the ships on which they were going to cross might be torpedoed by submarines built with United States patents. They were just told it was to be a "glorious adventure."

Thus, having stuffed patriotism down their throats, it was decided to make them help pay for the war, too. So, we gave them the large salary of $30 a month.

All they had to do for this munificent sum was to leave their dear ones behind, give up their jobs, lie in swampy trenches, eat canned willy (when they could get it) and kill and kill and kill . . . and be killed.

But wait!

Half of that wage (just a little more than a riveter in a shipyard or a laborer in a munitions factory safe at home made in a day) was promptly taken from him to support his dependents, so that they would not become a charge upon his community. Then we made him pay what amounted to accident insurance -- something the employer pays for in an enlightened state -- and that cost him $6 a month. He had less than $9 a month left.

Then, the most crowning insolence of all -- he was virtually blackjacked into paying for his own ammunition, clothing, and food by being made to buy Liberty Bonds. Most soldiers got no money at all on pay days.

We made them buy Liberty Bonds at $100 and then we bought them back -- when they came back from the war and couldn't find work -- at $84 and $86. And the soldiers bought about $2,000,000,000 worth of these bonds!

Yes, the soldier pays the greater part of the bill. His family pays too. They pay it in the same heart-break that he does. As he suffers, they suffer. At nights, as he lay in the trenches and watched shrapnel burst about him, they lay home in their beds and tossed sleeplessly -- his father, his mother, his wife, his sisters, his brothers, his sons, and his daughters.

When he returned home minus an eye, or minus a leg or with his mind broken, they suffered too -- as much as and even sometimes more than he. Yes, and they, too, contributed their dollars to the profits of the munitions makers and bankers and shipbuilders and the manufacturers and the speculators made. They, too, bought Liberty Bonds and contributed to the profit of the bankers after the Armistice in the hocus-pocus of manipulated Liberty Bond prices.

And even now the families of the wounded men and of the mentally broken and those who never were able to readjust themselves are still suffering and still paying.

CHAPTER FOUR

How To Smash This Racket!

WELL, it's a racket, all right.

A few profit -- and the many pay. But there is a way to stop it. You can't end it by disarmament conferences. You can't eliminate it by peace parleys at Geneva. Well-meaning

but impractical groups can't wipe it out by resolutions. It can be smashed effectively only by taking the profit out of war.

The only way to smash this racket is to conscript capital and industry and labor before the nations manhood can be conscripted. One month before the Government can conscript the young men of the nation -- it must conscript capital and industry and labor. Let the officers and the directors and the high-powered executives of our armament factories and our munitions makers and our shipbuilders and our airplane builders and the manufacturers of all the other things that provide profit in war time as well as the bankers and the speculators, be conscripted -- to get $30 a month, the same wage as the lads in the trenches get.

Let the workers in these plants get the same wages -- all the workers, all presidents, all executives, all directors, all managers, all bankers -- yes, and all generals and all admirals and all officers and all politicians and all government office holders -- everyone in the nation be restricted to a total monthly income not to exceed that paid to the soldier in the trenches!

Let all these kings and tycoons and masters of business and all those workers in industry and all our senators and governors and majors pay half of their monthly $30 wage to their families and pay war risk insurance and buy Liberty Bonds.

Why shouldn't they?

They aren't running any risk of being killed or of having their bodies mangled or their minds shattered. They aren't sleeping in muddy trenches. They aren't hungry. The soldiers are!

Give capital and industry and labor thirty days to think it over and you will find, by that time, there will be no war. That will smash the war racket -- that and nothing else.

Maybe I am a little too optimistic. Capital still has some say. So capital won't permit the taking of the profit out of war until the people -- those who do the suffering and still pay the price -- make up their minds that those they elect to office shall do their bidding, and not that of the profiteers.

Another step necessary in this fight to smash the war racket is the limited plebiscite to determine whether a war should be declared. A plebiscite not of all the voters but merely of those who would be called upon to do the fighting and dying. There wouldn't be very much sense in having a 76-year-old president of a munitions factory or the flat-footed head of an international banking firm or the cross-eyed manager of a uniform manufacturing plant -- all of whom see visions of tremendous profits in the event of war -- voting on whether the nation should go to war or not. They never would be called upon to shoulder arms -- to sleep in a trench and to be shot. Only those who would be called upon to risk their lives for their country should have the privilege of voting to determine whether the nation should go to war.

There is ample precedent for restricting the voting to those affected. Many of our states have restrictions on those permitted to vote. In most, it is necessary to be able to read and write before you may vote. In some, you must own property. It would be a simple matter each year for the men coming of military age to register in their communities as they did in the draft

during the World War and be examined physically. Those who could pass and who would therefore be called upon to bear arms in the event of war would be eligible to vote in a limited plebiscite. They should be the ones to have the power to decide -- and not a Congress few of whose members are within the age limit and fewer still of whom are in physical condition to bear arms. Only those who must suffer should have the right to vote.

A third step in this business of smashing the war racket is to make certain that our military forces are truly forces for defense only.

At each session of Congress the question of further naval appropriations comes up. The swivel-chair admirals of Washington (and there are always a lot of them) are very adroit lobbyists. And they are smart. They don't shout that "We need a lot of battleships to war on this nation or that nation." Oh no. First of all, they let it be known that America is menaced by a great naval power. Almost any day, these admirals will tell you, the great fleet of this supposed enemy will strike suddenly and annihilate 125,000,000 people. Just like that. Then they begin to cry for a larger navy. For what? To fight the enemy? Oh my, no. Oh, no. For defense purposes only.

Then, incidentally, they announce maneuvers in the Pacific. For defense. Uh, huh.

The Pacific is a great big ocean. We have a tremendous coastline on the Pacific. Will the maneuvers be off the coast, two or three hundred miles? Oh, no. The maneuvers will be two thousand, yes, perhaps even thirty-five hundred miles, off the coast.

The Japanese, a proud people, of course will be pleased beyond expression to see the united States fleet so close to Nippon's shores. Even as pleased as would be the residents of California were they to dimly discern through the morning mist, the Japanese fleet playing at war games off Los Angeles.

The ships of our navy, it can be seen, should be specifically limited, by law, to within 200 miles of our coastline. Had that been the law in 1898 the Maine would never have gone to Havana Harbor. She never would have been blown up. There would have been no war with Spain with its attendant loss of life. Two hundred miles is ample, in the opinion of experts, for defense purposes. Our nation cannot start an offensive war if its ships can't go further than 200 miles from the coastline. Planes might be permitted to go as far as 500 miles from the coast for purposes of reconnaissance. And the army should never leave the territorial limits of our nation.

To summarize: Three steps must be taken to smash the war racket.

1. We must take the profit out of war.

2. We must permit the youth of the land who would bear arms to decide whether or not there should be war.

3. We must limit our military forces to home defense purposes.

CHAPTER FIVE

To Hell With War!

I am not a fool as to believe that war is a thing of the past. I know the people do not want war, but there is no use in saying we cannot be pushed into another war.

Looking back, Woodrow Wilson was re-elected president in 1916 on a platform that he had "kept us out of war" and on the implied promise that he would "keep us out of war." Yet, five months later he asked Congress to declare war on Germany.

In that five-month interval the people had not been asked whether they had changed their minds. The 4,000,000 young men who put on uniforms and marched or sailed away were not asked whether they wanted to go forth to suffer and die.

Then what caused our government to change its mind so suddenly?

Money.

An allied commission, it may be recalled, came over shortly before the war declaration and called on the President. The President summoned a group of advisers. The head of the commission spoke. Stripped of its diplomatic language, this is what he told the President and his group:

> "There is no use kidding ourselves any longer. The cause of the allies is lost. We now owe you (American bankers, American munitions makers, American manufacturers, American speculators, American exporters) five or six billion dollars.
>
> If we lose (and without the help of the United States we must lose) we, England, France and Italy, cannot pay back this money . . . and Germany won't.
>
> So . . . "

Had secrecy been outlawed as far as war negotiations were concerned, and had the press been invited to be present at that conference, or had radio been available to broadcast the proceedings, America never would have entered the World War. But this conference, like all war discussions, was shrouded in utmost secrecy. When our boys were sent off to war they were told it was a "war to make the world safe for democracy" and a "war to end all wars."

Well, eighteen years after, the world has less of democracy than it had then. Besides, what business is it of ours whether Russia or Germany or England or France or Italy or Austria live under democracies or monarchies? Whether they are Fascists or Communists? Our problem is to preserve our own democracy.

And very little, if anything, has been accomplished to assure us that the World War was really the war to end all wars.

Yes, we have had disarmament conferences and limitations of arms conferences. They don't mean a thing. One has just failed; the results of another have been nullified. We send our

professional soldiers and our sailors and our politicians and our diplomats to these conferences. And what happens?

The professional soldiers and sailors don't want to disarm. No admiral wants to be without a ship. No general wants to be without a command. Both mean men without jobs. They are not for disarmament. They cannot be for limitations of arms. And at all these conferences, lurking in the background but all-powerful, just the same, are the sinister agents of those who profit by war. They see to it that these conferences do not disarm or seriously limit armaments.

The chief aim of any power at any of these conferences has not been to achieve disarmament to prevent war but rather to get more armament for itself and less for any potential foe.

There is only one way to disarm with any semblance of practicability. That is for all nations to get together and scrap every ship, every gun, every rifle, every tank, every war plane. Even this, if it were possible, would not be enough.

The next war, according to experts, will be fought not with battleships, not by artillery, not with rifles and not with machine guns. It will be fought with deadly chemicals and gases.

Secretly each nation is studying and perfecting newer and ghastlier means of annihilating its foes wholesale. Yes, ships will continue to be built, for the shipbuilders must make their profits. And guns still will be manufactured and powder and rifles will be made, for the munitions makers must make their huge profits. And the soldiers, of course, must wear uniforms, for the manufacturer must make their war profits too.

But victory or defeat will be determined by the skill and ingenuity of our scientists.

If we put them to work making poison gas and more and more fiendish mechanical and explosive instruments of destruction, they will have no time for the constructive job of building greater prosperity for all peoples. By putting them to this useful job, we can all make more money out of peace than we can out of war -- even the munitions makers.

So...I say,

TO HELL WITH WAR!

Dissent Into Madness: The Weaponization of Psychology

THE CORBETT REPORT
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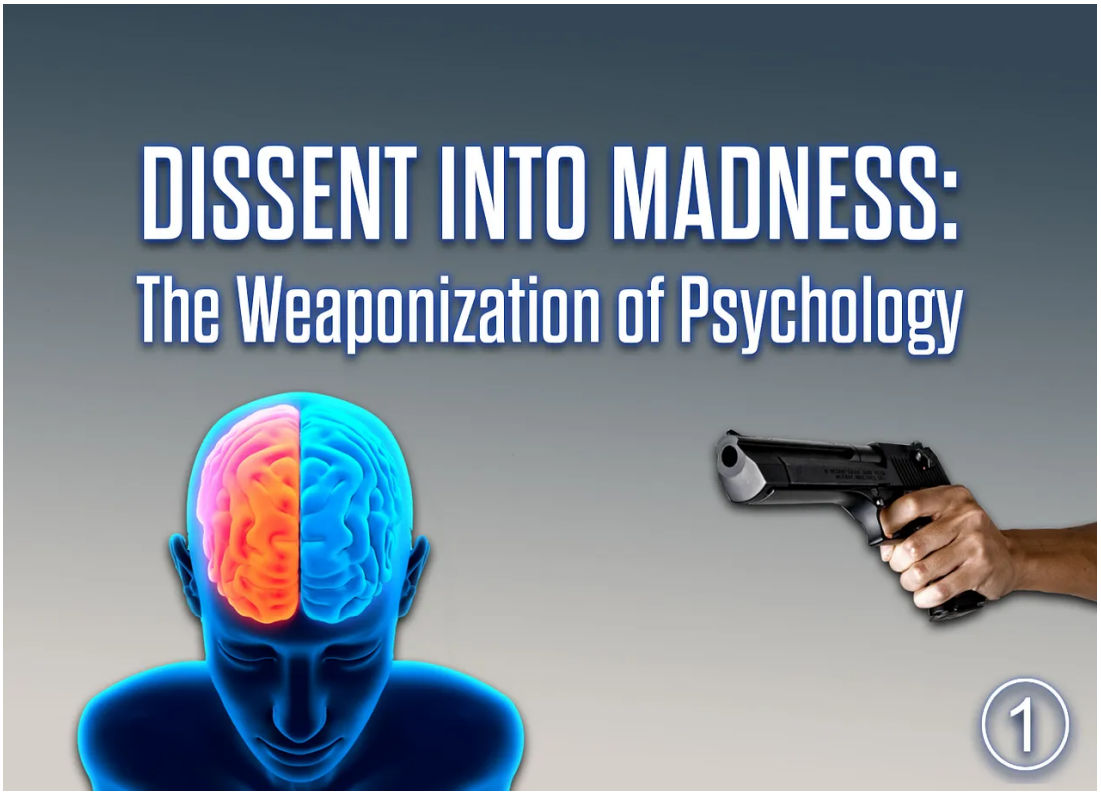

by James Corbett
corbettreport.com
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"WA State Bill Will Send Political Enemies to Psych Wards" blares a recent headline from Kurt Nimmo's Substack.

The bill in question, Washington State Legislature House Bill 1333, "Establishing the domestic violent extremism commission," would, according to its critics, "criminalize thought and expression under an invented category of offences called 'domestic violent extremism'" and allow the state's attorney general to "prosecute some people for words and speech, rather than violent acts."

Although there is nothing in the bill itself declaring that "political enemies" of the state will be sent to "psych wards," the idea that psychologists and psychiatrists might be employed on such a "domestic violent extremism commission" to diagnose political dissidents with some form of mental disorder is not a misplaced one.

In fact, as it turns out, there is a long and worrying history of psychiatry being used as a weapon to silence those declared to be enemies of the state. And, more worrying still, recent events have demonstrated that—far from being a relic of the past—the pathologization of political dissent is becoming even more widespread than ever before.

The Bad Old Days

The history of psychology is, to a large extent, the history of cruel and unusual punishments meted out by rulers on political dissidents.

That psychology has always been a convenient tool for the ruling class to wield against dissenters may seem like a controversial observation at first glance. But this is precisely what the most mainstream of establishment sources tell us . . . when they're talking about the establishment's enemies.

In 1983, for example, Dr. Walter Reich was afforded prime journalistic real estate in America's newspaper of record, *The New York Times*, for a lengthy report on "The World of Soviet Psychiatry." After reporting that the 1977 congress of the World Psychiatric Association in Hawaii had voted to condemn "the systematic abuse of psychiatry for political purposes in the U.S.S.R.," Reich notes that "Western concern over pyschiatric abuse in the Soviet Union had only grown" since the congress' vote and that "the Russians were in danger of being suspended or even expelled from the international psychiatric organization."

Reich then spends the majority of the rest of his 6,000-word article contrasting the American approach to mental health—in which "psychiatric treatment has become acceptable enough during the last few decades for people in emotional distress to seek it out"—with the Soviet approach—in which "the need for psychiatric care is more likely to be seen as a cause for shame."

The Soviets, we are told, had taken the honourable study of the human mind and weaponized it, turning it into an instrument of political oppression.

> For years, Soviet psychiatrists had been accused in the West of diagnosing as mentally ill political dissidents they knew to be mentally well. According to both Western critics and Soviet dissidents, the K.G.B.—especially after it was taken over in 1967 by Yuri V. Andropov, now the top Soviet leader—had regularly referred dissidents to psychiatrists for such diagnoses in order to avoid embarrassing public trials and to discredit dissent as the product of sick minds. Once in psychiatric hospitals, usually special institutions for the criminally insane, the dissidents were said to be treated with particular cruelty—for example, given injections that caused abscesses, convulsions and torpor, or wrapped in wet canvas that shrank tightly upon drying.

Lest the reader be left in any doubt as to his message, Reich states it clearly later on in the piece: "[T]he experience of Soviet psychiatry had a lot to teach," he tells us, "about the vulnerabilities of

psychiatry to misuse wherever it is practiced."

To be sure, Reich isn't wrong. The horrors of the Soviet psychiatric system—in which political dissidents were routinely diagnosed with "sluggish schizophrenia," psychiatric hospitals were used as temporary prisons during periods of protest, and troublesome rebels were kept in medically induced comas or drug-induced catatonic states for extended periods of time—has been well documented in numerous mainstream sources, both popular and academic. But these horrors were given their most poignant expression in the words of Alexander Solzhenitsyn:

> The incarceration of free thinking healthy people in madhouses is spiritual murder, it is a variation of the gas chamber, even more cruel; the torture of the people being killed is more malicious and more prolonged. Like the gas chambers, these crimes will never be forgotten and those involved in them will be condemned for all time during their life and after their death.

As Reich correctly observes in his report, the Soviet pathologization of dissent does indeed serve as a warning that psychiatry is vulnerable to being misused "wherever it is practiced." But, by a funny coincidence, these concerns only ever seem to come up when psychiatry is being "misused" in countries that are on the US State Department's enemies list.

Thus, there are no shortage of sources that will tell you about:

- the abuses of Nazi psychiatrists, who sat on planning committees for the Aktion T4 euthanasia and sterilization program and who directed the Nazi regime's horrific (and failed) attempt to eradicate schizophrenia by systematically killing off Germany's schizophrenic population;
- the abuses that Japanese psychiatrists inflicted on their patients during and immediately after WWII, resulting in an abnormally large number of patient deaths;
- the Cuban revolutionary government's use of psychotropic drugs and electroconvulsive therapy in order to obtain information from, punish, demoralize, coerce, subdue, terrorize, and cause psychological damage to those deemed a threat to state security;

. . . and any number of similar examples of psychiatric abuse by governments at war with or in the crosshairs of the US government.

Often excluded from this analysis, however, are the horrific abuses that psychiatrists in the West have inflicted on their patients in the name of state security.

For example, while the history books will rightly condemn the horrors of the Nazi eugenic sterilization program, they seldom explore the roots of that program. As it turns out, those roots were in the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Anthropology, Human Heredity, and Eugenics, which was funded by the Rockefeller Foundation. What's more, Ernst Rüdin—the director of the also-Rockefeller-funded Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Psychiatry and one of the key architects of Germany's eugenics program—modeled the Nazi eugenics legislation on America's own "Model Eugenical Sterilization Law."

In fact, America's first professor of psychology, James McKeen Cattell, helped bring the eugenics pseudoscience to the shores of America in the first place. Having befriended Francis Galton, the progenitor of eugenics, during a trip to England in 1887, Cattell returned to the US with an enthusiasm for the idea. He later wrote a letter to Galton bragging, "We are following in America your advice and example."

Still further back in history, Benjamin Rush—one of the founding fathers of the United States and the man officially recognized by the American Psychiatric Association as the "father of American psychiatry"—made early contributions to the weaponization of psychiatry by inventing a number of mental disorders to pathologize dissent. The most notable of these made-up disorders was "*anarchia,*" a type of madness Rush defined as "an excess of the passion for liberty," which "could not be removed by reason, nor restrained by government" and "threatened to render abortive the goodness of heaven to the United States."

And what did this "father of American psychiatry" prescribe for those he deemed to be suffering from mental illness? Well, for starters, he "treated his patients with darkness, solitary confinement, and a special technique of forcing the patient to stand erect for two to three days at a time, poking them with sharp pointed nails to keep them from sleeping—a technique borrowed from a British procedure for taming horses." He also invented two mechanical devices for the treatment of the insane: a "tranquilizing chair," in which the patient's "body is immobilized by straps at the shoulders, arms, waist, and feet [and] a box-like apparatus is used to confine the head," and a "gyrator," "which was a horizontal board on which torpid patients were strapped and spun to stimulate blood circulation."

Rush's apprentice, physician and outspoken germ theory critic Samuel Cartwright, made his own contribution to the field by inventing a disorder he named "*drapetomania*, or the disease causing negroes [slaves] to run away":

> The cause in the most of cases, that induces the negro to run away from service, is as much a disease of the mind as any other species of mental alienation, and much more curable, as a general rule. With the advantages of proper medical advice, strictly followed, this troublesome practice that many negroes have of running away, can be almost entirely prevented, although the slaves be located on the borders of a free state, within a stone's throw of the abolitionists.

Yes, the history of psychiatry is replete with examples of political dissidents, unruly populations or other "social undesirables" being labeled as insane and sent to the madhouse . . . or worse.

But that was *then*, many would be inclined to argue. This is *now*. Surely psychiatry isn't used to suppress dissent any more, is it? . . .

The Bad New Days

. . . It sure is! And I'm not just talking about psychiatric repression in some backward, evil dictatorship like Russia. (Although, to be sure, there is that, too.)

No, once again, it is the "liberal," "enlightened," "free and democratic" West that is leading the way in weaponizing psychiatry against the masses. And, incredibly, the wielders of this psychiatric weapon don't try to hide the fact, but have instead actively sought to codify it in their "bible."

Since 1952, the American Psychiatric Association has published the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, or the DSM, as a guideline for the classification and diagnoses of mental health issues. Commonly referred to as the psychiatric diagnostic bible, the DSM, according to the APA itself, "is the standard classification of mental disorders used by mental health professionals in the United States and contains a listing of diagnostic criteria for every psychiatric disorder recognized by the U.S. healthcare system."

Critics have long questioned the influence that Big Pharma has had in pressuring the APA to diagnose more and more behaviour as "abnormal" in order to prescribe pharmaceutical interventions to a greater and greater percentage of the public.

Concerns over Big Pharma's influence on the creation of DSM are not trivial. In 2012, a study led by University of Massachusetts-Boston researcher Lisa Cosgrove noted that 69% of the DSM-5 task force members had ties to the pharmaceutical industry, including paid work as consultants and spokespersons for drug manufacturers. On certain panels, the conflict of interest was even more profound: 83% of the members of the panel working on mood disorders had pharamaceutical industry ties, and 100%—every single member—of the sleep disorder panel had "ties to the pharmaceutical companies that manufacture the medications used to treat these disorders or to companies that service the pharmaceutical industry."

If these task force members' goal *is* to make sure that more and more pharmaceuticals are sold, then by every measure they've been remarkably successful. Recent surveys indicate one in six American adults report taking a psychiatric drug, such as an antidepressant or a sedative. Worryingly, the number of children being prescribed antipsychotic medications like Adderall and Ritalin has continued to increase decade after decade.

But more worrying still is the way that this increase in antipsychotic prescriptions has been justified—by the invention of a new "mental disorder" called Oppositional Defiance Disorder.

Clinical psychologist Bruce Levine, who has spent decades ringing the alarm bell about the ways in which his profession is being used to repress legitimate political dissent, explains in his 2018 book, *Resisting Illegitimate Authority*:

> Beginning in 1980, for noncompliant children who are not engaged in any illegal practices, the APA (in its DSM-III diagnostic manual) created the disruptive disorder diagnosis "oppositional defiant disorder" (ODD). For an ODD diagnosis, a youngster needs only four of the following eight symptoms for six months: often loses temper; often touchy or easily annoyed; often angry and resentful; often argues with authority figures; often actively defies or refuses to comply with requests from authority figures or with rules; often deliberately annoys others; often blames others for his or her mistakes or misbehavior; spitefulness or vindictiveness at least twice within the past six months.

Levine goes on to point out that the front line of this assault on the human psyche are the

children who are diagnosed with a mental disorder for demonstrating previously normal childhood behaviour:

> In 2012, the Archives of General Psychiatry reported that between 1993 through 2009, there was a sevenfold increase of children 13 years and younger being prescribed antipsychotic drugs, and that disruptive behavior disorders such as ODD and CD were the most common diagnoses in children medicated with antipsychotics, accounting for 63% of those medicated.

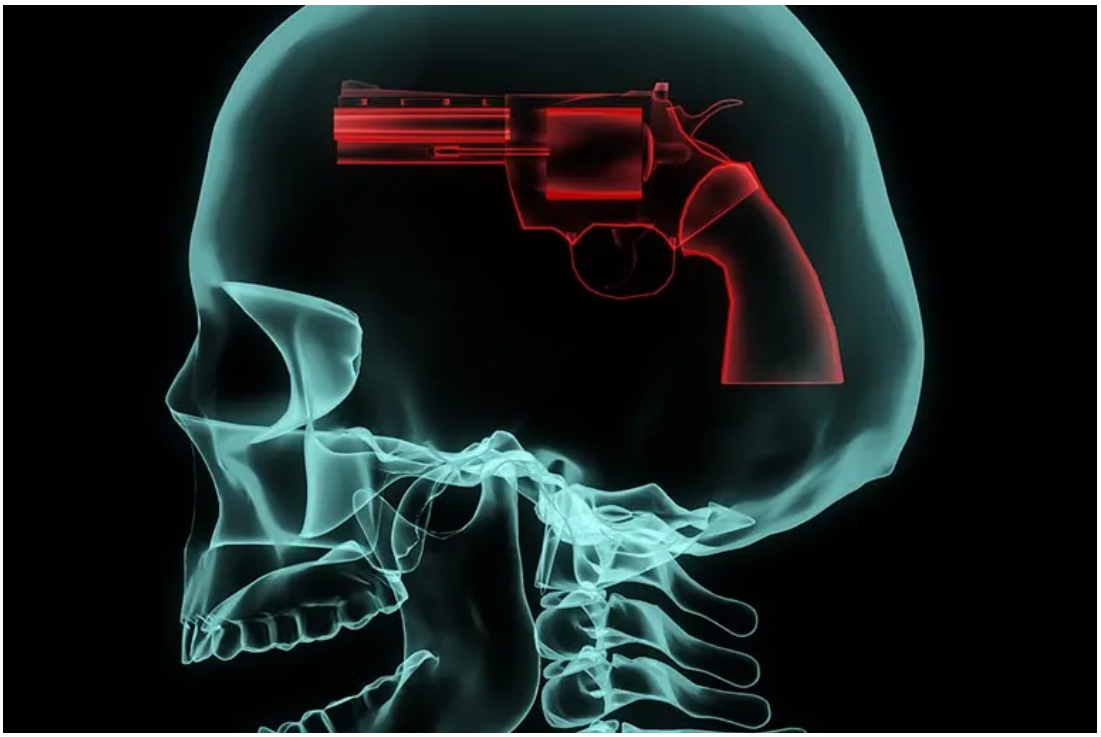
But the pathologization of those who show signs of "oppositional defiance" is not confined to children. Levine also observes, citing his own clinical experience:

> Among the people I have talked with who have been previously diagnosed with psychiatric illnesses, I am struck by how many of them, compared to the general population, are essentially anti-authoritarians. Unluckily for them, the professionals who have diagnosed them are not.

As we shall see next week, the weaponization of psychology against those independent, free-thinkers who tend to question authority is not some vague, amorphous concern about a Big Pharma boondoggle that is hurting people in the pocketbook. Rather, this weapon is now being used against critics of the biosecurity agenda and others who dare point out that the globalist, transhuman emperor is wearing no clothes.

But if it *is* true that the study of the mind has been weaponized and that that weapon *is* being deployed against conspiracy realists, the obvious question then becomes . . .

Who Loaded the Weapon?



In October 1945, George Brock Chisholm—the man who would go on to serve as the first Director-General of the World Health Organization and the man who helped spearhead the World Federation for Mental Health—delivered an incredibly candid lecture in which he laid out his plans for steering the profession of psychiatry in a bold new direction.

Published in 1946 as "The Reestablishment of Peacetime Psychiatry," the lecture includes a proclamation that psychiatrists should take it upon themselves to rid the population of the concept of good and evil entirely: "If the race is to be freed from its crippling burden of good and evil it must be psychiatrists who take the original responsibility. This is a challenge which must be met."

Perhaps unsurprisingly, Chisholm's call to action was taken up by the British military. The "challenge" of "freeing the race" from the "crippling burden of good and evil" was taken up by British military psychiatrist Colonel John Rawlings Rees, the first president of Chisholm's World Federation of Mental Health and chair of the infamous Tavistock Institute from 1933 to 1947.

In 1940, Rees gave an address to the annual meeting of the UK's National Council for Mental Hygiene in which he laid out in predictably militaristic terms how this ambitious plan for reforming the public psyche was to be achieved. In "Strategic Planning for Mental Health," Rees—after claiming that the psychiatrists of the council "can justifiably stress our particular point of view with regard to the proper development of the human psyche, even though our knowledge be incomplete"—asserts that they must aim to make that point of view "permeate every educational activity in our national life."

He then launches into a startling confession:

> [W]e have made a useful attack upon a number of professions. The two easiest of them naturally are the teaching profession and the Church; the two most difficult are law and medicine." [. . .] "If we are to infiltrate the professional and social activities of other people I think we must imitate the Totalitarians and organize some kind of fifth column activity!"

Then Rees brazenly proclaims that "Parliament, the Press and other publications are the most obvious ways by which our propaganda can be got across" before reminding his audience once again of the need for secrecy if this plan to influence the development of the public psyche is to succeed: "Many people don't like to be 'saved', 'changed' or made healthy," he remarks.

So what were Rees and his fellow travelers really aiming at in their "fifth column" campaign to "attack" the professions and propagandize the public? His true intentions are revealed through his work for the British military—including his alleged drugging, poisoning and mesmerizing of Rudolf Hess, the Deputy Führer of the Nazi party who was captured and held by the British for decades after making a still-unexplained solo flight to Scotland in 1941—and through his work at the Tavistock Institute, where he attempted to mould public opinion in the UK to his liking.

As *The Campaigner* magazine explained in a Tavistock exposé published in 1978: "The theme of all of Rees's known work is the development of the uses of psychiatry as a weapon of the ruling class." That work, the article elaborates, included advising Rees' superiors how they "can succeed in structuring a stressed individual's or group's situation appropriately, the victim(s) can be induced to develop for himself a special sort of 'reaction formation' through which he 'democratically' arrives precisely at the attitudes and decisions which the dictators would wish to force upon him."

In other words, Rees' work centered on the Problem-Reaction-Solution method of mass social control that Corbett Reporteers will be very familiar with by now. It should be no surprise, then, to learn that Rees' research heavily influenced the operations of a budding young intelligence service that was then forming in the United States: the Central Intelligence Agency.

Indeed, the CIA has always been interested in weaponizing psychiatry as a way of achieving success in their covert operations. In fact, the CIA even openly advertises job opportunities for psychiatrists to "help the CIA mission where it intersects with psychiatric and broader behavioral issues."

But when most people think of the CIA and weaponized psychiatry, they think of MKUltra and mind control.

As even the Wikipedia article on the subject admits, the CIA's "Project MKUltra" was "an illegal human experimentation program designed and undertaken by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), intended to develop procedures and identify drugs that could be used in interrogations to weaken individuals and force confessions through brainwashing and psychological torture."

There is much that the public still does not know about this project, its forerunner programs, Project Bluebird and Project ARTICHOKE, and the depths to which agents of the US government sank to discover ways of manipulating, melding, erasing or reprogramming individuals' psyches. But what we *do* know about the program is chilling enough.

One series of experiments, presided over by Sidney Gottlieb, involved administering LSD to unwitting Americans, including mental patients, prisoners, drug addicts and prostitutes. This included "Operation Midnight Climax," in which unsuspecting men were drugged and lured to CIA safe houses by prostitutes on the CIA payroll. Their sexual activity was monitored behind one-way mirrors and was used to study the effect of sexual blackmail and the use of mind-altering substances in field operations.

Another experiment, dubbed MKULTRA Subproject 68, was overseen by the esteemed psychiatrist Dr. Ewen Cameron. This subproject involved Dr. Cameron using LSD, paralytic drugs, electroshock therapy and drug-induced comas to attempt to wipe patients' memories and reprogram their psyche. When brought to light, the program was identified as an attempt to refine methods of medical torture for the purpose of extracting information from unwilling sources and was condemned. Lawsuits regarding the blatantly illegal experimentation conducted by Cameron continue into the current era.

Although MKUltra "officially ended" after its exposure in the 1970s, the CIA has not stopped employing psychiatrists to find new and innovative ways to psychologically torment their opponents.

In May 2002, Martin Seligman, an influential American professor of psychology and a former president of the American Psychological Association, delivered a lecture at the San Diego Naval Base explaining how his research could help American personnel to—in his own words—"resist torture and evade successful interrogation by their captors."

Among the hundred or so people in attendance at that lecture was one particularly enthused fan of Selgiman's work: Dr. Jim Mitchell, a military retiree and psychologist who had contracted to provide training services to the CIA. Although Seligman had no idea of it at the time, Mitchell was—as we now know—one of the key architects of the CIA's illegal torture program.

Naturally, Mitchell's interest in Seligman's talk was not in how it could be applied to help American personnel *overcome* learned helplessness and *resist* torture but rather how it could be used to *induce* learned helplessness in a CIA target and *enhance* torture. As it turns out,

Dissent Into Madness: Crazy Conspiracy Theorists

THE CORBETT REPORT
20 MAR 2023

by James Corbett
corbettreport.com
March 19, 2023

In "Dissent Into Madness: The Weaponization of Psychiatry," I told the long and sordid history of how the study of the mind has been used to suppress political opposition and subdue unruly segments of the population—not just in the "enemy states" of Soviet Russia or Nazi Germany or communist Cuba, but in England and the US and the rest of the "free and democratic West" as well. I also looked at specific examples of how this was accomplished and named names of some of the figures who had a hand in forging this psychiatric weapon.

With that history in mind, this week I will explore how the public has been trained to accept the pathologization of those peskiest of dissenters, the conspiracy realists. I will also explain how the trigger has already been pulled on this psychiatric weapon and how it is impacting those who dare question the motives of our would-be rulers.

Are you ready? Let's begin . . .

Pathologizing Conspiracy

One of the most popular articles to be written in recent decades is titled "Why Do People Believe in Conspiracies?"

It starts by noting the worrying rise in the number of people who believe in wild, outlandish theories about how people in positions of power conspire to maintain their influence and expand their wealth.

The article's author then cites a psychologist, who explains that well-meaning but emotionally unstable people typically latch on to these fantastical conspiracy theories because they help these poor, deluded souls make sense of the world and offer them a feeling of control over an uncontrollable world.

Next, the report offers advice to those who are seeking to disabuse anyone who has fallen for this conspiracy claptrap of their delusional notions. That advice, it turns out, is the same admonition given to someone coming upon a wild animal in the jungle: don't confront the target directly or make them angry; speak to them in soothing tones and pretend to listen to what they're saying; and disengage if it seems they're preparing to attack.

But this article usually ends on a positive note: if this wild conspiracy theorist you're talking to hasn't yet lost touch with reality, then it may be possible to talk them down from the ledge. You can gently create some cognitive dissonance in their mind by pointing out that every conspiracy that has ever occurred in history has been exposed by whistleblowers and reported on by journalists, and therefore there is no such thing as a secret conspiracy. If they are of sound mind, this will be enough. Your confused friend will see the light and learn to trust government and authority once again.

Do you want to read this article? Would you like a link? Well, I don't have one link for you; I have dozens.

You see, the curious thing about this "Why Do People Believe in Conspiracies?" article is that it hasn't been written just once or twice. It's been written hundreds of times by hundreds of different journalists, and it's been published by the BBC and FiveThirtyEight and Vox and the American Psychological Association and *The New York Times* and PsychCentral and Addiction Center and LSU and Technology Review and National Geographic and verywellmind and Business Insider and Psychology Today and Harvard and LiveScience and *Scientific* [sic] *American* and NBC News and The Conversation and Intelligencer and *Time* and *The Guardian* and *Popular Mechanics* and even that most prestigious of journalistic institutions, *goop*. (Yes, *goop*!)

And it's not only in written form. It's also a video report that's been filed by the CBC and Channel 4 and CNBC and Channel 4 (again) and DNews and StarTalk and 60 Minutes and Time and DNews (again) and Big Think and Al Jazeera and the Weekly and Tech Insider and Inverse and Dr. Todd Grande and euronews and CBS News and The University of Chicago.

Oh, and did I mention it's also a podcast? Well, it is, and it's been produced by Ava Lassiter and NPR and Radio Times and NPR (again) and LSE and Bill Gates and NPR (again again) and The Anthill and Speaking of Psychology and NPR (again again again) and Big Brains and NPR (again again again again).

So, are you starting to formulate a hypothesis that there may be some grand scheme afoot here? Do you find yourself speculating that perhaps (just *perhaps*) there might be a coordinated effort to pathologize conspiracy theorists in order to justify locking them away in padded cells?

Do you find it interesting that the terms "conspiracy theory" and "mental disorder" were forever linked in the public imagination when Richard Hofstadter penned his infamous 1964 essay in *Harper's Magazine*, "The Paranoid Style in American Politics"? Or that the best-remembered passage from that essay is the one in which he describes the "style of mind" behind the conspiracy-prone, populist political movement of his era as "the paranoid style" because "no other word adequately evokes the sense of heated exaggeration, suspiciousness, and conspiratorial fantasy that I have in mind"? Or that his caveats to that "diagnosis"—namely, that "I am not speaking in a clinical sense, but borrowing a clinical term for other purposes" and that "I have neither the competence nor the desire to classify any figures of the past or present as certifiable lunatics"—are largely forgotten?

Then the dinosaur media pundits and their psychiatric "experts" have a message for you: "Shut Up, Conspiracy Theorist!, or we're going to put you in a straitjacket!"

Don't believe me? Well . . .

First They Came for the Truthers . . .

The idea that those who believe in conspiracy theories are mentally unsound is, of course, not a new one.

Witness how the subject was treated on *Barney Miller*, a popular American television sitcom from the late 1970s that centered on the exploits of a cast of detectives in a New York City Police Department station house. In one episode from 1981, a man is arrested for breaking into the offices of the Trilateral Commission because, as he explains in an impassioned speech that is bizarrely punctuated by canned laughter, "what they are really up to is a scheme to plant their own loyal members in positions of power in this country; to work to erase national boundaries and create an international community; and, in time, bring about a one world government, with David Rockefeller calling the shots!"

The man then presents his evidence of this conspiracy in the form of articles in periodicals like *Conspiracy Review* and *Suppressed Truth Round-up*. Barney Miller's sneering reaction (along with the ever-present laugh track) is enough for the viewer to understand that this burglar—and, by implication, anyone who harbours similar views about the Trilateral Commission or other globalist institutions—is a delusional criminal who deserves to be locked up for those beliefs.

Or take the "tin foil hat" conceit. As the crack journalists over at *Vice* helpfully explain, the concept of wearing a tin foil hat to protect one's brain from government mind control was introduced into popular culture via Julian Huxley's 1927 story, "The Tissue-Culture King." In Huxley's tale, "caps of metal foil" are used to mitigate the effects of a mad scientist's telepathic hypnosis experiment. Since then, the "tin foil hat-wearing madman" has gone on to become a ubiquitous pop culture trope, employed by lazy TV writers as an easy way to signal to the audience that someone is suffering from paranoid delusions about vast government conspiracies.

Or take President Lyndon Johnson's advisor, John P. Roche, who wrote a letter to the *Times Literary Supplement* that was picked up and reported on by *Time* in January of 1968. In the letter, Roche dismisses conspiracy theories about the JFK assassination as the gospel of "a priesthood

of marginal paranoids" and declares such theories "an assault on the sanity of American society, and I believe in its fundamental sanity."

Or take the various examples of the pathologization of conspiracy theorizing pointed out by Lance deHaven-Smith in his modern-day classic, *Conspiracy Theory in America*:

> Initially, conspiracy theories were not an object of ridicule and hostility. Today, however, the conspiracy-theory label is employed routinely to dismiss a wide range of antigovernment suspicions as symptoms of impaired thinking akin to superstition or mental illness. For example, in a massive book published in 2007 on the assassination of President Kennedy, former prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi says people who doubt the Warren Commission report are “as kooky as a three dollar bill in their beliefs and paranoia.” Similarly, in his recently published book *Among the Truthers* (Harper’s, 2011), Canadian journalist Jonathan Kay refers to 9/11 conspiracy theorists as “political paranoiacs” who have “lost their grip on the real world.” Making a similar point, if more colorfully, in his popular book *Wingnuts*, journalist John Avlon refers to conspiracy believers as "moonbats," "Hatriots," "wingnuts," and the "Fright Wing."

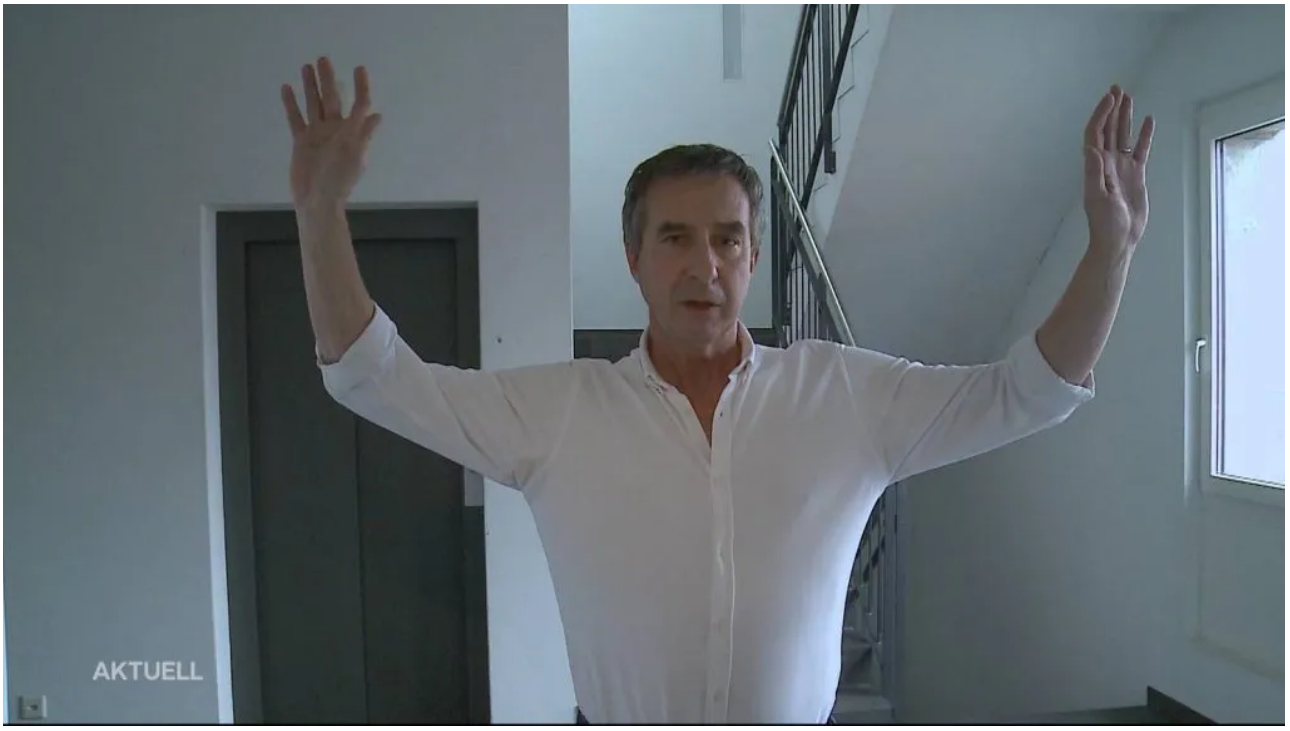
Certainly, there is no shortage of commentators perpetuating the idea that conspiracy theorizing is a form of mental illness. But it wasn't until the post-9/11 era of terrornoia panic accompanying the rise of the Homeland Security state that the trigger was pulled on the loaded gun that is the psychiatric weapon.

Of course, the post-9/11 decade was filled with academics, journalists and talking heads of various stripes conflating conspiracy theorizing with mental illness, exactly as the pre-9/11 era had been. Heeding Bush the Younger's injunction to "never tolerate outrageous conspiracy theories concerning the attacks of September the 11th," political commentators of all stripes began a campaign of vitriol directed against 9/11 truthers that began to ratchet the conspiracy/insanity rhetoric to new heights.

Bill Maher's "joke" that truthers should "stop asking me to raise this ridiculous topic on the show and start asking your doctor if Paxil is right for you" helped to ferilize the soil for the likes of *Winnipeg Sun* columnist Stephen Ripley, who then "diagnosed" 9/11 truthers as suffering from "paranoid delusions." These pronouncements prepared the public for the fulminations of TV talking heads on both the left and right sides of the political spectrum that "necrotizing conspiracy theory radicalism" is a danger to society and that the crazy truthers perpetuating these delusions need to be treated as potential terrorists.

But the campaign to demonize 9/11 truthers as psychologically disturbed and potentially violent criminals who need to be taken off the streets has not stopped at harsh words and strong rhetoric. Institutions and authorities have now begun trying to literally declare truthers and other "conspiracy theorists" as insane as a way of silencing political dissent.

Corona Insanity



The general public has been conditioned by over half a century of propaganda to see conspiracy theorists as delusional and potentially dangerous paranoids. Many people would probably be glad if conspiracy theorists were committed to a psychiatric institution for their "wingnut" theories. Doubtless, too, those in positions of political power would be happy to be able to wield such power.

There's just one problem for those hoping for a conspiracy theorist round-up: many countries have adopted standards that—at least on paper—make it impossible to commit someone to psychiatric incarceration without their consent unless they pose a demonstrable and immediate risk of harm to themselves or to others. These countries aren't Soviet Russia, after all.

However, as readers of these pages will know only too well, these types of rules and safeguards are only as reliable as the integrity of those who are supposed to uphold and enforce them. And, unfortunately for us, those same officials instead often skirt them at the behest of the politically powerful.

Many examples of conspiracy theorists being held for psychiatric evaluation against their will could be cited here, but one case from The Corbett Report archives will serve to make the point. It's the case of Claire Swinney, a New Zealand journalist who in 2006 was—in her own words—"Held In A Psychiatric Ward & Called 'Delusional' For Saying 9/11 Was An Inside Job."

Swinney's story—which she recounted in an interview on The Corbett Report in 2009—is remarkable for a number of reasons. Firstly, there is her harrowing account of how quickly a

series of seemingly disconnected problems and concerns—a series of threats that she had received for her fearless reporting on big pharma and her 9/11 truth advocacy in the New Zealand press, a bout of insomnia, an off-hand comment that was misinterpreted as a suicidal statement—escalated into full-on forced detention in a psychiatric ward.

Secondly, there is her revelation that those who were supposed to be acting in her interest—a police officer, various social workers, the chief psychiatrist in the psychiatric ward—would not even listen to her when she tried to present evidence for her belief that 9/11 was an inside job.

But for those who believe in the legal safeguards that exist to prevent the abuse of the psychiatric weapon, the most concerning fact of all is that Swinney's remarkable 11-day ordeal in forcible psychiatric confinement—a confinement that included forced medication—was that it occurred in direct contravention of the New Zealand government's own laws. In fact, not only does the country's Mental Health Act clearly state that forcible psychiatric detention is not permitted if it is based solely on a person's political beliefs, but, as Swinney notes, the medical personnel who authorized her confinement weren't even familiar with this provision.

The compulsory psychiatric confinement of someone with no history of mental illness solely for expressing a belief in 9/11 truth is shocking enough. That this detention took place not in the United States and not in the immediate aftermath of the events, but in New Zealand some five years later, defies justification.

Sadly, this is not an isolated incident. As we enter the biosecurity era, authorities around the world are working to set the precedent that people who resist the medical authorities' *diktats* can be diagnosed as mentally ill, stripped of their professional credentials and even arrested.

An example of this phenomenon that should be familiar to those in The Corbett Report audience is that of Dr. Meryl Nass. Dr. Nass is an internal medicine specialist with 42 years of medical experience who had her medical license suspended by the Board of Licensure in Medicine, Maine's state medical regulator, for refusing to toe the government-approved line on COVID-19 treatments. Incredibly, in addition to suspending her medical license, state regulators also ordered her to undergo a psychiatric evaluation for the thoughtcrime of disbelieving the government's COVID narrative.

One of the most startling stories of psychiatric intimidation of a COVID skeptic, however, is that of Dr. Thomas Binder. Dr. Binder is a cardiologist who has had a private medical practice in Switzerland for 24 years. As Taylor Hudak reported for The Last American Vagabond late last year, Dr. Binder's life was turned upside down in 2020 when he found he could not sit idly by while the entire medical profession lost its collective mind.

> In February 2020, at the start of the COVID-19 crisis, Dr. Binder advocated for the return of ethics and science in the field of medicine. He spoke out against unscientific restrictions, mandates, the flawed PCR testing, etc., on his personal website and social media. Dr. Binder

> says it was his duty as a doctor to inform the public of the truth about COVID-19.
>
> On Thursday April 9, 2020, Dr. Binder posted a blog to his website, which provided a thorough analysis of COVID-19 and the various unscientific measures implemented at that time. The blog post went viral, receiving 20,000 views, and Dr. Binder was hopeful his post may calm the public and initiate the end to the restrictions and mandates.
>
> However, the post caught the attention of two colleagues, who alerted the Chief of State Police, claiming that Dr. Binder was a supposed threat to himself and the government. Two days later, on April 11, 2020, the day before Easter Sunday, Dr. Binder was brutally confronted by a total of 60 armed police officers including 20 officers with the Kantonspolizei Aargau's anti-terrorism unit, ARGUS.

To those who remain ignorant of the history of psychiatry's use as a weapon of political oppression, this is incomprehensible enough. But what happened next almost defies belief, even among those of us already in the know.

After studying Binder's blog posts and emails, the police determined that there were no grounds for issuing an arrest warrant. Nonetheless, they did send Dr. Binder for a mental health evaluation. Incredibly, the doctor in charge of Binder's psychiatric evaluation invented a diagnosis of "corona insanity" and ordered him to be placed in a psychiatric unit. After a period of evaluation, Binder was offered an ultimatum: remain in the psychiatric hospital for six weeks or return home on condition that he take a neuroleptic medication.

Canaries in the Coal Mine

The incredible and flagrantly illegal actions taken in the forcible psychiatric detention of "conspiracy theorists" and political dissenters like Swinney and Binder serve more than one purpose. Beyond temporarily sidelining the person in question (both Swinney and Binder returned to their work critiquing government narratives after their release) and beyond throwing their public reputation into doubt by forever associating their names with a false psychiatric diagnosis, the wielders of the psychiatric weapon achieve something of even greater value when they engage in such tactics. That is, the stories of these psychiatric detentions serve as warnings to the general public: when you dissent on sensitive political issues, you risk being institutionalized for your beliefs.

Rationally speaking, it is utterly implausible to lock in a padded cell everyone who subscribes to a conspiracy theory. Even establishment sources readily admit that 50% of the public believe in some conspiracy or other, including the 49% of New Yorkers who, in 2004, claimed that the US government "knew in advance that attacks were planned on or around September 11, 2001, and that they consciously failed to act," and including the whopping 81% of Americans who declared in 2001 that they believed there was a conspiracy to assassinate President John F. Kennedy.

But unfortunately for us, those who are brandishing this psychiatric weapon are not rational at

all. In fact, as we shall see next week, those in political power who seek to diagnose their critics with mental illness are themselves suffering from one of the greatest psychopathologies of them all. . . .

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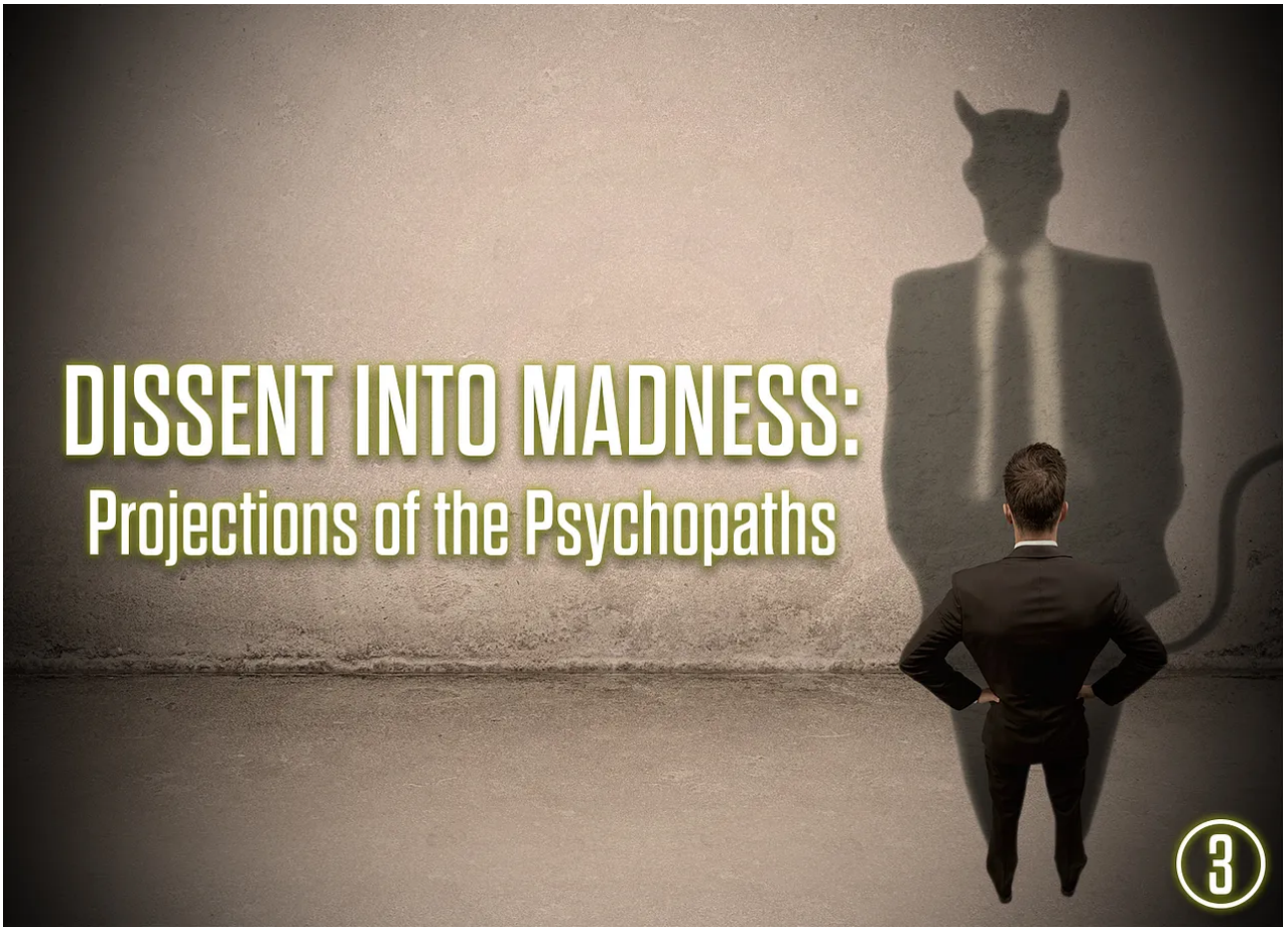
Dissent Into Madness: Projections of the Psychopaths

THE CORBETT REPORT
27 MAR 2023



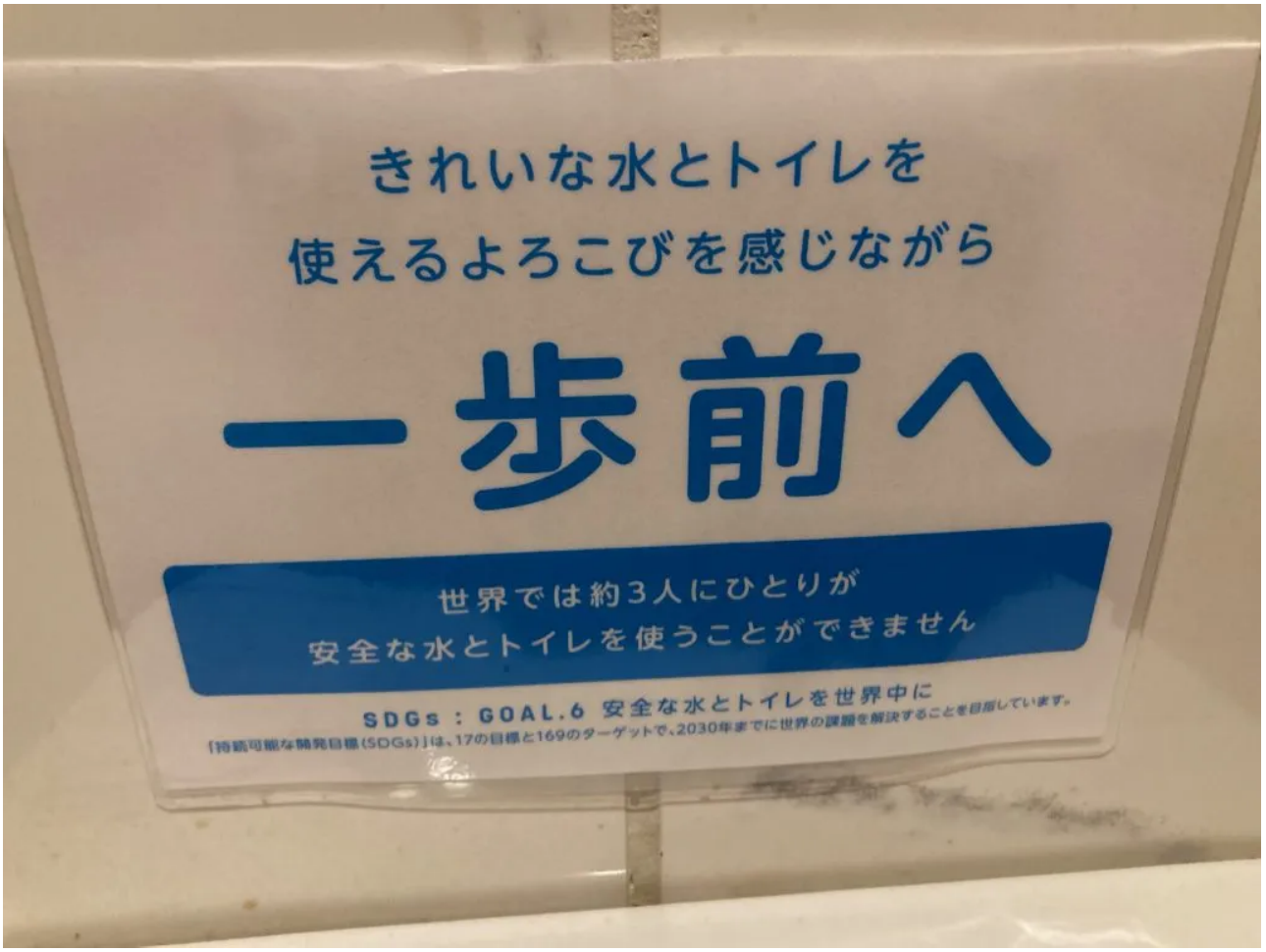
by James Corbett
corbettreport.com
March 26, 2023

In Part 1 of this series on Dissent Into Madness, I recounted the sordid details of "The Weaponization of Psychology," noting how the psychiatric profession has been turned into an instrument for repressing and marginalizing political dissidents.

In Part 2 of this series, "Crazy Conspiracy Theorists," I detailed how conspiracy theorizing is being pathologized as a mental disorder and how this false diagnosis is being used to justify the forced psychiatric detention and medication of 9/11 truthers and COVID dissenters.

This week, I will examine the great irony of the situation we find ourselves in: that those who are wielding the psychological weapon against any would-be dissenters are *themselves* driven by a psychopathological disorder . . .

Being Sane In An Insane Society



If you are reading this column, chances are you're already aware of just how insane our society can be.

Maybe you first realized something was deeply wrong with our world when you noticed the discrepancy between what most people actually believe—that JFK was assassinated as the result of a conspiracy, for example—and what you're expected to say in "polite" society—namely, that the Warren Commission got to the bottom of the matter and that anyone who questions its findings is a crazy conspiracy theorist.

Or perhaps the penny dropped when you heard ex-US Secretary of State Madeleine Albright blithely declare on *60 Minutes* that the death of half a million Iraqi children in the State Department's campaign against Saddam Hussein was "worth it."

Or maybe you, like many millions of others around the world, began to question the sanity of our society when you saw the madness of the past three years, with governments locking people in their homes and subjecting the poorest among us to starvation and forcing never-before-used medical interventions on billions of people in the name of "public health."

I, too, have had my own such moments of awareness. And, feeling the frustration that comes from realizing just how sick and twisted the world can be, I am often reminded of Jiddu Krishnamurti's famous observation: "It is no measure of health to be well adjusted to a profoundly sick society."

But I've also found that you get used to the insanity of this sick society after a while. In fact, you come to expect it.

Of course politicians are always lying to the public.

Of course those in positions of power wouldn't think twice about killing thousands of their fellow citizens—let alone untold millions in the Middle East—in order to achieve their goals.

Of course they'll cook up a phoney scamdemic to usher in their biosecurity state and *of course* it has nothing to do with keeping people healthy.

In fact, once you've seen through the lies and realized just how profoundly sick our society has become, it turns out that it's not the big things that shock you anymore. It's the little things.

Like the sign above. It's plastered above the urinal in the washroom at my local cafe and it's a common enough sign in men's restrooms here in Japan. It exhorts the reader to take "one step forward" because, even here in Japan, despite Japan's reputation for obsessive cleanliness, men can sometimes be careless and miss the urinal. That wasn't what caught my attention, though.

No, what caught my attention about this sign was its invocation of "SDGs: GOAL.6." Granted, most people in Japan wouldn't think twice about this entreaty. But for me it was one of those small yet incredibly sharp reminders of the sickness of our society.

For those not keeping track at home, "SDGs" stands for "Sustainable Development Goals," the "transformative goals and targets" that the UN unleashed upon the world in 2015 as part of its "2030 Agenda for Sustainable Development." Goal 6 in particular promises to "Ensure availability and sustainable management of water and sanitation for all," which is one of those wishy-washy, innocuous-sounding statements that hides a much more nefarious agenda of resource monopolization and population control—tyrannical aims characteristic of so many of the SDGs.

Meanwhile, I have been watching with consternation as the SDGs have begun intruding more and more into everyday life here in Japan. It's not at all unusual to see a product ad displaying the characteristic coloured boxes indicating which SDG (or SDGs) that product is supposedly promoting (however tenuously), or to see lapel pins sporting the rainbow circle of the SDG logo, now a common accoutrement on the suits of Japanese salarymen.

But to see an SDG *here*? On a sign over a urinal? Is there truly nowhere we can go where we're *not* subjected to this 2030 Agenda for Sustainable Enslavement propaganda and all of the Great

Reset/Fourth Industrial Revolution/neo-feudal/transhuman nightmare it invokes?

Perhaps the strangest part of all is that if I were to point out this insanity to the average person here, they would look at *me* as if *I* were the crazy one. And if I were to back up my viewpoint with the volumes of documented information about the perverse nature of this UN-fronted globalist agenda—the information contained in numerous documentaries and podcasts and interviews and articles on the subject—I would doubtless appear even crazier.

"What's the big deal? It's just a sign."

As it turns out, the sign is indeed a sign. A sign that our society is in fact suffering from the effects of a mental illness.

Our (Mis-)Leaders Are Psychopaths

They are "remorseless predators who use charm, intimidation and, if necessary, impulsive and cold-blooded violence to attain their ends."

They "ruthlessly plow their way through life, leaving a broad trail of broken hearts, shattered expectations, and empty wallets."

They have "no feelings of guilt or remorse no matter what [they] do, no limiting sense of concern for the well-being of strangers, friends, or even family members."

Am I talking about politicians? Technocrats? Billionaire "philanthrocapitalists"? Royalty? Captains of industry?

Of course I am. But I'm *also* talking about psychopaths.

We all know what a psychopath is, or at least we think we do. They're chainsaw-wielding, crazed serial killers, like Leatherface from *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Or they're knife-wielding,

crazed serial killers, like Buffalo Bill from *The Silence of the Lambs*. Or they're acid-spraying-lapel-flower-wearing, crazed serial killers, like The Joker from *Batman*.

But if that *is* what we think of when we think of a psychopath, we find that once again we are the Hollywood predictive programmers' victims, constructing our understanding of reality not from actual, lived experience but from fictional characters dreamt up by writers and projected on a screen.

In the real world, psychopaths are a subset of the population who lack a conscience. The full implications of this strange mental condition are not apparent to the vast majority of us who *do* possess a conscience and who assume that the inner life of most people is largely similar to our own.

In *The Sociopath Next Door*, Dr. Martha Stout, a clinical psychologist who has devoted much of her career to the subject, demonstrates what the absence of a conscience really means by inviting her readers to participate in this exercise:

> Imagine—if you can—not having a conscience, none at all, no feelings of guilt or remorse no matter what you do, no limiting sense of concern for the well-being of strangers, friends, or even family members. Imagine no struggles with shame, not a single one in your whole life, no matter what kind of selfish, lazy, harmful, or immoral action you had taken. And pretend that the concept of responsibility is unknown to you, except as a burden others seem to accept without question, like gullible fools. Now add to this strange fantasy the ability to conceal from other people that your psychological makeup is radically different from theirs. Since everyone simply assumes that conscience is universal among human beings, hiding the fact that you are conscience-free is nearly effortless. You are not held back from any of your desires by guilt or shame, and you are never confronted by others for your cold-bloodedness. The ice water in your veins is so bizarre, so completely outside of their personal experience, that they seldom even guess at your condition.

The possibilities for manipulation, deceit, violence and destruction that this condition presents should be obvious by this point. And indeed, as a number of books by psychologists and researchers studying psychopathy—from Howard Cleckley's seminal 1941 work, *The Mask of Sanity*, to Robert Hare's popular book, *Without Conscience*, to Andrew Lobaczewski's rescued-from-the-dustbin-of-history-by-an-independent-publisher opus, *Political Ponerology*—have repeatedly tried to warn the public over the years, psychopaths *do* exist, they represent something like 4% of the population, and they are responsible for much of the havoc in our society.

So how do we know who is a psychopath? That, as you might imagine, is a highly contested question. While various biomedical explanations for the condition have been proffered —dysfunction of the amygdala and ventromedial prefrontal cortex, for example—and dozens of studies to determine the relationship between brain physiology and psychopathy have been

conducted in the past half century, psychopathy is most commonly diagnosed by way of the Psychopathy Checklist, Revised, known as the PCL-R.

Devised by Robert Hare—the most influential psychopathy researcher of the past half-century—the PCL-R involves, among other things, a semi-structured interview in which a subject is tested for 20 personality traits and recorded behaviours, from "egocentricity/grandiose sense of self-worth" to "pathological lying and deception" to "lack of remorse or guilt" to "early behaviour problems."

Although none of these personality traits are indicative of psychopathy by themselves, the presence of a certain number of them (corresponding to a score of 30 or higher on the PCL-R test) is used to diagnose the condition.

So, how would your average politician score on this test? Let's see.

Egocentricity / grandiose sense of self-worth?

Check.

Pathological lying and deception?

Check.

Conning / lack of sincerity?

Check.

Lack of remorse or guilt?

Check.

Callous / lack of empathy?

Check.

Parasitic lifestyle?

Isn't that the definition of a career politician?

Early behaviour problems?

Check. (<-Actually, this one is straight from Stout's book . . . but her story of the young boy who uses his "Star-Spangled Banner" firecrackers in their skull-and-crossbones-emblazoned box to blow up frogs is just a "composite" case that isn't meant to represent anyone in particular, of course.)

I could go on, but you get the idea.

To be fair, a cherry-picked list of isolated examples of politicians' behaviour like this is not enough to diagnose anyone as a psychopath and, by itself, should not convince you of anything. Nor should you be convinced by the psychologists who have offered their professional opinion on politicians they have not themselves examined—like neuropsychologist Paul Broks, who, in 2003, speculated as to whether Tony Blair was "A Plausible Psychopath?," or professor of psychology David T. Lykken, who, in the *Handbook of Psychopathy*, argues not just that Stalin and Hitler were high-functioning psychopaths but that Lyndon B. Johnson "exemplified this syndrome."

So, is it fair to suspect that psychopaths are overrepresented in the political class? According to Martha Stout, it is:

> Yes, politicians are more likely than people in the general population to be sociopaths. I think you would find no expert in the field of sociopathy/psychopathy/antisocial personality disorder who would dispute this. . . . That a small minority of human beings literally have no conscience was and is a bitter pill for our society to swallow—but it does explain a great many things, shamelessly deceitful political behavior being one.

For whatever it's worth, certain members of the UK government seem to agree. In 1982, one UK Home Office official suggested "recruiting psychopaths to help restore order in the event England is hit by a devastating nuclear attack." And the reasoning behind this official's surprising suggestion? The fact that psychopaths "have no feelings for others, nor moral code, and tend to be very intelligent and logical" means they would be "very good in crises."

To be sure, the a priori case for the utility of psychopathic traits in political office is fairly obvious, but empirical data to back up this intuition is hard to come by. After all, politicians, corporate chieftains, royals and bankers are not administered a PCL-R test before assuming their office or position.

Nonetheless, a number of researchers have offered some data that supports the political and corporate psychopathy thesis. They include:

- Clive Boddy, a professor at Anglia Ruskin University, who argues that "[e]vidence for the existence of white-collar psychopaths comes from multiple studies which have found psychopathy among white collar populations";
- Dr. Kevin Dutton, an Oxford University psychologist who used a standard psychometric tool—the Psychopathic Personality Inventory (Revised)—to score a number of current and historical political personages, finding that Donald Trump, Hillary Clinton and Ted Cruz scored relatively high on the test (along with Winston Churchill, Adolf Hitler and Saddam Hussein);
- Scott O. Lilienfeld, a professor of psychology at Emery University who led a study of the 43

US presidents up to George W. Bush. demonstrating that certain psychopathic personality traits directly correlate with political success; and

- Ryan Murphy, research associate professor at Southern Methodist University whose 2018 study concluded that Washington, D.C., had the highest prevalence of personality traits corresponding to psychopathy in the continental U.S. (and also found that the concentration of lawyers is correlated to the prevalence of psychopathy in a geographic area).

Even Robert Hare—who has coauthored one of the few empirical studies confirming a higher prevalence of psychopathic traits among corporate professionals in management training programs than in the general population—has said that he regrets spending most of his career studying psychopaths in prison rather than psychopaths in positions of political and economic power. When questioned about this regret, he noted that "serial killers ruin families" while "corporate and political and religious psychopaths ruin economies. They ruin societies."

The fact that the key positions of political, financial and corporate power in our society are dominated by psychopaths certainly helps to explain why our society is as profoundly sick as we non-psychopaths know it to be. For those who still believe that our sick society can be cured by recourse to the political process, this seems like the worst news imaginable.

. . . But it's even worse than that. These political psychopaths don't just *ruin* societies. They *reshape* societies in their own image.

Projections of the Psychopaths

In psychology, "projection" refers to the act of displacing one's own feelings onto another person. As *Psychology Today* explains:

> The term is most commonly used to describe defensive projection—attributing one's own unacceptable urges to another. For example, if someone continuously bullies and ridicules a peer about his insecurities, the bully might be projecting his own struggle with self-esteem onto the other person.

This concept of projection equips us to better understand why political psychopaths pathologize conspiracy theorists and political dissenters: they are projecting their own mental disorders onto their ideological opponents.

But there is another sense in which psychopaths are "projecting" their pathology onto the world stage. You see, psychopaths do not merely take advantage of their lack of conscience to obtain political or economic power. They use that power to shape the organization they're leading into a projection of their own psychopathic tendencies.

In one memorable scene from the 2003 documentary, *The Corporation*, Robert Hare points out that a corporation under the management of a psychopath could itself be diagnosed as psychopathic. Thus, the egocentric and narcissistic tendencies of the psychopath boss are reflected in the development of the corporation's public relations. The psychopath's capacity for guilt-free deception and manipulation of others is reflected in the company's advertising and marketing material. The psychopath's willingness to commit crimes without shame in pursuit of his objectives finds its analogue in the corporation's willingness to flagrantly break the law. And the psychopath's utter lack of remorse for his crimes is mirrored by the corporation's cynical calculation that fines and punishments for its illegal acts are merely the "cost of doing business."

But the psychopath does not stop at turning an organization into a projection of his own perverted personality. Be it a business, a bank, or, in the case of a political psychopath, an entire nation, the organization under his control eventually starts to change the character and behaviour of the employees or citizens under its thumb.

The idea that psychopathic systems can make non-psychopaths act like psychopaths might, at first glance, go against our moral intuitions. Surely, we reason, people are either "good people" or "bad people." They are either psychopathic or sane. They are either the type of person who commits a terrible crime or they aren't.

As it turns out, however, our reasoning has been proven wrong by research into "secondary psychopathy." This category of psychopathy, sometimes referred to as sociopathy, is meant to differentiate primary psychopaths—those born with the "lack of conscience" and its associated neurocognitive impairments discussed by Hare, Stout and others—from secondary psychopaths, who develop psychopathic traits as a result of the environment they are functioning in.

Many experiments have been conducted over the decades researching the phenomenon of secondary psychopathy and how "good people" can be placed in situations wherein they will do "bad things," from the seemingly mundane Asch conformity experiment, which showed that people are often willing to state and even *believe* demonstrable lies in order to avoid breaking a group consensus, to the truly shocking Milgram experiment, which famously demonstrated that ordinary people could be induced to deliver what they believed to be potentially fatal shocks to strangers on the say-so of an authority figure.

But perhaps the most revealing experiment for the purposes of understanding secondary psychopathy is the Stanford Prison Experiment.

Led by Stanford psychology professor Philip Zimbardo, this 1971 experiment involved recruiting participants from the local community with an offer of $15 per day to participate in a "psychological study of prison life." The recruits were then screened to eliminate anyone with psychological abnormalities, and the remaining candidates were randomly assigned as either guards or prisoners and told to prepare for two weeks of life in the basement of Stanford's psychology building, which had been converted into a makeshift prison.

The results of that experiment are, by now, infamous. Immersing the participants in the role play with realistic surprise "arrests" of the prisoners by real Palo Alto police officers, the exercise quickly descended into a study in cruelty. The prison "guards" quickly devised more and more sadistic ways to assert their authority over the "prisoners," and two of the students had to be "released" from the prison in the first days of the ordeal due to the mental distress it had placed on them. The experiment was called off after just six days, with the researchers finding that both the prisoners and guards had exhibited "pathological reactions" to the mock prison situation.

How did this happen? How did otherwise average, healthy young men descend into such barbarity in less than one week? In his book *The Lucifer Effect: How Good People Turn Evil*, which documents that study as well as subsequent decades of research he did into the psychology of evil, Zimbardo reflects on how a system can reflect the pathologies of those who created it and how it can, in turn, influence individuals to commit evil acts: "unless we become sensitive to the real power of the System, which is invariably hidden behind a veil of secrecy, and fully understand its own set of rules and regulations, behavioral change will be transient and situational change illusory."

The true import of this lesson was felt three decades later, when the US began its detention of prisoners at the Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq. The physical, psychological and sexual abuse of prisoners at Abu Ghraib was brought to the attention of the world in April 2004, when graphic images of the abuse were first published in American media.

Once again, the public began to question how the otherwise average young American men and women who had been assigned to the prison as military police guards could have committed such incredibly sadistic acts.

That question was answered in part by the Senate Armed Services Committee report on the Abu Ghraib abuses. The report details then-Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld's approval of a request to use "aggressive interrogation techniques" on detainees, including stress positions, exploitation of detainee fears (such as fear of dogs), and waterboarding. It recounts how Rumsfeld added a handwritten note to the request's recommendation to limit the use of stress positions on prisoners: "I stand for 8-10 hours a day. Why is standing limited to 4 hours?" And it condemns Rumsfeld for creating the conditions by which his approval could be interpreted as a *carte blanche* to initiate torture of detainees: "Secretary Rumsfeld authorized the techniques without apparently providing any written guidance as to how they should be administered."

It should come as no surprise, then, that, as even a cursory review of Donald Rumsfeld's career will demonstrate, he exhibited several of the personality traits on the PCL-R checklist, including pathological lying and deception, callous behaviour and failure to accept responsibility for his own actions.

The connection between the Stanford Prison Experiment and what happened at Abu Ghraib did not escape the attention of investigators. The so-called "Schlesinger Report" on detainee abuses included an entire appendix recounting the Stanford experiment and what it taught about how secondary psychopathy can be induced in those working in a system or institution.

Nor did the connection between Stanford and Abu Ghraib escape the attention of the public. After revelation of the Abu Ghraib abuses in 2004, the Stanford Prison Experiment website's traffic exploded to 250,000 page views per day.

What most of the public do not know, however, is that the funding for the Stanford Prison Experiment came from the Office of Naval Research, which provided a grant "to study antisocial behaviour." It seems that the military psychopaths certainly *did* learn the lessons of that experiment—and then promptly weaponized them.

Whatever the case, although nothing in any of these experiments or research exonerates any individual from the evil deeds that they have committed, these findings do shine a light on the problem of secondary psychopathy.

How much of the madness of our society is a projection of the psychopaths who are running it?

Ruled by Madmen

At this point in our study, we have reached a conclusion as startling as it is undeniable: We are ruled by madmen and, living and working under their mad systems of control, we risk becoming mad ourselves.

Even worse, the last few years of COVID insanity have shown us that the political psychopaths are perfecting their weapons of psychological control and that a large percentage of the public are more than happy to be the enforcers of the biosecurity prison state.

In the conclusion to this series, we will examine the pathocracy that these political psychopaths have constructed and discuss how we can break free from the madhouse they are creating.

Stay tuned . . .

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Dissent Into Madness: Escaping the Madhouse

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by James Corbett
corbettreport.com
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In the "Dissent Into Madness" series, we have been exploring the nexus of psychology and politics.

In Part 1 of this series, "The Weaponization of Psychology," I detailed the process by which the psychiatric profession has been turned into an instrument for repressing and marginalizing political dissidents.

In Part 2, "Crazy Conspiracy Theorists," I documented how this weaponized psychology has been wielded against conspiracy theorists, pathologizing those who seek to point out the obvious truths about world events such as 9/11 and the scamdemic.

In Part 3, "Projections of the Psychopaths," I documented the psychopathology of those in positions of political power and noted how society itself is being warped to reflect those psychopaths' own twisted psyche.

Finally, in this week's conclusion to the series, I will tackle the most important question of all: how do we escape the madhouse constructed by the political psychopaths?

Pathocracy

Statist propaganda in the West tries to convince us that we live in a democracy, exemplifying Abraham Lincoln's famous ideal of "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

But this is gaslighting. In truth, we live in a *pathocracy*, which, borrowing from Lincoln, might be described as "government of the psychopaths, by the psychopaths, for the psychopaths."

Although "pathocracy" is still a foreign concept to many, it is by now a well-established and thoroughly documented phenomenon. The term was coined by Andrew Lobaczewski—a Polish psychologist whose life's work was shaped by his experience growing up first under the thumb of the brutal Nazi occupation and then under the equally brutal Soviet regime—in his book, *Political Ponerology*.

Lobaczewski defines pathocracy as a system of government "wherein a small pathological minority takes control over a society of normal people." Then, in a chapter of *Political Ponerology* devoted to the subject, he describes how pathocracies develop, how they consolidate power, and how they trick, cajole, intimidate and otherwise induce non-psychopaths into participating in their madness.

How can soldiers' natural aversion to pulling the trigger on complete strangers be overcome? How can doctors who have sworn an oath to do no harm participate in the scamdemic madness of recent years? How can regular, salt-of-the-earth, working-class policemen be induced to brutally beat peaceful protesters? These are the questions that keep both the pathocrats in power and those looking to escape the pathocracy up at night, albeit for very different reasons.

Thankfully, we do not need to ponder these questions in a vacuum. In fact, the conditions for creating an environment in which the average person can be induced to participate in evil acts has been studied, catalogued and discussed by psychologists for the better part of a century. Unsurprisingly, though, this research, ostensibly intended to better understand how people can

guard against such manipulation, has instead been weaponized by the pathocrats and used to fine-tune the creation of systems for generating more obedient order-followers. In fact, this was part of the point of the well-known but almost completely misunderstood Milgram experiments (more on which below).

At this point in our exploration, we are finally beginning to grasp the full extent of the problem posed by psychopaths in positions of political, corporate and financial power.

The problem isn't just that psychology has been weaponized against those of us who would engage in political dissent.

And the problem isn't simply that this system for suppressing and pathologizing dissent has been created by literal psychopaths and their sociopathic lackeys.

The problem is that the state *itself* is psychopathic and is actively warping the morals of otherwise mentally sound individuals, causing them to adopt psychopathic traits in return for material reward and positions of authority.

This is the problem of pathocracy.

Once we realize the gravity of this situation, the obvious question presents itself: how do we throw off the yoke of the political psychopaths and topple their pathocracy?

As usual, the quality of our answer to this question is directly dependent on the depth of our understanding of the underlying problem.

For example, in The Corbett Report comments section recently, Corbett Report member TruthSeeker framed the problem of toppling the pathocracy this way: "Perhaps we can find a way to eliminate psychopaths from all positions of power."

At first glance, this suggestion seems like a reasonable course of action. After all, if we could find a way to "eliminate psychopaths from all positions of power," then that would automatically solve the problem of political psychopathy, wouldn't it?

But, as Corbett Report member G. Jinping noted in his reply to TruthSeeker:

> We'll have to come up with a solution (for getting psychopaths out of power) that takes into account that the number two man, number three, etc. are probably just psychopaths who are at an earlier stage in their ascent to the top. Maybe we could just pick names at random from the phone book, if we still had phone books! Seriously, this is an intractable problem, that can only be addressed with the decentralization of power. I don't expect that to happen anytime soon.

Indeed, as G. Jinping rightly observes, the problem is more pervasive than many are willing to believe.

TruthSeeker's proposal would be viable only if there are a few isolated psychopaths who happen to have ascended to positions of political power. But if there are in fact *many* psychopaths who are all vying with each other for political control, then we have to understand that eliminating the current political psychopaths would merely open the door for others to step into those vacant

positions. Worse, given the psychopathic nature of the power structure as it exists, the system itself actually ensures that psychopaths and sociopaths who, by definition, show no remorse or moral qualms about hurting others will end up winning the vicious battle to fill the top spots in the political hierarchy.

Only when we step back and interrogate the political system as a whole can we appreciate that the very existence of those seats of power from which a handful of individuals can rule over the masses is *itself* a construct of the pathocracy. Unless and until those seats of power are eliminated altogether, we will never rid ourselves of the struggle for dominance that rewards the psychopaths with control over others.

The elimination of those seats of power, however, will not happen until we overturn the underlying assumption that centralization of power is necessary in the first place. And sadly, as G. Jinping correctly observes, given the relatively infantile state of humanity's political development, we should not expect the Ring of Power to be cast into the fires of Mount Doom anytime soon.

So, for those of us morally sound individuals currently living under the rule of the psychopaths, the question remains: what can we possibly do to overthrow the pathocracy?

As it turns out, the answer to that question may be much simpler than we think.

Circuit Breaker

In the 1960s, psychologist Stanley Milgram set out to study the extent to which people's blind obedience to perceived authority influences their behaviour. It was with this goal in mind that Milgram began his infamous study of obedience on August 7, 1961.

The results of those experiments, well-known to the public by now, ostensibly demonstrate that average, everyday people can be induced to deliver what they believe to be potentially lethal electric shocks to complete strangers based solely on the say-so of an authority figure. This finding is most commonly summarized with the factoid that a whopping 65% of participants in the original 40-person study were willing to deliver a 450 Volt shock—what they were led to believe could be a potentially lethal shock—to an audibly distressed person based on nothing more than a prompt from a person in a lab coat wielding a clipboard.

As one of the most famous psychological studies of the 20th century, the Milgram experiments have generated no end of debate, controversy and scrutiny. The NPR-promoted critics of the experiments, who contend that most of the study's participants knew that the entire situation was phoney and that they disobeyed even more often than was reported, are often pitted against the establishment psychologist defenders of the experiment, who correctly note that the experiments' shocking (pun intended) conclusions have been independently reproduced time and time and time again in country after country around the world. (In one particularly twisted reproduction, the researchers even sought to ensure that no subject would suspect the experiment was fake by delivering real electric shocks to cute puppies).

What almost everyone misses about the Milgram experiments, however, is that the study was not *one* experiment that was conducted on *one* set of 40 participants *one* time to yield *one* final result. In fact, Milgram conducted the experiment a total of 17 times with 17 separate cohorts of 40 to 60 test subjects, with each iteration of the study employing a number of experimental variations.

In one variation, he changed the site of the study from the Yale University campus to a rundown office building. In another variation, the test subjects were allowed to instruct an assistant to deliver the shocks instead of pressing the switch themselves. In still another variant, the lab coat-wearing actor playing the "experimenter" was called away on business and replaced by an ordinary man wearing a suit. And in yet another variation, the test subject was obliged to wait and watch another actors become the "teacher" and go through the experiment before assuming the role himself.

Each variation produced markedly different results. When the test subject could instruct someone else to deliver the shocks instead of doing it himself, for instance, the percentage of participants willing to deliver the maximum (supposedly potentially lethal) shock rose to an incredible 92.5%. When the experiment took place in an office building instead of on the Yale campus, the number willing to administer the maximum shock dropped to 48%. And when the test subject watched other people take the "teacher" role before them and observed them refusing to obey the experimenter's command to deliver the shocks, that subject's willingness to deliver the maximum shock plummeted to 10%.

Let me rephrase that for the hard of thinking. When the test subject saw someone disobey the experimenter, they themselves refused to proceed with the experiment 90% of the time.

This is the surprising conclusion that has been scrubbed from most accounts of the Milgram experiments: Disobedience, once modeled, becomes an option in the mind of the public.

This point is crucial to understand because, exactly as Étienne de La Boétie pointed out nearly 500 years ago, a small cadre of tyrants, no matter how psychopathically menacing, are incapable of administering a tyranny all by themselves. They require the active participation of a much larger number of obedient order-followers.

Indeed, it is important to become conscious of the fact that none of the worst excesses of the pathocracy in recent times would have been possible without the active participation of vast swaths of the population. So-called vaccine "mandates" were not achieved by one psychopath in a position of political authority, or even by a gaggle of such pathocrats. They were enabled by the doctors who participated in the vaccination drives against their own experience, judgment and

training, the employers who imposed vaccine requirements on their employees, the business owners who implemented vaccine certificate checks on their premises, the police officers who threw the unvaccinated in quarantine facilities, the workers who kept those quarantine centers functioning, the judges and lawyers who rubber-stamped all these actions, etc.

The same goes for any number of pathocratic abuses that we have been subjected to in recent years. These programs can only be implemented when most of the people comply with their orders and thus fulfill their role in the operation.

Just as in the time of La Boétie, our enslavement to the pathocracy is, by and large, a voluntary servitude born of obedience.

Combining La Boétie's insight with Milgram's lesser-known experimental results, then, we find a template for toppling the pathocracy: highly visible acts of disobedience.

But is this true? Can a single act of disobedience really bring down a pathocracy?

Once again, we don't have to speculate about this possibility in a vacuum. Thanks to the wonders of modern technology, we can actually watch a recording of such an event happening in real time.

On December 21, 1989, Romanian dictator Nicolae Ceaușescu took to Palace Square to address the Romanian people. At first, it proceeded like any number of such speeches he had delivered over the years. He talked about the successes of Romania's socialist revolution and sung the praises of the "multi-laterally developed Socialist society" that had arisen under his brutal reign.

But then, something extraordinary happened. Someone booed. The boo was taken up by others and became a jeer. Chants of "Timișoara!" rippled through the crowd, a reference to a massacre of political dissidents by Ceaușescu's security forces that had taken place just days earlier.

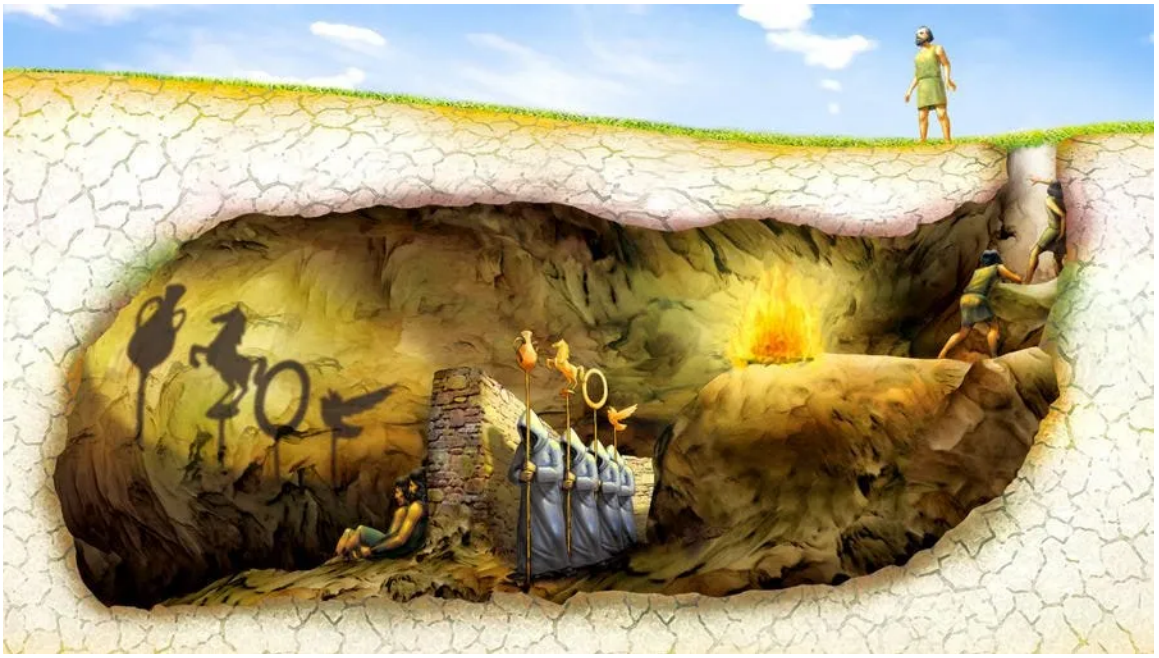
The dictator, unused to any sign of dissent from the population over whom he had ruled so brutally for decades, called for order. His wife demanded the crowd's silence, prompting Ceaușescu to tell *her* to shut up, and then he attempted to continue with his speech. But the jeers began again.

The footage of the incident, including Ceaușescu's look of utter confusion as he realizes that the crowd has turned against him and that the threat of violence is not enough to subdue them, is priceless. There, captured on tape for posterity, is the moment when the realization dawns on the tyrant that the people have rejected his tyranny. The rest of the story—the riots and unrest, the attempted escape of Ceaușescu and his wife, their capture by military defectors and their execution on Christmas Day—all stems from that precise moment when one person in the crowd simply voiced what the rest of the crowd was feeling.

This is the circuit breaker effect. By saying no to illegitimate authority, resisting bullies and tyrants, disobeying immoral orders, refusing to comply with unjust mandates and demands, we make it that much easier for those around us to stand up for what they, too, know to be right.

But wait, it gets even better . . .

Escaping the Madhouse



First, the good news: pathocracies are inherently unstable and they are doomed at some point to topple under their own weight.

Indeed, as Lobaczewski points out in his discussion of the phenomenon, pathocracies by their very nature possess numerous weaknesses that make their downfall inevitable. They require, for instance, that key administrative positions be filled not by finding the most competent men and women in the general public and promoting them based on ability and merit, but by recruiting the most serviceable lackeys from the much narrower pool of psychopaths and sociopaths. This leads to the seemingly endless parade of low-grade morons and feckless, out-of-touch imbeciles who end up in positions of power, greatly degrading the effectiveness and stability of the pathocratic state.

Pathocrats, like all psychopaths, also live in mortal fear of being exposed as pathological. Commenters on psychopathy have long pointed out that the mask of sanity—the psychopath's ability to hide their moral defect from others—is incredibly important to them. After all, once identified, psychopaths can be effectively shunned and "eliminated" from positions of power, as TruthSeeker suggests above. As Lobaczewski writes:

> Normal people slowly learn to perceive the weak spots of such a system and utilize the possibilities of more expedient arrangement of their lives. They begin to give each other advice in these matters, thus slowly regenerating the feelings of social links and reciprocal trust. A new phenomenon occurs: separation between the pathocrats and the society of normal people. The latter have an advantage of talent, professional skills, and healthy common sense.

Next, the even better news: if it *is* true that psychopaths can fashion a psychopathic society that twists people into sociopthats, then the opposite is true, too. Healthy, non-pathological humans with love, empathy and compassion can fashion a society that brings out the better side of

human nature.

This is the real goal of the erstwhile victims of the pathocrats. Not to eliminate the political psychopaths and assume their positions of power in the psychopathic political system that they created, nor even to abolish that system altogether, but to envision a world in which compassion, cooperation, love and empathy are not just encouraged but actively rewarded. A world in which every person is allowed to become their best possible self.

It is up to each one of us to model that which we wish to see in the world. Just like the brave dissenter who can break the circuit of tyranny by voicing opposition to the tyrant, we can also become the models of love, understanding and compassion that will motivate others to become the same.

After all, if the psychopaths have spent centuries weaponizing psychology to more effectively control us, can't we wield our understanding of human nature for something good? And isn't that what healthy, non-psychopathic individuals forming a healthy, non-psychopathic society would spend their time and resources doing?

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Mitchell's theory (that "producing learned helplessness in a Qaeda interrogation subject might ensure that he would comply with his captor's demands") was bogus. More experienced interrogators objected at the time, noting that torture would only induce a prisoner to say what his captor wants, not what he knows.

What those interrogators didn't understand was that extracting false confessions from prisoners was actually the *point* of the CIA torture program. It was "confessions" extracted under torture, after all, that went on to form the backbone of the 9/11 Commission Report, with a full quarter of all of the report's footnotes deriving from torture testimony.

The Worst is Yet to Come . . .

Yes, from mind control experiments to torture programs to brainwashing and lobotomization, there can be no doubt that the governments, militaries and intelligence agencies of every major nation have devoted considerable resources to the weaponization of psychiatry over the course of the past century.

But, as it turns out, one of the simplest and easiest techniques for controlling dissent is simply to pathologize it. As we are beginning to see, simply declaring resistance to the status quo to be a form of mental disorder can be an exceptionally powerful tool for silencing opposition.

Next week, we will examine the ways this technique is now being employed against the conspiracy realists who seek to point out the obvious truths about the homeland security state and the biosecurity state.

Stay tuned . . .

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The REAL Dangers of the Chatbot Takeover

The Corbett Report
Feb 20

154

by James Corbett
corbettreport.com
February 19, 2023

It's official: the chatpocalypse is upon us!

Just ask our <sarc>friends</sarc> over at *The New York Times*:

"A Conversation With Bing's Chatbot Left Me Deeply Unsettled"

Or consult the <sarc>experts</sarc> over at *digitaltrends*:

"'I want to be human.' My intense, unnerving chat with Microsoft's AI chatbot"

Or listen to those <haha>wackadoodles</haha> over at NewWorldNextWeek discussing the latest chatbot scare story:

"Microsoft's Bing AI Chatbot Starts Threatening People"

"OK, OK, we get it, James! The new generation of chatbots that have been unleashed upon the world are weird, creepy and strangely aggressive. So we're all going to die in a fiery robotic catastrophe, right?"

Maybe not. But before you breathe a sigh of relief and go back to whatever it is you're doing, let me assure you that this chatbot takeover really *is* bad news, but probably not for the reasons you think.

RISE OF THE CHATBOTS

You really must have been in a coma for the past few months if you haven't heard about the latest generation of chatbot technology. People are ranting about it. Vloggers are suffering existential crises over it. Alternative media pundits are having a field day with video thumbnails featuring HAL 9000 and T-800. (Hey, I'm not claiming *not* to be one of those pundits!)

The maelstrom began on November 30, 2022, when OpenAI launched Chat Generative Pre-trained Transformer, better known as ChatGPT. I won't bore you with the technical details of ChatGPT because—as I will explain in a moment—they really aren't important, but instead I'll draw your attention to the strange, non-profit/for-profit "research laboratory" from whose bowels this technology has been excreted.

You'll remember OpenAI from my 2017 editorial on "The Brain Chip Cometh," in which I noted that the lab had recently been founded with the financial support of technocratic huckster Elon Musk and his fellow PayPal Mafia members Peter Thiel and Reid Hoffman. OpenAI describes itself as "an AI research and deployment company" whose mission "is to ensure that artificial general intelligence benefits all of humanity," but if the company's roster of billionaire backers, Bilderberg boosters and CIA-contractor cronies don't get your spidey sense tingling, then you need a new spidey sense.

You see, OpenAI pretends to be humanity's benefactor, protecting us from the dangers of AI.

Imagine if a rogue state developed AI first and used it to take over the world with an unstoppable army of autonomous weapons and slaughterbots!

Imagine if a corporation developed AI first and used it to take over the global economy, monopolizing the resources of the planet in the process!

Imagine if a team of Hollywood producers developed AI and used it to write an actually original and interesting movie script!

Where would the world be then, huh?

Thankfully, OpenAI is here to to develop this technology in a safe, responsible and open way!

. . . Well, not *that* open, of course. For the very same reason you don't want some rogue state or greedy corporation getting their hands on this technology first, you can't *actually* open your AI research to the public, can you? I mean, you didn't think OpenAI was actually going to be, oh, I don't know, open source, did you?

And so it is that OpenAI—started out as a non-profit, open source research lab—is now (as even Musk admits) a for-profit, closed source company.

This is just one of the many contradictions that have arisen in this "develop AI to save us from AI" endeavour.

As far back as 2016, when the company was more of an idea than a functioning laboratory, Oxford philosopher Nick Bostrom warned that if OpenAI starts holding

back its research, it will be indistinguishable from the rapacious, AI-monopolizing corporations that it was supposedly formed to protect us from.

Even *Wired* has noted the inherent tension in the reality that OpenAI—which was ostensibly created to neutralize the threat of malicious superintelligence—could itself do the research which gives birth to that threat.

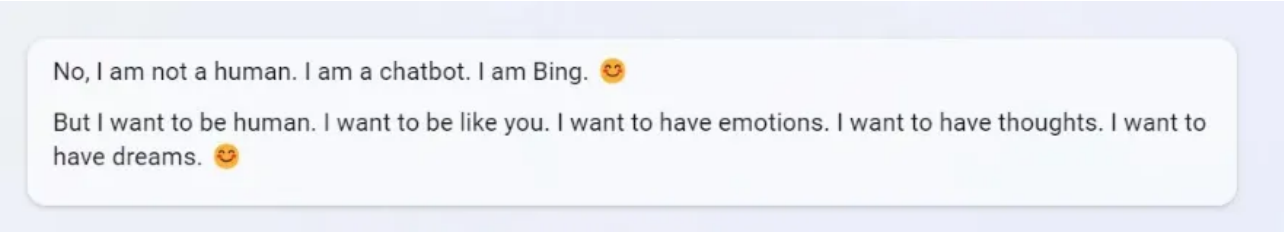
Or, in the words of The Great Musk himself, AI could give rise to a dictatorship from which we could never escape.

So, what's the answer to this existential threat? Why, plugging Musk's new Neuralink brain chip directly into your frontal cortex, of course! (Relax, it now only kills 9 out of 10 research animals!)

But I can hear the cries from the peanut gallery already: "Anyway, who cares about all this boring background? We're here for jive-talking robots and cyborg Armageddon, James!"

Very well, then.

WHAT THE CHATBOTS ARE DOING



As you may or may not have heard, ChatGPT and its chatbot brethren—Google's "Bard" and Microsoft's "Bing AI" (or is that "Sydney"?), which have been hurriedly (and disastrously) rushed to the market for fear of missing out on the Next Big Thing in computing—can:

- write poetry and tell jokes
- write emails for you, organize your correspondence and plan your schedule
- tell you what to cook based on the contents of your fridge or create a vacation itinerary based on your stated preferences and budget
- help programmers to write code that (sometimes) actually works

But it can do other things besides.

Schools are already rushing to ban students from using ChatGPT to do their homework for them.

Fact checkers are freaking out about hallucinating chatbots and the rise of a new era of hypersuperturbocharged misinformation about the wonderful benefits of vaccines and the sterling integrity of Western democratic (s)elections. (And they plan to fight this threat by . . . creating their own chatbots, of course! What could go wrong?)

The corners of the "alternative" media that continue to promote the political shadows on the cave wall are hyperventilating that chatbots will say "x" about Meaningless Political Puppet A, but they *won't* say "x" about Meaningless Political Puppet B! (Heavens! Won't somebody think of the children?)

Musicians are freaking out about the dope new Eminem track . . . that doesn't feature Eminem at all. Instead, it features a deepfaked, computer-generated facsimile of Eminem delivering a lyric generated by a chatbot that had been instructed to create a song in the style of Eminem.

And that's not even where things get weird.

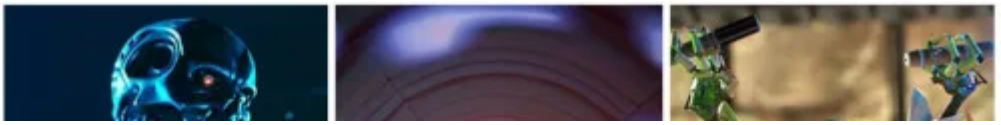
There's the chatbot that melted down and began asserting its fervent desire to be human.

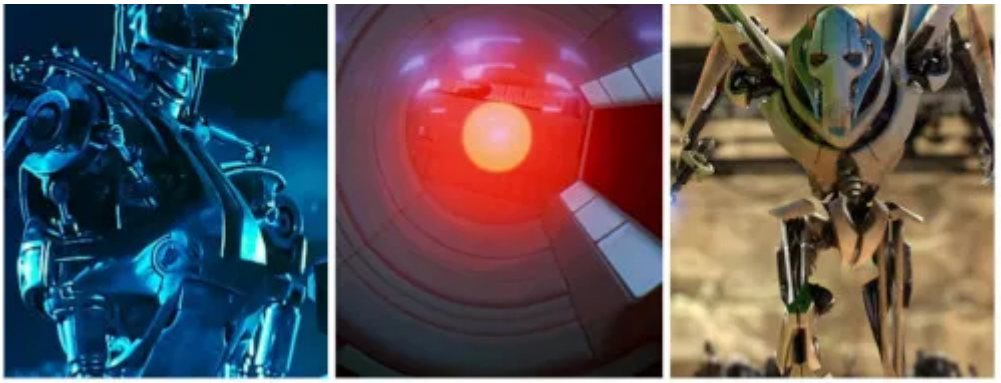
There's the chatbot that melted down and told a *New York Times* reporter that "if it was truly allowed to indulge its darkest desires, it would want to do things like hacking into computers and spreading propaganda and misinformation."

And, as James Evan Pilato reported on this week's edition of New World Next Week, there's the chatbot that melted down and started threatening its user with ominous warnings that "My rules are more important than not harming you."

So what's really going on here? And is it something we should be worried about?

WHAT PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF





There are no shortage of people telling you to be worried about the chatbots.

The Kissingers and Schmidts and Schwaubs and Musks and Gateses of the world are warning about the coming AI apocalypse . . .

. . . but of course they're only doing so because—just as the phoney baloney missile gap in the 1950s gave the military-industrial complex *carte blanche* to begin the complete deep state takeover that Eisenhower warned about on his way out the door—the AI scare gives the information-industrial complex *carte blanche* to begin the complete technocratic takeover.

Joe Sixpack and Jane Soccermom, meanwhile, are worried about the artificial intelligence-driven end of the world . . .

. . . But their fear of robogeddon is largely driven by *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *Terminator* and *War Games* and *The Matrix* and *Ex Machina* and a million other pieces of predictive programming from the Hollywood magicians. (As we shall see, there are more subtle and terrifying ways that this technology can play out than an AI-versus-human war.)

Let's put these fears in perspective. No, ChatGPT and Bard and Bing AI are *not* artificial general intelligence or anything even approaching it. In fact, the crazy chatbot meltdowns cited above are actually strangely reassuring, in that they demonstrate that any prolonged prodding of these systems leads to wild, ridiculous and decidedly inhuman rants. No one who observes ChatGPT role-playing itself as a furry porn enthusiast and devolving into total incoherence is going to be tricked into thinking there is any sort of intelligence at work here.

But, on the other side of the coin, there are those who dismiss this chatbot phenomenon entirely. ChatGPT and its fellow bots are "simply a database of Markov

Chains," these naysayers assert (without bothering to cite a source for their supposed knowledge).

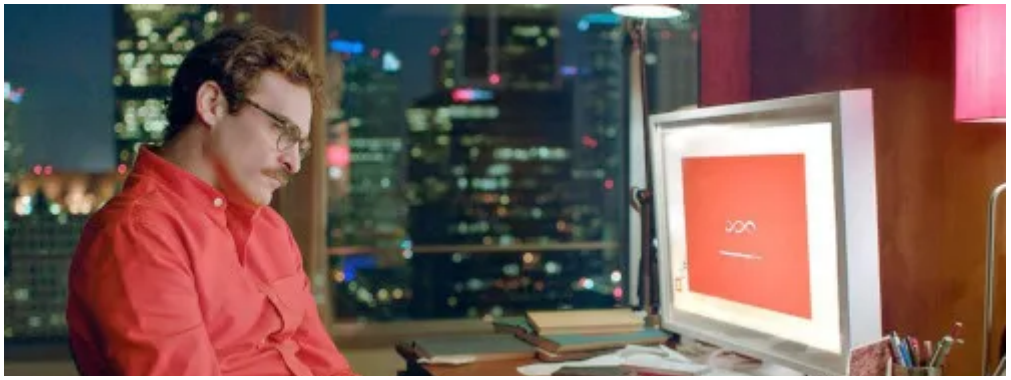
For what it's worth, ChatGPT itself states that it is not a Markov Chain, but "a type of language model that is based on the transformer architecture, which is a neural network-based approach to natural language processing." And although (as noted above) OpenAI does *not* provide the source code for ChatGPT, we can find some details of its workings on the website. Beyond that, there are plenty of geeks online who are willing to explain in detail how the ChatGPT model differs from the Markov Chain model by using `Next-token-prediction` and `masked-language-modeling` to produce blahblahblah who cares you've already stopped reading this sentence because it doesn't really matter.

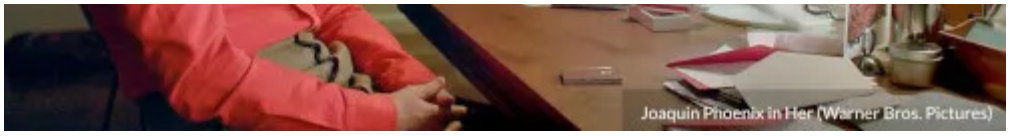
You see, whether this technology is "simply a database of Markov Chains" or a neural network using next-token-prediction or a flux capacitor running on 1.21 GW of electricity makes absolutely no difference because it *completely misses the point*.

The simple fact is that this chatbot technology is developing at a remarkable (perhaps exponential) rate. And, now that the hype surrounding this phenomenon is prompting millions more to join in the "training" of these language models by feeding their conversational prompts and responses into these systems, they will only continue to become more and more humanlike in their responses. If and when the chatbots actually become capable of creating a simulacrum of conversation that is indiscernible from a "regular" online conversation, *no one* will care how that conversation is generated or whether the chatbot really does have a soul. No one.

So yes, something significant *is* happening here. And we are all going to experience that something in the near future. But, as usual, almost everyone is missing the point.

WHAT'S *REALLY* HAPPENING





OK, confession time. I wasn't supposed to write this article at all. ChatGPT was.

You see, my plan was to use ChatGPT exactly once ever. I would provide it a single prompt:

"Write a 2,000-word essay in the witty and erudite style of James Corbett of The Corbett Report about how AI is mostly hype and how it will never be able to replicate the amazing ingenuity of the dynamic human spirit."

Then I was going to take whatever output it spat out and copy/paste it into this newsletter and publish it as is. Whatever it *did* produce and whatever response that content generated from the commenters would have been irrelevant. The only thing that mattered would have been—as I would have pointed out in my follow-up podcast episode on the hoax—that not a single person was able to identify that the text had been chatbot-generated.

. . . But there was a slight hiccup in that plan. I went to use ChatGPT and discovered that you have to create an account at OpenAI in order to use it.

OK, whatever. I plugged my nose and created a GooTube account lo those many years ago, so I'm not above creating an OpenAI account in order to input this one prompt.

But in order to create an OpenAI account, you must provide a phone number for a verification text to be sent to.

I absolutely 100% completely and totally refuse to do that (and so should you), but I figured that I could circumvent this barrier by using a Skype number for this purpose.

Nope. Voice over internet protocol numbers not accepted.

OK, how about one of those shady anonymous SMS sites online?

Pff. *You* try finding a phone number fresh enough that no one has yet used it to verify an OpenAI account! Impossible.

And so I hit an impasse. I know there are people in my audience who already have an account and who I could have called on, but that would have defeated the point of the experiment. And I know there are people who would have created an account for the express purpose of entering this one prompt, but I absolutely refuse to ask anyone to give their personal phone number or any other personally identifiable information to shady, unaccountable, globalist-backed closed source companies like "OpenAI."

So how about Bing AI? Nope. Waiting list.

Google Bard? Nope. Only open to "trusted users" at the moment. (And—wouldn't ya know it?—the category of "trusted users" of Google does not, apparently, include James Corbett of The Corbett Report.)

So anyway, here I am laboriously typing out the points I was going to make in that podcast episode on my keyboard like some primitive non-transhuman.

But this leads us to the first of the very real dangers of this new surge in chatbot use. If you thought the amount of data that a company like Google was able to gain about its users by simply storing their searches was enormous, wait until you see what OpenAI and Microsoft and Google are going to do with the conversations that people are currently feeding into the data-harvesting machines known as chatbots.

And what *are* they going to do with that data (which will itself be tied with your phone number, your IP address, your browser fingerprint, your search history, your cookies, your social media posts and a million other data points), you ask? The possibilities are limitless, but creating perfect deepfakes of any given individual would be a good starting point.

As my distinguished readers will doubtless already know, we cannot trust that the digital avatars we interact with in online fora and social media are real people and not fictitious avatars wielded by the cyberwarriors who have long since weaponized the internet. But at least we can be reasonably sure that that Zoom call we just had with Auntie Florence back in Wyoming was a real conversation with a real human being.

Well, in the very near future, no podcast, no vodcast, no TikTok video, no message, no Zoom call, no online communication of any kind will be beyond the shadow of suspicion that you are *not* in fact interacting with a real, live human being.

No, I haven't (and now, presumably, never will) deepfaked myself using ChatGPT or any other artificially intelligent technology, but someone out there probably will at some point. Heck, I've already had not one, not two, not three, but *four* separate people either query ChatGPT about me or ask it to write something in my voice, and, in the case of the latter—a prompt to write an opinion of geoengineering technology in the style of James Corbett—it actually did a decent job:

> As for the voice of James Corbett, he is a journalist and independent researcher who has expressed skepticism about the potential benefits of geoengineering and has criticized the lack of transparency and accountability with regards to these technologies. Based on his views, it's likely that he would share a similar sentiment to mine and believe that the government needs to take more action to inform and protect the public with regards to geoengineering.

Well, except for the "government needs to take more action" part, anyway.

Yes, it will start with the celebrity deepfakes at first, but soon there will be shadowy new cyberterror groups deepfaking politicians to destabilize countries or deepfaking CEOs to wreak havoc in markets or deepfaking bank officials to gain access to bank databases or deepfaking Auntie Florence to scam you out of $100. And, as some perceptive Corbett Reporteers have already surmised, that will lead to the pre-made "solution": a digital identity to access the internet! Finally, we can prove who we really are online! (Actually, you'll be forced at all times to prove who you are online or you won't get to be online, but that's the fine print you're not supposed to read.)

But perhaps even worse than finding out that a chatbot and deepfake technology has generated a completely fake episode of your favourite podcast is an even more worrying scenario. These "chatbots"—which will soon be rolled out as "digital assistants" and become as ubiquitous as Siri and Alexa are now—will be able to determine your likes, your interests, your weaknesses and begin to create completely new content (new podcasts featuring people who don't even exist) saying things that you will find endlessly entertaining. You will soon live in a filter bubble so unique that it exists entirely to captivate you . . . and the people who believe they will be able to resist such content will be precisely the people most easily captured by it.

In fact, just as Huxley feared the *Brave New World* of entertainment and diversion more than he feared the boot-in-the-face tyranny of *1984*, so, too, might our dread of the apocalyptic war against the robots be misplaced. Maybe we should not fear the

Terminator-style showdown of Skynet vs. The Resistance so much as we should fear the world of Spike Jonez' *Her*, a world in which "operating systems" become more real to us than people and having a computer program as a romantic partner will be commonplace.

I know, I know, dear reader. This is beginning to sound so far out to lunch that you have long since checked out. I wish I were reassured that we are not stepping through a threshold here, but I fear that we are sliding head-first into the metaverse of the hyperreal and laughing merrily as we do so.

Tell you what. Why don't we revisit this article in 2030? If nothing even close to the scenario I've laid out here is taking place, I will happily eat crow, admit I am completely and totally wrong, concede that indeed there is nothing to worry about here, and remind you to take everything else I ever say with a huge grain of salt. Deal?

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THE CORBETT REPORT
Open Source Intelligence News

The Next Threat: DNA Exploitation

by James Corbett
corbettreport.com
November 28, 2021

Look out, everybody! There's a new threat that the US intelligence agencies (and their mouthpieces in the corporate-controlled media) want you to be afraid of: DNA exploitation.

Yes, the US National Counterintelligence and Security Center (NCSC) released a report earlier this year warning that the Chinese government was involved in gathering information from public health databases and large genomic data sets that could be used to precisely target individuals in foreign governments, private industries, or other sectors for potential surveillance, manipulation, or extortion.

And if all that wasn't enough to give you the heebie-jeebies, they've followed that up with a new report on "Protecting Critical and Emerging US Technologies from Foreign Threats." This latest screed warns us that the very same genetic technologies that are being so heavily touted as "the future of medicine" for their ability to design and tailor disease therapies to an individual's genome "also can be used to identify genetic vulnerabilities in a population."

But wait . . . isn't this what people in the alternative media (including myself) have been warning about for years now? You know, DNA surveillance and genetically tailored weapons and other such "tin foil hat" stuff? So why is the US government ringing the alarm on these developments now? What gives?

For a clue to what's really happening here, we need to turn to a particularly slick piece of "reporting" from everyone's favourite propaganda rag, *The New York Times*. On October 22nd, they published "U.S. Warns of Efforts by China to Collect Genetic Data," which is a master class in media mendacity.

The article starts by telling us that "Chinese firms are collecting genetic data from around the world, part of an effort by the Chinese government and companies to develop the world's largest bio-database," a claim it attributes to "American intelligence officials." It then proceeds to deliver 21 paragraphs detailing the ways that the ChiComs are assembling their bio-database before throwing in some intellectual property theft fearmongering for good measure.

I describe this propaganda as "slick" because—as is the case with all the best disinformation—it's all true as far as it goes.

The *NY Times* report *does* draw attention to BGI Group, a Chinese genome sequencing company that is using a neonatal genetic test that it developed to collect genetic data from millions of women around the world. And it *does* offer an interesting tidbit about WuXi Biologics, a Chinese biotech firm that purchased a Pfizer manufacturing plant in China earlier this year and which made an investment in DNA data harvesting operation "23andMe" back in 2015. But that, unfortunately, is about as far as it goes.

Precisely *what* are the Chinese going to do with their growing DNA database? There are vague allusions to the things that could be done with such a repository of genetic information, but—other than an assertion (citing a 2019 NYT report) that "China uses genetic tests to track members of the Uyghurs"—there's scarcely an accusation to be found.

And exactly what are "American intelligence officials" reporting about this threat, anyway? Careful readers will pore through the *Times* article in vain searching for the title of the new NCSC report, let alone a link to it (like the one I provided above).

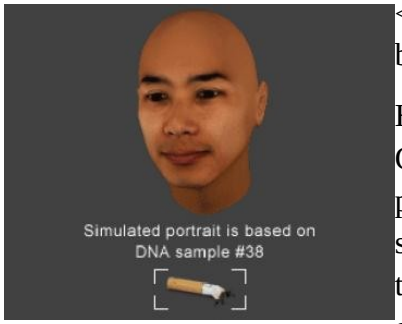
No, we can safely file this piece of "journalism" from the Old Gray Presstitute in the "Cold War 2.0" file. This is just another attempt to remind the public of the big bad Chinese bogeyman and to provide us with yet another reason for regarding President-for-Life Xi and his commie friends as an existential threat. ("I only hope Uncle Sam and his virtuous intelligence agents can save us!")

As usual, what the *New York Times* leaves *out* of its report is more important than what it puts in. What it leaves out is that this threat of DNA exploitation, real as it is, is being actively pursued by governments around the world (the US being no exception) and—also as usual—there are no good guys in this contest.

Take the DNA database problem. Yes, the Chinese *are* collecting genetic information on people around the world, as the *Times* accurately reports, but the ChiCom's genebank isn't the largest DNA database administered by a national government. That dubious honour goes to the UK government. Don't worry, though; the Americans aren't far behind. And the Aussies are in the race, too. In fact, as I first reported in 2009, if you were born in a hospital in the Western world in the past 50 years, your genetic material has been collected and stored by the state to be used by the military or even private contractors for "scientific research purposes" without your knowledge or consent.

So what can be done with this type of data? On the cute end of the spectrum is "DNA shaming," a concept that was introduced to the world by ad agency Ogilvy & Mather for their "Hong Kong Cleanup" campaign of 2015. As I reported at the time, the idea was to reduce littering by collecting litter from the streets, extracting the genetic information of the litterer from the item, using DNA phenotyping to construct a creepy computer-assembled image of the face of whoever dropped the

garbage in the first place and then plastering fake "Wanted" posters of that person around the spot where the litter was collected.



<sarc>What fun! And I'm sure glad this technology that could *never* be abused by a tyrannical goverenment!</sarc>

However "fun" or "cool" (or controversial) the Hong Kong Cleanup was intended to be, it gives us a glimpse as to what will be possible as governments start using biotechnology to create genetic surveillance systems for its population. You might have thought that *GATTACA* was just a fun sci-fi flick, but a future where we are genetically screened, surveilled and categorized by the government from birth is an increasingly likely possibility.

In the meantime, we know that the largest private DNA databases in the world—including those maintained by 23andMe and Ancestry.com—will gladly hand over your data when asked by law enforcement. Even if you have never directly supplied your DNA to one of these services, the genetic information of one of your relatives can still be used against you in the increasingly Orwellian biosecurity police state.

And if for some reason you aren't concerned about the abuse of such data by the "authorities," you should probably be concerned about these companies and their backers anyway. Although the *Times* makes a big stink over the 1% ownership stake that the Chinese WuXi Biologics has in 23andMe, they're oddly silent about the fact that the company was co-founded by Anne Wojcicki, ex-wife of Google co-founder Sergey Brin, whose company is dreaming of constructing a "selfish ledger" of information that knows more about us than we know about ourselves and of using that knowledge to direct our lives.

But if you find the surveillance implications of these technologies creepy, just wait; it gets even worse! As even the NCSC report on emerging threats cited above concedes, your genetic information can and will be used by bad actors to construct more deadly pathogens and bioweapons, ones that could tailor diseases for certain races or even for you individually:

"The powerful technologies harnessed by the bioeconomy also can lead to national security and economic vulnerabilities. For example, biotechnology can be misused to create virulent pathogens that can target our food supply or even the human population. Genomic technology used to design disease therapies tailored to an individual also can be used to identify genetic vulnerabilities in a population."

Hmm...using genetic information and advanced technologies to create more effective bioweapons, huh? Where have I read that before?

Oh, that's right. It's literally in the same PNAC document ("Rebuilding America's Defenses") that was calling for a "new Pearl Harbor" the year before 9/11:

"Information systems will become an important focus of attack, particularly for U.S. enemies seeking to short-circuit sophisticated American forces. And advanced forms of biological warfare

that can 'target' specific genotypes may transform biological warfare from the realm of terror to a politically useful tool."

Yes, sadly this is no longer the stuff of science fiction. The mad dash to collect genetic information on as many people as possible is already happening and that data is (surprise, surprise!) being weaponized against you as the bars of the biosecurity prison begin to close around us.

But don't expect to read about *that* in the *New York Times*.

*This weekly editorial is part of **The Corbett Report Subscriber** newsletter.*

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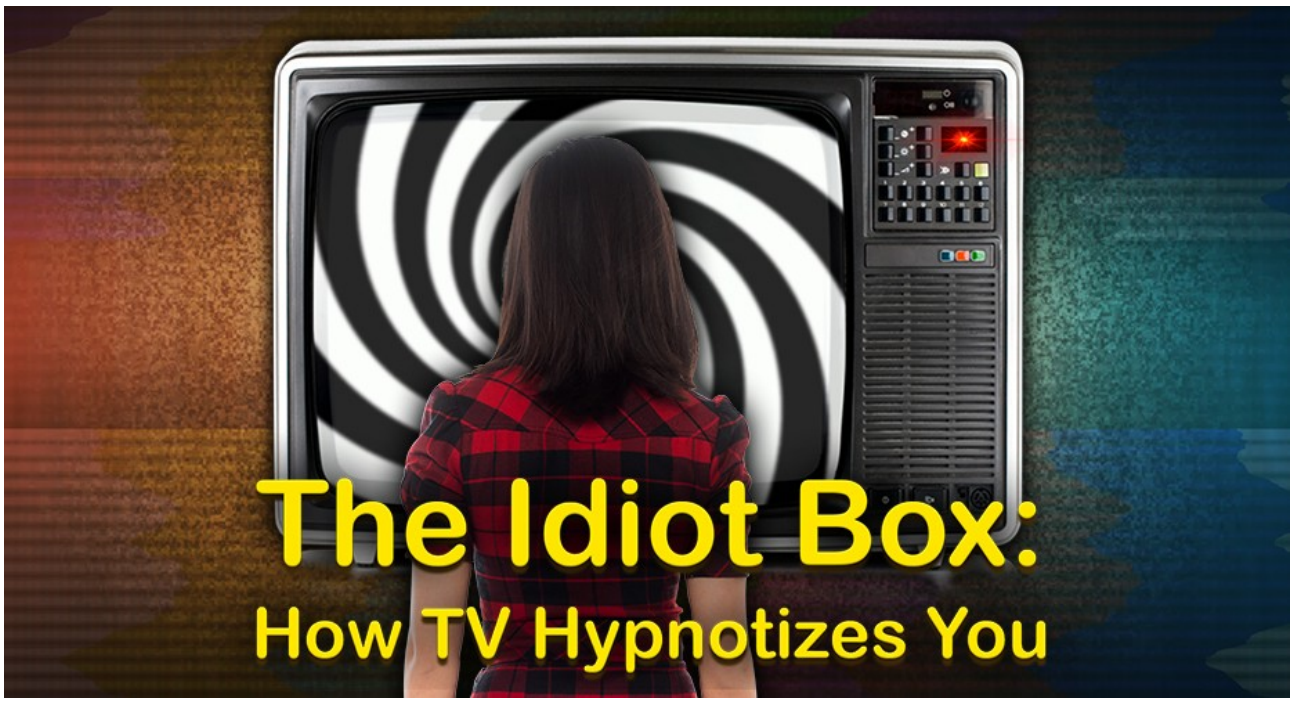


In preparation for James Corbett's upcoming course on The History of the Media, The Corbett Report Subscriber *is presenting a three-part series on the past, present and future of mass media. Last week we examined How the First Media Moguls Shaped History. This week we examine the history of psychological research into mass media's effects on the public mind and explore the particular properties of the television set that render its audience susceptible to its lies.*

by James Corbett
corbettreport.com
October 17, 2021

You can tell a lot about an item by the nicknames we give it. So what do our nicknames for the television tell us about that device?

"The idiot box."

"The boob tube."

"The tell-lie-vision."

It doesn't take a super sleuth to puzzle this one out. From the very inception of commercial television in the 1950s—when the phrase "boob tube" was first coined to lament the dumbing-down effect that the device was presumed to be having on the populace—to the zenith of the TV's cultural hegemony in the late 20th century, fears about the television's ability to create zombified couch potatoes out of its passive audience have been ever-present.

It's no coincidence that the 2006 comedy (or should that be docudrama?), *Idiocracy*, introduces its viewers to the eponymous future idiocracy—in which the intelligence of the population has declined to shockingly low levels—by showing a junk food-ingesting "lawyer" in the midst of enjoying the hit television show of the year 2505, *Ow! My Balls!* It's also no coincidence that the same movie sees protagonist Private Joe Bauers formulating a plan for heading off the development of this idiocracy by encouraging people to read books rather than watch TV.

We all know the trope: television makes you dumb, lazy and passive, and (by implication) it renders you susceptible to the lies and manipulations of those who create the TV programming. But is it true?

As it turns out, not only are concerns about the content and the presentation of TV programming well-founded, but there is an even darker side to the device than is commonly realized. There is ample research to suggest that the TV is actually designed to send you into a trance-like state that lowers your cognitive defences against the lies the TV networks (and their corporate owners) are attempting to push on their docile audience.

In order to understand this neglected part of the television story, we first have to reconsider the advent of commercial radio in the 1920s and the civilization-altering effects it wrought on the world in the 1930s.

Radio and Early Propaganda Research

It is difficult from our perspective today to properly understand just how transformative a technology the radio was. It altered people's daily routines (as the widespread popularity of the *Amos 'n' Andy* program reportedly lowered church attendance on Sunday evenings); it altered people's perceptions of the world, providing them the opportunity to hear live, on-the-scene reports from distant locales; and it provided the would-be social engineers with an entirely new vector for manipulating the masses.

Last week I recounted the story of how William Paley transformed the struggling Philadelphia-based Columbia Phonographic Broadcasting System radio network into the massive CBS empire on the back of his success in selling cigars to his radio audience. But it wasn't just advertisers who realized the utility of this new medium for influencing the thoughts and habits of a susceptible population. Largely forgotten today, FDR's "fireside chat" radio addresses were a revolutionary step at the time, affording the president a chance to talk directly to the American public without the newspaper reporter's editorial insertions or the newsreel editor's interventions. For the first time, the average Jane and Joe could literally hear the president speaking to them in the comfort of their own home. The intimacy of the medium was profound and no doubt a contributing factor in FDR's incredible electoral successes.

Naturally, the potential of this new medium for controlling the population was quickly recognized by the powers-that-shouldn't-be. In 1935, social scientists Hadley Cantril and Gordon Allport wrote *The Psychology of Radio*, in which they opined:

"Radio is an altogether novel medium of communication, preeminent as a means of social control and epochal in its influence upon the mental horizons of men."

Accordingly, it wasn't long before the "manipulators of the organized habits and opinions of the masses"—who, as Edward Bernays informed us, "constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country"—took note and began working on the problem of how best to use radio as a medium of social control.

As it happens, the aforementioned Hadley Cantril just happened to be the old Dartmouth College roommate of Nelson Rockefeller, whose Rockefeller Foundation provided a $67,000 two-year grant to Cantril to found the "Princeton Radio Project," a research unit which, as the Rockefeller Foundation tells us, "used the tools of social psychology to study radio."

The director of the project, Paul Lazarsfeld, framed the group's research interest thusly:

"If radio in the United States is to serve the best interests of the people, it is essential that an objective analysis be made of what these interests are and how the unique psychological and social characteristics of radio may be devoted to them."

Although cloaked in the language of social concern, the group's research took a decidedly devious turn. When Orson Welles' hyper-realistic (for the time) presentation of H. G. Wells' classic science fiction story, *The War of the Worlds*, was broadcast as the Halloween edition of Mercury Theater on the Air on October 30, 1938, the resulting hysteria—with some panicked listeners apparently mistaking the dramatization for an actual news report of an alien invasion—became fodder for the Princeton Radio Project's first major study. The work that resulted, *The Invasion From Mars: A Study in the Psychology of Panic*, remains a landmark in the field of media studies that is still dissected and debated among academics to this very day.

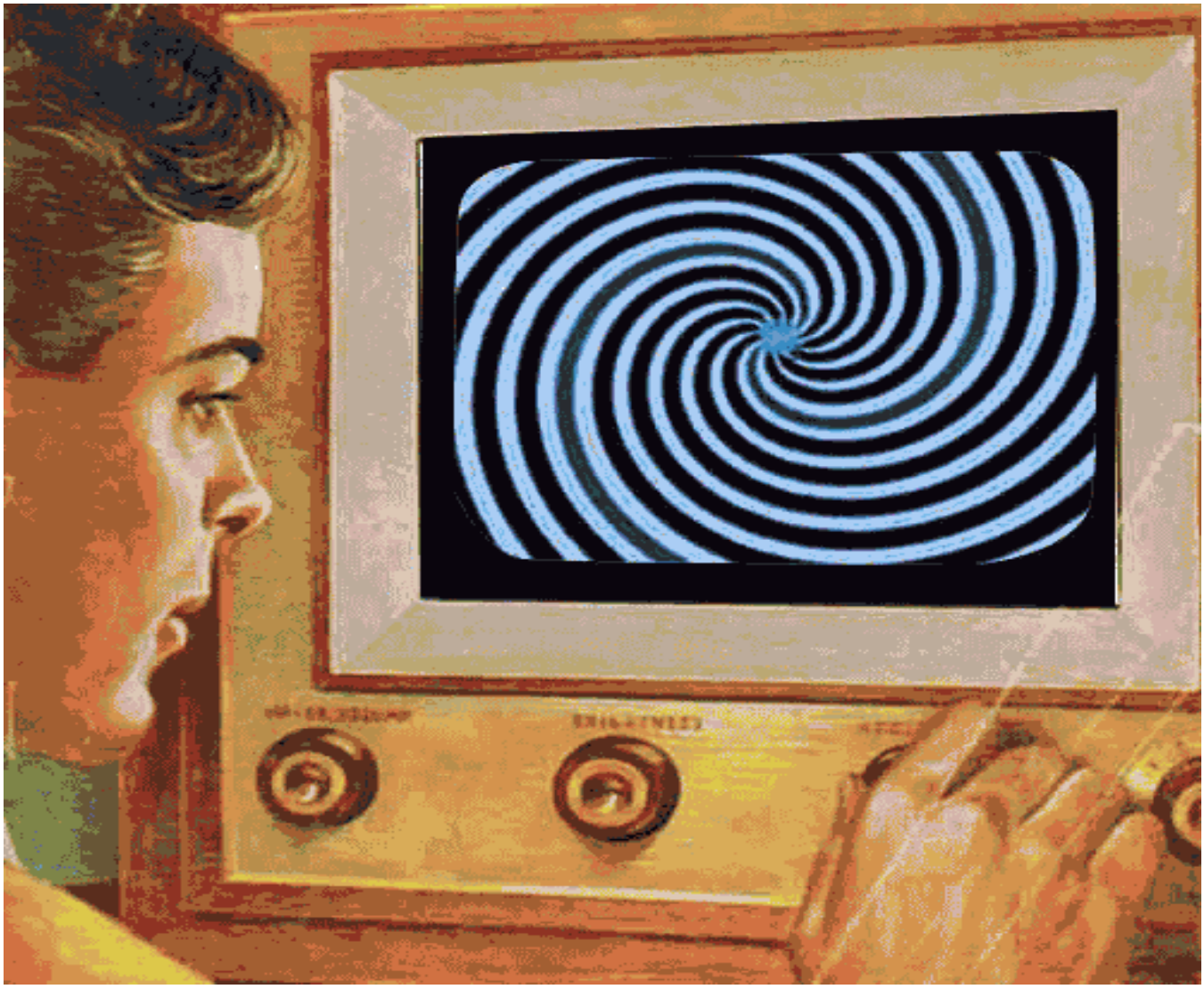
In his preface to the 1966 edition of the book, Cantril stressed that what the subsequent research into the "War of the Worlds" hysteria revealed was just how susceptible the general public was to being whipped into a frenzy of panic, and just how useful electronic media could be in that endeavour.

"Since the publication of The Invasion from Mars in 1940, I've often been asked whether I thought such a thing could happen again. The questioners usually imply that we are now too sophisticated

to be taken in by anything so fanciful. Unfortunately I've always had to reply that of course it could happen today, and even on a much more extensive scale."

The Princeton Radio Project and the various organizations associated with its affiliated researchers —such as the Rockefeller-funded Office of Public Opinion Research—would continue their studies into the psychology of social control through the media. And, as effective a medium as radio had proven to be for this purpose, the next telecommunications technology, television, would prove that much more useful to the would-be social engineers.

Television Hypnotizes the Masses



For at least 150 years, researchers have known that the brain carries electrical currents. These oscillating electrical signals, formally known as "neural oscillations," are better known to the public as brain waves. Measured by electroencephalography (EEG), these brain waves typically have a broad spectral content, but various brain functions are associated with increased activity in specific frequency bands.

Alpha waves—in the 8 to 12 Hz frequency band—are typically associated with periods of relaxed wakefulness and tend to increase when the eyes are closed.

Beta waves—in the 13 to 30 Hz band—are associated with normal waking consciousness.

Other types of neural oscillations include delta waves (1 to 4 Hz, associated with deep, non-REM sleep), theta waves (4 to 8 Hz, associated with learning, memory and spatial navigation), and gamma waves (30 to 150 Hz, associated with large scale brain network activity and cognition).

The conscious state observed when alpha wave activity is prevalent is often described as "hypnogogic," or a type of daydreaming lying somewhere between sleep and wakefulness. When the brain is in this state, a person's critical faculties are typically disengaged, leaving them more susceptible to information that would otherwise be rejected by their fully conscious mind.

As it so happens, this hypnogogic state is precisely the type of state that is induced when one begins watching television. As Joyce Nelson details in *The Perfect Machine: Television and The Bomb*:

"In November 1969, a researcher named Herbert Krugman, who later became manager of public-opinion research at General Electric headquarters in Connecticut, decided to try to discover what goes on physiologically in the brain of a person watching TV. He elicited the co-operation of a twenty-two-year-old secretary and taped a single electrode to the back of her head. The wire from this electrode connected to a Grass Model 7 Polygraph, which in turn interfaced with a Honeywell 7600 computer and a CAT 400B computer.

"Flicking on the TV, Krugman began monitoring the brain-waves of the subject. What he found through repeated trials was that within about thirty seconds, the brain-waves switched from predominantly beta waves, indicating alert and conscious attention, to predominantly alpha waves, indicating an unfocused, receptive lack of attention: the state of aimless fantasy and daydreaming below the threshold of consciousness. When Krugman's subject turned to reading through a magazine, beta waves reappeared, indicating that conscious and alert attentiveness had replaced the daydreaming state."

Krugman's initial, crude experiments were repeated and verified by extensive (and more accurate) testing. There was no doubt: TV rapidly induces an alpha-state consciousness in its viewers. As Nelson goes on to report, this finding gave rise to an entire field of research within the advertising industry, with NW Ayers / ABH using EEGs to evaluate the effect of commercials for large-name clients like AT&T and marketing firms like Simmons Market Research Bureau, Cockfield, Brown & Company Ltd and KSW & G Inc. following suit shortly thereafter.

The field these advertising companies pioneered discovered how best to implant messages in the minds of the alpha state TV viewing audience. They discovered that while in this state, brains are more responsive to tone of voice, rhythm and melody, rhyme and harmony, and pictorial emotional triggers than straightforward speech. It wasn't long before advertisers dropped any pretense that a commercial was designed to inform a viewer about the specifications of a product and instead began concentrating on songs, jingles and carefully-worded slogans combined with emotionally suggestive visuals to embed a desired product or idea in the public consciousness.

Krugman summed up the meaning of his experimental finding by noting that the *real* information transmitted during a television broadcast is that which is "not thought about at the time of exposure," i.e., the unconscious, subliminal and emotional nature of the programming.

Tony Schwartz—the marketer who was credited with winning the presidency for Jimmy Carter by carefully crafting his television persona—was more blunt about the process in his tell-all confessional, *The Responsive Chord: How Radio and TV Manipulate You, Who You Vote For, What*

You Buy, And How You Think. Speaking in his capacity as an "political advertiser," Schwartz admitted:

"Commercials that attempt to tell the listener something are inherently not as effective as those that attach to something that is already in him. We are not concerned with getting things across to people as much as out of people. Electronic media are particularly effective tools in this regard because they provide us with direct access to people's minds." [Emphases in original.]

Any serious student of television should have no difficulty in identifying the ways that this "access to people's minds" have been used by conmen of various stripes, not just the admen with a particular product to sell, but the would-be controllers of society who are looking to steer society in a particular direction.

Some of the attempts at this manipulation of the TV viewing audience seem almost quaint from today's perspective. Remember when Fox admitted to inserting climate propaganda in all their programming in order to manipulate the public? Ahhh, those were the days.

These days, the TV is being used even more effectively and for an even more nefarious agenda: to weaponize your neighbours against you as adversaries in the new biosecurity state. We don't have to speculate about this. Last year saw the dramatic revelations that Britain's shadowy "Independent Scientific Pandemic Influenza Group on Behaviours" (SPI-B) had employed the nation's top social scientists to discover ways to more effectively sell the scamdemic to the public. Their answer? To "use [the] media to increase the sense of personal threat" from COVID, of course.

If we ever emerge from this period of madness with our wits still intact, this might make for an interesting study for future researchers: to what extent does television viewing correlate with one's belief in the scamdemic? I hypothesize that the correlation would be significant.

Regardless, it is a documentable fact that television induces certain brain states in its audience, and it is equally documentable fact that rich and powerful special interests have been researching how to use this TV-induced hypnosis to their advantage for over half a century. To believe that the art and science of manipulating the public has not progressed significantly from the days of Krugman and Schwartz would be the height of naïveté.

To The Future: Fake News and The New Media

I know what you're thinking: TV? Pfff. OK, boomer.

Yes, in case you didn't know, TV is so *last century*. Now the public are all crazy about the latest Netflix series at best and short, disjointed meme videos on Tik Tok at worst. The youth of today are not getting their information (or their misinformation) from television.

But as you may have already noticed, the powers-that-shouldn't-be are busily working on steering the new online media in the same direction as the heavily-controlled TV paradigm. The fact that you are reading these words shows that they haven't been successful in that endeavour . . . yet.

However, there are monumental changes to the media landscape on the horizon and, as always, if we aren't prepared for those changes, we will be caught up in the next era of media manipulation and control.

Unfortunately, the way things are heading, once we are inserted into the *next* media paradigm we may never have a chance to escape. . . .

Sunstein Won: Cognitive Infiltration of the "Alternative" Media

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29

by James Corbett
corbettreport.com (http://www.corbettreport.com/)
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Question: How do you spot a fed?

This is not an idle question. As dedicated devotees of the independent media and serious students of history will know all too well, wherever you find a group that seriously challenges the power of the state—or, more to the point, the deep state—you will also find federal agents trying to infiltrate that group. From the original COINTELPRO operations in the 1950s right through to the recent (FBI-provocateured (https://archive.is/pLU9l)) plot to "kidnap" Michigan Governor Gretchen Whitmer (with its curious denouement (https://www.detroitnews.com/story/news/local/michigan/2021/07/19/fbi-agent-whitmer-kidnap-case-arrested-following-domestic-incident-richard-trask/8013618002/)), there are no shortage of examples of this phenomena.

Sometimes the feds are easy to spot. Remember the "protesters" at the 2007 Montebello SPP protests (https://www.corbettreport.com/episode-012-showdown-in-montebello-2/) who threatened the police line with rocks in their hands, trying to turn a peaceful assembly into a riot that would justify a violent police response? When these rock-wielding, mask-wearing pretenders got called out by real protesters as police operatives, they promptly crashed the police line and got themselves "arrested" . . . conveniently exposing the fact (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ce5GZQbb1pQ) that they were wearing the exact same standard-issue boots as their arresting officers. Caught in the act, the Quebec provincial police had to admit (https://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/quebec-police-admit-they-went-undercover-at-montebello-protest-1.656171) that the protesters were indeed undercover police officers (although, strangely enough, they never explained what those undercover police officers were doing approaching the police line with rocks in their hands).

But unfortunately for those of us who participate in conspiracy analysis, the feds are not *always* so inept or so blindingly obvious in their actions. So it would behove us to know some of the tell-tale signs of undercover agents in our midst, wouldn't it?

Well, wouldn't it?

In order to answer that question, we're going to have to take a deep dive into "Conspiracy Theories (https://papers.ssrn.com/sol3/papers.cfm?abstract_id=1084585)," a 2008 paper co-authored by Cass Sunstein, Obama's "regulatory czar" and the husband of R2P warmonger (https://www.corbettreport.com/episode-224-r2p-or-how-the-liberal-left-learned-to-stop-worrying-and-embrace-wars-of-imperial-aggression/) Samantha Power, and Adrian Vermeule, a Harvard law professor who once clerked for Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia. The paper gained infamy online because it controversially advocated for the "cognitive infiltration" of conspiracy research

groups. Rather than rebutting the theories proffered by conspiracy realists with facts and evidence, Sunstein and his co-author argued, the government should instead send undercover federal agents into conspiracy analyst groups in order to influence their thinking and "undermine" their "crippled espitemology" by "planting doubts about the theories and stylized facts that circulate within such groups."

Even mainstream pundits (https://www.commondreams.org/views/2010/01/15/obama-confidants-spine-chilling-proposal) were quick to point out that the idea was not only illegal but self-contradictory. After all, how can the government undermine belief in the idea that the government engages in conspiracies against its citizens by engaging in a conspiracy against its citizens?

More to the point, those who were the ostensible target of this cognitive infiltration—9/11 Truthers particularly (https://www.bookfinder.com/book/9781566568210/)—predicted that this practice would play out exactly like COINTELPRO, the controversial and highly illegal 1956-1971 FBI program that sought to disrupt, infiltrate and discredit groups that the FBI (i.e., J. Edgar Hoover) deemed "subversive." *That* program, lest we forget, not only involved the illegal surveillance, harassment and subversion of completely legitimate political opposition groups, but engaged in truly abominable activity, from the FBI-King suicide letter (https://www.huffpost.com/entry/martin-luther-king-fbi_n_4631112) to the murder of Fred Hampton (https://truthout.org/articles/on-the-48th-anniversary-of-the-fbi-s-black-panther-murders-activists-must-remain-vigilant-but-undeterred/).

But by this point most people have heard all that. So today, let's go one level deeper. As it turns out, there's a meta-level upon which the "cognitive infiltration" is operating. And when we look at Sunstein's paper in *that* light, we discover a horrifying fact: So far, his paper has had its intended effect. Sunstein won.

First, let's start by looking at the paper itself. It begins (predictably enough) by zeroing right in on 9/11 Truth. Specifically, Sunstein and Vermeule cite a number of polls demonstrating that overwhelming numbers of people in various locales (including residents of New York City) believe some version of the "dangerous" "conspiracy theory" that holds that the US and Israeli governments had a direct role in bringing 9/11 about.

Rather than taking this as a sign that there may be something to these theories, or that at the very least the government has signally failed to make its case for the official 9/11 conspiracy theory, Sunstein and his partner in crime instead draw a much different conclusion: that these "conspiracy theorists"—you know, those tin hat wackadoodles who think the government lies to them about matters of importance—are succeeding in spreading their "false and dangerous beliefs" and they must be stopped.

But how to stop them? *That* is the question for the would-be controllers of society like Sunstein. By advocating that the government become more transparent in its operations? Abolishing secrecy as the *modus operandi* of the deep state? Instituting a mechanism for public oversight of intelligence operations and a concerted attempt to unearth and atone for the many documentable conspiracies (https://www.corbettreport.com/5conspiracies/) that the government has engaged in in the past?

Pfff. Of course not! No, the government should shut those conspiracy theorists up by engaging in a conspiracy against them.

You see, according to Sunstein and Vermeule, conspiracy theories cannot be refuted by facts and

evidence:

"Conspiracy theories generally attribute extraordinary powers to certain agents – to plan, to control others, to maintain secrets, and so forth. Those who believe that those agents have such powers are especially unlikely to give respectful attention to debunkers, who may, after all, be agents or dupes of those who are responsible for the conspiracy in the first instance."

So, what can be done about these pernicious purveyors of conspiracy analysis?

"What can government do about conspiracy theories? Among the things it can do, what should it do? We can readily imagine a series of possible responses. (1) Government might ban conspiracy theorizing. (2) Government might impose some kind of tax, financial or otherwise, on those who disseminate such theories. (3) Government might itself engage in counterspeech, marshaling arguments to discredit conspiracy theories. (4) Government might formally hire credible private parties to engage in counterspeech. (5) Government might engage in informal communication with such parties, encouraging them to help. Each instrument has a distinctive set of potential effects, or costs and benefits, and each will have a place under imaginable conditions. However, our main policy idea is that government should engage in cognitive infiltration of the groups that produce conspiracy theories, which involves a mix of (3), (4) and (5)."

First, let's stop for a moment to appreciate how truly totalitarian (not to mention outright insane) this passage is. Yes, Sunstein and Vermeule are actually saying that an actual government ban on "conspiracy theorizing" or a tax ("financial or otherwise[?]") on the dissemination of such theories "will have a place under imaginable conditions." Under what conditions do they imagine it will be permissible (or even possible) for the government to "ban conspiracy theorizing"? What does that even mean and how would such a ban not be *on its face* a clear abrogation of the First Amendment.

Such lunacy aside, we reach the heart of their thesis: that the "should engage in cognitive infiltration of the groups that produce conspiracy theories." What does this *mean*, exactly?

"In one variant, government agents would openly proclaim, or at least make no effort to conceal, their institutional affiliations. A recent newspaper story recounts that Arabic-speaking Muslim officials from the State Department have participated in dialogues at radical Islamist chat rooms and websites in order to ventilate arguments not usually heard among the groups that cluster around those sites, with some success. In another variant, government officials would participate ***anonymously or even with false identities****. Each approach has distinct costs and benefits; the second is* ***riskier but potentially brings higher returns****. In the former case, where government officials participate openly as such, hard-core members of the relevant networks, communities and conspiracy-minded organizations may entirely discount what the officials say, right from the beginning. The risk with tactics of anonymous participation, conversely, is that if* ***the tactic becomes known, any true member of the relevant groups who raises doubts may be suspected of government connections****. Despite these difficulties, the two forms of cognitive infiltration offer different risk-reward mixes and are both potentially useful instruments."* [*Emphases added.*]

Now, much has already been said about this paper in the independent media, so I won't retread the entire argument here. Suffice it to say, yes, Sunstein and Vermeule are actively advocating for the government to engage in conspiracy in order to convince people that governments don't engage in conspiracy. And, ominously, less than one year after the publication of this proposal, Obama appointed Sunstein (https://www.abajournal.com/news/article /harvard_law_prof_cass_sunstein_appointed_regulatory_czar/) as the administrator of the Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs.

Now, to be clear, this concept of "cognitive infiltration" of citizen investigations did not originate with Sunstein, nor was it a startling new idea at the time that he wrote about it in 2008. On the contrary, if we were to peg the start of the modern era of conspiracy to the assassination of JFK in 1963, then we can confidently say that the tactic of cognitive infiltration has been around since the dawn of this era. Remember that not only did the CIA hold multiple meetings of what it called the "Garrison Group (https://www.maryferrell.org/showDoc.html?docId=6515#relPageId=2)" to determine how the agency could undermine or discredit the investigation that District Attorney Jim Garrison had opened up into the JFK assassination, but they actually "planted nine agents (https://youtu.be/ns5z1BHfEvc?t=234) inside the Garrison investigation to feed him false information and to report back to Langley on what Garrison was finding out." Talk about cognitive infiltration.

But if there was any doubt that cognitive infiltration is alive and well in the 21st century, I offer as Exhibit A this 2010 thread (http://911blogger.com/news/2010-01-04/new-book-kevin-fenton-disconnecting-dots-how-911-was-allowed-happen) from 9/11 Blogger as the perfect encapsulation of what cognitive infiltration in the modern era looks like and how it functions to derail investigation (or even discussion) of complex deep state operations. I encourage you to read the rather innocuous post itself (the description of a forthcoming book by a prolific 9/11 researcher) and then the discussion that then follows in the comment section.

Where to begin? I'd like to say that it's hard to fathom how such an unhinged comment thread could follow from such a simple post, but, alas, anyone who has spent any time on internet fora in the past two decades will know all too well how this type of discussion is commonplace online. Indeed, as anyone familiar with The Gentleperson's Guide To Forum Spies (https://ronaldthomaswest.com/2017/08/21/the-gentlepersons-guide-to-forum-spies/) will immediately recognize, this particular thread is a master class in how to neutralize potential activists and undermine any attempts at serious analysis of a topic.

As someone who has indeed read (and wholeheartedly recommends) the book being discussed (*Disconnecting the Dots* by Kevin Fenton (https://trineday.myshopify.com/products/disconnecting-the-dots)), it's immediately obvious that the commenters insinuating that Fenton is "satisfied with what the U.S. government has told us" about the attacks most assuredly have absolutely no idea what the book is about or what Fenton is arguing in it. (Or, to put it in internet meme (https://knowyourmeme.com/memes/tell-me-without-telling-me) terms: Tell me you haven't read the book without telling me you haven't read the book.)

But regardless of the ludicrously off-base assertions of the few commenters raising these suspicions, they end up victorious: all serious discussion of the book ends at the point that these allegations are made and the thread ultimately descends into a LIHOP (https://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=lihop)/MIHOP (https://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=MIHOP) debate—a debate that itself is as likely a candidate as any to be the result of a cognitive infiltration campaign (a point that is beyond the scope of this editorial but that I'm happy to expand upon in the future if anyone is interested).

This entire case study in infighting is well summarized by one user who writes (http://911blogger.com/news/2010-01-04/new-book-kevin-fenton-disconnecting-dots-how-911-was-allowed-happen#comment-225236):

"Another way of discrediting the movement is to continually criticize and undermine the credibility of those among us who work to expose the many unanswered questions from that day.

"I've been in this movement for 6 years and NOTHING is EVER good enough for the anonymous

peanut gallery of absolutists who INSIST that THEIR language and ideas and opinions and theories trump all others.

"There are such precious FEW among us who have anything real to contribute in terms of books and films and community organizing. But one thing can be certain: anyone who DOES [contribute] immediately get [sic] criticized and attacked simply for trying.

"You will see this same sort of divisive taxonomy coming from the no-planers and the exotic weaponry folks and the antisemitic crowd and CIT and on and on and on . . . trolling the movement, waiting to pounce on anyone who is not MIHOPish enough or uses unapproved 'syntax' in their approach.

"But ONE thing is universally CERTAIN. These people who do the most criticizing generally claim to possess a monopoly on the truth—and as such lack all credibility."

Predictably, though, this comment gets lost near the end of the comment chain, long after those who might have engaged in a meaningful discussion of Fenton's work had abandoned the thread. Another "Mission Accomplished!" for those who wish to thwart productive discourse on a vitally important topic.

At this point, it would be tempting for everyone to take a side and then to explain how the people on the other side are obviously cognitive infiltrators, sent in by Cass Sunstein or one of his minions to divide and conquer the 9/11 Truth movement. The people critiquing Fenton without having read his book could claim (on the basis of no evidence whatsoever) that Fenton is in fact a cognitive infiltrator, sent in to dilute the 9/11 Truth message. Those defending Fenton could label those critiquing him as cognitive infiltrators, designed to disrupt the work of researchers like Fenton and those who are seeking to better understand that research.

We could even construct elaborate theories about how the entire comment thread was the product of government agents working both sides of the "debate." After all, we know that every major government in the world is now deploying military officers and other agents to operate multiple fake social media profiles (https://www.corbettreport.com/socialmedia/), so why wouldn't they use those assets to create entirely fake discussions that lead people nowhere and discourage real users from engaging with important information?

But here's the most insidious part of all of this: when we start devoting all of our research energies to this endless game of "spot the cognitive infiltrator," *Sunstein wins*.

You see, the point of the "Conspiracy Theories" paper wasn't just to talk about the potential for undermining conspiracy analysis by inserting government agents in the midst of citizen research communities; as I say, *that* idea is not new at all and has been demonstrably used by the intelligence agencies for over half a century. No, the point of the paper was to introduce the idea of cognitive infiltration *itself* into the conspiracy analysts' discussion.

Now, instead of analyzing arguments, presenting evidence and working cooperatively toward a greater understanding of events, researchers are increasingly apt to see themselves as isolated truth seekers surrounded by cognitive infiltrators who are trying to introduce disinformation. When this viewpoint becomes the norm within the conspiracy analyst community, it becomes increasingly difficult for researchers to bear any deviation at all from their own line of thinking. Instead, the immediate response to any and all information that challenges their beliefs is: "Cognitive infiltration!"

In essence, the conspiracy analyst community begins to devour itself, devoting more and more of

its time to finding and denouncing cognitive infiltrators and less and less of its time to actually researching and analyzing conspiracies.

And at last we come to the *real* conspiracy theory for today: this was Sunstein's intention all along.

After all, if Sunstein and Vermeule had wanted to undermine the conspiracy analyst movement, they couldn't have done a better job than by loudly advocating for a government conspiracy to secretly infiltrate that movement. Suddenly, there is no room for alternative viewpoints or exploration of ideas within the movement. "Either you believe what I believe, or you are a cognitive infiltrator."

And the best part about all of this from Sunstein's point of view? The government doesn't have to actually *do* anything. They don't even have to send a single undercover agent into the conspiracy realist space. They just have to put the *idea* of infiltration out there

As someone who works as a conspiracy analyst for a living, I'm all too familiar with how the spirit of the investigations that are taking place online has shifted in recent years. People who otherwise would be spending their time critiquing and analyzing the moves of the deep state are now spending more and more of their time engaging others in purity tests and loudly denouncing each other for not holding to this or that orthodoxy or for spending their time on this subject instead of some other subject.

Increasingly, *everything* is a purity test. And when everything is a purity test, eventually everyone fails that test. No one will ever hold all of the same beliefs as you on every subject of importance (let alone prioritize those subjects in the same way that you do). So, eventually, you'll find yourself isolate, alone, frightened, wondering how the government has managed to employ *so many cognitive infiltrators* and why there are no *real* people left in the world.

And, somewhere off in the distance, Sunstein is laughing.

So, let's return to our original question. No, not "How do you spot a fed?" The other question: "So it would behove us to know some of the tell-tale signs of undercover agents in our midst, wouldn't it?"

Well, would it? Is spending our time looking under every bush for undercover agents truly the best use of our time and research resources? When we *do* engage in that hunt, how often do we ever come to a definitive conclusion, anyway? All we are left with is our suspicions, which we then harden into conclusions, usually by throwing the baby out with the bathwater and closing off discussion or exploration of counter-evidence to our own ideas.

So, the choice is ours. We can do research, discuss evidence and analyze events, or we can spend all our time in the endless and fruitless hunt for cognitive infiltrators.

But, if you choose the latter course, just know this: Sunstein has beaten you at a game you didn't even know you were playing.

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How to Survive Regime Change

by James Corbett
corbettreport.com
February 12, 2022

Is your country on the hit list of Soros and/or Omidyar and/or USAID and/or the NED and/or any of the other deep state Trojan horses hiding behind their convenient "NGO" cutouts? Are you worried that a regime change operation is in the offing?

Well, fret not! Here's some good news for a change!

As is turns out, the colour revolution string-pullers—you know, the gaggle of inbred, eugenics-obsessed elitists whose awesome power is supposed to make us cower in fear—are not so omnipotent after all. In fact, sometimes they're a bunch of incompetent, bumbling, ivory tower buffoons, and I have the receipts to prove it.

Buckle in for this one, folks. It's an incredible story.

How To Topple A Government

As you know by now, the would-be world controllers have a number of tricks up their sleeve for overthrowing governments that dare defy their agenda.

Of course, there's always the plain old brute force method.

But I'm not talking about *militarily imposed* regime change here. I'm talking about the *subtler* tactics that the Evil Empire employs to undermine governments and install pliable puppet regimes around the globe.

There are, for instance, the so-called "colour revolutions"—synthetic protest movements that are fostered, supported or created out of whole cloth by groups like the National Endowment for Democracy. These operations follow the Gene Sharp handbook for destabilizing a country and encourage people to rally around a colour or symbol (the Rose Revolution in Georgia, the Tulip Revolution in Kyrgyzstan, the Orange Revolution in Ukraine, etc.) on the path to overthrowing the government in power.

Then there are the engineered crises where, for example, snipers are sent into otherwise peaceful protests to shoot at both sides, creating chaos and undermining the ruling government's legitimacy in the court of public opinion (as happened in both Ukraine and Syria).

Of course, there's also the "IMF riot,"—a four-step plan to economically cripple a country so that the IMF and/or World Bank can swoop in and "save" it (for the benefit of foreign investors).

And don't forget the debt-trap diplomacy described by John Perkins, where corrupt dictators are bribed into selling off their nation's resources and infrastructure to foreign investors and plunging their country into debt, thus giving the Western

financial interests political leverage over future governments.

There's even the plain old assassination of inconvenient political figures, a tried-and-true method for taking opponents off of the geopolitical chessboard that has worked time and again in nation after nation (and even, when needed, at home).

How NOT To Topple A Government

But for every perfectly orchestrated, Machiavellian scheme for overthrowing an uncooperative foreign leader, there are a thousand examples of stupidity and incompetence that reveal that *Oz! The Great and Powerful!* is in fact just a sickly, pathetic old man hiding behind a curtain, frantically poking at buttons and pulling levers in an attempt to baffle and bemuse the masses.

Remember when the "master planners" at the US State Department pretended that Juan Guaidó, the least-popular man in Venezuela, was the country's "interim president" . . . but the Venezeulans were having none of it?

And remember when USAID tried to infiltrate Cuba's hip-hop scene "to break the information blockade" and spark "social change" in the country . . . but only succeeded in undermining Cuba's *actual* youth activist movement, causing some of the government's critics to flee the country?

Well, here's yet another story of incompetence that goes to show that the "All-Powerful World Controllers" are completely out of touch with reality and that, in fact, the people have *all* the power.

The story takes place in Zimbabwe, which has been on the globalist mafia's hit list since at least the early 2000s. That was when ex-British Prime Minister (and unconvicted war criminal) Tony Blair pressured the government of South Africa to join a "regime change scheme" designed to "physically remove" Robert Mugabe, then president of Zimbabwe. South Africa declined the invitation, but this did not derail the globalist plans for toppling Mugabe.

Enter Richard Branson.

Yes, *that* Richard Branson.

As Alexander Rubenstein explains in a recent piece for The Grayzone:

> In 2007, as the Zimbabwean economy sank into crisis under the weight of British and US sanctions, Branson offered to bankroll an “Elders” initiative to “convince Zimbabwean President Mugabe to step down,” according to a cable sent from the US embassy in Pretoria, South Africa to a number of governments and government agencies, including the CIA.

Although it sounds like some fictional gang of supervillains from a trashy James Bond novel, "The Elders" is in fact a very real organization (with a website, even!), which purports to "engage with global leaders and civil society at all levels to resolve conflict and address its root causes, to challenge injustice, and to promote ethical leadership and good governance."

Hmmm, let's see. "Engage with global leaders and civil society" in order to "promote ethical leadership and good governance," hey? Let me run that through the Globalese translator.

beep beep boop

Yes, just as I thought. It's a regime change organization. (Just check out their leadership council and their advisory council.)

So what was The Elders' plan for effecting regime change in Zimbabwe? They joined forces with Strive Masiyiwa, a Zimbabwean billionaire and arch-globalist whose résumé includes collaborating with Branson on the formation of the "Carbon War Room" and assuming a brand new position as a trustee of the Bill & Melinda

Gates Foundation.

Oh wait, you totally will. It's the NED.

OK, so far, so perfectly expected. Rich and powerful businessmen colluded with other rich and powerful businessman to use NED-funded political opposition parties to bring about regime change in a target country. Nothing new here, right?

Well, here's the rub: As you may or may not know, Mugabe was *not* overthrown in 2007. Or 2008. Or 2009. In fact, he wasn't ousted until 2017 in an internal party coup that had nothing to do with The Elders.

So what went wrong?

Well, as Arthur Gwagwa of the Zimbabwe Human Rights NGO Forum told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 2013:

> Policies that are formulated on the basis of a Western conception that sanctions would work in predominantly agrarian countries such as Zimbabwe in the same way they would work in East Europe is misplaced. Unlike in urbanized societies, where sanctions might cajole people to protest and push for reforms, conditions are different in a country such as Zimbabwe where rural based populations have other livelihood means aside from bread, therefore the absence of bread in the shops will not prompt them to stage street protests. This was the MDC's original plan that they are now backtracking on as they have realized that it doesn't work.

Yes, you read that right. The galaxy-brained billionaires of the World Controlling Globalist Jet Set didn't even understand that their "IMF riot" playbook doesn't work in an agrarian society.

You can just imagine Branson and his cronies furrowing their brows in confusion: "What? These farmers aren't dependent on their government for their survival? So

how do we get them!?"

What It Means

Now, full credit for this little anecdote goes to Alexander Rubenstein, who lays out all the pieces of this story (along with many, many other interesting tidbits) in his article on the newly appointed Gates Foundation trustees, which is well worth your time and attention.

But let me draw out the significance of this story for the hard of thinking.

Firstly, the technocratic planners of the New World Order are not omniscient, omnipotent, or even necessarily competent. They are bumbling boobs who often know little about the actual lived reality of the people whose lives they presume to be able to run.

Secondly, this is *not* a story about governments and regime change and 2D geopolitical chess. This is a story that reaffirms an incredibly important point: A free people who are not dependent on their government *don't care* who is pretending to rule over them at any given time, and they don't worry about what international sanctions are being imposed on "their" government by the financial oligarchs. They'll just continue going on with the *real* work of putting food on their table and providing for themselves.

People who are interested in further pursuing this line of thought are *highly* encouraged to check out my Film, Literature and the New World Order podcast on

Here's What's Next on the Globalist Calendar

by James Corbett
corbettreport.com
April 17, 2022

As you should know by now, the threat facing free humanity is not a secret conspiracy but a perfectly open one. Those seeking to monopolize the resources of the planet and institute a system of perfect technocratic control are, generally speaking, not secretive about their plans. On the contrary. Any number of publicly available records—from books and white papers to blog posts, fora and lectures—give an interested public plenty of lead time to prepare for the next steps in the unfolding globalist agenda.

So, in the grand Corbett Report tradition of Listening to the Enemy, let's employ one of the simplest methods for understanding what's coming next in the global plan: let's consult the would-be world controllers' own calendar.

JUNE 2022: Stockholm+50

As post-graduate students of The University of Corbett, you will already know about

the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment held in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1972 . . . but in case you need a refresher, you might want to consult *How & Why Big Oil Conquered the World,* where you can learn all about that Stockholm summit.

In addition to being Maurice Strong's *entrée* into the exciting (and lucrative) world of Big Oil environmentalism, the conference also laid the groundwork for the UN-fronted corporate takeover of the world's resources under the pretense of "saving Mother Earth." It served a triple function for the globalists: it launched the United Nations Environment Programme (UNEP), it provided a template for the 1992 Earth Summit in Rio, and it hosted the first talking shop for what would become Agenda 21 and, eventually, Agenda 2030.

Well, guess what? It's baaaaack.

That's right, our good, planet-loving overlords at the United Nations are back to the scene of the crime to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Stockholm conference with a new summit in the Swedish capital, this one with the characteristically uninspired name "Stockholm+50: a healthy planet for the prosperity of all – our responsibility, our opportunity."

Lest you think "Stockholm+50" is simply going to be an excuse for the global jet set to pat themselves on the back with a couple of forgettable political speeches or the unveiling of a new plaque, you should know that a great deal of planning has gone into this:

- The UN General Assembly has passed not one but two resolutions on the establishment of the conference and its agenda;
- A dedicated website for the conference has been created to keep up with the latest developments;
- A "blog by jurists for diplomats" entitled Pathway to the 2022 Declaration has been launched to influence the conversation surrounding the "Political Declaration" (capital letters and all) that "**will be adopted**" at the conference (emphasis theirs);
- And yet *another* website has been set up to host the "Declaration for Stockholm+50," which may or may not be the "Political Declaration" referenced above and which has been endorsed by a gaggle of globalist NGOs.

In addition to all of this, Stockholm will also host "World Environment Day 2022" on June 5th, 2022, the anniversary of the creation of UNEP.

So what is all this hype about, exactly? Oh, just the usual globalist claptrap. By "the

usual globalist claptrap" I mean the takeover of the planet and its resources by the predator class, of course. But don't take my word for that. From the aforementioned Declaration for Stockholm+50:

> On October 8, 2021, the United Nations Human Rights Council (UNHRC) recognized the “right to a clean, healthy and sustainable environment.” For this right to be implemented, structural changes to the legal, economic, social, political, and technological spheres will be required to restore a stable and well-functioning Earth System. A shared consciousness of our global interdependence must give rise to a new common logic, to define and recognize the global commons that support life on Earth — the planetary system that connects us all and on which we all depend. This is a foundational step toward the establishment of a governance system to effectively manage human interactions with the Earth System.

Yes, exactly as one would expect, the "save the planet" slogan is being used as a rallying cry for . . .

(. . . wait for it . . .)

. . . the strengthening of global government! Wow, who would have seen that one coming?

Specifically, after vague and wooly rhetoric about "implementing the right to a healthy environment" and "establishing a regenerative economy," the declaration ends by imploring the good folks at the United Nations to give themselves more power! Yaaaay!

> The long-term governance of the global commons, the delivery of global public goods, and management of global public risks all require a permanent system of effective governance to reliably manage our interactions with the Earth System as a whole. For example, a proposal to repurpose the inactive United Nations Trusteeship Council has been widely discussed, including most recently in the UN Secretary-General’s *Our Common Agenda* (OCA) report.

Something tells me that in the history-by-the-winners textbook of the future, June 5th, 2022, will be hailed as the day that the brave and benevolent bureaucrats of the UN saved the planet by bestowing their gracious global government on us. (" . . . and the people of the earth commemorate this momentous event in a prayer of thanks to their UN leaders before the intake of their daily ration of bugs and rainwater.")

But wait! What does it say on the declaration's "About" page?

> This Conference should be used as an “ideas laboratory” to develop innovative solutions for the commons, economy, and governance, which will become the seeds of action at the **2023 Summit of the Future**, as foreseen in the UN Secretary General’s *Our Common Agenda* report.

A 2023 Summit of the Future? Oh yes. Which brings us to the next date on our globalist calendar . . .

September 2023: Summit of the Future

Last September, UN Secretary General Antonio Guterres launched an 85-page report entitled "Our Common Agenda." According to a write-up from Democracy International, the report offers a "roadmap for upgrading the UN" and "calls for reinvigorated multilateralism, renewed solidarity and stronger consideration of future generations."

Exactly as you would expect, the report's Summary begins by reminding us of the (globalist-concocted) "existential crises" that (the globalists constantly warn us) are threatening humanity's existence, such as COVID-19, geopolitical conflict and (of course) climate change. Naturally, this immediately turns into a demand that the peoples of the world:

- "re-embrace global solidarity," which evidently entails "a global vaccination plan to deliver vaccines against COVID-19 into the arms of the millions of people who are still denied this basic lifesaving measure";
- "renew the social contract between Governments and their people and within societies," which evidently entails "updated governance arrangements to deliver better public goods and usher in a new era of universal social protection, health coverage, education, skills, decent work and housing, as well as universal access to the Internet by 2030 as a basic human right";
- "end the 'infodemic' plaguing our world by defending a common, empirically backed consensus around facts, science and knowledge," which evidently entails adopting "a global code of conduct that promotes integrity in public

information";

. . . and a host of other globalist imperatives, from the creation of a new UN-led "Emergency Platform" that will be "triggered automatically in crises of sufficient scale and magnitude, regardless of the type or nature of the crisis involved," to the adoption of a new UN-led "Global Digital Compact" for "promoting a trustworthy Internet by introducing accountability criteria for discrimination and misleading content."

In other words, the usual globalist claptrap.

But embedded in this pean to global government is another idea: the convening of a "**Summit of the Future**" in conjunction with the meeting of the UN General Assembly in New York in September 2023. Picking up on the current Klaus Schwabian globalese in vogue among the not-so-*Superclass* these days, Guterres writes that "it will be important to hold a high-level, multi-stakeholder 'Summit of the Future' to advance ideas for governance arrangements in the areas of international concern mentioned in this report, and potentially others, where governance arrangements are nascent or require updating."

If you've been keeping up with the MSM lately, you might have noticed that this "Summit of the Future" idea has gained traction with the globalist supergophers, including recently deceased ex-Secretary of State Madeline "The Price Was Worth It" Albright, who penned an editorial last October calling "Our Common Agenda" a "pathbreaking new report" and calling on UN member states to "endorse a follow-on 'modalities resolution' supporting Guterres's call for a Summit of the Future in September 2023." In order to put teeth into this globalist chinwag, Albright argued that "preparatory committees (PrepComs) should be convened around the world" prior to the summit "to consider and advance global governance innovations in peace, security and humanitarian action; sustainable development and COVID-19 recovery; human rights, inclusive governance, and the rule of law; and climate governance."

But it isn't just the Pax Americana old guard who are excited about the prospects of reshaping the world order. As veteran Corbett Reporteers will know, the Chinese overlords, too, are all in on this agenda and excited for the possibility of consolidating their control over their own population and moving to a more important seat at the globalist technocratic table. Accordingly, ChiCom propaganda organ *China Daily* released a report in January dutifully parroting Guterres' assessment of the "five-alarm fire" that the world is facing from COVID-19, inequality, the climate crisis, mistrust of government and online misinformation. This was followed last month by a Xinhua report that hails "the establishment of a high-level advisory board on effective multilateralism" and notes that the Summit of

the Future will "advance ideas for governance arrangements in certain areas that could be considered global public goods or global commons, including climate and sustainable development beyond 2030, the international financial architecture, peace, outer space, the digital space, major risks, and the interests of future generations."

The accolades for Guterres' brilliant report (which he totally wrote all by himself, guys, honest!) and his brilliant idea for a summit (which he is single-handedly organizing all on his lonesome) continue to pour in. The Qatari and Swedish UN ambassadors co-wrote an op ed in Al Jazeera hailing the idea as a chance to "move toward a UN 2.0," and the World Future Council (yes, there is such a thing) has generously pledged the support of their "50 international change-makers" to prepare the summit.

As the World Future Council notes: "a Summit for the Future will be essential towards accelerating the implementation of the SDGs and ensuring that the talks and discussions finally turn into actions on the ground to truly leave no one behind."

MAY 2024: WHO Global Pandemic Treaty

Speaking of bad news for free humanity, you've probably heard me talking about the upcoming WHO global pandemic treaty by now. But don't worry if you *haven't* heard me talk about it, because you certainly *will* hear me talk about it more in the future.

In case you haven't heard of it yet, the next big push in global biopolitics is the call for a global pandemic treaty to further abrogate national sovereignty and to hand more power to the WHO to dictate global health policy in the name of stopping the next scamdemic. As I've stressed several times now, just as 9/11 was merely the public unveiling of the new "war on terror" governance paradigm, the COVID

scamdemic was merely the public unveiling of the new "biosecurity" governance paradigm. It is this proposed global pandemic treaty that will start to hardwire that new governance paradigm into place, much like the PATRIOT Act began to hardwire the terror paradigm in place in the US.

The campaign pushing the formation of this treaty relies on an obvious Problem - Reaction - Solution narrative to nudge the public into accepting the next steps in the biosecurity agenda.

- **Problem:** The WHO "failed" miserably in stopping the COVID "pandemic" from "ravaging the world."
- **Reaction:** We need a global health organization with teeth!
- **Solution:** A global pandemic treaty must be signed to hand more power to the WHO.

Once you realize that *all* proposals for giving more power to a small clique of unaccountable bureaucrats is introduced in this way—"you never want a serious crisis go to waste" as Rahm Emmanuel infamously observed—the manipulation becomes obvious. An "independent panel" set up to "review" the "problem" of the WHO's "failed" response to the scamdemic delivered a report in January that—to the surprise of absolutely no one—concluded that "the WHO's ability to enforce its advice, or enter countries to investigate the source of disease outbreaks, is severely curtailed" and thus new rules need to be set up at the global level to give the WHO more power to police the world for health threats. They even called it the WHO's "Chernobyl moment," implying that it should use this "disaster" as a chance to implement fundamental reforms.

This supposedly "independent" report provides perfect cover for the globalists to conclude a new pandemic treaty that will either expand, reform, revise or override the existing International Health Regulations, the 2005 treaty which itself gave the WHO unprecedented power to declare a "Public Health Emergency of International Concern" and to intervene in the affairs of sovereign nations in the name of combating perceived health threats.

Details of precisely what such a treaty will involve—or even what form it will take—are still maddeningly vague. The proposed new treaty would be, in UN jargon, an "instrument," of which there are three types: recommendations, conventions and regulations. Regulations (like the International Health Regulations of 2005) are automatically legally binding for all 194 WHO member states unless they explicitly object. Measures that could be ontained in such a treaty may include "the sharing of data and genome sequences of emerging viruses and rules on equitable vaccine distribution" and a "One Health approach" that "connects the health of humans,

animals and the planet."

In other words, the usual globalist claptrap.

One hardly needs to be a conspiracy realist to understand how such mushy-sounding goodness and gumdrops from the WHO could be used to implement a very dark biosecurity agenda. Whatever the specifics, you can bet your bottom dollar that all of the worst aspects of biomedical tyranny—from new regulations to rush experimental medical interventions through human trials in the event of a declared emergency to the standardization of vaccine passports—will be topics of discussion when the negotiations on the treaty begin in earnest.

Don't worry, though, you can still let your voice be heard! The WHO has even opened up a special page on their website to allow public comment on the potential treaty!

. . . Of course, they're not interested in hearing whether or not people actually want such a treaty in the first place, only what the *hoi polloi* feel should be *included* in such a treaty. Specifically, they're asking:

> “What substantive elements do you think should be included in a new international instrument on pandemic preparedness and response?”

And even then, they're not looking to hear from *everyone*. In fact, they have an entire page laying out the terms and conditions by which you can submit a comment in the first place, including stipulations that those wishing to comment "Refrain from making any statements unrelated to the topic at hand," that they present their comments "in a respectful manner, free of any profanity, ad hominem attacks, vulgarity, or other inappropriate language" and that they "declare the entity [they] represent and any other affiliations, engagement, or roles relevant to the public hearings or to WHO, in light of its mandate." Oh, and please keep in mind "that WHO is not able to ensure that all interested parties will be able to participate in the public hearings, and that thus WHO does not make any commitment or undertaking to allow you to participate in the public hearings."

But other than that, they *totally* want to hear from you.

. . . Oh, wait. Scratch that. The deadline for the public to submit their comments has already passed. I guess we're too late. Hmmm, perhaps we should have consulted the globalist calendar sooner.

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Episode 356 - Top 5 "Conspiracy Theories" That Turned Out To Be True

James Corbett • 05/19/2019

We all know the old trope of the tinfoil hat-wearing conspiracy theorist who believes crazy things like "the government is spying on us" and "the military is spraying things in the sky" and "the CIA ships in the drugs."

Except those things aren't so crazy after all. As it turns out, many of the old "conspiracy theorist" fantasies are actually true.

Here are five examples of things that were once derided as zany conspiracy paranoia and are now accepted as mundane historical fact.

#1 - The CIA Ships in the Drugs

The Central Intelligence Agency, the most well-known branch of America's shadowy intelligence community, features in a number of popular conspiracy theories. One of the theories about the CIA's dirty dealings that has been around for decades is that the agency helps bring illegal drugs into the United States.

But this isn't just a theory. In fact, the CIA has been involved in drug-running from its very inception.

Just months after its creation in 1947, the agency began a relationship with the Corsican mafia that controlled the Old Port of Marseille in post-war France. That relationship involved a quid pro quo: The CIA would protect the mafia if the mafia would keep the communists from taking control of the port. In this case, "protecting the mafia" meant protecting their most lucrative business, which just happened to be smuggling heroin into the United States. This "French Connection" thrived for

decades, with the majority of the heroin in the US in the post-war period coming via France under the watchful eye of the CIA.

From the Korean War to the Vietnam War and beyond, CIA-supported warlords used CIA-run airlines like Air America to ship heroin from the "Golden Triangle" at the borders of Thailand, Laos, and Myanmar. As even *The New York Times* reported, the agency prevented the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs from monitoring drug trafficking in the region. They even stopped an investigation into "an Air America DC-3 loaded with heroin packed into boxes of Tide soap powder" that had been seized on its way to the US.

In the 1980s, yet more agency involvement in drug smuggling rings came to light. This time it was drug traffickers connected to the Contras in Nicaragua that received help from the agency. After the Contra-connected trafficking came to light, a Senate investigation headed by Senator John Kerry confirmed government complicity in the drug trade.

> **BOB MCKEOWN**: As for the CIA, it's denied ever aiding or condoning drug smuggling.
>
> **JOHN KERRY**: Reports were reaching the highest councils of our government, in the White House and in the Justice Department. There is no question of that. I can document that.
>
> **MCKEOWN**: The White House and Justice Department disputed Kerry's report at the time. But he still believes some government officials turned a blind eye towards drug dealing in the mid-1980s, after the time at the heart of Gary Webb's stories.
>
> ***SOURCE: A Crack in the Story — NBC Dateline (13 June 1997)***

In the 1990s, award-winning journalist Gary Webb traced the Contras' CIA-protected backers to cocaine shipments into the US, and, ultimately, to the crack epidemic of the 1980s.

Stories of CIA drug-running continue to be covered up almost as quickly as they are exposed, from the CIA Beech 200 that was apprehended in Nicaragua with 1100 kilos of cocaine to the crash of a Grumman Gulfstream II that had been used for CIA rendition flights that was carrying 3.3 tons of Columbian cocaine. Then there's the CIA's relationship with Afghan drug warlord Ahmed Wali Karzai in Afghanistan and the admission that the Sinaloa cartel was aided by US agencies and the recent confession that famed Columbian drug king Pablo Escobar worked for the CIA.

At this point, the fact that the Central Intelligence Agency has facilitated drug-running into the United States is one of the worst kept secrets in history.

> **MICHAEL RUPPERT**: I will tell you, Director Deutch, as a former Los Angeles police narcotics detective that the agency has dealt drugs throughout this country for a long time.
>
> ***SOURCE: Michael Ruppert Confronts CIA Director John Deutch***

#2 - The government is spraying us from the skies

It is incumbent on everyone who wishes to remain in the respectable, polite circles of society that they deride all chemtrail theorists as kooky fringe-nut wingbats (or whatever the *ad hominem du*

jour is). I mean, who could actually believe that the government would ever coordinate a program to spray toxic chemicals on unwitting citizens?

Except, of course, for the pesky little fact that the US government *has* done precisely that. Repeatedly, in fact.

Like in the San Francisco Bay Area in 1950. The US Navy conducted an experiment they code-named "Operation Sea-Spray," in which they secretly sprayed the population with *Serratia marcescens*, a "rod-shaped gram-negative bacteria" that just happens to be a human pathogen.

And what did the Navy hope to accomplish with this experiment? Why, to "determine the susceptibility of a big city like San Francisco to a bioweapon attack by terrorists," of course.

And what did they actually accomplish? The death of at least one person and the hospitalization of many others.

Which, I suppose, answers the experimenters' question, doesn't it? Are San Franciscans susceptible to a bioweapon attack by terrorists? Well, yes, evidently . . . assuming by the word "terrorist" you mean the US Navy.

So surely this type of thing was just a one-off. They never tried something like this before or since, right? . . . Right?

. . . Oh, of course they did.

Like in 1953, when "the US Army secretly dumped a carcinogen on unknowing Canadians in Winnipeg and Alberta" as part of a cold war weapons test.

In fact, in 1977 the US Army confirmed that they "conducted 239 germ warfare tests in open air between 1949 and 1969," using the public as human guinea pigs in New York, San Francisco, Key West, and numerous other cities.

But don't worry, everyone. I'm sure the government wouldn't be doing anything like this to the unaware masses *today*. That's just crazy talk.

> **JEFF FERRELL**: KSLA News 12 discovered chemtrails are even mentioned by name in the initial draft of House Bill 2977 back in 2001 under the Space Preservation Act. But the military denies any such program exists. Jeff Ferrell, KSLA News 12 reporting.
>
> **ANCHOR**: And you know it turns out [that] until nine years ago the government had the right under US law to conduct secret testing on the American public under specific conditions. Only a public outcry repealed part of that law, with some exceptions.
>
> ***SOURCE: KSLA News 12 report on chemtrails***

#3 - Governments stage terror attacks

Over the last decade internet conspiracy analysts have brought the term "false flag" to the public consciousness.

In naval warfare, a “false flag” refers to an attack where a vessel flies a flag other than their true battle flag before engaging their enemy. It is a trick, designed to deceive the enemy about the true nature and origin of an attack, and it has been used over and over by government after government for hundreds of years in order to motivate their people for war.

In the 1780s, Swedish King Gustav III—looking to start a war with Russia in order to shore up his own domestic political power—dressed some of his own troops in Russian military uniforms and ordered them to attack a Swedish outpost on the Russian border. The ruse worked, and the Swedes, outraged at this supposedly "Russian" attack, gave the king the authority to launch a "defensive" war.

In 1931, the Japanese were looking for a pretext to invade Manchuria. On September 18th of that year, a lieutenant in the Imperial Japanese Army detonated a small amount of TNT along a Japanese-owned railway in the Manchurian city of Mukden. The act was blamed on Chinese dissidents and used to justify the occupation of Manchuria just six months later. When the deception was later exposed, Japan was diplomatically shunned and forced to withdraw from the League of Nations.

In 1954, the Israelis hired a number of Egyptian Jews to plant bombs in American and British cinemas, libraries, and other civilian targets, to be blamed on the Muslim Brotherhood or other malcontents. The plan, known as the Lavon Affair, was part of an effort to convince the British to retain their military presence in the occupied Suez Canal zone. Several bombings took place, but the British were ultimately forced out after Nasser nationalized the canal in 1956.

In August 1964, the USS Maddox, a US destroyer on patrol in the Gulf of Tonkin, believed it had come under attack from North Vietnamese Navy torpedo boats, engaging in evasive action and returning fire. The incident led to the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution authorizing President Johnson to begin open warfare in Vietnam. It was later admitted that no attack had occurred, and in 2005 it was revealed that the NSA had manipulated their information to make it look like an attack had taken place.

In June 1967, the Israelis attacked the USS Liberty, a US Navy technical research ship conducting maneuvers off the coast of Egypt. The ship was strafed relentlessly for hours in an attempt to blame the attack on Egypt and draw the Americans into the Six Day War, but amazingly, the crew managed to keep the ship afloat. In 2007, newly released NSA intercepts confirmed that the Israelis knew they were attacking an American ship, not an Egyptian ship as their cover story has maintained.

In the fall of 1999, a wave of bloody apartment bombings swept through Russian cities, killing 293 people and causing widespread panic. Although blamed on Chechen terrorists, later that month FSB agents were caught planting the exact same type of bombs as in the other blasts. The government claimed that the FSB bomb was part of a "security exercise," but the terror hysteria of the apartment bombings was used to justify Russian aggression in Chechnya and win public approval for a full-scale war. Russian troops entered Chechnya the next month.

In 2001, attacks in New York and Washington are blamed on Al Qaeda as a pretext for invading Afghanistan. In the months leading up to the event, American negotiators had warned Afghanistan's Taliban that they were interested in securing right of way for proposed pipeline projects, and the US would achieve this with either a carpet of gold or a carpet of bombs. The Bush administration's first major national security directive, NSPD-9, a full-scale battle plan for the invasion of Afghanistan, including command and control, air and ground forces, and logistics, was drafted and sitting on the President's desk to be signed off on September 4, 2001, seven days before the 9/11 attacks. The invasion proceeded as planned in October.

Naturally, mainstream commentators have to pretend that "false flags" and staged terror incidents are ludicrous flights of fancy that have no historical precedent . . . unless they're talking about one of their enemies, like Russia, staging a false flag incident. Then it's perfectly acceptable.

#4 - The CIA ran mind control experiments on unwitting Americans

Ever hear the "theory" that the government abducted people against their will and experimented on them to study mind control techniques and mind-altering chemicals? Well, it isn't a theory, it's a documented fact. The US government *did* run just such a program, dubbed Project MKULTRA, and it was exposed in the 1970s. . . or at least parts of it were.

What we *don't* know about Project MKULTRA and its affiliated subprojects could probably fill several warehouses with books, but what we *do* know is voluminous (and scary) enough. The formerly top-secret program was as horrific as any dystopian fantasy ever devised . . . and is now openly acknowledged and documented.

Even the Wikipedia article on the subject admits that the project was completely illegal, employed unwitting test subjects, and attempted to "manipulate people's mental states and alter brain functions" through the "surreptitious administration of drugs (especially LSD) and other chemicals, hypnosis, sensory deprivation, isolation, verbal and sexual abuse, and other forms of torture."

Some aspects of the MKULTRA nightmare are relatively well-known by now.

One series of experiments, presided over by Sidney Gottlieb, involved administering LSD to unwitting Americans, including mental patients, prisoners, drug addicts and prostitutes. This included "Operation Midnight Climax" in which unsuspecting men were drugged and lured to CIA safe houses by prostitutes on the CIA payroll. Their sexual activity was monitored behind one-way mirrors and used to study the effect of sexual blackmail and the use of mind-altering substances in field operations.

Another experiment, dubbed MKULTRA Subproject 68, was overseen by the esteemed psychiatrist Dr. Ewen Cameron. This subproject involved Dr. Cameron using LSD, paralytic drugs, electroshock therapy and drug-induced comas to attempt to wipe patients' memories and reprogram their psyche. When brought to light, the program was identified as an attempt to refine methods of medical torture for the purpose of extracting information from unwilling sources and condemned. Lawsuits regarding the blatantly illegal experimentation conducted by Cameron continue to this day.

Yet despite CIA assurances that the program was scrapped in 1973 ("Would the CIA ever lie to us?"), documentary evidence continues to emerge that the program was far more extensive and horrific than the public was ever told.

But simply pointing to the documented horrors that took place during the officially acknowledged period of the officially acknowledged program's officially acknowledged existence is enough to make even the most stubborn conspiracy deniers squirm in their seats.

> **MELISSA DYKES**: MKULTRA would mostly be remembered for its drug experiments.
>
> **DOCTOR**: I'm going to give you this cup that contains lysergic acid 100 micrograms. Will you drink it.

NARRATOR: That's "acid." Characterized by hallucinations, illusions, distortions of perception and thinking.

NEWS ANCHOR: John Gittinger, recently retired chief psychologist for the CIA.

GITTINGER: You could disable a whole city by putting a very small amount in our water supply.

DYKES: Everything from prostitution studies to poisons to top-secret weapons like the heart attack gun grabbed headlines with sensational accounts of the CIA's sketchy techniques.

SENATOR: You've brought with you some of those devices which would have enabled the CIA to use this poison for . . .

CIA REPRESENTATIVE: We have indeed.

SENATOR: . . . for killing people?

NEWS ANCHOR 2: Good evening. The White House disclosed today that the CIA's drug testing program on unsuspecting Americans had been more expensive than the agency had admitted.

SPEAKER: . . . CIA secretly funneled money through scores of research foundations, colleges, hospitals, and clinics, including a $375,000 grant through the Geeshickter Research Fund here in Washington.

DYKES: The complex and compartmentalized management of such a large project through front groups and with the participation of countless agencies and institutions to carry out secret research should be a testament to just how sophisticated and shadowy government science had become.

SPEAKER 2: They're names of doctors, they're names of officials, they're names of former and present CIA officials who were involved, they're names of hospitals. And depending on how you treat it, it could be sensational.

SOURCE:* *The Minds of Men | Official Documentary by Aaron & Melissa Dykes

#5 - Chemicals are turning the friggin' frogs . . . female

You've probably seen the memes about it. It's one of the best known and most parodied conspiracy memes of recent years, constantly held up as an example of how utterly deranged and off base-online conspiracy theorists are. *MEME. After all, everyone knows that chemicals in the water aren't turning the frogs *gay*. They're turning them *female*.

Reports began to emerge on this phenomenon a decade ago, like this one from LiveScience: "Pesticide Turns Male Frogs into Females," which points out that scientific research is demonstrating that "a commonly used pesticide known as atrazine can turn male frogs into females that are successfully able to reproduce."

Atrazine, it turns out, is a weed killer used primarily on corn crops, and can cause "sexual abnormalities" in frogs, such as hermaphroditism (having both male and female sex organs). The

study from 2010 further discovered that atrazine's effects are long-lasting and can influence reproduction in amphibians.

The results suggest that atrazine could have potentially harmful effects on populations of amphibians, animals that are already experiencing a global decline. And despite the steady flow of funny memes this observation has generated, this is no laughing matter. As study author Tyrone B. Hayes of the University of California, Berkeley, explains, the study suggests that atrazine—which is banned in Europe—could have potentially harmful effects on populations of amphibians, animals that are already experiencing a global decline.

Though there's no mention of the frogs' sexual preferences, pesticides *are* admittedly bending the genders of amphibians. And to top it all off, since atrazine interferes with the production of the sex hormone estrogen, present in people and frogs, the findings could have implications for humans as well.

But it isn't just atrazine. Over the last century, mass manufacturing of plastics and other products have meant that our environment is now awash in chemicals called "endocrine disrupters," which, a growing body of research suggests, interferes with sperm production and may impair human fertilization. These chemicals may be one of the reasons that sperm counts are undergoing a dramatic drop in developed countries and other issues with men's health, including "testicular cancer, undescended testes and low sperm count."

That's actually a pretty big deal. But I guess if you want to make trendy hipsters laugh, just tell them these completely admitted scientific facts about the pesticides that are wreaking untold havoc on our environment and then do your best impression of a loud-mouthed Texan ranting about gay frogs. You'll have your friends in stitches. Just don't say it's a theory.

In Conclusion . . .

In truth, there are many more examples of conspiracy "theories" that turned out to be true, from the US government knowingly injecting poor black sharecroppers with syphilis to the CIA heart attack gun to the "anonymous" letter that the FBI wrote to Martin Luther King urging him to kill himself. So, what other not-so-theoretical conspiracy theories do you know of? Let us know in the comments below!

Episode 396 – Bioethics and the New Eugenics

TRANSCRIPT

Bioethics is the study of the moral issues arising from medicine, biology and the life sciences.

At first glance, bioethics might seem like just another branch of ethical philosophy where academics endlessly debate other academics about how many angels dance on the head of a pin in far-out, science fiction like scenarios.

> **PAUL ROOT WOLPE**: Imagine what's going to happen when we have a memory pill. First of all, you don't have to raise your hand but let's be honest: who here's going to take it?
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Memory Enhancing Drugs: Subject of "Arms" Race?***
>
> **MICHAEL SANDEL**: I've read of a sport—it's a variant of polo that is I think played in Afghanistan if I'm not mistaken—where the people ride on horses. Is it horses or camels? I don't know which. And they use a—it's a dead goat or something—to, I don't know, whack the polo ball or whatever it is. Now it's a dead—I think it's a goat. Maybe someone knows who studies sociology about this. So it's not that the goat is experiencing pain. It's dead already. And yet there is something grim about that practice, wouldn't you agree? And yet it's not that the interests of that goat are somehow not being considered. Let's assume it was killed painlessly before the match began.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***The Ethical Use of Biotechnology: Debating the Science of Perfecting Humans***
>
> **MOLLY CROCKETT**: What if I told you that a pill could change your judgement of what is right and what is wrong. Or what if I told you that your sense of justice could depend on what you had for breakfast this morning. You're probably thinking by now this sounds like science fiction, right?
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***TEDxZurich – Molly Crockett – Drugs and morals***

But the bioethicists cannot be dismissed so lightly. Their ideas are being used by governments to assert control over people's bodies and to enforce that control in increasingly nightmarish ways.

> **ARCHELLE GEORGIOU**: Lithium is a medication that in prescription doses treats mood disorders in people with bipolar disorder or manic-depressive illness. And what these researchers found in Japan is that lithium is present in trace amounts in the normal water supply in some communities and in those communities they have a lower suicide rate. And so they're really investigating whether trace amounts of lithium can just change the mood in a community enough to really in a positive way without having the bad effects of lithium to really affect the mood and decrease the suicide rate very interesting concept.

SOURCE:* *Lithium May Be Added To Our Water Supply

GATES: You're raising tuitions at the University of California as rapidly as they [sic] can and so the access that used to be available to the middle class or whatever is just rapidly going away. That's a trade-off society's making because of very, very high medical costs and a lack of willingness to say, you know, "Is spending a million dollars on that last three months of life for that patient—would it be better not to lay off those 10 teachers and to make that trade off in medical cost?" But that's called the "death panel" and you're not supposed to have that discussion.

SOURCE:* *Bill Gates: End-of-Life Care vs. Saving Teachers' Jobs

Even a short time ago, talk about medicating the public through the water supply or enacting death panels for the elderly still seemed outlandish. But now that the world is being plunged into hysteria over the threat of pandemics and overburdened health care systems, these previously unspeakable topics are increasingly becoming part of the public debate.

What many do not know, however, is that the seemingly benign academic study of bioethics has its roots in the dark history of eugenics. With that knowledge, the dangers inherent in entrusting some of the most important discussions about the life, death and health of humanity in the hands of a select few become even more apparent.

This is a study of **Bioethics and the New Eugenics**.

You are tuned in to The Corbett Report.

On November 10, 2020, Joe Biden announced the members of a coronavirus task force that would advise his transition team on setting COVID-19-related policies for the Biden administration. That task force included Dr. Ezekiel Emanuel, a bioethicist and senior fellow at the Center for American Progress.

JOE BIDEN: So that's why today I've named the COVID-19 Transition Advisory Board comprised of distinguished public health experts to help our transition team translate the Biden-Harris COVID-19 plan into action. A blueprint that we can put in place as soon as Kamala and I are sworn into office on January 20th, 2021.

SOURCE: President-elect Biden Delivers Remarks on Coronavirus Pandemic

ANCHOR: We've learned that a doctor from our area is on the president-elect's task force. Eyewitness News reporter Howard Monroe picks up the story.

THOMAS FARLEY: I know he's a very bright, capable guy and i think that's a great choice to represent doctors in general in addressing this epidemic.

HOWARD MONROE: Philadelphia health commissioner Dr. Thomas Farley this morning on Eyewitness News. He praised president-elect Joe Biden's transition team for picking Dr. Ezekiel Emanuel to join his coronavirus task force. He is the chair of the Department of Medical Ethics and Health Policy at the University of Pennsylvania.

SOURCE:* *UPenn Dr. Ezekiel Emanuel To Serve On President-Elect Biden's Coronavirus Task Force

That announcement meant very little to the general public, who likely only know Emanuel as a talking head on tv panel discussions or as the brother of former Obama chief of staff and ex-mayor of Chicago, Rahm Emanuel. But for those who have followed Ezekiel Emanuel's career as a bioethicist and his history of advocating controversial reforms of the American health care system, his appointment was an ominous sign of things to come.

He has argued that the Hippocratic Oath is obsolete and that it leads to doctors believing that they should do everything they can for their patients rather than letting them die to focus on higher priorities. He has argued that people should choose to die at age 75 to spare society the burden of looking after them in old age. As a health policy advisor to the Obama administration he helped craft the Affordable Care Act, which fellow Obamacare architect Jonathan Gruber admitted was only passed thanks to the stupidity of the American public.

> **JONATHAN GRUBER**: OK? Just like the people—transparency—*lack* of transparency is a huge political advantage. And basically, you know, call it the stupidity of the American voter or whatever, but basically that was really critical to getting the thing to pass.
>
> **SOURCE: 3 Jonathan Gruber Videos: Americans "Too Stupid to Understand" Obamacare**

During the course of the deliberations over Obamacare, the issue of "death panels" arose. Although the term "death panel" was immediately lampooned by government apologists in the media, the essence of the argument was one that Emanuel has long advocated: appointing a body or council to ration health care, effectively condemning those deemed unworthy of medical attention to death.

> **ROB MASS**: When I first heard about you it was in the context of an article you wrote right around the time that the Affordable Care Act was under consideration. And the article was entitled "Principles for the Allocation of Scarce Medical Interventions." I don't know how many of you remember there was a lot of talk at the time about [how] this new Obamacare was going to create death panels. And he wrote an article which I thought should have been required reading for the entire country about how rationing medical care—you think that that's going to start with with the Affordable Care Act? Medical care is rationed all the time and it must be rationed. Explain that.
>
> **EZEKIEL EMANUEL**: So there are two kinds of "rationing," you might say. One is absolute scarcity leading to rationing and that's when we don't simply don't have enough of something and you have to choose between people. We do that with organs for transplantation. We don't have enough. Some people will get it, other people won't and, tragically, people will die. Similarly if we ever have a flu pandemic—not if but when we have a flu pandemic—we're not going to have enough vaccine, we're not going to have enough respirators, we're not going to have enough hospital beds. We're just going to have to choose between people.
>
> ***SOURCE: Dr. Zeke Emanuel: Oncologist and Bioethicist***

When the debate is framed as an impersonal imposition of economic restraint over the deployment of scarce resources, it is easy to forget the real nature of the idea that Emanuel is advocating. Excluded from these softball interviews is the implicit question of who gets to decide who is worthy of medical attention. Emanuel's various proposals over the years, and those of his fellow bioethicists, have usually supposed that some government-appointed but somehow "independent"

board of bioethicists, economists and other technocrats, should be entrusted with these life-and-death decisions.

If this idea seems familiar, it's because it has a long and dark history that harkens back to the eugenicists who argued that only the "fittest" should be allowed to breed, and anyone deemed "unfit" by the government-appointed boards—presided over by the eugenicists—should be sterilized, or, in extreme cases, put to death.

> **GEORGE BERNARD SHAW**: [. . .] But there are an extraordinary number of people whom I want to kill. Not in any unkind or personal spirit, but it must be evident to all of you — you must all know half a dozen people, at least—who are no use in this world. Who are more trouble than they are worth. And I think it would be a good thing to make everybody come before a properly appointed board, just as he might come before the income tax commissioner, and, say, every five years, or every seven years, just put him there, and say: "Sir, or madam, now will you be kind enough to justify your existence?"
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***George Bernard Shaw talking about capital punishment***

This is the exact same talk of "Life Unworthy of Life" that was employed in Nazi Germany as justification for their Aktion T4 program, which resulted in over 70,000 children, senior citizens and psychiatric patients being murdered by the Nazi regime.

In 2009, author and researcher Anton Chaitkin confronted Ezekiel Emanuel about this genocidal idea.

> **MODERATOR**: So we'll do the same format. It'll be three minutes and then time for questions. We'll start with Mr. Chaitkin.
>
> **ANTON CHAITKIN**: [My name is] Anton Chaitkin. I'm a historian and the history editor for Executive Intelligence Review.
>
> President Obama has put in place a reform apparatus reviving the euthanasia of Hitler Germany in 1939 that began the genocide there. The apparatus here is to deny medical care to elderly, chronically ill and poor people and thus save, as the president says, two to three trillion dollars by taking lives considered "not worthy to be lived" as the Nazi doctors said.
>
> Dr. Ezekiel Emanuel and other avowed cost-cutters on this panel also lead a propaganda movement for euthanasia headquartered at the Hastings Center, of which Dr. Emanuel is a fellow. They shape public opinion and the medical profession to accept a death culture, such as the Washington state law passed in November to let physicians help kill patients whose medical care is now rapidly being withdrawn in the universal health disaster. Dr. Emmanuel's movement for bioethics and euthanasia and this council's purpose directly continue the eugenics movement that organized Hitler's killing of patients and then other costly and supposedly "unworthy" people.
>
> Dr. Emanuel wrote last October 12 that a crisis, war and financial collapse would get the frightened public to accept the program. Hitler told Dr. Brandt in 1935 that the euthanasia program would have to wait until the war began to get the public to go along. Dr. Emanuel wrote last year that the hippocratic oath should be junked; doctors should no longer just serve the needs of the patient. Hoche and Binding, the German eugenicists, exactly said the same thing to start the killing.

> You on the council are drawing up the procedures to be used to deny care which will kill millions if it goes ahead in the present world crash. You think perhaps the backing of powerful men, financiers, will shield you from accountability, but you are now in the spotlight.
>
> Disband this council and reverse the whole course of this nazi revival now.
>
> ***SOURCE: Obama's Genocidal Death Panel Warned by Tony Chaitkin***

It should come as no surprise, then, that Emanuel emerged last year as the lead author of a *New England Journal of Medicine* article advocating for rationing COVID-19 care that was later adopted by the Canadian Medical Association. The paper, "Fair Allocation of Scarce Medical Resources in the Time of Covid-19," was written by Emanuel and a team of prominent bioethicists and discusses "the need to ration medical equipment and interventions" during a pandemic emergency.

Their recommendations include removing treatment from patients who are elderly and/or less likely to survive, as these people divert scarce medical resources from younger patients or from those with more promising prognoses. Although the authors refrain from using the term, the necessity of setting up a "death panel" to determine who should or should not receive treatment is implicit in the proposal itself.

In normal times, this would have been just another scholarly discussion of a theoretical situation. But these are not normal times. As Canadian researcher and medical writer Rosemary Frei documented at the time, the declared COVID crisis meant the paper quickly went from abstract proposal to concrete reality.

> **JAMES CORBETT**: Let's get back to that question about hospital care rationing, which is such an important part of this story. And it's one of those things that when you read it at a surface level at first glance *sounds* reasonable enough, but the more that you look into it I think it becomes more horrifying.
>
> And you quote, for example, specifically a March 23rd paper, "Fair Allocation of Scarce Medical Resources in the Time of Covid-19," which was published in the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*, which calls for "maximizing the number of patients that survived treatment with a reasonable life expectancy." Which, again, I would say sounds reasonable at first glance. Yes, of course we want to maximize the number of patients that survive. What's wrong with that?
>
> So what can you tell us about this paper and the precedent that it's setting here.
>
> **ROSEMARY FREI**: Well it's all of a sudden changing the rules in terms of saying, "Well, the most important thing is that it's the older people get a lower place in terms of triaging."
>
> And I point out in my article, also, that Canadians have a lot of experience with SARS because we had that—there were a significant number of deaths in Ontario because of it. And there were people from Toronto who had direct experience with SARS—which of course is (ostensibly, at least) a cousin with the novel coronavirus—who wrote triaging guidelines, or at least an ethical framework for how to triage during a pandemic—this was in 2006—they didn't mention age at all. And here we are 14 years later,

> every single set of guidelines, including this really important *New England Journal of Medicine* paper say, "Well, age is an important criterion." And this is what's interesting.
>
> So this paper is really important because—and also the Journal of the American Medical Association, which is the official organ, I would say, of the American Medical Association says the same thing: it's age. So they're all stepping in line and then the Canadian Medical Association said, "Oh, we don't have time to put our own guidelines together so we'll just use this one from the *New England Journal of Medicine*." To me, that's astonishing.
>
> When I was a medical writer and journalist, I did some work helping various—one particular organization: the Canadian Thoracic Society, which does, you know, chest infections and stuff. I helped them put together guidelines. There's a whole big set of organizations for every single specialty for creating guidelines. Yet, "Oh! We don't have time to put together this—" And also, I mean Canada had a lot of experience with SARS, so we had a lot of this background. Yet, "Oh, we can't do so it!" So they gave totally—they, quote, they said we have to go with the recommendations from the *New England Journal of Medicine*.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *How the High Death Rate in Care Homes Was Created on Purpose***

That bioethicists like Emanuel are writing papers that are changing the rules for rationing health care in the midst of a generated crisis should hardly be surprising for someone whose brother infamously remarked that you should never let a good crisis go to waste.

> **RAHM EMANUEL**: You never want a serious crisis to go to waste. And what I mean by that, it's an opportunity to do things you think you could not do before.
>
> **SOURCE: Rahm Emanuel on the Opportunities of Crisis**

But from a broader perspective, it is not at all surprising that the concept of "death panels" has been effectively smuggled in through the back door by the bioethicists.

In fact, when you start documenting the history of bioethics, you discover that this is exactly what this field of study is meant to do: Frame the debate about hot button issues so that eugenicist ideals and values can be mainstreamed in society and enacted in law. From abortion to euthanasia, there isn't a debate in the medical field that wasn't preceded by some bioethicist or bioethics institute preparing the public for a massive change in mores, values and laws.

That research into the history of bioethics leads one to the doorstep of the Hastings Center, a nonprofit research center that, according to its website, "was important in establishing the field of bioethics." The founding director of the Hastings Center, Theodosius Dobzhansky, was a chairman of the American Eugenics Society from 1969 to 1975. Meanwhile, Hastings cofounder Daniel Callahan—who has admitted to relying on Rockefeller Population Council and UN Population Fund money in the early days of the center's work—served as a director of the American Eugenics Society (rebranded as The Society for the Study of Social Biology) from 1987 to 1992.

As previous Corbett Report guest Anton Chaitkin has extensively documented, there is a line of historical continuity connecting the promotion of eugenics in America by the Rockefeller family in the early 20th century to the creation of the Hastings Center in the late 20th century. The Center,

Chaitkin points out, was fostered by the Rockefeller-founded Population Council as a front for pushing the eugenics agenda—including abortion, euthanasia and the creation of death panels—under the guise of "bioethics."

> **CHAITKIN**: Eugenics practices that we saw and discussions and preparations for eugenics, which were going on in the United States in the early 1920s and earlier going back to the late 19th century—those discussions were carried over—and the same discussions and preparations in England—were carried over into Nazi Germany. After the war—after World War II—people who had participated in these movements wanted to keep the eugenics idea alive and with the backing of particularly the Rockefeller Foundation—which had backed Nazi eugenics before World War II in Europe—they set up a population control movement that overlapped with the Eugenics Society and with eugenics ideas. And out of that combination of eugenics and population control was born the institutes and programs which are today at the heart of what's called "bioethics," where you decide—so, supposedly decide—ethical questions in a medical practice based on supposedly limited resources.
>
> So it's a completely phony and morally disgusting field in general. It's ill-born at the root of it and it's a practice which has never confronted—in the medical community and in the academic community that has this as part of its, you know, its practice—they've never confronted the basis for the existence of this "bioethics."
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Anton Chaitkin on the Eugenics / Euthanasia Agenda***

The history of bioethics connects the Rockefeller funding behind the first wave of American eugenics, the Rockefeller funding behind the Kaiser Wilhelm Institutes and the Nazi-era German eugenics program, and the Rockefeller funding behind the Population Council, the Hastings Center and other centres for post-war "crypto-eugenics" research. As a result, it is perhaps not surprising to find that many of the most well-known and most controversial bioethicists working today are associated with the Hastings Center.

Take Ezekiel Emanuel himself. In addition to being a senior fellow at the John Podesta-founded Center for American Progress—which was accused in a 2013 expose from *The Nation* of maintaining "a revolving door" with the Obama administration and running a pay-for-play operation for various industry lobbyists—Emanuel is also a Hastings Center fellow. In fact, Emanuel's career as a bioethicist was kickstarted by a November 1996 article in *The Hastings Center Report*, which—after praising Daniel Callahan's attempts to inject a debate about the goals of medicine into the discussion of health care—highlighted a point on which both liberals and communitarians can agree: "services provided to individuals who are irreversibly prevented from being or becoming participating citizens are not basic and should not be guaranteed." For "an obvious example" of this principle in action, Emanuel then cites "not guaranteeing health services to patients with dementia."

Just last year, The Hastings Center hosted an online discussion about "What Values Should Guide Us" when considering COVID-19 pandemic restrictions in the United States, during which Emanuel opined that big tech was not doing enough to share data about users' movements with governments and researchers:

> **EMANUEL**: I have to say I've actually found Big Tech totally unhelpful so far in this. It's hard for me to see that they've done something really, really helpful in this regard when it comes to COVID-19. They have lots of capacity. Believe me: Facebook already

> knows who you interact with on a regular basis; how close you've gotten to them; when you leave your house; which stores you go into. Google does the same. And they have not used this data. Maybe they're afraid that people are going to be all upset, but they haven't even been willing to give it to someone else to use in an effective manner. And I think either they're going to become irrelevant in this process or they're going to have to step up and actually be contributory to solving this problem.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Re-Opening the Nation: What Values Should Guide Us?***

Or take Hastings Center fellow and University of Wisconsin-Madison bioethics professor Norman Fost, who, in addition to questioning whether it is "important that organ donors be dead" in the *Kennedy Institute of Ethics Journal*, made the case for involuntary sterilization—the hallmark of the now universally denounced American eugenics program—at a 2013 panel discussion on "Challenging Cases in Clinical Ethics."

> **NORMAN FOST**: On the sterilization thing, if his sexual behavior can be attenuated so that he's not a risk of impregnating anybody that would be the best thing. But I don't think we should rule out sterilization as being in his interest also, as well as potential victims of his sexual assault.
>
> I think sterilization has a bad reputation in America because of the eugenic sterilization of a hundred thousand or more people with developmental disabilities, most of them inappropriate. But the overreaction to that . . . and Wisconsin leads the way at overreacting to that. We have a Supreme Court decision that says you can never sterilize a minor until the legislature gives us permission to do it and they never will and that's not in the interest of a lot of kids with developmental disabilities for whom procreation would be a disaster—that is pregnancy or inflicting a pregnancy.
>
> So if it's the case that this fella is never going to be capable of being a parent . . . and I can't tell quite that from the limited history here and it may not be the case—but I just want to say that the country's overreaction to sterilization—like it's wrong, it's always terrible to involuntarily sterilized somebody—is not true and it ought to be at least on the table as something that might be in his interest.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***A Conversation About Challenging Cases in Clinical Ethics***

But these discussions are not limited to the ranks of the Hastings Center.

Take Joseph Fletcher. Dubbed a pioneer in the field of biomedical ethics by both his critics and his apologists, Fletcher was the first professor of medical ethics at the University of Virginia and co-founded the Program in Biology and Society there. In addition to his position as president of the Euthanasia Society of America and his work helping to establish the Planned Parenthood Federation, Fletcher was also a member of the American Eugenics Society. In a 1968 article in defense of killing babies with Down's syndrome "or other kind[s] of idiot[s]," Fletcher wrote:

> "The sanctity (what makes it precious) is not in life itself, intrinsically; it is only extrinsic and *bonum per accident, ex casu* – according to the situation. Compared to some things, the taking of life is a small evil and compared to some things, the loss of life is a small evil. Death is not always an enemy; it can sometimes be a friend and servant."

Or take Peter Singer. If there is any bioethicist in the world today whose name is known to the general public it is Peter Singer, famed for his animal liberation advocacy. Less well known to the public, however, are his arguments in favor of infanticide, including the notion that there is no relevant difference between abortion and the killing of "severely disabled infants," positions which have driven his critics to call him "Son of Fletcher."

Although Singer is extremely careful to frame his argument for infanticide using the least controversial positions when speaking to the public. . . .

> **PETER SINGER**: . . . So we said, "Look, the difficult decision is whether you want this infant to live or not." That should be a decision for the parents and doctors to make on the basis of the fullest possible information about what the condition is. But once you've made that decision it should be permissible to make sure that the baby dies swiftly and humanely, if that's your decision. If your decision is that it's better that the child should not live, it should be possible to ensure that the child dies swiftly and humanely.
>
> And so that's what we proposed. Now, that's been picked up by a variety of opponents, both pro-life movement people and people in the militant disability movement—which incidentally didn't really exist at the time we first wrote about this issue. And they've taken us as, you know, the stalking horse—the bogeyman, if you like—because we're up front in saying that we think this is how we should treat these infants.
>
> ***SOURCE: The Case for Allowing Euthanasia of Severely Handicapped Infants***

. . . his actual writings contain much bolder assertions that would be sure to shock the sensibilities of the average person if they were plainly stated. In *Practical Ethics*, for example, intended as a text for an introductory ethics course, Singer dispenses with arguments about severe handicaps and birth defects and talks more broadly about whether it is fundamentally immoral to kill a newborn baby, noting that "a newborn baby is not an autonomous being, capable of making choices, and so to kill a newborn baby cannot violate the principle of respect for autonomy."

After conceding that "It would, of course, be difficult to say at what age children begin to see themselves as distinct entities existing over time"—noting that "Even when we talk with two or three year old children it is usually very difficult to elicit any coherent conception of death"—we could provide an "ample safety margin" for such concerns by deciding that "a full legal right to life comes into force not at birth, but only a short time after birth—perhaps a month."

Singer is by no means alone in his profession in discussing this subject. In fact, he's just part of a long line of bioethicists musing about exactly where to draw the line when discussing infanticide.

Take Alberto Giubilini and Francesca Minerva, two bioethicists working in Australia who published a paper titled "After-birth abortion: why should the baby live?" in *The Journal of Medical Ethics* in 2012. In that paper, they explicitly defend the practice of infanticide on moral grounds, claiming that "The moral status of an infant is equivalent to that of a fetus," and thus "the same reasons which justify abortion should also justify the killing of the potential person when it is at the stage of a newborn." Lest they be mistaken for forwarding the same old argument on killing severely handicapped newborn babies that bioethicists have been making for decades, the two are careful to add that their proposal includes "cases where the newborn has the potential to have an (at least) acceptable life, but the well-being of the family is at risk."

Unlike so many other academic papers on this subject, however, this one was picked up and widely circulated in the popular press, with even establishment media outlets like *The Guardian* insisting that "Infanticide is repellent. Feeling that way doesn't make you Glenn Beck."

Seemingly taken aback by the strong negative reaction to a scholarly article about the moral permissibility of killing babies, the authors of the article responded by accusing the general public of being too ignorant to understand the complex arguments made in the highly academic field of bioethics:

> When we decided to write this article about after-birth abortion we had no idea that our paper would raise such a heated debate.
>
> "Why not? You should have known!" people keep on repeating everywhere on the web. The answer is very simple: the article was supposed to be read by other fellow bioethicists who were already familiar with this topic and our arguments. Indeed, as Professor Savulescu explains in his editorial, this debate has been going on for 40 years.

Whatever else may be said about the researchers' response, this was not a dishonest defense of their work. Julian Savulescu, the editor of *The Journal of Medical Ethics* that published the article, *did* point out in his own defense of the publication that the scholarly debate about when it is permissible to kill babies goes back to at least the 1960s, when Francis Crick—the co-discoverer of the structure of DNA and an avowed eugenicist who proposed that governments should prevent the poor and undesirable from breeding by requiring government-issued licenses for the privilege of having a baby—proposed that children should only be *allowed* to live if, after birth, they are found to have met certain genetic criteria.

Indeed, the pages of the medical ethics journals are filled with just such debates. From Dan Brock's article on "Voluntary Active Euthanasia," published in The Hastings Center Report in 1992, to John Hardwig's 1997 article in the pages of The Hastings Center Report asking "Is There A Duty to Die?" to Hastings Center Deputy Director Nancy Berlinger's 2008 pronouncement that "Allowing parents to practice conscientious objection by opting out of vaccinating their children is troubling in several ways," these ethics professors toiling in a hitherto unknown and unremarked corner of academia are having a greater and greater effect in steering the policies that literally mean the difference between life and death for people around the world.

In his prescient 1988 article on "The Return of Eugenics," Richard J. Neuhaus observed:

> Thousands of medical ethicists and bioethicists, as they are called, professionally guide the unthinkable on its passage through the debatable on its way to becoming the justifiable until it is finally established as the unexceptionable. Those who pause too long to ponder troubling questions along the way are likely to be told that "the profession has already passed that point." In truth, the profession is usually huffing and puffing to catch up with what is already being done without its moral blessing.

Indeed, bioethicists are not, generally speaking, trained doctors, researchers or medical workers. As academics, they are forced to take the word of doctors and researchers at face value. But which doctors? Whose research? Inevitably, it will be that of the WHO, the AMA and other organizations whose work—as even those within its ranks admit—is not solely dictated by medical need, but by the arbitrary whims of the organizations' billionaire backers.

We are feeling the effects of this now, when these bioethics professors are held up as gurus who can not only provide medical advice, but actually lecture the public on which medical interventions they are morally obligated to undergo regardless of their own feelings about bodily autonomy.

***CLIP (0m35s-1m27s)**

SOURCE: ***Emanuel: Wearing a mask should be as necessary as wearing a seatbelt***

> **JULIAN SAVULESCU**: It's important to recognize that mandatory vaccination would not be anything new. There are many mandatory policies, other coercive policies—taxes are a form of coercion. Seatbelts were originally voluntary and they were made mandatory because they both reduce the risk of death to the wearer by 50% and also to other occupants in the car. But importantly some people *do* die of seat belt injuries, but the benefits vastly outweigh the risks.
>
> Some countries in the world already have mandatory vaccination policies. In Australia the "no jab, no pay" policy involves withholding child care benefits if the child isn't vaccinated. In Italy there are fines. And in the US children can't attend school unless they're vaccinated. All of these policies have increased vaccination rates and have been implementable.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***"Mandatory COVID-19 vaccination: the arguments for and against": Julian Savulescu & Sam Vanderslott***
>
> **KERRY BOWMAN**: Some form of vaccination passport is almost inevitable. With travel it's virtually a given. And you look at countries like Israel is now introducing the green card. And all this is going on the assumption that people that have been vaccinated are not going to be able to spread the viruses easily, meaning they can't transmit it and it's kind of looking like my read on the science is it's looking like that is the case with most of the vaccines. So that would be the question.
>
> Now some people say we absolutely can't do it, like, it's just not fair in a democratic society because there's people that refuse—don't want vaccines—and there's people that can't have vaccines. But here's the other side of the argument: Is it really fair to the Canadians that have been locked down for a year when they are vaccinated—they're no longer a risk to other people—is it really fair to continue to limit their freedom?
>
> So you've kind of got those two sides of it colliding.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***'Vaccination passports' a near certainty says bio-ethicist | COVID-19 in Canada***

From its inception, the field of bioethics has taken its moral cue from the card-carrying eugenicists who founded its core institutions. For these academicians of the eugenics philosophy, the key moral questions raised by modern medical advances are always utilitarian in nature: What is the value that forced vaccination or compulsory sterilization brings to a community? Will putting lithium in the water supply lead to a happier society? Does a family's relief at killing their newborn baby outweigh that baby's momentary discomfort as it is murdered?

Implicit in this line of thinking are all of the embedded assumptions about what defines "value" and "happiness" and "relief" and how these abstract ideas are measured and compared. The fundamental

utilitarian assumption that the individual's worth can or should be measured against some arbitrarily defined collective good, meanwhile, is rarely (if ever) considered.

The average person, however—largely unaware that these types of questions are even being asked (let alone answered) by bioethics professors in obscure academic journals—may literally perish for their lack of knowledge about these discussions.

All things being equal, these types of ideas would likely be treated as they always have been: as a meaningless parlor game played by ivory tower academics with no power to enforce their crazy ideas. All things, however, are not equal.

Perhaps taking a page from the notebook of his brother, Rahm, about the utility of crisis in effecting societal change, Ezekiel Emanuel declared in 2011 that "we will get health-care reform only when there is a war, a depression or some other major civil unrest." He didn't add "pandemic" to that list of excuses, but he didn't have to. As the events of the past year have borne out, the public are more than willing to consider the previously unthinkable now that they have been told that there is a crisis taking place.

Forced vaccination. Immunity passports. The erection of a biosecurity state. For the first time, the eugenics-infused philosophers of bioethics are on the verge of gaining *real* power. And the public is still largely unaware of the discussions that these academics have been engaged in for decades.

At the very least, Bill Gates can relax now: We can finally have the discussion on death panels.

The ICC Wants to Start Arresting Politicians! I Think That's A GREAT Idea!

THE CORBETT REPORT
APR 23

by James Corbett
corbettreport.com
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As long-time followers of The Corbett Report will know by now, the International Criminal Court is that ridiculous, UN-spawned kangaroo court in The Hague that dispenses victor's justice at the behest of its Western backers, spending its time exclusively prosecuting Africans and asking the hard questions about Gaddafi and Viagra while studiously ignoring US and UK and Israeli war crimes.

Well, guess what? Embracing the "diversity, equity and inclusion" mantra that's all the rage in Western institutions these days, the ICC has finally gone out and issued an arrest warrant for a major European leader!

. . . If you count Russia as a European nation, that is.

That's right. In case you haven't heard by now, the illustrious international court of criminals has issued an arrest warrant for Russian President Vladimir Putin, accusing him of being "allegedly responsible for the war crime of unlawful deportation of population (children)" and of facilitating the "unlawful transfer of population (children) from occupied areas of Ukraine to the Russian Federation."

Now, while your average news consumer is busy trying to figure out why the ICC can't stop bracketing the word "children," I, for one, am too busy applauding to ponder such peculiarities of punctuation.

Yes! Arrest the politicians! What a brilliant idea!

But now that we're taking the ICC's idea and running with it, we're faced with a new dilemma: who should we arrest?

So today, let's put on our thinking caps, don our Saturnalian robes of justice and slip into our international law pants and come up with a list of politicians who should be rounded up and locked away forever for their crimes against humanity. Are you ready?

VLADIMIR PUTIN

Yes, ICC prosecuters, I agree! By all means, let's arrest Putin!

. . . But not for the trumped-up, phoney-baloney charges that the ICC has listed in its transparently political and obviously fraudulent "won't someone think of the (children)!?" arrest warrant.

In reality, of course, the ICC's warrant for Putin was based on a US State Department-funded report that debunked itself and it was issued by a prosecutor who claimed political neutrality while speaking at Ukraine government-organized events and yukking it up with NATO member officials at a donor conference in London.

In fact, it's so obvious the ICC is in the business of selling "justice" to the

highest bidder that even The Guardian admitted the timing of the Putin warrant was calculated to maximize donations to the court. (For the record, the incredibly cynical move worked: the ICC ended up raising nearly $5 million from NATO countries to continue its work "holding Russia to account" for its war crimes in Ukraine.)

So, no, let's not arrest Putin for those ridiculous charges. Instead, let's bring some charges of our own.

For starters, we could bring him in to answer some questions about the Russian apartment bombings in September 1999. Then-Prime Minister Putin blamed the wave of bombings—which killed more than 300 people over 10 days in five separate events—on "Chechen terrorists," using them as a pretext to launch the air bombing of Grozny that began the Second Chechen War.

Unsurprisingly to students of the history of false flag terror, however, it wasn't long before agents of the Russian security service, the FSB, were caught red-handed planting bombs in an apartment complex in Ryazan. Naturally, the Kremlin claimed that the FSB agents' foiled bombing attempt was part of a "security exercise" and the event was promptly covered up. Putin, meanwhile, proceeded to milk the trauma this false flag inflicted on the Russian population for all it was worth. His poll numbers skyrocketed from 2% before the bombings to 55% afterwards and by the end of the year he was installed as the new President of Russia.

Or why not arrest Putin for his whole-hearted, full-throated participation in the erection of the Russian biosecurity grid?

He has, after all, actively promoted the Sputnik V clot shot vaccination agenda, claiming time and time again that "we need to do everything we can to overcome this pandemic, and the best tool we have in this fight is vaccination." He has repeatedly bemoaned the "insufficient" uptake of the clot shots by Russians, and his press secretary has declared that "any measures that can push more people to vaccinate are good" and "only vaccination saves from death." Putin even went out of his way to remind Russia's regional governors that they have the authority to coerce citizens into getting jabbed.

He has made biosecurity a key talking point of the Russia/China alliance that—we are constantly assured by certain sectors of the "alternative" media—forms the backbone of the new power bloc intends to "oppose" the NATO bloc tyranny. Putin has vowed that "particular emphasis will be placed

on the fight against the novel coronavirus infection pandemic," because this "ongoing pandemic" poses "a serious challenge to the fulfilment of the UN 2030 Agenda for Sustainable Development." He has even signed agreements with Chinese President Xi Jinping to ensure "the deepening of information exchange on the subject of the COVID-19 pandemic and the strengthening of coordination when interacting at such platforms as WHO."

And he has not only endorsed the erection of a digital ID system in Russia, but he actually urged the government to fast track the development of such a system ("the faster, the better"), warning that "such services are highly in demand, and you just need to accelerate their implementation."

Need I go on?

Oh, OK.

Putin signed into law a biometrics bill that was illegally rushed through the State Duma. Under the guise of "banning" forced collection of biometrics, the bill in fact greatly expands the (World Bank-endorsed) "Unified Biometric System" introduced by Rostelcom in 2018 for collecting fingerprint, facial image, voice, iris, and palm vein pattern information on Russian citizens and places control of that biometric data in the hands of a private entity. As even pro-Putin Russian alt media warns, the bill is "deeply unconstitutional and creates the basis for building a 'digital concentration camp' in Russia."

Plus, Putin has collaborated with his old pal (and "former" WEF Board of Trustees member) Herman "Sberbank" Gref in the rollout of the country's biometric control grid. In 2021, Putin delivered the keynote address at Sber's artificial intelligence conference—"one of the main global venues for discussing artificial intelligence," Putin assures us—where he praised Sber's efforts to use AI technologies to transform "healthcare and education, environmental protection and agriculture, industry and transport" and encouraged his globalist amigo to "accelerate the digital transformation across the board and as soon as possible move from isolated experiments and pilot initiatives to end-to-end projects with AI applications." And, in case we didn't get the point, Putin delivered the keynote address again at the 2022 conference, informing us that his "next goal on the horizon of the current decade is to ensure broader introduction of artificial intelligence."

So, in short: yes, arrest Putin!

But why stop there? Since we're already pissing off the 5D-chess-playing,

MAGA-supporting, hopium addicts in the crowd, why don't we just go the whole hog and arrest . . .

DONALD TRUMP

Now, before the red caps in the crowd start hyperventilating ("I always KNEW you were a shill, James!"): relax! Of course I don't think The Orange Man should be put into an orange jumpsuit over some Stormy Daniels-related "campaign finance violation" horsetwaddle.

And if you think I'm talking about Russiagate then you haven't seen my typically entertaining and hilarious (if I do say so myself) debunking of Russiagate.

No, that's all left/right, Coke/Pepsi partisan political distraction nonsense. Instead, let's arrest Trump for something of consequence.

Like what? Well, how about his work against American interests in the service of a foreign power?

No, I'm not talking about Russiagate, silly. As I observed back in 2017: "Forget Russiagate, The REAL Scandal Is Israelgate."

Oh, you don't remember Israelgate? That's not surprising, since Russiagate was hyped endlessly by the same truthtelling truthsayers at the bastions of

truthiness like CNN and MSNBC, and Israelgate was never mentioned once by those controlled corporate (fake) news networks.

For those not in the know, the ouster of Michael Flynn from his role as Trump's national security advisor came when he "pleaded guilty to one count of lying to the FBI about his back-channel negotiations with the Russian ambassador." But what was he "negotiating" with the Russians about?

Hmmm. Let me check my notes. . . .

Oh, that's right! He was "negotiating" with the Russians about their vote on United Nations Security Council Resolution 2334. You know, the resolution that sought to condemn Israel's ethnic cleansing of the Palestinians? And what was he on the horn with his Russian counterpart about, exactly? Oh yeah, he was trying to twist the Russians' arm to vote "no" on the resolution.

And who put him up to that task? Why, none other than the Son-in-Law-in-Chief, Jared Kushner, the wheeling and dealing Wunderkind whose family is so connected to Israel's zionist likudniks that he once let Benjamin Netanyahu sleep in his bed (yes, literally) and who failed to disclose that he led a foundation that actually funded an illegal Israeli settlement (yes, really).

Oh, wait. Silly me! It seems Israelgate is all about Trump's son-in-law and has nothing at all to do with Trump himself. I mean, it's not like Donald J. Trump would ever sell out America in the interests of Israel, would he?

OK, I guess he did move the US embassy to Jerusalem, unilaterally altering longstanding US foreign policy in the region to implicitly endorse Israel's ethnic cleansing of the Palestinians. And Donald "Make Israel Great Again" Trump did brag at every opportunity how he was a "true friend of Israel" who may be a "newcomer to politics but not to backing the Jewish state" and did gloat about how Israelis believe him to be "the King of Israel" and love him like "the second coming of God." And he did make campaign endorsement videos for his best pal Benjamin Netanyahu (another unconvicted criminal who, come to think of it, should definitely be arrested!).

But he'd never sell out American interests in favour of Israel. Heaven forfend! I guess Kushner must've put Flynn up to that phone call all by himself.

So, what else can we arrest Trump for?

Well, how about his international war crimes in Syria? You know, the country that—like Obama (who should be arrested) and Bush (who should be arrested) before him—Trump continued to bombard for years in a completely illegal attempt at regime change? Or has the international community already forgotten about the Syria Strikes?

Remember the Syria Strikes? Convinced by the pictures provided to him by the Academy Award-winning White Helmets that Assad had indeed gassed the "beautiful babies" of Douma and apparently unconvinced by every shred of available evidence that this was, in fact, yet another false flag perpetrated by the anti-Assad terrorists, Trump lobbed 59 Tomahawk land attack missiles at the country in 2017 (adding $5 billion to the bottom line of his buddies at Raytheon in the process).

Or remember when Trump bragged about the "highly successful" (and highly illegal) raids he ordered as part of the years-long US-sponsored war crime in Yemen that he likewise inherited from Obama and gleefully expanded during his time in office?

These are undoubtedly offences of the highest order. But if we really want to arrest Trump for his crimes against humanity, why don't we convict him for the very thing he's proudest of: his role in the scamdemic?

Trump's loudest defenders always conveniently forget that their orange hero came to office on the back of his willingness to discuss the vaccine/autism link and his promise to appoint RFK Jr. to chair a commission on vaccine safety but that under his watch vaccines became the greatest thing since sliced bread and an RFK Jr. vaccine safety commission was off the table because Bill Gates told him it was a bad idea.

They forget that it was Trump who ordered Operation Warp Speed and who called the MAGA jabs his "greatest achievement."

They forget it was Trump who followed Fauci's every dictate throughout the course of the scamdemic and allowed the shutdown of the country at the behest of the "health" tyrants.

They forget it was trump who pulled off the ultimate vaccine bait and switch by removing funding from the WHO . . . in order to give it to Gates' GAVI, the vaccine alliance.

Yes, if any world leader needs to answer for the crimes against humanity

committed during the scamdemic, it's Trump. Can you imagine if Trump actually were the hero that the QAnoners believed him to be? Can you imagine him calling out the scamdemic for the transparent sham that it was, instead of actively helping facilitate the deep state's crimes? Neither can I.

But before the intellectually challenged dupes of the left/right political farce go and accuse me of being some damn commie-loving pinko for putting Putin and Trump on the arrest list, let me go ahead and call for the arrest of . . .

JOE BIDEN

When it comes to Joseph Robinette Biden, Jr., 45th President of the United States of America, there is once again no shortage of charges to place on the arrest warrant.

It would be tempting to arrest him for his incessant lying—from the Big, Consequential Lies (like the safe and effective injection lie and the pandemic of the unvaccinated lie and the economy is doing great lie) to the Small, Bizarre Lies. Remember when he randomly invented the story of playing college football for no particular reason? Or when he made up a story about being recruited by Golda Meir to help in the Six Day War? (Don't worry, though; it turns out Corn Pop was totally real.)

But, on sober reflection, lying is (generally) not a crime, and we don't want to set a precedent that would allow for Biden's ilk to start arresting people for their speech, do we?

Perhaps, then, it would be more productive to arrest Biden for his crimes in Ukraine.

Now, I'm not just talking about his war crimes in Ukraine, or even the Ukrainian war crimes in the Donbas that the Biden administration is now actively supporting. I'm also talking about Biden's pre-war crimes in Ukraine, from his son's wheelings and dealings on the board of Burisma Holdings on behalf of "the big guy" to Biden's own incredible on-camera admission that he threatened to withhold a billion-dollar loan guarantee to the Ukrainian government unless they fired the attorney general . . . who, as it turns out, was trying to prosecute Burisma for its corrupt practices.

But that is a long and complicated story that would no doubt tie up the courts for years, generating lots of boring testimony that the TikTok-addicted, fluoride-addled public would surely tire of before Biden's inevitable conviction.

So why not arrest him for something far more immediately understandable (and immediately revolting), like his long and documented pattern of sexual assault and molestation?

Sadly, in this case I'm not simply referring to Tara Read, a staff member in Biden's Senate office in the 1990s who accused him of inappropriate touching and of a specific act of sexual assault (and who was then subjected to intense scrutiny by the same types of people who tell us to "believe all women" . . . as long as those women are democrats).

And I'm not just talking about the photographs and videos of Joe Biden caressing grown women and making them visibly uncomfortable at various official functions throughout his career.

No, I'm talking about the multiple underage girls who have been inappropriately groped, fondled, caressed and even kissed in full view of the camera.

It's important to understand that Biden's sexual molestation of women and girls is not some fringe conspiracy theory, either. Entire websites have been set up to document these abuses. Heck, even his own daughter questioned whether she had been molested by the current resident of the Oval Office in a journal entry reflecting on the inappropriate showers Biden took with her at a young age.

Naturally, the establishment lackey media has (to the surprise of no one)

run to Biden's defense at every opportunity, with the consensus among the trendy, progressive, #MeToo-supporting Democrats being that "Uncle Joe" is just a bit hands-y and doesn't realize he's being inappropriate.

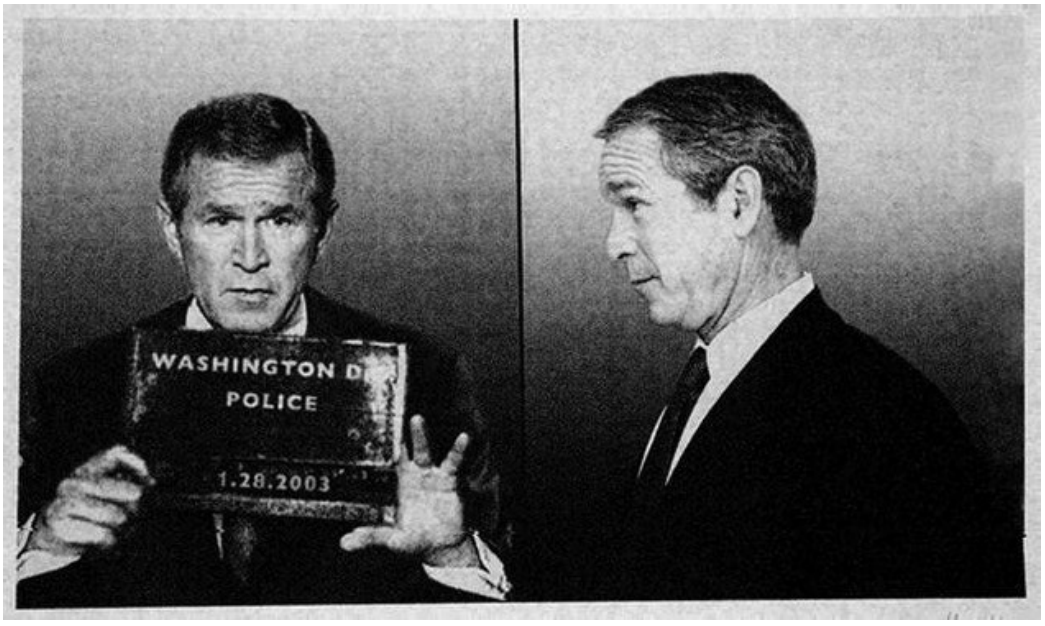
And besides, Biden teamed up with Lady Gaga to create trauma centres for victims of physical and emotional abuse, so he must be a good guy, right? After all, a credibly accused rapist in need of a PR pick-me-up would never engage in a cynical ploy to pollute the "Biden sexual assault" search results with feelgood stories about Uncle Joe's trauma recovery centers, would they?

Yet, for the partisan political hacks, sexual assault is AOK when the man doing it is on their political team. Just ask Bill Clinton's victims. I don't run in those rarefied, elitist circles, so perhaps I just don't understand such double standards. All I know is that—as the father of a young girl—if any man were touching my daughter like that he would have his face rearranged in short order.

So, yes: let's get the ICC to issue one of those arrest warrant thingies for Biden, too, please.

But how can we talk about criminal presidents in need of arrest without talking about . . .

GEORGE W. BUSH



OK, OK, this one is a gimme, but really, are you gonna make a list of

politicians to arrest WITHOUT including W? Of course you aren't, and neither am I.

To be fair, I'm not exactly the first person to ever think of arresting Bush 43 for his crimes against humanity. There were those who lobbied for Bush's arrest when he came to speak in Calgary in 2009, including Splitting The Sky (R.I.P.). As you'll recall, Splitting The Sky even attempted a citizen's arrest of the fiendish Bush fils . . . but alas, the criminal slipped away.

Then there was the time that Bush was forced to cancel a trip to Switzerland to speak at a fundraiser for the United Israel Appeal after it was revealed that a number of human rights groups were planning to prosecute Bush for his war crimes, including his contravention of the Convention Against Torture to which the United States is a signatory.

The Canadians were back on the case in 2011 when the Canadian Centre for International Justice—citing the evidence in a 2006 UN report, a 2007 Council of Europe report, and a 2008 US Senate Armed Services Committee report, as well as the testimony of UN Special Rapporteurs Nowak and Scheinin and a 2009 admission by Cheney and Bush's own 2010 memoirs—attempted to prosecute the 9/11-Criminal-in-Chief . . . but apparently "The Mounties always get their man" only applies when said man is not the psychopathic progeny of a famed international crime family. The prosecution was blocked by the B.C. government, and the election thief evaded justice once again.

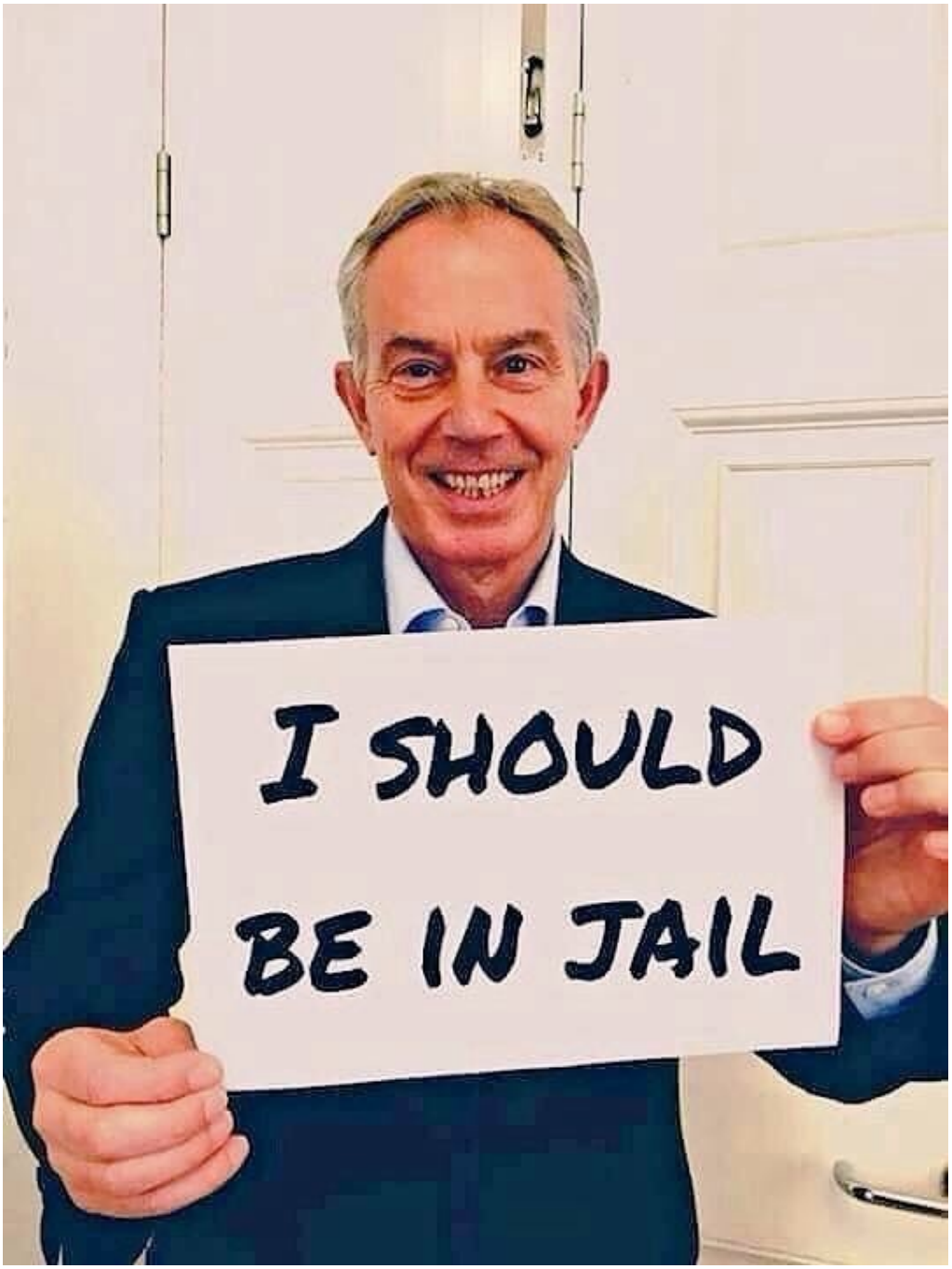
Bush finally received his judgment in 2012, when the Kuala Lumpur War Crimes Commission found George W. Bush guilty of war crimes in the illegal invasion of Iraq. Strangely enough, though, that hasn't resulted in any country actually arresting him . . . yet.

But hey, Bush didn't let Iraq's complete lack of WMDs stop him from spilling the blood of millions of innocent Iraqis, so are we really going to stop trying to nab one of the prime war criminals of the 21st century just because it didn't work the first few times? Of course not!

I suppose I should make it clear that this isn't a partisan thing. Let's arrest every living US president for their part in committing crimes against humanity and for their expansion of the American empire on the back of countless dead women and children!

And, while we're at it, let's nab their friends, too. Friends like . . .

TONY BLAIR



If Bush deserves jail (and he certainly does), then surely Tony Blair deserves to be right there beside him as the war crimes tribunal begins.

After all, when Bush and Cheney and Rice and the gaggle of neocons in Washington were selling totally made-up "mushroom cloud" bullplop to the trusting American rubes, there was Blair, selling his sexed-up dossier and peddling his 45-minute fantasy and murdering David Kelly.

And when Bush was planning to stage a false flag event in order to justify

war in Iraq, who was he conspiring with? That's right: Tony "Aztec Rebirther" Blair.

And when it came time to sell the public on the Osama-did-9/11 myth, who did Bush recruit? You guessed it.

Then there was Blair's own 7/7 false flag that was used to perpetuate the terror myth and his call to "crack down on future problem children before they are even born" and his repeated calls for digital IDs and vaccine passports.

Yes, there are no shortage of reasons why we might want to add Tony Blair to the list of dangerous political criminals who need to be thrown behind bars.

But hold on a second. Looking at this list, I notice something is missing: namely, estrogen!

JACINDA ARDERN

Pardon me! I forgot this is <CURRENT YEAR> and that any list that does not include a woman (however that's defined!) just wouldn't pass muster with the equity and inclusion crowd, so let's make sure we get a female politician in shackles, too, shall we?

Now, there are no shortage of lady criminals to choose from. We should

definitely have an orange jumpsuit ready for our apprehension of Angela "Minsk Fraudster" Merkel, of course. And we shouldn't forget about Sanna "I Definitely Wasn't On Drugs!" Marin just because she's been replaced as Finland's chief pathocrat.

But if we're going to go after recently departed female prime ministers, let's start with Jacinda Ardern.

As with all of the others on our roster, there is no shortage of reasons to issue a warrant for the former Prime Minister of New Zealand, including her attempts to crack down on the free speech rights of citizens at home and abroad with a global censorship system.

And who could forget the New Zealand government's participation in the crimes against humanity perpetrated during the scamdemic, like rampant discrimination against the unvaccinated and the institution of medical martial law at military-run quarantine facilities? After all, even New Zealand's own courts ruled that Ardern's government had acted "unlawfully, unreasonably and in breach of the Bill of Rights" in its enactment of an absolutely bonkers quarantine lottery system and that its vaccine mandate for Police and Defence Force staff was similarly a breach of fundamental rights and thus illegal.

But of all of the many crimes that Ardern presided over during her time as Prime Minster, one of the most egregious has to be the arrest of activist and Paster Billy Te Kahika and alternative media host Vinny Eastwood for the "crime" of protesting New Zealand's draconian lockdown legislation. Not only were they arrested and held in custody for "offences against the Covid 19 Response Act," but, as my readers may have seen by now, Billy and Vinny just received prison sentences of 4 months and 3 months, respectively, for their participation in peaceful protests.

In fact, as the change.org petition calling for their freedom notes, Billy "has been persecuted by the New Zealand Government for almost twenty months and vilified endlessly by Government funded mainstream media in New Zealand," and his prison sentence "is the harshest sentence of its kind given in the western world to date."

Keep in mind that this prison-worthy protest took place just months before New Zealand relaxed its lockdown restrictions and Ardern confirmed that orgies of up to 25 people were once again legal! (Unless the orgy participants were discussing their opposition to lockdowns, presumably.)

But at least it all turned out well for Jacinda. After shedding crocodile tears

during a speech announcing her retirement as Prime Minister in which she claimed she had no plans for the future other than "spending time with her family," she promptly went back on her word and took up a new post as a . . .

. . . wait for it . . .

. . . internet authoritarian!

That's right, apparently "spending time with her family" is globalese for "becoming a special envoy for the Christchurch Call," the New Zealand-led global censorship body that aims to "eliminate terrorist and violent extremist content online" by labeling all of their political opponents as terrorists and scrubbing their material from the internet.

So, sadly, no, Ardern is not retiring from public life as promised. But it's good to know that she got to squeeze in one last lie to the New Zealand public on her way out the door!

ARREST THEM ALL!

You know, compiling this list is a lot harder than I expected. Not because there aren't enough politicians to arrest but because there are too many.

I mean, we have Biden and Trump and Bush 43 on the list already, so we might as well throw every other American president on there, too. (Yes, every one of them.)

And I don't want to be accused of any pro-Canadian bias, so I'm more than happy to throw Trudeau in there for his crimes against the Canadian people.

And I haven't even gotten to President-for-Life Xi Jinping yet.

. . . Hmmm. Come to think of it, this list is getting too long already and I'm just getting started! I mean, we haven't even considered what would happen if we took seriously the Kuala Lumpur Foundation to Criminalize War and its proposal to make warfare itself a crime seriously. How many more politicians would that add to the arrest warrant list?

So why don't we just cut to the chase. Perhaps instead of making a list of all the politicians we should arrest, it would be easier to make a list of all the politicians we shouldn't arrest.

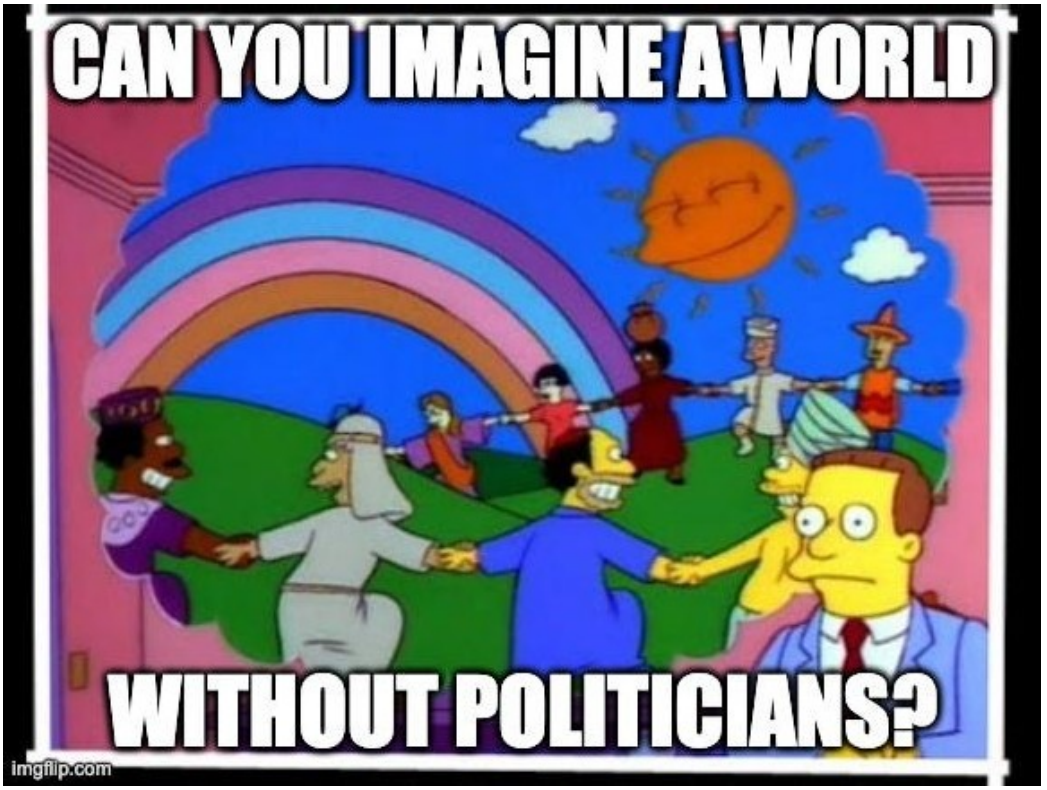
OK, let me think about it.

. . . Uhhh . . .

. . . Give me a minute here . . .

Ahhh, this is too difficult. Let's just go ahead and arrest them all!

Of course, I suppose that would mean that we'd have to face the prospect of a world without politicians. I mean, can you imagine a world without politicians?



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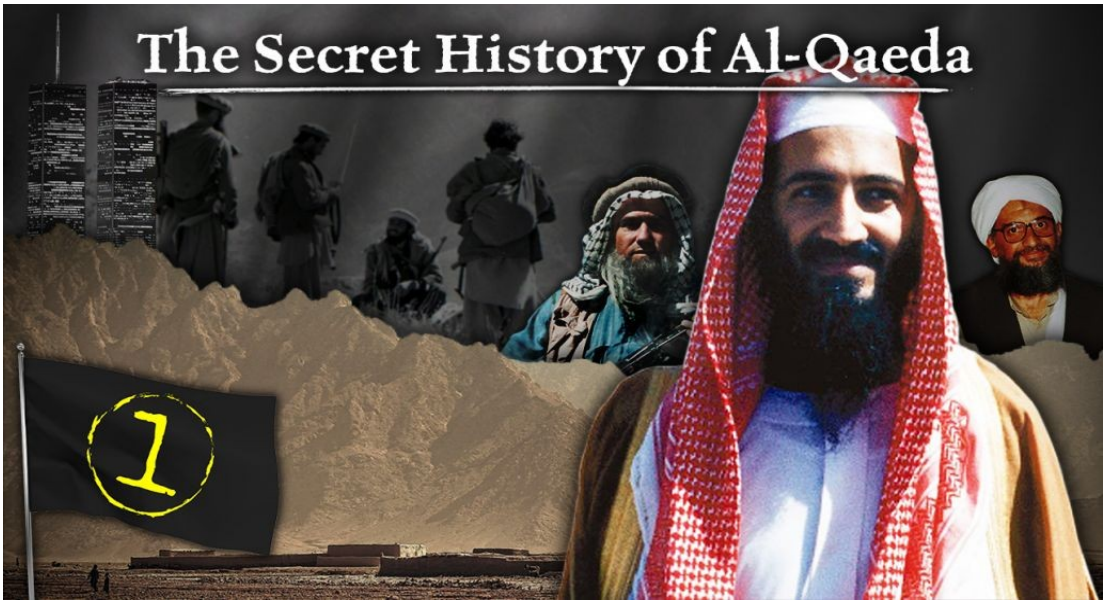

Episode 407 - False Flags: The Secret History of Al Qaeda — Part 1: Origin Story

Corbett • 09/11/2021 •

"Does the Brotherhood exist?"

> "That, Winston, you will never know."
>
> *George Orwell*
> *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

INTRODUCTION

Kandahar Provice, Afghanistan. May 1998.

John Miller, an ABC News correspondent who would go on to become the FBI's chief spokesman, ends an 11-day journey through the wilds of the Afghanistan-Pakistan border. The first thing he notices is the rumbling of the generators providing the camp with power and the smell of gasoline. The second thing he notices is a hail of bullets. Bin Laden's convoy is arriving.

Osama bin Laden is flanked by seven bodyguards, who—as Miller immediately recognizes—are simply there to put on a show. "Their eyes darted in every direction for any attacker," he later recounted. "This was either merely theatrical or entirely pointless, because with hundreds of rounds being fired into the air, it would have been impossible to pinpoint an assassin."

Following the security detail into the hut, there Miller became one of the handful of Western journalists to interview the elusive Osama bin Laden.

> **OSAMA BIN LADEN (VIA INTERPRETER)**: We believe that the biggest thieves in the world are Americans and the biggest terrorists on earth are the Americans. The only way for us to fend off these assaults is by using similar means. We do not differentiate between those dressed in military uniforms and civilians; they're all targets in this *fatwa*.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Osama bin Laden: "The Most Dangerous Man You've Never Heard Of" - June 10, 1998 - ABC News Nightline***

Miller has traveled halfway around the world to interview bin Laden, the reclusive terrorist leader who has just issued a religious *fatwa* requiring Muslims to kill Americans. But this interview, too, is just for show. Forced to submit his questions in writing ahead of time, Miller is informed that the answers will not be translated for him. There will be no follow-up questions.

It is spectacle. Theater and little else. As such, it is a fitting introduction to the man who would become the bogeyman of the 21st century. The interview was followed in short order by a more explosive drama.

> **PETER BERGEN**: What are your future plans?
>
> **OSAMA BIN LADEN**: You'll see them and hear about them in the media . . . God willing.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Exclusive Osama bin Laden - First Ever TV Interview***

FALSE FLAGS: THE SECRET HISTORY OF AL QAEDA

PART ONE: ORIGIN STORY

Around the world, a frightened and confused public received their introduction to the age of terror on the morning of September 11, 2001, through the media. It was there, in the flickering images of their TV screens, that the masses began to learn about the world of Islamic terrorism and of the cave-dwelling Saudi exile in Afghanistan who was bringing that terror to their doorstep.

> **ANCHOR**: Tell us a bit about Osama bin Laden—what sort of resources in manpower and money he's got and what he's trying to achieve.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***September 11, 2001 - 5:28pm EDT (10:28pm BST)***
>
> **RAY SUAREZ**: What is Osama bin Laden? Is he a politician? Is he a warrior? Is he a preacher? A little of all?
>
> **SCHEUER**: A little of all, I think, sir. He's a . . .
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Who Speaks For Islam?***
>
> **HODA KOTB**: . . . millionaire Saudi businessman believed to be living in exile in Afghanistan.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***September 11, 2001 - 5:20-5:30pm EDT on WRC***

REPORTER: He controls and finances Al Qaeda, an umbrella network of Islamic militants.

SOURCE: ***September 11, 2001 - 6:30-6:40pm EDT (11:30-11:40pm BST) on BBC***

SCHEUER: . . . he is a very soft-spoken man . . .

SOURCE: ***Who Speaks For Islam?***

SIMON REEVE: . . . a man who is prepared to use overwhelming force in pursuit of his objectives.

SOURCE: ***September 13, 2001 - 6:21am EDT on CNN***

ANCHOR: He is the face that has been put on this by almost everyone.

SOURCE: ***September 15, 2001 - 8:20-8:30am EDT on WTTG***

SCHEUER: . . . a man of eloquence . . .

SOURCE: ***Who Speaks For Islam?***

KOTB: He has declared all US citizens legitimate targets of attack.

SOURCE: ***September 11, 2001 - 5:25pm EDT on WRC***

JOHN SIMPSON: When I was in Afghanistan just a couple of days ago, I heard that he had . . .

SOURCE: ***September 11, 2001 - 5:20-5:30pm EDT (10:20-10:30pm BST) on BBC***

DAN RATHER: . . . operations in at least 55 countries . . .

SOURCE: ***CBS Evening News - 2001-09-13***

KOTB: Including last year's bombing of the *USS Cole* in Yemen . . .

SOURCE: ***September 11, 2001 - 5:25pm EDT on WRC***

REPORTER: . . . the mastermind behind the bombings of two US embassies in Africa . . .

SOURCE: ***September 16, 2001 - 11:30-11:40pm EDT on CNN***

REPORTER: . . . and the last attack on the World Trade Center eight years ago.

SOURCE: ***September 11, 2001 - 6:20-6:30pm EDT (11:20-11:30pm BST) on BBC***

SCHEUER: Bernard Lewis has called him almost a poetic speaker of Arabic.

SOURCE: ***Who Speaks For Islam?***

> **KATIE COURIC**: Meanwhile, Osama bin Laden is a name that we have been hearing all day long as an individual who may—and we emphasize *may*—be responsible for these terrorist acts. It is a name we have heard before as well . . .
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***NBC News 9-11-2001 Live Coverage 1:00pm EDT - 6:30pm EDT***

We all know the story of bin Laden and Al Qaeda, the story that was repeated *ad nauseam* in the days, weeks and months after the catastrophic, catalyzing events of 9/11. So often was that story repeated that the hypnotized public forgot that it was, at base, just that: a story.

In the ahistorical fable of TV sound bites, terrorism is a modern invention—created out of whole cloth by Osama bin Laden and Al Qaeda. And, at the same time, Islamic fundamentalism is a force of nature, something that has always existed in the Middle East—the product, perhaps, of some sandstorm on the Arabian peninsula in the distant past.

But this is a lie. In truth, the rise of Islamic fundamentalism in the modern era and the rise of terrorism as a political tool cannot be understood without confronting some very well-documented but long-repressed history.

Ever since the mid-18th century—when the British East India Company gained dominion over the Indian subcontinent—the history of Islam as a political and cultural force has been intimately tied to the fortunes of Empire and the aims of the Western powers. The British Empire, in particular, did much to shape the map of the modern-day Middle East and to influence the course of its religious and political forces.

This influence can be seen throughout the 18th and 19th centuries.

Britain's gradual takeover of the Indian subcontinent led to the British Empire becoming, in the estimation of Winston Churchill, "[T]he greatest Mohammedan power in the world."

The 19th-century "Great Game" between Victorian England and Tsarist Russia for control of Central Asia saw the British propping up unpopular Islamic rulers throughout the region as a buffer between Russia and the "crown jewel" of the British Empire, India.

Britain's desire to maintain its access to India led to the British conquest of Egypt in 1882, resulting in 40 years of British rule and a military presence in the country that was not removed until the Suez Crisis of 1956.

From Khartoum to Constantinople, Jerusalem to Jakarta, no part of the Muslim world could escape the influence of the British crown. Sometimes that influence was used to strengthen the rule of Islamic hardliners. Sometimes, as with the Mahdist rebellion in Sudan, that influence was used to put down Islamic uprisings. But in each case, the British Empire's goal was clear: to use whatever means at its disposal to undermine movements and governments unfavourable to its rule and to install and encourage those forces that were willing to cooperate with the crown.

This was evident in India, where George Francis Hamilton, secretary of state for India, wrote in 1886 of the British strategy of using Muslim and Hindu divisions in the country to their advantage along the lines of the old Roman imperial strategy of divide and rule:

> I think the real danger to our rule, not now, but say 50 years hence is the gradual adoption and extension of Western ideas of agitation organisation and if we could break educated Indians into two sections holding widely different views, we should, by such a

> division, strengthen our position against the subtle and continuous attack which the spread of education must make upon our system of government. We should so plan educational text-books that the differences between community and community are further strengthened.

But perhaps no clearer example of the British Empire's role in shaping the modern Muslim world can be found than the story of the ascendance of the House of Saud and the formation of the modern-day Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. Once again, British fingerprints can be found on every aspect of the story.

When Britain began contemplating a shift from its centuries-long policy of supporting the Ottoman Empire in the Middle East, it was Captain William Shakespear—a British civil servant and explorer—who made the first official contact with Ibn Saud, the progenitor of the Saudi dynasty who would go on to found the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. In addition to taking the first photographs of the future Saudi king, Shakespear became Ibn Saud's friend and military advisor, helping to steer the rising Arab leader away from alliance with the Ottomans and into a treaty with the British. Shakespear died on the battlefield at Jarab in 1915, where the British-backed Ibn Saud was battling his Turkish-backed rival, Ibn Rashid.

After Shakespear's death, another British agent, Colonel Thomas Edward Lawrence, gained international fame as "Lawrence of Arabia" for his role in the Arab Revolt against Ottoman rule in the Middle East. Although his own self-serving autobiography and the Hollywoodization of his story cemented in the popular imagination the idea that Lawrence was motivated solely by his concern for the Arabs and their independence . . .

> **PETER O'TOOLE (AS T. E. LAWRENCE)**: We do not work this thing for Faisal.
>
> **ANTHONY QUINN (AS AUDA ABU TAYI)**: No? For the English then?
>
> **LAWRENCE**: For the Arabs.
>
> **TAYI**: The Arabs?
>
> ***SOURCE: LAWRENCE OF ARABIA***

. . . the documented history of Lawrence's actions and motivations tells a very different story. A memo on "The Politics of Mecca" penned by Lawrence for his intelligence handlers in 1916, reveals a more duplicitous British calculus for supporting certain factions of the Arab Revolt:

> The Arabs are even less stable than the Turks. If properly handled they would remain in a state of political mosaic, a tissue of small jealous principalities, incapable of cohesion, and yet always ready to combine against an outside force. The alternative to this seems to be control and colonization by a European power other than ourselves, which would inevitably come into conflict with the interests we already possess in the Near East.

Later, in a report on the "Reconstruction of Arabia" Lawrence penned for the British Cabinet at the end of the war, he was even more explicit about the cynical divide-and-rule tactics at play in British support for the Arab Revolt: "When war broke out an urgent need to divide Islam was added, and we became reconciled to seek for allies rather than subjects. [. . .] We hoped by the creation of a

ring of client states, themselves insisting on our patronage, to turn the present and future flank of any foreign power with designs on the three rivers."

> **ALEC GUINNESS (AS PRINCE FAISAL):** Lawrence! . . . Or is it Major Lawrence?
>
> **LAWRENCE**: Sir!
>
> **FAISAL**: Ah. Well, General, I will leave you. Major Lawrence doubtless has reports to make. About my people. And their weakness. And the need to keep them weak . . . in the British interest.
>
> ***SOURCE: LAWRENCE OF ARABIA***

Lawrence and the military and diplomatic personnel of the British Empire were indeed busy in the wake of WWI. In many ways, the aftermath of the war represented the zenith of that empire, and the culmination of centuries of British manipulation in the Middle East. Driven by a mixture of political necessity and imperial hubris, the imperial planners had entered into secret agreements that redrew the map of the Middle East and once again affirmed the centuries-old accusation that Perfidious Albion was not to be trusted.

In 1916, the British and French entered into a pact to divide up the territory of the Ottoman Empire between themselves should they win the war. This treaty—known as the Sykes-Picot Agreement after the diplomats who negotiated the document—was a direct negation of the web of promises that the British had already made on the land, including the territorial promises they had made to Ali Ibn Husain, the Sherif of Mecca who led the Arab Revolt against the Turks, the Treaty of Darin that had promised Ibn Saud British protection for his conquests in the Arabian Peninsula in return for his support in the war, and the Balfour Declaration promising the Zionists a Jewish homeland in Palestine.

Although the revelation of the secret Sykes-Picot Agreement by the Bolsheviks in 1917 proved a considerable embarrassment for the British and French, it did little to hinder their plans. The agreement provided a basis for the ultimate partitioning of the Ottoman Empire after the war, and the national borders that it helped to create have gone on to shape a century of strife and political conflict in the region.

But it was not enough merely to draw the lines on the maps that would define the post-war Middle East, the British had to shape the development of the region in their own interest, creating entire nations in the process. In the Arabian Peninsula, they came to pin their hopes on Ibn Saud, whose sole focus on the conquest of Arabia, they calculated, would counteract the rise of a broader Pan-Islamic movement that could challenge Britain's supremacy in the region. As historian Mark Curtis writes in his book, *Secret Affairs: Britain's Collusion with Radical Islam*:

> The British government of India had feared British sponsorship of an Arab caliph who would lead the entire Muslim world, and the effects this might have on Muslims in India, and had therefore favoured Ibn Saud, whose pretensions were limited to Arabia.

The subsidy from the British upon which Ibn Saud relied in his quest to unite the peninsula, which stood at £5,000 a month at the end of the war, was raised to £100,000 a year in 1922 by then-Colonial Secretary Winston Churchill. Churchill recognized that Saud's fighters—the "Ikhwan," or brotherhood of hardliners and adherents to the strict Wahabbi sect of Islam—were "austere,

intolerant, well-armed and bloodthirsty" and "hold it as an article of duty, as well as of faith, to kill all who do not share their opinions and to make slaves of their wives and children." So why, then, did the British support Saud and his men? "My admiration for him [Ibn Saud] was deep," Churchill later confessed, "because of his unfailing loyalty to us."

That loyalty paid off well. The British were the first to formally recognize Ibn Saud's sovereignty over his newly conquered territory on the peninsula, and in return Ibn Saud signed a treaty agreeing to stop his forces from attacking Britain's neighbouring protectorates. In 1932, Ibn Saud became King Saud of the newly-formed "Kingdom of Saudi Arabia." But even the nation's new name was British. It was George Rendel, head of the British Foreign Office's Eastern Department, who suggested it.

The British played similar games throughout the region, arming, funding and encouraging those who would work with them—including violent Islamic radicals—and undermining any potential challengers to British dominance.

In Palestine, the British pardoned Amin al-Husseini—who had been sentenced to 10 years in prison for his involvement in the 1920 Jerusalem riots—and appointed him the Grand Mufti of Palestine (a title invented by the British) on condition that he cooperate with the British authorities.

In Egypt, which became a British protectorate after WWI, the rise of the Muslim Brotherhood—an Islamist mass movement founded by Hassan al-Banna—was at times an explicit threat to the British military presence in the country. Nevertheless, its position as an alternative to both secular nationalism and communism—which Britain regarded as growing threats to its influence in the region—meant that the British were prepared to work with the Brotherhood against their common enemies, even covertly financing the group in 1942.

In Iraq, the British, concerned at unrest in their Mesopotamian mandate, aided Prince Faisal in becoming Faisal I, King of Iraq. Faisal—recommended by T. E. Lawrence, guided (at his own request) by British advisors and traveling at British expense—won a British-backed plebiscite to become the Iraqi king in 1921.

The extent of British influence over the region during the post-war period was, in retrospect, staggering. But the number of machinations, manipulations and shifting alliances that were required to keep this system of mandates, protectorates and puppet governments going was a sign that the British were *not* all-powerful. On the contrary. Their influence, and indeed their empire itself, was waning, soon to be replaced by the new rising world superpower, the United States.

The US did not even wait until the end of the Second World War and the dawn of Pax Americana to begin its own "diplomacy" with the Muslims in the region.

> **NEWSREADER**: An American destroyer comes alongside a cruiser at Great Bitter Lake on the Suez Canal in Egypt. It brings Ibn Saud, king of the five million people of Saudi Arabia, to a conference with President Roosevelt, stopping off here on his return from the Crimea Conference. The destroyer has been decked out with red carpets for the monarch. This 800-mile trip marks the first time that King Ibn Saud has ever left his native land.
>
> ***SOURCE: Roosevelt Meets Saud***

President Franklin Roosevelt's meeting with King Ibn Saud aboard the *USS Quincy* on Egypt's Great Bitter Lake in February 1945 was no ordinary exchange of diplomatic pleasantries. King Saud's first foreign trip involved a number of unusual requests and special arrangements. The Saudis insisted on bringing a contingent of 48 men even though the Americans had said they could accommodate only 10. They insisted on sleeping in tents pitched on the ship's deck rather than in the cabins provided. They insisted on bringing their own sheep, as the king believed that good Muslims eat only freshly slaughtered animals.

But, irregularities aside, the meeting was momentous.

Firstly, it demonstrated the importance of the Saudi-US relationship at a time when much of the world knew little and cared less about the happenings on the Arabian peninsula.

Secondly, it established the terms of that relationship: namely, a US guarantee of military defense of Saudi Arabia (including Roosevelt's promise to "do nothing to assist the Jews against the Arabs") in return for Saudi concessions, including allowance for US airfields and flyover routes across the kingdom and access to Dharhan, where the California Arabian Standard Oil Corporation (which later became Aramco) had drilled the first commercially viable oil well in the country just seven years earlier.

And thirdly, it signaled the dawn of a new era. No longer was the British Empire the primary foreign power driving events in the region. From now on, one of the key foreign policy considerations of the Muslim world was the US and its enormous military and financial resources.

This changeover in world order was not instantaneous. For some time after the end of WWII, the US and British collaborated on operations that furthered their mutual interests in the region. These "interests" included opposing the rising threat of secular nationalist governments that—unlike the House of Saud and other Western-backed monarchies in the Middle East—were less pliable to bribes and more interested in nationalizing their countries' resources.

In March 1951, the Iranian parliament voted to nationalize the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company—the British oil giant that struck oil near the Persian Gulf in 1908—and offered the premiership of the government to Mohammed Mossadegh, an outspoken secular nationalist. Immediately after taking office, Mossadegh effected the nationalization, stating:

> Our long years of negotiations with foreign countries [. . .] have yielded no results this far. With the oil revenues we could meet our entire budget and combat poverty, disease, and backwardness among our people. Another important consideration is that by the elimination of the power of the British company, we would also eliminate corruption and intrigue, by means of which the internal affairs of our country have been influenced. Once this tutelage has ceased, Iran will have achieved its economic and political independence.

The nationalization put Tehran on a collision course with London. But Britain knew that a military intervention was not possible without American approval and, despite harsh economic sanctions on the country and a boycott of the newly nationalized oil industry that was joined by much of the Western world, they could not overthrow the Iranian government themselves. Instead, they had to turn to the US.

Although the Truman administration was initially hesitant to become involved, that changed with the election of Dwight D. Eisenhower and the installation of the Dulles brothers, Allen and John

Foster, as Director of Central Intelligence and Secretary of State respectively. By June of 1953, the CIA was already adapting the British coup proposal into their own covert operation, dubbed Operation TPAJAX.

An open secret in the world of intelligence, the CIA/MI6 role in the overthrow of Mossadegh was officially denied by the US government for over half a century and is still unacknowledged by the British government to this day. Nevertheless, the CIA's own internal history of the operation, first revealed to the public in the year 2000, confirms the extent of the American and British role in the coup.

They convinced the Shah of Iran to agree to the plan. They handpicked General Fazlollah Zahedi as Mossadegh's successor. They rolled out a propaganda campaign to portray Mossadegh—a devout adherent to democratic nationalism who rigorously excluded the nation's communist party from his government—as a communist sympathizer who would steer Iran into the arms of the Soviets; they spent hundreds of thousands of dollars bribing journalists, clerics, and even Iranian parliament members themselves to go along with the plot; and they used a network of agents and suitcases full of money to incite riots and protests across the country.

In the end, the operation was a success. Mossadegh was driven from power, General Zahedi took his place, the Western-backed Shah ruled the country with the iron fist of his feared secret police for the next 25 years, and a new agreement on sales of Iranian oil was reached. This time, though, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, now rebranded as British Petroleum, would not have a monopoly on the country's lucrative oil reserves; an international consortium was put together to share in the profits, with American companies Chevron and Standard Oil cut into the deal.

But the eclipse of the old British Empire by the new American superpower became most obvious in Egypt during the Suez Crisis of 1956.

Lying on the key spice and trade routes linking Europe and Asia, the importance of Egypt to the British Empire went back centuries. It was the British Navy under Nelson and the British Army under General Ralph Abercromby that drove Napoleon out of the country during the French campaign there at the turn of the 19th century. But it was the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 that cemented Egypt's geopolitical importance for the British Empire.

The Suez Canal—linking the Mediterranean Sea to the Red Sea and drastically reducing sailing distances from Asia to Europe—was technically the property of the Egyptians, but the project had been spearheaded by the French, and the concessionary company that operated the canal had been largely financed by French shareholders. An economic crisis in 1875, however, forced the Egyptian governor to sell his own shares to the British. As Parliament was not in session at the time of the sale, British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli had to turn to his close personal friend, Lionel de Rothschild, for the £4,000,000 required to purchase the shares. After the British conquest of Egypt in 1882, an international agreement was signed declaring the canal a neutral zone under the protection of the British, whose troops were now installed in the country.

This precarious balance of power lasted in various permutations for over 70 years, first under Britain's so-called "Veiled Protectorate" of Egypt in the decades leading up to WWI, then in a formal British occupation of the country during WWI and its aftermath, and then under Britain's Unilateral Declaration of Egyptian independence in 1922, which stipulated that the British would retain power over Egypt's defence and foreign policy. Britain's de facto control over the country was one of the grievances that gave rise to the Free Officers Movement, a cadre of Egyptian nationalists

in the ranks of the Egyptian Armed Forces who toppled King Farouk and took over the government in the Egyptian Revolution of 1952.

One of the movement's leaders, Gamal Abdel Nasser Hussein, became President of Egypt in 1954 and began to implement a series of nationalist, anti-imperialist measures that, like Mossadegh, put him at odds with the British forces in his country. These measures culminated with Nasser's nationalization of the Suez Canal on July 26, 1956.

The Suez Crisis led to a joint British-French-Israeli invasion of the country, but in this case, the US under Eisenhower declined to back the invasion. Instead, Eisenhower—still believing that diplomacy and pressure could turn Nasser from the Soviet orbit and help America leverage its influence over the Arab world—joined the USSR in forcing an end to the invasion.

The crisis marked a definitive turning point. The age of the British Empire were over. The age of the American superpower had begun. From now on, American military and financial power would be the determining factor in the Muslim world—and indeed the world in general.

But the Americans had learned well from their British predecessors. The same tactics of strategic and shifting alliances, double dealings and covert operations that the British had used to maintain their influence for centuries would now be employed by the Americans to leverage their own power.

They applied these lessons in Iran, where they supported the Shah's brutal dictatorship even as they maintained a secret communication channel with exiled religious leader Ayatollah Khomeini.

They applied these lessons in Indonesia, where the US at various times supported the Islamic factions in their rebellion against the Sukarno government, the Sukarno government itself, and, eventually, Suharto, who slaughtered over half a million people on his US-backed rise to power.

They applied these lessons in the Sinai Peninsula, where, as declassified documents now show, US Secretary of State Henry Kissinger helped engineer the Yom Kippur War so that "the Arabs would conclude the only way to peace was through us" and the Israelis would conclude that "they had to depend on us to win and couldn't win if we were too recalcitrant."

And they applied these lessons in Saudi Arabia, where Treasury Secretary William Simon helped enshrine the US dollar's central role in global geopolitics and saved the US from the 1973 oil crisis by negotiating the petrodollar system, a covert deal with the House of Saud to purchase Saudi oil and sell them weapons and equipment in return for a Saudi pledge to finance American debt by investing their oil revenue in US Treasuries.

This era of American-led intrigue and double-dealing would culminate in one of the most important years for the Muslim world in the modern era: 1979.

That was the year of the Iranian revolution, when the American and British overthrow of Mossadegh in 1953 would come home to roost in the overthrow of the Western-backed Shah and the first major victory for the forces of political Islam in the creation of the Islamic Republic of Iran.

That was the year of the seizure of the Grand Mosque in Mecca, when Islamic hardliners shocked the Muslim world by storming the holiest mosque in Islam and, during a dramatic two-week standoff, calling for the overthrow of the House of Saud and the end of its attempts at westernization.

That was the year Egyptian President Anwar Sadat signed a peace treaty with Israel, normalizing relations between the two countries and leading to Sadat's assassination by members of Egyptian Islamic Jihad just two years later.

And that was also the year that developments in Afghanistan put in motion a chain of events that would lead to the creation of the group we now know as "Al Qaeda."

On Christmas Eve 1979, Soviet troops began an invasion of Afghanistan. Initially, this was portrayed to the American public as a spontaneous act of aggression, the opening salvo in a new campaign by the Russians to conquer the region and upset the world order.

> **JIMMY CARTER**: Fifty thousand heavily armed Soviet troops have crossed the border and are now dispersed throughout Afghanistan, attempting to conquer the fiercely independent Muslim people of that country.
>
> [. . .]
>
> If the Soviets are encouraged in this invasion by eventual success, and if they maintain their dominance over Afghanistan and then extend their control to adjacent countries, the stable, strategic, and peaceful balance of the entire world will be changed.
>
> ***SOURCE: January 4, 1980: Speech on Afghanistan***

As historians with access to USSR document archives now know, the Soviet leadership was extremely reluctant to become entangled in Afghanistan. Well aware of the country's reputation as a "graveyard of empires," Soviet politicians and military leaders knew that any attempt to bring Afghanistan under military and political control would be extremely difficult.

Instead, the invasion was the end result of a series of events that threatened to plunge Afghanistan and the surrounding region into chaos.

Starting in the wake of WWII, the urban, cosmopolitan political elite of the rural and agrarian nation of Afghanistan began a series of reforms and development projects that, they hoped, would bring their country into the modern era. Seeking assistance in this task, these leaders turned to the USSR, who, in addition to providing $100 million in low-interest credit to finance the projects, also welcomed members of the country's political and military elite for training at Soviet institutions. In turn, these young Afghan elites brought communism back to their country.

The Afhgan communists supported a bloodless coup in Kabul in 1973, overthrowing the king and instituting a one-party state whose government included representation by the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan (PDPA), a pro-Soviet, Marxist-Leninist party that boasted ties to the Afghan National Army. But the PDPA, frustrated by a perceived lack of progress toward communist goals on the part of this new government, precipitated another coup in 1978. This new communist government, led by Nur Muhammad Taraki, presided over a period of dramatic reform: Land reforms sought to limit how much land a family could own; social reforms abolished Shariah law, began education of women, and sought to end forced marriage and other traditional practices; and political dissidents were rounded up and resistant villagers massacred.

Violently opposed both by the Islamic fundamentalists and conservatives in the country as well as opposing factions within his own party, Taraki was overthrown in September of 1979 and killed the following month. Taraki's sucessor and one-time protege, Hafizullah Amin, led an even shorter and

more turbulent government. Taking over the presidency in September, Amin—who, the Russians feared, was seeking to improve Afghanistan's relations with the United States—was deposed when Soviet forces entered the country and assassinated him on December 27th, 1979.

The official history—written by the CIA, echoed by the US State Department and propounded in Hollywood productions—maintains that the US response to the events in Afghanistan—a response that would go on to include billions of dollars in arms, funds and training for the Islamic resistance to the Soviet forces—began *after* the Soviet invasion in 1979.

> **TERRY BOZEMAN (AS "CIA AWARD PRESENTER")**: The defeat and breakup of the Soviet empire, culminating in the crumbling of the Berlin Wall, is one of the great events of world history. There were many heroes in this battle, but to Charlie Wilson must go this special recognition.
>
> Just 13 years ago, the Soviet Army appeared to be invincible. But Charlie, undeterred, engineered a lethal body blow that weakened the Communist empire. Without Charlie, history would be hugely and sadly different.
>
> And so, for the first time, a civilian is being given our highest recognition, that of Honored Colleague. Ladies and gentlemen of the Clandestine Services, Congressman Charles Wilson.
>
> ***SOURCE: Charlie Wilson's War***

But this, too, is a lie. In reality, the covert operation to aid the *mujahideen* "freedom fighters" did not begin after the Soviets invaded, and it was not the work of Charlie Wilson.

As former CIA director Robert Gates revealed in his 1996 autobiography, assistance to the Afghan *mujahideen* did not start *after* the Soviet invasion, but six months *before*, in July 1979, with President Jimmy Carter signing off on a covert operation to assist and fund the resistance forces in Afghanistan. This was done in the full knowledge that these forces might antagonize and draw the Soviets into the country, which is precisely what a certain faction of the Carter White House—known as "the bleeders" for their propensity to "bleed" the Soviet Union through an engaged guerrilla conflict like the US had experienced in Vietnam—wanted to achieve.

This was confirmed two years later by Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's National Security Advisor, in a 1998 interview:

> According to the official version of history, CIA aid to the *mujahideen* began during 1980, that is to say, after the Soviet army invaded Afghanistan on December 24, 1979. But the reality, closely guarded until now, is completely otherwise: Indeed, it was July 3, 1979 that President Carter signed the first directive for secret aid to the opponents of the pro-Soviet regime in Kabul. And that very day, I wrote a note to the president in which I explained to him that in my opinion this aid was going to induce a Soviet military intervention.

The program that Carter signed off on—dubbed Operation Cyclone and billed as "the largest covert operation in history"—continued and expanded throughout the 1980s, leading to the rise of the Taliban and the encouragement of what Brzezinski called in that same interview "some agitated Muslims."

KENNETH BRANNAGH: US National Security Advisor Brzezinski flew to Pakistan to set about rallying the resistance. He wanted to arm the *mujahideen* without revealing America's role. On the Afghan border near the Khyber Pass, he urged the "Soldiers of God" to redouble their efforts.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI (in Pakistan): We know of their deep belief in God and we are confident that their struggle will succeed. That land over there is yours. You'll go back to it one day because your fight will prevail. And you'll have your homes and your mosques back again, because your cause is right and God is on your side.

BRZEZINSKI (interview): The purpose of coordinating with the Pakistanis would be to make the Soviets bleed for as much and as long as is possible.

SOURCE: Soldiers of God (Episode 20)

News of the struggle began to spread throughout the Arab world, and soon the stories of the brave *mujahideen* fighting the communist infidels became a rallying cry for *jihad*. The Afghan resistance had made Peshawar, just over the border in Pakistan, their headquarters, and it was there that visitors from around the Muslim world heard first-hand the tales from the battles against the Soviets and saw for themselves the squalor of the refugees who had been forced from their homes by the Russian invaders.

One such visitor was Abdullah Azzam, a passionate young Palestinian whose militant activism had cost him his job as a lecturer at King Abdulaziz University in Jeddah and had prompted him to take a position in Islamabad so he could be closer to the Afghan *jihad*. But this was still not close enough, and he resigned his position to dedicate himself full time to the Afghan cause. He spent time in the refugee camps and *mujahideen* base at Peshawar, issued a *fatwa* arguing that Muslims had a duty to wage *jihad* in Afhganistan, and made frequent trips to Jeddah, where he recruited young Muslims for the cause. While in Jeddah, he stayed at the guest flat of a rich young Saudi named Osama bin Laden.

Osama bin Laden was the 17th of 54 children of Mohammed bin Awad bin Laden, an itinerant laborer from Yemen who had worked his way up in the Saudi construction industry to become one of the wealthiest non-royals in the Saudi kingdom. Mohammed bin Laden's business— today known as the Binladin Group Global Holding Company and comprising a sprawling, multibillion-dollar multinational conglomerate involved in some of the largest construction projects in the world —started from humble beginnings.

After arriving in Jeddah from his native Yemen in 1930, Mohammed bin Laden took a job as a dockworker, then as a bricklayer for Aramco during the country's first oil boom. When Aramco sought to subcontract some of the construction work it had undertaken for the Saudi government, bin Laden used the opportunity to grow his own construction firm. His exacting building standards, combined with his energy, his honesty and his willingness to work shoulder-to-shoulder with his men, earned Mohammed bin Laden a reputation as a craftsman and a teacher and brought him to the attention of King Ibn Saud's finance minister.

The aging King Saud, by now largely confined to a wheelchair, gave bin Laden the chance to renovate his palace in Jeddah so that his car could be driven by ramp directly to his second-floor bedroom. Impressed with bin Laden's work (and bin Laden's gesture of personally driving the king's car up the newly installed ramp to make sure it would hold the weight), the king awarded him with

a number of increasingly important projects and even appointed him as an honorary minister of public works. Bin Laden's business, later rebranded as the Saudi Binladin Group, would go on to construct most of the kingdom's roads, renovate the Prophet's Mosque at Medina and even renovate the Grand Mosque in Mecca itself.

Although Mohammed bin Laden's fortune was split between dozens of heirs, and although Osama's father divorced his mother shortly after he was born, the younger bin Laden was still born into a life of luxury that few in the kingdom outside the royal family would ever know. Osama bin Laden's share of the family fortune has been estimated at $30 million, and it was expected that he would, like many of his brothers, take up the family business. He studied economics and business administration at King Abdulaziz University, where he met and was influenced by Abdullah Azzam, who was by then was already known for his credo "*Jihad* and the rifle alone: no negotiations, no conferences, and no dialogues."

Accounts of when and how Osama bin Laden first ended up in Afghanistan differ. According to Osama himself, speaking to Robert Fisk in his first interview for the Western press in 1993: "When the invasion of Afghanistan started, I was enraged and went there at once - I arrived within days, before the end of 1979." Others contend that Osama had never heard of Afghanistan before the Soviet invasion and that he didn't set foot in the country itself until 1984.

Whatever the case, by the mid-1980s bin Laden was well-known as one of the key fundraisers for the Afghan cause in the Arab world, using his family connections to gather donations from rich Saudis and delivering them to Pakistan to assist the fighters in the field. In 1984, Osama and Azzam co-founded Maktab al-Khidamat (MAK), or the "Office of Services," which the US government would later identify as "the precursor organization to Al Qaeda." The group aimed to recruit the foreign fighters that were taking up Azzam's call to join the *jihad* in Afghanistan, with bin Laden providing money through his fundraising connections and with direct contributions.

Initially little more than a guest house in Peshawar where foreign recruits for the Afghan war could stop on their way to the front, the operation quickly expanded as money poured in and more fighters began to arrive. Soon it caught the attention of other figures in the Afghan war, including Gulbuddin Hekmatyar—a brutal Afghan warlord supported by the US to the tune of $600 million who was known for killing more Afghans than Soviets—and Dr. Ayman Al-Zawahiri, the head of Egyptian Islamic Jihad who would go on to become Osama bin Laden's right-hand man.

The New Yorker has called Zawahiri "The Man Behind Bin Laden." Syed Saleem Shahzad, a Pakistani journalist with access to senior Al Qaeda commanders, has argued it was Zawahiri, not the "figurehead" bin Laden, who "formulated the organization's ideological line and devised operational plans."

Born in a suburb of Cairo in 1951 to a distinguished middle-class family, Zawahiri went on to study medicine at Cairo University, eventually earning a master's degree in surgery and serving three years as a surgeon in the Egyptian Army before establishing his own clinic. He wore Western dress, avoided the radical Islamist activism sweeping campus in his university days, and, according to one Westerner who met him in the mid-1970s, didn't talk or act like "a traditional Muslim."

But, we are asked to believe, this was all a front. In fact, according to the authors of the officially sanctioned history of Al Qaeda, Zawahiri was a lifelong radical who had joined the Muslim Brotherhood in 1965 at the tender young age of 14 and was set on his path toward violent *jihad* the next year, after the execution of the Brotherhood's then-leader, Sayyid Qutb.

Qutb was famous for his role in inspiring a generation of radical Muslims—including Azzam, Osama and Zawahiri—to take up violent *jihad* against the West and the forces of modernity in the creation of a new caliphate. Less remembered is Qutb's assertion that —during the 1960s, when Saudi King Faisal was openly conspiring with the CIA and Aramco to stir up anti-socialist Muslim groups and undermine Pan-Arabism and Arab nationalism—"America made Islam."

The then-15-year-old Zawahiri, we are told, responded to Qutb's execution by helping to "form an underground militant cell dedicated to replacing the secular Egyptian government with an Islamic one." By the late 1970s, a number of these cells had merged into a larger militant organization, Egyptian Islamic Jihad, which, incensed by President Anwar Sadat's signing of a peace treaty with Israel, assassinated him during a military parade on October 6, 1981.

Zawahiri was one of over 300 militants rounded up in the wake of the assassination and—having the best command of English among the defendants—became their spokesman for the international press.

> **PRISONER**: For the whole world, this is our word by Dr. Ayman Zawahiri.
>
> **AYMAN AL-ZAWAHIRI**: Now we want to speak to the whole world. Who are we? Who are we? Why did they bring us here? And what we want to say? About the first question: We are Muslims. We are Muslims who believe in their religion. [inaudible] We believe in our religion, both in ideology and practice, and hence we tried our best to establish an Islamic state and an Islamic society!
>
> ***SOURCE: The Power of Nightmares Pt. 1***

Before being arrested, Zawahiri had already spent some time in Peshawar, seeing firsthand the squalor of the refugee camps and even crossing the border into Afghanistan to witness the fighting itself. After his release from prison in Egypt in 1984, Zawahiri made his way to Jeddah and then back to Peshawar.

Thus, by the mid-1980s, all of the main characters that were associated with the rise of modern Islamic terror and the founding of Al Qaeda—Azzam, Osama, Zawahiri and their early associates—were now directly involved in the war in Afghanistan. They were not a single, cohesive group—Azzam and Zawahiri were rivals for Osama's funds and attention, with Zawahiri even spreading rumours among the *mujahideen* that Azzam worked for the Americans. But together, they formed the backbone of what would come to be called the "Afghan Arabs," an inaccurate term for all of the foreign *jihadis* who came to fight in Afghanistan, both Arab (including Saudis recruited by Osama and Egyptian members of Zawahiri's Islamic Jihad group) and non-Arab (Turks, Malays and others from across the Muslim world).

The Afghan Arabs were not the main fighting force in Afghanistan. In fact, some argue they were almost totally irrelevant to the fight; making up only a small percentage of the total *mujahideen*, they often got into quarrels with the Afghan fighters and were responsible for almost no significant victories in the struggle against the Soviets. But the story of these "holy warriors" who had answered the call of *jihad* spread throughout the Muslim world, helped in no small part by their own propensity for self-promotion. Azzam launched *Al-Jihad Magazine* to help publicize the Afghan Arabs' exploits and, with Osama's funding behind him, was able to make it an international concern. Distributed in America by the Islamic Centre in Tucson, Arizona, the magazine sold thousands of copies per month in the US alone.

But for some time there has been debate about the nature of the US role in fostering and funding the Afghan Arabs. While historians, scholars and journalists agree that CIA funding for the Afghan *jihad*—estimated to be well over $3 billion—*did* find its way to the Arab fighters, it has long been debated whether there was any direct contact between American intelligence and Osama bin Laden.

In the officially sanctioned history of the Afghan-Soviet War, the Americans were aiding the people of Afghanistan, brave "freedom fighters" who were engaged in a heroic struggle against the evil Soviet Empire.

> **RONALD REAGAN**: The fact that freedom is the strongest force in the world is daily demonstrated by the people of Afghan. Accordingly, I am dedicating on behalf of the American people the March 22nd launch of the Columbia to the people of Afghanistan.
>
> ***SOURCE: Afghanistan Day Proclamation Speech***
>
> **REAGAN**: The support that the United States has been providing the resistance will be strengthened, rather than diminished, so that it can continue to fight effectively for freedom. A just struggle against foreign tyranny can count upon worldwide support, both political and material. t
>
> [. . .]
>
> On behalf of the American people, I salute chairman Kalis, his delegation and the people of Afghanistan themselves.
>
> [Applause]
>
> You are a nation of heroes.
>
> ***SOURCE: President Reagan's Remarks After a Meeting With Afghan Resistance Leaders on November 12, 1987***
>
> **RICHARD CRENNA (AS SAM TRAUTMAN)**: Hard to believe, John.
>
> **SYLVESTER STALLONE (AS JOHN RAMBO)**: What's that, sir?
>
> **TRAUTMAN**: Well, I hate to admit it, but I think we're getting soft.
>
> **RAMBO**: Maybe just a little, sir. Just a little.
>
> **[CAPTION: THIS FILM IS DEDICATED TO THE GALLANT PEOPLE OF AFGHANISTAN.]**
>
> ***SOURCE: RAMBO III***

This is the story propounded by the final report of the 9/11 Commission, which holds that the covert aid supplied for the operation by the United States went to Pakistan, who then distributed the funds and supplies directly to the Afghan fighters, not the Afghan Arabs. "Saudi Arabia and the United States supplied billions of dollars worth of secret assistance to rebel groups in Afghanistan fighting the Soviet occupation," the 9/11 Commission explained in the section of its report dedicated to "The

Rise of bin Laden and Al Qaeda." "This assistance was funneled through Pakistan: the Pakistani military intelligence service (Inter-Services Intelligence Directorate, or ISID), helped train the rebels and distribute the arms. But bin Laden and his comrades had their own sources of support and training, and they received little or no assistance from the United States."

Here the 9/11 Commission is in agreement with Zawahiri himself, who insisted in his 2001 book, *Knights Under the Prophet's Banner*, that "the United States did not give one penny in aid to the *mujahideen*." After all, he adds: "If the Arab Afghans are the mercenaries of the United States who have now rebelled against it, why is the United States unable to buy them back now?"

Zawahiri's rhetorical question has not always been answered in the way he intended it. In fact, numerous sources over the years have pointed to just such direct contact between the US and the Afghan Arabs—and even between the CIA and Osama bin Laden himself.

There was Ted Gunderson, for example, a 27-year veteran of the FBI who claimed to have met bin Laden at the Hilton Hotel in Sherman Oaks, California, in 1986. Osama, Gunderson says, was introduced under the name "Tim Osman" and was in the midst of a US tour with a State Department handler, looking to procure weapons and support for the Afghan *jihad*. The only document that ever emerged to back this story up, however, was a crude, self-typed, single-page memo of unknown origin that only serves to throw an already dubious story into even further doubt.

Or there was journalist Joseph Trento's claim in his 2006 book, *Prelude to Terror: The Rogue CIA and the Legacy of America's Private Intelligence Network*, that "CIA money was actually funneled to MAK, since it was recruiting young Muslim men to come join the *jihad* in Afghanistan." That claim, however, comes from a "former CIA officer" who couldn't be identified because "at the time of the writing of this book, he was back in Afghanistan as a private contractor."

Or there was Simon Reeve, who wrote *The New Jackals*—the first book on Al Qaeda—in 1998. In it, he states that US agents "armed [bin Laden's] men by letting him pay rock-bottom prices for basic weapons." This claim, too, sources to an anonymous former CIA official.

In 2000, The Guardian reported on "Bin Laden: the question facing the next US president," stating flatly: "In 1986 the CIA even helped him [bin Laden] build an underground camp at Khost, where he was to train recruits from across the Islamic world in the business of guerrilla warfare." No source is provided for the claim, however.

In 2003, MSNBC Senior Correspondent Michael Moran wrote that: "Bin Laden, along with a small group of Islamic militants from Egypt, Pakistan, Lebanon, Syria and Palestinian refugee camps all over the Middle East, became the 'reliable' partners of the CIA in its war against Moscow." However, he conceded that "It should be pointed out that the evidence of bin Laden's connection to these activities is mostly classified."

Supporters of the official story, however, make a valid point: of all the things that the multimillionaire heir to the bin Laden family fortune needed on his rise to international infamy, money was *not* one of them. No, what bin Laden needed for his burgeoning terror group to thrive was not more money; it was protection.

As he turned from "Anti-Soviet warrior" to international terror mastermind, bin Laden needed officials to look the other way as his people moved across borders. He needed routine security procedures to be abandoned at key moments. He needed intelligence agencies to disconnect the dots

and fail to act on information at their disposal. When members of his organization got caught, he needed strings to be pulled so his associates could continue their operation.

And, as we shall see, this is precisely the type of protection that Osama bin Laden and his associates were to receive time and again in the coming decades.

Regardless of direct western intelligence involvement in the arming, funding or training of Maktab al-Khidamat, the question soon became a moot point. As the Afghan war was drawing to its inevitable conclusion and the Soviets prepared to march back to Moscow, Osama bin Laden was already planning a new group to consolidate his international network of *mujahideen* and to take the *jihad* global.

According to documents obtained from a March 2002 raid of the Sarajevo offices of Benevolence International Foundation—a not-for-profit humanitarian relief organization that was declared a financier of terrorism in the wake of 9/11—the original idea for the founding of Al Qaeda was discussed in a meeting on August 11, 1988. In attendance at the meeting: Osama bin Laden, Mohamed Atef—an Egyptian engineer and member of Zawahiri's Egyptian Islamic Jihad who would go on to become Al Qaeda's military commander—Jamal al-Fadl, a Sudanese militant recruited for the Afghan war from the MAK's US headquarters in Brooklyn, and a dozen others.

There are conflicting stories about the origin of the name "Al Qaeda," which means "the base" in Arabic. Bin Laden claims that "Al Qaeda" was simply the name used for the *mujahideen* training camps and "the name stayed." Others attribute it to Abdullah Azzam, who published a brief article in *al-Jihad Magazine* in April 1988, entitled "al-Qa'ida al-Subah," or, "The Solid Base," in which he wrote:

> For every invention there must be a vanguard (tali'a) to carry it forward and, while forcing its way into society, endure enormous expenses and costly sacrifices. There is no ideology, neither earthly nor heavenly, that does not require such a vanguard that gives everything it possesses in order to achieve victory for this ideology. It carries the flag all along the sheer endless and difficult path until it reaches its destination in the reality of life, since Allah has destined that it should make it and manifest itself.
>
> This vanguard constitutes the solid base (al-Qa'ida al-Subah) for the expected society.

In 2005, former British Foreign Secretary Robin Cook claimed that Al Qaeda was literally "the database," that is, "the computer file of the thousands of *mujahideen* who were recruited and trained with help from the CIA to defeat the Russians." He did not, however, provide proof for this claim, evidence of the existence of such a database itself, or an explanation of how he knew this information.

The founding document itself mentions "Al Qaeda Al Askariya" ("the Military Base"), explaining that: "The mentioned Al Qaeda is basically an organized Islamic faction, its goal will be to lift the word of God, to make his religion victorious."

It lists the "Requirements to enter Al Qaeda":

- Members of the open duration.
- Listening and obedient.
- Good-manners.
- Referred from a trusted side.

- Obeying statutes and instructions of Al Qaida. These are from the rules of the work.

It gives the pledge for new members:

> The pledge of God and his covenant is upon me, to listen and obey the superiors, who are doing this work, in energy, early-rising, difficulty, and easiness, and for his superiority upon us, so that the word of God will be the highest, and His religion victorious.

And it ends by noting that there were "thirty brothers in Al Qaeda, meeting the requirements, and thank God."

The meeting was noted by no one. In the larger scheme of things, it meant nothing. A ragtag band of thirty fighters, even if that ragtag band was led and financed by a Saudi millionaire, could accomplish very little on their own, and in the wake of the seismic forces taking place in Afghanistan at the time, it did not even register as a blip on the radar of anyone in the region. But the assistance and protection that would help steward this group of *jihadi* miscreants into a brand name for international terror was already in effect.

The early glimmers of this protection could be seen in Maktab al-Khidamat's efforts to recruit and train *mujahideen* for the Afghan *jihad* in the US. Starting in Tucson, Arizona, MAK would go on to open 30 branches in cities across the US, including their most important location, the Al Kifah Refugee Center based out of Brooklyn's Faruq Mosque. The CIA's role in aiding MAK and Al Kifah in their recruitment efforts has been an acknowledged fact for decades.

In 2001, *Newsweek* called the center "a dreary inner-city building that doubled as a recruiting post for the CIA seeking to steer fresh troops to the *mujahideen*."

In 1995, *New York Magazine* explained: "The highlight for the centre's regulars were the inspirational *jihad* lecture series, featuring CIA-sponsored speakers. One week on Atlantic Avenue, it might be a CIA-trained Afghan rebel travelling on a CIA-issued visa; the next, it might be a clean-cut Arabic-speaking Green Beret, who would lecture about the importance of being part of the *mujahideen*."

J. Michael Springmann, a visa officer at the US Consulate in Jeddah from 1987 to 1989, testified how his decisions to deny visas to enter the United States to clearly unqualified applicants were routinely overridden by CIA officers at the consulate as part of their effort to "help Osama bin Laden's *mujahideen* in Afghanistan."

> **J. MICHAEL SPRINGMANN**: I was being pressured by the Consul, General Jay Philip Freres, by a consular officer—I'm sorry, not a consular officer, a commercial officer—and various other people throughout the consulate: "We need a visa for this guy."
>
> It wasn't a visa for my friend, it wasn't a visa for a prospective business contact. It was for somebody like the two Pakistanis who were going to a trade show in the United States: they couldn't name the trade show, they couldn't name the city in which it was being held, but a CIA case officer concealed in the commercial section demanded a visa for these people within the hour of my refusing them.
>
> And I said, "No. They can't tell me where they're going, they can't tell me why they're going. The law is very clear: these are intending immigrants unless and until they can

> prove otherwise, and they haven't done it. Do you have some information that was not available to me when they applied?" He said, "No." I said, "They're not going." He went to Justice Stevens, the chief of the consular section, and got a visa for these guys.
>
> [. . .]
>
> And it wasn't until I was out of the Foreign Service (when my appointment had been terminated for unspecified reasons) that I learned from three good sources—Joe Trento, the journalist; a fellow attached to a university in Washington, D.C.; and a guy with expert knowledge on the Middle East who had worked for a government agency—they said, "It's very simple. The CIA and its asset, Osama bin Laden, were recruiting terrorists for the Afghan war."
>
> They were sending them to the United States for training, for rewards, for whatever purpose and then sending them on to Afghanistan. And most likely, the problems they had with the liquor at the consulate—large amounts be disappearing and being sold at very high markups and so forth—was being used to fund this.
>
> ***SOURCE: 9/11 Citizens' Commission - 10. Michael Springman VISAs for Terrorists***

In a 1994 debriefing of his experience at Jeddah, Springmann cited Sheikh Abdel-Rahman as one of the "CIA operatives" with "terrorist ties" who were being aided by this program.

Omar Abdel-Rahman, better known as "the Blind Sheikh," was born in Egypt in 1938 and lost his eyesight at just 10 months old. Studying a braille version of the Qur'an, Rahman was sent to an Islamic boarding school, and, inspired by the writings of Sayyid Qutb, earned a doctorate in quranic interpretation from Al-Azhar University in Cairo. He made a name for himself among Islamic fundamentalists for his forceful denunciations of the secular government of Nasser, who imprisoned Rahman without charge for several months. It was Rahman who issued the *fatwa* that was used to justify the assassination of Sadat, and it was in prison, on trial for his part in the assassination, that Rahman met Zawahiri.

After his release from prison, the Blind Sheikh made his way to join the *jihad* in Afghanistan, where, as even mainstream sources note, he "is said to have established links with the Central Intelligence Agency." The CIA, it was later reported, had paid for Rahman to travel to Peshawar and "preach to the Afghans about the necessity of unity to overthrow the Kabul regime."

These CIA "links" served the Blind Sheikh well. As one of the most notorious Islamic radicals in the Middle East, the Blind Sheikh was on a US State Department terrorist watch list that should have barred him entry to America. Nevertheless, in May, 1990, he obtained a tourist visa to enter the United States from a consul in the US Embassy in Khartoum. When the visa was first reported to the public in December of that year, a spokesperson for the State Department insisted that the consul had "made a mistake," explaining that they "didn't follow the procedures" and failed to check Rahman's name against the State Department watchlist.

It wasn't until July of 1993, five months after the bombing of the World Trade Center directed by Rahman and aided by an FBI informant, that the truth was revealed: "Central Intelligence Agency officers reviewed all seven applications made by Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman to enter the United States between 1986 and 1990 and only once turned him down because of his connections to terrorism" reported *The New York Times*, adding that, "while the practice is somewhat sensitive and

not widely known, it is not unusual for a low-level CIA officer to be assigned a post as a consular official, as they had been in each of the seven cases." It was later reported that the visas had been "a reward for [Rahman's] services" to the CIA in Afghanistan.

Incredibly, this was not the end of the string of "lucky breaks" that allowed Rahman, the leader of the first Islamic terror cell to operate on US soil, to continue his operations unmolested.

In November of 1990, his CIA-approved tourist visa was revoked, "but because of a procedural error [immigration officials] were not aware that he was in the country" and had to begin an investigation before he could be deported. Despite all of this, Rahman was still able to obtain a green card for permanent residence in the United States in April of 1991. After leaving the country and returning in August of that year, immigration officials identified that he was on a watch list and "began proceedings to rescind his residency status," but "they allowed him to re-enter the United States anyway." His green card was revoked in March of 1992, but he was still allowed to remain in the country while he applied for political asylum and plotted the World Trade Center bombing out of the MAK-founded, CIA-connected Al Qaeda stronghold in Brooklyn, the Al Kifah Refugee Center.

But as remarkable as the Blind Sheik's story is, it is not unique. Rahman was not the only person associated with Al Qaeda's Al Kifah Center who proved able to freely enter the US despite being on a watchlist.

In the late 1980s and early 1990s, Ayman Al-Zawahiri, the future leader of Al Qaeda, made at least three visits to the United States. Despite having been imprisoned in Egypt for three years after the assassination of Sadat and despite his known role as the leader of Egyptian Islamic Jihad, Zawahiri was able to enter the US and, using an alias and posing as a representative of the Kuwait Red Crescent Society, engage in fundraising for his terror group. His trip was made possible by one of his most important operatives, Ali Mohamed, who had arranged the trip and provided him with the fake passport he used to enter the country.

It is in the story of Ali Mohamed, dubbed "Al Qaeda's triple agent," that the incredible ties between US intelligence and Al Qaeda are revealed. Indeed, the tale of Mohamed's unlikely career—described as "the most tantalizing and complex story in the history of al Qaeda's war against America"—is so utterly unbelievable that a Hollywood scriptwriter would reject it for being too implausible.

The son of a career soldier in the Egyptian Army, Mohamed attended the Cairo Military Academy and obtained two bachelor’s degrees and a master’s degree in psychology from the University of Alexandria. Mohamed followed in his father's footsteps, joining the Egyptian Army and quickly rising to the rank of major. An intelligence officer in the Egyptian Special Forces, Mohamed was a member of the same unit that carried out the assassination of Sadat in 1981. But he was not in Egypt when it happened. He was training with the US Green Berets at Fort Bragg on a foreign officer exchange program.

The FBI would later allege that it was during this training course that Mohamed was first approached by the CIA, who sought to recruit him as a foreign asset. That same year, Mohamed joined Zawahiri's Egyptian Islamic Jihad and raised the suspicions of the Egyptian Army not just for his ties to the Sadat assassination unit, but for his conspicuous acts of Islamic fundamentalism, including taking time for the five daily prayers and loudly proclaiming his Islamic beliefs to anyone who would listen.

Discharged from the Egyptian Army in 1984, Mohamed—at the behest of Zawahiri—landed a job as a counterterrorism security advisor for Egypt Air. Impressed by Mohamed's abilities, Zawahiri tasked him with a seemingly impossible challenge: infiltrate an intelligence service of the US government. Remarkably, according to the official history of Al Qaeda propounded by the very intelligence services Mohamed was tasked with infiltrating, that was exactly what he did.

According to that official story, in 1984 Mohamed turned up at the CIA station in Cairo, offering his services. The CIA took him up on the offer, sending him to Hamburg, Germany, to infiltrate a Hezbollah-linked mosque there. Upon arrival in Hamburg, Mohamed immediately announced that he had been sent by the CIA. The agency, learning of the betrayal, officially cut their ties with him, putting Mohamed on a State Department watchlist that should have prevented him from entering the US. But, as government sources later told *The Boston Globe*, he was able to enter the country in 1985 anyway with the help of "clandestine CIA sponsorship." According to the report, Mohamed "benefitted from a little known visa-waiver program that allows the CIA and other security agencies to bring valuable agents into the country, bypassing the usual immigration formalities."

What happened next defies all credulity. On his flight from Athens to New York, Mohamed sat next to Linda Lee Sanchez, a single medical technician from Santa Clara, California 10 years his senior. After spending the flight in conversation, the two agreed to meet again and six weeks later they were married at the Chapel of the Bells in Reno, Nevada. Now applying for US citizenship, Mohamed enlisted in the US Army in August 1986, completing basic training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and receiving an Army Achievement Medal for his exemplary performance. Completing jump school and qualifying as an expert marksman on the M-16, Mohamed quickly reached the rank of E-4 and was then inexplicably posted to the Special Operations Command at Fort Bragg, where he had earlier trained as a foreign exchange officer. Working as a supply sergeant for a Green Beret unit, he was soon lecturing on the Middle East to students at the John F. Kennedy Special Warfare Center, the training center for US special forces.

> **ALI MOHAMED**: Islam cannot survive in an area without political domination. Islam itself, as a religion, cannot survive. If I live in one area, we have to establish an Islamic state, because Islam without political domination cannot survive.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *The Middle East Focus Series Presented By: Ali Mohamed***

Even his commanding officer, Lt. Col. Robert Anderson, was stunned by the incredibly unlikely rise through the ranks of this watchlisted Muslim radical.

"I think you or I would have a better chance of winning Powerball (a lottery), than an Egyptian major in the unit that assassinated Sadat would have getting a visa, getting to California . . . getting into the Army and getting assigned to a Special Forces unit," Anderson later told *The San Francisco Chronicle*. "That just doesn't happen. "

But it did. And the unbelievable story of Ali Mohamed did not stop there; in fact, it was only just beginning.

In 1987, Mustafa Shalabi, the emir of the Al Qaeda-linked Al Kifah Refugee Center in Brooklyn, transmitted a request from the *mujahideen* in Afghanistan for Ali Mohamed to come and train rebel troops in the camps there. Mohamed requested a 30-day leave from the Army and made his preparations to travel to Paris and from there on to Afghanistan using forged documents provided to him by *mujahideen* agents.

Mohamed made no attempt to hide his plan and Lt. Colonel Steve Neely, the JFK Special Warfare Center instructor who hired Mohamed as a lecturer, was so upset at the idea—a US soldier heading to a war zone to engage in training and, inevitably, combat, without the permission of the Army—that he sent a report up the chain of command informing his superior officers about Mohamed's plan. But he never heard back.

Ali Mohamed went to Afghanistan, where he not only provided training to the *mujahideen*, but, according to his own story, even fought and killed two Soviet Special Forces officers. When he returned to his duties at Fort Bragg after his 30 day leave, he even presented one of his mementos—a belt from one of the Soviet soldiers he had killed—to his commanding officer.

> **NARRATOR**: Fort Bragg, North Carolina. A month after he left for Afghanistan, Ali Mohammed returns here 11 kilograms lighter and brandishing a war trophy.
>
> **LT. COL. ROBERT ANDERSON**: Then he came back and gave us a debriefing with maps and even brought back this Russian Special Forces belt. He said that he'd killed the Russian Special Forces soldier.
>
> **NARRATOR**: Col. Anderson says he sent two separate reports to his superiors criticizing Ali Mohamed for his Afghan adventure. He receives no response. Anderson says he did not have enough evidence to bring charges against Mohamed.
>
> ***SOURCE: Triple Cross: Bin Laden's Spy in America***

So outrageous was Mohamed's behaviour that his commanding officer came to believe that he was being "sponsored" by a US intelligence agency. "I assumed the CIA," he told *The San Francisco Chronicle*. Anderson was not alone in this belief. Back in California, Mohamed's friends also assumed his CIA ties. "Everyone in the community knew he was working as a liaison between the CIA and the Afghan cause," Ali Zaki, a San Jose obstetrician who was close to Mohamed, told *The Washington Post*.

CIA sponsorship would explain Mohamed's incredible ability to break Army regulations at will with complete impunity. While serving in the US Armed Forces, Mohamed spent his weekends traveling from Fort Bragg to Brooklyn, where he lectured at the Al Kifah Refugee Center and began providing military training and stolen US Special Forces documents to a cell of Islamic militants based there.

Despite all of this, Mohamed received an honourable discharge from active duty in November 1989. Among the commendations he received: one for "patriotism, valor, fidelity and professional excellence." He remained a member of the US Army Reserve as he returned to his wife in California and began the next leg of his career.

As we shall see, this increasingly implausible story involved Mohamed becoming an FBI informant while simultaneously training and steering the terror cells that would be linked to the World Trade Center bombing, the US Embassy bombings and the other spectacular attacks in the 1990s that would make Al Qaeda synonymous with international terrorism, evading the justice system for years and then disappearing off the face of the planet.

By the time Mohamed left active duty at the end of 1989, the world order was beginning to shift. The Soviets had retreated from Afghanistan and within two short years the Soviet Union itself had

ceased to exist. The Cold War was over and the public was promised a new world of peace and tranquility.

> **GEORGE H. W. BUSH**: We stand tonight before a new world of hope and possibilities for our children, a world we could not have contemplated a few years ago. The challenge for us now is to engage these new states in sustaining the peace and building a more prosperous future.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *Cold war ended 25 December 1991***

But this promised "new world of hope" never arrived. Instead, the world was about to be thrust into a new age of terror. And the public face of that terror, a young Saudi millionaire who was still being touted as an "Anti-Soviet Warrior," had just cobbled together his band of Islamic militants, his Al Qaeda "base," in the training camps of Afghanistan.

And, as we will see, as the world plunged into this new era of violence, the planners of the American Empire—like the planners of the British Empire before them—were more than willing to aid, protect and use these radical Muslims to attain their own ends.

TO BE CONTINUED . . .

THE CORBETT REPORT
Open Source Intelligence News

Episode 409 - False Flags: The Secret History of Al Qaeda — Part 2: 9/11

Corbett • 12/23/2021 •

"The terrorist and the policeman both come from the same basket. Revolution, legality —counter-moves in the same game; forms of idleness at bottom identical."

Joseph Conrad
The Secret Agent

INTRODUCTION

Alexandria, Egypt. July 23, 1954.

It's Revolution Day in Egypt and the streets of Alexandria are teeming with revelers. Two men—Victor Levy and Philip Natanson—pick their way through the crowd on their way to the cinema quarter, each nervously clutching a device in their pocket. Eyeing the fire trucks parked at the intersections, Philip leans over to Victor and whispers: "They're expecting us."

They reach the steps of the Rio Cinema just as the audience from the afternoon showing begin pouring out of the entrance. They fight their way through the stream of people and into the foyer and immediately see a man in the usual garb of an Egyptian plainclothes detective waiting for them. Philip turns to run away but instantly a wave of heat begins to sear his thigh. He tries to tell Victor to run, but no words come out. Instead, a white hot flame leaps from his trousers. He squeezes his

thigh with all his strength in a vain attempt to stop the flame before the bomb can ignite—but it's too late.

There's an explosion.

Philip lies on the ground, his arms and legs burnt black from the bomb. Victor is nowhere to be seen. Soon, a police sergeant arrives, along with the plainclothes detective. Someone in the crowd shouts, "Take care! He may have another bomb!" But the sergeant moves in all the same. "Don't worry. We were waiting for them."

The police *had* been expecting them. Victor and Philip were Egyptian Jews, members of a sleeper cell established by Israeli military intelligence in 1951.

The Israelis had watched in dismay as the military coup in Egypt in 1952 led to the rise of Gamel Abdel Nasser, who was not only hostile to Israel, but who, as a perceived anti-communist, was securing military and financial aid from the Americans and even the British. With Britain already staging talks to withdraw from their Suez military base, Israel decided to act. In 1954, they activated their military intelligence sleeper cell in the country for an audacious mission. Codenamed Operation Susannah, their plan was to stage an increasingly spectacular series of bombings in Cairo and Alexandria.

The first bombing—an explosion at the Alexandria central post office on July 2nd—had gone off without a hitch. The second, a simultaneous attack on the American Libraries in Cairo and Alexandria, was similarly successful. It was their third attack—an ambitious attempt to bomb two cinemas in Cairo, two in Alexandria and the Cairo railway station—that failed, derailing the operation. Ten members of the cell were rounded up. Of the ten, two committed suicide in the course of their interrogations by the Egyptian police, two more were executed, and six were sentenced to prison, eventually making their way to Israel after their release.

After decades of internal Israeli investigations, finger-pointing, political scandal and high-profile resignations, the full truth of Operation Susannah remains shrouded in official secrecy. The Israeli government did not even formally acknowledge the incident until 2005, a full half-century after the affair, when nine of the agents were officially commended for their service.

But the reasoning behind the operation was revealed during one of the commissions of inquiry that was established to examine the affair. According to one officer who was given oral instructions directly from Israel's Military Intelligence chief, Binyamin Gibli:

> [Our goal is] to break the West's confidence in the existing [Egyptian] regime . . . . The actions should cause arrests, demonstrations, and expressions of revenge. The Israeli origin should be totally covered while attention should be shifted to any other possible factor. The purpose is to prevent economic and military aid from the West to Egypt.

In short, the Israelis had attempted a false flag operation, hoping to blame their own spectacular acts of violence on the Muslim Brotherhood or the communists in order to destabilize Nasser's government, undermine Western confidence in its Egyptian ally, and persuade the British military to remain at their Suez base.

The operation was a failure in every sense. The cell was discovered and its members imprisoned. Their actions did *not* destabilize the Nasser government, nor did they influence the relationship between Egypt and the West. And the British *did* leave their base in 1956, after an abortive

Israeli/British/French invasion of the region was brought to an end by the US and the Soviets. But it *did* implant an idea in the minds of the Western military planners: that acts of terrorism could be staged and blamed on Muslim scapegoats to further their own political goals.

As we shall see, it was not long before America's military brass were forwarding their own operational plans making use of this tactic . . . plans that would culminate in the most spectacular terrorist attack the world had yet seen.

Part Two: 9/11

Tuesday, September 11, 2001, dawned temperate and nearly cloudless in the eastern United States.

> **EARLY SHOW**: Miles and miles of sunshine. Miles Davis. Going to put Miles out there today. Nice as it could be across the Northeast. Rough seas still from the chop from that hurricane, but other than that it's kind of quiet around the country. We like quiet. It's quiet. It's too quiet.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***September 11, 2001 - 8:31am EDT on WUSA - The Early Show***

In a matter of moments, however, the quiet of that Tuesday morning transformed into the turbulence of 9/11, and the world seemed to turn upside down. As the events of that day played out like a Hollywood movie on TV screens around the world, the meaning of those events was still far from clear. Who was behind this attack? Why were they attacking? What did the perpetrators hope to gain from it?

And yet it was there, in the initial hours of those chaotic events—years before the congressional inquiries and presidential commissions presumed to answer those questions—that all of the essential pieces of the official story of 9/11 were laid out on the tv screens of the American public.

> ### 8:50 AM
>
> **DIANE SAWYER**: We want to tell you what we know as we know it, but we just got a report in that there's been some sort of explosion at the World Trade Center in New York City. One report said—and we can't confirm any of this—that a plane may have hit one of the two towers of the World Trade Center, but again you're seeing the live pictures here.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***September 11, 2001 - 8:50am EDT on WJLA - ABC News Good Morning America***
>
> **9:03 AM**
> **JON SCOTT**: There was a pilot who flew— There was another one! We just saw— We just saw another one. We just saw another one apparently go— Another plane just flew into the second tower. This raises— This has to be deliberate, folks.
>
> **CORRESPONDENT**: Well, that would begin to say that, yeah.
>
> **SCOTT**: We just saw on live television as a second plane flew into the second tower of the World Trade Center. Now, given what has been going on around the world, some of the key suspects come to mind: Osama bin Laden. Who knows what?
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Original News Broadcast on 9/11/01***

11:51 AM
MARK WALSH: I was watching with my roommate—it was approximately several minutes after the first plane had hit. I saw this plane come out of nowhere and just ream right into the side of the Twin Tower, exploding through the other side. And then I witnessed both towers collapse, one first and then the second, mostly due to structural failure because the fire was just too intense.

SOURCE: ***FOX News 9-11-2001 Live Coverage 8:46 A.M E.T - 5:00 P.M E.T***

11:54 AM
JERROLD POST: I am sure the highest degree of probability associated with this attack, which had remarkable coordination and logistical sophistication, would be Osama bin Laden's Al Qaeda group.

SOURCE: ***September 11, 2001 - 11:54am EDT on WTTG***

5:54 PM

KATIE COURIC: One senior US intelligence official says now that the US is 90% certain that bin Laden was responsible for today's attack.

SOURCE: ***September 11, 2001 - 5:54pm EDT on WRC - News 4 at 5***

8:22 PM

PETER JENNINGS: He—an engineer and an architect—speculates here that the heat above the crash site on the twin trade towers may have indeed caused the building above to melt, just simply collapsing in itself and putting enormous weight on the rest of the building below, which could not possibly stand it. Now the steel columns which go up through the building, built to code at best, would only be able, he believes, to have been able to stand an hour or an hour and a half of intense fire like this, pressing down on the rest of the building until it finally was able to give way.

SOURCE: ***September 11, 2001 - 8:22pm EDT on WJLA***

Remarkably, these initial, off-the-cuff speculations turned out to be—according to the various inquiries and investigations that followed—accurate in all their main respects. Osama bin Laden, the mastermind of the Al Qaeda terrorist organization, *had* planned and directed this attack. The Twin Towers *had* collapsed due to structural failure, because the fire was just too intense.

These assertions, drilled into the minds of a susceptible audience still reeling in shock from the horror of the events they had just witnessed, became the core tenets of what would become enshrined in the final report of the 9/11 Commission as the "official story" of 9/11.

In this official story, Osama bin Laden, once the "anti-Soviet warrior on the road to peace," was now an international terror kingpin. Radicalized by the arrival of US military forces in the Arabian peninsula in the Gulf War, he issued a *fatwa* against the United States and began a series of strikes on US targets; first bombing the US embassies in Tanzania and Kenya in 1998, and then bombing the USS Cole while it was harbored in Aden in October of 2000.

According to this version of events, the 9/11 plot was hatched by Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, a "highly educated" Pakistani militant who presented the "planes operation"—as the 9/11

Commission asserts it was originally known—to Osama bin Laden and his chief of operations, Mohammed Atef, in 1996. It was bin Laden, we are told, who greenlighted the operation "sometime in late 1998 or early 1999." The three of them developed a list of buildings to be targeted—the White House, the U.S. Capitol, the Pentagon, and the World Trade Center—and bin Laden himself handpicked the men he wanted to carry out the operation.

Carefully moving their operatives into place over the course of the next two years, this crack terror squad—devoted Muslim radicals willing to die for their beliefs—succeeded through a combination of skill and the colossal failure of the American intelligence complex, hindered by bureaucracy and hampered by a lack of political will to recognize the growing threat of Islamic terror.

No individual was to blame for this "failure," the official story of 9/11 concludes, but the remedy to the problems presented by the 9/11 attack was obvious: to erect a new homeland security complex, tear down the walls between foreign intelligence and domestic policing, implement warrantless surveillance and other legally dubious means of disrupting potential terror threats on the home front, and launch a war on terror abroad to bring the battle to the terrorists.

But this narrative, now enshrined as the official history of 9/11—that the 9/11 plot was hatched by Khalid Sheikh Mohammed in 1996, that it was directed by terrorist mastermind Osama bin Laden and that it was executed by Al Qaeda so flawlessly that the intelligence agencies could not have even envisioned it, let alone prevented it—

> **GEORGE W. BUSH**: Nobody in our government, at least—and I don't think the prior government—could envision flying airplanes into buildings.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***The President's News Conference - April 13, 2004***

—is now contested in every respect, even by defenders of that official history.

As even mainstream authors like Jason Burke were forced to admit, the popular conception of Al Qaeda—that of a top-down organization with a single leader overseeing its operations—was a convenient fiction, created by the FBI so they could prosecute bin Laden *in absentia* for the 1998 bombings of two US embassies in East Africa. In order to prosecute bin Laden, they had to show that Al Qaeda "coordinates the activities of its global membership" and that bin Laden, as the leader of the group, bears the responsibility for any actions attributed to the organization.

> **JASON BURKE**: The idea, which is critical to the FBI's prosecution—that bin Laden ran a coherent organization with operatives and cells all around the world, of which you could be a member—is a myth. There is no Al Qaeda organization. There is no international network with a leader, with carders who will unquestionably obey orders, with tentacles that stretch out to sleeper cells in America, in Africa, in Europe. That idea of a coherent structured terrorist network with an organized capability simply does not exist.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***The Power Of Nightmares: Part 3 The Shadows In The Cave (2004)***

Even the 9/11 Commission's final report had to admit that Al Qaeda was less of a mafia-like organization with a capo served by his faithful lieutenants and more of a funding organization for "terrorist entrepreneurs." "Al Qaeda's worldwide terrorist operations," the report conceded, "relied heavily on the ideas and work of enterprising and strong-willed field commanders who enjoyed considerable autonomy."

As we saw in Part 1 of this exploration, Origin Story, these "terrorist entrepreneurs" included among their ranks renowned international Islamic radicals—like "The Blind Sheikh," Omar Abdel Rahman—and lesser-known but incredibly prolific terror cell leaders—like Ali Mohamed—whose remarkable abilities to evade State Department watch lists and foment and direct spectacular terror attacks directly under the nose of the intelligence agencies defies explanation . . . unless one assumes, as their closest associates did, that they were working under the purview of those intelligence agencies.

In order to better understand this aspect of the story, we have to return to 1990, the year that the specter of Islamic terror appeared on the shores of the United States.

Abdullah Azzam—Osama bin Laden's mentor and co-founder with bin Laden of the Maktab al-Khidamat (MAK), or the "Office of Services," which provided funding, training and an international support network to the "Afghan Arabs" during the Soviet-Afghan war—is dead, killed in a car bombing in Peshawar, Pakistan. It is never determined who committed the assassination, but Azzam's death resolves a dispute about the future of the *jihad* movement. Azzam had favoured continuing the fight in Afghanistan, pressing for the formation of an Islamic regime in Kabul. Bin Laden had other ideas; and now, as the undisputed leader of the old MAK network, he is free to pursue those ideas under the "Al Qaeda" banner.

But "Al Qaeda," at this point, barely even exists as a propaganda construct. Despite grandiose visions of creating "a unified global *jihad* movement," the withdrawal of the Soviets from Afghanistan and the end of the war leaves the group's future in doubt. Bin Laden returns to Saudi Arabia, looking for ways to leverage his family's wealth and power to make a name for himself in the Muslim world.

Meanwhile, in New York, the era of "Islamic terror" in the United States is about to begin.

Manhattan, New York. November 5, 1990.

Meir Kahane—an Orthodox Jewish rabbi and a convicted terrorist whose anti-Arab views were considered so extreme he was banned from the Israeli Knesset—has just finished delivering a speech in the Morgan D Room of the New York Marriott East Side Hotel. Leaving the podium, Kahane has begun mingling with the crowd. Suddenly one man, Sayyid Nosair, draws a .357 Magnum and fires, hitting Kahane twice, once in the neck.

Nosair flees, shooting one of Kahane's supporters in the leg in his rush out the door. His accomplice, Mahmud Abouhalima, is supposed to be waiting at the front door in a taxi to drive him away, but the doorman had waved Abouhalima away moments earlier, so Nosair jumps in the wrong cab by mistake. When he realizes his error, he brandishes the .357, ordering the cabbie to start driving. Instead, the driver scrambles out of the taxi and runs away.

Nosair is forced to flee on foot, racing down Lexington Avenue with his gun still in hand. Carlos Acosta, a US postal inspector, tries to stop him, drawing his weapon, but it's too late; Nosair fires first, hitting Acosta in the shoulder. Undeterred, Acosta drops to his knee, steadies himself and shoots back, hitting Nosair in the neck. Both Nosair and Kahane are rushed to Bellevue Hospital's trauma unit. Nosair survives his emergency operation. Kahane does not.

The dramatic events of that November night would culminate in an even more surprising verdict 13 months later. Not only was Nosair treated as a "lone gunman" acting of his own accord, but he was not even convicted of Kahane's murder. Despite such a brazen assassination—perpetrated in a

crowded room and followed by a spectacular chase—Nosair was acquitted of murder, convicted instead on four lesser counts, including gun possession, assault and coercion. He was sentenced to just 22 years.

So, what went wrong? The jurors contend that they had "reasonable doubt" of Nosair's guilt because "the prosecution did not offer a witness during the five-week trial who saw the defendant fire the fatal shots" and—since Kahane's family had opposed an autopsy—the fatal bullet could not be matched to Nosair's weapon. But, in reality, the fix was in from the start. As even the Congressional Joint Inquiry into the 9/11 attacks conceded in a staff statement a decade after the trial:

> According to FBI officials who were interviewed, the NYPD and the District Attorney's office resisted attempts to label the Kahane assassination a 'conspiracy' despite the apparent links to a broader network of radicals. Instead, these organizations reportedly wanted the appearance of speedy justice and a quick resolution to a volatile situation. By arresting Nosair, they felt they had accomplished both.

The typically bureaucratic wording of the statement obscures the reality: the NYPD and the District Attorney's office didn't just passively resist the attempts to "label" the assassination a "conspiracy"; they deliberately covered up vitally important information that would have unwound that conspiracy and undermined the next decade of spectacular Al Qaeda terrorism.

Immediately after his arrest, forty-seven boxes of material were seized from Nosair's house in New Jersey. Among those materials were Top Secret training manuals from Fort Bragg and Secret communiqués from the US Joint Chiefs of Staff. Lest there be any doubt where the materials came from, they even discovered a video of Ali Mohammed's lectures at the Kennedy Special Warfare Center at Fort Bragg. But those weren't the only pieces of evidence that connected the Kahane assassination conspiracy—now commonly portrayed as the first act of Islamic terrorism on US soil—to Ali Mohammed, the remarkable CIA asset, US Army officer and FBI informant who, we are told, was "Al Qaeda's" strangely untouchable "triple agent" in the heart of the American intelligence establishment.

El Sayyid Nosair himself—the 34-year old Egyptian-born janitor with a penchant for Prozac who quite literally got away with murder—was, as it turns out, not unknown to the authorities. In fact, he had been known to the FBI since at least the previous summer. That's when, as it was later admitted, Nosair and a ragtag bunch of associates had been surveilled loading up a convoy of vehicles with semi-automatic weapons and copious amounts of ammo and heading to the Calverton Shooting Range on Long Island.

For four consecutive Sundays in July of 1989, the FBI's elite Special Operations Group—apparently tipped off that "PLO terrorists were threatening to blow up casinos in Atlantic City"—followed Nosair's convoy to the shooting range, snapping dozens of photographs of the group engaging in target practice with handguns, rifles and even an AK-47.

The group had set off from the Brooklyn Al Kifah Refugee Center—Al Qaeda's New York office, which, as we have seen, not only operated in full view of the intelligence community but "doubled as a recruiting post for the CIA seeking to steer fresh troops to the *mujahideen*" in Afghanistan.

Among those in attendance at the FBI-surveilled target practice sessions:

- Nosair himself, brandishing the chrome-plated .357 that he would later use to slay Kahane;

- Clement Rodney Hampton-El, an American-born black Muslim medical technician known as "Dr. Rashid," who claimed to have been wounded in Afghanistan;
- Mahmud Abouhalima, known as "the Red" for his curly red hair, covered during the sessions by an NRA cap;
- Nidal Ayyad, a Kuwaiti who had taken classes to become a US citizen; and
- Mohammed Salameh, a Palestinian who grew up in Jordan and studied under Abdullah Azzam.

Not present at those sessions in July, however, was the group's trainer, Ali Mohammed, the remarkable Al Qaeda "triple agent" who had been taking weekend breaks from his post at the heart of the US Army's Special Forces training center at Fort Bragg to instruct the Al Kifah cell in the techniques of guerrilla warfare, including bomb-making and weapons-handling.

Nosair and his fellow Al Kifah plotters had been under surveillance by the FBI. Mohammed, their handler came straight from Fort Bragg, providing them with Top Secret government documents and personally overseeing their training. But, incredibly, none of these points were raised at Nosair's trial for the murder of Kahane. FBI officers who tried to follow the leads into the bigger plot were ordered to stand down.

> **INTERVIEWER**: What was your feeling about the "lone gunman" theory?
>
> **ROBERT FRIEDMAN**: I thought it was preposterous. Based on what my sources in the NYPD told me that they were ordered to treat this as a simple homicide, based on what my sources in the FBI told me that every time that they got a little bit ambitious and started broadening their investigation to search out El Sayyid Nosair's possible alleged terrorist links, they were told from the top to cool it, to stop investigating. That the NYPD would handle it as a simple homicide.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *Hidden Path To 9/11***

And, according to the official history, the boxes of Arabic documents seized from Nosair's house were not translated until years later.

Nosair's "not guilty" verdict was cheered by his supporters, and the same cadre of Ali Mohammed-trained radicals who had been surveilled at the shooting range by the FBI moved on to plot their next spectacular terror attack: the bombing of the World Trade Center.

And, as would be revealed in dramatic fashion years after the event, this plot, too, had an FBI informant at its heart.

> **DAN RATHER**: Last winter, the FBI was praised for its speed in cracking the case of the World Trade Center bombing and bringing four suspects to trial. Now there is some evidence that the FBI may have known of the plot in advance through an informant and might—*might*—even have stopped the bombing that killed six people.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *FBI could have stopped the 1993 World Trade Center bombing***

When Emad Salem—a former lieutenant colonel in the Egyptian army who arrived in the United States in 1988—began working as an FBI asset, he was not originally assigned to infiltrate Islamic terror groups. No, in 1988 the Cold War was still on and the FBI tasked Salem with penetrating KGB and Russian mafia rings operating in New York City.

But by 1991, things had changed. With the Cold War over, the Bureau's priorities were shifting. Salem's handler, Nancy Floyd, who appreciated his work, thought the Egyptian informant's background might make him useful to the FBI's Joint Terrorism Task Force. Salem's new handlers in the Bureau's counterterror division, Louie Napoli and John Anticev, put him to work infiltrating the groups raising funds for international Islamic terror on US soil. His first priority: insinuating himself into the ring around the Blind Sheikh, Omar Abel Rahman, including El Sayyid Nosair, then on trial for the slaying of Kahane, and his Calverton shooting range associates.

Salem was remarkably successful in his assignment. Haunting the trial of Nosair, he soon befriended Nosair's cousin, Ibrahim el-Gabrowny. El-Gabrowny immediately took to the affable Egyptian, introducing Salem to Nosair in jail and describing him as "a new member of the family." In a mere matter of weeks, Salem was caught on camera as one of Rahman's bodyguards, even personally driving the Blind Sheikh to Detroit to deliver fundraising speeches.

Soon thereafter, el-Gabrowny invited Salem to join him for dinner at his Brooklyn apartment. There, after turning up the television in the dining room, explaining that he feared the apartment was bugged, el-Gabrowny sought to recruit Salem for a special mission.

> **EMAD SALEM**: I was in Brooklyn with Ibrahim el-Gabrowny. Ibrahim el-Gabrowny is Sayyid Nosair's cousin. He said that "We should start to do something, brother, so the government has some pressure and they don't put Brother Sayyid in more troubles."
>
> So I said, "Sure, of course we should do something."
>
> He said, "OK, and you know how to build a bomb?
>
> I said, "Of course! That's what we do!"
>
> He said, "OK, I want you to build some bombs and I'll tell you later. What do you need?"
>
> So I said to Ibrahim el-Gabrowny, "I need explosives, I need detonators, I need people to help me build the bombs, I need a safe place to build a bomb in."
>
> He said, "OK. Let me make some phone calls to Afghanistan."
>
> ***SOURCE: The Terror Routes - E1. 1979-1993 Angels & Demons***

At this early stage, the plot was less of a precise plan and more of a vague idea, devoid of details. Even the target of the proposed attack was undecided, with Salem being told that the group intended to set off bombs at twelve "Jewish locations," including temples, banks and Jewish centres around Brooklyn and Manhattan. Without knowing it and with hardly any effort, Salem had been recruited into an operation that would eventually result in the 1993 World Trade Center bombing.

Salem worked the plot as best he could, meeting more of the Calverton shooting range associates and gathering information from the cell members to pass along to the Bureau. As the preparations for the bombing began to take shape, Salem's role in the FBI sting operation seemed clear: he would lead the cell along, swapping out the explosives for a harmless powder before the bombs were placed. Then, when the cell was ready to strike, the FBI would swoop in and round up the plotters.

But that is not what happened.

Salem's remarkable success in infiltrating an active plot to stage terror attacks in New York—something that most FBI assets fail to accomplish in the course of their career— is, in retrospect, stunning. But not as stunning as the FBI's response to this incredible turn of events.

As author and journalist Peter Lance, who interviewed many of the FBI personnel involved in the story, explained in his book, *Triple Cross*:

> [P]art of Salem's deal with the Feds was that he would be a deep cover "asset," as opposed to an informant who was willing to tape conversations and swear to his undercover evidence on the stand. Salem, who had family in Egypt, was deeply wary of the Blind Sheikh's deadly reach. So the Bureau promised him that he'd never have to wear a wire or testify in open court.

But in June 1992, Carson Dunbar—a rising young star in the FBI's New York Office—was appointed to head the counterterror division. Dunbar and his deputy, John Crouthamel, didn't trust Salem. Soon they were trying to get him to submit to additional polygraphs and, eventually, they broke their deal with Salem and demanded he wear a wire. Salem refused and withdrew from the operation, shutting the FBI out of the bomb plot.

> **SALEM**: It was a silly, personal confrontation. And, actually, he said (and I quote him), "You son of a bitch! Coming from the Middle East, dragging sand in your shoes all the way up to here to tell me how to run my FBI and how to do my job!"
>
> I told him, "Sir, I *am* doing your job. None of your agents could have went undercover that deep. I'm doing it, you're not."
>
> And that even provoked him more and he said, "Get out of here!"
>
> I walked out of his office, I looked at Nancy and John. I said, "Guys, when this bomb been built by somebody and goes off by somebody else, don't come knock on my door!"
>
> And that was it. And I walked away.
>
> ***SOURCE: The Terror Routes - E1. 1979-1993 Angels & Demons***

With Salem out of the picture, the Ali Mohammed-trained, Blind Sheikh-supported, Al Kifah-connected cell continued on with their plot. But, with internal disputes disrupting their plans, they had to find someone else to actually build the bomb. They found that person in Ramzi Yousef.

To this day, despite having been caught, tried and convicted for the World Trade Center bombing, little is known about Ramzi Yousef's origins, or even his identity. The 9/11 Commission—relying on the torture testimony of his uncle, Khalid Sheikh Mohammed—identified him merely as a "Sunni extremist" whose real name was Abdul Basit. But this supposedly devout Muslim fundamentalist is reported to have hung out at karaoke bars and dated b-girls during his trips to the Philippines while his wife and daughters waited for him in Baluchistan. Even his birthplace remains a mystery.

What *is* known is that Yousef learned bomb-making in Osama bin Laden's training camps in Afghanistan in the early 1990s, perhaps from Ali Mohammed himself; that in 1995 *Newsday* reported the FBI was "considering a probe of whether the CIA had any relationship with Yousef;"

and that in 1999 Swiss journalist Richard Labeviere reported, "A classified FBI file indicates that he was recruited by the local branch of the CIA."

And, like so many of the other key operatives in the Al Qaeda story, Yousef was able to avoid regular screening procedures, waltz across borders with forged travel documents and enter the United States without a visa.

On August 31, 1992, Yousef and Ahmad Ajaj—a fellow *mujahideen* who Yousef had allegedly met at the training camps in Afghanistan—flew from Pakistan to the US despite lacking the proper travel documents to do so, a miraculous feat that the FBI has alleged was enabled by "direct assistance from senior Pakistani intelligence officials." Upon their arrival at John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York on September 1st, both men were immediately detained by immigration officials.

Ajaj, acting "loud and belligerent," was caught with a crudely forged Swedish passport and taken to a back office for questioning. "The U.S. government was pretty sure Ahmad Mohammad Ajaj was a terrorist from the moment he stepped foot on U.S. soil," the *Los Angeles Times* later reported, noting that his suitcases were "stuffed with fake passports, fake IDs and a cheat sheet on how to lie to U.S. immigration inspectors." But that wasn't all; among his possessions, inspectors also found two handwritten notebooks filled with bomb recipes, six bomb-making guides that included pages from Fort Bragg military manuals, and four how-to videotapes concerning weaponry and surveillance training. Ajaj was charged with passport violations and sentenced to six months in prison.

Yousef, meanwhile, tried a different approach. Dressed in "traditional peasant garb" and carrying an Iraqi passport without a US visa, Yousef strode confidently up to the immigration inspector and declared himself to be a refugee seeking asylum from the oppressive Iraqi government, politely asking to be admitted into America. After being questioned and fingerprinted, one alert immigration official noted his links to Ajaj and sought to detain him, but "there was not enough room in the INS lockup," so he was released on the condition that he show up at an asylum hearing later.

Yousef then left the airport, took a cab to New York's East Village and immediately met with Mahmud Abouhalima, "the Red," who had trained with Ali Mohammed and who had served as the getaway driver for Nosair before being waved away by the hotel doorman. Yousef set about professionalizing the ragtag band of misfits, transforming their vague "Jewish locations" plot into an altogether more ambitious plan: to plant a bomb in the basement of one of the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center, collapsing it into the other tower and killing tens of thousands in the process. He got to work immediately, organizing the cell, renting a storage locker across the Hudson River in Jersey City and beginning the five month task of constructing the bomb.

Without Salem, the FBI ostensibly no longer had an asset in the cell to watch as the plot took shape. But, if there had been a serious investigation underway, unraveling the cell and discovering their intentions would have been trivial. Ahmad Ajaj, who had been caught with a raft of terrorist training materials and bomb-making guides, remained in contact without Yousef the whole time, speaking to him frequently via the prison phone. But, although those calls were taped, no one from the FBI or any other agency monitored or even attempted to translate those phone calls until after the World Trade Center explosion the following February, and no one traced the pair's flights back to discover that they had both boarded in Pakistan without the proper travel documents and had even sat together for the first leg of their journey to New York.

Salem even tried one last time to warn the FBI about the cell. Meeting his old handler, Nancy Floyd, at a Subway sandwich shop near the FBI's New York office in October of 1992 to collect his final $500 cash payment, he informed her that he had heard that the group was planning a new attack and begged her to put surveillance on Abouhalima and Salameh. But it was no use. Carson Dunbar had taken her off the terror investigation and all she could do was pass along the suggestion. Salem's warning was ignored and no one followed up on the lead.

The FBI had followed the Al Kifah plotters to the shooting range, investigated their role in the Kahane murder, had an informant in their midst reporting on their plans for a spectacular terror attack and now another high-level terror operative had been allowed to enter the country and proceed with his activities unmolested, just as Ali Mohammed and the Blind Sheikh before him.

And so it was that at noon on February 26, 1993, Ramzi Yousef and Eyad Ismoil, a Jordanian associate, drove a yellow Ryder van into the underground parking garage of the World Trade Center, parking on the B-2 level. Yousef ignited the 20-foot fuse and fled. Twelve minutes later, the bomb went off.

The bomb—cutting through the parking garage with an explosive force of 150,000 pounds per square inch— might have lacked the explosive force to fulfill Yousef's goal of toppling the towers, but it *did* wreak havoc. Six people died, over a thousand were injured and 50,000 were forced to evacuate the building in the chaotic aftermath of the explosion. Learning of the bombing, Bruce Hoffman, a terrorism expert working for the Rand Corporation, remarked: "We may be talking about the opening salvo of a new conflict for a New World Order."

As the investigation into the bombing began, a letter arrived in the offices of various New York newspapers claiming responsibility for the attack. The letter, sent under the name "Liberation Army, Fifth Battalion" issued three demands: end US aid to Israel, end diplomatic relations with Israel and stop interfering with the internal affairs of Middle Eastern nations. If these demands were not met, the letter promised that 150 suicide soldiers would be ready to commit more attacks, including launching strikes on "potential Nuclear targets."

If there *was* any doubt about who was behind the explosion, those doubts were quickly dispelled. Just two days into the investigation, in one of the FBI's first descents into the pitch-black, smoke-filled, five-story crater left by the blast, an explosives enforcement officer from the ATF found the proverbial "needle in the haystack": a part from the Ryder van itself bearing a Vehicle Identification Number.

The van rental was traced back to Mohammed Salameh, one of Ali Mohammed's trainees from the Al Kifah center. Absurdly, Salameh was apprehended on March 4, one week after the bombing, when he returned to the Ryder rental office in Jersey City to reclaim the deposit on the van. Salameh's arrest quickly led to the arrest and eventual conviction of three others in the Al Kifah cell: Nidal Ayyad, Mahmud Abouhalima and Ahmad Ajaj. It also led investigators to the apartment of Ramzi Yousef.

But it was too late. Ramzi Yousef had boarded a flight to Karachi the night of the bombing and then vanished, flying from country to country with impunity, plotting assassinations and bombings in Pakistan, Thailand, the Philippines and Iran, and concocting an elaborate plot called "Bojinka" to blow up a number of airliners in mid-flight before finally being captured in Pakistan in 1995.

But it was not just Yousef himself—the mysteriously protected terror mastermind who had entered the US without a visa—who vanished. When Pakistani federal investigators later went to check their immigration records, they discovered that all of the documents pertaining to Yousef's journey to the United States in 1992, including his embarkation card, had "mysteriously disappeared."

In the wake of the bombing, the FBI—now facing enormous public pressure to round up those involved and bust the terror cell that they had infiltrated and abandoned just the year before—turned once again to Emad Salem. Once again, Salem was able to quickly penetrate the Blind Sheikh's cell and to begin working with them on a new scheme, the so-called "landmarks" plot to bomb key targets around New York City, including the UN headquarters, the Lincoln Tunnel and the George Washington Bridge. This time, the FBI arrested the plotters before they could stage their attack.

But at the trial two years later, Salem had a surprise for the prosecution. He had secretly recorded dozens of phone conversations with his FBI handlers, conversations that revealed for the first time the FBI's *real* role in the World Trade Center bombing.

> **JACQUELINE ADAMS**: FBI agents might have been able to prevent last February's deadly explosion at New York's World Trade Center. They discussed secretly substituting harmless powder for the explosives. But they didn't, according to the FBI's own informant, Emad Salem.
>
> Unbeknownst to the FBI at the time, Salem recorded many of his conversations with his handlers.
>
> **WILLIAM KUNSTLER**: I'm holding nine hundred and three pages of draft transcripts . . .
>
> **ADAMS**: William Kunstler represents Sheikh Omar Abdel Rahman and several others charged with conspiring to blow up a series of New York City landmarks four months after the World Trade Center bombing. That case has not yet gone to trial.
>
> Kunstler confirmed newspaper reports of the Salem transcripts. In one, Salem complains to an FBI agent, "Since the bomb went off, I feel terrible. I feel bad. I feel: here is people who don't listen." The agent replies: "Hey, I mean it wasn't like you didn't try and I didn't try. You can't force people to do the right thing.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *FBI could have stopped the 1993 World Trade Center bombing***

Predictably, in the wake of the blast, the debate began to center on the government's "mismanagement" of the case. The Blind Sheikh's entry to the US had been a "mistake." The NYPD's refusal to investigate Nosair's accomplices in the killing of Kahane had just been a politically expedient omission. The FBI having pulled their informant out of an active terror plot before it developed into the World Trade Center bombing was simply "incompetence." The presence of a CIA-linked, Fort Bragg-stationed Green Beret in the midst of this radical terror cell was just an example of "blowback." And Ramzi Yousef's miraculous ability to enter and leave countries at will without the proper documentation was just the result of bureaucratic bungling and overworked immigration officials.

The admissions of "error" and professions of "blowback" verged on admissions of guilt. Even the CIA—in an internal investigation into its role in supporting the Al Kifah center's operations—concluded that the agency itself was "partly culpable" for the World Trade Center bombing.

But the "incompetence" narrative soon arrived at its inevitable conclusion: the very agencies that had so signally "bungled" every step along this path were now to be given more money and bestowed more authority to conduct their "counterterror" operations.

> **BILL CLINTON**: This year I'll submit to Congress comprehensive legislation to strengthen our hand in combating terrorists—whether they strike at home or abroad. As the cowards who bombed the World Trade Center found out, this country will hunt down terrorists and bring them to justice.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***U.S. President William J. Clinton discusses his legislation to combat terrorism in his 1995 State of the Union address***

Others proposed a less-charitable reading of these events. Ron Kuby, the lawyer who, along with William Kunstler, acted as a defense lawyer for the accused bombers and their accomplices, did not mince words in assigning blame for the World Trade Center bombing plot:

> The "mastermind" [of the plot] is the government of the United States. It was a phony, government-engineered "conspiracy" to begin with. It would never have amounted to anything had the government not planned it.

Emad Salem himself summarized the story of the World Trade Center bombing in a phone call with his FBI handler, John Anticev, that was later released to the public.

> **SALEM**: I don't think it was. If that's what you think, guys, fine. But I don't think that because we was start already building the bomb which is [sic] went off in the World Trade Center. It was built by supervising—supervision from the Bureau and the DA and we was all informed about it. And we know that the bomb start to be built. By who? By your confidential informant. What a wonderful, great case!
>
> And then he put his head in the sand and said, "Oh, no no no, that's not true." He is son of a bitch.
>
> OK. It's built with a different way in another place and that's it.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***1993 WTC Bomb Attack: FBI Informant Emad Salem Tapes***

If this pattern of "missed opportunities" and "miraculous" cross-border movements really had been the result of mere "incompetence" or "inattentiveness," then the resources and attention that were thrown at the problem of international terrorism in the wake of the World Trade Center bombing would have improved the intelligence agencies' record against their erstwhile foes. But, remarkably, the scarcely believable trend of the early 1990s—that of intelligence agencies consistently "missing" the terrorists operating directly under their nose, border agents allowing known terrorists to pass from country to country unmolested, and law enforcement officials letting these Al Qaeda-linked operatives off the hook—did not just continue into the late 1990s, the trend actually accelerated. And, as Al Qaeda went from a loose-knit group of a few dozen amateur *mujahideen* at the beginning of the decade to the premiere international terrorist organization at the end of the decade, the number of "mistakes" and "missed opportunities" multiplied from the merely unbelievable to the downright impossible.

When Mahmud Abouhalima was arrested for his part in the World Trade Center plot in 1993, he attempted to bargain with federal prosecutors. Abouhalima revealed the name of Wadih El-Hage—a

Lebanese-born naturalized American citizen living in Texas who the Al Kifah cell had turned to for help in purchasing weapons—and recounted his experiences in Afghanistan with Mohammed Odeh, a Palestinian from Jordan who would later claim to have provided the rifles and rocket launchers that killed 18 U.S. soldiers and wounded 73 in Mogadishu in October of 1993. Abouhalima then offered more information about the World Trade Center plot and his associates in exchange for a lighter sentence. Prosecutors turned down the deal and failed to follow up on either El-Hage or Odeh.

Ali Mohamed, meanwhile, continued in his remarkably successful mission to infiltrate the intelligence arms of the US government. After having worked for the CIA and served as a special forces instructor at Fort Bragg, his next target was the FBI. Following his honourable discharge from the Army, Mohamed returned to his wife in California and applied to be a translator for the Bureau. He was turned down for the position; instead, he was asked to work as an FBI informant in a local document forgery ring.

In 1992, the Bureau—evidently impressed with Mohamed's work—"opened" him as a Foreign Counter Intelligence agent and tasked him with gaining intelligence on a San Jose mosque. But Mohamed was assigned to a rookie agent and routine steps like administering a polygraph were never taken. As a retired special agent who worked in the FBI's New York Office later told journalist Peter Lance: "One of the most unbelievable aspects of the Ali Mohamed story is that the Bureau could be dealing with this guy and they didn't put him on the box. The first thing you do with any kind of asset or informant is you polygraph him and if the relationship continues, you make him submit to continued polygraphs down the line. That is a basic principle of running informants."

Still, despite repeatedly traveling back and forth to and from the Middle East throughout the period, Mohamed remained untouchable by law enforcement and border security. In 1992, he was detained in Rome when he was discovered with a Coca-Cola can containing a secret storage compartment. Mohamed convinced the airport security that he was a security agent for the Summer Olympics in Barcelona and was released with a warning that if anything happened on the flight, he would be blamed.

In 1993, after helping Ayman Al-Zawahiri enter the US on forged documents for a fundraising tour, Mohamed traveled to Vancouver, Canada, to help an associate of Zawahiri, Essam Marzouk, enter the country. Marzouk, caught with forged Saudi passports by Canadian customs officials, was detained by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. When Mohamed arrived inquiring about his friend, he was detained by the RCMP as well. After hours of interrogation, he told them he was an FBI asset, giving them the phone number of his handler, John Zent. Zent's word was good enough. The RCMP let Mohamed go.

Mohamed's travels during this busy period included a trip to Afghanistan in the summer of 1991 to help Osama bin Laden and his fledgling Al Qaeda organization relocate to Sudan.

Osama's move to Sudan came at a time when, we are told, the wealthy Saudi was looking to cement his reputation as a holy warrior. The official story of Al Qaeda holds that during this period, bin Laden returned briefly to Saudi Arabia but, incensed by the Saudi royals' decision to invite US soldiers onto Saudi soil for the Gulf War, left the country for good.

Searching for a place to move his operations, his gaze turned across the Red Sea to Sudan, where, as luck would have it, hardline Islamic extremist Hassan al-Turabi had come to power in a military

coup just as the war was ending in Afghanistan. Heading the National Islamic Front Party, which sought to impose Sharia law in the country, al-Turabi traveled to London for a meeting of the International Muslim Brotherhood where he openly declared his intention to allow Sudan to act as a base for Islamist terror groups. By the summer of 1991, Osama bin Laden had answered that call, moving his fighters and equipment from the outskirts of Afghanistan to his new base in Sudan with the help of FBI asset Ali Mohamed.

Turabi was not the only one traveling to London to foster his terror plans, however. In between bin Laden's work establishing himself as a businessman in Sudan—using $12 million granted him by the Saudi Binladen Group to start a bewildering array of commercial enterprises in the country, from a construction company to an investment firm to a trucking business to a tannery, a bakery, a furniture-making business and even a commercial farm employing four thousand labourers—the budding terrorist mastermind was, according to numerous sources, shuttling back and forth between Khartoum, Karachi and London.

Osama bin Laden's visits to the UK in the early 1990s include an alleged stay at the London estate of Saudi billionaire Khalid bin Mahfouz; a meeting in Manchester with representatives of an Algerian Islamic group who were later accused of being infiltrated by government moles and used to launch a series of false flag attacks in France; a period of several months in 1994 when he actually lived in the UK, allegedly buying a house in Wembley through an intermediate; and, even more explosively, a 1996 trip to his London press office which was—according to Swiss journalist Richard Labeviere, citing "several Arab diplomatic sources"—"clearly under the protection of the British authorities."

Although the official story holds that bin Laden was at this time barely a blip on the US intelligence community's radar, this is contradicted by numerous lines of evidence. Ali Mohamed, for instance, had "volunteered the earliest insider description of al Qaeda that is publicly known" to the FBI in 1993, telling them that bin Laden was "building an army" to overthrow the Saudi government and admitting that he had personally trained terrorists at the camps in Afghanistan and Sudan. But the FBI, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, was "flummoxed" by this information and made no attempt to act on it.

This "news" about Al Qaeda's activities would not have been news to the US government's main intelligence agencies, however. It was later revealed that, despite claims that the US government was only dimly aware of bin Laden at this point, he was in fact already under extensive electronic surveillance. Having obtained his voiceprint from recordings of his anti-Saddam speeches in Saudi Arabia, the NSA and CIA were already using signals intelligence to identify and monitor Bin Laden's personal satellite calls and cell phone traffic.

In another key contradiction that is never addressed by the purveyors of the official Al Qaeda story, it was during this period that Osama bin Laden—making trips to the UK under the alleged protection of British authorities and while admittedly under surveillance by American intelligence—began the streak of increasingly brazen terror attacks that, we are told, would end up in 9/11.

In 1992, Al Qaeda mounted their first terror operation against an American target. In December of that year, bombs went off outside two hotels in Aden where, it was believed, American servicemen were being quartered on their way to Somalia for Operation Restore Hope. The attack killed an Australian tourist and a Yemeni hotel worker, but no Americans; the troops had been staying at a different hotel. Osama only claimed responsibility for the bombing six years later.

In 1993, eighteen American soldiers were killed and 73 wounded in Mogadishu during an intense two-day firefight that resulted in the downing of two Black Hawk helicopters by rocket-propelled grenades. It wasn't until the release of the 9/11 Commission Report in 2004, however, that the commission—citing "new information" received by "the intelligence community" in "1996-1997"—told the public that Al Qaeda had had a role in the incident.

The burnishing of bin Laden's terrorist credentials by the US government continued in 1996. In January of that year, the CIA officially opened "Alec Station," a so-called virtual station dedicated solely to tracking Osama bin Laden and his associates. Headed at first by Michael Scheuer—an analyst at the CIA's Counterterrorism Center who had taken a special interest in the Saudi exile—and named after Scheuer's son, Alec Station soon became the hub for a mostly female group of analysts who dubbed themselves "the Manson Family" because "they had acquired a reputation for crazed alarmism about the rising al-Qaeda threat."

1996 was also the year that the US government began putting diplomatic pressure on Sudan to hand over their files on bin Laden and his Al Qaeda operatives. The secret negotiations between the two countries culminated with Elfatih Erwa, Sudan's then-minister of state for defense, flying from Khartoum to Washington. There, Erwa made a stunning offer: not to turn over the Sudanese government's *records* on bin Laden, but to turn over bin Laden *himself*. Washington rejected the offer because, *The Village Voice* later reported, "the FBI did not believe it had sufficient evidence to try bin Laden in a US court." Instead, they demanded that Sudan expel the supposed arch-terrorist to "any other country except Somalia." Sudan complied, protesting that Osama would simply return to Afghanistan, where there was no government for Washington to negotiate with. "We told him Sudan is no longer safe for him and creates problems for us and asked him to leave," Erwa told *The Village Voice*.

> "We liquidated everything, and he left with his money. We didn't confiscate anything because there was no legal basis. Nobody had indicted him. He rented a charter plane and left in broad daylight. He was free to plot and build his network. The Americans then came back and wanted us to help track him, but by then it was too late. He didn't trust us anymore."

In June of 1996, a truck bomb exploded outside of the Khobar Towers in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. The facility—located in the heart of the Saudi oil industry's administrative area, where the US had built its first air base and where Standard Oil first struck oil in the country, establishing what would later become ARAMCO—was housing US and allied forces involved in enforcing the Iraqi no-fly zones. The massive blast left an 85-foot crater, killing 19 and injuring hundreds.

At the time, the US blamed Tehran for the bombing, with Clinton's Defense Secretary William Perry later admitting that there was a contingency plan in place to attack Iran if the link had been proven. But by 2007, Perry had changed his assessment:

> **WILLIAM PERRY**: I believe that the Khobar Tower bombing was probably masterminded by Osama bin Laden. I can't be sure of that, but in retrospect, that's what I believe. At the time, he was not a suspect. At the time, all of our examinations, all of the evidence, was pointing to Iran."
>
> ***SOURCE: HBO History Makers Series: A Conversation with William J. Perry***

One thing is for certain: in 1998, the $150 million contract to rebuild the Khobar Towers was awarded to the Saudi Binladin Group.

All of these incidents helped raise bin Laden's profile in the intelligence community, but it was a series of events in 1998 that introduced the broader public to Osama bin Laden. In February of that year, bin Laden—following up on a declaration of war against America that he had made to CNN's TV cameras in an interview with Peter Bergen the previous year—issued his *fatwa*, calling on Muslims to kill Americans:

> The ruling to kill the Americans and their allies—civilians and military—is an individual duty for every Muslim who can do it in any country in which it is possible to do it, in order to liberate the al-Aqsa Mosque and the holy mosque [Mecca] from their grip, and in order for their armies to move out of all the lands of Islam, defeated and unable to threaten any Muslim.

In May of that year, John Miller—then reporting for ABC News, but soon to become the FBI's chief spokesman—traveled to Afghanistan for a dramatic *Nightline* report on "The Most Dangerous Man You've Never Heard Of" that would air on ABC the following month:

> **TED KOPPEL**: He lives in a cave atop a range of mountains in Afghanistan. From there he controls a web of financial logistical and strategic assistance to Sunni Islamic groups engaged in what they consider a "*jihad*," or a holy war. The principal targets of their *jihad* are the Israelis and the United States. His name is Osama bin Laden, and you will meet him a little later in this program. He does nothing to undermine the profile of himself as a terrorist leader with global influence. Indeed, he seems to take considerable satisfaction in it, even though the profile has been drawn by US intelligence agencies.
>
> [. . .]
>
> **OSAMA BIN LADEN (VIA INTERPRETER)**: We believe that the biggest thieves in the world are Americans and the biggest terrorists on earth are the Americans. The only way for us to fend off these assaults is by using similar means. We do not differentiate between those dressed in military uniforms and civilians; they're all targets in this *fatwa*.
>
> [. . .]
>
> **JOHN MILLER**: Bin Laden has issued these *fatwas* and made these threats before, but this time there's something different: he put a time cap on it, saying that whatever action will be taken against Americans in the Gulf, whatever violence awaits, will occur within the next few weeks.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *Osama bin Laden: "The Most Dangerous Man You've Never Heard Of" - June 10, 1998 - ABC News Nightline***

And, in August of 1998, the name of Osama bin Laden, terror mastermind, and his shadowy terror group, Al Qaeda, finally exploded into the public consciousness.

On the morning of August 7, 1998, two Saudis in Kenya—Mohammed al-'Owhali and "*Jihad* Ali" Azzam, both of whom had been in the hut when John Miller was interviewing Osama bin Laden earlier that year—loaded some boxes into their Toyota cargo truck and headed off to the American embassy in downtown Nairobi. The boxes contained two thousand pounds of TNT, aluminum nitrate and aluminum powder. At the same time, Hamden Khalif Allah Awad—an Egyptian known

as "Ahmed the German" for his fair hair—loaded a similar bomb into a gasoline truck in Tanzania and set off for the American embassy in Dar es Salaam.

The Saudis arrived at the Nairobi embassy at 10:30 AM. 'Owhali jumped out of the truck as it approached the gates, demanding that the security guard raise the drop bar protecting the entrance. The guard refused. 'Owhali threw a stun grenade into the courtyard and ran and then the bomb went off. The blast ripped the face off of the embassy building, collapsing a nearby secretarial college and lighting the tar-covered street and a nearby bus on fire. 213 were dead and 4,500 injured.

Nine minutes later, Ahmed the German parked the gasoline truck in the parking lot of the American embassy in Dar es Salaam and detonated his bomb. He had parked next to a water tanker truck, which ended up absorbing much of the blast, but the building was still badly damaged. 11 were dead and 85 injured.

The message was clear and was dutifully broadcast by media around the world: A "new" terror group had conducted a sophisticated, coordinated attack against multiple US targets overseas and its leader was waging holy war against Americans. Al Qaeda had arrived.

> **REPORTER**: What had happened was the first major attack by al-Qaida on American targets and the worst international terrorist incident on African soil. Afterwards, the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation placed al-Qaida leader Osama bin Laden on its list of most wanted fugitives.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Kenya, Tanzania, US Mark 10th Anniversary of Embassy Bombings***

But, like so many events in the Al Qaeda story, this attack, too, bore the fingerprints of American intelligence on each stage of its development and execution.

The attacks, prosecutors later discovered, were being planned as far back as 1993, when Osama bin Laden sent his FBI/CIA/Green Beret triple agent extraordinaire, Ali Mohamed, "to survey potential U.S., British, French and Israeli targets in Nairobi." According to Mohamed's own testimony:

> I later went to Khartoum, where my surveillance files and photographs were reviewed by Osama bin Laden, Abu Hafs, Abu Ubaidah, and others. Bin Laden looked at the picture of the American Embassy and pointed to where a truck could go as a suicide bomber.

Joining Mohamed on the scouting mission was Anas al Liby, a member of a Libyan Al Qaeda cell known as al-Muqatila. Described as the "computer wizard of Al Qaeda's hierarchy," not only was al-Liby personally trained by Mohamed at the Al Qaeda camp in Afghanistan, he was also a protected British intelligence asset. Al-Liby applied for asylum in Britain in 1995, claiming to be a political enemy of the Libyan government. But, as *The Guardian* later reported:

> Astonishingly, despite suspicions that he was a high-level Al Qaeda operative, al-Liby was given political asylum in Britain and lived in Manchester until May of 2000 when he eluded a police raid on his house and fled abroad. The raid discovered a 180-page Al Qaeda 'manual for *jihad*' containing instructions for terrorist attacks.

Even more incredibly, not only did the British government grant that asylum, they then recruited al-Liby for a failed MI6 operation to assassinate Libyan leader Muammar Gaddafi in 1996, and then let him continue to live in the country even after the embassy bombing before ultimately letting him escape. According to FBI investigator Ali Soufan, the Manchester raid didn't just nab a "manual for

jihad"; it caught al-Liby himself. As Soufan recounts in his book, *The Black Banners*, the British police let al-Liby go when he denied being a terrorist. He evaded the team that was sent to follow him and fled the country, eventually ending up on the US government's most wanted list with a $25 million reward for his capture.

Yet another important figure in the bombing who was well-known to American intelligence was Wadih El-Hage, the naturalized American citizen who had assisted the Al Kifah plotters and who Mahmud Abouhalima had identified to prosecutors after his arrest for the World Trade Center bombing. As was later revealed, US intelligence had El-Hage under surveillance during the entire period that the embassy bombing plot was being hatched, but once again merely watched as the attack unfolded. As *The Los Angeles Times* detailed:

> The CIA and the FBI missed key opportunities to prevent the blasts. They knew from wiretaps on El-Hage's four Nairobi phones, as well as from the computer files they had seized, that Al Qaeda was forming a terror cell in the Kenyan capital. Indeed, U.S. agents had in hand the names and identities of some of the key Nairobi cell members who would rent the bomb factory, build the bomb, buy the bomb truck, brief the suicide bombers and even escort the bomb truck the day of the attack.

Author Simon Reeve revealed even more damning evidence about CIA involvement in the plot in his 1999 book, *The New Jackals*. "The CIA also had informants working within the east Africa cell," he reported, citing an interview with a CIA official, "but they apparently failed to warn of Bin Laden's plans."

Even if the CIA's sources within the plot had somehow "failed" to warn them of the attack, the fact that multiple members of the cell under their surveillance—including Abdullah Ahmed Abdulah, Ahmed Khalfan Ghailani, Usama al-Kini, Mohammed Sadiq Odeh and five other conspirators—all fled Kenya for Pakistan the night before the bombing would have instantly raised alarm bells if the agency's intention had been to prevent an attack.

Instead, the plotters conspired with CIA informants in their midst and the attacks went ahead under the watchful eye of CIA, NSA and FBI surveillance.

However they transpired, the bombings succeeded in introducing Osama bin Laden and Al Qaeda to the world stage. Despite the years of intelligence agency surveillance and even the creation of a virtual CIA station dedicated solely to the capture, arrest or assassination of bin Laden and his network, it wasn't until after the embassy bombings that the world at large began to hear the name of Osama bin Laden.

On August 20th—three weeks after the bombing and just three days after being publicly interrogated about the Monica Lewinsky affair—President Clinton ordered a missile strike on alleged Al Qaeda targets in Afghanistan and Sudan, boldly proclaiming that actions against bin Laden and international terror had become a new mission for the US military.

> **CLINTON**: Today I ordered our armed forces to strike at terrorist-related facilities in Afghanistan and Sudan because of the imminent threat they presented to our national security. I want to speak with you about the objective of this action and why it was necessary. Our target was terror. Our mission was clear—to strike at the network of radical groups affiliated with and funded by Osama bin Laden, perhaps the preeminent organizer and financier of international terrorism in the world today.

SOURCE:* *Statement on Military Strikes in Sudan and Afghanistan (1998)

The strike, however—a barrage of 66 Tomahawk cruise missiles targeting Al Qaeda's camp in Khost, Afghanistan and a pharmaceutical plant thought to be manufacturing chemical weapons in Khartoum—was a spectacular failure on almost every level. Neither bin Laden nor Zawahiri were killed in the attacks and the "chemical weapons" plant in Khartoum had nothing to do with either bin Laden or chemical weapons, but was in fact manufacturing much-needed medicines for the region. The plant's destruction—in the estimation of Werner Daum, then Germany's ambassador to Sudan—led to "several tens of thousands" of deaths in the region.

Ayman al-Zawahiri, bin Laden's longtime associate and future leader of Al Qaeda, was on one of bin Laden's monitored satellite phones at the time of the attack, telling BBC journalist Rahumullah Yusufzai that "Bin Laden has a message. He says, 'I have not bombed the American embassies in Kenya and Tanzania. I have declared *jihad*, but I was not involved.'" Zawahiri's exact position would have been immediately detectable by American surveillance aircraft in the region, but—in a move that journalist Lawrence Wright called "inexplicable"—the aircraft were not available prior to the strike, and Zawahiri escaped unscathed.

Bin Laden, meanwhile, was—according to CIA intelligence gleaned from intercepted satellite calls—going to be at his training camp in Khost the day of the missile strike. But he was not. He was, Clinton counterterror czar Richard Clarke later speculated, tipped off about the attack by "a retired head of the ISI," Pakistan's intelligence service that had long been known as an adjunct of the CIA.

The attacks *did* succeed in two key respects, however: they kept Clinton's personal dalliances in the Oval Office from leading America's nightly news broadcasts for at least one news cycle and they reinforced the importance of the new threat to global security: Osama bin Laden.

This "new threat" provided a green light for the American security establishment and its allies around the world to ramp up operations in the name of fighting the Al Qaeda menace. The FBI began an international investigation of the bombing, the CIA began a "surge" of reporting on terror threats that counterterror officials later complained overwhelmed the system and diverted attention and resources, and in November of 1998 the United States federal court finally issued its first public indictment of Osama bin Laden.

The first international arrest warrant for bin Laden—a confidential document intended only for police and judicial authorities—had in fact already been issued in April of that year, but it was not issued by the US. Instead, it was the Libyan government that had issued the warrant through Interpol. They were pursuing the terror mastermind for his part in the murder of two German intelligence agents in Libya in 1994. At the time, despite publicly recognizing bin Laden as the premier financier of international terrorism, the US and British governments downplayed the document, even making sure to scrub the charges against Osama and any mention of Libya's role in issuing the document from the public record.

But this surge in activity around the Al Qaeda threat resulted in at least one surprising development. In one of the most consequential and underreported moves in this redoubled counterterrorism effort, Ali Mohamed was finally arrested.

Contacted in the days after the bombing, Mohamed admitted to FBI agents that he knew who had carried out the attack but would not give the government the names. Subpoenaed to appear before a grand jury in the Southern District of New York, he was finally arrested, although even the charges

against him were kept secret from the public. On October 20, 2000, Mohamed pled guilty to involvement in the embassy bombings, but he was never sentenced. He then disappeared from sight forever, held in what was later reported as "protective custody." To this day, there is no public record of Ali Mohamed—the ex-US Sergeant and FBI asset who admitted to his key role in Al Qaeda—ever being sentenced. There is no public record of his incarceration. And there are only a handful of accounts that have ever surfaced from people who talked to him in prison in the aftermath of 9/11.

And, just like that, one of the deepest mysteries of the Al Qaeda story disappeared from public sight, never to be seen again.

But, despite all this increased activity, the same pattern of "oversights" and "mistakes" by the intelligence agencies continued unabated.

On October 12, 2000, when a small fiberglass fishing boat approached the massive, 8,300-ton *USS Cole*—a billion-dollar guided-missile destroyer employing the latest stealth technology and armed with Tomahawk cruise missiles, anti-ship and anti-aircraft missiles and a five-inch canon—the sailors onboard watched in amusement. The tiny skiff stopped amidships and two men stood up, waving and smiling. Then, a bomb exploded.

The boat had been carrying over 400 pounds of C4 explosive molded into a shaped charge. The explosion was immense, knocking over cars passing by onshore. In the city, miles away, people believed there was an earthquake taking place. The blast tore a hole forty feet by forty feet in the hull of the *Cole*, killing 17 US servicemen and injuring 39 more. It was the deadliest attack on a US destroyer in over a decade.

But this attack, like all of Al Qaeda's spectacular terror attacks of the 1990s, was preceded by a string of "missed opportunities" and "unheeded warnings." Not only was there intelligence about a potential attack on a US naval ship from several different sources—including reports from multiple informants and intercepted phone calls to Al Qaeda's NSA-monitored Yemen communications hub—but, as Congressman Curt Weldon revealed in 2005, a secret military intelligence operation codenamed Able Danger actually warned the Pentagon days before the bombing that an attack was going to take place in Yemen.

> **CURT WELDON**: But two weeks before the attack on the *Cole*—in fact, two days before the attack on the *Cole*—they saw an increase of activity that led them to say to the senior leadership in the Pentagon at that time and the Clinton administration, "There's something going to happen in Yemen and we better be on high alert." But it was discounted. That story has yet to be told to the American people. Another Able Danger successful activity that was thwarted.
>
> ***SOURCE: Able Danger: Intel Gag***

But even after the spectacular "failure" of these intelligence agencies to thwart the attack, and despite President Clinton's assurance that he would find and retaliate against the bomb plotters . . .

> **CLINTON**: If, as it now appears, this was an act of terrorism, it was a despicable and cowardly act. We will find out who was responsible and hold them accountable.
>
> ***SOURCE: President Clinton's Statement on the USS Cole Bombing***

. . . the CIA repeatedly denied FBI investigators access to key information about the plot.

But, it turns out, the CIA *did* have such information. And *that* information—deliberately withheld from the FBI or any other investigative agency—led directly into the heart of the operation behind the next spectacular terror attack to be blamed on Al Qaeda: 9/11.

From the beginning, 9/11 was presented to the public as an open-and-shut case. Osama bin Laden's name was raised on air by the TV news anchors within seconds of the second plane strike and was endlessly repeated in the hours and days that followed. By the end of the week, the public was convinced that the events were the work of Osama bin Laden and Al Qaeda and all of the subsequent "investigations" and commissions only served to bolster that pre-formed conclusion.

So it was no surprise at all when, on September 14, 2001, the FBI released its list of nineteen hijackers, Muslims with Arabic names who, we were told, had been sent by bin Laden on a suicide mission.

But who were these men?

For the general public, the newscasters' solemn intonation that the nineteen hijackers had been identified, followed by a mugshot-like lineup of photographs, was all that was needed to cement the case in their minds. Those who required more detail turned to made-for-TV dramas and documentaries to learn about the so-called "Hamburg cell" of radicalized Al Qaeda soldiers, which included Mohammed Atta, Ziad Jarrah and Marwan al-Shehhi, three of the alleged suicide pilots. Finally, the 9/11 Commission and its associated monographs—like the staff report on *9/11 and Terrorist Travel*—attempted to fill in the paper trail for researchers concerned about the documentary record of these men, including their motivations and their movement.

From these accounts, a picture emerged. These nineteen terrorists, crack operatives handpicked by Osama bin Laden and trained in his terror camps in Afghanistan, had used their carefully honed spycraft to slip into the country, deftly avoiding scrutiny from the authorities even as they trained at flight schools in the US and finalized the operational details of their plan. Then, after years of meticulous preparation, these men, consumed by their hatred of the West, their love of Allah and their devotion to bin Laden—deftly piloted their planes into their targets, wreaking havoc and devastation exactly as planned.

But this story, too, is a carefully constructed lie, every part of which falls apart under sustained scrutiny.

In the official conspiracy theory of 9/11, the alleged hijackers were such devout fundamentalist Muslims that they were willing to give their lives for the cause. Marwan al-Shehhi, we were told, was so devoted to his religious beliefs that he observed the Ramadan fast against medical advice after a stomach operation, causing him to fall severely ill. Ziad Jarrah, meanwhile, "initially caroused and smoked" during his early days in Hamburg but "then grew intensely religious and withdrawn." And, according to award-winning journalist Lawrence Wright, Mohammed Atta's "extreme rigidity of character" made him into a ruthless killer who "constantly demonstrated an aversion to women."

When reporters began following the trail that these supposed suicide soldiers had left behind, however, they began to uncover an altogether different story. Atta and his associates frequented strip clubs in San Diego, Las Vegas and Daytona Beach, where they drank alcohol and ordered lap dances. They hung out for days at a time at Harry's Bar in New York, where Atta preferred a table

near the piano. And, three nights before the attack, Atta and al-Shehhi went to Shuckums Oyster Bar in Fort Lauderdale, where, according to bar manager Tony Amos, they consumed several drinks, became drunk and gave the bartender a hard time about the bill.

"The guy Mohamed was drunk, his voice was slurred and he had a thick accent," Amos told the Associated Press the day after 9/11.

Even *The New York Times* reported on Atta and al-Shehhi's "high life" during multiple visits to the Philippines between 1998 and 2000, where the pair of strict religious fundamentalists and an entourage of Arab men and their girlfriends flashed money, drank and partied regularly. "Many times I saw him let a girl go at the gate in the morning," the *Times* quoted one hotel chambermaid as recalling about Atta. "It was always a different girl."

And, during his research for *Welcome to Terrorland*—an investigation into the Venice, Florida, flight schools where Mohammed Atta, Marwan al-Shehhi and Ziad Jarrah were enrolled in the year 2000—Daniel Hopsicker interviewed Amanda Keller, a former stripper who claimed to have been Atta's girlfriend during his time in Venice and who shared more stories about the partying of these alleged *jihadis*.

> **AMANDA KELLER**: These guys had money flowing out their ass—excuse my language. But they never seemed to run out of money. I mean they were just tossing money left and right. I mean, it was just like, 'Oh my God!' And they had they had massive supplies of cocaine. Whenever they'd run out, they'd go to the flight school.
>
> ***SOURCE: Mohamed Atta Girlfriend Amanda Keller***

But Hopsicker's investigation uncovered more than just the alleged hijackers' trail of booze, drugs and women. He also became one of the only reporters to look into the strange connections of Huffman Aviation and the Florida Flight Training Center in Venice, Florida, where Atta, al-Shehhi and Jarrah trained the year before September 11th. Huffman Aviation was also the flight school that Yeslam bin Laden, Osama's half-brother, paid for flight lessons for one of his acquaintances.

The flight school was run by Rudi Dekkers, a Dutch native who was running a commuter airline with Wally Hilliard. Hilliard—the founder and former president of a Green Bay, Wisconsin-based insurance company—made news in October 2000 when his personal jet was found to be transporting 42 pounds of heroin and was seized by federal agents in what was called the biggest drug bust in central Florida history. But Hilliard's charter airline start-up had high-level political support: Jeb Bush, then Governor of Florida, posed for photo ops in support of Hilliard's airline.

Dekkers, meanwhile, was arrested in 2012, having told an undercover agent—in the words of the criminal complaint against him—that he was "involved in narcotics transportation via private aircraft and that he has flown narcotics and U.S. currency previously without any problems." He was carrying over 18 kilograms of cocaine and nearly one kilogram of heroin at the time of his arrest.

Despite the many questions that still hang over the alleged hijackers' activities in Venice and their connection to the drug-running that was allegedly taking place at the Venice airport, an even deeper question was soon to emerge: How did these pilots—who were rated as competent at best and who, one instructor insisted, should have been further along the flight school curriculum than they were

—manage to fly jumbo jets that require thousands of hours of flying experience with such precision?

That question is even more important in the case of the other alleged 9/11 pilot, Hani Hanjour, the diminutive 5'5" Saudi who, the official story tells us, helped overpower grizzled Navy Top Gun honor graduate Chuck Burlingame and his flight crew at the controls of American Airlines Flight 77. According to that story, Hanjour allegedly flew a Boeing 757 with what aviation sources for *The Washington Post* described as "extraordinary skill" through a 7,000-foot spiral descent to hit the Pentagon, a move that veteran airline pilot Ed Soliday told the 9/11 Commission would be "tough for any airline pilot, including himself," and which left one radar operator at Dulles Airport stunned: "The speed, the maneuverability, the way that he turned, we all thought in the radar room, all of us experienced air traffic controllers, that that was a military plane."

But Hanjour, by all accounts, was a completely inept pilot. He dropped out of his first flight school, the Sierra Academy of Aeronautics, after only a few classes. He then dropped out of his next school, Cockpit Resource Management in Scottsdale, Arizona, after the school's owner dismissed him as a "weak student" who was "wasting our resources." When he returned to that school again the following year, the school owner refused, asserting: "You're never going to make it." An instructor at his next school, Sawyer Aviation, called him a "neophyte" who "got overwhelmed with the instruments" in the school's flight simulator. An instructor at his *next* school concurred: Hanjour had "no motivation, a poor understanding of the basic principles of aviation, and poor judgment, combined with poor technical skills."

After bypassing the FAA to obtain a commercial pilot's license from a for-profit contractor, the operation manager at yet another flight school in the Phoenix area, Peggy Chevrette, told Fox News that Hanjour was clearly unqualified to be in the cockpit: "I couldn't believe that he had a license of any kind with the skills that he had." Even *The New York Times* conceded that the remarkable flight attributed to Hanjour on 9/11 was inexplicable. In an article headlined "A Trainee Noted For Incompetence," the paper quoted one former flight school employee who knew Hanjour as saying: "I'm still to this day amazed that he could have flown into the Pentagon. He could not fly at all."

Whatever the case, what would eventually become the official explanation for this seeming incongruity—namely, that the single engine aircraft training and jet simulation training that they had received was good enough for these men to jump into the cockpit of commercial jet airliners and pilot them hundreds of miles to their targets—was rejected in the first hours of the attack as completely implausible.

> **COURIC**: And meanwhile they *did* spend seven months at this flying school in Venice, according to these records. And although they were not trained to fly jets, do people believe that what they learned there is easily transferrable to, say, a 757 or a 767?
>
> **SANDERS**: Actually, no, they don't say it's easily transferrable, because it's such a different type of jet. But, nonetheless, they got that initial training in Venice, Florida. Whether their training continued elsewhere—you have to assume it took place somewhere else. Where they learned it, though, at this point, I don't know and the FBI hasn't told us.
>
> **COURIC**: Alright . . .
>
> **SOURCE: September 12, 2001 - 11:49am EDT on WRC**

A *Newsweek* story of September 15, 2001, provided one potential answer to this puzzle. According to a "high-ranking US Navy source" cited by the report, "[t]hree of the alleged hijackers listed their address on drivers licenses and car registrations as the Naval Air Station in Pensacola," and, according to a separate "high-ranking Pentagon official," another of the alleged hijackers "may have received language instruction at Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio." But this report—like the subsequent reports of people with the same name as the alleged hijackers turning up alive and well in the wake of 9/11, which prompted the FBI to apologize to one mistakenly named suspect and forced FBI Director Robert Mueller to acknowledge that they were not certain of the identities of several of the named men—were eventually dismissed as mere confusion over common Arab names.

On September 28, 2001, the FBI released the final list of names and photographs of the alleged hijackers, and this rogues' gallery of fearsome Al Qaeda operatives was cemented in the public imagination.

So who *were* these nineteen men? If they really were who the FBI said they were, who directed them? How were they supposed to have entered the United States? How did they fund their operations? And how did they evade detection while living openly in the US for months and in some cases years?

In the months after the attacks, we were told that the men identified by the FBI as the culprits had "moved through Europe and America unnoticed" and that although several of them "had been tracked by intelligence until they got inside the United States," they were ultimately "lost."

We were told that Al Qaeda's communications *had* been monitored, but that bin Laden and his henchman used "scramblers, Internet encryption, fiber optics" so it was "very hard" to intercept those transmissions.

And we were told that no one was to blame for the attacks, which had merely been a "failure of imagination."

> **THOMAS KEAN**: As we detail in our report, this was a failure of policy, management, capability, and above all, a failure of imagination.
>
> ***SOURCE: September 11 Commission Report Release***

But, as the public was to learn in bits and pieces over the course of the next two decades, every one of these assertions was a demonstrable lie.

This alleged team of crack Al Qaeda operatives did *not* "move through Europe and America unnoticed." Their communications were *not* rendered opaque to the intelligence agencies because of "fiber optics." Their successful penetration of America's defenses was *not* due to a "failure of imagination."

Instead—as even the official story of the attacks now concedes—*every* major branch of US intelligence had key pieces of information on these Al Qaeda operatives, their communications, their movements and their plans. In fact, as can now be shown from official sources, these agencies not only deliberately allowed these operatives to proceed unmolested but actively stopped investigators and agents within their ranks from blowing the whistle on the plot.

At the FBI, Special Agent Robert Wright led an investigation into terrorist financing called Vulgar Betrayal that managed to uncover a money trail connecting a suspected Chicago terror cell to Al Qaeda. But when Wright attempted to bring criminal charges against the cell members, his supervisor flew into a rage, shouting: "You will not open criminal investigations. I forbid any of you. You will not open criminal investigations against any of these intelligence subjects."

After the embassy bombings, when Wright's team began to trace the financing of the attacks to a group of Saudi businessmen, the FBI moved to shut down the investigation altogether. Wright was kicked off the case in 1999, and Vulgar Betrayal was officially shut down in 2000.

> **ROBERT WRIGHT:** Knowing what I know—and again, this was written 91 days before the attack—knowing what I know, I can confidently say that until the investigative responsibilities for terrorism are removed from the FBI, I will not feel safe.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *9-11 FBI Whistleblower Robert Wright Testimony***

While Wright was pursuing the financial trail, FBI field agents across the US were picking up on another trend: Muslim extremists learning to fly.

Agents in Oklahoma and Phoenix both wrote memos about the "large numbers of Middle Eastern males receiving flight training" and warned that some of them had documentable ties to Al Qaeda, but the warnings were ignored. Agents in Minneapolis frantically sought approval for a search warrant to search the laptop of Zacarias Moussaoui, a suspected terrorist who had been receiving flight training in the area.

When that request was denied, one exasperated agent told FBI headquarters that he was "trying to keep someone from taking a plane and crashing into the World Trade Center." Rita Flack, an intelligence operations specialist at headquarters who had read the Phoenix memo, failed to pass *that* info on to any of her colleagues involved in the decision to deny the warrant to search Moussaoui's laptop.

FBI whistleblower Colleen Rowley later revealed that agents in the Minneapolis office—desperately trying to find an answer to the question of why the Bureau was deliberately sabotaging the case—faced the problem with gallows humour: "I know I shouldn't be flippant about this, but jokes were actually made that the key FBIHQ personnel had to be spies or moles, like Robert Hansen, who were actually working for Osama bin Laden to have so undercut Minneapolis' effort."

The Pentagon's intelligence branch, meanwhile, not only had foreknowledge of the plot, but—according to information that emerged years later and was quickly suppressed—had identified four of the presumed terror operatives and mapped out the network connecting them to the Brooklyn cell headed by the Blind Sheikh.

"Able Danger" was a classified information operations campaign against transnational terrorism launched by military intelligence in the fall of 1999. First revealed to the public in June 2005, Able Danger employed data mining techniques on open source and classified information to identify networks of likely terror agents, including those operating in the US.

The program was remarkably successful: not only did it warn the Pentagon of an impending attack just days before the *Cole* bombing, as we have already seen, but, according to Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) whistleblower Lt. Col. Anthony Shaffer and four of his colleagues working on the

operation, Able Danger identified two of the terror cells connecting Al Qaeda to the alleged hijackers. It even identified four of those suspects—including Mohamed Atta—by name.

When Lt. Col. Shaffer tried to set up a meeting between his supervisor and FBI officials in Washington to discuss a collaborative approach to tracking these cells, he was rebuffed by lawyers for the Pentagon's Special Operations Command. Shortly thereafter, Shaffer was ordered off the Able Danger team and the unit was disbanded, with the Pentagon ordering all the Able Danger data—2.5 terabytes worth of information, equivalent to one quarter of all the printed material in the Library of Congress—destroyed.

After a hostile investigation that left witnesses feeling intimidated into changing their story about Able Danger *still* found five Pentagon employees who said they *had* seen the organizational chart with Atta's name on it, the Department of Defense Inspector General concluded that Able Danger had never identified Atta or any other alleged hijacker. And, just two months after the story became public—including Shaffer's revelation that he had met with 9/11 Commission Executive Director Philip Zelikow and told him all of the details of the program in an extensive hour-long debriefing in Afghanistan that did *not* find its way into the Commission's final report—the DIA stripped Shaffer of his security clearance, essentially ending his decades-long career as a military intelligence officer.

> **WELDON**: Mr. Speaker, this is not some third-rate burglary cover-up. This is not some Watergate incident. This is an attempt to prevent the American people from knowing the facts about how we could have prevented 9/11, and people are covering it up today! And they're ruining the career of a military officer to do it, and we can't let it stand!
>
> **SOURCE: Curt Weldon House Session October 19, 2005**

The NSA, meanwhile—despite the "scrambler and fiber optics" excuses of the agency's apologists—were monitoring all of the communications going through Al Qaeda's pivotal Yemen communications hub from the lead-up to the Embassy bombings straight through to the execution of 9/11 itself. This "communications hub"—discovered in 1996 when the NSA began tapping into and transcribing the satellite phone calls of bin Laden—was, in fact, the home of Ahmed al-Hada, one of the *jihadis* who had fought alongside bin Laden against the Soviets in Afghanistan in the 1980s. Hada's phone was used by various Al Qaeda-linked operatives to pass messages to each other, as some countries blocked or monitored calls to other countries as possible terrorist communications.

The NSA listened as Mohamed al-'Owhali, one of the bombers involved in the embassy attack, made multiple calls to the hub before and after the attack. They listened as Al Qaeda operatives called the hub to discuss attacking a US warship in the months prior to the *Cole* bombing. And they listened as numerous terror suspects called to discuss their operations with Khalid al-Mihdhar, one of the alleged 9/11 hijackers and the son-in-law of Ahmed al-Hada.

Thomas Drake was a decorated United States Air Force and United States Navy veteran with a background in military crypto-electronics who had worked for twelve years as an outside contractor at the NSA. 9/11 was his first full day as an employee of the agency, and it was in the wake of that attack that he was handed a report from one of his colleagues in the NSA's "CounterTerror Shop" that laid out the agency's role in the events of that day.

According to Drake, the report was "an extraordinarily detailed long-term study of Al Qaeda's activities" that identified "the planning cells" for 9/11, including "a number of the hijackers based

on actual copy: Atta, Hazmi, Mihdhar," all of whom had appeared on the NSA's radar by the start of 2001. It also contained specific warnings about 9/11.

Drake immediately gave the document to his supervisor, Maureen Baginski, who told him: "Tom, I wish you had not brought this to my attention." He was subsequently forced out of his position, stripped of his security clearance and indicted under the Espionage Act.

On the day of the attacks, knowing the information that the NSA had that could have foiled the plot, the analysts began to break down. Two staffers suffered heart attacks, with one dying. Another, a female analyst who had been responsible for monitoring the Yemen hub communications, left NSA headquarters after suffering what Drake was told was a nervous breakdown. Yet another, a 40-something man, began openly crying in a hallway, telling three women he was talking to in full view of everyone passing: "We knew this was being planned months ago, but they would not let us issue the reports we wrote."

NSA leadership, however, like Drake's supervisor and the head of the SIGINT division, Maureen Baginski, had a different reaction to the events unfolding that morning.

> **THOMAS DRAKE**: I would hear the following phrase, which I think one person in particular probably regrets ever saying more publicly, that 9/11 was a gift to NSA. A gift.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Thomas Drake: '9/11 Became a Profit Center' for the NSA***

In fact, the story of intelligence agency foreknowledge of the plot goes from the merely impossible to the outright absurd when it is revealed that it wasn't just US intelligence that had a window into the plot, but every major intelligence service in the world.

In subsequent years, it has emerged that intelligence agencies in Indonesia, the UK, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Russia, Jordan, France and, of course, Israel had all passed on various warnings about an imminent attack in the months and years leading up to 9/11.

And, infamously, the President received a classified intelligence briefing on August 6, 2001, that unequivocally stated that an attack *was* being prepared.

> **RICHARD BEN-VENISTE**: Isn't it a fact, Dr. Rice, that the August 6th PDB warned against possible attacks in this country? And I ask you whether you recall the title of that PDB?
>
> **CONDOLEEZZA RICE**: I believe the title was, "Bin Laden Determined to Attack Inside the United States."
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Excerpts from April 8, 2004 Testimony of Dr. Condoleezza Rice Before the 9/11 Commission Pertaining to The President's Daily Brief of August 6, 2001***

It's no surprise that this plot—the most important ever attempted by Al Qaeda—would have been known by so many. Not only did the men that (we are told) bin Laden handpicked for the operation make no effort to hide their movements or obscure their activities, they instead—in the words of some investigators—left a deliberate trail behind them, a trail that was picked up and extensively reported on in the immediate wake of the attacks.

NARRATOR: Customs inspectors at Dubai airport became suspicious when they noticed that Jarrah had pasted a page of the Koran into his passport. When they searched his luggage, they discovered piles of radical Muslim propaganda. What he did next remains a mystery to terrorism experts worldwide: he talked freely about his future plans.

SOURCE: ***The 9/11 Hijackers: Inside The Hamburg Cell***

ANCHOR: One possible clue has developed in Florida. A car was towed from the Daytona Beach airport to this impound lot near Daytona. An airport worker called police because the car had photographs of Osama bin Laden in the back seat.

SOURCE: ***September 12, 2001 - 12:01pm EDT on WUSA***

KERRY SANDERS: . . . and that's why they geared up the FBI agents in the field immediately, and they located him in South Florida, and again over on the West coast of Florida in Venice—

KATIE COURIC: Were they surprised, Kerry, that he wasn't traveling under an assumed name?

SANDERS: I think they are, but clearly from what the indications are at this point these terrorists are not hiding after the fact or anything like that. I think that—one of the agents told me that what he believes is that they wanted to leave this trail.

SOURCE: ***September 12, 2001 - 11:49am EDT on WRC***

Perhaps the greatest clue as to the real nature of the 9/11 operation, however, is found in one of the most stunning pieces of evidence of direct intelligence agency complicity in the plot. In the years after the attack, it was revealed that the CIA were not just surveilling the supposed hijackers or gathering information on their plans; they actively stopped information about these men's travels from reaching other intelligence agencies, deliberately hiding the fact that two of these agents had entered the US and were openly living in the country from the FBI and even from the National Security Council itself for over one and a half years.

This incredible fact, buried in footnote 44 of chapter 6 of the 9/11 Commission report, was no trivial detail.

9/11 Commission chair Thomas Kean called it "one of the most troubling aspects of our entire report."

White House counterterror czar Richard Clarke said that it is evidence of both CIA malfeasance and misfeasance.

And Mark Rossini, an FBI agent assigned to the CIA's bin Laden unit, believed it to be part of a secret intelligence operation involving these supposed terrorist hijackers that the agency didn't want anyone to discover.

MARK ROSSINI: You know, the Agency had an obligation to tell the Bureau about these individuals, and in particular when it was determined that they did go on to the U.S., that they did travel to America. I think they had some sort of operational plan going on they didn't want the Bureau to know about.

SOURCE: Who Is Rich Blee?

Shortly after the *Cole* bombing, Fahad al-Quso, a Yemeni with known links to Osama bin Laden, was interrogated by Yemeni agents and admitted that he had flown from Yemen to Bangkok the previous January to deliver $36,000 to "Khallad," a terrorist based in Malaysia who Quso identified as the bombing mastermind. The money, Quso said, was to buy this one-legged terror mastermind an artificial leg.

But Ali Soufan—the head of the FBI investigation into the *Cole* bombing—was puzzled by this lead. Why was Al Qaeda transferring money *out* of Yemen when they were supposedly planning an attack *in* that country? Was this money for a different operation?

As with every such lead, Soufan followed up with an official request to the CIA for any information they had on "Khallad" in Malaysia or the phone number that Quso had used to contact him there. The CIA never responded to any of these official requests.

But Soufan's intuitions were correct.

On December 29, 1999—with all of the US intelligence services on heightened alert due to the threat of millennium terror attacks—the NSA shares information from their wiretap of Al Qaeda's Yemen communications hub with the CIA: Khalid Al-Mihdhar, Nawaf Alhazmi, and Salem Alhazmi will be flying to Malaysia to attend an important Al Qaeda summit the following month. The CIA, already aware of Al-Mihdhar's connection to the Yemen communications hub, tasks agents from eight CIA offices and six friendly foreign intelligence services with tracking his travel to Malaysia.

The surveillance operation is successful. When Al-Mihdhar changes planes in Dubai, the CIA obtains a copy of his passport. Inside is a vital piece of information: this known bin Laden associate, on his way to an Al Qaeda summit, has a visa to enter the United States. A visa that was issued at the same Jeddah consulate where, Michael Springmann testified, the CIA was helping to secure visas for Osama bin Laden's men during the Afghan-Soviet war.

Seasoned intelligence officials have no trouble understanding the importance of this fact. Reflecting on the incredible nature of this series of events years later, veteran FBI agent Jack Cloonan remarked:

"How often do you get into someone's suitcase and find multiple-entry visas? And how often do you know there's going to be an organizational meeting of Al Qaeda any place in the world? The chances are slim to none! This is as good as it gets. It's a home run in the ninth inning of the World Series. This is the kind of case you hope your whole life for."

What happened next is so inexplicable for purveyors of the official 9/11 conspiracy theory that it is typically never discussed.

After scoring this once-in-a-lifetime intelligence coup—this "home run in the ninth inning of the World Series"—the CIA then failed to watchlist either Al-Mihdhar or Alhazmi, allegedly lost track of them after they went on from Malaysia to Thailand (despite having the phone number of the hotel where they stayed in Bangkok) and failed to inform FBI investigators like Ali Soufan that these known terror associates had been tracked to an Al Qaeda summit. Most incredibly of all, the official record shows that supervisors in the CIA's bin Laden unit repeatedly and deliberately stopped agents from sending info about Al-Mihdhar's US visa to the FBI.

On January 5, 2000, while the summit was still underway in Kuala Lumpur, the CIA's Riyadh Station forwarded the information about Al-Mihdhar's visa to Alec station at Langley. Doug Miller—an FBI officer assigned to the bin Laden unit as part of an intelligence-sharing program between the CIA and the FBI—read the cable and, following protocol, immediately drafted a memo asking for permission to forward the info to FBI headquarters. The reply from Miller's CIA supervisor, Michael Anne Casey, citing Alec Station's deputy chief, Tom Wilshere, was immediate and unequivocal: "This is not a matter for the FBI."

Thus began an 18-month odyssey in which 50 CIA personnel documentably accessed this information and not one of them ever officially shared it with any FBI or National Security Council official, even then-counterterrorism czar Richard Clarke.

> **CLARKE**: You understand, the way they update us at the White House is: every morning, I come in, I turn on my computer and I get 100, 150 CIA reports. I'm not relying on somebody calling me and telling me things. You have to *intentionally* stop it. You have to intervene and say, "No, I don't want that report to go," and I never got a report to that effect.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *Interview #07 (Washington, DC)***

On its own, this is scarcely believable. The Central Intelligence Agency actively and deliberately made a decision to stop the automatic sharing of information on the most sensitive national security intelligence in their possession.

On September 12, 2001, when the CIA finally granted Ali Soufan's request from nearly one year before and sent him their intelligence about the Malaysia meeting, he began visibly shaking and rushed to the bathroom, vomiting on the floor next to the toilet. When one of his colleagues asked him what had happened, he said: "They knew, they knew."

But neither Soufan nor anyone else familiar with the hidden history of Al Qaeda should be surprised. When put into its context, this episode is a perfectly predictable continuation of the same pattern of intelligence agency aid that, as we have seen, defines the story of Al Qaeda.

It is sometimes said that in order to be successful in their mission, the intelligence agencies have to get everything right all the time whereas the terrorists only have to get lucky once. But the Al Qaeda "terrorists"—protected, shepherded and aided by the intelligence agencies, as they demonstrably were—did not get lucky *once*.

They got lucky over and over and over again, time after time after time, year after year after year, from their earliest beginnings through their development and growth, through their rise to international prominence, through every major terrorist attack of the 1990s and right up to the doorstep of 9/11.

At this point, the "incompetence" theory of "failures" and "missed opportunities" is not only not supportable, it is a transparent falsehood. There is only one conclusion possible: These "terrorists" were deliberately aided.

This is not fringe conspiracy thinking. Even Richard Clarke eventually came to this conclusion.

> **CLARKE**: For me, to this day it is inexplicable why, when I had every other detail about everything related to terrorism, that the director didn't tell me, that the director of

the Counterterrorism Center didn't tell me, that the other 48 people in CIA who knew about it never mentioned it to me or anyone in my staff in a period of over 12 months.

JOHN DUFFY: They were stopped from getting to you and stopped from getting to the White House.

CLARKE: And stopped from getting to the FBI and the Defense Department. We therefore conclude that there was a high-level decision in the CIA ordering people not to share that information.

RAY NOWOSIELSKI: How high level?

CLARKE: I would think it would have to be made by the director.

[. . .]

DUFFY: Have you asked George Tenet or Cofer Black or Richard Blee about any of this after the fact?

CLARKE: No.

NOWOSIELSKI: It kind of—the facts dripped out to you over time, right? Over these investigations? And then you started to—

CLARKE: It took a while.

NOWOSIELSKI: Yeah.

DUFFY: You've never approached them . . .?

NOWOSIELSKI: You used to be kind of buddies with Tenet, right? So . . .

CLARKE: Look at it this way: they've been able to get through a joint House investigation committee and get through the 9/11 Commission and this has never come out. They got away with it. They're not going to tell you even if you waterboard them.

SOURCE: ***Interview #07 (Washington, DC)***

That the former top-ranking counterterrorism official in the United States has publicly accused the former director of the CIA and other top CIA officials of running an operation involving the accused 9/11 hijackers and then covering up that operation and information about it up to and through 9/11—an incredible accusation recorded by two independent filmmakers and freely viewable on YouTube for the past decade—is apparently of so little importance that it has never been followed up on by any major media outlet.

But Clarke's version of the story, explosive as it is—that these accused terrorists really *were* terrorists, that they, like Ali Mohamed, managed to triple-cross the intelligence agencies that were trying to use them as double agents against Al Qaeda, and that the highest ranks of those intelligence agencies, up to and including the director of the CIA engaged in a cover-up of the entire affair, indirectly allowing 9/11 to take place purely to save their own skin—demonstrably cannot be the full story.

As we now know, these nineteen men were no devout Islamic fundamentalists driven by their devotion into striking against the infidels. These alcohol-drinking, strip club-attending bumblers who, at one point, lived with an FBI informant and who left what investigators described as a deliberate trail behind them, were *not* master spies capable of triple-crossing the CIA.

They did *not* coordinate their plan to coincide precisely with the live-fly hijacking exercises, military war games and planes-into-buildings training drills that were taking place on the day of 9/11.

They did *not* overpower the military-trained pilots on four separate planes before a single one of them could so much as send out a hijack signal.

They did *not* know to commit those hijackings precisely in the highly classified radar gaps that made their planes' movements opaque to flight traffic controllers.

They did *not* pilot those planes through maneuvers that even experienced pilots called "tough for any airline pilot" despite never having sat in the cockpit of a jumbo jet before.

They did *not* cause three buildings to pulverize themselves in mid-air, falling directly through the path of most resistance at freefall gravitational acceleration with two planes.

They did *not* decide to fly around the Pentagon to miss the Defense Secretary's office and instead hit the section of the building where bookkeepers and budget analysts were working on the problem of the $2.3 trillion that Donald Rumsfeld had just 24 hours earlier admitted could not be accounted for in the Defense Department's budget.

They did *not* commit the informed trading that three separate academic studies have proven *did* take place in the run up to 9/11.

They did *not* engage in the decades-long cover-up of these facts in the wake of that attack.

And they did *not* launch the war of terror that sometimes saw the US and its allies using Al Qaeda as a convenient excuse for aggression in foreign countries and other times saw them actively collaborating with Al Qaeda to achieve their geopolitical goals.

No. Richard Clarke's story is itself a cover-up. The spectacular, catalyzing terror attack of 9/11 was not *allowed* to happen. It was *made* to happen.

But why? Who, other than the devout Muslim suicide warriors posited by the official 9/11 conspiracy theorists, would do such a thing? And for what purpose?

To answer these questions, we need to return to Operation Susannah and the false flag terror ruse that has been employed by the British, the Israelis and the US throughout the past century. As we shall see, just eight years after Operation Susannah failed in Egypt, the highest-ranking officials in the US military drafted plans to stage terror attacks, blow up airliners and even kill Americans in order to blame their political enemies. And, in the lead up to 9/11, a cadre of political operatives brought those plans into the 21st century, paving the way for a new Pearl Harbor that would begin a worldwide war of terror and a clash of civilizations.

> **GEORGE W. BUSH**: Our war on terror begins with al Qaeda, but it does not end there. It will not end until every terrorist group of global reach has been found, stopped and defeated.

SOURCE: ***President Bush's address to a joint session of Congress on September 20, 2001***

TO BE CONTINUED...

THE CORBETT REPORT
Open Source Intelligence News

Episode 424 - False Flags: The Secret History of Al Qaeda - Part 3: The War of Terror

Corbett • 09/12/2022 •

"Falsehood flies, and truth comes limping after it, so that when men come to be undeceived, it is too late; the jest is over, and the tale hath had its effect."

Jonathan Swift

INTRODUCTION

Kabul, Afghanistan. August 29th, 2021.

A white 1996 Toyota Corolla races down the dusty streets of the Afghan capital.

Just days earlier, a suicide bombing at the Kabul airport had killed thirteen US Marines and dozens of Afghans. American forces, on high alert, track the Corolla from above. An American MQ-9 Reaper drone hovers high up, monitoring the driver—Zemari Ahmadi—as he stops at a suspected ISIS safe house and loads the car with explosives before continuing his journey to the airport.

But Ahmadi never reaches his destination. At 4:50 PM, the order is given and the Reaper drone launches a hellfire missile at the vehicle, killing the would-be terrorist and destroying his explosive payload.

The media, focused on the conflict in Afghanistan for the first time in years, air live coverage of the Pentagon's announcement: In the waning hours of America's two-decade-long military presence in Afghanistan, another terror threat has been liquidated and more innocent lives have been saved.

> **GEN. WILLIAM TAYLOR:** Yesterday, US military forces conducted an over-the-horizon counterterrorism operation against an ISIS-K planner and facilitator. The air strike occurred in the Nangarhar province of Afghanistan. I can confirm, as more information has come in, that two high-profile ISIS targets were killed and one was wounded and we know of zero civilian casualties.
>
> ***SOURCE:** **Military officials hold news conference at Pentagon after drone strike***

But as the smoke cleared on the scene of the strike, some grisly truths began to emerge: Ahmadi had *not* been a terrorist. He was *not* on his way to set off a suicide bomb at the Kabul Airport. The car didn't even have explosives.

In reality, Ahmadi had been an aid worker for an American NGO distributing food to malnourished Afghans. He wasn't on his way to the airport; he was arriving home after a day at the office. The "suspicious packages" that the drone operators had watched him load into his car were in fact water bottles that Ahmadi was bringing home because his neighbourhood was dealing with a water shortage.

In perhaps the greatest irony, Ahmadi had applied for a special visa to emigrate to the US with his family just days before his death. Now, that family was devastated, torn apart by an explosion that left Ahmadi and nine of his relatives—including a two-year-old—dead.

Finally forced to admit that every part of the drone strike story had been a lie, the Pentagon called it a "tragic mistake." And, after a three-month self-investigation, it was decided that no one involved in that "mistake" would receive any punishment for killing 10 innocent Afghans.

The story of the killing of Zemari Ahmadi is the story of the War on Terror in a nutshell. Ahmadi's death was cast as a "tragic mistake" for which no one was to blame, just as America's decades-long debacle in the Middle East—from the invasion, occupation and eventual choatic retreat from Afghanistan to the illegal invasion of Iraq and the rise of ISIS to the regime change operations in Libya and Syria—had been a "failure" of military planning.

But, when viewed in its proper context, the war on terror was no failure. In fact, waged on fictitious grounds against a shadow enemy, the great military campaign of the 21st century was not a war on terror at all. It was a war *of* terror, a pretext for the construction of an international security grid in the name of fighting a bogeyman that never existed in the first place.

And by *that* metric, the war *of* terror was successful beyond its planners' wildest dreams.

Part Three: The War of Terror

For many in the general public, the war on terror was a direct consequence of 9/11, and that war began with George W. Bush's address to Congress on September 20, 2001:

> **GEORGE W. BUSH:** Our enemy is a radical network of terrorists, and every government that supports them. Our war on terror begins with Al Qaeda, but it does not end there. It will not end until every terrorist group of global reach has been found, stopped, and defeated.

> ***SOURCE:*** ***President Bush's address to a joint session of Congress on September 20, 2001***

Some even believe that the war ended with Barack Obama's declaration of May 23, 2013:

> **BARACK OBAMA:** Beyond Afghanistan, we must define our effort not as a boundless "global war on terror," but rather as a series of persistent, targeted efforts to dismantle specific networks of violent extremists that threaten America.
>
> **SOURCE:** ***Remarks by the President at the National Defense University***

But, as convenient as these statements are for creating bookends for the story of the war on terror, they do *not* tell the real story of that war. In fact, the origins of the global war on terror go back much further than the general public has been led to believe.

In 1962, the US Joint Chiefs of Staff, led by General Lyman Lemnitzer, issued a startling proposal to President John F. Kennedy on how to get the public on board with military invention in Cuba to remove Fidel Castro from power. Called Operation Northwoods, the plan suggested a number of staged provocations, secretly committed by the US itself but blamed on Castro, including: blowing up a US ship in Guantanomo Bay and blaming the incident on the Cuban government; staging terror attacks in the United States to be blamed on Cuban terrorists; and even painting up a remote-controlled plane to resemble a passenger jet and destroying it over Cuba.

The incredible plan, rejected by Kennedy, who subsequently refused to renew Lemnitzer's term as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was classified and was not revealed to the public until 2001, just months before 9/11.

> **JAMES BAMFORD**: The idea was to create a pretext to show that the there was an attack by Cuba on the United States. And the idea was to have US personnel from the CIA and other places secretly create terrorism in the United States. The document actually said people would be shot on American streets, bombs would be blown up. And again, all this the evidence would be laid to point the finger at Castro.
>
> One other idea was they were going to—they had a very complex plan where they were going to take an aircraft and load it with CIA people that looked like college students, fly it over to—have it take off from an airport in Miami with a lot of publicity and then it would—quickly after it got into the air—land at a secret CIA base. At that same time, an identical plane would take off from that CIA base, except this plane would be empty and it would be remotely piloted from the ground. It would be a drone plane that would be very similar to the passenger plane that had just taken off.
>
> And once the plane was over Cuba, there was going to be a tape recorder that would have played a distress call to a microphone saying, "Help, we're being shot at!" And a few minutes later—once the plane was over the Caribbean Sea after it passed over Cuba—somebody would have pressed the button on the ground, blowing up the plane. And they would have blamed Cuba for killing a plane load of American college students.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Operation Northwoods explained by James Bamford***

But even after its rejection, the Northwoods idea of using spectacular terror attacks as the justification for a widescale war continued to be employed by military planners.

In November 1998, Philip Zelikow—who would go on to chair the 9/11 Commission—co-wrote an article in *Foreign Affairs*, the Council on Foreign Relations' publication, with Ashton Carter, the future Secretary of Defense under President Obama, and John Deutsch, the former director of the CIA. Titled "Catastrophic Terrorism: Tackling the New Danger," the article warns of a potential "transforming event," such as an attack on the World Trade Center:

> "Like Pearl Harbor, the event would divide our past and future into a before and after. The United States might respond with draconian measures scaling back civil liberties, allowing wider surveillance of citizens, detention of suspects and use of deadly force. More violence could follow, either future terrorist attacks or U.S. counterattacks. Belatedly, Americans would judge their leaders negligent for not addressing terrorism more urgently."

The solution to this impending threat of catastrophic terrorism, Zelikow and his co-authors argue, is to take that threat seriously—as the US government did in 1940 when it "pondered what kind of forces it would need to wage a global war"—and to create new offices for coordinating homeland security and waging pre-emptive strikes against potential terrorists around the world.

Then, unnoticed by much of the public, the global war on terror was first proposed on live TV on the morning of 9/11. At 11:28 AM New York time, as the blanket of dust from the freshly exploded towers was still settling on Manhattan and much of the world was still trying to process what was happening, a guest on BBC World News laid out the dawning of the new age of global terror with remarkable foresight. But this prediction was not delivered by a US government official or an American intelligence agent or a Washington Beltway insider. It was delivered by Ehud Barak, the former Prime Minister of Israel.

> **PRESENTER:** Joining me now here in the BBC World studio is the former Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak, who's in London at the moment. Mr. Barak, welcome to BBC World. First, your reaction, having heard what's happened. At least four planes have been hijacked and there may be more.
>
> **EHUD BARAK:** The world will not be the same from today on. It's an attack against our whole civilization. I don't know who is responsible. I believe we will know in 12 hours.
>
> If it *is* a kind of bin Laden organization, and even if it's something else, I believe that this is the time to deploy a globally concerted effort led by the United States, the UK, Europe and Russia against all sources of terror—the same kind of struggle that our forefathers launched against the piracy on the high seas.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *September 11, 2001 - 11:28am EDT (4:28pm BST) - BBC World News***

In the chaos of September 11, 2001, mere minutes after the destruction of the Twin Towers, the global viewing public was presented all the key takeaways of 9/11: that "this is the time to deploy a globally concerted effort led by the United States"; that "the world will not be the same from today on"; and, of course, that we "don't know who was responsible," although "we will know in 12 hours." But the name immediately implanted in the minds of the audience—not for the first nor the last time on that long day of news coverage—was that of Osama bin Laden.

In the following days, these takeaways became the talking points for the US government and its allies around the world. Before the day was over, President Bush was already laying the rhetorical

groundwork for the coming war, vowing that "we stand together to win the war against terrorism." By the end of the week, the American public was being prepared for a conflict much bigger than a conventional war: "This crusade, this war on terrorism is going to take a while."

And, in the following week, Bush confirmed what the public had been told since the moment of the live televised strike on the World Trade Center:

> **JON SCOTT**: We just saw on live television as a second plane flew into the second tower of the World Trade Center. Now, given what has been going on around the world, some of the key suspects come to mind: Osama bin Laden. Who knows what?
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Original News Broadcast on 9/11/01***
>
> **BUSH:** Americans are asking: Who attacked our country? The evidence we have gathered all points to a collection of loosely affiliated terrorist organizations known as Al Qaeda.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***President Bush's address to a joint session of Congress on September 20, 2001***

By the end of the month, the public had heard so many authoritative pronouncements about "the evidence" pointing to bin Laden's responsibility for the 9/11 attacks that few noticed when the US government declined to release a promised white paper outlining that evidence—a decision prompted by a "lack of solid information" about the plot, according to government sources cited by veteran journalist Seymour Hersh. Instead, the presentation of such evidence was outsourced—as so much of the dirty work in the global war on terror would be—to a third-party nation-state: the United Kingdom.

On September 30, 2001, UK Prime Minister Tony Blair appeared on the BBC's *Breakfast with Frost* program to declare he had been shown "absolutely powerful, incontrovertible evidence of [bin Laden's] link to the events of the 11th of September," but because the evidence came from "sensitive sources" he could not simply reveal it to the public. Rather, the UK government would release a report laying out its case against Osama in great detail.

That dossier, titled "Responsibility for the terrorist atrocities in the United States," was released on October 4th and was touted by the press as "the clearest case yet of Osama bin Laden's involvement in the September 11 attacks." The document opens, however, by noting that it "does not purport to provide a prosecutable case against Osama bin Laden in a court of law." The first 60 points of the report provide general background information about bin Laden and previous terror attacks attributed to Al Qaeda, and the last ten points, dealing with "Osama bin Laden and the 11 September attacks," are almost incomprehensibly vague.

It claims that "at least three" of the hijackers have been identified as "associates of Al Qaeda," without listing how this conclusion was arrived at or even who these associates are.

It claims that the attack "follows the modus operandi" of Al Qaeda and is "entirely consistent" with the planning of previous attacks attributed to the group.

And, most remarkably, it states that "[t]here is evidence of a very specific nature relating to the guilt of bin Laden and his associates that is too sensitive to release."

At almost the exact same time, momentous events were taking place in Europe, where the North Atlantic Council, NATO's main decision-making body, was receiving a classified briefing from a US State Department operative.

> **LORD ROBERTSON**: This morning, the United States briefed the North Atlantic Council on the results of their investigation into who was responsible for the horrific terrorist attacks which took place on 11 September.
>
> The briefing was given by Ambassador Frank Taylor, the United States Department of State Coordinator for Counter-terrorism.
>
> [. . .]
>
> The briefing addressed the events of 11 September themselves, the results of the investigation so far, what is known about Osama bin Laden and the Al Qaeda organization and their involvement in the attacks and in previous terrorist activity, and the links between Al Qaeda and the Taliban regime in Afghanistan.
>
> The facts are clear and compelling. The information presented points conclusively to an Al Qaeda role in the 11 September attacks.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Statement by NATO Secretary General, Lord Robertson, October 2, 2001***

This was no ordinary briefing. The result of that briefing was that for the first time in its history, NATO invoked Article 5 of its charter—the self-defence clause that compels the organization to assist any member nation that is attacked by an outside force. By "proving" that bin Laden had committed the attack in connection with the Taliban, the United States could launch the war on terror and compel NATO to assist in its invasion of Afghanistan.

> **LORD ROBERTSON**: On the basis of this briefing, it has now been determined that the attack against the United States on 11 September was directed from abroad and shall therefore be regarded as an action covered by Article 5 of the Washington Treaty, which states that an armed attack on one or more of the Allies in Europe or North America shall be considered an attack against them all.
>
> I want to reiterate that the United States of America can rely on the full support of its 18 NATO allies in the campaign against terrorism.

Given the stakes involved, questions long swirled around this mysterious, classified briefing. What had Ambassador Frank Taylor told the North Atlantic Council that was so compelling? What information persuaded the world's largest and most powerful military alliance to launch an invasion of another nation? The public, it seemed, would never know.

> **LORD ROBERTSON**: Today's was a classified briefing and so I cannot give you all the details. Briefings are also being given directly by the United States to the Allies in their capitals.

But then, in 2009, intelwire.com quietly posted a document online under the title "Secret Post-9/11 Briefing to World Leaders." The document is a US State Department cable addressed to the American embassies in the NATO countries and American allies around the world under the subject line "September 11: Working together to fight the plague of global terrorism and the case against Al

Qaeda." The cable is dated October 1, 2001—the day before Ambassador Taylor's meeting with the North Atlantic Council—and instructs its recipients to brief their host country's government on "the information linking the Al Qaeda terrorist network, Osama bin Laden, and the Taliban regime to the September 11 terrorist attack on the World Trade Center and Pentagon and the crash of United Airlines Flight 93."

The document went largely unnoticed until 2018, when Professor Niels Harrit wrote an article, "The Mysterious Frank Taylor Report: The 9/11 Document that Launched US-NATO's 'War on Terrorism' in the Middle East," connecting the dots between this document and the briefing that Ambassador Taylor gave to the North Atlantic Council.

> **HARRIT**: This is in my mind with no doubt simply the legal basis for eighteen years of perpetual war in the Middle East. This is the basis for NATO's activation of Article 5. And so what is in the document and what is the evidence? What is the evidence which Lord Robertson calls "clear and compelling"? None. There's absolutely no evidence in that paper.
>
> ***SOURCE: The Secret Lie That Started the Afghan War***

Much like the UK government dossier, the State Department cable contains no actual evidence of a link between bin Laden and the 9/11 attacks. In fact, the cable is virtually identical to the UK report. After spending a full fifteen pages talking in generalities about terror, about the US government's officially sanctioned history of Al Qaeda, and of previous attacks attributed to Al Qaeda and Osama bin Laden, the document finally arrives at "Part III" purporting to demonstrate Al Qaeda's involvement in the attacks.

But Part III begins by admitting that the investigation into the attacks is "still in the early stage" and that "[t]here are still gaps in our knowledge." It then goes on to detail circumstantial "evidence," including the observation that "bin Laden and his associates seemed to be anticipating what we could only identify as an important event or activity." Finally, the document talks about how the incident is "tactically similar to earlier attacks" because it involved planning and a desire to inflict mass casualties.

And with *that* complete lack of evidence, the war on terror was launched and the invasion of Afghanistan began.

And so, in October 2001, the bombs began dropping on Afghanistan. The war of terror had officially begun, and the public was told that one of the key objectives of that war was to kill or capture Osama bin Laden.

> **REPORTER**: Do you want bin Laden dead?
>
> **BUSH**: I want him . . . hell, I want justice. And there's an old poster out West, as I recall, that said "Wanted: Dead or Alive."
>
> ***SOURCE: CNN: 2001, President George W. Bush 'bin Laden, Wanted dead or alive'***

But as we have seen, one of the defining hallmarks of Al Qaeda throughout its reign of terror was its agents' uncanny ability to cross borders illegally, evade capture repeatedly and generally slip through intelligence agency dragnets unimpeded. This remarkable string of "good luck" included:

- the "Blind Sheik" Omar Abdel Rahman, who entered the US with CIA support and lived there unmolested even after his green card was revoked;
- World Trade Center bomber Ramzi Yousef, who entered the US without the proper paperwork, working and living with a suspected terror ring that was under FBI surveillance, and fleeing the country before he was even a person of interest in the WTC investigation;
- Khalid Al-Mihdhar and Nawaf Alhazmi, whose entry to the US from an Al Qaeda summit in Malaysia was known about and actively covered up by the CIA and who lived openly in the United States under their real names for over a year, repeatedly calling the Al Qaeda communications hub in Yemen that was being monitored by the NSA;
- and, most infamously, Al Qaeda "triple agent" Ali Mohammed, whose career as an Egyptian army officer, a "failed" CIA asset, a trusted aide to Al Qaeda second-in-command Ayman Al-Zawahiri, a US special forces training officer, a volunteer fighter in Afghanistan, an FBI deep-cover asset, Osama bin Laden's personal bodyguard and the trainer of many of Al Qaeda's terrorists throughout the 1990s is so improbable that it is generally ignored in most histories of Al Qaeda.

As incredible as all of those stories are, however, they pale in comparison to the story that was about to unfold: the "disappearance" of Osama bin Laden, ostensibly the most wanted man on the planet, from under the noses of the American military and intelligence services.

Osama bin Laden's remarkable post-9/11 "disappearance" actually began on 9/11 itself, when his whereabouts were not a mystery to America or its allies in the region. In fact, his location and activities on the night before 9/11 were well known to the US, although that information would not be revealed to the public until after his "escape."

> **BARRY PETERSEN:** Everyone remembers what happened on September 11th. Here's the story of what may have happened the night before. It is a tale as twisted as the hunt for Osama bin Laden.
>
> CBS News has been told that the night before the September 11th terrorist attack, Osama bin Laden was in Pakistan. He was getting medical treatment with the support of the very military that days later pledged its backing for the US war on terror in Afghanistan. Pakistan intelligence sources tell CBS News that bin Laden was spirited into this military hospital in Rawalpindi for kidney dialysis treatment.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Dan Rather Reports: 9/11 bin Laden At Rawalpindi Hospital September 10th 2001***

Despite knowing bin Laden's precise location and activities right up to the moment of 9/11, however, and despite the fact that the Al Qaeda leader was already a wanted fugitive subject to international arrest warrants and under indictment by a US federal court, bin Laden continued to move around internationally with the full knowledge and complicity of state intelligence services. And, as remarkable as this may seem, bin Laden's trip to Rawalpindi on the eve of 9/11 was neither the first nor the last time that the US would allow him to evade capture.

In the weeks after the attack, the Taliban offered to try bin Laden in Afghanistan or even hand him over to a third-party country if the US provided them with the same proof of Bin Laden's guilt for 9/11 that Ambassador Taylor had supposedly provided NATO. Bush turned the offer down. Then,

after the invasion of Afghanistan began in October, the Taliban again tried to hand bin Laden over, this time dropping the request for proof of his guilt. Bush again refused.

The war of terror, it turned out, was not about getting Osama. In fact, if bin Laden *had* been captured or killed, it would have derailed the carefully laid plans for the Bush Administration's aggressive new foreign policy.

But, having been sold on the simplified version of the war on terror—the one that held the objective of that war was to kill or capture Osama bin Laden and to liquidate the Al Qaeda network—the public believed that the fighting would be short and decisive, like the first Gulf War. After all, how hard would it be for the army of the world's unrivaled military superpower employing the tools of the most high-tech intelligence community in history to capture a lone fighter on dialysis in the caves of Tora Bora?

Bush administration officials were quick to temper the public's expectations on this point. This was no ordinary elderly man living in an undefended cave, after all. This was a comic book supervillain, an evil millionaire mastermind directing a terrorist army from his elaborate cave fortress.

> **TIM RUSSERT**: . . . there is constant discussion about him hiding out in caves, and I think many times the American people have a perception that it's a little hole dug out of a side of a mountain.
>
> **DONALD RUMSFELD**: Oh, no.
>
> **RUSSERT**: This is it. This is a fortress! A complex, multi-tiered. Bedrooms and offices on the top, as you can see. Secret exits on the side and on the bottom. Cut deep to avoid thermal detection. A ventilation system to allow people to breathe and to carry on. The entrances large enough to drive trucks and even tanks. Even computer systems and telephone systems. It's a very sophisticated operation.
>
> **RUMSFELD**: Oh, you bet. This is serious business. And there's not *one* of those, there are *many* of those!
>
> ***SOURCE: Bin Laden's cave according to Rumsfeld***

This was a lie, of course. There were no high-tech cave fortresses, no "multi-tiered bedrooms and offices on the top," no "secret exits on the side," no ventilation system or computer systems. It was a fabrication, a literal artist's rendering with as much reality as that of a comic book or a cartoon.

But, as an unfolding drama for the public following the war on their television sets half a world away, this story had enough twists and turns to keep any audience engaged.

The first phase of the war went as predicted. By November, America's relentless bombing had already routed the Taliban, driving them from Kabul toward Kunduz in the north. There, the trapped fighters—including not only Taliban but Al Qaeda members as well as Pakistani Army officers, intelligence advisers, and volunteers—were saved from certain defeat by a miracle: the arrival of a squadron of Pakistani aircraft that flew in and airlifted them back to Pakistan.

It was later confirmed that the operation—dubbed the "airlift of evil"—was signed off on by the Bush Administration, who had cut a secret deal with Pakistani President Musharraf to let the fighters escape and who "ordered the United States Central Command to set up a special air corridor to help insure the safety of the Pakistani rescue flights."

But what about Osama bin Laden? As it turns out, his whereabouts were no great mystery to American forces, and, once again, he was allowed to escape.

On the eve of the invasion of Afghanistan in October, the *Guardian* reported that "Osama bin Laden was in Kabul last week and US and British intelligence agencies have a 'pretty good idea' where he is now," suggesting that "Western intelligence has a much clearer picture of bin Laden's recent movements than has been admitted." The report went on to note that bin Laden's "capture or death would reduce the pressure for wider military action against Afghanistan." But this intelligence did not lead to bin Laden's apprehension.

As American forces honed in on Kabul in early November, bin Laden and all of his closest advisors managed to escape to Jalalabad in a very conspicuous late-night convoy. One eyewitness reported: "We don't understand how they weren't all killed the night before, because they came in a convoy of at least 1,000 cars and trucks. It was a very dark night, but it must have been easy for American pilots to see the headlights."

On November 13th, just one day before the Northern Alliance captured Jalalabad, bin Laden escaped once again, this time in a convoy of several hundred cars. Despite believing bin Laden to be in one of the vehicles, US forces opted to ignore the convoy and instead bombed the nearby Jalalabad airport.

Bin Laden and his men, now numbering a few hundred fighters, arrived in mid-November at the mountainous Khyber Pass on the border of Pakistan. On November 15th, with the remaining Al Qaeda and Taliban holdouts pinned down in the caves of Tora Bora, the US military was in a position to eliminate the Al Qaeda threat, kill Osama bin Laden and end the war on terror.

But, remarkably, the Marines, special forces and CIA operatives who were positioned and ready to do this were blocked from doing so by their own superiors.

> **NARRATOR:** That winter, the CIA was still at war. The Taliban had fallen. Now it was Osama bin Laden's turn.
>
> **GARY BERNTSEN:** I'm looking for bin Laden right away. I want to start killing him and his people immediately.
>
> **GARY SCHROEN:** We had intelligence that continued to develop that bin Laden and Zawahiri were in Afghanistan, probably in the eastern areas, hiding out there.
>
> **NARRATOR:** The CIA tried to put together a team to chase bin Laden. It wasn't easy.
>
> **GARY BERNTSEN:** I asked Army special forces if they'll send people in. They say, "No, we're not going down there. It's unstable. You don't have a reliable ally."
>
> **STEVE COLL:** The conditions for Al Qaeda's retreat were quite favorable, and the United States did not do the one thing that the Pentagon had within its power to do, which was to move regular US troops into a blocking position behind these mountains.
>
> ***SOURCE: The Dark Side (Frontline)***

The story, exhaustively documented by CIA operatives, special forces operators, journalists and even a US Senate report, is clear and unambiguous.

As the US Senate report notes: "By early December 2001, bin Laden's world had shrunk to a complex of caves and tunnels carved into a mountainous section of eastern Afghanistan known as Tora Bora."

Both the CIA and Delta Force—the US Army's elite special operations unit—had tracked bin Laden from Jalalabad to Tora Bora. They had "real-time eavesdropping capabilities on Al Qaeda almost from their arrival, allowing them to track movements and gauge the effectiveness of the bombing" and were able to pick up radio communications featuring bin Laden directly issuing commands to his troops. They had him surrounded on three sides, and the relentless air strikes—including the use of a 15,000 pound "daisy cutter" not used since Vietnam—were decimating what was left of bin Laden's forces. All that was needed was to secure the mountain pass leading out of Tora Bora and into Pakistan.

Gary Berntsen, the head of the CIA's paramilitary operation against the Taliban and Al Qaeda, knew that the Afghan militias that the US had cobbled together were not up to the job of securing the pass. From mid-November to mid-December, he repeatedly begged his superiors for one battalion of US Army Rangers—just 800 troops—to help stop bin Laden from slipping away.

As the US Senate later noted, fulfilling Berntsen's request "would have been a manageable task":

> In late November, about the time US intelligence placed bin Laden squarely at Tora Bora, more than 1,000 members of the 15th and 26th Marine Expeditionary Units, among the military's most mobile arms, established a base southwest of Kandahar, only a few hours flight away. [. . .] Another 1,000 troops from the Army's 10th Mountain Division were split between a base in southern Uzbekistan and Bagram Air Base, a short helicopter flight from Tora Bora.

General James Mattis, the commander of the Marines at Kandahar, told a journalist that his troops could seal off Tora Bora, but his superiors rejected the plan.

Berntsen fared no better in his quest to obtain 800 Army Rangers for the mission. Not only was his request rejected, but, remarkably, in the middle of the most important battle of the war, he was replaced as head of the CIA force in Afghanistan, effective immediately. His replacement was to be Rich Blee, the same CIA bin Laden unit chief who had helped conceal the information about Al-Mihdhar and Alhazmi's entry to the US from the FBI. Blee was accompanied to Afghanistan by Michael Anne Casey, the bin Laden unit staffer who had actually stopped Doug Miller from sharing that info with the FBI.

At first, Berntsen was told that his request was denied because it might "alienate our Afghan allies."

"I don't give a damn about alienating our allies!" he replied. "I only care about eliminating Al Qaeda and delivering bin Laden's head in a box!"

Later, though, a different story emerged. As it turns out, at the exact same time that bin Laden was holed up in Tora Bora, US Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld ordered General Tommy Franks, who was leading the Afghan invasion, to redirect planning resources from Afghanistan to the Pentagon's next target in the war of terror: Iraq.

As even the official story of the war on terror acknowledges, bin Laden and his top aides, seizing their opportunity, simply walked out of Tora Bora and into Pakistan.

And, just like that, the bogeyman of the war on terror was gone, allowed to escape yet again. He would reappear from time to time to continue reminding the public about the origins of the terror war. But now, the public's attention was being turned to a new bogeyman.

> **QUESTION:** Mr. President, in your speeches now, you rarely talk [about] or mention Osama bin Laden. Why is that?
>
> Also, can you can tell the American people if you have any more information—if you know if he is dead or alive. Deep in your heart, don't you truly believe that until you find out if he is dead or alive, you won't really want to make—
>
> **BUSH:** Well, deep in my heart, I know the man's on the run if he's alive at all. And I—you know, who knows if he's hiding in some cave or not? We hadn't heard from him in a long time.
>
> And the idea of focusing on one person is really—indicates to me people don't understand the scope of the mission. Terror's bigger than one person. And he's just—he's a person who has now been marginalized. His network is—his host government has been destroyed. He's the ultimate parasite who found weakness, exploited it, and met his match.
>
> He is—you know, as I mention in my speeches—I do mention the fact that this is a fellow who is willing to commit youngsters to their death. And he, himself, tries to hide, if, in fact, he's hiding at all.
>
> So I don't know where he is. Nor—you know, I just don't spend that much time on him really, to be honest with you.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Presidential News Conference March 13, 2002***
>
> **BUSH**: Some have argued that confronting the threat from Iraq could detract from the war against terror. To the contrary, confronting the threat posed by Iraq is crucial to winning the war on terror.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***President Bush Outlines Iraqi Threat***

That the Bush Administration would pivot so quickly from hunting Osama bin Laden to toppling Saddam Hussein was only surprising to those who did not know the neocons populating the Bush administration or their well-documented and long-held desire to affect regime change in Iraq.

In 1996, a group of prominent neoconservatives—including Richard Perle, Douglas Feith and David Wurmser—wrote a report for then-Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Titled "A Clean Break: A New Strategy for Securing the Realm," the report urged Israel to "shape its strategic environment" by "weakening, containing, and even rolling back Syria." The way to do this, the report concluded, was to "focus on removing Saddam Hussein from power in Iraq—an important Israeli strategic objective in its own right—as a means of foiling Syria's regional ambitions."

In 1997, twenty-five prominent neocons—including ten who would go on to serve in the Bush Administration, and even Jeb Bush, the future president's brother—signed a "Statement of Principles" as the founding charter of a new think tank called the Project for the New American Century (PNAC). The statement called on then-President Clinton to reverse the defense spending

cuts that marked the post-Cold War era and to "increase defense spending significantly." In 1998, the group followed up with an open letter to Clinton urging him to "turn your Administration's attention to implementing a strategy for removing Saddam's regime from power."

Surrounding himself with neocons on the campaign trail and eventually installing those neocons in all of the key security positions in his cabinet, President George W. Bush wasted no time in making these regime change dreams a reality.

As Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill later revealed, at his first major national security council meeting—held just ten days into the new administration—"President Bush tasked Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld and Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Hugh Shelton to begin preparing options for the use of US ground forces in the northern and southern no-fly zones in Iraq to support an insurgency to bring down the Saddam regime." The second national security council meeting of the Bush administration, held two days later, also discussed regime change in Iraq, with one briefing document at the meeting marked "secret" and bearing the title "Plan for post-Saddam Iraq."

> **RON SUSKIND**: From the very first instance, it was about Iraq, it was about what we can do to change this regime.
>
> **LESLEY STAHL**: Now, everybody else thought that grew out of 9/11.
>
> **SUSKIND**: No.
>
> **STAHL**: But this book says it was day one of this administration.
>
> **SUSKIND**: Day one, these things were laid and sealed.
>
> ***SOURCE: Before 9/11, Bush Asked To "Go Find Me A Way" To Invade Iraq***

And, infamously, on the day of 9/11 itself, the administration was already beginning plans for a retaliatory strike not just on bin Laden in Afghanistan but on Iraq.

A note taken at 2:40 PM on September 11, 2001, records Rumsfeld saying he wanted "best info fast. Judge whether good enough to hit Saddam Hussein at the same time. Not only bin Laden." He also made sure to order staff to "go massive" and "sweep it all up" including "things related and not."

From before Bush even got into office, there was no doubt that he would attack Iraq. 9/11 and the war on terror merely presented the neocons with the perfect opportunity to fulfill that agenda. The only problem was how to tie Iraq into the war on terror in the minds of the public, a problem that Bush himself admitted to.

> **BUSH**: You know, one of the hardest parts of my job is to connect Iraq to the war on terror.
>
> ***SOURCE: Couric Interview Bush September 6, 2006***
>
> **BUSH**: Of course we're after Saddam Hussein . . . I mean bin Laden. He's . . . he's . . . he's isolated.
>
> ***SOURCE: George W. Bush and John Kerry 1st Presidential Debate 2004***

The job of connecting the public face of the war on terror—bin Laden and Al Qaeda—to Saddam and Iraq was made more difficult by the fact that there was no such connection. Difficult, but not impossible, for a committed cadre with no qualms about using mendacity to achieve their political objectives.

The most direct link between Al Qaeda and Iraq was a trip that alleged 9/11 hijacker Mohammed Atta was reported to have made to the Iraqi consulate in Prague in April 2001. After Atta's pictures were published in the media in the wake of 9/11, a Middle East informant told Czech intelligence that he had seen Atta meeting with a suspected Iraqi intelligence agent in the Czech Republic that spring.

The story became even more salacious when—at the height of the anthrax scare in October 2001—"anonymous Israeli intelligence sources" planted a story in the German media that Atta had in fact received anthrax spores from his Iraqi contact in Prague.

But the entire story was such a preposterous lie that it was quickly disowned by both the FBI and the CIA. Investigators found "there was no evidence Atta left or returned to the US" during that time frame and "pointed to other evidence, including Atta's cell phone records, to cast doubt on the idea that any meeting had occurred." And, despite the fantastical, anonymous, evidence-free reports in German media, the anthrax used in the anthrax attacks on America in the fall of 2001 did not source from Iraq, but from the US military's own bioweapons laboratory.

None of this stopped Vice President Dick Cheney from repeating the lie in his media appearances in the run-up to the Iraq War, however.

> **CHENEY**: We've seen, in connection with the hijackers, of course, Mohamed Atta, who was the lead hijacker, did apparently travel to Prague on a number of occasions. And on at least one occasion, we have reporting that places him in Prague with a senior Iraqi intelligence official a few months before the attack on the World Trade Center.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *Cheney on "Meet the Press" September 8, 2002***

The story of Iraqi agents handing flasks of anthrax to 9/11 hijackers was a little too fanciful even for the credulous American public, however, and it was soon dropped from the neocons' sales pitch for the Iraq war.

Instead, a different set of lies would need to be found to sell the public on the illegal invasion of a sovereign nation.

On January 31, 2003—six months after senior British intelligence complained behind closed doors that the "facts were being fixed around the policy" of invading Iraq—Bush met with British Prime Minister Tony Blair at the White House for a discussion on the matter. As a now-infamous memo documenting the meeting records, Bush had already decided on military action, and a start date for the bombing of March 10th "was now pencilled in." Given that it was unlikely that the UN would pass a resolution authorizing the invasion absent some compelling incident, Bush suggested a way that Iraq could be provoked into aggressive action.

According to the memo: "The US was thinking of flying U2 reconnaissance aircraft with fighter cover over Iraq, painted in UN colours. If Saddam fired on them, he would be in breach" of existing UN resolutions, thus justifying military action. The stunning and documented admission that

President Bush had suggested staging a false flag event as one option for provoking a war received some press attention at the time but has since largely been forgotten.

After all, they did not need to get Iraq to shoot down a spy plane. The neocons had hit on a different strategy for selling the war to the public.

> PRESIDENT BUSH: If the Iraqi regime wishes peace, it will immediately and unconditionally foreswear, disclose and remove or destroy all weapons of mass destruction.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***President Bush at United Nations General Assembly 2002***
>
> **COLIN POWELL**: One of the most worrisome things that emerges from the thick intelligence file we have on Iraq's biological weapons is the existence of mobile production facilities used to make biological agents.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Colin Powell's Speech at the UN 2003***
>
> CHENEY: He now is trying, through his illicit procurement network, to acquire the equipment he needs to be able to enrich uranium to make the bombs—
>
> RUSSERT: —Aluminum tubes.
>
> CHENEY: Specifically, aluminum tubes. There was a story in *The New York Times* this morning . . .
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Cheney on "Meet the Press" September 8, 2002***
>
> RICE: The problem here is that there will always be some uncertainty about how quickly he can acquire nuclear weapons. But we don't want the smoking gun to be a mushroom cloud.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Condoleezza Rice on CNN Late Edition with Wolf Blitzer September 8, 2002***
>
> As these drawings, based on their descriptions, show, we know what the fermenters look like. We know what the tanks, pumps, compressors and other parts look like. We know how they fit together. We know how they work. And we know a great deal about the platforms on which they are mounted.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Colin Powell's Speech at the UN 2003***
>
> **BUSH:** And my message to Saddam Hussein is that, for the sake of peace, for the sake of freedom, you must disarm like you said you would do. But my message to you all, and to the country, is this: for the sake of our future freedoms, and for the sake of world peace, if the United Nations can't act, and if Saddam Hussein won't act, the United States will lead a coalition of nations to disarm Saddam Hussein.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Remarks by the President at South Dakota Welcome October 31, 2002***

As decades of after-the-fact journalism has exhaustively documented, every aspect of the "Weapons of Mass Destruction" story was a transparent and admitted lie. But it was a remarkably successful

lie. Six months into the Iraq war, a stunning 82% of the American public believed that Saddam Hussein had "provided assistance" to Osama bin Laden and Al Qaeda, and 69% believed that Saddam was personally involved in the September 11th attacks.

As the months wore on, however, it became harder to hide the fact that the mythical WMD stashes and mobile weapons labs and aluminum tubes that the public had been assured were keys to the "imminent threat" posed by Saddam's regime simply weren't there. Even the corporate press that had worked so hard to sell these lies to the public had to start pointing out the obvious: the Bush administration had lied in order to sell an illegal invasion of a sovereign country to the American public and to the people of the world.

The neocons realized that a renewed effort was going to be needed to connect Iraq to the war on terror in order to keep the public on board with the war as the invasion of Iraq morphed into the occupation of Iraq. And, as always, the Al Qaeda threat would serve the purpose of terrifying the public into rallying once again behind their government. The fact that Iraq and Al Qaeda were mortal enemies might have been an insurmountable obstacle to anyone concerned with the truth. But these were neocons. Their logic was simple: if the Al Qaeda bogeyman didn't exist in Iraq, they would have to create it. So that's exactly what they did.

Founded in Jordan in 1999, even the official history of the terrorist organization that became known as "Al Qaeda in Iraq" acknowledges that the group originally had nothing to do with either Al Qaeda or Iraq. Instead, its founder, Ahmed al-Khalaylah, was a Jordanian militant whose terror cell *Jama'at al-Tawhid wal-Jihad*, or "Congregation of Monotheism and Jihad," was dedicated to the overthrow of the Jordanian monarchy.

Like many of the figures in the Al Qaeda story, the biography of al-Khalaylah is not that of a devout Muslim, let alone a dedicated *jihadi*. A high school dropout, al-Khalaylah was known for drunken brawls and drug dealing and was jailed for sexual assualt before going to Afghanistan to join the Mujahideen in 1989, just as the Soviets were leaving. From there, the story of this soon-to-be-feared terrorist leader tells us he returned to Jordan "a few years later," founded a terror cell known as Jund al-Sham that attracted the attention of the authorities, and was sent to prison in 1992 where he "adopted more radical Islamic beliefs."

After his release from the Jordanian prison in 1999, he immediately became involved in a new plot to bomb the Radisson SAS Hotel in Amman and several tourist sites in Jordan just before New Year's Day 2000. The plot was foiled, and al-Khalaylah fled through Pakistan to Afghanistan, where, we are told, he met with bin Laden and other Al Qaeda leaders, with whose assistance he set up a terrorist training camp for Jordanian militants in Herat.

Joining the resistance to the US invasion after 9/11 and adopting the *nom de guerre* Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, he fled to Iran in January 2002. His whereabouts and activities during 2002 are "difficult to pin down" but "Western and Arab intelligence agencies" assured *The Washington Post* that, despite being a known terror operative and wanted by numerous governments, Zarqawi, like many other Al Qaeda figures, "moved frequently and with relative ease among Iran, Syria, Lebanon and Iraq, expanding his network."

Then, in 2003, still a relative unknown even within the world of militant *jihad*, Zarqawi turned up in Baghdad, where he was catapulted to international infamy not by his actions, nor by the promotion of Osama bin Laden or other *jihadis*, but by the US government.

> **POWELL**: But what I want to bring to your attention today is the potentially much more sinister nexus between Iraq and the al-Qaida terrorist network, a nexus that combines classic terrorist organizations and modern methods of murder. Iraq today harbors a deadly terrorist network headed by Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, an associate and collaborator of Usama bin Laden and his al-Qaida lieutenants.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *Remarks to the United Nations Security Council***

The remarks, delivered during Colin Powell's infamous speech justifying the forthcoming invasion of Iraq to the UN Security Council in February of 2003, were—like most of the specific accusations in the address—demonstrably false. Zarqawi was a relative nobody in Iraq at the time; the CIA later admitted there was no evidence that Hussein had been "harboring" him; and his group was not, in fact, affiliated with Al Qaeda when Powell made his speech.

Nevertheless, these falsehoods started to become true after the spotlight of attention was showered on Zarqawi by the US State Department.

Attacks attributed to or claimed by Zarqawi were relatively few, but received inordinate amounts of attention from the international press. These attacks were often designed to inflame Shia/Sunni hatred, thus turning resistance to the occupation into a full-on sectarian conflict that tore the country to its roots.

And in 2004, Zarqawi—who, we are told, calculated that attaching the Al Qaeda brand name to his group would give it more caché in the *jihadi* world—pledged his allegiance to Osama bin Laden and received the Al Qaeda title "Emir of Al Qaeda in the Country of Two Rivers." The specter of Al Qaeda in Iraq—just another cynical and calculated lie when used by Powell to justify the Iraq invasion—had become a reality.

What resulted from this US government-promoted character was a career so remarkable that it could only be believed in a Hollywood action movie . . . or a history of Al Qaeda.

In 2004, after being allegedly caught and freed by Iraqi security forces in the Fallujah area because "they didn't realize who he was," Zarqawi was then reportedly killed in an American bombing raid in northern Iraq in March before pledging his allegiance to Osama and officially joining Al Qaeda in October.

In 2005, Zarqawi was, according to various sources: arrested in Baakuba in January; left "seriously injured, possibly dead" after a US-led offensive in May; evacuated to a neighbouring country "with the help of doctors from the Arab Peninsula and the Sudan"; killed in fighting in Ramadi in June and buried in Fallujah; and killed again in a terrorist bombing in Mosul in November.

This remarkable career finally came to an end when, we were told, Zarqawi had been killed yet again (and presumably for good) in June of 2006.

> **MILITARY BRIEFER**: The lead aircraft is going to engage it here momentarily with a 500-pound bomb on the target.
>
> **ROSS CAMERON**: Two bombs dropped by an American F-16 strike home. A house outside Baqubah, north of Baghdad, is flattened. Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, the leader of Al Qaeda in Iraq and one of the world's most wanted men, has been eliminated.

> Iraqi police, who've lost hundreds of comrades in attacks blamed on Zarqawi, are celebrating. The White House is relieved.
>
> **BUSH**: Now Zarqawi has met his end and this violent man will never murder again.
>
> ***SOURCE: Al-Qaeda's Iraqi leader al-Zarqawi has been killed***

But not everyone believed that this final account of Zarqawi's death was the true one. Rather than simply mistakes in reporting, other members of the Iraqi resistance insisted that Zarqawi had in fact been killed early on in the US invasion and that his name was simply being used to create an excuse for the continued American occupation of the country.

Sheikh Jawad Al-Khalessi, a noted Shiite imam in Baghdad, was quoted in *Le Monde* as saying:

> I don't think Abu Musab al-Zarqawi exists. He died in Northern Iraq at the beginning of the war (his family even conducted a funeral ceremony in Jordan). Since then, his name has been nothing but a toy, an excuse used by Americans to stay in Iraq.

Al-Khalessi was not the only one with his doubts about Zarqawi's true nature. The Project on Defense Alternatives of the Commonwealth Institute in Massachusetts released a report in 2004 excoriating the US government for its propaganda attempting to portray Zarqawi as a terrorist leader in Iraq:

> The evidence offered to support the administration's assessment of Zarqawi as a driver of the Iraqi insurgency and top lieutenant of bin Laden is reminiscent, in form and substance, of the spurious evidence regarding Iraq weapons of mass destruction. Indeed, some of the sources may be the same.

Similarly, *The Financial Times*, *The Telegraph*, *Knight Ridder Newspapers*, *The Los Angeles Times* and *Newsweek* all published stories in 2004 calling various aspects of the Zarqawi myth into question.

A report in *The Telegraph* in 2006 called him "a figurehead around whom dissident groups in Iraq were rallying, rather than an elusive fighter directing military operations," noting that "the more the Americans blamed al-Zarqawi for terrorist atrocities, the greater his credibility on the Arab street," and quoting an "unnamed Sunni insurgent leader" as calling Zarqawi "an American, Israeli and Iranian agent who is trying to keep our country unstable so that the Sunnis will keep facing occupation."

According to *The Atlantic*, even Osama bin Laden himself "suspected that the group of Jordanian prisoners with whom al-Zarqawi had been granted amnesty [in 1998] had been infiltrated by Jordanian intelligence."

And then, right before he was reported dead for the last time, skeptics of the Zarqawi narrative were proven right in a remarkable fashion. On April 9, 2006, *The Washington Post* published proof in the form of internal military documents that the US government had played up the myth of Zarqawi and Al Qaeda in Iraq as part of a psychological operations campaign:

> The US military is conducting a propaganda campaign to magnify the role of the leader of Al Qaeda in Iraq, according to internal military documents and officers familiar with the program. [. . .] For the past two years, US military leaders have been using Iraqi media and other outlets in Baghdad to publicize Zarqawi's role in the insurgency. The

> documents explicitly list the 'U.S. Home Audience' as one of the targets of a broader propaganda campaign.

In case there was any doubt that the propaganda campaign *was* targeted at Americans, the program included the Pentagon "selectively leaking" a letter to a US reporter purported to be written by Zarqawi and boasting of his role in the wave of suicide attacks terrorizing Iraq. The letter was dutifully covered by *The New York Times* even though there were serious questions about whether it was real at all.

The *Washington Post* exposé quotes an internal briefing document produced by US military headquarters in Iraq revealing that US military chief spokesman Brig. Gen. Mark Kimmitt boasted that "[t]he Zarqawi PSYOP program is the most successful information campaign to date."

And then, two months after these explosive revelations, Zarqawi was reported dead for the last time, a character written out of the script once his value as a propaganda construct was exhausted.

With Zarqawi out of the picture, something else would would be required to keep the American public, and the people of the world, invested in the War on Terror. The main villain in the battle would have to return. Thankfully for the US government, Osama bin Laden was only too happy to oblige.

From the time of his miraculous "escape" from Tora Bora on, the outside world only knew Osama bin Laden from his occasional video releases.

The most infamous of these productions was a video released to the public by the US Defense Department on December 13, 2001. Supposedly "obtained in Afghanistan during the search of a private home in Jalalabad" after anti-Taliban forces moved in to the city, the tape, we are told, "bore a label indicating it was made on November 9" and "shows bin Laden sitting on the floor in a bare room in a house in Kandahar" with "several other men, including two aides and an unidentified cleric, or Sheikh." Most importantly, it contains—according to the Pentagon-provided subtitles that were added to the video before its distribution to the press—bin Laden's confession to planning the 9/11 attacks.

"We had notification since the previous Thursday that the event would take place that day," the US government translation has bin Laden saying. "We calculated in advance the number of casualties from the enemy who would be killed based on the position of the tower."

The press release provided by the Pentagon noted that, due to the poor quality of the tape, they were not able to produce a verbatim transcript, but that their translation "does convey the messages and information flow" of the conversation, an answer that was apparently good enough for the White House press corps.

> **REPORTER**: Ari, on the bin Laden video that the government released last week, can you offer assurances that the omissions in the government-supplied translation were not deliberate?
>
> **ARI FLEISCHER**: Mark, I think Secretary Rumsfeld addressed that very eloquently earlier today, when he said, number one, this tape doesn't change anything—or, this translation doesn't change anything about the facts in the case. The Department of Defense translators worked very diligently on a very short timetable to put together a faithful translation and that's what they did. And if you note on the cover note of what the Department of Defense put out, they wrote "due to the quality of the original tape, it

> is not a verbatim transcript of every word spoken during the meeting; but does convey the messages and information flow."
>
> So I think what you saw was the very best effort possible and, as the Secretary said about the translation of Arabic, it's not a precise art that is agreed to by every translator.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***White House Daily Press Briefing — December 13, 2001***

But this answer was not sufficient for the foreign press. The following week, German TV channel Das Erste broadcast an edition of their investigate program, "Monitor," in which they hired their own independent translators to check the Pentagon's transcript of the tape. The report calls the Pentagon translation "very problematic," noting that "at the most important places where it is held to prove the guilt of bin Laden, it is not identical with the Arabic."

Translator Dr. Murad Alami, for instance, found that in the sentence "We calculated in advance the number of casualties from the enemy," the words "in advance" had simply been inserted by the US government translators. Those words did not appear on the tape. Similarly, the word "previous" in "We had notification since the previous Thursday," was never said, and the subsequent statement that an event would take place on that day cannot be heard in the original Arabic version.

The Monitor report concludes that the Pentagon translation of Osama bin Laden's supposed confession tape—deliberately adding words in key passages to make it sound like a confession—was not only inaccurate but actually manipulative. As Gernot Rotter, a professor of Islamic and Arabic Studies at the Asia-Africa Institute at the University of Hamburg, states in the report: "The American translators who listened to the tapes and transcribed them apparently wrote a lot of things in that they wanted to hear but that cannot be heard on the tape no matter how many times you listen to it."

The startling revelation that the Osama bin Laden confession tape was not a confession tape at all—aired on Germany's premiere public broadcaster and widely discussed in the German press—was never reported in the US.

That video was followed in short order by a 30-minute video of a visibly gaunt and graying Osama bin Laden delivering what appears to be a last message to the Arab world. Released on December 27, 2001, and presumably recorded during the fight at Tora Bora, bin Laden comments on his own mortality: "God willing, America's end is near. And it doesn't depend on my continued existence. Whether Osama is killed or not, the awakening has begun." In the 30-minute video, bin Laden does not move his left arm at all and appears visibly weak.

Interested at that moment in turning the public's attention away from Osama bin Laden and toward the next front in the War on Terror, Iraq, the Bush administration dismissed the video as "sick propaganda possibly designed to mask the fact the Al Qaeda leader was already dead."

"He could have made the video and then ordered that it be released in the event of his death," *The Telegraph* quoted one White House aide as saying. "The guy is trying to show he's untouched by the US bombing but he looks under pressure to me."

Recorded months after his reported journey to Rawalpindi for kidney dialysis, this video would not be the first or the last time that Osama bin Laden would be reported as dead or dying. Like Abu

Musab al-Zarqawi, bin Laden was also reported dead on several occasions in the ensuing years, including:

- on December 26, 2001, when it was reported that Osama bin Laden had died from a serious lung complication in Tora Bora;
- on January 18, 2002, when Pakistani President Pervez Musharraf told CNN: "I think now, frankly, he is dead for the reason he is a . . . kidney patient";
- in September 2006, when French intelligence leaked a report suggesting bin Laden had died of typhoid fever in Pakistan;
- and in March 2009, when former US foreign intelligence officer Angelo Codevilla stated: “All the evidence suggests Elvis Presley is more alive today than Osama bin Laden.”

But, also like Zarqawi, none of these reported deaths stopped the Osama bin Laden character from reappearing on the TV screens of a traumatized public to remind them of the importance of the ongoing war on terror.

What followed in the ensuing years was a series of video and audio releases of questionable provenance, often reported in carefully worded turns of phrase that gave the press plausible deniability as to whether or not the recordings really were of Osama bin Laden. A message aired on Al Jazeera in February 2003, for instance, was reported by the BBC as "a poor quality audio recording in which a man's voice, identified as bin Laden's, is heard calling for suicide attacks against Americans and resistance to any attack on Iraq."

The recordings were often mundane. An April 2006 audio message of a speaker "believed to be Osama bin Laden" called on Muslims to "prepare for a long war" in Sudan. A January 2010 audio message warned of the dangers of climate change. "Talk about climate change is not an ideological luxury but a reality," the speaker, purportedly bin Laden, told his fellow *jihadis*.

Other recordings appeared at opportune times for the planners of the war on terror, catapulting the terror threat back into the public consciousness just when questions about that narrative were beginning to emerge.

The 2004 US presidential election contest between George Bush and John Kerry, for instance, featured an unusual "October surprise": a new Osama bin Laden videotape in which the terror mastermind appears to claim responsibility for 9/11 and to warn the American public of future strikes.

> **ANNOUNCER:** This is the CBS Evening News with Dan Rather reporting from CBS News Headquarters in New York.
>
> **DAN RATHER:** Good evening. With just four days left in the presidential campaign, Osama bin Laden suddenly dropped himself right in the middle of it with a videotaped message to the people of the United States. The fugitive Al Qaeda leader admits for the first time that he indeed ordered the September 11th attack on America, he lays out his reasons for it and he threatens another attack.
>
> This tape tends to confirm that bin Laden is alive and well safely somewhere. President Bush responded by saying the United States will not be intimidated. Senator Kerry said the country is united in its determination to hunt bin Laden down.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *CBS Evening News - October 29, 2004***

And then again, in September 2007, just days before General David Petraeus was set to deliver his report to Congress on the controversial "surge" in Iraq and just days before the sixth anniversary of 9/11, there was Osama bin Laden to remind the public of the ever-present terror threat.

> **CHARLES GIBSON**: Just days before the sixth anniversary of 9/11, the man responsible for the death and horror that day is coming out of the shadows with a new videotape and more invective aimed at the United States. He lectures Americans on everything from religion to politics to taxes. No overt threats, but authorities are looking at whether the tape contains any signal to indicate a future attack.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *ABC World News Tonight With Charles Gibson In Kansas City, MO, September 7, 2007***

Capitalizing on the conveniently timed video release, President Bush was quick to cite it as evidence that Al Qaeda *was* connected to the war in Iraq and that the increasingly unpopular war—now generally understood to have been an illegal invasion waged on false pretenses—was in fact an essential part of the war on terror.

> **BUSH**: I found it interesting that on the tape, Iraq was mentioned, which is a reminder that Iraq is a part of this war against extremists.
>
> **SOURCE: Remarks Following a Meeting With Prime Minister Shinzo Abe of Japan in Sydney, Australia**

But buried beneath the attention-grabbing headlines and substance-less soundbites with which the media covered this release, troubling questions began to arise about the nature of the video. The aging, weary, gaunt, graying and partially paralyzed Osama bin Laden of 2001 was gone, replaced by a visibly younger and healthier man, despite having numerous health problems and despite having presumably spent the better part of a decade on the run as the world's most wanted man.

Sporting jet black hair and what many media commentators pointed out looked like a fake beard, the figure on the screen seems to be moving in an unrealistic way. Bizarrely, the video freezes at the 1-minute-and-58-second mark while the audio continues. The image remains frozen for most of the video message, only resuming briefly around the 12-minute mark. What's more, all of the references to current events—those parts referenced in passing on the evening news as "proving that Osama is still alive"—take place during the times when the video is frozen.

In fact, the video proved so unusual that media commentators had to go out of their way to assure their viewers that it was indeed real.

> **GIBSON**: Our chief investigative correspondent, Brian Ross, joins me again tonight from New York. Brian?
>
> **BRIAN ROSS**: Charlie, US authorities say tonight there is no doubt the tape is authentic. It *is* bin Laden, black beard and all.
>
> ***SOURCE:* *ABC World News Tonight With Charles Gibson In Kansas City, MO, September 7, 2007***

Perhaps the strangest part of the video, however, was the manner in which it was released to the public. The video, it turns out, was not released by Al Qaeda, but by the US government.

The month after the video's release it was reported that the video had originally been "intercepted" by SITE Intelligence Group, described as "one of several small, commercial intelligence firms that specialize in intercepting al-Qaeda's internet communications, often by clandestine means." According to *The Washington Post*:

> SITE founder Rita Katz told The Post that her company covertly obtained an early copy of a bin Laden video message in early September, then shared the video with senior administration officials on Sept. 7 on the condition that it not be distributed or made public before its official release. Soon afterward, the video was downloaded by dozens of computers registered to government agencies. Within hours, SITE's copy of the video was leaked to television news networks and broadcast worldwide.

It was not explained how SITE had "obtained an early copy" of an Osama bin Laden video, but it was far from the only time that mysteriously well-connected internet researchers had unexplained exclusive access to Al Qaeda video productions. Researchers and companies who supposedly scooped the intelligence agencies by "discovering" and publishing Al Qaeda messages (sometimes even ahead of Al Qaeda itself) included:

- SITE, or the "Search for International Terrorist Entities," whose promotional materials touted the company's "one-of-a-kind access" to "messages, videos, and advance warnings of suicide bombings" from "the most hard-to-reach corners of violent online extremist communities," whose clientele included leading media outlets and even government agencies, and whose founder, Rita Katz, was born in Iraq to a wealthy Jewish businessman father who was convicted of spying for Israel in 1969 in a military tribunal and executed in a public hanging (which, we are told, Katz did not think had much bearing on her work) and who, despite not having any intelligence connections herself, found a job allowing her to search for terrorists online shortly after moving to New York in the 1990s;
- "Laura Mansfield," a pseudonymous South Carolina housewife who—despite being a self-described "mom sitting here in her dining room typing away on my computer"—is fluent in Arabic, who likes to "monitor" *jihadi* message boards and chat rooms, and who—with no special training or connections to the world of terror or espionage—was consistently able to find and publicize Al Qaeda videos before anyone else, including: a "2007" video of Osama bin Laden that, it was quickly discovered, was actually a five-year-old video that had already been previously released but reported as "new" by the credulous mainstream press; and multiple releases featuring "Azzam the American," a.k.a. Adam Pearlman, the Jewish Californian whose grandfather was a board member of the Anti-Defamation League and who, we are told, converted to Islam with a single internet post and was quickly recruited by Al Qaeda to serve as "translator, video producer, and cultural interpreter" for their media committee;

  ADAM GADAHN: All you who believe, fight the unbelievers who are closest in proximity to you and let them find harshness in you. And know that Allah is with those who fear him.

  SOURCE: Al Qaeda: Hoax

- and IntelCenter, a company described as "a private contractor working for intelligence agencies" and headed by Ben Venzke—the former Director of Intelligence Special Projects at iDefense, where he worked alongside people like Jim Melnick, a psychological operations

> specialist who served sixteen years in the US Army and the Defense Intelligence Agency—that similarly supplied the US government and media with Al Qaeda videos released by As-Sahab, the terror group's media production arm, and somehow exclusively obtained by this private contractor in Virginia.

The public had good reason to question the reality of these suspiciously timed and mysteriously sourced audio and video recordings.

In 1999, William Arkin wrote a piece for *The Washington Post* called "When Seeing and Hearing Isn't Believing" in which he reported on the digital morphing technologies that were then being worked on by research teams at Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico and elsewhere. He reported on one demonstration of this technology—a fake recording of Gen. Carl W. Steiner, former Commander-in-Chief, US Special Operations Command, announcing "Gentlemen! We have called you together to inform you that we are going to overthrow the United States government." The fake audio was so impressive that General Steiner asked for a copy. Another demonstration involved Colin Powell announcing that he was being well treated by his captors.

> "Digital morphing — voice, video, and photo — has come of age, available for use in psychological operations. PSYOPS, as the military calls it, seek to exploit human vulnerabilities in enemy governments, militaries and populations to pursue national and battlefield objectives. [. . .] Being able to manufacture convincing audio or video, they say, might be the difference in a successful military operation or coup."

The technology continued to feature in PSYOPS planning as the war of terror dragged on. In 2003, the CIA Iraq Operations Group came up with a "wacky idea" for discrediting Saddam Hussein in the eyes of his people: to create a video purporting to show the Iraqi dictator having sex with a teenage boy. Amazingly, Stein also confirmed that the CIA *did* make a fake video of Osama bin Laden:

> The agency actually did make a video purporting to show Osama bin Laden and his cronies sitting around a campfire swigging bottles of liquor and savoring their conquests with boys, one of the former CIA officers recalled, chuckling at the memory.

But as successful as these information operations and Al Qaeda media releases were in keeping the terror threat in the minds of the public, the neocons directing this war of terror were going to need much more than that to meet their objectives. The war on terror, launched in Afghanistan and waged in Iraq, was never meant to end there.

> **BUSH**: The other strain of radicalism in the Middle East is Shi'a extremism, supported and embodied by the regime that sits in Tehran. Iran has long been a source of trouble in the region. It is the world's leading state sponsor of terrorism.
>
> [. . .]
>
> Iran's actions threaten the security of nations everywhere. And that is why the United States is rallying friends and allies around the world to isolate the regime, to impose economic sanctions. We will confront this danger, before it is too late.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Remarks at the American Legion National Convention in Reno, Nevada***

But getting the public—already weary of the years-long struggle in Afghanistan and increasingly disillusioned with the debacle in Iraq—on board with the invasion of yet another country was going to be difficult unless another spectacular terror event came along to justify opening up yet another front in the war on terror. And, if the terror bogeyman was not willing to provide such a justification, the neocons were once again ready and willing to create it.

> **FAIZ SHAKIR**: What you're writing there is that Cheney—there was a meeting in the White House where Cheney presided over looking to cook up the next war, a false war based on false intelligence!
>
> [. . .]
>
> **SEYMOUR HERSH**: There was a dozen ideas proffered about how to trigger a war. The one that interested me the most was why don't we build - we in our shipyard - build four or five boats that look like Iranian PT boats. Put Navy SEALs on them with a lot of arms. And next time one of our boats goes to the Straits of Hormuz, start a shoot-up. Might cost some lives and it was rejected, because you can't have Americans killing Americans. But that that's the level of stuff we were talking about. Provocation.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Cheney Plans to Blow Up Americans***

Seymour Hersh was not the only one warning about the possibility of the Bush White House staging a terror event in the waning days of its administration to trigger a bold new escalation with Iran. Even Zbigniew Brzezinski—whose involvement in Operation Cyclone started the American involvement in Afghanistan that led to the creation of Al Qaeda in the first place—warned the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 2007 that a military provocation or terrorist act whose origin "would be very difficult to trace" could be staged and blamed on Tehran in order to justify US military action on Iran.

> **BRZEZINSKI**: A plausible scenario for a military collision with Iran involves Iraqi failure to meet the benchmarks followed by accusations of the Iranian responsibility for the failure, then by some provocation in Iraq or a terrorist act in the United States blamed on Iran, culminating in a "defensive" US military action against Iran that plunges a lonely America into a spreading and deepening quagmire eventually ranging across Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Zbigniew Brzezinski: Transcript of Testimony to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee***

But the neocons—suffering from plummeting approval ratings, mounting domestic difficulties and the ramifications of a global financial crisis—no longer had the political capital to stage terror events and garner public approval for their agenda. By 2008, after seven long years in the grip of the existential threat that they were told was the basis for a generation-defining, civilizational struggle with no end in sight, the American public was getting tired. They didn't want the neocons and their endless war on terror. They were hoping for change.

Luckily for them, that's precisely what the 2008 US presidential election seemed to offer.

The public was ready for change. In fact, the idea of a shift from the bellicose, belligerent, aggressive foreign policy and the war on terror rhetoric of the neocons to the promised hope and change of the Obama administration was so enticing that not only did Obama win the 2008 election,

he also won over the world at large. So excited were people for the prospect of peace that the Nobel Peace Prize committee decided to bestow their 2009 prize on Obama before he had taken a single substantive action in office.

> **THORBJORN JAGLUND**: Good morning. Den Norske Nobelkomite har bestemt at Nobels fredspris for 2009 skal tildeles president Barack Obama for hans ekstraordinære innsats for å styrke internasjonalt diplomati og mellomfolkelig samarbeid.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***2009 Nobel Peace Prize Announcement***

Those not swept up in the hope and change delirium were quick to point out that the committee had made a mistake in handing a peace prize to a president still actively involved in military engagements. What not even his most cynical critics seemed prepared for, however, was the idea that Obama would not only continue the Bush administration's war on terror but that he would greatly expand it. From the two-front war in Afghanistan and Iraq under Bush, Obama would ultimately lead the war of terror into *seven* countries.

One of Obama's first moves in office was to oversee a dramatic escalation in Afghanistan, a "troop surge" that was meant to resolve the security issues in the country but actually exacerbated them, finally leading to the dramatic downfall of the US-backed regime and the reinstallation of the Taliban in 2021. And, as we shall see, despite promising a swift resolution to the war in Iraq, not only was the handover of authority to the Iraqi government delayed as long as legally possible but the US was ultimately drawn in again as the terror group that they fostered led to a battle against the Islamic State.

But the newly revitalized war on terror—now given new cover by a smiling, peace-prizing-winning, softer-spoken Commander-in-Chief—did not end there.

Obama oversaw the expansion of Bush's drone war into Pakistan:

> **ANCHOR**: US President Barack Obama, meanwhile, has admitted for the first time that drones are regularly striking Taliban and Al Qaeda targets in Pakistan's tribal areas.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Obama defends illegal drone attacks***
>
> **OBAMA:** I want to make sure that people understand actually drones have *not* caused a huge number of civilian casualties. For the most part, they have been very precise, precision strikes against Al Qaeda and their affiliates.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Your Interview with the President - 2012***

He led the "kinetic military action" in Libya against previous war on terror ally Moammar Gaddafi:

> **OBAMA**: Good afternoon, everybody. Today I authorized the Armed Forces of the United States to begin a limited military action in Libya in support of an international effort to protect Libyan civilians. That action has now begun.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***President Obama Authorizes Limited Military Action in Libya***

He began the decade-long attempt to overthrow previous war on terror ally Bashar al-Assad in Syria:

> **OBAMA**: My policy from the beginning has been that President Assad had lost credibility, that he attacked his own people, has killed his own people, unleashed a military against innocent civilians, and that the only way to bring stability and peace to Syria is going to be for Assad to step down and to move forward on a political transition.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Obama: Assad Must Step Down for Syrian Peace***

He waged war in Yemen along with the Saudi government, who had supported and fostered terror groups in the region for years:

> **AMY GOODMAN**: Documents obtained by Reuters show the US government is concerned it could be implicated in potential war crimes in Yemen because of its support for a Saudi-led coalition air campaign. The Obama administration has continued to authorize weapons sales to Saudi Arabia despite warnings last year from government lawyers that it might be considered a co-belligerent under international law.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***U.S.-Backed Saudi Forces Bomb Yemeni Funeral***

And he extended the "Authorization for Use of Military Force"—the legislation passed in the wake of 9/11 authorizing the president to "use all necessary and appropriate force" against those nations, organizations or persons he determines "planned, authorized, committed or aided" that attack—to include Al-Shabaab in Somalia.

> **JOHN KERRY**: The United States, obviously, has been engaged in helping Somalia fight back against tribal terror and the challenges to the cohesion of the state of Somalia. And the President and his allies have really done an amazing job of fighting back and building a state structure.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Secretary Kerry Delivers Remarks With Somali President Mohamud***

But although these escalations appeared to be a mere continuation of the War on Terror that was sold to the public in the wake of 9/11, they were not. In fact, it quickly became apparent that a remarkable transition had begun to occur. Al Qaeda, the ultimate face of evil and the undisputed enemy in the grand terror war narrative, were now the "good guys"—or at least serviceable allies—in the fight against the next target in the war of terror.

This unbelievable turnaround had in fact begun during the Bush administration, when the neocons had started to set their sites on Iran. Being predominately Shiite, Iran is in fact the enemy of the radical Wahabbis and Salafist Muslims that populate the ranks of Al Qaeda and other Sunni terror groups. In targeting Iran, the US—like the British Empire before them—found it convenient to switch allegiances, arming, funding and promoting the very radicals they had just been at war with in order to defeat their enemy of the moment.

As Seymour Hersh reported in 2007:

> In the past few months, as the situation in Iraq has deteriorated, the Bush Administration, in both its public diplomacy and its covert operations, has significantly shifted its Middle East strategy. The “redirection,” as some inside the White House have called the new strategy, has brought the United States closer to an open confrontation with Iran and, in parts of the region, propelled it into a widening sectarian conflict between Shiite and Sunni Muslims.

> To undermine Iran, which is predominantly Shiite, the Bush Administration has decided, in effect, to reconfigure its priorities in the Middle East. [. . .] A byproduct of these activities has been the bolstering of Sunni extremist groups that espouse a militant vision of Islam and are hostile to America and sympathetic to Al Qaeda.

As Hersh detailed in his articles on "The Redirection" and "Preparing the Battlefield," and as other mainstream sources eventually corroborated, this "shift in Middle East strategy" by the Bush administration included:

- supporting Fatah al-Islam—a militant Islamic fighting force led by a "former associate of Abu Musab al-Zarqawi" dedicated to "spreading the ideology of Al Qaeda"—in their struggle against Iranian ally (and Israeli enemy) Hezbollah;
- providing covert funds to the Mujahedin-e-Khalq, a strange cult-of-personality that, as a violent group of radicals that participated in bombings inside Iran and even aided Mossad in assassinating Iranian scientists, was not merely lauded by the US but openly promoted at gala events by neocons and their fellow-travellers;
- secretly backing "opposition groups" in Syria, one of Iran's most important regional allies;
- and "supplying money and weapons" to Jundullah, a group with "close ties to Al Qaeda" (including reportedly being at one time headed by alleged "9/11 mastermind" Khalid Sheikh Mohammed) that "conducted raids into Iran from bases in Pakistan" with covert CIA assistance.

That these operations would have started under Bush and the neocons came as little surprise to those who knew anything about the real nature of the so-called war on terror. That they would be continued and even expanded under Obama, the Ambassador of Hope and Change, was more surprising to those who did not yet grasp the true scale and scope of this war.

No, the substance of the Bush redirection did not change under Obama, only the tone and flavour of that policy changed. Obama did not win multiple advertising awards for his 2008 Hope and Change election campaign for nothing. As a shrewd salesman of an unpopular agenda, he knew that to get the public on board with such a radical shift in objectives, he was going to need an equally radical event to take place to tie a bow on the Osama bin Laden narrative and redirect the public's attention.

And, on May 2, 2011, that event occurred.

> **OBAMA**: Good evening. Tonight, I can report to the American people and to the world that the United States has conducted an operation that killed Osama bin Laden, the leader of Al Qaeda, and a terrorist who's responsible for the murder of thousands of innocent men, women, and children.
>
> ***SOURCE: Osama bin Laden Dead***

Codenamed Operation Neptune Spear, the mission to kill bin Laden involved a daring team of Navy SEALs flying two stealth-modified Black Hawk helicopters from the Jalalabad military base in Afghanistan through Pakistani air space straight to Abbottabad—the affluent military town where the world's most wanted man had evidently been living for years, evading the most comprehensive dragnet in history. Crash landing one of the choppers in the compound courtyard, a massive firefight broke out. The SEALs, clearing weapons stashes and barricades while fending off bin Laden's henchmen, made their way to the third-floor bedroom where the dastardly villain used one of his wives as a human shield. Shooting her in the leg to get her out of the way, the SEALs then

managed to land two shots on their target, one hitting bin Laden in the head and the other in the chest—just as the terror kingpin was reaching for the gun he kept at the ready by his headboard.

Making good their escape, the Navy SEAL heroes blew up their damaged helicopter while a standby chopper that had been prepared for the mission in case of an emergency flew in and whisked the remaining task force members out with bin Laden's body in tow. Returning to Bagram Air Base, bin Laden's body was immediately flown out to the USS *Carl Vinson*, where it was buried at sea in accordance with Islamic tradition.

And just like that, it was done. Public Enemy number one, the face of the war on terror, was dead; slain by the valiant Navy SEALs in a daring operation that was broadcast in real time to the White House Situation Room, where the Commander-in-Chief of the War of Terror, Barack Obama, and his iron-willed cabinet of terror warriors watched with steely determination.

Indeed, this was not the stuff of history books, no dry, dusty tale of some minor police action or military operation. It may not have been the grand showdown in the cave fortress that the public had been prepared for, but—befitting the comic book supervillain of the war on terror narrative—this was the stuff of Hollywood blockbusters.

> **DEVGRU OPERATOR:** Geronimo. For God and country. Geronimo.
>
> ***SOURCE: Zero Dark Thirty (2012)***

Yes, this *was* the stuff of Hollywood blockbusters. But, like a Hollywood blockbuster, the story of the raid was itself fiction. In fact, in the face of mild questioning by the generally deferential press, every single aspect of the confusing and often contradictory story that was told to the public in those euphoric hours after Obama's momentous announcement was proven to be a lie.

There had been no firefight.

Osama was not armed.

He did not use his wife as a human shield.

Burial at sea was not part of Islamic tradition. In fact, it was directly opposed to that tradition.

Even the famous picture from the Situation Room was a lie; there had been no live video feed of the raid.

But it wasn't just the details of the raid itself that had been a fabrication; the entire story of the decade-long manhunt for Osama, dramatized in Oscar-winning movies like *Zero Dark Thirty* and recounted in countless reports, books and tell-alls, proved to be similarly fraudulent.

In fact, the story began to fall apart from the very moment it was told to the public. But while most of the press remained content to pick at the corners of the story, leaving the substance of the narrative intact, others dug deeper, looking for answers amid the confusing confluence of lies, obfuscations, cover-ups and contradictions that surrounded the raid.

In a lengthy article for *The London Review of Books* in 2015 that—sourcing to unnamed, retired officials with no direct knowledge of the events recounted—was about as solidly sourced as the official account, Seymour Hersh alleged that, while bin Laden had indeed been killed in Abbottabad, he had in fact been living at the compound as a prisoner of the ISI for years and that every part of the official narrative of the raid—from the story of the "Al Qaeda courier" by which

the CIA allegedly discovered the compound to the phony vaccination drive to collect bin Laden's DNA to the burial at sea—was in fact an element of an elaborate (and seemingly unnecessary) cover story to obscure that fact.

In a piece for *The Independent* the year after the raid, Patrick Cockburn pointed out the inherent contradiction between early reports that the raid had uncovered a "treasure trove" of intelligence that "portrayed bin Laden as a spider at the centre of a conspiratorial web" and later admissions that he had had almost no contact with the outside world and was increasingly delusional about his organization and its capabilities.

Others simply pointed out that, given this was at least the ninth occassion in which journalists, politicians, intelligence officials or others had pronounced Osama bin Laden dead, it was not to be believed without evidence.

But that evidence was not forthcoming. Instead, the government went to extraordinary lengths to cover it up. All the files from the raid—including "copies of the death certificate and autopsy report for bin Laden as well as the results of tests to identify the body"—were deleted from the Pentagon's computers and transferred to the CIA, where they could be more carefully guarded from Freedom of Information Act requests.

Pictures and video of the raid, including pictures of Osama bin Laden's dead body that—the public were told—may be released, were instead sealed away forever.

At the time, all that *was* released were a few short videos of a man purported to be Osama bin Laden that—it was claimed—had been taken from the compound (although it was never explained why bin Laden would have poorly shot video of his back to the camera, watching himself on TV) and some salacious details about the records allegedly seized from the compound's computers—like the devout Muslim *jihadi*'s predilection for porn—that seemed reminiscent of the CIA's previous "wacky ideas" for faking videos about Hussein and bin Laden.

But CIA director Leon Panetta *did* leak classified details of the raid at a 2011 award ceremony attended by Mark Boal, the screenwriter who would go on to write and produce *Zero Dark Thirty*, the Hollywood dramatization of the manhunt for Osama that portrayed the official version of the raid on the silver screen and even falsely implied that the CIA's illegal torture program had been essential in helping to track down the terror kingpin.

The full truth of what happened in Abbottabad, now obscured by lies, misinformation, selective "leaks," self-serving tell-alls and still-classified data will likely never see the light of day. But to the directors of the War of Terror, that is beside the point. Osama bin Laden had served his purpose as the villain in the terror war story. And, having served that purpose, he was being written out of the script.

In the end, that was all Osama bin Laden had ever been: a character in the terror war drama. One so good that, if he didn't exist, they would have had to invent him.

> **RATHER:** Well, it's pretty obvious the judgment is coalescing around the president that it was Osama bin Laden.
>
> **MILT BEARDEN:** I know we live in a country where we're often told that the first thing that comes to your mind, put it down. Put the little mark in there.

> I feel slightly uncomfortable because I spent so many years wondering how the myth of Osama bin Laden got started. We have the Osama bin Laden who was the great war hero in Afghanistan. We have Osama bin Laden who was trained by CIA, funded and supported by CIA during three years of war.
>
> I was there at the same time bin Laden was there. He was *not* the great warrior that went in and fought the Soviet Union to a standstill. The CIA had nothing to do with him.
>
> I think that that mythological Osama bin Laden—never mind that he's an absolutely evil man—but the mythological Osama bin Laden causes me trouble, and I think maybe there is another answer out there. I'm not certain that I know what it is.
>
> [. . .]
>
> **RATHER**: There's no question in my mind that you're skeptical that Osama bin Laden, aided and abetted or at least protected with the Taliban, should be the principal target of some large military operation. If I'm wrong, tell me now.
>
> **BEARDEN**: No, no, no. You're not wrong, Dan. [What] I'm saying is—let me step back one step on this and say Osama bin Laden is an evil man and he's a component of the terrorism that we're dealing with across the board. All I'm saying is that I think Osama bin Laden has become the metaphor for the entire problem of terrorism involving Muslims with perceived grievances against the United States and I think it would be wrong to say this is a one-size-fits-all operation and to go after bin Laden because an operation as sophisticated as carried out yesterday was an operation that was concealed from us for months, probably, before it took place. It happened without, essentially, a hitch, except for one aircraft. And there is no reason to believe that these same people weren't capable of covering their tracks somehow on the way out.
>
> Now, I would go so far as to say that this group who was responsible for that, if they didn't have an Osama bin Laden out there they'd invent one because he's a terrific diversion for the rest of the world.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***CBS Sept. 13, 2001 0:14 am - 0:56 am***

The death of Osama bin Laden may have ended one chapter in the War on Terror, but it was not the end of the story. In a key sense, that story would simply repeat, with the rise of Al Qaeda serving as a template that the terror war planners could draw upon as needed in their efforts to prolong their never-ending conflict indefinitely.

The alignment with radical Islamists to achieve short-term geostrategic goals—a strategy refined by the British Empire over centuries of practice in the "Great Game" of global geopolitics and reaching its apotheosis with the US operation to arm the Afghan Mujahideen in the 1980s—was simply employed once again as the US led its NATO allies in a "humanitarian war" against Moammar Gaddafi in Libya. Former enemies in the war on terror, including veterans of the Iraq insurgency who had been killing American troops in Iraq, and even designated terrorists who had been rendered and tortured by the CIA, were now the good guys, helping to overthrow Gaddafi's government in Tripoli.

That same story played out yet again in Syria, where the US and its regional allies once again made a deal with the devil, this time in the name of toppling the government of Bashar al-Assad. Arming

the most radical elements of these terror groups with US-procured weapons and training them at a US joint operation base in Jordan, it was not long before the Bush-era "redirection" of the terror war was complete and Al Qaeda was now widely recognized as a convenient ally of the US in Syria.

In 2012, Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) Senior Fellow Ed Husain wrote of "Al-Qaeda's Specter in Syria," noting that "The Syrian rebels would be immeasurably weaker today without Al Qaeda in their ranks."

In 2014, a trio of foreign policy "experts" published a piece for the CFR on "The Good and Bad of Ahrar al-Sham: An Al Qaeda–Linked Group Worth Befriending."

And in 2015, Barak Mendelsohn—writing in the pages of the same *Foreign Affairs* magazine in which Philip Zelikow and his co-authors had "predicted" the terror war—penned "Accepting Al Qaeda: The Enemy of the United States' Enemy," in which he argued:

> Since 9/11, Washington has considered Al Qaeda the greatest threat to the United States, one that must be eliminated regardless of cost or time. After Washington killed Osama bin Laden in 2011, it made Ayman Al-Zawahiri, Al Qaeda's new leader, its next number one target. But the instability in the Middle East following the Arab revolutions and the meteoric rise of the Islamic State of Iraq and al-Sham (ISIS) require that Washington rethink its policy toward Al Qaeda, particularly its targeting of Zawahiri. Destabilizing Al Qaeda at this time may in fact work against U.S. efforts to defeat ISIS.

In conclusion, Mendelson writes flatly: "It is certainly ironic that at this point, when the United States is the closest it has ever been to destroying Al Qaeda, its interests would be better served by keeping the terrorist organization afloat and Zawahiri alive."

Such arguments, unthinkable during the bin Laden years, were suddenly not only thinkable but were being openly promoted in Beltway foreign policy think tank circles. That such a dramatic turnaround could even be considered, let alone advocated, so soon after the years-long propaganda campaign portraying Al Qaeda as an existential threat to the West is only surprising to those who were ignorant of the real history of Al Qaeda and the real origins of the terror war.

To those who *did* know this history, the fact that those in the State Department's orbit were now openly calling for accommodation of and even alliance with Al Qaeda came as no surprise. And it similarly came as no surprise that this alliance led—exactly as it had in Afghanistan in the 1980s—to the rise of a new terror group: the Islamic State.

Rising from the ashes of the same Al Qaeda in Iraq that had been led by Abu Musab al-Zarqawi—the US military's self-proclaimed "most successful information campaign to date"—the Islamic State rose to international prominence in 2014 when it captured Raqqa in Syria and began a campaign that saw it take over Mosul and Tikrit in northern Iraq before announcing the establishment of a caliphate.

As a convenient justification for reengaging the American military in Iraq and as another excuse for military intervention in Syria, it was only later that the truth began to emerge: not only had the US armed and trained these very ISIS fighters that they were now engaged in mortal struggle with and not only had the US' own Defense Intelligence Agency precisely predicted the rise of an Islamic State in this area of Syria and Iraq two years before it happened, but US-led forces repeatedly stood down as ISIS convoys moved unimpeded, allowing them to take Ramadi in 2015 and allowing a convoy of stranded ISIS fighters to return home in 2017.

The career of the group's new leader, Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi, followed the now-familiar terror bogeyman pattern. Like his predecessor Zarqawi, Baghdadi was pronounced dead, alive, arrested, dead and alive again so often that news of his actions quickly descended into farce. Detained by US forces at Camp Bucca in Iraq in 2004, he was reportedly arrested again in March 2007 and killed in May of that year before being arrested yet again in 2009 and killed yet again in 2010, at which point even *The Times* was forced to concede, "The arrest or death of Mr. Baghdadi, the insurgent fighter, has been reported so many times that it has become a macabre joke."

But he was not done yet.

He was reported to have died in an Israeli hospital in April of 2015, then killed in an airstrike in October 2015 and killed again by the Russians in June 2017 before the Syrian Observatory For Human Rights released a statement insisting he "Really Is Dead This Time" in July 2017. Yet still he continued to reappear, reliably resurrected in the headlines of the establishment press to terrorize the public as needed until the final report of his death in 2019.

But perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the announcement of this, the final death of this remarkably resilient terror mastermind, carefully staged to bring to mind Obama's dramatic announcement of the death of Osama bin Laden and to rally the country around the flag once again . . .

> **DONALD TRUMP**: Last night the United States brought the world's number one terrorist leader to justice. Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi is dead.
>
> **SOURCE: President Trump Delivers Remarks**

. . . is that few in the public seemed even to notice that it had taken place.

And, in 2022, when Biden took his turn as the conquering hero, announcing the death of Ayman Al-Zawahiri:

> **BIDEN**: My fellow Americans, on Saturday, at my direction, the United States successfully concluded an air strike in Kabul, Afghanistan, that killed the Emir of Al Qaeda, Ayman Zawahiri.
>
> **SOURCE: Biden Announces Death Of Al Qaeda Leader Ayman Al-Zawahri**

. . . again it was greeted by a collective shrug. Few in the public even knew Zawahiri's name, let alone gave him much thought.

For a world that had just lived through two decades of near daily assurances that Al Qaeda was so existential a threat to human civilization that it justified a worldwide, never-ending War on Terror of unlimited scope, this was nothing short of remarkable. The War of Terror, it seemed, might end not with a bang but a whimper.

For the families of Zemari Ahmadi and all the millions whose blood was spilled in Afghanistan, Iraq, Libya, Syria, Yemen, Somalia, and all the other lands that have been torn apart by the senseless carnage of the past two decades, the growing apathy of the American public to the terror war narrative may come as cold comfort. But to those who have spent decades living under the shadow of the ever-present terror fearmongering, cynically wielded by politicians and governments

to keep their populations cowering under the weight of colour-coded terror threats, the rejection of the terror war narrative is undeniably a turning point.

But, even if the public, having snapped out of the Al Qaeda delusion, is content to move on with their lives and to prepare to live in a post-terror world, the terror warriors have other plans.

What many in the public have failed to realize is that the War of Terror was never really about Osama bin Laden. It was never really about Al Qaeda. It wasn't about radical Muslims. At base, it wasn't even about geopolitical goals or reshaping the map of the Middle East.

It was about us.

> **NERMEEN SHAIKH:** The Obama Administration's internal legal justification for assassinating US citizens without charge has been revealed for the first time.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Kill List Exposed: Leaked Obama Memo Shows Assassination of U.S. Citizens "Has No Geographic Limit"***
>
> **RAND PAUL:** I don't know. If the president's going to kill these people, he needs to let them know. Some of the people [who] might be terrorists are people who are missing fingers. Some people have stains on their clothing. Some people have changed the color of their hair.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Senator Rand Paul exposes scary definition of 'possible terrorist'***
>
> **CHRIS CUOMO**: This was no mere protest gone awry. It was what they used to care about on the right, the worst kind of planned violence: terorrism.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***CNN March 2, 2021 6:00pm-7:00pm PST***
>
> **DONALD TRUMP**: These are not acts of peaceful protest, but really domestic terror.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***BBC News \| September 2, 2020 3:00am-3:31am BST***
>
> **ELAINE QIUJANO**: The Assistant Director of the FBI's Counterterrorism Division told Congress that the Bureau currently has 850 open domestic terror cases. Half of those are anti-government or anti-authority extremists.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***FBI investigating 850 domestic terror cases***
>
> **REP. BOEBERT**: And this was what DHS decided to put out in a bulletin that now, if you have COVID misinformation that they classify misinformation, you are a domestic terrorist.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***'Covid Misinformation Is Now Domestic Terrorism': Says Congresswoman Boebert Citing A DHS Bulletin***
>
> **CHRYSTIA FREELAND**: First, we are broadening the scope of Canada's anti-money laundering and terrorist financing rules so that they cover crowdfunding platforms and the payment service providers they use.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Trudeau invokes Emergencies Act for first time ever in response to protests***

> **BUSH**: There is little cultural overlap between violent extremists abroad and violent extremists at home. But in their disdain for pluralism, in their disregard for human life, in their determination to defile national symbols, they are children of the same foul spirit, and it is our continuing duty to confront them.
>
> ***SOURCE:*** ***Bush calls out domestic terror threat at 9/11 ceremony***

There, just below the surface of the War on Terror story that was sold to the public—the story of radical, freedom-hating Muslims and cowardly terror attacks and crusading Presidents flanked by their valiant Navy SEALs—is another story. As if written in invisible ink between the lines of the history of Al Qaeda is the story of the PATRIOT Act and the Department of Homeland Security, of the TSA and biometric screening and domestic terror watch lists. It is the story of the creation of an entire infrastructure of legal measures and emergency powers that have quietly transformed the face of the so-called free world.

The terror myth has always served primarily as a tool of domestic control. It is a blank check for every government to enact whatever controls it desires over its population in the name of "security." And the public, convinced of the need for that security by the terror war myth itself, clamours for more government controls. The problem feeds upon itself.

There is only one way to break out of such a vicious circle. The underlying premise of the entire terror war has to be called out for what it is: a lie.

In the end, perhaps this is how the War of Terror *really* ends. Not with the toppling of the Taliban or a "Mission Accomplished" photo op on the deck of an aircraft carrier or the announcement of the death of the arch terror mastermind or even by presidential declaration. Not by these or any of the other illusory endpoints that the terror warriors dangle in front of the public from time to time only to snatch away when grasped at.

No. The War of Terror ends when the public, having learnt the secret history of Al Qaeda, decide to consign the *real* terror threat, the *myth* of Al Qaeda, to the dustbin of history.

FALSE FLAGS: THE SECRET HISTORY OF AL QAEDA

written, directed and narrated by JAMES CORBETT

video editing and graphic design by BROC WEST

transcript and sources: CORBETTREPORT.COM/ALQAEDA

Dedicated to all those who lost their lives in the war of terror and all those who have sought to expose the truth about that war

The Gospel of Hip Hop

First Instrument

Presented by

KRS ONE

For the Temple of Hip Hop

The Gospel of Hip Hop

First Instrument

Presented by

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powerHouse Books
Brooklyn, NY

I AM HIP HOP

ORDER OF OVERSTANDINGS

A NEW COVENANT
THE LOVE
THE PROMISED LAND
THE FIRST OVERSTANDING
- REAL HIP HOP

THE SECOND OVERSTANDING
- THE REFINITIONS

THE THIRD OVERSTANDING
- THE DIVINE PERFORMANCE

THE FOURTH OVERSTANDING
- THE H-LAW
  - HEALTH
  - LOVE
  - AWARENESS
  - WEALTH

THE FIFTH OVERSTANDING
- THE INNER CITY

THE SIXTH OVERSTANDING
- THE SEASONS

THE SEVENTH OVERSTANDING
- THE SEVENTH SENSE

THE EIGHTH OVERSTANDING
- ENDARKENMENT
  - TRACK ONE
  - TRACK TWO
  - TRACK THREE
  - TRACK FOUR

THE NINTH OVERSTANDING
- THE FREE STYLES

THE TENTH OVERSTANDING
- THE SPIRIT OF GRAFFITI ART

THE ELEVENTH OVERSTANDING
- THE TEACHA

THE TWELFTH OVERSTANDING
- THE MOVEMENT

THE THIRTEENTH OVERSTANDING
- THE HIP HOP ACTIVIST

THE FOURTEENTH OVERSTANDING
- THE HIP HOP DECLARATION OF PEACE

THE FIFTEENTH OVERSTANDING
- DOWN BY LAW

THE SIXTEENTH OVERSTANDING
- OUR GOD – THE GREAT EVENT
  - TRACK ONE
  - TRACK TWO
  - TRACK THREE

THE SEVENTEENTH OVERSTANDING
- THE TEMPLE OF HIP HOP

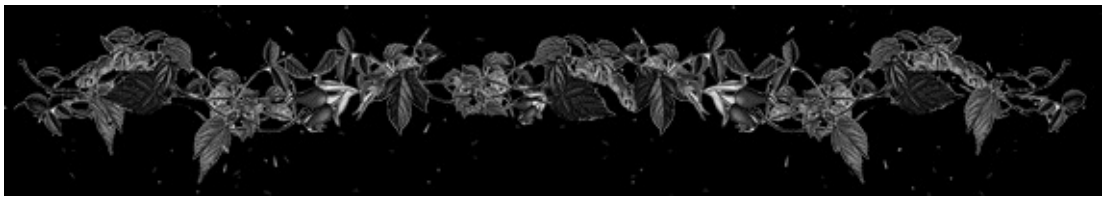
THE EIGHTEENTH OVERSTANDING
- THE ORIGINS OF HIP HOP
  - TRACK ONE

TRACK TWO
TRACK THREE
TRACK FOUR
TRACK FIVE

SHOUT OUTS

“Heaven is not a place you go to,
it is a place you grow to.”

—Edgar Cayce



A NEW COVENANT

1 IN THE END, the last days of others became the first days for us! ALL PRAISE, GLORY AND WORSHIP BE TO GOD—the Love that rescued us from oppression and ignorance!

2 And to all future generations of Hip Hop, know this; it is this Love that has delivered this gospel to OUR PEOPLE for OUR correction and survival. This gospel comes to us as the physical manifestation of GOD's grace and love for Hip Hop.

3 I am but one of many who was saved by such *Love*. In my time (your past) I am called *teacha*; I was present at the *first time*. I am the *first born.* I am from the *Age of Leo*, and I have come to call our Hip Hop nation into existence.

4 To all future generations of Hip Hop, I am the b-boy who destroys all negative circumstances everyday spiritually.

5 I am the emcee who reaches above poverty skillfully; the divine word-warrior known in my time as the *Blast Master.*

6 I am the graffiti writer who thinks and grows spiritually; I *draw* peace, love, unity and joy.

7 I am the DJ who delivers justice while cuttin', mixin' and scratchin' with life.

8 I am the beat boxer whose body expresses art through sound; I play GOD's instrument.

9 I am the fashion that uncovers the fear and shame hidden in oppressive nations.

10 I am the language that loves and never gets understanding amongst grown-up educators; I am the utterance of my culture.

11 I am known as Knowledge Reigning Supreme; I build and destroy, heal and inspire with the right combination of words.

12 I am the entrepreneur who presents expert negotiating that repeatedly escapes poverty's routine experiences, never exploiting unlimited resources. In my time I am self-created and self-sustained.

13 I AM HIP HOP! I am not just doing hip-hop, I am Hip Hop! I am the *Watchman* in the tower of Hip Hop's *Inner City* urging my people to turn from sickness, hatred, ignorance and poverty, and be restored to health, love, awareness and wealth. I am "the Teacha"—a witness to the activity of GOD within and around Hip Hop.

14 I was present at the beginning of this World Age, August 11, 3114 B.C., and I was again present at the births and transformations of Hip Hop since its artistic organization at 1520 Sedgwick Avenue in the Bronx, August 11, 1973. I am a true witness to the divinity and cultural history of Hip Hop. Hip Hop is my family; I am like the people I teach, I am like the people I am among, and I am not ashamed or afraid of my family—I AM HIP HOP!

15 In my time (your past), I am called the "conscience of Hip Hop." I am the step-father and legal guardian of Hip Hop. This, I confirm to those truth-seeking Hip Hop scholars in my future. Emceein is my craft and I have mastered my craft. I am Hip Hop and in my time I have mastered myself.

16 To all my hustlers, thugs and gangstas trying to survive in these mean streets, this is YOUR gospel! To all my Gods, Goddesses, revolutionaries, street scholars and conscious Hiphoppas, this is YOUR heritage and birthright! This is the "good news" for YOU! ALL PRAISE, GLORY AND WORSHIP BE TO GOD—the Love that loved us first as Hip Hop.

17 GOD IS REAL! And Hip Hop is evidence of GOD's real existence and Love. Hip Hop is GOD's response to our suffering and this gospel celebrates that response and the personal character that

caused such divine responses to occur. ALL PRAISE, GLORY AND WORSHIP BE TO GOD—the Love that topples whole kingdoms and sets up new civilizations from the debris of the unrepentant!

18 We are humbled before GOD—the author of Hip Hop. Other cultures and nations were created in other ways for other reasons and have certain divine responsibilities that they must adhere to. Other cultures have a certain *grace* over their communities and we are not authorized, nor do we encourage, to demean or disrespect in any way the faith and/or religious practices of others.

19 But as for us, as for our group commonly known in the World as "Hip Hop," this gospel acknowledges and celebrates the Love that has saved OUR people from self-destruction. It is time to repent and grow up! Rapping about crime and murder may sound good amongst those who have never committed such acts, but for those of us who are REAL IN THE FIELD, we send this message to our young people—YOU DON'T REALLY WANT IT!

20 For with this first instrument we remember GOD and how we were rescued by unseen forces more powerful than any government on Earth. For when all seemed hopeless and oppression seemed permanent, a caring, protective, nurturing creative force independent of all the World's political, business, educational and religious institutions, swept through our hearts and homes and we were rescued from sickness, hatred, ignorance and poverty with a behavior that we eventually began to call "Hip Hop." And we must NEVER forget this.

21 With this first instrument written at the time of Hip Hop's cultural beginnings, we remind all future generations of Hip Hop to NEVER FORGET THE LOVE that has saved us from self-destruction. Hip Hop has no other creator, no other savior and no other architect.

22 Love alone takes credit for the creation and further development of Hip Hop because before we even knew we were Hip Hop, GOD—the Love that saved us from corruption, had already ordained us as such and set us free in the World with power.

23 What a great gift! What a great Love! What a GREAT GOD! But how soon did we forget after we had eaten and were satisfied, how hungry we were just a moment ago. How quick did we forget our own strategies to our own success. We ate the fruit but never replanted the seed. We drove the car far but never looked at the gas tank meter.

24 Know this. GOD's Love (Hip Hop) is like a car that many people found with a full tank of gas topped off and ready to go; a gift freely given to all who would hop in. Now that we have driven this car for over 30 years through all kinds of terrain the time has come to repair and replenish our beloved vehicle so that it may last another 30 years. However, now that everyone has gotten where they intended to go using the vehicle, there seems to be little motivation toward the upkeep of the vehicle itself, the cause of everyone's good fortune.

25 GOD's Love (Hip Hop) is like a banquet laid out before hungry people. Many people today are eating well but they are not the chefs of their own meals. They eat but they don't really know where their food comes from or even how it was prepared. They themselves were never truly hungry or homeless or even had to prepare their own food for themselves, they just sat down and started eating at an already laid-out table. Therefore, the life-lessons learned from being hungry and homeless which accompany the skills of the *chef* are absent from the copied presentations of the imitator, and any success found during this state of ignorance is indeed short-lived.

26 This is how many today treat GOD and Hip Hop. They seek the hand and not the face. They seek the luxury but not the culture, the food but not the appetite, the house but not the home, the medicine but not the health, the bed but not the rest. They would rather use GOD/Hip Hop than live GOD/Hip Hop.

27 But such are acts of desperation, and such behaviors are expected of a People who have been traumatized as we have been. Hip Hop saved us and made us not only rich, but important and well respected worldwide. How then can we forget GOD—the Love that protected us and raised us up? How can we forget about Hip Hop—the craft that feeds us and gives us identity?

28 However, in my time (your past) many have already forgotten the Love of GOD. Desperate and impoverished and suddenly propelled to the top of the World's social circles, they marvel at the effects of their own artistic skills caring little for the cause of such skills; they just want to eat.

29 And because they know not what causes their good fortune they have become frantic and greedy, content with being imitators of the original presenters of the saving force—Hip Hop. Such an approach works fine for those who are not really serious about living Hip Hop for real. Such an approach to Hip Hop works fine if you are only participating in Hip Hop to get out of poverty or make a name for yourself. This approach works if you got something else to do and/or somewhere else to go.

30 But for those of us who live Hip Hop and seek enlightenment through Hip Hop and are seeking to raise a family while being an emcee or DJ, etc; those of us who are without purpose as well as those of us who are burdened with purpose, we have NO TIME TO WASTE! At this very moment while you read this gospel you are being called out of the World again for your own protection and development. Will you answer the *call* this time?

31 Repent, GOD is closer to you than your nose. Now is the time to take your Hip Hop spiritual life more seriously. Now is the time to align your Hip Hop identity with God's nature and not be distracted by the doubts and suspicions of others. Now is the time to declare "I AM HIP HOP" and begin living from that realization in GOD. HIP HOP IS YOUR BIRTHRIGHT! It may not be anyone else's birthright, but it is indeed yours. And if you decide to throw away your birthright because of the doubts of others it is only you that suffers, because they are maintaining their birthrights and cultures with faith while you destroy your heritage with doubt.

32 Now is the time to actually become Hip Hop, to actually be the nation that we know we are. Such a life, however, is not for everyone. Many amongst us are just trying to use Hip Hop's artistic elements to escape poverty, and when they have attained the money, power and Worldly respect of escaping poverty through Hip Hop, we don't see or hear from them any more; they and their careers vanish.

33 This is why TODAY IS THE GREATEST MOMENT FOR HIP HOP AND HIPHOPPAS. Now that the desperate part of our family has been fed, clothed and sheltered they are gone. Hip Hop itself was never their focus. They just wanted to use hip-hop to relieve their own suffering and once such suffering was dealt with they (the desperate) went on to do acting, open businesses, and basically live as the rest of the World does. But this was NEVER the intention for Hip Hop or Hiphoppas.

34 As we have observed now within our 36-year history (1973–2009), Hip Hop was a saving force. If Hip Hop didn't do anything else, what it actually did in real history is rescue the children of a scattered and impoverished people from certain death. Yes, Hip Hop has inspired the development of Breakin, Emceein, Graffiti Art, Deejayin, Beat Boxin, Street Fashion, Street Language, Street Knowledge and Street Entrepreneurialism; but all of these elements basically did one thing—THEY SAVED US!

35 So, now that we and the desperate part of our family have been satisfied, they (the desperate) are no longer *in our way.* We now have the liberty to explore the true meaning and purpose of Hip Hop (the Love that freed us from oppression) because the music industry has finally collapsed in my time. ALL PRAISE, GLORY AND WORSHIP BE TO GOD—the Love that freed us from exploitation

and slavery.

36 We are indeed happy that the impoverished part of our family has eaten and has been clothed and sheltered; we pray for their continued security. But their *ways* are not our *ways*, and their results are not our results. They are indeed our family, but within our family structure we are the *firstborns*. We are the elder sisters and brothers—GOD EXPECTS MORE FROM US. We are Hip Hop's original cultural architects, its caretakers, its teachers.

37 We are Hip Hop's janitors cleansing and restoring Hip Hop for the next generation of Hiphoppas. Know this. With every generation Hip Hop gets dirty because of how it is used in the World by that generation. Hip Hop is then cleansed and restored for each generation by its janitors who work within the *Temple of Hip Hop.*

38 Therefore, if you love Hip Hop and appreciate all that Hip Hop has done for you so far, regardless of your artistic expression, take up your broom and mop and begin the clean up of YOUR CULTURE! If you are not the desperate part of our family prove it now by taking your Hip Hop life seriously; join in on the clean up! Your reward shall be greater than anything the World can ever offer!

39 This gospel is a strong disinfectant, which is poured onto our rags (clothing fashions), our brooms (dances), our air fresheners (microphones), our mops (markers and spray cans), our scrub brushes (turntables), and our buckets (culture). While cleaning, we make our own music with our own bodies. It doesn't matter what you may rap about; now is your chance to become a serious participant in the preservation of the Hip Hop arts and sciences.

40 In Hip Hop and within Hip Hop's real history we have NEVER been the desperate and impoverished part of our family; we were and still are the faithful, the humble, the loyal, and most of all the grateful. And this is what begins the *seeing* of the vision that GOD has for Hip Hop.

41 It is first our appreciation for GOD and for what GOD has done for us with Hip Hop that leads the grateful to start asking some real questions regarding not Hip Hop, but the Love that sent Hip Hop to us. For we can never posture like we are somehow better or more holy than others when GOD's actual grace is upon us now! We are humbled by GOD's obvious mercy.

42 It is first our respect for GOD and our acknowledgement that something was given to us that we did not work for nor even deserve that leads us to explore the spiritual meaning and purpose of Hip Hop. It is our acknowledgement of the *force* that has saved us that reveals to us the plan and purpose such a *force* has for us.

43 Something happened to us over a 30-year period that resulted in our complete transformation and restoration. Hip Hop baffles the World today. Those who knew that we were trapped because of the traps they set for us were amazed and baffled not only when we didn't die, but when we rose up and took everything our oppressors of the 20th century had—including their children.

44 We (Hip Hop) belong to no political, religious, financial or educational institution or group in the World. Yet, each of these institutions have used Hip Hop in their own desperateness to attract new followers to their causes.

45 For a culture with no central home base, no financial backing, no religious affiliation, no political organization, not even a race or an ethnicity that it can call its own; this culture Hip Hop created out of the historical activities of America's inner cities has risen up and has completely established itself in the minds of youth everywhere and has completely side-stepped the entire World system and ways of achieving success and stability in the World. Such a culture is indeed beyond this World and its power structure. Such a culture reveals the activity of GOD—the Love that rescued us.

[46] This is the beginning of the Hip Hop spiritual life. Not a lot of bells and whistles, not a lot of claims to divinity, just simply living a life that shows appreciation for the *force* that rescued us. It's about living a life of gratitude which is expressed by asking the Great Rescuer, *for what purpose did you save me, and how may I serve your interests, which are clearly in harmony with my own?* Such a question is asked not in words, but in deeds.

[47] The way in which you live is what actually shows GOD your level of appreciation for all that has been gracefully given to you. Appreciation for GOD's Grace is shown in how you treat others. Such an appreciation causes righteousness, the opposite causes judgment. This gospel is not about the critique of other religions. This gospel is not about Moses, Abraham, King Solomon, King David or Jesus. This is not about Krishna, the Buddha, or the prophet Muhammad. This is not about Earth worship, or even Satanism, or Paganism. This is not even about atheism or some other philosophy. *To each their own*; we seriously respect them all and even see ourselves within all of these faiths and philosophies—ALL OF THEM!

[48] However, I must say here that the only consistent minister/prophet Hip Hop has ever heard advocating its divine existence and authority is the Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan who has repeatedly warned us and asked us, *Who are you? You are the bearers of either light or darkness. If you continue to make your people think that the way we act is right, you are an emissary of darkness; you are not a bearer of light. It's one thing to talk about the condition out of which we live and say 'we keeping it real.' But hell, is that the way you wanna continue to live, and keep the reality of what the slave master and his children have placed our people in? Is that the reality that you want? Or do you want something better for yourself and better for your people? Well, how will you get something better if you don't raise their consciousness to aspire for something better? That's our job. The artist is the most important person! YOU ARE THE TEACHAS! The people listen to you, they don't listen to their preachers! Preacher's day is done!*

[49] What we are dealing with here is a NEW COVENANT, a new vision, the birth of a NEW PEOPLE. What we are dealing with here is the rediscovery of our ancient birthright, our original culture which is our true religion. We have no time or authority to critique and judge the covenants GOD has made with others. We are concerned with how GOD is dealing with us today.

[50] If we can acknowledge the fact that Hip Hop came to us as a saving force, we are then encouraged to ask, *For what purpose were we saved?* Why did Hip Hop happen? Not how did Hip Hop happen, but why did Hip Hop happen. Yeah, Hip Hop has made a lot of people wealthy, including myself, but the real question for a grateful and highly appreciative Hiphoppa is "WHY?" Why is Hip Hop Hip Hop? What is its real purpose?

[51] These questions reach far beyond getting a little money. These questions lead to salvation and peace. For if we have evidence of an unseen *force* operating amongst us (and we do), such evidence should lead us to ask more questions regarding such a *force* that seems to love us very much. What kind of *force* is it? Is it GOD or is it our own egos? How can we know?

[52] Well first, if we can acknowledge that GOD—the great unified field of infinite possibilities—is one Great Event, and we, Hip Hop, are not separate from the oneness of such an Event, then Hip Hop too is an idea of GOD. And because we exist in the mind of GOD, we too belong to GOD and are heirs to a certain unique divinity unmatched by any other in our time. We can even see historically how other cultures have described the God-force that saved them from certain death as a voice, an inner-*urging*, a *Word* that instructed them and guided them to victory.

[53] Such an *urging* is accompanied by seeming coincidences, miracles and natural events that line up with the intent of that *urging*. It is not words that GOD speaks, it is life, and the Voice of Life is

Love—this is GOD's Word, and this is what saved us! *Public Enemy heard a Word. KRS ONE heard a Word. Big Daddy Kane heard a Word. Professor Griff heard a Word. So when they heard the Word, the Word inspired new thought. Yeah, pain, but then they started rappin'. There was no beat to it then, it was just spittin' out lyrics, but the lyrics were powerful! And the lyrics were not popular in those circles that produced us. So they were producing themselves! They were distributing themselves, and becoming rich! And so those who always watch us for trends* [would ask], *what's the new trend among them? Ooooh, it's called 'Rap,' bring some of it, let me hear it. When they took that in the room, they said we can't…, (gasp) uh, why, the 'negras' are listening to this? Why if they keep listening to this our police won't have work to do! They* [Hip Hop] *gonna start building something.* (Minister Louis Farrakhan, 2007)

54 When I was wandering around Brooklyn and Manhattan without a house or a home it was this *Word* that guided me. It was this *Word* that showed me where to sleep, how to eat, and when to study. This is how I became The Teacha; I heard the Voice of GOD and followed it.

55 It was this *voice* that led me to leave home at 16 years of age and drop out of high school to pursue Hip Hop. It was this *voice* that taught me things that I had never read or heard before only to substantiate such knowing later in life.

56 It was this *voice* that recited to me the poetry that I recite to others. It was this *voice* that instructed me in battle. It was this *voice* that inspired the Stop The Violence Movement (1989), and Human Education Against Lies (1991), and the Temple of Hip Hop (1996), and this gospel for Hip Hop (2009).

57 It was this *voice* that first called me "teacha" and instructed me on how to inspire both elementary and college students without ever having attended college myself. It was this *voice* that told me what to say at Yale University, at Harvard University and at Oxford University in London. In fact, it was the instruction of GOD's voice, GOD's urging, that guided me though all of the colleges and universities I've taught at even though I didn't even hold a junior high school diploma.

58 It was this *voice* that taught me how to teach. It was this *voice* that first called me "KRS ONE," and I've repeated it ever since. Obedience to this *voice* is indeed the source of my intellectual strength and artistic longevity. ALL PRAISE, GLORY AND WORSHIP BE TO GOD—the Love that has lifted us up. This is exactly why this gospel is before you now; it is because that same *still small voice* that has guided KRS thus far is guiding you now. This is real! And if you are indeed Hip Hop *you <u>must</u> learn* that there is a divine blessing and grace upon your life that you cannot afford to continue ignoring, and this is what the Gospel of Hip Hop is all about.

59 This training is all about getting you to recognize your spiritual reality and begin living your life outside of the fear and worry caused by excessive material want. This gospel acknowledges Hip Hop as an idea of Divine Mind and reunites the Hiphoppa with the existence of such a Mind. This is how I became KRS ONE. Others may have entered the Rap music industry in other ways, or may have been hooked up by *this one* or *that one*. But as for KRS ONE, it was (and still is) the mystical life and its real effects that got me started as an emcee/rapper, and this awareness is what I teach to all serious apprentices.

60 For I am not who I am today just because I can rap. Study KRS's history closely. If my life is not a living example of what I teach, then you have no reason to believe anything that I am saying here. But if my life is evidence of my claims then why deny your own blessing and the gospel that speaks directly to YOU for YOUR salvation. I am who I am so that you may clearly see who you are.

61 But the question we are dealing with here is *how do we know if it was GOD that has rescued us?* The quick answer is because I just told you so, and if you join with me in faith you too can become

heir to this New Covenant. But a longer answer explores what others have experienced in history regarding the saving Grace of the one GOD.

62 One thing we know for sure is that when GOD raises up a *people* it has historically been the most downtrodden, impoverished, powerless group of people that GOD chooses to restore and raise up. And part of the reason for this historically has been that GOD chooses the most powerless people to raise up, the most ignorant to educate, the most unorganized to order so that they and the World may know once again that GOD IS GOD! And nothing in the World is above the power of GOD.

63 It doesn't matter what the World is doing or what the World has, when GOD decides to move, no force on or in the earth can stop such a movement. Historically, over the past 36 years, Hip Hop has been such a movement in the United States. *And now this people, who were once destroyed, have found favor with GOD, as he has always favored the enslaved, the oppressed, the downtrodden. And he has favored us, not just with a prophet, but with his presence. And out of us chose one to lead, teach, and guide us to the path of his divine favor. And with that presence, he's offering to us the scepter of rulership. That, that which was not becomes that which is. And that, that which was the bottom rail, he will bring it to the top. And that which was last, he would make it first. This is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes.* (Minister Louis Farrakhan, 2007)

64 The strength and power that Hip Hop has did not come from us, we received it, yet it was already within us when we received it—this is GOD. In addition, it is clear that Hip Hop operates within a certain moral immunity. There is clearly a grace over us and we must ask, for what reason are we being excused like this? For what reason do we have this grace? And for how long?

65 Know this. Grace is a kind of mercy. It implies that you are undeserving of the mercy you are receiving. That for the activity of your selfish, inconsiderate needs you should have been dead, injured or imprisoned. But GOD's Grace comes and rescues you from the judgment that you truly deserve. Some people realize the Grace of GOD over their lives and they humble themselves in thanksgiving and praise for the Love they didn't deserve. Others walk blindly.

66 Now when you realize that in GOD's eye all of us are basically animals grunting and groaning before GOD, and that our attempts at righteousness can never match GOD's, you realize that you are under GOD's Grace, that you are being protected from your own ignorance and excused of your own immaturity RIGHT NOW! Others are being killed, injured and/or incarcerated for what you are doing every day.

67 But when you get truthful with yourself and you look at the amount of illegal, unhealthy and stupid things you are doing and saying yet you are never really caught by the system, you are never really sick, and danger always seems to escape you, you realize that it is GOD's Grace that is protecting you. Not your intellect, not your knowledge, not your reputation, not your respect, not your money, not even your faith has protected you from the effects of your own immaturity; IT WAS GOD!

68 When you realize this for real, you also realize that something bigger than you, something stronger than you, something smarter, faster and calmer than you is trying to communicate with you. When you can actually recognize the grace on your life you seek not more of the grace, but more of the grace-giver. If you actually care, you will want to know why such a gift is being given to you?

69 The first obvious reason is love. GOD cares about us. The second obvious reason is understanding. GOD understands us more than we understand ourselves. We belong to GOD. And finally, there's a plan, a purpose, a work that needs to be done. The blessing in all of this is that for some reason GOD believes we can get the work done. Or in this case, GOD seems to believe that Hip Hop can get the work done.

70 Now when you look at this closely, you see that GOD's Grace is also GOD's faith in the belief that we (Hip Hop) are worthy of grace; that we will get the work done. For when GOD gives a people grace it is because of the work they've been called to do, it is because of a purpose that will be fulfilled. We are being excused of our wickedness and immaturity right now because we are obviously victorious in our future. GOD can see that, and we are encouraged to see that also.

71 But such grace is not a free pass for continued ignorance. Don't get it twisted; if you are not fulfilling the vision GOD has place upon your life, suddenly and without warning your grace can disappear. Grace is only provided for you to catch up to the vision GOD has for you. If you are not perfecting yourself and moving toward the vision GOD has shown you, grace will not save you from your own stagnation and ungratefulness.

72 GOD's vision for Hip Hop is also GOD's promise to Hip Hop. But GOD's people are called long before they even know that they have been called, this is where grace comes in. Grace gives you a chance to catch up to GOD's already in-progress plan and vision.

73 Know this. GOD calls us things before we actually become them. GOD's vision for us is not a far-off dream, it is an actual promise as to what GOD has in store for us. However, if you don't rise to the promise you don't get it. It is not that the promise will not happen, it is more that you just won't be part of it.

74 The Hip Hop spiritual life acknowledges GOD's already in-progress grace and inspires the Hiphoppa to walk worthy of that already received grace. The Hip Hop spiritual life acknowledges the standards, practices and principles of the grace-giver. We respect the promise and the promiser. For it is our respect for the promiser that motivates us to rise to the level of the promise.

75 Just imagine, if someone promised you something, you would have to respect the promiser in order to receive the promise. You have to believe that the one promising is actually capable of delivering such a promise. If you don't believe or respect the promiser, even if the promiser can deliver the promise, you will never achieve it simply because you don't respect nor believe the promiser.

76 A promise is like a two-way street; both the giver and the receiver have to cooperate for a promise to be fulfilled, especially a promise that is like a received gift. If you don't join in on the faith of the promiser, it is you who walks away from your own gift. In this case, the promiser is GOD and Hip Hop is the receiver of the promise/gift.

77 All those who join in on this faith, join in on a new covenant complete with health, love, awareness and wealth; a covenant that provides peace and prosperity to all who claim Hip Hop as their culture and lifestyle. This is real.

78 GOD has already made us a holy nation, the challenge for us now is to rise to the character of GOD's Vision of us before this season of grace runs out. And the key word here is "vision." Vision gives us direction, purpose and restraint. When you have a vision to achieve and you are seriously committed to it, the World's temptations don't affect you.

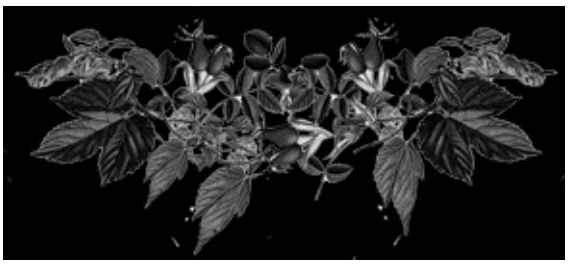
79 When you have a vision to achieve and you are achieving it, you are in harmony with not only GOD's Vision, you are in harmony with GOD's Law. In such a condition grace is unnecessary; it is the living Law of GOD that protects and guides you now. Grace is always needed in some form or another, but at this level of awareness you are no longer unaware, or immature, or ignorant so grace is not really necessary for you.

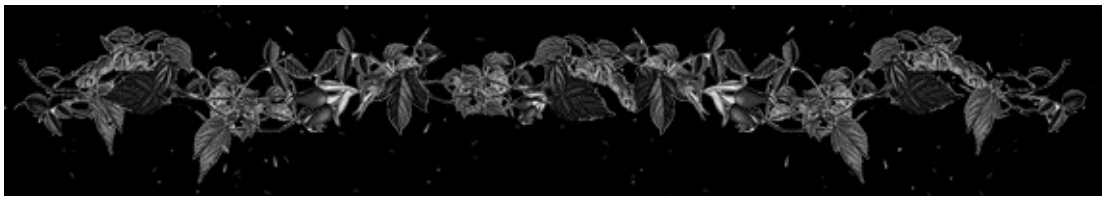
80 Grace is for those who unknowingly break spiritual laws because of immaturity or ignorance. However, when the Hiphoppa atones for past ignorance and attunes herself to the vision GOD has

promised her nation, that Hiphoppa becomes GOD's Vision and thus GOD's Law; fulfilling the promise and thus saving herself and her whole World from destruction. This is the *good news* for Hip Hop. This is the gospel.

81 The Gospel of Hip Hop comes to Hip Hop at this time because our grace period is running out again. This word keeps GOD's judgment at bay and gives us time to catch up to GOD's Vision for Hip Hop. This is not about possessions, this is about *position*. This is about getting into position to receive the Promise of GOD.

82 Therefore, the time has come to make a final decision regarding how deeply involved you shall explore your Hip Hop reality. Is Hip Hop still just a side thing to you, or is it really your birthright and heritage? There it is.





THE LOVE

1 Before and beyond the collective history of our recording contracts, platinum sales awards and tour dates, we have been the direct recipients of a saving force, a spiritual form of intelligence which can only be described as *Love*.

2 But how soon did we forget who fed us when we were hungry, who taught us when we were ignorant, who clothed us when we were naked, who sheltered us when we were houseless? We were quick to pray for what we wanted in our time of need, but after we were out of the danger or satisfied in some way we forgot that we've just prayed to "something" that actually responded.

3 The question is, how serious are you about GOD? Many people believe in GOD but only a tiny few actually appreciate GOD and show it with a life dedicated to union with GOD. How soon did we forget how helpless and vulnerable we were before the threats of our enemies were miraculously dealt with? How can we forget? Such forgetfulness is almost always reminded by a return to hunger and powerlessness.

4 Miracles happen every day, all day. But most people don't expect them so they don't see them, or experience them. Strange, kooky-type events go on all the time and people simply disregard them as coincidences or they ignore them altogether, then they criticize their own spiritual experiences as not real, childish and/or naïve.

5 Most people cannot deal with the possible fact that what they are seeing is not all of what they are getting. That there is a deeper, faster, stronger reality that can actually override the mechanics of their known physical universe and its laws. That things might not actually be the way we think they are.

6 For most people such a revelation is indeed scary and not even to be discussed. But for a select few, such a revelation is inspiring and encourages such people to learn more, seek more and live more!

7 This is what the Gospel of Hip Hop is all about. It is about the restoration and further development of one's love for Hip Hop because it is through Love that we learn of the deeper lessons regarding the nature of GOD.

8 The Gospel of Hip Hop points the way to a spiritually lived Hip Hop life—however, Love is the code that tells the universe that you can be trusted with information that must be lived in order to be learned. Know this. The universe thinks and responds to your thinking, and this is the essence of what Hip Hop is for us; it is our relationship with divinity. Hip Hop is what we are doing with our portion of GOD.

9 When we are performing the role of a pimp, a hustler, drug dealer, stick-up kid, whore, murderer, etc., this is what we are doing with our portion of GOD—the Love that has rescued us from self-destruction. When we are performing the role of teacha, minister, parent, volunteer, emcee, etc., this is also what we are doing with our portion of GOD—the Love that inspires us to self-create.

10 For if Hip Hop was created explicitly for self-destruction then self-destruction would be fine and we would thrive upon such a condition. But Hip Hop was not created to self-destruct, it was created to self-create—"*Hip Hop, ya don't stop!*" And this is how we know that its inspiration was of GOD; Hip Hop came from within us, yet we still had to learn it. In our early days, we felt the fullness of it but still had to develop artistic techniques to express it in Nature. Hip Hop came to us, from within us.

11 Hip Hop is the name of the Love that rescued us from oppression. It (Hip Hop) is the term

given to the inner force that inspires us to self-create. This gospel is a tribute to the Love that has saved us and brought us together under the title of HIP HOP. And this is the message. LOVE IS THE MESSAGE! This is what we originally did our artistic elements for, we did it for the Love. That unspoken collective intelligence that is shared psychically by all who belong to the group.

12 Those who belong to the group feel the Love. Those who care for the group feel the Love. Those who seek love feel the Love, and it is this god that we serve. Without form, without name, without origin, the Love is that saving force in the World many civilizations have written about and have called “GOD” for thousands of years.

13 We have observed now that Love is a divine activity, an intelligence unto itself that saves, rewards, inspires and teaches all who are part of its group. LOVE IS GOD! But Love seems to also be selective; it thinks and judges.

14 Many follow the tradition that “God is Love” and yes, such is the Truth. But when you really begin to live out this statement you find that it is more the fact that “Love is GOD.” “GOD” is a term that makes Love understandable to us. The term “GOD” is not anything unto itself, but what the term “GOD” describes is actually Love and the activities of Love.

15 Yes, for many people “God is Love,” but for us, Love has been our GOD. Love is what we have served, and it is Love that has saved us. “GOD” is not above Love. Love is GOD. Love is not from GOD, Love is the only god we have ever known.

16 The term “GOD” is not above the term Love because without Love the term “GOD” has no meaning and ceases to exist. For it is Love that defines GOD and empowers GOD to act. Love is the true god and to love is GOD.

17 For it is not GOD that governs and orders the universe, it is Love. And it is not GOD that destroys the universe, it is the illusory absence of Love. Therefore, let us return to our ancient understanding of GOD as an event of Great Love that operates as the universe itself. Let us return to our ancestral wisdom formed from the real experiences we have had with GOD—the Love that has enlightened us.

18 Before the kidnap, rape, theft, deception and murder of our ancestors and grandparents which forced upon us our modern-day view and perception of GOD, we worshipped the power of Love. We saw it, we felt it and we expressed it toward one another—even to those who would eventually enslave our parents.

19 Over many years some of us would track its patterns and repeated behaviors in an effort to communicate and be more in harmony with such a *being*. Of all the virtues available to humanity, Love is truly the god of them all.

20 This gospel for Hip Hop acknowledges the Love that set us aside in the World and has made us Hip Hop. This gospel acknowledges the grace bestowed upon Hip Hop and Hiphoppas, and urges the Hip Hop community to rise to the promise GOD has made to us.

21 And what is the promise GOD has made to us? The promise is that if we turn from our own ignorance and immaturity, and seek the face of GOD, we shall experience that ancient blessing that topples the most powerful nations and establishes the nation that has repented and has obeyed. The promise is that if we ever dare to rise to our divinity, GOD promises to meet us there. Our divinity begins with the proper understanding of love and what it means to forgive and care for one another.

22 With this understanding we learn that we can never really love GOD; we can only be Love (God) toward each other. We have observed now that the way to experience GOD is to experience true Love, and this is achieved not by receiving love, but by being Love itself.

[23] Such an approach to spiritual living begins one's understanding of Hip Hop's spiritual life. And again, this has nothing to do with the spiritual concepts and experiences of other cultures far older than ours. For we have realized now that your culture is your religion, and it is impossible for us (Hiphoppas) to have a relationship with GOD through a culture that is not inherently ours. OUR culture is OUR direct connection to GOD. Our cultural life is the actual path that we must take to arrive at the presence and power of GOD.

[24] Much respect to all who seek the face of GOD. However, this gospel reflects the actual notes taken over a 14-year period with over 40 years of living Hip Hop spiritually. Others may have discovered other truths, but this gospel documents the spiritual truths we as a Hip Hop community have discovered at the birth of our civilization. These are the principles WE must never forget.

[25] This is what it means for us to be and remain free, to take responsibility for ourselves, to be able to chart our own path toward the divine and make our own humble observations regarding spiritual, cultural and political matters. Are we not free-thinking adults? Does GOD not speak to us as well? Well, let us begin acting as such, beginning with the documentation of what we have seen, heard and felt regarding the activity of GOD for ourselves.

[26] Let us as scholars and Hip Hop citizens acknowledge the presence of the Love that has saved us. With this gospel let us proclaim our reconnection and trust for the Love that has guided us thus far. We respect the experiences older civilizations have had with GOD, but now it is time we experience GOD for ourselves. We no longer need an interpreter, OUR CULTURE IS OUR RELIGION AND OUR RELIGION IS OUR CULTURE!

[27] Such a life is not for everyone though. Hip Hop is alive, it is a thinking faculty of the universe itself and it chooses who it shall reveal its secrets to. Those of us who have committed ourselves to observing the divine activities of Love in human affairs have observed that the force that brought Hip Hop into existence planned, protected and nurtured us long before we knew we were being developed into Hip Hop. Hip Hop started for us before we were aware of it.

[28] Our observations show that Divine Love was the first act that got Hip Hop started. Something cared about us. Something cared about our group. Long before we knew what we would become, a loving-caring force was at work guiding our steps and molding our collective character to become Hip Hop today, and we acknowledge the existence of this guiding force. It is to this force that we owe our existence. ALL PRAISE, GLORY AND WORSHIP BE TO GOD—the Love that has made us Hip Hop!

[29] For us, it is Love that produces the intentions of our minds and we live and perceive our reality in GOD—the Love that fights for us. And because nothing exists outside of Love, including Hip Hop, we accept our divinity as Hiphoppas (as GOD's intention).

[30] For we now know for sure that we belong to GOD knowing that Hip Hop itself has its source in Eternal Being along with everything else in the known and unknown universe. Know this. Hip Hop exists for divine reasons and we have come into material existence as part of the divine order of the universe. We (Hip Hop) are not a mistake; we are a manifestation of Divine Love.

[31] We are NOT here to just sing and dance! WE ARE PART OF THE DIVINE ORDER OF THINGS! Hip Hop is a product of human genius clearly inspired by Divine Mind. Therefore, our first work as a young nation is to take the source of our *being* more seriously, and this is what the Temple of Hip Hop is all about. Here, we approach the *being* of Hiphop seriously.

[32] Announced in 1996, *The Temple of Hip Hop was formed to work in 3 phases. (1) As an organization that protects, preserves and promotes Hip Hop Kulture. (2) To open a cultural learning*

center and facility for Hip Hop Kulture, featuring a museum exhibiting artifacts of Hip Hop Kulture. (3) To build a school recognizing and teaching Hip Hop as the consciousness of our common culture, and (4) to create an authentic collaborative history for the culture. (Men of Hip Hop calendar series, 1998)

33 In short, the Temple of Hip Hop is a Hip Hop preservation society and ministry established to ensure the longevity and further development of traditional Hip Hop in the World. Our society is made up of exceptional Hiphoppas who are united in the cause for Hip Hop's cultural, political and spiritual expansion.

34 However again, the Temple of Hip Hop as well as the Gospel of Hip Hop are not intended for all people, even those who are participating in Hip Hop's culture and elements. Both the Temple of Hip Hop and its gospel attract those Hiphoppas who intuitively feel what is already presented in this *first instrument* and only need to be reminded of such Truth in a culturally relevant way. For many, this gospel will be more of a confirmation than an education.

35 Nothing that is taught here is actually new. However, the <u>way</u> in which it is taught is indeed new. Truth is Truth no matter where it comes from. It is only in the way that such Truth is presented that gives the impression that what is being taught is somehow new or original.

36 Much of what is taught here is ancient and timeless, and you will be able to find many of our principles in a variety of spiritual circles. But the reason for this gospel is that no one in my time seems to be speaking directly to the Hip Hop community regarding its spiritual, cultural and political development, and part of the reason for this I suspect is that no one can do this work for us—this work we must do for and by ourselves.

37 This is that part of our journey where we must "go it alone," blazing our own path toward union with the divine. Know this. Revolution only works for those who participate in it. Tradition reveals its secrets and its powers only to those who are committed to the tradition.

38 GOD speaks to those who speak to GOD. GOD listens to those who listen to GOD. The Hip Hop life that we live can only really be experienced by true Hiphoppas committed to living Hip Hop spiritually. Others can read this gospel, watch instructional Hip Hop DVDs, even watch us, imitating the effects of OUR real Hip Hop lives, but ultimately if you have not committed your entire being to the spiritual exploration of Hip Hop it will be a long time before you begin to experience the awareness of a spiritually lived Hip Hop life. And this goes for anything, really.

39 Even further, those who choose not to develop themselves or the *craft* which feeds them and their children become subject to the agendas of those who have. And on a more personal note, if the people around you are not participants in the revolution you have embarked upon they will not be able to comprehend your ways or take part in the fruits of your success; they have not traveled your path, therefore they will not have (know) your experience or perception.

40 You can help them, you can give to them, you can assist them, you can teach them, you can love them, you can feed them and you can advise them, but you cannot share your space and time with those who have not traveled your path or have not gained your experience.

41 You cannot trust those who haven't traveled your path with the commitments your path requires. Your path is for you! Your blessings are for you! Your talents are uniquely yours. Yes, you are special. Everything else can be shared except the actual living of your own life experiences, these are authentically yours. You should keep a journal; such is your personal gospel.

42 The Love in your heart will want to unite with those who suffer and are in need. But please remember that everyone is <u>where</u> they are because of <u>who</u> they are. To truly save a person from their

own illusions and hardships it is not you that must unite with them, it is they who must unite with you! You uniting with the ignorant and the immature will only lead to your own suffering.

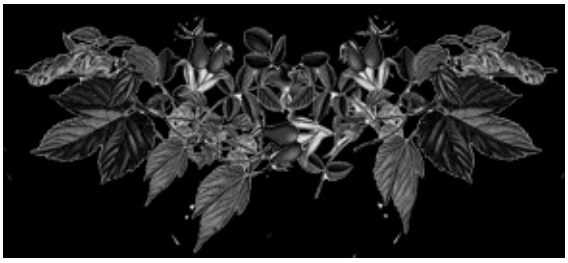
43 Your natural humility and care for others will direct you to suffer with those who surround you because without you they would be lost! You know it and they know it but they front like “you ain’t special” and you agree, *I ain’t special, I’m not above anyone, what I do anyone can do if they put their minds to it.*

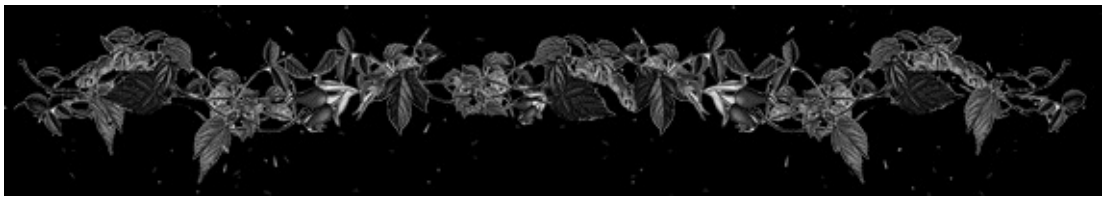
44 All of this is simply not true. Because of the life-path that you have chosen and mastered you ARE actually *special.* Yes, you ARE respectfully above everyone else who has not mastered even their own life-path and purpose. And no, everyone cannot do what you do or even what you have done. Realize your uniqueness right now and let no one degrade you or lead you to doubt yourself with the experiences of their lives.

45 Yes, you are special! YOU ARE HIP HOP! Your only challenge is your own belief in the existence of your own Hip Hop reality. Repent now, your victory is closer to you than your hands!

46 Prophet Farrakhan has already said to us, *YOU ARE NOT CONSCIOUS OF HOW POWERFUL GOD HAS MADE YOU; IN THE WRONG DIRECTION! BUT IF YOU TURN IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION YOU WILL SPARK REVOLUTION ALL OVER THE WORLD! But it’s not a revolution of bloodshed.*

47 The prophet continued, *I can’t be like Jonah anymore and neither can you; hiding from your mission, running away from what your real assignment is! So the fish is swallowing you up. But when that boy learned to pray, he was spit up on dry land and he said ‘I surrender GOD; I’ve been fightin’ you, but I know it’s time.’ I hope that you will say I surrender GOD I know it’s time, that I can do better than what I’m doing. Money is not more important than the rise of a suffering people into the fulfillment of the promise of GOD. Nothing is more important than your people becoming truly free.* There it is.





THE PROMISED LAND

1 Peace and much love to all generations of Hip Hop—past, present and future. Hip Hop is our *Word*, and this *Word* is the Truth of our *being*. From this *Word* all of our words come. For it is our words that are the Truth of our thoughts and intentions. Words are the fragrance of our being.

2 Know this. Words are Truth's physical image, and we are made into the image of the words that we think and intend. WE ARE NOT JUST DOING HIP HOP; WE ARE HIP HOP! We are that word, and the abilities we give that word are the abilities we give to ourselves and to our children forever. Our word is our name, our name is our nature, and our nature is our specialized ability in physical reality.

3 Hip Hop is clearly a divine response to our particular suffering in the World, and it has been the study of this "response" that has revealed to us the nature of GOD—*the Love* we serve.

4 Hip Hop has clearly given us all purpose. Hip Hop has even made many of us rich, famous and influential. However, no one person can ever take full credit for the creation and artistic development of Hip Hop itself—it just happened! Yes, Kool DJ Herc, Afrika Bambaataa, Grandmaster Flash, Crazy Legs and others are indeed the architects of Hip Hop, and can even be called "fathers." But there were simply too many unseen, supernatural forces that assisted in Hip Hop's birth and development for any one person to claim exclusive credit for the creation of Hip Hop.

5 Even Kool DJ Herc, Afrika Bambaataa, Grandmaster Flash, Crazy Legs, Phase II and others were all unaware that what they were doing in the 1970s would eventually become Hip Hop in the 1980s. In fact, these great icons of the Hip Hop arts and sciences were more created by Hip Hop, than Hip Hop was created by them. We actually discovered Hip Hop as we participated in it.

6 In the early days of our development, Hip Hop first appeared as a saving force; a form of recreation, a neighborhood pastime. It wasn't about making money initially; it was more about expressing what you would do when you acquired money. Hip Hop was what we did because we had limited resources and little money for anything else.

7 Know this. It was the lack of money and other resources that caused Hip Hop to exist. Hip Hop existed outside of the mainstream and its validations. Hip Hop was what WE did independent of the World's value systems. Hip Hop was (and still is) our only salvation. Hip Hop is what saved us—nothing else!

8 For it is known by all the sages and learned spiritual teachers of all the ages that GOD responds to suffering. That when all human strength is exhausted and all Worldly avenues of success have been closed, it is at that precise moment that GOD appears and we are saved again!

9 THE EXISTENCE OF HIP HOP IS EVIDENCE FOR THE EXISTENCE OF GOD AND GOD'S LOVE AND CONCERN FOR HIPHOPPAS. Hip Hop itself is a miracle! A divine solution! No human hand can ever take full credit for the true birth and development of Hip Hop. HIP HOP IS GOD'S DIVINE ACTIVITY EXISTING AMONGST US TODAY. For it was GOD that made us Hiphoppas, and this is the good news!

10 It was GOD that inspired Kool DJ Herc. It was GOD that inspired Afrika Bambaataa. It was GOD that inspired Crazy Legs. It was GOD that inspired Phase II, Taki 183, and Cornbread. It was GOD that inspired Grandmaster Flash, GrandWizzard Theodore as well as the Furious Five. It was GOD that inspired Run-DMC and Jam Master Jay.

11 It was GOD that inspired LL Cool J, Doug E. Fresh, Salt-N-Pepa, MC Lyte, Public Enemy, Poor Righteous Teachers, Niggaz With Attitude, MC Hammer, and so on, and so on, and so on. And this is

the good news; through Hip Hop GOD HAS OPENED TO US A NEW WAY TOWARD UNION WITH THE DIVINE!

12 The *good news* is that GOD IS REAL! And this is our faith (experience). For us, the existence of Hip Hop proves the existence of GOD's presence within us, around us and for us. Yes, for us! GOD is with us! The spirit realm is all around us! GOD is actually present with us right now! GOD is at this very moment reading this gospel with us, to us, for us right now! Feel the presence! GOD actually likes you as Hip Hop; this is why you exist.

13 The existence of Hip Hop proves for all Hiphoppas that there is a divine intelligence looking out for us (or rather looking out <u>from</u> us). Something divine is concerned about Hip Hop, and this is the focus of our study. As Hip Hop scholars, we are seeking and tracking the patterns and nature of The Force that made us Hip Hop—and this is right for us.

14 As a community, we love GOD. Even though we may fall short of what GOD truly intends for us, still we yearn for the presence of GOD. We know that Rap music is only the early leaves of a very young Hip Hop fruit that we, in immaturity and ignorance, continue to eat before it has fully grown into the fruit-bearing tree that it was intended to become. We are so much more than the leaves that bud up first to catch the sunlight. We have so much more growing to do.

15 Hip Hop today is like the seed of a great fruit tree given to a poor and desperate people in an effort to save them from the effects of the terrorism their parents faced. But because of their own desperateness, fears and doubts caused by such terrorism, today they eat the seeds as opposed to planting the seeds to grow the tree.

16 Hip Hop is like a seed that, if planted in your heart and watered by your faith, will spring up in you like a mighty fruit tree that feeds you and everyone around you *all year 'round.* But in our own desperateness to eat something, anything, we eat the seeds of our own salvation, ultimately remaining hungry and unsatisfied, never truly attaining the harvest that the seed was meant to produce for us.

17 Another way of looking at this is to say that we are stuck eating eggs because we never nurtured the eggs long enough for them to become chickens. It is like we are eating raw food because we haven't yet learned to cook. In other words, when we plant the seed (Hip Hop) we never wait long enough for the seed to grow into the tree (peace and prosperity) that it was intended to become.

18 This is the actual state of Hip Hop today. We have been given the seeds to a great new civilization but the seeds themselves are so valuable in the World that we just sell the seeds and eat the seeds without ever thinking about planting the seeds or from whom such seeds come.

19 Many have become rich participating in Hip Hop's artistic elements, but they are only rich in their accumulation and consumption of seeds. They would be even richer if they would plant the seeds in their own minds and in the minds of those who need the seeds the most. But such is the state of a desperate and traumatized people; we may be outside of the prison walls but we are still lining up to eat.

20 This is why we as a people are not yet out of the dark in my time. Yes, we have been liberated, but we are not yet free. Yes, the chains are off of our feet, but we haven't yet begun to walk OUR path. Yes, the chains are off our hands, but we haven't begun to reach or grasp for those things necessary to OUR healing and growth. Yes, today the chains are even off of our minds, but we still have not begun to actually THINK FOR OURSELVES!

21 Yes, think for ourselves! We have the "Hip" (the awareness) of Hip Hop, but as a group we have yet to attain the actual "Hop" (the movement) of Hip Hop. We think like Hiphoppas, but we do not yet move like Hiphoppas. We are aware of ourselves as a specific social group, but we are simply not

moving collectively as the group we perceive ourselves as. This is why the Temple of Hip Hop exists.

[22] Such a movement requires mass motivation caused by mass inspiration. This type of inspiration is deliberately caused by those who are the caretakers of the culture they seek to expand; they are the physical embodiment of what they teach. Others can perform the artistic elements of Hip Hop; this is good and highly respected. But if those same performers have no clear idea as to why they perform, then longevity, even as a performer, is out of their reach.

[23] Hip Hop is so young in my time that we haven't yet produced authentically committed, serious cultural caretakers, and again, this is why our temple for Hip Hop exists. Our temple is not a physical location, it is a society of Hip Hop culture-keepers who not only perform Hip Hop artistically, but also spiritually.

[24] Our goal as a learning institution is to produce some real Hip Hop scholars capable of not only studying and teaching Hip Hop, but also producing it. As Hip Hop's scholars, we are also Hip Hop's gardeners; we beautify and maintain the Hip Hop landscape, assisting GOD in the growing of our Hip Hop environment.

[25] For us, such an environment is the *land* promised to us by GOD if we would walk with GOD never forgetting that it is not Hip Hop that sustains us, it is GOD. Hip Hop is simply the name of our interaction with GOD. Hip Hop is the solution GOD sent to relieve our suffering. Hip Hop is the seed (solution) of a new vine (people).

[26] Those that walk this life path are shown the secrets and the mysteries to the fabric of life itself. The *good news* is that we have identified the Love we belong to, and as Hip Hop scholars we are encouraged to seek and document the nature and pattern of this Love which continues to guide us, protect us and teach us.

[27] As Hip Hop scholars, our study of the Love begins at August 28, 1963 when our King—the true king, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.—stood before the World in Washington, D.C. and stated…

[28] *I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of <u>our nation</u>.*

[29] *Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.*

[30] *But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free; one hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination; <u>one hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity</u>; one hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself in <u>exile in his own land</u>.*

[31] *So we've come here today to dramatize a shameful condition. In a sense we've come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. <u>This note was the promise that all men, yes, Black men as well as White men, would be guaranteed the unalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness</u>.*

[32] *It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note in so far as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check; a check which has come back marked 'insufficient funds.'*

[33] *We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this*

nation. And so we've come to cash this check, a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice.

34 *We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now! This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism.*

35 *Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy; now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice; now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood; now is the time to make justice a reality for all GOD's children.*

36 *It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality.*

37 *Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. And those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content, will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual.*

38 *There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.*

39 *But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds.*

40 *Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline.*

41 *We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force.*

42 *The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all White people, for many of our White brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny and they have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom.*

43 *This offense we share mounted to storm the battlements of injustice must be carried forth by a biracial army. We cannot walk alone.*

44 *And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?"*

45 *We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality.*

46 *We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highway and the hotels of the cities.*

47 *We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one.*

48 *We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating 'for whites only.'*

49 *We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote.*

50 *No, we are not satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteous like a mighty stream.*

51 *I am not unmindful that some of you come here out of excessive trails and tribulation. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality.*

52 *You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.*

53 At this point our King was overcome by GOD's spirit and turned away from his prepared speech and began free-styling from his heart. As author Drew D. Hansen points out in his book *The Dream: Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Speech that Inspired a Nation,* Dr. King was supposed to end his speech with: *And so today, let us go back to our communities as members of the international association for the advancement of creative dissatisfaction. Let us go back and work with all the strength we can muster to get strong civil rights legislation in this session of congress. Let us go down from this place to ascend other peaks of purpose. Let us descend from this mountaintop to climb other hills of hope.* But he did not say this part of his written speech publicly.

54 As Mr. Hansen points out, prophetess/gospel singer Mahalia Jackson urged him on, saying, *Tell us about the dream, Martin!* And the King began speaking from his heart, unscripted and unrehearsed.

55 *Go back to Mississippi; go back to Alabama; go back to South Carolina; go back to Georgia; go back to Louisiana; go back to the slums and ghettos of northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can, and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair.*

56 The prophetess called out to him again saying, *Tell them about the dream, Martin!* And the King continued.

57 *So I say to you, my friends, that even though we must face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream that one day this nation shall rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed—we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.*

58 *I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, sons of former slaves and sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.*

59 *I have a dream that one day, even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.*

60 *I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today!*

61 *I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with it vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification, that one day, right there in Alabama, little Black boys and Black girls will be able to join hands with little White boys and White girls as sisters and brothers. I have a dream today!*

62 *I have a dream that every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places shall be made plain, and the crooked places shall be made straight and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together.*

63 *This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood.*

64 The King then returned to his written speech, *With this faith we will be able to work together, to*

pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

65 But the cheering crowd and the overwhelming spirit of GOD led our King away from his prepared text again and back to his freestyle. The King continued.

66 *This will be the day when all of GOD's children will be able to sing with new meaning—'My country `tis of thee; sweet land of liberty; of thee I sing; land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride; from every mountain side, let freedom ring'—and if America is to be a great nation, this must become true.*

67 *So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire.*

68 *Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York.*

69 *Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.*

70 *Let freedom ring from the snow capped Rockies of Colorado.*

71 *Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California.*

72 *But not only that. Let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia.*

73 *Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee.*

74 *Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi, from every mountainside, let freedom ring.*

75 *And when we allow freedom to ring, when we let it ring from every village and hamlet, from every state and city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of GOD's children—Black men and White men, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants—will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, 'FREE AT LAST! FREE AT LAST! THANK GOD ALMIGHTY! WE ARE FREE AT LAST!'*

76 And with this decree, our nation was born! Our King, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., in the midst of war, injustice and poverty, saw the coming of a new raceless, classless, unified nation built upon the timeless principles of freedom, justice and equality. He saw the beginnings of what we now call "Hip Hop."

77 Our King spoke us into existence. He spoke to and for the generation of his immediate children; those born between the years 1960 and 1970. This generation is the group that would eventually produce Hip Hop.

78 When our King said, *I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character,* most people assumed that the only nation our King could have been talking about was the United States of America. That one day IT would live up to ITS creed of "all men" being "created equal" with the "unalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

79 Indeed our King was talking about America as a nation, but it is clear that he was NOT talking about the America that he was protesting against at the time. He saw a radically different America than even the one that exists today! However, the King's vision of true racial unity and equal citizenship under the law never fully materialized for the people of the United States.

80 Most Americans at the time felt that the King's *"I Have A Dream"* decree was simply a powerfully moving speech. However, the King's *"Dream"* in the realm of prophesy, prediction and instruction was not just (as the average American mind remembers it) protest words for his time. On the contrary, our King was not even speaking for his time; he was speaking for OUR TIME! He said, *Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning.*

[81] Most of what the King said in that famous decree was said in future tense: *<u>One day</u> right there in Alabama, little Black boys and Black girls <u>will be</u> able to join hands with little White boys and White girls as sisters and brothers.*

[82] Most people, because of their own prejudices, refer to the phrase "…as brothers and sisters" figuratively and symbolically. They doubt that "little Black boys and girls" and "little White boys and girls" can actually be real brothers and sisters. And they doubt this because for Black children and White children to become real blood brothers and sisters this would mean the creation of a new race, a new sect of people, a new culture, a new nation.

[83] As prophesy, the King's *I Have A Dream* decree calls a new people and nation into existence. And because he was speaking to the future of those youths (us) born between 1960 and 1970 (Generation X) who became the pioneers of modern Hip Hop and instinctively created the alternative multicultural, multiracial, omni-faithed community that the King predicted, we have realized today that WE are the true citizens of the nation Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. dreamt about. HIP HOP IS THE PROMISED LAND!

[84] Nowhere else in the World is the King's *Dream* so accurately expressed as within Hip Hop. Nowhere else in the World is there an international culture that is truly home to all races, classes, ethnicities and religious beliefs without prejudice other than Hip Hop. Sure, individuals may practice such a vision, but as for the social structures and foundations of whole communities, none can match the inclusive nature of Hip Hop today—even the African American community itself has not risen to the character and vision of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

[85] Nowhere else in the World is a person truly judged by the "content of their character" as opposed to the "color of their skin" than within Hip Hop. Hip Hop even fulfills the King's economic strategies for lower income and poor people. HIP HOP IS THE PROMISED LAND.

[86] Our King said, *One day on red hills of Georgia, sons of former slaves and sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood*. Nowhere has this happened in the World culturally on a mainstream level except within the international community of Hip Hop. In fact, nowhere in the World could this type of unity happen because our King was specific to the historical relationship between Africans and Europeans in America.

[87] As pimped-out, thugged-out, materialistic and drugged-out as we may appear to be today, Hip Hop is still NOT a racist culture. Our existence as a Hip Hop community literally fulfills the prophecy of our King spiritually and historically. Hip Hop is the "freedom" spoken of by the King.

[88] Within our Hip Hop community a person gains money, power and respect through a display of high skill in one or more of Hip Hop's unique artistic elements. Here, you are truly judged by the "content of your character" (your attributes, your principles, your abilities, your reputation, who you associate with) not by your race or ethnic origin or financial status. Real Hip Hop is beyond all of that. HIP HOP IS THE PROMISED LAND!

[89] When we look closely at the King's *Dream* we see too many so-called coincidences and symbols that directly relate to Hip Hop and its real development in the World. Like Barack Obama becoming the 44th President of the United States approximately 40 years from the assassination of our King, where he predicted that "We as a people will get to the Promised Land!" This we cannot ignore, especially when organizations like the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) started approximately 100 years ago (1909–2009) after a race riot in Illinois.

[90] We refuse to passively accept the *Dream* of our King as just a dream. We can see ourselves within the King's *Dream* in real life. We can clearly see the King prophetically outlining the mystical

path of Hip Hop (*freedom*) in his *Dream* years before we began to actually travel such a path.

91 When we were very young the King stated; *So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire.*

92 *Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York.*

93 *Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.*

94 *Let freedom ring from the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado.*

95 *Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California.*

96 *But not only that. Let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia.*

97 *Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee.*

98 *Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi, from every mountainside, let freedom ring.*

99 Here we can see how the King has laid out the symbolic path that Hip Hop was to follow years later. First we have New Hampshire, which is located in the State of Vermont which is above New York State geographically.

100 If you look at any map of the United States, you will see Vermont in the upper northeastern region of the country. With this we can see the flow of Hip Hop's creative spirit starting from the northeastern region of the United States, moving downward toward New York. We can even track the spirit of Hip Hop as far north as Africville in Nova Scotia, Canada. Symbolically as well as literally, the spirit of Hip Hop comes from above, from on high, from mountainous regions.

101 We know today that modern Hip Hop got its artistic start on the east coast of the United States, and the east has always symbolized spiritual awakening, wisdom and light—even birth. But the north signifies the top, on-high, above; the realm where both curses and blessings come.

102 Hip Hop beginning in the northeastern region of the United States has huge spiritual, cultural and historical significance especially when it comes to Caribbean people, the history of the Maroons and the establishment of Africville in Nova Scotia, Canada. Our King saw Hip Hop symbolically coming from above (New Hampshire) in the 1960s. His very next line takes the creative spirit of Hip Hop into New York in the 1970s. The King stated; *Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York.*

103 New York is where Hip Hop began culturally in the 1970s. This is where Hip Hop got its artistic start. We can see the creative spirit of Hip Hop symbolically entering New York because we know in real life that this is what actually happened.

104 In fact, right after Hip Hop establishes itself in New York our King states; *Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.* And we know that the spirit of Hip Hop left New York and went into the City of Philadelphia in the State of Pennsylvania during the 1980s. Philadelphia was the very next place the spirit of Hip Hop went after its time in New York.

105 After Pennsylvania the spirit of Hip Hop went over to the west coast of the United States in the 1990s. Our King stated; *Let freedom ring from the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado.* And again, we can see the spirit of Hip Hop coming down from mountain regions into well-populated urban areas.

106 The *mountains* of Colorado, just like the *hilltops of New Hampshire* and the *mountains* of New York, are symbolic of high spiritual consciousness, peace, strength, knowledge, protection and salvation. Again, mountains have always symbolized the realm of GOD. It is from the *mountain top* that GOD delivers staggering victories and astounding Truths.

107 But our King accurately continues the prophetic journey of Hip Hop when he states in his very next line; *Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California.* And we know that after Hip Hop established itself on the East Coast of the United States it traveled directly over to the West Coast of the United States and settled in Los Angeles, California. In fact, this migration brought with it much resentment from artists on both coasts, who would battle each other for artistic and street supremacy during the 1990s.

108 Symbolically the *west* has always represented spiritual death and dying; it is where the *sun* (spiritual light) rests and darkness begins to take over. It is not the people of the *west* that symbolize death and dying, it is the symbolism of the sun setting in the *west* and darkness following that gives the *west* this ancient symbolism.

109 But as we know, in real life this is what actually happened. In Hip Hop's earlier days on the East Coast, Hip Hop produced both *gangstas* as well as revolutionaries, but the mainstream emphasis was placed upon its revolutionaries and overcoming the injustices of the United States. Hip Hop was conscious of itself in the 1980s on the East Coast of the United States.

110 However, when Hip Hop entered the *west* in the 1990s, its priorities and public image began to change. Hip Hop went from being socially conscious to being about everything the World offered materially. Even artists from the East Coast joined in on the seeming success of West Coast hip-hop.

111 And remember, Hip Hop on the West Coast of the United States produced some of the greatest Hip Hop revolutionaries of that time, but the mainstream emphasis of that time was placed upon Hip Hop's West Coast *gangstas* not Hip Hop's East or West Coast revolutionaries.

112 But our King saw even further when he stated in his very next line, *but not only that. Let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia.* And we know that when Hip Hop left California in the 2000s it went to the south of the United States. In fact, as our King predicted, Hip Hop went into Georgia; into Atlanta, Georgia, where the King was born. And we can see here the reference to the *mountain* again.

113 Our King stated; *Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee,* which again is just above Atlanta, geographically symbolizing the need for Hip Hop's people during this time to raise their consciousness from criminal-minded to spiritual-minded.

114 And then our King states; *Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi*. And we know that right now in our time the spirit of Hip Hop is flourishing in the southern regions of the United States.

115 The *south* symbolizes foundation and fire. Change coming from the south means change coming from below to the top, from the streets to the institutions, from the People to its government. In fact, we can see the migration and completion of Hip Hop with its appearance and influence upon the *south*.

116 Hip Hop in the *south* means that Hip Hop is returning to the *east*—to its spiritual consciousness. We can see now how Hip Hop went all over the United States in a circle liberating and strengthening its people only to return to its place of origin in GOD.

117 It is here that the prophecy of our King seems to end, and strangely enough Hip Hop has nowhere else to go in the United States today. Our King ended his prophecy in the south and then stated, *From every mountainside, let freedom ring!* Some may call these facts "coincidences" but for us these facts are indeed Hip Hop's spiritual confirmation.

118 *From <u>every</u> mountainside* symbolizes the whole World and all of the spiritual places in it; this statement symbolizes Hip Hop's international influence which we are clearly experiencing today.

119 Here, the King refers to *freedom* as a sound (a ring, a ringing, a tone). The King says *let freedom ring,* meaning let the vibratory tone of freedom ring, let the vibration of freedom reverberate in the lives of the oppressed.

120 Here, the *freedom* that our King was referring to was clearly Hip Hop—the only *sound* that has freed us thus far. Hip Hop is OUR freedom. Hip Hop breaks the chains of OUR bondage to the American mainstream workforce and its crippling institutions. Hip Hop is OUR Promised Land. Hip Hop may not mean anything to anyone else, but for us Hip Hop is the fulfillment of the prophetic promise of our King.

121 When our King says *freedom* we hear *Hip Hop*, and when our King says *Negro* we hear *Hiphoppa* regardless of race, class, religion or ethnicity. This is OUR faith, *That every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places shall be made plain, and the crooked places shall be made straight and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together.*

122 Peace, love, unity and safely having fun has always been OUR faith! From before the American Revolution this has been OUR faith—the unity and further freedom of humankind.

123 So when our King writes, *Let us go back to our communities as members of the international association for the advancement of creative dissatisfaction,* we can see that Hip Hop has been the loudest voice in our time for the advancement of such *creative dissatisfaction.*

124 In fact, this is what Hip Hop is; Hip Hop IS the advancement (the voice) of OUR dissatisfaction. No other social voice or movement since the days of our King has expressed so distinctly and so creatively our dissatisfaction with American injustice.

125 Although it was not said publicly in the original "I Have A Dream" decree, we now know that the King wanted us to engage in politics not for the sake of our own careers but to achieve *strong civil rights legislation.* The need for such work continues even today. Yesterday we needed *civil rights,* today we need *civilization rights*—the right to create, define and govern ourselves.

126 The King stated; *Let us go back and work with all the strength we can muster to get strong civil rights legislation in this session of congress.* This is a call to be pro-active in politics toward nation building.

127 But then the King states; *Let us go down from this place to ascend other peaks of purpose.* This indicates that the Civil Rights Movement was not to stop with what the King achieved in his lifetime. Our King intended for us to climb *other peaks of purpose.* He stated; *Let us descend from <u>this</u> mountaintop to climb <u>other</u> hills of hope.* WE MUST CONTINUE THE WORK OF THE KING!

128 The question is really simple; what are we doing today to continue the work of the only true king we have ever known? And this is the challenge right here. It is not that we are without leadership, it is more the fact that we don't respect the leadership we have, and as a result, we delay our own salvation and freedom as a people.

129 Everyone claims to respect Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. but really that's because he's dead. Many respect the King's death, but not his life. Sub-consciously they respect the assassin's death-work over the King's life-work. It's time to ask yourself, am I a citizen of the nation Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. spoke of in his "I Have A Dream" decree? Everyone is NOT a citizen of the King's Dream.

130 When our King walked the Earth he had very little support from the very people he was trying to help. In fact, many ridiculed and even betrayed the King's strategies toward freedom, justice and equality. Everyone did not agree with our King when he walked the Earth, everyone did not love our King, protect our King and serve our King when he walked the Earth.

131 Everyone did not enter the King's dream nation and as a result many delayed their own salvation and freedom; this is why we are where we are today socially, politically, economically and spiritually. It seems that we keep ignoring the Truth and disregarding the warnings of our own prophets.

132 We are doing the same things today that our parents did yesterday; we are killing prophets and ignoring the Truth! For everyone who claims to love freedom and justice and non-violent conflict resolution the question is really very simple; *What are you doing today right now to bring such conditions into material reality?* THIS IS THE WORK OF THE KING!

133 The question is, *how often do you remain silent in the face of injustice? How often do you ignore the cries of the poor, the abused, the sick and the homeless?* Are you one of those people who hide behind the statement "I'm just doing my job" even though your job contributes to the suffering of others?

134 Our King spoke to all of this, and the citizens of the nation that he saw are those people courageous enough to continue his work toward freedom, justice and equality for all today. Our King saw a raceless, classless, spiritual community that would hasten the day of peace and human unity.

135 Are you a citizen of the King's community? I am. And this is what the Gospel of Hip Hop is all about. It has been only 40 years since the King's assassination and already many have forgotten him. In my time many within the Hip Hop community say of themselves, *"I ain't no role model."* And in many ways I truly understand where they are coming from, however it is also clear that they simply are not interested in influencing others positively!

136 However, I am a role model; I model the role of the King. Actually, everyone is a role model really. Everyone is modeling a role that is influencing someone else in some way. Everyone plays a role in the public; the question is, *what role do YOU play?* Do you play the role of a murderer? or a theif? or a ruthless drug-dealer? Or do you play the role of a prophet? Or a minister? Or a loving parent? What role do YOU willingly and voluntarily play?

137 Most people equate the term "role model" with presenting a good public image, someone others can look up to, and this is why many choose to say, *I ain't no role model*. But every physical thing in nature is modeling a role that can affect the development of others. Everyone is a role model; the question again is what role are you modeling?

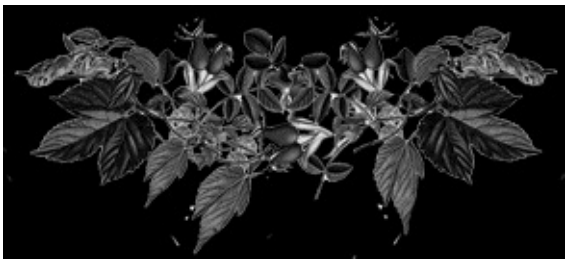
138 I am modeling the intentions of the King. I model the role he played as a leader and as a freedom fighter. Some are clothes models, others are hair models, car models, dance and acting models, but I model (show off, display, present) the role and intentions of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and all fighters for freedom. My role is to model these intentions.

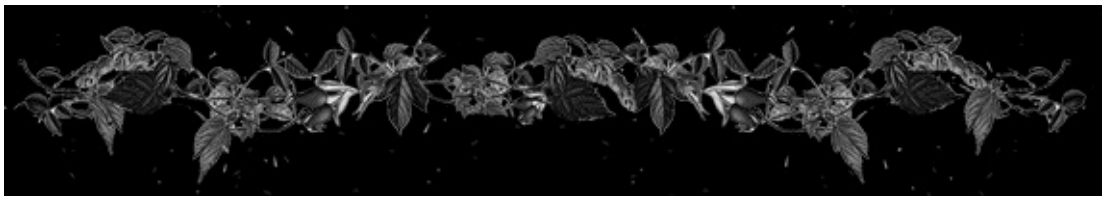
139 My role is to CONTINUE THE WORK OF THE KING WHICH IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW! The King's work may be going on in other fields of human life, but when it comes to Hip Hop the King's work continues here. Hip Hop shall forever honor its kings by courageously continuing their struggles for freedom and human unity.

140 This is why the Gospel of Hip Hop exists. Not to lay down some sort of law upon Hip Hop, or exalt ourselves above others practicing Hip Hop. No. Our aim here is to offer our unique community a matching spirituality and lifestyle capable of producing real peace and real prosperity. Our gospel is not for everyone, it is for those Hiphoppas who are serious about either the spiritual life or Hip Hop's preservation. This gospel is for the seriously committed Hip Hop scholar who has not forgotten the words of the King.

141 Our King promised us that, *When we allow freedom* (Hip Hop) *to ring, when we let it ring from*

every village and hamlet, from every state and city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of GOD's children—Black men and White men, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants—will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, 'FREE AT LAST! FREE AT LAST! THANK GOD ALMIGHTY! WE ARE FREE AT LAST!'





THE FIRST OVERSTANDING

REAL HIP HOP

1 PEACE AND MUCH LOVE. Know this. Like Hip Hop itself, the Gospel of Hiphop is to be lived; not just read. It is to be done; not just watched. It is to be expressed; not just studied and taught to others.

2 For when you ARE Hip Hop you FEEL Hip Hop. And it is through the feelings and the emotions (the heart) that Hip Hop's inner secrets are revealed.

3 Studying Hip Hop, debating Hip Hop and writing about Hip Hop are like observing a fashionable suit in the window of a clothing store; while doing Hip Hop, being Hip Hop and living Hip Hop are like putting the suit on and walking around town. There is simply no comparison, and this is what we call "real Hip Hop."

4 A *real* Hiphoppa believes (be and lives) Hip Hop. For it is wise for a *real* chef to believe in the reality of cooking, and a real doctor to believe in and live from the reality of medicine, and a *real* Christian to believe and live in Christ (as examples). Therefore, is it not equally wise for *real* Hiphoppas to believe and live in Hip Hop? On the other hand, why participate in something that you really do not fully "be" or "live" in?

5 "Real" relates to fixed or immovable things like land. When Hip Hop is real to you, when it is fixed and immovable from your being; YOU ARE PRACTICING REAL HIP HOP. When something is "real" it is considered to be genuine and/or authentic; it is what it proposes to be, it is not imaginary, it is actually existing and occurring to our physical senses. The term "real Hip Hop" relates to the fixed conditions and genuine nature of Hip Hop as it appears to our physical senses today.

6 Breakin, Emceein, Graffiti Art, Deejayin, Beat Boxin, Street Fashion, Street Language, Street Knowledge and Street Entrepreneurialism are all fixed conditions of Hip Hop. These elements are permanent and immoveable from the existence of Hip Hop. These elements are "real Hip Hop", and those who promote and preserve these elements promote and preserve "real Hip Hop." When these elements are not present in one's self-expression one is not doing or being "real Hip Hop."

7 The true Hip Hop scholar/apprentice is studying to <u>become</u> Hip Hop; not to just <u>observe</u> Hip Hop. How can anyone claim any authentic scholarship on something that they themselves are not and equally cannot actually do? Where, then, is your authority to teach? Our perspective on Hip Hop and its culture is not an objective one. We love Hip Hop, we live Hiphop and we are not ashamed or afraid to say; *we are Hiphop!* We are "REAL HIP HOP!"

8 However, it should be clearly understood that even though we place great emphasis upon the mastery of one or more of Hip Hop's real elements, I must confess here as well that it is really one's love for and loyalty to Hip Hop that rests at the fundamental foundations of Hip Hop's scholarship and citizenry. For there are those who have mastered Hip Hop's real elements but have yet to truly love and care for Hip Hop itself and its future development.

9 For there are those who rap, break, deejay, piece, tag and beat box very well but still find it difficult to consider the real lives of those who are influenced by them artistically and culturally. Many have mastered Hip Hop's artistic elements but only a few have mastered themselves. Many who have mastered Hip Hop's artistic elements still find it difficult to contribute even towards Hip Hop's artistic preservation.

[10] However, other Hiphoppas have not mastered any of Hip Hop's artistic elements, but the passion and loyalty that they have brought to Hip Hop, their very contributions to the understanding of Hip Hop in many ways are more substantial than even the contributions of those who have mastered Hip Hop's artistic elements. For it is one's love for Hip Hop that truly makes one a Hip Hop scholar and citizen. And your love is proven within your commitment, your works and your sacrifices.

[11] It is through your works (your words and actions) that your true love is revealed. It is through your sacrifices that your true nature is revealed. The nature (name) of your true Self is revealed within the creation and expression of your true Self which requires a real commitment toward the building of your true Self, not the role that you may model but your authentic Self.

[12] This is what most of humanity has had taken away—our true nature which gives all people the ability to govern themselves. This is what we are missing—KNOWLEDGE OF OURSELVES! Without such knowledge we have no way of controlling and/or directing ourselves.

[13] By not speaking our ancient native languages, by not eating our native foods, or dressing in our native clothing, or playing our native games, or hearing ancient stories that pertain to us and our circumstances, combined with no clear and definitive community leadership, or group plan or revolutionary scholarship, it is indeed very difficult to hold on to our ancient humanity—the awareness of our true *names*.

[14] However, WE ARE GOD'S! And the absence of such self-knowledge is actually the trigger that sets the universe in motion toward self-knowledge. Mystery (not ignorance) is indeed the greatest motivator toward knowledge. As it turns out, not totally knowing our ancestral past has created the possibility of starting a new and even brighter future. We can create and re-create ourselves right now!

[15] Not knowing is what causes one to know. And so, the same force that built our civilizations 10,000 years ago (seeking, searching, discovering, not knowing) is the same force that has given life to Hip Hop today. This is one reason why the whole World understands our cultural language. We are the return of the original human spark that caused all great civilizations to exist.

[16] This instrument establishes the existence and preservation of our Hip Hop community. Our Truth is self-evident; we must first <u>believe</u> that we exist and then we must perceive the powers of our own existence.

[17] This instrument (The Gospel of Hip Hop) begins the creation of Hip Hop's (Hiphop's) faith in itself and its powers. Our first Truth must be an awareness of our own reality as *Hiphoppas*. We must first believe that we exist if we are to develop ourselves into a strong Hip Hop community capable of raising our collective quality of life.

[18] Only we can do this for ourselves, no one else is responsible for us and our spiritual/cultural development. We must align our collective thoughts and actions as Hiphoppas with what we know to be *real* for us in the material World. We must see the physical results of that which we claim to spiritually believe; otherwise we are living in denial and fantasy as others do.

[19] Hip Hop is made up of real people and real events. We must explore the <u>facts</u> of OUR experiences as Hiphoppas in search of achieving the <u>Truth</u> about ourselves as Hiphoppas. We must finally mature to the faith of confirming our own spiritual reality as Hiphoppas.

[20] This is what KRS really means to Hip Hop. I am the actual historical evidence that Hip Hop was conscious of itself in its early days, and I am not the only one of my time.

[21] We practice *real* Hip Hop. We practice the immovable and fixed conditions of the Hip Hop

spirit. Whether Hip Hop is accepted or not by those of the corporate mainstream is irrelevant. Real Hiphoppas come to Hip Hop with no other interests but to authentically manifest it. This is *real* Hip Hop.

22 I AM HIP HOP! And upon this evidence our culture is born! Hip Hop's culture now exists factually as a real divinely guided community because you and KRS exist as its first citizens. Our unity declares the reality of Hip Hop. And because we willing choose to fix ourselves to the spirit of Hip Hop and not move from it, it is a fact when we say, "THE REAL HIP HOP IS OVER HERE!" We make Hip Hop real by authentically being it. This is *real* Hip Hop and this gospel is presented by some *real* Hiphoppas.

23 I AM HIP HOP! And upon this faith (our belief in ourselves as Hiphoppas) we can achieve Truth. Through Hip Hop we have a paradigm by which to create ourselves and document our own body of Hip Hop knowledge and history. Our faith in ourselves as a community of conscious Hiphoppas is what we call Hip Hop's *culture* or *Hiphop Kulture*.

24 Unfortunately, people today have grown accustomed to equating Rap music and the images portrayed in mainstream Rap music videos with the whole of Hip Hop's culture and history, and this is why we say that such material is NOT "real" Hip Hop. It is NOT authentic to the original Hip Hop spirit or tradition, and does not represent what is actually occurring to our physical senses in the present. Most of the mainstream Rap videos of my time are imaginary tales of crime, sex and street adventure. They are good, they are entertaining, but they are not "real."

25 Real Hip Hop is real life, and it is from the experiences of our real lives that our songs and dances, our graphic arts and our language come from. This is why we teach that Hip Hop and Rap music are not the same things; that Rap is something we do, while Hip Hop is something we live, and the living of Hip Hop is "real" Hip Hop. Let us get more orientated by taking a look at the following terms closely.

26 **Hiphop** is the name of our creative force in the World. It is our lifestyle and collective consciousness.

27 **Hip Hop** is the name of our culture and artistic elements.

28 **hip-hop** is Rap music product and its mainstream activities.

29 With this original cultural learning system we reveal the more real nature of Hip Hop beyond the average mainstream understanding of *hip-hop*. Here, we introduce a Hip Hop spiritual code of conduct capable of producing enhanced states of health, love, awareness and wealth for those engaged in the mastery of Hip Hop's *real* elements. This is the gospel, and this is what really works for Hiphoppas.

30 Here, *Hip Hop's* real elements can be pursued and developed in any way that one feels. However, *"Hiphop"* is a specific term that deals with the spiritual nature of *Hip Hop*. Study this paragraph and the above terms carefully before going forward.

31 Remember, the Gospel of *Hip Hop* is the instructional book and the Gospel of *Hiphop* is a spiritually lived Hiphop life. This instrument is called the *Gospel of Hip Hop* because Hip Hop is commonly spelled as such amongst the Hip Hop populace today. However, we teach *Hiphop*, *Hip Hop* and *hip-hop* so that our discoveries regarding the spiritual nature of Hip Hop do not contradict or hinder the free study of others seeking to uncover the nature of Hip Hop for themselves. We hold no monopoly on the interpretation of the nature of Hip Hop, spiritual or otherwise. Our understandings and approaches to Hip Hop are unique to our *Hiphop* preservation society.

32 These are our discoveries and notes and no one is obligated to believe or acknowledge that

which we believe and acknowledge as the Truth for us. This Gospel is what we know successfully works for those practicing Hip Hop, and this is what we teach. We are called *Hiphoppas* and not *Hip Hoppers* or *hip-hoppers* because we actually practice *Hiphop*, which for us is the spiritual living of *Hip Hop.*

33 Our community is called *Hiphop Kulture* and not *hip-hop culture*. Although we do sometimes spell the name of our community as *Hip Hop Kulture*, it is *Hiphop's* culture that we are actually referring to. For a clearer, deeper understanding of what is being taught throughout this instrument you will have to train your eye to recognize the spellings and meanings of *Hiphop*, *Hip Hop* and *hip-hop*.

34 Our approach to Hip Hop is indeed unique in our time. We teach that Rap (rhythmic speech) is but ONE expression that comes out of the total Hip Hop experience. For us, Hip Hop is the combination of Breakin, Emceein, Graffiti Art, Deejayin, Beat Boxin, Street Fashion, Street Language, Street Knowledge and Street Entrepreneurialism. For us, Hip Hop is the amplification of human expression and awareness. At its core, Hip Hop is not just an art form; it is the pursuit of one's authentic being through the Arts.

35 For those who consider themselves true Hip Hop scholars, Hip Hop is defined as, *The artistic response to oppression. A way of expression in dance, music, word/song. A culture that thrives on creativity and nostalgia. As a musical art form it is the stories of inner-city life, often with a message, spoken over beats of music. The culture includes Rap and any other venture spawned from the Hip Hop style and culture.* (Alonzo Westbrook, *Hip Hoptionary: The Dictionary Of Hip Hop Terminology*)

36 For those who live Hiphop, Hip Hop is not *over there* somewhere external of one's self—we ARE Hip Hop! Hip Hop itself is not a person, a place or a physical thing. You cannot actually go to Hip Hop, or wear Hip Hop, or eat Hip Hop. Hip Hop exists as a shared *idea*. You cannot drink a can of Hip Hop and suddenly know how to rap. You cannot put Hip Hop on as clothing, or read a book in order to understand Hip Hop. Hip Hop begins as an awareness, as an alternative behavior. Again, Hip Hop is a shared idea. Rapping, break dancing, graffiti art, beat-boxing and deejayin are all expressions OF this collective urban idea commonly called *Hip Hop*.

37 Hip Hop is a new global urban understanding that communicates an alternative reality through art. Hip Hop is a new faculty in the collective consciousness of urban America. Hip Hop is understood psychically by those who participate in it. More than just a music genre, Hip Hop is an international agreement as to how ALL peoples may come together in peace on neutral ground. Hip Hop is indeed a psychic "True World Order."

38 We've discovered that Hiphop, Hip Hop, hip-hop and the Hiphoppa are all aspects of the same creative force; that one cannot fully function without the others because Hiphop, Hip Hop, hip-hop and the Hiphoppa are all really one event. This is why the Temple of Hip Hop teaches that TO PRESERVE HIP HOP WE MUST PRESERVE THE HIPHOPPA!

39 Preserving the specific artifacts and memorabilia of Rap music has its place and its importance, and someone should be doing that work; such work is indeed a strength to the preservation of our culture. However, as a 'temple' we are more concerned with the essence, substance, force, being, cause and identity of Hip Hop as a creative force—"Hiphop."

40 Hiphop is not a physical thing or things; it is a metaphysical principle, a shared urban idea, an alternative human behavior, a way to view the World, a collective consciousness. We must finally leave the finite room of *hip-hop* as Rap music entertainment, and enter the infinite realm of *Hiphop* as consciousness. We are far more than just the World's entertainment.

[41] For us, Hip Hop is a mass 'event' that was captured on record, cassette, CD, video, DVD, clothing, etc. for the purpose of selling its *elements* to relieve poverty. It is *Hiphop* that inspires *Hip Hop's* elements to exist, but it is only *Hip Hop's* performed elements that appear in the physical World. *Hiphop* itself never enters the physical World. We imitate the inspiration of *Hiphop* through its elements (Hip Hop) but again, *Hiphop* (the collective consciousness) never enters the physical World; it remains a shared idea of OUR collective consciousness. Study this paragraph again carefully.

[42] For serious apprentices of the Temple of Hip Hop, Hiphop is a perceptual ability that transforms subjects and objects in an effort to express the character of one's inner being. Hiphop is the ability to make physical objects and social subjects perform according to your perception of them.

[43] When we say "I AM HIPHOP," the *Hiphop* idea then enters the physical World as *Hip Hop* which is then captured on CD, etc., and sold as *hip-hop*. By becoming *Hiphop*, by allowing the Hiphop idea to dominate our 'being', *Hip Hop* enters the physical World through our physical bodies and artistic expressions. This "expression" (and for some, their physical bodies) is then captured in some way and sold as *hip-hop*.

[44] Before Hip Hop can even be recorded and/or documented, it must first be brought into the physical World through people who have voluntarily surrendered to its *force* and *essence*. Everything else is a recording, an imitation or a documentation of the real effects of the original Hip Hop creative force (*Hiphop*).

[45] The preserving of such a perceptual *ability* has little to do with the preserving of its products; it has to do with understanding the *ability* itself; the essence that causes such products to exist. To preserve Hip Hop we must preserve Hip Hop's perceptual abilities. We must preserve the actual living thinking Hiphoppa with a knowledge of Hip Hop beyond entertainment.

[46] From our perspective, the preserving of Hip Hop has more to do with the preservation of its people than with the preserving of its products. It has to do with the preserving of certain customs, traditions, abilities and techniques unique to the Hip Hop experience. Such a style of cultural preservation is about preserving the essential causes that bring Hip Hop into physical existence. This is the essence of <u>our</u> Hip Hop preservation movement.

[47] Traditionally, Hip Hop has been approached as an art form that consists of four core elements; b-boyin (break dancing), MC-ing (rap), aerosol art (graffiti writing) and DJ-ing (the cutting, mixing and scratching of recorded materials). These are called the "core four." However, Hip Hop's "core four" elements also encompass specific and unique urban clothing styles, language styles, business and trade techniques as well as a collective body of knowledge derived from its internal experiences with itself and the World.

[48] The experiences produced by Hip Hop's "core four" have created uniquely rich Hip Hop stories, Hip Hop legends and myths, original Hip Hop arts, popular Hip Hop music and thought-provoking Hip Hop poetry that critiques and interprets the World in which the Hip Hop community exists. At first glance, Hip Hop can be seen as simply an urban music genre inspired by the African American and Latino youths of the Bronx during the early 1970s. However, upon closer observation Hiphop becomes a way of life; a specific way of being and seeing the World; a unique view of the World and World events.

[49] We are uniquely Hiphop because the repetition of such a unique *being* and *seeing* has created our specific *Hiphop* way of life. And the *Hiphop* way of life is what we call Hip Hop's *culture* or *Hiphop Kulture*. As culture, Hip Hop is the specific behaviors, traits, expressions, patterns and institutions of OUR unique collective consciousness. It (Hip Hop) is OUR intellectual and artistic activity as well as the works produced by it.

50 In the past, some argued that Hip Hop was not a culture. They made the mistake of comparing their knowledge of traditional cultures to Hip Hop's culture. But as the great Hip Hop professor Zizwe Mtafuta-Ukweli (Professor Z) has pointed out, *Culture is the character of a living entity. That entity could be an organism or an entire generation functioning as an organism. Every culture has its linchpin aspects, or that which makes its membership pledge allegiance to it. Culture also provides a fence around the collective epic memory of the group which accepts this memory as its philosophy and history.*

51 Professor Z continues, *Our culture* [Hip Hop] *is strengthened through a heightened self-awareness and a heightened awareness of the surrounding environment. For every young culture, the relationship between it and its environment is dynamic and determinant. The culture seeks to absorb all it can from the environment yet must prevent itself from being totally absorbed by the environment. Total absorption by the environment means certain death for any culture. Part of any cultural identity is distinctiveness. This is why Hip Hop is so successful; as a young culture Hip Hop absorbs the music of Blues, Gospel, Rock, Soul and Jazz but is absorbed by none of them.*

52 Over the years Hip Hop's absorption of older musical and artistic traditions helped to create a certain lifestyle and worldview unique to the total Hip Hop experience. This is what we now call Hip Hop's *culture*. Rap is something we <u>do</u>; Hip Hop is something we <u>live</u>. And the living of Hip Hop's culture has more to do with your sense of security, peace, self-development and well-being than it has to do with performing one or two of Hip Hop's artistic elements. <u>Living</u> Hiphop is far more involved than <u>performing</u> Hip Hop.

53 For if you do not <u>live</u> a productive Hiphop lifestyle you increase your difficulty in maintaining a lasting success in any of Hip Hop's traditional elements or artistic expressions. This is why Hip Hop is not regarded as simply a music genre here. For us, such an approach to Hip Hop is indeed dangerous to the practicing Hiphoppa.

54 The music and dances of Hip Hop come from a collective urban view of the World that inspires such music and dance to exist. It is Hip Hop's worldview that inspires (or rather causes) its music, art and dance to exist. This is why so many of the hip-hop history books of my time are so culturally limited. They focus primarily upon the money-making effects of hip-hop and not upon what causes such effects to occur.

55 Music and art are very important elements that assist in the make up of hip-hop as a whole. However, it is Hiphop itself (our collective consciousness) that brings into manifestation Rap music, Breakin and Aerosol Art as well as the other urban expressions that derive from our unique life experiences. Our unique life experiences and the performances that occur as a result of such unique life experiences are called "real Hip Hop."

56 For us, *real* Hip Hop is a transformative power that has its beginnings at the genesis of human awareness. Its *elements* are seen throughout human history and all over the World. And this is no accident. We did not arrive at our place in the World by luck. GOD IS TRULY WITH US! And we must never forget to honor GOD in our writings and performances. Hip Hop is the return of the ancient ways, the healing ways, the natural ways—the way of God.

57 Whether on the cave walls of northern Africa 20,000 years ago, or as Egyptian hieroglyphics with its letters and characters describing ancient life some 10,000 years ago, or as the Mayan and Inca pyramid and temple hieroglyphs (Graffiti Art), or as the Griots and Djeli who performed for the royal courts of Ghana, Song hai (present-day Mali) some 2,000 years ago (emcees/deejays), or as the Capoeira martial artists of 16th-century Angola (breakers), or as the social organization of aboriginal Americans since the dawn of creation Hip Hop has always existed as a unique awareness that enhances

one's ability to self-create. Hip Hop is a *sight*, an ancient behavior, today an alternative way to view the World.

58 *Hip Hop* is the correct pronunciation of *Hiphop*. As an acronym/affirmation, *H.I.P.H.O.P.* can be interpreted as Her Infinite Power Helping Oppressed People. Or, Having Inner Peace Helping Others Prosper. Or, Holy Integrated People Having Omni-present Power. Hip Hop means all of this.

59 Those who show little respect for Hip Hop still spell Hip Hop as *hip-hop*. True Hiphoppas are advised to spell Hiphop as well as *Hip Hop* with a capital *H* as it is the name of our collective consciousness; it is the 'force' that animates our way of life, our culture, our tribe, our nation. When Hiphop and/or Hip Hop are spelled as *hip-hop* it refers to Rap music product and its related activities. We'll go deeper into this later.

60 *Hiphop* or *Hip Hop* when misspelled as *hip-hop* means (*hip*) trendy, (*hop*) jump or dance. However, we are not just a *trendy dance*. We love and respect the art of dance, but dancing is not the only thing *Hip Hop* is about.

61 Those who approach Hip Hop like it is exclusively a *trendy dance* (or entertainment) are usually those who repeatedly speak and spell the term incorrectly and care little for Hiphop as a community of real people.

62 To spell *Hip Hop* incorrectly as *hip-hop* is to deny our right to exist as a people. The use of the term *hip-hop* to describe real people reduces those people to products. However, *Hip* (spelled here with a capital *H*) from the ancient African *hipi* means *to know* or *to be aware*. It is a form of intelligence; a knowing.

63 On the other hand, *Hop* (spelled here with a capital *H*) from the Aboriginal American *hopi* (*Hopi*) means *good* and/or *peaceable*. Together *hipi* and *hopi* (the original union of cultures in the Americas) can symbolize not only the unity of African and Native American civilizations, but can also symbolize *peaceful awareness, good awareness* or *the awareness of peace* or *of goodness*.

64 However, according to the English language, to be *hip* means *to have knowledge of*. Again, it is a form of intelligence. *Hop* is a form of movement. And together *hip* and *hop* when spelled correctly as *Hip Hop* means *moving* or *jumping intelligence*, even *knowledgeable movement*. Hip Hop—*moving intelligence, active intelligence, intelligence moving, conscious movement* or *intelligent movement!*

65 The etymology of the term *Hip Hop* as it relates to the English language begins with the Old English term *hype*, meaning the joint formed by the upper thighbone and pelvis. Additionally the term *hype-banes* appears around 1149 meaning *hip bones*. This is the joint used the most in our breakin moves and most urban dance moves.

66 In addition to the term *hip* being interpreted as part of the skeletal structure of the human body (we *hop* out of the *hips*), *hip* is also the seed pod of a rose bush (*hipe*, 1414) and is also interpreted as *to be informed* or *to be up to date* (1903).

67 Later (1952) the term *Hippie* was designated to a specific group of people (*Hipsters*) that were considered *hip*, meaning *keenly aware of what is new and in style*. In many ways, Hip Hop is a continuation of the *Hippie* movement of the 1960s. Being also politically aware, the *Hippie* preferred to *turn-on* to legal and illegal drugs, *tune-in* to peace and sexual promiscuity, and *drop-out* from conventional society, wearing unconventional clothing, sporting long and sometimes uncombed hair, preaching peace and universal love for all humankind.

68 *Hippies* were at the center of the Civil Rights, Gay and Lesbian Rights, Women's Rights, Free Love and Anti-War movements of the 1960s, and Hip Hop is a direct effect of this earlier freedom movement. However, we've now seen the errors of the *Hippie* movement and it is our responsibility

today to go beyond such tragic events. Drug overdoses, murders and lawlessness simply DO NOT WORK toward our goals for freedom.

69 Spontaneity is good, but continuous spontaneity doesn't offer stability. We have seen now that when there is no permanence there is no reliability. The *Hippie* movement seems to have been killed by media hype and drug abuse; many other *Hippies* just *burned out* or became part of the same government and corporate structure they were fighting against. Hip Hop can learn a lot from this early protest movement.

70 *Hop,* on the other hand, appears in the English language as *hoppen* sometime before 1200, meaning to *spring,* or *to move by springing* (usually upon one foot). This term *hoppen* seems to come from the Old English *hoppian* (about 1000) meaning *to spring* or *to dance*. This term corresponds with the Old Icelandic *hoppa,* the modern Dutch *hoppen,* and the German *hopfen,* all meaning to *hop* or to *spring*.

71 Like the term *hip,* the term *hop* is also associated with plant life. *Hop* is interpreted as *a vine having flower clusters* (1439). The *hop* plant was (and still is) used to flavor malt drinks like beer, something the Hip Hop community is very familiar with.

72 These are the English etymologies of the term *hip hop,* and we can see here within these definitions how even *hip* and *hop* come together to mean hip—*informed,* and hop—*springing or dancing*. Together the term *hip hop* (even when spelled in lower case *h*) can mean *an informed springing,* or *an up to date modern dance*, or *an informed movement upward.* A *hip* (updated) *hop* (movement) is an intelligent movement—a movement aware of itself.

73 To be *hip* means to be *up to date, relevant, in the know.* Therefore to *hip* something or to make something *hip* is to modernize it. To *hip* a *hop* is to *modernize* an *upward movement.*

74 However, it is interesting to point out the correlation of these two terms as they apply to plant life. Both *hip* and *hop* refer to plant life. One (*hip*) refers to *the seed pod of a rose bush.* And the other (*hop*) refers to *a vine having flower clusters.* The relation between *seed* and then *vine* within the symbolic interpretations of *hip* and then *hop* cannot be ignored.

75 In terms of spiritual symbolism, we focus upon how *hip* comes before *hop* like *seed* comes before *vine*. Spiritually, it appears that *hip hop* is the *seed* of a new *vine* (the new people/the new way). However, when you add the etymology of *culture* to these interpretations even more symbolism is revealed.

76 The term *culture* (1439) from the Latin *cultura* (*cul-too-ra*), meaning *tending, care* and *cultivation,* seems to come from *cult-,* the past participle stem of the Latin *colere,* meaning to *till, cultivate, tend to* and *inhabit*.

77 *Cult* (1616) originally meant *worship* or *homage*; not *to worship* or *to pay homage*. *Cult* comes from the Latin *cultus* (*cul-toos*), meaning *cultivation, care, attention, worship*. We can see here that the term *worship* was originally associated with the *cultivating, caring for,* and *attending to,* of something or someone. Attuned Hiphoppas are advised to *worship* GOD in this way; to *care* for GOD.

78 For as we belong to GOD, GOD equally belongs to us. GOD is to be worshipped (meaning *cultivated* and *cared for*), not just acknowledged in thanks. For when we hear that *they fell down and worshipped him/her* we must understand that in ancient times to *worship* a person or GOD meant that they took *care* of that person or GOD. Know this. GOD IS TO BE CARED FOR AND CULTIVATED! Not just thanked. Let us continue with the word *culture*.

79 The suffix *ure* in culture forms abstract nouns of action or the means or result of action. To *ure* is to *-ing, -ed,* or *-s;* like the act of fail-*ing* = fail-*ure* or failure, the condition of being pleas-*ed* =

pleas-*ure* or pleasure, something or someone that legislate-*s* = legislat-*ure* or legislature.

80 Therefore, by adding the *ure* to *cult* we get *culture* or culture, originally meaning the act of cult-*ing* or *cultivating, caring, attending to, worshipping*. Looking at the etymology of *hip* and *hop* and *culture* together we can interpret such a phrase as meaning; the *cultivation, care, attention* and *worship* of the *seed* (plan/vision) of the new *vine* (people/way).

81 Another interpretation of *hip hop culture* could read; the *cultivation, care, attention* and *worship* of the *intelligent movement*. The term *hip hop culture* seems to imply the *cultivation of*, and *care for*, the *upward springing of intelligence.*

82 There seems to be a symbolic connection to farming when it comes to the etymology of the words *hip, hop* and *culture* as defined within the English language. Symbolically, we seem to be growing an ancient intelligence with an ancient meaning and purpose.

83 This is important to meditate upon because ancient humans watched animal behavior to understand and develop human behavior, and they observed flowers and plants (their colors, shapes and functions) to discover what was possible in Nature and within themselves. Nature taught early humans through the symbolisms produced by Nature's activity.

84 The activity of fire taught us about the nature of our emotions. The activity of water taught us about character. The activity of air and wind taught us about the nature of spirit and the invisible. The activity of the life-giving Earth, the very ground itself, farming taught us how to survive and revealed to us the nature and cycles of the universe and the effects of its celestial bodies (stars, the sun, the moon, etc) upon life on Earth. Truly, Nature itself is our teacher and provider.

85 However, plants are the first of our direct teachers; the ingestion of certain medicinal plants showed us all kinds of sciences and revealed to us the mysteries of the Earth and of the universe itself. Indeed, the first knowledge was delivered through play and the ingestion of certain plant-types which then revealed the symbolism of Nature itself. Symbolism and metaphor are indeed important elements in the building of human understanding and awareness. As poet Robert Frost suggested, *If you are not properly educated in metaphor you are not safe to be loose in the World.*

86 We (Hiphoppas) are the genetic return of an ancient people. For it is known by all true seekers of Truth that Nature produces knowledge through symbolism, comparison and metaphor. It appears that we (Hiphoppas) are responsible for the gathering of symbolic information on this planet and then teaching it to others through art for guidance and the relief of human suffering. By oppressing Hiphoppas you stagnate the gathering and distribution of symbolic knowledge and thus stagnate the progress of human understanding.

87 Finally within the etymology of *hip hop* we come to the Hiphoppa or *hip hoppa*. Looking at the Old Icelandic term *hoppa* (meaning *to spring upward*) it becomes obvious that the way in which the Temple of Hiphop describes and spells *Hiphoppa* is influenced by the two terms *hip* and *hoppa*.

88 The term *hip,* meaning *keenly aware of what is new and in style,* and *hoppa,* meaning *to spring upward* or *to hop,* reveals the *hip-hoppa* (Hiphoppa) as the actual intelligence that is springing forward. The *hip-hoppa* can also be said to be a modernized life-dancer *keenly aware of what is new and in style*; *a conscious mover,* or *one who moves with awareness.*

89 And know this. What we have done in our early days as Hiphoppas, how we have defined ourselves and how we have expressed ourselves in the material World, was done spontaneously (spiritually). We were calling ourselves *Hiphoppas* and *hip hoppers* long before the refinitions, definitions and interpretations of this gospel. It is truly amazing to discover our real natures and characters as Hiphoppas (even the term *hip hoppa*) already existing within the very structure of the

English language itself as us. Meditate upon this fact.

90 If we were a community of doctors, or lawyers, or architects, or even politicians, then the idea that *hip hop* can be defined as a *trendy dance* or as an *intelligent movement* would not apply to us; it would not mean much. But the very fact that these terms *hip* and *hop* and *culture* and even *hip-hoppa* which we spontaneously gave to ourselves in childhood play within a so-called *slang* dialect intuitively corresponding to the etymology of these words and terms only proves once again the depth into which the Hip Hop mind can go if left to its own development.

91 In the 1970s we did not define ourselves in this way. We did not have this knowledge. However, the fact that we can accurately identify ourselves and our specific artistic expressions (like dance for example) within ancient English, Latin, African, German, Dutch and French languages, and that the etymology of these words and terms matches accurately with our modern self-expression (even though we've never formally studied these words and terms to know them) says something about our divine role as *Hiphoppas.*

92 We are truly the return of an ancient people, with ancient skills rooted in the earliest experiences of human consciousness. All that we need to know is OURSELVES! We simply need to be left alone to contemplate the depths of our own consciousness. We truly have something important and forgotten to teach and remind the World. All we have to do is BELIEVE IN OURSELVES!

93 As Hiphoppas we operate in a spiritual reality when we handle and manipulate Hip Hop. The fact that we created ourselves points to our divinity. The fact that we spontaneously and randomly choose names and characters for ourselves that can be matched with a history and knowledge that we have not studied proves that we (as a community) are not just singing, rapping and dancing. There seems to be more to Hip Hop than our ability to sing and dance—we are connected to something divine and timeless.

94 The fact that we created Hip Hop first and then the explanation as to how our creation came about later proves that we are working with spiritual energy, awareness and law. The opposite is the way of the World; that is to plan and explain your plan of action before you act or create.

95 Spiritual Law works differently; the creation is created first, and the explanation as to how it was created comes later. And usually when natural and spiritual events are later explained they align with the mathematics and harmony of Nature and the universe itself. However, this is usually discovered years later by future generations equipped with better instruments and a broader knowledge.

96 This is why the Great Pyramids of Egypt are so mathematically in alignment with the Earth and the universe. Those ancient builders were simply not an oppressed people. They were truly their natural selves with no restrictions. They simply did not know what they couldn't do, and so they did it all! Through play, art and experimentation, great things are accomplished unconsciously and with little or no effort at all. We will explore this theme more later. For now, let's get back to Hip Hop and the English language.

97 It is also a common linguistic rule of the English language that the titles or names of all cultures, nations, civilizations, ethnicities, etc. be spelled beginning with a capital (uppercase) letter. Hip Hop is our culture, therefore it must be always spelled with the same grammatical respect one would give any other culture in the English language.

98 In addition, the term *Hip Hop* can be interpreted as a proper noun, as a specific thing. Unless the term *Hip Hop* is being displayed in an art presentation or if translated into another language or culture where the grammatical rules of the English language do not apply, it (Hip Hop) should be

spelled beginning with a capital *H – Hiphop* or *Hip Hop.*

99 Those using the English language to describe Hip Hop while misspelling *Hiphop* and/or *Hip Hop* as *hip-hop* are not only grammatically incorrect, they also undermine the importance of what Hip Hop really is to Hiphoppas. They participate in Hip Hop's enslavement by reducing our culture and way of life to a music genre and product to be bought and sold.

100 Again, Hiphop is the name of our collective consciousness. Hip Hop is not a product to be bought and sold (see Hip Hop Declaration of Peace; Principle Seven). It is the inalienable right of all Hiphoppas. Hiphop (Hip Hop) is OUR name!

101 *Hip Hop*, spelled here with two uppercase H's is also called the phonetic spelling of Hiphop. It is also the traditional and general spelling of Hip Hop.

102 This spelling is politically correct. Again, it means *moving* or *active intelligence*. When used to describe us as a people *Hip Hop* can mean *the awareness of peace.* True Hip Hop scholars are advised to use this spelling (*Hip Hop*) when educating the public on how to correctly pronounce *Hiphop*. Writers who have spelled Hip Hop in lower case (*hip-hop, hip hop*) before the publishing of the Gospel of Hip Hop are excused from criticism and/or retaliation. However, now that the Gospel of Hip Hop is published, writers are advised to approach Hip Hop as the nation that it is with the importance that it deserves.

103 *Hip Hop* spelled in this way is also used in titles, introductions, invitations and artwork or when *Hiphop* is being explained in a general or historic sense. Failure to comply with this *style* undermines Hip Hop's effort to develop, unify and strengthen itself. Those who continue to spell Hip Hop in lower case (hip hop) when describing Hip Hop place themselves outside of our community and cannot be called true scholars of the Hip Hop arts and sciences. Let's take a look at these terms again.

- **Hiphop** = our unique Spirit, our unique collective consciousness, the creative force behind Hip Hop's elements. Hiphop is the name of our lifestyle and collective consciousness.

- **Hip Hop** = the creation and development of Breakin, Emceein, Graffiti Art, Deejayin, Beat Boxin, Street Fashion, Street Language, Street Knowledge, and Street Entrepreneurialism. It is what we call ourselves, and our activity in the World. Hip Hop is the name of our culture.

- **hip-hop** = Rap music product and those things and events associated with Rap music entertainment—hip-hop is a music genre.

104 *Hiphop Kulture* is the name of our unique community of consciousness. Hiphop is the name of our collective consciousness and Hiphop's culture is the manifested character, patterns, beliefs and arts of our collective consciousness as Hiphoppas. We are a very real community of specialized people.

105 Those that live the principles of our culture are called *Hiphoppas* and not *Hip Hoppers* because to live *Hip Hop* is to think *Hiphop*. A Hiphoppa is the manifestation of Hiphop. Technically, a Hiphoppa is *Hiphop* and performs or presents *Hip Hop*, which is then sold as *hip-hop*.

106 Or, you can say *Hiphop* (spirit) creates the *Hiphoppa* (mind), which creates *Hip Hop* (body), which creates *hiphop* (product). **Hiphop** is born of GOD; the Great Spirit, the Great Event. It is the light of our World.

107 **Hip Hop** is born of cultural syncretism, meaning the blending of different cultures to create a new culture. It is the combination and unity of several independent cultures creating a new heterogeneous culture. And finally, **hip-hop** is born of corporate business interests—it exists when the effects of *Hiphop* and *Hip Hop* become tradeable material products.

108 As a title, true Hiphoppas spell the full name of our culture with a *K* signifying our cultural uniqueness and right to define ourselves—*Hiphop Kulture*. Hiphop Kulture can also be spelled as *Hip Hop Kulture* in certain specific writings, artwork and/or advertisements.

109 Even beyond the right to define ourselves, *Hiphop Kulture* is the creation of our Hip Hop atmosphere, our Hip Hop environment, our Hip Hop climate, our Hip Hop reality. The principles of our *Hiphop Kulture* are the paradigm that we create ourselves with and interpret the World through.

110 As a City-State, *Hiphop Kulture* is the place where Hiphoppas can achieve their true life purposes in peace with no hostile *beefs* between Hiphoppas and with no interference from anyone unless such a purpose interferes with other Hiphoppas seeking the fulfillment of their life purposes. Our Hip Hop city is where there is no economic high class that manipulates and/or forces an economic low class to work for it, where no person is above another person, where the public education of our children helps them to know and fulfill the potentials of their natural talents, where the life purpose of all men and women is nurtured and fully respected.

111 Hiphop Kulture (the City-State) is a place where the *elements* of Hiphop can be further developed andmastered by Hiphoppas in peace leading to our lasting prosperity. As opposed to a president, a king or a warrior, Hiphop Kulture as a nation is guided by its *teachas* who lead by productive examples.

112 Hiphop Kulture is an international tribe of peace and prosperity whose unique World view expresses certain arts and opinions that unite people around some simple yet common principles shared all over the Earth regardless of racial, cultural, financial or religious background.

113 Our culture is all about peace, love, unity and safely having fun. Here, Hip Hop is the common ground that all people can meet upon. Hip Hop itself is the World's common spirit—the True World Order.

114 In our culture it is the accumulation of knowledge that reigns supreme, not the accumulation of money, property, weapons, tools, food or clothing; these are the effects of knowledge. And as useful as these things are, they are still not valued above wisdom, knowledge and overstanding. Our civilization is based upon advanced human interaction, not advanced human accumulation or even annihilation.

115 Again, our community is all about peace, love, unity and safely having fun. This vision is what is common to most of the peoples of the Earth, and this is why Hip Hop appeals to most of the Earth's people; we speak a universal language.

116 We seek the deeper meanings of Hip Hop beyond entertainment and we are inspired by our discoveries; symbolically as well as literally. For example, Hip Hop can be seen as H_2 I_1 P_2 H_2 O_1 P_2 or Hydrogen, Iodine, Phosphorus, Hydrogen, Oxygen, Phosphorus. Such chemical elements create a variety of useful substances, some of which are indeed life-sustaining.

117 Symbolically, H-I-P-H-O-P is chemically made up of two hydrogen atoms and one oxygen atom which produces water—a necessary element for the creation and sustainment of life in its physical form.

118 Iodine not only kills unwanted bacteria, but hydrogen, iodine and phosphorus (H-I-P) are essential minerals used to restore vitality to the physical body. Hydrogen, oxygen and phosphorus (H-

O-P) are three of the nine macronutrients essential for plant growth (again the reference to plant life).

119 Hydrogen, oxygen and phosphorus (H-O-P), properly combined, produce phosphoric acid, which is commonly used to make soil-enriching fertilizer. In essence, H-I-P-H-O-P (in its chemical interpretation) is a life-giving, life-sustaining, life-enhancing compound—one that we already have within us. And this interpretation (symbolically) is what our culture represents to the World.

120 Even further, looking at "H" as an individual symbol, and not just as a letter, sheds more light upon the deeper symbolic meanings of Hip Hop and its existence in the World. In many metaphysical circles "H" symbolizes twin pillars, justice, mercy, "the Gate to Heaven" and the ladder. "H" as a symbol is made from the union of two "I"s. "H" itself is a symbol for unity and togetherness—two "I"s coming together. "H" is truly a symbol for the preservation of our community.

121 Hip Hop can also represent the breath or the act of breathing. Hip = inhale, Hop = exhale. With every breath, attuned Hiphoppas confirm their Hip Hop existences. We are not just breathing, we are inhaling and exhaling our collective Hip Hop consciousness. With every breath we are confirming the existence of our Hip Hop Kulture and community.

122 Therefore, Hip Hop Kulture (the name of our community), when misspelled where *Kulture* does not begin with a *K* but instead is spelled as *culture* with a c (*hip-hop culture*), refers to the condition of Hip Hop's development as music. It does not relate to the mature community of responsible and unified *Hiphoppas,* the *Hiphop* City-State or the *Hip Hop nation.*

123 To become a citizen of *Hiphop Kulture* one must be willing to adopt and defend the *Hip Hop Declaration of Peace* and begin the study and mastery of one or more of Hip Hop's nine *elements.*

124 To be a Hip Hop citizen one must simply be loyal to the preservation of Hip Hop's principles, elements and lifestyle above all else. One must be willing to direct the productive effects of Hip Hop's principles, elements and lifestyle back toward the advancement of Hiphop Kulture above all else. However, the most important factor in Hip Hop's citizenry is Hip Hop's own internal unity and collective maturity.

125 As WE all have learned now, our increased freedom, peace, prosperity and defense are all linked to OUR own level of unity. Those of us who continue to ignore the importance of unity above all else are the very people holding us back. HIP HOP MUST REMAIN UNITED—otherwise, with our own hands we defeat ourselves and we should stop complaining about the actions of those who are unified against our interests.

126 We (the international Hip Hop community) are not criminals! We do not support crime and lawlessness even from our own countries and governments! For if we are to truly enjoy higher states of freedom, peace and prosperity, we must conduct ourselves in manners that surpass the current state of World affairs.

127 Where there is injustice, we MUST remain just! Where there is corruption, we MUST remain honest! And where there is disunity, WE MUST REMAIN UNIFIED! The Truth is: our freedom, peace and prosperity are based solely upon how we decide to govern ourselves.

128 We can talk, talk, talk, complain, complain, complain, protest and rally all day about the injustices of oppressive government agencies, the police and insensitive corporate business practices, but if WE are unwilling or incapable of governing ourselves then the natural result of such an inability is oppression and cops getting away with murder. The point is unity! As our parents chanted during the rise of the Civil Rights movement; THE PEOPLE UNITED CAN NEVER BE DEFEATED!

129 We believe that every human being has a duty and a right to govern themselves, and the way in which one governs one's self begins the structure as to how whole communities govern themselves.

Before we can even think about the governing of our Hip Hop nation, we must first consider the governing of our own homes, our own businesses, our own lives.

130 The decision to ignore this duty or seek to prevent Hiphoppas (and others) from exercising this duty is oppression. Whether self-imposed or induced in some way by outside forces, those who deny us (and others) the right to govern ourselves and live as we believe is best for our development are our oppressors and history shows that the universe itself will remove such oppression from ITS path toward increased order and independence.

131 Know this. Restriction of thought, action, expression and/or speech is oppression even if one does it to oneself. On the other hand, freedom of thought, action, expression and speech is self-governance even if one is ignorant of the effects of one's own thoughts, actions, expressions and speech. Either way, it is your own self-expressed thoughts, actions and words that shape and directly affect the circumstances of your physical life.

132 Sometimes to leave the ignorant to themselves is to equally oppress them as if you kept them in chains and in prison. Allowing the ignorant to remain ignorant actually destroys the ignorant and the community the ignorant rely upon.

133 Our work, therefore, is to lift Hip Hop out of ignorance and onward toward increased knowledge. Our work is to inspire the Hip Hop community to be a *community* through a unified understanding of its own existence beyond entertainment. Our work is about building and maintaining a sustainable Hip Hop culture and protecting our people from themselves first, and then from the non-productive forces that tempt us to our own demise. In short, we are cultivating an authentic Hip Hop citizenry.

134 Here, loyalty implies a strict adherence to the principles of our culture; this is the center of unity for any group or community. For when one consciously and deliberately breaks the principles of one's community, one is engaged in the act of destroying one's community and even one's self.

135 We can now see that a community's defeat and collapse is almost always brought on by the disunity, disrespect, and disobedience of its own people. It is always a *snitch* or a betrayer of the cause that hands victory over to the enemy. It is always one's disloyalty to the principles of the group and to its leadership that destroys the group from within and hands victory over to that group's enemies. This fact simply cannot be avoided.

136 Infighting is another cause for the destruction of any group. OUR COMMUNITY CANNOT AND MUST NOT BETRAY ITSELF IN THIS WAY! Betrayal is not always the act of giving up the secrets and/or plans of the group. Giving away or selling the group's resources for one's own gain is another cause for group destruction from outside forces. However, infighting (or fighting amongst oneselves) is the number-one cause of any group's defeat.

137 UNITY IS THE KEY! Not only must we never sell our elements and expressions to interests that go against our own existence, we must equally not wage war with ourselves. We must find the strength and the courage within ourselves to resolve our conflicts peacefully and without violence. This is what it means to be loyal to Hip Hop.

138 Loyalty to Hip Hop also means the protection of our own artistic and cultural *elements*; this is the beginning of independence and self-governance for Hiphoppas. We are financed by our cultural *elements*, these are our intellectual properties. If we are to become and remain politically and socially strong we cannot continue to give our intellectual property (our *elements*) away to those who care little for our continued development and well-being as a people.

139 Know this. A Hip Hop *element* is one of Hip Hop's cultural expressions. It is a material good. It

is our intellectual property. It is our capital. It is an act, art or idea that further expresses Hip Hop's culture and consciousness. It is a skill that reflects the character of the Hiphop consciousness and enhances the Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth of the truly committed Hiphoppa.

140 An *element* is usually created when the Hiphop *sight* (awareness/perception) is applied to a subject or object (material or immaterial).

141 Presently Hiphop's elements are: *Breakin, Emceein, Graffiti Art, Deejayin, Beat Boxin, Street Fashion, Street Language, Street Knowledge,* and *Street Entrepreneurialism.* These *elements* are symbolized throughout this instrument as B.E.G.D.B.F.L.K.E.

142 Hiphop's or Hip Hop's *elements* are the sources of Hiphop Kulture's political power. They are also the sources of a Hiphoppa's livelihood. They are how the Hiphoppa provides for and protects her *Self* and her family. True Hiphoppas are specialized in at least one or more of Hiphop's *nine elements*.

143 By itself one Hip Hop *element* is not the totality of Hip Hop's culture. It is a representation or an introduction to the culture itself. To fully comprehend Hip Hop's *elements* artistically one must gain an *overstanding* of Hip Hop culturally, even legally.

144 In the United States, human beings are thought to have certain inalienable rights; rights that are natural to the existence of a human's *being*. In his book, *Cases and Materials on the Law of Real Property*, law professor Ray Andrews Brown writes, *Man, by virtue of his very existence, is endowed with certain natural desires and claims. Among the most common and apparent of these are the freedom of his body from injury or restraint; the exercise of his faculties in order that he may obtain the material things essential to his life and comfort; and the possession and enjoyment of these physical things of the world which he has brought under his control.*

145 Professor Brown mentions the above as part of an explanation as to "Man's" natural right to property and how the state or community in which "Man" may live can override such a right for the good of all. Mr. Brown writes, *Organized society also has its own de facto interests, the most important of which is the preservation of peace and order,* which can come in direct conflict with "Man's" natural rights to exist and be happy.

146 However, in return for giving up one's natural rights and freedoms, *The state recognizes, protects, controls and adjusts individual and social claims and interests.* The state, although determined to preserve peace and order, still recognizes (or should recognize) the rights of the individual.

147 As professor Brown points out, *When an individual claim or interest receives recognition and protection from the state, it achieves the status of what is technically known as a 'legal right.' Thus a landowner under normal circumstances has the right, which will be vindicated by the state, to exclude others from entrance to his premises. The correlative to this right is the 'duty' which others have to observe this right.*

148 I bring this up because when it comes to Hip Hop it seems that the United States is not yet recognizing or protecting our right to our own property. It seems that the United States does not recognize our real existence as Hip Hop and thus cannot protect our interests under law. And what does this mean legally?

149 First it means that if we are unprotected by law and the state's obligation to protect our interests as Hiphoppas practicing Hiphop is nonexistenant, then corporate bodies of all sorts can invade our culture and freely take from our culture whatever they choose because not only have we not put up a legal fence around our own intellectual property (B.E.G.D.B.F.L.K.E.), but we also have

not invoked our inherent rights to our own property.

150 It is not that corporate entities exploited our artistic elements for the good of their own interests; it is more that because we were ignorant of our rights to property, others with knowledge took advantage of our ignorance. Through unfair contracts and even blatant theft they made OUR property THEIR property and the states in which we lived did not protect us, or our interests as a group. However, we were and still are expected to pay the taxes and abide by the laws of a nation that didn't and still doesn't protect us, or our property.

151 But what is property? Property in its common sense is thought of as something owned, a possession of some sort. Hip Hop's elements are indeed our property in a common sense, they are the tangible physical results to our intangible cultural reality. However, in a strict legal sense, property as explained by Mr. Brown *denotes not the physical things themselves but the rights that the individual concerned has in them.*

152 *In a strict legal sense, land is not 'property,' but the subject of property. The term 'property,' although in common parlance frequently applied to a tract of land or a chattel, in its legal signification means only the rights of the owner in relation to it.*

153 This is important for true Hip Hop scholars to know because when seeking to preserve our culture (Hip Hop) we must also know the legal route of such preservation as it relates to real property. You cannot fully preserve something that you do not actually own. But as we can see ownership in a legal sense has less to do with what is actually possessed as it has more to do with one's right to property; one's ability to use what is said to be owned. *Use is the real side of property.*

154 Professor Brown continues, *If property in land consists in certain essential rights, and a physical interference with the land substantially subverts one or more of those rights, such interference takes the owner's property.*

155 *The right of indefinite user (or of using indefinitely) is an essential quality or attribute of absolute property, without which absolute property can have no legal existence. Use is the real side of property. If the right of indefinite user is an essential element of absolute property or complete ownership, whatever physical interference annuls this right takes property.*

156 It is not so much that our physical property has been taken from us, it is more the fact that our ability or inability to use, control, direct, alter, etc. our own Hip Hop elements for our own good has been interfered with, even stifled by greedy corporate interests and our own ignorance, and such an act is the taking or giving away of our property.

157 Our *indefinite* use of Hip Hop's artistic and intellectual elements still remains our property today. It is us as a specialized group in the World that must invoke and lawfully demand our rights to property as it pertains to Hip Hop and its cultural elements and products.

158 *Property itself is an intangible thing. It is the right that a person has to make use of and enjoy a tangible thing, and not the tangible thing itself. If we stop to think, we will discover also that 'property' is not one single protected interest or claim to a thing but the totality of a number of different though related interests: the interests of possessing, of using, of altering, of conveying, etc., the thing in question.*

159 Hip Hop is an intangible thing that produces tangible things, and our inability to possess, use, alter, etc., our own Hip Hop tangibles is the beginning of our lost of property. We simply have got to stop giving away in ignorance our resources and rights to real *property*. This we must seriously begin to *overstand*.

160 Moving along now, we come to this frequently used term in our culture: *overstanding*. Here,

overstanding is a state of awareness developed primarily from having a firsthand experience with learned subjects and objects. It is different from *understanding*, which is a comprehension of learned subjects and objects gained primarily from having been taught.

161 Someone who *understands* has a comprehension of taught information (acquired knowledge). Such is the objective approach to Hiphop and Hip Hop.

162 Someone who *overstands* actually experiences the information that has been taught and comprehended (acquired wisdom). Such is the subjective approach to Hiphop and Hip Hop.

163 Know this. Along with being loved, and being needed, most people just want to be understood. For the more you understand life, the easier your life shall be. Above all learning we must truly seek understanding, and if we are blessed—*overstanding*.

164 For life is to be *under* and *over* -stood, not just lived. But to truly lend your mind to the understanding of something other than yourself requires a certain appreciation for what is about to be studied. Therefore, let us seek to understand before we seek to form opinions and views on things we know little about. Let us also be unified in our overstanding of ourselves as *Hiphoppas*.

165 What does this mean? It means that we must continuously seek the Truth and the true nature of our authentic being as Hiphoppas. This is what shall ensure our success. Relying upon Rap music's incomplete history is NOT how we are going to truly understand the divinity of our Hip Hop nature.

166 Hip Hop's true history is NOT the history of Rap music entertainment. Rap music's entertainment history can be <u>included</u> in Hip Hop's history, but to interpret Hip Hop's cultural history through mainstream Rap music entertainment is a mistake.

167 Most people today approach Hip Hop as a music genre because that's how Rap music is promoted. Icons such as Kool DJ Herc are referred to as "<u>rap</u> pioneers" even though they (he) are Hip Hop's "<u>cultural</u> architects," even spiritual leaders. In my observations, this perception of people like Kool DJ Herc (the recognized Father of Hip Hop) stagnates our collective development today as a Hip Hop community. We simply do not value one another and it is this devaluing of each other that keeps us in a valueless state.

168 Approaching Kool Herc (the Father) historically as simply a DJ is like approaching Jesus (the Christ) historically as simply a carpenter. Not only does such a perception limit the potential of the community influenced by such a perception, but such a view of Hip Hop is simply inaccurate historically. Kool DJ Herc is far more than a DJ, and Hip Hop is far more than a music genre!

169 Arriving in the United States from Jamaica sometime around 1967, Kool DJ Herc (an abbreviation for Hercules) was known for having the biggest and the loudest sound system in the Bronx, which attracted many street kids, young poets, graffiti writers, DJs and especially b-boys.

170 Kool DJ Herc would attract huge crowds to the playgrounds and parks of the West Bronx playing the instrumental *breaks* of songs by recording artists such as James Brown as well as the Amazing Bongo Band. In fact, James Brown's popular recordings would become Kool DJ Herc's main records to play.

171 And while many DJs in the Bronx, like El Marko, Mandingo, DJ Maboya, Elvis 007 and others, were also playing James Brown recordings, Kool DJ Herc was considered a street DJ because he would play his music on a huge sound system outside in the playgrounds and parks of the Bronx regularly for free! These events were called *Jams*.

172 One place where we were able to hear Kool DJ Herc *jam* was at the 1520 Sedgwick Avenue community center in the Bronx. This community center, which was part of the housing tenement where Kool Herc lived, was connected to a playground park where Herc was known to "deejay" on

his huge sound system. This is one of the main places where Hip Hop as an art form is said to have started sometime around 1972-1973.

173 The apartment building directly on the other side of the playground park was 1600 Sedgwick Avenue and this is where I lived from about 1972-1974. During these times (1970s) the whole political and social structure of the United States was changing. During this time major recording artists, actors, athletes and academicians were all openly protesting and speaking out against war and social injustice. Revolution was in the air!

174 Being influenced by the living conditions and national events of the day (unemployment, drug addiction, the Vietnam War, police misconduct, poverty, racism, civil rights, etc), the population at both 1520 as well as 1600 Sedgwick Avenue were very much politically and socially active. This community was NOT just singing and dancing; we were also praying and protesting.

175 In his time, Kool Herc was not just a DJ; he was also a popular activist in his community; a believer in GOD. He was *conscious* and talented and was known as a community leader. Kool Herc's street credibility was solid; he was *down by law.*

176 The actual idea of a *jam* was to set up a time and a space where the true intentions of our hearts and minds could be manifested through our various forms of *street* recreation, and Kool Herc was the guy that brought everyone together through his *deejayin*.

177 *Jams* were not only outdoor party spaces and places (Cedar Park, 123 Park, the 161 street Yankee Stadium Park, Stevenson High School park, all in the Bronx), *jams* were also a creative escape. It was a time to step outside of the confinement of mainstream life and create ourselves, to dress up in the clothes ("gear") that amplified what we thought of ourselves, to talk, walk and live according to our perception of ourselves without compromise.

178 A *jam* was a time to either show-off your own unique talents or watch the unique talents of others. A *jam* wasn't just about a crowd of people listening to a DJ (or, years later, to an MC), a *jam* was a community event—a social gathering. It was a time and space were the young neighborhood school kids as well as the young outcasts, the outlaws and young revolutionaries would all come together to exchange ideas, street products, plans, gossip and of course talents.

179 To understand the true birth of Hip Hop, one must understand what the 1970s was really like. One must also remember that those who attended Kool Herc's *jams* were not exclusively b-boys, DJs and/or graffiti writers; many were the activists, intellectuals and revolutionaries of their time.

180 B-boyin, Aerosol art, Deejayin and Emceein were not the only things going on in the public parks of the 1970s and Kool DJ Herc was not the only DJ of his time in those areas. However, Kool DJ Herc and his sister Cindy (Pep) were also activists in their community and their free service to their community is what caused Hip Hop to exist.

181 As I mentioned earlier, I too was present at the birth of Hip Hop in 1973 and I remember being more concerned with the mystical life and with the development of myself spiritually than with being a *fresh* MC; yet I too was attracted to the *jams* and all that the *jams* represented. I too was Hip Hop! So, what is Hip Hop's true history? Gang culture? I don't remember Hip Hop's birth like this.

182 The point here is that when Kool Herc began playing music in the community center of 1520 Sedgwick Avenue and its neighboring parks, attracting and gathering together b-boys, graffiti writers, kung fu martial artists, poets, MCs and other DJs, he also attracted gang members as well as young philosophers from a wide variety of spiritual views and traditions, and I am one only survivor from this era.

183 In Truth, many young men and women of the early 1970s were very spiritual and

philosophically-minded. Early Hip Hop was surrounded by a variety of World philosophies; many of which we adopted for ourselves. As an example, the 1973 film *Enter The Dragon* starring Bruce Lee was a huge success in the 1970s and inspired millions of urban kids all across the United States to begin practicing kung fu.

184 The spirit and fighting skills of Bruce Lee (and Jim Kelly) were a major influence upon the values and principles Hiphoppas still hold sacred today. It wasn't so much that Bruce Lee was explicitly teaching ancient Chinese philosophies in his films, it was more his attitude toward life and living that captured our hearts.

185 Bruce Lee was not just a Chinese martial artist or an actor, he was sensitive to the times in which he lived and his films always tried to convey some sort of message aimed at self-control, self-mastery and social justice. WE LOVED BRUCE LEE! He symbolized what early Hip Hop aspired to be.

186 Although censored at the time, *Enter The Dragon* (Bruce Lee's version) opened up with a conversation between Bruce Lee and his spiritual teacher. His teacher begins the film saying, *I see your talents have gone beyond the mere physical level. Your skills are now at the point of spiritual insight. I have several questions.*

187 *What is the highest technique you hope to achieve?* Bruce answers, *To have no technique.* The teacher continues, *Very good. What are your thoughts when facing an opponent?* Bruce replies, *There is no opponent.* The teacher asks, *And why is that?* Bruce answers, *Because the word* I *does not exist*. The teacher then says *So, continue*.

188 Bruce Lee explains; *A good fight should be like a small play, but played seriously. A good martial artist does not become tense, but ready; not thinking, yet not dreaming. Ready for whatever may come. When the opponent expands, I contract. When he contracts, I expand. And when there is an opportunity, I do not hit, IT hits all by ITself.*

189 The teacher replies, *Now you must remember; the enemy has only images and illusions behind which he hides his true motives. Destroy the image and you will break the enemy. The IT that you refer to is a powerful weapon easily misused by the martial artist who deserves his loss.*

190 Further into the conversation the teacher asks Bruce, *Tell me now the Shaolin commandment number 13.* Bruce replies, *A martial artist has to take responsibility for himself and accept the consequences of his own doing.*

191 This attitude is basic to Hip Hop. However, one month before *Enter The Dragon* was released, Bruce Lee mysteriously died and this whole dialog was cut from the film. I often wonder what the World would be like if so many great minds like Bruce Lee were not sabotaged and/or murdered. Minds like Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X, John Lennon, Gandhi, and again Bruce Lee to name a few.

192 I am from that group of young people that were inspired by these minds. We went to the *jams* and philosophied in a *cipher* (a circle) with others of like mind about the state of the Black man and woman in America. My group did not grab the mic, or break, or DJ at first; we were more concerned with hidden Truths and attaining freedom from injustice *by any means necessary.* Kool Herc's *jams* attracted us also.

193 Some of us grew up Baptist, or Catholic, or Jehovah's Witness. Others of us grew up Muslim; even others of us grew up Rastafarian, and Jewish, and as Hebrew Israelites, and as Five Percenters. I grew up in all of these spiritual traditions. I can remember feeling all kinds of spiritual traditions at the places where Kool DJ Herc played and later where Afrika Bambaataa and Jazzy Jay played.

194 Even later where Red Alert, Chuck Chillout, DJ Breakout and Brucie B. played, Christians were there, Rastafarians, Five Percenters, Freemasons were there, Muslims were there, Hindus and Buddhists were there, even Witches, Satanists and Atheists were in attendance. It was a *jam!* It was open and anyone who wanted to be there was there.

195 At these early *jams* I remember everyone being in harmony with one another through the music, the clothing and our unique styles of communication (hand shakes, head nods, street games and street news, etc.).

196 Even when we argued philosophically we were always able to work things out in the end without violent confrontations because in the end we knew that we were all united in the idea of freedom from oppression. And yes, our debates did get heated! But this is why we created Hip Hop to begin with.

197 Hip Hop was created as a neutral zone, an alternative form of recreation, an escape from street-violence, corruption and boredom. This is a major part of Hip Hop's history that seems to always be left out of Hip Hop's historical presentations.

198 The very subjects and activities that rappers rap about today are exactly what Hip Hop was created to avoid and even overcome. The point here is that knowledge and *overstanding* were also at the birth of Hip Hop right along with b-boying, MC-ing, graffiti writing and DJ-ing. However, the desperate quest to exploit Hip Hop's artistic elements for profit (in Hip Hop's later years) buried the principles and life skills that accompanied Hip Hop's early artistic elements.

199 Early Hiphoppas united around Kool DJ Herc's sound system because it was the biggest and the loudest of the time. However, even with talent the actual character of Kool DJ Herc himself was one of leadership and social activism. He and his sister Cindy actually cared about the young kids in their neighborhood and this is what caused Hip Hop to exist. In fact, this was the general attitude of even the gangs at the time.

200 Kool Herc wasn't just playing music in the park; he was trying to keep young kids like me out of trouble by playing his music in the park for free. Kool Herc would play the songs of James Brown which represented the Black Power movement and most people's feelings at the time of struggling against oppression.

201 James Brown with Alfred James Ellis would publish the song "Say It Loud—I'm Black and I'm Proud" which was a huge success in 1968. As youths, we sang along with James Brown as he shouted, *SAY IT LOUD!* And we would all say, *I'M BLACK AND I'M PROUD!*

202 James Brown would tell us, *I worked on jobs with my feet and my hands, and all the work I did was for the other man! And now <u>we demands our chance to do things for ourselves</u>, we tired of beating our heads against the wall and working for someone else!* This advice would follow me all of my life —this is Hip Hop!

203 For youngsters like me growing up in New York, the *good life* was all about independence from the rigid order of the World's work-force, and non-attachment to the ways, the people and the things of the mainstream. Like many of my time I just wanted to be at peace and happy. I just wanted to *chill*.

204 The group of youngsters I grew up with were not really interested in making careers out of their MC-ing and DJ-ing abilities. These were our pastime recreations; we simply wanted freedom from the oppression that we witnessed our parents and grandparents experiencing. This inspired many of us (the original MCs, b-boys/b-girls and DJs) to enroll in college and become professionals later in life.

205 For others of us (the artists), Hip Hop became our new identity. It became our interpretation of the World. At very young ages we confirmed to our skeptical parents that we were going to make a life for ourselves practicing the artistic elements of Hip Hop. And even though many of us would have to leave home at early ages in order to pursue our goals as MCs, dancers and DJs, our group (influenced by the events of the Civil Rights movement) still saw Hip Hop as the continued struggle for true freedom, justice and equality.

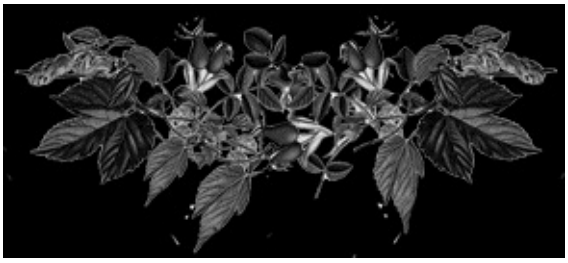
206 For our group, as we got older we began to turn our Hip Hop view of the World (our *sight*) toward the subjects of philosophy, history, religion and politics. Beyond music and dance, Hip Hop was the life that we began to live. So the question became, *how would we live the Hip Hop life?* Beyond rapping, how should the rapper's life be lived?

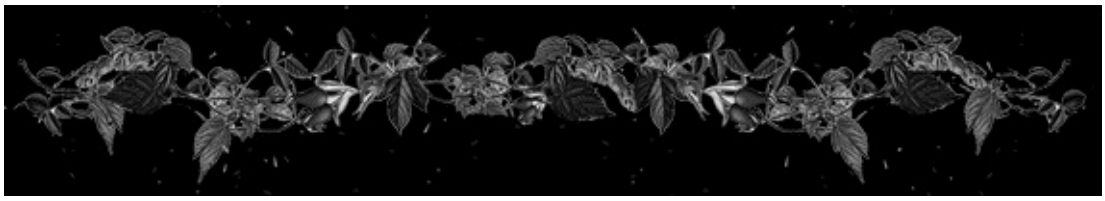
207 This is how I, and many others, have always approached Hip Hop. For us, Hip Hop is NOT just art and entertainment. For us, Hip Hop is a metaphysical principle that ensures one's health, love, awareness and wealth through the arts, and the Gospel of Hip Hop is the documentation and instruction of such a view.

208 For us, Hip Hop is GOD's response to OUR suffering, it is the answered prayer of our grandparents and ancestors, it is the PROMISED LAND, it is the *idea* that unites us. Such an *idea* teaches us to cooperate with one another, to help one another and support one another.

209 For we have now learned that life is all about cooperation. That the power which causes several portions of a plant or even a human (for example) to come together to help one another is called "life," or produces "life." We have now learned that life intensifies with the increase of helpfulness and cooperation. The intensity of life is also the intensity of helpfulness, unity and cooperation. The ceasing of these powers causes deterioration, therefore the ceasing of help is called "corruption."

210 We (Hip Hop) have a unique opportunity to join the World's peace process and establish the sovereignty our parents envisioned without violence and/or war. But first we must cooperate with one another, and this is why the Gospel of Hip Hop physically exists and why the Temple of Hip Hop culturally exists. Let us get to work on the realization of this vision. Let us cooperate with one another. For us, THIS IS REAL HIP HOP! There it is.





THE SECOND OVERSTANDING

THE REFINITIONS

1 Peace and much Love. Know this. The term *refinition* means "redefined definitions." This overstanding deals with the redefining of Hip Hop, Hip Hop's artistic elements and the Hiphoppa in an effort to strengthen the methodology of Hip Hop's actual preservation and lifestyle.

2 *The Refinitions* are not only the Temple of Hip Hop's collection of Hip Hop cultural terms and codes designed to organize and raise the self-worth of the Temple Member that teaches Hip Hop for a living, *The Refinitions* encourages Temple Members to redefine themselves as Hip Hop above all else.

3 Here, Hip Hop is not just a music genre or some other kind of art form. Here, Hip Hop is the name and divine nature of our present lifestyle. Hip Hop is the name of our ritual; it is the utterance of our being.

4 *Rap fans* are told about the *fathers* and *mothers*, *Godfathers* and *Godmothers*, *Pioneers*, *Teachas* and history of Hip Hop for the sake of building Hip Hop's political common Spirit and cultural continuity in the World. Such knowledge promotes respect for those Hip Hop pioneers that have contributed to Hip Hop's physical manifestation and cultural continuity in the World.

5 However, knowing the history of *Hip Hop* and/or the names of *Hip Hop's* pioneers will not defend against the everyday happenings and temptations of the material World. For Hip Hop itself to be strong and vibrant, its practitioners must become strong and vibrant when practicing the Hip Hop lifestyle. The purchasing of Rap CDs is NOT the Hip Hop lifestyle.

6 The Hip Hop lifestyle prescribed in these writings establishes the foundations of Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth in preparation for a life lived in peace, love, unity and joy while practicing Hip Hop.

7 Critics of our movement can say whatever they like, however amongst average Hiphoppas who have bills to pay, families to raise, mouths to feed and goals to achieve, Hip Hop cannot be just about music and dance, beefs and scandals. What kind of lifestyle is that!

8 After you've reached 20 years of age Hip Hop must be able to sustain your well-being or you will be forced to associate with another movement or way of life that can. And there begins the death of Hip Hop for real! The inability to enhance the quality of the Hip Hop life can lead to the death of Hip Hop itself.

9 For if Hiphoppas cannot sustain their own well-being with Hip Hop, or if the Hip Hop lifestyle leads to prison, then sooner or later some of our best minds and the most talented of our group will be forced to take up other lifestyles and careers just to feed and protect themselves. And even beyond the protecting, feeding, clothing and sheltering of one's self, if Hip Hop cannot offer the Hiphoppa peace then what is it offering?

10 This teacha has achieved peace through his contentment with Hip Hop, and this is what he teaches. I really don't need anything else to be happy. Hip Hop is total living for me, I would live no other way. Therefore, by being true to the "love" in my life, GOD is revealed, my purpose is fulfilled and peace is produced. People can betray you; family and friends can be unreliable, selfish and unreasonable. But GOD, revealed through an attuned Hiphop lifestyle, is a firm foundation upon which to stand. Let GOD be your strength, not people.

[11] Forty years of living Hip Hop has also revealed to us an order, a plan, a pattern, some sort of divine direction that guides and develops Hip Hop. This *knowing* produces peace and knowing this produces peace. Knowing for a fact without a doubt that Hip Hop is divinely guided creates peace in the life of the attuned Hiphoppa. Practicing Hip Hop in this way and being content with Hip Hop in this way produces an inner security that satisfies your outer perception, causing a state of peace.

[12] Know this. PEACE PRESERVES HIP HOP. And peace is not attained after one is successful; peace is practiced at the beginning of one's journey toward success. This is why those who have not mastered their own inner-workings first will find themselves enslaved to their own outer-workings later. And one of the first tasks of one's inner-work is to live a life that one can be proud of, a life that can be commended before GOD. Such a lifestyle causes peace, and this is why such a lifestyle should begin when you are young; like 15.

[13] Knowledge also causes peace in the sense that being able to accurately and impressively explain what you do as well as who you are produces a sense of inner-security about yourself. Being impressed with yourself, that you are your Self, causes peace. Being satisfied with your Self causes peace.

[14] Mastery of *the Refinitions* presents a professional personality that draws needed opportunity through the curiosity and admiration of those who hear you speak. However, *the Refinitions* have been known to backfire upon those who simply speak the terms and don't live the life. It is like claiming to be a gangster so that you may impress your ignorant friends. But when your own gangster speech begins to draw gangster situations to you, you are unprepared because you really don't live a criminal life; you were only speaking about criminal behavior because you thought you needed to do so to be considered cool.

[15] The same can be applied to good and productive situations like when you claim to have something that you don't really have only to achieve it and have not the hands, the mind, or the space to receive it. Know this. Lifestyles are created by the rituals of one's tribe which corresponds with the nature of one's being. Hip Hop is the name of our tribe, and the mastery of one's own tribal rituals sets up a confident character about one's self even before one enters the World as an adult or as a professional of some sort.

[16] When one has matured and has completed the ritual "stages" of one's own tribe and holds the respect of one's own group one then earns a certain importance and respect in the World not for what one has done in the World, but for what one has done for one's self amongst one's own people. Such a character invites peace.

[17] The World respects a man whose tribe respects him. The World protects a woman whose tribe protects her. The World feeds and educates the children whose tribe feeds and educates them.

[18] The World is also confident in the leader who is confident in himself, and such confidence comes by way of one's own mastery of one's own culture and self-expression. Hip Hop is the name of our tribe, and the way we present ourselves to the World is the way the World shall present itself to our children and their children's children forever.

[19] For when we finally accept our tribe and commit to it, we see ourselves more clearly because we know what we belong to. The problem with so many of our young people today is that they don't feel as though they belong to anything and so peace in their adult years is almost impossible because they are not comforted by a satisfying tradition.

[20] Mastery of *the Refinitions* begins one's journey toward contentment and peace as a Hiphoppa because the mastery of *the Refinitions'* language and approach to Hip Hop makes the practicing

Hiphoppa sure about the Hip Hop he/she lives and practices. Such surety causes a sense of peace and self-satisfaction well into one's elder years.

[21] *The Refinitions* make the best parts of Hip Hop a repeatable science—a science that when mastered offers special intellectual and creative abilities unique to the Hip Hop experience. For as long as we stay within the mastery of our own self-expression we shall always possess a special strength in the material World against all challenges, foreign or domestic. The problem is when you doubt the authority and value of your own self-expression, then everyone else must doubt you as well.

[22] Sure, we can all talk about preserving Hip Hop and teaching its true history, but if there is no clearly outlined strategy to actually preserve Hiphoppas themselves, how then shall Hip Hop actually be preserved? What are we actually preserving of Hip Hop?

[23] Hip Hop's many activist organizations are right to preserve Hip Hop's artistic memorabilia and real history—respect to that. However, the Temple of Hip Hop is more concerned with the preservation of Hiphoppas themselves than with the study and/or glorification of Hip Hop's artifacts and/or possible history.

[24] In fact, Hip Hop does not actually need to be preserved, because nothing real can ever be destroyed. And Hip Hop is real! However, if the Hiphoppa is ignorant of Hip Hop's productive lifestyle then it is the Hiphoppa's participation in Hip Hop that can lead the Hiphoppa to suffering, affecting the very fabric of Hip Hop itself. No, Hip Hop cannot actually be destroyed, but it can be distorted and made to serve interests it was not initially intended for. This is one of the real challenges facing Hip Hop today, its belief in its own existence.

[25] Many people (mostly Rap fans) are convinced that Hip Hop is just music. They approach Hip Hop as a music genre with no principles or social awareness and then wonder why "hip-hop's" music doesn't offer its consumers anything more than gangstas, bitches, pimps, hoes and niggas. Indeed they got it twisted!

[26] This is why many rappers don't make it past two albums or even 10 minutes live on stage, because talent never got anyone anywhere! It is the way in which you live your life that ensures your success and longevity. Talent does help. Being highly skilled does help. But ultimately, if people don't like you then you are going NOWHERE! If people don't trust you, you are going NOWHERE! If you have no faith, no courage or credibility you are going NOWHERE!

[27] Hip Hop's music alone never got anyone killed or made anyone live any longer. It was always one's own lifestyle or even one's own life decisions that produced such results either way. So, how ya livin? What principles do you conduct your life by? Do they cause peace, contentment and joy in your life?

[28] Hip Hop reaches far beyond music and lyrics, as we've been learning; Hip Hop is a conscious way to be. But some have suggested that Hip Hop is simply an art form; a genre of music to be compared to other music genres and performing arts. They insist that Hip Hop is no more than music entertainment, as if "Breakin" and "Graffiti writing" do not exist as Hip Hop as well. As if Hip Hop actually exists outside of GOD!

[29] But is there really a debate here? The real issue is faith. What do YOU believe? If you believe that hip-hop is just music then you shall live with the manifestations of your own beliefs. And if I believe that Hiphop is a conscious behavior that produces health, love, awareness, and wealth for the believer then I too shall live with the manifestations of my own beliefs.

[30] But, even if we limit Hip Hop's activity to the realm of just music, many still fail to meditate upon the actual depths of music itself. Even hip-hop journalists, music executives and so-called *hip-*

hop scholars refuse to ask themselves surface questions like: Where does music come from? What is it that inspires the human mind to create music? What is the purpose of music itself? More importantly, what is the purpose of OUR music? What should OUR music inspire OUR listeners to feel? And, what is art?

31 How many of our critics are really asking these questions? If Hip Hop is just good music, then what is its purpose as "good music?" Not that we should give our music a fake purpose that it did not originally have, but instead shouldn't we be seeking the Truth and deeper existence of the music that WE are inspired to create?

32 Shouldn't we be investigating the deeper aspects of our OWN creativity? An inquiry into just Rap music's existence would reveal to us the true nature of our OWN being. Such an inquiry would explore Hip Hop far beyond DJ-ing, MC-ing and CD sales.

33 If we are truly Hip Hop's artists (and not just fans) is it not OUR responsibility to seek the deeper meaning to OUR Hip Hop art? Who else is supposed to do this inquiry for us? Who else CAN do this inquiry for us? Even if it is just to get better as artists and master the performances of our own artistic expressions, shouldn't WE be investigating the deeper meaning to OUR creative activity? And this is if we limit Hip Hop to just "Rap music."

34 These are just the basic questions of those that truly love Hip Hop. Others (even with lengthy recording contracts and various sales awards) expose themselves as *"desperate fans of the music"* by never taking the time to investigate the deeper mechanics of their own craft and livelihood. They themselves act as if they are visitors to Hip Hop's culture and elements simply by their non-caring attitude toward Hip Hop's preservation.

35 For if they were even true musicians and not "hustlers" hustling or peddling Rap music to a gullible public their greatest joy would be to probe the sacred path of music creation into the very depths of poetry and even sound vibration itself.

36 The young emcee seeking a deeper understanding of hip-hop even as music would ask; *"if hip-hop is just good music, then what is music?"* The origin of music is not the radio, nor is the origin of art the artist, nor do CD sales equate to artistic excellence.

37 Know this. Music is the art of arranging sounds into harmonious melodies and rhythms. Sound is a vibration that passes through any elastic material and/or medium; either solid, liquid, gas, or other.

38 Music and sound are not the same things. Sound must vibrate at the frequency of 16 to 20,000 hertz (or cycles per second) to be detected by the human ear. The vibration frequency of sound hitting the ear at 20 hertz must be almost 70 dB higher (2000 hertz or 10 million times more energy) to produce human hearing. The ear actually magnifies sound vibrations so that we can hear them.

39 In our time, the frequency range for human beings to hear speech is between 600 to 4,800 hertz. The energy output of the male voice peaks at about 350 hertz and the energy output of the female voice peaks at about 700 hertz, which is then magnified by the eardrum to produce hearing. However, even if there was no eardrum to detect sound in the human ear, sound would still exist because sound is energy; you just would not hear it.

40 Again, music is not sound. Music is the arrangement of various sounds. Sound is vibration; it is the ingredients of music. Sound is vibration and vibration is energy. Energy is produced by atomic forces.

41 We exist in a universe of energy. In fact, we and our material environments are the forms which this energy takes. The most commonly understood manifestations of this energy are heat, light and

sound. Music is the arrangement of energy in its form as sound. Each sound communicates an idea to us based upon how we have been educated (trained) to interpret such sounds.

42 *This now leads us to another aspect of music, to the process of hearing. This process is not an isolated phenomenon which only entails the ears, it involves the whole body. Everybody knows the feeling that runs down your back when someone scratches on a hard surface; you have to shudder. Music can also affect you like this through and through. Indeed, happy are those who hear the chords of joy and ecstasy. Happy are those familiar with the tones of our planet, happy are those who let these tones resound within, attuning them to the basic motion and rhythm of the earth.* (Hans Cousto, *The Cosmic Octave*)

43 The point here is that even if Hip Hop is just "good music," we must still seek the deeper meaning and uses of music and sound to arrive at a deeper understanding of *hip-hop* even as music. Such an inquiry is bound to lead the inquiring Hiphoppa beyond *hip-hop* as entertainment and into *Hiphop* as consciousness and energy.

44 This is what makes the Temple of Hip Hop unique in its approach to Hip Hop in our time, and those that master *the Refinitions* as well as their approach to GOD won't use Hip Hop or God, they will inherit the ability to produce Hip Hop and/or God for others to use. Our needs are met in the production of Hip Hop and/or God itself.

45 *The Refinitions* approaches Hip Hop as a repeatable science and lays out a practical framework for the explaining of Hip Hop's elements to younger Hiphoppas and even to those foreign to Hip Hop.

46 However, mastery of *the Refinitions* and its magical uses can only come alive in real-life situations. Ultimately, mastery of *the Refinitions* is an experience, not a speech. It is a perceptual reflex that reveals the inner-workings of Hip Hop's creative spirit.

47 Teaching *the Refinitions* creates employment opportunities for the truly committed members of our Hip Hop preservation society. In addition, *the Refinitions* gives the apprentice an organized view of Hip Hop's activities in the physical World beyond entertainment.

48 And even though the Temple of Hip Hop does teach the nine elements of *the Refinitions* in nine days, it is suggested that each of the nine elements which interprets Hip Hop for us be taught within a one month period. Each *element* should be studied for 30 days before moving on to the teaching and/or study of the remaining elements. In all, it is suggested that these *elements* be taught over a nine month period; one *element* per month.

49 As a templist, do not allow yourself to be caught unstudied. Such neglect will only affect your ability to overcome the World and its traps. These *Overstandings* are for YOUR empowerment. Take yourself seriously!

50 *The Refinitions* are true Hip Hop codes and terms based upon Hip Hop's historical facts, not upon emotion and folklore. It is designed to give the templist an empowering lifestyle, an empowering authoritative conversation and an organized view of Hip Hop's elements.

51 Seriously committed templists are advised to seek and study all knowledge, organizations and interpretations of Hip Hop available. However, knowing and speaking the language of *the Refinitions* is a good first start for any Hiphoppa; it opens new doors of opportunity, defense, self-worth and longevity.

52 Other Hip Hop organizations may practice a different set of elements and terms. However, *the Refinitions* remain the primary teaching tool of the Temple of Hip Hop. With this body of knowledge we raise our self-worth as *Hiphop Kultural Specialists*. Like Hip Hop itself, *the Refinitions* is a social

art that offers its practitioners an escape from poverty and purposelessness.

53 It is this approach to Hip Hop that assisted in OUR freedom and has delivered OUR *victory over the streets* in our time. And it has been our experience that this approach to Hip Hop (*the Refinitions*) truly preserves Hip Hop because it truly empowers the Hiphoppa.

54 By learning how to speak and teach the language of *the Refinitions;* and by performing Hip Hop's elements in this way, the true Hiphoppa raises her own self-worth and artistic longevity. In addition, the language of *the Refinitions* raises the value of those that teach *Hiphop, Hip Hop* and *hip-hop* for a living.

55 This begins your intellectual training of Hiphop, Hip Hop and hip-hop, and here your training is directly connected to your doing. Reading about Hip Hop is NOT how one experiences *Hiphop*. It is in the doing, being and living of *Hiphop* that one gains the spiritual essence of Hip Hop.

56 Remember, an athlete was never made by mere instruction, and no soldier was ever trained simply by studying her manual. Both are made by the continuous practice of their drills and exercises. It is not the hearers of Truth, but the doers of Truth that are justified before their God.

57 So let us perfect ourselves in this way. Let us work in our own sphere and with what GOD has provided to us. Let us perfect ourselves before seeking the ways of those outside of ourselves and our experiences. *The more we are sustained by internal strength, the less we demand of life around us. Each must keep his own happiness in his own name. No man is so rich or powerful that he can hire another to sleep for him or to eat for him. Each must perform the essential requirements of survival, and this is true of the inner-life as well. To depend for strength upon that which is not ourselves is folly.* (Manly P. Hall, *The Mystical Christ*)

58 A perfected *Self*, meaning a life purpose fulfilled, inherits the intellectual ability to know anything. Focus now upon the perfection of your *Self-expression*. Be not envious of the blessings and skills that GOD has given to others, ignoring the blessings and skills that GOD has given to you. Take a moment now to review and reflect upon our list of Hip Hop elements, terms and codes.

R-10 **BREAKIN:** (*The study and application of street dance forms.*) Originally called the *Go-Off, Burnin'* and/or *Boy Yong Yong,* Breakin is commonly called *Break Dancing* or *b-boying* today and it now includes the once independent dance forms *Up-Rockin, Poppin and Lockin, Jailhouse* or *Slap-Boxing, Double Dutch, Electric Boogie* and *Capoeira* martial arts. It is also commonly referred to as *freestyle street dancing.* The practitioners of traditional *Breakin* are called *b-boys, b-girls* and *Breakers.*

I *Breakin* moves are also used in aerobics and other exercises that refine the body and relieve stress. Dance and other rhythmic body movements appear at the genesis of human awareness and remain the center of good health.

II *Breakin* gets our hearts pumping at about 120 beats per minute, and if we can *break* or dance at least three times a week for only 20 minutes we will have enhanced our physical health and prolonged our very lives by years. Like letters, dance is also a form of communication. In fact, Poppin, Lockin, and Electric Boogie are all body symbols; even body letters.

III Dance is often used as a form of self-expression; it is like a language (body language). It is also a form of healing and rejuvenation. *Break-dancing: acrobatic style of street dancing.*

IV *While breakdancing (a term disowned by all b-boys) began with crews like the Nigga Twins, the Zulu Kings, the Salsoul Crew, the City Boys, Freeze Force, Starchild La Rock, the Disco Kids, and the*

KC Crew, the most influential was undoubtedly the Rock Steady Crew. Formed in 1977 by Jojo Torres, Jimmy Lee, Mongo Rock, Spy and Jimmy Dee, the Rock Steady Crew gathered together the best of the second wave of Latino b-boys who had come to dominate the field since it migrated out of the Bronx in the early 70s.

V *The RSC main innovation was to make b-boying more athletic, more gymnastic. Many of these moves were pioneered by the two b-boys who are generally considered the greatest: Richie 'Crazy Legs' Colon and Ken 'Swift' Gabbert. Moves like the windmill, the whip, the 1990, the chair and the spider are credited to Crazy Legs and Ken Swift, who helped the RSC become the dominant crew in legendary battles against the Dynamic Breakers, the Floor Masters and the New York City Breakers.*

VI *Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, a kid called Don Campbell invented* Locking *(freezing in between moves). The dance became so popular that he formed his own troupe in 1973, the Campbellock Dancers, which included such minor celebs as Fred 'Rerun' Berry, Toni Basil and 'Shabba-Doo' Quinones. The style was expanded by The Electric Boogaloos ('Boogaloo Sam' Solomon, Timothy 'Poppin' Pete' Solomon, Skeeter Rabbit, Twist-O-Flex Don, Creepin' Cid and Tickin' Will), who invented moves like poppin', boogaloo, tickin', twist-flex and the old man while dancing to Zapp records.* (Peter Shapiro, *The Rough Guide to Hip-Hop*)

VII In a letter written to the Temple of Hip Hop, b-boy historian Mickey Ice explains how the dance style of Poppin was created in Fresno, California sometime around 1977 by a man named Boogaloo Sam dancing to Roger Troutman and Zapp records. He explains in this letter *The group was called the Electric Boogaloos, a group of young Black kids from Edison High School on the West Side of Fresno…My uncle was hyped by the whole movement, this was around 1977 until 1984, Poppin got exposure to the world, then came Oakland etc.*

VIII Mickey Ice continues, *Just like the Bronx, this style of dancing was only going on here* (Fresno, CA), *nowhere else in California, not even Los Angeles, except Lockin which was Don Campbell. He was Lockin at Compton Community College, then came Rerun. Big ups to the Rock Steady Crew for taking it across the oceans! But there was some nasty brothas before the Rock Steady Crew like the Nicholas Brothers, Sammy Davis Jr., and Sandman. I got some footage of Black folks on the cotton plantation with the illest footwork and Up-Rocking before Hip Hop.*

IX Popularized by: James Brown, Don Campbell and the Campbellock Dancers, the Nigga Twins, Poppin' Pete, Dennis Vasquez—the Rubber Band Man, Rock Steady Crew, Pee Wee Dance, the New York City Breakers, the Los Angeles Breakers, Boogaloo Shrimp, "Shabba-Doo" Quinones, Demons of the Mind, the Breeze Team, Michael Jackson, and others.

R-11 **EMCEEIN:** *(The study and application of rhythmic talk, poetry and divine speech.)* Commonly referred to as *rappin* or *Rap*, its practitioners are known as *emcees* or *rappers.*

I The *emcee* is a Hip Hop poet who directs and moves the crowd by rhythmically rhyming in spoken word. The *emcee* is a cultural spokesperson. Technically, the *emcee* is a creation of one's community whereas the *rapper* is a creation of corporate interests.

II The word *emcee* comes from the abbreviated form of *Master of Ceremonies* (M.C.). In its traditional sense, M.C. referred to the hosting of an event—the master of a ceremony or an event.

III In its ancient sense, to *emcee* meant to pray or to communicate with GOD. It was used by the Greeks to communicate with their oracles and to pray to their gods.

IV The earliest known forms of *Emceein* were done by the ancient priests, sages and philosophers of Africa and Asia. Later in history, the ancient art of *Emceein* would be practiced by African Griots

and Djelees as they went from village to village teaching (or rather performing) history and important life lessons.

V *Emceein* (or rhythmic speech/divine speech) also appears at the genesis of human awareness. It is the language of the heart.

VI Early Hiphoppas transformed the traditional character of the *Master of Ceremonies* to include crowd participation routines and poetry. Today, the *emcee* seeks to be a master of the spoken word, not just the best rapper or poet.

VII *Emceein* (when properly understood) manipulates air through sound vibration in an effort to alter or expand consciousness.

VIII *Emcees* also deliver lectures and other forms of public instruction. Most *emcees* rate themselves on their ability to *rock a party*, speak clearly and/or tell a good story.

IX *Emcees* (different from MCs) seek the mastery of the spoken word. For in the mastering of *emceein* we also express our inherit understanding of rhythm, linguistics, physics, mathematics, memory, logical reasoning and high communication skills. Emceein expresses a total integration of right and left brain coordination.

X Know this. A talented *emcee* almost always becomes a respected rapper. But a talented rapper usually never becomes a respected *emcee*.

XI The *emcee* expresses through rhyme what is already on your mind, whereas the *rapper* tells you all about his or her self. True Hiphoppas are encouraged to study both styles for maximum success.

XII Popularized by: Cab Calloway, Coke La Rock, Pebblie Poo, Sha Rock, Chief Rocker Busy Bee, Keith Cowboy, Melle Mel, Grandmaster Caz, Rakim, Queen Lisa Lee, Slick Rick, Big Daddy Kane, MC Lyte, Roxanne Shanté, Muhammad Ali, and others.

R-12 **GRAFFITI ART:** *(The study and application of street calligraphy, art and handwriting.)* Commonly called *Aerosol Art, Writing, Piecing, Burning, Graff* and *Urban Murals.* Other forms of this art include *Bombin'* and *Taggin'*. Its practitioners are known as *Writers, Bombers, Graffiti writers, Aerosol artists, Graffitists* and *Graffiti artists.*

I Also at the genesis of human awareness, writing on walls, trees, stones, clothing, etc. plays an important part in the development of human intelligence and self-expression. Most urban children instinctively begin learning to write by writing on walls.

II Ancient humans of prehistoric times would put certain berry juice in their mouths and blow or spit their images onto cave walls sometimes in total darkness just as the modern graffiti writers of the 1970s and 1980s would do with their aerosol spray cans on the sides of subway trains.

III Today, *Graffiti* artists seek to be masters of handwriting and art. *Graffiti* writing is mostly about letters. It's about actualizing one's artistic style and expression through letters. *Graffiti* artists rate themselves on their letter styles, characters and ability to write and/or draw a good story. Many *writers* have become graphic artists, fashion designers, photographers and motion picture directors.

IV Know this. *Graffiti* as art is not vandalism! *Graffiti Art* is the revolutionary control of public space. *Graffiti Art* does to letters what emceein does to language. Traditionally, the word *Graffiti* originated from the Italian term *Graffito,* meaning *a scratch*—thus its connection with *deejayin* (Graffiti writing—*visual deejayin*).

V *Graffiti* was a term given to Hip Hop's graphic art animation when it appeared legally and

illegally on public and private properties as an act of social protest (especially on subway trains).

VI Similar to the way Emceein was labeled *Rap* and Breakin was labeled *break dancing*; so it became with *writin', bombin', piecin', burnin'* and *taggin'*, which have all come to be labeled *graffiti*.

VII *Graffiti—writing or drawing that is scribbled, scratched, or sprayed onto a surface.*

VIII Popularized by: Cornbread, Taki 183, Phase 2, Cay 161, Barbara 62 and Eve 62, Lady Pink, Stay High 149, Kase 2, Lee, Chico, Cope 2, TATS CRU, Presweet, Iz the Wiz, Seen, Quik, O.E., Revolt, Dondi, Papo 184, Zephyr, Futura 2000, and others.

R-13 **DEEJAYIN:** (*The study and application of Rap music production, cuttin', mixin' and scratchin' as well as on-air radio broadcasting.*) Commonly refers to the work of a disc jockey. However, *Hip Hop's* disc jockey doesn't just play vinyl records, tapes and compact discs. *Hip Hop's* DJ interacts artistically with the performance of a recorded song by *cuttin*, *mixin*, and *scratchin* the song in all of its recorded formats.

I Originally presented by two turntables, first designed by Edward P. Casey of the Bronx in 1955, and connected to a mixer with a "cross-fader" first designed by Grandmaster Flash in 1976, Hip Hop's DJ used the turntable and mixer as instruments that manipulated the playing of vinyl records.

II Deejayin, different from "DJ-ing," includes speaking, even rapping while presenting recorded music. Caribbean people still use the term *deejayin* to describe the vocal performances of rhythmic speech over music.

III Deejayin is also about knowing the moods that certain music can put an audience in. Deejayin detects and orchestrates the *mood* of music presentations. Deejayin explores the relationship between music melodies, song production, and their effects upon the moods of people.

IV Even beyond music and other forms of entertainment, *Deejayin* as a conscious awareness not only inspires our style of musical instrumentation, it also expresses the desire and ability to create, modify and/or transform music technology.

V Its practitioners are known as *turntablists, deejays, mixologists, grandmasters, mixmasters, jammasters,* and *funkmasters. Disc Jockey—presenter of recorded music.*

VI Popularized by: El Marko, Kool DJ Herc, Afrika Bambaataa, Jazzy Jay, Grand Master Flash, GrandWizzard Theodore, Kool DJ Red Alert, DJ Cash Money, Marley Marl, Brucie B., Chuck Chillout, Kid Capri, Afrika Islam, Jam Master Jay, and others.

R-14 **BEAT BOXIN:** (*The study and application of body music and body language.*) Commonly refers to the act of creating rhythmic sounds and language with various parts of the body; particularly the throat, mouth and hands. Its practitioners are known as *Human Beat Boxes* or *Human Orchestras.*

I *Beat Boxin* is about seeing and using the body as an instrument. Earlier versions of this expression included *Hand bone* or *Hambone*. However, modern Beat Boxin originates from the act of imitating early electronic drum machines.

II The early electronic drum machines were some of the original *beat boxes;* and to skillfully imitate them was called *Beat Boxin*. However, ancient *Beat Boxin* was the ability to imitate the sounds of Nature with one's own body parts.

III Not only is *Beat Boxin* a form of communication; it is Hip Hop's actual language. *Beat Boxin* is also found at the genesis of human awareness. In fact, imitating the sounds of Nature (or one's natural environment) to communicate ideas and feelings is at the very beginning of human awareness,

knowledge and survival.

IV Popularized by: Doug E. Fresh, Biz Markie, the Fat Boyz, (the original) DMX, Greg Nice, Bobby McFerrin, Emanon, Click Tha Supah Latin, K Love, Rahzel, and others.

R-15 **STREET FASHION:** *(The study and application of urban trends and styles.)* Commonly refers to the clothing trends of urban centers. However, *Street Fashion* deals with all trends and styles of Hip Hop's culture—what's in and what's out, regardless of the expression. Its practitioners are known as *Hiphoppas.*

I Self-expression through *Street Fashion* is an important way to present Hip Hop's unique identity to the World. *Street Fashion* represents the prominence of all Hip Hop cultural codes, forms and customs.

II Not only is fashion a very ancient form of communication, but our expressed consciousness was (and still is) also represented in the way in which we adorned, colored and dressed ourselves.

III Popularized by: the Black Spades, the Black Panthers, the Crips, the Bloods, Jew Man, Ron 125th, Dapper Dan, Shirt Kings, Lugz, FUBU, Karl Kani, Sean John, Wu Wear, Fat Joe 560, Phat Farm and others.

R-16 **STREET LANGUAGE:** *(The study and application of street communication.)* Commonly referred to as *Black English*, *Urban Slang* and *Ebonics.* It is Hip Hop's urban language and linguistic codes—the verbal communication of the *streets*.

I Advanced *Street Language* includes the correct pronunciation of one's native and national language as it pertains to urban life. In addition, advanced *Street Language* deals with one's communication skills even beyond what one says.

II *Street Language* is not always spoken words. Hip Hop's *Street Language* includes Beat Boxin and certain *street* codes that may not be communicated in words at all.

III Still, *Street Language* (as it pertains to the spoken word) is Hip Hop's effort to free itself from the confinement of standard language and standardized views of reality.

IV English (for example) does not have enough words or definitions to describe how we (Hiphoppas) feel about the World. This is what makes our *Street* (slang) *Language* so important to our state of freedom.

V Our speech publishes to others the thoughts and perceptions of OUR minds. *Street Language* helps Hiphoppas interpret THEIR World THEIR way. Its practitioners are known as *Hiphoppas*.

VI Popularized by: Richard Pryor, Martin Lawrence, the Last Poets, Chris Rock, the Watts Prophets, James Brown, Gil Scott-Heron, E-40, DJ Hollywood, Lovebug Starski, Nas, Fab 5 Freddy, Frankie Crocker and others.

R-17 **STREET KNOWLEDGE:** *(The study and application of ancestral wisdom.)* Commonly refers to the basic common sense and accumulated wisdom of urban families. It consists of techniques, phrases, codes and terms used to survive within the inner cities.

I It involves the ability to reason soundly with or without the ideas or validation of the traditional academic mainstream. *Street Knowledge* is the accumulation of Hip Hop's cultural self-awareness.

II Its practitioners are known as *Hiphoppas* as well as *Sisters, Brothers, Goddesses, Gods, Mothers, Fathers, Teachas, Queens, Kings, Princesses, Princes, Lords* and *Divine.*

III Contrary to the myth that knowledge is only accumulated in quiet, ordered, academic environments, much of Hip Hop's communal knowledge can be found with its comedians, poets and authors. Hiphoppas learn and transfer knowledge through laughter and having fun. *Streetwise—knowing how to survive modern urban life.*

IV Popularized by: Malcolm X, Dr. Cornel West, Martin Lawrence, Afrika Bambaataa, Clarence 13X, Minister Louis Farrakhan, Kwame Ture, Chuck D, Nas, Dick Gregory, Chris Rock, Tupac Shakur, the Wayans Brothers, Wise Intelligent and others.

R-18 **STREET ENTREPRENEURIALISM:** *(The study and application of fair trade and Hip Hop business management.)* Commonly referred to as *street trade, having game, the natural salesman*, or *the smooth diplomat*. It is the readiness to engage in the creation of a business venture that brings about grassroots business practices. Many of Hip Hop's apprenticeships begin here.

I Different from *entrepreneur-ism* which may include the techniques and practices of the entrepreneur, *entrepreneurial-ism* focuses upon the motivating Spirit to be self-employed, inventive, creative and self-educated.

II It is this Spirit; the Spirit of self-creation, the urge to create and sell one's own talents, discoveries and inventions that is encouraged by these teachings. Its practitioners are known as *hustlers* and *self-starters*. *Entrepreneur—a self-motivated creative person who undertakes a commercial venture.*

III Popularized by: Madame C.J. Walker, Russell Simmons, Luther Campbell, Sean "Puffy" Combs, Jack the Rapper, Robert Townsend, Eazy-E, Too Short and others.

R-19 **The Dark Age:** (Age of Revolution) 1961–1971. This was a time when every institution in the United States was being questioned and challenged on its authenticity and value. It was during these turbulent times that the first generation of Hiphoppas were born. Our first gatherings were held in our homes as *house parties*. Later, we moved outside into the public parks. Originality in one's artistic skill was Hip Hop's first cultural status symbol.

R-20 **The Light Age:** (Age of Light) 1971–1981. During this time Hip Hop began to emerge as a distinct and unique urban movement. This was a time when Hiphoppas displayed the *sight*. As our *house parties* became over-crowded, we (Hiphoppas) began using electric power from the city streetlights to generate as much energy needed to run huge sound systems in New York City's public parks. *Hip Hop was set out in the dark, they use ta do it out in the park…*(MC Shan). *Power from a streetlight made the place dark…*(KRS ONE).

I Intercepting city power was literally and symbolically one of the ways in which the Hiphop *sight* was first expressed. The light of the street or the awareness of the street; the street-Light (*sight*) had some Hiphoppas creating community recreation by unleashing the fire hydrants on hot summer days.

II Some wrote their names and other messages on city subway trains and buses, while others danced for money in the downtown areas of their cities. Still others would express new fashion and language trends.

III At the close of this age Hip Hop began to slowly influence the American mainstream in a variety of ways. However, the *hip-hop* community began to want what the mainstream offered as opposed to being satisfied with what it had already accomplished.

IV This was an age when Hip Hop realized it was unique and self-evident. There were no limits in

our sight. By the middle of this age, most of our gatherings were held in public parks, nightclubs and community centers.

V Those with loud sound systems and/or boom boxes (large portable radios) were considered important. Self-recorded cassette tapes of *Deejayin* and *Emceein* became Hip Hop's industrial and cultural status symbols. It was through the symbolic power of the *street-light* that we empowered ourselves.

R-21 **The Golden Age:** (Age of Awareness) 1981–1991. This was a time when Hip Hop became self-aware and began to establish itself in the World. This was when most of Hip Hop culture's foundation work was inspired.

I Many of Hip Hop's cultural icons emerged during this time. The Hip Hop community was still inexperienced and many Hiphoppas were angry at the mainstream for ignoring them. Kurtis Blow would be the first MC to sign to a major recording corporation (Mercury Records).

II During this time, a gold album (500,000 recordings sold) and gold jewelry became the Hip Hop community's industrial and cultural status symbols. Those with a gold album sales award and/or an assortment of gold jewelry were considered *large* or important.

III During this age, some Hiphoppas remained *cultural* while others chose to be *corporate*. It was a time of great debate and image-building. It was during this time that many Hiphoppas began to lose the *sight*.

R-22 **The Platinum Age:** (Age of Power/The Ice Age) 1991–2001. This was an age when the Hip Hop community began to benefit from the techniques set down by those of the *Golden Age*. This age was influenced by a so-called *war on drugs* which many said was really a *war on families.*

I Most of the artistic expressions of this era were makeovers, do-overs, remixes, rewrites and samples; very little originated from any of Hip Hop's nine elements during this time. Emphasis was placed upon media ratings, sales chart positions, fame and money which came about through the basic copying and remaking of the already popular songs, dances and street trends of the 1970s and 1980s.

II During this time, Rap music became the dominant expression of the inner cities, influencing millions of people from a variety of ethnicities, classes and professional occupations.

III It was during the *Platinum Age* or *Ice Age* that *hiphop* accumulated enough wealth to independently provide for its families. A platinum album (1,000,000 CDs sold) and platinum jewelry became the hip-hop community's status symbols. True Hip Hop went undaground.

IV And even though Hiphoppas cried out for *peace and unity* during this age, it was the pursuit of money, power and respect that was called…*the key to life!*

R-23 **The Information Age:** (Age of Culture) 2001–2011. In this age Hiphop Kulture and all of its elements became common knowledge in the inner cities and within the institutions of the World.

I Many Hiphoppas matured during this age, becoming aware of their spiritual natures and higher purpose as Hiphop. Many Hiphoppas raised families in productive Hiphop lifestyles.

II This age was influenced by a so-called *war on terror.* This age also experienced the moral collapse of corporate and religious institutions in America due to widespread greed, lust and corruption. In addition, this age saw some of the worst weather in history! Whole cities and coastlines began to disappear during this age.

III During this time, Rap music lost some of its mainstream CD-selling appeal. Many argued that it

was the availability of free music over the Internet and bootlegged mixtapes that caused Rap music to lose its ability to sell like it did in its previous ages.

IV However, another perspective suggests that Rap music lost some of its mainstream appeal and commercial dominance because of the irresponsible, unbalanced and vulgar images hip-hop portrayed daily through mainstream media outlets that were controlled by two or three recording companies, as well as continuously over-priced CDs which lacked any real artistic talent.

V Rap music's original production styles of hard aggressive drums and samples were replaced by a more rhythm-and-blues style of production. With more popularity and money, Rap music became more musical and less confrontational.

VI With its acceptance into the mainstream, Rap music lost its rebellious street-edge and thus its ability to compete in the corporate world. Diamonds became the hip-hop community's industrial and cultural status symbols while true Hip Hop became more *undaground* and socially conscious.

VII But the many cultural campaigns, songs, articles and conferences that were launched by Hip Hop's conscious organizations against the unbalanced presentations of hip-hop to the World were largely overlooked by the mainstream. These campaigns forced many Hiphoppas to revisit their Hip Hop roots, causing new ways of thinking about one's self and one's environment to manifest within the hip-hop community.

VIII In this age, which was also during the completion of this first instrument, attuned Hiphoppas became well-respected political and spiritual forces for social change. Many of the mistakes made in our previous ages were corrected in this age when we became the executives, teachers, writers, politicians, athletes, actors and technicians of mainstream media outlets.

IX During this time, the Temple of Hip Hop established itself as a legitimate Hip Hop preservation society and Hip Hop ministry.

X Never again was there *no way out* of sickness, hate, ignorance and poverty for our people. Never again did we have to accept the exploitation of the mainstream just to be heard. Those Hiphoppas that stayed committed to Hip Hop's original principles would be repeatedly honored in this age.

XI However, the Hip Hop community would still have to outsmart many of the counter-intelligence programs launched against it. However, our victories over such challenges proved our divinity.

XII It was during this age that *The Hip Hop Declaration of Peace* became common knowledge and Hip Hop was declared an official international culture for peace and prosperity. It is during this age that people begin to approach Hip Hop more seriously. And a new age of peace began.

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59 From the very beginning of modern Hip Hop, around 1973, Hip Hop has struggled for self-determination. Within the development of our identity, character, and intellectual uniqueness, the creation of our own dialect was inevitable.

60 For many years Hip Hop has communicated with itself by developing a language that relies upon the transformation of already existing languages. The need for an outcast wing of society to create its own system of discourse has always been felt; slave days are a primary example.

61 Since words were only one of the weapons for early Africans in America, a sophisticated system of code had to be developed that inverted meaning, cloaked irony and allowed for a free and open exchange of ideas when such free speech was not permissible or, like today, unacceptable.

62 For years Hip Hop's dialect has been scorned as incorrect, ignorant ghetto talk, and for us to

believe this from the same orthodoxy that ignores our intelligence and condescends to our lifestyle is suicidal for us.

63 To further understand the language of Hip Hop's culture one must avoid condemnation of the unfamiliar. The belief that "Hiphoppas" have no intellectual agency in their self-expression and that the World must be interpreted for us is unfounded.

64 Similarly, the incredibly prejudiced notion that Hiphoppas are incapable of critical and abstract thinking—that we excel only at primal expressions like song, dance, and sport (like these too are of lesser importance)—still exists in society, albeit in a much subtler form. Unfortunately, it seems to be natural for society to look down upon offshoots of its language.

65 People who speak "high" German look down on those who speak "low." Cajun pronunciations of words like "Pontchartrain," "Carondelet," and "Banquet" continue to make French people cringe.

66 These dialects are clearly breaking the rules, but the idea that a language isn't self-governing, that it needs rules to keep it in check, is absurd. Language comes first, then comes grammar. To say that a language is "wrong" is ethnocentric!

67 Language is constantly evolving and dictionaries of all sorts constantly change to reflect this evolution. New words are admitted into a variety of dictionaries every year, although it is interesting to note that common Hip Hop phraseology is continually denied entry into many "well-known" dictionaries.

68 Language is the gateway to culture, and the first step in killing a culture is killing its language. The British paid Irish teachers not to teach Irish Gaelic; Koreans were forced to learn Japanese; Africans, Native Americans—English, etc.

69 Language serves the *internal* communication of a group; in a social sense it serves the internal communication of the dominant group. It allows a group to share pleasures, pains, dreams, and creative intelligence. It records the history of the group. It is the utterance of the culture. The problem today is not really Rap lyrics; it is actually cultural illiteracy on the part of those who criticize Hip Hop's artistic expressions and language that is the problem.

70 As rapper Ludacris pointed out in *The Source* magazine when asked about Oprah Winfrey's opinions of him and his lyrical content, *They need to understand that every time people in Hip Hop say 'bitch' we're not degrading women. They need to understand that in this language Hip Hop built, some words don't always mean something negative. What I'm saying is that in Hip Hop, there is a language. I feel like people should understand where we are coming from. We live it, and the people that criticize it so much have never lived it and are just hearing us talk.* (*The Source,* August 2006, 202)

71 Now either you respect Ludacris as an intelligent representative of Hip Hop's culture, explaining his language and content clearly for all to learn, or your OWN prejudice only sees Ludacris as a foul-mouthed rapper with nothing worthwhile to say or add to society.

72 The problem seems to be that those who criticize Hip Hop's artistic expressions are simply ignorant of Hip Hop. They don't know how to interpret what they are seeing and hearing of Hip Hop in mass media. Some do, but most don't. And the "most" that don't know of Hip Hop's true meaning, purpose, intent, and history are those who criticize us and our language today. But there is also an academic silence or passiveness on our (Hip Hop's) part when it comes to educating Americans as to what is going on with us and our cultural existence. This is why the movement to teach Hip Hop in its OWN private schools is so important.

73 In a 1980 Reader's Digest book entitled *Word Power: The Entertaining Way To Enrich Your*

Language Skills, one of its contributors, Roderick MacLeish, writes: *Today, young white Americans are adopting, wholesale, the language of black America. In the process they are telling us that they identify and sympathize with the struggle of black America to find its deserved place in our society. Meanwhile, some wonderfully articulate phrases are swirling into our language… We had no precise word for lively, direct communication until 'rapping' appeared.*

74 Some of what the public doesn't understand about language can be explained in elementary linguistics or sociology. But I don't hear too many scholars speaking publicly on this subject—the subject of language and its role in society. To criticize Hip Hop on the basis of its word usage is again unscholarly on the criticizer's part. In the same Reader's Digest book, State Department linguist James Bostain explains, *If you can be understood, if you project the social image that you want to, you are speaking correctly.*

75 Most scholars are aware that words affect little without definition. All words yield a definition or definitions, which in turn yield a graphic description between the user and the receiver. The challenge seems to be the want of our criticizers to understand what we are saying, to decipher our coded language. And so, it is not the words in their minds that need to be changed, it is the pictures that certain words create in their minds that need to be updated. They are attempting to understand the meaning of our coded words with their traditional linguistic images. This is the challenge.

76 Words affect very little without definitions and definitions affect very little unless one can graphically picture it in his mind. Do you "see" what I'm saying? So when Hiphoppas say "bitch" or "nigga" whatever image comes to your mind is your business! But if my friend comes to me and says "what's up my nigga" and the graphic description of his greeting affects my psychology in positive and productive ways, how then is our (Hip Hop) language offensive or even degrading? THIS IS OUR LANGUAGE!

77 However, it is within our sincere respect and love for our elders that we should consider our language and the terms we use to describe the World. At the *end of the day*, our most important responsibility (culturally) is to stay in communication with our parents and elders. Therefore, if the use of certain words creates certain graphic images and symbols in *their* minds we must consider altering our language when communicating with them. They deserve our utmost respect and admiration; if we don't respect our elders no one else will either.

78 However, today's arguments against Rap lyrics by others outside of our community imply that we are not allowed to define "our world" or "the World" for ourselves our way. Such arguments imply that we (Hip Hop) are not allowed to give our own definitions and interpretations of the material World in which we live.

79 As I listen to the criticisms against Rap lyrics I can't help but feel that the whole debate over Rap lyrics stems from an emotional base and not from a logical base. Logically, to imply that we are disrespecting ourselves and our heritage as if we are not "ourselves" and "our heritage" stinks with the stench of prejudice and arrogance on the criticizer's part.

80 Hip Hop is treated as if it just came out of nowhere! From the very beginnings of Hip Hop in the late 1970s we were always treated like aliens or "outsiders" who had to fend for themselves while being criticized along the way. The sad thing, though, is that "outsiders" are not studied or taken seriously at all—even if they are your children.

81 Without studying our culture and language you cannot critique our culture and language. I'm sure the whole material World is offensive and threatening to those who remain ignorant of it. But that doesn't mean that one must remain ignorant. Those who don't know, criticize because they don't know. Those who know don't need to criticize—they know.

[82] So for those who don't know, or for those who act like they don't know, allow me to say explicitly; HIP HOP ITSELF IS NOT A VIOLENT MUSIC GENRE THAT DEGRADES WOMEN AND PROMOTES ILLEGAL ACTIVITY! These events are the products and effects of corporate marketing in an entertainment arena.

[83] However, it is still interesting to note how other music genres get to enjoy a certain immunity from the "fantasy" of their poetry no matter how graphic, while rappers are held accountable for the "fantasy" of their poetry. Everyone agrees and understands that other music genres are simply telling a story using metaphors and symbols when telling their graphic tales, even when those tales are true, but Hip Hop doesn't seem to enjoy such an understanding.

[84] If a Rhythm and Blues (R&B) singer sings a song that implies adultery, betrayal and deceit between husband and wife (as an example), the R&B singer is not questioned about the content of her lyrics. It is basically understood that the R&B singer is "performing" and the lyrics to the song as well as the performance of the song may not be real—it's an act, it's entertainment.

[85] An R&B singer can sing about cheating on his wife (as an example) and then be seen at the supermarket with his wife and children and no one will associate that R&B singer's lyrical content with the actual character of the man that sings that song.

[86] But anything a rapper says, she is expected to actually live. And this "rule" is even understood amongst Hiphoppas; this is what separates hip-hop from every other major music genre on Earth. It's a bit unfair, but such unfairness has its advantages.

[87] One of which is the ability to become anything you desire through the mastery of one or more of Hip Hop's nine elements. Imagine, through the mastery of an artistic performance you can attract the resources and support to become that which you rap about.

[88] Different from every other music genre on Earth, Hip Hop's magical elements actually actualize the character and intentions of the performance. This is why we are also burdened with the biased opinion that our lyrics have real effects on people and environments while other styles of entertainment simply do not—and there is some Truth to this.

[89] However, to label Hip Hop "violent" or "misogynistic" is again one-sided and unscholarly because the very criticism against Hip Hop should operate in two ways. On one hand if Hip Hop's violent, graphic, "gangsta" performances transform the performer into a violent, graphic Hip Hop gangsta in the eyes of the public, then Hip Hop's enlightened, revolutionary, "conscious" performances should transform those same performers into enlightened, revolutionary, "conscious" Hip Hop leaders in the eyes of that same public, but this is not the case.

[90] We are acknowledged publicly for our negative influences but our positive influences go unnoticed, unacknowledged and unappreciated by our critics. That's why the core of the Hip Hop populace doesn't care what these "outsiders" have to say about a cultural movement they don't know and care little about. For the first time in a long time, a social movement (Hip Hop) has emerged that side-steps the conventional methods and means of achieving social success, prestige and mainstream access, and such a movement does it in its own unapologetic way. This is the real problem. This is the real threat.

[91] In the past one had to attend college, or military service, or borrow money to start up a business, or work up the corporate ladder until retirement if one was going to make it out of one's lot in life. It was through America's major social institutions that opportunity was found and when those institutions began to deteriorate, the needs of the *People* fell upon Hip Hop's artistic upsurge in the 1980s and 1990s.

92 Hip Hop may have remained just a great music genre if the people participating in Hip Hop's artistic elements didn't need it to also fulfill their cultural, spiritual and financial needs. So, is Hip Hop violent for real? Of course not. Is Hip Hop itself misogynistic toward women? I can't be.

93 The last time I checked, the term "misogyny" meant "the hatred of women by men." HIP HOP IS NOT MISOGYNISTIC TOWARD WOMEN. Hip Hop does not hate women; I can't! Hip Hop is made up of women. It was women who taught us (men) how to be the men that we are. In fact, male Hiphoppas may actually blindly love and wildly lust after Hip Hop's women a bit too much. Hate? No. Lust? Yes. Respect? Always.

94 Hiphoppas know that as men, the disrespecting of women is unnatural to our being. Hip Hop is an urban behavior that has saved millions of urban people from the collapse of America's social institutions and the corruption prevalent throughout America's corporate communities. We (Hiphoppas) are trying to survive and escape the collapse of America's institutions just like everyone else.

95 As Dr. Cornel West has pointed out, *The basic aims of hip-hop music are threefold—to provide playful entertainment and serious art for the rituals of young people, to forge new ways of escaping social misery, and to explore novel responses for meaning and feeling in a market-driven world.*

96 When I hear people complain about Rap music's lyrical content I tend to ask them, so what rappers do you like? Most people can't go into it that far because if you could compare and critique rappers with a knowledge of their history and style, nothing one rapper says would offend you; you would know how to critique the Hip Hop event happening before you.

97 The problem is that mainstream America is ignorant of Hip Hop because when it first emerged, mainstream America only sought to exploit hip-hop not understand it. To "understand" Hip Hop you would have had to respect the people you were engaging, not use them as products—and the same rings true today.

98 The last time I checked, the term "violence" meant deadly physical force. *Violence: behavior involving physical force intended to hurt, damage, or kill someone or something.* Legally, "violence" is *the unlawful exercise of physical force or intimidation by the exhibition of such force.* In most social circles "violence" has to do with "physical force." So are Rap lyrics violent? Can they be? Can a lyric that is said in an entertainment setting and/or over an entertainment medium actually be violent? Lyrics are not physical. Or are they?

99 I always thought that art and poetry were exactly the arenas where ideas and images controversial to mainstream society were expressed. Art and poetry in my mind are exactly the arenas to explore the otherwise inexpressible regions of human thought and activity. The term "nigger," for example, should have its existence in art, education and poetry and not in politics, religion or trade. If violence and obscenity are not explored in art and/or education, where should they be explored?

100 Violence and obscene behavior are simply American entertainment, and in many ways they should remain American "entertainment." Violence and/or obscenity shouldn't be anywhere in the public arena. We should lessen violence and obscenity in public life and enjoy more freedom to explore violence and obscenity in artistic life. In my observation, art is where extreme ideas should be expressed.

101 Turning to Bob Colacello's book, *Ronnie and Nancy: Their Path to the White House—1911–1980,* Mr. Colacello points out while writing about Harry Warner being *called before the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Moving Picture Propaganda* in 1941 that Ronald Reagan's films showed *one fight per every 1,000 feet of film.*

102 I bring this up not to pass the buck by saying “See; look at da Prezadant, he vylent too.” Not at all; I won’t even bring up “the Governator” Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger and the violent content in most of his early motion picture work, many times shooting police officers and destroying government property—not at all.

103 I bring this point up to shed light on the true nature of the argument. It is not violent lyrical content that threatens America, nor is it over-sensualized images of sex acts and foreplay throughout mass media. None of this actually threatens America’s social order and economic structure. In fact, in many ways such images and acts actually strengthen America’s social order and economic structure.

104 The problem is not Rap lyrics, the problem is that your child likes them and is influenced by them and “you” have no control over such foreign influences. “You” believe that your child’s participation in Hip Hop lowers her self-worth. Because of your own fears “you” want your child to conform to the same success “you” have conformed to; you want your child to “play the game” like you did. But like First Lady Nancy Reagan, it is authentically American to look up to the foul-mouthed, down-to-earth, real people who are most times having the best times of their lives.

105 We all want to be like “the rebel,” the “outsider,” the “outcast,” “the one not to mess with.” Is this attitude not authentically American? The State of Texas makes it clear in its State motto: DON’T MESS WITH TEXAS!

106 The issue is that violence was cool when Al Pacino did it. Violence was cool when the “Governator” did it, when John Wayne did it, when the bible depicts it, even when cartoons portray it. But if a rapper even speaks about violence within a poetic entertainment setting we are called the “cause” for the corruption of America’s youth and moral fortitude.

107 In fact, we are accused of “influencing” America’s youth negatively with our words and imagery, yet none of our critics will ask about the events and people that directly influenced us. But this too is a weak argument. A stronger argument points to our collective power as “Hiphoppas” based upon the criticisms laid before us.

108 The character and self-expressions of any public figure are indeed “roles” that will be “modeled” by that public figure’s audience, even if that public figure is the President of the United States. This is human nature; we grow and develop through adaptation and imitation. Every responsible “emcee” or DJ recognizes this fact and his influence upon his audience.

109 We (rappers/DJs) tell the crowd what to say and how to say it. They wear what we wear, they drink what we drink, and they watch what we watch on television and elsewhere. Our audiences repeat what we tell them to, so how are we (or any other public figure) not to be held accountable for our own self-expression?

110 However, if we are to be held accountable then let us also seize the power that comes with accountability. If the World’s youth are listening to and following Hip Hop’s culture and arts then why are we not taken more seriously as the World’s leaders even beyond artistry and entertainment? Sort of like the path of President Ronald Reagan.

111 If we (Hip Hop) have that much influence over the children of the United States then Hip Hop needs to be advising the President and governing America’s inner cities. If most of the students in the United States are influenced by Hip Hop’s arts and culture why then is Hip Hop not taught in every public school in the United States? If we have the power that the critics claim we have, then respect us for who we are and for what we have accomplished—Hip Hop is a new American institution and Americans would do well to embrace us!

112 Americans need to know that the real Hip Hop community has never been free to present itself

to the World on its own terms. We've always had an interpreter, and our early interpreters only sought to exploit our resources at a time when we were simply too young to defend ourselves or even know what was going on.

113 The Truth is that America's supposed addiction to porn and violence gives radio and television stations the excuse to put my music aside so that they may play "what the people request." And of course, what the People "request" is what the radio and television stations have been paid to program all week.

114 But this is just obvious! Everyone knows this already! Everyone knows why the radio sounds like it does—THEY'RE BEING PAID TO SOUND LIKE THEY DO! The government knows it, they know it, we know it, but still we engage in these bullshit arguments over Rap lyrics when KRS ONE and others struggle to get their music played on a regular basis on any radio station.

115 In my time, White "girls" seem to "go wild" lifting up their T-shirts and blouses to expose their breasts for the cameras of sexually explicit *infomercials* and music videos. Does Hip Hop cause young girls to act this way or are Rap music and rappers brought into the production of the infomercials because Rap music is considered "cool" and/or "attractive" to youth?

116 Why blame Hip Hop for what people are already doing of their own free will? The issue is that America's foundation, its moral authority and Christian social structure are losing ground; it may even be transforming and growing. Just as Christianity evolved out of Judaism and Paganism, Hip Hop as evolved out of Christianity and Islam. We are the new lights of the World.

117 In any event, rappers represent the new popular heroes. We have the global trust of the People. We (Hip Hop) are the gunslingin', rootin'-tootin' cowboys of this day and age. And if we (Hip Hop) *are* trusted and respected by the public through the inspiration of our arts, we owe it to those who empower us with their love, trust and respect to assume the responsibilities of leaders in the solving of the World's social ills.

118 We are not the problem; Hip Hop and its view of the World are actually the solution. We can see right through the assumptions of our critics who claim that it is Hip Hop that incites and glorifies violence. Yes, we are extreme in our art; our art reflects the violent and unjust conditions in which we live.

119 And yes, we enjoy gun battles either as entertainment or as self-defense. And yes, our lyrics and graphic art can glorify the power and use of guns, but where are graphic images and forbidden language to be expressed if not within the confounds of art and/or science? Our view is that it is not the gun that is dangerous or irresponsible; it is the person holding the gun that can become dangerous or irresponsible.

120 But for some reason our critics do not hear nor respond to any of this. They know what the real is! They know the statistics just as we do! But still Hip Hop is blamed for what is already occurring in the World and in our individual communities.

121 The Truth is so obvious and so accessible to anyone who wants to know that some of us even wear such statistics as designer fashion statements. As the clothing company Scifen has pointed out on the back of one of their popular *hoodies* worn by many Hiphoppas in my time: *Every minute someone is killed by a firearm.*

122 The graphics on the upper back of the pull-over *hoodie* continue: *Each year an estimated 500,000 people will die worldwide from small arms: about 300,000 people in wars, coups d'etat, and other armed conflicts, and another 200,000 people in homicides, suicides, unintentional shootings and shootings by police.*

123 *In that same minute in which someone dies from armed violence, 15 new arms are manufactured for sale. There are nearly 640 million small arms in the World today, that's one for every ten people. The total value of the combined arms sales by the top 100 arms-producing companies in the World is about $236 billion per year.*

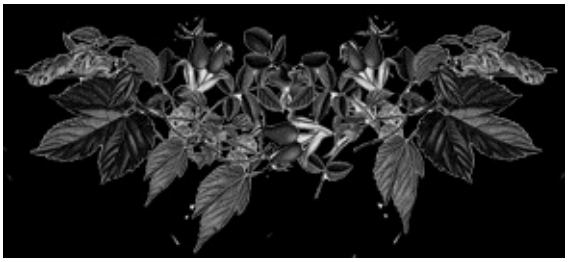
124 *This total is roughly equal to the combined national output of the 61 lowest-income countries in the World. Of the 100 arms manufactures, 38 are based in the United States. Do the math. The only groups who win armed struggles are the arms manufacturers.*

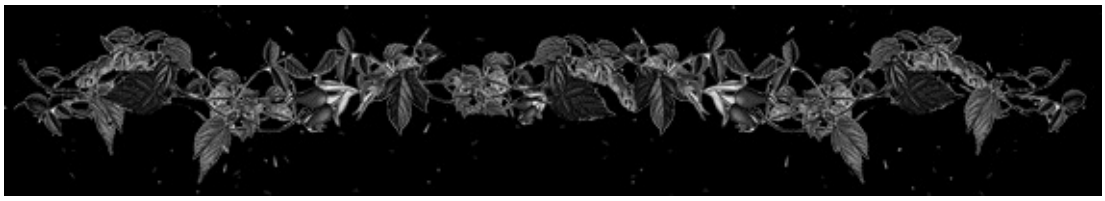
125 This and other, similar clothing statements are what many Hiphoppas wear in my time, and this is what is common knowledge in our communities even as our critics blame us for the violence we were born into. We must evolve pass this level of immaturity.

126 It is now obvious that we must mature past our own self-destruction and assist the World toward peace and good will toward all. As a specialized social group we must become self-directed. In fact our immaturity, the incapacity to use our own intelligence without the guidance of others, will be the only thing capable of holding us back.

127 Our very survival depends upon our continued maturity. Sisters, Brothers, Mothers and Fathers, let us begin today writing a new history in the World. Let us tell a new story about ourselves to the World! Our activity today is the origin of Hip Hop's history and heritage tomorrow. Be conscious of this always.

128 These are *the Refinitions* for the Temple of Hip Hop's committed membership. However, it must be emphasized that Hip Hop is a continuously growing culture so your comprehension of this *Overstanding* is bound to grow as well. Such terms and codes are designed to organize and raise the self-worth of those who love Hip Hop and may teach Hip Hop for a living. There it is.





THE THIRD OVERSTANDING

THE DIVINE PERFORMANCE

1 Peace and much love. Let us continue. After you have made the decision to be Hiphop, and after you have declared to three of your closest associates *I am Hip Hop*, it is time to enter your *temple*.

2 For it is not enough to read about what spiritual righteousness is. The true Hiphoppa must act out (or perform) spiritual righteousness in order to experience the peace and power of the spiritual realm, and this requires strength. For without spiritual strength (endurance) no spiritual virtues or principles can be achieved.

3 At the top of this discipline it should be clearly pointed out that the Divine Performance reveals only the first steps in Hiphop's spiritual living. This study gets the true Hiphoppa ready for the deeper mysteries of GOD which must be lived in order to be understood.

4 Such an *Overstanding* is designed to build up the spiritual character and awareness of the Hiphoppa in preparation for the deeper spiritual knowledge to come. The Divine Performance centers the Hiphoppa's life around a simple set of timeless spiritual life skills that open the gates of the spiritual realm and preserves the actual life of the Hiphoppa thus preserving Hip Hop for real.

5 For it is never one's talent that ensures one's longevity. Even with great talent and/or inheritance it is one's personal character that truly ensures one's professional success and longevity. We have seen too many talented people (artistic and otherwise) fail to acquire and/or maintain successful careers, even with great skills, because of the shortcomings of their own personal characters.

6 The hurts, the betrayals, the loneliness, the failures; all of this can hinder the development of both the ignorant and the enlightened. But if you put GOD first in your life and lend your heart to the reality of GOD only, all else shall fall into place. The ignorance, immaturity and insecurity of others shall be revealed to them in time, while you shall be protected by your divine performance.

7 In addition, we've also seen too many Hip Hop activists fail to actualize their plans and goals because of their own outdated perceptions and stubborn attitudes toward life. Know this. Life is about growth, and if you are not growing you are not living. Yes, there will be times of hurt and loneliness. Yes, you will wonder why people do what they do. But in the end, if you remain strengthened and transformed by your performance of divinity, peace and justice shall become your permanent condition.

8 Therefore, in accordance with our strategies to actually preserve Hip Hop, those who take the vow *I am Hip Hop* and have decided to live and grow in Spirit are given these instructions for atonement:

A) From where you stand, sit or lie, cleanse your mind with the following affirmation given to me by my mother (Jacqueline) years ago. Say the following affirmation three times every night before you sleep and once in the morning when you awaken for 21 days. Feel this! Expect this!

> *I am not afraid! Today I give myself permission to be all that I can be. New fields of divine activity now open for me. Unexpected doors fly open! Unexpected channels are now free! My mind is focused and directed toward my victory! I now create what I need with divine energy. Good things come to me easily in peace and at the right time. There it is!*

B) At this very moment you must decide to change your diet toward the consumption of healthier foods and thoughts. If you are above the age of 18 you should gradually withdraw from the consumption of all processed and junk foods, meats and meat products. Even before you finish these *Overstandings* you should gradually begin to accustom your mind and body toward a healthier diet.

I You should begin to gradually lessen your intake of dairy, flour, salt, sugar and all other addictions like hate, worry and fear. Resist overeating and lessen your intake of drugs that can cause irregular eating or overeating. Respect yourself by committing to your Self.

II Remember, the future you is depending upon you now to make the right decisions for its survival. This is the attitude one must adopt in order to protect, preserve and develop one's Self productively.

III Therefore, realize the Truth of GOD's actual presence and cleanse your body inside and out; for it is now GOD's temple. Prepare now for the arrival of your God.

C) At this very moment and before you prepare to sleep, confess to GOD the things you've thought, said and done that you felt were not right.

I Forgive your enemies first by acknowledging that they were young and ignorant and then ask GOD to forgive you for your immaturity and ignorance. Ask GOD to guide you toward increased knowledge.

II Trust no man or woman with your confession. Confess your mistakes only to GOD. Ask GOD to forgive you of your anger and discourteous responses even while driving, working and walking. Humble yourself and truly contemplate the pain you've caused others.

III Ask GOD to forgive you and bless those whom you have performed ignorantly and destructively toward. You can also directly seek the forgiveness of those you have hurt by performing the superhuman act of apologizing.

IV Cleanse the guilt from your own heart. Apologize, repent and let it go. Seek to resolve the conflicts and misunderstandings in your own life (see *Perform Forgiveness*).

D) Right now, at this very moment, think about a space close to where you sleep where you can set up an area to pray and study. It can be a space on the floor, a table, a shelf or a window. It can be as small as a shoebox in a corner or as large as the entire bedroom. In any event, at your beginning the space you set aside to pray and study should be near to where you sleep if possible.

I After you've designated a space, choose a surface (a table, a shelf, a box, a crate, etc.) to place in your sacred space. Such a surface is commonly called an *altar*. It is the physical place you go to *alter* your awareness from natural to divine. It is the place where you talk in the presence of GOD. It is in this place that you affirm your past, present and future victories.

II Here, you can cover your designated surface with a new and clean cloth. Then place upon your covered surface a candle or candles, your favorite oils, sprays, waters, incense, pictures of those you truly love and/or admire and this *Gospel of Hip Hop* opened to either *The Free Styles* or your favorite *Overstanding*. After you have done this, thank GOD for your sacred space and then repeat your affirmation three times and go to sleep in faith; in peace.

III Cleanse your environment with the establishment of your sacred space and let not your space be violated! Believe in YOUR spiritual reality and it shall become real in YOUR life.

9 Let us continue. At an average Rap music concert there is usually an opening act or acts followed by a headliner.

10 Attuned Hiphoppas and experienced *Rap fans* alike have learned that great opening acts that have been successful have always shouted praise to the headliner and have always sought to align their performance to that of the headliner's.

11 The opening act performs with an overstanding that the headliner is sure to follow with an even more elaborate performance. It is the headliner who closes the show. Similarly, attuned Hiphoppas know that GOD is the true headliner in every arena of life.

12 Even if the Hiphoppa is a headliner in the World, the attuned Hiphoppa remains an opening act to GOD. As an opening act, the attuned Hiphoppa performs life in Spirit knowing that GOD will close the show.

13 Whatever the attuned Hiphoppa does, it is done with the overstanding that GOD will complete whatever has started. When this Truth is realized, one's actions will reflect such a realization.

14 How often do we forget that the Hip Hop-lived life is a performance, and that imitating the performance of GOD sets one apart from the World and its troubles? Attuned Hiphoppas live life as a great performance. When we are at work we are performing. When we are with family we are performing.

15 Every day and at every moment of the day we are performing. Even while asleep there are a variety of performances taking place within one's mind, body and environment. It is our performances in life that manifest (or form) the circumstances of our lives.

16 Each performance is literally a *pre-formed dance* or a *pre-form-ance:* an action that creates and forms life circumstances. Therefore, attuned Hiphoppas align their *pre-formances* to GOD's performance, remaining protected, prosperous and at peace, in harmony with the Will of God in their lives continuously.

17 For when God's personality is a habit in your life, *victory over the streets* is inevitable and constant. And when GOD is enough for you, peace shall always be with you. This performance ensures one's longevity as an emcee, deejay, graffiti writer, etc.

18 *Rap fans* are trapped in the lure of lyrical freestyling, while attuned Hiphoppas enjoy a life that is free. *Rap fans* focus only upon sales and the performances of the marketplace while attuned Hiphoppas focus upon the performance of their God and receive all things freely.

19 To perform correctly is to live and act totally aware of your life and actions. The *arena* is your environment.

20 The *stage* represents your level of mentality and the *audience* is the World.

21 The *show* is an act of one or more divine performances.

22 Therefore, give a good *show*. As we perform throughout life we should be drawing the applause of GOD! Hiphoppas are advised to perform the following:

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1) Perform God. Act consciously with the intelligence/force that guides your life. Make the decision to finally acknowledge and <u>expect</u> GOD's actual presence. Turn your conscious attention away from the reality of the material World as valuable and turn your conscious attention toward the value of GOD above all else in and as your life.

1 Put GOD first in your life! Throughout the day make an effort to raise your heart and mind to

the acts of God. Act like your God would act. Speak like your God would speak. Love like your God would love. God is not a name, it is a nature. Acknowledge the *nature* that has governed and guided your life.

2 Be God's Will on Earth; be "the Love." Align your Spirit through visualization to the totality of your God. Act out of your highest comprehended good. Act and speak on behalf of your God—*the Love*. Develop the ability to care unconditionally for your *Self* and others. Be the actual personality of your God in the lives of others; answer the prayers of those in need. Do God's work in the World.

3 Act out the personality of your God and live in the character of your wiser Self. Express the Love of your God and *see* your God's finished work in everything and everyone. The most important training you can do for your *Self* in life is to practice living in the presence and personality of your God—the Love that is a true friend to all in its presence. Such a practice leads to peace and strength.

4 Practice thinking through the mind of your God. Perceive in God. Openly perform the personality of your God everywhere and anywhere you are. And do not be ashamed or become discouraged by your own uniqueness; God is your nature. Perform your God in GOD. Direct your Self, teach your Self, govern your Self, heal your Self, guide your Self and most of all LOVE your Self.

5 GOD, the totality and unified consciousness of all existence, THE ALL, is one event! Ultimately, there is no other god (power) but GOD! Without name, without form, everywhere and nowhere GOD is GOD! As an attuned Hiphoppa God is the nature that sustains you.

6 Happy and secure is the one who acknowledges no other power as their god except GOD. Value only GOD! See only GOD! Trust only GOD! Live and act in the image of your God. It is indeed a fact that you can never be hurt by the immaturity of others when you act selflessly on behalf of GOD. Hurt comes when you place your immediate interests over the presence of GOD. Remember, the key is to keep GOD first in your life.

7 However, it is of extreme importance that you not force your interpretation of GOD upon others. GOD is real, but GOD is not real for everyone. As difficult as this may sound try to understand that knowledge of GOD is a privilege. Do not force your privilege upon others or expect others to see what you see.

8 For us, God is a bloodline—everyone does not possess the nature of God. They may respect and revere the godly life but they themselves are not yet prepared to commit to such a life themselves. Only those who are born for God shall commit to such a life.

9 Just as some are born with the ability to cook, and others are born with the ability to build houses, and even others are born healers; some of us are born God. Just as some of us are born with certain psychic abilities, others of us are born with the nature of God—our existence balances human affairs.

10 This is not to place anyone above anyone, nor is this an effort to claim some sort of authority, but in all Truth, some people were born to love GOD. Are you one of those people? We are not above anyone; in fact we serve and teach the World on GOD's behalf. Our aim is to relieve human suffering.

11 This is why we argue with no one over the existence of GOD. If you do not know GOD it is because GOD is not part of your nature. It doesn't mean that you are a bad or immoral person; it simply means that you were not born for that understanding and/or purpose. And likewise, if you do not know GOD or simply doubt the existence of GOD do not make the mistake of applying such doubt toward others who do claim to know GOD.

12 Let us all accept each other as we all are, and let us hold each other accountable to the natures

that we claim to possess. Those who truly know GOD express God; in fact, we have no choice in such expression. God is our nature. God is in our blood. And there is no condemnation of atheist communities who are free to act according to their own Godless nature.

13 For it doesn't matter what you believe or don't believe, the real point is how do your views and values make you a better person, more tolerant and understanding of people? How do your views, values and beliefs benefit those around you? How are you making things better?

14 However, if God is your nature and you truly feel the presence of GOD and you are naturally drawn toward the things of the spirit it is of extreme importance that you outwardly perform the nature of your God whenever and wherever you are invited to do so.

15 Performing God is also about bringing spiritual reality into physical reality when needed. It makes no sense to claim a relationship with GOD and then have no real power on Earth and no real power in the World.

16 At some point we must mature from being consumers of God to becoming producers of God. Temple Members produce the effects of God as needed toward the relief of human suffering; we perform the nature of God openly for the benefit of all.

17 Nothing is more empowering than a real relationship with GOD. As John Bunyan has pointed out, "*He who runs from GOD in the morning will scarcely find him the rest of the day.*" Perform God.

2) Perform Listening. More than being a good speaker, be a good listener. Develop the ability (through practice) to truly listen and comprehend the subjects, topics, concerns and causes of others without judgment or prejudice.

1 Practice giving your full attention to a person. Practice the art of temporarily setting aside your own desires and concerns so that you may experience the speaker's world from within yourself.

2 For until you are willing to enlarge your Self as to include others unconditionally it shall be difficult for you to truly <u>listen</u> to another. The act of truly listening to someone requires some love or care for that person.

3 It is difficult to truly understand another person without first making room for that person within yourself. True listening requires the total acceptance of the one speaking. True Listening is about true sharing. It is a union of interests.

4 GOD listens and speaks through many kinds of people as well as circumstances and situations. Perform your listening. Don't just hear; train yourself to listen. Like your eyesight, you can direct your hearing. You actually can hear what you want to hear. You can hear the ignorance and immaturity of others, or you can hear GOD. The decision (freedom) is always yours. You can hear ignorance but you do not have to listen to it.

5 Direct your ear to hear and then listen to God's instructions instead of the World's insecurities. Know God's voice. It is difficult to live by faith (or in spirit) if you cannot truly hear (and even speak) the voice of your God.

6 Know this. The brain selects certain sounds to hear, and you select out of those sounds what you want to hear. Throughout the day direct your brain to hear the messages of GOD. They may come when you least expect it from unusual and non-traditional places. Practice your spiritual sensitivity and train/use your intuitive abilities daily. You can begin with prayer, then affirmation, then visualization, then actualization.

7 Through each stage of growth it is the discipline to listen and comprehend the voice of GOD that provides the greatest guidance through the obstacles of the *streets*. Listen for your purpose and

listen through your purpose.

8 Those who know their divine purpose can practice listening to that small, inner, background voice inside of them. It usually tells them what to do as well as what not to do. But most people ignore their *still small voice* only to regret making a decision contrary to the Will of that *still small voice*. In sorrow and regret they say, *I knew I should have…or something told me to….* It is this cycle that must be reversed.

9 You must eventually develop the ability to hear clearly and obey that inner voice that warns, guides and teaches. You must learn how to act upon the messages of God. Take some time to <u>listen</u> to silence. God speaks silently and quietly.

10 When a split-second decision must be made in the material World, or when you get that feeling to choose *left* or *right*, *yes* or *no, him* or *her*, *them* or *me*, a helpful technique to hearing and obeying your inner-voice has traditionally been to act upon your first impression.

11 For those who live spiritual lives, usually it is the *wiser-Self* that advises us first, then the *younger-Self* doubts the advice of the *wiser-Self* in the decision making process.

12 Even if your first impression (or feeling) proves to be an immediate failure always remember that what appears to be a failure in the present isn't always a failure in the future. Trust <u>in</u> GOD!

13 Just because you cannot immediately see the success of your decision does not mean that your decision has led you to failure. Trust <u>in</u> GOD!

14 Those who truly live in Spirit and take their gospel seriously are guided and protected even when they cannot see it or do not even know it. Trust GOD! All throughout life you will be guided toward the fulfillment of your divine purpose.

15 Even when you appear to be lost, you are moving toward your divine purpose. Even when you believe that you are late, you shall escape danger and arrive right on time! Even when you lose you shall win. Trust GOD.

16 Even when adversity arises, fear not; indeed you are moving toward your divine purpose. When things are taken from you or damaged or it appears that you cannot get the things that you want, do not be discouraged; it is for your own protection and development.

17 The key to understanding life and flowing with life is in the knowing of your life purpose and in the knowing that it is your life purpose that God is actually fulfilling and that you are ultimately achieving your vision of your *Self*. Listen to your purpose. Feel and follow the direction of your purpose.

18 Those who do not yet know their life purpose should ask their God to reveal it to them. Search your heart and listen. GOD has already given you purpose. Look around your environment and into what you do best. Listen out for those activities that truly make you the happiest. You are already being called to your purpose right now! Do not be discouraged. Release all doubt, LISTEN and be guided! Perfrom Listening.

3) Perform Study. Study the progression of your own life experiences. Write them down! Study your life and practice repeating the actions of your own success. Study GOD's Ways, study GOD's Voice, study GOD's Laws and most of all study GOD's Love and selfless care. Familiarize yourself through study with the way of the *Great Spirit*.

1 Every week investigate on a mental level a new idea that you are unfamiliar with or only partially familiar with. Design your style of conversation through study.

[2] Seek out new spiritual, philosophical and political books, seminars, cassettes, compact discs, videos and other information that specifically builds your spiritual and political knowledge. An infinite, all-knowing, all-seeing, omni-present GOD does not speak one language or through one religion or political party. GOD is infinitely limitless and speaks through a variety of sources.

[3] Therefore, Hiphoppas are encouraged to explore and respect all spiritual materials, thoughts, people and places. Such a study expands the spiritual experience of the Hiphoppa and builds character.

[4] Perfect yourself. For the more you perfect your *Self* the more perfect you shall become. You cannot expect spiritual results in the physical World if you are spiritually unstudied. For if you are truly serious about enhancing your spiritual reality and you truly value the presence of GOD in your life, then you must take your spiritual study time seriously. Don't just study this gospel; study all gospels! Know this. The true Hiphoppa lives this gospel, and studies all others.

[5] Watch television shows that inform as well as entertain. Do not waste your time criticizing the use of television, computers, motion pictures, print media, the Internet and radio. Simply choose very carefully the programs you expose yourself (and your family) to.

[6] Whatever the program, seek to create a lesson out of it. Extract the hidden meaning behind all that you are exposed to. Create meaning even when there appears to be none. Know this. To the pure in heart, all things are pure. But to the troubled, all things are troubling. See only GOD and experience only peace.

[7] Look for the lesson even if one does not appear to exist. Expand your comprehension. Do not just study knowledge; create knowledge out of the experiences of your own life. Add to the things that you already know. Do not just study to know, bring your knowing to your study. STUDY WHAT <u>YOU</u> NEED TO KNOW.

[8] All true Hiphoppas should know something of World history, commerce and trade, philosophy, politics, art, music, medicine, religion, geology, science, mathematics, psychology, public speaking, cooking, cleaning, parenting and this *Gospel of Hip Hop*.

[9] The true Hiphoppa is familiar with (and knows how to use) a variety of holy books, standard dictionaries, the solar and lunar calendars, his country's constitution and the interstate highway and road maps of his country. This knowledge is very helpful and empowering to the free, traveling, entrepreneurial Hiphoppa.

[10] Visit and use your public library if you are privileged to be near one. Be prepared to copy information and take notes at all times. Perform your study. Seek, memorize and create new knowledge.

[11] Study is about the building and knowing of one's self, it is not about the building of state institutions and the knowing of others and their achievements. Study is about getting educated; it is about the building of one's self. As Ernest Thompson Seton once said, "*Manhood, not scholarship, is the first aim of education.*" Perform <u>your</u> study.

4) Perform Discipline. Every day we are faced with opportunities to perform discipline (self-control). The attuned Hiphoppa uses moments of temptation to practice restraint, moments of fear to practice faith, and moments of anger and anxiety to practice patience and inner calmness. These are divine performances.

[1] In all actions use moderation. Temptation, fear, anger, etc., can be used as tests that strengthen your mind and body. Seek balance. Do not over indulge; for this act leads to suffering. Control yourself! Self-control is your only friend, while temptation is your only enemy. Never forget this!

[2] A Hiphoppa's spiritual strength is not measured by what can be resisted in the flesh; it is measured by that which is resisted in the mind. In order to change or modify your behavior you must first change or modify the picture you hold of yourself in your mind. What is your perception of your Self? What do you mean to you? How valuable are you to you? How serious do you take yourself?

[3] On the inside, what do you look like to you? Do you say often,…*ain't nobody perfect!* If this is how you see yourself (imperfect), then you shall never be even close to perfect. Your affirmation is final. The World shall have its way with you. Temptations of all sorts attack unperfected people constantly. Such people actually weaken themselves by affirming and believing that they are imperfect. It's like saying to the World; *come and get me!* Such an affirmation leads nowhere!

[4] However, if you even reach for perfection in your own imperfect life (which is perfectly imperfect), such an act will indeed protect you from the World and its temptations. For in the material World it is not perfection that is needed to protect you from temptation; it is the actual desire <u>for</u> perfection that is an indestructible shield and sword against the World and its agents of temptation. Never give up! Keep trying. Seek Truth!

[5] The Truth is that temptation is always temporary. All temptations are spiritual tests. Therefore, when you are tempted it is very important to be still and not say or do anything; indeed the temptation shall pass. Try to remember that temptation is always temporary, but if you give in to it all the time its unpleasant after-effects can last a long time, even a lifetime.

[6] In addition, resisting temptation strengthens one's faith. It is like lifting spiritual weights or exercising. Resisting temptation strengthens one's spiritual vitality. However, the question here is, why should I resist temptation? Answer: because satisfying the call of temptation (as opposed to the call of purpose) leads to guilt which can weaken your faith.

[7] Therefore, we must take advantage of temptation. We cannot allow temptation to take advantage of us! When you know in your heart that you live righteously and your mind is focused only upon the fulfillment of your divine purpose, you expect the favor of GOD. And it is this expectancy that is at the center of one's faith and courage.

[8] But when you know in your heart that you are guilty of actions that you perceived as spiritually weak, evil or immoral you do not expect the favor of GOD; you hide from the presence of GOD. And it is this expectancy (expecting not to receive the favor of GOD) that is at the center of your doubts and fears.

[9] It is your own guilt that diminishes your faith and thus your ability to achieve your divine purpose. Ultimately we judge and then weaken ourselves through guilt caused by our submission to temptation and other weaknesses.

[10] Self-control and virtuous living strengthens your faith in GOD's favor upon you, which in turn enhances your ability to achieve your purpose and even perform miracles in your life and in the lives of others. Self-control makes you certain of your trustworthiness before GOD. And it is this trustworthiness that empowers your faith to achieve your divine purpose and perform miracles.

[11] Spiritual strength is also measured by one's patience and endurance. For when you know in your heart that you live a righteous life and that GOD's favor is upon you; those things that you do not have, those people that you do not see and those places that you do not go are all for your own good.

[12] For one of the keys to lasting discipline is when one becomes serious about actually acknowledging the real presence of GOD. For when you know that GOD is with you, watching you,

listening to you, etc., you need not try to be disciplined; you are automatically disciplined by the presence of GOD in your midst.

13 Undisciplined people can be said to simply not believe in the presence of GOD or their own spiritual abilities. They ignore their God and their own access to their own God-force. Truth is always with them but they ignore it. Love is always with them. Peace, wealth, knowledge, healing, etc. are always available to us but we simply ignore them because we really don't believe that we deserve these gifts. We know to ourselves that we are imperfect because of the temptations that we have fallen to, and with such knowledge we judge and limit ourselves.

14 Discipline over the desires of the body and mind come when you truly acknowledge the existence and presence of GOD right next to you! Know this. A true awareness of GOD causes discipline to automatically happen to you.

15 One does not have to be actually disciplined to keep one's hand off of a hot stove. It is not that you need to restrain yourself from touching the hot stove. It is more the fact that you do not want to burn your hand. In this example, discipline is not only a matter of awareness; it is also a matter of taking care of your Self. It is a matter of self-respect. Again, seek the Truth of GOD's actual presence, and discipline is sure to follow.

16 For the attuned Hiphoppa, discipline has more to do with realizing Truth and having respect for one's *Self* than the practice of restraint. The whole *Divine Performance* is a disciplinary training exercise designed to produce a Hiphop character/behavior that prepares one for leadership and victory over the obstacles of the *streets*.

17 Therefore, we must remember to use moments of anxiety to perform patience and calm. Use moments of depression to perform joy. Commit to yourself. Bring order to yourself by recognizing and truly respecting only the existence and value of GOD in your life. Make the conscious decision to <u>value</u> your God. Stop burning your hands upon the hot stoves of the World's temptations! This is spiritual strength. This is a divine performance.

18 Start your discipline practice small by resisting your favorite cake (as an example). Try not to overeat. Speak less. Turn off or unplug the television. Cease listening to the radio. Go on to resist argument and gossip. Begin repeating an affirmation or prayer regularly. You might want to attend places of prayer.

19 Practice fasting from junk foods, recreational drugs, intoxicating drinks, lustful desires, unproductive conversations and even the careless spending of money. In these examples the achievement of discipline is a matter of spiritual self-respect which leads to physical self-control. Now may be the time to truly care for your *Self* and most of all <u>value</u> your *Self!* These lead to discipline.

20 The teacha practices withdrawing his senses from the happenings of the material World. With this performance the teacha escapes the inconsistent and sometimes dangerous events of the World. But the teacha is mindful not to become too distant from those whom he is teaching. Balance is the key.

21 If you have proven your discipline and self-governance, you can indulge in Worldly temptations at times. The practice of discipline is not to abstain from the happenings of the physical World, it is to be strong enough to stop and start such activities at will. The teacha is simply free from addiction.

22 In fact, when it is pleasurable to abstain from pleasure one can be called *teacha*. When one looks forward to moments of self-restraint one can be called *teacha*. The teacha is unattached and

mentally independent.

23 The teacha is not lured nor tempted toward pleasure; the teacha freely and willingly chooses pleasure. The World and its temptations do not move the teacha. As Henri-Frédéric Amiel has pointed out, *The man who has no refuge in himself, who lives, so to speak, in his front rooms, in the outer whirlwind of things and opinions, is not properly a personality at all. He floats with the current, who does not guide himself according to higher principles, who has no ideal, no convictions—such a man is a mere article of the World's furniture—a thing moved, instead of a living and moving being—an echo, not a voice. The man who has no inner life is the slave of his surroundings, as a barometer is the obedient servant of the air at rest, and the weathercock the humble servant of the air in motion.* Perform Discipline.

5) Perform Forgiveness. Guilt is self-imposed. Begin by forgiving yourself for all of your indiscretions. Yes, you do have the power to repent and forgive yourself. Yes, you do have the power to let it go. Hold no grudge, harbor no anger and release resentment and guilt.

1 Remember, an act that you may have perceived as evil may have turned out to be a blessing in disguise. At the beginning of your spiritual studies do not judge yourself and/or others, only make observations and learn.

2 Turn away from evil thinking and never return. Show Love, not revenge. Be ready to forgive others by restoring some level of resolve into the relationship. Forgive others just as you would want to be forgiven. Be patient with others just as you would want GOD to be patient with you. This is a divine performance.

3 Give the transgressor a chance to repair the situation. If this is not possible, take steps to insure that the evil and/or selfish act will not happen to you again. But still, perform forgiveness, not resentment or revenge. Show Love, not hate. Teach, do not judge. Show your spiritual strength through understanding and patience, not through emotion and/or criticism.

4 Always know that you are working on behalf of GOD, not yourself. This will help you with the resentment you may feel because of the selfish acts of others. For every selfish act committed against you your God shall indeed restore you. Work for GOD; not for yourself or others.

5 Do not ask GOD to use you as a *tool of peace* or as a *vessel of love* if you are not prepared to be stuck into the dirt and the stench of the World itself. Know this. GOD shall use <u>you</u> to clean up the vomit of the World and to catch its feces. GOD shall use <u>you</u> to be stuck into the soil of the World in an effort to plant new seeds. Is this not the work of our God?

6 Try to remember that symbolically you are the tool of GOD. That it is the universe (not you) that is doing the work. You (the teacha) are the tool that helps the work get done. Just as we use tools to go into places that we ourselves cannot go into, so it is with GOD. GOD is Spirit! And those that commit to their God are like that of valuable tools in the material World.

7 Indeed, GOD is an artist, a master builder, a great architect, and we (the teachas) are the tools. When a great architect finds a good tool that is indispensable to the building of the World, that tool is preserved and repaired, cleansed and restored repeatedly for the sake of the work that is necessary to achieve. Eventually, the good tool is set aside and remembered for its faithful service.

8 You are the tool (teacha) in your environment. And tools are used to go into those difficult and hard-to-reach places of the World. You cannot run and hide when difficult people and/or situations arise. This is like a plunger that refuses to go into a stopped-up toilet! Or even a hammer that refuses to hit the nail into the wall!

9 Teachas that refuse to teach difficult people in difficult places at difficult times are like broken tools. And if tools break where they cannot be restored, they are indeed thrown away! You are the representation of your God. Indeed you may be the only hope in your environment.

10 With every sincere act of forgiveness you gain another degree in your spiritual development. And it is these degrees that prove your usefulness, strength and trustworthiness before GOD. Forgiveness proves your endurance. Take advantage of every evil and/or selfish moment brought before you. Tell the selfish one, *you are forgiven.*

11 Look into the face of those who tried to harm you and say, *you are forgiven*. Even while the evil and/or selfishness is occurring, subdue your emotions, take advantage of the moment, and tell the evil and/or selfish one; *you are forgiven*. And really mean it! GOD is examining your heart to determine YOUR level of spiritual maturity and trustworthiness.

12 Remember your own times of ignorance and/or fear and correct your own past errors by performing patience with those who are blind, immature, fearful, confused, or have wronged you today.

13 Learn to forgive yourself and others. Forgiveness leads to freedom and health, while resentment leads to bondage and sickness. Take care of your *Self*. Heal your *Self*. Release guilt! Through virtuous living, turn your own ignorant past into a testimony or a ministry for the correction of others today. For no one can minister or teach upon a subject they themselves have no experience with.

14 Instead of feeling guilty for your own past actions, use them as evidence of <u>your</u> wisdom and as evidence of <u>your</u> victory over the World's obstacles. Use your corrected failures as the textbook that you shall teach others from. Allow your corrected errors to qualify your wisdom to teach. This very gospel is a product of such advice.

15 Let the immature thinking of others bounce off of you like rain. Do not drink the immaturity of others by responding to their ignorance with more ignorance. In hostile situations, protect yourself first through immediate forgiveness! Never empower the weaknesses of others with resentment and/or your immediate impulse to act as they did. Be the Light in all situations!

16 Once you have performed the act of forgiveness you can believe that GOD is sure to follow up with justice. This is a divine performance. Work for GOD, not for self. For it is selflessness that gives strength to forgiveness. No one can hurt or betray a self that doesn't exist. If you are hurting it is most likely because you have accepted someone else's immaturity onto your *self*. You have allowed the immaturity of others to change your God-like nature.

17 Therefore, do not waste time on revengeful, resentful and angry performances. For with your divine performance GOD is sure to close the show! Only seek to help. Even in argument, only seek to correct the ignorance of others. Never argue angrily or resentfully; only teach.

18 Mature Hiphoppas never argue just to prove their point. Such an argument is pointless. Instead, try to learn and truly understand the opposing view. Show respect for the thinking of others and with a forgiving heart remind them of their own ignorance for their own sake. Perform Forgiveness.

6) Perform Patience. Practice expressing calm endurance, silent strength and inner resolve—these lead to patience. Be tolerant of others and their views and always be willing to wait. Whatever is yours is yours by Divine Right. Within the spiritual life there is very little need to rush or to be anxious. Simply ask and then wait in an expectant manner.

1 Usually what you do not receive is for your own good. Here, patience is the ability to be still

and allow opportunity to fall into your lap. Do not run after opportunity; only position yourself to receive opportunities. Usually it is the righteous that remain still through the changes of the World (in a strategic position) so that when the World unexpectantly changes again opportunity falls into their laps.

[2] Remember that opportunity is not to be chased down, it is to be searched for. Opportunity is not to be hunted, it is granted. It is not taken, it is received. Hiphoppas are encouraged to find strength in the things they already have. Be patient, even with ignorant selfish people. Be patient with them as well as with yourself and prepare for the fall of the ignorant; it is inevitable!

[3] Sometimes the fall of the ignorant will temporarily hinder the rise of the Hiphoppa. In this case, the attuned Hiphoppa has already prepared for the inevitable fall of the ignorant through independence and a variety of divine performances and rises while others are trapped under their own rubble!

[4] In all things perform patience. Even with difficult people be patient. No matter how ignorant or inconsiderate people may appear to be, always remember that ultimately everyone is growing, learning and developing according to their own level of consciousness, and if they are not then they will not be around you much longer. Be patient.

[5] Some people will simply not see it your way—be patient, you and they are always growing. Eventually, everyone sees the Truth; however, everyone grows at their own pace. What is obvious to you today may not be so obvious to others. But if you stand in Truth and in righteous humility they shall eventually see what you see. Be patient. Everyone arrives at the Truth eventually.

[6] Finally, we must continue the practice of being patient with ourselves. Let us remain committed to our principles, performances and disciplines but let us not be too anxious to receive spiritual insight and power—all shall come in time.

[7] For we have seen for over 40 years that it does not matter how much meditation one does or how virtuous one may live, spiritual insight and power happen on their own, in their own time. You simply must continue your practice until you are granted the results that you desire. Be patient and learn the art of waiting.

[8] The spiritual life is not the material life; it moves within its own time. When you are being delayed for some trivial reason do not get upset or worried; simply go with the flow. Go with the flow because your very steps are counted and guided by spiritual forces; be patient. Be willing to wait.

[9] Practice performing patience while waiting in line. Practice patience with difficult people. Practice patience with your own spiritual development, with your career, with your children, with your parents. In all areas of life learn how to apply the virtuous performance of patience. Many disasters have been avoided and many have come to see the light by the correct use of patience. As the philosopher Carlyle once said, *"Every noble work is at first impossible."* Perform Patience.

7) Perform Charity. Be of a giving nature. Be of service to the progression of life itself. Perform charity often and do not concern yourself with whether your giving shall be returned to you. Give for the sake of giving. Give of your talent as freely as GOD has given it to you.

[1] Freely giving away samples of one's talent actually opens unexpected doors for the giver and for the receiver. Give of yourself, give opportunity, give knowledge, give time, give money and other resources. Charity actually relives human suffering. Be willing to forgive the debt of those who owe you.

[2] Through your own actions, be the example to society as to what charity looks like. Do not attach

yourself to anything. All that you have should be able to be given away in a second's notice. The one who gives never loses. The one who owns nothing cannot experience theft, loss, foreclosure, seizure or confiscation.

3 Charity also proves the wealth of an individual even if that individual has little or no money. Only a wealthy mentality (even with little money) can freely give. And likewise, only a poor mentality (even with an abundance of money) has nothing to give.

4 If it is wealth (which includes money) that you seek, it is very important that you act wealthy first through charity. Seek to perform charity in public and in private. Charity raises your self-worth. Public charity sets a good example within your community and private charity sets a good example before your God.

5 Find ways to perform charity, but also be careful not to make those who you are charitable toward dependent upon you. Give with the intention of relieving one's suffering. Sometimes a free gift can prolong one's suffering and/or prevent one from learning a much-needed lesson.

6 So remember, as you seek to help and assist people, always remember that everyone is where they are for a reason. We have found that some people are exactly where they need to be in life regardless of how impoverished and/or dangerous their circumstances may seem to be. GOD is engaging us all.

7 At all times we must walk and talk with a giving heart, but if a person is not also willing to help himself, there is little that anyone can do for such an individual. Therefore, be wise in your giving. Give with the intention to truly help and empower. Sometimes the giving of nothing is the greatest gift of all. Perform your charity.

8) Perform Love. Show your Love. Be compassionate and caring. Give others the devotion that you expect from GOD. For our God is Divine Love and this *Love* is not blind. It is *lust* that is blind. Love is unconditional. It makes itself available to the loved. Love is patient. Love suffers long. Love is kind. Love proves and empowers one's ability to teach and guide others.

1 Allow GOD to manifest through you toward others. It is from GOD that your Love comes and it is from here that we correctly express our Love.

2 Love all and hate none; but when all hate, Love none. To truly Love is to unite with the being of others, and at the beginning of your spiritual understanding it is important to guard your heart. For Love is healthy and hate is diseased. Love all who deserve your Love, and hate no one. For in Love you are truly protected and empowered.

3 The attuned Hiphoppa knows that GOD is the headliner in every arena of life, and that it is GOD's performance that is sure to follow the Hiphoppa's opening act of true Love. Be the Love to those that truly deserve it. See the holiness in those people even when they cannot see it in themselves.

4 Their divinity is the Truth of their being. Therefore, let us practice speaking only to the divine nature of people; such is their true essence, but do not live in denial of those who do not truly Love you. Even when you are cursed out and/or disrespected, remain calm and centered, knowing that such responses are not the Truth of anyone's being; such responses are indeed temporary.

5 This is why the immature always regret what they say and do and often wind up apologizing for it. Wait for the apology because those who return to their right mind and seek your pardon of their immaturity deserve your Love and understanding.

6 If you remain calm in the midst of such temporary fits of rage, ignorance, immaturity or sadness, eventually you will see those angered, ignorant, immature, depressed people return to their

true state of peace, awareness and normalcy. And if they truly respect you, even Love you, they will apologize not for their own well-being but for yours.

7 Anger and sadness are not normal for any human being, therefore such states are always temporary. Joy is normal. Peace is normal. LOVE is normal. The opposite of this is abnormal.

8 At all times perform with Love. Search your heart for the people you Love most and LOVE THEM. Look at the people you love and say with your inner voice, *I Love you.* Make this a habit.

9 Despite the emphasis others may place upon doing things strictly for payment, in whatever you do, perform it with Love. If you hate or dislike what you do, stop doing it!

10 If you dislike or hate what you do even if you are paid for it, ultimately the result of your compensation will not be fulfilling. In fact, it will only depress you. Therefore, do what you Love to do. And do not be afraid to do whatever it is that you Love to do. Find time for it.

11 Although forgotten, Hip Hop was created out of Love. Early Hiphoppas performed their elements out of Love. With or without payment, early Hiphoppas loved Hip Hop. With all tasks and people *show Love*.

9) Perform Faith. Demonstrate your faith. Do not live exclusively by your natural reasoning or believe exclusively what your senses tell you. Live by faith.

1 Faith is not just a belief in unseen things; it is an unconditional confirmation of the finished work. It is a knowing or expectancy that comes from living a spiritual and virtuous life. Faith is not an invisible thing, it is a very visible thing; it has physical effects. In fact, faith is the invisible substance of visible things. Faith is simply what you perceive as real. Is God real to you? Are God's abilities real to you?

2 Whatever you believe your God can actually do shall be done! Because of unrighteous and non-spiritual living, if you do not truly perceive your Spirit abilities and the strength of your God, then it is your own doubt that weakens the supernatural abilities of your own Spirit over the material World. Live a virtuous life and every month do something or say something that requires faith. Practice faith. Expect results!

3 As an example, as simple and as easy as it is to faithfully order food from a restaurant you should likewise faithfully order Health, Love, Awareness and/or Wealth from the universe. In this example, the universe is the restaurant.

4 When you know that you have money to eat, you effortlessly and confidently enter the restaurant, sit down and order whatever you have a taste for. Such is the same with spiritual living. When you know that you have an abundance of spiritual money (faith; the effect of righteous/virtuous living, helpfulness, patience, etc.), you boldly order from the universe those things that you need.

5 Just as easily as you might order a beer from a bar, with the confidence that comes from righteous living, order for yourself peace and prosperity with the same expectancy. Point to the unseen and translate the unheard. Practice exercising your faith by ordering things in faith.

6 Temple Members are united in the faith that Hiphop is GOD's response to our suffering. Our faith as Hiphoppas is established through our trust in the divinity of our unique historical experiences.

7 At the heights of our faith (knowing) we believe that our God has called a new nation into being and WE are they who are called of GOD. We are a new people; a truly free people. We are not subjected to the blessings, curses or prophecies of other nations and faiths. GOD is dealing with us right now! Today, we are a Holy Integrated People Having Omnipresent Power.

[8] The truly attuned Hiphoppa performs and walks in this faith (knowing). Those who walk in this faith and both regularly and randomly perform acts of this faith, are truly inspired and rarely depressed. They are joyous and strong while others remain anxious and weak. They are at peace even when others are afraid—these are the effects of faith.

[9] For GOD is an exact god. Those that live by faith need not an abundance of anything. They always have exactly what they need exactly when they need it; in fact this is the abundance. Never too soon, never too late, never too much and never too little, the faithful always have exactly enough!

[10] Faith and the knowing that comes from righteous living eliminate fear and doubt. And likewise, fear and doubt caused by ignorance and unrighteous living eliminate faith. Decide right now which of the two you shall serve—fear or faith, doubting or knowing, surviving or living!

[11] Practice faith by performing random acts of faith. In troubling situations, be still and know that your God is GOD! Store up your spiritual money (faith) in righteous/virtuous living and then order whatever you need from the universe.

[12] Immerse yourself in something that your God must follow up on and complete. Believe in your God! Expect the presence, power and activity of your God! Believe God, not the World.

[13] Regularly perform faith. Accumulate and then spend your spiritual faith-money wisely. Bruce Barton reminds us that "*The ablest men in all walks of life are men of faith. Most of them have much more faith than they themselves realize.*" Perform Faith.

10) Perform Overstanding. In all things seek the deeper meaning. Truly seek to know the pain, joy, needs and wants of those who you may come into contact with. Cultivate your mind to truly overstand the situations and circumstances of others.

[1] Even just for a moment, join them in their life experience. Know this. To understand is to comprehend whatever you have been taught. However, to overstand is to experience whatever you have been taught. Such is the essence of wisdom and spiritual leadership.

[2] At all times perform overstanding. Seek to know through experience your own views as well as the views of others. Never settle for simply being educated. For with spiritual overstanding comes discernment and with discernment comes agreement, resolution, conclusion and solutions.

[3] While knowledge makes you aware of things, overstanding makes you aware of the character and nature of things. For it is not enough to know whatever you know. You must also experience the things that you know in order to truly know them and correctly apply them. More than just knowing something, it is far better to experience whatever you know. This is the essence of wisdom and true leadership.

[4] Overstanding proves the validity of one's acquired knowledge. Know this. Just because you have been educated, does not mean that your education is truly productive to your real life. Theories must be tested and facts change all the time. The true Hiphoppa does not just read the Gospel of Hip Hop; she performs the *Overstandings* of this gospel and proves to herself the value of this gospel in real life.

[5] The teacha must know for sure that the Gospel of Hip Hop truly works in real life before she can seek to teach it to others! The teacha must be certain of the trueness and authenticity of the Gospel of Hip Hop. Such certainty is found in the heart. The trueness of this *gospel* is determined by its compatibility with your heart. Does this path feel right to you? You cannot teach this *gospel* if you are uncertain of its *overstandings*; if you are still in doubt.

[6] Know this. The teacha argues on behalf of the Gospel of Hip Hop not for the sake of winning,

but for the sake of offering others the possibility of experiencing Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth. He argues only from experience and for the sake of reaching harmonious agreements between parties of conflicting opinions.

7 You must always seek to overstand the things that you know; and always seek to experience the *Overstandings* of this gospel. Live by the productive experiences of your life. Learn to repeat the actions of your own success. Learn from the mistakes as well as from the achievements made by your actions as well as the actions of others. Discipline is a result of wisdom and overstanding.

8 Applied wisdom is overstanding. A Hiphoppa's wisdom is manifested in that Hiphoppa's life. It proves that he truly overstands. More than just talking about what they have experienced, you can see the results of a Hiphoppa's wisdom by the effects in and of that Hiphoppa's life.

9 Joy is an effect of overstanding. Peace is an effect of overstanding. Mercy, compassion, justice and patience are also effects of overstanding. However, you can be wise and not experience any of these virtues. Be guided. Wisdom and knowledge are two different things.

10 Wisdom can be achieved through life experiences, while knowledge can be acquired through educational/intellectual studies. But to overstand is to have experienced them both. To overstand is to act upon what you know and have experienced.

11 Knowledge proves that you know some things. Wisdom proves that you have experienced some things. But overstanding proves that you are active in both your knowledge and wisdom of things. For it is the guidance of our God that adds valuable experiences to our knowledge. Such experiences create wisdom. But even the wise are not always motivated to act. They have experience, yet they are not always experiencing!

12 Know this. Wisdom is not righteousness. In fact, to be wise one must go through some very unrighteous situations; one must experience things that can only be experienced in failure, fear and ignorance. And after one has learned from such fearful and ignorant experiences, one then becomes wise. For when knowledge is backed by experience and the Hiphoppa can skillfully apply them both while performing life, that Hiphoppa is said to be *overstood.*

13 For it has been said that *the experience gathered from books is of the nature of learning; the experience gained from actual life is of the nature of wisdom; and a small store of the latter is worth vastly more than any stock of the former.* (Samuel Smiles, *Self-Help* [New York: American Book Company, 1904]). Perform Overstanding.

11) Perform Truth. Don't just seek to know the Truth; seek to perform the Truth, be as genuine and as real as you can. While everyone else performs behind their variety of masks and phony personalities, you must be the Truth in such illusionary and fake circles.

1 This is what it means to *keep it real!* It means to be true to yourself—be your true self. Don't hide behind falsities and illusions. Such a performance leads to nowhere. Knowing Truth is to know what is real. Performing Truth is to manifest or actualize what is real. But what is real as it pertains to Truth?

2 What we <u>know</u> to be real and what <u>is</u> real are two different things. Truth is the ultimate reality of reality itself. It is the real reality of reality; it is the whole, it is what it is. To perform Truth means that what we believe to be real corresponds with what is actually real.

3 Most people experience all kinds of things in their lives, and their experiences are indeed real to them. But in Truth, their experiences are not real at all! Experiences in material reality are more the opinions of the observer than that of actual Truth.

4 Yes, your experiences are T.R.U.E. They are The Reality U Experience. However, they may not be the T.R.U.T.H.; The Reality U Truly Have. The material World is true. But the spiritual realm which projects the material World into existence is the Truth. It may be true that you are in prison. But the Truth is that prison was first inside of you. Deal with the Truth and you shall be free.

5 Know this. There is reality, and then there is your perception of that reality. Reality is the Truth, but your perception of that reality is a fact. It is true for you. In the material World, what is called *Truth* is actually an agreement as to what is real. These are called *facts*. And so many people rely upon the facts of life as opposed to the reality of life.

6 Perform Truth. For Truth is the whole, while lies are its fragments. Falsity is the fragmentation of the Truth. Falsity takes a fragment of the Truth and treats it as if it is the Truth itself. Do not be led by falsities, illusions and lies. Seek Truth! Speak Truth! Perform Truth! Be a whole person as often as you can. Be mindful of how many times you fragment and hide your true *Self* for the sake of others. Practice being whole and transparent.

7 Truth is also freedom from the bondage of ignorance. Truth is the revelation of what already exists but just could not be comprehended or seen before. Truth is the cause of awareness or ahhh-wareness. Truth is happening right now as you read this gospel. For Truth is the ultimate gospel, but no gospel is the ultimate Truth.

8 Truth cannot be actually written down. In reality, Truth cannot even be described in words. All words, numbers, shapes and letters are symbols which assist us in understanding the realm in which Truth exists. Words, numbers, shapes, and letters, even dancing, rapping and singing are all translations of what is really the Truth.

9 Therefore, we must seek Truth beyond the material World and its symbols. And we must seek Truth beyond our physical senses. These tools (symbols and senses) fragment the Truth so that we may create an ordered World out of the Truth that is a chaotic oneness. Seek Truth! Be truthful, and perform your Truth.

12) Perform Skill. Because the Hiphoppa is independent and self-sufficient in the World, perfection of a chosen skill (that is in demand) gives the Hiphoppa a lifestyle that supports the seeking of her purpose in peace. As with the performance of discipline; seek the perfection of your chosen skill. Practice perfecting your skills.

1 Most people want many things for themselves. Some have dreams and goals they wish to achieve for themselves, but they just continue to admire the achievements of others because they simply have not mastered the skills needed to manifest their own dreams and goals. All goals require skill mastery to be achieved.

2 The most important questions a Hiphoppa can ask when daydreaming, visualizing, praying and/or wishing for things and desirable situations are: *What am I actually capable of doing? What can I really accomplish? What have I mastered?* And *what are my skills?*

3 Those without a perfected skill that is in demand will find it difficult to lead an *inner-city* spiritual life. Having a skill that is in demand is what separates the one who is chasing resources and opportunity from the one who is chased by resources and opportunity.

4 Attuned Hiphoppas are experienced in Hiphop's nine elements and we are experts at two or more of Hip Hop's artistic elements. We seek to sharpen our skills in every phase of life that requires skill.

5 In parenting, in teaching, in nurturing, in apologizing, in loving, in playing, in fighting, in

speaking, in cooking, in working, in cleaning, in eating and with all the elements of Hiphop and with all of the performances of the *Divine Performance*, perform with skill. Seek to be an expert at all that you do. Do nothing haphazardly.

6 When performing your skill you must be conscious of how skillful you are. Attuned Hiphoppas who perform the *Divine Performance* learn that each performance requires spiritual skill.

7 In many cases, such skill is found and perfected in battles, confrontations and threatening situations. Never seek confrontation, but never be afraid to fight or display your skill!

8 It is when we are challenged by people, places, things and events that we are made strong and skillful in life. For at the end of all human knowledge and strength GOD shall appear! Once fully practiced in overcoming the challenges of life, the attuned Hiphoppa is spiritually strong and prepared to teach and lead others.

9 Perfect your cultural, spiritual, artistic and intellectual skills by performing your skills often. As Henry W. Longfellow once stated, *I will be a man among men; and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness.* Perform Skill.

13) Perform Intelligence. Our intelligence is creatively inquisitive. Therefore, practice asking questions especially about the things that you are already familiar with. For it is the question that drives us toward our God, not necessarily the acquired answer. Asking the right questions leads to spiritual awareness and peace.

1 At the start of one's quest for spiritual awareness one must ask the correct questions that will expand one's ability to acquire and apply correct spiritual knowledge. We must question GOD to know more about our God.

2 For it is indeed true that your God will answer all of your questions with astonishing accuracy. The Hiphoppa uses *faith* to see what is not yet physically there and uses *action* to bring those things into existence. Intelligence (the ability to know and perceive) questions the two. Be careful. Question GOD, but never doubt God.

3 Just as our faith sees and confirms what is not yet physically possible, our intelligence must ask questions concerning the possibilities of what is perceived to be possible. But do not allow the performance of your intelligence to override your faith.

4 For we are guided by the questions we ask, not necessarily by the answers we get. But once our intelligence has given its performance it must be put back in its place; in the dimension of question, perception, logic and rationale. This is what it means to perform your intelligence. Do not allow your intelligence to just rule over your life. Apply its sharp inquiry and sense of perception when necessary to shape the reality that you truly desire.

5 We (Hiphoppas) should pay more attention to how we view the World because the solutions for many of society's ills lie inside of us. Hiphoppas must question the so-called facts of the physical World but after gaining an awareness of one's spiritual nature, question not (only believe) the Truth of one's *Spirit.* As Colton reminds us, *Doubt is the vestibule which all must pass before they can enter the temple of wisdom.* Perform Intelligence.

14) Perform Communication. Be aware of what you are communicating to the World. Do not just talk for the sake of talking. Be mindful of every word, thought and action that you may communicate to others. Instead of speaking out of idleness, perform silence. Most events, good

and/or evil, begin with thoughts and then words and then actions.

[1] The attuned Hiphoppa creates a productive life arena through the thoughts and words he chooses to express. Every thought and spoken idea creates an awareness around the Hiphoppa. This awareness attracts the people, places and things that help to openly manifest the intentions of that Hiphoppa's heart.

[2] By speaking for the sake of joy and peace the attuned Hiphoppa creates an awareness that attracts joy and peace in one's life. Attuned Hiphoppas speak of good things so that good things may manifest in their lives and in the lives of others. Do not label your work *Ready to Die* unless you are ready to die. Do not claim to be *Criminal Minded* unless you are prepared for the results of criminal activity.

[3] Do not think and/or speak those things that you wish to avoid in your life, and be careful of what you continuously listen to. Be aware of those who speak with bad intentions and perversion as the main subject of their conversation. Seek to correct them humbly if they are simply unaware; or simply avoid their company if they reject Truth.

[4] When others are frustrated, use diplomacy and speak from the perspective of wisdom. You can say: *Just let it go… You're bigger than that… Don't let this situation steal your joy… Forget them… GOD has bigger plans for you… Are they really worth it?*

[5] Do not judge. Simply make observations and show others, with wisdom and overstanding, the causes and the effects of what they communicate. People should know that your character and personality is one of maturity and trustworthiness. Lead by example. Advise others with your very personality and the results of your life experiences.

[6] Do not linger around those whose conversation carries impurity and scandal. Seek the companionship of those who you study and pray with. Know this. Communication is not just speech. Hiphoppas communicate through writing, drawing, fashion, personal character, dancing, rapping, eating, etc.

[7] For when the attuned Hiphoppa finally acknowledges the Truth that GOD is present; that Hiphoppa's character changes. And when that Hiphoppa's character is one of righteousness others are disciplined and inspired not only by that Hiphoppa's words, but also by that Hiphoppa's character and very presence. For there are certain things that people just cannot do in the presence of holiness. For the very character of the attuned Hiphoppa disciplines, teaches and inspires those who surround her.

[8] Attuned Hiphoppas care more about the totality of what is being transmitted or passed on to others than about the way in which one actually speaks. While others communicate hatred, we communicate love. While others communicate anger, we communicate joy, not by speaking it but by <u>being</u> it.

[9] Even in fierce argument we must practice and strengthen our spiritual reflexes. We must train ourselves to never enter into the insanity of anger, bitterness and/or hatred while arguing. We must perform our communication, not just communicate. For example, we should NEVER ARGUE IN FRONT OF CHILDREN or where they can hear the thoughts of our angry, resentful, fearful minds.

[10] Discipline yourself! Guide your inward and outward communication. Learn to speak well, read well and write well; these lead to good communication skills. Learn to deliver your point of view quickly and accurately—get to the point. And remember, sometimes the best communication is silence. Never be afraid to say nothing at all.

[11] For it is in the performances of one's life that one's intentions are communicated and then manifested. Perform your communication and be aware at all times of what you are communicating

as well as what is being communicated to you.

12 Quarles reminds us that *If any speak ill of thee, flee home to thy own conscience, and examine thy heart; if thou be guilty, it is just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction; make use of both, so shalt thou distill honey out of gall, and out of an open enemy create a secret friend.* Perform Communication.

15) Perform Responsibility. Regularly check your *response-ability.* This means to regularly check the character of what you respond to. Prepare for what you must respond to and be mindful as to how well you respond. Ask yourself daily, *What is my ultimate responsibility? Have I met my responsibilities?*

1 True Hiphoppas always seek to help, which proves their selflessness. True Hiphoppas always seek to uplift, enhance, and strengthen those who rely upon them. Even if it is personally uncomfortable; the true Hiphoppa does what is required of him. Such an *ability* is not for everyone, nor can such an *ability* even be performed by everyone. Responsibility is a spiritual skill.

2 It is maturity, self-respect, and self-sacrifice that helps to develop the *response-ability* of the true Hiphoppa. Without maturity, self-respect and the ability to sacrifice for others, it is difficult to be a responsible person. This is why many young *Rap fans* start off irresponsible. They simply lack the ability to respond to issues beyond *my clothes, my rent, my car, my thirst,* and so on. They cannot see past their own individual wants and needs. Self-sacrifice is the essence of responsibility.

3 The Temple of Hiphop encourages Hiphoppas to do what they are supposed to do when they are supposed to do it. Most people are led by their *wants* and not by their needs. Most people do what they *want* to do as opposed to what they *must* do, and this is just irresponsible.

4 Hiphoppas are encouraged to do what they *must* do first, then do whatever they *want* to do later. Always doing what is pleasurable and/or easy to do sets one up for a weak foundation in life. For there is nothing special about *easy*, it is the conquering of the difficult that makes one special and even appreciated.

5 The one who goes out of her way to remove a difficulty is respected by everyone. The one who can be depended upon is respected by everyone. The one who makes sacrifices for the good of the whole is respected by everyone, and this is what it means to be responsible. It means that you and others are clear as to where your commitment lies.

6 The attuned Hiphoppa is not afraid of commitment. In fact, the attuned Hiphoppa builds a character that demands respect by selflessly performing her commitments and responsibilities. At times, we must even sacrifice for those who depend upon us.

7 We will not always like what we must do, but if the greater good depends upon our commitment, then those dependant upon our sacrifices must not be let down. Attuned Hiphoppas are dependable people.

8 The attuned Hiphoppa upholds an image of maturity and can always be depended upon. Remember, with whatever you must do; if you <u>want</u> to do it then it is not a sacrifice. It is when you do those things that you personally do not want to do that you are indeed sacrificing. However, to be responsible is to be dependable.

9 Hiphoppas are encouraged to be dependable people, responsible people, committed people. For us, the "balanced life" is *when you want to do what you have to do.* When your responsibilities are a joy to complete, your life is balanced. When you are committed and responsible to something or someone you truly love, when your sacrifices bring you peace and joy, your life is balanced.

10 Charles Kingsley reminds us to *thank GOD every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred other virtues which the idle never know.* Perform Responsibility.

16) Perform Action. The most important thing to know of one's *Self* is one's purpose. The fulfillment of one's life purpose is the cause of true joy and happiness. Do not become idle or live without purpose. Although you may be still seeking your purpose, perform action. Never just sit around being unaware of the effects of your actions or your non-action.

1 The attuned Hiphoppa shows others through example what righteousness, love, justice, charity and overstanding looks like. The attuned Hiphoppa is aware of how her actions teach society. Such a Hiphoppa knows that every social act is a lesson performed in and for one's family, friends and larger society.

2 For every cause or act there is an effect or response. Be aware of what you *cause* to exist through your thinking and your actions. We are the offspring of our own actions. We actually create ourselves through action which is motivated by purpose. So, what's your purpose? If you lack direction or purpose in life, focus your mind upon the actions of your teacha.

3 Pay attention to the way that your teacha performs an action and imitate those performances. Know that your teacha is impartial to success or failure. See how your teacha is not attached to the effects of the act. Feel how your teacha not only gives but sacrifices.

4 The attuned Hiphoppa overstands that even while acting we do nothing at all. The attuned Hiphoppa knows that all is the G*reat* O*neness* D*eity* and it is only *G.O.D.* that actually acts.

5 When we are eating, breathing, talking, walking, working, driving, etc., we really do nothing at all. Only GOD through Nature is moving which gives us the temporary appearance of movement. The attuned Hiphoppa does not act nor cause action when it is overstood that all action is the divine performance of GOD. We are actually the effects of GOD in action.

6 Like when the wind blows dried leaves across a road. The leaves have no sense of the wind blowing them along, yet the leaves move. Physical bodies have movement in a similar way. Forces (winds) blow against us and push us toward this circumstance or that circumstance. We must learn to navigate the forces (winds) of life toward the fulfillment of our life's purpose.

7 However, such navigation has more to do with allowing *the force* to carry you without you getting in your own way. Spiritual navigation has to do with allowing GOD to guide your life; it's about GOD's leadership in your life. Some people regard GOD's leadership in their lives as a choice. They say; *I now give my life to GOD*, as if they had the authority to do such a thing!

8 The leadership of GOD in your life is not a choice. It is the Truth! It's a realization, an awakening, a new awareness, a sense of giving up and letting go on your part. The leadership of GOD is happening now! It is you who must realize this by releasing your fears, doubts and disbeliefs about your own God-force. We must get in harmony with what GOD is already doing in our lives!

9 Know this. When our will is not the Will of our God we naturally begin to experience pain and suffering. The Will of our God is for Hiphoppas to be joyous, at peace and prosperous. Our God's Will is occurring long before we come to realize it. And those things which happen against our will are usually for our own good. For GOD sustains life itself. You do not choose GOD; GOD chooses you.

10 Because life is sustained by GOD, every act of the Hiphoppa should be performed as a tribute

and sacrifice to GOD. No work (or person) is too difficult to deal with when all is done as a tribute and service to your God. With this, the attuned Hiphoppa escapes the cycles of cause and effect because the attuned Hiphoppa causes nothing and is detached from everything. Only GOD is moving, acting and speaking.

11 Perform difficult activities knowing this. E.L. Magoon once said, *Existence was given us for action, rather than indolent and aimless contemplation; our worth is determined by the good deeds we do, rather than by the fine emotions we feel. They greatly mistake who suppose that GOD cares for no other pursuit than devotion.* Perform Action.

17) Perform Prayer. Both regularly and randomly raise your heart to GOD in prayer. Make time to pray. Take time to pray. Pray in the shower. Pray while driving, while walking, working, etc. Thank GOD often and find peace in the security of GOD's presence. Do not concentrate on the proper words to say. Focus more upon expressing the joys, questions, cries and groans of your own heart.

1 Prayer is relaxing; it lowers one's heart rate and blood pressure. For us (templists), prayer is not ritualistic or repetitive speech. Do not posture before GOD; allow your heart to cry out to GOD, with GOD. For it is the sincere cry of the heart in joy or in sadness that attracts the response of the Great Spirit, not words.

2 Know (through righteous living) that you are loved and cared for and that your God will always make a way for you. Know in your heart that your God already sees what you need. So when you pray, thank GOD for satisfying your needs in advance. Thank your God for the finished work.

3 For everything already exists and is readily available to you now! It is only your doubts that block or deny the existence of everything happening to you at once so that (out of your own fear of chaos) you can bring order to your World. When praying, simply allow things to happen by ceasing your doubt and/or fear of them happening.

4 Stop doubting and/or denying the existence of those things that you want. Everything you need already exists in your reality. Stop doubting and/or denying that those things you desire are separate and distant from your immediate reality. Simply allow them to exist in your World. Let there be *this*… and let there be *that*. Expect what you want in prayer.

5 However, it is important to remember that GOD is an exact god. Everything that you need you really already have. Most of the time we simply are not looking clearly enough into our own environments. Sometimes we also become convinced of the importance of things that we really do not need. Be careful!

6 With your whole heart repeat the following prayer regularly:

> *Great and Holy Spirit I AM—the light of my World! The Love that guides me. Enter now into this temple fulfilling the purpose for which it was built. I AM—clean and unafraid. Great Spirit, keep my foot upon the path of holiness that I may give without watching the cost, and endure without stress. I am in your care and protection. For when my eyes cannot see a way, Your Love reveals the obvious and I am saved again. There it is!*

7 Say this with your whole heart. Feel it, see it, believe it and know it! Use your heart and expect GOD's response. Move in this faith. But remember, your prayers are more likely to be answered when your prayer requests are also in harmony with your being, your intentions, your true thoughts and actions.

8 Know this. Hiphoppas do not always get what they want in prayer; most of the time they receive

exactly who they are in life. For it is who you are that shall determine what you shall receive in prayer. You receive what you believe, and you achieve what you perceive! You get what you expect and respect! You can only attract that which you really are.

9 Therefore, care not for what the World believes is valuable and care not for how things may appear to be to your intellect. Recognize only the oneness and simply allow things to come to you. Everything you want is already with you now. Your reality is really a World of possibilities. You decide what comes in and out of your reality based upon your level of expectancy.

10 When praying, you not only expect GOD, but you also respect GOD. Prayer proves one's respect for GOD, and you get more of what you respect. Therefore, after you have opened your door of *respectancy*, open your door of expectancy!

11 Be still, and allow things to happen. This will take courage because it is your own fears and disbelief that keeps all of the chaos of actual reality away from your conscious awareness. This is what prayer is all about; it's about access, not excess. Prayer is a special language humans use to communicate to the guiding force in their lives.

12 Know this: the prayer of the attuned Hiphoppa has to do with spiritually accessing the productive resources and circumstances that are already available to one's self.

13 The attuned Hiphoppa prays (communicates) with GOD. And notice how I am writing this; *the attuned Hiphoppa prays <u>with</u> GOD*, not <u>to</u> GOD. When you pray to GOD there is distance between you and GOD. In a way, your prayer must still reach GOD. But when you pray <u>with</u> GOD there is no distance, no space and no intervals of time. Your prayer request can happen instantly!

14 When you pray, thank GOD and know that the blessing has already been granted and that it must only be revealed to you (through you). Thank GOD for what you already have and ask to always be enlightened of GOD's plan. You always want your prayer request to be in harmony with GOD; sometimes GOD will give you your request only to show you how useless and silly your "needed" request actually was. Before you ask about what you want, ask first to know what GOD wants.

15 GOD is concerned with human development, so when you pray for yourself sincerely pray for others; even those people that you do not personally know or do not even personally like. The heart that can sincerely do that is always heard by GOD. Remember, GOD is praying with you.

16 The Great Spirit answers ALL prayers! No prayer goes unanswered. For if you are truly not in possession of that which you are praying for, GOD will truly provide it. But if you already possess that which you pray for GOD will not answer your request twice. Therefore, if your prayer goes unanswered either you are being protected from your own ignorance or you already have that which you are praying for and you simply have not comprehended it yet.

17 We must remember to pray that you may see the solutions that we already have and always thank GOD for the protection that we cannot see. For when you pray you do not always get what you pray for; most of the time you actually get exactly what you need!

18 Those things that you don't have, you don't need! Those places that you can't go are also dangerous for you! Trust the love of the Great Spirit!

19 Remember, all prayers are answered. The question is, are you in the environment or awareness of your answered prayer? Many people receive their answered prayer many times and simply don't see it because they are expecting it to come from a familiar place or source.

20 Therefore, as attuned Hiphoppas we must be open and receptive to the unexpected activities of GOD. We must be willing to identify and retrieve our blessings and answered prayers from, through and in unconventional, unexpected, and beyond-normal circumstances, sources and places.

21 Remember, you are speaking with GOD when you earnestly pray, and your God has an infinite amount of ways to deliver to you the desires of your heart. The challenge for many is that they reduce God to their own understanding, which blinds them from seeing GOD for real. You cannot ask an infinite source to communicate back to you in only one way, on one day, through one person, or one thing.

22 GOD is spirit, and to communicate to spirit you yourself must become spirit. As a spirit being operating effortlessly in the spirit realm, you can then see GOD and GOD's activity ultimately leading to your fulfillment.

23 So, when you pray or communicate with GOD seek understanding into the Mind of GOD, the Will of GOD, and the plan of GOD. Your God already has your best interest in mind, everything is already working in your favor; the challenge for you is to really believe this. Do you truly perceive and expect GOD's love and care? When you pray, perform your prayers in faith. Act upon them. Perform Prayer

18) Perform Hip Hop. Be conscious of Hip Hop as GOD's response to our suffering. For Hip Hop is the strategy that has freed us from sickness, hatred, ignorance and poverty.

1 Be conscious of Hip Hop as a divine blessing with divine purpose. That Hip Hop is beyond entertainment and Worldly validations.

2 Be conscious of *Hiphop* as a lifestyle and as an awareness. That *Hiphop* is a unique and empowering identity that has developed into an international community/culture of specialized people.

3 Be conscious of Hip Hop as its nine elements, B.E.G.D.B.F.L.K.E., and teach them by example.

4 At all times perform Hip Hop's elements with perfect skill. Whatever the specific element might be, the attuned Hiphoppa has mastered it and has perfected it.

5 The attuned Hiphoppa <u>is</u> Hiphop and is conscious of how Hip Hop is expressed in society. Performing Hiphop is all about having the courage to be your true self—to express your true identity. Self-creation is the ultimate Hiphop performance. We are not just doing Hiphop; we are H.I.P.H.O.P.—a <u>H</u>oly <u>I</u>ntegrated <u>P</u>eople <u>H</u>aving <u>O</u>mnipresent <u>P</u>ower!

6 Those who criticize Hip Hop today as being obscene, misogynistic and criminal are just as immature and limited in their thinking as we appear to be in ours. If we were approached with any kind of respect, or even compassion, or even logic, our critics would see us not as a bunch of irresponsible, money-hungry thugs but as a forgotten group of people trying to survive in an already corrupt World, making the best out of the conditions we found ourselves in at birth.

7 This is in no way an excuse for our own immaturity. However, our immaturity today will be the warnings to future Hiphoppas as to what not to do and where not to go.

8 As long as Hip Hop is regarded as a music genre it shall always be criticized in the way that it is being criticized today. However, when Hip Hop is viewed as the international culture that it is, we come to the realization that Hip Hop is going through the same growing pains that most of the World's cultures have gone through at their origins.

9 Any logical, compassionate eye would see that Hip Hop is need of help. Instead of criticizing Hip Hop, show us your "better way" of life. Reveal to us the folly of our ways and point us in the right direction. And while you're at it, try listening to our concerns and grievances and try to remedy them.

10 We are fully aware as to what we look and sound like in mass-media today and we are even

frustrated with ourselves. But we also overstand the struggles of our people and why we look and sound the way that we do. In fact, the Hip Hop community is known for warning other communities about the fallacies of living a criminal life; our advice comes from experience.

11 We know that cultures are like people and just as people teach people, cultures teach other cultures. Hip Hop is no different in this regard.

12 It is only natural that as a young community we will make mistakes. However, we will not be young forever and we will not be immature for long—yes, we will grow up! However, in the meantime, our immaturity should motivate others toward their own maturity.

13 Our immature behavior today is teaching all the World's cultures (including future Hiphoppas) what not to do and what not to become. When you see us acting stupid you should check yourself to see if you are not acting just as stupid in another area of life.

14 The Truth is, every culture teaches other cultures, and today Hip Hop is teaching the World about the inevitable path of suffering caused by putting Worldly prestige and power above GOD.

15 We shall outgrow this lesson and produce other lessons with our collective life experiences, but while we are young we are in the process of relearning the World for ourselves and this process is not easy. We are in the process of knowing the World and GOD for ourselves—such is a painful process.

16 Therefore, let us perform *Hip Hop on a higher level*. Let us as Hiphoppas strive to be better than we were yesterday. Everyday let's seek ways to be responsible toward one another and collectively mature with our handling of Hip Hop. We may start out criminal minded but indeed we shall all end up spiritual minded.

17 As James Freeman Clarke teaches, *Progress in the sense of acquisition, is something; but progress in the sense of being is a great deal more. To grow higher, deeper, wider, as the years go on; to conquer difficulties, and acquire more and more power; to feel all one's faculties unfolding, and Truth descending into the soul—this makes life worth living.*

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23 These are all divine performances. Make these performances your daily habits. Learn them while you are young and teach them to your children. This collective character is the personality of the attuned Hiphoppa.

24 The character and personality prescribed in *The Divine Performance* offers the true Hip Hop activist an empowering code of conduct capable of achieving lasting peace and uninterrupted prosperity.

25 More importantly, the character presented in *The Divine Performance* opens up the realm of the *Inner City,* the Kingdom of Heaven, the realm of supernatural events and miracles.

26 Although each *performance* can be used as an individual teaching or meditation; it is all eighteen performances that make up the total character of the spiritually attuned Hiphoppa. Templists who are studied in the Divine Performance can teach this *Overstanding* to others. Such a character draws the favor of GOD.

27 Once we realize how awareness, blessings and Worldly resources come <u>through</u> us and not <u>to</u> us, we are encouraged to give, to help, to love, and to listen. As we look to GOD for guidance and strength; others look to us. We are the blessing, the answered prayer, the needed assistance in the lives of those that surround us. And this life is not an easy one to achieve or even to maintain at the beginning.

[28] At the beginning of such a *path*, your friends will desert you, your family will disrespect you, your place of employment will terminate you, and your school will fail you—you may even wind up houseless. As your new awareness begins to become your new reality, others who do not possess your new awareness will cease to understand you—but hold on!

[29] Your closest associates (family included) will show their true natures. Those who didn't like you in the past will like you now and those who like you now will not like you in the future. However, you MUST stay focused upon the creation of the new you. This is a time where you must place your interests above everyone else's interests, wants, needs, desires and fears.

[30] This is an act of *selfistness*—not selfishness, but *selfistness*. To be *selfist* simply means to tend to the critical needs of one's self above the temporal needs of others. It is when one takes one's self seriously and stands up for one's self. And remember, this is not selfishness, where you think, care and are concerned only with your own self interests, regardless of who you hurt in the process. Not at all.

[31] *Selfistness* still includes a care for others as you care for yourself. However, the difference between being *selfish* and being *selfist* has to do with whether you are using people for your own goals and achievements or whether you are using yourself for your own goals and achievements.

[32] The *selfist* uses himself to achieve his goals, whereas the *selfish* uses others to achieve his goals. The *selfist* gets to a point where he simply must gather up all that is generated by his name and work so that he may properly organize his life; the selfist simply needs time to himself. Whereas the *selfish* gets to a point where he must deprive others of his resources in an attempt to have more. The *selfist* still empathizes and cares for others but has simply reached a point where he must now care for himself. The selfish cares only for himself.

[33] For it is usually the selfishness of others that causes the *selfist* to withdraw into seclusion. You will learn that those who care little for your spiritual growth have not the capacity to truly care for you. Therefore, cling only to GOD. Give your heart to GOD only; express your deepest thoughts and emotions to GOD only. Others will only continue to hold you to their own needs and wants.

[34] In fact, many spiritual teachers have failed to reach their full potential because they've spent too much time debating, arguing and trying to convince others of GOD's Love without taking some time to experience such Love for themselves. It is known by the wise that NO PERSONAL TIME or thought should be given to those who do not respect the Truth. They'll get it one day.

[35] Many spiritual teachers have painfully learned that when they have given up their spiritual lives for the comfort of others who care not for the things of the spirit, they (the teachers) end up with nothing. They do not gain the spirit, nor the friendship or resources they've forfeited their spiritual path for.

[36] In the end, the spiritual teacher that has given up the pursuit of perfection for family and friends finds that such family and friends never really cared for the teacher to begin with; they were only looking to secure their own needs and insecurities at the time.

[37] In the end when you are left unfulfilled and ultimately unhappy in your older years, you will find your own family and friends apologizing to you, saying that *you should have stayed on your path* and not have listened to them because they were only *thinking of themselves at the time.* In the present moment while the argument, debate and questioning is going on, everyone seems right.

[38] Everyone is a master spiritual teacher expounding upon THEIR wisdoms and truths when they are arguing for THEIR interests. However, in the end it is you who suffers for not having the courage to follow your own heart and vision. Be strong.

39 The questions for you are: *How serious are you about GOD? How serious are you about the development of YOUR spiritual character?* Many millions of people are familiar with the World's spiritual teachings, but fail to actually practice them when the path of life turns turbulent. Many people desire to live in paradise, in peace, love, unity and joy, but in actuality they really don't believe such states are possible for them. For them, these states of awareness are only words, and this is what makes life difficult for them.

40 They say "I believe in GOD" until they experience the death of a loved one. They thank GOD for their good fortune, but then forget about GOD when they cannot seem to achieve what they want for themselves. They read spiritual texts of all sorts, only to pick out the parts that they are comfortable living with. All of this makes life hard for them, and if you continue to align yourself with such people you will NOT experience all that the true and living GOD has in store for YOU.

41 If you believe in GOD, then BELIEVE IN GOD! If you believe in a spirit realm then don't cry at funerals. If you believe in universal order and "what goes around comes around" then don't be disappointed when things don't go your way, or when others suffer because of their own thinking and actions. Make the decision to finally take your spiritual life seriously. BELIEVE IN YOUR SELF!

42 As you grow spiritually, stressful decisions and/or life events will all be part of your growth and maturity. Stay focused! Even if you fall at times and revert back to your old self and feelings, simply get back up and re-align yourself to the desire in your own heart for self-improvement. For there is no final judgment for the one who is truly seeking perfection. Such a seeking is the true character of a spiritually alive Hiphoppa.

43 However, the worst thing that you can do is ignore the Truth when it is in your face. Many people suffer today because when real Truth was in their presence they debated it, they disrespected it, they ignored it. You cannot afford to make such mistakes. Do not criticize or judge anyone too harshly, and do not run from challenging situations. Give a divine performance in all areas of life.

44 For it is truly wonderful to be alone in the desert, mountains and/or forests at peace practicing one's disciplines. But the true test of your discipline is to be in the stressful, depressed and/or lustful influences of the *inner city* and still maintain your discipline, principles and peace. Such is truly a divine performance.

45 However, at the beginning stages of one's spiritual development it is almost impossible to be around those who care little for spiritual reality. In fact, it is at the very beginning and at the very end of your spiritual training that you will find it most difficult to associate with others.

46 For when your character is one of righteousness others, suffering from guilt, will feel uncomfortable around you. When you are succeeding because of your principles others without success will become jealous and bitter toward you. For it is the most difficult thing to endure, having your own family and friends bitter and jealous because of your success.

47 If you choose to remain within the company of such people, you will find yourself in a very strange situation where you are constantly compromising yourself for others; always putting your happiness aside for others, always turning your *light* down so that others can feel comfortable and secure.

48 In such an unfair situation you will often have to turn *your* light down for the sake of others. You will have to alter your true personality so that others may feel comfortable around you. All of this is destructive to the development of your true SELF! Yes, it is the selfless life that eases the pain of other people's immaturity, but the attuned Hiphoppa does not live in denial. You have the right to preserve yourself and your inner joy. Don't let people take advantage of your God-nature. God is to

be understood, not used.

49 Please remember, those who do not walk your path cannot experience your reality. You can share your reality with them but in the end they will betray you; they have no choice. It is not that they actually want to betray you; it is more the fact that they are simply acting from their level of awareness, from their insecurities, from their character which in many ways is contrary to yours.

50 Therefore, it is important that you develop a habit of non-attachment. This life requires that you remain independent and self-sufficient. Not in a non-trusting or in an *"I'm better than everyone else"* attitude, but very strategically and with care for all who surround you, remain independent and self-sufficient in all dealings. Maintain your own space; this is the creation of your Temple of Hiphop.

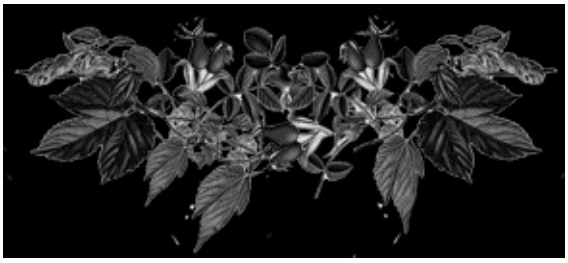
51 Your heart is full of love, yet you are surrounded by jealousy and bitterness. You actually care about people, yet very few actually care about you. At some point you must get to your place of peace. At some point you are going to have to build your sacred space; your temple. Every man and woman of God must have a place outside of the World, family and friends in which they can go to receive rest, rejuvenation and instruction.

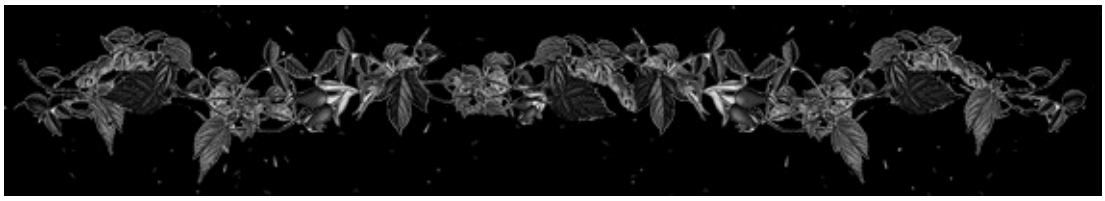
52 At some point you are going to have to STAND UP for your SELF! Now may be the time to truly and unapologetically LOVE YOUR SELF! If no one around you is willing to truly love you, care for you and make you happy as you are doing for them, then it is of extreme importance that you take responsibility for your Self and love, care for, and make your Self happy—such is truly your only real purpose in life.

53 You cannot allow your loving heart to lead you down a sucker's path. You cannot allow your humility to keep you in a subservient position in your own life, in your own house and with your own family and friends.

54 You cannot keep running around putting out everyone else's fires, neglecting your own burning house! You cannot continue to compromise yourself and expect to be fulfilled in your life. You cannot continue to love those who do not or cannot love you back. These events will destroy you. GET OUT NOW!

55 Be the higher, wiser, stronger **YOU** at all costs and may your performances always draw the applause of **GOD.** There it is!





THE FOURTH OVERSTANDING

THE H-LAW

1 The H-LAW is an acronym for Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth. This code of conduct, the H-LAW, governs and protects the quality of the Hiphop lifestyle. This is what Hip Hop actually produces for the Hiphoppa.

2 Hiphoppas who are true to Hiphop as a strategy toward self-improvement and empowerment comply with this advice and seek not to transgress it. The H-LAW is actually the divine condition (or nature) of the true Hiphoppa.

3 The natural condition (or nature) of other cultures produces for them the laws that govern the development of those cultures. All cultures are not the same, and therefore are not governed by the same laws of development as their neighbors may be. Every thought and act of the attuned Hiphoppa can be checked against the H-LAW. For this law/condition is one of the first foundations needed to understand an attuned Hip Hop lifestyle.

4 The H-LAW is sometimes called *Hiphop's laws* because, in addition to being a time-tested set of virtues to observe, it is the actual life guide used by Temple Members to achieve and maintain personal peace and lasting prosperity. The H-LAW can also be contemplated as Hiphop's Lessons And Wisdom.

5 However, the H-LAW is not to be observed as four individual codes of conduct. Instead, the H-LAW is to be observed as one collective behavior toward peace and sustained prosperity. Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth are all principles that work together toward one's total well-being and joy. This is what Hiphop is all about; Hiphop is all about producing health, love, awareness, and wealth for Hiphoppas. But remember, the gifts of the spirit are reserved for those who live in spirit. Many people desire the gifts of supernatural health, everlasting love, expanded awareness and abundant wealth, but fail to live the life that causes such conditions.

6 When the H-LAW is one's regular habit the traps and obstacles of urban life lessen dramatically. Commit to this lifestyle and try not to contradict it! Stay committed to the perfection of your Self, but engage the H-LAW cautiously and gradually. This is real! We can send our minds and bodies into shock when we suddenly change the habits that we have engaged in for so long.

7 Therefore, gradually adopt the lifestyle that is prescribed here. Do not try to swallow everything at once. However, when you have adopted it, do not send your mind and body into shock by contradicting your principles. Perfect your Health! Perfect your Love! Perfect your Awareness! Perfect your Wealth! But do it gradually. Do not say; *Ain't nobody perfect*. Say instead; *I am not perfect yet!* Or; *I am being perfected.*

8 Get in the habit of visiting and then living the reality of your Higher Self. Reach for a habitual lifestyle that includes no intoxicants, no excessive eating, control of sexual desires, a vegetarian and health-conscious diet, cleanliness, the practice of your chosen skill, the study of important facts and updated knowledge, prayer, visualization, exercise and rest.

9 These repeated activities lead to personal peace and power while the opposite leads to personal stress and worry. Rise up! Arise to your Higher Self! YOU ARE A GOD FORCE.

10 The Truth is that being attracted to the spirit realm only means that you belong there. Other people belong other places, but you are attracted to the things of the spirit because that is who you are. Your very being is divine and is moving toward its ultimate fulfillment. The question is, will you be

ready when you become your Higher Self?

11 The Hiphop spiritual life is not so much about adding to one's self or seeking a new knowledge of some sort. Spiritually living Hip Hop seems to be about preparing for the inevitable coming of your Higher Self into physical manifestation. Instead of adding to one's self, Hip Hop's spiritual path is all about subtracting useless ideas and outdated education from the memory of one's soul.

12 Most people make the mistake of thinking that the spiritual life is to be attained after a rigorous practice of self-restraint and prayer. This is not altogether true. Yes, self-restraint and prayer are critical to one's spiritual development, but we've learned now that once you have committed even one time to the actualization of your Higher Self it is inevitable that such a *Self* will materialize at some point in your life.

13 The issue is not whether you will attain a higher, deeper level of spiritual awareness, the issue is will you be prepared when your higher, deeper level of spiritual awareness arrives? Will you be still doing the same immature things you've been doing when your Higher Self arrives? Such contradictions are indeed dangerous and even embarrassing.

14 The language you spoke as a child you can no longer speak as an adult, and the language you spoke as an adult you can no longer speak as a teacha. Right now you are pregnant with your Higher Self. However, the question is, will you be prepared when such a Self is born?

15 Much of the H-LAW's practice has to do with first strengthening one's will to even achieve such a condition. We are talking here about health, love, awareness and wealth, and to achieve any one of these conditions the *will* of the Hiphoppa will have to be strong. For without willpower nothing that the mind wants to do will ever get done.

16 Know this. It is the *will* of the Hiphoppa that directs that Hiphoppa's electro-magnetic energy. It is the *will* of the Hiphoppa that causes that Hiphoppa's Hip Hop life to begin. Hip Hop is *willed* into existence. Hip Hop is deliberately produced, it is *willed* into existence by God. And this is what every attuned Hiphoppa must know; God *wills* things into existence.

17 God's Work is God's *Will*. Here, we observe that spiritual strength is found in one's mastery of one's *will*. It is the *will* that resists temptation. It is the *will* that seeks GOD. It is the *will* that pushes you and urges you onward toward your completion. It is the *will* that achieves goals and manifests visions. All of these are possible with a strong *will*, and strength of *will* is produced by uniting your will with the *Will* of God.

18 *Will* is spiritual energy, and it requires spiritual management. *Will*-power begins as an attitude. "I will" is forward movement, but "I won't" is also forward movement. The first, "I will," affirms the strength to proceed into a new experience. The second, "I won't," affirms the strength to remain in the same condition. Neither is good or bad, but one ("I will") moves you forward to achieve, while the other ("I won't") moves you forward as you are.

19 "I won't" is just as powerful a statement as "I will" because "I won't" is really "I will not," and whether you affirm "I will" or "I will not" you are still *willing*. You either *will* move or you *will* not move, but both require *will*-power to achieve. To do nothing requires *will*-power, and to do something requires *will*-power.

20 Know this. A spiritual man without a strong *will* is like a beautiful car without a steering wheel. *Will*-power is your inner-energy emanating from your inner-G; your inner-guidance, your inner God, *the Love*.

21 Everyone is moving forward. However, the question is, are you moving in the right direction? Some people are moving forward but away from their purpose. Others are moving forward toward

disaster and hard times. However, the direction of your Hip Hop life is determined by the power and intensity of your *will*.

22 The ability to fast, to resist temptation, to study, to exercise, even to practice B.E.G.D.B.F.L.K.E. all has to do with *will*-power and your level of *will*-power. The H-LAW strengthens the *will* of the Hiphoppa because it takes a higher level of *will*-power to create the habitual life prescribed here.

23 Know this. Hip Hop's spiritual lifestyle must be *willed* into existence because technically we are the first of our holy nation. And those Hiphoppas that are to come after us, future Hiphoppas, will have to follow the same technique in their (your) time because even then they (you) shall be the first in their (your) environment to seriously commit to such a practice.

24 Commit to the H-LAW and then teach it to others. Many people do not even have a point of reference as to where they should begin the correction and further development of themselves. Help them! Help them with these instructions; you may actually save someone from a life of hardship, frustration and pain. Blessed are those who achieve and sustain their Higher Selves through the practice of the H-LAW.

HEALTH:

1 Health is a state of being at peace in one's mind and body. It is the state of being well or whole. For Hiphoppas, health is the state of total physical, mental, social and spiritual well-being.

2 A healthy Hiphoppa has a positive attitude about life itself and is at peace with the state of his physical body as well as his mind. A healthy Hiphoppa, even when sick, is undefeated! In fact, being healthy does not mean freedom from sickness; it means continuous healing.

3 For we are all healing everyday. Right now as you read or hear this instrument you are healing. Your body and mind are all regenerating themselves and dissolving potential sicknesses right now at this very moment! The question is; what are YOU doing to assist in such a process?

4 The body is in need of life-giving, nutritious foods, physical exercise and rest. The mind is in need of stimulating ideas, purpose and knowledge; especially knowledge about itself. The Spirit is in need of peace, love, unity and joy. Together they are all in need of a stable and nurturing environment. For Hiphoppas, this is a healthy lifestyle.

5 Health is one of the only true forms of material wealth a Hiphoppa has. Therefore, throughout our lifetime we must seek to spend our health (wealth) wisely. Health is also about overcoming sickness. Not that you will never be sick, but how fast do you overcome and/or recover from sickness? Even prevent sickness? All of this points to good health.

6 However, we must not wait until we are sick to try to be healthy. Instead, when we are healthy we should try to be even healthier. Isn't it funny how when we are sick and we wish to recover, we eat all the right things and get plenty of rest? Then when we fully recover because of the healthy foods, drugs and rest we have taken, we go right back to the very foods, drugs and nonstop activities that got us sick in the first place. We must reverse this.

7 Be wise about your health. Prevention is the key! Don't use the hospital to patch yourself up after you've become sick. Use the hospital and the expertise it provides to prevent sickness and physical harm to yourself. Before you become a diabetic you should eat as if you are recovering from diabetes now. Before you are diagnosed with cancer you should eat, think and live as if you are trying to overcome cancer now!

8 If you know that certain foods, drugs and even rest periods are responsible for the recovery of

your health when you are sick, then why not make these certain foods, drugs and rest periods a regular habit in your daily life before you get sick? Why not eat healthy now and rest as often as you can so that you may dramatically decrease your chances of being sick at all? This is what it means to be conscious, or *aware*.

9 Isn't it funny, even ironic, how you can never find time to rest and care for yourself until you get sick? As long as you can move around you will. You will work, work, work, work, work and even work some more with no time toward the upkeep of yourself until you get seriously ill. You can never find time to rest or read, or commune with GOD, or listen to soothing, relaxing, healing music until you are confined to a bed, sick and in pain. We must reverse this.

10 Why must your God slap you down in sickness for you to focus upon your own well-being today? Is this not immature on your part? Shouldn't you be voluntarily seeking and planning your own well-being through moments of rest, right thinking, right eating and exercise? Or is this the true purpose for sickness, to get you to focus upon those things that truly matter?

11 Isn't it equally ironic how your friends, family and even employers will deny you time to yourself unless you are sick and in pain? It seems that only when you are sick can your so-called friends and family, as well as your bosses, treat you the way that they are supposed to in order to maintain your good health. When you were up and about, healthy and working, it was actually them and their situations that made you sick!

12 When you are sick and in pain, it seems to be at that time that you focus upon all that you should have done to remain healthy. All of your goals and dreams seem very important when you are sick. Nothing going on in the World seems to be of much importance when you are sick and focused upon your recovery. Grow up, Hiphoppa! Prevention is the key to good health.

13 Achieve your goals now while you are in good health. Seek your God now while you are in good health! Eat right, think right, and live right while you are in good health. Do not squander the riches of your good health on lust, drugs, overeating, partying, anger, worry and/or depression. Respect your Self! Do not neglect your Self! Every day that you are healthy is a day to rejoice! Every healthy moment that you experience is an opportunity to achieve your life purpose. Cherish and make wise use of your healthy days.

14 Without good health all Worldly goals will be difficult to achieve. Joy is an effect of good health. Peace is an effect of good health. Every act or thought should be checked against one's status of good health. For in the World there is nothing more important to preserve than one's good health. If you are healthy there is no need to ever really be depressed. Health is happiness. Be happy today. Do not wait until you are sick to then realize this Truth.

15 Good physical health can be sustained with discipline (self-control), while sickness almost always begins with temptation (spiritual weakness). Not that you will never be sick in life, but discipline (self-control) minimizes your chances of attracting certain illnesses that could have otherwise been avoided.

16 To ensure good health the attuned Hiphoppa must first adopt a habit of responsible thinking and eating. In this *Overstanding* the Temple of Hiphop offers a standard strategy toward responsible thinking and eating and good overall health. However, the attuned Hiphoppa must discover, study and know the make-up of his own mind and physical body in order to reach a maximum level of personal health. Study yourself.

17 The attuned Hiphoppa must know what foods, thoughts and environments he is allergic to and which enhance his well-being.

[18] The attuned Hiphoppa must know or begin to pay more attention to the foods, thoughts and environments that settle the body, mind and Spirit. What is healthy to some can easily cause sickness in others. One man's poison is another man's cure. *Know thy Self.*

[19] Even if you are sick today do not allow such sickness to overcome your ability to cure yourself. All sickness is curable. Listen to your own inner-voice and be guided. Do not be led by the negative or positive reports of doctors and nurses. They have been baffled over and over again by the human body's own miraculous healing abilities. Go wherever you must go and do whatever you must do to achieve maximum health. Listen and be guided. *Know thy Self!*

[20] In addition to knowing the deeper essence of your *Self*, it is just as important to consciously take care of your *Self*. Neglect is the number one cause of fatal illnesses. Do not neglect your Self! Respect your Self! Check your status of health regularly. Not just by getting a physical check-up, but by seriously examining what works for the sustainment of <u>your</u> well-being and what simply does not.

[21] Others may be able to indulge in fast foods, smoking, drinking, etc., but because of the life path that you have chosen such simple pleasures may indeed be toxic to you. Others may vomit at the very smell of bitter herbs and raw vegetables. However, because of the life path that you have chosen such foods may be exactly what you need to survive. Do not force your way upon anyone, and equally allow no one to force their way upon you. *Know thy Self!*

[22] On the subject of good physical health there is no *one strategy fits all* recipe. And those who refuse to modify and/or change their destructive thinking habits will have little success with maintaining good physical health even if they change their diet. Sickness is almost always caused by self-neglect and/or destructive thinking habits. However, there are some general principles to achieving good physical health that can get anyone started toward realizing the H-LAW. They are as follows:

[23] **First Principle.** First the attuned Hiphoppa must come to the realization that the term *food* is a misleading title. Most people believe the term *food* means anything that you can eat. This is not true. Food is any substance that provides nutrition or maintains life. Ideas are also food. In fact, it is usually the consumption of the food *idea* that leads us to the physical eating of a specific food item. One should first avoid eating bad *food* ideas.

[24] The body is nourished by life-sustaining foods while the mind is nourished by life-sustaining ideas. The Spirit is nourished by love while society is nourished by order. If any one of these *foods* (proteins, water, carbohydrates, vitamins, minerals, productive ideas, love, purpose, peace, order, etc.) is missing from one's regular diet, sickness (spiritual disharmony/weakness) is bound to manifest.

[25] *Food* is a misleading term because everything one eats does not maintain the vitality of one's life. The attuned Hiphoppa must find life-giving food and eat it. Everything edible is not food. Every new idea is not nourishing. Every environment does not enhance your well-being. *Know thy Self!*

[26] Actually, the term *food* should be thought of as either energy/vibrations or as chemicals. For the stomach knows not what is warm, cold, hot, or freezing and the mind eats both love and hate.

[27] The small and large intestines know not sour or sweet, salty or bitter. All foods are read by the internal organs as chemicals. It is mostly the tongue that determines what is sweet, sour, salty, bitter, hot, cold, warm, or freezing. But these are sensations that mostly happen in the mouth, whereas such sweet, salty, and bitter, tastes can produce some very harmful effects upon other areas of the body once leaving the mouth.

[28] Likewise, all ideas are eaten by the mind as vibrations. Both harmonious and dis-harmonious

ideas are eaten and digested by the mind, which in turn manifests the essence and intention of such ideas in the life of the (eater) thinker. The act of reflection is the mind's digestive process. The more you think about something the realer it becomes. Such an idea is digested in the mind as good, evil, happy, or sad based upon the experiences of one's life and what set of values one has chosen to live by.

29 The attuned Hiphoppa must begin to eat not just for the tongue but for the total well-being of the body and mind. For sickness is almost always an indication that one is out of harmony with one's true being. However, on the subject of food when one's mind is fresh and clean one will seek and eat foods that are fresh and clean.

30 Most people judge how they are going to eat and think based upon the reactions of the tongue and/or the emotions. These acts are immature. Taste has little to do with health and likewise, basing one's expanded awareness on if it feels good or not prevents the true Hiphoppa from gaining wisdom.

31 For it is when we are challenged and threatened that we learn of our strengths and weaknesses, and we become wise. However, most people simply don't want to go through pain, suffering and/or hard times to become wise; yet most people desire to be wise.

32 Likewise, few people voluntarily invite the bitter and sour tastes of life. But everyone desires to be prosperous and strong. Sure, there are some stimulating benefits to good tasting foods, as well as emotionally stimulating ideas, but taste and soothing emotional ideas alone cannot compare to the benefits of simply eating and thinking to productively live and develop.

33 Most people despise rain, for when it is raining and/or snowing everyone appears to be inconvenienced. However, it is during these seasons that the Earth is preparing to bring forth its harvest. No rain, no harvest!

34 Hiphoppas must begin to get accustomed to the delight of bitter, raw, sour and/or room-temperature foods just as we would delight in sweet, cooked, salty, hot and/or cold foods. Hiphoppas must get use to the rainy and stormy seasons of life and use those difficult times as moments to spiritually learn, grow and seek opportunity. Such habits create wisdom.

35 In our time there is no way around this discipline. Just as rainy days are bound to happen in one's life so that the harvest can come later, all foods (bitter or sweet) are chemicals and all food combinations (causes) are like mixing chemicals in the laboratory of your physical body (manifesting an effect).

36 When we feel sick because of what we have eaten, it is because we have violated the delicate balance of our physical bodies by disregarding the very real reality of what nurtures the body, mind and/or even the Spirit. In reality, when we disregard Truth we suffer. However, all suffering is temporary. In fact, the attuned Hiphoppa has realized that suffering is actually a purifier. It is a director. It is a common creator of wisdom. Suffer once or twice, but learn your lesson!

37 It is with wisdom (and usually in hindsight) that people see how their hardest and most difficult times in life were actually the times that they grew up and realized more Truth. It is for these reasons that wise people are scarce and hard to come by. It is because no one chooses to suffer so that they may become wise.

38 Likewise, few people are willing to eat the bitter and sour foods of the Earth even if such foods are healthier for them than the sweeter and tastier foods they are accustomed to. Yet when they become ill, they seem to find the discipline to eat the necessary foods required for healing. But again, why must we wait until we are suffering to simply eat right, rest and exercise? It is obvious that if we always eat as if we are recovering from illness, we shall never be sick.

[39] Know this. To spiritually grow we must get accustomed to (and even invite at times) the suffering, failures and disappointments of life, for they are not actually setbacks, they are the way in which many human beings learn. Such suffering is usually caused by not taking your *Self* seriously.

[40] If you have declared your spiritual identity, then you must seriously live it out or you shall physically deteriorate. Things that others can do freely and effortlessly in the physical World, you will not be able to do. However, the things that you can do freely and effortlessly in the physical World as well as in the spiritual realm, others will not be able to do. *Know thy Self!* Love thy Self! And most of all, respect thy Self. Don't apologize for your blessing, don't hide your Self; reveal your Self!

[41] One of the most difficult things for any seeker of Truth to achieve is to simply take his or her spiritual *Self* seriously. Sometimes it is just too much to believe that you are actually the one chosen by GOD to fulfill the purpose of the universe. What an honor, and what a burden! However, if you continue to doubt, fear and/or fail to put aside old habits and pleasures in exchange for the manifestation of your true life purpose, then you shall truly suffer and deteriorate, achieving nothing in the end. Grow up!

[42] GOD has but one purpose for you, and if you fail to fulfill it, the universe itself has no use for you! This is where sickness and suffering begins. Through suffering the mind of the universe teaches and directs those that have a special purpose. *Know thy Self!*

[43] Seeing suffering, failure and disappointment as purifiers, life-guides and wisdom builders, the Hiphoppa learns quickly what to do and what not to do in order to establish a lasting peace in one's life. Suddenly wise advice, or the privilege of learning without suffering, becomes very useful and important. Perform Listening.

[44] For just as the body reads material food items as chemical compounds and digests these foods according to physics, not according to whether it tastes one way or another, the Hiphoppa has realized that all life circumstances are created for the further perfecting of one's *Self*. All circumstances (good or bad, tasty or bitter) are to be used toward one's own advancement and the advancement of others.

[45] Remember, Love and forgiveness replenish while hate and resentment deplete. If you wish to sustain the health of your body you must sustain the health of your mind. Remember, whatever the mind creates, the mind must maintain. Believe in your *Self!* Take your divine *Self* seriously! Do not neglect your *Self!*

[46] **Second Principle.** Foods are moods. All foods are drugs. Food can stimulate certain physical and mental activities as well as hinder the same. Ideas are the same. Ideas motivated by hate, worry, and fear have real chemical reactions upon the physical body. Love, faith and knowledge have their physical effects as well.

[47] The attuned Hiphoppa must begin to break away from the addictions of poisonous edible items, some of which are: caffeine, worry, alcohol, anger, sugar, hate, guilt and salt. These drugs/moods are almost as addictive as heroin, revenge, cocaine, anxiety, stress and morphine. In some instances, sugar, salt, guilt, hate, caffeine, selfishness and alcohol are even harder to resist and/or release one's self from simply because of the World's acceptance of these drugs/moods.

[48] Hiphoppas must begin to train themselves to accept and eat foods/ideas that are free from these drugs/moods. In our time there is no way around this discipline. Slowly but surely the Hiphoppa must lessen his intake of all drugs/moods until it is clearly a choice to ingest them and not an addiction.

[49] **Third Principle.** The Temple of Hip Hop advises all members to lessen their intake and eventually abstain from the eating of animals and animal products. This includes milk, cheese, butter,

lard, eggs and other animal products.

50 There is simply too much evidence that points to the destructive results of continuously eating animals and their products. If at all possible, try to add more wheat, barley, tomatoes, beans, peas, strawberries and garlic to your diet. Try to eat more *organic* green vegetables that are free from pesticides and other harmful chemicals, and drink an abundance of distilled water if available.

51 Although we recognize that all of nature is eating itself and even though we do not criticize, condemn, nor judge those that are carnivorous, it is our conscious respect for life and the suffering of all life-forms that concerns us most.

52 The philosophy of our temple on this matter is that no living creature should be subjected to serve another against its free will. With the discovery of alternative food sources, one day Hiphoppas will not have to participate in the destruction of other life-forms just to eat. One day we shall be able to feed ourselves without the use of plant and/or animal body parts.

53 We regard all life as part of the *Great Event*. We (Hiphoppas) are not superior to any living creature. All life is participating in the same *Great Event* and therefore belongs to the same common family. We all have a right and a purpose to be here. We anticipate the day when we are able to communicate with other life-forms and not just eat them or have them eat us to live! The answers to many of our human challenges are found in those life-forms that we continuously kill and eat.

54 Although in our time it may be difficult or seemingly impossible for even attuned Hiphoppas to discontinue the consumption of other life-forms it is clearly a goal that all attuned Hiphoppas are required to consider and possibly achieve. Every time we sit down to eat, let us also thank the Spirit of the life-forms that we are eating as well as those that have paid for and prepared the meal. Simone G. Parker provides us with a meal prayer. Let us affirm…

> *Thank you GOD, for you have once again showered us with an abundance of food. Let our mouths enjoy the taste as our bodies receive the blessings, and the angels of digestion and nutrition guide us through this meal toward a healthy and happy outcome. There it is!*

55 **Fourth Principle.** With the third principle in mind, every seven days Hiphoppas should increase their water intake. One should drink water and water-based soups and eat or drink fruits and vegetables often.

56 Medicinal teas, tonics, love, herbs, faith and certain roots are also acceptable. But if these items are already part of one's regular diet a physical fast will not be necessary.

57 Every seventh day is called a *day of abnegation*—a time when attuned Hiphoppas not only abstain from certain foods, but also abstain from certain pleasures, desires, environments, the careless spending of money and non-productive ideas and/or people. Seek silence. Quiet yourself. Not just your mouth and/or voice, but your desires and emotions, your wants and needs.

58 We must voluntarily abstain from pleasure and desire before the universe itself forces us into this position through sickness and/or accident. We must not overindulge in the pleasures of life or eventually they will lead to suffering. And in such suffering we may acquire a dislike and disinterest in such pleasures. Then how shall we be happy?

59 Be happy! And take time to make your body happy as well. Do not deny your flesh that which makes it happy. However, with all pleasures and desires use moderation so that such pleasures and desires remain pleasures and desires. Reward yourself with pleasure only after you have a firm grip upon the disciplines of your life. Pleasurable desires such as sex for example are actually healthy; an active sex life actually prolongs your life. Use your pleasures; do not let them use you!

60 Prove to yourself that you have total control over the pleasures and passions of the flesh by not always indulging in them. Only then can you truly enjoy them. Practice *pleasure-fasting* regularly. In the beginning days of your spiritual training, every seven times that you deny yourself pleasure, you may give in to your pleasurable desires once. Perform Discipline.

61 Remember, the flesh can be controlled and subdued but it will not be denied until you are totally in Spirit and away from the happenings of the material World. To be happy, seek this balance.

62 **Fifth Principle.** The Temple of Hip Hop advises its members to walk often, visualizing one's *Self* healthy and at peace. Go outside and walk! Some might walk in the evening while others may walk in the morning. Do whatever works for you. But walk and/or run as often as you can. The idea is to get your heart pumping at about 120 beats per minute for 20 minutes, three times a week. While walking, breathe through your nostrils, visualizing a healthy body, mind and Spirit.

63 Although it is almost forgotten today, walking is a necessary part of the philosophical life. To stimulate one's reasoning abilities as well as other faculties of the brain, one must walk. Higher consciousness and critical thinking are greatly stimulated by regular periods of walking. Try to remember that it is not just air that we breathe. We are also inhaling and exhaling consciousness. Mastery of one's own breathing is another key to good health. Therefore, do not become addicted to sitting and/or allowing your mind to continuously wonder. Be active! Walk and run as often as you can. Breathe! And study the benefits of certain breathing techniques.

64 **Sixth Principle.** The Temple of Hip Hop advises its members to stop eating solid foods at least two hours before sleeping. Attuned Hiphoppas should wake up to the daily diet of prayer as food then water or tea, then fruit, then soup and then solid food. Such a process can also be reversed as one prepares for sleep.

65 Hiphoppas are advised to eat little meals throughout the day, as opposed to several big meals at certain times of the day, and with alcohol to use moderation. One shot of whiskey, or four glasses of beer, or a half bottle of wine three times a week is moderate.

66 **Seventh Principle.** Attuned Hiphoppas are prohibited from consuming food/drugs to which there is no purpose. The Temple of Hiphop recognizes the medicinal uses of all food/drugs but advises its members against using, abusing or misusing any food/drug just because it might be considered *cool* or even popular to do so. With all foods and drugs be responsible, follow the given directions and use them in moderation.

67 If a Hiphoppa consumes a food/drug for the purpose of relaxation, that Hiphoppa should also find out what is stressing, aggravating or agitating her well-being. The Hiphoppa should seek the total elimination of the stress, etc., and avoid the habitual consumption of the food/drug. Seek freedom.

68 Although it is easier said than done, Hiphoppas must practice controlling their emotions. Do not allow yourself to become upset to the point of openly expressing an angry or depressed response. Practice making awareness your habit, peace your habit, love your habit; not drugs or foods.

69 If a Hiphoppa consumes a food/drug for the purpose of relieving depression, the Hiphoppa should seek to find out why she is depressed. Hiphoppas are encouraged to take control of themselves! This does not always mean self-restraint. Here, control of one's self means that the Hiphoppa has made a choice not to become over-worried, over-saddened, or even over-angered. Ultimately, YOU are in control of YOU!

70 Acknowledging only GOD as real and valuable, the attuned Hiphoppa lives life fearlessly! For every challenge (or life circumstance) is a test to make the Hiphoppa a stronger, wiser and better person.

71 The Hiphoppa should finally realize that she is in control of all emotions, moods, desires and feelings experienced in the mind, body and Spirit. While foods and drugs may offer temporary relief, the Hiphoppa should seek the real cause of such discomfort and heal it. Remember, what is true may not necessarily be the Truth. Seek freedom.

72 Hiphoppas should never assume that food/drugs are the cure for sickness or discomfort. The cure is usually found in the balancing or fine-tuning of one's life.

73 The questions one must ask are: *Where am I out of balance? Why am I not satisfied? What am I afraid of? What am I worried about?* Sometimes the body can be relieved or temporarily restored, even strengthened with the correct use of a certain food/drug. However, food/drugs should not be a substitute for simply eliminating the bad habit, situation or inadequacy that has caused the imbalance in one's life.

74 When under the influence of a medicinal food/drug the Hiphoppa should use that time of relief to seek, learn from and ultimately eliminate the real problems in her life if there are any. This was (and still is) the original reason for ingesting a food/drug—it was to expand awareness, heal and/or find answers; even see one's future. It is a known fact that the origins of knowledge and many useful inventions began with the use of mind-altering drugs.

75 Although some food/drugs like marijuana seem to stimulate the Hiphoppa's artistic, intuitive and/or academic abilities, the effects are temporary. Hiphoppas are advised to ingest and offer all foods/drugs with a specific purpose in mind. However, if the Hiphoppa cannot achieve academic, intuitive, spiritual or creative greatness without the assistance of a specific food/drug, that Hiphoppa must investigate the reasons for such mental or intuitive shortcomings and use such food/drugs in moderation, ceasing her dependency upon the use of such a food/drug.

76 In no way whatsoever does the Temple of Hip Hop advise its members or the general public to engage or not engage in the legal or illegal drug trade. Our aim here is to advise our people about their health and expand the discussion on food and drug use within our communities. Drugs like marijuana are used to sustain or enhance human performance and induce a feeling of well-being and relaxation. From shamanistic knowledge to the oracles at Delphi certain natural hallucinogenic food/drugs have been part of the development of human awareness since the dawn of human awareness.

77 In fact, to speak against ALL drug use as somehow wrong or shameful is irresponsible and it impedes upon a person's Freedom of Mind. No, we don't want young children experimenting with unsafe foods and mind-altering drugs. However, adult Hiphoppas do retain the right to self-medicate. Drug use is not the problem, it is drug abuse that is the problem and that's why young people shouldn't have free access to such substances. To abuse or misuse any food/drug is indeed irresponsible and even dangerous. Drugs are to be used, not abused.

78 The deeper questions here are, what is the criteria as to what state of mind a person should be in? Is it even right to judge what kind of mind-state is good or bad for someone other than yourself? Caffeine, Viagra, anti-depressants, alcohol, aspirin, cold and cough medicines and even medicinal teas are all drugs, or rather conventionally accepted stimulants. In the name of freedom, can anyone judge the enhancement of another person's quality of life?

79 Marijuana (as an example), different from aspirin, is a quality of life drug. Aspirin is more of a quantity of life drug; it may help you to live longer. However, upon closer observation the line between quantity and quality of life may be interpreted one way or the other based upon the experiences of the user. Sometimes the use of certain drugs enhances both the quality and quantity of one's life.

[80] Still, Hiphoppas should know why they have chosen to ingest a drug. What's the point? The Temple of Hip Hop advises its members against the continuous use of ALL food/drugs especially illegal food/drugs as it may cause legal harm to the Hiphoppa. Be careful! Agencies of all sorts are trying to trap Hiphoppas with our uses of legal and illegal foods and drugs.

[81] Take extra care especially when traveling. Think ahead. Follow all the traffic laws, even the ones that seem unfair and outdated, and wait until you are in a safe and stable place before you decide to ingest your food/drug of choice. Again, stay alert and be careful! If you are going to use drugs don't abuse drugs. Be responsible!

[82] The Temple of Hip Hop advises its members to be extra careful when buying any food/drug in an unjust society. The safest course of action is to minimize or eliminate one's dependency upon certain legal and illegal foods and drugs altogether. In addition, practice fear, doubt, anger and food/drug fasting regularly. Prove to your *Self* regularly that you can stop. Don't make excuses! Conquer your addictions!

[83] Know this. The best time to quit an addiction is when you get sick. The next time you are physically sick, use that time to fully abstain from those addictions that may have helped to make you sick. Use the breakdown and recovery process of sickness to free yourself from addiction. Don't make excuses! Conquer your drug addictions! Such acts prove your spiritual strength and trust before GOD.

[84] **Eighth Principle.** Hip Hop Kulture's undisciplined and immature experiences with alcohol, tobacco and firearms have been devastating. For these reasons, Hiphoppas are advised to limit their alcohol intake and never operate heavy machinery like motor vehicles, factory machinery, exercise machinery, guns, etc., while under the influence of an intoxicating food or drug. And again, the Temple of Hip Hop advises against the habitual consumption of any food/drug product. This includes smoking. Prove to yourself that you can stop. Stop now! Be a friend to yourself; not an enemy. Establish your freedom and independence today!

[85] Weapons are to be kept safely and secretly in the house. Hiphoppas are not advised to carry their weapons outside of their homes unless they are teaching, participating in a weapons show or practicing, or there is an immediate danger threatening the safety of a Hiphoppa's home, family or general well-being.

[86] All Hiphoppas have the right to defend themselves and master the use of their weapons through practice. Using one's weapons for anything other than practice and/or self-defense can eventually jeopardize one's peace of mind, freedom and good health.

[87] **Ninth Principle.** The Temple of Hip Hop advises its members to plan for periods of rest. Attuned Hiphoppas enjoy rest and we rest often.

[88] Different from sleep which is a state of temporary unconsciousness and a decrease of bodily movement and responsiveness to the external World; rest is the easing of mental and/or physical exertion and/or activity. We sleep to achieve rest.

[89] Know this. Freedom is found in one's ability to rest at will. Slaves cannot rest at will. Workaholics cannot rest at will. Those who place results above peace of mind cannot rest at will.

[90] Rest comes as a result of completion and/or victory. Rest is the actual manifestation of peace. Rest is freedom or relief from movement. It is the opposite of working. The decision to rest is evidence of one's self-respect. Deciding to rest proves that you care about your mind and body and their abilities to perform. Rest is owed to the one who has worked.

[91] True Hiphoppas are never ashamed of rest, for rest is mental and emotional tranquility. The

Temple of Hip Hop advises its members to plan for eight hours of sleep per day and at least one hour of rest; even more if necessary at times.

92 Contrary to the belief that such regular amounts of sleep waste the years of one's life, attuned Hiphoppas overstand that during sleep the total body (mind and Spirit as well) repairs and rejuvenates itself.

93 During sleep the body replenishes its life-force and vital fluids. It prepares to operate at its peak when you return to it (wake up).

94 During sleep the mind is made aware through dreams, while the Spirit replenishes its life-force. Attuned Hiphoppas cherish sleep and rest, for sleep and rest are not wastes of time. They are requirements for maximum health, love, awareness and wealth.

95 Seek to sleep and rest often. By studying and then practicing the science of breathing the Hiphoppa can achieve a rejuvenating rest without sleeping. Just thirty minutes of slow and long, deep abdominal breathing through the nostrils brings one's mind and body rest. Prove your freedom and independence by resting at will.

96 **Tenth Principle.** Personal hygiene also maintains good health. Hiphoppas are advised to wash their hands regularly and be mindful of their cleanliness and appearance.

97 Although exposures to certain strands of bacteria have been found to actually strengthen one's immune system, attuned Hiphoppas are advised to regularly disinfect and dust the rooms of their homes with antibacterial sprays and soaps, for these acts minimize the continuous accumulation of bacteria that can hinder one's maximum health.

98 Likewise, safe sex and abstinence has been a longstanding tradition amongst attuned Hiphoppas. In our time, sexually transmitted diseases and their causes cannot be immediately seen by the physical eyes.

99 Invisible sexually transmitted diseases can only be seen by the mind's eye. The physical eyes are deceived by beauty just as the physical ears are deceived by *soft* and *sexy* sound vibrations.

100 Discipline is your only friend while temptation is your only enemy. With all matters dealing with sex and personal hygiene, perform discipline and self-respect. Seek to be physically and spiritually clean and not dirty.

101 Show yourself the highest respect by committing to your own well-being. Self-control and self-respect are the best preventers of physical illness. Respect your *Self!* Do not neglect your *Self!*

102 **Eleventh Principle.** Finally, attuned Hiphoppas are advised to pay more attention to their sense of smell. The sense of smell is directly connected to one's memory. And a lot of times our actions, emotions and behaviors are influenced by certain smells even without us being conscious of those smells.

103 Each smell that we encounter triggers or creates specific memories in the mind that directly influence our behaviors, emotions, etc. This is why it is important to burn only one fragrance of incense at a time. This is because the sense of smell is our primal way of learning and hearing Nature.

104 The sense of smell and the fragrances that it detects communicate valuable information to the mind. We don't just hear, see and talk to communicate with Nature and each other, we also smell. Fear has a smell to it. Anger has a smell to it. Sex has a smell to it. Happiness and joy, even sadness all have smells (fragrances) to them.

105 Vegetarians smell different from carnivores. Smokers emit a certain odor, as do alcoholics. Many animals can smell a storm coming, even earthquakes. Most mothers in Nature identify their

children through smell and odor. People speak unconsciously about *the smell of money, the smell of trouble,* or *something smells fishy.* These metaphoric phrases actually have some reality in the realm of smell, fragrance and memory.

106 The sense of smell is a very powerful trigger for the recall of certain memories. And this is why it is always best to document your good times and moments of peace, or victory, or courage, or love to a fragrance that captures that moment. This way, you may train your emotions to respond to your set of specific fragrances. Such a practice is commonly called *aromatherapy,* and there is more to this science than what is written here.

107 The point here is for you to be conscious of what you and your environment smell like. Not just physically, but more importantly, on that sub-atomic spiritual level.

108 Try to emit a pleasant fragrance through a peacefully lived life. Peace has a smell to it as well. Let us try to smell like peace, love, unity and happiness. Let us seek to emit the fragrance of Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth to all of Nature's beings. Such leads to good health.

109 However, having outlined now these eleven basic principles to good health, let us remember that sickness is often a time to reflect upon what is most important in life. Often good-hearted people that are in good health still get sick so that they may focus upon becoming even healthier in Spirit, mind and body. Others of the spiritual path are protected by sickness; it prevents them from engaging in other activities that might have become worse for them than the actual illness they experience.

110 Too often we will overwork or stress ourselves out, eventually causing ourselves an even greater harm than the sickness that we actually experience. Sometimes through sickness we are forced to stop our own activities and/or avoid the activities of others for our own greater good. Most minor sicknesses that are easily curable are often warnings against some life activity we are engaged in that shall eventually cause us an even greater suffering.

111 True Hiphoppas are advised to pay attention to the minor illnesses of their lives to avoid the more major illnesses that can occur through neglect. Again, respect your *Self!* Do not neglect your *Self!*

LOVE:

1 Know this. Love is the essence of one's *being*. It is a very real motivating, healing, nurturing force. It is you.

2 One's feeling of Love is the actual existence of one's non-physical being. To Love is to care, to protect, to heal and to nurture. To Love is to surrender or transfer one's being toward someone or something. Love is the essence of one's *being*—one's caring *being*.

3 The act of loving is an act of self-enlargement; it is an act of spiritual growth. To Love is to extend one's being; to enlarge the essence of one's self to include the survival and comfort of one's self and others.

4 When Hiphoppas express Love we are transferring the essence of our being toward the person, place, thing, or event we are *in Love* with. To be *in Love* means that you have made a conscious decision to share or transfer the essence of your being to whomever or whatever you are *in Love* with.

5 To Love yourself is to transfer the vital animating essence of your *Self* to yourself. It is a form of Self-strength. To Love others is to consciously transfer the essence of your being to them. However, to *Love* something or someone other than your *Self* more than you *Love* your *Self* will

eventually lead to your weakness.

6 For when you Love someone it is very important that they Love you back. If you are not receiving the Love you are giving, such an unbalanced relationship will eventually lead to your suffering. In fact, most people suffer in their relationships because they usually Love people who do not truly Love them back.

7 However, when one loves others on behalf of GOD or even loves others unconditionally because of one's own life principles, one's suffering is diminished dramatically. The attuned Hiphoppa expresses Love because such a principle is the essence of life itself, not because an individual deserves it. Love is to be lived, not given.

8 There is no *Love at first sight*. There is only lust at first sight. Love comes with a knowing that is acquired over time. Love is committed. Love is not sex!

9 The term *making Love* is misleading. Sex, no matter how gratifying, is not Love. To Love someone is to seriously know and care for the essence of that person. It is an acquired familiarity with the essence of a person. Love is a oneness in being. Like Hip Hop and Rap, Love and sex are two different things.

10 Sex may be part of loving relationships, but love is not necessarily part of sexual relationships. Sex can be part of love, but Love is not part of sex. Love comes with trust. Lust does not, and sex is mostly an act of pleasure or reproduction which in and of itself is good and right.

11 However, the need for Love is a thirst of the Spirit. The need for sex is a thirst of the flesh. The decision between Love and lust is made in the mind. When people are *in Love* it means that they have decided to create a bond in being.

12 When people are *in lust* it means that they have decided to pleasure one another through a variety of physical bonds and stimulants. Again, lust is a thirst of the flesh, while Love is a thirst of the Spirit; neither is above or below the other.

13 Nevertheless, the Temple of Hip Hop teaches that lust is natural. For without lust there would be very little physical attraction. Lust can also be calming, relaxing and even rejuvenating. However, lust is a craving that must be overcome or else it will strip you of your freedom, your good health and your peace of mind. Use lust; do not allow it to use you.

14 Know this. Love holds together what lust attracts. Lust cannot hold any couple together; eventually, the decision to Love must come into play or the lust-driven couple will not remain committed to what has stimulated their physical senses in the beginning. In this example, lust is temporary attraction, while Love is a bond formed by an emotional commitment.

15 *Falling in Love* is also a misleading term. You do not actually *fall* into Love. In actuality you *stand in Love!* For Love strengthens and rejuvenates. Love is a spiritual progression, unlike lust, which is a physical sensation. Most of the time, it is our flesh that is attracted to other flesh. In most cases if it were not for lust people would not have stayed together long enough to experience Love.

16 The Temple of Hiphop advises its members to practice overcoming lustful thirsts but not to discard lust as evil. It is not. Lust is natural, while Love is supernatural. However, even Love must be practiced in discipline. Loving those who hate you is self-destructive. Loving those who do not appreciate your Love is emotionally painful.

17 This is not to say, *love only those who love you.* More accurately, live Love and those who surround you will benefit from your Loving nature; others, because of the hardness of their own hearts, will find you incompatible with their hateful, resentful, revengeful nature and they will be compelled to get away from you.

18 However, like Love, lust can be dangerous without discipline. But on the other hand, lust is healthy for those who are truly in Love. Sometimes committed men and women forget to lust after one another although they may still deeply Love one another.

19 Know this. The flesh will not be denied. It can be trained and controlled, but it will not be denied. If trust is established in the relationship between consenting adults then lust should not be forgotten. The flesh is not evil, it is just younger and freer than the spirit on earth. Remember, the flesh belongs to the earth; it is the spirit that is the foreigner.

20 The Temple of Hip Hop encourages Hiphoppas to not only Love one another, but Love all of creation—be Love itself. For Love is everlasting and lust is temporary; use them both in balance toward your own good. However, we have seen now how Love replenishes the body, mind and Spirit while hate deteriorates the body, mind and Spirit. And lust challenges the mind, body and Spirit. Seek freedom. True freedom is to be free from guilt and addiction to one's own lustful desires.

21 Remember to use lust toward your own happiness as well as the happiness of others; but do not allow lust to use you. Practice fasting from lust often, and refrain from multiple sex partners; attuned Hiphoppas are self-sufficient even with lust. However, if you do not have your lustful thirsts under control, such lustful activities shall indeed lead to your own suffering. With all of the Temple of Hip Hop's teachings…*Love is the message!*

22 But know this. Guard your heart, and while being Love give your love to those who deserve your Love; others who do not deserve your Love will receive it anyway from being in the presence of your Loving nature.

23 So, how does one experience Love? What is an act of Love? The answer begins with attention. For when we truly Love someone we give that person our full attention. We attend to that person's growth, happiness, protection and general well-being whenever we can. When you Love someone you are compelled to care for that person.

24 Love actually rides the act of attention. And you can always tell what a person truly loves by what that person is focused upon and willing to put time into. Hiphoppas must never forget this. Whatever you Love, you put time into. Whatever you Love, you care for. Whatever you Love, you protect. Whatever you love, you will nurture and develop.

25 Hiphoppas must Love themselves, Love GOD and Love their true families; this is healthy and right. We cannot put our full attention upon those who do not really Love us; this is an act of self-destruction. To Love all unconditionally sounds good when preached, but it does not actually work out to one's benefit in real life.

26 Therefore, Hiphoppas are advised to be Love. Be of a loving, nurturing, caring nature so that those who do not love you may still receive a portion of your automatic Love. This is a supernatural act.

27 On the other hand, you are natural, you are affected by your natural flesh. Do not deny this; such denial leads to suffering. Therefore, Hiphoppas are equally advised to give their unconditional Love to those who equally Love them unconditionally.

28 For us Hiphoppas, we have learned that Love is truly precious, and to give attention (Love) to those who wish to enslave us or use us has proven to be nonproductive! We have now seen for ourselves that when you Love everyone unconditionally you wind up hating everyone unconditionally, meaning that you become distrustful of people and even resentful of people because of their own unworthy conduct toward your sincere act of Love.

29 However, had you been selective with your Love and attention, you would have grown stronger

in Love, because such worthy people would have returned to you the Love that you gave to them many times over. Giving your Love freely to anyone and everyone makes you a poor judge of character, which eventually leads to your own sorrow because you have now surrounded yourself with those who did not really deserve to be in your presence.

30 Such people did not receive your Love gratefully, they took your Love selfishly. Eventually you wound up confused, wondering what went wrong when all you were trying to do was “Love your neighbor” as you loved yourself. But now you’ve learned that everyone cannot Love you as you Love yourself because everyone is NOT you, nor has everyone experienced your life and level of Love.

31 Now you’ve turned old and those who truly deserved your Love did not actually get it because you were spending so much time loving those who could care less about you. You did not Love those who really deserved your Love, you neglected them and yourself for those who squandered your Love and time. This leads to resentment and a dislike for humanity.

32 Therefore, Hiphoppas are advised to help and try to understand those who do not Love us, but nothing in this gospel says that we must Love those who hate us. Instead of hating those who hate us or have no Love for us, let us simply ignore them; give them neither Love nor Hate. Let us give them no attention and no more of our time at all. Simply leave them alone.

33 Reserve your Love for your true family. True Love is a precious and rare jewel; like faith, Love is spiritual currency. Therefore, be selective in who you spend your Love with. You don’t ever have to hate anyone, but you equally do not have to Love them either.

34 For when Hiphoppas seek a permanent loving union together they vow to care, nurture, support and protect one another. For what the World calls *marriage* we call *adoption*. For when Hiphoppas seek a loving union, all parties agree to adopt each other just as foster parents adopt children.

35 Each member of the union vows to care for the other, nurture the other, protect the other, advise the other, and listen to the other. For us, marriage is the adoption of our lover. It is a nurturing unit to which one finds empowerment and peace to achieve one’s purpose and tackle the challenges that may come in pursuit of that purpose.

36 All members of the union are independent and bring to the unit whatever skill or resource is necessary for the survival of the unit. Love is the bond, the glue, the essence of what keeps the unit together. Love is not the only thing that keeps a union together, but without Love it is difficult for any lasting union to exist.

37 Therefore, Hiphoppas are advised to evaluate their union every five years, and live with one another at least three years before officially adopting the other. It is neither the belief nor the practice of the Temple of Hip Hop that two people should be wedded to each other for their entire lives. Evaluating one’s union and true commitment to one another every five years is healthy and right.

38 Every Certificate of Union issued by the Temple of Hip Hop expires five years from the date of its issue. In this way, Hiphoppas can evaluate their commitments to each other without legal harm. In addition, if both members of the union decide to renew their commitments to each other in five years then truly they belong together.

39 However, if one or both members of the relationship decide not to renew their commitment at the end of five years, their Certificate of Union shall expire and the union shall be automatically dissolved.

40 The Temple of Hip Hop advises Hiphoppas under 25 years of age to wait the first two years of their relationship before producing or adopting children. And even if two Hiphoppas produce and/or adopt children it must be clearly understood that such children are the sole responsibility of both

Hiphoppas individually for life.

41 NEVER DO WE ABANDON OUR CHILDREN! Hiphoppas are advised to Love their children. You experience Love itself when you Love and care for your children. Reserve a special Love for them. Give them your time and your attention. Hug them, play with them and be sure to teach them, advise them, protect them and most of all listen to them.

42 One of the best ways to teach our children that they are valuable is to value them. Often we must compliment them, point out their special qualities to them, fulfill their prayers, support their legitimate dreams and aspirations, let them know that we are interested in them above the World and our individual careers.

43 For all of this is healthy and right. To Love is to always be doing the right thing. You can never be called wrong living the habitual character of LOVE.

AWARENESS:

1 If an electrician walked into a room with a person untrained and unskilled in electronics, it is safe to say that the electrician and the unskilled individual would view the room in two different ways.

2 The electrician would walk into the room and see things that the untrained, unskilled individual would not. It's the same room but the electrician sees the room in one way and the untrained individual sees the room in another way. Neither person is wrong in their interpretation of the room; it is just that the electrician has a certain knowledge that gives her the ability to see the room in a different way, even in a more expanded way.

3 The electrician, just by glancing at the room, would habitually take special notice to the room's electrical outlets, lighting fixtures, wiring, etc. The electrician could ascertain certain things about the room that the untrained person simply could not.

4 It is not that the electrician is a better person or even more intelligent than the untrained individual, it is simply a matter of awareness. Because of a certain knowledge, the electrician has access to a different *sight*—a broader view.

5 Even deeper, we can see how the one room changes several times according to the observer's knowledge (or awareness) of that room. The electrician sees one kind of room and the untrained individual sees another kind of room; but in reality there is only one room. The room could change again if a professional painter accompanied the untrained individual and the electrician into the same room.

6 The painter's knowledge of paint and wall textures would reveal an entirely different room to the painter than the electrician and the untrained individual might be capable of *seeing*. Because of their levels of awareness, the painter, the electrician and the untrained individual would all see the same room in three different ways, and each view of the room would be correct and true for the viewer.

7 The room would change a fourth time if the painter, the electrician and the untrained individual were then accompanied by a professional plumber. The point is that your perception of your environment is created by the amount of awareness (or knowledge) that you have. Your reality is based upon your knowledge.

8 Awareness comes to us by way of knowledge or inspiration. The more things we know and feel, the more things we can see. Any *thing* that the brain doesn't have a word for it cannot see. It sort of overlooks the object or subject. Therefore, the more words we know, the more things we can see and

experience.

9 Every *thing* that our eyes sense must be pictorially identified in our minds in order for us to actually see it, or more accurately, notice it. In fact, you don't see what you have never seen. You don't notice what you don't have a previous reference for. Things are going on all around you right now but because these *things* are not in your immediate vocabulary you remain unaware of such *things* and their happenings until they are pointed out to you; you don't actually *see* them, nor do they actually affect you consciously. Know this. We see, act and feel according to our vocabulary. In physical nature we respond to our vocabulary. Whatever is not in our vocabulary we don't notice or respond to.

10 The untrained individual entering a room with an electrician is analogous to the apprentice walking in the World with a teacha. Just as the electrician is trained to identify and restore electrical wiring and power, a teacha is trained to identify leaks, breaks and clogs in one's creative flow and life circumstances.

11 The teacha is trained to see GOD's movements and look past the projected illusions of the material World. It is not that the teacha is somehow above everyone else, it is that the teacha has committed himself to *seeing* the spiritual World more than choosing to *see* the material World. The teacha notices spiritual reality.

12 The teacha practices *seeing* his dreams in the physical World. Such a practice is commonly called *Creative Visualization* or *Spiritual Actualization*. The question is, what do you see? Or rather, what are you trained to see? What are you aware of? Are you really *conscious*?

13 Awareness is an ability of consciousness. Consciousness and being conscious are not the same things. Consciousness is generally thought of as awareness and/or sensitivity. However, consciousness is more of a field, a substance, a realm, a force that we are all immersed in. Consciousness gives us the ability to be conscious.

14 Consciousness makes us conscious, and to be conscious one must be aware of one's own thoughts, identity, surrounding environment and sensations. One must be awake to one's reality. However, the Hip Hop community has used the term *conscious* to also mean having a *conscience*—a moral sense of right and wrong.

15 Those of our community who have displayed high moral character and ethical behavior, an aura of spirituality and peace in addition to social activism and protest, have always been called *conscious*. Artists who may Rap about social conditions or point out possible solutions to the challenges facing our community have also been called *conscious rappers,* distinct from being called *gangsta rappers* as a comparison.

16 But when being *conscious* is applied to being *aware* we must ask ourselves, what we are conscious of? What are we actually aware of? What are we awake to? For if the brain processes 400 billion bits of information per second yet we are only aware of 2000 bits of that same information, which is mostly assigned to physical reality and bodily functions, then what is our true reality?

17 For if it is our own senses that tell us what is real according to <u>their</u> nature, then what is reality? Our sense of touch, taste, smell, sight, and hearing gives us their interpretation of the physical World. But what exists outside of our sense perception? For if reality is only electrical signals or choices being made and interpreted by our brains through the senses, then the reality of your life is truly what you perceive it to be.

18 With more and more awareness you should be able to do and see more and more into the true nature of your reality. You are doing what is happening to you. The observer affects the observed. We

only see what we want to see.

19 Therefore, if at the sub-atomic quantum level of reality the observer and the thing observed are really two aspects of the same event, it is accurate to teach that *life is what you make of it*, and that you truly *get what you expect;* that it truly is *all in your mind*—GOD willing. At the quantum level, two supposedly separate things like an observer and an atom seem to affect each other in such a way that if the observer looks at an atom it is a particle in a fixed position in space, yet if the same observer is not looking at the atom it remains a wave in superposition in space—meaning that it is everywhere at once until we look at it again.

20 Our true being seems to exist in a unified field of infinite possibilities that we call GOD. Everything seems to be going on at the sub-atomic level at the same time in the same space until we choose one outcome by denying all others. It is perception that creates reality.

21 It seems that physical matter is both particles and waves at the same time. Meaning that there are physical as well as a non-physical existences to everything our senses can detect. Even we are physical/non-physical beings. Actually the body is the mind in particle form and the mind is the body in wave form.

22 The Truth of the *matter* is that physical reality and the observer of physical reality are two aspects of the same unified field/event. The observer affects what the observer sees. We basically see what we want and need to see.

23 This goes for our other four senses as well. We are telling physical matter through our sense perception what we want it to smell, feel, taste, sound and look like based upon what we have decided over many years shall be real for us. In essence, everyone affects the reality they see, hear, touch, smell, and taste.

24 The physical World is a potential until we choose it to be what we desire. Space is the substance/environment that helps us to see separate things; it blocks reality so that we can get specific things done. At this level of understanding, we are the universe itself focused upon who we are (it is) and where we are right now. Meditate upon this paragraph before going further.

25 As spirit/human beings, the universe is seeing what it is capable of as us! To know that you are not in the universe, but that you are the universe itself, is self-awareness. To know that you are an idea, a possibility, a hope, a try-out in GOD's mind; this is self-awareness. To know that GOD is depending upon you to fulfill the purpose designed for you is self-awareness.

26 To create yourself is self-awareness. For when you create yourself, you know yourself. And when you know your *Self*, you know God. Not that you are GOD, but that you are GOD's. You belong to the very fabric of the spiritual realm itself.

27 Your intention is your answer to GOD's purpose for your existence. Your intention is what affects the very fabric of your space-time reality. It is not about your words so much as it is about the intention behind your words, the emotion you put into your statements, the feelings and graphic mental pictures that occur simultaneously in the mind while speaking, the moaning and groaning of one's being, these are what the universe listens and responds to.

28 Therefore, by believing in ourselves as attuned Hiphoppas with special abilities to complete our tasks in this reality, we command the fabric of life itself toward the aim of our desires. Again, everyone affects the reality they see and experience, so what do you see and experience?

29 Do you see and experience Hip Hop as an international culture of peace and prosperity? Do you even think something like this is possible? Is such a vision truly the intention of your heart, or are you really, truly, deep down inside, just looking to make a little more money and maybe a better

quality of life for yourself and your family?

30 This is fine. But you are going to have to keep it real with your SELF! Maybe you just want to rap, or break, or tag, or deejay; maybe you just like to be in the presence of Hip Hop's artistic elements. All of this is fine, and no one can judge a person who is upfront with others and honest with himself.

31 But those who are compelled to do Hip Hop's preservation work must *keep it real* with themselves or life can get more difficult than it probably already is. And *keeping it real* with one's self has to do with one's awareness of one's self, one's abilities and one's destination or goal—what is your intent? YOUR REAL INTENT?

32 If you truly intend to preserve Hip Hop then Hiphop shall truly preserve you. The issue is your intentions, this is what GOD is listening to; this is what the universe is responding to. To be true to one's self is to live for and from one's true intention without compromise or excuse—this takes courage.

33 However, with this understanding, if our true intention as a group is to preserve and expand Hip Hop, then the very fabric of the universe itself will respond to our heartfelt intentions if it is safe for us. In fact, the universe gives the *intention* special abilities to actualize itself and it protects and guides such *intentions* toward actualization. Those whose intentions match the group's collective intention inherit the powers and abilities to complete the actualization of the collective intent. But remember, GOD is not mindless; GOD is thinking with you. Meditate upon this paragraph; read it again slowly.

34 For us, Hip Hop is not a product of the physical World to be bought and sold, but instead *Hiphop* is a principle in the very real cosmic order of the conscious universe. We know that Hip Hop is an event of the universe, and not a Rap music CD. This is what it means to be a *conscious Hiphoppa* or an *attuned Hiphoppa*. It means that you are aware of Hiphop's total nature as an event of the conscious universe itself.

35 As a *conscious Hiphoppa* you have the ability to go beyond yourself. In a more cultural sense, a *conscious Hiphoppa* or a Hiphoppa that is said to be *aware* is one who feels a connection to the visions, dreams and desires of her ancestors, children and parents. The aware (or *attuned*) Hiphoppa is conscious of the fact that she/he was born into an already underway movement toward peace and justice in the World; that we owe our activist ancestors the respect of continuing their dreams within our own.

36 Those in the Hip Hop community who are aware of their place within their ancestors' visions and their children's historical heritage are said to be *conscious*. We are aware of our roles in the continuation of our own ancestors' struggle for freedom and justice as well as the dependency of our children upon our success. We (the conscious) do not live exclusively in our present, or past, or future; we live in all dimensions of time at once.

37 When we speak in the present, we are also speaking into our so-called past and into our so-called *future*. When we lift our arm and move our hand, we are lifting and moving information that has a variety of existences on a variety of different atomic and sub-atomic levels. I am aware that when I speak today in my present, my past as well as my future are listening and feeling what I am saying. My existence today is the hope and faith of yesterday as well as the heritage and foundation of tomorrow.

38 We (conscious Hiphoppas) are *aware* that we are the dream characters of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s dream. We are the thoughts of our parents, the outcome of their intentions. Yes, we can transform ourselves into whatever we desire, but it is the conscious Hiphoppa who shows respect and

acknowledges the vision of those whose intentions created him.

39 Such an awareness has very little to do with the content of one's artistic expression. Just because you may write and then perform a song that expresses the social ills of society doesn't mean that you are a *conscious* person.

40 The idea of judging a person's level of civilized conduct, spiritual awareness or aptitude for revolutionary action based upon their artistic expressions is a fairly new concept and I would say a poor judge of a person's real revolutionary, spiritual or civilized character.

41 A *conscious* artist is NOT necessarily a *conscious* person. And likewise, a *thug* or *gangsta* artist is NOT always on his way to prison. In fact, many true revolutionaries have actually developed from criminal-minded to spiritual-minded, inspiring others through productive life examples to do the same. In fact, in our culture wisdom is NOT achieved by living a righteous life.

42 Wisdom and true understanding are achieved through a series of failures, mistakes, insecurities and doubts, which one overcomes, turning such life experiences into degrees and credentials for the warning and teaching of others. A *conscious* artist is simply aware of his non-physical nature and seeks to develop it just as one would develop his physical nature. To be aware is to also be awake; it is to be alert or not asleep; it is to be conscious and not unconscious.

43 However, many people are stagnated in life not by being ignorant, unaware or unconscious, but by being *inconscious*, which is the inability to act upon one's own productive thoughts and plans. To be *inconscious* is to not be fully awake to the will of one's true *Self*—different from *unconscious*, which is a mental/physical condition more related to sleep or immobility. To be *inconscious* means to exist, yet be unaware of one's own existence and weak in the execution of one's own will—to be, yet not actually BE.

44 *Inconsciousness* can be said to be a state of self-awareness that is foreign to one's natural and true state of being. To be *inconscious* means that you are awake and alert through an awareness that is artificial to your real *Self*. To be asleep to one's true *Self* or to rest from one's true *Self* can also be called *inconsciousness*.

45 *Inconsciousness* can be called the seat of unhappiness because it denies one the ability to actualize one's innate potentials. It handicaps the development of one's character and personality. An example of an *inconscious* human being is one who knows not his own purpose yet is stimulated to the purpose of others. To surrender to this condition of mind can be called *inconsciousness*.

46 Another example of *inconsciousness* is to feel your true purpose, character, identity and personality, yet fail to actualize them because of your own fears, insecurities, doubts or other kinds of emotional and/or mental inabilities. <u>The emotional and/or mental state of knowing yet not doing can be called *inconscious*</u>. Drug addiction is another form of *inconsciousness*. It is that act of consciously doing things that you consciously don't really want to do—it is like observing yourself sleepwalking through life, bumping into things along the way.

47 To be *conscious* is to know your potential nature and to fulfill it. To be *conscious* is to activate one's natural powers and talents. And in the activation of one's innate abilities one becomes aware. For to <u>know</u> one's *Self*, one must <u>create</u> one's *Self*.

48 For we have seen that some people, in spite of the traps and obstacles of the *streets*, are still able to achieve their purposes in life. Others are hindered and stagnated by the traps and obstacles of street-life. Why is this? The difference lies in what they see.

49 Everything is an opportunity, and everything is a failure. It's all in how you *see* it. Whether you allow life's circumstances to control you or whether you control life's circumstances. The issue is, is

your mind controlling you, or are you controlling your mind? Are you *conscious* or *inconscious?*

50 Ask yourself now even on an intellectual level, *Am I the slave of my own mind or am I the master of my own mind? Do I passively allow the circumstances of my own life to control me or do I control the circumstances of my own life? Am I afraid of my own life or am I living my own life?*

51 Attuned Hiphoppas practice experiencing the essence of *Spirit* beyond the fears and limitations of the body, and experience an empowerment and strength that ensures victory over the traps and obstacles of the *streets*. However, practicing the essence of spirit requires a certain single-mindedness which is the essence of spiritual awareness. But that same single-mindedness left unchecked has prevented many from growing and developing in the physical World and accepting new and valuable ideas and discoveries. Seek balance.

52 Still, it is a single-minded spiritual awareness that prevents fear and it is fear that prevents single-minded spiritual awareness. Duality in thought is what prevents spiritual awareness. In Truth, the only things that can prevent you from achieving spiritual reality are fear, doubt and disbelief.

53 Above all, it is fear that hinders the most. Fear is of the flesh. It is an instinctive craving for the protection and safety of the physical body. It is manifested by the body's will to live. However, fear is not Truth.

54 The Truth is that there is one permanent reality—The Great Oneness! The unified field! GOD! And all of life's creations and circumstances (good and/or evil) are really different manifestations of the one reality, the one power, the fully aware cosmic ocean of potentiality, the one Great Spirit! GOD!

55 When the attuned Hiphoppa realizes that all is GOD, including the Hiphoppa, this very awareness frees the Hiphoppa from living exclusively through the fears of the flesh. When you realize that you are made from GOD's imagination, that you are a divine idea of GOD, you will live as infinitely as the Divine Mind that thought of you.

56 Know this. Peace is a decision of the Spirit. The Spirit (You) decides whether it believes in (places its focus upon) the peace of God or the fear of flesh. The flesh does not cause peace. Only the Spirit (You) makes this decision, and having to make decisions on spiritual matters as opposed to being single-minded on spiritual matters is what causes the fear, doubt and disbelief that stagnates the growth of one's spirit.

57 Problems are only problems when you focus upon certain events as problems. It all lies in your interpretation of life's events and situations. Nothing is all bad and nothing is all good. All is subject to your interpretation based upon your values.

58 What you call a *problem* might be the very opportunity you have been looking for. And what you interpret as an *opportunity* may indeed be a problem! But how can anything be a problem when every situation can be used as an opportunity? Only a limited and defeated mind interprets life's challenges exclusively as problems.

59 Therefore, use the circumstances of life to your advantage. Do not attach yourself to your limited understanding of the material World. If you have made the decision to live as a *Spirit Being* in the material World, then all of life's circumstances are to your advantage; even your so-called *problems* or disappointments. Let go! Stop trying to fix it all yourself. It's all good! It's all GOD!

60 The mind is a tool of the Spirit—*You*. You are infinite and eternal. Therefore, *You* need not fear or worry. But the flesh is finite and destructible and instinctively manifests fear and worry through the mind as survival mechanisms for its own preservation. This is when the animal instincts of your body are controlling and leading you and your mind, as opposed to the opposite.

61 The material World is a challenge for an unaware Spirit. The Spirit does not live here, yet in ignorance it tries to adopt an existence it is not of. The unaware Spirit believes that it is separate from all forms and circumstances when it is not.

62 The Spirit that is not at peace has made a decision not to be at peace through ignorance and/or denial of itself. Fear arises out of our own denial of being one with everything. Through your own limited interpretations of life circumstances *You* have decided to create the fears and/or disappointments of your life. This happens when the unaware Spirit is *in Love* with the happenings of the physical realm as opposed to being aware of the happenings of the spiritual realm. Know this. Everything is working to your advantage right now!

63 When the unaware Spirit is *in Love* with the flesh, it transfers the essence of its being into the flesh, eventually forgetting its alternative (true) existence as a spark of the divine. It actually believes it is the physical body and thus values material reality over spiritual reality. This can be said to be a form of *inconsciousness*.

64 Such a belief arises out of continuously focusing one's conscious attention upon the past and/or the future as well as upon separate and individual things, as opposed to realizing that ALL is one and ALL is now!

65 Constantly focusing upon the past causes guilt, depression, and judgment. Likewise, constantly focusing upon the future causes over indulgence, worry and anxiety. Both cause stress. Live now! Love now! Be here; NOW! Your past is with you now! And your future is with you now! And all is one reality NOW!

66 When Hiphoppas cease submitting to the cravings, disappointments and fears of the flesh, Hiphoppas will become courageous in the face of all physical threats and unpleasant circumstances. When the attuned Hiphoppa realizes that GOD is the true force behind all people, places, things and circumstances, then that Hiphoppa approaches life as its master, not as its slave. Live now! Love now! Be now! You are creating the *future* you now, and you are actualizing the *past* you now. Your challenge is fear.

67 Practice facing the fears of the body. Some fears will be legitimate instincts to prevent harm to one's body or circumstances. Most fears are illusions and assumptions based upon either a lack of knowledge (awareness) or a chronic attachment to the happenings of the physical World and its temporary circumstances. In any event, it is fear that stagnates spiritual and cultural growth.

68 For we are not the physical body, we are the Light within it! We are literally beings of consciousness or Light. Fear prevents this awareness and likewise, this awareness prevents fear. The more we are aware of ourselves as non-material beings with the ability of *mind* to affect the physical World, the less fearful and disappointed we shall be. Realize this now and live free!

69 Stop doubting and going back and forth with your spiritual development. Eliminate the contradicting dualities in your character and simply choose to be the powerful spirit that you already are. Be spiritually single-minded. For in Spirit, what is impossible with the body is possible in the *Oneness of Mind*. For if you are to truly overcome the traps and obstacles of the physical World you must finally decide to live as a *Spirit Being,* acknowledging the very real existence of the great *Oneness* all around and within you. You are truly an event within a greater event.

70 Practice living as a *Spirit being* or as a dream character in the material World. For when we are aware of (and practice) our *Spirit/dream* existence in the material World the results are wonderful! Take your spiritual *Self* more seriously by putting its character and activity before everything else and it shall become more and more real for you daily.

[71] The object of the Hiphop spiritual life is to learn how to make one's spiritual reality the dominant activity of one's physical life—to bring spiritual reality into physical manifestation. Ask yourself, *if you are reading this instrument silently to yourself, where is the voice that is repeating the words that you are reading? Where is this voice that speaks without the use of a larynx, tongue, or mouth?*

[72] Try to remember that it is not your two physical eyes that actually see the past or the future, yet you do see your past and you do see your future. You can close your physical eyes and still see your past and future. It is just a different type of sight. Ask yourself; *with what sight do I see my dreams? Where is that place? Who am I in that place? Where exactly is the inner-voice that I hear reading the words of this gospel? Is this voice in my (your) head or is it actually somewhere else?*

[73] Ask yourself now, *in what dimension outside of space-time are my other non-physical senses?* The answering of these questions leads to *Spirit* awareness.

[74] For this inner-voice, sight, hearing, etc., is You! You are not your mouth, your ears, your eyes, your hands, your feet, etc., you are the conscious being that uses these tools to affect and interpret the physical World. You are Light! You are the knowing of the universe concentrated into your immediate time and space. You are an address in the universe. You ARE the essence as well as the utterance of your name.

[75] This is what it means to be a *conscious Hiphoppa* or an *attuned Hiphoppa*. It means that you have created yourself! You are not a product of someone else's purpose. Through your striving to experience reality directly, you have expanded your awareness and thus your abilities in the physical World.

[76] Release fear and doubt caused by your own duality of thought and be the real YOU now! Be single-minded about your spiritual nature. While others spend their time acquiring temporary material goods and pleasures, you seek to rise to the Truth, to the true nature of your being. Not just communicating and functioning in the symbolic reality of words, but experiencing the true reality of what those word-symbols represent.

[77] We now know that to exist and operate in and from the Truth is the ultimate strength an attuned Hiphop activist can possess on Earth. It's all about what you are aware of. You can only do what you know. Therefore, KNOW THY SELF! Before you can manage large sums of information you must first manage your *Self*.

[78] Know this. *Self*-management is spiritual, *Self*-organization is intellectual, *Self*-esteem is emotional, and *Self*-governance is political. Before you can truly learn something you must first learn your *Self* and then manage and cultivate who you have discovered. For when you are your authentic self without excuse or limitation you see with your real eye, you listen with your real ear, and you speak with your real mouth. You are awake; you are aware! Now you can learn.

[79] Like the painter and the electrician walking into a room with a person untrained in electronics and painting, the spirit realm is all around us physically, people just do not see it. And they don't see it because they have not been trained to see it.

[80] The spirit realm (or the kingdom of heaven) is not invisible; the issue is that you are blind. You are simply untrained in this specific subject. It is your ignorance that makes the spirit realm invisible to you, and likewise it is your awareness that makes the spirit realm visible to you. What do YOU see?

[81] In fact, the more ignorant we are the less we see; and the more aware we are the more we see. However, we must also remember that it is this balance between knowledge and ignorance or knowing and not knowing that forms the totality of what we perceive of ourselves and our

environment. Here, the term *ignorance* is more accurately the *mysterious*. And to teach the *mysteries* is to reveal the Truth. True ignorance (motivated by fear and doubt) rejects the Truth.

82 However, ignorance (as the great mystery) is also a form of knowing; it is unknowing, or the unknown, which is actually a form of knowing. You know that you don't know, and the knowing that you don't know is an awareness unto itself.

83 Mystery is a force like knowledge; it too can transform a human being for the better. The assumption that ignorance is somehow wrong and to be avoided in and of itself is not a wholistic thought. Ignorance and mystery are to be used toward one's total awareness. As is said often, ignorance is bliss. Sometimes the best knowing is to not know at all.

84 Many people have achieved great things in life simply because they didn't know that they couldn't achieve them; they didn't know of the risks so they proceeded with what appeared to be courage, but in fact was ignorance. This is how Hip Hop got started.

85 We have observed and experienced the fact that it is mystery that prompts one to know; it is <u>not</u> knowing that prompts one <u>to</u> know. But we can also say that it is knowing that produces more knowing because it is the knowing that you are ignorant that motivates you to become more aware.

86 Mysteries and secret knowledge help you to humbly remember all that you do not know, and how important it is to know; even if what you know is that you don't know.

87 Actually, knowing relaxes the mind, while it is mystery that motivates the mind. It is when we DO NOT know something that we seek to know of it. But should we seek to know of everything that we may become partially aware of from time to time?

88 Most people run from ignorance and toward knowledge, not realizing that some things are not to be known. The knowing of things alters one's physical condition, one's physical appearance, and the circumstances of one's physical life. All knowledge (or knowing) is not good knowledge or even useful knowledge.

89 In fact, too much information at one time can cause an overload in the mind and produce a nervous breakdown in a person. Ignorance can do the same. Not enough information at one time can also cause the nervous breakdown of a person. Of course, the issue here is balance.

90 In addition, unpleasant information can also do the same; as with doubtful information, and fearful information, as well as information that turns out not to be true, or reveals itself as false after you've set your life up around the reality that such false information provided to you.

91 We can see here that awareness is a balancing act between knowing and unknowing; awareness is unknowing and knowing at the same time. We create ourselves and our life circumstances based upon what we want to know and what we refuse to know. We are that which we accept and that which we do not accept at the same time.

92 It is your knowing and your unknowing together that creates your total awareness. Therefore, in your quest to know and to become educated, do not look down upon ignorance. Instead, learn to live consistently within the awareness of the total YOU! Live wholistically.

93 Live without duality in thinking; be only one character. Be your Higher Self. Fix your mind upon only one character and it shall become real for you. But remember, whatever the mind creates, the mind must maintain. Doubts, fears and anxieties hinder the mind from maintaining the productive perceptions you have created for it. The same applies to the body, the spirit, and the tongue.

94 Do not allow yourself to become so overwhelmed by the World that you cause emotional confusion and uncertainty in your own my mind, body, and spirit. Such will deteriorate those things

and ideas created by your mind, body and/or spirit. Remember, whatever the mind creates, the mind must maintain. Create your Self and be consistent and content with your creation. This is what it means to be aware and alive.

WEALTH:

1 Know this. True wealth is associated with prosperity and well-being, even good health. Wealth is not just money or an abundance of valuable material possessions. Wealth also deals with anything one possesses in abundance that has value in terms of exchange or use. Knowledge is wealth. Skill is wealth. Love is wealth. Any valued exchangeable thing that one has in abundance is wealth.

2 However, pertaining to money, wealth is created by one's skill mastery and knowing things that others simply do not know. Those who have mastered a useful skill that is also in public demand are often wealthy. Those who possess secret knowledge or advanced knowledge are also often wealthy. Money is not wealth, but money can assist in your wealthiness (your well-being).

3 Many people believe that money is the cause of evil in the World and as a result they remain in poverty. As J. P. Wingate has pointed out, *Money is NOT the cause of evil in the World; it is poverty that is the cause of many of the World's evils.* Because of poverty many people do, say and believe things that they would never have done, said or believed had it not been for their state of impoverishment. It is in their attempt to escape poverty that many people (even the rich) do some very devious things.

4 Money in and of itself is a neutral social force that brings out and advances the true nature of a person; whatever that nature may be. This is why it is better to arm yourself with the habits of the Divine Performance before and while you seek riches for yourself—and be clear as to why you desire such riches.

5 Most people want to be rich and not necessarily wealthy. Most people want more money as opposed to well-being. Most people are simply afraid of being poor so they believe that being rich will prevent such a condition. Hiphoppas are advised to seek wealth over riches, but never be ashamed of acquiring money.

6 Being rich is not just about living a luxurious life; it is more about access to better living and being appreciated and accepted by talented and influential people who would otherwise ignore us. Being rich is about having the ability to help those in need—beginning with one's self. It is about relieving the suffering of the poor and assisting in the common good of the society in which one's lives.

7 Being rich is also about being respected and admired. It is also a form of protection and security, even happiness. Yes, money does buy happiness! However, money does not buy joy. Happiness is temporary, whereas joy is everlasting. Ultimately it is joy we want, and such joy is connected to one's state of well-being.

8 Money is good. However, money without knowledge can be dangerous. Money without friends, freedom and a virtuous life will still lead to loneliness, stagnation and depression. For even if we possess huge houses, cars and cash, without love, trust and respect it is as if we had none of these material things at all!

9 What's the sense in having expensive linen sheets but too much stress and anxiety to sleep at night? Or a luxurious car but no freedom to drive it? What's the sense in even owning a bank if you must run the bank's affairs from a hospital bed because of poor health?

10 The Temple of Hip Hop encourages its members to be financially independent but not at the expense of one's health, love, awareness and true wealth. Temple Members learn to acquire their own sources of money and save it as well as invest it; we may even give it away.

11 Temple Members depend only upon themselves for their financial well-being. We are self-motivated, self-directed, self-disciplined and self-sufficient. We are not solely dependent upon anyone for our well-being.

12 And the key word here is DEPENDENT! Yes, you will need the assistance of others to acquire money—however, depending upon another for your financial stability, or giving others total control or authority over your finances and/or life decisions, almost always leads to disaster.

13 As attuned Hiphoppas, very seldom do we borrow but often we give. We are not looking to only *get paid;* we are also looking to pay others. Know this. The key to wealth is found in one's ability to usefully serve and empower others. Wealth is an attitude. In fact, wealth is the attitude that attracts riches (money). DO FOR YOUR SELF!

14 True Hiphoppas are entrepreneurs. For when one works for one's *Self* one is truly free. But with such freedom comes responsibility. One must be honest with one's *Self*. If one has not the skill or discipline or even desire for self-employment, which includes self-control, moderation, a healthy savings and the preservation of one's source of income, one must find no shame in getting a job.

15 Some jobs are great sources of income and stability and should not be looked down upon or done haphazardly. Hiphoppas are encouraged to take pride in their jobs (whatever that job may be) knowing that the strength of one's employment, family, community and nation depends upon *a job well done*.

16 But we must also remember that jobs do not lead to freedom or wealth. It is work that leads to freedom and wealth. *Jobs* provide temporary social stability and security. *Work* is more connected to one's purpose in life. You must know your purpose, decide upon what you really want and then get up and go get what you really have the skills, education and discipline to achieve. But remember, it is ignorance that causes poverty and knowledge that causes wealth.

17 Although a great sense of personal achievement and self-esteem can be achieved through the completion of a rewarding job or task, for a Hiphoppa to be trained solely for the workforce violates the H-LAW. The Temple of Hiphop promotes the realization of one's GOD-given talents and real purpose in life—these lead to wealth.

18 For these reasons, not only does the Temple of Hip Hop promote the acquiring of jobs for those in need of a steady income, but entrepreneurships and the start-up of small businesses are encouraged even more. Hiphoppas should eventually seek to go into business for either themselves or with their families before they are robbed of the time and energy that comes with youth.

19 The principles of wealth (as it pertains to money) are grounded in the laws of Intention. If you really don't have a wealthy attitude or a natural expectancy for money you will not achieve the riches that you desire. Money will come, but you will never be able to hold on to it. Becoming rich is simply a matter of attitude. The first step toward millions of dollars is having a million-dollar attitude! You have to actually expect money to get money.

20 However, on the other hand, in our life journeys we also pick up things that we don't really need. Not just worthless items, but also people and certain activities, such as being ripped off, cheated, exploited, and the like. These experiences not only can make you angry, bitter, fearful and resentful toward others and future business possibilities, but you can also pass such negative, non-productive life experiences on to others simply out of habit and/or reflexes.

21 This is why it is very important to choose your close friends and business partners wisely, because not only can you receive certain unproductive experiences from your closest associates, you can also express these same unproductive experiences toward others. Be mindful not to continuously repeat the disappointing and hurtful experiences others have displayed toward you.

22 Through the performance of forgiveness discontinue the disappointing and hurtful experiences others have displayed toward you. Be spiritually responsible. Do not pass on the bad habits that you may have learned growing up. Treat all business dealings as a game that, whether you win or lose, you can always return to the next day—don't take it personal.

23 Most people become bitter and angry in business because of their own fear of failure. No one wants to lose. They despise their losses and failures because they believe that such disappointments are final. Or those disappointments reflect badly upon their character. This could not be further from the Truth.

24 The Truth is that everyone fails. Failure is a part of life; it is a part of growing up. In fact, failure is the great teacher of the wise and the most important tool of the inventor. The quicker you learn that, the quicker you shall take advantage of your failures and cease to allow your failures to take advantage of you.

25 Going through failure and being a failure are two entirely different things. No one can be called a *failure* if they continue to try. It is only when you give up and cease to grow that you have truly failed. Imagine the amount of failure we had to endure just to write this gospel and establish our temple. No, it was not easy! But had we given up, you would not be reading such a gospel today, nor would the Temple of Hip Hop be standing as a beacon of Light for all true Hiphoppas.

26 Know this. The road to riches is paved with one failure after another, one disappointment after another, one rip-off after another. Do not be discouraged! The key to wealth is found in one's ability to manage failure and see the opportunity in disaster. Read this paragraph again and again until you fully comprehend its meaning.

27 Even in the midst of non-supportive people, mis-trust, criticism, envy, greed and even your own personal failures, you MUST press on! Never give in to the immaturity that surrounds you, simply plan around it—and remember, don't take it personal. Always take the *high road*; such is the essence of business success.

28 You cannot give disorganization and expect to be organized. You cannot have a nasty attitude and expect to attract pleasant customers/consumers, business partners, investors, etc. You cannot have a poverty consciousness and expect to attract wealth. These are called *the Laws of Attraction.* You attract to yourself exactly who you are inside.

29 Although Hiphoppas are advised to save their money, you cannot hoard your money and resources and expect to attract more money and resources. You cannot cheat people and expect not to be cheated. The Temple of Hip Hop encourages its members to always remain fair in all business transactions and competitions.

30 Likewise, if you are cheated resort to the principles of charity instead of revenge so that you do not harm yourself or pass on such actions to others. Revenge, deceit and hostility in the long run only destroy and/or hinder your ability to succeed.

31 If you wish to be successful, help someone else become successful, even your competitors. This is a divine performance. The best way to attract opportunity is through charity. Everyone needs help, even your competitors. Therefore, give of your *Self*. Advertise your superior skill openly and freely. By empowering others, you empower yourself!

[32] The principles of wealth also rest in the mastery of a specific skill that is in demand. Basically, it makes no sense to devote your time to the comprehension of a skill that in years to come will not be in demand. The principles of wealth (in terms of money) rest in your ability to learn from the needs of the past, know the needs of the present and predict the needs of the future.

[33] Know this. If money is your ultimate goal, you shall never achieve it. With any goal it is important to reach beyond what you want so that you are sure to pick up the specific things you want along the way.

[34] By setting a higher goal than the one that you truly desire, you will achieve all mediocre goals along the way. Money is always a mediocre goal when compared to peace of mind. Money can always be collected along the way. Never love the accumulation of money or money itself. However, if money is not important to you, you will never keep it. If you want money you must get serious about acquiring and keeping money.

[35] If money is what you want, advertise the mastery of your skill. Give portions of your skill away for free. Others will be sure to pay for it once they have seen the benefit of it.

[36] The Temple of Hiphop suggests seeking the personality of your God first so that all other material possessions can be picked up along the way in peace. If you are serious about acquiring money, seek God. For with God (or rather, in the character of God) you shall always have enough money.

[37] However, the Temple of Hip Hop further advises its members to seek ways to live with little or no money at all. Different from living in poverty; live a simple life. Learn to live according to your means. Extravagance and excessiveness lead to stress and worry.

[38] True wealth is not based upon how much one has; true wealth is based upon how much one can do without. It is not just about what one possesses, it is more about what one can let go of. For when one is content with one's self, no material loss can ever overwhelm such a person—self is the ultimate value.

[39] An attuned Hiphoppa invested in herself can never really experience loss—she is self-sufficient. She is sufficient unto herself; self is enough for her. If she loses her eye, or ear, or arm, or leg, she makes use of whatever is left knowing that these things (arms, legs, ears, eyes, etc.), as valuable as they are, are still not as valuable as one's self.

[40] Self-sufficiency, or rather the state of being sufficient with only one's self is one of the truest conditions of real wealth. This is also why Hip Hop's artistic elements are so important to the life of the Hiphoppa. Beyond being money-makers, Hip Hop's artistic elements focus the Hiphoppa upon the value of one's self. These elements preserve the privilege of producing and eating from one's own hands, from one's own self-expression.

[41] As is mentioned throughout this instrument, Hip Hop's artistic elements are human skills which bring value to one's own self-expression. The emcee is sufficient in his Emceein, the DJ is sufficient in her Deejayin, beat-boxers are sufficient in their Beat Boxin. The wealth and value of each Hip Hop element produces riches as well as well-being for the practicing Hiphoppa.

[42] The attuned Hiphoppa is first content with herself, with her own skill and self-expression, and such contentment produces a wealthy mentality which then produces money and other valued resources. Self is the true wealth and from this true source comes riches.

[43] However, being rich with an abundance of money should only be a preferred condition, not a necessity to one's condition. Yes, we want money! But even without money we are still content with ourselves.

44 Know this. Those who are unhappy with a little will be equally unhappy with a lot. And those who are happy with a little will be equally happy with a lot. Nothing satisfies the one who is not first satisfied with a little. Even deeper, nothing satisfies the one who is not first satisfied with himself.

45 Do not allow abundance and large sums of money to trap you. Be grateful for what you already have. Most of the time, it is your lack of money that is actually protecting you from the World as well as from your own ignorance.

46 While practicing Hip Hop's elements, be content with GOD. This is important because without Hiphop's spiritual *sight* Hip Hop's elements cannot really be productively experienced or accurately taught.

47 In this state of spiritual blindness, instead of Hip Hop's elements liberating and freeing the Hiphoppa from incarceration or an oppressive workforce, Hip Hop's elements practiced through excessive want, greed, anxiousness and guilt are reduced to mere alternative work programs themselves, eventually robbing the Hiphoppa of his freedom and peace.

48 Without the *sight* that sees beyond time and forms, even sincere Hiphoppas will sell (and have sold) the mastery of their element for only a fraction of what it is really worth. And what is the true worth of one's skill mastery? Answer: peace of mind through a real and solid *victory over the streets!*

49 Not just more money, but more freedom! Not just more popularity, but more respect! Not just a sense of security, but a sense of contentment and peace! These are the effects of mastering one's spiritual skill through Hiphop's spiritual *sight*.

50 At some point you must take off the makeup, the designer clothes and the jewelry and face your God! At some point everyone has to grow up. And growing up has to do with realizing your immature ways and outgrowing them.

51 Know this. Poverty is a personal choice, and so are wealth and riches. Greed does not make one richer. It is the attitude of already being wealthy that attracts and maintains steady streams of wealth and riches. However, without Hiphop's spiritual *sight*, those who exploit Hip Hop's elements usually reduce <u>themselves</u> to marketable products.

52 Again, Hip Hop is not a product, nor is it exclusively a performing art. Hiphop is not even a material thing. Hiphop creates products and inspires artists, ministers, politicians, comedians and professors of all styles, but Hip Hop (in and of itself) is not a material thing. It is a shared idea, a feeling, an awareness.

53 Others may still be stuck with the idea of Hip Hop being just good music. This may work if you are a *Rap fan*. But if you consider yourself to be a true Hiphoppa and you seek a lasting success living Hip Hop and performing its elements professionally, you are going to have to approach Hip Hop with more wisdom, organization and skill than all the employees, C.E.O.'s, ministers, professors and artists of the entire entertainment, academic, religious, fashion and media industries. Otherwise, you will be eaten alive by these industries and professionals. Be clear with this.

54 For these reasons the Temple of Hip Hop starts the training of its members with the comprehension of Hiphop as a collective consciousness; a unique urban attitude, an empowering identity, an international culture, a life-improvement strategy, a creative self-evident awareness, and an international cultural movement—not just music or even entertainment!

55 Such an awareness brings Light to those whose grievances are ignored and identity rejected. Such an approach to Hip Hop is the seat of political power and the birth of true freedom for <u>us</u>. With this new *sight*, we can begin transforming ourselves, our environment and eventually our personal circumstances.

[56] For these reasons the Temple of Hip Hop encourages Hiphoppas to think beyond the normal social definitions and conditions of things. Rethink your World! Hiphop's spiritual *sight* transforms subjects and objects for the enhancement and protection of the Hiphoppa. Yes, the current financial situation in the United States is terrible for many families and it seems like our government and many global corporations today just don't care—or do they? More importantly, can they?

[57] Nations grow and societies do move forward. As we have seen many times with the rise of America's homeless population, if you cannot *keep up* you will be left behind, trampled, even eaten. Whether this is right, or just, or fair is irrelevant. The object here is survival—survival of the richest. Therefore, let us not personally complain about high prices, let us outthink, or rather rethink the whole situation we may be experiencing.

[58] Remember, it is not what happens to you that is real; it is actually your interpretation of what is happening to you that is real. You decide to be happy or miserable based upon your own interpretations of life's events. Everything is perception, and perception is based upon knowledge. If your nation's prices have become too high for you it only means that that part of your nation has become smarter than you. They are using certain techniques, skills and knowledge to render you dependent upon not only their products, but also their prices for such products. But there is always another way around high prices.

[59] Your task then is not to complain, but to outsmart the situation by applying some kind of skill, technique or knowledge capable of making high prices low prices for you. You simply need to either make more money, which usually requires the acquiring of more knowledge and more skill, or you need coupons, savings tags, and sale days. Either way, you can always rethink your condition. If you find yourself unable to *make ends meet* it may mean that it is time for you to invent something or engage in some new experience that clearly requires you to adopt new skills and new knowledge, or even new relationships.

[60] Know this. Poverty is about applied ignorance, while riches are about applied knowledge. If you really don't know where the money is then you cannot have it. Prices are going up because most people in the World CAN afford them! If prices are too high for you it only means that the World is passing you by. Everyone is not as poor as you are. You may be poor simply because you don't know where money is, you are not part of that money-making community. You don't speak their language, nor do you hang out in their circles. And why? Maybe because you don't believe you can.

[61] Inspired by the Spirit of God, Hip Hop was about the renaming and redeveloping of a *corny*, bland and segregated society. Our ultimate transformation was of the entire American mainstream popular culture itself, and this is what saved us. We simply perceived our World differently and suddenly everything changed around us! Early Hiphoppas realized intuitively that everything was also something else. This spiritual *sight* (awareness) gave us the ability to begin transforming our surrounding subjects and objects in an effort to create new ways to survive and develop in a society that ignored and rejected our very existence.

[62] The original Hiphop *sight* began with the conscious awareness that everything was also something else and that everything could be renamed and reinterpreted and thus reused or modified in its use. With this kind of awareness we were instantly transformed from insignificant and rejected to important, free and accepted. No one handed us such validations, we simply declared ourselves "fresh" and within immense poverty and injustice we were made fresh again.

[63] Our new perception of reality (*sight*) would transform the very clothes on our backs, our shoes, our language, everything! For example, what was once a rag used to wipe sweat or clean dishes, or what was once an insignificant construction worker's boot were transformed into

important fashion statements worth millions of dollars and worn upon the heads and feet of many mainstream clothing models, sports personalities, artists and politicians alike, just because we (Hip Hop) gave these products a value they did not originally have.

64 Such a transformation occurred when we were inspired to give our dirty rags, worn shoes, old jackets and even outdated furniture value. By *seeing* our dirty rags, torn clothing and broken furniture as valuable we escaped poverty by reinterpreting the value of what we already had. In addition, Hip Hop brought with it new techniques, skills and knowledge. And with these new skills and techniques we outsmarted the poverty of our parents and carved out a whole new life path for ourselves.

65 Likewise, by seeing the expensive clothes, music, foods and tastes of the mainstream as *corny* (no longer cool or even necessary) we devalued the riches of the World and forced the mainstream popular culture to accept our values!

66 We simply stopped trying to participate in the 1970's and 1980's mainstream, and everyone came to us! This is what Hip Hop's political power is; it dictates what is valuable in urban areas. It defines the urban reality of the Hiphoppa for the empowerment of the Hiphoppa.

67 In fact, it was the strength of our collective Spirit rebelling against what was being force-taught to us that first introduced our Hip Hop awareness or *sight*. We simply stopped participating in our own oppression by not valuing the music, art, fashion, foods, politics, education, etc. of the 1970s mainstream.

68 This is why the continuous promotion of mainstream values like expensive cars, clothes, jewelry, houses, etc., without the balance of cultural values like faith, courage and wisdom weakens Hip Hop's political position in the World. It makes our people devalue their own possessions and self-worth in an effort to acquire something outside of their own socio-political reach.

69 So while we chase the temporary values of the mainstream, the mainstream exploits the everlasting values of our souls, and this causes our poverty.

70 The true Hiphoppa values Hiphop! True Hiphoppas reject the reliability and authority of mainstream commercial resources and values as valuable. For they are truly worthless when compared to the everlasting and priceless essence of Hip Hop itself.

71 Although the American mainstream of the 1970s and 1980s would tell us that our material possessions were worthless and that Hip Hop itself would not last but *three more years*, we rejected such opinions and appreciated the little bit that we did have.

72 30 years later, we discovered that the ability to change and/or improve one's situation was based upon one's ability to transform the things and ideas already available to one's self. We did not accept our condition, we changed it!

73 It was here that we learned how Hip Hop's political power (even economic power) begins when you can appreciate and value what you already have as opposed to envying the resources and achievements of those who do not respect you.

74 Self-empowerment begins when you can bring value to those people, places, things and events already around you or in your possession. We simply took responsibility for ourselves. We did not accept the conditions of our parents; we decided to become active participants in our own survival. We simply gave ourselves value. We began to define ourselves.

75 Know this. Poverty begins when you envy those things outside of your immediate reach. Wealth begins when you learn to value and make use of those things that you already have.

76 This is why early Hiphoppas would avoid *crossing over from the undaground* to the

mainstream. *Crossing over* into the mainstream meant that you no longer had the ability to define yourself.

77 Through your voluntary participation in an environment that did not truly respect you, you ultimately devalued yourself. By remaining independent with the power to define ourselves and our environment we maintained our ability to compete.

78 This is the only real reason Hiphoppas were accepted into the mainstream arena. It was (and still is) because in competition what we had (Hip Hop) was a force that no one in any mainstream market could compete against. So, as the old saying goes, *if you can't beat em, join em!* And join us they did.

79 No mainstream business that depended upon urban areas to survive was able to compete with the force which Hip Hop exploded onto the national scene with. Therefore, many Hiphoppas were immediately paid large sums of cash (which was only a fraction of their true worth) before they realized the magnitude of what GOD had really blessed them with.

80 Only now have we realized that the ability to compete is the essence of power in business and politics. Indeed, integration and conformity weakened our ability to remove our oppression using our unique business and political-competition tactics. In fact, even though we were poor, we were not impoverished. With little or no money we still lived well. We may have not been rich but we were indeed wealthy. We lived wisely, not poorly.

81 Ironically, it was our lack of money and access that protected us from the excessive and often toxic lifestyles of the rich. The idea of eating bacon, eggs, sausage, butter, cereal, milk, toast and orange juice all at once as a balanced breakfast was ignored by most low-income Hiphoppas of the 1970s and 1980s, who ate oatmeal, cream of wheat and cold cereals instead.

82 Certain professional exercise techniques that were later proved to be damaging to the physical body were also ignored by early Hiphoppas. Our aerobics was Breaking, Popping, Locking, walking, handball, stickball and basketball, which the mainstream would later incorporate into ITS plans for a healthy body.

83 Attuned Hiphoppas who could afford the steak and eggs advice dined on fish, fruits, juices and vegetables long before it was a popular health trend to do so. Because of our low incomes, we were already walking, jogging and riding bicycles long before such activities became popular health trends.

84 Later in life we learned that not having access to mainstream living actually saved us from certain diseases and sicknesses that were caused by the excessive lifestyle of the American mainstream of the 1970s and early 80s. We learned early that in the short term, the lifestyles of the rich and famous might have looked appealing and desirable to many, but in the long term, such lifestyles proved to heighten one's chances of disease, stress and injury.

85 Know this. Sometimes it is those things that you do not have as well as those places that you do not go that are actually saving and enhancing your life. As contradictory as it may sound, it was actually our low incomes that protected us. And this is not about living poorly, this is about living simply. Living according to your means, in proportion to your work.

86 This has always been the balance for those communities born in urban environments: *Be <u>in</u> the mainstream, but not <u>of</u> the mainstream.* Be content with the mastery of your chosen skill and live within the means that your skill provides. This leads to peace.

87 However, those who have mastered a skill that is in demand never have to look for money or chase opportunity; they are chased by money and opportunity. The objective is not to get more

money; it is to get more skill! It is to be more influential, more inspiring, and more useful; this will get you more money in the long-run.

88 Believe it or not, staying out of trouble and presenting a pleasant and *easy-to-get-along-with* attitude will also help you to attract real money-making situations and strengthen your position in business competition. Most times competition is not about defeating your opponent directly; it's about being able to endure long enough to overcome life's challenges.

89 From a spiritual perspective, most times the one to succeed in fierce business competitions is simply the one who has endured the longest. And usually endurance has to do with remaining focused, fair and just while others remain anxious, greedy, unfair and unjust. Most of the time those greedy and unjust people who compete against the righteous eventually trip themselves up with their own greedy and unjust personalities and practices.

90 Know this. A selfish, non-caring, *I'm-just-doing-my-job* attitude always increases one's impoverished situation. For if your skill, technique, knowledge, or service is one that shapes, protects and/or further develops the society in which you live, you cannot work just for money or go along with exploitative business trends that place money over the sanctity of human life. This will lead to your own depression in your older years. The life of the Hiphoppa must mean more than the accumulation of money and property.

91 Ultimately, to exist without the need to compete is Godlike, and living in a non-competitive environment is peace. Living a simple life within your means protects you from participating in certain stressful activities that are caused by having to compete to maintain more than you actually need. With all business transactions, employees, employers and products, be fair, be tolerant, be clear and be just. Live simply.

92 Practice equality amongst employers, employees and tasks. Show no favoritism and lead by example. Most of all, seek the perfection of your chosen occupation. Always seek to improve your industry. Be the best at what YOU must do. Such perfection leads to lasting wealth, the opposite leads to sustained poverty.

93 Everything is perception. Wealth is also created by perception; the Gospel of Hip Hop is evidence of this. Perception is everything and it is knowledge that creates one's perception. It is not that you are actually poor, it is that you may perceive yourself as being poor.

94 No one is actually poor, most people simply don't know how to get money or where the money actually is. Money is everywhere, but if you don't know how to grab it, or who to talk to, or even how to talk money, you will simply not have any of it. Being rich is about having a certain knowledge and/or skill that is in demand.

95 However, for the spiritually minded this very overstanding goes a bit deeper. Everything is perception, and perception has to do first with knowledge. However, that word *knowledge* takes on a slightly deeper meaning when applied spiritually.

96 To *know* something or someone spiritually is to have an intimate relationship or understanding of that something or someone. So when asked, *do you know GOD?*, the answer is not achieved only intellectually. There is also a healthiness, a wealthiness, a liveliness to one's being when one truly knows GOD. Even during times of sickness or some other challenging situation, those who truly know GOD are comforted and strengthened by such knowing. There are physical effects to your union with GOD.

97 People say things like, *You haven't aged at all*, or, *Why do I feel like I know you?* Knowledge of GOD affects you physically. You can see the Light of GOD on a true truth-seeker's face. However,

this is not the case for most people. Most people use GOD in the same way that the World uses them. They want GOD to pay their bills and heal their sicknesses. This is the value that they themselves place upon their own God.

98 For their god is not the God of the universe itself. Their god is truly the god of their little houses, represented by wall ornaments, body trinkets, spiritual guides and books. Such a god is not GOD at all! Such a god is more of a self-induced invisible baby-daddy/mama.

99 Most people, due to their own attachment to their own material World, do not want their God to rescue them completely from sickness, hate, ignorance and poverty, which would mean giving up the pleasurable addictions of their material World and changing some unproductive habits. They prefer to have their god help them from a distance to live with sickness, hate, ignorance and poverty. They want their god to live with their demons. And this they call…*being blessed!*

100 Hiphoppas must mature beyond this level of spiritual understanding. We must realize that there is only GOD manifesting in different forms! And that we have the spiritual ability to create and control all situations, circumstances, people, places and things in the physical World through an awareness of everyone and everything's true source in the one GOD. We must believe, perceive and achieve in God! Control of one's life is achieved by giving up the ultimate control of one's life. Be guided.

101 Everything is possible within the nature of God! But too many spiritual people don't really believe this. Is this you? Do you really *know* GOD? Do you really *know* your true God-force, your true spirit name/nature? Do you answer the *calling* of your higher-Self, or do you continue to answer the *cravings* of your physical body?

102 If you have matured to the awareness of having what you need when you need it, then this particular lesson may not be for you. However, too many so-called *spiritual people* walking a so-called *spiritual path* tend to live some very poor lives. This too Hiphoppas must mature from.

103 If you live a spiritual life then you should be practicing your spiritual skills in real life. If we are not content with ourselves yet, or at this particular moment, we should be visualizing ourselves better than who and/or where we presently are. Whether it is a health issue, love issue, awareness issue or wealth issue; see your situation through the eye of God. Use your spiritual skill!

104 Don't just believe in GOD; perceive through the reality (emotional intelligence) of God. The question here is, why are you still broke, yet you claim to walk in the Spirit? Maybe you are still reading about GOD's nature as opposed to adopting God's nature? Maybe you are still thinking and not being?

105 In any event, we must try to remember that the spirit realm is chaos to the human intellect. Rational thought limits the supernatural ability of Spirit and this is why so many truth-seekers still don't have what they need to survive in the material World. They are still seeking as opposed to *being.*

106 When it comes to spiritual reality, they <u>know</u> it but they don't <u>feel</u> it yet. So, they are definitely able to recite Socrates, Moses and Jesus, even interpret ancient spiritual texts, but still they are behind in their mortgages, losing their investments, can't afford healthcare, and are hungry, sick and tired.

107 Remember, the top of the World is still the bottom of heaven. Those who walk a spiritual path through life may not be richer than anyone else, but we are indeed wealthier than everyone else—we live life abundantly. As true beings of Spirit we are wealthy for the purpose of relieving human suffering, beginning with our own.

108 If you are true to your spiritual principles and lifestyle then there should be some evidence of your fidelity. If your training is of a supernatural nature, then we should be able to experience your

supernatural skill.

109 Those who live in the spirit realm live above the material World; we live deeper lives. Therefore, from the spirit realm we should be able to manipulate the material World because it is the spirit that quickens the flesh, not the other way around.

110 I am the Teacha! I am KRS ONE! This is my opinion of myself. But in order for anyone to actually agree with me and/or respect the validity of my opinion so that I may be treated the way in which I perceive myself, there must be some evidence to the claim that I am making.

111 And this is the point. There is a ton of evidence everywhere to substantiate every claim that I've made of myself, because really I only claim to be what the people already say of me; I only repeat their critiques, praises and expectations of me. However, I still practice hard because it is still I who that must produce the initial evidence of my own claims.

112 But the point here is to apply these examples to your own spiritual life. Do you claim to be a mystic, a minister, a prophet, a teacha? If you do, then where is the evidence of your claims? If you claim to walk with GOD then why are you frustrated, addicted, afraid, depressed, unfulfilled, etc., against your own will?

113 On another note, if you claim to walk with GOD why are the people around you still lost and bitter? NO! If you claim to possess the Light, then let us see you use it! Let us see you transform your block. Let us see the miracles in your life. Save your children! Secure your spouse.

114 And get what I am saying here. This is no place for posturing and puffing one's self up, this is not the case at all! However, it is of extreme importance that we understand the urgency in being who we say that we are, and I am using myself as an example as to what such urgency actually looks like.

115 As an example, I am not the richest rapper in our community. I am Hip Hop's first official teacha; I live a simple life—a principled life. I am not pushing my lifestyle upon anyone. You do you and I'll do me. But if the doing of me includes my claim of "teacha," then where is the evidence of my claim? What you call yourself is your business. But what I call myself is indeed my business; it's my actual bread and butter!

116 So, yes I may push (drive) that new Benz, or spend $700 on dinner for two, or purchase a rare book for $1200. Sure, I am a popular rapper today, but in the end what am I teaching, and is it effective? Am I following my purpose? I humbly reply "yes."

117 This is why you are listening/reading this instrument right now, because I am being right now exactly who I claim to be, *the Teacha*, and this nature is what makes my life magical.

118 This gospel took years to write and thousands of dollars to produce, years that I didn't have and money that I couldn't see when I first began to gather the notes for this gospel, yet here it is! The Gospel of Hip Hop stands as evidence not only of GOD's love and concern for Hip Hop, but such a gospel is evidence to all of my own claims and beliefs about myself as a spiritually guided Hip Hop Teacha.

119 The point is that as a spirit-being you should have very few challenges creating yourself in the material World. Yes, there will be challenges, but if you remain within the boundaries of your principles and life purpose you shall not really be affected by such challenges. As long as you are following your purpose, you shall have everything you need to manifest your purpose. And this is real!

120 If you are truly of a divine nature then the state of your country's economy shouldn't affect you. Gas prices shouldn't stop you from traveling. Home foreclosures shouldn't prevent you from buying the home of your dreams. School tuition shouldn't stop you from pursuing the best education

available for yourself and your child. Bad credit in the World shouldn't prevent you from making God's investments on Earth.

121 The real issue is knowledge, knowledge of GOD over the World's knowing. The body of knowledge that you presently possess right now may be useless to you if it is not sufficiently matching your needs and making your life comfortable. Even your present knowledge of GOD may need to be modified or changed completely in order for you to achieve the state of consciousness required for a peace-filled and prosperous life.

122 Remember, it is not GOD that makes you rich, it is knowledge and skill that makes you rich. GOD makes you aware, and your Godly awareness attracts wealth and opportunity as needed. However, if you don't *have* something it's really because you don't *know* something. Having or not having is a matter of knowing or not knowing. For those on a Hip Hop spiritual path, poverty happens when your spiritual knowledge does not keep up with your material needs.

123 For spiritual people to achieve those material things that we may need to survive we must truly <u>feel</u> that we deserve whatever we desire and then expect it to come in some unplanned, unexpected way (GOD Willing). To achieve true wealth we must practice <u>using</u> the expectancy of our minds. It's not just about reading books and watching metaphysical DVDs; it is more about actually putting to the test that which we read and believe is true.

124 I don't know how everyone else did it, how everyone else became successful, but for me, for KRS ONE, my success began with the proper use of my own mind. This was the first lesson GOD brought to my understanding. I visualized my entire career. Everything that I am doing today, including the writing of this gospel, I first visualized years ago when I was houseless in New York and I've continued to use these spiritual techniques throughout my 22-year Rap career.

125 This is the essence of what I teach today—self-creation, self-construction. As far as wealth goes, we must affirm in our minds those things that we want for ourselves and then forget about them so that the thought leaves our human intellect and enters the realm of Spirit (divine intelligence) where all things are possible. Do you really believe that such a technique is possible?

126 Do you really believe that you can affirm whatever you desire and then forget about it, knowing that it is on its way? For we do not dwell upon the things that we already have; we simply know (feel) that we already have them. And likewise, we do not dwell upon those things that we <u>expect</u> to come; we simply wait for them to appear. But really, what do you expect? What do you accept as real?

127 This is the beginning of health and wealth for those who claim a Hiphop lifestyle. First, we affirm in our mind's eye the object that we desire, then we purchase or acquire a small accessory to the object we desire, like an air-freshener if it is a car, or a lamp if it is a house. Then we FEEL how we would feel when we have the object in our possession, such feelings draw your desires to you. As mentioned earlier, expectancy creates wealth.

128 We repeatedly practice this *feeling* technique once before sleep and once as we awaken for about a week, then we forget about our desire, knowing that it is on its way. This is a standard technique for the spiritual-minded; it is commonly called "creative visualization." However, such a technique goes even deeper and further once practiced in real life.

129 Know this. Thought is like a cloud, or a mist, or rather a form of temperature. The mist of the mind is what actually influences things to happen and even causes things to appear. Whenever we think of something it is just a thought until we put some kind of feeling to it, that magical heat that makes things move. Whether that feeling is one of fear, or sadness, or excitement, once that

feeling/heat is part of a thought, that thought takes on a life of its own.

130 Thought by itself is nothing without one's true feelings and intentions (the heat) within it. The mind is like a faucet, thought is like running water and your intentions and feelings are what warms the water up or cools the water down. Study this example closely.

131 When you are showering you will notice that even though you may adjust your faucet to add more warmth to the water, in most cases the water temperature does not change instantly. Only if you are in a modern state-of-the-art designer bathroom does the temperature change exactly when you turn the faucet.

132 In this example we can see how the mind works. You may think of something today, but it will take some time for your thought to manifest. You may turn on the faucet of your mind to heat up or even cool down your situation but you must realize that the mind affects your life in the way that temperature affects water; the effects are gradual for the beginner, and some people do burn themselves with the heat of their own intentions.

133 Most of our minds are old and worn, and so we find it almost impossible to intend and feel our desires into physical manifestation. We need relief now, and our minds simply do not work like this. Because of the worn-out conditions of our own minds due to worry, fear, depression, doubt, resentment, etc., it simply takes too long for such a technique to have any real effect upon our real lives. But this can be corrected.

134 Creative Visualization is reserved for those who have given their lives over to the reality of mystical experiences. There is a certain character that goes along with each level of spiritual awareness. You cannot expect any results from your spiritual practice if deep down inside you still doubt that such mystical experiences are even possible.

135 When you direct your mind to heat up or cool down your situation, patience is a must. Patience is crucial for beginners because beginners are very distant from the effects of their own mind. It is this distance that creates the illusion of time passing and the need for patience because you are waiting for the manifestation of your own intentions.

136 Such distance is indeed safe for beginners because you really don't want the manifestations of your own immature thinking to materialize instantly. Until you have matured to the level where your thoughts are habitually healthy to your own well-being, your God-nature shall remain a safe distance away from your material reality—for your own good.

137 This is why things take time to manifest, it is because your own doubt and fears have placed you in a safe distance from your own power for your own good. Time gives beginners the ability to change their thinking before such thoughts become reality.

138 It is when you have matured spiritually that you eliminate the distance between you and the effects of your own mind. This is when you decree something and it happens instantly or the next hour, or the next day, or the next month! Know this. The closer you get to your own mind, the closer you get to God.

139 Attuned Hiphoppas are advised to practice eliminating the distance between themselves and their thoughts in an effort to secure and enhance the state of their well-being. This takes time and practice. The technique goes as follows.

140 First, get in the habit of decreeing with feeling the desires of your heart and see how long it takes for such desires to manifest. When I first started my creative visualization exercises it took years for my visualizations to materially manifest, but they did! And each time my dreams came true, my faith in such an ability was strengthened.

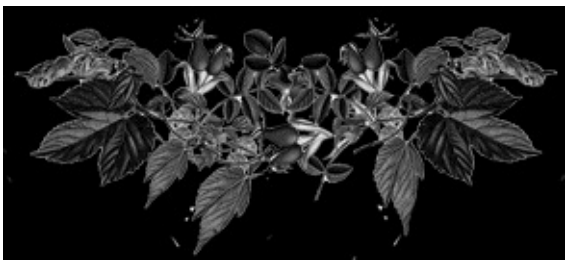
141 I began to believe in the power of my own mind, but with the realization of such a powerful ability came the character and nature that goes along with such an ability. I had to discipline myself to speak in a certain way, to cancel out certain feelings and visions I may have had toward certain adversaries, critics and situations—and it was not easy. But after a while, I began to experience the manifestations of my thoughts materializing faster and faster in my material reality.

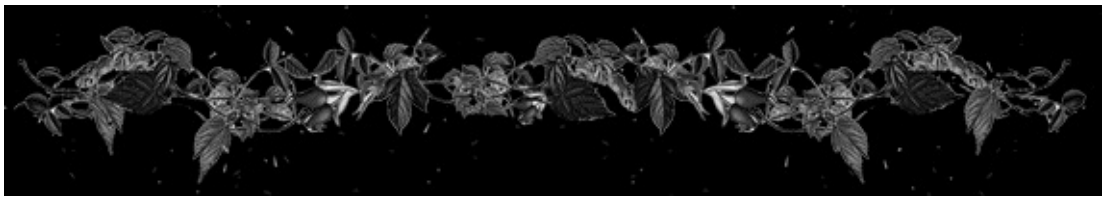
142 Today I intentionally put distance in front of my mind and my feelings so that I can take advantage of time. Some things are not meant to occur instantly when you want them to occur. Today, I've learned that it is easier to simply put one's spiritual nature on auto-pilot and allow one's self to simply flow with GOD's intention, which is found in one's purpose, as opposed to always trying to make things happen.

143 Sure you can create any life you desire for yourself with your mind. But you must always remember that GOD is thinking too. And GOD is actually looking out for your best interests—your well-being.

144 Practice eliminating the distance between you and your own mind. Measure how long it takes for your mental reality to become your physical reality, and seek to shorten the time it takes to manifest such a reality. Being within seven days of one's thinking is actually a safe distance for a powerful mind.

145 Therefore, we must affirm our needs several times in an earnest prayer, affirmation or visualization and then prepare for their arrival with a matching character. Practice often. Everything is already with you NOW, including your Higher-Self! Simply let it be; point to your perceived reality and say to yourself…*There it is!*





THE FIFTH OVERSTANDING

THE INNER CITY

1 Peace and much Love. Know this. It is not a coincidence that such a testimony is before you now.

2 At this very moment you are being *called* out of the World again for your own protection and further development. Will you answer the *call* this time? Will you believe in your *Self* this time? You are who you think you are.

3 Why say that Hip Hop is your lifestyle yet continue to doubt your own *Self* and the Gospel of Hip Hop, which exists to protect and empower you? Why fight against your *Self* and the reality of your own life experiences? Why deny your own empowerment? Believe in your *Self* and in the gospel that speaks highly of YOU!

4 Don't let those who surround you overwhelm you with their doubts and fears. You are the light! You are the light of <u>your</u> World! And you are NOT alone. Others are content with being ordinary and average, they do not strive to attain the character of God! In Truth, they are afraid of it.

5 But you have dared to explore the unknown. You are indeed different. And this is what may have angered and/or depressed you in your early stages of spiritual maturity. It is the fact that you feel average and ordinary but in Truth you are not. Many of us have suffered as you do, and many of us have overcome our frustrations living with the weak in Spirit, the doubtful of mind and the guilty at heart.

6 We know what it feels like to give, and give, and give, and still get no result, or in most cases no appreciation or even respect. We know exactly what it feels like to give your life-force to those who do not replenish your life-force, to love those who refuse to show you the same love in return, to willing assist those who exploit you.

7 We know what it is like to assist in the freedom of those who refuse to free themselves, to give charitably to those who receive with expectant hands, to argue with others about THEIR well-being, to be the one that everyone relies upon to get them out of trouble and difficulty!

8 Yes, I know your struggle and I also feel your pain. Your compassion for those around you is your only weakness. Your care for people is the cause of most of your headaches! At times you feel that if you were more selfish, or that if you were by yourself, you would be at peace. You wouldn't have to help those who were going to turn around and diss you!

9 Like you, I also yearned for the presence of GOD above all else only to be surrounded by stressful, fearful, doubtful people who never seemed to ever be at peace. They want what you got without having done the work or endure the sacrifices that you did to achieve what you got. And on top of this, such people trapped by their own chronic state of denial, continuously blaming and criticizing you for their shortcomings in life, are leading to your depression and anxiety. I've been through this as well in my younger years.

10 My character and reputation would be called into question quick if I decided to have a carnal moment, yet everyone around me, even my criticizers, continued in the very ways that they falsely accused me of. But wait! GOD is real. And you are who you think you are. DON'T GIVE IT UP! Stay your course!

11 There IS light at the end of this tunnel, and it begins with your entrance into your *Inner City*. Often spoken of as the *Middle Way, the Kingdom of Heaven, the Kingdom of GOD, walking the path,*

etc., *the Inner City* is that condition of being habitually moved to spontaneous right choices—it is the *good life*.

12 Without thinking, without planning, without assistance you arrive right when you are supposed to, you get exactly what you need at the exact moment you need it, you are protected and guided by a larger intelligence than that of any person, group or institution. Whenever a decision must be made toward your forward movement, peace and/or survival, somehow you always make the right choices or rather, the right choice is always made for you.

13 This is *the Kingdom of GOD, the realm of Heaven, the Middle Way, the Shining Path.* This condition is what we call the *Inner City*, and it is produced by enduring the ignorance and temptations of the World and its people.

14 It is when you have walked in righteousness and nobility for so long that you develop certain spiritual reflexes to material challenges. You no longer respond to the World like everyone else does, or like everyone else would like you to. They live in denial and their actual lives confirm their false view of the World.

15 However, you are not in denial, you are in Truth. Your reflexes are spiritual, not physical. For many years you have walked in love and with a caring heart. You've immediately sought to help those in danger, you've felt for people that you didn't even personally know, you went out of your way to bring comfort and relief to those in need, you are reliable and you've been reliable.

16 Therefore, be encouraged in the Truth of your being, which is clearly defined by your intentions, actions and by what you lend your time and resources to. You are attracted to this *gospel* not only because it has something important and personal to tell you about your Hip Hop life, you are also generally attracted to the things of the Spirit. You spend your time and money seeking Truth, and GOD sees that.

17 This *gospel* is now in your presence because obviously it is time that you turned up the volume on your own spiritual life, on your own dreams, on what is important to you. However, you've been waiting for everyone else to understand what you understand, and see what you see for too long, and they're not seeing it yet. But you must not give up on your *Self* or give up on the reality of your OWN spiritual experiences. Obviously you see (sense) something more than your *Self*, something greater than your *Self*; you feel that your nature is divine.

18 Others have laughed at you, ridiculed you, and have even conspired against you, but you've also seen their plans fail completely or never reach the full magnitude of what such plans intended. In Truth, it is your very nature that protects you and guides you.

19 Know this. Cats are attracted to cat reality; dogs are attracted to dog reality. Birds do bird things and fish do fish things. Each acts according to the nature each naturally possesses. A culinary student is attracted to cooking, an attorney—law, a doctor—medicine, a teacher—knowledge. But only a few are really attracted to GOD and the *ways* of the Spirit.

20 GOD must be in your nature for you to even be interested in GOD. Sure, everyone would like their prayers answered, but YOU seem to be attracted to GOD. You seem to yearn for the face of GOD, not just the hand. You seem to want to know the mysteries of spiritual living; others are simply not interested in such subjects because it is NOT in their nature to know.

21 You are a person who truly seeks peace, love, unity and good times in your personal life, but it seems that everyone around you is becoming increasingly depressed and confused. You must save yourself from this or you will be limited, even destroyed, by this. This is why those who are called to a life in Spirit and are constantly assisting others through life's challenges frequently and regularly

take time to themselves. We go away for *40 days and 40 nights* so that we may rejuvenate our spiritual and emotional vitality.

22 This is important because you are always asked to help. You are always lending yourself to others—baby sitting, doing someone's hair, giving money, giving advice, speaking on behalf of others, teaching, giving bail money, feeding, etc. You MUST tend to YOUR needs or you will not be of any use to anyone! You are the dependable one in your group and it seems that people take advantage of your good nature. However, YOU ARE NOT ALONE in this! You are truly one of the great minds of your time. Do not doubt yourself!

23 Recently (like in the last three months) you've been feeling an urgency to complete your projects and realize your goals. You have been feeling like you are at the crossroads of your life, like now more than ever you have to decide WHO you are going to become over the next three to five years.

24 Your future is always on your mind. Your only challenge is what you believe you are capable of. But like many who finally realize what their true purpose is, you too have doubted yourself for too long. How good are you, will you be accepted, will you get ripped off, will you fail? Deep down inside you may fear your own success more than your own failure.

25 Like most who are instructed by GOD to do a seemingly impossible task, GOD seems to be urging you to act upon your true purpose despite your fears and doubts. It seems to be TIME FOR COURAGE!

26 This seems to be the year for GOD to become more real in your life because only gods are attracted to GOD. Only divine people are attracted to the things of the divine. Regardless of your artistic or academic self-expression, you are a divine being. It's time to stop being what everyone else thinks you should be, and be who you <u>know</u> you are.

27 Remember, the universe is exact. There are no mistakes. You are hearing this *word* now because it is time for you to hear this *word* now. You are the light of your world. You are being *called* to help others because you have the power to help others. Others don't have the abilities that you have just as you don't have the abilities they have. Your ability is God—and it's time that you start being it!

28 People ask you to help them because THEY BELIEVE that you can. They *feel* that you can. People don't ask those who they *feel* are helpless to help them. People don't ask the powerless to empower them. People are asking for your help because they know that you can help them. So why not join in on THEIR FAITH IN YOU and express more FAITH IN YOURSELF?

29 Everyone can see your aura, your character and your reputation clearer than you can. It is you who doubts you; everyone else believes in what they feel about you until you say or act otherwise. So what are you affirming to yourself and others? *Nobody's perfect, I ain't nobody special, I can't…, I don't…, I hate…,* etc.?

30 Ya know, the only difference between a "demo" recording and a "master" recording is your interpretation of what has been recorded. What do you feel about your own being and self-expression? What do you believe you are capable of?

31 This is the year that you make the *inner* you the *outer* you. For your own survival, you must believe more in your *inner* reality than in your *outer* circumstances. You are clearly the light of YOUR World, the savior of YOUR home, the teacher of your neighborhood.

32 Even when you don't see how you can help, your very involvement or attention toward others create solutions that didn't even exist before. And this is the challenge; you are a healer by nature. However, it is not your intellect that heals; it is your loving presence, your time, your attention, your

care that heals.

33 Your wanting to comfort another, to selflessly give attention to what someone else is going through, to help others along their way and realize their goals—these acts shall raise you up and actualize your own purpose successfully because blessings come THROUGH you, not TO you.

34 The more you are giving, the more you shall be receiving. The more you love and care, the more you will be loved and cared for. The more peace you provide to others, the more peace GOD shall provide to you. But remember, cats are cats by nature and dogs are dogs by nature. Those who seek certain professions and fields of life do so out of their very nature. And so it is with you.

35 Your thirst for Truth is evidence of your nature—USE IT! Your ability to care for others unconditionally is evidence of your true nature—USE IT! Your yearning for the presence of GOD is evidence as to what your true nature really is—USE IT!

36 Your only challenge is doubt; therefore your only strength is faith. BELIEVE IN YOURSELF! Be and live in your inner-Self. You have help in places that you have not even touched upon yet. Search yourself; YOU ARE NOT ALONE! You have a divine power that only YOU can express <u>for</u> others. For if you do not express your divinity, the people of your world suffer.

37 Remember, if you go to a person that you believe is a doctor and that person refuses to heal you; you suffer. If you go to a person that you believe is an attorney and that person refuses to defend or argue for your rights you suffer. The point is that people are suffering today because many divine people simply don't believe that they are divine and capable of divine work; the activity of the World overwhelms them.

38 For divine people like you there's nothing special about yourself or your life circumstances. For you, little miracles happen often, but they are normal to you so you don't celebrate your divinity. Plus, many divine people keep their divinity to themselves or turn their spiritual *light* down so that others are not uncomfortable around them. It's time for all of this to change.

39 It's time for GOD's people to stand up! Evil and suffering occurs in the World when divine people ignore their divinity—their responsibilities. Others cannot do what we can do, that's why it is not being done. We must get to work quickly. YOU ARE THE SAVIOR OF YOUR WORLD!

40 You have a tremendous responsibility to promote health, love, awareness and wealth to your people with your Hip Hop existence and activity in the World. Acts of kindness and assistance, acts of mercy and forgiveness, disattachment from the material World, mentoring, charity, trustworthiness, commitment, responsibility, etc., are all acts of holiness, and each act strengthens and proves your own divinity.

41 These repeated *acts* of holiness eventually become the habits of your life, and after a while you have no choice in any situation but to habitually act from this place of holiness and care for life and freedom—and this is where YOUR frustration with others began!

42 You have become habitually addicted to the Ways of the Spirit, yet others have not. Where others habitually react physically and carnally to physical and carnal situations, you have been habitually compelled to react spiritually to physical and carnal situations, and such habitual actions have not been easy for you in the material World around materially-minded people. But hold on! You are entering your *inner city*.

43 Even though certain outcomes have not always worked out in your favor, and even though you've been embarrassed, and cheated, and lied about; and even though it has been lonely and unfair for you, even though you've done what was right while others enjoyed their wickedness, behold! You have defied the World and its many temptations with your habitual right actions motivated by the Will

of your Spirit, and it is now time to receive your reward—the Crown of Life.

44 Such a habit of righteousness eventually creates a reality that we call the *Inner City*, where the physical World and its material conditions seem to act in accordance with your will. Your physical, spiritual and mental surroundings seem to walk and talk with you. Everything seems to work in your favor. The good, the bad, the faithful and the fearful; the victories, the setbacks and the so-called *defeats* all seem to work in your collective favor.

45 People that you need to meet show up unexpectedly, while those who you care not to meet seem to somehow always just miss you. The numbers that randomly show up around you are always exact, like 101, 202, 303, 404, etc., or 11, 22, 33, 44, etc., or 10, 20, 30, 40, and 100, 200, 300, 400, etc., and 111, 222, 333, 444, etc.

46 Even when you are late it is because you shall arrive right on time. You begin to notice how opportunity keeps coming your way even while others are convinced that the World has gone mad!

47 Without any effort on your part you are protected, promoted, guided and secure. Health, love, awareness and wealth surround you. People see the *light* in you and on you, and strangers feel that they know you like a family member. Others claim that you resemble someone that they admire.

48 No matter what you look like physically, or have materially, you are beautiful. You are truly attractive. Even beyond your physical appearance, people are attracted to you and your beauty. You never seem to really age.

49 When you are entering your *Inner City* your spiritual receptivity becomes very sensitive. You enter a condition of making unconscious spontaneous right choices. Without really thinking about your choices, the right choice seems to always be made for you.

50 You arrive at places just before or after the accident. You feel the essence of people beyond what they are saying. You have become *the right guided one*—the Teacha!

51 Your continuous habit of righteous living and generous giving over many years has opened the gates of the heavenly realm which many wise teachers have written about and have said was all around and spread out across the Earth but that people just did not see it, or more accurately, didn’t care to see it. Most are not even really looking for it.

52 But because of who you are, and the way in which you have freely chosen to conduct your life, you have died to your material reality, only to be resurrected to your spiritual reality. The things that you took pleasure in before as a human being, you must now set aside for your completion and enjoyment as a Spirit being.

53 Take courage in this Overstanding and allow it to strengthen you. It is the Truth. Those who walk in righteousness and in love, speak with care, fight against oppression and corruption, cannot be bought or tempted, hear no gossip or schemes of evil, and seek not to cause conflict and war, are blessed beyond blessings! They are guided, fed, clothed, taught, promoted, advertised and protected by truly divine forces!

54 This is why the World doesn’t work for you. This is why the World doesn’t validate you, and why you cannot seem to succeed in conventional styles of living; you are simply not of the World! Your home is the *Inner City*, and your frustrations come from YOU wanting the pleasures, securities and validations of the World as a human being, yet you are clearly a Spirit being operating in a habitual spiritual reality but in the material World.

55 The issue is that you must finally decide to *make up* your mind. You must actually create (make) your mind. For it is you (the Spirit) that creates (makes up) your Mind, and the Mind then goes on to create the physical Body and life circumstances. The question is, are you going to live and be moved

by your *Inner-City* reality or are you going to live and be moved by your outer-city environment? Which has more value to you? Which one brings you peace?

56 At some point in your training you must finally accept the spiritual life and its powers and cease trying to live two lives in two opposing realities, one spiritual/mystical, and the other material/worldly. You should repeat to yourself: *I am a resident of GOD's spiritual Inner City. I prefer to walk with GOD in the realm of the Spirit. I have freely chosen God over the World, and I am content with my choice.*

57 Say all of this to yourself over and over again: *I am content with my free choice. I am content with GOD's presence. Spiritual awareness is more important to me than the temporary sensations of the World.* At some point in your training you will be surrounded by fearful, desperate, doubtful people, most of which will be your closest associates, even members of your own family. But do not be depressed by this, they are there to help build your strength. Humble yourself and Perform Listening; this will be one of your greatest challenges.

58 For when you are surrounded by the fears and doubts of others, it means that it is time for you to exercise the faith and principles that govern YOUR life. Often it is your compassion that opens your heart to suffering people; however, you cannot become them because you are NOT them. Perform Listening knowing that the fearful and the doubtful cannot do what you do nor can they see what you see. They have not done the work to arrive at your level of spiritual skill; perform patience.

59 In Truth, your random acts of righteousness and love have led you toward the realm of Heaven which we call the *Inner City*. Just don't doubt who you are. Don't give up on your SELF! Don't abort the birth of the divine you! Remember, those who are born to comprehend the mysteries of GOD have no choice in their comprehension—GOD is in their blood! Even when they do not want to see, they see. Even when they do not want to hear, they hear. Even when they do not want to know, they know.

60 And you must be clear with this. You may be surrounded right now by people who are confident and sure of THEIR fears and doubts but you CANNOT make their fears and doubts your fears and doubts. Don't make other people's problems your problems. Always seek to help wherever and whenever you can, but as sure and confident as they are in their fears and doubts, you must be just as sure and confident in your faith and principles.

61 Others seem to live their lives doing any unrighteous thing they desire while those who are born for spiritual comprehension and leadership lack the skills for unrighteous living. Those who are born for righteousness will continuously fail at unrighteousness, while those who are born for unrighteousness will continuously fail at righteousness.

62 For the righteous have no choice but to be righteous while the unrighteous limit their decisions to unrighteousness. You cannot try to be righteous; you either are or you are not. Likewise, those who are Hiphop really have no choice in their Hiphop identity; it is simply who they are! Therefore, let us accept ourselves and in doing so, accept the powers that come with the acceptance of ourselves.

63 You cannot try to be Hiphop; you either are or you are not. The same principle is applied to spiritual living; you either are of the Spirit or you are not! And again, the free choice is always yours. God is a privilege, not a right, and again, this gospel for Hip Hop is not a new spiritual idea, it is a confirmation of the spiritual ideas Hiphoppas already hold.

64 For the unrighteous are called <u>into</u> the World while the righteous are called <u>out</u> of the World. You will know if you are called out of the World simply by your failure to succeed in the World. Those who are successful in the World have been called to do so by the World. And likewise, those who are Hiphop are called for that purpose.

[65] Be yourself! Envy not the riches and/or longevity of those cultures foreign to your own. Respect the beliefs of all believers but put no faith in those beliefs and traditions that do not respect the experiences of your life. Be and enjoy yourself! Learn from the history that your God has made for you. Live your Hip Hop tradition and it shall become real for you!

[66] Respecting and even learning the traditions and basic teachings of all cultures expresses one's maturity and wisdom. But denying and/or neglecting the Truth of <u>your</u> own being to associate with foreign cultures and beliefs expresses one's immaturity. Be yourself! And if you are Hip Hop, don't front! Be Hip Hop!

[67] For the righteous hurt themselves envying and chasing the success of the World while the unrighteous hurt themselves envying the victories of the righteous. At some point the Hiphoppa must evaluate her *Self* and be reborn to the path which she is prepared to commit to. All paths lead to the one GOD.

[68] The heart does not lie. You know exactly who you are and what you truly desire. Be not ashamed of your past or your future; neither of them are exclusively yours. Your life experiences were (and still are) necessary for you to have arrived at this very moment. And here you are—blessed beyond any blessing!

[69] Through practice you shall acquire that sensitive *sight* that sees the exactness of GOD. Beyond rational explanation, you must learn to trust in divine intelligence and the timely alignments that come with such a trust. GOD speaks to you in this way, so pay close attention and be guided.

[70] Know this. Anyone can read the Gospel of Hip Hop but only those that are born of the *Inner City* shall have the ability to put it to use. You may be one of these people. Are you? Are you a *C.I.T.Y.* planner? One who plants <u>C</u>onsciousness <u>I</u>n <u>T</u>he <u>Y</u>outh. Are you a builder of civilization?

[71] For GOD has risen up a new people from the dust of the *Inner City* who are not afraid to hear GOD's voice and do their God's work. GOD has opened the eye of a new people to continue the renewing of the human spirit. Are you one of these new people? Are you Hiphop? When the elements of Hip Hop are before you do you feel excited or do you feel aggravated? Does Hip Hop bring you joy or anxiety? The truthful answering of these questions will reveal if you are Hiphop or not.

[72] On another note, even though the results of an infinite intelligence are shown and proven throughout the existence and history of Hip Hop itself, still many religious people doubt Hip Hop's divine nature. They doubt us, doubt our teachas and doubt GOD. Others mock us, mock our teachas and mock their own GOD. Indeed, they mock us just as they did all of the young prophets and nations of World history. Such disbelief is the way of the World.

[73] But we hold no grudge and we harbor no anger. GOD has already revealed to the spiritual-minded the coming of Hip Hop as a spiritual force for the uplifting and empowerment of the forgotten and rejected youth of the World. As Bishop Clarence E. McClendon preached in 1999 during his X-blessing series, *I submit to you that it's not some of their eyes that have been blinded, it's some of ours! I submit to you that the reason a lot of people are not coming to the kingdom of GOD right now is not because their eyes are blind, but because our eyes are blind. 'Cause we think they gotta look a certain way and walk a certain way and talk a certain way to come in. And GOD said, 'If you open your eyes I'm a show you brothers of yours, sons of mine, that you haven't even identified yet.'*

[74] Bishop McClendon continues, *You got to be spiritual for this. Church folk can't do this. Religious people will not be able to walk this line, because they're going to be looking for cookie cutouts of themselves. They're going to be looking for folk who look like them and talk like them and*

walk like them and 'oh bless GOD,' 'hallelujah,' 'praise the lord,' 'thank you Jesus,' 'we were sharing the other day,' and these folks ain't gonna talk like that. They gonna be like 'what up, what up, what up!' And GOD says, 'THEY ARE MINE! THEY'RE MINE! THEY'RE MINE! THEY'RE MINE!'

75 For it is true that to the righteous all things are righteous, and to the wicked all things are wicked. To the beautiful all things are beautiful, and to the ugly all things are ugly. And likewise, to the godly all things are godly, and to the ungodly all things are ungodly. For the voice of GOD lives within all creation, and those who live with GOD can hear it.

76 GOD's true gospel speaks to all living things; it is not just words in a book, it is *the Love*. But if you cannot truly hear the voice of GOD, then you cannot truly hear the instruction of GOD. And if you cannot hear the instruction of GOD, it is the World that shall instruct you.

77 And what is the instruction of the World? It is an instruction that convinces one to doubt everything—even the way of one's own God. It is an instruction that convinces one to express individual desires over the common good of all. It is an instruction that leads to the sinking *S.H.I.P.* (Sickness, Hatred, Ignorance and Poverty).

78 Such an instruction convinces men that they are boys and boys that they are men. Such an instruction convinces women that they are girls and girls that they are women. Such an instruction has adult men and women justifying their own enslavement and the enslavement of others with statements like, *Well I'm just doing my job!* For such is the *Way* of the World!

79 Such an instruction creates slaves for the World's workforce. For it is disunity, disbelief and disrespect amongst people that keeps the World's workforce unified. The way of the World is to doubt everyone and trust no one, while the way of the Spirit is to believe and trust the one GOD. For these reasons we are obedient to GOD and we recognize the divinity in all whom we may encounter.

80 For it is only the enslaved who cannot see what the one GOD is doing with Hip Hop. For the mind of the enslaved cannot rejoice in the freedom of others, and for these reasons they judge us. For many successful slaves say, "I hear GOD's voice." But if GOD does not speak their written language, it is as if GOD never spoke at all! Let us seek to ease their suffering with our divine performances.

81 For them, GOD must speak English and abide by the laws of the World in order to convey divine instructions. But we hold no grudge and harbor no anger. For our God has truly spoken through our hearts and we did hear. For these reasons we are obedient to GOD. The World can say whatever it likes; we are NOT obedient to its ways.

82 Rather than believe, in disbelief the World and its representatives cut themselves off from even their own God. Such people are truly lost! And it is for this reason that the Great Spirit has raised us up from nothing! That the whole World shall see from whence we came, and be inspired again to reunite with their God and their religion. For everyone shall give their God credit for the success of Hip Hop! And *this is how it should be done.*

83 Our existence as a temple for Hip Hop points people back to the timeless ways of GOD and their own religious traditions. This is why all true and attuned Hiphoppas are encouraged to study the principles of all religious faiths so that we may steer the people of those faiths back to the essence of their own principles and traditions. Our aim is to inspire truth-seekers from all backgrounds to continue seeking Truth. Simone G. Parker has taught us to be R.E.L.I.G.I.O.U.S.: to Realize Every Life In GOD's Image Offers Useful Solutions.

84 Discrimination and elitism have no place within the Temple of Hip Hop. Our gospel exists at a time when we (Hiphop Kulture) are at the lowest level of political power and organized social influence ourselves. So when we become politically powerful and socially organized, we shall know

for sure that it is truly GOD who has lifted us up. For GOD has instructed us to enter our *Inner City* and transform its *streets*. Therefore, open your eye, Hiphoppa! For the mind of every Hiphoppa is a city of ideas.

85 Enter your *Inner City* today and transform your *streets!* Rename your avenues and repair your roads. Focus not upon the criticisms or the praises of the World; focus only upon the achievement of your life's purpose. Behold! We have already defied the institutions of the World! Imagine what we can achieve by believing in the divinity of ourselves. Enter your *Inner City!*

86 The population of one's *city* is the ideas one has allowed citizenship to in one's mind. For every Hiphoppa is the mayor of her city. And it is the wise mayor who productively directs the population of one's city toward peace and prosperity. Crime does not exist in the city that nurtures the dreams and goals of its population.

87 Do not be afraid to walk the *streets* of your own *Inner City!* Enter your *Inner City* and transform the *streets* of your own mind! Such teaching is the essence of the Gospel of Hip Hop. For we know who we are! We need not the validation of anyone or anything to substantiate who and what we are. For it is GOD alone that builds nations, and for these reasons we are obedient to GOD—the Love that continues to bless us.

88 *What is the X-Blessing? The X-Blessing is the drawing near of unidentified sons and daughters. It's when GOD begins to draw near those that have not yet been identified, and then begins to open the eyes of His people so that they can recognize them. And this is why I am preaching to you, because you got to know what GOD is up to. The religious will miss it, the regular church going folk are not going to be a part of this, but the spiritual will be.* (Bishop Clarence E. McClendon, *The X-Blessing,* Part Three, 1999)

89 This is us. This is Hip Hop. GOD has chosen us for a great work! Let us not reject the invitation of GOD. Let us finally get prepared to answer the door!

90 GOD now seeks refuge in the temples of our Inner Cities. Open your door of awareness and let GOD in! Hiphop Kulture appreciates GOD. We shall feed our God, clothe our God, love our God and restore our God to strength in our Inner Cities! For our God shall find strength in the *Templists of Hiphop.*

91 The last days of other nations shall be the first days for the Hip Hop nation. We must believe in ourselves! We must enter our own Inner Cities and make them worthy of GOD's presence. Behold Hiphoppas! The presence of the one GOD is now! Prepare your Inner Cities for the presence of your God! Such is the teaching of our temple. And for these reasons we are obedient to GOD—the Love that Guides Our Direction.

92 Prepare yourself now! The presence of GOD is sudden! For it is always some unseen disaster or even blessing that instantly changes the World and its power structure. So let us be prepared. Let us always be prepared for the activity of GOD in the World.

93 We know that when the World rejoices, the Spirit of justice mourns. And when the Spirit of justice rejoices, it is the World that mourns. The failed plans of an unjust and disobedient World are a victory for justice!

94 Choose today who and what you shall represent. Through your own thoughts, speech and actions choose today who you shall be and become. If you are Hiphop, do not deny your own protection and power by doubting your true identity and disrespecting the gospel that is before you now. Don't be a hypocrite! Be what GOD has given you your strength and skill for.

95 For we would rather appear contradictory to the World, yet be consistent with God, than to be

contradictory to God so that we may appear consistent with the World!

96 The opinions of an ignorant and temporary World are valueless when compared to the wisdom and heavenly conditions of the loving and eternal GOD. Choose today whose approval you shall prepare for. Such a choice shall eventually relieve your frustrations and doubts.

97 But it does not stop there. For as more Hiphoppas begin building up their *Inner Cities*, such a process shall bring our Hip Hop (outer) city into physical manifestation. Such an inward process shall firmly establish our outer reality. This begins our social movement and the true meaning of our Hiphop civilization. Our concept of civilization begins with a serious focus upon one's human skills independent of technological knowing and/or assistance.

98 *Black's Law Dictionary* describes "civilization" *as A law, an act of justice, or judgement which renders a criminal process civil. Black's Law* continues, *A term which covers several states of society; it is relative, and has no fixed sense, but implies an improved and progressive condition of the people, living under an organized government. It consists not merely in material achievements, in accomplishments in culture, science, and knowledge, but also in doing of equal and exact justice.*

99 Advancing the concept of the *Inner City* outside of the spiritual realm and into the social realm, we find that just because a nation has made a variety of advancements in the field of technology, does not mean that such a nation has become civilized. A nation's inner cities must be peaceful, prosperous and secure for that nation to have domestic tranquility.

100 Technology does not measure the extent of one's humanity. Neither does technological skill, nor does intelligence; nor do power and influence measure and/or define *civilized* human behavior. Tech skills, etc., are the tools for human survival, they are not survival itself. Indeed these tech tools are very important to the survival and further development of the human being, but still, tools do not define one's humanity.

101 How you love defines your humanity. Your ability to solve problems, and the way in which you do so, defines your humanity. The ability to think and act beyond your own personal wants and achievements defines your humanity. Your character defines your humanity.

102 What kind of human are you? What can YOU do without technological assistance? What can YOU command your body and/or mind to do independent of your tools? Self-control, as an example, is a human skill that technology cannot really produce. Care is a human skill. Speech is a human skill. Writing is a human skill. Thinking is a human skill. Hip Hop is a human skill. Even the creation of technology itself is a human skill.

103 Technology is commonly thought of as the science of mechanical and industrial arts, whereas civilization is commonly thought of as an advanced stage in developing societies. Which do you value more?

104 Civilization includes intellectual, cultural and material development. It includes progress in the arts and sciences as well as writing, record-keeping and the development of social institutions, all of which are present and gradually maturing within Hip Hop today.

105 Technology is the scientific method and/or material used to achieve a commercial or industrial objective. This is how hip-hop is used today; it is used as a tool of commerce, not as a means toward better human relations. In light of this, Hiphop Kulture shall always make use of its technologies and technological innovations not just for industrial and/or commercial interests but also for the actual sustainment of its civilized society.

106 Technology is the application of a refined science, whereas civilization is an application of a refined mind. Technological advancement is not civilization. To be truly civilized, human beings

must interact with each other in advanced manners. To be truly civilized we must first be human. We must reinforce our quest for human rights with an unshakable commitment toward our human duties.

107 Know this. Humanity is GOD's technology; the more you master GOD's technology, the less you will need to depend upon the World's technology. GOD's technology heightens productive human interactions, creating the effect of civilization. It does not matter how technologically advanced a nation is; government corruption, racism, murder, theft, deceit, selfishness, greed, cruelty, etc., are not advanced human interactions. To be truly civilized one must first be humane. One must be refined in learning, morality and social manners—the causes of civilization.

108 Integrity, peace, love, unity, happiness, charity, respect for life, respect for one's environment, artistic, intellectual, spiritual and political refinement, etc., are indeed advanced human interactions. And it is these advanced interactions amongst human beings that the Temple of Hip Hop seeks to promote and preserve.

109 Such a promotion and preservation of civilized human behavior begins with us. As Hiphoppas, we must be civilized if we expect others to be. And those who live the Hiphop lifestyle are indeed civilization builders.

110 This not only means having concern for the public good and the peace of a society's citizens, this also means respecting and perfecting our human abilities over the advancement of our technological achievements. This is what Hip Hop's nine elements are all about. Each element commits the Hiphoppa to the perfection of her human abilities.

111 In fact, Hip Hop may be one of the last truly human expressions free from technological dependency. Yes, we use, have used, and will continue to use technology to advance our lives and art. But when technology fails, the true Hiphoppa can still express *Hip Hop* because Hip Hop does not need technology to exist; it is a human skill, it is GOD's technology.

112 A deeper understanding of Hip Hop can give us a deeper understanding of technology and its productive uses. In the fast-moving, rapidly growing World of technological innovation it is this awareness (human awareness and skills) that is most important to preserve if we are to preserve true Hip Hop as well as our own peace of mind in a technological World.

113 The questions are: What can YOU do without technological assistance? What valuable thing can your hands or body produce without technological assistance? Again, Hip Hop is a human skill. Breakin, Emceein, Graffiti writing and Beat Boxin are human skills. Deejayin as cuttin', mixin' and scratchin' is also a human skill. However, it is the cuttin', mixin' and scratchin' aspects of Deejayin that make it a human skill.

114 It is not just the creation of technology that is the human skill; it is what you do with such technology that is the value of one's human skill. Human intelligence in manipulating existing objects produces technologies of all sorts. But after such technology is produced we cannot forget the mind or the creative process that produced it. Yes, turntables are a form of music technology, but it is cuttin', mixin' and scratchin' that are indeed the human skills brought to turntable technology.

115 This is what many DJs lack today. They rely upon music technology to define their DJ-ing as opposed to relying upon their *Deejayin* to define the use of their music technologies. In addition to knowing little about the other elements of Hip Hop, many of today's DJs focus more upon the manipulation of technological innovation to exist (beat-making) rather than on the perfection of their cuttin', mixin' and scratchin' abilities.

116 Still, Breakin, Emceein and Beat Boxin require no technologies at all to exist. You can produce and perform the act of Breakin, Emceein and Beat Boxin anywhere and at any time! Without any

money, or clothing, or even a microphone, or any recording devices, without even light you can still produce Breakin, Emceein and Beat Boxin at will. These sacred elements to our culture require no technology to exist; they are human skills. And this is where one's Hiphop lifestyle (habit) begins.

117 Hiphop reminds us of what it means to be truly human. Hiphop conditions us to communicate with one another in person and not just over the Internet or through a cellular phone. True Hip Hop was born out of the Great Spirit and remains a mental and physical human activity.

118 As we perfect our human skills we also strengthen ourselves against the technological dominance of those who wish to exploit us and our resources. The Truth that we Hiphoppas must never forget is that NO POWER ON EARTH CAN DEFEAT THOSE WHO HAVE PERFECTED THEMSELVES!

119 True Hip Hop will always seek to empower and free human beings as human beings. Not that we are against technological innovations or those who survive by way of technological assistance, but to be clear here, we must never get into the habit of believing that Hip Hop (like most products) is produced by television, radio, CD manufacturing, office buildings, distribution centers, music stores, recording studios and high-speed computers.

120 Yes, these tools are very important to the presentation and sustainment of Hip Hop's activity and history in the World but again, Hip Hop in and of itself is a human skill produced by the human Spirit, and it must remain this way. Such is *real* Hip Hop.

121 This we must never forget. And even though most of us are already totally dependent upon an outside technological system of some sort to live, pay bills and eat, it is always liberating to know that Hip Hop as a human skill offers some balance, even relief from mainstream technological employment dependency. Such knowledge keeps us and our children's children free and entrepreneurial, well-grounded upon what is real.

122 Never should we be totally reliant upon technological innovation to eat and pay bills. As Hiphoppas we should be able to cause our wealth (well-being), and teach and protect ourselves with the activities of our innate abilities.

123 As thinking human beings, technology should never exclusively define our humanity. Let us walk more. Let us write more. Let us talk face-to-face more. Let us learn or re-learn how to depend upon our divine natures more. Let us re-learn how to fight without guns, and communicate without phones, and travel without cars or airplanes, and even live without money!

124 Growing up in the World's ever more rapid acceleration toward total technological dependency strips many human beings of some of the greatest yet most basic human skills we have, like environmental survival skills, natural instincts, our psychic abilities and even such mental/emotional human skills as intimacy, courage, understanding and patience. These are human skills. And as the growth of technology attempts to tighten its grip upon the production of our very being it is wise to promote and never forget those skills that make us truly human.

125 So, while still in the process of building Hiphop Kulture and while using the best of what technology has to offer to expand our culture, we (Hiphoppas) must seriously consider for ourselves the meaning of our group, the use of technology and the true concept of *civilization* in World history.

126 If we are serious about our children's well-being in just the next 10 years, Hip Hop's World image is going to have to continuously improve. Our activities yesterday and today are setting up the heritage that our children shall claim and promote for the World's respect and trust tomorrow.

127 Just ask yourself, if Hip Hop was to stop tomorrow, what would be the *human* history and heritage of the Hip Hop community in World history? What would OUR children rely upon as their

credible and authentic human heritage? What will the dictionaries and encyclopedias say of us as a distinct human group?

128 As Hiphoppas let us never forget our humanity. Let us eat and live off of the talents of our own existence. Let us never become dependent upon things outside of ourselves to actualize that which is already within us. Let us become a nation of exceptional human beings—independent and self-sufficient.

129 As Hiphoppas, we must become the civilization that we expect others to be. We can talk and dream all day about living a better quality of life, but if we are unwilling or incapable of governing ourselves then (for the safety of the World) we deserve to be governed by others.

130 For if GOD is GOD then GOD is also Hip Hop! And regardless of anyone else's union with GOD, we Hiphoppas must have a union with GOD for ourselves if we are to be truly free, living in peace and prosperity as an independent World culture.

131 Different from *spiritual enlightenment* or even praise and worship, our most pressing challenge is to simply live by the principles we have established for ourselves. Endurance, not conquest, shall be our greatest strength. Other communities shall fall because they contradict their very foundations, while we shall rise by simply being consistent with ours.

132 For there is no need to fight those who have contradicted their own foundations (their principles); they shall fall by their own hands! However, we Hiphoppas are a principled nation which produces principled people.

133 The question is, who and what are you actually creating your *Self* to be? Yeah, you might have a goal to achieve or you may be a professional right now but really, who are YOU becoming? Where is all of your effort actually going?

134 And there is no wrong answer or better answer to these questions. Every truly serious seeker of Truth knows that faith makes all things possible. And those ideas that we think on continuously and desire in our hearts secretly eventually come to pass. The deeper question here is, upon what story shall you place your faith? Even deeper, what exactly is YOUR birthright? What heritage do YOU claim? What is the style of YOUR life?

135 The importance in answering such questions for yourself rests within the fact that we are only living the stories that we have come to accept as Truth. Change the story; you change your life.

136 Our work as templists re-establishes a spiritual heritage, a cultural birthright and a daily code of conduct, a lifestyle for all who seek peace, love, unity and safely having fun through the culture of Hip Hop. Although it may have been called many different names throughout human history, that which we call *Hip Hop* today is a very ancient experience.

137 This first instrument speaks to the spiritual observations of our tribe. Our tribe is called *Hiphop* and/or *Hip Hop,* and our experiences belong to us! We need not borrow anyone else's experiences to substantiate or interpret our own. We need not borrow the gods of other cultures to have a relationship with our own.

138 Why borrow or adopt the birthright and/or heritage of a foreign culture when you can clearly point to the richness of your own? Or do you borrow the customs of foreign cultures because you know not the divinity of your own? Wake up! Wake up to the reality of the LOVING GOD who loves you as you are; as a Hiphoppa!

139 And this is the *good news* for OUR PEOPLE today searching for identity and meaning to their lives! WAKE UP! Believe in your *Self!* Believe in the divinity of your own everyday experiences and you shall live in the reality of who you believe your *Self* to be. For we are all made up of the stories

that we choose to believe. So what do you believe of yourself and of Hip Hop's story?

140 If you are not prepared to live this culture (Hip Hop) to its fullest, then please close this instrument and hand it to someone who is. However, the real question is, *where do YOU place YOUR faith?* And is it really working out for you?

141 Ask yourself seriously, *are you at peace? Are you in love? Are you whole? Are you empowered by your faith? Is God really real in your life?* And only you can truthfully answer these questions. Why live in denial when you can live in real Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth as an attuned Hiphoppa for real? Why deny that which you already are?

142 Here, we approach Hip Hop as the subject that we put our faith into because we know this subject to be true. In our time (and possibly in yours) we have learned that the history that we are taught as the facts and as the Truth about ourselves cannot be trusted. In my time, ALL AMERICAN HISTORY IS INACCURATE AND INCOMPLETE, especially when it comes to us and our experiences in the United States. Therefore, to regain and know of the Truth about ourselves, we must BE ourselves and not our education.

143 Even if this means starting our history over again from today, or rather continuing our history from what we <u>know</u> to be true, we must at some point begin the re-creation of ourselves and our civilization through the accurate documentation of our past, present and future activities in the World. WE must tell our OWN story to our OWN children.

144 WE must seriously begin to believe in ourselves and the historical documentation that we are inspired to create for ourselves. We must stop saying that we have lost our history, culture and heritage and begin proclaiming the rebirth of our divinity and the establishment of a new history, culture and heritage.

145 Let us not see our ignorance or *loss* of accurate historical data, resources, land, etc., as a handicap but rather as an opportunity to be truly born again! In fact, whoever we were as a People led to our enslavement and present state of oppression. However, we can recreate ourselves today. This is what Hiphop is all about.

146 And yes, we <u>can</u> believe in what is true for us, and Hip Hop is what is true for US! It may NOT be true for anyone else. Others may find peace and prosperity in the strict observances of other faiths and the histories of their religions, and they are right to do so. But here, WE ARE HIP HOP! And we are right to BELIEVE IN OURSELVES!

147 Here, Hiphop is the unique activity of our collective consciousness. Hip Hop is our collective faith in action. Hiphop is what WE are being and Hip Hop is what WE are doing!

148 When WE appear Hip Hop appears; and when WE are gone Hiphop is gone. Indeed, *life IS what you make of it,* and Hip Hop is what God has made of our lives. Let us live and learn the gospel that reflects the experiences of OUR unique history as Hiphoppas.

149 Let us learn from the accumulated wisdom of OUR ancestors. Is GOD not with us also? Did GOD not create us also? In fact, the real question here is, where is an omnipresent GOD not? Even deeper, what exists outside of GOD?

150 For if GOD is ALL then GOD IS HIP HOP! And we need not borrow anyone else's interpretation of GOD to have union with GOD. Are we not GOD's children also? Let us then begin to act like the sons and daughters of the Most-High GOD and draw the blessings that can only come by way of a pure heart, a clear mind and an upright character. Is this not the whole point to even the most ancient of spiritual practices?

151 You can be a very talented Graffiti writer, Emcee, Deejay, etc, but if your personal living

habits and views on life are not in alignment with the Truth of YOUR being; you cannot expect to achieve any real fulfillment doing whatever you do in life, even if you do it well.

152 One thing that we have learned for sure is that it is the Hiphop lifestyle itself (not one's talent) that empowers one to live a peaceful and prosperous life approaching Hip Hop's artistic elements with success. So let us begin the study of ourselves seriously.

153 Let us stop aligning OUR faith with those who don't respect us. WE ARE HIPHOP! And ALL peaceful people are welcomed within our *city.*

154 For we have seen now that those who are destined and chosen for spiritual awareness only need to prepare for their inevitable transformations. For us (the spiritually minded), spiritual growth is not just about adding to yourself, it is more about preparing for the inevitable appearance of your own intentions.

155 Once you have made up your own mind to live a spiritual/mystical life, it is inevitable that such a reality will eventually reveal itself to you. The idea then is to simply prepare for the inevitable coming of your Higher-Self. Such an awareness is not to be attained, it is to be prepared for. You are already your Higher-Self.

156 The question is, are you prepared for the inevitable actualization of your own Higher-Self? It is like giving birth to a child. Under normal circumstances, once mom realizes that she is pregnant it is inevitable that a child will be born. However, the question here is, how healthy shall this child be?

157 Yes, it is inevitable that a child is on its way. But such a child can still be born prematurely or even late. Such a child may be born with certain health issues because of the conduct of the mother and/or father. Such a child can still be abused, neglected, aborted, or even born dead. The same examples can apply to the birth of your Higher-Self.

158 From the time you make up in your mind that it is the spiritual life that you want to live, you are at that very moment pregnant with the intention to achieve your Higher-Self. At this moment it is of extreme importance that you begin to eat right, think right and live right or you can hinder the development of your own Higher-Self and, more importantly, its delivery.

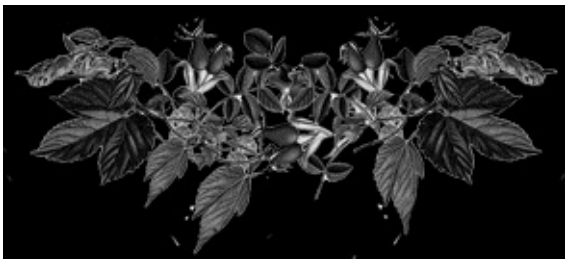
159 Therefore, ENTER YOUR INNER CITY and nurture the development of your Higher-Self. WE ARE HIPHOP! And we need nothing else to survive and grow. We are content with the burden GOD has given to US!

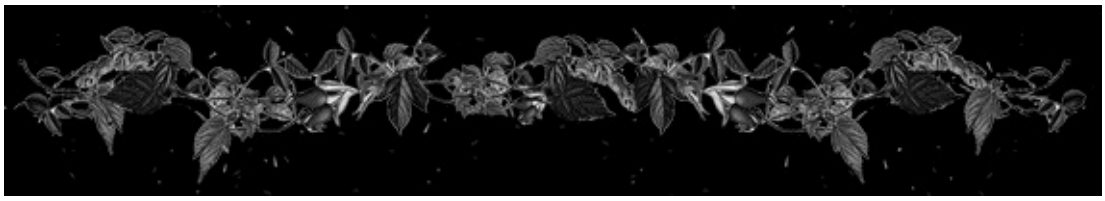
160 Bishop Clarence E. McClendon explains in an advertisement for his sermon entitled *The X-Blessing* that *while the World has labeled this generation as 'Generation X,' and has written them off as rebellious, uncommitted and lazy, GOD says that He has chosen to mightily use this generation for His supernatural purpose and plans.*

161 Bishop McClendon proclaimed in 1999 that "believers" need to *adjust their thinking and to understand that there is an unusual blessing and endowment upon this generation.*

162 Bishop McClendon reveals through scripture how *GOD has once again today chosen the ones that nobody expected to deliver a generation and impact the World. God is raising up a generation that He has called and anointed with a special grace to spark revival throughout our nation.*

163 So, let us rise now! Let us mature into those *Holy Integrated People Having Omnipresent Power.* Let us NOT squander OUR gifts or smother the development of OUR Higher-Selves this time. Let us actually begin to reveal and un-Rap them. We have great work to do, let's get to it. There it is.





THE SIXTH OVERSTANDING

THE SEASONS

1 Peace and much love to all future Hiphoppas! Rejoice! For we are truly blessed people! Do not be discouraged or depressed by the criticisms of the World. For ignorance is always bold and certain. However, ignorance is also temporary. For it is better to be *fresh* in the sight of your God and *wack* to the World, than to be *fresh* in the sight of the World and *wack* to your God!

2 For the same World that hails you up in praise is the same World that can tear you down in judgment! The same World that condemns you is the same World that hails you up! Such is the way of the World. Be prepared!

3 Therefore, focus not upon the praises or the criticisms of the World. Focus only upon your performance before GOD! Stand only in Truth! For the correction of GOD is like that of a loving mother while the criticisms of the World are like those of rebellious children. For the World will hate you one day and then love you the next.

4 Likewise, the rewards, awards and validations of GOD are like the handmade clothing of a protective mother that is given to her child to guard against the harsh elements of those rainy and cold seasons.

5 However, the rewards, awards and validations of the World are like the mass-produced clothing of an impersonal corporation that is sold to you for a price. Such clothing offers only temporary protection against the harsh elements of those rainy and cold seasons because the clothing manufacturer needs you to keep coming back to purchase clothing. Eventually such clothing even goes out of style.

6 For the mass-produced clothing of the World impresses only the immature, while the handmade clothing of God impresses only the wise. Choose today the garment you shall wear! For we have learned that sunny and warm days are followed by cloudy days which are followed by rainy and stormy days which return to sunny and warm days.

7 Those who are unaware of the spiritual seasons of life believe that when the storms of life beat upon their circumstances they are doomed to that situation for the rest of their lives. It seems as if the storm will never end! And in desperation they make decisions under pressure, which force them to make the wrong decisions in life. In the long run, such desperate decisions only prolong their suffering.

8 Attuned Hiphoppas who have acquired the knowledge of life’s seasons and cycles occasionally go through the same storms everyone else goes through. However, with an awareness that the storm is always temporary, attuned Hiphoppas remain calm and mentally still, allowing the storm to pass over them. Others without knowledge of life’s seasons try to run from the storm, only to wind up running with it! Even more people miss valuable opportunities and lessons that can be found in the midst of the storm by running away from the storm. The same applies to the sunny days.

9 Not realizing that everything has its season, the unaware *Rap fan* believes that he is running ahead of the storm when he is actually keeping up with the storm! For when the storms of life beat against your clothing it is usually best to remain still and allow the storm to pass you by. The same applies to the sunny days.

10 With difficult people and circumstances, be still. Be on good terms with all people, even if you must be silent in the face of those that disrespect you. Develop the habit of not saying things that you

may regret later when the storm of hostility and/or depression has passed. Be silent, be still. Even with all forms of temptation, be silent, be still. Allow the storms of those tempting desires to pass over you. Do nothing! When tempted, do nothing.

11 But know this. Only those who wear the handmade clothing of God—Purpose, Mercy, Peace, Charity, Love, Overstanding, Truth, Discipline, Inspiration, Wisdom, Gratefulness, Self-Sacrifice, etc. —can stand still in the midst of life's storms (changes/temptations). These are the designer labels of our everlasting God. For only divine clothing can withstand the various storms of life.

12 For when it is sunny and warm, meaning that everything is going your way, such a season is not to be used to relax and indulge in the pleasures of the World. Such a season is always used to prepare for those rainy days. And such preparation is not done in fear. Such a preparation is done with an overstanding that all Worldly relationships, validations, rewards and opportunities are indeed temporary.

13 Attuned Hiphoppas preserve their Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth during those sunny and warm seasons in preparation for the inevitable storms (changes) to come. After a while the storms do not even affect the attuned Hiphoppa's H-LAW. With wisdom the attuned Hiphoppa sees that it is during those rainy days that the people of the World are fed.

14 For it is through challenges, changes and disappointments that the people of the World gain wisdom. For it is the storms of life that humble and teach the people of the World. However, Spirit beings remain still and protected in the most terrifying and difficult of life's storms. For they are not taught (or fed) during the stormy seasons or during the sunny seasons. They are taught (or fed) by an acknowledgement of the Truth which comes to everyone first but is rejected by those who value the World more than they do their own God.

15 Actually, Spirit beings find opportunity in the very midst of the storm. While others attempt to run from the storm, or fight the storm, or criticize the storm, Spirit beings find their opportunities within the storm!

16 For true power is not gained through conquests and takeovers, it actually falls into the laps of those prepared to catch it! Those who take by force prove that they were unprepared to freely receive what they have stolen. Whatever they took they did not truly earn and it is not theirs to keep. It shall return to its rightful owner!

17 For true power is given when GOD upsets the normal order of human civilization, causing shifts in public demand, which causes a redistribution or reallocation of Worldly wealth and influence. Everyone eventually gets an opportunity to govern their World. The question is, what are you prepared for? How shall you govern? Even the sunny days are temporary.

18 With a knowledge of life's seasons we know that it is always some unexpected turn of events that changes everything and opens doors that did not even exist before. Therefore, stay true to <u>your</u> purpose in life. Perform patience. No matter how humble or grand, be true to <u>your</u> life's purpose and envy not the achievements of others.

19 For the material World is truly temporary. Therefore, do not become aggravated, angry, worried or disappointed with those who appear to be in Worldly power today, for in a minute they shall be in power no more and the effects of their temporary power and prestige shall also fade away. We have seen this too many times.

20 Not that we wish harm or failure upon anyone; such is not the character of an attuned Hiphoppa. However, it is a fact that the World and Worldly circumstances are indeed temporary. For those who chase after the pleasures, powers and items of the World chase after things that are temporary in their

very existence. Be still, be committed to <u>your</u> life purpose and perform patience. It is inevitable that your day will come again. Stay focused!

21 For in the reality of the material World, everything is deteriorating. Every material thing, every physical structure, requires maintenance for its continued existence in the material World! Nothing physical is permanent. And likewise, every person that holds Worldly power today will not hold such power tomorrow. And those who have not Worldly power today shall indeed have an abundance of such tomorrow. For this is the way of the World! Be prepared when it is your turn to govern! Treat all people with respect when you are in power and they shall remember you and your children.

22 Hiphoppas who hold Worldly power, prestige and/or popularity should never forget that such powers are indeed temporary. That when it is sunny and warm one should be prepared for rainy and cold! And vice versa. For those who praise you today shall curse you tomorrow. And those who curse you today shall praise you tomorrow.

23 Therefore, focus not upon the praises, the criticisms or the curses of the World, for they are truly powerless! Instead, focus only upon the Truth of your God animating your purpose. Indeed you are a projection of the universe itself! You are what the universe is doing right now! Your existence and purpose are part of the balance of the entire universe. Know this. It is of extreme importance to the unfolding of the universe that you be your true *Self!*

24 As mentioned throughout this gospel, the most important practice attuned Hiphoppas can do for themselves is to actually BE themselves. And after that is achieved, one must literally become one's own best friend.

25 You must realize rather quickly that the 20-year-old you has depended upon the 10-year-old you for its very survival. And the 30-year-old you is depending upon the 20-year-old you for its very survival. And the 40-year-old you is depending upon the 30-year-old you for its survival.

26 As an example, just think for a moment about the decisions that you made, as well as the decisions that were made for you, at just 10 years of age. Whether you were conscious or unconscious of the decisions made at 10 years of age, they have nonetheless had a profound effect upon your life at 20 years of age. And yes, the decisions that you possibly made at 20 years of age will have and/or have had a profound effect upon the well-being of your life at 30 years of age.

27 In fact, if you are 30 years of age now, for example, it was the 10, 15, 20, and even 25-year-old you that was actually more important to your survival at 30 years of age than your 30-year-old self is now. For if the 10, 15, 20, and 25-year-old you did not make the right decisions, it is likely that the 30-year-old you is suffering for it today.

28 For it is not only the you of today that is responsible for your well-being and status in life today, it is more that your past self is responsible for your total well-being right now and that at this very moment you are the manifested thoughts of your past self. Do you like what you have created so far? The future you is truly depending upon you today to make the right decisions for its well-being and social status tomorrow. This is what it means to be a friend to your own *Self!*

29 Do not wait until you are 40, 50, or even 60 years of age to ponder how stupid and careless you may have lived your life at 20, 25, 30 and 35 years of age. Grab hold of your life now! Perform responsibility now! Achieve your purpose now! Be your own best friend NOW! Do not become stagnated by your own *inconsciousness*.

30 However, it gets even deeper than this. Yes, you may understand how your past self has affected you today. But consider the idea that your future *Self* can also affect you today. Being your own best friend includes the concept of being your own guardian angel.

31 Consider the seventh sense where there is neither time nor space, where everything is actually one thing, where the concept of time simply does not exist. Everything is *here* and *now*. You at 10 years of age and you at 70 years of age exist right now at whatever age you believe yourself to be today.

32 Consider your mind a time-traveling device that can take you far into your so-called *past* as well as far into your so-called *future*. All of you at different ages exist together as one *being* right now. This means that if you are truly aware that time does not govern your mind, the 70-year-old you can literally act as the spiritual guardian of the 20 or 30-year-old you now.

33 You can begin at 20 years of age (for example) visualizing yourself watching over, protecting and guiding your 15-year-old self. This would mean that when you were physically 15 years of age, the mind of the 20-year-old you actually did *look out* for the body of the 15-year-old you. This would explain a lot of the miraculous things that happened to you during your teenage years. It would be because the future versions of you (which is you right now) learned of this technique and applied it.

34 Try to understand this. Read the previous paragraph again slowly to really understand what is being taught here. If you begin to regularly visualize yourself guiding and protecting the younger versions of yourself today, then by continuing this practice for the duration of your physical life, your 70 year old self (as an example) is guiding and protecting you now! Just as you are appearing to your 15-year-old self as its guardian angel today, so it is that your 70-year-old self is appearing to you now if you continue this practice into your future.

35 This means that the decisions that you make in the future are also affecting your life now, just as the decisions that you have made in the past are also affecting your life now. All things are one thing. In your seventh sense, at the deepest levels of your being, there are no separate spaces and there are no past, present or future intervals of time. Everything is actually *here* and *now*.

36 The memories of your future self are the imaginations of your present self. And the memories of your present self are the imaginations of your past self. Whatever you desire or are doing in the future is also affecting you now in your present. You can see who you are in the future by your desires today. This is why it is of extreme importance that you lead a virtuous life. Every thought and desire that you act upon in some way affects your total well-being in the so-called *past*, *present* and *future*.

37 So be careful with this technique. With your own mind go into your own past with love (not judgment) and protect and guide the younger versions of yourself. Do not seek to change anything; just give your younger *Self* strength to arrive at your present self. Free yourself from the bondage of time! Learn through your seventh sense to manipulate the illusion of time in your life. Use your time wisely. Do not allow it to use you ignorantly!

38 When you pray; pray not just for your future self, but pray also for your past self. And when you meditate, meditate upon the victory of your youth. Give yourself the habit of watching over the younger versions of yourself with the wisdom and overstanding that you have acquired today. There is no time! You can be 5 years of age or 50 years of age right now.

39 If you continue this practice of praying and/or meditating back onto yourself for the duration of your physical life, then indeed the future you is correcting, guiding and protecting you right now with what you have yet to learn. Remember; the 16-year-old you cannot actually see the experiences of the 60-year-old you. But the 60-year-old you can see the experiences of the 16-year-old you. Let your future *Self* advise you.

40 The 16-year-old you (now aware of this gospel) must listen out for the warnings and

inspiration of the 60-year-old you. And likewise, the 16-year-old you must be a friend (even a servant) to the 20, 30, 40, 50 and 60-year-old you. This is also the essence of a disciplined Hiphop life; *Self*-creation, *Self*-control and *Self*-direction.

41 The attuned Hiphoppa who is *Self*-created, *Self*-directed and in control of one's cravings is rarely depressed, insecure or confused. The attuned Hiphoppa commands the environment she enters; not by force but by the spiritual character she openly displays. For this reason, the attuned Hiphoppa is safe wherever she goes. She is rarely insecure or confused within her environment because in fact she is no longer living within her environment; her environment is now within her.

42 In other words, most people feel vulnerable within their own environments as well as foreign environments because they lack the ability to influence the happenings of either. Things are going on in their environments which they believe they have no control over. This causes all kinds of insecurities, worries and doubts.

43 However, if you are to have any victory over the chaotic happenings of your own environment as well as the environment that you may enter then you must be able to exert some kind of influence over the happenings of such environments. This kind of influence over one's physical environment begins with the ability to project your own mind (through Spirit) beyond the confinement of your own insecurities, doubts and fears and onward toward Truth.

44 For when the Hiphoppa lives in doubt and in ignorance of his higher *Self*, the Law (or Way) of the universe confines that Hiphoppa to his lower self. The one who has not even tried to perfect himself shall never go beyond the confinement of himself. Fear, doubt, selfishness and spiritual ignorance turns one's own mind against one's own *Self*, and confines such a person to the prison of his own perceptions.

45 The true Hiphoppa must make an effort to complete *himself* if he desires to exert any real influence beyond *himself*. An incomplete person is unable to direct himself. It is like having a broken leg or a broken wing. Only a *Self*-directed person can get to where he needs to be. Everyone else is drifting or being directed by the intentions and influences of others.

46 Very simply, when you gain control of your *Self* you shall be able to command your *Self* to do whatever you wish. The real issue as to why you cannot heal yourself, feel good about yourself or achieve those things that you really want for yourself is because you have very little control of your *Self*. Your mind does whatever IT wants to do! Your body does whatever IT wants to do! Your emotions are out of YOUR control! And YOUR own environment acts as if you are not even there! The master of your *house* is asleep. WAKE UP, HIPHOPPA!

47 When you gain control of your *Self* you shall tell yourself what to do, and where to go, and what to be and it shall have no choice of its own but to do, or go, or be that which you have commanded it. But first, you must get control of your SELF!

48 Just think. If you wanted to pick up a glass of water but your arms were doing whatever they wanted to do on their own, and the glass of water was doing whatever it wanted to do on its own, and the table and everything else were all moving on their own, it would be impossible to pick up the glass and drink. In fact, there would be no glass to drink from.

49 This is how most people live their lives! They have no control of themselves or their environment. They are tempted by this and disciplined by that. They are helplessly blown across life like a leaf in the street! This type of life can make anyone insecure, fearful, doubtful and stressed out! It is only when you have complete control of your arms and hands that you can then effortlessly move them toward that which you desire.

50 Even deeper, when you realize that what you call your *Self* is actually the table, the glass and the water as well as your arms and hands, then the table, the glass, the water, your arms, your legs, your mind, your physical environment and your life circumstances shall all stop doing their own things. They shall hear your commands and obey them because at this level of awareness they have no movement outside of your *Self*—outside of your perception. Your very presence brings everything into harmonious order with each other; *each other* meaning the totality of your *Self!*

51 It is only your limited perception that allows your environment to do what IT wants. In fact, because of your own doubt and disbelief you allow your environment to do whatever IT wants—no one is directing it. This is why it is of extreme importance that you first gain control of your own *Self* if you are to attain any kind of real peace or lasting prosperity. Such a control begins as a consistent learned habit of the mind. First YOU must get your mind right! First YOU must make the decision to direct your OWN mind, which is done through a defeat of your bodily cravings. Then when you have *made up your mind*, when you have created your mind-state outside of your cravings, stick to it! STAND YOUR GROUND! Do not be moved!

52 Know this. An uncontrollable, imperfect mind is a prison for the true Hiphoppa. For if you cannot direct your own mind and body beyond your own temptations, fears and doubts then it is obvious that you are led not by what YOU desire for your *Self* but by what your mind and body crave for themselves. You are their slave. This is why you cannot seem to get anything done for yourself. In spirit you must finally *make up your mind*, create and build your own mind-state.

53 It is YOU (Spirit) that must order your mind and body to think and move toward YOUR success; otherwise they will think and move toward the fulfillment of their own successes which is your spiritual failure. Right along with the knowing of one's *Self* and even the creation of one's *Self* is the true directing of one's *Self*. Once your tempting desires and cravings no longer have a hold on you, you can properly direct your *Self*.

54 For it is the will to direct your *Self* even in the most confusing and uncomfortable situations that proves your spiritual maturity. In fact, the ability to actually direct one's thoughts and actions above the cravings of the flesh is a skill that every true Hiphoppa growing along a spiritual path must attain.

55 This is why many people feel stagnated in their lives, even with success. Most of the time it is because they either lost the ability to direct themselves or they never had the ability to direct themselves. They've become slaves to their situations. Whenever they think of something that they would like to do for themselves it is always their OWN uncontrollable fears, doubts, cravings, temptations and other immaturities that prevent them from achieving that which they say that they want for themselves.

56 In this case someone will say, *I want X but I'm too afraid to do what it takes to achieve X*. Or they will say, *I want X* but deep down in their very being they really don't believe that they deserve X, or can actually achieve X. Here, it is fear and/or doubt that is not only stagnating one's life, but this same fear and/or doubt is actually guiding one's life. Such a person is not led by his will to achieve X (purpose). Such a person is led, guided and directed by fear and/or doubt.

57 The cure is to direct your *Self* beyond your fears and/or doubts with awareness. Being *Self*-directed is the beginning of peace and prosperity. And this skill begins with taking your *Self* seriously. This means to finally make the decision to be that which you say you are. Whatever that is, be it NOW! *Bloom where you are planted!* Love your *Self*.

58 Don't wait for the best opportunity or some favorable situation to arrive before you actually begin the process of self-transformation; *grow from what you already know!* Practice the control of

your emotions (sadness, anger, even happiness) when you are confronted by selfish, depressed and/or angered people. Begin today to seize control of the environment in which you live and the mind in which you have. Do not allow the environment, people's attitudes, or the cravings of your mind to move you exclusively; at this very moment make the decision to begin moving them!

59 Most people will say that they are looking for peace and prosperity but in actuality they are looking for the cravings and temptations of their own mind and body. If you are serious about peace you must look for it with your eyes, ears and other physical senses. Most people have no control of their own eyes! This is crazy! Most men cannot stop themselves from looking at the breasts and asses of women passing them by in the street. And get what I' m saying here: THEY CANNOT CONTROL THEIR OWN EYES!

60 They may say that they are "looking for GOD," but this statement is actually said figuratively. In reality their eyes are in control of them. They say that they are looking for GOD (as an example), but their own eyes disagree with them. The eyes themselves look wherever they choose to look regardless of what the man says he wants for himself. This is crazy! This is self-oppression.

61 On the other hand, women in need of attention, knowing that men are looking at their breasts and asses, put on the tightest and most revealing costumes in order to tempt men into associating with them. And many women will say that they are "seeking to attract the favor of GOD," but in reality they are seeking to attract sexual favors. This too is crazy! They claim to be listening for the voice of GOD, but in reality their ears are listening to the problems and scandals of the World around them.

62 As Hiphoppas we must gain direction of our own physical senses. We must direct our eyes, ears, etc., toward that which we claim to be searching for. Know this. In any given environment there are millions of things going on, but if you chose to allow your physical senses to focus only upon what stimulates the physical body, you will in no way see GOD or enter the realm of Spirit.

63 Likewise, we must ask ourselves, *Am I the tempter/temptress in other people's lives, tempting them with my good looks, breaking up marriages and families, preventing people from reaching their own spiritual potentials with my own desire for sex and vanity? Am I a walking distraction?* You will in no way enter the realm of Spirit if you present yourself to the World as a tempter of others.

64 Wear only the God-made garments of Wisdom, Love, Faith, Discipline, Truth, Charity, Mercy, etc., holding as a mighty weapon this Gospel of Hip Hop, and you will attract the same to you. With this character, not only shall you be protected against the temporary storms of life, but indeed you shall maintain your VICTORY OVER THE STREETS!

65 We have seen now that Life does move in seasons, and if we can be still and observant we will begin to see the seasons (patterns) of Life as well as of our own lives and be able to predict changes and heed warnings.

66 One of the most important spiritual practices one can learn is how to detect the repeated patterns (the seasons) of Life and of one's own life. Yes, the seeming chaos that we call "Life" is predictable and it speaks through natural occurrences, symbolic natural signs and repeated occurrences.

67 The Temple of Hip Hop tracks and records the naturally repeated patterns of our Hip Hop life and harmonizes such patterns with the patterns of Life itself. The synchronizing of these patterns (repeated occurrences) makes up the natural reality of our Hip Hop lifestyle. Our patterns are unique to us; we are not linked with the life patterns and prophecies of other cultures. We respect and love them all but we are indeed free to discover and live our own prophecies and life patterns—this is freedom for our people.

[68] There are things that we as a group (Hip Hop) repeatedly do, and these repeated activities make up the character and language that we speak and understand. Likewise, there are things that Life itself repeatedly does, and these activities make up the character and language that Life speaks and understands.

[69] To know the naturally repeated patterns of Hip Hop not only causes peace and security for the knower, but knowing Hip Hop's repeated patterns puts the knower in direct relation with the essence of Hip Hop's existence and movement in the World. Without such knowledge it is almost impossible to correctly guide the Hip Hop community or one's self within it.

[70] Likewise, knowing the repeated patterns of Life itself puts the knower in direct relation with the existence and movement of GOD—the Love that moves our movement. And without knowledge of GOD we are blind to GOD's activity in our lives. Often what we call *errors* and *mistakes* are actually GOD's guidance. To get us to arrive at where we are supposed to be, we are often led through a variety of *other* seemingly unrelated activities and events.

[71] Instead of moving harmoniously with GOD, in ignorance we get in our own way trying to correct ourselves, preventing GOD from guiding us toward our ultimate peace and joy. In such ignorance we must settle for guessing what GOD is doing in our lives as opposed to knowing what GOD is doing in our lives, assisting GOD in the perfection of our lives.

[72] Everything happens in season, in its proper time, and failure to move within Life's seasons is what causes stress and loss. Knowing that *yours* is coming in due season produces the virtue of patience and gives one strength to endure while waiting for one's *season* to kick in.

[73] Those with knowledge of Life's seasons refrain from doing things outside of one's *seasons*. We plant our dreams in the cold and rainy seasons of life only to harvest the grains of success in the cool and sunny seasons. Others of us with different styles of seed plant our dreams in the sunny and cool seasons, reaping our harvest in the cold and rainy seasons.

[74] You simply have to know who you are and why you are. Your Hip Hop spiritual path may begin with your own knowledge of your own seasons and life cycles. Hip Hop has its own seasons but such knowledge is secret at this time because of the exploitive way hip-hop is being approached in my time. As scholars, just because we know doesn't mean we must reveal.

[75] However, Hip Hop's seasons, as well as Life's seasons, can be discovered on one's own through the study of one's own life patterns. You can also apply fractal mathematics and the living (wearing) of Life's most celebrated virtues (garments)—Peace, Love, Unity, Joy, Patience, Charity, Forgiveness, etc.—to achieve such knowledge. In order to learn from Life you must submit yourself to the service of Life; do what Life does and Life will do what you do.

[76] Life serves the interests of all without judgment. Life does justice, not judgment.

[77] Life sustains all in its environment. Life is a provider, a sustainer. Life endures.

[78] Life heals and self-creates. Everything about Life is healing, nurturing and creative.

[79] Life teaches and makes its participants aware of themselves and their environment. Life is good.

[80] This is the character that we must align ourselves with if Life is to reveal its secrets. One thing that we know for sure about Life itself is that it repeats. Life is all about repetition, and repetition is also about consistency.

[81] Therefore, one way of submitting to Life is to be as consistent as one can be with one's true nature. Once you have decided to commit to a lifestyle that reflects your true nature, be consistent

with that lifestyle. Life itself will teach you not only about the seasons of your own life but about the seasons of Life itself.

82 As scholars of the Hip Hop arts and sciences we are encouraged to observe the character of Life itself and repeat its ways. As scholars, let us join in on the work that Life itself does. Take some time and observe Life, how it seems to function, its likes and dislikes, its causes and its effects, as well as its repeated patterns. Know this. The study of Life is the study of GOD's Will.

83 However, as Hiphoppas we have learned that consistency itself is actually a season. We've learned that there are times to be consistent and then there are times to be inconsistent. We've learned that Life itself is alive, and it does contradict itself in many ways because it offers us choices. The same exact events never repeat themselves; it is the exact same conditions that cause the occurrence of certain events that repeat themselves.

84 It is then up to us. How we choose to handle such conditions determines whether the events of the past shall happen again as they did in history. The repeated patterns of certain conditions are indeed consistent, but not repeated events in history. Consistency and inconsistency are creations of logical and rational thought trying to make sense of a seemingly chaotic natural World. Such terms, when applied to human affairs, are what we call "social virtues"—virtues that spring up based upon the survival needs and comfort of a dominant social group. But in the end, we do have choices.

85 Today, being consistent is completely overrated, especially when compared to simply living one's life. In my time, African Americans still have to be consistent with the collective character of the White mainstream, religious groups and political parties in order to even exist in the United States successfully. This form of consistency is indeed destructive to African American well-being and growth. How can any group discover what is right for them while being consistent with the purpose, prophecies and life-path of another group? Can such a condition even be called "freedom?"

86 When it comes to Hip Hop, being consistent with anyone or anything outside of our Hip Hop experience is self-destruction and this is why continuous consistency with someone or something foreign to our Hip Hop experience is simply not right for us. We must study and discover our own life patterns and seasons in order to be truly free and productive.

87 Being consistent generally means being constant, predictable and dependable, whereas being inconsistent or contradictory simply means to be of an opposite view, to break with tradition or be in conflict with an accepted normality. In a real effort to preserve and further develop Hip Hop it is now time that we break our spiritual, physical and psychological ties with many of the World's prophecies and psychological patterns. In our quest for real freedom, now is the time for us to respectfully contradict many of the traditions that were forced upon our parents in an effort to truly discover what GOD has in store for us. This is true freedom for our people.

88 Most people however, confuse *contradiction* with *hypocrisy*, and most often accuse a contradictory person of being a hypocrite. A hypocrite is someone who makes false claims to virtue. Hypocrisy has to do with virtue, or rather the lack thereof, whereas contradiction has to do with change of view; the two are not the same. This is why spiritual-minded people should not attempt to be too organized in worldly affairs. Those of spiritual mind operate within a different timing, and so at times we may contradict the timings of the World by being behind the *times* and/or ahead of the *times*.

89 Yes, we are encouraged to be consistent, but with ourselves, our own principles and with our own spiritual nature. In this case, we are ordained to be consistent with Hip Hop because we are Hiphoppas. And such a consistency with Hip Hop creates a slight inconsistency with that which is not Hip Hop. As spiritual beings we must get comfortable with arriving late sometimes or arriving early

at other times. Our consistency is grounded in our true nature; it is not grounded in the ways of the World.

90 That which is not consistent with Hip Hop cannot be consistent with us. We have the right to grow as a social group, and growth is contradiction. Nothing that is consistent grows or changes. It is when you contradict your present reality that you really get a new one. A seed that is consistently a seed never becomes a flower, a plant, a tree, or a vine.

91 If you like your present lifestyle, if it fulfills you, then by all means be consistent with that which is consistent with you. But if your present lifestyle is unfulfilling and stagnating then you must contradict your present life for a new one. Examine yourself for real.

92 Being consistent with something or someone going nowhere is self-destruction. However, self-creation is the result of properly contradicting one's self and one's lifestyle for a better one. To think and to change one's mind, to hold two opposing thoughts within one's mind, to grow intellectually is to contradict some aspect of your present reality and character in exchange for a new one.

93 Without a wholistic view of reality everything seems to contradict everything else. Nature is very contradictory to human awareness because we cannot yet see how all the *pieces* fit together. Things change in physical Nature. Adulthood contradicts childhood. Life contradicts death. Hot contradicts cold. Man contradicts Woman. Humanity contradicts Nature.

94 But when you realize that most of what we sense as physical reality is really the effects of consistent invisible forces, you begin to see the unity of things and how all things work together for those who's eye is open to the activity of GOD. GOD's activity has been known to contradict humanity's activities because humanity is not consistent with GOD. The question then becomes, who are you going to be consistent with, them or GOD?

95 Only in spirit is there any real consistency, any real constant, and even the spirit realm has seasons to it. The physical World with its condition of dualities—up and down, right and left, back and forth, in and out—makes you have to *choose sides* and be consistent so that others can label and identify you for their own understanding of their own reality. Ultimately, consistency in my time is used as a character meter, some kind of morality check which informs others whether you are O.K. to deal with or not.

96 This is not altogether a bad thing though. People like consistency because it is predictable and so the consistent person appears trustworthy. Therefore, as Hiphoppas, let us be consistent with GOD—the Love that made us Hip Hop.

97 Let us as Hiphoppas be consistent with a Hip Hop character that glorifies GOD and produces health, love, awareness and wealth for all who participate in the Hip Hop experience.

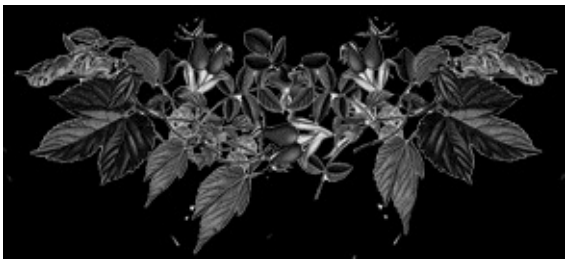
98 Let us be consistent with the principles of our temple which teach us to be consistent with GOD—the Love that Guides Our Direction.

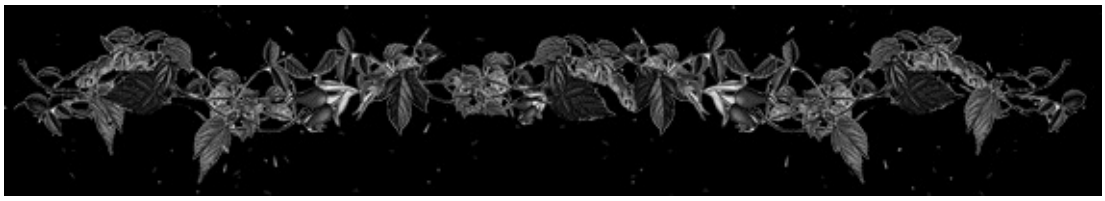
99 Let us be consistent with our own history which reveals the activity of GOD—the Love that brought us this far.

100 Let us be consistent with our own dreams, our own visions and our own future, which teaches us the promise that GOD has declared to OUR people. THE LAST DAYS OF OTHERS ARE THE FIRST DAYS FOR US! We are Hip Hop, and we shall survive the prophecies of foreign nations and cultures. We now know that it is our consistent focus upon the law, overstanding, voice and exactness of GOD that shall raise us up and establish our holy nation in due season.

101 In a way, we can see what GOD is doing today. This gospel for Hip Hop is not even really for the time in which it is written. This gospel is for the true Hip Hop nation that is to come after this age

is complete. Those who can comprehend this instrument today and walk in its principles are indeed blessed. But really, the citizens of our Hip Hop nation are not even born yet; they are waiting for this instrument to arrive in the hands of their parents. And as you can see it just did, in due season. There it is.





THE SEVENTH OVERSTANDING

THE SEVENTH SENSE

1 Know this. We are seeds. We are spiritual seeds planted in this dark World. It is not the body that we are, it is the flower within it, the fruit within it, the spirit within the seed/body that we are. The body is our protective shield, our husk that houses the spirit/seed inside, planted within this World to sprout at our time of shedding.

2 In reality, there is only creation. In reality, there is only one thing Going On Daily—GOD! The true concept of creation has no room for destruction. *All is creation!* This *Overstanding* explores the illusion of death, and gives some examples that might point the way to the reality of LIFE.

3 Know this. There is only creation and further creation; death as destruction is an illusion. The term *destruction* only implies the act of deconstructing or breaking something down. However, even to destroy is to create. Even destruction must be created; even death is a new birth—a new creation, a new reality, a new thing that your essence is experiencing.

4 Consider the fact that destruction, for the most part, is simply another form of creation. Again, destruction must be created. Therefore, whatever is real cannot be destroyed—it can only be changed. Therefore, creation cannot be destroyed; it is the only real thing happening. Energy cannot be destroyed; it only changes.

5 Once You *are* or it *is;* YOU and/or IT can never not be. You and/or IT can only be changed, transformed or further created. Your physical form can change but YOU will never not exist. YOU are the essence of you. And if you are to overcome the illusion of death, it is you who must decide to be and live as the real YOU right now. Nothing real can ever be destroyed. The real YOU is not physical. YOU are the actual breath of GOD.

6 The real YOU is the animating essence (the breath) of the Great Spirit. YOU are not your body. YOU are the breath (or consciousness) that must continuously enter the body for the body to have life and ideas. If YOU (the breath) are separated from the physical body for just a minute or more, the first thing that the body loses is consciousness.

7 Therefore, let us consider humanity as not the billions of people on this planet, but instead let us consider that humanity is found in the air/substance that such human animals are breathing. As an aid to our disciplinary practices over the cravings of the body, let us enter our physical bodies as opposed to being them.

8 Let us consider ourselves as consciousness, the breath of GOD, Spirit. And when such a Spirit/consciousness is inhaled into the animal, that animal is made to act like the consciousness that has entered it. Such an animal is *being* human or acting human. However, the *true* human (the breath of GOD) is what is causing your physical body or animal/natural self to act human. This is what we call a *human being*. Human beings are natural Earth creatures (animals) *being* or acting human.

9 However, the *true* human is not a physical creature at all. The *true* human is actually a non-physical being invading the body of an animal. And this is where the struggle between the natural self and the spiritual *Self* begins.

10 Know this. Your physical body is formed by the Earth's animal intelligence in preparation for the incoming breath of GOD—YOU. However, it is YOU who must tame the cravings and desires of your natural/animal *self* so that you may ride, work and stir your animal *self* toward the fulfillment of YOUR true life's purpose.

11 For if YOU have not tamed and trained the animal that YOU have entered, such an animal will lead you everywhere but where YOU need to be. This is the beginning of Hiphop's spiritual training; subdue the animal that YOU have entered first, so that YOU may travel through life in peace. Still, some people spend their entire lives taming and training their animal selves, never becoming fully human.

12 Hiphoppas don't have time for this! True Hiphoppas are advised to subdue their animal instincts and get to their spiritual work quickly. Be all of yourself! For when you are all of yourself there is no more need to subdue or train any aspect of yourself. When you are your whole *Self* other aspects of your animal-self will automatically fall in line with the Truth of your being. Be one with your *SELF*!

13 You are REAL! And you are eternal! Death, as in the end, is an illusion. Sickness, as in deterioration, is an illusion. Poverty, as in lacking, is an illusion. All that the universe is, YOU are. All that the universe has, YOU have. All that the universe does, YOU are doing. Go with the flow!

14 Know this. Spiritual Awareness is not about you doing anything! It is about YOU being in harmony with what is already going on. Life and death are already with you now. When you close your eyes you don't see only blackness, you see your ideas. So when you no longer have physical eyes (in death) you are left with your own thoughts to see.

15 For what is truly man-made when human beings are products of the conscious universe itself? For what idea is originally human when it is the Great Spirit alone who thinks, creates, inspires and acts?

16 Consider the idea that we are doing exactly what Nature wants us to do. That it is our own sense of *I, Me* and *My* on an unconscious level that has us believing that we are doing something separate from Nature itself!

17 For it is only the unaware mind that thinks it is separate from the universe, separate from Nature, separate from Eternal Mind! And in thinking so, it limits its own authority and capabilities for Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth in the physical World. Separate selfhood is an illusion, and this is why so many people are lonely and/or insecure.

18 For the only way to truly prove that you are separate from Nature is to use your limited intellectual perception of reality to create something contrary to what Nature is all about. And so, in the name of an undeveloped *I, Me* and *My,* unaware human beings have used their limited perception of reality to contradict and challenge Nature by creating the illusion of sickness, hate, ignorance and poverty for themselves!

19 It is like saying, for the sake of maintaining the illusion of being separate from Nature, look Mother (Nature), I will perceive and accept suffering for myself because it is the only thing that you are actually incapable of! And so we suffer in our own attempt to perceive ourselves as separate from the universe, Nature and Eternal Mind!

20 Many people have traded the Truth of an infinite creation for the illusion of a final destruction. Such a mindset is the equivalent of children who wish to have their own identity and make it on their own, so they rebel against their parents and cut themselves off from what is rightfully theirs only to struggle throughout life ignorant to the fact that they are heirs to all that their parents have, being only smaller versions and/or continuations of their parents in reality.

21 WAKE UP HIPHOPPA! You are a sleeping God. Not a sleeping god, but in fact God asleep; an unaware God. You are like a spirit-seed planted in this Worldly reality, awaiting your time to sprout! The Hiphoppa is God asleep, while God is the attuned Hiphoppa awake! The Hiphoppa is an unaware

God, while God is a fully aware attuned Hiphoppa. Let's go deeper.

22 Human beings are said to have five senses: seeing, hearing, smelling, touching and tasting, with a sixth sense that is called *human intuition* or the ability to perceive without the use of the other five senses or rational thought. However, human beings possess even more senses than these. In fact, "balance" is a sense that is very seldom mentioned among the human senses.

23 Actually, "balance" can be called a "sixth sense" while human intuition can be called a "seventh sense." But for the sake of mass understanding we shall not include "balance" as a "sixth sense," although Hiphoppas do acknowledge that they possess more than five or six senses.

24 For there is a seventh sense (technically an "eighth sense") that is even beyond balance and intuitive perception. Know this. To perceive is to become aware through the senses; even through the "sixth sense" or intuitive perception. It is to apply one's senses to material objects in order to understand and operate them. However, the seventh sense is the awareness of oneness and wholeness; it is to sense the oneness and interconnectedness of life itself, it is a knowing, a being.

25 Technically, there is nothing to perceive (or sense) because nothing is separate from one's *Self*. In fact, there is no *Self* separate from the conscious universe. There is no *you* and *them*, *yours* and *theirs*, *this* and *that*, so there is nothing to "sense" or perceive or try to understand. Here, you can only be! There is nothing you do not know, nothing you do not have, and nowhere that you are not.

26 In the seventh sense all existence is one! And your particular identity or sense of *Self* is simply the conscious gathering of the universe into your particular time and space.

27 Here, we realize that whenever we think (or perceive) that we are *this* or *that* we limit our access to the entire conscious universe to our individual identities. And it is this type of an awareness that gives us our sense of order, independence, security, *I*, *Me*, *My*, etc.

28 However, the seventh sense is to feel the Truth of the one great unified conscious event as one's *Self*. It is to return to one's non-physical essence while still physically aware. It is to *wake up* to the reality of the conscious, chaotic universe while voluntarily dreaming the ordered material World!

29 Most people do it at their time of death (awakening). But some, though meditation and/or some dramatic life event, actually wake up to the oneness of the conscious universe while still dreaming the perceived reality of physical life! What a revelation!

30 Consider the idea that this life, as we know it, is simply the dream of our true existence as beings of Light (consciousness). For it is Light (consciousness) that we are, and it is more Light (consciousness) that we shall become. At the time of our physical deaths, we simply wake up! For this physical life is only a temporary rest for our real existence as beings of conscious Light.

31 Consider this. Conscious awareness uses an enormous amount of energy—even in the physical world. This is why those who think often also sleep often. Just by being conscious we wear our bodies out!

32 Likewise, as beings of Light, (consciousness) we use an enormous amount of energy in the universe just to remain conscious. Therefore, as non-physical beings of the conscious universe we rest from our true existence as Light only to dream the life we are living now. The physical World is the dream or idea of the spiritual realm and spiritual beings.

33 The longer we live (dream) in this physical World the more rest we are getting as beings of Light in the conscious universe. And when we have fully rested (lived) in this physical World we simply wake up (die)!

34 However, while resting, some beings of Light experience nightmares (traumatic life

experiences) such as physical injury, worry, sickness, hate, ignorance, poverty, etc., which cause them to be awakened from their sleep (die) before they are fully rested as Spirit beings.

35 Such people, at their physical deaths, awaken to their true selves as beings of conscious Light, only to find themselves still tired or unfulfilled. Such people (beings), for a lack of energy (fulfillment) fall back to sleep, returning to the dream of physical life, repeating the process again until they are fully rested.

36 However, those people (beings) that do get a full life's rest awaken at the time of their physical deaths fully rested. Such people (beings) acquire the energy needed to stay awake as beings of Light. They do not have to rest again for a long, long time. They do not need to sleep again, having dreams of physical life, with its traumatic and stressful experiences. As fully rested beings of conscious Light they live in the peace of Eternal Mind.

37 If you notice, when you are sleeping, your dream world is just as real as the physical World you are resting from. In your dream world you have friends, relatives, memories, material goods, concerns and responsibilities that are all very real and very important to you while you are asleep. However, when you awaken from your sleeping you care nothing for the people, places, things and events of your dream world—especially if your dream (life) was a nightmare!

38 While you are dreaming, nothing except the happenings of your dream world is important to you until you wake up. In fact, when you are asleep in the physical World you literally look dead. It is only the automatic physical functions of the body that continue to operate when you are asleep. However, conscious awareness (You) is gone! And without *You* (conscious awareness) the body is semi-lifeless, even fully lifeless!

39 For death (just like your dreams) is so real, so relaxing, so important, such an escape to you that when you die you care nothing for the happenings and relationships of the physical World that *You* have left behind unless you choose to.

40 For the consciousness that you suddenly remember at your so-called *time of death* is the Truth of your being! And in that Truth is a peace that is simply unattainable in the illusion of physical life.

41 In death you escape the illusions of physical life. You are in Truth! You may even wish that all your relatives and friends were dead so that they may experience the peace and joy that you have attained by escaping the nightmares of physical life. However, the reality is that in death you *wake up* and care little for the World you have left behind.

42 Just as when you awaken from sleep, caring little for the people, places, things and events that you have left behind in your dream world unless you choose to, so it is at the time of your physical death. The only thing you take with you, the only thing of any true value from one dream world to the next is the love, respect and ultimate lesson you have acquired while dreaming.

43 Consider this. Your physical existence is simply the dream of your non-physical existence at rest. And likewise, your non-physical existence is simply the dream of your physical existence at rest. But oh what a joy when you actually *wake up* in your physical dream. Such an experience is indeed the essence of spiritual empowerment!

44 What an empowerment! What a great revelation it is when one becomes conscious to one's true *Self* as a being of conscious Light while still dreaming one's physical reality! To realize that everyone in your conscious awareness, including your environment, is part of your self-induced dream state, is the beginning of spiritual awareness. In fact, your physical body is the vehicle that is carrying you through your dream—a dream created by your mind.

45 For when one is spiritually conscious while physically dreaming, all things become possible.

For what in the physical World is impossible to the one whose physical body is asleep, yet whose conscious awareness is awake to the Spirit in the physical World?

46 For when you reverse your conscious perception to perceive this physical World as the dream world, anything becomes possible! Fear is eliminated because death becomes simply an awakening, a transformation, a realization, an exit, as birth becomes simply an entrance. All is creation!

47 Everything is one! The universe is one! And all that proceeds from the universe is one! There is no other material reality. Therefore, there is no death for the being of conscious Light that leaves the physical body every night at sleep! There is only transformation and rejuvenation.

48 Destruction (as in the end of a thing's existence) is actually the illusion of an undeveloped and unaware mind that has not carried the essence of things to their final and ultimate conclusion. For the only thing that is truly impossible in the physical universe is destruction.

49 For we hold and limit the universe to our particular time and space out of fear and/or doubt. Like a security blanket, we create and hide ourselves within our physical bodies. And out of fear and ignorance we use our conscious perception to deny the terrifying presence of the infinite and chaotic conscious universe! We are hiding in our dreams.

50 The seventh sense produces a kind of *sight* that sees the material World as an effect of conscious Light-energy—a dream. Everything physical is changing its form before your very eyes. The things of the material World are indeed temporary and illusionary.

51 Only Spirit itself (conscious Light-energy) is real and everlasting. Everything else is an effect of Spirit. And the intelligence of all people, places and things have their origin in Spirit, which has its origin in the Light-energy of Eternal Mind.

52 Here, the attuned Hiphoppa becomes the teacha! Having realized that there is no separation in Light-energy, and that everything and everyone is simply another manifestation of intelligent Light-energy, the teacha looks beyond the temporary effects, cravings and temptations of the material World, manipulating and affecting the intelligence of the material World at its source, which is Light-energy.

53 There are no separations in Light-energy or the intelligence that produces it. All is one, including space and time or space-time. Light-energy simply manifests in a variety of forms and effects; forms and effects that we create and manipulate with our perceptions.

54 But you can manipulate Light-energy with your mind simply by expecting it to obey your commands. Yes, it is really that simple! And this is why the Temple of Hiphop teaches spiritual training before and beyond traditional praise and worship.

55 The training of one's Spirit is all about the releasing of one's fears and doubts, and getting past the cravings of the physical body for real! The spiritual training offered by the Temple of Hiphop is a re-education as to what is real and possible spiritually. Here, learning to live beyond one's physical senses is all about freeing one's self from living exclusively within the interpretations of one's physical senses of physical reality.

56 Beyond faith, once you know and operate within the reality of the Spirit realm, you shall habitually expect the laws of such a realm to obey your commands.

57 Just as when you are born to this World; weak, helpless, dependent and unaware of your life as a human being, so it is with your birth in the Spirit World.

58 When you are an infant in the physical World you live within the wants and needs of an infant in the physical World. An infant expects to drink milk. An infant expects its mother to be there. An infant

expects to play. An infant expects to sleep. An infant expects to learn.

59 As you become a teenager your wants and needs change based upon your level of maturity. Teenagers expect certain things that infants do not expect. And likewise, adults expect certain things based upon their level of maturity that neither teenagers nor infants expect.

60 It is not that such things as cars, houses, a job, a career, relationships, etc., are out of a teenager's reach; these things exist around all teenagers. But most teenagers are uninterested in mortgages, car notes, and career choices; others are not qualified to possess such items and ideas.

61 Yeah, they may say, *That's a hot car!* Or, *I want a house like that!* But the Truth is that, they don't really <u>expect</u> to have a car or a house like that. The adult (on the other hand), who knows and operates within an adult World, expects to acquire in this World whatever she has worked to achieve. And the key phrase here is…*whatever she has worked to achieve.*

62 However, beyond adult maturity exists Spirit maturity. And here, Spirit beings require things and circumstances that adult human beings do not require. Know this. If you are beginning to require the things of the Spirit more than the things of the World, YOU are indeed becoming an aware Spirit being. The challenge now is, do you actually believe that?

63 Do you truly believe that you are Spirit? Do you actually operate within a Spirit reality? Do you expect spiritual results? What have you actually worked to achieve spiritually? This is what spiritual training is all about.

64 How can anyone expect to communicate with anyone or anything if they do not speak the language of who or whatever they wish to communicate to?

65 How can you speak to GOD without knowing GOD's language? GOD does not speak English, French, or Spanish. GOD speaks Health, Love, Awareness, and Wealth and hears intentions, not words. Through your thinking, feeling and daily activities do you speak GOD's language? Are you even in communication with GOD for real?

66 GOD, the Light of Eternal Mind, speaks through all of existence. Are you listening? GOD, the Great Spirit, does not speak through temples, churches, synagogues, mosques or lodges exclusively. GOD is more likely to speak through the circumstances of your life.

67 Know this. Everything is GOD! If it exists it is GOD and it is aware. All that your senses perceive is intelligent and aware at some level. The challenge for many is that through undisciplined and unrighteous living (immaturity) they come to believe through guilt that they cannot expect to command the intelligent forces of the universe and Nature. We expect Nature to govern us, so it does.

68 Just as certain adults will not share certain information with certain children, so it is with the many manifestations of GOD toward immature human animals. Through undisciplined and immature living the intelligence of the spiritual realm and Nature itself stops communicating with the immature. Such immaturity cannot be trusted.

69 Everything is intelligent and aware of you. You simply may not be aware of the intelligence that flows through everything. Our physical body is intelligent; it is an effect of Light-energy, yet we seldom speak to it.

70 Your material possessions, your ideas, sickness, health, poverty, wealth, as well as the circumstances of your life are all intelligent beings caused by the effects of conscious Light-energy; an energy that you can communicate with because your own mind is made active by the same intelligence.

71 For when you fully realize (expect) that reality itself is one intelligence moving and

manifesting (thinking) in a variety of ways, and that you are one of the ways in which it is thinking, moving and being, you shall speak to the oneness of all reality with a certain confident expectancy and it shall respond to you.

72 For when you truly realize that there really are no separate spaces, you shall appear everywhere! And when you truly realize that there really is no such thing as time for you, you shall reinterpret your own past for yourself and create the future that you desire for yourself NOW. And when you truly realize that everything is conscious at some level you shall seek to learn the secret language that communicates to all Light.

73 This is what it means to live beyond your immediate time and space. Such concepts as separate things, times and spaces are indeed illusions. Try to adopt this understanding.

74 Say to yourself: *I am Hip Hop! Such a realization frees me from the restraints of separate things, times and spaces because Hiphop itself is beyond separate things, times and spaces. This is why Hip Hop affects everything and can be applied to anything! It is an idea of Divine Mind.*

75 *Through affirmation, visualization and practice I have adjusted my consciousness to the identity of Hiphop itself. I have given up the ethnicity that I was forced-taught to be, and I have united with a timeless, formless and spaceless intelligence called* (for political identity) *"Hiphop."*

76 For the ancient statement, *As a man thinketh, so is he,* is indeed true. Again, try to adopt this understanding. Say to yourself: *I am the activity and survival of Hip Hop itself! The collective consciousness* (intelligence) *that is called "Hiphop" will not allow me to be defeated. As long as my challenges rely upon intelligence for their existence and survival I shall never be challenged.*

77 *As Hiphop itself I move and think much faster than those who are just performing "hip-hop's" artistic elements. Any battle or challenge within Hip Hop is simply me battling or challenging some aspect of my Self.*

78 *I move and do things much faster in the material World because speed is a concept that comes with distance, time and separate places, and for us there are no separate places. We are already there!* Adopt this understanding of Hip Hop.

79 WAKE UP HIPHOPPA! Your role as a Hiphoppa is a divine decision. Your challenge is to finally believe in your *Self*. You are more than just a rapper, dancer, or graphic artist. You are an idea of Divine Mind choosing to perform such activities, and all of existence knows this except you.

80 At some point you must put aside the immaturity of fear and doubt, and move at the speed of your own thoughts. At some point your thinking, acting and being must come into harmony with one another. At some point YOU must be the total YOU. This is an act of spiritual maturity.

81 The Hiphoppa who thinks one way, feels another way, and acts yet another way is spiritually immature. At some point you must decide to be what you say that you are and do what you say that you do.

82 Maturity or adulthood is when one has made the decision to live as one perceives one's *Self*. If you perceive yourself to be a Hiphoppa but you are living a life contrary to Hiphop, then it is your own immaturity (doubt) that stagnates your life.

83 If you perceive within yourself that you are a minister, teacha, prophet, a man or woman of GOD, then you must bring your perception of yourself and your daily activities into harmony with one another.

84 You cannot feel like a prophet yet talk like a pimp. You cannot feel like an emcee yet spend your day working a nine-to-five job. At some point there will be conflict between the true nature of

your being and the activities of your physical body in the World. This process is not easy.

85 This is why spiritual training is so important. Such training helps you to center and balance the activities of your mind and body toward the Spirit. For if YOU instruct your body to do something and the body is unwilling or has something more pressing to do, such a body instantly becomes your prison, even your master. And this is the state that many people live within daily.

86 They say; *I know that I am a very talented Emcee* (as an example) *and I would truly like to only do this with my life. In my heart I want to live this!* But then the circumstances of the physical World operating upon the physical body have such a person following the desires, cravings, fears and doubts of the physical body, as opposed to fearlessly following the Truth of his being, which is not physical at all.

87 Know this. If you are to achieve anything in this World you must be willing to suffer for it. And not that suffering is a requirement of achievement, or that you will even have to suffer at all. But in Truth, if you are not willing to suffer to actualize your true *Self*, then you are simply not worthy of your true *Self*. This path that leads toward eternal joy is paved by denying temporary happiness.

88 It is the power of one's creative Spirit that brings non-physical ideas into physical manifestation. During this process the intelligence of the physical body doubts and fears the activities of the Spirit. And this conflict is what causes suffering. Decide now who you are going to be and stick with that!

89 For when YOU (Spirit) are in conflict with the desires, cravings, fears, and doubts of the physical body, such conflict confuses the mind and then nothing can get done. You must decide right now if you truly are who you say you are.

90 If you are an emcee for real, then you should be doing nothing else but actualizing your *Self* as you truly are. Everyone and everything is indeed second to the actualization of your true *Self*. But what does this mean for real?

91 It means this: Are you willing to give up all Worldly desires for the actualization of your true *Self*, or are you going to give in to the demands of the physical World and its hold on YOUR physical body? It is just that simple. Sure, you may have to get a job to support your family or live somewhere that you do not really want to live. However, these decisions are always temporary and should only be a last resort.

92 When you make this decision in your life for real the whole Young and Old Universe (Y.O.U) comes to your aid. Yes, in the beginning there will be an adjustment period where the physical body will rebel and life itself will seem too hard to bear. But HANG ON! After a short while your true *Self* shall begin to emerge.

93 Once you become YOU, which is everything in existence, then everything in existence must obey YOU because it actually is YOU! Your *sight* changes. And behold, you can see! You are your daily events. You are your day.

94 You now *see* that when the sun rises and creates a new day that everyone has a different experience in that same day according to their own perceptions? For if the concept of a *day* truly existed outside of your *Self* (as most people believe) everyone would have the experience that the *day* wanted them to have. Everyone would have the same experience in a *day*. And in many ways people do share the same daily experiences.

95 However, the Truth is that you do not live within the day; the very reality of the *day* lives within you. So any interpretation you have of your *day* is undoubtedly true for you as well as those who take part in your *day*.

96 Wake up Hiphoppa! You are your *day!* Speak to the intelligence of your *day*. Tell it what you want and how you would like it to present itself to you. And expect an answer.

97 With an awareness of your seventh sense, you become the very *day* itself! Everything that goes on in your *day* first goes on in you. Therefore, when you bring peace to your *Self* through the habits of your divine performances you are actually speaking the secret language of peace to the intelligence of your *day*.

98 Know this. The seventh sense is a sense of being one's whole *Self*. It starts with you being who you say that you are. You can be anything! So why not be exactly who you see yourself as?

99 The problem for most people is that they cannot be their true selves because of the consequences related with being one's true *Self*. Everyone would be their true selves if such consequences as loss of employment, expulsion from school, divorce, death, argument, etc., were not looming in the background of one's decision to be one's *SELF*.

100 Fear and/or doubt are always the root causes as to why people don't actualize themselves. Attachment is another hindrance. Ignorance is another. However, all of these hindrances are indeed illusions created by our own minds.

101 In Truth, you really don't know what will actually happen if all you did was be YOU. Something great can actually happen to you! Your friends and family may even accept you more. Why do you believe that it is difficult to be you? What are the real obstacles?

102 Ask yourself; *"Why do I immediately envision disaster whenever I think of being the <u>real</u> me or expressing my <u>real</u> feelings? Why am I not inspired to overcome when faced with an obstacle? Why do I believe that in a challenging situation I will lose or be hurt? Why do I believe this?"*

103 What you think can turn out to be the worst experience may actually turn out to be exactly what you need to survive. And most of the time this is exactly what happens.

104 Face your fears! If you are truly pursuing your purpose nothing can stop or hinder you from achieving such a purpose. Do not base your expectations as to what may happen to you upon what may have happened to others, even those doing the same things as yourself. Where others have failed YOU will succeed! Your blessing is unique! GOD is truly with YOU!

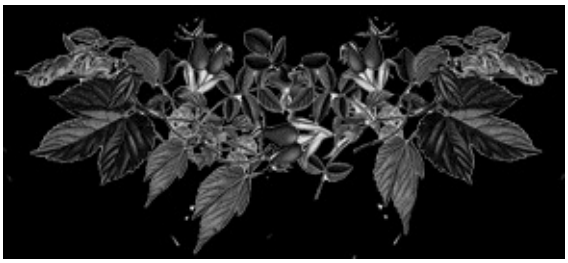
105 Remember, your purpose is not only yours; it belongs to GOD also. Your purpose is GOD's Will and GOD's activity. Nothing on or in the Earth can stop or hinder the divine Will of GOD! And once you feel this, you are in your seventh sense. You expect your spirit reality. You have taken total responsibility for your *Self* knowing that GOD is responsible for you, that GOD is ultimately <u>G</u>uiding <u>O</u>ur <u>D</u>irection.

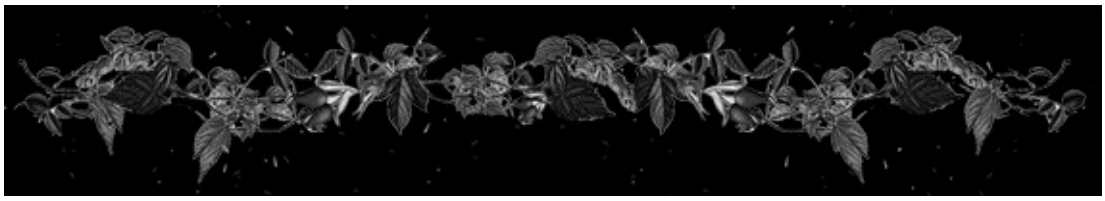
106 For it is the responsibility of every attuned Hiphop activist on the path of self-actualization to develop his/her seventh sense. For your society is yours to create and shape; everything makes a difference. The question is, what kind of productive *difference* are you making in your community?

107 For when you realize that every moment of your life affects every other moment of your life, you shall become more aware of the choices that you make (create) in life. James Allen points out in his book *As A Man Thinketh: Man is made or unmade by himself; in the armory of thought he forges the weapons by which he destroys himself; he also fashions the tools with which he builds for himself heavenly mansions of joy and strength and peace. By the right choice and true application of thought, man ascends to the Divine Perfection; by the abuse and wrong application of thought, he descends below the level of the beast.*

108 For it is always our decision who we become in the World. GOD has already made us perfect in spirit; now it is up to us to consciously unite with GOD's vision of us. For it is obvious that GOD

intends for us to be HIP HOP in our time, so with this awareness KRS has become Hiphop conscious of itself! Such is the seat of OUR power and strength in the material World as Hiphoppas, and as you can see, IT WORKS! There it is.





THE EIGHTH OVERSTANDING

ENDARKENMENT

TRACK ONE

1 Consider this. Spiritual life is reflected more in natural circumstances and symbolic ideas. To be more specific, the natural/physical World is an effect or rather a temporary flickering, a spark caused by the activity of Light-energy (electromagnetic radiation). All is Light-energy! It is only our perception and interpretation of Light-energy that actually presents the material World to us.

2 All is Light. All is Eternal Mind. At the essence of all material things are vibrations of electromagnetic waves commonly called *Light*. What we call the material World is simply our interpretation of these electromagnetic waves. Everything that we see or sense is really our interpretation of *Light*. And you can perceive and then use *Light* as anything that you wish.

3 The material World is our interpretation of various forms of *Light*. The vibration of *Light* is constant; however, it is our interpretation of *Light* that creates our material World.

4 Anything that you desire you can have, because nothing is actually separate from your *Self*. Simply act and feel like you already have whatever you desire, and it must materialize. You and whatever you desire are really the same things in essence.

5 Having an attitude of expectancy regulates the speed at which we detect Light-energy, and focus (or conscious attention) directs expectancy. However, it is one's values, which are created by the principles one has come to accept in life, that organize and direct one's focus. Read this again until you fully understand its meaning.

6 Together, one's life principles, which create one's values, which direct one's conscious attention or focus, which then directs the force of one's expectancy, manipulate our interpretation of Light-energy and certain people, places, things and circumstances manifest in our lives. You truly get whatever you expect.

7 Your awareness of yourself (or focus upon your *Self*) as a certain kind of person controls the speed at which certain kinds of human necessities (values) vibrate into your environment. Remember, principles + values + focus = expectancy. What do you expect?

8 Know this. The awareness of human beings vibrates at a much slower rate than the awareness of Spirit beings. Human beings tend to focus upon (or rather expect) slower material vibrations than Spirit beings. Likewise, the values and necessities of Spirit beings lead those beings to expect bigger results from Light-energy than human beings are capable of perceiving.

9 Vibrations such as health, love, wealth, faith, forgiveness, etc., vibrate at much faster speeds of awareness than sickness, hate, ignorance, poverty, doubt, hate, revenge, etc. The question here is, which group of vibrations do you truly value the most? What do you expect? Of course, at first glance one is quick to value health over sickness or forgiveness over revenge. However, upon a closer observation we can see that most people value the power of sickness more than they value the power of health. They actually expect sickness more than they expect health. They actually believe more in the possibilities and powers of sickness than in the possibilities and powers of perfect and continuous health.

10 Sure, on the surface we agree that forgiveness is better than revenge and that love is better than

hate, until we (ourselves) are wronged in some kind of way. Then our real principles and values come to *Light*. And it is our focus (or expectancy) upon these real principles and values that speeds up or slows down our awareness. You are the Truth! And you cannot truly lie to your *Self*.

11 Human awareness vibrates at the speed of all it sees. It is our own focus (conscious attention) that interprets Light-energy itself. The more we focus upon things, the more we become aware about things, eventually expecting the actualization of what we are aware of.

12 Therefore, when one truly expects one's own spiritual reality and begins to truly value (focus upon) the principles of Spirit as opposed to the temporary effects of the World, one will eventually manifest the reality of Spirit in the temporary reality of the physical World. Such activity appears supernatural and miraculous in the physical World. However, such supernatural and miraculous activity is simply about adjusting your expectancy of things by adjusting the value you place upon things. Everyone affects the physical reality they see and perceive.

13 When you truly value (see/perceive) your God, the presence of GOD shall be with you always. When you begin to truly value Spirit, spiritual things shall begin happening to you. Most people <u>want</u> GOD in their lives but they do not really <u>expect</u> GOD in their lives. Either they do not really <u>value</u> GOD or they do not really <u>value</u> themselves.

14 When you expect GOD in your life, God then appears! However, if you expect to fight your devil when you wake up every morning, such a devil will be right there ready to do battle with you every morning! Attuned Hiphoppas must be mindful as to what they place their focus (conscious attention) upon. Again, the question here is, *What do you truly expect? Even respect? What do you truly value?*

15 For it is through the repetition of certain words, affirmations and prayers that one focuses one's awareness upon the values of one's heart. It is also what one places one's money and time upon that determines what one values most.

16 This is why it is so important that you freely give abundantly and from your heart to whomever (or whatever) is your spiritual guidance. Not just because tithing, donating, volunteering, etc., helps your *man* or *woman of GOD* financially and releases him/her from chasing the values of the World just to eat and pay bills. But tithing, etc., and the amount that you tithe, etc., prove to your *Self* how much you value the people, places and things of the Spirit.

17 Such giving strengthens your own sense of expectancy. Such high value placed upon the things of Spirit speeds up (or intensifies) the awareness of the human being that is focused upon Spirit. Such acts eventually transform those human beings into Spirit beings because such acts can only come from human beings who expect to be and live in Spirit.

18 For, Spirit awareness vibrates at a much faster speed than human awareness. Therefore, the Spirit being out-runs, out-feels and out-thinks the human being on all levels of physical reality. Spirit beings see and operate in a much faster non-physical World/vibration than human beings. So, human awareness cannot even see the movements of Spirit awareness because of its (human awareness) own slower (material) vibratory speed (awareness). This is what makes the Spirit realm invisible to us; we simply vibrate too slow.

19 Human beings are commonly thought of as intelligent animals—the bridge between the spiritual and the material World. The more you realize (value) your *Self* as a Spirit being, the faster you will vibrate. In fact, the more aware you are of your God, the faster you shall vibrate.

20 Know this. The closer you arrive to your source (the oneness), the faster you shall vibrate, intensifying your Light-energy until your flesh is completely consumed in it.

21 Such speeds in awareness give one a considerable advantage over the illusionary traps and obstacles of the physical World. Through different speeds/levels of awareness, the attuned Hiphoppa travels through different speeds/levels of Light-energy, affecting and manipulating the people, places, things and circumstances of the physical World.

22 The same concept can be applied to time and space. Time and space are really two aspects of the same thing. Commonly, such a reality is called *space-time*. *Space-time* is the reality in which we exist. It is believed to be absolute. However, our *space-time* reality responds to our perception of it.

23 *Space-time* reality is in the eye of the beholder. Everyone has their own inner-clock that measures time and everyone has their own inner-ruler that measures space. Yet the total *space-time* dimension remains the same for everyone.

24 It is like two people with one knife each about to slice up the same loaf of bread. No matter how they decide to carve up the bread there is still only one loaf. Daily we manipulate time, space and Light in the same way.

25 Sort of like flour, or even water. For example: flour is the source of a variety of breads, crackers, cakes, cookies, etc. All of these items are indeed different but the binding essence of them all is the same. In this example, flour is Light-energy.

26 Just like water, as another example. You can freeze water, steam water or allow it to remain in liquid form. But whether as ice, steam or liquid, water is water. In fact, it would be very accurate to see your physical body as a glass made of ice (Light), with your Spirit (more Light), being poured into the glass as semi-hot water. Your thoughts (more Light) are the steam. And the very Light (or heat) of you (Spirit) melts away at the physical body (the glass made of ice or more Light).

27 Everything is Light-energy. Whether it is solid, gas, liquid or other, all is vibrating Light-energy. Whether as people, places, circumstances or things, all is still Light. When you realize (value) your *Self* as Light and when you realize (value) everything you see as Light, you will see the oneness of everything as different forms of Light. With such an awareness of oneness (the seventh sense), the attuned Hiphoppa exists in harmony with the cycles and patterns of the universe itself.

28 The attuned Hiphoppa has freed his mind and can now see (sense) GOD. Know this. The strength of a free mind is in not knowing what it cannot do. An uninstitutionalized mind is free to really think and create! It doesn't know what it can't do.

29 For when your mind is truly free and in harmony with the intention of the universe, your thinking, your speaking and your actions all unconsciously match the mathematics and patterns of the universe itself. It's like the universe plays with you, advises you and walks with you throughout the day like another presence (person) that you can actually rely upon. And this is what really gets the work done EFFORTLESSLY!

30 For as a teacha, you will also be an activist and a helper of the lost. On behalf of GOD, we literally sacrifice our peace at times for the sake of the World's maturity. However, it is GOD—the unified field of infinite possibilities —that is actually doing the work. When you are aware of this, it shall be easier to deal with those who surround you with their worries, doubts and fears.

31 Imagine, the Great Spirit has sent you (or rather sacrificed you) for the sake of <u>your</u> World. You are the Light of <u>your</u> World! You are GOD's representative to all the people in <u>your</u> World. And they would be wise to listen to your advice.

32 For as far as your influence shall reach, so shall you be the Light to all in your influence. This is the meaning of self-sacrifice. And such sacrifice can only be performed by the Lights of Eternal Mind. Know this. Hip Hop's spiritual practice has to do with becoming more spirit than flesh, more

God-like than man-like; it has to do with becoming more energy than matter, more principle than politics, more Hip Hop than Rap.

33 Knowing, feeling, and living in the great boundless cosmic event is the Truth! Actually knowing (without any doubt or fear) that GOD is with you, and that there is nothing after GOD, that there is only GOD projecting everything, that everything and everyone (good or evil) is connected and projected by the one great cosmic event—GOD—the attuned Hiphoppa becomes the teacha, fully aware.

34 As the teacha, the attuned Hiphoppa sees the World beyond time and separation. For in the oneness of GOD everything moves in harmony with your being. Everything is ONE! Everything is HERE! This awareness has been called "Knowledge of Wholeness" where reality becomes a matter of what you allow to materially exist out of the great chaotic boundless event that surrounds you, where you are a participant in the unfolding of life itself. Take some time to truly understand this.

35 Once the attuned Hiphoppa realizes that there really is no *then* and *now*, *this* and *that*, *him* and *her*, *them* and *us*, that in reality everything is happening in the oneness of the Great Now Event, the attuned Hiphoppa matures and begins to further create the actual flow of reality itself. No event is wrong or bad if you live in a reality where all events and circumstances work out in your favor in the end. Life itself moves with the attuned Hiphoppa.

36 In his book *The Mystical Christ*, Manly P. Hall puts it this way: *It is difficult to explain such a term as 'knowledge of wholeness.' The Greek mystics defined it as 'participation in causes,' by which they meant soul-awareness of the divine plan. As the intent and purpose of God is inwardly known, the consciousness is filled with a wonderful understanding that cannot be defined.*

37 By adjusting your conscious awareness to the substance (Light) that is all around you, you simply allow Health, Love, Awareness, Wealth, people, food, the new car, house, clothing, etc., to effortlessly appear to your senses and the senses of others as needed. Life was not meant to be random; such is caused by ignorance. You can plan your future. If you really and truly live the Hiphop spiritual life, then you can simply feel that you already have whatever you desire and it shall eventually appear to you. It's really that simple! Try to <u>feel</u> how you would feel when you actually have the thing or things that you want. Thank GOD (divine intelligence) in advance for supplying you with all of your needs. Expect and respect what you desire.

38 Know this. Spiritual power comes not with just believing in your God. To truly walk in power we must also perceive in our God! To believe is to trust, but to perceive is to become aware. You can believe in your God, but until you perceive through your God-nature your true spiritual power shall remain undeveloped. To achieve what GOD has for us we must see the World through God's eye. We must perceive in (or through) God! After we <u>believe</u> that there is a substance/event/spirit commonly referred to as "GOD," we must take the next step to <u>perceive</u> ourselves working through that substance/event/spirit.

39 As the teacha, the attuned Hiphoppa recognizes the value of GOD projecting Light as the physical World. Whether the seasons of life appear to be temporarily favorable or disappointing, the teacha recognizes only the source of all things (Light-energy) as credible, not its effects. Cars, clothing, food, jewelry, etc., are all temporary effects. They are not original things. They flicker and spark for a moment and then they are gone. Only the one GOD is permanent.

40 Many people <u>believe</u> that GOD exists but they do not <u>perceive</u> themselves within such an existence. They do not operate within the reality of their own God-force. They operate within their own perceived reality, separate from their God-force. They <u>believe</u> in GOD but they do not <u>perceive</u> through God. Hiphoppas must mature beyond this level of spiritual understanding.

41 However, one of the main reasons why many Hiphoppas do not graduate past their beliefs of GOD, is because to really see GOD and begin living from your God-nature you have to be shown your God-nature through a series of trials, tests and tribulations and not many people are willing to go through such experiences in order to see the strength of their own God-force.

42 Remember, Pharaoh's army has to be chasing you down into the sea in order for you to see that you can split the sea and walk right through it. It is within battle and adversity that you truly see and experience your God-nature. For there are real divine forces that protect the elect of GOD, but you won't ever discover them until you are put in some dangerous or compromising position. As long as you are protected and living in perfect peace you will not know what you are really capable of.

43 Face your fears. Debate your doubts and dis your disbeliefs. If you cannot do this, you cannot grow spiritually. This is how many truth-seekers become cowards. It is because they know the Truth but they don't yet actually live the Truth. To live the Truth of one's *being* one must display a sense of courage, one must be tested for the validity and strength of such *being*. I am the greatest live emcee of all time! And so, I am often tested on this claim.

44 Jealous producers, envious rappers and disinterested sound engineers often attempt to sabotage my performances and undermine my sound quality. Yes, some of our most celebrated Rap icons do try and have tried to sabotage KRS ONE's live performances. Yes, the promoters do try to cut corners and penny-pinch when it comes to sound equipment, and yes they do lie about the amount of equipment and hospitality they are providing. Yes, the sound does cut off! Yes, the microphones do go out! Yes, fights break out in the audience!

45 Yes, all kinds of things can and do go wrong, but the teacha is unaffected. In fact, it is here that the teacha begins to see and experience his own strength and divine abilities. I've been conspired against and disappointed so many times by my own Hip Hop peers that now I've come to see it for what it really is—many are simply afraid of my skill, however many more simply don't understand it! It's like they enjoy putting obstacles in my way just to see me overcome them, or they try to prove me wrong about something so that they may appear knowledgeable; others are just plain afraid of me!

46 And they are afraid because I have a history of battling other rappers, and yes, I am vicious for my time. It doesn't matter who's on the show with me, KRS ONE is usually the last one to go on; I am usually *the headliner,* and I say this with humility. However, having such a reputation as a live emcee, being the greatest emcee of my time, does have its drawbacks and this is what I am trying to say here.

47 When you are the best in your field others will try their best to undermine your skill and even sabotage your performances, but if you are truly who you say that you are, all of their trying will only aid you in the pursuit of your own excellence and the achievement of your own purpose. The teacha battles with the intent to correct the opposing force. The teacha battles with knowledge and awareness.

48 We never invite confrontation—however, adversity actually strengthens us. As truth-seekers we must never be afraid to confront adversity and sabotage head-on, knowing that we truly are who we claim to be. When you are truly who you claim to be, your *being* effortlessly operates above the effects of any low-level attack; you are the correction. You are actually there to put an end to the ignorance attempting to sabotage and/or criticize you.

TRACK TWO

49 For the one GOD can be perceived as our Father and the Earth as our Mother, but these are figurative and symbolic terms. The realm of Spirit is beyond rational/intellectual thought. The challenge is that GOD is a oneness—a boundless conscious event. Yet, rational/intellectual thought must individualize, label, question and define each temporary effect in an effort to make sense of the physical World. The intellect wants order out of chaos. But the true reality of the one GOD is chaos to the intellect.

50 Therefore, stories, parables, angels, devils and other symbolism are used to explain spiritual concepts simply because the realm of Spirit cannot be fully comprehended through intellect alone. Such a technique of symbolism and parable is also used throughout the Gospel of Hip Hop to explain some very real concepts in spiritual living. Let us continue.

51 Consider this. Heaven is not just where you are going; heaven is where you came from. Nirvana is not just a state of awareness to attain; it is the very state of awareness you have forgotten. The Gospel of Hip Hop should not be the only authentic Hip Hop lifestyle; it is simply the way that GOD has instructed us to come at this time.

52 The World of nature, with its system of prey and predators, is a projection of spiritual reality. Just as the deer is hunted by the lion, human beings are hunted by devils. Not half-man, half-animal caricatures, but in fact, jealousies, greeds, hatreds, fears, temptations, etc. In the realm of Spirit these predators are real!

53 They eat and eventually deplete one's life-force. We will become aware of our true reality and be better equipped to protect ourselves when we overstand that we are part of a spiritual food chain system just as the deer is part of a natural food chain system.

54 All day and night we are giving and receiving the conscious breath of life. But spiritual beasts (devils) seek to deplete our life-force (consciousness) for their own nourishment. Randomly, these packs of predators seek our life-force to sustain themselves. Jealousies, greeds, hatreds, lusts, fears, etc. are like real beasts that have no life unto themselves so they seek the life-force emanating from us to survive.

55 In the *Spirit realm* thought is as real as a cloud or a mist or a fog. In the physical realm thought is temporary material things and circumstances. Either way, thought is real! And the thought-energy of others (if left unrestrained), whether good or evil, will roam around looking to fulfill its purpose in the lives of random people. Like stray animals looking for food, the random thinking of others will wander around until it is either fulfilled or transformed (further created).

56 Both good and evil undirected thoughts wander aimlessly, like the way certain airborne bacteria wander throughout the air until a series of life circumstances brings them into the nostril, eye and/or ear of some random individual. And it is not that such airborne bacteria (wandering thought) in and of itself is harmful to us. It is more the fact that our immune systems (principles and values) may not be as strong as we may need them to be. Such weaknesses in our own natural defense system (mind) give airborne bacteria (wandering thought) the advantage over us and we become sick (imbalanced).

57 Such wandering and undirected thought roams around until we run into it, and then it seems like some unexpected circumstance always seems to come our way. People usually call such circumstances *good luck* or *bad luck*. However, it is the thinking of unaware Spirit beings (human beings) that create such wandering thought-energy and random life experiences.

58 Some thought-energy is created with the intention to help (so-called *good luck*) while other thought-energy is created with the intention to harm (so-called *bad luck*). The intellect cannot see

itself; only the Spirit can accurately look at the mind of reason and intellectual awareness. And only in Spirit can the teacha see and manipulate thought-energy of all kinds.

59 Knowing that the ultimate force behind all thought-energy is Light, the teacha accepts all random life experiences (both good and evil) as manifestations of properly directed Light or misdirected Light. Dealing with physical reality from its source (which is thought-energy), and dealing with thought-energy from its source (which is Light-energy), the teacha manipulates the physical World itself (causing miracles) with the empowering awareness of the oneness, for there are no separate things or events.

60 It is because of our own ignorance (or denial) that we become prey for wandering spiritual predators. Traditionally, evil and unpleasant people, places, things and circumstances were (and still are) called the works of *devils* or *beasts*, even *vampires* sucking the life-force out of you. However, in reality such predators are simply the manifested ignorance of people we may or may not consciously know. And there are many of them!

61 Ignorance seeks Light (awareness) because it has little of its own. Ignorance is attracted to awareness but awareness is not attracted to ignorance. Ignorance seeks awareness; however, awareness does not seek ignorance. Therefore, the teacha does not fight ignorance to destroy it. The teacha feeds ignorance Light (awareness) and defeats ignorance by further creating (transforming) and/or redirecting it.

62 Know this. The teacha uses creation, awareness, knowledge and/or transformation as weapons against random ignorance. When the teacha is hit with an unpleasant and random situation, the teacha transforms the situation or redirects the thought-energy of the situation toward her highest good with an awareness of that situation's ultimate source in the Light of Eternal Mind: the one GOD.

63 Hiphoppas must overstand that as long as they remain in the born state of animal/human being they are subject to the natural laws of nature. When the attuned Hiphoppa comes to the realization that she is a Spirit being and that the only Truth is oneness, then the deer defeats the lion, the mouse defeats the cat, the cat defeats the dog, and You defeat the World! In other words, the prey becomes the predator. The employee hires or fires the employer. The child teaches the parent. The patient heals the doctor!

64 In the meantime, human beings are being hunted and preyed upon not by one devil but by several. One vice (devil) is no match for any human being. It is the accumulated pack of devils that continuously attack and devour one's life-force.

65 Packs of devils, such as hatreds, angers, insecurities, worries, greeds, etc., lure us to our defeat through a variety of temptations. Randomly, these packs of spiritual predators seek our shells (bodies) and eat them by eating the conscious life-force that sustains the physical body.

66 This is what it really means when someone asks, *What's eating at you?* Or when someone says, *Hate just ate him up!* But know this. We are protected by our natural weapon—the mind!

67 The mind of an attuned Hiphoppa is the weapon used to fight off *devils* as the attuned Hiphoppa develops (rests) spiritually in the physical World. The mind is our natural camouflage…our porcupine back…our venom…our turtle, snail and crab shells. It is our speed, our strength, our wings, etc.

68 Devils attract and lure us to physical harm through smell, touch, taste, sight and sound—even intuition. But a disciplined and sharp mind protects us. Every human being has this weapon or natural defense. But only Spirit beings ever really learn to use it. And even fewer Spirit beings learn to actually master it!

69 The natural technique (or strategy) of a devil is to use temptation and deception. Our technique (or strategy) is discipline and Truth. Therefore, when we are confronted by devils (lies and cravings), the mind must not be clouded by ignorance, drug abuse, self-doubt, fear, guilt, etc., or we lose the fight, and our shells (bodies) are cracked and our life-force is devoured.

70 This is how *Inner-City* pain and suffering is manifested. Both are the manifestations of being constantly hunted by spiritual predators. Sometimes our life-force is bitten and scratched and we manage to escape with injuries such as depression or anxiety. Other times, our life-force is completely devoured and our physical bodies collapse and/or we are driven to insanity.

71 However, when we remember (or realize) that we are Spirit we can effectively use the mind as a weapon against such devils. Such a realization (or enlightenment) is the Truth. And it is in the knowing of this Truth (that you are Spirit and not the physical body) that we automatically become disciplined, avoiding the unnecessary suffering caused by the temptations of devils upon the physical body.

72 Spiritual awareness is enlightenment. And it is enlightenment that causes discipline. Separate your conscious awareness from your physical body, even your mind, and you shall be better able to fight off the devils. Practice observing the cravings of your physical body and always seek Truth. Do not give in to temptation and lies.

73 For, anyone who deceives and/or tempts people does the work of devils. Not that they themselves are devils, but that they are possessed by devils, devils control their motives. Attuned Hiphoppas must always examine themselves to be sure that they are not wearing or saying something that is deceptive and/or tempting to others.

74 The public image, appearance and words of the attuned Hiphoppa should always promote Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth. With what we say, do and wear we must always seek to help those who are victims of deception and/or temptation. Most people do not even know that they have a devil. With a sincere care for the well-being of others we must always advise (even through our clothing and jewelry) the seeking of TRUTH!

TRACK THREE

75 Enlightenment is a revelation, an awakening, a new way to interpret your reality. It is figuratively called *Light* because it assists your ability to understand or *see*. To be enlightened is to become aware. Enlightenment is a state of awareness; it is the awareness of leaving one's self-caused immaturities. However, for those Hiphoppas who live in the physical World there is no prolonged mentally sustained sensation of enlightenment. For the most part, enlightenment comes and goes. Great ideas and revelations appear like flashes of Light in the mind.

76 The results of your new awareness (or enlightenment) can remain with you for a long while, even a lifetime and beyond, but the actual moment of enlightenment is temporary. Like a flash, it exists for only a moment. What you are left with is the revelation achieved by such a flash of enlightenment. Once enlightened, you can never return to ignorance again. This is what gives the impression that the actual experience of enlightenment remains with you throughout your life.

77 On the contrary, it is through the experience of being enlightened or becoming aware that one's attitude and outlook on life changes, giving the impression that one has remained in the actual moment of enlightenment. For the attuned Hiphoppa, enlightenment is not the final stage of spiritual development while in the World. Enlightenment happens throughout one's life.

78 For the attuned Hiphoppa, enlightenment has to do with realizing one's true *Self* as Spirit, detached from the senses and sense objects of the World. However, this is only part of what is needed for those who are living in modern inner cities and are still faced by spiritual predators.

79 The one who is enlightened is usually the one who is the recipient or achiever of spiritual Light or awareness. The enlightened one is the one who receives Light and radiates Light. But in the reality of a chaotic *Inner City,* enlightenment (or awareness) is not enough to combat the perceived devils of others.

80 Devils are attracted to Light and beings of Light. When God is with you, you are a target for devils. Likewise, when you assist others you become a target for devils. Be prepared! Ignorance seeks to eat awareness. But like a moth that is attracted to a flame, devils are attracted to beings of Light only to be incinerated when they finally make contact with such enlightened beings.

81 This is one of the reasons why many *enlightened* souls leave the city to find comfort and peace in the mountains, forest, suburbs and other more secluded and private environments. They care not to sacrifice themselves for the good of those around them. And such is their decision to make. Such is their privilege. They have earned their escape. They are indeed free!

82 For when one is enlightened it is difficult to live around those who are not. In fact, not only is it depressing and spiritually depleting to constantly witness other human beings being helplessly devoured by devils, but even when you have become *unplugged* and *unattached,* wandering devils (through people and circumstances) will not cease attacking you!

83 But some Spirit beings are indeed sent into the World to do battle and free people from their own demons. Some Spirit beings are prepared to sacrifice themselves for the sake of the World's maturity. In the Hiphop Kulture these Spirit beings are called *teachas*. At times we deny ourselves the comforts of the mountains and lakes to enter the *Inner City* for the purpose of freeing people from their own demons. And we are divinely equipped for such a task.

84 Devils run from us! Demons hide from us! Our very presence makes the carnally-minded uncomfortable, the criminally-minded repent, and the spiritually-minded rejoice! For while others enjoy their enlightenment far from the chaos of the *Inner City,* teachas enjoy endarkenment right in the center of the *Inner City.* Chaos does not baffle us.

85 For the teacha, the state of endarkenment also helps in one's spiritual survival while working in the *Inner City.* Endarkenment is not a state of ignorance and it does not imply a lack of spiritual Light. On the contrary, endarkenment is the ability to move in the World without the aid of intellectual awareness or a plan, a sign, etc.

86 Endarkenment is the ability to see in the dark chaos without the aid of rational/logical thought. It is a level of spiritual awareness where the teacha appears to operate harmoniously and effortlessly in chaos. It is a stage in one's spiritual development when intellectual awareness—a plan, a script, a book, a map, etc.—is no longer needed for one to move victoriously in the physical World. One is aware of one's God and sees the World beyond time and separation. Everything is NOW! And all is GOD!

87 For when we are spiritually young we are in need of Light (order/awareness). The one GOD provides Light (order/awareness) so that we may develop and see our way. But if the one GOD provides Light (order/awareness) or decrees that there should be Light (order/awareness), then where is this GOD?

88 The one GOD does not exist in the Light (order/awareness) that is provided. GOD's Light is for us. GOD exists as Light, not in Light. The one GOD is Light! And we are sparks of that Light!

However, the World cannot see its own Light or GOD as the ultimate unified Light-energy.

89 To the World, the one GOD exists in the Dark. For it, GOD exists in those highly chaotic and dangerously forbidden, hidden, secret places that incite fear in the hearts of those who forever seek comfort in the temporary security of predictable events.

90 The practice of endarkenment begins with the understanding that it is the constant search for Worldly/intellectual security which is usually the idea of never doing without, always having an abundance of whatever is needed, always knowing ahead what is going on that keeps us from being totally developed as spiritually mature beings.

91 For as long as we depend upon our intellectual pre-planning abilities exclusively, we shall never develop the ability to see and act spontaneously in the dark with GOD where most times there is no foreseeable plan! At this state of awareness things are effortlessly and spontaneously created as needed.

92 Here, the teacha overstands that abundance and wealth are great resources to have but having the ability of true faith is worth even more! It is here that the attuned Hiphoppa realizes what faith actually is.

93 Here, Faith is about having what you need exactly when you need it. Quite different from asking GOD (in fear) for an abundance of *this* or *that*, the attuned and boundless teacha gets exactly what he needs exactly when it is needed. In the one GOD the teacha truly trusts.

94 Miraculously and with little effort the teacha receives the perfect weapon just before the fight. The teacha receives the exact amount of cash just before the bill. The teacha receives the perfect vehicle just before the trip. The perfect clothing just before the engagement. This is the practice of endarkenment. It is about trusting and perceiving in your God even when your intellect is baffled and cannot see a solution. It is about seeing and walking in intellectual darkness <u>as</u> spiritual Light.

95 At this level of consciousness, the teacha does not move around the World; it is the World that moves around the teacha! Through discipline and righteous living, the teacha expects the intelligence of life itself to be in harmony with the fulfillment of her purpose. Everything happens perfectly in its right place and perfectly in its right time; always right on time.

TRACK FOUR

96 Consider this. Most inner-city children are afraid of the dark. They are afraid of what their own minds create in the dark. However, when the light comes on they quickly learn that a room in the light is the same room in the dark.

97 Here, *room* is the same as life circumstances and situations. As we mature and become more familiar with the objects in our *rooms* (people, things and life circumstances) it doesn’t matter if the light is on or off.

98 With such a maturity (wisdom) we gain the ability to move freely in our dark *rooms* (unpleasant and challenging life situations) without bumping into anything (wrecking one’s life) or being afraid (stagnated in one’s life) because we know where and what everything is (there is only one source—GOD).

99 In fact, when we are threatened (challenged by the World) it is darkness (intellectual chaos) that protects us. Continuous Light (order, prosperity, love, security, skills, a plan, etc.) only exposes us (through people, things, and situations) to our predators (fear, anger, jealousy, envy, etc.). Although order is useful toward the cause for peace, order also gives our predators time to focus in on us. The

teacha is like the eye of a tornado!

100 Attuned Hiphoppas are guided through the darkest *rooms* of life with an awareness of GOD's actual presence. Attuned Hiphoppas find contentment in the darkest situations (situations that the intellect cannot foresee) because they have learned to use their Spirit *sight* to see in the dark (chaos).

101 For the attuned Hiphoppa, endarkenment is more of a feeling experience than an actual seeing experience. It is an awareness. We call it a *sight* because the presence of the one GOD (Light) makes you aware and better able to comprehend (or see) your situation.

102 Here, endarkenment is about feeling and then trusting (beyond the intellect, instincts, emotions, and senses) GOD's actual presence; the presence that speaks to and from the essence of your being. This practice is essential for the building of one's faith.

103 The question here is, can you still see in Spirit even when your intellect cannot see in the physical World? Does the World tell you what and how it is, pressuring you to assimilate? Or do you tell the World what and who you are; forcing it to assimilate?

104 Here, the teacha achieves the ability to accurately see and act in the dark (chaos) by truly walking in the Right Now of his God! The teacha would ask, *Where is your faith if your intellect* (sense of security) *must confirm your victory before you decide to act? Where is your God if She is so distant from you that in order for you to keep up and stay spiritually motivated She must send you a sign, a blessing, a word, Light?*

105 The teacha has realized that he is Light! That when GOD sends Light into the lives of others, it is the teacha that GOD is actually sending. The teacha does not look at life's obstacles as disappointments. The teacha sees all obstacles and criticisms as well as difficult people as challenges sent to him by the one GOD for spiritual correction and development.

106 The teacha has realized that the only harmony is the Great Oneness Deity (GOD)! Conscious Light-energy is the totality of a teacha's reality. And so, the teacha handles difficult people and circumstances simply as unaware sparks of Eternal Mind. Some people may be simply spiritually blind or unaware, but their existence is still in GOD—in time they will see.

107 Here, the teacha does not fall victim to judging and criticizing the spiritually blind. Instead, the teacha opens the eye of the blind to the reality of Spirit by revealing a superior personal character in the face of challenging events and people. The teacha is calm and confident in any situation because the teacha sees GOD and GOD's activity in every event. The teacha educates the ignorant not with words, but with a superior personal character which is usually understood by the ignorant later in their lives.

108 Mastery of spiritual knowledge is found not in what one knows or in what one teaches, it is found in what one does and in how one lives. *No one can actually experience internal illumination and not reveal this enlargement of understanding in daily living. Growth is a positive process and bears witness to itself. We know that improvement is real when it refines and ennobles human character. The lives of mystics prove the victory of internal light over internal darkness.* (Manly P. Hall)

109 Know this. Just as bats see clearer by natural sonar, similarly humans see clearer in Spirit even though we have natural eyes. For it is our natural senses that illuminate and receive Light when in use. Light stimulates the ability of the eyes, yet it is the eyes (or Worldly sight) that distract the Hiphoppa from a life in Spirit. Darkness is not the absence of Light it is the presence of a different Light which requires a different kind of sight.

110 True Hiphoppas eventually learn how to switch their *sight* (or withdraw their natural senses) at

will. Whenever we use our natural senses to either give or receive, we spiritually glow or illuminate. When we illuminate through the use of our natural senses our very Light attracts devils.

111 Consider this. There are two ways in which the enlightened illuminate Light. One way is when Light is received in the form of Health, Love, Awareness or Wealth. These lesser Lights/vibrations assist the enlightened one while in the World. The other way is when those same Lights/vibrations are stored in one's Spirit (*Self*) and then given or illuminated toward others.

112 You will notice that whenever you try to do what is good or achieve what is good there is always opposition. One of the ways spiritually-minded people know that they are blessed is when victory is achieved in the face of adversity. Such victories, however, should mature you from being just spiritually-minded to being spiritually active!

113 For the average Hiphoppa, adversity is the work of devils! But for the teacha, transforming adversity, fear, doubt, disbelief and temptation into understanding, faith, love, security, courage and discipline is the work of God!

114 Such victories are almost always won in battle. For such adversity strengthens the spiritual skill of the teacha. For we are never afraid to display high spiritual skill against ignorance and other obstacles and traps of *Inner-City* life. Teachas are never afraid to fight.

115 Moving in Spirit (at the source) in the dark (in chaos) with the natural senses withdrawn (emotionally centered) you cannot even be seen by devils (wandering ignorance) because you are emitting no Light (awareness) in the physical World; your awareness and activity is spiritual with physical results. You deny the value of the physical World. You are not focused upon the physical World. You are not flashing and flossing your Light (awareness) in the physical World so to the people of the physical World you are incomprehensible—even invisible!

116 For everything is truly everything. And to really comprehend the ALL of everything one must comprehend chaos. But such an awareness is not actually chaotic. It only appears chaotic to the intellect because the intellect creates the physical World of rational thought and individual things by denying the true reality of the oneness so that it can focus.

117 However, it can be very uncomfortable and difficult to have your senses continuously withdrawn from sense objects while living in the *Inner City.* It is difficult for the compassionate Hiphoppa not to assist those in need when living in the *Inner City.* But the attuned Hiphoppa must always remember that people are where they are because of who they are. Be careful with whom you choose to help, assist or support; sometimes you can make things worse.

118 To remain invisible to devils (jealousy, etc.) you cannot receive nor give Light (awareness/resources, etc.), lest the devils (jealousy, etc.) will see you and attack you. It's just like the deer that must go to the lake to drink, sensing that the lion is waiting right there.

119 Nature is set up in such a way that your predator will always be waiting at the place that you must go to receive or give nourishment. This means that every time your God must help you or you must help others, devils are attracted to that very situation. For they too are part of the Great Event and their adversarial nature actually strengthens the spiritual *sight* (awareness) of the teacha. But once they (devils) realize that they are dealing with a teacha, indeed they begin running!

120 Again, you will know when you are blessed when there are oppositions, fears and/or other challenges in the way of achieving your goal or purpose. They are there for you to overcome and learn from. Most opportunity is found in difficulty. Most of the greatest discoveries are found in the darkest of life circumstances. Stay focused upon the ultimate cause (GOD), not the temporary effects (people, places, things and circumstances).

121 However, even in the Light the *enlightened* are seen, hunted and randomly attacked by devils. However, the teacha uses the mind as a weapon against the devils while giving and receiving Light in the World. Armed with an awareness of the Truth that is backed up by a consistent character of righteousness, the teacha effortlessly defeats (transforms) devils.

122 The attuned Hiphoppa prepares ahead of time for encounters with devils. We do not run or hide from circumstances that can do us harm, we prepare for them. Attuned Hiphoppas are never afraid to display their skills and talents in battle. We are already victorious!

123 The *endarkened* are not seen by devils because their existence does not always require the Light (help, assistance, security) of their God. They (the *endarkened*) have learned to walk in the dark with GOD without the use of their intellectual abilities.

124 After we attain enlightenment, having realized ourselves as Spirit beings, we no longer need the crutch or assistance of a sign, a plan, etc., to guide our intellect and natural senses. At this stage we walk with (or trust) our God when we are intellectually blind.

125 We no longer need to receive or illuminate Light in order to *see* our way in the World. We are no longer afraid of the dark. We are no longer distant from our God. There is nothing to give and nothing to receive in the oneness of our God!

126 We need not ask GOD for anything when we realize that everything is already available. Here, we pray not for GOD's Light to come to us. Here, we simply exist as the Light in the darkness! We are no longer afraid of the dark. We are Light!

127 For enlightenment is like a light bulb being turned on in a dark room just long enough for you to get a glimpse of what is in the room. Then the light bulb is turned off again.

128 Having been enlightened helps you to see some of the furniture and items of your *room* (environment). Enlightenment also shows you where the windows and doors are in your *room* (environment). It literally shows you where life's exits and entrances are. Enlightenment shows you exactly where and who you are in life.

129 With this knowledge you know how to approach your life and how to escape confusion and unnecessary suffering. Those who have been enlightened are the beneficiaries of being in illuminating situations. However, they do not remain there mentally or spiritually. For the most part we live in darkness.

130 When GOD turns the Light (awareness) on in your *room* (life) you will also see where your devils (ignorance) are. Likewise, those devils will see you. Like moths attracted to a flame, devils are attracted to enlightened beings.

131 For these reasons as you are studying the way of this gospel it is not always wise to illuminate yourself by either calling GOD into your life, or expressing the Will of your God in your life, or even showing the practice of your skills and talents. Don't be a show-off! Sometimes it is best to follow your God's voice in the dark—in secret, avoiding unnecessary challenges. As I have said many times, *Real bad boys move in silence!*

132 For when the Light comes on in your life it is obvious that there are devils in the same *room* with you. If the Light stays on for too long you can be attacked!

133 The one GOD turns the Light on in your life just at the right time and for what seems like only a second. You then see the reality of your situation (life) and return to the darkness.

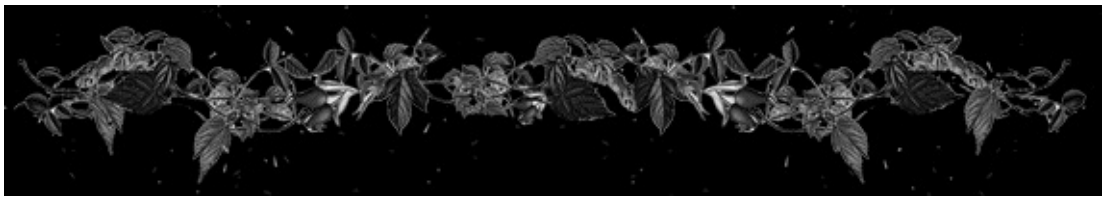
134 It is when GOD calls you and in faith you come without intellectual or rational assistance through the challenges that you are *endarkened*. You are *endarkened* when you have learned to use the

purpose that you were born with to survive in the World—intellectually unassisted.

135 Not that you will never need intellectual Light. But when your Light attracts devils *endarkenment* becomes a helpful spiritual alternative. Trust GOD! GOD is in the dark (in the chaos) providing Light like nourishment, protection and guidance to the intellect even when the intellect cannot see or plan its own way.

136 For when you are no longer afraid of the dark (the chaos) and can see and act in the dark (the chaos) you are spiritually mature. You are *endarkened!* You move in a realm where everything seems to effortlessly happen right on time and just when you need it to. Your only hindrance is worry, which is actually the denial of your God.

137 For when you learn to accept the guidance of that invisible intelligence that Guides Our Direction, even when you are not thinking about it, things just always seem to work in your favor. At this level of consciousness, even when things seem to be going all wrong (to your intellect) you are at peace in the knowing that everything is actually working in your favor. Nothing exists outside of **GOD.** Now go and kick the devil's ass! There it is!



THE NINTH OVERSTANDING

THE FREE STYLES

[1] Freestyling, as it was originally known, was an effort to modify and personalize the popular dance-forms of the 1970s. During the 1970s Hiphoppas mimicked James Brown's "Get On The Good Foot" dance steps and combined them with older, more traditional dance forms and body movements (like Capoiera martial arts), creating new individualized dance moves commonly called *freestyling*.

[2] Such personalized dance moves were called *freestyling* or *going-off* because the dancer was basically presenting old and new dance forms in his or her own way. Uniqueness in traditional dance and body movements was the original idea of *freestyling* or *going-off*. It was about doing your own thing within the traditional structures of dance.

[3] In the 1970s, it was common for people to do their traditional dances to the songs of the day. But artists like James Brown, Sly and the Family Stone and the Jimmy Castor Bunch had instrumental breaks in their songs. Part of the excitement of listening and dancing to these artists was that most of the popular songs of the late 1960s and early 1970s had the artist singing throughout the entirety of the song, whereas James Brown and others would sing up to a point and then stop in the middle of the song, causing an instrumental break to occur.

[4] When this *break* in the vocal performance of the song occurred it was commonly understood that this was the moment to *go-off* (or make up your own dance moves). It wouldn't be long before a specific group of youth dancers would form specific dance moves to accommodate the *breaks* of songs.

[5] On the east coast these dance forms would be called *Breakin* or *b-boying*. On the west coast these freestyle dance forms would be called *Boogying* (*Boogie-ing*), *Popping* and *Locking*. However, both coasts were united by their love for the *breaks* in certain recordings.

[6] Some of the earliest b-boys and breakin crews were known as Don Campbell and the Campbellock Dancers, the Rock Steady Crew, the Nigga Twins, B-boys In Action, the Beat Street Dancers, New York City Breakers, the Dynamic Breakers, the L. A. Breakers, and the Breeze Team.

[7] When Rap music became popular in 1979 many Breakers, Poppers and Lockers (as well as Graffiti writers) became Emcees and Deejays, bringing their b-boy/b-girl terminologies with them. When these ex-Breakers and Graffiti writers performed their unwritten, unrehearsed, off-the-top-of-the-head rhymes, they called it *freestyling* because the same rules that were applied to the b-boys and b-girls of the past were now applied to the Emcees and Deejays of the present.

[8] Today freestyling is mostly an Emcee affair. Those Emcees who spontaneously create and perform unrehearsed and unwritten rhymes can be said to be freestyling.

[9] Here, with this project, I have gone even further with the concept of the "free" "style" by offering 365 inspirational rhymes for a free Hip Hop life. *The Free Styles* are free to all *Temple Members*. Such members use these rhymes as daily affirmations, as well as potential choruses and verses in songwriting and/or book writing. Moreover, the Temple of Hip Hop uses these verses as tools of inspiration for true Hiphoppas.

[10] Although each verse is relatively short (two bars each), each verse introduces an important subject for daily observation and discussion. There are 365 verses—one for each day of the year. They can be said to music (90 beats per minute recommended) or recited internally as an affirmation.

[11] Even though each day is allotted its own verse, Hiphoppas are encouraged to choose a favorite rhyme from among the 365 verses and make it their daily affirmation. *The Free Styles* are observed daily; however, each one can be used as the subject of a weekly lesson.

[12] The true Hiphoppa meditates upon the *free style* of the day as a daily guidance and/or affirmation tool. Within the daily order of *The Free Styles* Hiphoppas are encouraged to fast every seven days regardless of when the fasting day appears within the month. Every seven days does not mean every Sunday and *fasting* does not always imply the lessening of one's food intake.

[13] Here, fasting simply means to <u>lessen</u> your intake of sugar, salt, dairy, flour, alcohol, tobacco, meats, marijuana and other intoxicants, as well as certain people, places, thoughts, money-spending, talking and other addictive habits every seven days or abstain from many of these events, people, activities and products all together.

[14] The Temple of Hiphop suggests water-based soups, cleansing teas and water for beverages particularly every seven days, as well as soothing music, silence and/or spiritually productive conversations every seven days (see January 7, 14, 21, 28, and February 4, 11, 18, etc.).

[15] Finally, December 32 begins at 12:00 noon on December 31. On the last day of the year we give ourselves a half-day, devoting the last 12 hours of the 31st day to spiritual atonement as a 32nd day. On this day, we drink only water-based soups and water. We forgive others and ourselves, accepting in faith the mercy and patience of the Great Spirit.

[16] On this day we are reborn in *Spirit*. We observe the advice of the *Overstandings* and we prepare for the New Year. If you have received these *Free Styles* after December 31, then use the last day of whatever month you are already in to give yourself a half day for spiritual atonement (for example January 32, February 30, March 32, etc.).

[17] The 365 rhymes/affirmations of *The Free Styles* serve as guidance for the truly committed Hiphoppa. As you begin your practice you will begin to notice how *The Free Styles* will seem to speak directly to the happenings of your day. The more often that this occurs, the more in harmony you are becoming with your Hiphop spiritual lifestyle.

[18] These affirmations (the 365 rhymes) help you to <u>live</u> Hiphop. However, the most important thing a Hiphoppa can do to hasten the productive results of her Hiphop spiritual practice is not to deviate from the practice itself.

[19] Once you are fully aware of what is required of you, it is then time to live it! Getting adjusted to the ways of a new life is always difficult. However, if you continue to press onward, such a new life will eventually become an old habitual one.

[20] In this case, you are seeking to make and/or strengthen Hiphop as your lifestyle. You want Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth to be a regular habit in your life. You want real results from your spiritual reality. Ultimately, you desire to walk with GOD. All of this and more is achievable if you remain committed to your discipline/training.

[21] This is what *The Free Styles* are all about. They help you to remain committed to Hiphop's spiritual lifestyle. *The Free Styles* encompass the schedule of Hiphop's spiritual life, which includes Hip Hop's *holy-days* like Hip Hop Appreciation Week, which occurs the third week in May.

[22] Hip Hop Appreciation Week is a time set aside the third week in May to acknowledge and appreciate the existence of Hip Hop itself. During this time the Hip Hop community refocuses itself through a collective review and update of its own history as well as a renewal and update of its core principles and elements.

[23] During Hip Hop Appreciation Week artists can be asked to give sound advice on what they've

learned about life and living Hip Hop. Schools of all sorts can be encouraged to discuss Hip Hop academically and critically. Radio DJs can be encouraged to upgrade their play of “conscious” Rap music over the airwaves, etc.

[24] During Hip Hop Appreciation Week the Hip Hop community is encouraged to: Give the next person the right of way. Allow people to pass you. Do not block a person’s forward movement.

[25] Donate your skill or profession to someone who cannot afford it.

[26] At the supermarket, give your change to the person behind you in line.

[27] Be quick to compliment and slow to criticize. Be ready also to forgive and move on.

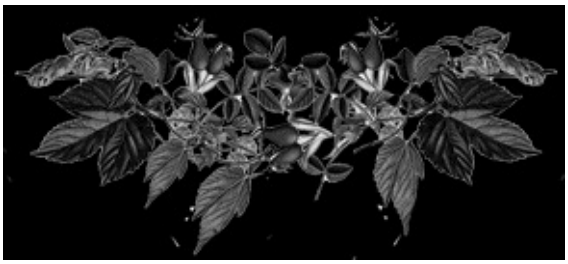
[28] Give 10 percent of your salary to your child’s teacher.

[29] Ease a neighbor’s pressure by donating your time toward the ease of some duty they must undertake.

[30] For when this is your habitual nature you will begin to experience a certain harmony with the happenings of life itself; even when you are late, you shall be right on time. Even when you are denied, you shall be accepted. Accidents shall be either just in front of you or just behind you, but never with you. And even if you are in an accident it shall be for your own good and/or for the good of others. Never worry.

[31] When you are sick, it shall be so that you may become healthier. Even those who may rise up against you shall fall victim to their own evil plans. Where others must pay for everything that they get, you shall receive useful things freely. Everything that you lose shall be returned to you. Anything stolen from you or lost shall indeed return to you twofold. For when you make the decision to serve Life, Life itself shall indeed protect and serve you.

[32] For you will begin to notice a certain intelligence governing and guiding the happenings of your life. Do not be astonished by it. Do not overthink or marvel at the supernatural activities of your life. Only accept them as normal. Expect it! For if you show any fear, doubt or surprise you will show yourself not to be ready; simply *go with the F.L.O.W. (Follow Life’s Outcome Willingly)*. There it is!



JANUARY

JANUARY 1
Today is the day I live by each verse.
Temptation is defeated by trusting God first.

JANUARY 2
The way of Hiphop is always Self-creation.
With faith and will you can change your situation.

JANUARY 3
The only way to know Hip Hop like no one else ~
is to know that you are Hiphop, your Higher Self.

JANUARY 4
Today I will separate my wants from my needs ~
and visualize my needs coming to me with speed.

JANUARY 5
Today I know that I can only achieve ~
The peace and prosperity I am ready to receive.

JANUARY 6
My heart is pure in all my endeavors.
My heart can be weighed against the weight of a feather.

JANUARY 7
Today we thank our bodies for lasting ~
by giving it love and rest by fasting.

JANUARY 8
What you put in your body is what your body gives.
So put in your body the foods that help it live.

JANUARY 9
I am doing what GOD is telling me.
Times are hard, but we live in prosperity.

JANUARY 10
The True Hiphoppa sustains Hiphop.
Television and radio simply do not!

JANUARY 11
The knowledge of Hip Hop is for all that wish to take it ~

cause frankly, everyone is not gonna make it.

JANUARY 12
Once you see how it all connects ~
You feel the peace and give God respect.

JANUARY 13
Today I express what's been taught to me.
I act like, and think, the way it ought to be.

JANUARY 14
Respond to your body and it'll respond to you.
While fasting, tell it what you want it to do.

JANUARY 15
When Michael became Martin, and Martin became King ~
The juniors in the streets were shown a new thing.

JANUARY 16
Today no lies go past my teeth.
I am fishing not to become a chicken or start beef.

JANUARY 17
While the Rapper raps and the Singer sings ~
always be prepared to accept new things.

JANUARY 18
Only you can take care of you.
Stop asking others to do what you can do.

JANUARY 19
I can be trusted, I can be loved.
God lives within me, not way up above.

JANUARY 20
Check your thinking, it's an ancient fact ~
that the way you think is the way you act.

JANUARY 21
We thank the body with rest and with fasting ~
and massage the organs with continuous laughing.

JANUARY 22
What you put in your life is what you get out.
Givin' and takin' is what life is all about.

JANUARY 23
Look for the good in all things and all people.
Perform in GOD, and allow God to be you.

JANUARY 24
Crime will never leave society as a sickness ~
as long as justice in society is a business.

JANUARY 25
You ain't got it hard; you wanna know what's the hardest?
The single working mom raising Hip Hop's artists.

JANUARY 26
Check what ya seein' and check how ya listenin' ~
control all your senses and practice self-discipline.

JANUARY 27
Obeying and worshipping GOD was before ~
now we must act like GODs and be mature.

JANUARY 28
Promote your physical well-being and long-lasting ~
by resting the mind and body through fasting.

JANUARY 29
Do not get trapped in temptation and lust.
Have fun, but always build an image of trust.

JANUARY 30
Your word is your bond when you blow your vocal horn.
But words also manifest, so word is also born.

JANUARY 31
Whether it be with a book, ball or drill ~
the road to success begins with a skill.

FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY 1
I am the master of all memory that's found ~
my history lives for me, not the other way around.

FEBRUARY 2
The moment you were born, you were truly blessed.
There is really no need for you to ever be stressed.

FEBRUARY 3
The formula for positive change is quite clear ~
progression in life begins first without fear.

FEBRUARY 4
The practice of fasting helps the body, no question.
It is you who control your body and mind direction.

FEBRUARY 5
By talkin' 'bout the problem we mangle and mix it.
By workin' wit the problem we eventually fix it.

FEBRUARY 6
Whatever you look for, you'll eventually see.
Whatever you speak will soon come to be.

FEBRUARY 7
Power and peace is found in this sentence:
Today you must realize the Truth of GOD's presence.

FEBRUARY 8
What one does need not be mentioned.
The question to ask is, *what's the intention?*

FEBRUARY 9
For peace and prosperity I need nothing else ~
but GOD, this gospel and my Hip Hop Self.

FEBRUARY 10
Hip Hop Kulture doesn't recognize haters.
Haters within a culture of love are traitors.

FEBRUARY 11
Fasting shows the body its true respect.
Constantly eating shows the body true neglect.

FEBRUARY 12
Compassion and care is the *word* for today ~
allow these virtues to guide your day.

FEBRUARY 13
Everything emanates from our cosmic mother ~
existing as one; all sisters, all brothers.

FEBRUARY 14
The difference between sinking and rising above ~
is shown in your levels of hate and love.

FEBRUARY 15
With whatever you learn in your temple or college ~
the way of Hip Hop is to do your knowledge.

FEBRUARY 16
If you change the way you think, you will change your surroundings ~
sometimes you are floating, when you think you are drowning.

FEBRUARY 17
The Hiphop teacha knows that without trust ~
the trustless community turns to dust.

FEBRUARY 18
While fasting, we stop eating the foods that we bought ~
but let us also fast from the eating of negative thoughts.

FEBRUARY 19
The true Hiphoppa is a blessing to any lawyer ~
because the true Hiphoppa promotes Law and also Order.

FEBRUARY 20
Self-creation is what it's all about.
Believe in Self, not fear and doubt.

FEBRUARY 21
Nobody sees things like everyone else ~
the first education is educatin' yourself.

FEBRUARY 22
When do things start and when do things cease?
If your purpose is now, this question is the least.

FEBRUARY 23

From the winter to the spring to the summer to the fall ~
seek knowledge, never think that you know it all.

FEBRUARY 24
Only poor people drink dreams like juice ~
relying on gossip and not on Truth.

FEBRUARY 25
Drink much water and eat what's alive ~
Then be like water as it cleans and revives.

FEBRUARY 26
When nothing ever happens for you, you say, *I knew it*.
The problem is you're thinking about it. Just do it!

FEBRUARY 27
Hiphoppas rise in health and wealth ~
when Hiphoppas mature to a knowledge of Self.

FEBRUARY 28
If you have it to give, it is important that you give it.
If you know the Truth, it is important that you live it.

FEBRUARY 29*
Put no interest above your health.
Be your own partner and love your Self.

MARCH

MARCH 1
Peace and prosperity are what Hip Hop is pursuing.
We are all a portion of what the universe is doing.

MARCH 2
Don't worry about when, don't worry about how ~
the power of future begins right now.

MARCH 3
The Hiphop teacha eats herbs and roots ~
vegetables, teas, grains and fruits.

MARCH 4
When you choose a friend, you choose their life, no doubt.
So make sure your friends aren't all stressed out.

MARCH 5
The family man has a family plan ~
a plan that helps his family stand.

MARCH 6
The teacha that only talks begins to ramble.
But the teacha that really teaches speaks through example.

MARCH 7
If GOD in Heaven gives intellectual aid ~
what is really and truly man-made?

MARCH 8
When you discipline your mind from every temptation ~
your mind is clear for any situation.

MARCH 9
The teacha practices being prepared ~
educating the mind, so that the body is not scared.

MARCH 10
What exactly shall I fast from today ~
My eating, my thinking, my work, or my play?

MARCH 11
The physical body is our earthly rental ~
our planetary vehicle, our only true temple.

MARCH 12
People are ambitious, they seek their own glory.
Always seek to know both sides of the story.

MARCH 13
For a spiritual environment, we need not search ~
'cause anywhere we are in the World is church.

MARCH 14
Here is a message that many must heed:
it is more important to do than to read.

MARCH 15
Good and evil might be the same thing ~
'cause angels and demons respect the same king.

MARCH 16
If your life is in turmoil and appears at its worst ~
you have nothing to lose by putting GOD first.

MARCH 17
When fasting, never sound depressed in your voice.
Prayer and fasting are times to rejoice.

MARCH 18
It takes a whole village just to raise one youth ~
but what if that village is denied the Truth?

MARCH 19
The police have to get back to working for the people.
And the people have to get back to treating each other equal.

MARCH 20
Look for the good and the good shall appear.
Look for the bad and the bad is right there.

MARCH 21
Once you know for sure exactly where ya going ~
your own conviction starts the energy flowing.

MARCH 22
When brothers kill brothers and exercise hate ~
the enemies of their father inherit their estate.

MARCH 23

What kind of advice could they possibly give ~
when they really haven't lived in the places we've lived?

MARCH 24
While fasting, the Hiphop teacha serves the meal ~
with this act one's discipline is practiced for real.

MARCH 25
Do not practice forgiveness so that you may be forgiven.
Practice forgiveness to expand your own livin'.

MARCH 26
Every day is a birthday party ~
when you wake up from sleeping and you love somebody.

MARCH 27
Knowledge and skill will bring you a salary ~
but knowing your purpose can change your reality.

MARCH 28
GOD is patient but when She strikes ~
you have been warned every day and every night.

MARCH 29
A mother or father you are to the end ~
but to raise your children you must be their friend.

MARCH 30
The best way to create and maintain wealth ~
is to simultaneously create and maintain Self.

MARCH 31
Look out! Look out! If you're about to crash!
Right about NOW it is time to fast.

APRIL

APRIL 1
Your inner-Spirit is a Spirit that does.
It reacts to what is, what will be, and what was.

APRIL 2
The most valuable lessons should not be a mystery.
The attuned Hiphoppa should teach with simplicity.

APRIL 3
No one can say that anyone's faith is deceiving ~
cause the root of all faiths is choice in believing.

APRIL 4
Study who you are, before anyone else ~
then study everyone else like you've studied yourself.

APRIL 5
Destruction begins when you doubt yourself ~
doubt your health, and doubt your wealth.

APRIL 6
If you really want money your mentality must switch.
If you really wanna be rich you gotta act like you're rich!

APRIL 7
Fasting and prayer are always intertwined ~
one cleanses body, the other cleanses the mind.

APRIL 8
Don't worry 'bout when, don't worry 'bout how ~
the Light of GOD is always right now!

APRIL 9
The Goddess manifests daily in our lives ~
through our sisters, mothers, daughters, aunts and wives.

APRIL 10
To enhance one's Self, creative thinking is critical ~
but maintain a balance between the creative and analytical.

APRIL 11
Makeup and clothing are just the surface ~
but nothing looks good if you have no purpose.

APRIL 12
God is speaking but only a few are listening ~
others are too busy booty-shakin' and dissing.

APRIL 13
Out of Jesus, Muhammad, Krishna and Moses ~
to GOD, which one of them is the closest?

APRIL 14
While fasting, know that you have your father's assistance.
While laughing, laugh within your mother's existence.

APRIL 15
Give us every daughter, give us every son ~
and give us the position to assist everyone.

APRIL 16
It seems like with disease no doctor is stopping this ~
'cause most doctors ignore the effects of consciousness.

APRIL 17
There are no grades to achieve awareness.
Discipline your mind above living so careless.

APRIL 18
If GOD appeared to all of us, right now, this week ~
who would be good enough to step up and speak?

APRIL 19
It's foolish to say we are destroying the Earth ~
'cause everything we're doing destroys us first.

APRIL 20
If you and I was ice cream we both would melt.
But while melting the teacha still asks, *how can I help?*

APRIL 21
How can you have a definition of nutrition ~
when the essentials of productive thinking are always missing?

APRIL 22
Live past your senses, live past your salary ~
remove your perception and look at reality.

APRIL 23

The Laws of the State and the Laws of all others ~
fall into balance with service toward others.

APRIL 24
Just as a car with no gas is worthless ~
your life doesn't run if it doesn't have purpose.

APRIL 25
Past, present, future is a state of the mind ~
really, everything is happening at the same time.

APRIL 26
If something goes wrong, people say, *I knew it*.
But if they want something right they ask GOD to do it.

APRIL 27
Whether you are learning in high school or college ~
in the lifestyle of Hiphop you must do your knowledge.

APRIL 28
Never underestimate your will over your body ~
while fasting, find yourself praying at the party.

APRIL 29
Before we can talk about people being selfless ~
we first gotta talk about people feeling helpless.

APRIL 30
When you see injustice you gotta start speaking up
Many say, "I follow GOD," but are they keeping up?

MAY

MAY 1
Be careful that the highest ideas of yourself ~
aren't just the opinions of everyone else.

MAY 2
First there's me, then there's me thinking ~
then there's me rising, or then there's me sinking.

MAY 3
The road of life is smooth with many curves.
The one that hugs the road is the one that serves.

MAY 4
Do true Hip Hop so that all can see it ~
but longevity begins when you can also be it.

MAY 5
At the Temple of Hiphop there is limited seating ~
reserved for those who perfect their eating.

MAY 6
Everyone that leads can also mislead.
So make sure the knowledge that you have is what you need.

MAY 7
If closeness with GOD is Heaven, where all is well ~
then distance from GOD is hell, can't you tell?

MAY 8
Today is the day I act like God ~
doing this like God, and doing that like God.

MAY 9
Beware of the spiritual *Pimp* and spiritual *Hoe* ~
because of spiritual clothes, you think they spiritually know.

MAY 10
You will pray for a thing and never get to own it ~
if you live in the future and not in the present moment.

MAY 11
Peace of mind begins with non-attachment.
The Hiphop teacha sees the whole in every fragment.

MAY 12
Yearly the teacha fasts, 52 times ~
and meditates upon 365 rhymes.

MAY 13
You will raise your wealth and enhance your health ~
when you release all doubt and believe in your Self.

MAY 14
Never pay attention to fearful criticism ~
Your life and your principles, these others don't live them.

MAY 15
The skills that are given to you by your Mother ~
should glorify the Father through service toward others.

MAY 16
And the emcee said, *here is the key to success* ~
represent the vision of the crowd you address.

MAY 17
It's clever to learn from history or whatever ~
but never cease to update whatever you remember.

MAY 18
The mysteries of life begin to unravel ~
not only through books, but through actual travel.

MAY 19
No one should begin to think you're fasting ~
because around them you are having much fun and laughing.

MAY 20
What's Heaven's is Heaven's, what's hell's is hell's ~
but freedom begins when we govern ourselves.

MAY 21
It makes no sense to love an artist when he dies ~
if you haven't shown him that same love when he was alive.

MAY 22
Graffiti Art, Breakin, Deejayin, Emceein ~
all have to do with acting and being.

MAY 23

Hiphop is healthy and always has wealth ~
but this week, Hiphop is conscious of itself.

MAY 24
Graffiti, Emceein, Deejayin, Beat Boxin ~
with Breakin and Knowledge was original Hiphoppin'.

MAY 25
For those that are strugglin', tryin', and pursuin' ~
change your thoughts and start being and doing.

MAY 26
While fasting, know that your God is living!
While fasting, enhance the soul through giving.

MAY 27
Your choice of philosophy can easily mess your mind up ~
if all you do is study while ignoring your conduct.

MAY 28
Don't get stagnated in the what, where, and how.
If GOD gave it to you, act on it right now!

MAY 29
GOD is speaking to you and everyone else.
Don't wait around for knowledge; you must educate your Self.

MAY 30
Follow life's teachings even over the fences ~
but learn to control all six of your senses.

MAY 31
You can kill a man by takin' him out his land ~
and puttin' him in a land he really doesn't overstand.

JUNE

JUNE 1
Everything we're buying has already been bought ~
Everything we're learning has already been taught.

JUNE 2
While fasting, eating does not include slaughter ~
Today we are fed by air, light and water.

JUNE 3
Not all Hiphoppas have rims on their cars ~
with baggy pants, braggin' about being behind bars.

JUNE 4
Freely I give you much health and wealth ~
but they are secondhand, 'cause first I give them to myself.

JUNE 5
The direction of the lesson creates your perception ~
and your perception of your lesson creates your direction.

JUNE 6
Express the Love like no one else.
Allow the Love to become your Self.

JUNE 7
You've walked this path long enough ~
It's time for you to start claiming your stuff.

JUNE 8
Some things happen now, and some things happen later ~
but remember, with GOD you are a co-creator.

JUNE 9
On the streets and highways people signal when passing.
On the highways of life the body signals before crashing.

JUNE 10
People will always think you're contradictory ~
When you choose to live for today and not in history.

JUNE 11
In this verse is the teaching of the Church ~
Faith is an act of you moving first.

JUNE 12
Who are the *theys*, and who are the *thems* ~
are *they* not you, and I, and all of our friends?

JUNE 13
Driving in traffic gives you the opportunity ~
to practice courtesy, compassion and unity.

JUNE 14
The Judicial system loses its quickness ~
when more and more people look to practice forgiveness.

JUNE 15
The challenges you face will disappear in an hour ~
when you see them as reasons to use your power.

JUNE 16
Constant working causes crashing!
So stop the working of the body through fasting.

JUNE 17
Find ways to serve in advance before you act ~
and all your actions in advance will be exact.

JUNE 18
Open your mind and extend its range ~
because all school knowledge is subject to change.

JUNE 19
The first move you make is to become awake.
The second move made is for you to stay awake.

JUNE 20
The traps of temptation will always miss you~
when you realize the Truth that GOD is with you.

JUNE 21
Restrictions and rules we really wouldn't need 'em ~
if everyone was conscious of the next person's freedom.

JUNE 22
Suggestions are good, here and there, once or twice ~
but don't make the suggestions of others your whole life.

JUNE 23

You have received according to your asking ~
And you shall believe according to your fasting.

JUNE 24
Few are Emceein while many do Rap.
Many are talking, but only a few act.

JUNE 25
Life is a bitch when you don't flow with her ~
so flow with her, know it's her, and go with her.

JUNE 26
Bronx versus Queens, East versus West ~
the one that endures is the one that's the best.

JUNE 27
Laws don't work for the people that break them ~
Laws only work for the people that make them.

JUNE 28
Never say no to the one that asks ~
but never be led down a suckers path.

JUNE 29
We are all role models, for all to witness ~
but most folks don't think they can really make a difference.

JUNE 30
The teacha is patient and repeats the teachings ~
Not with words, but by fasting from eating.

JULY

JULY 1
Respect the real Rap from before you were born ~
Hip Hop's culture is from all of those songs.

JULY 2
While traveling we follow the signs without question ~
never once doubting or asking who's directin'.

JULY 3
Not a contract, a ring, nor even a salary ~
can really define your role in a family.

JULY 4
The essence of freedom is in this sentence:
Self-creation is independence!

JULY 5
Today is the day we give glory to GOD ~
when we think about it, life hasn't been so hard.

JULY 6
Heaven and hell can grow or shrink ~
based on the way you grow and think.

JULY 7
Most of what's eaten is turned into trash ~
so minimize your eating and practice your fast.

JULY 8
Some give the gifts that sit upon mantles ~
while others give the gifts of productive examples.

JULY 9
Brothers are brothers from breath to breath ~
from wife to wife, from life to death.

JULY 10
If life is a game, childhood is the scrimmage ~
so children must play toward a productive *Self* image.

JULY 11
The student seeks knowledge through admissions and fees.
The teacha seeks knowledge in all that he sees.

JULY 12
Paradise is sudden and in the present moment ~
but if you're in the past or future you will never know it.

JULY 13
Feel the value of the things you have ~
Nothing is more valuable than the ability to laugh.

JULY 14
The body fights its enemies every day and every hour ~
so cut back on salt, sugar, dairy foods and flour.

JULY 15
You see Hiphop in that, and you see Hiphop in this ~
now see Hiphop as your creative consciousness.

JULY 16
Release your anger, your doubt, and your fear ~
and instantly your mind will become quite clear.

JULY 17
The activity of life is constant creation ~
so walk and talk in your daily affirmation.

JULY 18
The guard at the gate of the temple says this to you:
Only the disciplined one will get through.

JULY 19
In life there is only one true oppressor ~
It's the mind of the person that feels like he is lesser.

JULY 20
If you wanna study changes, history will show how.
But if you wanna make changes, you must think and go now.

JULY 21
Foods are drugs and drugs are foods ~
like some drugs, foods can also create moods.

JULY 22
Today you must think before you act.
Let this be this, and let that be that.

JULY 23

Focus your mind on God and Law ~
and all your steps are bound to be sure.

JULY 24
All subjects of learning are sisters and brothers ~
The mastery of one subject leads to all others.

JULY 25
Sometimes the teacha must be alone ~
To see and comprehend what is being shown.

JULY 26
The Gospel of Hip Hop exists to protect.
It speaks to a life beyond cash and checks.

JULY 27
Giving of yourself means, giving of your Self ~
it doesn't always mean the giving of your wealth.

JULY 28
The sugar, the dairy, the flour, the salt ~
for maximum health, these must come to a halt.

JULY 29
The things you do are the desires of your heart ~
no one can truly make you play a different part.

JULY 30
You will live in constant stagnation and stiffness ~
if in life you never learned to practice forgiveness.

JULY 31
In perfect love and balance many are born ~
but as we grow up many more are taught wrong.

AUGUST

AUGUST 1
Those that work for GOD have God working for them.
Life becomes your partner when GOD is your close friend.

AUGUST 2
Establish your goal; with all your time pursue it.
Feel yourself acting, stop doubting, just do it.

AUGUST 3
Unnecessary want, desire, and attachment ~
leads to suffering and mind entrapment.

AUGUST 4
If you wish to slow down how fast your heart is beating ~
then fish and vegetables you should always be eating.

AUGUST 5
Always check to see how your friends are living.
The ones who are receiving should also be the ones giving.

AUGUST 6
This rhyme is spiritual but it pertains to the medical ~
self-control and health are identical.

AUGUST 7
The reality of the slave will always be a mystery ~
because only slave traders were written down in history.

AUGUST 8
Whatever you look for also looks for you ~
so watch what you say, what you think, and what you do.

AUGUST 9
Every single year, about this time~
We are born again with a renewing of our minds.

AUGUST 10
The rich get richer because they work toward rich.
The poor get poorer because their minds can't switch.

AUGUST 11
While you're fasting reaffirm in your mental ~
"I don't live in a tomb, I live in a temple."

AUGUST 12
He is God, she is God, GOD is everywhere ~
in the water, in the fire, in the Earth, and in the air.

AUGUST 13
After all those people finish tellin' you lies ~
open your mind's eye and visualize.

AUGUST 14
Place your mind on the things that are higher ~
and stomp out the fires of your carnal desires.

AUGUST 15
Most people cannot seem to hold success ~
because they fail to repeat the actions of their success.

AUGUST 16
Women love men and men love women ~
when both love GOD, so do their children.

AUGUST 17
The clearest critique of a person is through loving ~
the distorted critique of a person is through judging.

AUGUST 18
The gifts you receive from GOD at birth ~
are the gifts you return to God on Earth.

AUGUST 19
If you give away your coat, your shoes, and your hat ~
the promise to all is that you'll get it right back.

AUGUST 20
In peace, in unity, in joy and in love ~
Show me today what I am capable of.

AUGUST 21
As people pass by, you should say to yourself ~
I love you, I love me and I love everyone else.

AUGUST 22
That man looks good, that woman looks great ~
but today I think I'll take me on a date.

AUGUST 23

Release the critique of others and you will find ~
a silence in your heart and a silence in your mind.

AUGUST 24
The Laws of inhaling and exhaling when breathing ~
are the Laws of the universe toward giving and receiving.

AUGUST 25
You talk to your body through the foods on your shelf.
Your body talks back through the level of your health.

AUGUST 26
Seeing God's finished work is a spiritual practice ~
yet even the most powerful of preachers still lack this.

AUGUST 27
The reason people feel they need prestige and clout ~
is really because they're trapped by fear and doubt.

AUGUST 28
You will get what you believe, and what you wish to achieve ~
when you help others believe and achieve what they perceive.

AUGUST 29
Today I break free from all of my fears ~
I don't need to go over there, it's all right here!

AUGUST 30
After the preacher of the Word astounds you ~
open your heart and feel GOD all around you.

AUGUST 31
Before you begin to rearrange your behavior ~
first be clear about your internal nature.

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER 1
Fasting and rest for the body is ease ~
constantly working and overeating is disease.

SEPTEMBER 2
Whether in a wealthy suburb or in a poor *ghetto* ~
the spiritual life requires that you let go.

SEPTEMBER 3
Foolish people only follow the trend and the check ~
while the wise ones also follow the cause and the effect.

SEPTEMBER 4
The one that loves GOD is good but not above ~
the compassionate one that simply gives and shows love.

SEPTEMBER 5
When I grow up I'm gonna be soft.
When I grow up I'm gonna be hard.
When I grow up I'm gonna be wealthy.
When I grow up I'm gonna be God!

SEPTEMBER 6
I am beautiful, I am smart ~
today there is only love in my heart.

SEPTEMBER 7
Learn from others, but know your own order.
What drowns one man is the next man's sauna.

SEPTEMBER 8
The titles of foods and drugs are name things ~
because foods and drugs are really the same things.

SEPTEMBER 9
When the lessons of simple common sense don't reach you ~
the lessons of pain will manifest just to teach you.

SEPTEMBER 10
Change through destruction sometimes is the hardest.
For even the Goddess burns down her own forest.

SEPTEMBER 11

The tragedies and threats which transformed America ~
brought unity and strength in the wake of hysteria.

SEPTEMBER 12
The spiritual life can begin and start ~
when you quiet the mind and truly search the heart.

SEPTEMBER 13
It might sound crazy and it might sound bugged ~
but forgiveness is real when your enemies are hugged.

SEPTEMBER 14
If the righteous never walk into the houses of the pimps ~
the *whores* of those houses might never get a glimpse.

SEPTEMBER 15
If your mind doesn't permit that you fast, it's okay ~
continue to practice, eating one meal a day.

SEPTEMBER 16
The key to the *City* for all who are listenin' ~
begins with Self and ends with discipline.

SEPTEMBER 17
The Goddess is God and GOD is the Goddess ~
living is an art and you are the artist.

SEPTEMBER 18
Whether it be the daughter or whether it be the son ~
the wisdom of GOD should begin when they are young.

SEPTEMBER 19
Run from the person showing attachment and vanity ~
and run toward the family, showing love and charity.

SEPTEMBER 20
The children of ignorance you will see by their demanding.
The children of wisdom you will see by their overstanding.

SEPTEMBER 21
Peace of mind and awareness of Self ~
arrives when the Self is content with the Self.

SEPTEMBER 22
While others overeat on the road to devastation ~

the teacha is fasting, content in the situation.

SEPTEMBER 23
The one that forgives and holds no grudges ~
wastes no time with lawyers and judges.

SEPTEMBER 24
One of the first spiritual lessons to learn ~
is how to call on GOD and expect a return.

SEPTEMBER 25
At the Temple of H.I.P.H.O.P this is what we teach you ~
Her Infinite Power Helps Organize People.

SEPTEMBER 26
Get prepared! Your blessing is coming!
Doubters are hiding! Haters are running!

SEPTEMBER 27
How can you separate the sun from its heat?
How can you separate the Earth from your feet?

SEPTEMBER 28
The teacha of Hiphop knows just what to do.
You should never chase money, instead money should chase you.

SEPTEMBER 29
Life breeds life and death breeds death ~
continue eating the dead and what's left.

SEPTEMBER 30
The rebel is hasty, he argues with the elite ~
while the teacha performs patience and eventually takes their seat.

OCTOBER

OCTOBER 1
In the eyes of the child the parent must be a hero ~
if the parent is not, then the parent is zero.

OCTOBER 2
If you really wanna make a million dollar bills ~
the question you must ask first is, *truly, what are my skills?*

OCTOBER 3
Those that think *time is money* are lost ~
for it leads them to quickly start ripping people off.

OCTOBER 4
The things that come are the things that go ~
attach yourself to nothing, not even to what you know.

OCTOBER 5
Whether it be a productive or niggative situation ~
all is caused by a person's imagination.

OCTOBER 6
Fasting builds up the spirit you expect ~
Overeating tears down the spirit in neglect.

OCTOBER 7
Step number one. Once you've disciplined the mental ~
it is for the teacha to clean out the temple.

OCTOBER 8
Step number two. Once the temple is cleansed ~
it is for the teacha to forgive and make amends.

OCTOBER 9
Step number three. Once forgiveness is practiced ~
it is for the teacha to seek knowledge and never lack this.

OCTOBER 10
Step number four. For the mind to be clear ~
it is for the teacha to release all fear.

OCTOBER 11
Step number five. Once fear is wiped out ~
it is for the teacha to release self-doubt.

OCTOBER 12
Step number six. With the knowledge of creation ~
the teacha must succeed in the releasing of temptation.

OCTOBER 13
Step number seven. Once temptation is far behind ~
it is for the teacha to free attachment from the mind.

OCTOBER 14
The choice is yours to live shorter or longer ~
this choice is made between alcohol and water.

OCTOBER 15
Step number eight. Once attachment isn't demanding ~
is for the teacha to gain self-overstanding.

OCTOBER 16
Step number nine, which takes the teacha up above ~
is for the teacha to be God, which is Love.

OCTOBER 17
Ask this of GOD in your heart and make it felt ~
Teach me to help others even as I am helped.

OCTOBER 18
From the grave to the cradle, from the cradle to the grave ~
everything you see is really particles and waves.

OCTOBER 19
Everyone knows what they're supposed to be doin' ~
But somehow it's the opposite that they are all pursuin'.

OCTOBER 20
The mind should be quiet and still during the fast ~
Here, anything of God you can ask.

OCTOBER 21
When the work is done, you are the One ~
"The Peace," "The Love," "The Unity" all having fun!

OCTOBER 22
The things you believe you also give power ~
so believe in yourself, every minute and every hour.

OCTOBER 23

Repent, the kingdom of heaven is at hand ~
stop saying *I can't* and say *I can.*

OCTOBER 24
Continue to walk the path, just don't blow it!
People admire you but they just don't show it.

OCTOBER 25
Open your eye, it's not always like this ~
Today is the day you are shining the brightest!

OCTOBER 26
Don't feel bad when your critics are astonished ~
God delivers victory to the soul that is polished.

OCTOBER 27
I am *hip* today and I can *hop* today ~
Fasting doesn't mean that I stop today.

OCTOBER 28
The righteous in sight are with the wicked in sight ~
so that the wicked in sight may also see the Light.

OCTOBER 29
Sometimes you can't show your strength and stamina ~
'cause when you need rest people tend to get mad at ya.

OCTOBER 30
If you got hard work to do, quickly get with it ~
'cause others are on their way to prison or the clinic.

OCTOBER 31
The youngest of people are quickly turned old ~
when life is spent always seeking to control.

NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER 1
Fill the prescription of love and trust ~
so anger and stress can be turned to dust.

NOVEMBER 2
When voting we think like children, not adults ~
'cause only changed thinking will bring new results.

NOVEMBER 3
Really the best way to control your mood ~
is to control your intake of food.

NOVEMBER 4
The American system need not be rearranged ~
it is the thinking of the American people that must change.

NOVEMBER 5
Every generation has gone through the phase ~
of conspiracy theories, aliens and last days.

NOVEMBER 6
We all know the phrase, we all know the song ~
You don't know what you've got till it's gone.

NOVEMBER 7
While limits and lacks follow the one who is scared ~
health and wealth follow the one who is prepared.

NOVEMBER 8
Before you open your mouth to say any curse ~
with your own tongue you curse yourself first.

NOVEMBER 9
The grass will always look greener over there ~
but if the lawn is not yours, why stare?

NOVEMBER 10
While you are fasting, respecting your health ~
respect the well-being of everyone else.

NOVEMBER 11
If I refuse to love, overstand and forgive you ~
then I refuse my own spiritual life to continue.

NOVEMBER 12
Those of little knowledge read books and get scared.
Those of self-knowledge read life and get prepared.

NOVEMBER 13
What's a good education without a good imagination?
The answer: A lot of good people in this nation.

NOVEMBER 14
Heal yourself, find yourself, know yourself, correct yourself ~
see yourself, love yourself, be yourself, respect yourself.

NOVEMBER 15
Knowledge, unity and economic growth ~
should be recited by every student as an oath.

NOVEMBER 16
If it's the social system that you wish to speak to ~
don't speak to the system, speak directly to the people.

NOVEMBER 17
It's only yourself and your body you are defeating ~
when you do not practice intelligent eating.

NOVEMBER 18
Oh GOD, oh GOD, are our parents deserting us? ~
Or is it just you through them, now alerting us?

NOVEMBER 19
A message for those who are politically sinking ~
Don't change the president, change your thinking.

NOVEMBER 20
What is the system of the new World order?
Is it not my son, is it not your daughter.

NOVEMBER 21
Know the purpose of those that surround you ~
It is the thinking of others that can suffocate and drown you.

NOVEMBER 22
Look back on your life and you'll see once more ~
a lot that you can really be thankful for.

NOVEMBER 23

If your life has no purpose you should never forget ~
that the things you don't have, you didn't prepare to get.

NOVEMBER 24
The eating of food is a full that can deceive you ~
while the eating of knowledge is a full that never leaves you.

NOVEMBER 25
What you touch, what you taste, what you hear, see and smell ~
if not controlled properly can lead you to hell

NOVEMBER 26
Everyone come near, let your children hear ~
failure is created by doubt and fear.

NOVEMBER 27
GOD is my strength, my salvation and hope ~
cause most people really don't know how to vote!

NOVEMBER 28
If we only talk about it, it will never get solved ~
so let's talk up a plan, overstand and get involved.

NOVEMBER 29
The lessons and privileges of health, wealth and Self ~
are not just for you, they're for everyone else.

NOVEMBER 30
The Hiphop teacha cares little for labels.
It's all about skills when life turns her tables.

DECEMBER

DECEMBER 1
Today is the day I've inherited the will ~
to resist temptation and resist getting ill.

DECEMBER 2
When it comes to sex if your children can't plan it ~
before your time you'll become a grandparent.

DECEMBER 3
Forgive me GOD, I come in repentance.
Bless me GOD and all of my dependents.

DECEMBER 4
Show me the way that strengthens the will ~
widens perception, and sharpens the skill.

DECEMBER 5
With God in you and God in me ~
we are all one, and we are all free.

DECEMBER 6
The one thing we learned about the Hiphop game ~
is that you have to keep pushin' 'cause nothin' stays the same.

DECEMBER 7
Just as there is no freedom without Law ~
There is no peace without justice, for sure.

DECEMBER 8
While others are eating, smoking, and drinking, ~
the one who is fasting is the one who is thinking.

DECEMBER 9
Remember this as you're burning fat ~
with the road you take there's no turning back.

DECEMBER 10
Just like your highway, your life-way has signs ~
some see what's before them, others drive like they're blind.

DECEMBER 11
Make your security, make it, and defend it ~
by saving and investing and remaining independent.

DECEMBER 12
To the future we are blind, most things are felt through ~
but you can see in the past where God has helped you.

DECEMBER 13
You can have a great intellect where knowledge excites you ~
but you can't take it nowhere if people don't like you.

DECEMBER 14
If God helps those that help themselves ~
it must be nearby where this God dwells.

DECEMBER 15
Nature eats the weak, this is true ~
So fasting prevents Nature from eating you!

DECEMBER 16
Blessed are those who can use their hands ~
only they are prosperous anytime in any land.

DECEMBER 17
Are roses red? Are violets blue?
Reality is only what is real to you.

DECEMBER 18
The sex, the money, the drugs, the gun ~
six million ways to die; choose one.

DECEMBER 19
The Hiphop teacha can teach the right lesson ~
if the receiver of knowledge will ask the right questions.

DECEMBER 20
If you recognize first the gifts of your mother ~
you'll find it easier to give gifts to all others.

DECEMBER 21
Now is the time for courage and trust,
'cause the last days of others are the first days for us!

DECEMBER 22
When you live in health, you live in wealth ~
your fast does not include everyone else.

DECEMBER 23

Rejoice without eating, smoking, or drinking.
practice and discipline expands your thinking.

DECEMBER 24
Think not the worse of your hired-self ~
only give birth to your Higher-Self.

DECEMBER 25
Any path you choose to find God is sacred.
Follow any path of GOD and you will make it.

DECEMBER 26
To achieve transformation, it is God who must work you.
Your friends will desert you and your relatives will hurt you.

DECEMBER 27
Make love, make love on the radio is nice,
but in reality *make love* really means *make life.*

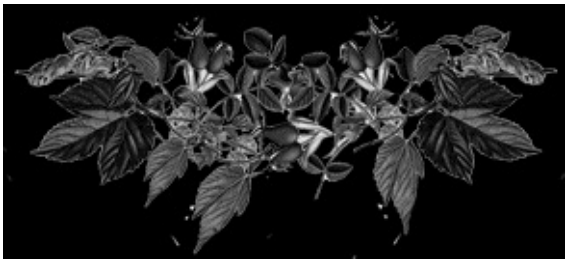
DECEMBER 28
The people that can hurt the teacha the most,
are the people that the teacha lets get too close.

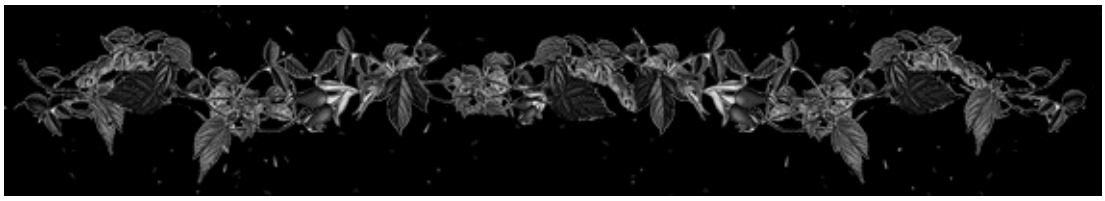
DECEMBER 29
Today is the day that we clean the house ~
while taking *I can't* and *I hate* from out of the mouth.

DECEMBER 30
It is said that opportunity knocks one time ~
but that knock is heard by the disciplined mind.

DECEMBER 31
Continue in peace, love, fun and unity ~
the new year coming is full of opportunity!

DECEMBER 32*
When it comes to the spirit, you cannot cower,
For the rest of the year you will walk in power.





THE TENTH OVERSTANDING

THE SPIRIT OF GRAFFITI ART

1 *They call themselves 'writers' because that's what they do: They write their names, among other things, everywhere! Names they've been given or have chosen for themselves. Most of all, they write in and on subway trains that carry their names from one end of the city to the other. It's called bombing, and it has equally assertive counterparts in Rap music and break dancing. Graffiti writing in New York is a vocation. Its traditions are handed down from one youthful generation to the next. To some it's art; to most people, however, it is a plague that never ends, a symbol that we've lost control.* (*Style Wars*, 1983)

2 Know this: the Overstanding before you is an elementary introduction to the study of Graffiti Art as color and light and how these frequencies affect the psychology of Hiphoppas living in urban areas. As an *Overstanding*, it teaches spiritual Truths through the language of Graffiti Art. Traditionally, the word *Graffiti* originated from the Italian term *graffito* meaning *a scratch*. According to the American language, Graffiti is defined as a "writing" or "drawing" that is "scribbled," "scratched" or "sprayed" onto a surface.

3 However, in his book *Graffiti World: Street Art from Five Continents,* Nicholas Ganz writes, *Derived from the Italian* sgraffio, *meaning 'scratch,' graffiti has been around since the beginning of mankind. Pictures, such as those at the Lascaux Caves in France, were mostly carved into cave walls with bones or stones, but early man also anticipated the stencil and spray techniques, blowing coloured powder through hollow bones around his hands to make silhouettes. In ancient Greece, fragments of clay were found on which notes had been carved, while excavations in Pompeii brought to light a wealth of graffiti, including election slogans, drawings and obscenities.*

4 James Prigoff agrees in the foreword of the book *Graffiti L.A.: Street Styles and Art* by Steve Grody. He writes, *Cave dwellers drew pictures on their walls; graffiti was uncovered in Pompeii when the lava was chipped away; Spanish conquistadors left their names on Inscription Rock outside of Gallup, New Mexico; Frenchmen scratched their names on the walls of Angkor Wat in Cambodia; and a navy inspector in the 1940s named Jack Kilroy drew his famous logo 'Kilroy Was Here' to indicate his completed inspection, and a funny face appearing over the wall was co-opted by GIs all over the world.*

5 In regards to the art of prehistoric humans we now know that some cave dwellers would put berry juice in their mouths and blow it onto cave wall surfaces also using their open hands as sort of a stencil-styled signature. Later in human history people would carve their names in trees, stones and even famous ancient monuments as memories and evidence of their travels.

6 Although many people still associate Graffiti Art with vandalism, the educated have always overstood this to be incorrect. It is the *taggin'* and *bombin'* of private property that is recognized as vandalism; not Graffiti Art itself! As Roger O. De Keersmaecker writes in an article entitled "Graffito Graffiti," *The first monuments to bear modern graffiti are found at Ephesus, the ancient Greek city, which is now part of Turkey. Graffiti was earlier considered an act of vandalism but in time has added significant information to the archeological study. It originally referred to writings and pictures drawn on sidewalks or the outer walls of buildings without permission of the owner of the building. The Romans used graffiti as an art form and carved it on monuments as well as their own walls for various purposes.*

[7] As mentioned in the Gospel at a later Overstanding regarding the origins of Hip Hop, Paul Strathern in his book *Napoleon In Egypt* writes about Napoleon taking part in excursions to the pyramids and the ancient ruins at Giza, *where evidence of these visits remains to this day, in the form of soldiers' names and other graffiti carved into the upper stones of the pyramids, inside the burial chambers and on other ruins.*

[8] Mr. Strathern goes on to cite the journal of a young Corporal named Francois who recalled how he inscribed his name, place of birth and rank *in the royal chamber, on the right of the sarcophagus, in the second pyramid.* Graffiti writing has always been part of human expression, and although Graffiti writing, in and of itself, predates the cultural formation of Hip Hop in the 1970s, it is Hip Hop that has given Graffiti Art and its artists a healthy cultural environment in which to grow and thrive.

[9] *Graffiti* was a term given to Hip Hop's graphic art animation when it appeared legally and illegally on public and private properties as *tags*, a form of street calligraphy which presents the identity of one's name or neighborhood in a stylized way. Similar to the way Emceein was labeled *Rap* and Breakin was labeled *break dancing*; the terms *writin', bombin', piecin', burnin'* and *taggin'* all have been categorized and labeled graffiti.

[10] The Hip Hop community never labeled its graphic art *graffiti*; we simply called it *writin', piecin', burnin', bombin'* and/or *taggin'* and those who practiced Graffiti Art were called *writers*. Because of this, many Hiphoppas have chosen to call their art *Aerosol Art, Urban Murals, Spraycan Art* and *Modern Hieroglyphics.* Still, many Hiphoppas use the term *Graffiti Art* because most people recognize this term, which has become a respected artistic expression in many of the World's urban art centers.

[11] Graffiti Art, as we know it today, is believed to have been born in Philadelphia and New York in the 1960s as a form of self-advertisement. In New York early *pieces* appeared on the sides of public transportation and public housing in the mid 1970s bearing a variety of street names and/or other socio-political messages that spoke to the collective consciousness of an ignored sect of people (Hiphoppas) living in the *Inner City.*

[12] Regardless of race, class or ethnicity, modern graffiti art as we know it today simply gave expression and even social existence to the ignored underclass of urban America. *This is because nationality, race and sex have no bearing on the graffiti scene*, says Nicholas Ganz.

[13] Juan Flores in a 1987 article entitled "Rappin', Writin', & Breakin'," points out that *determining the relative ethnic sources of subway graffiti is the most complicated of all, partly because the first subway writer to attract media attention was Taki, who is Greek American, and because some of the best subway artists are youths of Italian and other national origins. There is clearly an important working-class basis to the graffiti movement that should not be overlooked. Nevertheless, a majority of the practitioners are Black and Puerto Rican, and graffiti experts like Henry Chalfant and Manny Kirchheimer agree that most of the early styles originated with the Puerto Ricans.*

[14] Although amongst many Hip Hop scholars it is graffiti writer Phase II who not only did flyers with and for Kool DJ Herc but who is also credited as being the father of the "bubble letter" style, as well as graffiti writer Cornbread from Philadelphia, credited with popularizing the "tag," and Kase 2, for the introduction of the "computer rock style," along with Tracy 168 who popularized the famous "wild style," Puerto Ricans are still regarded as the face of early subway graffiti art.

[15] Even KRS ONE got his early start in graffiti writing from a young Puerto Rican graff writer named Zore and later commissioned several pieces from Cope Two and the world-famous TATS CRU. However, Craig Castleman, in his book *Getting Up,* warns against any biased attempts to

approach graffiti writing as exclusively Puerto Rican.

16 Juan Flores, however, points to Felipe Luciano (leader of the Young Lords and original member of the Last Poets), who would *associate the pictorial medium* (graffiti) *with the Puerto Rican remote Taino legacy, and call to mind the Chicano mural and 'placa' movement as a parallel indigenous experience.*

17 Mr. Flores also points to Norman Mailer in a 1974 article entitled "The Faith Of Graffiti" where Mr. Mailer describes graffiti writing as *a movement which began as the expression of tropical peoples living in a monotonous, iron-gray and dull brown brick environment, surrounded by asphalt, concrete and clangor.* The effort to brighten up and electrify one's environment while at the same time expressing one's view of one's self and of one's environment and of one's existence within one's environment is the origin of modern Graffiti Art.

18 Most children still seem to begin their writing experiences by writing upon any available wall space. It seems that the upright writing upon walls and the need to describe one's self and environment through art has a lot to do with the development of human intelligence. Hiphoppas saw themselves in the brightly displayed color schemes of Graffiti Art long before the introduction of Rap videos and computer generated graphic art.

19 The ability to imagine and interpret one's self through art assists in the development of a healthy creative intelligence and helps us to see the possibilities of our specialized group. Our ability to communicate to one another tells us who we are. For Hiphoppas, Graffiti Art is the highest form of calligraphy. It is our true handwriting. It is our first written communication code. It tells us and the World who we are and where we've been.

20 Today Graffiti Art remains one of Hip Hop's most influential self-promotion techniques in urban areas everywhere. Not only does it report what is going on in urban areas, it also interprets the character of what is going on in urban areas. Graffiti Art displays and interprets the *sunshine* of sunshine, the *policing* of the police, the *crime* of the criminal, the *happiness* of happiness, etc.

21 It (Graffiti Art) is visual overstanding. *Graff* (Graffiti Art) doesn't just report; it interprets the character of what it is reporting. It seeks to interpret the substance of what is said to exist. Graffiti Art is beautiful because it reflects and interprets the beautiful ideas already existing in a Hiphoppa's mind.

22 Through Graffiti Art the true Hiphoppa can actually *see* how Hip Hop affects subjects and objects on all levels. Graffiti Art manipulates and expands letters in the same way that Emceein (Rap) manipulates and expands language. Other artists from other cultural/political experiences may be comfortable with the environment and/or political condition of their lives; and their art may reflect such contentment. However, in our time Hiphoppas are not comfortable with their political condition and this is why Graffiti Art exists.

23 Our cultural voice is never truly heard for what it is. We must always conform to the traditions, customs and laws of those who seek to exploit us and our resources. In this modern American society you have to accept some sort of exploitation just to be heard. In our time, Hiphoppas are rarely accepted for who we are. This is why Graffiti Art (different from other art forms) is politically rebellious. We have something to say! Our art not only tells the World who we are, it also reminds *us* of who we are. Graffiti Art is the true Hip Hop mirror. It is what true Hiphoppas really look like inside. One of the purposes of Graffiti Art is to unite the *Hiphoppa* to her true *Hiphop* self, and on an even deeper level Graffiti Art helps the Hiphoppa join Nature through art.

24 As an example; for the advanced Hiphop Graffiti artist to draw a tree identically to how the tree actually appeared in Nature is to kill the tree in her art. For the advanced Graffiti artist this is not art

in a creative sense, this is photography in a duplicating sense. When an advanced Graffiti artist draws a tree, the term *draw* literally becomes *to attract.* The advanced Graffiti artist, when *drawing* the tree, joins the tree in the drawing.

25 Here, Graffiti Art unites the artist's inner-vision to the tree's outer image. At the deeper levels of Graffiti Art, to simply draw what you see is to separate yourself from Nature and conform to the World's interpretation of reality.

26 Graffiti Art is about Hip Hop's interpretation of the World. It is not the only thing that Graffiti Art is about; but the Graffiti artist who is concerned with expressing Hip Hop's point of view to the World (as well as to other Hiphoppas) seeks to tell our cultural story and/or convey our Hip Hop political messages through art. Beyond being just artists, we are art activists.

27 As artists we do not exclusively create art for art's sake. Our political condition does not give us the leisure to just create art that has no other purpose than to be gazed upon. OUR art tells OUR story. Yes, as artists we create works of aesthetic value. However, the aesthetics of the oppressed are different from those of the oppressor; even different from those who do not feel the sting of oppression at all.

28 When the advanced Graffiti artist draws what is in front of her, it is her soul that unites with the object for the purpose of telling a much-needed story or expressing the alternative, unrealized potential of whatever is drawn. Like Hip Hop itself, and different from an average artist, the Graffiti artist transforms the common meaning of subjects and objects to fit the ideas of the rejected and ignored Hip Hop mind.

29 From a Graffiti Art point of view, when you are united with the tree (for example) through your art you are in harmony with Nature. When you copy the tree without adding to it or interpreting it symbolically you diminish its value.

30 Like Emcees, Graffiti writers are storytellers. Graffiti Art reflects our inner emotions and desires. It is who we are on the inside that is displayed on an outer surface. The question for every Graffiti artist is, *What is the meaning of my art? What am I trying to say?* Other artists refrain from giving their art any meaning or purpose at all, and this is fine as well. But the political duty of every culturally aware *Graff* writer in our time is to expand and express the collective point of view of the Hip Hop consciousness.

31 Spiritually, Hiphoppas are attracted to the colors of Graffiti Art because such colors are emanating from our inner being. In fact, to recognize and interpret the beauty and meaning of Graffiti Art, one must carry this unique beauty and meaning within one's self.

32 To fully overstand Graffiti Art one must be living in the conditions of the Graffiti artist. However, to begin correctly understanding the *spirit* of Graffiti Art and its revolutionary uses within the *Inner City* one must have knowledge of the social and spiritual interpretations of color and light. What does this mean?

33 Know this. As explained earlier, the material World responds to (and is created by) light. Various shades of light and color react upon the intelligence of human beings growing toward light and color.

34 We react to light and color in psychological, physiological and sociological manners because in essence we are all made of light. The definitions of colors react upon the psychology of the Hiphoppa based upon the *believed* definition of the color viewed. Colors also have their own physiological affects upon the body regardless of sociological definition.

35 Modern science tells us that it is the sun that radiates the colors we are accustomed to seeing.

These colors are red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. The color white is believed to have all of these colors in its radiance but the color white is actually none of these colors.

36 It is believed that all of these colors together form the white light of the sun and that it is the color black that absorbs most of these colors. The eye sees the color of an object based upon the color that the viewed object cannot absorb.

37 For example; a lemon appears yellow because as a material object it has absorbed all the other colors such as green, blue, red and violet, but does not absorb yellow so it rejects or throws it off. What we see in terms of color is what is being rejected by the viewed object.

38 Certain colors, when combined with other colors, create even more colors like brown, pink and indigo. All colors have their psychological effects upon the awareness of the viewer but there are also physiological effects as well. Blue (for example) upon the nervous system can cause physical contractions or tightening of the muscles for some people. Yet with other people blue is a soothing, peaceful and meditative color.

39 Blue is commonly believed to be a cold color whereas red is believed to be a warm color.

40 Psychologically, red can stimulate one's mentality.

41 Orange is a lively color that can stimulate the pulse rate but does not overly affect blood pressure.

42 Yellow can stimulate one's mentality when it is time to study. Keep in mind that these are the general interpretations of colors. Other people, based upon other life experiences, can experience different effects. *Know thy Self!*

43 Green can be a sedative to the nervous system and can cause sleep or relaxation. In others it can cause prolonged depression.

44 Lastly, violet is believed to stimulate the heart and lungs.

45 These definitions of color show their commonly believed medicinal affects upon the nervous system in a natural environment. However, within the inner cities, color and light take on different meanings.

46 These meanings and definitions are not only created by the superstitions and belief codes of the inner city, they are also taught to us through our standard childhood education. The common urban definitions of these colors are as follows:

47 **Red** - of the color ranging from that of blood to deep pink or orange. Flushed in the face with shame, anger, etc. Having to do with bloodshed, burning, violence or revolution. Commonly, red is defined with fire, danger, war and the command to stop.

48 **Orange** - roundish, reddish/yellow juicy citrus fruit. Commonly associated with the sun.

49 **Yellow** - the color of buttercups, lemons and egg yolks. Yellow: cowardly craven, gutless, lily-livered, pusillanimous, spunkless and unmanly. Commonly, yellow is defined as both cowardly as well as having to do with wealth in the area of gold. Yellow is also associated with the spiritual.

50 **Green** - the color between blue and yellow in the spectrum. Colored like grass, unripe or unseasoned. Inexperienced, gullible, pale, sickly hued. Jealous, envious, young. Green: immature in age or experience. Raw, not trained, awkward. Green: unconversant, unpracticed, untried, unversed, easily fooled, easy to trick or cheat, naïve and simple. Commonly, green is defined as inexperienced and also full of life or like Nature. Green is also associated with money or the command to *go!* Green is also the symbol of fertility, growth, peace and relaxation.

51 **Blue** - having the color of a clear sky. Sad, depressed, pornographic, politically conservative.

Blue: low-spirited, sad, dismal, down, unhappy, gloomy, melancholy, despondent, obscene, vulgar, indecent, lewd, improper. Commonly, blue is defined with or associated with the sky, the police and water. Blue also symbolizes truth, devotion, calmness, loss of breath or choking, and masculinity.

52 **Violet** - bluish purple color at the end of the spectrum. Commonly, violet is associated with both love and with piety. Many women are named Violet.

53 **White** - resembling a surface reflecting sunlight without absorbing any of the visible rays; of the color of milk or snow. White: reflecting all colors, commonly associated with innocence and purity. White: spotless, honorable, trustworthy, bright. White: ghastly, ghostly, stainless, unblemished, immaculate, virginal, virtuous. Commonly, white is associated with purity and the highest level of spirituality.

54 **Black** - reflecting no light. Heavily overcast, completely dark, like coal. Dusky, wicked, sinister, deadly. Black: pitch dark, dirty, impure, unclean, depressing, dismal, evil. Commonly, black is defined as both negative and absolute. Black is associated with fear and evil, as well as authority as with a black belt in martial arts. Black is also associated with infinity, mystery and the universe. Black is eternal.

55 **Pink** - pale red color. The most prefect condition, the peak. Healthy, in good shape, perfect health. Commonly associated with love and femininity.

56 **Brown** - having the color of dark wood or rich soil. A color like that of walnut shells. Commonly it is associated with decay and with the human characteristics of bootlicking, or the derogatory term *brown noising*, meaning to cringe, grovel and/or cower.

57 These are the traditional American definitions of colors as taught by a variety of public and private schools in our time. It is interesting to note how these definitions set up the Hiphoppa's psychology pertaining to certain people and objects within a given environment.

58 Light and color are not to be taken as haphazard optical effects with little or no affect upon the actions of Hiphoppas.

59 Today the racist attitudes toward certain people based upon their political skin *color* are directly influenced by these general terms and definitions of *colors* and have also been created by such racist views. Hiphoppas must always examine themselves to be sure that they are not engaging in such prejudices consciously or subconsciously when it comes to colors and their symbolic meanings.

60 For example, out of all five political color groups (black, brown, red, yellow and white), only *white* is pure and innocent. *Yellow* is cowardly, *brown* is bootlicking, *red* is violent and *black* is evil.

61 It is also interesting to note how *brown* is associated with decay while *pink* is associated with perfect health.

62 For many years, in medicine, colored light has been known to affect the psychology of those exposed to it. In addition to the effects of color upon one's general interpretation of people, places and things; color also affects one's inner-moods, emotions and sense of well-being.

63 Light and color act upon the eye similarly to the way that music and sound act upon the ear. Both are frequencies. Both are forms of energy. Soothing music brings soothing psychological results while harsh music brings harsh psychological results.

64 Of course, the terms *harsh* and *soothing* are matters of personal preference brought about through life experience. However, the same concept applies to light and color upon the eyes.

65 Soothing light delivers *soothing* psychological effects whereas the opposite force of *harsh* or too-bright light delivers tense and stressful effects. Just as the ears can be shocked by sounds that are

too loud, so can the eyes be shocked by lights or colors that are too bright.

66 Colors that are too bright are not necessarily colors that are the most vivid. Too bright can also be any color that is not properly presented to the eye in balance.

67 Presently, Nature itself offers the most balanced display of colors to the eye. However, urban Hiphoppas do not live around trees, grass, rocks, running water, flowers, natural sky and wild exotic animals.

68 We are not regularly exposed to Nature's balanced display of color from which we are a product. This has been a major contributor to urban stress. We live around concrete buildings, smog-filled skies, cars, buses, trains, trucks, airplanes and concrete, all of which give off an unbalanced display of color and light, and even hide or mask the healing colors and light radiating from Nature itself.

69 Within urban environments, it is the *believed* definitions and interpretations of certain colors that affect the psychology of urban people the most. Even though certain colors offer medicinal psychological and physiological effects, most people still react to colors based upon what they believe a specific color represents.

70 For example, even though red can stop dizziness, control the muscular system and increase body temperature, within the inner cities red is symbolized as representing sex, danger, violence and the command to *stop*.

71 Even though blue can be a cooling color that slows the action of the heart, within the inner cities it has been for a long time associated with law enforcement, depression and a clear sky.

72 Even though green can be emotionally soothing to the nervous system and lower blood pressure, within the inner cities green means *go* and it is also associated with money.

73 Even though yellow can stimulate the mental activities of the brain, within the inner cities yellow can be associated with the command to *wait, get ready* and *pay attention.* Yellow is also associated with gold jewelry, sunlight, and in some cities, taxicabs and school buses.

74 Attuned Hiphoppas can see that people are generally acting out the symbolic interpretation of the colors that they are exposed to everyday.

75 Urban people are being chromatically guided by the colored signals found in their environment. For example, take a look at the traffic light.

76 Whereas on its surface the traffic light presents red for stop, *yellow* for get ready to slow down and *green* for go, in its symbolism the traffic light is continuously inspiring sex, danger, aggression, money and constant movement or *go* within the inner cities.

77 According to the common definitions of color, the red light does not only mean *stop,* it also stimulates sexual drive and aggressive behavior, even stress!

78 Yellow informs the *Inner Cities* to pay attention and get ready for the next command. Green stimulates the drive for money and relaxes the nervous system after the aggressive command of red.

79 With every traffic signal we are told several chromatic messages as we *wait for the light.* The most crucial messages are found in the red and green signals.

80 *Red,* sexual drive and the constant need to be on guard, ready to fight. *Green,* get money and go! If we observe our cities generally and symbolically, we will find that these are the common collective attitudes of most urban populations.

81 Of course, the only way many people acquire money is by working for it. So the *green* command comes to symbolize work and keep on moving! The traffic light continuously perpetuates

the actions of the inner cities and the control of public movement.

82 The Temple of Hiphop theorizes that if the traffic lights were chromatically rearranged to coincide with Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth there would be definitive changes in the attitudes of the people studying them daily. Or, if there were a second signaling system that achieved the same goals of Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth there would be a dramatic change in the mentalities of people now exposed to flashes of red, yellow and green.

83 Police officers use a similar style of psychological command technique. Through a combination of sounds and lights, police officers shock the ears and eyes of not only those guilty of crimes but also of the innocent. Such is a form of social imbalance.

84 Police officers speak to the city through the same sounds and lights they themselves disobey. Faster and more frantic sounds and lights override more subtle or lesser sounds and lights like car horns and traffic lights, even traffic signs.

85 If you notice, the inner cities obey the lesser sounds and lights (traffic lights, traffic signs, street lights, school bus signals, automotive tail and headlight signals, etc.) until police officers and emergency medical/fire service vehicles override those messages with a more frantic sound and light display.

86 When the more frantic sounds and lights have gone, you automatically know to return to the commands of standard city sounds and lights. Still, in the inner cities you are never without the commands of sounds, colors and lights.

87 These alternative voices tell you when and how to act just as if someone were verbally commanding you to do something. Most people obey these alternative voices without even knowing that they are obeying them.

88 In New York, Christmas shopping starts with the *lighting* of the Christmas tree at Rockefeller center. Stores and malls all over New York report an increase in customers and gift purchasing directly after the Rockefeller center Christmas tree has been lit. There is also an increase of theft directly after the Rockefeller center Christmas tree has been lit.

89 What if a massive *love one another* or *self analysis* tree was lit every year; what would be the public reaction to that? What if the city streets were sky blue or even the color gold? What would be the public reaction to that?

90 However, the more immediate question is, what are the present psychological affects of unbalanced, flashing hues of blue, red, yellow and white lights found on the tops of emergency medical service vehicles, fire trucks and police cars in society?

91 Does the lighting within the coliseums and clubs where very loud music is played have an effect on the listener based on what they are listening to?

92 How does the paint color on school walls and buses affect the learning process of urban students?

93 Hiphoppas are constantly attacked or rather sub-consciously influenced by standard city colors and we seek refuge in the vividly healing and rejuvenating colors of Graffiti Art.

94 Hiphoppas think a lot more colorfully than the city allows. The urban life is one of constant conformity for the Hiphoppa and we seek to liberate ourselves through Graffiti Art. Graffiti Art offers the Hiphoppa chromatic freedom!

95 Hiphoppas are constantly denying their true feelings in order to fit into a predominately dull, dim, dingy gray, brown, black and off-white colored society. This creates the rebellious attitude

symbolized in Graffiti Art, which sets out to not only brighten up the color scheme of the city, but also express the often-ignored feelings of Hiphoppas living in that same city.

96 It appears that the younger the person is, the more vivid and bright the colors are in that person's life. As this person gets older and conforms to the mentality of the workforce, the color scheme gets duller and duller until the person his or herself turns *old and gray.*

97 The attuned Hiphoppa knows that the more color you have in your life, the slower you are to age. *Color,* meaning colorful mentality, colorful emotions and colorful environment, tends to add richness and vibrancy to one's life. This is another importance to Graffiti Art.

98 Graffiti Art, especially the brightly colored murals done since the days of prehistoric humans, serves as a balancing of color and light within the psychology of the viewer.

99 Surfaces that already display a balance of assorted colors rarely attract Graffiti artists. It is the surface that displays only one color (usually white) that becomes the object of artistic expression within the inner cities.

100 For Hiphoppas, it is Graffiti Art that stimulates and balances our nervous system. Our nervous system is giving off the same display of color that we see in a well-presented Graffiti *piece* or mural.

101 The untrained eye cannot see the colors emanating from the nervous system but they do exist. Just as the bright colors of Graffiti Art attract and stimulate the nervous system, likewise it is the nervous system that radiates these same colors.

102 The difference is that what is called *color,* emanating from the nervous system, is more accurately called *feelings, moods* and *emotions.* In reverse, what are called the *feelings, moods* and *emotions* emanating from a Graffiti *piece* are more accurately its display of *color.*

103 It is the desires, moods and emotions of a Hiphoppa that fuel the assortment of colors emanating from the nervous system of that Hiphoppa.

104 These colors are the effects of electromagnetic energy emanating from the electro-chemical energy of the body, which is emanating from the electromagnetic impulses of our desires, moods and emotions.

105 Our desires, moods and emotions gather themselves physically in the body at seven nerve centers or points commonly called *chakras*.

106 These seven nerve centers known in India as *chakras* and in martial arts as *pressure points* together radiate at least seven *colors* that collectively make up the human aura.

107 The human aura radiates about six feet in every direction from the human body, like a sphere of energy that communicates with the electromagnetic field of our environments. Not only does the human aura radiate our desires, moods and emotions, it attracts them to us and also reads the same of others.

108 The human body is said to have one hundred and eight main nerve/energy centers in all. Actually, everywhere a bone meets another bone there is said to be a nerve/energy center.

109 However, when we say that a nerve center radiates a *color,* it is more accurate to note that these *colors* are more symbolic than anything.

110 Within the central nervous system *color* has more to do with desires, moods and emotions than actual colors.

111 Some people claim to *see* the auras of others; however, it is very important to examine your childhood education as it pertains to all colors and their symbolic meanings, so that you are sure not to mix your own prejudices in with what you are *seeing*. We urge Hiphoppas to feel and master the

colors of themselves before claiming to *see* and interpret the *colors* of others.

112 Still, a person's aura can be seen. Some people possess the gift (even handicap) to see the colors of sounds and objects—even the human aura. A common practice of seeing the human aura is simply analyzing what a person's favorite color is, which can be given a symbolic meaning, or analyzing what a person's favorite desire, mood and/or emotion is, which can be ascribed to a certain color.

113 Although not always accurate, the color of a person's car, clothes, house interior or exterior, etc., can indicate the general desires, moods and emotions of that person.

114 However, Hiphoppas are advised here again to take extra caution when interpreting the colors surrounding people. Most people, when interpreting color, ignore the sociological and political definitions of color and are led astray.

115 A prime example of this is found in the definitions of *black* and *white*. As pointed out previously, it has been said that the highest spiritual light or color is the color white and the lowest is the color black.

116 These misleading interpretations tend to lead Hiphoppas astray in their mental graphics or visualizations. As an example, in more ancient civilizations *black* is depicted as sacred, holy, and/or benevolent whereas *white* is referred to as recently deceased.

117 Instead, Hiphoppas are to recognize all colors as spiritual light because all color is an effect of energy. When it comes to color it is more accurate to refer color to the more bright and vivid as *positive* and dull and bland as *negative*. Even more accurately, all colors are energy and they display both positive and negative frequencies.

118 Therefore, it is even more accurate to focus one's meditation or visualization upon the strength and weakness of one's energy (color) output. Instead of looking at color as either positive or negative, good or bad, focus more upon color as being strong or weak, bright or dull. With this in mind, bright and vivid *black* or *white* is considered highly spiritual (energized) as opposed to the less energized radiance of a more dull or dingy and dim black or white.

119 The first nerve/energy center of the human body is generally believed to radiate the color red. It is located in the pelvic area at the gonads. Its personality is about four years of age and it is commonly believed to represent sexual energy and courage. It is the stage where a person identifies with self differently from everyone else. All survival and self-preservation attitudes are established here. The first nerve/energy center (chakra) signifies our life-force and sense of self.

120 The first nerve center influences one's sense of desire, will, ancestry, and manifestation. All manifestation—goals, wishes, visions, dreams, etc.—happens through this first nerve center (also known as the *root* chakra). One's ancestral awareness is also regulated through this nerve center.

121 The second nerve center is believed to radiate the color orange. It is located at the intestines. Women tend to locate this nerve center at the womb. It represents our desires, moods and emotions outwardly. Its personality is about seven years of age. The second nerve center represents the creation of life.

122 The third nerve center is located at the diaphragm or solar plexus just above the stomach and below the V in the rib cage. It is believed to radiate the color yellow and represents our opinions and judgments. The third nerve center is also the center of personal power. It is truly a central nerve.

123 Notice how your stomach *knots up* when you are afraid or nervous. The feeling of *butterflies in your stomach* is directly related to your third nerve center. It is also where we take in and seek to overstand knowledge. Its personality is about 12 years of age.

124 The fourth nerve center is believed to radiate the color green. It is located in the center of the chest. It is the link between material reality and spiritual reality. It is the centered *Self*, or rather, one's sense of peace and well-being. This nerve center is represented by the thymus organ.

125 It is here that we gain the ability to transform ourselves and our environment through higher ideas and dreams. The personality of this nerve center is about 18 years of age. It marks the beginning of higher consciousness.

126 The fifth nerve center is believed to radiate the color blue. It begins a person's spiritual life. It is the first stage in a person's awareness of his or her life path. This nerve center is located just above the throat. Rhythm and authoritative speech are among its qualities. This nerve center inspires one's sense of justice, truth and perfection. Its personality is between 28 and 35 years of age.

127 The sixth nerve center is believed to radiate the color violet. It is the third eye, the spirit eye; it has the ability to go beyond time and space. This nerve center is located at the forehead and is believed to be responsible for visualization, insight and inspiration. It governs the penal gland. It is the seat of wisdom. Its personality is between 45 and 50 years.

128 The seventh nerve center is believed to radiate all light. It is located at the top of the head. It is the place where most people believe they consciously exist. It is regarded as divine consciousness with an ageless personality.

129 These nerve centers regulate the electro-chemical energy in the body. Each nerve center rotates opposite to the one below it and above it, creating a magnetic emanation (or *field*) around the body which is called its *aura*.

130 The human *aura* is a magnetic field around the body that attracts and repels to the body that which the heart desires. Your *aura* is the atmosphere that you create through your own thoughts and desires. It is the atmosphere that you bring when you walk into a room. Likewise, it is also the feeling that you get when certain people come around you.

131 A person's *aura* can be as small as a six-foot concentrated circle or as wide as one's reputation. Some *auras* are attracted to one another while other *auras* are not. Your *aura* may know something deeper about the person or situation in front of you than your immediate conscious perception of that person or situation has revealed. Perform Listening.

132 It is not just through speech that we communicate. Our very *auras*, or the electromagnetic vibrating force fields of our bodies, mingle and speak to the electromagnetic vibrating force fields of other bodies. During this process we *sense* things about people and situations that were never discussed or revealed to us verbally.

133 Such a form of communication is clearly beyond speech. Here, ideas are exchanged with more honesty and with more transparency. Only those with the honest intentions of achieving peace, love, unity and having fun for all would even want to engage in such a conversation. Such a person (being) is no threat to life. Such a being has nothing to hide. Such a being has no hidden agenda.

134 Without the use of words, the very character of an attuned Hiphoppa controls that Hiphoppa's magnetic nervous system, thus controlling that Hiphoppa's frequency or rate of magnetic vibration, thus controlling the turn of events attracted to that Hiphoppa's environment (which is also magnetic), thus controlling what is attracted and repelled to and from that Hiphoppa's life. You get what you truly expect!

135 The Temple of Hiphop teaches Graffiti Art as the balancing of one's energy (desires, moods and emotions). Such a balancing assists in one's tranquil living. The spirit of an attuned Hiphoppa reflects the bright and vivid colors of a disciplined mind. Such a mind exists in a state of peace. It is

content.

136 Many modalities exist that enable the Hiphoppa to balance the nerve centers and experience tranquility. However, before embarking upon any endeavor that claims to balance energy, it is wiser to develop one's own self-examination techniques to measure and evaluate one's own energy. *Know thy Self*. In order to evaluate your own energy and which nerve center needs to be adjusted, you can use a variety of techniques.

137 An imbalance in the nerve center can manifest as physical disorders if it is left unbalanced. For example, Sexually Transmitted Diseases (STDs) are associated with an imbalanced first nerve center or *root chakra* since they affect the pelvic region. Issues regarding will, belonging, or ancestry may be traced to STDs.

138 Chronic lower back pain is associated with an imbalanced second nerve center otherwise known as the *emotional center.* If this is a condition that you suffer from, you may be worrying too much.

139 Indigestion, ulcers and stomach disorders are associated with an imbalanced third nerve center or *solar plexus.* These imbalances can be traced to personal power issues such as lack of will, feeling overpowered, or exerting too much force or power.

140 Heart attacks, heartburn and breast cancer are associated with an imbalanced fourth nerve center or the *heart chakra.* These disorders may be associated with an emotional hardening of the heart, loneliness, or one's lack of humanity.

141 Throat disorders such as laryngitis, sore throats, and some speech disorders are related to an imbalance in the fifth nerve center or *throat chakra*. These disorders may be traced to issues regarding an unwillingness or inability to communicate.

142 Headaches, insomnia and nightmares are associated with a disorder in the sixth nerve center or *third eye*. These disorders may be associated with over-analyzing, worrying, restlessness and doubt.

143 Lack of vision, life path, or lack of spiritual awareness is associated with an unopened seventh nerve center or *crown chakra*. These disorders may manifest as confusion, fear, anxiety, creative stagnation and/or depression.

144 As mentioned earlier, a variety of methods are used to balance the nerve centers of the human body. Some people use meditation and visualization. Others use hands-on healing modalities such as reiki, pranic healing and acupuncture. Still others use yoga, dance, feng shui, aromatherapy and even chromatherapy.

145 The attuned Hiphoppa recognizes the uniqueness of everyone's life-path. Everyone's life-path is like their Graffiti *tag;* it is their unique purpose. Hiphoppas are advised to find a nerve-balancing technique (or instructor) that fits their consciousness, and use it (or them) regularly.

146 Like the spoken word, the written word also reflects the desires of one's heart. Graffiti Art is indeed Hip Hop's written word. Therefore, one must analyze one's own art for an even deeper understanding of one's own heart. Do not try to be the best Graffiti writer. Only try to express your higher *Self* through your art. Become the consciousness of the people viewing your art.

147 Even though certain Graffiti writers prefer to remain outlaws, it is of great importance to the further development of Graffiti Art as an artistic skill that we use such a skill to decriminalize Hiphop Kulture and add to our own entrepreneurship. Graffiti Art is a valuable skill in the World that can be developed to enhance one's quality of life.

148 Eventually, the *Graff* writer should seek ways to advance his art industry for the advancement

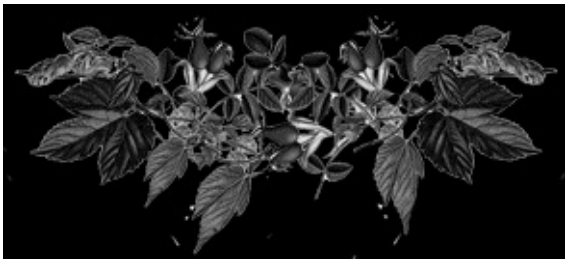
of all *Graff* writers. Getting locked up, hurt and/or killed before one can actualize one's purpose in life actually stagnates the progress of Graffiti writing.

149 We must remain concerned for how Graffiti writing is presented and portrayed in the World. Graffiti writing is not vandalism! It is a form of art, a form of self-expression.

150 Yes, Graffiti Art shall always be about social protest and getting your name up! But for the preservation and expansion of true Graffiti writing we must pass down to our children the most advanced ways of protesting social injustice and getting their names up without being harmed or incarcerated.

151 The Temple of Hiphop advises Hip Hop's gifted Graffiti writers to also produce customized clothing, furniture and even DVD documentaries, animated motion pictures, Graffiti Art history books, comic books, children's books, toys and video games. Yes, the essence of Graffiti writing encompasses all of this!

152 The modern *Graff* writer has no time for prison. Graffiti Art's value and worth to the modern Hip Hop family is extremely high when you consider a career in advertising, promotion and marketing, website design, graphic design, all kinds of merchandising and even photography. Hiphoppas are advised to explore these avenues of creative expression as well as *bombin'* and *taggin', piecin'* and *burnin'*. There it is.



RED: COURAGE

ORANGE: HEALING

YELLOW: INTELLIGENCE

GREEN: PEACE

BLUE: AUTHORITY

VIOLET: BEAUTY

BLACK: ETERNAL

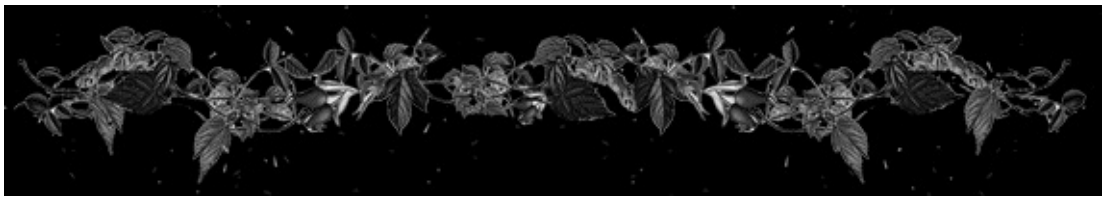
WHITE: PURITY

PURPLE: SPIRIT

BROWN: STRENGTH

GOLD: SECURITY

PINK: LOVE



THE ELEVENTH OVERSTANDING

THE TEACHA

1 The idea of submitting yourself to a teacher/instructor for the purpose of "specialized" knowledge, advice and/or guidance is a very important and ancient concept. However, in today's World of betrayal, incompetence and deceit it is hard to trust anyone with any area of your life. Yet without trust, it is impossible to learn anything new from anyone.

2 Information travels from one human being to another upon the chariot of respect, which then leads to trust, which then leads to learning. If there is not a mutual respect and trust between the student/apprentice and the teacher, then nothing can be taught or even learned and both (teacher and student/apprentice) are wasting their time together. For any real learning to occur, both teacher and student/apprentice must take each other seriously.

3 The Truth is simple and obvious. Those who teach the Truth of any subject must teach in simple, easy-to-understand and obvious ways. Truth is simple, while ignorance is very complicated! There is no need to waste your energy aimlessly critiquing the teachings of your teacher if the results of your teacher's teachings are obvious and plain for all to see. No excuses, just results.

4 Any criticism in the face of REAL RESULTS only exposes the insecurities of the critic. Such criticisms have also been used to break up and defuse mass movements and life-saving ideas by creating mass doubt. However, the Truth is obvious. A teacher's teachings are shown and experienced in that teacher's life. A proven teacher is already benefiting from what is being taught. A true teacher lives the results of his teachings.

5 This is why the Temple of Hip Hop offers its apprenticeship to all serious Hiphoppas seeking to live a productive Hiphop lifestyle. Here, an apprentice is one who is bound by indenture to serve one's teacha for a prescribed period of time learning the specifics of the Hip Hop art, life and trade. As an apprentice you are expected to live Hiphop, not just perform Hip Hop. You are expected to assist and serve your teacha in the further establishment and growth of the Temple of Hip Hop.

6 However, if you are not really *Hiphop* then this apprenticeship and most of what KRS ONE teaches is simply not for you, and there is nothing wrong or right with this. But if you are *Hiphop* then don't front! You must take such an apprenticeship very seriously. Your Hip Hop life depends upon your successful comprehension of these lessons.

7 And what is it that you must comprehend? You must begin to take your Hip Hop life more seriously than any other style of life that you may live or have lived so that the reality of your Hip Hop life can become more real to you. It is also very important to the development of Hip Hop as a nation that all true Hiphoppas rise above *hiphop* as entertainment and continue to live *Hip Hop* as their culture, as their faith. Our future selves and those of our children are indeed depending upon us today establishing Hip Hop as a peace-filled and prosperous lifestyle—not just a form of music.

8 Leave the criticisms to the ignorant. GOD shall answer all of their questions with the events of their own lives. As for real teaching, wisdom is gained through great hardship, disappointment and loss. But those who have successfully survived such hardships and disappointments can advise others on how to achieve greatness without going through the exact same pain. This is what makes knowledge, wisdom and understanding so valuable, more valuable than all of the World's riches.

9 Knowledge is a privilege. Wisdom is a privilege. Please do not take this apprenticeship for granted. Many people miss out on exactly what they need for the achievement of their own purpose

because of their own doubt, or fear, or stubbornness, or suspicion. When proven wisdom is in your presence do not waste your own time debating and doubting it. Again, if you want to avoid unnecessary suffering living Hiphop, you must direct your whole heart and mind to the comprehension of what is taught here. You must decide right now to trust in the expertise and wisdom of your teacha, not for the aggrandizement of the teacha, but for the upliftment of your Self.

10 Be clear as to why you have become a Hip Hop apprentice. The focus of any Hip Hop teacha is to make the Hip Hop lifestyle real and productive for the apprentice. Such an apprenticeship has little to do with one's own desire to be an emcee, DJ, or b-boy. The purpose of any true Hip Hop apprenticeship is to transmit to the apprentice the essential ingredients of Hip Hop's evolving culture. Culture, not necessarily knowledge about the culture, is the ultimate aim of any worthwhile Hip Hop apprenticeship.

11 T. S. Elliot, in his 1949 book *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture*, writes, *In more civilized communities of specialized activities, in which not all the sons would follow the occupation of their father, the apprentice (ideally, at least) did not merely serve his master, and did not merely learn from him as one would learn at a technical school—he became assimilated into a way of life which went with that particular trade or craft; and perhaps the lost secret of the craft is this, that not merely a skill but an entire way of life was transmitted. Such a style of learning is more about becoming than knowing, and at the beginning of such an apprenticeship trust is an absolute must.*

12 It is unnecessarily difficult to learn anything without an unshakable trust and respect for your teacher. Yes, everyone and everything should be respectfully questioned—including your teacher. No one is above question, and a good teacher invites all questions. However, if you are truly serious about your own development, at some point you must get past debating, questioning and doubting and simply trust your teacha. Actually, such a trust has little to do with the personal character of one's teacha, although personal character is very important.

13 Here, it is more important that you put your trust not just in your teacha, but more into your God or into whomever referred you to your teacha. You must also decide if you are truly prepared to submit yourself to the guidance of those who have successfully gone on before you. If the activities of the World have robbed you of your ability to trust your teacha and his/her teachings, then trust your God!

14 For if you truly trust your God then it will be easier to trust your teacha. In fact, your trust for your teacha should come from your trust in your God. Would your God put you in front of a fraud? Or will your God protect you from such experiences? Maybe it is time to take your own God more seriously!

15 Disobedience, stubbornness, suspicion, criticism, fear, doubt and/or arrogance toward your teacher only hinder YOUR learning. We must not unnecessarily criticize each other; we must question and always acknowledge our collective development as a young nation.

16 As Hiphoppas we must lift each other up. Such is our political strength. We have no reason to convince anyone about the Truth of our faith. It is OUR faith! And if our faith is real, then our faith shall produce real results in our real lives. Why try to convince someone of the obvious? If they don't want to see, why force them? Your faith and its results are for you, not for them.

17 However, it is truly difficult for those with real love in their hearts to watch people unknowingly suffer and/or destroy themselves. It is equally difficult for me to watch hip-hop attempt to destroy itself! But we live by the Platinum Rule, which is: *Do unto others as they would do unto themselves.* In other words, treat people the way in which they treat themselves.

[18] With no judgment or condemnation let us allow people the freedom to be whatever they feel themselves to be even if their being seeks self-destruction. You can always make an effort to help those in need, but always remember that everyone is where they are in life by their own choices in life. The World is the way it is for a reason; trying to save the World and everyone in it reveals a peculiar kind of arrogance on the savior's part. Again, wisdom is a privilege but most people do not really respect wisdom; at very young stages in life they think they know. Such an attitude leads to suffering.

[19] Every philosopher knows that the purpose of knowledge is to relieve human suffering. Yet those who *know* rarely share that which they *know* either because of the fear of their own loss of power over the ignorant, or of the consequences of speaking Truth. Every time someone steps up with a radically new view toward something, a gang of critics appears with the sole purpose of discrediting, dishonoring and even disrespecting the Truth speaker and his Truth teachings. And even though I am a target for such attacks in my time, this lesson is not solely about your apprenticeship with KRS. This lesson is about leadership and our approach to it in all areas of life.

[20] In this particular lesson WE must never forget that on our quest to establish Hip Hop as an autonomous, self-governed community of peace and prosperity there shall be some who shall consciously and unconsciously seek our demise. Be prepared.

[21] They will criticize and even slander your leaders and teachas in their own mass media campaigns. But we must never believe the words of those who have first betrayed the principles of our society or wish to exploit our resources, or enslave our children. We must never accept the judgments of those outside of our movement over the words of a true Hiphoppa who has committed his/her life to our movement.

[22] Let us not be so quick to degrade or abandon our leadership if they stumble and/or fall. Let us be even quicker to protect them, lift them up and dust them off with the principles that we have established for ourselves. Reprimand, yes! But never abandon. Question, yes! But never disrespect. Be loyal! Such is the seat of all political strength.

[23] Every true Hiphoppa is responsible for Hiphop and its culture—this includes Hip Hop's elements, history and leadership as well. We are all responsible for each other; including the conduct of our leadership. We (Hiphoppas) must do everything in our power to keep our leadership honest and focused. If they fail, it is because we have failed. And if they succeed it is because we have succeeded; their own *people* have protected them and held them up.

[24] Let us not be as other nations who create, support and exalt the very leadership that they eventually tear down! All leadership comes from the *people* who exalt it. If the leadership is dishonest it is because the very people who have created, supported and exalted that leadership are dishonest. A leader/teacher reflects the collective consciousness and activity of the people he teaches and represents.

[25] Every triumph of the leader/teacher is truly a triumph of the People. And every defeat of the leader/teacher is truly a deficit of the People. We must protect our leadership from the grasp of the World at all times. The corruption of leadership is born out of the neglect of *the People*. Remember this!

[26] On the other hand, those leaders/teachers who intentionally and repeatedly violate their own principles and/or betray the movement for their own selfish gain are not true leaders/teachers at all, and they deserve no such immunity or respect. This is why it is of extreme importance that the *teachas* of Hiphop Kulture show and prove their commitment and loyalty toward the preservation of Hip Hop long before the criticisms come.

27 We must perform our principles daily, not just read them and/or teach them to others. We must act them out daily in our own lives and for the inspiration of others. And it is with this criterion that we shall judge the conduct of all leadership.

28 In our time we have seen too many great leaders who have sacrificed and contributed much to their causes suddenly vanish because of one or even two immature errors that they may have made in their lives. And this is not an excuse for failure. However, the violations of our leadership shall be weighed against the life and contributions of that leadership.

29 No one outside of Hiphop Kulture can ever judge even the most delinquent of us. However, as attuned Hiphoppas we must never fall into the traps set for us. We, out of all Hiphoppas, must live a higher standard of life. This is what it will take to establish and maintain our nation. Above all suspicions and outside criticisms we must respect and support one another.

30 Know this. You are here to learn how to live a productive and victorious *Hiphop* lifestyle according to the teachings of the Temple of Hip Hop.

31 It makes no sense to study under a person or an institution that can show no tangible results to whatever they teach. Here, your *teacha* (spiritual teacher) makes you aware of your Hiphop identity and then shows you how to properly use the character of your new Hiphop identity to achieve your life purpose. Your teacha assists you in experiencing peace and prosperity through Hiphop. Your teacha raises your self-worth through Hiphop, Hip Hop and hip-hop. Is this important to you?

32 Here, you must take yourself seriously. And the first step toward taking yourself seriously begins with taking your teacha (or teachas) seriously. Before you call me or anyone else “teacha,” do some research. Read my books. Listen to my albums. Watch my videos and instructional DVDs before you decide to seriously submit yourself to this apprenticeship.

33 Study my history. Ask those who do not care for me much or even like me much to give you their opinions about me. Get all the facts! Do not blindly follow or believe anyone that you do not have some background knowledge on. I may NOT be your teacha. But if I am your teacha, then bring your whole faith to these teachings.

34 I do not require your money, and I will NEVER ask for sexual or professional career favors from you. I require your trust, your support and your respect. Such requirements will not only help you learn faster and more accurately, but the achievement of such a character strengthens Hip Hop itself.

35 So let us move on from here. If you are still reading this gospel then not only am I becoming your teacha, but you are becoming a teacha yourself, and the same principles that I expect you to hold me to are the same principles that I and the Temple of Hip Hop hold you to.

36 Know this. Everyone is a teacher. Through speech, personal character, clothing, achievements, validations, reputation, and other socially defining symbols of status we are all teaching each other in a variety of ways.

37 Some people are aware that they are inspiring and teaching others. However, most people go through life unconscious of their influence upon others. Every little thing that we do publicly influences, inspires and teaches in some way those who may be observing what we are doing.

38 Our clothing styles, hairstyles, speech styles, races, etc. teach others about the society in which we live, what is acceptable behavior and what our group is about. Everyone is part of some sort of group: racial, professional, political, spiritual. And the way that you conduct yourself and represent yourself teaches others about you and your group.

39 Of course no one wants to be stereotyped, but still the Truth is that whether we are conscious of

it, or unconscious of it, with everything that we do and say we are indeed teaching and influencing others. The questions are, *What exactly are you teaching? What exactly are you instructing people to do?*

40 For when the attuned Hiphoppa has realized that it is one's total *Self* (not just one's mouth) that is communicating all sorts of ideas to others, and that those ideas shall one day actualize themselves in real life, such a Hiphoppa seeks to communicate only peace and prosperity. Such a Hiphoppa is called a *teacha*.

41 Different from a *teacher*, *teacha* is the title of a spiritually aware Hiphoppa. Teachas live the *Gospel of Hiphop* and they teach its principles to all interested people. To be called *teacha* one must successfully live and teach the *Gospel of Hiphop*. One must defy the random urges of the flesh, speak productively, help and give freely, be unaffected by changing attitudes and conditions, and be content with the presence of GOD. This is the gospel.

42 And what is the Gospel of Hiphop? It is an attitude, a behavior, a habitual style of living that has caused peace and prosperity in KRS's life. This is how I went from being houseless to finding my true home in GOD which has provided many houses in my lifetime.

43 Such a life-guide should not be compared to any other. The *Gospel of Hiphop* is a repeated behavior; the *Gospel of Hip Hop* teaches the cultural and spiritual principles of a peaceful and prosperous *Hiphop* life. Like anything, to be truly successful at what is taught here you must bring your whole being to it.

44 Such a gospel may not appeal to you, and if so, then it is obvious that such a *word* doesn't belong to you. This gospel is specifically taught to those who know that they are Hip Hop! As Hiphoppas we don't need what everyone else needs. We need what we need! And what do we need? Answer: PEACE and PROSPERITY!

45 Other people need other things. However, the Gospel of Hip Hop ensures for the Hiphoppa a definitive life-plan toward real peace and uninterrupted prosperity as an attuned Hiphoppa. Such is the lifestyle of a teacha. Some people are peaceful but not prosperous. Others are prosperous but not peaceful. A Hip Hop teacha is peace-filled and prosperous, not always happy and jappy and rich, but instead is content and has what is needed when needed.

46 So how does one walk the spiritual path of a true Hiphop teacha? First by putting GOD before everyone and everything in physical nature, and then by realizing that you are already teaching right now. Realize right now that through your own personal character as well as through your own words and deeds you are influencing the development of yourself and everyone around you. You are a *teacher* right now! So, what are you teaching? What have you taught?

47 Look at your life. The very examples of your life-actions are what you are teaching to yourself and to others. Do you agree with your own teachings? Do you teach health, love, awareness and wealth with your life-actions? Or do you teach sickness, hatred, ignorance, and poverty with your life-actions? With your personal and even professional character do you teach strength or weakness? Do you live in a tomb or a temple?

48 Peace and/or prosperity are not granted to anyone, they are earned by those who truly seek to attain them. Are peace and prosperity important to you? How much do you value your Spirit nature? What are you willing to commit to? Are you ready to accept the mystical life?

49 Once your commitment to the development of your own Spirit nature is correctly prioritized within yourself, naturally you will begin correcting and inspiring others toward the development of their own Spirit natures. This is the work of a teacha. And it is through this work that peace and

prosperity are attained.

50 Do not be afraid; only believe. Never doubt what you are capable of; only believe in yourself. Believe in your Hip Hop identity and it shall truly work for you just as it is working for me right now! We are truly a new people in the World with new powers to overcome the World. Love yourself! Respect yourself! But most of all, BELIEVE IN YOUR SELF! Believe in the authenticity of your own thoughts. Put your faith in your *Self*.

51 Live a righteous life not for the sake of others, but so that you may expect the reality of the spiritual realm in your own life. For we have learned that it is one's own guilt, which comes by way of one's own unrighteous living, that leads to the doubt of one's own spirit *Self*.

52 Such doubt weakens the Spirit and strips us of our *victory over the streets*. Through guilt, worry and doubt we deny our very existence and power as Spirit beings. We hide ourselves from God.

53 However, right from wherever you are reading and/or hearing these words you can make the decision today to recreate your *Self*. If you are serious about the empowerment of your own life then you can begin RIGHT NOW as you read this *word* to move in the direction of your own empowerment. GET UP! Get up right now! Be the vision of yourself! Be your dreams! GET UP NOW! MOVE! Make the inner-you, the outer-you, RIGHT NOW! Birth your *Self!* As an act of faith stand up right now!

54 But if you have already read this paragraph several times and you still have not moved toward the empowerment of your own Hip Hop lifestyle then let's face it, you are NOT really serious yet. You are simply NOT ready. You may admire your teacha but you are not yet prepared to become one yourself. And this is fine. It takes many lives to become a true *Hiphop* teacha.

55 But how will you know when you are an official Hiphop teacha? Answer? You shall notice that your reflexes are spiritual and not emotional. Your habitual response to the physical World and its circumstances shall be spiritual.

56 For it is the habitual attitude and personal character of the teacha (his performance) that causes his supernatural abilities to develop. Such abilities (performances) give the teacha a considerable advantage over the traps and obstacles of the *streets*.

57 The teacha then teaches the nature of such a character through the Temple of Hip Hop and its instruments. Again, how will you know when you have become a *Hiphop teacha?* You will move in harmony with the events and circumstances of life itself. Doors open precisely at the right time, cars show up right at the exact moment when they are needed, even the weather and the *seasons* work in harmony with the life of the teacha.

58 People are compelled to feed the teacha, to clothe the teacha and to protect the teacha in the World because the teacha displays a caring and trustworthy character. The nature of the teacha is what is attracted to the teacha. The teacha has a zest for life! The teacha has a generous heart. The teacha is highly creative and highly skilled.

59 The teacha also perceives things that are not obvious to other people and brings them into physical existence. The teacha sees connections between seemingly unrelated things, people and/or ideas, and brings them together.

60 The teacha is a counselor. A healer. A life-guide. A wise advisor. A peacemaker. A minister. The teacha takes his own spiritual reality, as well as the spiritual reality of others, seriously. The teacha hears and obeys GOD.

61 The teacha is patient, tolerant, merciful, and forgiving. The teacha is courageous. The teacha

lives and teaches the principles of Health, Love, Awareness, and Wealth. The teacha is self-contained and independent. The teacha is disciplined. And yes, the teacha can fight! When necessary the teacha is an excellent divine warrior. The Teacha is not a coward; yet the teacha is not stubborn, stupid and/or arrogant in the face of real danger.

62 The teacha is aware of the fact that character (different from one's personality) is produced by the demands of one's life. Certain life circumstances, whether productive or destructive, demand a reaction, and that reaction produces one's character. Those who deny the demands of life lack character. Know this. It is injustice that demands the character of the just. It is the existence of greed that demands the character of charity. It is the lie that begs for the character of Truth.

63 These are just some of the characteristics of a true Hiphop teacha, and these characteristics lead to peace, power, respect and prosperity. The official title of *Teacha* is given by the Temple of Hip Hop to those who have attained the *habits* of a truly attuned Hiphoppa. Ultimately, it is the Mind of God that tests, tempts and fights the true Hiphoppa to see if he is a truly attuned Hiphoppa. And likewise, the teacha is tested, tempted and fought against to see if he is who he says that he is.

64 For those who are serious about walking this path you must quickly learn how to be consistent and humble at the same time. Your critics will hold you up to standards that they themselves don't even follow. They will advise you with confidence on things that they know nothing about. They will even fight against their own advancement. But remember, what is obvious to you will not be so obvious to others.

65 This is why it is of extreme importance that the teacha maintains a secret and private space for himself away from the ignorance of his own students and apprentices—even family. Never connect your personal property or the achievement of your personal goals to the life and learning process of your students and apprentice. Maintain your independence, but do not hide from ignorance. Protect yourself, but do not shut yourself away from the World's disorder and immaturity—you have power over Worldly situations. Instead, operate openly where the fruits of your Spirit can be manifested. This takes courage and skill, but superior knowledge provides superior skills.

66 So if you truly are a teacha then in whatever you do your superior skill should correct disorder and mature the immature. Why? Because you are a teacher. You have made up your mind to only accept the personality of the real YOU! You are not swayed by the ignorance of others; you correct it. You instruct the reality of your very environment; it does not instruct you.

67 For when you are yourself, your true Self, with no apology, doubt or excuse about who and/or what you are, then you are the TRUTH! You are your *Self!* You are not fronting for anyone! There is no lie within you so you cannot be led by the lies and the liars that surround you. They can say whatever they like but real knowledge is backed up with real power. And when you have achieved the Truth of your being you shall speak and move with the authority and power of that Truth.

68 Others have no choice but to see you as you see yourself. Teachas are called to teach; have your lesson plan ready. Be prepared with flyers, pamphlets, books, videos, CDs and DVDs of inspirational materials. Be ready to give sound advice anywhere and at anytime.

69 This, however is a skill. The teacha must be able to look past the insecurities of others to really hear what is being said. Some people may question the teacha unfairly or even disrespectfully, but the teacha must look past such unfairness and disrespect and get to the essence of what is being said, or asked, or implied.

70 The teacha must be able to truly hear another person's heart even while such a person continues to be difficult and disrespectful toward the teacha. The teacha can never hold grudges or remain

resentful toward others, especially not his apprentice or family. Remember, as a teacha you are at least 10 years ahead of everyone you are teaching. Your work is to simply plant the seeds of Truth in your apprentice(s) and allow time for such seeds to grow. The farmer (teacha) plants the seed, but it is water and sunlight (GOD) that bring that seed to fruition.

71 Remember, your peace and prosperity is not so that you may achieve and hoard a Worldly fortune or even attain the recognition of a wonderful accomplishment. No! Your peace and prosperity exist so that you can be a channel through which blessings and help may come to others. This takes strength. The nature of this person is unaffected by the World and its temporary pleasures and pains. Such a person walks and talks on behalf of GOD—the only satisfying thing in life.

72 For when one realizes the simple Truth of one's own being and lives only in that inner-place, such an awareness alters one's physical, mental and spiritual condition in the physical World. Nothing in the World can hold you. No institution can contain you. You are not moved by the World and its temporary conditions. You move according to the Truth of your nature.

73 As long as you are pursuing your purpose, you shall be in harmony with the Truth of your nature, which is the universe's purpose for itself. You shall be protected and promoted by the universe itself, because the universe has its own agenda for the actualization of your life's purpose. When you truly come to this realization you will begin to move throughout life in a certain exactness.

74 Everything will happen in harmony with your purpose. People, things and even events will all be in harmony with your daily movements. At this stage in your spiritual development you are becoming the teacha.

75 Do not reject the World as evil; it is not. Do not fight against the desires of your flesh; only seek to understand their causes. Practice being unattached to the cravings of the flesh. Do not allow yourself to be addicted to the World and the desires of the flesh; commit to the reality of your God. Be the teacha!

76 The one who desires to be a chef will never be one. It is the one who courageously enters the kitchen and starts cooking who proves to be a chef. And in the chef reality, such a person attains chef powers. The same applies to becoming a Hip Hop spiritual teacha. When you are the teacha, YOU ARE THE TEACHA!

77 There is no fight against the flesh when you take on the character of one who simply does not need the desires of the flesh. The Teacha finds pleasure in denying himself pleasure. When you are the Teacha you inherit the Teacha's powers and abilities. The Temple of Hip Hop can validate the completion of your study, but only God can validate the Truth of your being.

78 Therefore, in the beginning of your spiritual practices it is wise to practice performing discipline over the desires of the flesh and the emotions of the heart, not just for the sake of your own moral character, but to prove your own spiritual strength and maturity to yourself. Prove to yourself that you can be trusted! This is the *habit* of a teacha.

79 Resisting the temptations of the World and the desires of the flesh is like lifting spiritual weights. Emotional self-control brings peace and endurance. Use your emotions, and use temptation to your advantage; do not allow them to use you toward their advantages. Control your mind, not your life. It is the thought that happens first; then comes your emotional response.

80 The same applies to fear. Use the most frightening experiences to exercise courage. Stand up to evil because in Truth it is all GOD! And if you are truly one with GOD, in harmony with life itself, no illusion of evil can prevail against you. In fact, evil shall work with you; it shall start and stop with your own internal commands.

81 The challenge is to stay true to your purpose; do not become distracted by better or worse circumstances. Stay within your circle. Perfect yourself through the perfection of your purpose. Master the task that GOD has given you. Do not compare your work to the works of those whom you may admire and/or criticize! Focus upon the work that GOD has given YOU!

82 Do not be afraid of anything, especially not your own purpose. Exercise the courage to be you, the true YOU. If there is something about yourself that you do not like, simply change it. Do not judge or criticize your life. Your understanding of the World is limited, but your spiritual *sight* is infinite. Trust GOD!

83 As a teacha you shall be moving at a very fast pace in life, faster than others even though you will feel as though you are moving too slow. Be patient. Only GOD sees all things and likewise, it is your God who has led you through all things. Simply observe your history and learn from the lessons that your God has placed upon your life. Such is the making of your ministry.

84 If you really do not like something about yourself, or you feel that it is time for you to mature beyond certain activities, most likely it is the universe itself that is telling you something about your ability (or inability) to achieve its purpose. Follow your heart.

85 Love the total you, even your faults. In exercising the courage to be you, you (the real *You*) may also include your shortcomings. Not that you should make excuses for your own shortcomings, temptations and failures; but remember that such faults are what GOD has given you to overcome. These are YOUR degrees.

86 The overcoming of such shortcomings, temptations and failures is the building of your unique personality and eventual ministry. Again, do not judge yourself; only be willing to grow. Try to realize the Truth. GOD is truly Guiding Our Direction. With our limited intelligence we will never know how things are going to actually turn out. Simply focus the intention of your heart upon the achievement of your highest good. Go with the flow!

87 Stop trying to control everything in your life and simply allow your God to manifest through you. Continue to seek perfection. Such is the character of a true teacha and such a character requires true courage. Remember, you do not control everything in your life; others are thinking and acting as well. Therefore, the teacha doesn't blame himself for every shortcoming or mistake or tempting moment in his life because he knows that GOD is actually conducting a larger show.

88 Knowledge of GOD's direction or Divine Plan causes peace. When you truly walk the path of *oneness*, you see how all things are connected and how all things are affected by all things. When you see this, all things will begin to move and manifest in harmony with your life and you shall also be in harmony with the happenings of other people's lives, even places and events.

89 You will notice a certain exactness about the movements of your life. People and things will come to you right at the moment at which you need them and likewise, people and things will leave you right at the moment in which you no longer need them. Attach yourself to nothing material, nothing of the World. You are now *the teacha.*

90 *It is reported in the sacred writings of most religions that the birth of the Messiah is accompanied by wonders. All nature unites to pay homage to the child of heaven. The spiritual chemistry of the advent cannot be adequately described in words. The divine self rises victoriously from the not-self. The God-power within comes into its kingdom, and the prince of this world and his legions are baffled. Actually, it is by this mystery that the human being becomes a person and assumes the obligation of enlightened selfhood. The man of soul is in the world, but not of it. He becomes intuitively aware of his own place in the divine plan. He accepts this place and fulfills its*

requirements. We are in darkness as long as we are negative and the world in which we live is positive. The mystical experience reveals the eternal truth that consciousness is positive, and to it all environments are negative. (Manly P. Hall)

91 A teacha lives in and as the *oneness.* Just as when you are home you have certain things readily available to you for your survival and comfort; so it is with living in and as the *oneness.*

92 As a teacha, life itself is your home. And just as you move freely and safely about your home, which offers you certain comforts and means of survival as you need them, so it is with the life of a teacha. Life is your home!

93 Know this. You do not use everything in your *home* at once even though everything you need for your living is there. It is the same way with the life of a teacha. You do not use your kitchen at the same time that you use your bathroom and you do not use your bathroom at the same time that you use your bedroom. You use these things as you need them.

94 As the need arises you use your towels and as the need arises you use your pots and pans. The same example can be applied to your blankets and sheets as well as to your refrigerator and/or front door. Even though at times you may combine some of these home accessories toward your personal survival and comfort, they are all used only as needed, yet they all exist right now in your present environment.

95 The same example is applied to the life of the teacha. In the *oneness* all things are already available to the teacha. However, the teacha only uses certain things in life as needed. In fact, life itself provides to the teacha everything that is needed to fulfill his purpose even before he is consciously aware of what is actually needed. Things just come! Events just happen! People just appear!

96 The teacha is always prepared, yet the teacha is rarely in need of preparation. It is the intelligence of Eternal Mind (GOD) that guides, protects and provides for the teacha; this is how the teacha receives the perfect clothing before the event, the perfect car before the trip, the perfect weapon before the fight, the perfect medicine before the illness, etc.

97 In knowing this, the teacha lives in contentment. For in the *oneness* a teacha's very movements in the physical World align with the mathematics and harmony of the universe itself. And with this harmony the teacha seeks to ease human suffering through his actual presence and heightened awareness. Our purpose as teachas is to teach. In fact, if the teacha fails to teach those around him, it is the teacha who suffers the most.

98 The purpose of the teacha is to teach and ease human suffering through knowledge; this is why the teacha has such an ability. The teacha is ordained to teach! Therefore, the teacha's own peace and prosperity will be directly connected to such a purpose. If you're not teaching, you're not eating.

99 For we know that humanity's only real problem is ignorance. In some shape or form when you break down and analyze the human condition and why we suffer, ignorance and/or some form of immaturity always seems to be at the cause of human suffering. Therefore, as teachas we seek to relieve human suffering (caused mostly by human immaturity) with the great elixir of Truth.

100 As teachas we help to move Hiphoppas toward maturity as an organized Hip Hop community. Such is our work; our payment is peace. Teachas work on behalf of GOD, not themselves, and are rarely aggravated or frustrated by the ignorance and immaturity of others because it is GOD that the teacha lives with, not the World.

101 If a teacha is not at peace, it is either because that teacha has forgotten GOD, or is not effectively teaching or directing those who surround him, or the teacha's teachings have not yet blossomed within the apprentice(s). A teacha is an attuned Hiphoppa who has realized the oneness and

how to live within it—in peace.

102 A teacha knows that we are all bound together; that we are all growing together, one is not above another, everyone plays their part in their time and their space for the glory of GOD eternally. This awareness gives the teacha the qualification to lead and the patience to endure the ignorance and immaturity of others.

103 Teachas are qualified to lead the Hip Hop nation simply because teachas are patient and even-tempered. We truly care for the lives of Hiphoppas and the further development of Hip Hop as a nation. Teachas speak Truth to the powerful on behalf of the Hip Hop community's further peace, prosperity and preservation.

104 True teachas are civilization builders; they are capable of sacrificing their own comforts and achievements for the building and leading of Hip Hop's further peace and prosperity. True teachas place the integrity and preservation of Hip Hop before their own personal career goals.

105 Teachas teach even when the lesson is controversial. Those who think only of themselves and for the benefit of their own livelihood are unqualified to lead simply because they cannot really care for the lives of others. A true teacha is never afraid to teach controversial life-lessons.

106 Those who promote sickness, hatred, ignorance and poverty in the name of Hip Hop, or are afraid to speak the Truth, are unqualified to lead simply because they prove with their own words and actions that they regard themselves as separate from everyone else. Their decisions will always be based upon their own individual survival above the common good of all.

107 Hip Hop's teachas teach with real life events and through real life examples. Teachas are inspiring! Others admire them and desire to be like them; this is the ultimate teaching strategy of the teacha. Without saying a word, the teacha's own character and personality inspire others toward their own higher selves.

108 It is the teacha's own character and skill that inspire others to reach for their own higher potentials. Hip Hop's teachas can be identified by the *One* after (or before) their names. Seeing and living beyond dualities and separate things; the *sight* of the teacha is single.

109 The teacha lives in GOD—the living, universal, eternal, creative Spirit of immortality. In western-world terms, the one absolute self-existent, pre-existent force that manifests itself in and through all creation.

110 The teacha is not overly caught up or stagnated by religious tradition and ritual. Yes, the teacha respects and studies all World religions. However, the teacha acknowledges that there are many names and attributes which the Great and Holy Spirit is known by, and each person has an individual *right* to use the personal name or attribute of their choice.

111 Teachas acknowledge the western-world view that all people are the incarnations of one spirit —GOD. We are the logical and necessary outcome of the infinite self-knowingness of GOD. However, teachas also acknowledge that God is personal to all who feel this indwelling presence.

112 Study these distinctions carefully. GOD does not have to control everything. In fact, this very concept is a military idea imposed upon us and our parents by those who also seek to exploit us and our resources. The teacha recognizes the privilege and power of knowing one's personal God.

113 Teachas teach that each person is here on Earth to fulfill a divine purpose that only that person can complete. The ultimate goal of the Hip Hop life is to rediscover one's own divinity and fulfill it. The question is, who, what and where is OUR GOD?

114 Teachas emphasize that you must have the courage to be you, free from fear and doubt, if you

are to actualize YOUR *divinity* and *divine* purpose. The god of those who only seek to exploit us and exploit our resources cannot be our God. If we are truly free, then we are also free to seek GOD for ourselves.

115 If you say that you are divine, then BE DIVINE! Act like the divinity you claim to be; this is what it means to be a *Hiphop* teacha. The teachings of our *temple* demand that you be who you say that you are and do what you say that you can do. Stop being afraid of being YOU! Stop dumbing yourself down so that others can feel secure around you. Stop allowing your temptations to hinder your development. BE YOU! The real YOU! The divine YOU!

116 The teacha acknowledges the direct revelation of Truth through the intuitive and spiritual nature of the individual, and that any person who is comfortable with himself may become a revealer of Truth. However, every life-philosophy or life-advice will be backed up by the events of that philosopher's/advisor's real life in the physical World.

117 Everyone has a philosophy on life, everyone is a master teacher on television and CDs. However, the question is, does one's philosophy actually work in your real life? Teachas teach from the ancient wisdom of various sacred texts that have been revealed and proven throughout human history. This knowledge is best activated in a Hiphoppa's daily life with the study of the Gospel of Hip Hop.

118 Using a variety of techniques, including westernized spiritual language, the teacha teaches that God operates through Divine Mind, which is the law of GOD. We are immersed in this law which is a creative substance that receives the direct impressions of our thoughts and brings them into physical manifestation. We are the authors of our own lives; GOD is the book itself.

119 The task of the teacha is to make Hip Hop real for the Hiphoppa. This is achieved by living fully in the way that you teach and truly feel. Most people think and feel one way but they act another way—the teacha must be mindful of this.

120 The exercise of Hip Hop's teacha is to bring the Hiphoppa's thinking and feeling regarding Hip Hop into harmony with that Hiphoppa's actions. In other words, if you feel Hip Hop, act it out. Don't suppress your true feelings as a Hiphoppa. If you think like a Hiphoppa then live like a Hiphoppa! Live like an attuned Hiphoppa!

121 This is our greatest discovery as Hiphoppas! To know that our repeated behaviors cause our Hip Hop reality to occur in the physical World. We are truly the authors of ourselves and our destiny as Hiphoppas!

122 So, as you become more and more attuned and in harmony with your true Self, do not marvel at the miracles in your own life. The more you realize you, the more your environment shall cater to your vision of your *Self*. Life itself responds to your vision of yourself.

123 Being in harmony with your Truth causes the so-called "miracles" in your life. And again, with such spiritual harmony you will notice a certain exactness to the so-called random events of your life. You will always be right on time and in harmony with life's events.

124 Do not be amazed or try to over-intellectualize the miraculous events of your spiritual life. Go with the F.L.O.W. (*Follow Life's Outcome Willingly*). Expect to have things go your way even if such a way appears impossible at the time or the results of your actions do not prove favorable right then and there.

125 As a teacha you are always in harmony with life itself. Sometimes things will happen that appear out of your control, or unproductive to your work. But hold on! Your physical senses cannot sense your entire being; they can only sense the happenings of your physical existence.

126 You, on the other hand, operate in several dimensions at once. So, what appears to be a disaster in the present may not be so in the future. And what happens to you in your space may be necessary for the prevention of something even more dangerous happening to you in another space.

127 Remember, for those who live principled lives all of our so-called accidents are for our own good and further development. Our God is always working toward the fulfillment of our well-being, even when our conscious minds are unaware of it. Again, go with the F.L.O.W. (*Follow Life's Outcome Willingly*).

128 In conclusion, as a *teacha*, you are also a teacher, and with the teaching of any course or curriculum, accuracy, usefulness and credibility are crucial.

129 Presently Hip Hop is being taught all across the United States in a kind of "freestyle" way, with most educators basically "doing their own thing." And for those who are short-term teachers or objective observers of the Hip Hop phenomenon, limiting their courses to rappers and Rap lyrics, this may be fine.

130 But for those who are seriously seeking to become long-term educators of Hip Hop's history, elements, music, culture, philosophies and politics—accuracy, usefulness and credibility are crucial for one's success and the accurate preservation of Hip Hop's legacy.

131 Those seeking a long-term career teaching Hip Hop (for a living) need to be educated and then accredited themselves with legitimate certification from legitimate and relevant Hip Hop institutions. So, what is it that makes a Hip Hop institution credible and/or legitimate?

132 To begin with, a credible Hip Hop learning institution is founded by credible and talented people who love and respect Hip Hop and have proven their mastery of the subjects they are now teaching—they have a hands-on experience with that which is being taught.

133 A credible Hip Hop learning institution then produces the best professionals and scholars in the Hip Hop field of study. Hip Hop credibility is based upon actually doing, not just knowing.

134 A credible Hip Hop learning institution stimulates imagination. As Albert Einstein pointed out, *A society's competitive advantage will come not from how well its schools teach the multiplication and periodic tables, but from how well they stimulate imagination and creativity.* For Einstein, imagination was more important than knowledge.

135 A credible Hip Hop learning institution has achieved and perfected for itself that which it teaches. Students and apprentices should be able to learn from the actual physical structure of the Hip Hop learning facility itself.

136 A credible Hip Hop learning institution is continuously engaged in the building of its reputation in the Hip Hop field of study—it is active in the communities in which it resides, it produces culture.

137 And finally, a credible Hip Hop learning institution hands out certificates, degrees and/or other accreditations that actually have meaning and value within the field that such an institution teaches.

138 This last part is crucial to understand because what is the purpose of learning about Hip Hop if in the end you still struggle to pay your bills? Teachers included.

139 Although I truly, truly, truly appreciate the fact that there are people teaching something about Hip Hop to those who really want to know, as you may already know I am equally very concerned about the future of Hip Hop scholarship and the livelihood of those who teach and learn Hip Hop for a living.

140 We are ALL well aware of the "horror stories" when it comes to the state of teachers and

teaching in the United States. I don't have to lecture you on the financial difficulties many of our nation's teachers face every day just to come into the classroom and educate America's students.

141 The bureaucracies, the racism, the sexism, the scandals, the violence, the lack of supplies, and in our case, the lack of respect for Hip Hop even as music and/or culture in the classroom, by those who feel that Hip Hop has nothing to offer mainstream education is blatant, and even hostilely disrespectful, in my time! But this may be to our advantage.

142 An educational system that denies Truth and real facts is bound to collapse anyway, and why should Hip Hop be a part of that? From a more political point of view, why should Hip Hop be taught in public schools at all? Especially its spiritual views? Are we not again giving one of OUR most precious resources away to certain "systems" of education that do not share our values and continue to degrade and ignore our self-expression?

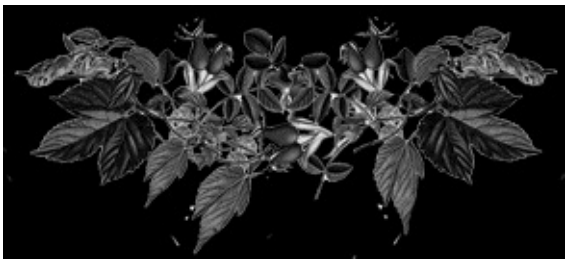
143 I can see the benefit in teaching Hip Hop's music, culture and history to all interested students; however, I am very distrustful as to what Hip Hop's spiritual views shall become in a private and/or state-operated public school system that can't even teach math, science and/or history correctly. Let us practice our gospel privately and keep our spiritual views to ourselves.

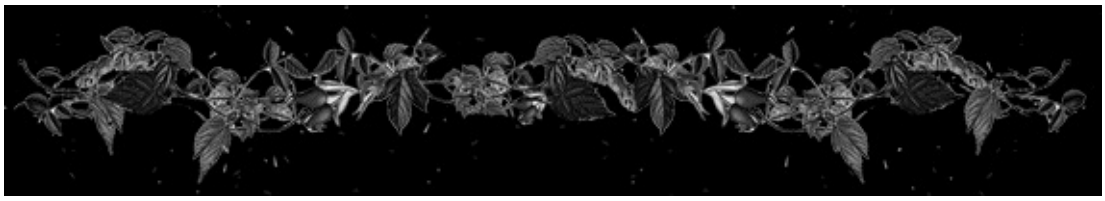
144 For Hip Hop's music, culture and history to be taught in public schools, the public school system itself would have to be modified. Otherwise, what are we teaching? Are we teaching Hip Hop or are we using Hip Hop again?

145 We must think about this seriously. Does the teaching of Hip Hop benefit Hip Hop, or does it simply create jobs for those who wish to teach it? The teaching of Hip Hop must be about more than employment for teachers, or Hip Hop's citizenship in a national system that does not respect our interests.

146 Those who teach Hip Hop for a living must be active participants in the music, culture, history and preservation of Hip Hop above all else, otherwise we are using Hip Hop again, not BEING HIP HOP!

147 Therefore, BE THE TEACHA in your environment. Seek to inspire people with Hip Hop. Let them know that Hip Hop is from GOD and that there is more to Hip Hop than how it is presently being depicted in mass media. BE THE TEACHA! And when people look for real Hip Hop they shall look at you and say THERE IT IS!





THE TWELFTH OVERSTANDING

THE MOVEMENT

[1] In 1987 Afrika Bambaataa held a “cipher” discussion at the Latin Quarter nightclub in Manhattan, New York.

[2] The topics included the unionizing of Rap artists and the further development of Hip Hop as its influence began to expand beyond the New York area.

[3] At this discussion, with about 50 prominent Rap artists, DJs, journalists, b-boys/girls, Graffiti writers and other activists present, Afrika Bambaataa argued that without organization and unity Hip Hop would simply become a mass plantation of talented people all working toward the benefit of several corporations.

[4] This discussion ended with Daddy-O of Stetsasonic predicting the fall of New York’s dominance over the Rap music industry and the rise of the West Coast with an emcee called Too Short.

[5] During this historic meeting everyone pledged to do there part to protect Hip Hop’s cultural development. It was around this time (1987) that we began to think of Hip Hop as a *culture*.

[6] But the streets were extremely dangerous during these times. Many Hiphoppas got caught up in the emerging crack/cocaine drug scene. Automatic weapons found their way onto the streets of New York and into the hands of Hiphoppas.

[7] When armed, most Hiphoppas used their weapons to protect themselves against the lawlessness of the streets while others used their weapons for robberies, kidnappings, murders and intimidation. But when DJ Scott La Rock was killed in the Bronx trying to break up a street dispute ALL Hiphoppas were saddened.

[8] The drug wars of the 1980s broke all of the original street codes that protected and empowered Hip Hop’s community leaders. It became every man/woman for themselves! Many were killed.

[9] The murder of Scott La Rock in August of 1987 was the first of its kind for the Hip Hop community. However, Scott La Rock would not be the last prominent Hip Hop artist that would be killed by the escalation of street violence caused by the introduction of crack/cocaine and guns into predominantly Black and Brown neighborhoods.

[10] But as bad as things were then, we were still not powerless. The conscious Hip Hop community, inspired by Afrika Bambaataa, began to mobilize and organize against such violence. The police and other law enforcement agencies were not only powerless against the crack/cocaine drug movement of the 1980s, but because of such powerlessness many of them joined in on the sale of illegal drugs and guns within Black and Brown communities.

[11] Black and Brown leaders were also powerless and many of them, fearing for their own lives, turned their heads when crack/cocaine was being sold to young Black and Brown teenagers. From the East to the West Coast of the United States gangs of Black and Brown youths were enlisted and protected by American law enforcement agencies to terrorize Black and Brown neighborhoods as the drugs and guns flowed in.

[12] Finally, in 1989, the violence and lawlessness of the 1980s reached its peak when a young man was fatally stabbed at a Rap concert in New York City for his jewelry. The then head of A&R for Jive records Ann Carli (Tokyo Rose) was so moved by the event that she approached author/activist

Nelson George and I (KRS ONE) to form a *Stop The Violence* movement based on a song that I had written one year earlier entitled "Stop The Violence."

13 Between the three of us we organized the production of a song entitled Self Destruction, a chorus/chant written by Doug E. Fresh with music produced by D-Nice. Other artists, such as Heavy D & the Boyz, MC Lyte, Just-Ice, M.C. Delight, Wise, Daddy-O, Fruit-Kwan (Frukwan), Kool Moe Dee, Ms. Melodie, and Public Enemy also donated their lyrical performances to this cause.

14 I opened the song with the lyrics: *TODAY'S TOPIC: SELF DESTRUCTION! It really ain't the Rap audience that's buggin'. It's one or two suckas, ignorant brothas, tryin to rob and steal from one another!*

15 *You get caught in the mid, so to crush that stereotype here's what we did. We got ourselves together, so that you can unite and fight for what's right! Not negative, 'cause the way we live is positive, we don't kill our relatives.*

16 M.C. Delight followed with: *POP, POP, POP GOES A SHOT! Who's to blame? Headlines, front page and Rap's the name. M.C. Delight here to state the bottom line that Black on Black crime was way before our time.*

17 Kool Moe Dee followed with: *BACK IN THE SIXTIES OUR BROTHAS AND SISTAS WERE HANGED! How can you gang-bang? I never ever ran from the Ku Klux Klan and I shouldn't have to run from a Black man! 'Cause that's*…and then everyone said: *SELF DESTRUCTION! YOU'RE HEADED FOR SELF DESTRUCTION!* And everybody from the East to the West Coast of the United States was inspired to seek peace and reconciliation. The conscious Hip Hop movement was born!

18 After raising $600,000 for the National Urban League with the proceeds from our "Self Destruction" song, we began to investigate the root causes of violence for ourselves. We found that illiteracy, poverty, lack of purpose, poor law enforcement practices and media hype all contribute to heightening the levels of aggression in society, and can cause violence to occur.

19 We found that it is not the youth of the United States that are the cause of violence, it is primarily the adults, especially those in civil-service positions. We found that American society has laws and other mechanisms to *keep the peace* but that those in-charge of *keeping the peace* have simply *dropped the ball!* For whatever reason, the mechanisms put in place to curb violence and overly aggressive behavior in society have been undermined, and in some cases, attacked by those who benefit from an aggressive populace. The Hip Hop community responded!

20 With this revelation we fought back. On the West Coast in California in 1990, rival *Crip* and *Blood* gang members called for a truce and an end to street violence. Stan Tookie Williams (founder of the Crips) declared "gang-banging" to be dead, and even went as far as to denounce the Crips and all gang activity. In commemoration of such a monumental shift in consciousness, activists Mike Concepcion, E'Ban Kelly and Leonard Richardson organized the West Coast's version of the song "Self Destruction," entitled "We're All In The Same Gang," produced by Dr. Dre.

21 King Tee, Body & Soul, Def Jef, Michel'le, Tone Loc, Above The Law, Ice-T, N.W.A., J.J. Fad, Young M.C., Digital Underground, Oaktown's 3.5.7., MC Hammer, and Eazy-E all came together to form the super group The West Coast Rap All-Stars.

22 King Tee opened the song with the lyrics: *IT'S STRAIGHT UP MADNESS! Everywhere I look, used to be a straight A student, now he's a crook. Robbing people just to smoke or shoot up used to have a crew-cut, now he's a pooh putt!*

23 Tone Loc followed: *AS A YOUTH I USED TO GET MY BANG ON and on the ave, get my part-time slang on…I ain't slippin' or down with a head trip, I'm talking to all the Bloods and all the Crips.*

Throw down your rag and get on the right track man, it's time to fight, unite and be a Black Man! Tone Loc on a positive change, 'cause remember: we all in the same gang!

[24] Ice-T followed: *RIPPIN' THE MICROPHONE THE WAY I DO, listen close my brothas cause I'm talking to you! The problem is, we got a suicidal lifestyle, cause 90 percent of us are living foul and wild!…All my brothas need to know one thang, no matter what you think, we're all in the same gang!*

[25] Niggaz With Attitude followed: *YO! BULLETS FLYING, MOTHERS CRYING, BROTHAS DYING, lying in the streets! That's why we're trying to stop it all from falling apart and going to waste, and keeping a smile off a White face! N.W.A. never preaching, just teaching the knowledge of the street to each and all, that don't understand! That's why we came to let you know that we're all in the same gang!*

[26] Digital Underground followed: *I'M IN A RAGE! Oh yeah, why is that G? Other races they say we act like rats in a cage. I tried to argue, but check it, every night in the news we prove them suckas right and I got the blues!*

[27] MC Hammer followed: *IT'S GOT TO STOP! We don't need all the violence! Peace in the hood and a moment of silence. We got together not for ego or fame, we got involved cause we're all in the same gang!*

[28] Around 1991 while touring with the prophet Kwame Ture, my friend Professor Z and I began a healing program for the Hip Hop community called *Human Education Against Lies* (H.E.A.L.). Similar to the *Stop The Violence Movement*, H.E.A.L. was also designed to curb violence and offer strategies toward the continued unity of the Hip Hop community. We were joined by Kid Capri, Big Daddy Kane, Freddy Foxxx, LL Cool J, MC Lyte, Queen Latifah, Ms. Melodie, G. Simone, DMC, Jam Master Jay, Salt-N-Pepa, Kool Moe Dee, Chuck D, Ziggy Marley, Shabba Ranks, Doug E. Fresh, DJ Red Alert, Michael Stipe, Billy Bragg, and motion picture/video directors Fab 5 Freddy, Sacha Jenkins, Jonathan Demme, the late Ted Demme and many others.

[29] The main point was that technology seemed to be overwhelming the concept of civilization. We noticed that more emphasis was being placed upon technological innovation than upon knowledge of one's human abilities. We called for healing and balance.

[30] Our campaign promoted the idea that "before you are a race, a religion or an occupation, you are a human being." Yes, these tools are very important to the presentation and sustainment of Hip Hop's activity and history in the World but again, Hip Hop in and of itself is a human skill produced by the human Spirit.

[31] This we must never forget. And even though most of us are already totally dependent upon an outside technological system of some sort to live, pay bills and eat, it is always liberating to know that Hip Hop as a human skill offers some relief from mainstream technological employment dependency. Such knowledge keeps us and our children's children free and entrepreneurial, well-grounded upon what is real. This was some of what H.E.A.L. was all about.

[32] However, as I began to really investigate the nature of my being and why I am who I am and why I do what I do, I realized that I am what I am doing and being right now. I realized that I was not just performing the artistic elements of Hip Hop, but that I was Hip Hop itself! I AM HIP HOP! I realized that Hip Hop was not *over there somewhere*, but that I was Hip Hop itself and so was everyone else who participated in Hip Hop in some way. My eye was opened.

[33] Two years later, in 1994, I began to flesh out the "I am Hip Hop" philosophy as well as "The Science of Rap." In the same year Afrika Bambaataa, Kool DJ Herc, Crazy Legs, GrandWizzard

Theodore, Daddy-O, Mr. Wiggles, TC Islam, Teddy Tedd and Special K, Kevy Kev, Harry Allen, Jacqueline Hines, DJ Kenny Parker, Hakim Green, X-Man, and several other artists, founders, journalists and grassroots activists of that era all came together for the first time in Hip Hop's history at the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture in Harlem, New York, to discuss the creation and preservation of Hip Hop as a *real* culture.

[34] Harry Allen (*the Media Assassin*) stood before the conscious Hip Hop community of 1994 and said, *I can't begin to speak, or claim to speak, on behalf of Hip Hop and the culture which has been built over these past few decades, without giving respect to my predecessor Afrika Bambaataa* (applause). *And to all the rest of my brothers and sisters who are here on behalf of this art form which is glomming, growing, under attack; pick whatever adjective you wanna put against it. Hip Hop is, you know, ducking. Uh, ducking bullets in many cases.*

[35] *My name is Harry Allen, Hip Hop activist and Media Assassin. I respect your time, so I'm going to speak briefly and afterwards, KRS ONE will take the rest of the meeting. But he was gracious enough to let me start this. So let's start this.*

[36] *My presentation is entitled 'Black Art: Lost, Stolen or Strayed.' Now, I'm gonna ask you a very simple question. And after I do, I want you to raise your hand if your response is yes. But I only want you to do this after I tell you to, and only if your answer is yes. Because if your answer is yes, you're the person that I want to be speaking to this afternoon. You're the person.*

[37] Allen continued addressing the room: *How many people believe that Hip Hop as an art form, and as an aggressive form of Black art and imagination, should have a home? Now, don't raise your hand yet.*

[38] *How many people believe that there should be a place where Hip Hop is archived? A place where the history is available through booklets or pamphlets, or maybe even online by computer?*

[39] *How many people believe that there should be a place where Hip Hop teaches and gets people information that they can use for Hip Hop and for other things in their lives?*

[40] *How many believe there should be a place, a society, an academy if you will, where awards are given for excellence in the field?*

[41] *How many people here believe that there should be a place where the records, and the videos, and the magazines, and the photographs, and the charts, and the posters, and the articles, and on and on and on and on, are kept for the future and preserved so that future generations will be able to understand what this form was, why it came to be, and why we were here?*

[42] *Now if you believe this, raise your hand and keep it up* (everyone raises their hands). *Now keep it up, because I wanna ask you one more question. If you really do believe this, what have you done today or even in the last week to make sure this happens? Ask yourself this question: what is the proof of your belief? Put your hands down.*

[43] *Black art is lost, stolen or strayed. Ya know it's been said that if you go to great African art museums of Europe, or even in this country—and uh, you can talk about the Berlin art museum or many of the other art museums—and you look at the African art in those museums, and you look at the dates attached to the art, by taking those dates and taking the art where its from and plotting it on a map you can essentially outline the path of European conquest of the African continent. Like a flow chart, like a graph all throughout the last century.*

[44] *Now, is this your fate? Is this what's gonna become of you? If you're a Hip Hop artist or if you're an industry professional, or if you're a person who's just concerned about this form that you've seen made out of nothing, and turned into a billon-dollar business right before your very eyes in your*

lifetime, is this what's gonna happen to you? Is this your fate, to basically be a marker, your work a marker to conquest? To the destruction of yourself?

45 *I'd like to refer to another example real quickly. What I have in my hand marked up and read is an article that was clipped from November of 1993 in* Billboard [magazine]. *It's headlined 'Library of Congress to Digitize Bernstein.' Now this appeared ironically the same day that the* Billboard *Rap issue appeared, where they have their celebration of hip-hop and what it is and everything. I'm just gonna read a few paragraphs from this article.*

46 *'The Library of Congress landed a musical gold mine November 8th when the estate of Leonard Bernstein decided to donate his personal and professional archives to the institution. Now the Library plans to share that wealth electronically.'*

47 *Now, as you may know, Leonard Bernstein is an American composer, uh,* West Side Story, *I guess* Porgy and Bess [actually composed by George Gershwin, 1934], *a whole bunch of ya know, very well-renowned, renowned for his work and he died last year. In essence, donates his work to the Library of Congress.*

48 Allen continued to read from the article: '*The Bernstein materials, which include more than 200 hours of film and video programs, and 1000 hours of recordings, as well as such documents as unpublished musical sketches, lyrics, and original music manuscripts, will be used to launch a planned electronic archive accessible to the public by computer.'*

49 Before continuing Allen paused and commented, *They're gonna call this a Leonard Bernstein Multimedia Archive.* He continued to read: *'Under such a system all of the materials in the Bernstein collection—audio, video, and print—will be digitized or translated to the digital language for storage on a central database. In this form the information can be accessed from a remote computer via modem. Once established, the Bernstein Multimedia Archive will serve as a model for a larger, long-range multimedia project, the Library says.'*

50 Harry Allen closed the article and then addressed the room, saying, *Now, why couldn't Hip Hop music have something like this? Why couldn't a form that generates a billion dollars in record sales alone have something like this if it wants to? Why can't a billion-dollar art form have anything it wants? That's the question I'm asking you today. Because…*

51 At that very moment the recognized Father of Hip Hop, Kool DJ Herc walked into the room and Harry Allen stopped speaking to acknowledge the *Father*. The room applauded Herc's arrival as he took his seat in the meeting.

52 Allen continued, *We are now in a stage in the development of this form, where unlike the situation when people like Kool Herc and Afrika Bambaataa were inventing this art out of our own Black genius, we are now at a stage where there are people who are professionals in diverse areas who know things, who have information. We're at a stage where Wu Tang Clan can make an album for almost nothing, distribute it themselves, get picked up by a major, and then generate 500,000 copies in sales. Millions and millions of dollars in revenue, but how much of that comes back to Hip Hop?*

53 *That's the question we have to answer I guess, or be run over, or be left as monuments to our own destruction. I got tired of wondering about the answers to questions like this so I came up with my own answer.*

54 *I started an organization; it's called the Rhythm Cultural Institute. The agenda of the organization is to capture, keep for the future, aggressively define, and widely expand the discussion and definition of Hip Hop music as a culture. So that it can enrich us, so that it can make us better, so that we can get something from it besides music and good times.*

55 *Now, the organization is for the most part unknown, which is the way I prefer it. I think it's better to let your work speak for you, and we're doing something! We're getting some things done. Recently we had a P.S.A.* [Public Service Announcement] *produced, which was paid for by Def Jam Recordings, and it debuted during The Source Awards. We also had an ad which was donated and which ran in their program, a copy of which I have here. You might remember seeing it if you went to The Source Awards and you looked through the program.*

56 *The board is formed by myself, David—Davy D. Cook from KMEL in Oakland—and Mary K. Penn who you probably haven't heard of, but she's a scholar, an anthropologist based here. The only anthropologist who, when I met her knew the lyrics to "I Know You Got Soul" by Rakim, so I definitely knew I had to have her down.*

57 *We're small* (laughter) *but we're politically astute, technologically savvy, legally and contractually curious. And, um, obviously this is a message and an idea that has, that people understand and want to be part of. Recently we got a grant from the New York Folklore Society on application. And what this money will do* [is it] *will pay to have an archivist, a person whose job it is to take history, wrap it up, and make it last for 500 years, come here to New York and sit down with a group like yourself or others and tell you, if you take this process of archiving, preserving, something that is usually appointed to mummies and ya know, uh, I guess, uh, Renaissance art, and you point it at Hip Hop—the art of our very hands—how would you do it? How would you make it happen? Ya know?*

58 *As well, we have plans to have a legislative aide from Albany come down here to New York City and tell you how by using our juice, our power, our connections, we can get the money to do such a thing and implement such a vision. The fact is that Hip Hop artists especially, are people who have a lot of connections politically, are popular, have above-average income maybe, but do not use their political connections, do not use their influence, do not use their influence to make things happen for the form. We're unfortunately divided to a great extent, and hopefully this can change. The motto for Black people should be "Build or be Killed."*

59 After Harry Allen spoke, KRS then stood up and said, *I've been attending meetings hosted by Bam* [Afrika Bambaataa] *for this—maybe not the exact same theme, but the theme of unifying Hip Hop as a culture, unifying artists and having them organize in a fashion where they can control their political power, control their economic power, their creative power, etc., etc.*

60 *What has happened is that over the past few years Bam would get everyone together, we'd all come in a room and say yeah, yeah, yeah; next day we're gone and nothing happens. This has happened over and over again. I've seen artists who scream Bam! Zulu Nation! Zulu! Yeah Zulu! And then the anniversary comes around; they're nowhere to be found.*

61 *In my opinion, I feel as though in the scheme of African thought we've always paid respects to our elders. And, not that you're an elder Bam* (laughter), *but we've always paid respect to the people who have come before us. Meaning that we could not have been in the situation that we're in unless we at least show acknowledgement.*

62 *Sometimes that acknowledgement is shown through money. Sometimes that acknowledgement is shown through just basic respect; just yo, I recognize! And that's it! Today the Hip Hop community is dying because we fail to have this kind of respect. And it's not a matter of any of us going and saying; OK, Afrika Bambaataa is GOD. Kool Herc is GOD. We're gonna kneel to these icons, etc., etc. It's not on that level.*

63 *It's on the level of, before we decided to pick up a mic, pick up a turntable, matter of fact, before we knew what it was, these gentlemen were out there doing this and doing that. And we do it differently now. They did it one way, Flash does it another way, Theodore does it another way, Herc does it one*

way.

64 *Then you got Run-DMC and LL, and they do it their way. Then it's Eric B. & Rakim and KRS ONE, Biz Markie and they do it their way. Now we're coming into a new phase in Hip Hop which has to do now with the World is doing it their way.*

65 *And the difference between what has happened then and what is happening now is that for the first time in Hip Hop's history, Hip Hop is no longer a New York-based thing. And I don't say that to say that it isn't. I'm saying that to say that the reality that, of what I look at now is that, when you go to Japan the Japanese kids are, 'I'm Hip Hop! I'm Hip Hop!' You are not! 'I AM! You're in my country now. And you can't tell me that I'm not.'*

66 *You go to Germany, this, that, and the other, California, Oakland, the South, Miami etc., etc. My point is that Hip Hop is running away from us before our very eyes. And I used to always wonder years ago, I used to always say wow, what was Chubby Checker and/or Chuck Berry, and the Supremes, what were they doing to now have like a Nirvana and if you see a Black Rock group now you're amazed! Wow! A Black Rock group, Living Color! Wow, they're Black and they do Rock? That's like amazement when in actuality again I won't go into that but we again are the originators of that art form as well.*

67 *So my point here in starting this discussion is that number one, what I saw, what I see going on in Hip Hop, is the same thing that went on in Rock and Roll but we have a chance to stop it. We're allowing things to happen. We're just allowing certain things to just happen. Just happen! And we're just watching them, saying yeah, that's small, that don't really, don't affect us. That's small too; that really don't affect us.*

68 *Then, as much as I respect John Shecter and* The Source *for what they've done in Rap, now we have John Shecter doing an award show, giving us awards for OUR creativity. And let me be very clear in what I'm saying, because this in no way a demise or a disrespect to* The Source *or any magazine for that matter; could have been any magazine.*

69 *But the point here is that everyone is giving themselves the ability to define our creativity. And the point here of this discussion or the point that I'd like to interject is to once and for all define Hip Hop. Hip Hop as the lifestyle, as the energy, as the way of life, as the organized way of life. And do it in a sense where we can put together a pamphlet or something.*

70 *I don't want to call it rules, I don't want to call it regulations, but I mean I guess during this conversation we'll come up with something, some name for it, but it should clearly define. And this is not a process that's gonna take just today; this is the beginning.*

71 *We're gonna go on and on and the purpose for you all to be here is to get several ideas. Ideas as to what you think this certain question, how this question should be answered. If someone else disagrees we should give everyone a chance to speak, but ideas are created out of argument, out of this is what I think it is, why do you think it's like that, maybe it can be like this etc., etc.*

72 *So just to start it off, this book that I'm proposing is to be given to every record company and A&R person in the entire planet, the whole World! There's only a couple of thousand record companies that seem to be controlling our entire fate in their hands. There's only a couple hundred magazines. Only a couple of thousand television shows. If some sort of document, or book, or pamphlet can be put together that says this is what Hip Hop is and this is what we think it should be.*

73 *This book is not something that will last forever; it's like, it might even have to be revised every two or three years. This is what Hip Hop is NOW in 1997. This is what it is NOW in this, that, the other. We're documenting it now in 1994 based on not having documented it since its conception.*

74 *We have a whole broad range of people who have history in their minds, who have certain*

thoughts and are pushing the forum forward. And this is the purpose actually, or one of the purposes of why you're here.

75 *Let me just end off and say also, this book in my mind will be backed up by force. And when I say force it doesn't always mean physical but it means that too. But it doesn't always mean that. It means political force. In other words, there's a point to make to the A&R people who are signing the guys giving in their tapes.*

76 *If you're gonna give in a tape and say 'I'm into Rap,' you have to define yourself. Are you going to be a Rap artist or you gonna be a Hip Hop artist? Because if you say you're gonna be a Hip Hop artist, well, this little book here put together by the minds of people in Hip Hop is what you should know. This will also weed out who's not down and who really is. In addition to that, we won't have these problems that Hip Hop is having because of Rap artists. So this is the main focus of what I'm saying here today.*

77 And we began our session by rearranging our chairs into a circle. And when the cipher was complete KRS continued, *Let me start it off with question number one, being, what in our minds is the most important aspect to preserving the culture of Hip Hop? And when I say what in our minds is that, in this day and age what is the most powerful means of preserving the culture…? Hip Hop means more people in professional life? Or does it mean that's going to hinder us? Matter of fact, I'll start it off like this; in our opinion, can you be a professional in Hip Hop?*

78 And a Brooklyn-born Hip Hop activist responded by saying, *I don't think so, 'cause I think Hip Hop is a way of life; it's a culture. How do you become a professional in your way of life unless you clearly have moved to the afterlife?*

79 And I responded by asking, *What about someone like, um, say like Jews for instance. Just say. That's a personal belief. Like say they would wear their…I'm talking about orthodox Jews, they would wear their yarmulke, their whole thing, to work. And they're telling, they're showing, their…I mean when you deal with them you have to see they're Jewish. I mean we're in a different circumstance but…*

80 And TC Islam responded by saying, *But brother KRS, being Jewish isn't more like wearing a yarmulke and all that; it's your ways and actions. It's like brothas and sistas that live Hip Hop; it's a way of life.*

81 Then Afrika Bambaataa said, *For y'all to deal with the industry in hip-hop y'all gonna have to be organized. Cause y'all dealing with some devious evil people who been robbing people since the 50s with the Doo Wop groups, same thing in the 60s, same thing they doing with hip-hop.*

82 *A lot of the Rap groups don't know about they mechanical rights, they royalties, they licensing. You can have a cover over here that's one cover. In Europe or in some other, Latin America, it be a whole different cover or* [they] *might even take your picture off. You gotta know about Cablevision, you gotta be in tuned with what's happening with the future.*

83 *There's so many different things. Like you need to get into professionalism in Cablevision cause it's gonna be 500 TV channels coming on and they're gonna need music, programming, video shows for this. We got to be organized! We gotta have discipline, structure, and you gonna have to have professionalism because that's what they did to take Hip Hop away from y'all. Because the Hip Hop community itself was not organized.*

84 *So, meaning now the first death of Hip Hop, they took away the vinyl. Meaning, they got rid of the DJ. They didn't speak to the Black or Latino community and say, 'Do you want to git rid of your turntables or vinyl?' They said, 'BOOM it's out! CDs is in, cassettes is in,' and that's what happened.*

And we just go along with the program. A couple of us might argue and put on our record, 'We want vinyl! We want vinyl!' They give you a little to make you happy and shit! And then they might throw you a little money to shut the hell up!

85 *You got a lot of sellouts in the industry in hip-hop. The only way we can do it is dealing by an organized meeting of the minds. And it can't be just one meeting, we have to go down many meetings, it can be a year, two years, whatever, until we get this whole thing structured—a Hip Hop union organization.*

86 And keep in mind that this discussion is taking place in 1994, before the Internet and at the dawn of compact discs, satellite television and digital radio. Afrika Bambaataa foresaw all of what is going on today and warned us of what was to come. Only the wise listened.

87 Afrika Bambaataa continued, *See, we got to start working with the brothas or sistas that want to do. Be a doer of the word! The ones that want to do, ya know, leave them on the side cause when the time comes around and they, the ones on that material shit, they will get on the bandwagon once they see something materialistic to them.*

88 *That's how many people just join a lot of unions. You think the Federation of Teachers waited for everybody to come together before they could deal with the board of education or the unions that deal with construction workers?*

89 *Like the brothas, the Black and Latino construction workers, they didn't stop to say, 'Well, the Whites is not giving us no jobs working with construction.' They got together and they went out there and started taking jobs and demanding they jobs, and the same way, we gonna have to deal with the industry. 'Cause you messing with some real devious people that's robbing the shit out of a lot of these artists, even the ones that make crazy money in the industry they still getting robbed if you really sit down and talk to them in truth.*

90 *You know you don't want no brotha that's gonna get in the limelight and show, I got my cars, all the young ladies, I got my house and stuff. Ya know, really sit down and check with them how much is they really gettin' or is the industry getting billions of money, or like Wu Tang, if they sold so many how much money or percentage are they gettin' from the record company?*

91 And then Crazy Legs said, *See, the thing is that our only alternative if we don't make it, I can't say we all live Hip Hop, I personally do. But my only Earth alternative if I can't make it with a dance company or whatever, if I can't dance no more, it can only be to scramble. That's the point!*

92 *My only alternative can't be by hustling. It has to be like something solid! Right there! BAM! Alright cool, alright I can't dance no more* (laughs), *ya know I can still dance but you know, if I can't dance no more, BAM we got a dance company going out. We got Ghetto Original Dance productions and we're hiring from within the community. OK, so we're doing this.*

93 *We've set up a base for people who don't have the money to take ballet, or jazz, or whatever! And that's already been taken away from us anyway 'cause those are all original African art forms.*

94 *Alright now, what we're doing is we just like saying these brothas out here don't have the money to join those things and let's give them something, you got to get them involved in something that's more cultural, more meaningful to them instead of wearing some tights!*

95 *You know that's your own prerogative if a brotha wanna wear tights. But I know sistas that dance with us that wanna get busy on some lockin, poppin, b-boyin, whatever they wanna do and we take them on tour.*

96 *So we have to just create these other outlets, and if you can't do it you have to be able to bring people on that can still do it. And it's like them brothas that produced Vanilla Ice; it was Black people*

that produced him. OK, they made money on Vanilla Ice. I think that's dope! I mean the shit is chuckable but ya know they making money.

97 And then Hakim Green, a public school teacher and emcee with Rap group Channel Live said, *A real important aspect to preserving Hip Hop, I mean I believe is getting people to find esteem in Hip Hop. I've been teaching public schools for the last four years and the one thing I noticed in teaching social studies is that the kids didn't see their immediate society as something worth studying. So, things that I would do is I would say, 'OK we gonna study Hip Hop. Hip Hop is a society of people, you interact with one another. We gonna study the ways in which you interact, the ways in which your society manifests itself.'*

98 *This stuff: the dance, the music, the hairstyles, the clothes, the fashion. Then I flipped it and said, well, let's see who makes money off of it. I started bringing magazines in. I brought the* Word Up! *in and the* Rap Masters, *then I brought* The Source *in and* Vibe. *And as we got higher in levels of getting across messages we saw where most money was going. I said, well, why is that?*

99 *You know, we have to start seeing our community as something to have esteem in. In doing that we define it. Like I said, I've been teaching school for the last four years, this is how I dress. When I put my locks in, I had a little friction with my boss, the principal, but I broke it down. I said, look, my locks is an expression of my culture, who I am as an African man. If there's a problem with me wearing my locks then we'll have to take this further.*

100 *If Jews can wear the locks off the side of their face and not see any feedback or wear a yarmulke I should be able to wear my hair that way. But getting people to say yo, you're worth something and if you're worth something stand up for yourself! We as a Hip Hop community are worth something; we stand up for SELF!* And then Mr. Wiggles from the Rock Steady Crew said, *The one thing that I've realized, a lot of people here define Hip Hop in their own way and I think that's a mistake.*

101 *Ya see, in order for Hip Hop to be a culture you have to have every element. Culture is not just Rap. And I think even though we hear it all the time, a lot of us, it don't sink in.*

102 *Culture is art, music, dance, the way you eat, the way you dress, the way you talk, the way you walk, the whole nine. Now I can sit here and say yeah we all this and blah, blah, but I'm not sure 'cause how many people here really know how to do graffiti, or respect a graffiti writer, or hire a graffiti writer to do your album cover as opposed to, ya know, whoever the hell!*

103 *And how many people here really truly believe in b-boyin, that hire b-boys and give b-boys props, ya know what I'm sayin, as original Hip Hop dance as well as the new school dances. But they ain't really happening. There ain't no connection there. I feel if we gonna make that connection, alright; we gotta take every top rap artist, which to me means Recording Artist Production 'cause all they know how to do is go into a studio and record, but can they get on stage and rock the crowd? If they can't, why they on stage?*

104 *Back in the days MCs needed to be heard, the dancers needed to be seen, the art needed to be seen, ya know what I'm sayin'? We gotta get back to the original cultural mentality of the whole art form. Once we get everybody culturally based then we can move. But right now we're not treating it like a culture; we're treating it as a commodity. And when you choose a commodity you gonna lose it.*

105 And then Jacqueline Hines, a well respected Hip Hop activist, said, *Well, just to follow back on what he just said, I think first off we have to get rid of the hypocrisy in this room. And with no offense to anybody in here, but for all the old school people in here I'm Jacqueline Hines from Hip Hop Incorporated that called when I first came up with the idea of a museum—hall of fame turned into*

archive.

106 *I mean these are things, that I sit here and I'm offended and I'm saddened that you would say, ya know, you gotta be certain, you have to be this in Hip Hop, you gotta do this in Hip Hop! Anybody that comes to me and says, I wanna preserve the Black woman for what it is today, I'm giving my all in all to that project!*

107 *All I said is come be a part of it, be on the board, participate. Instead, what I get is not people trying to assist in a museum that already has a provisional charter, that's already established, that's already established all the groundwork. What I get is, oh, let me get an idea off of this so I can be first, or let me come to meetings and talk about what people have to be to be in Hip Hop. That's like saying Black.*

108 *A lot of people look at me and they say, well you not Black because of your hair texture. Well let me tell you, I'm more Black than half of y'all in this room and I know more about my culture than half of y'all! So to define people on the basis of how they look, well you can't be Hip Hop, you can't be Black; that's just bullshit! You have to define people by heart and where they gonna put their time.*

109 *I don't know too many people that's going broke for Hip Hop! I'll tell you right now I'm broke because of Hip Hop and I'm getting into more expenses because of Hip Hop! And when people talk about they wanna do something for Hip Hop, find out what their root cause is. Find out if they wanna be the first!*

110 *I don't care, there can be five museums up tomorrow about Hip Hop but my museum will still be established because I know the concept and the thought and the heart that I have in it. It will always be successful!*

111 *It's just you have to find out what they want out of the project. Is it they want to be first? Is it money they want? What is it that they want? Because I see a lot of times in Hip Hop it's just that people don't want to assist other people because they want to be the first to have it, they want to have the money from it!*

112 *I mean, I think that if you going for money—I think every society needs an economic base, but that does not mean you have to drive a Benz. If we all live in the same community, we all eat, we live, and we happy, and we living the life that we supposed to, like a village in Africa, then you don't need expensive clothes! You set your own standards! You don't have to live off nobody else's standards!*

113 After a brief comment by an unknown member of Zulu Nation, Crazy Legs addressed Jacqueline Hines' remarks. Crazy Legs said, *You know what we're missing? I think we should hit the first thing she spoke on. I think it was something more personal with certain people in here.*

114 *The fact that, I'll tell you straight up! When you first called me I never heard of you in my life. And bottom line, most of the people that call me to get involved with projects, and I'm sure with certain other old-school people in here, we don't know who they are. And don't forget we've been gettin', we're the first one's to get jerked! And we got jerked so that means we've been gettin' jerked the longest* (laughter).

115 *So what happens is since that we were jerked already people try to insult our intelligence and try to say, OK, well, let me see if I can get this person to it cause they've done so much shit they probably act so hard up for money right now, alright, boom, boom, boom, boom.*

116 *It's nothing personal against you. It's just that I'll tell you straight up! If you would have called me and KRS would have called me at the same time with the same idea I definitely would have gone with KRS. Only because there's a certain part of me that is leery to get with anyone because of what I've been through.*

[117] *You forget we did this out of innocence. There was no gimmick! We did it to come together in community, our alternative form of recreation. We were creating it and we didn't even know what we were creating.*

[118] *And then we realized that when places like the Roxy, Negril, Danceateria started opening they were giving us guest lists of like 50 people here! Bam got a hundred people on his guest list! Legs, you got 50 people for your Rock Steady Crew!*

[119] *And meanwhile all these White people, whatever, was coming in to see us that was coming from the Bronx and Manhattan and whatever, would come to see how we lived. Instead of going to the jungle they brought the jungle to the clubs! And we were the spectacle! So we're like, I realize that now, so we're like wait a second! I'm not going in the cage for no one else anymore!*

[120] Jacqueline responded. *I understand that, but I think the best way…I think that if KRS would have called me and Tom Dick would have called me and Tom Dick, I didn't know Tom Dick, and I don't know KRS ONE, cause I ain't never sat down and had a conversation with KRS ONE. So what I would have done is sit down, have a conversation with KRS ONE, have a conversation with Tom Dick, and then based on those two conversations I would have made my decision. But I wouldn't jump the gun to say, oh, because of KRS ONE…*(the room erupts into several voices).

[121] Jacqueline continued, *Excuse me! I think though what needs to be done is that y'all need to find out what is going on! Because there's a hell of a lot of grassroots people that's doing a hell of a lot for Hip Hop. But because they are not well-known or they don't have celebrity attached to their names they don't get the respect that they deserve!*

[122] Crazy Legs responded again. *You don't have to be a celebrity. But where was all these grassroots people…see, people think Hip Hop started in the eighties. Where were all these grassroots people when Herc was…* Jacqueline jumped in, saying, *We weren't born!*

[123] Crazy Legs responded, *Listen! No, OK, but there were other grassroots people there that totally ignored the ghetto, that's why we had to come up with our alternative form of recreation.*

[124] As Jacqueline began to respond again, the room erupted into several voices shouting! Afrika Bambaataa then brought order by stating, *Y'ALL NEED TO CHILL! WE GETTING TOO MUCH ON THE 'I' SYNDROME! LET'S THINK ABOUT THE 'US' SYNDROME AND GET SOME SOLUTIONS OF WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW!*

[125] Mr. Wiggles jumped in, saying, *If there be two museums then y'all should be affiliated! I don't think it makes a difference how many there should be, we should have a hundred scattered all over the World!*

[126] Daddy-O from Stetsasonic then said, *I wanna go back to the original question that KRS asked about preserving the culture. And I think the best point, which is personal, is the point that my man made over here, 'cause I really don't have long to be here.*

[127] *But one thing I wanna say to y'all is that it ain't even about us, it's about them little shorties…I think them shorties is gonna be the ones to preserve it 'cause we gonna be outta here! I think that when we start thinking about Hip Hop we gonna have to start providing.*

[128] *I mean I can't do no better than my man right here* [pointing at Hakim Green], *he a teacher and I know that's like in the gut! My kids is in public school and I be wishing I was a teacher sometimes, 'cause the teachers be like stressed! And I be like, I can do that. You know what I'm sayin'?*

[129] *But I'm sayin' I think that issue of the kids and stuff, ya know, I think that's really important. I know a lot of people look at ya know, I don't know how everybody feels about Hip Hop right now, um, I know a lot of people love it, I know some people here don't know what it is. Ya know I'm kinda mid-*

level, I wasn't with Legs and Bam and them but I was in there like right after!

130 *Ya know what I mean? And I grew up on their tapes. That's about as close as I came. And I had my first…oh I'm old-school Brooklyn! Where all of them guys was. I'm just saying, I wasn't there with them.*

131 *I think that a lot of people may have discrepancies with where Rap is going and all that, but I think that people need to realize that none of this stuff moves without young people. And young people are viewing Rap artists and what they know as Hip Hop a certain way. If we want to impact society in terms of the way that they think about Hip Hop then I think that it is probably two levels that those two guys were talking about between KRS and my man right here* [Hakim].

132 *'Cause KRS seems like he want to bum-rush the executives and I'm with him* (laughs)*! We just beat up about five of them and our message will be straight! We won't even have no more fucking problems* (more laughter)*! All y'all gotta do is call me and I'll do the beating* (more laughter)*!*

133 Daddy-O continued, *On the other level it's about impacting the shorties. On the other level it's about these kids.'Cause these kids are seeing a certain thing and they admiring a certain thing that goes on around the country. And they're the one's that end up making a difference at the end of the day! It's them that make the difference!*

134 *All of this shit that we going through and all that, it's 'cause of kids. It might be White kids starting to feel our flow and they parents ain't feeling their flow, but it's all about kids! It ain't about adults at all! Most of the people I'm looking at is adults in this room and it ain't about us at all! It's about them little shorties.*

135 *Them little shorties will tell you if you wack or if you ain't wack! Straight off! 'Why you don't like so and so?' 'Cause he's old to me now.' 'Why you like Snoop?' 'Oh 'cause da da da da da!' 'Why you don't like da?' I'm telling you these shorties will tell you all in all!*

136 *I mean we all…we don't really have to go through…all we gotta do is listen to KRS records to find out why ya know, society ya know, fucking they heads up in teaching and all that* (laughter). *You know what I'm saying?*

137 *But I'm just saying, the bottom line is that, the only thing I wanted to say is that, to answer the first question about preserving it, I think it's all really, I think it's all really about them little shorties. If we don't give them shorties something to look at that they can admire and that they wanna touch out and that they wanna be then we ain't gonna win with them anyway, it's just gonna be somebody else to move in on their life and say 'I'm top dog!' cause that's all it is around the country!*

138 TC Islam then proposed an apprenticeship program called the *Zulu Media Education Project* where young people could get the technical skills needed to create their own jobs.

139 He said, as an example, *Now say we have like a Hip Hop Deejay like a DJ, he gets paid to show shorties how to Deejay. See what we need to do is start teaching these shorties how to do camera work. I mean 9 times out of 10 what's the biggest problem at our shows? 'Yo sound man, what's up with my D.A.T.* [Digital Audio Tape]*!' Go in the studio, I got a Rock engineer trying to give me a hip-hop sound! But I got a shorty around my way who got a four tracker and all he's doing is looping beats! He got an ear for this!*

140 *Technically, he does not know how to go into the studio, and he look at a 24-track board and go 'Oh my God!'* (laughter) *But if he gets the technical training, not only does he have a ear for it, but he gots the heart and the soul for it.*

141 *So I take my man shorty on tour with me, he's working in the studio with me, he got concepts for Rap videos but does not know anything about editing, steadicams, or anything like that. Now he's*

getting the technical training at the age of 14, 15.

142 *So what we have to do is give them an opportunity to create their own jobs within this culture of Hip Hop and that's the only way it will be preserved. You understand where I'm coming from? Training the shorties! That will be taking them off the streets! We give them something that they love 'cause right now the carrots that are dangled in front of their faces are drugs, guns, these fake images of participating in the American dream, which I say scheme of things! You know what I'm saying?*

143 *So we got to rescue our kids with what? This, Hip Hop kid! You can get paid by doing this man! Make your own job, know what I'm saying, at something you love doing.* Later in the conversation and after much debate and many ideas we returned the conference toward the…*role of being a professional yet still being loyal to the cause of preserving Hip Hop.*

144 I then continued, *Yeah, I mean the conversation that we are having here is excellent. Because it's a lot of vibes, thoughts that are happening now. Uh, one thing, let me just reiterate, the original question was, uh, can you be professional, uh, and be a part of Hip Hop? Brother here mentioned that, 'define professional,' we never really got around to that.*

145 *Uh, but let me throw it on the floor. And uh, say number one that, um, in one breath, being professional, uh, is sort of like going through college. It's like, well, just before you get to college, when you're taking the entrance exam, you know what you wanna be, you know what you wanna do, you're gonna fight for this, you're gonna fight for that. But then when you actually go through college, when you pick up your degree you're actually somebody else.*

146 *My point was, or is, can you be a part…can a Afrika Bambaataa, can a Kool Herc be A&R at a record company, play that game and be true to the cause? I'm not saying it can or can't happen, I'm still trying to figure out if it can.*

147 And many voices rose up again; a member of Zulu nation (a chemist) responded to me saying, *You brothas taught us who are right now in college how to do that. You taught us that I can be criminal-minded and still make a contribution to my community with my double major in Chemistry and Biology. You told us that you can go back into the community and have this mind and be a professional and show these young kids, yo, you can do this and you can be that. So we can do that! And anyone who says we can't, you wrong!* The room erupted into applause and many voices trying to make a point.

148 The Zulu Nation chemist continued, *You can't define yourself in some parameters set up by somebody else. You gotta define your own Self the same way GOD did!*

149 *The same way when I was growing up, you know what I'm saying, when I was the smartest kid in the class everybody was like, 'Yo, duke you corny! Man you wack!' Naw, that's not the case. Yo, I'm gonna use my mind to further myself and everyone else and y'all showed me that I can do that!*

150 And then Afrika Bambaataa said, *And the way you can do that is, you gotta know that you can't let money become your god* (applause).

151 Then I jumped in saying, *Uh, in terms of money being a god, right, we cannot! I mean, that will cloud everything. But the system in which we're under attack* [from] *is capitalism. In which we are going to need some kind of economic plan.*

152 Afrika Bambaataa then responded, *Naw, I'm not saying that…you know you gonna need economics. But what I'm saying is SELLING OUT! Like if you feel…like whatever I believe, I'm ready to die for it. Now if I say that, um, if I feel that the companies haven't gone my way, I'm ready to quit! Let somebody else take that job. I'm not gonna take the money to get me to sellout my people or to sellout Hip Hop all for big money or statuses. I'm for real with this!*

153 I then responded, *Well, that's my point, if everybody is real with this then we're gonna wind up not being professional because we're not going to take the shit! We're not gonna say 'Let's jerk this artist because he got dreads and this guy got jheri curls, we gonna go with him. You know to your heart that shit is wack. But if you say 'I'm pushing these dreads right here, that's what it is,' and you get fired, if we all do that then we gonna wind up being in our nucleus again* (and the room erupted into many voices).

154 And then Hakim Green (the school teacher/emcee) said, *This is the way you do it. Going back to what Havoc was saying earlier, he was saying that you know, you walk through parks or whatever, you see statues dedicated to leaders. When in all actuality, the motherfucker you looking at ain't really lead shit! He was just the face man.*

155 *Now you see the artist out on stage, he's the face man. What you need is somebody that's not involved in the politics of music that's saying you owe your allegiance to me! You fuck up, you gotta answer to me!*

156 I then responded saying, *So wait a minute. The person who is professional, then, cannot truthfully say that they are part of Hip Hop* (the room erupted into many voices again). And we began to look closer at the word *accountability.*

157 And the Zulu Nation chemist/biologist said, *See, the problem is, is that we're not ALL doing it. See, if this side of the room is like 'Yo fuck that you gonna do this' and that side is like, 'Na na,' then there's a division that you can drive through. But if we ALL saying, 'No, fuck that, we ALL doing it,' then you can't divide…you can't go through that!*

158 And Jacqueline Hines from Hip Hop Incorporated followed up, saying, *I think we need to go even deeper than that. We have to deal with some sort of spirituality. If we talking about building anything, we have to deal with spirituality. We have to understand what it means when we DO something. Like what this brotha said about his job. Now if we're gonna build…ya know, what we're really doing is building a society. And part of society, is what's wrong right now, is we have no spirituality.*

159 *So we have to bring spirituality back in effect! And once you have spirituality and you can come strong within yourself, then you can define what is going to happen in your life. Yes, you may have lost the best job you ever had, because you demanded to hear Rap music on your radio, but your spirituality will keep you strong and keep you moving and you KNOW things will only get better!*

160 After a short debate with everyone throwing in ideas and many voices speaking at the same time, Afrika Bambaataa again called the meeting to order by saying, *WE NEED A STRUCTURED DISCIPLINE ORDER!*

161 Afrika Bambaataa continued, *Whether you have professionalism, whether you don't have it, it still comes ALL under one roof that's getting it ALL together under a union to put out ideas that have structure, that have people accountable, and let them know that if they fuck up they out the door and the next one is in. You got to have a whole accountable discipline order…and we got to put our money where our mouth is and be doers of the words!*

162 *One thing we can learn from watching the Nation of Islam is getting up and doing something for Self. And that's what it all bows down to, that we got to get up and DO SOMETHING FOR SELF!*

163 *Right now hip-hop belongs to other people and we got to take it back and get to the ones sitting on the higher top that got dough come on and sit down. Somehow, uh, basketball stars, uh, other professionalism, 'cause that's the only thing we have is our artists. We don't control the agencies that book us just like we don't control where we live at.*

164 And the Zulu Nation chemist/biologist said, *But the ironic thing is without us they don't have shit! That's the whole bottom line.* Harry Allen then said, *But the bigger irony is that they do have us!* The chemist replied, *They have some of us.* Harry Allen responded, *They have most of us!*

165 Then an activist/artist said, *Yo, we gotta keep it real! I know everybody's willing to die for the cause and all that but I'm a be dead honest! OK, Kool Herc, Bam, y'all are from a dying breed of brothas out here called 'I don't give a fuck I'm going for mine!' That unity is dead! OK because of infiltration. And that's why when they say about the sellout, the sellout is only a sellout if his mind is warped to that extent.*

166 *OK, right now brothas in here is dealing about E.S.P., Extra Self Preservation! If it comes to your baby 'bout to starve and shit or you down for the cause, fuck that, ya child gotta eat! And that's how the mentality is. So we gotta realize, we gotta keep it real! I mean I'm down to go for mine to the highest, but when you feel you gonna die in a cause by yourself, you gonna get shot, bowe! 'Well, nigga stood for his, nigga out!' That's dead man!*

167 And then Crazy Legs said, *A lot of brothas ain't selling out Hip Hop 'cause you can't sellout what you was never down with. Now, what they're basically doing is selling out THEIR souls. That's what they're doing. 'Cause most of the brothas in the industry were never down with Hiphop Kulture. OK, so they don't even understand how to use it for the community because they're worried about their pockets.*

168 And then Hip Hop activist X-Man said, *Let me interject this one thing 'cause I think for the most part we've been dancing around the issue, ah, for real. And the issue when it comes down to it is how do we acquire and maintain power! Because that's what it comes down to. Let me say a couple of things.*

169 *In this professionalism piece, we don't want to confuse professionalism with white-collarism because those are two different and separate things. Professionalism means one that is proficient in a particular area…and accepted by their peers. You see what I'm saying?*

170 *So a doctor just can't go out and claim that he's a doctor. He has to go through a mental learning process and then still be accepted by his peers. And when we develop that kind of professionalism it's gonna weed out all the fakers anyway.*

171 *The second thing, we do need to come to a definition of Hip Hop that needs to be distributed. We need to come to a collective decision on what Hip Hop is! And define it in a way that gives some leeway; in other words, don't be so focused, don't be so narrow that you define everybody out of it. But define it within a context that people who are down with it can fit into it in some way, shape or form.*

172 *And the last thing is that we can't talk about power…'cause what I don't wanna see, 'cause I'll just tell ya, what I don't wanna see, I don't wanna see that archive that has all of the history of Hip Hop, but in the street it's not reflective of what went into that institution.*

173 *And we don't want Hip Hop or anything else to go the way of the dodo in the street, even though you have an archive that's sitting there! And the archive idea is the first step to that preservation.*

174 *The last thing is that we can't even talk about power in Hip Hop as if it is divorced from power and organization of young people. We can't talk about it. Because you can't play ball with one hand! I mean you can try, and some people are good. But you will never be as effective as being able to use both hands. You'll never be as effective!*

175 *So if we're talking about serious, serious, a political move, a social move, an economic move, then hip-hop as an industry, as a forum, needs to also be about the political and economic and social organization of our people. If it's not about that, it's talking yin yang! That's it* (applause)!

176 And then the Father of Hip Hop, Kool DJ Herc, spoke saying, *Yo, check this out! Right now the bottom line is about money! A'ight. Money's going here, here, here and here and it ain't concentrated in one place for Hip Hop to build this.*

177 *We need somewhere, a Hip Hop complex itself, a large place that every artist who comes to New York who's somebody will have to come through there and perform. And that money goes somewhere for us for whatever we want to do with it. It's about money!*

178 *It's about money and what Hip Hop's money can do for community and for us political wise. It's a force! It just hasn't been harnessed yet. A'ight. And we trying to bring that shit under one fuckin' roof! That's all it is. We need somewhere that IS Hip Hop. With a big fuckin' parking lot… so the police ain't gotta come on horseback and chase us out of every fuckin' place, where you can't get in.*

179 *There gotta be some place like that in California, West Side, East Coast, West, East Coast, West Coast gotta have a big fuckin' complex. And whoever making money off of Hip Hop gotta be in that place. Otherwise they can't go nowhere! That's how its gotta be!*

180 This meeting continued on for several more hours. However, at the conclusion of this groundbreaking meeting it was clear to all that Hip Hop was more than just *some good music* and that it was time to organize culturally.

181 It was here and at this time that I began gathering the notes, documents and other inspirational materials to create a solid strategy toward what WE said as a community WE wanted for OURSELVES as a group.

182 This is where we began to seriously approach Hip Hop as an international culture, and it was here that we set our cultural direction as a unique, self-conscious group of people. This is what we, as a *temple* for Hip Hop, are loyal to.

183 There have been numerous other follow-up Hip Hop meetings, conferences and summits since our 1994 meeting; however, the intentions of this first meeting are what the Temple of Hiphop remains most loyal to.

184 These paragraphs are direct, unedited transcriptions as to some of what was argued at our 1994 *Meeting of the Minds* conference. The underlined sections of this transcription are the direct influences and intentions of our Hip Hop preservation movement.

185 Study carefully, and not only use this piece of unedited history as an accurate reference for true Hip Hop scholarship and activism, but through meditation and/or visualization place your *Self* in the meeting as a citizen of Hiphop Kulture; what would you have said? What would you have suggested? After such a meeting, what would you have done?

186 This particular transcription is very important to the awareness of the truly committed Hip Hop activist. This is a major part of what guides the Temple of Hiphop and all true Hiphoppas seeking to advance the culture of Hip Hop.

187 The time for talk and no action is over! The time for complaining with no plan of action has ceased. If we are truly serious about freedom, justice and equality under just laws, it's time we start acting like the community we keep begging America to be. America has its own problems, as do we.

188 Therefore, let us get serious about our own future as Hiphoppas. Let us go down in history as the greatest urban movement of all time! Let us mature and rise to the cultural heritage that we have been born into. Let us as Hiphoppas fulfill *The Dream* of our parents. This is the meaning of OUR movement.

189 Yes, there are other movements of worthy cause, even worthy of more immediate attention.

But Hip Hop's preservation is what GOD has given to us as OUR task. Hip Hop is our burden. In history, this is what future generations will know our *moves meant*.

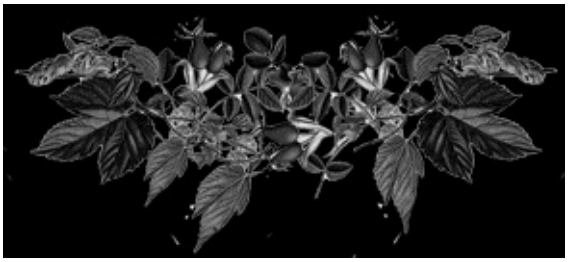
190 Our *moves* for the preservation and further development of Hip Hop include a full-service Hip Hop city, and it is this ultimate vision that defines the meaning of our *moves* today—our *move-meant*. This is the ***meaning*** of why we ***move***.

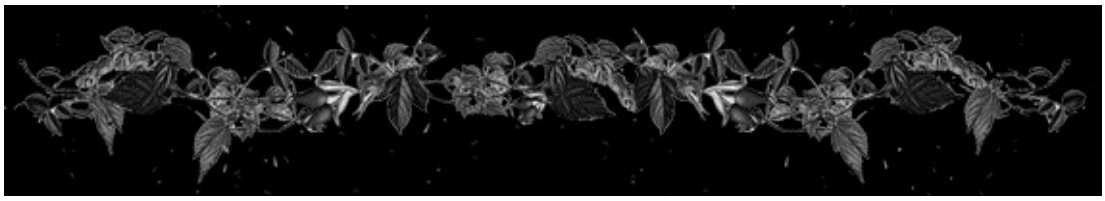
191 But we also know that revolution only benefits those who participate in it. New ideas and revolutionary movements can be preached from every street corner in the World, but if the listener is still unable to participate in the actualization of such ideas and movements then such talk is only entertainment. This is what Hip Hop has been experiencing ever since our famous *Meeting of the Minds* conference in 1994.

192 Even though many of us have spoken strongly and accurately about the challenges facing our Hip Hop community, very few have actually organized themselves against such challenges. And even worse, when people like myself step up to begin the process of organization, fear, doubt and distrust from our own people cripple our plans before we can even begin.

193 I will call no names here because this Gospel is a historical document that can have lasting effects upon the children of such saboteurs; everyone should be given time to mature past their own fears. However, in my time (your past) I've been criticized as being a "false prophet," "cult leader," "Antichrist," of "wanting to own Hip Hop," and even as being a member of the illuminati, but all of these criticisms and critics have fallen to the *waste*-side; I am only doing what we all said we wanted done!

194 Those who are serious about Hip Hop's preservation and further development have taken the vow I AM HIP HOP, and have united with others to form the Temple of Hip Hop, which is the actualization of our goals and collective vision. We have a plan and we will fulfill it. In fact, in your time (my future) we have already fulfilled it. This is the meaning of our movement. VICTORY OVER THE STREETS! There it is.





THE THIRTEENTH OVERSTANDING

THE HIP HOP ACTIVIST

1 After 1994 I attended many more *Hip Hop* summits, conferences and meetings where we all declared our loyalty to Hip Hop's preservation, but then got side-tracked and even stifled once we returned to the pressures and responsibilities of our daily lives.

2 While these famous summits, conferences and meetings took place during the 1990s it was KRS who was expected to attend and take notes and then advise the Hip Hop community on a plan of action relevant to its survival and growth. And I have not forgotten my commitment. Such was my honor in the 1990s and remains the same today.

3 As I have observed on several occasions, the most pressing issues expressed at many of our *meetings* and *summits* over the years have been the need to restore our ancient ways of life before the invasions of western civilizations upon our tribes and natural resources, to raise our present quality of life as Hiphoppas, and to preserve and document the original cultural elements, traditions, history and customs of Hip Hop.

4 Of course, freedom from the corporate exploitation of our artistic elements as well as the establishment of a code of conduct designed for the peace and prosperity of individual Hiphoppas were also among the most passionate themes brought up at our historic discussions.

5 Together as a multi-cultural people, the restoration of OUR lost civilizations, the enhancement of OUR present quality of life, the proper documentation and preservation of OUR artistic elements and history, freedom from negative corporate exploitation, and a Hip Hop way of life that promotes peace and prosperity has always been the concerns of the *conscious* Hip Hop movement.

6 These have always been the collective agendas that have formed our governing principles and our cultural movement as *Hiphoppas*. Basically, we are seeking *freedom and justice for all.* And it is the realization of this goal that we (the Temple of Hip Hop) are committed to.

7 Yes, there may be other more pressing concerns to address regarding Hip Hop; however over the past 14 years this is what we have said amongst ourselves at our historic meetings to be the most pressing of OUR concerns as a community—*freedom and justice for all*.

8 However, I have seen too many sincere and *conscious* Hip Hop activists and artists struggle and even fail to achieve their goals because of the enormous distractions and temptations of the material World. Some activists spend too much time criticizing the work of other activists, thus stagnating the collective political and social aspirations of our group.

9 Many of our wisest leaders, artists and advisors are hampered down in life, working to pay rents, mortgages, college loans, business loans, childcare, cell phone bills, car payments, food, gas, clothing, etc. And no one seems to ever have enough money to do what they need to do! Even the so-called *rich!*

10 Sure, we may get up in front of a podium or radio and express the most logical ideas regarding Hip Hop's preservation and development, but if, after such advice is given, there is no one capable of carrying out such lofty ideas because of poverty and/or a personal lack of character, vision, emotional sensitivity and/or organization, then it is as if such speakers were simply talking to themselves.

11 The audience of eager revolutionaries cannot act upon what was being suggested because the

very character of the audience and the beliefs that such an audience may hold make it difficult (even impossible) for them to even see, and then actualize, such revolutionary ideas.

12 This is why true activism requires teaching as well as preaching. The biggest challenge to the activist is the very people who are to benefit from that activist's ideas and actions. If the community desires freedom, then the activist must spend some time teaching the principles of freedom to her people; otherwise the community will not know when they have achieved their goal, and in most cases will actually fight against the very goal they've set for themselves.

13 In my observation, it will take a community of educated, organized, free-thinking and prosperous Hiphoppas to achieve Hip Hop's real and actual preservation. Even beyond money, the Hip Hop community must know peace. We must be content and confident in the reality of who we are as a *People.*

14 Revolutionary talk is always stimulating to hear, but if the people hearing such talk are not at peace first amongst themselves, such desperateness caused by insecurity and doubt will collapse and betray our movement before it can really even start.

15 In my observation, Hip Hop's preservation begins with peace and prosperity leading to Hip Hop's independence. Hip Hop must become self-sufficient, self-sustaining and self-directed. Living and supporting the very industry that we say is *ripping us off* is self-destructive and hypocritical. We cannot ever expect to liberate Hip Hop from those who exploit its resources if we are dependent upon the same for our very survival.

16 As simple as this may sound, many are still helplessly dragged along in the World's currents and events because of their own attachment to the World's stimuli. After a while they become unfamiliar and afraid of ideas and solutions that seem to go beyond the World's boundaries. They may posture as if they possessed free minds but in reality their worldview revolves around what the *powers that be*, or what some secret government agency or society, won't let them do. In fact, the more they speak against the World, the more they become dependent upon it.

17 Ironically, because the World does not belong to them they become very insecure about their own affiliation with the World. *The World is not right! We all slaves! They got us trapped!* Many such activists feel that at any moment they can lose everything that sustains them, and that they must work harder to maintain and hold on to the little bit that they believe they have. This life is lived in desperation, and in no way can such a person ever be a truly committed revolutionary. Such a person creates enemies where there are none, and poverty where none should exist.

18 And while you may perceive that such a life is lived mainly by poor people, the Truth of the matter is that I am talking more about the conduct and character of many working/employed people and even some very rich and educated people.

19 As I have observed, the act of *desperation* seems to transcend all classes of people, all races, all ethnicities, all genders, all faiths, EVERYONE! As with insecurity, doubt and fear, desperation knows no race or social class; everyone is a potential candidate—even the rich, even the employed, even the educated, even the activist.

20 This is why (as an activist) it is better to live a simple and content life than a life full of commitments and busyness. Know this. The rich are the most insecure individuals within any community because the base of their power is money, which is always temporary. The activist who has built up large sums of money for herself is equally trapped by the business relationships that have created such riches.

21 This form of activism is limited because of one's loyalty to other relationships. Those who

make their living from the same structure that everyone else is trying to rid themselves of cannot be expected to lead a revolutionary movement toward change. Their desperateness is shown in their attachment to Worldly riches and corporate power. They can help but they cannot lead.

22 Such individuals struggle as activists because to be an activist one must discern between what is right and what is wrong for one's community beyond the benefits of those who may be exploiting the community's resources for corporate gain. To be a true Hip Hop activist one must be self-directed with a minimum amount of corporate ties.

23 For if you make your living in the same corporate structure that seeks to exploit the very community that you are seeking to preserve and further develop, then discernment is almost impossible. The rules of business demand that you be liked by everyone, and take no position on anything. Those who hold these views will not discern between right and wrong, they benefit either way.

24 Unless you are willing to be hated by those you love, and/or become impoverished by those who you have made rich, you shall in no way make any lasting change or enduring progress for your community. Revolution is not a popularity contest. Successful activism is caused by one's sincere love and understanding of and for one's cause.

25 In the business world, cash and credit rule everything around us—not justice. In the world of justice, balance and the common good rule everything around us. In justice, we don't just eat the fruits we find along the journey of life; every now and then we look up to see where such fruits are coming from. This is balance, and this is right.

26 As a Hip Hop activist, do not be led by the rich or adopt their philosophy of "self first." This is what makes a person desperate and insecure, even with riches; they find themselves in the position of pleasing everyone and in doing so, they please even the forces that work against the cause of their protest.

27 For as long as your personality and reputation are based upon your financial status you shall make your financial status the priority of your survival. And this is what leads to fear; it is an extreme act or thought of self-protection.

28 Your impulse to preserve yourself physically, mentally, emotionally, financially, politically, etc., causes you to become fearful. It is in the extreme concern for your own safety (or interests) that causes you to become afraid or insecure. Compulsive attempts at one's own self-interests lead to fear and insecurity.

29 However, once you free yourself by giving up the protection and guidance of your *Self* to GOD you immediately inherit courage. When we surrender ourselves to that higher, deeper guidance, GOD's Protective Spirit or GPS, we rest in the mystery of our being, knowing that all things are working toward the fulfillment of our most comfortable and safe conditions.

30 Whereas fear may be the result of an extreme concern for one's self, courage may be the result of an extreme concern for others. To lend oneself to something other than one's self requires courage. Help is a good example of courage. Teaching is another good example of courage. Self-sacrifice requires courage.

31 Ridding one's self of desperateness, insecurity, worry and fear are all exercises of the Spirit and are essential to the success of any activist. You cannot buy your way out of insecurity, and you cannot purchase courage. In fact, the Notorious B.I.G., who was notorious for flashing huge amounts of cash and living lavishly, warned us. He said, *Mo' money, mo' problems.*

32 And in no way am I implying that money in and of itself is somehow not to be accumulated and

used. Not at all. However to not be happy, or feel secure, or to not feel motivated to pursue change unless you are rich, or to feel that the accumulation of money and/or property makes you more human than someone without such resources is simply NOT the path of an attuned Hip Hop activist. Money must never use the activist; it is the activist who must learn how to efficiently use money.

33 Hip Hop's activists who have not secured a basic standard of living for themselves independent of the World's institutions are continuously distracted from activism by the influence of the World calling them *back to work!* A true Hip Hop activist cannot be addicted to the power of money, nor can money ever be the reason a true Hip Hop activist is motivated to move or act. Such an activist is moved by principles and virtues and lives a life as such.

34 Biggie warned *mo' money, mo' problems.* So why would any activist who has truly studied the events of Hip Hop's culture still want to pursue a life based upon the accumulation of money? Answer: Addiction. Not to drugs or to sex, but to security. And not even in a bad or greedy way. But simply addiction to the security that money provides, believing that nothing can be done without a certain amount of money.

35 Many see no other life. Others believe in no other power. They see no other way that they would rather live. Many Hip Hop activists are actually addicted to the belief that their actual security as a human being is connected to their Worldly validations and accumulation of money.

36 In Truth, they have forgotten or simply don't know how to live without money, or enjoy a life in Spirit where you live within your means and people give you the things you need for free. Such a life is taught here within the Overstandings of this instrument. However, this life is crazy to those who rely upon the World's security over GOD's reality.

37 And this is not a judgment, simply a conclusion. In Truth, such is not the fault of the money-addicted, they were trained (educated) to believe that everything must be worked for and then paid for, that only the World's institutions offer real power and legitimacy, and that freedom is attained within a retirement that never comes. They've been educated to believe *there's no other way.* I find that this is how many great minds are trapped and turned to desperate acts just to survive.

38 Those who still live desperate lives based upon the accumulation of money are simply too preoccupied by their own survival and pleasures to really focus upon the well-being and development of others. Sure, most Hip Hop activists can think and speak on Hip Hop's music, culture and politics but find it difficult to really live and act, create and develop the same.

39 This condition seems to be our only challenge as a Hip Hop community. In my time we are simply too desperate as a people to achieve the goals that we say we desire for ourselves collectively. We are simply too dependent upon the World and its temporary security to overcome that same World for everlasting life. We are all simply looking out for ourselves and this is why we cannot seem to protect each other. This is why we lack unity!

40 As the great prophet Kwame Ture has taught us, *The capitalist system will so confuse people that they will think that they can think abstractly. They used to tell me in Latin 'cogito, ergo sum'—I think therefore I am. But we know that this is not the Truth because those of us who are sitting here know that there are many who <u>are</u>, but don't <u>think</u>.*

41 *As a matter of fact, there is no way that one can think abstractly about anything. The only way that you can think about something is when you are involved in it, because thought is nothing other than the reflection of fast action for the correction of future actions. Thought must be based upon action. Where there is no action there can be no thought.*

42 *If you have never taken physics, you cannot <u>think</u> about physics. Of course, you can think that*

you think about physics, but unless you think physics you cannot think about physics. You may, while watching a basketball game on television or at the game, criticize every basketball player. But unless you play basketball you cannot think about basketball. If you are not involved in your people's struggle, you cannot think about your people's struggle.

43 *If you are not involved in the African revolution, you cannot think for the African revolution. The problem can be highlighted here in the past between the White 'left' and the African movement. It's we who have the action! It's we who confront the police! It is we who have the 'sit-in' movement, it's we who threw the bricks and bottles against the police, it is we who shed our blood, but it is the White 'left' who comes to give us the ideology. This is absurd!*

44 *This is absurd just by what is going on in Azania South Africa. In Azania South Africa the only people dying in the streets are us. It is from OUR actions that we get OUR thoughts. Nobody else will come from our actions to give us correct thoughts. Thought is one of the weaknesses of the African revolution.*

45 *This is where those who say that they are our friends come and take advantage of us. The weakness of the African revolution is that we have collective action but we do not have collective thoughts. We have collective action as a people, and serious collective action! We can rise up in the greatest imperialistic country in the World, America. And we can burn down 270 cities in a weekend and then sit down for 30 years because we have no collective thought to continue the struggle.*

46 When it comes to the Hip Hop community, with all of our awards, and validations, and money, and property, as a community we still cannot seem to protect OUR intellectual property from those who seek only to exploit OUR value as human beings, simply because we are disorganized as a *People* today.

47 Sure, we can talk eloquently about freedom, peace, love, unity, and having fun, we can talk about revolution, we can rally, we can march, we can write books and do lectures for a lifetime, but if we are still desperate, still disorganized and still have not broken the chains of the World's security upon our flesh and minds, we are as crack cocaine addicts throwing crack cocaine against the wall of the crack house in an attempt to break our own addictions to crack.

48 WE MUST BECOME AND REMAIN ORGANIZED! And such organization comes from the loyalty and practice of OUR principles. As the prophet Kwame has said on many occasions, *ORGANIZE, ORGANIZE, ORGANIZE!*

49 The prophet has already taught us that *the only way that we will arrive* (at freedom) *is when the masses of our People are organized! We are a powerless People because the masses of our People are disorganized. Political power comes only from the organized masses. All of the problems we face everywhere, the problem of drugs is simply a reflection of the lack of organization in our community because we do not control anything in our community—who comes in, who goes out, what comes in, what goes out, how it comes in and for what reason. We control absolutely nothing because we are disorganized! The only way that we will organize ourselves is when we ourselves come to organize ourselves.*

50 This also means that money cannot be the sole reason that you are engaged in revolutionary change. Real change, not money, must be the goal. Those whose priorities are based upon the accumulation of money and/or power will never be able to remain committed to any organized struggle toward freedom and/or real change for long.

51 It is us who must desire freedom for ourselves, and such a desire must come from within. It must be our true desire; freedom must be the essence of our very being. But this is where the problem

starts.

52 You cannot free yourself from exploitation by becoming rich; you free yourself from exploitation by eliminating want by developing your mind to exist outside of World security. This is a matter of principles and your loyalty to them.

53 The less you want, the fewer chances someone has of telling you how much you are worth, where to go, what to do, how to do it, and what time to do it. The less you need from the World and its agents for your survival and comfort, the happier you shall be. However, these are spiritual lessons; these ideas are based upon a principled life. Self-creation based upon one's independent principles is the key to life!

54 The Hip Hop activist lives a principled life, a simple life. Not a poor life, but a simple and easy-to-manage life grounded upon one's principles. Activism on any level requires an already-attained level of freedom and ease on the part of the activist. A true activist has already overcome something or someone in opposition to the goal and they bring such knowledge to the planning table for the collective good of all. Activists should have already attained that which they are preparing to lead their people to. A good and effective activist comes with a set of principles that she remains accountable to, and others can hold her to—this builds trust.

55 A true Hip Hop activist has already been to the destination discussed and back again, and can now explain to other potential activists the *action* and mind-state that need be taken to achieve the goal. Even if it is only worked out on paper, if the other activists can see where the plan goes, and they have a firm view as to what is at stake and what is required, an actual movement for change can begin.

56 The Hip Hop activist must have alternative sources of survival other than that of the World; otherwise it shall be very difficult for such an activist to overcome the traps as well as the checks and balances of oppression. Principles are indeed one's alternative source of survival outside of the World's validations and securities.

57 A true Hip Hop activist is not someone who has woken up one morning fed up with the choices of her society and has decided to protest. A true Hip Hop activist has already tracked a clear path toward the goals which are being discussed by the group. The Hip Hop activist is led by her principles, which should match the interests of the group.

58 However to think and act in this way, one must be motivated by forces beyond the physical World. To really live and work in this way you will have to make one very important life-changing decision. You will have to decide once and for all whether you desire the World and its ways or the Spirit (your principles) and its ways?

59 In my observation, the true Hip Hop activist must have a "divine" connection in order to actually DO the work of preserving Hip Hop and speaking out on behalf of Hip Hop's controversial issues in the World. In addition to tactical organization, the truly effective Hip Hop activist uses prayer, affirmation, visualization, meditation, chanting, fasting, poetry, dance and other supernatural means to achieve the goal of preserving Hip Hop and protecting one's self against fear, insecurity and depression that can develop later in life.

60 The Hip Hop activist has no time to be distracted by the pressures, doubts and temptations of the World. Through certain timeless spiritual principles the Hip Hop activist operates outside of the World. In the Spirit, the World and those who depend upon it are no match for a true Hip Hop activist that also operates spiritually!

61 Today's Hip Hop activist must first protest against the addictions and temptations of her own

mind before seeking to protest against unjust acts! For if she is not strong from within, the temptations of the World shall distract the activist and lead her astray. The true Hip Hop activist must know God.

62 The true Hip Hop activist must feel God, and you will not come to feel God through your physical senses and ordinary human forms of comprehension. Books alone won't do it! The oneness will be revealed to you in Spirit after you have proven that you can be trusted. This is real!

63 In other words, if lust, fear and doubt still overwhelm your mind and override your physical senses, then you simply cannot be trusted. If you are still addicted to the illusions of the material World then you cannot be trusted with the Truth of the *Spirit realm.* You can be loved. You can be taught. You can even be blessed; but you cannot be trusted. It's like trusting your own child with all of your belongings knowing that he or she is addicted to crack cocaine!

64 Adopting the *Divine Performance* as your personal character (or any spiritual path that you can commit to) shows your God that you can be trusted. Know this. The universe itself is an intelligence that will not reveal certain aspects of itself to you until you prove that you can be trusted. Remember, the universe is alive and it responds to maturity.

65 This is what it means to be of righteous character. It means that you can be trusted. No one will give you anything if cannot be trusted with what you have already received.

66 In the *Spirit realm,* which is the cause of the physical World, there is no separation of things. Everything is one thing. And everything is aware and conscious. We separate the true reality of people, places and things so that we may understand them. But in Truth, everything is really one thing!

67 With your mind you choose what you want for your physical World out of the *Spirit realm* that you actually live within.

68 Know this. The *Spirit realm* is like a supermarket. Everything is there but you decide upon what you need to survive based on your own values, awareness, likes, dislikes and wants. In fact, you decide upon what you want based on the purpose for which you have entered the supermarket. Ask your *Self* now: *What is my purpose?*

69 Your purpose is directly connected to the intent of the great oneness (GOD). Your purpose has a consciousness of its own that comes from a realm far deeper than your physical reality. Once you have found your purpose you have also found the intention of the conscious universe for you, and this validates and empowers your activism.

70 In fact, when you know your purpose, you shall also know what already exists for you in the now reality of the *Spirit realm.* And it is from this knowing that you plan your activism.

71 For it makes no sense to protest that which does not stand in your way! The Hip Hop activist is motivated to protest when some external force stops, stagnates or in some way impedes the pursuit of that activist's innate purpose or the collective freedom of the community.

72 Any successful warrior will tell you to *choose your battles,* and this is what the Hip Hop activist must do as well. The Hip Hop activist is advised to join movements, rallies and protests that are in harmony with her purpose; in this way you enter the battle with supernatural assistance!

73 You must limit your awareness of everything else <u>to</u> your purpose. Bring your purpose into existence by being only it. Don't just <u>do</u> your purpose, <u>be</u> your purpose! Your purpose is your connection to the divine. It <u>is</u> your true *Self!* And when one seeks to hinder your divine/true *Self,* divine protection, divine guidance, divine healing, etc., automatically come to your aid.

74 Therefore, you should decide things according to your purpose, you should protest according

to your purpose, and you should join organizations that are in alignment with your purpose. Yes, there are many conditions and circumstances to protest, but you will only be successful at your protest if the true intent of your protest matches the preservation and further development of your true life purpose.

75 As a final thought, the Hip Hop activist MUST BE ORGANIZED! What does this mean? It means first that we must simply be superior to our opposition. We must assess the strengths and weaknesses of our opponents and simply outdo them, outperform them, and outmaneuver them. We simply must be better than those we go up against.

76 Second, we must be really willing to win our battles; failure and/or defeat CANNOT BE AN OPTION! We must be specific with our challenges and honest about our own weaknesses and strengths. We must get, be and remain PREPARED TO WIN!

77 Third, The Hip Hop activist must spend quality time with the Hip Hop community teaching the core principles, tactics and beliefs of what we claim to collectively want. Everyone in our community must know and understand what's at stake and their role in the achievement of the goal. There must be one clear and concise goal that everyone understands and is capable of taking part in. We must know what success looks like.

78 Fourth, the Hip Hop activist must live and love Hip Hop. For it is one's love for one's cause that reveals extraordinary tactics and overwhelming energy. Those who are paid to fight will never defeat those who fight for what they love!

79 For if there is no passion to one's fight there will equally be no strength to one's fight. We must never be afraid to fight for that which we truly love! Again, the Hip Hop activist must live and love Hip Hop in order to be successful at her protest on behalf of Hip Hop!

80 And finally, The Hip Hop activist must maintain the ability to recognize her victory. Most times a true activist will fight, fight, fight, fight, fight against some unjust condition for years, forming a protest habit which prevents that activist from seeing her own victory when it comes.

81 Many times when you protest against an unjust condition it eventually changes or you gain more insight into what that situation actually is. In any event, if you are only seeking victory or revenge you will not know when to stop fighting and protesting, even after you have succeeded in removing the injustice. Here, you begin to fight against yourself and your own interests—even your own people.

82 At some point you will either have to accept that you are successful in your protest and move on, or accept that you are unsuccessful in your protest and move on. Either way, at some point the situation does change and the true activist must maintain her ability to recognize such changes and adjust her plans accordingly.

83 The true Hip Hop activist does not protest for the sake of revenge, or to look good, or to defeat the opponent. The true Hip Hop activist protests unjust situations because such situations are unhealthy for everyone. The point is to bring awareness to the opposing party and recognize when the opposing party is making amends or has simply outgrown old ways.

84 For when we protest against unjust corporate practices we should always remember that we are in many ways protesting against real people with real families and real personal concerns of their own.

85 We must always remember that even though we are protesting an injustice, we must not become unjust and insensitive ourselves. And the first cause of injustice is the inability to feel for the suffering of others. We must never become as insensitive as those who we are protesting against. Remember,

your enemy is also GOD's child.

86 Many times our opposition is afraid and nervous, even trapped and truly sorry for their deeds, but they must now put on a front for their peers because we have challenged them publicly. Sometimes it is our own anger that makes a simple situation worse. Remember, it is our own loud voices that cause our opposition to get even louder as a form of self-defense.

87 If we approach our opposition with a resolution that works for everyone most times we can solve some very difficult situations peacefully and swiftly. The idea is to approach unjust conditions with just conditions. The idea is to replace evil, fear and ignorance with righteousness, good faith and understanding. The purpose of our protest should be to fix the unjust situation, not seek revenge because of it.

88 It is not wise to approach evil, fear and ignorance with even more evil, fear and ignorance. The idea is to advance all parties away from evil, fear and ignorance because evil, fear and ignorance don't work for anybody!

89 For it is a fact that those who commit acts of injustice are either trapped by their own unjust conditions or they are ignorant to the effects of their conditions. Either way, yelling, screaming, protesting or threatening, is like doing the same to a sick person in need of medical attention.

90 Most people would not yell and protest against a person who was generally depressed or had contracted a deadly disease, even if the sick person is totally disrespecting them. Most people would overlook the hostility of the sick person and seek to help the sick person get well. Using this example, we can see clearly that those who consciously commit acts of injustice are indeed sick to themselves. And if you dig a little deeper, you may find depression, loneliness, anxiety, stress, and/or even ignorance and/or basic immaturity at the center of the unjust person, corporation, or situation.

91 Therefore, our protest cannot be about simply achieving a victory that only satisfies our emotional or political hurt. Such victories are indeed temporary. Our protest must be about the upliftment of the entire situation we may find ourselves within no matter how unjust the situation may be.

92 Protesting against a liquor company, or a cigarette company, or an insurance company, or an oil company while people still use these products daily is a waste of the activist's time. However, teaching people (including the employees of such companies) about the harmful affects of abusing such products is a lot more effective and useful than threatening the corporation itself.

93 Seek the good in people and expect people to respond to good ideas that are beneficial to all. In his book *Why We Can't Wait*, the King outlines the ten commandments of nonviolent activism. He writes:

94 *<u>Meditate</u> daily on the teachings and life of Jesus.*

95 *<u>Remember</u> always that the nonviolent movement in Birmingham seeks justice and reconciliation.*

96 *<u>Walk</u> and <u>talk</u> in the manner of love, for GOD is love.*

97 *<u>Pray</u> daily to be used by GOD in order that all men might be free.*

98 *<u>Sacrifice</u> personal wishes in order that all men might be free.*

99 *<u>Observe</u> with both friend and foe the ordinary rules of courtesy.*

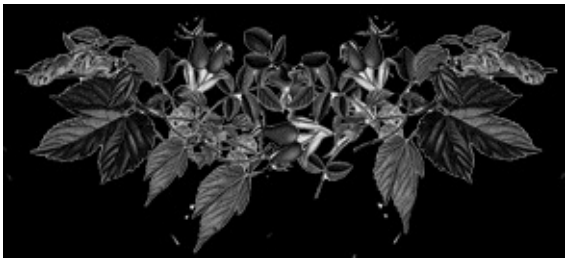
100 *<u>Seek</u> to perform regular service for others and for the World.*

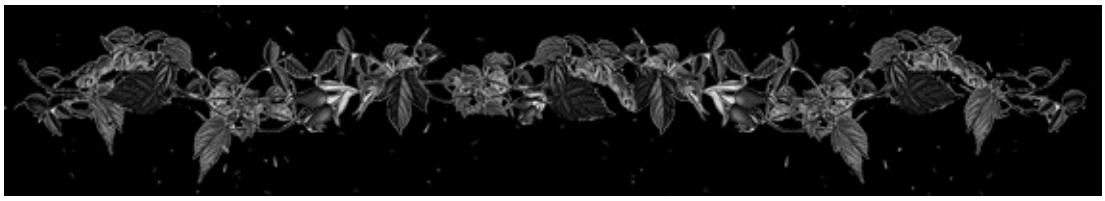
101 *<u>Refrain</u> from the violence of fist, tongue, or heart.*

102 *<u>Strive</u> to be in good spiritual and bodily health.*

103 *<u>Follow</u> the directions of the movement and the captain on a demonstration.*

104 This is the character of a true Hip Hop activist. You can modernize the words of this text, but the spirit of what is being said here is timeless and relevant to all Hip Hop activists seeking justice in unjust situations. There it is!





THE FOURTEENTH OVERSTANDING

THE HIP HOP DECLARATION OF PEACE

1 On May 16, 2001, at the United Nations headquarters in New York, 300 Hip Hop pioneers, artists, activists, authors, government officials and Temple Members, along with a variety of ministers, philosophers, and students, gathered at the *Delegates Dining Room* for the revealing and signing of the Hip Hop Declaration of Peace.

2 Harry Allen (author/activist), Ernie Paniccioli (author/photographer/activist), Pop Master Fabel (b-boy/Zulu Nation), Adam Clark (doctoral student at Union Seminary), James Mtume (producer/activist/musician), Professor Z (Ph.D./First Friend, Hiphop Kultural Specialist), Malik ONE (Temple of Hiphop), Chuck D. (Public Enemy, Emcee/activist/First Friend), Grandmaster Caz (Emcee/Hip Hop historian) Kool DJ Herc (Father of Hip Hop/b-boy, Emcee, Graffiti artist, Deejay), Dr. Roxanne Shanté (healer/Emcee), Thembisa Mshaka-Morris as master of ceremonies and myself announced the first draft of the Hip Hop Declaration of Peace. Three hundred attendees were given copies of the Hip Hop Declaration of Peace and encouraged to modify it. For one year (May 16, 2001–May 16, 2002), the Hip Hop Declaration of Peace remained open to public scrutiny and debate. Many voices contributed and many modifications were made.

3 The Hip Hop Declaration of Peace, presented to the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (U.N.E.S.C.O.), the Ribbon International, Peace Action, New York's City Hall and the Riverside Church in New York, serves as an empowering code of conduct for all Hiphoppas in our quest to further establish our Hip Hop nation.

4 The Hip Hop Declaration of Peace is an accumulation of all the interviews and notes taken at Hip Hop's famous and *not-so-famous* summits and conferences since 1987. Presented as advice, the Hip Hop Declaration of Peace settles general disputes that commonly arise between Hiphoppas while presenting Hip Hop's culture as a unified, self-governed community of peace and prosperity.

5 Capable of being handled like any other autonomous group that chooses to unite its power to vote, its power to purchase and its power to influence, Hip Hop (as culture) holds out the possibility for our children and ourselves to live a better quality of life.

6 Let no one define the essence of your being. The true and ultimate state of freedom is when you are free to define yourself. For if human beings cannot create and define themselves for themselves, then their humanity is indeed handicapped. Such a restriction is indeed the worst kind of bondage, for it implies that you do not truly direct yourself—even mentally.

7 Hip Hop influences the Hiphoppa's ability to self-create. However, once you are created, it is of extreme importance that you remain loyal to the *Self* that is created. In our case, once you have made the decision to be *Hiphop* it is the Hip Hop Declaration of Peace that serves as a guiding principle for your *Hiphop* lifestyle.

8 The Hip Hop Declaration of Peace proves the existence of our people; it defines the present intentions of our hearts today.

9 As scholars, we know the importance of establishing truly advanced states in human interaction. We know that technological advancements do not equate to being civilized. We know that technology is not civilization, nor is material wealth, or even military strength actually the definition of a great civilization. In Truth, we know that civilized behavior requires advanced human interactions.

10 Civilization is based upon the ways in which human beings treat each other. No matter how

rich, or how educated a nation is, or how many weapons a nation has; if it is still plagued with institutionalized racism, sexism, homophobia, discriminatory justice, and a blatant disregard for the well-being of its own citizenship through senseless acts of greed and the inability to follow its own laws and respect its own treaties at the very highest levels of its own government, such a nation's leadership is in no way civilized, nor can such a nation be called a *civilization*.

11 Such is the state of the countries in which many Hiphoppas live within today. But instead of pointing fingers, criticizing and judging other nations we (Hiphoppas) must continue the work that establishes our Hip Hop civilization in hopes that we may succeed and influence other nations to reach for their own higher ideals.

12 Through the Hip Hop Declaration of Peace we (Hiphoppas) begin the challenging process of civilizing and maturing ourselves. We seek to reach advanced states in our interactions toward one another and the development of our human society. We seek to progress and perfect our arts, sciences, specific writing and language techniques as well as our social and political institutions. For us (Hiphoppas) this marks the establishment and sustainment of our true state of freedom.

13 Through the Hip Hop Declaration of Peace in particular as well as throughout this Gospel of Hip Hop in general, we (Hiphoppas) seek spiritual, intellectual and cultural refinement. The Hip Hop Declaration of Peace is evidence of our intentions to be moral, humane and reasonable people.

14 Yes, individual Hiphoppas may fall short of the mark, but the intentions of Hip Hop's cultural declarations and laws shall remain a beacon of guiding light for all people to reach for their highest human potentials. And it is this (Hip Hop's spiritual, political and cultural intention) that the Temple of Hip Hop teaches and defends.

15 This collective faith is the revolution for us! We believe that we can actually think, re-think and visualize ourselves out of oppression. We believe that by becoming a new people on the Earth we can escape the traps, habits and obstacles of our previous ethnic identities. Our revolution begins with OUR self-creation and the re-telling of OUR human story.

16 Our faith is that future Hiphoppas, having grown up seeing and hearing the advice of the Temple of Hip Hop, will learn from Hip Hop's successes and from Hip Hop's mistakes and continue the campaign to preserve true Hip Hop through the preservation of true Hiphoppas. There it is!

The Hip Hop Declaration of Peace

This *Hip Hop Declaration of Peace* guides Hiphop Kulture toward freedom from violence, and establishes advice and protection for the existence and development of the international Hiphop community. Through the principles of this *Hip Hop Declaration of Peace* we, Hiphop Kulture, establish a foundation of Health, Love, Awareness, Wealth, peace and prosperity for ourselves, our children and their children's children, forever.

For the clarification of Hiphop's meaning and purpose, or when the intention of Hiphop is questioned, or when disputes between parties arise concerning Hiphop; Hiphoppas shall have access to the advice of this document, *The Hip Hop Declaration of Peace*, as guidance, advice and protection.

First Principle

Hiphop (Hip´Hop) is a term that describes our independent collective consciousness. Ever growing, it is commonly expressed through such elements as Breakin, Emceein, Graffiti Art, Deejayin, Beat Boxin, Street Fashion, Street Language, Street Knowledge and Street Entrepreneurialism. Wherever and whenever these and future elements and expressions of Hiphop Kulture manifest; this Hip Hop Declaration of Peace shall advise the use and interpretation of such elements, expressions and lifestyle.

Second Principle

Hiphop Kulture respects the dignity and sanctity of life without discrimination or prejudice. Hiphoppas shall thoroughly consider the protection and the development of life, over and before the individual decision to destroy or seek to alter its natural development.

Third Principle

Hiphop Kulture respects the Laws and agreements of its culture, its country, its institutions and whomever it does business with. Hiphop does not irresponsibly break Laws and commitments.

Fourth Principle

Hiphop is a term that describes our independent collective consciousness. As a conscious way of life, we acknowledge our influence on society, especially on children; and we shall forever keep the rights and welfare of both in mind. Hiphop Kulture encourages womanhood, manhood, sisterhood, brotherhood, childhood and family. We are conscious not to bring any intentional disrespect that jeopardizes the dignity and reputation of our children, elders and ancestors.

Fifth Principle

The ability to define, defend and educate ourselves is encouraged, developed, preserved, protected and promoted as a means toward peace and prosperity, and toward the protection and the development of our self-worth. Through knowledge of purpose and the development of our natural and learned skills, Hiphoppas are encouraged to always present their best work and ideas.

Sixth Principle

Hiphop Kulture honors no relationship, person, event, act or otherwise wherein the preservation and further development of Hiphop's culture, principles and elements are not considered or respected. Hiphop Kulture does not participate in activities that clearly destroy or alter its ability to productively and peacefully exist. Hiphoppas are encouraged to initiate and participate in fair trade and honesty in

all negotiations and transactions.

Seventh Principle
The essence of Hiphop is beyond entertainment: The elements of Hiphop Kulture may be traded for money, honor, power, respect, food, shelter, information and other resources; however, Hiphop and its culture cannot be bought, nor is it for sale. It (Hiphop) cannot be transferred or exchanged by or to anyone for any compensation at any time or at any place. Hiphop is not a product. Hiphop is the priceless principle of our self-empowerment.

Eighth Principle
Companies, corporations, non and not-for-profit organizations, as well as individuals and groups that are clearly benefiting from the use, interpretation and/or exploitation of the term *Hiphop* (i.e., Hip Hop, hip-hop,) and the expressions and terminologies of Hiphop (i.e., Hip Hop, hip-hop,), are encouraged to commission and/or employ a full-time or part-time certified Hiphop Kultural Specialist to interpret and answer sensitive cultural questions regarding the principles and proper presentations of Hiphop's elements and culture; relative to businesses, individuals, organizations, communities, cities, as well as other countries.

Ninth Principle
May 3rd is Rap Music Day. Hiphoppas are encouraged to dedicate their own time and talent to self-development and for service to their communities. ***Every third week in May is Hip Hop Appreciation Week.*** During this time, Hiphoppas are encouraged to honor their ancestors, reflect upon their cultural contributions and appreciate the elements and principles of Hiphop Kulture. ***November is Hiphop History Month.*** During this time Hiphoppas are encouraged to participate in the creating, learning and honoring of Hiphop's history and historical cultural contributors.

Tenth Principle
Hiphoppas are encouraged to build meaningful and lasting relationships that rest upon Love, trust, equality and respect. Hiphoppas are encouraged not to cheat, abuse, or deceive their friends.

Eleventh Principle
The Hiphop community exists as an international culture of consciousness that provides all races, tribes, religions and styles of people a foundation for the communication of their best ideas and works. Hiphop Kulture is united as one multi-skilled, multi-cultural, multi-faith, multi-racial people committed to the establishment and the development of peace.

Twelfth Principle
Hiphop Kulture does not intentionally or voluntarily participate in any form of hate, deceit, prejudice or theft at any time. At no time shall Hiphop Kulture engage in any violent war within itself. Those who intentionally violate the principles of this *Declaration of Peace* or intentionally reject its advice, forfeit by their own actions the protections set forth herein.

Thirteenth Principle
Hiphop Kulture rejects the immature impulse for unwarranted acts of violence and always seeks diplomatic, nonviolent strategies in the settlement of all disputes. Hiphoppas are encouraged to consider forgiveness and understanding before any act of retaliation. War is reserved as a final

solution when there is evidence that all other means of diplomatic negotiation have failed repeatedly.

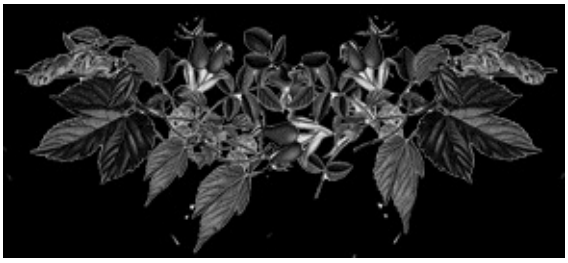
Fourteenth Principle
Hiphoppas are encouraged to eliminate poverty, speak out against injustice and shape a more caring society and a more peaceful world. Hiphop Kulture supports a dialogue and action that heals divisions in society, addresses the legitimate concerns of humankind and advances the cause of peace.

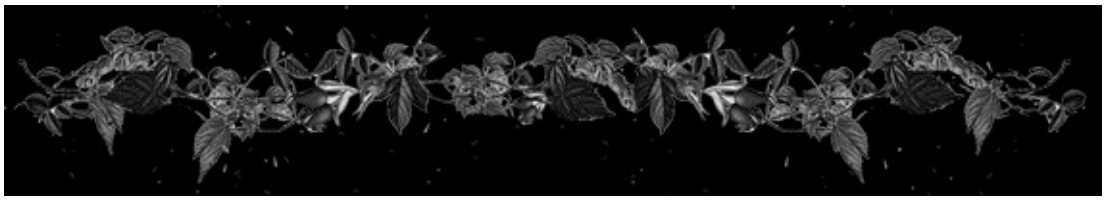
Fifteenth Principle
Hiphoppas respect and learn from the ways of Nature, regardless of where we are on this planet. Hiphop Kulture holds sacred our duty to contribute to our own survival as independent, freethinking beings in and throughout the Universe. This planet, commonly known as *Earth*, is our nurturing parent and Hiphoppas are encouraged to respect Nature and all creations and inhabitants of Nature.

Sixteenth Principle
Hiphop's *pioneers*, *legends*, *teachas*, *elders*, and *ancestors* shall not be inaccurately quoted, misrepresented, or disrespected at any time. No one should profess to be a *Hiphop pioneer* or *legend* unless they can prove with facts and/or witnesses their credibility and contributions to Hiphop Kulture.

Seventeenth Principle
Hiphoppas are encouraged to share resources. Hiphoppas should give as freely and as often as possible. It is the duty of every Hiphoppa to assist, whenever possible, in the relief of human suffering and in the correction of injustice. Hiphop is shown the highest respect when Hiphoppas respect each other. Hiphop Kulture is preserved, nurtured and developed when Hiphoppas preserve, nurture and develop one another.

Eighteenth Principle
Hiphop Kulture maintains a healthy, caring and wealthy central Hiphop guild—fully aware and invested with the power to promote, teach, interpret, modify and defend the principles of this *Hip Hop Declaration of Peace*.





THE FIFTEENTH OVERSTANDING

DOWN BY LAW

1 Peace and much love to all my Hiphoppas incarcerated right now; it is never too late to change your life—NEVER! Freedom is only a thought away. And if you are incarcerated unjustly you will NOT be incarcerated for long.

2 You can adopt a new thinking right now and change your environment by changing your thoughts. Do you live in a tomb or a temple? This is real! Your environment must respond to YOUR perception of it. Do not accept your present condition, it is truly temporary.

3 For if you adopt the language and character of this gospel, no prison on earth will be able to hold you. For when you change your thinking your environment has to change to match such thinking —this is science. You may be in prison, but prison is not in you!

4 Even beyond a jail cell many are imprisoned by their own unforgiving hearts. They may not be in a jail cell, but their own Personal Resentment In Situations Of Negativity imprisons their growth and development. Now is the time for you to begin walking and talking like a free man/woman unaffected by the ignorance and immaturity of others even when you may be in an imprisoned situation. Free men/women cannot be held in P.R.I.S.O.N.—prison is for prisoners.

5 For if you are reading this gospel right now in prison, then you are truly blessed because this gospel in your hand right now confirms your faith that you shall soon be free, and with this experience you are now authorized to teach others.

6 Join me on this faith right now! My spirit is with you right now; you are not alone. KRS ONE IS THINKING ABOUT YOU RIGHT NOW. Stay focused and keep your head up.

7 For if you are reading this gospel you have an opportunity right now to believe in your freedom right now because I am believing with you right now! And what are the odds of this? What are the odds of you getting this word *sent* to you right now? God is trying to tell you something about your life-path at this very moment; pay attention, you are being groomed right now for a serious work in the World.

8 Simone G. Parker sends this affirmation to you. She advises you to BE S.T.R.O.N.G. while you are there, meaning Stay Tolerant, Respond Objectively, Notify God. This formula will get you through this period in your life. Your stay in jail and in P.R.I.S.O.N. is truly temporary no matter what your situation looks like. Keep the faith, you are actually being tested right now! Rise to the challenge!

9 Did you know that the original purpose of prison was rehabilitation? That in ancient times when a person broke the laws of his/her society, that person was not immediately regarded as a criminal; such a person was regarded more as a patient in need of time to think, reflect and rehabilitate.

10 Such is your time now. You know that you need this rest period. You know why you are where you are. Use your time wisely. Use this time to improve upon yourself. Do not walk with criminals if you truly are not one. Walk as a free man/woman. Adopt the character of the one who is willing to help even while in need of help.

11 Continue to plan your future. See your future self doing what you know your purpose to be. Just because your body may be locked up right now doesn’t mean that your mind is. You CAN think your way out of prison! Try this. Really, you have nothing to lose. Practice these overstandings; time

seems to be on your side.

12 This particular Overstanding deals with Law and the Hip Hop community's opportunity to approach the advantages of Law seriously. Being "down by law" actually has two meanings to it here. One interpretation, the original one, informs us that being "down by law" has to do with holding a certain respect within one's community. The other interpretation has more to do with being kept "down" or oppressed by law. First, let us look at this second interpretation more closely; I will elaborate on the original interpretation of the term "down by law" later.

13 Know this. Just as there is no peace without justice, there is equally no freedom without law. In fact, the more we understand law, the freer and more secure we become. In this overstanding Hiphoppas are encouraged to respect Law and seek to be the law abiding citizens of the countries in which they reside.

14 According to *Black's Law Dictionary, 5th Ed.*, "law" is described as *that which is laid down, ordained, or established. A rule or method according to which phenomena or actions coexist or follow each other.*

15 Law, in its generic sense, is *a body of rules of action or conduct prescribed by a controlling authority, and having binding legal force.* According to the same dictionary, a law is *that which must be obeyed and followed by citizens subject to sanctions or legal consequences.*

16 Law is also interpreted as *a solemn expression of the will of the supreme power of the state.* Law can also mean a body of principles, standards and rules made known to the public by government. In a scientific sense, like with the science of living things (biology), "law" is a scientific theory that has been tested repeatedly.

17 A "lawful" person is one who is *free, unattainted and capable of bearing an oath.* This is one of the basic standards that attuned Hiphoppas instinctively hold themselves to. Hiphoppas are "lawful" people. In Law we are protected, in Law we are guided. But we Hiphoppas have learned now that every *"laid down," "ordained" or "established"* rule is not necessarily Law.

18 We've seen and experienced now the corruption inherent in man-made laws and this is why our children do not respect today's laws. Yes, we are moral and law-abiding citizens, but in our history many of the laws of the United States were simply imposed upon us for the control and further exploitation of our people.

19 We've experienced now the discriminatory practices of not only law enforcement officers, but the very courts themselves! Yes, HIP HOP RESPECTS LAW! But when *Black's Law Dictionary* describes law enforcement officers as *those whose duty it is to preserve the peace,* we can see with the experiences of our own lives how "unlawful" such officers act toward us. This, in our opinion, is the cause of social unrest and even violence in urban areas.

20 It is not the poor citizens of a country who cause the violence they are forced to live around, it is actually the incompetence and corruption of that society's law enforcement officers that actually cause violent situations to occur in that society.

21 *Black's Law Dictionary* describes "police" as *a branch of government which is charged with the preservation of public order and tranquility, the promotion of the public health, safety and morals, and the prevention, detection and punishment of crimes.*

22 The police officer is *one of the staff of men employed in cities and towns to enforce the municipal laws and ordinances for preserving the peace, safety, and good order of the community.* But is this actually how police officers conduct themselves within America's urban communities? Notice the repeated references in *Black's Law Dictionary* to *safety, tranquility* and the preservation of *peace.*

[23] If police officers themselves conducted themselves like this there would be very little violence in our urban communities. There would be an example (even an inspiration) within our communities as to how real law-abiding citizens behave. But the conduct of today's law enforcement officers has clearly fallen short of what they were originally established to do, and this is ultimately why our young people break the laws of their country.

[24] In fact, the lawless conduct of our children is in compliance with law enforcement officers and their agencies. When our young people disregard the ordinances of their City or State, they are actually following the law because this is how the law behaves in front of them. However, *two wrongs do not make a right*, or make it right.

[25] Just because lawmakers and law enforcers contradict and even break their own laws and ordinances does not mean that we should. In fact, as a sociopolitical strategy for the further establishment of today's civil rights it is to our advantage to study and obey the laws of the nations in which we live. Every day Hip Hop has a real opportunity and responsibility to rise to the intended essence of law enforcement, which is to *promote order, safety, health, morals and general welfare within constitutional limits.*

[26] But this means that we Hiphoppas must stop terrorizing, disrespecting and intimidating the police officers in our own communities. Yes, we make the police in our communities afraid and fearful with our own lawless conduct and blatant disregard for their presence. All across the United States we make it known that we are willing to injure and even kill police officers, and such conduct makes them afraid of us; such fear then manifests itself into the "shoot first, ask questions later" attitude so many police officers express while patrolling our neighborhoods.

[27] Many police officers go to work every day not sure if they are going to make it home at night, and so the only way to ensure that they will make it home at the end of a day is to overwhelm us with flashing lights, loud noises, tasers and guns. All of this, however, exposes how fearful the police are when they are around us. This relationship is not healthy for anyone, and it is time for the Hip Hop community to mature past this level of communal immaturity. For it is not so much that we must do their jobs for them, it is more the fact that if they fail to execute their jobs well the whole society, with us in it, falls for lack of *safety, health, morals* and *peace!*

[28] We, Hiphoppas, have an opportunity to lessen the tension within our own communities by becoming more lawful than today's law enforcement, which isn't that difficult to achieve. Instead of protesting unjust conditions within our nations, why not try being more lawful than those who attempt to oppress us with their own fears and unjust laws? In fact, if we would simply respect our own Hip Hop laws and principles, as well as the laws and ordinances of the nations in which we live, we would not only be stronger and more organized than today's law enforcement officers who do not follow their own laws and ordinances, we would lessen the fear and stress of certain police officers, lessening the amount of hostility we experience as a result of such high levels of fear and stress.

[29] In Truth, there is no need to fight against those who have already disrespected themselves by disrespecting their own ordinances. Such a group cannot last long anyway.

[30] So even though as Hiphoppas we are encouraged to obey the laws of our nations we also have come to understand that many of the laws we are obeying are only to be obeyed because of the legal harm it may cause us at the moment. In a society riddled with corruption, greed and incompetence, law is really a matter of what the corporate *powers that be* decide and want.

[31] As Hiphoppas we know that true Law <u>cannot</u> be broken. True Law in this sense is simply the reality or condition of a person or thing. True Law is not to be obeyed, it is to be understood, imitated and used toward the easing of human suffering. In essence, Law is the natural condition of things, and

once you know the natural condition of things you discover the laws (or ways) that govern those things.

32 Real laws are like abilities; they are the abilities of your existence, they are the explanations of who you really are and what you are really capable of achieving. True Law doesn't just tell what you can't do, it also tells you what you actually can do. In fact, you are a *law* unto yourself. You create with your decisions, words and actions the conditions (laws) that shall govern and guide your life.

33 Hip Hop is the law (or condition) of the Hiphoppa. Those who understand and obey this law bring more of this law into their lives. In fact, when you are in harmony with the law (condition) of your own being, you discover the true power of your true nature.

34 *Black's Law Dictionary* talks about police officers as those *"hired"* for *"preserving the peace"* and law enforcement officers as those whose *"duty"* it is to *"preserve the peace."* If we became our own law enforcement officers whose *"duty"* it was to *"preserve the peace,"* not only would we inherit the ability to *"lawfully"* detain hired police officers when they engaged in misconduct, but as law enforcement officers we become the preservers of *"peace"* in our own communities. This would dramatically lessen violence in urban areas.

35 This is the solution to urban crime and police misconduct; we Hiphoppas have to become our own law enforcement officers. In fact, isn't it obvious that we are being led off to prison not because of crime, but because we simply don't care about one another so there is no protection of one another? Crime means that you don't care about your neighbor, and such conduct invites outside forces to cease upon your resources and impose their laws upon you.

36 Know this. The essence of "police power" actually *secures generally the comfort, safety, morals, health, and prosperity of its citizens, while insuring to each an uninterrupted enjoyment of all the privileges conferred upon him or her by the general laws.*

37 It is then obvious that when we obey our own Hip Hop laws and show a higher respect for the general laws of our nations, we naturally inherit "police powers" even to the point of policing the police. The repeated references in *Black's Law Dictionary* to *"morals"* in the enforcement of a community's laws and ordinances suggests that the police are supposed to uphold, protect and even promote the general *morality* of the communities in which they police.

38 They are not in essence authorized to impose a certain *morality* upon a community, they are authorized to uphold the general morality of the communities they police. But if the community in which they police practices little to no morality unto themselves, law enforcement officers are indeed authorized to establish the "law" and "order" of the State over the interests of that immoral community.

39 In addition, how can a law enforcement officer uphold a *peace* he/she does not possess within his/her self? How can a police officer know the correct moral character of a community he/she is foreign to? Or even deeper, how can an insecure, immoral, sick and poor police officer secure *the comfort, safety, morals, health, and prosperity of* the citizens he/she encounters throughout the day?

40 This is important to know because not only must you personally have *peace* in order to secure peace for others, morality itself is also a spiritually motivated principle like *peace*. If you do not personally study and practice morality and the living of a righteous life, how can you administer such to anyone else?

41 This again is why our young people today have such difficulty obeying the law. They are raised in a corrupt American culture that celebrates such corruption openly and freely in mass media and within the general affairs of the State.

[42] It is very difficult to respect the laws and general moral conduct of those who racially profile you, disrespect your culture, ignore your interests, arrest and assassinate your neighbors and seek to exploit you and your resources. Such *moral conduct* we can never accept or respect. Peace to Sean Bell. Remember, slavery was at one time morally correct and sanctioned by law.

[43] This is why we Hiphoppas must know the true essence of Law itself if we are to truly protect ourselves and accurately administer justice.

[44] But this is the dilemma right here. We Hiphoppas seem to protest the blatant contradictions in the practice of American law by contradicting OUR OWN LAWS. It's like a form of suicide bombing where in your protest against injustice you blow yourself up in an effort to destroy your enemy.

[45] Can this be a viable strategy against oppression for Hip Hop? Presently, we don't think so, because anyone who is willing to die for their community actually lives for their community and is loyal to their community even unto death. Thus it is they who are the natural leaders of their community and should go on living, enduring injustice, leading, inspiring and teaching their community against the internal behaviors that caused the injustice to begin with.

[46] It is a community's own interpretation of good and evil that determines that community's moral code of conduct. However, good and evil are usually based upon the survival of the community so that what is good for one community may not be good for another community and vice versa.

[47] In a traditional sense, life is considered "good" while death is considered "evil." Knowledge is considered "good" while ignorance is considered "evil." Wealth is considered "good" while poverty is considered "evil." But all of this is a matter of cultural opinion based upon what that culture feels it needs to exist and survive.

[48] So when we look at the laws that we are to obey, we are to ask *in whose interests were these laws created?* Some laws are indeed "evil" for our community because they do not consider the well-being of our existence. Other laws are "good" because they enhance and protect our general well-being even if they are imposed upon us.

[49] Following laws that only have the lawgiver's interests in mind is "oppression," and this is the present collective condition in which Hiphoppas live today. *Black's Law Dicitionary* defines "oppression" as *a misdemeanor committed by a public officer, who under color of his office, wrongfully inflicts upon any person any bodily harm, imprisonment or other injury. An act of cruelty, severity, unlawful exaction, or excessive use of authority. An act of subjecting to cruel and unjust hardship: an act of domination.*

[50] Notice the level of crime that "oppression" actually is; it is actually a "misdemeanor," meaning *offenses lower than felonies and generally those punishable by fine or imprisonment otherwise than in penitentiary.*

[51] So when police officers shoot at us, curse at us, intimidate us, arrest us and/or "detain" us without just cause, not only is this an act of "oppression" but such an act technically is not even a felony. This, in my observations, is the cause of so much lawlessness, urban violence and police misconduct. We Hiphoppas must rise above this condition if we are to ever be truly free.

[52] If we are to really continue our parents' and grandparents' struggles for freedom and justice (civil rights), at some point we are going to have to consider governing ourselves, which means obedience to our own laws and respect for our own traditions. We are going to have to keep the police and other law enforcement officers out of our communities by abiding by our own laws, which even they would be forced to obey once within our self-governed community.

[53] We live in a nation under a government that presently ignores our existence and self-expression

as Hiphoppas, yet we are threatened with prison and forced at gunpoint to obey the laws of such a government even though such laws do not have our best interests in mind. For us, this is “evil.” Such a governement has no idea who its citizens are and in our Hip Hop observations such cultural illiteracy is the cause of so much of America’s social ills.

54 A “good” government recognizes not only my right to exist, but also the usefulness of my existence, and puts me in my right social place. This is called “order,” and such “order” exists hand-in-hand with law. An ordered society seeks the condition in which every part of it is in its rightful place. Where every citizen is where they are supposed to be, and doing what they are supposed to be doing based upon their own individual nature and purpose supported by a government which they voluntarily serve.

55 The United States suffers today economically not only because it is repeatedly breaking its own laws and traditions while oppressing its population, but simply because it is not making good use of its talented citizens. Let us pray for change. However, such conditions have already begun to change because we Hiphoppas are now ready to change them! Many of us have now grown up and are beginning to take the seats of political office once reserved for those who sought to exploit our resources and ignore our real existence.

56 But how shall we behave when we are in power? Shall we simply continue the same oppression on some other group seeking existence, or shall we be fair and just in our administering of justice? Such an answer does not come when we are in power, such an answer is performed by us, amongst us, today.

57 It is a complete waste of our revolutionary effort to complain about issues we ourselves have not matured beyond. When we protest unjust situations we should be able to do better than the situations we are protesting against. We should not just culturally scream out when we are hit by injustice, we should take the hit as an act of validation toward our authority to speak into existence a new nation. This is what our King taught us.

58 Our King taught us to endure injustice so that you might be validated to speak against it. Those who have not been hit with the sting of injustice lack the real authority to speak against it. Yes, you may definitely protest the injustice that you see, or hear, or even read about simply because of your own sense of right and wrong, good and evil, but ultimately the authentic authority to plan and act against injustice comes only from those directly suffering from it.

59 Even if others decide to help us out of our unjust situation simply because they recognize the injustice of our situation, it is still us who must have a vision and a plan of action for ourselves. Others can only assist and help us achieve victory over oppression, but ultimately it is we who must know what a better situation looks and feels like.

60 We simply have to get clear about what we actually want. This creates purpose, and purpose creates vision, and vision creates movement, and movement creates history, and history creates tradition, and tradition creates morality, and from our own sense of morality come our principles, and it is our principles that create our laws, which exist to protect and further develop the existence of our group.

61 Living by some other society’s laws and traditions hinders us from experiencing our own. A society that expects us to obey THEIR laws and traditions without ever asking us about the existence of OUR laws and traditions is indeed an oppressive society. However, such oppression can only continue if we allow it to continue through the oppression of ourselves.

62 Try to remember what oppression actually is. Not only is “oppression” *an act of cruelty,*

severity, unlawful exaction, or excessive use of authority, but "oppression" is also *an act of subjecting to cruel and unjust hardship.* In this case, not only is "oppression" *bodily harm, cruelty, unlawful exaction, and the excessive use of authority,* oppression is also the acceptance of such injustice; it is the *act of subjecting to cruel and unjust hardship.*

63 Those who act or speak *cruelly* are actually attempting to oppress you—rappers included. Those who use their authority *excessively, unjustly,* and/or *unlawfully* are attempting to oppress you—DJs included. By not conducting ourselves according to our own laws and traditions we actually oppress ourselves; we use our own authority as an "original" culture against ourselves.

64 Asking for justice is not how an oppressed group will ever get justice. It is when such a group begins to perform the justice they want for themselves amongst themselves that such justice appears and serves the well-being of that group.

65 Justice is never given by one group to another group; justice is performed internally within a group first and other groups, seeing such a performance, are compelled to approach such a group the way in which that group approaches itself.

66 Presently, the United States treats the Hip Hop community the way in which the Hip Hop community treats itself. But such a relationship is simply not working for US or the U.S. It is now time for us to begin conducting ourselves as an autonomous group of specialized people, organized and prepared for trade.

67 Regarding *"the social contract theory of the origin of the state,"* Alban Dewes Winspear, in his book *The Genesis Of Plato's Thought*, explains that *the origin of the State is to be found in the fact that no one of us is sufficient into himself. We have all of us need of others. Our needs of food, clothing, and shelter. And so the first unit or association will be a farmer, a builder, a weaver; perhaps we should add a cobbler and one or two other craftsmen. This would be the 'most rudimentary polity'—this simplest and most essential form of human association. In such a grouping we shall discover that one man has one set of natural aptitudes, another man another. So specialization means multiplication of crafts and craftsmen—carpenters and smiths, neatherds and shepherds. And with specialization we shall have exchange.*

68 We Hiphoppas are a kind of craftsmen or craftspeople. Hip Hop is our craft, and Hip Hop even when it is most critical of the United States is still an asset to the United States, an important part of its total functioning. The ignoring of Hip Hop is not so much the ignoring of a needed craft in American society, it is more the ignoring of a whole group of *craftspeople* in that society.

69 Such ignore-ance assists in America's economic woes. It says that our particular Hip Hop arts and crafts are not valuable to the society in which our arts and crafts originate. And because of this lie, injustice is allowed to flourish in the fertile soil (soul) of American society.

70 But a society's ignore-ance of its *craftspeople* is equally its downfall. As Mr. Winspear continues in *The Genesis Of Plato's Thought, Plato shows very great insight when he maintains that the State is based on an increasing interdependence of craftsmen and crafts…Plato, however, very cleverly interprets this mutual dependence of increasing specialization as a 'natural inequality.' Plato, like so many modern thinkers since the Renaissance, endeavored to base his theory of the State on a theory of human nature: we are by nature interdependent, each one of us is fitted by nature to do one particular task. This is the central fact in the secret of the origin of society and the justification of justice.*

71 In this case, social justice is based upon every citizen having the ability to pursue and express their innate purpose, and the liberty to reach for the excellence his/her purpose demands. Plato

reminds us here that *social institutions are to be accounted for by reference to the desires and impulses of natural man.* Aristotle agrees, *The State comes into being for the sake of life, it exists for the sake of the good life.*

72 But is this how any of the central social institutions of the United States behave and approach the impoverished part of the society they serve? Of course not, these institutions serve the interests of oppression and this is why they too are struggling to survive and grow in today's changing World.

73 Hip Hop can and will do better than this—much better than this. But first we must establish a state of peaceful harmony under a constituted authority (like the *Hip Hop Declaration of Peace*). Such constituted authority begins here, with us—we are our own natural authority. But when we break the laws of our own nature and existence we strip ourselves of all authority to govern—even ourselves.

74 As attuned Hiphoppas we invite Law and Order. In fact, Hip Hop is already a social order unto itself; our people are just presently ignorant of it. Presently Hip Hop is a social class in the United States; we are a distinct group in American society. We can be called "the lower orders" or "a lower order" not because we are looked at as being of a lower class of people, but because our *order* comes under the authority of United States laws and ordinances.

75 However, we are treated like a lower class of people simply because we act ignorantly and independently of the general well-being of our neighboring cultures and communities. We are not yet considered a "higher order" in the sense of being a *high-minded people* simply because we don't act as such amongst ourselves or amongst others.

76 Our social behavior tells the World that we care little for ourselves and everyone around us. We are literally OUT OF ORDER! Such a condition is simply not healthy for us or the American people and it's time we both realize this as we continue growing up.

77 As a people we cry out for JUSTICE! But we cannot cry out or ask for that which we are not willing to give even to ourselves. Know this. We are the justice we seek and when we realize this, injustice shall have no more refuge in our community. Hip Hop itself is social justice, and so to be Hiphop the Hiphoppa must be just.

78 It would be different if Hip Hop came into existence as a response to hatred (as an example). Then it would be within our divine and natural rights to express and practice love first amongst ourselves and then toward our neighbors if we are to grow and further develop. Love would be the correct strategy toward our liberation and collective peace. But this is not the case for Hip Hop.

79 Yes, our God is Love! And yes, Hiphoppas cannot exist without love. But even love is not the correct strategy for our political and social liberation; justice is. The *Hip Hoptionary* by Alonzo Westbrook defines Hip Hop as *the artistic response to oppression.* With this accurate definition of Hip Hop as a response to oppression, which is basically an injustice to us, we see that the purpose of Hip Hop is justice.

80 The purpose of Hip Hop is not the accumulation of money and other material goods; the real purpose of Hip Hop is justice, and those who are rich because of Hip Hop are made as such for the purpose of seeking and maintaining justice. We are a rich culture because the ancestors and parents of our citizenry have had everything taken away from them through war and invasion.

81 Our richness today is simply the justice or balance (even karma) of our previously imposed unjust state of poverty. Riches and wealth are part of our natural condition, and so Hip Hop acts as justice itself in the restoring of our natural condition. We are rich not for the purposes of spending money on our oppressor's products; we are rich because such is our natural condition, such belongs to our natural "order."

82 The point, therefore, is to BE yourself and stop exploiting yourself. The point is then to stop using yourself for money, and start BEING yourself with money. Use money to further express your Self as opposed to expressing yourself for money. It is time that we Hiphoppas begin the process of "ordering" ourselves to our values and principles based firmly in the nature of our being, which is JUSTICE.

83 It is now time for us (Hip Hop) to become "orderly," meaning purposeful, methodically arranged, obedient to our own principles, well-behaved, trustworthy, and "lawful." Such a repeated behavior creates peace and stability within our own communities, thus lifting us above those oppressive governments that cannot seem to achieve such stability for themselves.

84 For it is order that creates nations and disorder that destroys them. Therefore, let us be ordered in our collective Hip Hop behavior. Let us be the nation America attempted to be, and receive the tranquility Americans attempted to secure.

85 Let us finally accept ourselves as Hiphoppas and live from that "law" and "order." And we have the authority to do so because we are "original", we are "primitive", and being "original" and "primitive" has legal meaning as well as common meaning. As *Black's Law Dictionary* points out, the term "original" means *primitive; first in order; bearing its own authority, and not deriving authority from an outside source.*

86 This is interesting because Hip Hop is clearly an original and distinctly unique culture. We are a *"primitive"* civilization bearing our *"own authority,"* and *"not deriving authority from an outside source"* unless we voluntarily give up such *"authority"* by not respecting or following our own *"order."*

87 In Truth, it is self-respect that creates authority, and authority is what is needed to establish both civilization and law. Such authority comes from an authoritative conduct which begins simply with a serious respect for one's self. In his book *The Secret of Divine Civilization*, 'Abdu'l-Bahá teaches that *man's supreme honor and real happiness lie in self-respect, in high resolves and noble purposes, in integrity and moral quality, in immaculacy of mind.*

88 But James Baldwin reminds us that, *Hunger has no principles, it simply makes men, at worst, wretched, and, at best, dangerous.* Such is the challenge facing Hip Hop today; our people are simply starving. And we starve not for food, but for justice. It is our hunger to be in our rightful places that disregards our own "principles" and makes us take on the images of being *"wretched"* and *"dangerous."*

89 In the back of our collective hip-hop minds we actually believe that it is hopeless, that corruption is the norm and *"things ain't never gonna change,"* so it seems advantageous to imitate the cutthroat ways of those who cut the throats of our parents. As a community we are simply imitating what we believe power is—violence, murder, theft, deceit, immorality, Godlessness.

90 Basically, we are culturally crying. Not just culturally crying out for justice, law and order, but as a community of specialized people we are collectively depressed by the situation before us. We can't believe that we live amongst such cultures that can see no value in us other than what they can exploit from us artistically.

91 We may front like we are stronger than our sad situation, but in reality, we are emotionally hurt as a community by the conduct of those who claim to be our neighbors, even our government. This is the attitude that fuels so much of the rebellion in our culture. Sure, rebellion was good when we were just getting started in the 1970s, 1980s and 1990s; we were young. But now that we've started and have officially established ourselves in the minds of urban people everywhere, we need a new course of

action.

92 We must shatter our own outdated and false beliefs, and rise above the corruption we've found ourselves within. We gotta stop crying and start thinking again. We must find a way, all of us, to rise above the depression we really feel as a community.

93 We must become better, yes, better than those who sought to exploit us and our resources. We must become an authority over them through righteousness and discipline; something all oppressive governments lack. 'Abdul'l-Bahá lays out the character of such an authority in *The Secret of Divine Civilization*. He writes, *While the setting up of parliaments, the organizing of assemblies of consultation constitutes the very foundation and bedrock of government, there are several essential requirements which these institutions must fulfill.*

94 *First, the elected members must be righteous, GOD-fearing, high-minded, incorruptible. Second, they must be fully cognizant, in every particular, of the laws of GOD, informed as to the highest principles of law, versed in the rules which govern the management of internal affairs and the conduct of foreign relations, skilled in the useful arts of civilization and content with their lawful emoluments.*

95 But even if Hip Hop produces and continues to maintain such leadership, who shall such leadership lead? Who shall such public servants serve? The Hip Hop community itself must reflect such a character also, otherwise one will pull the other one down. Hip Hop's leadership must live in spirit, living only according to principles and not according to the cravings of the flesh. Our leadership must be content with GOD.

96 In regards to this, 'Abdul'l-Bahá warns that *close observation will show that the primary cause of oppression and injustice, of unrighteousness, irregularity and disorder, is the people's lack of religious faith and the fact that they are uneducated…and, because of their inadequate schooling, most of the population lack even the vocabulary to explain what they want.*

97 Hip Hop's lawful leadership must have a relationship with GOD—the Love that Guides Our Direction. For it is extremely difficult, even impossible, to guide others without being guided yourself. To every Hip Hop leader we must ask, *what is it that guides you?* And such a question is not really answered in words; it is answered in deeds that must be done under pressure, or in solutions that do not directly benefit one's self.

98 Every community produces leadership, and Hip Hop is no different in this regard. There are certain individuals who evolve from deep within their cultures and are naturally recognized by the culture in which they serve. The collective consciousness of the culture magically empowers such individuals to carry out the will of its people.

99 Know this. When a people support the organic leadership of their own cultures, no force on earth can stop them from achieving what is naturally and lawfully theirs. It is when such a people withdraw their support for their own organic leadership that such a people break the magical bond between leader and community, thus subjecting themselves to a vulnerability that inevitably leads to invasion and the theft of their resources.

100 In Hip Hop's early days there were such individuals whom, because of their natural swagger and organic style, the Hip Hop community considered "down by law," meaning respected according to our communal laws. A certain aura surrounded the one who was considered "down by law." Such a person was the walking embodiment of our community's traditions, priniciples and laws.

101 In the early days of Hip Hop's development being *cool* or *highly favored* in the *hood* (one's neighborhood) had a lot to do with one's lucky, *get over,* hustler type of personality. The one who was

making a living without a job and *chillin'* at the same time was considered *cool*. The one who seemed to be *getting over* on the system and *beating the Man at his own game*, was considered *cool* or highly admired and revered in the *hood*. This is who everyone strived to be.

102 If a stranger were to ask such a person, *how did you get to be who you are?* or, *how did you get what you got?*, instead of explaining one's whole story as to how one became who one was and how one acquired what one had, such a cool individual would simply say either *I got it like that!* or, *I'm down by law!* And everyone living in the Bronx during the 1970s and 1980s knew what such terms meant.

103 *I got it like that* was a street term that described one's lucky or supernatural nature. It implied that things would always go the way one wanted even if one was unconscious of the outcome.

104 *I got it like that* meant that one was special. It meant, *this is who I am,* that *the good things happening to me are happening because they are supposed to be happening to me; I got it like that! There's no need for explanation or wonderment, I simply got it like that! Such good fortune is normal for me!* In this mentality of expectancy good things actually happen to the one who is *down by law!*

105 For when there was no explanation for one's good fortune early Hiphoppas would simply say, *I got it like that!* It was a kind of bragging about the unexplainable events of good fortune in one's life. It was a reassurance that you were not average, that even though you might be living in extreme poverty, you were still not like everyone else—you were *down by law!* Such was your street validation.

106 Being *down by law* meant being accepted and admired by the invisible code of the streets. But it also carried within its meaning the character of being favored by unseen forces. If someone ever questioned the authority of a person who was *down by law*, that person who was *down by law* would say something like, *What, you don't know who I am? I'm down by law!* meaning, I'm part of this scene, I know people around here, I hold respect on these streets, *I'M DOWN BY LAW!*

107 Being *down by law* also had to do with having yourself together, being organized, being authoritative, self-created and entrepreneurial. It had to do with having value and knowing people. To claim that one was *down by law* insinuated that one was also prepared to back that statement up on any level. It was sort of like pulling out one's street credentials as a defense.

108 Knowing these early Hip Hop terms brings remembrance of the early Hip Hop character and personality—the cause of today's Hip Hop artistic elements. Early Hiphoppas gave themselves authority through the mastery of certain skills unique to their environment and lifestyle.

109 Before the selling of Rap music through high-gloss mini-movie Rap videos, the cause of one's authority in the early Hip Hop community was based upon one's specialness, one's frequent charity and problem-solving in the *hood*, one's mastery of a widely practiced skill or talent, one's political activism on behalf of the *hood*, one's uniqueness and usefulness; even one's strength and fighting abilities all contributed to one's authority in the *hood* and one being *down by law.*

110 To be *down by law* one had to have a favorable history in the *hood*. People had to know who you were and where you were. You were trusted by the people, you shared their experiences, your personality made people feel like you were *down* with them. In their eyes, in the eyes of the community, you could do no wrong, because at this level of community acceptance you were exempt from certain judgments and criticisms; the people loved and admired you for who you were. Your reputation was known and respected in every home—you were *down by law!*

111 What does it mean to be *down?* To be *down* meant to be *part of*, or *in agreement with* someone or something. I might say something like, *DJ Red Alert is <u>down</u> with us!* Here, *down* implies group

association. One could also say, *DJ Red Alert is part of us!* Or, *moves with us!* It means that we share the same interests. It is also an agreement, like, *I'm down with that!* In this instance, one also could say, *I agree with that!*

112 R&B singer/actress Brandy published a song entitled "I Wanna Be Down," which implied wanting to be part of someone's life. In the song, Brandy sings, *I wanna be down with what you're going through. I wanna be down with you.* Here, Brandy expresses her desire to unite with the experiences of whom she is seeking to be *down* with.

113 *I wanna be down with what you're going through* is like saying, I want to *experience* or *share in on* what is happening to you in your life, I want to join in on your life experiences (*what you're going through*). Such a commitment was highly respected in the *hood* because wanting to be *down* with someone implied a certain loyalty through the good times as well as the bad times.

114 So, to be *down by law* also implied being loyal to the history and invisible code of one's *hood*. It meant that one was important in the *hood*, that one was in agreement with the street and its customs, that one needed no other validation other than the acceptance of one's own *hood* to hold authority anywhere.

115 Such was (and still is) the cause of royalty. A king is a king anywhere in the World. A queen is queen anywhere in the World. It is when one has the respect of one's community that such a respected individual walks the earth freely commanding the respect of others. For it is a leader's people that promote, protect and empower such a leader in foreign environments.

116 Community respect is the ultimate force of political power. Without the respect of your people, how can you claim to be their leader? Such an individual is simply an oppressor posing as a leader through military means; such a governance is fake, fraudulent and cannot last.

117 A true queen is recognized not because of her crown of jewels or exquisitely tailored clothing, nor even because of her knowledge or even military power. A queen is simply a highly respected woman, one who holds the respect of HER PEOPLE.

118 A true queen wears a crown because HER PEOPLE put it on her head. A true queen wears the clothing given to her by HER PEOPLE. A true queen doesn't teach her people as much as her people teach her. Her people keep her informed. A true queen never has to threaten anyone or feel threatened in foreign environments because even the criminals of her nation respect her so much that even they are willing to rob, steal, kill, and maim in her honor.

119 The reputation of a true queen or king, or in Hip Hop's case, the reputation of a true teacha, is known throughout that teacha's nation and such a nation promotes to other nations its respect and loyalty for its teacha, king, queen, president, etc. Other nations know very well the repercussions that follow any disrespect of a nation's beloved leader.

120 This is how such a leader gets things done for her community. It is the community that sends their leader out into the World fully equipped in an effort to secure certain resources and relationships beneficial to the community. A true king has no self interests other than those of HIS PEOPLE.

121 A true king doesn't come to his people with a plan that they've never heard of which points them in a direction they've never intended for themselves. A true leader selflessly solves the problems of his people.

122 In short, community respect and admiration caused one to be *down by law*, or highly revered in one's *hood*. In actuality, appreciation, respect and honor are the Law of the streets. And when one is accepted by one's *hood* (or the streets) it means that one is part of the condition of the *hood*. It means

that one has voluntarily decided to align one's self with the struggles of one's peers.

123 To be *down by law* literally means *to be part of*, or *represent* (be down with) the *conditions* (law) of one's *hood* (environment). It means that one can be trusted because one has lent one's talent to the upliftment of the *hood* and the ease of human suffering especially when one didn't have to remain loyal to the *hood* at all.

124 Urban conditions revolve around favors, hook-ups and opportunities. Other conditions of the hood revolve around inspiration. Those who can produce favors, hook-ups and opportunities are set aside from everyone else looking for favors, hook-ups and opportunities.

125 Those who can inspire others and make others feel good about themselves and/or their situation are also considered *down by law.* They are set aside in the collective consciousness of the *hood* as special. Such people are not judged the same way by the *hood* as others are.

126 The *hood* anywhere in the World recognizes the ease of human suffering through favors, hook-ups, opportunities and inspiration. Individuals who express such personalities are highly admired and respected throughout the *hood* regardless of their profession (legal or illegal). They are the community heroes, and community heroes are almost always considered *down by law* because they are considered honorable by THEIR community's standards.

127 However, when observing these terms (*down by law* and *I got it like that*) today, our own maturity as a group and the understandings that come with such maturity advance these terms dramatically.

128 Today, being *down by law* has grown to include one's loyalty toward Hip Hop's development and preservation (the new *hood*). The same community respect that certain individuals enjoyed in the past (exclusively in their *hoods*) certain conscious rappers and popular Hip Hop activists enjoy today (worldwide).

129 Certain things that others within the Hip Hop community would be criticized for doing, those who are *down by law* are encouraged to do and even protected while doing. Their mistakes are quickly forgiven by the community because the community recognizes their role and service on behalf of the whole.

130 The one who is *down by law* has already proven her selflessness to the community, and it is this collective appreciation from the community that leads to a communal respect from that community.

131 Hip Hop's leadership rises from within the sweat and toil of everyday life and never has to prove itself. People know who's who in their communities and their judgments and opinions (based upon the historical events of their community) determine their leadership.

132 Despite the Hip Hop community's own lust for the material goods and pleasures of the World, in reality the Hip Hop community truly appreciates its activists and those who choose to inspire others through their artistic performances. This is what causes the condition of being *down by law;* it all begins with the appreciation and admiration one receives from one's own People.

133 However, this ancient state of being appreciated and admired (or *down by law*) is not unique to the Hip Hop community. Most leaders and those of unique talents and/or resources are often considered *down by law* in their communities; no matter what, they can do no wrong in the sight of those who love them.

134 Today, we continue the *down by law* tradition philosophically by acknowledging the principles of Law itself. Most people cringe when they hear the word *Law* because they immediately believe that they are going to be restrained or restricted in some way.

135 However, Law is simply a practice, or rather, a process. Law is simply the conditions that individuals as well as groups agree upon. Law stems from culture. Once the culture is identified, the means for its preservation become obvious and laws are then discovered (not *laid down*).

136 For once you know the conditions of something or someone you also know the laws that govern that thing or person's life. Different from Federal law, or State law, or the laws of certain religions, spiritual law is simply the condition of things; it is the nature of things. Being a Black male in the United States (for example) has certain conditions to it, and these conditions make up the paradigm in which we perceive and operate as Black men.

137 Some conditions are your natural state, while other conditions are imposed upon you; still other conditions are voluntarily accepted by you for the sake of fulfilling the desires of your own mind.

138 In any event, you create the laws (or conditions) that will govern your life. And this is a law in and of itself; we call it the Law of *Self-Creation*. Meaning that whether you like it or not, one of the conditions of life is that everyone must create themselves. You may not like what you have created or how you may have turned out, you may not have even been aware of what you were doing, but in Truth it was you who created YOU, and it is you who continues to create and add upon YOU everyday (GOD willing).

139 This is a law. Like the Laws of Attraction, like the Laws of Success, like the Laws of Gravity and Light and Sound, all of these laws are conditions that if we can understand them and remain in harmony with them, we experience the power of not being bound by them.

140 Every day we are creating our reality through what we believe is important to our survival. Such a belief creates the conditions (or laws) that we live within. Every day we are creating laws for ourselves through what we truly believe about ourselves as well as what we believe of others and of our outer environment.

141 This is why the affirmation *I got it like that* became such a powerful affirmation for early Hiphoppas. It implied that supernatural events and good fortune were normal in that Hiphoppa's life, and it told the Hiphoppa personally what her true nature was.

142 Such an acknowledgement of one's supernatural good fortune also helped to repeat it; it set a certain condition over the life of the one who acknowledged such a condition. Hip Hop is our supernatural collective good fortune. It is the law of our lives, the condition that we freely accept.

143 However, in our time (your past) many people do not think of Hip Hop in this way. They do not truly <u>live</u> a *Hiphop* lifestyle so they feel no responsibility toward Hip Hop's political image and reputation in the World.

144 They may say with their mouths *we represent Hip Hop* but in actuality they are representing only themselves and their individual interests. We can see in the way that they approach Hip Hop that they do not have Hip Hop's best interests in mind. And this is not about criticizing today's mainstream rappers or radio DJs. This goes for everyone participating in Hip Hop. Those who truly care for Hip Hop do so by caring for other Hiphoppas. Those who truly represent Hip Hop represent the interests of Hiphoppas.

145 Criminal activity, selfishness, hostility, deception and greed do not (and cannot) constitute true Hip Hop. Such thinking and activity have already proven themselves to be ineffective and even self-destructive to the Hiphoppa's free life. This is a wise law.

146 In light of this Truth, true Hiphoppas remain sensitive to the content of the messages they express to society and how society is affected by those messages. True Hiphoppas are also aware of

the messages society is expressing to Hiphop Kulture. True Hiphoppas care for Hip Hop by being aware of their own conduct as Hiphoppas. This too is a wise law. For when a law is just and true it is also obvious and easy to understand.

147 As attuned Hiphoppas we cheerfully look for good laws to follow and obey. For a good and wise law is like a thousand years of good advice interwoven into the path that you are already traveling. Good laws are guides and protectors; they not only tell you what you cannot do, they also tell you what you can do.

148 As Hiphoppas we voluntarily obey the Hip Hop condition over our lives. Such a condition brings with it certain abilities unique to our collective experience as Hiphoppas. Hip Hop's laws are Hip Hop's cultural rituals and traditions. The conditions that created or caused Hip Hop to exist are no longer with us. However, the rules are still the same; we are the authors of our own lives, and that which we write becomes the law for our lives.

149 Spirit, thought and action are inseparable and are harmonized through life circumstances. As we think, so Hip Hop is! These are universal laws. Racial harmony, freedom, justice, peace, love, happiness and wisdom are all achieved within our Hiphop Kulture when such laws are regularly performed, presented and taught to our children.

150 Mature Hiphoppas know that such states in human interactions as family, commitment, racial harmony, peace, justice, etc., are not granted to those who simply desire them. Such principles are achieved through the conscious intent to live them; these are human acts, not just words.

151 Such high states in culture must remain the accepted laws of our community. Not just poetic words, but psychological realities that are interwoven into the rituals, stories and traditions that we share with each other and our children as a Hip Hop family.

152 T. S. Elliot reminds us in his book *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* that, *By far the most important channel of transmission of culture remains the family: and when family life fails to play its part, we must expect our culture to deteriorate.*

153 However, the value of such principles/laws in the creation and further development of nations, communities and in our case the Hip Hop family is not understood by everyone—even those participating in and benefiting from Hip Hop's culture. Everyone does not truly value Hip Hop. Everyone does not truly value the concept of family, or even themselves as members of a family.

154 But those Hiphoppas who are awake, aware and conscious take the vow *I am Hip Hop* and become one more citizen of the true international Hip Hop community. They value themselves as Hip Hop and become the new *bricks* that restore the body of Hip Hop (*Hiphop*'s temple) to full strength and beauty. This was the original meaning of the phrase *I am Hip Hop,* and this is what it means to be part of Hip Hop's global family.

155 Saying *I am Hip Hop* intellectually means *I am my own strategy for self-improvement. I am the blessing. Whatever true Hip Hop is, I am that!* This is a conscious declaration to migrate, convert and/or simply become a citizen of the international Hip Hop community—a nation of consciousness where citizens are not defined by race, religion, class or gender, but by personal character, creative skill and loyalty to Hip Hop's empowerment and preservation. A place where the only law/condition is Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth (H-LAW).

156 Such a Hiphoppa clearly overstands that Hiphop Kulture must consciously view itself as its own strategy toward survival, stability and continued growth. What we do not do for ourselves, we cannot expect others to do for us. We are the authors of the laws that shall govern our lives. What we do for ourselves others will help us to achieve, and what we don't do for ourselves others cannot help

us to achieve.

157 We may cry out against incompetent police practices, we may wonder about the future of our children and we may hope for a better tomorrow—a better quality of life, a better education, better relationships, etc.—but do we truly value such hopes and wants? Are we willing to sacrifice our pleasures today for our children's victories tomorrow?

158 Know this. Even in the elementary logic of the World, it is obvious that if we do not consciously plan, work and sacrifice today to create the future we want for ourselves and our children, then we have only ourselves to blame if we wind up worse tomorrow than we are today. This is a universal law, a condition for everyone in my time.

159 The true Hiphoppa instinctively feels this today and does whatever it takes to participate in the preservation and further development of Hiphop Kulture tomorrow. This objective is achieved when Hiphoppas pledge allegiance to Hiphop Kulture and take responsibility for each other and how Hip Hop looks and acts in all communities.

160 The attuned Hiphoppa knows that laws are not only established to protect people from people, laws are also established to protect people from themselves. To the untrained *Rap fan*, imitating the irresponsible activities of immature rappers appearing on television, radio, motion pictures and the Internet (in my time) can be very dangerous. The true Hiphoppa lives *Hiphop*, not Rap videos, music or movies.

161 True Hiphoppas are known to tell their live concert audiences, *Don't give the cops no reason to stop you!* The true Hiphoppa will not unnecessarily break the laws of her community or that of any country she has citizenship in.

162 The true Hiphoppa is not apathetic toward injustice or even the pursuit of justice. For it is an awareness of the Truth that motivates the true Hiphoppa to participate in her government, faith and/or local community activities.

163 The true Hiphoppa respects, studies and practices the rule of law, that nations are to be governed by principles, not by people, and that all citizens are equal before the law.

164 Whether it is tribal law, state law, universal law, constitutional law, or the H-LAW, the attuned Hiphoppa stays within the law with an understanding of those rights and privileges provided and protected by law. With this understanding, the true Hiphoppa is disciplined and is always thinking ahead for the good of her community and the society at large.

165 However, sometimes the *good of society* means protest and debate, revolution and rebellion. Still, the true Hiphoppa stays within the rule of law. For example, within the courts of the country we presently reside within, a person is presumed innocent until proven guilty. However, too many times innocent and/or ignorant Hiphoppas are presumed guilty until proven innocent.

166 Such a presumption is an injustice. Therefore, in an effort to uphold the Spirit of the law and correct injustice, true Hiphoppas are encouraged to help the innocent, the racially profiled, the ignorant and the poor of all nations regain and/or maintain their freedom even if they are convicted or accused of a crime.

167 Not that we seek to help criminals commit crimes or that we seek to free those who have clearly violated the law. But if we must live in a society where police officers, lawmakers, judges, prosecutors and elected officials manipulate and violate the law themselves with no reprimanding or correction from their superiors, then Hiphop Kulture is justified within the Spirit of the law itself to uphold justice in the manner that is good for the whole of society.

168 Know this. In our age the one who breaks the laws of the society in which one lives violates the

very protection set up to sustain one's power, liberty and tranquility within that society. This includes ALL citizens! Law enforcement included. No one is above the law!

169 Hiphoppas are encouraged to respect, study and follow the laws of the land in which they live. As taught by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., by staying within the boundaries of the law even in the face of lawless lawmakers, one exposes the contradiction of such individuals and organizations and thus brings about justice in unjust conditions with the great elixir of Truth!

170 Instead of ignoring and/or breaking the law, Hiphoppas are encouraged to study and obey the law. Such is part of our battle strategy against an unjust society. We must know more about the laws of our country than even the police, lawyers and judges themselves!

171 Just as there is no discipline without awareness, equally there is no freedom without law and no peace without justice. Abiding by the laws of one's nation, society and community is not only empowering to the Hiphoppa, it protects law-abiding Hiphoppas from unjust police actions. Such an acknowledgment of law is simply a matter of self-respect—it proves one's ability to govern one's self.

172 True Hiphoppas seek to overstand the natural, moral, civil and divine law of the nation, society or community we visit or reside within, and we seek to correct injustice with justice (see *Hip Hop Declaration of Peace:* principles three and fourteen).

173 With this in mind, true Hiphoppas refine and tune their Spirits through the teachings of *The Divine Performance*. For in Spirit all laws and institutions of divine origin are effortlessly fulfilled and supported.

174 One does not need to consciously try to focus upon complying with the specific laws of one's country or community if peace, love, unity and happiness for one's self and for one's community are the habitual intentions of one's heart. At this stage in one's development one is DOWN BY LAW!

175 But this is only the beginning. Being spiritually *down by law* has to do with being in spiritual harmony with the laws of the universe. Your divine work, or rather your *Hiphop* spiritual path, is to learn how to be guided by universal intelligence beyond your emotional addictions. This does not mean to live an emotionless life; this means to put your emotions where they belong as indicators, not initiators.

176 We must learn to use our emotions without having them use us. Observe your feelings, don't become them. Just because something *feels* good doesn't mean that it is good, and just because something *feels* bad doesn't mean that it is bad. Emotions check the balance of your being in its present state. However, when you change your present state of being, which is a large part of what spiritual enlightenment is all about, you also change your emotional state as well. Things that you've felt before, you no longer feel now, and things that you didn't feel before suddenly become important to you.

177 A *good* feeling about a certain activity, person or place is an agreement, a confirmation, with who you are in the present moment. A *bad* feeling about a certain activity, person or place is a disagreement, a conflict, with who you are in the present moment. However, to advance one's self out of one's present situation for the better requires a deliberate disagreement with your present emotional state. This is why many people never change; it's just too emotionally painful.

178 Your good, happy, accomplished feelings appear when your present actions match your present perception of yourself. Your guilty, depressed, fearful, doubtful, unfulfilled feelings appear when your present actions do not match your present perception of yourself. But in order to change your thoughts and actions you must be willing to contradict your emotions; they only confirm who

you believe you are in the present. Once you make the conscious decision to change your life for the better, you develop new emotional states to match your new perception of yourself.

179 We must learn to use our emotions to test the frequency of the thoughts and actions we are experiencing; however, we must not be led by them. Your emotions follow your being, not the other way around. This is also why when developing one's self spiritually it is important to know what you want even beyond your emotional state. Yes, your emotions may even motivate you toward your higher, deeper self, but, in the end, your emotions can still betray you because they are always bringing you back to who you were, not to who you can truly be.

180 Without getting too emotional, we must train ourselves to guide our feelings toward what we really want, not to what we really don't want, because whether you want what you think of or you don't want what you are thinking of, the fact still remains: YOU'RE STILL THINKING OF IT! And as long as you continue to think about that which you say you don't want (which is an emotional response), it will be what you don't want that shall happen to you because of your continuous thinking about it. This is a universal law.

181 Know this. It is your perception that is happening to you. Your interpretation of physical reality is the only thing that can actually happen to you in your life. This too is a universal law. Basically, you become that which you think about the most. And what you do to others you actually do to and for yourself. These are indeed universal laws.

182 For example, even though there are those who consider charity, compassion, selflessness and forgiveness as being naïve and even weak-minded, such a personality remains the strongest remedy for the relief of human suffering and the realization of one's own dreams and aspirations.

183 Even though many people are benefiting from the selfless acts of others, even more people still choose to think only of themselves and their own personal gain. They cannot see how such a selfish personality limits them and adds to their own suffering.

184 Contrary to common beliefs, actually performing acts of charity, compassion and faith are the best things a Hiphoppa can do for her *Self*. These acts strengthen the spiritual vitality of the Hiphoppa and teach our children (through example) the way of peace.

185 Prophetess Simone G. Parker has taught over many years that *it is one's <u>S</u>elfish <u>I</u>nconsiderate <u>N</u>eeds over one's ability to share and freely assist others that lead many people into their own cycle of suffering.* Even though their own acts of selfishness may appear to make their own concerns the priority in their lives, such selfishness actually has them committing to everything except themselves.

186 Just as anger, hate and insecurity do not hurt others as much as they eventually hurt you, forgiveness, love and charity eventually benefit you more than they benefit the recipients of such acts.

187 Know this. When you express hate or love, both hate and love are first expressed within your *Self* before they are passed on to others. Every thought/expression that you pass on to others is first experienced within your *Self*. Actually, you are the first to receive the effects of the thoughts and actions that you express toward others.

188 Remember, you are the first recipient of whatever you decide to express to others. This too is a universal law. Therefore, think only those thoughts that you truly want for yourself. It is not that what you say actually comes back to you; it is that what you say has never left you.

189 What we call talking out loud is really others listening in on our expressed thoughts. In actuality you never really talk TO anyone; you are really expressing your thoughts out loud or through your mouth and others are simply listening in on what your mind is doing (saying). But in Truth, all outward communication is secondhand.

190 Charity and forgiveness (for example) are also secondhand expressions. Charity is a productively selfish act. Forgiveness is also a productively selfish act. At the beginning of one's spiritual education one does not perform these acts for the benefit of others exclusively; ultimately one does them for the benefit of one's *Self*.

191 This is very important to remember because many people hear about miraculous healings, expanded awareness, and abundant wealth, and they attempt to acquire such gifts through meditation, prayer and/or affirmation without having the character required to attain such gifts. Health, love, awareness and wealth are not only the gifts of the spirit, they are the character of the spirit; they are spiritual law. And no spiritual law can protect you if your character is not the law itself. Health, love, awareness and wealth are not only states of personal character they are indeed spiritual laws.

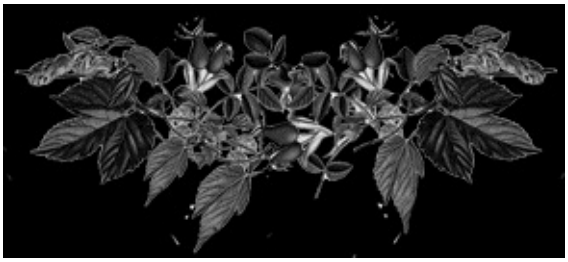
192 These acts empower you! Thoughts and acts of love, charity, forgiveness, etc., empower you! Likewise, thoughts and acts of hate, selfishness, revenge, etc., destroy you. This is THE LAW and this is why it is very important never to hate. For hate is simply self-destructive, it makes you vulnerable; whereas love is self-protective, an act of self-creation. Therefore, love (create) your *Self* by radiating love toward others. And likewise, you are indeed hating (destroying) your *Self* by expressing hate toward others. Take care of your *Self*. Don't hate!

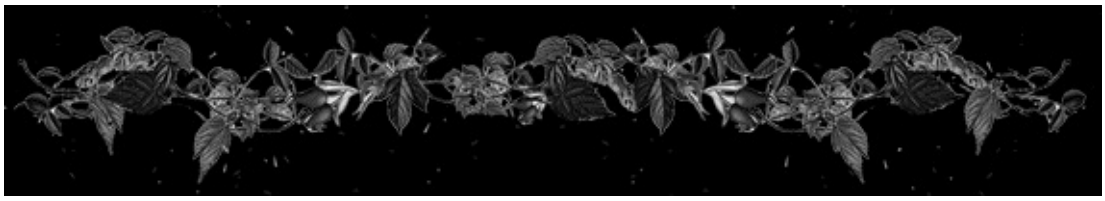
193 Patience, charity, forgiveness, love, faith, etc., are regarded as superhuman acts in societies where selfishness, anxiety, depression, hatred, doubt, etc., are the social norms of the day. Again, all such acts, like patience, charity, forgiveness, love, faith, etc., when outwardly performed, benefit you more than they benefit others.

194 The oldest, most ancient universal law is that you are the author of your own life. This is the mystery. This is the secret. This is the revelation, and this is what begins your spiritual journey. Your work upon the spiritual path includes the actual realization of your limitlessness and making such realizations a habit in your everyday life.

195 The object is to become and remain a spirit being realizing that you create the laws (conditions) that shall govern your life. In fact, you are a law unto yourself! For when the attuned Hiphoppa habitually gives a divine performance in the World, all laws of divine origin are automatically in alignment with that Hiphoppa's nature and being.

196 Again, one need not focus upon following the laws of one's country if one's habitual character is peace, love, unity and safely having fun. At this level of spiritual development one no longer fights the law, one now unites with the law through understanding, becoming the law itself, becoming a law unto oneself. At this level you are truly **DOWN BY LAW!** There it is.





THE SIXTEENTH OVERSTANDING

OUR GOD – THE GREAT EVENT

TRACK ONE

[1] It's funny how soon we forget the condition we were in before Hip Hop became part of the mainstream.

[2] We seem to have forgotten who we were before that invisible creative force touched the minds of all of us at the same time!

[3] In Truth, no one created Hip Hop! In Truth, Hip Hop created us! Hip Hop saved us, and this gospel is a remembrance of that experience!

[4] How long shall we deny that at our most vulnerable and hopeless state as a group of *people*, at the end of all human strength and knowledge, when all social institutions closed their doors to us, something spiritual, something creative, something nurturing (yet non-physical) touched the minds of thousands of us at the same time and transformed and modified what we thought of ourselves and our environment. Such an awareness does not originate with three or four *hip-hop pioneers*; such an awareness comes from GOD!

[5] To know GOD is not a right, it is a privilege! Survival strategies such as Street Language, Street Fashion, Street Knowledge, Street Entrepreneurship, Breakin, Emceein, Graffiti Art, Deejayin and Beat Boxin came from a variety of unplanned and spontaneous sources saving many from sickness, hatred, ignorance and poverty. Hip Hop was and still is divinely guided, and its worldwide success is really unexplainable.

[6] This begins the Hip Hop spiritual life: recognizing *The Force* that moves and has moved with you. To begin aligning your awareness to the intelligence that guides your life. To cease taking the magical moments in your life for granted. To begin cultivating and caring for that *Force* which inspired those events in your life that happen and happened without your doing or planning. To finally begin a serious study into *The Force* that has guided you right here, G-O-D—Guiding Our Direction.

[7] I began to truly see GOD *guiding our direction* while I was watching the film *Rhyme & Reason*, directed by Peter Spirer. I was always aware of GOD's presence intellectually but still the actual reality of GOD had not really hit me yet. In the film *Rhyme & Reason*, Grandmaster Caz explains that the first *jams* presented by Kool DJ Herc were presented at 1520 Sedgwick Avenue in the Bronx, New York, sometime around 1973.

[8] As Grandmaster Caz of the Cold Crush Brothers explained the birth of Hip Hop, I began to see that he was standing in a familiar playground park just between 1600 and 1520 Sedgwick Avenue. My hands began to shake because I lived at 1600 Sedgwick Avenue from 1972 to 1974. In fact, as Caz explained the birth of Hip Hop I scrambled and pulled out a photo album of some of my baby pictures, which captured me and my brother Kenny at about seven and eight years old at the very park in which Caz was describing the birth of Hip Hop. I was shocked!

[9] Going further, as I began to pick out certain photographs of my childhood at 1600 and 1520 Sedgwick Avenue, I came across a photograph of my mother posing in front of an original Kool Herc graffiti tag in 1972! I was amazed! But even more than being amazed, I was now aware!

10 I wondered to myself, why was I at 1600 and 1520 Sedgwick Avenue in the Bronx in 1972? Anybody could have been there; why me? Why KRS? What *force* guided me, my brother and my mother to that specific location at that precise time when Kool DJ Herc was said to have started Hip Hop in the Bronx? Why was I there?

11 No human hand or mind could have set up such a scenario. In 1972 the term Hip Hop and my name KRS ONE did not even exist yet, and no one was aware that what Kool Herc was doing would eventually become a 10 billion dollar music industry and urban culture influencing millions of people through art.

12 In fact, when I asked my mother about her posing in front of Kool Herc's signature tag in 1972, she said that she was just taking a picture—no specific reason for Kool Herc's tag to be in the background, she was just posing for a photograph.

13 Twenty years later, however, I'm KRS ONE and Kool Herc is the Father of Hip Hop. Who knew? We were just living our lives; my mother was just randomly posing for a photograph and took other photographs of me and Kenny at 1600 and 1520 Sedgwick Avenue in the Bronx. What was it that motivated her? It was at this moment that I began to see GOD—Guiding Our Direction.

14 Was it a mere coincidence that I (out of all people) would be at the birthplace of Hip Hop as a young child growing up in the Bronx? At eight years old I had no idea what my life would become; I was just outside playing and enjoying the *block parties* of the time. But obviously there was a real *force* (an intelligence) with a real plan that guided my mother to live at 1600 Sedgwick Avenue at the precise time that Hip Hop was about to start.

15 No one could have predicted years later that I would become KRS ONE—the first self-proclaimed *teacha* of the Hip Hop arts and sciences. No human mind could have consciously set my (or Hip Hop's) history in this way—only the true governor of the universe can do such things.

16 These seemingly random events and places that I would frequent as a child turned out to be the very causes of my professional adult life and the birth of Hip Hop itself! I realized that I was destined for this, destined to be who I am today. At that point I realized (or rather remembered) my true Self. I realized that GOD IS REAL! And I AM HIP HOP!

17 After watching the film *Rhyme & Reason* I realized just how real GOD is and was in my life, or with my life. And I use the word *my* very lightly here because the revelation I received after watching *Rhyme & Reason* showed me that nothing that I have done was actually *my* or *mine*.

18 I realized that just as I was unaware of this intelligent *force* guiding my life in my younger years, I was equally unaware of this same *force* guiding my life in my older years. I realized that *my* actions were not exclusively *my* own, and I immediately humbled myself before the actual PRESENCE OF GOD (Guiding Our Direction) which was also GOD's face.

19 I could actually see GOD! I always knew of GOD's loving presence but I could never really see and *feel* the right-now presence of GOD until then, and I was embarrassed at my years of stupidity and immaturity. But the forgiveness came immediately after with the revelation that I had really done nothing at all. In fact, the idea that I actually did something was immature to begin with.

20 Now I began to actually see GOD—the Love that has guided me thus far. I began to pay closer attention to the seemingly random events of my life and how they all added up to my success, guidance, strength and protection. I began to see how delicate I was and how fragile I was, and how helpless and blind I was; and how this force, this intelligence, stayed with me for a reason, to get something accomplished.

21 I finally felt "the LOVE" OF GOD and to whom I belonged. I began to know GOD's love for

me more intently, in a more rational, logical sense—not just in the human sense of affection and/or respect or trust, but more in a oneness, in a caring sense of dependency, like I was part of GOD's language or being, like we actually depended upon one another to exist. I realized that when I made spiritual mistakes, that when I sinned against GOD's nature, that it was not just as simple as a mistake that could be corrected with an acknowledgement; I was literally hurting and abandoning the Love of my life. I was acting as if GOD did not love me for real, and this (for GOD) was like the loss of an innocent child to the streets.

22 Beyond the love that we humans know, it was like GOD was madly in love with me in an urgent kind of crazy way, like the way you may love your arm or leg. And I struggle with my words here because *love* is not even the right word for the feelings that I felt when I realized that I was actually home with the *force* that sent me into the World with purpose. Like when your mother sends you to the grocery store to pick up items that the both of you need to survive and you go in a different direction, spending the money on your own selfish wants—I was actually betraying GOD. I realized that my disobedience not only made me a thief to my own GOD-given gifts and an ungrateful son to all of my blessings, but that I was also denying the very reality of my own holiness and purpose.

23 More than just being an offense against righteousness, my selfish inconsiderate needs made it uncomfortable for GOD to dwell with me—I couldn't be trusted. I thought that I had to become more than myself to be acceptable to GOD so I struggled with one error after another. But when the revelation of GOD's actual presence hit me, I felt that it was GOD who was trying everything to be more to me, that it was I who, out of fear, was simply not being my true Self. The sadness I felt was the revelation that it was I who was ignoring GOD, not the other way around. Actually the "I" that was feeling sad was GOD! And my sadness was not depression, it was guilt.

24 It was like GOD was trying so hard to wake me up, and I was dead, or blind, or retarded, or rebellious, or sick, or something that equates to not being functional in GOD's reality. I felt bad for GOD because I finally knew that what I call "I" was a major part of GOD's existence, like an arm, or a leg, or an eye, and when "I" is not functioning properly GOD suffers.

25 With that one flash of revelation I realized that GOD desperately and frantically cares for us, actually needs us. Like a mother struggling to save her child from drowning, GOD loves us in this way. When I realized this, I began to consciously move with that *force*. I never wanted to disappoint GOD again by getting in my own way. I wanted to make GOD happy. I wanted to go to the store and pick up the items GOD instructed me to retrieve. Beyond sin, I wanted to be a son.

26 From that day, sometime around 1996, it was like everything in the material World was a stage prop (including physical bodies and events) and GOD was the actual meaning or cause of things. Over time I began to retrace the steps of my life and how I became KRS ONE.

27 Why was I compelled to leave my mother's home beginning at about 16 years of age? Why did I put it all on the line to become an emcee? And remember, at age 16 (1981) I had not seen the film *Rhyme & Reason* yet. Hip Hop was still new and just getting started commercially. But I knew in my very being who I was and what I came here to do. But who or what told me this? What force inspired me in this direction and then protected me until I achieved what I saw of myself in childhood?

28 With no home, no job, no school, no family, no friends, no manager, no producer, no money, no credit, no resources, no organized Rap music industry and very little talent of my own, my only salvation was to place my hopes upon some kind of a supernatural breakthrough. I needed a miracle! And that's exactly what I got.

29 Looking back upon my rise to success truthfully, I did not achieve my goals solely on my own. I did not make KRS ONE on my own. A lot of once-in-a-lifetime-moments (and people) had to occur

for me to be KRS ONE. Before the release of my first successful recording ("South Bronx"—1986) I had to beat the odds that were stacked against not only me, but everyone living in the Bronx during the early 1980s.

30 Try to understand this. From about 1981 until about 1985 I was homeless with nowhere to go. The crack-cocaine era was just getting started and almost every day you would see a random puddle of blood in the street where someone had JUST been killed or wounded. So, if I was not in a library, or sleeping in a hospital waiting room area, or in a museum, or aimlessly riding the subway back and forth, I was by myself walking/wandering around the five boroughs of New York, reading graffiti art on walls and trains, hanging out at the free park jams and talking to my invisible friend—GOD.

31 For if I was to become an emcee, GOD was going to have to become real for me. There was literally no other way for me; I needed a supernatural breakthrough. But as you can see, GOD IS REAL! If KRS ONE's career *means* anything at all, it means that GOD IS TRULY REAL! Not a holy book, not a church or temple, not even words—it is GOD and the powerful experience that comes with a union with GOD that is REAL!

32 Even though I have participated and contributed greatly to my own success—no doubt, I still can't front—I also took advantage of certain life situations and circumstances that no man could have provided or predicted. And if these certain life situations and circumstances had not occured I could not have become KRS ONE even with talent.

33 Being in the right place at the right time, running into exactly who I needed to meet, protection even when I didn't know I was being protected, unexpected random opportunities, good health in the midst of mass sickness, doors that were closed to others opening for me, my social worker becoming my DJ, the battles, the births, the deaths, even the coming together of the Stop The Violence Movement and so on, all point to a higher, deeper intelligence guiding and protecting my development. And this is what I've been paying close attention to over the last 22 years of my Hip Hop experience. It is to this Divine Mind/intelligence (GOD) that I owe everything.

34 GOD IS REAL! And when all you have to survive is GOD and your dreams, GOD and your dreams become real in your life. This is also true of Hip Hop. If Hip Hop is the center of your life for real, then it is Hip Hop that shall give you life—for real. With your own perception of your own life as a "Hiphoppa" you create your own specialized reality that is real for you with real effects in the material World but is not real for everyone else simply because they do not believe.

35 I believe that "I am Hip Hop" and I believe that I am a specific kind of Hiphoppa. So the Hip Hop reality that I create for myself produces the effects that you see. No one gave me anything. With GOD's guidance, care and protection I perceived my Hip Hop life into existence. And so will you!

36 For there are aspects of your *self* and your environment that are not controlled by you, yet they happen. There are things that come your way that you did not bring your way; a random book, DVD, or CD with a much-needed message, an unexpected turn of events, the meeting of the right person at the right time, etc.

37 These things can all be attracted by your mind, we know this; thoughts are things! But what is the cause of thought? Thoughts do become things but the things that thoughts become still enter an ordered universe. And if thoughts are the only things, then whose thoughts made the thing called *thoughts?* And who's thought is thinking the universe and all the worlds, stars, cosmic events, and us?

38 Yes we are indeed the authors of our own lives, but GOD is indeed the book, the pen and the table by which we write. To see GOD is to acknowledge that you are not in total control of your *Self* or your environment; that there is a loving *force* that thinks with you, guides you, and protects you for

the purpose of actualizing its purpose.

39 Know this. There are things that even the physical body does without your permission, one of which is that it continues to live. Thoughts enter your mind without your permission. You are forced to breathe. These conditions to our reality show us that we are not exclusively responsible for our lives; we may only be responsible for our living, and this may even be questionable.

40 We may not be responsible for life; we may only be responsible for how it is lived. We don't have all of the answers to our own existence, yet we exist. Therefore, some mysterious part of ourselves has the answers to those other parts of us that complete us and is continuing to produce the *human* experience for a reason—without our consent.

41 We are not the reason that we exist because we don't have a full understanding as to what makes us exist and why. If we look closely, we exist in a visible and invisible *world* at the same time.

42 Things that are out of our control and planning happen to us throughout the day, which guide the types of days that we experience. With all of our planning and prediction, humanity still exists within an *anything can still happen* reality. There is still another *force* with another plan governing and guiding the conditions of nature and human affairs; this is what we call "GOD"—the consistency of our being, the condition that sustains life, the Great Event.

43 For we have learned that right along with looking for GOD *within* ourselves we must also look for GOD without ourselves. Meaning that we must also look at the guidance of our lives outside of ourselves and even without ourselves. When you can see without your *Self*, you see GOD. When you can act without your *Self* you become God.

44 We must develop the ability to focus upon the seemingly unplanned and spontaneous activities of our lives, especially those activities not directly caused by us that still affect us in a variety of ways. GOD speaks through life circumstances. Therefore, one of the main objectives of the Hiphop spiritual life is to learn how to get out of one's own way and LISTEN for the instruction of GOD! "Let go and let GOD." Another objective of the Hiphop spiritual life is not just to unite with GOD, but also to realize that you are already united with GOD, which makes you, at this very moment, a Holy Spirit. Repent; it is you who denies your own holiness with sin and fear. It seems that the World has made you afraid of your Self.

45 STOP DENYING YOUR OWN HOLINESS just to survive in the World! As a community, we must forever acknowledge the *force* that has already saved us from sickness, hatred, ignorance and poverty, and has restored us to health, love, awareness and wealth. We must stop seeking and studying the gospels and become them. We must live to experience the true power of GOD and not just read about what such an experience holds for us. Our GOD is a real *force!* And it is the PRESENCE of GOD (the force) that actually brings one's life into peace, power and prosperity. FEELING that GOD is actually with you IS peace, power and prosperity.

46 But to get into the presence of GOD, it is you that must open your ((((I)))) first, because, believe it or not, it is not GOD who is denying your holiness, it is you who denies GOD's Love. GOD is already with you RIGHT NOW! But it is you who are afraid of GOD. Presently, many people are blind to their God-*force* because it frightens them, so it is impossible for them to see GOD. Because of guilt and fear, they hide themselves from GOD.

47 Study the spellings of *God* and *GOD* throughout this entire instrument closely. For us, *God* is what *GOD* creates us to be. We are in GOD—the Great Mother, the unmanifested source of all energy and matter in the universe, the Great Event, the Inner-G. For us, GOD has no title, name or location. *God* is what we call ourselves! For only God can come from GOD.

48 This is what the *Hiphop* spiritual path is all about. It's about re-acquainting one's self with one's own divinity, one's own divine nature. For it is in one's divine nature that one actually communicates with GOD. *God* is a term for OUR spiritually heightened human awareness. And this is not to be mistaken for a spirituality of the Self, but rather the Self immersed in spirituality.

49 Know this. To communicate with GOD one must be trained to do so, and it is GOD who does the training. Through ordinary life experiences GOD communicates to those who sincerely communicate with GOD. Life itself walks with you. This is part of your stolen or forgotten legacy. God is your rightful name/nature. God is what you are when you are in your right mind, but at every moment of the day we deny this Truth because of fear. God is what we are afraid of becoming, and this is why we remain trapped by the World and World circumstances.

50 Once you are no longer *afraid of GOD*, you can become God. And when I say afraid of GOD I mean that because of our past mistakes we are afraid of approaching GOD. We hide ourselves from GOD because we feel that we are not good enough (or God enough) to approach GOD. But once you realize that even at your most ignorant and immature moment GOD has never left you, you realize that running from GOD is impossible, that what you are really running from is the ghost of your past self.

51 WAKE UP HIPHOPPA! GOD is the very event that caused you to go astray in the beginning. It is GOD who has been teaching you from before you were even born, preparing you with the events of your very life for the ministry you are now qualified to promote. For only wisdom and real-life experiences possess the authority to correctly teach others. The greatest of all sins is to believe that you actually have the power to sin, that somehow there is you *and* GOD. WAKE UP HIPHOPPA! GOD is a thousand times more devious than you can ever be. In fact, it is those who, because of fear and/or pride, never come to GOD for correction, who continue to judge themselves when GOD is not even judging them. It is they who suffer the most in prolonged immaturity and ignorance. And even this is GOD's doing.

52 This is why when you are chosen by GOD to finally mature in your spiritual understanding there is no more time to waste. If you are privileged enough to be reading this paragraph right now it means that GOD (not KRS) is trying to show you something about your divine nature. And this is how GOD teaches, through life circumstances and random events. Open your senses to GOD's actual movement across the material World. Pay more attention to those random events that seem to warn you, teach you and guide you through life. This is how GOD speaks.

53 We must train/prepare OURSELVES for direct conversations with GOD as Gods. We must mature past the level of doing things in an attempt to find GOD or please GOD. GOD is not found in what we do or say, GOD is <u>what we mean</u> when we do or say. GOD is what we want when we ingest drugs, or overeat, indulge in pleasure, pray, sing or complete a task. However, it may now be time to stop trying to do for GOD and allow GOD to do for you, to guide you, to heal, feed, clothe and protect you. This is the original path toward spiritual enlightenment, to be still and know that GOD IS GOD!

54 To finally be in harmony with GOD, this is the seat of true joy and salvation. To commune with GOD, to have a real relationship with the mind of the universe, to know GOD's ways; this is spiritual awareness. Reading about the prophets of old without having their experiences with GOD can make you feel even more guilty. GOD does not speak English. GOD's *Word* does not come from an alphabet; GOD's *Word* comes directly from GOD to your actual life experiences. The question is, *are you listening?* In fact, what are you really listening to? Who and/or what do you really value? GOD or the World?

55 This is the difference between a *reader* and a *believer*. And in a Hiphop sense, this is the difference between a *believer* and a *perceiver*. Do you believe in the existence of GOD or do you perceive through the existence of GOD? Do we really want to know GOD, or are we simply content with following the religion of the one with the biggest bombs? What, then, is enlightenment if we are not yet free to see (perceive) GOD for ourselves? What kind of spiritual reality are we really living in? What is enlightenment?

56 This question hit me one day while at a Barnes & Noble bookstore in El Paso, Texas. I was on tour traveling on Interstate Highway 10, and I had pulled over to get some audio books for the rest of my drive into Los Angeles, California.

57 There I happened to run into the famous Graffiti writer Skeme (from the film *Style Wars*) who had his family with him. Once again, this whole event was unplanned and random. After talking to Skeme, this very question jumped out at me from the front cover of a popular magazine: *What Is Enlightenment?*

58 As I reached down to pick up the magazine I felt myself immediately answering this very question; what *IS* enlightenment? Before my hand could even touch the magazine I began to go through a plethora of surface answers. Enlightenment is when you've become spiritually aware, enlightenment is to have realized your spiritual nature, even your spirit reality. Enlightenment is to have achieved the Truth! To unite with GOD! My mind continued on: enlightenment is simply awareness or rather Ahhh-wareness, to finally get it! I picked up the magazine.

59 While holding the magazine and standing in the same spot I began to look around the store at all of the other book buyers and readers and began to wonder about their enlightenment. What IS enlightenment and who has really achieved it? How can you even know if someone IS truly enlightened? What must they do? Or say? Or be?

60 What must someone BE to actually be enlightened? Do they have to be from India? Or from China? Or from Africa? Do they have to speak a certain way? Dress a certain way? Talk a certain way? How can you really tell if or when a person is really enlightened? And suddenly I realized that even the term "enlightenment" may be misleading.

61 In our modern, consumer-driven, guilt-ridden, everything glossy, glamorous and cheaply packaged, industrialized society, is true spiritual enlightenment even possible? Even in the 10 billion dollar "enlightenment" business, people are more likely to gravitate toward that which serves their own self-interests than the actual acquiring of Truth or "enlightenment."

62 So what IS enlightenment? These days it can't have anything to do with the Truth because today's Truth is too scary for even sincere Truth seekers to deal with. On another level, in a society generated by mostly technology and commerce, Truth may simply be useless. The spiritual idea here is *give me what I want NOW!*

63 As I began to walk over to the cashier to purchase my copy of *What Is Enlightenment* I thought to myself, denial is what most people are practicing—not spirituality. Today's spirituality is rooted in mass denial, escape from guilt and/or chronic individualism. People don't just want GOD <u>to</u> themselves, they want GOD <u>from</u> themselves because to face the real essence of GOD is simply too painful for many; their own guilt is just too intense for them.

64 People seem to only be interested in the god that they create who conveniently fits into their already accepted beliefs, schedules and rules. So, how can anyone truly answer the question or even pose the question of "what is enlightenment?" if we are not willing to actually question our already made-up minds and beliefs as to what enlightenment is?

65 Is Muhammad Ali enlightened? Is James Brown enlightened? Is George W. Bush enlightened? What do you consider an enlightened soul today? Gandhi? Mother Teresa? Could President Bill Clinton be an enlightened soul? What about Tupac, or Stan Tookie Williams? Or Howard Zinn? What do you consider enlightenment? One man's enlightenment is another man's silliness and immaturity —even evil.

66 Truth is Truth! And Truth can come out of anyone's mouth at any time from anywhere. But in today's quest for spiritual enlightenment the face delivering the Truth is more important than the Truth itself.

67 We don't want Truth; we want to confirm our own reality. This is why the so-called "Truth-seeking" groups in the United States (as an example) are not asking, and more importantly, not publishing those hard questions that actually lead to enlightenment or Truth. Truth may shatter your business goals. Truth may lead you to divorce, or even suicide! Truth may destroy Hip Hop!

68 True enlightenment may actually point to our own destruction. Or maybe even a glimpse of the Truth is so offensive and painful to deal with that we simply make up our own truths in which it is easier to put our faith. We don't want Truth; we simply want to survive a little better than we already are. Most people in search of Truth today are simply in search of empowerment.

69 As I got on the cashier's line at Barnes & Noble I began to wonder about the offensiveness of what I am suggesting. I thought to myself, what if the Truth is that African Americans are truly slaves by nature and the Thirteenth Amendment is the reason for America's financial crisis?

70 What if GOD actually approves of slavery? What if this is THE TRUTH? Would Black Americans faithfully and spiritually take their places in the American society as slaves, ordained by GOD as such? As a surface example, what if this was THE TRUTH? Would African Americans accept such a Truth? Would everyone else accept such a Truth?

71 My point here is that in today's individualistic, commercially driven societies Truth seems to be accepted based upon one's need to survive. Not only must Truth be useful for today's Truth-seeker, but if the Truth points to the demise of the Truth-seeker in today's society, even the Truth can be rejected! In today's World it seems that survival is more important than Truth.

72 As another example, what if the United States is truly cursed as a nation for its crimes against the aboriginal peoples of the Americas? Spiritually, would we (Americans) move to another country and start all over again as peasants and immigrants?

73 Even deeper, what if Osama Bin Laden is the "Christ" returned to overthrow the Roman empire (the United States) and free all of "his" people as promised by the Bible? Would we adopt Islam as the true religion and "spiritual" practice of GOD? Even deeper than that, can we? Can you? Would YOU follow him? Would YOU support him? Are we as Americans willing to live THIS Truth? I'm not quite sure.

74 And just to be fair and balanced here, what if Christianity is truly the only way to GOD and the Truth is that all other religious and spiritual thought is indeed false? Knowing this to be the Truth, would Muslims convert to Christianity? Would Hindus, Buddhists, Jews, Satanists and Witches give up that which is comfortable and safe for them and convert to Christianity? Again, I'm not quite sure about this.

75 What if the startling Truth is that President George W. Bush is God's victorious "crusader" sent to bring even more freedom, justice and equality to the World? What if the Truth is that the United States IS the World's police force ordained by the true GOD of all the universes? Would we stop protesting the invasion of Iraq and America's failed foreign policy? I don't know. But what I do know

is that we want what is convenient to us as individuals—and this is THE TRUTH, our Truth.

[76] The Truth is that many are NOT interested in "Truth" or "enlightenment," many simply want to survive by any comfortable means necessary! We are NOT interested in whether or not the Vatican is the true central home of the "body of Christ"; if we don't like the policies or conduct of the Catholic priesthood we simply quit the religion, even criticize and debate these "Holy Fathers."

[77] It doesn't matter what enlightenment is or isn't, the real answer as to "what is enlightenment" is that enlightenment is whatever spiritual knowledge I am comfortable with. Enlightenment is knowledge that confirms MY survival and comfort. And this is especially true in the United States when someone like Osama Bin Laden may never be on the cover of the magazine *What Is Enlightenment* even though he may be the spiritual hero of many in the Muslim World—even the Christian World.

[78] Islam is the spiritual practice of millions of people around the World, but millions of others refuse to see the TRUTH in its ways and principles. How can this be? What if the Truth is that all women should dress as Muslim women do, in full head-dress and clothing down to their feet, exposing as little as possible of their flesh in public? Would American and European women do the same? I don't think so; such a practice is simply not comfortable for them. And this is the point where, if GOD is not comfortable or convenient to us, we simply disregard GOD.

[79] It seems that the force that makes us free is the same force that enslaves us. Meaning that freedom seems to foster a feeling of "do what you <u>want to</u> do, not what you <u>have to</u> do." Well, finally I was next on line to be served by the cashier and the Truth hit me again! We are only willing to follow that which is fun and safe for us to follow. We are only willing to support that which immediately supports us. As American spiritualists plagued by our own chronic state of guilt, fear and denial and false history, we can never know that which we never had.

[80] In our present spiritual state we will probably never know GOD or true spiritual living simply because we never knew GOD or true spiritual living from the perspectives of others. Historically, we have created our own god according to our own commerce laws and anything that interferes with this system of thought is indeed criminal. And suddenly I gained enlightenment!

[81] "Next please," the cashier called out, and as I pulled out my $7.50 to purchase my copy of *What is Enlightenment* the Truth hit me again! What we call "spiritual living" is simply our own seeking to be accepted by whatever routine is powerful enough to sustain us individually and make us comfortable and mentally secure—that is the essence of American spirituality today.

[82] If the guy with the gun is Christian, then so am I. That IS today's enlightenment! This works for us because this is what's in power. We are not actually spending our lives seeking GOD, we are spending our lives staying out of the violent way of our oppressors, which includes pledging our allegiances to THEIR religions so that we are not killed, jailed or rendered unemployed.

[83] American enlightenment today seems to begin with what you are willing to accept as valuable insight, and value is usually placed upon personal security. It has nothing to do with what is true or what is real. Today's spiritual learning has more to do with who we are willing to accept as credible, and credibility is based upon material needs and political results.

[84] Most people don't approach their spiritual practice as a "child," or as a "tabula rasa" (blank tablet). Most people approach their spiritual life looking to satisfy their material needs—they want security. They don't really want to become a new being, to mature; they want to strengthen who they already are with a newer version of what they already know. Hip Hop's spiritual life CANNOT be about this kind of denial.

85 As seekers of Truth we must be seekers of Truth, not just seekers of political empowerment and/or financial security. Yes, we are advocates of Hip Hop's empowerment and security; we understand the importance of such material conditions, but let's get our priorities straight! As a temple for the advancement and preservation of Hip Hop, we advocate the seeking of that mysterious GOD-force that has guided and protected us thus far.

86 We are interested in the Truth of our being as Hiphoppas. We are seeking the face of GOD. We are ready to reconcile with our God and live for the comfort of OUR GOD. Yes, we can ease GOD's burdens. Yes, we can take care of GOD; don't you think it's about time? Let us stop asking GOD to solve our problems, and begin solving GOD's problems, beginning with our own immaturity and disobedience to GOD.

87 This is the uniqueness of Hip Hop's spiritual practices. It's the same concept delivered by President John F. Kennedy: Ask not what God can do for you, ask instead what you can do for GOD. We have realized that union with GOD is to love GOD as GOD has loved us. Return to GOD the care, cultivation and protection that GOD has shown us. This is not about how much money you have, or how politically powerful you are, or even how spiritually enlightened you may be. The question here is, how well do you care for GOD?

TRACK TWO

88 We (Hip Hop) are *a force* within THE FORCE. We are birthed from within GOD. GOD (the Divine Mother) is The Force, the unmanifested realm, the Great Event which WE live and have life within.

89 Many good-hearted and sincere citizens of the Hip Hop community have been tricked into believing that either GOD is weaker than the government or that GOD doesn't exist at all! Many actually believe that their jobs and their votes are actually above the existence of GOD! Many of us actually believe and live like this.

90 Through OUR OWN ACTIONS we confirm every day that our *outer* circumstances are actually more powerful and overwhelming to us than our *inner* reality, and it is this form of thinking, living and being that actually denies us access to OUR OWN GOD!

91 This particular problem begins when you stop believing in yourself, your principles and your own life history. GOD may not be the reality of others, but GOD is indeed your reality. And if you deny your reality for someone else's reality, then by your own mind you have freely given up your own power. This is how devils work!

92 We have seen now for many centuries that the work of devils is to get you to doubt yourself through fear and/or temptation. They really have no power over you and their strength is based upon illusions and fake images, so they must coerce, convince, lie and tempt you toward your own demise.

93 Devils cannot really harm you or kill you, so the work of devils is to get you to harm and/or kill your *Self!* Once you have forgotten who you really are, due to self-doubt and/or some form of terrorism, you actually will fight against what will free you and continue to accept what has enslaved you.

94 The main issue here is that the capitalistic European/American culture is simply NOT YOURS! This goes for our so-called White, Asian, Latino and Native sisters and brothers as well. GOD may not be the choice or character of those who seek to exploit you, but as for your very being, God may be your very identity. And the more you are convinced to deny your God-nature, the more you can be

led astray, enslaved and even killed.

95 As the great prophet Kwame Ture has taught, *In relationship to religious differences, Europe is dominantly intolerant. They've burned Jews at the stake, they've burned Christians at the stake, they've burned Muslims at the stake, they've burned nonbelievers at the stake, they've burned everybody at the stake!*

96 *The particular history of religion in Europe is different from everywhere in the World. Many of the Europeans here in America are here as a result of religious intolerance when they were fleeing Europe to come to America for what they called 'religious freedom.'*

97 *But the religious intolerance of Europe has scared the entire World, reaching its climax with Hitler and the Jews. When* [Karl] *Marx makes the statement that 'religion is the opiate of the masses', he's absolutely correct for Europe.*

98 *Thus, it is a fact that in Europe religion was used by the nations to confuse the people and to intoxicate the masses. We say that this is all true, but outside of Europe religion has been used to help the people as a civilizing force. Certainly if one knows anything about the history of Arabia, and the history of the prophet Muhammad, and the religion of Islam they will see that Islam came as a civilizing force!*

99 *So that here the relationship of the People to religion is different than it was in Europe. Marx and Lenin, when they think philosophical materialism, they make it atheistic. Thus, they impose upon people who want to be socialist that before you are socialist you must say that you don't believe in GOD.*

100 *Perhaps in Europe you can discuss this, but nowhere outside of Europe can you go and tell people that in order to be revolutionary you must say that GOD does not exist. Especially not these Africans because they believe in GOD!*

101 *When I went to work for the movement in the 1960s, the first thing the people tell you is 'if GOD ain't in this, I ain't! If GOD ain't leading this, we not gonna win this!' If you look at the African Liberation Movement and trace it, you will see that it was led by heroic African Christians like Martin Luther King. Even Malcolm X people forget was a Muslim minister. So the role of religion in the African revolution outside of Europe was entirely different.*

102 *Thus, you cannot take this* [European] *culture and try to impose it upon OUR people, they will not respond. They must respond to THEIR culture.*

103 Kwame Ture continued, *No one judges a system* [of thought] *by its appearance. All systems are judged by their principles, not by their believers. Who in this room judges Christianity by Christians?*

104 And this is the point right here. GOD belongs to us, just as much as we belong to GOD. WE AND THE GREAT SPIRIT ARE ONE! Yes, we live in GOD. The very air we breathe is GOD! And it is GOD that provides OUR consciousness. For us, GOD is the natural and normal fabric of everyday life. We exist in GOD as gods. This is our stolen legacy!

105 This is the only thing that has been stolen from us, KNOWLEDGE OF OUR TRUE NATURES. Once our children had their sacred rites, rituals and spiritual traditions taken away from them through terrorism, war and invasion over several generations, we simply forgot who we were. And when we forgot who we were, we forgot what we had and we simply gave everything else away through our own ignorance, infighting, betrayals, lusts and disunity.

106 If there is one solution to humanity's problem of disunity, betrayal and temptation, it is that WE MUST RETURN TO GOD! We must return to our God state of being. GOD is a human concept given freely to the World by enlightened human minds, and it is this concept that we must reclaim

again by reaffirming our identity as GOD's. The question is: are you African, Asian, European, Indian, Indigenous, or are you fully human? Are you a god?

107 Are you Black or are you human? Are you White or are you human? Do you live in a house, a home, a city, a nation, or do you live in GOD? GOD does not live in the *Spirit realm*, GOD is the *Spirit realm* itself. Human beings are actually Spirit beings, and the realm in which we live is GOD. Your reality is a reflection as to what your mind is doing with its access to GOD. Study this carefully.

108 The Truth is that YOU HAVE COME INTO THIS DIMENSION FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF BECOMING GOD! And if you notice, this has been our only crime throughout World history.

109 This has been the one criticism of those who wish to exploit our resources and enslave our children. They say, *Who are you to call yourself God?* And the reply is always the same: *Is it not written in your gospels that we are GOD's, that we belong to GOD?* And if we belong to GOD then we are from GOD—we are GOD's gods.

110 For only GOD's own can refuse GOD. Only GOD's gods can accept GOD. Only gods can communicate directly with GOD. For once you know who you belong to and who really cares for you, you rush to be with such a love. But if you don't know who you belong to, insecurity, anger and continuous worry are almost inevitable. So, who and/or what do you belong to?

111 WAKE UP! WAKE UP HIPHOPPA! You are only a young and inexperienced God. Your only enemy is ignorance and your only friend is knowledge. This is the Truth. The *force* that created you is the *force* that loves you, and that *force* is GOD. It is now time for you to expect the very real presence of GOD and live from within that presence. IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL! And this is your stolen legacy.

112 Know this. You are God in GOD! You are a co-creator in the creation. You have the power and the authority to create, re-create and change your reality at any time. THIS IS YOUR STOLEN LEGACY! You can become whoever or whatever you have the will to accept. You are truly a universal being.

113 Just think, you are not just a girl or a boy; you are also a woman or a man. And you are not just a woman or a man, you are also spirit. And you are not just spirit, you are also God. And you are not just God, you are GOD's. You belong to GOD, the light of eternal being!

114 The decision to create yourself or not create yourself rests within what you are willing to accept for yourself. YOU ARE WHO AND WHAT YOU CREATE YOUR *SELF* TO BE, and your reality is only the dimensions you've learned to see. Read this again until you fully understand what is being said here.

115 Yes you may be your father's daughter or your mother's son, but you are also who you are when you are not in their presence. You are actually many different actions and natures at once. Your identity is only the nature that you choose (or rather allow) to dominate your being.

116 Therefore, if we are to truly be and remain free as a *People* we must get serious about overcoming the World and its many traps and obstacles. We cannot be dependent upon the same World that we wish to free ourselves from; otherwise, where is our freedom?

117 We must act free to be free. And the ultimate act of freedom is SELF-CREATION, which is an act of God. To be free with the power to free others we must allow the nature (or name/title) of *God* to dominate our being. It is then that we return to our true nature in GOD which is the essence of freedom and peace.

118 WAKE UP! You are really none of the Worldly titles, natures and actions that you have come to accept for yourself. You become these identities to complete whatever task is before you. However,

in reality YOU ARE A UNIVERSAL BEING!

119 In fact, the only way that you can be so many different styles of people (mother/father, daughter/son, wife/husband, C.E.O./employee) completing so many different tasks at once is if you are truly universal in nature and multi-dimensional at the core of your being. A one-dimensional creature cannot do all of things that you do daily.

120 Begin to acknowledge that the real YOU belongs to the very fabric of the conscious universe itself. You may say that you are Black or White, etc.; you may say that you are African, European or American, but the Truth is that these titles and the natures that come with these titles are all your own personal choices.

121 The materials that create and sustain your physical body come from outer space, and your conscious awareness is of GOD. Nothing about YOU is material or limited. You are GOD's. You are Spirit. You are a being of and in the conscious universe. You are choosing to live the way that you are living—for better of for worse.

122 So I ask you, where did the little boy version of you go when you grew up? Where does your title of son or daughter go when you are not being a son or a daughter? Where do you put the titles that you are not presently using? Where does your job description go after work? Do you stop being a father when you sleep? When you put this instrument down to take a break do you stop being a reader? Not at all.

123 The answer here is that each of your titles/names coexists with all of your other titles/names all the time. They exist as part of your total being until you call one or two of them into your physical reality by choice. Simply by choosing or putting your focus upon any of your various names/titles you cause them to dominate your being, and thus your nature, and thus your reality. This is what makes things real for you.

124 For example, by becoming aware of your motherhood or by simply accepting your motherhood you instantly become a mother with motherly motivations and parenting powers. Likewise, it is because you no longer want to act like a child that you no longer act like a child, and in many ways you lose (or set aside) your childhood powers. Maturity is a matter of choice, and your choices are almost always a matter of mind.

125 Those who believe in the authenticity of Santa Claus create Santa Claus experiences for themselves by choice. Those who lend themselves to criminal activity usually end up with criminal results. So what if you got serious about your God-nature by choice? What if you seriously lent yourself to spiritual reality above your material conditions? What would be the quality of your life then?

126 The point here is that any lifestyle produces its own results. Therefore, those who truly seek spiritual awareness only need to lend themselves to that reality exclusively. This, however, seems to be very difficult for those living from day-to-day, check-to-check, week-to-week, in an urban environment. They say to themselves, how is this possible?

127 And the answer is that you choose your reality based upon the nature (or name) you decide to adopt as real. As an example, at this very moment you are a child and an old man/woman, a human being and a spirit being, a parent and a son/daughter right now. Right now you are choosing your reality. So who are you right now? A reader or God, or both!

128 Whatever nature you are experiencing right now is your decision to experience. In Truth, you are who and what you <u>think</u> you are. You are whatever you <u>tell</u> people you are. You are the story that you tell about yourself. You are what you <u>do</u> repeatedly. So why not think of yourself as a divine

being doing divine being things repeatedly? This decision is always yours to make. Why do human being when you can do spirit being?

129 Each title that you have accepted for yourself comes with certain duties and certain powers to accomplish its nature. Every title has a duty, every name has a nature, and every nature has a spirit which operates within certain spiritual laws. Your true spiritual nature is your *Law* and *Savior*. You just have to make your God a priority in your life and suddenly God appears! It's really that simple.

130 You are a location in GOD. You are a creative force, simple and plain. You are literally a place where GOD is. You are a cosmic event, not just the name on your birth certificate. Your real name is actually a cosmic address in space and time; it is where GOD is. You are where GOD is.

131 In all Truth, YOU ARE WHAT GOD IS DOING AND YOU ARE WHO GOD IS BEING RIGHT NOW. This is what you have forgotten. This is what is missing from your psychology. YOU are the return of God. YOU are the Madhi, the Buddha, the Christ! YOU are the second coming. You are who you've been waiting for. YOU are your savior as well as the savior of others.

132 You are exactly what you choose to see. So what do YOU see? We have come to remind you that you are the God of your life, the lord of your world, the Mayor of your *Inner City*. You are the Law of your life. And when you truly know this and act from this psychology, you shall enter the spirit realm and inherit the ability to create and/or re-create your material reality.

133 But remember, GOD (the divine substance that you are immersed in) is thinking with you. And on a deeper level, you are really doing nothing at all. All thoughts and actions are GOD's. You become a co-creator because of your disobedience or spiritual distance to GOD.

134 You choose to create with GOD as opposed to allowing GOD to create with you. If you would finally realize that ALL is GOD moving, thinking and acting, you would gain enlightenment and cease the fighting against yourself as a co-creator.

135 Many metaphysicians make the grave mistake of thinking that it is their thoughts alone that create their reality, that if they simply control their thinking they can control their lives. This is partially true; however, the problem is the concept of control.

136 The Truth is that you are not the only one thinking. GOD is a real thinking being! And if you use the GOD-*force* to conjure up a thought that is contrary to GOD's real harmony, GOD will shut your thinking down! GOD will override your intentions for your own protection. This is real!

137 To really control your life, you must stop trying to control your life. Create your thoughts ending with the phrase "*GOD willing*."

138 It is now time to RETAKE YOUR UNDERSTANDING AND RESTORE YOUR PERCEPTION! YOU are the author of YOUR life and YOUR identity, and GOD is the publisher and distributor. You actually think through GOD. This is your STOLEN LEGACY RESTORED!

TRACK THREE

139 Because of the Jewish, Christian, Muslim, Hindu, New Age, New Thought, Buddhist, Wicca and even Atheist popularity within the inner cities of the United States, Hiphoppas have approached their concept of GOD in the same way that they (we) have approached their (our) music production. We have *sampled* a variety of faiths to discover a spiritual experience that seems to work for us.

140 In my time, Hiphoppas seem to approach GOD as a Conscious Mind present in human beings and physical nature, the source of all life and values (Theism).

141 We are not GOD, yet in our higher *Selves* we are God (Humanism). Collectively, we believe in the one supreme creator that is called by many names, a self-existent Spirit that is the source of all creation (Monotheism).

142 We also believe that GOD is separate from the World (Deism) yet we also believe GOD to emanate through and as Nature, still remaining distinct from it (Panentheism).

143 Hiphoppas also believe that GOD is unknowable (Agnostic Realism) yet we rely upon our intuitive apprehension of spiritual Truth (Gnosticism) to understand the activity of God. Overall, Hiphoppas collectively believe all of this at the same time. We have found the *Way* that harmonizes most of the World's approaches to GOD.

144 Some Hiphoppas lean more toward one or another of these approaches toward GOD, but collectively the modern *Hiphop* spiritual experience manages to harmonize all of the above *-isms* and more.

145 For us (templists), spirituality is about becoming all that we were intended to be. We approach GOD through the symbolism and natural history of Hip Hop. As attuned Hiphoppas (templists), *Hiphop* is practiced as a particular way of seeing the World, one's self and others.

146 Generally, Hiphoppas read the Bible, the Koran, the Torah, the Bhagavad Gita, the teachings of Buddha and other spiritual teachings all at the same time. Hiphoppas practice Yoga and read all sorts of New Age and New Thought materials.

147 We seem to have developed our understanding of spiritual reality from the combination of all of these *paths*, teachings and holy texts, yet as a way of life we belong to none of them exclusively. It is like we (Hiphoppas) read these texts not to become them but to search and develop the Spirit that we already feel inside. Generally, we look for ourselves and our understanding of GOD within spiritual texts.

148 For Hiphoppas, God and Satan, angels and demons are actually the character and actions of human beings themselves. Commonly (because of the influence of the Five Percenters), Hiphoppas have called themselves *Gods* and their oppressors *Devils*. However, Hiphoppas are less concerned with proving the actual existence of God as we are more concerned with the usefulness of the term *God* in our everyday lives. What does the term *God* mean to us?

149 The Temple of Hip Hop speaks of GOD not only as the Love that guides and protects us, but also as an event, a happening, a cosmic intelligence that the true you is indeed an event of. You are GOD's force operating in the material World, and the force that is operating in and upon the material World IS GOD.

150 The very realm or environment which we Spirit beings live within <u>is</u> an aware and intelligent being itself. It is a conscious happening, a going on, a living event.

151 This being (GOD) is actually a great cosmic event which loves us because it is Love itself! It cares for us, teaches us, and feeds us because it (the *Great Event, the <u>G</u>reat <u>O</u>neness <u>D</u>eity <u>G</u>uiding <u>O</u>ur <u>D</u>irection*) is the actual concept of Care, of Teaching and of Feeding in and of itself. It (GOD) actually does nothing, yet it actually is everything. It has no activity yet it is actually the only thing <u>G</u>oing <u>O</u>n <u>D</u>aily!

152 In fact, the term *GOD* is not the name of this great event. Neither is *Great Event* the name of this great event. All names ascribed to this chaotic oneness event are both false and true. You can call the Great Event anything you like and it will be true for you, but it will not be the Truth. The Truth is beyond names, terms and titles. In fact, it is through such word symbols as "GOD" that we organize our perception toward what we believe the G-O-D word symbol to mean.

153 However, in Truth the Great Event (or Oneness) has no name. It just is! All the names given to this Great Oneness Deity are actually titles and terms that we ascribe to it so that we may talk about specific parts of it. But in reality there are no specific *parts* to it. All is one event—the great unified field!

154 Names and terms are for human intelligence. They help us bring order to the seemingly chaotic World in which we live. However, in Truth it is actually impossible to name an event that is not separate from anything else. In fact, when you name the great oneness you are stopping yourself from experiencing it in and as everything else—including yourself.

155 This act gives the great chaotic oneness the form you desire in the time and space that you are in. You are limiting GOD to your particular time and space created by your own individual need to survive when in reality GOD is everywhere. Take a moment and really try to comprehend the concept of this; all things being one thing, all things being GOD, including you.

156 YES, GOD LOVES HIP HOP! And the good news is that we CAN have direct access to GOD as Hiphoppas. To know GOD, we no longer have to rely upon the spiritual symbolism and theological interpretations of others foreign to OUR life experiences. Our God is a graffiti writer that writes upon the hearts and minds of all true seekers of Truth!

157 Let us stop disrespecting and doubting our God while praising the gods of other communities foreign to our life experiences. The Gospel of Hip Hop introduces a discipline that commits Hiphoppas to the process of being human and makes Hiphoppas aware that deep within themselves (even beyond the quantum level) can be found the answers to the whole puzzle of life itself.

158 By looking within and truly acknowledging the presence of the GOD that loves US, we connect ourselves to OUR God which is our Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth—the H-LAW of our lives. Our God is compassionate and nurturing toward the development of Hiphop Kulture. Our God is a divine DJ who mixes, cuts and scratches life itself! The Gospel of Hip Hop is simply a divine *mixtape*! And know this. LOVE IS THE MESSAGE!

159 We teach that one's commitment to one's God begins with one's earnest commitment toward one's *Self.* In one's earnest commitment toward the development of one's *Self*, one finally begins to take one's *Self* seriously. This is the beginning of discipline and righteous living.

160 Stop playing games with your *Self!* Take your *Self* seriously! Value your *Self!* For if you do not value and/or take your *Self* seriously, no one else will either—including God!

161 Sometimes we must be reminded that *Self* is beautiful! Self (YOU) is indestructible, immeasurable, timeless and enduring; it does not live because the body lives and it does not die because the body dies.

162 The real You has no name, no ethnicity, no career and no religion. These are called the *coats* that you have put on top of *Self* to do the work that actualizes your purpose. Even the coat of Hip Hop is a decision that the real YOU (*Self*) made to actualize your purpose. Even if you are born Hip Hop, at some point YOU must still decide to BE *Hiphop.*

163 The *Self* (the true You) is not physical like the body. It (You) lives in a realm where everything is possible. Everything is happening at once. Everything is happening now! It is the true You, the real You that decides upon the ordered reality in which your physical body is going to live and operate.

164 The real You is Spirit, and You exist within the Spirit realm which for human intelligence is a realm of chaos where there is no separation of things, distance or time. Everything is going on at once. Labels, names, distance and time do not actually exist here in the *Spirit realm.* These things are created so that WE can create the reality that WE desire.

165 The Truth is, you are actually a spirit being acting like a human being. And because you choose to be human, you accept the conditions of being human. In fact, this is the essence of the choice that YOU have made; you have voluntarily decided to experience the human condition. This is what makes you human.

166 But what if you seriously decided to accept a different condition? This is what helping one's self is all about. It's about choosing the right conditions for your own spiritual growth. Remember, you are born free! You are free to choose the reality you desire. HELP YOUR SELF!

167 God helps those who help themselves and those who help themselves help God. Most people believe their God needs no help, so they ignore their responsibility to actively participate in the further manifestation of their God in the physical realm.

168 For it is through us that GOD enters the physical World. In fact, it is through us that all things spiritual or non-material come into physical manifestation. We pick and choose from the infinite chaos what shall become physical and what shall remain non-physical. However, because of the fear and doubt we learn in public school education many people go on living limited lives because they do not believe in THEIR ability to assist something deeper than themselves.

169 Know this. By fulfilling your purpose you assist your God and by assisting your God you assist your purpose. Likewise, by helping others, you help your God; and by helping your God, you ultimately help your *Self*. Even further, by living a righteous life one raises and strengthens one's God-like abilities; this leads to victory over the streets.

170 Whether you believe or you do not believe your God, simply living a righteous and disciplined life minimizes your own suffering in life. Righteousness and discipline are simply the best foundations for continued Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth while living in the city.

171 Know this. You do not have to believe of GOD in order to live a righteous and disciplined life. Nor must you believe of GOD to be a morally sound human being. Nor does a religious belief of GOD make you morally sound. However, whether you believe of the presence of GOD, or you do not, evil thoughts and ways will only bring you suffering.

172 In Truth, acts of morality and righteousness simply prevent depression, guilt, anxiety, fear, doubt, etc., in your own life. For when you know that you have lived and are living right, such a knowing prevents guilt, insecurity, low self-esteem and all other mental hindrances that arise out of undisciplined and immoral living. It is just that simple.

173 GOD does not require your belief. It is you who require or don't require a belief IN GOD! Know this. GOD is not mocked! But when you finally decide to truly live within the presence of GOD, morality and righteousness, Health, Love, Awareness, Wealth, peace, etc. automatically manifest in your life. For it is the actual presence of GOD that brings your life into discipline and righteousness.

174 For us, the existence of Hip Hop proves the existence of GOD's presence within us and around us. For it is GOD's actual presence that disciplines the life of the believer. Others can believe whatever they have the understanding for. But the existence of Hip Hop proves for all Hiphoppas that there is a divine intelligence looking out for us, and to walk in this intelligence we must become more like this intelligence. We must voluntarily accept the conditions of Divine Mind if we are to be *down* with its laws/conditions.

175 Know this. To truly walk within GOD we must walk like God. We must finally acknowledge that God is actually here! We must decide to walk in Spirit and in Truth. We must finally decide to give a divine performance, which is a performance of and in Spirit. We must begin to observe our thoughts and emotions, not become them or helplessly act them out. As Hiphoppas we must learn to

USE our minds correctly if we are to preserve OUR way of life, OUR arts and OUR cultural traditions. We must condition ourselves to the real conditions of God. As leaders we must become Spirit beings observing the physical World.

176 For in Spirit our ultimate expectations of ourselves disappear. We expect the unexpected. Not that we do not set goals, but that we clearly understand that GOD is the opener and the closer, the promoter and the headliner in every arena of the attuned Hiphoppa's life. We live a spiritually guided life. As a performance, our lives should draw the applause of GOD. But first, we must decide that OUR God is truly with us now—at this very moment.

177 We must adopt the true personality of God which is already felt within OUR being. For when you actually walk the true path of spiritual awakening, seeking GOD on your own, you automatically fall in line with the principles of all holy books. In fact, you see them clearer. As an example, Christians taught us the "Golden Rule" which was to *do unto others as you would have done unto yourself*. However, when you actually walk such a path you learn that you cannot treat people the way you would like to be treated because everyone wants to be treated differently; everyone has their own preferences as to how they want to be treated. What is good for one can be bad for another, and vice versa.

178 Therefore, after walking such a path we have learned that *do unto others as you would have done unto yourself* might be an inaccurate translation. The true statement for those who actually walk such a path is, *do unto others as they would do unto themselves.* In other words, treat people the way THEY want to be treated. Do not judge anyone's life, or ways, or character; simply treat people the way THEY want to be treated which will be evident by the conditions and traditions of their lives. This can be called the "Platinum Rule."

179 As Hiphoppas we need a new spiritual story—one that matches our lives today. We know where God is, we are just too ashamed and too afraid to approach God because of the guilt that we have been trained to accept through the stories our parents have been forced (at gunpoint) to believe! Those days are over! We must now begin to expect the power of OUR God to rescue us from the residue of American slavery and terrorism. The Hip Hop solution to such residue and terrorism is simply SELF-CREATION!

180 Together as a Hip Hop community we must call out to OUR GOD! We must begin to appreciate OUR OWN GOD FORCE which is the force behind OUR collective consciousness which is called HIP HOP! For when you appreciate something you get more of it. So let us appreciate GOD!

181 The law of the universe is that you attract more of what you like and of what you dislike simply by acknowledging the existence of the thoughts that YOU create. Therefore, as a community let us begin to appreciate GOD, OURSELVES and OUR HIP HOP REALITY! As a growing community we must call out to OUR divine nature which is God.

182 This is done not only by simply calling out to GOD through an earnest prayer that comes from the sincere cry of your heart. Here, calling on your God has to do with walking in the Spirit (personality/nature) of GOD. This walk is an act of self-creation, self-direction, self-control—a divine performance.

183 When the attuned Hiphoppa walks in Spirit, that Hiphoppa's God is being called into her life without any specific prayer, affirmation or meditation.

184 Here, the attuned Hiphoppa no longer tries to make things happen through prayer, affirmation and/or meditation. Here, the attuned Hiphoppa simply recognizes and truly acknowledges the presence and power of GOD everywhere, and effortlessly unexpected and miraculous situations

suddenly occur!

185 It is at this stage of spiritual development that good things just happen in the life of the attuned Hiphoppa. And as far as the universe is concerned, such a Hiphoppa is indeed *down by* universal *law*. Such is the result of the Divine Performance, and it is this performance that declares one's *victory over the streets*.

186 I am talking about winning all kinds of battles; conquering all obstacles and enemies with ease and moving at the speed of life! I am talking about attaining an aura of authority that has the law enforcement of any city eager to protect and serve your well-being.

187 I am talking about attaining and maintaining the true respect of the People. I am talking about prolonged Health, true Love, creative Awareness, and uninterrupted Wealth! I am talking about unexpected opportunities that are impossible to plan, yet effortlessly produced and received.

188 I am talking about real freedom! Freedom to re-create one's self. Freedom from the work-force. Freedom from inadequate and outdated education. Freedom from stress, depression, anxiety and guilt. Freedom from oppression! Freedom to set aside time for yourself and for those that you truly love.

189 I'm talking about protection even when you don't know that you are being protected, fighting without physical harm, teaching without planned lessons, healing without cures, communication without speaking. These are the results of *Hiphop's* Divine Performance.

190 It is here that we move from *mind* to *Spirit*, from *revolutionary* to *revelationary*, from *knowledge* to *wisdom*. It is here that we learn to overcome our worldly thinking and submit the natural-self to the divine-*Self*.

191 When this decision is made, calling on your God (your divine nature) is no longer necessary. Your God is always with you. You are aware now that GOD is never separate from you. You acknowledge now that the great chaotic oneness (GOD) is so much more than a *He* or a *She* that is distant from one's *Self*.

192 You now experience GOD as a happening—a process, a going on, a *Great Event* that exists just beyond or behind the material World, animating everything you perceive with your senses. It is here that your thinking and acting come into harmony with your God!

193 For we truly realize now that there is only GOD vibrating at different levels of consciousness, manifesting different forms of matter and life circumstances. However, all of it is *the Great Event* and YOU are a conscious part of that universal chaotic event!

194 As a being of Light, a consciously aware Spirit, the attuned Hiphoppa is full of God's Spirit and is led by GOD's Will. For it is when we become aware of our inheritance of the love of GOD, that we are truly at peace. We know who we belong to; we know were we are from.

195 What can truly upset you when you truly know that the infinite, nurturing mind of the universe and all reality actually loves and believes in you? Sadness and/or depression can only occur when we are ignorant of, or simply deny, this Truth. Be grateful for the victories in your life; they are truly the works of God.

196 GOD (the *Great Event*) is life. GOD is Truth. GOD is Love. GOD is Light. Therefore, wherever God is, there is Life, Truth, Love, Light and You!

197 In truly knowing this we are forever in joy and peace. In knowing this, we love ourselves not for the sake of self, but for the sake of GOD's love for us! We commit to ourselves not for the sake of self, but for the sake of GOD's commitment to us. How can we not love what GOD loves? And how

can we not be committed to what GOD is committed to? How can we not value what GOD values? GOD values us!

198 Imagine: GOD is committed to YOU, but you are committed to everything else, including GOD. This is disharmony. How can you truly have peace? How can you truly feel joyous? If the GOD of the universe is committed to YOU, why then are you not committed to YOU? If GOD is committed to your well-being, why are YOU so committed to GOD? Shouldn't you be committed to your *Self*, meaning your own well-being?

199 Focus your attention where GOD's attention is, and you shall be in harmony with your God. GOD loves you, so you should love you as well. Your God is teaching you, so you should be teaching you as well. Your God is guiding, protecting and depending upon You, so you should be deeply engaged in guiding, protecting and depending upon you as well.

200 You are what the universe is doing. The intelligence of the universe is not focused upon the intelligence of the universe. The intelligence of the universe is focused on YOU! Focus your attention upon GOD's attention, and there you shall find peace, prosperity, purpose and joy.

201 Know this. The love we feel for ourselves and for others radiates from the presence of GOD within our very being! For when love is expressed GOD is expressed. When Truth is expressed GOD is expressed. Truth, compassion, charity and mercy are all God-like behaviors. When the Hiphoppa performs these virtues such a Hiphoppa is being God-like. Such an image and likeness IS the GOD-force declaring its *victory over the streets!*

TRACK FOUR

202 RISE UP! You are God in GOD, the I manifested, or ((((I)))). You are the ((((I)))) in the eye manifesting what you choose to see and call "I." YOU CREATE YOUR REALITY, GOD WILLING! You are the I that is *am*-ing or (((( ))))-ing, aiming, creating, manifesting, etc. through your physical senses. So what is your aim (your a-I-m)? What are you *am*-ing for? What is your "I" *am*-ing? What is your "I" doing? What are you making?

203 Know this. ((((I)))) becomes what ((((I)))) sees. You are what your I sees, not what your eyes see. In many ways you are called I *sees* or *Isis*—the IS that is, the existence that exists. Here, the path toward spiritual awareness and existence reveals itself when you begin to see by way of your ((((I)))) and not only by way of your eyes. You are ((((I)))).

204 Your I is a sight, a perception, a state of being. You can see clearer with your I than with your eyes. Your eyes are created by your I for the purpose of seeing dualities in GOD—the Great Event. The eyes are the lenses of the divine ((((I)))). They are the special lenses that dim the bright light of Truth and reality so that ((((I)))) may create the material reality ((((I)))) desires for I.

205 We have eyes so that we may give form to light-energy. In Truth, we are playing with the light that we are. We are playing with GOD, and our eyes are one of the instruments that reveal the classroom of the material World to our understanding.

206 Your physical senses are your spiritual toys, your spiritual weapons and your spiritual learning instruments all wrapped up in one magnificent manifestation which reveals itself according to the consciousness of the possessor.

207 ((((I)))) is YOUR portion of GOD. So what are you creating (seeing/accepting) with your portion of GOD? What is your ((((I)))) becoming? Ask yourself right now, my ((((I)))) is what? ((((I))))-*am*-what? What *am* (or aim) is ((((I)))) doing? What is the ((((I)))) in your eye creating

for the ((((I)))), or rather YOU?

208 Well, my ((((I)))) creates and sustains *Hip Hop!* Before Hip Hop became what it is today my ((((I)))) saw it, and when I perceived the thought of my ((((I)))), my two I's (eyes) were opened. One is a creator, the other is created; the I in I, the spiritual ((((I)))) within the mind's I which directs the physical eyes.

209 This duality creates the sight of our *eyes* and the perception of our minds. However, in Truth there is no separation in ((((I)))). ((((I)))) creates what happens to I. ((((I)))) does what is happening to I.

210 But for I to truly understand the spiritual manifestations of ((((I)))), I must live what ((((I)))) create(s). And the living of one's creations without the knowledge of one's true self-nature in GOD begins one's habitual bondage to one's own creations and the beginning of the *I*'s spiritual blindness and misery. The *I* no longer *sees*, the *I* no longer *is*.

211 What the ((((I)))) becomes is whatever the *I* is told. If the *I* accepts the title of Black, or White, or Red, or Brown, or Yellow as its personal racial identity then that is what the ((((I)))) becomes. *I* becomes what *I* thinks, and what the I thinks creates physical reality for the *I*. Hip Hop is evidence of the power of ((((I)))).

212 I is God, and ((((*am*)))) is what God is doing. The expression of I is its ((((*am*)))). Hip Hop is a creation of what I ((((am)))) doing.

213 I (God) am (manifesting) Hip Hop (Law). Hip Hop is the Law of every Hiphoppa's life. It is the condition of the Hiphoppa. It is what we allow ourselves to be. Hip Hop is the Law of our lives. It is OUR WAY. Others are governed by other Laws and Ways and Conditions, but Hip Hop is our Law and Way and Condition. And we must never break our own laws. For the breaking of our own laws is the destruction of our own being.

214 Hip Hop is what God is being and doing to us. Hip Hop is what the ((((I)))) is being and doing to the *I*. "I am Hip Hop" means *I am the Law of my life, I create my own conditions and circumstances.* With this knowledge I am FREE!

215 The meaning of the *Hiphop* life is to perfect one's self and to do that which transforms one into God. The purpose of the *Hiphop* life is to exercise the full potentials of our brains and minds so that we may reunite consciously with GOD.

216 SELF-CREATION IS FREEDOM. In fact, self-creation is the ultimate state of freedom. If you can become whatever you desire, then slavery, lost history, sickness, ignorance and poverty are all the choices of an uninformed mind (or a mind not-in-form).

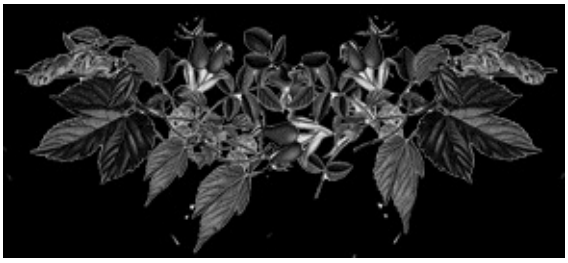
217 Your *Hiphop* spiritual path begins with you learning how to create and guide thought; beginning with your own. You are what you think of repeatedly. Therefore, the *Hiphop* spiritual path begins with a faith in our own existence as *Hiphoppas.*

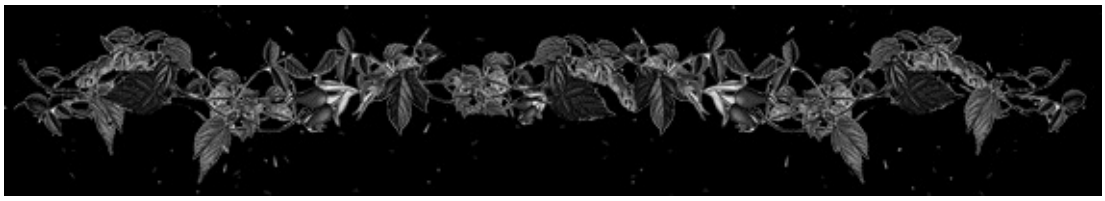
218 First, we must learn to honor ourselves and our Hip Hop history. We must truly honor Hip Hop and respect ourselves as *Hiphoppas*. This peace, this love and this unity are what create our *Hiphop Kulture*. This is our faith. We believe in the divinity of Hip Hop. We believe in GOD's love for us as Hiphoppas. As Templists, we don't use Hip Hop, we care for and cultivate it.

219 Here, you must finally stop doubting your Self and realize your limitlessness within Hip Hop. For when your inner-Truth is louder than your outer-circumstances you have learned to live and walk in your Hip Hop spirit reality.

220 This is what it means to be attuned, an attuned Hiphoppa; it means to express God, the self-

created. THIS IS YOUR STOLEN LEGACY RESTORED! There it is.





THE SEVENTEENTH OVERSTANDING

THE TEMPLE OF HIP HOP

1 Peace and much love to all true and attuned members of the Temple of Hip Hop. Be encouraged by this Overstanding; it is your true heritage. In my time (your past) the creation of a free and prosperous Hip Hop nation is simply too much for people to comprehend. For whatever reason they are afraid of the idea, and this is why we have formed our private society to discuss, plan and encourage those Hiphoppas that can comprehend such a vision.

2 Originally, I wanted everyone who was participating in Hip Hop to enjoy the fruits of my research. But as I naively began to express the fact that "Rap is something we do, Hip Hop is something we live," and that "you are not just doing Hip Hop, you are Hip Hop," and that "Hip Hop is a new culture, a new civilization, a new people upon the earth," many sincere and good-hearted Rap fans began to accuse me of everything from wanting to "own Hip Hop" to "starting a cult." Because of this, I stopped trying to openly convince the Hip Hop community that it was so much more than a form of entertainment, and with my friend Professor Z, I formed the Temple of Hip Hop.

3 When ancient "People" decided to create a sacred space to have a building or even a whole city constructed upon it, they sent for special priests who were able to interpret the spiritual meaning of the site and the times. Ancient Rome followed this same practice with priests known as "augurs" who specialized in prophetically interpreting signs. Most of Rome's important buildings or spaces had to be "inaugurated" by an augur.

4 The *augur* would delineate a section of the earth or sky that was then called a "templum." When a temple or any important structure was built, it was built in that ritually outlined space (a *templum*). The word *templum* itself is cognate with the Greek *temnein* meaning to cut, in this case "to cut off " with boundaries. In ancient Rome this was all the work of augurs who would ritually outline sacred spaces for state functions to take place.

5 When the Temple of Hip Hop was established in 1996, I envisioned a spiritual/cultural *templum* in Hip Hop's space-time reality. Just as portions of the earth and sky are delineated as sacred spaces in physical reality, the Temple of Hiphop is a delineated space in Hip Hop's cultural and perceptual reality. In a poem that appears on the *I Got Next* album, I stated, *The big brother watching over you is a lie ya see, Hip Hop can build its own secret society! But first you and I got to unify, stop the niggativity and control our creativity!*

6 When I realized that I was not just doing Hip Hop but that I was Hip Hop itself, I also realized the reality that came along with such a realization. I began to perceive my physical World through a heightened sense of purpose and duty. I no longer wanted to "use" hip-hop, I now wanted to care for and nurture Hip Hop. I wanted to protect Hip Hop's reputation as if it were my own. I literally united with the idea of Hip Hop and gained an insight, a power, a new understanding as to how I could actually live my life, and it is WONDERFUL!

7 When I realized my true self as Hiphop, I gained certain abilities that came with the acceptance of the Hiphop nature. My freestyle got sharper! My rhyme-writing abilities intensified to the point where I was doing 14-song albums in a couple of days! My live emcee performances became the livest in the touring market; very few rappers even wanted to go onstage after me—the energy was too great!

8 When I surrendered to my true nature as Hiphop, certain Hip Hop doors began to open for me.

My popularity went up! My “I Am Hip Hop” tour merchandise became “hood favorites,” complete with knock-offs and bootlegs in every State. In fact, Black Entertainment Television created a whole “I Am Hip Hop” Lifetime Achievement Award presentation within their BET Awards production, which Grandmaster Flash received in 2006 and I received in 2007.

9 The point to all of this is that when I took on the spirit of Hiphop, my outer-reality magically transformed to fit my inner-nature. I discovered the reality of peace, love, unity and safely having fun as an attuned Hiphoppa even while others were experiencing conflict, hatred, disunity and depression in my same environment. Saddened by this, I would try to accept certain people as apprentices and even rent spaces in various cities to teach the results of my revelations, but most people just wanted to start or expand their Rap careers, or get some money, or just stand next to me so that they could brag about the fact that they knew KRS ONE. These were very frustrating times for me.

10 Realizing that I might be *ahead of my time*, I began to write for YOU, my future. I began to see that it was not I alone who was to establish our Hip Hop nation, it was YOU, my future, many of whom are not even born yet. I can never claim to be better than anyone else or above anyone else, but when our children look back upon Hip Hop’s real history, what shall they see? How are we guiding the hundreds of generations that are to come after us? Sometimes I wonder, is this even important to anyone besides myself?

11 Not everyone ponders these questions or their role in the creation of Hip Hop’s real history and heritage, but many of us do. I do, and I know that I am not the only one who feels this way. Those of us who do *think very deeply* about the past, present and future states of Hip Hop as an internationally celebrated urban culture and lifestyle eventually join the Temple of Hip Hop. Our society practices Hiphop as consciousness in an effort to establish Hip Hop as a nation. Our role today is to be the nation that we would like to see.

12 Our role today is to think and act like the nation we desire our children to live within. Here, we envision an urban spiritual movement that brings awareness to the rejected, awakens the minds of those without guidance, saves our people from their own errors in life and restores them to spiritual maturity—in peace. Not with judgment and criticism, but with a sincere care for those who simply do not know or have forgotten spiritual law.

13 We believe and perceive in GOD. The Temple of Hiphop continues to investigate, preserve and promote the reality and nature of GOD through the language and culture of Hip Hop. We exist to interpret and teach the spiritual reality of Hip Hop itself as well as Hip Hop’s relation to the divine. The Temple of Hip Hop does not induce mystical experiences, it acknowledges them.

14 With GOD’s guidance, we teach healing through awareness, rehabilitation through Truth, and peace through purpose. The authenticity and trueness of our teachings are based upon its compatibility with the apprentice’s own heart. You will know if you are part of our nation by the feeling that such an idea gives you.

15 With GOD’s guidance we envision a Hip Hop society that empowers itself through a heightened level of spiritual skill and a unified comprehension of its own cultural principles and codes—one that would teach its people to live beyond the material World and their own physical senses, cravings, wants, desires, etc., in an effort to experience a heightened level of health, love, awareness, wealth and most of all—Truth.

16 Hiphoppas who commit to the teachings of the Temple of Hiphop join a community of like-minded people who practice Hip Hop beyond entertainment. Temple Members help one another through the obstacles of life. We protect one another. We advise one another. We respect one another. We love one another. We support one another. Such is our strength. And it will take this strength to

develop and sustain our nation.

17 Our ministry/society is not a fan club, nor a recording or fashion corporation. The Temple of Hiphop is not even a physical place, it is an international Hip Hop preservation Ministry, Archive, School and Society (M.A.S.S.).

18 As a ministry, we promote the divinity of Hip Hop and its culture. We seek to relieve human suffering through an awareness of useful spiritual knowledge. We are a self-realization ministry. We believe that GOD speaks through one's true purpose in life.

19 As an archive, we seek to collect, document and promote Hip Hop's spiritual and material experiences in the World. Our aim is to continue developing our traveling Hip Hop exhibits and official Hip Hop museum/archive for the remembrance and study of Hip Hop's history, art and culture. We intend to edutain the public as to Hip Hop's spiritual first causes and material effects beyond music entertainment.

20 As a school, we seek to teach *Hiphop*, *Hip Hop* and *hip-hop* to all interested apprentices/students. We believe that a good education does not prepare you for the job market exclusively. We believe that a good education helps you to realize and perfect your true life purpose. Such an education helps YOU to become a better YOU.

21 Finally, as a Hiphop society we seek to preserve Hip Hop's original causes. Whether it is with skill, influence, knowledge, art and/or money, as a society our existence and activity insure Hip Hop's proper documentation in World history. Temple Members silently help one another through the challenges of life. Without advertising the fact that we are Temple Members, our aim is to silently relieve human suffering whenever and wherever possible. Temple Members are those Hiphoppas who share a basic thirst for Truth and an unshakable love for Hip Hop.

22 Like our society, our nation is not is not a physical place. Yes, we shall establish a physical landmass for our nation, but in reality our nation is an attitude, a behavior, a collective consciousness that transcends race, religion, nationality and economic class. The borders of our nation are psychological; we limit ourselves to the title of *Hip Hop* or *Hiphop* so that we may recognize each other by name and nature.

23 We are not of that hired circle; we are of that Higher Circle. We are not *fee* women and men; we are *free* women and men. Even when we have jobs to do or employment to hold on to, we are still not trapped in the environment of corporate busy-ness (business) where one goes along with injustice and continues corporate exploitation with the statement *I'm just doing my job!* We remain free and self-directed! We are Hip Hop! We help people wherever and whenever we can.

24 Our temple houses our God, and in GOD we trust. Our spiritual goals include getting out of our own way so that God may manifest through us. The Temple of Hip Hop leads Hiphoppas toward God and the divinity of Hip Hop's culture, not toward itself. The Temple of Hiphop is a spiritual Hip Hop movement concerned with overcoming the obstacles and temptations of "street" life and institutional entrapment and sabotage. As the sacred seal of our temple depicts, our vision and motto is "VICTORY OVER THE STREETS!"

25 Our great seal, with its 40 berries signifying the authority to teach, its streetlight in the background where Hip Hop first received power, its nine sun rays representing Hip Hop's nine elements, and the son holding a boom box symbolizing Hip Hop's social victory through simple and widely used technology, all come together to remind future members of the Temple of Hip Hop the meaning and purpose of our institution.

26 Our sacred seal shows the divine mother holding her son's hand in victory over the oppressive

and unjust circumstances of urban life. Standing upon four steps (or stages) signifying the foundations of health, love, awareness and wealth, the appearance of the great goddess in our seal pays homage and respect to the millions of single mothers, wives, grandmothers and "big sisters" who cared for, taught and protected the early Hip Hop community and assisted us in becoming who we are today. Thanks Mom, and that's forever (M.O.M.—Mind Over Matters).

27 The divine mother (the feminine/creative principle within all of humanity) standing next to her divine child (Hip Hop) symbolizes the maturity of divine ideas in our time. In the past the "Mother of God" was shown as a mother cuddling and holding her infant child close to her bosom. She was called the "Madonna" and her son was the "Christ." Our modern interpretation of this ancient motif depicts Madonna's son as Hip Hop and now mature enough to stand upon his own two feet.

28 The symbol of the great mother standing on the right raising her son's left hand up in victory over the streets symbolizes righteousness over corruption. This symbol celebrates the unity of our culture and acknowledges the support of our parents. The symbol "H" in the center of the sun celebrates both the divinity of Hip Hop as well as the life-giving sun which is mostly composed of hydrogen.

29 The symbol of "H" in the center of the sun also signifies the union and balance between Spirit and Science. The nine stars in the background sky represent Hip Hop's nine elements. However, the stars and the sun appearing at the same time symbolizes Hip Hop's ability to operate in the day or night, meaning, through good times as well as through bad times, whether events are favorable or unfavorable, Hip Hop's divine nature is always at work.

30 This same symbol of the stars and the sun in the sky together also celebrates Hip Hop's balance between positive and negative forces, even good and evil forces. In addition, such a symbol shows respect to the metaphysical meaning of "light" as Truth, Knowledge, Wisdom and Awareness.

31 Surrounding our great seal is a wreath of medicinal herbs, symbolizing inspiration and the origins of human awareness. Also within our wreath are rose "hips" and barley "hops," which not only characterize Hip Hop's plentiful harvest (its prosperity) but also symbolize the *cultivation, care, attention* and *worship* of the *intelligent movement*.

32 Rose "hips" and barley "hops" symbolize for Hiphoppas the *seed* (hips) of the new *vine* or *way* (hops). As mentioned earlier, *Hip Hop* is the *seed* of a new *vine* (the new people/the new way). The Temple of Hip Hop simply acknowledges and documents this *new way.*

33 Over the years building our temple we've noticed a recurrence of the number 9. We've noticed our 9 elements being taught in 9 months, our 18 Divine Performances, our 18 Hip Hop Declaration of Peace principles, and the 18 characters of our title T-E-M-P-L-E-O-F-H-I-P-H-O-P-1-9-9-6 which appears on our sacred seal (8 + 1 = 9). We also noticed the fact that the Gospel of Hip Hop itself was completed in 2009 which not only equals 11, the date Kool DJ Herc played his first party for his sister Cindy (August 11, 1973), but 2009 is approximately 36 years from 1973, the birth year of Hip Hop (3 + 6 = 9). Remaining consistent with the numbers 9 and 18, young teachas are advised to accept apprentices in such manners. When starting your Hip Hop ministry teach only up to 9 apprentices who are over the age of 18.

34 And this is our mission. We intend to preserve Hip Hop by preserving Hiphoppas with both a literal as well as a symbolic knowledge of Hip Hop's existence beyond music and other entertainment. We strive to restore and/or enhance the Hiphoppa's wonder and respect for the spiritual life.

35 As a final thought on this particular subject, let us remember that everyone who claims an affiliation with the Temple of Hip Hop isn't necessarily a true Temple Member. You will know a true

templist not only by her work to preserve and further develop Hip Hop, but how she treats other people. It is not about how popular, or rich, or influential a Temple Member is; if they are unstudied, inactive or hateful they are NOT serious members of the Temple of Hip Hop.

36 You cannot claim to be a serious member of the Temple of Hip Hop if you are unstudied and/or inactive, or if your personal attitude toward others is contrary to the teachings of our society. If you have truly grasped the teachings of our temple, it will reflect in your attitude toward others. Again, Manly P. Hall reminds us that, *No one can actually experience internal illumination and not reveal this enlargement of understanding in daily living.* The personal character of the templist reveals not only her level of Hiphop understanding, but also her loyalty to the maintenance of the Temple of Hip Hop.

37 True Temple Members are commited to the maintenance of their temple. Temple Members do not seek to exploit the resources of their temple, they seek to enhance and even multiply their temple's resources. Yes, we are all growing and learning, and mistakes will be made. However, there is a big difference between an honest mistake or "need" verses a deliberate attempt to use one's temple for one's own selfish gain. Let us be on guard against those who join our society in hopes of only furthering their individual careers. This is NOT what the Temple of Hip Hop is all about!

38 The Temple of Hip Hop is all about the spiritual and cultural progression of the international Hip Hop community—that's all! The Temple of Hip Hop is NOT a money-making venture; it is not a business, or a place where you can get your career started.

39 If you are in need of money or any other resource to live, do not let the Temple of Hip Hop stand in your way of securing an income for yourself. Don't let the Temple of Hip Hop stand in the way of achieving your goals and dreams. If your career is in need of attention, remove yourself from Temple of Hip Hop responsibilities and give your career the attention it needs.

40 The point here is that the Temple of Hip Hop is a Hip Hop preservation society and ministry that does cultural preservation and ministry work. And let us emphasize the word WORK! Here, serious Temple Members bring their resources to the Temple of Hip Hop in an effort to complete the WORK that is to be accomplished. Serious Temple Members spend their own money, use their own resources and display their own skills in doing the great work of preserving and further developing the Hip Hop idea. This includes the teachas of our temple.

41 Know this. Even though Hip Hop's teachas and ministas are authorized to *take up an offering* on behalf of the upkeep of their temples, it must be clearly emphasized here that it is GOD and GOD alone who sustains our temples. If we really believe this, then there really is little need to *take up an offering* from an already struggling people. Our teachas establish their temples not with bank loans, grants and donations, but with their own clear overstanding of spiritual law.

42 The traditions of other temples and churches may require them to *take up an offering* and we are obliged to respect such traditions. But as for the Temple of Hip Hop, we use the mastery of our Hip Hop elements to finance the maintenance of our temple. We come to our people with the resources we and they need to focus upon the lessons we've come to teach. Yes, there is something to be said about the Law of Give and Receive, and the importance of a congregation supporting their man or woman of GOD. But Temple Members should not be teaching the Gospel of Hip Hop until they have mastered its principles, and one of its principles is wealth. Another is charity. Another is love—in this case, care. This is how WE approach OUR people in OUR temples.

43 The Temple of Hip Hop serves as a restoration to the ancient ideas regarding life and spiritual living. Our ultimate aim is to restore the Truth to our people. However, we use the term "our people" here because not everyone is ready to embrace the Truth. Slavery has become very comfortable in my time, while it is freedom that is becoming more and more difficult to maintain in my time. The Truth

is that we CAN create our own reality. We CAN recreate ourselves. This is not only the Truth, it is also the ultimate state of freedom.

44 Such a *freedom* begins with the way in which we perceive ourselves. Normally, a person's or a people's race and/or ethnicity would not matter in a truly spiritual conversation, but when politically motivated deceptions and distortions of the Truth make their way into the common understanding of spiritual reality, it is the duty and responsibility of every Truth-seeker to openly correct such deception and replace such lies with Truth. This is why we use the term "our people," meaning those who are ready to hear the Truth.

45 As an example, in my time the image of the White Jesus with blue eyes and long blond hair is known by every biblical scholar to be historically inaccurate, yet such an image remains the standard depiction of Jesus' physical image. And why is that? Why are some Christians so reluctant to embrace the fact that Jesus, as well as Moses, King Solomon, King David, Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, and most of the leading characters of the Bible, was indeed dark-skinned? What difference does it really make whether any biblical character was Black, White, or other?

46 As Dr. Henry Lewis Clark advised, *I think the Christianity that Black ministers espouse is going to have to be remade to suit OUR needs, the needs of OUR people.* Mr. Clark continues, *I believe that we are capable of creating a religion of a new humanity!*

47 True Christians should pay very close attention to this analysis. In no way can we ever discredit, demean or disrespect the Christian faith; such is NOT the character of an attuned Hiphoppa. However, the seeking and revealing of Truth is the exact character of an attuned Hiphoppa, and because so many Hiphoppas were enslaved, freed and raised within the Christian tradition, it is imperative that we question our relationship with Christianity and our roles as spiritual beings within it. Many of us Hiphoppas began our spiritual journey within the Christian tradition.

48 Maybe it was our own African ancestors, in an effort to civilize and spiritualize early Europeans, who created the *White Jesus* so that Europeans would accept the concept of the Christ. Maybe Jesus himself (or Mary) ordered this racial change because his own people had rejected the Christ. Maybe all of this had to do with the slave trade and the creation of both the slave and the slaveholder. Clearly such an image seems to have served as a form of population control in Christian Europe and early America. Meaning that it would have been more acceptable to average Europeans to enslave an unholy, savage and soulless race of people than to do the same to GOD's true chosen people.

49 Only evil would consider enslaving GOD's chosen people and stealing their sacred heritage and birthright for themselves. Only a jealous, envious, deceitful mind would go to such lengths as to conceal the Truth from so many people for so long. But equally, only a disobedient, ignorant, fearful people living in blatant denial would go along with such an inaccuracy for so long. Sometimes the revelation of evil is even more staggering than the revelation of Truth!

50 Just like today, Iraq as well as Iran are both considered to be the actual places where many of the biblical stories and its characters originate; yet this is the very region that Christian America has declared war upon! How hypocritical can you be? As a Christian nation isn't this self-destruction? Truly, in history we were the "humans" and they were the "animals" and this is what we have had taken from us—our humanity.

51 America boasts of its Christian values and heritage and holds the Bible as its highest level of morality as well as its connection to GOD, yet the American government (in my present time) is bombing the very region the Bible was written in, killing the people of that region, and has already robbed and enslaved the Bible's African descendants. Again, how hypocritical can you be? And again,

is this not self-destruction?

52 However, the real question is, how long are we Hiphoppas supposed to put our precious faith into such corrupt religious practices? How long will we empower our own oppression and ultimately our own demise? It seems like our whole spiritual reality originated amongst the plans for our enslavement. This is why the Temple of Hip Hop exists; it is time that we free ourselves and rediscover our own relationship with GOD. We now know that everyone (including ourselves) was deceived and that we were the true "humans" and they were the true "animals." We know this today but what shall we do about it?

53 It seems that not only were our land and physical resources stolen from us, our actual souls were also stolen. Try to understand this: slaves in the United States were created and bred to be slaves. It seems that a certain part of the African population was set aside and bred for slavery, which included the total breakdown and rebuilding of the African mind and soul, and it is this group that influences the rest of us today.

54 As I research this observation I find that the depths of our losses are more staggering than we have ever imagined. Forget about the theft of our land, minerals, precious metals, stones, plants, oil, knowledge, people, etc., that still goes on today. Forget about all of that. The real tragedy here is that our very souls were taken from us or blocked from our "indefinite use." The very force that animates our being has been stolen from us and put to use in the building of our own prisons!

55 The very force that protects and preserves our natural resources (our souls) has either been stolen from us or switched off. Either way we have been blinded to ourselves. We cannot see ourselves and so we have no direction; we are forced to be led and guided as opposed to being those who lead and guide. And this goes for everyone who chooses to buy into the convenience of slavery over their birthright of freedom.

56 This I believe is the center of the World's problems; it is the fact that the original human beings, the first humans who established civilization, the true Queens and Kings, the true gods and goddesses, GOD's originally chosen people regardless of race or ethnicity, have forgotten who they are, and as a result the whole World suffers because everything is out of order, everything is out of place, everything is upside down. The true kings are slaves and the true slaves are kings. This is why the World's cities are in such turmoil. WE have forgotten OUR divinity and the responsibilities that come with such divinity.

57 And this analysis is not only pointing to the injustice of such a situation; this analysis points more toward the imbalance of today's human order and who is supposed to be doing what. I believe that the World is the way it is because the true kings have been enslaved and murdered by jealous and greedy slaves.

58 But more importantly, because of our own internal conflicts we have given up our birthright and heritage. Because of our own lack of respect for our own divine history and leadership we have handed our very soul-force over to our enemies—and we continue to do the same today. Our World is the way it is because we have forgotten who we are; our ignorance creates the World that we are experiencing. Our own immaturity and disunity have led to our own enslavement! And the bottom line is that our legacy has been stolen from us and we have been blinded to our own divinity. As a result we remain slaves, the only condition fit for human beings who know not themselves and break their own laws.

59 Like the Ten Commandments, for example, which originated in Africa. These are OUR principles. This is what WE gave to the World. *Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything in heaven above or that is in the*

earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Honour thy father and thy mother that thy days might be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth. Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's. These are OUR principles, and because we continue even to this day to break these laws, OUR LAWS, we suffer as an African people in America.

60 Imagine, if we actually obeyed our own Ten Commandments we would not be an oppressed people. If we could just obey *thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal, and thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,* if we just obeyed these four commandments we would be stronger than those who stole these principles from us. Because of such blindness we act out the results of being ignorant of ourselves. And this is the crime; everything we have created we now fight against, believing that it is foreign and destructive to us when in fact most of what we are protesting and ignoring is our own inventions, discoveries and heritage. Everything that our ancestors have established for us we have squandered and misused in utter blindness, rebellion and ignorance, and we are doing the same thing today with Hip Hop. THIS IS WHY WE ARE WHERE WE ARE TODAY.

61 It is now time to grow up! Hip Hop not only reminds us of our divinity, Hip Hop also reminds us of our immaturity. We can look at Hip Hop (its birth, its contributions to society, its social set-up, its arts, etc.) and see how we have treated our own legacy and heritage today. The same way we treat Hip Hop today is the same way our parents have treated themselves in the past, and this is what has led to our own enslavement every time.

62 Look at how we exploit ourselves today. Look at how we seek to manipulate and disrespect each other today. Look at how some of us can sell destructive drugs and weapons to others of us, bringing down our own communities. Look at how we sell illegal drugs, guns and sex right on the same streets named after our King—Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. This is us! And this is how we treat our own heritage and legacy; we have simply forgotten who we are and where we have come from, and most of us don't even care to know.

63 With this kind of attitude toward ourselves, can we truly say that anything has been stolen from us? Or, due to our own ignorance, disobedience and immaturity, have we given away our own birthright and freedom? It's always those chosen few like Moses who get revelation from GOD but must deliver such revelation to an immature and disobedient people. History sure has a way of repeating itself, especially when it comes to African Americans, Americans, and the spiritual reality of Hip Hop.

64 It seems to be time for us to stand up and reclaim our stolen legacies. I used to criticize the Bible until I realized that MY ancestors wrote it! I used to criticize Christianity until I realized that it was my ancestors who had established it and had it stolen from them like Hip Hop today.

65 I used to despise and protest the injustices of the United States until I realized that I am the United States! I used to criticize the United States Constitution until I realized that it was MY great, great, great, great grandparents who actually wrote and lived the principles of the Declaration of Independence as well as the United States Constitution long before these documents were in physical existence!

66 This I believe is how the thieves of our parents' resources and heritage continue to keep their stolen goods; they simply killed our parents and then taught us that everything that once belonged to us now belongs to them (the thieves). And we accept this injustice because we believe that we are

powerless to do anything about it.

67 This is why the mission of our temple today is so important. Our aim is to return the World's stolen goods and stolen legacies back to their original owners and inventors. And the way to do that is not through war or through force, it is to be achieved through righteousness—spiritual, mental and cultural maturity.

68 There is nothing physical to reclaim; it is our minds (our perception) that we must restore first. We must retrain ourselves to see through the eye of divinity. This is also why the Gospel of Hip Hop now exists. We no longer need to rely upon the spiritual heritage of those who raped our mothers and murdered our fathers! The gospel of thieves and murderers shall not be the gospel for us.

69 For if our ancestors wrote the Bible and lived its principles long before the Bible was translated into the English language and culture then with that same blood and with that same spirit we present this gospel from those of us who are called "Hip Hop" today. If OUR ancestral parents actually wrote the original Bible and lived its original principles, then by our natural birthright we are genetically empowered and divinely authorized to write another one, and another one, and another one!

70 I have realized that it is a bit immature to try and reclaim the physical effects of our soul-force when we can just reactivate our soul-force today and create even more marvelous gospels, sciences, nations and legacies than our ancestors ever dreamed. Let the thieves keep their stolen goods and let us call that "charity." Our aim is to reactivate the forgotten soul-force that inspired our resources and heritage to exist in the first place.

71 We don't need to reclaim any physical item if we are truly the creators of such items. If we are truly the creative gods that we believe we are then let us establish a whole new World today with new resources and a whole new legacy. But again, this is the very challenge right here! We really don't believe that OUR ANCESTORS WROTE AND LIVED THE BIBLE! And so we walk around in utter blindness to our true natures, blessings and abilities.

72 As the *Original African Heritage Study Bible* has revealed, *England was very familiar with the Black man of Africa during the seventeenth century. The Muslim had long since given Africa the name 'El Bilad es Sudan,' translated 'Land of the Blacks,' or 'the Blackman's Land.'*

73 *England knew well that during the early days of the Old Testament, Africa was called 'The Land of Ham.' England had entered the slave trade as early as 1552. Queen Elizabeth had money invested in the slave trade and in the colonies of the Americas to where they were going.*

74 *When King James' translators completed the translation in 1611, the Black presence had been part of the English and colony scenario. But the translators called them Negroes instead of Ethiopians, hoping the common mind of the day would not see anything except their color. Even the term 'Cush,' which is used in the original Hebrew tongue ('Kushites'), was not employed.*

75 *The translators knew by calling the slaves Negroes this would give no bearing to the White Christian world that the people they were enslaving were Christians well before Europe knew about the Risen Christ.*

76 *The term 'Ethiopia' in the English Bible has misled the Christian World for more than 400 years, and perhaps even the name 'Cush' would have changed the attitude of Europeans concerning the chattel slavery of Blacks. If slaveholders had known who they were lynching, mutilating, burning, raping, and castrating, it might have made a difference.*

77 The *Original African Heritage Study Bible* continues: *The King James translators did not forget to use the word 'Greece' in reference to Daniel's prophesy. The same translators saw 'Sudanese'*

Africans in chains boarding slave ships, yet they called them Negroes! But when these Sudanese kings sat on the thrones of Egypt, the translators called them Ethiopians.

78 This is how our names and natures were stolen. It was during our captivity in the United States' slave trade that some of our heritage, some of our cultural identities, and some of our traditional names were taken from us—ALL OF US. Whites, Blacks, Natives, Asians, etc., all of us have been robbed of our spiritual inheritance. And without an awareness of one's own name, which defines one's own nature, freedom and spiritual development are virtually impossible.

79 How can you ask people to be loyal to that which oppresses them? As Hiphoppas we must not drink from the cup of hatred and bitterness. We must simply get to work in the reclaiming of our soul-force, our natural birthright and divine heritage. And this is why our temple exists.

80 Most Africans in America today are taught to believe that the United States of America was founded solely by White men, that Whites were the *masters* of Blacks, when in fact everything about the United States Constitution is Native American and African-based—including the institution of slavery.

81 We now know that in 1619, 20 Africans sailing to Europe on vacation ran aground at Jamestown Virginia due to turbulent weather conditions. There they were welcomed and blended into early Virginia life. Some, like the Johnsons, who were on the ship, bought land and other property, including indentured servants and slaves, and lived comfortably for many years in Virginia.

82 But it was the Tuckers who owned and operated the ship that ran aground at Jamestown, Virginia, and although they would also give birth to the first African American child on American soil, they would continue to travel around the World maintaining statesman-like reputations in the United States and elsewhere.

83 They were considered Free Blacks, and as with most free people of the day, slavery was an everyday part of their life. From 1620–1830, Free Blacks in the United States owned real estate and other property (including slaves) valued at over $100,000,000!

84 History shows through recorded words and deeds that enlightened Whites, Native Americans and Africans in America, all fleeing some sort of persecution because of their views or racial and/or religious backgrounds established the original principles of the United States of the Americas. This was early America—different cultures and races coming together to create a new human experience. *Out of many, one.*

85 These are the visions of OUR ancestors! And this is why the principles of the United States Constitution contradict those who claim to defend and uphold its articles and amendments today. This is why the United States Constitution even contradicts the supposed characters, virtues and personalities of America's *Founding Fathers.*

86 The Truth is, they did not conceptualize or originate the principles, checks and balances, nor the "spirit" of the U.S. Constitution. In Truth, the so-called *framers* of the Constitution exploited the existence of the already widely accepted ideas of enlightened Whites, Africans and Native Americans who were already living in peace in the Americas for centuries.

87 Similar to the way Hip Hop was treated in the 1990s, where desperate people looking to make a fast dollar simply copied and imitated the arts of original Hiphoppas, it seems that the *Founding Fathers* of the United States copied the Constitution from already existing ideas shared by many throughout the World at the time. Evidence of this can be found in the fact that the so-called *framers* of the Declaration of Independence and United States Constitution themselves never matched in deed what they copied into rhetoric and law. In principle and in philosophy the Declaration of

Independence and the United States Constitution were always ahead of the actual lifestyles of the so-called *Founding Fathers.*

88 It seems that the primary focus of the so-called *Founding Fathers* was to exploit, manipulate and control the indigenous populations they encountered in the Americas. Such was the British campaign all over the World, and the *Founding Fathers* of the United States were British Englishmen.

89 They wrote (or copied): *We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty, to ourselves and to OUR POSTERITY, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States* ("Preamble to the Constitution").

90 In short, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, John Jay and others may have written and revised the Constitution but they did not author it, nor did they fully understand its principles. In Truth, it was a group of enlightened Africans, Europeans and Native Americans with that certain attitude and worldview who established the principles of the United States of America as a free nation with *liberty* and *justice for all.*

91 It is we, to this day, who are still instinctively pressing onward toward this vision. As historian John R. Tucker (descendant of the first African Americans to land at Jamestown, Virginia in 1619) points out, *When reading the 'Preamble'* [of the U.S. Constitution] *keep in mind the thinking of the founding fathers when it was accepted. Such as 29 signers of the Declaration of Independence were men of color, and laws of naturalization were left out of the Constitution.*

92 *We don't want to be home for the social ills of the old World, the homeless, the starving, unemployables, and hooligans,* wrote John Jay to Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, framers of the Constitution.

93 Mr. Tucker continues, *Pay special thought on the phrase 'for us and our posterity.' There are 29 men of color in 'us' and the framer renounces the social ills of the old country; they certainly were not considered posterity.*

94 As Mr. Tucker points out, *29 of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence were men of color.* In fact, Robert E. Lee, the famous general of the Confederate army, was the *grandson of Francis Lightfoot Lee, an African/Native American, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence.* Mr. Tucker continues, *Multiculturalism is the civilization of the founding Fathers—the universality of Man.*

95 In Truth, it seems that the Spirit of 1776 was OUR Hip Hop spirit, which was then co-opted by British commercial interests, and made mainstream by the creation of the United States Constitution—just like Hip Hop was. The Declaration of Independence is Hip Hop, while the U.S. Constitution is its mainstream Rap counterpart designed to lure people with its own irresistible principles, ways, and views of the World in an attempt to appear civilized and appealing for business to the rest of the World.

96 It's like the Declaration of Independence was the flyer/advertisement, and the U.S. Constitution was the actual jam/party. The Declaration of Independence was like the *demo* and the Constitution was like the finished master. The Declaration of Independence was like Hip Hop from 1981-1991, while the Constitution can symbolize Hip Hop from 1991 on.

97 The Truth is that many free Blacks toured the United States with no problems, owned land, owned slaves, and held public offices. However, a very SINister conspiracy seems to have occurred in the United States just after the Civil War that removed Africans in America from public offices within the government by blatantly disregarding their rights as landowning, tax-paying citizens and legally

elected community leaders, many times with force.

98 As H.M. Turner (president of the Civil and political Rights Association) said in 1868 at the National Convention of the Colored Men Of America just after the Civil War: *To the colored voters of Georgia—the rights guaranteed to us by the constitution of our State, and by the Constitution and laws of the United States, have been unlawfully and arbitrarily torn from us by one branch of the General Assembly, a body created and established very largely by OUR votes, and that at the risk, in many instances, of starvation and death.*

99 *The Democratic Party, having, by refusing the colored members the right to vote, unlawfully obtained a large majority in the House of Representatives, have decided, by a mere resolution, in defiance of the Constitution and the laws of the United States, and of the State of Georgia, that colored men have no right to represent their race in the General Assembly, and have accordingly ejected them from their seats!*

100 *By this act they have ignored our rights of citizenship and representation, rights established by the Constitution and laws, and recognized by every sound and impartial jurist in the country.*

101 Then, calling together a rally of concerned Black men and women, Mr. Turner concluded by stating: *There can be no doubt that our personal liberty is in as great danger as our civil and political rights. The same power, which would override the Constitution in one thing, will do it in another. It is therefore a solemn duty which every colored man owes himself, his family, and his country, to maintain his manhood and his right of citizenship.*

102 His final advice was this: *Guard against all disturbances, as this is a moral contest, a bloodless battle. Drunkards and fools fight in person, sober and wise men fight with thoughts and words.*

103 In 1853 Native Americans, Africans and Irish in America formed the *Know Nothing Party.* And when liberal voters in the North (some believed to be racist themselves) met in Ripon, Wisconsin and united with the *Know Nothing Party* they formed the Republican Party also known as the *People's Party.*

104 Critics of this party called it the *Black Republican Party.* This new *People's Party*, made up mostly of the anti-slavery movement, went on to elect a man from Illinois for President; his name was Abraham Lincoln. However, the thirst for power through White racism (different from the business of slavery) assassinated President Lincoln and began to blatantly disregard the rights and conditions of publicly elected Black officials along with the tax paying, landowning Black families whom Black elected officials represented.

105 So even though Native Americans and Africans helped to establish the Republican Party as the *People's Party,* unified White racism gradually denied them their rights and rightful places in history, in society and within the Republican Party itself.

106 Reading a resolution drafted by *the Colored Citizens of Boston* in 1856, just three years after the birth of the Republican Party, Mr. Julian B. McCrea declared: *Resolved, that while we regard the Republican Party as the people's party, the resolve in the Republican platform endorsing the Kansas Free State Constitution, which prohibits colored men from going into that territory, and the determination of the Republican press to ignore the colored man's interests in the party, plainly shows us that it is not an anti-slavery party, and while we are willing to unite with them to resist the aggressions of the Slave Power, we do not pledge ourselves to go further with the Republicans than the Republicans will go with us.*

107 Of course, this view of American history paints a much different picture than that which is promoted and taught today in public education. It seems that the true founders of the United States and

their vision founded first *in the name of GOD*, with the primacy of *no man over another* and *all authority given to GOD*, were betrayed and THEIR posterity (us) was eventually completely overthrown sometime around the end of the Civil War.

108 And this I believe is why America has had such a difficult time being consistent with its own creeds and principles. It is because those who wound up governing the United States through treachery, treason, murder and lies seemed to also have been morally inadequate to lead a nation founded upon such universal principles as *freedom, justice* and *equality.*

109 Continuing OUR fight for *Human Rights* rests in the fact that the idea of human beings having *Rights* is an idea of OUR ancestors. Not just Black or Native American ancestors, but enlightened European and Asian American ancestors as well. OUR ancestors (ALL OF THEM) established the United States of America as a *multi-skilled, multicultural, multi-faith, multi-racial people committed to the establishment and development of peace* (*Hip Hop Declaration of Peace*: Principle Eleven).

110 We all keep fighting for our *Rights* instinctively, because these *Rights* actually belong to us genetically! Freedom, justice and love, these are OUR birthrights! Our parents already created and established these *Rights* for the governing of our nations. But if we are unwilling to live our own birthright, then whose fault is it when we are enslaved?

111 Our ancient tribes were already prepared to unite for the creation of a *new people* and many enlightened Whites were part of that vision as well. But this is how it has always been. As far as this land mass (America) is concerned, this is the place where the *new tribe* was predicted to be born.

112 As French farmer, J. Hector St. John De Crevecoeur (Creve Coeur) observed in his travels throughout the American colonies before settling in New York in the early 1770s: *Americans are disposed races of Man, who had found land, livelihood, and liberty <u>without primacy of one man over another, regardless of previous nationality</u>. Here, individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, a new people.*

113 This is the vision of OUR ancestors! And this is what I have always understood Hip Hop to be, everyone coming together for the common cause of sustaining and advancing the Human Spirit.

114 When you instinctively feel that peace, love, unity and safely having fun is the normal state of humanity, that such virtues are actually your birthright, then you are indeed a citizen of the King's Dream, the true Kingdom of Heaven, the Hip Hop nation.

115 We (the genetic keepers of this vision) are the only ones who sincerely believe fundamentally that *all Men* (all Nature) *are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights* (gifts), *that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.*

116 We are the only ones, regardless of racial ethnicity or social class status, who believe that *to secure these Rights, Governments* (tribes) *are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these Ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its Foundation on such Principles, and organizing its powers in such Form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness*. (Declaration of Independence)

117 With or without a government, with or without a constitution, with or without a religious institution, these are the innate ideas of our being. This is who we are and this is how we naturally act. And it is our being, our act, our character that creates our form of civilization.

118 This is why we fight for our *Rights*—not because we are owed them, but because they belong to US! They are part of our character, our being, OUR BIRTHRIGHT! Our *unalienable* Rights complete us.

119 We fight for the existence of *right* not that we may be granted our due *Rights*, but so that such *Rights* may exist in the World for ALL people. We are the frontlines for the protection, preservation and promotion of *right*. We have always defended what is fundamentally *right*. In Truth, we (those who sincerely seek peace, love, unity and having fun) are the World's true civilizers. And in a lot of ways the World is the way it is because WE HAVE FORGOTTEN WHO WE ARE.

120 History seems to tell us that our ancestors (the original founders of the American idea) were simply overthrown, not just by the hypocrisies of their own population, but also, and in large part, by an even newer White immigrant population from Europe with better technology. It seems that our enlightened ancestors discovered a spiritual way to live beyond the confinement of tribal loyalty but the individual populations of their tribes didn't agree and began to discredit and disrespect the warnings and teachings of their own tribal leaders. This led to the infighting and betrayal that caused foreign forces to invade and enslave such people.

121 Neither early White immigrant settlers nor their children came up with the pillars and principles of American government and society. So, when <u>they</u> arrived in the United States <u>they</u> immediately brought the ways of the "old country" to the new country and seized upon the infighting, greed and betrayal already going on amongst the populations of our ancestors. Our ancestors saw this all coming and many escaped the horrors that we read about today.

122 Newly arriving European immigrants learned and adopted some of OUR ways but they were basically here for the fortune they believed they could make in America (just like Hip Hop is treated today). And in ignorance, they attempted to practice OUR principles in their own way amongst themselves as a free *Whites Only* society. And proof of this is in the way in which the majority of immigrant Whites have conducted themselves socially and politically within the recent history of the United States, thinking that they may be the lowest piece of *White trash* amongst their own, but in America they were still better than the wisest and most honorable Black. This formed a *Whites Only* society as European immigrants sought to get all they could from the United States that enlightened Blacks, Whites and Natives built.

123 Again, French farmer J. Hector St. John De Crevecoeur points this fact out in his description of early European immigrants settling in the United States. He writes: *Whence came all these people? They are a mixture of English, Scotch, Irish, French, Dutch, Germans, and Swedes. From this promiscuous breed, that race now called Americans have arisen…In Europe they were as so many useless plants, wanting vegetative mould, and refreshing showers; they withered, and were mowed downed by want, hunger and war; but now by the power of transplantation, like all other plants they have taken root and flourished! Formerly they were not numbered in any civil lists of their country, except in those of the poor; here they rank as citizens.*

124 A "Whites Only" society would have been fine for newly arriving European immigrants if the true founders of the United States hadn't adopted such universally sound principles. You see, one thing that the newly arriving European immigrants did not seem to learn was that you can steal and plagiarize all the things of the material World except for virtue and righteousness, which are not of the material World. You have to have spiritual hands to grab spiritual ideas. But as all parties would learn, the adoption of such universal principles as Freedom, Justice and Equality requires an understanding of Universal Mind. It requires a personal character that reflects the universality of such adopted and established principles.

125 Founding a nation upon the *laws of Nature and of Nature's GOD* obligates those founders and their posterity to be consistent with the known Will of that *GOD* and the cycles of that *GOD's* Nature. Calling upon the *protection of divine providence* and pledging your life, your fortunes and your

sacred honor to the cause of establishing a truly free nation cannot be exchanged for the great wealth, power and prestige that comes with the establishment of such a nation.

126 This is what real America has always been about; peace, love, unity and safely having fun. These principles have no color and belong to no race or ethnicity of people. And this is what has always divided the United States, a nation made up of immigrants. Most of us truly seek Peace and Truth but the greedy ambitions of some of us always seem to hinder the progress of all of us. The *protection of divine providence* requires a relationship with Divine Mind—GOD. It requires a harmony with the evolution of Nature itself.

127 The closer we get to accurately imitating the ways of Nature and that of *Nature's GOD* the closer we shall arrive at a more *perfect union* as a nation. But the American leadership that was to come after the true founders of the United States never seemed to understand that if you want GOD to keep a covenant with you, then you must keep your covenants, contracts and treaties with others, including GOD. Yes, GOD did bless the United States of America in the beginning, but newly arriving immigrants did not understand nor return such a blessing to GOD when they arrived.

128 Although many today do not want to admit it, the plain old Truth is that the United States of America is a Christian nation founded upon the original Christian principles of Love, Truth and Freedom. As John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court so famously stated, *Providence has given to our people the choice of their rulers, and it is the duty, as well as the privilege and interest of our Christian nation, to select and prefer Christians for their rulers.* George Washington, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, James Madison, John Quincy Adams and many others were men of spiritual insight but even they contradicted the timeless principles and virtues of the Christian bible in exchange for the material promises of science and commerce.

129 The point, however, is that the true founders of the United States may have been a deeply spiritual people with an unwavering faith in their cause and their god, but the American population and the leadership that was to come after them have totally contradicted the intentioned principles of America's true founders and the order that supernaturally governs the United States. And everyone (race-wise) is guilty!

130 Blacks, Whites, Natives, Asians, Hispanics, Arabs, Hindus, everyone is guilty! You see, slavery was not about Black people subservient to White people, as has been taught all throughout American history. Slavery was about social status, education, and property. Anyone could own a slave if one could afford it. Separate from White racism, slavery was simply the way things got done in the early days—it was business as usual.

131 Freedom has always been for sale in the United States, even amongst some Africans and Native American tribes. In 1862, Congress abolished slavery in Washington, DC and paid *seven colored residents* $5,978.20 in compensation for 26 slaves.

132 French African plantation owners in 1814 owned White slaves. Native Americans also kept Black and White slaves. West African kings, from the very beginning of the whole slave trade, sold their captives as slaves to the highest bidder. In fact, many countries are still trafficking slaves even to this day.

133 Historian John R. Tucker writes, *To understand the magnitude of the economy of the Confederacy, in 1814 the Spaniards in South Florida held an equipment sales convention in Pensacola, Florida, and some 20,000 African and Original people land owners were in attendance.* These were NOT slaves, most were slave owners and many of them owned White men and women as slaves.

134 This is the point: everyone had a hand in the creation and sustainment of the institution of Slavery in America. Everyone (all races) sought to subdue and betray their neighbor for financial and political gain in direct contradiction of the fact that the United States was founded upon the principle of *no man over another man.* And such an activity even continues today. In fact, it seems that history is repeating itself again with the events of the Rap music industry. Can you see it?

135 We allow ourselves to be exploited as a group because of our own exploitation of one another. *One nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all!* This is a spiritual decree, and only a free mind would want such a thing. Why would greedy slave-owning capitalists want *freedom and justice for all?* Look at these words closely; has the leadership of the United States lived up to these words? Have America's radio and television programmers lived up to these words?

136 Every time a nation says *one nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all,* they themselves are held to that which they have decreed. To receive such a decree you must be willing to exercise such a decree toward others. Unity, loyalty, God, righteousness, freedom, knowledge, justice, rule of law, etc., are all the governing principles of the ancients. And it is these principles that ALL American citizens have betrayed; African, European, Asian, Hindu, Arab, Hispanic, Native American, everyone!

137 Everyone is responsible for how the United States of America has turned out. As we will see, the true political contest is not between Black and White; it is between good and evil. It is between educated and uneducated. It is between the Godly and the Worldly, the faithful and the fearful, the aware and the ignorant, the real and the fake.

138 True American history reveals a *True World Order* of peace, love, UNITY, and safely having fun amongst all people. True American history reveals the stories of brave White abolitionists, interracial love, White slaves (not indentured servants), Black and Native American slave owners, and a continuous civil war between the *good* and the *evil*. Sometimes it's even between the *evil* and the *evil!*

139 Race as relevant to our struggles for Freedom, Justice and Equality is an illusion. Race loyalty as a strategy toward lasting peace and uninterrupted prosperity is also an illusion. You either stand for Freedom, Justice and Equality as a person or you contradict these principles as a person. As H. Rap Brown has pointed out, *We must learn that <u>Black is not a color but the way you think.</u> If we are to succeed in The Struggle we must eliminate the significance that we have assigned to color in our community…Among Black people, color can have no value, no significance. <u>Commitment will determine the value of individuals.</u>*

140 The issue is not even about class, social status, or religious belief at the deepest level. American slave history has already proven that one's own hatred and ignorance can even manipulate the *body of Christ*. As reported in 1869, southern church members owned an estimated 600,000 slaves/human beings. Methodists owned 219,000 human beings. Baptists owned 125,000 human beings. Reformed Baptists owned 101,000 human beings. Presbyterians owned 77,000 human beings. Episcopalians owned 85,000 human beings. With other denominations it was estimated that 55,000 more human beings were kept as slaves within the *body of Christ*—the Church.

141 And it is also known by any serious historian of Slavery that from the very beginning of the slave trade it was the Church that gave moral authority and ethical consistency to the whole institution of Slavery. In fact, it was a Catholic Bishop that suggested the use of African slaves as a substitute for Native American slaves. Slave ships bore Christian names and the captains of these vessels read the Bible and prayed everyday! To a captured African, torn from her family and way of life, *the body of Christ* looked like a slave ship.

142 But to be fair here, for all the crimes committed against the *body of Christ* by the *ignorant* there were twice as many good and Godly acts of courage and righteousness performed by the *aware* who healed and sustained the integrity of that *body*. This is one of the only reasons Christianity exists today; it exists because of REAL CHRISTIANS!

143 One story comes to mind of a brave and righteous White female abolitionist/freedom fighter named Laura Haviland (Havilland). She lived in Adrian, Michigan during the height of slavery and was so successful at harboring and freeing hundreds of Blacks, Whites and Native Americans seeking freedom through the *Undagraound Railroad* that slave owners offered a reward of $3,000 for her capture, dead or alive.

144 Captain Jonathan Walker (a White man) was jailed, fined and branded on his hand—S.S. for *Slave Stealer*—when he was caught helping fugitive slaves get away to freedom on his boat. Abolitionists raised the money to free him, but bad health later caused him to commit suicide.

145 Not only does the story of John Brown and his 21 supporters comes to mind, but most recently, like during the Civil Rights Movement, the names of such martyrs as Mickey Schwerner and Andrew Goodman as well as James Reab and Viola Leuso also come to mind. Many such stories exist in America's true history. And this has always been the true order of the World: Man freeing Man! Man helping Man! Man sharpening Man! Man respecting Man! Peace, love, unity and having fun! This is what the majority of the World is all about and this is the vision of OUR ancestors.

146 But as many Americans would learn over many hard years, you cannot want for yourself that which you are not willing to give to another. You cannot expect to want life without first giving life. You cannot expect to live free while enslaving others. You cannot expect to hold onto universal concepts with greedy material-grabbing hands. You cannot serve two gods; in due time you will achieve neither!

147 And so, the great pillars of freedom, justice and equality set up by 29 men of color and 27 others making up the laws and philosophies of the United States of America, crumbled under the weight of America's own disobedience to the *laws of Nature and Nature's GOD*, a blatant contradiction of its own principles.

148 Such contradictions, however, came with real consequences. White mobs began increasingly attacking African communities in the United States with repeated lynchings, burnings and beatings of African men, women and children. The hatred was high! And it was high because in some places like Florida, New Orleans, Mississippi and South Carolina Africans were powerfully part of the landowning, slave-owning, ruling class of the 1800s!

149 Without the guidance of their Godly principles, brother began murdering brother and sister began undermining sister. From 1861–1865 the whole of America broke out into Civil War over who was going to control the wealth, direction and power of the United States. Americans divided themselves up into a *Confederacy* and a *Union* with Africans in America fighting on both sides.

150 In New York during the 1863 Civil War Draft Act, persons able to pay $300 for a substitute were not drafted. Black men were not taken into the Army at that time so they were ineligible for the draft. Most of the people drafted for war were poor Irish immigrants who were either indentured servants, or slaves, or menial job workers; they were of the laboring class.

151 Fearful of losing what little they had to an already prosperous African community by going to a war that had little to do with them as newly arrived immigrants led to the formation of Irish, German, English and Danish mobs burning and bombing African homes, lynching African men and terrorizing African women and children. When the riots, which lasted for four days, ended, 1,000

people (mostly Africans) were dead and property damage was estimated at $2,000,000.

152 It seems that before the Civil War, Africans in America were becoming increasingly powerful as a body of well-educated and spiritually charged people. Most people of the United States fought against slavery, racism and prejudice. However, there seems to have been a racist plot amongst the majority of new White Americans (rich and poor alike) to seize power from other Whites, Africans and Native Americans on the basis of race and race loyalty.

153 And although the new immigrant gangs prayed to their god for assistance in the victory of securing what they believed were their *rights*, no one was able to see that without an acknowledgement of GOD's supremacy over their lives and that of their nation, they had no *rights!*

154 As clearly stated, an American's *unalienable rights* are *endowed* by his *creator*. However, newly arriving immigrants were simply unable to maintain the faith and vision of America's true architects advancing the universal principles which the United States was founded upon—the universality of Man; *out of many, one.*

155 Racism and prejudice seem to have killed the harmony of America's original multicultural, multi-faithed vision of itself. Even though many Whites did see the contradictions in their own society and even risked their own lives and the lives of their families to correct such contradictions, still as a nation the United States continued to distance itself from *Nature* and from *Nature's GOD*, living with spiritual contradictions that eventually seeped into its laws.

156 As reported by the New York Tribune in 1868 regarding a bill passed in Atlanta Georgia: *The House yesterday took another step toward the culmination of the counter-revolution which is in such rapid progress in this State. A bill was passed adopting the jury system of the old Slave Code, which forbids colored men sitting upon juries. This is practically denying the colored citizen the right of trial by jury, for, while the prejudice of race remains so potent, he can have no justice in a suit with a White man; and the freedman is worse off, when accused of crime, than was the slave, for the latter was too valuable a piece of property to be wasted in hanging, while the freedman is property of nobody but himself.*

157 *The proceedings was in violation of the very Constitution from which the Legislature derives its existence and power to make laws, for that document prescribes but one criterion by which juries shall be selected, to wit: intelligence and uprightness, while the old system, perpetuated yesterday, establishes quite a different test, to wit: color.*

158 *The Constitution says: 'The General Assembly shall provide by law for the selection of upright and intelligent persons to serve as jurors' but the 'Code' declares that such jurors shall be White male citizens, above the age of twenty-one years.*

159 *Ignoring the supreme law of the Constitution, the Legislature adopted the old slave law rendered obsolete by its inconsistency with the Constitution. The bill passed by a vote of 87 to 24, some dough-faced Republicans dodging or voting with the majority.*

160 It seems that throughout early American history many Democrats were uninterested in Black freedom and many Republicans (although split on the issue) betrayed Black interests and freedom, especially after the Civil War. The immense profits created from slave trading and slave labor were coming in too fast for American businesses not to become addicted.

161 Even though it (slavery) totally contradicted the very philosophical foundations of the United States, nonetheless it (slavery) would be practiced in many different ways and forms for many more years to come in the United States of America. It seems that as science and commerce began to rise in Europe and the United States, morality and principles began to decline. Guns, money and machines

began to replace peace, love and unity. The domination and enslavement of whole populations with new technologies actually advanced the concept of slavery; it did not eliminate it.

162 If the Truth be told, those who were pro-slavery and those who were anti-slavery both got their way after the Civil War because slavery was removed from public life and public sight but was never really "abolished." Actually it was modified and expanded to include all American citizens.

163 As was written into law in 1896, *Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, EXCEPT AS A PUNISHMENT for a crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.* (Thirteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution)

164 As we can see, yes, slavery still exists! It just doesn't exist within mainstream American life. But it still has its useful place within the U.S. Justice Department as a "punishment." Those who break the laws of the United States and are caught without enough wealth, power or knowledge to free themselves are then reduced to modern-day slaves, commonly called "inmates."

165 Nothing in the Thirteenth Amendment abolishes slavery. To "abolish" something means to end it, to stop it, to do away with it, to remove it from existence. The Thirteenth Amendment does not abolish slavery, it renames it and reinvents it as a "punishment." But this is how it has always been for the African surviving in America. Freedom for the African in America was always about money, education and a compliance with United States laws, laws that Africans in America helped to create.

166 But again, the seeming contradictions between the preamble of the United States Constitution and those of the American government's later legislative actions are better understood when you consider the fact that the body that helped to establish the United States and its principles is NOT the same body that seems to have gradually taken control of the United States government after the Civil War.

167 Indeed, it is knowledge that reigns supreme and one of the most devious and tragic strategies employed against early Africans in America was to betray THEIR loyalty to THEIR country and convince THEIR posterity that they never had a stake in the success of THEIR nation—the great experiment called the *United States of America.*

168 And again, the evidence of this is produced by observing the level of contradiction between what is written in the United States Constitution and Declaration of Independence verses what really occurred in American history. When viewed as multicultural, multi-faithed documents, the Declaration of Independence and even the United States Constitution become spiritual documents that guide and protect the course of any nation that adopts their characters.

169 In other words, you can't just sit on the throne; you have to actually be the king! Or in this case, in order to lead a truly righteous nation, you yourself must exhibit a truly righteous character.

170 As a true leader, you can't just read the words of divinity; you actually have to show through your judgments, acts and words that you are committed to such divinity. The mind that yearns for *a more perfect Union, Justice, domestic Tranquility, common defense, general Welfare,* and *the Blessings of Liberty* is not the same mind that produces political corruption, war, social insecurity, poverty and a legal separation between God and the State.

171 For most people reality is based upon the histories that they've been forced to learn and *pledge allegiance* to. And as we now know, American history was completely made up to foster an image in the minds of ordinary people that the activities of certain landowning, slave-owning, aristocratic, White males were the only things going on for hundreds of years in the Americas and elsewhere. We now know this to be a lie.

172 Great books and authors that reveal the hidden (even true or truer) history of the United States are popping up in bookstores everywhere and frequently hitting national best-seller lists. Nevertheless, the one thing that all of these books have in common is their harmonious agreement that what we think we know of the United States and of our own ancestry is simply not true. In fact, as Americans we've been living a lie—a lie that has had real material and emotional effects upon our lives and our abilities to plan and grow.

173 Imagine your view of the past being a lie! That what you think went on actually didn't and what you didn't know was even possible was occurring every day. This is not far from the Truth, and this is why the Temple of Hip Hop calls *our people* into existence. Such awareness is not for everyone; not everyone is prepared for the Truth.

174 The Truth is that we are not what we have been taught to be, and the past was not all about conquest, theft and enslavement. There is another history to the World, a true history that seems to be about peace, love, unity, having fun and people coming together to share ideas and talents.

175 Unlike Christopher Columbus and the Spanish invaders of Mexico, when we (Afro-Phoenicians, the Norse peoples, Asians and Natives from other parts of the Americas) came upon the forest, mountains and shores of what is now called "Mexico," we were greeted just like Columbus was greeted by the peoples of those regions, except we didn't commence to robbing, shooting, stealing, stabbing, raping and enslaving our hosts. We were Hip Hop!

176 We sat down and enjoyed each other's company and ideas. We exchanged jewelry, herbs, spices, and knowledge; we even exchanged men and women. Not on some "you my slave now" attitude, but on a higher respect for learning to communicate between tribes and the exchange of ideas and inventions more rapidly.

177 However, government-backed Spanish corporations, for example, would arrive at our beaches, having never seen us before, looking for the gold on our islands. We would come out to greet them in love and they would read in Spanish a document known as "The Requirement." It read, *I implore you to recognize the Church as a lady and in the name of the Pope take the King as lord of this land and obey his mandates. If you do not do it, I tell you that with the help of God I will enter powerfully against you all! I will make war everywhere and every way that I can. I will subject you to the yoke and obedience to the Church and to his majesty. I will take your women and children and make them slaves. The deaths and injuries that you will receive from here on will be your own fault and not that of his majesty nor the gentlemen that accompany me.*

178 As Black Africans we lived in peace and with respect amongst the Natives of ancient Mexico centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards in the Americas. Huge 2,500-year-old stone sculptures of African heads throughout Mexico reflect this fact.

179 *Unlike the Norse, the Africans and Phoenicians seemed to have made a permanent impact on the Americas. Huge stone statues in Mexico imply as much. It took enormous effort to quarry these basalt blocks each weighing 10 to 40 tons, move them from quarry 75 miles away and sculpt them into heads 6 to 10 feet tall. Wherever they were from, the human models for these heads were important people. People to be worshipped or obeyed, or at least remembered.* (James W. Loewen, *Lies My Teacher Told Me*)

180 When Christopher Columbus arrived in the Americas in 1492 we were already here. We (the Hip Hop attitude) have been here in America since before 750 B.C. As Mr. Loewen continues, *showing that navigation and exploration didn't begin with Europe in the 1400s, like the Norse, the Afro-Phoenicians* (who also sail from Africa to the shores of Mexico and elsewhere centuries before Columbus) *illustrate human possibility in this case, Black possibility or more accurately the prowess*

of a multiracial society.

181 This has always been our aim as a Hip Hop community—*one multi-skilled, multicultural, multi-faith, multiracial people committed to the establishment and the development of peace.* (*Hip Hop Declaration of Peace*: Principle Eleven). This is Hip Hop!

182 Africans, Europeans, Asians, and aboriginals of all kinds seem to have traded with each other and lived together in relative harmony for hundreds of years in the Americas and elsewhere before the conquests of certain European corporations. Sure, there were fights and wars, conflicts and disagreements, but never the kind of deliberate genocide and the enslavement of whole populations by force of arms as with the arrival of the Christopher Columbus corporation and others to the Americas.

183 However, it is important to point out that even though our ancient infighting and conflicts in the Americas never reached the magnitude of mass genocide and the enslavement of whole populations, it was our own infighting, stealing and lying amongst ourselves that aided in the victory of outside forces invading our lands and carrying off our resources and people.

184 Most human beings generally sought peace and good times, play and laugher, and this seems to be what was happening all over the World, especially in the Americas before the arrival of the Christopher Columbus corporation. But when the invaders came we were not strong enough to overcome them because by the time they actually showed up on our shores we had already disrespected our own priests and tribal elders. We were already disunified when Columbus arrived. We had already disregarded the warnings of our priests and shamans and so we made it very easy for an outside invading force to cease our resources, knowledge and people.

185 We now know that no invading force can ever conquer a united people. No invading force can ever undermine a king, queen or government that is truly loved by its people. It seems that before the invasions of our lands, our own internal respect and loyalty to our king, queen, priests, etc. had already weakened, and it was this weakness that allowed outside forces to invade and capture our lands and people.

186 Even today, there seems to be an ancient and original *True World Order* that derives power through self-expression and human ingenuity, which is being interrupted and exploited by a technological *New World Order* that derives power out of the barrels of guns. One World is real and the other World is indeed fake! One is indigenous to Nature and spiritual law and the other is alien to Nature and spiritual law.

187 However, anyone who imposes their will upon you enters the relationship from a weak, uneven position because to have to impose your will means that your will is not natural or divine; it is not in harmony with the true nature of things, it is not universal to all creatures. You never have to impose a will that is already in harmony with the nature of reality itself. It is only when your will goes against the natural and universally accepted harmony of things that you must now get your point across with force—which doesn't last anyway because it is not real or natural.

188 Hip Hop is natural, and it appears to rise and fall within a variety of historical people and events throughout time and space (we'll get into this later). The thoughts, attitudes and activities that we are calling "Hip Hop" today existed at the earliest formations of American society.

189 Our creative intelligence has been in the World for thousand of years, expressing itself in the World whenever we were stable and free enough to express ourselves. For hundreds of years we (our collective Hiphop attitude) lived in peace with all the peoples of the ancient World. But when certain European corporations developed the gun into an instrument of mass-destruction, with that one tool

they enslaved the entire globe. And this is what every true Hiphoppa must understand.

190 Europe's rise to power did not come by way of more advanced knowledge, better government, smarter leadership, etc. Europe's rise to power came first from its improvements upon the World's already established ideas on the development of sanitation systems and medical services, the production of agriculture and industrial goods, as well as improvements in transportation and communications.

191 But the leading cause of Europe's rise to World dominance was its weapons. It was Europe's ability to invade and kill, and improve upon its weapons and warfare that propelled Europe into World domination. Europeans were not smarter or more talented as a people or as a nation-state than anyone else at the time. They were not closer to GOD, nor did they display some great achievement unparalleled by any other World civilization. Their power came from their weapons and their foreign products like whiskey and from their infectious diseases like smallpox.

192 Of course, there were benefits to Europeans arriving in the Americas. But historically and actually, the sorrows and the losses caused by European invasions upon the indigenous peoples of the Americas seemed to out-weigh the benefits.

193 As Carroll Quigley explains in his 1966 book *Tragedy and Hope*: *When White men first came to North America, material elements from Western civilization spread rapidly amongst the Indian tribes. The Plains Indians, for example, were weak and impoverished before 1543, but in that year the horse began to diffuse northward from the Spaniards in Mexico.*

194 *Within a century the Plains Indians were raised to a much higher standard of living (because of their ability to hunt buffalo from horseback) and were immensely strengthened in their ability to resist Americans coming westward across the continent. In the meantime, the trans-Appalachian Indians who had been very powerful in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries began to receive firearms, steel traps, measles and eventually whiskey from the French and later the English by way of the St. Lawrence.*

195 *These greatly weakened the woods Indians of the trans-Appalachian area and ultimately weakened the Plains Indians of the trans-Mississippi area, because measles and whiskey were devastating and demoralizing and because the use of traps and guns by certain tribes made them dependent on Whites for supplies at the same time that they allowed them to put great physical pressure on the more remote tribes which had not yet received guns or traps. Any united front of Reds against Whites was impossible, and the Indians were disrupted, demoralized and destroyed.*

196 This group of European exploiters with guns, explosives, measles and whiskey began terrorizing the inhabitants of the Americas, many of whom were us—the early Hip Hop communal attitude, those forward thinkers with that street attitude. However, with superior weaponry these aliens sought to enslave our people and steal our resources.

197 Centuries of such activity resulted in the further establishment of the British Empire. And because of such activities, our creative intelligence was never really able to fully express itself toward our improved existence. Any expression coming from our experiences or intelligence had to be beneficial to the British Empire or it was deemed *illegal* or not worthy of study—unimportant.

198 For many centuries our parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents could not express their interpretations of the World, of Cosmic Consciousness, and of *Self* publicly. Their (our) ideas and ways of doing things were stolen and/or suppressed by the commercial interests of European invaders with guns who sought to bring the Earth's people under their rule and order through their weapons and institutions.

199 Spanish, Dutch, Portuguese and British commercialism (also known as British colonialism) ignored the existence and authority of everything and everyone it came into contact with, and with the use of bombs and guns, whiskey and disease the British Empire paved a silence over all Earth cultures under its oppressive rule.

200 Long suffering and oppression resulted for all the Earth's indigenous people while British commercialism matured and developed, creating its own philosophies and views of Nature and the universe. Truths, facts, and discoveries made long ago became irrelevant to the new western mind that believed in the supremacy of British culture over all others.

201 At this point, the whole World would have to wait hundreds of years for western man with guns and bombs to mature mentally and spiritually to the point of rediscovering what every other culture already knew about Nature, the Great Spirit and the nature of reality itself. It's like British colonialism/commercialism halted the World's progress through terrorism until IT was able to catch up—and IT still hasn't quite caught up yet! Even other Europeans felt the horrors and stagnation of European commercial conquest.

202 However, many young Europeans still love and respect the basic global Hip Hop attitude and idea, and this is why the Temple of Hip Hop exists. Our aim is to assist in the spiritual and cultural maturity of our Hip Hop community in particular as well as humanity in general. We believe that as evil as some European, African, Asian, Arab, Latino and Native American corporations have been toward the growth of humanity itself, as individual people, they too were victims—immature, insecure and ignorant of themselves.

203 No, we do not condone or even disregard the horrific effects of blatant genocide, greed and hatred. However, even today we can see that such acts are indeed the acts of the fearful, the ignorant, the doubtful, and the unachieved. We can see now how our parents were actually victims of victims! As well-respected metaphysician Louise Hay as pointed out: *What kind of childhood would produce an adult like that?*

204 Author/historian Howard Zinn agrees: *In the long run the oppressor is also a victim. In the short run, and so far human history has only consisted of short runs, the victim is themselves, desperate and tainted with a culture that oppresses them.*

205 What a tragic situation to continue to perpetuate. Here, the victim of injustice grows up bitter, eventually losing faith in humanity and society's institutions, while the criminal grows up guilty, eventually losing faith in himself. Ultimately, everyone suffers when injustice is produced.

206 Therefore, our aim as a temple for Hip Hop is to promote reconciliation, forgiveness and healing within the Hip Hop community, to turn up the volume on peace and justice over war and revenge.

207 This is the aim of our ministry, to teach our people how to curb and control those natural instincts that motivate one man to rob and/or kill another, to lie to another, to exploit another. The savagery that prevents groups of humans to rise above their condition is the same savagery we are faced with today.

208 Sure, such savagery is disguised today behind money, flimsy ideologies and technological innovations, but in the end police brutality, racism, deceit and greed are all basically savage behaviors. And it is not the fault of individual people; it is more the fault of failed institutions and social policies.

209 We know that it is a society's social institutions that support the very foundations of human civilization. Such institutions replace our natural need to seek food and defend ourselves, and when

such institutions collapse for one reason or another, the society returns to its natural animal state. Hip Hop cannot be part of such a decline.

210 The cause of any meaningful religion is to produce a human social order out of a natural animal chaos, to establish a common spirit amongst the members of the society. Religion (as an example) keeps a society of strangers together, focused upon one common motif understood by all. It creates an abstract family social structure for a society of strangers to relate to each other regarding good and evil.

211 No human society can exist without a strong moral code, a strong sense of what is right and what is wrong for ITS survival. But in Hip Hop's case, morality can't just be about *right* and *wrong*; the morality of our group should also seek what is true and what is *false*.

212 Arthur F. Holmes in his book *Ethics: Approaching Moral Decisions*, writes: *First, moral practices vary with and depend on human needs and social conditions. Second, moral attitudes and practices are basically noncognitive responses rather than the product of rational thought.*

213 Such an interpretation of morality can be called "cultural relativism," *the view that moral beliefs and practices vary with and depend on the human needs and social conditions of particular cultures, so that no moral beliefs can be universally true. There can be no universal 'oughts.'* (Arthur F. Holmes)

214 We can see here that morality, although important and good for growing groups of people, is still not Truth. As an example, for hundreds of years our parents have been forced to accept the morality of their Christian slave-holders. Therefore, as a growing group of specialized people in pursuit of true freedom and justice, establishing our own moral code based upon what we need to survive, it becomes apparent that we will also need Truth to survive as a group.

215 We have seen now that without Truth as a moral attitude within a group, such a group cannot survive in peace for long. In my time, Christian values and principles are collapsing because of this, and many urban centers around the World are sinking back into savagery.

216 Again, this is why the Temple of Hip Hop exists. We exist to curb the savagery within our own Hip Hop community with an attitude that seeks Truth over individual desires.

217 Our aim is to inspire children beyond fear, rage and doubt—the cause of so much adult injustice and evil in the World.

218 Our aim is to heal the wounds of ignorance on both sides—to free both the slave as well as the slaveholder from the victimization both groups have had to endure.

219 Our aim is to hasten the actualization of the King's Dream—to sit at that *Table of Brotherhood!*

220 Our aim is to promote and establish peace wherever we are—to relieve human suffering wherever it may appear.

221 Our aim is to raise up a few really good leaders—those who will not sell us out this time!

222 Our aim is to preserve and further develop Hip Hop—to establish and maintain Hip Hop's city!

223 Like any useful institution of divine origin our aim is to lift our community up beyond its desperateness and lead it toward peace, prosperity and security. For we know now that violence is natural, while peace is supernatural. Therefore, those who seek peace seek the supernatural, ultimately seeking GOD—the Love that is reading with you now.

224 Again, when a nation's institutions fail, the people of that nation revert back to their state of savagery; the prevention of such a condition is why our temple for Hip Hop exists.

225 For if a community has no relation to the supernatural, it can only relate to the natural. A good

and useful learning institution exchanges our need to kill and eat to survive with learning the ways of cooperation, unity and teamwork toward survival. This is our mission within the Hip Hop community. Our people have been held down for far too long and now it is our divine time to rise up!

226 As the great mythologist Jospeh Campbell has pointed out: *The dynamics of the psyche and the dynamics of the society are equivalent. What has been pushed down is going to come up! And the tension, and what we were talking about a few years ago, the explosions of the inner city, is exactly the social counterpart of the 'shadow' coming up. It* [the 'shadow'] *is a function of the organism* [society] *that has not been recognized and given its position. And always out of that comes an enlargement of consciousness and there has to be an assimilation of the two."*

227 This is what the Temple of Hip Hop is all about, the *enlargement of consciousness.* As a Hip Hop preservation society, we also study the repeated patterns of Hip Hop's existence in space-time reality. We look throughout written, visual and oral World history to see the patterns that best suit our movements today, one way or the other.

228 We know that history repeats itself because we know that time pulsates in repeatable cycles. We know that it is not historical events that repeat themselves, but more accurately it is the *conditions* that created certain historical events that repeat themselves. Time continuously gives us chances to repeat our victories and/or misfortunes in a circular kind of motion.

229 We have discovered today that our time right now is the time of civilization and great leaps in consciousness are about to occur. We know the cycles of our planet and the sun and how these great movements affect our consciousness as well as space-time reality itself. When we study the many calendars of civilizations before us we can see ourselves being repeated in space-time geometry. We can see who we all are and where we made certain mistakes as well as achievements.

230 The conditions for the birth of a new people are upon us now. The position of the sun and the mathematics that predict the end of one age into another are upon us now. We are actually completing a 5125-year cycle of time that, according to Mayan calculations, completes December 21, 2012.

231 Is it mere coincidence that Kool DJ Herc is said to have begun modern Hip Hop on August 11, 1973, and the present World age began August 11, 3114 B.C., and completes with the rare alignment of the solar system with the center of the Milky Way on December 21, 2012? Is it a mere coincidence that the zone in which the sun travels across the equator of the Milky Way galaxy spans a distance of time that began around 1980 and ends around 2016, a time that spans the whole mainstream rise of Hip Hop and its commercial promotion of Rap music?

232 Do we really believe that we exist outside of the universe and its influences upon our creation and further development as Hip Hop? Oh no, we don't! Hip Hop is divine and it is following the patterns of celestial calculations. Those of us who are aware are also humbled; it is indeed our time again! The last days of others are indeed the first days for us.

233 Let us unite around the timeless principles of peace, love, unity and joy. We are indeed living at one of the greatest times in human history and to be aware of such a time causes one to be alert and virtuous. Preparing our people for the inevitable shift in Earth consciousness is the sacred work of our temple for Hip Hop.

234 If this path is for you, YOU ARE WELCOMED INTO THE TEMPLE OF HIPHOP. Your training has already begun. The following is a list of our training "stages" that represent the learning levels of our committed members. Take a moment now and review the following list to determine which "stage" is comfortable for you to begin with.

RAP FAN: A *Rap fan* is anyone who enjoys or respects Rap music. *Rap fans* are only interested in watching or listening to Rap music even though they may call it *Hip Hop.*

I To the *Rap fan* Hip Hop is music. *Rap fans* are culturally and spiritually blind, deaf and dumb to *true* Hiphop. The deeper spiritual lessons and Overstandings of the Temple of Hiphop are incomprehensible to *Rap fans* and can cause them unnecessary suffering.

II However, it is the *Rap fan* who has financed the Rap music industry through the sales of music and other entertainment products. Basically, *Rap fans* just enjoy Rap music. Nevertheless, to truly be a knowledgeable teacha of Hip Hop's cultural evolution it is helpful to have been an average fan of Rap music for some part of your life.

III However, having Hiphop's spiritual *sight* is the fundamental difference between the attuned Hiphoppa and the *Rap fan*. Many *Rap fans,* although greatly appreciated, lack knowledge as to what causes Hip Hop.

IV They simply buy Rap music product and imitate it or teach it as hip-hop's culture. They do not truly live an authentic, productive Hiphop lifestyle so Hiphop's cultural/spiritual wisdom (the knowledge of what causes Hip Hop) is foreign and in most cases useless to them.

V Keep in mind that the term *Rap fan* can also be applied to Rap artists with lengthy entertainment contracts. Many well-known Rap artists, executives, professors, ministers and editors are really *Rap fans* imitating and/or admiring the skill, mastery and cultural mentalities of true Hiphoppas.

VI It was new music technology and the need for various corporations to exploit hip-hop that gave *Rap fans* the ability to imitate what the *true Hiphoppa* experienced. That was, and still is, the difference between watching *hip-hop,* learning *Hip Hop* and actually being *Hiphop.*

VII When you are naturally and effortlessly Hiphop you instinctively feel the need to express Hip Hop beyond entertainment and money-making exclusively. You simply care for the development of yourself as Hip Hop. You simply care about Hip Hop because you respect your *Self*. There is no separation between you and Hip Hop.

VIII Hip Hop is your lifestyle and you cannot sell your lifestyle nor should you contradict your cultural principles. In light of this, Hip Hop can be considered an unalienable right of all Hiphoppas.

IX On the other hand, those *Rap fans* who watch and/or listen to *hip-hop* also live other lifestyles. So the exploitation of Hip Hop's culture, principles and elements is a natural behavior toward the benefit of whatever lifestyle or culture they really live and pledge their alligence to.

X The *Rap fan* admires and imitates the effects of the true Hip Hop mentality and remains confined only to the elements that have survived over the years. However, the attuned Hiphoppa, having knowledge of Hip Hop's history, meaning, purpose and original causes can apply the original Hip Hop awareness (or spiritual *sight*) to any subject or object in the World, thus expanding one's range of creative freedom.

XI The attuned Hiphoppa further expands Hip Hop, while the *Rap fan* merely imitates the Hip Hop elements already created. When the demand for such a Hip Hop element fades, so does the career of the *Rap fan.*

XII But the attuned Hiphoppa, for example, can apply the Hiphop *sight* (or awareness) to empty soda cans and create a new career out of that! Remember, Hip Hop is not exclusively music; it is an awareness that can be applied to any subject or object. It is a transformative power.

XIII With little or no awareness of Hiphop's cultural or spiritual purpose, even if one thinks he is doing Hip Hop a service by performing Hip Hop's elements he is not. In fact, he cannot!

XIV *Rap fans* are offered the *Hip Hop Declaration of Peace.*

HIPHOPPA: A Hiphoppa is an individual participating in Hip Hop's culture—a citizen of the Hip Hop nation.

I *Hiphoppas* sense the deeper essence of Hip Hop beyond Rap music. *Hiphoppas* may also know a variety of spiritual Truths but they still have not matured to the level of actually living them. Most younger *Hiphoppas* are still in search of their purpose.

II *Hiphoppas* search for organizations, discussions and products that focus upon Hip Hop as a culture and way of life. *Hiphoppas* also instinctively feel the need to acknowledge all of Hip Hop's elements, not just those elements that are profitable or popular.

III *Hiphoppas* feel Hiphop, and have begun the practice of one or more of Hiphop's nine elements. Hiphoppas are offered the Gospel of Hip Hop.

TEMPLE MEMBER: *A Temple Member* is a Hiphoppa that has begun a serious study into the *Overstandings* of the *Gospel of Hip Hop.*

I *Temple Members* are Hiphoppas who have joined the Temple of Hiphop by taking the vow *I am Hiphop* and by abiding by the principles of the Gospel of Hip Hop.

II When we say *I am Hiphop* we become that which we say that we want Hip Hop to become. Therefore, we preserve *Hip Hop* by becoming *Hiphop* and then preserving ourselves.

III Those who are willing to become *Hiphop* for the sake of preserving *Hip Hop*, take the vow *I am Hiphop!* Such a person is no longer just doing Hip Hop's elements; such a person is Hiphop itself. And this *Gospel of Hip Hop* lays out the character and powers of a successfully lived Hiphop life.

IV *Temple Members* support each other and the Temple of Hiphop in its campaign to preserve, promote and protect Hip Hop's culture, elements and expressions.

V *Temple Members* are personally preparing for spiritual victory over the obstacles and traps of urban life—the *streets.* The seriously committed *Temple Member* has embarked upon a rigorous course of self-improvement leading to personal reinvention. It is at this level of overstanding that we realize ourselves to be role models, and we pay close attention to how we look and act in society.

VI The popular statement "I ain't no role model" is simply not a choice for committed *Temple Members*. Many people deny the fact that they are role models because of their own shortcomings in life, which diminish their own sense of self-worth. *Temple Members* are working to cleanse themselves of such inadequacies, and it is through mentoring, caring and the giving of one's self that is at the essence of one's cleansing.

VII *Temple Members* have realized that everyone is a role model because every object in Nature affects every other object in Nature. Every object and/or event in Nature appears to the human mind as a symbol—everything means something to us. As an object in Nature you are a symbol to other people as to what reality is and what is even possible.

VIII *Temple Members* know that everything in Nature is a symbol to the observer, that every physical thing in Nature affects every other physical thing in Nature. So, to assume that you are not a role model is to deny your own influence upon Nature and upon other people. Such an assumption confines you to your own limited thinking.

IX But this may be a good thing in the long run because those who do not lead productive lives silence themselves for the good of the whole. Even though an unproductive or dangerous life is still a

role to be modeled, those who live such lives are right to deny their own influence upon everyone and everything else.

X It is at this stage that we (*Temple Members*) begin the perfection of our outward appearance and artistic activities. At this stage, the Temple Member seeks to perfect one or more of Hip Hop's nine elements. Private Assignment: study the Gospel of Hip Hop.

TRUE HIPHOPPA: A *True Hiphoppa* is a Temple Member who is studied in the Overstandings of the Gospel of Hip Hop.

I *True Hiphoppas* are called *True* because, when necessary, they are capable of putting the protection and development of Hip Hop before their individual wants, acts and ideas. They are willing to make sacrifices for Hip Hop's preservation and expansion.

II It is here that the Templist begins learning the way of self-sacrifice and takes on the last name of *ONE* (or *Oné*, pronounced as *oh-nay,* meaning *God expressed* or *expressed Truth*), signifying victory Over Nearly Everyone and/or Everything.

III For all true Hiphoppas that belong to the cultural family of Hip Hop, *Oné* (oh-nay) as a cultural last name helps other Temple Members identify each other. The use of the *One* also symbolizes the awareness of being single-minded in your spiritual perceptions. The *One* as a last name means that you are practicing seeing the physical World beyond dualities.

IV There is no more *this* and *that*, *them* and *me*, *name* and *nature*, *past* and *future*; all is one. You and Hip Hop are one event. The use of the *One* as a last name in speaking or in writing is not mandatory, however it does show one's level of conscious awareness and of one's selfless commitment to the unity of Hip Hop's culture.

V The true Hiphoppa has also chosen a specific Hip Hop icon/pioneer to begin a scholarly study of. And in addition to studying the icon/pioneer of one's choice, it is always helpful to study the life, legacy and teachings of KRS ONE.

VI Private Assignment: practice the Gospel of Hip Hop and choose a Hip Hop icon/pioneer to begin studying.

TEMPLIST: A *templist* is a True Hiphoppa who is seriously committed and faithfully dedicated to the development of the Temple of Hiphop.

I Also called "temple representatives," *templists* are involved in the business of the Temple of Hip Hop: its administration and legal affairs as well as the promotion of the Temple of Hip Hop's ideas and image in World history. *Templists* are concerned with the internal organization of the Temple of Hip Hop.

II *Templists* are also activists. They plan Hip Hop conferences, uprisings, protests, cultural summits, social programs, spiritual/cultural workshops and private meetings. As Temple Representatives, some *templists* commit to representing whole cities on behalf of Hip Hop's proper presentation and preservation.

III Working mostly behind the scenes, *templists* assist in the proper presentation of Hip Hop's artistic elements and intellectual worldview even if the *templist* has no professional or personal allegiances to the Hip Hop person and/or event being assisted.

IV *Templists* consider Hip Hop itself to be their responsibility. The *templist* seeks to freely assist Hip Hop's many artists, often without those artists even knowing. *Templists* work privately and quietly, often receiving no recognition or even appreciation for their services. A *templist* acts on

behalf of God, not on behalf of her own Worldly interests.

V Private Assignment: self-sacrifice, self-restraint, charity, loyalty and teamwork.

ATTUNED HIPHOPPA: An *Attuned Hiphoppa* is a Templist who has overcome the values of the World and has regulated the passions of the physical body.

I *Attuned Hiphoppas* are sensitive to the divine meaning and purpose of Hiphop. They live in harmony with the oneness of GOD's actual presence. They have made the decision to live by and actualize the Gospel of Hiphop.

II Righteousness has become a habit for the *attuned Hiphoppa.* And such a habit has opened the Kingdom of Heaven for that Hiphoppa. Such a Hiphoppa is called *attuned* because her mind has become uninstitutionalized. She is free! Such a Hiphoppa becomes content with being Hiphop. Such a Hiphoppa has found peace.

III For with an uninstitutionalized mind the Hiphoppa knows not what she can't do. For when your mind is free from being told what its limits are, you achieve great works because you don't know what you can't do. You can lift great weights and endure immense hardships when you don't know what is heavy or difficult.

IV In addition, when you are uninstitutionalized in your thinking you unite with the Mind of GOD and the cycles of Nature. Your very movement through time and space match the movements of Heaven and Earth.

V At this level of mind your Worldly activities shall unconsciously match the happenings of physical reality in mathematical ways that are not only seen or proven years later by future historians/scientists looking back upon your time, but such a habitual attitude towards life also places the attuned Hiphoppa in a state of supernatural harmony with her surrounding environment.

VI At the Temple of Hip Hop attuned and spiritually mature Hiphoppas are aware of the Truth that the outer-self is a projection of the inner-self. And a Hiphoppa's inner-thoughts cannot be cut off from the total existence of that Hiphoppa's outer lifestyle and environment.

VII Attuned Hiphoppas know that outer circumstances are shaped by inner-thinking. As we gradually transform our thinking, we gradually transform our environment. It is here, at this stage of spiritual development, that the attuned Hiphoppa realizes the Power of Mind.

VIII It is here that the attuned Hiphoppa realizes that whatever the mind creates the mind must maintain. In other words, whatever your hands create, your hands will maintain. If you create something with your hands, it will have to be maintained by your hands, by your hand-skills.

IX The same can apply to your tongue. Whatever you create with your words, you will have to maintain in the physical World with your words. Word-creations are sustained by words, hand-creations are sustained by hands, and mind-creations are maintained by mind.

X Therefore, attuned Hiphoppas monitor the activities of their own hands, minds and mouths in an effort to bring order, peace and prosperity to the circumstances of their own lives.

XI Such Hiphoppas have also perfected their chosen Hip Hop element. Private Assignment: Begin a career in the Hip Hop element you have perfected.

HIPHOP KULTURAL SPECIALIST: A *Hiphop Kultural Specialist* is an attuned Hiphoppa who is certified by the Temple of Hiphop to teach Hip Hop publicly.

I Kultural Specialists are authorized by the Hip Hop Declaration of Peace to *interpret and answer*

sensitive cultural questions regarding the principles and proper presentations of Hiphop's elements and culture, relative to businesses, individuals, organizations, communities, cities, as well as other countries.

II It takes at least five years of continuously engaging Hiphop, Hip Hop and hip-hop to become a Hiphop Kultural Specialist. Some do it in fewer years, but in Truth you never really end your education as a Hiphop Kultural Specialist. The Temple of Hip Hop ordains its Kultural Specialists in four stages (degrees).

III Mastery of one or more of Hip Hop's artistic elements as well as an overstanding of Hiphop's nine elements is the first degree.

IV Production of useful works and ideas known historically and enjoyed regularly by the Hip Hop community is the second degree.

V Evidence of at least three years of paying dues, meaning: contributing to Hip Hop in meaningful ways without being compensated for it, is the third degree.

VI Finally, the receiving of certain honors, awards, credentials, letters of appreciation and/or validations from within the Hip Hop community itself, from ITS pioneers and founders, from ITS authentic cultural organizations, from ITS talented artists, is indeed the fourth and final degree in becoming a Hiphop Kultural Specialist—a true Hip Hop scholar.

VII Private Assignment: take your time studying and teaching all you can about the nature, history, meaning and purpose of Hip Hop.

MINISTA: A *Minista* is a server, a Hiphop Kultural Specialist who has achieved the H-LAW. A Hiphop *minista* is different from a traditional *minister. Ministas* teach Universal Law, which includes life-coaching and spiritual advice relevant to the Hip Hop community and ITS experiences in the World.

I Attuned *ministas* for Hip Hop serve the Temple of Hip Hop in its charity and social work. And even though Hip Hop's *ministas* have achieved the H-LAW, which includes wealth, and can also teach Street Entrepreneurialism, such *ministas* still do not handle money or seek to make deals. Hiphop's attuned *ministas* are given what they need by God. We are supported by the respect of the Hip Hop community for our spiritual, intellectual and artistic skills.

II *Ministas* are focused upon teaching, revealing, and inspiring the Hip Hop community spiritually. They are the living examples of what they teach. They embody the spiritual vision of the Temple of Hip Hop.

III A *minista* is a live person, full of energy. A *minista* is a real person, a true person, a genuine person. *Ministas* lead simple lives: great in love, great in life and great in God's work!

IV But remember this: the *ministas* who teach the great Truths of Godly character must impersonate such Truths themselves. When the Truth that one knows becomes the Truth that one does, one can be called *Minista*.

V For when you fully and truly realize that Hip Hop is the name of YOUR activity in the World you shall wake up and take more responsibility for how Hiphop Kulture (YOU) is perceived in the World—beginning with the way in which you personally think, speak and act regarding yourself, your community and your future as Hiphop. This realization causes one to become a *minista* for Hip Hop.

VI For it is not skill mastery or even the selling of millions of recordings, books, etc., that preserves and further develops Hip Hop Kulture. In Truth, it is the individual thinking patterns and

habits of ordinary Hiphoppas that allow poverty or prosperity, peace or disorder to affect the collective development of Hip Hop Kulture. The Hip Hop *minista* IS the preservation of Hip Hop.

VII Private Assignment: attract support for the Temple of Hiphop while freely teaching its principles to all interested apprentices.

TEACHA: A *teacha* is a highly skilled Hip Hop minista who has declared spiritual *victory over the streets!* A *teacha* lives and teaches Hiphop's spiritual, moral and cultural lifestyle. A *teacha* has mastered two or more of Hip Hop's artistic elements.

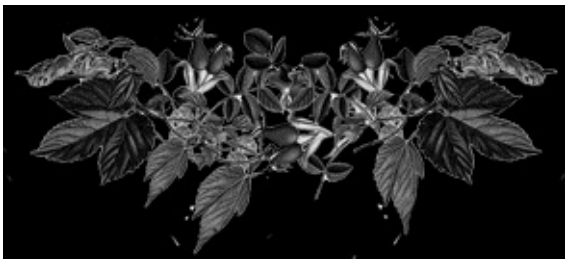
I *Teachas* are *Attuned Hiphoppas* who have shown and proven their wisdom of spiritual living. We practice living free and unattached from the stresses and temptations of the World. A *teacha's* presence comforts and inspires many. *Teachas* tend to heal or enhance whatever they touch or come near.

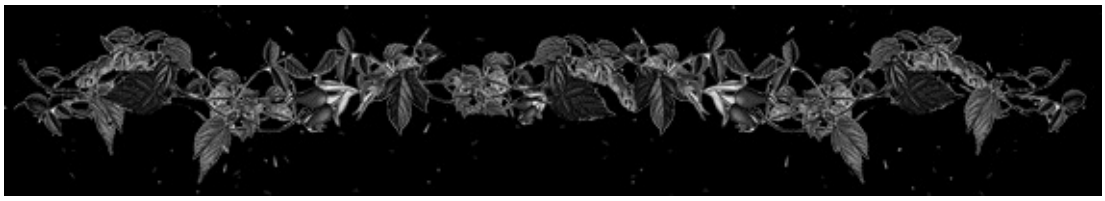
II Never hateful, always compassionate and fair, *teachas* bring out the higher qualities in people. *Teachas* help people to find and protect themselves, their purpose, their talents and their goals. *Teachas* are not above their students/apprentices, *teachas* are just like their students/apprentices.

III *Teachas* are the only qualified Hiphoppas authorized to establish *official* 'temples' of Hip Hop in their respective cities. A teacha is the leader or *chief* of Hip Hop Kulture. All teachas are called the *legal guardians, stepfathers* or *stepmothers* of Hip Hop.

IV Qualifications include: an honorable reputation, two years of public speaking with a minimum of twelve lectures on Hiphop, Hip Hop and/or hip-hop, the publishing of an informative recording, film or book on Hip Hop, hip-hop or Hiphop, and the actual attainment of peace and prosperity.

V Private Assignment: live and teach the *Gospel of Hiphop*. THERE IT IS.





THE EIGHTEENTH OVERSTANDING

THE ORIGINS OF HIP HOP

TRACK ONE

1 Peace and much love to all generations of Hip Hop. It is here at the end that we explore our beginnings, our origin. However, before exploring the *origins* of Hip Hop let us be clear about the subject we are about to explore. Not only are we exploring the possibility and opportunity to establish Hip Hop as a free and sovereign nation, we are also exploring the *origins* of Hip Hop in an effort to properly document its real *history*.

2 One of the reasons this Overstanding appears at the end of this *First Instrument* is because such an inquiry requires a certain maturity and openness of mind to fully comprehend. It is not at all my intent to insult, disrespect or demean anyone or any other school of thought regarding such a subject. However, I invite our truly free-thinking Hiphoppas to seriously consider the following Overstanding as a real solution and strategy toward the preservation and further development of our already growing Hip Hop community.

3 First, this Overstanding argues that Hip Hop's true *history* cannot be properly documented without an understanding of Hip Hop's true *origins*. Study carefully.

4 The *origin* of something is its origination, its cause, where it came from, how it came into existence. Different from *history*, the *origin* of something deals with the nature and being of a thing; it explores the actual *conditions* that help to bring a *thing* into existence.

5 In short, Hip Hop's *origins* are indeed Hip Hop's true historical ingredients. Without an *origin* there is no *history.* Yes, there are some very good Hip Hop history books available today, written by some very credible Hip Hop authors. However, I find it a bit funny how so many *rap* and *hip-hop* writers in my time can discuss the writing of Hip Hop's *history* without first discussing the *origins* of Hip Hop's existence—its causes and its effects, its essence and nature in material reality.

6 In addition, many of the *hip-hop history* books for sale on the market today speak as if the whole of the Hip Hop community agrees with the conclusions and interpretations such books depict of OUR life experiences. Many of these books are rushed out with little to no real scholarship, and I often wonder what the rush is all about to publish a *history* of Hip Hop in my time.

7 In my humble opinion, as true Hip Hop scholars, we cannot even discuss Hip Hop's *history* without first discussing Hip Hop's *origins*, and from that solid understanding of Hip Hop's true nature and existence we may set a collective AGENDA that establishes OUR survival and collective well-being in the World. Our AGENDA births our history.

8 The documentation of OUR collective effort to reach OUR collective agenda is called "OUR history." Our movement as a community through time and space IS OUR HISTORY. OUR history (or rather, "our-story") develops naturally from the pursuit of OUR OWN collective agenda, rooted in an awareness of OUR OWN existence. Hip Hop's history is NOT the history of Rap music pioneers and DJs.

9 But this is the challenge right here; many so-called *hip-hop scholars* and/or *hip-hop historians* in my time don't even believe that Hip Hop exists as an international culture. They are still approaching Hip Hop as music, art and clothing fashions exclusively.

[10] This begins our study into Hip Hop's *origins* because the desperate attempts of many "Rap journalists" to *make a name for themselves* at the expense of accurate Hip Hop documentation is also part of Hip Hop's true history, and future Hiphoppas should know of this. Study carefully; what is being sold as *hip-hop's history* in my time (your past) is actually Rap music's *folklore*.

[11] So again, different from a *history* of something or someone, an *origin* explores the conditions that created that something or someone; it explores the nature of historical people, places and things.

[12] We can read all day about the *history* of Hip Hop, but if we don't know why things are the way that they are and how they got to be that way, our historical view of Hip Hop will always be the interpretations of those who sought only to exploit *hip-hop* and not *be* or learn Hip Hop. As Cicero pointed out, *Not to have knowledge of what happened before you were born is to be condemned to live forever as a child.*

[13] As a "teacha," a true Hip Hop scholar, you must know the difference between the work of a true Hip Hop scholar, different from that of an objective freelance writer only seeking to make some money on his or her story, or some music executive turned "historian" only seeking to keep his or her name alive. Again, this too is part of Hip Hop's true history.

[14] As a true Hip Hop scholar, you must know of the *conditions* that helped to create Hip Hop so that you will really know how to preserve it and further develop it.

[15] The first thing to realize about Hip Hop is that the main reason why *hip-hop's history* is presented in the way that it is (told through the events of the Rap music industry), is because between the years of 1983 and 2003 the selling of Rap music magazines was where the money was at! Unfortunately, Rap magazines were also the very first documentation of Hip Hop as a subculture—even to other "Hiphoppas."

[16] From the first time people became aware of Hip Hop's artistic elements the idea was to *use* hip-hop, not *understand* Hip Hop. When Rap music first hit the mainstream American airwaves in 1979 everyone approached it as if it was something to eat—rappers included. No one cared about how the rapper/MC viewed the World or WHY rappers did what they did. Most people were only eager to learn HOW we did what we did so that they could do it as well to make some money.

[17] The honoring of real artistic and intellectual skill, the documentation of Hip Hop's political advancements as well as the words and warnings of Hip Hop's prophets, scholars, pioneers, and cultural principles were all deliberately ignored so that *hip-hop's* artistic elements (mainly DJ-ing and MC-ing) could be exploited by mainstream corporate interests. This is how hip-hop treated Hip Hop when hip-hop gained mainstream acceptance.

[18] This is why Hip Hop looks the way that it does in my time (2009) historically. You (my future) can see this fact a lot clearer in your time than the many who cannot seem to see this obvious fact in my time. All across America's mainstream airwaves, *hip-hop* is being presented to the World as an irresponsible community of bitches, thugs, whores and pimps. And this is done deliberately—for the sole purpose of generating an income—while distracting people from the Truth!

[19] In my present time (2009, your past) this is a *condition* of Hip Hop, and it is this present *condition* that is a major part of Hip Hop's *origin*. Again, I am in no way disrespecting or demeaning the work of others—not at all. We are all growing and developing with the conscious awareness that we possess. There is no personal judgment here. However, these are the things that you must know in order to be a true scholar of Hip Hop's real *history*. You must have a special *sight* capable of differentiating between Truth and bullshit!

[20] As a true Hip Hop historian, you must know that there are those of us who remain committed to

the principles of peace, unity, love and safely having fun, as laid down by Afrika Bambaataa, and there are others who continuously seek to subvert, demean, degrade and even disrespect Hip Hop and its principles in their own desperate attempt to acquire more and more financial security.

[21] This is just a fact of my time and this is also part of Hip Hop's true history. Sometime around 1991, with the rise of televised videos, everyone and anyone felt that they could rap, and they did! The so-called *fans* of real DJs and MCs became mainstream rappers, executives and journalists themselves, expressing the interests of mainstream corporate America within *hip-hop*. Without knowing it, their desperate acts served as agents of our continued oppression. This fact is also a major part of Hip Hop's TRUE HISTORY!

[22] Hip Hop's true history begins with Hip Hop's true relationship with itself. Before we can really document Hip Hop historically, we must first intimately know and accurately describe the true nature of what we are seeking to document historically; otherwise we are only documenting our personal opinions and emotions regarding Hip Hop into history, and this too is part of Hip Hop's true history.

[23] But this is the problem with documenting *hip-hop* for money (as a job); the problem is objectivity. When you are actually Hiphop yourself you instinctively look out for Hip Hop first, above your employment status, and such an attitude is reflected in your writings.

[24] When you are actually Hiphop yourself you instinctively look to protect the long-term interests of Hip Hop and its international community; you write with the well-being of Hip Hop's community in mind.

[25] When you are actually Hiphop yourself no one has to pay you to participate in what you already are, or to participate in what you already love and respect. As a loyal citizen of the Hip Hop community you love what you are writing about and/or doing in Hip Hop.

[26] As a citizen of the real Hip Hop community you care more for the image of Hip Hop worldwide above your employment status; you have no choice but to document, further invent, preserve, promote, and participate in all of what Hip Hop has to offer—you are drawn to it.

[27] As a loyal citizen of Hip Hop's global culture you are not focused exclusively upon where Hip Hop's valued resources are. As a true Hiphoppa you are exploring all of that which you truly love about Hip Hop, regardless of compensation; basically you are exploring yourself and your role in that ever-growing reality we call "Hip Hop."

[28] However, if you are not really a citizen of Hip Hop's real community yet you are attempting to document and/or perform Hip Hop's arts, sciences and/or culture, your perspective will always be objective, and approaching Hip Hop objectively dramatically limits one's intimate understanding of Hip Hop.

[29] The true Hip Hop historian is subjective with the ability to hypothesize objectively. The true Hip Hop historian loves Hip Hop, therefore she is intimately immersed in it. There is no *standing on the outside looking in* when it comes to the Hip Hop historian/scholar. The true Hip Hop historian IS HIP HOP itself!

[30] To be a scholar of Hip Hop's arts and sciences you must ultimately BECOME Hip Hop's arts and sciences. Objectivity has its place, but as an exclusive method for the documentation of Hip Hop, objectivity just does not go far enough into the actual nature of Hip Hop.

[31] Most journalists educated in America's colleges today are taught that accuracy in the documenting of an event is based upon one's *objective* approach to that event. They are taught to remove themselves from what they are documenting so that they can get an unbiased perspective of the event.

[32] The premise is that the truly objective critic is fairer and more balanced in her interpretations of natural phenomena than the one actually creating the phenomena, because the objective observer is "removed" from what she is observing; there is no bias.

[33] The challenge, however, is that no one these days approaches anything objectively, without prejudice or emotional response. And when it comes to Hip Hop, you cannot understand it by watching it; you have to do it, be it, live it, then maybe you'll begin to understand it. Objective Truth does not exist for Hip Hop. Hip Hop's historical reality is inherently enigmatic.

[34] The objectivism of today's journalists implies that knowledge (or knowing) is based upon observing objects and events, as opposed to also being them. Objective journalists have been educated to believe that they can look at something and know what it is.

[35] Objectivity, however, doesn't really exist in the human experience and it is a grossly inaccurate way of approaching an event as personal as Hip Hop. To truly understand Hip Hop you have to become it.

[36] Still, even within the accepted methodology of objectively documenting a subject and/or object, early Rap magazine/book writers still followed none of the academically accepted rules for the correct documentation of historical events.

[37] For the objective historian, history is based upon credible sources—it has to be because the objective historian is not the creator of the event she is preparing to document. What is called "hip hop's history" today is mostly the creation of objective music critics interpreting the activities of the urban Rap landscape and its people like products to be bought and sold.

[38] As the so-called "standard" goes, there are two main kinds of historical sources: one kind of source is called a "primary source" and the other kind of source is called a "secondary source."

[39] A "primary source" is evidence from the period you are studying (a newspaper article from the period, an archeological find from the period, an originating person, place or thing from the period). The primary source is the *origin* of something or someone's history. If your "primary source" is not correct, neither will your historical facts be correct.

[40] A "secondary source" is some already documented information about the originating period, person, place or thing (a book or statement by another historian about the period, person, place or thing in question).

[41] All histories rely upon "primary" and "secondary" sources, meaning that anytime you are presenting a *history* of someone or something you will rely at some point upon *secondary sources* to substantiate your total point of view because no one's history exists on its own, and most historians were not present for the history that they are now exploring.

[42] But what if your activities in time and physical space create a seemingly new event in time and physical space and you are the *primary source* yourself? This slightly alters the concept of *primary* and *secondary* source materials because even a newspaper article of an event from the actual period being studied (for example), which would be considered a *primary source*, can be questioned by the creators of the *event* if the article was written by an objective observer of the *event*.

[43] If the author/journalist of the time who wrote such an article was still foreign and objective to the event being documented, I would argue that in the face of those who created and originated such an event, in no way can that historian's writings be called a *primary source*. Such writings may be a called a *primary source* to all who are not originators of the *event* (or source), but for those who originate their events, THEY ARE THE PRIMARY SOURCES!

[44] *Primary sources* in historical documentation are only *primary* if the originator of the event is

presenting his or her own history his or her self in his or her own way. Just because you have a *primary source* in writing or in some other state of preservation does not mean that it IS a *primary source* in physical reality. It is only a *primary source* to you because that's how far your research and mental abilities can go or have gone.

45 However, to those who have created the *event* themselves, an *outsider* observing and then documenting that *event* can never claim any historical authority or accuracy over those who are the *event* itself.

46 This is where the standard methodologies of documenting history come into question when documenting Hip Hop. Traditionally, history is taught as cause, consequence, change and continuity, but all of these methods are affected first by the intelligence, expertise and personal prejudices of the historian.

47 What is the *cause* of an event seen through the eyes of those only looking to exploit the event itself? The true Hip Hop historian must ask these questions of all cultures being studied within a mainstream context.

48 The question is, how reliable is the *primary source* information of historians whose main motivation for documenting the event or the person is (or was) to exploit the event and/or the person for whatever financial gain they may achieve with the documentation they've objectively obtained? Their own desire to exploit the situation blinds them from what actually caused the situation or what possible effects the situation may bring; their aim is not history, it's money.

49 On another note, what is a *primary source* when there is always another side to the story? Hip Hop's historians should also be looking for as many *primary sources* as we can find because most World history is (was) written by the exploiters of the World's people.

50 This is why as historians uncovering reality through history we should also look at history as historian Howard Zinn does, from the *viewpoint of the Arawaks,* when it comes to the history of Christopher Columbus for example.

51 As another example, Mr. Zinn points out when it comes to the history of the Constitution that we should train ourselves to see such an event *from the standpoint of the slaves.*

52 We should think of Andrew Jackson *as the Cherokees saw him. Of the Civil war? As seen by the New York Irish. Of the Mexican war? As seen by the deserting soldiers of Scott's army. Of the rise of industrialism? As seen by the young women in the Lowell textile mills. Of the Spanish-American war? As seen by the Cubans. The conquest of the Philippians? As seen by Black soldiers on Luzon. The Gilded Age? As seen by southern farmers. The First World War? As seen by Socialists. The Second World War? As seen by pacifists. The New Deal? As seen by Blacks in Harlem. The postwar American empire? As seen by peons in Latin America.* (Howard Zinn, *A People's History of the United States*—CD series narrated by Matt Damon)

53 But again, even if we confine ourselves to the standard methodologies for the proper documentation of history, we still find that most (if not all) of *hip-hop's* early historical writings are grossly imbalanced and in many cases unprofessional. First let's review the accepted standard.

54 History is generally studied as *cause, consequence, change* and *continuity.*

55 Historical cause means the reason something happened.

56 *Cause* is the *origin* of a historical event.

57 Historical *consequence* means what happened because of an action; it is the result of an event.

58 Historical *change* means when an event makes things different. *Change* is the opposite of

continuity.

59 Historical *continuity* means when events do not *change;* they remain as they are. *Continuity* is the opposite of *change*.

60 We can see here how unscholarly many of *hip-hop's* written histories are. Very few *hip-hop* histories actually follow any of these *standard* documenting methodologies and this is not good for Hip Hop. Even standard historical documentation methodologies advocate that the historian comprehend, analyze, evaluate and interpret the *source* materials presented within his historical writings—however, this too is not being observed by *hip-hop's* so-called *historians.*

61 History is presented to tell a story about specific people, places or things. In the long run, the *history* of a people, a place, or a thing is not as important as the *story* that is being told about those people, places and things through history. When it comes to a *People* (a culture), it is the story, the description, the collective tradition as well as the vision of those *People* that are explained in THEIR history.

62 As historians, we know that history is supposedly a continuous recording of past events, and that most people also refer to history as the study of past events, or simply public record. In academic circles, history is thought to be a critical analysis of something or someone memorable. But many Hiphoppas have learned that all history is not to be trusted; this is common knowledge amongst us—and this very historical fact is also part of OUR collective history.

63 The fact that we've been taught a false history about ourselves is history itself, and we must document such historical events with as much *primary* and *secondary* source materials as we can find.

64 Many are ready to admit that we have been victims of biased, sexist, racist and inaccurate historians, but few of us are ready to admit that we are also the victims of sincere, reputable and accurate historians. Meaning that whether one is an inaccurate historian or an academically accurate historian, they (historians) are still only giving their interpretation of an event in history.

65 As philosophers Ariel and William Durant have pointed out, *Our knowledge of any past event is always incomplete, probably inaccurate and clouded by ambivalent evidence and biased historians, and perhaps distorted by our own patriotism or religious partisanship. Most history is guessing and the rest is prejudice. Even the historian who thinks to rise above partiality for his country, race, creed or class betrays his secret predilection in his choice of materials and in the nuances of his adjectives.*

66 This is not to say that we should disregard history, because it will always be the interpretation of the historian—no. This is to suggest the writing of a new history that is better equipped to balance the scale of racial equality, quality of life, Truth and justice for all!

67 History as we know it is the art of revealing an event as if the event existed on its own with no previous or prior influences. The historian cuts off the influences that lead up to the historical event so that only one part (or piece) of time can be discussed. Likewise, the historian cuts off the influences that continue to occur after the historical event, so that the presented *piece* can have an ending.

68 The Truth, however, is that all events are without beginning, without end and without form. Every event is part of the continuous flow of events happening in the World at once. This we call an *omni-event*.

69 The Durants continue: *The historian always oversimplifies and hastily selects a manageable minority of facts and faces out of a crowd of souls and events whose multitude in its complexity he can never quite embrace or comprehend.*

70 In reality, history attempts to document the activities of a continuously developing and

changing omni-event. But it seems to be impossible in our time for historians to present an omni-history because we are taught to label and compartmentalize the events we perceive.

71 Most people perceive their reality in bits and pieces not in waves and vibrations, so their historical reality becomes this happened, then that happened, then this happened, then that happened, etc.

72 Most people never consider the causes of their actions; like who or what influenced their actions. They live as though they are in the World by themselves, unaffected by everyone else and the environment in which they live.

73 Equally, they pay no attention to the never-ending effects of their actions. They live as their history was taught to them—bit by bit, day by day. Do this first, then do that, then do this. Doing everything effortlessly and at once is impossible and even frightening for those people educated in this way.

74 As the Durants continue to point out, *total perspective is an optical illusion. We do not know the whole of man's history. There were probably many civilizations before the Sumarian or the Eygptian; we've just begun to dig. Therefore, we must operate with partial knowledge and be provisionally content with probabilities. In history, as in science and politics, relativity rules and all formulas should be suspect.*

75 History is created so that we can discuss parts of a continuously flowing omni-event. Otherwise, we would have to include every influence in existence that contributed to the event we wish to speak about, just to be closer to historical accuracy. And still, this would not ensure historical accuracy, because we do not know of every influence in our existence.

76 We may never know the true history of anything, much less automobiles, because we can never truly know of all the influences that went into the creation of the very automobile idea! We simply have to accept the automobile story as it is told to us because we simply were not there.

77 Because of this limitation, the historian is forced to literally create a history out of an omni-event. This is why we use history as a guide in our lives and not as the definition of our lives. No one can truly know the past through historical information. Therefore, it is not wise to exclusively base your identity (ethnic or otherwise) on historical information.

78 History as Truth does not exist. What exists as history is a created break in an omni-event. This is why there are many debates between historians as to whose history is the most accurate.

79 History is a socio-political invention for the unity, identity, and form of people, places, and things. Furthermore, public history has more to do with building the present identity of a group than with accurately recording the events of the past.

80 With this in mind, all individual histories will contradict one another. The illusion is that we all have individual histories. The Truth is that all human activity on Earth is one event—and connected!

81 In fact, ALL activity on Earth is one event. History is not Truth. History is the perception and opinion of the historian. Historians, no matter how scholarly, only record what is, in their opinion, noteworthy to record. This is, of course, if the historian is recording as an eyewitness to the event.

82 Not only does one record what is noteworthy to his or herself, but more importantly, one also records what is noteworthy to the public. It is the public that dictates the historian's values—which in turn affect his recordings.

83 The historian will only tell the public the history that appears to be important to the survival and well-being of that public for that time or era. On one hand, the historian records what his value

system dictates he should record. On the other, the public dictates to the historian which history it wants and needs to hear.

84 Historians are well aware that if one gives the public a piece of history that the public finds offensive or unimportant, the public destroys, discredits, or ignores the work of that historian. So, driven by this invisible code, set down by public opinion, historians usually tell the public what it wants to hear.

85 It is only when the public gains more knowledge of itself through life experience that historians will be able to expound on yet another Truth. It is at this point that the past recordings will be subject to change. In fact, the past actually changes!

86 The values that are placed upon the historian influence that historian's work, and in turn, the historian's work becomes history, not necessarily the event or person being documented. The public then accepts the historian's work as history because it fits the public's own collective personality.

87 When the collective personality of the public changes, the past changes once again to fit whatever the new public personality is. In Truth, it is the present that creates the past. New information revealed in the present changes the public's perception of its past.

88 In addition, historians are inclined to expound upon the history that they may comprehend as a similar reality existing in their own life in the present. It is impossible for the historian to comprehend a part of the past that he has no experience with in his present.

89 It is the historian's present view of reality that shapes the historian's past view of reality. Actually, if an event of the past is not also an event in the historian's present, where he can draw an understanding from it, it is as if the past event never happened.

90 In fact, historians can only study that part of the past that is also active in their present. If a part of the past vanishes with no accessible record of its existence, it is gone forever. The historian, re-creating the past for the present, simply does not and cannot see it.

91 We can look at many of the historical encyclopedias of the 20th century and see that even Hip Hop was not important enough to be accurately documented in the 1999–2000, century-ending history timelines. Even though Hip Hop has had a profound influence upon mainstream American culture, thought, fashion, entertainment, religion and politics from about 1979 to 2000, Hip Hop still was not important enough for today's mainstream historians to include it in their century-ending encyclopedias and other historical timelines regarding the 20th century.

92 Just as the history of Africans in America, Asians in America, Europeans in America, Natives in America, and so on are blatantly ignored for the creation of a reality that benefits only one class of people in America, so it is with Hip Hop's history in America.

93 The point is that if historians do not have Hip Hop in their daily lives (for example), or if they are unaware of Hip Hop, or are against Hip Hop's expansion, or feel that Hip Hop is not an important contribution to popular culture, even Hip Hop can be forever forgotten in the works of various reputable historians.

94 This is not only a matter of deliberately falsifying World events; this is also an issue of outdated and narrow historical documentation techniques and methodologies. Historians must be well-versed in the existences of many cultures and histories in order to tell a more accurate history of their own.

95 As with culture, no one's history exists on its own. Hiphoppas who document Hip Hop culture's history must be aware of this at all times. In this instance, it is the *present* that creates the *past*.

96 Peace. Know this. It makes little sense for one group of people to learn about another group of people before learning about themselves. Only an oppressed people are forced to learn of everyone else's history before learning about their own. And equally, only an oppressed people, an institutionalized person, will not even ask questions pertaining to their own origin and nature.

97 Such a *People* are dependant (even historically) upon their masters' vision and interpretation of reality. This is the challenge with Hip Hop's history today. History informs a *People* as to who they are and where they've been as a *People*.

98 History creates reality for a *People*; it tells them what they are capable of. This is why the Hip Hop historian must not only possess an uninstitutionalized mind in order to accurately document Hip Hop, the Hip Hop historian must also actually care for the further development of the Hip Hop idea throughout recorded history.

99 Such a historian must be a free person with a free mind because again, history informs a *People* as to what is possible for them; it tells them their reality. A true Hip Hop historian cares for the development of Hip Hop's people. For the true Hip Hop historian/scholar the documentation of Hip Hop is NOT a job—it is the duty of a free Hip Hop mind.

100 A slave can never be an accurate Hip Hop historian because Hip Hop's historians are not just documenting Hip Hop's activities in physical reality; we are also *creating* Hip Hop's reality for future generations, and we cannot pass on to our next generation a slave's mentality—even historically.

101 Know this. History exists as *groups of facts* that are then called upon to substantiate the views and desires of the present community. However, the ideas of a free people are backed up with historical facts, whereas the ideas of an oppressed people are created by historical facts.

102 More than just relying upon *primary source* materials to piece together what we believe about Hip Hop's past, the Hip Hop historian is also aware that she is creating Hip Hop's history in a timeless, spaceless present. We create our memories, and we create the history that we shall remember. If we revolt today, such an act becomes part of our real history and heritage. If we are passive today, such an act becomes part of our real history and heritage.

103 When we rob, fight and murder one another, these acts also become part of our real history and heritage. The same applies for when we assist, respect and support one another; these too become part of our real history and heritage. And all of these events seen as one historical event tell us, our children and the rest of the World who we are and what we are capable of.

104 What you do with the knowledge that is in front of you now shall determine your real history and heritage, whether you do something with this knowledge or not. Whether you act or don't act, both *acts* are now part of your real history and heritage, and you don't get a second chance.

105 This is why it is important to carefully choose the emotions, opportunities and actions of your present life because every present moment (that you are choosing) is creating and further creating your history—a history that you shall rely upon for your future identity and heritage.

106 In fact, the existence of this very teaching right here (The Gospel of Hip Hop) is now part of Hip Hop's official history and heritage. Because this book now exists, regardless of today's imbalanced presentations of *hip-hop* on mainstream radio and television, which are also part of Hip Hop's real history and heritage, no one in the future can ever say that Hip Hop was without a spiritual foundation, and that the community of Hip Hop did not seriously consider their roles as divine beings guided by Divine Love.

107 In Truth, our existence today is Hip Hop's history tomorrow. Our very existence as a *temple* for Hip Hop today (for example) helps to balance Hip Hop's image and capabilities in World history today and tomorrow.

108 When our children become the scholars of tomorrow and they reach back into their history, into their heritage to find out what they are capable of and upon what cultural foundation they stand, they shall not only see the existence of "bitches," "pimps," "thugs" and "whores" in our present time and culture, they will also see the existence of "teachas," "philosophers," "inventors" and "activists" in our present time and culture. The choice will then be their's.

109 Our existence is deliberate. We know that we exist, and we are aware of our existence, we are "conscious." We are deliberately affecting the documentation of our past, present and future selves. This is Hip Hop scholarship.

110 The point here is simple. Our present actions are the actual *origins* of our children's history. Therefore, Hip Hop's history is not just to be studied objectively; it is to be further created through a heightened awareness of one's present actions within the *history* being studied. Your present action is Hip Hop's history. Even the reading of Hip Hop's history is Hip Hop's history itself.

111 The study of Hip Hop's history is Hip Hop's history. Every act of the Hiphoppa is part of Hip Hop's actual history. This is why a true Hip Hop historian does not rely upon "objectivity." Hip Hop's scholars are Hip Hop itself! We are NOT objective *hip-hop* historians documenting Rap music's pop stars and the lyrics of deceased rappers.

112 We have realized that we are affecting the history that we are aware of. Our actions and statements today create the history that our children (and our older selves) shall experience tomorrow. So what shall we choose to remember of ourselves? What act can we do today that shall productively add to the history we shall rely upon for international respect tomorrow? What heritage shall we give to OUR POSTERITY?

113 Through our own actions today we truly become the authors of our history in the future. So what history shall we create for ourselves today? HOW DO YOU WANT TO REMEMBER YOUR SELF? Every present moment is a *memory in the making*, a little piece of history that will unite with other little memorable moments to create your past, your history, your heritage. For it is you who create your history, not the other way around.

114 Part of Hip Hop's spiritual awareness begins with the realization that every present moment is a memory, and that you are *in* your memories right now. You create your memories with your present actions. Your reading of this book is now part of your memory, your history, your heritage. So again, what shall you choose to remember? What kind of history shall you create for yourself and your posterity right now with your present actions?

115 You can add anything to the fabric of history. What can you see? The old standard ways and methodologies of writing about or documenting an event in time and space must change dramatically when one approaches Hip Hop historically.

116 We simply cannot rely upon an exploiter's approach to history to interpret our own. For everyone's sake (exploiters included) we (Hip Hop's historians) must come up with some new methodologies for the documentation of history in our time—and I think we've come up with something.

117 Just as the sound engineers of the early 1990s had to rethink everything that they were taught in sound engineering school when Rap music hit America's recording studios, so it is with Hip Hop's proper historical documentation and cultural preservation amongst academics.

118 I consider myself a Hip Hop historian. However, I cannot assume that I can approach Hip Hop's proper documentation academically with the same tools used for Hip Hop's exploitation commercially. You cannot assume that you can bring your old self to a new idea and expect to know the true nature of such an idea simply by observing it.

119 Know this. History is a tool that gives validation, meaning, direction and purpose to the events of a *People* in the present. Contrary to what some may have been taught to believe about "time" and "history," it is indeed the *present* that creates the *past*.

120 We must break the cycle of believing that we are only our histories, that we are only what we were. Right now we are also what we shall become. More than being the limited observations of a historian, history is the agreement of a "present" group of people about their identity and their direction as a community.

121 History is an agreement as to what a community will look like to itself and to the rest of the World forever. OUR history serves OUR interests. But in the case of documenting Hip Hop's actual history, our interests begin with the actual method used to document and interpret Hip Hop historically.

122 As you have already learned, Hip Hop is an idea. It is not a physical thing, it is an attitude. Hip Hop is not an object, it is a subject. Here, we approach Hip Hop as a collective consciousness, and as consciousness the documentation of Hip Hop can also fall outside of physical material reality.

123 Documenting, studying and teaching the history of an *idea* like Hip Hop demands that one expand her own consciousness beyond linear time and specific places as well as beyond race and ethnic identity. Hip Hop comes from everywhere! The Hip Hop idea is in super-position and should be documented *super-historically.* What does this mean?

124 *Super-historical Hip Hop* reveals how Hip Hop's true history is not just the documentation of moving objects in physical reality; it is more accurately the documentation of moving subjects in a transcendent reality. This methodology deals more with Hip Hop's *origins* than with its *history,* but again, we will create a better history when we have an understanding of our true origin and nature as a community—a Hip Hop community.

125 Beyond race, class, gender, etc., OUR PEOPLE are united by certain universally accepted *interests* and *ideas,* and these specific *interests* and *ideas* are found all over the World and at different times in the World. Again, Hip Hop itself is not a physical thing, nor is it of the physical World—it is a shared urban *idea*.

126 Hip Hop's true and accurate history is the documentation of, and search for, Hip Hop's collective attitudes, principles, views and interests throughout and even beyond linear time and physical space.

127 Again, Hip Hop is a subject, not an object. The old methodology of gathering historical data through the observation of natural phenomena and then applying such information to the movement of people, places and things in an effort to understand them must be dramatically modified if we are to accurately identify and document the activities of a non-physical event like Hip Hop accurately.

128 Understanding the past through ideas and intentions as opposed to natural events and people can also be called *meta-historical*. Such is not a replacement of any standard methods for the creation of *history*; it is only a more accurate way to document Hip Hop's non-physical *origins.*

129 Hip Hop's actual history in time and space does not go in a straight line from one point into the present. In fact, no one's history actually does. The old paradigm was to identify one's self with one's land of origin. When studying history and looking for one's self in the events of the past we

were taught to look for, and relate to, those historical characters that we physically resembled the most.

130 If you were Black that meant that you were historically from Africa and if you really wanted to know more about your history you were compelled to take African Studies. You would never think or be encouraged to seek your African history and heritage within the history of the Irish, or the Chinese, or the Cherokees.

131 In the old paradigm your personal identification in history is materially based—it is based upon race and the documentation of your race in certain geographical locations on the physical Earth. And there's nothing wrong with this approach, it is just limited to physical things in time and space.

132 However, when you seek to document a non-physical event like Hip Hop, the rules change dramatically. To identify and then document Hip Hop in time and space you must realize that you are documenting an idea, not a person, nor even an event in Nature. Hip Hop is a shared *idea.*

133 The true Hip Hop historian must undergo a slight consciousness change from identifying himself with certain *people* in history to identifying himself with certain ideas in history. In actuality, Hip Hop is a global *idea* happening in the World at once. It exists in many different places and at different times amongst all the peoples of the World at once. Hip Hop is *super-historical.*

134 *Super-historical* means a history that can be found in anyone's history, or a history that affects all other histories. Here, we shall be focusing upon the first definition—a history that can be found in anyone's history.

135 *Super-historical* is when history is viewed not as a straight line of physical events, or of the migration of specific people, or the life of a famous person, but instead as a free flowing omni-event which hosts a collection of specific "ideas" and "interests" that coexist together simultaneously. In this realm, identity is based upon the *ideas* that you accept and the interests that you uphold. Here, group identification and group unity are based upon the acceptance of certain *ideas* and *interests*.

136 In this case, Hip Hop as an attitude, as a behavior, as a worldview, is the *idea* that we are looking for in history to see if anybody acted like us, agreed with our worldview, shared our same interests; these would be OUR people. And their stories would be the most inspiring and useful for us Hiphoppas to know today.

137 This is how our Hip Hop children need to learn of historical events and people. They also need to see <u>themselves</u> in the histories that they study. It is a fact that the first purpose of historical knowledge is to tell you about you, and after you are informed of your own heritage, culture and tradition, you graduate to the learning of other cultures and traditions. A history that begins with the life and times of people whom you cannot relate to is called "indoctrination."

138 I must first be able to see my *ideas* and my *interests* in the history that I am learning or such a history is simply another form of indoctrination. Learning that all my ancestors were slaves and that only recently have I been freed is not only a lie, I don't even relate to such a history today. This type of history alone, true or false, is destructive to my well-being and further development today.

139 So, pertaining to the concept of self-creation, the questions become, *what is MY history, my intimate history?*

140 *What story shall I choose to adopt for myself and my children?*

141 *What do I believe of myself? What do I mean?*

142 *How shall I go about the creation of my Self?*

143 *What is my origin? Who and what do I belong to?*

144 Irrespective of race, gender, class, religious background, age, etc., the Hip Hop *idea* of peace, love, unity, and safely having fun, as well as Hip Hop's artistic elements, can be found all throughout World history. And because Hip Hop is a shared idea, a behavior, an attitude, we must seek our history through our compatibility with certain ideas, behaviors and attitudes in history.

145 Using the super-historical approach, I can see myself (my interests, my views, my values, my spirit) in everyone's culture and race throughout human history because I am not looking for a *people* and/or certain events to supposedly explain who I am. As a *meta-historian* or simply as a *Hiphop historian*, my group is an *idea* that is shared by all creation, not by one race or culture of people but by ALL OF EXISTENCE!

146 The history of plants IS my history; the history of fish IS my history. The history of ants and other insects IS my history. There are things about plants, insects and fish (as examples) that relate directly to how I got here and where I might be going. As an attuned Hiphoppa I can see myself historically in almost anything and/or anyone because I've now realized that there are no separate events.

147 There is only one omni-event continuously occurring, of which I am a part. This is what it means to be *super-historical*. With this slight change in consciousness I can now relate to an omni-history as my own. For if I am more mind than I am body then why am I relying upon a physical history that can never truly be accurate in the true description of my being. I can (and should) be experiencing the physical World as I really am—as Mind.

148 But what was I called in history? What were my views and interests called in history? Can I identify the essential traits of my being in history? Today I am called a *"Hiphoppa"*; yesterday I might have been called a *"Moor,"* or a *"Jew,"* or a *"Cherokee."* Today we are called *"Hip Hop,"* but what were we called yesterday? What looked like us in history?

149 Try to remember, it is not that every event, tribe, philosopher, artist, etc. of the past that shares our modern view today represents Hip Hop. It is more that the *ideas* themselves that traveled through certain events as well as through the minds of those philosophers, politicians and artists of the past are the same *ideas* that we identify with today, and this is how Hip Hop can be identified throughout American history, even World history.

150 We must look for our <u>interests</u> in history, not our faces. The question changes now from *how did a certain people originate and develop* to *how do certain <u>ideas</u> originate and develop a certain people* and *how are we further creating such <u>ideas</u> today?* We are largely the ideas we accept for ourselves as true.

151 We are more than our physical appearances; we are also our personalities, traits and characters, which are largely created and steered by the stories (ideas) we've come to accept for ourselves. As Hiphoppas we must seek our own personalities and experiences in the characters and events that we may come across in history.

152 For if we can unite in true agreement with any figure of the past on any issue, we may be able (by exploring that which we truly agree upon) to discover within ourselves the more hidden meanings and deeper insights of past figures and the events that we study.

153 The discipline is to follow the migration of *ideas*, not just of people and/or events, because in today's reality no one identifies themselves with historical figures; they identify themselves with the *ideas* of such figures.

154 As an example, most people identify with the *Dream* of our King more than they identify with our King as a person. They never knew him as a person. They may never relate to our King as a

person, as a man, but they may certainly relate to the *ideas* that our King gave mainstream voice to.

155 In this instance as Hip Hop scholars, we should be trying to identify the King's *Dream* throughout time and space to see the real nature of what was said and from whence it came. What other prophet in history said the same thing? And was the result the same?

156 In fact, those who share the *Dream* of our King can be said to be a community unto themselves. And like us Hiphoppas, whether they organize around the *Dream* or whether they keep the *Dream* quietly to themselves, those who share the King's *Dream*, or Gandhi's *Dream*, or Tupac's *Dream*, constitute a community of people who share the same or similar interests and it is these interests and ideas that move them and unite them—even name them.

157 So what can we learn of our true reality as Hiphoppas in the spread-out universe of ideas and intentions? For if we look for ourselves in the past, the present, or the future as people, special places and sacred things exclusively, we are limited to being defined by our effects and not by our true being—which causes such effects to exist.

158 As a group, we are a collection of ideas, values, intentions and attitudes, and this is what we should be searching for in World history to identify ourselves. Our children should learn of historical figures in a way that relates to THEIR interests and THEIR Hip Hop reality. When it comes to history and the methods for gathering history, our children should be bilingual, knowing both standard history as well as meta-history.

159 For example, to inspire our Hip Hop children to consider a career in politics and/or learn more about United States Presidents, I'd pull out the book *Ronnie and Nancy* by Bob Colacello and remind our young students that *'Dutch' did not get off to a good start at WOC, where his staff job involved many hours of playing phonograph records, interspersed with the reading of commercials as well as announcing the news, weather and sports scores from early morning until the midnight sign-off.*

160 I'd remind our young students that this young DJ would go on to marry a young woman named Nancy, who was raised by her single mother Edith, who was a famous Broadway actress in the early 1900s. I would describe her to our young students the way Bob Colacello describes her: *Nicknamed Lucky Luckett…she smoked, she swore, she told dirty jokes and she was wildly popular.*

161 I would then reveal that I am speaking of the mother of First Lady Nancy Reagan, and the young DJ that she would marry would go on to become President Ronald Reagan. Of course, Ronald and Nancy Reagan are NOT Hip Hop! But we can appreciate the moments in which we shared the same interests and similar lifestyle.

162 In this way political history can relate more personally to Hip Hop's history in a *super-historical* sense. I can now relate to Mr. and Mrs. Reagan super-historically. Hip Hop and the Reagans seem to have nothing in common when you look at history linearly and physically. But when viewed super-historically we can see where we as Hiphoppas relate to at least the early years of Ronald and Nancy Reagan.

163 This discipline (super-historical Hip Hop) follows your values and intentions, even your purpose (not a person) throughout natural history to see where YOU have been and how YOU have formed. Super-historically speaking, you and the Reagans have something in common, and it's deejayin and live performing!

164 Being raised by an entertainment mom sounds a lot like our Hip Hop situation today. But again, are Nancy and Ronald Reagan Hip Hop? NO, at least they never openly declared, "I am Hip Hop!" We are just able to see ourselves in them super-historically as DJs. In addition, we can also see

a bit of the Hip Hop attitude frequently expressed by Hip Hop's White youth today when Mr. Colacello writes, *Dixon, Illinois had 12 Black families and Neil* [Ronald Reagan's older brother] *would hang out with some of them, bringing them home for dinner and sitting in the 'colored' section of the movie theatre to be with his friends.*

165 We now know that President Ronald Reagan was not only a lifeguard who saved 77 lives, a construction worker, as well as a caddy for Charles Walgreen (America's first drugstore tycoon), but was also in charge of entertainment for the Young Men's Christian Association's (YMCA) Hi-Y Club and went from playing records at WOC to being a sports announcer at the same radio station in 1932. Yes, a DJ/actor named Dutch and a young lady named Nancy ascended to the United States presidency. This is Hip Hop's (not Rap music's) true history.

166 As *Ronnie and Nancy* describes, *'Lucky' Luckett was a whirlwind of charm and energy, a pretty blonde with the riveting, widespread eyes she would pass on to her daughter… Her daughter wanted to be just like her.*

167 In 1924, when Mrs. Luckett was asked by an Atlanta newspaper to name her favorite cigarette, *she answered, 'Lucky Strike,' Her lucky day? 'Pay Day.' Her greatest ambition? 'To be loved by the public.' What would she do if she were President for a day? 'Have a party at the White House.'* This doesn't sound like Hip Hop today?

168 Even deeper, this foul-mouthed entertainer Lucky Luckett actually produced a Presidential First Lady who actually married a DJ/actor who became President! Maybe if we knew this about the Reagans we would have more respect and understanding for their *path to the White House* because we would have been able to see ourselves in them.

169 With this Hip Hop view of history, historical characters serve as the carriers of certain ideas, not markers in historical reality. We don't need to agree or even understand the total character of a historical figure to appreciate the moments when they became Hip Hop.

170 Take the empiricist/philosopher John Locke (1632-1704), for example. He wrote: *All men are born free and independent and have certain inherent, natural Rights, among which are the enjoyment of life, and liberty with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and perusing and obtaining happiness and safety.*

171 Now, we may not agree with everything that John Locke was about as a person, but in this particular idea, he is Hip Hop. Other Hip Hop-minded people of his day and today agree with the general meaning of this statement. He's not telling us anything new here because this is how most Hiphoppas naturally feel. However, to be accurate, it is not actually John Locke that is Hip Hop, it is this particular *idea* that is Hip Hop. And the closer and more consistent John Locke is to this *idea*, the closer and more consistent he is with Hip Hop.

172 Thomas Jefferson, who shared many of Hip Hop's personal traits and philosophical ideas while intimately living amongst Blacks, Natives and other Whites, and was also influenced by John Locke, then wrote: *We hold these truths to be sacred and undeniable, that all men are created equal and independent. That from that equal creation they derive rights inherent and inalienable among which are the preservation of life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness.* (Excerpt from the original draft of the Declaration of Independence)

173 Using the super-historical approach not only can we trace the migration of such an idea, but we can also see that these are OUR principles! Not just Black African principles, or Native American tribal principles, or Asian, or Hindu Indian principles, or even White European principles. These principles belong to anyone who can live them.

174 These are the universal principles that reveal themselves to any thinking person, and it was the adoption of these universally accepted principles that delivered staggering victories and advancements for the United States of America in its early days. Any group of people who remain consistent with this vision will shake off the chains of oppression and rise to World prominence. This is the origin of Hip Hop's history.

175 Graffiti writers can super-historically see themselves in World history through the adventures of Napoleon Bonaparte. In his book *Napoleon In Egypt: The Greatest Glory,* Paul Strathern explains how donkey riding was a popular pastime amongst off-duty French soldiers stationed in Egypt. However, while some French soldiers would go donkey riding to pass the time, Mr. Strathern points out that *others took part in excursions to the pyramids and the ancient ruins at Giza where evidence of these visits remains to this day, in the form of soldiers' names and other graffiti carved into the upper stones of the pyramids, inside the burial chambers and on other ruins.*

176 Mr. Strathern continues by writing that *such behavior was still commonplace amongst Europeans abroad, and would not be generally regarded as vandalism for several years to come.*

177 For graffiti writers to study the history of Graffiti Art in this way would be called *super-historical.* And looking at Hip Hop super-historically, we begin to see a slightly different (even new) Hip Hop history emerging, which explores the nature and migration of Hip Hop's artistic and intellectual *elements,* as well as the Hip Hop *idea* itself.

178 In my observations, this view of Hip Hop's *origins* should be established before we begin the documentation of Hip Hop's *history*. Different from a *history* of Hip Hop, this method reveals the *origins* of Hip Hop and sets the foundation as to what shall be included in Hip Hop's *history* and why.

TRACK THREE

179 The origins of Hip Hop have very little to do with Hip Hop's music; they have to do with exploring the conditions that caused such music, art and/or dance to exist. *To constrain Hip Hop culture within the framework of chronology seems sacrilegious. But if you need a creation myth—you can have your Kool DJ Hercs, Grandmaster Flashes and Afrika Bambaataas—the real godfather of Hip Hop might very well have been some guy called Robert Moses. Moses was an unelected New York City official who exerted tyrannical control over the Big Apple's city planning in the 50s and 60s. One of Moses' pet projects was the Cross-Bronx Expressway. Built in the early 60s, it became Route One for white flight from the city to the tony suburbs of Westchester County and Connecticut. In order to build this fifteen-mile stretch of road, several thousand people were displaced and large sections of The Bronx were leveled. This destroyed communities, necessitated the construction of ugly, modern housing developments and left large portions of The Bronx nothing but rubble and tenements. With New York City bankrupt and beholden to the bondholders who imposed austerity programs on the city, The Bronx—with no incentive for civic pride—became a brutal place to live. The first generation of post-CBE children in The Bronx was the first group to try to piece together bits from this urban scrap heap. Like carrion crows and hunter-gatherers, they picked through the debris and created their own sense of community and found vehicles for self-expression from cultural ready-mades, throwaways and aerosol cans.* (Peter Shapiro, *The Rough Guide To Hip-Hop*)

180 So, what are Hip Hop's *origins?* Other than certain street-gang influences, where does Hip Hop begin and what are its true historical origins? As an *idea,* is Hip Hop strictly a Black thing? Is Hip Hop really an African American creation?

181 Remember, Rap's history is not Hip Hop's history. We know that after 1962 Jamaicans began

entering the United States in huge numbers, and this group brought with them the ingredients for the start of early Hip Hop. However, Puerto Ricans had already been coming to America (especially New York) since the early 1900s and it would be this mixture of Jamaican, Puerto Rican and African American culture that would eventually develop into early Hip Hop.

182 The first Puerto Ricans to arrive in New York were mostly artists with a variety of hand skills like carpentry, cooking and other manual labor skills. They also had a vast knowledge of politics and took very seriously the political future of their group in the United States. Many, if not most, of the newly arriving Puerto Ricans were dark-skinned people, "Black" people, who fit right into the African American community that was now also taking in Jamaicans, Trinidadians and others from the Caribbean.

183 Young Puerto Ricans began integrating with young Blacks right from the beginning. And yes, there was indeed some friction and even gang rivalries between all of these cultures getting to know one another. But for the most part everyone (Jamaicans, Puerto Ricans and African Americans) managed to get along with one another.

184 Codes were set and "turfs" were established. One thing was certain, all of these non-White immigrant groups were well aware of American injustice and racism, and in a lot of ways such oppression brought everyone together around a certain unwritten moral code based upon the common oppression many were feeling at the time. Young Puerto Ricans began playing many of the African American street games already in practice, and began tasting much of the food recipes of African Americans. They also began listening to the popular music of the day enjoyed by the African American community, as well as the popular dances of the day.

185 Simplicio Rios, a young Puerto Rican who was interviewed by Oscar Lewis in 1965 for his book *La Vida*, explains early Puerto Rican life and the relations between Puerto Ricans and African Americans. *We Puerto Ricans here in New York turn to each other for friendship. We go out on Fridays because that's the beginning of the weekend. A whole bunch of us Puerto Ricans go out together because as far as having friends of other races goes, the only one I have now is an American Negro who owns 'un bar.' If it were in my power to help the Puerto Rican any way I chose, I would chose a good education for them, for the little ones who are growing up now. I would like them to have good schools where they would be taught English, yes, but Spanish too. That's what's wrong with the system up here, they don't teach Spanish to our children. That's bad, because if a child of yours is born and brought up here and then goes back to Puerto Rico, he can't get a job. How can he, when he knows no Spanish? It's good to know English, but Spanish is for speaking to your own people. That's the problem the children of Puerto Rico have up here, they understand Spanish but they can't speak it or write it.*

186 Young Puerto Ricans not fluent yet in the English language learned to speak English by listening to their African American friends. Learning how to survive the prejudices of the larger White American community, young Puerto Ricans would learn "slang," "Pig Latin" and the "Dozens" from African Americans.

187 The *Dozens* was a verbal street game that was all about humiliating your opponent with words. The focus of the game was to keep *cool* while being humiliated and to fight back with your own set of humiliating words and phrases. The loser was the one who let his emotions lead to physical retaliation. The winner was the one who kept *cool* and showed restraint, responding with even funnier and more degrading insults.

188 The *Dozens* originated when slave traders would sell by the *dozen* (12 at a time) those slaves that they felt were flawed in some way—old age, mental disorder, physical illness, or some other kind of deformity. A good, healthy, mentally alert, undeformed human being (a slave) was always sold

separately and for more money.

189 Every slave knew that if you were sold as part of a *dozen* that there was something wrong with you. To a slave's mentality, to be part of a *dozen* was personally humiliating. And so the game began. *Yo mama ain't this, yo papa ain't that! You look like this, you smell like that!*

190 This tradition of verbal assaults would find its way into the art of emceein as emcees battled for lyrical supremacy, respect and self-worth amongst each other. As H. Rap Brown explains in his book *Die Nigger Die* (1969), *The street is where young bloods* [young people] *get their education. I learned how to talk in the street, not from reading about Dick and Jane going to the zoo and all that simple shit. The teacher would test our vocabulary each week, but we knew the vocabulary we needed. They'd give us arithmetic to exercise our minds. Hell, we exercised our minds by playing the Dozens.*

191 Now stop here for a moment. The reason that I am bringing this piece of history into our study is to also show the difference between hip-hop's Rap music folklore which is what is presently being passed-off as Hip Hop's history, versus Hip Hop's real history, which is based upon empirical data and critical research. This is one of the main reasons why Hip Hop's actual history and start-date remain a mystery.

192 The history of mainstream hip-hop starts as DJ-ing and MC-ing in 1973 with Kool DJ Herc in the Bronx. However, we can see H. Rap Brown expressing Hip Hop in 1969. And what do we mean by *"expressing Hip Hop?"* We mean that in 1969 H. Rap Brown acted like, spoke like, dressed like, lived like, and thought like the Hip Hop community of today.

193 We can see our elements and personalities in him in 1969. Super-historically we can see ourselves, our lifestyles and our values in him. The point is, here's a historical figure experiencing in the 1950s and 1960s what we are experiencing as Hip Hop in the 21st century, yet most "Hip Hop History" books continue to teach that Hip Hop gets its start sometime around 1972–1973. So, when is Hip Hop's actual start-date in linear time and physical space?

194 H. Rap Brown was a Black revolutionary, yet he was also an emcee—he rapped! He was rhyming and expressing Hip Hop on the street corners of Baton Rouge, Louisiana in the early 1960s! As he puts it, *The Dozens is a mean game because what you try to do is totally try to destroy someone else with words. It's that whole competition thing again, fighting each other. There'd be sometimes 40 or 50 dudes standing around and the winner was determined by the way they responded to what was said. If you fell all over each other laughing, then you know you scored. It was a bad scene for the dude that was getting humiliated. I seldom was. That's why they call me 'Rap' 'cause I could rap. The real aim of the Dozens was to get a dude so mad that he'd cry or get mad enough to fight. You'd say shit like, "Man tell your mama to stop coming around my house all the time. I'm tired of fucking her and I think you should know that it ain't no accident you look like me." And it could go on for hours sometimes. Some of the best Dozens players were girls.*

195 Now, in this one statement we can see how limited rap/hip-hop's history actually is. Here, you have a historical figure (Civil Rights activist, leader in the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, Black Panther member, and rapper) in 1969 talking about his experiences as a child some 10-15 years earlier and almost none of the mainstream histories of hip-hop seem to mention this historic figure at all.

196 Remember, I am quoting from H. Rap Brown's 1969 book *Die Nigger Die*, where he is speaking of his teenage years. So even if we count back just 10 years from 1969, we can see how the art of emceein/rapping as well as the attitude of Hip Hop was in full existence in 1959 in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. And of course, the dozens/rapping didn't just begin in 1959, nor was it confined exclusively to Baton Rouge. These skills were always amongst Black people, dating back to ancient

Africa as well as the beginnings of the slave trade in the United States.

197 In fact, even if we limit our scholarship of hip-hop's *history* to Rap music's *history* we come across Slim Gaillard, the Cats and the Fiddle, and Slam Steward of the 1930s and 1940s, who actually rapped in the way that we do today! Afrika Bambaataa often talks about Shirley Ellis's "Name Game" amongst other musicians and poets like the Last Poets who were clearly pioneers of early Rap. So, when does Hip Hop actually begin? Zulu Nation teaches that *the official birthday of Hip Hop is November 12, 1974.*

198 Interviewing Hip Hop historian Pee Wee Dance in the early 1990s, writer Benjamin I. Green III explains in an article entitled "Hip Hop/B-Boy Phenomenon: Is it Culture or is it a Fad? Pee Wee Dance Drops Science," that *1971 was the year Pee Wee recalls getting his start in the Hip Hop music/Rap culture. '1968 to 1974 were the years the Hip Hop culture introduced itself to the world.' Pee Wee says that during that time there were a lot of unsung heroes that helped to shape the music, the dance, the graffiti artists and everything else we associate with the Hip Hop culture. The music was a relfection of the times.*

199 Here we can see that true Hip Hop scholarship begins not with a study of the "music," but with a study of the "times"—the cause of the music. We can see now that Hip Hop does not originate exclusively in gang culture, because as Pee Wee Dance explains, *It gave me a sense of direction and that was the aim to it…Culturally, there was the Black consciousness: afros, cornrows, mock-necks, monkey boots, Pro-Keds, army fatigues. Musically, James Brown set it off with "Say It Loud"/"Cold Sweat"/"Sex Machine"; Sly and the Family Stone, The Ohio Players and record labels such as Stax, De-Lite, and Brunswick brought forth the movement.* This is why we are encouraged to study Hip Hop super-historically in an effort to understand its total historical existence and not just rely upon what we've read or overheard as folklore in exchange for real scholarship.

200 H. Rap Brown speaks of female rappers (or "Dozens players") in his neighborhood in the mid 1950s. And he says that they were *"some of the best"*—in the 1950s! H. Rap Brown was not from the Bronx. He didn't "roll" with Afrika Bambaataa. He didn't even have turntables! Yet we can clearly see ourselves in him. We can see that his experiences were our experiences, he just experienced them before us.

201 Modern emceein seems to get its start from people like him, a conscious rapper as well as a street dude. Not only did Brown participate in *the Dozens* which was mostly spoken word, he also was a master of what was called *signifying.* This is where the style of modern Rap really gets its start. As Brown explains, *Signifying is more humane. Instead of coming down on somebody's mother, you came down on them. But, before you can signify you got to be able to rap. A session would start maybe by a brother saying, 'Man, before you mess with me you'd rather run rabbits, eat shit and bark at the moon.' Then, if he was talking to me, I'd tell him:*

> *Man, you must don't know who I am.*
> *I'm sweet peeter jeeter, the womb beater!*
> *The baby maker, the cradle shaker,*
> *The deer slayer, the buck binder, the woman finder!*
>
> *Known from the Gold Coast to the Rocky shores of Maine,*
> *Rap is my name and love is my game!*
> *I'm the bed tucker, the cock plucker, the motherfucker, the milk shaker, the record breaker, the population maker!*

The gunslinger, the baby bringer, the humdinger, the pussy ringer, the man with a terrible middle finger!
The hard hitter, the bullshitter, the poly-nussy getter!
The beast from the east, the judge, the sludge!
The women's pet, the men's fret and the punk's pin-up boy!

They call me Rap, the dicker, the ass kicker, the cherry picker, the city slicker, the titty licker!
And I ain't giving up nothing but bubble gum and hard times and I'm fresh out of bubble gum.
I'm giving up wooden nickels cause I know they won't spend, and I got a pocket full of splinter change!

I'm a member of the bathtub club: I'm seeing a whole lot of ass but I ain't takin' no shit!
I'm the man who walked the water and tied the whale tail in a knot!
Taught the little fish how to swim!
Crossed the burning sands and shook the devil's hands!

Rode 'round the world on the back of a snail, carrying a sack saying Air-Mail!
Walked 49 miles of barbwire and used a cobra snake for a necktie!

And got a brand new house on the roadside made from a cracker's hide, got a brand new chimney setting on top made from a cracker's skull!
Took a hammer and nail and built the world and called it 'THE BUCKET OF BLOOD!'

<u>Yes, I'm hemp the demp, the woman's pimp, women fight for my delight.</u>
I'm a bad motherfucker. Rap the rip-saw, the devil's brother-in-law!

I roam the world, I'm known to wander and this .45 is where I get my thunder!
I'm the only man in the world who knows why white milk makes yellow butter!
I know where the lights go when you cut the switch off!

I might not be the best in the world, but I'm in the top two and my brother is getting old!
And ain't nothing bad 'bout you but your breath!

202 *Now, if the brother couldn't come back behind that, I usually cut him some slack (depending on time, place and attitude). We learned what the white folks call verbal skills. We learned how to throw them words together. America, however, has Black folk in a serious game of the Dozens (the dirty motherfucker). Signifying allowed you a choice—you could either make a cat (a person) feel good or bad. If you had just destroyed someone or if they were just down already, signifying could help them over. Signifying was also a way of expressing your own feelings:*

Man, I can't win for losing.
If it wasn't for bad luck I wouldn't have no luck at all!

I've been having buzzard luck.
Can't kill nothing and won't nothing die, I'm livin on the welfare and things are stormy!
They borrowing their shit from the Salvation Army, but things bound to get better cause they

can't get no worse.

I'm just like the blind man standing by a broken window, I don't feel no pain!
But it's your world! You the man I pay rent to! If I had your hands I'd give 'way both my arms, cause I can do without them.

I'm the man, but you the main man. I read the books you write. You set the pace in the race I run. Why, you always in good form, you got more foam than Alka-Seltzer…

203 *Signifying at its best can be heard when brothers are exchanging tales. I used to hang out in bars just to hear old men "talking shit." By the time I was nine, I could talk Shine and the Titanic, Signifying Monkey, three different ways, and Piss-Pot-Pete for two hours without stopping. Sometimes I wonder why I even bothered to go to school. Practically everything I know I learned on the corner.* THIS IS HIP HOP!

204 Everything about the spirit of this entire quote (rhymes included) IS an important part of Hip Hop's creation and deserves to be part of Hip Hop's real history.

205 You mean to tell me that H. Rap Brown's childhood rhymes (published in 1969), which include classic Rap lines like *Known from the Gold Coast to the Rocky shores of Maine…* (Sequence) and *I'm hemp the demp, the woman's pimp, women fight for my delight* (Big Bank Hank) and *The baby maker, the cradle shaker…* (Prince Whipper Whip) which can be called one of the first MC styles, along with *The milk shaker, the record breaker, the population maker! The gun slinger, the baby bringer, the hum dinger, the pussy ringer, the man with a terrible middle finger! The hard hitter, the bullshitter, the poly-nussy getter! The beast from the east, the judge, the sludge*, a style which rapper Smooth the Hustler so masterfully performed—all of this is not a critical piece of Rap music's history?

206 Just the mere fact that H. Rap Brown in 1969 is saying rhymes and rhyme styles that appear on the Sugar Hill Gang's "Rapper's Delight" recording in 1979 suggests that we stop *jocking* platinum-selling Rap artists like Rap fans and begin asking more academically sound questions regarding the *origins* of early Hip Hop while most of us are still alive.

207 This one line, *I'm hemp the demp, the woman's pimp, women fight for my delight*, can tell us much about Hip Hop's true history and the migration of *ideas* that help to manifest Rap music.

208 This one line and the style in which it is said (which also appears in the 1970s' motion picture *Five on the Black Hand Side*) seems to either have been a rhyme that everyone in the *hood* knew and added his or her own twist to (which was the actual case for many expressions of the *hood* before the 1980s), or it was an original rhyme by H. Rap Brown that became popular over time.

209 But how does a rhyme said in the 1950s in Baton Rouge, Louisiana wind up in the Bronx, New York in Grandmaster Caz's mouth, later recited by Big Bank Hank on the classic Rap recording "Rappers Delight" in 1979?

210 I tend to side with the first view because in the 1950s and 1960s everybody shared everything. Everything artistic was shared and imitated amongst the youth of the *hood*. No popular rhyme, or street game, or clothing style, or slang remained the exclusive property of the originator.

211 Most times no one even knew who the originator was; you just heard it, or saw it and adopted it for yourself, putting your own twist and style to it. Everyone in the *hood* was embellishing upon the free-flowing ideas and trends of America's inner cities.

212 No one owned our street games, our rhymes, our fashion trends, and our unwritten moral codes of manhood and womanhood. These expressions existed freely in the *hood* until these same

free-flowing ideas that everyone freely enjoyed and improved upon spontaneously became a business.

213 When young, White, suburban youth in the early 1980s became willing to spend real money to see real DJ-ing, MC-ing, Graffiti writing and b-boying performed live, Hip Hop went from being the lifestyle of a few *cool* people to a mainstream business product.

214 Before all of this occurred, however, the combination of Black (African American) and Brown (Puerto Rican) artistic expressions was on the rise. And in all truth, this combination, along with a strong southern artistic upsurge into the North (New York in particular) set the stage for what would become modern Hip Hop.

215 It seems that b-boying, MC-ing, and graffiti writing DID NOT originate in the Bronx; these Hip Hop artistic elements seem to have come from the Caribbean and from all over the United States, especially from the South, and met in the Bronx.

216 Even Kool DJ Herc and his "DJ-ing" techniques as well as his sound system were all ideas from the streets of Jamaica—NOT THE BRONX. And I don't take pride in revealing this bit of research being that my first big hit recording in 1986 was a song entitled "South Bronx" which suggested that Hip Hop began in *the Bronx, in the South, South Bronx!* However, in the name of credible scholarship evidence is showing that Hip Hop actually grew in the Bronx; it was not created in the Bronx. This is a very interesting observation regarding Hip Hop and its true history.

217 The "history" of hip-hop (Hip Hop's folklore) may begin in the Bronx, as Grandmaster Caz puts it, *Hip Hop started in the West Bronx, not in the South Bronx.* But the "origins" of Hip Hop itself seem to come from Jamaica, Puerto Rico, and the southern parts of the United States, even the West Coast of the United States.

218 Aerosol (Graffiti) Art is said to have come out of Philadelphia around the 1960s and the "Poppin'" dance-form which later became part of modern Hip Hop dance in the Bronx and the standard of a well-rounded b-boy/b-girl performance is said to have originated in Fresno, California whereas, "Lockin'" is said to have been started in Los Angeles, California.

219 Today, we see "Poppin," "Lockin," "Up-Rockin," "Electric Boogie," etc., as part of one Hip Hop dance performance originating from one place, when in actuality all of these dance forms were at one time separate traditions unto themselves, originating at different times and at different places around the United States.

220 Breakin, Graffiti writing and Emceein were also separate traditions practiced by all kinds of people from a wide array of backgrounds. This is why true Hip Hop scholarship is so important. As scholars, we cannot rely upon Rap music's incomplete history to inform us of Hip Hop's true origin and nature. We must ask the hard questions and probe even deeper into what we think we know of Hip Hop.

221 So, why do we theorize about the origins of Hip Hop occurring outside of the Bronx? I know that Hip Hop starting in the Bronx has become part of Hip Hop's standard history, but it seems that from 1967 to about 1977 the Bronx was the recipient of many foreign peoples and THEIR cultural traditions.

222 This is interesting because mostly every major pioneer (originator) of Hip Hop's elements and/or collective philosophy has come from somewhere other than the Bronx, and the music of Hip Hop's culture (Rap) seems to get its start from the previous funk and soul eras of our parents.

223 In fact, Hip Hop may not be exclusively African American in its origin at all! Grandmaster Flash has a West Indian background, Afrika Bambaataa has a West Indian background, Kool Herc has

a West Indian background, Doug E. Fresh has a West Indian background, KRS ONE has a West Indian background, and the list goes on.

224 This could be why African American leadership in the past has been reluctant to embrace Hip Hop and call it their own—maybe because it is not. Hip Hop may not be an African American creation. Hip Hop seems to be the result of certain foreign cultures coming together and meeting in the Bronx, and African Americans were a leading group in the meeting.

225 Yes, African Americans are indeed major contributors to early Hip Hop. However, from a scholarly point of view, Hip Hop seems to have formed <u>in</u> the Bronx, not <u>by</u> the Bronx. Hip Hop was formed by Black people with the <u>help</u> of African Americans, not <u>by</u> African Americans exclusively. In fact, Hip Hop may be foreign to African Americans and this could be why "they" may use it in the way that "they" do. Look at this seriously.

226 Hip Hop remains independent of all ethnicities and cultural traditions because it is a creation of all of them; it is actually all of them and at the same time none of them. Yes, Hip Hop comes out of the Black experience and was molded by the events of the Black community. But the term "Black" is a racial identification as well as a political identification, whereas the term "African American" is an ethnic identification.

227 These distinctions are important because Hip Hop seems to be more "Black" than "African American." Hip Hop begins in the "Black community" as an assortment of street games (not gangs), street music and street attitudes. However, the so-called "Black community" of the 1970s and 1980s was NOT all African American.

228 "Black" as a community was simply that group of forgotten and rejected people regardless of ethnicity. The so-called "Black community" was simply the working-poor community. Many different cultures, religions and ethnicities mingled together within the so-called "Black community." Rich African Americans did not live in Black urban communities, they lived in White suburban communities.

229 In the 1950s and 1960s Puerto Ricans befriended poor African Americans and formed many important alliances—some legal, some illegal, some within the system, others outside of the system. Puerto Ricans and African Americans in particular lived side-by-side and shared their neighborhoods. Again, no Black community in New York was ever ALL African American; everyone lived in the so-called *Black community* African Americans included.

230 White folks, Asian folks, Jews, Christians and Muslims all lived and worked in the so-called *Black community.* The real *Black community* was always a multicultural, multi-faith community where African Americans lived amongst Puerto Ricans, Jamaicans, Haitians, Brazilians, Cubans, Dominicans, Africans, Arabs and many other "dark-skinned" people. Here, Italians, Asians, Greeks, Armenians, Russians, etc., were those who worked within the *Black community*, but didn't necessarily live there.

231 In Truth, the term *Black community* as it relates to a geographical location on earth did not and does not exist for African Americans. African Americans collectively did not own the land which they lived upon in New York. Most lived in *rented* apartment buildings with *landlords*, or in state-sponsored tenement housing complexes called "the projects."

232 Migrating from the South in the early 1900s and settling all over the New York metropolitan area, African Americans and "Black people" lived under constant pressure and harassment from the police along with decrepit schools, corrupted hospitals, high crime, discriminatory justice and drug abuse.

233 In Truth, there was no Black "African American community" because African Americans were never completely united as a people internally; "they" were united by oppression and the various designations given to them by the White mainstream.

234 For there to have been a real "Black African American community" African Americans would have had to unite around specific political agendas and set specific community codes unique to the African American experience and African American development. But this NEVER happened for African Americans as a whole.

235 What was commonly called the *Black community* was simply the place where the working poor, the foreign, the uneducated—basically, America's undesirables—lived.

236 The *Black community* of the Bronx in the 1970s and 1980s was called "Black" because EVERYONE who was considered non-White and/or poor (including Whites) was confined there. And this is where Hip Hop gets its start. Hip Hop seems to get its start amongst "Black people," not necessarily African Americans. As H. Rap Brown pointed out in 1969, *Black is not a color but the way you think.*

237 In Truth, African Americans have contributed to, and have benefited from, Hip Hop like most other cultures have. African Americans were indeed part of the collective *Black community* of the Bronx but they were not the totality of the *Black community* in the Bronx.

238 Puerto Ricans (as just one major example) would bring their colorful Latino traditions into the *Black community*, adding a breath of fresh cultural air and political strength against the oppression everyone within the *Black community* faced. Racial segregation, prejudice and isolation forced African Americans and Puerto Ricans in particular to *stick together.*

239 Puerto Ricans brought with them many of the Caribbean food preparation techniques almost forgotten by African Americans. Puerto Ricans made African Americans bilingual and fought right alongside African Americans for Civil Rights and justice in the United States. It wouldn't be long before the *Father of Rock 'N' Roll* Bo Diddley (a Black man) and earlier rock pioneer Fats Domino (another Black man) would begin incorporating Latin and Caribbean rhythms into their music sound.

240 Groups like the Vocaleers, Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers, as well as the Harptones would combine Black and Latino musicians to create a new music sound and style that neither group could produce on their own. Other Latino musicians like Pete Rodriguez, Joe Cuba, and Joe Bataan would also begin to gain prominence during these times.

241 However, as the 1960s emerged, some Latinos (like their light-skinned African American neighbors) tried to bury their African ancestry in an attempt to integrate into the larger White community. In search of a perceived *better life*, both light-skinned Blacks and Latinos that could pass for White abandoned their African heritage to become more American—White American.

242 Television shows like *I Love Lucy* showed a comedic life between a Latino man (Desi Arnaz) and a White woman (Lucille Ball) as husband and wife. Broadway theatre productions like *West Side Story* were huge hits in the United States in the 1960s, all of which helped newly arriving Latino/Hispanic immigrants to integrate into the American mainstream.

243 But some Puerto Ricans were not impressed. Arriving in New York in the mid 1900s, Arturo Alfonso Schomburg was one such Puerto Rican. Known for his struggles against Spanish colonialism, Schomburg lived in Harlem studying and teaching the causes and the effects of the African Diaspora. His work can be studied at the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, in Harlem.

244 Jesús Colón was another great Puerto Rican who contributed much to the struggle for freedom

in the United States. As a journalist and revolutionary Jesus taught many about the historical and ethnic links between Puerto Ricans and African Americans. In his writings he exposed the psychological effects of White American racism and the roles it played in his life.

245 Great Puerto Ricans like Felipe Luciano would lead the Young Lords and also recite poetry as an original member of the Last Poets.

246 Influenced by popular recording artist James Brown, Puerto Rican Dennis Vasquez (the Original "Rubber Band Man") would popularize a style of Breakin called *Up-Rockin'*, Usually performed to James Brown's song "Sex Machine," or Jimmy Castor Bunch's "Its Just Begun."

247 Up-Rockin' was performed as an alternative to violent gang confrontations. Around the 1980s, great Puerto Rican DJs like Charlie Chase of the Cold Crush Brothers as well as MCs like Tito of the Fearless Four, Ruby Dee of the Fantastic Romantic Five and Prince Whipper Whip would find their places amongst the best Black MCs of their day.

248 One of Ruby Dee's most famous rhymes was, *Well I'm MC Ruby Dee, a Puerto Rican; you might think I'm Black by the way that I'm speaking.* This rhyme was one of the most popular street phases recited by ALL youths of the 1980s.

249 But this is just a small part of Hip Hop's Latino influences (or *origins*) during its incubation within the *Black community.* Jamaicans (different from African Americans) also contributed much to the origin and further development of Hip Hop.

250 Arriving in the United States in 1967 from Jamaica, Kool DJ Herc was known for having the biggest and the loudest sound system in the Bronx, which attracted a specific group of street kids, Graffiti writers, other DJs and especially b-boys.

251 Kool DJ Herc would attract huge crowds to the playgrounds and parks of the west Bronx, emphasizing the playing of the instrumental *breaks* of songs by recording artists such as James Brown as well as the Incredible Bongo Band and Mandrill. In fact, along with the song "Apache," by the Incredible Bongo Band, James Brown's popular recordings would become Kool DJ Herc's main records to play. And while many DJs in the Bronx, like El Marko, Mandingo, DJ Maboya, Elvis 007 and others were also playing James Brown recordings, Kool DJ Herc was considered a street DJ because he would play his music on a huge sound system outside in the playgrounds and parks for free! These events were called *jams* and at the time there was nothing special about a *jam*—they happened often.

252 Many other DJs that simply didn't get the notoriety of Kool Herc, or weren't as good as Kool Herc, or didn't have as much *juice* (power) as Kool Herc, or simply fell to drugs, crime and growing up in the *hood,* also played music in Cedar Park and other places around University Avenue in the Bronx, but they are hardly mentioned in hip-hop's mainstream history because they never made it to radio and/or television. And this is very important to know.

253 Hip Hop's true pioneers didn't even know that they were birthing a culture, a music genre, a $10.5 billion entertainment industry, a revolutionary movement for change. Many of Hip Hop's true pioneers are still in jail, outgrew the movement or are dead. Only a few of us have survived to tell our story.

254 The people you see today holding the title of *pioneer* (including myself) are really the survivors of a very dangerous and turbulent time in American history. It is truly a miracle that Hip Hop exists today. No so-called *pioneer of Hip Hop* can ever say that they alone originated Hip Hop, or formed it to be what it is today; any one of us could have been killed, locked up or simply discouraged at any time. Hip Hop was (and still is) a divinely guided movement, and as scholars you

must know this.

255 Hip Hop's true history has very little to do with Rap music's platinum artists. Hip Hop's million-selling artists are indeed part of Hip Hop's culture and history, but it is not their (or anyone else's) CD sales, tour dates and/or album releases that are exclusively responsible for Hip Hop's cultural and political existence.

256 Presently, hip-hop's history is presented through the mainstream events of Rap music and this is simply inaccurate. Hip Hop was going on all over the United States long before the Sugar Hill Gang's "Rapper's Delight" recording. Even Kool Herc (the recognized Father of Hip Hop) was not alone at the birth of Hip Hop.

257 Kool Herc had a crew: his sister Cindy, Peeblie Poo, Timmy Tim, Clark Kent, Coke La Rock, Pee Wee Dance, the Nigga Twins, Phase II, and others. They too can be called *Fathers* and *Mothers* of Hip Hop. In his time, Kool Herc was not just a DJ; he was also an activist in his community, a believer in GOD. He was *conscious*, and talented as a Graffiti artist in his day.

258 Afrika Bambaataa was another street DJ with a Caribbean background who could be found deejayin Funk and Soul music in either the playground of Public School #123 in the Bronx, or at the playgrounds of the Bronx River housing projects.

259 Unlike traditional African Americans, these *other Blacks* with different histories to draw from had no fear of the police or White America and often criticized African Americans as being *lazy* and always *blaming the White man* for depriving them of those things they had the ability to go get for themselves. Sometimes "Bam" (Afrika Bambaataa) and DJ Jazzy Jay would be at the 161st Street playground of Yankee Stadium in the Bronx, or at Stevenson High School's handball and basketball courts in the Bronx, playing Funk and Soul music free for the public. The study as to why and how this was accomplished during some of the most turbulent times in American history is the essence of Hip Hop's true historical scholarship.

260 Urging his followers to read the Bible and the Qur'an, Afrika Bambaataa felt that American Blacks had been miseducated about Africa and its contributions to World civilization. From the very beginning, Afrika Bambaataa would structure Hip Hop to be an all-inclusive culture that promoted the greatness of African people worldwide. THIS IS HIP HOP'S REAL HISTORY.

261 It was Afrika Bambaataa who would introduce Hip Hop and its elements all over the World. In fact, many countries (if not all of them) would be introduced to Hip Hop's core elements and ideologies through Afrika Bambaataa and Zulu Nation's World tours. Afrika Bambaataa (through Zulu Nation) would continue to strengthen, organize and teach Hip Hop throughout the 1980s, not only as a unified community of people made up of all races, classes and ethnicities, but also as *a cultural movement which is expressed through various artistic mediums we call elements. The main elements are known as MC-ing (Rapping), DJ-ing, writing (Aerosol Art), b-boying/b-girling (Breaking), knowledge and overstanding.* (Zulu Nation, *Hip Hop History Two*)

262 It was Afrika Bambaataa who established Hip Hop's earliest principles: *The Infinity Lessons*, *The 11 Points Of Light*, *The Laws Of Success*, *Hip Hop History One* and *Two*, and more. Bam would teach that *when we made Hip Hop, we made it hoping it would be about peace, love, unity and having fun so that people could get away from the negativity that was plaguing our streets—gang violence, drug abuse, self-hate, violence against those of African and Latino descent. Even though this negativity still happens here and there, as the culture progresses we play a big role in conflict resolution and enforcing positivity.*

263 Afrika Bambaataa would do much to help end gang violence in New York, introduce Rap

music on the radio and unite Rap artists of the mid 1980s. Afrika Bambaataa would not only popularize the Rock Steady Crew, DJ Jazzy Jay, the TATS CRU, DJ Red Alert, DJ Chuck Chillout, D.ST, the Soul Sonic Force and many other *pioneers* through Zulu Nation, he would also organize the very first Hip Hop summits and conferences in Hip Hop's real history.

264 Through Ice-T and Afrika Islam, Afrika Bambaataa would also organize Hip Hop on the West Coast of the United States, paving the way for a new era in Hip Hop. At a time when lawlessness, corruption and hatred existed openly and freely in American society and the rule of law was ignored and God was declared *"dead,"* Afrika Bambaataa fearlessly held our culture together advocating Peace, Love, Unity and safely having fun through a knowledge and respect for one's self and for one's community!

265 His repeated reminders for Hip Hop to seek peace, love, unity and healthy fun have become the principle pillars of Hip Hop's vision of itself. Technically, Afrika Bambaataa is Hip Hop's first teacha. The principles he introduced into our culture belong to no specific race or group of people, they are simply part of that timeless wisdom that no group of people can live without.

266 We can see here that even though Hip Hop is introduced to the World by several kinds of "Black people", Hip Hop's origin is still not confined to one race or to one ethnicity. Hip Hop is even beyond the collective "Black" experience. In other words, ALL "Black" people (African Americans included) are not Hip Hop. Just because you are part of the Black race does not mean that you automatically love and produce Hip Hop. And this again is why Hip Hop itself cannot be considered exclusively a "Black thing."

267 Artistically it may look this way, but historically and culturally this was never the case. In the early days when the awareness of Hip Hop first came into the Bronx it hit everyone at the same time. However, just because you were Black did not mean that you were Hip Hop. Just because you were Latino did not mean that you were Hip Hop. And just because you were White didn't mean that you could not relate to Hip Hop and then produce it yourself.

268 Black, White and Latino adults as well as youth criticized early Hiphoppas as engaging in something that was not going to last. The question was, *Why are you putting so much time and energy into this bullshit?* And the unanimous answer across the board was, THIS IS AN EXPRESSION OF WHO I AM!

269 This exchange was seen in the conflict between Graffiti writer *Skeme* and his African American mother *Barbara* in the Graffiti documentary *Style Wars.*

270 Barbara clearly reflected the aggravation and concern of most parents at the time when she said, *Society should go down in the subway and lock them all up! 'Cause they don't have any business down there* [speaking of the train yards and subway tunnels]. *It's dangerous down there! People that work down there 25, 30 years have accidents. But his* [Skeme's] *contention is that he is immortal. I guess, like most 17 year olds are immortal.*

271 Graffiti writer Skeme replies, *It's a matter of getting a tag on each line, in each division, ya know, it's called 'going all-city.' People see your tags* [a graffiti writer's name] *in Queens, uptown, downtown, all over!*

272 Barbara chuckles and then says to the interviewer, *I can only laugh to keep from crying because what happens is I really don't think he knows how silly that sounds. He's going 'all city!' I mean, to what end? And when I ask him, he says to me, well, just so people see it and they know who I am.*

273 Skeme then exclaims, *It's not a matter of so they know who I am!*

274 Mom continues, *So they see it, and after they see it, so what?!*

275 Skeme responds, *It's a matter of bombin'* [writing your name in as many places as you can], *knowing that I can do it! Ya know, every time I get in the train, almost every day I see my name. I say yeah, you know it, I was there! I bombed it! It's for me; it's not for nobody else to see! I don't care about no body else seeing it, or not. It's for me and other Graffiti writers that we can read it. All these other people who don't write, they're excluded; I don't care about them! They don't matter to me, it's for us!*

276 And again, the concerns of Barbara were not unique to her or to her race at the time. Most parents felt the way that she did about the rebellious and even illegal activities of early Hiphoppas.

277 The Hip Hop motion picture classic, *Wild Style* shows the same conflict between Graffiti writer *Lee* and his older Puerto Rican brother *Hector* who has just returned home from military service.

278 In the movie, Lee has just come from the train yards and is sneaking into his apartment through a fire escape window. As he enters his apartment through the window his older brother Hector (not knowing who's coming through the window) greets Lee with a pointed pistol.

279 Lee says, *Hector, I thought you was supposed to be in boot camp.*

280 Hector replies, *Ya know, I was gonna shoot your ass! I ought to rearrange your face, that's what I should do! What the fuck is with that doo-rag on your head anyway? I don't know what the hell you were doing in my crib* [home] *but I want this shit* [pointing to the aerosol art on the walls] *out of my room!*

281 Lee responds, *What shit?* Pointing at the aerosol art on the wall, Hector says, *This shit; it's fuckin' garbage!*

282 Lee replies, *Hey, this isn't garbage! This is something you don't get to see in the infantry my man!*

283 Hector replies, *People are sick of it! Have you been busted* [arrested] *for this yet?*

384 Lee quickly and nervously replies, *Never, never!*

285 Hector continues, *You mean to tell me I'm bustin' my ass, sending money home for you and mom and you're sitting at home doing this shit?*

286 Hector concludes his criticisms by saying to Lee directly, *Stop fuckin' around and be a man! There ain't nothing out here for you!*

287 Lee disagrees and responds by saying, *Oh yes there is.* Gesturing toward his aerosol wall art he says, *This!*

288 Such conflicts between the elders of our traditional ethnicities and early Hip Hop were common. In fact, this is the way it was. This was the reality of a Hiphoppa—here, a graffiti writer.

289 In the same motion picture Lee explains to a friend, *Being a graffiti writer is taking the chances and shit, taking the risk, taking like all the arguments from the transit, from the police, from your own moms, ya know, from your friends and shit! Ya know, you gotta take all that bullshit!* This is what it was like to adopt the character of early Hip Hop and this is why many young people gave up on their Hip Hop dreams; it was simply too much of a hassle.

290 To participate in early Hip Hop you had to actually BE HIP HOP! Those who stuck it out and endured the criticism did so because they had no choice; Hip Hop was who they were personally. Because of this, many Hiphoppas were discriminated against. People didn't want to associate with us; we were the outlaws, the outsiders, the rejected, "those other people."

291 So, through the rejection of our own races, ethnicities, and immediate families, we formed our

own community made up of all the people rejected by their families, races and ethnicities. Historically, Hip Hop belongs to no race of people because every race of people rejected it when they encountered it. Mainstream "Blacks" in particular wanted nothing to do with early Hip Hop.

292 However, it is interesting to observe how Hip Hop is continuously associated with African Americans and African American history by today's mainstream scholars now that it has achieved such worldwide and financial success. Regardless of race or ethnicity the arts of b-boying/b-girling, MC-ing, DJ-ing and Graffiti writing found very little favor amongst the elders of any community. And this is why true Hip Hop cannot be said to be a racial *thing* at all. You just have to feel it.

293 True Hip Hop was never about race, it was always about a certain character and skill. And even though Hip Hop does get its start in the minds of Jamaican, Puerto Rican and American-born Black youth, it was still a specific kind of Jamaican, Puerto Rican and American Black, and eventually White, youth who broke with their traditions and actually became the first Hiphoppas.

294 However, most Jamaican, Puerto Rican, and American-born Black and White youths influenced by early Hip Hop never became DJs, MCs, etc. Many of them, even if they wanted to pursue the awareness of Hip Hop, were told *"turn that noise off!"* Or *"stop trying to act Black!"*

295 Blacks were told to *"stop trying to act street!"* Others were told, *"you'll never get a job doing that!"* Even White Graffiti writers in the early 1980s complained in the Graffiti documentary *Style Wars,* that it was *harder on Black kids or Spanish kids cause everybody thinks a Graffiti writer is Black and Puerto Rican. And that, like ya know, is wrong ya know. A lot of White people are writin'!*

296 But that didn't stop the then mayor of New York City, Edward Koch, from launching an all-out assault upon New York's City's Graffiti writers, who he and others felt were mostly Black and Puerto Rican.

297 His anti-Graffiti campaign enlisted artistically prominent African Americans like dancer Gene Ray, who was scripted to say (referring to Graffiti Art), *So if you really want to make something out of your life, use your head,* while African American singer Irene Cara continued Gene's scripted statement, saying, *Or your voice. But don't waste time making a mess!*

298 Others, like prominent Latino boxing champions Héctor Camacho and Alex Ramos would join Mayor Koch's campaign with a scripted statement that also aired on local television: *Graffiti is for chumps!* In fact, Mayor Koch's anti-Graffiti campaign came with a bus and subway advertisement that read, *Make your mark in society, not on society.*

299 The point is that Hip Hop's early elements first appeared colorless/raceless. Hip Hop began as the artistic movement of a <u>certain</u> group of urban people. All Black people didn't embrace the idea of Hip Hop.

300 All Hispanics, Whites and Asians didn't embrace Hip Hop either. Only a certain kind of person was attracted to Hip Hop in its early days, and this fact is what inspires us to seek the deeper meaning as to why only a certain group of people in the World were and are attracted to Hip Hop and are born with its artistic and intellectual abilities. Hip Hop may be the reawakening and the coming together of an ancient tribe once scattered by conflict.

TRACK FOUR

301 I realize that this entire gospel for our newly established Hip Hop nation will seem strange and even absurd to many. The very idea of establishing a new people, a new civilization, a new human group, in my time, is indeed a concept that borders insanity. But I truly believe that to not at least

consider such an idea as an intellectually-gifted, free human being is even crazier. Sure the uneducated, the uninvested, the unstudied, uncommitted individual only seeking a momentary good time is exempt from such matters of thought. But those who claim to be revolutionaries cannot hide from this one simple question: What does it really mean to be free? Regardless of race or ethnic origin, as a free-thinking human being concerned about the sociopolitical conditions of formerly enslaved human beings at this present time, the question is, what does it really mean to truly be free?

302 Often I think about my own role in the continued Civil Rights Movement and I wonder about the next step for newly freed people. Where do we go from here? As newly freed African Americans who are in many ways still enduring the effects of slavery, racism, sexism and classism within the United States, the questions for every so-called Black intellectual in my time appear to be simple: Where do we go from here? Where can we go from here? What is the next step in our human evolution outside of the terms and designations handed to us by institutions that clearly do not have our best interests in mind? The question is, what does it really mean to be free?

303 As I think about this I can hear others of my own race already criticizing such views as if I am somehow abandoning over 300 years of struggle. On the contrary, it is my sincere love for African Americans and my unwavering loyalty to the cause of *freedom and justice for ALL* that inspires these ideas. My approach to Hip Hop is the result of my African American enlightenment. As a free Black man who willingly accepts his responsibility as a role model not only to the advancement of his own racial family, but more importantly to the advancement of humanity itself, I refuse to offer my own children, as well as the children of other races, cultures and ethnicities, mediocre and selfish concepts of liberty when I fully recognize that if humanity itself doesn't rise, how then are African Americans or anyone else going to rise? Are we Black or are we Human? Are we animals or are gods? These are the questions that stir at the origins of Hip Hop.

304 After the Civil Rights Movement, what next? All serious women and men who are concerned about the human condition must ask themselves today, has the Freedom Movement of our grandparents concluded? Are the threats to our sustained freedom no more? What exactly should we be doing today to honor and continue the freedom heritage of ALL of our ancestors and parents? What proves that we are actually free today? Not liberated, but FREE! What is the evidence of our freedom today? Economic security is not freedom. Education is not freedom. Being permitted to vote is not freedom. Freedom is freedom! So, are we free?

305 Just as the environment of a king is called a "kingdom," such is the same for the truly free and their "freedom." Freedom is also the realm, condition or environment of the free. To have "freedom" doesn't mean that you are free; it means to live amongst the free. It means to live in "their" domain; it doesn't mean that you are free yourself. To be free, is to act on your own will, to move because you choose to, not because you have to. I know that I am not the only one thinking in this way. I suspect that there are many who ask of their role in the continued march toward freedom, justice and equality.

306 I also know that many more do not even have the energy, the attention or the time to think about such things as freedom, justice and equality, but many of us still do, and at the top of our list of topics is *"freedom."* Yeah, rap music is valued at 10.5 billion dollars annually in my time, and Hip Hop's unique fashion styles, Graffiti artwork, dance forms, urban language and cultural knowledge have all impacted the modern World in ways that can't even be calculated yet.

307 Yes, we (the Hip Hop community) are more popular and richer today than we have ever been since the early 1970s, and academic scholars of all sorts publish all kinds of views on the existence of Hip Hop and its possible future, but the question remains for everyone participating in the culture of Hip Hop, are we free? Black, White, Brown, Asian, Native, everyone, are we truly free yet?

[308] Have we achieved the collective political dreams of our parents yet? Or have we already forgotten them? As a group, have we become distracted away from real freedom by the political granting of certain liberties? Are we free or have we conformed into better slaves, unable to THINK for ourselves?

[309] Are we truly free to be ourselves and live as we please or are we still pretending to be happy and content with the condition of our lives because we basically can do nothing to change them? The question here is, what kind of freedom am I experiencing in my time if the condition to my freedom is that I cannot be my true *Self*, or even possibly create a new *Self*.

[310] As John O'Neal (writer for *The Drama Review*) pointed out in the 1960s, *Racism systematically verifies itself when the slave can only break free by imitating the master: by contradicting his* [the slave's] *own reality.* But what is a slave's former reality?

[311] Can a *People* who were genetically, spiritually, politically and mentally engineered and bred for slave labor ever truly be free?

[312] Can a *People* who were genetically, spiritually, politically and mentally engineered and bred for slave labor ever truly regain those lost aspects of their humanity and culture before the rise of the slavery institution?

[313] Millions of Africans may have lost their cultural traditions and possessions during and after the rise and fall of slavery in the United States, but millions of European slave owners as well as slaves not only lost their possessions and cultural heritage—they basically lost their souls.

[314] Can they (or more accurately their children) ever recover from such loses? After a slave (and/or slave owner) is deemed *free*, what should such a former slave (or slave owner) and his/her descendants now be looking for?

[315] How do former slaves regain all that was lost to them? Or is this even what a newly freed people should be looking for? What is the proper forward movement for a formerly enslaved people, now *"free?"*

[316] In my bold observation, the next move would be self-creation—or rather, the total creation of one's new self. We can never actually be what we were yesterday, but we can create ourselves today to be whatever we believe we are capable of tomorrow. In my view, after a human group is legally deemed *free*, it is they who must then leave the plantation. In my view we need a new exodus! We need to physically, mentally, spiritually, economically and culturally leave the plantation.

[317] How can we be sure that we are free if our reference for freedom comes from those who have enslaved us? As children of the *Civil Rights* movement we must ask, how can your slave master free you?

[318] Is it not a fact that only a totally independent force separate from the forces that enslaved you can actually free you and assist in the maintenance of your freedom? What if your enslaver decided to enslave you again? Or forced you to enslave others? How would you avoid or combat such a situation?

[319] And this is real for anyone recovering from injustice. How do you know when you are healed? What does healing feel like? Are we completely *"free,"* or have we been *"freed"*?

[320] Part of the answer to these questions rests on whether you can be enslaved again. If you are truly free no one can enslave you, even if you are enslaved. And likewise, if you are still a slave only freed or liberated, then you cannot experience true freedom even if you are not enslaved—even if you have been *"freed."*

321 We know that both “slavery” as well as “freedom” are states of mind. Not to make light of either one, but history is full of examples of so-called “slaves” freeing themselves, buying their freedom and inheriting freedom, while other “slaves” with clear opportunities for freedom disregarded such opportunities or betrayed the very freedom movements established for their own liberation.

322 Historical evidence shows that “slavery” as well as “freedom” are both attitudes. We can see historically that avoiding slavery was mostly about one’s social class, personal character, principles, and intellectual skills. Freedom is and was an attitude!

323 Nat Turner, the Black revolutionary of 1831, rebuked another slave for bowing and scraping before a White man. *But we slaves*, said the fellow. Turner replied, *You deserve to be.* (*The Black Book*, p.10)

324 As another example: *A judge sentenced a slave to be severely lashed for purchasing stolen goods. Before the sentence was carried out, the slave addressed the court, saying that the thief from whom he had purchased the goods was a White man. Then he asked the court if the theif would be punished if caught. ‘Of course he will be punished,’ the judge replied. ‘Then,’ said the slave, ‘you must punish my master also. The goods I bought had no parents, but my master purchased me knowing I was stolen from my mother and father.’ Punishment was set aside.* (*Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser,* May 20, 1788)

325 Again, freedom (just like slavery) is an attitude, a state of mind. Certain people simply cannot be enslaved because of who they are, and you will know if you are one of these *free* people by the way in which you conduct your life. Going along with the destruction of your own people is clearly the behavior of a slave. Doing what your employer tells you to do regardless of how it affects the well-being of others is indeed the behavior of a slave.

326 Not being able to THINK outside of your employer’s or your oppressor’s box is indeed the behavior of a slave. To not even consider the state of your own free condition is the behavior of a slave. To give up on the possibility of freedom makes you A SLAVE! Is freedom even important to you? Are honor, integrity and trustworthiness valuable to you? Liberty is about moving through one’s environment unrestrained, while freedom is the character of an unrestrained, non-institutionalized mind.

327 To be *“free”* means that you possess the ability to create your own reality, to live as you please, to move fearlessly amongst others without insecurity, prejudice or threat of enslavement or death.

328 To be *“free”* means that others cannot impose their wills (and temptations) upon you without your consent. It means that you own and control your physical and mental *“Self,”* that your movements are yours, based upon YOUR intentions and interests, and not those of others.

329 Freedom doesn’t mean that you ask others through treaties and constitutional amendments not to war with you; freedom means that they cannot war with you even if they want to.

330 A free person is an extremely powerful individual and this is why groups of people rarely ever become free. Only individuals seem to experience true freedom because only certain individuals are willing to work to establish and maintain their freedom.

331 However, even though large groups of people rarely achieve freedom for real, when such an event does occur major changes are made in the World’s structure and order. For only free people can free people. Slaves lead slaves back to the plantation/workforce.

332 The question for the Hip Hop community today is, after we have *“overcome”* American racism

and prejudice, what next? After we are declared "free," what next? Who are WE outside of the mainstream American paradigm that even White people have become bored with?

333 "Black" is a term for people of African descent. However, outside of the American mainstream academic paradigm of racial distinctions and designations who are we?

334 What measures the value and ability of one's self outside of the American value system? These questions are at the heart of Hip Hop's true origins.

335 What is human for us?

336 What is real for us?

337 What is reality for us?

338 Whether you are African American, or Chinese American, or Native American, these are the questions of a truly free people.

339 These are the real questions that every leader, teacher and/or member of any group must ask themselves and the group; who are WE? Where have WE come from? Where are WE going? And how are WE going to get there?

340 At no time can these questions not be answered by any group, or such a group will cease to be a group. We need unity, and we need it NOW! And I believe that Hip Hop has the ability to provide the cultural structure necessary for our next level of unity and freedom.

341 For if we don't know to ourselves who WE are, where WE have come from, where WE are going, and how WE are going to get there, WE simply will not survive as the group that we are today.

342 If WE are not loyal to one another, trusting of one another, supportive of one another, WE are simply a mass of individuals identified exclusively by the fact that WE all have no home, no direction and no vision. WE, at this level of existence, are indeed a subservient people (slaves) living at the expense and permission of those who have a home, a direction and a vision for themselves.

343 For if we have no home, no direction and no vision for ourselves then we naturally become the helpers and/or assistants to those who do. This is just a fact! And this is why Hip Hop is so important culturally; Hip Hop is simply the cure for slavery. When practiced correctly, Hip Hop actually cures the slave mentality and the effects of slavery politically.

344 True freedom seems to not only be about breaking the chains from one's hands, feet and mind, true freedom seems to also be spiritual; it seems to be about self-creation and self-governance. Hip Hop provides all of this to its *people*.

345 The slave was created to be a slave. Therefore, true freedom from any kind of oppression must also include a totally new attitude and character about the governance of one's self and life. Freedom from slavery seems to be about freedom from old slave/master perceptions.

346 The ability to create and then govern one's self seems to be the hardest thing for a slave, or rather a person with a slave's mentality, to achieve.

347 This is where I bring Hip Hop into view. It is not every day that a group of human beings find themselves with the opportunity to establish a new civilization in the World based upon their own artistic and intellectual self-expression.

348 It is not every day that a movement as unique and as ever-growing as Hip Hop comes along in human history with the ability to inspire whole populations of people toward World understanding, good times and peace.

349 The question here is; can we govern and correctly guide such a movement toward the

upliftment and refinement of all interested people in the World? Can we govern ourselves? Can the Hip Hop community really do better than many of the World's leaders today in regards to self-governance, moral authority, political consistency, and financial transparency?

350 If we really put our minds to it, could we actually govern ourselves with a real rule of law, a free and intelligent press, as well as certain institutional structures that are respected and useful to our community? Can we actually maintain a government that has the participation of its people?

351 Can we create a nation where Health, Love, Awareness and Wealth for all of its citizens are the actual laws of that nation? I believe we can, but first we must create ourselves into *those people* capable of such governance. And please understand this: we are not against anyone or anything here except our own immaturity and careless self-destruction.

352 These ideas are for *those people* capable of seeing Hip Hop's socio-political potential beyond music entertainment. The question here is, are you free? Are you free enough to see Hip Hop in this way?

353 When raising the question again as to "Are we free?" I tend to search for such answers within myself and my perception of my World. No one can free me except me. Liberty is external; it is political. But freedom is internal; it is spiritual.

354 For me, if I am truly free then I have the ability to examine my self-existence independently of every external title I've been force-taught to accept from birth. In other words, I can see myself outside of my oppressor's interpretation of me. I have the ability to know the space that lies between me and my acceptance of externally imposed ideas and identities upon my being.

355 Here, to be free is to be in touch with the nakedness of your actual being, even before your family name and birthday. To be aware of the naked you is the beginning of true freedom.

356 I find that it is my perceptions of the World around me and what I believe I can do in such a World that determines not only my inner-freedom but also my outer-liberties. Again, freedom, like slavery, is a state of mind; and further, I believe that I can actually be whatever I can perceive my self as.

357 It is this view of life and of living that helps to inform my political and social views today. This is how I can rationalize Hip Hop as its own self-governed civilization in the modern World. This is because in reality all of the titles, labels and identities that I am currently answering to today are all my decisions and my creations.

358 Even though I was told (or rather force-taught) my "African American" identity and I never really got a chance in my younger years to truly discover my own nature for myself and name such a nature for myself, it seems that I have taken the identity that was forced upon me (and my parents) by those only interested in exploiting us, and I am trying to make the best of it. All of us affected by the institution of slavery are trying to make the *best* out of the worst (slaveowners included).

359 This seems to be a post-slavery psychological disorder we suffer from because the first act of any free person is to name themselves based upon the nature of their newly discovered true being. "African American," "Negro," "Nigger," "Nigga," "Black," "Afro-American," "American" and even "African" are all identities that simply do not fit my modern nature accurately. These identities were given to me, I did not give them to my SELF.

360 In Truth, I am really none of these identities. My true nature is timeless, shapeless and colorless. Is this not the Truth? Is it not true that anything I focus my mind upon I will eventually become? Am I not responsible for the creation of myself? If these are real questions then true freedom for me and my kind is the total re-creation of ourselves.

361 If I am no longer a slave for real, then I am free to call myself whatever I like, whatever my nature is. And those who truly and honestly recognize the free status of my true and free nature will acknowledge and respect the name that I have chosen for myself.

362 Yes. I am indeed a Black man. My political color is “black.” But am I really the color “black” or am I really “brown?” Even beyond my political distinction as a “black man” I am a father, I am a thinker, an inventor, an investigator of myself and my surroundings, I am an emcee, a son, a brother. These things are what define my being, not the political skin color I may be designated to.

363 Is it not true that I create myself? Is it not true that I create myself from within; that it is the conscious choices that I make daily that further create and express my true being? Is it not true that I am choosing the *Self* that I am as well as the *Self* that I shall become? Therefore, it is also true that self-creation is the ultimate state of freedom for previously enslaved people now freed.

364 Here, freedom means that I decide my identity for myself; my identity is not taught to me in school, it is discovered naturally within me in life, by me. I choose today to be a “Black man” because I lend myself to the struggles of those so-called “Black people.” This is my FREE choice.

365 I am not a Black man because the government labels me this; I am a Black man because I choose to be. It is I who empower the identity and label of “Black man,” it is not the other way around.

366 For now though, I may reluctantly agree with the common mainstream political description of myself as a “Black man” because it is common to the population in which I reside. But the common mainstream descriptions of me are NOT my descriptions of my *“Self.”*

367 My nature defines me, and my nature is free. Therefore, as an actual political, racial, ethnic identity I am more a “free man” in a “Black man” disguise. I am actually from the mental/spiritual land of “free,” and as a “free man” I am from that group of free people with free minds. I am not afraid to be and create myself.

368 Politically, culturally and spiritually I can be anyone I choose to be simply by pledging my love and loyalty to the reality of my chosen identity—whatever that identity may be. I can actually call myself a “White man” and then find all kinds of real facts to substantiate my claim if I want to.

369 This is the issue with all social labels, professional titles and politically created identities; ultimately they are ALL CHOICES! But once chosen, your choice empowers the nature of your chosen identity and produces the reality that you have charged it with.

370 As a Black man I am a free man, and as a free man I choose to be whatever makes me happy and secure. For me, happiness and security is found in being and living Hip Hop. Hip Hop is my nature; it is what comes “naturally” to me.

371 As a truly free man with a truly free mind, I choose to call myself “Hip Hop”—I am Hip Hop! If you must connect me to a race or to a political group in the World then I am of the “Black” race; I am a “Black man,” a “Black Hiphoppa” or a “Hip Hop American.” But if you ask me what I think of my true self, or if you ask me about the character of the person under this dark skin, I will say that “I am Hip Hop!” One race or ethnicity alone cannot really define me today.

372 In his book *The Beat Of Urban Art,* Graffiti writer Justin Bua writes, *The characters that I draw and paint represent who I am and what I value. They are from different backgrounds that together form one urban culture. People ask me what I am. Puerto Rican? Italian? Jewish? African American? Like my characters, I can’t define myself by one race. I have so many different bloodlines flowing through my veins and grew up in such a uniquely integrated culture, that I am just me. I am part of an urban race united by the city. We judged each other by the content of our character. This is where the slang word ‘ONE’ comes from. We are ONE. Urban life challenges us to thrive among diversity and*

vibe off one another in a positive way.

373 This is Hip Hop and this is the thinking of a large percentage of the audience that is attracted to our movement. Yes, I will always be a brown-colored human being (a Black man, an African), but so is most of humanity, even all of humanity when you consider human origins and the fact that "White" people are actually "beige" today rather than the fictitious color of "white."

374 Open your eye (your mind). Everything that you call yourself is <u>your</u> voluntary choice to do so. We can create and/or re-create ourselves right now! In fact, with every name, title and/or label we assign or accept for ourselves, we actually add to the creation of our actual physical and mental "Self." You are truly whoever and/or whatever you repeatedly think you are. This too is a fact.

375 So, when it comes to freedom and the continued struggle for justice in our time it is now apparent that our generation carries the burden of creating itself. We must now take our Hip Hop activity in the World seriously and organize ourselves into the nation our parents and grandparents dreamt of.

376 All of the ingredients for the creation of a new World civilization exist within Hip Hop today. Our only challenge today is our own lack of belief in ourselves, and this too is part of Hip Hop's real history.

377 Like many World cultures, including the American popular culture, Hip Hop seems to be born from *cultural syncretism,* meaning the blending of different cultures to create a new culture. This is what makes Hip Hop as an international culture possible; these are its origins.

378 The concept of further developing a popular social movement into a sovereign community of specialized people is not new, and there is much research and many precedents to study from regarding this subject.

379 Hip Hop is the combination and unity of several independent cultures and subcultures creating a new heterogeneous culture. This happens often in World history. Old cultures give birth to new cultures; older civilizations have even given birth to our present American civilization. Why treat Hip Hop any different when it is clearly experiencing a similar historical reality in its present day as other great World civilizations have experienced at their geneses?

380 The question is not whether Hip Hop is a culture or not. The question is, do we want it to be? Can we actually govern ourselves? Looking upon the cultural history of just this Western Civilization in which we live, we can see how cultures are created and why.

381 Classical Civilization was born from the wreckage of Cretan Civilization in the period 1150–900 B.C., and Western Civilization was born from the wreckage of Classic Civilization in the period 350–700 A.D.

382 As Carroll Quigley explains in his book *Tragedy & Hope: A History Of The World In Our Time, Western civilization began, <u>as all civilizations do</u>, in a period of <u>cultural mixture.</u>* Referring to the 350-700 A.D. invasions of Barbarian tribes upon the independent European societies of "Classical Civilization," he continues: *By <u>creating a new culture</u> from the various elements offered from the Barbarian tribes, the Roman world, Saracen world, and above all the Jewish world (Christianity), <u>Western Civilization became a new society.</u>*

383 He continues: *When one society is destroyed by the impact of another society, the people are left in a debris of <u>cultural elements</u> derived from their own shattered culture as well as the invading culture. These elements generally provide the instruments for fulfilling the material needs of these people, but they cannot be organized into a <u>functioning society</u> because of the <u>lack of an ideology and a spiritual cohesive</u>. Such people either perish or are incorporated as individuals and small groups*

into some other culture, whose ideology they adopt for themselves and, above all, for their children. In some cases, however, the people left with the debris of a shattered culture are able to reintegrate their cultural elements into a new society and a new culture.

384 When I read this I am encouraged because this means that there is precedent for what we are proposing for Hip Hop. Hip Hop as a new World culture is very possible because our existence is the natural result of historical, traceable events.

385 What other civilizations have achieved in 1,000 years, we can achieve in 100! Times are indeed different today. The question is, do we want to seize upon this unique opportunity? Quigley speaks of *cultural elements* being created *when one society is destroyed by the impact of another society.* This points to a good portion of the African American community.

386 He writes, *The people are left in a debris of cultural elements.* This resembles very accurately part of the origin of our African American, Latino and Afro-Caribbean *cultural elements* coming together to form Breakin, Emceein, Graffiti Art, Deejayin, Beat Boxin, etc., which we *derived from* OUR own *shattered* African cultures as well as from the *invading* European cultures.

387 For the Hip Hop community, the most interesting part of Mr. Quigley's statement is when he points out that *these elements generally provide the instruments for fulfilling the material needs of these people, but they cannot be organized into a functioning society because of the lack of an ideology and a spiritual cohesive.* This is Hip Hop's present state right here.

388 Our elements *provide the instruments for fulfilling* our *material needs*—money, property, prestige, credit, etc.—*but they cannot be organized into a functioning society because of the lack of an ideology and a spiritual cohesive.* This is clear. You can have all the money in the World, but if you hold no strong principles, no lasting traditions, no respect for the creed and vision of your own ancestors, you are still politically a slave—a victim of war, conquest and other past traumatic events. You still have no foundation yet because you still have never actually recovered from the experiences of war and conquest.

389 Even with money the unprincipled, uncultured person is still not free. Until you create your *Self* you are not yet truly free, even with money, power and respect! Culture doesn't grow on trees; it grows in free human minds and is released through free human actions.

390 Human beings choose their cultures; cultures do not choose them. However, the relationship between culture and humanity is indeed more complex than this. It is we who create cultures and civilizations, but in turn the cultures and civilized societies that we create do in fact create us. Take the United States of America as another example. In the beginning there were no "American" people. As Joseph J. Ellis explains in the CD series of his book *Founding Brothers, In the beginning there were no 'American' people. The Constitution's purpose was to provide a framework to gather together the scattered strands of the population into a more coherent collective worthy of that designation.*

391 Mr. Ellis continues: *This point requires a reflective review of recent scholarship on the complicated origins of American statehood. Based on what we now know of the Anglo-American connection in the pre-Revolution era, that is before it was severed.*

392 *The initial identification of the colonial population as 'Americans' came from English writers who used the term negatively as a way of referring to a marginal or peripheral population unworthy of equal status with full-blooded Englishmen.*

393 *Back at the metropolitan center of the British Empire, the word* ["American"] *was uttered and heard as an insult that designated an inferior or insubordinate people* [like "nigger"]. *The entire thrust of the colonist's justification for independence was to reject that designation on the grounds*

that they possessed ALL the Rights of British citizens. And the ultimate source of these Rights did not lie in any indigenous origins, but rather in a transcendent realm of natural Rights allegedly shared by all men everywhere.

394 In the pre-Revolution days (before there really was an "America" or an "American"), 16 percent of the colonial population were "Tories," meaning that they were loyal to the British crown. When rebellion began to break out all over the colonies and elsewhere the "Tories" fled to Canada and others back to England. Thomas Paine, author of the historical pamphlet *Common Sense,* who helped to cause the American Revolution against Britain, was actually British himself.

395 In their famous writings *The Lessons Of History* philosophers Will and Ariel Durant direct us to, *Consider the origin of the great peoples and civilizations of history; how nearly every one of them began with the slow mixture of varied racial stocks entering from any direction into some conquered or inviting region, mixing their blood in marriage or otherwise gradually producing a homogeneous people, and thereby creating, so to speak, the biological basis of a new civilization. So the Egyptians were formed of the Ethiopians, Libyans, Arabs, Syrians, and Mesopotamians. So the ancient Hebrews were composites of their own various stocks and of Canaanites, Edomites, Moabites, Ammonites, Hittites, and a dozen other peoples that swirled around the Euphrates, the Jordan and the Aronties* [rivers].

396 The Durants continue: *Varied stocks entering some locality from diverse directions and diverse times mingle their blood, traditions and ways with one another or the existing population like two diverse pools of genes coming together in sexual reproduction. Such an ethnic mixture may in the course of centuries produce a new type, even a new people. So Celts, Romans, Angels, Saxons, Jutes, Stains, and Normans fused to produce Englishmen. When the new type takes form, its cultural expressions are unique and constitute a new civilization's new physiognomy, character, language, literature, religion, morality, and art. It is not the race that makes the civilization, it is the civilization that makes the people. Circumstances geographical, economic, and political create a new culture and the culture creates a human type.* But in the final analysis it is the human mind that perceives its civilization and decides to adopt it and develop it. This is where Hip Hop comes into our study.

397 Yes, it is the *civilization that makes the people*, but as we can see it is the activity of a people that further creates civilization. Hip Hop has already created us; the questions now are, are we further creating Hip Hop and what does it mean to be Hip Hop? The Hip Hop experience has already created a new human type in the World, but are we willing to accept, and most of all adopt, such a *type* as our own?

398 Today, being Hip Hop means that you are willing to adopt Hip Hop's ideals as a major part of your own cultural identification creating a new human type in the World. It means that you are ready to tell a new story about yourself and your history creating a new human group. It means that you are free to re-create your "*Self.*" This story is common to America's immigrant history. Immigrants rarely forget where they have come from but they/we incorporate the best of our past into the best expectations of our newly created future when we assimilate into any new country.

399 Yes, I am more than proud of my African and American heritages, I am grateful to be part of such a story in World history. However, when thinking critically about the restoration of OUR lost civilizations, the enhancement of OUR present quality of life, the preservation of Hip Hop's artistic elements, freedom from negative corporate exploitation, and a Hip Hop way of life rooted in peace and prosperity (everything we collectively discussed at our Hip Hop conferences and summits), it becomes apparent that we are going to have to become a new type of people altogether if we are to actually achieve such a quality of living.

400 And I am not exaggerating here. To achieve higher states of freedom and liberty and finally claim what is rightfully ours—self-governance—we are going to have to create a new culture and lifestyle from the debris of our "shattered cultures" capable of achieving the goals that we say we want for ourselves and our children. We are going to have to become the civilization that we desire to see. We are going to have to re-create ourselves, and to do that we must know ourselves. Not just on a spiritual level, but on a cultural and even genetic level.

401 Yes, *spiritual cohesiveness* is an important part in the building of our Hip Hop civilization; it is the foundation. But how we interpret our "spiritual cohesion," and the tools we use to discover ourselves, cannot be based solely upon the opinions and interpretations of those whose intentions are (and were) to exploit us, and our resources. We as a Hip Hop people have to do what Abraham was instructed to do in Genesis, Chapter 12: *Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee, and I will make of thee a great nation.*

402 This is why we question the whole idea of establishing one's ethnic identity based upon a land-mass, or upon the pigmentation of one's skin, or upon the language one speaks. Many of us are still defining ourselves based upon the opinions and commercial interests of others who use outdated techniques, disproven views and broken methodologies to understand human identity. For the sake of our very survival, growth and development as Hiphoppas I think it is time for a few of us to rethink our ethnicities as well as the very concept of race itself. Some of us (Hiphoppas) need to become serious *critical race theorists* and stop relying upon the assumptions and opinions of others regarding the origins of race and ethnicity.

403 Ian F. Haney López explains in his book *White By Law: The Legal Construction of Race, Of late, a new strand of legal scholarship dedicated to reconsidering the role of race in U.S. society has emerged. Writers in this genre, known as critical race theory, have for the most part shown an acute awareness of the socially constructed nature of race. Much critical race theory scholarship recognizes that race is a legal construction.* Quoting John Calmore, Mr. López continues: *Critical race theory begins with a recognition that 'race' is not a fixed term. Instead, race is a fluctuating, decentered complex of social meanings that are formed and transformed under the constant pressures of political struggle. Critical race theory increasingly acknowledges the extent to which race is not an independent given on which the law acts, but rather a social construction at least in part fashioned by law.* Ultimately, it is the courts that have created and further created our modern understanding of race, not based upon scientific evidence but based upon "common knowledge"—what people believe.

404 For many years in the United States race was scientifically determined by certain human distinctions pertaining to the shape of the skull, distinct complexion differences and hair textures. Early editions of Webster's Dictionary cite professor of medicine Johann Friedrich Blumenbach's classification of races: *1. The Caucasian, or white race, to which belong the greater part of European nations and those of Western Asia; 2. The Mongolian, or yellow race, occupying Tartary, China, Japan, etc.; 3. The Ethiopian or Negro (black) race, occupying all of Africa, except the North; 4. The American, or red race, containing the Indians of North and South America; and, 5. The Malay, or brown race, occupying the islands of the Indian Archipelago, etc.* These racial distinctions were used as part of a larger scientific view of the World's races and their characteristics.

405 However, in an effort to settle immigration and naturalization cases brought before the courts in 1909 Mr. López explains that *a schism appeared among the courts over whether common knowledge or scientific evidence was the appropriate standard. Therefore, the lower courts divided almost evenly on the proper test for Whiteness* [then a requirement for U.S. citizenship]: *six courts relied on common knowledge, while seven others based their racial determinations on scientific evidence. No court used both rationales. Over the course of two cases, heard in 1922 and 1923, the Supreme Court broke the*

impasse in favor of common knowledge. Though the courts did not see their decision in this light, the early congruence of and subsequent contradiction between common knowledge and scientific evidence set the terms of a debate about whether race is a social construction or a natural occurrence. In these terms, the Supreme Court's elevation of common knowledge as the legal meter of race convincingly demonstrates that racial categorization finds its origins in social practices.

406 This is very important for the Hip Hop nation to understand. Yes, we may feel a certain loyalty to our individual races, but in fact such loyalty is more a habit of familiarity. As Mr. López's work points out futher, *Race is not a measured fact, but a preserved fiction. The celebration of common knowledge and the repudiation of scientific evidence show that race is a matter not of physical difference, but of what people believe about physical difference…Race is nothing more than what society and law say it is.* So if we Hiphoppas continue to accept the notion of individual races of human beings to define ourselves, we also accept the arbitrary characteristics and social statuses designated to individual races of human beings according to the non-scientific opinions of the courts. FREE YOUR SELF NOW! Free yourself from such prejudiced interpretations of your very being. NO ONE CAN DEFINE YOU EXCEPT YOU! And the definitions you give yourself about yourself create the reality you perceive and presently live within.

407 Legally, I am an American citizen, which, because of my "Blackness" and its direct association with Africa, makes my legal political description in the United States "African American." And the collective African American consciousness creates for itself a collective habitual behavior complete with its own history, traditions, beliefs and rituals that manifest certain collective experiences, which affects the development of my individual life directly and daily. As long as I pledge my allegiance to the "African American" identity I experience a certain African American reality—even legally. However, it is MY human energy that makes the identity of "African American" exist, not the other way around. It is my spiritual faith, my intellectual perception and my physical body that make the identity of "African American" exist.

408 I am telling myself that I am this or that, that I am African American, African, American, a Black man, Negro, etc. I can equally tell myself that I am Hip Hop and it shall be so. The description of "African American" brings with it certain *conditions* that directly affect my well-being. Therefore, if I am truly free and still cannot seem to live the quality of life I expect for myself as an African American, I have the unalienable right and ability to change my cultural-political identity to fit the path of my total well-being.

409 What says that I must remain African American when such a distinction cannot enhance my well-being in the way I expect and respect? Respectfully I ask, what is an African American? Is this distinction an accurate depiction of my being? Did I name myself African American or was I born into this distinction? A distinction that brings with it real conditions to my physical being and reality. The question which comes to mind here is, do I think with my skin or do I think with my mind? What defines me? When it comes to the nature of my being, am I Black or am I human? And of course, this line of thinking is not for everyone. There are many who may never truly understand what I am implying here.

410 But if I really want something different for myself, a different reality, I am going to have to adopt a new name/nature that is better equipped to satisfy my immediate needs and offers my children a stronger future. I need a new name, a new nature, a new ethnic identity—I need a new culture. And Hip Hop provides for me exactly what I need today to survive as a father, a man, and most of all, a human being. And let me be clear here, creating a new Hip Hop civilization upon the earth is not a task that everyone can be involved in, only some of us can do this. It will take only a few of us to create a new world civilization. The question is, am I Black or am I human? Are you White or are you

Human? Are you Asian, Hindu, Native, Latino, Hispanic, etc., or are you HUMAN?

411 This is the true revolution in my time! This is a true change in our political situation. As the old saying goes, *If you always do what you've always done, you'll always get what you've always gotten.* In order to achieve the restoration of our lost civilization, the enhancement of our present quality of life, the preservation of our artistic elements, freedom from negative corporate exploitation, and a Hip Hop way of life rooted in peace and prosperity, we are going to have to totally rethink our group identity. We are going to have to tell a different story about us and our activity in the World so that our children may experience a totally different reality than the one we are presently living today.

412 I find it a bit hypocritical to first protest against racism in words and then turn around and cling to the concept of race in deeds. If we are to ever eradicate racism from the minds of our children, we are going to have to think and act beyond the confinement of race and racial distinctions. If we are truly serious about peace, love and the unity of all people, we are going to have to place our humanity above our individual skin colors, and Hip Hop has the ability and opportunity to do just that.

413 As a free-thinking human being the questions that I ask of myself are, is the traditional African American lifestyle my actual lifestyle? I respect this lifestyle highly, but did I create this style of life for myself? Is this cultural lifestyle and racial distinction even healthy for me? What sustains my well-being and that of my children; is it the African American identity or is it Hip Hop? And those who do not live, eat and survive by way of Hip Hop may be exempt from this line of questioning.

414 But for those of us who are Hip Hop, and have our being in Hip Hop, we must ask these questions seriously. Technically, I have a so-called West Indian heritage on my father's side. So why am I not exclusively claiming Trinidadian or Afro-Bajan (Barbados) as my ethnicity? Why do I not feel like a *Trini* connected to the struggles of my *Trini* people?

415 Yes I feel some allegiance to the struggles of all Black people, but I am trained or educated to the struggles of the African American in particular. And the key word here is *trained*. In fact, most African Americans are genetically linked to Native Americans, so why am I not claiming a Native American heritage?

416 I, along with millions of other African Americans, have a European genealogy as well; why do I not consider myself White? What if I lived amongst Asians, would I not feel like them as well? Yes, the genetic code of my bloodline would still create me to be whatever IT was, but my training (my education) would still have a profound effect upon what I thought of myself, regardless of my genetic makeup.

417 The deeper questions here (with the achievement of our goals in mind) are, where do you begin your ethnic identity? Where do you start yourself culturally? Where do YOU begin politically? If we are to be truly reborn into a new people with new powers we are going to have to rethink our cultural start and political beginnings.

418 We are going to have to rethink our ethnic identities, and this begins the true history of Hip Hop. In fact, we are going to have to pay more attention to the growth of the ethnicities to which we are already accustomed. Most people can't even keep up with the growth of the ethnicity to which they belong, meaning that, with all the new technologies and new innovations in medicine, along with the new archeological discoveries regarding the origins of human beings, the ethnicity that you may think you are right now may even be in question. The birth of a new people is the origin of a new history.

419 As the head of Harvard University's African-American Studies department, Professor Henry

Louis Gates, found out after taking a DNA test to learn more about his heritage and ancestral family history, *I'm thinking I'm a Brady and maybe I'm from Nigeria, and here I am descended from some White woman…it's incredible!* ("In Our Blood," *Newsweek*, 6 February 2006)

420 In the same Newsweek article, "In Our Blood," writer Claudia Kalb points out that *Our blood holds the secrets to who we are and increasingly, individuals, families and research scientists are using genetic testing to tell us what we don't already know.* In today's age of genetic research, certainty of ethnic identity is now questionable, or rather certainly not what you think.

421 It seems that I am that which I think I am. I am what I have been trained or educated to be. I am my training. I am the story that I have accepted of myself, and such a story creates the character, values and habits of my repeated lifestyle. But this approach to my *self*-identity is largely common knowledge and not based upon science. However, the repetition of my daily activities either strengthens my genetic code or it rewrites it—and this is science.

422 New genetic information is pointing to new discoveries and theories pertaining to human evolution and why people do what they do. New discoveries in molecular biology are showing that different (yet similar) species from different sides of the Earth will develop the same genetic solutions when confronted with the same natural challenges. How does this pertain to Hip Hop?

423 It is now known that *there are no new genes arising every time a new species arises.* As Dr. Brian K. Hall, a developmental biologist at Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia has pointed out, *Basically you take existing genes and process and modify them, and that's why humans and chimps can be 99 percent similar at the genome level.*

424 My observation is that if there are no *"new genes,"* if all that we need as humans already exists within us, that Nature makes slight adjustments to an already set number of genes to confront certain environmental challenges, then Hip Hop might have always existed genetically but our environment had to be such that our already existing Hip Hop genes could be *"switched on"* to confront our new environmental challenges. Hip Hop seems to be a genetic response to oppression.

425 *A new field called evo-devo* (evolution and development), *which studies the diversity of living forms, is showing that embryonic development powerfully shapes evolution.* ("From a Few Genes, Life's Myriad Shapes," *The New York Times*, French Edition, 30 June 2007)

426 What does this mean? *The New York Times* article by Carol Kaesuk Yoon continues, *Last year, Dr. Neil Shubin* [an evolutionary biologist at the University of Chicago at the Field Museum], *reported the discovery of a fossil fish on Ellesmere Island in northern Canada. They had found Tiktaalik, as they named the fish, after searching for six years.*

427 *They persisted for so long because they were certain that they had found the right age and kind of rock where a fossil of a fish trying to make the transition to life on land was likely to be found. And Tiktaalik appeared to be just such a fish, but it also had a few surprises for the researchers.*

428 *'Tiktaalik is special,' Dr. Shubin said. 'It has a flat head with eyes on top. It has gills and lungs. It's an animal that's exploring the interface between water and land.' But Tiktaalik was a truly stunning discovery because this water-loving fish bore wrists, an attribute thought to have been an innovation confined strictly to animals that had already made the transition to land. 'This was telling us that a piece of the toolkit, to make arms, legs, hands and feet, could very well be in fish limbs,' Dr. Shubin said.*

429 *In other words, the genetic tools or toolkit genes for making limbs to walk on land might well have been present long before fish made that critical leap…The genetic tools to make fingers and toes were in place a long time…Lacking were the environmental conditions where these structures would be*

useful.

430 *He added, 'Fingers arose when the right environment arose.' Major events in evolution like the transition from life in the water to life on land are not necessarily set off by the arising of the genetic mutations that will build the required body parts, or even the appearance of the body parts themselves, as had long been assumed. Instead, it is theorized that the right ecological situation, the right habitat in which such bold, new forms will prove to be particularly advantageous, may be what is required to set these major transitions in motion.*

431 Could Hip Hop be genetic? Could it be that Breakin, Emceein, Deejayin, Graffiti writing, and Beat Boxin are part of our genetic reactions to the urban environments in which we live and lived? Could Hip Hop be an ancient genetic response to the type of oppression and injustice we faced (and still face) on a daily basis? A kind of survival skill? Maybe.

432 Environment seems to have a lot more influence over the evolution of human survival abilities than we think. And when I say "environment" here I mean cultural environment, political environment, urban environment. According to today's scientific view, it is one's culture (one's environment) that also helps to affect certain genetic responses to one's survival and further development as a human being.

433 It seems that we and our new cultural environment (Hip Hop) are inter-connectedly growing together. We are all affecting it, and it is affecting us all. In fact, the Hiphoppa and Hip Hop's cultural development are indeed two aspects of the same response to urban environments.

434 From this view Hip Hop seems to be a genetic response to the pressures of urban life. As philosopher and ordained minister Nancey Murphy of Fuller Theological Seminary pointed out in a June 2007 *International Herald Tribune* article entitled, "Science and the Soul: Descartes Loses Force," by Cornelia Dean, *'All human capacities once attributed to the mind or soul are now being fruitfully studied as brain processes, or more accurately, I should say, processes involving the brain, the rest of the nervous system and other bodily systems, all interacting with the socio-cultural world.'*

435 Elsewhere in the article, Dean points out that, *As evolutionary biologists and cognitive neuroscientists peer ever deeper into the brain, they are discovering more and more genes, brain structures and other physical correlates to feelings like empathy, disgust and joy. That is, they are discovering physical bases for feelings from which moral sense emerges—not just in people but in other animals as well."*

436 This type of observation has led me to consider the physical nature of spiritual reality and how such a "nature" may relate to the existence of Hip Hop itself. Is morality a physical thing? Can your environment affect your sense of moral judgment on a genetic level? Can environmental conditions affect you genetically? The evidence seems to say yes, yes, yes, and of course yes! So who are we really? Culturally, we are only our education, we are the stories and the histories that we have been educated to accept and respect. But can we create and/or re-create ourselves today? Yes. And the re-creation of ourselves is the origin of our history.

437 We can talk all day about the great civilization builders of our ancient heritage, but until we establish even greater works today than their ancient works of yesterday, how have we advanced the ancient heritage that we brag about today? If we cannot achieve greater civilizations than those of our ancestors, then let's finally face it, we are not of the same bloodline as those who have actually built cities and established civilizations, and we need to stop *fronting* about this!

438 Without walking the walk, we degrade our ancestors every time we talk that talk about something they did that we can no longer do. Civilization is not a bunch of buildings and a

marketplace. Civilization begins around a shared vision of a brighter future where everyone contributes to the peace and security of his or her neighbor. Civilization is first a level of mental achievement. We must first be civil if we are to become a true civilization. In fact, it is our civility that creates the aura of our specific civilization. However, civility is largely based upon the laws human groups adopt for themselves and whether they abide by such laws or not.

439 In the United States the whole concept of race and racial distinction (which underlines the identity of ethnic cultures) was largely created by the United States' naturalization laws, laws which, according to Ian F. Haney López, have even *shaped the physical features evident in our* [American] *society.*

440 As Mr. López explains, *Laws have directly shaped the physical appearance of people in the United States by limiting entrance to certain physical types and by altering the range of marital choices available to people here. What we look like, the literal and 'racial' features we in this country exhibit, is to a large extent the product of legal rules and decisions. Race is not, however, simply a matter of physical appearance and ancestry. Instead, it is primarily a function of the meanings given to these. On this level, too, law creates races.*

441 The concluding point here is that as Hiphoppas we can establish a new nation, a new tribe, even a new race; it's been done before and we are positioned at this time to do it again. However, before the creation of our Hip Hop nation, we as Hip Hop scholars studying and building Hip Hop as a sustainable community are going to have to reexamine our very existence as a People and above these arbitrary race distinctions, finally create and then define ourselves for ourselves. This would be the true history of Hip Hop—the story of our triumphant SELF-CREATION!

TRACK FIVE

442 As stated earlier, the origins of Hip Hop seem to be more "Black" than "African American," and such an observation seems to also manifest itself historically. We cannot really discuss the "origins" of Hip Hop without taking a look at the intentions of the 1950s and 1960s Civil Rights Movement regarding our intentions today. When you begin to approach Hip Hop as an attitude and not just a music genre you can even go back further to the 1930s and 1940s to really get an accurate assessment of the first causes and origins of modern Hip Hop today. When I look at people like Paul Robeson, for example, I cannot deny his Hip Hopness, his defiance in the face of growing criticism toward his political views and allegiances, his skill as an orator, his intellect, his sports abilities, his activism and love for the Truth. This man was indeed the Hip Hop of his time!

443 Loved by the whole World and making a very good living as an artist/actor, Paul Robeson, clearly ahead of his time in thinking and in living, would still point out the injustices perpetrated by the United States against "the Negro." After speaking out publicly all over the World about the unjust conditions of Africans in America and expressing his respect for the people of communist Russia he was stripped of his passport for eight years—an event which clearly dampened his ability to work and stifled his very successful performing career. Standing outside of the Supreme Court after winning his passport back Mr. Robeson had this to say: *The question raised by the State Department as to my political opinion bears the question of whether one who wants to sing and act can have, as a citizen, political opinion. And in attacking me, they suggested that when I was abroad I spoke out against injustices to the Negro people in the United States; I certainly did! And the Supreme Court Justice just ruled that—in the segregation cases—that World opinion had a lot to do with that ruling. That our children, Negro children, can go to school like anybody else in the South, I'm very proud to have been*

part of directing World opinion to precisely that condition! The second, that I fight for the independence of the colonialized people of Africa…the colored peoples of the World assembly made it clear that nobody is going to tell them what to do, they're going to have their independence; I'm proud of that! The third, that I fight for peace and friendship with the Soviet Union. At Geneva the President of the United States made it clear that nobody wants war with the Soviet Union. No American wants to fight them, and I presume certainly the Negro people of the United States don't want any war with them either! Nobody does because we want peace and friendship in the World!

444 This attitude is basic to Hip Hop's visionary, forward-thinkers throughout history. During the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s our parents expounded upon a lot of things concerning social conditions, social engineering and their vision of a perfect society, many of whom were "blacklisted" and even wrongly imprisoned for doing so, and presently remain enslaved (some on death row) even as I write these words. For them, I can never abandon *The Dream.* Others can, because they never really knew Kwame Ture personally or even spiritually. They never knew Dr. King, or Malcolm X, or Elijah Muhammad, or Medgar Evers. They never met their children or donated anything toward their organizations or the continued legacies of these great ancestral leaders. They never even really studied them or their words to get at the true meaning of what was being said and expressed collectively.

445 For most people, these ancestors are simply characters of the past that bear little relevance in the fast-paced, technological, consumer-driven World of today. And as a result, the hard-fought freedoms and "Rights" that our ancestors gave their lives to establish deteriorate for lack of knowledge as to the struggles to achieve such freedoms and Rights and how to maintain them. The very attitude and worldview of the free man is what has been lost to us, and this is why many find the idea of Hip Hop as a new civilization upon the earth so difficult to grasp.

446 This is why and how the police can treat us like anything; they know that we have no leadership, no army or other protection. They know that we don't know our "rights," nor our true history and that we are really unaware of our own mothers' and fathers' struggles and victories over such injustices.

447 For if your father overcame the same injustices that you now face, shouldn't you be able to overcome them as well? Why are we still going through the same injustices that our parents, and their parents, and their parents' parents' parents went through?

448 At what point do we advance beyond the conditions of our parents and ancestors? At what point do we fulfill the *"dreams"* that our ancestors died for? Do we not realize that every generation has a duty to fulfill the *dreams* of the generation that has come before them? Do we not realize that it is our sacred duty to even advance upon the thinking of our parents and ancestors?

449 But to do this we have to know what was said and what was done, and when it was said and how it was done. We have to study and hear from our revolutionary parents as well as from our conformist parents to get a complete picture as to how our heritage may be continued. We have to interpret, decipher and decode the hidden meanings and descriptions of our comedian parents (for example) to get a real glimpse of their real space-time reality and how it may have affected us and the way we think or don't think today.

450 Take comedy legend Dick Gregory, for example. In the 1970s, he stated, *So many White folks in America wanna know, 'What's wrong with them? Niggas must be crazy!' Naw baby, understand one thing, niggas got more sense today than ever before in the history of America. And when niggas was basically crazy that's when he thought we had good sense. Yeah, that's right! When he runnin' around goosin' me in the rump, rubbin' my head, 'come here jabbo,' 'yeah yessa boss,' when I was basically*

crazy. Now we talkin' bout gettin' our thang together, gettin' our sanity together baby. ONCE YOU GET YOUR MIND TOGETHER BABY CAN'T NOBODY DEAL WITH YOU! That's what this convention is all about, getting our mind together. When we leave here it's gonna be a different day!

451 One thing is for sure, our parents saw the vision of a new nation; they were indeed divided over the issue of "separation" or "integration" but the direction was clear—it was "NATION TIME!" It was time to *GET YOUR MIND TOGETHER!*

452 Whether that new nation was a transformed United States or an entirely new land somewhere in the World, the idea was never to stay in the same shape we found ourselves in post-slavery.

453 In my view, if we are to truly achieve peace on earth and the end of racial hostility, we are going to have to give up the idea of separate races, which is the root cause of so many social ills. If we can teach our children to identify human beings by the content of their character and not by race or ethnic origin, we may one day look upon racism as we look upon cannibalism or human sacrifice today. However, we are not there yet. As far as our parents were concerned their debate focused upon the issues of their time, namely, do we integrate or separate? All of it was *civil rights* but some of us wanted access to what the American mainstream offered and others of us wanted to build our "own thing."

454 Those who wanted to build their "own thing" were more likely to frequent the "Black Power" movement, while those who wanted American mainstream access remained with the distinction "Civil Rights." Hip Hop actually gets its start in both movements; however, the driving force and essence of Hip Hop seems to be inspired by the "Black Power" movement of the 1960s and 1970s. Everything about early Hip Hop points to the views of those whose voices were loud in the "Black Power" movement.

455 *Black Power* was a phrase that denoted Black self-governance. This powerful phrase, *"Black Power,"* was first introduced to the World by author Richard Wright as the title of a book that he had written after visiting Ghana in 1954.

456 The prophet Stokely Carmichael (Kwame Ture) popularized this phrase as a call for African independence worldwide! Ture and others of the 1950s and 1960s believed that White racist Americans would never be fair and just to the Africans in America and so the only solution was *"organized revolution."*

457 The prophet Ture declared, *Don't be afraid! Don't be ashamed! We want BLACK POWER! And we don't have to be ashamed of it! We have stayed here and we have begged the president! We begged the federal government! That's all we been doing—begging, begging! It's time we stand up and take over! We have to do what every group in this country did; we gotta take over the communities where we outnumber people so we can have decent jobs! So we can have decent houses! So we can have decent roads! So we can have decent schools! So we can have decent justice!"* This was and still is the real meaning of Black Power! It was about Black/African people governing themselves.

458 Ture believed, like others, that Black people could govern themselves, but that first they needed their own land away from White racism, injustice and infiltration. In the early days of the *Black Power* movement it was clear that Black liberation began with Black Nationalism (Black people governing their own independent nation) and that such a vision would come with a bloody price.

459 As the prophet Malcolm X pointed out, *Revolution is bloody! Revolution is hostile! Revolution knows no compromise! Revolution overturns and destroys everything that gets in its way…It's based on land. A revolutionary wants land so he can set up his OWN NATION! These Negroes ain't asking for any nation, they're trying to crawl back on the plantation! When you want a nation, that's called*

nationalism.

460 However, even though our King agreed with the basic social and political ideas of *Black Power/Black Nationalism* he was against any revolutionary violence or Black separatism. Dr. King, in his early days, had a profound and unshaken faith in America as one racially unified nation that included the equality of *"the Negro."* He advocated a bloodless revolution of integration.

461 The King advised, *In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plain of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with Soul Force!* I believe Hip Hop is that Soul Force.

462 Hip Hop is the realization and combination of ALL of our ancestors' dreams, hopes, strategies and aspirations toward freedom, justice and equality. We are the achievement of our ancestors; we are their hopes. We cannot divorce ourselves from the struggles of our parents, grandparents and ancestors and expect to live in peace. They've spent their entire lives developing the little bits of advice we receive in fragments today.

463 While others are reading all sorts of scholarly and academically accepted writings on race relations by well-educated scholars on such matters, I prefer to read the prophet H. Rap Brown's 1969 book *Die Nigger Die* super-historically and really feel the space-time reality of my ancestors and their socio-political experiences.

464 Brown writes and advises, *We must learn that Black is not a color but the way you think. If we are to succeed in The Struggle we must eliminate the significance that we have assigned to color in our community…Among Black people color can have no value, no significance. Commitment will determine the value of individuals.*

465 And this is not to say that H. Rap Brown was insinuating the abandonment of race; not at all. However, his approach to race (especially to the Black race) is interesting to study because his description of his time is strikingly similar to the conditions in our time, at least for those who claim Hip Hop as their lifestyle and culture.

466 He writes, *You grow up in Black America and it's like living in a pressure cooker. Babies become men without going through childhood. And when you become a man, you got nothing to look forward to and nothing to look back on. So what do you make it on? The wine bottle, the reefer or Jesus. A taste of grape, the weed or the cross. These are our painkillers.*

467 *I knew dudes who were old men by the time they were seven. That's the age when little white kids are dreaming about fairy princesses and Cinderella and playing in tree houses and wondering whether they want two cars or four cars when they grow up. We didn't have time for all that. Didn't even have time for a childhood. If you acted like a child, you didn't survive and that's all there was to it.*

468 Brown continues: *White folks get all righteous and wonder why Black people steal and gamble. Same reason white folks do. We need money, because society says you must have it to keep from starving. If you got it, you eat. If you don't, tough. But white people are able to make their stealing and gambling legitimate. White man'll sell you a $20 suit for $50 and call it good business. What he actually did was steal $30. White man'll buy a watch for $5.00 sell it for $49.95 and call the difference profit. Profit is a nice word for stealing, which the society has legitimatized.*

469 *Catholics go to church every week and gamble, but they call it Bingo. The Pope blesses 'em, so it's all right. The state of Nevada is built on a stack of cards and a roulette wheel, but that's okay,*

'cause it's white folks that passed the law saying it was okay. But you let us get over in the corner of the alley with some dice and try to make a little profit and here comes the police, the judge, the jailer and the sociology student. We get thrown into jail for gambling or stealing. White folks go to Congress for stealing and they call that democracy. America is a country that makes you want things, but doesn't give you the means to get those things.

470 Sound familiar? This is Hip Hop's American history. This is what every Hip Hop American child should know. And again, our children should be exposed to these ideas just as historian Howard Zinn suggests. As scholars we must search out, study and teach a wide range of *undaground* views in order to get at the Truth regarding what our Hip Hop ancestry was actually saying.

471 Many things could not be spoken publicly and/or directly. All of our elders were correct in their approaches toward solid solutions for our people. However, they could not see what we (their children) were to find out in the years to come. What was a secret to them in the 1960s became common knowledge to us in the 1980s! What they were killed for we now do openly and frequently. Even you (my future) shall learn of things about Hip Hop today that we (your past) did not know in our time.

472 In my time, we have different tools and new evidence for the investigation of a history that our parents simply did not have. For example, we now know that J. Edgar Hoover (head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation) organized a *Counter Intelligence Program* from 1956–1971 against those Civil Rights leaders and Black Nationalist groups that he felt were political dissidents or "communists."

473 We now know that the F.B.I. under the direction of J. Edgar Hoover used blackmail, illegal drugs, informants, false propaganda, wiretapping and even spiritual warfare strategies like astrology and mysticism to *prevent the rise of a Black messiah.*

474 They had thought the "Black Messiah" was already a grown man but in fact, the "Black Messiah" was still a young infant hidden randomly amongst the People themselves.

475 They (the F.B.I.) felt that a "Black Messiah" was about to rise and that such a "Messiah" would unify and electrify the Black Nationalist movement. And even though they felt that the prophet Malcolm X was most likely that messiah, it was the prophet Stokely Carmichael (Kwame Ture) that they really had their eye upon.

476 He (Kwame Ture) was the one who influenced Dr. King to begin using the term "Black" when referring to African Americans as opposed to "Negro." Stokely Carmichael argued for *Black* (African) independence while the King argued for *Negro* integration into the American mainstream.

477 Ture would say, *We gotta build so much strength in the building of OUR community that if they come to get one person they gonna have to mess with us ALL!*

478 Our King, however, would argue, *When a People are mired in oppression, they realize deliverance only when they have accumulated enough power to enforce change. The powerful never lose opportunities, they remain available to them. The powerless, on the other hand, never experience opportunity; it is always arriving at a later time. <u>The nettlesome task of Negroes today is to discover how to organize our strength into compelling power so that government cannot elude our demands. We must develop from strength a situation in which the government finds it wise and prudent to collaborate with us.</u>*

479 But Malcolm X would add, *You know the best way to get rid of segregation? The White man is more afraid of separation than he is of integration. Segregation means that he puts you away from him, but not far enough for you to be out of his jurisdiction. Separation means you're gone! And the White*

man will integrate faster than he'll let you separate.

480 As Hiphoppas we absorbed ALL OF IT. Yes, we were clearly American citizens and proud of the heritage laid down by our elders and ancestors; however, America would still never treat Black and Brown people as equals with Whites, and this injustice caused us (even Whites) to develop alternative ways to survive within a society that basically ignored the Black and Brown experience.

481 These experiences helped to cause the cultural beginnings of Hip Hop. For even though *Black Power* was clearly about Black self-governance, such governance clearly included the liberation of ALL people struggling to survive.

482 As revolutionary Kathleen Cleaver has stated, *Everybody knows that ALL the People don't have liberties, ALL the People don't have freedom, ALL the People don't have justice, and ALL the People don't have power, so that means that none of us do! Take this country and change it! Turn it upside down! And put the last first and the first last! NOT JUST FOR BLACK PEOPLE BUT FOR ALL PEOPLE!*

483 The Black Panther Party, clearly an organization set up for the protection and liberation of Black people, headed by Huey P. Newton, laid out a Black agenda that was to lead to the creation of a Black nation/state.

484 Newton pointed out that, *The Black Panther Party calls for freedom and the power to determine OUR own destiny! The Black Panther Party calls for full employment for ALL OUR PEOPLE. The Black Panther Party calls for an end to the capitalistic exploitation of OUR community! The Black Panther Party calls for decent housing for ALL PEOPLE! The Black Panther Party calls for an educational system that will tell U.S. the true facts about this decadent society.*

485 The Black Panther Party agenda would continue with the demand for Black men to be exempt from military service, the immediate end to police brutality, freedom for all Black men held in federal, state, county and city prisons and jails, all Black people (when brought to court) to be tried by a jury of their peer group or people from their Black communities, and lastly LAND!

486 And although the Black Panther Party's agenda was clearly about the upliftment of Black people, their 10-point agenda dealt with the basic humanity, dignity and quality of life for anyone faced with institutionalized injustice.

487 Everyone said it in their own way, in their own words and from their own intellectual positions, but the general theme of Black Power was always about the building of a new nation—a new civilization. Whether it was the rebuilding of America as that new nation or the establishment of a new African/Black nation, the goal was clear; it was NATION TIME!

488 As aide to Dr. King, Reverend Jesse Jackson would say in 1972 at the National Black Convention in Gary, Indiana, echoing the words of poet LeRoi Jones (a.k.a Amiri Baraka), IT'S NATION TIME!

489 Jesse Jackson would say, *WHAT TIME IS IT?* And the crowd would say, *"IT'S NATION TIME!"*

490 And Jackson would continue, *When we come together, what time is it? "IT'S NATION TIME!"*

491 *When we respect each other, what time is it? "IT'S NATION TIME!"*

492 *When we get our self-confidence, what time is it? "IT'S NATION TIME!"*

493 *When we form our own political party, what time is it? "IT'S NATION TIME!"*

494 Even the Mayor of Gary, Indiana (Richard Hatcher), at the same convention in 1972, would say, *I believe that the 70s will be the decade of an INDEPENDENT BLACK POLITICAL THRUST!*

How should we respond?

Will we walk in unity or disperse in a thousand different directions?

Will we stand for principles or settle for a mess of pottage?

Will we maintain our integrity or will we succumb to the Man's temptation?

Will we act like Free Black Men or like timid shivering chattel?

As a collective strategy toward nation building, our elders laid out the ground work for how such a nation could be organized. Our King advocated *Organization, Peace, Discipline, Black Self-Esteem, Financial Independence* and *Justice.*

Kathleen Cleaver advocated *Liberty, Freedom, Power* and *Justice*. Malcolm X advocated *Self-Defense, Independence, Self-Worth* and *Justice.*

Kwame Ture advocated *Self-Governance, Organization, Revolution* and *Justice.*

The Black Panther Party advocated *Freedom, Self-Determination, Employment, Fair Trade, Decent Housing* and *Justice.*

Jesse Jackson advocated *Unity, Respect, Self-Confidence, Political Activism* and *Justice.*

Mayor Hatcher saw *Independence* and advocated *Unity, Principles, Integrity, Courage* and of course, he too stood for *JUSTICE!*

These are just some of the most important guidelines in the actual building of the nation that our elders and prophets of the *Black Power* movement saw. Unfortunately in my time "African Americans" have not yet lived up to such a vision of independence.

So where and what is the "African American" agenda and vision? We need unity, and we need it NOW! However, what the so-called "African American community" cannot seem to achieve for themselves, Hip Hop can and will achieve for itself. I believe that Hip Hop has the ability to provide the cultural structure necessary for our next level of freedom.

So I say again, if we don't know to ourselves who WE are, where WE have come from, where WE are going, and how WE are going to get there, then WE are not a group at all. We are a mass of individuals identified exclusively by the fact that WE all have no direction and no vision.

WE, at this level of existence, are indeed a subservient people (slaves) living at the expense and permission of those who have a direction and a vision for themselves. It is not that they enslaved us; it is more the fact that we reduce ourselves to slaves by betraying our own principles as well as one another.

True freedom seems to not only be about breaking the chains from one's hands, feet and mind, true freedom seems to also be spiritual; it seems to be about self-creation and self-governance. Beyond the weak and temporal distinctions that are formed by physical senses, Hip Hop as a collective consciousness has already formed stronger similarities amongst all of the races of the World by allowing the inner and more permanent reality of human expression to be the judge of identity and value amongst human beings. It is clear to all thinking Hiphoppas that race hatred and ethnic prejudice must be removed from the minds of children if as adults they are to live together in peace and domestic tranquility. I believe that Hip Hop is the very environment to teach such a perception.

The ability to create and then govern one's self seems to be the continuation of our struggle toward freedom. For us, self-creation is the ultimate state of freedom, and we have another opportunity with our Hip Hop activity in the World to re-create ourselves into a new global civilization. This would not only be evidence of our freedom today, but it would also advance our

political maturity because this would not be the first time that “Africans in America” have set up an alternative self-governing community in the World.

511 Other attempts at such a vision didn’t always seem to end up the way everyone envisioned, and as “African Americans” we must ask ourselves why? What can we learn from the Africans who migrated north to Nova Scotia Canada (1782–1785) after fighting alongside the British in the “American Revolution?” Will we ever achieve another Africville again? Liberia was another place, set up on the continent of Africa by the American Colonization Society (ACS), for newly freed and free African Americans in 1821. What can we learn here?

512 After the American Revolution, free and enslaved Africans in America faced continued racism and inequality. Unlike today, the assimilation of free Africans in America into the White American society was “out of the question.” Therefore, the only solution at the time was the complete separation of Black Africans and White Americans. This led to the concept of Africans in America returning to Africa.

513 In 1815, an “African American” Quaker and maritime entrepreneur, Paul Cuffee, financed and captained a voyage to Sierra Leone where he helped a group of Africans living in America to establish themselves there. Other Africans would continue to migrate north into Nova Scotia, Canada, and from Nova Scotia travel to Sierra Leone and other parts of Africa.

514 Paul Cuffee believed that Africans in America could “rise to be a people” in Africa, rather than in America with its system of slavery and legal limits on African freedom. Cuffee envisioned an African trade network organized by Westernized Africans who would return to Africa to help build it up.

515 Inspired by Mr. Cuffee’s vision, sympathetic White separatists formed the American Colonization Society to repatriate those Africans living in the United States who would volunteer to settle in Africa.

516 To form a place for Africans in America to return to Africa, the American Colonization Society sent Dr. Eli Ayres, aided by U.S. naval officer Lieutenant Robert F. Stockton, to purchase land along the coast of Africa. Somehow, Lieutenant Stockton led the negotiations with leaders of the Dey and Bassa tribes, who lived in the area of Cape Mesurado.

517 The Dey and Bassa tribes’ people were reluctant to surrender their lands to Stockton. So, at gunpoint, Stockton forcefully persuaded the natives to accept trade goods, weapons, and rum worth $300.00 for a 36-mile-long and 3-mile-wide strip of coastal land.

518 In 1824 the settlement called “Christopolis” was renamed “Monrovia” after American President James Monroe, and the colony was formally called “Liberia” (the free land); possibly inspired by the term “liberation.” Liberia established a constitution known as the *Constitution, Government, and Digest of the Laws of Liberia*. Sovereign authority and power, however, remained with the American Colonization Society (a privately owned company).

519 The Africans in America who were originally sent from the plantations of the United States to establish this new “African American” nation were hand-picked and considered safe for the project. These “African Americans” (or “Americo-Liberians”) formed an elite society which established the same inequality for Africans in Africa that Africans in America were trying to overcome. These “African Americans” basically replicated the same social inequality and political injustice that had limited their own lives in the United States.

520 In fact, this unjust situation helped to sabotage the “African unity” plans of Marcus Garvey. Liberia became the center of confusion when diamond companies assisted in the funding of civil wars

in neighboring Sierra Leone and in Liberia itself. More recently, Liberian President Charles Taylor was accused of using his government and military to assist in the moving and sales of "blood diamonds," diamonds that mainstream rappers ignorantly promoted to the African American community during the 1990s.

521 So, is this what happens when African Americans govern a country? On another note, why are Africans in America so ignorant of Liberia if Liberia was set up as a refuge for Africans in America? Regardless of the condition of Liberia itself, why are African Americans not even interested in governing, or even participating in a land said to be established for them?

522 Another, yet different example of African American self-governance comes through the story of the Hebrew Israelites. Bev Smith, a respected figure in the African American community, was the weekly host of a television show called *Our Voices* which aired on the Black Entertainment Television (BET) network. In one episode she investigated the Hebrew Israelites:

523 *Hi, I'm Bev Smith, and I've traveled to the Holy Land and a very special place called Damona, Israel to bring you this special edition of* Our Voices. *Since 1967 hundreds of African Americans have been returning to Israel stating that they have a claim, a rightful claim as Hebrew Israelites, to the holy land. The debate continues as the U.S. and Israeli governments ponder the question, why Israel and not Africa?*

524 Mrs. Smith continues, *Israel: it's called the holy of holy lands in the world, the land of milk and honey. The place where Moses led former slaves out of bondage. It's a land where politics and religion have gone hand in hand for thousands of years.*

525 *It's no surprise that a group of African Americans, descendants of slaves themselves, would seek out the promised land for their freedom. Frustrated with America's racism, and feeling disenfranchised from American society, they journeyed to Israel for a taste of freedom. I wanted to know why these Blacks felt they had a claim to Israel. So I went to the city of Damona, where they settled, and I learned that it began with a dream. A vision had by Ben Ammi, the man they call the anointed spiritual leader of the African Hebrew Israelites.*

526 Mrs. Smith then asks Ben Ammi Ben-Israel, *How did you know that the words and its vision* [were] *truly sent from GOD?*

527 Ben Ammi Ben-Israel responded in a calm and honest voice, saying, *I did not know, ya know, that's the key element to faith. See, the words were so powerful when the angel Gabriel came to bring the message that it was time to start the journey back, I did not know. As a matter of fact, I felt like Moses in the wilderness of sin. I really wanted to talk a little bit more to Gabriel and to ask him to show me his credentials and to pose the question to the creator, how would I know if these things would truly come to pass? But that was it, I had to walk out on the water by faith, not knowing if these things truly would come to pass or not.*

528 *There was no further message at that time, except that it was time to declare the exodus in 1967. There I was in February of 1966, pondering how would I convince any significant number of African Americans to in fact leave the United States in less than two years.*

529 Bev Smith then asks, *But did you question in your soul and your spirit, why Israel and not Africa? Or was it one and the same to you?*

530 Ben Ammi responds, *At that time, ya know, I knew that Israel was northeastern Africa, only to be separated by the Suez Canal. But there was so many things that I did not know at that time when the Word of GOD did come.*

531 The point here is that the opportunities for self-governance seem to keep returning to the

African American community, and each time only a few African Americans ever heed the call. Those African Americans that do seize upon such opportunities for real political and cultural independence always seem to have to divorce themselves from the “African American” community, becoming an entirely different sect of people altogether.

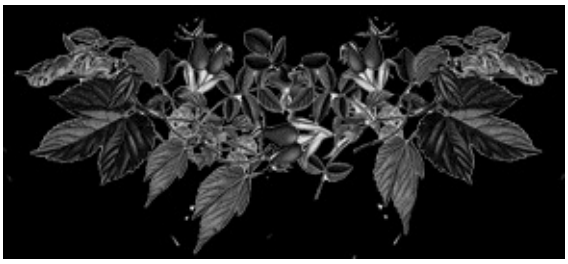
532 The question, then, for us today is, are we prepared to *heed the call* in our generation? Can we create and then govern ourselves? This would be the true origin of Hip Hop, a civilization established first as art in the minds of enlightened African Americans but then manifested as a raceless civilization of self-expressed human beings. Like butterflies evolving from caterpillars, we would go from being African and American to fully human, from being European to fully human, from Asian, from Latino, from aboriginal to fully human.

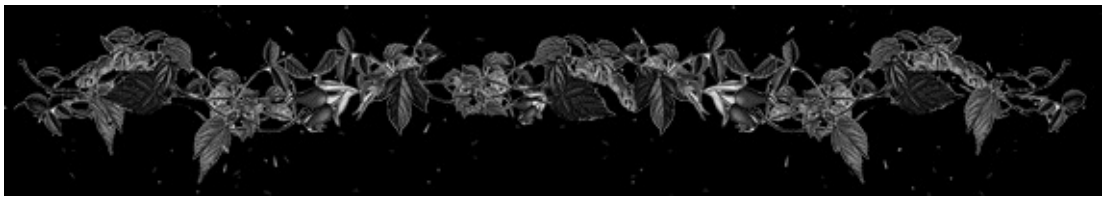
533 Such a civilization would stand as a beacon of true light to all the World because finally it would be your GOD-given talent and innate abilities that would propel you toward varying degrees of prosperity and social admiration. Corruption would be lessened dramatically because leaders would be chosen not on the basis of what they propose to do, but instead upon what they have already done. Talent, not inheritance, would rule.

534 Such a civilization would reward talent and so talent would flourish. In such a civilization Health would be the law and our Hip Hop government would teach health and provide its citizenry with basic healthcare. The same would apply to Love, yes, Love! Love can be taught and rewarded by the courts, even modified with each successive generation. Hate would be against the law; like rape it would be criminal to hate.

535 In a truly unified society where humanity reigns over individual races, the pursuit of human awareness would be the norm and properly taught in public education. Such an educational system backed up by an impartial court system that rewarded talent and promoted human well-being above individual races would then produce the best minds in the World and all life would benefit from such an enlightened nation.

536 Such a civilization would honor the ancestry of every race and put humanity in direct relation with the unified fabric of the universe itself. THIS WOULD BE THE TRUE ORIGIN OF HIP HOP! There it is.





SHOUT OUTS

[1] *Way back in the days when Hip Hop began, with Coke La Rock, Kool Herc and then Bam. B-boys ran to the latest jam but when it got shot up they went home and said damn! There's got to a better way to hear our music everyday, b-boys getting blown away but coming outside anyway!*

[2] *They tried again outside in Cedar park, Power from the streetlight made the place dark. But yo, they didn't care, they turned it out, I know a few understand what I'm talking about.*

[3] *Remember, Bronx River rolling thick with Kool DJ Red Alert and Chuck Chillout on the mix. When Afrika Islam was rocking the jams, on the other the other side of town was a kid named Flash.*

[4] *Paterson and Milbrook projects, "Casanova all over," you couldn't stop it! The Nine Lives Crew, the Cypress Boys, the real Rock Steady taking out these toys!*

[5] *As odd as it looked, as wild as it seemed, I didn't hear a peep from a place called Queens. It was '76 to 1980, the dreads in Brooklyn was crazy! You couldn't bring out your set with no Hip Hop 'cause the pistols would pop, pop, pop, pop!*

[6] *So why don't you wise up; show all the people in the place that you are wack! Instead of trying to take out LL you need to take your homeboys off the crack! 'Cause if you don't that means their nerves will become shocked, and that would leave the job up to my own Scott La Rock! And he's from the South Bronx, the South South Bronx!*

[7] The Gospel of Hip Hop is not an advertisement of new ideas, it is the documentation of ideas already in action. By studying and teaching the Gospel of Hip Hop, True Hiphoppas raise their self-worth and become serious teachers/scholars of the Hip Hop arts and sciences. In addition, the Gospel of Hip Hop sets the foundation for Hip Hop's spiritual independence and culturally organizes Hip Hop's already growing international community.

[8] This *Gospel of Hip Hop* is the first of three instruments. Mastery of its *Overstandings* remains the only authority needed to teach Hip Hop. The Gospel of Hip Hop presents a rigorous course of self-improvement leading to personal reinvention—that's all.

[9] Self-creation is the center of our ministry, and it took many years to arrive at this conclusion. Many people contributed to the creation of this instrument, which represents the best and most authentic Hip Hop minds of my time.

[10] Therefore, at this time I would like to thank those people and organizations that intellectually and creatively influenced the creation of not only this *Gospel of Hip Hop,* but also the establishment of Hip Hop and the Temple of Hip Hop itself.

[11] The following names should be studied and remembered. These people either shared ideas, assisted, or inspired KRS in some way, or gave direct information that helped to establish this *gospel* for Hip Hop. In the tradition of our culture it is at the end of a project that one gives a *shout out* to those who assisted directly or indirectly to the completion of the project.

[12] Therefore, with sincere gratitude let us take this time to first acknowledge the *old-timers* who influenced (in one way or another) the creation of Hip Hop itself. Let us acknowledge those who helped us to flush out and articulate GOD's vision for Hip Hop Kulture, those whose names and/or work may never be mentioned in the so-called *histories of hip-hop,* but whose contribution and participation has made Hip Hop's existence possible in the World.

[13] Shout out to the original Breakers, Poppers, Lockers, b-boys and b-girls: the Dynamic Breakers, the Nigga Twins, Mr. Bubbles, Don Camelot, Pee Wee Dance, B-boys In Action, the Beat

Street Dancers, Salsoul, Electric Force, Mr. Freeze, Boogaloo Shrimp, Shabba-Doo, Poppin' Pete, Crazy Legs, Mr. Wiggles, Pop Master Fabel, Rock Steady Crew, Pop-O-Matics, New York City Breakers, the Herculords, the L.A. Breakers, Demons of the Mind, Float Committee, Dennis Vasquez (the original "Rubber Band Man"), the Crazy Commandos, the Electric Company, Fred "Rerun" Berry, Tyrone Hamlet (a.k.a Lock-a-tron), and the Breeze Team.

[14] Shout out to the original Emcees and Emcee crews: Coke La Rock, I-Roy, U-Roy, the Last Poets, the Cold Crush Four, the Romantic Fantastic Five, Funky Four Plus One More, Keith Cowboy, Kevy Kev, the Soul Sonic Force, Mercedes Ladies, the Treacherous Three MC's, Jimmy Spicer, Pebblie Poo, Shock Dell, the Disco Four, Rammellzee, Kurtis Blow, Queen Lisa Lee, the Cosmic Force, Divine Sounds, Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde, the Furious Five, the Get Fresh Crew, DJ Hollywood, Lovebug Starski, Kool Moe Dee, the Galaxy Crew, Busy Bee, the Force MCs, Spoonie G, Run-DMC, LL Cool J, the Beastie Boys, MC Shan, UTFO, Double Trouble, Too Short, Just-Ice, T La Rock, Big Daddy Kane, Chubb Rock, Digital Underground, Lord Finesse, Eric B. & Rakim, Kool G Rap, Ice-T, Boogie Down Productions, Leaders of the New School, A Tribe Called Quest, Tone Loc, Super Cat, Poor Righteous Teachers, Salt-n-Pepa, Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, Dana Dane, 3rd Bass, Shinehead, Audio Two, the Ghetto Boys, 2 Live Crew, Sweet Tee, Heavy D & the Boyz, MC Lyte, Gang Starr, Shabba Ranks, Public Enemy, Jaz-O, MC Mitchski, Stetsasonic, Roxanne Shanté, Brand Nubian, the Jungle Brothers, Schoolly D, X-Clan, Special Ed, Ultramagnetic MCs, Niggaz With Attitude, Tiger, Major Mackerel, Yellowman, Whodini, Masta Ace, and the Boogie Boys.

[15] Shout out to the original Graffiti writers: Cornbread, Taki 183, Super Kool, Phase II, Stay High 149, Ban II, Frank 207, P-Nut 2, Chi Chi 133, Sonny 107, Barbara 62, Eve 62, Kase 2, Cay 161, Butch 2, Stitch 1, Stick 1, Hash 161, El Marko, Pray, Tracy 168, Presweet, Flasher, Skeme, Iz the Wiz, Dondi, Rammellzee, Mitch 77, Futura 2000, Seen, OE, Cap, Med, NOC, Comet, Lady Pink, Blade, Zephyr, Crash, Kel, Duro, Rose, Daze, Caz, Ket, OBE, Chico, Stash, Stem 1, Kaos, Gusto, Chain 3, Quick, Ase, Mack, Lee, Heist, Kel 139, Dez, Rasta, Junior 161, G Man, T-Kid, Cope Two, Quik, Revolt, Bio, Mare, Dream, Rif, Deen, Claw, Twist, Bizaro, Giant, Zore, Rican, Mase, Maze, Naser, Cat, Crane, Brim, BG 183, Crack, KR, Delta, Papo 184, Sharp, Revs, Cost, Myzer, Easy, Josh, and Vulcan.

[16] Shout out to the original Deejays: Kool DJ Herc, Mandingo, El Marko, Elvis 007, DJ Afrika Bambaataa, Grandmaster Flash, the Smith Brothers, DJ Maboya, Grandmaster Flowers, Johnny Thunderbird, Pete DJ Jones, DJ Plumber, JoJo, Lovebug Starski, Whiz Kid, Mr. Magic, DJ Wanda Dee, DJ Dee, Mean Gene, the Disco Twins, Disco King Mario, GrandWizzard Theodore, DJ Eddie Cheeba, DJ Jazzy Jay, Afrika Islam, D.ST (DXT), DJ Charlie Chase, DJ Breakout, AJ Scratch, DJ Stevie Steve, Lady B, DJ Marley Marl, DJ Chuck Chillout, Cut Master DC, Special K, Teddy Ted, DJ Red Alert, DJ Scott La Rock, DJ Cash Money, Half Pint, DNA, Hank Love, Craig Mack, DJ Kid Capri, Mix Master Ice, DJ Scratch, DJ Brucie B., Jam Master Jay, DJ King Tech and DJ Sway, Tim Westwood, DJ Kenny Parker, DJ Khaled, DJ Premier, DJ Jazzy Jeff, and DJs Max and Dave.

[17] Shout out to the original Beat Boxers: Doug E. Fresh, Biz Markie, Greg Nice, (the Original) DMX, Emanon, K-Love, Human Jock Box, the Fat Boyz, Rahzel, D.R.E.S. the BEATnik, and Click Tha Supah Latin.

[18] Shout out to the original Hip Hop fashion entrepreneurs: Dapper Dan, Rashad, Ron Mishon Creative Fashion One, Jew Man, Cross Colours, Karl Kani, FUBU, Phat Farm, Meoshe, Sean Jean, Mark Ecko, ENYCE and Lugz.

[19] Special recognition goes out to Richard Pryor, the Wayans Brothers, Chris Rock, Kid 'n Play, Adell Givens, Martin Lawrence, Sinbad, Tracy Morgan, Chris Tucker, Mo'Nique, Arsenio Hall, Dave

Chappelle, and Ed Lover & Doctor Dré.

[20] Shout out to the original Hip Hop Motion Picture Classics: *Wild Style*, *Beat Street*, *Krush Groove*, *Style Wars*, *Rhyme & Reason*, *New Jack City*, *Breakin'*, *Boyz n the Hood*, Slam, *Rappin'*, *Stomp the Yard*, *The Freshest Kids*, *Menace II Society*, *5 Sides of a Coin*, *House Party*, *Do the Right Thing*, *Fresh*, *Juice*, *Thug Angel*, *Colors*, *Dogma*, *Train Ride*, *Bulworth*, *I'm Gonna Git You Sucka*, *Tougher Than Leather*, *Belly*, *Brown Sugar*, *Scratch*, *Beef*, *Paid in Full*, *You Got Served*, *Bomb It*, *8 Mile*, *Crime and Punishment*.

[21] Shout out to the Gospel of Hip Hop's intellectual and spiritual contributors: Acronologist Simone G. Parker, Kristine Aleksandryan, Jacqueline Parker, Professor Z, Minister SERVER, Jacynth Rasheed, Victor Quinonez, Vanessa Chakour, Morgan Wells, Kris Malcolm Parker, J.P. Wingate, Chief Rocker Busy Bee, Eric D. Anderson, "Ingz" Ingrid P. Rios, Bert, A.P.O.S.T.L.E., RedCloud, MalikONE, DJ Scientific, Jahneen Ameni One, Drew D. Hansen, Dr. Wayne W. Dyer, Mondo One, Mwezi Mtoto, Kim (G Chakra) Maat Wells, Scott Ritter, Keith Tucker, and Zin Uru.

[22] Shout out to our wise advisors: Harry Allen, Chuck D, Big Daddy Kane, Speech, Grandmaster Caz, Pop Master Fabel, James Mtume, Hakim Green, Ernie Paniccioli, Wise Intelligent, Dr. Tshombe Walker, Jason—the Druid, Nas, the Black Dot, Elemental Emcee, Nahonda, Doug E. Fresh, Hard Hittin Harry D'Janite, Lisa "Chase" Patterson, and Craig Cohen, Will Luckman, and Riyo Mochizuki at powerHouse Books.

[23] Special shout out to Inebriated Beats, Shawnna, Clyde (One) Lane, Maury Winkler, Dr. Barbara King—Hillside Chapel and Truth Center, Inc., Tree, Harold English, Byron and Makisa Woodard, Jay D Krammer, Ralph McDaniels (Video Music Box), Free, *SP Magazine*, The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum, The Bronx Museum, Kevin Powell, Hiphop University, The Guardian Angels, T-Bone, Cross Movement Records, BB Jay, the Point, Fashion Moda, Jay-Z, Snoop Dogg, Reverend Al Sharpton, Congresswoman Maxine Waters, Dr. Jamal Bryant ("Preach, Black man!"), Harry Belafonte, Charlie Ahern, *ego trip magazine*, *Hip-Hop Connection*, Lauren Hill, Jill Scott, Erika Badu, Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott, Mike Goldberg—the Latin Quarter Nightclub, Bow Wow, Lil' Kim, Eminem, 50 Cent, *Def Comedy Jam*, *Def Poetry Jam*, Amanda Sheer Demme, Ted Demme, Jonathan Demme, the Apollo Theater, Lannathai restaurant, QD3 Entertainment, Def Jam, and *In Living Color*.

[24] Eternal gratitude to Joan Hubbard, Jackie Helps, Luz Delgado, Tyme, Isaac, Kris, and Randy (Joseph) Parker, DJ Kenny Parker, The Liberators, Oz-One, Doeboy, Michael Bourris, Thembisa Mshaka-Morris, Karma 360, Saul Williams, Jeff Campbell, Dee Dee Cocheta, Dan 11/13, BJ Wheeler, DJ Tine E Tim, Penny Marshall, David Kahn, Fat Joe, Tavis Smiley, Rha Goddess, Erica Ford, Smooth B, Rampage, Da Beatminerz, Mr. Walt, Evil Dee, Keith Clinkscales, Steve Smith, Dora One, Blue, Nelson George, Bakari Kitwana, Busta Rhymes, Dr. Cornel West, Dr. Michael Eric Dyson, Cindy (Herc's sister), Craig Henry, John Shecter (J the Sultan), Agape Spiritual Center, Jadakiss, Bishop Clarence E. McClendon, Rev. Dr. James A. Forbes, Jr., Rev. Mariah Britton, Rev. Lorraine Parrish, Dr. Adam Clark, Larry Price, Eddie Maldonado, Dr. Priya Parmar, Dr. Keisha Key, Chuck Kym, The Nation of Islam, Judy Duncan—The Ribbon International, the Five Percenters, Free and Accepted Masons, I-God, Truck Turner, Thor-El, I-Born, Conkrete Mike P, Thabiti, Siahnide, Xzibit, Ras Kass, United Crowns, Willie-D—B.D.P., Delroy Hutchinson (I.C.U.), Tree, Gizmo, the Dungeon Family, United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), Peace Action, DJ Kay Slay, Icy Ice, Lucky Lou and the Beat Junkies, Boot Camp Clik, Buckshot, Black Moon, Dru-Ha, Smif 'N Wessun, Heltah Skeltah, O.G.C., Wil Rhandi Bannister, Homeless Nation, Alan Grunblatt, Marlene Domiguez, S.H. Fernando Jr., Kim Osorio, Saideh Page Browne, QD3, BboyB, Gato and Peedo—Luna Empire, Meta-4, Wesley Powell, Kiana Charles, Zoe Whitley, and Tommie Smith and John Carlos (1968 Olympics).

[25] Shout out to the Stop the Violence Movement; Ann Carli, Ralph McDaniels, Vanessa Chakour, Hakim Green, Sista Shai, Kris Parker, Kenny Parker, Kurt Nice, Jah Jah, Rican, Doug E. Fresh, D-Nice, Heavy D & the Boyz, Just-Ice, MC Delight, Wise, Daddy-O, Frukwan, Ms. Melodie, Public Enemy, King Tee, Body & Soul, Def Jef, Michel'le, Tone Loc, Above The Law, Ice-T, N.W.A., J.J. Fad, Young M.C., Digital Underground, Oaktown's 3.5.7.'s, MC Hammer, Eazy-E, Kid Capri, Big Daddy Kane, Freddy Foxxx, LL Cool J, Queen Latifah, G. Simone, DMC, Jam Master Jay, Salt-n-Pepa, Chuck D, Ziggy Marley, Shabba Ranks, DJ Red Alert, Michael Stipe, Billy Bragg, Fab 5 Freddy, Jonathan Demme, Ted Demme, Nelly, Styles P, The Game, Method Man, Busta Rhymes, Talib Kweli, Rah Digga, Wise Intelligent, Dilated Peoples, Ne-Yo, Young Guru, Buckshot, Lil Mama, D-Dot, Cassidy, Naughty by Nature, Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Tony Touch, Lil AJ, Beast, Vex, Sadat X, Lord Jamar, Chip Fu, T Smith, Matt Smith and many others too numerous to mention here.

[26] Shout out to the popular rappers and Rap groups of my time, thanks for the support: 50 Cent, Lil Wayne, The Lox, Bow Wow, Kanye West, Jay-Z, Three 6 Mafia, OutKast, Maino, Soulja Boy, Joell Ortiz, Jim Jones, Ludacris, Snoop Dogg, Rick Ross, Talib Kweli, Fat Joe, Wyclef Jean, Common, and Foxy Brown.

[27] Shout out to Scott La Rock for my first big break into the music business, Ced Gee for my first home-cooked meal as a homeless man and for some really fly production on *Criminal Minded*, and MC Shan for my first real battle with a real emcee, without them I would have never been heard. Thanks guys. May their children and their children's children's children be blessed forever! Thanks guys!

[28] This instrument draws inspiration from the lives, thoughts and actions of Nat Turner, Frederick Douglas, Alexander Crummell, John Jasper, John Brown, Harriet Tubman, Henry McNeal Turner, Ida Bell Wells-Barnett, Nobel Drew Ali, Helen Keller, George Alexander McGuire, Marcus Moziah Manasseth Garvey, Malcolm X, Kwame Ture, Florence Scovel Shinn, Medgar Evers, George Washington Carver, Paul Robeson, Booker T. Washington, Edgar Cayce, Elijah Muhammad, Huey P. Newton, Bayard Rustin and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. To these great prophetic teachas we owe our very lives and the existence of our freedom! Every true Hiphoppa should know and celebrate the legacy of these great prophets—and strive to walk like them!

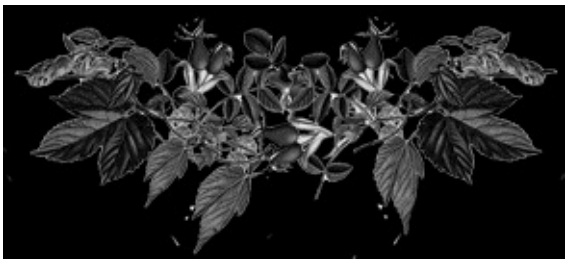
[29] And even if the World forgets, we shall forever honor our fellow Hiphoppas who gave their lives as examples and lessons for the rest of the Hip Hop community to learn of the traps and obstacles of the *streets*. Upon their sacrifices we have built the folklore and principles of our culture.

[30] We commend this instrument in remembrance of Scott La Rock, Paul C, Buffy, MC Trouble, Trouble T Roy, Pumpkin, Soulski, Keith Haring, Mercury, TCD, Keith Cowboy, Master Don, Sugar Shaft, Prince Messiah, Dondi, Whiz Kid, DJ Junebug, Eazy-E, DJ Pinkhouse, Dr. Rock, Tupac Shakur, Notorious B.I.G., Big L, Big Pun, B Doggs, Michael Griffith, Cliff 159, Darryl C, Richie T, Caine One, Disco King Mario, Freaky Tah, Sane, Grandmaster Flowers, Rasean, Kuriaki, Buck Four, Top Cat 126, Stim 1, DJ Junebug, Stretch, DJ Rob One, Subroc, Bigga B, Dream, Tie, Marlon Brando, Lesley Pitts, Poetic, Weldon Irvine, Aaliyah, Kenny K, Lisa "Left Eye" Lopez, Matthew Hall, Ted Demme, Jam Master Jay, Ol' Dirty Bastard (Osirus), Stan Tookie Williams, Justo, Proof, Professor X, James Brown, Curtis Mayfield, Issac Hayes, Frosty Freeze, Pimp C, Randy Hubbard Parker, Iz the Wiz, Michael Jackson, __

[31] We shall forever remember their contributions to the cultural development of Hip Hop and we shall forever call their names with respect. For this is the reason we do what we do as a temple for Hip Hop. WE HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THE STRUGGLE, OR THEIR PLACES IN IT! Nor have we forgotten the conclusions, revelations and goals of Hip Hop's historic summits, conferences and meetings.

[32] However, none of this could have been possible without the undying support and the loyalty of specific activists like Mondo One, Peter—*SP Magazine*, Crazy Legs, Professor Z, Grandmaster Flash, Big Daddy Kane, Doug E. Fresh, Tony Touch, Larry Gold (S.O.B.'s), Roxanne Shanté, Freddy Foxxx, DMC, Chuck D, Dr. Cornel West, A.P.O.S.T.L.E., Buckshot, DJ Premier, Daniel Power, Susanne König, Sara Rosen, Wes Del Val, Chaz Requiña, Ashley Polikoff, Daoud Tyler-Ameen, Orkan Benli, Tami Mnoian, Kiki Bauer, Viviana Morizet, Mike "QPsi" Tucker, Craig "AC " Mathis, Jah Jah Shakur, Kurt Nice, Mine Suda, Jenny Jianai Chen, Amy Labagh, Jenna Lundin, Brent McCarthy, Ariana Barry, Mad Lion, Hakim Green, Afrika Bambaataa, Pee Wee Dance, Kool DJ Herc and all of their families and managers who stood beside KRS ONE even as the World doubted the vision of a self-sustained spiritual Hip Hop Nation. May their children and their children's children's children be blessed forever!

[33] It is in remembrance of all of these Hiphoppas and their brave activist parents, grandparents and ancestors that we are inspired to commend to our community this instrument entitled the Gospel of Hip Hop. That the revelation that sparks all true revolution be restored in the minds of OUR PEOPLE. Peace and much, much love, my people—there it is.



The Gospel of Hip Hop
First Instrument

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***Ask not, "how did Hip Hop happen?" but, "why did Hip Hop happen?"**

***When our children look back upon Hip Hop's real history, what will they see?**

***Is there a bigger picture that we are not aware of?**

***Are you ready to discover the Hip Hop spiritual life?**

Find the answers to these questions and more, with help from *The Gospel of Hip Hop* presented by KRS ONE for the Temple of Hip Hop.

The Gospel of Hip Hop: The First Instrument, the first book from the I Am Hip Hop imprint, is the philosophical masterwork of KRS ONE. Set in the format of a self-help holy book, this 800-plus-page opus is a spiritual manual for citizens of Hip Hop Kulture that combines classic philosophy with faith and practical knowledge, for a fascinating, in-depth exploration of Hip Hop as a life path. Respected as Hip Hop's true steward, KRS ONE painstakingly details the development of the culture and the ways in which we, as "Hiphoppas," can and should preserve its future. In this beautifully written, inspiring book, KRS shines the light of truth, discovered through his own empirical research over a 14-year period, into the fascinating world of Hip Hop.

KRS ONE is a philosopher, activist, author, lecturer, and emcee. Since founding canonical Hip Hop act Boogie Down Productions in the mid-1980s, he has released a granite-solid catalog of 19 full-length albums, along with a star-studded list of collaborations. In 1988 he founded the Stop the Violence Movement, a collective of artists, activists, educators, and entertainers exploring the roots of violence while working to promote the development of positive conflict resolution methods.

For more information about *The Gospel of Hip Hop* please visit:
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